

HONI SOIT

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

We acknowledge the traditional custodians of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora Nation. The University of Sydney – where we write, publish and distribute Honi Soit – is on the sovereign land of these people. As students and journalists, we recognise our complicity in the ongoing colonisation of Indigenous land. In recognition of our privilege, we vow to not only include, but to prioritise and centre the experiences of Indigenous people, and to be reflective when we fail to. We recognise our duty to be a counterpoint to the racism that plagues the mainstream media, and to adequately represent the perspectives of Indigenous students at our University. We also wholeheartedly thank our Indigenous reporters for the continuing contribution of their labour to our learning.

EDITORIAL

I once read that at least 20% of the world is online at the same time. 20% is normally an insignificant ratio, when thinking about assignments only forming 20% of a grade or errands only requiring 20% of one's effort. But 20% of the entire world is considerable, unimaginable even. To think 20% of 7 billion people are in some way interlinked, co-ordinated in a mutual activity, is unforeseeable when I can barely get 20% of my editorial team to lay up a spread at the same time. (My goal as editor-in-chief this week was to have everyone out of the office by 12am; the goal of my team, as it quickly became clear, was to resist this goal with all their might.) It's this thinking of online activity (combined with some healthy editorial fatigue) that birthed the theme for our week twelve edition: The Internet of Us.

The 'Internet of Things' (IOT) is an unnecessarily complicated theory about how multiple technologies converge and share data. The 'Internet of Us' (IOU) is a play on the term; it's about us as people and how our interactions with the internet inform the way we connect with ourselves and with one another.

In this edition, you'll find stories about this kind of connection, and their unintended, sometimes unbelievable, consequences. On page ten, you'll read about how easy it is to emotionally invest in a person you only know online. On page twelve, you'll be reminded of the fallacies of such a connection, and whether social media performance has led to a new goodness heirarchy. And on page eight, you'll read about chess—it's relevance to this theme is in itself novel enough to be worth your time. Some connections are not as obvious. Our feature on safe access zones came alive due to an unsolicited Facebook message, a strange email, and the help of a very talented, very brave friend.

Outside the pages of this edition, I owe my all to connections, formed within the internet and outside of it. Thank you my mum, my sister, and (in spite of all I said) my nine talented co-editors, without which I would be the loneliest writer on this planet.
LR

MAILBOX

On Eurovision

In response to Madeline Ward's article in Wom*n's Honi.

To the Head of the Wom*n's Collective who raised the critical question in Honi Soit last week, "How can Israel host Eurovision when it's not even a real country?" This final sentence of your piece left me wanting of a bit more explanation. Throughout this well-considered piece of journalism, you repeatedly mentioned how you found the song annoying, how the song was racist and pseudo-feminist, and how you believed its media coverage was privileged over the fatal protest at the Gaza fence, that took place a day after Eurovision. You then conclude your argument with the well-backed up and logical statement that Israel is not a real country.

I'd like to extend your argument to other participants in the contest, namely the illegitimate country of Australia. When colonial settlers arrived here, they saw terra nullius. They claimed the land as their own and to this day it has not been ceded. Therefore it must be truth that

Australia is not a country, that all non-Indigenous Australians are hateful, racist oppressors who have never done anything to try change the status quo. It is not a country, and everyone here who is not indigenous should forfeit their passports and go back to where they came from.

The fact that the Australian representative for Eurovision, Jessica Mauboy, who is an Aboriginal Australian woman, sang about collective empowerment and that "we have love", cannot be extricated from Australia's context. Given its dark history of genocide of Aboriginal Australians, the Stolen Generations, the continued effects of colonialism, and Australia's current mistreatment of asylum seekers in its detention centres, and in Nauru and Manus, it is clear that Jessica Mauboy's performance cannot be separated from Australia. The performance itself is a ploy to divert media attention away from the human rights violations of this "country".

But could it be that Australia is multifaceted? That it is not one monolithic white nation bent on oppressing others?

Can you directly compare Australia and its history to Israel's, even though it has a completely different makeup? Yes the Nakba happened and it is an ongoing tragedy. The current situation in Gaza and that it will be unliveable by 2020, is horrific.

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Cover
Katie Thorburn

Israel shares responsibility for this long with neighbouring Arab countries, Hamas, and a long line of Palestinian leadership bodies.

Could it be possible that there have always been Jews living in that land, or have remained connected to it for over 2,000 years, or that its population are made up of immigrants who have fled persecution and simply want to live in safety and security? Could it be that it isn't in the IDF's interests to kill innocent people, that it is terrible public relations, and also, well, immoral. Or that over half of the Jewish population in Israel are Mizrahi, meaning that they are ethnically Arab and north-African. No! Israel is a white colonial regime, an apartheid state. It couldn't be possible that in this conflict has a complex history and that there are multiple valid narratives.

Could it be that media tends to polarise and sensationalise the conflict as if there are two teams, and we should all root for the side that loses the most lives?

Following the Gaza protests, the front page news of most of the major newspapers in the world were of the image of the U.S embassy opening in Jerusalem, juxtaposing a picture of the Gaza protests turned violent. This included Israel's left-wing newspaper Haaretz. Perhaps the author from the Wom*n's Collective, who

seemed to suggest that the media failed to properly cover the event, never reads front page news, or any trustworthy news sources for that matter.

No, it was politics that won Israel the Eurovision contest, and clearly it was Jewish control of the media and world governments that prevented any leaders or media outlets from speaking out at all about the violence on the Gazan fence. This author seems well educated on such dealings, perhaps she reads The Protocol for the Elders of Zion before she goes to sleep at night?

Both Palestinians and Israelis have a right to self-determination. The solution for this conflict will need to be based on dialogue and mutual trust in order to create real peace. This means acknowledging the legitimacy of each other's narratives.

P.S. The media on all sides tends to sensationalise and polarise this conflict. As a result, people get sucked into one-sided perspectives that lack nuance and are often based on misinformation. The phenomenon of 'fake news' is not new. Fake news has always existed in the coverage of the conflict. So if you did not realise, this letter was satirical. Australia and Israel are countries, even when they do shitty things.

Nell Cohen

USU Board Results

Zimeng Ye, Lachlan Finch, Decheng Sun, Maya Eswaran and Connor Wherrett have been elected as USU Board Directors, in the 2018 USU Election.

The five directors will serve on Board for a term of two years.

Zimeng Ye polled in first place, with 997 primary votes cast, followed by Lachlan Finch (432), Decheng Sun (580), Maya Eswaran (564), and Connor Wherrett (554).

Bec Miller (256), Mike Mao (100) and Daniel Lee (72) were not elected.

ACCESSibility

Samuel Chu would like to debunk candidate promises.

After a gruelling fortnight of campaigning—for both candidates and ordinary students—the University of Sydney Union has elected its five new Board Directors. Over their two-year terms, the newly-elected Board Directors will have the chance to make the promises they spruiked on the campaign trail a reality.

One prevailing concern that some of the newly-elected Board Directors' policy statements addressed was the state of the USU's ACCESS membership scheme. Many candidates recognised that ACCESS is inaccessible to large sections of the USyd student community, especially low-SES students. The candidates' proposed solutions in response included "a tiered membership system so you only pay for what you want (Think: Gold, Silver, Bronze)", "paying [ACCESS] month to month", and a merger of the USU's membership scheme with Sydney University Sports and Fitness (SUSF) or "joint membership schemes for a reduced price".

On the face of it, the candidates' proposals are all well-intentioned and enticing. However, a closer look at the USU's membership structure shows that, to put it simply, "the best-laid plans of mice and men often go awry".

As an unincorporated association, the USU is made up of several classes of members, which are outlined in Article 5.2 of the USU's Constitution: Full Members, Life Members, Associate Members, Honorary Life Members and Honorary Members. Each class of USU member receives certain rights and privileges—someone who purchases ACCESS is a Full Member, but someone who votes in the USU election without having ACCESS becomes an Associate Member. Life Members, Honorary Life Members and Honorary Membership of the USU recognise individuals who the USU Board deems to have made extraordinary or special contributions to the USU or USyd community.

Article 5.3 states that USU membership for Full and Associate Members is year-long (the USU's "Membership Year"), and Article 6 indicates that the Board can, at its discretion, make changes to the USU's membership fees, which come into effect after subsequent approval by the University's Senate.

Other student organisations, including SUSF, maintain similar, but separate membership schemes. Clauses 5 to 13 of the SUSF Constitution set out the six

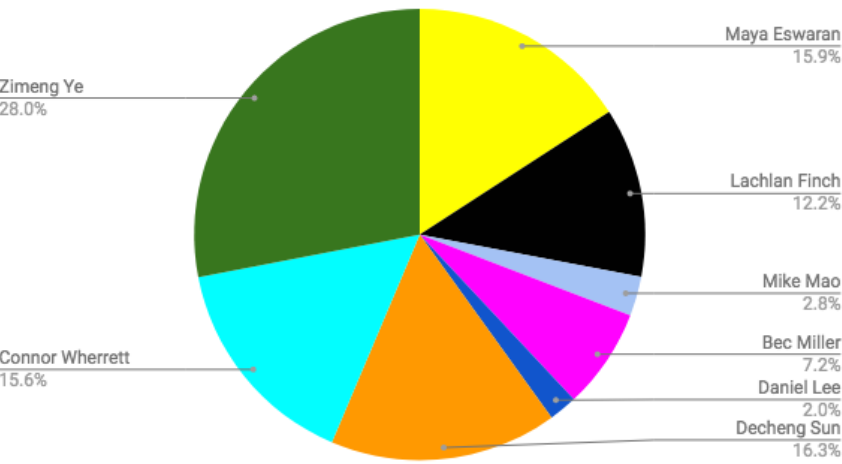


categories of SUSF membership: the most common category of SUSF membership that USyd students would be eligible for is University Membership. However, the 'benefits' commonly associated with SUSF are bought and paid for separately: for example, SUSF members are required to pay separate 'pass prices' in order to access the benefits of SUSF's swimming and gym facilities.

Currently, the USU Constitution requires all ACCESS members (i.e. USU members with Full Membership) to enjoy the same benefits and privileges as one another. Any moves to change this by implementing 'tiered membership', with different categories attracting different fees and providing different privileges and benefits, would overly complicate the USU's membership structure, as nothing short of a constitutional amendment would be enough to split Full Membership into several different categories. This amendment would need to be passed by a two-thirds majority at a USU AGM, and would require subsequent approval by the University Senate. Even if this hurdle were overcome, it's unclear whether implementing tiered membership would actually improve access to ACCESS, as under this proposal, complete access to campus eatery discounts and non-faculty-society memberships may only be available to those with 'Gold Membership'. As a result, students who currently cannot afford ACCESS, who would be likely to choose 'Silver' or 'Bronze Membership', may have their university experience restricted in comparison to those with 'Gold Membership'.

Implementing monthly ACCESS membership would discard the USU's

First preferences by candidate



benefits for low-SES students was a commendable first step. It was quite a simple change, since the USU Constitution grants the Board discretion to set fees for individual classes of membership. However, the scheme has its downsides: applications are subject to restrictive means-testing, and very few discounted ACCESS memberships are actually handed out (even the ACCESS desk, when called by Honi, didn't know how many). Some of this year's candidates recognised the potential of the USU's discounted ACCESS initiatives, with proposals for "expanding and advertising the [discounted ACCESS] scheme".

So what's the next step? Here's an idea: drop the fees for USU Full Membership right down — say, between \$5 to \$20, which would bring the USU more in line with other student organisations, including UNSW's Arc.

There could be factors that might prevent such a drastic cut, including unpublished details on internal budgetary pressures. However, the USU's annual financial reports show that its losses are shrinking every year: an initial million-dollar shortfall could be remedied over time as the USU continues to grow and expand its revenue base.

Further, the example of Arc shows that the prospective decline in membership fee revenue may be offset by an increase in membership. Arc's membership base of 18,000 in 2007 dropped to 2,800 at the start of Semester 1, 2008, when voluntary paid membership was introduced. But after Arc abolished membership fees in 2012, its membership base has surged, sitting at 30,000 by the end of Semester 2, 2016.

One can only hope that those in power take action to ensure that a similar surge in membership — and ultimately, greater inclusion of the USyd student community — can happen with the USU.



The war on climate change

James Sherriff questions the current approach to our supposed futile environmental destination.

Although it only made headlines for a few fleeting hours last week, keen climate hysterics will have noticed the release of a new climate change report—the result of a year-long Senate inquiry kicked-off by former Greens Senator Scott Ludlam.

It concluded that climate change is an “existential risk” and a “direct threat to Australian national security”. Highlighting the increased risk of natural disasters and political instability, the report described the issue not as a distant or potential concern, but one deserving immediate attention.

But while this report may have drawn attention to the (already well-documented) risks of unchecked climate change, can it really be considered a ‘win’ for the environmentalist movement? In many ways, its findings miss the mark, repeating all the dire predictions we’ve come to know and love without offering any real, tangible solutions.

The struggle for environmentalists has always been in generating support for such a slow-burn issue. Smaller, more targeted battles—like Greenpeace’s efforts to disrupt whaling in the Antarctic, or the work done to save the ozone layer in the 1980s—have successfully limited or prevented certain forms of environmental degradation, but climate change is a systemic crisis. It requires a coordinated global response.

According to recent assessments, it is now almost inevitable that the world will experience at least 3°C of warming. The problem is, this just doesn’t sound like a very dangerous change. For many, the drastic action which is needed to address climate change seems entirely disproportionate to its potential consequences. In the midst of some particularly cold weather late last year, Donald Trump even claimed that a bit of extra heat might just be a good thing.

So like in a lot of climate advocacy, the report aims to remind policy-makers of how serious, and close-to-home, the crisis really is. In recommending the inquiry,

Ludlam argued that if “the Government won’t listen to the scientists... maybe it will listen to defence and security experts and the personnel on the front line.” In casting climate change as an urgent national security concern, the report securitises the issue, using the weight of an existential threat to justify and encourage decisive political action.

Securitisation is not a new concept in politics. Dr Ken Fraser, a lecturer at USyd in both International Relations and Non-Traditional Security, puts it simply: “securitising something is a way of elevating its importance [so that] you can persuade people to devote resources to the problem.”

In Australia, classic examples of securitisation usually involve either terrorism or asylum seekers, but climate change politics has recently begun to adopt a similar rhetoric. The problem with securitising the latter, however, is in getting people to listen. As Dr Fraser notes, “securitisation depends not only on the story you’re telling but on the audience you’re telling it to. You have to have a receptive audience.”

Frustratingly, each new report simply builds on the dire predictions of the last, increasing the tension while adding new and improved policy recommendations. But simply raising the level of existential angst is pointless. Repeated attempts to do so have been unable to inspire decisive political action. For instance, Kevin Rudd’s 2008 National Security Statement characterised climate change as the “most fundamental security challenge for the long-term future.” Yet it was swiftly followed by his decidedly unsuccessful push to implement the Carbon Tax.

This is not because people don’t accept the reality of climate change—in fact, Australians overwhelmingly favour taking action on the issue (just over 70 percent as of 2016). Rather, just as the rhetoric of terrorism often seems exaggerated and unconvincing, so too does talk of climate change and global environmental catastrophe.

Even those who understand the nature of the issue are likely to switch off if it seems intractable or inevitable—as the language of this report seems to imply.

Securitising climate change, with all the talk of geopolitical instability and regional tensions can hinder grassroots campaigns and activists. Repeatedly highlighting all the ways this crisis could collapse into chaos makes it seem altogether too complex to deal with, alienating anyone apathetic or unconvinced about their potential impact. If even the state has given up on solutions, what good is going vegetarian, or joining a community group?

But citizens, through collective action, have a key role in stopping the slow, destructive march of climate change. Community and local environmental movements can pursue achievable, and highly impactful goals, from banning single-use plastics to urging divestment from fossil fuels (as is being pursued by Fossil Free USyd – one of many in a national network of activist groups.)

Instead of the doom and gloom, perhaps we should start focusing on the effective solutions which are readily available—simple measures the public already want to see put in place, like carbon pricing, and comprehensive renewable energy transition plans. Taking action to implement these reforms, while empowering collective grassroots movements is the most effective way to start reversing the inevitable.

What started as an attempt to force action on climate change has largely ignored the role of collective activism and popular mobilisation, which are crucial to solving the issue. If any lesson is to be learnt from this report, it’s that maybe we don’t need any more damning, existential security reports. While security discussions about the effects of climate change certainly have their place, climate activists in high positions like Ludlam shouldn’t lose sight of the fact that people, not fear, are their best resource.

Hearing Red: Dream or Disability?

Laura de Feyter acknowledges the ambiguities in the little known sensory confusion of ‘synaesthesia’.

Hearing colours. Tasting shapes. Smelling music.

They sound like side effects of psychotropic drug use. But for the many individuals who experience the misunderstood neurodiversity trait ‘synaesthesia’, overlapping sensory experiences define their daily perception of the world around them.

Scarlett, a USyd Arts student, describes the condition as “a cross-activation of sensory processes.” She experiences grapheme-colour synaesthesia, the most common form, which associates colours with letters, numbers, days of the week, and months of the year. She also has musical and visual-tactile forms, which have allowed her to develop a natural ear for relative pitch and an excellent memory.

It’s easy to hear this and think of it as a ‘funky did-you-know’, or ‘creative advantage’. Indeed, it is common for visual and musical artists to acknowledge forms of synaesthesia within their work.

For UNSW Media/Arts student and Sydney-based creative Wendy, senses are an integral part of developing her art pieces.

“Art is in itself an experience,” explained Wendy. “The fact that we can perceive different things in different ways means that we can change its meaning—artists play off that.”

Experiencing multiple senses at once can also be incredibly overwhelming

Wendy believes that senses heighten the human experience of art. Accordingly, she envisions the future will hold a greater quantity of immersive artistic works which engage with multiple sensory faculties.

“The way that we engage now as contemporary artists is hugely reliant on utilising not only one, but multiple senses,” Wendy said. She explains that it’s the best way to communicate and engage an audience.

Many popular musicians including Beyoncé, Lady Gaga, and Kanye West claim to possess a manifestation of this neurological phenomenon, adding to the impression that synesthetes have a natural tendency to develop a proficiency for the creative arts.

Wendy suggested that people with synaesthesia “naturally have that gearing towards it, in the sense of seeing colours and being able to harness that kind of perception.”

Yet, students such as Scarlett who struggle with sensory processing disorders feel their account of the condition is often disregarded in the media and popular culture. Despite the many advantages synaesthesia poses for artists, its oft-cited association with artistic achievement neglects the fact that experiencing multiple senses at once can also be incredibly overwhelming—particularly for those who suffer from its more extreme manifestations.

Scarlett has struggled with side effects of the condition throughout her studies, further exacerbated by years of sleep deprivation and a serious trauma she experienced in 2011.

“After this traumatic experience, those associations became so intense that the colours were blinding and demanded a lot more of my attention,” she explained. “The colours would be so intense and so demanding of my sensory bandwidth that it was just completely overwhelming.”

Scarlett described how the excessive sensory input transmitted by letters on a page made reading almost impossible. She would experience migraines and nausea if she forced herself to continue, eventually causing her to feel so unwell that she was compelled to stop. Due to these symptoms, Scarlett lost her ability to read for several years and was forced to abandon her law degree altogether.

Thankfully, she regained her literacy after a long period of intensive occupational therapy at Westmead and was able to resume studying last August. She now implements techniques such as weighted blankets and using a green rather than blue light on her computer screen to reduce the rousing felt by her nervous system.

Synaesthesia can be distracting and cause a strong aversion to stimuli which trigger unpleasant concurrents

For Scarlett, achieving her goal of returning to her studies meant overcoming significant misunderstandings of the neurodiversity, as her experience initially was dismissed by health professionals as craziness or merely another symptom of trauma.

“I wouldn’t have gone for three years without being able to read an email had any of the literally dozens of medical people I had seen paid attention to it, and took me at my word of my experience.”

USyd postgraduate researcher Joshua Berger, who is currently completing his third year of PhD candidature in synaesthesia, believes these misconceptions can be highly problematic.

“For people with more extreme forms, [synaesthesia] can be distracting and cause a strong aversion to stimuli which trigger unpleasant concurrents,” he said. Yet, as Berger told me in the words of neurospecialists Ramachandran and Hubbard, those claiming to experience synaesthesia are often dismissed on the basis that they are “faking it, on drugs, or just plain crazy.”

Scarlett praised the assistance of the Disability Services at USyd, who installed voice reading software on her computer to use when her condition is more extreme, and print all her readings on green paper to dull excessive sensory input.

A representative from the Disability Services commented that, “The University has been able to appropriately support students with rare conditions to participate in their degree, to engage in student life and to complete their studies.”

Yet for students who experience synaesthesia on a daily basis, more research and education would assist in relieving the misunderstandings that come from being overwhelmed by the sensory world. Although her senses may be confused, Scarlett is certain about the colourful future she desires: “More people who can understand [synaesthesia] as not a disorder but not a fun party trick either—it is something in between.”

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Artwork by Robin Eames

PayPal activism
pay-PAL ACT-iv-is-ZHIM
noun


“Here’s my PayPal account details, pay me to explain this concept”

Synonyms: identity politics, emotional labour, renumeration

In a comment thread under one meme, a fight broke out regarding the use of the term 'queer.' Linguistic concerns are important, as are arguments about the appropriate use of certain words, but what caught my attention was a comment stating, "Here are my PayPal account details, pay me to perform emotional labour for you."

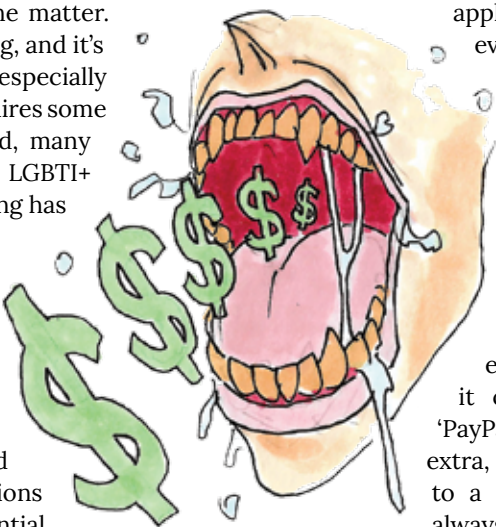
In this context, emotional labour refers to the

There is a strange paradox when leftists call for the end of capitalism but require payment for discourse. Politically and emotionally charged conversations are draining, but discourse is essential to any movement or revolution; it is the exchange of ideas we rely on to form a unified



I empathise with the people appropriating the term because it encompasses our feelings. But, in this case, we cannot expect a person to receive monetary compensation for a service as simple and important as engaging in discussion. Although it can be emotionally exhausting, 'PayPal activists' shouldn't need an extra, financial incentive to contribute to a cause, especially when there is always the opportunity to disengage.

So no, I won't ask you to put money into my PayPal for writing this article.



The richest, whitest, malest wheel gets the grease

The debate surrounding the video grew. It invoked criticism and praise. Somewhere along the line, Mark Latham was fired.

At the time, I was shocked that a group of high school students had managed to spark a national debate about feminism. Coming from a high school with more of a lowkey reputation, I was surprised to see the media give time to the opinions of fellow teenagers. My school by no means lacked privilege, but there is nevertheless a world of difference between Blackwattle Bay and the elite world of Sydney Boys and Sydney Girls. Had we made the same video, I have little doubt the reaction would be at best lukewarm, any response having little chance of making it in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. This difference, I feel, is representative of a broader issue surrounding who the media lets speak. Simply put, the privileged have a platform in the media that the marginalised do not.

Naturally, media controlled by the powerful serves the needs of the powerful. As the ABC comes under attack from the government, with \$84,000,000 cut this year, the power imbalance of the media is only at risk of increase. In order to engage with public life, it is necessary to be informed, and for that we rely on the media. However, it is important to remember who is creating and distributing that media. Who does it represent, and whose interests does it serve—the many, or the few?

Intersection of class and gendered privilege made the video so popular, not anything particularly powerful about its content.

This 'privilege' manifests in different ways. Returning to the example of Sydney Boys' and Sydney Girls, it's possible to see gendered privilege in action: a group of boys repeated concerns that girls have been voicing for years and it went viral. Women's issues explained in a male voice made it appear, publicly, more legitimate and worthy of discussion. But it was not any male voice, it was the voice of men from one of the most elite schools in the country. It was this intersection of class and gendered privilege that made the video so popular, not anything particularly powerful about its content.

Imbalance in the media can be seen again in the



Sydney Boys' High School prefects are very concerned about Women's Issues



Check Mates: The internet and the mythology of genius in chess

Dominic Bui Vint contemplates the place and reality of an age-old game in digital environments.



It's often said that chess is a game so simple you can learn it in a day, yet so difficult that it will forever be used as a clichéd metaphor (I'm looking at you, *The Wire*). No game will ever evoke the hyperbole of genius like chess, whose glossary of terms including 'grandmaster', 'zwischenzug', 'fianchetto' and 'en passant' sound like they came straight from a textbook or science fiction novel. Like all geniuses, chess grandmasters are characterised as enigmatic and eccentric, and the folklore behind famous chess games is so romanticised it gets its own preamble in Wikipedia articles.

The advent of powerful computer chess engines has contributed more to our understanding of the game than centuries of theory.

The Opera Game is perhaps the most well-known chess game, played between prodigious Paul Morphy and the Duke of Brunswick in 1858 during a performance of *Norma* at the Italian Opera House in Paris. The game itself is about as dramatic as its backdrop suggests; Morphy won in 17 moves by sacrificing nearly all his pieces in a display that still today is considered an exemplar of flair and beauty in chess. Legend has it that this brilliancy was a result of Morphy wanting to finish as quickly as possible so he could continue watching the Opera.

But something has happened to the mythos of the chess grandmaster. The advent of powerful computer chess engines has contributed more to our understanding of the game than centuries of theory. We can quantify the quality of a given move, by comparing it to what a computer suggests, meaning mistakes

become objective, and accurate moves not brilliant, but necessary. The skills of the top chess grandmasters no longer draw comparison to divine inspiration or tactical wizardry, rather, accurate and precise play is most heavily complimented as being 'machine-like'. Put another way, the Opera Game is far too simple to be recreated at the highest level today—such a game would be considered a failure of the opponent, instead of a display of genius.

So, one might ask why we have human chess players at all nowadays? Where can the future of chess go when the epitome of skill is to just emulate machines who have eclipsed the highest level of human ability for over two decades? Yet the game persists, and interest in chess continues to grow both as a game and as a cultural symbol. The reason for its survival, perhaps, is that chess is more accessible than ever. As the myth dies, what's left is something human and relatable. The current world chess champion, Norway's Magnus Carlsen, is arguably the strongest chess player in history. He is the highest rated player in classical, rapid and blitz chess formats. In 2016, Carlsen played 70 games simultaneously at an exhibition in Hamburg, losing only one game. Magnus Carlsen is very good at chess, and yet he will never have an Opera Game. What he does have is 200k followers on Twitter,

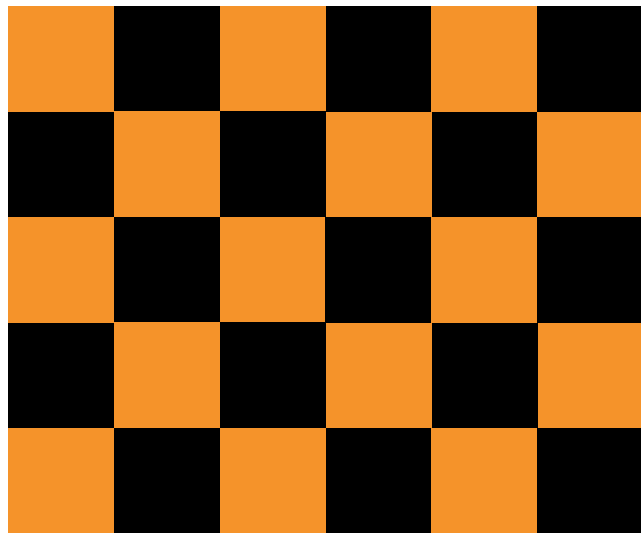
where he shares his love of basketball, his cameo on an episode of *The Simpsons*, and as this year, a successful online chess streaming account. It's in these streams where we are shown a glimpse into what makes a world chess champion think; where over a millennium of accrued theory culminates to give us the strongest chess mind the world has ever seen.

In one such stream, the Italian Opera House is substituted for a bedroom in Norway, where Magnus sits, slouched in his chair. The Duke of Brunswick is replaced by countless virtual faceless opponents, as thousands of fans tune in from over the world. The music of *Norma* is instead swapped out for the dulcet tones of Eminem, Dr. Dre and Young Jeezy, playing from Magnus' speakers. More incredible than his skill is how relaxed and casual he appears. He's playing one-minute 'hyperbullet' games which blaze by at incomprehensible speed. After one such game, which he wins convincingly, he takes a swig from a bottle of

search bar; but perhaps more importantly, it stems the tide of something called typosquatting.

Typosquatting is when a more criminally-inclined member of society registers a common typo of real website as their own domain name in the hope that someone will accidentally type in that misspelling (see: my sausage fingers) and expose themselves to malware. Many corporations will try and preempt these squatters by purchasing these domains themselves, hence facebook.com.

Honi reached out to Facebook to ask just how many variations of their name they have registered. Facebook did not respond. However, through extensive trial and error, Honi can reveal a number of domain names that Facebook has purchased. In line with facebook.com,



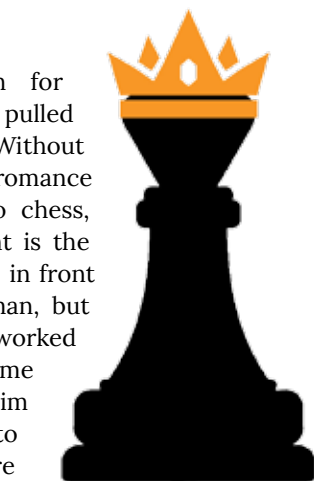
Corona then quips to his audience: "I played a similar game in 2007".

The internet has broken down a communication barrier between the layman and the expert

One would be forgiven for feeling like a rug had been pulled from underneath them. Without the pompousness and the romance that was once attributed to chess, what's left for us to confront is the simple reality that the genius in front of us is not some superhuman, but instead a person who has worked vigorously hard to become great at a game. Watching him in real time, the method to his madness becomes more transparent, and the façade of an elevated, enigmatic genius is quickly shattered. The internet has broken down a communication barrier between the layman and the expert, and peering into the mind of a chess grandmaster reveals more similarities than differences. We may never see another Opera Game, but that's okay, because to elevate real people and stories to the status of myth is to deny the wonder that is human achievement, banal as it can be.

every permutation where a single letter is missing (e.g. fcebook, facebook) has been registered, as well as most variations with the final letter changed (e.g. faceboob). Most of the domain names are based on a pattern, but there are some outliers like faceboook.com and fb.com.

There is no public list of which domain names redirect to the Facebook login, there was no press release or cute video with popping Wow reacts and floating balloons. Facebook is content for their users to stumble across this feature as necessary. They didn't create facebook.com for the glory, this one's for us.



Worshipping Silicon Valley

Lena Wang googles the rites and rituals of a new religion.

After the detonation of the first atomic bomb in 1945, head of the Manhattan project, J. Robert Oppenheimer, uttered his infamous words: "Now I am become death, the destroyer of worlds." It seemed, with the advent of nuclear technology, humans supplanted the role of God—we had achieved the means to dictate the terms of our own deaths.

More than 70 years later, the CEO of Google Inc, Sundar Pichai, unveiled Google Duplex, a software update to Google Assistant that is able to mimic human speech, down to hesitations and tonal shifts, to the extent that it can make phone calls and schedule appointments on our behalf. The announcement was met with rapturous applause and cheering, arms upraised to welcome the sermon.

The perception has shifted, recently, from technology making us gods, to technology emerging as a god in its own right. Silicon Valley comes with its own tenets. Soylent is the Eucharist and Steve Jobs is a martyr. To be a technologist is to subsume oneself into a lifestyle, one where terms like 'artificial intelligence', 'blockchain', 'AR vs VR' and 'the Singularity' hold sacred weight, one where opponents of aggressive, frenetic progress are shunned as luddites.

Like in religions, once technology's aphorisms have been placed on a pedestal, there is no room for theological discourse.

Technology has now morphed from a tool to—in the public eye—an abstract concept that is spoken of with both reverence and fear, and very little understanding. 'Artificial intelligence' and 'blockchain' are buzzwords loaded with authority, but wielded without a sense of technicality behind the jargon.

And like in religions, once technology's aphorisms have been placed on a pedestal, there is no room for theological discourse.

'Exponential technologies' is whispered like a benediction, promising new life to the corporate sector, which has quickly turned to it, recognising the shift towards a New World Order. SingularityU, a Silicon Valley think tank, offers 'Executive Programs' to teach "technologies, tools, and mindsets" to anyone who can afford the \$14,500 cost, in response to "the current wave of accelerating change".

Like Catholic indulgences, these programs offer a chance to pay your way to heaven, or at least, to the upper echelons of the Silicon Valley elite. SingularityU's website is replete with buzzwords, intended to entice with the power of newfangled gadgetry, and the fear that, if one does not adapt, one will be left behind. PriceWaterHouse Coopers recently advertised for graduate positions with the slogan, "PwC VR experience: create hope in AI." Given the nebulous relevance of virtual reality to artificial intelligence, this advertising campaign belies that PwC, a historically tax-based consulting company, has fallen into

the same position as the newly converted: eager but unaware.

With this shift towards worshipping innovation also comes shifts within company culture—technology companies are notorious for game rooms and ping pong tables, standing desks, and serving kombucha. These rites are fervently adopted by the same people who read Elon Musk's biography, in an attempt to emulate him while acknowledging he is inimitable, the same people who write "Entrepreneur: work and succeed" in their Tinder bio, who worship progress: hard and fast, but rarely stop to acknowledge the uncomfortable byproducts of technology—the jobs lost to automation, the class stratification caused by genetic engineering that only a few can afford, the security implications of the internet of things.

And with the exponential advancement of technology and the miracles it promises to industry, normative world-shaping overruled petty morality.

In many instances, progress did not wait for policy, sometimes understandably because technology eventually results in unexpected results that are difficult to plan for. A simple ridesharing app has displaced

millions of taxi services and forced states to adopt clumsy, retrospective policies in an attempt to adapt. Earlier this year, the NSW government introduced a \$1 levy to be paid by passengers for every Uber ride, in order to compensate for impact to taxi drivers. And with the exponential advancement of technology and the miracles it promises to industry, normative world-shaping overruled petty morality. It took God 7 days to make the world, and the iPhone a few years—but that time difference is rapidly decreasing with the rapidly increasing pace of development—and in turn, the people's faith in technology is rapidly increasing, as it fulfils mystical feats.

The mythologising of technology into an abstract system of beliefs and rituals has created worshippers, but as with anything we can't understand, also decriers. Vaccines are full of intimidating chemicals, and genetically modified blueberries are suspiciously perfect and unbruised—and therefore cannot be trusted. It is not difficult to see where these suspicions come from: technocrats now have the ear of governments in the same way religious figures once did.

Technology is a tool, one that should not be unequivocally conflated with a miracle, or a sign of progress, if that progress is in a dangerous direction.

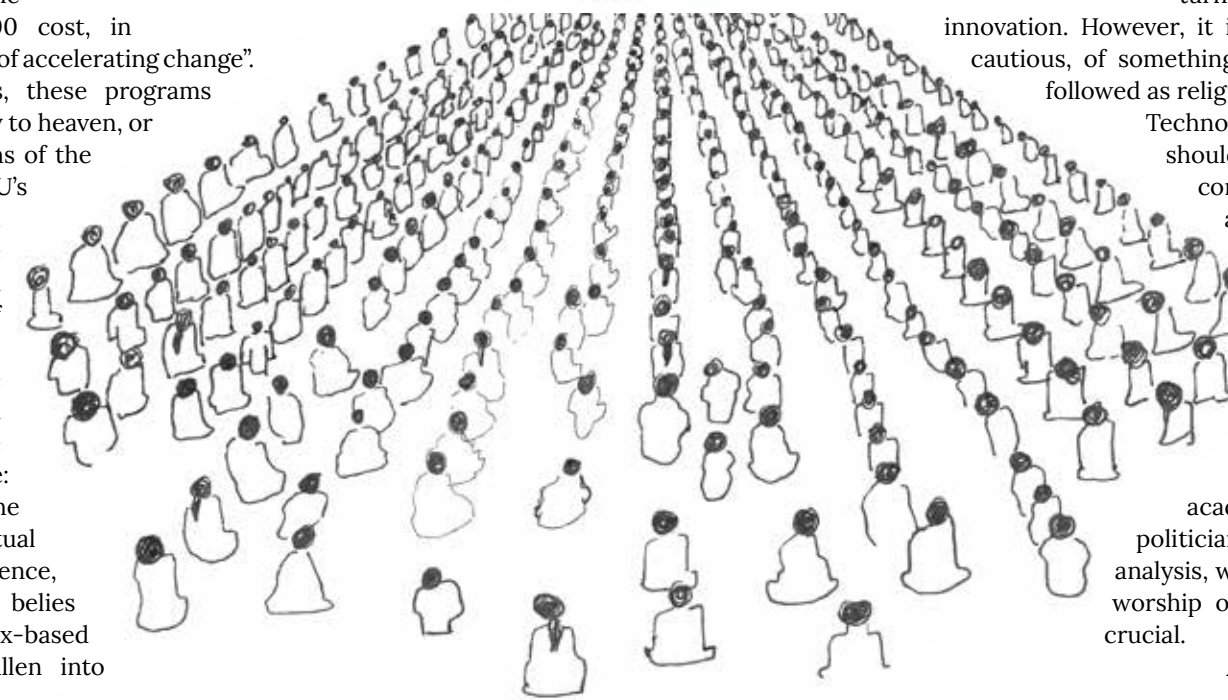
Musk was on Trump's advisory board, and bores mysterious tunnels underneath Los Angeles with little restriction or punitive measures. Google has contractual ties to the Pentagon; the company decided to provide its artificial intelligence to drone footage analysis. French President Emmanuel Macron committed €1.5 billion to support artificial intelligence research. While church and state have become increasingly separated, the mythos of technology has embedded itself deep into the inner workings of government.

This is not to say that technology is not indeed powerful or beneficial to society, or that companies should not be turning towards technological innovation. However, it is difficult to be critical, or cautious, of something as blindly, unconditionally followed as religious tenets.

Technology is a tool, one that should not be unequivocally conflated with a miracle, or a sign of progress, if that progress is in a dangerous direction. We should both lower technology from its pedestal, while avoiding fear-mongering—both cases exaggerate what technology can do.

Indeed, if it is as powerful as academics, and industry leaders, politicians say it is, then critical analysis, without the influence of blind worship or reactionary suspicions, is crucial.

Artwork by Zi Hui Lie



Red Faced-book

Ranuka Tandan has had some awkward encounters on the interweb.

Ever had an awkward encounter online? Here's three to make you cringe, and count your lucky blessings that these aren't you.

When you add your grandparents, your conservative neighbours, your radical university friends or your vague acquaintances on Facebook, the embarrassing moments which may bite you in the butt never occur to you. But when I reached out to students for this article, I finally understood what my media lecturers meant by 'context collapse'—where social media flattens multiple audiences into one environment.

The online world is a tricky one to navigate, so take comfort in these stories of awkward solidarity, and keep their lessons in mind, so that you never have to stand in front of your boss trying to explain why you unprofessionally commented 'HAHAHA THIS IS SO FUNNY WHAT A LEGEND' on that Facebook post about the guy who headbutted Tony Abbott.

Are Kermit memes cross-generational?

It's only fair to go first when telling embarrassing stories. Late last year, my good friend Olivia* and her boyfriend Craig* broke up. Despite the amicable breakup, and the friendship that ensued, neither Olivia or Craig spared a thought for Craig's Mum! She also been deeply invested in their relationship, and the way I see it, she was just waiting for the chance to have her two cents worth.

Sometimes when you go on an incessant tagging spree, you forget who's watching. (It's Facebook—they're always watching). It doesn't even occur to you who can see what on Facebook. It didn't occur to me.

I learned a great lesson from this traumatic experience: mums on Facebook (especially ones you

when your bff gets a boyfriend and you thinking of ways to break them up so you can be priority #1 again



The silent generation

Katherine O'Chee on the freedom to watch to the paranoia of being watched.

Back in 2010 social media was at a tipping point. Facebook overtook Google's market share for the first time ever. A moral panic erupted around oversharing and privacy, particularly in light of Google admitting that its Street View cars "accidentally" collected 600GB worth of Wi-Fi data from homes. 13-year-old me began dabbling in the online space, posting cringeworthy statuses without much regard for the long-term consequences.

"I don't know what your generation's fascination is with documenting your every thought, but I can assure you, they're not all diamonds," remarked the English teacher in *Easy A*, a coming-of-age film released in that same year. The internet had become a hub for private-lives-turned public, one that offers snoopers a cloak of invisibility.

Thanks to tagging, geolocation and the power of 'lurking' (some might call it 'stalking'), you could find yourself down any rabbit hole, discovering everything from your best friend's ex-boyfriend's Ask.fm where he spread rumours about her, to the holiday itinerary of your crush's aunt when she visited Italy three summers ago.

What goes online stays online forever, yet 'lurking' gave you a degree of empowerment; a sense of seizing back control because you were able to sift through data and comprehend it.

But in 2018, my newsfeed rarely encounters those articulations of mundane existence. Social media no longer seems to be that frivolous public journal described in *Easy A*.

While only four years ago I would have written in my blog daily and shared updates over Facebook and Twitter, nowadays that blog is full of unpublished posts, gathering digital dust in the backend. I agonise over making a comment on YouTube, deleting and

rephrasing before discarding the draft altogether. When newsfeed content is too strange or controversial, but I still wish to share it, I often paste screenshots of it over Facebook Messenger rather than openly 'tagging' my friends.

Such deliberations have become habit in an age when communication online can affect our reputation as much as interactions offline.

For Via*, a student at the University of Sydney, this self-policing behaviour helps to keep her identity safe and contained. "Whatever we post always comes back to us, and that could have real life consequences, for example, in the workplace," she says.

As many as 70 per cent of prospective employers conduct social media background checks on candidates, according to a CareerBuilder survey last year.

While Via frequently shares posts that resonate with her political beliefs and personal values, a line is drawn when she deems the content "too personal".

For instance, although she passionately advocates for LGBTQ+ issues on social media, she makes an effort not to showcase her own engagement in the queer community.

"I'll find myself checking out LGBTQ+ events on Facebook like Unicorns or Girlthing and despite feeling genuinely interested in the event, I would avoid clicking on the public 'going' or 'interested' button and instead opt to 'save' it privately," she says.

"I'm just uncomfortable with the idea of sharing anything personal regarding my sexuality on such a public platform, as I am still 'half-closeted' and would especially dislike the idea of my parents or my entire online network knowing about it."

Via finds more 'closed' social platforms like Snapchat give her a greater sense of security and thus freedom to express facets of her identity that she herself is still

don't know) take great offence on behalf of their sons, and will roast you with no hesitation.

It's 2010 and you don't yet know the most important rule of social media

When she was fifteen, Isabella* logged into tumblr on her mum's laptop and forgot to log out. Her mother had the unfortunate experience of viewing Isabella's collection of soft porn. Another time, she forgot to log out of Facebook, and her conversations with her very secret girlfriend became not so secret. You wish you could blame Facebook, tumblr, your mum, anyone for having to suffer that embarrassment! But there is nobody else to blame but yourself. The cardinal rule: log out of social media on other people's devices!

Please Grandma, no!

On Sarah's 18th birthday, she introduced her first boyfriend to her Nan. It was a wholesome night filled with equally-wholesome pictures, and we know how much old people adore pictures. Two weeks later, Sarah's mum dutifully sent the photos to Nan, who promptly uploaded a photo of the young couple to Instagram. Sarah's grandma even knew how to tag! But what Nan didn't know was that Sarah had broken up with the poor guy the day before. He politely commented, "Thanks Annette, have a wonderful day. We aren't dating anymore sorry." As awkward as this was for Sarah, I personally think her ex-boyfriend unnecessarily added fuel to the fire. Who would embarrass a well-intentioned Nan like that!

**Names have been changed.*

figuring out.

For university student and artist Lucy*, the opposite is true. The relative anonymity of 'open' platforms like Twitter has significantly reduced her fear of stepping out of lurkdom to post artworks online.

"I feel too self-conscious [on Facebook] because it's like I'm baring myself to the world even though it's probably just a photo or a thought ... For some reason it's the fact that people know me that make me hesitant to post," says Lucy.

James, a USyd English student, similarly engages in self-censorship.

He says it stems from fear of being judged or misinterpreted. "I ask myself: is it even worth posting? Usually the answer is no."

Indeed, our paranoia doesn't come from nowhere: since 2010, data mining scandals have become not the exception but the norm, with Facebook at the centre of several.

"I started getting ads for glasses on Facebook after my friend and I had a conversation about her glasses," says Lucy.

This, for her, was a wake-up call that private messages themselves cannot escape the grips of algorithm-based targeted advertising; that 'lurking' keeps us invisible but not untraceable.

'Lurking', in other words, now carries connotations of disempowerment. It's no longer just a handy tool for the amateur detective.

Rather, it's transformed into a necessity for those wanting to hide from the online panopticon—the infrastructures of visibility dictating the dimensions of our identity that will resurface eventually to haunt us.

**Names have been changed*

The dream-like inventions of Dahar Insaat

Andrew Rickert in conversation with the enigma behind the internet's most viral futuristic design videos.

An apartment building is on fire. The blaze bursts from windows and balconies high above the street. Below it, you can see city streets gridlocked for miles. You begin to hear sirens, and suddenly from around a corner, it appears. A fire truck on two legs, balancing just above traffic. It pulls up to the building, steadies itself, and its telescopic legs push the silver and red truck up to the level of the fire.

You may not know it, but it's very likely that you have encountered the work of Dahir Insaat. Like clockwork, the construction company's highly-produced CGI videos appear almost weekly on viral video pages like 'NowThis' or 'WhatTheFuture' as visions for a utopian (or dystopian) near-future. Focusing recently on concepts for gyroscopic transport, Dahir's most infamous videos include an unmanned 'Battle Quadcopter', depicted destroying air forces bases, battleships, and mansion compounds.

Dahir Insaat (Turkish for Dahir Construction) is based in Istanbul and has been run by Russian inventor Dahir Semenov and his wife since 2006. When I asked Semenov where he found inspiration for the company's far-fetched projects, he told me that he "cannot say at all how it happens", but that once he arrives on a new concept, he "cannot find peace until [he formulates] an engineering fit to implement the solution". Despite some of the concepts seeming impossible, Semenov says he only publishes a new design "when I'm sure that the solution found is technically feasible, and there is not a single barrier to not realise [it]".

The process of transforming his imaginings into physical realities is an uphill battle. Semenov estimates that he could build a working prototype for each of his twenty current projects with an investment of \$26.5 million.

Semenov argues that "it is impossible that in a world where dozens of investment funds operate hundreds of billions of dollars ... there is not even one ... who will say 'I'm going to invest in his ideas, I like it.'" Semenov argues it would be a worthwhile investment, estimating potential revenue for his collection at the measly sum of \$5 trillion. "Some woe billionaires at the wedding of their children spend larger sums than I need to master all my projects."

Let the people that claim such things sit down and attempt to create anything in the field of engineering.

Despite being only active for a few years, Dahir Insaat's videos are quickly achieving cult status online. Reportedly made for the firm by web content company Alconost, there are seemingly endless case studies and CGI prototypes, many accompanied by a booming American-accented narration. In an intriguing twist, a now-deleted blog post on a gaming site claims that the company's website is home to a "post-apocalyptic science-fiction web-series" which "takes place in the distant future" where lush greenery has reclaimed the Earth after thousands of years of nuclear war, and "the first long-term nuclear shelters have begun to unseal". The post claims that the "implications of the first season are obvious to any observant viewer"; the Russian Federation and Istanbul are the only two remaining enclaves of human life, and Semenov is pitching his schemes directly to Putin in an effort to hold "every Russian citizen hostage simultaneously".

The process of transforming his imaginings into physical realities is an uphill battle. Semenov estimates that he could build a working prototype for each of his twenty current projects with an investment of \$26.5 million.

What I value the most about tumblr is not the aesthetic; not the careful display of the ultimate distillation of one's Self. What I love is the unfiltered, the impassioned, the emotional. Discovering the blog of a stranger through a mutual, often via a deeply personal photo caption or text-post, cultivates a kinship incomparable to other social media interactions and 'real life' relationships.

In fact, these moments distinctly lack typical influence of online fame. I'm drawn in by the blogger's vulnerability, rather than follower count or number of notes; and it is their emotional openness in online spaces that ultimately sustains my emotional investment. My relationship with them notably differs from 'IRL' relationships, in that my investment in these people is disproportionately greater than the sum of our interactions.

Take Priya*, for example. I followed Priya through a series of her tumultuous, dysfunctional situation-ships, feeling as frustrated as her every time she was left heartbroken. When she settled into a healthy committed partnership, I was genuinely thrilled. This response was very similar to how happy I felt when my best friend started dating her long-term boyfriend after years of emotional turmoil with exes. One year and two overseas trips later, my heart sank when I saw the following post appear on my dashboard: 'i fucking loved him i gave him so many chances and all the while hes never believed in us he told me he started doubting our relationship 8 months ago what the fuck is wrong with me!'

My reaction was visceral. I continued to read, compassion following naturally. I was not alone in my empathy; I shared details of my shock with a friend, who had

I asked Semenov about the blog post.

The post was referenced in the Youtube description of some of the company's videos. Semenov noted that it was included accidentally, which corresponds with the keyword-based, multilingual word-mash that make up the video descriptions for the firm's other videos. After speaking to him, he quickly removed the reference from his own channel.

Some critics have accused Semenov of being a patent-troll, someone who copyrights and patents ideas with the aim of licensing the concepts to others, and no intention of building them themselves. He responded that "these are all children's tales . There are no patent trolls, just like there can not be musical trolls, or trolls of artists.... Let the people that claim such things sit down and attempt to create anything in the field of engineering." He attributes this to wider trends of online commentary. "There used to be literary critics and critics in the cinema, but now critics of other people's ideas have arisen when he does not know the subject at all, but he has an opinion."

The proof is in Semenov's work. Facebook photo albums show that he has begun to construct buildings using his modular techniques. Semenov is undoubtedly creative, but his business acumen is sharp. He tells me that he is "in correspondence with several very large companies," and doesn't rule out that his catalogue may be bought entirely by "a very large Chinese innovative company". He lists Samsung and Siemens as his dream investors, "the two most competent companies in the world".

Dahir Insaat may seem like a fansical YouTube content mill, but the true story is even more interesting: these inventions are the dreams of a man who wants to do whatever he can to change the world.

Artwork by Jocelin Chan

illnesses and cultural identity online. It demands unconditional celebration, not just from loved ones, but from anyone who absorbs it, and inevitably reflects on their own life.

**Names have been changed*



Our dystopian reality

Nell O’Grady is panicking about the surveillance state.

There’s a scene in an episode of Black Mirror—‘No Name’, it’s called—where Lacie loses three ‘stars’ at an airport in California for ‘bad behaviour’. In Lacie’s dystopia society, this spells disaster: everyone has to rate and be rated according to their social interactions, class hierarchy and professional success. A double demerit penalty after she swears and yells at a flight attendant, causes Lacie to drop from her position as respected middle-class citizen to social outcast.

But how far is fiction from our reality? It’s already happening in businesses like Uber, Yelp and AirBnB..

Monopolising on these public displays of goodness may just make entire societies vacuous.

The ‘gold star’ stickers of our childhood, shiny rewards for conformity and successful dictation, have been replaced with the virtual gratification of social media. It’s seen in the cultural practices of rating, liking, and swiping our way through social interaction. Most recently, these rating practices are morphing into complex systems of national security, with the Chinese Communist Party planning to implement a national Social Credit System by 2020. Under the proposal, people’s behaviour will constantly be tracked and monitored to manage a ‘citizen score’ where everyone is rated from 0-200. It’s a new kind of societal structure powered by technology and measured by perceived acts of ‘goodness’.

What’s perhaps most frightening about this technological conditioning is the way it blurs our actual and imagined lives to the point that they are, in some contexts, merged. One cultural opinion that, at least currently, curtails this expansive and pervasive mode of expression is the ability to choose to disengage. “Switch off,” they say.

Go on a phone detox, shut down your devices, turn to airplane mode. But when an entire authoritarian society accumulates your privileges and benefits through a government-regulated online sphere, it seems we might reach a point of absolute ubiquity, with no return. It’s not unreasonable to expect a blurring of the acts of general moral good, with practices of making

good change only for the expectation of reward from the state.

Monopolising on these public displays of goodness may just make entire societies vacuous. Within China’s Social Credit Systems, points would be deducted for law breaking and added for charitable donations or volunteer work. The problem is, algorithms don’t possess nuanced understandings of context and circumstance when measuring what’s good and bad and its severity. If a person jaywalks all the time, does that make them a bad person?

Ultimately, there’s a chance this kind of controlled landscape will breed a general distrust amongst communities, with individuals encouraged to report on the ‘wrongdoings’ of their colleagues, peers and families. In China, this kind of system could see a return to the kind of oppression not seen since the days of Chairman Mao. . But this time, it may well be more pervasive than ever because it relies on omni-present networks of global technological dependency.

“Social ratings systems position all social media users as unpaid critics,” said Dr Fiona Martin, Research Director and Senior Lecturer in convergent and online media at the University of Sydney. “As well as consuming products, we are now pushed to rate them and to give detailed feedback.”

We critique these technological transformations in China at a distance. But in reality, micro-rating and credit systems are popping up in all aspects of western lives. For example, take the rise of the social influencer, a position based on technological and social personality.. It’s a career based on exploiting self-image and the advertising potential of social capital to eke money out of online consumers. It is these permanent online reputations that provide little opportunity for moral development or critique to emerge, on a platform in which

these influencers appear as friend not advertiser.

It’s obvious even now, in the increased demand of individual online personalities to receive jobs, organise social events and even legitimise our own self-belief through the number of likes on our Facebook profile pictures.

Surely, with the advent of social credit systems, the stress of consistently monitoring your scoring in real time—not to mention the tangible consequences of fluctuations in rating—leaves no room for human mistake. In the case of Black Mirror’s Lacie, the social fall from ratings of 5 to 1 may just be as devastating as its climb.

Curly Hair
★★★★

Coloured Lens
★★★

Apple
★★★★

Tattoo
★

Artwork by Victor Lee

6 Worst BuzzFeed Listicles You’ll Find LOL WTF AWK

Nick Forbutt refuses to read about 13 Potatoes That Look Like Channing Tatum.

Since Moses’ Ten Commandments introduced the sublime phenomena of the listicle, humankind has been drawn to numbered textual forms that placate our brief attention spans. Reducing the world to a grocery list makes it easily digestible, and Incredible Capitalised Headlines That Stop The Earth’s Rotation have built BuzzFeed into the most popular destination for millennial ethnology. While I am impartial to a nostalgic 90’s roundup that features Furbies, The Spice Girls and Nikki Webster, the listicle format has been stretched to ridiculous extremes and has become the textual expression of a distracted, modern mind. Anyway, in true BuzzFeed fashion, here is a completely arbitrary listicle that compiles the worst listicles you will ever read.

22 Celebrities That Look Nothing Alike

Accosted by the uncomplicated juxtaposition of Oprah Winfrey and Channing Tatum, my eyes ricocheted to Tina Fey and Cate Blanchett, until the comparison of Idris Elba and Benedict Cumberbatch triggered brake lights. It’s as if the writer thought “how many black people can we compare with white people

to keep this interesting?”. This concept could only ever work if Michael Cera was compared to, well, everyone.

20 Things That Will Make You Say NOOOOOOO!

The only thing I’m saying ‘NOOOOOOO!’ to is a complication of GIFs with too much white space in-between.

20 Slightly Incorrect Names For Food

Dyslexia jokes aside, this article is unlikely to make significant contributions to urban dictionary’s database by calling blueberries ‘blumbos’ and sushi ‘shhhhh’. Yet, I could really go for a peanut boy and jaleel sandwich.

29 Pictures That Prove Japan Is The Most WTF Country On Earth

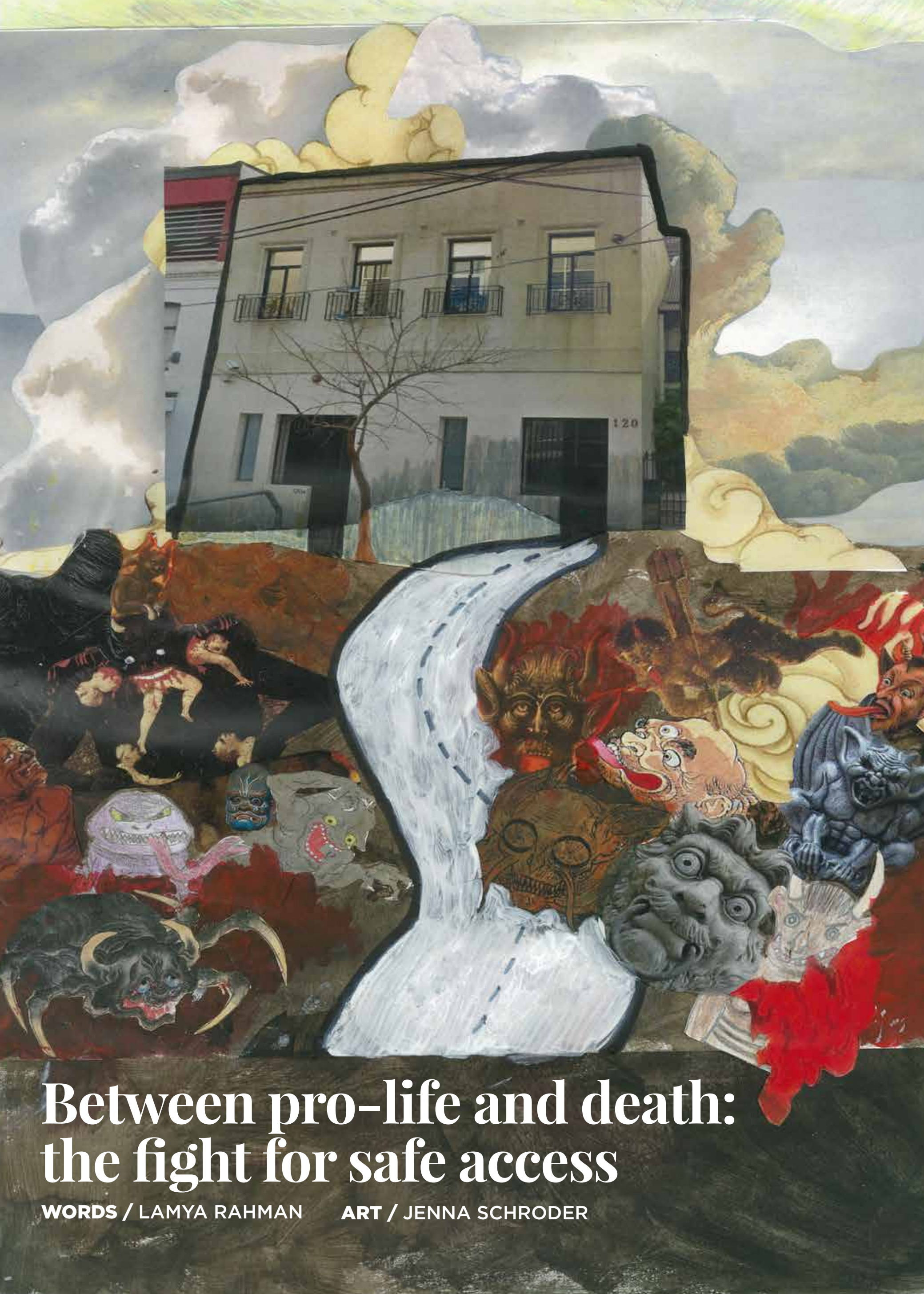
The reductionist frames in which Japanese wildlife, game shows and sumo wrestlers are presented creates a theme of discomforting orientalism that runs through the entire listicle. At best, it offers comic relief; at worst, the foreign context is exoticised so much so that it becomes something of a Western fantasy.

17 Signs You’ve Been Living In Sydney Way, Way Too Long

Sydney, to me, often feels like a megalomaniac, airborne plastic bag that suffocates all signs of vibrancy, nangs and jagerbombs after twelve o’clock. BuzzFeed is atrocious at capturing geographical nuance, and instead calculates in overtly accessible conclusions about NYE, ferries and Bondi Beach.

27 Times Ruby Rose’s Instagram Gave You Life

This is an ingenuous curation of photos that infuriatingly neglects perfect grid alignment. Instead of stealing content from the likes of Instagram, Twitter and Tumblr, perhaps BuzzFeed could utilise substantive textual forms, like Kim Kardashian’s Selfish coffee table staple or Brooklyn Beckham’s visionary photography book What I See.



Between pro-life and death: the fight for safe access

WORDS / LAMYA RAHMAN ART / JENNA SCHRODER



Disclaimer: This article was published online on the 23rd of May. Since then, NSW Upper House has passed the bill for Safe Access Zones to be implemented outside abortion clinic. The bill is still yet to be debated in the Lower House

The Private Clinic on Devonshire Street has for the past 18 years provided a wide range of reproductive healthcare services: insertion and removal of IUDs, D&C for incomplete miscarriage, contraceptive advice, vasectomies, and, most controversially, termination of pregnancies.

For almost as long as the clinic has existed, it has been protested. Currently, the role is occupied by a group of volunteers who refer to themselves as Helpers of God's Precious Infants—Helpers, for short. Paul Hanrahan, executive director of the Australian division of Family Life International, coordinates the Helpers and is directly involved in the protests himself.

Helpers hold vigils. Every Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, they line the footpath across the road from the clinic and pray. Like clockwork, from 8:30am to 10:30am, they clutch rosary beads and sing for the perceived suffering of aborted foetuses.

While this impression of peaceful uprising, of united outdoor assembly, is the image often showcased in media, the clinic's practice manager, Paul Nattrass, informs me the real protest does not end nor start with these vigils.

In reality, much of what the Helpers do is act as 'sidewalk counselors'. “These are people that scatter themselves away from the clinic, approaching and intercepting anyone who looks fearful,” says Nattrass.

“When approached by a sidewalk counselor, patients are caught off guard and don't realise who these people are. So one moment they are exchanging pleasantries, and the next they are horrified to find themselves defending [...] reasons for having an abortion.”

If a patient tries to break away and escape to the clinic, sidewalk counselors will follow, all the way to the entrance, all the while begging her to not have an abortion.

The title of sidewalk counselor is generous, given most Helpers are not registered medical professionals, and so, unlike psychologists or GPs, are not legally bound to provide impartial, evidence-based advice on abortion. Confident about their religious beliefs, sidewalk counselors assume they know what is best for pregnant women—and what is best is, without exception, to not have an abortion. With this fixed purpose, their 'counselling' ranges from scaremongering—propagating dispelled myths of abortion causing breast



cancer, infertility, and mental illness, for example—to tactics intended to outright guilt women into carrying out their full term by showing graphic photos of five to six month old aborted foetuses, and talking about life with the 'baby'. If a patient tries to break away and escape to the clinic, sidewalk counselors will follow, all the way to the entrance, all the while begging her to not have an abortion.

Nattrass says patients are targeted even after they have been discharged.

“I've heard a protestor offering a pamphlet to a patient on the way home, saying, “take this ... Maybe you can save someone else's baby!”



Madeline Ward, co-Women's Officer at the University of Sydney, is the administrator of a non-autonomous Facebook group for people who wish to volunteer to escort women into the clinic. When protesters are present, one or two volunteers usually wait inside the clinic entrance to reassure women, and intervene when sidewalk counselors try to lure patients into a conversation.

Ward believes the volunteer escort service is crucial, especially in face of what she sees as increasingly terrorising measures. “At a protest there are signs, there are speakers. It's a strategic move because you want to show there's a visible support or visible dissent for something. Whereas what they do outside clinics is not a protest. They [...] try and corner people into not going, pull them away from the clinic, directly target people. It's harassment.”

“... Women are frequently shaking or breaking down in tears as they approach the reception desk.”



Nattrass shares this view. Based on experience, when protests are not taking place, women arrive at the clinic composed and exhibiting no signs of visible distress. But as soon as protesters arrive, the situation changes.

“There are many women [who become] emotionally shattered... Women are frequently trembling or breaking down in tears as they approach the reception desk.”

While the clinic offers emotional support for patients affected by protesters, there is no on-site counsellor responsible for handling this unique protest-induced affliction. Ward says a patient may become so distressed that they reschedule their abortion. Not only does this delay the process, but it means another confrontation with protesters awaits in the near future.

According to Nattrass, Ward's volunteer service has helped alleviate the stress women experience as they walk past protestors to enter the clinic. But it can only do so much—the broader issue of protest and its entanglement with harassment and intimidation on Devonshire Street relentlessly persists.

What, then, is the answer?



Safe access zones, also referred to as “buffer zones”, are a 150 metre bubble” around clinics that provide abortion services. Within this bubble anti-abortion protesting is disallowed, subject to minor exceptions, such as leafleting during federal election campaigns. If a person is caught protesting in a safe access zone, they risk receiving a fine or up to 12 months in jail.

Ward and Nattrass are among many people in support of a safe access zone, saying it is necessary for the mental and physical wellbeing of patients and staff. At present, the NT, ACT, and Victoria are the only states that have successfully introduced safe access zones. In NSW, the fight for safe access has a long and troubled history.

Last year, Greens MLC Mehreen Faruqi introduced to NSW Parliament a bill calling for the decriminalisation of abortion, and implementation of 150 metre safe access zones around reproductive health clinics. The bill failed spectacularly, 14 votes in favour; 25 against. This year, Labor MLC Penny Sharpe is trying again, but with a bill entirely focused on safe access zones, the

Public Health Amendment (Safe Access to Reproductive Health Clinics) Bill 2018.

“Safe access zones [are] a very separate issue from abortion,” Sharpe tells Honi. “It's about the ability of women to get lawful medical treatment without the interference of others. There is a difference.” (In NSW, abortion is technically unlawful, but common law authority allows a woman to have an abortion if there is a necessary economic, social, or medical reason, as determined by her doctor.) Labor's support this time round relies on the separation of the two issues as the full legalisation of abortion would mandate a conscience vote.

What's hopeful about Sharpe's bill is her enlistment of cross party support. Co-sponsoring is Nationals member, MLC Trevor Khan, who was one of the 25 politicians that voted against Faruqi's bill last year. When I asked Sharpe if it was difficult to procure Khan's support, she says it was not, emphasising people feel differently about safe access than they do about decriminalising abortion.

Successfully passing the bill from opposition will be an unprecedented feat, but one Sharpe remains “cautiously optimistic” about.

“What became clear to me is we need to [introduce safe access] across parliament. So I spent a lot of time talking to people, and... [there are some people] personally very opposed to abortion that don't think [protesting outside abortion clinics] is right. When you talk to Trevor about it, he just says, ‘I think of the women in my life [...] and why wouldn't we be giving them the privacy and dignity that they need?’”

“This is not a left or right issue,” Sharpe emphasises, then goes on to admit, “We tried to get a Liberal on board, too, but that hasn't been possible, which is disappointing, but you know, these things happen. Privately, there is a lot of support [for the bill] from the Conservative side of politics.”

In every single state where safe access has been introduced, it has been passed by a Labor government. Successfully passing the bill from opposition will be an unprecedented feat, but one Sharpe remains “cautiously optimistic” about.

While the ramifications of safe access legislation on patients and staff working in abortion clinics is obvious, what is still obfuscated is the effect these changes would have on pro-life protesters, who have organised not only their time, but their entire livelihoods around the debate.



Paul Hanrahan, director of Family Life International Australia, “came back” to his Catholic faith when his mother passed away. Speaking to community organiser and pro-life activist, Robert Colquhoun, in 2014, Hanrahan says it was his mother's prayers that led him back to the religion, and inspired him to change “his whole life”. (Hanrahan did not agree to be interviewed for this article; all recollection and quotes are drawn from the 2014 Colquhoun interview and other publicly available material.)

In 1994, Hanrahan was recruited for his first apologetics talk—a Catholic practice where a believer

talks, or sermons, to a non-believer to try and evangelise them. He frames this as a formative moment in his life. From then on, Hanrahan was regularly involved in organising ongoing pro-life vigils and became well associated with Human Life International (HLI), a US-based anti-abortion organisation that has offices all across the world, including the ‘English Speaking’ region of Africa; there HLI argues against contraceptives, despite high birth rates coupled with large scale poverty.

In 1995 and 1996, Hanrahan's participation in pro-life activism accelerated with a training visit from Monsignor Philip Reilly. Reilly was the founder of the first branch of Helper's of God's Precious Infants, started in 1991 in Brooklyn, New York, during the ‘pro-life war’. By “bringing God back into” the debate through the first iteration of sidewalk counselling, ‘salvific intervention’ and ‘prayerful peaceful witness’, Reilly became an icon and trendsetter for the pro-life movement.

He believed, without the support of God, the abortion-ravaged culture of modern society could never be defeated. Under his guidance, the Helper's of God's Precious Infants grew to have chapters in 45 American states, as well as 35 foreign countries. With Reilly's instruction and personal mentorship, the Sydney branch was started by Hanrahan, and continues to be run by him many years later.

Pro-choice activists who come into conflict with pro-life protesters often emphasise that they are not a random, uncollected group of people. “People who are standing out front are very practiced,” Sharpe says. “They have a lot of links to the US.” These links, however, are hard to find unless you're looking for it, and even then, answers are not guaranteed. When I asked We Support Women, a group of sidewalk counselors who monitor the Westmead abortion clinic, about their US affiliations, I was met with radio silence.

Sharpe says, “[The protesters] are pushing the laws to the limit in relation to what they can get away with.”

On Family Life International's website, they state Hanrahan organises meetings with police and local council officials, often with the presence of a lawyer, when training new Helpers. This is practice reflective of an organisation that knows how to manipulate the law.

The Helpers in Sydney are thorough. They always submit a “Form 1 - Notice of Intention to Hold a Public Assembly”—legally registering to protest outside the clinic. If a police receives a call, all they can do is issue a “move on order”, but protesters know to lodge formal complaint to the station commander, the Police Minister, or the Ombudsman where necessary. If the person who issued the complaint, most often a patient of the clinic, is unable to produce a timely victim statement, they are reprimanded, and as Nattrass



emphasises, “sometimes even forced to issue an apology to the protester”.

In an interview with The Saturday Paper, Hanrahan claims to have saved 10, 000 lives. In the same breath, he denies using any intimidation or harassment tactics.

Sharpe says, “[The protesters] are pushing the laws to the limit in relation to what they can get away with.” When considering a statement Hanrahan made in reference to the passing of ‘pro-choice laws’ in Tasmania, “I think it speaks to the principle that if you don't exercise your rights, they will be taken from you,” it is hard not to think Sharpe is correct.

In an interview with *The Saturday Paper*, Hanrahan claims to have saved 10, 000 lives. In the same breath, he denies using any intimidation or harassment tactics. While I do not discount Hanrahan's claim, it does not add up to testimony of Nattrass, who tells me “the protests do not stop women from coming to the clinic—our no show rates are the same.”

Language is, of course, the great divider in this debate. In Penny and Trevor's world, this is a debate about medical privacy. In Hanrahan's world, the 2001 murder of an East Melbourne clinic security guard is referred to as a ‘crusade’.

“They are able to more easily overwhelm them,” Ward says, “They offer visas, lawyers, what they think migrants want, just so they keep the baby.”

For the Helpers, abortion is ‘satanic’, reproductive health clinics are ‘abortion mills’ and termination of pregnancies are ‘operations of killing’. In their view, the world has forsaken God, and they are the last bastions of a marriage and family institution facing upheaval. It is a pseudo-reality manufactured by very artful people using extremely craftful language. It is difficult to argue in secular terms with an opposition who exists on a perceived higher spiritual plane. Their apocalyptic-themed polemics stall the debate, making it, fatalistically, about life or death.

Language also carves out the most vulnerable. Ward tells me people from migrant backgrounds, who do not have English as their first language, are disproportionately targeted by pro-life protesters. “They are able to more easily overwhelm them,” Ward says, “They offer visas, lawyers, what they think migrants want, just so they keep the baby.”

Last year, this very paper suggested the pro-life/pro-choice debate will not resolve unless each side engages in meaningful dialogue with the other. I respectfully disagree. As Ward says, “I try to get them to understand being anti-abortion is more hurtful than abortion but often they fail to listen.” If we are to effect greater change around abortion anytime soon then we are reaching our discursive limits, and we are reaching them rapidly.

If the bill goes through the NSW Legislative Council this Thursday, it will win a fortnight move onto the Lower House for a debate and vote. Sharpe hopes the bill will be passed by the Winter Recess, the end of June. Within a month, bill could be law, the Government will assent, and abortion clinics across the country can end a more than 15-year-long conflict by marking a 150m zone on a concrete path. But the broader fight for women's bodily autonomy in NSW has yet to be resolved, and as long as a pro life apostolate exists, it's unclear if it will.

The Zine Scene

Flipping through zines with **Sasha McCarthy**.

The Festival of the Photocopier (FOTP) Zine Fair, held in Melbourne’s Town Hall earlier this year, was mayhem. There were hundreds of desks arranged in long rows in a vast room, each tabletop adorned with displays of zines, illustrations, independent presses and other handmade creations. It was a flurry of cash, tote bags, and fleeting glimpses of exquisite artistic pieces between hoards of people. A truly electrifying, creative energy emanated from the crowd.

The term ‘zine’ (pronounced ‘zeen’) originates from ‘fanzine’, which emerged in the 1930s to describe amateur magazines created by science-fiction aficionados to challenge official, commercialised publications. The first zine, however, can be traced back to as early as 1517, when Martin Luther published his Ninety-five Theses.

Zines have historically served as a medium for artists to present political and cultural criticisms, in an unfiltered, unrestricted and unapologetic way. They were mobilised by punk subculture in the 1970s, and feminist activists in the late ‘80s and early ‘90s through the iconic Riot Grrrl movement. Today, they’re a popular platform for diverse communities to document their experiences and freely assert their voices.

A sentiment of institutional rejection and ‘DIY ethos’ has come to characterise zines. Artists can bypass traditional gatekeepers, and independently create publications free from the constraints of censorship, copyright and the pursuit of profit.

“I think that they’re an accessible form of art,” said

Sydney-based zine artist, Isabella Brown. “[Zines] kind of bridge the gap between the publication, which can kind of be like overwhelming art books and photo books, and make it a very small, personal thing.”

Bastian Fox Phelan, Creative Coordinator for the MCA Zine Fair 2018, Sydney’s answer to the FOTP, said: “A zine is almost like a letter from a friend. They are intimate, and the physical object is a treasured thing. You don’t throw out zines. You keep them in a shoebox and pull them out when you feel like you need to hear from your friends.”

Despite the commercial nature of many zines, they are ultimately a labour of love. “I don’t know anyone who makes money from zines... You can break even on the costs of production but probably not on all the time you pour into it! They are made to be shared at a low cost”, said Phelan.

Sydney-based mixed media artist and former zine-maker, Tara Axford, echoed this sentiment. “[Zines are] self-publishing at its most economical and accessible best – it’s like a business card into an instant community,” she said. Axford’s zines ranged from themes of Tofu Wisdom, to iPhoneography, and included characters such as hedgehogs and faceless crayon people.

Needless to say, the content of zines is often incredibly idiosyncratic.

The queen bee of Australia’s zine scene herself, Vanessa Berry, is renowned for her imaginative and eccentric zines, which she has been creating for over



20 years. A favourite of mine is the aptly titled zine from 2000, ‘Shopping List Stories’, where she constructed narratives from shopping lists she found and collected, imagining the lives of those who wrote them.

In light of the continual advancements in digital technologies and social media, it may seem that the future of physical, print zines is dubious. But don’t fret, because Phelan does not believe print zines will ever be replaced by digital forms. “It’s like saying... will photography replace oil painting? They’re different things. Zines are beautiful because they are zines. If that doesn’t make sense, maybe it’s time you picked up a zine and fell in love.”

Those who live by the score

Grace Johnson wonders if we are playing classical music all wrong.



Artwork by Jess Zlotnick

When I was learning Mozart’s “Turkish March”, I would play along to recordings and listen to how pianists varied their touch. I would follow the score and listen to how some notes were made shorter and more playful, and others were made more legato and expressive.

I figured out what I liked best and weaved the different sounds into my own interpretation. I practised the piece obsessively—I loved its speed, its rhythms, its contrasts, and above all its spirit.

I decided to show my work to my teacher. She will be thrilled, I thought as I pulled up outside her orange-bricked house. She can’t complain that I haven’t practised enough this time!

I played it through. I made mistakes: my small hands couldn’t quite make the octaves, and I stumbled during the fast passages, but I felt my heart beat quicker during the exhilarating, forte finale. I had never loved performing as much as I did when the last chord was lifted, feeling as though it were mine.

But my teacher didn’t say anything. She looked confused. Then she frowned.

“The score doesn’t tell you to get louder in those places,” she said. “Why did you get louder?”

For the rest of the lesson I was taught how to play the score the ‘right’ way.

I was about seven-years-old then. But even now—thirteen years later, at the Conservatorium of Music—not much has changed.

Performances are judged according to their fidelity to the score. Did you play at the right speed, with the right touch, and the right feel?

What we often forget is that composers did not write every intention in the score—performers were expected to not just play the notes but to go beyond them.

Musical notation was intended as guidance rather than a prescribed set of instructions. Tempo markings indicate mood rather than a definite number of beats per minute. In fact, since metronomes weren’t invented until 1812, tempos were regulated according

to heartbeats. The pulse of the music mimiced the pulse of the heart, which accelerated naturally during exciting passages.

Musicians of the past understood that there were many facets of an engaging and moving performance, most of which could not be conveyed by the score. While these interpretive practices are now incorporated into performances of Baroque music, it is considered incorrect in most other styles. But listen to recordings of modern composers like Prokofiev, Bartok, Rachmaninoff and Scriabin playing their own music. They frequently digress from the score, prioritising atmosphere over technical accuracy. They captivate their listeners.

It’s ironic: instrumental music is the least representative of the arts—a tree may inspire a composition for example, but it cannot quite show a tree—yet its interpretation is regulated by rigid standards. We freely interpret literature, film, and art; we conjecture about symbolism, allegory, and meaning. It is what we make of it. Do the same to a musical score and it’s sacrilege.

It is only recently that we esteem the composer and composition over the performer. The 19th century saw the rise of concert halls and virtuoso performers, where the audience sat in darkened silence for two hours and marveled at the genius of minds past. We have followed this tradition ever since, and it has warped us into silent audiences and complacent performers.

So as I sit through lessons and masterclasses that tell you “this melody should be played like this or that,” I wonder: are we playing classical music all wrong? Is this it—reproducing the notes on the page? Seeking the sound we think the composers wanted? Surely this only results in stifled creativity and stale interpretations.

Perhaps if performers are permitted freedom of creative interpretation, and taught to value atmosphere over accuracy, the spirit of the music will be revived in the minds of contemporary audiences—lest the music die by the score.

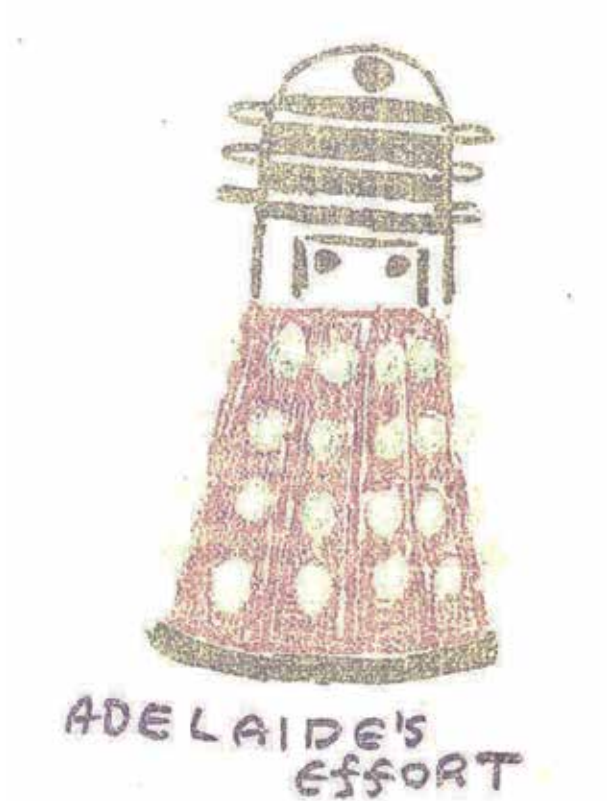
Valek the Dalek: the tale of a champion

Zoe Stojanovic-Hill really wanted a sports byline this year.

Valek was probably the fastest Dalek in the world at the time, according to Kerrie Dougherty, former member of the Sydney Uni Science Fiction Association. He wasn’t called Valek then, when he proved himself in what Antony Howe, another former SUSFA member, has called the ‘world’s first ever Dalek race’. Back then, nearly fifty years ago, Valek was just a craft project.

He was born in early 1976, just before the race that would make him famous. Two engineering students, Phil Atcliffe and Alan Sherwood, started building Valek over the summer holidays, before Kerrie and Antony started uni and joined SUSFA. His name was initially ‘George’ but, after the Daily Bull misprinted a SUSFA ad about him, they changed it to ‘Valek the Dalek’.

Whereas the engineers were mainly interested in building a machine, Kerrie and Antony were huge Whovians. Kerrie describes herself, now and then, as



“short, sweet and to the point” — she is only 148cm tall. Antony says he was a “militant” Whovian, mainly because he protested a few of the ABC’s Who-related broadcasting decisions, but is softly-spoken and slightly whimsical in person.

The two other contestants were not much competition. The Adelaide Dalek was “an inferior Dalek,” Antony says, and “needed to exterminated”.

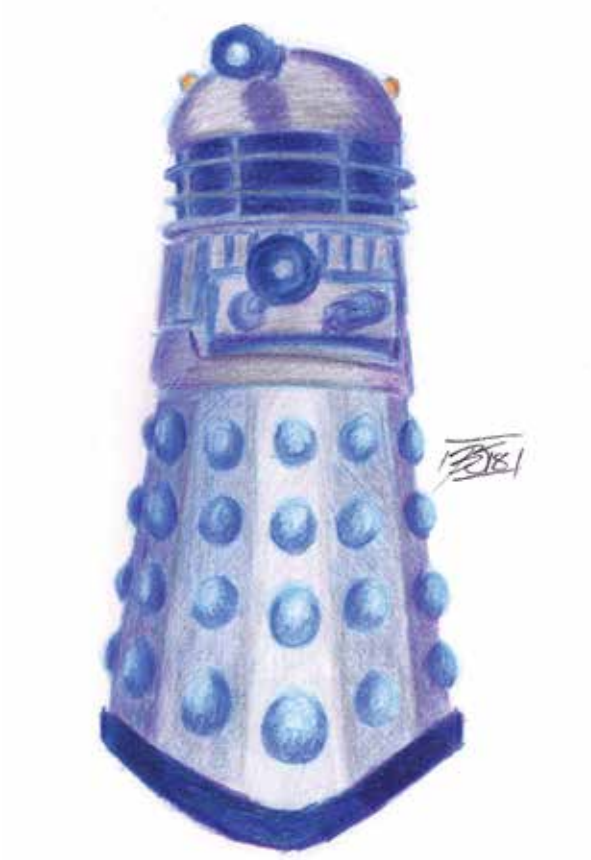
Valek may have been young, but he was born to race. He had a head for sport — a “durable metal head”, Kerry recalls, that was sturdy enough to fly off mid-action and not break. “That Dalek head did come off a few times over the years,” she says, chuckling. It should be noted that, contrary to popular belief, the head was not a wok, as Antony tells me repeatedly throughout our conversation. “The dome was spun aluminum, it was specially made.”

Like many athletes, Valek was good-looking. A black-and-gold emperor Dalek with a shiny head studded with Mini Minor lights, Valek was comfortable in the public eye. Having said that, at the time of the race Valek had made some questionable fashion choices. “He had polystyrene dots painted with orange-ish paint — it didn’t look very good,” Antony says. Thankfully, it was just a phase: later, he ditched the brightly-hued



polystyrene for “high gloss plastic dots”. But Valek’s best feature was, without a doubt, the tricycle.

Other Daleks were powered by waddling humans, in lieu of the tentacled, brain-like aliens from the show. Valek, in contrast, ran on trike power. The tricycle in question briefly belonged to Kerrie’s little brother, Jeffery, who was about six or seven at the time of the incident. One afternoon, Phil and Alan stopped by when Kerrie was out to pick up Jeffery’s dinky tricycle. They mistook Jeffery’s new, upsized tricycle for the dinky, and caused quite a conundrum. From then on, little Jeffery had to drive the Dalek if he wanted to use his tricycle.

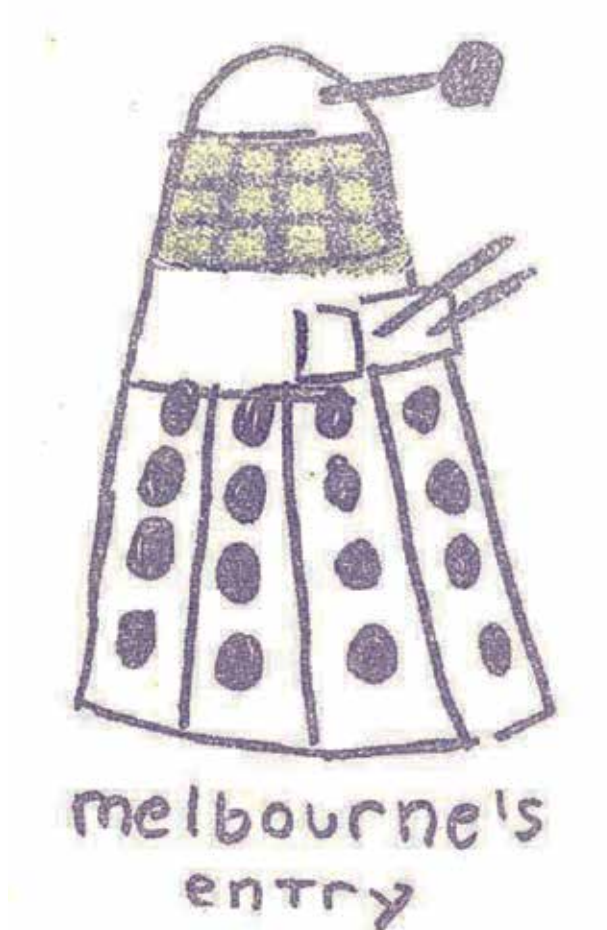


Images (upper) from a Doctor Who and Lord of the Rings zine from the ‘70s, by Jon Noble. Artwork (lower) by Brendan O’Shea.

“You get into the Dalek mentality,” Antony explains. “EXTERMINATE, EXTERMINATE!”

The race was held at the University of Melbourne as part of Unicon II, an intervarsity sci-fi convention. That autumn, carloads of Valek supporters made the 14-hour drive down from Sydney.

“We left at an ungodly hour in the morning,” Kerrie says. “We went down in a Mini and it was bloody



chockers.” Valek rode down to Melbourne on the roof of a car, the wind blowing in his eyestalk.

The two other contestants were not much competition. The Adelaide Dalek was “an inferior Dalek,” Antony says, and “needed to exterminated”.

“It was pink with green dots, and falling apart. They made it at the last minute—I think they were still building it at the start line.”

The Melbourne Dalek was average—a standard blue-and-silver foot soldier—but MUSFA made a strategic error: they designed the race track as an obstacle course with tight corners.

And Valek’s tricycle was perfect for getting around tight corners.

Valek, ahead from the start, practically made it there and back before the Adelaide Dalek had even budged.

“The Adelaide Dalek couldn’t even get off its mark straight away, they had to fix the damn thing on the starting line,” Kerry says.

Valek, the only one of the three equipt with a voice box and a light bulb in his ray gun, exterminated the tragic Adelaide Dalek on his way back, then zoomed ahead to cross the finish line first.

“You get into the Dalek mentality,” Antony explains. “EXTERMINATE, EXTERMINATE!”

Antony doesn’t know if Melbourne University ever wrote about Valek’s victory, but he is doubtful: “Having been exterminated by Sydney, they may have wanted to airbrush it from history.”

Somewhere only we know: The water by the star

Jess Zlotnick goes to the wrong side of the bridge.

Adam is leaving for America in a week, and we're going to the Star Casino. I've never been to the Star and Adam is taking me because there's a glitter-disco-art-installation on the top floor that he wants to see before he leaves

We get dumplings for dinner, pay casino prices for food court food, and catch up about the last few months. I've dressed up ever so slightly because I've never been here before and don't know the rules. We're buzzing with excitement because we both love glitter, and to boogie.

We get to the top floor and are told that the disco isn't open on Sundays. It's hard to suppress the disappointment, but how is the bouncer to know that Adam leaves before it'll be on again, that this is our last chance to dance in glitter. So we don't mention it, and we

make our slow and mournful way down the escalators, past the food court, and meander in the direction of where his car is parked.

If you know the area you know that the Star is near neatly-stacked apartment blocks and the Pyrmont side of the harbour.

It's dark, and when we get to Adam's car we're not quite ready to leave yet—to call this night of farewells over and done with. So we wander past his car, down these quiet residentials, past nice apartments for nice young urban professionals, until we get to the water.

The view of the Harbour Bridge from here is not the spectacle I expect to see. For starters it's, from the wrong side of the bridge; it's not a postcard vista. The bridge blends into the architectural landscape from here. It seems smaller,

more skyline than icon. Lights glitter on the water from the offices, the city. Distant sounds of the city carry across the water, almost audible.

It's quiet here. Some joggers pass through, the odd yuppie gets some air, but for the most part this small pocket of Pyrmont is undisturbed. Adam and I sit there and talk about philosophy and America, and prolong the hours until he has to drop me at home. We won't see each other for a year at least.

After he's gone I come here again, many times. It becomes the destination for my listless hours of unused time, afternoons after class but before an evening engagement, evenings after parties where I haven't had a drink and want to leave but don't want to go home yet. I excuse myself, thank the host, and drive down to the Star. I park my car

outside someone's apartment and watch the lights across the harbour, the ferries blinking red.

I've brought a couple dates here. When we're sitting by the water, undisturbed, it feels like sharing a secret. It is somehow utterly private in its voyeuristic exposure: sitting on the edge of the water, you're completely vulnerable to the eyes of passing ferry-goers, anyone in any of the office buildings who might look out their window. But people don't stop here much, they don't linger.

The view and the water and this particular strange angle of the bridge, alone or with company of choice, belongs to me, to that moment.



Executing executive elections (please electrocute me execution-ly)

Just when you thought USU shenanigans were done for the year: it's executive election season. On 7 June, four lucky Board Directors—usually drawn from those in the second year of their term—will be elected to the executive roles of president, vice-president, honorary secretary and honorary treasurer. These positions work closely with USU staff and are generously remunerated, with the president taking home \$26,496 per year.

As the election draws closer, two opposing tickets seem to be forming around the likely presidential candidates, Liliana Tai (a broadly left-wing independent) and Jacob Masina (a Liberal who ran as an independent). At the moment, the race is neck-and-neck: Tai has the support of Adam Torres (NLS, i.e. Labor Left), Claudia Gulbransen-Dias (Centre Unity, i.e. Labor Right) and, out of this year's batch of directors, Maya Eswaran (Grassroots, i.e. far left) and Connor Wherrett (Centre Unity).

If this bloc has its way, Tai will be president, Torres vice president and Gulbransen-Dias honorary secretary.

Firmly in Masina's camp are Lachlan Finch (a Liberal who ran as an independent) and Hengjie Sun (independent). His long-term ally, Masina is supporting Sun's bid for the

vice president role. Sun is likely to secure the vote of fellow international student Zimeng Ye (independent), whose successful campaign he managed earlier this year. In fact, Sun is apparently trying to bring all international student Board directors into the Masina fold.

It's far from certain he'll succeed in this: Masina and Sun are said to have promised honorary secretary to Zhixian Wang (independent) to win her support. But, word has it, Tai has made the same offer.

Decheng Sun's allegiances are also unknown. Since he ran on a broadly left-wing platform in this year's elections, it seems unlikely he'd support Liberal-aligned Masina.

There are also rumours Masina hasn't been able to fill out his ticket: even with Sun as vice president and Wang as honorary secretary, there's still an honorary treasurer missing. Masina is said to have offered the role to every one of the newly-elected directors; allegedly, they've all turned it down, concerned about their lack of experience.

Expect for this space to heat up in the coming week.

Private, Keep out!

Recently, a video did the Facebook rounds showing a confrontation in the USU's Ethnocultural Space: the dispute started after four people had

used the space, despite not identifying as people of colour. The issue was resolved when USU staff intervened, and the video racked up over 2,000 views. In the most recent USU Board meeting, the Board passed a new policy changing the definition of 'ethnocultural' to: "Someone who is a 'person of colour', Aboriginal and/or Torres Strait Islander, and/or marginalized by white supremacy or systemic racism." This is the same definition used by the SRC's Autonomous Collective Against Racism, a separate collective that often uses the USU Ethnocultural Space located in the Manning Building.

In a statement on the USU website, President Courtney Thompson wrote that the USU did "not condone members of the campus community using the space without considering the purpose as being rooted in providing an area free from racial discrimination." The new procedural changes also grant USU Officers the authority to remove offenders from the space, record their details and subject them to further consequences by the Board.

Since its 2016 inception, the Ethnocultural Space has had a history of intrusions. On September 1 2017, the Ethnocultural Officers wrote in Honi: "The ethnocultural space...has been vandalised, disrespected and stolen from a number of times. Most recently, someone tore up a beautiful poster drawn by a collective member and threw it in the bin...We've found empty Heineken bottles, mess and white people in the space on a number of occasions." On one occasion last year, a member of the frisbee society used the room for a better view of the ultimate frisbee game on the field below.

The City of Sydney finds USyd engineers objectionable

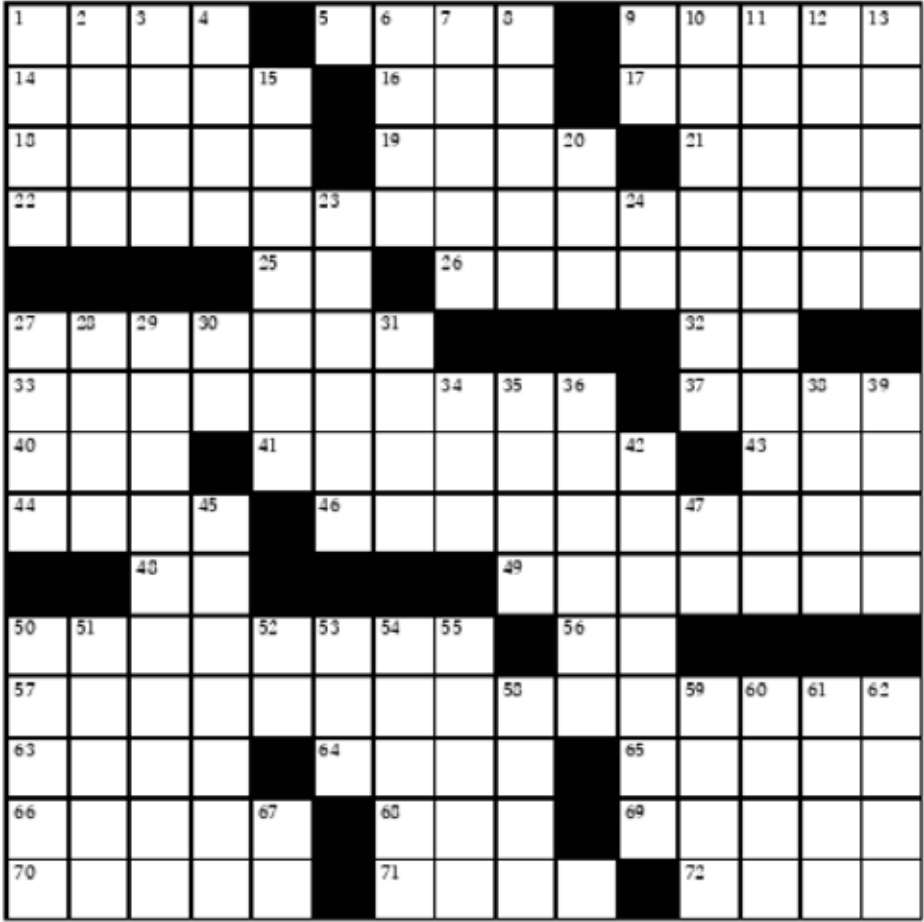
Let it not be said this rag doesn't have our engineers' interests at heart. For too long housed in the decay that is PNR, engineering students can look forward to a sparkling new development dubbed the Engineering and Technology Precinct—if the plans are approved. Currently, the proposal is with the state Department of Planning and Environment, who have invited submissions from interested parties. Turns out the City of Sydney Council doesn't like engineering students nearly as much as this little mermaid: in fact, it objects to the plans as they currently stand.

The stoush comes down to money. Under NSW planning laws, local councils can claim a "contribution" from any development that is likely to increase the demand for public services. The proposed precinct will increase the number of staff and students, the Council argues, and so will put strain on local amenities. But the University says it should be exempt: it points to the extensive public facilities it provides—like libraries, cultural spaces and sporting grounds—arguing that these are "analogous to the services the Council provides for its local government area". It claims the "distinct community benefit" of its main not-for-profit activities—that is education and research—should qualify it for an exemption.

In this case, it looks like the Department of Planning and Environment, not the local council, will have the final say. That's because, as a type of public project known as a "Crown development", university works stand to be approved by the Planning Minister. This is a chap by the name of Anthony Roberts—so engineers, if your precinct gets rejected, you know where to send the complaints.

American Crossword

Puzzles by Cloud Runner



- Across**
- 1 Long arduous journey
 - 5. Sad breath
 - 9. Tubular pasta
 - 14. Mathematician whose name rhymes with cooler
 - 16. Rita's surname
 - 17. Erectile organ found on the forehead of a turkey
 - 18. Confused
 - 19. Food that should not be allowed to be eaten in public
 - 21. Smoke + fog
 - 22. Movie that doesn't end well for the car
 - 25. Initials of the man who designed law students' shoes
 - 26. Russian empresses
 - 27. Something Othello could say
 - 32. Most common lyric in Hey Jude
 - 33. Movie about a good driver
 - 37. Successor to GTA IV
 - 40. Sick
 - 41. Spanish city with a famous aqueduct
 - 43. Solid water
 - 44. Appear
 - 46. Movie about a bad driver
 - 48. Attracted to men and women
 - 49. It comes after the letter A
 - 50. Something made of iron
 - 56. Found at the start of an email
 - 57. Movie that ends well for the car
 - 63. Ruler of an emirate
 - 64. Respectful address used for a woman
 - 65. Piano keys are made of this
 - 66. At right angles
 - 68. Pirates' drink
 - 69. See, say
 - 70. Implement used to serve soup
 - 71. The river between Earth and the Underworld

- 72. Senses with the eyes
- Down**
- 1. All mammals have one (or more)
 - 2. Eighth book of the bible
 - 3. Besides
 - 4. Bottom part of a boat
 - 6. A very small Greek letter?
 - 7. Lowly employee of Team Rocket, say
 - 8. Ends of the arms
 - 9. Found at the end of an email
 - 10. Happening afterwards
 - 11. The subject of a sentence is in this case
 - 12. Picturesque city on the Sunshine Coast
 - 13. Sides
 - 15. Instruments used to load muskets
 - 20. Words found on a French menu
 - 23. An amorous girl
 - 24. Opposite of nor
 - 27. Popular bird found on campus
 - 28. The unfairer sex
 - 29. Fit
 - 30. Belonging to me
 - 31. Capital of Latvia
 - 34. Latin word for voice
 - 35. Wicked
 - 36. Ones who use bikes or horses for transport
 - 38. Taiwanese electronics corporation that makes computers
 - 39. Think or do, say
 - 42. Greek version of the goddess Diana
 - 45. Fancy rock
 - 47. 2017 Andy Muschietti horror film
 - 50. Perfect
 - 51. Cuban dance
 - 52. Heisenberg's initials
 - 53. Unit of resistance
 - 54. Brings up
 - 55. Derogatory term for a German
 - 58. American TV award
 - 59. First name of Mr Saint-Laurent
 - 60. Shape of a party hat
 - 61. Behind
 - 62. Certain varieties of whisky
 - 67. Not I

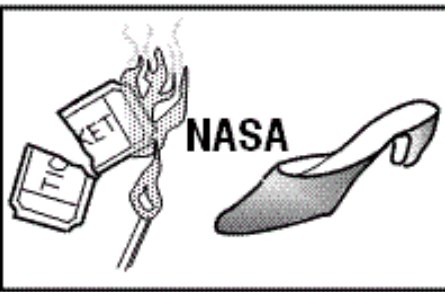
Solutions

Target: Bastardly

Bard Crossword

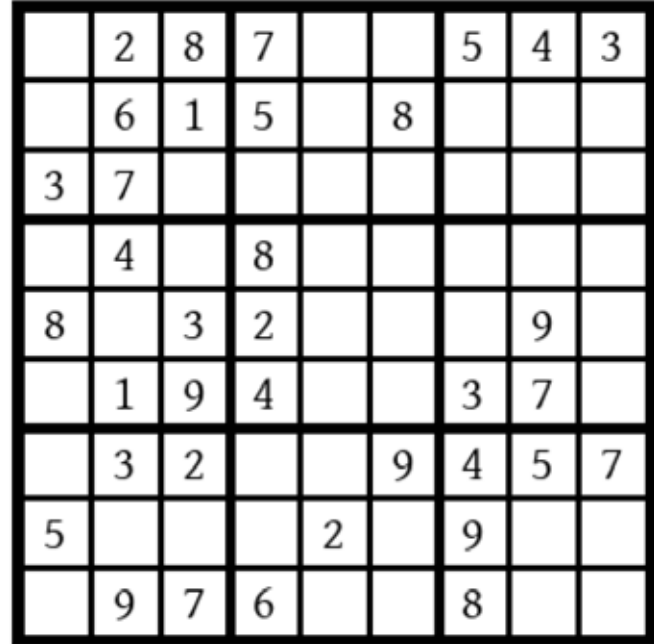


Rebus Puzzles



All of the above (awe love the above), sturn as a mile (stub burn mass mile)

Sudoku



President

Imogen Grant

It was discovered last week that University of Sydney's two main support hotlines for student survivors of sexual assault have not been working. The discovery was made after a person seeking support was unable to make contact.

Those who called the Student Liaison Officer hotline were given a message that the hotline was "temporarily out of service". In addition to this, the 1800 SYDHLP hotline has been automatically re-routing callers to the NSW Rape Crisis Centre during business hours instead of being answered by staff.

While the hotlines have now been fixed, it's not clear how long they were down for or how many students who attempted to make contact and were

left abandoned.

Stress and desolation are common feelings for students who are seeking support after a traumatic sexual experience. By creating inoperative hotlines USyd is exacerbating survivors' trauma.

This is an impact that can last a lifetime. The first response that a survivor of sexual assault receives often dictates how they will navigate their recovery. If that response happens to be white noise on the other end of the phone line, it may discourage the student from seeking any help altogether. Without help, student survivors are much more vulnerable to mental illness. How will students suffering from trauma reach their academic potential, attain their

degrees, and regain a sense of trust in their everyday interactions?

It is clear that USyd lacks a coordinated and proactive response to sexual assault which is enabling the problem to persist.

Even when the University does endeavor to provide support, these services are drastically understaffed, underfunded and lack counselling staff with trauma specialist training.

USyd has millions upon millions to spend on new buildings, yet fails to sufficiently resource support services. The University has twisted priorities that ultimately leave survivors in the lurch.

This comes off the back of Universities Australia abolishing the

National Sexual Assault University Hotline which was run by Rape and Domestic Violence Services Australia. Last year the AHRC 'Change the Course' report found that 6.9% of university students were sexually assaulted on at least one occasion in 2015 or 2016.

If you have any concerns about University of Sydney support services please email me at president@src.usyd.edu.au. To get involved in the campaign against sexual assault, contact the Women's Officers at usyd womens collective@gmail.com.

If you are experiencing any academic, personal or legal issues and wish to seek the advice of an SRC caseworker or solicitor, contact us at 9660 5222 or help@src.usyd.edu.au.

General Secretary

Nina Dillon Britton and Yuxuan Yang

Hello again dear readers! If you're like me and cramming for exams you probably have other things you need/prefer to be doing. So I'll keep this short.

At the moment, I'm putting together a video to help promote the SRC to the vast majority of students who don't bother to read Office Bearer reports (sad!) that we'll be using over the rest of the year. I'm also working on revamping

our website along with the Publications Managers, to bring it into this decade.

Other than that, budget preparations are underway, and we're hoping to find out what the University has decided we'll get in our cut of SSAF soon. Though who knows when we'll know, these things just seem to go into the Uni admin abyss.

This is obviously the pointy end

of the semester and it's important to take care of yourself. By that I don't mean use the colouring-in corner that will probably soon be set up in Fisher Library, but actually using the resources that can meaningfully improve your time at uni. It's not too late to have special accommodations made for your assignments and exams through Disability Services. If you need help

navigating that, book an appointment with an SRC caseworker so they can walk you through it by calling:

Good luck with your assignments and exams! And as always, feel free to drop me a line at general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au

Queer Officers

Jazzlyn Breen and Ray Prout

The queer action collective this semester has had a much less controversial first sem than last year—our main drama's have come from right wing Zionists doxing us, which we take as a sign that we are doing a good job. We have organised frequent contingents to rallies, providing support to campaigns against all the terrible things capitalists have been doing to the world. We ran a film screening of 'riot' which was a massive success because people actually turned up. Queer Honi went off, even

though both the queer officers almost died from lack of sleep (psa, 12 coffees in one night will make your nose bleed). After a well-deserved hibernation period we are back into the swing of things, planning attending conferences later on this semester, as well as lots of other fun and controversial activities. I've run out of things to say so here is a list of interesting facts.

- Israel is a terrorist state occupying Palestinian land.

- White Australia has a black history, present and future.
- The choice to have an abortion is a decision that should be made by an individual, not the state.
- Gender equality will not be achieved through more female CEOs.
- Climate change is real and it will impact you.
- We need to stop Adani.
- No human is illegal.
- Everyone deserves the right to

- seek asylum.
- Borders are fake.
- The University of Sydney invests in arms companies.
- 1% of the populations own half the world's wealth. They don't have your best interest at heart.
- Ethical consumption isn't the way to save the world.
- You can't buy, work or vote your way out of capitalism.
- Communism will win.

ACAR Officers

Tanushri Saha, Nischeta Velu, Tanya Ali and Geneve Bullo

The last few weeks saw all our creative efforts, energy and focus being dedicated towards creating a beautiful yet stimulating edition of this year's ACAR Honi. A shout out to all the talented writers and artists who contributed, and to the editors who

bought the whole thing to life. The launch party for 2018 ACAR Honi was a huge success, and it was warming to witness performances as diverse as poetry, music and comedy. A perfect culmination of everything ACAR stands for, bringing people together

to celebrate the success. Taking over Hermann's bar and turning the stage into a perfect backdrop embellished with artworks, this event reminded us of the richness of our diverse experiences, and the importance of having such spaces to chat, laugh and feel warm in

the presence of other people of colour. Overall each of us couldn't have hoped for a better week, or better people to have celebrated it with.









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Available to USyd undergraduate students through the Students' Representative Council (SRC)

To book an appointment call: 9660 5222

Available until the end of semester 2.





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 solicitor @ src.usyd.edu.au
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法律アドバイス

We have a solicitor who speaks Cantonese, Mandarin & Japanese

* This service is provided by the Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney and is available to USYD undergraduate students.




Tenancy: The Right to Quiet Enjoyment



If you are a tenant on a lease (a 'Residential Tenancy Agreement') then you are 'entitled to quiet enjoyment of the residential premises without interruption by the landlord.' This means when you rent a house or apartment your landlord should not interfere with your 'reasonable peace, comfort or privacy'. It is not limited to the amount of noise in your home. For the period of the lease, the landlord and their agents should leave you alone, other than for specified reasons. They should not drop in unannounced, give notice of visits and seek your consent to come into the house or apartment.

A landlord or their agent must also 'take all reasonable steps to ensure that the landlord's other neighbouring tenants do not interfere with the reasonable peace, comfort or privacy of the tenant in using the residential premises' (NSW Residential Tenancies Act 2010). For example, if there are noise problems in your block of apartments you can ask them to action through the block's Body Corporate. It is unclear as to whether a building site nearby is considered a breach, or whether this applies to neighbours that do not share your landlord.

What 'reasonable peace, comfort or privacy' means may vary depending on the circumstances. There are a set

of rules about them seeking consent and providing notice for them to come into your place. If they come to inspect the premises they can only do that 4 times in any 12-month period and need to give 7 days notice each time. For necessary, but non-urgent repairs they need to give 2 days notice. For properties that become for sale, they cannot take photos of your private property, e.g., your bed, your couch, your clothes that are stored in the built in wardrobe; and can only show prospective buyers through 2 times in a week and giving 14 days notice for the first showing, or as agreed, and and 48 hours notice each time after that.

There are a couple of reasons they can enter without consent or notice. For example, the landlord (or sometimes a tradesperson working for them) can enter your residence without consent or notice; in an emergency, to do urgent repairs, or if they have an Order from the NSW Civil and Administrative Tribunal (NCAT). Even in these cases there are some limits on entry without consent.

If your privacy and 'quiet enjoyment' is constantly disrupted, you can apply to the NCAT for an order for the landlord to stop, for you to change the locks or break the lease without penalty. Seek advice from an SRC caseworker.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker HELP Q&A

Tenancy: Ending a Lease Early

Dear Abe,

I just found a great new house with my 2 best friends. We move in two weeks time. However, I still have 2 months left on my lease. How do I tell my landlord? Can I get into any trouble if I just stop paying rent?

Moving On

Dear Moving On,

A lease is essentially a contract that you make with your landlord. You can ask your landlord if you can terminate your lease early. A standard fee for



breaking the lease early (i.e., moving out before your end of lease date) is the equivalent of 4 weeks rent, if you are more than halfway through your lease, or 6 weeks if you are less than halfway through.

An alternative to consider is transferring your tenancy to someone else with your landlord's consent.

If you stop paying rent you can be taken to the tribunal and may be ordered to pay the amount that you owe. It may also make you have you placed on a rental blacklist, so please think carefully about whether this is something you want to risk.

Abe

Honda Replaces Confusing “Horsepower” With More Easily Understood “Greg-Power”

Nick Harriott Vroom Vroom Boy



In an effort to clarify some of the more confusing automotive jargon in its advertising, the Honda Motor Company has announced it will replace all mentions of the outdated and confusing term “horsepower” with the more easily understood “Greg-power.”

Horsepower—the standard

measure for the power of a car’s engine—is an imperial unit of power equal to 550 foot-pounds per second. By contrast, Greg-power is the number of Gregs it would take to push your car up a hill. While a Honda Civic might be able to achieve around 197 hp, the company believes consumers don’t really know

what that means. However, Honda is confident everyone will understand the capabilities of a five Greg engine.

“The world’s moved on from the time of the horse and cart, and it’s time we did too,” said Honda CEO Takahiro Hachigo. “Can you imagine 290 horses pulling one of our cars? Neither can I. I mean, they’d barely fit on the road. And how would they be controlled? Would they be tied to the axle somehow or would a coachman be holding onto 290 reigns? And where’s he sitting? Is he in the car or is he on the roof? This is the kind of consumer confusion we’re trying to move away from.”

This corporate shift hasn’t been without its issues though. After a company-wide memo was sent out, Honda human resources mistakenly replaced all mentions of “manhours” in company documents with the more inclusive but much less

comprehensible “horsehours”.

“Last week, I got an email about overtime that said we might need to put in some extra horsehours,” one employee told *whinny*. “We didn’t really know what that meant, but since horses live about a third as long as humans we reckon a horsehour is about twenty minutes. I could probably stay back for a horsehour or two, provided I can get out around quarterhorse to six and go pick up my kids.”

When asked what’s next for Honda, Hachigo kept his cards close to his chest. “I can’t say too much but what I can say is, who has two thumbs and has been disconnecting airbags from the cars on our production line?”

Hachigo did not point at himself with his thumbs when he said that but it is safe, and worrying, to assume he was referring to himself.

New Dating Simulator Charts Love Between Horse-Boy and Horse-Boy’s Own Penis

Nick Harriott Softcore Gamer

Forget *Pokemon Go*, forget *Animal Crossing: Pocket Camp*, there’s a new mobile game on the scene set to occupy every minute of your day. In dating simulator *Prince Gallop: Head & Heart* you can play as one of two star-crossed lovers: the mysterious, anthropomorphised horse-boy Prince Gallop, or his engorged sentient penis.

These characters inhabit a rich world of wonder, which you can explore as you play through the tender moments of their burgeoning romance. Whether you’re stealing a midnight kiss with your penis behind the palatial stables or helping your penis cook a leek soup in the

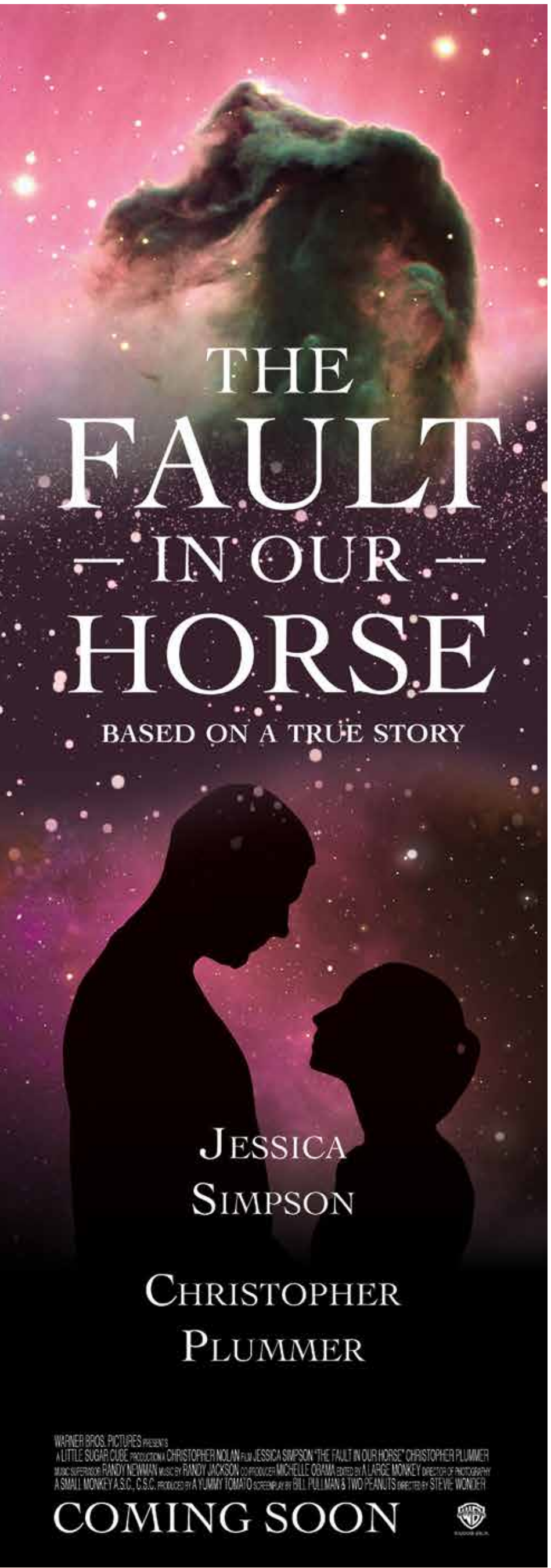
servant’s quarters, there’s a wealth of digital dates to plan and collectable Inch Tokens to unlock. (Spoiler Alert! Gather enough Inch Tokens to unlock a particularly upsetting cut-scene.)

Hiyashi Ito, lead game designer, described *Prince Gallop* as, “an exploration into the concessions we make when we start dating someone, and the heavy toll that following your heart exacts. And also what it would feel like to be a horse and also kiss your penis.”

The game has drawn criticism from some conservative pundits, but most online reviews indicate an overwhelmingly positive

response from the gaming community. *Prince Gallop: Head & Heart* has dominated the Google Play App store downloads for three weeks running, and Fox Searchlight have already greenlit a film adaptation starring Armie Hammer as both Prince and penis.

Amidst calls from fans for more *Prince Gallop* stories and downloadable content to be released, Ito has announced that he has already begun developing a sequel to game. It will follow Prince Gallop and his penis reuniting after a messy separation.



From Horse Girl to Hoarse Girl:
How I Screamed So Loud my Horse Bucked Me Off—into My Future Husband’s Arms!
>> pg. 9



Notice of Council Meeting

90th Students’ Representative Council,
University of Sydney

DATE: Wed June 6th
TIME: 6–8pm
LOCATION:
New Law Annex,
Seminar Room 340



activism
advocacy
representation

www.src.usyd.edu.au | 02 9660 5222

PLEASE! I DON'T LIKE LOUD NOISES

**WEDNESDAY
JUNE 6**

**2PM EASTERN AVENUE
UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY**

**I'M GOING TO BE ON EASTERN
AVE ON WEDNESDAY AND I
DON'T LIKE LOUD NOISES SO
PLEASE DO NOT MAKE ANY.
THANK YOU.**

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