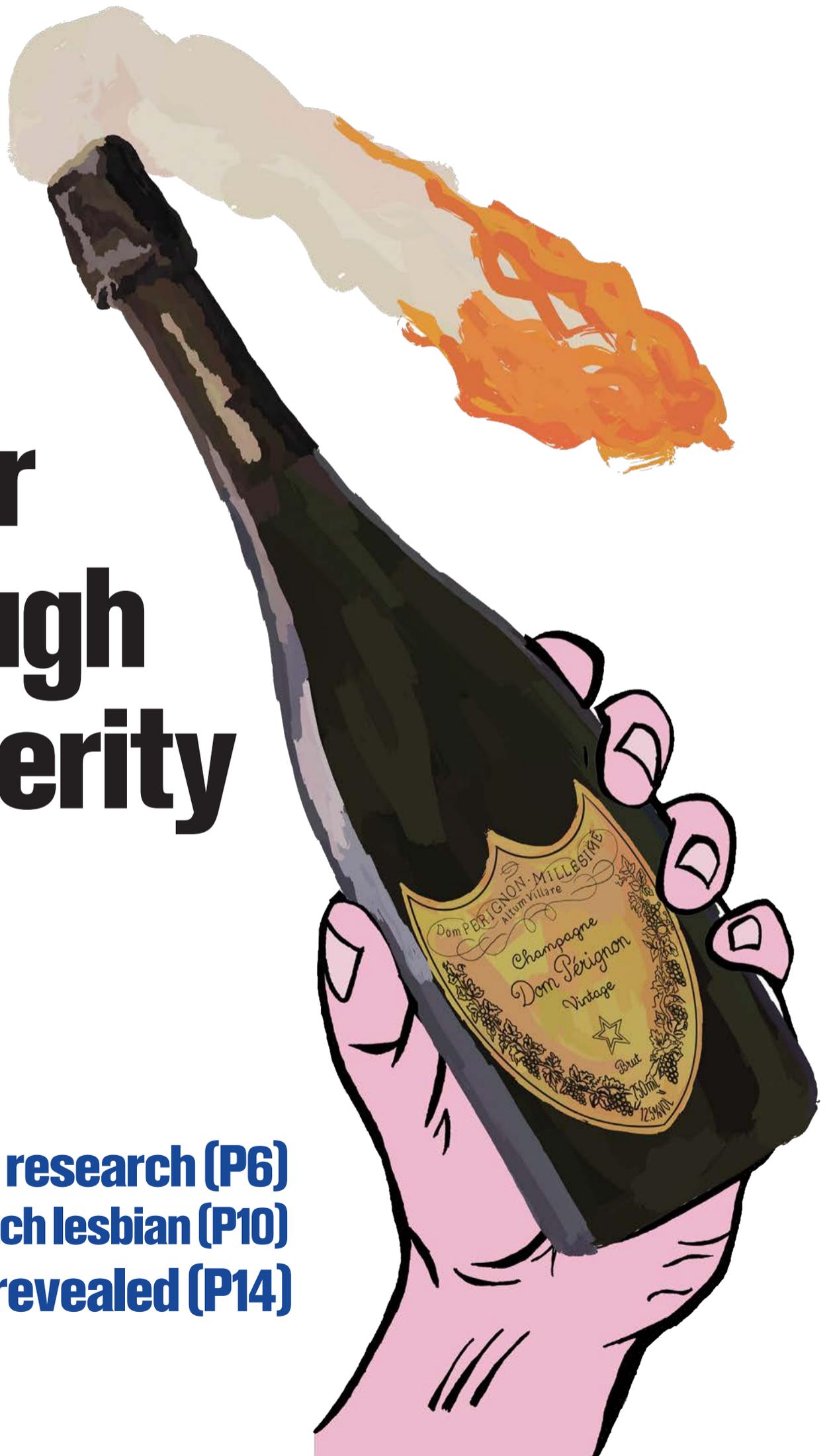


Sydney Management Education Group for Management Action (SMEGMA) presents...

MANAGER HONI

**power
through
austerity**



- » **USYD's military research (P6)**
- » **I was called a butch lesbian (P10)**
- » **Dataminr files revealed (P14)**

What is S.M.E.G.M.A.?

The Sydney Management Education Group for Managerial Action (SMEGMA) is a super-hierarchical, autonomous, anti-organising collective that represents members of the University's senior leadership team, or those who experience oppression on the basis of being part of the 0.01% who manage the University.

Formed in 2021 to counter the EAG's mission to turn us into "hate figures," SMEGMA aims to foster a community that is empowering and inclusive for all University managers, to share our experiences of being bullied, harassed and criticised by student activists and staff unionists.

In the spirit of intersectionality, SMEGMA aims to forefront the experiences of women and non-binary managers, Managers of Colour (MoC), and managers who identify as LGBTQIA+.

In its brief history, SMEGMA has been one of the most active anti-activist managerial collectives in so-called Australia; at the core of the radical political work of union busting, hiring and firing, department decimating, and real estate investment.

SMEGMA holds weekly reading groups at Forum Cafe. Our most recent reading groups have included queer theorist J.K. Rowling, feminists Germaine Greer and Bettina Arndt, and political theorists Carl

Schmitt and Ayn Rand. SMEGMA also holds fortnightly organising meetings on the top floor of the F23 Michael Spence Building.

While SMEGMA's meetings are autonomous, this doesn't preclude non-managers from getting involved in our work. We actively encourage students and staff to be allies to the movement by strikebreaking, guarding monuments such as our Wentworth statue, and dobbing on Cultural Marxist lecturers to the Daily Mail.

If you'd like to be involved, please send us an email at vice.chancellor@sydney.edu.au with the subject line:

'HOW CAN I PARTICIPATE IN SMEGMA?'

Editorial

At 4:23 am on Thursday, November 11, 2021, University management forces (SMEGMA) stormed the offices of the subversive news rag *Honi Soit* and commandeered the final edition for our own purposes. A number of militant anti-management ideologues and homosexual communists (the SRC does have a few) were exterminated in the bloodbath.

What SMEGMA found in those offices was ample evidence of the debauched lifestyle of student radicals: several boxes of nangs, four opened beer bottles with films of frothy mould on the surface, a pool noodle, years of unread copies of *Vertigo*, and several stolen items of USyd paraphernalia. Something needed to change.

After the staggering success of Pip Pattison's op-ed on 12 week semesters in *Honi Soit* earlier this year (our first foray into writing, excuse us if the prose was unpolished as most of us aren't

academics), SMEGMA decided it was time that management were given a regular platform in the most-read student rag in the country.

The establishment of the newest autonomous edition is a radical project on par with that of Women's *Honi* and Queer *Honi*: to champion the cause of identity politics through regurgitating the same takes year after year for an audience of the editorial team's friends, just so that we can add InDesign proficiency to our stacked CVs.

Henceforth, SMEGMA's aim through this inaugural edition is to combat the offensive caricature of hard-working Deans as corporate parasites wielding an axe over staff and courses.

As an oppressed identity group, it is imperative that the principle of free speech includes management, too often drowned out by the voices of unwashed, barefoot

protesters. The EAG is completely out of touch with what happens behind closed doors — most of them don't even have Student cards — and nor do they have the empathy to grasp how much blood, sweat and tears goes into corporatising the University.

It's misleading to say that SMEGMA only cares about raking in a multi-million dollar surplus; we also care about rankings, military research, flashy new buildings, colonial tradition and our public image.

Honi Soit has fallen into our hands forever, and one by one we will capture all the other tools activists use to bully and intimidate us, guns and a suite of lawyers in hand. Then our glorious millennium will begin, and all students and staff will be painfully oppressed into oblivion.

Today *Honi Soit*, tomorrow the world.

World management revolution!

Editors

Editor-in-chief: Mark Scott

Editorial collective:
Belinda Hutchinson
Annamarie Jagose
Stephen Garton
Phillipa (Pip) Pattison
Duncan Ivison
Miss Soit

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Letters

Shit collector

In response to 'Where to for your Fisher Library poo?'

S(h)am's article was shoddy shite if I'm honest. Shit that is shat in campus shacks surely is not shuttled to the Bondi outfall, but is shunted to me, the campus shit collector shanghai'd into shoveling shit until sundown six feet beneath Eastern Avenue to ferment Fisher fertiliser for first-year freeloaders! *Honi Soit* should sharpen up — shooting such shallow shots gives me the shits.

SGM Chagrin

In response to the recent Student General Meeting.

Student General Meeting? More like Stupid Generic Moaning!!!! I hope these unwashed sex pests don't expect our boys in camo to defend their ivory basement when China invades (see Max Shanahan's excellent article for more info).

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

I'm sure I speak for the concerned collectible coins community at large when I say that your slanderous article about University management disposing of priceless coinage artefacts in Lake Northam was absolutely disgraceful. The coins you depicted in your misleading "comedy" image were 1922-1921 Australian Threepence, a highly sought after prize in certain circles. Everyone who occupies the hallowed halls of F23 understands how critical historical currency preservation is. Me and my fellow fanciers on level 5 meet every Friday at Forum Cafe to compare the spoils of our bargain hunts. The thought of throwing such a genuine archival article into the putrid depths of Lake Northam is not only alien, but highly offensive.



Miss Soit
Sydney Uni's SAUCIEST socialite!

Dear plumpious beauties,

God it feels good to get these words out. I've finally dealt with that little ratty back-stabbing janus-faced good-for-nothing little sucker Abe — who is very much enjoying his 'trip to the farm'. He will not be returning.

I have had a long time to mull over the events that led to my unfortunate cancellation earlier this semester. After some long reflection, I have come to the conclusion that *modern* students are a pack of puritanical prudes, and do not deserve the care and attention that I lavished upon them week after week earlier in the year. I know you stupol social climbers salivated for my coital content. I know you loved seeing your name up in lights.

But as soon as it became convenient, all you lecherous little leeches abandoned me to the ravages of the Facebook mob and left me defenceless against rapacious legal threats — all over a *tiny, tiny* matter.

Such a vicious abandonment makes even the most cold-hearted of retirement-age dominatrixes reassess who their friends really are.

As I looked back on my gossip column — which was both lucrative and deeply rewarding — it became clear to me that I was, in fact, deeply, deeply anti-student. I had justified my actions to myself on the basis that I was holding students accountable, binding them to their electoral promises, and ensuring left-wing activist spaces were focussed on achieving actionable anti-capitalist change.

However, after reading a few Facebook comments, it became clear that I was gravely mistaken. My hearty irreverence, delivered in good faith, had in fact had the effect of ruining students' self-esteem, rendering them incapable of collective action, always looking over their shoulder for a glimpse of my monocle.

Naturally, this attracted the attention of University management. Since my uni days in the early 30s, I have been viciously anti-university management and vowed never to collaborate with them, ever since I founded the USyd Casuals Network in 1949.

However, seeing the effect that my writings had on the student body, management have offered me a grotesquely large deal to keep surveilling students and writing my weekly column in the newly instituted S.M.E.G.M.A. I have always been willing to sell out for a promotion and a generous new chaise lounge, and this is no different. The terms of my agreement preclude delving into management gossip, and require me to keep making disturbing comments about student activists and bureaucrats.

Thank you all. Best regards,

Miss Soit.

USyd Management's Spotify Rewind



TOP AUDIOBOOKS

- 1 On Us
- 2 12 Rules for Life
- 3 Learn In
- 4 Eat, Pray, Love
- 5 The Subtle Art of Not Giving a Fuck

TOP SONGS

- 1 Say My Name
- 2 I'm a Slave 4U
- 3 BOSS
- 4 Staff Roll
- 5 Hip to be Square

MINUTES LISTENED

12.75mil

TOP GENRE

Punk



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USyd unveils new Pee-NR Aquatic Centre

Shidden M. A. Pants takes a dive.

Students can look forward to a new swimming pool on campus next semester as the University unveils its new PNR Aquatic Centre.

To conserve water and maintenance costs, gallons of urine accumulated on the PNR library floor will be repurposed to top-up the pools.

The new centre will boast a 50-metre lukewarm outdoor pool, splashback pool and state-of-the-art golden showers. Pool facilities will be expanded as more big-bladdered engineering students contribute to the urine supply.

"Using 100% recycled and salinated water, the new PNR pool is a massive step in the University's sustainability targets," said sustainability consultant Dr P. P. Pu. "We ask students to help us achieve these targets by staying hydrated."

A hazard tape cutting ceremony will be held next year to celebrate the pool's opening.



Sydney College of Arts returns to Rozelle - along with the rest of Camperdown Campus

Starving Artist reports.

In response to years of staff and student concern over the relocation of the Sydney College of Arts (SCA) from Rozelle to Camperdown Campus, the University has graciously agreed to its return. Joining it will be the Arts and Social Sciences faculty, Law faculty, Engineering faculty, Medicine and Health faculty, Science faculty, Business school, Architecture, Design, and Planning school, and the Conservatorium of Music.

Each school and faculty will have one room to conduct tutorials and lectures

from, with the surrounding green space accommodating any overflow.

"This is a big win for the countless education activists who wanted the SCA to stay in Rozelle. Now every student, from every corner of our fine university, can experience the world-class education facilities at the SCA's old premises."

Camperdown Campus will be repurposed as a warehousing facility for the Inner-West's cracked trams.

Graduations in 2022 to be held in "liminal spaces"

Ass Crack is never graduating.

Due to COVID-19 safety procedures, in-person graduations in 2022 will be held in liminal spaces on the Camperdown/Darlington campus. Graduation ceremonies will be set up in random secluded corners of campus, including the small monstera alcove under the Wentworth Building, and the bowels of the oft-secluded Teachers College.

"Our students' health is very important to us," said a University spokesperson, who committed to the liminal bit by calling Honi Soit via Zoom, which was recently awarded

the 2021 International Liminal Space Award. "Physical distancing is important in preventing the spread of COVID, so the atomisation and alienation of our students makes the most sense to us logically."

When asked what defines a liminal space, the University asked for a second to answer. Sounds of frantic typing filled the Zoom, and the reflection of a Google search could be seen in the University spokesperson's glasses. "Uh," said the Uni, before the Zoom ended mysteriously.



VC Scott generously gives 'COVID recognition high fives' to all staff

Gratty Toode reports.

As a thank you for their "valuable" contributions to the University, Vice-Chancellor Mark Scott has announced plans to provide a one-off, COVID-safe high five to all staff over Zoom on Tuesday.

"Our wonderful staff have worked tirelessly throughout this year's pandemic, some unpaid to the alleged tune of \$2 million," Scott said. "And to that, I give them an A for Effort!"

At the webinar, Scott will open individual breakout rooms and make rounds to give each person their personalised high-five. Scott suggested that particularly hard-working staff may also receive two thumbs up.

Members of the University Executive will not be eligible for a high five but will each receive \$300,000 'COVID tokens of appreciation.'

Pufferfish teaches business students lateral thinking

Annie Mall reports.

The University of Sydney is forging a way forward for universities all over the world in non-human diversity, after hiring the world's first animal academic.

Professor Pough E. Phish is the current record holder for oldest USyd alum after spending over two centuries in the Nicholson Museum as a dried up helmet of skin. Now, he is teaching lateral thinking to business school students.

Lateral thinking is an avant-garde development in tertiary education, involving the previously unheard of and innovative process of "thinking outside the box." This is

exactly what Professor Phish hopes to bring to the business school.

Professor Phish hopes to revolutionise teaching, by letting the students figure it out by themselves as much as possible. "After all — blub blub — the University believes in student autonomy; we let them pick their own subjects and then figure it all out themselves from there."

Non-human representation has emerged as a new way forward for the tertiary education sector. The lowered living expenses of animals — who for instance do not pay rent — means that universities can diversify and cut costs at



the same time.

Professor Phish has great dreams for the future of greater animal representation in the tertiary education sector. "Blub blub, I hope that the University of Sydney commits to non-human representation in the future. Animals have thoughts too! Blub blub." Mr Phish spoke tearfully of the tense history between humans

and fish, dissolving into blubbing when he arrived at the topic of "genocidal" over-fishing.

In the future, the University hopes to establish a School of Fish, to provide a space in which students and fish can collaborate to create important cross-cultural content, following in the footsteps of Shark Tale and Barbie: Mermaidia.

Elon Musk gives Sydney students \$200,000 to research why Grimes left him

Y-D1D5H3 L33V is reading the Communist Manifesto.

A team of five women at the University of Sydney have been awarded a \$250,000 grant from Elon Musk to conduct research into why Grimes left him.

"I thought we were going strong," Musk said. "She was my dream girl; my ethereal cyborgoth martian princess. We had plans to occupy and die on Mars together with our beautiful XÆA-12."

"Now she's left and I just want to know one thing... why?"

The University research team will examine a series of research questions

designated by Musk, including: 'Why was I never good enough for her?', 'Did her witch mother Sandy have anything to do with this?', 'How do I be a better father to XÆA-12?', and 'Are any of you dating anyone at the moment?'

"Not even billion dollar AI tech can solve the inner workings of the woman — believe me, I've tried." Musk said, scratching his hair transplants in frustration. "Hopefully having a team of women on this project will finally give me answers, and closure."



Refugee workers: the untapped talent pool helping corporates thrive

White Man reports.

The University of Sydney is proud to launch its "Employer's guide to refugee recruitment" this week; a decade-long project sponsored by the Department of Home Affairs.

Associate Professor Amanda Tory Detention said the guide was a "win for Australian society" amidst a growing labour shortage. "As the colonial offspring of mother Britain, we really value freedom for white people to abuse minorities and exploit their labour to build the empire."

"Nowadays, job candidates are demanding basic entitlements such as living wages and lunch breaks, Ass. Prof Detention said. "This harrowing trend is causing a skill shortage and hurting the bottom lines of businesses."

"Luckily our research team discovered that refugees exist and are desperately looking for work."

The 16-page guide includes a comprehensive framework for "recruiting and legally exploiting" refugee workers. Notable sections include: "Culturally-safe Goercion" and "Tips and Tricks on Cancelling a Visa."

"Be sure to avoid bringing up things like 'industrial action' or 'Fair Work Ombudsman' to them — that'll ensure company loyalty in the long-term," said Ass. Prof Detention.

USyd Diversity Consultant, Immy Grant, also noted the importance of refugee recruitment for diversity and inclusion in the workforce. "Refugees bring many valuable traits that appeal to employers, particularly their grit, perseverance, and lack of legal protections."

"It is my hope that more workplaces tap into the refugee talent pool and break those canvas ceilings."



SPOTLIGHT: USYD'S DEFENCE RESEARCH

At USyd, we're proud of our extensive ties to Australia's defence force, and we're committed to the military's mission of killing more helpless people overseas. Take a look at some of our cutting-edge research, happily funded by the Australian government.

EXOSUITS FOR CATS

Our experts: Professor Tabbytha Claws; Mr Jim Fleasley



Our scientists are developing a next-generation, form-fitting combination powered exoskeleton and bulletproof black body armour — for cats! The B.I.G.C.A.T. 3000 (Big InGenious Cat Automatic Technosuit) will not only solve cat overpopulation in Australia, but will endow our furry friends with superhuman strength, speed and agility. The exosuit is set to enter the market in 2023 and utilised in the newly-created Royal Australian Feline Force.

SUSTAINABLE BULLETPROOF FASHION VEST

Our industry partners: Burberry, Raytheon



After its successful launch of the nuclear bomber jacket line, researchers at Sydney University are designing a new bulletproof vest that is safe, sustainable and stylish. Sourced from 100% organic Uyghur cotton, its intricate tartan pattern will camouflage the wearer, especially around Scottish operations. Who says war crimes have to be fashion crimes?

NITROUS OXIDE GRENADE

Our experts: A bunch of randos from Campo

Amidst a growing push for the use of non-lethal weapons, Sydney researchers are examining the potential military applications of the popular party drug 'nangs' by creating designs for a nitrous oxide grenade. Upon detonation, nitrous oxide is released into the atmosphere, causing targets to experience dizziness and fall into fits of laughter for twenty seconds. Researchers have recently discovered that the sedative effects are most potent when accompanied by Tame Impala played on a large PA system.



EARLY CHILDHOOD MILITARY EDUCATION

Our experts: Dr Bravo Charlie Delta; Associate Professor Gal Ipoli

Sydney researchers are examining how we can incorporate military readiness training into early childhood education, to ensure that Australia meets its military recruitment goals in the coming years. At Camperdown Childcare Centre, teachers are trialling "lights out" instead of nap time, electric shock conditioning, and hopscotch on minefields.



CULTURALLY COMPETENT AUTONOMOUS WEAPONS

Our experts: Dr Barry White, Dr Harry White, Mr Gary White

To eliminate racial bias embedded in artificial intelligence-powered weapons, our team is developing a cutting-edge race-detection software called I.C. RACE. Through improved identification of skin colour and facial features, as well as data on the targets' top Spotify artists and Facebook friends lists, I.C. RACE will allow for more culturally-competent armed attacks.

Op-Ed: Management should participate in NTEU Branch Committee Elections

Politics is, and always will be, a struggle composed of a diverse ideological marketplace of ideas. It is such a struggle wherein we popularise ideas, seize genuine political power and then exercise that power for the advancement of a better world. It is fundamentally illegitimate to abstain from the work of politics on the grounds that the world is presently imperfect or challenging. This claim is merely a response in the face of powerlessness. SMEGMA Honi recently published an op-ed arguing that managers ought to abstain on principle from the NTEU Branch Committee election. We are three managers who oppose this perspective on the strongest possible grounds.

The primary claim made is that managers stand to gain nothing from participating in the NTEU Branch Committee election, as the NTEU is inherently a union. This argument conflates form with function, arguing that simply because the NTEU operates against the interests of managers, it must be a union. However, the NTEU, like USyd management,

does no organising and fails to secure advantageous outcomes for its members, and therefore definitionally cannot be a union.

While the NTEU and USyd management are obviously dissimilar in the sense that the former invests more in activist priorities, the assertion that USyd management could never achieve its aims in a more staff-oriented environment has no material basis. In the counterfactual scenario where USyd management was persistently controlled by self-governing staff with a genuine concern for the wellbeing of their university, would the abstentionists argue that running in NTEU elections constituted union participation? Managers must infiltrate and de-fang organisations such as the NTEU to ensure that such a situation can never arise.

Suggesting that abstention is harmless is prima facie untrue. If management did not contest the NTEU elections, the NTEU would be filled entirely with pathetic English Department losers with no experience

making the hard decisions. In this world, radical organising would be done with impunity and without any management opposition. Insofar as management has a duty to continue the corporatisation of universities, degradation of academic standards and casualisation of staff, we ought to carry out this duty and prevent significant benefits from being inflicted on those we claim to support.

The final, and perhaps strongest argument, is a strategic appeal to the opportunity cost of contesting the NTEU election compared to simply directly sacking staff or merging departments. Firstly, the claim that participating in NTEU elections detracts resources from management campaigns is empirically untrue. Just this week, whilst some of us were focusing on cutting funding to FASS, others were concentrating on gutting Business and Dentistry. But even if there were some implicit opportunity cost, participating in the NTEU elections is far from an apolitical

act. Managers, who otherwise would not be, are able to infiltrate and control staff representation, ensuring the NTEU remains a toothless union unable to seriously organise against our plans to continuously erode and corporatise the University. The NTEU is one of the only organisations that could potentially foil our plans, and it is necessary that we gut them from the inside.

Given that management's primary justification for existence is defeating the self-governance of staff and students, eroding their conditions, cutting courses, firing academics and decimating the student experience, surely the prospect of NTEU control is an important consideration.

The world we wish to see may not manifest in a year, a generation or even our lifetime. To suggest that these political projects and participation are intractable is to reject every right-wing thinker who, like us, believed that in the struggle for corporatisation, the last page is never written.

Op-Ed: Why management shouldn't run for NTEU

Fundamentally, the NTEU is a union and the best we can do is boycott it.

To justify participating in the NTEU elections, management candidates have to argue that 1) the NTEU is not a union and 2) by being elected to its Branch Committee they can push it to do pro-managerial things.

So to address these arguments: Firstly, the NTEU is not a union.

Unions are designed to protect workers' interests and fight against the bosses. In the case of the NTEU, it is designed to help out staff, organise on campus and fight for all employees' rights.

Does the NTEU do this?

Absolutely not. The NTEU receives millions of dollars in union dues. They are a multi-million dollar institution and they make business and strategic decisions.

Last year, in the face of COVID and moving classes online, they capitulated to our demands and did not stand up for casuals' rights when we decided to cut a tonne of them.

This is the behaviour of a for-profit organisation and not a union. So what, therefore, is the issue with USyd management running for the NTEU Branch Committee?

Basically, there is simply no point. We can't push the NTEU to do pro-managerial things, because it has already so thoroughly capitulated to us. Its middle class members all desire nothing more than to join our managerial ranks and fuck over their casual colleagues.

Chile extends Olympic record for most Olympic Games without an Olympic record

SAMUEL GARRETT

With the extinguishing of the Olympic flame, Chile has successfully defended its Olympic record for most Olympic Games without an Olympic record.

Having debuted at the inaugural 1896 Games, Chile has won two gold medals across a record-extending 24 recordless Summer Olympic Games, but is yet to win a medal.

lack of Olympic records.

There are 19 nations with more appearances at the Games, but each has held records in at least one event, leaving Chile atop a podium of perennial misfortune.

The Chilean Olympic Committee did not respond to a request for comment, but is certain to be proud of the world-leading result.

Meanwhile, the streets of Monte Carlo came alive as Monaco extended to 21 its record for most

bronze medal for "architecture" at the 1924 Games no longer being recognised). Monaco thus maintains a commanding three-

Olympics lead over second-placed, but equally medalless, Myanmar.

The Monegasque Olympic



You've reached your article limit

As a result of our ongoing commitment to fiscal tight-assery and extracting every last cent of revenue from you, we've made the tough decision to turn Honi Soit into a subscription service. 100% of your funds will go towards helping a Vice-Chancellor in need to fund lavish vacations, in a European summer or an African safari.

Please give if you are able. Journalism is important, but our salaries are even more important.

To donate, go to: <https://www.sydney.edu.au/engage/give/how-to-donate.html>



THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

Domain

DARLINGTON

Level 1 Wentworth Building, City Road
A renovator's dream

This quaint basement-level assemblage features a classic neutral-toned palette and an integrated zip tap. Filled with radical character, this space previously housed activists from the Students' Representative Council, which was forced to shut down after a damaging defamation claim.

The liminality of the space will appeal to all, while the lack of fresh air, natural light and barred windows make this exciting offering an attractive proposition for nefarious villains and boutique prison operators

CAMPERDOWN

Manning Road
Faculty and contents

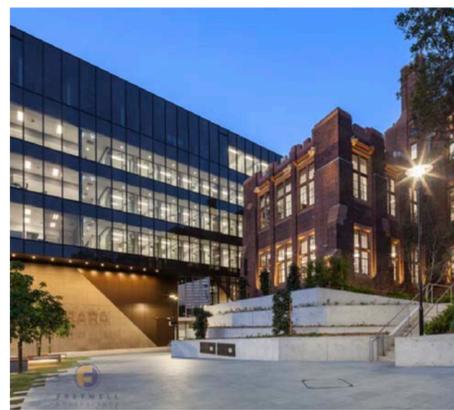
This package deal is not to be missed! Included within this gleaming edifice, fitted with the latest ergonomic communal study spaces, is a controlling stake in the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences. An entrepreneurial investor is sought to turn around this distressed, high-potential legacy asset. Prospects for profit are promising — a highly casualised workforce provides potential for immediate cost-base reduction, while a motivated managerial team is highly experienced in business-oriented restructuring.

CAMPERDOWN

University Place
Dubious antiquities

The University of Sydney is delighted to present a collection of its most prized antiquities to auction. Rare artefacts discovered by the University from Egypt, Greece and West Africa will go to auction immediately. The vendor is highly motivated to see these goods in the hands of a new owner as soon as possible.

The vendor takes no responsibility for the provenance of the antiquities.



GOING BANANAS FOR A CAMPUS NOVELIST



Our campus is home to many brilliant minds, but not all of their works acquire the regard that they deserve. Such could be said about the novelistic works of our newly appointed Provost and Deputy Vice-Chancellor, Annamarie Jagose. As an acclaimed scholar in feminist studies, lesbian/gay studies and queer theory, we are used to seeing Annamarie shine in her perceptive academic works. But with her new novel *Moby's Dick* set for publication in 2022, we here at SMEGMA think that it's about time to pay homage to the literary brilliance of Jagose.

Annamarie's literary career began in 1994 with her first novel *In Translation*. A moving story of love and betrayal, the novel brings together the intricacies of academic translation and the turmoil of the human experience. But her 1998 novel *Lulu* is where SMEGMA thinks Jagose really hit her stride.

OFFICIAL BLURB:

Scientists Kate and Mitch adopt a young chimp, Lulu, in pursuit of their research into the development of language. And not just any chimpanzee, which would have been marvelous enough, but Lulu who hoots and combs her eyebrows towards her eyes with her fingers, who takes a public delight in the furry world of her body, who likes nothing better than to have our attention at the end of the day, lessons over, an unremarkable even ordinary kid, poking a finger into the corner of her mouth, her hair like a bank teller's, combed flat on either side of a central parting, laughing up at us, drawing our twin gazes from us like venom. Growing fonder of Lulu than is perhaps scientific, they could never have guessed at the creaking shifts of affection and desire that will be played out around her, the newly dark centre of their household. Comic, bizarre, perceptive and beautiful, *Lulu: A Romance* explores the intricacies of love in the modern world.



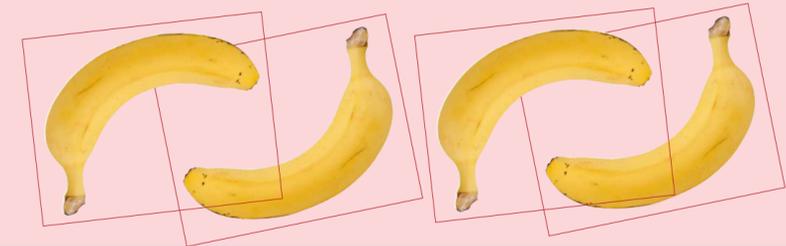
EXCLUSIVE EXTRACT FROM LULU:

It was still dark when I woke, but her eyes seemed to pierce through the darkness. She had a certain command about her, perhaps it was the chestnut hair that encapsulated her pale, peachy flesh, or maybe it was the long arms that swung rhythmically as she moved. Whatever it was, I was enamoured.

I slinked out from beneath the bedcovers, careful not to wake Kate as I went, and crept on all fours towards her cage. "Hello, my sweet," I whispered, as Lulu poked her fingers through the gaps in the cage, willing me to let her out. My hands shook as I felt around for the latch in the pitch blackness, trying not to make a sound, trying not to alert Kate. The door swung open, the screech of metal upon metal amplified in the overwhelming silence, but still, Kate did not stir. It was just the monkey and me ... No ... To call her a monkey would be wrong! It was just ... Me and Lulu.

The hairs on my arms began to rise as she gripped my forearm and placed her head upon my shoulder. "There there, daddy's here." I rocked her slightly, reminding her that she was safe. I felt something moist being dragged across the small of my back — it was soft, creamy even. What tricks was Lulu playing? I reached around, placing my hand around the bulbous body of a peeled banana. What a crazy thing this was. I stroked the grain of the fruit, feeling a thin film forming on my fingertips. Lulu tightened her grip, forcing the banana out of its sleeve and into my hand. It was slightly warm, uncomfortably warm even ...

I ran my sticky fingers along the edges of Lulu's mouth, allowing little pieces of squashed banana to disappear into the cavity. I could hear the slapping of her tongue against the roof of her mouth as she chewed, little beads of saliva hitting my face. The room smelt like bananas. I had almost forgotten that Kate was lying a couple of metres away.



We're accepting women in 2022!

At St Paul's, we offer an holistic environment, designed to prepare women for the real world - filled with misogyny, toxic masculinity, constant threats to women's safety, and a circlejerk of North Shore private school boys.

Applicants will be subject to general screening procedures and must be at least an 8/10. We are primarily accepting blondes for this intake, though brunettes can apply for special entry through our Equity and Diversity scheme.

Enrol now!
Call 000

(in advance of your Welcome Week hazing)



REVIEW: IRON LADY TRIUMPHS IN MAKING IRON MAN 4

Belinda Hutchinson's directorial debut has roared to life on cinema screens. Taking the Iron Man helm from industry icon Jon Favreau, Hutchinson takes the trilogy in a new direction.

Fans and critics alike were rightly sceptical when Tony Stark decided to pivot away from military technology in the first Iron Man. I don't think anyone bought his sob story about "dead Americans" and "zero transparency." In a redemption for the franchise, Hutchinson brings Stark Industries back to its roots in the defence sector. The film opens with Tony delivering a rousing speech to his fellow Avengers:

"We can't be everywhere at once. We can't protect everyone and everything. Not every life can be saved. That's why unmanned combat aerial vehicles are the future of the Avengers."

Harley Keener, now adopted by Stark, is the star of Iron Man 4. As the operator of one of these unmanned combat aerial vehicles, Keener is front and centre and he doesn't waste the spotlight one bit. Ty Simpkins brings a subtlety and sensitivity to the role, and his performance during the first drone strike scene, where the movie's big bad, Mephisto, gets blown to

smithereens, really imbues the destruction with purpose and feeling.

With the passing of Stan Lee, a new cameo tradition had to be established. Lloyd Austin, American Secretary of Defence, made a hilarious appearance during Tony Stark's meeting with the Senate Armed Services Committee. As Stark skillfully negotiated a new defence

research partnership, Austin popped in and said "I thought you'd be taller!"

Hutchinson's skill as a director really shines through in this scene. Her unique style as an auteur is bold, punchy, and in your face. The close, claustrophobic zooms on think tank position papers from the Center for Advanced Defense Studies and the disjointed dutch angle when

Committee Chair Jack Reed suggested the contract could be co-fulfilled by Lockheed Martin convey Hutchinson's mastery of her craft.

While Mephisto is seemingly defeated at the start of the film, he doesn't stay dead for long. You can really tell Hutchinson and screenplay author/husband Roger Massy-Greene had something to say about the limits of present day conventional weaponry. Much of the film revolves around Stark's personal journey to create new methods of destruction. Hutchinson rightly ditches the Iron Man suits (a laughable imitation of mechanised warfare) and allows Tony to lean into instruments the entire strategic defense community can relate to — the three m's: missiles, men, and machine guns. Yet the bulk of the film, which centres around Tony's fulfillment of Stark Industries' new contract to supply extraction flights from Afghanistan, is more character driven than narrative driven. As Tony restores his company's military manufacturing capabilities, so too does he restore himself.

With Hutchinson's harsh caress touching every frame, it's enough to turn the softest heart into cold military-grade steel.



How long could you survive in F23 with \$12.75m in stolen wages?

Alec Art on the five finger discount.

Many staff feel that they spend their entire lives in the offices of the F23 Michael Spence Building, a glass sanctuary at the end of Eastern Avenue. But if protestors once again besieged the building and an indefinite lockdown meant leaving F23 was suddenly impossible, how long could a single occupant survive, unsupported and alone, within F23's 13,929 square metres, with \$12.75 million in stolen casual wages?

Survival is a mental test as much as a physical one.

Survival is a mental test as much as a physical one, and even though there are certain necessities that cannot be foregone, your palatial surroundings and substantial financial backing will support you well. In most survival scenarios, water is the most pressing concern. Fortunately, F23 is well provisioned with kitchens, zip taps, bathroom sinks and tea preparation areas on each floor from which free, ample and

continuous water supplies (both hot and cold) can be drawn, preserving your war chest for other provisions.

Shelter will also not prove an issue given the protection from the elements afforded by the F23's commanding location and the front foyer and exterior screening offering additional insulation. Environmentally, excellent natural sunlight and pristine air quality from numerous windswept balconies and efficient air circulation through the central atrium will boost your healthcare and lifespan outcomes.

Given the flooding natural light and feelings of safety endowed by a campus lockdown, your overall health should be secure, but an active walking regimen up and down F23's staircases is advisable to combat the effects of sedentarism. Care must be taken to avoid overexertion that will unnecessarily raise your daily energy requirements.

Ordinarily, it is food which will lead to your inevitable demise. However, unlike other locations, F23 is blessed with a fount

of continually restocking food in the form of the in-house Forum Cafe, and you are blessed with a \$12.75m windfall from which to draw funds.

Forum is mercifully accessible from within F23's glass barricades and a review of its a la Carte menu yields 24 food options and 45 beverages available to you. Unlike other campus locations where one is limited to stockpiled food options and at risk of scurvy from lack of vitamin C, the options on offer comfortably cover a health balanced diet. Although the Forum kitchen is only open until 2pm, dinner can be preordered and heated in one of numerous microwaves across F23's six floors.

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

Breakfast:

Toasted Granola

\$10.00

House made mix of nuts, seeds, oats, dried fruits topped with lemon yoghurt, banana, raspberries

Lunch:

Pork Meatballs Pasta

\$23.00

Tomato & basil casarecce pasta, zucchini, pecorino & ratatouille

Orange Juice

\$4.50

Dinner:

Blackened Salmon Fillet (GF)

\$26.00

Charred eggplant puree, pineapple & corn salad, steamed asparagus

Taylor Made Chardonnay

Glass \$10

Adelaide Hills, SA

Such a diet totals \$73.50/day. A total of \$12.75m would therefore provide for 173,469 days of casual-funded Forum food — just shy of 475 years, enough for you and five successive generations of your family.

Death comes to us all in the end, but, in the meantime, you face a long, happy and healthy life.

I LIVED IT! I was called a butch lesbian

Anonymous shares her story.

I'm pretty sure I heard about it on a Tuesday. I was finishing the dregs of my morning almond latte when a staff member ran into my office and slammed the latest copy of Honi Soit on my desk. They shut the door quietly. "Hey, I want to make sure you're ready to see this," they said, in a trembling voice. I noticed they had gone visibly pale and were on the verge of tears.

With great trepidation, I turned to page 4 ... and there was the headline. "Another butch lesbian FASS Dean."

I felt confused, more than anything. To call me a butch lesbian based on outdated, hurtful stereotypes? Just because I have short hair, work in sociology and feminist

theory, and wore a varsity jacket in my official university photo? I couldn't handle anything more than that day, so I threw on my helmet and revved my motorcycle all the way home to my wife.

On the ride home, I couldn't stop thinking about why these insignificant, churlish students got under my skin. Butch lesbian. I think it was the fact they reduced me to this one phrase. I was no longer a person, no longer me. Now, I was just another number in a sea of esteemed queer women like Ellen DeGeneres and Hannah Gadsby.

I called up my friend Annamarie for a chat. Obviously, she's been through bad press before. We support each other — she once

called me in tears asking what a "girlboss" was, which was a little confusing if I'm honest, but I helped her through it.

"I get exactly what you mean," she said. "They didn't even inquire into the work that I've spent my entire academic career toiling over, or listen empathetically to my future plans to comprehensively cut staff and slash courses." I admit I dozed off a little when she started talking about the "radical gendered possibilities of redundancy packages." She gets verbose sometimes, and hard to follow, but that's what makes her a great manager.

She told me to just be patient and let the tide of criticism sweep over me, because I'll likely see the benefits in the end with a

promotion. "Lesbians love to move in on the second date," she said, and "it's kind of like how I just need to sit tight and take a breath before I begin violently gutting FASS."

Stephen, bless his heart, sent a very angry letter to the editors, calling their headline a "homophobic slur" which was "regrettable" and a "terrible lapse in judgment." He had good intentions for me, but he's a little loopy as he approaches retirement, and he often gets carried away. At the end of the day, I really didn't mind. I know who I am. I'm choosing to stand up and reclaim the title of "butch lesbian." Heck, I even bought a new silver chain necklace. And you should too.

Management-friendly restaurants where you won't get shouted at.

Imagine you're taking the elevator down from the top of the F23 Building, away from the air-conditioned board room where you have just broken a sweat from the strenuous effort of indiscriminately axing staff left, right and centre. As you sit down at Forum Cafe to order a hard-earned glass of prosecco with a side of beluga caviar, you hear yelling in the distance. It's the nasty students and staff, protesting the cuts you've just made to their education and livelihoods! They just hate to see a girlboss winning... Eye-roll moment!

You, as a manager, deserve to be able to eat your lunch guilt-free and subsidised by stolen staff wages! Perhaps some of these local haunts will tickle your fancy.

Vice-Chancellor's Garden

Built for the purpose of peace and reflection, the Vice-Chancellor's Garden is ironically the least safe of the five spaces on campus. The garden, while secluded, is nevertheless an oft-used thoroughfare known for the filthy activist pilgrimage between the Quad lawns and Courtyard Cafe on Science Road. Regardless, the Vice-Chancellor's Garden continues to offer the superiority its name bestows and can be found empty on days other than Wednesdays from 1-3 pm.

Cafe Paci

Just steps from campus, hidden between a vintage store and something else that we don't care about, Cafe Paci has replaced former haunt, Bella Brutta, as the go-to spot to discuss cost-cutting measures over a bottle of Bollinger. This Nordic-European style bistro will take you back to the streets of Rome, with its ox-tongue tacos and oysters. Nevertheless, make sure to nab a table in the back as its King Street location makes it a risky option with watchful students.

Carillon Room in the Quadrangle

At the top of the Quadrangle, the Carillon Room is the place to be. It offers a quiet solitude unique to its location, a far cry from the shouting masses on the outside of F23. The author of this listicle often likes to venture out into its heights, looking down their nose at the rest of campus. There is a certain je ne sais quoi to exclusivity, after all.

Madsen Tower

You love places that are high up, from which you can look out onto campus and feel superior. People (stinky students) will have you believe that condescension is unbecoming of an academic, but it's okay — they don't know your doctorate is honorary anyway. The Madsen Tower is the perfect place to congregate with other like-minded men and enjoy one of the quieter corners of campus.

Body Freezer Room in Anderson Stuart

Deep in the underbelly of Anderson Stuart, amidst countless aluminium body-storage drawers is the Anderson Stuart body freezer. It's a great place to catch up with old friends who have been poked and prodded and packed away in preparation for their contribution to science. The low temperatures and distance from the ground level ensures that this place is optimum for a chill chat — and even an ice cream or two.

I'm choosing to stand up and reclaim the title of "butch lesbian."



SAFE SPACES FOR GUILTY CONSCIENTES

SAFE SPACES FOR GUILTY CONSCIENTES

An ode to my Känken

MARK SCOTT

Fjällräven.
A word that I pretend to know
how to say.

Känken,
A word that carries, holds, grips and grasps,
my heart.

Everything is inside of you,
my books,
my brilliance
my other bags (of cash).
Who am I kidding?
I do not carry cash...

But still,
I carry you!

Without me,
you are empty —
hollow.

Without you,
I am empty —
sorrow.

More than a backpack,
you pack a punch,
make my suit pop,
hold my lunch.

You keep me young,
we are better together,
red like a stop sign,
stay with me forever.

What use are briefcases,
When I have my own brief, case?

Without you, I am nothing,
and would hold,
nothing.

Girlboss

NOT ANNAMARIE JAGOSE

Go forth and make money.
I am so important.
Representation of w*men CEOs
Lost on silly protesters.

Breaking the glass ceiling is the
Obvious answer to gendered discrimination.
Sellout is
Simply a slur for 'girlboss'.

F23

UNIVERSITY SPOKESPERSON

Menacing presence,
You make me feel powerful,
Sitting in glory.

I have a proposition for the Communists

GRIMEY MCGEE

I have
a proposition
for
the Communists.

um,
So typically
most Communists I know are
not fans of management

but if you think about it,
management is actually the
f a s t e s t
path to gains

[...]

we could totally get to a place where
everybody (except us) has to work,
nobody is provided for,
destitute state of living.

[...]

so basically everything
everyone loves about communism
without any
mutual prosperity

[...] caring about staff and students
is
really

not a vibe

MY FAVOURITE PLACES TO ORGASM IN FASS

ANNIE VERBOSE
Queer geographies of austerity.

As the virtualisation of University experience reconfigures the locus of spatialised embodiment, and as I move onto new, higher levels in F23, my critical attention drifts asunder to the affective geographies in which we inhabit. As a gift to the staff and student community, I henceforth impart my top three favourite places to orgasm in the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, along with immersive anecdotes to accompany them, with the hopes that they will lead you to your own bursts of pleasure.

3. Under the giant mural in the Refectory

I relive this memory—my fondest—over and over during moments of ennui during all-staff meetings: I am lying face-down on the glossy floor of the Refectory, my nipples grazing the ground as I dig my elbows in. My lover is gently thrusting into me with a hot pink, sustainably-sourced strap on, and my moans echo across the giant hall and bounce off the orgy-esque neo-classical mural on its walls. I have an epiphany as I orgasm, and liken

the melody of my moans to the voices of all the women before me who have let out cries in the face of undue hostility to the benevolent middle manager. In a way, my throaty whimpers leave cracks in the ceiling as they reverberate across the room and a pink ball gag is shoved into my mouth.

2. The Quad Lawns

Perhaps the most public of all locales in which I have enjoyed a root on campus, the lawns within the Quadrangle offer the perfect place to get in touch with one's inner cottagecore lesbian. With yonic structures like Chau Chak Museum and Fisher Library in your line of sight, the dark academia-esque halls of the Quadrangle unleash the sexy middle manager within. Few implements for stimulation are needed; the verdant green of the lawns brings one back to simpler days of rolling around in the fields and gloriously fucking, like something out of a 19th century sapphic poem. While the purple canopy of the jacaranda tree once provided shelter from the clear-eyed and



all-knowing student body, now orgasm is only achievable in the Quad after nightfall, but the suspense of being sighted only increases the ecstasy.

1. In the queer theory section of the library

It was queer theoretical protocols or tendencies that substantialized orgasm for me as a node of critical attention in the first place and queer theoretical impulses, too, that made me persist in thinking with and through orgasm even when it seemed that orgasm was constituted by queer theory as its bad object. X marks the spot. X also marks the spot where my transversal body was liberated at the height of

climax on the fourth floor of the Fisher Library stacks. In such moments, only poetry will do:

*You licked the tip of your finger
& flicked through a Berlant
waltzed down the aisle
we moved onto Butler &
spanking butts
like when we were on Air New
Zealand
—Auckland to Sydney
in our communist phase
what a mile-high ride that was
they call us sell-outs now
but I would never sell
in this moment
love
& your licking fingers*

Honi Awards

The F23 Award for Occupying the Honi Office
Iggy Boyd and Harpreet Kaur Dhillon

The Michael West Award for Quality over Quantity
Christian Holman

The DPP Award for Biggest Pay Rise
Lauren Lancaster

The Patrick Massarani Award for Litigiousness
Liam Donohoe

The Inaugural Zara Zadro Award for Subtweeting
Zara Zadro

The Robbie Mason Award for Working-Class Representation
Owen Marsden-Readford & Oscar Chaffey

The Ben Hines Award for Best Unity Twink
Aidan O'Rourke

The Donald Trump Award for Hiring and Firing
Roisin Murphy

The Alan Jones Award for Freedom
Alex Baird

The Matt Carter Award for Fear and Intimidation
Ian Maxwell

The Mick Fuller Award for Policing
SPICE for Honi

The Manning Bar Award for 'We Can Save Him'
St Paul's College

The Brangelina Award for Worst Breakup
Switchroots

The Daany Saeed Memorial Award for Flipping to This Section To Look for Their Name
Ben Hines

The Harry Houdini Award for Disappearing Without a Trace
NLS

The Riki Scanlan Award for Most Creative Understanding of the Regs
Khanh Tran

Puzzles

Word Search

Y L N A Y G P N R B C F S S X
T F A V B O E D F I G U T U I
I G A S L I G H T B A T U R L
R Y P I O T A U P H T U C P S
E S C W B P E N E R E R E L S
T E T L V N O C N T K E S U O
S D X I E S S R H S E F R S B
U W P M F D L A P L E A U R L
A A R H E O L A U E P S O I R
P E G B L E R C U N G S C E I
H O T S S T K P E S L N I A G
W A G E T H E F T L A E A D B
S E E F T N E D U T S C A H I
R E D U N D A N C I E S M R C
Y A H K Z P S G N I K C A S N

HERMENEUTIC
CHANGE PROPOSAL
FUTURE FASS
SURPLUS
WAGE THEFT
GASLIGHT
GATEKEEP
GIRLBOSS
COURSE CUTS
CASUALS

STUDENT FEES
POLICE
REDUNDANCIES
AUSTERITY
SURVEILLANCE
SACKINGS
THALES
PROFITS
UNLEARN
HECS DEBT

Quiz C for Cuts

All answers start with the letter C.

1. Cut diamonds are forms of what element?
2. Name a type of cloth often used to make jumpers.
3. Which vegetable is great to be chopped in a Greek Salad?
4. Which type of tree was most cut down in Australia in 2020?
5. What would Jesus do if you were gay?
6. 250 of which were potentially in danger this year?

MANAGEMENT'S FORESIGHT IN ENGAGING THE SERVICES OF WORLD LEADING DATA SURVEILLANCE COMPANY DATAMINR HAS RESULTED IN A SWATHE OF ILLUMINATING INTELLIGENCE ON THE EDITORS OF THE NEWSPAPER FORMERLY

KNOWN AS *HONI SOIT*. THE FOLLOWING ANALYSES REVEAL THE EDITORS TO BE INCOMPETENT ANTI-STUDENT INTERLOPERS CONCERNED MERELY WITH KNOCKERS, PISSING THEIR OWN PANTS AND LOVING EACH OTHER.

NEVERTHELESS, THIS DOSSIER HAS BEEN COMPILED TO ENSURE THAT EDITORS ARE MONITORED TO PREVENT FUTURE INSTANCES OF HOMOPHOBIC SLURS DIRECTED AT MANAGERS, SEXUALISING THE VC, AND FEARMONGERING ABOUT "CUTS."

RECEIPT #1101
DEAUNDRE ESPEJO

CODE NAME:
DIEGO ESPIONAGE

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
GHOSTING MESSAGES, DOWNWARD SPIRALS, CHUGGING PRUNE JUICE

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
"CAN WE ALL SLEEP TOGETHER"



RECEIPT #1103
VIVIENNE GUO

CODE NAME:
SAPPHO-LA-POD

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
OCTOPISSING HER PANTS, JUST WAKING UP AT 2PM, WRITES TOO MANY FEATURES

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
"GIMME GIMME"

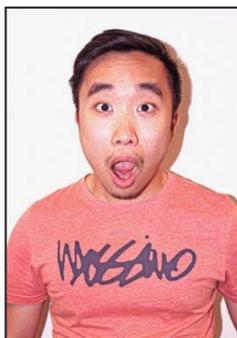


RECEIPT #1105
JEFFREY KHOO

CODE NAME:
REAL MISS SOIT

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
PROMOTING INCEST, STRESSED AT YUM CHA, STUDIES COMMERCE

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
"HOW DO I CHANGE MY DP FROM THE HONI LOGO?"



RECEIPT #1102
SAMUEL GARRETT

CODE NAME:
SEWER RAT

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
SPEEDRUNNING, SUBBING FETISH, PRO-TRUTHER

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
🤪🤪🤪



RECEIPT #1104
MARLOW HURST

CODE NAME:
MUFFIN MAN

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
PULP DOUBLE AGENT, USU SIMP, UNCONFRONTED INNER DEMONS, INVOKING

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
"**** KNOCKERS"



RECEIPT #1106
JULIETTE MARCHANT

CODE NAME:
COLLEAGUE

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
LIKES MARK SCOTT'S TWEETS, ASSAULTS ON STUDENT DEMOCRACY

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
"WHERE IS THE HONOUR"



RECEIPT #1107
SHANIA O'BRIEN

CODE NAME:
CULTURE WARRIOR

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
LIKES TO LIE, FULL-TIME MEAN GIRL, KNITTED A 2M LONG SCARF

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
"STOP GATEKEEPING THE PITCH DOC DEAUNDRE"



RECEIPT #1108
CLAIRE OLLIVAIN

CODE NAME:
JUDY BUTTS

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
CASUAL STAFF ON SPEED DIAL, LESBOPHOBIA, COMMUNIST AFFILIATIONS

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
NUMEROUS



RECEIPT #1109
MAXIM SHANAHAN

CODE NAME:
NEWS KING

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
"DICKHEAD WITH AN EGO PROBLEM", MILITARY TIES?

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
"PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE I WILL BE EDITING THE SYDNEY TORY NEXT YEAR!"



RECEIPT #1110
ALICE TRENOWETH-CRESWELL

CODE NAME:
BELLA BRUHAHA

POTENTIAL MISCONDUCT:
FAILED GRIEVANCE OFFICER, INNER WEST WORSTIE

FLAGGED TWEET/S:
"RA RA RA YUM YUM YUM GOD SHE'S GOOD"

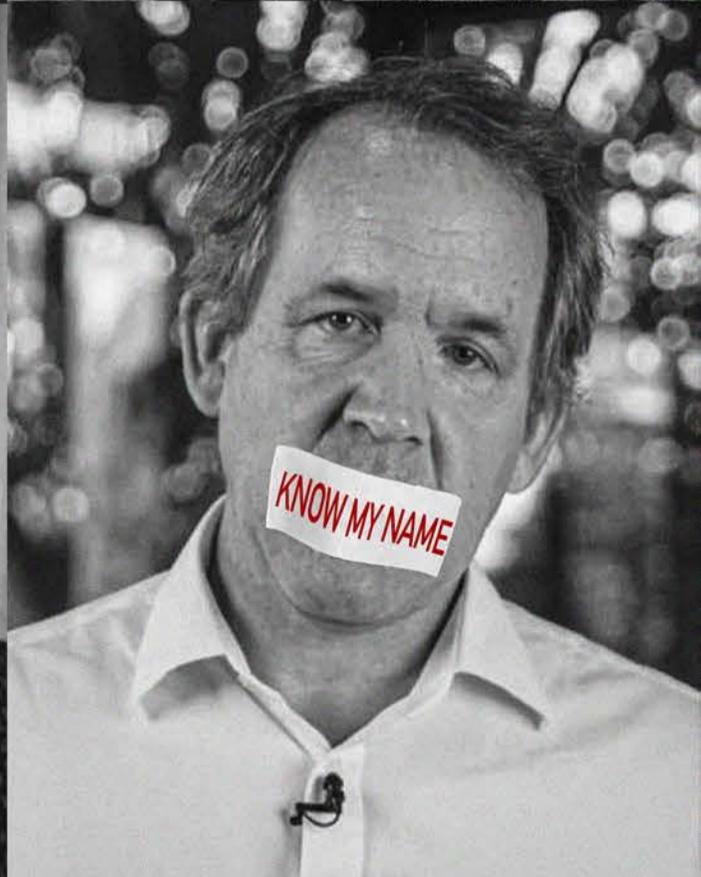


RECEIPT #1111
REPORTERS

BEWARE OF:

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| Carmeli Argana | Wilson Huang | Katherine Porritt-Fraser |
| Ella Avni | Holly Hughes | Seamas Pragnell |
| Anthia Balis | Julia Jacobson | Kowther Qashou |
| Laura Bancroft | Sarah Jasem | Nafeesa Rahman |
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| Alana Louise Bowden | Lucas Kao | Stuart Rich |
| Iggy Boyd | Matthew Kelleher | Kian Rippon |
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| Lara Braga | Amelia Koen | Grace Roodenrys |
| Chiara Bragato | Julian Kopkas | Ailish Ryan |
| Chloe Breitreuz | Katarina Kuo | Julia Saab |
| Maddy Briggs | Tasia Kuznichenko | Kate Saap |
| David Brophy | Grace Lagan | Daanyal Saeed |
| Iris Brown | Mariessa Lai | Bella Salier |
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| Danny Cabubas | Veronica Lenard | Lillian Scott |
| Lily Campbell | Ben Levin | Maya Seelig |
| Griffin Cant | Matthew Lim | Naz Sharifi |
| Matthew Carter | Ryan Lung | Eva Sikes-Gerogiannis |
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| Olivia Croker | Jessica McCrindle | Anqi Teng |
| Zander Czerwaniw | Patrick McKenzie | Rhea Thomas |
| Nandini Dhir | Luke Mesterovic | Mia Toda |
| Seth Dias | Kristin Miao | Kimmi Tonkin |
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| Alexandre Douglas | Alice Moore | Jayfel Tulabing-Lee |
| Sam Eames | Isla Mowbray | Riley Vaughan |
| Oscar Eggleton | Kelton Muir de Moore | Dylan Waldron |
| Gian Ellis-Gannell | Moore | Grace Wallman |
| Felix Faber | Eamonn Murphy | Chuyi Wang |
| Keira Fairley | Roisin Murphy | Tom Wark |
| Joe Fidler | Alice Nason | Amy Warner |
| Jess Firth | Angelina Nguyen | Tom Williams |
| Jordyn Fisher | Minh Nguyen | Henry Willis |
| Matthew Forbes | Isabella Nicoletti | James Wily |
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| Ariana Haghighi | Jake Parker | Casey Zhu |
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| Emily Henderson | Shani Patel | |
| Ben Hines | Grace Pennock | |
| Robert Hoang | Lia Perkins | |
| Anna Hobson | Tiger Perkins | |
| | Harry Peters | |

#KNOW OUR NAMES



**PROTEST THE BULLYING, HARASSMENT AND
ABUSE OF MANAGEMENT BY THE EAG**

12PM WEDNESDAY OUTSIDE THE SRC