

Honi Soit

WEEK 13, SEMESTER 1, 2021

FIRST PRINTED 1929



Eat the Rich



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changed my life / P 19



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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Editorial

The world can often seem full of destruction and despair. Some of it is, but most of it is not. The vast majority of people live ordinary lives and die ordinary deaths. We live in the most peaceful time in human history, when only a fraction of one per cent of global deaths annually are due to conflict and terrorism. Pandemic excepting, global poverty has been on a continuous downward trend for decades. The world is more literate, educated and longer-lived than it has ever been. On the numbers, there has never been a better time to be alive.

Numbers, of course, never tell the whole story. They cannot heal a parent’s grief or repair a shattered life. But they do tell us an overarching story of change which gives us reason to hope. Humanity has a tendency to scrape by with just the bare minimum, but it does scrape by. These trends are not cause for complacency, but they should warn us against despair. Resignation about the state of the world is as counterproductive as it is ahistorical; defeatism serves only to entrench

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What’s On?

Not much.	Event:	Event:	Event:	Event:
<i>All week.</i>	<i>Time:</i>	<i>Time:</i>	<i>Time:</i>	<i>Time:</i>
There’s really not a lot happening this week. Looming exams tend to put a dampener on end-of-semester celebrations. Fill in this DIY calendar with the many events in your burgeoning social life. Or your study sessions, let’s be real.				

Letters

Salty ‘bout SALT

TfNSWIMBY

Rich white students running Socialist Alternative isn’t cute - it’s hypocritical. Claiming to be Marxists when you’ve never experienced a day of oppression in your lives, and charging for the newsletter when you’re meant to be socialist? Interesting... oh and telling ACTUAL minorities about how they should experience their oppression, what their oppression looks like and how they should feel, and even providing justification for their oppression as though they deserve it.

In reality, socialist alternative is a bunch of rich white kids with their rich white guilt who want to feel like they have value in the world by leeching onto the oppression of minorities and don’t actually fulfil any socialistic goals. They stand around campus, targeting people who they think will fit their agenda, and pressure them, and they don’t let anyone vocalise a different opinion. In fact they threaten you if you have a different opinion.

I have personally been threatened on campus by someone from socialist alternative for having a different opinion, despite me - someone from an ethnic minority - actually being affected by the issue at hand, and the SALT person, being white and completely unaffected by the issue (I asked if they were, and they said they’re not). Why is it that the white person always tells the minorities they’re wrong, even when they’re the ones advocating for the opposite to happen? Socialist Alternative is NOT socialist, and is a fat joke.

Not to be all NIMBY and whatnot, but: a minor part of the South Eastern bus network changes will have a major impact on the quality of life of students living in the Terraces on Darlington Road and in the Regiment building. The proposed changes to route 370 will see it terminate at USyd, using Darlington Road to return to King Street. It will become an all-day, 10-minute frequent service. In a similar fashion, a new route 469 replacing the Glebe/Leichhardt segment of the 370 will be terminating around USyd, using Carillon Ave as part of its route - introducing frequent traffic around the Western Avenue entrance to the campus and some of the colleges.

Do you think ResLife or uni administrators knows of these changes and implication for students, especially those residing on campus? Do you think they care enough to propose alternatives to TfNSW as to how to better manage the balance between bus network optimisation and traffic flow around campus? Especially concerning is the introduction of all-day frequent buses onto Butlin Ave and Darlington Road, which may heavily alter how students use these roads.

That was in 2018 sweaty

I am disgusted by your queers for Palestine campaign. Knowing that queers are murdered by state law in every country surrounding Israel and KNOWING that queers are genuinely welcome on Israel and that it is not just pink washing, shows that you are indeed complete morons. Please show support to Gaza by going there and parading with your banner.

Danny Build

DESTINATION – 2021 Honi Soit Writing Comp

Submit to this year’s Writing Competition for the chance to win cash prizes of up to \$1000 and have your work read by renowned judges! Scan the QR code for more info.



Miss Soit

Sydney Uni’s SAUCIEST socialite!

Dear plumptious beauties,

Fuck me dead darlings, I’m fucking *knackered* after this *unceasing* semester dealing with delinquent Directors, cunty Councillors and my own rocky relationship dramas. While I normally like things to *last*, 13 weeks is *too long* even for me. I need a fag, a quick lie down on my chaise lounge and a good shag.

Before I get into this week’s sordid secrets, some acknowledgments. If it weren’t for the angelic *Honi* editors, my loyal fans, and my complicated, unresolved feelings for Abe, Masc Mickie, Tilda Swinton, and University Spokesperson, I would have fucked off from this cursed campus to my bacchic Barossa bolthole long ago. Thank you also to my slippery sources, petite leeks, and the Pilliga Mouse who lives under the Holme Building floorboards — you are all invited to my end of semester ganagbang (DM for details, no plus ones).

SMH (Sucking Men’s Hernias)

My heroic *Honi* editors, who manage to maintain blemish-free skin and perfect hip-to-waist ratios while being viciously underpaid, courtesy of the underhanded and dishonest stipend wheeling and dealing of self-serving stupol factions, had their intellectual property *tied up* and sold for profit by retinuous corporate media giants *SMH* (slurping micropenises hungrily) and *The Guardian*. Masculine Microphallus *Maxim* ‘Smart and Sexy’ Shanahan published an excellent investigative article on April 17 *exposing* the University’s *burdensome* new *compulsory* disclosure requirements for research students. However, on 27 May (!!) Naughty Naaman ‘Norman’ Zhou of *The Guardian* *picked up* the story right after the *Herald*. Zaddy Zhou, you might be a *hot, high-achieving hunk*, but I don’t *fuck* with pretenders with no *journalistic integrity*. That goes for you too Kreepy Koziol.

Fresh meat

A chardonnay grape I picked off the *grapevine* outside Hermann’s told me of some secret movement *behind closed doors* in the race for the *Honi* editorship. I must say, I was very interested to see who I might be sharing an office with next year (contract negotiations permitting). On the rumoured ticket are Articulate Amelia ‘Red Scare’ Raines, Picturesque Patrick ‘Sado-Masochism’ McKenzie, Respectable Rhea ‘Torrid’ Thomas, ‘Hot Harry’ ‘Gloryhole’ Gay, Rich Roisin ‘\$14k stipend’ Murphy, Zoological Zander ‘Canoodling’ Czerwaniw, Zany Zara ‘Zaddy’ Zadro and Lanky Long-legged Loquacious Lauren ‘Looming’ Lancaster. Unfortunately, I had to dash off to an *appointment* with my tax accountant-cum-tantric masseuse before my slippery source could tell me whether Charismatic Khanh ‘Tentacles’ Tran was onboard...I just hope there’s no *tension* about him *cumming* on the ticket. One piece of advice: I don’t care who’s on your ticket, just stay away from my archnemesis Conniving Christian ‘Hole’ Holeman.

(Vegan) beef

After they copped a good *beating* by the coppers (ACAB!!) and got some great socials content at their Climate Strike march last week, I thought sprits would have been *riding* high in the erotic Enviro Collective. However, my petite leeks have informed me of some serious *three-way* interfactional *beef* going down

between these greenie graphic-designing gremlins. After SALT’s Dickcheese Deaglan ‘Gooch’ Godwin failed to *submit* the relevant bureaucratic forms for their march on time, Sadistic ex-Soli enforcer Anal Adam ‘Anus’ Adelpour *slapped* SALT for their “*self-promotion*” and blamed them for the “*flogging*” they *copped* from the cops. Dickcheese Deaglan *laid* waste to this “*witch-hunt*” and revealed he had had cops “*randomly cumming* in my house” before decrying “*sectarian*” point-scoring. *Babe*, the word you’re looking for is ‘factional’ — this isn’t Lebanon in the 70s (and I should know). But (fucks sake) that wasn’t the end of it, with *Grassroots* bigwigs jumping in on the *pile on*. As a committed anarchocum-in-my-fist, I think it’s pathetic that supposedly left-wing Enviro epebhes even bother with bureaucratic processes. Go back to the North Shore, losers.

Pulp pulped

The so-called ‘editors’ over at USU *mouthpiece* Pulp were *rocked* by a resignation on Friday. The long-suffering staff at Courtyard Cafe tell me that MECO Mia ‘Caster Sugar’ Castagnone left Freaky ‘Fuqboi’ Fantasyphallus Fabian and Eros Emily after she nearly died from internal drowning after *guzzling* too many *bubble-butt* teas for Episode 69 of her ‘PulpEats’ media juggernaut. Get well soon, Mia!

EW...USU Exec Stuff

There are many *pleasurable* aspects of this job, but having to report on USU gossip feels like having a quadrangle *spire shoved up my arse*. But before I begin, a quick note. Bastard Ben ‘Horny’ Hines, you lecherous little leech, leave my precious babe Magnanimous Marlow ‘High society’ Hurst alone! Do not even think of laying a hand on him, you scrawny little Liberal. Your baby routine makes me *gag*.

The Pilliga Mouse under the Holme building floorboards, whose family is travelling down in the plague, tells me that *Grassroots* are feeling optimistic about Prudence Wilkins-Wet-Willy-Wheat’s chances of becoming President, with rumours that Du ‘Doo doo’ Du will betray that little bitch Ben Hines. While I certainly like the sound of a radical left wing USU agenda, I fear that *Switch* are being *premature* with their predictions. Big balls Belinda Thomas will probably *get it*, given that *Cumino loathes* Horny Hines (same babe).

Contract negotiations

Darlings, whether or not I am back next semester depends entirely on Masc Mickie. My third party contract to supply a weekly gossip column expires at the end of next month. I cannot comment publicly, but all I will say is that anti-worker sentiment runs deep in the SRC Publications office. Meanwhile, I will be taking some time off to fight a lawsuit from Nice Nicole Brilliant Baxter. Writing this column has been the worst experience of my life, except for my *interactions* with the *Honi* editors: Doggy-style E-sperm-o, Slam Gash-rot, Vulva Goo, I Blow First, Jiggly Khooch, Duly Wet My Cunt, Vagina So-Briny, Clit Hair All-Over, Microphallus Shagging-ham and Phallus In-my-mouth Sex-hell. Thank you all so much and good luck in your future endeavours, you are all excellent editors.

xxx
Miss Soit

USyd students protest government inaction on climate

Rhea Thomas reports.

University of Sydney students joined thousands of Sydneysiders at Town Hall on 21 May as part of a major School Strike 4 Climate protest.

The protest demanded no new coal and gas projects, a just transition to climate jobs, 100% publicly owned renewable energy and Indigenous-led land management.

This strike follows the “historic” SRC Student General Meeting organised by the USyd Enviro Collective in April. The University waived academic penalties for students attending the global climate strike.

The University of Sydney contingent opened with speeches outside Fisher Library from SRC Environment Officers, Lauren Lancaster and Drew Beacom, and members of the USyd Enviro Collective.

“It is not a considered response to

COVID recovery when the government commits \$600m in subsidies to the building of the Kurri Kurri gas station. That is evil,” said Lancaster.

NTEU USyd Branch President Patrick Brownlee also spoke in solidarity with the student-led strike.

“This last decade has been a decade of irresponsibility of the highest political leadership. Government inaction is what we will be paying for and we need to take action as you’re rightly doing today.”

Student and Dunghutti woman, Erin O’Leary, spoke against environmental decisions being made “for the profit of white multi-millionaires and billionaires that have no interest in protecting what is sacred to us ... [or] protecting the homes of 7.6 billion people.”

The contingent marched down City Road towards UTS, guided by a string of police, with chants of “One

struggle, one fight – climate justice, workers’ rights,” echoing down the road.

At UTS Tower Building 1, police issued a move on order and seconds later, began roughly pushing and pulling students off the road.

“We didn’t have time to comply with the move on order. We were under the impression the police were working with us,” said James, a student who was thrown to the ground during the incident.

Various university contingents joined with high school students and members of the public at the steps of Town Hall.

The gathering included a number of speeches from First Nations and Pacific Islands speakers, with Gamilaraay Next Generation activist Ian Brown speaking about the government’s recent decisions to progress with funding gas power.

“Off the back end of the COVID-19 pandemic and the economic recession that resulted, it was a gateway for the government to push [the gas] projects through, to further desecrate and destroy Gamilaraay land.”

The speakers further addressed government inaction following the Black Summer bushfires 2019-20, the recent NSW floods and broader global national disasters.

“What we are seeing now is a glimpse of the rest of our lives if we do not act,” said Patrick, a student speaker from Port Macquarie. “This is not the environment versus the economy, this is everything versus the fossil fuel industry and the politicians under their thumb” said Patrick, a student speaker from Port Macquarie.

Following speeches, the protest marched to Prince Alfred Park with a call-to-action to contact local MPs regarding government inaction.

Student representatives condemn NSW Police for violence during climate protest

Claire Ollivain reports.

In media statements published on 23 May, the University of Sydney Students’ Representative Council and the Environment Collective have condemned NSW Police for their actions during Friday’s climate protest.

On the march to School Strike 4 Climate’s protest, the USyd students’ contingent stopped on the road outside UTS to wait for their contingent to join, as was initially agreed on with police.

However, police issued a move on order and only seconds later the Riot Squad began dragging students across the road and pushing them into the gutter.

Some students sustained injuries from the violence and footage of the incident has been shown on Nine News, News.com.au and 2GB.

“NSW Police saw this as their one opportunity to make their presence felt, without the presence of professional media and young children,” the Enviro Collective said.

The statement also revealed that Police confiscated a banner petition supporting climate strikes, which had been signed by thousands of students over the past 5 years; “We lost a living artefact of the Sydney climate movement.”

“Police responded to peaceful civil disobedience with disproportionate and pointed violence, showing them to be not a force concerned with public safety, but with the myopic

preservation of the status quo,” the statement continued, asserting that the police are not allies of the climate movement because they “uphold the racist, capitalist system.”

The statement connected the NSW Police’s actions on Friday to a pattern of police brutality experienced by University of Sydney students and staff, including Law Professor Simon Rice, at education protests last year.

“Regardless of what happened with the police, it’s not going to stop us from marching whenever we can for climate justice, from demanding a just transition away from the fossil fuel industry towards publicly-owned renewable energy and towards Indigenous-led land management,” organiser and ASEN member Seth Dias told *Honi*.

USyd Law Professor’s protest charge dropped

Max Shanahan reports.



The banner petition which was confiscated by police.

Professor Simon Rice, the Chair of Law and Social Justice at the University of Sydney Law School, has had his charge of disobeying a direction of the Public Health Act dropped.

Professor Rice was charged with the offence, which carries a \$1000 fine, after he was tackled to the ground by police while observing a protest against education cuts in October last year.

At the time, protestors were prevented from gathering in large groups by COVID restrictions, which were often violently enforced.

Professor Rice had argued that he could not be “in company” with protesters, since he was there as an independent observer.

He further argued that his attendance at the protest was part of his work “teaching and supervising protest research.” Work was an exception to the Public Health Order.

Professor Rice told *Honi* that “the climate protests last week showed that police are still prepared to be violent in dealing with protesters.”

A number of student protestors who are contesting their fines are yet to have their cases resolved.

2021 USU Board election results announced

Marlow Hurst, Max Shanahan and Samuel Garrett report.

The University of Sydney Union (USU) has officially announced the results of this year’s Board elections. Isla Mowbray (Switch), Nicholas Comino (Libdependent), Cole Scott-Curwood (Engineers), Telita Goile (Switch), David Zhu (Libdependent), and Du Du (Independent) have been provisionally elected to serve as Directors.

It was an excellent night for the campus left, with their two candidates, Mowbray and Goile, both elected. The campus Liberals also found joy in tonight’s results, with Comino and Zhu getting up as well. Scott-Curwood is the first Engineering student elected to the Board in over a decade. Finally, Du, a candidate closely associated with Board Director Ben Hines, rounded out the elected candidates for the night.

Unfortunately, fan favourites

Pablo Avaria-Jimenez and Joe Fidler were disappointed, while Yiman Jiang will not be bringing ‘Immense Love’ to the Board.

4820 USU members voted — the second-highest turnout in the last five years, after 2019’s 6454 votes.

Mowbray and Comino were both elected in the first count, breaking the 689-vote quota on first preferences. Scott-Curwood, Goile and Zhu were all elected in the fifth count, with Du defeating Jiang to take the final spot in the ninth count.

Tonight’s results leave the board somewhat split between the left and the right, with implications for the upcoming election



Image credit: USU

Wage theft of casual staff just ‘the tip of the iceberg,’ report finds

Claire Ollivain and Deandre Espejo report.

Further evidence has come to light regarding systemic wage theft and underpayment of casual staff at the University of Sydney.

The USyd Casuals Network and the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) have released a report titled ‘The Tip of the Iceberg,’ revealing that 90% of participants performed unpaid work during Semester 2, 2020. The mean underpayment of the 29 casual staff who participated in the audit was \$4,130, with one reporting stolen wages of \$19,065.

The report confirmed that the amount of hours casuals work is not reflected in their pay, indicating that the University’s use of the ‘piece rate’ model results in systemic wage theft. While staff are allocated a set amount of hours for each task, the report showed that these allotments don’t cover the amount of time needed to complete them to an acceptable standard.

A large proportion of underpayment found in the audit derived from administration work such as answering emails, developing unit outlines, and setting up online learning systems. One participant recalled being allocated only 13 hours in administration pay across the whole semester, which wasn’t even enough to cover work done leading up to the commencement of classes. By the end of the audit, they had worked 115 hours in excess, amounting to \$7,086 in stolen wages.

Underpayment for marking work was also flagged as a serious issue, with one participant reporting “they could only give students meaningful feedback if they doubled the allocated

time of one hour per 4,500 words.”

Critically, the audit found that the marking rate for many casual staff was misclassified. For marking which requires ‘significant exercise of academic judgement,’ the University is required to pay staff at a higher marking rate of \$72/hour. However, when marking long-form essays, many casual academics were paid at a standard rate of \$52-\$62/hour which is generally used for simpler assessments like multiple-choice.

Also among the report’s key findings was that women had 1.5 times the amount of wages stolen compared to men, which was attributed to women performing more unpaid hours of work.

The 10% of casuals that did not report underpayment were professional research staff, who are paid the actual hours worked rather than a piece rate. However, the report noted that “even when casuals are paid appropriately, the subordinate and dependent position they occupy in the workplace means they are vulnerable to other forms of unfair treatment.”

One participant from the Faculty of Medicine and Health reported doing work well above that expected of their role yet faced difficulties in applying to a more suitable position. They also claimed that their research contributions were misappropriated by staff in superior positions at School meetings they were excluded from.

“Casualised staff perform the core work of Australian universities. Yet as students and members of the

public have long suspected, and as management have always known, they are not paid appropriately for that work,” said report co-author Georgia Carr.

“Our report shows that not only are casualised staff in an increasingly vulnerable position in a post-pandemic workplace, but also that when they do have work they are shamefully exploited.”

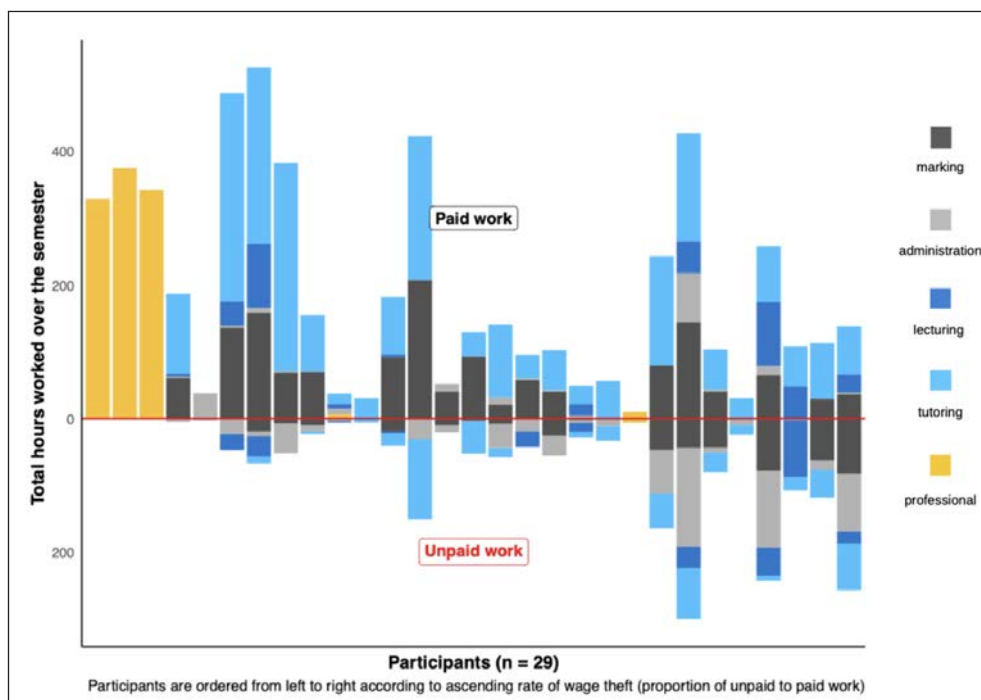
The report emphasised that its findings were just the “tip of the iceberg” — situated in a body of research which shows wage theft is endemic across the university sector and in the Australian economy as a whole.

It follows an interim report released in November, which detailed a similar pattern of underpayment

that occurred in the first six weeks of Semester 2, 2020.

In light of their findings, the USyd Casuals Network and NTEU have demanded that the University conduct a full-scale audit of underpayment amongst casuals, pay back all unpaid wages, and enshrine appropriate rates of pay in the next Enterprise Agreement. They also called upon the University to reduce its dependency on a casualised workforce, which would provide “greater employment and income security” to staff.

“Our audit is part of a mounting campaign to lift the lid on wage theft in our universities,” co-author Robert Boncardo said. “Hopefully, it’s the beginning of the end for this life-and-career-destroying employment model.”



Casuals’ unpaid labour for Semester 2, 2020.

Uni spills staff info, floor plans, service requests

Samuel Garrett and Marlow Hurst report.

The University of Sydney has left detailed floor plans of 1,335 University buildings, locations of staff and an archive of almost a million campus service requests easily accessible to any of USyd's 60,000 students with an active UniKey.

Honi Soit has found that a Campus Assist Online portal, on the publicly accessible staff Intranet home page, provided effectively unlimited access to floor plans, service request records and some University employee information.

Logging into the portal with a student UniKey resulted in the system categorising the student account as a staff member. Accounts had the ability to change their own Status to anything from a visitor, student, or casual staff member, to an Emeritus Professor.

The portal is a platform through which work and service requests are supposed to be submitted. In a statement to *Honi*, a University spokesperson said that students were given 'access [to the portal] to raise Campus Assist requests 18 months ago, so we could resolve any building issues more quickly..The data is not classified as protected information

and is available to staff to help them with their work."

It is unclear whether students should therefore have only had access to the "Create a Space or Work request" tab of the portal. The spokesperson stated that the university has "now disabled student access as we review the matter and are working on putting in place a different and improved system for student requests," suggesting that access to the other information may have been inadvertent.

Service Requests

Almost a million 'archived' service requests and nearly 90,000 'active' service requests, dating from 1999 to 2021, were accessible through the portal. These included requests for campus security, guarding services, security patrol requests, security risk assessments, barricading services, and standard maintenance requests. The database was searchable by entry, issue type, location, status and requester.

The nature, status, and date of submission were accessible for every lodged work request through the 'Service Request ID' search prompt.

Service Request IDs could then be filtered by category and sorted by date to provide the user with a more complete picture.

Honi was able to access the sub-category and date of request for over 2,000 entries relating to security services under the 'active' work requests, and over 60,000 entries with information pertaining to the staff making work requests.

Floor plans

Detailed interactive floor plans for 1,335 University buildings and properties were accessible. The plans included illustrations of building facilities, classrooms, offices, rooftops, basements and service areas, as well as building coordinates and notes on maintenance access and keys required to unlock maintenance doors. The accessible data extended to every USyd campus, as well as regional and interstate properties and research facilities owned and managed by the University.

Interior floor plans ranged from corridors within the Quadrangle to ensuite bathrooms in the top floors of the F23 Administration Building, complete with architectural

depictions of urinals. Square meterage was provided of rooms from open-plan offices to storage cupboards and toilets. Building sizes and usable floor areas were provided down to the square centimetre.

Staff information

Under a 'Find a staff member' tab, room locations of thousands of University staff members were accessible, as well as contact details for some. Selecting particular rooms and offices on digital floor plans provided the numbers and names of both academic and professional University staff assigned to them, sortable by Department or School. Occupancy information under a 'Highlight rooms by department' tab listed monthly non-utility room charges per Department by floor. Charges ran into the tens of thousands of dollars for some locations.

The database's ease of accessibility, and subsequent removal of access, raises questions over the University's handling of information. The University's use of software such as Dataminr and ProctorU has previously raised concerns about data management at the University.

NTEU branches pass Palestinian solidarity motions

Maxim Shanahan reports.

On Wednesday, the University of Sydney and UNSW branches of the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) both passed motions calling on members to "participate in active solidarity with Palestinian members, including in ongoing demonstrations."

The USyd motion passed with 78% of members in favour, while 9% were against and 12% abstained.

The motions decried "Israel's violent ethnic cleansing and settler-colonialism" and "call[ed] attention to" appeals for "academics worldwide to boycott Israeli universities until such time as...basic prerequisites for justice were achieved."

The USyd motion noted that 70 members of staff had pledged to "not engage in any professional association with Israeli academic, research or government institutions...until Israel complies with international law and elementary principles of human rights."

The USyd motion called on "other branches of the NTEU to also express support for the Palestinians in their struggle for justice and equality."

While the USyd motion stopped short of endorsing a position on Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions (BDS), the UNSW NTEU branch resolved that the branch "will

consider a formal endorsement of BDS at the conclusion of the upcoming EA round."

Dr Nick Riemer, a member of the USyd NTEU branch, told *Honi* that the motion "was an important statement that opposing apartheid, ethnic cleansing and war crimes is union business."

"Civil society and unions are standing with Palestine all around the world. It was only appropriate that Sydney University unionists play their part, and it was very encouraging to see the motion being both recommended by the Branch Committee and overwhelmingly passed by members."

Meanwhile, Adam Levy, the President of the USyd branch of the Australasian Union of Jewish Students, told *Honi* that "the real intent [of the motions] is not to do anything constructive to further a just resolution of the conflict but rather to demonise Israel and Israelis with simplistic slogans and a wilful blindness."

"Supporters of these resolutions continue to wage a campaign that has done nothing to help bring peace to the region — and everything to carry water for terrorist organisations like Hamas."

Law School endorses Uluru Statement from the Heart

Kiran Gupta reports.

The University of Sydney Law School board voted to formally support the Uluru Statement from the Heart on Friday, following widespread lobbying from the Sydney University Law Society (SULS) and Sydney Law School staff members.

This development follows submissions from leading legal academics at the University of New South Wales and the Australian National University, who have increasingly encouraged the constitutional enshrinement of a First Nations 'Voice' in Parliament in recent months.

The Uluru Statement from the Heart, which won the Sydney Peace Prize 2021 earlier this week, suggested that a First Nations 'Voice' be enshrined into Parliament and that a 'Makarrata' process be introduced in order to interrogate treaty-making and truth-telling. The Statement was published in May 2017 in order to "empower [First Nations] people and

[allow them to] take a rightful place in [First Nations] country." However, to date, neither recommendation has been implemented nor put to a referendum.

In October 2017, former Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull rejected calls to put these recommendations to a vote, saying that they were neither "desirable or capable of winning acceptance at referendum." Scott Morrison has also suggested that there was "still no clear consensus proposal at this stage."

By contrast, the Law School has resolved to wholeheartedly supported the Statement and to "call on the Commonwealth government to endorse the Uluru Statement from the Heart, to take action to enshrine a First Nations Voice to Parliament in the Australian Constitution, and to establish a Makarrata Commission, as Australia's First Nations People have requested."

Sydney Law School Statement

sponsors Associate Professor Jacqui Mowbray and Dr Emily Hammond said "We are delighted the School has adopted this resolution. The Statement of the Heart is the first step to rethinking our legal order, and the place of First Nations peoples within it."

This represents a shift by the Law School towards acknowledging and publicly commenting on broader social issues under the Dean of Sydney Law School, Professor Simon Bronitt, who commenced in July 2019. In October 2020, Bronitt released a statement condemning 'hard' policing following multiple incidents involving altercations between University of Sydney students and staff with members of the New South Wales Police Force last year.

SULS First Nations Officer Nathan Allen welcomed the endorsement by the Law School but suggested that more needed to be done to adequately address intergenerational

inequality, saying that "whilst this is a positive symbol of commitment to reconciliation in Australia, we need to be doing more."

Allen called on Sydney Law School academics to continue working towards achieving a form of more substantive redress in the future.

He also called on the University of Sydney to start taking more practical measures to promote the growth of new First Nations leaders and lecturers.

"In order to close the gap, we need to do things like give more First Nations scholarships, especially in the HDR sector to Masters and PhD students," he said.

SULS previously called for students and staff to sign an endorsement of the Interim 'Voice' report, stating that "a constitutionally enshrined Voice is consistent with our constitutional traditions, and a necessary response to the Uluru Statement from the Heart."

Uni gets anti-discrimination exemption for international student discounts

Khanh Tran reports.

The University of Sydney has received an exemption order from state anti-discrimination legislation for its recently unveiled Sydney International Student Award.

The award grants a 20% discount on eligible applicants' tuition fees for the duration of their degree, subject to a short personal statement. However eligibility is restricted to selected countries that USyd deems as of 'strategic importance.'

The award excludes a significant proportion of existing and prospective international students, including those from China, Japan, Nepal, Myanmar, Philippines, Pakistan, European, North American and most Middle Eastern countries.

Without the exemption, it would be unlawful for the University to deny or limit students' educational opportunities on the basis of race.

Exemption orders under the Anti-Discrimination Act are traditionally uncontroversial, being regularly used to provide affirmative action programs and aid for specific communities.

However, the University's international engagement strategy mirrors the Federal Government's calls for a 'diversification' of Australian universities' target countries.

Unlike comparable schemes

such as the Sydney Scholars India Scholarship Program, the Award is not openly advertised on USyd's General Scholarships (International) website.

While rival institutions across the country have similarly implemented international fee discounts, including Western Sydney University, Swinburne Institute of Technology and the University of Queensland, the Sydney International Student Award is available to a substantially smaller pool of eligible students.

In response to questions raised over the limited number of nationalities covered and the transparency of the Award, Tim Field, Director (International) at the University said: "[W]e don't believe that the approach to target diversity from a business imperative is anti-discriminatory."

He pointed to the fact that prospective students from other nationalities have access to scholarships such as the Vice Chancellor's International Scholarship — which has a maximum award value of \$20,000.

"I have included [these countries] in the request as I would like to build some programs specifically for those countries during the period of cover but in order to do so I have to seek approval and funding."

USU Board Meeting: business as usual

Marlow Hurst reports.

As *Honi* trudged to the board room without an invitation for the second time in two months, we knew in our heart of hearts that this would be both the best of times and the worst of times. And we were right. There were barely enough seats for me and my fellow editor and it stretched on for over an hour – the longest meeting I've witnessed this year. But god if it wasn't the best damn board meeting yet.

Finance

USU CEO Andrew Mills reported a high level of activity in April and a large portion of May, with food and beverage outlets once again outperforming their budgeted estimates and REWARDS, venue hire, and sponsorships failing to meet their targets. Same as it was, same as it ever will be. While the balance sheet is sure to be buoyed by unbudgeted graduation revenues, Vice President Nick Forbutt queried Mills on how the union plans to reverse this continuing trend. While the CEO said that strategies were being developed in an "ongoing process" and that a "recovery plan" was in the works, no specifics were mentioned.

Membership

USU membership experienced some gains during the month of festivities. Enviro Week saw approximately 100 new members sign up and somewhere between 400

The Common Room

\$33,000 has been budgeted for the refurbishment of the long abandoned Common Room. Dangerous flooring, exposed electricals, and water inundation (among other things) plague this juicy piece of Holme real estate. That figure will come from the USU's budget and will aim to make the room usable above all else. A SSAF infrastructure grant application will be submitted for additional funds, as the USU intends to transform the space into a multipurpose performing space. But between now and November (when the Uni will consider SSAF infrastructure grants), the USU is just trying to make the space safe.

Pulp editor resignation

An editor of Pulp has stepped down and the USU is on the hunt for a replacement. Despite our best efforts, we do not know who it is or why they resigned. The only thing for certain is that everyone at Honi gives a warm farewell to whoever it is that resigned.

Hermes

When asked about the future of the USU's flagship literary journal, President Irene Ma said that it was a matter for the future executive and

Field denied that the International Student Award was linked to COVID."It is linked to our strategy to improve representation from some groups that are underrepresented and the counties listed in the Award are the current focus."

The SRC International Officers condemned the selective nature of the Sydney International Student Award, saying in a collective statement: "scholarship opportunities should not be inaccessible to certain students simply due to their country of origin."

"A more legitimate and objective rationale should be given to justify differential treatment of students," they continued.

Similarly, SRC Welfare Officer Lia Perkins criticised the exclusion of some international students from the Award's purview: "The University of Sydney should not decide international student fees based on 'strategic importance' of the country of the student, this is discriminatory and reveals the profit-hungry heart of the university."

"Most international students are studying online courses of a dramatically reduced quality yet [are] forced to pay the same fees because the university cares about profit, not education."

that last year's had been trashed due to the financial impact of COVID. Here's hoping that Australia's oldest literary journal has friends on the incoming board!

The Catholic Society

Following the USU's promise to meet with the Catholic Society's executive and conclude their response to the society's actions in April, *Honi* was informed that while the meeting went ahead and that there was indeed a "conclusion," Honourary Treasurer Cady Brown would address the matter further in her executive report. To the best of our knowledge, she did not. What this vague "conclusion" is, we cannot say – but it might be a matter for the AGM.

Radical Sex and Consent Week

Wom*n's Portfolio Holder Belinda Thomas confirmed that the previously titled "Consent Week" would return to its original title "Radical Sex and Consent Week."

International student engagement

Following a question from *Pulp*, both Mills and Ma confirmed that almost every USU event had been live streamed for remote students. Mills went on to say that SSAF funding applications would be submitted to fit every USU room with live streaming capabilities.

First Nations group boycotts SBS and NITV over Palestine coverage

Claire Ollivain reports.

A significant First Nations advocacy group, Fighting In Solidarity Towards Treaties (FISTT), has declared a boycott of SBS and NITV in demand of unbiased coverage on Palestine.

The group published a statement on their Facebook on 24 May outlining that they would not be holding interviews with the broadcasters until further notice.

The statement declares solidarity with Palestinians and demands Boycott, Divestment and Sanctions of Israel:

"SBS and NITV have a journalistic duty to report non-bias, truthful news to the public and its readers; and the silence from SBS and NITV on Israel's ethnic-cleansing and genocide regimes against Palestinian peoples is deafening."

FISTT, which is an initiative aiming to represent and liberate First Nations people, led the thousand-strong Stop Black Deaths in Custody rally in April and the Invasion Day protest at the start of this year which drew over 8,000 attendees.

Members of the group have previously participated in interviews with the boycotted media outlets, particularly for coverage of the Black Lives Matter movement.

USyd seccies in hit and run outrage

Alice Trenoweth-Creswell.

On 18 April, a University security vehicle reversed into a car parked outside the Abercrombie Business School, before driving away.

A video that surfaced on the USyd Reddit thread shows the blue security car reversing into a white Toyota Yaris, physically jolting the vehicle.

University security quickly drove towards City Road, appearing not to return to check for damage. The incident was not reported to the University at the time.

A University spokesperson told *Honi* that they have requested a formal explanation from the security service provider. "We expect all our providers to behave according to legal requirements and the expectations of our community and are disappointed that it appears not to have occurred in this instance."

"If the car was damaged as a result of this incident, we encourage the owner to get in touch with us via 9351 3487 or campus.security@sydney.edu.au so we can work to resolve the situation."

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Office Bearer Semester One Report Cards

President: Swapnik Sanagavarapu

Pay: \$42,921.37
Reports submitted: 14/14
Hours per week: 25-30
Notable achievements: defeating 12-week semesters, appearing for various campaigns and committees
Grade: A

Sanagavarapu has so far chalked up some impressive achievements, advocating strongly for the defeat of Pip Pattison's doomed 12-week semester plan and helping restore Medical Science Honours students to their labs after they were kicked out by management. Earlier in the semester, the free textbook scheme was well received. In committees, Sanagavarapu has hailed victories in clearer policy and shorter wait times in Student Appeals. He has also involved himself in campaigns around SLAM cuts and for stranded Indian international students. Sanagavarapu regularly submits his *Honi* reports, even if they are very long, and hasn't been afraid to weigh in on controversial issues in Honi's opinion section. All in all, this Sopranos simp has earned his minimum wage salary.

Vice Presidents: Roisin Murphy and Maria Ge

Pay: \$14,307.03 per person
Reports submitted: 2/7
Notable achievements: fixing VPNs for international students
Grade: D

The Vice Presidents told Honi that they had a "very busy semester." The rest of their statement, considering their \$14,000 salary, suggests otherwise. Ge mentioned they provided volunteers with certificates, created a Facebook group for volunteers and promoted SRC caseworkers - pretty simple stuff. They submitted a report to a University committee regarding VPN issues for international students, but the effectiveness of this initiative is unclear.

General Secretaries: Priya Gupta and Anne Zhao

Pay: \$14,307.03 per person
Reports submitted: 6/7
Notable achievements: organising SRC finances, Welcome Week, Orientation Handbook, supporting Office Bearers
Grade: A-

As the bureaucratic backbone of the SRC, Gupta and Zhao have run a tight ship this semester. They have been a reliable pair of hands dealing with the nitty-gritty of the SRC's finances: coordinating budget requests, SSAF submissions and applications for contestable funding. Keeping students informed has been a focal point of their tenure — they were at the helm of a successful SRC Welcome Week stall and Orientation Handbook, and have distributed a resource for internal SRC procedures. They deserve praise for their presence in activist campaigns and handling the logistics of events such as the 12-week semester forum; Gupta has been particularly active externally and internally. Given their accomplishments, they can almost be forgiven for missing one SRC report.

Education Officers: Tom Williams and Maddie Clark

Pay: \$14,307.03 per person
Reports submitted: 7/7
Notable achievements: Four petite protests
Grade: C

Following the political maelstrom of 2020, which saw militant protests on campus weekly battling against the Job-Ready Graduates Bill and University cuts to staff and funding, Honi wonders where the energy behind the education campaign has gone. Williams and Clark have organised four ill-attended protests, mobilising around 12-week semesters and demanding cops off campus, but it is admittedly disappointing to see the decline in education-based activism this year. God knows there's cause for more agitation; the University's increasingly corporate business-model structure demands a far stronger response than, for example, a protest against SLAM cuts over a month after the cuts were revealed. Perhaps they can be cut some slack, as the Socialist Alternative jumped ship from Education after Maddie Clark left, and with Solidarity refocusing much of their attention to Enviro organising. But from where Honi stands, non-Education Officers Swapnik Sanagavarapu and Lia Perkins have been doing a lot of the heavy lifting.

Women's Officers: Amelia Mertha and Kimberley Dibben

Pay: \$14,307.03 per person
Reports submitted: 7/7
Notable achievements:
Grade: B

Women's Officers Amelia Mertha and Kimberley Dibben have continued WoCo's colourful history of activism. WoCo contingents and banners can be seen at most Sydney protests, and WoCo themselves have organised their fair share of protests, most recently a Sorry Day rally with Grandmothers Against Removals as they aim to centre Indigenous justice in their activism. They've also single-handedly been attempting to revive Radical Sex and Consent Week; no thanks to the USU.

Some of the political choices made by the Women's Officers this year have drawn criticism; for example, a boycott

of the March 4 Justice sparked concerns of political purism, after the march was deemed not radical enough for the Collective. The Women's Officers also condemned a 'put the fetus in the bin' chant at the Day of the Unborn Child counterprotest, with the collective divided in an explosive comment thread. The Women's Officers will have their hands full next semester, with Women's Honi and the National Day of Action against Sexual Violence, but we have high hopes.

Honi Soit Editors

Stipend: :(\$5,500 per person : (((((((
Grade: A+

The Honi Soit editors, who are horrendously underpaid and overworked while other OBs (looking at the VPs) swan about on extortionate salaries, have nevertheless produced a sterling semester's worth of work. News output has increased remarkably, opinion pieces have drawn controversy and debate, while culture and features have been consistently high-quality. Comedy has also provoked thunderous, thigh-slapping laughter throughout the university. The Honi editors have gone above and beyond, pumping out extra pages in their weekly editions. Notable highlights include driving a wedge through Grassroots with the USU op-ed, exposing the Medical Science palaver, revealing burdensome disclosure requirements for HDR students, and drawing the ire of Facebook Zionists and Sinophobes. Often pulling all-nighters, and confined to a wretched windowless office, the Honi editors deserve a pat on the back and a significant pay rise.

USyd's own fashion revolution

Amelia Raines has an intervention with her wardrobe.

I recently had an intervention with my wardrobe. It consists of black garments, blue jeans, and the occasional statement piece to interrupt the monochrome. Vintage t-shirts hang up scrappily — soft to the touch from the wear of previous owners. The majority of pieces are second-hand (or stolen from my mum's wardrobe in feats of espionage). It was discernible that I had cultivated my sense of style as a fluid extension of my identity.

But over time, some pockets of clothes have ended up living in a state of neglect, having not felt the warmth of the sunshine, or an iron, for months. Some pieces became incongruent with how I presented myself. Others were bought out of impulse, or under the delusion that I'd look good in hot pink.

For the sake of my cluttered wardrobe, it was fortuitous when, on Wednesday 26 May, Fashion Revolution and Waste Fighters brought a clothing swap to campus. It was a space where people could bring clothes they no longer wear, and exchange them for other garments. In true wholesome and sustainable fashion, any clothing leftover was donated to charity.

Inspired by the UK's Fashion

Revolution organisation, the Fashion Revolution Society emerged this year with the objective of bringing sustainable fashion to campus consciousness.

I spoke to Aya Richardson, the society's president, who referred to Fashion Revolution as a "movement campaigning for, and raising awareness about, the social and environmental impacts of the fashion industry."

"The goal is to raise awareness on campus, [and] host events that are inclusive and accessible for everyone," she said.

The society echoes the ethos enshrined in the Fashion Revolution manifesto: "We love fashion. But we don't want our clothes to exploit people or destroy our planet. We demand radical, revolutionary change."

I sauntered up Eastern Avenue with a comically large bag of old clothes. Tops, skirts, dresses, heels — each had memories tied to them. But it made no sense letting them wilt in my wardrobe when they could move on to a new home. My pieces contributed to the colourful piles surrounding the stall, which were being carefully examined by seasoned

and beginner thrifters alike. There was something gratifying about seeing people pick up something I had just put down.

Shopping sustainably isn't just confined to avoiding fast fashion outlets. It relies on actively shopping consciously and rejecting impulse. Fashion is political. It is far more sustainable to cultivate one's own style, and with it, an arsenal of dependable pieces, rather than losing your breath (and perhaps your dignity) chasing the ever-spiralling trend cycles. Attending events like a Clothes Swap isn't only fulfilling — it can prevent the fast fashion heavyweights from slamming the accelerator on grotesque levels of output.

The people behind Waste Fighters and Fashion Revolution told me that the feedback from the event was phenomenal. People were keen to donate clothes and money, and to swap items with others. The leftover clothes were taken to Vinnies, and the monetary donations went to ActionAid Australia — where the profits are sent to garment workers facing exploitation.

With Richardson revealing that they are "working with other societies and organisations," we can undoubtedly

anticipate more events like these next semester.



Art by Deaundre Espejo

The legacy and loss of the Learning Centre

The centre provided crucial academic support to the University community, Deaundre Espejo writes.

If you were a student at the University of Sydney in the 1980s, you wouldn't have been able to find any academic support outside of your coursework, besides English classes for non-native speakers. Many students — native and non-native speakers alike — found it difficult to grasp the conventions of academic writing and learning.

So in 1991, after an internal University review, a small team of linguists and educators, including Carolyn Webb, Suzanne Eggins, Janet Jones, Karen Scouller, Peter O'Carroll and Helen Drury, set out to change this, establishing the University of Sydney Learning Centre in the Old Geology Building.

"It was visionary at the time ... [we recognised] that all students needed support as they moved from high school into university," says Drury. For decades, the Centre provided crucial academic support to the University community and contributed invaluable research into academic writing.

But in its 30th year, the Learning Centre has officially shut its doors. University budget cuts brought it to a subdued end, despite over 900 people petitioning against its closure late last year, and 85.8% of respondents in USyd's 2020 Student Life Survey agreeing that the Learning Centre was an important service for the student community. It's difficult not to feel the void left by its loss — decades of

work completely dedicated to students.

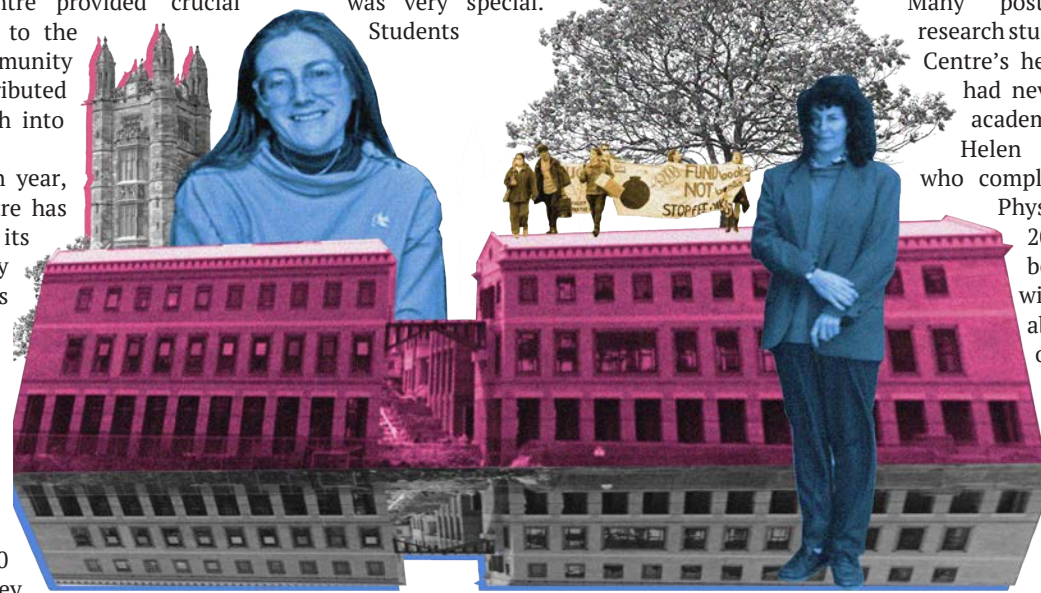
The Centre was renowned for its expansive collection of learning resources. Webb's 'Writing an Essay,' for example, illustrated the differences between descriptive, analytical and persuasive writing, while the 'onion model' pushed students to add 'layers' to their arguments until they reached critical positions. They catered to students from a wide range of faculties — for science and engineering students, the Centre offered step-by-step guidance in writing research papers and lab reports. All these resources were grounded in linguistic theory, particularly Michael Halliday's work on functional grammar, and were borne out of extensive research.

"We had a huge range of workshops, around 80 or 90," says Dorothy Economou, who worked at the centre for almost 10 years. "What we did was very special. Students

When Economou did research for an architectural writing workshop, she found that assignment questions and instructions were often incomprehensible for first year students. "Even in lectures, they just saw pictures of buildings," she says. So she set out to find ways to develop communication skills within the curriculum — a project she never got to finish before being made redundant.

Thousands of students benefited from one-on-one guidance from staff who were always willing to lend a hand, whether on sentence structure, essay writing, literature reviews or reading strategies. At times, students trusted the Centre's empathetic staff with more personal matters. "Just having that one-on-one relationship with those students, in this very huge and impersonal university, can be very life-changing," Drury says.

Many postgraduate and research students sought the Centre's help too, as they had never been taught academic writing. Helen Georgiou, who completed a PhD in Physics back in 2014, remembers being stumped with writing an abstract for one of her assessments. "You're thrown into this completely new environment where there's a completely different form of literacy," she says. "But my experience at the Learning Centre completely changed the way that I thought about language. I



Art by Deaundre Espejo

The cultural logic of climate denial

Emily Ainsworth explores petro-masculinity in climate change discourse.

A recent report by Deloitte estimated that inaction on climate change could cost the Australian economy \$3.4 trillion, and nearly a million jobs, in the lead up to 2070. By 2050, inaction on climate change could cause Australia to experience economic losses equivalent to those suffered because of Covid-19 every single year. By contrast, action on climate change could result in the addition of \$700 billion to our economy, and the creation of 250,000 jobs.

It’s increasingly clear that refusing to act on climate change is economically illogical. Yet climate denial remains an accepted political position — and one which studies show is overwhelmingly held by white politically conservative males. Why? At a basic level, white privilege can manifest itself in a general ease with high levels of risk, breeding apathy towards environmental issues. But more than that, the fossil fuel industry has deep cultural resonance for

some men.

Over the course of the 20th century, fossil fuels adopted cultural meaning, signifying imperialism, development and Western growth. At the same time, masculine ideals entrenched notions of consumption, aggression and expansion in Western politics. Traditionally, this has manifested through waged economic labour, where men occupy roles in industries that are often propped up by fossil fuels, requiring strong associations with public life and high levels of travel. Meanwhile, traditionally feminised industries such as teaching, caring and secretarial roles are often devalued or unpaid, and are usually stationary with many women relegated to the home.

In this way, the consumption of fossil fuels has become critical to maintaining the existing social hierarchy. Challenges to the fossil fuel system as a result of climate change are seen as threats to white patriarchal rule, and increasingly

fragile notions of “Western-hypermasculinity.” In her seminal study, American academic Cara Daggett coined this phenomenon

At a basic level, white privilege can manifest itself in a general ease with high levels of risk, breeding apathy towards environmental issues.

“petro-masculinity.”

Daggett describes how, from the privileged standpoint of a petro-masculine identity, the suggestion of climate change and subsequent calls to reduce fuel consumption, are essentially akin to the supposed threat to masculinity posed by feminists attempting to dismantle hetero-normative assumptions of the traditional state and family.

Not only does adopting a position of climate denial help to preserve the status of the white conservative male in the overall hierarchy and economic system, from which he continues to benefit, but it is also consistent with the

masculine ideal of being invincible and able to overcome any challenge. This was epitomised by Trump’s calls to “Make America Great

Again” which was essentially a form of ‘petro-nostalgia’, calling for a reinstatement of the cheap energy which typified the American Dream.

If you’re ever interested in laughing and crying at the same time, google ‘Rolling Coal.’ What you’ll find is a collection of photos and videos of white, politically conservative men who have altered their truck and car engines in order to consume more fuel, so that they can intimidate pedestrians and other drivers by loudly producing black smoke. Some have labelled this performative consumption of fossil fuels as ‘pollution porn.’ It is difficult to see it as anything else.

USyd needs to do better on mental health

Jessica McCrindle unpacks the University’s lacklustre mental health programs.

While Australia’s swift response to COVID-19 has allowed us to largely elude the levels of physical illness in many countries, it has also exacerbated an equally devastating mental health epidemic.

University students, who have been disproportionately affected by pandemic-related economic downturns, tertiary funding cuts, and social fragmentation, have had more mental health issues resulting from the pandemic. Troublingly, Headspace found in early 2020 that half of young people were struggling to perform everyday tasks.

This has translated into increased demand for mental health care services. At the height of lockdown, Beyond Blue reported a 63% increase in calls to their services.

But even before COVID-19, the state of youth mental health was precarious. A 2019 Headspace report noted “a rising tide of need” for mental health and suicide prevention services, and that young people’s mental health issues were becoming more complex and acute. The gravity of these statistics cannot be understated.

Young people face significant barriers to mental health care access. Even under a Medicare-subsidised Mental Health Care Plan, the standard gap fee for a psychological consultation is around \$130, and doctors can only prescribe up to 10 sessions. For many students, paying \$130 an hour is financially

unsustainable. Moreover, students from lower socio-economic suburbs might not even be able to access services in their local area. Even for those who can access bulk-billing practices, which reduces the cost of consultations, many students report waiting around 6 months for an initial consultation, thanks to COVID-19.

To address the mental health crisis, universities need to be more actively involved in introducing new models. While USyd does offer some services intended to support student wellbeing (including an after-hours helpline and online webinars), Professor Ian Hickie, Co-Director of the Brain and Mind Centre at USyd, says that “we have fallen behind other institutions.” USyd’s counselling program, CAPS, has been described by students as inadequate, due to its six-session limit. Hickie agrees, saying that CAPS is a “very small part of a much bigger health system.” Despite student-driven initiatives from around 2010 which placed USyd at the forefront of conversations around universities and mental health, USyd has since been “relatively slow to develop a system-wide response.”

Instead of expanding CAPS, Hickie is in favour of universities taking a facilitatory approach. He believes the role of universities is not to provide mental health care directly, but to “assist students in connecting to community services

and then continue to support students through their education while receiving help.”

In March, USyd made a promising announcement to help fund Dr Isabella Choi’s development of e-health services to improve the wellbeing of Chinese international students — an important move, given the particular barriers they might face in terms of language, social stigma and being excluded from Medicare. Hickie is optimistic at the potential for digital technologies in supporting student wellbeing, saying that these areas have seen more change “in the last few months than the previous 10 years.”

USyd’s Wellbeing Strategy, released in August 2020, details promising but vague declarations to “embed mental wellbeing in all aspects of student life,” in response to COVID-19. There was little discussion of facilitating student access to external health services beyond the nondescript “building effective relationships with external service providers”.

Although I was a student last semester, I was not made aware of peer-support services or wellbeing literacy workshops that were implemented. There seems to be a disconnect between a well-meaning administration and the acute needs of student populations, compounded by confusing communication (see USyd’s complex website) about those services that are available. It

also seems naïve to assume that this strategy will result in a concrete change, where others have not.

USyd has a wealth of mental health experts on staff, and bargaining power that comes from representing 70,000 people. As such, it is uniquely situated to advocate for increased government funding for community mental health services for students, and to create access pathways for students who might otherwise fall under the radar of the public health care system, and to prevent some of them dropping out.COVID-19 shouldn’t be an excuse to halt new mental health initiatives; in fact, now is when they are needed most.

Hickie is clear that it will take more than hope to move USyd on these issues, saying that the institution should take the lead by implementing “a clear strategy...not leaving it up to students to sort out where they go next and what they do.”

Acknowledging “tremendous pressures” that funding cuts have placed on universities, Hickie nonetheless insisted that USyd’s administration “needs to acknowledge that it’s going to cost money, it’s going to take time, and they’re going to have to treat it seriously.”

“If the university is going to do anything substantive about these issues, now is the time.”

Murdered, not killed: #FreePalestine

Anonymous condemns the rhetoric surrounding Palestine.

We know too well that our freedom is incomplete without the freedom of the Palestinians.”

—Nelson Mandela

The Palestinian people have been subjected to the Nakba for the past 73 years. Nakba is an Arabic term meaning ‘the catastrophe’ and marks 15 May, 1948 as the beginning of Palestinian oppression via ethnic cleansing, dispossession of land and living in constant fear for the lives of their families at the hands of the Israeli government.It also marks the beginning of the world’s passive response to the violation of Palestinian human rights.

This passive response to the Palestinian crisis is evident in the careful rhetoric utilised to describe the events that are occurring. One of the most insidious examples of subconscious priming used by governments and media outlets is the language of ‘killed’ vs ‘murdered’. A linguist needn’t tell you how the words evoke two different sets of emotive responses. Palestinians are “killed”, while Hamas/Palestine “murders” Israeli citizens. Palestinian fatalities are followed by vague descriptors and justifications; Israeli deaths are followed by particulars of gender, age, and perhaps even a name

and occupation. The dichotomy leads to a subtle, yet very clear, distinction between the ‘bad guys’ and the ‘good guys’.

One side is dehumanised and converted into statistics; the other is conceptualised as individuals with identities. With the use of the word ‘killed’, the media and politicians implore us to be objective in receiving this information. ‘Killed’ does not imply malicious intent — it simply conveys a controlled performative action that is unfortunate, yet justified. This strips away the ongoing violence and human right violations that contextualise the death of Palestinian victims at the hands of the Israeli government. On the other hand, using the word ‘murdered’ to describe the fate of Israeli citizens asserts the existence of inexcusable, malicious Palestinian intent. ‘Murder’ is not objective — it alludes to the necessity of premeditation prior to committing the act. It is a word that conjures imagery of senseless acts of violence.

Furthermore, the rhetoric used by politicians and media plays into the narrative that the Palestinian humanitarian crisis is a ‘religious conflict’. Palestinians are not a

homogenous religious group of people. Contrary to media reports and images, not all Palestinians are Muslims. By constructing the Palestinian crisis as a religious conflict between Muslims and Jews, the identities and struggles of Palestinian Christians and Jews are ignored. The heterogeneity of Palestinians disproves the assertion that there is something inherently ‘religious’ about the Palestinian resistance. Palestinians are fighting for basic human rights and freedoms, including the right to democratically elect their own government (and have it recognised and respected), the freedom to physically move within the land of Palestine and the freedom to trade with other nations. The universal human need for dignity and respect, which is denied to Palestinians, is the driving force behind their resistance, not some ‘terrorist Islam’.

Moreover, the use of the word ‘conflict’ implies that both groups of people involved are on an even playing field. There is no equal power between Palestine and Israel — Israel has an army, nuclear weapons and billions of American dollars in funding that go toward expanding Israeli defense infrastructure. Palestinians have no

army, no navy and no nuclear weapons — they resist Israeli occupation of their land by firing rockets at a nuclear superpower. To place equal blame on both parties is absurd when the nation of Palestine is being oppressed and subject to apartheid laws which Israel enforces to favour its own citizens.

Such criticism is often construed as being anti-semitic and encouraging bigotry. Yet the critiquing of Israel’s Zionist movement and its policies, which actively restrict the movement and freedoms of Palestinian people, is not anti-semitic. Living in a secular society, I had hoped that by now, people would be able to separate politics and religion — the politics of a government is not a reflection of any religion with which it may choose to affiliate itself. By extension, criticism of a government’s policies and actions is not an attack on the religion with which it claims to be affiliated.

I implore you to support and fight for the basic human dignity and respect to which the Palestinian people have a right. A free Palestine must be the end goal.

Your one-stop guide to King St tobaccoconists

Honi Soit is addicted to fruit bars.

You need your *fruit bar* fix. You might be baking a cake tomorrow. You head to King St. But you’re confused, overwhelmed by choice. Which tobaccoconist/convenience store sells the cheapest *fruit bars*, who has the widest variety, the friendliest staff, the warmest lighting?

Your questions conclusively answered once and for all below:

7. Cignall Wilson St — 2/10 (a donkey) \$\$

This cult tobaccoconist does not live up to the hype. The exposed brick walls and aesthetic pipe display may appear laid-back, but the highly-strung staff are not. Cignall consistently complicates picking up a last-minute midday *fruit bar* by often not selling them in the daytime. Their popularity with the late-night crowd allows them to hike up their fruit bar prices, but their cream chargers are consistent with the rest of King Street. The ‘*key cutting*’ business behind the till is consistently unmanned and quite disconcerting.

6. Fast Imart near Newtown Station — 3/10 (only out of necessity) \$\$\$

You’re either en route to a flaccid inner west house party, or coming home early from a cottagecore piss-up in Campo. But you’ve got a bit of a commute ahead of you and need a *fruit bar*, stat. The cash register is right at the entrance, putting you in plain sight of all the King Street busybodies — not exactly ideal for your desperate

fruit bar purchase. Where are all the good flavours? Why is everything so expensive? What the fuck is an ‘Imart?’ You awkwardly manoeuvre your hand under the glass divider to give the cashier a fifty then rush off to catch the next 370.

5. City Convenience — 4/10 (more fish sauce than fruit bars) \$\$

You can’t be arsed to shlep it any further down King St, so you stop at this disappointing convenience store. The cream chargers are reasonably priced, but the *fruit bar* selection is limited. The fluorescent lighting drills deep into your skull and triggers an existential crisis. However, this store is good if you plan on whipping up a quick meal, with a wide variety of sauces, spices and stock-standard stomach fillers.

4. Missenden Rd Ezymart — 6/10 (old faithful) \$\$

The fluorescent light across from the Marlborough Hotel is home to the one of the closest EzyMarts to the University. The Missenden Road Ezymart boasts a consistent variety of fruit bars and a fashion-forward supply of sunglasses and beanies with pom-poms at the entrance of a hallway of refrigerated drinks. The tattered, unlaminated menu certainly degrades the shopping experience yet the friendly staff make up for it. The coffee machine perched in the front corner offers the perfect late-night pick-me-up.

3. CtC — 7/10 (variety and reliability) \$\$

After your Sunday morning cleanse in the gentrified health food shop next-door, you pop into this unassuming yellow bolthole which hides a menagerie of fruit bar flavours and fun bonus experiences. However, a lack of cream chargers and snacks might cause some inconvenience. The staff are friendly, but the big ticket item is the hairdresser in the back of the shop. Get some blonde tips with your Blue Razz next time you’re down near Newtown Station.

2. Red Shop — 8/10 (if u can handle it) \$

The scent of Hannah Montana shampoo and a family of pigeons eating seeds on the floor greets your nostrils as you cross the road from Marly to enter The Red Shop. Perusing the post-apocalyptic supplies on the towering cold metal shelves you find toilet paper behind locks, imported pomegranate juices and 99c cans of soft drink, reminiscent of a school canteen.

This place must be a front for something. A hairy-chested cashier is slumped in his chair and chain-smokes darts as he offers you an unlaminated menu of questionable *fruit bars*: red wine? Fruit fusion? You purchase the red wine but it does not suffice, the lights flash on and off before you even have a *taste*. You

are offered a free replacement and exit the warm lighting of the store, left to question your life choices as you stroll back towards uni, but a voice inside begs you to return.

1. EzyMart King & Egan St — 10/10 (superb) \$

A nutty aroma wafts out onto King St from this killer convenience store’s roasted nut bar, plastic-wrapped cinnamon donuts and burning incense. Its attractive bright blue corrugated iron exterior entices you in, where soft golden lighting and a display of crawling spider plants atop a high-tech coffee machine create a calming interior environment. A wide variety of random off-brand never-before-seen snacks creates interest, while the witty staff banter back and forth as they offer discounts on already cheap *fruit bars* and cream chargers. A clear winner, you’ll never turn back.

Art by Lauren Lancaster



Crisis after crisis: The ‘toxic’ managerial culture in the Faculty of Medicine and Health

Oscar Chaffey investigates how staff and student trust has been eroded by senior management in the Faculty of Medicine and Health.

Three and a half years ago, I picked a medical science degree, like many confused seventeen-years-olds before me, because I’d always loved biology in high school but couldn’t quite close the deal on undergraduate medicine. I quickly found a genuine love for medical science. While it is true that its students are occasionally awkward and often competitive, I have never met a more earnest group of people in my life. One of my first university memories is of a lecture introducing diabetes where a lecturer wore a shirt extolling the virtues of the pancreas. I am also deeply fond of the Anderson Stuart Building, a building that despite Honi’s postulation that it was haunted in my first week on campus, has since become my second home.

In noting these things, I would be remiss to ignore the very public crises of management that have coloured my years here. In the first semester of 2019, on my way to anatomy and histology classes, I would walk through corridors where flyers and posters begged for Anderson Stuart to be saved. The building’s staff were being threatened at the time with eviction, and I tried to show solidarity in whatever small ways were possible.

In 2020, against the backdrop of a pandemic that ought to have strengthened the imperative for basic science teaching, staff in my own major of physiology were threatened with losing their jobs. I rallied with them, fought police repression and even participated in a historic occupation of the F23 building to try and protect their jobs. This year I watched as several of my friends who had gone on to start their honours years were threatened with eviction from the Medical Foundation Building, once again under the auspices of safety concerns and an allegedly ‘toxic’ workplace culture. Over the past few weeks, I resolved to speak with staff, unionists and student activists to try to understand exactly why the Faculty of Medicine and Health (FMH) has generated these yearly crises.

Jamie*, a former FMH staff member who spoke to me on condition of anonymity, describes a once drastically different workplace culture and attributes recent changes to the appointment of the inaugural Dean, Professor Robyn Ward, in July 2018. Before that time, they said that while management was not

perfect, staff felt that their opinions were valued by Heads of School and that they collaborated freely and extensively.

Ward was appointed three years ago to oversee the centralisation of what were once seven separately administered schools — Medical Sciences, Medicine, Dentistry, Nursing, Pharmacy, Public Health and Health Sciences — into a single “mega-faculty.” Jamie says that staff in the School of Medical Sciences (SoMS) perceived themselves as particularly targeted, and that their trust in faculty leaders has been most especially eroded by a “lack of collegiality or consultation” over the last two years.

Jamie believes that the targeting of staff in SoMS began in late 2018 when staff who worked in wet laboratories (those that use biological material or liquids) in the Anderson Stuart Building were told that they would be evicted on the grounds that their laboratories did not adhere to safety standards. Initially, Ward argued

that given the lack of WHS evidence, management’s initial actions were a breach of the University’s enterprise bargaining agreement (EBA) as they did not engage in a formal change process, in which consultation and discussion would be required to move staff from the Anderson Stuart Building. This motivated the NTEU to challenge the decision “with the Provost, the Vice Chancellor and ultimately arbitration by the Fair Work Commission.” In October 2019, the Fair Work Commission ruled in favour of staff in the Anderson Stuart Building and declared that the University should have entered into genuine bargaining through a formal change process.

Both Jamie and Rob tell me that there was a noticeable shift in the narrative of management during the dispute. After it became clear that FMH had insufficient evidence to support evictions on WHS grounds, they began to prosecute an argument that the staff deserved better facilities and so ought to be moved out of their

involvement he says was motivated by his belief that the staff who were to be made redundant were “some of the best people” who had ever taught him. In late 2020, Professor Sarah Young, the current Head of the School of Medical Sciences, put forward a Draft Change Proposal that made redundant positions in the disciplines of Physiology and Pathology. Jamie was one of the many staff members whose job was ultimately made redundant under the proposal, and notes that several attempts to be genuinely consulted on the proposal were rebuffed and that directly negotiating with management was difficult.

The justification for the proposal was argued on two grounds: a) an attempt to further centralise teaching and b) to address what was argued to be overstaffing of the Physiology and Pathology disciplines. Physiology staff reported to management that the data being used to calculate the full time equivalent (FTE) value of their work was incorrect and did not take into account its full scope. In one other incident, management was especially combative, insisting staff were not being paid for a bioengineering class that staff knew they were being paid to teach.

Undergraduate and higher degree by research (HDR) student attempts at consultation were also rebuffed. Watson recalls a meeting with Sarah Young after the Revised Change Proposal was released, in which he and other students demanded that they be given the opportunity to make submissions and be consulted in the negotiating process. Watson describes Young’s approach in the meeting as “completely retaliatory” as she referred to technical descriptions showing that students did not need to be consulted on matters of staff employment.

Everyone I spoke to noted that after the Anderson Stuart incident, management appeared to now be weaponising the terms of the enterprise bargaining agreement to their benefit, particularly against concerned students. Jamie notes that while the EBA required the Faculty to demonstrate that it was consulting staff, they were not obliged to make concessions to anyone, and appeared unwilling to do so throughout the process. In one survey conducted by the Defend Medical Science Education

campaign in 2020, 69.17% of the 132 SoMS staff they surveyed reported feeling bullied by the actions of senior management.

Despite a large-scale campaign of resistance involving two disputes issued by the NTEU and a mobilisation of both staff and students, SoMS ultimately proceeded with the majority of the planned staff redundancies. Kelton Muir de Moore, a casual staff member in Physiology and member of the NTEU, remembers the campaign as a moment of unprecedented staff mobilisation, describing the campaign as “the best level of collegiality I’ve seen in my time in Physiology.” Although relationships between staff had become tense, Muir de Moore says that the “struggle against the brutal management of staff gave staff a commonality that nurtured friendships and desires to fight the mismanagement of the University.”

This year, in a sequel befitting of a scripted drama, honours students were threatened with eviction from the Medical Foundation Building (MFB) and asked to change their supervisors on short notice. The eviction was initially justified on safety grounds by the fact that an unknown white powder and broken glass were found underneath a poster criticising management. Many of the same staff and postgraduate students that were evicted from Anderson Stuart in 2019 were relocated to MFB, and the culture of the building has been described by staff to be particularly sceptical of senior management. Subsequently, the eviction of honours students was justified on the basis of a supposedly “toxic” workplace culture within the building.

Boncardo explains that the NTEU closely engaged with the affected students in the MFB as losing honours students can “significantly impact staff workload provisions”

and make them appear as if they were not performing their job adequately. Initially, Boncardo says, FMH management did not respond to NTEU appeals for mediation and proceeded to contact students informing them of an intent to evict regardless. The NTEU subsequently used a right of entry protocol to audit the evidence for the toxic workplace culture. The evidence, Boncardo says, was found to have been sourced from only six Faculty members, all of whom were members of the senior management team, and only one of whom worked in the building. At this point, Boncardo recalls, staff began to suspect that the phrase “toxic workplace culture” was management’s way of describing the

busting. Eventually, after two weeks of negotiations, the Faculty decided to allow the honours students to remain in their building.

An honours student affected by the incident, who spoke to me on condition of anonymity, described the personal toll of the two weeks on their education. The student said that they “lost weeks of work and what feels like years off my life [and] I really cannot emphasise enough the mental and emotional toll. Several students expressed to me that they were finding it impossible to sleep and eat properly as they were feeling too hyped up by the adrenaline, stress and uncertainty around the decision and our meetings with management.”

Staff began to suspect that the phrase “toxic workplace culture” was management’s way of describing the strong union culture in the building.

strong union culture in the building.

Students, helped by the NTEU and the Students’ Representative Council (SRC), attempted to bargain with the Faculty and wrote individually and collectively in order to stay in the building and continue their original projects. The Faculty eventually reneged on good faith negotiations with the NTEU and the students were told that they would be moved out of the building at the end of the week. Subsequently, a meeting was held between management and students in which Boncardo attended in his capacity as a representative of the NTEU and the interests of students. Despite the students’ wish for Boncardo to remain in the meeting, management asked him to leave. Boncardo describes these actions as a “breach of the University’s enterprise bargaining agreement” and a “transparent effort” at union

The student further described dealings with management as “devoid of empathy.” Several honours students affected by the project have reportedly lost their trust in the Faculty and have strongly reconsidered their intentions to undertake further studies.

The SRC President, Swapnik Sanagavarapu, who was heavily involved in assisting students as a representative during the incident, confirmed that management were particularly hostile during meetings and did not seem to want a resolution. When asked to speak generally about accusations of a toxic culture in the faculty, Sanagavarapu said that in his experiences advocating for students, he felt that there was no faculty that “has had so many instances back to back of people being treated so poorly (by management).”

The NTEU has since conducted an

audit into the workplace culture of the Medical Foundation Building and found that there was “no evidence of a toxic or urgently unsafe workplace in the area.” Overwhelmingly, respondents to the NTEU’s audit said that the space was safe and had a positive culture among colleagues. 69% of respondents, however, felt that the senior management of the Faculty negatively impacted the culture of the building. On 27 May, the NTEU recommended that further consultative processes with staff should be taken by senior management in order to best meet their needs. As Boncardo surmises, “while this process began with management cruelly accusing staff of cultivating a “toxic workplace culture”, it has ended with a rigorous and wide-ranging audit showing that it is in fact management themselves who have a lot of work to do to improve their relations with staff and students.”

Senior management may well have had an important (even good) idea when they set out to establish this mega-faculty. Change of this scale, however, requires a well articulated vision, clear communication, regular trustworthy consultation and authenticity where actions match a shared vision. The narrative so far seems sadly lacking in all of these attributes. Staff, students and unionists all appear to agree on one thing: FMH management have, for multiple years now, been engaging in a campaign of obfuscation, bullying and managerialism. If a toxic culture exists in the Faculty of Medicine and Health it is surely not one that exists amongst its students and teachers. Instead, it is one created by senior managers who have, thus far, unsuccessfully tried to divide and conquer them.



Art by Claire Ollivain

FROM THE REDFERN RUSH TO THE GRAFFITI GRIFT

SPEEDRUNNING CAMPUS

SAMUEL GARRETT'S GUIDE
TO CAMPUS SHORTCUTS

Walking across campus is both a charm and a chore of campus life. For most students, navigation involves following obvious and well-trodden campus footpaths. But for some, the buildings of the University are not obstacles, but enticing trailheads. When being late to class is a matter of seconds, finding the optimal route between two points becomes useful, as well as entertainment that gives purpose to campus exploration, and leads to discoveries you would otherwise never make.

The many names of campus roads and buildings can be confusing. I recommend taking this guide with you on your first forays through these routes. The time invested in learning them by heart will be repaid many times over. All timings were measured at a consistent walking pace of 4.8 kilometres per hour.

The Graffiti Tunnel Grift

Few campus falsehoods are so galling as the Graffiti Tunnel. The tunnel is a classic of supposed campus shortcuts, purportedly offering a convenient route from the Parramatta Road footbridge to Manning Road and beyond. This, dear readers, is a lie. There is almost no circumstance in which the Graffiti Tunnel is the optimal route between Science and Manning roads.

If walking towards Eastern Avenue from the Parramatta Road Footbridge, enter the main entrance of the Pharmacy Building, and walk to the

end of the old corridor, turning left at the glass firehose cabinet. Go down to the first landing in the stairwell, then right into the Level 3 New Wing, and immediately exit left out into the garden. Turn right down the stone stairs, then through both sets of glass sliding doors in the Brennan MacCallum Building, and out onto Manning Road.

The time saved, compared to using the Graffiti Tunnel to reach the same point, is ten seconds. It is also a faster method than the popular Vice-Chancellor's Garden route through the Quadrangle, since it allows you to take the diagonal down Fisher Road, and chain further shortcuts.

An alternate method also exists. Between the Bank and Pharmacy buildings, there is a set of outdoor stairs on Science Road which lead down to a set of occasionally-open fire doors. Walk through these doors, turn left at the end, then right through the brick archway. Go up the small set of stairs, then immediately down the longer flight. Turn right in the corridor, then left outside S238B Microscope Room. Proceed all the way to the emergency exit double doors, and through them into the laneway. Turn left, and then right through the Brennan MacCallum doors, as above. Though this method is four seconds slower than the Pharmacy walkthrough, it is elegant in its use of the subterranean Pharmacy/Bank honeycomb. I recommend it for the campus explorer who is slightly less pressed for time.

The Badham Bypass

A complement to the Graffiti Tunnel alternatives, the Badham Bypass is an unorthodox, but effective, means of reaching upper Manning Road from lower Science Road. The traditional student will walk downhill from the Russell Place carpark (next to the John Wooley building) to the Education Building, before turning left and walking uphill along Manning Road. Instead, walk through the open double fire doors into the bowels of the Badham Building (the doors are beneath a small 'Hazchem' sign, and give out onto the carpark). Take the first right, out into Technology Lane, past the picnic benches and through the Brennan MacCallum underpass that would normally take you to the Graffiti Tunnel. Go straight through to Manning and save six seconds, or (if heading uphill) turn left at the top of the stairs and walk across the top of the Learning Hub to save a further five seconds.

The Anderson Stuart Traverse

A simple ten-second time save. If walking up Manning Road to reach upper Eastern Avenue, walk through the building's north entrance, and traverse the courtyard past the small fountain, into the corridor, and out the front door onto Eastern Avenue. The Traverse is a relatively fringe case, and useful for reaching only a small number of destinations. Shortcuts further down Fisher Road will usually serve you better.

The SLAM Dunk

A popular method of walking between Manning House and Physics Road (or the lower half of Eastern Avenue) involves using the pathway between the tennis courts and the sports field in front of the Physics Building; a foolish endeavour. Instead, when exiting out the back of Manning Food Court, turn left, then right through the portico of the Lawn Tennis Club (next to the Squash Court entrance). This will take you on a path between the tennis courts and the RC Mills Building, home of SLAM (School of Literature, Art and Media), delivering you to the corner of Physics and Fisher roads forty-one seconds faster than the usual route.

The Edward Ford Fast-Track

A further time save exists on Physics Road. If walking uphill, and intending to turn right onto Fisher Road, veer right through the gates of the Edward Ford carpark (immediately uphill from the Physics Building). Walk through the carpark and underneath the sandstone archway, then turn left through the doors next to the tiny zebra crossing. Go up the stairs in the atrium area, then exit the building onto Fisher Road on the next floor; an entertaining four-second time save.

The Chem Cut-Throughs

The Chemistry Building is a pathway to many routes some consider to be unnatural. To access

Eastern Avenue from Fisher Road, students commonly walk around the Chemistry lawns, before turning up Chemistry Lane and going up the stairs next to the liquid nitrogen tank between Chemistry and Madsen; but not you, dear readers. You walk over the grass of the Chemistry lawns, across the tree-filled courtyard behind Chemistry, and enter through the sliding doors next to the bike cage. You then walk forward up to the bathrooms, and turn right, exiting the building at the end of the corridor, next to the liquid nitrogen tank, saving eleven seconds in the process.

Alas, this is only useful if your destination is Carslaw, or somewhere east of the Wentworth Building across City Road. If heading to ABS or Merewether, stay on Fisher Road up to the lights. If heading to Taste or New Law, cross the Chemistry lawns but cut left across the courtyard, past the huge drinking fountain, to the glass door at the base of a staircase. Go up the stairs and then straight out the front door to a Taste-y lunch. Finally, if heading to mid-Eastern Avenue from Manning Road, the standard outdoor route between Anderson Stuart and Chemistry on the outdoor stairs will remain fastest, as it allows you to take the diagonal down Eastern Avenue.

The Engo Express

The Engo Express is the optimal route between Eastern Avenue and the Engineering buildings south of City Road. It begins on Barff Road, the small laneway that runs behind Carslaw and New Law. From the top of Eastern Avenue, cut diagonally down the stairs behind the New Law lawns, and follow Barff Road to the City Road intersection. After crossing the lights, go straight up the stairs, past the Catholic Student Centre and down the next flight of stairs ahead of you.

Traverse Cadigal Green to the left of the Old School Building. Including the New Law diagonal, this can save you up to ninety seconds over the typical footbridge route, depending on your luck with the light cycle.

The Redfern Rush

The traditional Redfern Run is not the fastest way to Redfern Station. The Redfern Rush is an extension of the Engo Express that can deliver you to the station almost a minute and a half ahead of the Run. As many a Redfern Runner knows, this could mean the difference between catching your train, or a long, desultory wait on the platform. Complete the Engo Express, but cross Maze Crescent and continue straight, past the PNR Learning Hub. Cross the lawn, the carpark, and Shepherd Street, before continuing up Calder Road. Turn right on Ivy Street, cross the lights to Lawson Street, and complete the Run as normal. From after the Barff Road lights, the time saved is about eighty seconds. However, depending on where you start on Eastern Avenue, total time saved could extend up to three minutes.

The only wildcard is the Barff Road lights at the beginning of the Rush. Much like waiting for a bus, arriving early in a cycle will save you no time compared to arriving just as the lights turn green. However, the potential time saves are so great, that even if RNG provides you the longest possible light cycle, you should still be no worse off.

The Footbridge Question

A matter of some contention among students who frequent the SRC or Wentworth Food Court is whether the City Road footbridge or the Butlin Avenue pedestrian crossing is faster. Evidence suggests the footbridge is superior in both cases. The City Road

lights at Butlin Avenue operate on a cycle of fifty-three seconds of stop signals, followed by thirty seconds of walk signals. If you manage to arrive at the crossing at a frame-perfect light cycle, just as the walk signal begins, the time to the SRC or food court is identical to taking the footbridge from the same start position. However, the likelihood of reaching the crossing on a stop signal makes the footbridge the smart choice for the efficiency-minded student.

Bonus: The Eastern Avenues

The Eastern Avenues are two routes that run parallel to Eastern Avenue. Their advantage is that they are almost entirely under cover, making them ideal in rain, on windy days, or for avoiding stupor walk-and-talkers in campaign season. Though not shortcuts, they are useful backups for any campus walker to know.

If walking northwards along Eastern Avenue from the City Road Footbridge, enter the Life, Earth and Environmental Sciences (LEES) building through the sliding door adjoining the footbridge (before the ramp goes down). Go down the stairs and through to the Carslaw Learning Hub, straight ahead and up one flight of stairs in the Eastern Avenue Lecture Theatre complex, down the corridor and push through the fire doors at the end. Walk across the glass air bridge into New Law, down two floors, straight ahead to the garden in the glass lightwell, then turn left towards the exit. Just before walking out the glass doors, turn right through the sliding doors (past the sandstone heads), and down another level into the Law Library. Turn right, and walk through into Fisher Library and beyond.

Unfortunately, the fire doors between the Eastern Avenue Lecture Theatre complex and the glass air

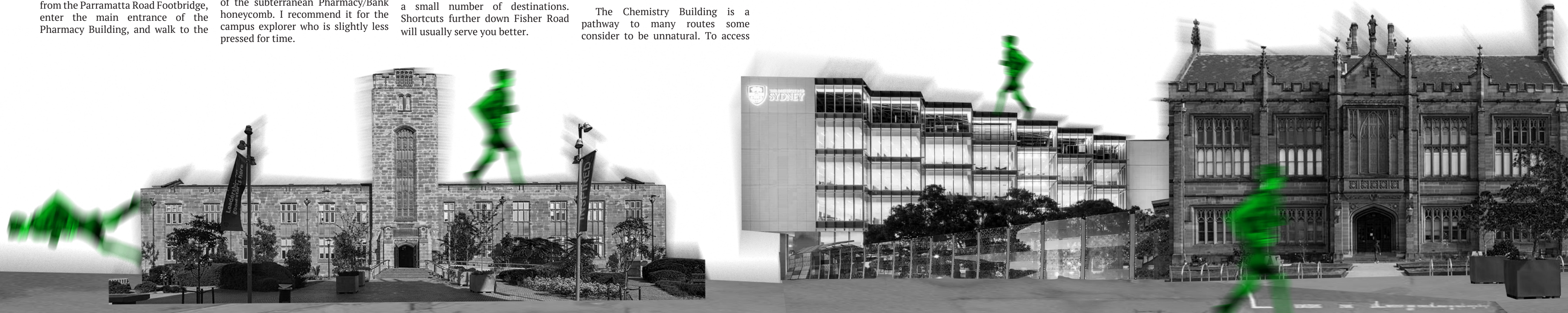
bridge are one-way. Thus, heading southwards requires an alternate, regrettably less elegant, route. Enter the northern Anderson Stuart door (next to the jacandas on Manning Road), cross through the courtyard but turn right, rather than left, at the corridor that leads to Eastern Avenue. Leave through the southern exit facing Chemistry, and go up the outdoor stairs. Enter Chemistry and walk over the bridge, past the lockers, down the next staircase and then straight down the corridor and out next to the liquid nitrogen tank. Go up the stairs and enter the Madsen side door. If you're desperate enough to arrange swipe access with the Sydney Analytical lab, you can head downstairs and out the southeast corner of the building under the protective eaves of F23. Otherwise, you'll have to turn left out the Madsen front door and onto the windswept wasteland of Eastern Avenue with the rest of us.

Extras

Take every opportunity to cross the sports field between the Education and Physics buildings on diagonals. This is one of the largest, yet most under-utilised, campus time saves, and is useful for many routes. Separately, reaching Broadway or the Parramatta Road bus stop in Victoria Park depends greatly on your starting position, but many optimal lines harness the less-commonly used gap in the Victoria Park fence, behind New Law.

There are doubtless also time saves to be found between the buildings south of City Road. Not being an Engineering or Business student, I am unfamiliar with the most common destinations — a field for further research. Speedrunning is an iterative process, and improvements can always be found. Get out there and explore. Quickly.

Art by Deandre Espejo



Secessionism in the Republic of McGowan

Ben Levin *W*Axits out of the park.

Summer break, 2020. I had planned to visit my family in Perth but a new crop of COVID cases had spawned out of Avalon, leading to a hard border between WA and NSW. Bored and alone, I kept revisiting WA Premier Mark McGowan’s Facebook posts, specifically the well-produced colour-coded infographic maps of Australia: WA is always shaded neutral white, “very low risk” states are cautionary yellow, “low risk” states are hazardous orange, and “medium risk” states (i.e. NSW) are danger red. As I combed through the numerous geopolitical projections, I struggled to rationalise my fascination... until I saw it. Underneath McGowan’s awkward — but eternally endearing — dad smile, there was a small but recognisable gap in-between WA and the other states, a moat that separates it from the rest of the country.

Growing up in WA, that separation is palpable. You are constantly reminded that (by some very narrow measures) Perth is the most isolated city in the world, nestled in the ugly duckling of states. It’s a

place of greedy mining magnates, disproportionate GST redistribution, and wide-open spaces; the Wild West that Canberra forgot. From the jump, WA was hesitant about joining the new country of Australia, and after 22 years of unhappy marriage, filed for divorce. A divorce which Westminster (as the judge in this jumbled analogy) subsequently stonewalled. Possibly as delayed retribution, it has been said — although probably exaggerated — that during the Second World War, the federal government planned to sacrifice everything west of the imaginary line between Brisbane and Adelaide if the Japanese Army invaded. My Year 9 geography teacher would routinely decry the (dubious) betrayal each semester, demanding that we never forget the dastardly deeds of the evil eastern elites.

Still, the yearning for independence persevered and the state became a Mecca for sovereign citizenry. Prior to its collapse, Australia’s most famous secession success story was the product of a wheat farmer who decided that he didn’t want to follow

the directives of the Department of Agriculture and formed his own principality, the Hutt River Province, one hour north of Geraldton. After bestowing himself the title of Prince Leonard I, he began bankrolling his new state by issuing his own currency and stamps — sometimes with peculiar commemorative themes: birds of Antarctica and his 1979 holiday (ahem, official state visit) to the Vatican.

But that was not the only time the Holy See got a callout from West Australian secessionists. In June 2020, four insurgents from the “New Westralia” movement live streamed their storming of the historic courthouse in York, declaring New Westralia’s independence not only from the Commonwealth, but the auspices of the “Bishop of Rome,” as well (as if Pope Francis cared about a town of 2,500 people in rural WA). Despite their arrest, the Westralian movement continues to fester. A few weeks ago, a sovereign citizen refused to say her name when asked in court and yelled “We object” when

allegations of speeding were read against her. Despite being convicted, she thanked a New Westralian seperatist for their sound legal advice.

The New Westralia movement is undoubtedly fringe, but their ethos is anything but. Deep rooted in the collective consciousness of West Australians at home, and in the diaspora, is a disdain for the eastern states that wronged us, spanning from the premier’s infographics, to a WAXit meme page (formerly administered by the University’s own Director of Debates), to my grandmother’s declaration that she’s “always been a secessionist.” Roughly one third of the state supports WAXit and the Microbusiness Party rebranded itself to the WAXit Party to capitalise on the political moment. It’s ironic, however, that the entire secessionist discourse belies the fact that Western Australia was built on top of land that was never ceded, let alone given the opportunity to secede.

But just to be safe, it might be wise for us sandgropers to start saving for international tuition.

Right click, empty bin: the complicated existence of our digital files

Veronica Lenard *takes out the trash.*

Are you sure you want to permanently erase the items in the Bin?

You can’t *undo* this action.

This is the kind of pop up warning that appears if you try to empty many types of digital bins. It is often accompanied by a danger icon, featuring an exclamation mark to remind users that once they confirm the deletion, the files once stored within the bin are now really gone.

To a certain extent, this makes sense. If you accidentally delete a file, you can firstly try to catch it in the bin, and restore it back to your documents, and then, secondly, you can check if it’s in the bin before permanently deleting its contents. These steps can be particularly helpful if the document that you moved turned out to be the crucial piece of information you needed to get something done. Although, if you were to throw out a handwritten piece of work in real life, intentionally or unintentionally, there won’t be any pop ups to remind you that you can’t get it back.

In the article “Computer Files are Going Extinct,” media technology writer Simon Pitt describes how the files on our devices are often digital replications of physical and analogue parts of our lives. An icon for a page can refer to a document in a word processor, a notepad icon

represents an app made to be your digital notepad, complete with its own digitally reproduced notepaper textured backgrounds, and so on.

As these technologies encouraged users to create more content in a variety of forms, the initially limited storage of devices would quickly fill. After all, if a shelf can be filled with folders, so too could our devices. Digital bins, or recycling bins or trash folders or archives and many other similarly functioning folders provide users an easy way to maintain free storage on their devices and remove files, programs and virtual clutter that they no longer use.

In a graphical user interface, this often came to be represented by an icon of an actual bin, with changing graphics to signify that it was full or empty. The supposedly simple feature of modern computing has been the subject of many more changes and arguments, including 1988 legal action between Apple and Microsoft, which prompted consideration about how much of the function, structure and design of computer systems could be unique.

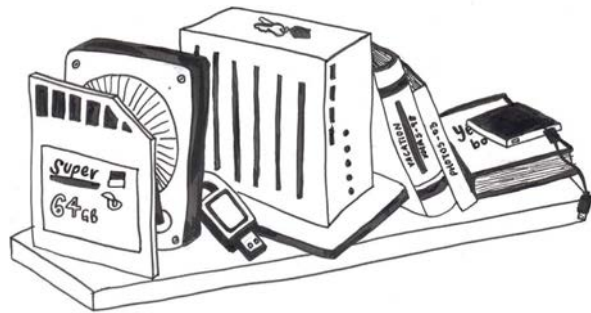
But in a time where we don’t rely on floppy disks, or even CDs or USBs, do we worry about taking out our digital trash anymore?

As technological development took storage solutions from expensive and

small capacity to affordable and large volume, there is now the ability to create, and keep, even more without having to consider deleting any of our files or programs. Even when the device’s physical storage isn’t enough, cloud storage solutions continue to become increasingly popular with many offering decent amounts of storage for free before needing to join a paid storage plan. These paid storage plans often include options for a terabyte of personal, or shared, storage. For reference, a single terabyte could hold five hundred hours of video or, as Dropbox describes it, six and half million pages of documents which, if printed out, would fill one thousand and three hundred filing cabinets.

Although the long term feasibility of these kinds of free solutions is less clear given the many global impacts of the services and ongoing changes on many of the systems, like Google’s recent changes to what counts as storage on Google Drive, and what happens when the free limit is exceeded or the account is inactive for a longer period of time. Nevertheless, multiple terabyte hard drives and solid state drives are regularly sold for as little as less than one hundred dollars, to a few hundred dollars.

A quick Google search for deleting



files or freeing up space on a variety of devices spawns pages of how-to guides offering manual and automatic ways to clear space on devices and why just emptying the bin might not have given you back the space needed, or solutions for the storage mystery known as system files. One such automatic solution offered is to set up automatic emptying of the trash bin, but if files don’t end up sent in the bin initially, the success of this is somewhat limited. Many of these articles suggest a recurring need to delete files, yet focus on avoiding annoying pop ups that warn users of running out of space by ostensibly deep cleaning your device to find the files that you can’t see or easily locate.

If we can buy more, or get it for free, do we ever really run out of space? More and more, it seems a lot less like making decisions about what we create or keep on our computers, and more about what is, ostensibly, the most space saving solution.

At the end of the day, what are we really saving it for?

Art by Nandini Dhir

Postscript

M on the value of testimony.

Almost exactly three years ago, I published an anonymous feature article in *Honi* Soit. Three weeks ago, I was diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) for the events described in that article. I didn’t know it at the time, but my nervous system was immobilised at the time of writing. Since then, my brain has ping-pong’ed between anxiety and shutdown. Today — six years into my undergraduate studies — I have whiplash.

In a nutshell, the article described the experience of having my drink spiked, hooking up with three guys, and emerging from a blackout on the Story Bridge. The police found me walking into oncoming traffic, braless and not wearing any underwear or boots.

When I collected a print copy of my story in *Honi*, I was surprised by an inclusion from the editors, “*cw: sexual assault.*” I didn’t know the editors would label my experience “sexual assault.” Sure, the night I wrote about involved some form of sexual conduct (I still don’t know the specifics). A content warning made sense. But I did not set out to write a “sexual assault” article.

I set out to write about leaving a hospital in donated sandals. Of going through the motions after life-threatening trauma. About why the legalisation of same-sex marriage reminds me of the worst day of my life. And how it feels to rely on your friends, without asking too much. The purpose of narrating my experience was to resist simplification.

It took the next three years for

someone to convince me that I had been the victim of a serious offence. There was no point conducting a drug test or rape kit at the hospital because there was no case. I know my case would not hold up in a court of law. The ethical definition of consent never crossed my mind. Since then, the most revolutionary thing my therapist said to me is: “Proof doesn’t matter. Your body knows what happened.”

Three years ago, I wrote:

On Sunday, I re-order my favourite leather boots — the ones I was wearing that night and never would have removed of my own accord. They arrive three days later. Wearing them when I return to the police station weeks later feels like a stupid, stamping victory.

In those boots, I have travelled solo, earned a Bachelor of Arts, and moved house twice. But I haven’t trusted myself to function since 2018. In the original article, I asked whether autopilot or stoicism is the healthiest reaction to trauma. Unsurprisingly, volunteering at a refugee camp in northern France wasn’t the ideal response. I have deflected, compounded, and ultimately failed, to effectively process my trauma.

Perhaps this is why the events of 2018-19 surfaced with such force after lockdown.

At the start of this semester, social interactions began to spark intense dissociation. I would scan the Seymour Centre foyer before an identity revue and shut down. Everyone I saw reminded me of a precursor, a missing memory. **What happened?** Micro and macro-traumas converge. I try to connect the milestones:

2015... High school, accepting that I don’t like boys, so love is not for me.

2016... Telling my best friend I love her in the Cellar Theatre.

2017... Returning a bag of belongings, blank stare: ‘I feel no urgency to be your friend again.’

2018... The police shake me from a drug haze on **the Bridge** and drive me to the hospital.

2019... A warehouse in Calais, learning that a young Eritrean boy from our camp froze to death on a lorry last night.

Returning to Sydney. Returning to the motions. To a global pandemic.

I don’t remember signing up for this timeline.

When I spell out this sequence, it becomes clear that every moment of reckoning is connected. My psychologist changed everything by confirming that PTSD is compounded by developmental and vicarious trauma. She explains the polyvagal theory, which suggests why individuals with PTSD end up “ping-ponging” between shutdown and anxiety. Clinical psychologist Dr Peter Levine, author of *Waking the Tiger: Healing Trauma*, explains why individuals can experience “shutdown” and dissociation in response to a life-threatening trauma. For me, feeling “shutdown” meant feeling frozen in time: despite everything that has happened in the last five years, in many ways I still feel 19 years old. As I write this, I realise that time is starting to un-freeze.

Levine advises that emerging from the shutdown response can

require a “shudder” to awaken the nervous system. My psychologist has warned me that this “shudder” means transitioning up the ladder from depression, to anxiety, to eventually feeling “normal” again. I like the “ladder” metaphor, and I like the “ping pong” metaphor. They make the mental fuckery of PTSD seem universal and manageable.

“Ping-pong” explains why I still loiter around Courtyard Café and resent my corporate job.

“Ping-pong” explains the envy of watching my peers from 2016-17 start their lives.

“Ping-pong” explains the self-doubt, the impulsive decisions.

Every 20-something plays ping-pong.

My experiences may be unique but my feelings are not. Everyone carries baggage. Self-pity is unproductive. One must rationalise, refuse to wallow.

And yet... some nights are hard. Some nights I cry myself to sleep, unable to breathe or explain my pain to my partner. After nights like these, I read my original article in search of something solid. In search of “proof” of the events that changed my brain.

Today, I add this postscript. This feels important because, unlike law courts and hospitals, nuance is guaranteed in these pages. If I get the words right, the lived experience stays on the record. This is the value of testimony.

Everything and nothing changes: Reflections on Dom Knight’s Comrades

Grace Lagan *reflects on the definitive stupol novel.*

Dominic Knight doesn’t want you to read this book: he said as much at the *Honi* reporter induction. I can’t imagine Penguin is thrilled about his active dissuasion of the only possible market for a yarn about USyd’s annual SRC presidential race, but so strong was his campaign against his own book that they got a sale out of me.

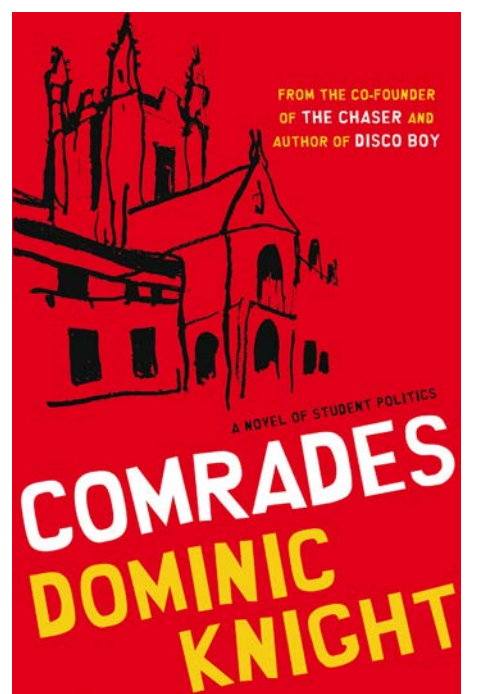
Knight is not being humble: the book isn’t great. The terrace facades of the inner city streets are better sketched than the characters who traipse them, and the politicking reeks of a garden variety Canberra drama (which in effect, it is). Reading it feels like stepping into a tableau of early 2000s Sydney, when classes were on campus, rents were reasonable, and VSU only lived in the nightmares of hacks. This would all quickly become obsolete, if not for the one constant

of campus life: student politicians. Libdependents rort college votes and trots plan fruitless protests. Hacks warp the rules of chemistry and campus security to chalk every footpath, and grimy share house living rooms become agoras in the blink of an eye. Sound familiar?

Ten years after it was published, and twenty after it’s meant to have taken place, the stupol commentary offered by *Comrades* feels as fresh as ever. This feels attributable, in part, to the keen sense of every student politician that their days in the game are always numbered. The spectre of graduation looms over the pages as it does over us, a reminder of the unshakeable transience of student life. The campaign becomes more heated, the factional friendships more intense, when you know with absolute

certainty that none of it can, or will, outlast the short years you spend here.

Looking up from the pages, it takes a second for my eyes to adjust to the physical differences between our world and Knight’s. The Redfern terraces are now filled with gentrified tennants, the lecture halls sit empty, the faculties gaunt and stretched. Though shyness has taught me to avoid them, I know the similarities are there: on the Eastern Avenue pamphlet rat run, behind the ABS Liberal confluents, in the Groots contingent on the Law lawns and hawking Red Flag at every junction. Everything changes, nothing changes. Is there enough time to contemplate anything more than that?



In conversation with Simon Clews on *The New Academic* and weathering the winds of change

Shania O'Brien examines the academic epidemic.

Academia was appealing to me because, above all else, I wanted to learn. I dreamed of wooden-floored libraries, of stacks upon stacks of books with bookmarks towards the end, notepads full of scribbles and glass windows dotted with jewels of rain. But this image is not representative of reality, and often the lives of academics have little to do with the picturesque.

Simon Clews never intended to be an academic. "I have a chequered history with academia," he told me, as he sat with a cappuccino clutched between his hands. "I think I started it four times before it eventually stuck." Clews began by studying French and Russian at the University of Leeds in England, but he was absolutely horrified at the amount of work a university degree required, and claimed to be extremely lazy.

"The Melbourne Writers' Festival was, eventually, what lead me to get a formal qualification," he said fondly. "My arm was twisted and twisted until I acquired a degree in Arts and Entertainment Management at Deakin University." Even still, he lamented that academia was never for him.

The New Academic was a particularly difficult book for Clews to write. He started writing it more times than he could count, but eventually persevered because he wanted to practice what he preached and was quite fond of the concept

itself. One of the first roadblocks was the book's intended audience. "I was never sure who the book would be for," he said. "I firmly believe that you never write a book for yourself — that's what a diary is for — for a book, you need an audience." *The New Academic* is everything Clews learned in his fifteen years in academia, and believes it would count as an informal qualification for vocational education.

Clews spoke affectionately about his background in the performing arts, and how theatre has informed his teaching and outlook on life. "Earlier in my life, I studied theatre and dance for a year — it was meant to be longer, but I was lured away by a theatre company," he said. Triple Action Theatre, where Clews performed thereafter, was primarily dedicated to being English representatives of a Polish theatre director and theorist Jerzy Grotowski.

"When I started my own theatre, which was semi-successful and toured a little around England and some of Europe, I wanted to mix comedy with the serious stuff; think traditional British pantomime about Economics," Clews recalled. That was the first time he truly appreciated the need to be flexible in the modern world. "When I came to Australia with my theatre company, I had a plan." He was going to go to the Victorian College of Art (which he eventually did, for four days) and he was going to tour just as he had done back home in England. But he soon learned that the market

was indeed different, that audiences were harder to reach — literally. "England is littered with little towns and villages, every half an hour on the road there is a new audience to perform for. But in Australia you have Melbourne, and then you have a grand expanse of nothing before you find Sydney."

The theatre heavily impacted how Clews presented as a lecturer. "Most academics aren't brilliant public speakers, but that isn't really their job. They're supposed to dig deep into the archives of the land and find the facts, whereas my theatrics is owed to my background," he said. A lecture is a piece of theatre in itself, with PowerPoint slides acting as the backdrop of a solo performance. "I like to describe my lectures as dynamic and interactive, and you can regularly find me prowling the aisles for engagement. There will be no mindless social-media scrolling when I'm speaking."

When I asked Clews about the most important thing an aspiring academic would need to understand, he said: "A plan is a nice thing to have in a way that it is meaningless." He emphasised the significant role luck and circumstance have in life, and how the people who are agile and flexible will be the ones who go the furthest.

"I am always having a conversation about learning languages with my children," he said, "because it is a great

way to learn how to learn. Society and the world is not static — and budding academics need to weather the winds of change."

Clews has a folder of started books on his laptop, all of them abandoned somewhere along the way. But *The New Academic* is different in the sense that it is a necessary book, considering the state of academia at the moment. Clews spoke about the extraordinary lengths one needs to go to in order to keep a job: "There's no tenure, all of the contracts are short-term, and staffing levels are dropping like flies. I always believed for any given position, I was up against ninety-nine other people who were just as qualified and well-connected, but now I feel like that number has increased to nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine. Almost a thousand people up for the same tiny contract job that's underpaying to begin with." An essential change in how academics approach the industry has to do with how they must present themselves. "You can be brilliant, but unless you can sell yourself, you're completely fucked."

The week before we spoke, Clews taught his first in-person class in fifteen months. He said he was good at standing in rooms full of people and talking, and expressed concerns about the students who have been resigned to a degree tainted by Zoom. "I hope it is temporary, because it will change the way people teach and learn. Academia was never meant for boxes on a screen."

BP and Me: How a David Jones service station changed my life

Griffin Cant serves on a servo.

Since my girlfriend moved to Chatswood in early 2020, I've spent a lot of time driving on the Pacific Highway. After about a month of visits, I spotted it for the first time, on the service station somewhere between Gore Hill Cemetery and the Mowbray Road intersection. Alongside BP's literally greenwashed liveries, and the somehow perpetually faded Wild Bean Cafe sign, it sits almost innocuously. White text on a black field: "DAVID JONES FOOD." Since then, I have not gone more than a day without thinking about it. The serif font shines like a beacon, attempting to eke any modicum of prestige out of an establishment which is anything but.

The Pacific Highway is very much in the second-class of Sydney's traffic arteries, too narrow to attract the excellent vibes and iconic bead shops of the big dogs like Parramatta Road. But this break in the monotony of the car dealerships immediately raises its status in my

environment, and general aura of the surrounding area. In the same way that Darwin's finches changed their beaks to better suit the environment of each Galápagos island, so too did this BP grow a David Jones sign to survive in its environment north of the harbour.

In reality, of course, the David Jones servo did not spring from the font of nature — only the folly of mankind could have wrought such a sick creation into being. This is why BP Artarmon haunts my every waking moment. Someone, somewhere, thought of this. Presumably, David Jones, or their South African parent company, were concerned that their Food division was performing sub-optimally. To rectify this underperformance, there was a meeting where I can only assume that a cocaine-addled wannabe-Don Draper gave some speech about how modern people are always on the go, and how in the year 2020, the outmoded department store has to come to them. They turned a placard

What this place has on other giants of the North Shore Kitsch genre (personal favourites include a Cremorne dog supplies shop earnestly called Dogue, and the completely inexplicable brokerage storefront in McMahons Point), is that it occupies a liminal space of Sydney.

mind. As someone raised on the Lower North Shore, I've had a first-hand view of the area's pathological desire to make everything as vainly bourgeois as humanly possible, but come on! It's literally a David Jones servo! This absurd extension of every North Shore stereotype is beautiful and hilarious to behold.

What this place has on other giants of the North Shore Kitsch genre (personal favourites include a Cremorne dog supplies shop earnestly called Dogue, and the completely inexplicable brokerage storefront in McMahons Point), is that it occupies a liminal space of Sydney. While it is officially called 'BP Artarmon,' its side of the highway is actually in Lane Cove North. It's existence is so reality-breakingly strange that it cannot be contained by the authority of local government. The servo is essentially on an island, where the Pacific Highway becomes an overpass for a few hundred meters. The only other shop there is a KFC. If it wasn't in the middle of Sydney the location would scream 'truckstop.' Yet even this concrete slab seems to have somehow absorbed the culture,

In reality, of course, the David Jones servo did not spring from the font of nature — only the folly of mankind could have wrought such a sick creation into being.

around which just said: "David Jones Servo." The boardroom broke into rapturous applause, before calling an executive assistant to bring in a bottle of Moët and leaving for an early lunch because by God was that idea a winner.

I cannot speak to whether David Jones Food runs this kind of scheme in-house or through a marketing company. What I do know is the person who gave that speech is probably an executive paid north of \$150k per year. This completely sickens me. Why the fuck is no one paying me six-figures to have bullshit ideas like that on a five year contract? I could pull random combinations of brands and services out of my ass all damn day, and if "David Jones Servo" is the standard for what gets greenlit in corporate Australia, then what the fuck am I doing at uni right now?

My girlfriend is moving out of Chatswood next week, so I figured I'd finally go inside and see what there is to see. Half the store has the usual road stop fare — snacks, soft drinks, and a counter for mediocre sausage rolls and coffee. The other half, however, has pre-packaged

meals garnished with quinoa and daikon radish, jars of chilli jam and compotes, and at the counter where you'd expect breath mints there are 50-gram packets of dried mango sold for \$4 a pop. There is no marked divide in the interior design, as the walls have a minimalist white panelling with a black trim, with little signage. The bread rack serves as a kind of border zone — four ersatz-wooden shelves on a metal frame, the top two occupied by Sonoma artisanal fare like rye spelt sourdough, the bottom two by Tip Top white loaves. I buy a carton of chocolate milk (I pick Oak over the "premium" Coach House Dairy) just to feel like I took some kind of souvenir. As I pull onto the highway, I immediately regret not seeing what the toilets looked like. I suppose I could go back, but I'm afraid that will only yield further unanswerable questions. I'd like to think that I'm ready to move on.

Art by Deaundre Espejo



CULTURE

Will Australia accept this rainbow rose?

Gian Ellis-Gannell on Network 10's new Bachelorette.

Praise flooded the internet as Brooke Blurton was announced as Australia's next Bachelorette. She will be debuting later this year as the first Indigenous and openly bisexual 'Bachelorette', which means that, for the first time in any global Bachelor or Bachelorette franchise, it won't just be the opposite sex competing for her love.

The Bachelor has long faced criticism for its misogynist portrayal of women competing for the attention of a man (this is, of course, with the marvellous exception of Megan Marx and Tiffany Scanlon ditching Richie to be with each other in 2016). The show's producers are notorious for undermining female friendship by plying women with alcohol and encouraging them to engage in petty fights. Group dates fuel competitiveness and unnecessary nastiness between female contestants, but are considered a 'winner' for the ratings.

Unsurprising reports suggest that producers purposefully endorse the jealousy-induced rants and trash talking of whomever wins the

Bachelor's favour.

The Bachelor franchise has failed time and time again when it comes to representing the LGBTQI+ community. In 2018, when Blurton debuted on Nick Cummins' season of the show, her sexuality was exploited mercilessly for ratings. Trailers teased a "big secret," and "urgent revelation," only for the contestant to reveal her previous relationships with women. Blurton has since criticised how the producers edited this conversation, minimising her discussion on sexuality. Discourse around Blurton's sexuality wasn't that different between the women in the house. On an episode of Bachelor alumnus Abbie Chatfield's podcast It's A Lot, Blurton stated that fellow contestants had coerced her into telling The Bachelor that she had dated women in the past. The season of Bachelor in Paradise that same year saw the show criticised for queer-baiting.

As a Noongar Yamatji woman, Blurton will be the first Indigenous Bachelorette. Globally, The Bachelor series has lacked representation of people of colour. Across 41

seasons of The Bachelor and The Bachelorette in the US, only three seasons have featured POC stars. You may remember the 2018 meme of the American cast, in which every contestant featured the same blonde, ombre hair style. The show has faced its fair share of criticism for its lack of diversity amongst contestants. When people of colour are cast, they're largely given little screen-time. 2020 Bachelor in Paradise star Niranga Amarasinghe was given comparatively little attention and spoke out about the racism he faced on set. In both of Blurton's previous appearances, she was the only Indigenous representation, and the show faced criticism for tokenism.

Nevertheless, Blurton's casting is an important shift in the right direction for reality TV. The audience can only hope that the producers will represent Brooke without the homophobia and racism that have infiltrated previous seasons.

In a statement to the press, Blurton said: "If it makes people feel uncomfortable in any way, I really challenge them to think about why

it does." Authentic representation of the LGBTQI+ community is often lacking. Whilst entirely queer shows are critical, the reach of a primetime mainstream show like The Bachelor dramatically increases visibility.

By removing the script, reality TV in particular has the potential to normalise non-heterosexual expressions of love. While it is often highly edited, and at times scripted, audiences still find themselves rooting for the authentic experiences that leak through the cracks. If we're going to have to endure reality TV, then it should at least represent our lived experiences.

It might seem a bit extreme to hail the upcoming Bachelorette season as a cultural breakthrough in queer inclusivity, but Blurton's debut is an indisputable win for LGBTQI+ representation in Australian mainstream media. With their questionable track record, only time will tell if the producers will positively represent queer experiences, or fall into their old habits.

In conversation with Romæo: Such Sweet Sorrow

Maddy Briggs chats to Sydney's synthpop siren.

With lyrics that dance the line between desire and obsession, a voice dripping with sugary venom, and an undeniably explosive stage presence, local Sydney musician and producer Romæo elevates synthpop to high art. A week after her sold-out show at Oxford Art Factory supporting Don West, we sat down to discuss the complexities of her work.

Talk me through Romæo. What's the project about, how far divorced is it from you?

I want Romæo to embody the multiplicity in myself as an individual and artist. I think in pop music especially, women have to be strong and aggressive or soft and gentle. I don't think that's true, I think everyone is everything and nothing at once — Romæo conveys that, lyrically, musically, conceptually.

A lot of my songs are quite conceptual and at the same time quite personal, so it's hard to feel like Romæo isn't me.

Your latest single, *Open*, was created with another Sydney producer, Kalo Lasso. How did you find the collaborative process?

It was a new one for me. I've spent a lot of time afraid of collaboration, but I'm trying to embrace it more because amazing music comes out of it. Just doing everything yourself and listening to that can drive you a bit insane (laughs), so I'm excited to be beginning my collaboration journey!

I found it challenging in the sense that I didn't have full control and I couldn't enact my perfectionism as much as I usually do - Kalo Lasso would say 'your vocals sound great here', and I'm like 'no, that's not good

enough, I could do better' - I had to relinquish a bit of that control.

The final product does sound great. It's been a freeing learning opportunity to realise that it's cool to have those super high expectations, but there's a point where they shouldn't interfere with you. This song showed me that something could be easy and still be great — I make things more challenging for myself than they need to be — and it's exciting for the potential of my future work.

How do your songs translate from your bedroom to the stage?

That process held me back for quite a while because I didn't know how I wanted to perform this music. I still don't know how I want to perform it — it's ever-changing and I'm always

experimenting, and I love that.

It's kind of ironic — I love and produce electronic music, but the live gear stresses me out! I don't totally have faith in my abilities, which is something I intend to get over through recognising I was always unsure in how I wanted to perform Romæo. I could do it with a band but getting a good band is hard, man! We've had a few different line up changes with this act.

But it's so rewarding to be able to enjoy performing and sharing music that I've worked on entirely myself.

Electronic production is kind of laborious — you spend hours staring at a computer screen, and you look up and it's night — but with rehearsals, it just flies by and I feel so elated. It's the highlight of my week.

It's also super vulnerable performing a song live - when you just release it online, you don't have to think about people listening and analysing the lyrics and your life. You're just there, staring people in the eyes, singing songs about family members ghosting you. It's very confronting, but people connecting to music is beautiful — which sounds super corny, because it is, but here we are.

What can we expect from you in the second half of the year?

I have a new single coming out, *Mourning*, about a time a family member ghosted me and I watched a Youtube therapist — which is super lame — but she was talking about how we feel a lot of upset when a family member, especially an older one, isn't performing the role they should. You kind of have to be a parent or adult even if you don't want to be. The therapist spoke about how we need to get over that because people won't change; what you can do is mourn the relationship you wish you had with them. Only then can you work on bettering that relationship.

Aside from that, we're just gonna keep pumping out the gigs! We've got a great couple of them lined up. I've also just completed an awesome conceptual body of work that will hopefully make an appearance soon. I want to keep collaborating as well, I've been having some sessions with some cool up-and coming artists. I'm excited, I feel really optimistic. These are exciting times.

Romæo's fourth single, 'Mourning', comes out on June 4th.



Where in the world are all the Batman Villains?

Harry Gay sends up the bat signal for more villainous variety.

With Matt Reeve's Batman releasing next year and the Snyder cut of Justice League renewing interest among fans for his version of the DC Cinematic Universe, it seems that Batman fans are spoilt for choice nowadays.

This isn't even mentioning other on-screen representations of the superhero, with *The Lego Batman Movie*, Christopher Nolan's *Dark Knight* trilogy, an Oscar nominated spin-off in *Joker*, and various animated straight to DVD flicks.

However, in almost all of these films, we see a rotation of the same few Batman villains — Joker, Catwoman, Penguin, and all the rest. While these characters are fun, inventive, well adapted, and cool in their design, the average comic book fan is reeling at the number of opportunities and story potential that the filmmakers are missing by not plumbing the depths of Batman's pantheon of rogues and ruffians. More than this, regular movie-going audiences are getting

tired of seeing the Joker on screen for the four billionth time, and will begin to wonder if this is all that the source material can offer.

For those curious, let me introduce you to some of the best unadapted villains that DC Comics has to offer our caped crusader.

Calendar Man: A silly name, sure, but what this character lacks in title, he makes up for in gimmick. Committing holiday themed crimes, this villain would be perfect for the world's greatest detective. Imagine a *Zodiac* or *Memories of Murder* inspired thriller, set over the course of several months, or even years, with an aging hero disillusioned at the hope of catching a killer who only rears their ugly head but once a month.

Clayface: Unthinkable in the mid-nineties when CGI was in its infancy, nowadays the idea of a giant shape shifting monster doesn't sound so crazy. An identity thriller, perhaps? Murder mystery with a killer constantly changing what they

look like, making identifying them impossible. Hollywood, I am awaiting your call.

Poison Ivy: While this femme fatale has already made her big screen debut, with international fears of climate change, and distrust in corporations and billionaires, it seems all the more relevant to adapt the character once again. Perhaps a moral battle, as Batman must confront his own influences on the planet as a billionaire tech bro himself. Will our Dark Knight become an eco-fascist or is it too hard to teach an old bat new tricks?

Firefly: Fire is cool and epic, and he has a jetpack AND a flamethrower! Those are two instances of fire in just one character, what a steal!

These, my friend, are just a small handful of what the comics have to offer. But why, you may be asking, have these characters never been featured in any of the millions of Batman related media properties from recent years? My theory: the grime

and realism of superhero movies of the past two decades have meant that these filmmakers and producers do not want to embrace some of the more bombastic, outlandish and zany aspects of comic books, out of fear of alienating audiences. This is especially prescient in the films of DC.

However, if these studios want to break from their stagnant pool of edgy Mark Millar stans they need to embrace the comic's roots. Audiences have already grown tired of the drab, depressing greyness of superhero flicks, and are starting to embrace the more goofy ideas to come out of comics. Just look at the recent output of Marvel Studios (and even DC), with weird departures from the norm like *Guardians of the Galaxy*, *WandaVision* or *Shazam!*. But if the success of Todd Philip's *Joker* or Zack Snyder's *Justice League* is anything to go by, it seems audiences aren't done just yet.

Disclaimer: the author of this article loves Egghead.

Nuclear families are not the power we need

Katarina Butler is pulling the plug on nuclear families.

Curled up on the couch with my parents and two dogs after a Sunday roast, we settle in for our weekly viewing of *Upper Middle Bogan*.

As the title track (*Comin' Home Baby* by Mel Tormé) accompanies Bess' transformation when she visits her newly discovered extended family, I ponder why exactly the drive from one home to another necessitates such a change.

My family home, where I'll probably spend a large part of my twenties, clearly delineates between each of its members. My room, distinct from shared areas, is a source of respite when exam season rears its ugly head. There is the lounge room where my mother indulges in her overdramatic medical shows, and tucked away at the back is my father's gaming room. Not so communal after all.

There's certainly no room for my extended family, who visit for an afternoon but travel back to their homes by nightfall. While I'm grateful for the calm that allows me to type an essay at the kitchen table, I recall the gentle rumble of my mother's childhood home, with grandparents, cousins, aunts and uncles breezing through at any moment. The plates clanging loudly as they pass from one hand to another, spoons rattling in

coffee mugs on Saturday afternoons.

England, I suppose, is to blame. As always.

In pre-industrial England, extended families would toil together on large plots of land, the many children running underfoot while older generations taught the younger how to till the soil and sow seeds. It's no surprise that the Industrial Revolution, alongside all its other disruptions, saw the extended family fragment into much smaller parts.

Younger generations no longer worked in their ancestral homes, instead travelling to work in factories. They would marry in their late twenties, raise only as many children as they could afford to feed, and lived in small homes. Their children were raised not to join any community but to continue the cycle of labour, with education given for the sole purpose of a continued return on investment.

Thus, the 'nuclear' family was born: a core unit of two parents and their children. This family was young and mobile, trading long-standing local roots for the ability to relocate to wherever their labour was needed most.

But there's always a price to pay. Nuclear families are far less resilient against disruptions, on macro and micro levels. If a child gets sick,

suddenly someone's entire day (usually the mother's) is derailed to take care of them. If a relationship breaks down, extended family members find it hard to fill any cracks.

Caring for sick family members is just the beginning of the immense burden this family structure places on women. Created when a woman's sole role was reproductive labour, the nuclear family model, and the societies built upon it, has struggled to adapt to a world where both parents work. Women were simply expected to do more – to perform their traditional duties at home as well as playing a role (full- or part-time) in the workforce. This model has proven to be unsustainable, as most Western government's struggle to find equitable models for childcare, parental leave and the necessary rigours of childbirth and child rearing show.

Throughout history women in extended families tended to take on the bulk of the domestic labour. Perhaps in an age of relaxed gender roles, a less restrictive family structure could lighten the load.

This all goes without mentioning the classism and colonialism embedded in the nuclear family. Even in the Victorian Era, the bourgeoisie, who reaped the rewards of extended family fragmentation, were shocked

by the breakdown of traditional morals. The call to protect hearth and home only grew as the working class fragmented itself to sustain the capitalist system.

In Australian history in particular, this originally descriptive term has become prescriptive — a way of ensuring immigrants and First Nations people assimilate. In my own family, I mourn the loss of my Greek heritage, which was never taught to me by my grandparents who lived hours away. Within Indigenous communities, children are still stolen from their complex and fulfilling kinship networks, and forced into unfamiliar and unsatisfying nuclear families. Another method of colonial control, the nuclear family looms large and foreboding in our social structure.

The working class has had its greatest gains when organising transcends the constructed barriers of the nuclear family. Striking workers support each other in clear rejection of the west's radical individualism, exacerbated by the atomisation of traditional family structures. It's clear that nuclear families only serve the bourgeoisie in ensuring a fragmented and disjointed workforce, reducing an individual parent's ability to organise and denying individuals the comfort and support of their extended family.

Clooney's Nespresso: a marketing genre of its own

Marlow Hurst orders a double shot hot take.

When I was 12, my Dad brought home a Nespresso machine. I never really used it, but all the same, it had a profound impact on me: it introduced Nespresso into my life.

While the capsule technology and machine design was revolutionary, what was even more impressive was how Nespresso was marketed. George Clooney shot the Nestle brand to absolute stardom, and with it his identity and personal brand became intrinsically attached to the brand of Nespresso. Its ads have a unique filmic and narrative language, an audio-visual universe created for solely this purpose.

The first advertisement launched in 2006. *What else?* established the genre and all its tropes. George Clooney, decked out in a dark grey suit and black turtleneck, waltzes into the Nespresso store from the sidewalk. Popping a capsule into the machine, Clooney overhears two women talking about their coffee: "rich," "mysterious," "an intense body."

"You're talking about the Nespresso, right?" Clooney inquires.

"Uh-huh."

"Yeah, what else."

So much that has come to define the Clooney ads comes through in this one entry. *The Boutique* composed by Benjamin Raffaelli and Frédéric

Doll, accompanies the action and has remained a staple of the series. Its sophisticated electric piano, soft bass, and brassy techno chimes lends a distinct musical character and sets the tone perfectly, imbuing the Nespresso brand with elegance and refinement.

The catchphrase "What else?" made also its debut here and has maintained a crucial presence in the franchise. Not only is it catchy and memorable, but it suggests an obviousness to praise for Nespresso – not only is it deserved, but it's a no brainer.

Finally, the very narrative itself establishes a template that has been replicated time and time again. George Clooney gets a Nespresso, and in the process is humiliated or emasculated by female patrons. I do not know why this is such a consistent theme, yet it appears so very frequently throughout the ads. Does this reflect an anxiety of the directors, an insecurity of George himself, or do the big wigs at Nespresso think their customers love a bit of public humiliation?

In *How far would you go for a Nespresso?* featuring George Clooney and French actor Jean Dujardin, Jean is about to use the last capsule. George sees this and intervenes, trying to negotiate for the capsule in return for something else. Jean asks for George's

shoes and they partake in a trade. But after George makes his coffee, a woman saunters over and asks if she can have it. George graciously agrees (as is the chivalrous thing to do), only to find out that the coffee was bound for Jean.

This narrative arc appears across multiple entries. In the George Clooney x John Malkovich Nespresso marketing campaign, George is killed by a falling piano after exiting the Nespresso store clutching a newly purchased machine and capsules.

Greeted by John Malkovich (God) in the afterlife, George tries to bargain his way back to earth. He offers his car, his house, yet none of them will satisfy the good Lord himself: all John Malkovich wants is the coffee machine. And he gets it. Not only is this broader storyline repeated, but a more specific trope of George getting conned out of Nespresso by female co-stars is particularly prescient in the series. Both *In the Name of Pleasure* and a 2010 commercial from the *What Else?* series feature a woman either conning George out of an already made Nespresso or a Nespresso capsule. This convention of the genre presents the audience with a tragic hero, George is alone and vulnerable – exposed to the wiles of a string of femme fatales and almost never winning. It often seems as if this reflects the numerous

failed relationships Clooney had from the late 80s till just before his long term relationship with Amal Alamuddin began. The narrative of Clooney as a victim of his own celebrity and heartless female suitors has been spun often, and these ads are no exception. But for a marketing campaign that seeks to sell a product to its audience, it consistently denies its main character access to that product. A presumably counteractive strategy fior any ad.

Of course when I told my Dad all of this he replied that he'd never seen a Clooney Nespresso ad. But for me, Nespresso has always been a piece of media rather than a tangible line of products. The genre they've managed to construct over more than a decade of production ensnared me from day one. So thanks Dad. While that coffee machine might not have done much for me then, it led to a manic preoccupation with the ads which sold them



Art by Shania O'Brien

Magic lanterns: Illumination, innovation, isolation

Harry Gay considers how we consume filmic media.

When one traces cinema's history, they can come to understand it as a history made up of repetitions, recurrences and cycles. There are the obvious cycles such as genre cycles, or star cycles — the waves of Western films that occurred in the 30s and then were reinvigorated in the 70s, or everyone gushing at the big return of a star after years in obscurity. On another level, there is just the pure repetition of films themselves, with remakes and reboots occurring since the dawn of the medium. Yes, in some ways, the movement of cinema is much like the film reel itself, going round and round and round...

is Digital Cinema? Lev Manovich points out that there are other cycles not as easy to define as those interested in genres or stars, ones in which technology is bound up in the theoretical, and cinema moves backwards and forwards through no conscious decision of its own. Usually, it is brought about by some innovation in the medium of film, and it is through this very innovation, that we find ourselves ironically right back where we started.

The most eloquent of these we'll call 'looping cinema', where cinema's origins in the zoetrope meant it began as a cyclical form of storytelling. These depicted short little scenes of repeating actions — a couple kissing, an athlete walking, a ball bouncing — operated by the user, via a crank. Beginning with the small scale zoetrope, Edison's kinoscope operated in a similar fashion. When technology advanced and greater narrative opportunities were available, film reels eventually had a definitive beginning and end,

the film was no longer about the pure attraction of seeing motion, and actually told compelling stories. Through an even greater technological advancement over a century later, the mobile phone and the proliferation of social media facilitated applications like Vine and TikTok. As a result, looping cinema has made a comeback. One might be led to wonder if this series of innovations, which only lead right back to where they started, is an evolution, or devolution.

Where my interests lie, however, is not in the zoetrope and its history of cyclical cinema, but in the magic lantern, a device which highlights the cinema as one not based in spectacle, but in privacy. When one thinks of cinema, they often think of it as a communal activity, with a fixed spatial location, such as the cinema, becoming the converging point in which the movie-going public huddles together to watch a film. Filmmakers and media figures were decrying the closure of cinemas in 2020 as a result of COVID, claiming that movies must be viewed on the big screen. On the contrary, cinema's origins are much more humble, interpersonal and isolated.

The magic lantern, also known by its Latin name *lanterna magica*, is a 17th century invention by Christiaan Huygens that uses candlelight to project images painted on glass. These images depicted various scenes, and through the use of handcranks or motors, could be slightly animated — looping like those early forms of cinema. Due to the fact that electricity hadn't been invented yet, the projection power of

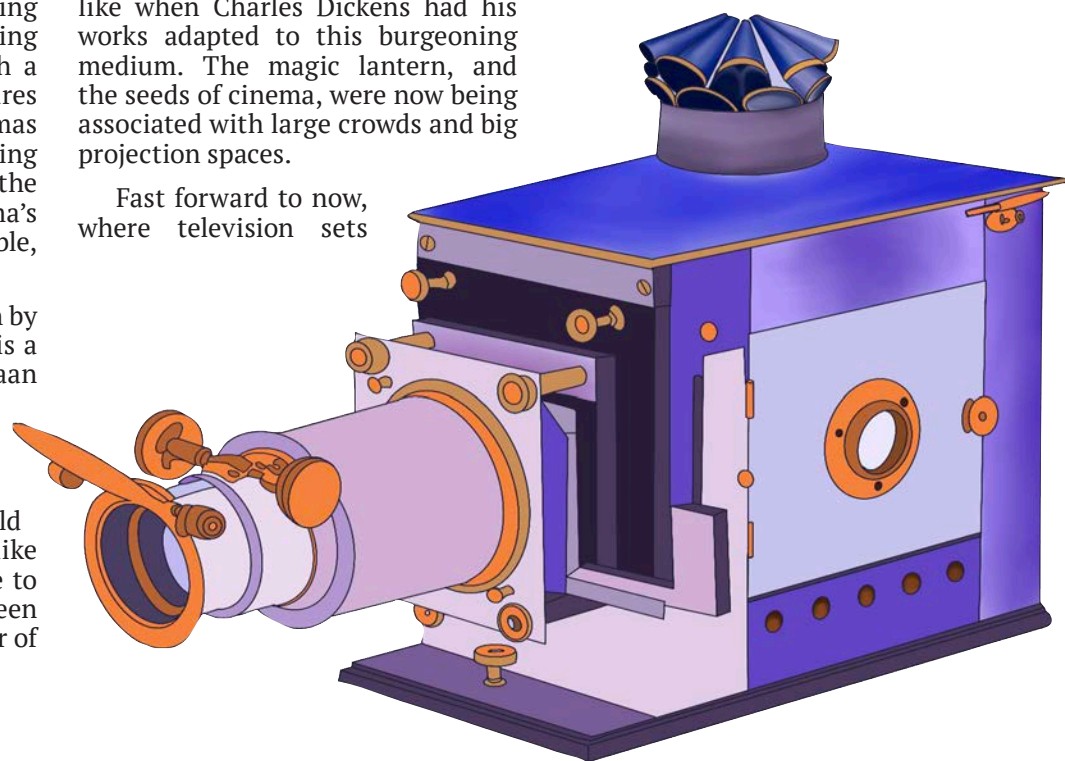
the magic lantern was limited, only able to depict what was on the glass within a small confined space. From this, the audience for these magic lantern shows were too confined, and would often be limited to the members of a household. Here we see cinema's origins as a domestic medium, housebound and limited, or perhaps even savoured, by the people with the most personal connections.

As technology improved and inventors were able to harness the power of electricity, the projecting potential of the magic lantern grew exponentially. From this, the spaces where the magic lantern could be used grew as well, and so did the audiences. They began to be used in a variety of ways, from aiding in theatrical shows and phantasmagorias as special effects, to even telling stories on their own, like when Charles Dickens had his works adapted to this burgeoning medium. The magic lantern, and the seeds of cinema, were now being associated with large crowds and big projection spaces.

Fast forward to now, where television sets

are in almost every household, and streaming services have confined film viewing to the home. Cinemas around the world are closing due to their inability to compete with the medium's return to domesticity. One can see this as a sign of the times, of the failings of film and the monopoly these services have on our entertainment. But it can also be viewed as a natural extension of cinema's constantly cyclical history. Much like how two people might have huddled around the glowing zoetrope centuries ago, or people sitting close to one another in a living room marvelling at the wonders of the magic lantern, so too do my partner and I curl up together on the couch to watch a movie on our laptop.

Art by Shania O'Brien



Revisiting Bob Dylan

Dylan Waldron contemplated the influence of Bob Dylan upon his life.

May 24 heralded the 80th birthday of musician Bob Dylan. His eclectic incorporation of references and the constant stylistic shift of his music since his first self-titled album in 1962, has created an expansive oeuvre; one that leaves his latest album almost unrecognisable from his first. Dylan's debut (and critically unrecognised) album featured covers of traditional folk songs, his quivering howls and rich raspy voice pulsed by characteristic thick and heavy strumming, an idiosyncrasy which Dylan himself proclaimed as his primary originality during the early stages of his career. The feature lacking in the album was any evidence of a consistent song-writing talent, with only two of thirteen songs written by Dylan. This was quickly proven — and has continued to be so — for the indefinitely conclusive 58 years of his career.

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan became his first widely critically acclaimed album and marked the transition to complete songwriting.

With this and his following album (The Times They Are a-Changin') Dylan earned the title as "the voice of a generation," a categorisation vehemently admonished by Dylan. Within the next several years, Dylan's success and popularity snowballed. Like all of those achieving excellence beyond the scope of comprehension, any stylistic transition becomes immediately inadmissible to a certain audience, a slanderous act. No longer is this same originality gratified, but rather their degrading experimentation is labelled as arrogantly adulterous. This is especially the case when Dylan's shift from acoustic to electric abruptly occurred in 1965 with Bringing It All Back Home and Highway 61 Revisited.

This was a monumental transition not just for Dylan, but also for the music industry. It brought the declination (or rather the resubmerging) of folk music ideals, particularly the method of the communal melody, allowing for

a mimicry of tune but subjectively expressive lyrics. There was no need for this method of creation now that melodies were individualistic, and lyrics could be implemented that were just as poetically potent, the poignancy of the words seeming to brighten the harmonious melodies. Lyrics were a focus of interest for audiences, particularly those discontented with their leaders, parents, and the mundanity of war, who heard Dylan's lyrics as a brass trumpet cynically critiquing and redefining the world for a truth that seemed obvious, yet undefinable. Yet these lyrics were brutally honest and sought no popular faction with which they could be categorised; they were not lyrics written for popularity but an unbiased reflection on the society he saw. The only justifiable conclusion would be to say he opposed pointless death — not exactly a political stance. In the San Francisco Press Conference of 1965, Dylan stated that if drafted to war, he would act with what "needed to be done." The ambiguity

of this statement certainly does not constitute an entire labelling of his political motivations and obligations. Regardless, these assumptions have nevertheless continued.

Dylan's career was consistently successful, with further albums that resulted in a menagerie of references absorbed unrestrainedly and without exclusion (which would prove a less-than-helpful attribute in the late 70s and early 80s). This culmination eventually resulted in his latest album *Rough and Rowdy Ways*, backed by Dylan's self-reflections and the pensive melancholic observation which epitomises the tone of these works. It would be impossible to guarantee this album will be liked, the corroded rust of his voice possibly not preferable for a generation deprived of vocal inadequacies. It is not the continued success or acclaims won by Dylan (such as the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2016) but rather his ability to constantly perform, tour or even falter so that we may appreciate his talent all the more.

Ecstatic Sufi nationalism on Mdou Moctar's Afrique Victime

Josh Hohne on the Hendrix of the Desert.

The Hendrix of the Desert; the Brad Pitt of Saharan Cinema; Mdou Moctar (and his band) are back with another red-hot studio album. Hailing from a remote village in northern Niger, the actor and songwriter has become famous for trailblazing the electric revival of Tuareg guitar music. Off the success of the cult classic *Llana* (The Creator), the group's new work refines their psych-rock repertoire while devoting time to further tend their acoustic roots.

On the world stage, Mdou Moctar represent the Tuareg people of sub-Saharan Africa. The minority ethnic group makes up a fraction of populations across Western and Northern Africa who in recent decades have mounted independence campaigns aimed at creating autonomous governments in rural Niger and Mali. Besides this, the region is noted for the influence of Sufi Islam. The new album draws on this tradition, emphasising Islamic spirituality (one that historically brings association with occult mysticism).

Afrique Victime invites you on an astral projection to the Sahel. With its perfect fusion of bluesy licks and Tuareg flair, the swinging cross-rhythms conjure scenes of a desert convoy, lopsided camel-rides carrying you over ancient dunes.

The tempos intensify, the harmonies coalesce to blunt and brutal power chords. How can you not imagine the classic "whirling dervish" while the ecstatic screams of overdriven guitars hammer out 7-minute solos?

If Mdou Moctar's psychedelic influences shine through here, it takes no stretch of the imagination to see further links to the past. Doesn't the druggy haze that typifies psych-rock mirror the hashish binges of the Saharan mystic? A robed figure draws back the curtain and you enter a dark tent, smoke hanging thick in the air. At their direction, you recline on sable cushions. As your eyes adjust to the dim light, you are handed an ornate pipe and — hold it right there.

It would be all too easy to get carried away and reproduce the most basic oriental clichés to describe Mdou Moctar. While it hasn't been explicitly said elsewhere, I think it may be these "esoteric" themes which underlie a lot of the cult-acclaim the band has generated outside their native Sahel. Since 2014, the band has gained significant international acclaim, especially in the hipster republics of the Pacific-Northwest USA. After being scouted by American label Sahel Sounds, the band was joined by Mikey Coltun, the band's current bassist, manager, and producer, out of Portland, Oregon. It was then that they began, in earnest,

to combine rock and Tuareg folk stylings. Mahamadou, the lead singer and architect of the project, has previously commented: "I don't know what rock is exactly, I have no idea. I only know how to play in my style."

If they had drifted further down the avenue of Western produced rock, it might have seemed that Mdou Moctar had somehow been musically colonised. But instead, Afrique Victime intentionally develops the band's traditional sound. Tracks like *Ya Habibdti* and *Tala Tannam* lend this album a vital contrast both as musical changes of pace, and as a statement of their inimitable native style. I think it still bears saying that Mdou Moctar may have become successful beyond their home because they touch on a familiar but distant aesthetic in Western audiences. I see this again as a positive, furthering the rich complexity of musical culture. Now signed with indie bastion Matador Records, the group have come armed with another salvo of cross-cultural bangers.

The band writes about the spiritual aspects of Islam and anti-colonial struggles. However, the Sufism of their imagery is not some mystic beard-stroking trope, it is instead a day-to-day spirituality entirely realistic for the band's rural roots. Tuareg nationalism is no artistic shroud either, with the ethnic group's

contested history running deep. While their modern day struggles are enmeshed in brutal factional conflicts in Libya (notably at odds with the militant Caliphates), Tuareg music has long played an influential role in the politics of the Sahel. Their newest album is an authentic representation of Tuareg culture, but remains accessible to outsiders — language barriers notwithstanding.

Afrique Victime represents the best of all these worlds. There are still the psych-rock fingerprints but soaked with an unmistakable Tuareg fire. The titular track, written in French and Tamasheq, sings of Mandela, Gadhafi, and a pan-African identity in the face of colonial history: "Africa is a victim of so many crimes/ If we stay silent it will be the end of us/Why is this happening?/What is the reason behind this?"

While it's unlikely to earn them a guest spot at next year's Eurovision, this music is pure energy. It is powerfully evocative and combines the best elements of the 2010s psych-rock resurgence with some unique and truly impassioned song-writing — a future classic for sure. Fans around the world will be watching the next move of the Tuareg ambassador closely, whether he appears live in Seattle, or on a livestream from Niger, the star of Mdou Moctar will only continue to rise.

Review: The Year of Magical Thinking

Alexandre Douglas reflects on SUDS' interpretation of Joan Didion's iconic memoir.

In her memoir, *The Year of Magical Thinking*, Joan Didion wrote that she wished she had a "cutting room, equipped with an Avid, a digital editing system on which [she] could touch a key and collapse the sequence of time". She believed that this software, in partnership with her words, would allow her to bring different memories to the audience at once, allowing them to pick their own understanding of their meaning and values. Director Annie Fraser, by casting three actresses in the role of Joan, as opposed to the usual one, turned the *Cellar* theatre into a sort of "cutting room."

The "cutting room" was fashioned from a series of Didions - reading, making tea, writing, all the while dipped in the remnants of trauma. The play itself, submerged in the complex experience of coming to terms with death, sees Joan coming to terms with her husband, John's

death from a sudden coronary event, and the subsequent death of her adopted daughter Quintana. A mess of contemplations, time didn't pass in a linear fashion - marginal differences emerged when scenes seemed to blend into one, and the three disparate representations of Didion each cast off a slightly different light.

Emily Suine, in a spick and span apron, tried to convince me that she couldn't throw out John's shoes because he'd need them when he got back. Eli Biernoff-Giles, in a threadbare jumper, tacitly acknowledged reality by holding a photograph for just moments too long. Daisy Semmler, garbed in black, made all too clear that this process of grieving "will happen to [us]." All of them were Joan. The delineations between their heart-rending performances weren't sharp but rather "mudgy" — one at times could be playing the other, and the other. Fraser and the cast, I think, realised this,

and the play was all the better for it — one does not simply pass through three stages of grief - it is constant, but ever so slightly varied.

What of the "cutting room" itself? Homely would be the word to describe it, but still, it felt strangely empty. I thought someone might come in and sit down in the worn armchair at the far end of the room next to the reading light, but no one ever did. An indented cushion on the couch looked quite lonesome. There were too many books strewn about for one person — even Joan Didion.

Then came the vortex. The score swelled, lights flashed. Joan told us about a book that she wrote, then about Quintana putting a seedpod up her nose when she was three, and finally, about John telling her about the nibbling ducks at

Life Magazine. Then the swell changed. It was time to go, we all felt. I walked outside. It was just an ordinary night, but I couldn't help feeling a little changed.

Art by Juliette Marchant



President

Swapnik Sanagavarapu

Unfortunately, a lot of this week was derailed by the unfortunate fact that I came down with the flu. Nonetheless, I managed to get a fair bit of work done before going on sick leave.

At the end of last week, I attended the May 21st Global Climate Strike, showing solidarity with the students and workers who took the day off for climate action, a just transition and publicly owned renewable energy.

Vice President

Roisin Murphy and Maria Ge did not submit a report.

General Secretary

Priya Gupta and Anne Zhao

Hello all!
We hope the semester is wrapping up well for everyone!
Lately, we have been working on applications for Contestable Funding projects for the SRC! In particular, we would love to get casework resources translated into other languages so that more students are able to read these in their first languages. We are also requesting funding for the Radical Sex and Consent Week organised by

the Women's Collective for Week 2 Semester 2. This will be a wonderful opportunity for all to get involved in on-campus organising, and participate in wonderful workshops, including on transformative justice, drag, and queer sex and relationships. In addition to these two, the SRC is requesting funding for a casual staff member to organise the Food Hub project, and the provision of a Disabilities Space and a Conservatorium Study Space.

Ahead of upcoming exams and the holidays, we wanted to remind everyone that the SRC website has useful resources on a range of topics, including Special Consideration, Tenancy and Accomodation, and Centrelink. Check them out if you run into any issues, and contact the SRC Caseworkers if you need any additional support.
The Education Action Group is also holding a rally this Wednesday against

the cuts to the Faculty of Arts and Social Science. The University is proposing to dissolve the School of Literature, Arts, and Media (SLAM) and departments of Theatre and Performance Studies, and Studies in Religion. This is a continuation of attacks on Arts last year, and to fight it, we need students from across all disciplines to come together to defend our right to an education.
Until next time,
Priya and Anne

Ethnocultural Officers

Aziza Mumin, Bonnie Huang and Kritika Rathore

Since our last report, ACAR has been busy with putting together the ACAR's annual autonomous edition of Honi Soit which was published last week. We highly encourage everyone to read it. Although the ACAR Honi for this year has been published, we will still be putting together Zines this upcoming semester and anyone who wants to contribute is highly encouraged to do so.
ACARrecentlyattendedthecoronial inquest for BaileyMackander (who died in custody) at NSW Coroner's court. He was treated brutally before his sad

demise. While the guards/correctional officers continued to lengthen the court proceedings by claiming penalty privilege, the proceedings were made to go off-record. We will continue to build for the upcoming inquest in July, work with ISJA, and build student contingents for the event in support of the family. Meanwhile we need you to ask "Is Australia post-colonial yet? Because indigenous communities are still dealing with imperial issues."
Over the winter breaks ACAR will be going to Bankstown poetry slam. We are also planning to hold lunch events

at indigenous owned restaurants and compile a list of indigenous owned businesses in order to pay our respects and rents (a brief version of this has also been added to the ACAR Honi).
ACAR has also been working with the AAP (Australia AsiaProject)to build a campaign regarding the discriminant behaviours of government and society against Asian communities and international students with Asian origin. This campaign will follow the theme of neglect and advocate for actual 'inclusion'. We will initially start with a stories campaign next semester

and encourage POC with Asian background to join, contribute and tell their story.
We will continue to build and support over the breaks, and continue to hold our regular meetings over the following semester. We encourage any POC to get involved and join the Autonomous Collective Against Racism. Join us through Facebook, Twitter or Instagram, alternatively you can also email at etno.cultural@src.usyd.edu.au

Queer Officers

Oscar Chaffey and Honey Christensen

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Student Housing Officers

Felix Faber, Casie Zhao, Kristin Miao and Haomin Lyu did not submit a report.

Preparing for online Exams - Tips for using Proctor U

Online learning gave us online exams, which have been invigilated by programs such as ProctorU. Here are some tips for you to consider.

Tips on avoiding plagiarism during ProctorU exams:

Students can get into trouble if they breach the rules of exams, so be sure to read the rules carefully before your exam starts. Some ProctorU exams aren't invigilated live, only recorded and later reviewed, so because they are not real time invigilated exams, you won't be warned at the start of the exam as you would for in-person invigilated exams about some of the potential breaches.



Preparing your Computer

May sure to check your computer settings at least a few days before your exam, that includes checking your camera, and audio settings are set up correctly and appropriately

for your online exam. During the exam make sure you close all other windows and applications on the device you are using for that exam as well as any other device (laptop, tablet, mobile phone, etc). If you are doing your exam overseas and your exam is scheduled for between 10pm and 6:59am your local time, you may be eligible for special arrangements.

If you have technical difficulties during an exam, you should apply for special consideration as soon as your exam is finished. Try to get evidence of the issue to submit with your application, you should also notify your Unit Coordinator as soon as possible.



It is better to avoid technical problems as special consideration may not be approved. It is important that you apply for special consideration within 3 working days if you experience illness or

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker help Q&A
Fake Medical Certificates



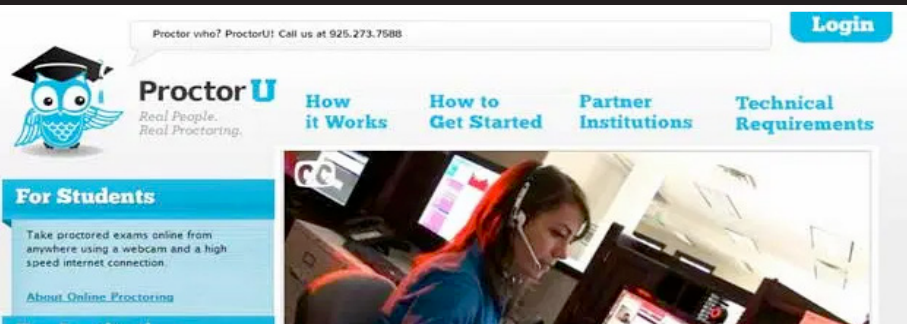
Hi Abe,
I've been accused of changing the medical certificate I used for special consideration for an assignment. I don't know why they are accusing me of this. I saw the doctor and he said I had to pay a fee, but he was a real doctor. What should I do?

Genuinely Sick

Hi Genuinely Sick,
Providing a fake medical certificate

is considered a very serious matter by the University. Usually, they phone the doctor to check if a certificate is fake or real. If the University has made this mistake with your certificate you should talk to a caseworker about what your options are. If you have used a fake medical certificate it is always best to admit to your wrongdoing, and explain the circumstances that caused you to do this. Again, talk to a caseworker about how to respond to the Uni.

Abe



misadventure with documentation that covers that dates you were affected. If you cannot apply within the 3 working days, please contact the SRC for advice as soon as possible

Exam materials not permitted:

You are not allowed to wear wired or unwired headphones during your online exams. If you need quiet for the exam you can wear foam earplugs, or go to a library or another quiet location where you can focus. You may not be allowed to look at your phone or look away from the computer screen during the exam. If you are seen to be looking around, the Uni will want to know what you are looking at. You will be advised in writing prior to exam if there are any materials you are allowed to access during the exam, including formula sheets. ProctorU will detect if you access any other online resources during the exam.

Movement during exams:

The ProctorU mechanism may not be able to differentiate between regular nervous movement and legitimate cheating. For example, if a student was looking at a clock off from their screen, then that may be identified as suspicious, it is at the instructor's full discretion to address 'suspicious' behaviour. If possible, avoid anything that might be considered suspicious.

Appealing:

The process of appeal can be lengthy for issues of a technical nature, so check your equipment well ahead of the exam and notify the faculty of any problems then. Please contact the SRC for advice

Alternative to ProctorU:

There are some limited spaces available for in person exams on campus. If this would be a better option for you, talk to your subject coordinator or an SRC caseworker.

Do you have a legal problem? We can help you for FREE!*

- Police Matters
- Court Appearances
- Immigration & Visa Referrals
- Student Advocacy
- Civil Rights
- ...and more



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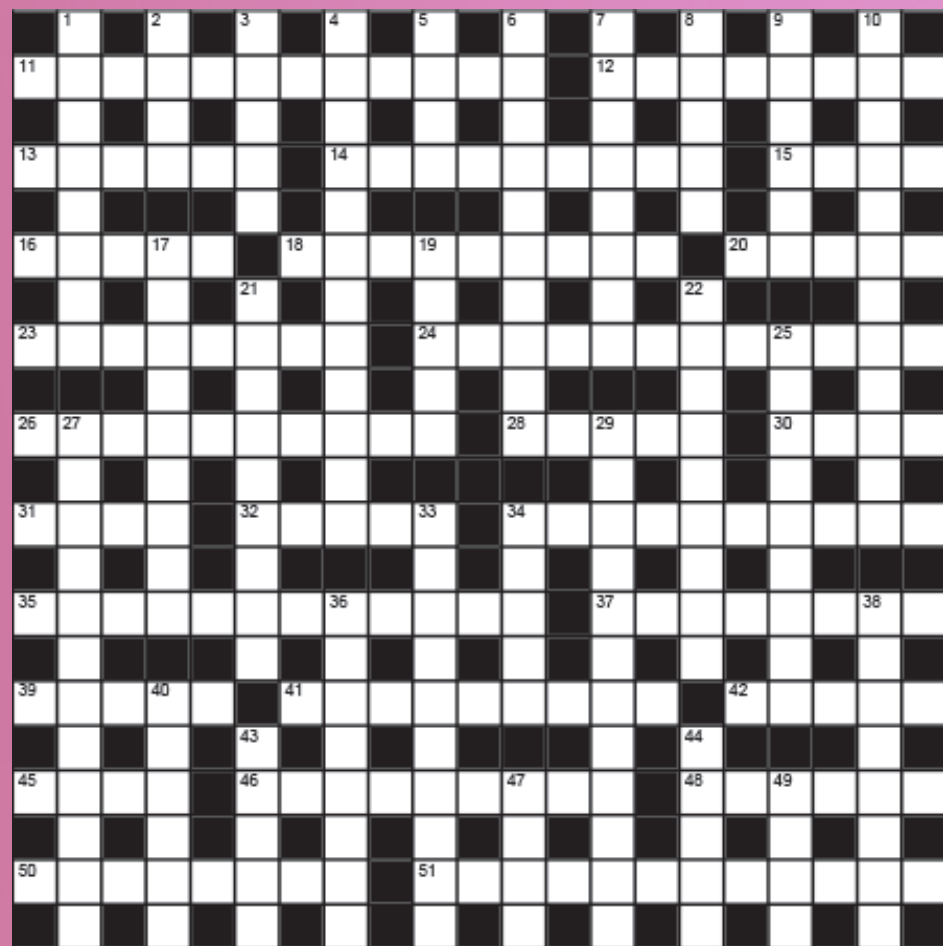
Level 1, Wentworth Building (G01),
University of Sydney NSW 2006
PO Box 794 Broadway NSW 2007

p: 02 9660 5222
int: 12871
w: srcusyd.net.au

* this service is available to USYD undergraduate students and cases that meet eligible criteria

Crossword by Tournesol

Omega Crossword!



Picture A



Picture B



Picture C



Picture D



Picture E



Picture F



N for Names Quiz

All answers begin with the letter N.

- 1. Voiced by Tim Curry, what is the name of Eliza and Debbie’s father in The Wild Thornberrys?
- 2. Which Arnott’s biscuit is supposedly named after a French city?
- 3. Known only by her first name, who is Bill Sikes’ long-suffering lover in Charles Dickens’ Oliver Twist?
- 4. The name of what country translates in English to ‘lower countries’?
- 5. What is the first name of the celebrities Jonas, Cave, and Frost?
- 6. Which chef is known for the 2000 cookbook How to Be a Domestic Goddess?

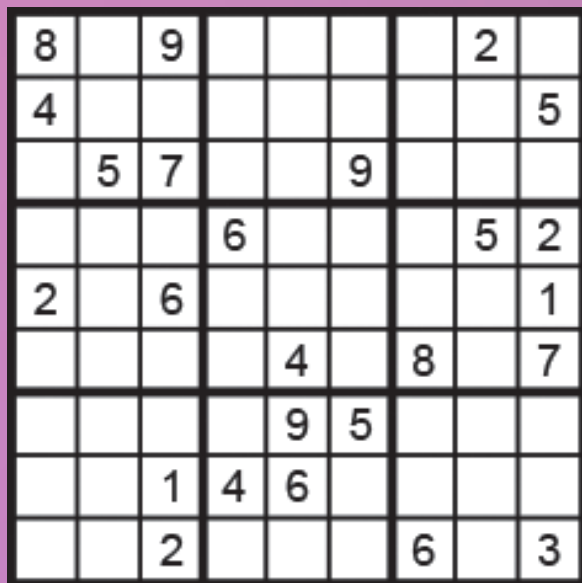
Across

- 11 Common tongue among people of different backgrounds (6,6)
- 12 Promising Young Woman star: Carey ... (8)
- 13 Said ‘yes’ (6)
- 14 One of Dorothy’s companions in Oz (9)
- 15 Medieval string instrument (4)
- 16 Picture A (5)
- 18 Exaggeration (9)
- 20 Picture B (5)
- 23 Brown-haired woman (8)
- 24 Dracula’s homeland (12)
- 26 Something taken to be true without reason (10)
- 28 Epic tales (5)
- 30 22 Down composer (4)
- 31 Picture C (4)
- 32 Australian canine (5)
- 34 Using someone’s work without citing them (10)
- 35 People who compose celebrity ‘autobiographies’ (12)
- 37 Competition hosted by RuPaul or undertaken by 3 Down’s boyfriend (4,4)
- 39 Peasants (5)
- 41 Comes close, approaches (5,4)
- 42 Hymn (5)
- 45 Picture D (4)
- 46 Post-colonial literary theory of ‘Blackness’ (9)
- 48 Slander, give someone a bad name (6)
- 50 Moon shape (8)
- 51 Popular piano duet (5,3,4)

Down

- 1 Shakespearean tragedy (4,4)
- 2 Shrek’s species (4)
- 3 Australian landform feature: Great ... Desert (5)
- 4 ? Britney Spears confused Protestant (12)
- 5 Karina or Karenina (4)
- 6 Heinz or SPC specialise in these (5,5)
- 7 Green gems (8)
- 8 Picture E (5)
- 9 Cushion (6)
- 10 Great works of art (12)
- 17 Arabic, Dutch, Swahili, et cetera (9)
- 19 Stay at home to dine (3,2)
- 21 Resigns from a high position (5,4)
- 22 A genre of music (9)
- 25 Perfume ingredient originating in sperm whales’ intestines (9)
- 27 Texan university (12)
- 29 Nan and Pop (12)
- 33 Fat (10)
- 34 Papua New Guinea creole: Tok ... (5)
- 36 Water (plants) through pipes (8)
- 38 Italian man who sailed the ocean blue in 1492 (8)
- 40 Wood (6)
- 43 Picture F (5)
- 44 Indian mining magnate (5)
- 47 One of the United States of America (4)
- 49 Word that follows Pictures A, B, C, D, E, F (4)

Cryptic clues are marked with a ?



THE BOOT!

ASIO scraps plans to infiltrate Sydney left after realising petty drama will do their work for them

Psy Op reports.

The Boot has acquired shocking files under the Freedom of Information Act revealing ASIO’s detailed plans to halt protests in Sydney by creating “unprecedented fractures” in the left. The files show that ASIO scrapped its plans soon after the project commenced, with one spy complaining of having spent three hours listening to an argument about whether the left should run for USU board. Another ASIO spy reported that two

socialist groups they “struggled to tell apart” were postering over each other on campus for upcoming talks on the same topic. Furthermore, emails reveal that the ASIO spies, who had committed to wearing platform Doc Martens for the project, planned to stay long enough in the groups in order to gain enough credibility to “cancel” someone.

“I think we at ASIO can make better use of our resources than on these inner-west queers,” one spy said. “I have been observing their activity closely and it appears that this particular group is about to crumble over a split between post-anarchism and post-left anarchy.”



In this issue...

OUCH! - Plant boxes installed on Western Avenue after USyd security car mows down, kills dozens / p 88

HYPOCRISY HULLABALOO - Campus activist rants on workers’ rights while ordering Uber Eats to SRC / p &^@#

BONK! Protestor shoved by cops lands on dummy thicc dump truck ass / p 25

PLAGUE! Mice eat cat / p 61

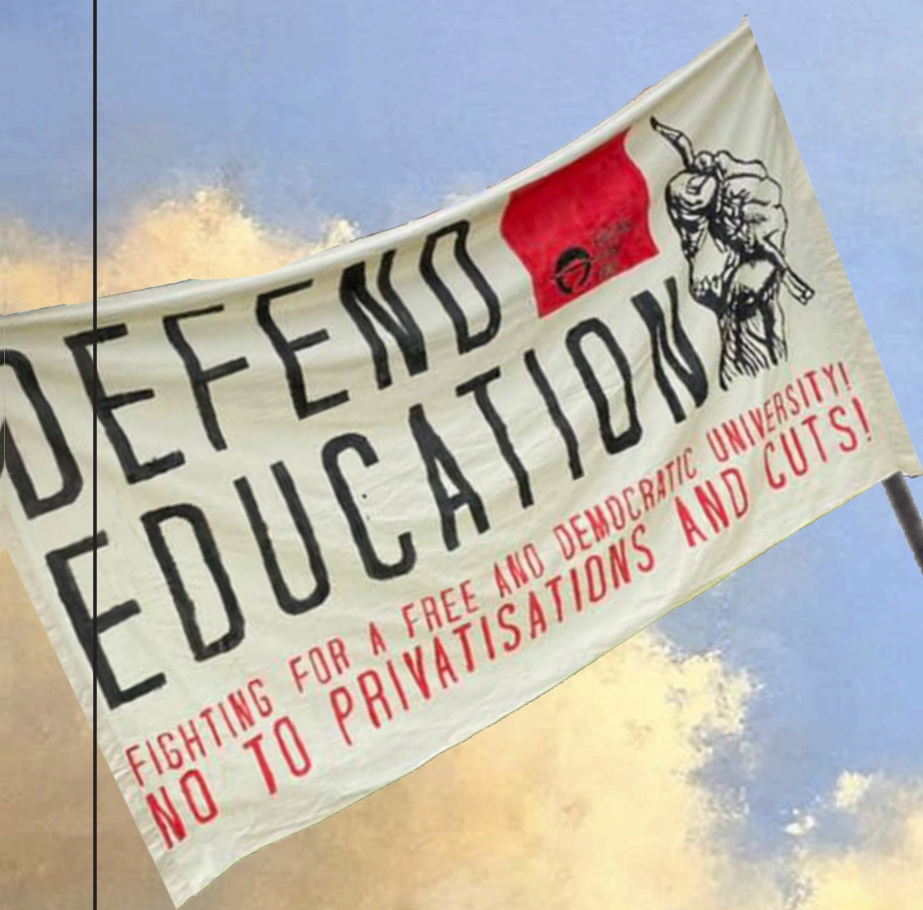
INTERFACULTY - Independent panel of Arts students determine that PNR does indeed smell of piss / p 38

POLITICS - USU election committee declares everyone a loser: “To have participated in student politics is a loss for all.” / p 48

ASSESSMENT BLUES - Student considers becoming the child of an oil tycoon after realising assignment is 4000 words long / p 0

Searching for answers? Go to honisoit.com

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