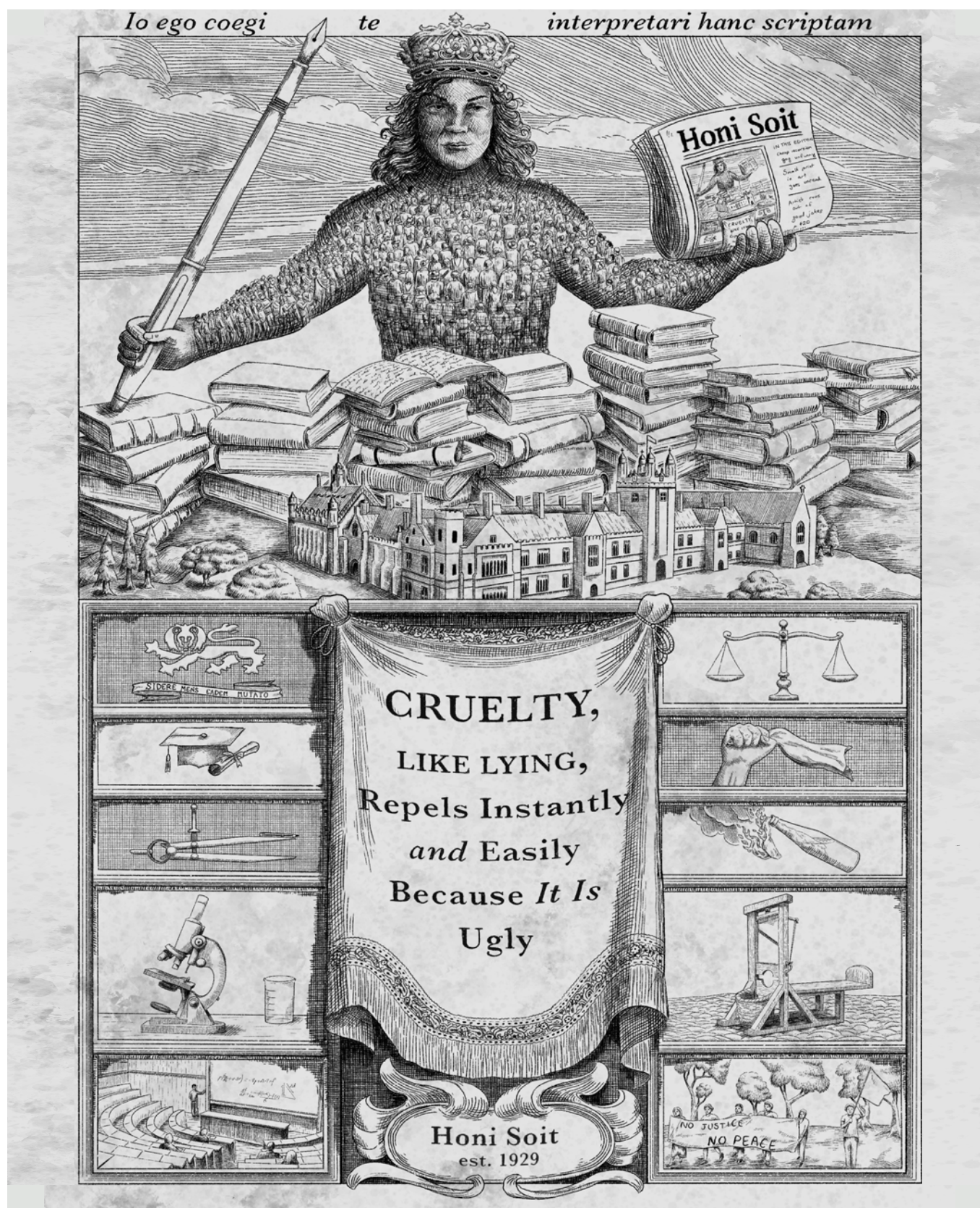


Honi Soit

WEEK 13, SEMESTER 2, 2021

FIRST PRINTED 1929



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But, who are you really? The Road to Find Out

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Magic and McCarthyism: The forgotten history of campus film societies

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In this feature written during the week of the Sydney Film Festival, Honi Soit spoke to former members of campus film societies to discover the pivotal role of students in championing film as a serious art form, amidst a Cold War context that cast suspicion on the film society movement as a communist threat.

There is nothing quite like the collective experience of watching a film in a dark theatre with hundreds of strangers: witnessing cantankerous walk-outs; the belly laughter of the person in the front row; an entire room jumping

in their seats and holding their breath at the same moments. There aren't many settings in our fast-paced world of commercial content that demand our undivided attention in the way that a good film does.

For the past two years of lockdowns, the Sydney Film Festival has been sorely missed by many annual festival goers. It's good to finally be back at the State Theatre. On Friday, after watching a perplexing screening of *Memoria* and entering the art deco foyer, I found my friends already in disagreement about the film. Some fell

asleep out of boredom, others were entranced by the sound design, but most of us just wanted to go to Sweeney's Hotel for a drink. Thus has been the tradition for festival goers who are regulars at Sydney University Film Society (FilmSoc) during my time at uni.

Unlike other realms of student culture such as the SRC and SUDS where there are well-recorded and oft-told histories of generations past, the history of campus film societies is largely unwritten...

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 Commission.

We pledge to actively stand in solidarity with First Nations movements towards decolonisation through our

editorial decisions, and to be reflective when we fail to do so. We commit to being a counterpoint to mainstream media’s silencing of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people. We remain cognisant that *Honi’s* writers and readership are predominantly made up of settlers, and aim to platform Indigenous voices in our paper.

There is no justice without Indigenous justice.

Always was and always will be Aboriginal land.

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Email us at editors@honisoit.com.

Scan the QR code to use our **anonymous tip form**.

Send mail to Honi Soit Editors at **PO Box 974 Broadway NSW 2007**.



EDITORIAL

JULIETTE MARCHANT

It takes a lot of bravery to contribute to a student newspaper. To lay your passions on the table, to see your interests being ripped to shreds by keyboard warriors, and perhaps most significantly, to have every ‘hot take’ or personal opinion preserved for posterity on the internet. I am reminded of this fact almost weekly, as we receive emails from past contributors asking for their articles to be removed from the website. But whilst we are often more quick to acknowledge the valour of those tackling hard hitting news or sharing opinions on complex current affairs issues, we tend to overlook the courage that it takes to share something that is so close to your heart that it is almost a part of your being. I am both grateful for and awed by the openness and authenticity of our writers, and their trust in the editorial team to do justice to their stories.

But, for every article that ends up in print, another is turned away. The fact that this is a reality at a weekly student newspaper, where writers are not paid for their efforts, is equally as absurd as it is heartening. But what is most admirable, is how many of those who are turned away are willing to come back for another go. Without our contributors, *Honi Soit* would cease to exist. To you, we are indebted.

It’s not often acknowledged that *Honi* editorial teams are composed of quasi-politicians, elected alongside your SRC and NUS representatives. What appears to be a random bunch of misfits with a passion for writing is often the product of secret ballot box deals and complex (even conniving)

mergers. Campaigns are centred around childish attempts to crush your opponent (politically and emotionally) rather than bolster your own appeal. Experience is flattened to superficial markers, such as word counts, article numbers and quiz scores.

By some sort of dumb luck, Bloom were able to avoid this introduction to the world of editing. As a result, we were able to swap political scheming for time to really think about what we wanted the paper to be – a place of community, criticism and creativity. Whether we succeeded in these efforts is left to the judgement of the reader, but from my perspective, I think *Honi Soit* has truly bloomed amid the turmoil of 2021

Since the beginning of my university education, I have been told that one of the greatest skills that one can acquire is the capacity to read and listen generously. In journalism and politics alike, these skills are grossly underappreciated. But what sets student journalism apart from the rest, is its capacity to not only listen generously to people who care, but to report generously on issues that matter.

Judith Shklar, quoted on Maxim Adams’ wonderful cover, once said, “Cruelty, like lying, repels instantly and easily because it is ugly.” I wish that the natural disposition in mainstream journalism was to be more critical and a lot less cruel. Until that time comes, I hope that student journalism can continue to bring beauty into this ugly world.

 facebook.com/honisoitsydney

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“Shameful, anti-intellectual actions”: Education protests continue as more cuts loom

EAMONN MURPHY

The SRC’s Education Action Group (EAG) held a speakout at Fisher Library today, opposing the University’s planned cuts in Arts, Business and Dentistry. Speakers criticised the corporatisation of higher education, and protested against fewer subject choices, staff redundancies and proposed faculty mergers.

The event saw over 40 staff and students in attendance, and followed last week’s Student General Meeting where students passed a motion to oppose all course cuts. The SRC’s incoming Education Officers, Lia Perkins and Deaglan Godwin, chaired the event. Perkins opened the speakout, declaring a need for opposition to education cuts “at every level”.

Ella Haid, a student in the Faculty of Science, discussed the broader neoliberal landscape of Australian higher education. She made reference to the

cutting of faculties, and a centralised and streamlined model that limits subject choice. However, Haid emphasised that this trend is “happening everywhere,” criticising the dismissal of 300 staff at Macquarie University. She also mentioned Monash University’s \$259 million budget surplus, which still led to the suspension of 277 staff members.

Nick Riemer, a Senior Lecturer in the Department of English, spoke of a “massive neoliberal fist, posed to strike our faculty.” He lauded the benefits of a liberal education, one which “fosters diversity and provides students with pathways to different ways of being human,” and criticised the University’s contempt for students and workers. Riemer denounced Interim FASS Dean Lisa Adkins, Provost Annamarie Jagose and Vice Chancellor Mark Scott for their “shameful, anti-intellectual actions” in cutting any subject with less than 24 students.

“They are intent on creating a world which is even more unequal, even more

unfree, and with even fewer means of resistance,” said Riemer.

Kimmy Dibben, Women’s Officer and student in the Department of Gender and Cultural Studies (GCS), criticised the merger between GCS and the School of Social and Political Sciences. Dibben decried the class divide at the University, and noted how an education in Gender Studies can challenge that “two-tiered” system. Dibben suggested that education should exist for the “pursuit of knowledge, not to fuel capitalism.”

Following speeches, protesters marched to F23 Building, which was consequently locked down in fear of the event. There, Andy Park, EAG activist and Arts student, spoke of the “fundamental divide between professors, students and tutors.” Park labelled upper management as “parasitic”, and criticised proposed cuts to FASS as antithetical to intellectual development and “unjustifiable” under a \$135 million surplus. Park insisted that students fight for our “dream university.”

To end the rally, the EAG presented a gift to Jagose: an oversized cardboard replica of a pair of scissors. Godwin encouraged attendees to join the EAG and help build momentum over the summer, as chants echoed down Eastern Avenue: “No cuts, no fees, no corporate universities.”



COP26 protest in Sydney stresses that 2050 is too late for climate action

VIVienne GUO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY AMAN KAPOOR

As world leaders gather at Glasgow for the 26th UN Climate Change Conference (COP26), over 200 protests around the world have demanded swift and decisive climate action. In Sydney, hundreds of people gathered at Hyde Park in protest of Australia’s climate inaction and continuing support of the fossil fuel industry.

The protest was chaired by UNSW Environmental Officer Anna Ho and Erima Dall from Workers for Climate Action. Both Ho and Dall criticised the inadequacy of the COP26 Summit in sparking meaningful change across the world.

“We’re choosing not to put our hopes on the leaders of a world riddled with inequality, crises, war and racism. We are not fooled by Scott Morrison’s so-called gas-led recovery.”

“We’re choosing not to put our hopes on the leaders of a world riddled with inequality, crises, war and racism. We are not fooled by Scott Morrison’s so-called gas-led recovery,” said Ho.

The protest demanded a just transition for all workers, global solidarity with First Nations peoples, no gas-led recovery, no nuclear power, and 100% publicly owned renewable energy by 2030. Supporters of the protest included Greens Senator Mehreen Faruqi and Greens MLC David Shoebridge, along with unionists from the Maritime Union of Australia, the Nurses and Midwives Union and the National Tertiary Education Union.

First Nations justice was at the forefront of the protest’s demands, with speakers emphasising the deep kinship between First Nations people and Country, and the importance of protecting Aboriginal culture and sacred sites. Following a Welcome to Country, the crowd repeated after Auntie Nadeena as she led them through a series of phrases. “Ngara nura,” she said. “In our Aboriginal language, hearing means understanding. We understand in a deep way, just like a tree understands it’s a tree. It has a deeper wisdom.”

The crowd also heard from Gomeroi activist Raymond ‘Bubbly’ Weatherall, who spoke about the ongoing battle to protect Gomeroi land, where Santos is pushing to install 850 new coal seam gas wells despite fervent community opposition. Weatherall noted that Santos has sponsored Australia at the COP26 Summit, reflecting the Australian government’s ongoing ties to the fossil fuel industry.

Maryjane Mckibbin Schwenke, director of the Matawai Pacific Cultural Arts Centre, spoke of the impacts of climate change that are already being felt in the Pacific Islands. “The Pacific Islands are at the frontlines of this climate crisis. Across the world, the

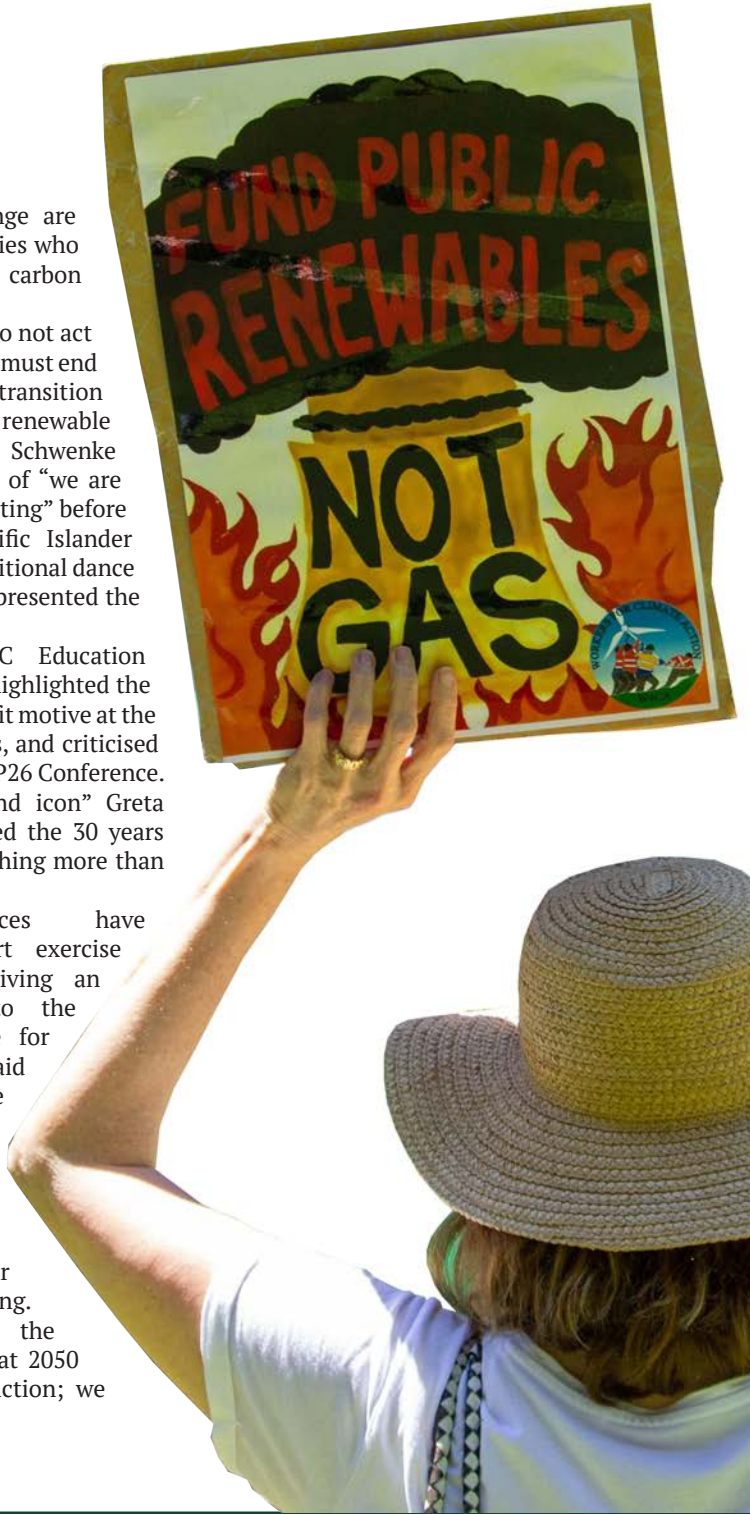
impacts of climate change are felt hardest by communities who are least responsible for carbon emissions.”

“If our governments do not act now, it will be too late. We must end the use of fossil fuels and transition to 100% community-led renewable energy,” said Schwenke. Schwenke led protesters in a chant of “we are not drowning, we are fighting” before joining a group of Pacific Islander dancers performing a traditional dance from Samoa. The song represented the dawning of a new era.

Incoming USyd SRC Education Officer Deaglan Godwin highlighted the need to challenge the profit motive at the heart of the climate crisis, and criticised the inadequacy of the COP26 Conference. Godwin quoted “all-round icon” Greta Thunberg, who “dismissed the 30 years of UN conferences as nothing more than ‘blah blah blah.’”

“These conferences have always been an expert exercise in greenwashing, in giving an environmental gloss to the very people responsible for destroying the planet,” said Godwin. “The climate crisis is not in thirty years, the climate crisis is right here, right now.”

The protest marched from Hyde Park to Circular Quay before disbanding. Chants expressed the widespread sentiment that 2050 is too late for climate action; we need action now.





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Fickle facade faces fabulous face-lift on Eastern Avenue

MARLOW HURST

Facade upgrades are underway at the New Law Building Annex. *Honi* is uncertain why these upgrades are necessary, but we can presume there is some structural or superficial defect which requires it. The works have already stripped bare much of the New Law Building Annex’s facade, with its metal frame now open to the elements.

Wooden construction fences have been erected to prevent students from entering areas where there might be falling debris and a number of instructional posters have been plastered across them. The project, currently being undertaken by Australian construction company Growthbuilt, will be operational from 7am to 5pm Monday to Saturday, with no work on Sundays. On the site’s “General Safety Rules”, unsafe behaviour such as “bullying” and “pranks” are strictly prohibited. A surprising lack of faith in the students of USyd.

Sadly, Taste Baguette has almost certainly been impacted by the construction, with the very same construction fences obscuring the glass walls of their premises. Signs indicating that the well-loved cafe remained open were dotted around, but their size was woefully small.

On inspection from the author of this article, a number of things could be spied through the fence gaps and glass walls. Skip bins currently litter the interior construction site and a cherry picker lays dormant and waiting. Curiously, there was a sign directing employees to a spill kit station. This would suggest the presence of dangerous chemicals, but it is uncertain what those chemicals might be (It should be noted that none of the editors of *Honi Soit* are familiar with this subject matter).

With work to continue for the foreseeable future, students can surely be excited for the new facade in 2022.

The University has been contact for comment.



UWA taken to Fair Work Commission over restructure

MAXIM SHANAHAN

University of Western Australia sociology professor Martin Forsey has commenced proceedings at the Fair Work Commission over the University’s use of false and misleading figures to justify academic redundancies and the dissolution of the sociology and anthropology discipline areas.

The University’s original change proposal justified the cuts on the basis that sociology and anthropology had suffered a 77% drop in student enrolments over the last five years. After staff raised questions over the accuracy of the figure, UWA corrected it to 40% and maintained that the cuts were still justified. However, research conducted by sociology staff has put the enrolment drop at merely 8.6%, making the two disciplines among the best performing in the School of Social Sciences.

Clause 55.4 of UWA’s Enterprise Agreement requires that formal consultation on significant change

proposals include “the nature of the proposed change and underlying rationale.” Professor Forsey’s case rests on convincing the Commission that the clause imports a requirement that the rationale be based on “accurate, reliable and transparent data and information.”

Forsey said that he hopes his case will demonstrate that UWA’s cuts are based on purely financial motives, rather than enrolment numbers, student feedback, or ‘strategic reasons.’

NTEU UWA Branch President, Dr Sanna Peden, told *Honi* that the

“We are meant to be a highly-ranked research-intensive university, but meaningful data is thin on the ground when critical decisions about course offerings and people’s livelihoods are being made.”

UWA declined to comment while the matter is before the Fair Work Commission.

The Fair Work case over management’s rubbery numbers is not the only imbroglia to hit UWA over cuts this year.

Last month, 409 pages of confidential documents relating to cuts to science departments were leaked via a QR code plastered throughout the University’s Molecular Sciences Building. The documents revealed a list of academics set to be axed, that senior staff would be kept on as a “bargaining chip” to assure passage of the cuts, and advised those working on the change proposal to communicate so as to avoid information getting out through Freedom of Information requests.

When asked about the summer break,

Monash to repay \$8.6m in stolen wages, though casuals remain short-changed

JEFFREY KHOO & DEAUNDRE ESPEJO

Monash University will repay its casual staff \$8.6 million in stolen wages dating back to 2014, with staff concerned about further wage theft in the future.

In emails sent to affected staff last week, Chief Human Resources Officer Phil Vaughan confirmed that “payment errors” occurred due to inconsistencies in how education activities were defined between university handbooks and timetables.

Monash has attempted to avoid classifying the issue as wage theft, instead using the term “unintentional underpayments.”

Issues were first raised in 2019 in the Faculty of Engineering, leading to an internal review across 10 faculties that commenced in early 2020.

Monash has so far been opaque about the details of the internal review. It has not explained how it calculated the repayments and has not told staff which units and semesters have been affected, making it impossible for staff to determine the correct amount of payment.

Emails obtained by *Honi* revealed that Monash engaged external consultants to assist with the review. However, it has not released the identity of these consultants, or the audit report it commissioned to examine payroll records.

Monash says that it will provide further information once the review and documentation have been finalised and when remediation payments have commenced.

wages.

A Tweet from Ben Eltham, National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) Monash Branch President, describes the repayments as “significant,” with one tutor set to receive \$25,000 in backpay.

Monash also identified that some staff completed their timesheets incorrectly (i.e. selecting the ORAA rate rather than the tutorial rate), which accounted for approximately \$0.9 million.

Internal review leaves questions

Approximately 70% of Monash staff are casual

unanswered

Management has refused to meet with affected staff about the issue. According to Eltham, management invited the NTEU to a Zoom “briefing” without being told who could attend. When the Zoom link was forwarded to a small number of staff members who had been underpaid, the Provost and Vice-Chancellor Susan Elliott canceled the meeting.

Concerns remain about Monash short-changing casual staff

Despite staff receiving backpay on this occasion, staff are concerned at how Monash is increasingly recategorising what would normally be tutorials as “workshops,” “demonstrations,” and “practical classes,” in order to pay casual staff below tutorial rates moving forward.

Emails obtained by *Honi* suggest that university management has become more vigilant with classifying education activities, instructing teaching assistants to refrain from labelling workshops as “tutorials”, which would mean they are paid higher rates.

Monash managers have refused to meet with NTEU staff about the issue, cancelled a scheduled meeting when they invited rank and file staff members who had been underpaid, Eltham says. The university said it would only meet with “3 senior NTEU members” for a “constructive discussion.”

These developments are particularly concerning given that approximately 70% of Monash staff are casual or sessional staff, meaning that Monash has one of the highest casualisation rates of any Australian university.

USYD Rocketry Team blasts off to Spaceport America Cup

MARLOW HURST

USYD Rocketry Team was accepted into the 2022 Spaceport America Cup, an international student rocketry competition. Bluewren, their 30K COTS rocket, was the team’s submission and will be showcased in New Mexico in June next year. The team will be testing Bluewren in Far West NSW in early 2022 prior to the Cup.

“The next few months will be very challenging for our team, but as always, I am sure they will rise to the occasion and give their very best to our projects,” a team representative told *Honi Soit*.

This year, the USYD Rocketry Team took home 2nd and 3rd place in the 30,000 ft COTS category and Space Dynamics Laboratory payload challenge respectively. While the 2020 cup did not go ahead, the team nabbed 1st place in 2019’s 10,000 ft COTS category - the first time the team participated in the Cup.

Opportunities on the team become available at least biannually with roles open to everyone and not limited to STEM students. Send them an email at rocketry.team@sydney.edu.au or send them a message on Facebook if you’re interested in joining the team!

With already excellent feedback on their entry submission, let’s hope they can continue their stellar inter-stellar performance next year.

Library lockout stresses students

SHANIA O'BRIEN

Students have expressed outrage regarding the present conditions of accessible study spaces on campus. Fisher Library is the only library that is currently open, and its hours are limited to 12pm-8pm daily.

“I think the university is using the pandemic as an excuse to lower costs and skimp on the quality of education,” said one disgruntled student outside Fisher library. “My degree progression is at stake.”

A University spokesperson told *Honi* that they were “assessing possibilities for safely extending Library hours during the revision and exams period, and expect to be able to update our community shortly.”

They also relayed that swipe access to buildings was available to anyone with a current student or staff card. However, general student access to buildings appears to still be restricted, with access denied to this correspondent when attempting to enter various campus buildings.

When asked about the summer break,

the University claimed that they couldn’t be certain of the situation over the summer, but they “currently anticipate swipe access to our buildings to remain along with the continued access to our library and some of our learning hubs, consistent with the easing of Government restrictions and increased vaccination rates in the community.”

“It is difficult to study,” said another student in a statement to *Honi*. “Why can I go to the pub, but not the library?”

SRC President Swapnik Sanagavarapu said: “Students rely very heavily on use of library services, particularly during their exams. We look forward to seeing the library’s opening hours extend during stuvac so that students can make best use of these services.”

The strict entry requirements remain at the same level as the height of the recent lockdown, despite restrictions having been significantly eased.

Venue bookings reopen for staff, but no word on students

JEFFREY KHOO & SHANIA O'BRIEN

The University of Sydney will resume holding in-person events for staff, but student clubs and societies remain waiting for news on when they can get back on campus.

According to a staff intranet circular, in-person events may resume on campus if they are approved by University Venues and conducted in line with the university’s conditions of entry and standard COVID safety precautions.

There are three steps to the approval process, the first being considering if the event could be held online. Staff then need to adhere to the health and safety responsibilities, ensuring all attendees abide by Public Health Orders and meet the standard contact tracing requirements as issued by the NSW government.

USyd’s conditions of entry mean that attendees must be double-vaccinated.

As restrictions on physical gatherings ease across Sydney, USyd has not updated students on whether they can book university spaces for in-person events.

The Student Representative Council

(SRC), as well as the University of Sydney Union (USU) which oversees 200 clubs and societies, says that it has received no updates from USyd.

The USU is allowing clubs to book its spaces again. According to its website, Courtyard and Hermanns are available for bookings, while clubs will receive an email when rooms in Manning and the Holme Building are available again.

During Semester 1 when some classes were on campus, student societies were beset with setbacks with university venues.

Sydney Law School, for example, did not allow its main faculty society, the Sydney University Law Society (SULS), to hold any events in the New Law Building or the Annex.

Earlier in the year, *Honi* reported on campus activism being “stifled” by University Venues taking weeks to respond to requests for bookings.

Universities are deeply embedded in our military buildup

DEAUNDRE ESPEJO

Unpacking the relationship between universities, military, and private defence.

After Australia announced that it would acquire nuclear-powered submarines in the new AUKUS pact, university leaders quickly stood to attention. Vicki Thomson, Chief Executive of the Group of Eight (Go8) universities pledged to support Australia's nuclear capabilities, boasting that "Go8 universities have significant defence capability and have built solid defence research partnerships."

Indeed, with the government committing \$270 billion on defence spending in the next decade as university funding declines, an interdependent relationship has transpired between higher education and defence; the scales tipped in favour of "national security." Through a growing amount of federally-backed defence research and "industry collaborations," universities have become deeply embedded in Australia's vast military buildup and warmongering with China.

Over the last five years, there have been significant levels of federal funding directly provided to universities for military-related research. A search of the government grants list shows that since 2016, the Department of Defence has provided nearly \$21 million in funding across 15 public universities.

Notably, three universities — Melbourne, Sydney, and Griffith — each received over \$3

million as part of the Australia-US Multidisciplinary University Research Initiative (AUSMURI), a research project with the US Department of Defence. Established in 2018, the project marks the first time that Australia's Department of Defence has funded universities to work with US counterparts.

The research topics funded under the project are designated by the Australian defence department out of a list of topics chosen by the US Defense Department. At USyd, AUSMURI is funding research into additive manufacturing (3D printing) which, although having important applications in other fields, is being used by the US military to build combat vehicles and bunkers faster and cheaper. At UMelb, AUSMURI grants have been funnelled into research on autonomous vehicles which, in the words of the University, is "critical in enhancing capabilities to execute [ground, sea and aerial] missions."

The existence of federally-funded research collaborations between Australia and the US is a grave concern. The US is the most destructive and violent global power in history, its bombs and armed forces having killed hundreds of thousands of people in Iraq and Afghanistan in the last decade. And now, with heightened tensions between the US and China, the potential costs of expanding defence capabilities are unimaginable.

The militarisation of academic research is not confined to the natural sciences; social science research is also being utilised to support Australia's defence policy objectives. Twelve universities have received almost \$10 million in combined funding as part of the Strategic Policy Grants Program (SPGP), which supports research used to inform Australian

defence policy.

This research must align with Australia's "priority interests." It is no surprise then, that since its inception in 2019, much of the research conducted under this program dovetails with anti-China warmongering: strategic policy for the Asia-Pacific, combatting cyber-enabled foreign interference, and economic warfare with China amongst others.

What's more concerning is the Australian government's strong hand in facilitating partnerships between universities and the private defence sector. The majority of universities' defence research occurs through the Defence Science Partnerships (DSP) program, which provides a uniform model for research and strategic "collaborations." Today, every public university has signed onto the DSP.

Research funded by the Department of Defence pales in comparison to the scale of these partnerships. A Defence Capabilities report by Go8 disclosed that Lockheed Martin — the largest arms manufacturing company in the world — has collaborated with four of the Go8 universities. Other major weapons manufacturers that have partnered with the Go8 universities include BAESystems, Thales, Boeing, Northrop Grumman, and Airbus (which also creates military aerospace products).

Contracts between universities and the private defence industry, however lucrative they may be, raise serious ethical concerns. These weapons companies profit from supplying the arms and military infrastructure used in devastating armed attacks. In a recent example, BAESystems is the company that manufactures nuclear-powered

submarines for the UK, and are set to do the same for Australia.

The DSP has also opened the doors for increased partnerships between universities and armed forces. Funding from the Army has made possible the establishment of Deakin's Institute for Intelligent Systems Research and Innovation, which in April became the first tertiary institution in Australia to host zone 4 classified, secret-rated defence research.

A number of universities, including La Trobe and UNSW, have also created scholarships for students to participate in defence research. New changes to the DSP came into effect last year, providing greater "flexibility" in these arrangements, which will allow more future defence collaborations. Chief Defence Scientist Tanya Monro has made it clear that university research is being subordinated to defence needs, declaring that public universities provide a "mechanism" for "harnessing the skills, talents and expertise...to deliver the best possible outcomes for Defence and Australia more broadly."

Along with mass casualisation, corporatisation and austerity measures, universities' increasing role in Australian defence is yet another signifier of how far higher education has deteriorated. However, it is no longer enough to simply oppose university "ties" with military and defence, given that higher education is so ingrained within the broader defence ecosystem. Instead, we must call for the disarmament of the state and an end to militarism. As Australia beats to the drum of war with China, we must take inspiration from anti-war movements of the past and raise our voices against it. The future of our campuses depends on it.

of publishing and disseminating — be subject to a policy framework as in the US, rather than simply allowing academics to "choose" to work on such projects.

The experience of the 60s demonstrates that change can be effected if it is targeted, and there remain a number of other policy gaps at USyd — on ethical boundaries in defence collaboration, and on external partnerships — that are underdeveloped.

Focusing on small areas of defence/uni collaboration avoids the conspiratorialism which currently colours the SRC's stance, and is more likely to lead to change.

Unintended consequences

Even if the University were, in a bizarre turn, to divest itself completely from military ties, the consequences would likely not be pretty.

Recalling MIT's 1969 divestment decision, Dorothy Nelkin writes that "the decision proved unpalatable [for both sides]." Activists did not influence policy — defence research simply moved elsewhere — and the university was left in a significant financial hole.

Contemporary calls to reject 'military connections' suffer from the same issues. Defence research would simply shift to private companies, thinktanks, government agencies or foreign universities, while a spurned government, which already views universities with disdain, would not hesitate in exacting funding punishment.

Ultimately, as long as there are defence and military requirements, public universities will play a role in their support. If activists wish to oppose militarism, it is the government rather than universities that should be the target of protest.

The SRC's poorly articulated opposition to defence and military collaboration unfortunately makes it difficult to disagree with Alan Tudge's assessment of the USyd SGM motion: "Left wing uni kids will be left wing uni kids."

Honour in the institution: what happens to the women?

JULIETTE MARCHANT

Is it really that honourable to bolster a culture of misogyny?

At the beginning of 2021, the voice of public reason in Australia appeared to be that of women. One only needs to look at the list of the 66th Walkley Award finalists to see the truth in this assertion. Built on the backs of the personal stories of young women such as Brittany Higgins, Grace Tame and countless others, names like Samantha Maiden, Lisa Wilkinson, Louise Milligan, Laura Tingle, and Katherine Murphy, flooded our television and computer screens. A #MeToo reckoning took over the Australian political and journalistic consciousness — institutional sexism and misogyny, formerly the subject of backroom discussions, suddenly became front page news. But as the year nears a close, what do we have to show from these commanding efforts?

In many ways, I think that the answer to this question is aptly captured in part of a tweet from Louise Milligan, shared just a few days ago:

"Don't think I've ever seen a year where the response to women speaking up for themselves and other women has been so resoundingly: [zip face emoji]. Shut them up."

Social and political institutions are the backbone of the social realm. Firmly embedded in a series of informal and formal

norms, they govern collective behaviours, create predictability and reinforce stability. But what happens when this predictable behaviour turns sinister? Who is at fault? The institution or the individual?

A common view of institutions is that they are abstract, neutral arrangements in which existing norms are played out. Under this guise, injustice can simply be countered with anti-discrimination policies or non-compulsory 'empathy training.' But if 2021 has taught us anything, it is that this is far from the truth. Institutions are a powerful, regulatory force for behaviours, where devotion is sought from a sense of attachment to not only formal rules of conduct, but more often, informal values that go unspoken and unacknowledged. From this perspective, a genuine investment in addressing violence and discrimination against women has been almost non-existent, with those in power hiding the issue behind smoke screens and band-aid solutions, or even more shockingly, promoting those at the centre of ongoing scandals.

But whilst the rest of the nation were shocked by the allegations surfacing from the nation's capital, closer to home, a similar scandal continues to bubble within the USyd Residential Colleges. Reporting from *Honi Soit* and *Pulp Media* has made it no secret that the Residential Colleges at the University of Sydney are home to a similar, if not more intensified, brand of sexism and misogyny. This reality was reinforced by the 2018 release of the 'Red Zone Report' by End Rape on Campus, which graphically detailed instances of sexual violence and hazing in

the colleges.

On the 26th of October, St Paul's College Warden, Ed Loane, announced that the College would admit undergraduate women from 2023 onwards. This announcement was paired with a position paper presenting the case for becoming fully co-residential, as well as a summary of the co-residency decision process. Whilst much of the case for co-residency captured in this paper details the need to increase diversity and provide equal opportunity to all university students, regardless of gender, two points made in the positions paper strike me as particularly alarming.

Firstly, the 'case from perception' details that the move would offer an opportunity for St Paul's College to remedy its public perception as being "anachronistic and chauvinistic." This point appears to echo the age old position that simply inserting diverse bodies into an institution will guarantee a change in its culture. Additionally, this appears to be an inefficient and superficial remedy to deeply ingrained cultural issues that will likely only put prospective female residents in a position of higher risk.

Secondly, and honestly unsurprisingly, the 'business case' speaks to the need to fill beds at the institution to avoid financial burden. Whilst positioned as the penultimate point of contention in the positions paper, the business case appears to be one of vital importance to St Paul's, particularly as the College recently took out an emergency loan from its foundation.

In a paper titled '*Reframing Honour in Heterosexual Imaginaries*,' philosophers Moira Gatens and Millicent Churcher

proposed that in an institutional setting, it is necessary to reframe our understanding of 'honour.' In conversation with *Honi*, Churcher acknowledged that their paper's attachment to the concept of 'honour' was met with significant push-back among academic circles. Much of this can be put down to the fact that honour is a term that is viewed as archaic, and carries baggage associated with historical conceptualisations of the patriarchy. However, what sets 'honour' apart from terms such as 'respect' is that honour is a cluster concept that has the capacity to prompt a series of powerful affective responses — the ability to promote a sense of pride or foster a sense of shame, to name but a couple.

Top-down solutions can invite reflection on the shortcomings of an institution, like the Residential Colleges. Nonetheless, substantive change will not occur unless men within these institutions are willing to break the code that has been so firmly ingrained within the institution, and realise that what is truly honourable, is the capacity to go against the grain. The only thing that stands in the way of this reality, is the very real fact that men are deeply afraid of other men.

2021 started as the year of the woman. In many ways, the voices of women have been dulled as operational and economic efficiency are privileged over social wellbeing and cultural change. If only the colleges were as willing to protect women as they are to protect their pockets.

Activists' broad claims on defence are self-defeating

MAXIM SHANAHAN

Activists need to properly articulate their position on uni's defence ties.

In its recent Student General Meeting, the Students' Representative Council passed a motion to oppose proposed cuts to Arts, Business and Dentistry. Within the motion was the rather out of place resolution "to oppose the university's connection to the Australian military in light of the recently announced AUKUS submarine deal."

When *The Australian* picked up the story for a manufactured 'Exclusive,' SRC President Swapnik Sanagavarapu further said that "The SRC believes that funding within the university should be allocated to what we think of as socially productive ends. We think that militarism is not socially productive...the amount of money that is bound up in these [defence] partnerships should be redirected to stopping staff from losing their jobs."

Deaundre Espejo has detailed the extent of defence-funded research in Australian universities, and demonstrated its likely growth over the next decade. However, the SRC's nascent anti-defence collaboration stance has been ill-defined and poorly articulated, without any goals beyond undefined 'opposition' or wholly unrealistic funding redistribution.

There are worthwhile activist positions that can be taken on universities' defence ties, but the SRC's current pronouncements do little more than make students appear dogmatic and uninformed and, if implemented, would likely leave universities worse off.

Definitional problems

Calls to oppose all military ties suffer from a lack of clear definition, drawing no distinction between private weapons industry partnerships and government-funded initiatives. In terms of

university defence-funded research — existing in the popular imagination as bombs and rockets — the majority is banal. Logistics, sociology and international relations, among many other fields, all regularly fall under the banner of defence-funded research. Under calls to completely divest, projects from the routine — military history — to the groundbreaking — Samantha Crompvoets' sociological studies into the SAS — would fall by the wayside.

Research areas which might be more directly associated with military usage — materials and aeronautics, for example — generally have extensive commercial and public application beyond any immediate military usage, and blanket opposition to military connections would have significant effects on the viability of research areas which maintain links with the defence industry.

Like all aspects of the university, 'military connections' cannot be neatly sorted into black and white. Activists should recognise that some level of military connection in Australian universities is both inevitable and predominantly prosaic.

If the SRC's main grievance is with militarism, then that protest should be directed towards government policy, rather than universities' relatively minor role in participating in academic research which may be used to advance Australia's defence interests. Such a situation is not, as Espejo puts it, a "another signifier of how far higher education has deteriorated," but rather an entirely natural and predictable position for a publicly-funded university to find itself in.

However, if the SRC's position is based on concern for the university as an institution, then there are a number of elements of 'military connections' which could reasonably be opposed in a more targeted and coherent manner.

Classified research & clarity on ethical boundaries

American student activists found significant success protesting certain aspects of defence

collaboration in the late 1960s, extracting concessions from universities which seem unimaginable today. At MIT, university management agreed to disassociate from a Department of Defense funded research laboratory which then accounted for 25% of the university's operating revenue.

At Stanford, the university agreed to institute a policy prohibiting classified research on campus after students staged an occupation of a research laboratory. Johns Hopkins, the University of Chicago and a number of private universities followed suit in prohibiting secret research. In all these cases, the issue was framed in academic rather than political terms: classified research was seen to be repugnant to the core tenet that academic research should be freely published and disseminated.

Even in American universities where classified research continues, many have strict publicly-available policies which guide its acceptance and boundaries. At the University of Virginia, for example, classified research must have clear academic merit, and the potential for human dignity to be compromised must be considered.

By contrast, Australian universities do not have specific policies dealing with classified research. In a statement to *Honi*, the University of Sydney said that, while all forms of research must be compatible with the University's "core values and ethical standards," "our researchers have academic freedom to choose to work on [defence-funded] projects, including classified defence research."

Citing academic freedom to justify such participation appears at odds both with the general purpose of academia — to publish and disseminate research — and the University's own definition of academic freedom. In its Charter of Academic Freedom, the concept is defined as "the freedom of staff, in the course of their academic duties, to educate, discuss, or research and to disseminate and publish the results of those activities." Such a charter would imply, at the very least, that classified research — due to its incompatibility with the goals

John Anderson and the bomb squad

IAN MACDOUGALL

The day the quad went kaboom.

way to counter Anderson's influence.

One morning in 1960, Milo Roxon, a lecturer in philosophy, told me how this was done. According to Milo, the Senate had appointed John Anderson to the Challis Chair of Philosophy because he came highly recommended as a leading light in both mathematics and philosophy at Edinburgh. But it was not long before he came to be seen by the worthy senators as an enfant terrible and a bete noir. So, what to do? The Senate hit on the brilliant idea of creating a second chair in philosophy, for which there was ample precedent: there were already multiple chairs in mathematics and engineering for starters.

So, they created a chair in Moral and Political Philosophy. Their next problem was the selection of its first professor. The Senate understandably wanted to avoid another Anderson. The answer came in a blinding syllogistic flash, and it was quickly accepted by all the rest of the senators. Anderson had once criticised a paper given by the Australian philosopher Samuel Alexander. At around the same time, George Stout, another prominent philosopher, had supported Alexander, and George Stout's son Alan was an applicant for the job!

They had reasoned thus:

- a. Anderson is anti-Alexander;
- b. Stout Sr. is pro-Alexander;
- c. Therefore Stout Jr. will be pro-Alexander;
- d. And therefore... Stout Jr. will be anti-Anderson!

As it turned out, Alan Stout would as readily disagree with Anderson as fly to the moon. His forte was drawing everyone's attention to the fact that his first deed after his arrival in Sydney had been to purchase a prime bit of Northern

Beaches real estate, and apart from some very ordinary contributions to the literature of philosophy, Stout became Patron of the Sydney University Wine and Cheese Society. The Senate thought it was buying a torpedo with which it would sink the pirate vessel SS Anderson, but got a gruyere-nibbling mouse instead.

In keeping with his times, Anderson had at first flirted with Marxism and then its Trotskyist variant, but as he opposed all forms of authoritarianism, he later abandoned socialist ideology completely. When he started to resile from positions he had previously taken, many of his disciples deserted his Free Thought Society. Led by philosophy lecturer Jim Baker, they formed in 1951 the University's Libertarian Society. It promoted not only critical thought but a more anarchist and permanent protest attitude to life generally. Anderson would have nothing to do with any of that, but even so, Andersonian philosophy of relentless critique was still the dominant influence amidst the Libertarians.

At the end of World War II, the University was swamped by a deluge of ex-servicemen on repatriation scholarships, and Anderson denounced the whole business. As far as he was concerned, Sydney University was being turned into a degree factory bent on churning out technicians. He believed the University should concentrate on teaching the skills of critical thinking, and that a second institution should be set up to cater for those inclined to engineering, the sciences, medicine and other such specialities

But the ex-servicemen were not going to take Anderson's attacks without some sort of response. Moreover, among them, they had men

with every military capability. So, their reply to Anderson took the form of a bomb made from an empty treacle tin, filled with some suitable explosive and fitted with an electric detonator. This they fastened to the top of the handy little newly-planted jacaranda sapling happily located just outside Anderson's office, and waited for Anderson to appear; which as he kept a timetable and routine as regular and predictable as that of the British Railways and its iconic Flying Scotsman, he soon enough did.

And so the sappers' bomb went off, the blast shattering no windows but every bit of the silence around the normally serene Quad. Both the top of the tree and the tin were blown to pieces; the tin to two and the tree to many, many more. It all gave Anderson one hell of a fright, and he reportedly took off like a rabbit down to the Nicholson Museum directly beneath the glorious neo-Gothic MacLaurin Hall. Anderson locked himself in and remained there amid the relics of ancient civilisations until eventually persuaded that all danger was gone. Then he came out again, no doubt somewhat sadder, and definitely a whole lot wiser.

The tree subsequently developed a fork in its stem at around knee height which can be seen in splendid photos of it in full bloom and which we might call the historic Anderson Bomb Fork.

The ex-servicemen all thought it was a great stunt and joke, including my then neighbour Len Schroeder (ex-AIF) who told me the story and may have been an insider. History is there for all of us to see, as long as we know what to look for.

Is the lecture alive or dead?

JULIETTE MARCHANT

Long live the lecture!

In the opening episode of Netflix’s new campus dramedy *The Chair* Professor Elliot Rentz is pictured standing in front of a blackboard in a near empty lecture theatre. The very embodiment of academic clich , the long-tenured American literature specialist is old, white, bald, spectacled and donning a blazer and tie that looks to have been dragged straight from the 1980s. Reading drudgingly from a pile of notes the thickness of a novella, the scene simultaneously encapsulates every student’s worst nightmare, and, as it seems, every university management body’s understanding of what the contemporary lecture looks like.

Across the world, the dawn of COVID-19 brought traditional teaching methods into question. Face-to-face lectures were exchanged for Zoom or pre-recorded lectures, tutorial discussions replaced by blog posts and Q & A sessions. But as vaccination numbers grow and relative normalcy starts to resume in the rest of society, at universities, it’s another story entirely.

Anyone who follows higher education news in Australia is familiar with the question: Does the lecture have a place in the modern university? But COVID-19 has brought a new life to this decades-long discussion. We are reminded of this fact by headlines that appear with the regularity of clockwork: “Murdoch University disposes of face-to-face lectures for 2021”; “Lectures don’t work: University of the Sunshine Coast moves to new learning model”; “Curtin University plans to ditch in-person lectures and exams.”

Against the rhetoric of management bodies, obscured and occluded by vested interests in modernisation and technocratic moralities, we find ourselves asking a Schrodingerian question: is the lecture alive or dead?

Invariably, the way that one judges the value of the lecture depends upon how one defines the term. For example, many assume the lecture to be equivalent to a

transfer model of education. Under this guise, the lecture is merely a forum for academics to talk at students for a period of time, listing off facts and quotations to be learnt by rote. In other words, it is the tertiary equivalent of pouring concrete into the empty skulls of students, and hoping that something fills the gaps that were previously there.

This mode of education has been the subject of considerable scrutiny, perhaps the most notable example coming from Paolo Freire’s *The Pedagogy of the Oppressed* (a text that I, unironically, learnt about during a lecture). In this text, Friere proposes that “education is suffering from narration sickness.” The lecturer talks about “contents which are detached from reality, disconnected from the totality that engendered them and could give them significance.” I do not doubt that you will still find lecturers who utilise this model of lecturing. In fact, you are probably even more likely to find them when made to pre-record lectures for online dispersion. But in the face-to-face forum, they are few and far between. In view of this, it is important to quash the false premise that the lecture has not changed since the early 20th century, and reconsider what the term ‘lecture’ actually means within the context of 2021.

In conversation with a number of academics from the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, a common thread seemed to emerge: the modern-day lecture is a far more dynamic and varied entity than is often assumed. Dr Stewart Jackson, head of the School of Government and International Relations, noted the interactive nature of lectures, communicating that his own lectures are often “filled with [him] trotting up and down aisles in the lecture hall, asking questions, prompting responses and generally trying to increase interaction.” Emeritus Professor of Philosophy Rick Benitez similarly acknowledged that the best lectures are discursive and unpredictable, guided by the interests of those in the room at the time. Finally, Dr Benjamin Brown of Ancient History and Classics noted that the lecture theatre, like any other theatre, is a performative space

built for engagement; “an authoritative pole around which a dialogue can begin to form and coalesce.”

But if a lecture is interactive, dialogic and guided by student interests and engagement, how does it differ from what would otherwise be considered a tutorial or a seminar?

One characteristic that separates the lecture from both of these things is length. As a longer-form exchange, the lecture provides an opportunity to more thoroughly step through a series of interconnecting ideas, crafting a picture from the various pieces of the puzzle along the way. In conversation with Associate Professor Melanie White from UNSW, Dr Nick Apoifis put it this way: “the lecture is a mechanism to tell a story (...) it’s like a little novella.”

The novella analogy is an interesting one, in part because many critics of the lecture will propose that you can acquire all necessary knowledge from books or websites alone. But whilst I am not one to argue against the transformative value of a book, the ability to talk about a book, situate it within a context, and discuss the ideas and movements that have been shaped by it, is an experience that cannot be matched by anything quite like the lecture. Although I cannot speak for disciplines outside of the arts, social sciences and law, what makes the lecture valuable is not that it merely communicates content, but that it crafts a careful narrative out of this content – situating it within a world that is at once familiar and new.

But beyond the merely pedagogical, the lecture is a site for socialisation. The reality is that the vast majority of today’s university students have to work a lot more than they did twenty to thirty years ago. As a result, time on campus to establish relationships and make memories is often limited. Thus conversations that start in the lecture theatre and spill over to outside are invaluable to developing a sense of connection with others at the university. As nerdy as it sounds, when I think of my first years at the University of Sydney, some of my most cherished memories include heated discussions

about the value of political theory, or questions about a novel that bubbled in the lecture theatre and exploded once my friends and I got outside. By contrast, online lectures reduce the learning experience to one that is more closely aligned with being kept in a monastic cell – staring at empty black blocks until the hour or two comes to a close, and you are left staring at a blank computer screen, completely on your own.

But the limited amount of spare time common among many of today’s students has of course been used to support the alternative position: ‘If a student has worked all day, the last thing that they want to do is come into university for a two hour lecture.’ This stance may, on the surface, be quite convincing. But, reality says otherwise.

When polled, students show a persistently strong preference for face-to-face classes, acknowledging the inauthentic nature of online learning. Furthermore, the introduction of additional conveniences, such as Echo360, still failed to deter students from attending lectures in person. Naturally, students want a variety of things from their education. But from the perspective of a generation that are being forced to acquire considerable debt for a university education, we expect better than glorified Facetimes and YouTube videos. Heralded as the ‘tech-generation,’ our access to devices and the internet lead many to assume that we are ‘out of touch with reality,’ that we would rather live life with pixels than with other people. If anyone is out of touch here, it is the people who haven’t stepped foot in a lecture theatre for decades and still think that they have a better idea of what is good for students today.

In many ways, the lecture is a micro-iteration of the university’s claim to be a site of public knowledge. But in the grips of an industry that views education as an under-developed real estate opportunity, and measures success by efficiencies, cost-saving mechanisms and revenue projections, it is not the lecture, but the university that is dead.

But, who are you really?

HARRY PETERS

The road to find out is long, so you may as well make it fun.

I’ve never been one for “professional boundaries”. I always found it unsettling in high school when my teachers never cracked, when they never showed glimpses of who they were outside of their 9-5 jobs. It’s the same at uni. I’m much more interested in tutors and lecturers who don’t sanitise their personality in front of students. Sometimes I just want to say: “Yes! Please feel free to share your vulnerabilities and eccentricities, let your personal experiences enter into the classroom because that’s what learning is all about! I want to know who you are!”

I study a Bachelor of Arts, so I can’t knowingly comment on the experiences of those in other degrees. But from my own experience, my learning has been enriched by students and academics who don’t view the classroom as a kind of intellectual supermarket - an empty exchange of content that lacks personality and vitality. In my view, the classroom should be far more personal, shaped by conversations and the building of relationships that reflect a degree of authenticity that you simply can’t get from reading a book or paper alone.

I don’t think that we talk enough about the purpose of learning at university. We aren’t here to learn how

to regurgitate sentiments from Plato, nor to absorb equations that have no purpose in our lives, we are here to learn with others. In this way, learning is like a team sport. Covid has made it really damn hard to learn particularly well with other students, but it hasn’t so grievously curtailed our ability to learn with academics. In the years I’ve been at uni, most of the really genuine, remember-till-the-day-I-die kind of learning has happened in individual consultations with lecturers. Where for ten or twenty minutes, or for an hour or two if I’m particularly lucky, I get to just vibe out with a smart person who probably isn’t even conscious of the profound impact they’re having upon my life.

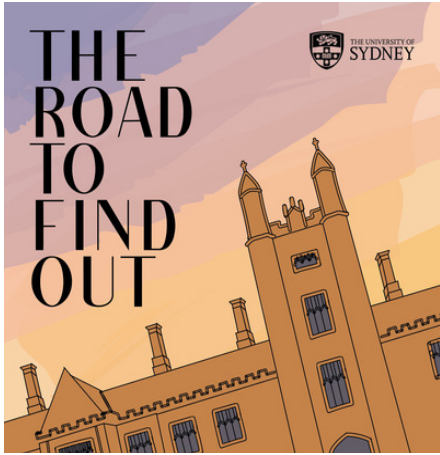
Particularly in the context of the Arts and Social Sciences, I struggle to reconcile the learning outcomes that are so routinely slapped onto unit of study outlines with learning environments that lack personality and fail to foster intellectual relationships. You just have to read those FASS marketing brochures, filled with claims (written in the most anodyne marketing voice imaginable) that your degree will instill in you heightened cultural consciousness, critical thinking, analytical skills, teamwork, to realise that none of these skills can be acquired in solitude. Critical thinking and cultural empathy are not really skills that you can pick up, so much as they are phrases that we use to describe the process of rewriting your brain to think in more nuanced and generous ways, often in response

to ideas proposed by others. In this way, an Arts degree is not crafted with the sole purpose of developing a toolbox of skills to use in a job. An Arts degree is intended to change how you exist as a person in every domain of your life.

This isn’t a novel idea. If you were at acting school, you wouldn’t just think you’re there to become better at monologues or accents – it’s about rewriting who you are. In my view, this idea ought to be extended to all that we participate in, to every experience we have - we are living, breathing people interacting in the world, not estranged robots merely seeking to download information.

This worldview led me to pitch for a Student Experience and Innovation Grant to start a podcast earlier this year. It’s called The Road to Find Out (named after the Cat Stevens song) and the whole first season is now available on Spotify, Apple Podcasts and Anchor. Every episode, myself and my splendid co-host Carla Field, interview a FASS academic about their research, personal lives, and the intersection between the two. This season, we’ve spoken to Bruce Isaacs, Peter Chen, Kelly Freebody, Rick Benitez and Jaki Troy. It’s been great fun, but more than that, hopefully it has encouraged other students to think about their lecturers not as lecturers, but as subtle, complicated, sometimes even weird, people who just happen to be their lecturers. The podcast is an implicit endorsement of the idea that learning is a relationship, an idea that I am, evidently, very supportive of.

Earlier in this piece, I talked about how an Arts degree is designed to rewrite who you are. Every episode of our podcast so far proves this point. But what about in the context of those who don’t become academics? What kind of impact does studying an arts degree have on, let’s say, a third year student, like myself? Well, if I’m very, very lucky, after I’ve had a consultation or a lecture with an academic, the things we’ve talked about and things we’ve learned together will have such an overwhelming impression on me that when I look outside it’s as if everything looks different. The colours of the world are brighter and stranger than they were before. I’ve read books and been wowed, but never quite in the same way as when I’ve had a really fulfilling conversation. We made a podcast because we wanted to give students an opportunity to have such an experience, and I hope that we succeeded.



How long could you survive in the SRC?

SAMUEL GARRETT

Longer than you think! But it won't be pretty...

Many students feel that they spend their entire lives in the offices of the Students’ Representative Council (SRC), a labyrinthine dungeon beneath the Wentworth building. But if the apocalypse struck and leaving the SRC was suddenly impossible, how long could a single occupant survive, unsupported and alone, within the SRC’s 367 square metres?

Survival is a mental test as much as a physical one, but there are certain necessities that cannot be foregone. In most survival scenarios, water is the most pressing concern. Fortunately, the SRC is well provisioned with a kitchen zip tap and bathroom sinks from which ample and continuous water supplies (both hot and cold) can be drawn.

Shelter will also not prove an issue given the protection from the elements afforded by the SRC’s underground location and the front foyer offering additional fortified insulation. Environmentally, poor air quality from mould spores on interior walls and ceilings is the largest likely health hazard, but is not likely to prove lethal in the medium-term.

Given the lack of natural light and the psychological implications of prolonged solitary confinement, some degree of

health decline remains inevitable. A strict walking regimen up and down the SRC’s single corridor is advisable to combat the effects of sedentarism, but care must be taken to avoid overexertion that will unnecessarily raise your daily energy requirements.

Instead, it is food which will lead to your inevitable demise. A comprehensive stocktake by Honi Soit of the various food items stored in the SRC offices yielded 210 items across 31 product types with a combined weight of 105kg and total energy yield of 1,650,123 kilojoules (kJ). The vast majority of this nutritional value is to be found in 78 boxes of Dorset Cereals berry granola and 80 boxes of Barilla orecchiette pasta. Other products include four kilograms of flour, one kilogram of butter (of dubious quality), six cans of Harvest braised steak & onion, four cans of Larina chicken luncheon meat, three large jars of Capriccio passata, small amounts of canned tuna, creamed corn and snacks, and a frozen Coles carrot cake.

The average adult daily energy intake of 8700kJ suggests that the collective food content of the SRC could sustain 190 days of normal consumption for an individual. However, given the seriousness of your predicament, rationing food to the bare minimum would prove wise. A daily intake of 5000kJ/day is broadly seen as the minimum to prevent sustained weight loss, potentially stretching the lifespan

of your stockpile out to 330 days.

A daily food regimen is likely to start out as follows:

Breakfast: berry granola (dry or mixed with fresh water), minimal vegemite on microwaved damper from a flour and water mixture

Lunch: orecchiette with passata, tuna and Larina chicken luncheon meat; cooked in a kettle

Dinner: orecchiette with passata and canned Harvest braised steak & onion; cooked in a kettle

However, as time goes by and condiment supplies dwindle, your diet will inevitably settle into a mentally draining routine of plain water-logged berry granola, plain kettle-cooked orecchiette and plain rudimentary microwaved , day in and day out.

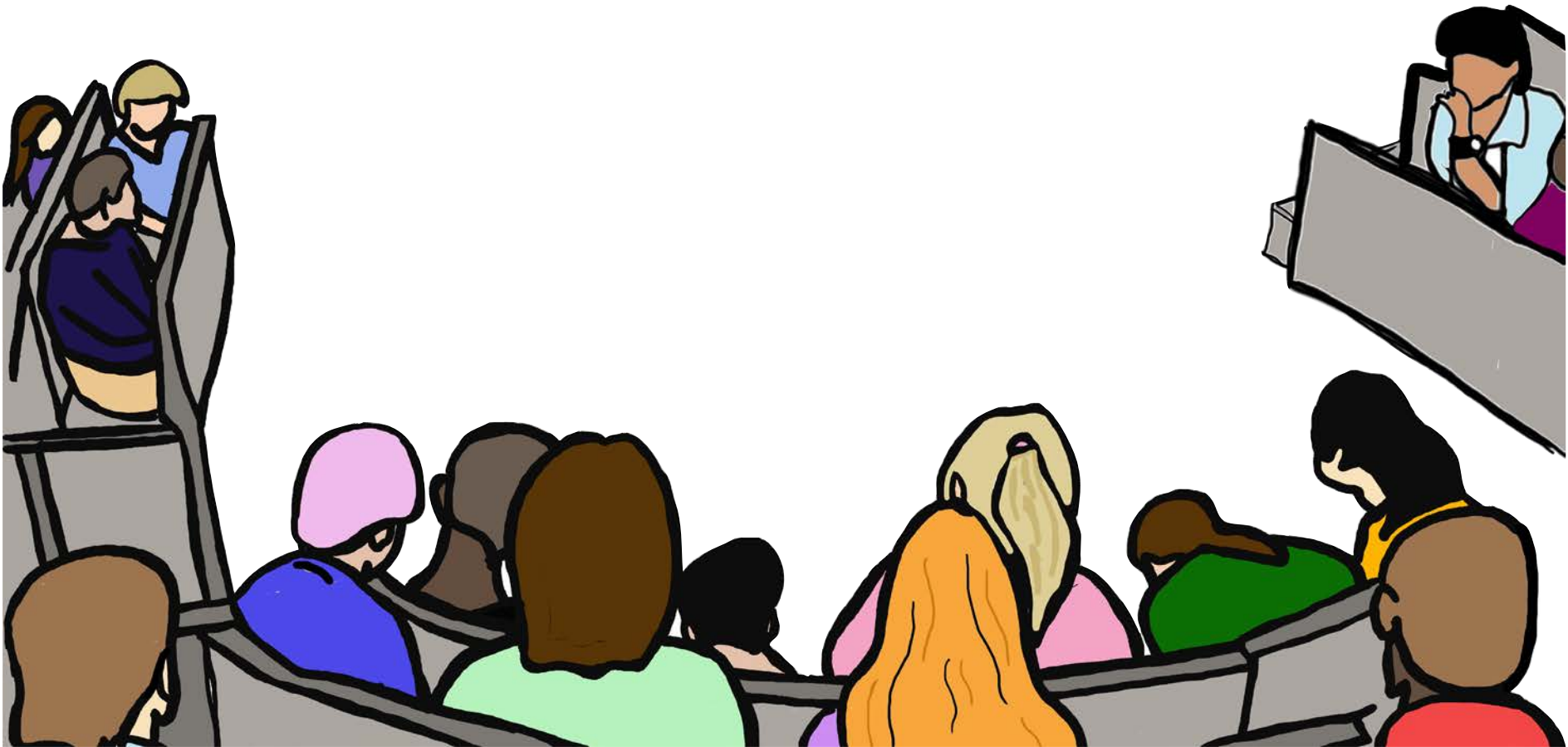
Saving frozen treats such as the Coles carrot cake, vegetable cannelloni and a single tub of Ben & Jerry’s Strawberry Cheesecake for desperate moments at this stage will provide a much needed psychological boost and break from

your fluorescently-lit and increasingly hungry days.

However, this is by no means a healthy balanced diet, and certain vitamins and nutrients will be sorely lacking from your daily intake. Scurvy, the scourge of the Age of Sail, will prove your bane. The dearth of fresh fruit and vegetables within the SRC will contribute to severe vitamin C deficiencies. Dried fruit in your daily berry granola will likely impart small vitamin quantities sufficient to delay scurvy’s onset beyond the usual three-month timeframe but insufficient to prevent it. The eventual exhaustion of your granola supply will only hasten the process. Sores will open and not heal, weakness will overtake your feeble body, teeth will loosen and gums will bleed. Death is inevitable.

With judicious rationing, strict discipline and a strong constitution, your SRC-bound lifespan could certainly last for months, but your prospects of seeing far beyond a one-year anniversary are slim.

“Sores will open and not heal, weakness will overtake your feeble body, teeth will loosen and gums will bleed. Death is inevitable.”



Campus activism: understanding cross-faculty solidarity (or the lack of it)

JAYFEL TULABING-LEE

Why aren't STEM students as involved in student politics and campus activism?

There are clear disparities between students who actively participate in student politics, campus activism, and collective organising, and students who do not. It's not so much about differences in politics and beliefs, but the perception that student politics is an impenetrable world that is inaccessible or unwelcoming. It is seen as an insular space for issues that *could* matter to these students but are not efficiently communicated, nor met with genuine connections beyond a hasty, impersonal stupol-campaign-related Facebook message.

Based on the University of Sydney's Annual Report, there were 29,491 students* enrolled in STEM degrees in 2020, out of the total 60,860 enrollments. With 48.45% of the student population being STEM students, it's disappointing that they are under-represented, unheard, and disillusioned with what is a massive part of campus life.

Many of these students are unaware of the essential – and free – services that the Student Representative Council (SRC) provides. They are not aware of the free caseworkers, legal assistance, rental assistance, support networks, food programs, and mutual aid programs that it offers. These students are unaware of spaces such as the (albeit inactive) International Students' Hub, Wom*n's Space and Queer Space. Students are unsure of what Councillors and Office Bearers of the SRC do, what the collective spaces fight for, what our USU Board Directors represent, and what other student representatives do in the interests of students.

A survey of undergraduate students currently enrolled in degrees within the Faculty of Science, Engineering, or both found that 60% of respondents felt unheard by their student leaders.

Despite the majority of respondents feeling unheard by their student leaders, the majority still believes that the presence of such spaces and activities could make a difference to student life. They do not deny their importance and impact.

The question then comes down to a lack of participation. What would need to change within these spaces to

encourage STEM students to take part in activism? A long-response question was posited in the survey, to which all respondents had plenty to contribute:

“What would make you want to get involved in campus activism/student politics?”

“If they made sense...If ‘activists’ (I use inverted commas because often it seems like they want to look like activists rather than effect any change) attempted to make rational, calculated and constructive strides towards achieving goals, I could see myself lending support.”

“A more welcoming activist environment. I'm kind of scared off at the minute.”

“...if Stupol could provide something other than what the existing system fails to provide, I would consider getting involved.”

“I'm super passionate about heaps of these things but people I have met in these spaces make it really unpleasant...I would want to get involved in activism/stupol if it weren't so toxic”

“Less polarised, selfish approach to activism...Often the activists are doing more harm with their highly polarised, accusatory and hostile perspectives. Everyone should have an equal voice.”

“The testaments are clear. STEM students want to be involved. Now, it is just a matter of reaching out”

It's not that these students are any less left-wing or 'radical' than other students. It's not that they don't care about climate change, or ending sexual violence on campus, or fighting for refugee rights. Instead, it's the belief that political groups and collectives on campus are not geared towards them and continue to be insular spaces. Many perceive that severe knowledge gaps create unproductive environments that are not conducive to healthy discourse, and in worst-case scenarios, become hostile.

When asked, **Do you feel like this [the culture] could change? How?** Respondents provided their own insights, as people not involved in

these spaces, on how best they might be enticed to get involved:

“There would need to be very strict accountability and transparency measures. I always read and hear about SRC Councillors not showing up and Board Directors not delivering on promises, and it is extremely disappointing. Sometimes I think that some people are just performative and just pretending so that they can earn positions”

“No, I don't think this could change. I think these spaces are very insular and don't have a good idea about the views or priorities of most students.”

“I'm not sure, I don't see the activism/stupol communities becoming more open-minded and respectful of other opinions and beliefs.”

“...knowledge-based outreach: often, there's an assumed prerequisite of knowledge that can act as a barrier of entry to those new to activism.”

Amongst students that shared their personal experiences, there seemed to be a collective response: activism is well and good, but here at the University of Sydney, it *might* just not be for them. The student fight should not be limited to people from certain social circles or degrees but should incorporate as many, varying

and diverse student voices as possible. Some prominent figures within the USYD STEM community shared their thoughts** on this topic:

Emily Storey, Sydney University Women in Engineering Society (SUWIE) President and incoming SRC Vice-President, posits that this might be a gendered issue. She calls engineering a “boys club” and that the “lack of women and gender diverse people in engineering is the direct cause of the lack of participation [in stupol and activism].”

“The levels of harassment and assault against women are higher than any other faculty, same with the levels

of racism and homophobia,” Storey says. “It's often that these people are the loudest, and it's so discouraging to anyone who doesn't think that way. It's isolating.”

Angus Waldon, President of the Science Society, spoke to the reason as to why STEM societies might not be as involved in campus activism:

“I believe that STEM societies feel quite acutely the need to deliver a quality student experience to their members which has traditionally been achieved through the focus on social activities and peer networking. I believe the common perception amongst STEM society executives and members is that activism is important, but as an expression of one's individual obligations as a citizen and university student.”

Waldon has previously been involved in the fight against the cuts, supported and attended the “Save Medical Science” campaigns last year, despite heavy police presence.

The testaments are clear. STEM students want to be involved. Now, it is just a matter of reaching out, speaking meaningfully to the entire student community and sharing passions and concerns throughout various spaces.

2022 will be a crucial year for the student movement. With a federal election, Enterprise Agreement negotiations that will determine staff salaries and working conditions, attacks against students and staff through course cuts, the looming climate crisis, the recovery from COVID-19 and much more, we must all band together now more than ever. A mass student movement cannot be achieved by the few but must include the voices and actions of many. There is power in diversity and whilst the inclusion of STEM students might not be the easiest task, it will surely be a worthwhile one.

** Calculated based on the addition of students enrolled under the Faculty of Science, Faculty of Medicine and Health & the Faculty of Engineering. This does not include students who take Science units as an elective.*

***The thoughts of the quoted individuals are entirely their own personal views and are not reflective of the collective beliefs of the groups they lead or represent. I thank them for their participation and willingness to be quoted in this article.*

The right to yearn

KAT PORRITT-FRASER

Non-binary people have a harder time on dating apps.

Somewhere in the depths of September, I decided to dive into the world of online dating for the first time. I relegate my actions to being single and searching for someone to yearn for during the bleak months of lockdown, but my dreams were quickly crushed. As a non-binary person, it is still impossible to exist outside the gender binary on almost every popular dating app.

When signing up to Tinder and Bumble – the two highest ranking dating apps on the Australian App Store – users are prompted to select their gender from the options ‘Man,’ ‘Woman,’ or ‘More,’ which takes them to a search bar with a wide range of gender labels. However, if a user selects a gender label like non-binary, a new, mandatory menu pops up below, forcing them to choose if they'd like to be included in searches for ‘Men’ or ‘Women.’

This leaves non-binary and gender nonconforming people in an uncomfortable position with limited options – we can either essentialise ourselves into binary gender categories in order to use the app, or be pretty much excluded from the online dating world altogether.

There is a clear monopoly in the yearning market, and let's just say, I'm in jail.

This exclusion should not come as a surprise – dating apps have a well-reported history of operating in transphobic ways, with platforms like Vice and SBS reporting the banning of trans people's accounts without justification and failing to respond to reports of harassment and trolling of trans users.

However, with social media allyship to LGBTQIA+ communities becoming central to the brand of many of these companies, I perhaps naively believed the apps themselves had changed. Tinder features endorsements from many queer and trans celebrities all over their socials, as well as highly viewed informational videos about LGBTQIA+ identities on their Youtube channel, including a video about non-binary identity I, quite literally, watched months ago while exploring my gender. Tinder and Bumble have also, in recent years, introduced features to be more ‘inclusive’ to queer people – such as the ability to see people of the same sexual orientation as you first on Tinder, and sexuality, gender and pronouns becoming built in to profile categories on many more apps.

However, the fact that non-binary gender identities still cannot exist inside the algorithms of these apps exposes the

limits of superficial changes to actually make dating apps into welcoming spaces that work with LGBTQIA+ users in mind. While queer understandings of gender and sexuality that question binaries and biological essentialism are becoming more and more visible in many communities, particularly online, Tinder and Bumble's algorithms still structure the world of their apps according to the reductive assumption that every person, and the people they are attracted to, can be easily categorised into binary gender categories. These algorithms and their way of thinking about gender have a powerful influence, shaping the online dating lives of millions of users in Australia alone.

In theory, the solution to this is simple. Just in October, Hinge – another top-ranking dating app – released an update to its gender identity options. Hinge users can now ask to be seen in searches for ‘Non-binary,’ as well as further customise their preferences to e.g. specifically ‘Women’ and ‘Non-binary’ instead of simply ‘Everyone.’

The ease with which this added gender category functions on Hinge hollows out any functional excuse for Tinder and Bumble's lack of gender options. However, tacking the ‘Non-binary’ gender category onto the existing structure of these apps fails to consider that, perhaps, many of the issues that LGBTQIA+ people have with these dating apps are because their

algorithms centre almost entirely around gender.

Firstly, it still positions gender identity as the most important part of attraction, no matter how many genders they add, failing to acknowledge that attraction is complex and multifaceted and that for many of us, someone's gender label is far less important than other aspects of their being. Secondly, it produces a strict and categorical way of looking at the genders of others I would argue doesn't reflect the messy, nuanced way we perceive gender and fall for each other in lived reality.

The algorithmic exclusion of non-binary people from dating apps provides us with an opportunity to imagine what dating apps actually made with LGBTQIA+ people in mind could look like. What if we had a dating app that was focussed on the complexity of attraction and considered our many facets as people? What if gender wasn't even part of the algorithm? What new kinds of connections would that app make possible? What norms of gender would that perpetuate? What world would it be actively shaping into being? Is that not the world many of us – and not just LGBTQIA+ people – want?

Alas, until that app exists, I'll stick to yearning in the real world.

Psychometric personality testing – a clever fad and rife for algorithmic discrimination

KHANH TRAN

Algorithmic bias can be harder to detect than human bias.

Scanning an advert on USyd's CareerHub or the vacancy of a corporate firm or startup, one repeats a gamut of overly familiar procedures – filing a resume, cover letter, seeking references and at times, encountering a personality test. Be it Myers-Briggs, HEXACO, or DISC (dominance, influence, steadiness, and conscientiousness), these tests increasingly act as substitutes for horoscopes and astrology for the office. Whilst reliance on these tests may provide harmless humour, they might just be less useful than expected and at worst, discriminates against the disadvantaged.

Having emerged since the advent of the Myers-Briggs Type Indicator (MBTI), which is based on Carl Jung's psychological theory, personality testing today represents an industry worth approximately \$500 million in the United States alone. According to Merve Emre's *The Personality Brokers: The strange history of Myers-Briggs and the Birth of Personality Testing*, the metric evolved from Katharine and Isabel Briggs' obsessions with Jung's psychological orientation theory (whilst wholly lacking in any formal psychological or psychiatric training). With an estimated 90% of Fortune 100 companies, including Atlassian, using the MBTI either in hiring or teambuilding, psychometric personality testing is in vogue.

Earlier in the year, during a professional training session, I sat down alongside my team to undergo Gallup's CliftonStrengths (yes, the same Gallup that conducts opinion polls) test. Presenting a nearly exhaustive and timed round of about 100 questions, the test produces a report designed to

surgically disseminate our capabilities – as the firm claims – across four domains: executing, influencing, relationship building, and strategic thinking.

Upon receiving our results, many were awestruck, starting a chain reaction whereby reports were circulated between each other and ultimately, presented to our head manager. Prior to this, we were relegated to piecemeal information about one another; now, it seemed that we have a scientific profile of the entire cohort at our disposal. Six months on, some of us hold that report almost as a dogmatic statement of our working personality.

Gallup claims that this test is used by more than 26 million users. Clearly, the corporate world is enamored with the tests' seeming ability to streamline costs associated with longer, primarily interview-based recruitment blueprints.

Yet I remain convinced otherwise.

The first flaw of psychometric personality testing is their tendency towards binary categories as opposed to a holistic assessment involving genuine conversations. Many personality tests rely upon computerised algorithms in order to process and predict a profile for applicants. Applicants fill out a timed/untimed online questionnaire, match or select preferred images which artificial intelligence then compile together to generate a tailored profile for hiring managers' viewing. Regardless of how algorithm developers spin their product, the outcome is a standardised profile that may ironically end up narrowing rather than diversifying the personality range of applicants because they are typically used as a preliminary filter to determine suitability for interviewing. Thus, a process that heavily weigh human-conducted review (ie. managers actively reading through applications) to determine interview potential, despite our unconscious biases,

remain crucial in assessing talent than allowing an algorithm to influence first impressions of applicants.

Others condemn tests like the MBTI as pseudoscience. Indeed, the MBTI Foundation itself warns against utilising the test as a hiring metric.

“Organizations that wrongly use the MBTI assessment for hiring decisions are confusing preference with skill and are doing themselves a disservice in their hiring process,” the Foundation says. “It is unethical, and in many cases, illegal, to require job applicants to take the Indicator if the result will be used to screen out applicants.”

Another potentially major flaw of personality testing is its ability to discriminate against disabilities. The Disability Discrimination Act 1992 (or the DDA) has express prohibitions on hiring procedures that discrimination on the grounds of disability. The most pertinent area of concern with regards to increasingly complex psychometric testing is the rich potential for indirect disability discrimination to occur.

For example, some such as HireVue employ live video review technologies whereby applicants' facial expression and eye contact, among other nonverbal cues, are assessed for organisational fit. Yet technologies like this fail to accommodate for communication preferences of a variety of disabilities. Autistic applicants, for instance, may not display the same set of nonverbal traits associated with enthusiasm or sales charisma even though the same person may be an exceptional fit for the job. As a consequence, before any interview, that candidate may be unfairly screened out by an ableist algorithm.

All of this before one even considers the nuances of intersecting marginalised or minority identities including culture, socio-economic background among other

characteristics.

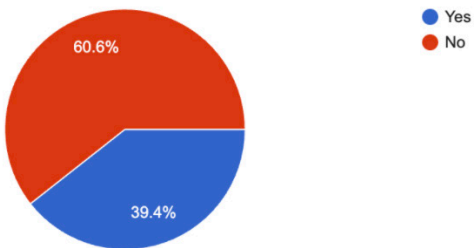
According to a report by the Washington-based Center for Democracy & Technology, algorithms employed in psychometric personality testing tools can reinforce ableist presuppositions, resulting in disadvantages particularly to people with visual or psychosocial disabilities.

“Because algorithms learn by identifying patterns and replicating them, algorithm-driven tools can reinforce existing inequalities in our society,” the report explained. “Algorithmic bias can also be harder to detect than human bias, because many people think of technology as ‘neutral.’”

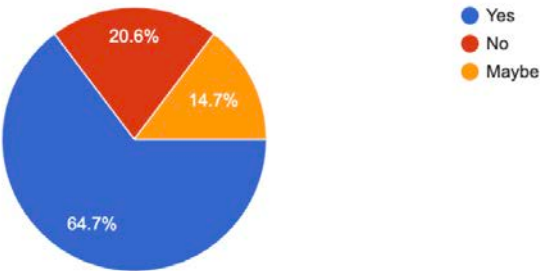
The remedy to accommodate much of these shortcomings lie in the classic face-to-face or where needed, live video interview, a written sample or an oral test. Although more expensive and at unease with the capitalist instinct towards hyper-efficiency, the conversations exchanged during an interview would benefit everyone beyond refraining from disability discrimination. Nonverbal or written information, unfiltered by an impersonal machine, offers better insight into a person because they are the foundation of a good future working relationship. No artificial intelligence filter, after all, will replace real-life conflict management or tactful negotiation necessary in just about any career.

The determination of highly contested and subjective characteristics like emotional stability, impulsivity, introversion/extroversion among others should be conducted through tried-and-tested interviews rather than a simple psychometric personality test. To persist would risk slipping through highly qualified individuals and at worst, perpetuating ableist and socio-economic inequalities that plague an already strained capitalism.

Do you feel heard by students currently in positions of leadership? This could be your society executives, SRC councillors, USU Board Directors, etc.



Do you think campus activism/student politics makes a difference to student life?



Results from the survey of STEM students.

Magic and McCarthyism:

The forgotten history of campus film societies

In this feature written during the week of the Sydney Film Festival, Honi Soit spoke to former members of campus film societies to discover the pivotal role of students in championing film as a serious art form, amidst a Cold War context that cast suspicion on the film society movement as a communist threat.

CLAIRE OLLIVAIN

There is nothing quite like the collective experience of watching a film in a dark theatre with hundreds of strangers: witnessing cantankerous walk-outs; the belly laughter of the person in the front row; an entire room jumping in their seats and holding their breath at the same moments. There aren't many settings in our fast-paced world of commercial content that demand our undivided attention in the way that a good film does.

For the past two years of lockdowns, the Sydney Film Festival has been sorely missed by many annual festival goers. It's good to finally be back at the State Theatre. On Friday, after watching a perplexing screening of *Memoria* and entering the art deco foyer, I found my friends already in disagreement about the film. Some fell asleep out of boredom, others were entranced by the sound design, but most of us just wanted to go to Sweeney's Hotel for a drink. Thus has been the tradition for festival goers who are regulars at Sydney University Film Society (FilmSoc) during my time at uni.

Unlike other realms of student culture such as the SRC and SUDS where there are well-recorded and oft-told histories of generations past, the history of campus film societies is largely unwritten, scattered across the memories of the people who experienced it first-hand. Beyond a few old screening lists donated to FilmSoc, I had no understanding of the trailblazing history of film societies at our university until I began to research them. Hidden away in the Uni archives are two boxes of material on the defunct Sydney University Film Group (SUGF) and its rival Sydney University Film Society (SUFS). What I found in those boxes uncovered a history more wonderful and rich than I had ever anticipated.

Film as an art form

It was not until 1980 that Film Studies was taught in an academic context at USyd. For much of its history, film lacked recognition as an artform and students who were passionate about the study of film could not pursue it within their degrees. The formation of SUGF as an offshoot of the Visual Arts Society in 1947 fulfilled this intellectual niche; not only screening films but also holding lectures on their aesthetic, sociological and technical aspects, forming study and discussion groups, and publishing critical reviews and notes on all the films in a bulletin each term.

SUGF emerged at a time of immense political transformation: the Cold War was fast becoming front-and-centre of mind, and headlines like "FREE SPEECH DESPITE COMMUNISTS" were splashed on the cover of *Honi Soit*. At the first General Meeting, under the presidency of Chair of Moral and Political Philosophy A. K. Stout, it was decided that the Group's objective was: "To promote within the University the study of the film as an artform and as an educational medium, and to raise the critical standards of University film audiences." Stout's advocacy for the cause of film was buttressed by his respectability as an academic, possibly one of the first in Australia to champion film as a serious medium distinct from theatre and literature.

Core members of SUGF took their commitment to its tenets very seriously, though with a growing membership of students drawn by the free screenings, not everyone embraced it. In a 1956 meeting for example, a member

complained that films shown such as *Battleship Potemkin* "were not sufficiently entertaining," to which the President promptly read out the constitutional clause relating to the scholarly aims of the Group. It is difficult now to imagine such an attitude appearing as anything but pretentious. But in the late 50s, SUGF was one of the largest societies on campus, with a membership of around 800 or 900 at a time when total enrolments were in the 8000s or 9000s. It was a small world.

SUGF's mission of combatting the perception of film as entertainment by showing the University that it was the "greatest living artform of the 20th century" distinguished it from rivals, SUFS, which predated SUGF. Consisting primarily of Engineering students who mucked about with the projectors in the old Union Hall, SUFS showed fairly commercial Hollywood films on 35mm and were interested in the technical aspects of film more than its artistic potential. Meanwhile, the base of SUGF was the Wallace Theatre, which had 16mm projectors installed and was used for their

a testament to the power of students and graduates to self-determine their own learning, at virtually no fee, in lieu of a university course. In a 1959 *Honi Soit* article titled "The Art of Canned Entertainment", Geoffrey Atkin wrote that "film is treated as the cinderella of the art forms" at the university, and that "the study of film is left to the hands of voluntary workers who constitute the film society movement. It is to the credit of these people that such a keen interest is now taken in film appreciation."

A free-thinking student culture

Earlier this year, I spoke with one of the figures in the film society movement at Courtyard Cafe: historian Jim Masselos, who was involved in SUGF between 1957 and 1960 and was President of the SUGF committee. He reminisced about the excitement surrounding the marvels of cinema and the sense that everything was happening after the war, which had created a backlog of films: "I remember my first year coming up to uni, and the Film Group was just showing all these incredible movies ... They did a round of all the great cinema



View of the Union Theatre in 1960 before Footbridge was built. Courtesy of University Archives.

Friday evening screenings. For decades, *Honi Soit* editions included notices for on-campus film screenings from both societies; the SUGF ones marked by their curious logo of a rooster.

Amid concerns that a section of SUGF's audience was unwilling to engage with non-commercial cinema and failed to differentiate their mission from that of the SUFS, SUGF wrote a manifesto of sorts in a March 1957 Bulletin, entitled 'NOTES TOWARDS THE DEFINITION OF A FILM SOCIETY'. They stated their belief in "cinema as a serious means of communication and artistic expression, just as capable as the printed word," noting that their academic approach to film "does not necessarily exclude entertainment, but entertainment takes a decidedly secondary place." Henceforth, SUGF inaugurated a series of talks in order to encourage ordinary members to understand the society's sophisticated aims.

The intensity of the commitment displayed by the students organising these events is difficult to imagine today, where most students are busy juggling study with work, but it ultimately paid off, leaving an indelible mark on Australian film culture and criticism. The post-WWII upsurge in the film society movement across Australia was also

classics, and it just blew my mind as a young kid."

During Masselos' time in SUGF, everyone subscribed to British film magazine *Sight and Sound*, as well as *Cahiers du Cinéma* once the French New Wave rolled in. SUGF was anxious to get funding to bring people to Australia for talks, and invited British filmmaker and critic Paul Rotha to introduce a film in the old Union Hall. Masselos said "I remember I introduced him and I was tongue-tied, he was this incredibly important person." Interested in the educational potential of documentaries, SUGF was the beginning place for future documentary filmmakers and critics Judy Adamson, Ian Dunlop, Ian Klava and John Morris.

Before Masselos came onto the scene, the most significant thing SUGF did was rediscover and rescue the children's silent feature film: *The Kid Stakes*. Shot in Sydney in 1927, *The Kid Stakes* was a humorous film about the adventures of rival gangs of kids entering their pet goats in races. The committee of SUGF was determined to preserve it in its original condition and brilliantly reconstructed the print.

The most salient parts of my conversation

with Masselos were not only the picture he painted of an energetic film culture, but also the stories he told of student life more broadly. As one of the staff for *Honi Soit* in his first year, Masselos was surrounded by associates of the Sydney Push: Clive James and Bob Hughes both published poetry in the paper. Masselos told me that "those days were really quite extraordinary. You know, in the late 50s and 60s, there were lots of extremely brilliant people, in all sorts of ways there was a brilliance in creating things."

Masselos recounted receiving a scolding letter in *Honi* from now-famous art critic Bob Hughes over a critical review he wrote of Hughes' Dada art exhibition, which he said was slightly "Freudian." Also of interest was how Manning House was for women only then, and male students would go there for coffee but had to leave at noon: "If you didn't leave an attendant would turn up with a big bell to your ears until you got out."

Many SUGF members studied Philosophy "because it was a trendy subject to do and it was seen very much as the central discipline in the Arts," Masselos said. The Department was headed by controversial philosopher and free-thinker John Anderson, whose criticisms of Christianity and patriotism had a strong influence on the Push, and made him the target of attacks from State parliament and the media. The University Senate censured Anderson, creating A. K. Stout's position as Chair of Moral and Political Philosophy with the intent to counterweight Anderson's influence. Yet the two got along well, with Stout reportedly saying that "[Anderson] went on corrupting the youth just as much as before, and damn it all, he corrupted me too!"

Returning to Stout's connection to the SUGF, Masselos joked that "Stout was a short man and he couldn't see if he sat in the centre of the stalls, so he would always sit on the sides of the theatre ... [In Moral Philosophy] you'd be taught things like x is good but y is better, and with Stout the joke went: beer is good but Stout is better."

The birth of the Sydney Film Festival

From 1954 to 1968, the University of Sydney was home to the Sydney Film Festival. Now a major cultural event that attracts hundreds of thousands of attendees and international attention, few are aware that the festival only came into being because of the work of SUGF.

The Sydney Film Festival was not the first festival launched by SUGF. In 1949, it held one of the earliest film festivals in Australia, which ran over six nights at the university for free. Organised by Peter Hamilton, the vision for the festival was aligned with post-war liberal humanist values of international sympathy and understanding. A 1949 *Honi* article written to promote the festival titled 'FILMS... and on the house!' argued that film's unique feature "is that it transcends the barriers of class, creed, and nation ... It is because of this universality of appeal that the film can be such a force for understanding and the development of tolerance in the world." But it was the '40s, and the international sympathy represented by the festival extended only to France, Germany, Sweden, other English-speaking countries, and perhaps controversially, the USSR.

The humanist vision and organisational skills developed through the early SUGF festivals provided the foundations for the first Sydney Film Festival. A committee was created out of the Film Users' Association (FUA) — a body representing all the film societies in NSW

— which included Stout, filmmakers John Heyer and John Kingsford Smith, and Federation of Film Societies secretary David Donaldson, who became the first director of SFF. In our email correspondence, Donaldson credited Hamilton as a "multifaceted near-genius" for laying the groundwork for the festival and "modestly add[ed] that SUGF people, notably Ian McPherson but the whole crew, were the only film society people in Sydney with the energy and know-how to put on large events."

The daunting challenge of holding the first Sydney Film Festival out of the University necessitated collaboration between rivals: art-focused SUGF and technology-focused SUFS.

I spoke to a former member of SUFS, Peter Aplin, over email: "When SUGF decided to mount the first Sydney Film Festival, they naturally turned to us for technical support which we were very happy to provide. I joined the SFF committee to liaise and the whole thing became a joint venture." Admitting that there were disagreements as "some members of SUGF were a little contemptuous of the mere mechanics of showing movies while SUFS members were familiar with sourcing film, advertising and selling tickets," Aplin said that it was an astonishing achievement looking back. "The fact is, neither group could have succeeded alone."

Staging the festival at the University rather than at a commercial cinema minimised costs for the organisers and also allowed them to avoid the conservative influence of the Australian film censor. Screenings were held at the Wallace Theatre, the Union Hall, an annexe to the New Medical School, the Old Teacher's College and later at the Great Hall.

In the digital Living Archive of Sydney Film Festival are stories from attendees over the years, recollecting the joys of wandering through the University and stopping to chat about films. The programme was designed so that it was possible to see every film screened if festival goers followed the track properly, like a giant campus maze. As Ross Tzannes put it: "The idea of being able to picnic between the films and to be able to discuss films with other people in a pleasant setting like that created a much more relaxed atmosphere than the frenetic timetable that modern-day festivals seem to demand." On the other hand, Richard Keys recalled there being "a certain amount of chaos, as subscribers rushed from one venue to

the other between sessions," which will resonate with anyone on a tight schedule during this festival season. One festival goer travelled all the way into the University on an overnight steam train, enticed by the "promise of something other than Hollywood".

Despite the organisers' best efforts, the quality of the venues and projection was subpar, and the seating was almost unbearable, but they were prepared to suffer for their art. Brenda Saunders remembered "the trace of rotten-egg gas wafting over the raked seating in the science lecture room: Bunsen burners and tripods outlined against the grainy images of classics." Moreover, some imported film prints had no English writing, causing the projectionist to screen the reels for *Seven Samurai* out of order. They even dropped two reels out to shorten the film one night, worried that there'd be no transport for people to get home by the time it finished; though the missing scenes did not go unnoticed. Held in mid-June, the venues became chillingly cold in the evenings. Joan Saint recalled watching a film until three in the morning in a freezing Great Hall: "We decided it was a waste of time to go to bed, so we went up to the Cross and had breakfast. And then we came back at 9 o'clock to continue."

ASIO and the film society 'Red'

Coinciding with the dominance of anti-communist political sentiments in the Cold War, the development of small film societies across the country aroused security concerns in the Australian Security Intelligence Organisation (ASIO). The subversive potential of alternative cinema in particular, which countered the capitalist ideology of Hollywood industry, was perceived as being associated with left-wing movements. ASIO was concerned that these non-commercial film societies and festival committees were being infiltrated by members of the Communist Party of Australia (CPA), and that the screening of Soviet films wasn't just for artistic appreciation, but as a tool of propaganda.

Anti-communist fervour emerged not only from external government agencies, but internally in the film society movement. This was demonstrant in Neil Gunther, secretary of the Film Users' Association, who wrote an article in 1951/2 called 'Goodbye Mr. Red' in which he advised film societies to expunge communist members. Steeped in the language of McCarthyist hysteria, Gunther wrote that "the film society 'Red' may be quickly recognised even though he doesn't wear his hammer and sickle on his sleeve ... He'll reel off yards of twaddle about Soviet film directors like Eisenstein and Pudovkin, and do his best to convince you that seeing films directed by them is a rich experience." Gunther believed that film society communists thrived through discussion groups and journals, which would make almost every intellectual in the movement suspect.

Commenting on Gunther's article, Donaldson remarked that "we laughed at the time but he was deadly serious," though credited him for being a great film worker. Years later, Gunther's political obsession would cause a major split in the Film Users' Association and irreparable fractures in the movement. Donaldson was in Canberra perusing 16mm film prints when he visited the secretary of the Canberra Film Centre, who had received a letter from Gunther "about the menace of communism in the film movement and a plea to defeat it in the upcoming AGM of the FUA." The SUGF minute book from 1954 relates what followed: the Film Users' Association was rushing through a new constitution to include a clause that nominations for positions on the council must be accompanied by a statutory declaration that the member is not a member of the Communist Party. At a Special General Meeting, SUGF passed a motion objecting to the draft proposal. The AGM of the FUA was heated: Sydney University delegates walked out publicly and seceded from the Association, with record of Donaldson mentioning the "iniquitous things" that had been said about SUGF in the

following meeting's minutes.

From 1954 to 1959, ASIO kept a dossier on the activities of SUGF which was opened to the public with exception in 2003. However, parts of it remain restricted because of concerns it could damage Australia's security interests and disclose the existence of a confidential source of information. This indicates that there were political informants within SUGF. The surveillance was possibly aroused due to the group's disapproval of the ban on communists in the FUA or their screening of Soviet classics, which security agencies feared would create a line of contact between Soviet diplomats and Australians.

In order to acquire 35mm and 16mm prints to show at the Sydney Film Festival, a contingent of organisers would board the train to the National Library in Canberra. On one occasion around 1953, in search of the legendary but inaccessible Sergei Eisenstein film *Ivan the Terrible*, Donaldson and McPherson daringly paid a visit to the Soviet Embassy. There they met the arts officer, Vladimir Mikhailovitch Petrov, who apparently knew nothing of Eisenstein and was useless, but soon afterwards became a household name for defecting from communism and gathering information for ASIO on Soviet espionage operating out of the Embassy. Donaldson told me he guessed that his visit to Canberra would have been noted by ASIO. Later, following the FUA split, SUGF finally obtained a 16mm print of *Ivan the Terrible* from London that had "slipped away from Stalin's grasp" and showed the film that everyone had read about but never seen. "I now realise what a dreadful print it probably was but my god it was a blinding experience," Donaldson said. "Great days, but that would have confirmed Neil Gunther's (and I dare say ASIO's) fearmongering about the commo threat."

ASIO's interest in the Sydney Film Festival deepened in the 1960s, when cultural exchange with the Soviets resumed. Several individuals in the SFF committee had ASIO dossiers about them, and festival directors such as Ian Klava and David Stratton had some of their conversations recorded and put on ASIO's files. The effect this routine surveillance had on the work of left-wing filmmakers, particularly the minority who were actually communist, damaged the nascent film movement's resistance to the insularity of Australian culture.

Honi Soit has requested a copy of the ASIO dossier on SUGF, though unfortunately due to the impacts of the Canberra lockdown it will not arrive until after the publication of this article.

Radical cinema in the '70s

In the 1970s, the political cinema of the French New Wave was all the rage, and SUGF played the first Sydney screenings of films that were rejected by cinemas for commercial reasons: Jean-Luc Godard's *Bande à Part*, Alain Resnais' *Je t'aime, Je t'aime*, Jacques Rivette's *La Religieuse*, and more. It also held programmes like 'Third World Cinema' in 1972 and 'Radical Theatre' in 1973, showcasing politically revolutionary films about workers' struggles, civil disobedience, and liberation from colonial violence. These series of alternative films appealed to a politically radicalised student body who were challenging authority and Australia's involvement in the Vietnam War.

Meanwhile, the long-time rivalry between SUGF and SUFS was imbued with a sense of youthful irreverence characteristic of the '70s. A SUFS document called 'NEWSPELL' from 1971 included a cartoon crest of a rooster atop some spools of film, parodying the SUGF logo. The document is far more jeering in tone than anything produced by SUGF, joking that the paper upon which it was printed "is easily dissolved in most sewerage systems if you feel that you are compelled to use it thus," and making insulting reference to "stiff competition from the cads of S.U. Film Group". It is clear which society took themselves more seriously.

In 1977, SUGF and SUFS reached an agreement to screen films in the Union Theatre



Ian Dunlop, Rosemary Ashley-Brown and David Donaldson outside Wesley College, 1951-52. Photographed by Garth Everson, SUGF committee member.

on a commercial basis in order to raise revenue for their activities, and combined as the SU Screenings Committee for a number of years.

Sadly however, the energetic spirit and organising flair of SUGF faltered after 32 years of activity and it ceased to exist. The final screening of SUGF was held on 29 October 1979, a double bill of the Italian film *Allonsanfan* and French film *Les Biches*, wrapping up the term three programme 'Anarchy 1933-77'. Bruce Hodsdon, who co-curated that final programme, told me there were no issues with the Group's financial position, but that they had trouble interesting a new generation of students to take over running the operation. Another society of film buffs formed, Hodsdon transferred all the finances to them, and the National Library of Australia made a payment for SUGF's film prints to be made available in their collection.

In my first semester of uni, sitting on patches of grass along Manning Rd with friends watching *Un Chien Andalou* between tutorials and exploring the DVD stacks in Fisher, I fell in love with film. Our friend group attended every FilmSoc screening we could, beginning with the fantastic *Dr Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*. I had not taken a strong interest in films before, but going to the contemporary FilmSoc and talking to people on the weekly pilgrimage to the Fodge afterwards opened my eyes to another world of art.

Now the only operative film society at the University, the current iteration of FilmSoc represents a halfway point between SUGF's legacy of screening art films with the unpretentiousness of the original SUFS. Thankfully, FilmSoc's golden rule is that no Quentin Tarantino films can make it onto the screening list (because everyone's already seen them). Instead, the unheard of and unorthodox are embraced: every Wednesday or Thursday evening screening promises to delightfully expose you to film movements you'd never heard of before.

The digital age has meant that there is no need for the society to build relationships with distributors to import film prints, and while this is more efficient, it is something of a loss. In the early days, as Masselos put it: "to run a Film Society, a lot of the work seemed to be in carrying rolls of film around and in distributing it."

Now, on Wednesday or Thursday afternoons you'll see FilmSoc members carrying boxes of pizza on their way to Old Geo or Heydon Laurence. A lot has changed over the years, but the magic of being a student sitting in a lecture theatre for a free film screening will never pass.

With thanks to Jim Masselos, David Donaldson, Peter Aplin, Bruce Hodsdon, Alan Cholodenko and the University Archives.



Artwork used in a notice for SUGF's 'Third world cinema' programme in a 1972 edition of *Honi Soit*.

Document cache uncovers sprawling USyd secret society: international links confirmed

SHANIA O'BRIEN, MARLOW HURST & ALICE TRENOWETH-CRESWELL
ART BY SHANIA O'BRIEN

Exposing a history of clandestine meetings, secret headquarters and shadowy influence.

Like all great stories, this one is owed to the pluckiness of a whistleblower and no small amount of creative liberty.

Recent documents reveal that a previously unknown secret society has been operating within the University of Sydney for almost two centuries.

Founded in 1858, the House of Thisbe has historically included high-profile Australian politicians and prominent University donors, international royalty who famously studied at the University, and a variety of local actors and comedians.

The private notes of former *Honi* editor O.L. Edwards, which were collated over decades of research, claim that the House of Thisbe was originally founded in the United Kingdom by proclaimed members of the Thisbe bloodline from the original Greek myth, who exist in some capacity, and operate within the University. While *Honi* believes the society operates across a number of universities including Oxford, Brown, and the Sorbonne, their precise extent is unknown.

Edwards passed away in August of this year, and left a manifesto of research and collection of witness statements to the current editors of the student newspaper in his will.

The House of Thisbe meet monthly for evening soirees which include extensive feasts, drinks spiked with small quantities of Golden Wattle known for its psychedelic properties, and extensive discussions of Jack Kerouac, Nietzsche, and the aegis of free-thinking. The House of Thisbe is obsessed with the concept of legacy. They spend their time carefully crafting the perfect story, to influence those around them to fit their narrative. As children of powerful people who are seemingly destined for great things, the society centers itself within the grander scheme of things. They are rumoured to be at the heart of campus life but not the spotlight — the archivists of societies, the shadow managers of student politics campaigns, the

secretaries of the Academic Board. They position themselves in roles which allow them to control how we remember the past rather than the direction of the future. Many students have reported archival documents disappearing from the online database without warning or notice. When they return, the documents often appear redacted and amended. This isn't just limited to the University archives though, as sources have reported similar instances at both a state and federal level.

However, *Honi* understands that the hierarchy within the society does not have distinct levels, branches or a centre of control; it is based primarily on trust and the reliance that being hidden from the public grants far more power than being known. That being said, it is believed that there exists an inner circle which, while usually comprised of the society's most powerful members, fulfills a mostly ceremonial role.

The House of Thisbe's headquarters

society was first established at USyd following Queen Victoria's royal charter in 1858 proclaiming the authenticity of the University's degrees. While the public version of this charter only includes this proclamation, a recently undiscovered addendum was uncovered in a cache of hidden university documents. This addendum established a branch of the House of Thisbe at the University of Sydney and appointed Henry Challis as their inaugural Grand Master. Challis left the University \$200,000 in 1890 following his death. While this money was officially left to the University, the total sum went to the House of Thisbe.

Challis' connection to the society was originally established by the ship he arrived in Australia on. Pyramus, a convict vessel on which Challis was aboard as a steerage passenger, arrived to Australian shores in 1829. Port records from Bristol show that Pyramus had a sister vessel called the Thisbe.

and contain handwritten notes that have been highlighted and scribbled over. Nevertheless, the society's bible calls for a space that is "elite" and "exclusive," but not "chauvinist;" and a "fortnightly meeting to be conducted on every second Sunday of the month in a location to be determined the day before by quorum."

It is believed that the society donated the original University mace, a sign of the unique agreement between the House of Thisbe and University governance. While *Honi* was not able to get access to the mace, second-hand accounts tell us that an inscription on the mace reads: ALIS GRAVE NIL, nothing is too heavy for those who have wings.

In 1914, after the outbreak of World War I, the House of Thisbe suffered a dividing schism after members sided with both the UK and Germany. Splitting the society in two, its members and their descendants would go on to cause a similar schism in USyd's philosophy department in the 1970s.

While the House of Thisbe isn't officially connected to the University anymore, certain officers of the University are thought to carry on the association. Speculated to have begun with one of the occupants of Baxter's Lodge, whoever resides or works within the lodge is tasked with the enforcement of Thisbe's traditions and their strict secrecy protocols. This explains much of the mystery surrounding Baxter's Lodge and the many gaps in its history of occupation, as the lodge most likely housed sensitive society documentation.

While it is unknown if Leslie Wilkinson, architect for the University of Sydney and later professor of architecture, was a member of the society, the axis he masterminded is most likely an extension of the House of Thisbe's grand plans. Occult twistronics, a less scientific interpretation of the study of angles and their influence on the electrical properties of two dimensional materials, is central to the philosophy of Thisbe's children. Most likely interlinked with the British conception of ley lines, this preoccupation with the power of angles and alignment has influenced the design of the University — and perhaps continues to this day.

Honi has not been able to speak with any current members of the society, and most of our sources are limited to fanatical theories and far-fetched fables turned gospel. For all we know these people occupy their days wandering the hallways beneath the Quadrangle, their faces bathed in the pink light of the lanterns that line the walls, plotting, scheming. While we can expose their clandestine behaviour, this article, perhaps like many before it, will be forgotten and suppressed. So if you manage to read this, don't forget what we've written — like all societies, it's about time the House of Thisbe had an AGM.

These same records show that the Thisbe departed for Sydney at the same time as the Pyramus, but its arrival was never recorded in Australia. *Honi Soit* believes that this ship carried precious cargo acquired in Oxford University. Oxford, home to a branch of the House of Thisbe, apparently contained artefacts significant to the society and with the establishment of each new branch an artefact is dispatched to its location. While the specific artefacts remain unknown, an anonymous source told *Honi* that certain artefacts were on display at the Nicholson Museum before it was shuttered and are currently cared for by a member of the society.

The society's vade mecum is bound in a full-grain leather book, and buried amongst the books underneath the Quadrangle. Several pages of the handbook were provided to *Honi* by O. L. Edwards' estate, though they appear to be photo-copied several times

Everything to see and do on the Northern Beaches B-Line

HARRY GAY
ART BY SHANIA O'BRIEN

Your guide for making a B-Line for the B1 this summer.

With Summer approaching, the Northern Beaches are sure to be a hotspot for tourists having a swim and inner westie students crawling out from the shadows to enjoy some much-needed sun. While there are many ways you can travel across the great coat hanger in the harbour — by ferry, car, or bike — the most efficient and infamous is the B-Line. Introduced in 2017, the B-Line is effectively a train service, with frequent buses at regular times, running round the clock to dedicated stops and always remaining reliable at the earliest or latest of hours. The B-Line is the Beaches' connective tissue to the rest of Sydney.

With 1276 people out of 38,653 attending USyd, and only 7 receiving *Honi Soit* in the mail, I presume the majority of people reading are not familiar with The Beaches or its famous bus route. So allow me to provide you with this helpful guide, and show you all there is to see and do on the Northern Beaches B-Line. For brevity's sake, I won't discuss every stop, rather the ones with the most history and intrigue. Don't forget to tap on!

Wynyard

Your journey begins at Wynyard, and when first boarding the B-Line there are a few basic rules of thumb to keep in mind as you clamber through the doors and rush to get a seat. These will be conveniently ordered as a series of DO's and DON'Ts.

DON'T: Cut in line. There is usually a long queue for the B1, and while at any stop it is rude to cut in line, it carries a particular sting for the B1 as the wait for the next bus is (at most) 10 minutes. Just be patient and don't be a dick.

DO: Sit on the top part of the bus. The difference between the top and bottom of the bus is night and day, and it is an unspoken rule that only plebs sit on the bottom. You may as well catch a regular bus if you are going to cuck yourself like this.

DO: Hold on to the railings walking up the stairs. Too many times has the bus started moving without my knowledge, causing me to fall over and incur many bodily injuries in the process. Only ignore if you're a daredevil, or have a death wish.

DO: Sit at the front seat on the top. Objectively the most fun you could ever have.

DON'T: Plug your charger into the USB port without checking for gum. Always fondle the port in case of sticky ooey-gooey dangers.

Once the B-Line is in action you will careen across the Harbour Bridge, and it is here that your B1 journey starts proper.

Neutral Bay Junction

The North Shore carries with it many delights, and once you hit your first stop, Neutral Bay, you can go off exploring. The Neutral Bay B-Line stop features an array of Op-shops nearby, with fancy pieces of clothing priced expensively. Alight from this stop if you have some cash to splash,

or would like to visit Luna Park.

Spit Junction

Following this is Spit Junction. This stop gives you easy access to Taronga Zoo, and it's soothing to peer out the windows at the area's mansions and manors. You can also visit the small micronation, the Principality of Wy, forged out of council disputes over the owner wanting to extend his driveway. Spit Junction is named for its connection to the Spit Bridge, which acts as the *split* between the Northern Beaches and the North Shore. Once you've crossed that bridge, you enter a new phase of your journey.

Manly Vale

Perhaps the most liminal stop on your journey, Manly Vale is a semi-industrial hellscape, with large buildings that stretch far and wide and distend down from the heavens. It is a purgatory-like space, a transitory stop between the ritz and glamour of the North Shore and the rundown surfy vibes of The Beaches. The wide streets and large architecture dwarfs the average visitor. On your visit, you can have a bite to eat at KFC, grab some drinks from Dan Murphy's, or fill your home with the many furniture and homeware stores that litter the streets — from Freedom, Bing Lee, Harvey Norman, Salvos and Snooze. It's amazing what a little bus trip can do. Besides that there is Manly Dam, which in keeping with the transitory nature of the suburb, is a place where adolescents enter into semi-adulthood. 15 year olds often host parties and taste their first sips of alcohol stolen from their parents' liquor cabinet.

Warringah Mall

Next up is the Warringah Mall bus stop, its neon blue outline acting as the pearly gates to the eponymous mall itself. Inside are many delights — from the Camera House that often gives out a free roll of 35mm film, to the food court which has one of Sydney's best Banh Mi restaurants. There's even a nearby Hoyts which has a large Batman sculpture that always fascinated me as a kid. Its lack of direct references to any adaptations thus far you can only wonder what it once promoted.

Located at this stop is a large private medical centre that nobody uses, one built by the Liberals in order to win seats in the area, closing a few public hospitals in the process. At the same time, they built a massive bridge to cross the road, despite there already being a convenient crosswalk. Upon the initial unveiling of the bridge, nobody used it. It was a ghost town on the bridge, with trash quickly piling up inside. Frustrated by this, large metal gates were placed at the crosswalk, preventing pedestrians from using it, despite the lights still switching as if people were there. This stop serves as an example of the M.O. of the Liberal Party: build stuff we don't need, in areas that don't need it, inconveniencing everyone and spending a whole lot of money in the process.

Dee Why

This stop is an exciting convergence or vector point for all people on The Beaches — arriving and departing, to and fro from Manly, Chatswood and wherever else. Youths often use it as a meeting spot

before converging somewhere else on a Friday or Saturday night. People of all sorts of backgrounds visit and mingle and live here, with the area boasting the highest Tibetan population in Australia of about 300 residents. There are many great local restaurants and friendly grocers to check out.

I can recall fights breaking out, robberies occurring on shop corners, high schoolers doing TikTok dances and eshays trying to act intimidating. Here you can find a gentrified shopping district with modern-looking shops, a glossy facade hiding the closed down businesses that line the streets. Drunken nights out often end at Guzman y Gomez or Kebab World located just up the road. I even recall one evening where I had to switch buses at Dee Why as a man was threatening people with a bomb, or even the time I was absconded by a man attempting to sell ice. In many ways, this is the capital of The Beaches, the furthest most people travel, and to be fair, there isn't too much else to see.

Collaroy

The closest stop to the actual beach, the Collaroy stop is nothing special, lacking the usual flair that a B-Line stop carries with it. The most exciting thing to see here is the patch of discoloration on a stone window sill that formed when someone left a Bubblegum Bill there years before. For a good chunk of time, I believed the wooden stick was immovable, but it suddenly disappeared. Now, all that's left is a permanent pink and brown stain adorning this shop.

Narrabeen

Home to Narrabeen Lake and a host of camping grounds, Narrabeen is similar to Dee Why in that many cursed encounters have been had here, mostly by delinquent youths causing a ruckus. One such incident occurred earlier this year, where an older man and a group of kids were threatening each other, getting the bus driver involved and holding up the B1. There is a nice small coffee shop built into the old wooden bus shelter, and on rainy days the covering provides much-needed space to relax. Nearby is the tram shed, a deceptive cafe that from the street looks like a cafe where you sit in a trolley car. In actual fact, the building just owns a tram and it is parked next to a rather boring looking restaurant. One wonders what the point is.

Warriewood

POV: You're sitting there nice and relaxed and you've reached this stop. You decided to get up out of your comfy, air-conditioned seat and get off. You step over the threshold and are greeted by... grass. And a toilet cubicle with graffiti on it. There's a shopping centre nearby that gives off eerie vibes inside, with no windows and constantly lit by artificial light. The residents had a conflict with Westfield years ago, as they had bought this shopping centre but had wanted to change the name from Warriewood Square to just a generic Westfield. After much fighting, moaning and yelling, the name and exterior of the building stayed the same, with only the inside resembling a Westfield. One can imagine the building like a hollowed-out carcass that has been re-used by this corporate behemoth. Other than that, this

area is home to the Warriewood Cinema, owned by the enigmatic Roy Mustaca, a high pitched Opera-singing Italian with fake gelled hair. The stories people have of Roy are in the hundreds, and he's a mini-celebrity amongst residents of The Beaches.

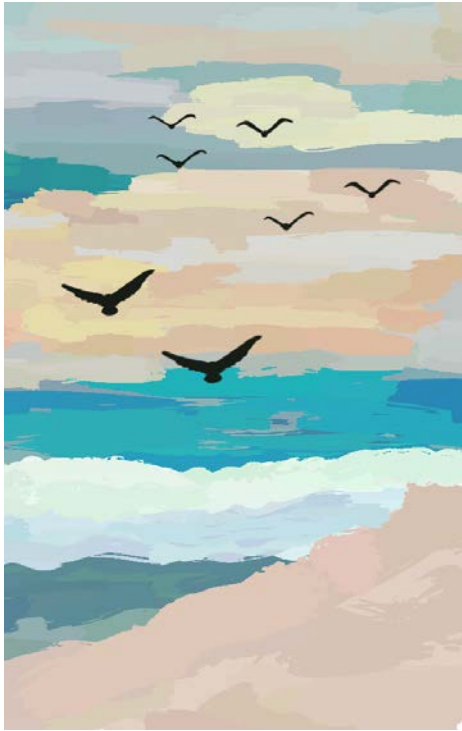
Mona Vale

This is the final stop on your journey, a small village-style area with lots of shops. You could spend a whole day here just going from business to business, exploring their wares. I used to work here, so I would always see the same residents walk around, and you get to know the familiar faces.

The B1 originally planned to go beyond this point, and head towards Newport, with the bus reaching a roundabout where it would make a 360 degree turn head back towards the city. However the plans were scrapped as the council wasn't willing to extend the road to accommodate the large size of the B-Line. Stickers promoting the Newport stop "coming soon" adorned the inside B1 windows but were taken down after a year. No plans to extend the trip to Avalon or Palm Beach seemed to exist, most likely due to the winding roads that lead to these suburbs pointing to potential disaster considering the height and size of the B1.

And thus ends the B-Line journey, at a slightly unremarkable but friendly stop. Mona Vale is like the retirement home of The Beaches, with old people walking its pavements and op shops littering its street corners. To journey further and enter the more exciting finale of The Beaches like Palm Beach with its lighthouse walk, one must catch the 199: an annoying route that stops at EVERY SINGLE BUS STOP. So strap yourself in for a long ride.

The B-Line has become a staple of the Northern Beaches. Living on Collaroy Plateau, I am privileged enough to get some heightened views of The Beaches from above. The large yellow buses travelling up and down the road provide a nice bit of comfort and add some colour to the area. At the same time, the B1 is always reliable, whether it's a night out or you're running late for work. While the stops themselves are interesting, the bus trip to and fro is an attraction in of itself.



“Like all great stories, this one is owed to the pluckiness of a whistleblower and no small amount of creative liberty.”

Schrodinger & The Golden Records

EZARA NORTON
ART BY BEN HINES

On interstellar probes, Twitter, and hypothetical audiences.

Humans are a curious breed. Fingertips outstretched in the name of progress, we constantly reach into the beyond seeking enlightenment and meaning, ear attuned to the whirring cosmos in hope of a reply. Perpetually waiting for such an answer, we are also a lonely breed. In 1977, NASA launched two interstellar probes, Voyager 1 and Voyager 2, to study our solar system and space beyond the heliosphere. Aboard each spacecraft is a golden record, a glimpse into the collective consciousness of humanity etched in gold-plated copper intended for an audience only hypothesised; with greetings in 55 languages, soundscapes of Earth, and a selection of music from around the world throughout the ages, they are a cry to some far-off intelligent life that we are (or were once) worthy of intrigue and

understanding. Interim, the face of humanity has changed. The widespread dispersion and omnipresence of smartphone technology, wifi, and social media has arguably made cyborgs of us all — these mediums allow entire relationships to be enacted through screens and a significant portion of ourselves stored in intangible spaces. Despite the reptilian coolness associated with technological augmentation, we use these mediums as windows into our humanity. When we talk of humanness, we talk of vulnerability — of ugly crying and snorting laughter and a base, inherent fallibility (indeed the ability to feel emotion is often the metric of consciousness). Twitter's thread function in particular encourages live-microblogging our thoughts, and viral memes make relatable all the foolish and ugly emotions and experiences that might otherwise inspire shame. When we spill 280 characters as our thumbs fumble to keep up with our thoughts, we bare our very souls for the world to see. Only we don't. The allure of 'oversharing on main' is of intimate and confessional stream-of-

consciousness monologue without the intimidating and confrontational nature of tête-à-tête conversation, lacking the pressure of an immediate response or the rawness of being seen vulnerable. To be seen is to be perceived and to risk being perceived incorrectly, and so we circumvent this heartbreak by affording ourselves the luxury of unburdening not without perception, but without knowledge of being perceived. Unlike read receipts on other text-based apps, tweets can be seen without being interacted with; they may be buried in the timeline or skimmed over for other offerings by the sheer volume of output, and public replies don't encourage reciprocal conversation. The tweet is both seen and unseen, the audience entirely hypothetical. And yet, to be seen is to chance being understood, to not feel loneliness settle in the distance between the atoms of your being like mould. When our words exist in purgatory between presentation and interpretation, we are both free of our thoughts yet imprisoned by a vacuum of isolation. The comfort found in authentic relationships is undermined when communication is no longer reciprocal and



the accountability of proactive response shifted entirely from the seeker to the sought. But a grotesque glimmer hopes: perhaps, *someone* will see. Perhaps, such a person may understand. Perhaps, such a person will reach out and give us the answer we crave. There is nothing simultaneously more comforting and confronting than yelling into the void when the void can only stare back with marked indifference. We are both seen and unseen, heard and unheard. Our message in a bottle is simply out in the ether, a soul distilled in ones and zeros for a hypothetical audience like a golden record drifting through space, yearning to be played.

Discordianism, a religion for the esoteric

JAMES WILEY

Throwing a golden apple into religious discourse.

The Principia Discordia occurred to me in a recurring dream of mine called life. Discovered after sifting through countless scrolls of the internet, I was immediately grabbed by the opening sentences of its introduction: “If organized religion is the opium of the masses, then disorganized religion is the marijuana of the lunatic fringe. Most disorganized of all religions, Discordianism alone understands that organization is the work of the Devil.” (stronger phrase?) When I first saw these words, I was carelessly ripped out of my recurring dream and found myself transported into the realm of reality — awaking from a dream which I didn't even know that I was having. Unfortunately, I wasn't too impressed with reality (as it wasn't how I had imagined it), and decided to go back to bed, vowing to never wake up again and keep reading this tome. Upon returning to my dream, what I found was that the Principia Discordia, a work of Malaclypse The Younger (pen name of Gregory Hill), extols the principles of the worlds most esoteric religion: Discordianism. Describing Discordianism is like dissecting a frog, a process of gay and gleeful pleasure until someone points out that all you've done is chuck a bunch of frog organs around the room, inevitably ruining the fun you were just having. However, like any good disciple I shall endeavour to deliver the word of Discordianism in spite of this metaphor in the most pretentious and dogmatic manner that I can so as to appeal to the lowest common denominator, who is currently reading this right now, a parasite. *** “Eris Discordia will solve all your problems and She will expect you in return

to solve all Her problems. In these very pages you will learn about converting infidels. Later on, you will be taught how to annoy heretics. You will also be required to resolve Zen-like riddles, such as: If Jesus was Jewish, then why did he have a Puerto Rican name?” — Malaclypse the Younger, Principia Discordia. *** Discordianism was founded in 1959 by Greg Hill and Kerry Thornley when they both had a revelatory vision in a Southern Californian bowling alley (this is why bowling alleys are sacred in Discordianism). The vision was thus: There walked into the room a chimpanzee, shaggy and grey about the muzzle, yet upright in his full five feet, and poised with natural majesty. He carried a scroll and walked to the young men. “Gentlemen,” he said, “why does Pickering's Moon go about in reverse orbit? Gentlemen, there are nipples on your chests; do you give milk? And what, pray tell, Gentlemen, is to be done about Heisenberg's Law?” He paused. “SOMEBODY HAD TO PUT ALL OF THIS CONFUSION HERE!” And with that he revealed his scroll. It was a diagram, like a yin and yang with a pentagon on one side and an apple on the other. And then he exploded and the two lost consciousness. Whilst many sane individuals would be quick to declare this vision as complete and utter nonsense, Greg and Kerry were not so easily deterred. After a period of much research and meditation, they discovered that the ancient Goddess of chaos, known to the Greeks as ERIS, was the cause of this vision. From this, Discordianism was created in devotion to Eris: confusion, chaos, and all manners of disruption. *** Before I was a Discordian, I took life much too seriously. When you take life too seriously you start to wonder what the point of it all is. When you wonder what the point is in life, you fall into a trap of

thinking there is one. When you think there is a point, you finally realize there is no point. And what point is there in living like that? Nowadays I skip the search for a point and find, instead, the punch lines — Malaclypse the Younger, Principia Discordia *** With the parable over, and your minds converted, I could now go on forever about the many rules of Discordianism and how followers of Discordianism should not be expected to uphold any of them at any particular time, lest they give into the aneristic illusion (order, the creation of Aneris — Eris's sister), to make you understand the universal joke that is Discordianism. I could go on about the rule of fives — that all things happen in fives, or are divisible by or are multiples of five or are somehow directly or indirectly appropriate to 5 — or the five cycles (Thesis, antithesis, synthesis, parentheses, and paralysis); or even how everyone is already a member of Discordianism and that everyone is also a saint; or how the Goddess Eris resides within your Pineal Gland; Or the universal equation (0 = 2) — describing how existence is the unreal resultant (0) of the imaginary conflict of two (2) non-existent forces (order and disorder); but I don't think I will. Instead, put simply, Discordianism is about recognising that the inherit state of the universe is chaos and that what most other religions posit as the alleged 'order' of the universe is but an elaborate “debate over who to frame for creating reality.” By becoming a discordian (which you already are), the struggles, pain and sheer stupidity of the illusions of chaos and order that emerge from the human sensory system's poor interpolation of reality is transformed into one big joke. Put even more simply, Discordianism asks us to acknowledge chaos as the default existory mode of the universe so that one might recognise your own freedom from any imposed order on it, and from there do as you please with it. Arriving now at the end of my unfathomable sermon, we can now

reconsider what to do with this recurring dream (life) that I keep having. How are we reminded that we dream? The world appears blurred, irregular of coherence and devoid of logic — dreaming is marked not by its difference from reality, but rather a failure to adhere to a perceived consistent experience of it. But even then, even when we aren't dreaming, reality is still incredibly confusing and the more closely we look at our imposed order on it, the more we see Eris. In Discordianism, we are all called to use as little or as much of it as we like, we are called to live life intuitively and resolve the chaotic gaps that inevitably arise from any imposed order with a response more in common to Buddhism or Sufism than any given organised religion: enjoy the ride. In some strange way the Principia can be best conceived of as being entirely antithetical to another popular religious text: Jordan Peterson's 12 Rules for Life: An antidote to Chaos. Whereas Peterson proposes that Chaos is something to be confronted and fought against, Discordianism proposes the exact opposite thing in a much funnier way, thus making it superior in all aspects. Peterson does have one thing right however: Chaos is feminine, and her name is Eris. In conclusion, the Principia Discordia puts it best: “there is no conclusion. Things will go on as they always have, getting weirder all the time.” P.S: From the next Thursday after this current one, the editors of *Honi Soit* would like to make notice that they do not endorse the universes' entropy in any way and strongly oppose its views on climate change. Entropy, however, has been known to get quite touchy about this sort of thing, so it might be preferable to keep any reservations about it to yourself, lest you suddenly come down with an irreversible case of a long and prosperous life. P.P.S: Any incorrect information, misspellings, hiccups and fuck-ups are entirely both by design and misdesign. The Goddess Eris works in mysterious ways.

Is the West sleeping on naps?

ARIYANA HOSSAIN

On international conceptions of naps.

As the unrelenting heat of the summer bears down, a sense of mid-afternoon tiredness begins to set in. Your eyes are weary, brain is lagging and fatigue kicks in. Maybe another coffee will help? Perhaps a quick stretch? Or dare I suggest—a nap? Naps tend to be one of two things. Either they're short, rejuvenating periods of rest or they're long, unregulated slumbers that leave you losing all sense of time and feeling drowsier than you were to begin with. I'd wager that most students experience more of the latter. Nevertheless, naps aren't particularly valued as routine practice in Western lifestyles. American hustle culture encourages people to adhere to strict sleep schedules and diligently push through the day with whatever energy they can muster—perhaps compensating with a cup, or five, of coffee. The 'you snooze, you lose' mentality seems to pervade modern life. Granted, we have seen the occasional study into the benefits of 'segmented sleep', power naps, and even the occasional clickbait YouTube experiment asking: “Is Napping Good for You?.” Similarly, within the ongoing innovation of 'modern' workplaces like Google and Facebook (is it Meta now?), there appears to be an increasing trend of providing designated nap spaces for their contribution to employee productivity. I can almost confidently

state this is why most people want to work at Google — never mind the pay. Beyond the American or Australian context, naps are perceived quite differently in other areas of the world stretching from Spain to East Asia. In these regions, naps are held in high regard due to their rejuvenating capabilities and long-term health benefits. Rather than being a sporadic occurrence or infrequent fad, naps are deliberate and appreciated. Many are aware of the Spanish 'siesta', referring to the practice of taking a nap around the afternoon. In certain regions, activity on the streets grinds to a halt as people take the opportunity to rest indoors and public venues shutter in the interim. Not only does this practice divide the working day, but it also offers longer lunch breaks and respite from the summer heat. Weather, particularly the taxing nature of humidity, seems to be a common factor among cultures that have historically valued the midday nap. I'm personally familiar with the South Asian context whereby the sweltering heat of the sun—mitigated by the blasting chill of the A/C—lends itself to the practice of a midday nap amongst elders and children. Adults tend to be busier with work, but if you need a nap, it's not looked down upon. Even rickshaw pullers, trudging through narrow alleys and crowded streets, take moments to nap between customers. Naturally this complements the tendency amongst Asian cities to stay up later and close business after sunset hours—starkly contrasting the Australian context where virtually

nothing stays open past 5PM. It is worth noting that the Spanish siesta has become increasingly rare over time. Due to urbanisation and the eminence of modern workplace culture, many adults simply cannot accommodate the tradition. In 2017, the BBC reported that nearly 60% of Spaniards “never have a siesta,” and approximately 18% partake in the custom occasionally. In light of increasing joblessness and precarious employment, recent trends indicate that many Spaniards spend longer hours at work than some of their European counterparts. Interestingly, according to *Babbel Magazine*, there is reason to believe that the 'siesta stereotype' can be partly attributed to mid-1900's propaganda under the Franco regime that sought to popularise Spain in the eyes of tourists. Despite divergent customs around naps across the globe, it seems that nap culture has become increasingly difficult to reconcile with the demands of modern-day capitalism. Perhaps Japanese inemuri culture can counter this. Roughly meaning “being present while asleep”, the practice of inemuri is perceived as a marker of diligence — of restoring one's energy so that they may be fully present for work and other activities. Contrary to other customs, short naps can occur at relatively any time or place — whether it's your workbench, the subway or school. Simply put, you rest so that you can function better in everyday life. As the world gets less and less sleep, it almost seems odd that naps aren't considered the answer. Recent studies

indicate that around 40% of Australians struggle to achieve a standard 7-9 hours of sleep, while 59.4% experience frequent difficulty in falling asleep. The ramifications of this are not only mental, affecting cognitive ability and attention; but also physical, with direct implications for cardiovascular health. As expressed by Dr Brigitte Steger, “seemingly natural events” like sleep “reveal essential structures and values of a society.” Conversations on nap culture prompt a deeper discussion of ideas around productivity in the modern age. So long as choices can be justified as productive, they merit a positive connotation. See hustle culture: 'Napping to power through 6 hours of lectures? Good for you!.' Whether they're naps or hobbies undertaken for leisure, if they're not justifiable towards some productive goal, the positive connotation is lost and there's added guilt. Perhaps it's time to decouple the association of naps with laziness. Although the custom of inemuri demonstrates that naps can be justified for efficiency, it's worth considering how much we value them when they're compensating for severe fatigue or overtime. Whether it's the practice of the midday nap or napping when tired, the act of rest should be guilt-free. To rest is ultimately innate to being human and living a fulfilling life, and we should feel comfortable prioritising our health and body for its own sake. Note: The author of this piece took a nap while writing this

way we market ourselves. On numerous occasions, I have imagined what my social media profile would look like if I became a 'Bookstagrammer' — what books I would advertise as my favourites, and the reviews I would give to the new literary fictions. As Marian Bull uncovers in her 2021 Vox article *The Complicated Reality of Doing What You Love*, “after industrialization bifurcated life into the realms of work and leisure, hobbies appeared as something 'productive' for workers to do with their newly minted chunks of free time.” I often think that I read to understand the world, but perhaps I read so the world can understand me. By engaging in the newest bestseller that vicariously unpacks the mind of eccentric and idiosyncratic characters, I reflect upon myself in relation to this new avatar of human personality. I want to say things about this book, like “I loved its use of epistolary form” (as I do for Ocean Vuong's *On Earth We're Briefly Gorgeous*) or “it inverted the homewrecker trope so skillfully” (Raven Lelani's *Luster*), but most of all, I want the book to say something about me. And I want an audience to shape a caricature of me by the books I read and review. But, as Bull notes, monetizing hobbies “risks turning [them] into even more of an illusion, a mirage of leisure that quickly turns to

Staying true to your self

ZOE COLES

On literary self-indulgence.

People love to see themselves categorised — whether it be the neat boxes of an Instagram grid, the four-letter acronyms of the Myers-Briggs personality test, or the self-gratifying dot points listed under your Zodiac sign; we love to see ourselves oversimplified so that knowing ourselves doesn't seem like such an elusive task. Recently, this approach has wriggled its way into the reading community, called 'Bookstagram' or 'BookTok,' depending on what platform you engage most with. The categorizing of books is nothing new — the very notion of 'genres' has leaned itself to much cultural classification, but now we see people categorize themselves into these genres. I say people, rather than readers, because an underlying trope of these factions is a superiority complex that treats books as cultural capital. Depending on what cultural capital one wishes to spend, different books can be read, photographed, and discussed. For example, I am very much a part of the 'sad girl book club,' reigned over by the likes of Sally Rooney, Ottessa Moshfegh, and Donna Tartt reign. I boast that I've read the top 10 books on Goodreads'

Women vs The Void: female protagonists contemplating the banality of existence list, and I frequently show my partner TikTok hauls of 'hot girl books' that also adorn my shelves. There is nothing sinister about recommending books, of course. Goodreads, which enjoys 90 million members, is built entirely off this premise. However, as Kat Smith wrote in *The Guardian*, “quantifying, dissecting and broadcasting our most-loved hobbies sucks the joy out of them.” This broadcasting has become commodified, led by reading influencers such as Jack Edwards who sports over 700,000 Youtube subscribers. “In the age of sharing via social media, the private act of reading has become public and performative,” writes Elizabeth Bennet in her 2018 essay *When Did Reading Books Become So Competitive?*, and what better reason to perform than to gain access to a group where buying and reading books allows one to belong? Of course, some complications do arise. Using literature to curate one's personal brand in the same fashion we use “designer bags,” as Bennet writes, fundamentally changes the deeply personal act of reading. In a world where we boast our sleeping habits, it's not surprising that reading has become part of consumerist culture and the

obligation.” If I am obliged to tell this audience what I think, then how can I formulate thinking without the image of circular profile pictures and heart reacts? Who am I thinking for? Being able to negate this is what Bull calls the 'dream': “unfettered commitment to externalizing our innards without concern for any gaze but our own.” And as much as I yearned to be a popular book influencer who received Sally Rooney's new *Beautiful World, Where Are You?* before its publication, I think I would rather keep this dream alive. If I am what I read, then I am that 'girl v the void' list on Goodreads. I am filling that void with books, lending a few out, but ultimately keeping the lines that I underline a secret so that the reason I fell in love with reading — namely the beauty of language — will speak to me in a way I cannot speak to others. I dog-ear my pages and scribble all over my books because they are mine. As Rooney writes in her new book, “the novel works by suppressing the truth of the world — packing it tightly down underneath the glittering surface of the text.” When viewing the world in miniature, I do not want to shrink with it.

CHAPPELLE, THE CLOSER, AND THE CONSERVATIVE COMEDY CHEATCODE

MATTHEW FORBES

Right-wing talking points are a lazy way for comics to get attention.

CW: *Transphobic remarks*

On October 5th, comedian Dave Chappelle released *The Closer*, the final installment in a series of standup specials he performed for Netflix. As is unfortunately customary for Chappelle at this point, widespread controversy has been stirred over remarks he made throughout the special – specifically those that involved the trans community.

“I’m Team TERF,” Chappelle proclaims towards the final leg of the special, before going on to state, “Gender is a fact... Every human being in this room, every human being on earth, had to pass through the legs of a woman to be on earth.”

These comments, as well as the criticisms that activists and fellow entertainers have lodged against them, have been at the forefront of media attention. It’s subsequently been the sole mission of diehard Chappelle fans and free speech warriors everywhere to stick up for the poor, defenseless comedian, with carefully considered and mind-changing rebuttals such as “stop being sensitive” and “it’s just a joke”.

“Just a joke” is key here. It suggests that Chappelle’s critics have just simply failed to consider that he’s a comic with a raw, vulgar and often inflammatory sense of humour. This is simply untrue – his critics have considered this, and have come to the conclusion that the jokes just simply aren’t funny.

The Closer received a negative reception, as well as Chappelle’s previous special, *Sticks and Stones*. But this was not at all ignorant of the fact that many of

his offensive remarks were intended to be humorous. The overwhelming consensus amongst his detractors isn’t that he’s a bigot; rather, it’s that he’s a shadow of his former self, relying on cheap, formulaic punchlines and the kind of shock humour that reeks of someone desperately clinging to relevancy.

Reading these critiques, I was reminded of a video made by one of my favorite comedians, Paul F. Tompkins, in 2016 titled ‘Political Correctness Doesn’t Censor Comedy, It Keeps Comedy Fresh’. In it he states, “In most cases, audiences are not telling [comedians] ‘You can’t joke about this’. What they’re saying is ‘That wasn’t funny’. And that’s a different thing.”

But those kinds of criticisms aren’t important, because *clearly* anyone who doesn’t like the special is a woke snowflake who got their feelings hurt.

This sentiment seems to run rampant every time a comedian is criticised for this kind of ‘edgy’ humour. It’s an ironic phenomenon, given how the right claims that they can’t criticise women, the LGBT community or other minorities without being called a bigot of some kind. Any valid or even constructive criticism that could be made about an edgy comedian’s jokes is cast aside in an effort to chalk up all disapproval to people getting ‘offended’. This is the Conservative Comedy Cheatcode.

To clarify, ‘conservatism’ is used in this sense as a catcher and more alliteration-friendly stand-in for ‘socially regressive’ in some cases, and ‘bigotry’ in others. By no means am I attempting to argue that Chappelle or many of the other comedians that utilise this kind of humour are genuinely conservatives (the moving ‘8:46’ is proof that Chappelle still won’t be on Fox News any time soon). But right wing-talking points, like constant complaints about ‘cancel culture’ and unflinching

belittlement and vilification of the trans community, have been the cornerstone of his recent material. Regardless of what pundits tell you, there’s a lucrative market for anti-left comedy. As long as the jokes make fun of the right people and steer clear of ‘political correctness’, their actual quality couldn’t matter less to right-wingers. This has very much worked in Chappelle’s favour, as *The Closer* has some of his weakest and most surface-level material yet.

Many of his jokes at the expense of trans people boil down to the same genitalia-based humour that a teenage boy might write in a toilet cubicle. His pronouns-related quips are similarly juvenile and predictable (“People use ‘they’ as their pronoun, but that’s a plural! They’re just one person! Get it? What’s the deal with transgenders?”). Elsewhere, he espouses similarly dime-a-dozen stereotypes about feminists and lesbians, makes an eye roll-worthy reference to paedophilia in the church, and even manages to sprinkle in a bit of anti-Asian racism when talking about his experience with COVID-19.

There were times where Chappelle’s special felt akin to the content of right-wing YouTubers like Steven Crowder, who hides behind the veneer of “comedy” to justify some truly horrendous comments and stunts. His success is one of the clearest examples of the Conservative Comedy Cheatcode – despite being involved in stand-up and the entertainment industry from an early age, he really only found success through being platformed by conservative media groups, and producing political discussion-based videos such as the infamous ‘Change My Mind’ series. Almost all of his standup material and the ‘comedy’ found on his YouTube channel entirely hinges upon lazy stereotypes of some sort. When he does attempt to validate that ‘comedian’ descriptor on his

Wikipedia page nowadays, it almost always involves a lazy stereotype of some sort.

Closer to home, Australian comedian Isaac Butterfield has built an entire career off of this ‘edgy’, Reddit-quality humour, as evidenced by the. If you watch his ‘Most Offensive Jokes’ compilations on his YouTube channel, you’ll be treated to a barrage of anti-SJW quips that your ‘edgy’ friend when you were 15 might have told you at recess, having read them on Reddit the previous night. It’s the epitome of lowest common denominator comedy, and yet he’s amassed a huge following on YouTube and continues to sell out stand-up shows. Despite his sincere assertion in one of his shows that “it’s hard in the comedy industry for a white guy”, Isaac has had an exceptionally easy rise to fame thanks to courting the anti-left, anti-PC crowd.

There’s the old adage that comedy should push boundaries. Comedy should make people uncomfortable. But conservatism and bigotry are the antithesis to ‘pushing boundaries’. Dave Chappelle, much like anyone utilising the Conservative Comedy Cheatcode, is not discomforting the comfortable – he’s taking cheap shots at a continuously attacked and oppressed community whilst re-affirming the worldview of a close-minded audience. He’s targeting the underdogs – a method of comedy that legendary comic George Carlin, whose free speech advocacy continues to be misinterpreted by people who will defend Chapelle to the grave, famously expressed disapproval of.

Conservatives providing support without question to any comic who gets criticised for telling careless, outdated jokes is, in essence, no different to their long history of attempting to censor genuinely challenging or provocative art. It’s actively spitting in the face of creative innovation and artistic progression.

Remembering Mills

AILISH RYAN

On the legacy of Charles W. Mills.

On the 20th of September, in Evanston, Illinois, Dr. Charles W. Mills died of cancer.

Mills was a towering intellect within the field of political philosophy, who pioneered the conceptualisation of race as found in Western political philosophy. He will be remembered as a critic of liberalism as it is so often conceived: a racist, colonialist project of misrepresenting the world in order to commit and sustain atrocities within it. But just as important, if not more so, was his unfinished project: attempting to articulate what liberalism should have been – a black, radical liberalism.

Mills’ academic writings are unflinching. On the philosophical journey to his conclusions, he is not the patient guide who waits for you to catch your breath or check your footing, he is half a kilometre ahead of you – a head-and-shoulders silhouette reminding you that you cannot slow down, you must keep moving. He is not here to congratulate you on your presence on the journey. He will not assuage your white intellectual guilt with “one of the good ones” sentiments.

His was an urgent and overdue undertaking in the 1990s (when he published his first book, *The Racial Contract*) and continued to personify the aspect of what he describes as “[his] historical formation as a Third World/Global South subject.”

Mills lived his philosophy before he learned it, unlike most academic philosophers of the 20th and 21st centuries. As a physics undergraduate, then natural sciences teacher in Kingston, Jamaica, he was politicised by the radical leftist politics that caught like wildfire through the Anglo-Caribbean in the 1970s. This context sowed in him the desire for a subject that provided “a big picture overview of what was really going on,” which brought him to philosophy, and to the University of Toronto for a Masters degree.

‘It’s like that great exchange in Casablanca between Humphrey Bogart and Claude Rains: “I came to Casablanca for the waters.” “The waters? What waters? We’re in a desert!” I was misinformed.’

Possibly the defining theory of Mills’ career was his epistemology of ignorance – an inverted epistemology in which white people, having cloaked themselves in the mantle of “knower,” “thinker,” “reasoner,”

systematically misperceive the world in order to justify the enactment or sustain the processes of “conquest, colonisation, and enslavement.” As a white person who has lived most of her life on stolen land, at times, I find Mills uncomfortable to read. But in many ways, this is how he should be. He details the role of white supremacy in the history of liberal philosophy and call out every “all men are created equal” herald the slavery apologist sentiment that it holds. For Mills, there was no text too sacred, no writer too well-intended, that they could exempt themselves from the charge of this cognitive failure. Thomas Jefferson, Immanuel Kant, Plato, even John Rawls, the defining liberal theorist of the 20th century, were all painstakingly scrutinised by Mills for their blindness to the material condition of race. To be a white thinker at ease in Mills is to fall asleep at the wheel.

It was heartening to find, then, when listening to interviews and lectures in preparation for this article, that Dr Mills was a good-humoured and magnanimous speaker. His move from physics to philosophy is unfailingly remarked upon by masters of ceremony and interviewers, to which he would respond with witty self-deprecations, such as the *Casablanca* reference above, or a remark that “the real reason [for the move] was that in physics

you have to do real experiments and they never came out the way [he] wanted so you constantly have to fudge them...the great virtue of philosophy is that you had to do thought experiments and you then have complete control of the outcome...the physics thing was a big mistake.” Having fashioned a sort of academic archnemesis out of the late John Rawls, he began his Tanner Lecture in 2020 by comparing his critique of Rawls to an infamous speech by Clint Eastwood, in which he ‘talks’ to an imaginary Barack Obama, addressing an empty chair on stage.

“John Rawls gave a lecture in this place some years ago, perhaps on occasion you might find – is there an empty chair around? ...You might find me turning around to address him from time to time.”

Mills was clearly a naturally charismatic person. But he also knew the utility of humour. It was this commanding presence and ability to disarm his predominantly white audience at philosophy events that makes him, and his arguments, all the more memorable.



Succession Season 3: Blood isn’t thicker than Moët

ALICE TRENOWETH-CRESWELL & TASIA KUZNICHENKO

On HBO’s first family.

The season premiere of *Succession* was the streaming event of the year. The 18th of October was locked into diaries of HBO viewers across the world, as seven Emmy wins in 2020 converted a slew of new viewers. Billboards covered buildings from Times Square to Tokyo. Busses sped through Sydney’s CBD with the Roy family looking as haughty as Carrie Bradshaw advertising her column in *The New York Star*. Murdoch media felt finally ready to lay their dirty laundry bare, albeit in an allegorical way.

The season picks up where the final episode left off. As Kendall Roy (Jeremy Strong), middle-son and former heir to the Waystar Conglomerate, realises he is being thrown to the wolves, he decides to expose his father. Just like Judas, he kisses Logan’s cheek before publicising the company’s sexual abuse and migrant mistreatment allegations to the press. Barely a few moments into the new season, we’re being shoved into a company town car, watching

a floundering Cousin Greg (Nicholas Braun) spiral in the backseat, as a manic Kendall has visions of grandeur – believing he is the new-age Messiah as he proclaims, “are you in for this fucking revolution?”

The show is created by *The Thick of It* writer Jesse Armstrong, and boasts the same vulgar vernacular the writer exhibited in *Peep Show*. It follows a family of conservative media magnates, riffing-off the internal dynamics of the Murdoch family in a power struggle so intense it rivals only *King Lear*. This self-aware Shakesperianism is what makes *Succession* so rich. Each character is constantly rising and falling, often at the same time. Inherently Gothic undertones stain Kendall’s tragic spiral into cocaine addiction, and Shiv’s crumbling relationship with her sycophantic husband, Tom Wambsgams, is as morbidly doomed as Heathcliff and Cathy in *Wuthering Heights*.

Admittedly intertextual, Season 2 was heavily influenced by Tolstoy’s *War and Peace*. Last month Jeremy Strong told *The Guardian* that F. Scott Fitzgerald’s 1936 essay *The Crack Up* plays a major role in shaping Kendall’s steady mental decline on screen. The concept of morality is flawed not only for the characters within the show, but also for you as viewer. Much like

Fitzgerald, who comes to loathe his world of fame and excess, ethical ambiguities in *Succession* frequent and numerous. The show doesn’t force you to choose sides. Your moral compass becomes polarised between Kendall’s grand desire to dismantle a festering, centralised media system and falling into Logan’s safe, beckoning arms of stability (surely he would give a damn good hug before he tells you to fuck off).

While HBO has done family dramas in the past, and obviously done them well (think *The Sopranos*, *Big Little Lies* and *White Lotus*), there has been nothing quite like the Roy sibling rivalry – so vitriolic that rivalry is putting it nicely. Sentimentalities are rare and betrayal is common, as each sibling plays their relationship strategically, trying to get closer to checkmate and the top-dog position. Time and time again, it comes back to Logan Roy playing his children off against each other. When it comes to the position of CEO, successor of the company, or even a semblance of attention from ‘daddy’, these siblings have fickle allegiances. And yet there is still something endearing about the foursome. They bond over disdain for their icy mother and show their love through their deprecating banter and a crass sense of humour.

Season 3 of *Succession* has cemented the show in the cultural consciousness like never before. The season boasts an all-star cast of new characters – Alexander Skarsgard plays the ultimate tech bro, Adrien Brody is an ever insufferable Elon Musk adjacent, and problematic podcaster Dasha Nekrasova takes a shot at saving Kendall Roy from a PR crisis. Once largely under the radar, the show now has a burgeoning following of Conheads/Roy Toys/Slime Puppies (it’s still undecided). They film everyday mundanities in refocused zooms on TikTok, and have sent in a stream of *DuMoix* tips that saw Nicholas Braun all grown up in his role as NYC’s newest sex symbol, imbued with Cousin Greg’s bumbling awkward demeanour and down-to-earth ‘normie-ness’.

It’s clear that the Roy family drama is just getting started. Last week, *Succession* was renewed for a fourth season. One which will likely be filled with the same flawless acting, destabilising black humour, quotable one-liners and, fingers crossed, sexual tension between Gerri and Roman. Just like Kendall’s kids, frittering away their time Rava’s apartment, anyone not yet watching the ‘best show on TV’ will simply be overlooked and forgotten about.

Review: The Dogs by John Hughes

STUART RICH

‘A life lived in perpetual ellipsis’.

CW: *Discussion of family trauma, war, suicide*

Familiar though his name may be to us, the storyteller in his living immediacy is by no means a present force. He has already become something remote from us and something that is getting even more distant.’ So writes Walter Benjamin in his essay on the Russian author Nikolai Leskov, recalling the words of his Frankfurt School contemporary Theodor Adorno, who observes from the rubble of the Second World War that ‘The recent past always presents itself as if destroyed by catastrophes’.

It’s a sentiment echoed also by Michael Shamanov, the narrator of Miles-Franklin-shortlisted author John Hughes’ new novel *The Dogs*, which begins with the confession that ‘It’s impossible to write about the living without thinking of them as already dead’. For Shamanov, the middle-aged son of a nonagenarian woman still living in the triple penumbrae of the Russian Revolution and the two World Wars, the past is both close and distant. What is more, locked up in the mind of a woman dying with dementia, it is being destroyed even as it is being revealed.

As the novel opens, Shamanov finds himself compelled out of guilt to return for the first time to the nursing home where, two years ago, he had ‘interred’ his mother ‘against her will because [he] did not have the courage for anything else’. He watches a nurse as she goes about the daily work of bathing, feeding, and changing her, and shudders at the sight of the body diminished and made ghastly with age:

The room, even in the lamplight, is dim. But shame is not easily disguised. Beneath the fabric of her nightdress I can feel only bone. The smell that lifts from her when she shifts in the bed is the vase water smell

of flowers long dead. The papery skin of her face their pressed petals.

There is already a ghostly quality to Anna Shamanov, a sense that she is defined less by her physical presence than by her absence – in the distance that naturally grows between her and her son, in the uncannily empty home she leaves behind, in the ghostly impressions she makes on her bedsheets and their dead-water smell. Like Roland Barthes, Shamanov pores obsessively over a childhood portrait of his mother, finding that the pressure of the past imbues it with a kind of uncanny, apocalyptic potency: ‘It is as if the photograph holds and then releases the world that is gone and the world that is to come.’ (For the German writer W. G. Sebald, photographs are like weirs, temporarily holding back the flow of the novel’s discourse, which is always rushing towards cataclysm). And yet, strangely, for Shamanov, the most compelling photograph of his mother is one that doesn’t seem to depict her at all:

“In it a great crowd of people is fleeing down a road that shines as darkly as snakeskin. ... I’ve searched endlessly over the years for my mother in this photograph. Why else did she give it to me? But whenever I seem to come upon her, like darkness in lamplight she slips away. The image does not belong to her, but she has crawled into it somehow like a hermit crab whose shell is not its own.”

What accounts for this silent, spectral existence, which is really an absence? Wittgenstein concludes his *Tractatus* with the famous declaration that ‘Wovon man nicht sprechen kann, darüber muss man schweigen’ (‘Whereof one cannot speak, thereof must one be silent’), forbidding discussion of philosophical and aesthetic matters on the grounds that they have no sensible basis in reality. But when one lives a spectral life, slipping in and out of photographs and slipping in and out of history, everything is unreal. Hence Shamanov’s reflection, when musing upon his cold, distant upbringing, that it

was as if, for his mother, ‘all language was an excess of language’. Here, then, is the central problem of the novel. How to make the unspeaking subject speak? What will be spoken? And what will come about when the past is finally given voice?

Through a series of recordings made during her rare moments of lucidity, Michael sets down the oral history of his mother’s life, ‘drawing out memories at the very moment her memory was falling apart’. Slowly, ‘shards’ of memory emerge, shattered remnants of a lost reality: ‘*Destrezza di Mano*, it was called. Before *Napoleon*. *Mama told me it was his*. *Told me ... what? Destrezza ... close to ...*’ The reader is spared from having to decode many more of these obscurely aphasic remarks by the astonishingly felicitous intervention of Michael’s unctuous son Leo, a Gold Coast real estate bro, who sheepishly hands over a shoebox containing the first key to the cipher of Anna Shamanov’s past: the letters exchanged between her parents during the infant throes of the First World War.

These letters form the core of the novel’s second part, tracing the thread of intergenerational trauma back to its origin in the transcontinental fallout of a romance between Prince Mikhail Orlov, of the former Russian aristocracy, and the renowned Italian opera singer Ravenna da Spesa. (The latter is also briefly involved with Prince Orlov’s own father, prompting one to speculate whether at some point there were plans to include a scene depicting the younger Orlov travelling to Vienna to undergo intensive analysis with Freud.)

In a frame narrative which contains some of the novel’s most evocative scenes, an older and more cynical Prince Orlov holes up in his mouldering Venetian palazzo during the Second World War and rereads his letters of twenty years previous, with the corpse of his recently-expired father still sitting in his study. While Orlov, one of history’s abjects, spends his days sighing for his lost love and taking tea with endless lozenges of apricot jam, his

estranged daughter – Michael’s mother – is serving as a military nurse with the Italian partisans, witnessing and participating in scenes of unspeakable horror. A memory that Shamanov reconstructs from his mother’s broken recollections of that period serves as a turning point in the narrative. She is standing up to her neck in swamp-water with thirty other partisans, holding a shrieking baby who, as the Germans draw closer, will not be quiet. It is somewhere around here that the meaning of the novel’s title becomes clear.

Shamanov is vexed and traumatised when his mother discloses this memory to him, but he was already a vexed and traumatised man. The novel had promised to attend to ‘the way family travelled through the flesh’, and it does so unflinchingly. Like variations on a theme, the doomed history of Prince Orlov’s affair with Ravenna da Spesa repeats itself in Anna’s joyless marriage (her husband died decades ago by suicide), in her son Michael’s divorce from his wife Sarah, and in the wistful liaison between Michael and his mother’s nurse, Catherine, which unfolds at length across the span of the novel.

Michael’s glaringly untreated neuroses – his fatalistic and unbearably ironical takes on everything from the Queensland Russian mafia to the political-economical complexities inherent in taking the moral high ground, and his eagerness to retreat into good old-fashioned intellectual obscurantism at the slightest hint of ego damage – make him a narrator with whom it is difficult to form anything approaching a traditional sympathetic bond, but this is part of the point. The novel ends where it began, with the mother on the bed who is not really there, but something has happened which cannot unhappen, and the memories are now being lost for good. This, too, is part of the point, for, as Elias Canetti remarks in the quotation that serves as the novel’s epigraph, ‘The story of a life is as secret as life itself. A life that can be explained is no life at all.’

On Not Writing for Honi

KIAN RIPPON

On feeling paralysed by possibility and romanticising writing.

It was 1:43 in the afternoon. I was only awake because the afternoon sun beat through that window of my apartment, and only that window. It got too hot, and I hadn't sorted out a blind yet. I'd been awake earlier that day, had taken my partner to the ferry in the morning, got a coffee and so on. But it was another one of those days. It was a Tuesday, a tutorial day, but I didn't know what week and at this stage I was afraid to even check what was due. I'd gradually been dividing the week between tutorial days and non-tutorial days, but my behaviour had rapidly become the same — I couldn't even bring myself to shamefacedly fall into the tutorial then at hand. I was out of bed at 10, then again

at 11:30, now it was 2 and it was too hot, but I hadn't moved.
My personal experience of apathy isn't like procrastination, it's worse. When procrastinating you're filling time with other things, things you like, things like photography or writing. Apathy, on the other hand, is filling your time thinking about what you should be doing or what you could be doing, becoming nauseous over the sheer looming amount of options, then becoming trapped — too nauseous to approach anything irrespective of how it once made you feel. So instead you lie there doing nothing, aided by lockdown, hooked up and staring into a bottomless digital IV of other people, doing things. I've had my mental health issues staring at me ominously from the rear-view mirror my entire adult life and I've always sought help, but this semester can only be described as a new level of debilitation.
As someone who enjoys writing you romanticise it away like Hemingway's

alcoholism or Hunter S. Thompson's drug-fuelled antics, but things like this have a tendency to slide beyond control — likely never to resurface as the kind of unique genius you consider these authors to be imbued with. Being offered an opportunity to write for Honi was going to bring this whole fantasy full circle. I couldn't wait to see ideas finally have a chance to become immortalised in print. However, when the time came, I couldn't write. I sat there, reflecting on why I was ever big-headed enough to consider myself able to write for Honi. I was not even able to figure out what to write about or where to start. Held hostage by crippling anxiety, self-criticism and the kind of hopelessness only recurring lockdowns could bring about, I stared at the blank Word document with a freshly ignited nihilistic worldview. When I couldn't write I decided I probably didn't want to, in a grandiose attempt at self-delusion. And when this was decided, I tried to return to photography or focus

on my assignments. But that nihilism spread, became procrastination and then complete apathy — giving fresh fuel to everything bad that came before it.
In the end, despite lofty aspirations of this semester being different, it got worse than I could ever have imagined. However, as much as these things have a tendency to slide beyond control, they also have a tendency to implode with the smallest upset. It's the final week of the semester, and the inspiration and motivation I finally found spilled over into all facets. Writing for Honi became an intoxicating incentive again, a reformed shadow of what it was thirteen weeks ago, and here I am turning in my first piece of the semester. How? Eventually I became so nauseated staring at a camera horizontally from across the room I picked it up and walked out. If it's all inherently meaningless anyway, I may as well take some photos, right?

FEDERAL ELECTION POLITICAL FELLOWSHIPS

Media Diversity Australia is calling for expressions of interest from young Australians under the age of 30, who are passionate about media, politics and diversity.

With the support of Google News Initiative, we have three fellowships worth \$15 000 each, that will take place during the federal election and will be Canberra-based.

Email your application to
simone@mediadiversityaustralia.org

Application details:
<https://www.mediadiversityaustralia.org/fellowship/>

Applications close
26th November 2021



an elegy for bloom

ARIANA HAGHIGHI

Signing off.

like a constellation of baby's breath
they sprouted underground
now whispers echo of hiraeth
as a new garden is crowned

a year of evergreen blossoming
of forget-me-nots and foxgloves
all four seasons prospering
farewelled by mourning dove

the flower family varied and vast
diversity birthing colour and fruit
her nectared layups unsurpassed
and stories of repute

juliette bloomed in pink peony petals
covering every leaf of literature found
alice wrapped markets and gardens in fables
her words, poppies that persist and abound

claire wrote with a passion as red as a rose
covering stories that must be voiced
deaundre rebelled with his prose
in exposing corporatisation, he rejoiced

like the orchid's strong elixir, jeffrey wrote
of his dearest places and food
of activist work, vivienne took note
honeysuckling on the multitude

sam's words bring happiness like daffodils
(unless you are from chile)
in platforming embassies and coups
heralding grace, like a violet, at will
marlow shone light on cows and their moos

sprouting investigative fruit, spores of news
max's banksia words endure under fire
she peacefully paints her favourite muses
and muses on books, whatever she chooses
her ornate turn of phrase is one that inspires
writing like a tranquil lily, she is shania

SAFE CAMPUS - SAFE WORKPLACES - SAFE PLACEMENTS

RALLY
AGAINST
SEXUAL VIOLENCE
ON CAMPUS

1PM WED 10 NOVEMBER
QUADRANGLE @ SYDNEY UNI

USYD'S SILENCE
PERPETUATES
VIOLENCE

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY WOMEN'S COLLECTIVE



THE STRUGGLES THAT MADE US

MUA DESIGN PRIZE

Win **\$5000** for your design
Create a poster or artwork that addresses or is inspired by the struggles, events or historical figures amongst Australian maritime workers.
www.mua.org.au/struggles-made-us-design-prize



Puzzles by Tournesol, CloudRunner and Ms Eel Kink

Bumper Quiz!

- X** All answers start with the letter X.
1. What synonym for racism derives from the Greek for ‘fear of strangers’?
 2. According to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, where did Kublai Khan his stately pleasure dome decree?
 3. Which vessel of a plant carries water and minerals from its roots to its leaves?
 4. Which noble gas has the atomic number 54?
 5. In what type of starfighter does Luke Skywalker fly when attacking the Death Star?
 6. What was the name of Socrates’ argumentative wife who supposedly emptied a chamber pot over the philosopher’s head?

- Y** All answers start with the letter Y.
1. Which Japanese artist celebrated her 88th birthday in February?
 2. Which popular Netflix series released its third season in October?
 3. Which NSW town celebrates its 184-year anniversary this year?
 4. Which war entered its eighth year in September?
 5. What did Kanye West legally change his name to in October?
 6. Emma Watkins retired from which Australian musical position in October, being the third person to serve the office since its inception in 1991?

- Z** All answers start with the letter Z.
1. In which classic text-adventure would it be likely for you to be eaten by a grue in the dark?
 2. Which frequent guest on Masterchef was known as the “pâtissier of pain”?
 3. Which archaic mathematical term refers to a number raised to the eighth power?
 4. Which video game development company released FarmVille and Words with Friends?
 5. From which 1964 movie does the sirtaki dance originate?
 6. Which Middle-Eastern family of spices is commonly used to flavour bread?

American Crossword

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
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| 14 | | | | | | 15 | | | | | 16 | | | |
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| 20 | | | | | 21 | | | | | | 22 | | | |
| | | | | 23 | | | | | 24 | 25 | | | | |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | | | | 30 | 31 | | | | | | |
| 32 | | | | | | 33 | | | | | | 34 | 35 | 36 |
| 37 | | | | | 38 | | | | | | 39 | | | |
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| 48 | | | | | | 49 | 50 | 51 | | | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 |
| 56 | | | | | | 57 | | | | | 58 | | | |
| 59 | | | | | | 60 | | | | | 61 | | | |
| 62 | | | | | | 63 | | | | | 64 | | | |

Across

1. Ice hockey equipment (5)

6. 34 year old ABC program (4)

10. People you might harbour feelings for? (4)

14. Almost sacrificed (5)

15. Noted English college (4)

16. ____ Fisher, Australian actress (4)

17. Sydney’s new train network (5)

18. Shakespearean traitor (4)

19. Eastern European capital (4)

20. In every geometry kit (5)

22. Extremity (4)

23. Robbed of winning hit TV show Masterchef Australia 2009 (3)

24. A pirate’s friend (5)

26. Inactivity (6)

30. Scrub (5)

32. Jack Black’s underrated film, ____ Libre (5)

33. City in the Judean Mountains (9)

37. Region (4)
38. Meteorological equipment (5)

39. Relinquish (4)

40. Slug, for one (9)

42. Alisa Camplin did this in 2002 (5)

43. Roof worker (6)

44. American bottled water (6)

45. Did some cleaning (5)

47. Nasty virus (1, 1, 1)

48. Big ball of gas (4)

49. Unconventional verse (10)

56. Thor’s rival (4)

57. Home to Khayyam, Khomeini and Kiarostami (4)

58. City in Upstate New York (5)

59. Used for heating (4)

60. PayPass technology (1, 1, 1, 1)

61. Johnny, rugby league Immortal (5)

62. Titanic’s enemy (4)

63. Parramatta players (4)

64. Cool guitar technique (5)

Down

1. West Coast Customs do this (4)

2. Manipulator (4)

3. Famous elder (4)

4. Mario drives this (4)

5. November star sign (7)

6. German regime (5)

7. Poorly designed imperial war machine (4)

8. Jesse Tobin’s iconic TV show, ____ Stop” (4)

9. Really quite big (8)

10. Paths for cyclists (4, 6)

11. 18 Across might give one of these (5)

12. Catullus wrote this (5)

13. Rescue (4)

21. HSC English module (1, 1, 1)

25. Popular models of the Ford Falcon (3)

26. Sausage (4)

27. Girls school in Parramatta (4)

28. Masters (4)

29. Breaking into pieces (10)
30. Spanish gentleman (5)

31. Respect (4)

33. Practical joke (4)

34. A member of the Imperial Senate on a diplomatic mission to Alderaan (4)

35. Adam’s former home (4)

36. European sea (colloq.) (4)

38. Enlightened French writer (8)

41. Tear (3)

42. Tastes fully (7)

44. Swim (3)

45. Hot stuff (5)

46. One who stirs? (5)

47. Female deer (5)

48. Lazy person (4)

50. Acronym meaning ‘Normalised relative fit error’ (1, 1, 1, 1)

51. Hindmost appendage (4)

52. And others (2, 2)

53. Conical living space (4)

54. Cooled (4)

55. Worry (4)

Columns



Shania O'Brien

NOTES ON NOTEPADS

I went to Kinokuniya last week and bought little notepads and envelopes. I have been writing a lot of mini letters recently, recording fleeting thoughts that might not normally warrant more than a text message or drafted tweet. But I am enjoying my little drawings and notes, most of which are destined to find themselves in the pockets of those I love. I am glad to move away from the thought that handwritten letters are meant for grand, dramatic gestures; but I am glad to entrust this activity with the casual intimacy of everyday affection.



Patrick McKenzie and Rhea Thomas

THE HOTPOT THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

The success of a restaurant experience comes down to a few things: The food, the company, the service, and the restaurant space itself. After our revolutionary first trip to the Chatswood outpost of renowned hotpot establishment Haidilao, the bar has been set high.

Upon entry we were swept off our feet with a greeting consisting of a large bowl of mentos and wheat chips – free for any peckish customers awaiting their booking. Before getting the chance to stuff our tote bags, we were promptly escorted to a booth, located at

the corner of the restaurant floor. While seating hasn’t been a defining factor of many eating experiences (unless you would like to discuss being 5’3” and climbing onto a bar stool), Haidilao had the perfect ratio of booth height to leg room, with plenty of space to lean back when the coma hits. We decided on selection of four broths – prime variety for a first time – and made our way to the sauce bar, creating concoctions from a selection of chilli, spring onions, soy, garlic, and various sesame derivatives with an excitement only comparable to creating a muddy witch’s brew in a tree stump in the primary school playground.

A robot server trundled among the booths. We yearned to have it bring plates of ox tongue and thinly sliced wagyu beef but alas, it eluded us. However, the human servers who did bring the food and drink to our table – as well as aprons and hair ties – were so attentive it made us feel guilty. At one point, surrounded by platoons of enthusiastic staff singing ‘Happy Birthday’ to other tables, we were tempted to pretend it was one of our own and our attendant even came around to ask. Hopefully next time it will be.



Vivienne Guo

CAMPUS FRUITS

As mulberry season comes and goes this year, I am reminded that there are other perennial berries that are worthy of our attention. I am increasingly interested in native fruits, and they are surprisingly easy to find, though they may be absent from large grocers like Woolworths or Coles.

Many a student has found themselves stranded on the main campus: no money, no family, sixteen in the middle of Camperdown. But hunger no more! Few are aware that the prickly native bushes that criss-cross in front of the Madsen Building on Eastern Avenue actually produce edible berries. The berries, known as midyim berries, midgen berries or sand berries, are native to the Australian continent and can be

found growing in coastal areas, from northern New South Wales, to K’gari (colonial name: Fraser Island) in Queensland.

While I wouldn’t encourage readers to start munching on any old berry, I can assure you that the ones in front of Madsen are safe; a friend of mine shared their secret with me a couple years ago, and I have plucked the occasional snack off the spiky shrubs. The berries appear in autumn and late summer, so come Semester 1 2022, the midyim bushes will fruit anew.

Midyim berries have long been eaten by Aboriginal peoples, and they look just like blueberries (if blueberries were white with small blue-gray spots, giving the berry an overall gray pallor)! The berries themselves are sweet and a little peppery, tasting somewhere between a blueberry and a chai latte.



From the archives

S.U.D.S. Show

According to plan, this column was to have contained a review of the Dramatic Society’s performance of “Laughter in Court” last Wednesday. The following letter sheds a ray of light upon its non-appearance: –

October 12, 1939.

Dear News Editor –
You may or may not remember that last night I was to have attended the S.U.D.S. performance and submitted a report. I must now announce the melancholy fact that the performance proceeded without my critical presence. I had intended originally to go with a party of fellow students, but at the last minute I discovered that for various reasons none of those who had intended to (except myself) would be going. You will (I hope) appreciate the fact then, that I fought shy of witnessing the play in solitude, and accordingly abandoned (unwillingly) all intentions of going. Thus I regret that I have now no report for “Honi Soit.” Will this mean – as I fear – that “Honi Soit” will have to cease publication due to lack of material to print. If this is so, you

may refer the Student Body to me.

Your Loving Reporter.

– J –

Gossip



Abe

GOSSIP

Woof :(

Hello lovely beautiful students. I have some terrible news to convey. The time has finally come for me to depart the SRC. I have called this lovely hovel home for the last 70 years, but my arthritic hind legs have finally caught up with me. The exec at the SRC say I’m going to live out my days in the meadows at Corstorphine farm, frolocking with the Friesians in fields of flowers. It sounds beautiful.

Anyway, it is with a heavy heart that I provide you these two morsels of gossip. Firstly, former (or current idk he was at repselect) big Lib on campus James Ardouin will be running for Woollahra Council in the upcoming local government elections. Good luck James.

Secondly, I was informed that some Switch bigwigs gathered together at a fancy restaurant last weekend! What did they discuss? I don’t know, but Rupert Murdoch called – he wants his dining habits back!

Thirdly, on Sunday I was sitting down to a lovely yum cha farewell lunch with a group of former lovers and disgraced Labor Party politicians when I spied ten Honi Soit editors deep in conspiratorial conversation from across the dining room floor. My hearing isn’t what it used to be, but I could just make out the words ‘Marlow Hurst,’ ‘USU’ and ‘2022 campaign’ in close proximity

It has been the privilege of my long lifetime to be your gossip columnist, even though my elevation to this position may have been the result of some unfortunate circumstances. If you ever wish to get in contact with me, I will be happy to regale anyone with stories of my radical youth, and I will be sharing Honi Soit articles on my personal facebook account.

The Boot



WEEK 13, SEMESTER 2

UNION BUSTING SINCE 1942

Science Road renamed to Arts Road in latest attack on STEM

MARLOW HURST

Following a University Senate meeting, it was announced that much beloved Science Road would be renamed to Arts Road.

"We believe that not a whole lot of science takes place on the road, and the name should reflect that."

This is the latest in a number of attacks on STEM at the University, with the word sciences being removed from the Social Sciences Building and both the Physics and Chemistry Buildings being renamed to just Buildings.

A coalition of STEM societies

including the Science Society, Engineering Undergraduates Society, and Biochemistry Society released a scathing response to the shock announcement.

"The academic sciences are being erased from campus! We must stop the good name of STEM from being expunged from campus all together!"

As Arts students celebrate in droves, we must all spare a thought for the Science Road Cottage, whose fate is entirely unknown.

Students are advised to stay in their homes during this period of unrest.

C&S regular can't decide if they want an interesting AGM or a short AGM

MARLOW HURST

C&S connoisseur Jenina Pastizzi entered her favoured club AGM with a mind torn in two: does she want a messy, prolonged AGM with factional infighting and executive duels or a short and sharp run through of uncontested positions and 10 second speeches?

Similar thoughts were going through the minds of all AGM and IGM attendants during this year's C&S election season. USU Honorary Treasurer Vikki Qin said that this was a personal choice which USU members

would have to make themselves.

"This is something our members have to grapple with every C&S election season. Our official advice is to commit at least 4 hours if you're planning on hoping for an interesting AGM or IGM."

Students will remember last year when the heavyweight Politics Society had a marathon 9 hour AGM, resulting in the death of 3 students and the hospitalisation of another 5.

While *The Boot* always supports a messy StuPol stoush, it's advised that students educate themselves on the risks and hazards of the practice.

Uni management toss coins into Victoria Park lake for good luck with cutting staff and courses

PATRICK MCKENZIE

It's believed the coins were taken out of wages owed to University tutors.

While the G20 leaders in Rome threw coins into the Trevi Fountain for good luck fighting the climate emergency, the University of Sydney's own bureaucratic cabal has held a decidedly more local summit of its own.

The University's entire senior management team gathered on the banks of Victoria Park's Lake Northam last week to cast unspecified amounts of currency into the lake's murky depths.

"We love cutting student funds so much that we've decided to literally throw them down the drain," newly appointed Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Deprivation and Frugality) Professor Sue Perstition told Honi, while warming up her throwing arm.

"Unlearn austerity!"

Each member of management stood with their back to the lake, wished for cuts to the FASS school of their choosing, and hurled a coin into the water behind them à la The Lizzie McGuire Movie (2003).

The safety of the lake's turtle, frog, and native eel occupants is unconfirmed.

Leaked emails have revealed that the DCP (Demonstrative Coin Propulsion) was intended as both a self-congratulatory measure and a plan for the University to diversify its investment portfolio.

"They say if you throw a coin into the Trevi Fountain you will return to Rome. We look forward to, uh, dredging our investments in due course," Perstition said.

IN THIS EDITION

Outgoing club treasurer makes sure to include ideal embezzlement procedure in handover document.

[SEE MORE ON P 25](#)

Tumbleweeds made to sign into Fisher Library by vigilant security guards.

[SEE MORE ON P 3650](#)

Lego Pompeii implies the existence of Lego Bastille.

[SEE MORE ON P 96](#)

Insufferable man declares the potential for an Honi article upon the discovery of something interesting

[SEE MORE ON P 3](#)

General Meetings deeply offended by the existence of Extraordinary General Meetings: "I think we're pretty extraordinary too!"

[SEE MORE ON P 72](#)

David Brophy declares Tina Lee his second favourite alleged embezzler

[SEE MORE ON P 666](#)