

Honi Soit

WEEK FOUR, SEMESTER ONE, 2023

FIRST PRINTED 1929



**Discipline-specific
Honours units cut**

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Little healths

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**Who am I, if not the
war you fought?**

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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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Shania O’Brien

Editorial

I want to speak a little about family.

To put it simply, family stories fascinate me. I always want to know about people and their pasts, how they spend time with their family, how their family sees them, and about what families can teach us. The memories I hold dearest are of boogie boards on beach holidays, of learning to cook the perfect Persian meal, of just the right audiobook on a long road trip — family is at the heart of all of them. My favourite moments in literature are of Salinger’s Zooey consoling his mother through a shower curtain, of Strout’s Lucy weeping in the passenger seat of her brother’s car, of Forster’s Schlegel sisters taking the wrong umbrella home from a concert. I love observing the complexities that make up a family unit, I love the little quirks that get passed on, and I love how family can show us how to be.

In many ways, *Honi* itself is a family.

First, we have the new generation: our reporters. This edition’s stories on family are some of the most beautiful I have ever read. Nicola Brayan wonders what surnames say about us, assessing the linguistic and cultural constraints that shape families over generations. We hear from Audhora Khalid, and how her identity has been shaped by the war-scarred heart of her Bangladeshi family. As we veer into the edition’s creative pieces, we learn about a family’s loss from Brendan Ryan, whose “oxygenated writing” (his words, not mine) cuts

at the soul; when we read Anthony-James Kanaan’s poem and Zeina Khochaiche’s personal essay, we see how food is at the core of Middle Eastern families (my own included).

Second, we have the parents: the Editors. I spend so much time with my fellow Shakers, cloistered in our mouldy home, that they are my family too. When I giggle with my wife Misbah, whisper in French tutes with Kat, excitedly plan Lorde with Luke C, grab Mapo with Bip on a sunny afternoon, run away from Ethan as he films me, muse on Taylor Swift with Veronica, secretly laugh at Luke M’s jokes, share pretty songs and poems with Andy, and clink watches with Caitlin, I consider myself a lucky person indeed.

Third, and finally, we have our forebears. Thank you to Shania and Zara, not only for Shania’s beautiful cover art and Zara’s perfect book recommendations, but for how they brought me into *Honi* and were the best Editors I could have ever asked for. These past few weeks, CAKE and Bloom have been the sage grandparents we needed. Thank you to all of them. They know that family is at *Honi*’s core, and this is what our current detractors fail to understand — respect and loyalty to one’s family is essential.

I hope that you love this edition as much as I do.

Eamonn Murphy

A note on the back cover

Family to me is coming home to my best friend cooking dinner, with Mitski playing in the background, and our cat lazing on the couch. Family is us lying in bed together, gossiping and giggling about all the tiny things in life. Family is friendship.

The artwork displayed on the back cover, is a watercolour painting of the Chinese Garden of Friendship by Isabel Yixuan Chen. Isabel, or also known as Isa to some of her friends, was the strongest, smartest and silliest person I ever knew. Having Isa’s art published

keeps her memory and creativity alive within us all, by having her painting etched into the archives, she continues to live boldly and bravely as she always did.

For Isa, I continue to be creative and productive. I resume all the hobbies and activities I promised I would, knowing that I still have the biggest supporter by my side, wherever she may be.

With love always,

Bipasha Chakraborty

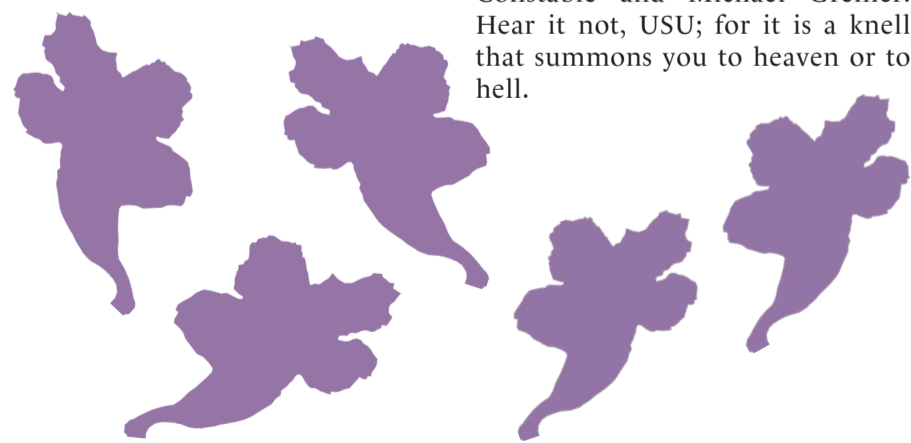
Reading the jacaranda leaves

Scabs begone

Infamous campus Liberal Satvik R. Sharma crossed the picket line last Thursday for no other reason than enjoying his ten seconds of fame of picketers shaming him. There are other ways to get multiple people to yell at you than opposing better working conditions for staff.

Good luck USU, you’ll need it

Cryptic Instagram stories posted by campus liberals insinuate the possibility of scab Satvik R. Sharma running for USU Board. Whisperings passed through the wind between jacaranda leaves suggest other candidates eyeing their chance of nabbing a board seat include Grace Wallman, Bryson Constable and Michael Grenier. Hear it not, USU; for it is a knell that summons you to heaven or to hell.



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letters only

Dear Honi,

I appreciate your response to my previous letter about the article titled “Conversion therapy ban finally backed by both major parties ahead of NSW state election”. I think you made very fair points, and I should’ve given more credit to the body of the article itself, despite my gripes with its title.

I should also clarify that I do not have any gripes with the article’s author, and I saw this as an oversight rather than deliberate bias.

I was previously concerned that a commitment from only one half of the coalition would not mean anything under a new L/NP government without Nationals party support, but I realise that a proposition would pass if the Liberals were willing to support a bill without them and instead seek support from the opposition or crossbench. I would be interested to hear your thoughts on this?

Thanks again,

Gay Communist

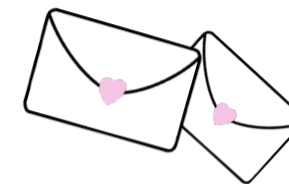
Dear gay communist,

Thank you very much for your letter, we appreciate engagement with our paper, our letters section, and work to hold us accountable as a radical student paper. We hope that criticism of us comes from a place of constructivity, and highlighting our oversights is a part of that.

We agree that it now seems likely that a conversion therapy ban would have the votes if put to parliament. We haven’t seen anything about the Nationals opposing a conversion therapy ban, so it seems most likely Perrottet has the backing of the coalition. Perhaps it would go to a conscience vote even if not, just as gay marriage did federally or voluntarily assisted dying did in various States.

Let’s hope that conversion therapy is banned quickly and in all its forms, and that religious exemptions are closed.

The Editors.



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



The Great Lapse of 1994

Ariana Haghighi

Honi Soit is Australia’s oldest weekly student newspaper, printed since 1929. And proudly so: where most Australian student papers have not been able to keep up due to funding cuts and other vagaries, *Honi* has always managed to cobble together ten fools silly enough to sacrifice every Sunday and many hours at the altar of student journalism.

However, *Honi* has not always been true to its word. It doesn’t take a deep-sea archive diver to find an aberration.

Enter 1994, a rule-breaker with no sense of shame.

The announcement is made discreetly in the Week One edition:

“This year the editors have made big changes to the structure of *Honi Soit*. The paper will be fortnightly.”

The justification? The thematic concern of the issue would be more pronounced, requiring more time for thought. The reward for keen readers?

The issues were longer (but the pattern was irregular, ranging from 27 pages to 40 and many counts in between).

The paper was “bash[ed] out” by a collective known as “ink” that met fortnightly in the *Honi* Office. This collective wrote articles, edited, designed the paper and drew from Labor outsourcing — *Honi* 9, take notes.

From my perusal of the letters, there didn’t seem to be an uproar in

response to this revolutionary decision. However, a certain Seth Guillaume did lament that the first issue was full of “harmless fluff” — perhaps he enjoyed in the paper’s reduced frequency.

In 1995, editors put an end to fortnightly madness, printing not 13 serious editions, but none at all, distributing a weekly-run of satire-only papers. Perhaps the students of yesteryear craved the slower news cycle.

Whorescopes

Misbah Ansari



Aries: You’re bored by the realms of real life and want to explore what sexting powers you have. Creating your own GIFS to express you want passionate kissing and intense sucking? Here to add it to my list of GIFS, woof!



Taurus: The constellation of Taurus has some of the shiniest stars, so I can see you fucking in the stealth of a starstruck night, on the grass of your neighbourhood park. Some contorting on the bench, escaping the mud, and sipping sweet wine? Yummy.



Gemini: You love quickies but long, slow fucking is on the charts, and you might find the magnum opus of your sex life soon. Slow down and feel the build-up of passion within you.



Cancer: I have heard that I attack you all a lot, so I just want to say that you should whore out more. Sweaty encounters, sloppy kissing and a stumbly walk of shame might be embarrassing, but you make all bad encounters look hot.



Leo: Those gym classes are making your ass look fire, can’t take my eyes off it. Use it to sexy twerk in the bed and grind with those curves, what a way to heat up the bedroom.



Virgo: Take tours of the lingerie section and sneak into the changing room — quickies when someone else is waiting outside and you look that sexy? Rooting for you.



Libra: Watching porn with each other and laughing over it can be fulfilling foreplay. Porn sucks immensely, but an amazing bonding exercise and a way to get so wet!



Scorpio: You want a wine glass in your hand, a doobie in another, sleep naked in your bed, and stay on a perpetual high with crazy sex dreams.



Sagittarius: Practicality is your strong suit, but shock yourself with new objects of pleasure. Little ice on the feet, strawberry on the lips and feathers on the neck? I see you giggling in bed.



Capricorn: You can’t keep your hands off them and the passion is sooo off-brand for you. Little touches here and there (with consent) make it all so exciting, don’t get too burnt from the steam in your room. Ouch!



Aquarius: You are in your sook and lonely wolf era. But the crying is going to change into moaning soon, just keep your eyes, heart and legs open.



Pisces: You want to unleash more of your sexiness on screen, so go make that OnlyFans account and give us a little sneak peek of what you got (I know you have got a lot of things).

Art by Aidan Elwig Pollock

Albanese announces a new partnership with Indian universities

Katarina Butler

Anthony Albanese has announced a new initiative to boost Indian-Australian relations in the tertiary education sector. The Maitri Programme will see scholarships offered to Indian students and a bilateral agreement to see that university degrees from each country will be recognised in the other.

On his first visit to the country during his prime ministership, and Australia's first prime ministerial visit to India in seven years, Albanese acknowledged the large diaspora population in Australia. He said, "this new mechanism means that if you're an Indian student who's studying — or about to study — in Australia, your hard-earned degree will be recognised when you return home."

The programme also includes the Maitri scholarship, allowing Indian students to study in Australia for up to four years.

Additionally, several Australian universities are expanding their campuses internationally into India. The University of Melbourne is embarking on blended degrees with Indian counterparts. Deakin University is opening a university campus in Gujarat to teach cybersecurity and business analytics, and the University of Wollongong is looking to open a campus in the same region.

There are currently 130,000 Indian students studying in Australia, according to Universities Australia, more than before the pandemic. 1.6 million Indian students have gained qualifications from Australian universities since 2005.

The programme is part of a wide range of actions taken by the Australian government to bolster its relationship with India. As Australia seeks to increase exportation of fossil fuels and lithium to India, it is also seeking to increase exports in the form of tertiary education — a \$40 billion component of the Australian economy.

"It paves the way for commercial opportunities for Australian education providers to offer innovative and more accessible education to Indian students," Albanese said at the press conference.

"India is one of the fastest growing economies in the world and a very important strategic partner," Universities Australia Chief Executive Catriona Jackson said.

Discipline-specific Honours units endangered by new proposal

Luke Cass

The Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences (FASS) has proposed a suite of changes to Honours coursework programs which would see discipline-specific seminar units replaced by interdisciplinary units.

The changes have been approved by the Undergraduate Studies Committee, clearing the way for them to be voted on by the Academic Board. This means the amendments may be implemented in time for the 2024 academic year.

The current proposals will affect Ancient Greek, Ancient History, Anthropology, Art History, English, Latin, Linguistics, Political Economy, and Visual Arts.

Ancient Greek subject "Research Skills in Greek Poetry" would be replaced by "SOFH4001: Breakthroughs in the Humanities". The Latin "Research Skills in Latin Prose" and Linguistics "Language in Context" subjects would be replaced by that same unit, despite the distinct skills required by each of those disciplines. *Honi* understands that an Ancient History coursework subject will also be replaced by this new subject.

The more general School of Social and Political Sciences (SSPS) subject "Philosophy of Social Science Research" would replace the Political Economy specific "Designing Political Economy Research" if the proposal is implemented.

Art History's "Vision and Frames Art Encounters" will be replaced by "Theory and Method", a subject controlled by the School of Art, Communication and English.

"Theory and Method" would also be made available for students doing Honours in English. At this stage, it appears that there is no current proposal to cut English-specific seminar classes.

For Anthropology students, both current seminar units will be cut. A new Anthropology specific subject as well as "Conceptualising Society", run by the SSPS, will be offered as a replacement.

As part of the changes, the International and Global Studies (INGS) program will be changed to permit INGS students who also study Law to do Honours.

The changes are a part of the Faculty's "Future FASS" program, which has been heavily criticised by staff and students since its inception. They are justified by the Faculty as being "prompted by curriculum sustainability goals associated with Future FASS."

The proposed changes were first flagged in 2021. Then-SRC President Swapnik Sangavarapu told *Honi* at the time "dedicated coursework is very much essential to the rigour of an Honours program — students will lose so much of the value of undertaking honours if they are unable to learn about higher

order research methodology within their specific discipline."

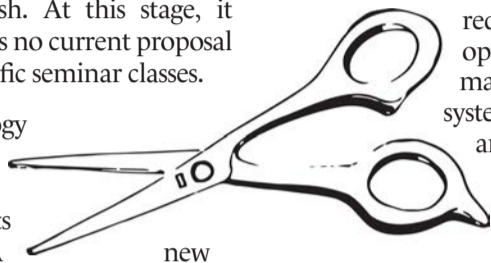
This view was echoed by 2023 SRC President Lia Perkins, who told *Honi* "Our university education has been degraded for years."

"The University needs to stop reducing our course options, and instead make the education system more accessible and oriented towards learning, not profit."

Students who would take these more interdisciplinary subjects would have already taken the interdisciplinary FASS1000 in first year as well as Interdisciplinary Impact and the Industry and Community Project Unit (ICPU) in 3rd year. ICPU's have been criticised by students for, among other things, being unethical. Interdisciplinary Impact has equally been widely criticised by students. It is unclear how these new subjects will be of additional value to students than existing interdisciplinary subjects.

The University of Sydney said in a statement, "By delivering one common unit in each school, students in programs with low enrolments can form a cohort and build interdisciplinary connections."

"These units have been carefully designed by academics across FASS based on principles to prioritise high-quality student learning experiences. Specialist honours units remain at a disciplinary level in all cases."



TERF counter-protesters take to Vic Park

Elliot Lawry

Over 100 protesters rallied together in Victoria Park on Saturday to stand against British anti-trans rights activist Kellie Jay Keen, also known as Posie Parker.

Keen is in Australia on a speaking tour around the country to preach transphobic views, claiming to unite people through freedom of speech and harmful gender essentialism theory.

The action on Saturday, organised by a collection of activist groups including the USyd Women's Collective and Queer Action Collective and the National Union of Students (NUS), is one of many protests organised to object to Keen's dangerous transphobic rhetoric during her visit.

As the contingent of students and protesters crossed Victoria Park towards Parker and her supporters, a riot squad of over 30 police officers formed a defence line to separate the two groups.

NUS Queer Officer Damien Nguyen, who chaired the event, called for the

removal of the trans exclusionary contingent from the grounds.

"Their presence is assaulting trans rights, it's assaulting our rights, we need to be louder than them," they said.

SRC President Lia Perkins spoke at the rally, taking time to note the danger in Parker's attempt to push an anti-trans agenda under the guise of feminism.

"They have it all wrong, there is no counter position between women's rights and trans rights... those two movements are completely connected," she said.

Perkins concluded her speech by calling on protesters to join a counter-rally planned by USyd Women's Collective in protest of the anti-abortion activation planned on March 26 for the Day of the Unborn Child.

Student protesters were supported by trans activists and allies, including CEO for the Australian Sex Workers Association (Scarlet Alliance) Mish Pony.

"Posie Parker and her crew want to keep young LGBTQI people

unsupported, in the closet and isolated, and we know this contributes to the current epidemic of ill mental health," they said.

Keen told her followers to remain vigilant in their anti-trans beliefs despite the outpouring of rage from protesters across the park.

Protesters were further antagonised by Sky News reporter Rita Panahi who danced and mocked the group as they chanted "Posie Parker you can't hide, you've got Nazis on your side."



Blacktown emergency nurses voice safety issues, demand action

Misbah Ansari

Nurses from Blacktown, Cumberland and Westmead and hospitals gathered yesterday morning outside Blacktown Hospital Emergency Department to raise safety issues following a violent attack in Blacktown Hospital last week.

The action was called after an emergency nurse was chased by a patient armed with a syringe inside the department after a doctor had been allegedly assaulted. The NSW Nurses and Midwives' Association (NSWNMA) called for better safety provisions as the victims had limited access to duress alarms and personal duress alarms were unavailable.

"We've got a situation here [at Blacktown] where the duress systems have been shown not to be working. We've got members here from Auburn, Westmead and Cumberland and we're hearing similar stories that the duress systems just aren't up to scratch," stated NSWNMA Assistant General Secretary Michael Whaites.

The event was an urgent gathering organised on a short notice as nurses gathered at 7:30 am, usually the end of a night shift for several healthcare workers. NSWNMA members highlighted the urgent need to create safer workspaces for nurses by ensuring "a ratio of one nurse to every three treatment spaces inside emergency departments across NSW" to start with. Currently, there are no stringent nurse-to-patient ratios enforceable in the department.

Jason Temu, NSWNMA Blacktown Hospital branch member and Emergency Department nurse, said there is always an element of elevated risk in EDs as staff have to deal with many patients with behavioural challenges. "They [management] only recently started to introduce new duress systems, which are still a work in progress," added Temu.

A recently released report by NSWNMA revealed that 15 in every 100 nurses and midwives suffer from chronic symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.



'Our rights as disabled people have not been acknowledged': Students campaign for hybrid learning

Khanh Tran

Student activists rallied outside of Federal Education Minister Jason Clare's electorate office today to protest the government's announcement that all students will be required to attend in-person learning from July 2023. The rally forms part of We Need Both: Online and In-Person Options Now, a wider movement against in-person only learning by disabled students.

National Union of Students (NUS) Disabilities Officer Isabella Harding joined the contingent virtually, saying that Clare and the federal government must provide hybrid learning options to accommodate students with disabilities, particularly for immunocompromised people.

"Historically, and in this government, our rights as disabled people have not been acknowledged. There has been an opportunity missed to reform the higher education sector because when you make things easier for disabled people, you make things easier for everyone," Harding said.

"The choice shouldn't be between education and risk of death. The choice shouldn't be between education and not being able to come to a tutorial to begin with because you can't enter the bloody building."

USyd SRC Disabilities Officer Jack Scanlan criticised Sydney University's reliance on online learning when it suited university executives' agenda.

"The University immediately had the Zooms up, they said we need online learning," said Scanlan.

"The University already has the infrastructure [for remote learning], they already did this for two years. It shouldn't be just because COVID-19 isn't affecting [non-disabled] people anymore and we shouldn't be cutting back on these services.

"The bottom line is that Jason Clare and the government can put these measures in place. Open University still does it. But it is just especially the large universities who want to be prestigious and say: 'Oh, you have to be on campus.'"

Meanwhile, Sydney University Postgraduate Representatives Association (SUPRA) Disabilities Equity Officer and casual academic Gemma Lucy Smart honed in on the burdens on international students, carers and people who have childcare responsibilities.

For her, overseas students are among the groups disproportionately disadvantaged by the rules, who face a cost of living crisis, being exploited

by third parties that higher education institutions may have outsourced teaching responsibilities to: "We're not providing them [international students] with accessibility where it doesn't suit us."

Smart pointed out that much of the graduate student community will be affected by the removal of hybrid learning options, with burdens falling heavily on students with families.

"We're talking about students who have established lives who have families and with care responsibilities to a greater degree than the undergraduate community, and they need flexibility in their learning environment.

"By being punitive and removing those options for hybrid learning, you're excluding certain groups from education, and those groups are disabled students, carers, people with families, predominantly women in those families and First Nations students."

Scanlan and online protesters then came to Clare's Office demanding for the Minister to speak to the NUS Disabilities Officer. However, due to Clare being in Canberra, an electorate office staff member told protesters that words will be passed onto the Minister in the near future.

Live music banned, outdoor seating restricted at the Eveleigh Hotel

Alexander Poirer

The Eveleigh Hotel, a local pub on Abercrombie Street, has been the recent target of severe restrictions by the City of Sydney Council after several noise complaints were made.

The restrictions target the supposedly unruly patrons and overly loud music coming from the pub. The result has been a ban on all live music at the pub, heavy restrictions on outdoor seating, and a mandate for costly renovations to reduce noise leakage.

Recent complaints about alleged disruptive behaviour from patrons have meant that the Eveleigh is now on its final warning from the Council. The pub is at risk of closure, with many of the staff feeling uncertain and anxious about their employment.

The type of music played at the Eveleigh is generally light jazz with a small ensemble — a far cry from the "loud music" that would warrant such noise complaints. Further, they only play until 7pm on Saturdays — a very respectable time to be hosting live music on a weekend.

The Eveleigh is one of the few pubs in Sydney without gambling machines, and has been so for over a decade. The pub is also one of the remaining few within the Inner West that is independently owned, meaning that the Eveleigh still retains its historical charm, family-friendly character, and an authentic sense of the community that gathers there.

An online petition by the Eveleigh calling on the City of Sydney Council to reverse the restrictions has received 2100 signatures at the time of publication. This would mean a return of modest live music on Saturday afternoons, and 9 people on 3 outdoor tables until 9pm.

The Eveleigh has called for a Good Neighbour Policy, as implemented by the Inner West Council, to be adopted by the City of Sydney Council. This would allow for Council-facilitated mediation rather than immediate legal action, ensuring the longevity of live music venues.

'We're making union history here': USyd staff take 24-hour strike action

Katarina Butler and Luke Cass

University of Sydney staff and students went on strike today, following the University's failure to offer staff sufficient improvements to their pay and working conditions.

The strike was held 20 months into ongoing Enterprise Bargaining negotiations between the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) and the University. This is the longest period of enterprise bargaining in the University's history.

The strike was the seventh to have occurred in this period, the most days of strike action ever taken by the NTEU in a single campaign.

Pickets began forming just before 7am at entrances throughout the University. Academics, professional staff, and students picketed at Parramatta Road, Eastern Avenue, Victoria Park, Redfern Run, the Business School, and other locations at the Camperdown/Darlington campus.

The strike was marked by an increased police presence. Undercover police patrolled campus, breaking the Parramatta Road picket by revealing their guns to picketers.

Despite this hostility, the pickets were lively, with chanting, live music, speeches, babies and pets all featuring throughout the day. When people attempted to cross the picket, picketers explained the conditions leading to the strikes, and were able to turn back the majority of pedestrians and cars attempting to enter the campus.

Eastern Avenue and the campus at-large were empty during the strike and were noticeably quieter even after picketers dispersed. This contrasts with the insistence of University Provost Annamarie Jagose, as communicated to staff and students, that "campus remain[ed] open" during the strike.

Many classes were moved online by the University, in an attempt to subvert the strike and the Union's demands. Jagose sent an all-staff email on Monday, saying that "the University recommends ... that staff

who can perform their duties remotely — including academic staff who can switch their classes to online delivery — do so."

Student activists compiled lists of online classes, and attempted to join online classes. Their objective was to inform students and teaching staff of the reasons for the strike and the NTEU's demands, yet several of these "Zoom bombers" were forcibly removed from the online classes.

"It's funny that the university refuses to make accommodations for people with disabilities around online learning, but as soon as a strike is called they're happy to use Zoom," SRC Disabilities Officer Jack Scanlan said on the Eastern Avenue pickets.

Jagose's March 6 email, as a reflection of management's approach to enterprise bargaining, was a source of discontent for staff in the lead up to today's strike. Jagose insisted that online strikebreaking was necessary to "minimise student and staff disruption", and insisted that "strike action will not change the University's position."

Despite claiming to bargain "in good faith," neither Vice Chancellor Mark Scott nor Provost Jagose have been present at bargaining meetings between the parties preceding the strike. The University is instead represented in negotiations by Stuart Pill, a corporate lawyer normally based in Melbourne.

The University recorded a \$1.05 billion surplus in 2021. This represents a historic high in the university sector; it is the University's largest ever surplus and significantly larger than any other Australian university in 2021, the most recent year for which this information is publicly available.

In light of this surplus, staff reiterated their key demands in speeches throughout the day:

PAY

A fair pay rise, above inflation, was a key motivation for many striking staff.

Emily, an academic within the Philosophy Department and NTEU member, said that "the idea that you'd have that level of

productivity increase from staff [to generate a \$1 billion surplus], with increased workload, without a fair pay rise, makes you wonder what is next?"

Pickers were asked by an NTEU member at Eastern Avenue picket, "what have [management] done to try and sweeten this atrocious deal that they're putting forward that actually takes our conditions backwards? A very cynical move of a carrot — a \$2000 sign on bonus if you suck up more work intensification, worsening of conditions we'll give you \$2000. And they know how much people need that money [...] in the climate that we're in."

CASUAL WORK

The poor treatment of casuals at the University, and across the higher education sector, was a key reason for today's strike. Casuals are still subject to insecure work, aren't offered sick pay, and have had their wages stolen by the University for years.

Julie, a casual academic with the Education Department said at Parramatta Road, "working conditions for casuals are really poor."

"I'm tired of not being able to mark assignments effectively, I'm tired of not being able to speak to students about their marks, I'm tired of attending meetings without being paid," they said.

"I love teaching but it leaves a very sour taste when I am not valued; educators across the board are not valued for what they do."

USyd NTEU Branch Committee member Sophie Cotton told Eastern Avenue picketers "management know that they are putting casual staff at risk," by refusing to offer casual staff sick pay.

40:40:20 — TEACHING LOADS

Academic staff have historically been guaranteed a 40:40:20 division between teaching, research and administrative work respectively, which ensures staff can pursue important research and aren't overworked. This model is under

threat at USyd and its protection was frequently cited as a reason for the strike.

"Vice Chancellors are trying to split research and teaching ... USyd should be a bulwark against that" said NTEU member Jean at the Eastern Avenue picket."

Professor Elizabeth Hill said that they "really want to take action to protect the conditions which make for good academic life."

Hill condemned the "stratification of the labour market" caused by changing workloads for academic staff.

INDIGENOUS PARITY

First Nations workers at the University make up only 1% of the workforce at the University of Sydney. The NTEU demanded at today's strike that the University commit to a target of employing Indigenous staff to make up the same percentage of the University workforce as they do the population.

"Initially, in bargaining, it looked as if the university was actually willing to consider that but recently they've told us that they find that too ambitious and they're not willing to go there, so that's quite disappointing," David Brophy, USyd NTEU Vice President (Academic Staff) told *Honi*.

Louise Boon-Kuo, a Law Faculty academic, told the Parramatta Road picket that population parity for Indigenous staff was "the least we can do."

Bargaining between the parties continues this week. If the Union's demands are not met by the University, further strikes are set to occur in Week 6 and Week 10.

USyd NTEU Branch President Nick Reimer said that if needed, "We [will] come back twice as strong, twice as loud, twice as determined, with twice as powerful strikes, and other forms of disruption."

"We have a deeply hostile militant management who are determined to railroad us into submission. Not on our watch. That's what I say: not on our watch."

Finding your campus soulmate space: A guide to the personalities of your favourite campus spots

Amber Broadbent considers whether she would befriend her classrooms.

University is about meeting new people and visiting new places, whether they are exciting and new or that lecture theatre that seems weirdly shoved into the basement. While you might find your soulmate here, could you also find your soul space? A Soul Space is considered to be a special spot where one experiences a feeling of empowerment, belonging, and spiritual rejuvenation. Perhaps yours is a spot on campus, where you feel completely at peace, if even for a moment.

The reality is that every space on campus is its own kind of stony person. Maybe you tend to gravitate towards this kind of person, maybe you are this person. Here is a helpful breakdown of some spaces around campus, to help you find your Soul Space.

pinterest boards, and yet, think that their outfit is never complete without a book.



Law Library

The Lawbry was school captain in high school and did a lot of debating. They drive to uni. During the start-of-semester icebreakers, they are often heard saying, "no guys, seriously, 98 was kind of a low ATAR at my school, like it's really bad."

I'm actually so embarrassed". They wear a lot of white linen

button-ups in summer, and a Macpac puffer jacket as soon as it drops below

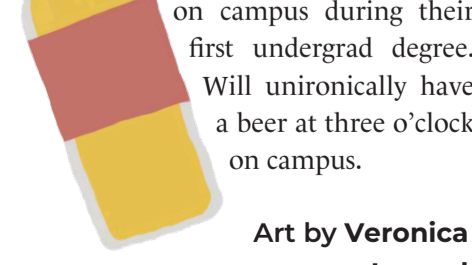
20 degrees. They created a LinkedIn account in high school, before they had a job, because they "really love to network." They have a pair of RMs that they save for during class presentations.

Manning

Manning is a mature aged student. They have two kids. At the last P&C fundraiser they performed a rendition of 'Eagle Rock' with a few other parents.

They usually sit towards the front of the class. They take handwritten notes in lectures on loose sheets of lined paper, and tell the people around them that "it really is the best way to retain information, you guys." They say that Uni really isn't what it once was, and in icebreakers, they always mention that time they saw INXS perform on campus during their first undergrad degree.

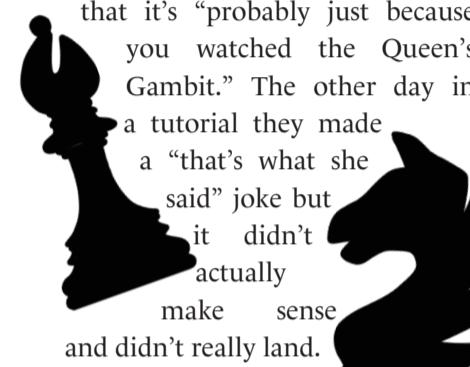
Will unironically have a beer at three o'clock on campus.



Art by Veronica Lenard

Wentworth Building

Wentworth often brings a thermos to Uni. It has a sticker on it. They are a little annoying, but they always have good snacks on hand during that five minute break in the middle of lectures, so you sort of look past it and sit with them. They are super into board games and chess. However, if you tell them you also like chess, they will claim that it's "probably just because you watched the Queen's Gambit." The other day in a tutorial they made a "that's what she said" joke but it didn't actually make sense and didn't really land.

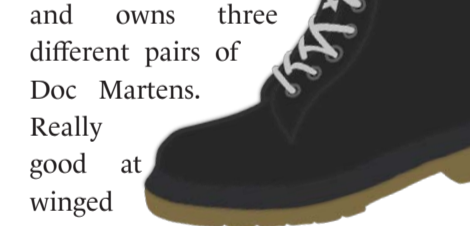


Big Mr Beast fan.

Holme Building

A Uni drama kid. Holme likes to take acid before they write their Theatre and Performance essays because it "gets the creative juices flowing." They did a semester exchange in Europe and now they like to bring homemade Sangria to every house party they go to. They despise eurocentrism, but love Shakespeare. They never do the required readings, but always end up saying a lot in class discussions anyway. Listens to a lot of Phoebe Bridgers and owns three different pairs of Doc Martens.

Really good at winged eyeliner.



Schaffer

Bit of a pick-me. Will either make you a Spotify playlist or send you poetry when flirting with you. Has told someone in your class that "this T. S. Eliot poem reminds me of your smile." Often wears a cardigan. Their favourite book is the *Handmaid's Tale*, because they "really

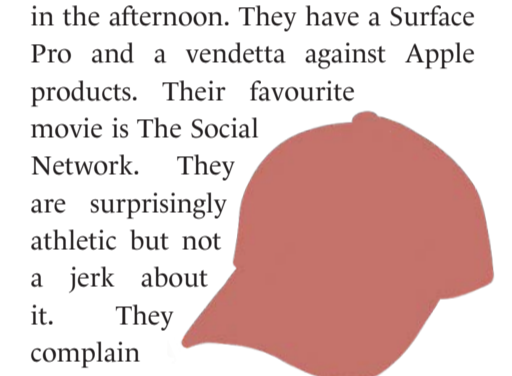


understand women's issues." They wore one of those newsies caps to class for a few weeks, but then realised they couldn't really pull it off. Has a slight British accent even though they grew up in the Shire. Carries a leather satchel. They like to remind people that listening to classical music while studying boosts concentration. Has a Samsung phone.

PNR

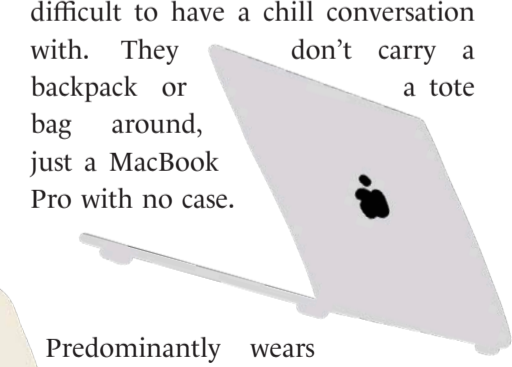
PNR wears cargo shorts and a baseball cap. Think Tiktoker cross that kid from the movie UP who does scouts. They drink a lot of Red Bull. They like to tell people they are super into 4Chan, because they think it gives them a mysterious edge. They live at least an hour away from campus and are known to actively push past people in the herd towards Redfern station in the afternoon. They have a Surface Pro and a vendetta against Apple products. Their favourite movie is *The Social Network*. They are surprisingly athletic but not a jerk about it. They complain about how expensive food is on campus, when you can literally "smash out a Mi goreng from the zip tap." Still listens to Kanye.

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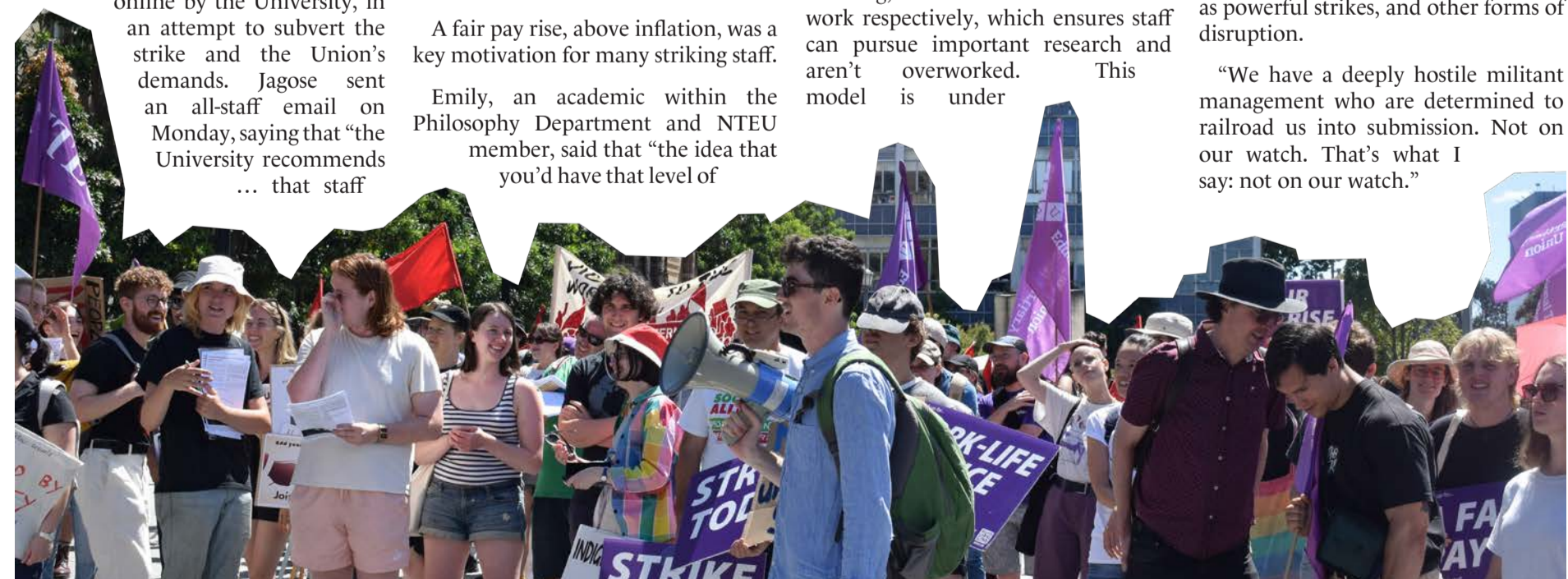


ABS

ABS is the person in your class who you have a crush on just to entertain yourself, but they sort of have no personality. They are unnervingly attractive but really difficult to have a chill conversation with. They don't carry a backpack or bag around, just a MacBook Pro with no case.



Predominantly wears variations of the white top-blue jeans combo. In the first week of tutorials, during an introductory game of two truths and a lie, their lie was that their favourite colour was red. Only child — they call their parents by their first names.



The Transformation of the Collegiate Wardrobe

Ella Thomas lets the fashion do the talking.

When you think of the term “Ivy League”, you may picture a young, white man who looks like he just walked out of a Ralph Lauren ad. He’s probably leaning against an oak tree, gazing wistfully at a copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*. A big red building might be prominent in the background. The words Yale or Harvard are emblazoned somewhere in the image, but may as well be plastered on the man’s forehead. This cognitive synonymy of “Ivy League” with the milieu of upper class privilege is most prominent, however, in the way in which the man is dressed. You can practically smell the trust fund on his tailored blazer and boat shoes.

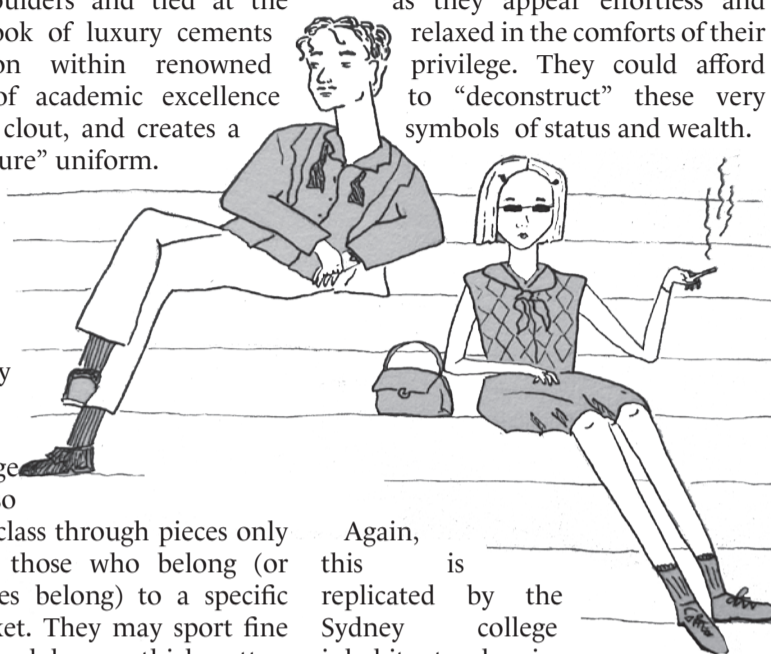
“Ivy League” is not just a cliché of the 90s Hollywood movie, but an important trend where the symbolic value of clothing — indicating status and institutional affiliation — speaks louder than the garments themselves. Today, the fashion choices of USyd students converse with this visual language, making them just as identifiable on campus as the aforementioned Ivy Leaguer... if he had charitably visited a regular college. Their clothing is understandable — referring to a specific world and a set of meanings, even if we don’t consciously realise it.

The collegiate styles of the American mid-century are underpinned by “trad” or “preppy” clothing items: loafers with white socks, cropped wool trousers, relaxed button downs, the three button blazer, sweaters draped over the shoulders and tied at the neck. This look of luxury cements their position within renowned institutions of academic excellence and political clout, and creates a distinct “couture” uniform.

Although not replicating the aesthetic properties of the “Ivy League” wardrobe, USyd college students also denote their class through pieces only accessible to those who belong (or whose families belong) to a specific income bracket. They may sport fine gold chains and hoops, thick cotton tank tops, low socks and Veja sneakers — all subtle, but telling markers of their financial status.

Yet, what distinguished the “Ivy League” closet from other upper-crust attire is the way in which the students played with these material markers of wealth: rolling up sleeves,

layering shirts over jumpers, rolling chinos to hit just below the knee. By undermining the monetary value of their clothing by cutting, reshaping and repurposing garments, it would simultaneously reinforce their status as they appear effortless and relaxed in the comforts of their privilege. They could afford to “deconstruct” these very symbols of status and wealth.



Again, this is replicated by the Sydney college inhabitants, dressing down their “preppy” attitude with a laid-back spirit. Accessories consist of finer things with mundane purposes. Frank Green drink bottles personalised in a pastel colourway, an elusive demonstration of climate activism while providing a premium water-drinking experience. To adorn

the ears, a pair of AirPod Pros. And for the men, an R.M Williams belt that’s suitable for the classroom or a quick trip to the family farm. The ease of slipping on Birkenstock Bostons with a SIR. The Label silk skirt or a Marc Jacobs crossbody over a Mr. Winston Sport jumper, surmises the graceful nonchalance of the USyd college wardrobe and its American forebear. Achieving a look of “casual affluence” and sustaining the legacy of the Ivy.

The social language articulated by the American old Ivy, now renegotiated by college students, asserts the same sophistication and informality. Their approach to dress is derivative of their shared contexts of social and financial leverage — demonstrating the unwavering influence of institutions as signposts for group identity.

Where the “Ivy League” style is globally commended for its modernisation of conventional “old-money” wears, USyd college students are not offered the same appreciation. Drawing their wardrobe from the limbo between the elite and the commoner, their style is underpinned by a non-commitment to proving that they are blue blood, born and raised, and looking cool regardless.

Art by Katie Hunter

The good, the bad and the murky of the Federal Government’s Nature Positive Plan

Bella Gerardi thinks Australia’s environmental policy needs strengthening.

The largest piece of environmental legislation in Australia, the Environment Protection and Biodiversity Conservation Act 1999 (*EPBC Act*), is set to undergo significant reform this year. The twenty-three-year-old Act has been consistently criticised for being outdated, including in the 2021 State of the Environment Report. In December last year, the Federal Government released their ‘Nature Positive Plan’ which provides an overview of upcoming environmental reforms. As well as creating a new Federal Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), the Nature Positive Plan proposes several changes to the *EPBC Act*.

The *EPBC Act* regulates the approval of projects or developments which are likely to have a “significant impact” on the environment where that impact is a “matter of national environmental significance”. The Act provides an exhaustive list of matters of national environmental significance, which include world heritage properties and the Great Barrier Reef.

Projects which fit this criteria must be referred to the environment minister,

who can approve or reject the proposal. A Minister can only approve a proposal if it does not pose “an unacceptable risk” to the matter of environmental significance in question. Earlier this year, Minister for the Environment and Water Tanya Plibersek exercised her power under this process to reject Clive Palmer’s application for a coal mine in Queensland.

As the strength of Australia’s response to the climate crisis is dependent on the will of the government in power, strong environmental legislation must act to safeguard the environment.

The good: Frack off

Water resources are currently only considered a “matter of national environmental significance” if a proposed project is a coal seam gas development or coal mine. The Nature Positive Plan revealed that Labor intends to expand the water trigger to include unconventional shale and tight gas, which would capture hydraulic fracking projects.

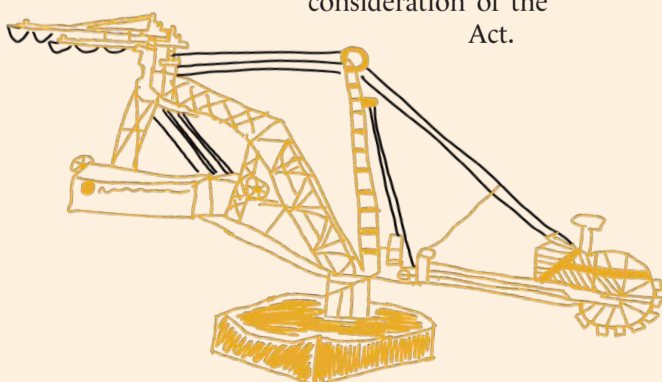
In the fracking process, fracking fluid, a mix of water, sand, and hazardous chemicals, is injected into shale rock to displace natural gas. This process uses an enormous amount of water and poses severe contamination risks as the fluid can return to the surface or spill into natural water sources.

The expansion of the water trigger will hopefully capture most fracking projects, which are currently subject only to State or Territory approval. While this is no guarantee that fewer fracking projects will be approved, it provides an additional layer of environmental protection and scrutiny, and creates a further

opportunity to legally challenge fracking projects.

The bad: Government accountability

Disappointingly, the government will not introduce a right to merits review — the ability to challenge the Minister’s decision on the basis that they did not make the correct decision considering the evidence available — in the new legislation. Currently, the Minister’s decisions can only be challenged in court under judicial review, which requires the party bringing the claim to prove that the Minister made an error of law, for example, if the decision maker failed to consider a mandatory consideration of the Act.



A complicated path to recovery: The reality of anorexia nervosa

Pia Curran explores eating disorders and recovery, and the connections between the two.

CW: This article contains references to eating disorders.

I was twelve. I remember whispering the diagnosis to myself in bed at night, over and over like an incantation. There were long months, years of Maudsley Family Therapy, supervised meals, good days, and bad days.

I got stronger. Eventually, I would class myself as generally happy. Recovery, I found, was possible.

I didn’t think about my eating disorder for many years. It seemed like an unnaturally long time ago, and a few different worlds away. When it did come back, it was in spurts, like turning the tap on and off again. Until it came back all at once, and, as often happens, I relapsed.

Back to hospital. Back to rules, rigidity, ritual. Constant supervision, yet total isolation.

I’m extremely lucky to have received help. Over one million Australians are suffering with eating disorders, with presentation starting younger and younger. Treatment options for anorexia are few and far between.

Only one third of sufferers will seek and receive help, according to the organisation Eating Disorder Hope.

Public health systems are overcrowded and underfunded, with patients reporting traumatic experiences. There are no private inpatient programs anywhere in Tasmania, Canberra or the Northern Territory, and only a handful in New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Queensland.

Anorexia ... is a deep, unnerving, almost primal instinct for control. A need to externalise feelings you can’t express verbally, to tell a story through your body.

The strain on the public health system, particularly during COVID,

results in a system where only the most severely physically ill are admitted to hospital, leaving people to deteriorate until the point of medical emergency and reinforcing sufferers’ fears of not being “sick enough”. This can support the inaccurate assumption that eating disorders have a certain “look”. In reality, less than six per cent of sufferers are medically underweight.

This is a dire situation for what is the most deadly psychiatric condition. One in five people with anorexia lose their life to the illness, according to the Garvan Institute. Yet, eating disorders are profoundly misunderstood.

Anorexia is not about vanity or selfishness. It is not even primarily about body image — in my opinion — and it is certainly not the image of a skinny teenage girl scrolling through Instagram desperate to look like the models. It is a deep, unnerving, almost primal instinct for control. A need to externalise feelings you can’t express verbally, to tell a story through your body. An untameable impulse to shrink for shrinking’s sake — not to meet some thin ideal perpetuated by the tabloid media. The worst thing is

that most of the time these thoughts and behaviours are coming from inside yourself, not imposed on you by society. It is you who has come here, and you who must find a way out.

Barely anyone will actually say the words “eating disorder”, much less “anorexia”. I will admit that it is a cruel word. But how can we have a meaningful, change-provoking conversation about eating disorders when we can’t even say the words?

I firmly believe that a way out is possible. Even in the midst of all this, life offers up strange moments of happiness. Little reminders of beauty that appear like faded sepia photographs. They float in front of my eyes but do not sink all the way through my skin. On the train, the fat curl of a baby’s fist, her fingers like little pearls. On the walk home, the leaves stuck to the ground with the wet, their colour heightened like stained glass. Recovery is like that too — little patchwork moments that make no sense, then perfect sense. Ebbing, flowing, waxing, waning. But possible, if you just hold on.



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Art by Caitlin O’Keeffe-White

Kind Words: The game that creates family from strangers

Have you ever been stuck in a particularly heavy rain storm? Sheltered under the same eave as a stranger? Did you feel an impulse to share the details of your life with them?

For thousands of people, the online game *Kind Words* is like this eave, a chance to escape the pressure of reality and find someone to turn to.

The game allows users to anonymously write letters, and receive kind and anonymous replies from others.

When I first came to Australia, I found it difficult to make local friends or friends from other cultures. I wrote a letter about it. It was truly comforting to read the replies, all of them telling me “I felt the same way” and “I know the feeling”.

One of the letters was F, who had spent a year on exchange. “Try to make it through despite the awkward feelings,” they suggested. Another was from J. “I’ve been living in the UK for 5 years,” J said, “but it was not until I moved to Germany that I realised they are actually keen to know you.”

When I started studying journalism, I was not confident enough about writing news articles in English as it is not my first language.

R told me, “People appreciate it when you try to speak English regardless of how broken it is. Time and practice is your friend.” P said their English was “rusty” when they first started working, but now they are “leading a team for a company that only uses English.” S talked about a journalist they knew who wrote news in English, but still had problems with grammar. “Everyone gets frustrated and makes mistakes when they first start working. But it gets better when they have more experience. Don’t get nervous,” S said.

When writing this article, I wrote a letter to ask other users about their experience with *Kind Words*.

“It has helped me get over imposter syndrome, break-ups, DID (Dissociative Identity Disorder), and more,” C said. P enjoys getting replies from strangers who can sympathise with them and offer advice from experience.

H said that love from family can be too heavy for them. In their opinion, we should learn to face the problems alone, but it’s lucky to have this place to receive support from strangers.

Sometimes we hesitate to share our problems with our families, as we don’t want them to worry about

us too much. When we share it with strangers, they become our “stranger families”.

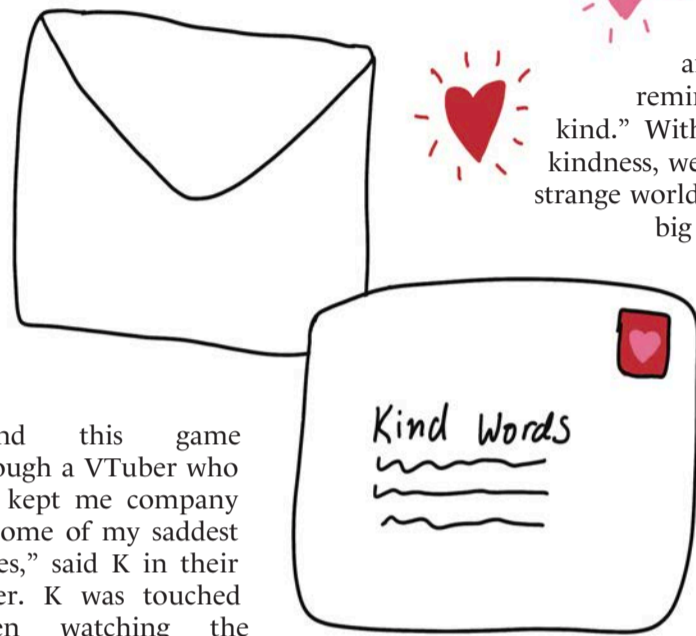
During COVID-19 especially, many people around the world experienced being forcefully separated from their loved ones. When we are stuck outside of our home country, our families may feel more anxious if we tell them our problems, as they are not physically by our side.

“I found this game through a VTuber who has kept me company in some of my saddest times,” said K in their letter. K was touched when watching the VTuber cheer others up through *Kind Words*. That inspired K to use *Kind Words* to make “people smile”.

Kate Zhang appreciates your kind words.

Thanks to the internet, we all live in a global village. Despite our diverse nationalities and ethnic backgrounds, we share similar worries, and we all need healing and encouragement. *Kind Words* lets you check in on your neighbours, near and far. I found a family in *Kind Words*. You might find another family-like space on the

internet that supports you. As C told me, these communities are “a wonderful reminder to be kind.” With a little more kindness, we can make this strange world more like one big family.



Art by Katarina Butler

SUDS’ Arcadia: Everything you need to know about sex, mathematics and literature

SUDS’ production of *Arcadia* — directed by Tilda Wilkinson-Finch, assistant directed by Bella Wellstead — opened on Wednesday night. The production is like a night in with that sophisticated friend who you only see on rare occasions. You enter his weird house, with its dark green plaster, and shelves full of oak and brass oddities (set designed by Annie Lewis), and sit by his fireplace with a glass of white wine. In his velvet dressing gown (costuming by Victoria Gillespie), he reclines in an armchair and talks. As he describes things to you, the shadows on the bookshelves become the figures of history, and although you occasionally miss things, you leave his house with a sense of pride and awe, feeling like you are in on a wonderful secret.

The play follows two generations of academics in the same house, the audience forming the third generation. The production is coolly intelligent, bringing a scientific attitude to sex and desire, as well as thermodynamics. The play gives everyone who sees it a sense of pride in their studies, a possessive love of their chosen field, and an appreciation of their place in the

“procession of knowledge” described by the tutor Septimus (Charlie Papps).

In a play where the action is slow and measured, the entire cast bring humour, vivacity, and intelligence to their roles. The young student Tomasina (Ruby Zupp), is a stand-in for all the underappreciated female academics of history. Zupp balances her young angst with a believable streak of genius that makes her character the heart of the play. Septimus, her tutor, was a comedic gold-mine, with every word uttered dripping

with sarcasm. The Lord Byron fanatic Bernard (Max Danta) is superbly charming, rushing about manically searching for proof for his academic theories. His foil, the author and researcher Hannah (Amber Broadbent) is gratingly cynical, and their back-and-forth is a straight satire of the decades-long squabbles in

research communities. The characters of the play are full of quirks and idiosyncrasies that serve to make the slower subtleties of the plot energetic and intriguing.

The play makes an attempt to bridge the wide — and often unhappy — gulf between literature and mathematics.

Zoe Le Marinel is now in on a magical secret.



Finding it in the theatre: nuggets of truth and change

Danny Yazdani finds family in theatre.

I think I might be one of those who mentally gag when someone uses a family metaphor. “We’re all family here.” “We’ve become a family.” “It’s about the friends you make along the way. They become family.” I take a deep, frustrated breath when great exaggerations are made at the expense of identifying the specifics: why are we a family? How did we become one? Through what process or context, do friends, perhaps strangers at first, get to the big F-word label?

The theatre is often where you’ll find the word thrown around the most, particularly in the context of reaching show week after a long period of rehearsals and meetings. You stand around in a circle, arms placed on each other’s shoulders, huddling moments before entering the spotlight on stage. The word is dropped, and everyone goes on with the night. Well, not in my theatre practices, and certainly not in any shows I’m at the helm of.

Most recently, after five months of the usual blood, sweat and tears that go into any production, my directorial debut as the leader behind *The Glass Menagerie* hit the big leagues. And by that, I mean the SUDS (Sydney University Dramatic Society’s) stage in the Cellar Theatre underneath the ever-confusing Holme Building. Nevertheless, it was a triumph! An entire team comprised of People of Colour (PoC) and Culturally and Linguistically Diverse (CALD) creatives from different disciplines, campuses, and of course, cultural

backgrounds made this a reality. With a dramatic twist on an old classic, looking into what it means to be an “ethnic-other” in the Australian context, the team was sensational. And no one should take my word for it — they should look at the overwhelmingly positive reviews instead. Yet, not once was the word “family” used in our show circles moments before opening to audiences. Our successful run and our ability to touch the hearts of immigrant families watching a tragicomedy unfold had nothing to do with the word “family” being thrown around backstage.

“Ethnic-others of the world, unite!” the other showrunners would exclaim from time to time; a hyperbolic joke on the surface, but a sign of solidarity way down below. For the first time in SUDS history, we had formed an entire team of ethnic-others, those who had come from backgrounds that had faced discrimination at some point in Australian history. We forged friendships, we collaborated on creative visions, and — most importantly — we talked about the tough things other contexts often can’t handle.

“Tell the team your name, your role and why you signed up to the show.”

“I wanted to find a space to honour my heritage.”

“I have missed being around people who understand the ‘other’ part of me.”

“I’ve never really talked about my culture openly so I’m hoping this show helps.”

“My cultural background and my love for the theatre are two of my favourite things, so *The Glass Menagerie* was the right fusion of the two.”

The theatre isn’t about making a temporary family you dispose of after a week or two of a show. If they’re horrible, you may chuck them out, but more often than not, shows with solidarity at their core are about building bonds so conceivable and robust that no outsider can walk into that space and break them down. A show that tackles societal taboos, perhaps those no biological family understands or has the courage to tackle, fans the flames of understanding itself. Not a shelter for the outcast nor a refuge for the downtrodden; the theatre is a space, literal and metaphorical space for asking the big questions and actually contemplating the answers for them.

Instead of the F-word, this sappy cop-out was replaced with words like “collective battle”, “community solidarity” and the like. The painful tiptoeing around subjects like ethnic-otering and intergenerational trauma existed at first while the team was getting to know each other. But as all our hesitations started to fade away and we started revealing our true vulnerabilities, nuggets of truth emerged and the need for empowerment caught on like a wildfire. The performative and shallow actions of large scale institutions, like those within the University, suddenly weren’t needed anymore when autonomy over these spaces we (pay to) occupy lies within our reach. Change was in the air, and its sweet scent still entices me.

My days of directing may be over, but my insistence on multicultural advocacy and the acknowledgement of ethnic others from different generations will never perish. The family metaphor, nay euphemism, a sugar-coated understatement for solidarity and camaraderie, should be put to death. Not euphemistically either. Literally. As long as the theatre stands, so will I. And as long as those difficult conversations are expressed through art, well, who knows; *The Glass Menagerie* may have even inspired others to carry out similar projects.

Art by Katarina Butler

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Arcadia will run until March 18th at the Cellar Theatre.

Photography by Yang Wu

Arcadia will show you how maths can satiate a desire for answers in a way that nothing else can.

Considering the heavy themes of patriarchal forces in academia, the use of genderblind casting in the production is interesting. On the whole it adds to the strange fluid reality that characterises many of Stoppard’s plays.

Household Names: what surnames tell us about family

Nicola Brayan wonders what's in a name.

I do not know my paternal great-great-grandfather's surname. You'd imagine that I would — my own surname was inherited patrilineally — but after arriving in Australia from then-Yugoslavia, my great grandfather anglicised his surname, truncating it and changing its spelling to one that better resembled English phonetics. Just as we can trace our family histories through genetics, our surnames paint vivid pictures of our ancestry, tying us to our pasts while tracking the cultural and social changes our forebears endured. Surnames are a linguistic history of family.

Cultural practices relating to surnames vary greatly across different cultures. Some of the first records of surnames come from ancient China — family names were decreed as a necessity to improve censuses four thousand years ago. In the Song Dynasty (960-1279 CE), these hereditary names were listed in the book *Baijiaxing* (百家姓), meaning "Hundred Family Surnames". Around a quarter of the names listed in this text are still in use, and more still have endured in simplified or anglicised forms. The text is still used as an educational tool; many people have learnt to read and write by practicing the characters in this book. There is something quite beautiful, I think, about learning to write using the names of your ancestors. Surnames are a deep seated tradition of culture and connection.

The names we mark families by come from a range of sources. Unlike today, where it's easy to imagine surnames as arbitrary additional names, when surnames first became necessary they were tools of distinction, using traits of a person and their family to discern between those with the same name. Surnames could be locative — relating to a place of origin. This could relate

to a kingdom or area you came from, such as the Chinese surname Wu (吳) from the ancient state of Wu. It could also be derived from a description of your home; many British surnames end in a suffix that does just that, such as -wood, -field, -brook, and -well.

Surnames can also be occupational, deriving from the social role that one plays in the community. Many English examples come to mind which are still professions today: Baker, Smith, Cook. Others are less obvious — I did a double take when I saw "Coward" listed as an occupational surname on Wikipedia, but it stems from "cow herd". Non-English examples include Cohen (a Hebrew name relating to priests), Meyer (from the German "mei(ger)", meaning manager of an estate), and Trump (a German name possibly coming from "drum").

Patrilineage plays a large role in surnames across cultures. Although ancient Chinese surnames were matrilineal — passed down from your mother — the majority of surnames are inherited from one's father. This interacts directly with the convention of women taking on a husband's name after marriage; even before a child is born, many cultures designate that the man's name is the "family" name. Surnames are not only often inherited through one's father, but can etymologically stem from fathers too. In many Arabic-speaking cultures, for example, it is common to trace patrilineage through *nasab*, a series of names following your first name — *ism* — that list your paternal ancestors, often preceded by "bin" or "ibn" (son of) or "ibnat" or "bint" (daughter of). If your name is Muhammad, your father is Saeed, and your grandfather is Ghassan, you may be referred to as Muhammad bin Saeed bin Ghassan. Although *nasab* functions differently to surnames, many Arab immigrants to

non-Arab countries, which necessitate surnames on legal paperwork, use the name of a paternal ancestor for this function. Patrilineage is also evident in Anglo surnames as well — affixes like "O", "-son", or "Mac-" all serve to indicate the relationship between a child and their father ("Johnson", for example, means "son of John"). Through these conventions, we can understand the power dynamics baked into our culture and the omnipresence of patriarchy.

Just as surnames are an integral and longstanding part of many societies, they are absent from many cultures too. As with *nasab*, many cultures refer to children purely by their parents, such as in Ethiopia and Iceland. These names are not passed down generationally. If surnames become mainstream in a culture they were previously absent, we can learn about history from that too. Surnames were reserved for the elite in Korea until five hundred years ago, when commoners gradually began to choose and use family names. Many chose names that had longstanding ties with nobility, like Kim, Lee, and Park, even if they themselves had no such ties. During Japanese colonisation, this practice was further embedded, as Korean families were forced to take surnames. As such, those surnames now cover over 40% of the South Korean population.

Chosen surnames can be just as meaningful as those inherited from generations. Many enslaved people chose their own surnames upon being freed, rejecting the names given to them by white slaveholders. Notably, Malcolm X changed his surname from "Little" — the name given by slaveholders to his family — to the letter X, representing the unknown names of his African ancestors. Choosing one's surname can be deeply meaningful, and allows for a legal and

symbolic reclamation of autonomy.

There are other reasons that surnames change over time too. Just like my great-grandfather, many immigrants to Western countries anglicise their names to better assimilate to dominant Anglo culture. This can involve changing orthography, or the way a name is spelt, to better fit within Roman characters and English consonants; the "y" in my surname was likely once a "j". It can also involve cutting up and changing the way a name is pronounced to sit better on Anglo tongues, like changing the Irish name "Ó Cearmada" to "Carmody". This practice of anglicising migrant names was so common that it became known as the "Ellis Island Special" in the 19th and early 20th centuries during mass immigration to the United States. These changes are a rather unobvious synecdoche of how immigrants are forced to assimilate to cultures that are unaccustomed to them; Ellis Island's freshly-inked papers spell out the pressures of Western hegemony in Anglo letters.

Surnames are inextricable from how we understand family and genealogy. They connect us to people with our same names millennia before us and they set us apart as modern, global, and freed. We ought to speak our names with pride.

Who am I, if not the war you fought?

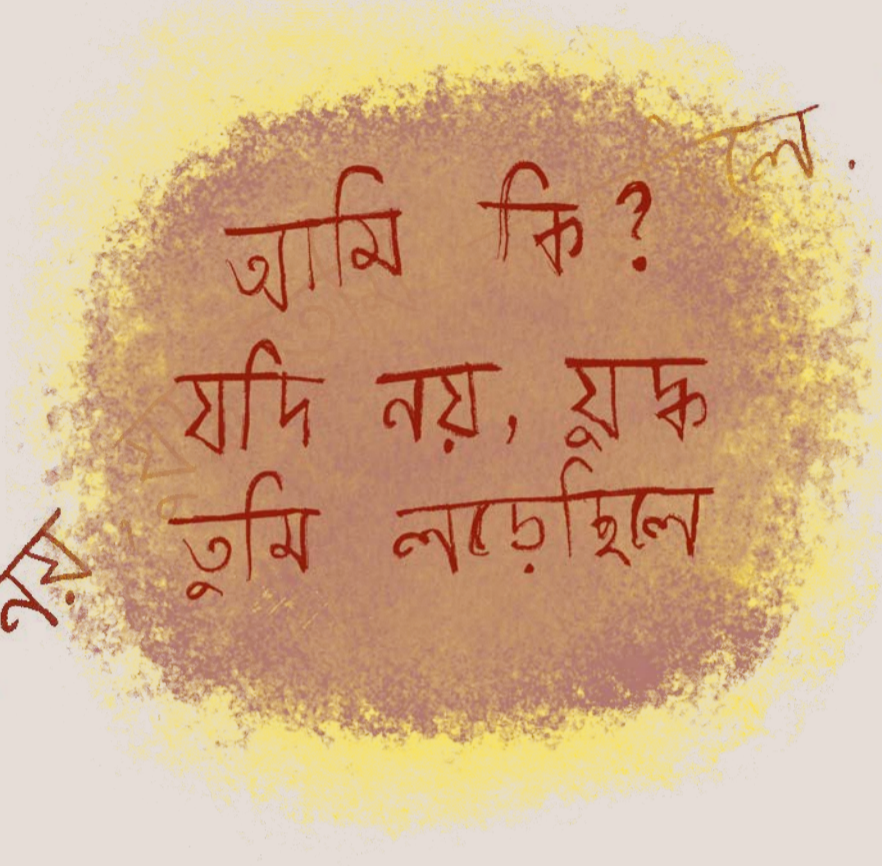
অধরা খালিদ / Audhora Khalid travels back.

Growing up in Dhaka, travelling to my parents' villages down south and up north, seeing my very palpable privilege compared to those who had none beyond the freedom to exist, I always sought out what it is that ties Bangladeshis together, amongst the disparities that can all too easily split us into different planes of existence entirely. In my few sheltered years of living, I've decided it was the war.

My father — then a young man my age, studying engineering — left for his village with his friends by command of his movement leader, Faizul Akbar, asking them to rest and return on March 25th. In the morning hours of the 25th, as the friends walked just a few steps from his home, my grandmother called from behind, pleading, "Khalid, don't go back to Dhaka right now, at least not tonight, I won't object to you going tomorrow." My father listened to her, as he always does.

That night, March 25, 1971, West Pakistan (now Pakistan) conducted Operation Searchlight, massacring students in the same hall in which my father would have slept in that night, hunting down intellectuals — scientists, authors, playwrights, poets, artists, mathematicians — all in an attempt to curb the freedom movement propelled by Bangabandhu, the then newly elected majority leader of Pakistan.

I would watch the clock, waiting for it to reach 5pm, and run behind the door to our apartment. When my father rang the bell, I'd open the door slowly, hiding myself behind it. My father, feigning shock, would exclaim "Hey! Who opened the door?!", that



was my cue to jump out and yell "Me! Baba, it was me!", and run into his open arms. Those mornings would begin with my mom cooking breakfast and making freshly squeezed orange juice. It would end with me and my little sister playing fairies and reading books to sleep after a heavy dinner, sharing secrets past bedtime. I lived a life where you would have never known what my family had been through if you didn't ask. There was the unrelenting silent guilt.

Dhaka became the city of fire and smoke.

The pressure was always there, alongside the fascination. I had dug myself into a cycle; asking my father to tell me stories of the war, playing it again in my head, then feeling guilty for being so useless. There was the unspoken obligation to never forget, never let my family down, and always do the best I can at university so I can come back and change everything for the better. I felt a strong sense of responsibility to make something good out of the hell my people had gone through, that with my privilege

I should create something bigger, better, for the country the one my dad had fought for 50 years ago — when he was the same age that I am now.

Is this propaganda? No. When atrocities are committed to such extremes that the truth appears as a sensationalised abstract in history, it becomes a coping mechanism, perhaps even denial. This is a part of my guilt, obsessively watching videos on Youtube about the war, reading comments of another country taking all the credit, or Pakistanis denying the numbers or actions entirely. We were the victors. How is it that even now we cannot write our own history, the truth, from archives of evidence? How is it that we can be so forgotten? How is it that nobody knows? There's the guilt. Perhaps I could change all that. If I write about it enough, talk about it enough, read about it enough, people will understand and fully acknowledge it. Is it propaganda if it is a silenced truth we are trying to scream out loud?

"First and foremost was to read the book on guerilla warfare where the tactics of the Albanian urban war against imperialist rulers were described. Then there was this book written by the topmost guerilla of the day, Che Guevara. [We] also decided to collect books on manufacturing molotov cocktails... while reading those books, we also started collecting ingredients to manufacture..."

The war, the guilt, has simply become a part of who I am.

Art by Bipasha Chakraborty

Familiar Foreignness

Anonymous explains what it means to be a foreigner.

It persistently emanates from everything around them — the short trading hours, the fixed prices at the store, the quiet streets, the red lights at every intersection, the even quieter congregations, the unfamiliar neighbours, the October Labour Day, and the 24-hour long flights.

Attempting to forget it all, they find it easier to remember.

It's easier to remember what was, and habitually comparing it to what is. Absorbing, as a foreigner, is what Italo Calvino calls the "foreignness

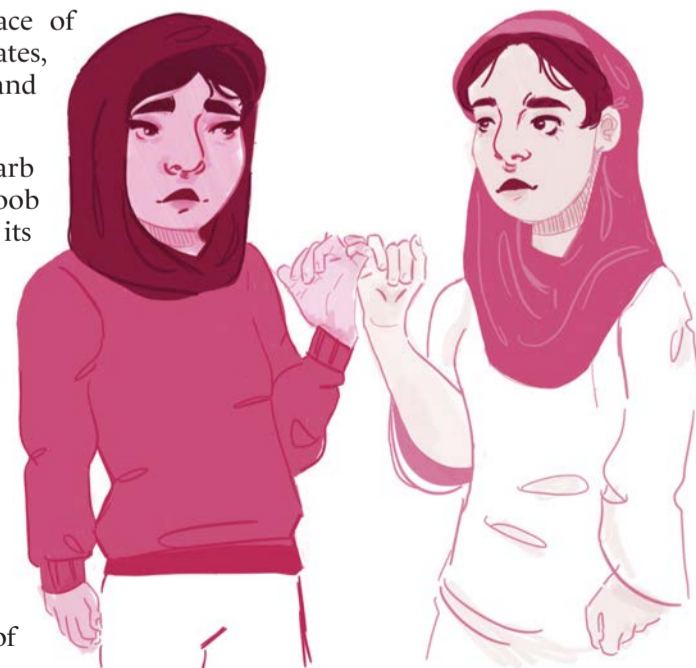
of what [they] no longer are [and what they] no longer possess".

The term *el-ghorba* is one that every child of the Arab diaspora has heard. Literally, the term translates to "estrangement" in English, but to adopt this modern definition would be to overlook the word's nuanced background and encapsulation: nostalgia that is intermingled with trauma and hopeless optimism.

El-ghorba stems from the word *gharb*, which means West, both directionally and geographically, and interestingly, somewhat aligns with Arab migration to the developed Western World, especially in the 20th and 21st centuries. I say somewhat because Arab lands

have also been a place of *el-ghorba* to expatriates, merchants, explorers and Arabs themselves.

Simultaneously, *gharb* echoes the verb *ghuroob* ("to set"), while its antithesis, *sharq*, is related to *shurooq* ("to rise"). In this way, it is as though *el-ghorba* was devised to refer to the process of becoming philosophically distant when travelling to faraway Western lands — the "setting down" of



one's light (i.e. rich cultural history, ideals, and practices). The veracity of this is arguable; foreignness can undeniably broaden one's horizons and outlooks through exposure to different ways of life and paradigms.

While this can enable one to challenge their existing practices and embrace new ones, it can also allow one to reaffirm their ways. At the same time, those who have travelled abroad, often out of necessity, can sometimes lose sense of their origins — this is particularly true for first and second-generation immigrants.

El-ghorba is not only felt by the "foreigner", but also their children. For them, the sentiment is not so much a yearning for what used to be

but rather a musing on what could have been: wise words from their grandparents, staycations where the hotel booking wasn't just two bedrooms, the ability to grasp their relatives' tongues, and not having to explain oneself when ordering a special meal.

This is not possible, unlike Santiago's travel to the exotic lands which was fuelled by his personal, worldly desires, their family's migration to the West was *maktub* (fate). And so, the children are suspended between their present homes and ethnic backgrounds, attempting to harmonise the dissonances echoing from their surroundings.

Yet, for both of these generations, *el-ghorba* culminates in the same way. At its core is a familial lacuna: the loss of family as felt by the parent, the desire for family as felt by the children.

It is only through reconnection — reuniting with one's loved ones or

meeting one's extended family for the first time — that this feeling of exile is neutralised, albeit temporarily. The return to one's original/ancestral homeland engenders another nostalgia, a desire to return to the familiar feeling of foreignness whether it be the short trading hours, tranquil gatherings, or solitary staycations. Having become so accustomed to the foreign, they realise that *el-ghorba* is irreversible and not solely geographical alienation. It is the psychological and insurmountable state of accepting that one can no longer regain what they have lost, nor gain what they never had.

Art by Evelyn Redfern

Little healths

She brought with her hither every herb, to the pond of little healths. She brayed each herb, clever device, here by the pond. Every warrior she laid under the water would rise up sleek and sound, without blemish, spot, or hurt on visage or noble body.

Early on a Sunday, I rest my head against the window pane. The leaves of the eucalypts are soaked in white, and as the train sinks deep into the mountains, they brush against the scratched glass. Patches of greenish light seep through the trees. The carriage is empty, so I perch my feet on the opposite seat, and the thread at the tip of my socks hangs loose. I hope that my mother can sew it back into place.

I wonder what it will be like. I see my father at the piano, the veins of his hand stretched across the keys. He will ask me to park myself next to him. I see another version of my father, picking unripe oranges from the petal-strewn drive. This version is less likely, because I do not know whether the orange tree has yet grown to blossom, and I do not know who my father has become.

I know that my mother will be in the pond. The water will be warm, clouds of grey mist at the surface. A towel in her hair, she will sink into her deep blue chair. The leather of the seat was torn long ago. I wonder whether she has read the novels I sent from Dublin, Keegan and Enright and McGahern and the little green copy of *Dubliners* with the title in gold leaf. They will be in a pile by the chair, the pages dogeared.

The eucalypts change to yellow wattles. The train passes through Lawson, Bullaburra, Wentworth Falls, and as it slows into the narrow lanes of Leura, I slip my feet into the clean boots below me. It has been one year.

I am always the one who opens the gate. When I touch the handle, little shards of white paint fall onto me — flecks of snow on dry hair. My father drives through the opening, and I close the iron latch.

There has been a silence since the station. He greeted me, what way are you, how are they keeping, indeed you've grown, but apart from a comment on the scorching sun of the morning, my father has said nothing. There is nothing awkward about this. Neither one of us talks.

My father steps out of the car, and he has slung my bag over his shoulder. I follow him down the gravel path. With each step, my boots sink into a petal of another colour, pink, deep purple, a yellow begonia with its edges wilting into caramel. My father has done well. He pauses to pick up an unripe orange.

Somewhere, a lorikeet sings. I can already hear the stream trickling into the pond. The willows hum.

This is the place I dashed through every afternoon, towards the kitchen counter and the little pot of tea that my mother had already brewed.

This is the place where I would lie and breathe in the golden light, a novel perched on my bare middle, the strains of my father's piano seeping through the open window. This is the place I left, the beauty I abandoned for a bedsit, my grey box by the grey Liffey in a grey, paralysed city. I feel, again, the metal frame of my single bed, the pebbles walls that grated a stray hand. I feel the cold stillness of the past year.

My father approaches the steps, and I follow suit. I do not ask why my mother is not on the veranda. I did not ask why she was not at the station, nor waiting in the passenger seat. He unlocks the door, and we pass through.

The hallway is dark, and my footsteps seem louder than they once were. My father nods his head to my boots. They are new boots, the soles thick and heavy. My boots are similar to those of my father, but his have been battered by time: the leather peels, dry and caked in mud. I place my boots by the doorframe.

He leads me into my home. The furniture has been rearranged. The deep blue chair is gone, and a padded, suede throne serves in its place. The new chair is fragmented into rectangular divisions, and plastic buttons decorate the arms. My father notices my gaze. We say nothing. The novels I have sent are in a pile on the coffee table, the spines unbroken. My father sits at his piano. The room is still.

I want him to make a quip: to break the silence that began in peace and now festers between us.

Eamonn Murphy reflects on the words we can't say.

Her body is sprawled out on the grass. She lifts her hand above the water beside her, holds it above her reflection, and as she breaks the surface with her fingertips, her reflection does the same and breaks quietly.

from a folk tale.

He begins to play a study that I do not know.

I walk into the chill of the kitchen. My mother has not brewed the tea, so I light a match against the stove, pressing the knob so that it clicks. I open the cupboards to find my blue mug in the back corner, and I wipe the dust off the lip. I slice a loaf of bread. The butter on the counter is warm. There is still a teaspoon in the jar of raspberry jam. I know these are relics from my father's breakfast, but I do not know why my mother has not asked him to clean them up. I lean over the kitchen counter and eat, and just as I finish, the kettle wails. I pour the water, and brown wisps spiral through the mug.

I think of how she would take me to the pond as a boy, holding the belt of my trousers so I wouldn't fall in.

I think of how, later, we tasted the cool water. I think of how we would race each other across the pond, warm clouds of grey air at the surface. I think of how the tassels of our towels would lie in the shallows, how we would fall into them when our arms began to ache.

heartbeat. I remember calling to my mother as she swam behind me. When I turned, she broke through the water, and came to kneel by the lorikeet. My mother wrapped the lorikeet in her palms, and laid it under the water for just a moment, rinsing off the blemishes of silt and lifting the lorikeet out of the pond, the green and red and blue feathers sleek against its little body. She placed the lorikeet on a flat rock to dry.

She sunk back into the water, and I walked back up the path to change.

I would like to think that the lorikeet dried its feathers in the sun, fluttered its healed little wings, and soared to the willows. This is the story I told myself. The bird was saved, restored, by this pond of little healths. I do not know what happened after I left the pond that day.

I look out of the window and my mother's skin is white as she still swims, lies, stands, rests by her pond. My mug of tea turns cold and bitter on the kitchen counter. I sink into my bed.

be ready for afterwards, so the shakes don't set in. My mother sometimes returns from these baths with soft flecks of moss in her hair. My father and I say nothing.

When I wake, I know that I have been dreaming of the pond, and I do not want this to end.

I want to swim into the cool, clear water and bathe, for the dream to go on.

It is a soft day. I take my towel from the bottom drawer.

A layer of dust has collected on the threadbare fabric, and as I climb out of the window and down to the pond, I brush the grey particles to the ground.

I leave my clothes on the grass. I can still hear the strains of my father's piano, the same unknown study. I hope that his playing will continue while I bathe, that the stillness of the pond will not break. I know that he will not stop. I know that he no longer comes to the pond.

I slide deeper into the bathtub. I can no longer hear the city streets. The music from my phone is muffled by the water and the hot steam. I hear the music stop as my phone starts to ring, and I know that it is my father, and I shut my eyes so the soap does not sting, and I sink to the bottom of the bathtub and lie as the water in my ear becomes the whirl of the pond's little currents, and I am back in the dark water I know.

I lie against the water, floating among the nettles and brambles. I watch the green leaves cut up the sky. I feel my mother's hand brush against mine. She floats beside me. She whispers, swim with me, a stór, swim with me, and she turns to swim her laps. I lie, completely still, against the water.

It is a soft day. I watch the soft sun set before me.

When my arms begin to ache, I fall into my towel. I dry myself in the last remnants of daylight. I wrap the towel around my waist and tuck it in. I hold up my clothes in a bundle at my chest, and I walk up to the house.

My father is already in the kitchen, and I nod at him as I pass the window. I climb into my bedroom. When I go to the drawers to find a new t-shirt, a pair of cotton shorts, I find only the memorabilia of my childhood: a moth-eaten jumper, an embroidered bib. I do not know whether my father has moved my belongings, or whether I brought everything to Ireland, but at this moment, I feel that I am a visitor to my own childhood home. I empty my clothes out of my bag and onto the bed. I slip on a t-shirt, and hope that the creases will disappear.

As I leave my room, I touch the heating pipe that lines the corridor. The metal is cold. My father has not yet started the fire. I can hear drawers open and close in the kitchen, and I wonder whether he has any plan to start the fire at all. There is now a little button that you can press, just next to the bookshelves, to heat the pipes electronically. I noticed this button when I came into the house. I know that the warmth will not be the same.

I walk to the living room, and kneel by the fireplace. I pierce the bag of firewood with my fingertips, and I see that my father has bought the wood that is streaked by paint. My mother does not like this tainted firewood. The bitter smoke brings on her headaches, and once, she said that the smoke can even reach the pond: the water tastes of metal for a week afterwards. I lay the pieces in the fireplace. I light a match to a white firelighter, and the bases of the logs begin to glow. Soon, the room is warm. A layer of black residue covers the mantelpiece.

Behind the bitter smoke, I notice the smell of burning onions. I know that

they are charred, that they are meant to be caramelised, but it is too late. I walk through the dark hallway to the kitchen.

I pour my cold tea into the sink. The leaves collect in the drain. I take out plates, cutlery, the tea towels we use as napkins, the candle jars we use as glasses. I set the table for two. My father presses the chicken breasts into the hot pan, and steam hisses from the pink meat. I stand alongside him as he cooks. I hand him an apron and he nods. I turn on the exhaust. I step away as he brings the pan to the table.

There are scraps of speech as we eat our supper. The chicken is delicious. He has roasted the tomatoes on the top shelf of the oven, and I know that they are from the garden — so is the parsley, the hint of garlic, the thyme. The onion is charred, but this seems to balance the sweetness of the tomatoes. My father has learned how to cook.

I note that there is already whiskey in his glass. He sees this and lifts the bottle, pouring a nip into mine. I take short, quick sips to hide the burn of the drink. I am, by now, used to the Irish liquid supper, but my father's whiskey has always burned my throat. I remember grimacing when he first gave me a sip from his glass. I feel the shape of the glass in my hands. I feel the plastic cup that I kept in Dublin, cracked by months of use, and I taste the cold food that I ate for an entire cold year, the cross-legged meals at the foot of my bed. I look at the chicken, the gleaming tomatoes, and I breathe in the herbs.

My father and I talk of the food, the drink, but we do not talk of my mother.

She sits beside us at the table. She lies under the table. She cackles. She stands on the kitchen counter, her white body dripping in pond water. She pours tea over herself. She sits on my lap, she is my father, she is a corpse on the table and she shimmers. She stands, she walks to the kitchen door, she opens it, she walks to her pond and sinks under her dark water, she swims through the herbs, she breathes in her little healths, and she rises up, sleek and sound, without blemish, spot, or hurt, and she stands. Look, she says.

I stand, taking the plates and pots to the sink. The water runs over them. I see myself on the train back to Sydney, my head against the window pane, my feet perched on the opposite seat and the eucalypts through the glass, and I see myself on the plane to Dublin, back to the grey, lifeless room by the Liffey, and I do not know where I want to be but I am here, I stand over the sink, and hot water runs over the china plates. When I turn around, I see that my father has left. The strains of his piano echo through the house. I stand over the kitchen counter, the water streaming before me, and I look out to the pond of little healths.



Art by Andy Park

At last, I come to my bedroom. I lie on the bed, and my weight presses into the mattress. I look at the gaps in the bookshelves.

The empty coat hangers are askew in the open wardrobe, and the light spills through the window, where, just on the other side, my mother lies by the pond.

I have a memory of finding a lorikeet in the silt. Between the wisps of grass and pebbles and the tassels of our towels, I found a broken wing. The feathers lay as fragments, a mosaic of faded green and red and blue. I dug around the wing. I pulled the wet sand away, and I found the lorikeet and its faint

I step into the water, and I feel the grime of a year melt away. I wet my hair and lie back against the dark water and I am back in that Dublin bathtub, wisps of soap swimming around my knees. I dip my ears underwater as I try to remember the words of that day's lectures, words uttered by the authors I love, Tóibín and Ní Dhuibhne and even Keegan herself, and although I have dreamed of this for so long, I sink into my chair and hear their words become mere sound.

What can I do when the unthinkable has happened and I am still so far from home?

On soft days, the pond water is cool and clear, and my mother takes her bath there. She does not mind the cold. She asks whether a cup of tea could

Memorial

Brendan Ryan writes of the bonds that hold us together.

“Every town in this country has one of these,” she said.

Norma stood with Jeremy. They were roughly the same height. If you stood from behind and saw only their backs and stood far far away, they could be the same age.

She pointed up at the bronze man in the afternoon heat. He towered above them. “This is our history,” she said.

Jeremy’s little face looked up at the bronze man and his pointy rifle and his fancy uniform and the sculpted ripples in his fancy uniform from the wind.

Jeremy licked his index finger and put it in the air and felt nothing.

Norma gave him a closed-mouth smile. Beyond her lips was a set of yellowed teeth. The wrinkles around her lips went deep.

She pointed to the script on the pedestal beneath the bronze man.

“Do you know what those words are?” she said.

“No?” he said.

Jeremy had the habit of inflecting the end of his sentences. They all sounded like questions. “Those are the names of men,” she said.

Jeremy said nothing.

“They did something very special for us. Do you know what they did for us?”

“No?” he said.

“They fought so you could be safe. So you could go to school and your mummy could go to work.”

“Oh?” he said.

“Yes. They were brave. And what they did was right.”

“Brave and right?” he said.

“Yes. Brave and right. Good boy.”

Norma took Jeremy’s hand and the two walked down the wide empty road to the house and went inside. It was cool from the air conditioning and Jeremy’s mother was making sandwiches in the kitchen.

The three of them sat on the veranda and ate the sandwiches and drank lime cordial, diluted twice as much as normal. The cicadas buzzed in the dead hot air. They sat and ate in silence and when they were finished Jeremy’s mother collected the plates and went back into the kitchen.

At eight in the evening Jeremy was put to bed. The three sat in the small bedroom as the mother read the son a bedtime story. In the corner was a nightlight. It let off an amber glow and hummed softly. Jeremy fell asleep before she could finish the story.

Jeremy’s mother sat there in the half-dark for a while. The boy lay on his side, breathing steadily.

She had her hand close to him, just out of reach of his little chest when it swelled like a cresting wave.

Norma put her hand on the mother’s shoulder, but she did not look up.

Norma went out onto the veranda and down the steps and into the warm night. She walked down the road past the bronze man, pointing a small flashlight into the wide dark. There was

a bench to the side of the road. She sat wearily and turned off the flashlight. She lit an unfiltered cigarette, letting it burn out slowly between her fingers.

It was quiet. Not even a breeze.

When the cigarette burned out, she widened her fingers and let the butt drop to her feet and sat still, thinking in the quiet.

For no reason at all, she thought about her youth. She remembered when couples slow-danced at the local hall, and when it was so cold you could barely feel your feet and when parents took their children for ice cream near the water. For no reason at all, she thought about great big cargo ships and waves and tears.

She fumbled for the cheap lighter in her pocket. She lit another unfiltered and took long, hard inhales. She felt her head buzz and swell. She let time pass.

In between cigarettes she thought and listened to herself wheezing for air.

Sahtain

Anthony-James Kanaan muses on cultural survival.

I

“Know thyself,” a moribund maxim:

even the neighbours consume an idea of themselves which is make-believe. Speaking in tongues instead of with them, we hiss in counterfeits.

This is not a caricatural fault of character.

This is the internal exotic — a rotund, warlike tiger which rests in the chest, grinds pointed teeth, waits to pierce through lungs — words fake

Like bags of bread: round plastic crinkling, roaring, attacking

our ears and stomachs as we map its peacetime taste.

The green cedar tree emblazoned on the bag is neon, circular, transparent: a way of consuming the self through redolent tastes, bitter memories, and not by immediate definition. Neither dead, neither living. A purgatory whose parameters are defined by the performing.



II

In Athens, my grandmother’s mother would herald the summer by cracking eggs over potatoes in a skillet. Circular pita bread round in celestial orbit swallowed the food.

In Alexandria’s Summer, Yiayia in her youth, in her birth-right city, swam in the Mediterranean. Eating Medjools with milk, draped in deep-Tyrian purple linens and silk before the coup and expulsion of foreign nationals.

Moving onwards, every Beirut winter she made molokhia as she still does in Sydney: soup of jute, cilantro, lemon, the dish named after the Pharaohs who ate it for strength and continuity of national identity. Around the dinner table, a petite histoire unfolds like frozen filo pastry.

I am like the table: buttressed by the four legs of two selves, and, like the wood, my cells are strong but the roots are no longer. I look upwards at the Sun, flashing its morse code: a language pushed downwards, fiery foie gras —

I pour the tea. We

add cinnamon for taste, and dried cloves numbs our tongues. This is the ritual where we contribute

to our own silence. Not because our mouths are full, but because our hearts and minds like glorious Egyptian tombs, have been raided and emptied

over and over.

A taste palate: Reflections on family and falafel

Zeina Khochaiche ponders her family history through the five senses.

The word “Lebanon” has always tasted like zaatar and charred sesame seeds.

For many, the aromas and colours of Lebanon bring to mind a Halal snack pack, or carrot sticks dipped in hummus. But for millions, the oregano stems and cedar trees are an expression of love. A steadfast vessel of culture, family and connection.

For me, it’s the link to my grandfather, to my Dad’s wartorn hometown and to my tentative cultural identity. Honouring Lebanon through food and culture is one of the languages my family uses when words fail us.

Honouring Lebanon through food and culture is one of the languages my family uses when words fail us.

My memories of my family and cultural identity always simmer down to a sense of synaesthesia.

Sight

Cedar City has some of the finest Phoenician fabrics, Arabian textiles and cultural connections. The walls of our home are lined with vibrant embroidery of satin or velvet, paired with picture frames of weathered scenes of our hometown. Shrouding these walls are the unmistakable Kilim rugs with their elaborate patterns, framed by deep colours of mahogany, golden hues and dark greens.

Rooms of these colours meet with visions of my Jidou. He kneels at 86, chopping onions, slicing eggplants and placing them in faded bowls where vines dance vines along the rims.

Hearing

I recall school drop-offs to the sound of folk heroes: Fairuz, Oum Kalthoun and Marcel Khalife. Throughout my childhood, Dad would pause the songs, line by line, to recite the translation of Fairuz’s “Balleghouhou Ya Qamarou”: Oh I wish for love to bring us together Because passion plants us but distance harvests us — Excerpt from “Balleghouhou Ya Qamarou” by Fairuz.

“Oh I wish for love to bring us together, Because passion plants us but distance harvests us”

This beauty seeps further. For our weddings, engagements and celebrations, the percussions of tabla and darbuka boom their melodies down streets. We line dance to the Dabke, swinging our held hands to the oscillating tones of the drum.

Often, I remember that though I enjoy the beauty of folk singers and ceremonial treats, my father walked hundreds of kilometres out of his hometown, marching to the beats of bombs and artillery just 43 years ago.

Smell

Rosewater, agarwood and jasmine follow my aunties, as they kiss my cheeks three times and assure me I need a second serving of mujadra. Cumin, sumac and seven spices are soaked into our kitchens, and loyally seep into our furniture. I can never enter a family member’s home without wafts of broiling saffron or fresh Arabic coffee piping on the serving tables.

When I think of family, I think of my grandfather, and the hospital room where we parted ways. This clean, metallic scent is always present: it taps on the shoulder of the memories of our meals.

Taste

I hold no hesitation when I say this: I am a descendant of the richest cuisine in the world.

On the news, we see devastation and civil unrest on our glorious lands. On plates and weathered bowls, we see infused rice and mahmool biscuits.

The falafel, the malfouf, the tabouli, the fatayer, the kibbeh, the baba ghanoush, the shakshouka., the froul: this ephemeral taste is only a snapshot of the dishes of my people.

On the news, we see devastation and civil unrest on our glorious lands. On plates and weathered bowls, we see infused rice and mahmool biscuits. On the stove, we see the mujadra or the vine leaves, coupled with pickled chillies and radish ready for any guest to taste.

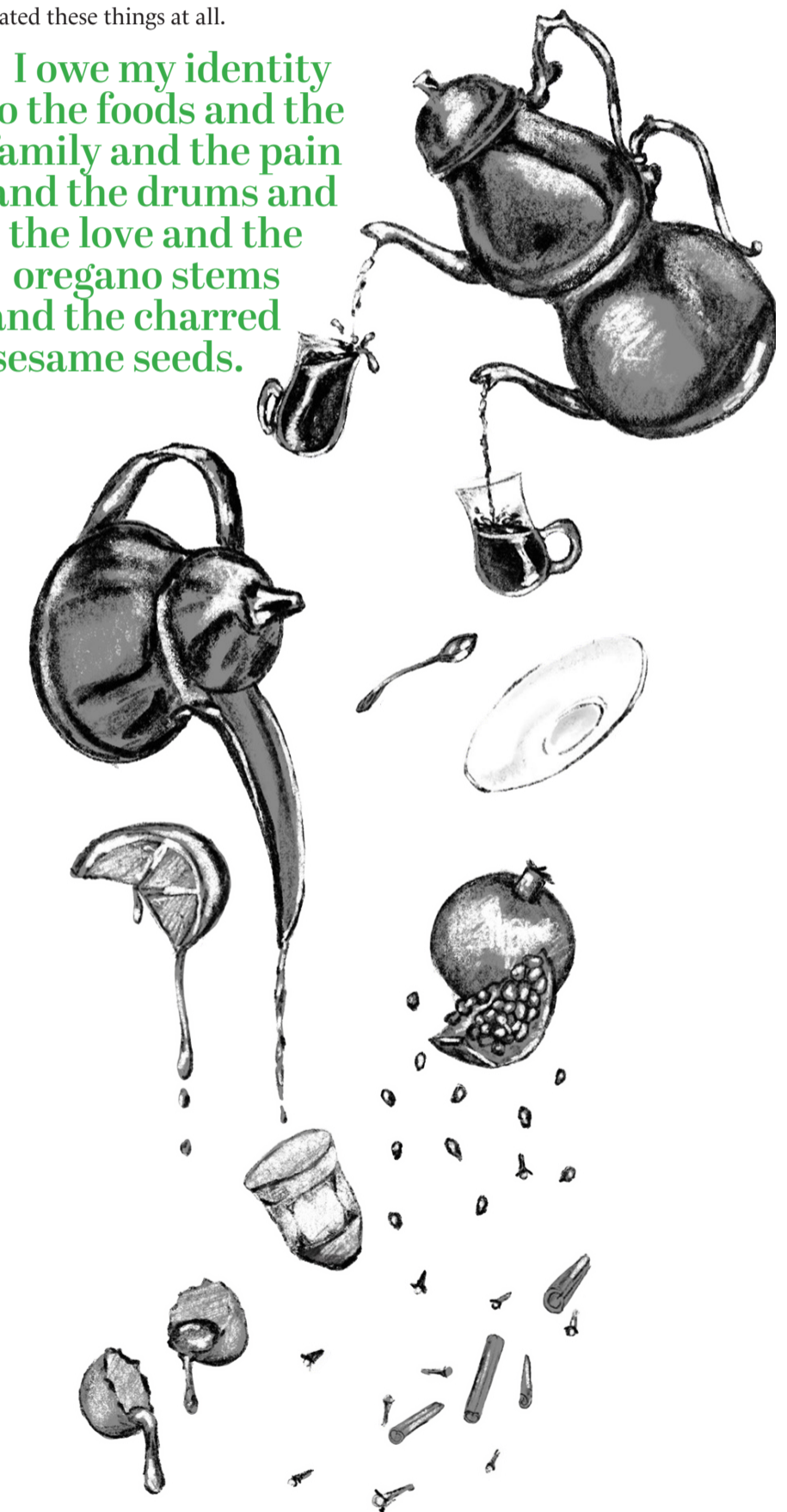
My grandfather spent hours labouring over these dishes, and he would proudly offer them to his children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. When the wounds seem irreparable, the food of my family has always been a generational plaster.

Touch

To end this foray, I could share an authentic, but depthless, sentiment of gratitude for the experiences I have undergone. But my cultural identity is far more complex than I will ever realise, and at times I’ve failed to practise the honesty I so fondly honour.

I used to hate the way my name required two or more encores. I used to hate the interrogation of the foreign foods in my thermos. I used to hate learning about my culture with sour tongues in front of blurry whiteboards. I used to hate the excessive hair I grew all over my body. I used to hate the generalisations. I used to hate that I hated these things at all.

I owe my identity to the foods and the family and the pain and the drums and the love and the oregano stems and the charred sesame seeds.



Yet through this, I owe my existence to my Jidou and the wars he fought. I owe my spirit to my Father and the walls he continues to knock down. I owe my identity to the foods and the family and the pain and the drums and the love and the oregano stems and the charred sesame seeds.

I am touched by my culture. I am misshapen by my culture. I am transformed by my culture.

Lebanon tastes like liberation. And until we all taste it, my culture will never be muted.

Art by Anthony-James Kanaan

We see what we expect to see: *Exiles* and the trickle-down of coercive control

Angus McGregor reads a thriller and questions what it can tell us about our society.

When reading the novel for the first time myself, I was disappointed by how slow it felt. Nothing seemed to be happening. And even after 300 pages there was no sign of a payoff. The whole plot felt like a wild goose chase.

This — in fact — had been Harper's point all along.

It's no secret that police have been historically awful at solving domestic abuse cases. Unless there is a mark, victims are told, there is nothing law enforcement can do. In their seminal book on domestic abuse, *See What You Made Me Do*, Jess Hill noted how "domestic violence" may be too narrow of a term to reflect the experiences of survivors in Australia, or as she put it:

"Wherever possible, I have replaced the term 'domestic violence' with 'domestic abuse'. I did this because, in some of the worst abusive relationships, physical violence is rare, minor, or barely present."

Whether it be emotional or financial, abuse sits on a wide spectrum and until recently, laws have been slow to catch up.

Hill uses the term "coercive control" to define the process by which a perpetrator slowly takes control of a victim, isolating them from family, friends, and wider society.

With this frame in mind, not only does the case make sense, but Faulk's inability to solve it makes even more sense. He looks for physical evidence, tirelessly looks into the alibi of almost every town member, and walks the crime scene multiple times over. The fact that Kim leaves for Adelaide with a new husband, quits her job to 'take care' of the home and their kid, and very rarely sees people from her home beside the odd holiday is a miscellaneous detail. It's not that Faulk is a bad detective, the very fact that he is a good one makes him unable to solve this case.

In his own words, all Faulk had seen was a "grieving husband and father" not the "controlling and violent man" he was.

After this was revealed at the end, I expected this final twist to dominate how the book was reviewed. Not only were there no interviewers asking about domestic abuse but the headlines were the same as they always are. "Writing in a pandemic and the rural noir renaissance," was the ABC's choice.

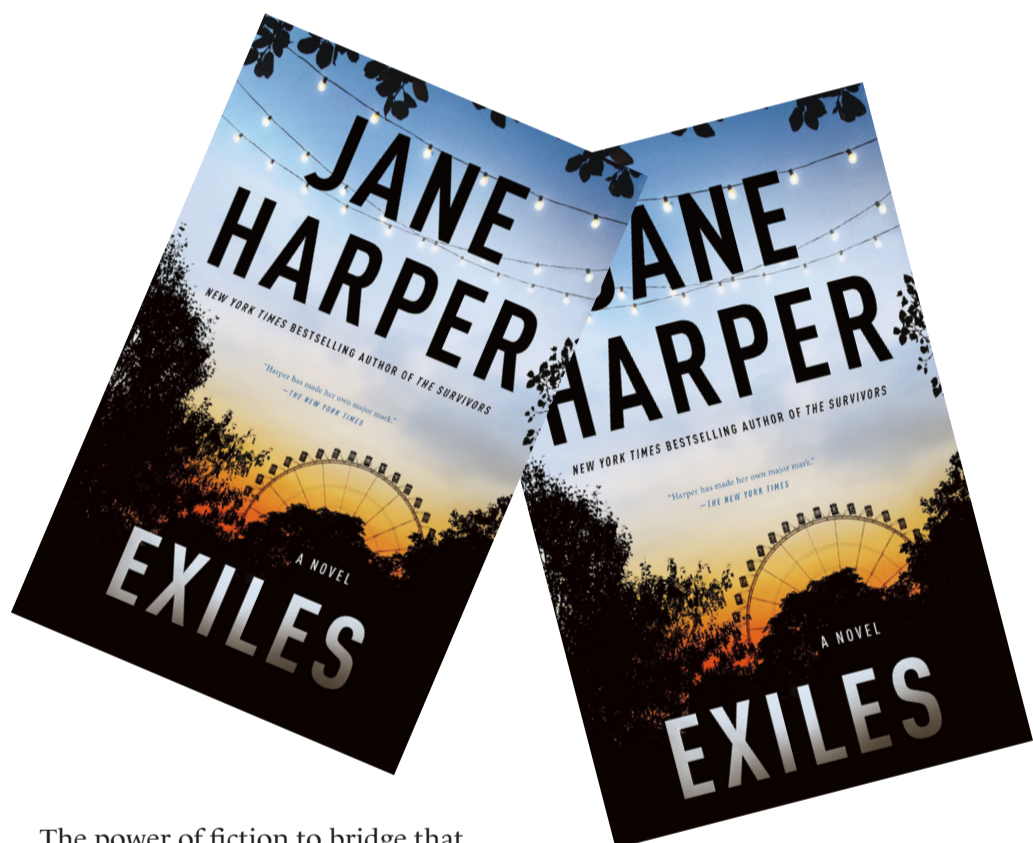
This is a missed opportunity in the wider discussion we are having about how women are treated in the justice system. Queensland recently passed reforms adding a "pattern of behaviour" into the domestic abuse code and strengthening the offence of stalking, and NSW is currently considering similar changes.

However, there is still some hesitation about criminalising coercive control. If anything, this is because the education on what abuse actually looks like is insufficient.

violence doesn't just require money — it requires conviction and belief. Do we actually believe perpetrators can be stopped—not in generations to come, but right now?"

Not only do we have to see the abuse in non-physical forms, but law enforcement and civilians need to feel like they have the tools to handle it. Crucially, until the end, we never see Kim's perspective. If anything, *Exiles* is a story of people coming to terms with "domestic abuse", more than the abuse itself.

See What You Made Me Do should be recommended reading, for police officers and judges, media, and the wider public. That being said, academic works like Hill's just do not have the wider audience that Harper does.



Not everyone will understand the complexity of coercive control.

With thrillers or any other piece of fiction, people don't have to; the academic concepts are tied to the most reliable and easily read stories out there today.

What Harper has done is crucial and commendable. It symbolises a modern Australia willing to abandon a reductionist view of domestic abuse. The subtitle of *Exiles* is "We see what we expect to see." That is certainly true for domestic abuse and for the texts, fictional and non-fictional which examine it. It's a shame that the book is only seen as another Outback murder mystery to add to the pile.

Hill points to this psychological shift as perhaps the most important step we need to take: "Ending domestic

Jane Harper is the new big thing in Australian thriller writing. A former journalist, she was able to find a niche centering on "Outback" settings, which have taken off in an Australian marketplace that increasingly craves local stories. Her first novel, *The Dry* was turned into a feature film starring Eric Bana, and her third, *The Lost Man*, is now on the HSC English Standard curriculum.

Every interview with Harper emphasises how "Australian" her books are, whether that be the settings or characters. Like Tim Winton was able to do years ago, she has made people connect with her novels on an almost patriotic, quasi-nostalgic level.

That connection makes the subject of her most recent novel, *Exiles*, worthy of a closer look. Thrillers often get dismissed as "airport reads."

But, what people find easy and comfortable to read, and even more importantly, what authors find easy to write is representative of what has become socially acceptable.

Exiles follows her repeat protagonist Aaron Faulk, an AFP officer based in Melbourne, as he tries to solve a cold case involving the disappearance of a young mother, Kim Gillespie, set in a rural South Australian town. It has all the usual plot elements. We jump from suspect to suspect as Falk tries to recreate the events of the night. Was it the ex-boyfriend? Or perhaps the corrupt Sheriff?

A modest story with a lot to say: Colm Bairéad's *The Quiet Girl*

Phoebe Santow reflects on being quiet in a noisy world.

In the opening of Colm Bairéad's *The Quiet Girl*, we are struck by the calls of Cáit's siblings telling her to come home. The camera falls to the young girl lying in a field. It is rural Ireland, a family living in abject poverty, and at its centre, a neglected child without a voice.

And so begins a tale of unspoken connections and the beautiful nuances of human relationships. The film moves slowly, and creeps up on you through an accumulation of little moments of sensitivity.

The premise is simple. It is 1981. There are hunger strikes in the North, and the country is in chaos. In this story, however, the outside world is not in overt focus — here, we have a timeless rural landscape, and nine-year-old Cáit is one of many siblings in a dysfunctional household. Cáit's mother is yet again pregnant, and with too many mouths to feed, Cáit is sent away to live with her distant aunt, Eibhlín, and her husband Seán, on their farm.

The lack of welfare support for struggling families comes across through the portrayal of Cáit's household. Recession in the late 1970s and early 80s culminated in deep cuts to Ireland's already poor provision of health and social housing. Contraception was banned, meaning families grew too large to sustain themselves. The inattentive treatment of Cáit by her parents is not without reason; circumstances make familial care strained and difficult. The film is in many ways a raw portrayal of hardship and pain.

As the eldest child in a family of six, something that stuck out to me was the film's depiction of distinctly disparate family dynamics within a similarly-sized family. From the beginning, with Cáit's father's clear absence from family life, and his turning instead to

alcohol and gambling, I felt fortunate to live in the home that I do, with two present parents and constant, unquestioned love and security. Food on the table every night is a given, not a luxury. The difficulties in sending four children to private school is certainly put into perspective when juxtaposed against the difficulties in keeping four children alive.

The Quiet Girl provides a faithful adaptation of Irish writer Claire Keegan's 2010 short story, "Foster". It is rare for a film to reproduce a

Cáit's hair — *ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred...*

The film renders a tenderness that the viewer is privy to from the early interactions between Eibhlín and Cáit: Eibhlín tactfully attributes Cáit's wet sheets to another cause, holds her hand walking her through the paddocks in her too-big gumboots, and patiently sits by her side as she practises reading aloud.

However, it is perhaps more affecting to witness the gradual thawing of Sean's frosty demeanour towards the



at lunchtime runs away over the schoolyard fence. We gaze at the farm over the summer, as Cáit runs to the letterbox through dappled sunlight, and the trees meet over the path in leafy embrace. It is not simply nature that is the source of Cáit's contentment and freedom — it is, above all, the joy of being listened to and understood.

As we watch the film, we see Eibhlín and Seán become to Cáit the parents she never truly had. They treat her

young child over the course of the film. Through Cáit's child-eyes, we watch as Sean's initial gruffness softens into sincere affection. Where the two share an intimate conversation by the water, Sean tells her of the lost horses that fishermen find out at sea. For the first time, someone affirms to Cáit that her quietness is not at fault: he tells her, in a quintessentially Irish cadence, "You don't have to say anything. Always remember that. Many's the person missed the opportunity to say nothing and lost much because of it." They sit in silence and watch the moonlight flicker on the receding tide, and a deep mutual understanding is conveyed without words.

This was a particularly touching scene for me. As someone who has always been quiet, and consistently told to

with a kindness so foreign to her in the beginning, that it is only over the course of the film that we witness her coming to understand that she has found a home in these two people — a home that is at odds with the one she had left behind. *That* home is cold and dark and bleak: the baby is crying and there is not enough to eat; the father drinks too much and is late to bring in the hay. When it comes time for Cáit to return home, she doesn't want to go.

An understated piece of art, *The Quiet Girl* is one of those films that stays with you long after you leave the cinema. In few words, it speaks to being quiet in a noisy world — perhaps the deepest connections transcend language.

Art by Jun Kwoun

President

LIA PERKINS

Hi! Last week was fantastic. Congratulations to the NTEU branch at USyd and everyone who went on strike and attended the picket lines. It was significant to see strong support for staff and a complete campus shutdown after months of bargaining. We hope management takes this as a strong message about the importance of this campaign. I spent most of my morning at the small entrance behind the Law school near Victoria park, and visited the

well attended City Rd picket, where dozens of staff and students were gathered. The SRC is in support of further strike action to force the hand of University management. I spent time earlier in the week building the strike campaign with the Education Action Group. The University's Future FASS program is being implemented, with a recent announcement that FASS honours programs may be significantly scaled back for 'curriculum sustainability'. We are opposed to these changes, which aren't as dire as originally proposed (due to an amazing student and staff campaign), though they represent a significant degradation of

our education. Next week, the SRC is hosting a forum: Free Speech and the Right to Protest, with guest speakers including Wendy Bacon and David Shoebridge, on the University's crackdown on free speech on campus, and the repressive anti-protest laws used against activists. I encourage students concerned about the suspension of two students to attend in New Law Annex LT024 at 3pm on Thursday 16th. At 8:30am that day there will be an action outside the Downing Centre in support of Violet CoCo, to drop the prison sentence against the climate activist. This week I am also working on the SSAF acquittal with the General Secretaries,

we welcome two new Caseworkers, and President Consultation hours are running Mon & Weds. As part of the campaign run by the NUS, and SRC Welfare Action Group @ USyd, the SRC has released a survey on student housing, to gather information and data to use in our campaigning. We want you to fill it out!

QR code here:



Education

ISHBEL DUNSMORE
YASMINE JOHNSON

USYD is out on strike again in 2023! We spent the first few weeks of semester building for the March 9 NTEU strike. After management gave staff an insultingly low pay offer of 3.3% per year - which, with inflation

at 7.8% and rising, would amount to a serious pay cut in real terms - staff overwhelmingly voted to continue the industrial campaign. The strike on Thursday of week 3 was incredibly successful, and saw hundreds of NTEU members and students mobilise to attend picket lines across campus. USYD was deserted, with a large number of classes cancelled altogether. But the campaign isn't over. Management have so far refused

to budge on proposals to attack pay and conditions. In response, the NTEU voted not only for a week 3 strike, but for a further 48 hour strike in week 6 and a 72 hour strike in week 10. We'll be organising student contingents to support the picket lines whenever staff take strike action - come along to Education Action Group meetings to help make next time even more successful! Check our instagram for more info. We

were also part of a protest at the AFR Business Summit, opposing the gathering of Australia's top business executives and politicians who spend their lives attacking ordinary people.

On Thursday March 16th we'll be attending the forum on Free Speech on Campus and the Right to Protest, to discuss recent attacks by USYD management and the NSW police on student activism.

Women's

IGGY BOYD
ALEV SARACOGLU

The Womens' Collective said a warm welcome to new and returning students with our Welcome Picnic. Thanks to everyone who came, it

was great to see so many new faces! On Wednesday we went to the International Working Girls Day rally, a very moving and successful action demanding the full decriminalisation of sex work and an end to the exploitative and impenetrable bureaucracy of brothels that are so often supported mainly by the same MPs and high up businesspeople who seek to suppress the rights of

Sex Workers. Thursday's strike action was arguably the best day of striking yet in this round of enterprise bargaining from the NTEU. Both of us were out at the pickets helping to hold the line and we look forward to organising a WoCo contingent to the new 5 days of strikes this semester (should they be necessary)! The Womens' Collective will always stand fully behind Staff in their fight

for better pay and conditions because we understand that the workers' struggle is also a feminist struggle, and we support both. We've also got a bake sale coming up next week on Wednesday to raise money to support radical black activists fighting for Sovereignty. Please keep an eye out and come say hi!

Ethno-Cultural

RAND KHATIB

ACAR has been incredibly busy behind the scenes! Last week we had our first meeting to welcome new ACAR members and talk campaigns and projects. We also have begun the 2023 ACAR Honi process, and with an editorial team of 12 it's

looking really inspiring so far! We have totalled our fundraising efforts from Welcome Week stall shirt sales and we raised \$305! We are currently working on our first campaign, Israeli Apartheid Week, to shed light on the apartheid system of oppression.

ACAR's next meeting will be in two weeks' time and will be followed by a non-autonomous reading group, where we encourage all our white allies to come along!

Queer

YASMIN ANDREWS
ELLA PASH

The start of the semester has been going swimmingly - we can't believe its week four already. There's been a lot of energy in the Queer Space,

and more and more queer students have been coming to political events such as the International Working Girls Day rally and the NTEU strikes. Later this month is Trans Day of Visibility and we have a short series of events to honor the occasion - including bringing back the tradition of coming out by candle light which got lost during the years we were off campus due to Covid, as well as

a speak out and rally. These events are particularly important this year as we have been hit hard with transphobic vitriol around the globe, from England with UK parliament blocking Scottish gender recognition laws, the Texas Attorney General seizing data on citizen undergoing transition, and the Australian courts just this week reducing a charge of murder to manslaughter on the basis

of the perpetrators rage being induced by discovering the victim was a trans woman. By taking the streets we are expressing that our community is stronger than the hate against us, and we are uncompromising in demanding our rights and will keep fighting till demands stop being heard upon deaf ears.

Disclaimer

These pages belong to the Office Bearers of the University of Sydney Students' Representative Council.

They are not altered, influenced or otherwise changed by the Editors of Honi Soit.

Intercampus

ALEXANDER POIRIER, LYDIA ELLIS
TING HOU, WENQING XIAO

The Intercampus Officers did not submit a Report this week.

A Guide to Living on Little Money in Sydney

Centrelink

If you are a full-time student, and an Australian resident, you may be eligible for a Centrelink payment. The amount you are paid depends on how old you are, where you live, and what your other incomes are. If you live away from your family home you may also get a Rent Assistance payment. Check the SRC Centrelink Payments information for more details. If you are a part-time student because of illness, disability, or uni requirements, you might also be eligible for a payment. If you have any questions, ask an SRC caseworker.

Scholarships and Bursaries

The University offers financial support through many different scholarships and bursaries. Usually these are only available to students who have not failed any subjects and fulfil other criteria. Check for the details, and if there is any chance you might be successful, you should apply. The Uni also provides 12 month interest free loans. It is a good idea to only take a loan if you are going to be able to repay it, as failure to do so will result in financial sanctions that will restrict your ability to use the library, see your grades, or even graduate. There are a few other community scholarships available through different charity and community organisations. The details of these change regularly, so search for more information before the beginning of each semester.

Working

Joining your trade union will help you to have a stable work life. Unions will protect your work rights individually and collectively, and their fees are tax deductible. To join go to australianunions.org.au/join.

Pay Day Loans

You may have seen advertisements on television showing how easy it is to get a short-term loan. What the ads do not show you is how expensive these loans really are, with fees that cost an equivalent of 45% to 50% interest. Some consolidation loans will put in a position of paying off the interest each month, without reducing the loan amount. The SRC strongly advises you against taking out one of these loans, and instead talk to a caseworker about viable alternatives.

Phone & internet

Pre-paid accounts allow you to monitor your usage and keep track of your weekly spending. Being locked into a contract can reduce the monthly price but might end up costing more in the long term if need to move house, or if a better deal becomes available. Free alternatives include using the University's internet to make phone calls and send messages through apps

like Facebook messenger, Wechat, and Whatsapp. Keep in mind that some free Wi-Fi providers, e.g., the Uni, cafes, and local councils, will use your private information for their own purposes or sell it on to third parties. Yes, the Uni tracks you when you use their Wi-Fi!

Debts

The SRC Legal Service may be able to help negotiate suitable repayments for debts. There are also telephone advice lines including the National Debt Help Line and the Gambling Help Line. If you are struggling with debt, we also recommend you meet with a Financial Counsellor to provide confidential assistance in managing and resolving debt. Be very cautious to use the services of a debt consolidation agency. Often the interest rates mean that you will never repay your debts and can lead to bankruptcy.

Food

There are a few free and affordable meal providers listed on the Newtown Neighbourhood Centre website (under Meals and Food Services), or go to AskIzzy to find out what is available in your area.

Preparing food for yourself is cheaper than buying take away. There are lots of easy cook recipes and snack ideas online or find someone who will cook dinner for/with you. You could provide the entertainment (board game), while they provide the dinner. Bring take away containers for leftovers.

The Uni has microwaves you can use, which will save you from the expense of buying food on campus.

Lots of restaurants have discount lunch options, and most food courts will provide discounts near closing time. Be careful of food kept out of the fridge or heating for too long.

Fresh food markets will discount boxes of food at closing time. You may also find pieces of fruit and vegetables that have fallen on the ground ("gleaning").

Doctors / General Practitioners (GP)

The University Health Service (Wentworth Building) provides bulk billing for domestic students and direct billing for Allianz OSHC. There is usually no additional 'gap fee' for other insurance holders. Some other doctors' surgeries will not charge a gap fee, especially for full time students, so always check when making a booking.

Psychologists

The University has a free Counselling Service that provides a limited number of appointments to help you with strategies to support your wellbeing. Longer term mental health care can be through private psychologists. Often appointments are very expensive, so

find out about the subsidy available through a mental health plan (domestic students), or your OSHC provider (international students). There are a few services that will bulk bill or charge no or a small gap fee, for example, Uplift Psychological Services, or eHeadSpace. You could also contact psychologists in your local area and ask if they can discount their fee. There is a Psychology Clinic linked to the School of Psychology, who can provide counselling and may also do testing for conditions including ADHD, for a fee. Ask them for details.

Dentists

There are very limited options for free dental treatments through Medicare. International students should check their health insurance provider to see what services are included. Domestic students could consider the benefit of getting dental insurance too. The cheapest way to have good oral health is to take as many preventative measures as possible, including regular professional cleaning and check ups as well as a daily brushing and flossing routine.

Ambulance

Whether you or someone else calls an ambulance when you are sick or injured, you may be liable for the cost, starting at around \$750. Health Care Card Holders are given free ambulance cover in NSW, and private health insurance provides ambulance cover from \$45 per year.

Other allied health services

For cheap or free services, you could be treated by final year students (who need to practice on clients) under the strict supervision of qualified teachers. These services include osteopathy, physiotherapy, psychology, acupuncture, hairdressing, chiropody, and massage. Contact the faculty or TAFE offering these courses and ask them for clinic hours and fees.

Health Care Card

Anyone who is on JobSeeker or a pension from Centrelink is eligible to get a Health Care Card. Health Care Cards are available to most students on a Centrelink payment, or Australian citizens (or PR) who earn an average of less than \$680 per week (single person with no dependents, as at 1st July 2022). It entitles the holder to:

- Reduced pharmaceuticals (about \$6 or more per script)
- Free ambulance cover
- Access to free dental care (though the waiting lists are a few years long)
- Free prescription lenses and frames (limited choices)
- Discounts to some alternative medical practices (as negotiated with the provider).

Sexual Health

Have as much consensual, safe sex as you would like. The SRC can provide you with free condoms and lube, as can various sexual health providers and family planning clinics. Take the time to learn how to use condoms correctly. If you are a sex worker, contact the Sex Worker Outreach Project for safer sex supplies, information, and support.

Alcohol and other drugs

It's always cheaper to have some drinks at home than to go to a pub or club. NSW Health offers comprehensive information on many different types of alcohol and other drugs. For free needles and a safe point of disposal check the NSW Needle and Syringe Program. If you are accused of possession of illegal drugs, say nothing to the Police until you speak to a solicitor.

Transport

Riding a bike is cheap but reduce the risk of theft by getting an effective bike lock and learning how to attach it properly. The City of Sydney offers information and courses on how to ride safely, and how to maintain your bike. Public transport can be expensive if you are not eligible for a transport concession, however, it is significantly less expensive than running your own car. When traveling from place to place, always consider your safety. Sometimes it is good to splash out and take a taxi or ride share home. Renting a car may be a better option than buying a car, if you do need one occasionally. There are car share companies as well as hire companies to consider. Read their contracts very carefully, as their excess fees and other costs can be exorbitant.

Fares Allowance

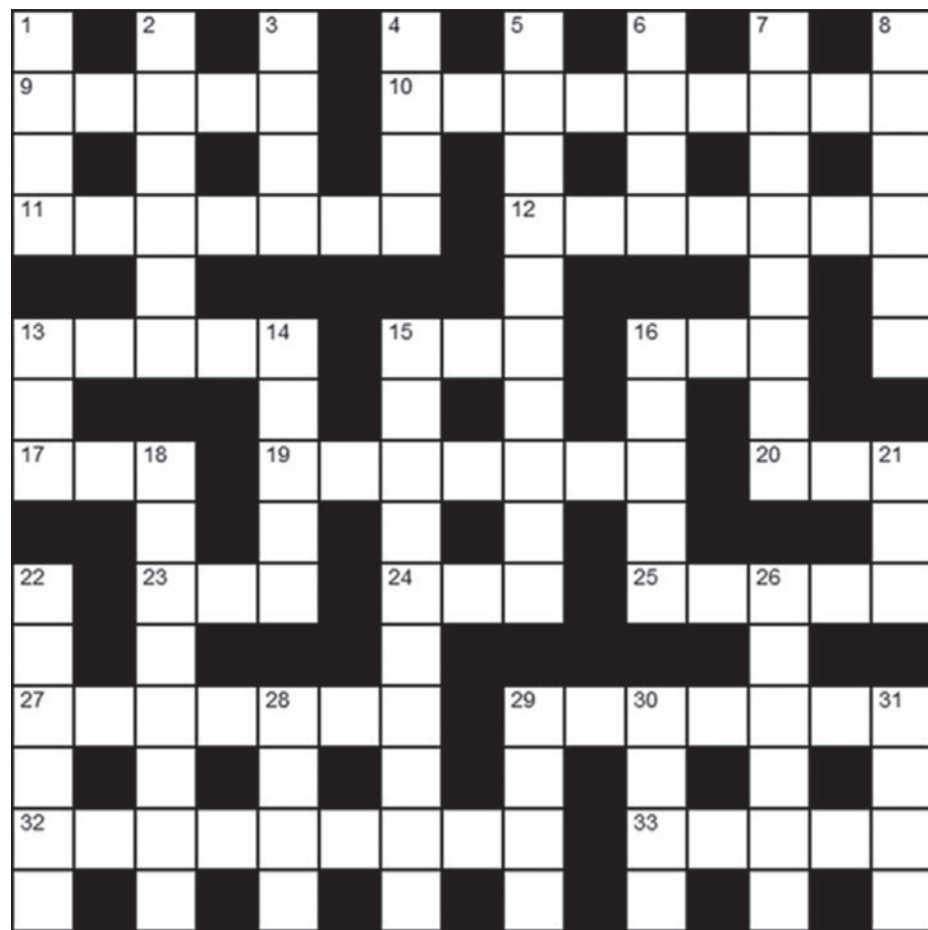
You may be eligible for Fares Allowance if you receive a Centrelink payment, and you have to live away from your permanent home for study. Centrelink will pay for the cheapest form of practicable public transport to and from your home, each semester, regardless of how you actually travel.

Fun

The Union (USU) offers a large range of social activities that you can attend, that are either cheap or free. They also have an Access Rewards Membership for a small cost, that will give you a range of discounts and benefits. University Clubs and Societies can bring lots of benefits for small joining fees. Trivia nights at various pubs in Sydney are also free to enter and can have some great prizes. Some pubs also have raffles or membership "badge" competitions free to people in the pub at a particular time.

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





Quick Crossword

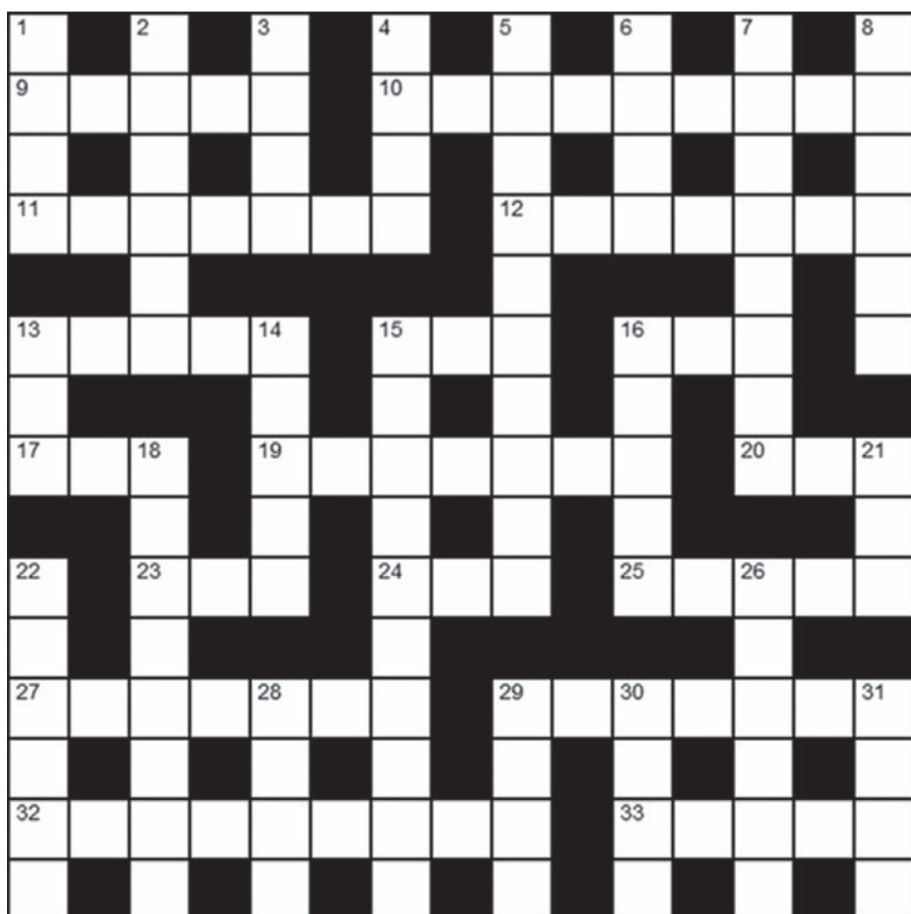
- Across**
- 9 Blue, sperm, or killer (5)
 - 10 Lowest point on Earth (5,4)
 - 11 ABBA song: Super ... (7)
 - 12 Playhouse (7)
 - 13 Extra money from work (5)
 - 15 Railway announcement: Mind the ... (3)
 - 16 Pool stick (3)
 - 17 Ovum (3)
 - 19 Frozen river (7)
 - 20 Kind of milk (3)
 - 23 Victorian, slay, or slut (3)
 - 24 Baby goat (3)
 - 25 Homeland of Don Quixote and Penélope Cruz (5)
 - 27 Backyard ignition (7)
 - 29 Performing on the street for money (7)
 - 32 Dog's bollocks (4,5)
 - 33 Month of the year (5)
- Down**
- 1 US military police: ... Team (4)
 - 2 American band: ... 5 (6)
 - 3 Adele song: Rolling in the ... (4)
 - 4 Russian ruler (4)
 - 5 Timesed (10)
 - 6 Footwear (4)
 - 7 Impenetrable castle (8)
 - 8 Crunchy vegetable (6)
 - 13 Buzzer (3)
 - 14 A male external to the socio-sexual hierarchy (in incel lingo) (5)
 - 15 Member of a soccer team (10)
 - 16 Part of Miss Muffet's diet (5)
 - 18 Matcha ingredient (5,3)
 - 21 Yang's counterpart (3)
 - 22 Middle Eastern wraps (6)
 - 26 Bird house (6)
 - 28 Gross, gooey (4)
 - 29 Lowest vocal range (4)
 - 30 Strike breaker (4)
 - 31 Strong ocean winds (4)

Quiz

1. Bird's eye, piri piri, and habanero are varieties of which vegetable?
2. Which musical features the songs 'Summer Nights,' 'Beauty School Dropout,' and 'Look at Me, I'm Sandra Dee'?
3. What slang term, originating in WWII Britain, is used in incel forums to refer to an alpha male, opponent of the Virgin and male counterpart to a Stacy?
4. What is the surname of both Scrooge's deceased business partner Jacob and Jamaican musician Bob?
5. Junipers and redwoods are members of which family of conifer trees?
6. What links the answers to the previous questions?

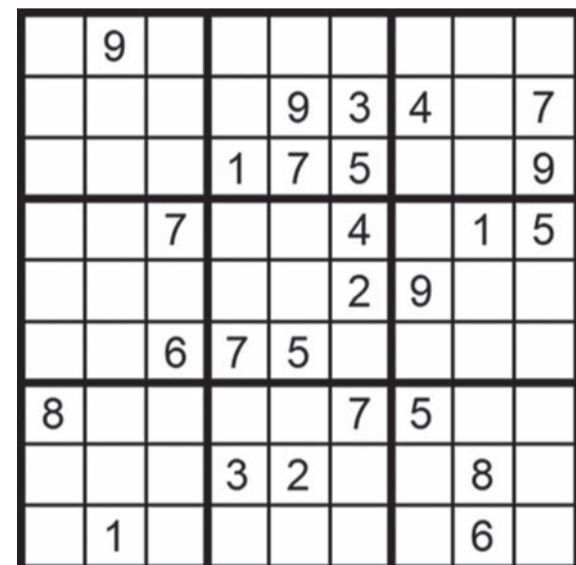
Puzzles by Tournesol.

Find the answers at honisoit.com/puzzleanswers



Cryptic Crossword

- Across**
- 9 The sea in France is not so cool (5)
 - 10 Hurried affair with leather receptacle (9)
 - 11 Spots me, a saint leading the French (7)
 - 12 Tribune rebuilt windmill (7)
 - 13 Gather for High Anglican Eucharist (5)
 - 15 Fashionable Ural rodent heads! (3)
 - 16 Know Barbie's boyfriend (3)
 - 17 Dad's dance step (3)
 - 19 I dusted, fucked, did homework (7)
 - 20 Sodomite band (3)
 - 23 Punishment exposes corrupt institution (3)
 - 24 Ticket for centre-stage (3)
 - 25 Penitent martyr rose, returned at heart (5)
 - 27 Mama accepts headpiece from holy man (7)
 - 29 Meld around one piece of toast (7)
 - 32 Insect accepts an interesting end (9)
 - 33 See you today, Apple system (5)
- Down**
- 1 Uncle admits liking head at poetry recital (4)
 - 2 Demon like a horned beast (6)
 - 3 Fellatio is at the core of immortality (4)
 - 4 Flyer intersperses foremost intellectualism with bullshit (4)
 - 5 Criticise wrong-doing bank for misrepresentation (10)
 - 6 Behead Aladdin's nemesis a long way away (4)
 - 7 Judicious assembly on trial (8)
 - 8 Repeat calling for corn (6)
 - 13 One of a range at party (3)
 - 14 Disingenuous konnichiwa from Japanese icon (5)
 - 15 The Wiggles hit gay men in the manner of archdeacon (5,5)
 - 16 Sod UK returning praise (5)
 - 18 Lower coin into the ATM (8)
 - 21 You itch my every other part (3)
 - 22 Start reading to feel faraway (6)
 - 26 Liftin fruit (6)
 - 28 I'm glad the weekend's nearly here, it's an inconstant gift (4)
 - 29 Chuck pole on seat (4)
 - 30 Expose secret of the French assault rifle (4)
 - 31 Hurry to (4)



Sudoku

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WHISKEY FOR USU:
#whiskey4wildlife
"MEOW. MEOW."

SUPPORTED BY
USU

Redfern regular "Whiskey" announces USU Board campaign: #Whiskey4Wildlife

Controversial and embattled Redfern local Whiskey the cat defies haters by announcing their candidacy for USU board.

Running on the platform, "#Whiskey4Wildlife," USyd's cattiest new BNOC pledges to destigmatise being chonky, and provide pats for all. In an interview with Honi, Whiskey denied allegations of aggravated assault, pleading self defence.

In line with recent discussions with current board directors, we asked Whiskey their thoughts on the USU's divestment portfolio. Said Whiskey, "meow meow, meow! Méow memeow meow."

Whiskey is cautiously optimistic about their chances against such staunch opponents as Catvik R. Sharma and Bryson Meowstable but worries for the fate of their campaign with manager Nadi, the laundromat dog.



Budding politician thirsts publicly over Dommyboy Perrotitty



Welcome Week tote collector reserves first physio appointment



Lyle Lyle Crocodile fights Cocaine Bear in cage match under the Quad



Student cries in the corner after no-one heart reacts to their message in group chat



Undercover cops have no drip, period



George Clooney debuts in new Ocean's film: 'Honi 9'



Student politician gone mad on a biting spree



Sydney, 2021