

fedpress

Magazine



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Federation University's
Student Publication

“

THE THING IS NOT
TO *write* WHAT NO
ONE ELSE COULD
HAVE *written*, BUT TO
write WHAT ONLY YOU
COULD **HAVE** *written*

”

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The Changing of the Guard

JAMES CHARLTON

People, people everywhere and more on their way. The roads were filling with a melting pot of nationalities. Various nations watch the changing of the guard ceremony and have done so for generations. London boasts about the significance of the changing of the guard, however, the one I am going to talk about does not have the same pomp and ceremony, but is just as important.

The reason they change the guards is to keep a fresh perspective on the security of the palace. So, when FedPress has a changing of the guard, they are looking to keep a fresh set of eyes and a clear mind at the helm. A dedicated group of people who keep the rest of the student body up with the news and also share some helpful information with us.

These people are not full-time journalists, but fellow students who give up their time (and sanity) to produce the magazine, do their assignments and attend classes. I personally would like to thank all the present members of the FedPress team and wish them the best in their future endeavours.

To the incoming band of adventurous souls, my heartiest congratulations on taking on the challenge. Listen to the advice given by the previous team and add your own tweaks to show your ownership. With a diverse student membership it will present an opportunity for you to spread your wings in many directions.

Thank you and good luck in the future.

REBECCA FLETCHER & TIMOTHY KIRKHAM

When this submission came through, Tim and I got to talking about our time with FedPress.

Tim and I picked up as Art Director and Editor (respectively) of FedPress magazine in mid-2016, with much tumult and minimal experience. While we both had some experience with the magazine prior to this, being in charge of something is a whole lot scarier, and it took us a long time to get used to our roles and what they entailed. While it has been a lot of work and we've certainly had our ups and downs, we wouldn't have changed our time here for anything. We've learned a lot, and made a lot of very public mistakes that are still there in print for everyone to see. But as a publication built entirely from the work of student volunteers, we feel that FedPress is something that Federation University students should be proud of.

The world changes every day and us with it — our hope is that our time with the magazine has made it, and us, a little better and a little stronger. It is with some sadness, and some relief, that Tim and I relinquish our roles to a brand new team for 2018. We believe in FedPress, and we believe in every single person reading it, so please never be shy to share your work with others. We hope that the magazine continues to morph into the best version of itself that it can, and we're proud to be a part of that legacy.

To everyone who has contributed their time, whether artists, writers or administrative helpers, thank you. To everyone in the faculty who has supported us, thank you. For every like on Facebook, and every subscriber on WordPress, thank you. I know I found my passions through FedPress, and I hope it can do the same for others in the future.

Thank you for letting us make this magazine for you.

My Journey

MOHAMMAD SAMI BAADARANI

My name is Mohammad Sami Baadarani; I am an international student, studying my Master of Technology (Software Engineering). I was born in Beirut, Lebanon, where I attended a French language school, and a French language university for my bachelor degree. This is my fourth semester at Fed Uni, which means I have been in Australia for a year and a half now.

I chose to go to Australia to do my Master's degree because I had family members and friends all over Europe, Canada, and the US. I had no one in Australia and I picked Ballarat to be away from people with the same culture as me. I chose that to challenge myself, to see how well I can manage on my own in a new culture. I had no expectations of Australian culture, and no idea how people would react toward a new international student; all I wanted was a good challenge to test and improve my social skills.

Since arriving in Australia, I have met a lot of people and made plenty of friends. I was forced to speak nothing but English, which is my third language, and back then, my least practiced one.

It was a little bit tricky to understand the Australian accent at first, and I think most international students face the same problem. When I met my Residential Advisor for the first time on Peter Lalor North, I couldn't understand any Australian slang. I couldn't even tell if 'good bloke' was an insult or not. Living in uni res allowed me to hang out with a lot of people, and I'm sure some of them will be lifetime friends.

I have also met international students from different countries which allowed us to share our cultures amongst each other. I have been surprised that most people do not know much about my country, sometimes they don't even know my country exists. So, I love sharing some Lebanese food with my friends, showing them what the country looks like in pictures and giving them souvenirs from Beirut when I visited last year.

I have been part of the 2017 FedUni international committee, because they helped me once I arrived in Australia: answering all my questions, giving me advice on how to settle in, and organising amazing trips that allowed us to explore different areas of Victoria. I feel that I wanted to help and do the same for the upcoming international students, allowing them to settle in and meet new people that had the same experience they're about to have.

In my country, people love to spend time in cafés smoking shishas for hours, which is very unhealthy. What I love about Australia is the sport culture, where every person I met is at least a fan of one type of daily sport and/or exercise. This sport culture helped me change and improved my habits. It allowed me to work out regularly and eat healthy, and the best part is that I can always find a group of people ready to play soccer, basketball or badminton, when I used to struggle to organise two futsal teams in Lebanon.

Living in Ballarat for two years was a wonderful experience, most students at FedUni come from different parts of Australia and have to make new friends and meet new people, which allows us to easily make new groups of friends as there are no pre-existing groups. I don't think this experience could have happened if the uni was in the city, as most students would be coming from the same schools and have already made groups of friends.

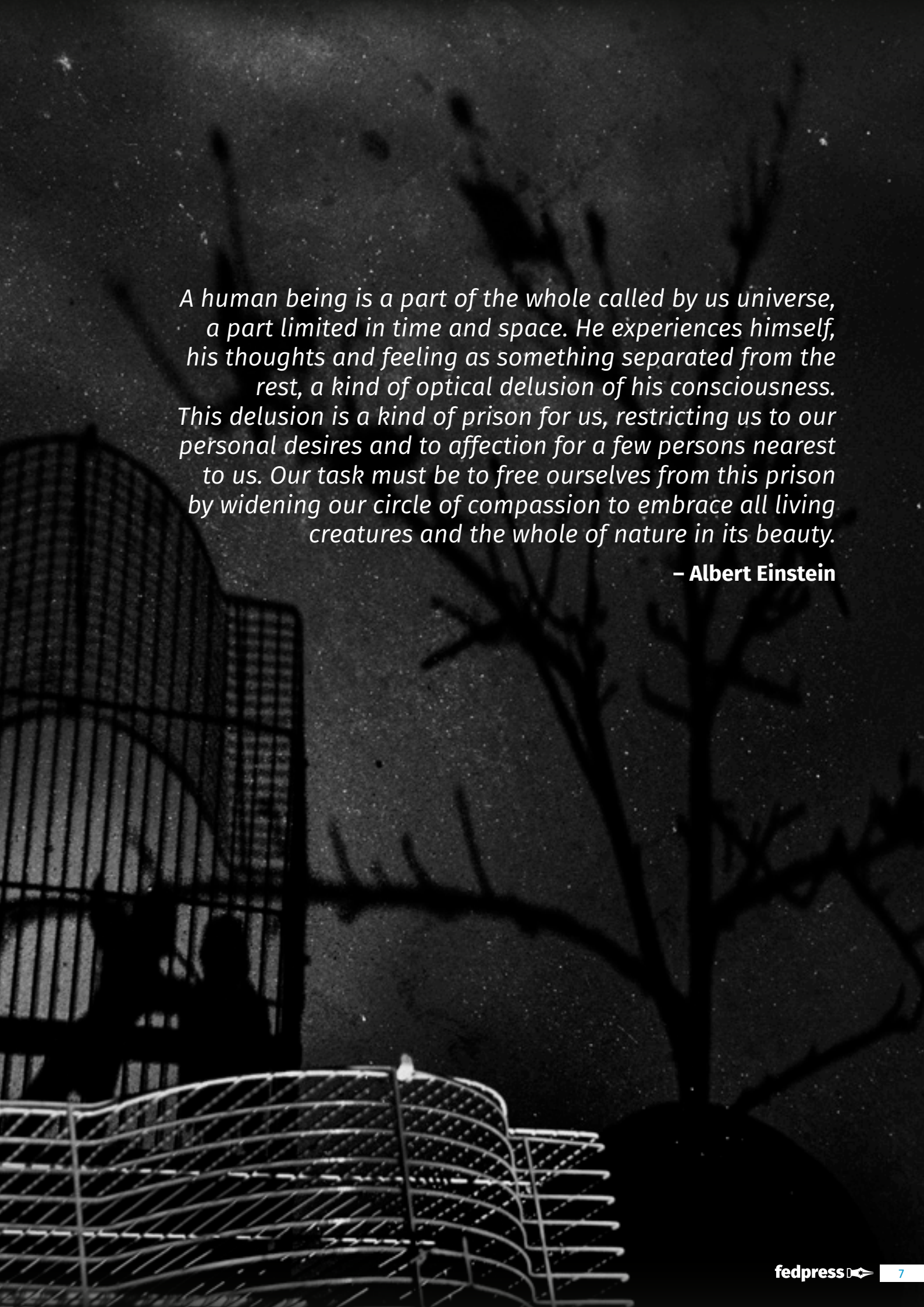
Finally, I am sad that my journey at FedUni is about to end, since this is my last semester. But this also means that there will be greater challenges ahead of me.

The Prison of Human Self

LAJAN MAHARJAN

While we humans think that we rule nature and claim power over it, in reality we are being held captive in our own prison which is slowly shaping itself in a different pattern in each life. Whether in micro or macro scale, it has started to affect the balance between humans and Earth. The curiosity in every human is growing with everlasting unsatisfactory lust and desire, making the whole scenario worse and worse. We haven't spared anything that has been in the path of our growth, development and evolution. Humans have surpassed every other life and structure. It does not matter how high a bird flies, we are still able to capture them; the animals so fast or deadly get killed by humans; the poisonous insect gets crushed under our feet; the fish that swim deep underwater get caught; the jungle, full of trees far taller and stronger with its roots deep underground, gets destroyed. We have been able to forge a road in high mountains piercing through their solid rock and even build a great city in a deep ocean. It seems as if nothing is impossible for us but we are not sensing the danger comes from our own self, own kind and our own deeds.

We are growing insane day by day and don't want to accept this fact that is so simple, instead we want to make it more complicated and try to get satisfaction from it, even though we know it's not right. We are happy fighting with each other in the name of religion, caste, income, colour, state, country, continent or any difference we can make in order to dominate each other. Taking the life of another and destroying nature have become our habits which we seem so passionate about. But if we continue like this for several years, then the earth itself will be a big prison for us, more vicious and dark than we could ever imagine.



A human being is a part of the whole called by us universe, a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts and feeling as something separated from the rest, a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.

– Albert Einstein

THE STUDY

AGE

JENNIFER PONT

I've been preparing all my life to discuss this topic — the changing of the guard — with FedPress transitioning to a new team and me transitioning to being a student again as a middle-aged woman in 2017. This is the 17th issue of the magazine and I was born on the 17th. So, I'm reflecting this year on the many changes that come with being an older student; what most readers would identify as the old guard, or perhaps the ancient guard because, if you dare to look on social media sites as a middle-aged person, you will quickly see that 30 is the new old.

I often notice requests such as 'Reblog with your age at the Tokyo 2020 Olympic Games' (Tumblr, 9572 notes). My favourite reply to this post was: "31 I'LL BASICALLY BE DEAD

So, for any readers pushing their mid-twenties ... your fresh time is severely limited. And it tickles me to see that the criteria for joining the The Feds (Mature Age Student Club) is that you have to be 21. I now realise that even my first time around as a student I was technically mature age. So now I'm more Stone Age than Study Age. But that isn't how I perceive myself. It feels great to be studying again.

The Australian Bureau of Statistics defines those between the ages of 35 and 64 as 'Older Students' and that's where I fit. They reported that in 1999 about 5% of older men and about 6% of older women were studying. The Department of Education and Training has reported that over 115,000 people aged 40-59 years are involved in study from non-award and enabling courses to post-graduate programs.

With about a million students at all Australian universities and about 13,000 students at Fed Uni — well, the maths escapes me because I'm in a writing course, not a maths course — it seems likely there's more than a few Older Students in Ballarat and, although we don't tend to move around in visible packs, perhaps we should. Perhaps we shouldn't be quietly trying to blend in, perhaps flitting in and out quietly in our often part-time way. We've been there, we've done that, so maybe we should be a bit louder and not worry about being the Older Student in the class; particularly if you're an Older Woman Student. I'm pretty cosy in my comfortable writing course but I wonder how I'd go in welding?

I'm not embarrassed to be a product of the 20th century. It was good to me. In my previous student incarnation, my degree was almost free, topped off with a scholarship. And, in fact, I feel I only grasp tiny fragments of the century's glory. It was over before I had time to get my head around much of it and I would gladly spend the rest of my life studiously catching up ... but I'm sometimes being told to dump it and move forward; describe what new wonders I see with Google Glasses in 140 characters. My antidote to this trend is embarking on Cert IV in Professional Writing and Editing which is a wonderful immersion in words.

I don't advocate millennial bashing or any kind of repudiation by age group. In fact I've always had the comfort of feeling sceptical about things like the generation gap, the cult of youth and the invisibility of the aging — until now, now that I'm well qualified to be the mother of most students at the TAFE campus with its own architectural mix of new and old.

Obviously, time weathers. It's OK for buildings to weather. I enjoy being surrounded by our campus history and Ballarat trades liberally on its bluestone past. Television is crammed with lifestyle and history shows about the romantic nature of crumbling ruins and draughty, unplumbed monuments to feudalism. Love stories are more satisfying if they take place in rooms cavernous enough for a four-poster bed if you ignore the subtext of women's subjugation that this iconography conveys. Holidays are more enchanting if you can sleep in a quaintly crumbling B&B.



As a middle-aged student, you might be caring for elderly parents, holding down a day job, wondering what your superannuation will do next or hearing words from your GP like menopause, cholesterol or arthritis. I kid you not — life is far from over when you're middle-aged. You might be divorced (where did the other half of my assets go?) or just wondering why you sometimes seem to be the only one in class who hasn't missed one and always does the homework. Anyway, I'm a student again because I want to be and I'm enjoying it. It doesn't really matter if I'm invisible because my goals are more internal. I've spent all my life getting to this Study Age and I'm enjoying it.

So what do I enjoy and what am I going to take away from going back to study? Well, in spite of the occasional, amusingly murderous thought about someone glued to their phone, I like being in a class of mixed ages. I'm with a lovely bunch with an affecting mix of ideas between younger and older ears. I'm only part-time and I wish I was there more. My writing course is a thrill. I've needed a purpose to kick me into doing it as a more creative pursuit and this course is generous with opportunity. As Susan (one of our teachers) said recently, we do a lot of work for our CYs. And it's reminding me what I'm good at (and perhaps have taken for granted) and confronting me with what I've been reluctant to try. If I'm lucky, I might end up getting paid for writing something; perhaps turn it into work-from-home. I just see it as opening up possibilities, whether paid or just pleasure. The reasons for studying and going back to study are numerous but for me it comes down to the challenge and the fun. I really hope the younglings are enjoying it too but, if not, maybe they'll love it the next go around because education is a continuing thing and obviously not just for the young. Maybe they'll come back to find they're the old guard, dazzled and exasperated by the delights of youth.

“

Inking
is
meditation
in liquid form

”

J.H. Everett

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Micro Escapes

KATE WILLIAMS

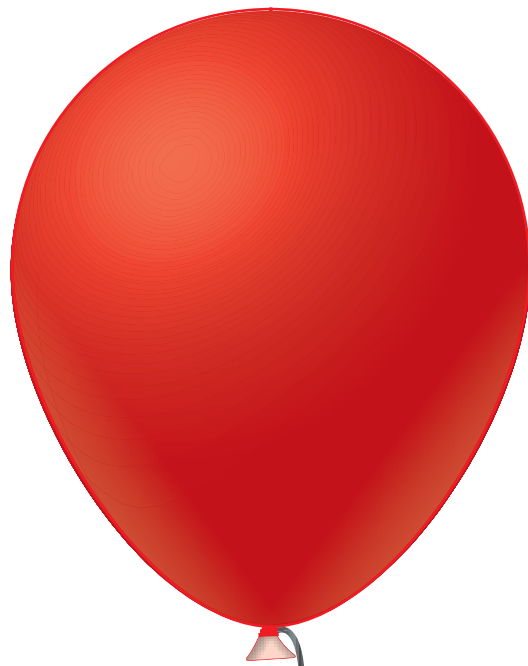
Stepping out of your routine every now and then should be a requirement for all students. It's a beneficial form of procrastination; the motion will help clear your mind and ward off that stagnant feeling you get when you are not progressing with your work. You should never tell yourself you do not have the time. There is always time, even if only for a half-hour walk or a drive to somewhere nearby.

There are plenty of curious locations to visit inside and outside of Ballarat. Planning a mini expedition is great, but it's also not a bad idea to ditch the plan and see where the road takes you. Even if wind up somewhere you have been a thousand times before, I can guarantee there are still surprises to be found there. I must have been to Hepburn Springs a hundred times before I finally ventured to the nearby lavender farm, Lavandula, and I'm glad I did. Lavandula is beautiful, full of history and it smells amazing; the perfect destination on a warm spring day.

I cannot think of anywhere with nothing to uncover, even if only something small. In the tiny town of Malmsbury (an hour north-east of Ballarat) there is a public garden which could easily be a scene from a Jane Austen novel, with shaded paths, wrought iron benches and weeping birches surrounding a swan-covered lake. Upon seeing the park my sister quickly announced if she ever gets married she wants her wedding ceremony to take place there, which is unfortunate since I was thinking the exact same thing. Now the race is on to see which of us will walk down the aisle first.

Another pleasant surprise was the view from Flinders Peak in the You Yangs Regional Park. I have walked most hiking trails in the state but had somehow managed to bypass the Flinders Peak walk over and over until the day I finally got sick of looking at the silhouette of the You Yangs from my window, knowing I had never climbed to the top. The outlook from Flinders Peak was easily the most far-reaching and awe-inspiring I had ever encountered. All this time it had been there close to my house and yet for years I missed it. There is nothing like genuine surprise to help cut through the bitterness we adults are inclined to feel at times.

Near or far, make the time to get out of the house and out of familiar surroundings. New places and experiences can be a welcome distraction, or else help grant you some perspective. Life isn't just work and study.



Letting Go

REBECCA FLETCHER

I have had the bones of this article floating around in my head for so long that you could make a stock out of my brain juice. They form the skeleton of a relatively new philosophy for me, and they're pinned (at least loosely) by science. The degree that I'm set to complete at the end of the year is not my first. I came back to undergraduate study because I wanted to have something closer to the full university experience — I wanted to get involved, engage with the university community and my fellow students, and try launch myself into a career that didn't make me hate myself.



Not content with just getting my feet wet, I jumped into the deep end and involved myself in a lot of things. I joined a few clubs and was involved with multiple committees at the university. I've been involved with committees in local community not-for-profit groups. I have attended conferences, helped out at market stall days and participated in endless workshops. Every time the tide went out, I swam further out, looking for new things to pique my interest.

I started to notice a pattern: people like the idea of obligations and commitments, but not the idea of following through. They'll sign up for a position and never come to a meeting. They say they'll write something and it never happens. Basically, most people are unreliable, and reliable people are a useful commodity, so people like to keep you around. It is a frustrating thing indeed to be a reliable person in a sea of unreliability. I felt like a pinball bouncing between the bumpers, trying to get things done and constantly running into obstacles; people wouldn't answer emails, people wouldn't follow up after meetings, people would nag about deadlines that they would then ignore. I soldiered on because I had made a commitment.

Once I had learned the things I was interested in learning, and the roles settled into routine rather than growth, I looked to move on and give someone else a chance to have that experience, and look for something new for myself. This was easier said than done. It's surprisingly difficult to quit something if people don't want to let you go, in a lot of ways it's actually much easier to just keep on going to meetings and doing the work.

If you start digging a hole to plant a tree and realise halfway through that it's in the wrong place, you can't get your time back, or recover the energy you've spent digging — they are sunk costs. A 'sunk cost' is something that has already been invested that cannot be recovered. You can choose to abandon that hole and start digging somewhere else, or you can keep digging the same hole and try to make it work anyway.

Your urge to keep digging in the same spot is known as the 'sunk cost fallacy' — the point where you decide to keep persisting with something, despite its lack of viability, because of the effort already invested. You feel tied to the commitment you've made (another term is 'escalation of commitment'). It's tied to something called 'loss aversion', which is a very human tendency to avoid losses rather than aim for equivalent gains, the classic example being that you would rather avoid losing \$5 than finding \$5.

The illusion that it would be easier to stay on doing the same thing, even though it is no longer useful to you, is heavily coloured by these ideas. You lose the position, you lose the people relying on you, and you feel like you're abandoning your post. You can save a lot of saying, "No" and awkward conversations by just continuing what you were doing before.

It's easy to stop doing something because it costs you money — there are apps that will count how much you can save if you stop drinking or smoking or putting so much on your credit cards. I haven't yet (and maybe I'm not as diligent as I should be) found one that will calculate the amount of time you spend on someone else's bullshit. And it's hard to work out what's time spent. Sometimes you meet up for a coffee and realise

it's someone else's dump session. Sometimes you turn up for a meeting with someone, and after half an hour you realise they've forgotten they were meant to meet up with you. Sometimes you find yourself with someone only talks to you when they have a favour to ask, or they want to brag about something.

We are social creatures, and these connections and commitments to each other form a fragile web that stops us from descending into Mad Max territory. But a web looks just like a net, and sometimes it's hard to know whether it's supporting you, or whether you're caught in it. I could rattle on about how society has changed and how relationships are shallower now. I could rant and rave about how emails and text messages make it easier to ditch on your obligations without having to actually speak to another human being. At the end of the day, it doesn't matter why things have changed. I'm not here to save the world, but I do want to make it a better place. Can I make it a better place if all of my time is being taken up by people and things that fail to enrich me? Can I help people if I'm stuck doing tasks that serve only to make someone else's life easier, at the expense of my time and mental bandwidth?

One final term: opportunity cost. Opportunity cost refers to the things that you can't do because you're doing something else instead. If I spend \$5 on a coffee, I can't spend it on a sandwich. I can't watch TV this afternoon if I clean the car out instead. If you cut that out of your life, where could you refocus your time and energy that would actually help you and the people around you, instead of just grinding that rut a little bit deeper?

As I look to graduate and leave behind all of the groups and programs I was involved with at Federation University Australia, I know I've learned more than my degree required. I've learned a lot about relationships, I've learned a hell of a lot about obligations, and I've definitely learned what I'm capable of. Learning to say no and stand my ground to protect my own time and interests hasn't won me a lot of friends, but it did save my sanity at points. As I'm writing this, I'm terrified of sounding bitter, but what I want to tell you all is to support the people and things that support you. If you're in a situation that's one-sided and you're not getting anything out of it, then ditch it and spend your time on something you can be passionate about.

The last two-and-a-half years with FedPress have been a hectic, swirling mass of emails and spreadsheets and rotating websites, but I wouldn't have done it any differently. There is nothing more rewarding than pouring your time and care into something and seeing it grow. When I tell you to cut the fat in your lives, it's because I want everyone to experience the satisfaction of a project that works out, or to produce something that makes a difference. So thank you to each and every one of you for your time over these last few years, whether silent readers or active contributors. Thank you for your help, thank you for your encouragement, thank you for your emails and thank you for your time.

Thank you.

The Number Four

LAURA WILSON



Coming back to uni after working has reinforced something I have suspected for a while: I can't think more than four moves ahead. When I try, my brain gets fuzzy and I have to take a step back. When I play Spider Solitaire, I can see what will happen if I move one card here, and this stack there, and that will free this card and then...

Reboot.

I usually just make the move that hasn't got any flaws in it up to four moves ahead. Sometimes I have to use the undo button.

When I do my homework on the weekend, I can prepare for my first four classes, and then I freeze. The crazy thing is, I can go into a lot of detail about my first four classes, and can plan multiple things for them. If I know I have an assignment coming up for my sixth class, for example, I can choose to focus on that first, and then I can do homework for my first three classes and then...

Reboot.

My brain works in funny little ways. I don't like to see a power point switched on with nothing in the socket. Sometimes I get cross at myself for being so particular, but that always leads to me being cross at myself for being cross at myself and then being cross at myself for being cross at myself at being cross at myself and that leads nowhere.

It's nicer to think of your quirks as funny or cute.

It's very important to be able to handle those funny, cute little quirks. It's very important to like your own quirks. One step closer to that lofty goal of self-satisfaction.

So, I do my homework straight after the class I just had. I write down what I think I'll forget and then I see it the next time I write something down I think I'll forget. I married someone who has a knack for finding my phone when I've lost it and left it on silent. He has quirks too, like leaving important words out of text messages. I've become a reliable husband translator like he's become a reliable phone finder.

For those of you who are like me, who have flaws that mess up your life sometimes, may I offer some advice? Give yourself a break. Find some ways to deal with those flaws, and when they don't work (they wouldn't be real flaws if you could just get over them) remind yourself that you're not alone.

And actually, it's kinda cute.



Eat 'em Alive:

one footy tragic and his love affair with his footy club

DAMIAN BROWN*

*Fedpress's Raoul Duke.

Time is a funny concept. It's universal, but it has been measured differently in different cultures throughout history.

As of the time of writing, I'm currently standing in my living room, looking at my Google calendar.

I have a reminder set for 15:52 tomorrow afternoon to 'Catch my train' followed by 'Meet Chop at Fed square' at 18:45 (Chop is my former housemate, not my dog), followed by 'Geelong vs Richmond, qualifying final at 19:50.'

3 hours and 58 minutes in total. The game is four quarters of 25 minutes plus time on, expected to finish around 10:30... usually. The closest train to that is the 22:55 to Wendouree, stopping all stations. We'll have to navigate 95,000 fans exiting the MCG.

Rewind to 1998.

My father and I decided to stop over in Camperdown to visit my grandma (Mum's mother, not Dad's). At the time, I didn't know that Dad had history with Camperdown, having worked there as a fitter and turner during the 1980s. Additionally, I didn't know that Dad had history with the team we were about to see.

Dad noticed quite a commotion at the local footy oval, and we decided to investigate. There was a team there training, and they wore distinctive black-and-yellow footy uniforms. One thing that struck me was one man that seemed to be the star of the show. He had long, black hair, blue eyes and, as I told Dad later, a "funny face." He kicked the ball from a long way out on the right flank straight towards goals on the run, a move that brought the entire crowd to its feet.

Later, the whole team was signing autographs for the crowd. Dad and I waited in line like the others.

The man noticed us and walked over. I looked down and stared at my shoes. "How are you?" he asked both me and dad. He looked down and said, "Who's this?" to me.

Me, not looking up, "Damian."

"You're going to be as big and strong as me one day."

He smiled and bent down on one knee., "Now, look here mate," he said as he autographed my hat with the black marker he was carrying. "You're going to be as big and strong as me one day."

I looked up and smiled back. "Thanks."

He grinned as he handed me back my hat. He stood up, shook both mine and my father's hand, and said, "Go Tigers."

As Dad and I were walking back to dad's car, I looked at Dad and asked him "Who was that?"

"Matthew Richardson."

Fast forward to 2017.

Richmond are in the top four for the first time since 2001. They haven't won a final since my 8th birthday. In a week, I will be 24 years old.

What happens in the next 48 hours will determine whether the tide has finally turned for Richmond.

Time is a funny concept.

When

Death

Calls

ZOE ORMISTON

I am always near, just an accident away.
I do not breathe, I do not sing, I do not weep.
Come to me when you lose your way.

They hear you speak, though there's nothing to say.
They mock you day and night, awake or asleep.
I am always near, just an accident away.

When you are alone, fiercely you pray.
Plunging into the abyss, not caring how deep.
Come to me when you lose your way.

From a rope on a tree you long to sway.
As you expire, you may hear me creep.
I am always near, just a decision away.

But, if life becomes good and you no longer stray
And you choose your existence to keep, still
Come to me if you lose your way.

And if all shall fail then hear me say,
While you sit alone and weep,
I am always here, just an accident away.
Come with me, now that you've lost your way.



ILLUSTRATION BY CLARE HARTIGAN

Red Bands

MATTHEW JAMES

Running.

Running.

Running from the Red Bands.

Running from the Red Bands through the cold city.

Running through the cold city alley ways; weaving through the piles of rubbish and filth. My feet rapping against the concrete; cold flesh on cold ground. I have become lost as my breath streams like smoke from a powerless dragon as they chase after me.

Gunshot.

Gunshot.

Dust and brick cut into the side of my face and the soles of my feet. Tears fall from my eyes as my ears become deafened. I can't get away as they have me in their steel cold sights. Jumping over and hiding behind a burnt-out car. Struggling to breathe. My rags, weather-worn and stained red; not for a purpose but for my screams.

Thought...

... and there it goes.

Too dangerous to think.

Too dangerous to know.

Thoughts lead to knowledge, knowledge to questions, questions to the Factory, the Factory to death.

I escaped for now, but not for much—

Gunshot.

Gunshot.

Click.

Now is my chance, as I go from cover to cover; burnt cars and rubbish bins. My world, the world of outcasts. People like me who ask questions against the other world.

Darkened when lit, seemingly perfect but with no freedom.

Think like us.

Talk like us.

Believe like us.

"Why?" will send you to the Factory. To blood, to work, to pain, to death.

Axe to wood and axe to stone. Axe to chain and axe to bone.

“

A MAN
CANNOT
BUILD A
REPUTATION
ON WHAT HE IS
GOING TO DO

”

Henry Ford

build your reputation with **fedpress**
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Why We Must Care: The Robot Philosopher

FREYA FOGLIANI

We are not machines newly constructed for our current realities — Stephen Jay Gould.

Quite the opposite, we have been around for millions of years, the miracle of life stretched even beyond our capacity for imagination to billions of years before the youngest human babies were born — to the earliest ancestors of all life on Earth. Have we learned anything in all this time, or have we continuously evolved around the same circles?

Why do we invent the things that create fear and build pessimistic perceptions of future society? If an argument lasts for more than five minutes then both sides are wrong. Emergent truths are what we need to work together as zealots (fanatically committed fighters) for positive change. Maybe it would just be enough for us to care and be like seeds of hope in a blurred field of lies.

We have so much potential in our society to make great difference and we only use our minds, hands and eyes to move and read our iPhone screens or glaze over mega TVs plastered over the walls. When they break, they are cast away. Not too long ago we used to come together as communities and repair things. Now a person will just enter a department store hundreds of stories high, constructed of ugly steel, and come out with a replacement. Who knows where the old one has ended up? Does one person's trash equals another's treasure? Maybe, if we still invented things with the curiosity and creativity of the elder age.

Is it sane for us to just keep wanting more and more? Maybe we should just let AI perform that function for us? Will we have robot economists, scientists, philosophers, historians, and artists? Perhaps it wouldn't be scary, we just don't know, I think it's our turn to take the risk towards finding out. I err on the side of caution because my utopia would be one where love and kindness prevail. In my opinion it's not sane to think that we are all powerful and constantly take more than give. How will art inspire the heart if it's not created by natural hand? Is intelligence, pursuit of extravagance, extra, extra! read all about it! really everything? I don't think so. What motivation do we have to even be here on Earth if we live without caring for it? What if we were going to be electrical chips rather than real beings? An electrical chip cannot be brought up with the same

unconditional love of a child. If we wake up to not needing everyone to be happy, we can live for what we have and what we need rather than want. If we can take risks and feel more alive before we are dead, we will have cared enough to realise the meaning of life. Which may just be living a life that is filled with wonder, not possessions and caring for all that is around us.

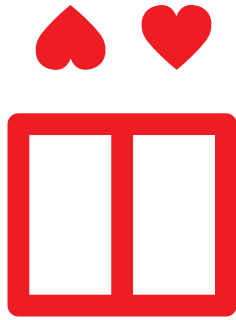
A peer through a pinhole camera into the past could tell us a lot about the future we may be racing towards. But you know what? We do have the power to decide its path! We have appeared on Earth for many reasons and it's up to us, those alive today, to choose where we will walk towards tomorrow, bringing these ideas with us (or not). Are we changing the guard of the keys for life to someone who will shield it right? Who knows, I hope they are someone we can trust, or someone who will reward a chance. My flood of thoughts is finished and my pen may be nearly out of ink, but before I reach for another one, I implore you to try and write your future. Be a guardian for what you hold closest to your heart, because if you don't find your story, be it a mission to follow, or someone to be and share the world with those around you, the conversation and memories will be blocked before they can even be conceived.

Try to find what your fight is and you will be living larger than you ever did. You will be able to say with emerging truth that no machine will buy over your belief in a strong voice and love for the Earth and everything on it. Why? Because, we fall through an abyss between space and time and if we stand for nothing, we stand on nothing. Your life is the most precious thing given to you. In his 2009 commencement speech at the University of Portland, Paul Hawken said, "This is your century take it and run with it." Sprint as if your very being, and that of all that you care for deeply, depends on it.

how i'll meet your mother

MYLES HEMA





The Horizon Class Elevator. Two-point-seven square metres from wall to wall. The passenger casing was seamless and consisted of thirteen layers of Habitation-grade Simplex. Each layer was coated with two-way Mirroreflect and laced with reactive ash. It created the illuminated effect of an infinite field of floating mist in every direction. Unless, of course, the power went down.

Darkness clicked in. Shannon was a newly designated Call-girl. Class 3. Oriental. Elegant. She went straight for her phone and lit up the console with a torch app. Her response was hardwired. Solutions first, consequences second. She pressed at the buttons with intent but there was no response. Maric watched on quietly, also non-responsive. He exhaled an intentional sigh to reassure her that there was nothing to fear. Anything he said or did could, and probably would, be construed as a threat because he was a man, and therefore guilty by gender. That's just the way it was in this corrupted dimension.

Shannon studied the console and pressed the emergency button. "Hello..." a voice responded from the console speaker. Shannon exclaimed, "I'm stuck in the lift with a man!" But the voice continued speaking, "You have called the Automated Emergency Response Terminal from Unit... 3... 2... A... 3. Maintenance has been activated and a Designated Systems Mechanic has been despatched." The message terminated.

Shannon flashed her torch at Maric who was fiddling with his phone. She raised her chin and asserted forcefully, "*They are on their way!*" But as she spoke, the rose-tinted hue of Auxiliary Lighting Scheme One flickered on. And she found herself standing just a little too close to the face of a stranger, in an all-too-small and escapeless space. Maric remained poker-faced. The sparkling green firelight of her eyes and the cheeky, sweet purse of her lips had already been burnt into his memory. He kept his response to himself. In the forefront of his mind she was still just like everybody else. A predestined passenger from birth, in a predetermined state of *being*. Socially manipulated to avoid all undesigned interaction — especially with the opposite sex — and made to look like it was *her* choice, every step of the way.

Shannon shouldered the wall alongside the console, pushing as far away as she could possibly be from *it*, or *he*, as he preferred to be known, and lowered her focus to the false security of her phone, even though the phones had stopped transmitting years ago. They only received messages now. But the apps were still a good way to shut people out. Silence settled in as though silence settles all. Silence in Habitation-grade Simplex.

Happiness 0. Depopulation 1.

Maric turned his back to Shannon and stood motionless with his eyes fixed in a downward gaze. His shoulders suddenly plunged as he inserted his fingers into a slot in the casing and began pulling at it. Shannon's eyes widened. The seal between her lips broke as her bottom lip fell. Maric pressed his left hand against the wall and jolted back with his right.

It came free without a sound and swung down flat. A beautiful, chalky white leather sofa bench with six or so inches of generous cushioning. A soft glow lit upon Shannon's face, unaware that her right brow had risen. Seating for three. Maric turned to Shannon, motioning his left hand to the wall behind her. He threw his palm open as though sprinkling seeds and with a sweet Irish brogue said, "Thars another one thar fer you, if ya want it?" Before she could respond he stepped over to her wall and wrenched the other seat down into place. "If ya want it?" he said, and stepped back to his side of the lift where he sat and drifted off into an unfocused gaze. Shannon took a slow and cautious side-step to the right, and placed herself upon the seat. But she was looking at him now — she was suddenly able to.

"Thank you for doing... this?" Shannon spoke, as she slowly and elegantly gestured her hand across the top of the leather bench. Her hand paused as her arm became fully extended, held in the hope of prompting a response. Maric was cautious not to reply too soon. He paused before leading with a smile, but genuine warmth overcame him when his eyes met hers and all preformed attitudes simply fell away.

"That's ok," he replied.

"They really are quite nice," she continued, "I would never have known that they were hidden away in there."

"Thar designed to be hidden," he replied before adding, "thar just fer emergencies y'know. Like this one. In the event of...an extended delay."

"And there has *been* a delay," she said light-heartedly, "but what's taking them so long? *They* said 'MAINTENANCE HAS BEEN AC-TI-VA-TED.'" Her imitation caused Maric to become lost between a laugh and a smile. Shannon was a little surprised that she could have that effect on him, and although she tried, she could not conceal her smile. He *really* liked her now. And he was sure she could like him too. But would she? Would she if...

He was snapped out of his silent ramblings when she suddenly asked, "So...how did you know they were there anyway? The seats I mean?" Maric's smile slowly melted away as he inhaled and said, "Yeah...about that!" Shannon continued on, "The mechanic's working on it right? That's what they..." Maric interrupted her, "Well...he's gonna be a while." Shannon's gaze became fixed. Even her confused face was pretty. Her eyes engaged his and he could not, and wished not, to escape them as she asked, "How would *you* know that?"

Maric paused, then braced, before saying, "Because — I'm the Mechanic."

Telling her who he was was one thing. Telling her why he had stopped the lift would be another. But tell her he did. And by the time the lift had powered up, wherever they were going, they were going there together.

Happiness 1. Depopulation 0.

Drivers of *Compassion and Love*: a Visit to the United Nations

JESS POWELL

I so often take gifts like safe drinking water for granted! It's crazy to think that one in ten people do not have access to something so readily available in countries like Australia.

Sustainable Development Goal 6, titled 'Safe Water and Sanitation', forms part of the United Nation's 2030 agenda to alleviate poverty. In total, there are 17 goals that extend from the former Millennium Development Goals, this time proposing a more holistic approach to fighting inequalities. The SDGs recognise that poverty is a multifaceted problem by nature and must look beyond mere economic growth. Societal AND environmental factors must also be considered and inform our approach to development.

Recently I had the opportunity to meet with 907 other University delegates from 78 countries in Bangkok, Thailand. While it was pretty cool travelling outside of Aus for the first time and going to the United Nations, it was most encouraging to meet so many people keen to make positive changes in the world. The highlight was considering the concept of 'change' and what really underpins the compassion that spurs us on.

Throughout the symposium, we heard from a number of speakers with valuable experience and knowledge to share. From the outset 3 Cs were highlighted: concern, commitment and courage. Further to this, we were encouraged to live for others — to "serve and not be served". But the question is, what can make people truly selfless and willing to consider others above themselves? One talk that resonated with me in particular was by renowned speaker Francis Kong from the Philippines. In his highly entertaining and interactive speech, he highlighted the need to look inwardly, before we can make outward actions of love towards society. Consideration of our own values, conviction of truth, and development of character were given emphasis. Quoting the good old Black Eyed Peas song 'Where is the Love', we were reminded, "If you never know truth, then you never know love." A key phrase that really summarised Francis' underlying message was, "So many people want to make a difference, but they don't want to be different." A new heart and a new spirit, he explained, is the key!

All in all, it was a really encouraging week... I sincerely hope some practical action may extend from this experience, with the Love of God as the driver. I am so thankful to have met so many incredible students from across the globe who also share in my desire to reduce poverty. Thank you to Humanitarian Affairs and the UNDP for running this fantastic program: the University Scholars Leadership Symposium. Furthermore, thank you to Federation University for providing some financial assistance that enabled me to make the trip.



The African Zodiac signs are based upon the ancestral symbols of African culture and it is likely to focus on the strengths and weaknesses you possess and by which you are able to understand your life in a different light and uncover the path to improvement.
– Madame Zemora Zola

The Baobob Tree

4 January – 3 February

The Baobob Tree is revered amongst the people of Africa, both for its great stature and its life-sustaining properties. While none of these qualities apply to you, don't let that thought hold you back from trying your absolute best.

LUCKY POSE: FRONT DOUBLE BICEPS IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR



The Wealth of Amber and Silver

4 February – 5 March

People born under this sign are often smart, quick thinkers with agile minds that are always active and moving onto the next thing. Unfortunately for you, the keyword in that description is 'often'.

LUCKY ITEM: CHEAT SHEET



The Family

6 March – 4 April

Members of the sign of The Family are caring, scrupulous and selfless counsellors with the ability to perform great accomplishments. If only someone could tell you where to direct this power, instead of wasting your life responding to trolls on Facebook.

LUCKY HABIT: REGULAR PERSONAL HYGIENE



Small Services to the Neighbourhood

5 April – 4 May

People belonging to the sign of Small Services are well known for their ability to come through in a crisis. Your challenge this season is to ensure any crises you face aren't because of your other well-known trait: procrastination.

LUCKY ORGANISATION: THE US GOVERNMENT



The Market

5 May – 4 June

Market people are boistrous and loud, emotional and dramatic, much like a marketplace. While these traits may be perfect for the stage, you'll discover this season that there are times when others don't appreciate this so much, like during exams, evaluations and funerals.

LUCKY ACTOR: BRIAN BLESSED



The Ancestor

5 June – 4 July

Those born under the most revered sign of the African zodiac tend to be natural leaders who are able to help others achieve success, making them loved by all. Unfortunately, you also can't stand being around, let alone caring for, other people.

LUCKY PERSONAL CHALLENGE: SUFFERANCE



The Judge

5 July – 4 August

Judges are known for their friendliness, impartiality, grounded outlook and fair-mindedness. While often looked up to for these traits, this does not mean that your racist, sexist, or classist viewpoints are going to be tolerated by others, let alone listened to.

LUCKY MEDIA: THE INTERNET ECHO CHAMBER



The Kola Nut

5 August – 3 September

Kola nuts are filled to the brim with caffeine, and people under this sign are often wild and unpredictable. If, despite living a difficult life against the odds, you can manage to reach even middle age, you'll have plenty of tales to tell.

LUCKY EXPENSE: HEALTH INSURANCE



The Traveller

4 September – 3 October

Travellers are constantly looking for new experiences, seeking new insights into life. This search for meaning and understanding is to be both admired and pitied – admired for the character it builds, pitied because you can't pay the bills selling handicrafts on Etsy.

LUCKY COUPON CODE: "INEEDTOEAT" FOR A 10% DISCOUNT



The Distance

4 October – 3 November

Dreamers, philosophers and non-conformists are often found in this sign. Averse to constricting boundaries and binding rules, they can still rise to greatness. Remember that the best way to avoid those disliked restrictions is simple: plan to fail more.

LUCKY TRAIT: PROCRASTINATION



The Child of the World

4 November – 3 December

Children of the World usually lead quieter, more secure lives, tied with a generous nature which many can find attractive. While this might seem boring to others, the bright side is that at least you know there's something people will find attractive about you.

LUCKY CLOTHING: PAPER BAG



The Harvest in the Granary

4 December – 3 January

The generosity, zest for life and loyalty of Harvest people is second to none, leading to others sometimes believing you lead a charmed life. Just remember to keep secret the diabolical knowledge that was shared as payment for that life.

LUCKY FRIEND: THE MAN IN YOUR PORTRAIT





2017

ARTS ACADEMY END OF YEAR EXHIBITION

**VISUAL ARTS &
COMMUNICATION
DESIGN**

**OPENING NIGHT
FRIDAY 10TH NOV 6PM – 8PM**

**DATES: 11TH – 19TH NOVEMBER
OPEN DAILY 10AM – 3PM**

**MINING EXCHANGE
LYDIARD ST, BALLARAT**

DESIGN: JESSICA PRICE & JONATHAN LORIMER