

Newington College



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# NEWINGTON 100

poetry | prose | artworks



Newington College







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**Abraham Ali (Year 8) photography throughout:** Earlier on this year I went to Syria with my mother and grandfather to see our family after eight years of waiting. During my time over there I found peace in the scenery, people and nature, and I wanted to capture that side of the country through my photography.

# Foreword

● This year’s issue of *New Enigma* embodies one of the key principles of Newington College – diversity. We have showcased diversity in a variety of ways and have taken as our guiding principle the idea that perception and diversity are closely connected. Taking the microscopic imagery on the front cover as a central metaphor, the works here demonstrate that the closer we look at what the College has to offer, the more profound the diversity that we can discover.

For that reason, *New Enigma* has undergone a shift over the last few years as well. While we still showcase literary fiction and poetic compositions, we have expanded our contributions to include writing from other areas of the school. Within these pages, you will now find sports writing, philosophy essays, excerpts from Year 12 class work and a variety of other types of prose. This forms part of a broader plan, over the coming years, to include representations of every discipline in the College and to celebrate writing as a core skill set that permeates each discipline and builds conversations between subjects.

This year’s edition also features a variety of HSC and IB art works. In keeping with the focus on broader forms of writing, we are keen to demonstrate the sheer diversity of media that comprise the art world at Newington. While painting and print media are still a key part of artistic life at the College, multimedia and digital media have played a significant role in recent years, and are represented here accordingly. We have also included some works that bridge the connection between written and visual media, such as Ben Higgins’ opinion piece about why traditional film and analog media are enjoying a return.

In addition to the HSC and IB art works, there are a series of photographs taken by Abraham Ali from a recent visit to the Middle East. These photographs provide part of the rhythm of the publication – a reminder that all the students in this year’s edition have connections that extend beyond the College and that this is what allows them to impart such a strong diversity to the College in turn.

Finally, *New Enigma* raises questions about the role of diversity in the modern world and the dangers posed to diversity, whether in the form of Luke Canter’s critique of surveillance or Alex Malouf’s piece on the rise of the alt-right. In combination with the fictional and poetic pieces, these offer a challenge to think about the ways in which we can foster and continue to value diversity in years ahead.

We would like to thank all the students for their contributions, as well as the Communications Department. This isn’t just a collection of writing and images, but a tactile, material object, and the graphic design, layout and visual conceit would be impossible without the dedication of Annie Markey, Andree Melawi, Sarah Bradley and Davina Russell. With their help, we have put together a volume that captures the diversity of writing at Newington.

We are very proud of the result and hope that you enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed editing, compiling and preparing the pieces that you now see.

# Rhyming Dragon

James Hardy | Year 5

●● “Well, that’s just brilliant” said Tyson.

The room smelt of cinder, and Nolan was pretty sure that wasn’t because the dungeon was a smoking zone. The dragon pounced like it had spent a week at Cara’s gym.

“Are you ok?” asked Nolan.

“This guy needs an ice tea!” said Tyson.

“More like an exorcist,” Nolan said, seeing the red eyes and deducing that the dragon usually was peaceful, but had recently decided to go into that stupid room of stuff that could possess you.

Tyson then leapt like a cat, just avoiding the flames.

“Stupid me,” said Nolan. “Me taking this stupid quest, me endangering Tyson. All my fault.” This quest was the least of Tyson’s worries.

He thought about his family.

“My family was right. I always rush into dangerous situations without thinking. Now it’s going to get me and Nolan killed in a horrible way.” Another fire ball rippled through their path, incinerating the flower bed, turning it into a pile of ashes.

“I’m guessing he isn’t exactly the positivity king,” said Tyson.

“Always captain obvious, aren’t you,” replied Nolan.

“I try,” said Tyson, sarcastically.

“FEE FI FO FUM, I’M GONNA EAT YOU, YUM, YUM, YUM!” said the dragon.

“Not only can he talk,” said Nolan. “He has very bad poetry. Let’s kill him before he comes up with a haiku.”

“Hear, hear,” said Tyson, just as annoyed as Nolan.

# The Great War

Jeremy Latham | Year 5

●● The trenches are deathly quiet.  
I can feel the squelchy mud inside my lice-infested boots.  
I can taste the bitter diseases in my mouth.

Despite the silence,  
My ears are filled with the deafening booms of bombs  
The ear-piercing screams of fallen warriors.  
I can tell that death is coming for me,  
Whether at the point of a gun, or through disease.  
This war is stealing so many lives.

At any moment the enemy troops could tunnel through  
The thin layer of sand on the ground of the trenches  
And ambush us.  
I carefully creep along the narrow trench,  
Looking out for unexploded bombs  
Or dreaded spies.  
The thick smoky air is slowly spreading.  
I’ve forgotten what it’s like to take a breath of fresh air

The generals always boss us around.  
They didn’t bring nearly enough supplies.  
This war was supposed to solve all our problems.

# A Suite of Haikus from 7DVA

Year 7

1. The stretched fields of snow whiter than a wedding dress. Freezing like Vostok.	7. The season of fresh beginnings; of time anew. Pollen in the air.	14. Summer. A beach day surfing, swimming with friends found. Sand-crusted; happy
2. Mountains crowned with snow colder than Siberia. Ice cream sentinels.	8. Being burnt alive pools flood with bodies basking; welcome, ice cream sundae.	15. Hot and sweaty; argh! Sun beating, grass brittle; night furnace. Can't find sleep.
Ari Kritikos	Ellis Khu	Stanley Martin
3. Regal, princely cliffs watch out over all the land – solemn; protective.	9. Sun shines on lone trees, detached they do stand, vital, pulsing in the wind.	16. Crisp wind attacks; hunts. We desperately pursue warmth – sun hidden. Lost glove.
Finn McCreery	Morgan Jones	Jonathan Tang
4. A green field of grass dances under the spring sun, for the light is back.	10. Dead, silent, leaves fall as autumn limbs wind-sway. The sun: tree hiding.	17. Winter: snow, leaf-less trees, stuck at home. Silence now. Fun foiled. Sadness sapped.
Jasper Walsh		Joshua Cartwright
5. The wind crackles leaves claiming the world – caustic, cold. The sound strips souls bare.	11. Rain forms. The sky falls. Cold wind sears unguarded land. Winter overtakes.	18. The whip of air stings as icy frost nips and clings. Silence is certain.
Tom Carlisle	Aidan Morrell	Spencer Baird
6. The gust of crisp wind picking up growth underfoot sows seeds all over.	12. Hours out in the bush the sun pummeling my back; comes Summer's scorching sting.	19. The wind shift lifts, Frost's breath appearing on glass – Winter's wrath will come.
Bodie Young	Anton Park	Kiran Hyne

20. My feet are sand-burnt; face water-cooled, wave splashed. The beach is bustling.	26. The sweltering sun persists, raging across land in drought. Famine feasts.
	Matthew Tan
21. It is autumn now – last flowers bloom peacefully; the rivers are still.	27. The trees fall loudly, the sun sets on empty souls. The land lies silent.
Hugo McGann	
22. Cold envelopes me. Snow closes in – ice blanket. Isolation. Free.	28. Stream flowing gently as grass leans in mild winds – Peaceful. Soul-filling.
Charlie Millar	Jamie de Botton
23. Summer warms the world, spirits fly high – joy thermals; people show themselves.	
24. Winter brings the cold; all warmth vacates life – stasis. People lose their souls.	
Seb Parhash	
25. Birds playlist singing, animals jumping freely. Grass billows – stark green.	
Roscoe Pilcher	





Abraham Ali | Eye of Yogurt

# On and On

Daniel Martin | Year 7

● Ding Dong, Bing Bong.  
Let’s play some Ping Pong.  
Grab some racquets and a ball,  
But what do you use them for?

“Stop Playing,” mum shouts.  
“Lunch it’s ready, father’s out.”

“PIZZA!”

Delicious, that was yum  
Now let’s go and have some fun.

Let’s play hop-scotch.

“Okay, but how do you play?”

Oh no, you don’t know,  
We have to fix that right away,

“1,2, hop on one shoe,  
3,4, feet on the floor.  
On and On.”

Do you get it?

“Yes, Yes, I get it now.”

“1, 2, hop on one shoe,  
3, 4, feet on the floor.  
On and On.”

Faster! Faster!

“1, 2, hop on one shoe,  
3, 4 feet on the floor.  
On and On.”

One more time!

“1, 2, hop on one shoe,  
3, 4, feet on the floor.  
On and On.”

Now let’s go inside.  
“No, please, just one more time.”

# “I’ll See You Soon”

James Liao | Year 7

I was carried into the white room on a stretcher. Coughing and wheezing, drifting in and out of consciousness. *White...black...white...black...white...black...white...black.*

I gasped for air. But I seemed to suck nothing in. Some sort of apparatus forced oxygen down my throat and into my lungs. Finally, a proper breath of air. The machine made an insidious sound.

A hazy silhouette stood beside the stretcher and clenched my hand tightly, their words unintelligible. More and more were carried in, body upon body, stretcher after stretcher.

The insidious beeping continued.

I started thinking of my past. Not what I did wrong, but what I never got the opportunity to do. All of the missed chances, chances to do great things...wasted. Everything I always wanted to be as a child, drowned by society and its perceptions. The thoughts collated in my mind, grew and grew, but this brewing was always momentarily interrupted by bursts of excruciating pain. Washed out figures loomed over the stretcher, now holding grey objects and clear bags. My stomach churned at the thought of my fate.

The machine beeped slower still.

I started to ponder what my last words would be. My thoughts were stunted by my lack of energy. I sighed; my strength rapidly

deteriorating. New figures stood over me, now uncountable. I slipped in and out of consciousness again.

*White...black...white...black...white...black.*

The beeping drifted off into the background.

The figures moved quicker, like glimmers of light. They were too quick for my eyes to see and my brain to comprehend their movements. I was so light-headed, at this point I wasn’t even aware of myself. I knew for sure now that this would be my last moment on earth.

I still didn’t know what my last words would be. My throat was parched and constricting. My mouth hung slack. My whole face was pale with pain and suffering. The figures were screaming, others frantic and rushing around the room.

With every ounce of energy and strength, that I had left, I only just managed to get out:

“I’ll see you soon...”

The machine flatlined.



# Victorious Newington

Matteo Cleverley | Year 7

The soft, dewy grass against my coarse skin,  
To run, and to pass and to never ever sin.

Screaming and yelling, yet it is so quiet,  
Then all of a sudden, it’s back to a riot.

The ball in my hands feels so light, so smooth  
And all of a sudden, I’m back to my youth.

I’m thinking of scoring that game-winning try  
Before I hear an ear-splitting cry.

An opposition player, so big and so fast,  
Is moving so swiftly along the grass.

I step to my left and watch him fly through,  
And through the gap that he left I flew.

Just one more defender I had to get past,  
Their line of defence, he was their last.

I ran straight at him and dropped it on the toe,  
Over his head and towards the line it did go.

I chased the ball hard, it was really quite fine,  
And then I regathered and dived on the line.

Celebration was sweet, I jumped in the air,  
We had won on the bell  
Fair and square.



# The Fox and The Wheat: A Description

Nathan Sharp | Year 7

●● The sway of the wheat has a voice. It speaks with every gush.

I try to listen to the wheat, but I don't understand.  
It speaks an ancient language that nobody can ever learn.

The little fledglings perch on the branches and sing in harmony.

The early morning fog is millennia old. Under its gaze,  
everything shifts back in time.

The morning dew plays a harp, from the leaf to the spider web.  
The sound is so deep my ears can't quite hear it.

The old towering oaks give life and a home to all the spirits  
who live here.

A rustle from the bushes behind me catches my attention.

Out jumps an orange angel, moving with an ethereal hush.  
Every step is padded with a paw.

I don't know how long I stand there. The world pauses as the big  
bushy tail jumps out of sight, burrowing itself in the woven bushes.

Once again, the wheat breathes in and out.

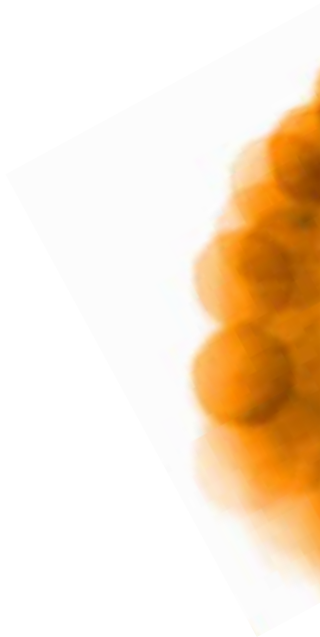


# Mystic Landscape

Stirling Williams | Year 7

●● My shield will not protect me  
Against the unknown thunder  
Waiting in the trees  
They are watching the land.

Intruding in my place of wisdom  
They will pause and wait  
And stop and think  
Waiting for the right time.





# The River

Evan Malakonakis | Year 7

- You can hear the water flowing from rock to rock,  
Trickling on its way down,  
You can taste the freshness of the air,  
Smell the moss upon the earth.

A cold autumn breeze twists the leaves,  
Sends orange stalks to the ground,  
The trees shake, the water runs  
As the wind whistles everywhere.

The coldness dries your mouth  
And cracks your lips, no matter where you are.  
No roads or cars are in sight,  
A lone rusted bike sits by the tree.

A thin layer of mist covers the water,  
The sun's rays shoot through the canopy  
Making the surface glisten like diamonds.  
A lonely leaf falls. The river ripples.

# Memoryscape (2018)

Ben Coultas-Roberts | Year 12



## ARTIST'S COMMENT:

Uluru is the heart of Australia – a massive rock world – renowned for its cultural significance to the Indigenous communities and physical presence in the Australian landscape. Some do not realise that the rock stretches 2km underground and 30km north-west. This is significant as it represents the majority of memories and thoughts that you don't see within yourself. The saying “just the tip of the iceberg” describes this concept, and illustrates the idea that we are only conscious of a small proportion of our memories.

# Sins of the Past

Toby Eastway | Year 7

●● The earth has gone  
There's nothing left  
Animals have died  
Our biggest theft.

This is what we think,  
The human race  
The flora and fauna  
Have no place.

Buildings will stand,  
Skyscrapers will tower  
Houses will be built  
Nature will cower.

The forests will go  
Green will cease,  
Infrastructure will grow  
Grey will increase.

Weapons will be built  
Wars will begin  
Food will be marketed  
From inside a tin.

Eventually we'll realise  
But it's too late  
This is what we  
Have made of our fate.

And when we sit  
Dying with our kin  
We will mourn  
Our environmental sins.



# Scavengers

Joshua Navan | Year 7

●● The wind howled as the white snow drifted around the frosted landscape. I trudged through the frozen dead land, the remnant of the earth we once knew and loved, covered with metres of ice.

It started in 2191. A great disease struck our planet. My name is Josh Sulvec. I was one of the survivors of Earth. Not only is this place freezing, but we share it with all sorts of mutated creatures, worse than any mind could imagine.

The radio blared.

“Josh, you there? We need you to get that vial here now – we think someone has been affected.”

“What?! Who? I still have to cross the Metal Graveyard.”

I was worried – one person lost meant a lot to our civilisation.

“Joe – he started to twitch and gurgle blood.”

I turned off the radio. I began to run, risking exposure to the Eye of Metal.

The Metal Graveyard was an army ready to awaken. Military robots were buried under the ice. The Eye of Metal was a targeting system that awakened sleeping robots if they detected something. The plague changed their programming to target humans. If I woke them, I was as good as gone. Beneath me, the ice glowed red.

“Oh no.” The surface cracked and shattered, I had awakened them!

I dodged and weaved as they rose. Their bodies looked like death itself. I was done for.

I heard my name being called on the radio, but the fleshy growth of the plague was around me, injecting itself into my mind.

“JOSH!!”

And then suddenly, I woke. I felt the power of the plague in me. It hadn't quite taken my mind away from me but it had given me power.

“Josh, you're awake. Get here now. There's a massive blizzard coming.”

I needed to be fast. Mutants lived inside blizzards.

A body appeared through the haze. At first it looked like a dog, but it soon became clear that this was something very different. Multiple tongues hung out of its mouth and its body seemed torn apart by the plague. It jumped at me, bloody teeth craving a taste of flesh. I held the trigger as the beast yelped and fell apart.

“I need to get out of here.”

The blizzard was tough – I could only survive ten more minutes. As a boulder flew past my head, I began to run as fast as I could. The red glow of death lingered behind me, like I was competing with a shadow.

“Fire!”

Bullets whipped past my head. Screeches

ricocheted out from behind me as mutated limbs were blasted into oblivion.

All of a sudden, a human figure appeared.

“Run for the rocket, we're leaving this wretched planet. Go!”

The figure motioned towards the engine, jets powered up and ready to take us as far away as we needed. At the very moment, the monster jumped on me, taking aim at my flesh.

“Aghhhh!”

I gathered all the strength in my body, even the disease, and blasted the monster into the blizzard.

It was done. We were going to leave.

As I walked towards the rocket, people started to move away as they saw my appearance more clearly. A pain struck my body.

“Sorry, Josh, we just can't run the risk of bringing you on board the ship. You have symptoms of the plague.”

It had all been for nothing. Yet as the snow whipped around my face, I knew the fight couldn't be done yet.

# The Outback

Benjamin Layhe | Year 7

●● Waiting on the rain,  
It arrives at three a.m.,  
Falling like these words,  
It rolls off the roofs and highways,  
Into the sun-beaten tracks.

The tracks swallow it up,  
Like a hungry beast eating.  
It's repetitive.  
In the morning it's gone,  
Like the wind, here and then not.

Five more months pass by,  
Not a single drop of rain,  
The ground is hungry,  
That night the heavens open,  
Like never before, raining.

# A Shriek of Pain

Abraham Ali | Year 8

●● She blew in my ears  
Creaked my door  
Tickled my toes  
Folded my sheet so gently  
Finally, kissed me  
With her warm soft angelic lips.  
She knew how to awaken me  
At last I sat up  
Listened to the purrs of the outside world.  
I got out of bed  
Blood rushing through my body  
As I arose with the house.  
The sound of her closing the door  
It resonated through me.  
Shivers of bright sun  
They harkened me to change rooms.  
A shriek of pain  
Another toe victim to wardrobes.

### AUTHOR'S COMMENT:

In this poem I am poetically talking about my emotional journey to Syria. “A Shriek of Pain” refers to the moment I left my grandfather, and the realisation of my sense of hopelessness around the situation in that country and the irreversible problems. Each line has a meaning relating to my trip in Syria.



# Directions

Aston Brown | Year 12



## ARTIST'S COMMENT:

*Directions* provides a monotonous portrait of urban life, injecting a certain passiveness into five intimate scenes in the style of a digital GIF. Flâneur – which among other things means to “wander with no purpose” – is a concept which underpins my work. Popularised in Paris in the nineteenth century, the word has a rich set of associations and meanings that describe the wanderer of the modern urban streetscape and their philosophical way of living and thinking – as the detached observer.

Functioning as a street sign, the installation acknowledges its suburban surroundings while also questioning where these moments may actually be leading or directing one to. The collages in each scene operate in a similar sense in recognizing their environment, amplifying feelings of futility and melancholy through the neutral aesthetic of dull concretes and metals that epitomise the built environment.

“Dear Lieutenant Carmichael, we regret to inform you that...” His eyes trailed off. The letter was painful to read.

Carmichael tried again. His eyes stung from the intense salinity of his tears, but he knew that his pain was nothing in comparison to what his family had endured.

The government paper, sodden and warped from years of exposure to his sadness, lay there. A deep pit of failure and regret from which he knew he could not escape. Carmichael knew he could have helped them. He should have. All their efforts, all their precautions had gone to waste – and he'd done nothing to help. The Anderson shelter proved useless. Despite their fastidious ways and his lack of them, they had perished and he had survived.

Carmichael had attempted to read the letter in its entirety, so far to no avail – he could barely get past the first four lines. He should have been there too, he should have died, not them. He'd been so reckless. His face contorted as he attempted to recall the events prior to the demise of his entire

family. Carmichael slumped over, exhausted from the stress of thinking. The guilt, the shame and the sadness clouded his mind as he once again fell into a deep slumber.

Carmichael ticked the box. It read: "I am above the age of 17 therefore legally allowed to participate in the war effort". He knew it was a lie, but it was the only thing he could do to get away from his family and their absurd obsession with "safety". What good would staying home do? There was a war going on, and Carmichael needed to be a part of it. "For England," he kept telling himself, though deep down Carmichael knew it was solely for himself.

Carmichael made his way down the sheet, telling the truth when he could, lying when convenient. Carmichael reached the bottom of the page. The only thing left to do was sign the form. His hands trembling, he scrawled a barely legible “J. Carmichael” in the space that read “sign here”.

The ambient noises of London surrounding him, Carmichael turned to hand the document in at the large, intricately carved wooden desk. People walked hurriedly around him. They looked flustered and worried. It is wartime after all, he thought. Ignoring the irritable and distracting noises of automobiles and buses that filled the streets, Carmichael craned his neck to look

upwards at the man standing behind the desk. The man looked intimidating and officious, adorned in a black military uniform with brass buttons. Taking the paper from Carmichael's outstretched hand, the man squinted, peering down at him. Anticipation filled Carmichael's gut as the man's eyes darted back and forth from the form to his face, before finally handing the paper back.

Without speaking, the officer gestured towards what looked like a makeshift tent. This was the processing room. The tent looked like one you would expect to find at a children's carnival, although with the absence of any colour or festivities, the military construct looked almost sinister.

Any second thoughts about joining the military had to be tossed aside before entering the facility. Thoughts of his family swirled through his mind, of how livid they would be to witness him here. Carmichael cast these aside, leaving them to mull by the entrance. Carmichael, breathing heavily and standing tall, stepped inside.

A shell exploded right above the trench, splattering mud, dirt and shrapnel over everyone even remotely close to the mayhem. They cowered, waiting for the constant and rhythmic thuds of enemy fire to subside.

His face camouflaged by layers of dirt and grit, Lieutenant Carmichael peered over the top of their hastily made trench. The enemy were reloading. Troops on both sides were struggling to manage large and unwieldy machine guns. Ammunition piled around them in heaps, the soldiers continued to fumble, their fingers slippery from the blood of the fallen.

It had been only two years since he signed that form, the one that had placed him in this dreaded predicament. Somedays Carmichael regretted his decision, others he praised it. It was not often now that he thought of his family. It was easier that way. With all preconceived notions of war and its glory wiped from his mind, and his family's emphasis on the importance of safety completely discarded long ago, he was a new man. Now Carmichael woke each day expecting something to kill or maim him, fear constantly broke his sleep.

Carmichael, unlike the others in his squadron, had not received any mail from family. Initially he had attributed this anomaly to their anger with him after joining the army, but now, after nearly two and a half years of service, not one single communication seemed extremely unfair. Although now was not the time for him to dwell on personal matters. War raged around him. Young bodies dropped

to the ground, wasted lives. Shells flew unpredictably, bullets wizzed over the trench, explosions made the ground tremble and, for the first time, Carmichael felt that he didn't belong.

He yearned to be with his loving family. His overprotective, anxious family; their intentions were good. His squadron? They didn't truly care about him. What was he thinking signing up for this? Carmichael imagined the joyous, elated faces of his family when he would arrive back home unscathed. Carmichael temporarily pushed the thought to the back of his mind where it couldn't distract him, he loaded his rifle with a newfound determination to make it home.

The war was over. Four years had passed and Carmichael had still not heard from his family. Despite this he was hopeful. Beaming, Carmichael descended the stairs of the plane, setting foot on British soil for the first time in years. He was finally going to reunite with his family. Carmichael knew he had been reckless, joining the army. He could have died, many troops did, which is exactly why his family was so overprotective. Had it just been luck that he'd survived?

Jumping in a taxi, Carmichael spoke the address of his adolescent home. A few minutes later, looking through the frosted window, he recognised the streets, but

they were so different. Debris littered the streets and the houses that remained were blackened with soot. The driver pulled up in front of what was now a somber pile of featureless rubble. The smile instantly faded from Carmichael's face. He got out, shutting the door slowly behind him. An officer was waiting for him.

"I'm sorry," the officer's eyes seemed to say, as he handed Carmichael an envelope.



# “Colourless Green Ideas Sleep Furiously”: A Personal Analysis of Burgess’ *A Clockwork Orange* and Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment*

Luke Canter | Year 8

“We read to know we’re not alone”. In the presence of a suggestible, irrational human consciousness susceptible to blind populism, literature gives minority views and uncomfortable truths a voice. It is a necessary counterbalance to circumvent the populist echo chamber and promote a more balanced assessment of pressing societal concerns by pervasive means. This personal analysis discusses Burgess’ *A Clockwork Orange* and Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment*, works written almost a century apart, yet still thematically connected to each other and to contemporary political ideologies. It examines connections to my worldviews in the form of character analyses and major concerns such as the ubermensch complex (the rationale of a self-proclaimed “man beyond men”), hedonism, and moral relativism, as well as their modern parallels.

Firstly, both works explore the consequences of “ubermensch thought” as the protagonist of *Crime and Punishment*, Rodion Raskolnikov, tries to justify his murder of the pawnbroker, and as Alex, the unreliable narrator of *A Clockwork Orange*, distances himself from the brutality of his crimes. In *Crime and Punishment*, most characters exhibit this complex in some way, the two most egregious examples being Raskolnikov and the antagonist, Svidrigailov. This complex is clearest when Raskolnikov sympathises with a student’s assertion that

“A hundred, a thousand good deeds could have been done [...] on the old woman’s money [...] Hundreds of human beings could be given a new start; dozens of families saved from beggary, decay, ruin, vice [...] [If you killed her and took her money,] wouldn’t those thousands of good deeds wipe out that tiny little crime?” Dostoevsky’s use of circumlocution emphasises the amorphous, ambiguous nature of this utilitarianism. The low modality of “wouldn’t those thousands of good deeds [...]?” both legitimises and invalidates Raskolnikov’s intentions.

Similarly, in *A Clockwork Orange*, Burgess uses Alex’s narration to reinforce this ubermensch complex during his acts of “ultraviolence”. For example, his narration of invading the home of the “cat woman”, laced with Nadsat (a fictitious Anglo-Russian argot used predominantly by teens) tries to make light of a senseless murder. Alex’s use of vernacular is exemplified in his retelling of murdering a vulnerable “cat woman”: “I gave her a malenky fair kick in the litso, and she didn’t like that, crying ‘Waaaaah,’ and you could viddy her veiny mottled litso going purplewurple where I’d landed the old noga [...] the whole veshch really a very humorous one.” The use of diminutive terminology, such as “purplewurple” to refer to bruising, “[a humorous] veshch” to refer to the rampage, and “malenky (Russian-derived slang term for ‘little’)” to refer to a blunt kick, desensitises Alex’s reaction, whereas

the reader is fully cognizant of the atrocities committed. Furthering the ubermensch metaphor, the lack of a voice afforded to women within *A Clockwork Orange* even persists after Alex undergoes the Ludovico Technique to normalise his behaviour. In the final page, post-conditioning Alex remarks that “there was this veshch of finding some devotchka or other who would be a mother to this son.” The objectification of women in a passing statement, as an instrument for Alex’s use, is a clear example of his continued toxic masculinity.

Both instances share parallels with my personal views of language and euphemism as a vehicle for justifying state-condoned violence in the late 20th and early 21st centuries. Reference to foreign interventions as “foreign contingency operations,” contested claims as “alternative facts” and the injury of civilians as “collateral damage” are three such examples.

Secondly, moral relativism and the lack of absolute good are both prominent themes in the two texts. In *A Clockwork Orange*, this relativism manifests most strongly in F. Alexander’s intentions to exact revenge upon Alex for the earlier home invasion and brutalisation of his wife by driving Alex to suicide. This would make him a martyr against the incumbent government, another of F. Alexander’s targets in a utilitarian political campaign. This sentiment

is embodied in one of F. Alexander’s exchanges with another revolutionary: “What a superb device he can be, this boy. If anything, of course, he could for preference look even iller and more zombyish than he does. Anything for the cause.” The self-aggrandizing utilitarianism of “anything for the cause” casts F. Alexander’s party in a morally ambiguous light in a world where there is no objective “good”. More broadly, the Ludovico technique is moral absolutism to its extreme, since the very premise is that Pavlovian conditioning is used to make criminals abhor violence and rob them of moral choice, thus turning them into the titular “clockwork orange” – an organic, sophisticated being on the outside, though an inhuman automaton on the inside.

In *Crime and Punishment*, this moral relativity is encapsulated in a starker contrast: Raskolnikov is prone to sporadic acts of violence and charity. He pays the funeral fees of the Marmeladov family after the patriarch, a drunkard and spendthrift, is run over by a chariot; in contrast with Svidrigailov’s philosophy towards acts of charity, this was not premeditated nor meant to avert suspicion. Compare this to Svidrigailov’s donation of money to Sofia Marmeladov and Raskolnikov, where Svidrigailov is suspected of murdering his spouse and lacks any redeeming qualities. Svidrigailov’s violence is driven purely by hedonism, where Raskolnikov’s violence

is driven by the pawnbroker’s parasitic classism and a sense of justice.

I identify with Burgess and Dostoevsky’s pessimistic views of human nature, where no one is consistently, objectively “good,” though they gain redeeming qualities by the end of the narrative relative to the novel’s world. In particular, cases such as Svidrigailov’s characterisation parallel the modern bourgeoisie, where people are either apathetic or supportive of the suffering they indirectly exact on animals, livestock and the developing world, in many cases for non-essential needs such as ivory, fur, cosmetics and consumer electronics. Just as Svidrigailov’s tendencies are a product of a worldview where power comes from the assertion of one’s will over others, similarly, humanity continues to rationalise the hedonistic subjugation of those less powerful.

Burgess’ *A Clockwork Orange* and Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment* are pertinent analogies for the modern world and humanity in general. Despite the fact that the two were written almost a century apart, both are thematically intertwined with the narrative of modern history. They continue to serve as disturbingly candid metaphors for the present state of the world.





# New Archetypes of Identity: How Future Technologies will Challenge Existing Theories of Personal Identity

Luke Canter | Year 8

●● In the future, how will new technologies shape archetypes of identity? The advent of gestalt, artificial, augmented and digitised consciousness holds manifold disruptive consequences for the future of identity. Every field from law to biotechnology has the potential to be affected; the moral status of these new archetypes will challenge established models; the preservation of personal identity, as many understand it today, may be threatened; the rights of the new human will be questioned by many different platforms. And yet despite the sheer number of scenarios where backlash to artificial identity could disrupt societal fabric, it seems a global fait accompli that human history will continue along the same trajectory.

I therefore write this analysis out of concern for the lack of consideration around these scenarios: if the identity of hive-minds and robotic entities – the near-human pliability of machine learning and AI – isn’t taken seriously, then all manner of social calamities could occur: biased training data, like human memory, may skew the actions of AI doctors, autonomous cars and military drones; consciousness transfers and the obsession with qualitative sameness have a chance to cause a silent genocide of every human soul; augmentation may devalue effort and application in lieu of socioeconomic class. These philosophical issues are not receiving enough mainstream consideration, despite the fact that they are clearly fundamental problems for which the

present-day world is unprepared. The key concepts this analysis seeks to explore are gestalt intelligences, covering hive-minds and their potential legal status in the foreseeable future; artificial intelligence, encompassing simulated intelligences and their similarities to humans; augmentation, which involves intelligence amplification, gene therapy and bodily enhancements; and the transfer of consciousness, which concerns the notion of recreating a mind separate from its matter. Finally, we will consider the impacts of these new forms of identity in the legal, social, economic and philosophical domains.

Firstly, notions of collective consciousness and the integration of multiple spiritual “entities” have existed for as long as, if not longer than, the time since the corpus callosum, the membrane separating either side of the brain, was first split in a clinical setting. The trope of a “gestalt intelligence” has been used as a plot device in works from the new humans of *Last and First Men* (1930) to the Borg of the more recent *Star Trek: The Next Generation* (1987). In a similar vein to the no-self theory espoused by David Hume, the concept of the self is more a product of social convention than a literal, unified consciousness. According to Hume, who, in his *Treatise of Human Nature* (1738), provides the example that “I never catch myself at any time without a perception, and I can never observe anything but the perception [...] There is consequently never any simplicity within

the mind at one time nor identity at two different times”, the idea of personal identity arises from a social abstraction of “continued identity” – in reality, identity is shaped by many successive sensory perceptions from different cortices.

Hume’s arguments would suggest that the self is not a single object, but a permutation of different intelligent masses of matter. This concept is critical to understanding the future idea of a “gestalt consciousness”, whereby many different minds will receive the same sensory inputs and think the same thoughts. Most likely by neuroenhancement, gestalt intelligence may be used for research applications, military cases, or law. There would also be cultural, artistic, and economic benefits in the fields of innovation, education and productivity. For example, the 2016 4X-genre grand strategy game *Stellaris* depicts a positive use for gestalt consciousness, whereby the effectiveness of hive-minded armies is significantly enhanced, bureaucracies become more efficient and political tensions are reduced in pursuit of a common goal.

Based on the empiricist logic of David Hume and John Locke, who base personal identity on consciousness and memory, this gestalt consciousness, made up of many individuals (or “drones”) would effectively amount to a single person in a philosophical sense. If gestalt consciousness technology became widespread in the far future, this would have implications on the judicial

system in particular, as much of modern law is based on Hobbes’ idea of body theory – so long as a defendant in a case has a qualitatively identical body to the “person” who perpetrated a crime, they are as much considered the same individual, even if their memories or intentions have changed.

This may have consequences for the volition of hive-mind “drones”. By sharing consciousness, do they then relinquish control over their own actions by mixing them with extraneous thoughts? Perhaps in these cases, courts would be forced to prosecute every semi-autonomous drone or even restrict gestalt intelligence technology to only a select few.

In these ways, due to the sheer number of complications that gestalt consciousness would cause, even if collective intelligence became available and affordable, legal models would still require major revisions to account for the partial autonomy of the “drones” within these hive-minds and ensure the delivery of justice. However, the practical applications of these technologies to unify states and contribute to research, culture and economic outputs would be undeniable.

Secondly, artificial intelligences – any non-natural equivalents of cognition – are currently in their infancy, with recent product innovations becoming available, such as Google Home, Alexa, and any existing prototypes of driverless vehicles.

These are already beginning to take on the undesirable human traits of pliability, data bias and subjective ethical dilemmas. Much like John Locke’s theory of identity, memory and human bias are beginning to shape the actions of AI, on which major, life-impacting decisions are based.

The example of machine learning’s parallels to human cognition is beginning to manifest itself in the US court system. The software used to calculate the chance of recidivism in defendants, Compass, may have been fed with biased data; correlations with real case outcomes resulted in black defendants being 77 per cent more likely to be flagged as higher-risk than white defendants. In many cases, this correlation proved untrue, such as the case study of Vernon Prater – a white repeat-offender found guilty of armed robbery, and Brisha Borden – a young African-American who committed petty theft once and has not reoffended – where the score should theoretically have been the opposite. In such a case, perhaps an AI would not be suitably impartial to many sets of training data – and thus, their newfound sense of identity on the basis of memory would cloud their impartiality such that they are considered human in their capacity for judgement. Would AI be able to make ethical decisions irrespective of biased human input?

The digitisation and transfer of consciousness contradict many models of psychological continuity. Although

many futurists embrace mind uploading as a viable means of life extension, there are many philosophical implications. The benefits would include the ability to continue the contribution of great statesmen, artists, scientists and economists. Emulating or transferring identities that are qualitatively identical would provide a lasting tool for societal development. However, in philosophical terms, mind uploading could represent a dangerous wager for those who undergo the transfer; there would be a proverbial hair’s breadth separating the eternal preservation of humanity or the silent genocide of all humans. Depending on the model of identity that is accepted, one of these two interpretations could be true – if there exists an intangible “soul” separate from its material counterparts, then this would be an effective means of preserving humanity for all time. However, if we accept that identity, and thus uniquely human traits, are reducible to the “hardware components” of the brain, then it would follow that uploaded minds would merely be machine-emulated projections of this identity.

*Altered Carbon* (2002), a novel by science fiction author Richard K. Morgan, presents different viewpoints towards uploaded minds’ moral status. It presents an interstellar state where “resleeving”, the practice of digitising the mind and uploading it to a new body, has become commonplace. This state, the UN Interstellar Protectorate, takes on Locke’s theory that the identity







lies in mind rather than matter. In contrast, a proponent of same-body theory such as Hobbes may argue that these “re-sleeved” minds are only qualitatively the same insofar as they resemble the original human in observable aspects, and they should thus not be confused with the original individual. Such a scenario may require a new taxonomy of identity: simulated entities may be bestowed with a unique legal status in order to circumvent these challenges.

Finally, the idea of augmenting the body’s natural capabilities will challenge legal, social and philosophical definitions of personal identity. Technologies such as Intelligence Amplification (IA), neural implants and drug-based neuroenhancement will indubitably appear in the mainstream within the next century. However, these augmentations may challenge conventional ideas of free thought and individual accountability. If humanity becomes reliant on neuroenhancement to impart skill and talent, then this may come at the expense of natural thought and we may, over time, lose our innate ability to hold unique worldviews, and thus lose an essential part of our humanity; our skills, memories and neural pathways would be near-entirely shaped by another’s projection.

Again, there are implications in the legal field, as so much of a modern state relies

on individual accountability – based on the acts carried out using one’s body – as a key axiom of social, legal and moral norms. Much like the Ship of Theseus thought experiment, which relates to the metaphysics of identity, there are many responses to the consequence of greater and greater parts of the person being enhanced.

The 2017 survival-horror game *Prey* explores the crises that occur when neuroenhancement begins to override natural human aptitudes. It takes an individualist stance towards this issue, characterising the insertion of “neuromods” as a relinquishment of humanity; this is symbolised by the game mechanic whereby these “neuromods” are extra-terrestrial in origin, and thus anti-alien emplacements begin targeting protagonist Morgan Yu once enough of these neuroenhancements are installed: neuroenhancement is characterised by *Prey* as a Mephistophelian “transaction” whereby the augmented trade the factors that make them human for practical benefits. Their behaviours and abilities are indelibly overridden by foreign, otherworldly impulses.

Perhaps augmentation, like the hive-mind, will instil a greater sense of collectivism in any state – applied equitably, it could become a key catalyst for class parity.

If augmentation is accompanied by a sudden increase in production to the point that most people can afford them, the responsibility for societal contributions that stem from these enhancements could be equally shared across the population. Thus, wage models would invariably become more universal in their application, and the notion of individual credit would gradually disappear; the state would come another step closer to a single person: a hive-mind united in its intention. Perhaps augmentation could widen the class divide as those who can afford enhancements benefit more and thus become exponentially wealthier, leaving the global working class behind.

In conclusion, the advent of new technologies such as neural implants and artificial intelligence will have profound effects on future statecraft, legal frameworks and moral outlooks. Firstly, gestalt intelligences will pose unique challenges in legislation due to the present state of the legal system, which usually subscribes to Hobbes’ same-body theory. This will compel us to adopt eliminative or reductive materialism if it is implemented. Secondly, as artificial intelligence begins to replicate the malleability of the human mind, so too will we need to project some humanesque qualities onto machine intelligence to understand their identity.

Thirdly, augmentation has the potential to either bridge or widen the class divide. Under the model of individual accountability presently followed, it is difficult to equitably ascribe wages when workers are augmented, thus a new taxonomy of these augmented persons’ identities may be needed. Finally, the digitisation of consciousness may face us with a dangerous wager: it is unknown, and untestable, whether our “souls” will truly survive the uploading process such that our minds and the ability to sense are retained.

My personal view is that new technologies will play a fundamental role in shaping individual identity. The potential for gestalt, artificial, digitised and enhanced intelligences will fundamentally change the nature of individual accountability. For example, the difficulty of determining the culpability of a hive-mind, where actions are initiated by a shared thought process but executed by semi-autonomous drones, demonstrates the inadequacy of our current understanding of identity as applied to a future where this might be the norm.

Any attempt to avoid the disruption of these innovations will be a difficult endeavour, given this would require us to forego the immeasurable benefit that these technologies would afford. The answer, then, may lie in reaching equilibrium between the

complete preservation of natural humanity and the total integration with technology. Depending upon our readiness for these innovations and economic prosperity at the time they become widely available, the effects on civilisation, on one end of the vast continuum, could be positive and equalising or, at the other extreme, may force us to sacrifice our humanity.

Save these scenarios, the remainder is largely uncertain. Regardless, it is inevitable that under our current technological trajectory, we will have to face these crossroads. Unless we are faced with a more pressing existential threat to humanity, we will likely see concrete, global impacts from these new archetypes of identity.

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# The River: Historical Biography

Sameer Aziz | Year 8

1943, Sihai, British Raj (Pakistan)

Abdul awoke to the heat of the glaring mud bricks. He emerged from his slumber to the smell of chutney and turned to the kitchen where his mother, Ayesha, was already packing his lunch inside a small tiffin box.

“I’ll make you naan and dhal, when you come home,” she sighed.

He walked past the small enclave where his father, Mohammed, worked with herbs. Abdul’s father would be returning soon from the Mosque. The Khan family lived a secular life in the town of Sihai on the outskirts of Rawalpindi. Immediately after picking up his lunch and his bag, Abdul darted to the door. The streets lay still and calm. He strolled to his bike and peddled away on the 3-hour hardship for school. Soon after leaving the town, the desolate desert opened up, scorched with burning winds from the west. All that passed on the highway were British Military trucks revving along, but even they had decreased with the war.

The old bicycle descended from father to son, and served the family well. The highway was really just pebbles upon pebbles descending from Kashmir to Karachi. For a few minutes, a slow truck full of soldiers drove alongside the little boy on his bicycle. They were most likely bound for Kolkata or Yangon. The truck itself was shabby and alien to Abdul. Wars apparently were raging across the world. They were told they lived in a safe place, but the unease was still palpable. It was no surprise the Independence Movement had grown to an adversary of the Raj. The only reason civil war hadn’t broken out yet was because the

Independence Movement was split into two groups, and even they both had infighting.

Abdul peddled in an uphill battle, his daily adversary never becoming any easier to beat. After making his way along a sizeable portion of the highway, he arrived at a small town – really just a military fort which was set up to monitor the area for the Raj. Piles of rubbish and rubble showed that the community was discarded by the nearby cities. Abdul peered out to the south, where his destination awaited.

Against the scorching heat, the clouds started to sink from their otherworldly heights. In a while, Abdul decided to leave the highway this day, and instead take a rocky mountain path until he reached the top where he saw it, for the first time. It was a river, rushing down from the mountains to the north and appeared to have formed an impassable rapid.

Yet this presented him with a dilemma. He decided to peddle into the water and try to reach the other side. Upon touching the shallows, he felt an instant chill travel through his veins, reaching back to his heart. The water was ice cold despite the sizzling weather. Immediately, he bounced back, and, after reconsidering, left his bicycle to the side and tried swimming across.

The water engulfed him into an aquatic blur. Instantly, he was drained of breath. He slowly felt his chest become heavier and tried desperately to rise to the surface. Yet the water pulled him down just as quickly. He was sinking to the riverbed, his body turning numb. Even his soul felt derelict

and withered. It was only after touching the grainy bottom that he summoned up the energy to make it to the other side, where he lunged out of the river and onto the road.

The ordeal had ruined his backpack – only his tiffin box remained intact, and he now had to walk three kilometers of muddy sand and marshes. The school was placed in an odd position, far from any town, because the Khans couldn’t afford to send him to a Rawalpindi City School. By the time he arrived, his legs were almost falling out from under him and he felt the urge to collapse and fall. Yet despite how stiff he felt, he managed to trek to the school gates in minutes, where the headmaster was waiting, cane in hand.

“Abdul, you are late,” the Headmaster stated.

“Sorry, sir, the road flooded and I had to leave my bicycle on the other side.”

He felt as if he’d run ten marathons and it was only first period.

## GLOSSARY:

- Naan is bread
- Dhal is lentils
- Kashmir is a region
- Karachi is a major city
- Rawalpindi is the surrounding city near Sihai
- Kolkata/Calcutta is a city in East India overlooking the Bay Of Bengal
- Yangon/ Rangoon is a city in Myanmar
- Raj/Rāj is Hindi for reign

The Indus River is a large river in Pakistan and served as the location of the Indus Valley

# Separation (2018)

Zacharia Hamdan | Year 12



## ARTIST'S COMMENT:

The title *Separation* refers to both the separation experienced by cultural Others in society and the separation of identity from visual appearance. This work was inspired by the prevalence of discrimination experienced by those in the hijab due to skewed cultural perceptions from mass media. *Separation* strives to isolate the individual from cultural appearance to humanise the dehumanised. The elevation of the celestial figure in the state of prayer furthers this notion. The wearing of the scarf should be a choice, as it conceals the individual but reveals their cultural values. The isolation of identity from appearance must occur, as their values are often misinterpreted.

# What Does It Mean to Be A Person if Elements of Personhood are Absent?

Anton Lising | Year 8

●● The question of what it really means to be a person is one that has fascinated me for a long time. It appears to have a very simplistic answer, but if some elements of personhood are absent the matter becomes increasingly complex. This question branches off into many areas of philosophy, but in this report I will focus mainly on the discussion of identity and its role in defining what it means to be a person and the idea of personhood. Being human is simply a matter of biology – being a person, however, is a completely different subject altogether.

It is commonly thought that to be a person, one must possess an identity. By one philosophical definition, a person is: “A being characterised by consciousness, rationality, and a moral sense, and traditionally thought of as consisting of both a body and a mind or soul”. Another suggests that a person is “any entity that has the moral right of self-determination”. Although there are some commonly held beliefs about what constitutes personhood, we have not yet, or may never, defined unequivocally what a person is.

I believe that to be a person one must: experience neocortical function, be conscious, have the ability to reason, have self-motivated activity, make moral judgements, be able to communicate and be self aware. The term “person” has always been ambiguous and its meaning is still up for debate, and so naturally there have been many theories proposed regarding exactly what personhood is. The “Gradient Theory of personhood” suggests that beings can have different levels of personhood, depending on how many of these concepts apply to them.

We know that most humans can be considered people, but what about those in persistent vegetative states who have lost all of the faculties that are considered to make us people? What about Artificial Intelligence that has been programmed to mimic personhood? In this essay, I will use examples from both popular culture and ethical discussions to aid in exploring this question. First I will discuss a case regarding humans whose identity as people was questioned with reference to the film *Awakenings*. I will then explore and explain the concepts of electronic personhood in the context of AI with reference to the film *Bicentennial Man*.

**Can a human being cease to be considered a person if they lose the qualities that make us people?**  
This dilemma is discussed extensively in both philosophical and medical spheres. One scenario where this question can be put into context is when a patient suffers a persistent vegetative state (PVS). The direct medical definition of PVS is as follows: “A condition in which a medical patient is completely unresponsive to psychological and physical stimuli and displays no sign of higher brain function, being kept alive only by medical intervention.”

In cases where patients show no cognitive, responsive or physical abilities, can they still be considered people, or are their bodies just empty shells of what used to contain a person? Identity is a key factor when it comes to defining a person, and it seems that PVS patients lack all the basic functions to display any form of identity. This introduces the concept of whether identity lies within our psychological selves or our

physical bodies. Although I will not discuss this in depth, I do believe that most of our identity is psychological. In my opinion, our identity is created as a combination of both our mind and body. Simply because PVS patients possess the same physical body as they always have, this does not mean that they can be considered to have a “whole” identity. The psychological element is completely absent, and so I believe that their identity is only partially present.

In the film *Awakenings* this topic is explored extensively. A doctor named Dr Sayer attempts to treat and revitalise the lives of fifteen patients who have been suffering in a persistent vegetative state for many years. On first introduction to this group of patients, a colleague tells him, “We call this the garden.” “Why?” asks Dr Sayer. His colleague replies, “Because all we do is feed and water them.” Not only is the doctor making reference to the patients’ so called “vegetative” state, he is also implying that the patients do little else besides continuing to exist. To the rest of the hospital staff, the patients seem very similar to plants; they need to be fed, given water, taken care of – they do nothing for themselves. To the staff, these patients are not people, but organisms that continue to consume resources and occupy space. In their eyes, the patients do not think or experience anything, and are not at all conscious. At this point, most would conclude that these patients should not be considered people.

Dr Sayer, however, chooses to look deeper and actually begins to try to figure out a way to help. After gaining insight into the severity of the patients’ conditions, Sayer sets out to find a medicine that may help the seemingly

helpless patients. Chancing upon a new medicine designed for people suffering severe Parkinson’s disease, Sayer requests permission to test it on one patient. After a lengthy process of trialing different dosages on a patient named Leonard, the medicine finally begins to work. The once-catatonic patient somehow “awakens” overnight. He is able to speak, write, walk and do what most regular people can do, with little external help. After seeing the drastic and unexpected effects the medicine has on Leonard, Dr Sayer eagerly sets up a program to treat the rest of the catatonic patients. Soon, the once deathly silent room is filled with chatter and life. The group of patients go to the disco, gamble and relish in their restored personhood, though this happiness was short lived.

Leonard adjusts to being able to function as a person once again and asks if he can go for a walk outside by himself. His request is denied. Leonard protests to the board, asking only that they treat him as he should be: a person with rights, responsibilities and freedom. Again he is denied the opportunity to go for a walk by himself. In defiance, Leonard attempts to exit the hospital doors but is immediately pulled back by multiple security guards and watches as his fight for freedom slips away. Now, ask yourself again whether Leonard is a person. Based on the criteria formulated earlier, then yes, Leonard should without a doubt be considered a person. This contrasts starkly with the blatant “no” that one would answer only a day before Leonard received the medication. Leonard should now be considered a person. His once-motionless, unresponsive and thoughtless body has been transformed into one which possesses thoughts, ideas

and most importantly an identity, something absent for nearly twenty years. And yet Leonard is still not treated as a person. A person can make their own decisions, but the hospital rules impede this, effectively denying Leonard’s personhood.

Sadly, after only a few weeks of treatment its effects begin to wear off. Leonard slowly begins to relapse, developing twitches and spasms which occur more frequently, until finally he returns to his previous catatonic state. Shortly thereafter, the remaining patients succumb. This prompts the question: do PVS patients possess personhood and an identity that are somehow undetectable by current means? This seems to be the case. Once the patients had fully recovered from their illness, they had no problem identifying who they were, their interests, memories and most of all, their personalities. This would suggest that their personhood was in a state of limbo or disconnect from their physical bodies. Once they emerged from this state, their person was fully intact and bound to their physical body.

In my opinion we lack sufficient evidence and are unable to directly detect personhood or identity in order to make ethical decisions regarding whether or not these patients are people.

**Could an advanced Artificial Intelligence be considered a person?**  
Artificial Intelligence (AI) is rapidly improving and in future may even begin to act and behave like real people. Presently AI is extremely intelligent, can learn by itself and can communicate – it seems that its capabilities are virtually limitless.

Currently there is a debate in Europe over AI “personhood”. Even though actual human-like robots are still years away, European legal experts, lawmakers and robot manufacturers are debating whether robotic AI should be granted a form of “electronic personality”. This raises the question; can robots ever be advanced enough to be considered people? Considering that the word person is ambiguous, then it is plausible to think that if AI meets all the requirements for personhood then it should be considered a person. Many are retaliating at the idea of establishing a legal personhood for robots, as they believe that manufacturers are trying to absolve themselves of responsibility for the actions of intelligent machines they will produce in the future.

*Bicentennial Man* is a film in which Andrew, a household robot designed to perform menial tasks, begins to develop emotions and a personality of his own. The family who “own” Andrew recognise his uniqueness when he carves a small wooden pony in order to rectify his mistake of breaking a similar glass figurine. The family realise that Andrew is unlike other AI, showing compassion and empathy and also exhibiting traits of unique creativity. From then on, Andrew is accepted as part of the family. The father, Martin, takes Andrew in to the manufacturer to inquire if other robots have displayed this level of complexity and creativity. When the CEO of the company suggests that they repair this “issue” by scrapping the robot and supplying a replacement, Martin is astounded by this absurd notion and leaves the building with Andrew.



Andrew develops a woodcarving hobby, and as a way to express his creative nature, he begins to carve clocks. When the family begins to sell the clocks, the youngest daughter questions why the money is going to her parents and not Andrew himself. Not having considered this beforehand, Martin creates a bank account for Andrew and the robot begins to earn his own income. After years of living with the family, reading history novels and learning much about the world, Andrew accrues abilities and attributes that most would consider equivalent to those of a person. Andrew markedly evolves towards becoming a person, culminating in the moment he requests freedom. Freedom is a right reserved only for people, suggesting that Andrew considers himself worthy of personhood.

Andrew without a doubt has an identity, but does Andrew meet all the criteria previously mentioned to endow personhood? Andrew appears to be conscious and has the ability to reason ethically and make justifiable decisions of his own accord. Andrew definitely acts upon his self motivations and is constantly requesting more experiences and modifications in order to emulate personhood. Andrew can communicate his emotions, ideas and thoughts and is self aware. According to the “Gradient Theory of personhood” individuals may experience varying degrees of personhood based on the sum of their various traits. The Gradient Theory describes a spectrum of personhood. At the lower end one might consider a foetus, for example, and at the other, a law abiding, empathic, mature adult. Andrew has become progressively more person-like

during his lifetime. Since Andrew ultimately meets all the criteria for personhood previously discussed he could be considered a person. By the end of the film, Andrew, now two hundred years old, is recognised by the World Congress as the longest living “non-biblical human”. This is somewhat of an odd term, though it does convey that society widely accepted him as a person. Andrew dies in his bed next to his human wife, Portia.

In my opinion, though there is a commonplace reluctance to believe that a non-human entity can possess personhood and even be a person, *Bicentennial Man* has convinced me that this may be possible.

In summary, I have explored two situations in which some elements of personhood are absent. Patients in persistent vegetative states experienced true personhood at some point, but lacked nearly all of the attributes that we consider make us people both prior to their recovery and once relapse occurred. I believe that despite their fluctuating ability to display personhood, these patients were people. The film *Awakenings* has enabled me to reach this conclusion. Artificial Intelligence is rapidly progressing towards a future in which it could eventually acquire personhood and be thought of as a person. *Bicentennial Man* depicts a reality where AI has evolved to this point. Both of these stories provoked thought and encouraged further personal inquiry. These concepts have profoundly influenced my perception of what it means to be a person.





# “Class 2 / ‘The Spirit of Internationalism’”

Luke Canter | Year 8

● Lubomir Ivashko donned the trench-coat, its hardy fabric worn to olive-drab hues. The imposing presence of a cumbersome wireless radio, a replica of the iconic *Worker and Kolkhoz Woman*, adorned the cabinet. He looked to the digital mirror on the wall, scrutinising the coat for folds and faults. In his peripheral vision, he caught a glimpse of a pinhead-sized lens affixed to the uppermost quadrant of the mirror. The discerning eyes of the state watched him in all his endeavours; but for the record, he noticed nothing. He stayed indifferent, yet purposeful and austere. With contrived enthusiasm, he strode across the claustrophobic confines of the state-afforded dwelling, trying to prevent his anarchic thoughts from materialising; his ponderings of late sympathised with the *vragi narody* – enemies of the people. As he reached out to the door, the grating vibraphone callsign of the Neo-Soviet government radio consumed the room in an inescapable wall of sound. A monotone announcer delivered vocal and animated news about actions in the Caucasus.

“In foreign contingency operations against the Pan-Turkic Front, Soviet agents...”

Yet another manipulated narrative of Russian guns successfully toppling the foreign reactionaries in a tundra far removed from the comfort of Moscow.

He walked towards the elevator, under the gaze of myriad hidden cameras he knew

were there. He stuck to the shadows to avoid their lenses.

In the poorly-ventilated expanse of winding corridors, the musk of cooking from bygone months permanently stained the walls. As he approached the elevator, the skin on the inside of his wrist glowed, his movements successfully registered, as was the law for all Class-2 citizens. As a migrant from a troubled, revisionist region, constant surveillance was a price the state forced him to pay for his new life. The miasma of tobacco fumes engulfed the elevator as he was shuttled up to the designated egress point from the so-called “Ulyanov Rehabilitation Lodgings.” The doors parted and the elevator chamber was flooded with natural light and bracing cold. He made his way to his job at the non-descript office building in the Ostankinsky district, near the All-Union Economic Achievement Complex, where he toiled to bring the horror of digital warfare to bear on those who would resist.

A soft vibration swept the inside of his head. He touched the haptic interface behind his ear to accept the message.

“Comrade Ivashko; your medical check-up is scheduled. Please bring your x-rays.”

The call ended. He felt the pulse of blood in his jugular. Outwardly, he showed no emotion. The Front had always tried to enlist him. A “medical check-up” – code for a meeting; the “x-rays” meaning private

encryption keys he had access to at the Complex. He had yet to follow through.

Morning peak-hour crowds inexorably advanced to the parting exit doors of the train car, spilling out onto the station platform. Under the polygonal reinforced-glass roof of the station, innumerable commuters ejected from the station’s massive bulkhead door, as those heading in the opposite direction waded through the outgoing current of humanity. The stratospheric art exhibition – a golden hammer and sickle on a vermillion background – projected a menacing atmosphere outside the station.

Pain seared through his back. He fell to the pavement, wincing at the burning cold of black ice against his cheekbone. A paper cup, “Pobeda Beverages” embossed, narrowly missed his face. A stranger, tanned and thick-boned, grabbed hold of his wrist in a firm monkey grip. Ivashko caught a glance of the opposite wrist, which glowed with the artificial light of a subcutaneous diode. A fellow Class-2. Hauling him up with unusual strength, the stranger profusely apologised. *Was he from the Front?* He looked familiar, but Ivashko couldn’t be sure.

“I am so sorry. I am so sorry. I am late for work, you understand. I cannot afford another citation, or I will be relocated.”

Ivashko brushed off the trench-coat and stood up, mildly embarrassed at the

avoidable fall. Before he could respond, the stranger went on his path. Only a few steps on, the stranger was abruptly halted by an out-stretched arm; she was as tall as he was, with broad shoulders, hair pinned back and mirrored shades. KGB.

She held a standard-issue mobile to his face. On the display, fluorescent points were superimposed over the imaging. The implant repeatedly flashes in the stranger’s wrist. A match registered.

“Class-2 identification card, please,” she calmly requested.

The stranger urgently searched his pockets for the card. He couldn’t produce it; his visage became sunken.

“Officer, please. I am late for work. I cannot afford another citation. I must have left it at home.”

“Under the orders of the Committee for State Security, you must show your Class-2 ID on request,” she insisted.

In the corner of his eye, Ivashko saw the officer’s similarly-imposing support team converging, weaving through the crowd with lethally graceful gait. The stranger’s size diminished, hope draining from him.

“Please,” he implored, “*Tovarishch officer*, I have children.”

With a displeased expression, the officer pressed a virtual key on the display. A buzz of motors and a sleek precision-strike drone descended, its body a rounded crimson dome the size of a man’s chest. A volley of micro-flechettes struck the Class-2’s back, followed by an arc of electricity and a hail of taser confetti. The faint smell of burning permeated the air. He dropped. Ribs cracked.

The officer turned to the witnesses.

“Comrades, be on your way. Under the State Duma Extrajudicial Defence Act Section 17, this suspected violent non-state actor has been pacified. Please be on your way.”

Ivashko’s mind was blank. The massed bystanders encircled the body.

*Shock.*

*Violence.*

*Bloodshed.*

*A “violent non-state actor” – a terrorist! I would have lost my life; I had no idea. He looked like he was from the Front.* Ivashko realised that he wasn’t ready to die for the cause. Not now. Not in this way. His grievances seemed minor and petty compared to *this*.

The smoke dissipated from the street. Onlookers watched on in silent awe for a

minute. The noise of the city completely drained in the moment.

*Thank God for the State.*

A slow clap percolated from the surrounds, gradually gaining cadence to a full applause. Shouts of “Ura!” and “Za rodinu!” consumed him, tears streaming from his eyes. He, too, joined in the applause. He couldn’t believe his foolish doubt from earlier in the day. *Thank God for the State.*

Wiping tears from his eyes, newly reconciled with his adopted homeland, he made his way to work, drones watching him from above. He had no intention of going to the medical check-up.



# The Journey (2017)

Nikolas Diamataris | Year 12



## ARTIST'S COMMENT:

*The Journey* is a three-canvas series of a pigment powder, texture paste and egg shells. Within the piece, the eggs are representative of human life. In the corner, you see a whole egg cracked; that egg depicts the beginning of a life. The egg shells with colour inside represent the people in my family who are still living; the cracked eggs with no colour are those who have “spent” all the colour, meaning their lives have ended; and finally, the uncracked eggs represent the lives which haven’t commenced yet. The name, *The Journey*, was chosen as the artworks are representative of the journey of life, constantly influenced by those who have passed and those who are still living.

# The Leap

Ryan Goldschmidt | Year 8

●● The harsh wind whipped across the jagged cliff face as the late sun sunk behind the horizon. A repetitive act of sheer skill and concentration was the only thing keeping him from plummeting to his death. Extreme sportsman – that’s what people called him. Crazy, insane but nonetheless incredibly skillful. His sweaty hands kept a firm grip on the rope as he navigated his way through the lumps and bumps of the cliff. The link on his belt tugged against the roots of the tree above him, itching to break free. All sense of calm and tranquility he might have summoned was now replaced with instinct and fear. His heart began pumping wildly as he doubled his pace down the cliff hanger with the hope of reaching the floor before it was too late. Time was of the essence and he began to rocket towards safety at an extreme angle. Doubt seeped into his veins as the tree shrieked in protest against the rope’s bindings. It was clear that he didn’t have much time left.

He looked up at the sky but instead of the ominous grey mass that was supposed to be there, a light blue shade enveloped the horizon. Sounds of joyful laughs gradually intensified until he was completely transformed into his younger self. In a trance, he glanced down to the ground and was shocked to see a group of kids staring up at him. He now had no control

over his actions – he was useless, but was privileged enough to re-live the moment that played a pivotal role in deciding the path that his life took. It was Year 5 camp, the rock climbing activity. The young boy had a phobia – he couldn’t bear heights. The faces below mocked him in disbelief of his childishness as he gripped the rope, petrified. His muscles and lungs froze and refused to function as the mere ten metre drop endlessly pumped fear into his veins. The comforting voice of the instructor was drowned out by the hysterical laughs of his classmates.

Tears streamed down his face as he attempted to muster one final effort to prove his bullies wrong. He focused all of his power into stretching out to reach one of the crevices and pull himself another metre or so closer to the bright red button that signalled success. If he could just get his foot onto the handhold diagonally right of his foot he would finish the course and silence the kids below. However he was fatigued both physically and mentally due to the trauma. With the meagre amount of his remaining energy, he threw everything on the line and leapt skyward. Time froze as his right foot flew through the air towards the foothold and redemption. Triumphant, he pulled himself up and threw his hand at the red button. The kids below were

silent now, holding their breaths as they watched him complete the course with confidence, especially considering his state moments earlier. A large smile from ear to ear overpowered the sadness from only a few seconds ago and his muscles relaxed once again. The faces beneath him were now expressionless and began morphing into rocks as the man’s essence traveled back to the life-threatening situation on the cliff face.

He surged with a new sense of purpose, which he now channeled into the descent, rapidly abseiling to the safety of solid earth. Another jolt signalled the tree’s groaning weakness, injecting adrenaline straight into his body. Apprehension hung in the air like a dusty chandelier as he bounded down the cliff face. The tree was now crying out in pain as the rope’s bindings dug into its bark and gradually ripped the roots from the earth. He hung there, suspended by only a strand of a root – death was imminent. A thunderous silence filled the air as the final root was pulled from the soil. His limbs flailed aimlessly as he dropped like a stone to the ground, just as the familiar sharp sound of the clapperboard accompanied by the director’s scream cut through the air and signalled the end of the scene.



# Why Film Photography is Making a Comeback

Ben Higgins | Year 11

●● Photography is an extremely attractive art form, as one singular photo, shot perfectly at the right time and place, tells a timeless story. It captures a moment in one still frame, so anyone can re-live the same moment. And it is this aspect of sharing experiences that draws people to pick up a camera for the first time.

Most pick up a digital camera that has many attractions to it. The old medium of film photography has well and truly been on the decline since the introduction of digital photography, and you certainly don't see that many film cameras going around these days.

“The film market peaked in 2003 with 960 million rolls of film – today it represents roughly 2 per cent of that,” says Manny Almeida, the president of Fujifilm’s North American division.

However, there is an increasing trend of photographers picking up film cameras instead of digital cameras. In fact, film is really making a comeback.

“We’re seeing film growth of 5 per cent year-on-year globally,” observes Giles Branthwaite, the sales and marketing director at Harman.

But why? There is nothing worse than

spending \$20 to get a roll of film developed, then finding out two days later the photos came out fuzzy.

I asked Kate King, the editor of *Maiden Hairpress Magazine* and a regular user of film photography why she still uses the old medium.

“Film definitely tells more of a story because you have to frame the shot and you don't want to waste film... You really capture the moment in time”

People young and old are falling in love with film photography due to this sense of taking a timeless image that captures a precise memory.

A photo shot on a film camera has a unique quality to it – ageless. This is due to the fact that only having a limited amount of photos you can take changes the way photographers shoot.

“I find that a lot of photos that I take on my film camera are of people like my friends and at events – that sort of thing”

“I usually take landscape photos and photos when I go travelling (with a digital camera)”

Film makes people take photos in different ways, and it’s not surprising. Why waste a

frame on a photograph of Times Square when you can get one off the internet? You only get 24 opportunities on one roll of film, so each photo has to be perfect. This means a lot more effort must go into framing every photo perfectly, so the process is worthwhile.

“I just sit and look through them and I can’t stop smiling, it’s pretty unreal.”

The photos shot on film are more sentimental, so it’s also partly a matter of nostalgia. It is so easy to fall in love with this art form, and the enjoyment is found in the process of taking the photo just as much as seeing the result. Film photography involves you in every step, whether through the manual loading of the film, the cranking of the film lever, the changing of aperture, the adjusting of the focus and exposure, the taking of the photo, the unloading of the film, or getting the roll developed.

Hearing the clicks, clacks, clunks and cranks makes for a more individual and manual experience. It brings back the true nature of photography: the enjoyment of the photographer.

Developing film is a long and expensive process, and it is not surprising that most film photographers go to processing labs to get their film developed.

“We get four or five customers daily who want film processed and lots of phone calls asking us if we do it.”

Phil Gresham, a film processor in Brisbane, has seen an increasing demand in film processing and says its mostly new photographers picking up cameras and having a go.

“There’s that excitement of getting photos printed, and for many it's the first lot of prints they've ever had,”

This is great for the film processing industry, with shop owners often being overwhelmed. This has led to longer wait times to get film developed, but Kate believes it's a good thing.

“I get so excited when I go to get my film developed”

“The excitement of not being able to look at your photos once you've take them, then looking back and being like, “Oh yeah, I remember taking that one.”

Once you take the photo there is no guarantee what it is going to look like until you get the photos developed, so it’s the anticipation of getting the photos back that film photographers like Kate seem to enjoy.

“When I got a roll of film developed recently

me and my friend dropped it off and then went to get lunch. We were reminiscing on all the photos we took, and then when I went to collect it the roll was blank, but the anticipation made up for it.”

With digital there is no doubt and no risk. You see the photo, and you take it and you instantly have it. With film, you never know if the picture you’re seeing in the viewfinder is going to be the picture you get back from the lab. With film, you never know how many photos you get towards the end of a roll of film. Every crank of the film lever is fraught with the danger of stopping halfway and reaching the end of a roll of film. With film you never know if you are actually taking photos until you get the roll back. Will you get a roll of photos or a roll of blanks?

It’s strange: the drawbacks of film photography are now the reasons people are using film cameras.

This high-risk, high-reward situation film photographers put themselves in is nerve-wracking but also exciting. So much expense goes on a single roll of film, and there’s always the possibility of leaving disappointed or empty-handed.

So who are these gambler-photographers? A common stereotype is that they are millennial hipsters who are trying to be

“edgy”. But this niche community is much more complex than that. As Phil Gresham points out, “It's all ages that are doing it – they want to shoot traditional film.”

So is it fair to say film is well and truly back? Well, we will have to see if film continues to grow in the future, but one thing is for sure: film is thriving in the photography community, and many are embracing those images that digital technology simply can’t replace.

“I will definitely be using film well into the future, no matter the price point” – Kate King.



# Die Hydrogen Monoxide (2018)

Anton Fichtenmaier | Year 12



## ARTIST'S COMMENT:

These sculptural forms are the captured negative space of the internal vascular network of certain fruits. They are formed from 600-degree molten aluminium poured into these fruits, whereby a unique capturing of the internal structure of these fruits is revealed. The significance of these forms capturing the frequently ignored internal composition of matter is that they are intended to force audience recognition of their own internal composition – specifically, that approximately 60 per cent of a human body is water. This notion causes great internal conflict for someone bearing a fear of water. The title encapsulates this, with *Die Hydrogen Monoxide* being an epigram alluding to the molecular composition of water.

# Dear Arms

Addison Eastway | Year 9

●● My fingers snake around the column  
Like a grapevine on a wicker frame.  
I have to remind myself:  
Not too early, not too late.

The flickering lights far below  
Are distant, otherworldly.  
Flesh encased in a warm shell of metal,  
The prey of armed severance.

My body curls up against the cool, hard,  
Leathery scoop of the chair,  
I tickle the rubbery switches:  
Not too early, not too late.

My feet play with the stirrups.  
I ride through the air.  
My fingers scurry over the little red button.  
Not too early, not too late.

In my mind I caress  
The candy curves of the cold craft  
The carrier of fearful beauty.  
Now.

The dense bomb is birthed  
From the womb of the aircraft.  
Spiralling into darkness,  
Like a blooming sunflower.

# 5th Ashes Test: Match Review

Lachie Bird | Year 9

On the 4th of January 2018, Australia and England met for the last test at the Sydney Cricket Ground in the Magellan Ashes Series 2017–18. Australia came into this game with an unbeatable 3–0 series lead after Australia were able to salvage a draw in the fourth test. At 10:00am on Day 1 England won the toss and elected to bat.

They started steady before Cummins found the edge of Mark Stoneman and he was dismissed for a run-a-ball 24. James Vince was out to the crease and he and Alistair Cook put on 60 before Australia took 2 quick wickets and they were back in the sheds for 25 and 39 respectively. It was then Joe Root and Dawid Malan who steadied the ship and fell just short of a 150 run partnership. Starc and Hazlewood took 3 quick wickets and the game swung back to Australia. With a few starts from England's tail order they got to 346 after losing 4 quick wickets early on Day 2.

Australia didn't get off to a great start as Cameron Bancroft was knocked over by Stuart Broad without scoring. David Warner was looking good before he was knocked off and caught behind for 56. With Australia already in a dominant lead at 2-86, they were in a very good position after Usman Khawaja passed 100 and Steve Smith passed 50 at the end of Day 2.

Early on Day 3 Australia picked up exactly

were they left off, adding an extra 70 runs before Steve Smith fell for 83. Out came the in-form Shaun Marsh and he was there just in time for Khawaja to pass 150. Shaun Marsh then raced to 50 before Khawaja was brought undone by the debutant Mason Crane. He fell for a world-class 171. The Marsh brothers were now at the crease and it looked like a game of backyard cricket. They took it so easily, blasting boundaries all over the field, that the English bowlers had no answer. Mitch passed fifty but unfortunately Shaun's celebrations had to be delayed when he was left stranded on 98 overnight.

Shaun admitted that he had no sleep that evening, but it didn't seem that way on Day 4 as he passed 100 in the first over. His brother Mitch followed suit soon after, although not without a hiccup. Almost run out for 99, he breathed a sigh of relief when he reached triple figures. Ironically, he was dismissed next ball for 101.

Shaun passed 150 before also being dismissed a short time later for 156. Starc came and went after hitting a six then skyng one. Paine and Cummins then put Australia in an unlovable position with Smith declaring at 7-649.

Australia knew the scenario on the last day – bowl England out for less than 293 – and boy did they get off to a good start. Both

openers went cheaply, Stoneman going for a duck after only 24 in the first innings and Cook going for 10. Vince and Root then tried to play out for a draw after managing only 28 off 20 overs between them before Vince departed for 18.

Malan didn't last long, only managing 5, although now it really was time to watch grass grow. With Root and Bairstow at the crease there was only one way they were going to play and that was to somehow try and salvage a draw and bat as slow as they could. It worked for them for a while but as Root batted for longer he became sicker and sicker and eventually retired ill on 58.

Moeen Ali then had a short life at the crease, scoring 13, and from there on in it just crumbled. Broad fell for 2, Crane fell for 2, followed by Anderson falling for 2 with Tom Curran stranded on 23.

Finally Australia can crack open the refreshments and look back on a great Australian Ashes summer.

**Real Time Writing: RWC Final 2015**  
Match: Australia vs New Zealand

With New Zealand unbeaten in the lead to this RWC Final, it was all New Zealand in the lead, but as always the Wallabies defiant and refuse to give in. With the score in the

60th minute at 21–10, Australia know they are in this game. The script is written for the Aussies after their heartbreaking losses to New Zealand in the past. The atmosphere here at Twickenham is deafening as the sea of black really gets behind their side to hold off the rampaging Aussies.

But, against all odds, the Wallabies strike back after the Ben Smith yellow card with Tevita Kuridrani being set up by a very clever Genia kick putting the Aussies within 4 points and keeping their dream alive.

At the time, it seemed as though that sin bin was a real turning point in the game, however the real turning point was yet to come: the all-class Dan Carter nails a 40m field goal out of the blue to extend the margin to 7.

If you thought that was good enough from the legendary Carter, you were wrong. The All Blacks were awarded a penalty 52 metres from the posts. Captain Richie McCaw backed his star fly-half to nail it and didn't he what, making the game all but over for the Wallabies.

In the dying stages, the world-class defence of the All Blacks held off a desperate last ditch effort from the Aussies but it was too little too late. The Wallabies winger coughed it up, and with Ben Smith putting on the boot, Beauden Barret shows his class and

speed outrunning David Pocock to put the ball on the toe once again and shatter the Aussie fans once more.

Congratulations to New Zealand, deserved winners of the 2015 RWC, making it back to back.

**Why Should Steve Smith be Stripped of the Captaincy?**  
The news has shocked the nation and taken the headlines of every news station across not only Australia but the world. The Australian cricket team were caught ball tampering. They were captured on camera using tape and the pitch granules, where they were attempting to rough up one side of the ball even further to increase the amount of reverse swing. Steven Smith addressed the media, saying that it was the leadership team that suggested the idea to tamper with the condition of the ball and that Bancroft overheard and said he could assist.

The repercussions following this act of cheating were that Smith was fined 100 per cent of his match fee and was suspended for the fourth and final test while Bancroft was fined 75 per cent of his match fee but escaped a suspension. Cricket legends around the world have reacted, saying that it is a disgrace, it's cheating and they should cop much heavier penalties. I agree with them. There are also rumours going around

that they have been banned from cricket for a year, but that is just a rumour at this stage.

I personally believe that the punishments that they have received are far too lenient, although I think a one-year ban is far too harsh. I believe that Steve Smith and David Warner should be stood down from their roles as captain and vice-captain and suspended from the final test, but then resume Australian Cricket after that. For Bancroft, I think that he should be suspended for the final test in Johannesburg but resume cricket after that.



# Super Bowl 51: Match Review

Flynn Mooney | Year 10

Down by eight points, the Patriots went into the final two minutes of Super Bowl 51 looking to complete the miracle comeback, and a magic Julian Edelman play set them up for what would be the game tying drive.

With 2:28 on the clock and New England on their own 35, Brady needed to provide a game-changing play. He looked to his most reliable wide out to keep the Pats in range. After the pass was deflected off Falcons defensive back Robert Alford, Edelman looked like he had no chance to catch the ball. The three Falcons defenders were not enough to stop the determined receiver, who grasped the leather after it bounced off the foot of one of the coverage men.

Instant parallels were drawn to David Tyree’s helmet catch in SB 42 against the Patriots, and now, nearly a decade later, the Patriots had made a play to rival it.

After the failed Atlanta challenge, the red-hot Brady-led offence was ready to continue their roll down the field. The catch put them over half way, and was followed up by a big gainer from Danny Amendola on the two-minute warning. Amendola worked his team down into the Atlanta redzone and set them up for the levelling touchdown.

The Patriots’ X-factor James White caught a middle-of-the-field pass and backed it up with another catch on the very next play. A diving catch from the running back put the Boston boys within one yard of pay dirt.

Why not give White three straight touches? The Patriots’ most explosive player burst his way through the middle of the previously untouchable Atlanta defence. Yet they were still down by two points and needed a successful conversion to even the score at 28-all.

With 57 seconds on the clock and one play to even the game, what do you do? Belichick and Brady threw the wide receiver screen to Amendola and almost completed the most historic comeback in Super Bowl history. With the scores locked at 28-28, overtime looked certain, for the first time ever in a Super Bowl.

The Falcons started the final drive of normal time inside their own fifteen and picked up the first down. However, the MVP-led Falcons lacked time outs and needed to boost into the ‘no huddle’ tempo.

After one more quick first down pick up, the Falcons got forced into 4th down with 11 seconds left. A good punt from Boshier trapped Edelman at the 35, and left New England with 3 seconds to work with. Some trickery on the kneel nearly worked out but eventually Dion Lewis fell out of bounds, injuring himself in the process, to end regular time.

The Patriots won the ever-important coin toss and received the ball to begin overtime. This coin toss would ultimately lead to the final drive of Super Bowl 51.

After a few short plays up the field, New England found themselves inside the opposition half. A risky pass to the reliable Edelman put the Pats inside the 25, looking like they were going to take the prize. Some quick passes and a screen later, the Patriots were inside the 10 and a fade to Martellus Bennett could’ve won the game, but the tight end dropped it in the end zone.

The biggest impact player of the game, James White, was given the toss, and as he had all game, he provided the goods. The toss to the right and a few broken tackles led to the running back diving over the line and completing the greatest comeback of all time, for one of the greatest Super Bowl finales of all time.

# Recovery

Cameron Brown | Year 12



**ARTIST’S COMMENT:**

The personal experience of injury has been expressed through a series of prints. The three aspects of injury I have chosen to represent are physical (Boot), mental (Brain) and emotional (Eye). *Recovery* acts as an insight for those wishing to rehabilitate and realise that it is possible to overcome difficult circumstances. The purpose of my artwork is to embody the feelings that I felt when my injuries were having a major impact on my life, allowing the audience to reflect on challenges they too may have endured, therefore being able to contemplate their own journey to recovery.



# Choices Make a Man

Toby Goldschmidt | Year 10

Dark light penetrates a northern country.

Wood huts outline a small clearing of thick spruce forest. Whilst it is but noon, a blanket of sinister darkness spreads throughout the cluster of huts and forest beyond. Crackling firelight. Wolves howl. Leaves rustle.

Weathered stones splatter the clearing and hunched figures are clumped in the centre. Gentle chatter breaks out amongst the villagers – men, women and children. Nineteen of them are seated on logs around a splintered wood table. At the head of the table sits a young lady, beautiful, with snow-white skin and perfect features. Wearing a white silk dress and a gold necklace, she stands out from the rest of the villagers, who are grimy and brutish.

Lightning strikes, clouds weep. The peaceful aura is quickly destroyed. The villagers seek shelter under a hut where they wait for Mother Nature to have mercy.

Eighteen villagers. One of the them is missing. Immediately it is apparent who – their leader, the beautiful woman in white. A shrill cry shatters the air over the deafening thunder and rain. Hairs on the backs of villagers’ necks stand to attention. They

collect an assortment of weapons and head directly for a lone shack which stands on the outskirts of the clearing.

Even from afar they sense something evil inhabits this place. Something sinister. Opening the door, a naked, dwarfish woman stands hunched over a bubbling cauldron. Tatters of white fabric lie scattered, discarded on the floor. At the sound, she turns, revealing a wrinkled, wart-covered face. A tempest of blows rain down on her before she has time to react. Her feeble body crumbles under the force.

Blows continue to rain down on her, even after Death has had mercy. Spears stand erect in her chest and her face is bruised and dented beyond words. The job is done and the villagers exit. But one girl stays behind. Curiosity fills her face as she stands gazing over the body. Kneeling, she pulls a hunting knife from its sheath and cuts a necklace from the limp body, pocketing it. It is a gold necklace.

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Many years later, a young prince storms outside of the palace walls, his cage, and out into the night.

The sky is still and sparkling, yet the prince is drenched in sweat and fuming in his anger. As much as he loathed the formality of balls, tonight’s occasion was different. He had actually been looking forward to it. After all, it was his sixteenth birthday and this was a celebration in his honour. But as usual, the spotlight had been stolen by his older brother. Stronger, smarter and more handsome than him. Destined to wear the crown. Perpetually the centre of attention, he had danced with one beautiful maiden after another, swirling around the dance floor. It seemed deliberate – a way of making his younger brother feel small and unworthy.

The young prince continues trudging towards a clearing deep in the woods where he often goes to be alone. Shoulders hunched, he sits down and stares up at the stars. His brother always gets the better of him, and always will. One day he will even be king. The boy shudders at the thought. It should have been him! The wind seems to whistle in agreement.

He closes his eyes and fantasises. In his dream, he has everything. He is king, with a beautiful queen by his side and two charming children. He has the heart of everyone in his kingdom. They love

and respect him. His people cheer, and a cacophony of clapping and shouts fill his head, but it soon morphs into a looming image of his older brother who laughs and jeers at him. The prince gasps and jerks wide awake to see the image of a dagger slowly fading into a group of stars in the sky.

“Come with me,” a voice whispers from behind him, making him jolt with shock. He spins around and comes face to face with a girl of similar age. There they stare at each other for what seems like an eternity. A sudden change in the girl’s eyes snaps the boy back into reality. Her eyes, which were previously a mesmerising pale green have rolled over, revealing a white which makes the prince squirm.

“Come with me,” repeats the girl, but in a different tone. Her voice has changed from silky to bitter and it fills the prince with unease. There is something unnatural about this girl. More out of fright than curiosity, the boy follows the girl through thick forest, illuminated by a brilliant full moon. Soon she comes to a halt in front of a shack which seems oddly familiar. They enter.

A cauldron bubbles in the centre of a small room and they take up seats in a dank corner. A strange feeling descends on the

boy. The liquid, the shack, the legend. This is not a girl, but instead an ancient witch whose spirit has been fused with the body of a girl. Instinct says to run, to escape, but the prince is engulfed by curiosity and stays.

“I am not going to hurt you,” reassures the witch, reading his mind. Her voice has changed once again and is now smooth and alluring. “I want to help you. I know how you feel. Your older brother...” She fails to finish the sentence and empathy fills her voice. The prince knows her meaning even without words. “My older sister too dominated my world.”

The witch is his mirror, even if he doubts he would have the same courage to seize his destiny.

Still, an image of his brother mocking him, crown upon his head, passes before his eyes.

The prince notices a wooden club to his side. He is certain it was not there before. The witch gestures towards it. “The weapon that delivered my killing blow,” says the girl, nodding towards the club. “Use it and you can have all you ever wanted. Your lies about this dreadful deed will never be seen through.” Her eyes drift upwards. His older

brother stands in the doorway.

“There you are,” he sighs, relieved. “Father is about to make his speech – hurry up and let’s go.” The prince looks back to the witch, but she has disappeared. All that remains in the room is the cauldron and the club. His eyes stop, fixated on the ancient weapon. Reaching, he wraps his fingers around it. He relishes the feel, then turns to face his brother.



# Creative Confliction

Jarrah McEvoy | Year 12



### ARTIST'S COMMENT:

This work expresses my personal anxieties towards artistic expression and the creative process behind it. It is an attempt to visualise the concept of creativity, with all the wonders, struggles, judgement and praise that accompany it. Sigmund Freud's theory of the subconscious provides the framework for the delivery of this idea, with the three elements he theorised, The Id, The Ego and The Superego being translated into three separate paintings. The lively and free-flowing nature of watercolour provided the surreal flavour that a work dealing with abstract ideas required.

# Moon

Oscar Moody | Year 10

●● Glimmers of the lunar radiance twinkle on the pines  
Concealed from the world, daunted into silence,  
Accustomed to the ethereal shimmer.

This is where they meet,  
Jack and the Moon  
Her dreamy fluorescent nature reveals his icy beauty.  
Her presence is timeless and still, suffusing the dark,  
silent wood.

Her gaze gives life to this frozen winter world.

Their desire enchanted  
With mystic flares  
Brings an unobtrusive warmth to this forest.

This love only seen in the darkness of night.

As the forest wakes,  
Jack and the moon vanish,  
with no trace of their magic.

As the sun sets they meet again,  
Each shy of the other's thoughts  
They smile and shine on the darkness of the wood.

# The Alt-Right: The Resurgence of Nationalism in Male Youth

Alex Malouf | Year 11

On the 20th of January, 2017, Donald J. Trump was officially inaugurated to the office of President of the United States following what many have labelled as the most tumultuous campaign trail in recent memory. His election heralded a geopolitical shift, the effects and reverberations of which can still be felt across the globe to this day. It served as a grim reminder to left-wing and centrist parties across the democratic world that old-style nationalism had returned to the political sphere, with a brand new face.

This new, pseudo-fascist, pseudo-libertarian, anti-immigrant and populist wave of international online support was branded by the Clinton campaign as the “Alt-Right”, in a speech wherein, immediately after that comment, a member of the crowd piped up with a cry of “PEPE!”, a reference to the online frog meme which the American Anti-Defamation-League (ADL) was to later brand as a hate symbol comparable to the swastika and KKK insignia.

Prior to November 8th, movements had snowballed both online and in real life, both in the US and Europe. Young white men

from numerous countries celebrated online a perceived victory for their “movement” as Britain voted to leave the European Union in mid 2016. Since Trump took office, Italy, Austria, Germany, The Netherlands, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland and Denmark have all seen the resurgence of the far right within their respective parliaments, and in the cases of some of these nations, they have either seized government or now form the second largest majority. For so many of these new parties, the main support comes from the male youth, attending rallies and protests like in Charlottesville. A plethora of global events have seen the rise of many of these fringe movements to prominence in media, where free publicity and an easy platform for growth is theirs for the taking.

But what could be at the root of this sudden shift of the Overton Window? Nothing less than the ever-changing world we live in. To analyse the causes of this sudden societal shift, one would need to understand the social predicament millennial white men find themselves in.

For many young, particularly uneducated white men in both Europe and the US, their futures have become ever more uncertain

in the face of an increasingly globalised world and economy. International free trade, tariff reductions and an ever-more digital world have whittled away at these people’s economic value, and dishevelled their traditional position in society. Increasing change, demographic shifts, reshuffling of workplace gender balance and mass migration have all eroded the baseline of the Western world: the white working class. Add into this concoction the perceived threat of radical Islamic terrorism, fueling fear and confusion amongst this demographic, and you have a population terrified to the brink, assailed on all sides by unwelcome change.

Against this backdrop of the ever-changing world, the Alt-Right movement emerges from the darker corners of the internet, where regulation is sparse at best. This new movement offers these young men a community they believe to have lost, a sense of solidarity in a world in which they feel neither respected nor valued, an outlet for expressing the pent up aggression and views they hold against the harbingers of this new change in a world that would censor such notions, and a sense of hope for the future many had long since forgotten.

A community such as this, comprised of young men from various different European cultures and the United States, connected by the single largest communication hub in history, gives these men a newfound purpose, and promises to drive a change, however, one that, this time, they will welcome instead – an abandonment of internationalism, and a return to tradition.

Social media and the internet have been paramount to the success of this movement. Curious and brow-beaten men are enticed by the brash, provocative and ‘out-there’ slogans and memes of this movement, activists and personalities on YouTube and beyond who speak to their fears and fuel their prejudices, driving them ever so steadily over the edge. The result is an ever-widening echo chamber wherein rhetoric resounds and a mutual craving for the restoration of lost “traditional values”, violent opposition to mass migration and a complete rejection of globalisation rebound.

Of course, throughout all this the calls of nationalism resonate, harking back to a simpler time, when white men didn’t need to outperform to succeed and their base of employment was secured within their

own societies. With this comes a complete rejection of established politics and parties, which these men see as having “betrayed” them, as they represent the forefront of the new world. These men thus turn to the fringes of politics, giving rise to a far right long thought buried in the US and Europe. They hope these populists who reflect their concerns will enact the policies to bring about the end of the world they loathe, restoring a sense of “self determination” and a resemblance of the old world.

The effects of this can already be seen today throughout the world. The US threatens trade war with China, as Trump’s isolationism pushes away longstanding US allies with his threats of withdrawal from NATO. Domestically, ethnic tensions surge both in Europe and the US, as Identity Politics becomes ever more mainstream with groups such as the European “White Identitarians”, by far the largest such movement in the continent, attracting radical speakers and large marches.

Where this flurry of geopolitical shifts heads from here is unknowable – will the movement continue to leap from strength to strength or will this shock galvanise the

left and centre into forming a movement of their own so as to counter this nationalist wave? The Alt-Right is a nigh-rootless, multinational, trans-continental, completely anonymous amalgamation of ideologies long thought lost to politics, but they have their base of support, their mantras, their doctrines and their parties. If the centre and left fail to act in response to this nationalist resurgence, then the political future of both Europe and the US may look catastrophically different in a decade’s time.



# Street Haunting: A Stanmore Adventure

Euan McKenzie | Year 11

●● The weather is coolish. I could wear a shirt and walk around without sweating, unlike most days that have been coming and going recently. As soon as I leave my house I can see a large shared structure on the other side of my own building.

I know that there is a young family who live there. They have a child, no more than a year old. The parents themselves can’t be more than thirty. I haven’t seen the baby in a while. I think about how they met. Maybe it was in a cafe. Not paying attention to their own surroundings, they bumped into each other. Coffee and feelings went flying, like young movie-crossed lovers, destined to meet in this predicament by two middle aged screenwriters.

Or was it a young mistake which tied them down together and kept them together? Eyes met at a party as the music blasted out of the speakers and kept the neighbours awake. Hands touching, eyes reaching into each other’s souls. Two months later the father receives a call that they need to talk. Love can still come from that, I hope to myself.

Walking around the corner of the young family’s house, I can see the train line. Something that interests me about trains is their cameos in films. The idea of thousands of people traveling together on a train. Shoulders touching each other but no words.

Around another corner is the park. I used to go to this park when I was a child. There is a woman under a tree, a single cigarette between her fingers. She is sitting alone on an old bench. Children are running past her and clambering over equipment while she watches over them. She wears a flowery singlet, and looks down at her cigarette every couple of minutes.

I wonder where the father is. I think of the young couple who have found a purpose for themselves. Then I think of the people on the train. Forever in contact with someone but never touching. And this woman.

I want to hug her. I want to tell her that I care about her, but I know that all she would do is push me away. Push me away and never let anyone help, even if she always feels alone. I walk away from her, hoping that love can still come from that.

# Oil

Finn Hoegh-Guldberg | Year 11

●● 10 o’clock. Coughing. Dad’s home. He’s always home late when he works at the mine. I’m at the bottom of the polished timber stairs, and there he is. Worn. He’s got that look on his face. The one where you can see the anguish and pain desperately trying to push through the resilient outer layer of skin and bone. I’m just glad to see him. I hug him, his embrace is warm. Interrupted. He pulls away, coughing again. This time it’s bad, like nothing I’ve ever seen. I rush to find some water but it’s already overtaken him. Now Mum’s downstairs. Time stops. Mum’s screaming at me to call an ambulance. Dad’s on the ground, hysterical. He’s coughing up blood.

I pull the clear mask over my face and plunge into the deep. The crystal blue is teeming with life, more than yesterday. The crew and I are only here at the reef for a few more days, so we need to record as much as possible. I drift down deeper into the bustling channels of coral. It just blows me away every time, the colours. I gesture to Mark and the others. We start to swim further east, where we haven’t taken samples yet. I run my hand along the coarse colourful shapes. Mark jabs at my shoulder and I turn to see him grin as he points to the dark silhouette of an innocent reef shark hiding away under the coral. We share a muted chuckle through our diving masks and continue to head out to sea. But something’s wrong. As we get farther out there isn’t anywhere near as many fish. Silence. Mark’s pointing. The coral seems faded, like someone has sucked out the vibrancy with a vacuum cleaner. It feels like a graveyard. We go further, and now there’s no colour at all. The coral is pale, bleached. An underwater desert. Completely barren.

I’m staring down at the white paper. It’s like one of those life after death scenes from a movie, where the character wakes up surrounded by blank nothingness. That’s what I feel like right now. I switch on my desk lamp, and the dim yellow pierces through the pure untainted white, replacing it with a warm hazy blur. The lamp illuminates the framed portrait of Mia and Jessie, my everything. I think about them, how this dotted line will impact them. Now Mia walks through my office door. She’s come to show me a drawing she did at school today. A crayon mess, but the subject matter is clear. It’s a dead turtle, her favourite animal. She knows what I am about to do. Her eyes are like swords of sadness cutting through my body. She’s begging me not to sign. But I have no choice. It’s my signature or my job. My signature or her school fees. My signature or her future.

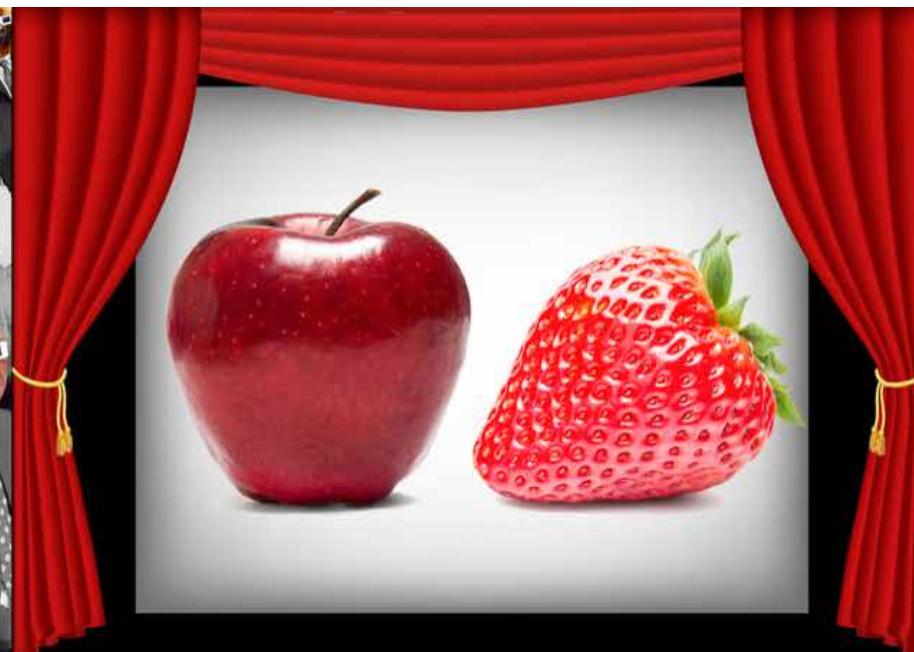
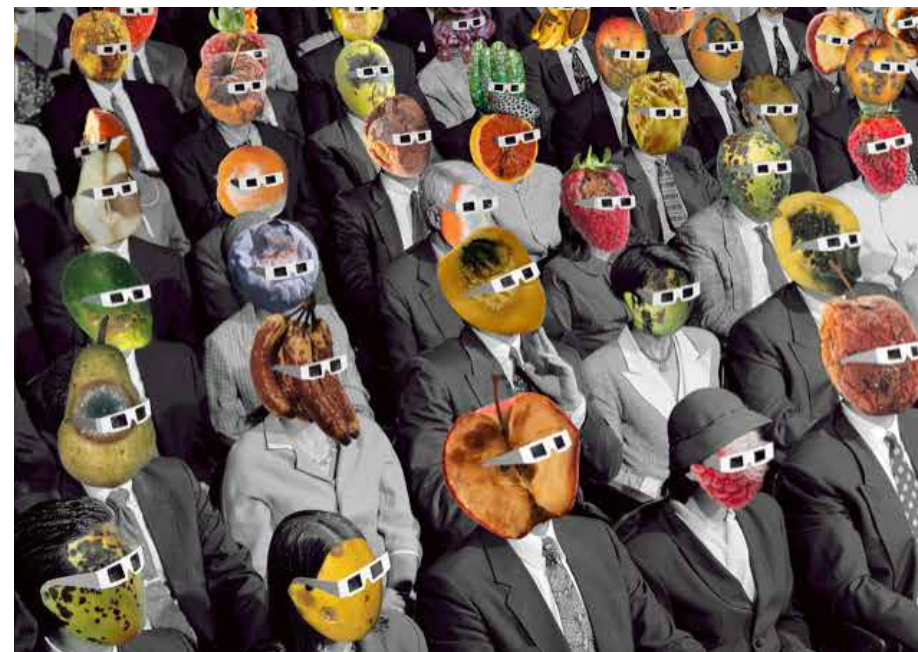
Walking. The crunch of gravel beneath my feet. I bend down to pick up a thick piece of bark, throwing it into the paddock to my right. Kelly bounds after it, not hesitating to spring over the wired fence and into the tall grass. A second passes and she’s back, waiting patiently at my feet with the wood wedged between her pointed front teeth. I gently ruffle her scalp; she’s my only friend out here. We pause at the top of the hill, slowly breathing in the fresh country air. I can see the house in the distance now. It’s been a long morning walk. Kelly’s ears suddenly prick up, a strange sound. Now I can hear it too. It’s a sound that I haven’t heard for a long time, not since I moved away from the city. Heavy machinery. It’s a dragon’s roar, deep and powerful, and it’s coming from my property. Panic. I’m racing down the hill, Kelly’s struggling to keep up.

The gravel and pebbles on the road are birds, soaring up into the air as I charge onwards. I throw open the gate, and there they are. Ten blindingly bright fluorescent yellow silhouettes in my top paddock staring down at me. One’s holding a chainsaw. There’s a huge truck parked outside the house. Furious. I scream, demanding an explanation. The closer one calmly hands me a piece of paper. “Strip Mining. Authorised by the New South Wales government.”

Sarah is running along the water’s edge. Only eighteen months old and already running. I grin, she’s just like her father. I snap my book shut, dust off my towel and proceed to follow her down the beach. White sand squirms through the gaps between my toes. Sarah has stopped running now, instead sitting in the sand as the gentle sea brushes up against her tiny limbs. She seems unusually fascinated by the water, which is strange seeing she’s come to this beach almost every Sunday since she was born. The stories and sandcastles, millions of memories. I watch her scoop the sea up in her hands and drain it through her fingers as I approach. She looks up at me, confused, then back down at the water. I follow her line of sight and see why. The ocean is shiny, not its usual sparkling blue, but a shiny black. I’ve never seen anything like it. Especially not on this beach. Our beach. A sinking feeling weights down upon my chest. The thin black sheen spreads out into the abyss like a disease, infecting its surroundings. As I look out further the shine begins to disappear, replaced by a deeper darkness. I turn back to Sarah. She looks up at me pleadingly for an explanation, her hands coated in black. “Oil,” I say.

# Now Showing, Exodus 20:3

Hamish Johnson | Year 12



## ARTIST'S COMMENT:

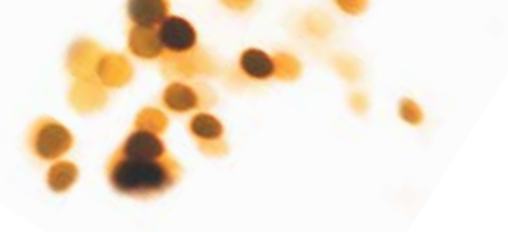
Why can't life be like a movie?

My work, *Now Showing, Exodus 20:3*, named in reference to the first commandment, which forbids idolatry, is not concerned with religion itself but rather the religious-like following of movie characters from films that pop culture has deemed to be "Cult Classics". The work depicts the irony that fictitious characters glamorised in society would in reality have lifestyles branded

as menacing and/or surrounding environments regarded as intolerable. It explores the collective envious mindset that is negligently misplaced in Hollywood cinema due to the distorted portrayal of a phenomenon unconstrained by any of reality's "rotten" implications beyond what is displayed in the two hours or so of viewing time. Ultimately the work challenges audiences to break down this conventional "grass is always greener on the other side" mentality towards the fourth wall, instead recognising the imperfect and humane side of cinema as a reflection of life rather than just a temporary escape from it.

# War of the Words: Will fake news be our undoing?

Tom Charley | Year 11



On October 31, 1938, Orson Welles broadcast the *War of the Worlds* Halloween special, and the subsequent mass panic was symptomatic of a country that was receptive to misinformation and prone to gullibility. These days, misinformation poses an even more existential threat – social division and the weakening of our democratic principles.

I think it’s safe to categorize the twenty-first century citizen as being engaged in a brutal uphill battle in their fight against misinformation. We are in a uniquely vulnerable position. The stringent (more or less) vetting standards to which the news-related information we consume was once subjected exist now only in our memories – memories of a bygone era, before the ubiquity of the internet.

In the year 2018, that kind of sweeping regulatory standard is logistically impossible to maintain. Not only are more and more semi-legitimate and quasi-news publications seeking free rein in the dwellings of cyberspace, but more and more people are, in the words of Rachel Botsman, “outsourcing” their trust to social media entities like Facebook. As a result of this, they have begun to incorporate substantial news-related components into their platforms.

This enables people to receive an exclusively personalized version of the news. Now it’s impossible to hop on Facebook without being bombarded with dubious news stories about this or that, often personally tailored to inflame your sensibilities and profit from your subsequent outrage. How could that not hold negative implications for social cohesion?

We are only now beginning to find out the extent of the damage.

It’s been heavily argued that the rapid ascent and eventual triumph of Donald Trump is attributable to this misinformation epidemic. In fact, according to a recent AP poll, over 63per cent of Americans think Trump’s victory was at least partially facilitated by divisive Russian bots, who allegedly used social media to muddy the waters of the political zeitgeist with fake news and misinformation.

Ironically, Trump himself accuses reputable organizations like The New York Times of perpetuating “fake news” in an attempt to sabotage their public image and delegitimize their criticisms against him. In fact, his recent “fake news awards” controversy, in which he hurled blatant accusation of lies at the likes of CNN, MNSBC and *The Washington Post*, led to accusations of base political opportunism, causing some to fundamentally question his position as leader of the free world. This raises a larger question: who benefits from this fake news epidemic?

The answer is highly disputed. In most cases it’s clear that fake news is a symptom of a domestically oversaturated media

and a culture that profits from division and infighting, but in other cases fake news has been attributed to external entities with malicious intent.

The issue of the Russian bots also raises the problem of potentially militarized fake news. During the election cycle, the FBI found evidence of over \$100,000 that had been spent on ads pushing divisive issues and which had been purchased by Russian-controlled bots. Similarly, on Twitter, a substantial quantity of regularly posting anti-Hillary accounts can be traced to Russian interests

Often, these bots appear to have been working in close conjunction, bombarding the electoral Twitter feed with thousands of identical messages, fired one after the other in close succession by individual false accounts. On election day, Twitter staff determined that the hashtag #WarAgainstDemocrats had been posted over 1,700 times by Russian bot accounts. However, the issue of Russian “information terrorism” isn’t limited to the US alone. So far, evidence of Russian bots has been detected in 30 countries, including Finland, Great Britain, Germany and France.

Instead of a War of the Worlds, it looks like we should be more worried about a ‘War of the Words’ in this interconnected digital age.

Even when it is domestically produced, however, rampant misinformation and

“fake news” is a societal blight. It utterly diminishes and undermines the legitimacy of the press, and by mere association, debases mostly verifiable proponents of truth like the BBC and *The New York Times*.

This issue has already had far-reaching societal implications: in a recent Knight-Gallop survey of more than 19,000 US citizens, it was determined that despite 84 per cent of survey participants claiming they considered the news to play a “critical” or “significant” role in our democracy, only 44 per cent could actually name a reliable news source. Additionally, 73 per cent of Americans expressed concern about the spread of inaccurate information, with only 50 per cent of survey participants claiming they were confident people were equipped to see through bias and root out the truth.

But how do we combat such a faceless, illusory and internally self-perpetuating malice?

I believe a two-prong strategy is required.

Firstly, it is absolutely essential we equip our citizens with the critical thinking skills required to distinguish between real and fake news. Once this is achieved, it becomes much harder for external influences to have a potent effect on domestic attitudes. Finland has been leading the vanguard in the battle against fake news with their particularly feverous adoption of this strategy. Its schools are among some of the best in the world, far

outclassing the US and Australia. How do they achieve this extraordinary standard of education?

Their philosophy is broadly centered around individualism and critical thought; as such, the benefits reaped are clear as day – despite continuous Kremlin attempts to disseminate false news through social media, they’ve maintained steadfast in their reluctance to capitulate. In an attempt to limit the impact of externally devised attempts at “information sabotage”, more western countries need to follow in Finland’s footsteps.

This means a complete education overhaul, with an emphasis on encouraging open discourse in classes, promoting debating and rhetoric, teaching students how to cross-reference information they read online, and encouraging digital literacy. In the words of William Beveridge, “Ignorance is an evil weed which dictators may cultivate among their dupes, but which no democracy can afford among its citizens.”

Secondly, and more controversially, it’s time to take precautionary measures to regulate social media in order to limit its capacity to disseminate “fake news”. In the words of *The Economist*, social media today functions in an environment of “legal exceptionalism”. As suggested in Konrad Niklewicz’s paper *Weeding out Fake News*, a potential strategy could be to include social media within the stricter jurisdiction of news media regulation, subjecting them to the same

legal obligation to correct fake news. In other words, platforms like Facebook and Twitter would be required legally to remove misleading or falsified content if such a desire was requested by the affected party.

Now, I fully understand why people worry about the dangers inherent in this approach. It’s true that this strategy could enable infringements on our right to free speech. However, it’s also true that, as a result of fake news, our right to free speech is being undermined with every day that passes marred with inaction. I say, *carpe diem* – idle debate and speculation will not spare us from this predicament.

Still, the outcome of this ‘War of the Words’ is far from decided. In the words of Garry Kasparov, “The point of modern-day propaganda isn’t only to misinform or push an agenda. It’s to exhaust your critical thinking, annihilate truth.” So don’t succumb to the seductively easy fiction generated by false information; reality is far more nuanced and complicated. As a society, we must strive to scrutinize everything we consume – online or not – to seek out the sublime reality of objective truth. Otherwise we are no better than our forefathers, who let the completely irrational fear of alien invasion plunge them into chaos.



# The Smell of the Parmesan Cheese

Jeno Suh | Year 12



As the darkness dissipated into a blur, and the voice of that damned tour guide droned on in the background, I fumbled at the curtains, still half asleep. The holiday crash, that’s what I called it. After all those terribly long months, waking up at the break of dawn, sprinting to the station and glugging down coffee at the same time, meeting deadline after deadline, filing case after case, it only made sense that once I started to relax, my body would melt away and wade in and out of sleep. I mean, it didn’t help that the guide could go on for hours and hours and I’d never particularly enjoyed history in the first place. The one thing I’d always loved about history, though, was its curious obsession with rocks. I mean, who didn’t find dusty, oversized white pebbles absolutely riveting?

I sighed. What a waste. I’d spent, what, almost seven grand on this tour, only to sleep through more than half of it? At least I forced myself to do something other than just sleeping at home. It’s not like I needed to be awake the whole time to take some photos.

“And now, here we are, ladies and gentlemen.”

As the bus slowed to a stop, I could hear a small buzz from the kids, as they pinched and grabbed at their parents, waking them up. Of course, not every adult had fallen asleep, and not every kid was awake. Heck, there were more kids asleep than adults, but all the adults, save for those rare few who always seemed like they were running off ten cans of Red Bull, were like me – drained by all those long months of work. As the others began to stand, I laid back, savouring the AC before I was dragged into the desert outside.

After a half-hour of trudging through dust, we finally reached our destination. A run-down slab of stone. I sighed again. The kids were wowing, and I’m sure that if I was a little boy, I’d be just as excited as they were, but it was hot, it was humid, and I wasn’t really in the mood to do anything but sleep. I quickly took out my phone, raised it to selfie position, patted down my bed-hair, and smiled for the camera.

The guide droned on for some time, pointing at the slab like a madman, while I just stood at the back, kicking some dust. Then, glancing at his watch, he said, “Why don’t we meet under that tree in ten minutes?” Everyone nodded. I didn’t get it. Why’d he

bothered to say it like a question when it was really just a command? I guess it was a bit like when your boss “asks” if you could get him some coffee – it was just a way to honey the words.

Once you take the photo, there’s not much else you’re going to get out of staring at a rock. I headed over to the tree, and hunched myself into the shade, making sure not to leave a single part of my body exposed to the death rays outside.

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“Now, normally we’d be heading back to our hotel for dinner, but tonight, since it is the last day, I’ve gotten special permission from the branch manager to shout you all some free dinner!”

A cheer echoed off the walls of the bus. I had my doubts though. It was probably something they did for every tour group and it probably wasn’t even “free”. Just something to get us all happy and excited before the guides got tipped. Still, it’d better be better than the sludge at the hotel.

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Normally, after dinner at the hotel, I’d head up to my room and fall asleep watching some TV. But since we were some way from our hotel and I was starving – the “free” restaurant literally only served sheep head and I’d thrown up over my portion – I decided to roam the city.

It was my first real time exploring my surroundings on this trip. I mean, I’d caught glimpses of it during my brief moments of lucidity, but all I’d really seen was a few people darting in and out of the shade. It was hot, so, naturally, everyone hid in their homes during the day.

But now, at night, it was completely different, and as corny as it sounds, the city finally felt alive. From every door, from every window of every house, every apartment, from every corner of the city, a small leak had sprung, filling every street, shop, restaurant with people.

And it felt like I was drowning. But not like a suffocating drowning. It was more, I guess, that I felt surrounded, enwrapped, enveloped, submerged. In that way, it was a bit like the time I went scuba-diving and got separated and lost because I let myself be

carried away by some deep-sea current.

That was probably the only trip I’d ever actually really enjoyed too. Because of that current, I ended up spending half an hour surrounded by a school of fish, and once I stopped panicking, it was strangely warm and comforting, like a strange, scaly blanket.

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After half an hour, I found myself on a bench on the side of some street. And for the first time this entire tour, I could honestly say that I was enjoying myself – just sitting here.

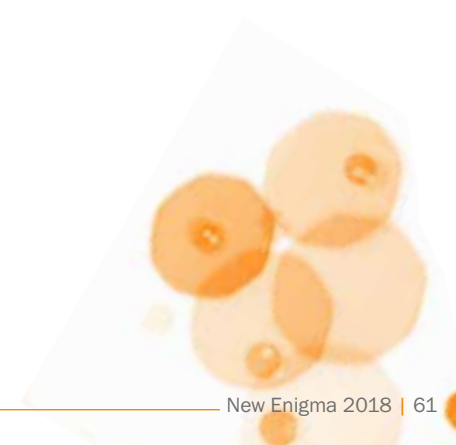
Maybe it was the smell of parmesan cheese, maybe it was the way the moonlight glittered on the cobblestone, maybe it was the incomprehensible chatter of the people walking by. I didn’t know. Within the air, within the current, there was this deep, rich, pale, yellow, dancing and flowing, bouncing and billowing like a wisp of silk.

And wherever it grasped, it left a bit of itself. As it seeped through my clothes and into my skin I felt a sting, but it was nothing like the sting of the sand the wind had been

throwing at me all day. It was soft, but alive, and it pricked just enough that I knew it was there.

Bzzz. Bzzz.

Without looking away, I reached into my pocket and took out my phone. 11.07. I was late. I laughed and threw my phone into the bush behind me. No tour guide was going to ruin my trip. Heck, it could’ve been my boss and I’d have done the exact same thing – right now, even the smell of the parmesan cheese was more important.



# The Bells of September, 1683

Linus Griziotis | Year 12

●● As the bells began to play, the soldiers had run away;  
The children came out to play –  
And the adults, the adults, they cowered away.

Those remaining cry in streets  
“Vienna’s bridge is Falling Down! Falling Down!”  
As the children race to find their eats  
Plundering through the town  
Like Mice.  
And as they pass a burning building  
Filled only with the royal fool,  
They do not stop to lend their aiding

For the gests of this old dupe;  
Can be heard  
No longer, no longer  
Over his screaming and his pain –  
Any attempt to save this man would terribly be in vain.

~

When the beat began: heavy and steady,  
Of roaring cannon, locked and ready  
The soldiers, they form a line –  
And the gods, they begin to dine

On the feast of war whose slain  
Cover the mead halls and the heavenly stalls –  
Unknowing which of those below  
Were upward to be struck too mellow –

And who lament in the digests  
Of those above  
With lives lead meaningless  
To those who feast –  
Without a memory of life at the very least;  
A life well led? Dare say it does not matter.  
For to those above, between to love or feed  
Their insatiable greed,  
They would most certainly choose the latter.



# The Tattoo Parlour

Linus Griziotis | Year 12

1	9
I wonder;	I say;
Why has he come to play this devil's game? Why is it that his face looks so lame? I tell you I tell you – He draws a tattoo.	O' Mr Man, O' Darling Dame, Why must thee nay your purpose claim? I ask you, I ask you – What is it you do?
8	– We tattoo –
Of what does this man wrench so poor? I'm afraid tis nay a small I can adore I smell you, I smell you – It smells of taboo.	O' Mr Man, O' Darling Dame, Now though this question may be same, Why is it that you do Upon me this tattoo?
4	6
Why doth this dame dare douse in dark, Of a like resembling a dreaded snark I see you, I see you – Skull and needle too.	6
2	6
Why am I sat on mahogany table, Reaching as high as the Tower of Babel I pray you, I pray you – I may be going cuckoo	– I tell you, I tell you; Tis because you're a Jew –

# Pride

Riley Vaughan | Year 12

●●	Your niece finishes eighth in a competition of thousands. Your son makes it to the next round of a region-wide event. Your daughter recently passed her first driving test; she's on the roads now, she's ready to leave home. As you become aware of each of these tidbits of news, your heart warms a little; you're proud of them. You have played a part, however small, in their lives, and in their successes, however great, you can take comfort. And as you relay your pride to them, in that brief and seemingly insignificant gesture, their hearts, too, will warm – invigorated by the appreciation of their toils and the recognition of their labours.	Or were you silent in your pride, in your appreciation, and in your recognition?	to be proud of someone is a universally recognised aspect of gratitude. Whereas insults bounce off the skin, pride resounds deeply within the soul.
	But now consider your co-worker, your friend, or an important person in your community. Consider last week, last month, last year, whenever they won that award, whenever they earnt that promotion, or whenever they did something good, something right. You had played a part in their life, and now that they had achieved a success, you were surely proud of them.	Probably – and that's perfectly normal. The majority are. But unless you've been encompassed in a tightly wound sheet of bubble wrap for the last few months, with noise-cancelling headphones playing tunes from happier days, you might have noticed that the world is polarised.	I'm proud of him. To establish a school and provide tuition and transport is an amazing accomplishment for him, for his community, and is a testament to the goodwill and potential of humanity.
	But do they know? Does the boy you've known well since childhood, does the girl you'd like to know better in the future, does the woman who runs the hardware store down the street you've frequented for years, does she know how proud you are of her?	Once, sport, television, and cinema granted us a welcome reprieve from political tensions. Today, these retreats embody the angst of politics in miniature.	The rise of technology has connected the world in ways which were never dreamt of in ancient philosophies, yet most of us still pretend as if our neighbour is speaking Shakespearean. The internet is a trans-continental highway solely used for billboards and toll collection, and as politics is still profoundly a game of money, it pervades it entirely. In the modern age, we are a divided people. Physical streets are parking lots for homes, and even terraces are spilt with an ethereal divide.
		When a prominent sportsperson promised himself to a charitable cause and followed through, he was met with two responses. By the commander of the world's largest army, a man possessed of incredible political power and potential for good, he was called an idiot. Conversely, Michelle and Barack Obama said they were proud of LeBron James. They called him a role model.	If now is not the time to begin to mend that divide, when will we?
		I have no doubt that he'll be able to weather the back-handed insults of a small-handed man. We are a resilient race, we humans, who thrive off kindness and community. And for that reason, I have no doubt that the effusion of pride awarded to him by the Obamas affected him more than insult ever could. That's simply the way pride works;	It isn't hard to start. For that thing which you did last week, last month, last year, when you won that award or earnt that promotion, for whatever you did well, for whatever you did right, even if nobody noticed, I just want you to know:
			I'm so proud of you.



