

# fedpress

Magazine



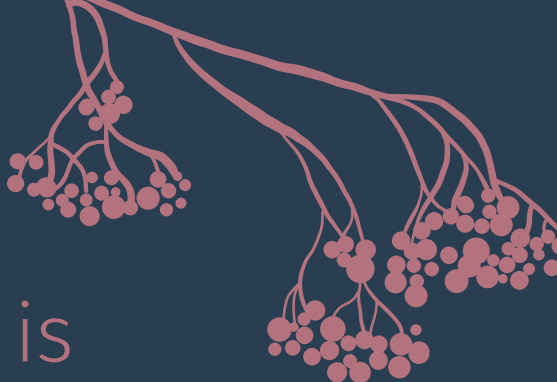
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Imperfection is  
*Beauty,*  
madness is  
*Genius*  
and it's better to  
*be absolutely*  
*ridiculous*  
than absolutely boring.



Marilyn Monroe

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## THE CONTRIBUTORS

### Cover

Bridget O'Brien

### Content

Jordyn Presley

Jasmyne Tzitziras

Jessica Price

Abbey Thompson

Damian Brown

Sir Troy Anothony Platt

Laura J. Wilson

Bridget O'Brien

Cherise Oosthuizen

Tricia Jones

Freya Fogliani

## THE TEAM

**Editor:** Jordyn Presley

**Co-Editors:** Bronwyn Nel, Cherise Oosthuizen, Olly Brayne

**Administration Manager:** Nyalat Pel Kun

**Art Director:** Clare Hartigan

**Assistant Art Director:** Bridget O'Brien

**Social Media Manager:** Brooke Forrest

## THANKYOU

Jessica Rae, Monique Stephens, Abbey Thompson, Jessica Price

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# Letter from the Editor

**Hi all,**

As some of you may know, there is a new team running FedPress this year. Some names may be familiar, others not so much. I want to thank every member of the FedPress team because without you, this magazine would not exist.

Firstly, I'd like to introduce you to this issue. We have themes of creativity, love and adventure through an exciting collaboration of poetry, short stories and more that I know you will enjoy as much as we do.

Secondly, I'd like to thank those who submitted pieces and everybody reading this. The magazine would not run without all your support and encouragement. I can assure you that we are always looking for new content so even if you think something is not good enough, we can help you polish a piece. We are all about making students shine and I am hoping we continue to do that for a long time.

Finally, I'd like to make a statement about Issue No. 19, April 2018. One creative story was published but unnamed. I'd like to apologise for that oversight and announce that the author of *The Viper's Hunt* was Molly Stanvi. Her piece was a captivating account of a loyal assassin and the subsequent murderous actions carried out by the antagonist. Molly, thank you for your piece and I hope everyone enjoyed reading it as much as our team did.

Thank you and happy reading,  
**Jordyn Presley.**

# ONE LAST RUN

It wouldn't be long now. Dusk was upon us and soon they would be too. My feet kicked up the dusty road as I ran through the wasteland, my eyes set on a single goal before me.

A small wooden house standing alone against the quickening night. I was a fool to think I could make it back in time. One more round, I had said. Ha, those thoughts would be the death of me. But how could I pass up a treasure like this? That rusted pile of scrap held something precious and dear. Something which we needed to survive. At first, it seemed like nothing much. An old car left to the elements, abandoned long ago when its owners fled. But upon closer inspection, it held a gold mine.

Stuffed hastily into the boot, hidden away from the world was an entire bag of canned goods! Of course, they were old but a few of them must have still been good. Either way, my family would survive another night in this death trap. Although not if I didn't make it back before the sun went down.

I was panting, my breaths heavy with every step I took. I was almost there, only a few more miles. I could see the faint outline of my wife standing by the open door. The moment the sun was gone that door would be shut and I would be lost to them. But I couldn't expect her to keep it open for me, not with our daughter to think about. So I ran. I took the air in sharply enough that my lungs stung with every breath, but I was almost there. It wasn't too late.

Behind me there was almost nothing left of the sun, and just when I thought I had made it home free, I heard it. That bone-chilling shriek echoing through the night. The sound caused me to freeze, a move which would mean the end of me as I turned my head to look back. The sight making me, a grown man, shake in its wake. Terror struck me as I watched them run. A horde of pasty fanged monsters. Their mouths hung wide as they screeched, heading for my scent, their eyeless faces turned towards me. There was no way I could outrun them. Even with the distance between us, I had no chance.

They were fast and hungry for blood. I swallowed what little courage I had left. If I couldn't make it back at least this food could. I shut my eyes for a split second before darting for the house, raising my arm to toss the bag at my front door. My family would find it in the morning. But they wouldn't find me.

**By Jasmyne Tzitziras**



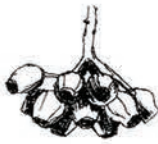
Banksia Seed Pod



Diosma



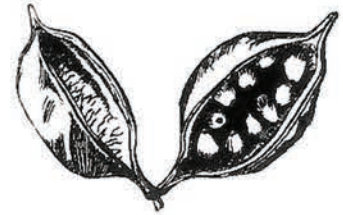
Pale-leaf Mistletoe



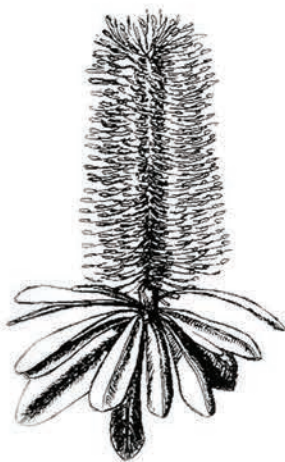
Eucalyptus Gumnuts



Golden Wattle



Kurrajong Pools



Banksia Integrifolia



Blue Lace Flower



Australian Cranesbill

Artwork in Hatched display by Jessica Price.

# Hatched

## National Graduate Show 2018

Federation University Visual Arts Graduate chosen for Prestigious Hatched National Graduate Show 2018

From 19 May, 30 new graduates will exhibit their work as part of the 27th Hatched: National Graduate Show at Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts (PICA).

This year Jessica Price, a graduate of the Bachelor of Visual Arts at Federation University Ballarat, has been selected to exhibit her work.

The Hatched: National Graduate Show is curated by Eugenio Viola and features work by recent arts graduates of the highest calibre rigorously selected from 22 tertiary institutions representing each of Australia's states and territories.

The exhibition examines the pulse of the nation's emerging arts practices while acting as an important platform for artistic careers. Many of Australia's leading artists including Shaun Gladwell, Julie Dowling and Khaled Sabsabi have exhibited their work in Hatched.

Jessica Price's work in the exhibition is *Natures Intricacies*, 2017 Screenprinting ink and fineliner on Somerset satin white paper, 300gsm. Jessica's research experiments with various print techniques including chine collè, screenprinting and monoprinting, together with drawing and painting. Her botanical imagery expresses her fascination with the beauty and minutiae of nature.

*Nature's Intricacies* is a series of botanical screenprinted and drawn works on paper in which Price's light and dark tones create the illusion of depth and realism. Drawing attention to the range and detail of species, Price's use of acrylic yellow injects a lighthearted twist – the colour particularly referencing Australian insects and flora. Compelling viewers to appreciate nature's beauty, her work also aims to build a greater appreciation and knowledge of native flora.

Like Jessica, all students were nominated by their school and the final selection was made by an industry panel. This year's panel included artist Agatha Gothe-Snape; Annika Kristensen (Senior Curator, Australian Centre for Contemporary Art); Fang-Wei Chang (Senior Curator, Taipei Fine Arts Museum) and Eugenio Viola (Senior Curator, Perth Institute of Contemporary Arts).

"Hatched is a significant means by which PICA supports emerging Australian artists," says PICA Director Amy Barrett-Lennard. "Hatched frequently provides artists with their first opportunity to present work within a supportive and professional public gallery environment as well as an instant network of peers across the country. The impact of these experiences cannot be underestimated."

*PICA is one of Australia's leading centres for the development and presentation of contemporary art.*  
**More information at [pica.org.au](http://pica.org.au)**

**Hatched: National Graduate Show 2018**  
**Exhibition Dates | 19 May – 15 July**

### Gallery Hours:

Tuesday – Sunday,  
10am – 5pm, FREE ENTRY

### Location:

Perth Cultural Centre, 51 James Street,  
Northbridge, WA, 6003.



# THIRD YEAR DESIGN STUDENT'S Instagram!





# In My Time of Dying, And Other Illness Stories

By Damian Brown, FedPress's Raoul Duke

*"In my time of dying, want nobody to mourn  
All I want for you to do is take my body home."  
'My time of Dying', Led Zeppelin, (1975)  
Physical Graffiti. Swansong Records.*

Well, seeing as how my previous article, ("When an Essay is due the night before" FedPress no. 18, February 2018), garnered such a positive critical reception, it seems appropriate to continue writing my articles in the same manner. That manner is writing my articles off the top of my head, straight down my hands into my fingers, into a keyboard, and finally into Microsoft word.

Hence, I will now touch upon my latest predicament: I am dying.

Symptoms include lack of energy, coughing up phlegm, snorting mucus, lack of appetite, and a desire to lie in bed bulk-watching Troydan Basketball and Gridiron videos on YouTube.

Unofficial diagnosis is Man Flu.

As suggested by the name, "Man Flu" is a condition that only affects males.

As a result, "Man Flu" are two words that provoke completely different responses among people, depending on which chromosomes they have.

Males will immediately cover their mouths and walk away, while wishing you the utmost sympathy.

Ironic.

Females will roll their eyes in derision. Usually accompanied by a comment regarding the invalid's lack of testicles.

Ironic.

For the record, I wouldn't wish an illness upon anyone else. I'd argue that if you are afflicted with a disease that is known to be contagious, it's better to stay home and recuperate. There is less risk of affecting others, and it's better to lose a couple of days of work and socialisation, rather than having to complete your work at anywhere between 25% to 75% of normal productivity levels.

With the rise of the internet, it is still possible to be productive while being bedridden. I myself have been booking appointments, paying off bills, researching articles, books and movies for my honours thesis, talking to people via social media and so on.

One thing regarding the internet and illness, is this; don't diagnose yourself with a condition via WebMD or a similar web service. I once got a bad headache bench-pressing at the gym, went home, looked up my symptoms, and worked out I either had an exertional headache, or a brain aneurysm. Hence, I started writing a will and saying goodbye to my loved ones.

I booked an appointment to see a GP and described my symptoms to her. She asked me if I consumed any alcohol over the weekend. I told her my team had made the grand final that weekend.

She didn't ask anything else.

She told me to go home, stay away from the gym, and see if the symptoms returned.

They didn't.



# **FAIRIE TALES OF EUREKA BLACKSWAMP**

**By Sir Troy Anthony Platt (Knight Of Kryal Castle)**

Once upon a Dreamtime,

Far away in the chocolate mountains was born a child named Janet Magicisco.

Whoever thought that this child would become the Southern Queen of the Grandmaster Fairy Wizard of Oz? Stories of love, merriment and most of all, the magical dance of the bridal fairies will excite and entertain all of us. Cuddle up in your picnic blanket and imagine this world of singing and dance.

Greetings my dear readers,  
welcome to the tale of the homeless wizard.  
Before I begin, my name is Matillda Lola Dover  
and I'm your friend and tutor.

Follow me to the amazing Academy of the  
Enchanted Kingdom of Mathildacalithnetics  
Like I said before, this is the first time that this  
collection was allowed to be written down.  
By the orders of the Princess Mary, let the story  
begin with the bridal dance.

\*

Janet was born near the volcanoes where a dragon was sleeping very peacefully, until she heard the cries of a baby. Dragon waited until the moon was full in the constellations of Capricorn. With a single breath, she gave the baby a secret blessing.

A breath of Magic was inside the baby's lungs. Giving the child the grandest wisdom of the Etoiles dragons. In time, no one noticed this young child's development of the dark arts in the valley of pain. She watched the warriors dance their victory over the wars with the invaders from the northern seas. Their skin, as pure as the clouds, was covered in their tribal totems.

By the time Janet was of age, she was working with her sister as a watcher. Her job involved keeping an eye on the livestock and treasures. By the sacred well, lived the unicorns who'd settle in the mountains springs to protect the entrance to the Dragon's Temple, where young braves were studying their warrior arts with the grandmaster hobbits from the sacred island. Only the braves from the royal house were allowed to be trained as warriors.

Janet observed them as she brought the Festival robes to the tailor for the final fittings of the braves graduating to become warriors.

She was in love with a young brave who was

training with the musicale Elves of Taal.

Their love begins to blossom and with her thoughts she made a wish as she blew her lantern out 'I wish for my true love to come to me with a gift from the sea, to sweep me away into his embrace forever and forever.'

Days went by and still no romance. Her seventeenth birthday arrived and no one remembered her birthday. Only her chickens gave her comfort as she fed them corn. One tear fell from her eyes to Maya sleeping on the platform below her. Maya began to awaken with a dream. Her dream was to guide a stranger from the sea to the sacred garden by the Blue Star house. There, Janet will see her true love as a man as hairy as the monkeys. Young Maya was distressed with this dream about the monkey in her vision. So, she decided to see the old witch doctor by the bamboo Forest of Fernando. Upon arriving at his den, she found a note:

Gone Fishin' at Red Rock Beach.

So little Maya flew to the old fishing outpost and found the witch doctor staring at a spot in the sea. The spot was getting bigger and bigger with some strange vessels. It was a dragon ghost ship, supposedly lost at sea. Cloth hung like leaves in the wind, free and wild until the ship hit the coral reef, shattering the timber which once shaped the outpost. Drifting with the tide was a hairy monkey. The monkey was as big as a giant cow. There he was hanging onto the bamboo table.

The witch doctor was hungry, and happy that the sea gods gave him this gift. He was about to touch the monkey when he heard thunder on the beach. He was surprised to see that the Dragon boat tribal hunting warriors were hunting this monkey as well. Their sticks made a spark. They heard the thunder.

A roar of lightning whistled passed his head as he grabbed the monkey and carried it to the deep water. There, the witch doctor dived under the water to the sacred caverns of the star demons and care of the monkey. The witch doctor and the monkey travel to the grand market to see Janet who was helping to sell some of the treasures. The monkey saw Janet and told her his story of the life beyond the chocolate mountains. They fell in love and monkey asked her to be his girlfriend.



# THE EIGHTEEN AND OVER EXHIBITION

BY JORDYN PRESLEY



The Gippsland campus has a rich heritage of art culture. Separated from the main university building by a carpark, it is almost a foreign land. However, upon stepping through the glass doors, a world of wonder awaits. To the right, lies Switchback Gallery, which this year hosted an exciting exhibition organised by third-year students and their mentors titled Eighteen and Over. This show is an extraordinary collaborative effort that features self-portraits, photographs, sculptures and a million different colours vying for your glance.





Eighteen and Over was officially launched with a celebratory event on Thursday April 19. Throughout its run, until the end of May, the exhibition drew attention from the wider university as well as community groups like the Latrobe Valley U3A (The University of the Third Age).

“This exhibition showcases the talent on offer at GCAD, whilst also fostering further growth and development of our cohort,” explains Lecturer, Dr Chloe Benson. “Eighteen and Over offers students valuable experience in professional practice that will assist them in establishing their objectives and projects for their final year of study.” Eighteen and Over was student-led and offered third-year students the opportunity



to showcase their second-year work from 2017. Scott Johnson and Rhonda Jacobs managed the complex job of curating the show. Corren Griffin-Griggs, Katie Smith and Mariah Payne provided curatorial assistance and managed technical duties, while Sarah Saridis took responsibility for designing and producing the show’s program and invitations.



Featuring artwork from almost one dozen artists, the exhibition garnered much praise and admiration. As the following pictures capture, the artistic talent available in GCAD is beautiful and speaks for itself. I hope I speak for everyone when I say that I cannot wait to see what more GCAD has in store for students and mentors alike.



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# Sleepover

By Laura J. Wilson - Part Two



Jake had seen all the Bond movies at least three times, and his favourites even more, so it was much more enjoyable to watch Ben's reactions than to pay attention to the movies that he could quote along with.

As he always did when he was forced to be still, Ben ignored any concept of personal space and lounged against Jake, gripping Jake's hands whenever he was excited, which was often. Though the older movies were cheesy, and not very scary, Ben was obviously in it for the experience and all of it delighted him. At the climax of Thunderball, one Jake tended to skip, Ben got so excited he literally fell off the couch. Jake felt triumphant when Ben started to yawn in *You Only Live Twice*, but the novelty soon wore off; Ben's yawns were loud, bone-cracking and highly contagious. Despite having stayed up much later on other occasions, they both decided to sleep and return to their binge-watching the next day.

Jake always felt a bit self-conscious sleeping around his friends. James thought it was hilarious that Jake bothered to floss and Ben never wore shirts to bed, while Jake wore full pyjamas. When Pete had commented on Ben's bare chest once, Ben had told them they were lucky he deigned to wear anything at all, and that thought tended to haunt Jake, even though the

conversation had been nearly two years ago.

Ben leaned against Jake while they brushed their teeth and Jake shouted at himself mentally to get a grip, watching his reflection and impressed that he looked fairly neutral, despite his inner freak-outs.

They both got into Jake's bed, as they had every night. Ben had perched dubiously on the camp bed for all of 30 seconds on the first day before deciding that Jake would be sharing his bed instead. There was plenty of room. Jake was powerless to say no.

Ben ranted about the films, ranking the women and the villains and the fight scenes, seemingly without drawing breath and certainly without needing a response from Jake. When he finally finished, they both realised at the same time that the light was still on.

'Dibs not!' they both said at the same time.

'Jinx!' they both said at the same time.

There was a moment while they both looked at each other, eyes narrowed, wary of the danger of a double jinx.

'Please don't make me get up,' Ben said, making puppy-dog eyes.

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Jake sighed and heaved himself out of bed. He made a drama out of it, unwilling to let Ben know how much power the puppy-dog eyes had. He also didn't want to admit that he was less likely to injure himself on the journey back, seeing as it was his room. If he did, he'd be stuck turning the light off every time this happened. When he climbed back into the bed, he found himself right on the edge. It was harder to be brave about getting close when he couldn't see the distance between them.

The thing was, he just wasn't sure that he was being ridiculous. He didn't think he was intrinsically unlovable, couldn't think that, actually, seeing as Ben had once told him at length how much he liked him, to the delight of James and Pete, who loved seeing Jake uncomfortable.

'I love you,' Ben said in his hopeful, cheeky voice.

I love your neat blond hair and your little nose and the way you seem all sensible and then you have three sugars in your tea like a maniac. I love your serious voice and the way you always let me copy your French homework but never your English, because you have standards.

'Love you, too,' Jake said, not putting on the gloom. It was quite depressing how true that was.

The list had gone on for quite a while. Loudly. The girl who had just broken up with Ben, saying that he loved his friends more than her, was not impressed. It was all for her benefit, but the words still stuck with Jake. Just because Ben had been shouting them in the cafeteria on bended knee did not mean that he was making it all up. It had to come from somewhere, right?

Ben reached out and stroked Jake's face roughly; it was almost a slap. Jake pushed him away wearily and then tensed, suddenly unsure where Ben was or what he was doing. It was silent.

He hadn't been joking when he said that Ben usually fell asleep instantly. It felt weird to know that they were both awake, both facing one another, in the complete dark. Ben cleared his throat softly and Jake jumped. Jake resisted scratching his leg because he didn't want to move.

And maybe, maybe Ben felt like he had done his part, and Jake was the one who had to make the first move.

Jake inched his hand closer to Ben, suddenly wide awake.

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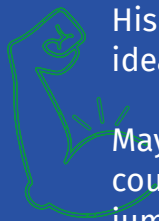
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His bedroom was pitch black, he had no idea how far away Ben was.

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Maybe if he just touched Ben's hand, he could pretend it was an accident if Ben jumped away, but if Ben touched his hand back ...

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Ben might be affectionate, but it would mean something completely different tonight. Surely, he could feel the tension. It couldn't just be in Jake's head.



ZZZZ

I don't need friends, Jake thought wildly. It was worth the risk of ruining everything. Finally, his fingers brushed warm skin.

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Artwork By  
Bridget O'Brien



# Sun Creatures

*By Cherise Oosthuizen*

We are creatures of the sun. Bright. Warm.  
Comforting in the way we seep into people's skin  
and grab onto every cell, every membrane. We sweep over  
planes, over nature itself in our own state of oblivion.  
But sometimes I look at sun creatures, so bright and tall,  
and think that maybe we would have been better  
not being sun creatures at all.

The sun turns scolding so quickly.  
Turns bitter. Turns against skin and blinds eyes.  
Dries up the very essence of life  
until there's nothing left but an empty desert.  
I wonder what would have happened if we had been  
moon creatures instead. Subtler in our approaches.  
More thoughtful, the same way a ray of light  
bounces on the rivers surface.

If we had been made more translucent. With less of  
a clear path that turns blurry at every heat wave.  
If we had been calmer, cooler in our actions to those  
we cared for and those that had cared for us.

But maybe then we wouldn't feel hardly as much  
heat then we currently do. Wouldn't fight with the type  
of fire we have. Maybe it would have been nice to have more  
moon creatures, yet sun creatures we were made to be,  
and so sun creatures we will stay.

# *no mark unrest*

*by Freya Fogliani*

The infinity of numbers 8 syllables  
I cannot divide, nor is it simply divine? 12 syllables  
Picture the sublime 5 syllables  
Close the gaps, the enabled define 10 syllables  
Pasts aligned our present sign  
Future paths assign  
Follow in our guise  
Abounding life so full of grace  
At ease.

I have landed, my sorrow to blame  
Victim purged in flame  
Trapped no more 'neath floor came  
Desir'd hope yearns to unknowing this game  
No more I long for home  
No mark unrest.

Daring now  
My dream cannot wait  
I can forgive the wrong  
Mistakes. I must  
Lead to unfinished woe  
Not grow with haste  
But want not waste  
Though I dream now much more  
Found what is worth to wish afore.

No more I long to belong  
My strength outlast  
Colour adorned my soul once pale  
No mark unrest my modest tale.  
A song mulled over again  
Shall awaken life's beauty blessed  
My story told. No mark unrest.

# THE CLOAK

A POEM BY TRICIA JONES

The cloak that has grown so heavy is velvet black and red.  
With a tattered hood cupping the hair around her head.  
A past of sorrow follows her, lurking both day and night,  
imposing on her happiness and stealing away the light.

The cloak has grown so heavy from dirt that does not show,  
No longer giving shelter from the wind or freezing snow.  
Now with another sunrise beating against her back,  
The search to find true happiness leads her down a track.

There, she stumbles upon a store that is brightly lit.  
She spies with much delight, a shawl that is finely knit.  
Dreamily she gazes, imagining just how it would feel.  
To have its beauty draped over her, had such appeal.

For bright and breezy disposition is all she ever wished.  
Hoping only for a chance, to see those things she missed.  
Longing to lessen the burden on her mind.  
She believes there is little hope of leaving it all behind.

Her gaze turns into a knowing stare as she lifts away the cloak.  
Entering with caution, she peeps behind the drape.  
To her left a guide appears, offering a hand of help.  
'Do you wish to browse or is there something on this shelf?'

Overwhelmed with thoughts, tears welled in her eyes.  
'Alas, I can only see this shawl and try it on for size.  
The cloak I wear is very old and I long for something new.  
I saw the shawl as I walked by. It was then I felt I knew.'

—

Happiness now overflowing, she explained herself in haste.  
Bartering boldly for the shawl, having only her cloak to waste.  
Agreeing upon an equal trade, exchanging old for new.  
A velvet cloak of black and red, for a shawl of gold and blue.



# fedpress

## **We want to share your writing with the world !**

Whether features articles, poetry or reviews,  
there's a place for all FedUni students in FedPress.

## **Submission dates for 2018:**

### **Issue #21 Sunday 2 September 2018**

All submissions must be sent to  
**submissions@fedpressonline.com**  
by the submission deadline.

Please try to keep submissions under 1000 words. We are able to accommodate longer pieces with notice, but obviously space in a print magazine is limited. If you are wanting to submit a longer piece for our website, please let us know in your submission email. There is no cap on online-only submission length.

**If you have any questions, please email [editor@fedpressonline.com](mailto:editor@fedpressonline.com)**

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Be *Yourself*;  
*everyone* else

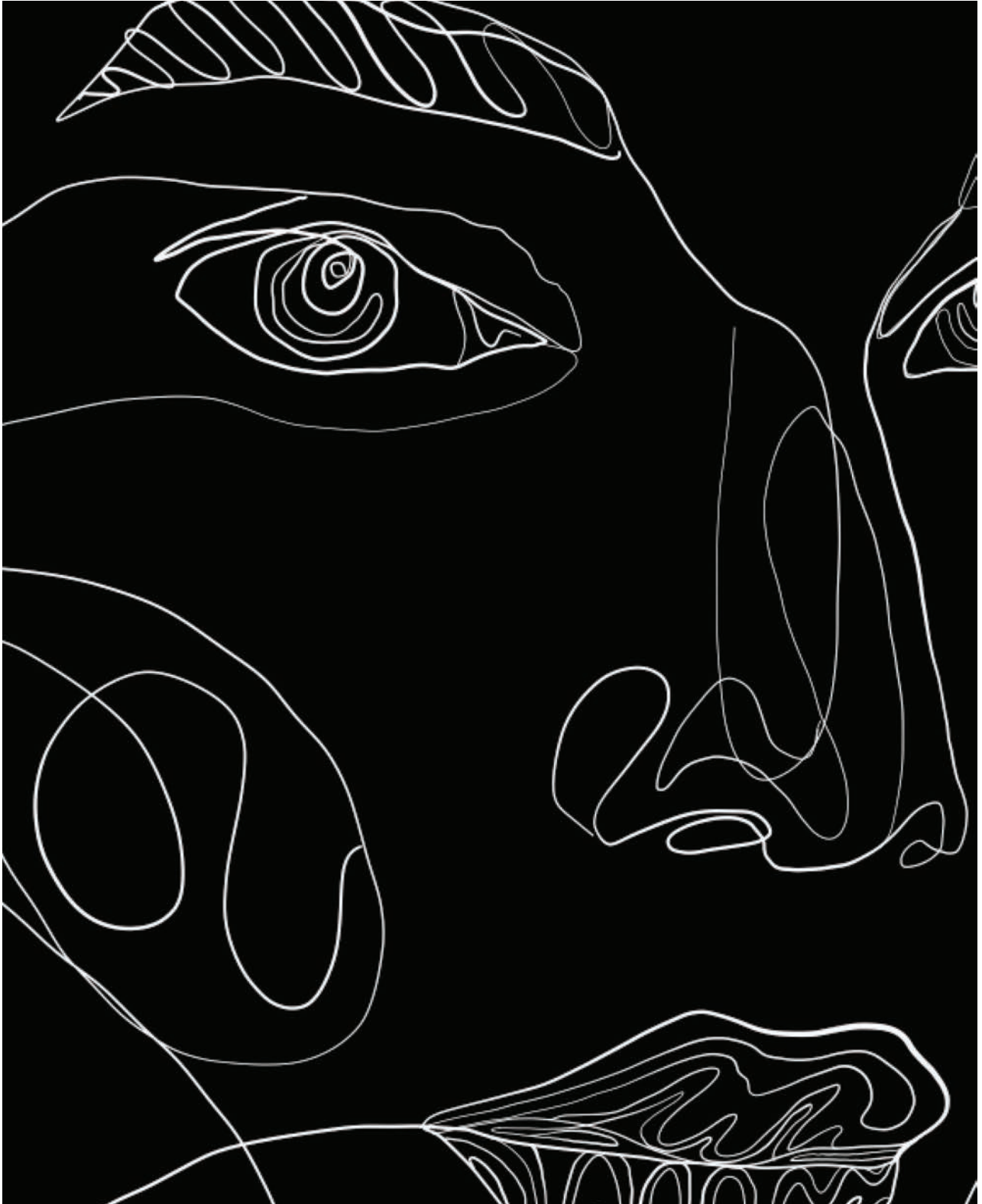


Already *taken*



Oscar Wilde





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