

Honi Soit.

WEEK 8, SEM 1 2022

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY

FREE STUDENT NEWSPAPER

NEWS, CULTURE & ANALYSIS

Est. 1929



The school that wouldn't budge: Darlington's resistance

Over the course of a three year degree, it's likely you'll spend a lot of time walking up and down Abercrombie Street. Going to and from uni, the Royal, and Carriageworks aren't uncommon day to day experiences, and usually take students past Darlington Public School, where I was once a student. When I started at USyd, my renewed location-based connection to the school and Abercrombie Street reinforced the importance of my time there; a time

which, I have come to realise, completely laid the groundwork for my understanding of preserving local communities.

The education I gained at Darlington was deeply based on principles of commonality. There was an equal emphasis on learning from those around you and their experiences as there was on the curriculum. In the process of archival digging I did to find out more about the history of this unique education...

Roisin Murphy locates us in local history — page 12.

Beyond Birdcage: Sydney needs more lesbian spaces

Talk of the queer scene in Sydney tends to evoke images of colourful and commercial Oxford Street: rainbow flags flying from building facades, Drag Queens turning heads on the sidewalk, mannequins donning leather briefs in storefront windows, dancing bodies at Stonewall Hotel and Universal. And, of course, Mardi Gras.

Claire Ollivain writes- p. 10

ALSO IN THIS EDITION:

The Gay Liberation movement on campus p.11

How to start a squat - p. 14

Hacks to eating well on a budget - p. 7

A treatise concerning the moral permissibility of umbrella stealing - p. 9

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

Honi Soit is published on the stolen land of the Gadigal People of the Eora Nation. Sovereignty was never ceded; the invasion of this land was, and still is, a process of immense violence, destruction, and theft.

The Editors of *Honi* acknowledge the suffering caused by ongoing colonial structures and commit to confronting the political, economic, legal and social systems which continue to oppress First Nations people.

As a collective, we acknowledge that we are each living, writing, and working on stolen Gadigal, Dharawal and Darug land. Further, the university which we attend is an inherently colonial institution, one which upholds the voices of this ongoing resistance, truly valuing and heeding Indigenous knowledge and perspectives.

Honi has stood on stolen land since its inception 93 years ago; embedded in the history of this paper is the tireless resistance to oppressive, colonial structures within society by

combat, complicity in colonisation.

It is important to recognise that First Nations people have, since 1788, resisted and survived colonial violence. Our newspaper needs to platform the voices of this ongoing resistance, truly valuing and heeding Indigenous knowledge and perspectives.

Honi has stood on stolen land since its inception 93 years ago; embedded in the history of this paper is the tireless resistance to oppressive, colonial structures within society by

First Nations writers, contributors and editors – it is our duty to uphold their legacy, champion their voices, and continue to fight for First Nations justice.

We pay our deepest respect to Elders both past and present, and extend that respect to all First Nations students, staff, and readers of *Honi Soit*.

Always was, and always will be Aboriginal land.

IN THIS EDITION

- 4 News
- 6 University
- 8 Campus
- 10 Dyke
- 12 Feature
- 14 Analysis

EDITOR IN-CHIEF
Roisin Murphy

EDITORS

Carmeli Argana, Christian Holman, Amelia Koen, Roisin Murphy, Sam Randle, Fabian Robertson, Thomas Sargeant, Ellie Stephenson, Khanh Tran, Zara Zadro.

WRITERS

Maxim Adams, Misbah Ansari, Carmeli Argana, Katarina Butler, Luke Cass, Gian Ellis-Gannell, Isabel Formby, Sharaf Fozdar, Sam Garrett, Ariana Haghghi, Amir Hashemi Pour, Caitlin Hester, Marlow Hurst, Lauren Lancaster, Mae

- 15 Culture
- 16 Perspective
- 18 STEM & Enviro
- 20 OB Reports
- 22 Puzzles
- 23 Comedy

Milne, Zak Milo, Angelique Minas, Roisin Murphy, Claire Ollivain, Nicholas Osiowy, Dashie Prasad, Nafeesa Rahman, Sam Randle, Thomas Sargeant, Ellie Stephenson, Khanh Tran, Chuyi Wang, Caitlin White, Zara Zadro.

ARTISTS & PHOTOGRAPHERS
Maxim Adams, Nicola Brayan, Ava Broinowski, CAKE for Honi, Ellie Stephenson, Khanh Tran.

BACK COVER ARTIST
Thomas Sargeant.

COVER ARTISTS
Roisin Murphy & Thomas Sargeant.

GET IN TOUCH

Have you got a tip for a story? An angry letter to the editors? An article pitch?

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

By Roisin Murphy

For a long time, all I've wanted to do is grow up and edit *Honi Soit*. I know it's pretty loser-ish, but Honi has been everything for me.

My parents don't have degrees, despite giving uni a go. As a teenager, I would walk through USyd on my way home from school and pick up copies of *Honi* at Fisher Library. Mostly through luck, I met a few people who had edited Honi before I finished Year 12. The paper became both a symbol of and an access point to a life of queerness, intellect and freedom – one beyond the often suffocating and straight-centric high school world I was in.

When I got to uni, a lot of my hopes were let down. For the first two years, I was struggling both socially and academically, always feeling like the kids from private schools were two steps ahead. Wherever I mixed on campus, it seemed like I wasn't straight enough, rich enough, or white enough.

To counter all of this, I had Honi. As I got older, my relationship with Honi grew from one of aspiration to one of validation. I didn't feel totally a part of campus elsewhere, but in reading the paper, I found a sense of belonging. This is because Honi has a special power to embrace people with history and make them feel like they're a part of something bigger. In discovering the archives, I found that I wasn't just sharing a campus with my classmates,

Finally, this edition is dedicated to Uncle Robbie Welsh, whose unwaveringly patient care and wisdom made me feel both nurtured by the past and a part of the future. I'll say thanks in the Dreaming, Uncle.

Maybe what editing has taught me so far is that it wasn't really editing *Honi* that I wanted to do when I was growing up – rather, what I wanted was to build and be a part of communities that do something larger than themselves, something *Honi* does in little ways every year.

It seems that dubious character references continue to emerge regarding the upcoming USU elections as an aspiring Board Candidate, who is more known for their extensive property portfolio, has had a troubled history of [REDACTED ON LEGAL ADVICE]. Indeed, this level of financial deception hasn't

been seen since the days of T^{an}a L^{an}.

KPI 3: Longevity

We've heard from the grapevine that former VC (Education) Pip Pattinson, in a hot mic prior to her retirement, said that students have a shelf life of 2 years and let loose on how student activists were annoying and a waste of her time.

Happy Easter, Jasper.

Hi Honi,

I'm writing about your April 7th article, recapping the council. I believe I have been slightly misconstrued in the following:

"Also in administrative errors, General Secretary Grace Lagan (Unity) criticised the University for failing to pay student contractors through the late payment of Welcome Week grants. "The Uni Welcome Week Grant program team has not been great ... it's detrimental to the University," Lagan said."

I didn't say that the program team itself had been "detrimental", but rather the university's reimbursement and finance processes. The program team, when I raised with them the issue of students not being paid, was just as confused as I was and helped to escalate the issue internally. I would really hate for people who didn't have anything to do with the failures of other university systems, and indeed, apologised profusely they realised what had happened, to be blamed here.

And we hear that our poo bandit is still on the run! Women's College number one Dr Tiffany Donnelly is yet to sink her fingers into the number two behind the late night laundry room artistry! We hear Donnelly was all hush flush about the incident, swiftly getting cleaners to dispose of the mess and telling RAs not to mention a thing to residents, while investigations were underway.

We can only hope the troublemaking unapologetically being offered stool softener and safe shelter, as they rest before leaving their next mark.

KPI 2: Revenue
It seems that dubious character references continue to emerge regarding the upcoming USU elections as an aspiring Board Candidate, who is more known for their extensive property portfolio, has had a troubled history of [REDACTED ON LEGAL ADVICE]. Indeed, this level of financial deception hasn't

been seen since the days of T^{an}a L^{an}.

KPI 1: Engagement

It seems *Honi Soit*'s treatise on campus pranks last week was heard loud and smear, inspiring some midnight mythmakers to deposit some Easter choccie treats into the laundry baskets of Women's residents last Wednesday night. This dropped interestingly a week after the release of the NSSS Survey, adding another stain to the reputation of the residential colleges, who've shown little progress on the damning cultural issues first uncovered in the Broderick report. Shit college activism? You can count on it at Sydney!

When we moved into Summer Hill, I sought permission from the landlord to bring my three rabbits. We're family. The bunnies, the landlord (Rich farming Uncle), and me. When the recent torrential rain plagued Sydney, their runs fell victim to mini floods and the structures became unsuitable and untenable as accommodation. I rescued my bunnies inside one night and constructed a makeshift enclosure in the corner of our living room. I was short on supplies and used a bunch of old textbooks, boxes, and pots to form the barriers of the refuge.

Cheers,

Grace Lagan - Economics / Law III

Hello hello, Rude Girl™ is back and her rent is due, so welcome to another KPI-filled instalment of Sex & The City Road.

KPI 1: Engagement

It seems *Honi Soit*'s treatise on campus pranks last week was heard loud and smear, inspiring some midnight mythmakers to deposit some Easter choccie treats into the laundry baskets of Women's residents last Wednesday night. This dropped interestingly a week after the release of the NSSS Survey, adding another stain to the reputation of the residential colleges, who've shown little progress on the damning cultural issues first uncovered in the Broderick report. Shit college activism? You can count on it at Sydney!

While I am in the middle of writing a statutory declaration on the indiscretions I've suffered at the hands of Jasper, for the purposes of brevity, I'm going to limit my submission here to his blatant disregard for my pets. More specifically, my bunny Thumper.

When we moved into Summer Hill, I sought permission from the landlord to bring my three rabbits. We're family. The bunnies, the landlord (Rich farming Uncle), and me. When the recent torrential rain plagued Sydney, their runs fell victim to mini floods and the structures became unsuitable and untenable as accommodation. I rescued my bunnies inside one night and constructed a makeshift enclosure in the corner of our living room. I was short on supplies and used a bunch of old textbooks, boxes, and pots to form the barriers of the refuge.

We can only hope the troublemaking unapologetically being offered stool softener and safe shelter, as they rest before leaving their next mark.

KPI 2: Revenue

It seems that dubious character references continue to emerge regarding the upcoming USU elections as an aspiring Board Candidate, who is more known for their extensive property portfolio, has had a troubled history of [REDACTED ON LEGAL ADVICE]. Indeed, this level of financial deception hasn't

been seen since the days of T^{an}a L^{an}.

KPI 1: Engagement

It seems *Honi Soit*'s treatise on campus pranks last week was heard loud and smear, inspiring some midnight mythmakers to deposit some Easter choccie treats into the laundry baskets of Women's residents last Wednesday night. This dropped interestingly a week after the release of the NSSS Survey, adding another stain to the reputation of the residential colleges, who've shown little progress on the damning cultural issues first uncovered in the Broderick report. Shit college activism? You can count on it at Sydney!

When we moved into Summer Hill, I sought permission from the landlord to bring my three rabbits. We're family. The bunnies, the landlord (Rich farming Uncle), and me. When the recent torrential rain plagued Sydney, their runs fell victim to mini floods and the structures became unsuitable and untenable as accommodation. I rescued my bunnies inside one night and constructed a makeshift enclosure in the corner of our living room. I was short on supplies and used a bunch of old textbooks, boxes, and pots to form the barriers of the refuge.

Cheers,

Grace Lagan - Economics / Law III

been seen since the days of T^{an}a L^{an}.

KPI 3: Longevity

We've heard from the grapevine that former VC (Education) Pip Pattinson, in a hot mic prior to her retirement, said that students have a shelf life of 2 years and let loose on how student activists were annoying and a waste of her time.

My older sisters and mother were devastated to hear of Thumper's passing as he had been in the family for years. I demanded that Jasper compensate me in some way for essentially murdering my pet, but he just laughed and went back to his room. My mother wants me to contact the family lawyer, but I want to give Jasper a chance to make amends.

I don't blame Jasper entirely - know he had quite a troubled upbringing and probably didn't get taught basic courtesy and manners, but surely for this has gone too far? Please, for closure's sake, tell me (and Thumper (and my Landlord)) my housemate is evil.

We're sorry to hear of Thumper's passing. It is Easter, so wait three days and see what happens. As for Jasper, it's a shame his legal education was no bar to his negligent behaviour, but maybe you shouldn't have housed your bunnies in the living room. Considering Jasper's stoner behaviour and forgetfulness, you might have sealed Thumper's fate just by moving him within an arm's reach of that unreliable fuck. Next time you make any drastic residential moves for your pets, think about Thumper's bloodied corpse.

Verdict:

YOU: Poor judge of character.

HOUSEMATE: Guilty on two counts of criminal negligence.

Got your own dilemma? Submit them here: <https://tinyurl.com/evilhousemate>

The Gig Guide

Looking for a way to fill your evenings? New to Sydney and keen to get a lay of the land? Look no further than your weekly gig guide, where we'll hunt down all the best live music and arts events for the upcoming week.

The Vic on the Park

22 April / 8pm Gully Days
23 April / 9pm Kitten Heel / Hachiku

Cellar Theatre
13-16 April / 7pm She Rode Horses Like the Stock Exchange, Written by Amelia Roper, Directed by Alex Bryant.

The Vanguard
14 April / 6pm Betty
21 April / 7pm AVA YVES

Hermann's Bar
14 April / 5pm DJ Soc

Marlborough Hotel
15 April / 6pm Lady King w/ Ange
17 April / 12pm Easter Party

Enmore Theatre
15 April / 4pm Something for Kate
16 April / 8pm Holy Holy
19 April / 8pm Aunty Donna

Oxford Art Factory
14 April / 7pm Shady Nasty
16 April / 7pm Indie Easter Party
22 April / 7pm Eliza & The Delusions

The Lansdowne
14 April / 6pm Neighbourhood Void
16 April / 7pm Indie Easter

PARTY AT MANNING
WED 13 APRIL 6PM-LATE
LIVE UP RITON + MASH'D KUTCHER
DJSC
TACOS MUCHACHOS
55 PINT PILSNER SCHOONERS
JAGERMEISTER HAPPY HOUR 6-8PM
18+

Major bus strike disrupts services across NSW on Monday

Zara Zadro reports.

A bus strike affected Sydney and regional NSW on Monday 11 April, as transport unions escalated their long fight against the state government for fairer pay and working conditions.

The 24-hour strike affected services across Sydney's north, south, and west, as well as the Hills District, Innerwest and CBD, including the suburbs of Liverpool, Fairfield, Parramatta, Sutherland, Cronulla, Lidcombe, Granville, Bankstown, Frenchs Forest, St Ives and Belrose.

The action was organised by the Transport Workers Union (TWU) and Rail, Tram and Bus Union (RTBU), and involved around 1000 workers from three transport operating companies. It was the latest in a series of industrial action by transport unions surrounding wages and fair working conditions, which culminated in the government's 24-hour shutdown of the NSW rail network in February.

In a TWU press release, State Secretary Richard Olsen urged the government

to take responsibility and control for enforcing a list of industry standards for workers through the contracts they award to private operators. Their demands include same-pay protections for drivers operating all routes, and proper break-rooms and accessible bathrooms during shifts.

Olsen added: "Across the industry Bus Drivers are also questioning their own safety at work and the safety of their passengers as the NSW Government has not taken its share of responsibility to provide adequate training, reduction of violence against bus drivers and the provision of adequate fatigue management conditions."

In a statement to *Honi*, a University spokesperson said: "Students affected by the bus strike on Monday will not be penalised for non-attendance of any classes. They should notify their teachers in the normal way."

A TWU survey found 85 per cent of its drivers operated their buses for more than five hours between breaks, while more than 80 per cent experienced verbal abuse

every day.

Transport Minister David Elliot denounced the strike's disruption to NSW commuters, which will occur on the first day of school holidays. "I urge the unions to stop exploiting the state transport network for Labor's political gain," he said in a statement to the media.

The industrial action comes after thousands of health workers walked off the job two weeks ago, calling for a pay rise in an ongoing dispute with the state government.

"We understand the inconvenience strike action may cause some members of the public, and it's not a decision the drivers take lightly, we have chosen the day with care, we are confident the community will understand drivers have been left with no other option to have their voices heard," said Olsen.

Transport workers and private operators are also continuing their negotiations of a new enterprise bargaining agreement.

Federal election called for 21 May

Honi Soit reports.

The 2022 Federal Election has been called for 21 May. Prime Minister Scott Morrison visited the Governor-General David Hurley on Sunday morning to request the dissolution of Australia's 46th parliament.

After months of thinly veiled campaigning, the formal election campaign is now able to begin. The lack of official announcement until now hasn't stopped the major parties, however, with Morrison last night sharing an awkward video titled 'Why I love Australia'.

In a press conference on Sunday morning, Prime Minister Scott Morrison said: "More than ever, I am optimistic about our future and what Australians can achieve."

"This election is about you and no one else. It's about this country and our future. And like all other elections, this election is a choice."

Australians will need to ensure that their details are up to date with the Australian Electoral Commission in order to be eligible to vote. First time voters are encouraged to register as soon as possible.

This election follows three consecutive Coalition governments. Australia has been led by the Liberal-National Coalition since 2013.

It is also the first federal election since the myriad of crises Australia has faced in recent times, including the 2019-2020 bushfires, the Black Lives Matter protests and the COVID-19 global health crisis.

Australians can register to vote or update their enrolment details on the AEC website.

criticised for being well below the \$59 poverty line.

The Minister's response follows the delivery of the federal budget two weeks ago, which saw little support for students beyond a \$250 one-off payment for welfare recipients.

NUS condemns federal government for refusing to change age of independence

Carmeli Argana reports.

The National Union of Students (NUS) criticised the government on Thursday night for refusing to lower the Youth Allowance age of independence from 22 to 18 years of age.

This criticism comes after the NUS received a response from the Minister for Families and Social Services Anne Ruston, in regards to a petition to parliament they submitted last June.

The petition, which received 13,360 signatures, asked the government to recognise that "young people are independents from the age of 18". This would have allowed more students to access Centrelink's Youth Allowance, especially those coming from difficult or unstable households.

In a statement published on Thursday, the NUS accused the government of being "seriously out of touch with students".

"The government's response to an increased cost of living, unstable work and student poverty is that 'parents should be the ones to support their children,'" the statement read.

"This response does nothing for students who are struggling to balance increasingly casualised and insecure work with their studies. 18-21 year old students are struggling to put a roof over their heads and food on the table and the Minister's solution is that they simply turn 22 overnight."

"It's time to Change The Age of Independence, it's time to change this rotten Government."

In the Minister's response to the petition, Ruston said: "The Government believes that parents should support their children, where they are able, until they achieve financial independence."

Youth Allowance payments currently sit at \$37.89 per day, a figure that has been criticised for being well below the \$59 poverty line.

Sydney suburbs flood again after heavy rainfall

Ellie Stephenson reports.

The already-saturated Sydney region has yet again been affected by an extreme rainfall event following flooding events throughout March. The rain caused evacuation orders and closures of schools and roads throughout the city last week.

A deepening trough over the city produced rainfall from last Wednesday evening and throughout Friday.

The University of Sydney did not advise students to remain at home. A spokesperson told *Honi*:

"We're aware that NSW SES has issued

local orders rather than a state-wide stay at home direction, and so we haven't issued general advice to our community today. As noted previously, we follow SES advice and BOM forecasts to determine when we issue all staff/student communications encouraging our community to stay home if possible. We also advise our community to heed any localised warnings, and to exercise appropriate caution."

"Students affected by floods and severe weather will not be penalised for non-attendance of any classes."

The NSW Bureau of Meteorology warned residents of major flooding throughout the Hawkesbury-Nepean Valley. Flood levels at Menangle, on the



Gender equality at USyd: Pay, promotions and transparency

Luke Cass investigates.

At a university where money equals success, appearances are everything. Appearances to impressionable, prospective students who fill the coffers. Appearances to academic staff whose work dictates yearly rankings. Appearances to a country that is largely suspicious of higher education.

less than men in the same industries and the jobs.

"The University is increasingly acting like a business so it is no surprise that they too are guilty of underpaying female workers. This also reflects the university's other money making schemes; their rampant casualisation and restructuring."

Workplace Gender Equality Report

Each year, non-government organisations who employ over 100 people are obligated to report to the Workplace Gender Equality Agency (WGEA). Analysis of the data, as offered by the WGEA data explorer tool, shows that 2021 was a bad year for gender equity across many significant metrics, with minor improvements in other areas.

Women have consisted of the majority of the University's employees since 2014, as typical of the sector. In 2021, women made up 55.7% of the workforce, an increase of 0.1% from the previous year and 2% since 2017.

Concerningly, the majority of managers (54.2%) are still male. These results are even worse among what the WGEA defines as 'senior managers' where the figures amount to 59.1% of senior management consisting of men, increasing from 58% a year prior. Among Directors (Board Members and Chairs), men make up 53.3% of the workforce. This is down on last year, but higher than the University's best in 2018 when women made up the majority (60%) of directors for the first time. The University does not have a target for the gender composition of the governing bodies; However, the fact that it does not control who is appointed to the University Senate is provided as a justification.

The pay gap as it stands still has significant implications for women. The compounding effect of this gap over a woman's career means less financial stability, less money saved for retirement and the litany of consequences which accompany this. When this data was revealed to staff in an internal announcement in October last year, management merely conceded that "there is more work to be done" without committing to any substantial action.

Beneath the surface, however, changes to the composition of the workplace have left women disadvantaged. In 2021, resignations by female staff made up 63.4% of total resignations, the worst proportion recorded so far (data is not available pre-2016). Promotions are also at their lowest level in years. 55.4% of promotions were given to women in

2021, which is also the lowest in the years where data is available. In the last six years, only 2018 saw a lower percentage level of appointments of women than in 2021, at 57.7%.

Notable positive changes to workplace gender equity policy in 2021 include carer's leave being offered for the first time as an informal flexible work option. In response to family and domestic violence, the University is now offering training to HR staff, referral to support services and financial support - as outlined in the University's 2020-21 WGEA Compliance Program report.

Damningly however, a change of office location is no longer being offered for family and domestic violence.

Accountability

There is also an accountability problem for the university on this issue. While WGEA is able to compel reports as a method of accountability, it is alarming that it was so difficult to research for this article. The University has access to gender pay data; it should publish it in as clear a way as possible.

The University has a webpage allocated to WGEA reports. There, you can find the 2018/19 report and 2019/2020 version. The 2020/2021 report is not there, despite it being submitted in July of last year. The fact that the format of the report has changed this year should not excuse the fact that it is now more difficult to locate these reports.

Women's Collective Co-Convenor Monica McNaught-Lee told *Honi*: "The University's lack of transparency around WGEA reports makes it very clear they do not actually care about rectifying any kind of gender pay disparity or workplace policies that disadvantage women and gender diverse employees."

Conclusion

This article has revealed some fairly concerning information. The University has a considerable pay gap that keeps women from achieving the same financial stability that their male counterparts

SRC Women's Officer Maddie Clark resigns

Ellie Stephenson reports.

SRC Women's Officer and Women's Collective Convenor Maddie Clark announced her resignation at an SRC meeting on Wednesday evening.

Clark told the Council: "Sadly I will be leaving this office, this will be my last SRC meeting as Sydney Uni Women's Officer."

When contacted for comment, Clark assured *Honi* that she would remain involved in campus activism, a sentiment which she also expressed to the SRC.

Clark was also the SRC's Education Officer in 2021.

The now-vacant position will be filled through an internal election within the WoCo in the next few weeks. The elected candidate will join Monica McNaught-Lee in convening the Collective.

The resignation of a Women's Officer is an unusual occurrence for the Women's Collective given the role's high visibility in campus feminist organising. Clark, along with McNaught-Lee, was elected unopposed to the position at the end of last year.

enjoy. Women are leaving in higher proportions than in years, and it's not hard to see why; they aren't receiving the same promotions and aren't being appointed at the same rates.

There is a fundamental struggle here. An institution such as the University of Sydney, whose existence aims to serve the public good, needs to be better at disclosing key information to the public. When they reveal it to staff, they ought to represent this information more honestly.

University of Sydney," he said.

through its partnership with Snowy Hydro, "a company built off the decimation of Indigenous land."

"At surface level, this is a positive move by the uni towards lowering their overall emissions; but, on closer inspection, it is just another way for the uni to spend money and feel good about themselves."

"Nothing short of public ownership of renewable energy can deliver true climate justice - and that's not what this is."

Fossil fuel companies also represented millions of dollars in the University of Sydney's 2020 investment portfolio, including BHP, Santos and Rio Tinto.

Other Australian universities already operating on 100 per cent renewable energy include the University of Queensland, Swinburne, Charles Sturt, and Macquarie University, which announced its partnership with Snowy Hydro in early 2020.

USyd to be 100 per cent powered by renewables by July

Zara Zadro reports.

combat climate change is a priority for our staff and students and we are committed to embedding sustainability in every aspect of University life."

The University of Sydney has signed a five-year contract with Snowy Hydro-backed company Red Energy to source 100 per cent of its electricity from renewable sources by 1 July 2022.

According to a press release last Wednesday, the contract will cover the Camperdown and satellite campuses, as well as the University-run student accommodation sites of Sancta Sophia College, St Andrew's College, St Paul's College, the Women's College and Wesley College, and Moore College — the theological seminary for the Anglican Church of Australia.

Paul Broad, Managing Director and CEO of Snowy Hydro, praised the partnership as an important step in decarbonising Australia's economy. "At Snowy Hydro, we have lived, breathed and delivered renewable energy to Australians through the mighty Snowy Scheme for generations. We are committed to continuing this legacy and leading the charge to a renewable energy future by working with large institutions like the

"We know reducing emissions to

Ishbel Dunsmore, one of USyd's Enviro Officers and Enviro Collective Convenors, called the move "a shady and disingenuous tactic to rid the uni of committing to actual climate action." She condemned the university's use of "greenwashing"

Gag clauses and giving up rights — now part of our education?

Gian Ellis-Gannell writes on the perverse logic of gag clauses and relinquishing intellectual property in compulsory interdisciplinary impact units (ICPUs).

The University of Sydney's Industry and Community Project and Interdisciplinary Impact units are a dreaded part of many students' degrees. After biting the bullet and accepting the approximately \$1000 addition to their HECS debt, students have been caught unaware that the unit's responding to real world problems' tagline means that they will be providing uncompensated labor to third party companies. In other terms: we are paying for the privilege of relinquishing our intellectual property (IP).

This means that the deed poll is effectively a non-disclosure agreement in all but name.

The non-disclosure agreement unilaterally prevents students from sharing or publishing any material about their industry partner without fear of legal consequences. It is also a precondition of participation that any IP created by you over the duration of the project is licensed to the University — so that it can be flogged off to their highest industry partner bidder. This is noted verbatim in the University's deed poll, which states that the licensing "... is required so that such IP can be licensed by the University to the Industry partner."

The search for the ideal tutorial spot

Nicholas Osiowy on the struggle of studying remotely on campus.

You've done it again. It's an uncharacteristically Brontean day for Sydney, wind and rain mixing and separating like two devious dancers determined to wring every piece of happiness out of this — the first post-COVID semester. And you're late for a tutorial. But there is no frantic checking of building names, no staircase runs. Lost On Campus remains safely in your pocket. A sheepish smile twitches on your lips; you're late for a remote tutorial.

Not so long ago, 2022 seemed to sing with potential. Campus was reactivating, and thousands eagerly awaited their HSC results, safe in the knowledge that this year would bring a fresh start. Even the older students seemed happy to be back, to delight in the push-and-pull, the wonderful cocktail of uni life. Despite ourselves, we romantically imagined warm afternoons on the Quad,

studying in Fisher, and meeting new people.

The wind takes a turn, and a woman beside you yelps as you wrangle your umbrella. You scuttle into Wentworth's dim shadow. She's gone before you can apologise. The cafeteria's warm light beckons, but you know it will be too loud. Maybe the outside tables will be quieter? A group of students huddles around one, battered by the resurgent wind, and a chip, already glacial, flies toward City Road.

The first sign of bad weather came during enrolment. We were thrust into a new world of RE and CC, a world of hybrids, of disconnection and participation. Our larger lectures were confined to the pixels of a Zoom screen, far from the blackboards and projectors of old. Then there were the cancelled units, the desperate emails to the

Student Resources Team, and, finally, the selection of the last remaining class spots on Sydney Student — usually remote.

"The frenzied search, the macabre scene of dripping clothes, the chaos of the inbetween, must end."

Now, you descend to the marsh of Cadigal Green. The tutorial just started, and there's still nowhere to sit. Desperate, you turn to the ping pong tables. Two bearded guys are battling it out. The exit to Shepherd Street

FoodHub shelved following administrative oversight between the USU and SRC

Khanh Tran reports on the dispute between the two organisations.

The USU and SRC have identified miscommunication and administrative difficulties as key reasons for their failure to continue the FoodHub initiative.

Established in early 2021 in response to the acute need for affordable food in the international student community, FoodHub is a volunteer-run program led by the USU, the SRC and Study NSW that distributes food hampers containing essential, long-life items to assist struggling international students.

Storey said:

The pair alleged significant delays in communications from the USU, stating that weeks passed before the organisation returned an adequate response to the SRC.

"It did in fact take multiple weeks for the USU to inform us of what can only be an incredibly large lapse in oversight over FoodHub."

However, USU President Prudence Wilkins-Wheat rejected the Vice Presidents' characterisation, saying that responsibility for the program rests on the SRC.

"I have not been contacted about the FoodHub since I've been President (except by the current VPs asking for an update before Welcome Fest this year)" said Wilkins-Wheat.

"We regret to inform you that the USU [has] claimed that they simply did not realise that they had to put in a SSAF application in order to fund FoodHub for 2022," Pappou and

have written a SSAF application or contacted us about the future of Foodhub, [but] neither happened."

Wilkins-Wheat expressed that the USU is "sad" that FoodHub did not happen; however, the responsibility to "champion" the program lies with the SRC.

"Had the SRC contacted us during SSAF season or when we were setting our budget, we would have happily collaborated," she said.

Subsequently, the Vice Presidents confirmed to *Honi* that the first time the SRC contacted the USU regarding FoodHub was 7 February — one week before Welcome Week. SSAF applications for Semester 1, 2022 were due in late December 2021. Pappou said that "a SSAF application needed to be made on behalf of the USU", indicating that both organisations assumed that the other was primarily responsible for taking initiative on the program.

"I assumed the Foodhub was still running, and USU staff assumed the SRC knew the project/funding was ending. The SRC could

Although SRC President Lauren Lancaster found it "concerning that the USU [wasn't] aware [that] they needed to submit a SSAF application", she attributed the temporary hiatus of FoodHub to the fact that SSAF fees are distributed by the University.

Despite these disruptions, Lancaster, Pappou and Storey note that the SRC remains committed to working with the USU to explore ways to secure a venue and funding for FoodHub so that it may return to service in the future.

"However, I don't think this points to problems with the USU, but instead with the administrative obstacle course that student organisations are presented with through the SSAF distribution process," Lancaster said. "If student money was going straight to student organisations, this sort of incident could be entirely avoided."

Hacks to eating well on a budget

From one broke uni student to another. Caitlin Hester writes.

It's 3pm on a Tuesday. You're just settling in for another hour of mindlessly checking emails in your tutorial, when you feel it. It starts off as a mere pang, nothing a sip of water can't conceal. But then it grows, and it's like a gaping void. A vacuum of emptiness has opened up in the pit of your stomach. The coffee and muffin demolished at 10am, a poor excuse for a breakfast, are but a distant memory. Ambitious thoughts of grabbing a snack quickly turn to a daydream, as you remember hot chips on campus are a steep \$9. Might as well just push through, and wait until dinner. That hunger barrier was made to be broken.

Required in order to graduate, this means that there is no real ability to 'opt-out' of ICPUs, nor their grip over students' IP. Despite USyd's assertion that students sign such an onerous NDA freely, one must question how free such a decision could be, if the only options are to agree or not graduate. To have the choice ripped away from me feels like a slap in the face.

Given that one of the ICPUs selling points is to increase graduate employability, it hardly seems fair that students have nothing to show for their semester's worth of work. It is also absurd that, as a reward for reaching the third year of my degree, and having paid to do a compulsory unit required for graduation, I'd receive an email about the deed poll dictating I can't even ascribe my name to my work.

Such a deed poll is not unheard of given the internship-like nature of these units; NDAs are relatively common requirements of professional internships, and they are intended to ensure that projects which the company may be working on aren't prematurely released or announced. However, the ICPUs requirements still pose an ethical issue because students lack the autonomy to choose whether or not they undertake the unit. An entire 6 credit points of group work is already barely anyone's cup of tea, but the completion of ICPUs is compulsory for all students enrolled in FASS degrees since

The slap? A reminder of the Stockholm Syndrome chaining powerless students to the corporate university of the modern world.

Stomach un-lined of course.

The way that under-eating on a budget is not only accepted, but glorified, is innately toxic. Students, especially those from lower socio-economic backgrounds or independent from family financial support, sit in state-of-the art science labs but cannot afford to eat three meals a day. Cup noodles are not the answer.

So, with the government doing nothing to help us out, I present to you a cheat's guide to good food on campus, meal-prep style. Take it from one hungry USyd student to another.

Lunch boxes —

For all you first-time foodies out there, to make this BYO thing work you'll need to invest in a lunchbox, a few plastic containers of different sizes, and a small ice brick. If it's pink with love-hearts and comes with a matching drink bottle, even better. I wonder what colour Mr Morrison's lunchbox is? Better ask Jenny.

Veges —

Another must is to prepare your vegetables over the weekend (or whenever you have free time). This makes them a more accessible option for when life gets busy. There is nothing more therapeutic than pottering away in the kitchen for an hour on a Sunday chopping veggies, or coating them in a mix of herbs and spices, and roasting them in the oven. Even

better, select a packet of frozen veggies, which cook up just the same, but are a nutritious, budget alternative to the fresh kind that won't ever be discovered as a mouldy mess in the back corner of your fridge.

Killer Dressing —

A staple in my meal prep repertoire, which combines olive oil, mustard, honey and lemon juice, shaken (not stirred) in an old pesto sauce jar. This liquid-gold is best served over your roasted vegetables, packet rice, or a tin of tuna or chickpeas. If you're feeling fancy, or enjoy making fellow students jealous, I've been known to heat up this stellar combo at the microwaves in Social Sciences, transforming what can be a fresh summer salad into a hearty winter winner.

Approx. \$4/ salad serve

"Spread the dough with a thick layer of vegemite..."

A \$2.85 roll —

Yep, that's the price of six crusty long rolls from any regular supermarket. To elevate the humble roll, make a budget-take on a Vietnamese classic Banh Mi by layering a

combination of your pre-prepared veggies (carrot, cucumber, lettuce etc.), and topping with shredded barbecued chicken, your killer dressing, and a good squeeze of mayo.

Approx. \$5.80/ roll

'Baking for the non-baker' —

If you're more of a snacker, or veges are not your thing, try prepping some cheesy mite scrolls. To make your sticky dough, combine 2 cups of flour, 80ml milk, and 50g butter with your hands. Once rolled out, spread the dough with a thick layer of vegemite and grated cheese. Then roll up the dough so it forms a long cylinder shape, cut into 2cm discs, and cook in a moderate oven until golden and crispy. Paired with a piece of whatever fruit is on special that week, these scrolls double as nutritious public-transport-friendly brekky too.

Approx. \$12/ batch, <\$1/ scroll

No student should have to starve, and meal prepping is an easy habit that keeps you full and saves hundreds over the course of a month. So, until the government catches up and starts providing struggling students with the funding they deserve, take matters into your own hands, and into your own kitchen.

Best Cheap Feeds Around Campus

Amir Hashemi Pour gives a tour of campus' best food haunts.

Whether you like the vibes of Wentworth's food court or the fancy atmosphere of Courtyard, there are plenty of ways to satisfy your food cravings on campus! Here is my guide to some of the best foods in each budget category. Please be advised that this list is based on the preference of the author and does not include all available outlets on campus.

Rating: 8/10

Uni Bros - Doner Kebab \$10

You can't go wrong with a doner kebab. Featuring a toasted Lebanese bread filled with shredded meat. We tried it with a little mayo sauce which blended everything together. We highly recommend you to go for the extra-charged Tabouli, which is a traditional Lebanese topping consisting of chopped coriander and tomato. Other options are chicken or mixed kebab.

Rating: 7.5/10

Uni Bros - Beef and Onion Pide \$6

Although this may not be under \$5, it was one of the cheapest feeds you can find on campus (if it helps, access members can get one for \$5.50)! It was very similar to a pizza, however it had the dough all the way around. Freshly toasted and served with a lemon wedge, there were plenty of topping options like spinach and cheese, Turkish sausage and chicken and cheese.

Rating: 8/10

Ralph's Cafe - Chicken Kebab \$10

This was a toasted wrap of chicken thigh kebabs with lettuce, tomato, onions. Despite the lettuce being a bit warm, it tasted delicious and was surprisingly filling! You also have the choice to accompany it with wedges for \$3 extra. We found the wedges to be extra thick, which made it super filling at the expense of its crispness.

Rating: 9/10

Courtyard Restaurant - Pasta of the day \$10

You get a differing dish depending on the day, however you can always rely on a

burgers. The chips were fluffy and we were pleasantly surprised that they also came with complementary tomato sauce! The burger by itself was 10 bucks, so technically it could have featured in the \$10 feeds too (but let's be honest, why would you get a burger and not chippies?).

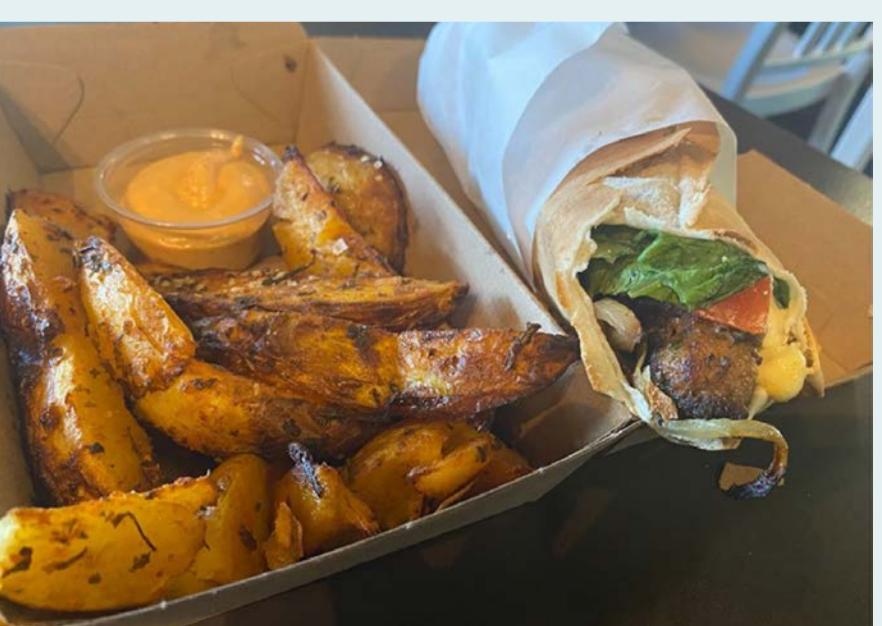
Rating: 9/10

Little Asia - Rice and two choices \$13

We tried the beef and black bean sauce and spicy pork. Although the sauces overwhelmed most of the rice, it was a generous serving and the meat was very flavoursome. You can also get the rice with one choice which costs around \$10. Overall, this place serves some different tastes to the rest of the food stores so make sure you give them a try!

Rating: 8/10

Next time you are looking for a feed on campus, come back to this guide and try one out! Also, if you are a USU access member you can get 10 per cent off most of these prices (except at Ralph's Cafe). If you have any thoughts on the above foods, or have suggestions for other foods in the future, we would love to hear your feedback. Bon appetit!



"We highly recommend you to go for the extra-charged Tabouli, which is a traditional Lebanese topping consisting of chopped coriander and tomato."

Best \$10 feeds

Ralph's Cafe - Chicken Kebab \$10

This was a toasted wrap of chicken thigh kebabs with lettuce, tomato, onions. Despite the lettuce being a bit warm, it tasted delicious and was surprisingly filling! You also have the choice to accompany it with wedges for \$3 extra. We found the wedges to be extra thick, which made it super filling at the expense of its crispness.

Rating: 8.5/10

Courtyard Restaurant - Pasta of the day \$10

You get a differing dish depending on the day, however you can always rely on a

Photo: Ralph Cafe's chicken kebab with potato wedges and spicy mayo sauce

Read all about it: Scandal in the student paper

Marlow Hurst and Ariana Haghghi revel in campus controversy.

Honi Soit was a paper born into the scandal of student activity at USyd. Students dressed a statue of a soldier in women's underwear, and taunted the judgement of older generations, before the first edition of the paper reared its countercultural head in 1929. Locked away in the archives of *Honi Soit*, and stitched into the patchwork of our University's history, are countless controversies embroiling many clubs, societies and student organisations.

It is important to remember that scandals are often not premeditated. Sometimes they are the result of drunk students, thrown together in a room, and left unattended. That set of circumstances played out during the 1953 Law Society dinner in the Holme Building. By the end of the night, 74 of the 78 drinking glasses were left in smithereens, "jagged bottles", "sodden bread rolls", and "spilt beer" were mashed into the carpet. The wine cellar had been looted, the cash register pilfered. While the Law Society executive assembled to investigate the matter, they couldn't conclusively assign blame to any particular attendees. In the wake of the scandal, the Vice-President of the Law Society resigned and the Society itself was banned from University of Sydney Union venues for two years.

Fast forward to the Australian Intervarsity Debating Championships of 1975, where Malcolm Turnbull led his USyd team to success in a slew of University debates. One of these denied "That Ecstasy is a Political Activity" and another affirmed "That Life is Long Enough". The captain from the University of Melbourne, upon receiving an unfavourable speaker score, set his notes alight in front of the adjudicator in protest. More concerning, however, was the USU publication the *Union Recorder's* coverage of the night's activities including: alcohol poisoning, the Usyd team "declar[ing] their undying love for all females present" and most disturbingly, "deliver[ing] long speeches of Hitler in the original German".

Sometimes a prank can also go too far, advancing from mere hijinks to high hooliganism. When a prank breaches the borders of the student body, and makes its debut in polite society — well, that's when things get messy. In 1941, British author Sir Evelyn Wrench was invited to speak at the University by the British Unity Society. He agreed to attend, but only on the condition the Society could muster one hundred attendees. Sadly, the audience surpassed no more than 25 and Sir Wrench left in protest.

"Electoral fraud these days just isn't what it used to be."

The following evening, false pretences lured him out onto the steps of his hotel, where he was met by two men and hurried into a ramshackle car. "Kidnapped!", the metropolitan press screamed. After a bumpy ride, the two men ejected him at the Botany Bay incinerator and sped off. While he insisted that they were Fifth Columnists, a mystical cabal of foreign agents attempting to tear Australia down from within, they turned out to be nothing more than humble USyd students.

Naturally, the Sydney press had a field day, slinging mirthless allegations at the "out of control" University students that prowled the streets at night. So next time your club or society executive is planning to invite a distinguished speaker, just confirm they're okay with limited attendance, lest disappointment lead to a kidnapping.

Now, everyone loves an electoral scandal. Once you've gotten over the rigging, ballot-stuffing, and stock-standard voter intimidation, it's easy to appreciate the whole situation and just laugh it off. Although, in 1944,

The farthest place from USyd on Earth

Samuel Garrett on how to get far away from it all. Really, really far.

In the middle of the North Atlantic Ocean, 19,541 kilometres away, lies the farthest point on land from the University of Sydney. Just 400 metres long and half as wide, Ilhéu da Vila sits just off Santa Maria Island, the southernmost point of Portugal's Azores archipelago. If you want to get away from it all and leave the University far behind, a visit to Ilhéu da Vila will let you trade ibises and rats for the pufferfish, dolphins, and seabirds that inhabit the island and its surrounds (though sadly for any goat lovers, a resident herd of 13 goats was culled in 1993 to protect the local bird population).

Although Ilhéu da Vila is uninhabited, nearby Santa Maria is a much larger island of five thousand residents. It is known for its beaches, sunny weather, and varied geography, which includes dramatic cliffs, forests, and the red desert

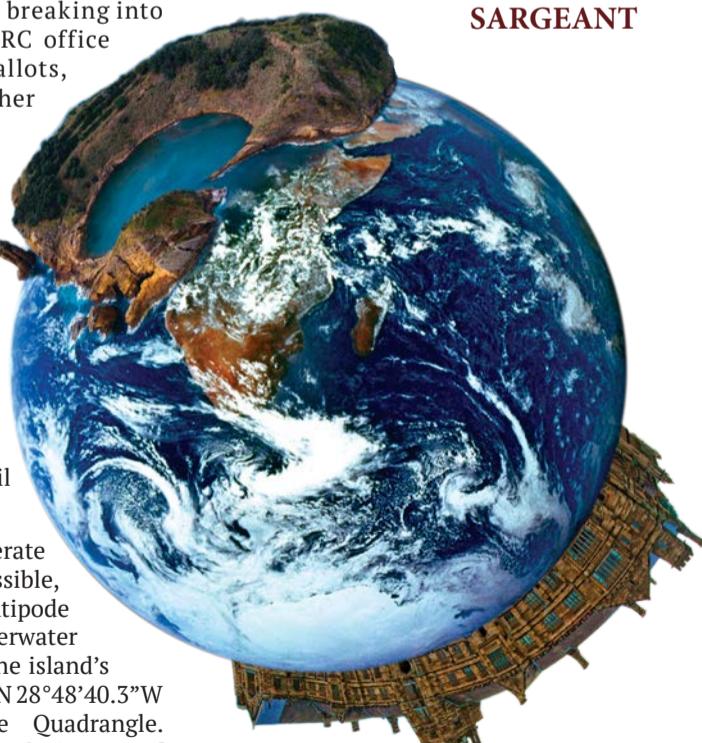
of the Azores', an arid clay area unique to Portugal. Santa Maria's airport, built by American forces during the Second World War, was once a significant stop on trans-Atlantic flight routes.

The main town of Vila do Porto boasts a population one-third the size of the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences' 9,000 students, and dates to the 1400s. As Wikipedia dourly notes, despite a lack of earthquakes "the community was always marked by isolation, inaccessibility and weak defensive position".

The result was a constant stream of raids by pirates and foreign powers alike, and a historic fort to repel would-be attackers still sits overlooking the harbour today. The island's history made it wary of strangers, and locals notably accosted Columbus on his way home in 1493.

For those truly desperate to get as far away as possible, the exact USyd antipode sits amongst the underwater Seawarte Seamounts to the island's southwest, at 33°53'09.4"N 28°48'40.3"W — 20,015km from the Quadrangle. Getting there would require hiring one of the numerous vessels docked at Vila do Porto's marina, but there is little to do at the antipode itself other than admire the endless ocean.

and the fact that Eastern Avenue lies thousands of kilometres beneath your feet. Deadlines, assignments, and the



long arm of the University by-laws can't touch you here.

A one-way ticket to Ilhéu da Vila (via six stopovers) in the winter break will set you back about \$980 — get booking.

Fast forward to the Australian Intervarsity Debating Championships of 1975, where Malcolm Turnbull led his USyd team to success in a slew of University debates. One of these denied "That Ecstasy is a Political Activity" and another affirmed "That Life is Long Enough". The captain from the University of Melbourne, upon receiving an unfavourable speaker score, set his notes alight in front of the adjudicator in protest. More concerning, however, was the USU publication the *Union Recorder's* coverage of the night's activities including: alcohol poisoning, the Usyd team "declar[ing] their undying love for all females present" and most disturbingly, "deliver[ing] long speeches of Hitler in the original German".

Sometimes a prank can also go too far, advancing from mere hijinks to high hooliganism. When a prank breaches the borders of the student body, and makes its debut in polite society — well, that's when things get messy. In 1941, British author Sir Evelyn Wrench was invited to speak at the University by the British Unity Society. He agreed to attend, but only on the condition the Society could muster one hundred attendees. Sadly, the audience surpassed no more than 25 and Sir Wrench left in protest.

"Electoral fraud these days just isn't what it used to be."

The following evening, false pretences lured him out onto the steps of his hotel, where he was met by two men and hurried into a ramshackle car. "Kidnapped!", the metropolitan press screamed. After a bumpy ride, the two men ejected him at the Botany Bay incinerator and sped off. While he insisted that they were Fifth Columnists, a mystical cabal of foreign agents attempting to tear Australia down from within, they turned out to be nothing more than humble USyd students.

Naturally, the Sydney press had a field day, slinging mirthless allegations at the "out of control" University students that prowled the streets at night. So next time your club or society executive is planning to invite a distinguished speaker, just confirm they're okay with limited attendance, lest disappointment lead to a kidnapping.

Now, everyone loves an electoral scandal. Once you've gotten over the rigging, ballot-stuffing, and stock-standard voter intimidation, it's easy to appreciate the whole situation and just laugh it off. Although, in 1944,

the integrity of the SRC President and Returning Officer was called into question after he allegedly allowed a scrutineer to alter ballots in favour of his brother, a candidate from the faculty of medicine. The scrutineer said all alterations were made by the returning officer himself. If that wasn't enough, the President admitted that he had persuaded students from Sydney Teachers' College to vote for the candidate of his choice. These students denied ever having been approached.

All of this dubious electioneering culminated in someone breaking into and burglarising the SRC office safe, where medical ballots, statements, and other

ART BY THOMAS SARGEANT



long arm of the University by-laws can't touch you here.

A one-way ticket to Ilhéu da Vila (via six stopovers) in the winter break will set you back about \$980 — get booking.

Fast forward to the Australian Intervarsity Debating Championships of 1975, where Malcolm Turnbull led his USyd team to success in a slew of University debates. One of these denied "That Ecstasy is a Political Activity" and another affirmed "That Life is Long Enough". The captain from the University of Melbourne, upon receiving an unfavourable speaker score, set his notes alight in front of the adjudicator in protest. More concerning, however, was the USU publication the *Union Recorder's* coverage of the night's activities including: alcohol poisoning, the Usyd team "declar[ing] their undying love for all females present" and most disturbingly, "deliver[ing] long speeches of Hitler in the original German".

Sometimes a prank can also go too far, advancing from mere hijinks to high hooliganism. When a prank breaches the borders of the student body, and makes its debut in polite society — well, that's when things get messy. In 1941, British author Sir Evelyn Wrench was invited to speak at the University by the British Unity Society. He agreed to attend, but only on the condition the Society could muster one hundred attendees. Sadly, the audience surpassed no more than 25 and Sir Wrench left in protest.

"Electoral fraud these days just isn't what it used to be."

The following evening, false pretences lured him out onto the steps of his hotel, where he was met by two men and hurried into a ramshackle car. "Kidnapped!", the metropolitan press screamed. After a bumpy ride, the two men ejected him at the Botany Bay incinerator and sped off. While he insisted that they were Fifth Columnists, a mystical cabal of foreign agents attempting to tear Australia down from within, they turned out to be nothing more than humble USyd students.

Naturally, the Sydney press had a field day, slinging mirthless allegations at the "out of control" University students that prowled the streets at night. So next time your club or society executive is planning to invite a distinguished speaker, just confirm they're okay with limited attendance, lest disappointment lead to a kidnapping.

Now, everyone loves an electoral scandal. Once you've gotten over the rigging, ballot-stuffing, and stock-standard voter intimidation, it's easy to appreciate the whole situation and just laugh it off. Although, in 1944,

the integrity of the SRC President and Returning Officer was called into question after he allegedly allowed a scrutineer to alter ballots in favour of his brother, a candidate from the faculty of medicine. The scrutineer said all alterations were made by the returning officer himself. If that wasn't enough, the President admitted that he had persuaded students from Sydney Teachers' College to vote for the candidate of his choice. These students denied ever having been approached.

All of this dubious electioneering culminated in someone breaking into and burglarising the SRC office safe, where medical ballots, statements, and other

ART BY THOMAS SARGEANT



long arm of the University by-laws can't touch you here.

A one-way ticket to Ilhéu da Vila (via six stopovers) in the winter break will set you back about \$980 — get booking.

Fast forward to the Australian Intervarsity Debating Championships of 1975, where Malcolm Turnbull led his USyd team to success in a slew of University debates. One of these denied "That Ecstasy is a Political Activity" and another affirmed "That Life is Long Enough". The captain from the University of Melbourne, upon receiving an unfavourable speaker score, set his notes alight in front of the adjudicator in protest. More concerning, however, was the USU publication the *Union Recorder's* coverage of the night's activities including: alcohol poisoning, the Usyd team "declar[ing] their undying love for all females present" and most disturbingly, "deliver[ing] long speeches of Hitler in the original German".

Sometimes a prank can also go too far, advancing from mere hijinks to high hooliganism. When a prank breaches the borders of the student body, and makes its debut in polite society — well, that's when things get messy. In 1941, British author Sir Evelyn Wrench was invited to speak at the University by the British Unity Society. He agreed to attend, but only on the condition the Society could muster one hundred attendees. Sadly, the audience surpassed no more than 25 and Sir Wrench left in protest.

"Electoral fraud these days just isn't what it used to be."

The following evening, false pretences lured him out onto the steps of his hotel, where he was met by two men and hurried into a ramshackle car. "Kidnapped!", the metropolitan press screamed. After a bumpy ride, the two men ejected him at the Botany Bay incinerator and sped off. While he insisted that they were Fifth Columnists, a mystical cabal of foreign agents attempting to tear Australia down from within, they turned out to be nothing more than humble USyd students.

Naturally, the Sydney press had a field day, slinging mirthless allegations at the "out of control" University students that prowled the streets at night. So next time your club or society executive is planning to invite a distinguished speaker, just confirm they're okay with limited attendance, lest disappointment lead to a kidnapping.

Now, everyone loves an electoral scandal. Once you've gotten over the rigging, ballot-stuffing, and stock-standard voter intimidation, it's easy to appreciate the whole situation and just laugh it off. Although, in 1944,

the integrity of the SRC President and Returning Officer was called into question after he allegedly allowed a scrutineer to alter ballots in favour of his brother, a candidate from the faculty of medicine. The scrutineer said all alterations were made by the returning officer himself. If that wasn't enough, the President admitted that he had persuaded students from Sydney Teachers' College to vote for the candidate of his choice. These students denied ever having been approached.

All of this dubious electioneering culminated in someone breaking into and burglarising the SRC office safe, where medical ballots, statements, and other

ART BY THOMAS SARGEANT



long arm of the University by-laws can't touch you here.

A one-way ticket to Ilhéu da Vila (via six stopovers) in the winter break will set you back about \$980 — get booking.

Fast forward to the Australian Intervarsity Debating Championships of 1975, where Malcolm Turnbull led his USyd team to success in a slew of University debates. One of these denied "That Ecstasy is a Political Activity" and another affirmed "That Life is Long Enough". The captain from the University of Melbourne, upon receiving an unfavourable speaker score, set his notes alight in front of the adjudicator in protest. More concerning, however, was the USU publication the *Union Recorder's* coverage of the night's activities including: alcohol poisoning, the Usyd team "declar[ing] their undying love for all females present" and most disturbingly, "deliver[ing] long speeches of Hitler in the original German".

Sometimes a prank can also go too far, advancing from mere hijinks to high hooliganism. When a prank breaches the borders of the student body, and makes its debut in polite society — well, that's when things get messy. In 1941, British author Sir Evelyn Wrench was invited to speak at the University by the British Unity Society. He agreed to attend, but only on the condition the Society could muster one hundred attendees. Sadly, the audience surpassed no more than 25 and Sir Wrench left in protest.

"Electoral fraud these days just isn't what it used to be."

The following evening, false pretences lured him out onto the steps of his hotel, where he was met by two men and hurried into a ramshackle car. "Kidnapped!", the metropolitan press screamed. After a bumpy ride, the two men ejected him at the Botany Bay incinerator and sped off. While he insisted that they were Fifth Columnists, a mystical cabal of foreign agents attempting to tear Australia down from within, they turned out to be nothing more than humble USyd students.

Naturally, the Sydney press had a field day, slinging mirthless allegations at the "out of control" University students that prowled the streets at night. So next time your club or society executive is planning to invite a distinguished speaker, just confirm they're okay with limited attendance, lest disappointment lead to a kidnapping.

Now, everyone loves an electoral scandal. Once you've gotten over the rigging, ballot-stuffing, and stock-standard voter intimidation, it's easy to appreciate the whole situation and just laugh it off. Although, in 1944,

the integrity of the SRC President and Returning Officer was called into question after he allegedly allowed a scrutineer to alter ballots in favour of his brother, a candidate from the faculty of medicine. The scrutineer said all alterations were made by the returning officer himself. If that wasn't enough, the President admitted that he had persuaded students from Sydney Teachers' College to vote for the candidate of his choice. These students denied ever having been approached.

All of this dubious electioneering culminated in someone breaking into and burglarising the SRC office safe, where medical ballots, statements, and other

ART BY THOMAS SARGEANT



long arm of the University by-laws can't touch you here.

A one-way ticket to Ilhéu da Vila (via six stopovers) in the winter break will set you back about \$980 — get booking.

Fast forward to the Australian Intervarsity Debating Championships of 1975, where Malcolm Turnbull led his USyd team to success in a slew of University debates. One of these denied "That Ecstasy is a Political Activity" and another affirmed "That Life is Long Enough". The captain from the University of Melbourne, upon receiving an unfavourable speaker score, set his notes alight in front of the adjudicator in protest. More concerning, however, was the USU publication the *Union Recorder's* coverage of the night's activities including: alcohol poisoning, the Usyd team "declar[ing] their undying love for all females present" and most disturbingly, "deliver[ing] long speeches of Hitler in the original German".

Sometimes a prank can also go too far, advancing from mere hijinks to high hooliganism. When a prank breaches the borders of the student body, and makes its debut in polite society — well, that's when things get messy. In 1941, British author Sir Evelyn Wrench was invited to speak at the University by the British Unity Society. He agreed to attend, but only on the condition the Society could muster one hundred attendees. Sadly, the audience surpassed no more than 25 and Sir Wrench left in protest.

"Electoral fraud these days just isn't what it used to be."

The following evening, false pretences lured him out onto the steps of his hotel, where he was met by two men and hurried into a ramshackle car. "Kidnapped!", the metropolitan press screamed. After a bumpy ride, the two men ejected him at the Botany Bay incinerator and sped off. While he insisted that they were Fifth Columnists, a mystical cabal of foreign agents attempting to tear Australia down from within, they turned out to be nothing more than humble USyd students.

Naturally, the Sydney press had a field day, slinging mirthless allegations at the "out of control" University students that prowled the streets at night. So next time your club or society executive is planning to invite a distinguished speaker, just confirm they're okay with limited attendance, lest disappointment lead to a kidnapping.

Now, everyone loves an electoral scandal. Once you've gotten over the rigging, ballot-stuffing, and stock-standard voter intimidation, it's easy to appreciate the whole situation and just laugh it off. Although, in 1944,

the integrity of the SRC President and Returning Officer was called into question after he allegedly allowed a scrutineer to alter ballots in favour of his brother, a candidate from the faculty of medicine. The scrutineer said all alterations were made by the returning officer himself. If that wasn't enough, the President admitted that he had persuaded students from Sydney Teachers' College to vote for the candidate of his choice. These students denied ever having been approached.

All of this dubious electioneering culminated in someone breaking into and burglarising the SRC office safe, where medical ballots, statements, and other

ART BY THOMAS SARGEANT



long arm of the University by-laws can't touch you here.

A one-way ticket to Ilhéu da Vila (via six stopovers) in the winter break will set you back

Beyond Birdcage: Sydney needs more lesbian spaces

Claire Ollivain brings queer Sydney into focus, sitting down for an interview with photographer C. Moore Hardy.

Talk of the queer scene in Sydney tends to evoke images of colourful and commercial Oxford Street: rainbow flags flying from building facades, Drag Queens turning heads on the sidewalk, mannequins donning leather briefs in storefront windows, dancing bodies at Stonewall Hotel and Universal. And, of course, Mardi Gras.

For young people finding their way out of the closet in Sydney, Oxford Street is ostensibly the symbol of an out, proud, and inclusive queer life. But everywhere you look, it's white, cisgender gay men who are the public face of queer culture and dominate the nightlife scene. So, where do all the lesbians and bisexual women go?

It's disappointing that despite the apparent mainstreaming of queerness since the marriage equality campaign in 2017, the only lesbian bar the younger generation frequents is Birdcage at the Bank Hotel on Wednesdays – a weeknight, no less! Birdcage's relocation in early 2020 from Slyfox to a much smaller venue at the Bank transformed the event. Regrettably, I never went to Slyfox when it was open, but as a friend tells me: "There was an older crowd then and a more diverse mix – the sorts of people who would get looked at on the street – bulldykes and people with facial piercings and colourful hair. It was a lot cheaper and there were pool tables, more nooks and crannies to hang out in."

"The girls have never really had the same amount of money. There's never really been a dyke place, you know, a bar, per se."

Arriving at my first Birdcage night after the 2021 COVID restrictions were lifted, I joined a queue for two hours downstairs, waiting for others to leave so that more of us could enter. There is evidently a demand for more lesbian spaces. Finally making it upstairs, we had to twist through a packed crowd to get to the stage, with familiar faces everywhere you looked. While being surrounded by other people's bodies and loud music would make me claustrophobic at most clubs, at Birdcage it felt like stepping into another world.

What sets Birdcage apart from other queer nightclubs is that lesbians and bisexual women make up the majority of its attendees, rather than the minority. In conversation with friends about the value of lesbian-centric spaces like Birdcage, the perceived level of safety against sexual harassment and objectification from men was a significant factor affecting enjoyment.

"I feel less like I'm going to be groped," said one friend.

"When there's men around we can't indulge in sexuality the way we do at [Birdcage]. The reason everyone feels so comfortable making out is there's no men to sexualise it on their terms," said another.

The consensus among my friends was that most queer nightclubs, which centre around cisgender gay men, don't provide a break from patriarchal structures:

"I feel like I can unashamedly be myself in a way I can't be around men. Even if they're gay they still carry the socialised power they were raised with."

"Honestly, I think what I like about it is that it's all women."

But stepping into a space where you're the majority can allow you to shake off that burden – to be yourself and not have to be on alert for homophobic harassment.

Lesbian-centric nightclubs foster an explicitly queer hookup and dating culture that is shunned elsewhere, and provide a space for comfortable self-expression. Ever-present in our day-to-day lives as queer people is the underlying fear of being judged, harassed, or hate-crimes for holding hands or kissing in public. It's insidious.



C. Moore Hardy. Punk lesbians, 1995. Courtesy of the City of Sydney Archives.



C. Moore Hardy. Lesbian Calendar shot, 1994. Courtesy City of Sydney Archives.



C. Moore Hardy. Lesbians and gay men, on the streets protesting against homophobia, 1991. Courtesy of City of Sydney Archives.

of desire between women became a taboo in Sydney's society. She argues that this mechanism of silence "prevent[ed] the formation of lesbian subcultures and identities." Often financially dependent on men in their lives, many women had no choice but to stay in their marriages, never having the opportunity to openly explore their sexuality. Those who did risked being ostracised by their family, friends, and losing their jobs.

Consequently, far more has been documented about the gay male scene in Sydney than the lesbian scene, with evidence suggesting that lesbian and bisexual women didn't have a large presence in the commercial bar scene until the 1960s. Jennings suggests that the laws against women drinking at public bars and the pressure to conceal one's identity meant that lesbian spaces primarily took the form of private friendship groups. These were centred around house parties and sports clubs rather than socialising in public, which came much later.

For a first-hand testimony of the queer scene of Sydney's past, I spoke to lesbian photographer C. Moore Hardy, whose work was featured on the first cover of gay and lesbian magazine the *Sydney Star Observer*. Hardy is a social documentary photographer and has an extensive collection of photographs documenting the community at Mardi Gras, queer social events, and rallies. These photographs are a treasure trove of subcultural memory, showing us the potential of earlier spaces and how we might carve out new ones today.

"I mean, we see so many white gay boys ... If queer culture is to be represented fully, it has to be inclusive."

In our conversation, Hardy noted that lesbians have always been part of the queer liberation movement, but that they make up far less of the documented history "because we don't record history the way the boys do enough, [and] because women have been more in the closet than men have, we disappear."

"It's just appalling ... And that's one of the reasons I've started documenting the community. I couldn't see images of women, full stop, that I could relate to. So I wanted to document as much as possible of what I was seeing. And that was a lot of women who were, you know, edgy, interesting, the leather girls."

"Because of my Mardi Gras stuff, I've always documented the subcultures within our subculture. That, to me, is really important because they're the really invisible crowd. I mean, we see so many white gay boys ... If queer culture is to be represented fully, it has to be inclusive."

Without the efforts of writers, artists, and photographers such as Hardy keeping record of Sydney's vibrant alternative queer cultures, we would not have such an extensive archive to look back on and say: we have always been here.

And what is recorded only just scratches the surface of a history that has fallen through the cracks.

Many of the people who were part of that scene are no longer here because of the AIDS crisis that fundamentally reshaped Oxford St: "It was like a whole lot of men going to war, they just died. And it was a culling of the most creative people," said Hardy.

"Each week in the paper, there'd be, this person died and their name, and it would be five or six people per week, would die. And you'd see their obituaries in the paper, which was just phenomenal at that time."

Up against a hostile government and religious groups, the queer scene in Sydney has always had a marginalised existence.



C. Moore Hardy. Watching the performance. Amazonia themed night at Blackmarket nightclub, 1996. Courtesy of City of Sydney Archives.

Lesbian spaces have been among the most ephemeral, which Hardy attributes to the fact that "the girls have never really had the same amount of money. There's never really been a dyke place, you know, a bar, per se."

"There were roving places ... they'd have it in a warehouse or public places that were available for rent."

Dawn O'Donnell ran one nightclub that came in and lasted for a number of years because she owned the place. Those were early days on Oxford St. It then got sold to somebody else at some point, that's the nature of the lesbian scene."

Ruby Reds was the nightclub owned by O'Donnell, a 'girls only' venue in Crown St, Darlinghurst and the most popular lesbian bar in the 1970s. Notably, the space is now a gay male cruise club.

In those decades of intense political debate, separatist feminists wanted exclusive spaces for women, to break apart from patriarchal institutions and develop alternative community values. Hardy told me: "They [gay men] would not go to certain things ... The exclusivity did occur in those days because there were a lot of women who didn't want to associate with men."

However, some separatists in Sydney wanted to bar transgender women from membership to feminist and lesbian clubs, causing conflict in the 1990s. In today's

climate of rising transmisogynistic violence and rhetoric from the conservative media, politicians and feminist circles alike, calls for more lesbian spaces must be explicitly trans-inclusive.

On the topic of queer activism after the marriage equality win, Hardy said: "What really needs to happen is people need to stay vigilant. As queers we can't be vigilant."

She lamented how the spirit of Mardi Gras has been lost in its move to the Sydney Cricket Ground, a ticketed event that is more spectacle than protest: "Keep going on the streets ... I think it's really important that each generation shows their spirit by doing what they need to do, and being on the streets is what we really need to do. We need to cause disruption."

It is Hardy's photos of Pash On, a political demonstration where members of the queer community kissed on Gilligans Island, Taylor Square, that stand out to me when thinking about space. In lieu of fixed institutional and commercial spaces, a lesbian space can mean a spontaneous protest in the street. It can mean bringing all your friends to one cafe like the girls in *The L Word*, attending a local performance or exhibition, an Inner West house party, a Facebook group chat...

Perhaps the fleeting, often undocumented nature of queer spaces



C. Moore Hardy. The PASH ON Kiss in with Sister of Perpetual Indulgence (Fabian), Taylor Square, Sydney, 1995. Courtesy of City of Sydney Archives.

necessitates a rethinking of what spaces we consider legitimate marks of community in the first place. Isn't a queer space anywhere we exist? Still, a bar where you don't have to wait two hours to enter would be a nice start.

Nearing the end of our interview, Hardy puts it succinctly: "We create our own spaces. It's what has to happen."

"You have to make your own lives, you have to push those boundaries that exist, always push the boundaries..."

As with any of the rights we've won as queer people, change doesn't come from those in charge. A better future will only come when we go out there and make it happen ourselves.

The Gay Liberation movement on campus

Mae Milne queers the archives.

Acting as microcosms of broader society, universities have long challenged the Australian political zeitgeist with students at the forefront. As breeding grounds for the bright minds of the next generation, universities have a legacy of activism and protest – one which proudly continues today. This legacy becomes particularly apparent when we look back on queer activism and the birth of the gay liberation movement on campus.

The gay liberation movement, which took flight in the 1960s, urged queer people to engage in radical, direct action that countered the criminalisation of homosexuality, workplace discrimination, and societal disapproval. Although the movement had been gaining traction following the decriminalisation of homosexuality in Britain in 1967, its genesis is often attributed to 1969 with the Stonewall riots which were a response to oppressive police raids on gay bars in the United States. From this initial spark, the movement burned its way across the seas to Australia and to the grounds of The University of Sydney (USyd).

In the years immediately preceding this movement, queer campus activities remained relatively underground. Although isolating, this subterranean community was a necessary element of queer survival on campus. Sex between men was illegal in NSW until 1984, whilst lesbianism was largely unrecognised. Despite this, and in the absence of a visibly defined LGBTQIA+ campus community, queer individuals inevitably craved connection. The *Honi Soit* archives document this longing, recording one woman's desperate attempt at meeting other queer women on campus. For two consecutive 1969 issues, she submitted the same earnest question: "Is there a lesbian club on campus? If so I would like to join. If not, is anyone interested in forming one?"

This organisation had a profound impact on campus life because it finally provided a platform through which queer students could connect and socialise. In a 1971 interview with *Honi Soit*, participants Alan and Lexi describe how prior to Campus CAMP, they struggled with feelings of isolation. Lexi lamented that she endured six whole years of university before coming across another lesbian. Through this, it is evident that Campus CAMP served an integral role in the social, and likely cognitive, wellbeing of queer students.

Fortunately, just two years later queer communities on campus began to occupy significant social space. This began with

facing significant social and bureaucratic barriers before it could register as an official University society. The University management were resistant to permitting the club's existence, arguing that it was "consorting with reputed criminals" and encouraging students to break the law. Only after the group threatened to "take the issue to the Front Lawn" did the administration relent and allow Campus CAMP's formal registration. With weekly meetings held Wednesdays at 5pm in the McCallum building, the group stood staunchly against oppression in all social institutions; the University, the family, the church and the media.

Campus CAMP laid the seeds of social revolution on campus, and paved the way for other gay organizations to form. Notably, in 1976, the USyd campus became involved with the larger Sydney-based Lesbian Feminist Collective, which advocated for the unique needs of queer women. This group organised workshops and social activities and brought a much-needed feminist perspective to the gay liberation movement. The group formed as a result of a larger conflict in the queer community; with some gay men refusing to accept that feminism is relevant to homosexual oppression, and that perceptions faced by gay men and women are different. In contrast, the Lesbian Feminist Collective argued for lesbian separatism, which affirms female sexuality outside the bounds of the patriarchy.

Of similar social importance was the USyd Gay Sports Union, formed in 1976 with the objective of providing a safe environment for queer individuals to compete socially in various sporting games. This was of particular importance to queer communities given the heterosexual-dominated world of sport and the rigid gender roles that are associated with it. A 1976 notice for this group humorously entices participation through the advert: "So beware straight sportsmen! Homosexuals are going to prove our

prowess and subvert your sacred sporting institutions. Dare you scrub with an Oscar Wilde memorial team?" The *Honi Soit* archives document numerous successful matches against other university teams, attesting to the Union's success on and off the field.

"So beware straight sportsmen! Homosexuals are going to prove our prowess and subvert your sacred sporting institutions. Dare you scrub with an Oscar Wilde memorial team?"



Despite these triumphs, it is important to recognise that as the gay liberation movement grew, so did the resistance to it. Notably, former Prime Minister Tony Abbott, the 1978 SRC President, ran for office on an anti-gay platform, during his campaign fighting vehemently against "homosexual proselytism" and "militant feminism".

In the face of these tensions, queer activism on campus continued to thrive throughout the 80s and 90s, serving both social and political functions that contributed to legacy of protest and resistance at the University. Today, the baton of defiance has been passed onto new queer groups; the Queer Action Collective, and the social society SHADES, both of which continue to serve a vital role in the wellbeing of queer students.

THE SCHOOL THAT WOULDN'T BUDGE:

Roisin Murphy situates us in local history.

The struggle for Darlington is a struggle not only for the preservation of tangible reminders of our past, but also the struggle for the right of individuals and communities to decide their own future." - *Darlington Public School, 1878-1978*.

Over the course of a three year degree, it's likely you'll spend a lot of time walking up and down Abercrombie Street. Going to and from uni, the Royal, and Carriageworks aren't uncommon day to day experiences, and usually take students past Darlington Public School, where I was once a student. When I started at USyd, my renewed location-based connection to the school and Abercrombie Street reinforced the importance of my time there; a time which, I have come to realise, completely laid the groundwork for my understanding of preserving local communities.

The education I gained at Darlington was deeply based on principles of commonality. There was an equal emphasis on learning from those around you and their experiences as there was on the curriculum. In the process of archival digging I did to find out more about the history of this unique education, I learned that it wasn't just my generation who had been lucky enough to experience it. In a publication about the school from 1978, there's a quote which reads: "the children learnt as much from each other as well as from the structured lessons". In the 2000s, our days were spent singing songs of anti-racism, not colonial rejoice. We called teaching staff Aunty and Uncle, not Miss or Sir, and we got dropped to and from school in a bus – often dropping a few teachers off on the way. When too many kids were getting in trouble in the afternoons, the school changed the finishing time to 2.30, rather than 3. And if students didn't want to go home until then, the playground would stay open. We learnt to appreciate each other's differences, not ignore them, and the teaching staff did the same.

"We called teachers Aunty and Uncle, not Miss or Sir."

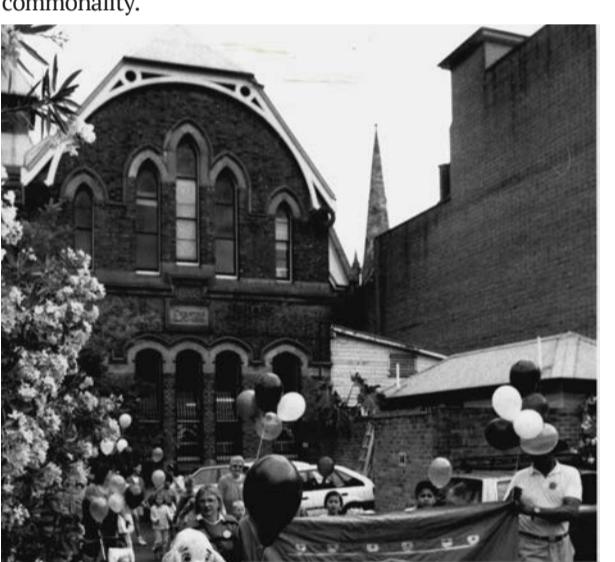
It's difficult to put into words the spirit of community that the school built – in the interviews I conducted for this article, most people expressed the same. Words like 'luck', 'excitement' and 'joy' came up frequently, but none of them seem to do it justice. Whether this is a result of the characteristics of the Darlington community, or if the Darlington community became what it is as a result of the cultural tone set by the school, is not entirely clear – but what I do know is that one cannot exist without the other.

Next month, the current school building is going to be knocked down and replaced by a higher-density structure. This isn't the first challenge for the school, which, suffering from a terrible neighbour in the University, has already been moved around and had its learning spaces purchased.

Knowing and telling the stories of the school that continues to form the crux of the community our University stands on is incredibly important. When peoples' time in a place is characteristically short-lived, as it is in Darlington – which has a student population of around 58% – history moves a little faster; many of us are never aware of the ongoing stories which run through the veins of the places we occupy, rather imagining ourselves as unique to our particular location in time, more or less detached from both the past and the future.

Since the beginning of its colonial history, Darlington has been linked to education. In 1789, the land was set aside for church and school use. Around the 1860s, the suburb's boundaries had become more clear: Blackwattle Creek to the east, Cleveland Street to the north, and Redfern and Newtown on the south-west side. This was because two institutions were rapidly closing in on the suburb, and drawing clear lines about where it wouldn't be; on one side, Redfern railway, and on the other, the University of Sydney. In order to assert the suburb's permanency, the residents requested to join the Sydney City Council, but there was distaste among the Council in being associated with the 'slum' of Darlington. Newspaper articles at the time were particularly cruel, referring to it with names such as "The Speck" and the "Tom Thumb". In the face of this, residents decided they would have their own backs, and petitioned to form their own municipality. A Council met on Rose Street, and later built their very own chambers on Darlington Road.

Many former residents express a similar sentiment;



Students and staff in protest against the closure of Blackfriars Infants School.

The natural next step came in March 1876. Four years before education was made compulsory in NSW, 250 Darlington residents signed a petition to ask the Minister of Justice and Public Instruction for a school, stating they were "impressed with a deep sense and conviction of the advantages to be derived from a system of Public Institution". The original school opened in 1878, which many students would recognise as the old, church-like brick building towards the end of Redfern Run, on Cadigal Green. The Government of the day was initially hesitant to open another 'slum school', but contrary to some predictions, it thrived. By 1890, the school's population had an average attendance of about 1064 (today, that number is around 150 – a jarring indicator of the loss of population in the suburb). At the time, Government school fees were around three pennies a day. It was not uncommon for working class parents of Darlington Public to end up in court for non-payment.

"Working class communities that get destroyed are often relatively unphotographed; access to cameras was not common, and most of the history is oral."

Because there weren't yet many other civil areas in the suburb, and because the school was close to the Council chambers, it soon became a hub of community activity – something which has remained. Whether it was NAIDOC Week events when I was a student, or the soup kitchen which ran out of the school during the years of the Great Depression, for generations, Darlington's school has served as the place where its people congregate and find a sense of commonality.

It wasn't just homes that were lost. Almost every piece of infrastructure that typically ties a community together and provides them with places to gather are gone – everything except the primary school. Growing up in Darlington by virtue of attending the school, I didn't realise that it was the only piece of communal infrastructure in the suburb; there wasn't a bank or a town hall, a post office or a sporting field. Instead, people hung around informally, outside coffee shops and in laneways. But in lieu of a formal meeting place, the school served as a physical epicentre for our community.

By the 70s, many residents had been moved three times, before eventually losing access to housing entirely. In 1975, the South Sydney Council finally listened to Darlington residents and resolved to stand in opposition to further development. Despite being chopped in half and sliced down the middle, the community was tighter than ever. In *Darlington Public School 1878-1978*, a history published in 1978 by the school's P&C, this sentiment is clear: "The onslaughts of outside forces have further developed the sense of community", it reads. The residents found camaraderie in organising against the University's attacks, and when they began to threaten the old school building, they developed leaflets calling to "Save Darlington's Heritage".

"It is not only Darlington's heritage, but everyone's", the P&C's publication urges. "The struggle for Darlington is a struggle not only for the preservation of tangible reminders of our past, but also the struggle for the right of individuals and communities to decide their own future".

The original school building sat in an area that the University had gained rights to acquire under the County of Cumberland Planning Scheme. A deal was made with the Department of Education to exchange the building for a new school site, of the same size, on the corner of Golden Grove and Abercrombie Streets. However, the University failed to mention a few crucial details to the Department before the deal had been closed; that this new site was still under University ownership, would only be leased rather than sold, and that it was close to an acre smaller than the original school grounds.

Despite the inadequate sizing of the new site and undercuts by the University, the prospect of a modern school was exciting for students and staff who had been struggling with school grounds in desperate need of maintenance. University students involved in the P&C had attempted to assist, but the problem was larger than could be tackled. The new grounds were initially tabled as a demonstration school, meaning the site would be used as an observation space for tertiary education students; classrooms were built over-

DARLINGTON'S RESISTANCE.

Friday would have been a good idea". She told me there were whispers of Darlington getting the chop too, as it only had 60 students, but the Aboriginal community was strong at the school – the Government wasn't willing to take up that fight.

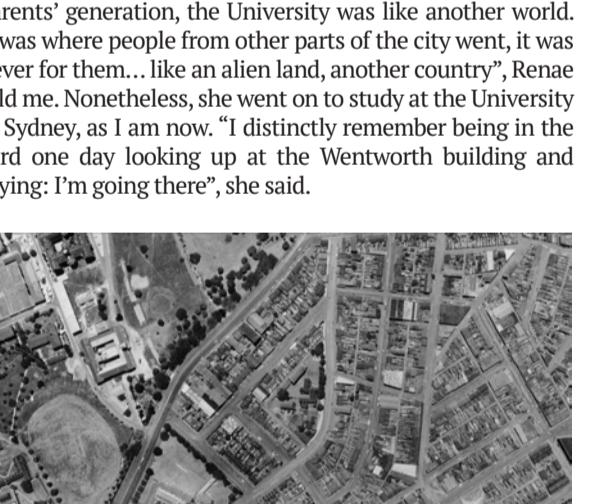
Much like the initial petition to open a school in Darlington, or the fight against demonstration school status, the families and staff of Blackfriars protested. They marched each student from the "littlest pre-schooler to the biggest year 2" to Parliament House to show the Minister that they had enough children to run a school. "We didn't have much hope of winning", Colleen told me, "we were bottom of the tier. But we fought for it even though we could see we were losing".

Due to the school's proximity to the Camperdown campus, the University's use of it for the educational benefit of their students is unsurprisingly very present – all while constantly encroaching on its existence. From the early 1900s until the 1950s, the school had been a demonstration school for students at the Teacher's College to observe lessons. Renae Aslanis spoke with me about this presence, saying she remembers students of the architecture faculty across the road being tasked with designing playground equipment, which the school children would become "guinea pigs" for.

For better or for worse, growing up alongside the University is now a feature of growing up in Darlington. I have memories similar to Renae's, of going onto campus to participate in what I have come to assume were uni assessments; playing games run by students of the education faculty, or completing obstacle courses put together by them in Victoria Park. It felt glaringly obvious, even as a primary school student, that our student population – a diverse mix of Greek families, public housing residents, kids from the Block, and many in between – were not quite the same as the sorts of people who filled the University.

"For better or for worse, growing up alongside the University is now a feature of growing up in Darlington."

Renae's memories holding such strong similarity to mine indicate that despite constant change, the fabric of our community's experience has remained similar. "To my parents' generation, the University was like another world. It was where people from other parts of the city went, it was never for them... like an alien land, another country", Renae told me. Nonetheless, she went on to study at the University of Sydney, as I am now. "I distinctly remember being in the yard one day looking up at the Wentworth building and saying: I'm going there", she said.



An aerial view of the University of Sydney and Darlington, before the demolitions began.

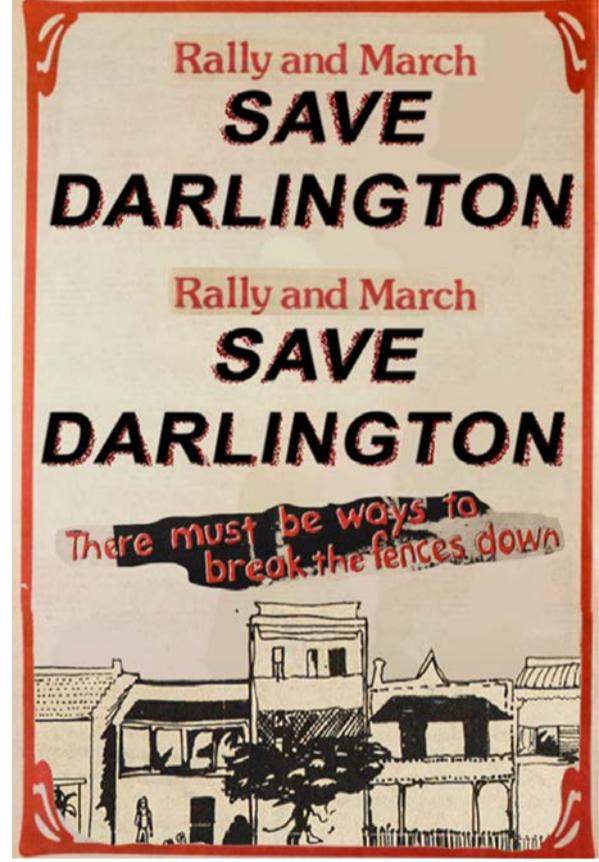
Challenges for education in the inner city continued to surface throughout the late 20th century. In the late 1980s, then Education Minister, Terry Metherell, decided that a suite of inner city schools would be forced to close due to dwindling populations. On the chopping block was Blackfriars Infants School in Chippendale, which had initially opened to serve the overflowing population of Darlington Public. Colleen Hayward was a long-term Principal at Darlington and is known as a stalwart of education in our community. Before Darlington, she had been at Blackfriars. She told me that she was totally blindsided by the closure of the school.

"I don't read the Sydney Morning Herald", she explained, which is where it had been announced that the school would close before teaching staff had even been informed. "But one morning I had all these people ringing me up saying the school was closing. Then on the Monday, the [Education] Director arrived at my doorstep, and I said [telling me on]

These aspects of the school remain unwavering – the current Principal, Michelle McCormack, told me almost the exact same things as Colleen; that the power of the school was in the fact that the families who are there truly want to be there, and want to commit to a community: "People either come and leave straight away, or stay their whole lives."

Michelle also spoke of how families who are concerned with having a school which focuses on one particular area don't necessarily feel attracted to Darlington – "but Darlo's Darlo", she told me. And that will always be its most present strength: Darlo may not be the most successful school on pen and paper, but it represents the modern Australia we should strive for.

It's easy to look at the school being knocked down next month as another symbol of Darlington's chronic sense of impermanence; of nothing really lasting before it's demolished. But history would tell us otherwise. When I was a student at Darlington, the University continued to encroach, taking part of our playground for the Abercrombie Business School and constructing buildings that towered over us. Even now, Michelle is continually frustrated with the Uni, around their refusal to allow the school to use a small piece of land between the playground and the back of ABS.



Art by Ellie Stephenson.

Throughout its lifetime, Darlington, school and suburb, has never copped a break. Yet through it all, a community has remained which believes wholeheartedly in retaining a diverse school as at least one physical gathering place. Even now, you can find a Facebook group of some 500 ex-students exchanging cross-generational memories from both the new and old school buildings – I can't wait to one day share my own stories with alumni of the new building, instilling in them the same sense of excitement that I felt when hearing stories of that big walk to Abercrombie Street back in 1975. The school's existence serves as an example of community resistance and resilience that we should all learn from, and of the importance of long-term institutions for retaining oral histories and identities – even when everything surrounding us is characteristically fleeting. In yet another face of change, the students, families, and community of Darlington will continue to preserve our little slice of shared history – as Michelle told me, "different building, same school: you just can't break the Darlo spirit".

How to start a squat

Sam Randle is NOT encouraging crime.

If you're looking to move out of home or already have, you've probably opened D*main or R*alestate.com and gawked at housing prices. Indeed, Sydney's housing market is among the most expensive globally, and median house prices have increased by a third over the previous year. Of course, some of that increase will translate to rent.

But honestly, fuck that. Here's how to put a roof over your head without paying some rich cunt's mortgage. This is how to set up a squat.

Step Three: Finding out who owns it

Screwing someone over is nicer when you know their name. But more importantly, the owner is the only person who can legally get you to leave, whether directly or via the police. To identify this motherfucker, search the letterbox for mail addressed to the landlord. If all else fails, check the Land Titles Office website or visit in person at 175 Liverpool St. Then, politely request the Deposited Plan number and the listed owner. From here, assess how likely the landlord will be to notice and/or evict you. If the owner has a fragile public image, they might not want *delinquents* occupying their property. You can also take the information to the local council to see if there has been a development approval.

Step Two: Choosing your new home

Despite the record low vacancy rates of Sydney rentals, finding an empty building is relatively straightforward. Think of how

you get busted. Breaking and entering is a crime, so be subtle. Wear some overalls and find your way inside during the day; people are more suspicious when things go bump in the night. Check windows, doors, skylights, and paths made by previous squatters. Watch a video on how to dislodge windows and doors. Either way, you'll probably need a crowbar, screwdriver, and at least one other person. You can pull away a few tiles to enter from on high for tile-roof buildings. If you have to break a window, clean up and repair it ASAP because it constitutes evidence of the "breaking" in breaking and entering. Crucially, if the police show up, give them nothing but your name until you get legal advice.

Step Five: Securing your home

Congratulations, you're in! Now it's time to change the locks. You can just replace the barrel at your local Bunnings for something like a Lockwood. It might also be a good time to pick up anything else you'll need for repairs and a large data plan to stream all the DIY videos you're about to watch. Check for broken copper and PVC pipes or leaky taps and roofing. In the first few weeks, you'll want to work on this with others to be safe. If the police or owner rock up, tell them the door was open; never admit you broke in. This is why you repaired that window earlier.

Step Six: Electricity, gas, water, internet

If the connections are still intact, these cannot be legally denied to you (except maybe the internet). Many service providers will probably make acquiring these services frustrating, so stay polite but assertive. You might have to spin some sob story about why you need electricity or gas if they ask for a lease (which you clearly don't have). Consider: I have COVID-19, and I can't collect it from my old house where it's stored. Open the water mains at the front of the property if you can. Call Sydney Water to set up an account if this doesn't work. The internet might be a little harder to connect, depending on when the property was abandoned. I'd recommend a 4G or 5G modem since they can be set up anywhere.

Step Seven: Enjoy

Squatting grants a level of autonomy rarely seen by non-homeowners. Make the place yours, but be prepared for eviction. But remember, if it's not the landlord, their authorised henchmen, or police with their direct orders, you can tell them to get fucked.

So, go forth and assert your right to the city. There's nothing you can take that's worth more than the commons that have already been stolen.

Public sector strikes in NSW need solidarity to win.

Dashie Prasad on backing teachers, public transport and health care workers.

Public sector unions have been taking industrial action across NSW over the past few months. You've likely seen them on your news feed, and you've been impacted by the lack of workers in some of the most essential public services in the state. The NSW Perrottet Government, as employers and public service providers, are who these actions target and are being taken in the context of a state-wide shortage of nurses, midwives and teachers. All the while hospital wait times are through the roof, public schools are without enough teachers and March figures show a low 71% punctuality rate for Sydney Trains. Union demands for more staffing, better pay and better workplace resources and rights across all public sector services are integral changes all communities in NSW will benefit from, and therefore must support.

These actions are primarily occurring because of the NSW Liberal Government's freeze on workers' pay rates. Announced by the Berejiklian Government in early 2020 before the worst of the pandemic, this cap froze standard pay increases at 2.5%. The cap meant that workers' pay rises were substantially lower than the rate of inflation, which was 3.5% at the end of 2021 according to the ABS. They're almost always lower than the 2.5% maximum – nurses and midwives were offered a 0.3% pay rise in 2020. In real terms these 'pay rises' must be seen as pay cuts, given the rising cost of living.

As a result, the essential workers who maintain our most important infrastructure and systems have been thrown under the wheels of poverty. Pay cuts don't just cause workers immediate financial harm: as pay cuts build up year to year, workers lose thousands of dollars in lifetime superannuation returns. In the long term, this leaves public sector workers far worse

off in their retirement.

Most university students will not have experienced such noticeable effects of industrial action in their lives before, and that is because the public sector has not taken strike action in years. This resurgence of industrial action is occurring in the context of a global pandemic that's affected us all, especially public health sector workers who have been working tirelessly for the last three years. Teachers have gone above and beyond in the shift to online learning models and disrupted schooling. Thousands of essential workers were commuted to work on public transport to keep our state functioning. A pay cut now is a slap in the face!

Because communities are so reliant on the work of the public sector, it can feel more personal when we hear about the injustices these workers are facing in their workplaces compared to workers in the private sector. Bus drivers are being denied human decency when they can't get bathroom breaks. Nurses are working in wards so drastically understaffed and under-resourced that many have quit the profession altogether. Paramedics have gone weeks straight of being on high alert where more than half their patients are first priority. This leaves patients in Emergency lines for hours waiting on life saving care. Public high school teachers are forced to merge classes to supervise students or leave senior students unsupervised ahead of exams.

In the eleventh hour of various strikes and industrial actions, the Chief Commissioner (who also happens to be the wife of a NSW Liberal MP) has made the arbitrary decision that union actions are against the 'interest of the public or the economy'. Such decisions deem the strikes illegal, slapping unions with fines and summonses to the Supreme Court. Workers get nonsense bureaucracy thrown at them when they're desperate for change.

After years of failed negotiations with a Liberal government that's hostile to the public sector, taking industrial action is a no brainer. When schools are without teachers, when emergency room wait times are hours long, when train services are being cut, it's clear that strikes aren't

crippling our infrastructure – austerity is. Negotiations with a government unwilling to listen to the lived experience of workers desperate for support lead nowhere. Strikes are our only solution to have these community voices heard and to win demands for well-resourced, well-funded public infrastructure that all communities deserve.

If public sector nurses, midwives, teachers, transport workers and allied health workers win their demands, we will see wide, sweeping changes to public jobs and public workplaces. The changes will leave our communities better off after a pandemic, compared to the predicament the Perrottet Government has us in. They'll also set a precedent to take industrial action, even if it's against your government – because politicians and bosses aren't the arbiters of fair community standards, the people are!

So the next time you get off a bus, thank the bus driver and chuck in a cheeky 'keep on with the strikes', or pick up a yarn about strikes with your nurse the next time you're in a hospital. Join your union and make sure you discuss the strikes these public sector workers are taking, so your workplace seeks encouragement from and lends solidarity to these workers.

Be a cheeky activist – leave community letters of support in car windshields at hospitals or chalk (read: spray paint) a message of support around your local train station. Tell your mum to call your sibling's teacher and encourage them to take strike action. Move motions of solidarity at your local residents' community group, parent-teacher networks or student representative councils, so that more people are aware and get to share their support for these workers. And come along with a crew of mates to the NSW Parliament on the next strike day.

The Sydney Push and other vignettes: My grandma's stories

Lauren Lancaster on the evolution, defiance and misogyny of an iconic movement.

CW: This article discusses complications of illegal abortions.

responsibility. Basically, he criticised everything, relentlessly.

It was Australia in the 1960s. Forty per cent of the population was under twenty years of age. Sydney and Melbourne were rising cities, hubs for international migrants, cosmopolitan industry, arts and subversive politics. The baby boomers were reaching adulthood and free love; libertarian thought and a healthy distrust of authority were burgeoning amongst young bohemian Sydneysiders. The women's liberation movement would soon explode onto the Australian scene, but progressive ideas of reproductive justice and gender equality were still way off – abortion in NSW wouldn't even be mildly decriminalised until 1971. Casual racism, widespread homophobia and the ubiquity of Christian family values still dominated the zeitgeist, despite challenges from more progressive sects of the Australian intelligentsia. In Sydney, such intellectual and political battlelines were often drawn, tested and defended at universities by staff and students alike – perhaps more freely than they are today.

USyd's Free Thought Society and Libertarian Society spread Anderson's ideas amongst their circles and the Push developed from there. Despite this base, they emphatically refused a singular political category. My grandmother recalls that in their insistence on being so fringe, they often capitulated to doing very little beyond bevs and pub chats late into the night: "You didn't want to really belong to anything, [lest that] would subvert your freedom of thought... but not belonging to anything is a useful moniker for what was more aptly coasting."

From this melting pot characterised by a decided disdain for the parochial suburban ethos of the 50s, the Push was born: an intellectual subculture (and set of avid pub-goers) comprising University of Sydney and University of NSW students and staff, trade unionists and leftie personalities. My grandmother, Steph, was a student at UNSW from 1961-63, having started there as a 16-year-old. Ever a go-getter, she rubbed shoulders with various Push characters throughout her time at university. She started telling me stories from this time when I started at USyd, and as a chronic hack and general enoyer of Sydney countercultural history, I thought it all sounded pretty dope. I decided more people should know about the Push. Not to emulate, but to grow our own student philosophies, movements and pub-hang vibes.

"At first meeting with these people one is inclined to regard them as an offshoot of the "beatniks", but after knowing them a short while it becomes obvious that they are well above the average "beatnik" intellectually. Their knowledge of Marxism is surprising and their ability to discuss this subject on levels not encountered in the C.P. of A. is both stimulating and educational.

So, let's Push on.

The movement's name was inspired by the quasi-criminal gangs that operated in Sydney at the end of the 19th century (e.g. The Rocks Push, the Argyle Push, the Straw Hat Push), but became somewhat of an affection, with most of the Push's members being young middle-class or upwardly-mobile working class students and staff of philosophy and psychology. The hardcore Push parked up at the Royal George Hotel (now the Slip Inn). Steph remembers it as "a very intimidating place, people seemed to practically live there", while "us lightweights" preferred Lorenzinis: a wine bar and coffee shop on Elizabeth Street.

The Push might not have amounted to much if it wasn't for the ideological origins they found in the work of John Anderson, Challis Professor of Philosophy at the University of Sydney from 1927 to 1958. Where Melbourne-based philosophy academics at the time seemed to gravitate more formally towards Marx, Anderson propounded and shaped a Sydney-esque philosophical system that engaged primarily with the theories of Nietzsche, Sorel and Bakunin amongst the usual 1960s Cultural Revolution suspects.

He had a 'conflict theory' of the world and attacked all forms of what he perceived to be 'bourgeois society': morality, religion, tradition, loyalty, business, marriage, monogamy, censorship and civic

[Their membership includes] a few anarchists who wouldn't hesitate to drop a bomb on the Sydney Harbour Bridge or de-rail a train... and the Libertarians have absolutely no standard of ethics. Their behaviour and conversation in mixed company would be regarded as 'shocking' even in 'modern' society.

"They have no respect for property

and live entirely within their own

periphery of standards, which can only be

described as obscure ... The Libertarians

should not be underestimated despite

their base outlook."

It all sounds rogue and exciting, but this was also the 60s, so we have to keep in mind the reality of the Push. For largely white, male, middle-class university students, clashes with police and the law would inherently carry less risk than for other groups involved in

political agitation around Sydney. Free love was an easy sell when the majority of the Push's membership were young men.

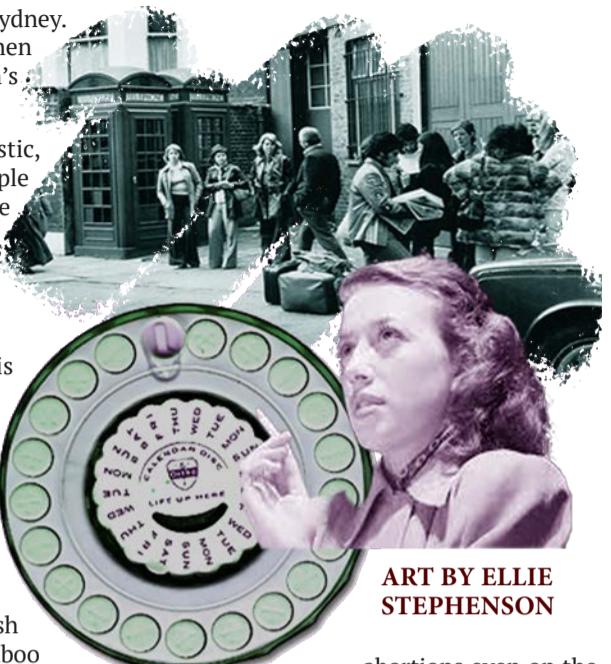
"It was all rather chauvinistic, they would have multiple partners and the girls would be putting up with this because of the idea that everything was free, if you objected you were bourgeois," said Steph.

Sex is fun and free love is great, but "people would get pregnant and they would need an abortion". The consequences of the Push's promiscuous philosophies were carried by women in and around the Push far more than anyone else. Despite their radical signalling, the Push shied away from the grit and taboo of the underground abortion scene or practical modes of reproductive justice.

In this light, Steph told me the story of her best friend's shock pregnancy. "We were all terrified of getting pregnant, and what that would mean for us in a life or death sense. A sister of a school friend had died having an abortion." The social stigma of the process ran so deep that Steph remembers that friend's mother as having said of her own daughter "she shouldn't have done anything like that [ie. have sex]". Common non-lethal outcomes from botched abortions were lifelong sterility or permanent reproductive complications.

My grandmother and her best friend were 17 and 18 respectively, her friend the daughter of a high-profile Catholic businessman – "bleeding heart above the dining table style". An unexpected pregnancy was not on the cards. At 4.5 months along, her friend divulged she desperately needed an abortion. A UNSW academic friend associated with the Push knew someone who knew someone, and the girls were running short on options. Her friend borrowed 200 pounds from him to pay for the procedure and was told to stand on the corner of Castlereagh and Market in the city at midday wearing a blue skirt and hat. She was picked up by an unmarked car, blindfolded and driven "to what she imagined to be a large house the south or southwest of Sydney". Girls and women of many backgrounds populated the house in various stages of termination or abortion. Steph put it simply: "we all knew about the knitting needle and the coat-hanger but the situation was so far gone that she needed to actually give birth". After the birth of the foetus induced by injection in the early morning, she was given a few hours to recover. Then she was blindfolded once again and deposited back on the city corner whence she came with some aspirin and the advice that "if anything goes wrong, go to a hospital and say you had a miscarriage".

When she started lactating in the days following the procedure, my grandma took her to Royal Prince Alfred Hospital where they did end up lying about a miscarriage to get drugs to stop it. The RPA staff didn't bat an eye but "everyone knew what was really going on". My grandmother's friend never told anyone else about the abortion and failed university at the end of that year. It would be another decade before



ART BY ELLIE STEPHENSON

abortion even on the strictest medical or welfare grounds became legal in NSW.

Steph also told me about her first major relationship at that time, when hormonal contraception was only just entering the Australian market. My grandmother insisted she would "not get pregnant... if [she] had one goal for her uni days that simply was not going to happen". Her connections to the Push became useful here, looping her into a supply of hormonal contraceptive pills smuggled across from America. The oral contraceptive pill was only approved for distribution in Australia in 1961, with a prescription from a doctor. The granting

of this prescription was totally dependent on their attitudes, particularly with regard to prescribing for unmarried women. As one can imagine, many doctors remained ardently conservative and would often refuse young women birth control. As a result, Push doctors and other progressive medical professionals who would grant prescriptions offered a scarce and necessary service to women that we now take entirely for granted.

As the 1960s rolled on and women's liberation gained momentum, the Push waned. The denouncing of Push men as unthinking sexists by feminist members cut to the quick of the group's self-image, as its purported ideological rationale was libertarian and 'militantly egalitarian', especially in the realm of sex and relationships. Of course, they did not reflect the politics they preached in many instances, and were not keeping with the times.

Ultimately, it was this feminist critique, the invention of the Pill and the ageing process that led to the dissolution of the Push, but not before it had provided some of the ideological and psychological foundations for the resolute individualism that still influences the political culture of Sydney. That individualism is probably not a great thing, but can inform an understanding of the fractious nature of the left in our city today. Perhaps it's time to forego macho libertarianism and envision a new type of struggle and pub politicking: one guided by collectivism and good faith. One that recognises although we've come far since the material conditions of the 1960s, we still have ways to go before there is true liberation for many of us.

Imagining the past of my sharehouse

Misbah Ansari uncovers the hidden memories of the Inner West.

Nibbling on the last bits of my granola bar, I find myself giggling at the varieties of penis-shaped fridge magnets in our kitchen. This wall of phallic mockery is an endowment of the many housemates we have had in the LGBTQIA+ autonomous house since 2001. The one tattooed with a snake embellished condom is my favourite, I decide.

But who dwelled in this 150-year-old house before all the queer, cat-loving, burnt-out university students? I am intrigued by the sporadic conversations I have with my housemates about the old haunting presence of a little girl's spirit walking around our Newtown abode and other such stories of the history of the house. While I chicken out about the apparition, I dwell on investigating the history of the house concretely.

To start, my housemate directs me to the small cubicle next to our house on Newtown's Camden Street, which used to be a wood furniture store named J Ratner & Co. Founded by Joseph Ratner, who was born in Russia (some sources say Belarus) before moving to England and then Australia in 1904. After living in Annandale for a few years, he established J Ratner & Co. at 28-30 Camden Street and lived with his family in the adjacent townhouse.

Joseph Ratner's legacy was passed

The manufacturing unit stands as a one-storey protrusion in front of the waste disposal areas of a block of housing. Having missed it previously, I spent a good 15 minutes near the cubicle after work trying to open the doors without any luck. Now listed as a NSW heritage site for its significance as one of the earliest small scale woodcraft-making sites in the face of a gentrifying Inner West, the site seems dreary at first. With some graffiti inscribed on its ochre walls and tightly sealed wooden doors, the remnants inside remain a mystery.

Even though 30-32 Camden Street are currently sharehouses, 30 Camden Street has not been renovated in a long time. The house has an idiosyncratic early mid 1900s atomic set-up with a kitchen arc, Victorian porcelain bathtub, old brass knobs and pastel-coloured wooden window frames. What used to be the Ratner family's factory until 1950 soon housed university students. Tracing the history of students living here is difficult due to the temporality of housemates' occupancy, but the several copies of Bareback Dicks, mismatched teacups, old heaters and quilt covers in the storage area are testimony to their lived experiences in the house.

"I find myself living in the overlapping history of an autonomous queer sharehouse from the early 2000s and a closed 20th century factory."

Joseph Ratner died in December 1960 in Chatswood. He was "one of the oldest members of Sydney's Jewish community and one of the founders of the Western Suburbs Synagogue", according to a 1961 edition of *The Australian Jewish Times*. Ratner's obituary describes him as: "A man of

intense liberal principles, he was albeit a devoted Jew." Unfortunately, it is hard to find further information about his principles and political leanings.

After Joseph's death, the firm still saw a lot of commendable work by Saul, who helped design houses including 55 Arcadia Street Glebe. Their works played a part in the gentrification of areas like Glebe, which slowly transformed to become a lucrative real estate market. By working with intricate and expensive materials like mahogany, Queensland maple, and cedar, the firm's work has gained recognition in the art world.

It's thought provoking how things transform from one state to another, yet so much remains hidden from us. The scraping, chiselling, carving and polishing work on a sawdust-laden floor remains a figment of my imagination. I find myself living in the overlapping history of an autonomous queer sharehouse from the early 2000s and a closed 20th century factory. Maybe the doors of 28 Camden Street will open one day for my curiosity, but I am equally okay with fantasizing alone about what the insides of the structure look like now. Visualising the history of your present is knowledge in itself, and the secrecy is bliss.

USyd through Dupain's lens — 70 years on

Thomas Sargeant goes through the archives.

It can be comforting to imagine the student experience as a continuum. I am but one of many student to detour through the Quad for the view, to sit at Courtyard Cafe for hours between class, to peruse *Honi* instead of my readings. Generations of students have passed through the University — and it's nice to have proof.

Deep in the Chau Chak Wing Museum archives rest photographs of the University of Sydney taken by Max Dupain in the 1950s — one of Australia's most prolific and skilled photographers who examined the University through his unique lens. Dupain is recognised internationally for his depictions of 'Australian life', articulated through architectural photographs of Sydney

as well as portraits taken at the beach. Even if you're not familiar with his name, you likely recognise his famous photograph *Sunbaker* (1937).

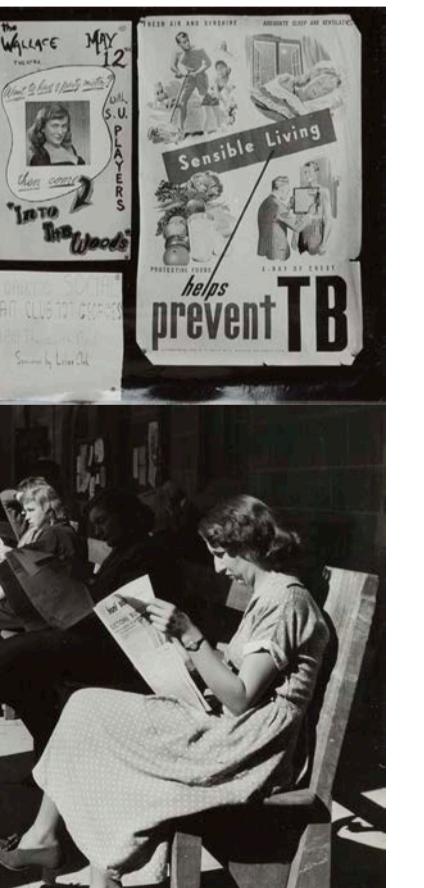
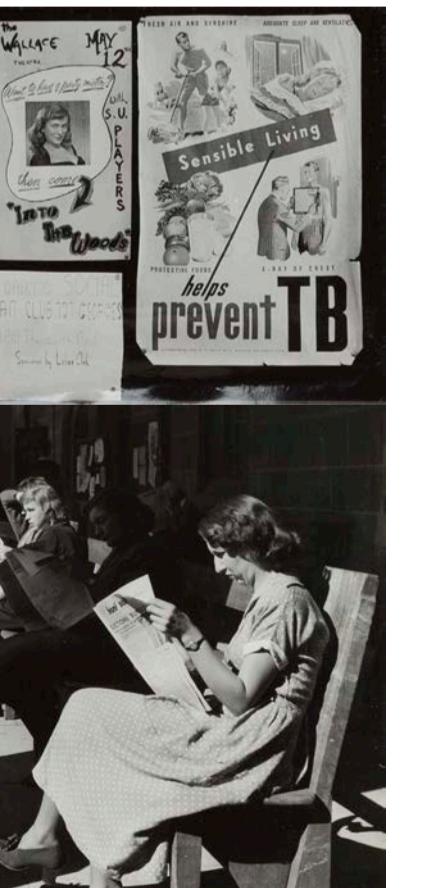
Dupain's photographs of USyd were taken out of his own initiative and interest, writing that he "had intended to create a book illustrating life in context at the University. Hundreds of

exposures were made but the finance to publish was not forthcoming."

You can have a look through some of the highlights below to see these University lives in context, but I highly recommend going through the Chau Chak Wing Museum's archives to have a closer look.



Photographs clockwise, left to right, by Max Dupain: Great Hall interior (1951), Commemoration Day procession (1951), Notice board (1952), The Union Cloister (1951), Dance in the Union Building (1951), Students reading in the Quadrangle (1952). All images silver gelatin photographs and courtesy CCWM.



Hyperpop is dead, good riddance!

Chuyi Wang gives Nelson some .FLAC

This article is partially in response to 'Post-Internet music and the rise of Hyperpop' by Nelson Crossley, published in Honi Soit on 27 March 2022.

What's in a genre? Viewed holistically, genre can go beyond just a collection of sonic traits that songs can be defined by — it can be an intimate term that ties together a community, a time period, a geographical location, and a situated context. It can be a call to action for artists, as in the case of punk, or it can encapsulate socio-political ideas broader than a genre's aesthetic signifiers. As DJ Sprinkles reflects in the introduction to her seminal 2008 album *Midtown 120 Blues*: "House is not universal / House is hyper-specific: East Jersey, Lower East Side, West Village, Brooklyn."

Unfortunately, the vast majority of the time, genre is an abused and occasionally ideological concept that can be used to discriminate, in the case of the Grammys' infamous Urban category, or employed with such level of abstraction that its contextual grounding becomes erased. Music journalists and reviewers generally struggle to discuss new releases outside of categorising them with arcane phrases like 'trap-flavoured hi-hats' and the occasional proto- / post- prefix. An over-reliance on such terms can convey the general feeling of a piece of music but struggles to communicate any of the finer details. Often, reading a *Pitchfork* review reminds us of just how far language has to go before it can properly communicate how things sound using words.

Despite these observations, the rise of 'hyperpop' as one of the hottest new buzzwords in music discourse still stands out as a confusing anomaly. It's not that it's any less vague than other nebulous terms so commonly and incorrectly thrown around; it's that it never had any kind of stable meaning to begin with. The origin of the term in-proper can be traced back to 2016, with the founding of the independent Bandcamp netlabel HYPERPOP, which put out high energy dance tracks filled with frenetic breakbeats. Yet, the contemporary usage

of 'hyperpop' has very little to do with this label at all, and has been applied to a wide range of music as diversely contradictory as Tommy Cash and Caterina Barbieri. The cross-section between just these two artists is so narrow that the issue becomes patently clear: I guess they both use... synthesisers of some kind?

But even beyond this lack of basic definitional clarity, hyperpop is a term that seems to balloon in sheer etymological obscurity with every passing day. Unlike any other genre before it, which with some degree of research can probably be given temporal and geographical boundaries, music fans have been retrospectively and anachronistically categorising music as hyperpop when artists never had any intention to be labelled as such. The simple question 'Where does hyperpop begin?' is almost impossible to answer and results in a vicious spiral: if 100 gees first springs to mind, then surely the answer is the founding of PC Music in 2013. But if the answer is PC Music, then what about music like Eurodance that sounds virtually identical to the label's earliest works? It's not uncommon these days to find 'insightful' think pieces which label Nicki Minaj, Caramell or even Crazy Frog as the OG hyperpopper. None of these answers make the term's origins any clearer.

An easy way of explaining away this frustrating imprecision is to defer to the digital schizophrenia of the post-internet age. After all, with so many artists in the space bearing such self-referential cyberspace aesthetics, it is easy to conclude that the creatives themselves are exploring the boundaries of the term 'hyperpop', and finding out that it contains almost everything. However, as a producer who has been labelled as hyperpop for the better part of two years, I can say with confidence that the growing fervour surrounding the genre has been anything but organic. And like most of the unhappy things in the music industry these days, Spotify is to blame.

A brief look at Google Trends shows us

that the first incline in search popularity for the term 'hyperpop' occurred in August 2019, aligning perfectly with the advent of the tastefully under-capitalised Spotify playlist of the same name. Though Spotify editor Lizzy Szabo claims it was created in direct response to the viral fame of 100 gees, and a desire to spotlight artists who pushed the boundaries of pop production to its extremes, the playlist quickly iterated to include tracks from questionably relevant artists like J Dilla and Kate Bush. Over time, and perhaps most egregiously with the Bladear & Mechatok edition of the playlist in December 2020, Spotify has vacuumed into its all-devouring maw artists as distant from their original vision as J-pop idol group Perfume and rapper Lil Uzi Vert. It's no surprise then that around the same time 'hyperpop' began to catch on, artists who fell under Spotify's umbrella began publicly expressing their contempt for the term. Even Charli XCX, whom Spotify would like to sell you as a pioneer of the genre, stated in an interview with *QQ Music* that she 'hates that word'. Yet, despite backlash from the very artists that gave Spotify's playlist its meteoric success, what possible reason do they have to continue diluting what the genre stands for? The answer is so simple, it may as well be axiomatic: it makes them a shitload of money.

Hyperpop is perhaps the first example in history of a genre whose branding has been controlled, from start to finish, by a corporation. Though genres have undergone commercialisation in the past — look no further than house, trance or any of the other big styles of electronic music from the early 2000s — hyperpop was and continues to be a corporate construct that has little relevance to the actual community of artists that populate Spotify's playlist. The fact that hyperpop is about everything and nothing is a huge benefit to Spotify's engagement rates: it allows them to maintain marketing hype surrounding the genre indefinitely, even as the tracks they playlist move increasingly further away from 100 gees in sound. All this whilst expending few resources into A&R to actually

understand the newest online trends. In doing so, Spotify homogenises many of the deeply political ideas embedded in so-called 'hyperpop' music, which are more often than not rooted in the queer and PoC experience, as manifested through the quirky world of 'internet culture'.

Ultimately, whilst the hype surrounding hyperpop has been a massive boon to established industry players, it has hurt independent artists the most. Specifically, those who want to develop and define their own musical subculture. Though Crossley's original article ends on a positive note — that music fans now have more intimate access to artists' lives and personalities — which I agree with, hyperpop is anything but the paradigm case of this phenomenon. As Louisiana-based producer dollywood1, a forerunner in the emerging 'digicore' scene, states in a 2021 *Vice* profile, "[hyperpop is] a title that really does not apply to us... none of us make straight up 'pop' music at all." Yet, a quick glance at the latest iteration of Spotify's hyperpop playlist shows us that many artists like dollywood1 who have outright rejected the label in favour of their own descriptions still have a prominent position: osquinn, dltz, Diana Starshine, angelus, midwxst — the list goes on. The message that Spotify is sending is clear: it doesn't matter what you're interested in, what sort of community you're trying to foster, or even what your music sounds like. It's all hyperpop from here.

Hyperpop, and other corporate attempts at birthing a genre through top-down branding exercises, are likely to become a more common phenomenon going into the future. In fact, it's already happening, as apparent in the term 'glitchcore' taking on a life of its own beyond Apple Music's original playlist and in wider music discourse. As independent publishing platforms like Bandcamp and Soundcloud continue to prosper, especially through their recent revenue-waiving efforts, I can only hope that one day it is us as artists, not the marketing teams of streaming services, that have the final say on how we identify and categorise ourselves.

Review: To The Grave conclude tour in visceral fashion

Zak Milo moshes at Manning.

When stalwart Aussie Deathcore fiends To The Grave played last Friday at Manning Bar, capping off a tour obstructed by reschedules, support dates and the general malaise of covid-fatigue, fans were expecting nothing less than a cathartic release of debauchery. What greeted the stacked crowd on Friday exceeded such expectations entirely.

As opening acts Alchemy, The Wandering and Earth Caller (whose new project *There Are Some Things Worse Than Death* is a must listen) stimulated the crowd, it became increasingly clear that the hometown fans were eager to witness To The Grave deliver on such stellar expectations. Initially quite slow to enter the floor during Alchemy's introductory set, crowd momentum built quickly upon some light prodding from frontman Nic Webb, and only continued to grow as the Newy boys in The Wandering launched into an electric set of slamming deathcore. Once Earth Caller launched

into an unrestrained performance of 'Spit', the crowd locked itself into an unquenchable groove, eagerly awaiting the headliners. From afar, the crowd appeared like a procession to some arcane pagan ritual. Swathes of black dominated the pit, brought to life by song as bodies twirched between the walls of the mosh in a cruel dance.

Upon hearing the opening chords signaling the beginning of fan-favourite track 'Wastage', punks, posers, metalheads, e-girls, corejerkers, and that one old crusty who took his shirt off far too early were united as one under a tumultuous wall of pure viscerality. Collectively, To The Grave sounded incredible live, which is no small feat for a genre in which overproduction is the norm. The dual attack of Jack Simioni and Luke Ringin on guitars were followed neatly by Matt Clarke on bass, interspersing between them triplet blasts and waves of dissonance conducive

to a mosh that put all within listening distance at risk.

All of this was underpinned by the monolithic presence of Simon O'Malley on drums, whose consistency is outmatched only by his capacity for transonic brutality. His performance on 'Ecocide' was of particular note; fluctuating tempos, meters and breakdowns with the delicate prowess of a well-honed craftsman. Vets of the genre may have sensed notes of Lorna Shore, Brand of Sacrifice or Zeolite in their sound last night, but To The Grave's idiosyncrasies extend far beyond the ocean that stands between them and the former two acts.

Chief among these was the vocal prowess of one Dane Evans, who alternated between the highs and lows of the night like a hormonal teenager, rounding out the brutality with a cunning usage of pig squeals and growls.

Friday's gig was the finale of a tour launched in support of their recent LP

- 2021's aptly titled *Epilogue*, their first since the passing of former bassist Joshua Booth. Fittingly, the band returned onstage to pay respect to their fallen compatriot with a cover of My Chemical Romance's 'The Ghost of You' alongside Earth Caller's Josh Collard, with the unanimous support of the crowd.

Catching a band like To The Grave at Manning was an incredibly enjoyable experience, and despite my incredible bias, I would highly recommend them to anybody with even a passing curiosity into the heavier end of the scene. To the uninitiated, To The Grave will sound downright cacophonous. Hell, even to some fans of the genre, the band's unique sonic palette is tart, astringent, and even abrasive. But the experience of cathartic release achieved through watching a bunch of musicians play such technically demanding music in front of an entranced crowd is exhilarating, and well worth witnessing.

The history of USyd's best revue: Science Revue

Katarina Butler details the epic highs and lows of show biz.

Sketch comedy is the birthplace of many a comedian. Take a few whacky ideas, some props, and musical accompaniment, and anyone can produce a revue. In 2005, some intrepid young USyd science students decided they wouldn't take their underrepresentation in the arts any longer and put on a show with around 50 students to extreme success in 2006.

Comprised of science student who dares to audition, Science Revue (otherwise known as SciRev) has been the place for STEM students to nurture their performance skills for over 15 years.

SciRev soon became a mainstay of the faculty revue season (typically held in Semester Two), standing alongside Medicine, Law and Arts as one of the biggest revues on campus. Its early years were marked by punny titles, gradually increasing budgets, and eventually a live stage band. Many of the sketches relied on science-related jokes, effectively making use of the cast's scientific knowledge from various majors. In 2009, *Honi* reviewer Tom Clement noted that "even when the show is failing to be funny, it has scientific accuracy to fall back on." In 2008, just two years after SciRev's inception, the performing cast totalled 92 people!

In recent years, the show has kept up its reputation as one of the biggest revues

on campus. Separated into acting, singing, dancing, and band troupes, SciRev is a place where any and all creativity is welcomed. Rather than centering the show around the actors, SciRev showcases parodies of songs, acrobatic dance sketches, and the occasional funny musical arrangement. While there is a running joke that the show holds its audiences hostage (thanks to the almost 3-hour run time of the 2018 show), when all four troupes are carefully balanced, the show whisked by.

"Separated into acting, singing, dancing, and band troupes, SciRev is a place where any and all creativity is welcomed."

In the spirit of improvised comedy, some of the best elements of the show's culture are a product of encouraging outlandish ideas during development. SciRev is different to other productions because the band is not considered part of the production team. Instead, they are considered another troupe of performers. This means that they are involved in the show-building process and contribute sketch ideas and other comedic elements to the show. So adored is the band that, in 2019, one too many cries of "yeah the band" spawned the 2020 Band Revue.

The newly-elected 2022 producer,

Pitched as a SUDS summer slot, *The Good, The Band & The Ugly* brought SciRev's musical accompaniment to centre stage. With a Western theme, the show incorporated strong musical numbers, comedic performances, and the occasional plot-related sketch. It was well-loved, with *Honi* reviewer Puran Jay Kumar stating they were "completely floored" by the show and the number of times they managed to play the infamous jazz lick. With a 15-piece band and a sub-\$100 budget, the show sold out two of its three performances and spawned a tradition.

Despite SciRev's success, large shows with long histories don't come without controversy. In 2019, tens of thousands of dollars of the society's money mysteriously disappeared. To this day, the sum has not been recovered.

The loss of such funds is especially damning given the exorbitant fees charged by Seymour Centre. Despite being owned by the University, the majority of revue budget is sunk into venue costs. Even with a combination of faculty and USU funding, and a broad range of sponsors, 2019 tested the SciRev community who was now much poorer. To counteract this, 2019 producer Julie Hoang told *Honi* that there were weekly bake sales, huge sponsorship drives, and mysterious donors to thank for the show's success that year.

Rafi Owens, told *Honi* that "there is a perseverance of spirit in SciRev which is very special". Take the most recent show: executive members and troupe directors were elected in 2019 and waited until 2022 to finally put on their show; casts auditioned in early 2021, were forced to reschedule once for lockdown and then again when there was a false positive, before finally performing. There are several people who have been involved in the show for over five years — taking on cast, production and executive roles to sustain the revue's lifeblood.

Like any other show, cast members become family, finding their niche in an enormous university and sticking it out together throughout the years. Science Revue has a long-standing relationship with 65 Roses, a charity for cystic fibrosis patients. When a cast member's relative was diagnosed with the condition in 2007, the community decided to support them by donating all show profits to the charity.

Revues at the University of Sydney are truly unique. Less serious than plays and more professional than stand-up comedy, they are an important part of the arts scene on campus. People join revues not only to perform but to build community; Science Revue is a perfect example of this. When auditions open over midsem break, we hope to see you there!

Rivers of resilience

Nafeesa Rahman explores the Georges River.

I acknowledge that the Kamegal, Bedigal, Cabrogal, Cannemegal, Gweagal and Noronggerral people of the Eora, Dharug and Dharawal nations are the original custodians of all land and water in the Georges River region.

Something about [the river] transcends the everyday and material," muses Grace Karskens in her book, *People of the River: Lost worlds of early Australia* (2020). She describes the certain, mystical aura of a river as a waterway that shapes the land, quietly connecting place and culture as a source of sustenance for so many.

"We actually built rainmaker gardens to teach [Georges Riverkeeper] how to make the most ecologically advanced ways to manage water spaces, and we hope it's a project that will continue to be replicated," says Moran.

For Aboriginal Australians, this is an obvious truth. The river is not just a focal point for life and culture, but a symbol of retaliation, of resistance and remembrance, and a powerful sign of continued Indigenous presence on invaded land.

This is especially true of the Georges River, which connects the land of the Dharug people on the northern shore, and the Dharawal people in the south. Originally known by its Indigenous name, *Tucoreah*, the mighty urban river expands over 960 square kilometres of land, beginning in the forested headwaters at Appin and snaking through Southwestern Sydney suburbs before finally plunging eastward into Botany Bay. In its wake, the Georges River forms both natural and man-made catchment areas, grazing over 14 local government areas, and constituting a home for over 1 million residents, 5000 of whom are Indigenous.

"We think [the project] shows its best value, if not best practiced example of how we Blackfellas can work with everyone to improve the environment and also record the cultural knowledge of the place," Moran says.

"But it's unfortunate that [the Riverkeeper project] is a one-off Commonwealth funded project."

Since the state government stopped funding LALCs in 1998 (as per the NSW *Aboriginal Land Rights Act*), Aboriginal land councils have been left to financially

support themselves, which has implications on their ability to care for the land in line with their mandate. In light of recent flooding events across NSW, the adverse effects of neglecting environmental issues have become clear. It is high time that we begin to actively listen to the voices of the Indigenous communities who, for generations, have sustainably cared for land and shown limitless eagerness, resilience, and patience when combating climate emergencies.

"The river is not just a focal point for life and culture, but a symbol of retaliation and remembrance, and a powerful sign of continued Indigenous presence on invaded land."

Unsurprisingly, there is often very little, if any, truth-telling about the history of the First Nation people around the Georges River.

In 1933, Indigenous activist Joe Anderson demanded that Indigenous peoples be included in the Federal Parliament and be seen as part of contemporary Australia. He did so on the banks of Salt Pan Creek, a notable tributary of the Georges River. The continual legacy of his message, conveyed through the medium of film, not only stands as a testament to the power of Indigenous voices, but also to the resilience of the river in carrying those voices across nation and time.

"If we can get [young people] to understand the place they're on, we know we've got more protectors and preservers of the environment and Indigenous culture," says Moran.

The Georges River's deep significance for Indigenous communities, and more widely, the people of Sydney, is unparalleled. We share an equal responsibility for caring for the river and its surrounding lands; for protecting it and recognizing the continual presence and resilience of its original custodians. After all, the river is a meeting ground, an amalgamation of stories, histories and lives, and only by keeping them alive can they continue to have transformative power.

and traditional knowledge, and ensure that they continue to be told. For example, the Metropolitan LALC has undertaken initiatives to provide opportunities for school students to learn more about the cultural and artistic sites around the Georges River. Alexandra Park Community School is one among a few schools that have partnered with the Metropolitan Land Council.

"[The school] has gotten Aboriginal students from Aboriginal studies to talk with the land council about nearby cultural and heritage sites [around the Georges River]. The school does cultural tours with the land council. It's actually an annual event that we take the staff, all the teachers, on a cultural experience and we assist their students to learn more about cultural sites surrounding the school," Moran said.

These enriching experiences create spaces to retell stories that counter colonial narratives, and inform Georges River communities about the historical and continual resilience of Aboriginal people on stolen land.

"If we can get [young people] to understand the place they're on, we know we've got more protectors and preservers of the environment and Indigenous culture," says Moran.

The Georges River's deep significance for Indigenous communities, and more widely, the people of Sydney, is unparalleled. We share an equal responsibility for caring for the river and its surrounding lands; for protecting it and recognizing the continual presence and resilience of its original custodians. After all, the river is a meeting ground, an amalgamation of stories, histories and lives, and only by keeping them alive can they continue to have transformative power.

When will golden orb weavers take over campus?

Maxim Adams spins a yarn.

This past summer, our garden's resident orb weaver spider decided to erect its web directly in front of our door. The web was huge — at least a metre in all directions — and its centre had the exact coordinates to meet the eye-line of, say, a hapless 23-year-old stepping out to begin his day. In an instant, both of our plans were waylaid and the next 15 minutes were spent tearing silk out of my beard. Written off as a one-time trauma, it soon became a waking nightmare as the same thing happened the next day, and then the day after, and the day after that...

This ironclad evidence is backed up by science, which points to an ongoing increase in their numbers. One crucial factor is the 'urban heat island' created by metropolitan areas: the dark, flat surfaces of buildings soak up more warmth than bushland, to the point that cities can be 10 °C hotter than surrounding forest. Being cold-blooded, spiders rely on ambient heat to kickstart their metabolism, so they're supercharged in city conditions. Research consequently shows that inner-city *Nephila* grow faster and fatter than their wild counterparts. And as the globe continues to warm, we've reached a point where more and more female spiders can produce two egg clutches per season, doubling population growth.

Similar stories have been playing out across Sydney. I've heard of gardens overrun by giant lattices of web, and seen firsthand the macabre displays of fly corpses, hollowed but still trapped in silken cocoons. As the bug guy in my friend groups, it often falls to me to identify the spider. So who exactly are we dealing with? The culprit is the golden orb weaver, *Nephila plumipes*. With black-tipped fangs

and blood-red legs, they're freaky enough to look at. A quick Google also throws up the phrases 'sexual cannibalism' and 'risky mate search', so their freakiness is more than skin deep. Among the largest of Sydney's spiders, their huge webs have been known to trap small birds and bats, in an ecological interaction researchers consider 'messed up'. And, judging from the number of 'wtf' is this texts I'm getting, it seems these giant spiders are spreading across the city with no end in sight.

This is classic tale in Anthropocene-era ecology: some animals win out, while others lose badly. Golden orb weavers are spreading because they were dealt a lucky hand that equips them well for life in modern Sydney. Plus, against this backdrop, we've seen years of favourable climatic conditions. The last El Niño dry period was in 2016, so every summer since has been marked by considerable rainfall. I'm not sure if anyone noticed, but this last summer in particular had quite a few rainy days, resulting in lush plant growth and an explosion of insects including mosquitoes, flies and grasshoppers. In other words, more bottom-of-the-food chain fodder for orb weavers' webs.

Now cluey to the situation, I tried to respect the spider's hardwork: by slicing the supporting strands close to their footholds, I could gently fold the web inwards like a fitted sheet. After all, some orb weavers eat old silk to conserve nutrients, and this was the least I could do to replace a day's lost flies. In return, the spider emerged overnight and dutifully spun another web, at face height, right in front of the door.

It also doesn't hurt that there's more food around. Sydney's lattice of parks and gardens seems to suit prey species, with urbanisation increasing the numbers of flies and wasps. Meanwhile, other spiders and predators struggle to survive in these



ART BY MAXIM ADAMS

across the Pacific, where they have started to threaten the Peruvian anchoveta industry, a bedrock of feed production for livestock worldwide. Around the world, ecosystems are rebalancing and simplifying, and each ascendant winner rises at the expense of countless losers, species not long for this world. So, next time you see a golden orb weaver on campus, you should be afraid. But maybe not for the reasons you think.

Thinking outside the bait box: How USyd's rats are outsmarting us

Sharaf Fozdar scurries around campus.

If you want to study rats, you have to be prepared to crawl into places you'd rather avoid. When I took part in a research project looking at USyd's rat population, we reached behind dumpsters, crawled underneath bushes, and became well acquainted with the dark, dirty and secluded corners of campus.

Despite our best efforts, rats are still very much a part of urban life and consistently frustrate attempts to control their population. What is it about them that makes them immune to any strategy we throw at them?

asking myself why we were bothering. But more importantly, why did the University bother with dozens of ineffective traps?

Rats have always occupied a uniquely distasteful place in our collective imagination. To a certain extent, our instinctive horror of them is justified. Globally, they cause billions of dollars worth of damage by chewing through wood and insulation, and have been known to cause fires by gnawing on wiring. They are also 'disease sponges', spreading infectious agents for diseases like *E. Coli* and *Salmonella* through their blood, saliva and waste. Rats are not a glamorous topic for a research project, but for these reasons it is important that we understand them.

Rats have done spectacularly well in adapting to man-made environments. They have also done so in an extraordinarily short space of time. On an evolutionary timescale, the centuries rats have taken to become at home in cities is equivalent to the blink of an eye.

The problem is that a city, or, in this case, the USyd campus, is the perfect environment for rats.

Dr Laura Grant, whose PhD examined the behaviour of urban rat populations, points out that "in urban areas, it's always going to be pretty difficult to control the population because there's so much rubbish and good food sources."

The biggest contributor to their astonishing success is our behaviour. They have taken advantage of our laziness, wastefulness and inability to keep our cities clean.

"If there's plenty of other food around, why would they risk entering the trap for the bait in there?" Grant says.

City life may also be making them smarter. For rats, cities are a resource-rich minefield. Over the centuries, rats have



ART BY NICOLA BRAYAN

urban environment. However, it isn't just a question of the University changing its approach. According to Peter Banks, we all have to be part of the solution: "Don't drop food or rubbish anywhere; that's what feeds rats and makes the baits used in other places in the world."

The only effective strategy

The profession of 'rat catcher' was born out of a popular boom of *Rattus norvegicus* (an even larger and fiercer species of rat) in European cities in the 19th century. Initially, rat control simply meant killing as many rats as possible. Alongside traps, rat catchers would train dogs to catch them, and even shoot them with rifles (a strange approach for densely-populated urban areas).

Rodent control has come a long way since then. Modern practices are arguably more humane and effective. The traps we use today act faster and subject the rat to as little pain as possible.

Unfortunately, in the world of pest control, old habits die hard. We only tend to think about controlling rat populations after they become a problem. By then, it is often too late.

Despite their ineffective trapping program, the University does understand the importance of being proactive. A spokesperson told *Honi*: "We manage our waste removal program to keep the population of rats [and other rodents] as low as [practically] possible."

The one rat-reduction strategy we know is effective is creating a cleaner

environment. After two weeks, Professor Banks suggested we use peanut butter to attract our elusive test subjects. Very quickly, the rats learned this new food source was not dangerous and started frequenting our cameras, learning to exploit yet another opportunity provided by the students on campus.

Rather than actively catching and killing rats, our focus should be on making campus a less rat-friendly environment. Rats have become very smart — we have to be smarter.

President

Lauren Lancaster.

The semester is turbo mode, with internal and external events taking up basically all of my time! I'm not sure about you (I might've had too much caffeine) but I feel change in the air. I hope everyone is coping with life at the moment.

This week we had our first council meeting back in person. It was fantastic to have the atmosphere and factional crossfire back in full swing. Some cheap shots, but also great discussion of a wide range of motions. Student support for the NTEU staff strike, the Federal Election and the NSSS dominated the agenda. I urge everyone to engage with the Education Action Group and the staff strikes - they are coming up fast and we have to show our academic comrades that we stand on the picket line with them. In this act we recognise the importance of a withdrawal of their labour at the university for better conditions, pay, job security (casual academics literally can't get a mortgage), 40/40/20 model academic positions and paid transition leave. Every time we walk onto campus we are entering a workplace, a site of struggle, which means that our learning experience is inextricably tied

up in the conditions in which our tutors, coordinators, mentors, researchers, professors and perhaps colleagues operate! If you're a staff member, please vote in the protected action ballot and know that the student body supports this action wholeheartedly. Students, do not try to go to class or force your tutors to show up. Join the picket line in person to block off classrooms, Zoom-bomb lectures that attempt to go ahead, have conversations with mates and call out those who try to go in. The SRC will continue building across the university to spread the word and help people understand why we stand with staff against management and defend the picket line (physically and digitally).

In SRC news, we have hired our Electoral Officer for the 2022 SRC Elections, Riki Scanlan. They were the EO last year and I'm confident they will carry out their duties in a transparent, democratic and professional manner as they have done before. They will also help us finish off the Electoral Regulations reform.

Finally, the Federal election has been called for May 21. As I said to Honi, the SRC won't capitulate to any political position or party that doesn't take immediate and radical action on climate catastrophe, the abysmal state of welfare in Australia for young people, or the ongoing erosion of political and protest freedoms. Neither should students. Get

helped write and edit this document!

This week we also attended the NDA organised by women's officers at various Sydney Universities. It was great to hear from students and staff about their experiences responding to the NSSS and organising against sexism and sexual violence on campus.

This Wednesday at 1PM at Fisher Library, we are hosting alongside the National Union of Students, other campus education collectives and the NTEU USyd Branch, a "National Day of Education for Free Education". This will be our last event before the mid-semester

break, so make sure that you come along! Tertiary education should be a right, not a privilege. Free and accessible higher education is the first step towards a different ideal of education.

In order to let as many students know as possible about the strikes and about our campaign "Students Support Staff Strikes", we have started flying and petitioning on Eastern Avenue, as well as putting up posters and making announcements in classes. If you want to help us, feel free to email us at education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au or contact either of us on Facebook.



Education Officers

Lia Perkins and Deaglan Godwin.

As staff strikes at Sydney University get closer and closer, we have begun to increase the tempo of our building for real solidarity amongst students.

Over the past two weeks, our central event has been the "Why Students Should Support Staff Strikes" forum, cohosted with the NTEU branch at USyd. Deaglan co-chaired the event with NTEU branch committee member Jennifer Huch-Hoogvliet. We heard from a series of staff and student speakers; Joel Griggs, a casual tutor in Political Economy spoke on the clear antagonism between staff and management; Nick Reimer, the NTEU USyd President made a rousing case for

why strikes at USyd are so important not only for staff, but for broader society as well; Lauren Lancaster, SRC President, ended the panel by arguing to students not to scab on striking staff but to stand alongside them. The forum was a great success, with over 60 people attending, and it was an opportunity for staff and students to come together to begin to seriously discuss and organise the ongoing campaign.

This forum was also the launch of our

zine about why students should support strikes. You can find a digital copy on the SRC's Issuu account or find our stalls on campus. Thank you to everyone who



Ethnocultural Officers

Ashrika Paruthi and Misbah Ansari.

In the light of a busy semester, the Autonomous Collective Against Racism has been working on merchandise, autonomous Honi, and cross-collective work. We have conducted reading groups on environmental sovereignty for POC with the USYD Enviro Collective. It had a commendable turnout with inquisitive activist inputs which will be continued in the second part of the reading group this week. ACAR has also shown immense solidarity with the enviro and feminist actions in Sydney by participating in the Climate Strike and the National Day of Action against Sexual Assault.

On the current agenda, we are relentlessly working towards planning and editing ACAR Honi with the submissions closing on April 15. With more multilingual pieces and commissioned artwork from an International artist, it is our much-loved project. We shall also see new merchandise soon with radically challenging and refreshing art for all our ACAR members.

Lastly, ACAR is collaborating with USU's Queer of Colours Collective for a movie night on Thursday 14 April. All QTBIPOC angels are welcome!

Interfaith Officers

Shiyue Zhang, Marie Ge, Hanwen (Hanna) Xing and Yilin (Elaine) Xu.

In the past half-semester, I have been working mainly on getting in touch with multiple religious communities, acquiring feedback from the students, and deepening my understanding of the current situation through emails, participating in activities, and disseminating publicity on social platforms.

Given this information barrier, my work in the next half of this semester will be to establish an information center so that overseas students with religious backgrounds can find communities suitable for them. If you see this and want to know more about this information center, please feel free to email me at: interfaith.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Global Solidarity Officers (Tengfei Pan, Yang Tu, and Julia Tran) and Women's Officer (Monica McNaught-Lee) did not submit reports.

Working & Studying? Make sure you know your work rights!



Many students need to work while they study to pay their living costs or to get work experience. In Australia, all workers have rights, even if they are citizens of another country, e.g., international students. Trade unions support workers to protect workers' rights and together with the Fair Work Ombudsman, makes sure workers are treated fairly.

Each job has an agreement or an award that outlines the pay and conditions you should expect. Make sure you read it carefully before signing up as an employee. Some students accept being paid less than their award or being treated unfairly as they are afraid to lose their job. No matter what conditions you agree to or how you get paid, your boss cannot arrange for you to be deported, just because you did not do something they wanted you to do at work, or just because you have been working outside of the law while studying.

If you are a casual worker (not permanent) check your agreement to know how much notice you are entitled to before getting a shift or having one cancelled. Even if you are casual and do not get paid sick leave, if you are too unwell to attend work, you are entitled to have that time off. Most employers will require you to give them a doctor's certificate. Some employees are paid a penalty loading (extra money) if they work on weekends, after normal hours, or public holidays. Check your agreement to see if this applies to you. Keep a record of all the hours you work and check them against your payslip to ensure you have received the correct pay.

Employers pay tax on any money you earn, which is then assessed at the end of the financial year (30th June). You will need to complete a tax return to

have that assessed so you can receive a refund of excess taxes paid, or repay any that you owe. If you earn more than \$450 (before tax) in a month you are also entitled to at least 10% superannuation. It seems like a very long time away but planning for your retirement now is a good idea. Some international students can get a refund of superannuation when they have permanently left Australia.

Some employers avoid their responsibilities by "hiring" people as "contractors"; e.g., delivery riders,

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker help Q&A

Special Consideration



Abe,

What is the deal with being sick? Do I need to tell my lecturers / tutors if I can't come to a class?

Sick Not Tired

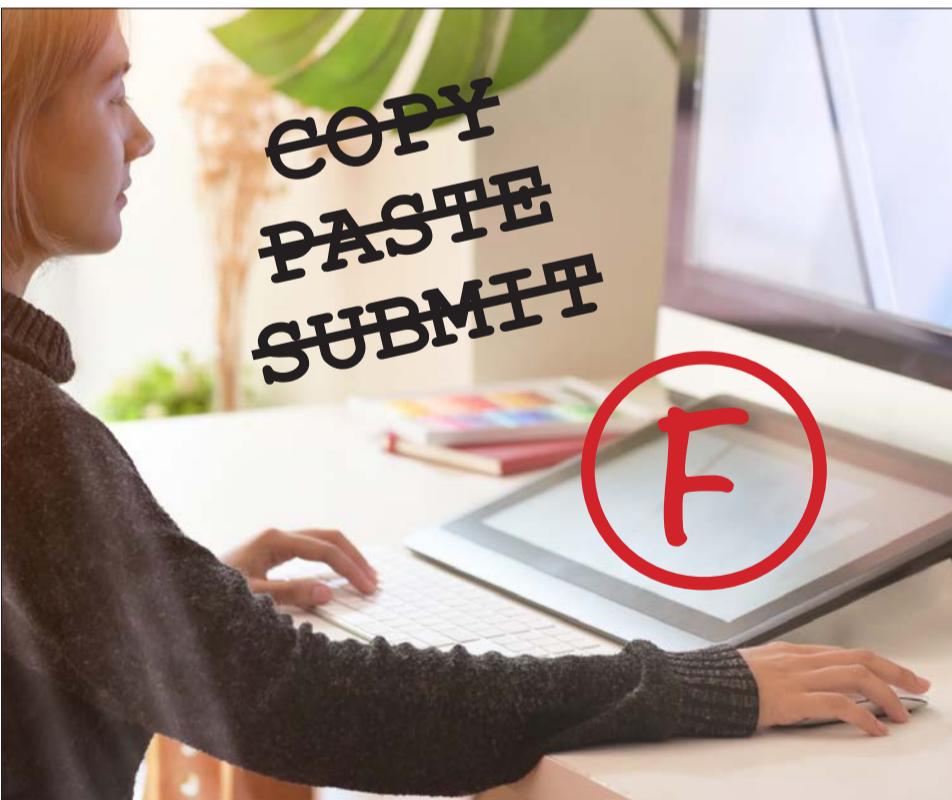
Dear Sick Not Tired,

Most subjects have a rule that if you miss 20% or more of your classes you might be given an Absent Fail grade, regardless of what your marks are for any assessments. If you are going to miss a class

get a Professional Practitioner's Certificate (the University's format for a doctor's certificate) from your doctor or if they are unavailable get a home visit doctor. Check online for details or if you have OSHC check who they recommend. It is good manners to email your tutor to explain that you will not be in class. You could take that opportunity to ask what you missed out on, and how you can catch up. If you are sick for an assessment apply for Special Consideration within 3 working days. Late applications are unlikely to be considered.

Abe

For more information and links see:
www.sydney.edu.au/students/special-consideration



Do you need help appealing a
**PLAGIARISM or ACADEMIC
MISCONDUCT allegation?**

Ask the SRC!

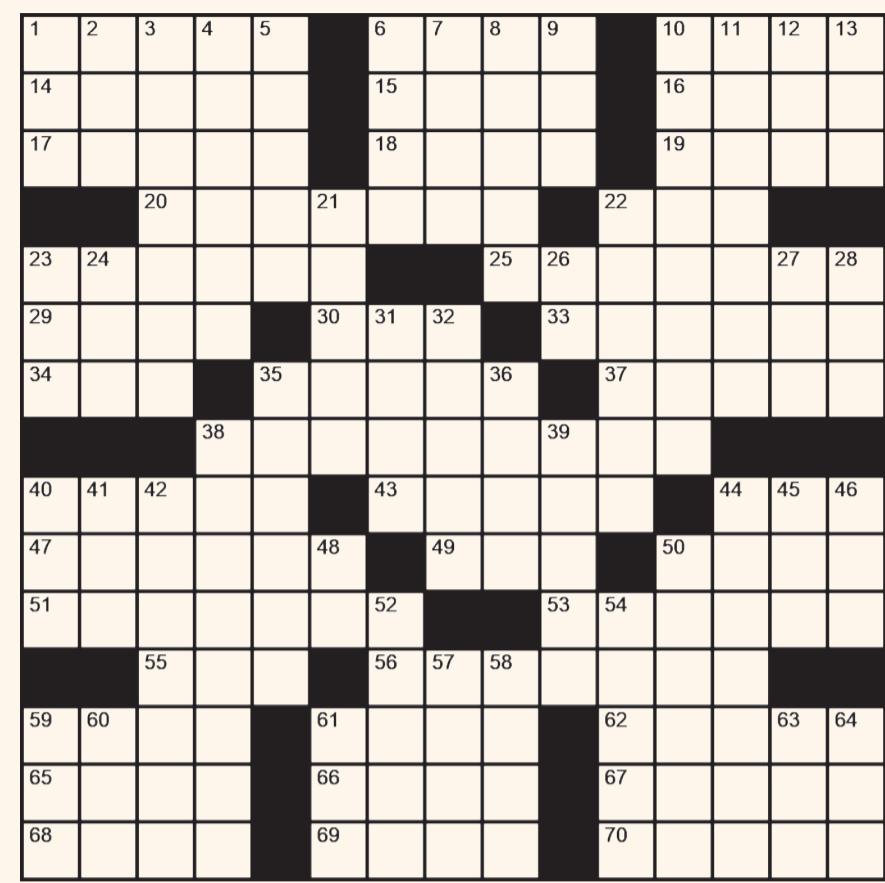
SRC
CASEWORKER
PHONE OR ZOOM
APPOINTMENTS ARE
NOW AVAILABLE



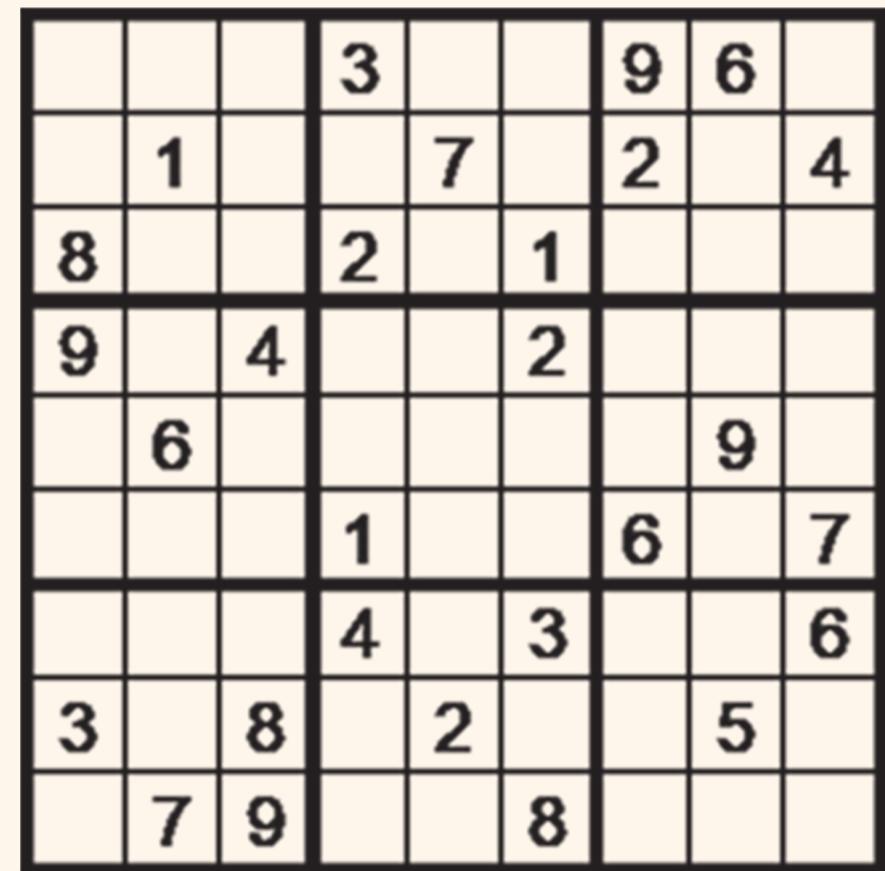
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
e: help@src.usyd.edu.au l w: src.usyd.net.au

f: [usydsrc](https://www.facebook.com/usydsrc) o: [src_usyd](https://www.instagram.com/src_usyd/) t: [@src_sydneyuni](https://twitter.com/src_sydneyuni)

American Crossword



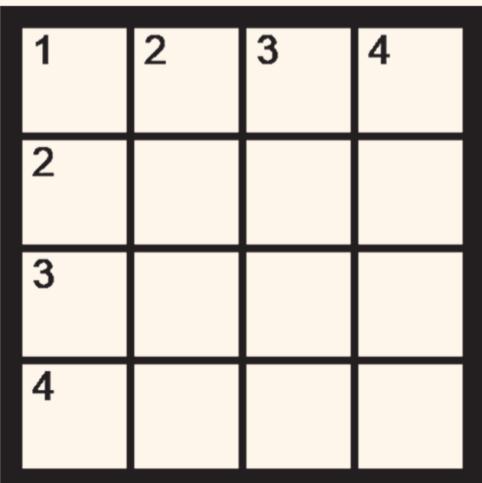
Sudoku



T.W.A.T

Answers across and down are the same.

- Having affection (4)
- Above (4)
- Therapeutic pot type (4)
- Ineffectual, leak (4)



American Crossword by Cloudrunner feat. fifibum. Quiz and Sudoku by Cloudrunner. T.W.A.T by fifibum

Across

- "Play it __ Sam"
- Delicious potato dish
- Get rid of
- Islamic sect
- Delicious berry
- The U in UI
- Something measured in degrees or radians
- Close
- "If you build it, __ will come"
- Situated
- Something a tennis player likes
- UK student qualification
- Snubbed
- "__ gonna need a bigger boat"
- Often used in poetry
- Look up to
- System of carbon pricing
- Acquire knowledge
- Revitalise
- 1 Across, 19 Across, 29 Across, 50 Across, 57 Down, 60 Down, say?
- Commence
- Scatter or spread
- Might precede diem or annum
- Slipped away
- He goes with this
- "Fatten your seatbelts, it's going to be a bumpy __"
- Stuff made out of tin
- Protection against gold-digging spouses
- Christmas tree, say
- Exhilaration (with less letters)
- Current site of Russia-NATO tensions
- The heart of the matter
- Drug of choice for Dickens, Nightingale, and Coleridge
- Heard on golf courses
- Most energy efficient means of transport
- Game whose name derives from Swahili word for 'build'
- Pool equipment
- Shirts
- Typically teenage feeling

Down

- Movie prodigy Butterfield
- Firearm
- Fishers
- Enamoured
- Gia, to Sofia
- Ship's big stick
- Pain
- Dynasty that rules Lawrence's old stomping ground
- Type of criminal man
- Consequences
- Inaugurate
- Look at the Pope's seat?
- Worth five points in rugby union, four in league
- vera et al.
- Pedo's princely pal
- Homophone to or, oar, or ore
- Allow
- Netball position
- Before
- Type of precipitation
- Lists of commonly posed enquiries
- Beauty
- Straight
- Dried seaweed
- They help people out!
- Try to lead astray
- Wager
- Man who raises Samuel in the Bible
- The act of using 2 Down
- Attaching
- Features in USYD email addresses
- Gym action
- Dre, Biden, or Yunupingu
- Stop being closed
- Spooky
- Spain's most famous wine region
- "__, I am your father"
- (In maths) x and y, even z
- Restaurant founded by Harland Sanders
- "Do __ feel lucky, punk?"
- Psychological treatment technique OR masochistic sex act
- Unattractive (slang)
- Found on the floor

Quiz

- Serving in separate terms, which Australian prime minister was in office at both the start and the end of the 1940s?
- The Usual Suspects* (1995) derives its name from a line in what 1940s film?
- Which state beginning with the letter 'I' declared independence from British control in 1948?
- What was the only city to host a Summer Olympics in the 1940s?
- Per Betty Smith's 1943 novel, a tree grows in where
- Considered one of history's greatest archaeological finds, in 1946 Bedouin shepherds discovered what ancient documents in the Qumran Caves?

Answers



Answers available at honisoit.com/puzzle-answers

FREE: TEAR OUT THIS PAGE FOR USE AS A BONUS DENTAL DAM!!

*Incoherent.
Always.*

The End Times

Wed Apr 13 Vol. 420 + 8 Cheaper and more available than toilet paper! The only newspaper. Proudly Murdoch. Pro-News. Anti-Truth. People's Republic of USyd. \$4.20

HONI SOIT TO LAUNCH QUARTERLY MAGAZINE, MUSH, HIRING* EDITORS NOW

USyd's silliest socialist student rag, Honi Soit, has received a whopping \$997, 000 to establish a groundbreaking new quarterly magazine, *Mush*.

The editors of the newly-created magazine will be selected on a basis that has been described by some observers as "totally bizarre." Editors will be employed on a rolling basis for periods of exactly 37 days and four hours, and will be selected for the role by competing in a televised set of challenges to determine the final editorial team.

The magazine promises to place an emphasis on the personal essays that Honi Soit sadly passes up. It will be a place for groundbreaking writing on 'performing nasal swabs as a



window into female temporality', 'sixteen weirdly sized pigeons I saw on campus last week', and 'applying a concept I learned in film studies last week to the stimulant fuelled shits of Fisher library.'

Some students have expressed frustration at this deployment of their SSAF, suggesting that USyd's media landscape is already saturated, absolutely dripping with takes of all kinds.

The SRC also signalled its desire to start a new radio station, 'CHARG', taking to the airwaves in a bold statement of the importance of competitive media markets.

HILLSONG LAUNCHES VAPABLE COMMUNION: 'HOLY SMOKES!'

DYKE HARD MOVIE ANNOUNCED: LESBIANS GO COUNTER-TERRORISM

GUMTREE LAUNCHES 'GUMNUT': SPERM EXCHANGE INDUSTRY REVOLUTIONISED

RATATOUILLE IS QUEER CINEMA

It is now blindingly clear that Remy of Ratatouille (2007) is an exercise by the loony Left to impose the homosexual agenda. Today, I, Monsieur Bonyardee, shall expose their plan in broad daylight because it is a necessity to bring into dawn what has been suppressed for more than 12 rats' years.

First, Monsieur Remy's claims that being a Chef is deemed by his straight comrades as a "grossly unnatural" activity worthy of being spanked in a Czech Dungeon must be seen as inherently queer-coded. Is there any other group in society who experience the same multitude of backflips and U-Turns as them?

Second, Ratatouille is set in the City of Lights, Paris! Oui, la Paris! A city

so steeped in gay culture from its very inception, only behind the leather tunnels of Berlin, that the homossexual penetrates the very fabric of Ratatouille. What's with the pomp and celebrations?! Non, I shall not accept, for Paris is too much Mardi Gras. Oui! Mardi Gras is a French word!

Ratatouille is no simple narrative about the joy of cooking. Rather, we must dread its status as queer icon.



OP-ED: VAPE ALARMISM OVERRATED, HEADSPINS TRIUMPH

A recently-released so-called "scientific" report examining the harmful effects of vaping is simply not enough to make me reconsider my vaping habits. If it comes down to a choice between cardiovascular health, life expectancy, lung capacity and my general well being versus sick headspins, there is only one winner, and it's headspins.

Anyway, the point is, that report is horseshit, and there ain't no amount of scientific mumbo jumbo that's gonna get between me and my fuckin headspins. This article is a bit short so here's a definitive ranking of vape flavours – 1: Cinnamon 2: Cola 3: Blackberry Ice.

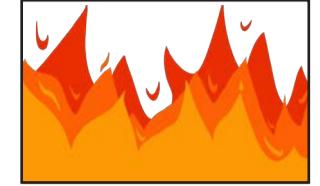
The workers back at the vape factories, struggling to feed their families? If we stop vape consumption, Australia will fall behind the likes of China. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if there was CCP funding linked to the study.

Take that you lefty dogs.

USU INVESTMENTS LINKED TO NEEDLES IN STRAWBERRIES

A groundbreaking investigation has revealed the USU's \$5.6 million investment portfolio links to dangerously spiky fruits. 93% of the portfolio is invested in Sharp Farms – the agricultural company responsible for the growth, harvesting and sale of needles in strawberries. The Australian Institution of Crime estimates

needles in strawberries have claimed 400,000 victims in Camperdown alone. A reporter of The End Times approached the USU for comment, but was abducted into a black van and has not been seen since. If anyone spots a mouthy cis man with black hair and anger issues, please contact the editors – we just want David back.



Doomed

Jesus	Jesus
City Rd Pigeon	Rodents
Easter show	Caps
Honorifics	Easter Show
Thumper	Popcorn lung
Repetition	Dress ups
Headspins	Circles
Diurnality	Aquafaba

Destined

IN THIS ISSUE:

- Monarchist society elects new head**
- Motto Flanagan
- I didn't grow taller than 1.8 metres to not be taken seriously**
- Idiom Monahan
- Why Perrottet's no fly zone over music festivals is the right choice**
- Axiom Finnegan
- I interviewed John Howard and he was surprisingly personable!**
- Adage Sullivan
- On being Urban Dictionary's most devoted user**
- Slogan Callaghan

PRESENT THIS COUPON AT THE HONI OFFICE FOR A FREE D*KE PASS

Honi Soit
Week 8
2022

Rude Dudes



Sargeant