

Honi Soit

WEEK 3, SEMESTER 1, 2021

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Acknowledgement of Country



Honi Soit is published on the sovereign land of the Gadigal People of the Eora Nation, who were amongst the first to resist against and survive the violence of colonisation. This land was taken without consent and sovereignty was never ceded. We pay our respects to Elders past and present, and extend that respect to all Indigenous students and staff at the University.

As a team of settlers occupying the lands of the Gadigal, Dharug, Wangal, Bidjegal, Kuringgai and Wallumedegal

people, we are the beneficiaries of ongoing colonial dispossession. The settler-colonial project of 'Australia' and all its institutions, including the University, are built on the exclusion of First Nations peoples and the devaluation of Indigenous knowledge systems. Beneath the sandstone buildings of USyd lie thousands of years of Aboriginal history.

Colonialism is not a one-time event that occurred in the distant past; it is an ongoing structure. The genocide of First Nations people is perpetuated

and enabled by the government, who push ahead with the forced removals of Aboriginal children from their families, their Country, and their cultures. Aboriginal peoples are the most incarcerated on earth, and there have been nearly 450 documented Indigenous deaths in custody since the 1991 Royal Commission.

We pledge to actively stand in solidarity with First Nations movements towards decolonisation through our editorial decisions, and to be reflective when we fail to do so.

We commit to being a counterpoint to mainstream media's silencing of Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people. We remain cognisant that Honi's writers and readership are predominantly made up of settlers, and aim to platform Indigenous voices in our paper.

There is no justice without Indigenous justice.

Always was and always will be Aboriginal land.

Editor-in-Chief:

Marlow Hurst

Editors:

Deandre Espejo, Vivienne Guo, Marlow Hurst, Jeffrey Khoo, Juliette Marchant, Shania O'Brien, Claire Ollivain, Max Shanahan, Alice Trenoweth-Creswell.

Writers:

Danny Cabubas, Oscar Chaffey, Alexandre Douglas, Isabel Freudenstein, Niam Gallagher, Ariana Haghighi, Amelia Koen, Alana Ramshaw, Chuyi Wang, Julius Wittfoth, Zara Zadro, Jessica Zhan.

Artists:

Chloe Callow (@chloe.callow.art), Bonnie Huang, Kritika Rathore, Janina Osinsao (@janina.png).

Cover artist:

Shania O'Brien (@shaniaobrienn).

Editorial

I started reading Honi when my fellow editor Shania made me. It wasn't what I was expecting. There was a lot of news. It was very confusing. But I recognise that news is important. With this in mind, there is news in this edition. I tried to push back, but they made me. They said I'd never write again if I refused. Pls send help. I'm locked in the *Honi* offices and I have one can of whipped cream left—

Week 3 is jam packed with some excellent articles. Ariana Haghighi brought her A-game this week with Pigeon Power: In Appreciation Of Our Feathered Friends. An ode to the hard work of pigeons throughout the ages. It's funny, irreverent, and historical without being dry. While this edition doesn't have a feature, I consider this the next best thing. It's as esoteric as esoteric can get, but I love it!

Danny Cabubas explored anime's rampant queer baiting in *Yuri on Thin Ice*. Not only is this a historical issue for the medium, but one persevering to this day. As with all media, it's important for fans and fandom to examine their subjects critically. Danny explores this tension between appreciation and examination beautifully. There's much work to do, but Danny's helping us get there!

Niamh Gallagher bites into the juicy peach of queer poetry in *Sapphic Fruits* in *Goblin Market*. While I'm against all forms of poetry in principle, this article won me over. While I still must object to the very medium, I can appreciate the depth of meaning in *Goblin Market* and its delightful queer subtext.

These are just three of my favourites from this week. Three articles which I think encapsulate

the spirit of *Honi*: students writing on things they're passionate about. They're not necessarily relevant to USyd students as a broader demographic, but they're relevant to individual students. It's sometimes easy to get caught up in the logic trap of student relevance. Relevance to the university or higher education aren't the only things which qualify an article. By virtue of a student wanting to write about something, anything can be relevant.

If this editorial leaves you with anything let it be that Courtyard has refused to warm up my muffins for three whole years! I still don't know why and will investigate further, but I really needed to tell someone. So, anyway, enjoy the edition!

This is Marlow - signing off!

Letters

First Zionist letter!

I observed that Students for Palestine @ Sydney University have been publicising an event on their Facebook page for Israeli Apartheid Week.

I made a reasonable comment on that page questioning the verity of assertions they have made there and I was rewarded by my comment being removed and being blocked completely from posting there any more.

This intolerant behaviour by Students for Palestine shows up their contempt for free speech, which they scream they are denied when it comes to making their virulent, anti-Zionist outcries about Israel, which frequently verge on anti-semitism.

That pro-Palestinian organisations avoid engagement and quash any commentary challenging them, while on the other hand pleading for their own message to be heard, is the epitome of a blind hypocrisy and negativity that will do them no favours.

Yours,
Jack Morris

I hate golf but I loooooove cricket

I was very disappointed in your recent 'In Defence of Golf' article

(Week 2, Tom Wark). Firstly, no one asked. Secondly, there's 58 public golf courses in Sydney? Cool how many cricket ovals are there that are used for like six other sports and otherwise fully accessible green space all year round??? Thirdly, the equipment line — golf is expensive! Sorry but cricket being expensive doesn't negate the fact that golf is ALSO expensive! How did this man compare a set of used clubs to a top of the line cricket bat that no one actually buys. While I'm on it, did this man literally do a dollar per hour comparison of football to gold and decide that was his best metric to compare participation in sport??? What the actual duffed nine iron from the rough?

The best line of argument for keeping Moore Park is the fact that it won't actually achieve any of the aims of accessible public parkland that Mayor Moore reckons it might. Does anyone actually believe that in Sydney of all places, the capital of the most normatively corrupt and money-obsessed jurisdiction in the western world, opening up acres and acres of land in an area where the median house price is seven fucking million dollars wouldn't immediately result in more dumbshit apartments?

Best,
Anon E. Moose

Ask Abe

Dear Abe,

We briefly met last Wednesday at *Honi's* pumping party. I was entranced by your deep dark eyes and wise whisky face. Anyway, I have a problem. I was recently the subject of a malicious internet attack, filled with spurious allegations. I have a public image to uphold, and this cowardly attack will tarnish my squeaky clean reputation.

I am hoping you could advise me on the best methods for seeking cold, calculated revenge — untraceable, of course.

Also, do you know any good defamation lawyers?

Love,
Miss S.



Art by Chloe Callow



Miss Soit

Sydney Uni's SAUCIEST socialite!

Dear plumptious beauties,

Wax play: the sequel

I was *relaxing* on my chaise lounge late last Sunday when I was smacked in the face by a bastardly betrayal! Feisty Fabian Robertson published a nasty article outing me as a bad, *bad* journalist. In the article, Master Robertson revealed that the Taylor Swift wax figure was not \$250k, but free! Miss Soit was then *flogged* for publishing "falsehoods" and "abandon[ing] journalistic responsibility."

Shortly after this act of public humiliation, one of Miss Soit's slippery sources came back with a juicy tip: Titillating Taylor didn't *come* for free! My aunt, Madame Tussaud, allegedly gave the USU a fat discount in a *meaty* marketing package valued up to \$3,000. Fiendish Fabian also called Miss Soit an "anonymous pseudonym," which is surprising, considering he was *all over* me at the *Honi* Party! Instead of accusing Miss Soit of abandoning 'truth,' perhaps Mr Robertson's fast fingers could be put to *better* use.

Drew Pavlou fucks!

In a Parliamentary inquiry last Thursday, Delicious Big-Dick Drew 'Pavlova' Pavlou *stripped down* and revealed all! Contradicting the claims of a University spokesperson, Pavlou asserted that he is *not a virgin*, a proclamation he has made many times before on social media. He certainly had Senator Jugular James Paterson on the *edge* of his seat. It seems that Drew is pro-CCP (Cocks, Cunts and Peggings) after all!

Who's running for USU board?

USU Board election season is around the corner, and Miss Soit certainly can't contain her arousal. My slippery sources have revealed who might be keen to continue the USU's legacy of screwing staff over and having secret, orgy-filled meetings. Sinful Shreyaa Sundararaghavan (NLS), Angelina 'Girlboss' Gu (Unity), Dirty David Zhu (Libdependent), Zac 'Perky' Pitkethley (Liberal), and Naughty Nick Comino (Liberal) are this year's rumoured candidates. Miss Soit wonders which of these hopefuls will be able to seduce our insatiable student body.

Miss Soit censored

While Miss Soit loves getting her mouth taped once in a while, I certainly don't appreciate getting my gossip column gagged! In last week's edition of *Honi Soit*, our devilish DSPs forced us to redact some comments because they weren't "appropriate and polite." I hope the DSPs know that Miss Soit likes it rough too...

Leaky uni

Miss Soit has been mercilessly teased this week. By the time Honi was informed about the new Vice-Chancellor, Marxist Mark 'Sapphic' Scott, on Friday, the University had already leaked this *juicy* information to the Sydney Morning Herald! Being the University's sloppy seconds certainly has Miss Soit hot and bothered.

What's on this week

<p>SUDS Presents: The Pillowman</p> <p>17-27 March 2021 The Cellar Theatre</p> <p>Head to the Cellar Theatre to see The Pillowman.</p> <p>Irish playwright Martin McDonagh combines black comedy and gothic thriller to explore how trauma shapes us and the deadly importance of storytelling.</p>	<p>EDSOC AGM</p> <p>24 March TBD, check their FB event!</p> <p>The Education and Social Work Society is holding its annual general meeting on March 24th.</p> <p>Come along if you want to run for the executive or if you want to get more involved.</p>	<p>Pop Fest</p> <p>24-25 March Campus</p> <p>PopFest has returned, for the ultimate celebration of all things pop culture, cosplay, anime, movies or gaming</p>	<p>Free Textbooks</p> <p>10am-5pm Copy Center under SUSF</p> <p>Due to the closure of Co-Op Bookshop, several textbooks are now available for students to have for free! First-come-first-served - see the SRC Facebook page for the list of available books.</p>
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Write, create and produce for Honi Soit

Interested in reporting or making art for Australia's largest and best student newspaper? Email us at editors@honsoit.com or message us over on our Facebook, Twitter or Instagram pages.



Art by Marlow Hurst and Alice Trenoweth-Creswell (and Sam Garrett).

“It’s hard not to think that he is being brought in to lead yet more restructures that will further corporatise the university.”



Mark Scott appointed as new Vice-Chancellor

Shania O’Brien and Maxim Shanahan report.

Mark Scott, the former ABC Managing Director and current NSW Education Department Secretary, has been appointed as the new Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sydney for a five-year term beginning on 19 July 2021.

Scott is an alumnus of the university, holding a Diploma of Education, Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts (Political Science and Government). He also holds a Master of Public Administration from Harvard University. Scott has previously worked on the staff of a number of NSW Liberal Party ministers.

University Chancellor Belinda Hutchinson AC said that Scott is a “highly effective, respected and successful senior leader of large and complex public facing, public sector institutions.”

A University spokesperson said “At a time when our sector is facing significant challenges, Mark is uniquely placed to lead us in responding to those challenges by developing and implementing transformational strategies and building coalitions of support.”

Scott’s lack of academic experience — he does not hold a doctorate, and has never been employed as an academic — marks a notable departure from the usual characteristics of a Vice-Chancellor. Every other Group of Eight VC holds a doctorate, and previous VC Michael Spence was a world leading Intellectual Property academic before his appointment.

Kurt Iveson, University of Sydney NTEU Branch President, told *Honi* that “Scott has never worked in a university, so staff will rightly

ask about the particular skillset that the appointment committee were looking for and have found in him. It’s hard not to think that he is being brought in to lead yet more restructures that will further corporatise the university, reflecting the way that both our Senate and Senior Executive Management treat the university as a ‘business’. The NTEU is strongly opposed to the introduction of corporatist agendas in universities, which undercut their role and functioning as institutions that serve the public good.”

Hutchinson stated that, “He’s not going to be a researcher ... we have to take the community with us on what we do and why what we do is important ... he’s got that ability to engage people and to engage creative professionals.”

Further, Scott added, “Part of my track record is the ability to lead large public-facing organisations through change, and to be stronger and more robust on the other side ... I’ve worked extensively and led for 15 years organisations full of intelligence knowledge workers, highly creative and engaged in their craft. My task is to support those practitioners to be as outstanding as they possibly can be.”

The new Vice-Chancellor’s pay packet will be significantly reduced from that enjoyed by Michael Spence. Scott will earn a maximum of \$1.15 million including bonuses, as compared to the \$1.6 million previously allocated to the Vice-Chancellor.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* reported on Scott’s appointment half an hour before a University-wide press release was issued.

Welfare Action Group holds speak-out

Nandini Dhir reports.

The USyd Welfare Action Group hosted a speak-out at midday on Wednesday outside Fisher Library.

Students congregated and stepped to the mic to share their thoughts on issues such as housing, sexual assault on campus, disability exclusion and welfare payments.

SRC Co-Welfare Officer Lia Perkins, who organised the speak-out, opened the space with the focus on “fight[ing] for students, the unemployed and against the injustices of the capitalist colonial state.”

“The welfare rate should be at

\$80 per day and it’s clearly evident that the Liberal Government can do it... and COVID is far from over,” Co-Welfare Officer Shreyaa Sundararaghavan said.

Perkins mentioned how the acquisition of land by property developers, such as at a public housing auction in Glebe that day, decreases affordable and accessible housing for university students.

“Colleges are taking up valuable housing that should be affordable for all students,” said Owen Marsden-Readford.

SRC Women’s Officer and

Convenor of the Women’s Collective, Kimmy Dibben spoke on sexual assault on campus, saying: “Welcome Week is the most dangerous time on campus for students during which one in eight of sexual assaults on campus will occur... These colleges are not safe for students, they are hotbeds of sexual violence [and] predatory behaviour.”

“The fight for student welfare on campus is necessarily the fight against the cultures of sexual assault and the financial precarity that survivors face”, noted Alana Ramshaw.

The speak-out also covered issues of education cuts and disability

exclusion, with SRC Education Officer Madeleine Clark saying: “We’re seeing our courses being cut, staff being paid less, and meanwhile we have our Vice Chancellor being paid over 1.6 million dollars.”

SRC Disabilities Officer Margot Beavon-Collin criticised Australian Disability Enterprises as “institutions that are allowed to pay employees significantly less than the minimum wage, as low as about \$2.48 an hour.”

The Welfare Action Group will be supporting an education rally on March 24th as the issue of welfare cuts align closely with education cuts.

Welfare Collective protests auction of public housing in Glebe

Alana Ramshaw reports.

On Wednesday afternoon, members of the USyd Welfare Collective joined community members armed with drums, whistles, and pots and pans, outside 92 Cowper St Glebe, in protest of the auction of the Victorian corner-terrace. The protest was part of community group Hands Off Glebe’s campaign against the Liberal state government’s selling of public housing in the suburb.

The demonstration was chaired by Hands Off Glebe spokesperson, Denis Doherty. “We need to take better care of people, we need to invest in a public housing system we can be proud of,” Doherty proclaimed to a cacophony of cheers, whistles, and drumming.

Former Sydney University lecturer and Franklin Street resident Rose Wiss spoke on the recent interest that foreign investors and developers have shown in the suburb. “This is going to be one house at a time, [the government] stop renovating, they

stop maintaining, and then they come after your house ... They already want to put fourteen stories in around the corner. They want to put shops all the way to the new fish markets. They have plans for this suburb. They are coming,” Wiss warned.

“We need to take better care of people, we need to invest in a public housing system we can be proud of.”

Glebe resident Edwina Keelan told the protestors about the eviction notice she was served before Christmas last year: “This is the second eviction I’ve had. I used to live down in Wentworth street. They booted us out, but now I’ve got a big mouth because I know what it’s all about ... I encourage you to be strong, and to not give up the fight”.

SRC Welfare Officer Lia Perkins

condemned the role that the University has played in the attacks on public housing and its significance to the Indigenous community in the area.

“The University of Sydney has been implicit in stealing public housing over in Redfern. The Block has been

stolen and turned into student accommodation ... Students and workers shouldn’t be opposed, they should be standing together,” said Perkins.

“[Social housing] is a really important thing to defend and extend ... We lost Miller’s Point, and we waged a good fight. Redfern Tent Embassy waged a good fight, but they are coming for the inner city, and we

have to make a stand,” noted Socialist Alliance representative Rachel Evans.

“That is the whole problem, that they only look at the dollar. They do not look at the human beings, the society, the people who are living here,” remarked former Leichhardt mayor Máire Sheehan.

The demonstration was a resounding victory for the Glebe community in the wider war against privatisation and attacks on public housing. The inspection and auction of the house was ultimately postponed. However, despite vocal community opposition and a social housing waiting list of over 50,000 people, 92 Cowper Street was sold today for \$2 million.

Groups like Hands Off Glebe have taken up the torch from organisations and unions such as the NSW Builders Labourers Federation (BLF) who have historically undertaken the fight against development in inner Sydney.

USyd casuals speak out during Senate inquiry into underpayment

Deandre Espejo reports.

In a public hearing this morning, a panel of academic staff from Casualised, Unemployed, and Precarious University Workers (CUPUW) provided evidence of wage theft at universities for a Senate inquiry into unlawful underpayment.

The inquiry commenced in November, when underpayment of casual staff across Australia’s universities were brought to light. Subsequently, ten universities made back payments and the University of Sydney admitted to wage theft of almost \$9 million. Individual cases are currently being heard.

Today’s sitting saw Dr Yaegan Doran of the USyd Casuals Network speak on the situation at the University of Sydney.

Underpayment ‘embedded’ in university model

In its submission, the USyd Casuals Network asserted that underpayment is a result of casual staff being paid ‘piece rates.’ In this system, payments are tied to a ‘piece’ of work — for example, a number of lectures, tutorials, or assessments marked.

The amount of time to complete each piece is then estimated. However, staff have reported that the actual hours it takes to complete these tasks, in order to maintain the quality of education, far exceeds the hours allotted, and that preparation time is often not covered.

An audit by the Casuals Network found that in the first six weeks of last semester, 84% of participants performed work in excess of the hours for which they were paid, meaning that underpayment averaged \$2521 per person.

“Because the university system rests on these piece rates with casual staff, underpayment is embedded within the system,” Dr Doran said.

“Our choice is: do our jobs poorly, harm our students and not be employed again, or do our job well and work many hours unpaid.”

University denies large-scale wage theft

The University was criticised for failing to take action on several opportunities to address its problem of wage theft.

In the University’s submission to the Senate inquiry last September, former Vice-Chancellor Dr Michael Spence denied that staff are subjected to “large scale wage theft,” or that casualisation in tertiary education was driving underpayment.

Dr Spence claimed that instances of underpayment were a result of “payment errors” rather than underclassification of work or excessive underpaid hours.

Dr Doran pointed to the several instances where the University

was made aware of consistent and systematic underpayment of staff, including two reports by the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU), the Casual Networks’ Stealing Time interim report, and recent coverage of underpayment of library staff.

Pointing to how employing staff as casuals is cheaper than employing them permanently, Dr Doran said that “for anyone to raise that [the University is] consistently underpaying casual staff is to very much push at the heart of their entire financial model.”

“They know they underpay us. And if they did pay us correctly, they might have to employ us permanently — that is exactly what they don’t want to do.”

Casual staff punished for speaking up

Dr Doran told the Senate Committee that staff who have spoken out about underpayment have had their hours reduced or eliminated.

While noting that “it’s difficult to link precisely that speaking up leads to not being re-employed,” Dr Doran recounted one particular incident where a casual staff member, an international student and casual tutor at the University, was suddenly given “no work whatsoever” after supporting the Casual Network’s actions. As a result, that staff member — along with their colleagues — refused to speak at the inquiry.

There have also been reports of employees being blacklisted by universities, but the presence of blacklists remains unconfirmed.

Moving forward

The Casuals Network recommended that the piece rate system be abolished and replaced by a timesheet system, where staff enter actual hours worked and are paid for those hours. This is in line with most contracts that engage staff in research.

Dr Doran also implored the University to consult with impacted staff in their audit. Last year, USyd engaged PriceWaterhouseCoopers (PwC) to audit staff payments. However, he said that this was an “untransparent” process that has not involved any consultation or communication.

“It’s not the type of thing that I think will come up with a solution that is anything but useful for University management.”

Other academics from CUPUW also made recommendations such as increasing funding to student and teaching unions to conduct more independent research on wage theft, introducing criminal penalties for employers that engage in wage theft, and raising the rate of JobKeeper to ensure that staff are able to leave abusive workplace conditions and still put food on the table.

Porter must go: Youth survivors speak out against sexual violence

Alana Ramshaw reports.

On Friday afternoon, around 250 students attended a snap rally at Town Hall called by School Strike 4 Climate activist Danielle Villafaña. The rally demanded the firing of Attorney-General Christian Porter following recent credible allegations of sexual assault, and additionally called for the sacking of Defence Minister Linda Reynolds.

The rally heard many testimonies from survivors of sexual violence. Shanaya Donovan, a seventeen year-old Dharug woman who chaired the rally alongside Villafaña, spoke on her personal experience of sexual harassment and argued for better protections for vulnerable women and girls: "Today, seventeen year old me is standing here, urging you to step in and protect the young girl with her school skirt all the way down to her ankles, because she can't do anything about it. Do it for the young girl who is walking down the street getting harassed by men, because she can't do anything about it."

Erin O'Leary, a young Dhungutti woman and student activist, highlighted the sexual abuse faced by

First Nations women, who are twice as likely to face sexual violence. O'Leary recounted the story of an unnamed Indigenous woman and survivor: "She was abused every single day of her young life. She told me that the pain never goes away...This story doesn't need a name to resonate, this story is shared by so many Blak and First Nations women, this story needs to be heard."

"Universities are coming up with all these nice slogans about equality and about respect but ultimately nothing is ever changed."

The protest also highlighted the ongoing fight for reform on university campuses. Anna Hush, co-director of End Rape on Campus Australia and 2016 SRC Womens Officer, pointed out the lack of justice for survivors on campus.

"Universities are coming up with all these nice slogans about equality and about respect but ultimately nothing is ever changed. The effect on survivors is that they're dropping out of university with more debt, with degrees they were never supported

to complete. They're living with the effects of trauma and unresolved harm, and it's not good enough," Hush noted.

Villafaña called for those in attendance to sign the petition started by former Kambala student Chanel Contos, demanding more adequate sex and consent education in schools. The petition has now garnered over 20,000 signatures.

"Universities are coming up with all these nice slogans about equality and about respect but ultimately nothing is ever changed."

Greens MP Jenny Leong addressed the recent revelations of sexual assault against Christian Porter, saying: "We say, Christian Porter, we don't believe you. We do not believe you because you are a very slimy and conniving man that knows how to spin shit to try to stay in power and protect your own arse."

Additionally, Feiyi Zhang, a community sector worker and member of the Australian Services Union, spoke on the cuts faced by domestic and family violence services

under the Coalition government. "The government is due to, in July this year, cut 56.7 million dollars from our services," Zhang stated.

The energy in the crowd shifted to heavy grief as Villafaña returned to the microphone. They delivered an emotional and impassioned account of their own sexual assault to an audience struggling to hold back tears.

"I hope that one day, girls like me are no longer going to have to walk home with their keys in their hands, and know that there are people who believe them and trust them. I hope that if you are a survivor here today, whether or not you reported, you know that I believe you. So many of us believe you, and we know that the system is fighting against you, but we are going to bring that system down," Villafaña proclaimed.

The rally concluded with a march to the NSW Liberal headquarters on William St. Teenagers left chalk messages on the footpath, including one which they left the rally chanting with conviction: "We'll be back".

NUS, Myanmar students protest coup

Alexandre Douglas reports.

On Sunday, the Myanmar Students Association Australia (MSAA), the National Union of Students (NUS) and Next Gen Myanmar (NGM) held nationwide protests condemning the atrocities committed by the Myanmar military junta.

In Sydney, protestors congregated at Town Hall. Steven Han, a protest leader at MSAA, pointed out the ridiculousness of being "worried about rain" while protestors in Myanmar face "raining bullets."

COVID-19 marshals handed out masks, distributed hand sanitiser, registered attendees and made sure social distancing measures were enforced. The protest began with the chant: "Hey hey! Ho ho! The Myanmar coup has got to go!"

Ehmwee Lwin, president of NGM, then acknowledged the traditional owners of the land, the Gadigal people of the Eora nation.

She then drew attention to the traditional dress she was wearing: "I wear this dress today to symbolise the seventy three years of genocide" of the Muslim Rohingya people.

Recounting her father's experiences, who was arrested and brutally beaten by the Myanmar police when he was just twenty-two years old, she reflected on how "the oppression of ethnics" has long been denied attention.

"Please help us raise awareness," she pleaded, "for the kids no older

than you or I who don't know if it will be their last day."

Green State MP Jamie Parker expressed the same frustration: "We've seen this way too many times."

"Fifty-five million people whose future has been stolen. Fifty-five million people whose freedom has been stolen," he emphatically repeated.

"Yet still, Australia does not recognise this military regime as illegitimate," Parker said.

He also noted that "Australian businesses are currently operating in Burma (Myanmar) and children of several coup leaders are studying at Australian universities."

Ei Htwe, a spokesperson for the NGM, then made several demands of the Australian government, including the condemnation of military force and the deployment of financial and medical assistance.

She also called for the U.N. to convene an emergency meeting to respond to the situation, the establishment of a global arms embargo, and to bring the perpetrators to justice through the international justice system.

Speaking of her own experience, Htwe said she has found it "incredibly hard to carry on a normal life" whilst others "are being tortured, kidnapped and murdered in broad daylight."

Felix Faber, education VP with the NUS NSW state branch, said how "the

coup in Myanmar isn't an isolated incident" but instead one of many under an "international system that benefits everyone who puts profits above the wellbeing of people." Faber gave the example of the Adani group, which has links with the junta.

Steven Han then read out a statement written by a youth in Myanmar: "My name is Daniel... One day we were students doing TikTok. The next we were fighting for our independence and vote...We're alive today, but not sure about tomorrow."

Han then emotionally told those at the rally how he has received text messages from student protesters in Myanmar who refer to him as "Uncle."

"Uncle they're shooting at us," one message read.

"Let our children go!" he chanted, and the crowd followed.

A minute of silence was held at 12:39 to commemorate the "Fallen Heroes"; protesters who have been killed by the Junta. After which the song "We are the World" was rousingly performed.

No march was held due to extreme weather and COVID-19 restrictions.

At the end of the protest, Cookies made by volunteers were handed out to those who came, an act which Htwe called the "most wholesome thing ever."



Climate action is the antidote to despair

Zara Zadro imagines climate disaster and grief in a post-pandemic world

Earth emotions — that's what ecologist and writer Glenn Albrecht calls our collective psychological responses to the impending climate disaster in his 2017 book of the same title. In recent years, talk of these emotions has swamped our media landscape, with new buzzwords attempting to capture their magnitude. Some of these include "eco-anxiety," "climate grief," "solastalgia," and "pre-traumatic stress disorder."

University of Sydney Associate Professor of Psychology Paul Rhodes believes none of them quite sum it up.

"I prefer old school existentialist dread," he says.

Whatever the case, this feeling is at an all time high. In late 2019, the Australian Medical Association joined health organisations around the world in recognising climate change as a health emergency. But that was before a global pandemic dwarfed climate change in the playing field of existential threats and political priorities. The Glasgow 2021 Global Climate Meeting, which was to address the major shortcomings of current emissions reduction strategies in meeting Paris 2015 targets, has been delayed by an entire year due to COVID travel restrictions. School strikes that attracted 300,000 people in Australia alone have been culled by pandemic restrictions. And despite Australia's reduction in greenhouse gas emissions in 2020, particularly from transport and agricultural sectors, most of the damage is likely to be redone in the recovery from Covid-19, according to a recent audit of national climate data by Hugh Sadler of the ANU's Crawford School of Public Policy.

Nonetheless, emotional responses to climate change must be addressed just as much as economic ones, because the reality is it will get worse — much worse.

As a key example, the 2019-20 bushfire season in New South Wales and parts of Victoria began almost four months earlier than it did in the 1950s, and burned 21% of all Australian forests. A Health Issues Centre survey of teens and young people shows 36% listed "mental health" as the key impact they suffered from following coverage of the unfolding fires, with a further 28% describing the future in apocalyptic terms. In the same year, the federal government poured \$76 million into distress counselling and mental health support for those involved in the bushfires.

These are the current effects of around 1C of warming. The world is expected to breach the 'safe' warming ceiling of 1.5C within 12 years or less, exposing it to the more dangerous echelons of 3C of warming by the end of the century. And those numbers are still a best case scenario.

It is hard not to feel anxious,

mournful, or to simply turn off in the face of it all.

It's one morning in early March when I talk to Chris Pryor, aged 74, from my Sydney home. Her property was charred when the Black Summer Fires tore through Kangaroo Valley on January 4th, 2020. As someone who grew up in post-Blitz London, she describes her 25 hectare home on Tallowa Dam Road as a "little paradise" where the "wildlife was like extended family."

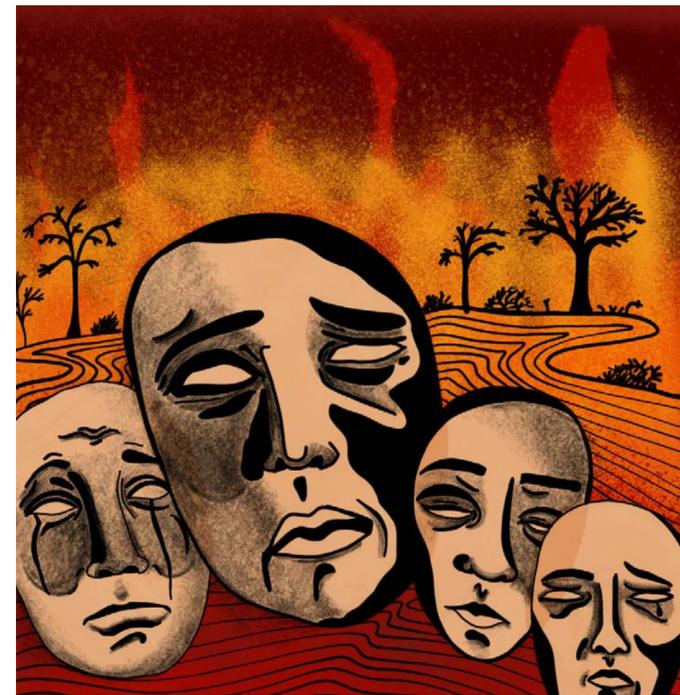
"We had been in drought for a long time," she says, describing the lead-up to the bushfires. "Noticeably in the second half of 2019, when you went outside and walked on the grass it crackled. It had no moisture... It was frightening, it really was frightening."

Chris is warm, resilient, and an excellent speaker. Losing her house

the relationship between the earth and the psyche.

If this feeling has an origin, it must lie in Indigenous peoples across the world, and the atrocities committed during the age of imperialism that remain with them, through systematic oppression today.

The myth that we are not entangled with nature, maintaining a 'safe' distance in our glass-and-concrete urban fortresses, is one of imperialist-capitalist-patriarchy's biggest lies. That is why apocalyptic scenes often feature pillaged buildings and fires burning in shop windows; even if you support climate action, and understand the scale of climate emergency, the reality of its impacts remain fictive for the urbanised majority, cushioned by fairytales of its slowness and its remoteness.



and material belongings is a "small sadness" she says. But when I ask her to describe the loss of the wildlife, she cannot put it into words.

"There was no wind, so there were no rustling leaves. There were no leaves to rustle anyway... It was like being on the moon," she says, describing returning to home days after it was scorched. "There was just nothing. Nothing that was living, except me and Mike."

There is a word to describe the heart-wrenching loss of one's home while one is still there. "Solastalgia," coined by Albrecht, is "tied to the gradual erosion of identity created by the sense of belonging to a particular loved place, and a feeling of distress, or psychological desolation, about its unwanted transformation." This underlies so-called "psychoterratic" theory, where health is dictated by

Paul Kingsnorth puts it well in his 2017 *Orion* essay, 'Dark Ecology': "Civilization has always been a project of control, but you can't win a war against the wild within yourself."

Paul Rhodes suggests that Western psychology is not equipped to understand the mental health impacts of climate change.

"[This is]... because traditional psychology pathologises the individual, and says it's mummy and daddy's fault."

Rhodes' work has included ethnographic research into individual experiences of the 2019-20 bushfires. In part, this uses "affect theory," a framework for understanding preconscious, collective "currents of feeling" that are socially and politically influenced.

He suggests change is "distressing as it involves dislodging the human

being from the universe [and] placing them around the outskirts as equals to microbes, cats, dogs, plants... it's a very radical challenge to our ontology."

And yet, we agree that the 2020 pandemic may already have exposed to humanity its vulnerability within the earth's ecosystem.

"What we were looking at was COVID-19 is the same phenomenon, because what we realize is that microbes are more powerful than humans, right?" Paul says.

Similarly, Australian scientist Tim Flannery also argues that Australia's national response to COVID-19 is evidence that we are also capable of similar, science-lead, nationally-mobilising political action against climate change, in his 2019 book *The Climate Cure*.

Indeed, climate action is more important than ever, with 2021 marking one of the final years for humanity to avert the more disastrous effects of warming.

But apocalyptic thinking can be paralysing, and therefore unhelpful in mitigating disaster. "You have to draw that fine line between denialism and apocalyptic thinking and go down the middle, stay with the trouble, start to act," says Paul.

The only way to deal with "the dread and the pain" is to embrace it. "You can't just feel the pain and go, Oh, that's awful...give me some counseling. The end product is activism."

Chris Pryor is also convinced that "action is the antidote to despair." She is the President of the Friends of the Brush-tail Rock Wallaby, who protect the habitats of the severely endangered subspecies. She is also enthusiastic about a revolution, involving re-introducing Indigenous practices like cultural burning to combat wildfires.

When I ask Chris where she is now, she tells me she is sitting in her granny flat in Kangaroo Valley — a temporary home for now. One of her two cats, whom she evacuated with, is clawing at the phone.

Her current home is owned by a young family, with lots of farm animals and green space.

"I feel blessed that I am here in Kangaroo Valley," she says, "nevermind that I lost my house... this is my place."

I get a feeling that, despite the fact I have never been to Kangaroo Valley, our places — hers, mine and all of ours on earth — are perhaps not that different at all. If the grief for our homes isn't reason enough for collective action then nothing else will be.

Art by Janina Osinsao

Notes on disurbanism

Deaundre Espejo revisits an abandoned vision to tear down the city.

When the Soviet Union expanded its industrialisation policies, masses of people poured into cities from the countryside to find work. Between 1926 and 1932, it is estimated that the urban population grew from around 26 million to 38.7 million. But as production grew drastically, living conditions declined. Overcrowding in cities meant that workers were forced to live in unsanitary conditions — in tents, underground dwellings, and makeshift homes. At the sight of this housing crisis, it was clear that new planning approaches to the city were needed.

In the search for a new city plan, the ‘Green City’ competition was announced in 1930. It challenged architects to design a short-term vacation resort connected to Moscow by train line, which would house up to 100,000 people and provide a range of recreational and cultural activities. Once the Green City was constructed, not only would it mitigate the poor health of workers in Moscow, it would also be a model for future urban development.

Many leading Soviet architects, who were long preoccupied with the question

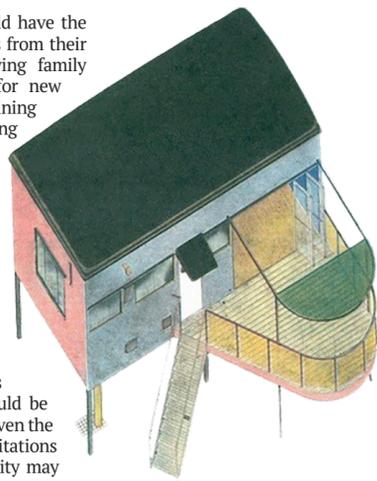
and only bring palliative solutions if we continue on beaten paths,” he argued. Therefore, Ginzburg proposed three radical measures: ban all new construction in Moscow; move all public enterprises away from the city; and relocate the Moscow population along the roads linking the city to the countryside. Moscow would then be turned into a park, becoming the Green City itself.

Ginzburg’s proposal embraced the design theory of “disurbanism.” Led by constructivist theorists such as Mikhail Okhitovich, disurbanists moved towards a critique of the city itself, believing that its defects were so grave that they couldn’t be remedied by simply changing urban design. They believed that the city was created in the interests of the ruling class: industry and services concentrated in one place to increase productivity and profit-gain, leading to inhumane population densities that forced workers into poor working and living conditions. As Okhitovich writes: “The city must perish on the ruins of the capitalist relations of production ... As these prerequisites vanish, the city itself vanishes as their

and once they matured, would have the right to dissociate themselves from their biological family. By dissolving family life, towns would account for new communal spaces including dining halls, laundromats, and boarding schools.

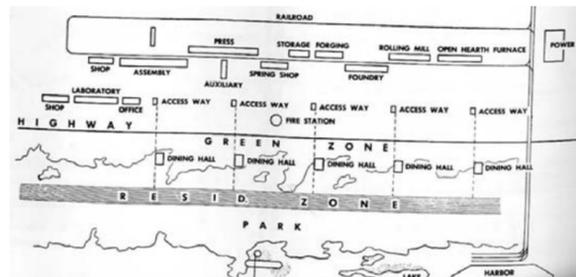
While the vision for a post-city society was concrete, nothing like it was ever achieved. The disurbanists’ vision of completely transforming human settlements within just a couple of years was ambitious to say the least. Indeed, Stalin dismissed the proposals as utopian experiments that could be economically crippling, and given the technological and material limitations at the time, the disurbanist city may well have been impossible. The Soviet Union reverted to classical urbanism, building hyper-centralist cities with grand boulevards and mass-produced towers not unlike those of today.

Nonetheless, the abandoned disurbanist dream highlights ongoing conflicts in modern urban society; the alienation of the rural working class; humanity’s need to reconnect with nature; the yearning for community one one hand and the need for individual space on the other. While our cities have now become



service domains rather than industrial hubs, the defects of urbanisation persist. Because these plans have survived, we can look back on them as testaments to a society that could have been, and with enough imagination, visions of the future.

Art source: Modern Architecture



Milutin’s auto plant proposal.

of how the new ‘Socialist City’ could avoid the ills of urbanisation — dirt, overcrowding, and exploitation — seized the opportunity to participate. Konstantin Melnikov, for example, envisioned a circular Green City with gardens, recreation halls, libraries and restaurants enclosed by a ring of highways, as well as sleeping quarters located in a forest.

But one architect, Moisei Ginzburg, with the help of his student Mikhail Barsch, went further and proposed the transformation of all human settlement in the Soviet Union. “The Green Cities will eat up additional millions

product.”

Therefore, dispersing infrastructure across the land and abolishing cities would be the best way to improve living conditions for all workers. They imagined linear ‘cities’ which combined residential, industrial and green zones in ribbons along railway lines, so that all aspects of daily life — living areas, amenities, work, and open space — were located within walking distance.

By eliminating the divide between urban and rural, forcing factory workers and farmers to live and dine together, it sought to remove the inequalities of bourgeois society, and to bring the reality of industrial and agricultural production to the forefront of people’s minds. Linear cities would improve efficiency of production by bringing industry as close as possible to natural resources, and by being arranged according to the natural flow of production. Okhitovich described this as conveyor belt production on a nationwide scale.

Disurbanists also aimed to downscale families, building off Engel’s idea that within a capitalist society, the family unit created the basic framework for the exploitation of women and children by men. Accordingly, they envisioned that people would live in lightweight, individual pods that could be freely joined or dismantled. Sliding partitions could be opened to allow couples to be together, and in cases of divorce, doors could be shut again. Children would be sent to boarding schools

Love, labour and linearity

Jessica Zhan grapples with the big questions of what makes us happy.

For as long as I can remember, there are two things which I have been sure of: firstly, that life is uncertain; and secondly, that the one certainty in life is death. My acute awareness of my finitude naturally set in motion larger questions about how we measure a good life amidst this uncertainty, questions which sometimes recur for me like the oscillations of a pendulum.

I think I subconsciously set about answering these questions from a young age. As a ten-year-old, my favourite books were the My Story series. Though I now realise the stories were fictional, I felt like I was entering the minds of characters who were trying to answer those same questions of how to live.

The most poignant character was young Marie Antoinette, a fourteen-year-old girl launched into the treacherous, extravagant spectacle that was politics and royalty. She was the envy of France, but secretly aspired for a far-off dream of simple happiness. In many ways, her story led me to believe that the path to happiness was uncomplicated.

My perception of happiness developed when I reached adolescence. A selective school student born to immigrant parents, I was submerged in a world of unrealistic expectations. Academic achievement was placed on a pedestal, and it was as if achieving a certain ATAR or being accepted into a certain degree was the crowning accomplishment. Not only would I be able to prove to myself that I was more exceptional than others, but I would be proving to my parents that moving to a foreign country for me was not in vain.

This was reinforced in my past

degree, in the cultures of the Business and Law Schools, except now the goal was employment at a certain company or a position in a society. I felt like people would project images of success and prestige and defend it at all costs, where certain relationships could become increasingly transactional and a tournament of status.

There was a certain level of delayed gratification as well — you would think these achievements are useful not necessarily because they make you happier in the moment, but because it sets you up for future success, often narrowly defined as financial stability, or inculcates you against misery.

Looking back, I realise that my beliefs were a result of continually internalising other people’s values and expectations of how I should define and pursue happiness. Not knowing any better, I conformed to these expectations — I aimed hopelessly to be loveable to the world around me, refusing to accept that the world’s goodness was not a contradiction, nor a threat to my own. I struggled to independently pursue meaning without the approval of others.

It was not until recently that I fully grasped that flaw in logic. I think that came through a culmination of factors: I had achieved relative success in my academic life — marks which gave me freedom to choose my degree — and in my working life, where I was made a project manager at my company. But when it was all said and done, there was no wave of relief which washed over me. As I embarked on what was sold to me as a ‘prestigious’ journey, one in which pure achievement would be rewarded, I never felt complete.

Rather, I was happier when my friends and I received poor grades and we would comfort each other, share our resentment on the harsh marking criteria, and joke about how our life is now ruined and no company would ever hire us.

I soon realised that happiness was no longer a linear concept. It’s not like how you’re told — that if you can simply get through a degree and find a high-paying corporate job, happiness would soon follow after. Happiness is not a steady stream of water which naturally flows out after you put enough effort into turning the tap.

I’ve realised that a good life is driven by love. Not necessarily grand, sweeping displays of love, but in seemingly insignificant moments when I feel present and content — like when my dad celebrates wildly when we watch sport on the TV, or when my friends’ faces crinkle into laughter over the silliest things. I think that it’s the fact of having people who will provide you with unwavering support when it matters most — and with them, you never need or want more.

Unfortunately, experiencing and giving this type of love freely goes against a lot of our social norms of individualism and competition. It is hard to love something or someone, because it means that you have to surrender your ego and give yourself wholly to it. During my first year of university, I was told that it was necessary to take advantage of others to succeed in the corporate world. I was told that no person in the working world has your best interests at heart. They wouldn’t gain anything from it, and it wouldn’t be rational,

so why would they? In our present-day transactional culture, seemingly dominated by cost-benefit analyses and motivated by a race to the top, giving love is not only demanding, but dangerous.

The thing we tend to forget is that love is not finite. It’s not something we can necessarily place a value on, or that should be given when we are guaranteed of its reciprocity. You don’t need to be shown love first in order to love something or someone else, which takes a degree of vulnerability and courage. It is that eternal and revolutionary force which governs the stars of our interior lives.

Indeed, a lot of modern-day motivations for activism are based around love for not just ourselves, but for others. Authors like Rebecca Solnit express how those who fight for social change often have a deep love for nature and humanity which motivates them to fight for oppressed communities. In a way, they are showing a kind of love which is rooted in justice and righteousness, a kind which is not often shown to the people and causes they fight for.

Now, as I look back to my earliest days, remembering how Marie Antoinette gazed out of the Palace of Versailles wanting a simpler life, I understand that wealth and achievement can be someone’s sources of contentment, but they’re not mine. My source of contentment was always there, in the company of those I loved. I had just been concentrating too much on other things to realise it.

Veganism and the capitalist touch

Amelia Koen explores the link between vegan culture and consumerism.

Across the last decade, a once transgressive and eyebrow-raising word — ‘vegan’ — has become synonymous with luxury diet culture. This transformation from inconsequential diet to famed lifestyle has been created through capitalist mechanisms, with of course the intent to sell. To think of veganism today is to associate it with a privileged lifestyle which extends beyond abstaining from animal products, but rather brings to mind an image of an idealised way of living. This image is a direct proponent of how veganism has been sold to us. The capitalist market has an affinity for creating new and lavish lifestyles out of any trend that is popular and has the potential to be transgressive. Take fitness, and the expensive lifestyle that comes with it: gym memberships, trendy work-out clothes, protein shakes, specialised sports shoes, and so on. These things are not requirements to become fit; they are, however, required to take part in the lifestyle of fitness as a culture. It is in this same way that veganism has become twisted into a commercialised culture monster, hell-bent on selling us things we don’t actually need to be vegan — dairy and

meat substitutes.

It is important to note that veganism is not a modern Western advent. Despite the term being explicitly coined in 1944, trends of animal meat avoidance and abstention can be traced back to ancient Indian, Greek and Eastern Mediterranean societies, pre-capitalism. This history teaches us that veganism doesn’t have to be inaccessible; these barriers of inaccessibility were created by modern commercialisation. Across the twentieth century, commercial plant-based alternatives were by no means non-existent, but there was not the same market abundance and brand competition we see today. When the Sanitarium Health and Wellbeing Company was founded in 1898, it began producing some vegetarian products, but no other significant meat-alternative company was globalised until Linda McCartney Foods in 1991, along with several others developing in the 90s.

It has taken nearly a century for veganism to break into the mainstream by a significant enough margin that capitalism has taken it on to generate profit, desperately needing to ensure that it feeds back into systems of capital because veganism encourages

consumers to diverge from highly profitable pillars of agribusiness, such as the meat and dairy industries. The result is the creation of a vegan lifestyle that appears to be dependent on highly expensive substitutes. Unfortunately, the inaccessibility of meat and dairy substitutes contributes to the myth that veganism is inherently more expensive than eating a carnivorous diet. While for many years, substitutes were expensive because there was very low demand, in recent years that have seen a boom in veganism’s popularity, there are more vegan options than ever; yet prices remain high. If the greed of capitalism is allowed to dictate the accessibility of veganism, prices will never be lowered to match higher demand, and new vegan products will continue to be introduced to the market at these exorbitant prices.

The trend of animal-product substitutes has now become integral to the diet’s identity. This in turn drives the community’s relentless search for the latest vegan products — I relate to the excitement — but I know that this excitement is rooted in the consumerism that is hard-wired into us by capitalist society. Aided by a sickly materialism, we feel an urge to spend money on whatever

society deems desirable in that moment, and through these capitalist tendencies, veganism has become a desirable image to be sold.

Ultimately, what was once a little-known, subversive dietary preference, has been repackaged and sold to us as a sought after lifestyle which carries connotations of wealth, success, and eliteness. In these ways, it projects the image of a perfect, unattainable person who we chase to become but cannot catch, allowing the cycle of consumerism to continue. It is critical to see that the landscape of being vegan in the 21st century does not place everyone on equal footing. The ways in which vegan culture often perpetuates the idea of universal ability to go vegan blatantly ignores not only specific health conditions and economic situations, but it ignores the extent to which animal-products are built into modern life. The consumer should not be blamed for the horrors that capitalism endows on society as a collective, where only fundamental systematic change is capable of forging a better world free from corporate greed.

2021 STUDENT YEAR PLANNER

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Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney
 Level 1, Wentworth Building (G01), University of Sydney NSW 2006
 PO Box 794 Broadway NSW 2007
 p: 02 9660 5222
 e: help@src.usyd.edu.au
 w: srcusyd.net.au

Oh what a lovely precious dream it is to be queer, gifted and fat

Oscar Chaffey dreams of a world without shame.

If I close my eyes, breathe deeply and extract myself from the corporeal world I can — just for a moment — imagine that I am eleven. I am a storybook kid from the sleepy white middle class: a sporty state gymnast who plays musical instruments, reads fantasy books and does well in the gifted class. I am unbelievably, unimaginably happy. It quickly becomes too painful to conjure as I imagine how adolescence would forever destroy that naive, trusting boy.

First, he realises that the bodies of other boys are far more interesting than they should be and learns that this must be concealed at all costs. Next, his own body starts to mature into that of a stocky, broad-shouldered six foot man; this ends his gymnastics career unceremoniously. He fails to perform acceptable masculinity in an all-male school and is relentlessly bullied; he learns to cope by sitting under a blanket alone and eating comfort food. He withdraws from trying in school or sport. He stops reading, maintains few friends, is deeply unhappy and blames himself.

In the three years I've been at university I have sought, with only partial success, to heal his wounds. I have become a fully realised homosexual who convenes the Queer Action Collective and does drag at Mardi Gras. I have surrounded myself with friends and family who offer me explicit, unconditional support. I have fallen back in love with words

Virtually no conversations are had about the political origins of fatphobia, among them colonialism and racism. This urgently needs to change.

and with gymnastics, but not, as yet, myself.

Living in a body that is queer and plus size is a tremendous humiliation that is neither sufficiently discussed nor appreciated. Today, aged twenty, it is the greatest issue in my life. The queer community, especially the subset that grew up as men, amplifies social injustices prominently including fatphobia. Gay men are ten times more likely to have an eating disorder and report dissatisfaction with their bodies. In many senses, this is predictable: queer men are able to weaponise the male gaze against others and against themselves to punish overweight people more viciously than even cisgender, heterosexual counterparts.

The culture of body shaming amongst queer men is well known, as



is its codification in terms like 'twink', 'twunk', 'bear' and 'otter'. I have always felt alienated and marginalised by these terms, the betrayal by other queer people stinging more than the straight people I eventually learned to distrust. These casual labels are applied flexibly but usually with a common purpose - to punish and humiliate those outside of fatphobic masculine beauty norms. Sometimes I am a disgusting fat bear, other times I'm too feminine and I can quickly

by gender diverse people of colour. Despite this supposed progress in queer representation, a plus size queen has never won any of the show's iterations, in which they are usually represented as untalented, bitchy or both. I am filled with terrible bitterness when someone points out this supposed 'progress' to me. This 'progress' has never made space for people with bodies like mine and has consistently pushed them down to uplift thin queer people.

Queer youth are usually told that in order to actualise themselves they must come out, perform pride in their identity and accept that they cannot change who they are. Fat youth are told the opposite: their bodies are the result of gluttony and are hence unacceptable. To win acceptance from society they must undergo rigorous physical changes in order to conform and be taken seriously. It is unimportant to fatphobes that this is virtually impossible, not to mention incredibly harmful. Medical consensus holds that the vast majority of dieters fail to maintain long term weight loss, that rapid weight loss and regain can be more unhealthy than remaining overweight and that moderate, slow weight loss can produce major health benefits.

Despite this obvious contradiction, queer fat youth are taught to be less ashamed of being queer and more ashamed of their weight. The most surprising thing to me is that many of the people who consider themselves politically woke and fluent in the language of university identity politics hold this belief. The same

circles that have enshrined norms like pronoun rounds still regard gaining weight as a shameful admission couched in moralism about laziness. Radical left wing politics, at its best, is a subversive spotlight. Fatphobia, like homophobia, sexism and racism is an oppressive assumption that capitalism makes to sustain economic and social hierarchies; we must expose this and undermine it. Virtually no conversations are had about the political origins of fatphobia, among them colonialism and racism. This urgently needs to change. Fat bodies must be liberated and to do so we must identify, question and promote sedition against the colonial system of beauty in which we are engrained.

My laptop screensaver is a strange picture. It is a picture of my four year old self on my first day of school. I have a bucket hat on my head, a sparkly turtle tattoo on my cheek and a joyful smile from ear to ear. The best way you can tell it's me is the big, kind eyes that have carried through with me to adulthood. You see, while my political diagnosis is resolute, I know that tomorrow I will still grimace at my fading adolescent stretch marks and pull at my shirt in the hopes those around me don't realise that I am fat. I will still reflexively hate photos taken of me. I've saved this photo in the hopes that someday I can be that carefree again and see myself as inherently, naively beautiful.

Art by Bonnie Huang

Don't just sign a petition: stop being friends with rapists

Isabel Freudenstein decries Australia's epidemic of shallow gestures.

The recent petition, started by Chanel Contos, has generated 31,00 signatures over two weeks. It shares the graphic, personal stories of over 2900 survivors of sexual assault, and names a wealth of NSW and Victorian private schools. Most recently, a second petition targeting parliament, has again gone viral. It's causing a conversation and generating important changes in the sexual education of students. You know what it isn't doing? Creating accountability.

The statistics are dire, and the lived experiences are even worse. 1 in 6 women experience sexual assault, and of those, 8 out of 10 cases are perpetrated by someone known to the victim. Stories in Chantel's petition support these statistics. They describe the grey area of feeling unsure as to whether you have been assaulted because the acts are committed by people considered friends. Worse still are the statistics of how few rapes go reported. In a 2020 government report, it was revealed that of the women who have been sexually assaulted over the last ten years, 87% didn't contact the police. This is in part, due to the lack of knowledge around consent and what constitutes assault. It's also, in larger part, due to the cultural norms that govern our relationships.

As individuals, this impacts our lives as we are discouraged from violating any norms due to the threat of social disapproval. This plays out every time an assault isn't reported, or is dismissed by peers. When someone is told that avoiding sexual assault is their own responsibility, and that cases can be stopped by managing how much one drinks, what they wear, or who they know, it contributes to the feelings of guilt and shame. In our context,

Our current perception of sexuality is the by-product of at least 2,500 years within which "sexual values...have favoured the male...and repressed the sexual rights and expressions of women." Particularly when combined with the rising culture of narcissism and hedonism, female sexuality being defined in relation to the masculine has taught "us to demand and expect instant gratification at the same time that it makes satisfaction impossible." The ongoing 'illicit' nature of sexuality discourages open dialogue around sex, and contributes to the lack of education around pleasure. This encourages a culture that sees sex as a prize to be won, and something to be done to another person, rather than an intersubjective experience between two people.

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the individual raped is objectified, a means to an end, "rather than an end to themselves...precluding the person from moral concern." It is this culture, where friends mistreat each other, that leads to the use of young sexual experimentation and ignorance as an excuse for sexual assault.

There is no 'how-to' guide

The statistics are dire, and the lived experiences are even worse. 1 in 6 women experience sexual assault, and of those, 8 out of 10 cases are perpetrated by someone known to the victim.

to approach being assaulted by someone you know. There is no easy way to report it, to own it, to hold them accountable. One of the biggest contributors to this silence and self-denial is this context in which, unfortunately, sex is unable to be divorced from social realities. If 'everyone' has a story similar to the ones shared in Chantel's petition, that means that everyone also has a friend who lived through it. It also means we all know people who have perpetrated crimes similar to those in the personal testimonies, probably even unbeknownst to the assaulters.

To really tackle Australia's sexual assault problem, there needs to be

more than just an education overhaul. There needs to be cultural change, starting with people being willing to call each other out. We all need to know what is permissible and what isn't. There can be no reliance on structural change or waiting for the legal system to hold assaulters accountable, particularly when only

2 out of every 5 accused rapists are convicted in Australia.

As the petition gains traction and the conversation continues to dominate, it's important to recognise the significance of actively living our principles. It's easy to share an Instagram post or sign a petition. But how, in our day to day lives, are we actively supporting our friends? Do you still invite your mate, who everyone knows gets a little too touchy on the piss, out for drinks? Do you still see your friends' rapists for fear of social groups unravelling? Do you still put your friends in situations where they have to hang out with their rapist?

Her world against his

Genevieve Couvret takes on the "he said, she said" sexual assault discourse.

In the past week, against the backdrop of a national conversation about consent, the historic rape allegation against Attorney-General Christian Porter and Brittany Higgins' allegation of rape in Parliament House have been played across the media. In response to allegations of sexual assault, particularly those unreported or that do not meet evidentiary or criminal thresholds, a specific claim often emerges. This is the idea that believing women without evidence sets a dangerous precedent that anyone can say anything about anyone.

You hear it in the back of your mind, you say it in front of the press pool, you turn it over in your mind at every sharp headline — now *anyone* can make a baseless accusation about you. Outside the walls of Parliament House and into the halls of every high school, college, workplace and house party are the projections of men who fear that women they've slept with, or even ones they haven't, can and will say something about them. But what are you actually afraid of?

The idea that women are incentivised to fabricate an instance of assault and victimisation is tired and should quickly be discarded. The notion that a victim has something to gain from media attention (which is certainly outside the scope of arguments surrounding Porter, given the alleged victim's death) completely

denies the tremendous burden on a woman's personal life, mental health, and career prospects to identify herself as a victim of trauma, to potentially antagonise often well-established institutions (a corporate workplace, Parliament House, a private boys' school) and to make it clear in a man's world that she will not stay silent. Suppose we accept that women do not level these accusations because they have ulterior motives or 'something to gain' outside of justice, catharsis, and all they rightfully deserve. In that case, we must also accept it is unintuitive that a woman would make something like this up for the fun of it. This is irrational, unfair, and suggests malice on an alleged victim's part, which is less plausible than the malice imputed to the accused perpetrator, whose innocence we are expected to presume.

I believe there is something far more pervasive and pernicious in the minds of young men which belies the claim that women who make such accusations may not be telling the truth. The fear from which it stems is more complex than simply not believing women. If you follow the thread of logic far enough, what it invariably comes down to is that women making these allegations are less likely to be considered to be making things up entirely, but much more likely to be perceived as having remembered their own experience

incorrectly. This reflects a key issue within our rape culture, especially concerning assaults in the context of dating, relationships or between people who know one another. Men relate to and remember their sexual experiences differently from the women they have assaulted. This is not because victims change their minds or 'regret it' afterwards, but because perpetrators don't consider their experience through the lens of a woman's consent, comfort or pleasure. There are obvious nuances based on the nature and severity of each assault which this recognition should never undermine. At the very least, this reflects the importance of comprehensive consent education and continuing the conversation.

That's why you don't believe her, or that's what you mean when you say that you don't. You don't believe how she felt, how she could have felt that way, because that's not what it was like for you. But it's neither for you nor me, nor anyone except the survivor, to decide.

The male perspective is foregrounded in representations of sex, cultural conditioning, and even criminal standards, which are based on a legal conception of reasonableness and are the product of an inherently patriarchal system. These same narratives manifest across the spectrum of sexism. Women are blamed for not being able to laugh off sexist jokes. Sexual harassment is a

'misunderstanding,' a flirtation, or a compliment rather than at best deeply discomfiting and incredibly damaging behaviour. New York Mayor Andrew Cuomo has levelled such arguments in relation to sexual allegations made against him in the last fortnight. Additionally, there is evidence that many men accused of assault don't identify themselves within the traditional characterisation of a violent, malicious rapist. Many young men who may disrespect women in more unconscious, casual ways — from objectification to disregard for personal space — scarcely offer themselves or their peers up to the idea of being capable of being a rapist.

Between the perception of the word rapist and its reality lies the problem. Citing attitudes or actions as unconscious should never excuse the profound damage that they have. Identifying what it means when men fear baseless accusations speaks to a narrower truth about how they perceive sex. This truth exists outside the structures and preconceptions embedded in our culture, and doesn't in any way mean that they shouldn't know better. But it should enliven us to understand that the root of the problem is so deep within us that it takes more than the promise or expectation of doing better to make it so.



Art by Chloe Callow

Chuyi Wang mourns the loss of an icon.

When speaking of favourite artists, I often tend towards hyperbole to convey my excitement and passion towards their music. Most times, the overstatement is not entirely warranted – perhaps the more I deify the creative figure, the more likely my friends will be to check them out. With that being said, I am not exaggerating at all when I say that the first time I heard BIPP, the A-Side of SOPHIE's sophomore single, it felt as if the horizons of sound had been set on fire.

2013 was a strange time for commercial electronic music. It was only a couple of years after Skrillex's seminal *Scary Monsters and Nice Sprites EP*, and everyone and their grandmothers had fostered an entrenched hatred for bass-heavy

synthesiser company. Throughout her career, SOPHIE employed the Elektron Monomachine almost exclusively as her creative tool of choice: an early 2000s groovebox that, for the most part, was considered fairly impenetrable and difficult to operate. By 2013, the Monomachine was more or less a long-forgotten memory for most producers; its most famous cameo was its presence on early Autechre records and its most famous feature being able to sound like early Autechre records.

The thread opens innocently enough. With reference to the track L.O.V.E., user Mnroe asks: "How do I get her glassy and polished high frequency sounds?" Pseldolux quickly replies: "I've tried to replicate her sounds on the Monomachine but

Listening to SOPHIE felt like the industry being shaken awake from a deep creative slumber.

synthesised sounds and chipmunked vocals. Driven to a frenzy by the mainstream music press, the 'is pop electronic even music' debate gained more traction than such an irrelevant question ever deserved. Never before had it been more contrarian to enjoy trance leads and acid basslines.

To say SOPHIE merely 'changed the game' in 2013 is to use a phrase so often applied to producers whose output is consistently good; it is more accurate to say she completely crumbled the assumed boundaries of sound design and revealed a new sky. Almost an entire decade later, BIPP still feels like a miraculous artifact from a distant utopic future, revealing more of its impossibly intricate details on every spin. With textures and timbres gloriously contradictory in their construction – metallic clangs that evoked rubber, rubbery slaps reminiscent of aluminium sheets – listening to SOPHIE felt like the industry being shaken awake from a deep creative slumber. With every trypophobic pop and bubbly whoosh, SOPHIE posed two blunt questions to the music world: "Did you know things could sound like this? And doesn't it sound so good?"

One of the most entertaining forum threads I've ever had the pleasure of visiting and revisiting is the now 100-reply long 'SOPHIE sound design' post on Elektronauts – a discussion website for users of instruments by Elektron, a Swedish

it's difficult." Xidnpnlss adds: "She's wonderful, but she's been at it for 20 years and works hard. That's probably why it's so hard to get those sounds on your Monomachine." Psyclone001 wastes no time in trying to shut everyone else down: "That sound should have never existed in the first place. Terrible sound and it just keeps going through the whole track. I think that may go down as the most annoying sound I have ever heard."

A quick flick through the myriad of reviews online available for SOPHIE's 2015 debut compilation *PRODUCT* will reveal that it polarised critics more than any other electronic release that year. Pitchfork, everyone's least favourite music publication, described it both as "a cluster of neon-coloured balloons ready to pop" and "depressingly skippable" within paragraphs of the same article. But a propensity to generate extreme reactions means that at least some of those reactions will be ones of awe, love and inspiration.

Despite the weak critical reception, the impact *PRODUCT* has had on artists is beyond seminal. Try as you might, it's almost impossible to name any genre or movement in music over the past eight years that hasn't been deeply affected by SOPHIE's music in some way. Even if you just consider her direct collaborations and production work, SOPHIE has been responsible for the synthetic sonic landscape of tracks from both the

world's biggest pop-stars and hip-hop artists – Madonna, Rhianna, Charli XCX, Kendrick Lamar, Vince Staples – and the most cult, underground producers like Jimmy Edgar and Doss.

Analysing her broader cultural influence, her indelible thumbprint on production characteristics is difficult to miss: a fervent embrace of experimental sounds in pop instrumentals, the re-popularisation of complex synthesis techniques like Frequency Modulation, a trend towards more artificial and clinically-clean timbres and textures, and a refreshing new perspective on techniques considered deeply 'uncool' like extreme autotune, chipmunk-esque pitch-shifting and sparse stereo imaging.

With the release of her debut studio album *Oil of Every Pearl's Un-Insides* in 2018, SOPHIE cemented herself as a mainstream force to be reckoned with. Could we have ever imagined that songs as abrasive and challenging as *Ponyboy* and *Faceshopping* would have been charting successes? Or that an artist that so deliberately and unashamedly broke every rule in the pop playbook could be nominated for an award as industry-shilling as a Grammy? But even more impressive than how popular the record was, was how it was able to afford a kind of earnestness to avant-garde electronic music which so often comes off as misanthropic, dark and stand-offish. The core message of *Un-Insides* is one of love and defiance: a genuine and unabashed championing of human beings regardless of how they identify. Though I could never speak for, and don't claim to be speaking for, the trans and non-binary experience, I could not even begin to name the

album's title is, in fact, an almost-homophone for the phrase "I love every person's insides".

A truly unique artist probably only comes around a few times every decade. And when these artists disappear from our lives, it's so easy to spiral into unqualified and doomed mourning. No one could disagree that SOPHIE was just getting started, that she had so much left to do: her most recent large-scale release, the *HEAV3N SUSPENDED* livestream, set from late 2020, opened a window to a rawer, more minimal shade of production that promised big things to come. But when I think back over SOPHIE's tragically brief career, it is ultimately a feeling of celebration that I land on.

Is it possible to be vulnerable through the artificial, man-made and 'fake'? SOPHIE did not so much answer that question as make it totally irrelevant. She built the foundations for a brighter vision of pop futurism that artists today are still struggling to replicate and live up to. She crumbled the false dichotomies between the mainstream and the avant-garde world, inspiring reverie from almost every corner and walk of life – artists and fans alike. She showed that it was still possible to truly express yourself in an original way without enduring the terror of representation and comparison. And she did it all with such honesty and joy, in a way that never once felt contrived.

When I listen to BIPP in 2021, I still feel that rush of awe that I first felt when I was just 13. Perhaps the thing that I appreciate SOPHIE for the most is the optimism that her music inherently presents: that there are in fact sounds that we have not

She built the foundations for a brighter vision of pop futurism that artists today are still struggling to replicate and live up to.

countless number of artists and creatives that reacted in ecstasy towards the release of the album's debut music video *It's Okay to Cry*. With SOPHIE cast against an ethereal and heavenly blue-pink sky, every dramatic supersaw chord and glittery trance arpeggio punctuated her lyrics with violent happiness: "Cause we've all got a dark place / Maybe if we shine some light there / It won't be so hard / I want to know those parts of you." It should come as no surprise that the

discovered yet, textures yet to be uncovered behind the knobs and faders of synthesisers that we thought we comprehensively understood, timbres that have not been imagined but that we can craft through fearless craft. Every time I wake up and boot into Ableton, or turn on my instruments in the morning, it's that optimism that drives me the most to create, and never stop creating.

Whole New World: Remembering SOPHIE

Yuri on thin ice

Danny Cabubas casts her line into the world of anime queerbaiting.

I love anime. I've been watching it for a long time and have hundreds of episodes and shows under my belt. That being said, I'll say that 2016 was a pretty good year for anime. The Shonen Jump bestseller *My Hero Academia* started airing, cult-classic *Jojo's Bizarre Adventure* was in its 4th season, and most importantly to this article: the ice-skating anime *Yuri on Ice* became an unexpected smash-hit. And it doesn't take a genius to understand why.

Contrary to popular belief, quite a large number of anime-watchers are women, and so many shows are made with this in mind. In the early 2010's, shows like *Kuroko no Basuke* and *Free!* became exceedingly popular with young women in both Japan and the West. Both featured casts of pretty-boys and enough sexual tension to make you question if you read the anime description right. More recently, shows like *Haikyuu!!* and *Sk8 the Infinity* have grown their own sizable fan bases through similar uses of attractive characters and queerbaiting.

Queerbaiting has existed in the industry for a long time and has shown to be a very effective strategy to gain viewers. Shows garner fans and a following by teasing the possibility of a gay relationship but never actually following through.

Admittedly, as the years have gone by, the anime industry has improved in this regard and we have gotten more mainstream shows with canon queer characters – I look to *Banana Fish* and *Given* as examples of this – but it's nowhere near becoming a norm.

Having said this, *Yuri on Ice* exists in a sort of limbo between these two

categories.

It's no stretch to say that *Yuri on Ice*'s success was culturally significant. It normalised depictions of male characters and male relationships that weren't overtly sexual or fetishised. The characters were well-written and the romantic aspects were all very compelling and genuinely touching; but only if you wanted them to be there.

And that is where *Yuri on Ice* fails



in its representation.

While it is one of the better examples of queerbaiting, it is still queerbaiting. Nothing in the show is established as explicitly canon. *Yuri on Ice* straddles the line between being just queer enough that viewers who want romance will be satisfied, and being not quite queer enough that viewers who don't could easily brush it off as platonic.

For those who have never seen *Yuri on Ice* before, let me explain to you the basic premise. Our central character is Yuuri Katsuki, a Japanese

competitive figure skater who has hit a low-point in his career. After a wild series of events he is offered to be coached by Viktor Nikiforov, a top Russian figure skater and Yuuri's longtime idol. The show follows both the blossoming relationship between the men and Yuuri's journey as a skater.

I previously mentioned the show's tendency to hint towards a canon queer relationship but never actually

and despite its attempts to portray a beautiful and genuine relationship between Yuuri and Viktor, its obstinant refusal to present a canonically queer romance dampens any sort of progress the writers and producers may have hoped to make.

But this was in 2016, right? Surely now producers have realised that their audiences are smart and won't fall for such tricks anymore. And furthermore, surely audiences have realised that by continuing to consume this content, we are further encouraging companies to keep producing queerbaiting content, right?

Well, flashforward to 2021 and the release of *Sk8 the Infinity*; a skateboarding anime featuring a cast of lovable pretty-boys and enough sexual tension to make you question if skateboarding is simply a metaphor for a very different physical activity. I won't lie, even with the show still currently airing and having only about 10 episodes out, I love it. But as an older viewer now and a queer woman myself, I can see it coming from a mile away.

It's history repeating itself. And that's what's really the most frustrating. I love anime, I really do, but part of that love is to address and acknowledge the problems with the industry. No amount of fanservice can wash the bitter taste out of my mouth whenever I fall for the ol' queer and switch.

Still, forever the optimist, I do have hope. Society is progressing and hopefully, the anime industry will follow. Until then, I guess I'll continue to take the bait.

Now as much as I love the show

go ahead with it. Examples of this include extremely intimate bathhouse scenes, Yuuri performing an 'Eros' (a Greek word for passionate or sensual love) themed skate routine for Viktor, and Yuuri and Viktor buying matching 'promise rings'. All platonically of course. Arguably the most notable moment of queerbaiting in the show and one that had fans raving the most was a 'kiss' between Yuuri and Viktor that was somehow drawn in such a way that it could still be considered platonic.

Author is dead, they're definitely asleep at the wheel at the best of times. For those who know it, fanfiction has always been a mixed bag. For every 500k modern AU there's a poorly spelt, 10k power fantasy. But that's what happens when there are zero barriers to entry. It may feel weird to revisit a text with false memories, but that dissonance isn't so bad. After all, all it really means is that someone did it better.

If you remember someone as queer, that's probably from fanfiction. If a plot point either makes too much or too little sense, that's probably from fanfiction.

If you remember a side character having more dialogue, that's probably from fanfiction.

If you thought the protagonist had any sort of common sense, that's probably from fanfiction.

But dissonance isn't necessarily a bad thing, as it only reinforces the value of fan made content. If non-authorial texts have the power to complement or even supplant authorial texts, then we really need to assess the value of canon itself. Sometimes the author isn't the best judge of what's best for their world. While I'm not fully convinced the

Art by Sophie Zhou

Sapphic fruit: clutching to queer interpretation in *Goblin Market*

Niamh Gallagher take a bite into the subtext of a Victorian poem.

If I feel a whisper of queer subtext in the silky depths of ambiguity, I grasp that gossamer wing and hold it close. It goes into my proverbial cabinet of curiosities, where I keep all the scraps, relics and potentialities of queerness in soft, velvet-lined drawers.

In the cabinet there is a drawer which holds a downy yellow peach; a goblin globe fresh and dew-speckled. Along the stem, a spider has spun her web. I open this drawer often and admire the scene. It is a reminder to myself when I feel that I've succumbed to critical theory; to the belief that some arguments just are more plausible than others.

Christina Rosetti's 1862 poem *Goblin Market* is an erratic, glimmering fretwork of fairy tale, gothic and allegorical elements. Two sisters, Laura and Lizzie, are hounded by the temptation of luscious fruits pandered by wily, zoomorphic goblins. The cascading stanzas mimic their seductive cries:

*Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries...*

Laura, inevitably, falls prey, and sucks "until her lips are sore." No more does she hear the goblins call, yet all she desires in the world is to taste once more; "peaches with a velvet nap, / pellucid grapes without one seed." She begins to wither away, but is saved by Laura, who is able to obtain some of the precious goblin fruit without tasting it herself. Lizzie sucks for a second time, and the spell is broken. The poem concludes on a jarringly moral note. Both sisters have married, had children, and put their wild youth safely in the realm of didactic allegory.

Scholars have had their erudite knickers in a twist for a long time. What is the metaphorical relationship between these sensuous, perilous temptations and Rosetti's Victorian London context? There are papers arguing allusions to drug addiction, the biblical fallen woman, even

have unwound the web and framed the prey.

What I have neglected to emphasise is that the poem oozes with sexuality. It is also very, very gay. When Lizzie brings home the fruit for Laura she cries:

*Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices*

*Squeezed from goblin fruits for you
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me...
And later:
Shaking with aguish fear,
and pain,
She kissed and kissed her
with a hungry mouth.*

Screw the evidence, I wanted to proclaim, this poem is unequivocally sapphic! Of course, this meant warping some of the finer points of the story. The sisterly incest? Of minor consequence. The entire ending

collapse of a turbulent love affair." Indeed, "how really sinister and scary it is, given just a Freudian glance, has never been openly discussed." Thankfully *Playboy* would provide the long overdue recognition of the "lurid sexual fantasies that raged in Miss Rosetti's unconscious."

I was simultaneously horrified and amused. I couldn't help but admire the sticky, lacquered writing. "The all-time hardcore pornographic classic for tiny tots," the author opined, "Adult readers of today...will doubtless be shocked...it is a lewd goblin that rises dripping out of the dark depths of the Victorian psyche." The accompanying paintings by iconic *Playboy* artist Kinuko Y. Craft revel in this lush, camp excess. Salivating goblins, explicitly yonic and phallic fruit and a comparatively prudish depiction of Lizzie presumably tasting Laura's fruit; all composed in gorgeously pulpy detail.

In a single article, Rosetti had been reduced to a love-lorn, decidedly un-self-aware children's author and her sweet sisters' fate into titillating smut. I wasn't so keen on the misogyny of the former, nor the lesbian performance for the male gaze of the latter. It seemed to eschew all ambiguity for the satisfaction of the male reader, to whom my connection to the text would be seen only as yet more "Entertainment for Men."

Yet, in my hands, the poem feels like a kind of delicious subversion. I shamelessly take *Goblin Market* as a sign of my kind of love existing within the fleshy, enigmatic folds of the Victorian gothic. I have no desire for more evidence or argument. I admire the glistening web, wink at the tightly spun centre and close the drawer softly, until next time.

Art by Claire Ollivain

Fan dissonance

Marlow Hurst bemoans the dissonance between canon and fanon.

You've finished up with a series. Be it a final book, a resounding last season, or the close to a decade-long franchise saga. All things must end, and that includes media. But for many fans (myself included), the end never quite comes. The life of a fictional world can be extended, preserved, and even ... rearranged. Through foul necromancy and dark magic, fiction can take on a new life – a cursed life. To the uninitiated, this is known as fanfiction.

But what fanfiction giveth, it also taketh away. Anything that subverts the natural order must extract a price. And the price of fanfiction is dissonance.

We've all had that moment where we come back to an original text after ruthlessly devouring non-canon

content for months on end, only to find that things aren't exactly as we remember them. Maybe a ship isn't quite as explicit as you recall, it could be that there never was a coffee shop AU in the first book, or perhaps, much to your horror, not everyone is gay. This is what happens when authorial intent comes crashing into the world of fanon.

It's a disappointing and often drearily nostalgic process, which forces a reader to audit their mental archives and bring them in line with what's 'canon.' But this is an ongoing struggle. Eventually you'll reread or rewatch, and the cycle will begin anew once more. This is the plight of fan dissonance. So here are some tips to separate fiction from different fiction.

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If you remember a side character having more dialogue, that's probably from fanfiction.

If you thought the protagonist had any sort of common sense, that's probably from fanfiction.

But dissonance isn't necessarily a bad thing, as it only reinforces the value of fan made content. If non-authorial texts have the power to complement or even supplant authorial texts, then we really need to assess the value of canon itself. Sometimes the author isn't the best judge of what's best for their world. While I'm not fully convinced the



Art by Claire Ollivain

Pigeon power: in appreciation of our feathered friends

Ariana Haghighi is in awe of our winged workers.

The rats of the sky. Useless vectors of disease. That dieting friend that guiltily stares at you for hours while you eat your sandwich, desperate for a morsel. Fee-skippers ‘unknowingly’ waddling onto City Circle trains maskless. We sneer as their grey bodies glide gracefully over us. Pigeon persecution is societally encouraged as we aggressively shoo them away. If dog is man’s best friend, then the pigeon is his sworn enemy. But this is a complete dismissal of this bird’s loyal service to man for many millennia.

Pigeons are far from bird-brained. From identifying cancers in imaging, to categorising children’s artworks as ‘good’ or ‘bad’ with a simple peck, to possessing the capacity to comprehend space and time itself, it is evident that they are the Stephen Hawkings of the bird family. Pigeon slander of alleged ‘unintelligence’ can only stem from ignorance or insecurity. Studies suggest they may even be superior to us; that they are faster at multitasking thanks to the density of nerve cells in their avian brain. Most famously, pigeons possess a paranormal homing ability attributed to strong magnetoreception skills.

Better the bird you know

The first depiction of the domesticated pigeon is carved lovingly into Mesopotamian stone, displaying their loyal homing skills and iconic nature. A timeless friend to Pharaohs, pigeon images have been found on numerous Egyptian tombs and may even have travelled with dynastic leaders into the afterlife, their bones scattered on tomb floors. The pigeon served an important role in many religions, their sacrifice to various Gods demonstrative of their beatitude. Pigeons flock around temples and mosques in a hungry throng, and are fed readily due to the strong historical associations with pigeons in Islam and Hinduism. 1st century Roman philosopher Caius noted that ‘many people have quite a mania for pigeons;’ this ancient fanaticism was not restricted to zealots in one country. As far as the pigeon flies, people were intrigued by this modest bird’s many talents and pious grace.

A pigeon a day keeps the plague away

It appears that I have humbly stumbled upon the cure for COVID-19, recalling the (dubiously)

successful methods employed in the Tudor era to steer clear of the bubonic plague. When aristocrats fell ill, doctors artfully strapped a pigeon to each foot, such as those belonging to none other than Queen Catherine. It was believed that the disease would pass via transference to the pigeon, thus curing the patient. Irrespective of its success rate, it is important to recognise the bravery of such loyal pigeons who sacrificed their lives.

Send in the culver-y

It is widely known that pigeons were used to relay messages during the World Wars, often surviving targeted shootings and transmitting significant updates to the frontlines. Pigeons saved lives, often communicating the exact location of sinking ships at

For thousands of years they have gracefully served and supported us, only to be denigrated and scorned at our feet.

the lightning speed of 125 kilometres per hour. Carrier pigeon service can be quicker than the internet, evident in 2009 when a single pigeon Winston delivered a USB stick twice faster than the same amount of data streamed from the internet provider Telkon in South Africa. They actively served in the Indian Police Pigeon Service until the 1970s, crucially communicating messages during adverse weather conditions. For their efforts,

troops by delivering a note containing the location of the ‘Lost Battalion’ in the Argonna Forest, despite being shot and wounded. Pigeons were also employed to spread news of victory and defeat in other wars, seen in the aftermath of the Normans’ successful battle against the Saracens in the eleventh century where King Roger fastened parchment dipped in the blood of the defeated to his legion of homing pigeons, disseminating the news with dramatic flair.

Stool pigeons

Most intriguingly, pigeons have been historically accused of undercover investigations due to their plain outward nature. The use of pigeons for aerial photographic purposes was developed in depth

by German apothecary Julius Neubronner, but later abandoned until the CIA invested in a battery-powered camera for pigeon espionage purposes; the details of its use are currently classified, but it is enough to make you suspicious of any flying creature. In 2015, an Urdu-stamped pigeon found in India was indicted as a spy, the Indian government claiming it infiltrated borders to covertly spy on the contested region of Kashmir. A year later, 150 more alleged criminals were seized at the border — one of whom carried an abusive note directed to Indian Prime Minister Narendra Modi.

The feather forecast

Forget canaries in a coal mine, in early 2020, ten pigeons served the niche role of air-quality surveyors! A London company fitted fashionable backpacks with air monitors on their trusty backs and sent them to measure levels of pollution in different regions. As they tweeted around the city, findings were also literally published on twitter, alerting citizens to conditions thanks to the feathered meteorologists.

Pigeon pocket-rockets

Despite our under-appreciation of these speckled doves in Australia, pigeon-keeping is an honourable pastime in Turkey, China, and the Netherlands. Fanatics label themselves as pigeon collectors, racers, or even fanciers, where they artificially select certain traits such

as a large pout, frilly coat or fan-like feathers. Pigeon enthusiast 2Tone from Brooklyn trains his league of pigeons in aerial acrobatics to compete against a fleet of 300 flying at the other end of the borough. He allows them to fly and see if they return, ‘And if they do,’ he says in a documentary, ‘then you know they’ll never break your heart.’

No pigeon left behind

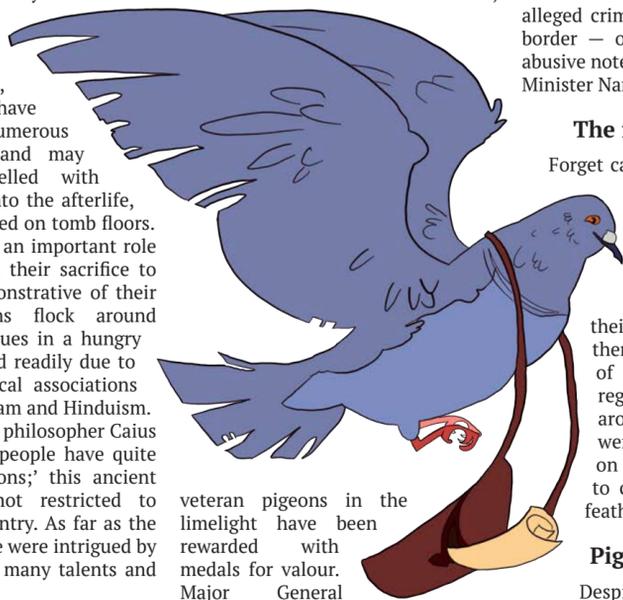
Some sub-species of pigeons, known as ‘rollers’ and ‘tumbler,’ have the genetic inclination to curl into a ball and somersault rather than reach the aerial heights of their fellow peers. Such pigeons are used, without incurring any pain to them, in sports where they are rolled like lawn bowls — there is even a World Cup for this niche. Spectators often note that these gymnastic aficionados appear to enjoy somersaulting, frequently arching their back and clapping their wings before performing their impressive tricks. Scientists have not currently determined the cause of this behaviour, but suggest it may be linked to differences in neurophysiology, creating their proclivity to roll their heads backwards rather than fly upwards.

Costs a wing and a foot

In prominent pigeon markets, birds are sold for upwards of \$100, and are adorned with silver on feather and foot. In Beijing, the racing pigeon capital of China, feathered athletes have been sold for up to \$1.4m. A far cry from pigeon hatred, enthusiastic Turkish auctioneer Mam Dildas proudly proclaims, ‘This is a passion, a hobby you cannot quit. I’ve been known to sell the fridge and my wife’s gold bracelets to pay for pigeons.’ While auctioneers intensely pigeon-trade at night, they let their pigeons stretch their wings calmly at sunset; pigeon-keeping allegedly instils a sense of deep peace.

The values of the pigeon are limitless, if only more humans could see it. For thousands of years they have gracefully served and supported us, only to be denigrated and scorned at our feet. Justice must be served for this loyal, loving creature.

Art by Shania O’Brien



veteran pigeons in the limelight have been rewarded with medals for valour. Major General Fowler, Chief of Communications in the British army, claimed, ‘It is the pigeon on which we must and do depend when every other method fails ... I am glad to say they have never failed us.’ Notably, in 1918, one pigeon solely saved 200 U.S.

Sympathy for the Devil

Julius Wittfoth writes on how *Downfall* twists your humanity.

A certain unflinching determination is required to make a film that has its outcome in the title. But in many ways, certainty is the very essence of Oliver Hirschbiegel’s project in *Downfall*. The film opens on a crumbling Nazi leadership, hurtling towards apocalypse as the thousand-year Reich is crushed beneath the tread of Soviet tanks. From an early scene, in which Hitler’s birthday is heralded by a thunderstorm of Russian artillery, there is no mistaking the fact that everyone in the infamous Führerbunker must flee or perish. In this regard, *Downfall* is a masterclass in relentless claustrophobia, as the audience cannot help but watch Hitler and his generals draw up pathetic counter-offensives with a gut-wrenching sense of empathy. True hopelessness is a hard feeling to shake, particularly under the shadow of the impending, faceless cataclysm that Hitler and his inner circle faced. Hirschbiegel’s skills as a director are in full throttle as he creates an environment more reminiscent of a horror film than an historical epic at times. But one inescapable question continues to haunt viewers as they watch the film: why do I feel sorry for the Nazis?

Half of the answer to this question is straightforward: competent filmmaking. *Downfall* isn’t a particularly cinematic film, with most of it being shot in the ruddy confines of Hitler’s bunker. A lot of the time the cinematography seems to be closer to a found-footage film than anything else, as handheld shots track characters frantically pacing through labyrinthian hallways. Beyond the cinematography, watching Bruno Ganz as Hitler is

an absolute treat, as Ganz pours all of his energy into the performance. *Downfall*’s most famous scene, in which Hitler slightly loses his cool, has broken into the Anglosphere in the effective package of short memes with edited subtitles, becoming a popular way for people to react to any kind of current affairs, and causing major headaches for anyone trying



to learn German from the film. While this scene seems almost impossible to take seriously given its status as a meme, in the context of the film it is more than natural; it is utterly visceral. Ganz manages to perfectly capture Hitler’s passion, egotism, viciousness and lunacy in an eerie way. Watching him is nothing short of delightful and terrifying. So, if *Downfall*’s problems don’t come from lazy direction or weak performances, there must be a more sinister source.

Downfall flirts with fascism in a way that creeps unnoticed onto the screen. It doesn’t come in the form of a huge lie, but it pulls on

the fabric of history just enough to open a few tears. Take, for example, Albert Speer, Hitler’s architect and armaments minister of Nazi Germany. In *Downfall*, Speer acts as a rational counterweight to Hitler’s increasingly erratic decision making, culminating in an emotional scene in which Speer admits to Hitler that he has not only refused to pursue

Mohnke was found guilty of having killed Canadian prisoners of war (POWs) in 1944, and is also accused of having murdered British POWs after the Battle of Dunkirk. You wouldn’t know this from the film however, as a YouTube commenter shows when remarking ‘Mohnke was a good leader. His command of the ragtag force of SS, Volksturm and Hitler Youth is testament to his leadership, resourcefulness and bravery.’ Another commenter praises Speer’s pseudo-historical defiance, saying ‘Thank God Speer decided not to fulfil the Nero plans [scorched earth].’

This kind of thinking that *Downfall* has inspired in its audience very closely resembles the beliefs of the ‘clean Wehrmacht myth,’ a false narrative pushed after the war by German generals and NATO powers in order to free German war criminals for military service by denying involvement in war crimes and furthering an apolitical image for figures such as Speer and Mohnke. By romanticising the fanatical defense of Nazism, *Downfall* makes it eerily easy for its audience to sympathise with fascist murderers, often making no effort whatsoever to remind the audience of these figures’ crimes.

The danger of *Downfall* lies in this very lie. It distorts — perhaps intentionally, perhaps out of laziness — the Nazis’ reputation as unequivocally evil. It cannot be forgotten that the resistance to fascism in Germany didn’t come from the military or within the party itself, but from the millions of Jews and anti-fascist dissidents that perished in the flames of Nazism, flames that were fanned and stoked by these supposedly ‘apolitical’ figures.

Do you know someone who has experienced something scary, violent or upsetting and is finding it hard to cope?

Are they using alcohol or drugs to manage?

The University of Sydney is conducting a trial of therapy to support young people aged 12 to 25 with these difficulties.

Participation includes 16 free face-to-face therapy sessions.



visit: copea.org.au

text: 0432 950 878

The Good, the Brad, and the Ugly

Juliette Marchant discusses *The Brad Pittcast*, in conversation with hosts Dan Dixon and Joseph Earp.

We are all prey to the astonishing illusion of the Hollywood celebrity. The supposition that our favourite filmic faces have always been the dashing stars that greet us through the screen like old friends. Brad Pitt is no exception to this rule. When a fresh-faced Pitt and his rippling abs graced our screens in the iconic *Thelma and Louise*, a star was born. Little did we know that three years prior, a youthful Pitt was muffling in a black, leather gimp suit, and pummelled by a dolphin, starring in the Yugoslavian drama *The Dark Side of the Sun*.

Like fans following the transition from Clark Kent to Superman, Dan Dixon and Joseph Earp have committed themselves to a chronological assessment of the Brad Pitt catalogue in *The Brad Pittcast*. With each episode dedicated to unpacking a film featuring Pitt, the podcast provides a unique insight into the genesis story of the star that we all know and love, facilitated by a deep dive into the films that we remember, have never seen, or maybe even choose to forget.

In conversation with *Honi*, Dan and Joseph spoke of the immediate familiarity of Brad Pitt, but simultaneously held that when they started to look at the trajectory of his career, other narratives started to emerge. "He's probably one of the only male stars that still fits the traditional mould," said Dan, evoking references to traditional Hollywood stardom; the good looking, slick but not quite mass-produced likes of Jimmy Stewart. Joseph continued, "Pitt encapsulates what it's like to be a massive Hollywood star in a world that makes Marvel films." In these observations, Dan and Joseph hint at a tension that Pitt seems to grapple with throughout his professional life,

as he portrays the classic leading man archetype, whilst also maintaining his reputation as an extraordinarily interesting character actor.

But for those that are still unconvinced by the charm of the golden-haired heart-throb, what sits at the core of *The Brad Pittcast*, and was the primary reason for its creation, is a deep and considered appreciation for film held by both hosts. This is not to say that Dan and Joseph enjoy the same films, in fact, the pair have quite polarising tastes, often reinforced by Joseph's enthusiastic discussion of exploitation and horror cinema, rivalled by Dan's opposition to expressions of cruelty. But such divergent attitudes make for vivacious conversation, with added colour coming from the reading of Letterboxd reviews, randomly selected to present weird and wonderful opinions about films from people across the globe.

Like fans following the transition from Clark Kent to Superman, Dan Dixon and Joseph Earp have committed themselves to a chronological assessment of the Brad Pitt catalogue in The Brad Pittcast.

The listening process guides you through discoveries of hidden gems, such as *Cutting Class*, a 1989 high school 'whodunit,' and shines a light on old classics like *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*, reminding audiences of their brilliance. Additionally, Joseph's encyclopaedic knowledge of films from all genres means that whether you are listening to an episode on the children's animation, *Sinbad: Legend of the Seven Seas*, or the much

acclaimed, *Fight Club*, you will leave the podcast with a list of dozens of non-Pitt films, common and obscure, to add to your watchlist.

In an ironic departure from the podcast's title, many of the films for which Brad Pitt is credited possess noticeably brief Pitt performances. Perhaps the most extreme example of this is Charlie Kaufman's *Being John Malkovich*, wherein Pitt portrays himself in a cameo for all of one second. In view of the podcasts subject, it's only natural to wonder how this film could produce an episode that goes for a whopping hour and forty-two minutes. But it is in episodes like this one where listeners are reminded that *The Brad Pittcast* is more than just an investigation of the man that is Brad Pitt, it simultaneously acts as a survey of the rapidly changing American film industry, revealing the peaks and troughs of a culture that has irrevocably transformed the world that we live in.

Dan, an English academic who is particularly attentive to contemporary American writing in his professional life, noted that "Films allow us to dig deeper into a mythic American culture that we never try to make relevant, but is somehow still always relevant." This line can be read as a distillation of the podcast's purpose, an act of 'slow looking' that forces audiences to pay attention to what is on the screen and see how that translates to the world beyond. Joseph, who spends much of his professional life engaging with complex works of philosophy, aligned this notion with German director Werner Herzog's practice of watching *WrestleMania*, as in the words of Herzog himself, "the poet must not avert his eyes from what's going on in the world. In order to understand what's going on, you have to face it."

The American film industry is in many ways a damning, predatory, industrial complex, that perpetuates often irritating and unhealthy discourse. But the longer you spend looking at the media produced by the industry, the more likely you are to find gems. More importantly, the more likely you are to truly find Brad Pitt.

The concept of 'finding' Brad Pitt

The longer you spend looking at the media produced by the industry, the more likely you are to find gems. More importantly, the more likely you are to truly find Brad Pitt.

may seem bizarre when his is a name that is routinely splashed across star-studded credit lists, and his face is almost as famous as Hollywood itself. Such a thought leaves me pondering the curious visual of Brad Pitt at the 2020 Oscar's Luncheon, wherein he equipped himself with a name tag, as though no one would know who he was already. But for two men that have spent the past year and a half intensely watching masses of Brad Pitt content, and spending just as much time discussing the subject, their prevailing finding is that "Brad Pitt is not who you think it is."

We see the artificial Hollywood star in Troy, the playful yet considered apparition of death in Meet Joe Black, the witty Nazi-killer in *Inglourious Basterds*, and the man with the name tag at the Oscar's Luncheon. But do we really know the man behind the label? You should listen to the podcast to find out for yourself.

member of The Brad Pittcast family.

For the children at heart and cartoon fans.

Episode 35 - Sinbad: Legend of the Seven Seas: Featuring the vibrant Xavier Rubetzi Noonan, this episode is a trip down memory lane for those of us that grew up with the fever dream that was DreamWorks 2D animation. Find out whether a man whose career has been built around the physicality of his performances can pull off a role that rides exclusively on his voice.

For those that love a classic.

Episode 26 - Fight Club: A considerable amount of ink has been spilled and audio recorded about the David Fincher sensation, *Fight Club*. But Dan and Joseph bring something new to the mix, discussing, among other subjects, the alternate universe in which Robert Pattinson portrays Tyler Durden. Relish in the unadulterated hotness of Brad Pitt and question whether or not this film is truly cinematic gold.

And if you're still stuck mulling over what to listen to, just listen to all of the episodes.

Forgive Me Body

Words by Rhian Mordaunt

It was last summer when I realised that my body was a canvas, left unpainted out of fear that someone would look at my colours and refuse to call it art.

When I left the house bare chested, wearing only sea salt and sunlight because those are the accessories that make me feel most beautiful.

When I grazed by the beach and felt the sun press up against my back, his lips so tender I barely noticed when he left a mark.

When I looked in the mirror and noticed my skin getting darker.

When I believed that my body was attacking me and deserved to be punished with skin lightening creams and bleach.

When I replayed memories of my aunt telling me that fairness is beauty and beauty deserves love.

When I realised that everyone wants to be loved.

When I decided to watch the rest of the summer from inside my room, only seeing his colours through rays of light which crept through my windows.

When I would go out at night and dance with the moonlight, I never had the courage to tell him that my heart belonged to the sun but somehow he knew.

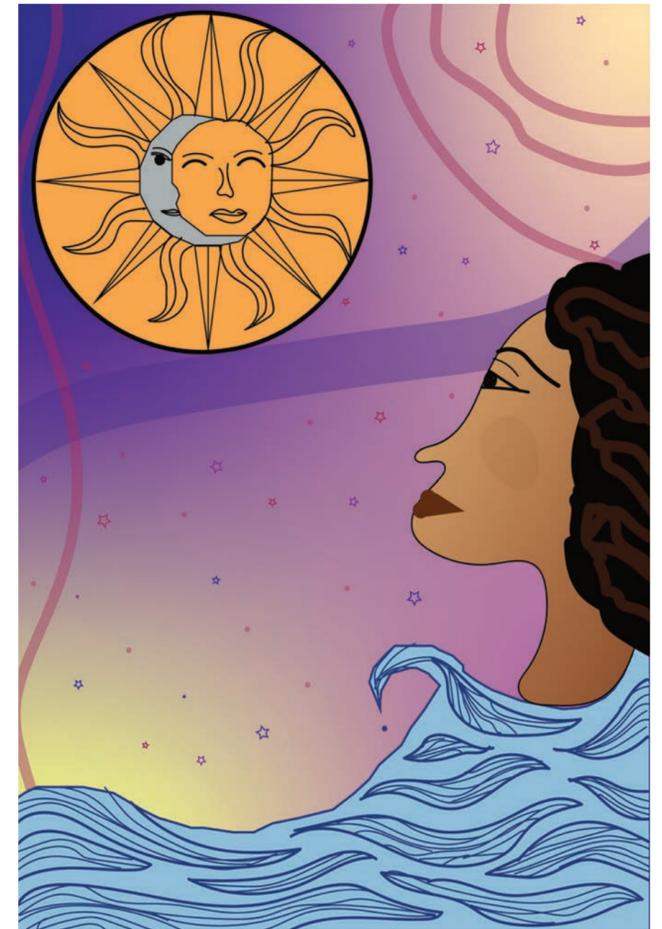
When I met a young man who walked along the shore in the evenings, picking up fragments of shells and putting them back together.

When I realised that nothing is ever truly broken.

When I got so distracted that I didn't even notice that the sun had come up.

When the young man looked at me and said that I looked different in the sunlight, as though I was suddenly at peace.

Forgive me body, I forgot to love you.



Art by Kritika Rathore

free textbooks at the copy centre

Words by Pailey Wang

I raced down on my bike when I heard there were free textbooks at the copy centre because the co-op bookshop shut down

I entered sheepishly 'hi I'm here for the free textbooks' 'yep just come behind here you can take whatever you like'

I and my fellow knowledge seekers perused the aisles of untapped knowledge

'I'm taking this for a friend' never before had the barriers into a discipline been so low

we made our piles and hauled away our finds in boxes and backpacks and took home with us the potential to learn so much just a couple pages and glue in the end should they ever have cost so much

Don't know where to start your Pittcast journey?



Logo by Genevieve Felix Reynolds

How about you take a look at one of these episodes to get you started?

For those that want to start at the beginning of the Pitt timeline.

Episode 2 - Dark Side of the Sun: Revel in the absurdity of the world where Pitt got his start - a world of leather gimp suits, motorcycles and dolphin encounters that add nothing to the plot. Join Dan and Joseph as they attempt to unravel the inaudible dialogue of a masked Pitt, and grapple with the themes of fragility and the outsider that weave themselves into the fabric of the film.

For those that haven't watched any of the films, but still love Brad Pitt.

Episode 18 - Brad Pitt's Fits: The paparazzi, whether we like it or not, play such a vital role in shaping the way that we view our favourite celebrities. In this episode, Dan and Joseph scroll through the tabloids of yesteryear to assess the outfits and accessories that have come to define the Brad Pitt that we know and love. A fun,

mini episode that explores the comfort that we get from our sense of familiarity, imagined or real, with people that mean a lot to us.

For the fan that has only come across Brad Pitt this decade.

Episode 1 - Ad Astra: A thoroughly modern Brad! Take a sneak peek at what is to come in the first episode ever produced by The Brad Pittcast crew. A great start for followers of the 2020 awards season run, lovers of space, and fans of a contemplative, aged Pitt often staring in silence.

For a discussion about a genuinely good film that you should definitely watch.

Episode 42: The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford: You know what's going to happen - it's literally in the title. Nonetheless, this film is an irrevocable masterpiece! In addition to a chat about a marvellous work of cinema, The Brad Pittcast takes an empathetic turn, discussing high stakes, life-changing decisions, and saying farewell to a dear

President

Swapnik Sanagavarapu

Yes, it's me again, back with more updates on what the SRC has been up to this week!

As usual, it's been a busy one, with lots of initiatives and work going on to benefit students. The first thing we did this week was launch our free textbook initiative! By popular demand, it's back again for another week between the 14th and 18th of March, from 10:30 am to 2:30pm, so head on over to the University Copy Centre (just off from the Boardwalk and near the Aquatic Centre) to pick up your free books. The full list can be found on our Facebook page. We've heard lots of positive feedback from students in relation to the free textbooks, and it's nice to see some students

not have to worry about the costs of textbooks for at least one semester. Many thanks to SUSF, the University Copy Centre, Fuji, SUPRA, Hikari So and Lydia Dutcher for their efforts in putting this together!

Last week, an article appeared in Honi describing the awful conditions at the Peter Nicol Russel building. There were reports of doors not working properly, urine leaking out of the bathrooms and into the study area, asbestos being improperly removed and disability inaccessibility. This week, I raised the issue with the University and sought permanent solutions for what appear to be long-term problems. I'll be following up on it with the

University throughout the coming weeks.

I've also been working hard in the policy space this week - with two policy projects in particular occupying my time. The first has been the preparation of a submission to the University in relation to their proposal for 12 week semesters. To reiterate, the SRC is strongly opposed to reductions in semester length due to issues around student workloads, staff workloads and the quality of learning. You can find a greater statement of the SRC's position in last week's Honi article titled "Third time lucky? University tries for twelve week semesters again". The second has been a submission in relation to a proposed bill that

would deregister charities engaged in activism under highly dubious circumstances. As a charitable organisation engaged in advocacy and activism, it's likely to impact our operations significantly. More details can also be found in last week's copy of Honi ("Changes to not-for-profit laws may silence activists and advocacy groups").

As always, you find more information on our Facebook page and website, and you can email me at president@src.usyd.edu.au.

Until next time,
Swapnik

Rent & Bond - Keeping Track of Paperwork



There are so many bits of paper involved in renting a house. Some of these can end up being worth thousands of dollars to you, so it's definitely worthwhile keeping all of them. Scan or photograph each one and email it to yourself.

Contracts and Leases

You should get a lease or contract outlining the conditions of the home you want to rent. This lease/contract should be written in English and signed by the landlord. It is also important that you know your landlord or agent's full

name, and the address where you (or the Sheriff) can contact them. Please read your lease / contract BEFORE you sign it. Regardless of whether you do not understand or agree to a clause in the lease/contract, if you have signed it, you are bound by its conditions.

Receipts

You should get a receipt for any cash or bank cheques that you give to the landlord. Your receipt should have the amount that you paid, why you paid it (e.g., bond, rent for February etc), what the address of the home is, and

signed by the landlord. Again, it must be in English. If you have paid by a bank transfer you should still ask for a receipt. There are some situations where the landlord is not required to give you a receipt, but there is no harm in asking. If you are not sure about this, send them an email saying that you understand you're not going to get a receipt but

There are so many bits of paper involved in renting a house. Some of these can end up being worth thousands of dollars to you, so it's definitely worth keeping all of them.

you just wanted to confirm that you paid them that amount of money. That way, you at least have your own written record of the payment. If you are in a leased property you should receive a receipt from the NSW Department of Fair Trading when they have received your bond. Most leased properties now require online lodging of bonds.

Condition Report

The Condition Report is what you agree, with the landlord, as being the condition of the property at the time that you moved in. If there is damage to the property, beyond reasonable wear and tear, you will be liable to pay for its repair, unless it is noted in the Condition

Report. In addition to the Condition Report it is a good idea to take photos of the property (e.g., each wall, the floors, the oven, the windows, etc), showing any broken or dirty items, and email them to your landlord. This will "timestamp" those photos and will allow you to refer to them at a later date to show that whatever damage you are being blamed for, was already there when you moved in. Be ruthless when completing your part of the Condition Report, because they may be very particular when you move out. Whatever needs fixing or cleaning when you move out, that is not in the Condition Report, will be your responsibility. During your time in the home send photos of any damage that comes up, e.g., cracks in the wall, mould appearing, etc. Show that you have tried to maintain the house in good condition.

General Communication

Email your communications to the landlord, so you have a time stamped written record. If you have a telephone conversation with the landlord, send a follow up email that confirms what you talked about.

Any Problems

The SRC has caseworkers trained in many different aspects of accommodation laws. You can email your questions to help@src.usyd.edu.au, together with a copy of your lease or contract, and any other relevant emails, or if you prefer you can book a face-to-face appointment by calling 9660 5222.

Vice Presidents

Roisin Murphy and Maria Ge did not submit a report.

General Secretaries

Priya Gupta and Anne Zhao

Hello all!

The start of Sem 1 2021 has been a busy one for your GenSecs!

Since Welcome Week was pushed back from the week before uni starting to the first week of semester, we had a hectic (in all senses of the word) time at the stall all week, letting students know about existence and role of the SRC, publicising the SRC's services and collectives, and handing out our totes.

Maybe even more so than talking to

students and getting great feedback, seeing our bags on the shoulders of many walking around campus has been particularly sweet. If you missed out on getting one during Welcome Week and are keen to get the goodies inside, we still have a few left over which you can have, with SRC masks, pens, stickers, and heaps of useful info! Shoot us an email and we can arrange getting one to you.

A massive thank you to everyone who helped out with packing our 1750 tote bags or handing them out! We absolutely would

not have survived the week without our lovely volunteers who chatted to students and did countless treks across Eastern Av to replenish our bag supply.

If you are a new student and for some unknown reason reading this section of Honi, welcome! To find out about the SRC, head to our website or check out the Orientation Handbook online. We highly recommend getting involved in the many collectives and their activist work, and by volunteering with us to help students.

During the first two weeks of uni, we also

attended the Women's Collective's protest against sexual violence on campus, and the Welfare Action Group's speakout against the slashing of JobSeeker + JobKeeper. If you are interested in attending similar events, check out the collectives' facebook pages. We hope to see you at the Women's Collective's Snap Rally for Justice for Survivors, and Welfare Action Group's forum on public and student housing, both Wednesday of Week 3, and the Education Action Group's staff and student protest against job and fee hikes on Wednesday of Week 4.

Student Housing Officers

Felix Faber, Casie Zhao, Hanxiong Qiu and Haomin Lyu.

It's week three. Things are starting to get boring. So are the reports.

During O-week, we were actively involved in the relevant work. We not only helped give out the popular calendars and free bags but also introduced how SRC operates, as well as some tips on studies - especially how to get professional service from SRC when coming across problems as senior students. Fortunately, quite a lot of students got interested in SRC after the conversation and were willing to work as volunteers if required. We generated plenty

of students that scanned the QR code to join our social media groups and receive our posts. This is really a great start and we believe we made our effort to make the students more interested and familiar with SRC.

Last week, we held a group meeting to discuss how to help students get the best quality and cheapest housing under the COVID-19 situation. We have planned several activities in the first half of the semester and formulated corresponding programs to enrich students; extracurricular activities while ensuring social

distance to the greatest extent. During week 2, the collective officers also met up with the USYD SRC residential college officers to discuss our plans for students in 2021.

Now that COVID vaccines have been developed, vaccination of students will help the government prevent epidemics more effectively, especially in the densely populated students' accommodation and residential college. We are now working with the Residential College Officer to connect with the school and relevant department to discuss whether different

departments have corresponding policies on student vaccinations. In the near future, we will summarize the vaccination policies among different accommodations, and try to make different accommodations have the same vaccination policies to avoid confusion among students. In addition, we will work with the International Student Officer to try to release information and guide about vaccination in different languages. Give the greatest convenience to students who are interested in relevant information.

Ask Abe

SRC caseworker help Q&A

Online study resources:
- What is considered cheating?



Ask Abe Q&A for students is available online.
Head to: srcusyd.net.au/articles

Hello Abe,

Some of my friends showed me a website where I can get help with some practice questions, but my old tutor said it might not be allowed. How do I know what I can and can't use? What is the problem for me to use a website for homework help?

Chegg Positive

Dear Chegg Positive,

There are lots of websites and forums that students can join to get help with practice question, alternative

textbooks, and a range of additional study help. Downloading or uploading answers, exams, or lecture notes can be considered "contract cheating", especially where you have paid money to use the site or borrowed a paid log in from someone else. Similarly, sharing answers in facebook or other forums, is also considered academically dishonest. If you are not sure what is allowed and what is not, ask your tutor. Tell them specifically which site or forum you would like to use, and see what they say.

Abe

Contact an SRC Caseworker on 02 9660 5222 or email help@src.usyd.edu.au

Indigenous Officers

Matilda Langford did not submit a report.

Residential Colleges Officers

Irene Fang, Alexis Bundy, Rachel Jia and Victor Ruifeng Liang did not submit a report.



Do you need help with CENTRELINK?

Ask the SRC!

The SRC has qualified caseworkers who can assist Sydney University undergraduates with Centrelink questions and issues, including: your income, parents' income, qualifying as independent, relationships, over-payments and more.

Check out the Centelink articles on our website or book an appointment if you need more help.

srcusyd.net.au/src-help

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Level 1, Wentworth Building (G01),
University of Sydney NSW 2006
PO Box 794 Broadway NSW 2007

p: 02 9660 5222
e: help@src.usyd.edu.au
w: srcusyd.net.au

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[@src_usyd](https://www.instagram.com/src_usyd)
[@src_sydneyuni](https://www.tiktok.com/@src_sydneyuni)



Puzzles by Tournesol



Picture A



Picture B



Picture C



Picture D

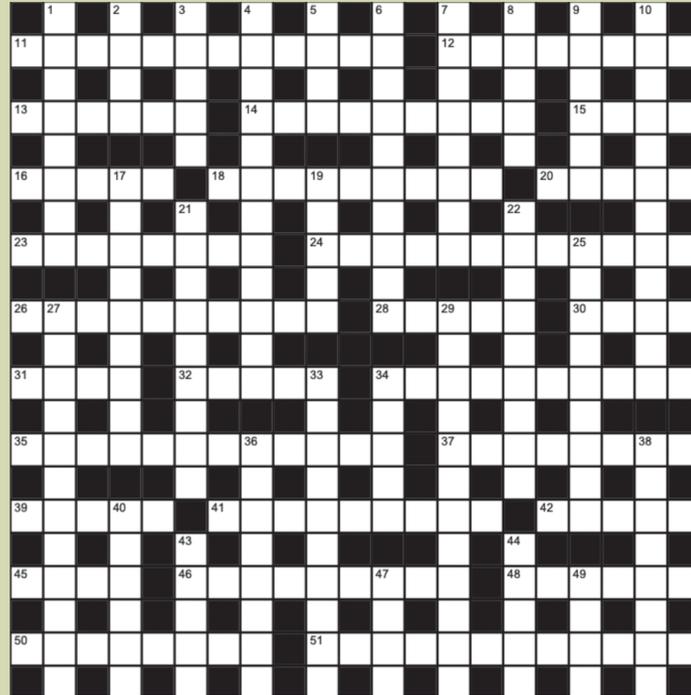


Picture E



Picture F

Omega Crossword



Note: Each clue preceded by a “?” is a Cryptic!

Across

- 11 Tolstoy’s titular heroine (4,8)
- 12 The Castle quote: This is going straight to the ... (8)
- 13 Type of whiskey or tape (6)
- 14 Particles of precipitation (9)
- 15 ? Endless sleep led back to ghastly creatures (4)
- 16 Work (bread) (5)
- 18 Saucy tortilla (9)
- 20 Doing words (5)
- 23 ? Minor is deviously alarming (8)
- 24 Three witches from Macbeth (5,7)
- 26 ? It’s antique to be confused by sums (10)
- 28 Happen as a result of (5)
- 30 ? Toy truck I tested inside (4)
- 31 Internet signal (4)
- 32 Cheapskate, niggard (5)
- 34 Friend of Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny? (5,5)
- 35 Connection between two people, often romantic (12)
- 37 ? Sweet, idle grandpa embraces his heart (8)
- 39 Not! (5)
- 41 People employed to commit murder (9)
- 42 Beauty’s counterpart (5)
- 45 Surprise, stupefy (4)
- 46 John Waters movie, adapted for Broadway, and then again for Hollywood (9)
- 48 Tasmanian capital (6)
- 50 Matrimonial ceremonies (8)
- 51 Canadian province (3,9)

Down

- 1 Large, semi-aquatic boa (8)
- 2 ? Quick diet (4)
- 3 Sailboat (5)
- 4 Land (supposedly) belonging to nobody (5,7)
- 5 Country represented by flag in Picture A (4)
- 6 Surname of Violet, Klaus, and Sunny (10)
- 7 Transfer data from one computer to another, or to the internet (8)
- 8 Small rodent (5)
- 9 Country represented by flag in Picture B (6)
- 10 Someone who works jointly on a project (12)
- 17 Country represented by flag in Picture C (9)
- 19 Birds of prey (5)
- 21 Postal service, as opposed to electronic messaging (5,4)
- 22 One who loves movies (9)
- 25 Shove off! (4,1,4)
- 27 Places of tertiary education (12)
- 29 London’s police headquarters (8,4)
- 33 Practising for a performance (10)
- 34 Spanish mode of dining (5)
- 36 ? Most cruel, violent Titaness (8)
- 38 Block the way of (8)
- 40 Country represented by flag in Picture D (6)
- 43 Country represented by flag in Picture E (5)
- 44 Country represented by flag in Picture F (5)
- 47 ? Argues in queues (4)
- 49 Wail, cry (4)

Quiz!

All answers begin with the letter D.

1. Who was the lead singer of The Supremes from 1959 to 1970?
2. Which breed of dog is named after a historical region of Croatia?
3. Much of Western Sydney is situated in which Aboriginal nation?
4. What name is given to the first section of the small intestine?
5. What legendary playboy is the subject of a poem by Byron and an opera by Mozart?
6. Who plays Mr. Dawes Sr. in *Mary Poppins* (1964) and Mr. Dawes Jr. in *Mary Poppins Returns* (2018)?

Lateral Thinking Puzzles

A vandal sprayed purple paint across the back of a new white fur coat. Later this saved her life. Why?

Answer: The vandal sprayed a baby seal, and in doing so, rendered her coat worthless to hunters who would kill her for her coat.

A man is lying in bed alone, unable to fall asleep. After some time he picks up the phone and makes a call. A few moments later he hangs up the phone without saying anything and falls sleep shortly afterwards. What’s going on?

Answer: The man is in a hotel and the person next door is snoring. By calling the room next door, he wakes them up so that they won’t be snoring any more.

By Ms Eel Kink

This Way or That

1	2	3	4
2			
3			
4			

1. Tit
2. Wind instrument
3. Pus, seepage
4. Ale or lager

THE BOOT

Head to head: Amyl?

For: Cockswayne Hargrave

I love amyl. Poppers. Jungle juice. If you think amyl simply expands your asshole you are queerphobic. It does so much more than that. It expands my heart. It reminds me of when I sniffed my mother’s Sharpies as a child, back when I used to suck at her teat. AAAHHH, AMYL!!!! Those twenty sweet seconds before penetration literally transports me to another dimension. One where I am an oinky oinky pig getting sent to the muddy slaughterhouse. And if you

want to be a bit more fashionable when sniffing these bad boys, you can pour some on a cotton ball and put it in a sippy cup. A sock! A ziplock bag! Just like my mum used to make my sandwiches.

Against: Emyly Darlinghurst

FUCK amyl. Once I did amyl and it gave me a headache. Also an anxiety attack. I thought I was going to go blind for like twenty seconds. I’m sticking to the nang suppositories next time.



Federal Liberals object to Eastern Avenue: “It was Western civilization that built it!”

Marlow Hurst reports.

Minister for Education Dan Tehan, along with his Liberal colleagues, strongly objected to USyd’s premier thoroughfare being named after such an unpatriotic compass direction.

Citing national security

concerns, Minister Tehan suggested this could be exploited by China in future negotiations.

“We might as well call it Mao’s Boulevard at this point for ScoMo’s sake!”

The Minister was contacted for further information but was sadly attending the annual East Asia Summit and was not available for comment.



Fuck? Marry? Kill!

In this issue

Dan Andrews fractures spine; nation shocked to learn politician has one / p. 25

WA Liberals hire tandem bike to attend next caucus meeting / p 38

Government announces discounted flights to Cumberland campus alongside other shitholes / p 48

Mark Scott replaces lectures with reruns of Prank Patrol / p 61

Belinda Hutchinson makes new chemical weapon with PNR piss / p 88

USyd distills vaccine with PNR piss / p 89

USU renamed to ‘MeSU’ to quash community spirit / p 96

After royals, Oprah exposes surprising racism in One Nation / p 101

SUBS and SHADES to host corporate cocks event / p 119

JUSTICE FOR SURVIVORS

*END RAPE CULTURE
INCREASE SUPPORT
FOR SURVIVORS
REINSTATE RAD SEX AND
CONSENT WEEK
DISMANTLE THE COLLEGES,
BUILD AFFORDABLE
STUDENT HOUSING
REFORM REPORTING
PROCEDURES
COPS OFF CAMPUS*

JOIN WOCO TO
CONTINUE THE
FIGHT



**SNAP RALLY:
WEDNESDAY
17TH MAR @ 1PM
OUTSIDE F23
BUILDING**