

Honi Soit

WEEK THREE, SEMESTER ONE, 2023

FIRST PRINTED 1929

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Acknowledgement of Country

Honi Soit publishes on the Gadigal land of the Eora nation. Sovereignty was never ceded. All our knowledge is produced on stolen Indigenous lands. The University of Sydney is principally a colonial institution, predicated on the notion that Western ways of thinking and learning are superior to the First Knowledge of Indigenous peoples.

At *Honi Soit*, we rebuke this claim, and maintain our commitment to platforming and empowering the experiences, perspectives and voices of First Nations students. This basis informs our practice as a paper. As a student newspaper, we have a duty to combat the mechanisms of colonisation.

As student journalists, we recognise our responsibility as a radical student newspaper to oppose the inherent racism and exclusivity of mainstream media outlets. We also uphold the struggle of other Indigenous communities worldwide and acknowledge that our resistance is intertwined.

As an editorial team of both Indigenous and non-Indigenous heritage, we are both victims and beneficiaries of colonisation. We are committed to unlearning our colonial premonitions and working to hold current institutions accountable.

We are galvanised by our commitment to Indigenous justice.

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Andy Park

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Ely Yu

Correction

The SRC Welfare Report was erroneously included twice in last week's SRC Reports, including in the box for the SASH report. The Sexual Harassment report has been included in this weeks edition.

Editorial

Since I began my time at university, I've often found myself reminiscing about highschool. I see flashes of a simpler time, when the anxieties of adulthood were but a distant future. In my first year at university, I found the adjustment to a new life particularly lonely, and a brief skim of *Honi* on the way home was one of the only ways I felt like I belonged.

This edition welcomes the beginning of Autumn. Apart from being the season of orange leaves and pink sunsets, I find that Autumn is a uniquely beautiful time. Sitting between the spirited glow of summer, and the greying scenes of winter, we remember the smiles we shared under the sun, and open our closets to warm ourselves for the cold.

In these pages, you will see slivers of history in the humble lives of students. Lucas Kao walks down memory lane for a sparkling feature (p. 14) on how Chinatown is at the heart of Sydney. Nicola Brayan reminds us that it is okay to have a messy room (p. 11), and Valerie Chidiac assesses the future of the streaming sites we find comfort in (p. 19).

You will also find a cross section of the absurd happenings at this university — a place where students are suspended for protesting an ex Prime Minister (p. 7), and where millions of dollars are spent on anti-cheating programs which are useless and harmful (p. 7). This Thursday, staff will go on strike, and I urge you to not attend class, and join the pickets to support the people who make this university run.

You may be a first year losing your way through mazy avenues, or even someone whose graduation has been packed away in a neat box of memories. Regardless, I wish for the careful words of the brilliant writers in this edition to warm your soul and challenge your mind.

One day, my time at university will come to an end, and I find it beautiful that these years will also fade and glow like my highschool memories.

At the end of May, Autumn too shall leave us for another year, only to peek its head around the corner of our warmest summer nights.

Andy Park

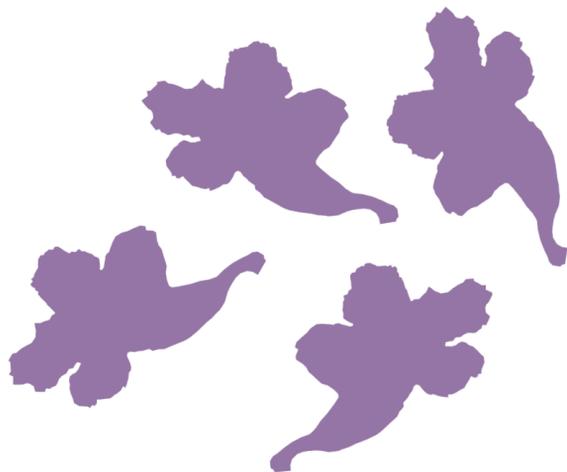
Reading the jacaranda leaves

Council Chaos

The Second Council Meeting for 2023 took place just last week, with another round of hecklers, whiny speakers and prolonged arguments. A coordinated group effort led to many sprinting out of the room, leaving behind Liberals and SAIt, hoping for more podium time to broadcast their invaluable thoughts. A few other highlights: Liberals calling strikes and unions "smelly and stinky," and SAIt actually having no thoughts on supporting the sex workers decriminalisation rally this week by abstaining their vote.

Honi Horror House

It seems that most of the campus drama and gossip has moved to Facebook this week. Gone are the days of hand to hand combat in the middle of Wentworth food court, and here are the days of grammatically incorrect timeline rants. Die-hard *Honi* fans (love you guys) have been up to date with the unfoldings of our now public internal conflict. To those in the dark, simply just love your dear editorial team a bit harder.



ISSN: 2207-5593. This edition was published on Tuesday 7 March 2023. Disclaimer: *Honi Soit* is published by the Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney, Level 1 Wentworth Building, City Road, University of Sydney NSW 2006. The SRC's operation costs, space and administrative support are financed by the University of Sydney. *Honi Soit* is printed under the auspices of the SRC's Directors of Student Publications (DSP): Gerard Buttigieg, Grace Porter, Jasper Arthur, Simone Maddison, Victor Zhang, Xueying Deng. All expressions are published on the basis that they are not to be regarded as the opinions of the SRC unless specifically stated. The Council accepts no responsibility for the accuracy of any of the opinions or information contained within this newspaper, nor does it endorse any of the advertisements and insertions. Please direct all advertising inquiries to publications.manager@src.usyd.edu.au.



letters only

Dear Editors,

Far be it from me to think evil of a student newspaper's cover image such as that which stains the front of *Honi's* Mardi Gras edition last week but I cannot help but find the use of religious imagery to be a little bit banal. Surely the LGBTQI movement has matured beyond gestures of blasphemy and ridicule against institutions like the Catholic Church? Although it is easy to forget that there are Catholics on campus who pray the Rosary (walking down rainbow coloured pavements does make it difficult to remember the clean pavement beneath) - I would hope to see a greater fostering of understanding between Catholic students and those labelled under the many lettered umbrella. I hope this cover page doesn't augur ill-will or a downright animosity from the SRC to those of faith but it's hard to see it otherwise.

Yours faithfully,

A concerned student who is interested in dating a Catholic Girl

Dear *Honi* editors,

In response to Josh Clay's article on pages 16-17 in the week 2 edition of *Honi Soit*, "Welcome Week '23: Perspectives of a First Year", I found my experience as a first year student very similar to theirs. I, too, found many society's recruitment drives annoying and was annoyed by many welcome events. However, I think that the article seems pre-occupied

with focussing on the negatives and neglects to mention the positives which occurred, which albeit were fairly rare, included free food, movie nights, performances.

Whilst I agree that I didn't necessarily enjoy welcome week, with many events being "disorganised" - poorly planned and under attended - as an energetic, fresh-faced first year I still feel it's important to be a bit more optimistic. Like, at least we got some freebies. Presumably, welcome week was much better in former years, but at least it was able to happen.

Over the past few weeks, I have enjoyed reading the past few editions of *Honi*, although I have found it to have a seemingly incessant pre-occupation with the negatives. Whilst our world isn't perfect, as a first year I think we can't just focus on the negatives all of the time - sometimes an optimistic, positive perspective is better for everyone. Welcome week '23 definitely went great.

Regards,

Just Another First Year/Freshmen Student.

Dear *Honi*,

I was watching your coverage of the week 2 src meeting and was surprised to find James Sheriff and Alev Saracoglu (who as far as I know are not Indigenous) moving a motion that the src support a NO campaign in the upcoming referendum. The student

left has a tried and true history of being fucking useless for Indigenous students both in and out of the left but this is an insane low. The same people who yelled at a black man and shamed First Nations people for not agreeing with them about strikes, rather than talking with them like human beings and trying to get them on side, are trying to say they know what's best for mob. What in the white saviour is going through this white mans head. Whether you agree with the voice or not, it's just disrespectful to suggest that the hundreds & thousands of First Nations people who worked so long for this moment don't actually know what they're talking about. The conversation about what's best for our community doesn't need stuck up white voices in it. James Alev and others maybe it's time to ask yourself this. When the no vote wins will u feel proud? When Peter Dutton declares victory will you be glad to stand there with him? What's the next step you'll take to support First Nations people? Where do we go next?

Yours truly,

Someone who listens to different and opposing views from THEIR COMMUNITY. NOT DUMB WHITE DOGS



Want to tell us something? Want to compliment or complain? Write us a letter and send it to editors@honisoit.com

The Gig Guide

Wednesday 08 March

Armand Hammer // Oxford Art Factory, Darlinghurst // 7.30pm

Kokoroko // Factory Theatre, Marrickville // 8.00pm

Carly Rae Jepsen // Enmore Theatre, Newtown // 7.00pm

Thursday 09 March

Peach Fur 'Life' Tour // The Lansdowne, Chippendale // 7.30pm

Alice Phoebe Lou // Oxford Art Factory, Darlinghurst // 7.30pm

Crumb // Factory Theatre, Marrickville // 8.00pm

Friday 10 March

Graveyard Shift // The Lansdowne, Chippendale // 10.30pm

The Eric Clapton Experience // The Vanguard, Newtown // 6.00pm

The Velvet Club // Oxford Art Factory, Darlinghurst // 7.30pm

Mom Jeans // Factory Theatre, Marrickville // 7.00pm

Andrew Bird // Enmore Theatre, Newtown // 8.00pm

Saturday 11 March

Soaked Oats 'Working Title Tour' // The Lansdowne, Chippendale // 7.30pm

Jazz+ // The Lansdowne, Chippendale // 6.00pm

Moonwood "Lady In Red" Single Launch // The Vanguard, Newtown // 7.00pm

Boston Manor & Movements // Factory Theatre, Marrickville // 7.00pm

Monday 13 March

Lil Ugly Mane // Oxford Art Factory, Darlinghurst // 7.30pm

Whorescopes

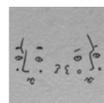
Misbah Ansari



Aries: You are eyeing the person sitting across your beer tower at Hermann's — time is for you to take the hint and kiss them back again. Your friend group will understand.



Taurus: Since you love the Earth so much, go venture into the dreary bowels of Aerospace building and see where it takes you. Write a little porn segment for what you are imagining tonight in a random tutorial in the building, imagine 69ing in the cosmos or drawing penises on Saturn. Who cares!



Gemini: You want to be by yourself in the Queer section of Fisher, who are we to stop your passions. The best pleasure comes from a phase of being a lone wolf because we know you howl hard in your bed.



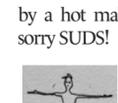
Cancer: Your best quality is your empathetic reflections, go for some rough fucking in the Old Geology Theatre and running raucously around the gargoyles on science road. The campus is your cocoon for letting out your loudness and the world is here for it!



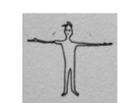
Leo: That nerdy look you would so rock in bed. Sexy teacher, and mysterious librarians are foremost in your roleplay chart these days so go show some tits and pull down your glasses, roar!



Virgo: I spy with my lips, the taste of chocolate and the undertone of strawberries. You are trying to use food as a denominator for a passion that accentuates hot sexual action. I am here for it. Go dig into that brownie from different edges at the Courtyard followed



by a hot makeout session at the Cellar - sorry SUDS!



Libra: You love old gothic architecture and wish you were dillydallying on the Quad stairs with your partner. I see you, under the moon, legs on shoulder action in the middle of the Quad. Pop off, you nerd.



Scorpio: Experience the mundanity of the campus, swoon to the music being played at Old Darlington School and experience the intensity of passions you can connect with.



Sagittarius: What is it with you and campus toilets? Well, if you are so adamant, manning toilets makes for a good quickie during peak campus hours. Be smart to avoid the risk of being caught though!



Capricorn: You love the sun, so enjoy some flirting under the desk and the sun kissing you at Schaffer library. Beware of the librarian who might throw you out for rather unacademic intentions.



Aquarius: You love the tiny desks in the Social Sciences building, so go book it out for a few hours and make sultry eye contact over your laptops. Sex tastes yummier after a hard study sesh, truly!



Pisces: Carlsaw rooftops can be tricky to get to, but sneaking in after hours yields the perfect opportunity for your first kiss. So dive into the adventure and smoooooch.

Universities planning to avoid multi-employer bargaining

Luke Cass

A leaked roadmap from The Australia Higher Education Industrial Association (AHEIA) has revealed that universities are being advised on how to avoid multi-employer bargaining processes.

The AHEIA represents 32 tertiary education providers, many of which have been engaged in prolonged negotiations with the NTEU. The document advises on three enterprise bargaining scenarios, all of which fall under the new multi-employer bargaining reform that the Federal Government will place into effect in June.

In the leaked slides, the AHEIA advises universities to avoid being “roped in” to multi-employer bargaining, and encourages universities to present pay offers to staff directly — rather than through unions.

Attempts to present enterprise bargaining offers to staff have overwhelmingly failed at the University of Newcastle, Curtin University and Charles Darwin University, thanks to strong campaigns by the NTEU.

Multi-employer bargainings are agreements that cover more than one employer rather than separately established with each employer. This allows for collective bargaining to improve working conditions sector-wide, and amplifies workers’ negotiating power. If the AHEIA’s roadmap is followed, universities will consequentially create delays in achieving fair pay and working conditions, whilst offering bonuses as a distraction to wage theft, as has been done at the University of Sydney.

NTEU General Secretary Damien Cahill said, “the truth has been exposed. We are seeing deliberate tactics to rush staff into accepting offers that don’t give them fair pay rises.”

Australian Council of Trade Unions Secretary Sally McManus said that AHEIA was “effectively advising universities to pretend to bargain — to engage in bad faith bargaining as a means of gaming the system to keep wages low.”

“Good faith bargaining is a requirement under law, and I doubt anyone will look kindly upon any employer who adopts strategies to avoid it.”

The University of Sydney is not a member of AHEIA.

Universities recorded \$5.3 billion surplus in 2021, new report shows

Luke Cass

Australian universities made a sector-record \$5.3 billion surplus in 2021, a report released by the Federal Department of Education shows.

This figure represents a substantial increase from the collective \$706.8 million surplus made by universities in 2020 and is the largest surplus ever recorded by the Australian university sector. The total surplus recorded by universities has only once exceeded two million dollars, in 2019.

The \$1.04 billion surplus recorded at the University of Sydney was comfortably the largest recorded by a single institution. USyd was followed by the University of Melbourne, with a \$584 million surplus, and the University of Queensland with a \$332 million surplus.

Of the 42 universities analysed, only three universities did not record a surplus.

The financial results were driven by increased Federal Government funding, at \$20.2 billion across the sector, a ten per cent increase on 2020 funding.

While revenue from international student fees decreased from 2020, it still constituted 22.4% of total university revenue. The decrease from 2020 was sufficiently made up for by increased government funding. USyd received almost 40% of its revenue from international students in 2021, the second highest percentage of any university in the country.

Investment income increased more than three-fold compared to 2020, also contributing to increased revenue.

While revenue increased in 2020, Australian universities decreased their expenses by just over five per cent. Much of this was driven by cuts to staff, with universities spending 5 per cent less on staff than in 2020, despite increased revenue and increased cost-of-living pressures on staff over the year.

Expenditure on staff has only slightly increased since 2017, the report showed.

The record surplus calculated by universities in 2021 calls into question their decision to lay-off a combined 9,000 staff across the year, according to further Federal Government data. This

number does not include casual staff, which make up 30% of workers in the sector, and is likely much higher.

National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) President, Alison Barnes, told the *Guardian Australia* that universities used the pandemic to “aggressively cut jobs,” while their “doomsday financial predictions” did not eventuate.

“That expensive and callous move is behind the massive workload pressure and under-resourcing we’re seeing across higher education,” Barnes said.

The University of Sydney is engaged in ongoing enterprise bargaining negotiations with the NTEU. Despite its surplus and cost-cutting, it has continued to refuse staff a pay rise at, or above inflation. In 2021, the University admitted to stealing \$12.75 million of wages from casual staff.

The University of Melbourne, which recorded the second largest surplus, has been taken to the Federal Court of Australia for stealing staff wages. It is currently paying back \$22.5 of stolen wages, related to a separate claim.

Magistrate dismisses harsh bail conditions imposed on protester

Andy Park

A magistrate at Downing Centre Local Court, Clare Farnan, has dismissed the bail conditions imposed by police on UNSW Education Officer Cherish Kuehlmann after she allegedly trespassed at a Reserve Bank protest.

Farnan noted the right of the community, and by extension the student protestors, to protest, questioning the motives of NSW police in imposing such strict restrictions. “The police want me to maintain a 2km radius from Town Hall in case she attends a protest? There are lawful protests that members of the community are lawfully entitled to attend,” said Farnan.

On 17 February, Kuehlmann was arrested for “aggravated trespass” for their involvement in the protest. She was arrested at 12am and taken into custody until 4am. This charge, under section 4B of the Inclosed Lands Protection Act 1901 (NSW), carries a maximum fine of \$5,500.

NSW Police placed Kuehlmann under strict bail conditions for the alleged offence, including restricting her from entering a 2km radius around Sydney Town Hall.

Today, Kuehlmann successfully argued her case and the Court rejected imposing bail on her altogether. Farnan told the court she “didn’t understand” why Kuehlmann was put on bail. She cited Kuehlmann’s “unblemished” record having no prior convictions, and said bail conditions are only imposed for fine-only offences in “rare” circumstances.

“The police want me to maintain bail conditions of a 2km city radius so she can’t attend protests,” said Farnan.

The police prosecutor argued that removing bail restrictions “will permit [Kuehlmann] to attend rallies. The incident was an unlawful protest.”

“She does not respect private property,” he said.

Farnan dismissed this claim, saying that it was Kuehlmann’s “democratic right” to attend. “What she chooses to do surely is up to her,” said Farnan.

Kuehlmann’s lawyer, Sidnie Sarang, noted that Kuehlmann was unable to attend or speak at the snap rally for housing justice on Friday 24 February, due to the restrictions. “The purpose of bail conditions isn’t to prevent one from attending a protest, it’s to prevent a bail concern,” she said.

Sarang also cited the impact that they had on Kuehlmann’s livelihood and her ability to participate in her student union activities.

“Part of her job description is to liaise with different stakeholders and organise protests and rallies, and represent the interests of students,” said Sarang.

Kuehlmann is pleading not guilty to her charges and the hearing is scheduled for 25 October.

Climate protestors rally for National Day of Action

Elliot Lawry

Over one hundred and fifty students gathered outside Fisher Library on Friday to demand greater action on issues related to the ongoing climate crisis.

The protest, organised by the National Union of Students (NUS) in collaboration with the USyd Enviro Collective, demanded an end to all fossil fuel projects, especially those on aboriginal land, a faster transition to renewable energy, limited oil and gas drilling, and an end to protester repression.

The march from USyd campus gained protesters from the UTS contingent on its way through the city to Town Hall, joining primary and high school student activists as part of the global School Strike for Climate.

The march comes in the wake of the federal government’s approval of a new Santos gas project last week that will continue until 2077.

The protest was chaired by USyd Student Representative Council’s Environment Officer and USyd Enviro Collective member Maddie Clark, who began proceedings by acknowledging the close ties between environmental justice and indigenous liberation.

“Right now the Gomeroi people are fighting against the tribunal that has ruled in favour of the gas company Santos which is going to destroy indigenous land to create 850 new gas wells across the Pilliga forest,” said Clark.

Police presence was palpable following the recent arrest of 23-year-old student Cherish Kuehlmann for protesting outside the Reserve Bank, with five riot squad cars positioned beside the gathering.

Kuehlmann spoke to attendees about the importance of continuing to protest despite recently established laws that will charge protesters who peacefully obstruct a road or block an entrance charged with up to two years in jail and a \$22,000 fine.

“It’s terrifying that they can throw climate protesters in solitary confinement, they can put us in jail for fifteen months, the fact that they can do this shows that police want to crack down on all of us now,” she said.

SRC Environment Officer Simon Upitit, a co-organiser of the rally, said that there was a clear discrepancy between the treatment of climate protesters and fossil fuel corporations.

“The police presence is pretty

disgraceful, they come out in force to police our protest demanding climate justice but the real criminals working at fossil fuel companies are never charged with anything,” he said.

The Greens Member for Newtown, Jenny Leong, was there in support of the demands and in solidarity with those most vulnerable to the effects of the climate crisis.

“In regional communities, it is the oldest people, the youngest people, the people in insecure housing and struggling with the cost of living that are suffering with the climate emergency reality in our home state,” she said.

“But this is not just an issue in NSW, this is an issue around the globe and students worldwide have taken to the streets to go on strike because they realise that the future of this planet is absolutely dependent on us saying no to coal and gas.”

The protest at the University of Sydney was one of many happening globally as part of the School Strike for Climate initiative which sees students at all levels striking to demand climate action from political leaders.

Interview with Aran Mylvaganam from the Tamil Refugee Council

Annabel Pettit

The Albanese government’s recent announcement that 19,000 refugees on Temporary Protection Visas (TPVs) and Safe Haven Enterprise Visas (SHEVs) would be eligible to apply for permanent Resolution of Status came as a relief to many. Those on TPVs have needed to reapply for protection every three years and have been excluded from accessing full working rights or Centrelink, HECS or NDIS support. The announcement was hailed as a victory of unity and compassion over division and fear by some refugee advocates, however 12,000 people have been excluded from this decision and still face deportation.

This number includes people who arrived in Australia at the start of Operation Sovereign Borders in 2013, people who have had prior TPV or SHEV applications refused, have been previously released from offshore detention, or those on Bridging Visas. Most people on a Bridging Visa are on Category Type E Visa, which offers no work rights, no health care and no housing beyond six weeks of emergency accommodation. These people have been offered nothing in

the wake of the Labor Government’s announcement. Hundreds of them will be separated from their families, as Aran Mylvaganam, founder of the Tamil Refugee Council, explains: “Following this announcement, some people will have family members who will have visas, when they themselves don’t.”

I ask Aran what it’s been like as a refugee activist and community organiser since the announcement last week. “I’m getting calls every day from people who want to come to the upcoming refugee rights rally in Canberra. People who have been part of the community for ten years, and are devastated. I’m getting calls from people in detention, people who celebrated when the Liberals were kicked out, and are now realising that nothing will change for them.”

The announcement came only a few days after the Labor Party re-authorized Nauru, the offshore refugee prison which has been the site of thousands of human rights abuses. In the same week, their proposed Visa Cancellation Bill passed, which will trigger the automatic visa cancellation of those with prior sentences. Over one hundred people previously released

from detention have already been detained, some on the basis of a former driving offence.

I ask Aran what he thinks the biggest misconception about last week’s TPV announcement is. “Basically the Labor Party is getting a lot of praise for doing very little. It shows that they are not very different from the Liberals when it comes to the question of refugees. But refugees in Melbourne also showed what the proper response to this is, by organising a protest last week in front of Andrew Giles’ office, demanding permanent protection for all. They showed that this fight isn’t over until everyone is safe.”

Refugees and activists from Melbourne and Sydney will be meeting in Canberra on Monday 6 March outside Parliament House to demand permanent protection for all. Contact the Tamil Refugee Council, message the USYD SRC Refugee Rights Office page or call 0425306933 if you want to join and need transport from Sydney.

Christian group marches through Newtown in apparent anti-queer protest

Luke Cass

A group of Christian men marched through Newtown on Friday night in what appears to have been an intimidatory act targeted at queer people.

The group of roughly 30 people walked down King Street, loudly chanting the Lord’s Prayer and the Hail Mary. Many wore dark hoodies and facemasks.

NSW Police walked alongside the men down King Street. No arrests were made, although police are investigating an alleged assault at a King Street venue and any connections of the incident with the march. The police told *Honi* that these inquiries are ongoing.

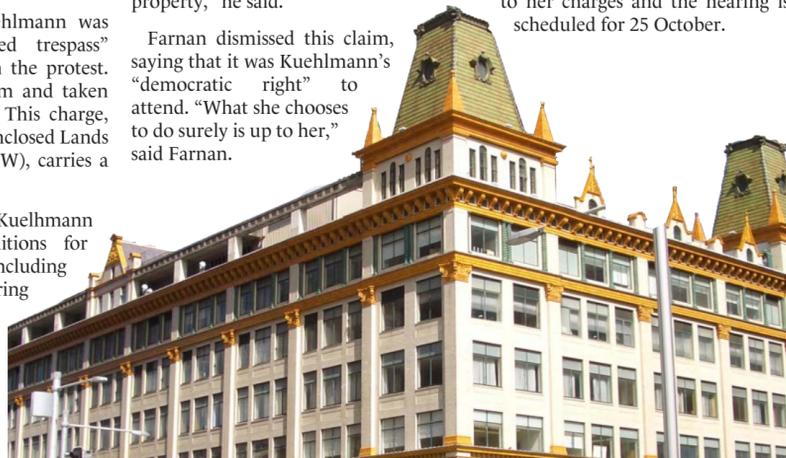
Honi was told by a witness that the men were seeking to intimidate people who appeared to be queer. Multiple witnesses told *Honi* of the intimidatory effect of the march.

The Twitter account of anti-drug-dog group Sniff Off reported that the group entered queer venues along King Street. A witness reported that the men lunged through an open window at the Bank Hotel, near Newtown Station, seeking to assault those inside.

While initial media reports suggested the men were members of the “Christian Lives Matter” group, Facebook group admin Charlie Bakhos denies his and the group’s involvement with the event. Bakhos posted videos of the march on social media, accompanied by the caption “huge turnout with the boys praying powerful rosary in Newtown tonight.”

NSW Police said that “officers attached to the Inner West Police Area Command, along with specialist police resources attended King Street, Newtown, in relation to unauthorised protest activity.”

Police spoke with the group before they dispersed, according to a NSW Police spokesperson.



Why the University really suspended us for protesting Malcolm Turnbull

Maddie Clark and Deaglan Godwin write.

The two of us, long-time activists and members of Socialist Alternative, were suspended the other week for protesting Malcolm Turnbull last year. Despite the penalty, we would do it again.

The University's decision has rightfully sparked controversy, not only amongst students and staff, but in society more broadly. It has made national news, being the subject of newspaper columns and television panel discussions. An open letter to the University, initiated by the USyd Student Representative Council, has garnered over 100 signatures. No wonder why — the University has publicly signalled that if former Prime Ministers suffer the slightest protest on campus, then those responsible will be summarily punished.

University management may defend their decision on the grounds that they actually do respect the freedom of speech of protests. Indeed, in their public statement they even grant us the liberty of being named “rowdy and spirited”. Where they draw the line is when we allegedly “interfere with the rights and freedoms of others.”

Our protest didn't seriously interfere with the rights or freedoms of powerful people such as Turnbull. He has continued access to the mainstream media and significant connections to the upper echelons of business and politics. The idea that a group of activists armed with megaphones have silenced a man reportedly worth over \$200 million is ludicrous to anyone aware of the realities of class and power in our society.

The University's defence rests on one key assumption: that management are the arbiters of what constitutes a legitimate or illegitimate protest.

In responding to our suspension in a *Sydney Morning Herald* article, former student activist and UTS lecturer Dr Jenna Price said that “[s]tudent protest on campus has always been structured by what's permitted by the ‘authorities’.” It's an important point — those who wish to oppose the current state of things are constantly told to be “reasonable and respectable”. Spirited? Yes. Disruptive and rude? Absolutely not.

There is a long list of progressive reforms which would never have been achieved had the social movements behind them accepted the parameters of respectability set by the ruling class. From suffrage to desegregation, the oppressors have always asked the oppressed to dissent according to their rules. Rejecting these rules has been a prerequisite for any serious challenge to injustice.

But there's another more contemporary example: the fight against fee deregulation under Tony Abbott.

In 2014, Abbott and his Education Minister, Christopher Pyne, attempted to transform Australian higher education into the American model. They proposed the total deregulation of university fees, which would lead to degrees costing upwards of \$100,000. Also included was a 20% cut to the government contribution to fees, and an increase to the interest rates on student loans.

A national student protest campaign was launched to stop this. It involved the largest mobilisations of students in over a decade, with protests of thousands of students in nearly every major city.

A core tactic of the campaign was the harassment of Liberal ministers, particularly Abbott and Pyne, whenever they stepped foot onto campuses. Abbott was forced to flee both Adelaide and Melbourne University within the space of one month. Julie Bishop, then foreign minister, received a similar treatment at this very university, as student protestors showered her in insults as she entered her event. Liberal ministers cancelled speaking engagement after speaking engagement on university campuses. I have no doubt this past weighs like a nightmare on the mind of Malcolm Turnbull.

The 2014 campaign was successful — by December, the government's reforms were scuttled in the Senate. For years afterwards, no government could go after students in such a way. It wasn't until the pandemic that the Morrison government could introduce the Jobready Graduates Package.

If, as students, we are ever able to defeat future attacks on our education by the government or university management, then we can't be afraid of being disruptive and militant. The business as usual of the university interferes with the right of all students to free and quality education. It is this business as usual which interferes with the right of students to affordable, dignified housing. It is this business as usual which interferes with the

freedom of students to study for the sake of learning, not for the needs of weapons or mining companies. Politicians and bankers, of which Turnbull is the twisted product, are the ones responsible for the current rental and cost of living crisis. For this, they deserve spirited and rowdy protest.

But it goes beyond moral condemnation. It is about political strategy. Students need to make politicians and Vice-Chancellors afraid of screwing us over. They need to know that we will resist, and resist powerfully, any attack on us. Students might lack the economic power of striking workers (such as university staff), but their defiant resistance can act as a lightning rod for the anger of many other groups in society.

Our protest against Turnbull last year was not just a publicity stunt. It was part of a tradition of standing up to hated Liberal Party politicians whenever they show their faces on campus. We need more student anger and activism, and that means taking it to our enemies at any and every opportunity. This is no threat to freedom of speech. A lively student movement would be the greatest expression of the opinions, grievances and anger of the vast majority of students, at present ignored by the rich and powerful. The right to protest, and to protest defiantly and militantly, is not only a democratic right, it is the proven strategy for fighting injustice and inequality. The university wishes to curtail this right — we have to do everything we can to stop them.

Ethan Floyd and Misbah Ansari report.

What exactly is a “progressive” ‘No’ campaign?

In a bizarre move, notably non-Indigenous Councillors James Sherriff and Alev Saracoglu (SLA) brought a motion to oppose the Indigenous Voice to Parliament in favour of a “progressive” ‘No’ campaign, branding the Voice “blackwashing” and “not supported by Indigenous students”.

Sherriff declared that he “oppose[s] the inclusion of First Nations people in a [...] colonial constitution.”

Honi is glad to report that there was in fact an Indigenous Councillor in the room to voice dissent to this motion.

First Nations Officer Ben McGrory said that “[community] consultation

is not quoting people at rallies,” and actually requires involvement in real decision-making meetings.

“The Voice [...] belongs to Aboriginal people.”

Ishbel Dunsmore reminded Councillors that “it is our duty not only as settlers on Gadigal land but also as activists to honour the wishes of Indigenous people.”

The motion faced largely negative reactions, and failed to pass.

Get a room!

Ella Haid (SAlt) and Harrison Brennan (Grassroots) moved a motion to support the NUS Education Office's “Get a Room” campaign, aimed at

The University of Sydney spent \$2.5 million on ProctorU. Why?

Luke Cass questions whether the University's huge spending on ProctorU was worth it.

The University of Sydney spent more than \$2.5 million on ProctorU in 2020-2021 alone, documents obtained by *Honi* reveal. For that amount of money, you'd hope it works.

Honi can reveal that the University is aware that ProctorU is not even effective for the purpose it is employed for: preventing breaches of academic integrity. Minutes from a 2022 Academic Board meeting acquired by *Honi* include quotes from the Office of Educational Integrity — the body tasked with preventing cheating in USyd assessments — saying that “it is very easy for students to avoid detection for using prohibited materials or other forms of cheating,” and “online invigilated exams [using ProctorU] are highly susceptible to integrity breaches.”

Data from the same meeting shows that less than one per cent of reports made by ProctorU result in academic misconduct findings.

The University has posited that there has been an explosion of academic misconduct cases throughout the pandemic and into 2022, necessitating the purchase of ProctorU software. In both the Academic Board meeting minutes and in a University comment to *Honi*, the University strongly emphasises the amount of reports by ProctorU and the amount of referrals to faculties and the Registrar resulting from those referrals.

In 2021, ProctorU made over 30,000 reports, leading to 829 referrals and 364 academic dishonesty outcomes. In 2022, ProctorU made 66,000 reports “leading to 2500 cases being referred to faculties and an additional 750+

referred to the Registrar as potential academic misconduct,” the University told *Honi*. Notably, they did not supply the amount of academic integrity findings made following the reports in 2022.

There are a number of problems with this. The first is the huge volume of ProctorU reports made to the University. The process of working through tens of thousands of automated reports, followed by thousands of cases referred to faculties, then hundreds of finalised reports to the Registrar, entails a substantial diversion of University resources. The University is now increasing the amount of staff involved in processing cases in 2023, it told *Honi*. In contrast, the Special Considerations department, which exists to help students access equitable treatment rather than punish them, is chronically understaffed and underfunded. The huge spend on ProctorU should also be contextualised alongside the University's tiny pay offers to their staff in ongoing negotiations.

It is clear that ProctorU's unreliable trigger-happiness affects students too. Hundreds of students are put through a process in which the actual rate of findings against them is low, even for those referred to the Registrar. This causes significant stress, given the potential consequences of such findings against students.

Perhaps our attention should be on the reason ProctorU generates so many unreliable detections, not just the consequences of it doing so. ProctorU's high detection rate reflects the enormous privacy violation which ProctorU requires. ProctorU requires

that students give up their personal information and data to offshore proctors, with no guarantee that information will be kept private. It also requires students to offer intimate glimpses of the home environments, another encroachment of their privacy.

The University of Sydney said in response, “thorough legal, cyber-security and capability analysis was undertaken before we entered into an arrangement with ProctorU, and we worked with the company and students to comprehensively address initial privacy concerns.”

But more generally, ProctorU is an enormous source of stress for students. Students' Representative Council President Lia Perkins said, “ProctorU is detrimental to student privacy and safety — the SRC has always opposed ProctorU for this reason. The fact that ProctorU isn't effective means that students are subject to untrue allegations — causing an immense amount of avoidable stress and harm. The University should honour the outcry of students against ProctorU, and focus on support for students doing exams, as well as consider alternative models of assessment.”

It appears that this stress is not an unfortunate by-product, but an inbuilt feature the University relies on. The Academic Integrity Office, while noting ProctorU's poor ability to detect academic misconduct, said at last year's Academic Board meeting, “there is some evidence that proctoring acts as a deterrent.”

The question then is why the University needs to rely on such an invasive product, if it only serves

to deter students. Other methods: including changing the way that assessments are crafted or supporting students struggling with mental health, language skills or other difficulties which make sitting exams difficult are equally effective.

The University said that, “there are myriad reasons why students might engage in academic misconduct. We take a holistic approach to addressing academic misconduct.”

Aside from these serious harms of ProctorU, it has also just not worked in other cases. A data breach in 2020 led to hackers taking the data of 440,000 ProctorU users, including staff at the University of Sydney. Later that year, seven exam sessions at USyd were plagued by connection issues, preventing students from sitting already delayed exams. Students had to re-sit those exams, an experience which was incredibly stressful for many. This problem recurred in mid-2021, with at least 56 exams affected this time. Again, students were left stressed over a problem so unnecessary and so out of their control. These problems were made worse by ProctorU's failure to quickly remedy the situation. The queue for assistance by ProctorU was in the hundreds in the 2021 case, meaning students' stress was prolonged by a company the University was paying millions for its services.

ProctorU seems to be on its last legs at USyd: it will be used only for international students who cannot return to Australia this year. It is a punitive and invasive waste of money. It has been since the beginning.

They're pulling quorum!

Following the bulk of Wednesday's motions, Labor and Grassroots Councillors shut down the meeting prematurely by pulling quorum — leaving the meeting to ensure a majority of Councillors are not present.

In their mad rush for the door, an altercation is purported to have occurred between two Councillors, with one involved party intending to file a complaint.

Going forward, Council meetings for April and May will occur on the first Tuesday of the month, rather than the first Wednesday. *Honi* mourns our 4.30pm Tuesday pitch meetings, as we reshuffle our schedules yet again.

Honi will be attending a sure-to-be-eventful Council meeting in April. Stay tuned for our next write-up, and visit our Twitter and Instagram to catch up on our live coverage.

“The Voice belongs to Aboriginal people”: March Council meeting recap

The *Honi* *Soit* editors found themselves back in the unventilated bowels of New Law on a Wednesday night. While we (regrettably) sat way too close to the smartly-dressed campus Liberals, we persevered through another night of debauchery.

Building up the strikes

Strikes were a key feature of this month's meeting, garnering majority support from Councillors. A motion from Tiger Perkins (Grassroots) called on students to support the March 3rd Climate Strike. Perkins condemned Environment Minister Tanya Plibersek's record on climate action, citing the recent green-lighting of 116 new coal seam gas projects in Queensland's Surat Basin — the latest

in a disturbing trend from Labor.

Councillors also made pleas to the student body to support the NTEU's strike action on March 9. Yasmine Johnson (SAlt) spoke in support of the motion, claiming that “[University] management have reversed anything they've said about Indigenous employment targets.”

Gerard Buttigieg (National Labor Students) supported the strikes vehemently, focusing on the importance of fighting for staff rights.

“I fully support this strike action from the NTEU [...] I think it's shameful that some people here are anti-union,” Buttigieg said.

The Long Road to Transition: Where is USyd's Gender Transition Plan?

Misbah Ansari examines the inadequacies of USyd's gender affirmation support.

Gender transition is the physical, social and emotional process of changing from one's assigned gender to their actual gender identity. The whole process is difficult in a cis-normative world, with transgender people having to navigate layers of bureaucracy, biases and incomprehensive transition support plans in place.

The University of Sydney's Gender Transition Plan is an overall informative document; however, it is an outdated and vague one.

This article does not seek to condemn USyd's Gender Transition Plan in its entirety. Instead, it aims to highlight the structural issues in the way it approaches the life-changing and intrinsic process of gender transition and the repercussions of this for staff and students.

USyd's Gender Transition Plan is a ten-page document that covers how to help students during their gender transition, covering the meaning of different gender identities, special consideration procedures, and name/pronoun changes in different University portals. The primary issue with this plan is that it was last updated in 2019, a different pre-covid world which a lot of us only vaguely remember.

The plan fails to mention the updated acknowledgement of the in-between phase that the campus is currently in with more students returning to campus (requiring a more tangible presence of transgender support networks on campus) and some still studying remotely. LGBTIQ student support liaison officers last received a full day training in 2019 with no actual updated information since, one of the officers told *Honi*.

Plans like these are of utmost importance but are only a starting point into the radical help that students who are transitioning require, rather than being an absolute reality of the process. Amy Sargeant, National Convenor of Queer Unionists in Tertiary Education (QUTE), said that a lot of Ally training and Bystander training provided by University plans lack standardisation across universities. A lot of Ally Networks are unpaid, creating a vicious cycle of unpaid allies who do the labour and a lack of properly paid allies and trans people who can sign on to these plans.

Further, a lot of Pride Network resources revolve around allyship as the main form of support, which is true in many respects, but is not the summit of trans visibility on campus. "Allies on campus" showcases a list of allies that gender diverse students can talk to from their own faculty, which creates an altruistic image of allyship, undermining a radical space for trans students on campus. "Universities love to show that they are friendly

towards trans people with a lot of such narratives," said Sargeant, adding that support is calculated by the University from a financial perspective.

When asked about why gender affirmation leave for staff leads to improved student learning conditions, Sargeant said "we have a situation where 90% [of] trans staff leave their jobs because the representation is severely lacking." She added that the cost of transition surgeries are so high that a lot of staff and students are unable to continue with the current working conditions, leaving them in utter distress. NTEU branches across various universities are demanding a 30-day Gender Transition leave per annum with some universities offering 10 or 15 days, which Sargeant called an offer better than nothing. USyd won a one-off 30-day gender affirmation in 2021, but the union is still fighting for six weeks annual leave.

With trans staff, students get consistent and supportive education, and they know that their lived experiences matter.

QUTE organised binder drives last year and a bursary for name change that relieved a lot of pressure of

bureaucratic difficulties for students. Sargeant says they intend to continue their efforts this year as well. Similar sentiments are echoed by USyd's Queer Officer Yasmin Andrews, who is looking forward to continuing a binder and tucking gaffs drive in Semester 2. Andrews also talked about Queer Action Collective's action last year where they pointed out the University's outdated ICT systems which fail to standardise preferred names by students across various portals. Deadnaming becomes a norm of the system without acknowledging the mental and social impact it has on people.

In support networks listed by the Pride Network, USU society Queers of Colour remains absent. In conversation with a QOCO member, they noted that the society was "the safest [they] have ever felt as a trans person of colour." Support for transgender students at university tends to be focused on a white, English-speaking identity without updated multilingual resources, QTBIPOC support networks, and race-specific training for Liaison officers.

Despite the current support provided for gender diverse students on campus, the paradigm of the future gender affirmation plan in USyd is due for long conversations, consultations and collaborations with queer activist networks.

Honi has reached out to Pride Network for a statement.

Do the Gays Know How to Party?

"The pressure, on my people, to express our identity and pride through the metaphor of party is very intense."

— Hannah Gadsby.

I remember my first party. Will — a gorgeous kid with pockets like a pop-up pharmacy — makes his rounds on the high school lunch benches and invites the whole of Year 11 to his mansion in the backwaters of the Northern Rivers for his 18th. I'm a quiet kid, an introvert who has only been drunk a few times, and my best dance moves are the waltz and the foxtrot from ballroom classes years back. Nevertheless I've been invited, and my curiosity gets the better of me.

Will's 18th was like entering the fae realm. Vases of flowers upended onto the kitchen floor, an antique chair upside down on the lawn. The people I knew had transformed. Some into terrible rampaging beasts, dancing like they were on fire, and some into eerie creatures who would whisk you away to some sequestered couch to talk in whispers and murmurs.

After laying low for a few hours, I ventured out onto the dance floor and the enchantment fell over me too! The lights, the music, the hot breath of my neighbour on my neck, they were intoxicating, and I danced the whole night. The rules of regular life seemed to float away and we became like animals, like gods. Utterly free.

Upon trying to recreate the experience, I become privy to a code and it's a rude shock. I can't help but see the way the boys and girls get drawn together through complex rituals of behaviour. In ancient customs,

straight folks hunt each other across the floor. Fix his hair. Fix her earring. Glance up-down, stumble backwards into him. Catch her, lift her up onto your shoulders, so on. Oh. I thought, bewildered. It's all sex.

Maybe I should have known that very few people will dance that much for dancing's sake.

There is none of this for the queer teenagers. So what do we do instead?

Well, most of my queer friends didn't party at all. The rituals were alienating. The best you could hope for was kissing your same-sex buddy on a drunken dare to raucous cheers. No, thank you. Straight clubs, which I attempted, were even worse. Men, eager to initiate these rituals of seduction, hovered, waiting for permission. They gyrate vaguely to the beat, edging in and out of your personal space like a boxer trying to engage in hand-to-hand combat. My hope began to falter. Perhaps, I was back to being a sensible, sober creature, who preferred a night in above anything else.

But when I moved to Sydney, I knew I had to give it another shot. Sydney Mardi Gras has been world famous since its inception. How odd that gay folks could be so famous for partying, and yet my friends and I had felt so shut out of most of it. I headed out to Birdcage, at the Bank, one Wednesday night. Dionysus, the Greek god of wine, was also the god of festivity and madness. His sacred festival was the

Dionysia or Bacchanalia, in which the strict structure of ancient Greek society would be dissolved. Men dressed as women. Everyone drank ferociously. Women would band together and kill livestock in the field. It was a real party.

That's what a queer space is to me. I entered the party and saw everything imaginable. Strange and wonderful costumes. Butch, fem, androgynous, drag, Luigi onesie. Dancing of all kinds, melodic swaying and wild thrashing back and forth. To move through the crowd was to be greeted with gentleness and kindness from every side. Excuse me, yes of course, hi, hello, hello. There was no ritual, no pressure. Sex was still there, but if strangers embraced they were drawn together by simple magnetic impulse, crashing together like waves in a storm. Codes of behaviour became non-existent. Now, these relationships were flexible and interesting, and power dynamics became... well, dynamic. Once again, the rules floated away, and I could dance like I was possessed.

As far as I know, my party fever will never break. There's a reason the gays know how to party.

Partying has always been society's way of loosening the bonds, undoing the rules for a few hours, and that's queerness' forte.

After Mardi Gras Fair Day, I make my way to the Burdekin Hotel on Oxford Street for JUNIPERO, the afterparty. Named for the sapphic

Zoe Le Marinel has party fever.

Black Mirror episode, the first floor is decorated like the fictional beach town of San Junipero. Beach balls, bubbles, inflatable lobsters stuck to the walls. I sit for a while as people begin to congregate.

There's a display on the wall with beautiful footage of beach scenes and mermaid performers. The lighting is pink and pleasant, and the live music quickly draws a crowd. A hip hop performance by SOPHIYA was a highlight, with her big black boots, pigtailed and deep, smooth voice. With the energy up, the crowd starts dancing to lesbian anthem after anthem.

The air is relaxed and happy. Folks of all shapes, sizes and styles intermingle and laugh. It's one of those nights where you're desperate for a rest but banger after banger keeps playing and you can't help but gasp in delight and go on.

Later in the night, a burlesque performance from the immortal Clara Fable drives us wild and we keep on dancing. Thanks in particular to Mia and Natalie, two strangers who I might never see again, but who were so much fun.

During the party, and long after I go home, the feeling of acceptance and belonging envelops me in a glow.

You can still find me at Birdcage most Wednesdays, tearing it up. There's nothing like a Bacchanalia to level the playing field every once in a while. Happy partying to all, and happy Mardi Gras!

How Worldly is WorldPride?

Mae Milne goes through the archives of WorldPride.

Walking through the streets of Sydney, it's hard not to notice the rainbow-soaked event that is WorldPride. With over 300 events occurring over three weeks, you'd need to actively avoid it to miss it. But as someone who prides themselves on knowing their queer history, how is it that I have never heard of this "international" event until it reached the shores of Australia, a place my mother affectionately calls "the ass end of the world?" Just as all young children wonder about the addition of a new sibling: where did it come from? And where is it going next?

A quick Google Search tells me that WorldPride is a genuine international event, bearing a legacy that spans about 23 years. The event takes place sporadically in different host cities through a bidding

process similar to the Olympics, and aims to raise global awareness to queer issues on an international level through a human rights conference, parades, and other cultural activities. So far so good.

Digging a little deeper now, I find that there are two levels to the organisation. At the top of this rotating rainbow of WorldPride sits InterPride — an international network of queer activists that work together to share knowledge and maximise impact. Like many international organisations, InterPride is deeply rooted in the US, with their Global Advisory Council dividing the country into 6 different regions, whilst grouping the entirety of South-East Asia (including countries with large populations such as China and India), into one region,

and the entire continent of Africa, into another.

This structure can be attributed to the fact that InterPride was initially only US based. Its story began in 1982 when activist Marsha H. Levine sent out invites to 50 US-based pride organisations, inviting them to attend the First Annual Conference of the National Association of Lesbian/Gay Pride Coordinators. Although many groups expressed an interest in attending, only six committees had the funds to send delegates. Uniting to form a total group of 16 people, the parties spent three days and three nights in Boston (some even sleeping pyjama-party-style on the floor of Levine's brownstone studio), discussing common issues pertaining to queer rights and pride planning. This

yearly tradition went international when, in 1985 representatives from Toronto, Ontario and Germany joined in.

WorldPride itself was only conceived in 1997, and was first hosted in Rome, Italy at the turn of the millennium.

Like most newborn mammals, WorldPride wasn't born running.

Given the host city's proximity to the notoriously conservative Vatican, the event was met by staunch resistance from conservatives and Pope John Paul II. The backlash pressured Rome's left-wing mayor, Francesco Rutelli, to withdraw

the US\$200,000 he had pledged for the event (which, in all fairness, he reinstated a few hours later). Despite this, the event drew a crowd of 250,000 people — one of the biggest crowds to gather in Rome for decades.

The 2006 WorldPride, held in Jerusalem, fared a similar fate. As a seat similarly of religious power, the event was met with strong opposition from religious leaders. Moreover, the march itself was cancelled due to the 2006 Israel-Lebanon conflict, which meant that there were not enough soldiers to protect marchers. The 2006 WorldPride was thus limited to conferences, a film festival, and exhibitions. A parade was held later on November 10.

The following WorldPride, hosted in 2012 in London, boasted an even smaller spread of events, as organisers failed to secure the necessary funds. As a result, nine days before the festival was due to commence, they announced that all activities were being cut or cancelled. As such, WorldPride was limited to a "pride walk", without floats or vehicles, and a small rally in Trafalgar Square.

In the following years, WorldPride managed to remain relatively controversy-free, delivering fabulous festivals in Toronto, Madrid, New York, Copenhagen-Malmö and Sydney. Nonetheless, this smooth run has come to an abrupt end with the cancellation of 2025 WorldPride Taiwan. Planned as the first WorldPride event in Asia,

the event was cancelled over naming disagreements. WorldPride organisers allege that InterPride insisted the name be changed to WorldPride Kaohsiung, while InterPride asserts it suggested the name of WorldPride Kaohsiung, Taiwan.

WorldPride has stirred the ire of conservative religious leaders globally.

Perhaps it was precisely for this purpose that the event was held in traditional seats of religious power such as Rome and Jerusalem — a unifying stance of the global queer movement against all forms of oppression.

Nonetheless, the organisational blunders of Jerusalem and Taiwan point to perhaps a more institutional problem

with the organisational structures of InterPride. The dominating American base has created a uniquely occidental viewpoint, which may have contributed to the organisation's struggles, and its comparative success in more Western cultures such as Australia and Scandinavia.

Consequently, in order to have a truly international WorldPride, which can both fight for and celebrate the rights of queer people globally, there needs to be true international representation within InterPride's Global Advisory Council. Only then can WorldPride cater to the diverse needs of queer people across the world, and let every WorldPride be as successful as Sydney's.

The garden gate to nowhere

Most doors on campus go somewhere. Be it a lecture theatre, an abandoned sex attic, or deep into the bowels of the Quad's underground tunnel network. As a rule, architects and engineers and everything in between tend to like it when doors and their holes go somewhere.

Yet there's one door, or perhaps more accurately, one gate, that doesn't play by this centuries old gentleman's agreement.

As a rule, architects and engineers and everything in between tend to like it when doors and their holes go somewhere.

Behind the Physics Building, in the courtyard that divides Wilkinson's Italianate magnum opus from its Nanoscience neighbour, there exists a garden gate to nowhere. Tucked away in the far-western corner of the courtyard and up a set of wall-hugging steps, one can find all the hallmarks of a functional doorway: an archway, an army green gate, even an indent behind the gate itself.

Yet despite all those positive signifiers, this gate leads into a particularly solid wall.

How did it all go so terribly wrong?



Let's take a trip back to 1922. Leslie Wilkinson, the University of Sydney's foundational Professor of Architecture and the visionary behind countless campus gems, was busy sketching out his designs for none other than the Physics Building. Distinctly Mediterranean on account of his classicist sympathies (a fact that explains why the Manning Road entrance to Anderson Stuart spells faculty with a v instead of a u), these original plans feature the now pointless stairs and archway — meaning that they've been there since the very beginning. Originally, the gated archway would have led to the grounds of Pauls and Wesley — perhaps a shortcut for tired physicists, exhausted from a day of studying the sub-atomic, looking to return to their college dorms for a well-earned rest.

So when did this archway go from functional gateway to puzzling campus mystery?

You can see fingerprints of this college connection today. Trek round to the opposite side of the blocked-up gateway, sadly by trespassing on sacred Methodist-Collegial property, and you can see the reverse angle: an indented archway, sans gate, just peeking out of the earth its embedded in.

How did it all go so terribly wrong?

So when did this archway go from functional gateway to puzzling campus mystery?

Well, the last known photo of the archway before it was blocked up can be found in the Physics Building's conservation management plan (CMP). Dated 2004, the photo depicts a gated archway in its most natural form: not blocked up with concrete and plaster. While the CMP asserts that it cannot be used to get onto college grounds because "fill and rubbish have been dumped in this area," it's still theoretically functional — a far cry from its present condition.

Luckily for us, what happens next is almost too obvious. Between 2004 and the present day, the biggest thing to happen to the occupants of Physics Road was the construction of the Nanoscience Hub. A steel-and-glass monstrosity, it certainly does not abide by Wilkinson's Italianate intentions for the area. But its construction didn't just disrupt the area's architectural ethos, it also radically changed the landscape.

If you compare that 2004 photo to today, you'll see that not only has the archway been blocked up, the whole level of the area has been raised. For our purposes, tucked away in the landscaping plans for the Hub's construction is a note that access to college grounds via the archway will be removed. Of course, these were just plans. The same document made frequent reference to the charming ground floor café that might spill out into the tiled courtyard area. Yet, to the best of my knowledge, no such café exists. Maybe the Nanoscience Hub didn't block up my precious gate. Perhaps that honour goes to some sort of vigilante structural engineer. But even in the café's absence, that landscaping document offers the best explanation for how and why the garden gate to somewhere became the garden gate to nowhere.

My mind flicked through the usual assumptions — occult offering bowl, alchemical basin, a gift from those on the other side — before deciding that it was probably just a regular bowl, there for regular reasons.

Marlow Hurst opines over orifices.

Yet even with its origins and journey chronicled and explained, the gate still possesses a seductive allure. A mystique that can only come from over analysis and obsession. This mystique was briefly given life by the sudden appearance of a Qinghua bowl in front of the gate. About a month or so after my initial personal discovery of the gate in December of 2021, I was confronted by the porcelain vessel on one of my bi-weekly check-ins. Filled to brim with rainwater and soggy leaves, I couldn't help but project my hopes and dreams of a more magical campus onto its sudden and confronting appearance. My mind flicked through the usual assumptions — occult offering bowl, alchemical basin, a gift from those on the other side — before deciding that it was probably just a regular bowl, there for regular reasons.

It holds memories of a campus lost and a campus past.

But even without a more trite sort of magic, the Physics Gate is no less powerful. It holds memories of a campus lost and a campus past. Like so many structures and artefacts on USyd's Camperdown grounds, it's a remnant — a lone survivor of a University that is constantly reinventing and revamping its built environment.

The Quadrangle's trusty water pump. In the first few years of the University's life, that pump was the only source of freshwater on campus — hydrating builders, academics, and students alike. Now it's just a mechanical novelty for first years and tourists to crank on a whim.

If you stand in just the right spot at the entrance to the now-defunct Macleay Museum, you can see an elephant skull mounted on the wall.

The Woolley Building's south tower features a clock face that perpetually reads 4:15.

Like all of these, the Physics Gate allows me to cast my mind back into the distant or not-so-distant past and ponder the mysteries of campus' curiosities.

What did this do?

Where did this go?

How can I find out?

"You look like a nest person": In defence of messy rooms

Nicola Brayan wants us to look at our messy rooms differently.

Once, at a restaurant, in an entirely unrelated discussion, a friend turned to me and said, "you look like a nest person." He was referring to something he'd seen on Twitter, a photo of a room with a pile of clothes instead of a mattress to sleep on. Although I do have a mattress, his observation wasn't entirely wrong.

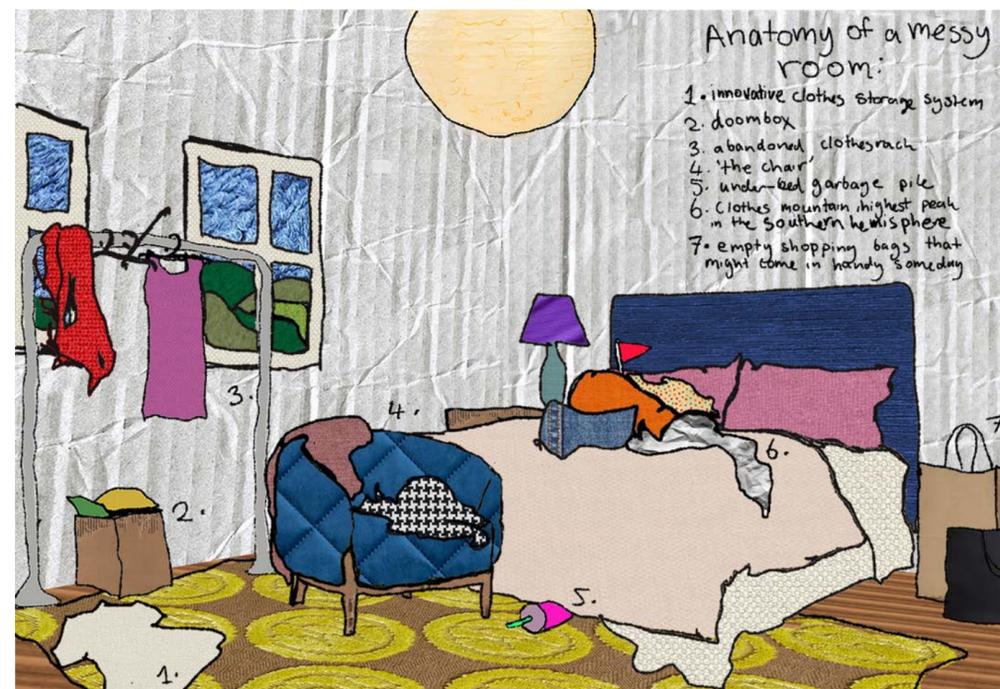
I have a fairly messy room. I always have. It's not unhygienic — there's no food or other organic matter — but it fluctuates from slightly untidy to entirely askew. I have always considered this a fault of mine. I grew up with endless instructions to clean my room, bargaining processes that traded a clean room for a social activity, and had jokes made at my and my room's expense. I'm not so sure, however, that messiness is the flaw we treat it as. I think messy rooms are worth defending.

Our standards for tidiness seem arbitrarily restrictive. It is certainly true that it's harmful to live in incredibly messy or unclean environments. Most untidy rooms, however, are not biohazards. Messy rooms usually have things out of place, such as clothes on the floor, cluttered surfaces, or a lack of organisation when it comes to storage. For most, this does not meaningfully impede their life. If I can find what I need, then not having a rigid organisational structure doesn't bother me.

Our standards for tidiness seem arbitrarily restrictive

Even so, I feel a sense of shame associated with admitting how disorganised my room is. When I have people over, I apologise for the state of my room reflexively, even when I've spent ages cleaning it. Oftentimes, this apology isn't a sincere expression of remorse, but rather a preemption of judgement. As though without flagging that yes, I'm aware of how cluttered my room is, my guest would assume that I'm ignorant of the disarray I live in. We ascribe a moral value to cleanliness — even likening it to godliness — and falling short of those standards is a moral failing. This condemnation seems based more in norms than in reason.

If we have such a strong cultural aversion to clutter, why, then, do our rooms get messy?



Art by Estella Kennedy

The most obvious reason is this: some of us just don't prioritise organisation. Cleaning sucks. It is repetitive and boring, and only lasts for a while until you need to clean again. It is easier to put things on your bed or desk than to meticulously file them away. Maintaining strict order takes time and effort, especially when, like me, you have hobbies like art or makeup which involve lots of bits and pieces. Leaving my paintbrushes out on my desk saves me time packing them away and unpacking them next time I want to paint, even if it means clutter in the interim. Some of us just don't consider that additional effort a worthwhile use of energy.

Existing is exhausting.

Growing up, the mess in my room progressed reliably as the school term did, cycling between my post-holiday clean in week 1 and an explosion of study notes, stationery, and general chaos after exams. Cleaning takes effort, especially if disarray doesn't bother you. The more I have on my plate, the less energy I'm willing to commit to cleaning. Of course, this includes university- and job-related work, but it also extends to managing any sort of mental workload. Existing is exhausting. Dealing with periods of change, burnout, and mental health can take a lot more effort than we realise. When I'm overwhelmed, picking clothes up off the floor is the last thing I'm worried about. The effort that cleaning takes compounds over time. Putting away paintbrushes doesn't take long, but deep

cleaning a room does.

This is where the shame associated with disarray becomes harmful. When my room is at its messiest, I am at my most drained. Feeling ashamed of my incapacity to maintain a tidy room doesn't make cleaning more appealing, instead adding to the perceived mental toll that returning my room to cleanliness will incur. This shame is isolating and makes it hard to ask for help — if I believe myself to be uniquely and immorally messy, it's embarrassing to admit that I'm incapable of cleaning up after myself. This can worsen one's mental state too; the shame and magnitude of the mess around you can, for lack of more delicate words, make you feel like shit.

It's also worth noting that the standards of cleanliness we often impose on our rooms are not designed for neurodivergent inhabitants. I spoke to several neurodivergent students who shared that the repetitive and ongoing task of cleaning a room was especially overwhelming for people with ADHD, autism, and depression. Mehnaaz, who has ADHD, says, "if I can't organise every single thing in my room at once, then I can't go inside." Cinnamo explains that their depression can be worsened by mess: "when my room gets messy again, it impacts on my mental health because I'm stressed about cleaning it." When sharing these thoughts with me, all of them couched their explanations with acknowledgements of shame. Eleanor described how she used to struggle with cleaning because of ADHD, leaving food or drinks out for too long, and tagged it with "[vomit emoji] I know." The shame that surrounds mess is compounded when the reason for that

mess is out of your control.

If you are struggling with controlling mess, it's not your fault. Cleaning can be hard. The best I can suggest is this: set yourself a timer for fifteen minutes and try to clean throughout. Best case, you fall into a rhythm and can get more done. Worst, you just clean for fifteen minutes, and that's still progress. It's not a perfect recommendation, but getting myself up and cleaning, even if only for a few minutes, has been really helpful for combatting the shame that can come with extreme disarray.

If you are struggling with controlling mess, it's not your fault.

Despite all this, I think a bit of mess is a good thing. My chest of drawers is topped with earrings gifted to me by friends, scented candles burned halfway down, cool trinkets from places I've travelled. The heels on the floor at the end of my bed were kicked off after a night of dancing. There's a tea-stain ring on my desk from where I left a mug for too long, engrossed in an artwork that I stayed up late to finish. My bedsheet is never perfectly tucked in, as I kick it back out every night.

Tree swallows line their nests with discarded feathers. A feathered lining insulates their eggs and keeps out parasites; this adornment makes a nest liveable. Perhaps our rooms are more like nests than we realise — safe, lived-in places to offer us comfort. We should all be a little more at peace with chaos.

Ngulagambilanha: I want to go home

I can see the footprints of my people everywhere. When I stop looking straight ahead and cease thinking of tomorrow, I can finally see my country. I stand alone outside and feel the soft warm breeze on my skin. I can touch every horizon and know that I am home. I have not stood on my grandfather's land in more than a decade. But I remember everything.

My mind's eye rests on details that I am blind to in the city, like the way an old nail protrudes from a wooden plank in my grandfather's shed.

Like the way the corrugated iron roof — rusted and worn — bends at the corners. This is how a place bends over time. Like that spot where the dirt laneway meets the grass. These things — little things — remind me that we lived here; that we have shaped this place to fit us.

This country has shaped us too. It breathes in and out, folding us into the empty spaces.

Each generation becomes part of the land itself. We are buried here. We count the years in life and loss and our attachment grows deeper and stronger. My people have lived here forever.

If I travel just a few hours I will come to a place where we fished, danced, sang, celebrated life and buried our dead with great ceremony. There was once a mighty lake here. Now it is dry with waves of sand frozen in place, and craters like the surface of the moon.

From this spot I can see out across the dry lakebed.

To me, this is the Dreamtime.

The sun shines brightest where it peeks through the clouds on a distant canola-yellow hill. The rocks are strewn across open fields in odd formations. Some are nature's doing, the random placement as the earth has stirred. Others, though, have been carefully placed, marking the sites of ceremonies where boys were sung into men.

I want to tell you about blood and bone, and how mine is buried deep in this land. I want to tell you about the road that leads to my grandfather's house. It was here that my people were murdered.

Today it is marked with a sign that reads: Poison Waterholes Creek.

I close my eyes and I am sitting by the waterhole. The air is filled with birdsong. In the stillness I can hear the flapping wings of a duck as it skims the water's surface. In the distance there is the barking of a dog. I want to take it all in. But I am not really there.

The roots of the trees are deeper — far deeper — than the footprints of the new people who claimed this land two centuries ago. Their branches bend to the banks of the waterhole. The trunks of other trees, now dead, lie submerged in the water. They are stark and lifeless. Their branches are stiff, white and bare, reaching like arms outstretched above the water's edge.

At this waterhole my people took shelter and drank from the stream. They would return and leave as they had always done. But the waterhole was no longer theirs. British law had stripped them of their rights. To the settlers this land was empty, and it now belonged to them. The local homestead owner wanted the blacks gone, and so he laced this waterhole with poison. Men, women and children died. Their bodies were left strewn along the banks, rotting in the sun, a warning to others.

Their deaths linger here. I can feel it whenever I am home. It is not hard to picture them: bodies bent and twisted; mouths open; the air willed with the stench of vomit as they coughed up the poison. Soon the birds will come to peck at the carcasses. There is no one to bury them. They will stay here until they sink into the earth.

The killing didn't stop at this creek. Other Wiradjuri people fled to an island in the middle of the Murrumbidgee River. They huddled together and took shelter. The settlers and soldiers tracked them from the riverbank. When they came into view they aimed their guns and opened fire. All were killed, except for one boy. My grandmother told me how this boy, with one eye blown out, floated downstream underwater, breathing through a hollow reed.

Today this place too has a name: Murdering Island.

Ethan Floyd traces his songline.



Art by Casey Zhu

Poison Waterholes Creek, Murdering Island: to my people, these signs are literally tombstones. They mark the tragedy here. They remind us that this land was not settled peacefully. Whatever white Australians may have been told, these signs tell them too that we were here. We lived. We had families. This country was not empty.

This has become part of our Dreaming. Once we would have told stories of creation, of the god Baiame who came down from the sky and made the rivers and mountains and forests. He made the first initiation site — the sacred Bora ground where boys became men. Now our stories are of people who came from another land and took what was ours.

I learned these stories at the feet of my parents and my grandparents. They told me other things: how they lived when they were young; what happened to their parents and their grandparents.

I learned that we had survived; that we were still here.

The spirits of our ancestors were still here.

This is what it means to be an indigenous person. It is what it means to be a Wiradjuri man. We have a place and a sense of place. It is what we ask each other when we meet another indigenous person.

We don't ask, who are you? We ask, where are you from? Where is your country?

This is why I travel — in my mind — here to this waterhole. This is part of my country. These stories are my stories. I want to be able to see the rocks and the hills. I want to feel the soil under my feet. I want to know the answer when one of my people asks, where are you from?

But more than this — than all of this — I want to go home.

POISON WATERHOLES CK

다시 찾아온 사랑 / A love which returned

Ki Joo Park looks in the mirror.

For as long as I can remember, Andy has been my name. Despite this, when somebody calls for me, I feel a strange sense of separation with it — as if that person is not me. Though I suspect that this feeling stems from the anxiety of being perceived, everytime I introduce myself as Andy, I deny myself a chance at ever being known.

I was five years old, or thereabouts, when I developed this alibi — I was not different, I was Andy.

There was always something so awkward about my name, Ki Joo.

It was the way that the syllables would stick, as opposed to the smoothness with which other names would slide off my tongue. Kee—Joo. The teacher's way down the roll was the way up a rollercoaster for me. Well-intentioned teachers would excuse themselves after calling me “Kai Joo”. I would politely tell them, “My name is Andy” or “Sorry, my name is Andy” or “It's actually Andy” or “I prefer Andy”. I could never muster up the courage to tell them how to pronounce it. It never even occurred to me.

Instead, I remember the warmth I felt when my friends would correct the teacher for me. It was nice to feel known. The story of how I came to be Andy is quite a nice one to tell. I had a love for Toy Story, and though I shudder at the thought of being “Woody Park” or “Buzz Park”, whenever I tell new friends that I named myself “Andy”, they smile and give me a fond look. The bottom of my Woody figurine had “ANDY” with a reversed “N” on the sole of his left boot.

On Harmony Day, I would try my best to get out of wearing a hanbok, traditional Korean clothes. I felt comfortable wearing orange to

match the other kids — there were others who proudly wore their traditional clothes, and it wasn't ever that I feared being picked on. I wasn't comfortable in my own skin, and it was easier to wear Andy as my claim to belonging.

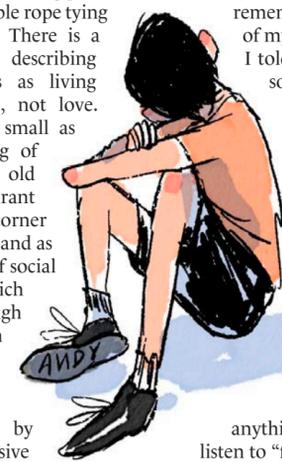
Being a second generation immigrant feels less like being an orphan, and more like being a child in joint custody moving between two homes.

Upon returning from my trip to Korea earlier this year, I realised that Sydney is home. I'm unsure whether Korea itself is home for me, and I am doubtful that it could ever be. Sometimes, the effort to spin my thoughts and feelings into Korean for my parents weighs my tongue down. But after a long day, whenever I'm back at my house in Kellyville, nursing my upset stomach with my mother's cooking, I know I am home.

In Korea, there is a concept of “jeong” (정/情). The Korean language is rich and subtle, and I often get stuck in the dilemma of translating a Korean word or phrase which captures a feeling far better than English ever could. Hence, jeong is notoriously difficult to pinpoint, but it can be thought of as a universalised love.

Unlike love, jeong is not something which is expressed but more a thing which is held and given to others.

My dad describes it as a bond grown and matured over a long period of time, an invisible rope tying people together. There is a common phrase describing married couples as living through “jeong”, not love. It is at once as small as the extra serving of food that the old lady at the restaurant around the corner gives to regulars, and as large as a sense of social responsibility which stretches through everyone. In Korean, an affectionate way of addressing your family is by using possessive pronouns. “Our dad, I love you”, “Our son, I'm so proud of you.” The collective which this implies extends far beyond a single family unit, and transcends even the totality of all Korean people — it is a metaphysical belonging. My mum's eyes well up and my dad gives me a meek smile whenever I use these terms of endearment.



fascinating to observe the rapid growth of my culture around the world — I remember the incredulous looks of my family back in Korea when I told them that “Aussies” drink soju (소주). Whilst it validates my identity and makes me proud to be Korean, I am sometimes disheartened that my culture is reduced to shiny pop stars, makeup and barbecue — it makes me sad that Jannabi is relegated to niche indie rock playlists, when they make music which encapsulates Korean soul at its purest. If you feel anything reading this article, please listen to “for lovers who hesitate”.

I love being Korean now, but this doesn't mean that I've become whole.



Perhaps, this is the legacy of a King who created a language for his people. I don't know a lick about Korean history, but I know that a running theme in our history is resilience. From this elementary understanding, I know that the previous language system was only taught to wealthy nobility, kept away from the common people. Our people.

As a kid, my parents would wake me up early on Sunday morning for Korean school before church — I hated it, and I quit in year two or year three. In the past few years, I've fallen in love with my culture again. With the impetus of my undying love for Korean indie band Jannabi (잔나비), I've uncovered a newfound fondness for the Korean language and I now read and write poetry in Korean. It's been

There have been many times where I have been frustrated by the intransigence of Korean patriarchy — the rigidity of prejudice in our cultural framework more generally leaves me tight chested. If I am completely honest, there are times when I am bothered by my parents who speak too loudly on the phone, or times when I feel an improper sense of second hand embarrassment when an overly Korean couple walks by. Everytime I tell people my name, it sticks to my tongue before it leaves my mouth. Kee—Joo. It still feels cumbersome, and sticky, I think it always will. But perhaps that is the glue that keeps me tethered to my culture. The glue which holds me to my family. The glue which keeps me together. 정.

Art by Jun Kwoun

Welcome to Chinatown

The Sydney Chinatown from my childhood memories was always alive and beating. There used to be many colourful street performers on Dixon Street, and the queue for Emperor's Garden cream puffs would stretch for eternity. People would take photos of the giant archways whilst leaning against the stone lions guarding them. The scent of dried abalone permeated the atmosphere — an ingredient which represents prosperity.

Chinatown is not a timeless exotic town square separated from the rest of Sydney. Rather, it is an institution shaped by people with diverse identities interacting with one another in Australia's unique cultural landscape. Professor Kay Anderson, in Chapter One of *Chinatown Unbound* says that Chinatowns across the world are conventionally viewed as: "idiosyncratic oriental communities amidst an occidental urban environment."

This understanding of Chinatown suffers from several issues. First, in viewing the institution as an essentialist Chinese one, it ostracises the community and reduces the identity of Chinese immigrants solely to "non-Western". Second, it overlooks the complex interaction of history, culture, and identity necessary for such an institution to form.

Chinatown is not the product of any single group or specific event, rather it is the product of a unique landscape occupied by a myriad of diverse identities.

Instead of a sliver of a foreign place, Sydney Chinatown should instead be viewed as an institution deeply embedded with the rest of Australia.

So place your finger on Sydney Chinatown with me, feel its slow trembling pulse, and we will see Australia's past, present and future.

Chinatown's past is Australia's past:

Chinatown began as the product of the political and cultural forces at play in Australia during the 20th Century, not least the White Australia Policy passed in 1901. This policy reflects the then white nationalist attitude of the West, where many Chinese Australians were forcibly deported and those who remained were antagonised.

Under this inhospitable climate, many fled to Dixon Street — at the time, it was one of the poorest areas of the city where the small population survived with the little they had. During this time, they started to turn the once inhospitable

Dixon Street into a home, paving the way for what is now Chinatown. Chinese locals started setting up clan associations to look after one another, for instance, they bought buildings to turn into boarding houses to look after elderly Chinese men who had no family.

While Australia remained in the past, other Western nations started to race ahead by embracing multicultural policies during the 60's. For instance, the US Civil Rights Act of 1964 banned segregation in the United States. For Chinese diaspora around the world, this tide of change led to money being spent in many Chinatowns across the world, turning them into popular tourist destinations.

However, Dixon Street was still treated like the ghetto of Sydney. In response to the development of San Francisco Chinatown, Sydney City Council representatives commented in 1972 that "one must admit to a sense of shame when one shows a San Franciscan our version of a Chinatown." At the same time, the governing regime in Australia was being challenged with the economic rise of Asian powers and faced with the potential of being left behind if it remained isolated from non-European forces.

Australia needed to change, and it did. White Australia ended in 1973, under the Whitlam government, sending the country to

embrace an era of multiculturalism. The authors of *Chinatown Unbound* wrote, "the logic of multiculturalism altered the positioning of ethnic subjects within the nation state: they were no longer asked to assimilate and hide their cultural differences."

At the micro level of Sydney's Chinatown, the City of Sydney began initiatives with plans like "beautify Dixon Street" and poured

money into revitalising the area. The goal was to accentuate the area's ethnic heritage: lanterns were added, decorations were installed, and a mall was later proposed.

The aesthetic profile of the area has often been criticised as "orientalist". However, these perspectives can overlook the contribution and agency of the Chinese Australian community throughout this period of change. In fact, the most visually striking decoration of

street — the ceremonial front gate and stone lions — were backed and paid for by local Chinese residents. This entire process was also done with the consent of a Chinese Committee from Chinatown made up of local businesses.

The 1970s saw the continued expansion of multicultural policies. Chinese schools and community oriented organisations were funded. By 1997, Chinatown Unbound cites that Chinatown became the ninth most visited attraction in Australia.

a townsquare of Australia's past, present and future

Lucas Kao walks down Dixon Street, through memory lane.

according to their initiatives and taste whilst still being adequately called "Chinatown".

However, Dixon Street is far from being representative of the Chinese Australian community today. Following the introduction of several skill-based and investment based migration schemes in the 90s, a wider diversity of Chinese people have settled in Australia. Many took their wealth built from China's successful economic reforms under Deng Xiaoping and found a new home in Australia. Similarly, middle and lower middle class Chinese diasporas from

Chinatown — multiculturalism and capitalism:

Sydney Chinatown's current state not only reflects the evolving social dynamics of Australia, it also sheds light on the consequences of the country's economic changes in the past four decades.

Many recent changes in Chinatown correlates with the real estate boom which has made housing inaccessible for many people. Due to the visibility of Chinese investment, people have placed blame on the community for

contributing to the housing bubble.

A lot of today's old empty spaces in Chinatown are being revamped for real estate investments. *The Sydney Morning Herald* has reported that three new hotels have been proposed near Chinatown. The *Urban Developer* has also reported that the owners of the now iconic Emperor's Garden Restaurant are ready to turn the space into a 14-storey apartment complex. This reflects an ongoing — albeit inconsistent — phenomenon over the past two decades that has seen the area and like many others across Australia, become real estate hotspots.

Hence, the increase of foreign Chinese capital in the Australian housing market has drawn media fascination and scrutiny. This includes businesses set up by first and second generation immigrants that offer services to foreign Chinese investors. Events in the early 2010s

like the "Chinese Sydney Property Expo" held in Dixon Street also drew widespread attention. There has also been a focus on the many Visa policy amendments made by the government to appeal to the foreign Chinese investors, that see residencies given out without English

singular foreign entity. This bears many similarities to the attitude of White Australia, when Chinese Australians were solely considered as "the other". It ultimately overlooks what the development of Chinatown truly reflects — the consequence of domestic policy decisions, such as mortgage liberalisation and low interest, over the past four decades, overheating demand in the housing market.

The swiftness with which Chinese Australians have been made to bear the blame should be a reminder of the potential regressions into racial fear mongering.

Conclusion:

No matter how people may separate Chinatown from the rest of Sydney, its fate is intrinsically tied to its surroundings. What happens around Chinatown shows up in physical changes on Dixon and Sussex street. Whether it is the addition of a new restaurant, or the demolishing of a building, it all relates to the broader happenings of Australia.

Likewise, Chinatown's people — the Chinese Australian community — have always been at the beating heart of Australia.

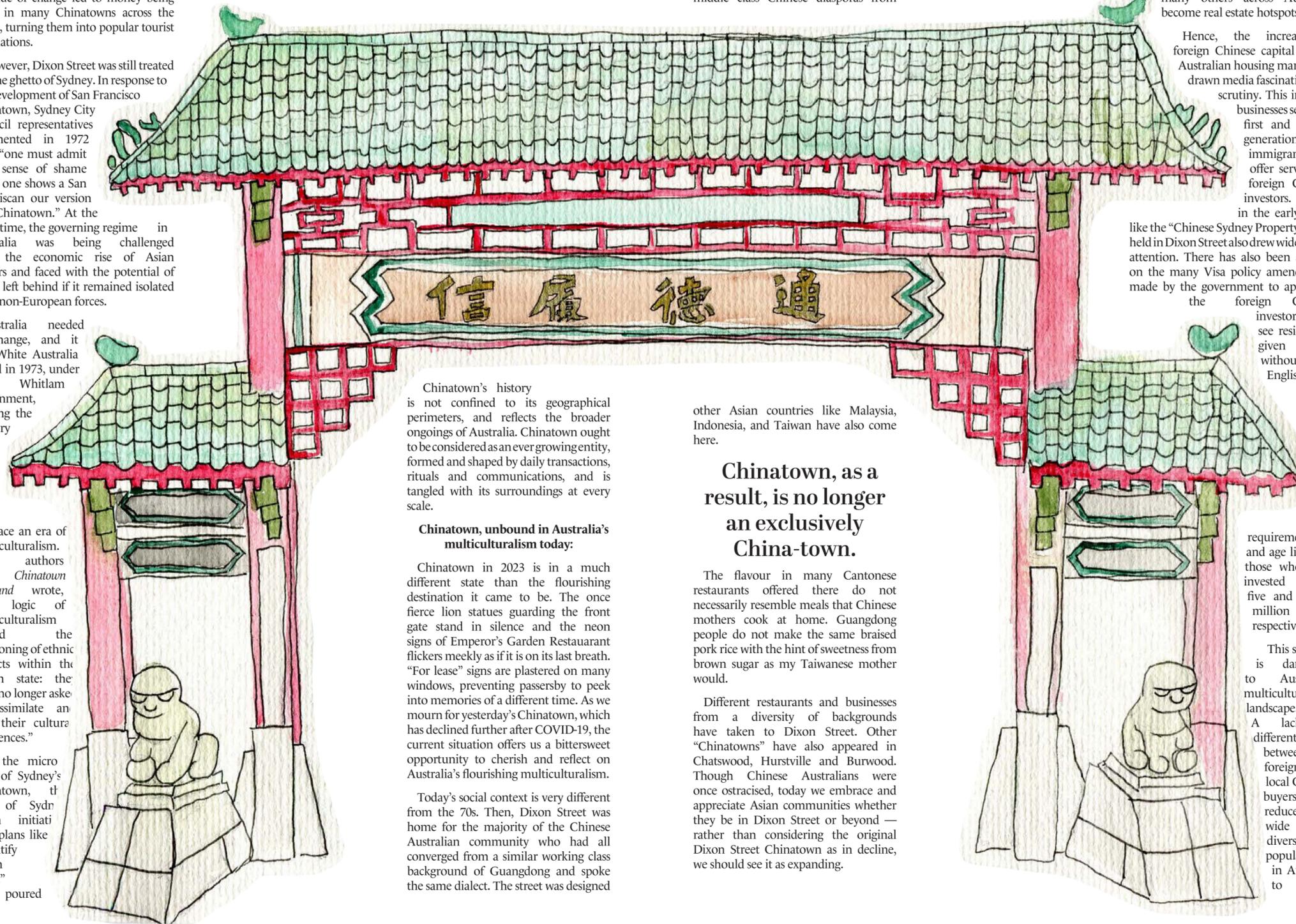
Whether it be a community in refuge surviving with bare means, or as prominent members of society, they have been part of the Australian story since the beginning.

Just like it did 100 years ago, Sydney Chinatown still lies across Dixon and Sussex Street.

Retrace the footsteps you took there as a kid with your parents. Turn right when you see Paddy's Market and you will see the famous ceremonial gate and the stone lions guarding them. Place your hands on them, be gentle, they don't bite, and in voices echoing from the past, they will roar:

"Welcome to Chinatown."

Art by Bipasha Chakraborty



Chinatown's history is not confined to its geographical perimeters, and reflects the broader ongoings of Australia. Chinatown ought to be considered as an ever growing entity, formed and shaped by daily transactions, rituals and communications, and is tangled with its surroundings at every scale.

Chinatown, unbound in Australia's multiculturalism today:

Chinatown in 2023 is in a much different state than the flourishing destination it came to be. The once fierce lion statues guarding the front gate stand in silence and the neon signs of Emperor's Garden Restaurant flicker meekly as if it is on its last breath. "For lease" signs are plastered on many windows, preventing passersby to peek into memories of a different time. As we mourn for yesterday's Chinatown, which has declined further after COVID-19, the current situation offers us a bittersweet opportunity to cherish and reflect on Australia's flourishing multiculturalism.

Today's social context is very different from the 70s. Then, Dixon Street was home for the majority of the Chinese Australian community who had all converged from a similar working class background of Guangdong and spoke the same dialect. The street was designed

other Asian countries like Malaysia, Indonesia, and Taiwan have also come here.

Chinatown, as a result, is no longer an exclusively China-town.

The flavour in many Cantonese restaurants offered there do not necessarily resemble meals that Chinese mothers cook at home. Guangdong people do not make the same braised pork rice with the hint of sweetness from brown sugar as my Taiwanese mother would.

Different restaurants and businesses from a diversity of backgrounds have taken to Dixon Street. Other "Chinatowns" have also appeared in Chatswood, Hurstville and Burwood. Though Chinese Australians were once ostracised, today we embrace and appreciate Asian communities whether they be in Dixon Street or beyond — rather than considering the original Dixon Street Chinatown as in decline, we should see it as expanding.

requirements and age limits to those who have invested up to five and fifteen million dollars respectively.

This scrutiny is damaging to Australia's multicultural landscape. A lack of differentiation between foreign and local Chinese buyers, reduced a wide and diverse population in Australia to a

Of sand and stone and sky

The sun will rise and set but it will never fall. Your class will finish at three o'clock and the bees will follow you home. The Quadrangle will never get bigger but it will grow, it will brim so full that the ghosts go quiet. The rain will pour and run and it might never cede. But at least we will be warm.

I was nine years old when I caught my first glimpse of the Quadrangle, ten on my first real visit. I had never felt so small. Not insignificant or sorry; not awestruck or stunned. Ten years on and still, I have never felt so small, so scaled-down and pocket-sized in a doorway facing the city which built me.

Heavenly stained glass melted on earthly green grass: hold me upright when all I want to do is sit.

Sit and look to the hills speckled with cows and tractors. Scatter seeds to one day line the border with trees. Run down the dirt track and play in the stables, wooden and rickety with imported ills. Watch the convicts plough and the soldiers drill and long for a faraway home. Let them pray

for their children. Send them back to where they came from, these men who break more than bread.

None of us are old enough to remember the souls carved into these colonial walls. No one ever wants to talk about the lime quarried from the shade of the Wianamatta shales. Nothing will ever bring back the overgrown billabong of the "Kangaroo Grounds." This was a place of learning long before French, German and political thought.

We cannot have sand without stone.

Oblivious to the concrete path, the Great Hall rustles beneath budding ivy.

Build me from the ground up.

Smooth out my edges and make me clean.

Adorn me with carillons and turrets,

harken me to Oxford

and send my love to the Queen.

If windows are the eyes to my soul

Then toss banners from my balconies,

cover me in taffeta,

and sing for seven days.

Lay me down.

Help me settle.

Water my roots with hot milk.

I'll see you when you get here.

Deep voices echo through the early wooden frames. Too many say nothing at all. They do not listen, only mumble when they have not been asked to: a reminder! This is where the best minds come to study, struggle and shine.

July moves to January and new mouths are eager to introduce themselves. They have pale skin and red lips, high necks and black robes. I am not the first woman to walk these halls but I know she is holding my hand. It is September and the first caps are thrown to the ground with the last jacaranda petals, browned and smelling of tea. A new season has arrived and everyone is watching.

Even the statues are dressed in pantyhose now, their souls laid bare like the Depression we had to have. The flags are flying but the deep mahogany bleeds and the gargoyles will not stop crying. Vulgar, vulgar, vulgar, crass: there is no longer anything ceremonial about a graduation. Push the boundaries and print the papers. Knowledge is free! Honi soit qui mal y pense!

The first shouts turn your blood cold. Classes stop because students

Simone Maddison steps back into The Quadrangle.



refuse to be lectured. Emotion, raw propensity pours from the centre's every puncture. When it does not stop they know they have made history. Bell-bottom jeans stand in the central junction floating flyers on the wind. Charles Perkins boards a bus. Knee-high boots chisel footholds into loose bricks and the Chancellor's Office in the Right Wing. Fingerless gloves drop posters and political dreams from the bell tower. Photographs may make time stand still, but sandstone never erodes.

I had my first kiss beneath one of these winged stairwells. I learned how to love here. Guided by this passion and chaos, I learned to love here.

From a soft tremor to a heartbeat: a body, fully-formed and sloped in all the right places. Famous alumni and honorary doctors and drag queens layer their footsteps atop mine, their art an homage to the greens and browns and blues stained onto their feet. My family cups my cheeks as I take a glass of champagne. There is a candle in the Macleay Museum I must light, a light that will never go out.

Now it is July again and they have taken away the jacaranda tree. The same sweeping sky that sunned my heart in summer souses it now that it has broken. The lawns invite me to lay down with them, to sink so deeply into their tolling bells and twinkling bulbs that the grinding gears and gossips and goodbyes forget we exist. I have always feared I will try my best and it will still not be enough.

Yet I no longer need to face and sit: this moment will not be my last. I have many more tears to cry and discoveries to make. I do not know what I do not know, but I will take my time.

—

You all look the same when you laugh and when you cry. The sun rises and you learn from it. You keep coming back, even when it rains. I will try my best to keep you warm.

Art by Ely Yu

Joan & Joan: Writing vulnerability and frailty

Ana-Sofia Petrovic contemplates Joan Didion, Joan Baez, and fragility.

"[S]he is in a sense the hapless victim of what others have seen in her...She is the Madonna of the disaffected. She is the pawn of the protest movement. She is the unhappy analysand."

— Joan Didion, *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* (1968)

I have been thinking about vulnerability and frailty in the work of Joan Didion and Joan Baez.

In her 1968 essay "Where the Kissing Never Stops", Joan Didion wrote on folk singer Joan Baez, her apparently naive approach to political action, and her capacity for vulnerability which, according to Didion, allowed Baez "to 'come through' to all the young and lonely and inarticulate." Didion cast a critical eye over Baez's revolutionary ambitions, as she did over all revolutionary politics. However, she was unusually sympathetic to the folk singer, perhaps charmed by Baez's awareness of the charisma of her own naivety and vulnerability. Whilst "Where the Kissing Never Stops" exemplifies the cool, concise, and detached prose Didion is known for throughout her work, Didion would later approach the vulnerability she identifies in Baez — in particular with her intimate 2005 memoir on the death of her husband, *The Year of Magical Thinking*. Both the Joans find something within this vulnerability: a frailty inherent to their humanity.

"Where the Kissing Never Stops", included in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, continues Didion's examination of the disaffected youth of America in the 1960s, and what Didion sees as their futile search for a sense of salvation. The essay deals

specifically with Baez's Institute for the Study of Nonviolence in Carmel Valley, California, and neighbouring conservative families' attempts to shut down the school, which they thought might demoralise younger generations' involvement in the Vietnam war, and, in Didion's words, "lead to 'Berkeley-type' demonstrations".

Always sceptical of revolutionaries, Didion is critical of Baez' political naivety. In Didion's eyes, Baez' political participation was limited to instincts: as Didion wrote, "to encourage Joan Baez to be 'political' is really only to encourage Joan Baez to continue 'feeling' things." And yet, Didion suggests that the naive aspect of Baez' character was one that attracted a kind of apostolic following. Her allure, according to Didion, is this childlike openness and vulnerability, rooted in her way of "hang[ing] on to the innocence and turbulence and capacity for wonder...of her own or of anyone's adolescence."

I first recognised Baez' vulnerability in her song "Diamonds and Rust", written following a phone call with her long-term ex-lover Bob Dylan. The lyrics make a lot of sense if you know a little of Dylan's character. When I found the song, I related deeply to Baez's words, and to her feeling that her emotions were trivialised by someone's attempt to intellectualise them, so as to make them appear unreasonable. Baez recounts her frustration with Dylan's indifference towards her, and his efforts to reason his way out of showing any kind of vulnerability. This frustration reaches its apex in the lyrics: "Now you're telling me you're not nostalgic / then give me another word for it /

you who are so good with words / and at keeping things vague". In baring herself completely through the song, in making herself vulnerable, Baez reveals her frailty. She cannot, despite Dylan's aloofness, be unaffected and continue on after this phone call; "we both know what memories can bring / they bring diamonds and rust." With her accusatory, almost mocking tone of Dylan's rationality — "you who are so good with words" — Baez seems unconvinced by Dylan's unaffected exterior, perhaps believing him to be in denial of some inherent human frailty.

Vulnerability can, of course, be experienced physically as well as emotionally, or even both at the same time. But it seems that whilst physical vulnerability is accepted as inevitable, emotional vulnerability is often presented as something to be overcome.

I was both listening to "Diamonds and Rust", and reading *The Year of Magical Thinking*, when my boyfriend Toby went to hospital in February. He had bad pneumonia in his left lung with further complications. He is usually a pretty cool customer. Not so much a stoic, but he takes thoughtful time to respond to questions, and seems unaffected by silences, so it is strange to see him vulnerable and frail like this. He probably had pneumonia for weeks earlier, and was smoking too many cigarettes. In January his breath was warm and wheezy. He told me about a dream he had of his lungs, seeing them as a cave, with inside a baby's rattle aflame and rocking in the dark, shaking off its little embers.

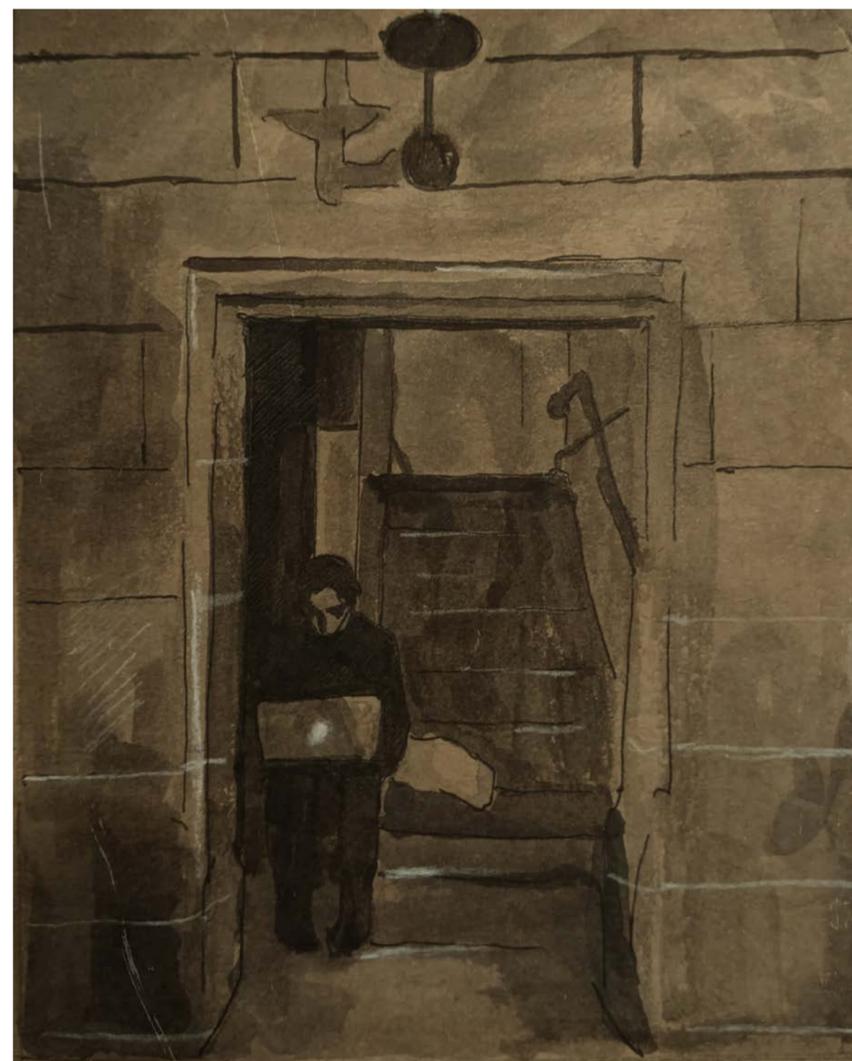
"Like the death rattle," Toby said. He went back to work a few days later.

Didion took a turn towards vulnerability in her memoir *The Year of Magical Thinking*, which recounts the death of her husband John Dunne. Finding herself in a vulnerable position after losing Dunne suddenly to a heart attack, Didion confronts a frailty within herself, which she struggles to reconcile with her public persona of a cool, calm, and unaffected figure. Moments before Didion is told her husband died in hospital, she hears the doctor being advised, "It's ok, she's a pretty cool customer."

Whilst I cannot say that all emotional vulnerability might be obviously linked to physical vulnerability, the very primal fears of physical and emotional vulnerability must at least run parallel. Thinking of the vulnerability of the body panics me. I think of the scene in that old surrealist film *Un Chien Andalou*, where a woman's eye is sliced open with a straight razor in about two seconds. In reality, it wouldn't even take a razor — you could probably take an eye out with a cotton bud.

"It leaves a mark," cool customer Toby said of his own frailty. And "it" could be anything: pneumonia or some other non-physical disappointment. But it does, always, leave a mark.

Art by Ely Yu



Sending a Woman to do a Man's job: Gendered Power in *Tár*

At the climatic moment of Todd Field's *Tár*, whilst Mahler's Fifth Symphony rings in our ears, Lydia Tár appears before us, her face contorting into a mask that would appear at home in a Greek tragedy. It is little wonder that Field conjures her in this fashion. Her tragic downfall, a slide from the prophetic heights of her power, has already been decided in a boardroom somewhere offscreen.

In some ways, the sort of tragedy we bear witness to in *Tár* is hardly new. The archetype of a Faustian deal, where consummate knowledge, or in this case artistic achievement, is acquired at the expense of the human soul, is time-honoured. As such, whilst Maestro Lydia Tár's flight into artistic perfection grants her power, it also anaesthetises her to the obvious abuses she perpetuates in virtue of that power.

For us viewers, the resulting question is quite simple. Is there something in Lydia's character that led her to her own downfall, or is there something in the nature of power itself that is the source of the many moral harms she enacts? Eschewing the dogma of the tragic protagonist's hamartia, Blanchett's own answer has been quite clear —

"I think that power is a corrupting force, no matter what one's gender is."

This brings us to what is certainly new in the tragedy *Tár* represents. Lydia is a woman, and a queer one at that, engaging in the sorts of manipulations that paradigmatically belong to the male abusers of the #MeToo era. By the admission of the filmmakers, this is a ploy designed to deny us viewers recourse to a certain pre-established reaction. In fact, Blanchett has said that the movie would fail "if there was a male at the centre of it, because we understand so absolutely what that looks like." Essentially, if *Tár* were a man, our explicit recognition of him as an abuser would prevent the cultivation of the film's empathetic identification with its central character. Such a limitation on our outrage is meant to show that the corrupting influence of power transcends gendered categorisations and lures all sorts of people, possessing all sorts of bodies, into its vice.

But, there is more to be said on the subject of Lydia's gender. The film goes to great lengths to distance her from the condition of her womanhood. She herself rejects the title of 'maestra' and frowns at the suggestion that there is

a marked difference between being a female composer from a composer in general. More pointedly, she rallies dramatically against her student's views that would reduce the value of an artwork to a set of facts about the identity of its creator, declaring that the success of artistic creation necessarily depends upon the evisceration of the artist's identity. As a result, it might be tempting to conclude that Lydia's character is symbolically 'masculinised'. But, it is more apt to say that it is not Lydia who is masculine, but rather the conception of power at the heart of the film.

In Field's view, power is a force innately tied to a 'natural' struggle for domination. Even when we witness Lydia's activities as a mother, protecting the interests of her child against a bully, she utilises her adult power in a coercive sense, complete with an (admittedly amusing) threat of violence. French philosopher Lucie Irigaray would have us believe that this conception of power arises because all of culture features a "sectarian" rift at its core. Only one side of that rift, that of the masculine, has elaborated its own system of values and ideals, a "Symbolic". It has also enforced this "symbolic" by developing institutions to repress the feminine

other. As a result, only the masculine is illuminated by the light of human logic. Inside this logic, power is the primordial tool through which the chaos of nature is reduced to the vassalage of man's projects.

To fail to envision a different form of power is to accept the supposedly "natural" masculinist articulation of power. It is also, if we buy Irigaray's claim, tantamount to swallowing that the male component of culture is all that culture can be. I doubt very much that either Field or Blanchett would have us take that bitter pill. A different form of power is within the reach of our imagination. Irigaray herself offers that it may lie in cultivating "a world of our own" inside ourselves, renouncing the need to violently bring the outside into our dominion.

In the end, it is Blanchett, throughout her cavalcade of awards season acceptance speeches, who has frequently reminded us of the oft-neglected truth that women's experience is not a monolith. This moviegoer only hopes that one day we might be able to acknowledge that power too, is not so monolithic, or merely that it doesn't have to be.

Hamish Lewis contemplates power and masculinity.

Rose Tinted Glasses

Brisbane light is a special kind of light, especially on a sultry autumn evening. The orange sun splashes through the horizon of tangled trees in leafy Bardon, in the outer-western suburbs of inner Brisbane, at around 4:45pm. It's a soft light, mingling with the soft, effortless heat still hanging in the air from a long Queensland summer.

The memories of my three months in Bardon, roughly falling across Autumn 2020, are draped in this light. It falls across the walks I did through the bush parks and reserves of that special part of Brisbane. It splashes through the unusually cold days I spent exploring the D'Aguiar ranges to the west, and the warmer nights by the firepit with my new neighbours, tossing increasingly small sticks (if they even deserve that name, given their diminutive size and stringy sloppiness) to my aunt and uncle's dog Diego.

But has this orange-yellow tint produced rose-tinted glasses? This warm sunny light hasn't just washed across good memories, leaving them tinged with tangerine-coloured longing: I realise now that it has entirely blindsided what I can only call the bad bits.

These were days of loneliness and isolation. The decision to rush to Brisbane (an act necessitated by the family business) was abrupt, and left little time for goodbyes to my friends:

people I had only just been through the rough-and-tumble of the HSC with. This personal drama was wrapped up in an atmosphere of intense and unpredictable change.

In objective terms Autumn 2020 was not a good time. The seriousness of the global health emergency we were facing was only just hitting home. Barely three days before I arrived in Brisbane, mandatory 14 day quarantines for arrivals in Australia was announced. The panic-buying phase had only just passed, and memes about toilet paper still filled my Facebook feed. The scale of the public health disaster in countries like Italy and Iran and the devastating incompetence of Boris Johnson's government in the UK were increasingly becoming apparent to Australians.

I, for one, was scared — waiting for what I thought was an imminent and inevitable infection and dreading the collapse of our health system. The overbearing smell of hand sanitiser hung in the air, by which I mean the house and car I spent almost all my time in (apart from short daily walks).

Yet all this has faded in my memory; it takes genuine effort to recall the sequence of events in the unfolding global catastrophe of COVID-19. Instead, I am left only with memories of reconnecting with nature and family, and discovering new friends

and new eyes through which to see the city I had spent so much time as a child.

Are these rose-tinted glasses? That idiom has an unclear origin and a generally pejorative association. We often, I think, consider it a waste of time to view the past in such a positive light. We attach rose-tinted glasses to people who live in their own little histories, producing fantasy-lands into which they can escape from reality.

But might they in fact be useful? The rose-tinted glasses I view my autumn 2020 with, coloured by soft Brisbane light, reveal true joy that I certainly didn't appreciate at the time; in between lockdown anxiety and loneliness I was positively miserable. Yet, looking back, there was much to be grateful for — a fact I perhaps should have been more aware of at the time.

Returning to University in 2023, we all find ourselves in a time of tumult and flux. Whilst the return to in-person uni — particularly in-person exams — isn't perhaps as big an adjustment as the dawn of the Covid era, it remains a stressful and scary time for many of us, particularly vulnerable members of the University community.

But how will we see it in three years time, when the rose wash kicks in over the memories in our minds eye? Will we even remember the stress of

Aidan Elwig Pollock puts on his glasses.

in-person exams, beyond a little note of "oh yeah, that happened, wasn't that a bit shit?". Will the return of in-person university be anything other than a footnote? What are we missing in the moment, that will float to front and centre when we look back on our experiences?

Yet my time in Brisbane has taught me that perhaps we don't have to wait. Instead of going through the motions, focusing on the sludge and grime of the bearably unpleasant parts of life, what if we pick up the rose-tinted glasses now? I would venture that rather than exams and lectures, we'll see the expanded opportunities for friendship making within a more active university environment. We'll see the rich experiences we gathered in our personal lives as a result, as opposed to memories of late-night cramming sessions and last-minute study.

These negative experiences will still remain. That is non-negotiable — we have to face this brave new world, whether we like it or not. In a lot of ways, even with some perspective, they will remain simply that — negative experiences. But I would encourage us all to find our rose-tinted glasses — our own Brisbane light — and allow it not only to define our memories, but our life in the moment. Trite, I know, but maybe there's something in that.

Ticket to Paradise... or Subscription to Paradise?

Valerie Chidiac asks if we should go to the movies or just stay home.

Steven Spielberg, one of the greatest living directors, recently told Tom Cruise that he "might have saved theatrical distribution" with his 2022 film *Top Gun: Maverick*. Regardless of whether you think the *Top Gun* sequel was an enjoyable ride or military propaganda, this sparked a huge question: how do we preserve the purity of 'going to the movies' amidst the rise of streaming services?

The COVID-19 pandemic has renewed these concerns — public health standards and higher costs of living have contributed to audiences shifting towards streaming services, forgoing the 'cinematic experience.' In fact, going to the cinema is more commonly associated with a fun couple of hours to hang out with friends or family, rather than the luxury of viewing a film. In other words, the cinema isn't the only option anymore. Nor is it the only source of content, with young people preferring streaming

services, or Youtube and other "audiovisual" methods like social media and video games for their daily dose of entertainment.

The recycled, promotional slogan of "see movies on the big screen... where they are intended" is becoming obsolete. Yes, movies work better in a dark room with strangers, but the higher expenses are not limited to ticket fares: cinemagoers face travel expenses, as well as unreasonably priced snacks and drinks. In comparison with a monthly streaming fee with access to a catalogue of movies and TV shows, it becomes a question of value for money, rather than a question of whether cinema is dying..

Executives like Tearlach Hutcheson, Vice President of Film at Studio Movie Grill, still viewed 2022 as a "rebound year." Pre-pandemic numbers are not predicted until 2024. Even major film markets like China, which Hollywood has counted on for profit, have seen up-and-down figures.

When movies come out a few months later on streaming, like Disney's *Thor: Love and Thunder*, and *Lightyear*, audiences are less likely to show up to the cinema. Suffering from

the same issue, awards-centric and non-blockbuster films, like *She Said* and *The Fabelmans*, were not big at the box office as audiences preferred to wait out until they hit streaming. *Babylon*, a blockbuster, awards-centric movie about Hollywood itself also did poorly, partially owing to its graphic content and mixed reviews.

Celebrated filmmakers, while preferring the big screen, are increasingly motivated to switch to streaming services like Netflix to produce their films without studio interference. Martin Scorsese's last film, *The Irishman* (2019), was made for Netflix, as well as his upcoming film *Killers of the Flower Moon* (2023). Guillermo Del Toro has released *Cabinet of Curiosities* (2022), and *Pinnocchio* (2022) on Netflix with two projects on the way: *The Buried Giant* and a *Frankenstein* adaptation.

However, are streaming services a sustainable model? These platforms are fraught with difficulty — take Netflix as an example. It produces original content, and allows for limited theatrical releases when releasing awards-worthy films like *Glass Onion: A Knives Out Mystery*. With *Glass Onion's* success, many questioned Netflix's release strategy which prevented higher profits. Netflix isn't interested in box office or protecting "cinema", since its business lies in subscription. Founder and co-CEO Reed Hastings explicitly said, "we are not trying to build a theatrical business."

On a better note, LGBTQIA+ representation has found a home on streaming services. However,

Netflix has also faced criticism over its tendency to cancel series early regardless of viewership, including media such as *Sense8*, *Shadowhunters*, *First Kill*, *Warrior Nun*, and *Uncoupled*.

Furthermore, Netflix's controversial new rules to combat password sharing across households (since retracted), are still being tested in Canada, New Zealand, Portugal and Spain. There is ongoing backlash over the impact of subscribers who lived in different homes, especially those at university or overseas, who would have to create separate accounts.

Whilst 2022 was seen as the year where many films — franchise entries, reboots of popular IP or, in some instances, original storytelling — brought audiences back to the cinema, streaming services remain fierce competition. According to Letterboxd, some of the most anticipated films of 2023 are *Barbie*, *Oppenheimer*, *Dune: Part II*, *Spider-Man: Across the Spider-Verse*, and Ari Aster's new horror entry *Beau is Afraid*. These hyped-up films present an opportunity for higher ticket sales, and will serve as a test regarding the revival of cinema-going.

In the meantime, a movie currently taking over the box office besides the newest *Ant-Man* sequel is *Cocaine Bear*, which is about a bear who accidentally ingests cocaine and goes on a violent rampage. Watch it now in cinemas, or wait for streaming. Whatever tickles your fancy. A ticket and subscription to paradise can coexist side-by-side... until a new formula is born that challenges both.

Praise be to Tubi

The year is 2020, and Australia is in its first lockdown. Glued to our computers, my friends and I — dotted around various parts, from Melbourne to Tasmania to Ashfield — all log on to discord and decide to watch a movie. Having stumbled upon a website simply titled Tubi, I suggest we browse their collection. Little did we know, this would send us down a rabbit hole we could never escape from.

Tubi is a free subscription service sprung out of the U.S., hosting an abundance of independent films and television series from around the world. Anyone can upload a piece of media that they have worked tirelessly on, and the website makes a profit from advertising revenue (which can easily be blocked by Chrome extensions).

The website is fascinating, and since users are able to upload anything they want, it becomes an insane collection of prestige films rubbing shoulders with absolute dog crap. Whole sections and categories of the website are dedicated

to award-winning films, your typical crime, sci-fi, and fantasy fare, along with independent cinema, and even religious flicks, kids shows and straight-up pornography.

If you were to click shuffle on its recommendations, it is purely up to fate whether you get *We Need to Talk about Kevin* or *Attack of the 50 Foot Camgirl*.

After discovering this modern day Library of Alexandria, we began our "Mobie Nights" — a weekly discord call that consisted of us getting drunk and watching bad movies, the deliberate misspelling of "movie" adding to the humour of it all.

Our ritual included sifting through the website's vast collection, and after rolling a die and picking a film, we'd have our winner. As we sat and watched, we'd critique, mock and berate the film, with discussion afterwards if we're not too tired or inebriated.

Since the commencement of Mobie Nights, I have watched around 77

Harry Gay spends his nights playing movie roulette.

movies from Tubi's vast collection. For those brave enough to venture into its dark digital caverns, I've reflected on the best and the worst pieces of trashy so-bad-it's-good media to watch.

For those looking for cheesy action, the website hosts gems like *Jasper* and *Night Driver* — vanity projects that depict their writer, director and stars as incredible fighters and irresistible to women.

Trite attempts at comedy that fall flat on their face and make you cringe? Look no further than *Epic Movie*, *Loqueshia*, *You Hittin Dat???*, and the vast collection of Jeff Dunham stand up specials.

Kids movies that are absolutely baffling and miss their target audience completely? Try out *Baby Geniuses* and *The Space Baby*, *Zapped*, *Pants on Fire*, *Harriet the Spy: Blog Wars*, *Home Alone 4* and *A Meowpy Halloween*.

Religious, right wing zealotism, with a hint of conspiracy theories? *The Badge*, *the Bible and Bigfoot*, *The Freedom of Silence*, *2025: The World Enslaved by a*

Virus, *The Coming*, *Treasure Blind* and *Turbines* will have you covered.

As lockdowns have become a distant memory, though, and as our personal lives have blossomed beyond the screen, Mobie Nights have become more irregular.

However, we still call occasionally, and recently we finally met in person after all these years. Being able to hug my friends and show them around Sydney, there was no screen inhibiting our conversation, and we chatted like everything was normal.

It made me reflect on our Mobie Nights, and my time studying film at USyd. When watching a film, it is important to sit with it, to analyse, critique and even mock it. But without that other person, the receiver to whom we express these thoughts and feelings, and who can bounce off with even greater ideas, where else can these thoughts go?

President

LIA PERKINS

Hello! Here's what I've been up to - join the pickets or don't come onto campus on March 9th!

The SRC stands in full solidarity with the NTEU on strike this Thursday. Staff working conditions are student learning conditions. Students have a crucial role to play showing their solidarity with the people who really run this university - the academic

and professional staff who teach and support us. To contribute to the fight for a better education system, it's essential to come and join staff on the picket lines - from 7am on March 9th.

On Friday the SRC joined the Enviro Collective and the National Union of Students to demand no new coal and gas mines, and a just transition to 100% publicly owned renewables. We marched from Fisher Library to Town Hall to join School Strike for Climate. On the 1 year anniversary of the floods, it's important to remember the devastation and destruction that climate change continues to cause

- and the lack of action from our government.

I wholly condemn the University's move to suspend Maddie Clark and Deaglan Godwin, and the SRC has posted a statement and open letter in support. I'd encourage students, staff and alumni to sign this letter demanding that the University drop the suspension and defend free speech on campus. Council passed a motion to support Cherish Kuhlemann, UNSW Education officer, in her campaign to drop the draconian charges against her. Cherish's charges represent the repression of the

fundamental right to protest.

This week, I also attended my first Academic Board meeting. One thing I raised was the major problem students seeking support from the SRC are having at the moment, which is that the University's centralised system is causing enormous problems for enrolment because they are not resourced to support their own students.

President consultation hours continue! Foodhub is open! See more of what we're up to on the SRC Facebook and Instagram! Students support strikes!

Vice Presidents

DANIEL BOWRON
ROSE DONNELLY

Dearest Student Community,

Hello again! We have taken some deep breaths following the hectic Welcome Week and have settled back into our rhythm. There have been several developments since our last correspondence and we're very keen to share them with you.

FoodHub has officially reopened, with stock flying off the shelves in the first week. Current and prospective users can expect Pixii period product dispensers in future (similar to those in the USU bathrooms), as well as recipes and tips for cooking on low

budgets, and perhaps even some fresh locally sourced produce...

On a totally unrelated note, we have also been told of a community garden on campus that is looking for volunteers. If anyone feels so inclined, email us (vice.president@src.usyd.edu.au) or reach out directly to the garden's Instagram @usyd.garden.

Please note that FoodHub will be closed on Thursday 9 March, in solidarity with the NTEU strike action. We look forward to seeing you out on the pickets!

Further to last week, we are seeking to talk to students who have been severely impacted by the current cost of living crisis. If you are, or know someone who is, please email us.

Love Daniel and Rose xoxo

General Secretaries

TIGER PERKINS
JASMINE DONNELLY

EFFICIENT Gensecs Tiger and Jaz have (insert line about how busy and popular we are) and are (insert line about how behind on uni we are). We released the budget last council, which outlines what amount of money each collective receives to run campaigns throughout the year. This passed at our council meeting last week! (thank fuck)

We now turn our gaze to organising Rad Ed week and getting engrossed into some administrative labour with the collectives. We are also busy building for the NTEU Staff Strike on Thursday where we will

protest the exploitative conditions which our teachers endure to educate wankers like us. Don't come to class in solidarity, or join the picket line on the day. If you're thinking of crossing to go to class (nerd), get up off your knees and out of the Vice Chancellor's office. Those who have medical/other urgent appointments on campus will be allowed in to uni. To all who read this, we would love to see you strike with us on the day - if you're interested come to Eastern Avenue at 9am.

SASH

ELIZA CROSSLEY
ALANA RAMSHAW
GRACE PORTER
ZOE COLES

Wow, it's already Week 2 and we have lots to report on! Over the summer, we engaged in activism on and off campus, attending WoCo's rally demanding a rape-free campus and the Violet CoCo rallies to fight anti-protest laws. We also helped

edit Growing Strong which contains articles about Women in Climate disasters and Abortion Inaccessibility in NSW. On the more bureaucratic side, we recommended amendments to the Student Sexual Misconduct Response Procedures 2018 to include options for students whose complaints have failed to yield disciplinary action.

This year we have already seen accusations of sexism, homophobia, and intimidation from Saint Andrews college students being raised. This is disgusting and we must reinvigorate

the 'burn the colleges' campaign and continue to fight against the scourge of sexual violence on this campus.

During this semester, with WoCo we will help build a roundtable and informational forum around the safety of colleges and are excited to plan events for Rad Sex and Consent Week for semester two. We are also planning to support 'the International Working Girls Day' rally for the rights of sex workers to participate in International Women's Day in a way that uplifts radical feminism. We are

also building a counter-protest for Day of the Unborn child, a day that creates stigma around abortion access. Thanks to our Wom*n's Officers for being the headkickers of these events!

We would love more support on our campaigns so if interested please come along to WoCo meetings!

Student Accommodation

ALANA RAMSHAW
JORDAN ANDERSON
ISHBEL DUNSMORE
MICHELLE UNG

The Student Accommodation Officers did not submit a Report this week.

Global Solidarity

YANG TU
JULIA TRAN
TENGFEI PAN
JASMINE AL-RAWI

The General Secretaries did not submit a Report this week.

Disclaimer

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Time Management Tips & Resources for Students



Time management allows you to achieve the most within the limited time you have available. At University that might mean balancing all of your readings and assessments, with work, a social life and home responsibilities. It's like a budget for your time.

The internet is awash of time management resources. A good place to start is with the Learning Centre's information on how to make a daily timetable, for all of your classes, private study time, and other responsibilities; as well as a semester planner to map out when each of your assignments

take your time to find whatever works best for you. It is also a good idea to talk to your lecturers and tutors to let them know what you find difficult, and what they might do to help you to succeed.

Sometimes you cannot get things done, because there are too many demands on you. If you need to work, or have other responsibilities, consider taking a reduced study load. Students on a Centrelink payment will need to talk to a caseworker, while students on a visa will need to consult the SRC's migration solicitor, before dropping

Sometimes poor time management can be caused by other factors, such as perfectionism and procrastination. The Uni's Counselling and Psychological Services (CAPS) has some resources online, and you can also talk to a counselor to get some strategies. ADHD is also a major cause of time management difficulties.

are due, so that you allow enough time to complete each of them. Try each of these for a few weeks, and make whatever adjustments you need to have them suit you.

Sometimes poor time management can be caused by other factors, such as perfectionism and procrastination. The Uni's Counselling and Psychological Services (CAPS) has some resources online, and you can also talk to a counselor to get some strategies. ADHD is also a major cause of time management difficulties. If you have a diagnosis, you can register with the Uni's Disability Services Unit to get adjustments, like extra time for your assessments. There are lots of support groups that share information on techniques that help to start tasks, remain focused, and manage the anxiety around ADHD. There are plenty of resources that are quite expensive, and some that are free, so

a subject. Some students think that having a smaller study load will mean they will graduate later, but the reality is that you will progress more quickly, and at less cost, if you do three subjects and pass them all, than if you attempt four subjects and fail some.

When completing any assignment, take the time to check that you have correctly referenced, and be mindful to paraphrase as you go. No matter how busy you are it is not worth risking a fail grade, because you have plagiarised, either deliberately or accidentally. Buying an assignment from someone, or using a fake medical certificate is likely to be discovered by the Uni, and is likely to lead to a suspension from Uni. If you are not sure what you could do instead, please talk to an SRC Caseworker, who can offer a free, confidential, non-judgmental service, that is independent of the Uni.

Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker Help Q&A

Centrelink Independence



Dear Abe,

I've applied for Centrelink Youth Allowance, but they said I can't have it because my parents earn too much money. My parents don't give me any money, so I think I should be able to get the payment. What should I do?

Independent

Dear Independent,

Unfortunately, Centrelink don't care about your actual circumstances. They will only consider you independent if you:

- are 22 years or older
- have special circumstances (e.g., you're an orphan, or parents are in prison)

- have worked an average of 30 hours a week
- are married, or in a marriage-like relationship

You might be eligible for a Low Income Health Care Card that won't give you an income, but may help with any health costs you have. Talk to the Uni's Financial Support Services to see what they can offer you. For more details about Centrelink go to the SRC's Caseworker Help page: bit.ly/3XV5b5n

Thanks,
Abe

If you need help from an SRC Caseworker start an enquiry on our Caseworker Contact Form: bit.ly/3YxvDUf



SRC's Essential Guide to Living on Little Money for Students!

Available on the SRC website or collect a copy at the SRC Welcome Week Stall:

srcusyd.net.au/src-help/money/guide-to-living-on-little-money/

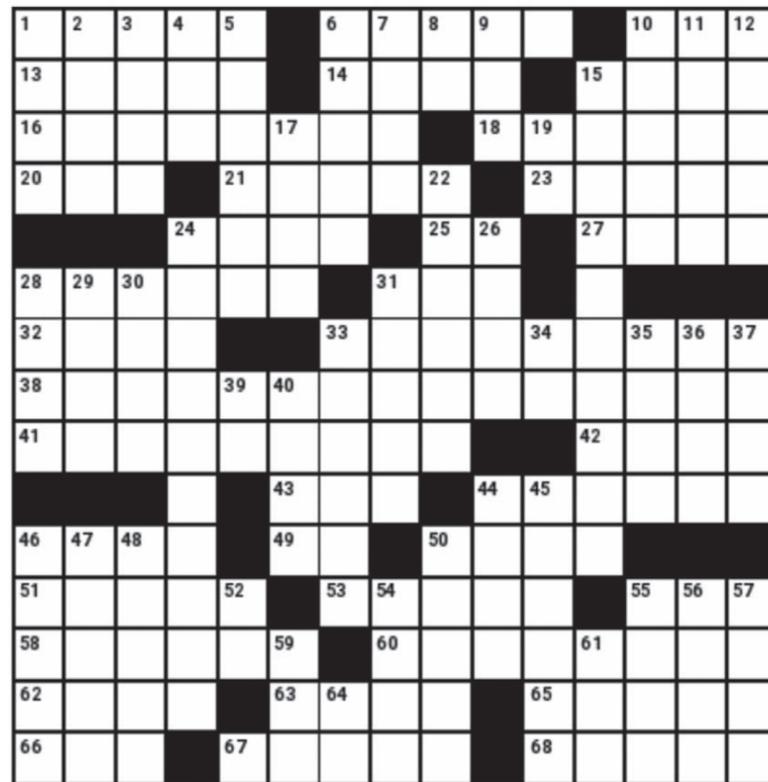


Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
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usydsrc src_usyd src_sydneyuni



American Crossword



Down

- 1. Mad or eccentric person (!)
- 2. Japanese edible seaweed
- 3. Response to 'Are you in?'
- 4. Internet provider
- 5. Muslim but not Sunni
- 6. Hits (a fly)
- 7. Samoan unit of currency
- 8. Island US state
- 9. White Christian garment
- 10. Effeminate man
- 11. Routes marked by green signs in buildings
- 12. What you do to a knot (!)
- 15. Modificato da una lingua all'altra
- 17. Dark film genre
- 19. Internet domain abbreviation of Ecuador
- 22. Lying facing up
- 24. English circle of rocks
- 26. Mother
- 28. Indian bread (!)
- 29. Saint and Sesame Street character
- 30. Australia's southernmost university
- 31. Bits of data (!)
- 33. Downturns
- 34. College that comes in LA and Berkeley versions
- 35. Unnamed, in a forum, or soon, in days of old
- 36. Baby powder
- 37. Macpherson or Fanning (!)
- 39. The degree to which something may be lit
- 40. Heavily walk
- 44. Window shelf
- 45. Makes an emotional appeal
- 46. Small small island
- 47. Engage with Eftpos or Tinder
- 48. Bedsheet material
- 50. Gets up
- 52. Union in Europe
- 54. Price
- 55. Yoga enthusiast, or bear
- 56. Prayer finisher
- 57. Iranian bread (!)
- 59. Norway's only notable band
- 61. Straight
- 64. Alternative conjunction

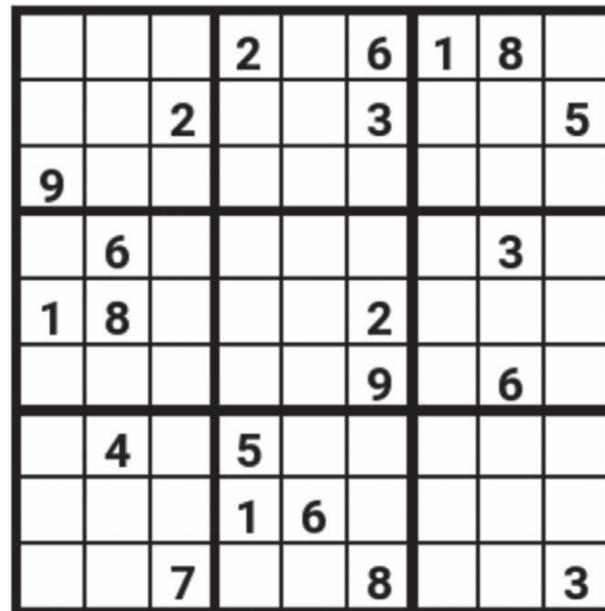
Across

- 1. Weaves wool using needles
- 6. Food for some, drinking instrument for others
- 10. Mesh of fibres
- 13. Zip, pep, gusto, bounce, etc
- 14. Agonising cry (that sounds like a whale)
- 15. Cab
- 16. First in a series, and my favourite chip flavour
- 18. Would-be president
- 20. Family
- 21. Small Greek letters
- 23. Prickly plants
- 24. Diseases such as gonorrhoea, syphilis, and chlamydia
- 25. Er
- 27. Bird's home
- 28. Castrate
- 31. Fancy pool
- 32. Saxophone variety
- 33. Eat 5 Gum to do this to your senses
- 38. Panama?
- 41. Instrument played with the nostrils
- 42. Bell sound
- 43. Meditation mantras
- 44. Scott's predecessor
- 46. Small island
- 49. Someone may have broken up if they've changed this
- 50. Untamed
- 51. Flu variety
- 53. Libra meaning
- 55. Producer of cheese in Bhutan
- 58. Tongue
- 60. US state that is OK
- 62. Fencing sword
- 63. Garden tube
- 65. Manchester United goalkeeper
- 66. Half a score
- 67. Lumpy skin growths
- 68. Smell

Quiz

- 1. What element features on the flags of USYD, Venice, and Sri Lanka?
- 2. Which English actress is best known for starring as Sybil Fawltly in Fawltly Towers?
- 3. What peculiarity is shared by Elvis Presley, Laverne Cox, and Ashley Olsen?
- 4. Jessica Walter stars as the protagonist's mother in which spy cartoon?
- 5. Is a wobbegong an insect, a fish, or a bird?
- 6. What connection is shared by the above answers?

Sudoku



Find the answers at honisoit.com/puzzle-answers

National

Sport

Lifestyle

Fascist Propaganda



Anthony Albanese and Chris Minns come out.

The Mardi Gras pride parade is an important annual event in the lives of every queer person in Sydney—particularly as it coincides with Worldpride this year. Australian Prime Minister Anthony Albanese and New South Wales leader of the opposition Chris Minns celebrated by publicly announcing their relationship. “Look, it isn’t easy being the first homosexual prime minister, especially being Italian-Australian too. I’m proud to be here tonight,

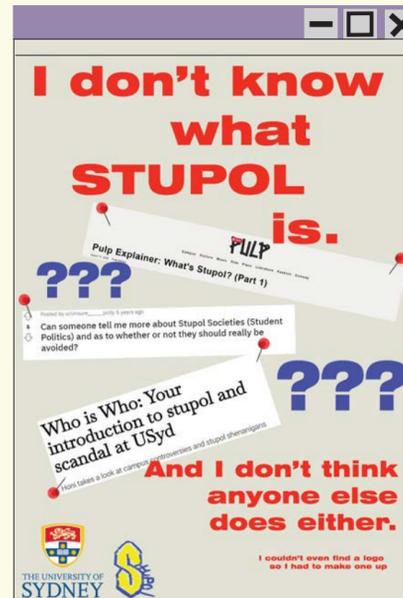
celebrating and being proud of something I kept quiet for so long.” Albanese told Honi. Minns seemed preoccupied by greeting waiting protesters, who seemed shocked at the sight of his hair-speckled chest under a glittering mesh vest. Honi has reached out to his office for comment.



Therapaws replaced by Thera-nangs.



Management finally knocks down Wentworth after hearing it belongs to a union.



Art by Estella Kennedy

Harry Styles plays Hermann's

After it was inadvertently teased by USU Board Director Alexander Poirier at last month's Board meeting, Harry Styles played Hermann's Bar on Friday. After USU President Cole Scott-Curwood's opening act, in which he announced the USU's new investment strategy to the mostly-teenage crowd, the British twink took to the stage at around 9 p.m. After playing his 2022 hit, “Music for a Sushi Restaurant”, Styles noted that he was not racist and definitely not a fascist, eliciting nods from the

Board directors in attendance. The venue was at capacity with some attendees forced to watch the set from inside the UniBros kitchen. Honi can only conclude that Styles held the surprise event as an act of environmental terrorism, with USU-branded feather boas still littered along Redfern Run on Sunday morning.



Gender Studies academic Annamarie Jagose incredibly concerned by lack of gender affirmation leave for USyd staff.



Broadslay removes all pride decoration at exactly 12:01am

STUDENTS + STAFF UNITED

SAY NO TO:

- Austerity
- Staff and Course Cuts
- A Real Wage Cut



SAY YES TO:

- Supporting your teachers on strike on 09/03
- Joining the Picket Lines
- Fighting for Quality Education



ON STRIKE!
THURS 9 MARCH 7AM-1PM