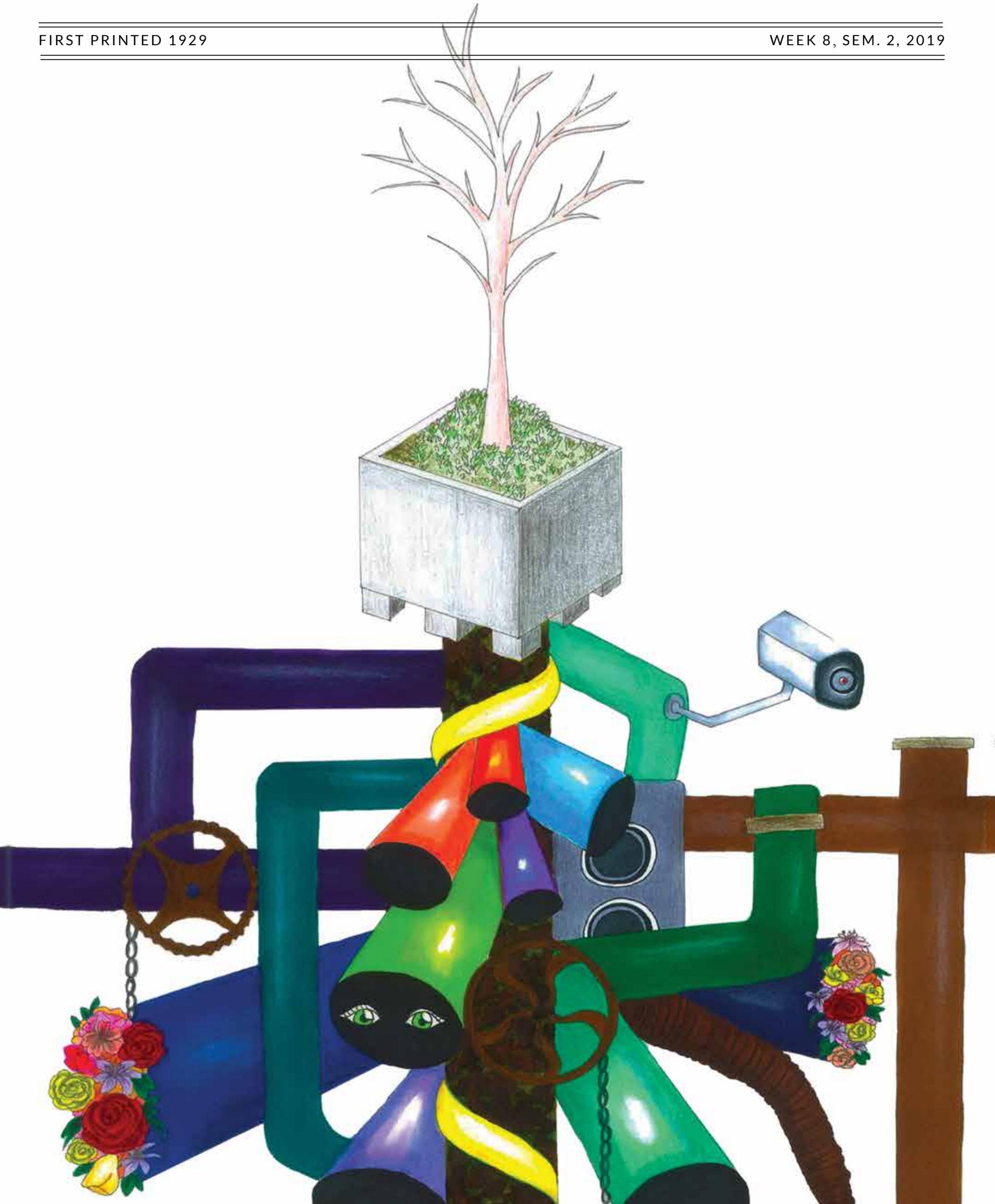


Honi Soit

FIRST PRINTED 1929

WEEK 8, SEM. 2, 2019





Acknowledgement of Country



I acknowledge that *Honi Soit* is published and distributed on the land of the Gadigal People of the Eora Nation. They are this land's original and ongoing custodians. I pay my respects to their Elders, past, present and emerging. In Edition 3 of the 2017 Sydney University Law Society Biannual, an author penned a piece which said Australia's First Peoples were and remain alien to the law that continues to be imposed. That much is evident from the Bowraville campaign. The families of Evelyn, Colleen and Clinton have been fighting thirty years for a retrial. They have listened to the law from the beginning. From the first trial to the coronial inquest, the opinions of three Attorneys-General, to the Court of Appeal and the High Court, the law has failed these families and now they seek to change it. That the law is the preeminent tool of justice is recited and taught in law schools nationwide, reproduced and legitimised by the media, sanctioned by lawmakers and drilled into law enforcement. And then it enables the disproportionate imprisonment of First Nations Peoples and their deaths at the hands of police. Somewhere along the way, the purpose of the law has been lost. The law is a repository of all the rights and remedies available to a person. It is — in effect — a normative toolkit which is capable of damage and repair, but reality is more racist, more malicious and more incompetent. The law is a blunt knife which can be sharpened to do justice. If unsharpened, it can do a lot of damage. If sharpened, it is still only one tool. Disband your idealistic views of justice. Stand with the families and communities in their ongoing fights for justice. This always was, always will be, Aboriginal land.

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MR BURNS BOOK

Cream? Excellent.

If there's one thing I admire about CREAM for *Honi*, it's their audacity. You thought at least a few months experience writing for *Honi* was a basic prerequisite for running? "To hell with your preconceptions!" they say. At least some level of editing experience? "Pish posh!" is the response. So it came as no

surprise to me when, in the first week of physical campaigning, these veritable mavericks sprung the middle finger once again to so-called "expectations!"

Having done their duty as diligent, ruthless campaigners and engaged in a bit of harmless cross-campaigning, CREAM bravely defied the instructions of the Electoral Officer and refused to take down comments on posts made by BOOST. This innocent act of self-promotion (the lifeblood of our society) resulted in a gravely unjust 48 hour ban! As if they hadn't suffered enough after tagging the wrong Andrew Moore in their campaign video.

If it's a crime to run without having written for *Honi*, then I guess CREAM are guilty. And if it's a crime to break the electoral regulations, then I suppose they're guilty too. These pesky regulations might well cost them the election. I suppose that's the kind of bias you can expect from a communist student union! If these go-getters can't

find a place in the derelict halls of the SRC offices then there will always be a place at the nuclear plant for them! Smithers, send them an invitation!

Boost, eh?

Ironic, isn't it Smithers? In my Friday the 13th article, *SRC 2019: Fact checking the first 48 hours*, we noted diligently to the BOOST campaign that their primary policy video had a duration of "a whopping four minutes." BOOST have since made bite-size 30 second-or-so videos for separate policies, and each of them bear the caption "Not willing to watch our main video that goes for a "whopping four minutes" (*Honi Soit* 2019)? You fools! They have, somehow at once taken my advice and shortened their videos, and tried to mock me! Release the hounds!

Family, religion, friendship. These are the three demons you must slay if you wish to succeed in business.

Alongside your opponents. Jakovac decried "Doon" and "Grass Roots" for running a smear campaign... But ahoy-hoy! Boost screenshotted young lad Swapnik Sanagavarupu's election profile picture caption and posted a "meme" of it in order to make fun of what he was saying. If this isn't a smear campaign, Smithers, then I don't know what is! Ooh, the Liberals are mad at me. I'm so scared! Oooh, the Liberals! Look at them, Smithers. Goldbrickers.... Layabouts.... Slug-a-beds! Little do they realise their days of suckling at my teat are numbered.

If you can take advantage of a situation in some way, it's your duty as an American to do it. Why should the race always be to the swift, or the jumble to the quick-witted? Along this vein, BOOST have produced a commendable policy of SRC funded LinkedIn Pictures. Indeed, I do highly commend this overt careerism. Why conceal it, Smithers?

Alan Zheng

Editorial

A new life form came to Eastern Avenue. They turned up in the middle of the night. Large and grey, they were heavy-footed things, filled to the brim with clay, silt and soil. In each, a small tree took root. Now, those charcoal tree pots or 'planter boxes' are fixtures of Eastern Avenue. They simulate a bizarre game of Cube Runner as student feet press to libraries, ducking and weaving amidst arbor and SRC campaigners in this caffeinated time of the year.

With mid-sems and exams drawing near, it feels instinctive to walk with pace and minimise distraction. The days feel short, and the exams, heavily weighted. But spare a moment, temporarily reduce your sensitivity to public embarrassment and examine those pots for yourself. Gently press your cheek against the uneven cobbles of Eastern Avenue. Look underneath.

My theory is that those pots are planted much deeper than they appear. You might assume that's because the pots serve obvious practical functions. They must, after all, amount to much more than cosmetic additions to one of the busiest thoroughfares on campus.

You may say the pots are defensive bollards and that they are fixed to the underbelly of Eastern Avenue by some 20-metre metal strut. I wouldn't dismiss that possibility. But underneath,

I have imagined a fever dream of pipes and speakers, surveillance and eyes peeking out from darkened interiors.

Editing *Honi Soit* is a little like imagining these subterranean possibilities: formulating questions, finding answers, stumbling in the dark and reimagining the scope of possibility against reality, all in the name of pursuing that which is often romanticised as truth.

But, no lead ever takes you to precisely what you expect. Most times, the end of the road is far more banal than mystical.

At the beginning of this year, I balanced a thesis with this role. After a stress-induced breakdown, I turned to the honours coordinator. He told me that three people would read my thesis in total. Each would be a faculty academic, and each would do so because they were required to mark it, rather than natural interest. The thesis would then go into the University's thesis library, where few, if any, would subsequently gaze upon it. *Honi*, on the other hand, will live on, digitised online, archived by Fisher's Rare Books Collection, and in the memory of this year's readers.

The banal can be mystical, and at *Honi*, it often has been. Spring is here now. Happy reading.

LETTERS



"You're welcome"

Good day!

I just wanted to say "thanks" for mentioning Canva in your article: <http://honisoit.com/2019/09/src-2019-honi-does-fact-checking/> We really, really appreciate it.

I'm reaching out today to ask if you could add a link back to our site (<https://www.canva.com>). That way, people can easily find us when reading your article.

Either way, thanks for the shout out and keep up the great work!

Thanks,

— Kate Teng

Photoshop for dummies

Dear *Honi Soit*,

Shame. Shame, shame, shame. In an article on SRC online campaigns, you (quite fairly) described my forward-rolling as 'awkward', shaming me in front of your millions of rabid readers. But to describe PUMP's graphic design as 'Canva-produced' is where I draw the line. C*ntva is a graphic design tool analogous to Snapchat in terms of editing prowess, you may as well have said that I designed our campaign on MS Paint. I used Adobe Photoshop™, thank you very much. I'm deeply hurt and offended, and seek an immediate retraction from your esteemed publication.

— PUMP's Graphic Designer

Indigenous art chalked

Dear Sydney University community,

I share a deep commitment to freedom of speech on our campus, and strongly support the many places where students and others can chalk messages and put up posters expressing their views on a range of topics that are important to them – including climate change.

But I was disappointed to see a message chalked on one of our public art works on Eastern Avenue yesterday morning.

I hope the person responsible was unaware that the sculpture was created by Aboriginal artist Dale Harding, as a homage to our environment and our role in it.

The artwork is surrounded by native

plantings that showed signs of being trampled on. Stickers were also plastered on to the nearby native trees. You probably know that the trees are important to the Gadigal. The Gadi trees deserve respect and we must care for them – as our ancestors have done before us.

Please continue to express yourselves about the issues that you're passionate about – but please also respect our public art and consider what meaning it might have to others in our community as you do so.

— Professor Lisa Jackson-Pulver

Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Indigenous Strategy and Services)



We can't hear you over our bias

Honi was incredibly biased against Josie in the SRC debate. Some questions, some answers, mostly heckling. As someone who had no real opinion on the candidates before this debate, I'm incredibly disappointed at the absolute shitshow I just watched.

Not once did you bring up any past social media posts, and glossed over his tantrum with Jacky. You did not let her speak or reply to what Liam was saying NEARLY as much as you let Liam respond to what Josie was saying. In their write ups and interviews, you did not criticise Liam in the same way you did Josie- and this carried over into the debate questions. Taking stock of the questions (in my opinion), Liam's questions were actually centred on his policy whereas Josie's attacked her character and past. Editors, this isn't quality or fair reporting. I've believed for a while now that *Honi* should not be in charge of moderating these debates- it just doesn't make sense to me when your political leanings are made so incredibly clear by the tone and detail of the content you publish. I don't have a solution as to who SHOULD be moderating at this point, but all I know is I'm doubtful the privilege should be given to you.

Sincerely,

— A third year science student

Annual Elections
Students' Representative Council,
University of Sydney



2019 Polling Booth Times and Places

POLLING LOCATION	WED 25TH SEPT 2019	THURS 26TH SEPT 2019
Fisher	8:45 – 5:15	8:45 – 5:15
Jane Foss Russell	8:45 – 5:15	8:45 – 5:15
Manning	10:45 – 3:15	10:45 – 3:15
PNR Building	11:45 – 2:15	No polling
Cumberland	9:45 – 2:15	9:45 – 2:15
Conservatorium	9:45 – 2:15	No polling
SCA	No polling	9:45 – 2:15

Pre-polling will also be held outside the Jane Foss Russell Building, on Tuesday 24th September from 10am–3pm.

Authorised by C.Lu, Electoral Officer 2019,
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.net.au



USyd contingent, at least 2,000 strong, joins more than 80,000 others in Climate Strike

The University of Sydney contingent, which amassed numbers of at least 2,000, joined more than 80,000 others in the Domain last week as part of the global climate strike.

Students, academics, and staff convened outside Fisher Library at 10am before marching down City Road and through Broadway. Students and staff from Notre Dame University and the University of Technology Sydney joined the march, before contingents from all over the city converged in and around Hyde Park and the Domain.

The march was only one of thousands happening across the globe throughout the day. Similar marches took place in every major city in the country, as well as a large number of smaller cities and towns.

The strike, initially inspired by Swedish high school student and activist Greta Thunberg, is the second to have taken place this year. Protesters took to Sydney streets in March 2019, however, the turnout to today's rally was at least five times larger by most estimates.

Evelyn Araluen, a USyd PhD candidate and a descendant of the Bundjalung nation, reminded the crowd outside Fisher Library that First Nations struggles for justice and sovereignty and the climate movement cannot be separated.

"Do not leave Aboriginal people behind in this movement [...] acknowledge your accountability," said Araluen.

The protest coincided with the last day of the first week of on-the-ground campaigning for next week's Student's Representative Council elections.

The only campaigners spotted on Eastern Avenue immediately after the strike were from the Panda faction.

Liam Donohoe, Grassroots presidential candidate, confirmed that Grassroots suspended campaigning for the day to attend the climate strike.

"I think the issue of climate change is generally the most important political issue for a great deal of young people and I think if campaigners successfully link their team to environmental improvement then they will see more success than they would otherwise," Donohoe said.

Donohoe's opponent, Boost's Josie Jakovac, verified that members of the Boost campaign attended the rally, but would not comment on whether she personally attended.

"The issue of the climate and the environment is of critical importance to many USyd students," Jakovac told *Honi*.

190 classes from the University voted to join the strike in the lead up to the event. The week before the event, the University announced that neither students nor staff would be penalised for attending the event.

Lily Campbell, speaking on behalf of the USyd's Socialist Alternative, told *Honi*, "We hope this strike builds the enthusiasm and confidence of ordinary people to fight against the climate crisis, and every injustice that confronts us. To those who condemn and mock the protesters as time-wasters, counterproductive or any which slander, we say: look at history!"

Reporting by Joseph Verity and Amelia Mertha // Photography by Liam Thorne



Field notes from a scientist on strike

Coco Huang

I heard their voices first, a murmur predicating a crowd whose footsteps and chants intensified as they sprawled over Eastern Avenue. Spearheaded by a banner held between six students, I watched USyd's 2000-strong contingent of protesters turn onto City Road.

Earlier, I met with Professor Dee Carter, the Head of Microbiology, to discuss the climate crisis's impact on human health. She highlighted how rising global temperatures and increasing numbers of natural disasters would leave us "much more vulnerable to fungal, bacterial and parasitic infections."

In her field of fungal biology, fungi are learning to adapt to warmer temperatures, such that our body temperatures could become insufficient to inhibit their growth. Combined with the challenge of developing new drugs to bolster the few available for treating fungal infections, this could precipitate higher rates of infection and mortality. Already, a case of the multi-drug-resistant fungus *Candida auris* has emerged in Victoria, with a 30-day mortality rate of over 35.2%.

"There's a desperate need for new drugs, and there's not enough research and funding going on to bring them into the mainstream pipelines,"

Professor Carter said. "We are running out of existing drugs and options."

With her words in mind, I joined the diverse crowd, weaving between chant leaders, bearers of irreverent placards, and even the elusive yeti. Upon arrival at The Domain, I was again shocked by the number of protesters; the area looked like a fishbowl brimming with people, and the student activists' speeches galvanised the crowd.

But my following interview with Professor Manfred Lenzen, a sustainability researcher, was more sobering. His work has highlighted the need for high-income countries to reduce greenhouse gas emissions

internationally-recommended levels.

"This global, uniform 50% reduction target actually translates in Australia and [other high-emission countries] not to reduce by 50%, but by 80%."

But what would an 80% reduction look like? "Energy consumption went down by 50% in Japan and Germany at the end of WWII... [an] 80% reduction [would result in] such fundamental changes to [our] lives that [we] cannot imagine."

While supportive of striking for 100% renewable energy by 2030, he cautioned against "creat[ing] a false sense of security that doing this is all it takes," as the substantial

personal sacrifice required could send people into denial and "shut down."

While the scale of the problem may be incomprehensible, perhaps we should direct our attention to what we can comprehend; to more urgently reduce our greenhouse gas emissions, pursue new technological means of removing them, and prepare for natural disasters and their associated health challenges ahead. Whether this personal, social and political commitment can be enacted globally before we bear the brunt of the climate crisis is something we should not wait to find out.

Crim essay opt-outs permitted

Jessica Syed

The Sydney Law School has allowed students studying Criminal Law to opt-out of essay questions concerning sexual offences and female genital mutilation. Students taking the subject in semester two were given the choice between these two topics for the mid-semester assessment for the subject.

Course convenors Dr Tanya Mitchell and Andrew Dyer told *Honi* that, "Where a student indicated that, for psychological reasons, [they] was uncomfortable answering the questions that we had set, we immediately provided [them] with an alternative question about the law of criminal complicity." It is unclear whether such an indication required something like a medical certificate to be presented. It is also unclear whether the option of alternative assessment was made abundantly clear to students. *Honi* understands that, even after the assessment was due, several students perceived the questions provided to be unconditionally compulsory.

This may have been prompted by what appears to be an onus on students to indicate

psychological discomfort in order to be able to undertake an alternative essay question. Students taking the unit told *Honi* that they were not explicitly told that the option existed, should they become distressed – either in tutorials or in the Unit of Study (UOS) outline.

Course content to be examined in the unit's final exam is yet to be released. On this, Mitchell and Dyer told *Honi* that they "have made a determination that it is not appropriate to discuss the substantive content of the exam... before students have completed their interim assessment" and that details will be released later in the semester, as per the UOS outline. Though this is commonplace within the Law School, the apprehension of potentially triggering content in their final exam for the unit may in itself induce psychological distress.

Dyer and Mitchell told *Honi* that "Sexual assault is dealt with in Criminal Law courses because of the efforts of feminists decades ago to ensure that such matters were not trivialised or ignored by criminal law scholars and students."

Campus Security under fire for homophobic conduct, documents reveal

Alan Zheng

Honi Soit has obtained documents under Freedom of Information legislation which indicate Campus Security received a complaint alleging homophobic treatment late last year, but failed to investigate it.

The complainant, who is not known to *Honi*, sent a message to the University of Sydney Facebook page alleging that Campus Security confronted two men in the Carlaw Building's disabled toilets, and addressed them by saying "you're going to be charged faggots."

"The behaviour of the security guards was aggressive, homophobic and a poor reflection of Sydney University," the complaint alleged.

Honi has also seen emails between senior Campus Security personnel. In one email chain, Security Risk Coordinator Duane Ledford suggested that campus security should temporarily cease surveillance of the Carlaw bathrooms until the complaint was resolved. This suggestion

was swiftly dismissed by the Head of Campus Security Simon Hardman.

"Effectively, you've created a 'no go' zone for security guards and that's not on."

"We must provide security patrols to all areas of campus – including Carlaw toilets; particularly so when there's a 24/7 student hub upstairs."

"Of course, we can't have the patrol officers behaving in the manner that is alleged, however, we should always interrupt public sex acts – no exception," said Hardman.

An official University spokesperson told *Honi* that Campus Security personnel do not receive specific training on interrupting sexual activity in public places, including public toilets.

However, "Sexual acts which occur in a public place could constitute a breach of the Summary Offences Act 1988 (NSW)" and personnel are trained in responding to breaches of law.

No campus security

Staff survey sees drop in workplace satisfaction

Samuel Garrett

Key points

- This is the first staff engagement survey since 2016.

- The University of Sydney ranked below the Group of Eight (Go8) average.

- Satisfaction with the overall progress of the University remains low, at 46%

The results of the triennial University Staff Engagement Survey saw staff report lower satisfaction with the majority of workplace practices assessed since the last survey in 2016, raising concerns over the efficacy and impact of changes under the new Sydney Operating Model on staff.

The survey, which received a 63% response rate, measured staff satisfaction across a range of measures, including work and life balance, change processes and leadership.

The results in every category ranked below the Group of Eight (Go8) university average, bar three which ranked margin-

ally higher. By contrast, metrics including processes, technology and student satisfaction sat 16%, 18% and 21% below the Go8 average, respectively.

The results stand out in the context of the sweeping changes currently being implemented under the Sydney Operating Model.

In a recent email to staff, Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence wrote that low satisfaction with processes was "perhaps unsurprising given that we are in the midst of a major organisational improvement program."

The survey's results suggest a failure of the University to ensure that its organisational improvement program is effective, provides better clarity and is consultative in a time of change.

The greatest improvement since 2016 was seen in areas relating to the University's support of career development, however this was overshadowed by larger falls regarding staff access to information, the ability to manage job stress, perceptions of ethics and efficiency of processes.

Staff remained most positive regarding role clarity (85%),

organisational commitment (82%) and the performance of colleagues (81%). However, even these positive results remain below the Go8 average.

Concerningly, despite broader satisfaction with gender equity and respect, female staff reported lower satisfaction with both, while non-binary and long-term staff reported lower satisfaction across all metrics. Satisfaction with the large majority of workplace practices remains below 70%, the lowest being processes (25%) and change & innovation (26%).

38% of staff reported being satisfied with the consultation they received on changes that have affected them. Satisfaction with the overall progress of the University remains low at 46%.

For a world-leading university, the results paint a concerning picture of dissatisfaction, particularly when measured against comparable Go8 universities.

Spence has directed that survey results be used to inform future actions across the University, but the lack of progress in the past three years does not bode well for success.

CONTENT WARNING: HETEROSEXISM AND HOMOPHOBIA

personnel were disciplined as a result of the allegations.

The complaint "is now very difficult to resolve, due to subsequent internal staff changes and our transition to a new security service provider," the spokesperson said.

Hardman, a former NSW Police commander, became Head of Campus Security and Emergency Management in 2017 after he was discharged from the force.

"Normal recruitment processes were followed," according to the spokesperson.

As Newtown Police Superintendent, Hardman had a close relationship with University management. Back in 2013, then Campus Security Manager Morgan Andrews wrote to Hardman, adding "Let me know when you want a milkshake." *Honi* previously reported that Hardman was involved in collaboration with University management against student strikes.

Hardman also faced allegations of homophobia

after he said four homosexual officers had "an anecdotal reputation for loose morals and reckless behaviour," according to a report by the Sydney Morning Herald in May.

Hardman subjected the officers to drug testing and an internal investigation which made no findings of drug use or other misconduct.

The officers have since sued the NSW Government, alleging discrimination, maladministration and misuse of public funds.

At the time of the complaint, Campus Security was contracted out to the embattled Sydney Night Patrol and Inquiry (SNP) which is currently under investigation by the NSW anti-corruption watchdog for allegedly falsifying more than \$120,000 in fake timesheets. The investigation is ongoing.

Although Wilson Security had a brief stint providing campus security at the time of the complaint, *Honi* understands it was not involved.

Since the complaint, the



Pictured: Head of Campus Security Simon Hardman

SRC rejects motion to reimburse the Climate Strike Organising Committee

Emma Goldrick

The University of Sydney (USyd) Students' Representative Council (SRC) Executive voted to reject the reimbursement of student activists involved with the Climate Strike Organising Committee, only days before one of the largest student protests in recent memory.

On 10 September, a motion to reimburse student activists involved in the Climate Strike was submitted by James Newbold (National Labor Students) and the SRC's current co- Education Officer. The SRC Executive voted against the motion, with no dissent recorded. The reimbursement request Newbold put forward totalled just over \$700, a cost that was subsequently fronted by student activists. The bulk of the request came from the \$420 the Committee used to make 120 T-shirts for students attending the event, with other smaller expenses including stickers, paint, stencils and room hire.

Historically, student activism has been a fundamental

component in moulding public opinion and lobbying vested stakeholders. In recent years, the USyd SRC has battled with the extent to which they endorse student activism, despite the three guiding words in the SRC logo reading "activism, advocacy, representation."

"The SRC has [historically] been a great supporter of important environmental activism," Newbold told *Honi*. "However, under the influence of the Liberals this year the SRC has come under serious threat. Despite this, I'll continue fighting to get the funding this vital climate activism deserves."

The mass campaign was organised on a "shoestring budget" due to lack of SRC support, according to Kelton Muir, a student activist heavily involved in the Climate Strike Organising Committee. Muir said that the rejection of SRC financial assistance has meant that despite setting up donation drives, a GoFundMe page and numerous fundraising events, student activists are still left out

of pocket. Alongside the refusal to reimburse the Climate Strike Organising Committee, the SRC also rejected funding for students to attend the Students for Sustainability conference earlier this year.

SRC co-Vice President Dane Luo told *Honi* the refusal was made "in accordance with the Executive Payments Policy".

The policy stipulates that "before finalising payment(s) on items of expenditure for large amounts (generally \$350 or more) a quote or invoice (with an ABN) should be provided for the SRC to pay the amount directly rather than through a later reimbursement".

Furthermore, Luo claimed, "stationery and room bookings are given to Office Bearers for free from our organisation, so the Executive found it unreasonable that students should have to pay over \$200 for something that Office Bearers could easily get for free if they asked".

In reference to the \$420 for t-shirts, Luo told *Honi*, "The

reimbursement came from the Education Officers, which had recently purchased 100 shirts for over \$650 in July. The executive members noted that many of these shirts were sitting in the Office Bearers room collecting dust after being purchased. There was no explanation why an extra 120 shirts were needed when many existing shirts could have been used."

While the SRC did not provide reimbursements for the protests, Luo reassured *Honi* that the SRC had provided "metres of calico and thousands of printed paper" alongside loaning "megaphones, speaker systems and other equipment."

The SRC administration's approach to the climate crisis more broadly has seen many members abstain or vote against motions that would have given the SRC a more active role in the movement.

The 4th September SRC meeting saw a motion put forward regarding the SRC's endorsement of the climate

strike. The motion included the SRC funding 10,000 leaflets & 500 posters alongside a statement calling on students to skip class on strike day.

This agenda item saw councillors from the right-wing majority bloc abstain or vote against the motion due to disagreements around the motion's wording or politics, and the role of nuclear energy; before the majority passed the motion.

Questions remain as to whether the SRC should take a more active role in financing and supporting student activism, or whether the denial of funds stemmed from a basis of miscommunication over resources already available.

'Thoroughly disappointing': International and Global Studies students call for certainty

Anthony Segart

Key points

- INGS students are angry that degree requirements have not been fully communicated to them

- Students say they were misled about fourth year exchange and Honours options

- The University has apologised

or internship.

Students have said they were told prior to enrolling that they would be able to complete a semester exchange in fourth year alongside an Honours project. However Acting Degree Director James Curran now says that doing both in the same year is impossible, despite providing no alternative for students who want to partake in a semester-long exchange.

The fact that the compulsory exchange was worked into the degree structure was a major selling point of the degree, students say, who are now left without clear academic progression timelines due to the limited availability of INGS units.

Earlier this semester, 68 second year students signed a petition demanding temporary degree director James Curran organise an information session outlining students' fourth year academic options, and information about exchange requirements.

"While we appreciate that this degree is new, we believe

it is unreasonable that we as students are expected to plan our academic progression meticulously while not having the academic information we need to do so," the petition read.

Second year INGS student Jaspar McCahon-Boersma, who organised the petition, said the information required to plan future study was simply unavailable.

"I had been applying for exchange a year early, in third year instead of fourth year," he said.

"I realised that the Faculty had no idea what we were doing for fourth year and I realised none of us had any idea what we were doing either."

"The information just wasn't there," he said.

FASS, along with Professor Curran and representatives from Sydney Abroad, held an information session earlier this month aimed at rectifying student misunderstandings of the degree structure.

In a recording seen by *Honi*, Professor Curran told students

that "if you do want to do Honours, the best way to do it is to do a short term exchange."

These developments are the latest in a sea of confusion and miscommunication concerning the degree.

Questions were also raised over the requirements of the compulsory language minor. Most language minors, operated by individual schools of languages, require 6 credit points of 2000-level culture units, but confusion towards these requirements has abounded.

"James Curran [says] that if you are an INGS student you don't need to do that cultural unit, however, it has not been mentioned anywhere in that handbook. So we're going off the word of the director," said McCahon-Boersma.

It's unclear whether it is possible to complete a language minor without the cultural units, given the number of language units on offer at USyd.

In a statement to *Honi*, a FASS spokesperson apologised "for any inconveniences or

hardship" associated with the introduction of the degree, and pointed to the faculty Handbook for information about the degree structure and requirements. The Handbook has no mention of cultural units in the language minor.

The spokesperson said FASS is undertaking checks to ensure correct advice had been given to students.

Students say they were convinced that the Advanced Studies stream would be a beneficial addition to their university education but are now less confident in its promise, seeing it as a profit-driven scheme compromised by funding cuts and understaffing.

"This ties into the fact that nationally we're seeing universities being treated as companies and businesses rather than places of education," McCahon-Boersma said. "This is a direct result of that."



Art by Matthew Fisher

Watching my parents watch *The Farewell*

Baopu He's parents were not excited about his favourite film.

I started tearing up thirty minutes into watching Lulu Wang's new family drama *The Farewell*. While the premise of the film - a Chinese family using the pretext of a wedding to see their family matriarch one last time after she is, unbeknownst to her, diagnosed with terminal cancer - naturally lends itself to emotional catharsis, thirty minutes had got to be a new record. By the film's end, I, with the rest of the booked out cinema (most of whom were, like me, Asian-Australian) were floored, some pensively reflecting about filial piety and the diaspora (guilty), others trying their best not to burst into ugly sobbing (also guilty). Rightfully so, *The Farewell* has been hailed not just as a triumph of meaningful representation, but also just a brilliant film.

I enjoyed the film so much that I decided to watch it a second time, this time with my parents. Though only a week had passed since I last watched it, I teared up and felt the same bittersweet tremors at the same moments. But as much as I was there for the film, I was also there to watch my parents watch it. While watching, I wondered how they would view it, given that the story is as much theirs as it is mine.

Unfortunately, to my disappointment,

it became clear after the credits rolled that they had not been as taken with the film as I was.

"It's a movie Western audiences will like, but not us"

"I don't think it will do well in China" They tell me that the subject matter of the film is just not something Chinese people think is worth making a film about, given that lying about death is almost as certain as death itself in the Chinese lifecycle. While the guiding tenet of this push for representation is the principle that having your experiences reflected on the screen allows a film to resonate more powerfully, maybe there is a limit to how familiar something is before it becomes banal and vapid. Perhaps, expecting them to be excited about a common Chinese practice is equivalent to expecting a Western audience to be excited about a film about a white family who send their elderly parents into a nursing home.

Nonetheless, I remain unconvinced.. I retort that they're applying a double standard to film just because the director is Chinese, and that they wouldn't have ever commented on how "commonplace" a film's subject matter was if the characters were from a non-

Chinese background.

Indeed, the increasing Hollywood representation has unintentionally exposed the growing chasm between the Chinese diaspora and their homeland. While second generation Asians celebrated Chinese-Canadian actor Simu Liu for being cast in Marvel's *Shang-chi*, many Chinese fans found him "not handsome enough." Such was the intensity of the criticism that one can't help but think that Chinese audiences would rather the role be whitewashed than be given to an Asian without double eyelids. My parents ultimately concede that they probably would view the film differently had it been an Italian, or Russian film.

Not just a muted emotional response, my parents point out more tangible aspects of the film they found strange. While many will find it amazing that most of the film is in Mandarin, my parents thought this was a ploy to impress Western viewers, not an actual commitment to linguistic realism. Supporting their argument is the casting of Tzi Ma as Billi's father. Playing a migrant from Northern China, Tzi Ma, who is originally from Hong Kong, speaks Mandarin with a noticeable Cantonese accent which

sounds jarring when compared with the perfect Northern Chinese accents of the family. English speaking actors are panned all the time, by audience and critics alike for not getting accents correct (just think about Emma Watson every time she plays someone who isn't Hermione Granger), so I accept this is probably a fairer criticism. Nonetheless, I didn't feel as if it detracted from the film's total brilliance. After all, realism isn't the ultimate aim of cinema.

My dad has since showed me a rather biting Chinese review he found online. One line in particular stands out.

"The film is plagued by one problem, and that's its awareness of its own uniqueness. It can't fully leave a Western perspective, but at the same time, insists that it's sufficiently Eastern. As a result, it struggles to convey both East and West."

While the writer almost certainly meant this critically, it's probably the most succinct explanation I've ever read on what it feels like to be part of the Asian diaspora. And perhaps it's precisely this ambiguity of identity that makes *The Farewell*, while falling short of expectations for some, so powerfully truthful for so many others.

How Dungeons & Dragons made me a better writer

Video games fail where tabletop gaming succeeds, Peter Prentice argues.



I'm not sure if my peers in the Faculty of Science can relate, but I often feel that hours of soul-draining mathematics causes me to need to release my inner artist. I often do so through writing—usually poetry or slice-of-life pieces.

However, only a year ago, I sought to write a fantasy text, which required considerably more stimulus than what I could muster from the real world. I wasn't sure where to get the inspiration for a world of my own, since fantasy TV, film, and novels are fairly uninteractive. I needed something I could delve into and investigate first-hand. It was then that I realised that an oft-overlooked form of interactive entertainment—tabletop gaming—was precisely what I was looking for.

In other words, I decided to go vampire hunting in my spare time.

Dungeons and Dragons (D&D), the game I played, was developed in the 1970s by an aspiring worldbuilder, Gary Gygax. An instant bestseller, D&D entered an entertainment industry dominated by rising digital mediums like film and video games. Fantasy films were ascendant following the release of the *Star Wars* trilogy, and high fantasy novels were continually being pushed into the mainstream hands of enthralled readers. While these mediums allowed for rich stories to be told, they were restricted by non-interactivity, and the alternative—video games—were restricted considerably by technical limitations that overshadowed any

potential for storytelling aside from text adventures.

Amidst the proliferation of all these mediums, one question remained—how could an author tell both a descriptively compelling narrative while also giving the reader an opportunity to participate? This is what many viewers, and even Gygax himself, sought to resolve with role-playing games. D&D not only allows for an author to provide both a narrative and participation to a viewer, but is also the only medium which allows for this experience. The trick? It's simple—the author takes an active role, rather than a passive one.

Even the most technologically stunning video games of the 21st century, from *The Elder Scrolls* to *Mass Effect*, are restricted by one key problem that I call choice oversight—in other words, there's only so much that an author can predict that a player will want to do. In many games, this can often lead to uneventful conclusions—for example, killing the essential NPCs in *The Elder Scrolls III: Morrowind* causes the "thread of prophecy to be severed"—effectively ending the main questline. Worse still, this can even lead to results that run contrary to the developer's vision of the game—for example, in *Minecraft*, due to the limitations of the AI of the villagers, the most efficient way to manage villager trades is to abduct them in boats back to your base, and then repeatedly breed and kill them to gain desirable trades. This paints a dark narrative on an

otherwise innocent story of a person trying to survive in an unknown world.

The power of bringing the storyteller into an active role is that it allows for dynamic storytelling. Texts are published at a static point in time, and as such, questions that arise after the date of publication cannot be answered—unless you follow it up. With D&D, questions arise during the process of storytelling. The author can improvise and adapt to the choices made by the protagonists of the story and ultimately curate an experience for the player.

After having slain a great number of vampires, as well as putting on the shoes of a *Dungeon Master* myself, I have come to find that my writing has improved when attempting to understand the gaze of the reader. More valuable and relevant information finds its way to the spotlight of my pages compared to before, as I have come to learn what my players—my readers—find more interesting. No longer are there bland descriptions of the paintings on the wall. Rather, the odd depiction of *Boblin*, a tiny (and adorable) goblin, who sips his milkshake in the middle of a dwarven tavern, makes it into print.

Whether you want to be *Edward Elric* from *Fullmetal Alchemist*, or simply wonder how long you would survive in a zombie apocalypse, D&D is a great way to explore that, and it doesn't only fulfill your own fantasies—it also helps the aspiring authors out there who need to playtest their novels.

Art by Lauren Moore

A critical appraisal of the F23 building

Maxim Shanahan picks apart the Vice-Chancellor's den.

From his new office on the very top floor of the new F23 Administration Building, Michael Spence enjoys expansive views over the city, its phallic structures providing an inspiring paean to corporate success. It's a far cry from the Vice-Chancellor's old digs on the ground floor of the quadrangle—quiet, academic, conservative. While it can be easy to read too much into such things, it is nevertheless worth examining the messages which the new Admin Building projects. After all, it is, in the words of its architects, the university's "new visible presence to the world."

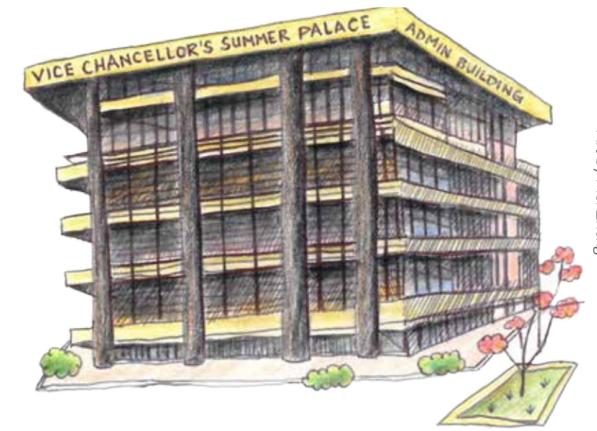
Dr. Spence himself provides some useful insights: "F23...supports in a visual way the university values - openness and engagement; diversity and inclusion; respect and integrity; courage and creativity." One must pause and wonder whether this former Oxford don has surrendered his mind to the corporate-speak which so unfortunately pervades the university's public discourse, or whether he is merely speaking out of his arse. Nevertheless, some of these outwardly inane statements may tell us something about the university's glowing new edifice.

Openness and Engagement

If engagement was to be a core precept of the building's design, then its architects have failed miserably. Good architecture is supposed to speak to the viewer, but the Admin Building is a hermit—content to remain mute and unnoticed. In spite of its location on the university's most prominent corner, F23 somehow manages to hide itself from the casual gaze. Given the design of the building, which is remarkable only in its unremarkableness, this should not be a surprise. It is stout and blockish, with a peculiar resemblance to a hydraulically-pressed pagoda. It pays its dues to modernity with a glass facade, while grumpily acquiescing to sandstone over flammable cladding in an obligatory, but utterly meaningless nod to the university's sandstone heritage. This leaves a bland, forgettable character as F23's primary point of 'engagement'. As to openness, a security desk takes pride of place in the polished concrete foyer, its guards zealously prohibiting access to the upper floors.

Diversity and Inclusion

It is the utter meaninglessness of these words which is so dispiriting. The extent to which diversity and inclusion—those nebulous words adored by corporate PR teams—can be



manifested in a piece of administrative architecture is highly questionable, let alone one with all the character and joy of any corporate office anywhere in the world.

Respect and Integrity

In light of the myriad Sydney apartment buildings ridden with cracks and defects, structural integrity is indeed an achievement to be lauded. And it is true that the building remains standing. Such low aims, however, do not send a message of excellence to the engineering faculty. As to respect, the waiter at the posh new cafe on the ground floor was unfailingly polite as he served me my \$24 'cheese selection' entree.

Courage and Creativity

Courage is a lofty aim for any

design, let alone that of a home of bureaucracy. Inevitably, we reach the same conclusion as we have with all the other overstated values in Dr. Spence's ode to the Admin Building. They mean nothing. It is this apathy to meaning which best describes this new building. It aspires to nothing beyond functionality, and achieves very little in adding to the campus. The apathetic tenor of Dr. Spence's remarks are reflected in the new building: despite its position as the new home of the VC, it projects no meaning, and is both sterile and unavoidably corporate. Whether or not this is an issue is a different question, but certain things can be read into Dr. Spence's move from the quadrangle to the top floor of a corporate office building.

Navigating the ruins of a failed corporation

Garnet Chan unpacks the University's customer service promises and failures.

What do USyd and a telecommunications provider have in common?

Both operate in oligopolistic environments shaped by the ruthless dynamics of supply and demand, hungry for profits or "market share" when trying to out-do their competitors in a capitalistic arena. Both offer a suite of cookie-cutter products, which often fail to adequately meet individual needs. Consuming one of these products requires committing to a fixed-term contract, made difficult to escape due to legions of terms and conditions. Top executives are compensated generously for their often questionable management, with salaries beginning well-above the million-dollar mark.

They both also offer the promise of "superior" service - one which has been continually broken. Whilst I can handle a routine blackout between Stanmore and Newtown, one shouldn't expect consistent failures when it comes to their education, and their future. The highly debatable quality in the recent overhauls of USyd's academic offerings, such as OLEs cheapen the value of a "world-class" degree.

Meanwhile, the teaching quality varies enormously. One only needs to look at new administration building: intermittent Internet, fossilised classrooms and poor recording facilities that make it difficult for those who can't physically attend lectures.

But what happens when the student

experience breaks down?

With your only respite being the now centralised USyd Student Centre - the equivalent of a telecom phone centre - students become helpless consumers facing a bureaucratic abyss when crucial issues, such as academic progression, exchange credits or degree administration, arise.

Many of us are no strangers to the dehumanised processes of USyd's handling of student queries - an effective "cost-cutting strategy" to boost the university's profits, which reached almost \$170 million last year. The system delivers anxiety and frustration. It is not unusual to wait weeks, even months for a reply.

It took Candice* three years to be properly enrolled in a Bachelors of Science (Advanced) with majors that would best reflect her changing interests. She was initially rejected from an internal transfer despite satisfying the ATAR requirements. Delays between email correspondence, forgotten promises of call-backs and a lack of familiarity with the degree requirements culminated in the change taking place three months after the initial request. The bureaucratic torture persisted when Candice tried to change majors - where the only consistency was, ironically, the irregular information retrieved from multiple in-person consultations at the Student Centre.

Simon* was in his last year when he

too decided to change degrees. During this process, he waited six months for a response despite opening numerous tickets on USyd's contactless "Service Portal." Its sterile interface is the equivalent of talking to someone at automated call centre.

Such delays, devoid of human touch, resulted in Simon delaying graduation for a semester and thwarted any aspirations of further study. "[I] once had aspirations of doing further academic work at USyd, but not anymore. The whole ordeal left such a bitter taste in my mouth I'd rather just work."

Michael's* graduation date was also pushed back a semester due to administrative errors on USyd's part. They incorrectly marked one of his subjects as "incomplete" from first year, almost three years ago, despite displaying as "complete" on his Sydney Student. Email replies were staggered at 1-2 weeks between him and administrative staff, which prevented him from enrolling in Winter School to promptly complete his degree. He only received a reply at the start of Semester 2. By then he had already enrolled because he had no other choice. "[They] basically blamed me for their blunder and was not helpful at all."

At no point was a phone number or contact details to a "real" person made available in any of these cases. One can't help but wonder if these delays

are intentional, keeping students in the system for longer, while universities profit off prolonged degrees.

Simon and Candice were only able to switch successfully after escalating their cases to the Associate Deans of their respective faculties. It seems as if only when executive power is on your side does the university start taking you seriously. But this process also lacks transparency, as many emails of relevant staff members or academics are deliberately obfuscated on the USyd website, forcing students to navigate another bureaucratic labyrinth.

It's easy to blame the inefficacy of administrative staff for these gross injustices. But it appears that a greedy university is ultimately at fault. How is a decentralised team supposed to support over 60,000 students?

Short-staffing and poor training of administrative centres come at the expense of adequate academic guidance and mentorship - which is crucial for nurturing the educational experience students deserve.

The increasing levels of disenfranchisement between students and staff, general complacency, lack of compassion and treating students like hapless cash generators is despicable.

If customer service was a key performance indicator, USyd would have an appalling rating.

*Names have been changed

Gone too soon: Recalling Tarago

Liam Thorne looks through his rear-view mirror at his youth.

I distinctly remember the few weeks before my now-passed grandfather's, (to me, 'Ron') 80th birthday party. My mum, his daughter, had agreed to hold the celebration in our house. A vast majority of Mum's efforts went into the slideshow and speech to be delivered on the evening. For over a fortnight, my 8-year-old self watched her pour through album after album of old photos. In essence, she relived her childhood, before placing those recollections into a presentation for us all to share. I still experience the same swell of joy she shared with us all when re-listening to the songs she played time and time again as she practiced presenting the slideshow.

A mainstay of the memories was their car; a setting for distant family holidays, trips to schools, even just simple but intimate moments with each other. Having not experienced any of those moments myself, their car became a fixed point to understand how Mum, her three brothers, and their parents, navigated the ins and outs of childhood and beyond.

Earlier this year, I found out that Toyota had discontinued production of the Tarago after 36 years.

I first met our Tarago outside my grandparents' house. My Dad pulled

it up slowly out the front, and we all hurried down up the path to say hello. From the outside, our Tarago sat proudly, bearing a whopping-eight seats (a feature that never fails to impress), dressed in a sleek silver-metallic paint job, welcoming us inside. I clambered in, sitting in the middle row next to Ron, seriously impressed by the automatic window button that replaced our old Mitsubishi Magna's window hand-crank. "This will take some getting used to," I proclaimed to Ron, and then again to everyone for safe measure. The seven of us drove around that night, simply taking in our new car, just as I imagine thousands of young families have in 1983 with their Taragos.

Since then, my Tarago has borne witness to countless new experiences. I learnt to drive under Dad's guidance, slowly coming to appreciate its cumbersome frame as something wonderful. It size makes it accessible, allowing our weekly ritual of visiting my grandma and taking her and her walker to the shops to do her groceries. It was with the Tarago that my dad picked my friend and me up from Year 11 Afters. We tried (in vain) to hide the faint scent of alcohol from Dad's watchful nose. Only the following year,

it was in the Tarago that I drove to pick up my formal date — to crash en route.

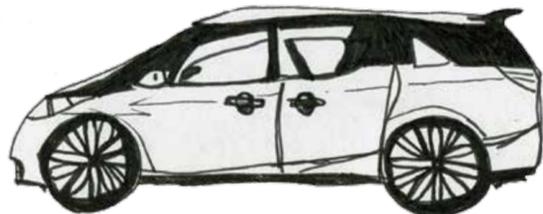
Its roomy enclosure has been a backdrop to moments of enormous emotional significance. I picked up both of my boxer dogs in it, getting to meet them on the large back seats, traversing giddy excitement with the faint worry that a two-hour drive may prove too challenging for a young puppy's bladder. I also said goodbye to my first dog, Ruby, as the Tarago quietly carried her to be put down. For me, saying goodbye to my dog — a moment any young child will struggle to forget — is inseparable from the Tarago.

The NUMTOT in me says I should resist venerating a car so highly; climate change's looming shadow should have us encouraging sustainable practices wherever possible. To be sure, I have neither an intimate knowledge of cars, nor much of an interest in car subcultures. And yet, the family car

prevails. They are a distinct for personal history to organise around, and in many ways, seem to take on their own agency as characters themselves in your younger years. Sitting in my car, I always feel safe, at ease. Sure, on occasion I'm met with throwaway comments about my overly-domestic appearance arriving to an event in the quintessential family's 'people mover.' And yet, without fail, friends and family always come around to the Tarago: a facilitator of road-trips, a tool for carrying equipment in student elections, or a convenient trip for eight to the station after a late night in the SRC.

My Tarago's odometer will hit 200 000 kilometers in the coming year. As my the futuristic metallic gleam of my Tarago begins to fade, I'm reassured to know my own will likely keep on chugging for many more years to come.

Art by Browntown



I gotta feeling... again

Annie Zhang blames it all on DJ Earworm's rocking electronic club beats.

CONTENT WARNING: SELF-HARM, MENTAL HEALTH

I discover mashup artist DJ Earworm late on a Sunday night, and plunge abruptly back into the buried life of the child I had once been. The wind is brutal as I wait for the Nightrider, and in my ear 25 different artists sing 25 disparate songs. Images splash across my cracked phone screen — Pitbull first in a half-second snatch, then Lady Gaga, followed by will.i.am and Kelly Clarkson and Kanye and countless more.

'Blame it on the Pop' is a sonic collage of nostalgia, a time capsule of half-remembered melodies from my childhood. In his most acclaimed entry of the 'United States of Pop' oeuvre, DJ Earworm strings together musical samples from the 25 top Billboard hits of 2009 to form 'Blame it on the Pop'. No sample lasts longer than a few seconds — a snatched word or phrase, ending as immediately as it begins and bleeding right into the next. There's Jay Sean, then Fergie, then Miley serenading us with 'The Climb', Taylor Swift from the 'Love Story' days, Soulja Boy, Jason Mraz, a few sped-up lines from the All-American Rejects. Somehow, DJ Earworm threads morsels of 25 disparate melodies into one holistic song. It's an impressive display of technical prowess. Yet despite its patchwork nature, 'Blame it on the Pop' nevertheless proffers a cohesive lyrical

narrative — a feel-good message about getting back up when you're down, and making it out of this mess.

"This year in the charts, so many of the pop song seem to tell the same story," DJ Earworm writes in a song note on his website. "Yeah, we've been through a lot, but right now we're gonna celebrate with music and dance, and it's gonna be ok."

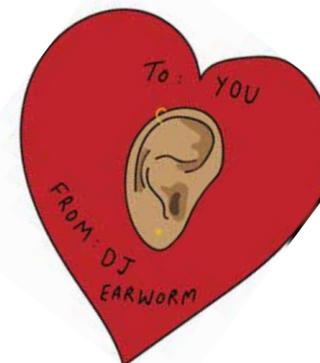
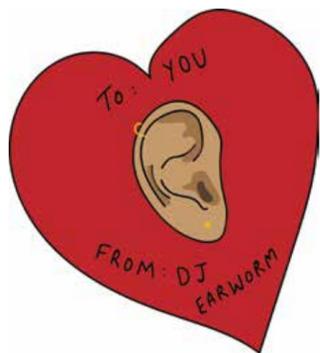
2009 was a strange and formative year for me. That old me is dead and gone, but I still remember shards of her. Several of her friends spoke animatedly about killing themselves, and many of them found themselves fascinated with sharp objects. Once during language class, she and a friend pulled scissors from our pencil cases and dragged the blades along their forearms until the skin reddened and tore. For the rest of the day, she carried the incision like a bright and bold accessory. The only vocabulary she had to describe these events back then was "teen angst."

But as 'Blame it on the Pop' loops through my mind, its familiar chord progressions conjure up more joyful filaments of the kid I was in 2009. The kid who heard those songs first. She bopped to them in the car every Friday evening on the way to piano lessons in Allawah. In Visual Arts classes, she hummed along to Nova 96.9FM with her classmates, mucking around

drawing ugly charcoal portraits behind the teacher's back. On train rides home, she and her friends blared Flo Rida and Taylor Swift from their tinny brick Nokias and Sony Ericssons, annoying all the other passengers as they laughed and tried pathetically to harmonise. She stole songs off the G Drive of the school's shared server, where girls buried their contraband material — torrented movies and pirated pop songs. She lay sprawled on the couch on bad days with her eyes closed and shitty earphones in, letting Jay Sean assure her that there was no need to worry, even if the sky was falling down.

It is these sweeter parts of 2009 that I think of now, as I press play on 'Blame it on the Pop' once more and take another nostalgic trip through my decade-old, rose-coloured recollections. Truth be told, I despised many of the songs that feature in this mashup when I first heard them as a child. Only now, aged like wine, do they at last sound rather lovely to me. Perhaps it takes a decade to appreciate how well the Kings of Leon meld with Jason Mraz. I guess it really is gonna be okay, isn't it? *Even if the sky is tumbling down. Isn't this easy—feeling love, love, love? We'll make it out of this mess. Change your mind. Baby just say yes.*

Art by Amelia Mertha



Brokenships: The materiality of memory

When recounting past relationships, sometimes an object is worth a thousand words, writes Vivienne Davies.

A pink shirt. A Max Brenner drink. A sweater, a music box, and an anthropology of poems.

Miscellaneous objects, from dusty bookshelves, in the backs of drawers and one's memories, these items linger on, way past their expiry date.

What unites them, besides the fact that they seem insignificant to most, is that they were all poignantly central to a faded, gone by relationship.

There is a lot of lingering power in one's first love.

Beyond the standard remnants that need to be swept aside after a relationship is over (socks, hair ties, plans which never came to fruition), items with a history and a story are a lot harder to discard. We all know that it'll be easier for us to move on if these objects aren't in the space we live and breathe in, and yet, most of us don't throw them away. We file them away, out of sight, until we stumble upon them one day and somehow, though months or even years have elapsed, they still have this ability to halt us in our tracks.

In choosing to keep these precious nothings, there is a thin line between sentimentality and self-sabotage that can be hard to tread.

There is a Museum of Broken Relationships in Zagreb, Croatia. Going inside, one experiences a plethora of emotions we've all experienced. They're messy, absurd and beautiful. The idea of the museum is simple - personal mementos from relationships are displayed with a narrative from the donor, filled with snarky remarks or wistful lamentations. But behind these quirky objects lurks a complexity of emotions, capturing the most intense moments of one's relationship.

This museum has held temporary exhibitions all around the world, with two permanent museums in Los Angeles and Zagreb. While it was never originally intended to be a permanent museum, the owners found an unexpectedly large audience in the heartbroken, the curious and the emotional. And across the displays, a general sense of catharsis exudes; by donating personally significant items to a public domain, the donors undergo the final stage of loss - acceptance, as they say goodbyes to objects they have lugged around for too long.

In many ways, we have our own museum of broken relationships on campus.

Most of its installations are not physical, but dwell in the stories quietly hidden under the expressionless faces of students who trudge in and out of

class each day. And perhaps, many of these stories are best told through a physical object.

A short sleeve button down, worn on the third date and the first kiss, became representative of more than just the memory of the date. "That night I fell asleep wearing the shirt. I was lulled to sleep by the smell of her and was so over the moon. It was such a lesbian couple thing - swapping shirts and sharing things...Being able to share

clothes is so intimate for me, something I never considered I'd be able to do with a partner".

The idea of a shared experience is unique to same-sex relationships. Yet, the tendency to attribute meanings onto otherwise meaningless physical objects is something more universal. Projecting feelings onto things perhaps makes us feel closer to the person, like they are with us, even when they are gone.

That shirt, however, also came to symbolise the differences between the couple. "She was very butch... I, on the other hand have always been feminine, straight passing... While we could share the shirt it was never my fashion. It was me dipping into her world."

Indeed, whilst you can hold a physical object that reminds you of the other in your hands, it is important to realise that you can never fully 'have' another person in the sum of their spirituality. But for some, the projection of meaning onto objects seems altogether melodramatic.

"It felt like a very constructed attempt at a movie moment." someone tells me, referring to

a music box, given during a potential breaking point in a relationship. The music box played a song that her ex-boyfriend's dad used to sing when he was a child. It was a source of comfort for him, and he gave it to her as a memento to take through life and comfort her whenever she was upset. While that was what he said, she felt differently. "I literally have no emotion attached to it."

Perhaps you can't force a piece of yourself into an object and into someone else's life; meaning has to come from the receiver themselves. You can offer parts of yourself to the other, but whether you're allowed to stay, as a wistful bygone memory or otherwise, is entirely out of your control.

And of course, there are the mementos from first dates. A sweater, stolen off one's boyfriend on the first date during ice-skating, now sits at the bottom of a chest of drawers, never to be worn again. A Max Brenner

drink, ordered on the first date and subsequently every time they walked past Max Brenner, has never been ordered since the relationship ended.

"I can't order it anymore without feeling sad and guilty."

There is a whimsical magic around items from the first date. These objects capture a snapshot of two people unaware of the emotional journey they are about to undergo, while also representing a sort of naivety and untainted beauty that becomes even more poignant when the relationship ends.

Finally, these physical manifestations of emotions can sometimes be one-sided, created after emerging from unrequited romances. An anthology of poems which came into fruition, even though hopes of ever-lasting love did not.

It was a vague, 'thing' that started at 12, with years of back and forth, until he became her first love when she was not his. Only after years of midnight poetry and self-healing was she finally able to attain full closure at 22.

There is a lot of lingering power in one's first love. A concoction of whimsical naivety and nervous energy, the experience of letting someone into your life so intimately for the first time can really change a person's perspective. And when it's all over, the process of writing and creating for years afterwards can give some sense of control over the otherwise uncontrollable flood of emotions. With every word written, a small part heals, even if it feels only temporary.

Loss has no linear timeline. Although condensed into five stages: denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance, the stages can realistically repeat, overlap or feel never-ending. And although we most likely experience the same basic human emotions after a breakup, how we cope varies from person to person.

"I think time is the only thing that can give you closure. You can talk to friends and everything but it is always time to think and be alone that does it."

But isn't time just another word for forgetting? Closure can be romanticised as simply the act of letting go, without recognising the necessary role of confrontation. Humans have terrible memories, always clouded by emotions and weathered by time.

Perhaps it's sometimes better to forget. When confrontation becomes too painful, or resentment continually resurfaces, forgetting maybe is the next best option.

And for others, donating objects to the public domain for others to ruminate upon seems to be the final step in achieving that ever-elusive closure. Whatever that means.



It's time women are given a hand in STEM

Rebecca Chu gives a new perspective on changes to entry requirements for women studying engineering at UTS.

Patronising. Degrading. A free-pass. When the University of Technology Sydney first announced their decision to allow 10 adjustment points for female students applying for undergraduate degrees in the Faculty of Engineering and Information Technology it was met with outrage from the public. "We are not a quota, we are not a numbers boost and we need a culture change, not a hand out," read a petition calling for the initiative to be removed. More than 1000 people signed within the first two days. In its attempt to encourage more women to enrol in engineering, UTS's move for equity instead became a bone of contention, accused of perpetuating the narrative of sexism.

With only 27% of the STEM workforce being represented by women, the problematic gender imbalance within STEM has long been subject to critical discourse. According to Engineers Australia, an average of only 14.1% of engineering graduates are female and despite the number of mentoring programs, scholarships and schemes introduced in the last two decades, progress towards equity remains frustratingly slow. "We need to be disruptive – what we have been doing is not working," Justine Romanics, National Manager for Professional Diversity and STEM at Engineers Australia, said.

Under UTS's initiative, domestic female students who have achieved a minimum of 69.00 ATAR points will be eligible to receive 10 adjustment points exclusive to UTS, effectively increasing their selection rank and their chance of acceptance into applicable STEM courses. It has already been approved by the NSW Anti-Discrimination Board and is set to be in effect for high school students applying for 2020 university admission. While it is true that the inherently vested interests of university holds great influence over the implementation of initiatives, the government's move towards performance-based funding in 2020 suggests it is unlikely that UTS's proposal is purely a means to boost enrolments for financial gain.

At first glance, UTS's drastic approach may seem to be wilfully misguided in its headline to lower the entry bar for women despite proponents of the scheme claiming that it will increase opportunity for female enrolment within relevant STEM courses. In an email sent to members of the Faculty of Engineering IT at UTS, the university stated that the number of offers to female students would have increased from 19% to 27% across all Engineering and IT undergraduate degrees based on their 2018 admissions data.

Thus, adjustment points are legitimised by the assumption that it will increase enrolments and consequently female representation,

encouraging cultural and social change. Indeed, the glaring gender gap fosters a culture whereby strength in numbers favours male dominance and sexism is subconsciously entrenched within the mindset of the cohort. A 2016 report by the Office of the Chief Scientist stated that "Australia loses female talent at every stage of the STEM pipeline despite no innate cognitive gender differences". Instead, engagement, confidence and bias were said to be the issues contributing to the level of achievement and retention of women in STEM.

Sabrina Emanouel, a fifth year Mechanical and Mechatronic Engineering student and Team Leader of UTS Motorsports Electric, believes that an increase in female representation within the cohort will empower female voices and reduce stereotypical biases, challenging the power dynamics that exist within toxic masculinity.

"It's a strange dynamic," Emanouel who oversees a team of more than 20 students within UTS Motorsports, said. "I've got a team of 84% men and some of these guys are older than me, some of them are further into their degree than me and here I am leading the team. Sometimes I have to be firm or assertive and they can take it as aggression or 'bitch'."

Although sexism may no longer be blatant, the subconscious entitlement ingrained within the male-dominated sphere continues to haunt women in subtle ways. As the minority, women often feel the pressure to prove that they deserve their place. "There's almost this bro-culture or man-culture," said Yatha Jain, 2018 Vice President of Sydney University Women in Engineering. "It'll sometimes be things like a guy not shaking your hand and shaking everyone else's hand, or even more subtle than that, when you're one of only a few women, they don't talk to you. Things like eye contact, they'll look at everyone else more than you."

Admittedly, there is merit in the contention that it is not ATAR requirements alone which curtails female interest in engineering and IT subjects. Indeed, the issue equally stems from the systemic failure to educate women in STEM within earlier stages of teaching. However, the adjustment points do not seek to eliminate the necessity of strengthening our education system, but rather enhance its effects by enabling more opportunities for women in tertiary education. It is a hard pill to swallow when the educational system must stoop to gender points as a means of increasing female participation but perhaps a reality we currently bear.

Fears that the preferential treatment of women devalues their intellect, subjecting them to further scrutiny and discrimination, reveals society's

willingness to define an individual's potential by a statistical rank. The notion that a student's academic success at university can be surmised by a numerical measure perpetuates a detrimental mentality that distorts the importance of ATARs whilst undermining the self-value of students. On the contrary, universities are increasingly looking towards alternative means as a basis of undergraduate admission – only 26% of secondary education students were admitted based on their ATAR in 2016, according to the Mitchell Institute.

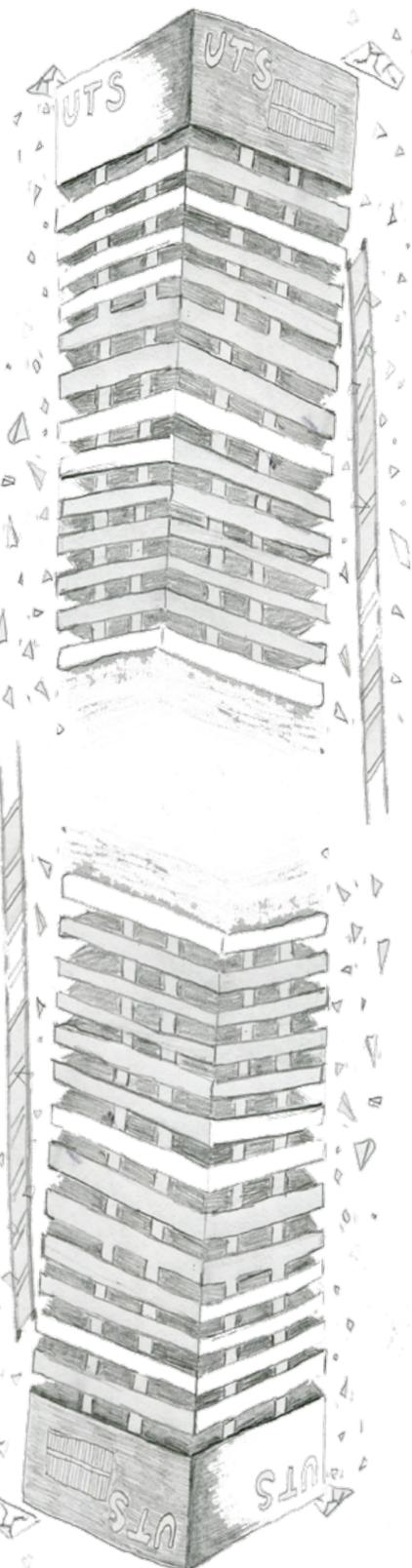
Furthermore, accusations that UTS's adjustment points undermines the validity of a woman's degree, though well-intentioned, risk legitimising severe misconceptions. It is ridiculous to consider that an individual's qualification could somehow be undermined by an 'easier' admission into their course, disregarding their academic performance subsequent entry entirely. It therefore becomes crucial that the narrative that dominates is one that fosters a network of support; one that focuses on an individual's achievement, not on what they may have once lacked numerically. Access to professional resources such as first-year buddy support, mentoring programs, and networks to female industry role models are an essential partnership to this scheme.

"Right now what we have to do is take active steps to make sure these women aren't treated differently next year," said Emanouel. "Next year is the year that we have to make sure that that fear of being treated differently, of being treated poorly, doesn't happen."

UTS will be the first university in Australia to offer adjustment points based solely on gender. A University of Sydney spokesperson told *Honi* that it had no plans to reduce the ATAR requirement for women in any of its degree options.

"While we applaud any efforts to decrease the gender imbalance in STEM, we are not considering such an approach in any of our degree options at this time."

While UTS's initiative is undeniably imperfect and cannot exist as a permanent solution, it holds the potential to enact real change given the right rhetoric. In a system that has long favoured men, it's time women are given a hand.



Art by Nell O'Grady

Wentworth, Bennelong, University of Sydney?

Pranay Jha ponders what might have been if USyd was still an electoral district.

At times, life at the University of Sydney (USyd) can feel like an endless cycle of fiercely contested elections. Organisations like the University of Sydney Union and the Students' Representative Council play an important role in students' lives. Despite that, there often seems to be an atmosphere of apathy associated with student electoral processes, reflected in shockingly low voter turnout rates which regularly hover around 10%. Whether this is down to a perception that student elections have 'no real impact' is debatable. That perception, however, would be radically different in the imagined world where the University of Sydney became an electoral division again.

The University of Sydney's status as an electoral district in the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales is a historical gem buried within the annals of history. Its electoral lifespan was brief, spanning just four years from 1876 to 1880.

The specifications of the electoral district were set out in the 1858 Electoral Act. The Act stipulated that upon enrolment figures at USyd passing

100 students, a special seat would be created. Voting rights would be extended to senate fellows, various staff members and students studying a Master of Arts, Doctors of Laws and Doctors of Medicine. The elections themselves were administered by the Provost or Vice Provost who would act as a returning officer.

The first campus election was a by-election held in 1876, in which William Charles Windeyer defeated Edmund Barton by 6 votes. At the next election Barton, who as Prime Minister oversaw the implementation of the White Australia Policy, claimed victory.

In 1880, when electoral boundaries in New South Wales were redrawn, the seat of the University of Sydney was abolished. Since then, no other special university seats have been created in any state, leaving the question of what USyd electoral divisions would look like. That question remains restricted only to our imagination.

There were certainly significant electoral benefits for students voting in the USyd electoral district in 1876. Firstly, the population of their electoral division

would have been around 100 students, compared to approximately 4,000 voters in other electorates (assuming a roughly equal electoral division). This would have granted each student a significantly larger share of voting power and influence over the outcome of elections than other students nationwide. Today, the size of USyd's electoral division would have grown to approximately 54,000 students. Although nowhere near the disproportions of the 19th century, this would still be significantly smaller than almost all electoral divisions in New South Wales today.

In light of USyd's strong activist tradition, an electoral district may also have increased the efficacy of activist campaigns. With a clear path to Parliament, movements benefit from having a more tangible and proximate end-goal, energising student activists and galvanising greater support. Additionally, although a little idealistically, there would have been an opportunity for genuinely left-wing candidates to hold a seat in Parliament and champion the demands of grassroots campaigns. Compulsory voting may

also have had the impact of cultivating a stronger voting culture on campus with flow-on effects in other student elections. With political participation becoming more closely linked to campus culture, it is feasible that the preservation of an electoral district would have led to higher turnouts in SRC and USU Board elections. This would have also assisted in mitigating some of the electoral impacts of voluntary student unionism. To extend the thought experiment a little further, it's possible that other universities would also have been granted their own electoral divisions. Such special seats, significantly smaller than other electoral divisions, would be problematic in terms of compromising equality in the value of votes. At risk of becoming elitist in its extension of a special voting status exclusive to university students who disproportionately come from class privileged backgrounds.

Ultimately though, there doesn't seem to be any real possibility of university electoral districts being revived, and perhaps for the better.

**CONTENT WARNING:
VIOLENCE, MURDER,
RAPE**

To stay or to archipelago

Across the Arafura, West Papuans are fighting for independence. Amelia Mertha wants us to pay attention.

The morning after I told my father I was writing this article, he stood in our kitchen, anxiously toying with his coffee cup, and warned me against writing it. His was an act of love – a general paternal worry for the safety of his only child. In the 1960s, an uncle of his disappeared from their village in Bali forever. It was quietly assumed that he'd been a victim in the mass anti-communist killings that took place throughout Indonesia between 1965 and 1966. Anti-communist army personnel, and those in the general public who feared communism, conspired against and murdered members and sympathisers of the Partai Komunis Indonesia (PKI). We're coming up to the 54th anniversary of the September 30 coup d'état that effectively justified this nation-wide purge induced by fears that the PKI had gained too much power and reach under the leadership of President Sukarno, an Independence leader and Indonesia's first President. This is the narrative that was promoted by The New Order, the regime led by Sukarno's successor and former-general, Suharto, who rose to power following the September 30 events.

The New Order was a brutal, nationalist project that ran on depoliticising the masses and suppressing the working classes. To police borders is to police belonging; sometimes it is not a matter of refusing a group's belonging but forcing it. At the eastern margins of the map West Papua, otherwise referred to as Indonesians as Irian Jaya, was always part of the pro-independence vision for the nation that would eventually wrest itself from 350 years of Dutch colonial occupation in 1945 – an island collected as a piece

for an archipelagic puzzle. There has always been a movement for West Papuan independence from Indonesia, too. Their ongoing erasure and genocide by the Indonesian military, green-lit by governments and corporations, is a human rights and ecological emergency.

In 1967 US-based company Freeport-McMoRan began mining in the middle of the Sudirman Range of West Papua's western central highlands, seizing the new potential of Indonesia's opening markets under The New Order. Freeport-McMoRan's Grasberg mine is the world's largest gold mine; it is the second largest copper-mine.

At the turn of the century, after Suharto's resignation in 1998, Benedict Anderson labelled the New Order "the banalisation of brutality", reminiscent of Rob Nixon's idea of "slow violence" – the normalisation of incremental forms of violence and trauma, the absence of immediate horror and critical shock value that Western society uses to compel sympathy. Within the contemporary climate action movement, resisting expressions of slow violence is vital.

Jane Perlez and Raymond Bonne describe a spreading "soot-coloured bruise" of mine waste into the Sudirman valleys' rivers including ground ore residue and unprocessed rock. Imagine a bruise—a hurt beneath skin—being slowly pressed and pressed, over and over again.

Two Indigenous tribes have been particularly heavily affected by the Grasberg mine: the Amungme — highlanders, carved out alongside their land by mining — and the Kamoro,

lowlanders who struggle to find fish, as they have done for thousands of years, in the rivers. And so the mine has made resource, unmade refugia.

Across the rest of the island, thousands of West Papuans, including children, have been killed in their struggle for complete independence from the nation-state machine, and freedom from the myth of Indonesian national belonging. Many more – rebels and civilians – have been tortured, raped, beaten, kidnapped, and forced to resettle for those migrants from other islands to settle-in. Voices are silenced on demand; recently the internet and telecoms were temporarily blocked on the island.

Last week on Twitter, Veronica Koman, an Indonesian Human Rights lawyer currently being pursued by Indonesian authorities, reported the death of 26-year-old Sam Lokon, a member of the West Papua National Committee, who was filmed being terrorised by a snake whilst held in a cell by Indonesian police. "My client [...] passed away this morning after serving 6-month sentence on a fabricated charge with many procedural flaws. His health deteriorated in custody," tweeted Koman.

In August, reports say six West Papuan protestors were killed on the island during demonstrations in retaliation to a video showing Papuan students, studying in Surabaya (East Java), being called "monkeys", "pigs" and "dogs" by the military who allege that over forty students had disrespected the Indonesian flag during independence-day celebrations. Flying the West Papuan's sovereign Morning Star flag is

a punishable offence.

The Indonesian military, and Dutch colonisers before them, have used the politics of time to envelope West Papua in a kind of frontier imaginary, perpetuating a language and strategy of anti-Blackness that classifies First Nations people as uncivilised, savage, and disposable. It is hypocritical for Indonesia to refuse to fulfill the same desires for Merdeka! (Freedom!) that it drew up in its own the 1945 Constitution.

I balked at the recent announcement by current President, Joko Widodo, that the nation's capital would be moving from sinking Jakarta to a province in East Kalimantan, Indonesia's portion of the island Borneo. This may, at least, change the Java-centric focus of politics but the announcement felt like a sleight-of-hand, diverting attention away from the conditions in West Papua. Furthermore, the move is just transplanting the problem of pollution and overcrowding onto a region already in the business of displacing Indigenous tribes for deforestation.

I'm only one of many people from the Indonesian diaspora who stand in solidarity with West Papuan independence, watching the homeland with alarmed and alert eyes and ears. Resisting racism and anti-Blackness, and supporting the continued self-determination of First Nations communities, is of course something we must stridently practice here in Australia too.

So Dad, if you're reading this, it's too late. No man is an island, no island is a paradise.

Lax or Luxe? The health service barriers faced by international students

Antoinette Radford explores the trials and tribulations international students encounter when accessing basic health services.



Art by
Nell O'Grady

Studying at an international institution is the opportunity of a lifetime for some. For others, it can open up a complicated world of health issues, insurance claims and exploitation.

Laura* is 20 years old. She's an international student studying a Bachelor of Commerce in Australia, and has been here since she was 18. Her hometown is New Delhi, and for her, studying at an overseas institution was an imperative opportunity – until she needed emergency gallbladder removal in October 2018.

In a country where the language wasn't native to her, with medical jargon she couldn't understand, very little time to properly process the surgery she was undergoing and costs associated with it, the situation was challenging.

Fortunately, she was eligible for insurance cover for the major surgery. But other treatments like specialist appointments, anaesthetic for surgery and follow up meetings with doctors were not covered, costing in excess of thousands of dollars.

She is still owing nearly two thousand dollars in medical expenses.

Her story is not unusual.

As an international student moving to another country, some at the age of 17 or 18, pregnancy and mental health may not be the first things on your list when choosing insurance. But, statistically speaking, over a third of health insurance claims among international students are pregnancy related.

The basic international student insurance cover is called 'Overseas Student Health Cover' and it insures students for some out-of-hospital medical services (as listed in the Medicare benefits schedule), in-hospital medical services, public hospital treatments and ambulance services.

Excluded from the cover is treatment for pregnancy related conditions in the first twelve months of arrival, alongside

treatment for secondary conditions or disabilities that arise, and other conditions.

Sean Stimson, the head of Redfern Legal Centre's International Student Service, told Honi that a lack of clear knowledge and understanding of the services available to students makes it complicated for them to seek help.

"We found that there was very little information to assist international students. There was lots of information, but it was through different sources and also very rarely, was it presented in a community language."

Research conducted by the Centre found that many international students are not utilising their health insurance as they should be due to gap payments that cost large sums of money. These payments can be a significant portion of a student's fortnightly income, and on top of expensive rent costs, are not a priority for students to pay off. Consequently, many refrain from seeking treatment, to avoid expenses.

Mr Stimson highlights that for many students, the choice comes down to basic human needs like eating, versus expensive medical treatments.

"For you and I, perhaps having to pay 20,30,40,50 dollars to use it to get a treatment would be an obvious choice. But if the \$50 was 'do I want to eat this week' or 'do I want to go and see a doctor', I think, well most of us are going to say 'well we want to eat this week'."

One of the key reasons the gap payment becomes so unaffordable for students is due to restrictions imposed on international students through the 40 hour working fortnight. As a part of condition 8105 of the student visa, students are limited to working a maximum of twenty hours a week, and forty hours a fortnight.

On minimum wage, this amount to approximately \$757.20 a fortnight. For international students with various

bills and costs to pay; including rent, food, amenities and costs of living, this income is unsustainable. Instead, working more hours at below-minimum wage becomes a more valid option, or even doing jobs where payment is withheld until a certain number of extra hours are completed.

The Migrant Workers' Taskforce report, released by the Government in March of this year, outlined the potential for student visa holders to be exploited by employers.

As a part of the recommendations of the report, the Taskforce is calling on education providers to provide international students with more information about their rights in the workforce. Mr Stimson says students often felt they were in the wrong, when they were exploited.

This often leads to mental health issues among the community.

When students then cannot access counsellors or support services, staying at University in a foreign country becomes almost impossible and health issues develop into severe and often debilitating illnesses.

Manfred Mletsin, an international student himself, who now works for the Council of International Students Australia says that cultural differences between Australia and the home countries of some international students is problematic, as culturally some international students are less informed on important information, like sex education, than others.

"A lot of international students come from south-east Asian countries and their sex-education probably isn't as strong as it is in Australia or some European countries..."

"So that might put them into a situation where talking about sex, or talking about sexually transmitted diseases or even talking about pregnancy is just out of question."

For international students under the age of 25, organisations like beyondblue provide free counselling and mental health services for anyone, including international students. However, many international students do not know that these services exist, nor how to access them.

Universities provide mental health treatment, and counsellors in many languages. But the demand for these services from international students in some universities outweighs the supply. Resources can be minimal and waiting periods can go on for months.

Mr Mletsin found himself going to a general practitioner for mental health treatment, after being told that wait times at his university were in excess of two months.

Other findings of the research conducted by the Migrant Workers Taskforce show that nearly a quarter of international students are earning less than \$12 an hour in wages, and 43 per cent are earning \$15 an hour or less. This falls well below the minimum wage in Australia. A survey has been commissioned by the University of Technology Sydney and the University of New South Wales following these results, asking international students what they don't know, and what they need to know to be able to avoid exploitation by employers and potential landlords.

Losing their visa is one of the major issues that is causing students to stay silent on some of the issues they're experiencing. Such a loss would result in a student having to return to their country of origin. It can be brought on by failing subjects at University, or by working over the maximum hours permitted each week. Students become concerned about losing their visas, so often develop a reluctance to report issues to the police, or to officials, for fear of ramifications.

Though the lives of international students are often perceived as extravagant and luxurious, many are exempt from a most basic necessity: healthcare. Until that changes, these perceptions remain ill-founded.

*Names have been changed

Help is available

Lifeline: 13 11 14

24 hour crisis support and suicide prevention services (English)

Beyond Blue: 1300 22 4366

People who do not use English as their first language can get free translation support from the Translating and Interpreting Service (TIS National), an Immediate phone interpreting service.

The whirring machine: Untangling the knots of the therapeutic relationships

Art by Nell O'Grady

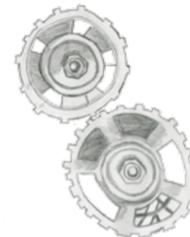
Hazel Mackenzie Peterson explores the deep and fast paced connections that flow between student nurse and patient.

I've mastered the speed walk. In fact blisters are developing on the soles of my feet from the spring in my step. My head is whirring; trying to decide what task to do first feels overly complex. It's been a busy shift; I've lifted, I've ran, I've asked a series of overly personal but necessary questions, I've been screamed at and my pants are only just drying of suspicious looking fluid. On my hurried way to the storeroom I hear "Nurse! Nurse!" Screeching to a halt I realise that the person calling is not my patient. I don't have time for this but it feels inhumane to walk away.

She's a tiny old woman all alone. She's trembling in a hospital bed that looks like its swallowing her minuscule frame.

The words are childlike but totally justified, "I'm scared".

My indignation that she breached usual protocol, that she yelled instead of pressing her button, quickly fades. Though we've never met she grasps hold of my hand with unexpected trust. She needs someone to listen. As I let her speak her eyes go hazy and gradually her breathing slows as she drifts to sleep. I feel content.



Nurses are the clinicians that spend the most time with a patient. We have the opportunity to form connections with people that help them through the most difficult of times. Caring for people through their worst life experiences isn't easy but it feels like a privilege, particularly when you get beneath the surface. Trust and human connection blossom and suddenly working in a place that most people avoid is worth it.

Nursing students are valued for their ability to fill the care gaps missing from a registered nurse's time. As junior practitioners, we are task limited and energy fuelled, meaning we have the opportunity to share conversations with patients that a registered nurse would have to cut short. These therapeutic relationships are key because they promote trust and consent, in accordance with the need to care for people in very direct and interpersonal ways. Connecting with a nurse helps improve people's perception of their condition or illness experience.

Due to the fast paced and task heavy nature of the hospital environment, senior nurses are often less than pleased when junior nurses "take too long" caring for "emotional" patients.

This could be for several reasons. Though it is recognised that nurses have the responsibility to provide holistic care,



the current hospital system is unable to uphold properly invested patient relationships. Therapeutic relationships depend on time and energy which nurses do not have. Australian health facilities are systematically overloaded with patients. Care is rushed and there is little time to form connections beyond the absolute minimum. In addition, with the lack of mandated nurse patient ratios and the recent increase in nurses' responsibilities the job can rapidly become overwhelming. Levels of burnout are high, meaning that care becomes depersonalised and cynical, leading to poorer patient outcomes. Nurses who have been in the job for a longer period simply do not have the energy to provide such care and can't understand why others would want to.

Being a patient is hard enough as it is without the feeling of burden that being treated like a problem brings. Substandard nursing care puts the pressure on patients to advocate for their own illness experience as they feel misinterpreted and undervalued. This is exhausting, particularly when afflicted by poor health. For student nurses, observing such care can change the way we think about nursing. We witness first hand the effect nursing interventions have on patients.

Student nurse Emily recounts how the behaviour of some nurses towards their patients have made her "uncomfortable" while also "shaping the kind of nurse she wants to be".

The biomedical health model, which underpins the Australian healthcare system is partially responsible for this country's depersonalised nursing care. The model's goals; diagnosis and cure, make it a cost and time effective intervention. However when applied to a system with a high patient flow, the model promotes treatment which is focussed on body parts, resulting in a mind body dichotomy for patients. This is particularly apparent when

facilities are under resourced and health workers are burnt out. To free space for the next case, patients are reduced to their problem parts and identified only by their bed number. Their harrowing illness experience tends to remain unaddressed as the hospital machine keeps whirring.

Therapeutic relationships themselves are not without their challenges. Conversation doesn't always flow in the busy hospital environment, particularly for junior contingents like student nurses.

Hospitals cluster a variety of extreme states of emotion. This is confronting for those who lack experience. A patient may experience feelings of guilt for being a burden on their family or biographical disruption if their illness was an unexpected twist in their personal life plan. Coming to terms with such a situation brings about intense emotions which nurses are at the forefront of.



Communication escalates quickly, particularly if not properly handled. Due to the level of trust patients place in nurses, queries are almost always of a sensitive nature; "Am I going to die?" is frequently asked. These statements shock the conscience into fight or flight mode and cannot effectively be answered by the verbal fall back response of student

nurses: "I'll ask my nurse". You quickly learn to appreciate living a healthy life.

Physical violence against nurses is not uncommon and affects student nurses drive; not only to make a difference in their patients lives but to even enter the nursing field.

I remember the first time I was hit by a patient, as we rolled him over he struck out at my stomach. It was a quick moment as other nurses restrained him but I went home that night feeling drained, dreading work the next day.

Mimi*, an enrolled nurse, suggests that unfortunately aggression is a common part of the job due to the ward environment or the patient's diagnosis. She claims that one of the hardest things for a student nurse to do is to develop a thicker skin when faced with such behaviour. A tough attitude is commonly enforced as a prerequisite for nursing perhaps because of the limited infrastructure against this violence.

Student nurses initially believe our role in therapeutic relationships is solving all patient problems, but quickly grapple with the fallibilities and limitations of this.

When faced with people experiencing the worst life has to offer we wish our super hero status incorporated the use of some magic wand capable of fixing everything.

Though it is important to make a difference if possible, sometimes just being there is enough. Mimi found that one of the greatest skills she picked up as a student nurse was the use and control of silence, a common tool for the junior or student nurse.

Though difficult to accomplish in a busy ward environment, it allows the patient to know that someone is there for them, whether they are going through something too difficult to verbalise or need someone to vent to. Mimi remembers one special moment when she held a patient's hand as she died. Though not saying anything, it, "gave the woman peace of mind as it let her know someone was there to help her let go". Providing this support made her realise that "no one should die alone."

Time is a necessary ingredient for therapeutic relationships and holistic care. Yet when nurses are forced to balance an incredibly intense workload, their ability to do to look after all of their patient needs is limited. For now, student nurses are often relied on to fill holes in care relationships.

Still "new" and filled with drive and passion, we enjoy the opportunity to connect with each element of the health care world. This energy surely cannot remain for the rest of our nursing careers. Perhaps soon, hospitals will ensure patients and nurses alike are given the attention they deserve. For now, I can only hope.

*Names have been changed

Hail to the tribunes of the people!

The Hon. Michael Kirby AM CMG

This is an abridged version of the speech delivered by former High Court Justice Michael Kirby at a reunion of the 1960s SRC on 16 July 2019. Kirby was president of the SRC in 1962, president of the University of Sydney Union in 1964 and served on the University Senate between 1965-1969. Kirby is an Honorary Life Member of the National Union of Students' predecessor, National Union of Australian University Students, first established in the 1930s.

A LITTLE DETECTIVE WORK

It is very good of you young people to invite me to your reunion. At university, I was so much older and more mature than you. However, I used to attend faithfully the SRC meetings over which Jim Spigelman and Alan Cameron presided in order to deliver my reports on the activities of the SU Senate.

When I was President of the SRC in 1962, and again in 1963 after Bob McDonald went off to be the first full-time president of NUAUS, I struggled valiantly to secure a report from the then Student Senator, Roddy Meagher. He treated me and the SRC with disdain and declined to give a report. He was not a delegate of the SRC, he said. So we could go jump. I promised the students that, if they elected me to the casual vacancy caused by the departure of the great Peter Wilenski to Oxford, I would be different. I would give regular reports to their representatives. What I promised, I delivered. You should have been ever grateful for that.

However, gratitude is a very temporary emotion. Though you have had earlier reunions, you failed to invite me to them. What could I have possibly have done to deserve such ingratitude, I asked myself? So to provide the answer, I did a little detective work. It is possible now that past volumes of *Honi Soit* are available online. Accordingly, I asked myself what we were doing exactly 50 years ago that could explain such disrespect to a venerable and faithful servant of years gone by.

My search took me to an editorial in *Honi Soit* in July 1969. It was titled "Tribunes of the People". Lo and behold, all was revealed. A deep animosity was disclosed. It is as well that I remind you of it. Here is what the editorialist wrote:

"In the current election season, the most important election has been overlooked. It is the election for student senatorship (sic). Most students have no doubt been a little bored with the current ballyhoo over the SRC elections... Elections for a student government without power are bound to be farcical.

The Senate is where the power within the University is. The retiring student senator, Michael Kirby was almost as oblivious of student feeling as the Senate itself. A gradualist regarding Senate reform, Kirby was an active representative for students in matters like examination appeals. However, Kirby's reports to SRC meetings were usually flippant and superficial. Besides, SRC representatives held Kirby in too much awe and tended to regard him as their master rather than their servant. Besides, there was always friction when the aloof Kirby was confronted with a down to earth student radical demanding to know why little was being done, apparently, to reform the Senate. The next student senator will have to be a diplomat not only among the Senators but also among his fellow students.

Of the candidates standing, Alan Cameron and Jim

Spigelman appear to be the favourites. If only because they have had direct dealings with the Senate during their terms as President of the SRC. The question of the common electoral role (sic) and greater student representation on the Senate are the two issues that should concern whoever is elected. A close scrutiny should be kept [on him] to ensure that he does not use his position for personal aggrandisement. It is important that students VOTE in the election of Student Senator, and that when elected [he] keeps a close watch on student demands."

I wondered who this true tribune of the people who, with was stirring phrases wrote this editorial. I discovered his name appended to the article.

DIGGING FURTHER

However, it was not enough for me to discover the sources of the words that had deprived me of your company in recent reunions. I also researched the candidates who were standing in the pointless ambition to fill the very large shoes that I was leaving by departing from the office of Student Senator. They were Terry Metherell BA, Murray Sime BA LLB, Alan Cameron BA and Jim Spigelman BA. So I looked to see what each of these candidates had promised to the students that I had not delivered. You alone will know whether they were delivered.

Terry Metherell declared:

"Everyone knows Spigs. But how can dear Spigs top Law III, fulfil his duties at the local state executive [of the ALP]... and do the job of undergraduate representative on the Senate for 2 years? Ask yourself what Spigelman has achieved as SRC President... Vote 1 Metherell; 2 Sime."

Accordingly, let us look at the policy speech of the grossly overworked Jim Spigelman. He said:

"At the moment the Student Senator reports back to the SRC meetings in camera whereas he should make his information on key issues to general meetings of the student body or articles for Honi. The keynote of the SRC activities this year has been innovation. The present Student Senator, Mike Kirby (sic) is a well-known ALP partisan and this did not affect his relations with the Senate."

I have never in my life been called "Mike". It shocks me to hear this disrespect. I am mortified to see my fleeting acquaintance with the Double Bay branch of the ALP involving one meeting, which was deemed enough, to amount to a supposed partisanship. To call me a right-wing officeholder would "only be relative and possibly inaccurate".

Others of you were famous during the year of 1969. Andrew Podger urged tax saving for students and worked tirelessly on bus concession passes for them. Several of you contributed horrifying disclosures about a "sex cell on campus". Jim Spigelman criticised the police for provoking violence against students on campus. For this he got adulation. The editor was even moved to write a story "Spigelman receives more praise, my God it just keeps coming". This was in response to a letter of praise from one David Mendelson, probably a relative.

In short, it was business as usual at *Honi Soit* and the SRC 50 years ago.

A BIT CHILDISH, HE SAYS

But at that time, when I was performing so inadequately my task as Student Senator, my life had at its core a deep dark secret. This was my sexuality. Criminal law and social mores forbade me to mention it. Aboriginal, Asian students, Vietnam and many other topics were on the agenda. But sexuality, never.

Just the same, I was rather proud of, and affectionate about, my association with you, although this was obviously not reciprocated if Bob Nield is correct. And so it was, when I met my partner, Johan van Vloten, on 11 February 1969, I brought him along to your SRC meeting. I delivered my Senate report - substantive and flippant at once. I answered your questions. I puffed up my chest and walked out into the cool air of the Quadrangle. I turned to Johan and asked him what he thought of it. His response was typical of his Netherlands origins - direct and honest. "It's a bit childish, isn't it? They are like school children. What are you doing, at nearly 30, hanging around with these children?" It was a telling comment. It led to my immediate but long delayed retirement as Student Senator. I had found a new life. I moved on to other things. To my profession at the Bar. And to international work. No more unwelcome reports to the Senate or the SRC.

Perhaps someone caught a glimpse of a handsome young Netherlands man who was with me that night. But if so, we hurried away so that no awkward questions would be asked. Soon after we went to a restaurant in Rose Bay. Jim Spigelman was there with his wife Alice. The blood drained from my face as I saw him. Jim was urbane as always. But I was well trained to be ashamed of myself.

This was my real life when you were enjoying yourself in the SRC. My engagement with you was my excuse to distract my mind from the loneliness. Isolation was partly abated. So long as it was kept secret.

I congratulate all of us for contributing to improvements in Australian society since those far off days. Some slight improvements for Aboriginal Australians. An end to 'White Australia', unless you happen to be a refugee applicant bound for detention offshore. More equality for women but still and excess of bullying and harassment. More equality for gays. But still extra hurdles and obstacles before they can be trusted with marriage. I will return tonight, as I did at that last meeting when I reported to you, to my partner, now spouse, Johan. Still together. Now married with golden rings to prove it. And still facing inequalities in our country and our world. We have all done a little to improve Australia. Perhaps we have not done enough. But there are years ahead and many wrongs still to be righted before we turn off the lights.

Thank you for honouring me and Johan on our marriage. Thank you for honouring us on our respective 80th birthdays. Thank you for remembering the days of youth when we realised, at last that with all our privileges, came obligations to make Australia and the world a better place.

1957

1987

2017

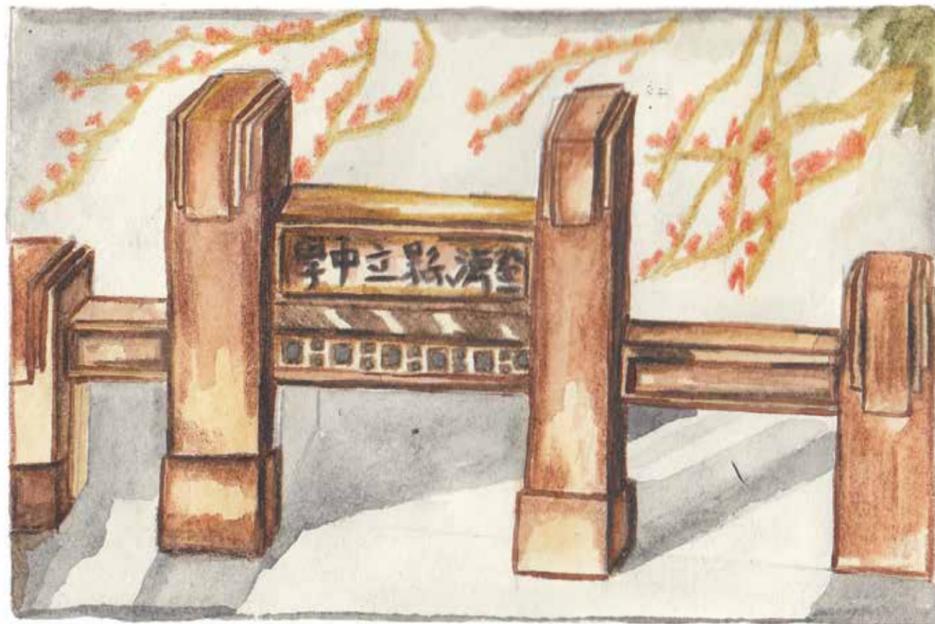
LEAVING
HOME AT 18
WORDS | LINDSAY RUI
ART | LUDMILLA NUNELL



Left: The University of Sydney SRC in 1969

Right: 50 Years on - A reunion of the 1969 SRC this year





There are three women across three generations in my family — my grandaunt, my mother, and I — who all left home for university at the age of 18, each at vastly different times in China. We tell different stories.

1957 - XIAOLIN

Xiaolin is my grandaunt's pet name. She is the sister of my mother's father. I call her Laogu in Chinese. Until her, no one in my family had been to university.

Back then, she was the cute one in the family. She was not tall, and she had big eyes and beautiful long black hair. Her journey began in Chenghai, a small town in southern China which sits by the sea and a place I still consider my hometown.

She was leaving for a city called Guangzhou after 18 years in Chenghai. The two places were 500 kilometres from each other. But without a plane or train, the trip took more than 10 hours.

1957 is a year that makes little sense to me. It is a world so distant from my own that I struggle to form a picture of what it looked like and how the move must have felt. My grandaunt says it was an era when men and women did not have equal rights.

Things had changed by the time my mother and I were born. When she was younger, she saw many girls married off at young ages. Many of them didn't live happy lives. Many suffered domestic abuse.

Those girls tried to run away from their husbands and return to their parents' home. But it was forbidden. Their family would ask them to keep living with their husbands.

There was no solution. The only choice they had was to accept it, and tolerate it. "Education was my only way out," my grandaunt told me. But that was not easy.

She started primary school when she was 10. She went through junior high and managed to get into the best high school in my hometown. She doesn't tell me exactly how she did it, but "work hard" is a common refrain in her wisdom and life advice.

"I wasn't a smart kid, but I did try to work hard," she says. "And because there were only a few girls in my high school, we all thought we needed to work extra hard to show each other that there was actually a way out."

She graduated from high school in 1957. In a stroke of luck, that was five years after China first established the college entrance exam. The exam gave rural students, like my grandaunt, an opportunity to gain higher education.

So my grandaunt took the exam. It gave her the chance to leave Chenghai for the provincial capital of Guangzhou to study at university.

On the day she left home, it was my grandpa, her older brother, who sent her off. "Remember, don't put your head out of the window," said my grandpa.

My grandaunt says these are the only words from my grandpa that she can remember from the farewell that day. It was a quiet departure, absent of the hugs that one associates with relatives leaving here in the West.

But in one way, my grandpa's words meant everything. In my own memory, my grandpa had the characteristics that occupied all male family members of his generation: he was responsible, supportive and organised; a serious man who cared about the family.

The family was his life's cause. He did everything for its health and longevity.

But he would never admit to it. Words like "I love you" and "I'm gonna miss you" were not in the instinctive vernacular of traditional Chinese families.

This truth applies to me as well. Back at home, I have never had the courage to say "I love you" in Chinese to my family. That is the Chinese side of me.

1987 - YINGYING

Yingying is my mother's pet name. 30 years after my grandaunt, she made the same trip from Chenghai to Guangzhou, also at the age of 18.

Her dormitory room at Sun Yat-sen University was in an old building. It was hot. She arrived in the middle of a record heatwave. There was no fan in the room.

"At that time, I thought Guangzhou was the furthest place I could ever go," my mother told me. She's telling me this over the phone.

The last time I saw her was several months ago. She's aged. Time has crafted some wrinkles on her face. But there are parts of her which have remained unchanged too. She still has short hair, a round face and a penchant for simple clothing. She is the same height as me.

On the precipice of internal migration, my mother uprooted a comfortable and stable life for a new and uncertain one. She never imagined that Guangzhou would later become a place where she studied, worked and lived. Guangzhou is the city where I grew up. My mother got her chance to go to university through the college entrance exam as well.

In those 30 years between my grandaunt and mother going to university, China underwent the Cultural

Revolution. Between 1967 and 1977, the college entrance exam was cancelled. Aspiring students of this period were left behind, a lost generation.

My mother's time feels clearer to me than my grandaunt's, in part, because there is more data available for that period. In 1987, based on statistics compiled by Sina Education, there were 2.28 million students taking the same college entrance exam across the country as my mother. But only 0.62 million, 27 per cent of them passed the exam and had a chance to go to a university.

My mother was lucky: she was born in a convenient time, she passed the exam, she entered her dream school and ended up studying her dream major. More importantly, she had a family who was able to support her four-year degree, a financial burden that most families couldn't bear in those years.

There are three women across three generations in my family — my grandaunt, my mother, and I — who all left home for university at the age of 18.

As she left home, it was also my grandpa who saw my mother off on a bus. The station was not far away from home. It took them only 15 minutes to get to the station by bike.

"Your grandpa and grandma wanted me to bring everything," my mother says.

My mother was planning to study an English major so my grandparents permitted her to take the only radio at home.

My mother ended up carrying two huge suitcases with her, "but there were no wheels on my bags," she said to me. Then she laughed and feigned jealousy over the more expensive suitcases I use when I travel now. Luck did not make leaving home easier.

"It basically means you left home forever," she says. China has a system in which people register their residency as a family, called hukou. When my mother moved, her residency status was altered from Chenghai to Guangzhou.

China's political institutions continue to guarantee that once a person leaves home, they do so not just geographically or emotionally but also "officially," bringing with it the emotional baggage inherent to all migration: a sense of undefeatable displacement and loss of belonging.

Even though my mother wrote letters to her family every week, returned home once a year and received money from the family, the fact that she has not been an official family member on the residency paper con-

tinues to make her sad now, more than 30 years later.

The change of residency made her lose her spot in the family and with it, her birthright and a part of her identity.

It takes me a while to make sense of this contradiction in her mind. She has been living in Guangzhou for more than 30 years. She no longer feels like she belongs in Chenghai. In effect, the symbolism of Chenghai in her life no longer provides any practical comfort anymore. When we return to Chenghai for Spring Festival every year, she looks uncomfortable when we are forced to sit and maintain conversation at a dinner table with extended family members. My mother, father and I have become accustomed to a small family and returning to Chenghai, where an extended family resides, can be jarring for us all.

But even if my mother has now lived in Guangzhou far longer than Chenghai, she still can't move on from the loss of home. Her nostalgia for Chenghai never disappeared, neither in 1987 nor now. I suspect those feelings will be with her forever.

On the day she left home, just before she boarded the bus, my grandpa reminded her: "Remember, don't put your head out of the window."

Across 30 years, my grandpa who sent my grandaunt and mother off with the exact same words. It was not until recently, when my mother went to visit my grandaunt, that they discovered this fact. It was more than a coincidence. Both could only remember this single sentence.

Everything else my grandpa had said on the day had been blurred by the incessant march of time. My grandpa proved to be the backbone of two generations of my family. He sent the girls in the family out for university, but lived his whole life in Chenghai, clinging onto the preservation of a place called home and waiting for them to come back.

2017 - LINSI

My turn came two years ago. I am certainly the luckiest of us three. That much is apparent from the financial support my parents provide

me and the opportunity of higher education given to me.

I was 18 when I left Guangzhou to come to Sydney for university. Like many in my shoes, this was my first time being that far away from home, on my own, and for such a long time.

My parents came to the airport with me and we went through the check-in process together.

At the entry to the departure gate, we were silent. I didn't cry. That moment felt stunningly normal, as if I would return a week later, unchanged. This is my family. We never say goodbye in a cheesy way.

But it was surprising that my mother asked for a hug. That was the first time we had hugged in around a decade. I gave her a big hug, even though it was probably awkward.

"If anything happens, just a phone call and a flight ticket and I will be there with you," That was the last thing my mother told me before I went on my flight.

The words offered comfort, but I didn't give them a second thought, until later, when the full extent of the 7500 kilometres between us became obvious. I said goodbye and walked through the departure gate. I didn't look back. I was not brave enough to see how I would miss them more. I didn't give in to it. And so, the responsibility and burden of missing someone was left on my parents as they watched me walk away.

Three times I've returned to Sydney after university breaks. Three times I've kept that habit and never looked back. "I feel sad in my heart," my mother tells me when I ask her how the cycle of separations and reunions make her feel.

"Parents will naturally think that it is the best and safest for their child to stay at home, next to them." Meanwhile, she convinced herself that in fact, it was a good thing for me to have a chance to study abroad.

"You miss your child when she leaves home, but if she can't leave home, that would also be a problem, right?" she asks, seeking assurance. My mother was the one who was leaving home those 30 years ago, but when 2017 came, it was her turn to send her daughter off.

"What were my parents thinking about back then, when I left home?" my mother asks me. She knows I don't have the answer.

After I walk through the departure gate, my mother and father have cultivated their own habits. They find a place in the airport to sit down and grab some food, and then they begin to wait. They wait until they see

my flight take off. They've done this every time I've returned to Sydney in the past three years. They have a three out of three success rate.

"Every time you leave and we go back home, it feels a little different. We see different things at home every time after sending you off," my mother starts to murmur. It sounds like crying.

She uses the word "different" to substitute "sad" to convince me, and herself, that she is totally fine with me not being at home. But we both know we are not as fine as we pretend to be.

"I don't know whether you still remember or not. I once told you 'if anything happens, just a phone call and a flight ticket and I will be there with you,'" says my mother. I tell her I remember. "I also said those words to your grandparents, but I don't think I will say it to anyone else in the future," she says.

"One is the person who I gave birth to, one is the person who gave birth to me, these are the only people I will give those words to."

Much like how my grandpa only said "remember, don't put your head out of the window" to his sister and daughter, my mother gave her words to her daughter and her parents.

I have come to realise that these words were not merely for my comfort. They were a promise which carried weight.

My grandaunt is over 80 years old now. She has lived in Chicago for nearly a decade now. Learning English and fitting into a new country has not been easy, but she seems to enjoy it. It was snowing in Chicago a month ago and all the trees were coated in snow. On her balcony, she discovered two birds had built a nest. Soon afterwards, there were three blue eggs. Every day, she makes a habit out of tidying the nest.

My mother has lived in Guangzhou for more than 30 years. It is the place where she studied, found a job, got married and had me.

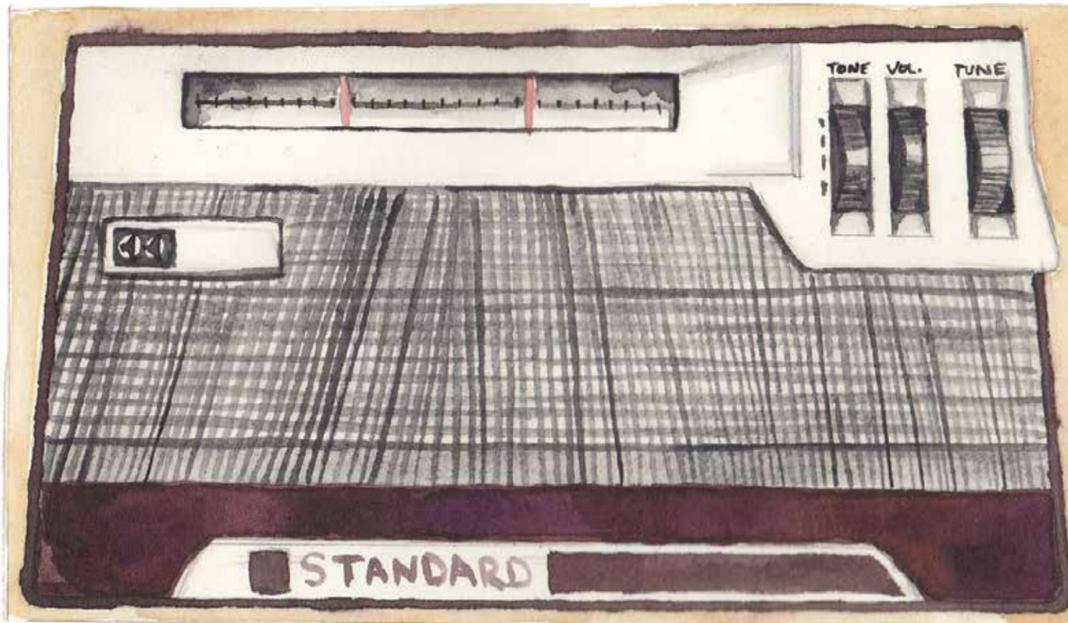
I have fond memories of her waking at 6am and making breakfast. She's retired now. The habit of getting up early lingers.

Very soon, it will be the summer break again and I will be returning home. My mother jokes with me that every time my father and her go to the airport to pick me up, even though my father pretends to be calm, he stays on his feet, and wanders around the arrivals gates, waiting to spot me.

He can't sit still and wait.

I laugh and play along.

But in fact, I can't wait either.



Latrinalia: Decoding toilet stall scrawlings

Patrick McKenzie and Rhea Thomas investigate the stories scrawled in our campus bathrooms.

CONTENT WARNING: THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE MAKES REFERENCE TO DEPICTIONS OF LANGUAGE RELATING TO RACISM AND AND XENOPHOBIA



This form of relatively-harmless vandalism presents an interesting reality: what will people say when they have full anonymity and zero accountability?

Absent-minded phone scrolling or much-valued meditation, these are but simple methods of distraction employed when attending to one of life's necessities.

It should then come as no surprise that during a casual trip to one of our university's many bathrooms, a moment of daydreaming may lead one to stare at the wall. It is in this instance that we may encounter the occasionally poetic, sometimes humorous, and often blatantly offensive messages and advertisements scattered on the inside walls of toilet stalls.

From Abercrombie to Holme, Edgeworth David to Wilkinson, various ads, lavatory limericks, and powder room poems occupy small patches of valuable cubicle door real estate. In the past week, Honi has taken a look at the current snapshot of these settings. While far from exhaustive, the following investigation attempts to lay bare the hidden discourses found in the toilets of a number of significant buildings around the Camperdown and Darlingtown campuses.

carlaw

Of course this saga has to begin at its epicentre. The lower-ground men's bathrooms play host to a veritable cavalcade of messages, ads, and slurs including:

"The use of scab labour is unAustralian".

"1 BILLION RAISED FROM DONORS BUT STILL THE FILTHIEST UNIVERSITY".

A sticker with the text "Aussie jobs for Aussie workers" scratched off with "FUCK OFF" written over the top.

A number of Chinese-language ads for a 'management consulting bootcamp' and a promotion for a luxury fashion sale also adorn the walls.

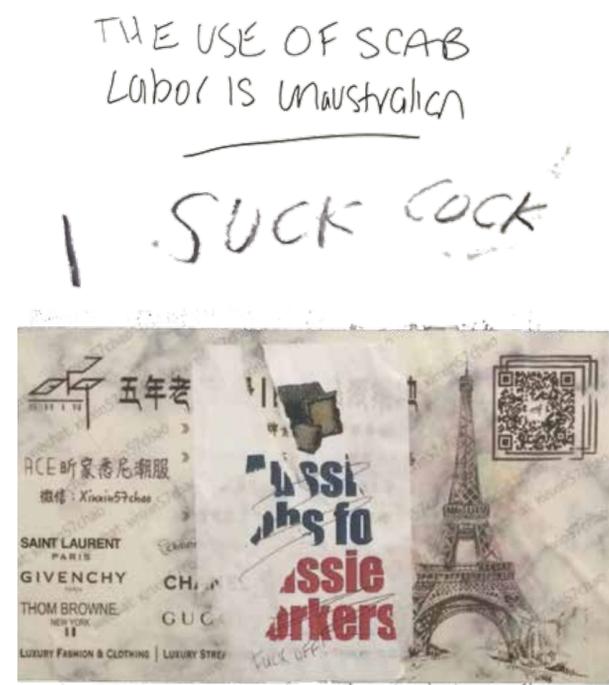
An entire cubicle alone is devoted to writings about the (in)famous 'Carlslaw gloryhole'. Initially patched up but re-established at the expense of a toilet paper dispenser with messages to accompany:

"tried to unscrew but it's balted [sic] in".

"glory days are ended :(why ruin harmless pleasures".

"i suck cock".

"horny as", alongside a number of makeshift tallys.



old geology lecture theatre

The discussion continues at the Edgeworth David building along Parramatta Rd., with the bathrooms underneath the Old Geology lecture theatre displaying a familiar array of political debates and advertising (from top):

A socialism conference sticker, with a scratched-off 'Aussie jobs' sticker over the top, and various scribbled-out messages on top of that:

"you guys are pathetic =)"

"I voted Liberal!"

"more financial crisis, more natural disasters, more One Nation seats"

"What's not to love?"

An ad for a study from the 'Sydney Human Ethics Committee' sits below everything.



education building

Controversy continues along Manning Road, as the third and fourth-level bathrooms in the Education Building contain writings ranging from political arguments to philosophical platitudes including (from top):

"Kill your inbred idols, jump into the void".

A socialism conference sticker scratched out with the text "FUCK SOCIALISM" and "Go back to North Korea..." written on top of and beside it.

"You are being domesticated. A life where your choices are being forced to be secondary [sic]. Live how your movie star wants to. Don't be DOMESTICATED" followed by a number of fading comments making pun-riddled jokes about the spelling error.

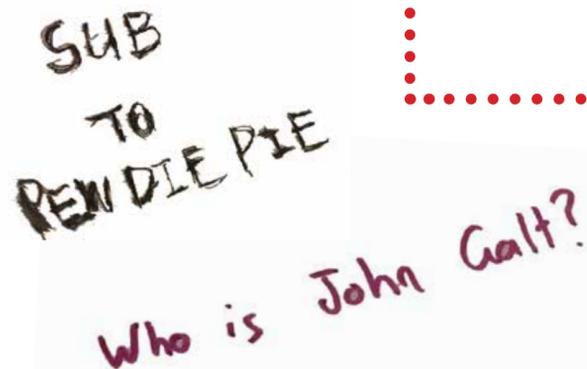
Another cubicle contains, amongst other fade and painted-over writings, a notable reference and quote:

"SUB TO PEWDIEPIE"

Both a YouTube movement to keep the namesake channel the most subscribed on the website and reference to the grim tragedy of the Christchurch Mosque shootings of March this year.

"Who is John Galt?"

An oft-stated quote from Ayn Rand's novel Atlas Shrugged, referencing the author's philosophy of Objectivism; an ode to rational self-interest and laissez-faire capitalism.



fisher library

The final major destination of our survey is the 3rd-level bathrooms in Fisher. The bathrooms closest to the ground-floor entrance to the library are more-or-less non-controversial, showcasing merely (from top) a graffiti tag, the Star of David with the number "2079" next to it, and the final couplet from Shakespeare's Sonnet 19:

"Yet do thy worst, old Time! Despite thy wrong, My love shall in my verse live ever young."

Remarkably on-brand for a building full of books.



the rest

The four locations above don't even cover everywhere we visited! Not pictured is the abundance of graffiti tags in the Wentworth food court, Wilkinson, and Law Building bathrooms; not to mention the perennial 'please don't squat over the toilet' signs in Charles Perkins and Fisher Level 7 bathrooms to name but a few. For those who are still curious, a quick peruse of the criminally-underrated Facebook page 'USYD Toilet Reviews' will show that it really is a jungle out there.

so, what's to learn here?

These spaces unveil a hidden political economy of targeted advertising, ideological debate, and miscellaneous comments. In the case of bathrooms such as those in the Abercrombie building, there are no written messages but rather, stickers for September 20th's climate strike and Chinese-language ads for luxury fashion sales, restaurants, and tutoring services. This is in contrast to buildings like Carlsaw that present a colourful intersection of faculties. Reflected in the more political commentary, some scribbles remain flippant, while others highlight how hateful comments are platformed. Toilet stall writing is the subversive cousin to the public message boards populating thoroughfares like Eastern Avenue. These private spaces remain beholden to a different view of USyd's social macrocosm; wars of attrition fought away from public scrutiny. Ads that may stay up in one building for weeks may be torn down and replaced in far shorter time in others.

It would be a little too problematising and far too Orwellian to propose that toilet stall scrawlings are a scourge on our society and ought to be entirely censored or removed. Although it's impossible to guarantee that such comments are to be taken at face value in any respect, it remains important to establish that egregious faceless statements are not victimless crimes. That said, this form of relatively-harmless vandalism presents an interesting reality: what will people say when they have full anonymity and zero accountability?



Hear my cries, lover of mine...

dashing through the forest, bare footed, through flecks of sunshine. Where's dad? Back there, with the man in the suit. Staring and pointing at clipboards, flicking through the chopped and screwed casualties of the forest's gatekeepers. Tell me to run ahead, why? This isn't a discussion that a child would enjoy. Look up, look left, look right, look down. Who would want to stand in the same place and talk? Run forward; dirty and cut and graze legs that cycle with such ferocity through the foliage that an unknowing observer would see thousands of years in the past and into the future, see hairless legs morph into roots erupting from the ground, see the path of feet illuminating the trails of fungi threads, see drips of sweat and blood splash onto the floor and come together like rivers to follow underground networks carrying carbon and nitrogen and water and phosphorus and hormones to the dying. Each forward step breathes life, each scratch of the pen... sounds like disintegration, traumatic ruins, atrophy, bursting like water balloons...

that mum throws at you. Pick up two from the stash and hurl them at her. One explodes at her shoulders, the other misses and smacks against a tall eucalypt behind. She hunches over, grimacing. Walk over, carefully. Crouch down. Try to look up but her hands cover her face. Mum? Are you okay? Sorry, I won't do it again. Please, can we stay? I love camping; I don't want to ruin it. The hands across her face separate slowly. They open to a smile, a cheer and she flings you up in the air. Come on baby, she says, let's pick up the balloons. Pick through and find every remnant of pink, blue, orange, green rubber scattered on the ground. Be mindful of brown spiders that rest languidly among the leaves, red ants marching, snakes. They are a myth. Mum looks up; follow her gaze and see dad talking animatedly on the phone beside the tent. Take her balloons and throw them in the garbage bag while she walks aggressively over and leaves you alone. The sun is setting and a chill skates through the campsite. The logs dad dragged to sit on surround the pyramid of sticks and dry leaves waiting patiently to be lit. The seat is smooth but below, the bark peels easily, hangs in pale pink strands like the strings of a banana. How did it end up like this?

Between the quiet fervour of crickets at dusk, mum and dad's whispers wander into the campsite and mingle with the air like the warmth of the fire will when it starts to crackle for dinner. He talks about profit margins and returns on timber, average and marginal products, volumes and net present values. She talks about ecosystems, extinction, carbon sequestration. She says your name. Silence...

drowned in chainsaw screams, tiny claws scratching on branches, drowned in chainsaw screams, snail sludge squelch, drowned in chainsaw screams, bark, wind-kissed, wind-whistling, drowned in chainsaw screams, bird-chatter, hatchling chirps...

echo from the dense canopy above. The sounds come travelling on the leaves that fall down, the airwaves that rustle between branches, reverberate off the marches of trunks that surround. Dad had to return to the city for a day. Mum sits beside. Finish the last few biscuits of supper; shortbread that dissolves in your mouth, pools at your gums. Let's go, she says. Where? Walking. She wants to teach you something, some things. Follow her into the thick forest that encircles the campsite. She stops at the trunk of a giant and urges you over, crouching at a troop of fungi with swollen, red and white coloured heads.

Mum caresses one out of the ground and hands it to you; they are crumblier than they look and stick to your hands while you run your fingers along the top, lightly hold the stalk. They are soft, delicate and could be crushed easily and stick between the webbing of your fingers just like the shortbread did in your gums. Do you like it? Yes, it feels nice. Can I keep it? Yes, but keep me carefully.

Mum lays back, using her hands as a pillow. Do the same, let the fungi rest on your stomach, watch it heave up and down, up and down, synchronising with your breaths. The last rays of the sun poke weakly from above. This giant is gigantic. That's the mother tree, she says. The mothers watch

over the forest. What do they see with? That little mushroom on your stomach, she says and tickles you at your bellybutton. How? She points to thick roots that stretch in a plethora of directions from the trunk. Your mushroom has millions of threads that connect with those bigger roots. Then, they swap really important things that help them survive. What things? Don't worry about the names. What next? The threads stretch and kiss every tiny piece of the soil underground. Underneath your tiny little foot, there could almost be enough threads to reach your grandfather's house. But that's two hours away! There would be enough threads in this forest for hundreds and thousands and millions of hours. They go to all the trees you can see and that you can't. Try and say mycorrhizae. What? Mycorrhizae. Say it slowly. My-kaw-rise-eye. Ask your dad about it. A powerful wind whistles through and blows the mushroom off your stomach. Clean it carefully with a shirt sleeve. Why didn't the log at the campsite get the opportunity to...

stir, unify, consolidate, vibrate defence signals, warn treelings, be strong for the future? sometimes I cry too softly, laugh too loudly...

when dad falls over. Mum rested at the campsite while we ate lunch by the lake. A couple of sandwiches with ham, salad and mustard. He is slightly buffoonish in his size: thick hands, a balding head, a gait that gives way to a large stomach. Finish the sandwiches and as you survey the lake, see a raft of ducks resting on the banks, some chatter atop the water. Wait till dad looks away, jump up and sprint toward the ducks, waving your arms in the air like a tube mascot outside car dealerships. Stop! Keep going, run faster and watch the ducks preparing to scramble away. Dad runs awkwardly after you. Turn away from him again and as you reach the birds, most of them fly away. A bigger one remains - the mother - and after you stop in shock, she hurtles towards you, screeching and aggressively flapping her wings. The suddenness is paralysing but you snap into action when dad shouts 'run!' Turn around and sprint away from mother duck, and to dad who comes toward you. Stop when the duck is satisfied with your fear and recedes. Dad, in his desperation to reach you, trips and falls forward, imprinting the anxiety of his face into the damp mud that borders the lake. Burst out into laughter at this pantomime but stifle your enthusiasm as you walk over to see if he's okay. When you ask, he raises his head slowly and smiles at you in embarrassment. He removes his shirt and wipes the mud off before hugging you tightly and saying that mothers are dangerous when you threaten their children. What about fathers? We cannot compete.

He hugs you tightly and with your face pressed into his shirt, you muffle a question about mycorrhizae. He releases you and pauses. It's my job, he says. Sometimes you can't control it. What do you do?...

what does it matter, when you cut me down? when roots wither into waste? when livestock shit on my remains? don't you remember...

that scary story your friends used to talk about when you were younger? It was about a child named Lu who could run through time only if they didn't stop to touch or change anything. Lu enjoyed running alongside a swarm of ants that had been building an ant mound for centuries, which was so high that it blocked trees from the sunlight they needed. Lu loved watching the ants scurry along, transporting fine soil and pine needles and loved seeing the little offshoots of plants, whose seeds had been unknowingly carried with the building materials. One day, Lu noticed a crack forming along the mound. Lu ignored it for a few years, thinking that the ants and their mound had lasted for centuries and that they didn't need outside intervention. But the crack grew bigger and bigger and Lu gulped at the thought that the mound might crumble without even trying to prevent it from doing so. A few months later, Lu brought handfuls of soil from the garden at home, stopped time, and carefully filled in the crack. After finishing, Lu tried to turn time back on but it didn't work. Around Lu, the sun rose and the night set, the trees grew and shed leaves, animals gave birth and died, plants bloomed, stars expanded and burst. But Lu's

body was fixed facing the ant hill, which, along with the rest of the world's flux, also transformed. From the crack that Lu had fixed, other cracks began to shoot off like the tributaries of a river. Slowly, they grew larger and the ground below began erupting, worms lay dead on the earth, dying fish squirmed at Lu's feet, days became hotter and the flowers began to wither, invasive weeds grew wherever Lu looked. And as the cracks of the mound widened, the ants from inside started purging out and leaving, so that after almost a century of Lu's immobility, the ants and the other animals had left, the trees were naked, the mound had dissolved and all that remained in the wasteland was Lu and weeds...

growing in force, the sounds of time floating by. my vestiges are vaunted by bob dylan wannabees, pseudo romanticists in mountain cabins, toilet water, but...

you use timber for shelter, the books you read, to drive to grandpa's house. If I don't, someone else will. But why so many? It's for lots of people, lots of things. Sometimes baby, actions need to be taken that we don't agree with. You know, up there, he points to the giants. You know, even if one day you return and don't see them, it doesn't mean they are gone. You know that, he taps on your heart, that always stays. They have it just like you. When anything goes away, there's always a tiny, invisible part of it that remains. No matter where it goes to, or how little you think is left of it. I know it; whenever I am at work, without you, I sometimes hear you laugh. Sometimes I get the smell of your mother's hair. Coconut, he says and looks wistfully away. He looks back to you and forces a smile. Don't worry baby, wherever you go, wherever you are, if you think hard enough, feel hard enough, those leaves might rustle your hair, the birds might lullaby in your ears, the mushrooms might snuggle beside you. They will always be there if you want them to, just like your mother and I. We...

don't live in a bubble, sometimes things happen, one day, notice, rebel, stand up...

as your back creaks from hunching over. Packing up is the worst part of camping. Try and start a conversation but mum and dad are taciturn. Try and poke dad, he grunts. Try and dance with mum, she snaps. Did I ruin it? Mum asks if you have everything. Yes. Can we go one last time to the lake? No, sorry, we need to get home. I have work tomorrow. Please. No. Listen to your mother. Walk slowly to the car as dirt gathers in your untied shoes. It is the middle of the day; you and your family's haste is a strange experience for the forest. This is a time for languor, a submission to the heat, a time to bask in the rejuvenation of listlessness. It is not a time for the groan of cars, the kicking up of the dust, aggressive silences. Sit in the backseat and listen to the car splutter into life. Stare out the window and see the giants amalgamate into a blur, a moving impressionist reel of browns, greens, reds. Your eyes flicker and grow dreary from the frenzy. Get comfortable, rest your back in your seat and look a little higher. See clearly the canopy, which slowly gives way to sky as the cars reaches the forest's limits. Put your hands inside your pockets to warm them from the air conditioner, which is too cold. What is that? A gooey texture sticks to your fingers and as you pull them out, see the fungi as black as ash, sprawled lifelessly in your hand. Would water...

perk your interest? water blemished with sediment, water flooding choking soil, or is the whirl outside too loud? will its persistence hold you, trap you, and let me, dis

inte g r a t...

Honi Soit 校报候选队伍分析

翻译: Joseph (Jinsen) Guo, Carrie Wen and Baopu He

CREAM for HONI

39%



但是无论如何他们最致命的缺点就是他们所提出来的政策背后没有一个完善的知识和认知来支撑。

我们首先先陈述一点，就像我们报道的一样，直到最新一期的Honi之前，Cream队伍成员在以往没有在Honi上面发表任何文章。他们的校园写作经验依靠于队伍里的两名为Pulp写作的成员，还有一些在悉尼大学女性刊物和相同的Enid发布过一些作品。他们以往只有写作经验却没有任何编辑经验，这也能从他们拼写错自己的政策陈述‘persuasions’表现出来。可能正确拼写对编辑报纸并没有那么重要吧，所以我们还是不要停留在这个关注点上了。

实际上，Cream竞选队伍的一些政策确实是不错的。比如他们暗示了他们将会支持最近新推出的双语板块并表示会“给留学生更多机会去做出更多关于留学生的内容。” Cream也有承诺在未来推广校园体育这一块，大概也许真的会有人感兴趣读吧。一般来说，讨论是件好事，由此，Cream队伍关于鼓励开设更多的辩论和研讨会的政策是积极的。

Cream队伍承诺他们将会把USU社团报告加入到报纸里，可是这里的歧义是honi soit这份学生报纸是SRC出版的。虽然这能使得学生和社团的互动更加紧密，但是这意味着Honi将要吧有限的板块位置提供给外部组织，并且可能会导致利益冲突。这会损害报纸报道校园社团的丑闻的能力。

因为Cream队伍并没有对Honi有深刻的理解，所以他们在政策上做的非常表面化，具体来说可以分为三个部分：1. 非常的模糊 2. 提出很多已经存在的政策 3. 回收利用一些来自悉尼大学网络论坛的内容。

想要获得Honi选票，的确不仅需要是对制度上的熟悉。但是一定程度上熟悉制度将会帮助编辑们了解Honi所面临的可能性与限制性。在这方面，Cream队伍希望能“影响学生”和“大学生生活”的文章。但是这个范围未免也太大了，并无实际上的意义。

Cream队伍提到了他们将会通过反馈的方式提升学生记者的写作能力，但这是一个Honi编辑们早已开始实施的计划。Cream队伍同样对定时发布网上文章感兴趣，不过Honi早在2013年有网站以来就有此举了。

他们一些所谓的“新政策”早已在honi存在多年。这些模糊的，无法提供实质性的政策，都代表着Cream队伍对Honi 严重缺乏了解。还有所谓的再发布“悉尼大学吐槽” (USyd rants) 和“情书” (love letters) 的政策，就请大家自行判断吧。

再说quiz的成绩，对于39%的成绩，Cream队伍没能通过Honi的这次新推出的测验。Cream没能知道“倒金字塔”这个司空见惯的而且广泛使用的新闻写作结构。这也是我们年初在honi记者培训会上讲过的内容。在我们尝试在六月份的时候被解雇的前SRC 律师的名字时，cream说出来Michael Koziol的名字。此人是现在悉尼先锋晨报 (SMH) 调查记者， 并且是2012年的honi编辑-我们为这样的答案担忧，因为SRC法律服务通常会为报纸提供新闻法律风险的指导。

Cream队伍同样都不知道今年学校的一个很大的新闻：今年整个医学院的学生和教职员工都面临搬离Anderson Stuart Building的问题。同时他们不能认出两所已经成立Ramsay Centre的西方文化学士学位大学 (Bachelor of Western Civilisation) 的名字。这些对学生重要新闻认知的失败，让之前提到的他们重要的“影响学生报道”政策 显得非常无力。这体现出他们在有关学生新闻的认知不足。

Cream队伍的最终成绩证明了他们对学生事务的漠不关心，如果他们当选，这些问题很可能会继续存在。这种冷漠也是跟政治有关的。Cream队伍更加沉迷于联邦政府的政治，而非学生问题。Cream知道自由党杰出人物Julie Bishop担任澳国立大学校长的新闻，但错误的认为澳国立与Ramsay中心有合作关系。

归根结底，Cream 队伍之所以对Honi不了解的原因可能是他们并不读Honi的报纸或者他们不喜欢Honi目前的形式。所以他们可能希望改变Honi。所有这些都是他们作为队伍的特权。 但是无论如何他们有一个致命的缺点，即缺乏实现他们政策所需要的知识。

FIT for Honi

79%



Fit团队在过去有Honi写作和编辑经验，和可行切实的政策制定。虽然有些政策可能显得有点多余。总体来说，即使在知识了解方面还有一些欠缺，他们的测试成绩是值得称赞的。

与Cream不同，多样性并不是Fit的明确卖点，但他们是近年来女性参与率最高的一支队伍

Fit队伍logo设计采用了热粉红色，他们的logo上的肌肉标志与UTS的一支过去的竞选队伍有着惊人的相似之处。

队伍的所有成员都是曾经为Honi写过文章的。 Fit的一些成员不仅熟悉学生报纸，而且熟悉SRC - Nina Dillon-Britton, Lara Sonnenschein和Madeline Ward在过去几年中担任过拿工资的部门负责人角色。 这种与大学相关机构的接近性使Fit的政策上专注于调查性新闻，例如设定专门的调查小组，也同时提出曾经每一个honi队伍都提出的问责学生政客和大学管理层的承诺 。就像cream一样，fit也打算将多语言(multilingual)版本保留在报纸中。

Fit在政策中强调了讽刺文学的回归（尽管每年都有这个板块）。跟很多以前的队伍一样，他们从悉尼大学戏剧团 (SUDS) 找了一个特定的喜剧编辑, Matthew Forbes. 他们还“举办更多活动”感兴趣，在Honi预算非常有限的情况下，我们也不知道这些活动将会是什么。

Fit队伍的其中一个多余的政策是他们计划推出的给悉尼大学的校友们每周送报服务，当然也会有一定的费用。这虽然没有问题，但是运送服务是要花时间的，你可能会发现新一期的报刊已经登到网上的时候，你才刚在信箱里收到来自上周的报刊。

Fit 队伍的大部分政策都是以稳重、成熟，但是循规蹈矩的政策为主。以去年推出的匿名情报为例，他们并没有清晰的指出该如何或以什么形式来做。Fit队伍同时承诺了他们将会把Honi最重要的新闻翻译成中文，其实这已经在今年的微信平台上就实施了。

Fit 队伍政策的弱点有：他们大部分的政策都是围绕如何提高现今的报纸，并进行一些相对细微的调动。可他们不了解的是，因为结构上的障碍，很多这些老的政策很难改变。

Fit队伍在Quiz中斩获了79%正确率的优异成绩，遥遥领先他的竞争对手。fit非常从容的回答了一些Quiz中相对较难的问题，比如2019年悉尼大学体育工会 (SUSF) 有多少位董事会成员。 他们答出了5个不同大学里的学生出版刊物。这些出版物中在联合内容和跨校园报道中有很多与Honi的紧密关系。他们展现出对于Honi的内部处理系统的熟悉，并正确的指出了Honi有哪些板块组成，和如果发生诽谤案的最终责任承受者。

然而，值得担忧的是，他们对一些简单的知识却支支吾吾，并且这些知识应该是他们作为合格的编辑需要有的知识。Fit队伍没能答出现任澳大利亚国际学生联盟 (National Union of Students) 主席的名字和他们的党派。可悲的是，新Honi编辑们参加的第一场大型活动便是由澳大利亚国际学生联盟举办的年会-NatCon。

除此之外，Fit队伍同样没能正确的回答USU现任CEO的名字，SRC主席的薪资范围，和悉尼大学校长Michael Spence的卸任年份。

Fit队伍在过去有Honi写作和编辑经验，和可行切实的政策制定。 虽然有些政策可能显得多余，总体来说，即使在知识了解方面还有一些欠缺，他们的Quiz成绩是值得称赞的。

与任何学生选举一样，有疑问的选民应该尽最大努力让自己了解竞选候选人，找到这些网页无法提供的答案。

President

Jacky He did not send a report this week.

Note: These pages belong to the Office Bearers of the SRC. They are not altered, edited or changed in any way by the editors of Honi Soit



Education Officers

Jesse Xu and James Newbold

The last week has been a significant one for student activists. In a short amount of time, Honi released an investigative report revealing extensive neo-Nazi organising on campus and Michael Spence announced that USyd would be

sending a new offer to the racist and colonial Ramsay Centre.

On Monday at 12pm there is a snap action in response to these two events. While not everyone who supports the Ramsay Centre is a Nazi, Nazi's

will certainly be cheering on the Ramsay Centre. It's vital we campaign against the far-right as well as the mainstream conservatism that enables it's growth. Honi revealed that these far-right groups had involvement in the Young

Liberals and other conservative groups on campus - the same groups refusing to condemn the Ramsay Centre. We must call these groups out.

The campaigns against the far-right and Ramsay will be

ongoing this semester. Please find the Education Action Group on Facebook to get involved in these important campaigns.

Women's Officers

Gabi Stricker-Phelps and Crystal Xu

The #MeToo Movement:

The Sydney Peace Foundation is awarding the 2019 Sydney Peace Prize to Tarana Burke and Tracey Spicer AM on behalf of the #MeToo Movement.

"For empowering survivors of sexual harassment and violence, and elevating their voices; for championing truth and justice; for highlighting the breadth and impact of sexual violence worldwide; and for launching a demand for change that is sweeping the world."

You are invited to attend the

awarding of the prize and hear from an incredible line up of inspiring and powerful women on Thursday 14 November at Sydney Town Hall. USYD Women will be able to sponsor you to attend the lecture and award ceremony. If you are interested in discussing the formation of a #MeToo Movement at the University of Sydney, we want to hear from you.

NOTE:

NSW Rape Crisis and Sexual Assault Hotline: 1800 424 017
Phone: 1800 RESPECT (Sexual

Assault, Family & Domestic Violence counselling. Free 24/7)

ON Campus: 1800 SYD HLP (1800 793 457): to report an incident of sexual harassment or assault or to make a complaint about misconduct.

1 Million Women:

After the Global Climate Strike we have a reading suggestion: "Every Woman's Guide to Saving the Planet" by Natalie Isaacs the CEO of the climate action organisation 1 Million Women. Read more @:https://

www.1millionwomen.com.au/

Australian Human Rights Commission Free and Equal Conference:

We have an opportunity to send a group of representatives from the University of Sydney to attend the Free and Equal conference which is on the 8th of October at the Hyatt Regency. The conference offers people the opportunity to discuss the Australia we want to live in, current human rights legal framework and ways to improve protection for vulnerable Australians. If you

want to attend, please contact us.

FREE Self Defence Classes:

ABS Seminar Room 3310 has been booked from 1-2pm to host Penny Gulliver to teach FREE self-defence classes. This event will coincide with the USU Health Week on Wednesday 16th October. Please let us know if you are interested in attending.

Email: womens.officers@src.usyd.edu.au
Facebook:USYDWOMEN2019

DO YOU NEED A SHORT EXTENSION?



You can ask your course co-ordinator for two days extension on a non examination task, eg. a take home assignment. This is an informal arrangement, and does not stop you from applying for Special Consideration (still within 3 days of original due date). For more details check out the quote below from the University's Coursework Policy:

66A Simple Extensions

- (1) A unit of study co-ordinator, who is satisfied that it is appropriate to do so, may permit a student to submit a non-examination task up to two working days after the due date with no penalty.
- (2) Such permission is an informal arrangement between the unit of study co-ordinator and the student which does not:
 - (a) affect the student's entitlement to apply for special consideration under this policy;
 - (b) alter any time limits or other requirements relating to applications for special consideration; or
 - (c) constitute an academic decision for the purposes of the University of Sydney (Student Appeals Against Academic Decisions) Rule 2006 (as amended).

Need help or advice? Your SRC is here to assist you.

The service is FREE, independent and confidential.
Phone for an appointment: (02) 9660 5222

We are located at: Level 1, Wentworth Building (G01)

help@src.usyd.edu.au | src.usyd.edu.au | fb:/srchelp



Ask Abe

SRC caseworker help Q&A



Simple Extensions

Dear Abe,

I just broke up with my girlfriend and I am too upset to finish the essay that's due in at the end of the week. I've seen my doctor and he said that I just needed to concentrate on my assignment and not worry about romance. Without a doctor's certificate I cannot apply for Special Consideration, but I really don't think I can get the assignment in on time.

Sincerely,
Single

Dear Single,

I am sorry the doctor did not take your distress seriously. Please do talk to

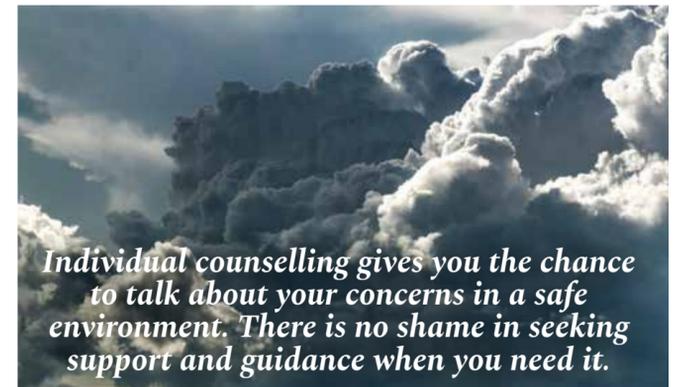
someone, e.g., a counselor, if you find your circumstance negatively effecting aspects of your life.

As you said, without a Professional Practitioner's Certificate it is unlikely you would be successful in a Special Consideration application, however, you may be able to apply for a Simple Extension.

Simple Extensions are an informal arrangement between a student and the course co-ordinator, where a student is given two extra days to complete an assignment. Often that is enough for you to take a breath and settle your thoughts before launching in to an assignment.

Abe

Mental Health: Finding Counselling Services



Individual counselling gives you the chance to talk about your concerns in a safe environment. There is no shame in seeking support and guidance when you need it.

There are affordable, confidential services in the community who are willing to help you with issues that are impacting your life, and which may be affecting your mental health and wellbeing, and/or your academic performance. There may be things that are worrying you, but you are afraid or embarrassed to talk about them with someone you know. Individual counselling gives you the chance to talk about your concerns in a safe environment. There is no shame in seeking support and guidance when you need it.

Seeing a counsellor can be a very rewarding experience. You only need to say as much as you are comfortable with. Counsellors and psychologists don't prescribe drugs, they offer a 'talking cure' and can help you to understand the way you are feeling,

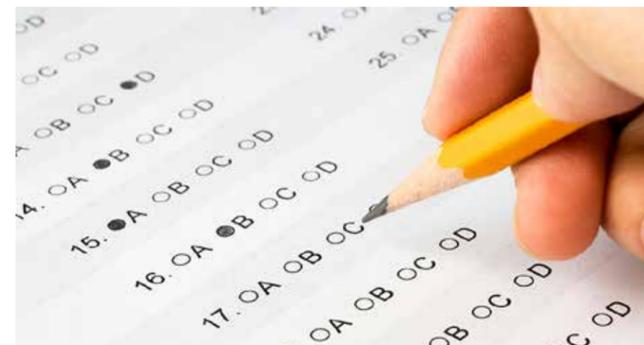
and the thoughts that you are having. They can really help if you are just not feeling yourself.

Some local services include Uplift Psychological Services (upliftpsychologicalservices.com.au) and Headspace (headspace.org.au), who also have online counselling. Ask them about their fees, and how you can be bulk billed on Medicare, or charged no gap on Overseas Students Health Care.

If you have any questions about how to find help please email help@src.usyd.edu.au, or if you prefer a face-to-face appointment, you can call 9660 5222 to book a suitable time.

If you (or a friend) are in crisis and need immediate help call Lifeline (24 hours) on 13 11 14 or go online to Headspace.

Disability Adjustments Deadline for Exams



If you have a disability or temporary condition or injury which may disadvantage you in your formal written examinations, you may be able to access reasonable adjustments for your exams through Disability Services: sydney.edu.au/students/disability-support/how-to-register.html.

To be approved for adjustments in your Semester 2 exams, you will need to register with Disability Services and have a consultation with a Disability Officer before 8 October.

So take action and contact them as soon as possible!

Special Consideration

If you are not well on the day of an exam - please see a doctor on the day of the exam and apply for Special Consideration within three working days.

Notice of Council Meeting
91st Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney



DATE: Wed 2nd October
TIME: 6pm
LOCATION: New Law LT 104

p: 02 9660 5222 | w: src.usyd.edu.au

America Crossword



ACROSS

1. I've expanded
6. Prognosticated
15. One's interest or benefit
17. Connected series of occurrences in a story
18. Typographical unit equal to the length of (—)
19. Baby fly
21. Image of a god used for worship
22. Soft, generally limp, figurine
25. Snake or scarf
26. Initials borne on Jesus' cross
27. Be filled with simmering rage
31. Was in front
34. Fundamentals
36. Most powerful man in the world
37. German word for 'the'
38. Friendly facial expression
39. Alternative to AD
40. Lead story in next week's Honi Soit (!), with 44-Across
44. See 40-Across
46. Alien, or the French word for 'and'
47. Altars in Orthodox churches (constructed out of beams)
49. Be sick
50. You and I
51. Engaging in healthy physical activity
55. Organisation holding elections on campus this week
57. Enrol in armed services
58. What MC Hammer forbids one to touch
60. Possessed
62. Continuous

64. Absent in a military context
66. Common sickness on cruises
69. Originally called
70. Mathematical curve for squares
72. Relating to a cultural subgroup
75. Title for 40-Across next week, with 76-Across
76. See 75-Across

DOWN

1. Region encompassing Spain, Portugal, and Andorra
2. Rather masculine cartoon hero with superhuman strength
3. An expression of relief, regret, comfort, pain, confusion, understanding, contempt, surprise, wonder, etc.
4. Artistic school subject (abbrev.)
5. Sesame St resident
7. Skyrim, WoW, and Undertale are examples of this game genre
8. Band behind Evil Woman and Mr Blue Sky
9. Dash's little brother
10. Horror film which recently received a sequel
11. Greek muse of history
12. Word related to the oceans, or to streams?
13. One of a kind music producer
14. Guillermo _ Toro, Lana _ Rey
16. Incorrect
20. Scottish valley
23. How you might describe an olive
24. Take one's robe off
25. The Beauty in Beauty and the Beast
28. Failed 2009 environmental policy
29. Conquers all
30. Frozen rain
32. Spreadsheet program
33. Ceased to exist
35. Lines that cut a curve more than once
37. One who has a romantic attachment
40. Homophone of 'dues'
41. Under a bothersome influence
42. Religious expression
43. Boy's name
45. Close
48. Scientific school subject (abbrev.)
52. Is not contracted
53. Shop
54. Facet
56. Routine task
59. Type of atomic bond
61. Woe is me
63. Type of tone
64. What there is for that, according to Steve Jobs
65. This I despise, cause it means destruction of innocent lives
66. Friends call him Jehovah
67. Type of beer
68. Hospital in Wairoonga
71. Sexual orientation of Kate in Dodgeball: A True Underdog Story
73. House of Lords abbreviation
74. Neon sign?

Twat

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			

D	R	A	G
R	O	L	L
A	L	O	E
G	L	E	N

- Answers across and down are the same
1. Spectacular sex-swapped subculture (4)
 2. Singular serving of sourdough, say (4)
 3. Smooth, soothing succulent (4)
 4. Sharply sloped Scottish slade (4)

Sudoku

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

Sudoku

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

Target

D	E	T
E	R	S
P	I	N

Target Rules:
Minimum 4 letters per word.
15 words: 1 November 2018, 20 words: 26 November 2018, 25 words: 18 December 2018, 30 words: 6 February 2019

THE INDEPENDENT



THE DEPENDENT BRINGS YOU NEWS EACH WEEK COURTESY OF OUR SPONSORS. THIS WEEK, THEY ARE:

Noam Chomsky
DJ Earworm

PROFILE: "meow meow meow meow meow meow...now get fucked" says Redfern Ginger Cat

OPINION: "For the last time stop saying I look like Keira Knightley" white person says

"Fuck these Germanic barbarians" Roman senator speaks out against Ramsay Centre

Mary Geard reports.

In response to the University of Sydney announcing recently that it is re-engaging with the controversial Ramsay Centre's Bachelor of Western Civilisation, an unlikely critic has stood up to voice their opposition. Speaking from his villa on the outskirts of Rome, senator Marcus Felix Sextius expressed his bewilderment that the descendants of backwards

Germanic barbarians were claiming to the cultural heirs of Western civilization - a legacy he says they have actively tried to destroy. "If these fuckwit savages actually gave a shit about Western civilization they wouldn't be trying to sack Rome at every cursed opportunity" "Last time I checked, Britain was a cultural backwater filled with fanatics who, I kid

you not, get off from human sacrifice. And now you're telling me these brutes are telling the world that they're in charge of Western civilization?" When confronted with the traumatic legacy of his empire's conquests across Europe, including in Britain, the senator did offer a more conciliatory note. "Now that you mention it, maybe the obsession with

Rome by these Germanic barbarians represents a complex post-colonial legacy of how the subaltern reinterprets their oppression by an imperial power." Nonetheless, the senator ended the interview by telling the "Anglo-saxons" to come back when they speak a language with case declensions. Jane Austen also weighs in on Ramsay pg 12

New bible gospel, book of "Lil Jon" unearthed

PJ Babones brings you the scoop

The Dependent has gained exclusive access to a secret book in the bible written by Jesus' thirteenth disciple Jonathon "Lil Jon" Smith. It is alleged the book's inclusion of the First Council of Nicea was the subject to significant debate and controversy, given its radical and discursive contents.

After being buried in the annals of history for almost 1700 years, The Dependent was mailed an original copy of the gospel, by a prominent catholic choir singer known in the churchgoing community as DJ Earworm. The book is valued at upwards of \$5,000,000. Below is an exclusive extract from Lil Jon 3:16

"For God so loved the world, that he TURNED DOWN FOR WHAT! That whosoever

believeth on him should not perish, but have ANOTHER ROUND OF SHOTS."

The hidden gospel will be the basis for a new Dan Brown novel, The Yeah! Code. "When you look into the patterns laced throughout the gospel, you realise there's something the church simply must be hiding," Brown said in a statement given to the Dependent.

Many atheists have pointed out the inconsistencies between the Gospel of Lil Jon and current books included in the bible. Most notably Lil John recounts "shots, shots, shots" to be the true symbol of Christ's blood, as opposed to the traditional "wine".

What effect this new revelation will have on the Christian community remains to be seen.



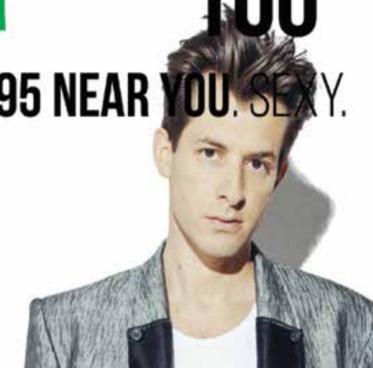
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LINGUISTICS: 'Dayell' [dæɪl] actually pronounced 'Dickhead' [dɪkə:d]

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