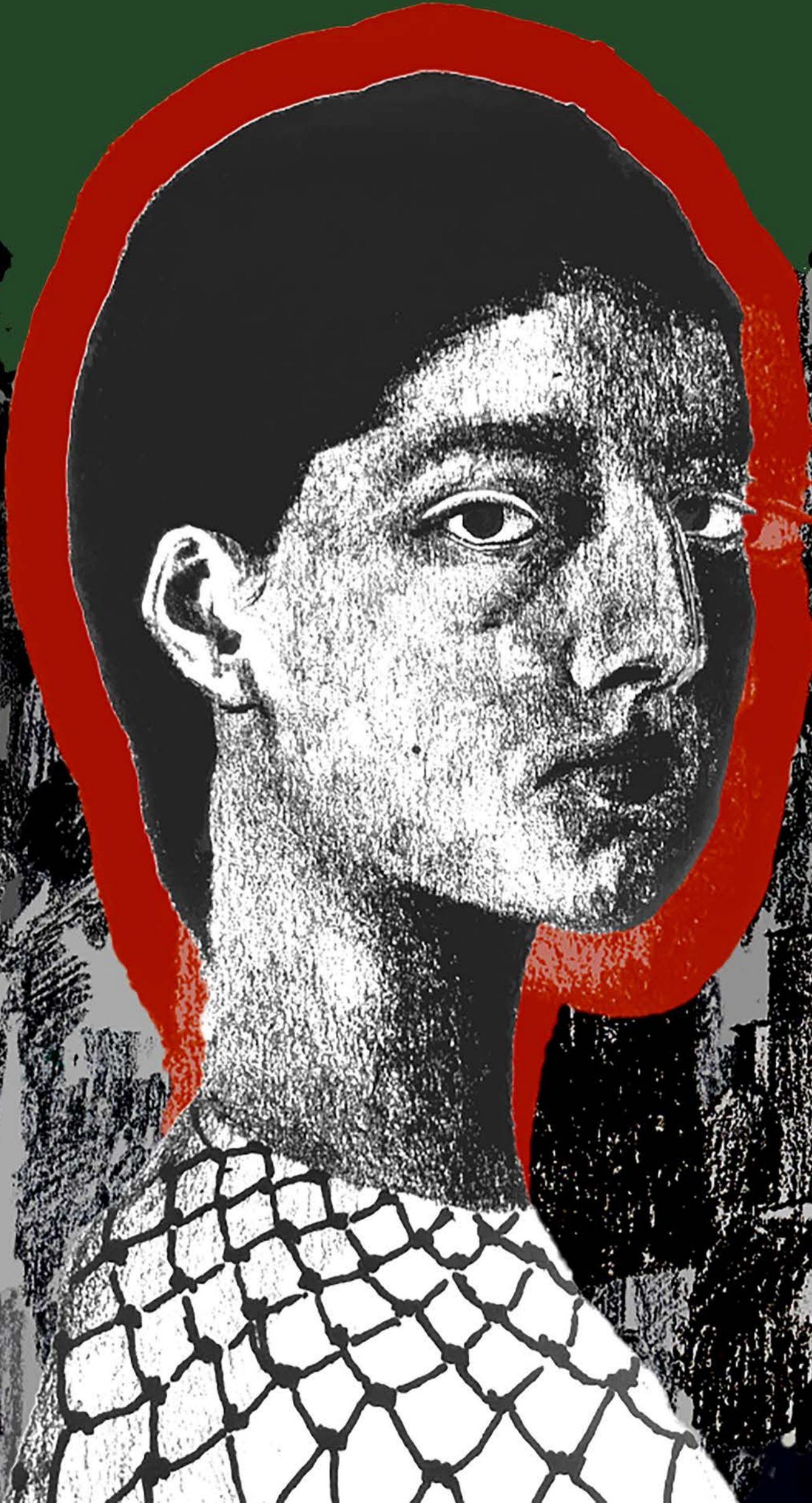


honi soit



FROM
THE RIVER
TO THE
SEA

Acknowledgement of Country

Honi Soit is produced, published and distributed on the stolen land of the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation. Sovereignty was never ceded. For over 235 years, First Nations peoples in so-called 'Australia' have continued to suffer under the destructive effects of invasion, genocide, and colonisation. As editors of this paper, we acknowledge that we are each living, writing, and working on stolen Gadigal, Wangal and Bidjigal land, and are beneficiaries of ongoing colonial dispossession.

We acknowledge that the University of Sydney is an inherently colonial institution which is not only physically built on stolen land, but also ideologically upholds a devaluing of Indigenous systems of knowledge and systematically excludes First Nations peoples. We recognise our complicity in such systems. We strive to remain conscious of, and actively resist and unlearn, colonial ideologies and biases, both our own and those perpetuated by the University and other institutions like it.

As a student newspaper, we pledge to stand in solidarity with both First Nations movements and all Indigenous struggles toward decolonisation worldwide, endeavouring to platform Indigenous voices. *Honi* is committed to countering the exclusion, censoring, and silencing of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander perspectives in mainstream media.

Always was, and always will be Aboriginal land.

Editorial

Honi Soit editors

You may notice this edition is a little heavier than usual. *Honi Soit* has not, as you may first assume, been hitting its protein — this edition has extra pages containing the winners of the *Honi* Writing Competition.

We extend our congratulations to the winners, and to the losers — we love you!

In these pages, you will find *Honi's* feature on the USyd Gaza solidarity encampment. After four weeks, USyd's encampment has grown to over 90 tents and represents a united front across multiple factions who are all uniting to participate in the struggle for a free Palestine, and the moral reckoning of our time.

Three of the *Honi* editors hitchhiked to Canberra this week — and not just to visit the earthquake house. The *Honi* 3 were off the grid, handing in their phones at the door of Parliament House, prior to a six-hour lockup to salivate and scrutinise all over the 2024 Federal Budget.

Sadly, the term "budget lock-up" was misunderstood by fast-typers who would have loved to see "more interviews". Our editors sincerely apologise for the economic illiteracy — we do Arts degrees!

The clunky Budget "winners and losers" lists have dropped like clockwork in mainstream media. From where we're sitting, students are Budget losers until we have free education, fairly and universally paid placements, and divestment from Israel. We're running out of dunce hats.

You made it to the end of Semester One, congratulations. Maybe you've been an *Honi* lurker this semester. We are speaking to you. Yes, you. Don't forget about us on your break. This is your sign to email us at editors@honisoit.com and tell us your ideas, and write for us in Semester Two. You can start writing for *Honi* at any time.

We love this paper. Thank you for reading it. And thank you for recycling it.



Artist: Yasodara Puhule

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ISSN: 2207-5593. This edition was published on Tuesday 21 May 2024. Disclaimer: *Honi Soit* is published by the Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney, Level 1 Wentworth Building, City Road, University of Sydney NSW 2006. The SRC's operation costs, space and administrative support are financed by the University of Sydney. *Honi Soit* is printed under the auspices of the SRC's Directors of Student Publications (DSP): Dustin Dao, Jasmine Donnelly, Lia Perkins, Tiger Perkins, Victor Zhang, Lucinda Zheng. All expressions are published on the basis that they are not to be regarded as the opinions of the SRC unless specifically stated. The Council accepts no responsibility for the accuracy of any of the opinions or information contained within this newspaper, nor does it endorse any of the advertisements and insertions.

Cartoon Caption Contest

Last Week



Cartoon: Huw Bradshaw

Winner:
"I mostly treat smarties."
— Marlow Hurst

Winner's reward:
*A candy went seeking some aid,
To a shrink who had quite the trade.
But the doc made it plain,
"I treat Smarties, not grain,
Yet for you, I might still have it made!"*

Letters

To the editors,

It seems to me that you find the genocide in Gaza a source of frustration for the paper - it's apparently an inconvenient interruption to your scheduled articles, as though it's 'come at a bad time'.

Your writing, and lack therefore conveys that you feel it's a chore to have to inconsistently fart out some shallow coverage of the encampment. Do you not realise that this is the most significant student movement in more than 50 years, and none of you appear particularly invested in this issue?

How much time has the team spent in total at the camp over the last week?

Are you aware that they have a dedicated student media tent at UniMelb?

Would you prefer that this whole ethnic cleansing business ends soon so you can return to your normally scheduled programming? How can you justify that anything could be more important than this? How are you not pouring all of yourself into this?

It's an abdication of political duty. History is here, and the paper is passing it by like two ships in the night.

Look, I realise you're all under a lot of stress right now what with exams and all, so here's hoping that the children of Gaza spare a thought for the *Honi* Team in their prayers.

Sincerely,

A frustrated camper



Hi Frustrated Camper,

What a disappointing, flippant way to talk about genocide, especially from someone at the camp.

You have our email, please contact us with what else you would like to see.

Honi Soit Editors.

Drug Alert
This week, NSW Health released a warning for high-dose MDMA tablets circulating in Sydney. The tablets are a purple-grey colour and have a 'Punisher' skull design on the front. Test your drugs if possible, look after your friends and stay safe out there!

Budding Sketch Artist?
"Unfortunately our list of court sketch artists is drying up, and we are looking to recruit some more people before the profession dies out! It would be ad hoc contract work when required for news items, involving attendance at court and delivery within news deadlines.

They can contact me directly to discuss: arickert@nine.com.au"
— Andrew Rickert, *Honi* Editor 2017

And more letters!

Got something you want to get off your chest? Have a bone to pick? Burning questions? Submit your letters to us!

Email through your real thoughts and feelings to us: editors@honisoit.com



In solidarity with the students of Sydney University,

As a graduate of Sydney University, I want to affirm my total support for the pro Gaza encampment - & my admiration for *Honi Soit's* comprehensive coverage of the protesters' stand. Gaza is the moral issue of our time : it is right & proper for students to hold that truth before the public consciousness.

For the first time in decades, my alma mater has come alive again - with a beating, vibrant heart. Over the years I've seen Syd. Uni. become a soulless degree factory, its entrance a huge, windswept Stalinplatz with huge fluttering banners, the idiotic mantra "Leadership for good starts here" tattooed on the concrete. & busloads of tourists making a pilgrimage to the graffiti tunnel. Now, just as cicadas suddenly emerge after decades-long hibernation, all is alive again : the ferment of ideas, the communality, the passion, the kaleidoscope of banners & slogans, the shared hardship - above all, the sense of being fully alive. Once again, students have become the conscience of this country, as they were in the scoundrel years of conscription the Vietnam War & the anti apartheid struggle.

That's the way it has to be, if universities are to have any meaning at all. Universities were never founded in the C12 & C13 to be assembly lines for the job market : they were meant to be more like monasteries - places out of time & space, where young people could discover for themselves what Plato called the Eternal Forms : Truth, Love, Justice & Beauty. Plato used the allegory of the cave : in our everyday life we are cave dwellers, mistaking the shadows on the wall for the eternal truths of which the shadows of daily life are just pale reflections. It is what is meant when it says in the Gospels "Now we see through a glass darkly" & what Les Murray meant when he wrote "'Justice is the people's Otherworld.'" (I would urge people to read Simone Weil & the philosophical work of Iris Murdoch, who have made Platonism contemporary again.)

Wordsworth wrote "The world is too much with us. Late & soon / Getting & spending, we lay waste our lives." There is no greater horror than to find out that truth too late. That is what universities were meant for - to call time on the demands of everydayness, to get away from what Manning Clark called "The Kingdom of Nothingness on Bondi Beach" - & to find out what this country could be (for Australia is hard to find) to find ourselves, & to work out for ourselves what really matters. It is in the name of what really matters that students protest, even if sometimes their expression seems strident or inchoate. As Marianne Moore said "' There are things that are important / Beyond all this fiddle."

On May 3 & May 10 *The Sydney Morning Herald* published two long articles attacking the student protesters at Sydney University. It would take a very long piece to deal with all the lies, half truths, fabrications & sloppy thinking in those two articles - so I will select just one detail. In his May 10 article, David Crowe said 1,200 Israelis were "murdered" by Hamas on Oct. 7, but since then more than 32,000 people have "died" in Gaza. Incredible. Sacre Bleu. Imagine the screams of outrage if he had written the reverse. What strange ways people choose to die. In Gaza entire families suddenly explode into a thousand pieces : what could it possibly be ? spontaneous combustion ? - or the most indiscriminate bombing of a civilian population since the Vietnam War.

This is where genocide begins : in the degradation of language & of thought. In his superb book "Lingua Tertii Imperii" ("Language of The Third Reich"), published in 1946, the Jewish writer Victor Klemperer, who had hid in Berlin throughout the war, described the corruption of the German language from 1933 on under the influence of Nazi ideology. We see the same corruption of language now in the West, & the same corruption of thought - for language is thought, & in the end, as Montaigne said, language is all we have. Universities are the guardians of language & of thought, of public conversation - & of the life of the mind. Universities are under attack precisely because they embody those values. University students who embody those values are also under attack - so we must stand with them. As Tran said in "A Quiet American" : "Sometimes, to remain human, you have to take sides."

Michael Boylan

Dear editors,

I apologise in advance for the offence I will now cause, but for the love of God could you please run the articles in your paper under a more structurally critical ocular body? And, if it isn't too much trouble, please spread the good news of the Oxford Comma.

With much love,
Potato Lord, The.

A limerick, to Angus McGregor...

Word of advice:
The editor proves a great cheater
When penning a poem as greeter
His limerick mixes
The scansion to bites:
So Angus, please check the damn meter.

— Olivia Castree-Croad

USyd's appeal successful in Tim Anderson unfair dismissal case

Aidan Elwig Pollock

The University of Sydney has successfully appealed a Federal Court decision that the 2019 termination of former lecturer Tim Anderson constituted unfair dismissal.

The appeal overturned an October 2022 Federal Court decision that Anderson's termination over alleged misconduct was unfair dismissal. The Court ordered Anderson to be reinstated to his position without compensation from the University.

A USyd spokesperson told Honi the University was, "pleased with this outcome, as we were confident of our actions."

"We strongly defend freedom of speech and the ability of our staff to express their expert opinion as outlined in our Charter of Freedom of Speech and Academic Freedom."

"The principle and practice of intellectual freedom must be upheld in accordance with the highest ethical, professional, and legal standards," the Spokesperson continued.

A National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) Spokesperson told *The Sydney Morning Herald* that the Union was "disappointed" by the outcome, noting that "as we've said from the very start, this case was never about Dr Anderson's statements."

"The NTEU was solely focused on defending academic freedom as clearly set out in the university's enterprise agreement," the Spokesperson said.

"The NTEU doesn't always agree with our members but we will defend their right to academic freedom because it is a cornerstone of healthy universities."

USyd's successful appeal represented a two-to-one majority decision by the Federal Court.

Justice Nye Perram said the onus for proving that Anderson's behaviour

represented the "highest ethical, professional and legal standards" as per USyd's enterprise agreement was not on the University, as claimed in the 2022 judgement, but on Anderson.

"Given the paucity of evidence on this topic from at least the Union parties, I am unable to determine the issue one way or the other," Perram said, "it follows that I am not satisfied that Dr Anderson's comments did not constitute misconduct or serious misconduct on the basis that they were exercises of the intellectual freedom."

The 2022 decision represented a successful appeal on Anderson's behalf after a 2019 decision absolved the University of wrongdoing.

Anderson was fired in 2019 following several controversial comments, including public stousses with journalists regarding a 2017 Syrian War conference, and lecture material involving an Israeli flag modified to include a swastika. USyd claimed this material was "offensive and derogatory."

"While some may feel offended by Nazi-Zionist analogies, I say the inclusion of the analogy in that graphic was appropriate," Anderson told the court.

"The purpose of the slide was to encourage critical analysis," Anderson said, "no student raised any issue with the slide during the seminar."

Justice Micheal Lee called the case a "procedural mess," noting that "the lack of clarity in the pleadings and the submissions has caused much confusion." According to Lee, "the primary judge did not receive the assistance his Honour was entitled to expect from the University parties."

University of Western Australia admits to underpaying over \$6 million in employee superannuation

Angus McGregor

The University of Western Australia has admitted to underpaying \$6.6 million of employee superannuation after an internal review discovered that the 17% superannuation entitlement had been calculated incorrectly.

UWA self-reported the underpayments to the Office of the Fair Work Ombudsman, estimating 700 existing and 5500 former employees were impacted.

A total of \$10.6 million will be repaid to impacted workers with the remaining \$4 million paid out as interest calculated based on employee superannuation.

The University will conduct a review into the potential underpayment of casual staff later this year under its Employee Entitlement Remediation Program, and will look into how it pays staff when long-service leave is taken.

The University claims the underpayments are due to an unintentional misinterpretation of legislative changes and a misunderstanding of their obligations under existing Enterprise Agreements.

NTEU UWA Branch President Dr Sanna Peden argued the review would find further underpayments.

"We know this multi-million dollar wage theft is only likely to get worse with management looking into possible underpayment of casual staff," she said.

The NTEU claims \$170 million has been stolen from 110,000 staff.

UWA's Vice-Chancellor Professor Amit Chakma has apologised for the underpayments and maintained it was accidental.

Snap rally about Management interference at ANU's Gaza solidarity encampment

Ariana Haghighi and Zeina Khochaiche



Following further management interference at their encampment, Students 4 Palestine organised a snap rally, attended by students and members of the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU).

The rally marched from Kambri to the Chancellor's Building, using chants like "Disclose, divest, we will not stop, we will not rest" across the campus. At the Chancellor's building there was a brief speak out about recent management disciplinary threats toward encampment members.

Yerin Park (Socialist Alternative) said that she and six other students from the encampment have been singled out to speak to Management today.

She said that management threatened "disciplinary measures if they don't pack up and leave the encampment by Friday". Despite this, she reiterated that as long as the university does not disclose or divest, "we will not be moved".

Honi spoke to Student 4 Palestine member Carter Chryse, one of the students facing direct action from ANU management.



"Despite orders from management for the seven contacted students to 'leave the encampment by Friday', Chryse affirmed that the encampment 'will not be intimidated.'"

Chryse was contacted by Management to attend a meeting about his involvement with the encampment. "At the end of this meeting," Chryse said, "Management gave us a pad of paper and a pen and asked for more names of people at the encampment."

Despite orders from management for the seven contacted students to "leave the encampment by Friday", Chryse affirmed that the encampment "will not be intimidated."

Chryse also claims that one of the seven students contacted by Management as part of the disciplinary meeting was not actually involved in the encampment.

On ANU's ties to the genocide, Chryse explained: "Like many universities, ANU has ties to weapons corporations like Northrop Grumman, Lockheed Martin, BAE systems that manufacture the war planes that are bombing Gaza".

The ANU encampment has continued since April 29, and has no plans to move "to show the ANU that our money, our students will not be part of this genocide." ANU Management have previously suspended a student for misconduct related to the encampment.

Albanese calls national Gaza solidarity encampments "provocative", "divisive" as more universities take disciplinary action

Simone Maddison and Valerie Chidiac

Prime Minister Anthony Albanese spoke on Melbourne's 3AW radio on Tuesday morning to criticise pro-Palestinian encampments at universities across Australia amidst claims of anti-semitism at Deakin University overnight.

Characterising the encampments as a "provocative act", Albanese stated that shutting the encampments down "is a matter for the authorities."

When asked about the chant "from the river to the sea" heard at many student-led rallies and encampments around the country, Albanese stated that "if you asked those people chanting it, heaps of them... wouldn't be able to find the Jordan River on a map."

He went on to say that "we in this country have a right to protest" but that it is important to "be respectful", and that the way students protest "reflects on whether that protest is winning or losing support."



Budget reply speech 'falsely' equates housing shortage with rise in international student numbers

Angus McGregor

In his Budget reply speech, Federal Opposition Leader Peter Dutton proposed a cap on migration to limit international student numbers. Universities, student organisations and housing experts have criticised this, arguing it risks making Australia an uncompetitive education market.

Federal Opposition Leader Peter Dutton argued in his budget reply speech that migration should be capped at 140,000—much lower than the government's current target of 260,000 by 2026.

The Coalition, similar to in 2013, sees migration as a hot-button issue where it can attack Labor's record. Despite introducing increasingly stringent visa conditions and cracking down on ghost colleges, only 16% of Australians polled this week think Labor is managing the border well.

In an effort to placate popular views on migration, the Federal Budget introduced a proposed cap on international students for each university unless they built more purpose-built student accommodation.

Universities have opposed the cap and the Opposition's proposal, arguing

Albanese's interviews comes hours after reports that around 100 pro-Palestinian protesters attended an event for Yom HaZikaron at Monash University's Clayton campus on Monday night. Known as Israel's National Day of Remembrance, the gathering was dedicated to commemorating fallen Israeli soldiers and civilians.

In particular, Albanese asserted that the conduct of protesters at Monash University had displayed "hatred and ignorance."

Tuesday morning also saw Deakin University become the first tertiary education institution in Australia to request students dismantle their Gaza solidarity encampment at its Burwood campus.

Deakin University's Deputy Vice-Chancellor Kerrie Parker called for "the immediate dismantling and removal of the current encampment" in the interests of "safety, security and amenity of all campus users," in a letter to the encampment's organisers.

Parker's decision was celebrated by Australia's Shadow Education Minister Sarah Henderson. In a statement on X on Tuesday, she said: "This is leadership. Labor and all universities must show the same commitment to the right of every person to access and enjoy a safe and secure learning and working environment, free of impediment, intimidation and harassment."

Protestors at Deakin initially indicated that the encampment would remain in-place between May 7 and May

10. When it continued over the weekend, the University established barricades around the tents and called them an "impediment."

In response, campers announced a rally to support the encampment on Wednesday at 6:30pm. In an open statement, they reiterated the camp's demands for Deakin to "divest its ties with the state of Israel and all weapons manufacturers."

As of May 16, the encampment remains at Deakin's Burwood campus.

A video was also posted to the Empire Times four days ago, showing one of a few instances in the last week where firecrackers were allegedly set off by Zionist agitators at the University of Adelaide's Gaza Solidarity Encampment. More information to come.

On May 13, the discourse regarding "from the river to the sea" was put into practice as Bill Parasiris, who works at Western Sydney University, Parramatta campus, explicitly told student and staff protesters not to chant the phrase. In the video, Parasiris can be seen discussing the suspension of a student, singled out as an organiser who had agreed to not repeat that slogan. One protester could be heard saying, "you can suspend me, I don't even go to this uni."

One staff member who intervened was Anti-Zionist Jewish Professor Alana Lentin, who addressed Parasiris, reiterating the notion of academic freedom and asking "who is being hurt". Protestors collectively chanted "we are all organisers" until Parasiris walked

back the suspension, and walked away.

As for the University of Melbourne, multiple attempts to breach the encampment have occurred via glass bottles, bats and fire extinguishers. In one video, security is watching but not intervening on behalf of the students' safety, and someone can be heard saying, "Fuck Palestine".

UniMelbforPalestine has since asked the community to provide support in numbers to defend the camp, whether that be by showing up during the day or sleeping in a tent at night. For more updates, refer to Farrago Magazine's coverage of the encampment.

On Wednesday 15 May, University of Melbourne students occupied Arts West Building in memory of prospective student Mahmoud who died in Gaza, and renamed it "Mahmoud's Hall".

The situation is still unfolding as the university is pressuring students to leave or face disciplinary action. For more information and day-by-day updates, refer to *Farrago Magazine's* coverage.

The following day, University of Queensland students occupied the advanced engineering building and renamed it the "Refaat Alareer Hall" in honour of the Palestinian poet who was killed in an Israeli airstrike late last year.

Gaza Solidarity Encampments continue, and so will the coverage by student journalists nationwide.

The University has also called on the NSW government to designate student accommodation as affordable housing which would allow development applications to be fast tracked and would also allow exceptions for density requirements.

Internal estimates predict this would allow a 20% increase in beds for students at the University of Sydney alone.

University of Melbourne professor and population expert Peter McDonald argues both the government and opposition's policies risk reducing the number of skilled migrants who enter Australia who support key industries.

Dutton has promised his policy would free up 100,000 homes for 'Australians' his inability to answer basic questions such as whether his policies apply to net migration or permanent migration have cast doubt on his credibility.

A reduction of migration to 140,000 McDonald said would cause "15,000 to 20,000 fewer nurses, teachers, IT workers and engineers."

Bisalloy Blockade: activists resist war profiteering in the Illawarra

Victor Zhang



Photography: Wollongong Friends of Palestine

On the morning of May 10, pro-Palestine activists blockaded the premises of Bisalloy Steels in Unanderra for their role in arming the ongoing genocide in Gaza. The picket, organised by Wollongong Friends of Palestine, targeted Bisalloy due to their contract with the Israeli firm Rafael Advanced Defence Systems. Bisalloy announced their partnership with Rafael in October 2017, and signed a contract for Bisalloy's materials to be used in add-on armour for armoured fighting vehicles (AFVs) the following year. Haifa-based defence firm Rafael Systems was founded in 1948 as a laboratory for the Israeli Defence Forces (IDF). Although it was incorporated in 2002 as a limited company, the firm remains owned by the Israeli government.



Bisalloy has been the target of previous actions. A sit-in occurred in January and a lock-on that shutdown operations occurred in April 2024.

Palestinian social worker and local resident Safaa Rayan spoke at the picket, stating that Bisalloy's role in the supply chain arming genocide in Palestine "feels like a personal attack as this company aids in the murder of my cousins and their children."

Many of the picketers were parents who brought their children before the school and work day began. Rayan stated

that it is ordinary families who "are saying no to profiteering off death starvation, destruction, and invasion" and "no to the colonial project that constantly sees the destruction of indigenous peoples all over the world."

A speaker from Wollongong Against War and Nukes (WAWAN) highlighted the manufacturing skills in the Illawarra but expressed deep disappointment that it was being used for war profiteering instead of pressing issues like the climate crisis. WAWAN was founded to fight against the Morrison government's intention to build a nuclear submarine base at Port Kembla.

He noted the importance of identifying "places like Bisalloy that are contributing to [us] getting drawn into the global war industry" and to fight against "our industries, our jobs, our communities" being complicit.

An speaker from the encampment at the University of Wollongong (UoW) — established following the first Australian Gaza Solidarity Encampment at the University of Sydney — expressed disgust that research at the university is funnelled "towards militarism and destruction."

"The research is not to make the world a better place but to make material/steel that is able to run over Palestinian homes, Palestinian olive groves, and Palestinian people."

The Bisalloy action is part of a global movement to disrupt supply chains that aid and arm the genocide in Gaza. Organisers from Wollongong Friends of Palestine have expressed their intent to picket Bisalloy until it terminates its contract with Rafael, stating "we will continue to target Bisalloy until its executives find some humanity and stop supplying Israel."

The next supply chain action will occur on May 25. A nationwide protest targeting the ZIM shipping line is scheduled, with a Port Botany picket from 12pm. Visit Palestine Justice Movement's Instagram for more information.

Day 22 of USyd encampment: students protest weapons manufacturer Thales

Lotte Weber



Photography: Lotte Weber

At 1pm on Tuesday May 14, students from the Gaza solidarity encampment marched down Eastern Avenue to the Australian Centre for Field Robotics (ACFR) in protest of a new engineering scholarship funded by weapons manufacturer Thales. Outside the ACFR, Deaglan Godwin and Jasmine Al-Rawi led students chanting their demands: "disclose, divest, we will not stop, we will not rest."

Al-Rawi declared, "we're coming out to make sure no more research is done for military companies". Godwin explained that research completed for Thales directly enables the manufacturing of underwater drones deployed against Palestinians, making the university's program complicit in the war.

Earlier that morning, students maintained their station on the Quad lawns despite minor disruptions from counter-protestors. Counter-protestors allegedly disrupted the camp at 3:50AM, however, the situation did not escalate. One student told *Honi Soit's* reporters that tension did not build, as the counter-protestors' main goal appeared to be disrupting the activists' sleep.

Key speakers at the rally included SRC President Harrison Brennan, Jeremy Heathcote of the NTEU, the SRC's Ethnocultural Officer, and Students for Palestine activist Eddie Stephenson. Heathcote discussed Indigenous connections between First Nations and Palestinian experiences of colonialism. "It's really important that we address Palestine because it's what happened here," Heathcote stated.

Brennan noted that "what's been so gratifying [and] nourishing to see, is the collective struggle that we are a part of right now. Students across the world, in Europe, in America, and beyond, have come together".

After the rally, organiser with Students for Palestine Shovan Bhattarai, also commented on the uplifting atmosphere of collaboration and mateship at the encampment. "We started out the first night with 20-odd people and that has more than quadrupled," Bhattarai said.

Bhattarai explained the movement, "has brought together people from quite different walks of life to fight together for a common cause".

Following a week of relentless rain, students welcomed the sunshine. A relaxed attitude emanated from the Quadrangle lawns, with many lazing in the sun, keffiyehs fluttering in the warm breeze. A buzz also lingered following a show of support from American rapper, Macklemore, appearing in an Instagram reel with Students for Palestine Sydney Uni.

Hiba Bennegadi, an Algerian student who has run free henna for the past three weeks explained her choice to get involved. "My ancestors and grandparents lived through the French occupation of Algeria... I support the Palestinian cause because I want to see Palestine liberated just as Algeria was liberated," Bennegadi said. She said the henna has provided, "a beautiful bonding experience of people from all across the world and from different beliefs" and is creating "a safe space for people to share their stories".

University professors have also urged any students at the encampment experiencing threats or Islamophobia to report the issue to Student Wellbeing services.

Follow updates on *Honi's* Instagram and Twitter as well as Students for Palestine Sydney Uni.



Updates from days 23 and 24 of the USyd Gaza solidarity encampment

Victoria Gillespie and Valerie Chidiac

On Wednesday May 15, the Gaza Solidarity Encampment released an open letter to the University of Sydney. This letter noted that the camp had now reached nearly 90 tents occupying the Quad lawns. They stated they had "not received any word from Sydney University regarding your willingness to meet with us to discuss our demands."

The statement also argued that the University's offers have been so far "couched in terms of discussing the parameters of our protest and various concerns the university has raised." They then noted that "today [Wednesday 15 May] is the first time we have received communication from you which explicitly mentions our demands."

Yet, the communication from USyd did not meet the protesters' demands. The open letter elucidated why the university's offer to meet in a "private" or "neutral" space is not their goal. The letter stated, "We have no need of your "privacy", for we have nothing to hide. Nor do we truly believe that anywhere on this campus could be genuinely "neutral"; you remain the people in a position of power over us, with the ability, explicitly threatened in past communication, to discipline us."

The open letter set out their counter offer, a meeting in one of either following locations on Friday May 17, at 10 am:

"An open meeting at our encampment, where all those attending the camp will have the right to witness the meeting."

"Or, a town hall meeting open to all staff and students, which takes place at a lecture theatre on campus."

The open letter explained this further, "If the university is serious about its commitment to free speech, then you will agree to this very reasonable demand. It is only right that the students whose research and fees are sustaining these ties with Israel, should have the right to question them and demand they be cut."

The town hall meeting went ahead on Friday May 17 as a student forum discussing USyd's institutional complicity, but Vice Chancellor Mark Scott did not attend.

On Thursday May 16, the encampment submitted a Freedom of Information request to USyd. In a video, SRC Education Officer Grace Street explained they requested information about "all investments held in the University's endowment funds and all reports by the University's Investment and Capital Management Committee". SRC President Harrison Brennan expanded further, noting the Encampment "wanted to know if the University had any ties to the UN's list of 97 companies and businesses that conduct business in illegal Israeli settlements, in the occupied Palestinian territory". SRC Education Officer Shovan Bhattarai reported that the University said they'd release the requested information on June 11. Previous requests under GIPA to USyd, have led to the release of "big documents that have 80% of the information blacked out". Bhattarai concluded; "we want them to disclose those ties fully so that they can be forced to cut every single one last one of them".

The same day, organisers held a press conference at the encampment where organisers spoke of a closed door meeting proposed by University administration with regards to the continuation of the encampment and their demands. This conference was attended by mainstream media.

One journalist asked if the USyd encampment plans to occupy buildings like their counterparts at UniMelb and UQ, with Brennan responding that "we won't rule that out".

Brennan also said that he "would not be surprised if and when encampment ends...[and students] will be dragged into disciplinary conduct hearings", which he referred to as "kangaroo courts" due to their strict confidentiality, and tendency to occur without the general public's knowledge.

As for the exchange of emails and letters to encampment organisers, Deaglan Godwin, SRC Vice-President stated that "Mark Scott is a PR man", who is refusing to meet in public locations. He spoke to the "insistence of university on privacy", rejecting the argument that "no substantive discussion" will occur in public forums and said that organisers will keep the invitation to the university open.

In response to a journalist asking about whether the communication will sour relations between the camp and the University, Bhattarai said that "what's currently souring is the fact our uni continues to have ties to weapons companies". Bhattarai expanded, saying it would be an "indictment on the people who run this university if things

turn sour".

At 3.32pm, as the press conference was taking place, Vice-Chancellor Mark Scott, responded to the open letter in a university-wide email.

"We will continue to take a reasonable and proportionate approach to any alleged misconduct and deal with unacceptable conduct on a case-by-case basis, consistent with our approach of de-escalation", Scott said.

Unlike other emails, there is mention of counter-protestors "allegedly engaging in intimidatory behaviour towards the encampment overnight", with the university cooperating with police to investigate this further. There is also a direct use of "Israel and Palestine", and not just a reference to the "conflict in the Middle East".

Scott praised conversations with the Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association (SUPRA), and the "student-led" USU, singling out the SRC and Sydney University Muslim Students' Association (SUMSA) for not engaging with the University. He then re-extended the offer to meet in a "private and neutral place where meaningful discussions can take place." The email also noted an invitation to the USyd branch of the NTEU to speak to Scott and Provost and Deputy Vice-Chancellor Annemarie Jagose after the passing of a motion in favour of a full academic institutional boycott of Israel. Scott concluded his remarks via email by saying that "we can only progress towards any resolution through genuine two-way discussions."

Thirty-first Palestine Action Group protest comes to the University of Sydney

Valerie Chidiac

In a change of scenery, Palestine Action Group held their thirty-first consecutive protest at Belmore Park, where speeches were held before a historic march to the USyd Gaza Solidarity Encampment.

Co-chair Jana Fayyad opened the proceedings by calling out "the so-called" Prime Minister Anthony Albanese who "seems to have an issue with all people living from the river to the sea", in reference to the ongoing contention in the media surrounding the use of the slogan. Fayyad then asked the crowd to "show him what we think", with the crowd responding by chanting their demand, "from the river to the sea, Palestine will be free".

"We have reached a catastrophic moment, the moment we all feared and dreaded", said Fayyad about the heightened attacks on and looming invasion of Rafah, the city where Palestinians were told it would be a 'safe zone'.

She noted that 1.4 million people, mostly orphaned children, are sheltering in an area smaller than Parramatta, which typically hosted 100,000 people prior. Fayyad continued by naming this military escalation as a "genocide within a genocide" where western, eastern and central Rafah, as well as northern Gaza,

are being bombed.

Sunday's protest coincided with the celebration of Mother's Day, so Fayyad paid special tribute to the Palestinian mothers who remain in mourning.

"Palestinian mothers define fortitude... to every mother out there, the blood will not go in vain, nor be forgotten. You are our moral compass, you are the propellers of resistance" said Fayyad.

USyd Students for Palestine organiser and protest co-chair Jasmine Al-Rawi spoke to the "monumental encampment" currently taking place on the Quad lawns.

She referenced the recent CNN report about the torture of Palestinians prisoners in the Naqab desert and called for "equality for all people in Palestine."

Al-Rawi noted the same rhetoric and language being used by vice-chancellors and politicians like Albanese and Jason Clare, in a unified effort "to crush our demonstration" and "demise us as violent". The first speaker was Nick Riemer, President of the NTEU Branch at USyd, who identified collective power and solidarity movement as the seed for an end to the genocide and occupation of Palestine.

He observed that it is the people

who "show us what a movement for justice and peace looks like" and not "the faces of the politicians with their hypocrisy and equivocation."

Speaking to the 93% vote in favour of a full institutional academic boycott of Israel at the USyd NTEU branch, Riemer emphatically declared, "don't let anyone tell you that Palestine is not union business". He also reiterated his willingness to assist other NTEU branches to do the same.

Riemer then called upon Vice-Chancellor Mark Scott to end USyd's collaboration with arms companies and cut ties with Israeli universities.

"Zionists have the effrontery to tell us what we mean... and they want to tell us we mean something different," Riemer said, "how dare they, and how dare the Vice-Chancellor concede an inch to them?"

Riemer then urged the community to show up at the May 25 Port Botany protest against the ZIM shipping line.

Dr Aziz spoke next, having just returned from Gaza after a two-week medical mission. He mentioned only a fraction of the horrific scenes he faced, eliciting emotion from himself and the crowd.

He revealed that he saw more

children arriving dead than alive at medical centres, and often without multiple limbs. He mentioned having shown them images of Australian encampments, saying that they smiled as if it provided them another "lifetime," and concluded that "we've got to continue... the truth is the most powerful weapon against the status quo and occupation."

The final speaker was Said Al-Fayyad from Arrabeh, Jenin, in the West Bank who reiterated the meaning of intifada as an "uprising" or "shaking off." He also noted that the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising is referred to as an intifada in Arabic.

Before the procession began, Al-Rawi reiterated that University management are looking for reasons to shut down the encampment. She reminded protesters that they must embody the peaceful values of the Palestine solidarity movement, and comply with instructions from Palestine Action Group marshals, USyd security and police.

Protestors entered USyd via University Avenue, and encampment organisers were pleasantly surprised by the energy of protestors, their chants clearly audible from the Quad lawns.

Skeletons in the closet: The enduring shame of AIDS

Aidan Pollock writes.



ACTUP activists protest Ronald Reagan's lack of action on the AIDS crisis with a die-in, 1989.

1987. A hospital room. David Wojnarawicz takes loving photos of his friend, angelic on the pillow. Dead. His name Peter. Eyes open angel-dreaming, the divot between neck and collarbone a "gay hole."

Peter Hujar died of AIDS in a hospital bed in 1987.

He got AIDS because the Reagan administration didn't acknowledge its existence.

He got AIDS because researchers didn't want to associate themselves with a "gay disease".

He got AIDS because gay sex is a rebellious act, confined to the limits, covert, casual, criminal.

He got AIDS because he didn't wear a condom (or he did but the other guy didn't (or the other guy said he did but lied (or the other guy really did but it broke (or they didn't give a shit about whether they got "it" by that point).

He got AIDS because that's what gay men did back then, they got AIDS and lived/died dirty and diseased.

Or, Peter got AIDS because he liked men.

He liked men so much he went to bed with them, held them, spoke to them soothingly, caressing their face as they lay legs-entwined.

He got AIDS because he couldn't stop caring about and loving men, and wanting to be held and to hold, to feel that twin-heartbeat of two-into-one autonomic nervous systems synchronised.

He got AIDS because he loved.

The myth of AIDS has found its rhythm today through the continuation of those most harmed by it. I no longer

hold confused notions for Grindr, the app where we market ourselves and purchase sex-as-symbol, where gays of all roots become acquainted in the diminishment of themselves into icons of femme-masc-bear-jock-twink-geek-otter-etc.

"We splash in the shame of the AIDS crisis like ducks in a polluted stream."

This diminishment so learned, so profound, that we don't question why it is only us who have a "Grindr", why it is only us who are so willing, so numerous, to support the distancing of sex from love, attachment, or compassion (inward or outward). Everyone has casual sex, I am not a fool, but it is no far-reach to say that us gays have perfected it. Diluted it into a raw package we barely dare to hold.

We splash in the shame of the AIDS crisis like ducks in a polluted stream. It's all we've known, and yet we don't realise this shame is just as deadly as pneumonia, that we cannot say to have strength until we sluice this imported disgust from our bloodstreams. I have heard us told for millennia that we are abhorrent, worthy only to be outcasts or dead by suicide or murder. I see us carrying the yoke of our past, insisting ourselves into inherited shame.

It is hard to look inwards to see if my argument rings true, brain-folds are labyrinths, desires whirlpools. Let's lift ourselves from the maze, look at it with a bird's-eye by examining the stories we

have dressed our identity in.

Let us question why we champion "gay" content, usually written by non-gay men, such as *Love Simon*, *Heartstopper*, or *Luca*. These media, quality or not, crystallise our experience as cutesy and juvenile, commodifying our stories and limiting them to adolescent 'hanging-out'.

Or what of the alternative? Where our sexuality is instability: *Brokeback Mountain*, *Skam*, *It's a Sin*, *Call Me By Your Name*, *Moonlight*, *Boy Erased*, *Paris is Burning*, *Holding the Man*, *All of Us Strangers*, *Of an Age*. Media that ties our sexuality to shame, to shadows.

We are grieving. And I see our affection for juvenile gayness as a respite from our immediate past. But within the experience of grief is acceptance. Within our grief is a story of two men who are gay, not for comedy, not for drama, not for some dramalogical intent. But for the same reason some characters are straight, which is to say, for no reason at all.

Avengers: Endgame is our north-star. Although, terribly, it did not give us Ant-Man going up Thanos' stinky, it did offer us two things. The first was one of the biggest crossover events in history. The second was a man discussing losing his husband in the blip. And then it moved on. It's small, it is, but isn't that what we want? There was no fanfare, no 'reason' for him to be gay. He could have been a woman grieving her husband, or vice versa. He was just there.

Of course, previous historical expressions of our sexuality have always needed to be counter-cultural, and thus we have needed to place our love in contrast to criticism. What we

are suffering from now is the inability to detach from that framework. Our expressions are still being outlined by external hates. But for some of us, our lives are not meaningfully tarred by discrimination any more.

I have prayed against myself, whispered to a God I didn't believe in. I have revulsed at the idea of a man on my manhood. I have been to the homes of my fellow sufferers and pretended the sex I was having was somehow worthwhile, somehow anything. I've rolled on, respect slipping off me like moss.

I show these notches in my belt to tell you it felt necessary. To exist as a gay man, even at your most privileged, is to exist as the next link in an inheritance of hate. The AIDS crisis "ended" only thirty years ago, as an epidemic it still remains. To look to our fathers is to look at those who wear the scars of IV-drips and terror.

But we cannot wait for those who are not us to tell us what to do. That will not happen. Our society is at its most profitable when we are at our most wretched. Apps like Grindr require us to devalue ourselves. It does not serve us, we serve it. It offers us the addictive method of the slot-machine and we pull that handle, over and over again. It cannot and will not exist if queer men start to view ourselves as valuable, if we look for love as opposed to pain. Liberation will not come from those that need us deprived.

Putting my body with your body is not disgusting, we are not diseased. If I lie with a man as a man lies with a woman, I am enacting love, not perversion. We need to strike out an unwritten path away from the outdated, imported viewpoint that to love is to die, to fuck is to sin. This is done only by us. We are the children of traumatised parents who cannot bear to see us leave the nest, who hold us back with compassion.

If we carry the torch used against our ancestors, we justify our own case. By engaging in an artistic history that galvanises sadness, we give validity to that which makes us sad. To my eyes, the most revolutionary portrayal of gayness will not be one of explicit sex scenes or love in the shadow of death. It is two men, together. No linkage of depression to their togetherness, no shame to wrestle like a lion. Just two men, together.

These men can still fuck, they can still be sad. But they also exist if you took those things away. Their existence is self-speaking, not given by grief.

I am here now, in this end-of-page blank. Above me is my blood, ink-coloured. Do you accept this transfusion? I cut out my hunger and place it like fire in your belly, twisting, rebelling.

Will you feed it?

I miss the Parra Mardi Gras Stairs: Queer visibility in Western Sydney

Jesper Duffy talks pride in in the West.

It's February, and Mardi Gras is just around the corner. While the Sydney queer community prepares for its biggest festival of the year, those in the West are torn between two worlds. Every day on my commute I walk through Parramatta Square, and every day leading up to the parade I watch council-approved decals wishing a happy Mardi Gras be progressively peeled off the steps. The stripped plastic flutters sadly in the wind, and I see pairs of young men sitting as far away from the scraps as they can.

Every day on my way to work, I tuck my he/him pin under my keffiyeh and jog for the train, hoping that no one notices.

When queerness is at its most visible, queer people in the Western suburbs are at their most vulnerable. While local councils have good intentions, extending the same solidarity they do to other religious and secular holidays, there's a big gap between the inner and outer west in terms of public acceptance.

It could be argued that this is because queer culture was mostly fostered in the city, in places like Darlinghurst, Newtown, and the University of Sydney. Queer cultures and

by extension queer political organising, lives in bars and is fostered by nightclub culture. It's telling that the queer community is weakest where there are no spaces for that culture to grow and diverge.

Where a queer community does not exist, the queer community cannot be accepted. Queer spaces in the Greater West are fewer and farther between, usually tucked away and only known about through word of mouth. They are life rafts in a sea of perceived intolerance.

Rickety, underfunded, and subject to harsh backlash should they decide to be visibly and publicly queer. In the year since 2023 Sydney WorldPride, numerous Drag Story Times have been cancelled by local councils for fear of violence threatened online. It has left Western Sydney queers feeling scared and abandoned by the councils who claim to support the community. When things like a Wear It Purple stall is closed in Bankstown shopping centre to "protect the public" from violent vandals, it tells us that our culture isn't as important. That we should hide ourselves to prevent attacks that endanger others. That hate crimes are our fault for not staying in our lane.

"Where a queer community does not exist, the queer community cannot be accepted."

Hiding ourselves away doesn't make us any more publicly acceptable or accessible. Queer visibility, by queer people, is what leads to more tolerance. Shutting these events down has only led to more attacks, more vitriol, more fear.

Most recently, The Hills Shire and Cumberland Councils have put forward and passed motions banning the council from externally employing drag performers to read storybooks to young children. Both motions, identical in their wording, labelled drag queens as "sexualised material designed to target children." The ban would be a direct attack on queer culture in those areas, showing direct opposition to the lives and interests of an already disenfranchised community. They would strip the queer community of a major avenue to share our culture with the public. An avenue that allows us to meet each other, to build a stronger community and stand together.

Both motions were passed.

In Cumberland's case, queer activists protesting the motion were driven away by people identified as members of Christian Lives Matter. This is a violent hate group tied to conspiracy theorists, the One Nation Party and the former United Australia Party. A video released by Pride In Protest (PiP) features people calling for PiP to "go back to Newtown" and that "[CLM affiliates] don't go to your neighbourhood to preach our ideology!"

Newtown community members know that this is false, given the rosary procession and harassment of queer people that took place on King St in late June 2023.

It's clear that this hate is only allowed to grow and fester in areas where the queer community is blocked from gathering and being ourselves. Where we live in fear of gathering in case the Right attacks us. Being queer in the West means a constant fear of being heckled or assaulted should you decide to proudly display your identity.

But being queer in the West can be much more than that. While most queer activism happens in the inner west and the city, we can fight for ourselves in our own homes. In our own streets. Visibility is the greatest weapon we have in a culture war, and solidarity is our greatest strength. Building a strong, visible community is a long battle,

but one that I believe will be worth it in the long run. We cannot rely on the likes of the Labor party to slowly and quietly introduce tolerance, when they are all too happy to bow to the far right like they did in Cumberland. The 78ers had the right idea, creating a visible fight for our rights.

It's May, and Mardi Gras has come and gone. While things like the Equality Bill have been delayed and the queer community returns to its quiet existence until next year, I want to dream of a new future. Every day on my way home from work, I walk past grandstands that used to be a message of hope. Hope for acceptance in my community, hope for safety in my own home.

I miss the Parra Mardi Gras stairs. I miss their potential, and I hope to see them again.



One mississippi, two mississippi...

Holly Gerrard asks what time it is.

Last year, I was banned from thinking about time.

Well, rather, I was banned from posing completely unprompted existential questions about the unquantifiably complex nature of time to my unsuspecting friends.

Of course, whilst my friends were saved from my moderate freakouts, this intervention did nothing to stop the questions and anxiety trickling through my own mind. The pendulum was already set in motion and I became obsessive.

Though you might think this fixation odd, or even unhinged, there's a perfectly logical rationale behind it. You see, I have a largely 'Type A' personality.

If you're unfamiliar with 'Type A' and 'Type B' personality types, allow me to broadly categorise them by the following tendencies.

Type A: goal-oriented, ambitious, organised, anxious, proactive, and deeply concerned with time management.

Type B: approach tasks with less urgency, prone to distraction, patience, and flexibility.

In other words, if you identify more strongly with Type A qualities, you've probably never been chill about anything in your life.

Growing up, it wasn't unusual to find the phrase "Holly often has trouble working collaboratively on group projects" in my school reports. These subtle criticisms of my control issues never particularly fazed me, so long as I got an A.

But last year, something happened to me that I didn't have any control over. And so, in reaction, I sought to control the uncontrollable — time.

This is not the time (ha) to delve into a deep psychoanalysis, but after an

intentional and necessary break from temporal ponderings, my reflections on this fraught period of my life led me to question what actually contributes to the way we perceive time.

Recently, I came across a study conducted by Dr. Jeff Conte, an Associate Psychology professor at San Diego State University. After a personality assessment, participants of this study were placed into Type A or Type B categories and then asked to estimate a minute. On average, Type A individuals

“And so, in reaction, I sought to control the uncontrollable — time.”

counted a minute in about 58 seconds, whereas Type B participants estimated that a minute lasted 77 seconds. This revelation caused something of an epiphany for me: is my personality the reason I'm so worried about time running out?

We live in a culture where time is measured as a finite resource — as something that can end. Think for a moment about all the daily phraseology we use when referring to time: 'Save time', 'Find the time', 'Living on borrowed time', 'Wasting time' or 'Time is money'.

Western cultures tend to view time as finite because time is perceived as linear. This linear understanding of time is just one of many different spatial representations of time that exist. If I were to ask you to draw me a timeline of an average day in your life, chances are that, if you grew up with, or have had significant exposure to Western

cultural constructs, you will depict your morning on the left and your evening on the right. Even the word timeline insinuates this linear perception of time. This horizontal spatial representation of time was influenced by the widespread dissemination of Christian theology throughout Western nations, wherein God created a world that will end on the day of Judgement.

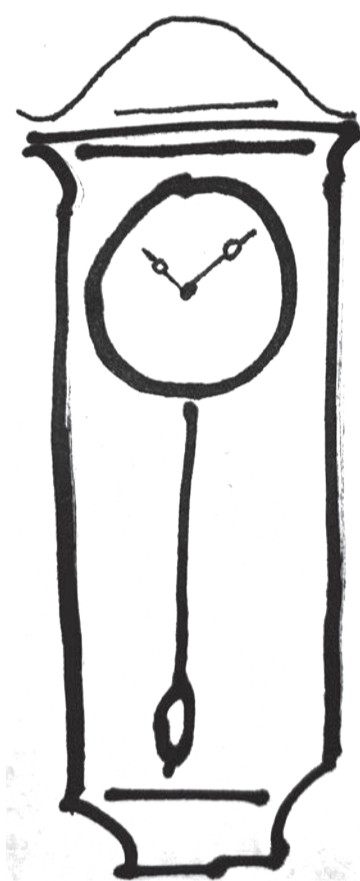
On the other hand, a person who has grown up predominantly speaking Mandarin may map out their day with a vertical timeline, reflective of the language's writing structure, which flows vertically from the top to the bottom of a page. This understanding of time is evident in the language too, with the direct English translation of "next week" being "down week" in Mandarin.

But to leave the comparison there would be to undersell its complexity. In the Hindi language, the word "kal" translates to both yesterday and tomorrow, reflecting a cultural philosophy of time that observes the circularity of nature. However, this is not the only type of circular representation of time. Aboriginal concepts of time also follow a circular structure, but place the individual at the centre of the temporal experience. Events are positioned in accordance with their relative significance for the individual and their community, with the more important events existing as a closer 'time-circle' to the individual.

Contradictorily, the more I researched these alternate perceptions of time, the less panicked I felt about its uncontrollable nature. Even though you may not feel as uncomfortable as I do when thinking about time, that doesn't mean that it doesn't play a large role in

the way you go about your life. In fact, the word 'time' is the most frequently used noun in the English language. Our spatial construction of it almost seems to encourage obsession, yet this only fuels a futile competition to do everything before time runs out, and when you have a Type A personality, this competition is all-consuming.

There is no avoiding the deeply ingrained temporal constructs in this society, but we can shape the impact we allow them to have on us (and the people in our lives who we force to listen to our crises).



Frank Watkinson: The internet's “virtual Grandad”

Michelle Agnelli chats to Frank Watkinson.



Frank Watkinson, a British 70-year-old retiree, did not expect to go viral for singing heart-wrenching covers of popular songs. Yet, at the time of writing, he has over 888,000 YouTube subscribers.

"I was really excited when I got 50," he recalls, but this figure "feels exactly the same. It's just a number, isn't it?" Frank's thousands of melancholic —

in his words "severely depressing" — covers include cult classics, Mitski's "My Love Mine All Mine", Blaze Foley's "Clay Pigeons", Radiohead's "Creep", and the unlikely of successes, Slipknot's "Snuff".

At the beginning of the interview, Frank confessed, "I'm not anyone special...I feel sorry for the real

professional musicians that probably hate the fact that a man who can't play has more followers than them."

I found Frank's Youtube videos last year during a period where my life was characterised by perpetual perfectionism-induced crises, and the feeling that my achievements had an expiration date. I was chasing reassurance but never caught such a nebulous concept, at least not where I was looking; no one teaches us how to fail. All I really needed was to hear someone who had travelled through time longer than I say: "we can't all be polished professionals, but that shouldn't be a reason not to sing".

Frank actively combats the commodification of his hobby, "if it turns into a job, I don't want it." He refuses a record deal or "donations" in exchange for personalised covers. Neither perfectionism nor commercial success have ever been the goal — vulnerability acts as the driving force of his music. "Because I can't sing for the life of me and can't play guitar that well, I try to

“Frank doesn't understand why celebrities monetise human connection and offer birthday wishes in exchange for payment.”

perform better. I put all the feelings into it, and that way I don't have to be spot on perfect." Vulnerability seems to come naturally for him, regardless of the size of audience or online platform, he has always "been a bit of a softie".

He passionately denies any closeness to celebrity status but accepts the title of the internet's "virtual grandad" — although no one has yet remembered to send him socks at Christmas. He took his Youtube Silver Creator Award from a cardboard box under his desk to show me, joking that he would "see how

“From morning to evening”: Students argue for a dining hall on campus

Kate Zhang takes a bite.

When the Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association (SUPRA) proposed building a cafeteria style dining hall on campus last year, it was rejected by a University Advisory Group.

The University argued that dining halls were suited for campuses where a majority of students lived on campus — which did not, in their view, apply to USyd.

"This model works best when a large percentage of students live on campus, using the dining hall from morning to evening."

However, according to student Fryderyk Liao, students are constantly eating on campus anyway. The fact students don't live on campus is the point. "Some students live so far away. They basically have no time to cook food at home if they have to come to campus for class," Liao said.

"If we don't need this [dining hall], the Wentworth building should be empty, and the ABS Cafe shouldn't have such a long queue."

SUPRA President Weihong Liang said building a dining hall was the most "universally applicable" approach for a "modern university" to tackle food insecurity on campus.

"Through our survey, our communication with students and our daily experience, we find a lack of accessible, good quality and culturally appropriate food on campus," Liang said.

SUPRA pictures the dining hall as ideally providing a big space for students to have meals. A diverse range of options for self-service would be offered, with a regularly updated menu, special offers or free food. Moreover, USyd students and staff would have discounts compared to other customers.

"Theoretically, food courts in the universities should prioritise students and staff," Liang said.

Students need food to be consistently available on campus. Student Mengyi Shi would get coffee and a piece of bread in the USU store under the footbridge in the early morning before rushing to her class. She knows many students who need to have food on campus before their 8am classes.

Sometimes Shi feels hungry after her classes at night because she doesn't have time to have a proper meal beforehand. All the Cafes and restaurants on campus close after 6pm, and some popular dishes run out early, which leaves her with only a few food options. She instead goes to the newly opened self-service convenience stores to buy snacks.

"At least you won't feel hungry," Shi said.

The long queues can frustrate students who have little time to order and eat between classes. She said she would have to "stand the hunger" until she gets home and cooks some food.

Liao also encounters this problem. He has three classes a week from 6pm to 8pm this semester. When he arrives at Broadway for some food at around 9pm, there are only a few fast food restaurants open.

For Liao, having a "central kitchen" that cooks hot food with diverse choices is good enough. He said the University could develop an app for students to order food first and pick up later to avoid a long queue.

But for student Venkata Vishal, a dining hall also means that he can enjoy lunch or dinner with friends. "Students can make friends, sit together, have a chat, and they don't have to go

somewhere else just to have food," he said.

USyd and student organisations are acutely aware of food insecurity in campus. The University has recently opened self-catering facilities, such as kitchenettes and self-service convenience stores. SUPRA also has opened a new food pantry for postgraduate students. Almost all the recently elected USU Board directors put expanding FoodHub hours and lowering the cost of food at the centre of their campaigns.

From the students I talked to, it's hard to say students are currently satisfied. I created a small survey for students studying on the Camperdown/Darlington campus. A range of people who would go to USU outlets, restaurants on campus and close to campus, as well as bringing their own food to campus responded with their experiences.

No one was "very satisfied" with the food on campus. Most responses were "neutral"; four participants were "not satisfied at all".

Most responses mentioned the price, saying it's not affordable enough. One response reads that there are "not a lot of reasonably priced food options."

Shi used to have meals mostly on campus because she was not good at cooking. She joined the USU rewards membership, which costs \$45 annually and gives her a 10% discount on USU food and drinks. Many USU Board directors have promised to expand membership or make it more accessible.

She likes the taste of the ginger fish at Abercrombie Terrace, and the size of a meatbox from Uni Bros in Wentworth, but she is not satisfied overall. "If I spend the same price and have food outside the campus, I can eat food that is bigger

in size and better in taste," she said.

She noted that she preferred food on campus because of its location, and "because [it's] easier to access."

"If I cared more about the cost, I'd rather cook at home — that's why I was forced to become a 'cooking master' this semester."

Vishal said having a USU reward membership shouldn't determine having a discount or not. "Everybody should get the same pricing regardless of membership," he argued.

Liao was not satisfied with the size of the meals at outlets like Abercrombie Terrace. "(There are) only around 8 green vegetable leaves. Yes, I can actually count it out. It takes only one or two bites to finish (the chicken tenders)," he said.

"If you go to some restaurants on Broadway and spend \$15 there instead, you can get a hot, freshly-made meal, in a much bigger size."

Vishal said the campus doesn't have enough Indian and vegetarian options. "Many of the students originally from India are vegetarians, and some of the students on campus are vegans as well," he said.

The Wentworth building is projected to be demolished in late 2025. The new building is said to be finished in 2027 as a revamped main student hub with new retail options.

Students need a place where they can have a diverse range of food options, get fresh and hot meals, and chat with friends while having meals, across the entire day.

How will the already narrow food choices be impacted without the food vendors in the Wentworth building? Will the new building provide better food supplies on campus?

much [he] can get on eBay for it." When someone asked him about a tour, he responded, "my idea of a tour is playing in the garden on a sunny afternoon."

In "Special Day," he sings a "universal" song that is "free to everybody", including the lyrics "happy birthday insert your name here." Frank doesn't understand why celebrities monetise human connection and offer birthday wishes in exchange for payment. He scoffed at this culture, "Don't these celebrities ever stop? Can't they do anything for free? Does everything have to be paid for?"

There is something special about being sung to, perhaps because it recalls grandparental lullabies. Millions of viewers seem to agree. Frank's music has met an outpour of positive comments, surviving even the most scathing Instagram Reels users. Responses lean towards deeply personal anecdotes of experiences of grief, peace, heartbreak, joy and comfort. Frank takes care and time to read every comment under each of his social media posts. He acutely understands the anonymity that dictates users' interactions with most public accounts, and how the intimacy of his viewers' experience results from

reciprocated connection. Parasocial relationships are formed by a lack of reciprocity.

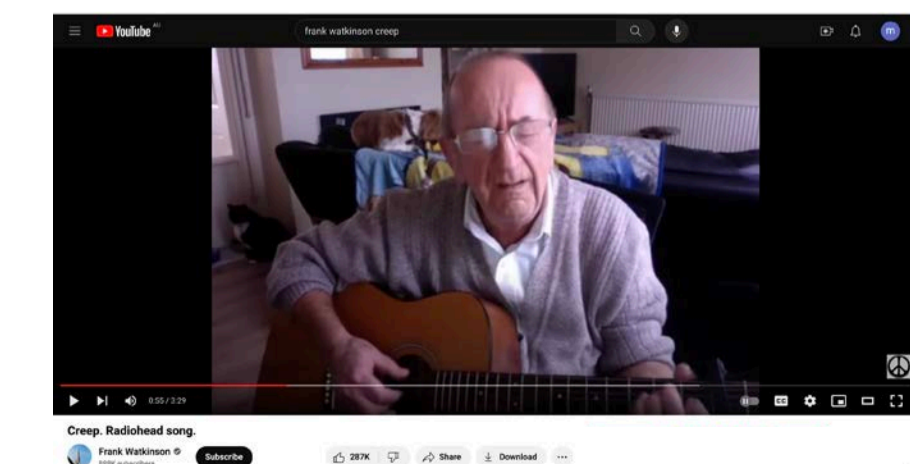
These responses are also sincerely important to him. "I'm old school... it's just polite. If you take the time to comment, I should take the time to read it." To Frank, words written in comment sections have no less value than in an in-person conversation.

And the (sparse) negative comments? He credits his wife of 47 years for his resilience, saying "I live with a person who doesn't like my singing, so I'm used to it." Frank encourages young people to

“Millions of viewers seem to agree. Frank's music has met an outpour of positive comments, surviving even the most scathing Instagram Reels users.”

not listen to negative comments: "I'm at an age where I don't really care. You can say what you want. I'm not for everybody. That's why I started writing my own songs because no one can tell you that you're playing it wrong."

When I asked whether he was concerned about changes in technology and getting left behind, Frank's touching response was: "I just plod on. When you get to my age, you know that tomorrow isn't promised to anybody. You should know this when you're little, but you always think you're going to live forever when you're young. So while I can, I'll just



Bacc at it again

Izzy Gee steps out for a smoko.

"We must continue to exploit new opportunities to get cigarettes on screen and into the hands of smokers." - Hamish Maxwell, president of Philip Morris, at a meeting in 1983.

Late last year, during one of many daily doom scrolls, a post appeared in my Instagram Reels feed. It showed an iPhone-quality video of a group of young women sitting around an apartment. They seemed to be pregaming, dressed to go out, and were talking in what I could only assume was Swedish.

As the phone camera panned around the room, and each noticed it was on them, they pulled back their lips to show off little white packets tucked against their gums.

That video, now with 40 million views on TikTok, was my (and many others') first introduction to nicotine pouches — Big Tobacco's newest great reinvention project.

Using nicotine is a timeless affair. A social and habitual practice transmitted through generations. Much to the benefit of Big Tobacco, a moniker for the corporations that control the global supply of nicotine goods, namely Altria, China National Tobacco, and British American Tobacco.

It's a romantic habit, an easy chemical icebreaker, a sporadic one-off that many still indulge in. "I quit smoking, but I do smoke socially," as Zoe, someone I met in the smokers', put it.

It's something so important, so ingrained in the Australian conscience, that we've named our break time after.

But over the last few decades, smoking has steadily decreased. Health, age, and informed anti-smoking advertising have shrunk the Australian smoking market to almost a third of what it was three decades ago.

So how has the tobacco industry responded?

In recent years, vaping has been one of big tobacco's most successful reinvigoration strategies.

Cigarettes are sexy. Problematic, yes, but sexy. Think Bond, Obama, Cowboy Bebop. James Dean with his perfect teeth, deck rolled into the sleeve of his tight white T-shirt. And while vapes may not carry the same smoky cool, they bring a certain sparkly charm of their own.

Disposable vapes have flooded the Australian market, and reached ubiquity with many teenagers and young adults as the latest social smoking tool. Data from the National Drug Strategy Household survey, released a month ago, shows that use of e-cigarettes has almost tripled from 2019, with 18-24 year olds the age group most likely to use.

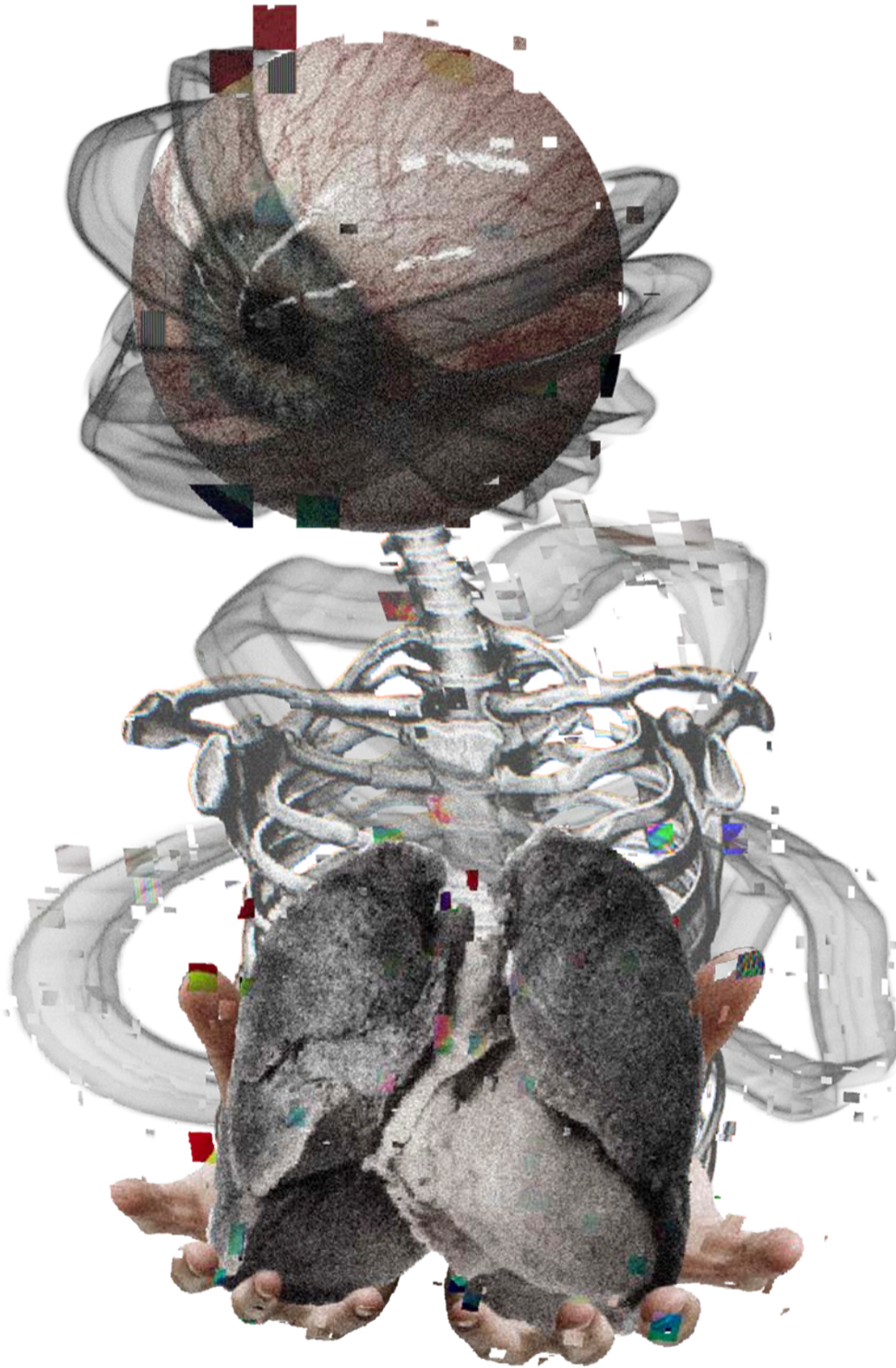
Dr Christina Watts, a researcher on the Generation Vape project, a government-funded initiative researching e-cigarette use in young adults, says this is no coincidence.

This increase in vaping "has been entirely industry led," she says. "The tobacco and vaping industry has very

purposefully marketed these products at young people."

She explains that importers have exploited loopholes in Australian law to make low cost disposable vapes with incredibly high nicotine concentrations very accessible to consumers and retailers. And this accessibility has cultivated tobacco use in young adults and minors.

"Majority of 14-17 year olds in [our] study said that access to vapes is really easy," she says. "Kids are getting them from local retailers. Some of their peers are buying them in bulk and then selling



them onto their other peers."

iGet, Elfbar, and even Juul have become generational household names. The new Marlboros, Chesterfields, Newports, Camels. Cheap, easy to find, sold in an absurdly wide range of flavours, and packaged without terrifying health labels.

And their appeal, like their predecessors, has been media-driven.

Not in classic media, like TV and film, where on-screen tobacco product placement has been illegal since 1992, but on newer frontiers, like social media.

Juul, an iconic e-cigarette brand part-owned by Altria, was one of the first to tap into social media platforms. Posts, influencer endorsements, and event photos showing the young, trendy, and fashionable with their product, carefully designed and reminiscent of the classic cigarette campaigns, were a huge factor in the company's early success.

And "vapefluencers" today continue to push entertainment content streams with unboxings and reviews.

For Gen Z, vapes have quickly become an important part of their culture.

Art: Linnea Long

thirty dollars, to as much as seventy, and they've begun to die out from the usual smoking arenas.

Once a cheap, accessible, and ubiquitous alternative to cigarettes, vaping has become much the same thing. An expensive habit.

Enter nicotine pouches.

Nicotine pouches are a form of smokeless, oral nicotine popular in Scandinavia. They come in little white packets, infused with a wide range of candy-like flavours.

Recently, nicotine pouch content has begun to pervade social media. Brands like Zyn, also owned by Altria, have popped up all over the influencing spectrum. From Frat-Tok to Joe Rogan, to candid videos of college girls popping them in at school.

And while most of these videos are not tagged as paid endorsements, it's hard to imagine Big Tobacco has nothing to do with them, as loopholes in Australian advertising law allow tobacco companies to promote their products through social media.

Selling nicotine pouches is illegal in Australia, and has been since 1992. But consumers can still import the product for "personal use." And using certain websites, you can bulk buy in the hundreds for around \$7.60 per tin.

So are pouches the next big thing?

They seem to be from the outside; a product targeted at and optimised for the youth market. One that pairs the colour and flavours that draw consumers to vaping, with a subtle, easily concealable medium. One that has crossed the popular culture barrier just like cigarettes and vapes before it. Cheap and available for import with little if any restrictions.

But from talking to people, it seems consumers are still unsure. Some, like Nick, feel it misses the interactivity that makes vaping and smoking so permissible. That physical, shared rhythm that draws people in. In Nick's words, "it just isn't social."

Others like Dr Watts are a little less sure. The near total lack of investigation and recent legislation on nicotine pouches in Australia means we can't be sure about its potential growth or use, and only time and research will tell.

If there's anything we do know, it's that this is likely not the end. The nicotine industry will continue to innovate, as it always has, and push itself most where we place our aesthetic faith. From the timeless, classic silver screen to strange, psy-ppy, Swedish TikToks.

And the young, as they always have, will continue to consume.

Since the federal ban on vape importation on January 1, lack of new supply has driven disposable vape prices to skyrocket from around twenty-to-

The students, united, will never be defeated

Examining Australian universities' ties to Israel

Ariana Haghighi, Simone Maddison and Valerie Chidiac stake out university management.

What do students want and how are they going to get it? The media is quick to bury their demands, management at the University of Sydney wants control of the narrative again, and students just want to graduate without blood on their hands. But we cannot forget what this is all for: an end to the genocide in Gaza, and a free Palestine.

Media

USyd's encampment demands are simple: the University of Sydney should "cut ties with weapon's manufacturers and Israeli universities", and the Minns government should "drop the charges and scrap draconian anti-protest laws." A statement from eleven Australian university encampments also implores each respective tertiary education institution to "sign on to the international Boycott, Divest & Sanctions [BDS] statement."

However, encampments have been continuously dismissed, weaponised and demeaned by mainstream media outlets. It is no surprise that right-wing outlets like Sky News have described the encampments as "taking over" Australian universities. These sources characterise protestors as "rowdy", "heated" and "divisive", and regularly draw parallels with their US counterparts facing police brutality and repression. Many campers at USyd have told *Honi* that reporters from the "Murdoch press" have attempted to "make them look bad" by "wedging" or "gotcha" questions. The overwhelming feeling generated by this spin is that the encampments should warrant "growing concern."

Coverage from centre-left sources like the *ABC* and *The Guardian* is not as blatantly corrosive. Rather, they reframe the situation around "the right to protest on university campuses", "freedom of speech" and "threats to public safety." Mainstream media only report when there is a request from university management to "disband on-campus encampments", or when violence occurs at a protest. It takes issue with the actions of protestors, rather than the genocide currently occurring in Gaza. Without explicitly saying it, these pieces condemn student encampments as tolerable, but barely; only because sending police on university campuses would look worse than leaving peaceful protests be.

With the timing of the Budget, the mainstream media have also reported on encampments as a vehicle to analyse federal politics, focusing on politician's reactions and statements on antisemitism and Islamophobia. Relatedly, the reporters allocated to covering the encampment — including at Nine and Murdoch — work in the Federal politics portfolio, rather than

Education. Clearly, media platforms are more curious about politicians' response to the encampment rather than the encampment's impacts on students and the education sector.

Consequently, national and transnational student media organisations have become bastions of protest coverage, personal testimonies and daily updates simply by reporting on encampment events when no other news outlets can or will. Unofficial forums for student discussions, such as USyd Rants, disproportionately platform anti-encampment sentiments and ridicule. Student newspapers form the main source of student-centric, accurate information on the encampments.

Honi's reporting techniques for this event are novel, but not new, and requires altering to our approach. Most mornings, one of our editors visits the encampment and posts a schedule of the day's events on our Instagram page. In the evenings, we complete a write-up of the teach-ins, rallies and organising meetings which occurred. However, the stream of information and content emanating from the camp is constant; at no point in recent memory has student media covered a movement of this scale, longevity and magnitude.

We have also drawn inspiration, solidarity and admiration from other student unions and publications leading this struggle across borders and oceans. When students at New York's Columbia University became the first in the world to establish their encampment, the *Columbia Daily Spectator* set the reporting standards. The paper's first article was a photo essay capturing scenes from the encampment's initial 24 hours. When a second encampment was established at Portland State University, *Vanguard* responded with daily TikTok updates about key political developments. The City College of New York's paper *The Campus Magazine* has also responded with livestreams of arrests, encouraging students to scrutinise police who have active cases of brutality and violence against them. Other tactics, including *The Daily Californian's* 24-hour coverage and *The George Washington Hatchet's* regular op-eds, centred student media within broader pro-Palestinian activism.

Those camping are amongst those closest to us: our friends, our partners, our reporters and members of our editorial team. Not only are we provided with unique and intimate editorial insights into the function, structure and purpose of the encampment through these connections, but this movement is deeply personal. It is a reckoning for the future. Yet most importantly, it is a drop in the ocean right now in the fight for a Free Palestine: from the river to the sea.

Myth-busting

Critically, mainstream media outlets eclipse some of the key voices vital to the Gaza solidarity encampments: those of students. In its unique position to amplify these voices, *Honi* interviewed a number of student activists and campers hoping to share their experiences and dispel some of the most pervasive misconceptions.

When asked how the average reader of Australia's most powerful news sources feels about the encampment, camper Luke Mešterovi used one word: "confused." He stated that "most of the mainstream media outlets are not outlining our specific demands, which are incredibly targeted at the University based on their ties with weapons manufacturing companies and Israeli universities in breach of international law."

Mešterović went on to say that some readers "would also be under the misapprehension that we are somehow anti-semitic", which he emphasised is "absolutely not true." Besides the fact that security and management "have not had any concrete reports of anti-semitism from our camp", Mešterović pointed out that it is "disgusting that during a genocide, our enemies have to try and slander us." Fellow camper Ishbel Dunsmore concurred with these sentiments, highlighting that some outlets have tried to "get a reaction out of us" and condemn protestors for what she called "the crime of standing up for Palestinians and calling for freedom and justice for all."

Campers like Tyberius Seeto, the current Editor-In-Chief of UTS' student publication *Vertigo*, recognise the encampment for what it is: an expression of solidarity. Amidst media portrayals of the encampment as "anti-semitic" and therefore "very vile, very aggressive and very intimidating", Seeto underlined that "this is a pretty horrific accusation to make because we have Jewish people who have spoken and who are camping out." Seeto also emphasised the role of on-campus reporting as a "medium of change" beyond the mainstream. "We are technically the voice for students. We are elected by the students", Seeto told *Honi*. "We need to get students to see and read what is happening."

The students *Honi* interviewed felt that the success of the camp outweighs and disproves the accusations made against it. For student activists like SRC Ethnocultural Officer Ravkaran Grewal, "there's a real sense that we actually have some power here for the first time in a very long time." Grewal pointed out that protestors are "pulling rally numbers we haven't seen in years, or even decades. There is a massive community behind us that's been supporting us constantly."



UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY



UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND



DEAKIN UNIVERSITY



MONASH UNIVERSITY



UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA



UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE

“Yet most importantly, it is a drop in the ocean right now in the fight for a Free Palestine: from the river to the sea.”



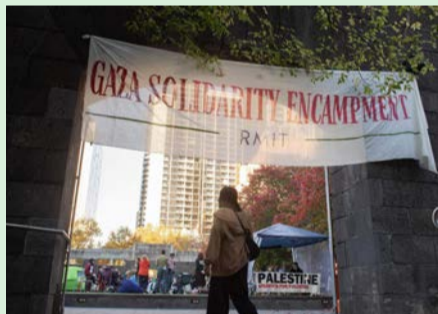
UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE



CURTIN UNIVERSITY



LA TROBE UNIVERSITY



RMIT



UNIVERSITY OF WOLLONGONG



ANU

The University’s ties to weapons manufacturers represents “something we can target and make a difference towards”, and the encampment is just one way “we can stop the Israeli war machine and help the people in Gaza.”

Each student agreed that this is a moment of left-wing unity for the SRC and student politics more broadly. Grewal noted that “this is the first time in a while that we’ve seen all the leftist groups on campus, bar Labor Left, come together and actually be in the same space.” For Ishbel Dunsmore, this is also the first time “in a long time that we’ve drawn such a broad crowd, where everyone is working alongside each other for a common goal.”

But beyond its importance as a watershed moment in the University’s history of radical student politics, the Gaza solidarity encampment provides a symbol of and for the community. Mešterović described his experience camping as a “direct and public” form of activism that has been “an incredibly positive and educational experience.” It has been marked by a “greater sense of camaraderie amongst each other”, not just alongside other students with whom he has been “making breakfast or doing hot water runs”, but also the “public support we have received from passersbys.”

Grewal’s final comments to *Honi* expressed hope “in the power of the youth to tell it like it is”, those who are “standing up for something” and can “galvanise more mainstream audiences.” In his own words, this is “actually not that complicated of a story” for readers of mainstream media to grasp; if it is easy for “supposedly ‘naive’ and ‘innocent’ university students to come to the conclusion that what Israel is doing in Gaza is genocide”, then we should “accept that it is.”

Management

The rhetoric published by mainstream news outlets also informs USyd management’s correspondence with students and staff, in which Mark Scott often cherry-picks select instances of intimidation or interference: such as a third party truck driver allegedly using offensive language. A dot-pointed list of these alleged occurrences feeds into some students’ beliefs, compounded by media narratives, that encampments are sites of violence and bigotry, rather than peaceful protest and education.

On Day 11, Vice-Chancellor Mark Scott notably rejected calls from Shadow Education Minister Sarah Henderson to send police onto the University’s Camperdown campus. In a LinkedIn

post, he stated that “I am not convinced that is happening on US campuses demonstrates a pathway to greater safety and security for any students or staff, nor helps to build a community committed to free speech and thoughtful exchanges of divergent views.” On the same day, he published an op-ed in *The Sydney Morning Herald* defending the encampment as “part of who we are.”

Yet Scott’s moral defences in mainstream media are markedly different from those students have seen on the Quadrangle Lawns, and its backrooms. On May 8, Students Against War (SAW) posted a video attempting to confront Scott on Eastern Avenue. In the video, activists from SAW can be heard asking Scott “so when are you coming down [to the camp] to chat to us about our demands?”. Filmed with his back turned and walking away from the camera, Scott responds “we’ve got people standing by ready to.”

However, it is Scott’s silence in response to students’ demands which remains the most deafening. In an Open Letter to the University of Sydney on May 15, organisers of the encampment condemned University management’s failure to “discuss our demands.” Although campers regularly receive communications emphasising the “necessity to meet privately in a ‘neutral’ setting”, organisers reiterated their “counter-offer”: “we will meet with you to discuss our demands in one of the following two settings. An open meeting at our encampment, where all those attending the camp will have the right to witness the meeting. Or, a Town Hall meeting open to all staff and students.”

The Open Letter was signed with a proposition to meet at “10am on Friday at either location.” Mark Scott, and other members of the University’s management, failed to make an appearance at this meeting on May 17. At the time of writing, the petition for a Student General Meeting with University management is only missing 150 signatures from the 2,000 signature threshold.

This comes one week after Scott joined other Chancellors from Australia’s Group of Eight to ask Attorney-General Mark Dreyfus for legal advice on encampment demonstrations. While Dreyfus affirmed that “no one in Australia should be targeted because of their race or religion” under the Racial Discrimination Act, he concluded that he would not make a ruling. Consequently, universities are required to make their own decisions about chants, protests and the longevity of the encampment.

Protestors and campers have also told *Honi* that University management have attempted to ‘catch them out’ on WHS breaches in recent weeks. Campus security liaisons, which are stationed at the encampment around the clock, have warned students in particular about the risks of sharing their swipe cards to access amenities facilities in Fisher Library and other buildings which are locked overnight. The Quadrangle’s main gates must also remain accessible to emergency services, which has prompted

the relocation of food and other camping materials around the site.

What are USyd’s ties to Israel?

Education

Many encampments criticise their institution’s educational ties with the Israeli tertiary sector. Interestingly, the inter-university relationship between Australia and Israel is not facilitated on a case-by-case basis; rather, it is consolidated on a national level. In 2013, Universities Australia signed a Memorandum of Understanding between Israel and Australia on cooperation in higher education, which SydneyStaff4BDS have called for the withdrawal in an open letter in November 2023.

Student opportunities at USyd include an international placement for Doctor of Medicine students where up to \$5,000 is offered in an elective term scholarship for Technion — Israel Institute of Technology. This is in addition to the Experience Israel Travel Scholarships, which goes towards the OLES2155: Experience Israel unit at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem as well as study abroad programs at Tel Aviv University, Bezalel Academy of Art and Design (College of the Arts) and the recently established New York University (NYU) Tel Aviv.

Why should we care about ties to these universities as opposed to universities in countries that also commit atrocities? These Israeli universities do not only operate on and profit off from stolen land: they perpetuate dispossession. The Hebrew University of Jerusalem’s Mount Scopus campus is partially built on land illegally expropriated from Palestinian owners in Israeli occupied East Jerusalem, in clear violation of international law, and therefore directly serves the ongoing land theft and dispossession of Palestinians. Hebrew University also has offered its campus buildings to Israeli forces, and hosts a military base on campus to offer academic training to Israeli soldiers. Tel Aviv University sits on the ground of the destroyed Palestinian village of Al-Shaykh Muwannis and Yaffa, running joint centres with the Israeli military and arms industries. Bezalel Academy of Art & Design set up a workshop on campus to design and sew uniforms and gear for Israeli combat soldiers serving in the Gaza genocide.

Other universities have since cut ties with Israeli universities following campaigns from their student unions: the Dutch Royal Academy of Arts, Design Academy Eindhoven, Netherlands and University of Bergen’s Bergen School of Architecture have all severed or frozen ties with Bezalel Academy of Art & Design.

Military

The Defence Innovation Network (DIN) is “a university-led initiative of the NSW Government and the Defence Science and Technology Group to

enhance NSW & ACT Defence industry capability through collaboration with government and academic research institutions”. Established in late 2017, the DIN office resides in the UTS Industry Hub and is supported by nine universities, including USyd, to benefit the defence sector and contribute to technological innovation, whether that be through research and development (R&D), “foster[ing] collaboration between NSW industry and universities” or providing “pathways to STEM careers in defence”. This contributes to the trend of hypermilitarisation within Australian universities under “defence-oriented” frameworks to produce research with funding from weapons companies or war profiteers, even if it is not always used in an active military context.

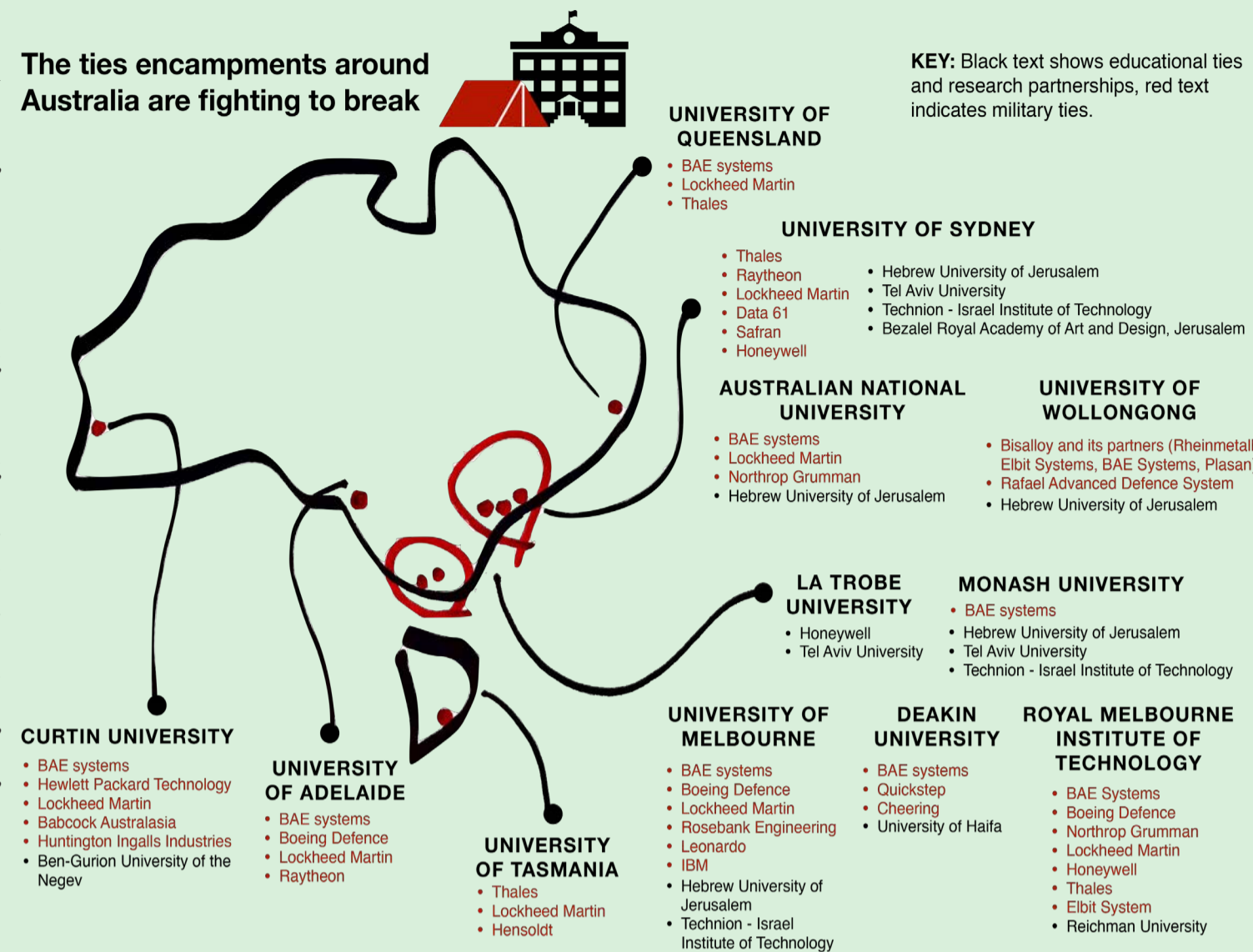
Established two years after Belinda Hutchinson was appointed as Chancellor, USyd signed a Memorandum of Understanding with French arms manufacturer Thales. At the time, Hutchinson was Chair of Thales Australia. It comes as no surprise, then, that Thales has provided direct funding into research for low altitude air traffic management, drone operations and underwater situational awareness across multiple disciplines at USyd including Aerospace, Mechanical and Mechatronic Engineering. Those working at the Nanoscience Hub have previously stated that these research spaces are for “private knowledge or military knowledge that is locked away under non-disclosure agreements.”

How does this translate in ties to Israel? The Israel-Australia relationship is documented by the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade as including a “system of major global investors, start-ups, the Israeli military and universities”, confirmed by the 2017 Technological Innovation Cooperation Agreement and the Memorandum of Understanding on defence industry cooperation.

Thales, and by extension USyd, have strong ties to Israeli weapons manufacturing and deployment. In 2021, Israel Aerospace Industries (IAI) partnered with Thales to develop new surface-to-surface guided missile technology. Named ‘Sea Serpent’, the missile combines anti-ship, RF seekers and land attack capabilities to pursue ranges over 200km. Simultaneously, Thales partnered with Israeli company Elbit Systems to develop Watchkeeper drones, modelled off older iterations of Hebron combat drones regularly upgraded by IAI. Green Left has since published that the Thales-Elbit partnership involves a subsidiary company UAV Tactical Systems, which manufactures “killer drones.” These three technologies have all been used extensively in the bombing of Gaza.

In November 2023, USyd signed a Memorandum of Understanding with Safran Electronics & Defense Australasia, a subsidiary of aerospace and defence company Safran, for a “focus on aviation, space and defence solutions”. Safran works with Rafael, one of Israel’s top defence companies, to develop battlefield technology for the

The ties encampments around Australia are fighting to break



This is not an exhaustive list. The following information has been sourced from public information and demands of student encampments

efficient identification and neutralisation of targets.

Furthermore, the Gradient Institute is a research hub “enabled by the vision of CSIRO Data 61 and University of Sydney” which is “developing new algorithms, training organisations operating AI systems and providing technical guidance for AI policy development”. This “strategic partnership” comes under the DIN surrounding areas of data analytics, autonomous cyber technology, and information warfare operations. During the Australia Israel Chamber of Commerce 2017, Data61 was celebrated as a key strategic achievement as well as the 2021 Australia-Israel Innovation Summit, where a panel was held on “AI and the impact on industry”. USyd Chancellor David Thodey, former Chair of the CSIRO, also spoke at this summit in a panel “consider[ing] instructive lessons from the Israeli experience in building globally-renowned innovation centres of excellence”.

Is the university likely to divest?

University of Melbourne Deputy Vice-Chancellor Michael Wesley recently stated to *The Age* that if universities divested from weapons manufacturers, what would follow is a severance of work with “fossil fuel companies...supermarkets...manufacturers of sugary drinks”. So it appears at present that there is a lack of political will to do so.

Most of Australia’s universities are publicly funded — only three are private (Australian) and two are private (international). Australian universities

receive funding primarily through government research, teaching grants, and student fees supported by HECS-debt. Other sources include state government funding, overseas student fees, investment income, plus contract research and consultancy income.

However, a 2022 report from the Australia Institute’s Centre for Future Work shows that because of higher enrolments and decreasing funding, Australian universities have increasingly turned to private and corporate sectors. Despite this, Australian universities are less reliant on endowments — pools of assets that originally come from donations and are then invested elsewhere — than their US counterparts.

Robert Reich, Professor of Public Policy at the University of California, Berkeley, noted that American universities are faced with questions of autonomy, especially as a large role of university presidents “is to solicit money, and their largest targets are typically... Wall Street”. These presidents have been pressured to convey strong anti-encampment stances and clear condemnation of October 7 to ensure funds are not withdrawn. For example, Apollo Global Management CEO Marc Rowan demanded the University of Pennsylvania (UoP) president and chairman of the board of trustees resign, and then asked others “to reduce their normal contributions to the university to just \$1 ‘so that no one misses the point’”. This indicates that universities function like corporations, and are beholden to donors who act like shareholders. In the US, philanthropic funding is at its peak; Harvard’s single largest contributor to revenue, contributing to 45% of the \$5.8 billion in income in 2022.

While it does remain difficult to ascertain how much assets are tied to Israeli corporations and the Israeli Defence Force based on research and public information alone, the need for universities to provide greater transparency when disclosing this information remains pertinent.

Divestment may seem a distant reality but the examples of the Union Theological Seminary divesting to avoid financial support of “damaging and immoral investments” and the engagement with encampment demands at Brown University, Northwestern University and the University of Minnesota prove that it can be possible.

Where do we go from here?

At the time of writing, the University of Melbourne has given Victorian police explicit approval to intervene in its encampment at any time. While others such as Monash University have ended their camps, many remain strong and are pinning management down with the pressure of escalating demands. Regardless of whether management decides to divest or not, it is clear that power still resides with the student body to challenge the tertiary sector’s hidden ties with genocide.

Additional information has been provided by Students Against War, USyd Education Action Group, and UniMelbforPalestine.



Cherry picking from the Accord report: Higher Education in the Budget

Angus McGregor, Zeina Khochaiche and Ariana Haghighi report.

In pre-election budgets, governments usually throw money at constituents. The “fraught and fragile global conditions” Treasurer Jim Chalmers signposted in his budget speech highlight a dilemma for the Labor government. Chalmers has to simultaneously provide cost of living relief that people desperately need while not putting enough upward pressure on inflation to trigger further rate rises.

Further, the government has succumbed to a narrative they call, “responsible budget management”, which is delivery of a \$9.3 billion surplus but also restraint on government spending. For a Treasurer who labels himself as a reformer, this is an uncomfortable place to be.

In contrast to the conservative rhetoric of the government, the University Accord Final report laid out a bold vision for higher education in Australia which demanded billions in investments to expand tertiary attainment to 80% by 2050. Achieving the target would add an estimated \$240 billion to the economy but requires the government to prioritise the tertiary sector to an extent not found in this budget.

The budget does align universities more with the vision of equity laid out in the report with a total of \$1.1 billion invested in the sector but misses some easy political victories and the wide nature of the reforms make a lot of the promises underdeveloped.

29 of the 47 University Accord Recommendations are addressed in the budget.

Changes to HECS indexation and the introduction of paid placements are the government’s main pitch to younger voters. Indexing debt using the lowest of wage growth or consumer price index will provide \$1,200 of relief to the average borrower and stop the absurd increase 7.1% students suffered last year. Even if the government did not

freeze indexation entirely like the Greens and National Union of Students (NUS) suggested, the government missed other simple reforms. The Accord report recommended an expansion of debt forgiveness and reforming the repayment threshold for lower income borrowers. This budgetary absence especially strange given that debt forgiveness could be targeted for courses like teaching, nursing, and construction where there are the greatest skill shortages. A future made in Australia is based on incentivising students to undertake these degrees.

While the government is investing \$27.7 million in streamlining vocational and tertiary education and creating a Managed Growth Funding System for Commonwealth Supported Places that includes equity funding for academic support, targeting student debt more comprehensively seems like an easy way to incentivise more enrolments.

Shockingly, there is no indication in the budget that the Morrison-era Jobs Ready Graduates program is being scrapped. The policy has increased the cost of Arts, Humanities and Law degrees in comparison to STEM courses. Even though the policy has only caused 1.5% of students to change their degrees and would represent a political victory for the Labor government, the government’s cautious approach has caused this Accord recommendation to slip through the cracks.

The extent of the paid placements package has also come under fire from the Greens and student organisations. The \$319.50 weekly payment only applies to teaching, nursing, social work and midwifery students and equates to about \$8 an hour. Students studying veterinary science, psychology, pharmacy, and physiotherapy will miss out entirely. The governments rationale is that these sectors don’t suffer acute workforce shortages.

The government has promised that this payment would be given on top

of other welfare students receive but the payment being ‘means tested’ has casted doubt on how many students will be able to access the payment. Honi understands similar criteria to other income support payments will be used and the student will have to have been working at least 15 hours a week prior to starting their placement to qualify—a high bar for full time students and one not recommended by universities for students undertaking full time study.

To alleviate documentation burdens on students, the governments intention is for universities to administer the payment as opposed to Services Australia.

Placement poverty is unlikely to end, and income support payments have still not reached the Henderson poverty line of \$88 a day. Unless placements are paid at least minimum wage, as the NUS has called for, students are still not being paid for the essential work they are doing and may continue deferring or leaving their courses.

The largest measure to boost university attainment is a \$350 million investment in so-called fee-free university prep courses which allow students who do not initially meet the requirements for a degree to transition into higher education. These courses are currently taken by 25,000 students and the government expects that to double by 2040. An additional \$500 million has been invested in areas like clean energy, construction, manufacturing, and increasing gender parity at university.

In order to make it easier for disadvantaged students to attend university, the government is also rolling out support measures including funding to make campus infrastructure more accessible and create targeted academic tutoring programs for students falling behind. The government clear understands how important solving skills shortages is—these measures will support many students complete their

degrees.

Outside of cost-of-living support, the largest change to tertiary education not announced before the budget is a mandate that 40% of SSAF funding is directed to student-led organisations including unions, associations, and guilds. This will impact universities differently with some including the University of Sydney already allocating a larger percentage to student organisations.

The Accord report did not make any specific recommendations about SSAF funding and, as some student organisations have pointed out, the more important question is which student-led initiative the funding goes to. Unions tend to be more focused on student services and societies and council spend more money on activism.

The recent rise of Gaza Solidarity encampments across Australia has also caused a crucial shift in how the government is implementing some Accord recommendations. The Accord argued an inquiry focused on racism experienced by First Nations students was required to ensure a culturally-safe environment.

The government has pledged \$1 million for a racism enquiry but the focus has shifted to antisemitism and Islamophobia, reflecting the pressure the government in on from the opposition and media to crack down on the encampments. Honi understands that First Nations students will still be a priority of the enquiry, but the scope has expanded due to recent events.

While the government claims this is the “first stage of a multi-year reform agenda” based on the Accord, much more will need to be done to achieve the equity Chalmers promises in his speech. The proportion of low socio-economic students at university has dropped post-COVID. It remains to be seen if this budget will reverse that trend.

TLDR: Student’s guide to the Budget

The Budget involves reams of documents, full of promises, targets and trackers. How does this impact students? How do the cost-of-living reforms affect the student demographic?

Firstly, funding. The Government is dedicating \$1.6 billion to the Higher Education portfolio — \$1.1 billion to university funding and governance and \$500 million for skills and training.

To the acronym on every student’s tongue — HECS. 2023’s shocking indexation rate of 7.1% has been slashed to 4%, with relief backdated to all student support loan accounts that existed on June 1, 2023. The indexation rate has been capped to the lower of either the Consumer Price or Wage Price Index in order to prevent student debt mushrooming faster than wages catch up. The next reform many students are

hungry for are paid mandatory practical placements. “Eligible” students will be paid \$319.50 per week from July 2025. These eligibility criteria have not been released, but Honi understands that it will involve means-testing similar to other student welfare payments, and that the student worked more than 15 hours a week before the placement. This payment only applies to teaching, nursing, midwifery and social work students — this is because the reform addresses skill shortages and economic concerns. With medical, psychology and allied health students left behind, it is clear that this policy does not prioritise student welfare.

The only other welfare payment relevant to students that receives budgetary attention is Commonwealth Rent Assistance, facing a 10% increase in its maximum rate. Since Howard’s Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU)

policy, student unions are at the mercy of universities for funding from the Student Services and Amenities Fees (SSAF) funding. This Budget requires all universities to apportion at least 40% of the SSAF funding pool to “student-led organisations.” This does not impact universities such as the University of Sydney, which already apportion a high percentage of SSAF to multiple student-led organisations. However, this standardises this approach, albeit with a low percentage, for all universities.

Clearly aware of campus and student accommodation safety epidemics, the Budget dedicates funding to an inaugural National Student Ombudsman. This will field complaints from students where these complaints were insufficiently handled by universities. Additionally, a “National Higher Education Code to Prevent and Respond to Gender-based

Violence” will be imposed on both higher education and student accommodation providers.

The requirements of this Code remain unclear, apart from the stipulation to “embed a whole-of-organisation approach.”

Sparked by the ballooning of Gaza solidarity encampments and campus discourse on Palestinian liberation, the Budget announces an inquiry into “antisemitism, Islamophobia and racism in tertiary education.” This inquiry is notably a reshaping of the Universities Accords Report recommendation for a review into racism against First Nations students.

Also, no word on Morrison’s Jobs Ready Graduates package. It seems like under Albanese’s government, this detested policy will stay.

Women’s health

The Women’s Budget Statement for 2024 is here and with the Government to answer for the growing prevalence of gendered violence and persistence of inequality in the care economy, understanding the impact of budget development on gender inequality issues is paramount.

Important reforms in issues are found in addressing informed First Nations care measures, increasing funding in reproductive health and introducing a national strategy to combat gendered violence through an investment of \$3.4 billion.

One of the Budget’s aims is to

support the ‘Birthing on Country’ model which includes providing access to culturally informed midwifery, insurance for private practitioners and preserving care models for under-resourced First Nations communities. The Government is committing to providing \$3.5 million for the broader Midwife Scheme although it is still unclear what portion of this commitment is for First Nations communities.

Announced from the Budget, the Albanese Government is introducing the country’s first national strategy on addressing gender inequality with

the Working for Women: A strategy for gender equality (Working for Women). The strategy will focus on five target areas: unpaid and paid care, gender-based violence, health, economic equality and security and leadership, representation and decision-making.

Part of this project will include a new statistical dashboard to be released in mid-2024 to inform law enforcement, policy making and family, domestic and sexual violence sectors and a National Students Ombudsman to address high rates of sexual violence on university campuses.

In regards to reproductive health,

the Government is introducing subsidised access to consultations for patients with endometriosis and pelvic pain alongside increased funding in 22 specialised endometriosis clinics. The Government has also committed \$49.1 million for longer gynaecology consultations to address vulnerable populations and timecritical treatments such as abortion.

In the approximately 30 years of gender responsive budgeting (GRB) — in the introduction of a national framework, it is important we remain critical of how it will meaningfully address these target areas.

Placement payments

So, what are the problems with this Commonwealth Prac Payment (CPP), or what we know about it so far?

The only placements covered by this scheme are: teaching, social work, midwifery and nursing. Omissions include medical, psychology and all other allied health students. Honi understands that the CPP scheme is based on a Treasury White Paper from last year, and therefore, addresses economic issues regarding skill shortages in certain sectors.

The CPP will also be “means-tested.” The exact details are unclear, but Honi understands that it will likely be modelled off means-testing

infrastructure for other student welfare payments such as Youth Allowance.

Honi understands that there is a work-related eligibility criterion. It is likely that, to qualify for this payment, students have to have been working at least 15 hours a week before stopping replacing paid work with placement.

The Greens and the National Union of Students (NUS) have pushed for a payment that equates to at least minimum wage. The payment rate of \$319.50 per week is benchmarked at the single Austudy payment. On its own, this payment falls far below the poverty line, averaging at \$45.60 a day. However, Austudy payment typically

dovetails with other welfare payments or an income, which renders it closer to liveable.

Whereas, there are many students who do not qualify for welfare payments such as Youth Allowance, but cannot afford to jettison their income to complete their degree — this scheme neglects this large group of students entirely.

As opposed to a universal prac payment, a prac payment based on eligibility requires significantly more bureaucracy to administer. Honi understands that this payment will be administered by higher education providers rather than Services

Australia, which is a welcome relief for all students who have been mistreated by Centrelink. However, if the University of Sydney’s bureaucratic system is anything to go by, this could still be a nightmare to navigate, placing additional burdens on students.

In Treasurer Jim Chalmers’ Budget speech, he emphasises how this Budget alleviates cost-of-living pressures in various ways. Clearly, the Budget prioritises economic expansion in the higher education sector rather than relieving students of financial burdens. It cannot be said that the cost-of-living budgetary measures work in tandem with the CPP in its projected form.

International students

The Budget has unveiled new measures to regulate the growth of international student migration including awaited increases to student visa fees and financial capacity requirements as well as a new formula which will cap international student enrolment at each university.

Legislation empowering the government to cap international student enrolments will be introduced in Parliament later this week. The maximum intake will start to apply January 1 next year and Honi

understands that besides being based on the size of each university, the legislation will also allow the Minister to cap enrolment in certain study areas or courses at their discretion.

The majority of international student fees come from business and management courses. The government may use the cap to encourage education providers to attract more overseas students into courses such as teaching and nursing where there are local acute skill shortages.

The Budget has also raised \$1.2

billion by doubling the cost of a student visa from \$700 to \$1,400 and as expected has also raised the financial capacity requirement for all foreign students by 20% to \$29,710. These measures are deliberately designed to make Australia a more difficult place to study, and in the Government’s mind will restrict new students to those who can afford Australia’s high cost-of-living.

If universities want to take in more international students above the initial caps proposed by the

government, they will have to build more student accommodation and demonstrate they have the capacity to support those extra students.

While the government is putting an additional \$6 billion into housing supply, the sector is likely correct these caps will do little to decrease prices, especially because the housing crisis began when there was a record low in migration.

Cost-of-living

The “cost of living crisis” has become an abstract, all-inclusive term.

Complex factors that warrant their own analysis, and occupy the economic landscape in different ways, have been conflated into the all-inclusive term. Interest rates, a supermarket duopoly, placement poverty, and housing supply ostensibly all fall under the “cost of living crisis,” but these aggressors must be critiqued more incisively — they are governed by varying factors, parties, and consumer bodies.

The 2024-25 Budget announcement has been purportedly dedicated to relieving the cost-of-living fatigue that continues to impact students, welfare systems and everyday Australians through a \$7.8 billion

investment.

In this Budget, the development of 1.2 million homes by 2029 found through the Housing Accord remains an ambitious and unlikely target when considering national workforce shortages in construction industries, demand versus supply concerns, and the growing outsourcing of the rental market following investment incentivisation through the ‘Build to Rent’ program.

Moving to the new energy bill relief rollout: the rollout includes approximately \$3 billion of household relief and similar measures for one million small business owners. This is a considerable improvement for household relief however many, like

Greens leader Adam Bandt, argue that electricity bill relief and a lack of substantial improvement to JobSeeker or Youth Allowance are sorely overlooked.

Social Welfare institutions have seen funding injections, and also conspicuous omissions. Community legal centres like Welfare Rights Centre, which was a key advocacy service during crises like Robodebt, COVID-19 and the bushfires, have been forced to reduce services by-product of any additional funding to their sector.

Increases to welfare payments such as Job Seeker and Youth Allowance were not addressed in the budget. According to the Henderson Poverty

line, the benchmark poverty line for a single person in the workforce is \$609, excl. housing costs. Placing this against the current Job Seeker payment of \$408.45 for an individual without dependent children (subject to requirements), the Budget has done little to alleviate everyday pressures other than expand who can access this payment.

It seems when the Budget takes one step forward, the display of priority drags them many steps back. This Budget does not prioritise social reform, student poverty or welfare support, leaving vulnerable Australians who seek guidance or support during cost-of-living crises in a bottlenecked welfare system.

Sydney's lost theme park: A trip to '90s Darling Harbour

Chris Chindilas travels back in time.

Darling Harbour has lived many lives. To the Gadigal People, it was known as Tumbalong, meaning "a place to find seafood." Through the 1800s it housed Australia's first steam engine, first hydraulic power station, and managed most of the nation's export produce from its wharf. Perhaps its best life, however, was in the 1990s when it was briefly home to Sydney's very own SEGA World theme park.

Over the 20th century Darling Harbour dwindled from being Australia's foremost port, to becoming a derelict industrial area of empty warehouses and unused railroads. In response, the NSW Government redeveloped it into a recreational and entertainment precinct. In May 1988, Queen Elizabeth II officially opened the new Darling Harbour.

Filled with restaurants, a world-class Exhibition Centre, and a variety of family attractions, the new Darling Harbour was an exciting place. Sydney City Council even ran television ads with the slogan "Good on you, Darling," depicting families enjoying the area and proclaiming "Darling Harbour, a great place for me."

The ads captured the vibrant essence of Darling Harbour at the time. There was something special about a space purely designed for fun family activities that Sydney seems to be missing today. So indulge me, and let me take you through a day in '90s Darling Harbour.

We start by hopping on the Sydney monorail at Pitt St to make our way to the Darling Park stop. As The Simpsons would tell you, every first-class city needs a monorail, and by god did Sydney have one! After leaving the station, we're greeted by the behemoth IMAX Sydney building, opened in 1996 and home to the world's largest screen and a real IMAX film projector.

Then we make our way over to Harbourside Festival Marketplace, a shopping centre decorated with original public artworks by Australia's most prominent artists and muralists. We stop at our favourite shops including Australian Geographic, Timezone, and the Arnot's Mini-Factory that serves up fresh, piping-hot Tiny Teddies to customers.

By now we're feeling tired, so we take the novelty mini-train all around the key stops of Darling Harbour, including the Sydney Convention Centre, Paddlepop playground, and water play-areas. Next, we cool off with lunch at Xerts — a futuristic spaceship-themed restaurant where you can order food on touch-screen tablets (a decade before iPads existed!). Finally, it's time to enter SEGA World Sydney.

A fully-immersive indoor theme park, SEGA World was incredibly innovative. Inside were rides like 'Ghosthunter', a virtual-reality ride where players shot lasers at the screen while being catapulted in vibrating-moving chairs in a cinema. There were multiple 4D motion rides set underwater or in intergalactic locations, dodgem cars with ball-cannons, and a merch store overflowing with Sonic The Hedgehog memorabilia. It also included a full arcade with more than one hundred games to play. Opened in 1997, operators hoped the Olympics would cause a bump in revenue, but after four years of underperformance it closed in 2000.

In its most iconic '90s-core moment, Darling Harbour was a key filming location for 1995's *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers: The Movie* (1995). Outside SEGA World sat the iconic McDonalds, with red sails that served as the film's fictional hangout location "Ernie's Juice Bar". The movie perfectly captured the playful design of '90s



Darling Harbour, and if you want to see a giant robot-insect lay waste to iconic Sydney landmarks, then *Power Rangers* is a must-watch (They even destroy part of the monorail!).

If most of the Darling Harbour I described sounded unfamiliar, that's because it was largely destroyed when the State Government redeveloped it in the 2010s. The old SEGA World site was demolished in 2013 to make way for the new Commonwealth Bank head office, furnished with restaurants and shops, and renamed Darling Quarter. The old Convention and Exhibition Centre was demolished and redeveloped into apartments and restaurants named Darling Square. It was replaced by the International Convention Centre which boasted three separate complexes spread across Darling Drive.

The monorail was removed in

2013, with newly created light-rail stops partially replacing the service. Notably, this era of redevelopment was plagued by delays and criticism. After the old IMAX was torn down in 2016, the Ribbon project saw five long years of delays, and the bankruptcy of two developers. Seven years later, the new IMAX theatre is no-longer the world's largest, seats 200 people less than the original, and sits at the bookend of the six-star W Hotel.

With the demolition of Harbourside shopping centre this year, Darling Harbour lost its Hard Rock Cafe, bowling alley, arcade, and a whole host of retail stores, cafes and restaurants. The development proposal flags a new residential apartment tower. It seems that any remnants of '90s Darling Harbour are quickly fading.

A cynic would say that '90s Darling Harbour was filled with sappy family attractions and branded novelties. What's the value of a SEGA-branded theme park anyway?

Well, I think '90s Darling Harbour provided the sort of fun urban spaces for kids and families that the Sydney CBD is lacking today. Architect Phillip Cox, who designed the 1988 Exhibition Centre agrees. He commented in 2016 that old Darling Harbour was "a unique and world relevant urban space" with a "freshness" about it. He laments that current-day Darling Harbour has lost that appeal, instead becoming a place where the "exploitation of the real estate values" has "reduced urban amenity".

Perhaps it's for the best. Maybe '90s Darling Harbour truly was just a gimmick, a mere prototype of what an entertainment precinct could be. The new Darling Harbour is undoubtedly an infrastructure upgrade. It feels like a fully-formed space fit to host expansive events while providing spaces for people to work, play and live. Even then, part of me would trade all that for just one weekend at SEGA World Sydney. Maybe it's the nostalgia talking, but '90s Darling Harbour had a playful charm that can never be matched by shiny glass skyscrapers.

Don't let samba die: A melody of Brazilian identity

Luana Lima explores what samba means to her.

Don't let samba die/Don't let samba end/The hill was made of samba/Samba for us to sambar — Alcione, Não Deixe o Samba Morrer

To sambar is to be beyond yourself. The beat goes from reverberations on the ground to a tip-toed step, a swing of the hips, a turn of the arm. It wasn't something I learnt — it was a music I embodied. Samba triggers an unidentifiable emotion, moving my body on marionette strings, a cultural memory that reverberates back upon itself.

I first embodied samba at family birthday parties and barbecues. Hiding under tables, I peered at the legs swaying on the dance floor. My dad took me by the hand as I copied my cousins through a samba miudinho, the 'small samba' steps traditional in the Northeast. I would try to copy the musas in Rio's huge carnival parade with a homemade paper mask against my face.

Samba is how I connect to my family in parties, to my culture in carnival, and to myself whenever I feel lost in my Otherness. From the drumbeats of resistance to the melodies of joy, samba forms the soundtrack of Brazil. It built

the hills in Rio, mortared the streets in Salvador, and filled the beaches of Olinda.

Brazilian culture is one of the most dynamic in the world, a maelstrom of music, media, memes that I cannot hope to follow. But I have samba. The anchor in our culture, the rock that I cling to through the winds of my cyclical identity crises, is samba. With African rhythms, Afro-Brazilian instruments and Portuguese lyrics following the undercurrent trauma of the Brazilian migrant, samba is the

Allah-la-ô/What heat/We crossed the Sahara/We came from Egypt/And many times had to pray to Allah — "Allah-la-ô", Haroldo Lobo and Nássara (1940)

melting pot the country claims to be.

Even in the depths of its political critique of the military dictatorship and of institutional racism, samba is a celebration of life. It is a hope for a better tomorrow, a spit in the face of our oppressors. From its origins in forbidden Afro-Brazilian dance rounds in early twentieth century Rio to its contemporary celebration in the samba schools' glamorous parades, the molten core of samba is a resilience and joy that has poured over and molded me throughout my life.

Pubs and the railways

Harry Gay downs a pint before the whistle blows. Art: Mia Rankin

Ever notice how within a short distance from most railway stations there will usually be a pub? It's not hard to imagine why; once the canals were shunted out and railways proved their supremacy in transporting large swathes of the population, it made sense to make them the nervous centre of many townships. Where there's a will there's a way, and where there's a pub there's a railway.

Many regional towns in Australia had pubs crop up nearby the stations so weary travellers could wet their gobs while waiting for the whistle of their next train, or the ring of the bell by the station master to let them know to board soon. One can imagine those early days, a traveller sitting at the window of a regional pub, quickly sculling their beer to catch the next train to Darwin or Perth or wherever they need to go. Nowadays, one anxiously refreshes TripView rather than listening out for the bustling locomotive. In any case, they will probably be drinking something alcoholic.

Alcohol and the railways have had an intimate relationship since the dawn of train travel. Prior to the invention of dining cars in England, refreshment stops had to be made along the way at allocated stations. Many guides of the time recommended taking aboard refreshments for yourself, lest you go hungry waiting for the railway directors to decide when you should or shouldn't eat. These guides often recommended alcohol for the journeys.

In 1851, R.S. Surtees listed his go-to lunch pack: "cold chicken cuts, sliced

tongue, bread, biscuits, cakes, with sherry-and-water or brandy-and-water to wash it all down". W.H. Martin of the Burlington Arcade suggested "a walking stick, whip-stick, or umbrella-stick, containing long cylindrical bottle and wine-glass, and receptacle for biscuits or compressed meat, intended for railway travellers and others." In *The Handy Book*, they argued for "a few ham and beef sandwiches, together with a little cold wine or brandy and water".

According to Simon Bradley, "Taverns near the principle stopping places along the Liverpool & Manchester route sent out trays of refreshments, including Eccles cakes, brandy and cigars". Licensing firms such as Messrs Spiers and Ponds took advantage of the need for refreshments along the way for long journeys and set up refreshment rooms which proved popular in places like Farringdon Street station. There, they also sold luncheon baskets to have on the train which featured (what else?) a half pint bottle of claret or stout.

Once dining cars were eventually established, being served a pint during one's train journey didn't require exiting the vehicle at all. After nationalisation of the railways, novelty train carriages emerged including double-decker cars, but more importantly tavern cars. Designed by Oliver Bulleid, these 'pubs on wheels' served draught as well as bottled beer. Modelled after a real pub, the interiors were made of real oaken wood, and the exterior decoration was "tricked out in painted mock-brickwork and black-and-cream timbering", according to Bradley.

You who invented this State/Invented inventing/All this darkness/Despite you/Tomorrow has to be a new day — "Apesas de Você", Chico Buarque (1978)

The soul of samba is a hope for future happiness while acknowledging present sorrow. From ecstatic to introspective, samba is as much a call to community as to communing with yourself, of living within quiet moments and of seeing the small wonders in the world.

A good samba is a form of prayer/Because samba is the sorrow that sways/And sorrow always has a hope/Of one day not being sad anymore — "Samba da Bênção", Vinícius de Moraes (1967)

While samba has been a tsunami carrying me through euphoric days and nights of Carnival, it has also been a warm shower, a comfort in my distance from home and family. It's the carnival marches I'd sing with my grandma, the axé I'd sing hiking with my parents, the pagode I'd samba to, screaming-laughing, with my friends.

It is both an introspective lyricism and a distinct, shameless ecstasy, a confidence, a gingado (a sway in the step) that forms the core of my being and the way I navigate

Living and not being ashamed of being happy/I know that life should be much better/But that doesn't stop me from saying/It's beautiful, it's beautiful and it's beautiful — "O Que É O Que É", Gonzaguinha (1982)

through life.

Samba is a genre of constant dialogue, with the greatest artists endlessly covering, referencing and building upon each other's covers so each version of a song speaks to a different emotion, experience, and time. From it have flowed many tributaries — bossa nova, pagode, samba-enredo, to name a few.

But as with Brazil, what makes samba great is also its downfall. The ocean of samba is, in many senses, long dried out. While there are many new performers, there aren't many new songs. It is the music of nostalgia — our greatest artists are either long gone or playing to half-dead crowds. My anchor is made of paper, disintegrating against the tides of time.

Coming from both inside and outside of Brazilian culture, I think I try to inculcate an appreciation of samba in my friends (and now you, dear reader) to keep the genre alive. In anchoring the history, the society, the culture, and identity of Brazil, samba should be made timeless. Don't let it die.

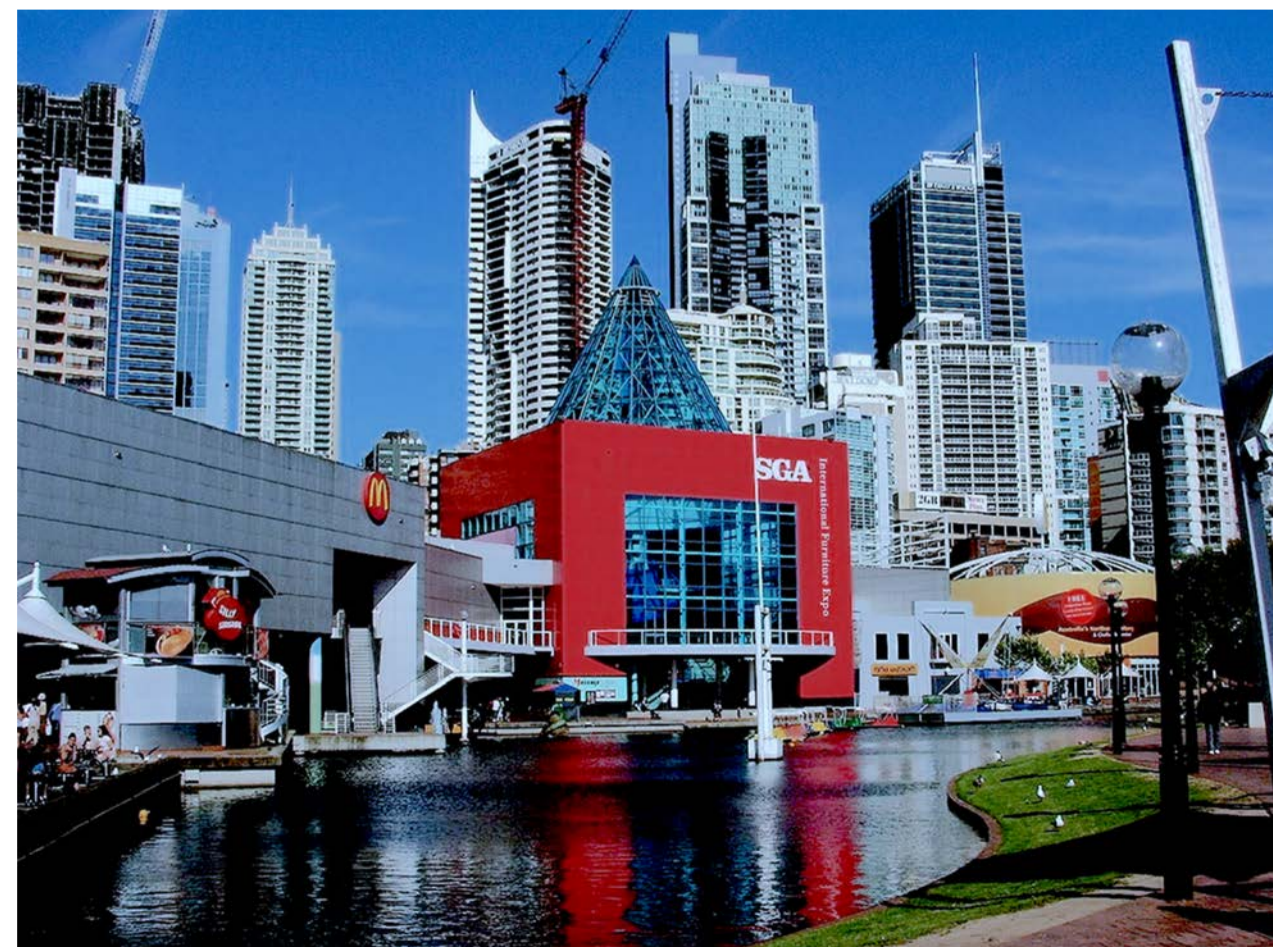


workers
as they went.

According to Hastings, "[a]lthough construction was carried out under the protection of U.S. troops, they were prepared to take the 1,000 rifles [...] issued to defend themselves and their droves of beef-cattle at any time."

Hastings goes on: "At 'end of track,' temporary towns of farmhouses, dance-halls, and saloons sprang up." It is almost as if in the wake of this spread of colonialism across the 'Wild West,' the worst impulses of humanity sprung up with it, devolving into murder and drunken debauchery. Trains were described as 'hells on wheels' and these pop up towns were described as 'roaring impromptu cities full of gold, lust and death'.

One might recall Ted Kotcheff's *Wake in Fright*, a film in which the worst horrors of the Australian identity are on full display: sexism, racism, alcoholism, gambling, toxic masculinity, animal abuse, and more. It is no wonder that the mechanism or the portal into which our protagonist enters this world is through the engine of the steam train, and one of the first places he enters after leaving the train is the pub.



Bedroom walls: On trinkets and time

Mehnaaz Hossain decorates her wall.

When I can't sleep, instead of counting sheep, I count each piece of paraphernalia I've stuck up on my wall, or every impractical gift I've collected to display on my bookshelf. The four walls of my bedroom place me inside a giant, cube-shaped, time capsule. I lie on my bed facing the ceiling, surrounded by iterations of my own self-mythology; who I was when I received a trinket, who I was when I decided to display it, and who I will be when I decide to remove or place something new alongside it.

Almost the entirety of my room was redecorated during lockdown, when I was on the cusp of turning seventeen, and going absolutely insane holed up in what felt like an empty, ever-shrinking enclosure someone had abandoned me in. Obviously, every item had a story and held meaning in and of itself, but their meaning also changed when consciously chosen to be displayed semi-publicly. The question was not "Do I want this poster on my wall?" but instead "what kind of person do I look like with a crumpled Sydney train map sticker blu-tacked up next to my bed?"

And now, as I'm no longer seventeen nor trapped in my room, the meaning behind these things change again when I consider whether to leave them up or let them go. Some items are resigned to their fate as a representation of a time I do not wish to memorialise, my quarantine-era blackout poetry — the gaudy, self-aggrandising type done by an angsty teenage girl — carefully peeled off the walls to make way for W.B Yeats and his less adolescent musings. Others stand the test of time, with the train

map still dutifully occupying prime real estate. With the benefit of hindsight, swathes of my room feel like a love letter to lockdown, a fossilised distillation of my teenage self in its most unfiltered state. The end result is a pastiche of my past and present selves, collated together in a way that echoes the cumulative nature of self-mythologising.

A distillation of one's present self is much trickier to articulate through room decor. The mythology behind the object is in a state of flux, as you decide what each new addition represents and how that shapes the items that come before it. My friend Sahana displays a collection of fancy, relatively expensive, perfumes. The collection initially began with 18th birthday gifts, a marker of the transition towards adulthood. No more Victoria's Secret body sprays. It's time for Replica by Maison Margiela. As the collection grows, it becomes less of a transitory symbol and more of a representation of embracing adulthood: she now has disposable income and more refined taste, as well as the time and capacity to personally indulge in luxuries. It's nice to see these little developments play out in

"The peak of transitioning to adulthood is usually moving out, which often comes with the desire to adapt self-mythology."



spaces as mundane as a wooden vanity. These need not always be consumerist indulgences though. As I get older and have more agency, I'm able to adopt trinkets which embody more active elements of self-mythology. The *Honi Soit* covers on my wall, and on many other peoples, are emblems of robust participation in a decades-old tradition, a marker of collegiate identity and scathing progressive sentiments.

My room also increasingly speaks to my friendships and relationships; the vast majority of my trinkets have been gifts or explicitly remind me of someone. Throughout the years I have memorialised: newspaper butterflies and tiny little illustrated stickers of road signs made for me, concert stubs and wristbands, plane tickets, paint-by-numbers, legos, a hair ribbon from the last day of term, shopping bags, broken vinyls, and the first autonomous *Honi I* ever edited.

Walls can also speak to what you have not done, as much as they can speak to what you have. My friend Oscar has their acceptance letter from Brown University pinned up, despite declining to enrol: "It represents a path not taken at a time in my life where I learned that escaping the people and places that know me best is an often illusory promise". The way people interpret the trajectory of their lives through moments like these speaks to the creation of a larger self-narrative charted, and then displayed, by items which come to characterise personal epiphanies.

The peak of transitioning to adulthood is usually moving out, which often comes with the desire to adapt self-mythology. This has been anecdotally explained to me as a process that takes many forms: letting go of old sentimental ornaments, leaving wall space for new memories, changing your approach to collecting and displaying trinkets. Because of this, early-twenty-something bedrooms tend to be inherently anachronistic, representing a chaotic mix of various temporal realities.

My friend Upasana has recently moved out of her childhood home, and explains that "I mainly haven't decorated because I don't know what I like as a person...in high school all my interests were so vivid and created big feelings... but now I don't even know what I want my space to be like". Instead of reverse-engineering this, and figuring out what kind of person they are based on the space they occupy — like I did during lockdown — Upasana wants the room to "organically come up as a result of life... to reflect what I care about now".

I haven't moved out yet. I've stretched my four-walled canvas out to infinity with memories and feelings — it's become a museum of my life. When I inevitably have to peel the blu-tack off, I hope I can give all my trinkets — and by extension, myself — new meaning. In the meantime, if these walls could talk, they would never shut up.

Photography: Mehnaaz Hossain

Re-examining *Incendies* (2010): Caught between war and a mother's inextinguishable love

Kuyili Karthik watches a film.

I live in Sydney while my fraternal twin brother lives in Canberra. My mother who lives overseas is always (and gently) reminding us to take care of each other: "After I'm gone, he will be the closest flesh and blood you have."

But what if the ghosts of her past were alive, roaming the world, sharing our DNA? What if, after her death, we were handed two envelopes by the notary of her will, the one in my hand destined for my missing father, the one in my brother's address to our unknown brother? I was left just as shocked and shattered as the twins Jeanne and Simon Marwan (Mélima Désormeaux-Poulin and Maxim Gaudette) in Denis Villeneuve's 2010 French-Canadian film, *Incendies* (2010) who were asked to embark on a journey of discovery in the wake of the death of their mother, Nawal (Lubna Azbal), and come to terms with a burdensome truth.

In the dim winter grey of a notary's office begins *Incendies* (2010), directed by Denis Villeneuve. To Thom Yorke's plaintive and lamenting vocals, we pan from a Levantine landscape to the bloodied faces and dirt-smudged brown limbs of children. Their heads are being

tornured by culpable hands, moulding them to participate in what is implied to be the Lebanese Civil War (1975-1990) given that the source material is from a play by Lebanese-Canadian Wajdi Mouawad, and Villeneuve preferred not to anchor his story to a specific setting.

The central question posed, can time heal wounds, or does it let generational conflicts fester? Villeneuve traverses *Incendies* in flashbacks, thus reopening the mother's wounds. Throughout the film, the twins uncover photographs, prison records, listen to words babbled in hospital beds by phantoms of the past, and vocalise secrets previously spoken in hushed tones. Villeneuve films Narwal's past as if her pain is raw: no detail is spared from the blinding sun's glare, or the glow of burning flesh. 'Incendies', French for 'scorched', becomes a motif of reignited family ties and an inextinguishable trauma.

When the twins — and we, the audience — travel backwards to the origins of this trauma, we enter Nawal's family home. In the tranquil hills, we hear a distant gunshot aimed at her Muslim lover by her Christian family. She is spared from her brothers' honour

killing, and gives birth to a son, only for her family to leave him in an orphanage before she could decide for herself. When Nawal goes to university, she becomes politically active as civil war breaks out and splits the unnamed city, a stand-in for Beirut.

Playwright Mouawad also drew from the life of Lebanese resistance fighter Souha Bechara who attempted to assassinate a nationalist leader and was tortured in the Khiam prison, notorious for the torture of those who acted against Israel. This detention centre, which remains a museum today, is a reminder of the flouting of human rights. Villeneuve's film, a meditation on memory, serves a similar purpose — it doesn't let us forget what civil war can do to people, and what people can do in a civil war. When the twins walk through the prison where Nawal was tortured we sense how they each process grief and trauma; Jeanne wants to confront the past, Simon initially believes he can ignore it. As he discovers; it is memorialised in their DNA.

Villeneuve initially worried about the filming of violence in the presence of Lebanese and Iraqi crew members,

however they assured him of representing this story. Here, it is worth noting that Villeneuve's recent two-part success *Dune* (2021; 2023) was bitterly undercut by its appropriation of South West Asian/North African (SWANA) cultures. These cultural influences remain unacknowledged, only furthered by the lack of on-screen representation which begs the question: does Villeneuve do justice to Lebanon in *Incendies*? Canadian-French Villeneuve situates the viewer in the point-of-view of the twins who visit their mother's homeland for the first time. Like the twins, Villeneuve embraces his outsider perspective by rewriting the screenplay on set after listening to Arab voices, which lends *Incendies* its authenticity.

In a screening in Beirut, audience members said that they'd show the film to their children as "we never talk about this part of our history...it's such a taboo era." *Incendies* interrogates these taboos, triggering the unsettling and visceral. Like Jeanne, I left the film humbled by the knowledge that my mother's eyes have seen more than I can fathom, that she has suffered in ways I may never know. And yet, my mother's past shapes mine.

Darwish: Reflections on liberation, landscape and literature

Zeina Khochaiche reads a poem.

Growing up, my Dad tried to show me as many forms of Middle Eastern literature as my linguistic understanding would permit. On road trips, Dad would play Fairuz, Sabah, Umm Kulthum or Wadih El Safi — iconic and internationally praised vocalists in the Arab world. He would pause every few lines to translate the lyrics to English to show my brother and I how elegant and poetic the Arabic language is. Even today, these are some of my most cherished memories of celebrating my Lebanese heritage.

On many occasions, my Dad would remind me to never forget the literary classics. 'One thousand and one nights': a collection of Middle Eastern folktales compiled in the Arabic language from the Islamic Golden Age (also recognised as *Arabian Nights*), 'The Prophet': a compilation of poetry fables by Lebanese-American poet, Gibran Khalil Gibran or works by Rafeef Ziadah: a Palestinian-Canadian poet and performer renowned for her compelling writings on war, exile, gender and activism.

One such literary poet that continues to stand out and remain pertinent to me and millions around the world is Palestinian poet, author and symbolic activist, Mahmoud Darwish. Specifically, *A River Dies of Thirst* (2006), a collection of poetry that muses on loss, the inseparable relationship of mythology and dreams and the evocation of Palestinian consciousness. It is also the last collection of his to be published in Arabic before his death in 2008.

Darwish, born in 1941, lived during

the frictions of the Palestinian struggle through the Nakba, and subsequent displacement, war and political exile. Through it all, Darwish possessed a formidable talent to not only preserve but below the voice of Palestine through language.

His works often borrow from many universal texts across Abrahamic religions, leaning into Sufism and mythological reimagination to personify and metaphorise Palestine. Within *A River Dies of Thirst*, broken meditations, journal entries, fragmented poetry and illustrative descriptions of junctures work to represent Darwish's life.

'I am jealous of everything around you', is a fragment of prose that describes in purple detail the kind of atmospheric longing that brings about a rhythmic profession of complete and utter submission. Referencing "foliage on rugs", "bookshops" and "the movement of a spoon in your teacup", Darwish indulges in the fantasy of a landscape curated for and enlivened by his lover.

"I am jealous of the painting staring greedily at you: look longer at me, so I too can have my fill of lakes and cherry orchards" unravels a synaesthetic desire to immerse himself in his lover. The persona defies everything his lover does, says, touches, demands and yearns for through a desperate and faithful dedication.

Existing only a few pages later is the guttural free-verse musings of 'Iraq's Night is long' on the Iraqi war of the early 2000s personified through the omniscient "murdered Iraqi". The

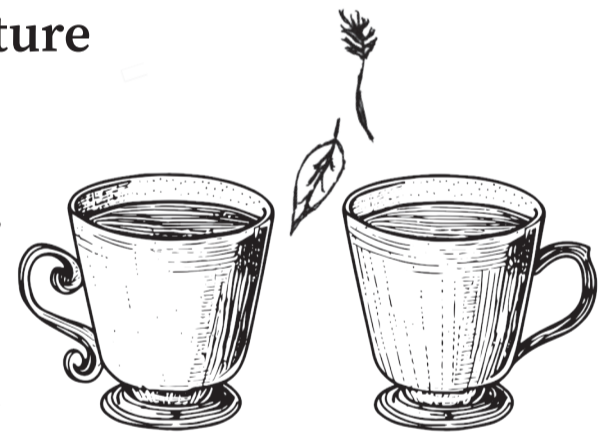
persona navigates constraining scenes of "open graveyard like schools" and "Caliph's palace", the site of many historic Muslim reigns in history.

"Victims are fragments on roads and in words. Their names are tufts of letters disfigured like their bodies", conjures imagery of immense and prolonged loss from the devastation of occupation. Darwish steps in and walks amongst Iraqi suffering, calling on their nationhood whilst grieving their wavering endurance.

'The essence of the poem' metaphorises Palestine and the power of poetry through a simple yet aphoristic tone. The poet "becomes a postman" and "the imagination a bicycle" — crafting a metaphor where expression has the power to move and endure while navigating "the poet's journey".

Darwish describes the poet's journey to be one of suffering and introspection but does not let the suffering define him. In "Suffering is not a talent"...it either defeats talent or is defeated by talent", he creates a fascinating interpolation about the glorification of suffering, alluding to the strength of Palestinian fortitude.

His manipulation of language and consciousness lifts the letters off the page through the sentiment, "All beautiful poetry is an act of resistance." Perhaps this is Darwish's most powerful demonstration of dedication to his craft and his country — the idea that poetry has the universal power to seek resistance through reflection.



Darwish yearned for the old men without old age and the mothers stripped of their motherhood. Darwish yearned for his lovers and for his homeland, refusing to let shrapnel thrown from foreign hands fracture his dedication to Palestine. Despite this, there is no jingoism to be found on these pages or an admission of misery.

What appeals to me most about this specific oeuvre, and Darwish's writing, is that he doesn't explore grief as the permanent or primary flavour of Palestinian identity. Even in translation from Arabic to English, his writings demonstrate a voice of wry and vivid Palestinian consciousness made absurdly loud in a landscape of colonial devastation and occupation. For Darwish, Palestine will always be alive in spite of its perils and aggressors — a continuum of resistance that ignites many in the ongoing battle for Palestinian liberation.

And so, Darwish shows us that to stand with Palestine and all oppressed peoples is to celebrate Palestine and her flowingly rich tapestry of liberation, landscape and literature.



The mysterious case of the missing eels

Imogen Sabey dives into a mystery.

It's a grey, soggy afternoon, and after finishing a long day of classes you have decided to brave the foreboding weather and make the arduous journey down the Law Library steps, weaving between canoodling couples and fervent club executives planning their next event on the verdant turf. With a spring in your step and a squelch of the mud, you stroll towards the picturesque view of Lake Northam, breathing the fragrant, earthy aroma of bonded asbestos.

But when you turn past the swimming pool and danger signs to face the lake, what greets you is not the natural paradise you had imagined. Instead, the water is dark brown, and so shallow it would barely reach your ankles. You can see plastic bottles littering the far corner of the park from passersby who weren't bothered to walk five metres to the nearest bin. A pool of frothy pollution clouds the water around them. When you edge past the bird crap and opportunistic seagulls to squint into the murky depths of the lake, looking for a sign of the iconic Lake Northam eels, you see no movement at all. Even the ducks seem to be fed up with it — they've all pissed off to another park.

What the hell has happened?

Those who have studied at USyd for years will fondly remember the eels that graced our beloved park before their unexpected disappearance. But few will know that the lake was originally natural, and predated colonisation. It was surrounded with rainforest vegetation and dense tree coverage, and collected stormwater which drained to the larger Blackwattle Creek. Later, it was imaginatively named Horse Pond by colonisers who brought their horses to drink at it. It was also nicknamed the 'University waterhole' which inspires the unsettling image of unwise students crouching down to quench their thirst. Finally, it received the name Lake Northam in the 1960s, after William Northam, who worked as an alderman for the City of Sydney Council.

Eels are dependent on high water levels to make the journey from their birthplace in the tropics of New Caledonia. Unfortunately, at this impressionable age, youngsters have a tendency to spurn their idyllic upbringings in favour of wider horizons, and so the young eels would travel thousands of kilometres to find themselves in the bottle-cluttered, seagull-dense muck of Lake Northam. Hindsight is everything.

A spokesperson from the City of Sydney Council stated that, "We have not removed any eels from the wetlands." Rather, the culprit for the missing eels is the eels themselves, who have decided at this critical junction of the year when Sydney's weather is at its worst, to speedily evacuate themselves from the area and slither off to the blissful beaches of New Caledonia. The Council added that "Mature eels can migrate via the stormwater drains connected to Victoria Park. This happens in autumn when rainfall and water levels are higher."

Over in New Caledonia, these eels — at least the females; we don't know what the blokes are up to — are busy laying 20 million eggs in a trench off the coast. Some of them are even running into their old mates from Centennial Park, who shared the Uber Pool for the 20,000 kilometre journey. Only one of every million eggs will survive, and for their courage and tenacity will be dubbed 'Elvers'. Thankfully, our eels can lay claim to the feat of travelling about eight kilometres to get to Botany Bay and to the wide open ocean, while the rusty old Centennial Park eels do only six.

For those intrepid travellers who don't want to miss out on any eel excitement, you too can follow the eels on their tropical getaway in the Pacific. Not only is New Caledonia a hub for our local eels to gather, but it also boasts an impressive variety of sea snakes; notably the New Caledonian sea krait, which is both highly venomous, stripy, and very cute.

In some of the particularly beautiful beaches like that of Amedee Island, the sea krait can be spotted nestled in patches of shade near the jetty, or floating whimsically on the ebbing waves by the shore. Meanwhile, the warm waters hold a host of tropical fish and exotic animals, including green sea turtles.

Nothing short of

madness could delude a million baby eels that what awaited them in Glebe was a step up from this.

Unfortunately, unlike the sun-tanned stripy sea krait, our eels are an irredeemable shade of mud-brown. The only real defense for their incontrovertible ugliness is that Lake Northam is a very similar shade of mud-brown: the result of it being a "constructed wetland that functions as a filtration system for stormwater runoff from King Street and the surrounding area."

"Tragically, we shall never see the eels again, as they have left our homely old Lake Northam for good."

While the City of Sydney hopes for us to overlook the water quality of Lake Northam and its environmental disappointments, they have the advantage secrecy on their side: the lake is currently covered with a thick layer of impenetrable moss, which has covered the lake like an over-enthusiast tween using lipstick for the first time. A previous *Honi* investigation in 2022 analysed the profusion of algae, muddy sediment and rotten plant matter, discovering that the mud was the result of heavy rainfall, wherein the Council reported that

"some of the sediment was left to act as mudflats as there was a variety of wading birds using the area for foraging."

It is unclear where the line in the sand (or mud) is for the Council. On the 14th of May this year, the Bureau of Meteorology declared a La Niña "watch" was declared, following intense rain in Sydney and

falling sea surface temperatures in the Pacific since December. The bureau states that there is a 50/50 chance of Australia experiencing La Niña, signalling that our Council should be addressing the inevitable increased sediment in Lake Northam that has followed heavy rainfall.

The amount of rubbish in the lake may not be as severe as in previous years, as there were only one or two dozen items including bottles, a shoe and

bizarrely, a bicycle helmet. However, it was abundantly clear where the rest of the rubbish had gone. An incriminating pile of junk — a mixture of bottles, pinecones, rotting plants and miscellaneous plastics — had been fished out and dumped on the side of the lake, with no effort to clean it up. Either the Council put in the effort to take this mess out of the lake and leave it in the park, or else some charitable passerby had taken the time to clean up the park, and leave it on the sidewalk as evidence of their hard work.

Either criticism or salutes are in order. In the meantime, the moss on the lake continues to hide all the other dirty secrets that have been thrown into its murky depths. Although I would still prefer today's moss to yesterday's toxic algal blooms, particularly for the enterprising swimmer.

Tragically, we shall never see the eels again, as they have left our homely old Lake Northam for good, to die in an Instagrammable nirvana after having spent 20 to 80 years in our lake, depending on how many hard drugs they commandeered from Oxford St.

But for all the die-hard eel fans out there — do not despair! For their ingenuous progeny are sure to come in a scant few

months, in the hope that what lies beyond New Caledonia may be even more exotic and glamorous than the tropical seas they left. To that, we say: it isn't. Hopefully when the young Elvers arrive, our lake will look more like a lake and less like a golf course sprinkled with plastic paraphernalia.



This year, we received over 130 entries across the two categories, many of which were of outstanding quality. For all those who submitted: thank you for your creativity and enthusiasm, and for putting your work out there. We would also like to thank our judges, Sara M. Saleh and Naaman Zhou, as well as our prize donor Dr Thomas Wenkart. The full shortlist will be published on the *Honi Soit* website.

Below are the winning pieces of the 2024 *Honi Soit* Writing Competition; we would like to extend a huge congratulations to all winners. We hope you all enjoy reading them as much as we did.

NON-FICTION WINNER

Gaze of the Grapefruit Satellite

Zoe Le Marinel

In March of 1958, a three-stage launch sent the Vanguard 1 satellite into space, making it the fourth ever to do so. The satellite is visually very similar to its first predecessor Sputnik 1 — a smooth chrome sphere with six long antennae sticking out at various angles. From its launch to the end of its mission in 1968 it measured atmospheric density, with great success. Despite its importance, it is small enough to be held in just one hand — prompting Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev to affectionately call it 'the grapefruit satellite'.

Defunct and inert since the end of its mission, Vanguard 1 has been in orbit for 65 years, and is the oldest human-made object in space.

Vanguard 1 and others like it marked the beginning of an increasingly catastrophic amount of space debris in orbit around Earth, an estimated 8000 metric tonnes as of 2020. This debris is composed, among other things, of expelled launch components, other defunct spacecraft and disseminated fragments of equipment. These larger objects are meticulously tracked so that spacecraft can avoid them, with an estimated 35,000 or more being tracked by space surveillance networks. Most numerous however are minuscule objects- tiny chips of paint and frozen droplets of coolant fluids such as nitrous oxide or sodium-potassium alloy, measuring less than a centimetre across. The European Space Agency (ESA) estimates 130 million tiny pieces of detritus as of 2021.

But it is not merely a matter of leaving a mess. Space junk is classified as useless or non-functional human-made material in orbit, and that orbit averages at around 8 kilometres per second, with collision speeds getting up to 15 km/s. You can imagine space debris as a whizzing, hissing cloud of gnats around the planet- increasing exponentially as spacecraft become more

numerous and stay launched for longer periods. A golf-ball sized piece of shrapnel is capable of disabling a whole satellite, and even a droplet can damage a sensitive solar panel or chip a window. The space shuttle Endeavour suffered a major breach when a .5cm scrap punched right through its radiator and kept flying. The Low Earth Orbit (LEO) range (meaning anywhere less than 2,000km above the surface) is becoming increasingly crowded with junk, with risk of collision making the area more dangerous for spacecraft to inhabit.

The image of a dirty, heavy blanket of rubbish in space is distressing. The matter of space regulation is littered with terms full of heartache. Defunct satellites experience 'orbital decay' as they shift out of alignment. Once used up, they are often sent further out into a slower, colder, 'graveyard orbit'. It is a delicate situation making its way to the forefront of discussions in the space industry, difficult to undo, extremely easy to exacerbate. A large contributor to the problem is anti-satellite missile testing, a single instance of which results in thousands of satellite fragments being scattered across space. A test conducted in 1985 involved the destruction of the Fengyun 1 satellite. The incident single-handedly increased the number of now-tracked debris objects by 25% and is the most catastrophic break-up event in history- even now fragments of Fengyun 1 are responsible for 30% of collision risks at that altitude. The US has conducted more missile tests than any other country, exceeding 30 tests since the beginning of the space age.

There are currently no international treaties outlawing the accidental or known creation of space debris. Space is hugely profitable, especially in the low orbit range- the global industry grew by 8% in 2022 alone to a total \$546 billion, and this trend is expected to continue. In comparison

to, for instance, real estate on the surface it is highly unregulated and relies heavily on international co-operation to function. There are international guidelines that recommend course of action for preventing the exacerbation of space debris, and in 2022 the U.N. issued a recommendation to all countries to ban anti-satellite missile tests. The recommendation is only that, however, and so far, only the US has complied. Additionally, there is a set of guidelines for the minimisation of space debris set out by the Inter-Agency Space Debris Coordination Committee (IADC)- but these guidelines have only been made laws in a select number of countries, making them largely optional. The rapid degradation of the space environment remains unchecked by regulation and spurred on by greed.

These guidelines, to a questionable degree of success, are focused on avoiding the Kessler Syndrome. Not in fact from a science fiction novel, as it might sound, the Kessler Syndrome was first proposed by NASA scientist Donald J. Kessler in 1978. It is a hypothetical, but very possible cascade effect of space debris collision, in which objects continue to collide and shatter, the resulting fragments colliding in turn, until space is so saturated with material that it becomes dangerous, even impossible to leave the planet's surface. It is a dark prediction, in which Earth weaves its own shroud along a flutter of gravitational waves, threading rubbish like silk until we are entombed, suffocated. Kessler Syndrome has been observed in models and simulations — even if all space travel were to cease immediately, the cascade effect would eventually render passage through the cosmic junkyard impossible. Such a thought is hardly to be endured.

Given the focus on preventing further pollution, plans to remove the current debris are in their extreme infancy. The

U.N. estimates that efforts to retrieve debris would be capable of removing about 5 large pieces — such as defunct whole satellites- per year, a disappointing number. ClearSpace 1, a clean-up space mission, is set to launch in 2025. In the words of the ESA, the project is aimed at 'stimulating a new market for in-orbit servicing and space debris removal'. The heart sinks to think that only a commercial market could motivate the removal of flying murder metal from outer space. Issac Asimov is laughing at us, somewhere.

Space, the final frontier. Its endless expanse is framed in science fiction as a clean and untainted new world for humanity to enter- but leaving Earth will not take the humanity from us. Space is full of untapped value just like any other piece of nature, and like anything else on the surface, there are ways of ensuring that that value is not exploited or monopolised, or at the very least ensuring beyond doubt that extraction is done sustainably. The ESA puts it well:

'Although space may seem vast, the orbits around Earth are – like the oceans, forests, land and food on Earth – a limited natural resource.'

When I think about cascade collision, end-of-life plans for dead satellites, or a future trillion-dollar-industry run by the same familiar faces and names, I think of the grapefruit satellite. The early space expeditions run true as celebrations of human curiosity and innovation, but now space, as it stands, threatens to bring out our worst. Due to orbital drift, Vanguard 1 is expected to re-enter the atmosphere and burn up around the year 2250. But until that happens it'll be up there- a small twinkling silver eye watching over us and watching the way we move forward into this new age of resources. I have no doubt that it will judge us, should we err.

NON-FICTION SECOND PLACE

Grandad's Lessons

Elliot Lynch

My grandad always used to say that the world was full of twits.

He was born and grew up in a poor mining town in the north of England, near Durham. He was viewed as something of a child genius. His parents made his younger brother, Eric, sleep in their bedroom so that grandad could have a room all to himself. After his best friend died suddenly, his hair turned white overnight, and he biked across Europe. He emigrated to Australia

sometime after WW2 and became a psychology lecturer at the University of Sydney, eventually convincing my grandma to leave her then husband and two children behind.

I knew him as a short, scary man who always wore the same blue, woolly sweater and shouted at me when he caught me cheating at my maths homework, or shouted at my brother when he conjugated his French verbs incorrectly. When we went

to his house as children, he was often doing laps of his living room, and for every lap he would put a pen stroke down on a piece of paper. Sometimes there would be pages and pages of paper streaked with hundreds of pen marks. When my mum was a child, he used to cut his front lawn with a pair of scissors, getting down on his hands and knees to make sure each blade was perfectly even.

He was verbally and physically abusive

Cate Chapman

When they were cleaning out the old house, my mum and aunt found a note grandma had written.

“She stood in the shower the tears running down her cheeks, down, down, to be washed away into the ocean. It had been so long, so hard, but he had called her a fool for the last time. Quickly she dressed, a quite nice lace teddy, present from her husband. Blue suit, rushed make-up, one had to be careful at eighty-eight. She picked up her overnight bag, a quick look around, that’s enough no more tears. Hello love, “leaving home are you” many a true word spoken in jest.”

He died in 2022, so the joke’s on him, I suppose. For someone who thought everyone else was an idiot, he was the one who wasted his life wallowing in superiority.

But then, he wasn’t always bad.

He came to our house at 6pm every day, and always left us with a chocolate each, even if it was a chalky, expired Moro (or Bounty). If it wasn’t for him, I’m not sure I ever would have known who Stanley Matthews or George Best were, and I know

I never would have learned French had he not insisted on teaching me verbs and conjugations.

And although he thought he was smarter than anyone else in the world, I think he actually might have been. I used to play games of chess with him over the phone. We would make one move each, every day. They were long games. When we went to visit, I would always see the board set up, and he would stand at it, considering all the possibilities. In all the games we played there was never a possibility that he was going to lose. But it gave me a rush of excitement that he considered the board like I could even maybe, possibly have the slightest chance of winning, or giving him something to consider.

And I know that mum misses him too. Even though they were opposites in their kindness and empathy, I think she was the only person who he ever knew might have understood him. When grandma discovered his affair (with one of his students), and confronted him about it, he didn’t have the words to describe how he felt, which was

like him. But when mum explained to her that, really, he loved this woman, and that maybe the best thing grandma could do was move on with her life, he pointed at her with a crooked finger and exclaimed “See! She understands!”.

Lately I find myself worrying that I’m destined to end up like him. I think of him when I am on a crowded train in an especially bad mood, and a particularly loud, spotty teenager with BO warmly sidles up next to me while squinting at his phone and hacking up what must be an immense amount of mucus. In that moment, I think I understand how grandma could think that the world was full of twits. But I also feel close to him when I watch Monty Python, or get to the bottom of a box of Favourites and find a neglected Moro; or indulge in my love of football. I see myself either turning out as (hopefully) someone who is generally content and healthily concerned with the people around me and making their lives better; or as a grumpy old man, discontented

with the feeble-minded people around him.

But I think if there is one thing that I can take from all of grandma’s lessons, both deliberate and accidental, it is that an existence based on thinking you are fundamentally better than everyone is an existence wasted. For all his smarts, he was fundamentally a deeply unhappy person. And he would have thought all of this was complete rubbish, but somewhere along the way, he forgot, or never knew that it was a lot simpler than he made it.

So, if ever faced with a choice between being hateful or being kind, shouting at your grandson or giving him a dusty chocolate, or throttling a teenager on a train or taking a deep breath and just imagining it, then try to make the right choice. Give yourself permission to be happy. I’m certainly trying, and I think I will be for the rest of my life.

David He

NON-FICTION THIRD PLACE

Artificial Sensibility

To make a virtue out of crudeness, there seem to be two attitudes that one could take towards artificial intelligence. Either one is moved to wonder and excitement, or one is more mistrustful, cognisant of the various ways in which AI might alter—corrupt—the ways we live and interact with each other. But whatever stance one leans towards, the unstated assumption is that AI’s impact will be primarily sociological rather than existential. The debate invariably centres on the ways in which the technology could be used—or misused. I wish to suggest, however, that AI really ought to evoke uneasiness of a more elemental pedigree, that strikes at the heart of—to invoke a colossal cliché—what it means to be human.

We are seldom troubled that AI can already do many things much better than us. We welcome the computer’s superhuman calculation abilities. We might even stomach, if grudgingly, that no human now stands a chance against an engine in chess, go, or shogi. With the recent developments in machine learning and large language models, it is increasingly difficult to claim that humans are more ‘intelligent’ than computers in any substantive sense. But still, they are just programs. The prowess of the invention redounds to the glory of the inventor. The unexceptionable belief in our special place in the world—the default and only position we have ever known—seems as secure as ever.

For many, the conclusive proof of our superiority lies in our consciousness. Machines may simulate emotions, but they can never feel them. A program lacks a mind, so while it can ‘generate’ artworks or poetry by imitation and collage, these works can never match the genius of human masters. Yet to me, it is precisely this kind of reasoning which suggests a Copernican revolution may be at hand. The question is: are our criteria for ‘sensibility’ and ‘consciousness’ robust enough to

cement forever our dominance over the machines? Imagine that one day there will be programs which could generate works of art and literature splendid enough to eclipse Shakespeare or Rembrandt—what sort of world would that be? We may accept humanity’s defeat in chess with only a moderate shock, but art is a precinct too close to the heart of humanity. The existential doubt might become too potent to fob off: what exactly, then, are we good for?

In ancient China, the game of Go was ranked among the four aristocratic arts, alongside calligraphy, painting, and the string instrument guqin. To play Go was more than entertainment: it was simultaneously an artistic exertion and a metaphysical foray. Until the 2016 match between Lee Sedol—top Go player and winner of eighteen international titles—and the program AlphaGo, many thought that Go would remain a bastion against the machines, a quintessential example where refined sensibility still triumphs over brute-force calculations. The match would upend the Go world—Lee lost 1-4, and the game he won is now enshrined as a miracle. The theories of Go that perdured through centuries now had to be rewritten: computer programs had learnt Go and reached such a height of mastery that their moves are, more often than not, no longer comprehensible to even the best human players.

But perhaps the same fate will not befall the world of art. Go is ultimately a competitive game, one is tempted to say, where the value of a move could be determined objectively, but art is fundamentally subjective. This is no doubt true, but unless one is willing to concede that art is no more than what the art-world declares to be art—a view that the philosopher Arthur Danto held—there must be something in the judgment of an artwork which is, if not “objective”, at least

amenable to reason. If I say that Hamlet is a masterpiece, this cannot merely be the expression of an arbitrary preference: there are, so to speak, evidence that I could adduce, textual details that, through reasonable interpretation, bring to life the playwright’s genius and vision. In other words, there must be things that I could point to and say, can’t you see how great it is? In saying so, I ask my interlocutor to test the strength of my evidence against their sensibility. It is never guaranteed that they agree—and to this extent aesthetic judgements are not objective but intersubjective—yet there must be a baseline of rationality which renders my evaluations more than the assertion of tastes. Perhaps this is enough of a foothold for AI.

The claim that computers cannot create great artworks because they lack a mind rests on a flawed understanding of intentionality. When one examines an artwork closely and asks, what is the artist’s intention? one is reaching for a plausible hypothesis and not data of the artist’s psychological state. We speak of a director’s intention in a movie scene, but could the actors not have decided it on a whim? In assessing the value of an artwork such a question is irrelevant.

The ‘artistic intention’ is really an explanatory device—we would not accept an artist’s testimony unless we could find it confirmed in the artwork. In other words, the connection between an artwork’s rich interpretive possibilities and its conception by a mind may only be a contingent one. To put more pressure on the idea, we might imagine an advanced AI algorithm proceeding much as the human artist: it might generate a rough blueprint, evaluate it, fill in the details as it goes, pausing for evaluation, back-peddalling when necessary for revision. If it is indeed coherent to speak of something ‘making an artwork great’, is it so inconceivable that a program, having

digested terabytes of aesthetic data, might be able to produce that something in more copious amounts than anyone before?

Arguably, the situation here may be more dire than what happened with chess or Go. Just as cars do not pose a threat to athletes, chess and go engines are not rivals of human players. In art, however, machines and humans may be in direct competition. If we were to discover that Shakespeare’s plays were actually generated by machines, we would not thereby strip them from the literary canon. If the day comes when AI art would exhibit greater aesthetic value—by whatever standard we choose—than any artwork created by humans, there is no reason why we should not embrace the development. After all, is the primary reason we value art not that it moves us with its beauty and depth? This comes, of course, with the chilling thought that one day we might listen to Beethoven’s symphonies with interests that are more anthropological than aesthetic—like how we regard prehistoric wall paintings.

And here is the other sense in which the possibility of AI art touches a neuralgic point: art has long been the altar on which artists deposited their dreams for immortality. For Sartre, it is the liminal site of the ‘impossible synthesis’ where one seeks to suspend one’s finitude in a dream for transcendence. For to be forgotten is sometimes more frightening than death, and immortality through art is, if an illusion, at least a comforting one—but now AI art threatens to disrobe it. Maybe we are entitled to hope, to take heart from the fact that the blistering developments of modern art have not obsoleted Rubens, but perhaps an existential reckoning is already inescapable.

This Melbourne coastline was wildly different to those idyllic beaches of my childhood. I sat there on the patio in nothing but my white polyester nightgown, shuddering with the cold that targeted my teeth and the goosebumps on my calves.

FICTION WINNER

Seascapes

The water was everything. It was desperate gasps, it was glittering mortality. Yet absence from it was anguish. I use the sea to document my life. Somehow, the moments when my chin slipped above its molten surface were the happiest I ever documented.

The drought bit into Jindabyne this summer and left its teeth-marks. The bush is brittle and frail. The hills are parched and peeling.

Now I stare at the sky and pray I see the ocean one last time.

Dive into me.

Slips of light-tainted blue on textured canvas. Prismatic colours shift along a spectrum; light fiddles with hues.

This recollection exists clumsily. It fumbles like silk between the pads of fingers, sliding from a countertop into crumples in the recesses of my mind. Images warp and twist in ribbons of light.

There, in one fold of Impressionist silk, the current pulled greedily at my flailing limbs as I swam. It tugged purposefully, as if peeling a shred of meat from the bone. Salt water seeped

in my open mouth when coming up for air. The air was slick with the greasy residue of a humidity-choked afternoon.

In another valley of the silken memory, the voices on the beach were tinny, as though my parents’ feeble attempts were echoing through a long tunnel of crushed aluminium, and though I couldn’t have been twenty-five metres from the shore, it felt like kilometres.

I felt my toes brush sand after a few frantic strokes. My chin tipped up as I stood. I imagine it now: less sunflower-eager, more noose-bound. Forced by the buoyancy of the warm sea to soak in the vindictive, sickly sun.

When I fumble over this heavy memory now, it settles unpleasantly, like a handful of waterlogged sand in the pit of my empty stomach.

I wonder why my father never swam in for me. A surf-cutter by trade, the salt in his hair and his veins, he stood there on the beach and yelled down the tunnel in vain. The sun could have brought me death. Lazy flies over a ten-year-old, her face tilted no longer to the heavens but to the ever-shifting sandbank.

Seascape two. A hardened sculpture in the halls of my mind, capturing an ugly moment after two worlds messily diverged.

Dawn rose over the wind-worn coastline in rotten grin of tangerine and plum. A cup of black tea was cradled in my left palm. A serrated chip in the terracotta grazed the crook of my thumb as I stirred a finger in the lukewarm liquid.

This Melbourne coastline was wildly different to those idyllic beaches of my childhood. I sat there on the patio in nothing but my white polyester nightgown, shuddering with the cold that targeted my teeth and the goosebumps on my calves.

Not a soul but mine in sight.

I would like to think that I spent my energy soaking in the moment. But I sat there in the cold and my vision smudged the scene as I gazed upon the ocean. I wondered why my tea went cold so quickly, and how it’s even

possible that the rust-splotted kettle took ten whole minutes to produce boiling water. These trivialities became a background noise to my quiet subsistence.

Tea in hand, I took the path down the scrubby bushland towards the beach. I imagine a sculptor rubbing slurry into an uneven landscape, attempting to smooth it into something more picturesque, but lumps remain where sand dunes pile in the wind. Binds embedded themselves in my bare feet.

I let myself be pulled by gravity towards the shore down that last dune before the beach. Dark sand clung to my dew-dampened toes.

The glaze of the sea that curves around the Earthen urn was once blue here. Kiln time made it boil (just like the water in that torturously slow, rusted teapot), melting the veneer into waves of white that puncture smooth blue.

Rips bit into metallic water. Red skies tinged the foam a soft, bloodstained salmon. “Magic,” my father would have called it. And I would have mocked him for his predictability. He always described the sea that way. “Magic. Beautiful.” It was magic. *The heat of the kiln is magic when it makes waves, and it is alchemy when I change my dad’s little words into precious metal in their absence.*

I smooth out the edges of the clay as I recall.

My throat closed. I looked down at my hands, tinged a pale yellow with the early morning cold, spattered red with bushland hives (and sickly gull.)

Primary colours.

He forgot himself, but I swore to never forget him.

I dipped my ankles into the furiously boiling sea, teacup stranded in the sand.

I left the sea by itself for a while. The three years between Melbourne and Sydney, empty of sand and waves, I record now as purgatory.

But look: an interlude. Currumbin. Afternoon reclined on me like a sheet of soft linen.

We were two adults (twenty-four and sixty), lying side by side on the black polypropylene of my little cousin’s trampoline in a shallow pool of archived memory. *When I was little, I jumped a little too eagerly one time and dislocated my elbow. I don’t remember the hospital trip, but I have a smoothed fragment of sea-glass memory, warped and strange. In the jade green glass, I clutch a tiny plastic Tinkerbell and stroke her straw-blonde synthetic hair: my reward for being so brave.*

We talked of the gallery back home, and our favourite pieces from the Grand Courts. Mine was the Monet, hers a John Russel: “Rough sea, Morestil”.

“I’ve never seen that room change,” I mused.

We watched the clouds drift overhead for a while, before my mother responded, “There are things that stay, and things that leave. But all the artworks leave traces. They’re documented. Nothing is invisible after it’s gone.”

I told her how badly I wanted to see a Colour Field painting in person. Their

vibrancy beckoned me in a natural way. I wanted hues so bright they peel like bells, ringing in my vision long after I left the gallery, leaving their traces in my memories so I would have untainted something to treasure when I’m alone.

She told me that life is the gallery, not just one room.

“Existence is art,” my mother said.

After dementia took Dad, an exhibition closed. A different one filled that room. New artists, new ideas.

That’s what distinguishes a gallery from a ghost town.

“I forgot how these things stain you. See?” Mum lifted her elbow. It was smudged black from the trampoline. The crook of her sun-wrinkled arm framed my view of the murky yellow sky. I brushed off the taint with my thumb. We laughed, then coughed out the smoke.

And now, a swollen moment from my return to Asphodel.

I was on the shower floor, nursing a razor nick on my calf. A trickle of red traced a futile pilgrimage to my ankle. The water diluted it before it found its destination. I felt I had lost my destination. It had been years since I was home, and I ached for the beach where I almost drowned at ten.

(The previous time I saw my mother, I asked her about that first seascape. She had no memory of the incident. “You would never have drowned while your father was watching,” she assured me.)

I stared up at the showerhead like a vortex pulling me back to the water. *In the basement of my mind, in the discontinued ‘Limbo’ exhibition, the plaques detail:*

Tsunami’s teetering over the bowed

scalps of cities.

Mutual brinkmanship, the foreign policy practice of pushing

states to the threshold of destruction, all to leverage negotiation.

Seaweed dragging itself to shore in the feverish heat of a storm, tortured. Fears for islands swallowed in one greedy oceanic gulp (or multiple).

A message in a bottle, lost to the fury of the high seas.

Evacuations. Riots.

Oblivion.

I watched the morning news for once last week and I felt like my parents, calling through the imaginary tunnel out to sea. So close but limply distant.

Id been thinking a lot about solipsism. It sickened me.

If everything’s in my head, I thought, I must have the ugliest mind out there. Who in good conscience could concoct this life so full of viciousness? A life in which my own suffering is so feeble in the grand scheme of things.

I nestled my chin in the crook of my knees and watched as the flow of blood from my leg slowly ceased. *The stinging lingered.*

I was suddenly struck with the occasional horror I often feel in complete recognition of myself – one of those moments when I came to full awareness of my skeleton, organs, flesh. I hated that thought. I wanted to be whole when I felt the hooked island of my kneecap, the foothills

of my spine, the valley of my collarbone. I wanted to be one moving part, not all those fragile ones. I wanted my life to be composed of one story, not moments that washed in and out, at the mercy of the tide.

My mother taught me the rule of three as a child. She was an artist and had an affinity for designing things to look ‘just right’.

So, seascape three.

My town faces imminent onslaught after yesterday’s brutal wind gusts that swept the blaze to Rocky Plain, Berridale, Burrungubugge... we are surrounded. All evacuation routes clogged, air support absent. We have mere hours left.

I am stranded, detached from the umbilical cord that tethered my life to the ocean. That grief tugs on my chest with clawing immediacy.

I glance out at the lake as I lie here, childlike, sprawled in the grass. The Lion and Cub Islands are perched upon glittering waters; bordered by the undulating mountainscape, the skeletal survivors of gums burnt last summer. I know how little will remain this time.

Will the winds change? Will the fires arrive? Will torrents of water stream from cloud skimming planes, the fire quelled by twirling jetés on the nebulous smoke-sea? *Is hope good for anything at all?*

I close my eyes. The smooth, liquescent-dappled dark is soothing: a fleeting reprieve from the abrasive smoke.

This is not the calm before the firestorm: this is the eye. But if ignore the clouding asphyxiation and press the acrid smell from my nose and exhale, I can feel the ghost gums. I can admire the serene warbling of the magpies. I can forget.

In observing the slow march of Time’s hands, tiptoeing a line through horizon to roots, I am wrapped inextricably in the moment.

A distant rumbling sounds from the sonorous belly of the horizon. Slate stains fold and crumple it into swells of distilled clouds. Silence spills in the thunder’s wake... *Naphtha-spark lightning carves the horizon. Sliced in forked halves. I know it will soon beckon the soft onslaught of summer rain. It will stipple the fields into gentle dew beneath warm hooves, and that damp musk will follow. It will rise in misty undertow, petrichor threading its mellow fingers from the soil to meet the deluge. The ocean will deliver itself to Jindabyne.*

Dive into me.

Or perhaps the rumbling is just the wind-gushes, dragging the inferno in from the north. The sky is empty of planes. It is clogged with smoke, devoid of the twirling arabesques of water that could save us.

In this final recollection, I could cite the artworks of my existence. Scrawl these pencil inscriptions beneath wildly different pieces. But I realise that perhaps it’s enough just to admire.

Evacuation is futile. I just watch the Lion and Cub and the water nuzzling the pier. So affectionate. A plié of ephemeral intimacy.

I will be here, basking in the last of the languor, until the downpour begins, and the waves meet the shore.

GOODBYE-VACATION

You see two people kissing while you're on holiday with your parents. For some reason, you have not wiped its image from your mind. They are pressed with their backs against a stone wall. Squarely above their heads is a graffito that reads in English: *WATCH THEIR MOUTHS: IF YOUR CHILD IS LAUGHING THEN YOUR CHILD IS A FASCIST!!!*

One of the women cradles her lover's neck in one arm, while the other hangs loosely by her side, clutching a half-eaten peach. You remember a wrist, a knee, an outline of a neck. You will get your ears pierced the next day and scratch your face to produce a wound that will sting for the next three. All you wanted really wanted was to stand in a breeze and smell the sea. For some reason you can taste blood instead.

You spit in the street and earn a slap on the cheek that feels like thick salt in the wound of your cheek-scar. Baba tells you to stop staring at every punk with a piercing. One parent goes into a souvenir store and the other one turns to you and explains that she doesn't love your father anymore.

You ask her why you are on vacation then.

*This is a goodbye vacation.
A goodbye-vacation?*

The conversation you are having is not in a language that you understand. The conversation you are having is persuading you that you are the last of your line. There will be no one after you. You will be no one's ancestor. The blue balm of sea invites you to jump inside her, although you're not convinced that she would let you back out if you did.

Later, you will thumb through your phrasebook, looking for a way to say goodbye-vacation in Italian. Even later, you will eat a peach in front of the bathroom mirror and prepare yourself for bed.

Dinner is at a place where people get up to dance between meals. Your parents have hushed conversations while you lose your appetite. You are vain enough to think that every glance they share is about you.

From across the table, your mother looks at you, and looks, and keeps looking. You can feel her trying to understand what type of person you are. You wonder why she doesn't just ask.

A waiter walks towards your table with a large bowl of fruit. As he sets it down, the fruit-mountain trembles and pink and green slices bruise the floor and stain shirts. A whirr of voices speak overlapping sorries. You didn't know your parents could speak Italian so well. They must be practicing together while you sit in the hotel room and think about how you haven't heard laughter in days.

*Did they ruin your clothes?
Don't worry about it.
I'll take it off the bill, I promise.
Don't be silly, it wasn't your fault.
Don't just sit there like a mute, help us clean up.*

She bends across the table in your direction, and you realise that the waiter is a woman. She looks at you, and looks,

and keeps looking – the gaze is not an accusation, but an opening of a door. You are looking at a phantom. You are looking at a memory. You are looking at someone you might know.

You're bleeding, did you know? On your check.

She plucks a stray peach from the table. You smear your tears on the back of your neck and call it sweat.

Mama!

You are holding a photograph of your mother you're not sure she knows about.

You are looking at it and searching for evidence of yourself.

You sleep with it under your pillow.

Baba?

You and your father share a nose you wish you could outgrow.

Evet, bebegim?
The clock reads 02:09 am. He is finishing a tall glass of milk.

Can you cut my hair?

The story goes, the next morning your father will be gone, leaving a note that defines his absence as a *necessary exile*. The words look good but taste sour. Will you remember them?

The note is written on the back of a folded newspaper. It is brief.

You turn it over and hope there is more. On the back are a smiling mother and daughter, their two hands holding a whisk, and a children's recipe for peach br luc .

Someone taps you on the shoulder. It is grief.

You swallow back the bile that rises in your throat.

Now for the summer that follows.

Your mother is convinced that you are faithless. You're learning how to swim. You have something in your teeth.

Have you ever been in love?

She asked you in English. In your head it was one word: singular, proper noun: *inlove*.

Your cousin was perched on the courtyard wall, painting her toenails. She will not look at you because she thinks you like girls and you are the only person in the family that has dyed their hair.

In love, with a person?
She will not respond to your question, but rather offer you prophecy:
You will. By the end of the summer, you will.

Come, swim.

Your cousins swim and you watch them dive under the waves like birds. You have stood in the shallows so long that it seems you have grown roots.

A child swims up so close to you that you can smell the sunscreen on his back. You want to warn him: *Stay here with me! Let's play together in the shallows! The deep water is no place for children like us!*

You will swim in it anyway, even though your fear is thick enough to taste. You are

hoping to make your mother proud and find God here.

A solitary daughter floats on her back in the ocean. You open-mouth smile and remind yourself that it is okay to cry for something that can't cry back.

A back of a head looks exactly like Baba.

Except for the nose.
The nose is not the same.

You have a Coke at the bar. Nobody asks you to dance.

In the opposite corner, someone raises their hand to toast. The hand is attached to a body that does not see you. The mouth addresses a small group in Turkish.

To the Gods we know, and I don't mean the good ones.

This is where the night cracks open like a wound.

You watch as he pinches the gum from his mouth and slides the gum-hand hand under the table. You watch him laugh as he walks out the door.

It must be true that the body can feel when another's eyes seek it out, because he will turn to look at you. He will look, and look, and keep looking.

You go and sit at their empty booth. Your fingers search the underside of the table. The gum is still warm and tacky. You end up chewing it for the rest of the night, long after it has lost its flavour.

Here are the things you know for sure:
Ten minutes later, he re-enters through the same door he exited. He will tell you later that he felt drawn to you. He will use the word *magnetic*.

That night you will whisper in the dark together.

He will steal peaches from his neighbour's backyard.

He will hand them to you with a stretched grin and a sure hand.

You will swim for the second time in your life and the second time that week.

You will go back to the house tomorrow and tell your cousin, *yes, yes, I have found love. Look at all the things I have done to prove it.*

You're telling the person you love a secret and he's looking at your mouth.

You wonder if you can love somebody without using your hands.

You touch your lips to his shoulder and press.

Collecting bits of apple from his mouth when you kiss.

How many degrees of separation are there between a childhood and a love on the brink of extinction?

You and the person you love are talking about how the sea will outlive you all.

You sit between his legs like a dog and he unbraids your hair. The person you love tells you

that you look exactly like your mother from behind and that you should probably cut it.
You wish you couldn't hear him.
Don't want to be getting you two confused, he says.
Laugh and stay still.
Yes, yes, how dangerous it would be to look like my mother.

Your mother lurches forward and lets a stream of waxy bile onto the table. You almost put a hand on her back.

I shaved my head to match his.
You never know when you've had

enough.

I did it because I love him.

Aptal çocuk.
I'm not foolish and I'm not a child.
Leave me be.

Why are you crying?
Okay,
okay,
okay,
Mama stop, please –
You used to be seventeen. Now you're just a liar.

(It was the first true thing your mother had ever said to you.)

Your mother then places a necklace and a bowl of frozen grapes on the table. They are an unexpected inheritance. She insists you wear the first and eat the latter.

She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand and plants a waxy kiss on your cheek.

That night, you wear her lipstick stain on your face like an accessory, and sleep with God around your neck like a noose.

When you hug him for the first time in three years, Baba will smell of salt and have a different surname. How is your Baba here? How is your Baba here on this second goodbye-vacation?

You: hug your father and are reminded of a certain metallic taste in your mouth.

You: feel possessive of your country even if you don't belong to it anymore.

You: thought you were too young for all of this.

He: kisses your cheek.

There is a wound under there somewhere, buried over by years and skin, but when he kisses it, it feels just as tender, just as deep.

You're telling the person you love a secret and he's looking at your mouth.

You wonder if you can love somebody without using your hands.

You touch your lips to his shoulder and press.

Collecting bits of apple from his mouth when you kiss.

How many degrees of separation are there between a childhood and a love on the brink of extinction?

You are sitting in the sand the day after the person you love is gone and your Baba has returned and your Mama is somewhere in between. A stranger's shirt reads: *Things Will Get Better!*

You peel an orange with your salty hands. It makes you feel like a child, so you smile.

You recite the only prayer you know:
Promise me that there will always be one more orange slice left for me.

Promise me that you will peel it yourself.

Promise, promise, promise.

I'm a Girl Again

CW: Eating disorder mention

In the heat of my fifth summer, I became a girl for the very first time.

I was in the backyard, helping my dad with the weeding alongside my older brother — he was ten and I was five, and we were both shirtless, backs glistening with sweat from the radiating sun. Like most children, I had been shirtless in front of my father countless times — my body was just that — my body, a vessel for which my being was carried. I did not know shame or guilt or impurity.

But on that day in the backyard, my dad saw me, like a rabbit caught in headlights. He saw me in that heat, something in me that hadn't been there for the previous five years of my life. He saw me, standing in the shadow of my brother — and I felt something then, a feeling I was too young to put a name to. He looked at me and I could feel his eyes prying into the dust lined cracks of my ribs, his gaze peeling back my flesh — not even my childlike innocence was immune to that stare. He looked at me and told me to grab one of his huge white shirts that hung on the clothing line, and he told me to put it on, and I had no choice but to listen. I could feel it immediately cling to the dampness of my skin, and I remember the weight of it even now; it was so heavy on my back, the repulsive feeling of sweat sticking to a cheap cotton blend. The weight of it would never leave me.

And I continued the weeding — but I stood behind my brother instead of alongside him. I watched him and my father, hunched over in the sun, magnificent in their scintillating, shirtless glory. No one else was there to see it, but I became a girl in that heat, and would remain that way for the entirety of my life.

From that moment onwards, my existence as a young woman has expanded in and around this one central moment. I was a child, the first-born female in a traditional Syrian family, raised to be seen but not heard, raised to succeed in school but not to be curious, raised to be a wife and a mother but not a person of my own. Most of all, I was taught that as a female, the first thing people would see when they looked at me, was my body — so I navigated my life around this cardinal tenant. I felt wasn't seen as a person, and instead was reduced to purely my anatomy—an assortment of legs and arms and other body parts that never quite felt like my own, misshapen, and unsymmetrical.

Throughout my early adolescence, I often complained to my father (who was a doctor) about this knotting pain in my stomach — I had an MRI done when I

was 11, my dad being worried it was some disorder within my stomach. I was never worried about the pain in itself — it was uncomfortable, sure — but in a strange way, it felt like some sort of gratification; almost as if I was sick, then that would be people's first perception of me; they would see that instead of the endless imperfections of my body. The night before the MRI, I prayed endlessly to God, begging him to reveal some malformity within me; I wanted this unforeseen sickness to give me the answer to who I was, to give me some defining aspect that existed outside of my physical body.

By no surprise, the MRI came back fully clean — a perfect bill of health, yet the gnawing guilt of imperfection only continued to spread like a virus within me. It festered within me as I continued to grow, rotting me from the inside out, turning me into less of a human and more of a creature — with each day that passed I felt further and further from knowing who I was as an individual. I knew vaguely what I liked and disliked, my favourite colour and food. These were the things I knew. But beyond that, I existed purely as blood and memories weaved together — being a person did not come naturally to me the way it seemed to for others; people who were sure of themselves awed me. I studied them like they were one of my exams, trying to mimic their ease — but I knew that there was something different about me, and other people knew this too, yet no one could ever put their finger on what it was.

The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders defines anorexia as a restriction of energy intake, relative to requirements, often leading to a significant low body weight in the context of the age, sex, developmental trajectory, and physical health. Symptoms include:

- Loss of menstruation
- Fainting or dizziness
- Lethargy
- Tooth decay
- Death

I write often about my time in hospital — I consider myself to be at least partially recovered from my eating disorder, yet I still write about it in the present tense. A part of my body is always going to be bound to that hospital bed, in the same way that part of my girlhood was irreversibly lost to that summer many years ago. I did not mean to hate myself — I did not even think I knew that I hated myself, yet I was hated. I was hated so intensely; I carried that with me through life with more pride than it deserved — a bruise of honour, a strange

sense of self-awareness.

The first time I slept in a hospital bed I was seventeen — my parents and I had waited eight hours into the night at the local hospital's emergency department — I was seizing, drifting in and out of consciousness. My blood sugar levels had dropped dangerously low, and the pain was unbearable; a slow and steady thrum of discomfort that increased into a great crescendo of agony that lasted for who knows how long.

This is the end, I thought.

Not quite death, but I had pushed my body to its physical limits — in fact, I had chased it that way. At one point I had started rambling in the emergency room in a fit of hypoglycaemic delusion — my parents were sitting with me, my dad was crying, and I was trying to tell my mum about my bedroom, about how I had to vacuum, about how my floor was so dirty. How my dog must have been on the other end of the earth because he was not right there in the room with me. I was talking and talking and talking, the talking would not stop, and yet the pain still coiled and knotted in me, pulling me open and unearthing within me new things I could not say yet because I did not have the words for them.

I don't know if you've ever felt this way, I told her during one of my rambles.

It was the kind of confession that may as well started with can I tell you something? But she was my mum, and thus the answer was unconditionally yes. I was intricately aware of how what I was about to say would sound and was equally aware that it was what felt unbearably true in that excruciating moment in the hospital waiting room.

I know everyone has their own pains. But the more people I talk to, the more isolated I feel. Even people who share my experience — no one will ever be here inside of me, feeling this exact pain with me. I'm scared of how lonely that is. Have you ever felt that?

Of course, I did not mean pain as in the physical one I was feeling in that moment. I meant something else, and I knew she understood what I was talking about — it had been the unspoken truth between us since that very day in the backyard; the deep sorrow I had found in that very moment, the bitterness of my stolen girlhood. The air between us did not stay quiet for too long, not even a second — as if this was a question mothers were always asked by their daughters, as if she had been waiting all this time for me to grow up.

Not in the same way, she said. But like everyone other woman in the world, I've been

scared that no one will ever truly understand me.

I thought that was what the end felt like.

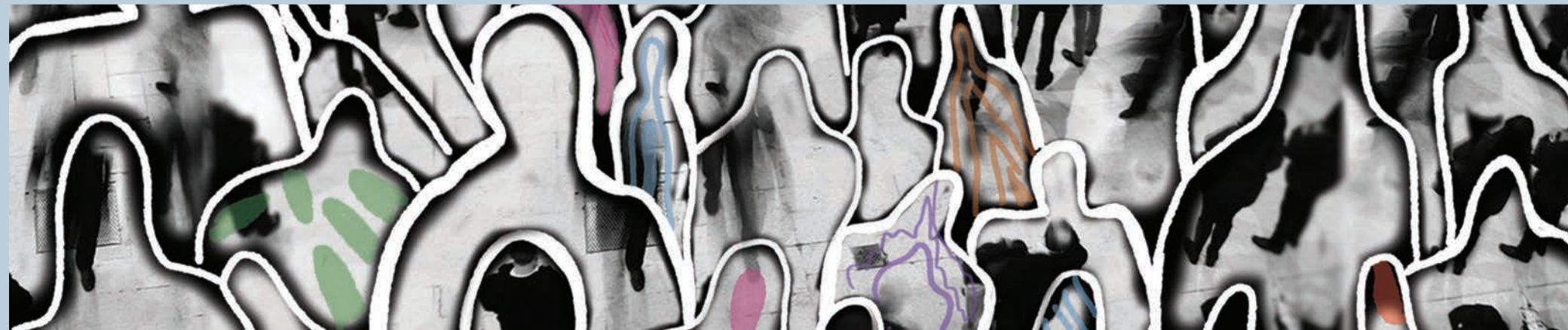
A paralysing fear, a last word of confession. A desire so deep to be talking like this with my mum before being torn open by a group of doctors.

You can restore your physical body to the weight it was always supposed to be at. You can develop a rational and balanced attitude to food, as well as healthy habits in relation to exercise. I have done this over and over and over, yet the truth is that there are some things that cannot be healed, certain aspects of your existence that are forever scarred and bruised. There are things that I have lost that I will never be able to get back. There are certain things that I cannot forget, despite how much I try — the calories in a piece of toast are etched in my mind. The exact number of steps it takes to burn it off. I cannot forget the exact weight I was, down to the gram, every day of every week of every month that made up those years of torture. I have tried as hard as I can to block them out, but on most days, it feels as if I will never be as liberated as that 5-year-old shirtless in the heat, marvelled at the power of her own body.

That is how I remember being young — fearless and free.

Lately, I feel like I'm shining a flashlight into a black hole, my life feels large and dark, and my future feels small. My body feels small. When I try to think ahead, to imagine any sort of future, I hit a wall. What did it feel like before, when I was a child? When I was a girl? There is that one moment of purity I have in the backyard when I was five. That is all I have left of it. When I try to write it down there are no words left for it. This part is a new story, and I don't know how to tell it. This part of the story is still happening. This is the wall I hit.

It's interesting though, from that old story I remember. The periods with which I loved life were so equally full of mourning — one has not existed without the other for years. But like a library book loaned to an artistic child, I am only trying to return myself back to the place where I am looked after — but my body has become the pages, a collection of all the things that have hurt me. A collection of all the things I have loved. But this body is my home — my childhood is buried here; my desire has made a home here, festering and wearing itself thin between my brittle bones. I exist here. I live here. I am life. It's in me. I have to believe that will be worth something to me again eventually.





SRC Reports



President's Report

Harrison Brennan

Join the USyd Gaza Solidarity Encampment.

General Secretaries' Report

Rose Donnelly & Daniel O'Shea

The General Secretaries did not submit a report this week.

Vice Presidents' Report

Jasmine Donnelly & Deaglan Godwin

Dear student body,
Presenting to you the last Vice President report of the season. The Quad Lawns Protest Encampment for Palestine remains strong and is gaining the attention of the university. Our demands remain the same: USyd must divulge all partnerships it has with Israel universities, organisations and global weapons manufacturers—and cut these ties by divestment. The management at USyd need to take a good hard look at themselves and think about the fact they are using student money to fund partnerships with a genocidal state that has destroyed every single school and university in Gaza.

If you are or know someone that has taken a drug before, come along to a forum on Drug Reform (Location: Conservatorium of Music Seminar Room 4026, Date: Tues 21 May 6:30). Hear from some amazing speakers on why we need a NSW Drug Summit conference and state-wide drug reform. All are welcome.

Other news: SHAME Chris Minns for sacking Anthony DiAdams and fuck your Patagonia puffer vest too.

Just flagging VIVID is coming up also, get round it.

To commemorate the end of Semester 1 2024, an acrostic poem by Jasmine to show that anyone can write a poem.

Harrowing nights
Unwanted reflection
"Nice guys always finish last". Maybe try
Gratitude journaling. Bitch Im the
Only
Vice President to
Earn acrostic status, fetch the
Rasta pasta and lobster

Stay strong through exams guys, if you're stressed make a plan and do your hardest tasks first (eat frogs first).
With love,

Jasmine and Deaglan

Ethnocultural Officers' Report

Ravkaran Grewal & Sidra

We've been at the USyd Gaza Solidarity Encampment! Come down and join us in heeding our demands that USyd discloses its investments and divests from arms manufacturers and Israeli institutions.

We'll be building for the National Day of Action to Stop Child Removals on Monday 27th May by leafleting and poster on campus so help out and show up!

Also we're coming out with a fresh zine *Until Liberation* for semester two welcome week so if you're BIPOC and wanna see your art, photography, poems, short stories, essays, opinions, etc on all things anti-racism, anti-imperialism and decolonial then watch our instagram @usydacar as pitch forms will be released soon!

From the River to the Sea. Always Was, Always Will Be.

Queer Officers' Report

Tim Duff, Esther Whitehead & Jamie Bridge

Cumberland City Council has reversed a ban on same-sex parenting books in council libraries, after hundreds-strong protest from the queer community. On May 15th, members of USYD Queer Action Collective and Pride in Protest rallied outside the council building in Merrylands to demand that this queerphobic ban be overturned. Far right councillors moved this motion with support of groups such as Christian Lives Matter, in attempts to introduce a queerphobic culture war into local politics.

Shamefully, Labor councillors have capitulated to the far right at every turn. Their decision to rescind the book ban motion does not hide the fact they voted for it in the first place. In addition, they voted to ban drag performers reading to children (drag storytime) at local libraries at the last Council meeting in Cumberland and the Hills Shire. The Labor Party does not care for queer people - NSW Labor's decision to send the Equality Bill off for "review" is another capitulation to the religious right's transphobic demands.

QuAC has also held a steady presence at the Gaza Solidarity Encampment outside the Quadrangle. Our *Queers for Palestine* banner in front of the encampment is a statement that none of us are free until everyone is free, when every settler colony falls. Israel kills queer Palestinians moreso than any other group, and the University of Sydney is complicit in that genocide in their partnerships with weapons manufacturers and Israeli universities. From the river to the sea, Palestine will be free.

Finally, Queer Honi is still receiving submissions and looking for editors! Scan the QR code below, check @usydqueer on Instagram, or email us at queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au to express your interest.



Student Accommodation Officers' Report

Sofija Filipovic, Ishbel Dunsmore, Will Jubb & Patrick Jacombs

Happy exam season everybody! Congratulations for making it to the end of another gruelling semester. The student accommodation officers have been busy helping out and participating in the USYD Gaza solidarity encampment, which has been set up in response to a global student movement which started at Columbia University. We are demanding that the university cut ties with Israeli institutions and weapons manufacturers, who continue to aid and abet the ongoing horrific genocide in Palestine.

The federal budget for 2024/25 was announced a few nights ago, and in it the government issued new stipulations for international student enrolment in Australia. They have stated that universities will no longer be able to continue accepting international students unless they have the housing to accommodate them. While it is true that the number of students, in Sydney particularly, far outweighs the number of available rentals, it should not be the burden of international students to bear. Universities need to be investing in building or converting existing housing (i.e. the USYD residential colleges) into affordable accommodation for students, regardless of an international student cap.

The Budget also includes funding for \$319.50/week payments to students undergoing nursing, social work and teaching placements as part of their degrees. While acknowledging that this is a step in the right direction, we must address the fact that the payment is nowhere near the amount necessary to cover the costs of living in Sydney, where the average rent sits around 750 dollars per week. The payment equates

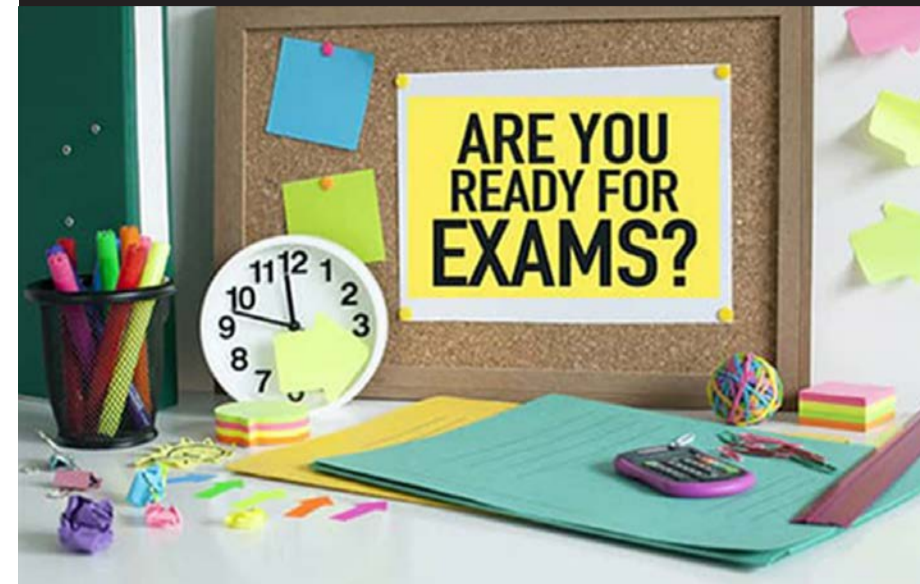
to around 8.40/hour when calculated on a full-time basis, which is the hours that most students are working when on these placements. This is a rate that is far below minimum wage in Australia. Lastly, it is disappointing to see that the payment is limited to only 3 courses, rather than all of the many degrees which require placements. All students deserve to be paid for their work, at minimum wage at least.

We wish you all good luck with your exams, and please as you sit them, remember that there are no universities left in Gaza.

FREE PALESTINE

In love and solidarity,
Sofija, Ishbel, Will and Patrick.

Exam Preparation: Tips to make sure you are EXAM-READY!



Get Exam Ready

Exams are a stressful, yet normal part of university life, and it is normal to feel a little bit anxious in the lead-up. Luckily there are steps you can take to make your exam experience less stressful.

Before your exams, find out what topics will be covered in the exam, and what kind of exam you will be sitting. Remember; an open-book exam does not mean you can use the Internet! Usually, it means that you can use paper or locally saved notes only. Carefully read the specific rules for your exam, and if you are unsure, ask your unit coordinator. The library runs an "exam ready" program with lots of helpful tips and resources.

Exam logistics

It is important to know where your exam will be, and how you will get there. Have a look at the doors for the room so you can get to another door if the first one is locked. Check the date, time, and location of the exam in your exam timetable, which was released on 29th April. If you miss an exam because you misread the timetable it is unlikely that you will get the chance to do a supplementary exam instead. You will need to bring or show a valid form of photo ID.

Check: your seat number, what you need to bring into the exam room, what you are not allowed to bring in, and what materials you need to have approved (E.g., a calculator must have an approved sticker from the Student Centre). Read the exam instructions carefully and ask your

unit coordinator if you are unsure. When you get into the exam room, turn your phone off (not silent, off) and put it in your bag. Make sure your pockets are empty. Place your bag where you are told. You are not allowed to wear headphones in an exam.

What if I'm unwell?

If you cannot attend an exam or your performance is impacted by an illness, injury, or misadventure that was unexpected and beyond your control, you can apply for Special Consideration, even if it is a replacement exam. Special Consideration applications must be submitted within three working days of the exam date, and you must provide appropriate supporting documents. Usually this is a Professional Practitioner's Certificate covering the date you were impacted, including the date of the exam. Please note that you should see a doctor on or before the day of the exam. If you were impacted by misadventure, it is helpful to focus on the way that it impacted you, not the event itself. For example, if your grandparent died, get a PPC from your doctor for the grief you are experiencing, rather than focusing on the death of your grandparent. See the SRC's website for more information about Special Consideration.

Academic Integrity

If you are accused of academic dishonesty, the SRC can help. You can use the contact form on our website, or you can call the office on 9660 5222.

If you need help from an SRC Caseworker start an enquiry on our Caseworker Contact Form: bit.ly/contact-a-caseworker



Ask Abe

SRC Caseworker Help Q&A

Special Consideration for Exams



Dear Abe,

I got special consideration as I was sick on exam day. However, my illness is getting worse. Should I do the replacement exam regardless of how I'm feeling? I'm afraid that my faculty will think that I don't deserve a second chance.

Cheers,

D

Dear D,

I'm sorry to hear about your continued health issues. If you are still unwell, or experience another illness, injury, or misadventure, for a replacement

exam, you should apply again for special consideration providing new documentation that covers the date of your replacement exam. If special consideration is approved you may be granted a further replacement exam. If the faculty is unable to provide any further replacement exams or assessments, you will be given a Discontinue Not Fail (DC) grade. Make sure that you see your doctor (or other treatment provider) ON or BEFORE the day of your replacement exam. You can find more about **special consideration** on the SRC Help website.

Cheers,

Abe

For more information about Special Consideration: bit.ly/3xQc55o



LAST DAY TO DISCONTINUE FAIL (DF)

If you withdraw from a subject before the last day of semester (26th May) you will receive a DF grade. It still counts as a fail, but in many cases will not affect your WAM.

more information >>>>

sydney.edu.au/students/discontinue-unit-of-study.html



contact a caseworker
bit.ly/contact-a-caseworker

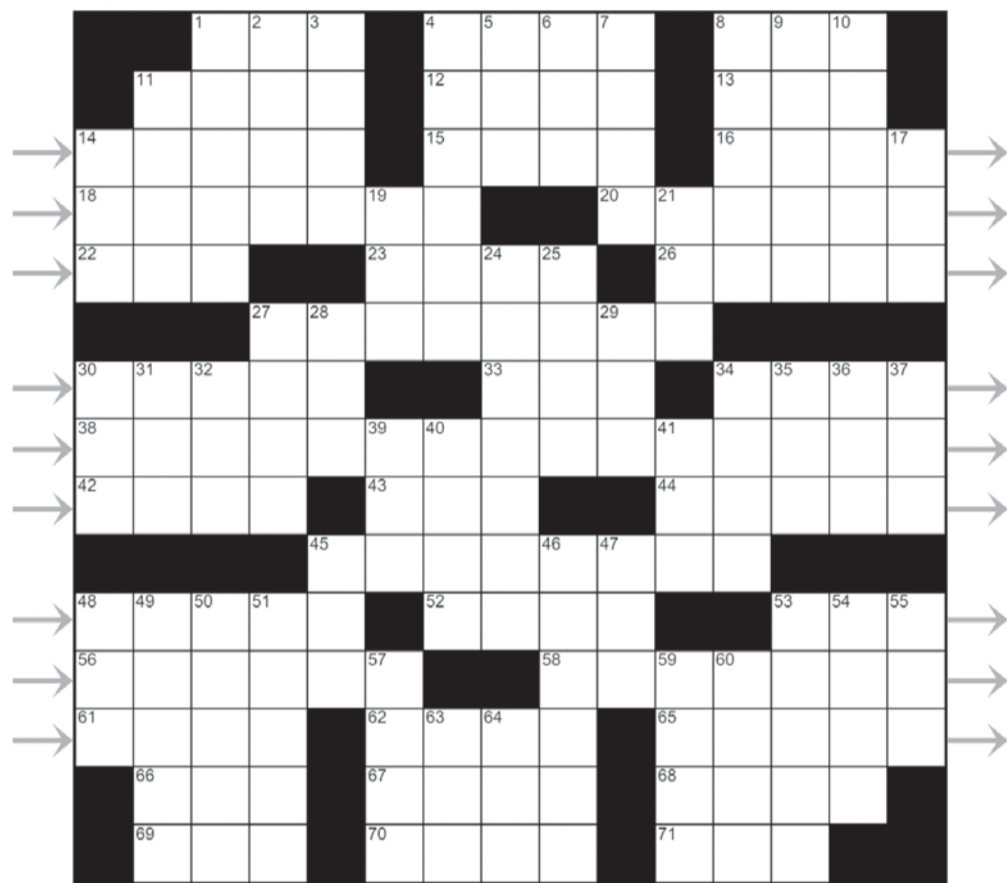
srcusyd.net.au
02 9660 5222

Weekly quiz

1. Which former Treasurer of Australia sat as the USyd SRC president in 1987-1988?
2. Ludophobia is the fear of what?
3. Which major regional city of the Riverina region has a reduplicated name?
4. A silver Volkswagen Beetle covered in spikes features in which Australian film?
5. The 'Elo' rating system was originally invented for which game?
6. In technology, what does RAM stand for?
7. Which electronic duo scored *Tron: Legacy* (2010)?
8. Which US State recently changed their flag?
9. Butternut, acorn, and spaghetti are all types of what?
10. In the New Testament, what might be very difficult to fit through the eye of a needle?

1. Joe Hockey, 2. Fear of games, 3. Wagga Wagga, 4. *The Cars that Ate Paris*, 5. Chess, 6. Ransom Access Memory, 7. Duff Punk, 8. Minnesota, 9. Squash, 10. Camel.

Crossword



Constructor's Note: The answers on the right edge of this grid are "to be continued" by wrapping around to the left edge.

Crossword: Michael Smith

ACROSS

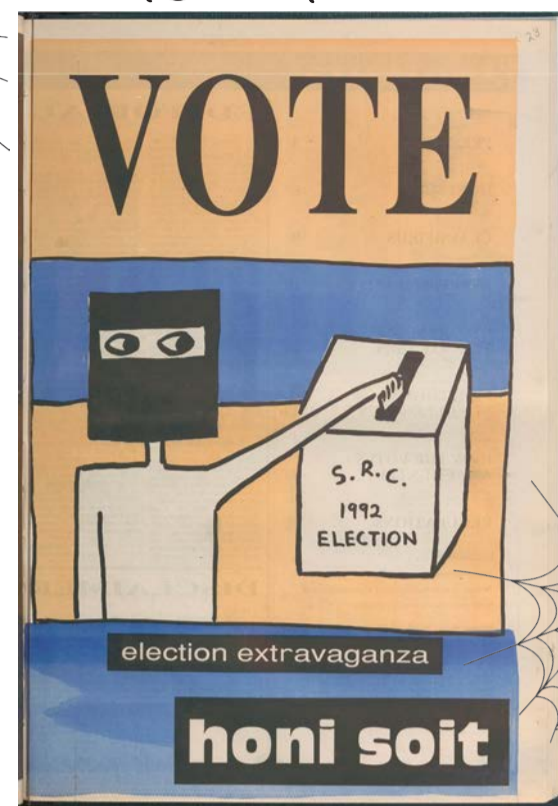
1. What "1" often means, in brief
4. Indigenous people to the Sydney basin area
8. French article
11. Japanese folk singer Ichiko ____
12. Festive season with 12 days, in brief
13. ____-Mex, fusion cuisine
14. Massage targets
15. Was in the hole, so to speak
16. Brings charges against, as a president
18. Tautness
20. .png or .mp4
22. Logic gate alternatives to ANDs
23. Gosling of Hollywood
26. House sale professionals
27. Music genre known for flamboyant costuming and bending gender aesthetics
30. Records, as a TV program
33. Dove's sound
34. Family which includes chimpanzees and humans
38. Forever
42. Bits of recording studio gear
43. Instagram upload, in brief
44. Worldwide catastrophes like COVID-19
45. Guest on "QI" or "Would I Lie to You"

48. "Goosebumps" author R.L. ____
52. "That'd never happen!"
53. Flawless
56. Temperament
58. 4/4 or 7/8, on sheet music
61. Numbered sequence
62. ____ Punk
65. Non-believer in ethics
66. Auction unit
67. Not active
68. NYT crossword option available without a subscription
69. The limit, according to optimists
70. Band's expedition
71. Dined

DOWN

1. Toilets, in US slang
2. Presidents Lincoln and Shinzo, for two
3. ____ Goreng, Indonesian fried rice dish
4. Country name used outside that country, like "Germany" instead of "Deutschland"
5. "I'm heading your way!", in a text
6. Actress Issa ____ of "American Fiction"
7. Consecutive keyboard letters used in the title of internet series "____ Movie"
8. Effective
9. Ancient Greek locale where Hercules slew a lion
10. Get rid of
11. Laptop brand
14. National revenue collection agency, in brief
17. Opposite of int., on a script
19. British singer Rita
21. Make annoyed
24. Locations where lots of tickets are printed
25. Twelve
27. Boomers and zoomers, for two, in brief
28. Something you might trip on
29. Common fish & chips fish
30. Item in a drum kit
31. Nickname for a young Skywalker in the

Dusting off the cobwebs



Election Edition, *Honi Soit*, 1992.

Sudoku

				8					
	2	9							7
		6							3
					6	3			
				6		2			
			5						
7					6	5			
5			8	4					1
4						3			2

Always Balanced Coverage

HEDONISM | SIMS 2 | SCANDAL | DRUGS | NOAM CHOMSKY |

IMPOSSIBLE QUIZ

1. $25 / 1023587948756958749879687549 = ?$
2. Write about a time you overcame great difficulty, and how that changed your life (5 words or less).
3. Bananas are curved because they grow upwards towards the sun. True or False?
 - a. True
 - b. False
 - c. I think this is a rather reductive question.
 - d. Well, I think you're rather reductive.
 - c. Huh?
 - d. Oh, nothing.
 - c. Ok. Whatever.
 - e. Both True and False.
4. Name my favourite movies from 2021.
5. How large must something be before it is qualified as "humongous" under NSW law?

— Quizzymodo

IN THIS ISSUE...



MULTI-FUNCTIONALITY AS FASHION? THESE OUTFITS ARE UGLY AND UNWIELDLY!

INVESTIGATION: ARE THERE MORE MAGAZINES IN SYDNEY THAN PEOPLE?

WHERE?: WE NEED AUTONOMOUS SPACES FOR INTERRACIAL CAMPUS COUPLES

SHREWD: WOMAN DRAWS ATTENTION TO PORTRAIT SHE WANTED NO ONE TO SEE

SALTY, SALACIOUS SENSATIONALISM

TRANSPORT ALERT: BUSSY IN BIO



MAN REJECTS FIRST AID, FEARS WIFEY GETTING THE ICK

HEARTWARMING: YOUNG SHELDON HIT BY BUS



HOW TO GIVE YOUR SON ENOUGH ATTENTION AS A CHILD SO HE DOESN'T END UP SKATING ON EASTERN AVENUE

SCENTS AND SCANDAL



FORMER SRC ETHNO-CULTURAL OFFICER ANTHONY ALBANESE EVICTS SMALL BUSINESS OWNER FROM MARRICKVILLE INVESTMENT PROPERTY

Former SRC Ethno-cultural Officer Anthony Albanese has given his tenant 90 days to scam out of his 3 Bedroom townhouse in beautiful Marrickville.

The shocked tenant told Always Balanced Coverage "I may have a small business but I have a gigantic... heart."

A private equity firm told Always Balanced Coverage that a young creative sharehouse is in the works, willing to pay \$5000 more than ask price.

ADS, APOCALYPSE, AND ADDERALL



SCOTT MORRISON'S TELL-ALL MEMOIR!

"I ONCE FOUND A GLOWING DAGGER OF UNKNOWN POWER AT CRONULLA GOLF COURSE. JENNY TOLD ME TO LEAVE IT BE THOUGH."

