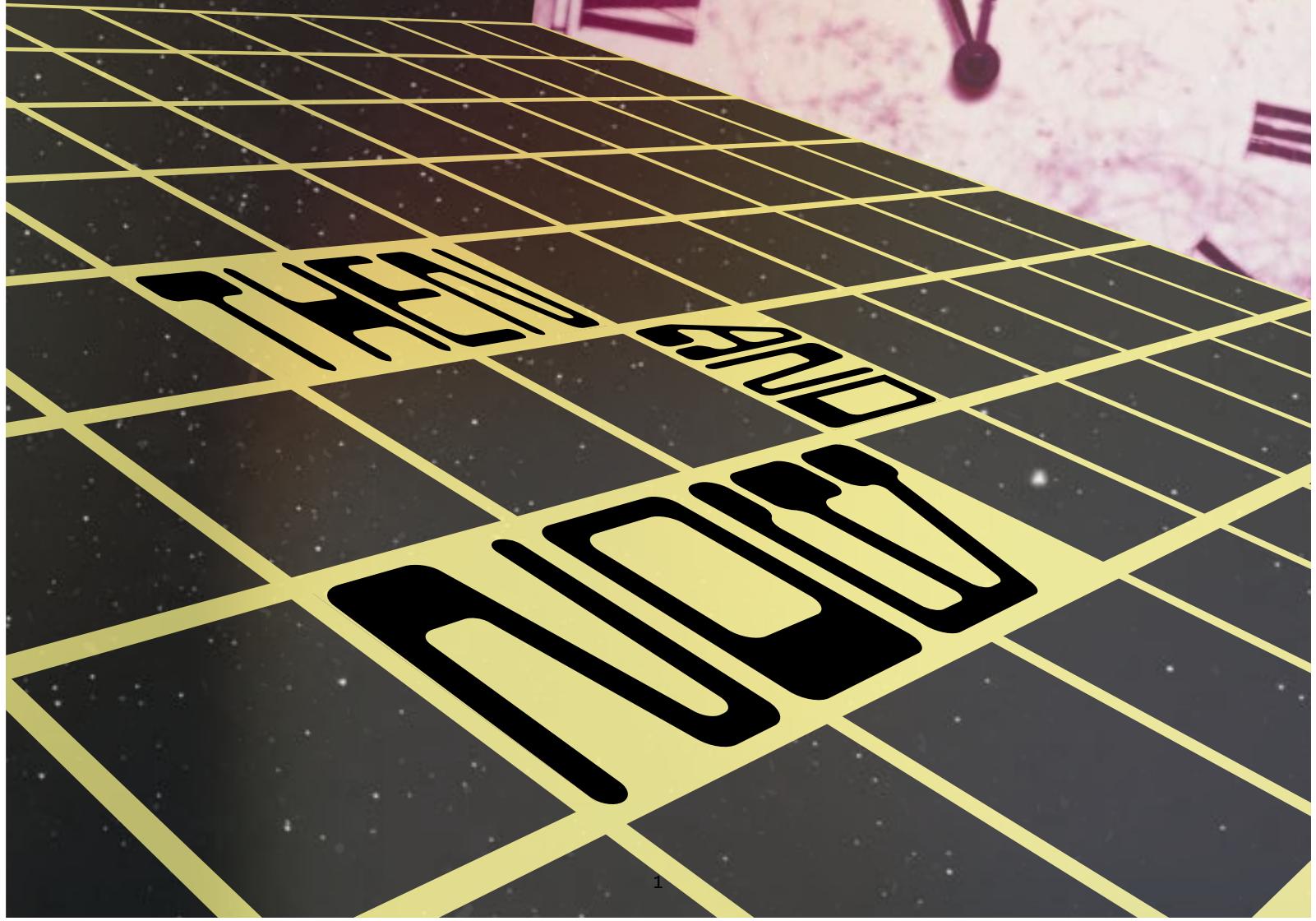
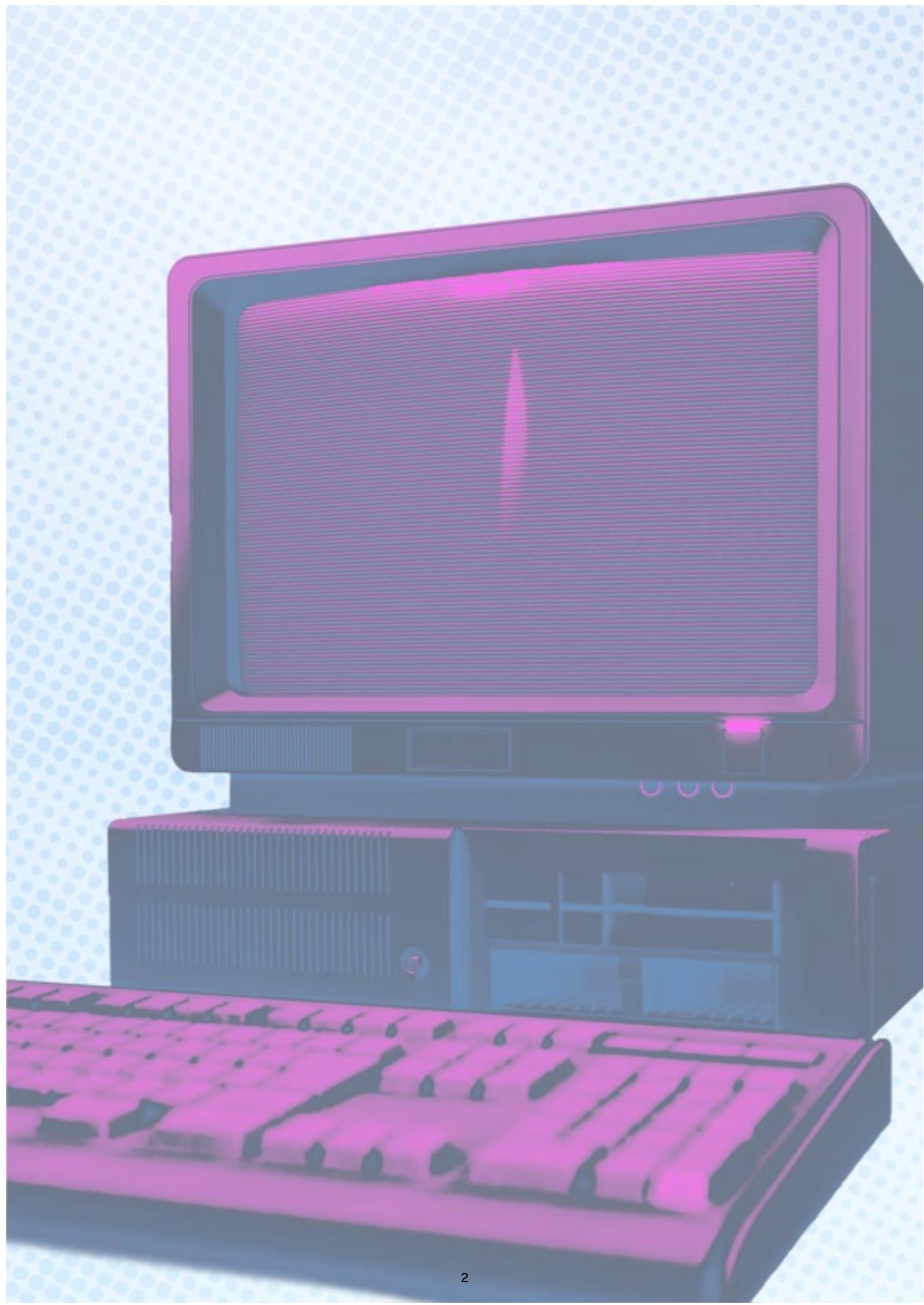


# THE TECH THEN AND NOW

ISSUE 4  
2025





## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COUNTRY

The Tert acknowledges the traditional custodians of the land upon which we meet and work, that of the Dharawal people. We pay our respect to their Elders past, present and future, for they hold the memories, the traditions, the culture and the hopes for Indigenous Australia.

## DISCLOSURE

The contents of this publication are made for and by the students of the University of Wollongong. Views expressed are of the individual authors and do not reflect those of the University of Wollongong.

## DISCLAIMER

The University of Wollongong accepts no responsibility for this publication.

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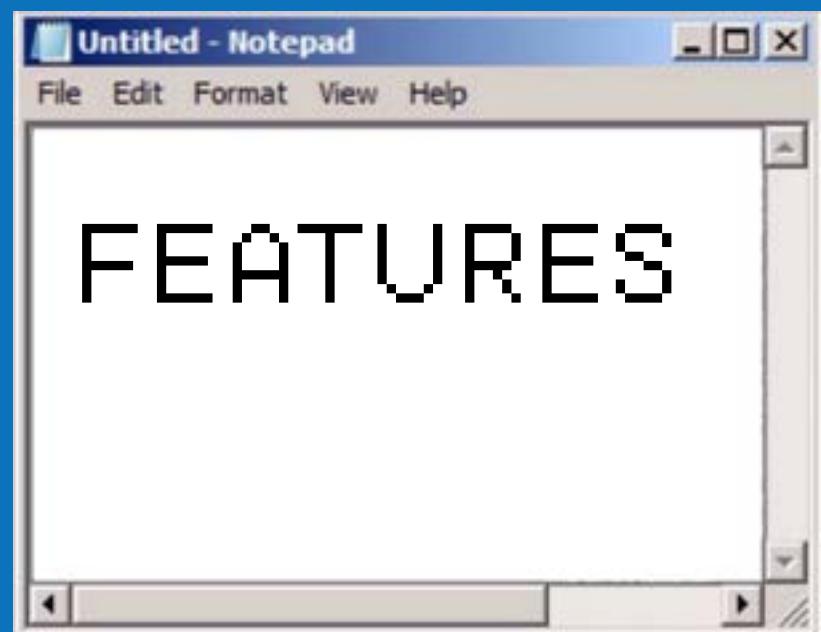
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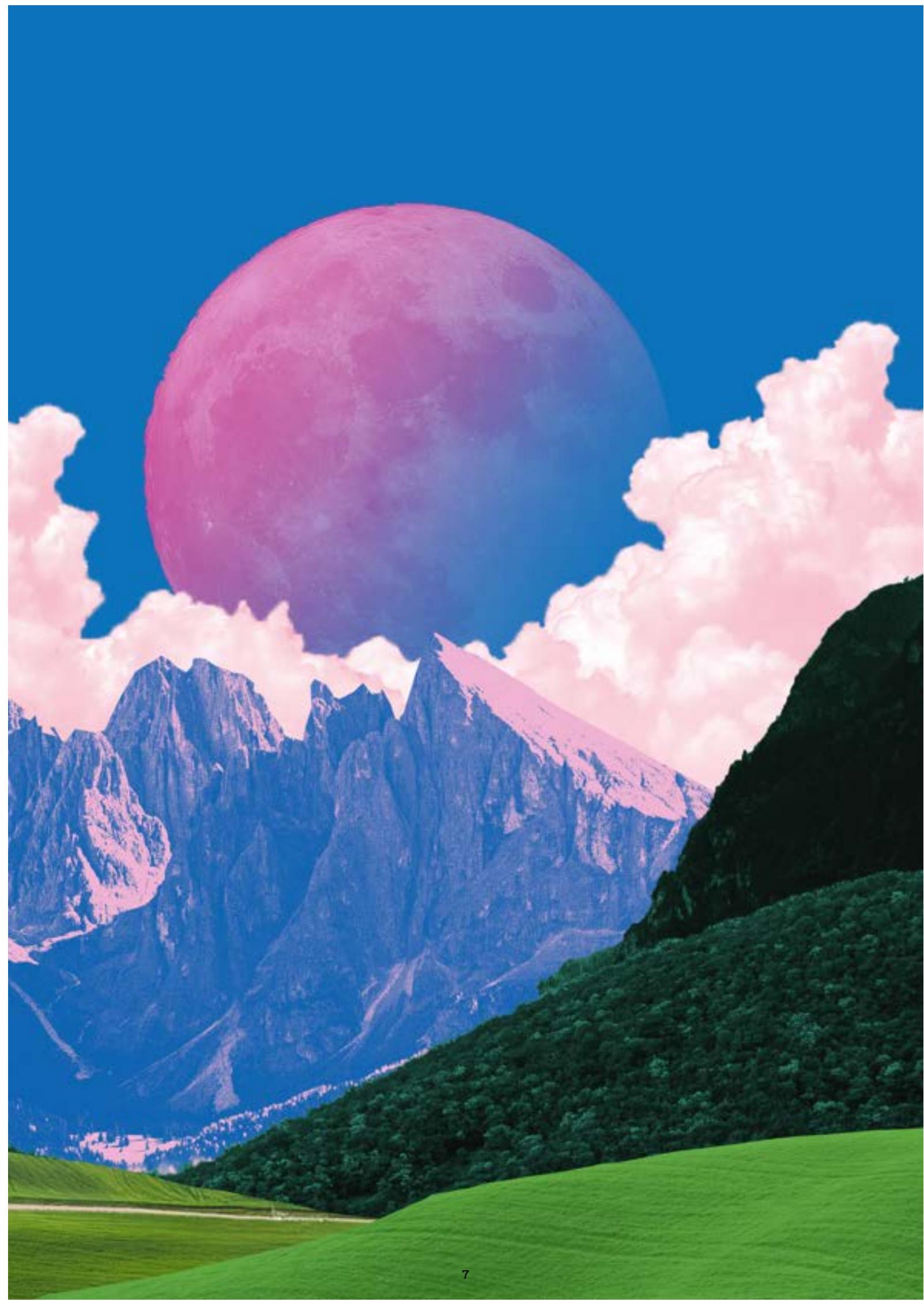
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# THE PINK RENAISSANCE

LARAGH MICHAEL

As a kid I was adamant that I was a 'tomboy'. Most of my friends were boys, I shopped in the boys section, and I definitely, absolutely, did not want any association with pink, barbies or femininity. I don't know why this is: perhaps that I grew up with predominantly male cousins and my family preferred action movies over girly ones. Perhaps it was because I was praised more for my mind and my achievements above all else. Maybe, I thought, it made me more interesting than other kids my age.

I don't quite know where the transition began, but now, at age twenty, I find I have catapulted into girlhood at full speed. If it comes in pink, I'll buy it in pink. I get my hair dyed every three months and I can't live if my eyeliner pen runs out. I watch 'Uptown Girls' semi-regularly and my favourite drink is a vodka cranberry. I love putting glitter on my eyes and having an overly sweetened coffee in the morning. The notion of being a girl in my twenties is the most exciting thing to me, and I get to do it surrounded by the most amazing women I've ever met. I hope that younger me would think I'm very cool, but I have a feeling she would have been just a little bit horrified.

I was introduced to the 'tomboy to girly-girl' pipeline phenomenon a while ago online, and

it got me thinking about how and why so many girls like me experience this in their lifetime. I don't think I was ever really trying to be 'like a boy', but perhaps more of an individual. Dolls were just as fun to me as any other little girl, but Monster High felt more in tune with my sense of self. Cartoon Network called to me more than any other Disney Channel show did. I adored female WWE wrestlers, female superheroes and collecting exclusively the 'cute' Pokemon characters. Looking back, is this not girlhood



framed through a different lens? Why was there a need to tick a black and white box of girl interests and boy ones?

The stereotypes of girls and women have evolved and adapted to social media culture. Now, the idea of 'basic' and 'alternative' have overridden the trends that we as Gen Z grew up with. This

fixation with being on one side of the line or the other has killed the innate desire for young adults to be expressive and unique, the exact same way that being a 'tomboy' or a 'girly girl' in 2015 did for kids in that era. While the age of social media likes to make us feel we're being progressive, there's still this underlying pressure to pick an identity and stick to it in our formative years, which is why I believe we find such extremities in identity and sense of self. The lack of fluidity in identities makes any range seem radical to the masses.

I have come to the conclusion that I redefined what femininity means to me during my teenage years, whether I felt it happen or not. As a creative, femininity became about self expression, particularly in my appearance. I experimented with hair, makeup, clothes, and my 'aesthetic'. I wore and bought things that made me feel good and confident, instead of things that fit a conceptual framework of who I thought I should be to be an individual. In doing this, I found that, amazingly, I was still me when I wore a dress. I found I had just as much fun at an Olivia Rodrigo concert as I did at a Denzel Curry one. I find it invigorating to be interested and knowledgeable on a range of subjects, and I hope this lust for curiosity will only continue to grow.

I still take photos on the camera I got from my grandparents for my tenth birthday. Everything I see through that lens is different now, but it is still the same girl looking through it. Culture and growth is for all people on all paths, not just those who adhere to the pipeline of their 'aesthetic'. Losing a clear perception of self can sometimes be the best thing for a person in 2025. Individuality keeps the world spinning.



3 DEC,  
2025

# THE UNSETTLING TIMES

MEGAN  
GUY

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## STUDENTS FOR PALESTINE

### THEN AND NOW:

Israel's genocide in Gaza has galvanised opposition from millions of people around the globe. As I write this, the rift between the opinions of workers and students, on one hand, and the powerful institutions of capitalism – governments, police, universities – on the other, is widening. This month alone, Europe has witnessed two general strikes for Palestine in Italy, involving millions of workers, as well as a large-scale strike across Spain.

In Italy, four "days of rage" erupted following Israel's kidnapping of activists en route to Gaza as part of the Global Sumud Flotilla. In Rome, Bologna, Florence, Turin, and countless other towns and cities, Italians "blocked everything" – streets, universities, highways, and railways – in defiance of the complicity of far-right prime minister Giorgia Meloni and her bans on road blockades and industrial action during peak hours.

Glance over to the UK and you'll see routine images of retirees – elderly women dragged by their necks by riot police – clinging to cardboard placards reading, "I oppose genocide. I support Palestine Action", while Keir Starmer's Labour government wages harsher attacks on Palestine activists than to a state committing a literal genocide. This year has been a historic one for Palestine activism in Australia. Imagine an entire city of Wollongong's worth of people marching in the pouring rain on Australia's most iconic monument. That's what the "March for Humanity" was.



Students have a role to play in all of this. In Italy, it's been university students, and even high school students, who have gotten to work building Palestine solidarity activism on campuses. Students here will be vital to progressing the cause. That's why you should sign up to be a member of Students for Palestine.

3 DEC,  
2025

# THE UNSETTLING TIMES

MEGAN  
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## STUDENTS FOR PALESTINE



Students for Palestine was founded 16 years ago by handfuls of socialist and Palestinian activists on university campuses across Melbourne. Horrified by Israel's bombardment of Gaza – known as Operation Cast Lead, where the IDF murdered 1,500 Palestinian civilians in just three weeks – these student activists decided now was the time to act and start a campaign. While the bombing had ceased, Gaza remained an open-air prison and Israel continued to run, as it does today, an apartheid regime in the West Bank.

The students had established clear political positions on Palestine. One was the right for Palestinian refugees to return to historic Palestine. Many descendants of 1948 refugees still carry the keys to their original homes, as a symbol of their aspiration to return. Another was the conviction that nothing less than full equality between all peoples – regardless of race or religion – would bring liberation for Palestinians. Students for Palestine set out to oppose university and government ties with Israel's racist military regime with notable campaigns against chocolate shop Max Brenner (who gifted 'care packages' to the IDF) and research partnerships between bomb and fighter jet manufacturer BAE systems and RMIT university in Melbourne.

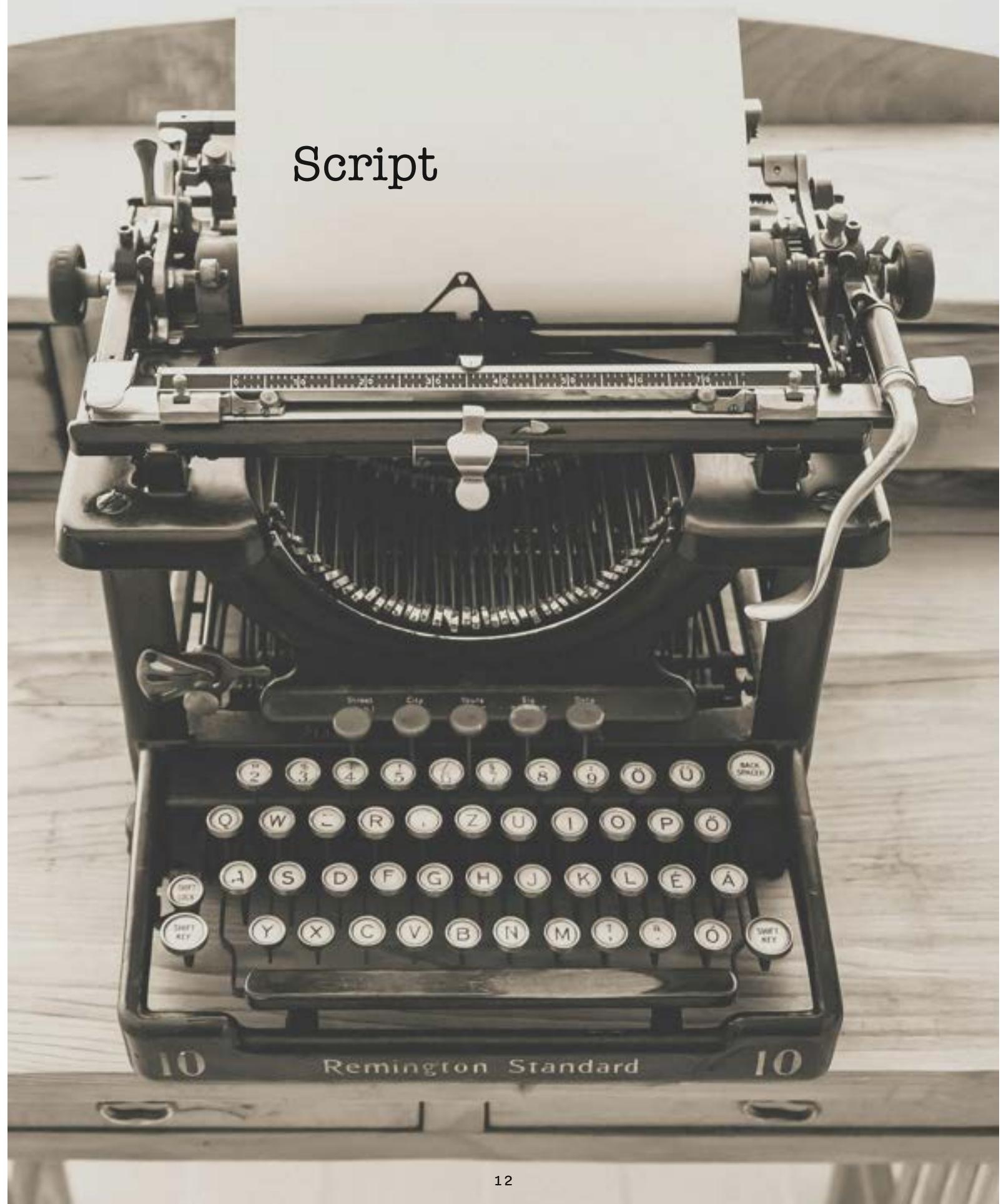
Fast forward to today, and Students for Palestine's two greatest achievements are the Gaza solidarity encampments across several Australian universities in 2024, and more recently the nationwide Student Referendum on Palestine. The referendum resulted in majority support from thousands of students to cut the two way arms trade with Israel, and university partnerships with weapons companies to cease. This result is a victory against numerous defeated referendums by pro-Palestine student activists in Australia in the mid-70s.

Our work is not done. It is only just beginning. The future of Gaza hangs in the balance, with a shaky ceasefire deal brokered by the 21st century's most infamous far-right figure, and nothing that promises freedom or dignity for the Palestinians. Students all have a role to play in building the kind of movement we need if Palestinians are not only to survive another day in the world's largest open-air prison, but live truly freely, with safety and equality.

Students for Palestine have launched an official membership drive for students across all campuses in the country, and have plans for our first NSW state-wide conference at a later date. We organised to protest the military industrial complex, joining the blockade of the Indo-Pacific Weapons Expo at Darling Harbour on Tuesday 4th November.

By Megan Guy  
Co-convenor of Students for Palestine UOW (formerly the UOW Palestine Society)

# Script







# Time to get a watch.

Written by Violet Quinn  
Edited by Sam B-M

Beforeforeword:

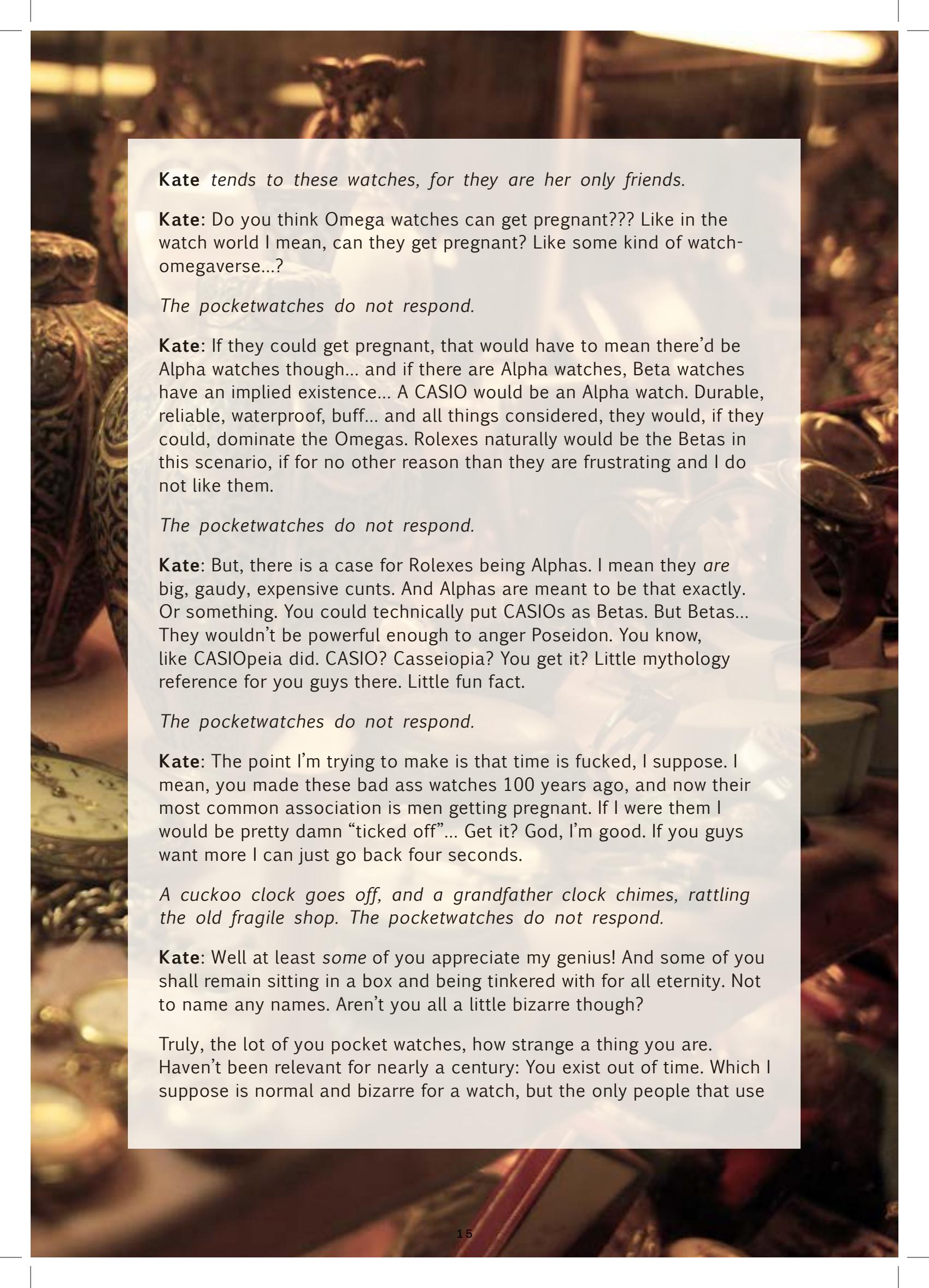
For the intended experience, read this out loud with a friend. It will be fun. It will read better. Unless you are a coward, or don't have friends. Both are equally likely. You *are* reading the Tert.

Foreword:

Before you read what is in effect- a result of me not being neither smart nor expressive enough to write prose or poetry – you should know I am an insufferable wank for writing this, you are an insufferable wank for reading this, and we are all existing in a long line of insufferable wankers throughout time.

Duringword:

*An extremely old, shitty watch shop. Clocks tick rhythmically. dust covers old grandfather clocks. Sun pries its way through any window space not blocked by multitudes of clutter. There is a small box of pocket watches on a countertop being tended to by **Kate**, a middle-aged woman. The shop exists in a perpetual dusty brown.*



**Kate** tends to these watches, for they are her only friends.

**Kate:** Do you think Omega watches can get pregnant??? Like in the watch world I mean, can they get pregnant? Like some kind of watch-omegaverse...?

*The pocketwatches do not respond.*

**Kate:** If they could get pregnant, that would have to mean there'd be Alpha watches though... and if there are Alpha watches, Beta watches have an implied existence... A CASIO would be an Alpha watch. Durable, reliable, waterproof, buff... and all things considered, they would, if they could, dominate the Omegas. Rolexes naturally would be the Betas in this scenario, if for no other reason than they are frustrating and I do not like them.

*The pocketwatches do not respond.*

**Kate:** But, there is a case for Rolexes being Alphas. I mean they *are* big, gaudy, expensive cunts. And Alphas are meant to be that exactly. Or something. You could technically put CASIOs as Betas. But Betas... They wouldn't be powerful enough to anger Poseidon. You know, like CASIOpeia did. CASIO? Casseiopia? You get it? Little mythology reference for you guys there. Little fun fact.

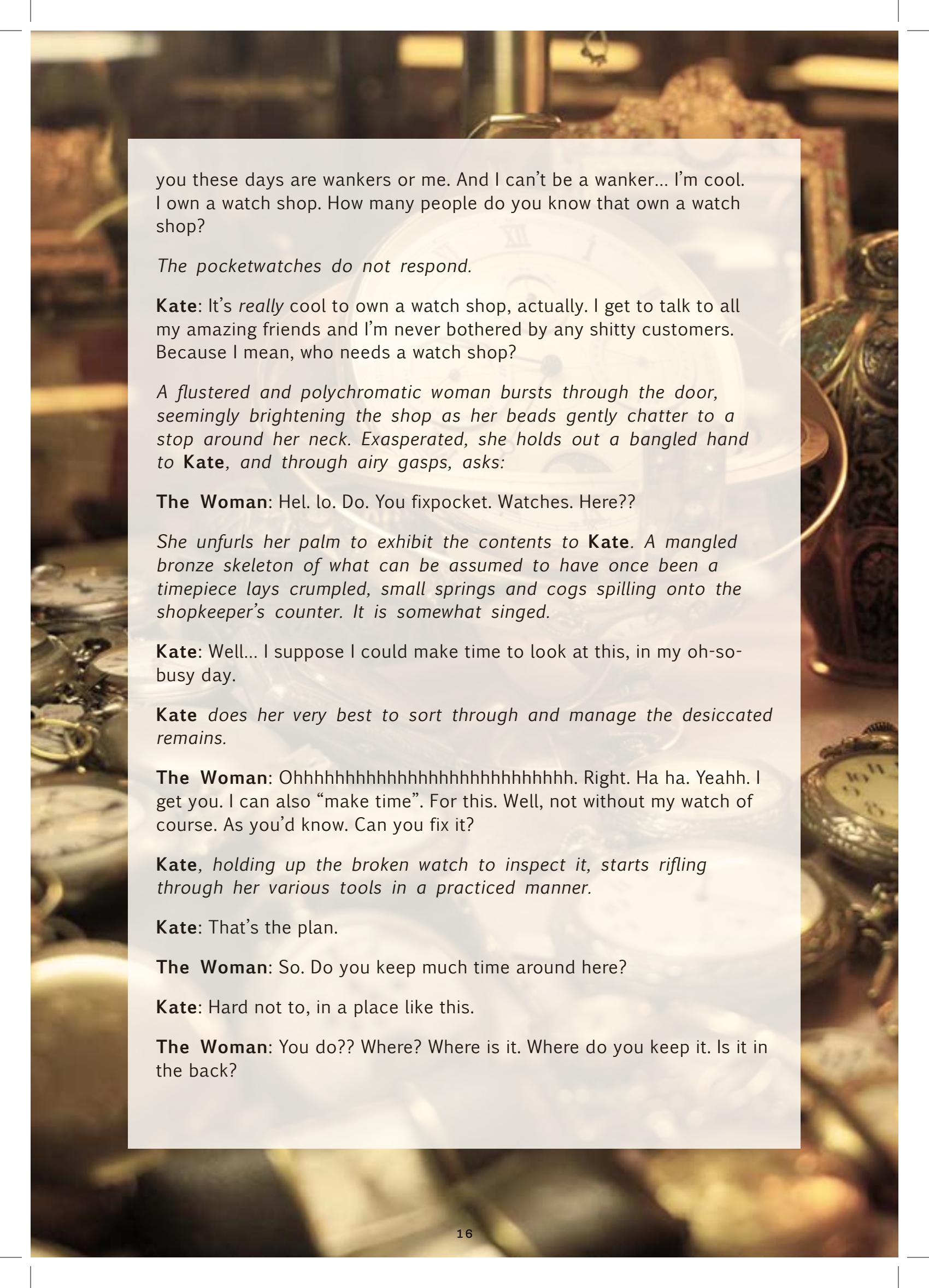
*The pocketwatches do not respond.*

**Kate:** The point I'm trying to make is that time is fucked, I suppose. I mean, you made these bad ass watches 100 years ago, and now their most common association is men getting pregnant. If I were them I would be pretty damn "ticked off"... Get it? God, I'm good. If you guys want more I can just go back four seconds.

*A cuckoo clock goes off, and a grandfather clock chimes, rattling the old fragile shop. The pocketwatches do not respond.*

**Kate:** Well at least some of you appreciate my genius! And some of you shall remain sitting in a box and being tinkered with for all eternity. Not to name any names. Aren't you all a little bizarre though?

Truly, the lot of you pocket watches, how strange a thing you are. Haven't been relevant for nearly a century: You exist out of time. Which I suppose is normal and bizarre for a watch, but the only people that use



you these days are wankers or me. And I can't be a wanker... I'm cool. I own a watch shop. How many people do you know that own a watch shop?

*The pocketwatches do not respond.*

**Kate:** It's *really* cool to own a watch shop, actually. I get to talk to all my amazing friends and I'm never bothered by any shitty customers. Because I mean, who needs a watch shop?

*A flustered and polychromatic woman bursts through the door, seemingly brightening the shop as her beads gently chatter to a stop around her neck. Exasperated, she holds out a bangled hand to Kate, and through airy gasps, asks:*

**The Woman:** Hel. lo. Do. You fixpocket. Watches. Here??

*She unfurls her palm to exhibit the contents to Kate. A mangled bronze skeleton of what can be assumed to have once been a timepiece lays crumpled, small springs and cogs spilling onto the shopkeeper's counter. It is somewhat singed.*

**Kate:** Well... I suppose I could make time to look at this, in my oh-so-busy day.

*Kate does her very best to sort through and manage the desiccated remains.*

**The Woman:** Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Right. Ha ha. Yeahh. I get you. I can also "make time". For this. Well, not without my watch of course. As you'd know. Can you fix it?

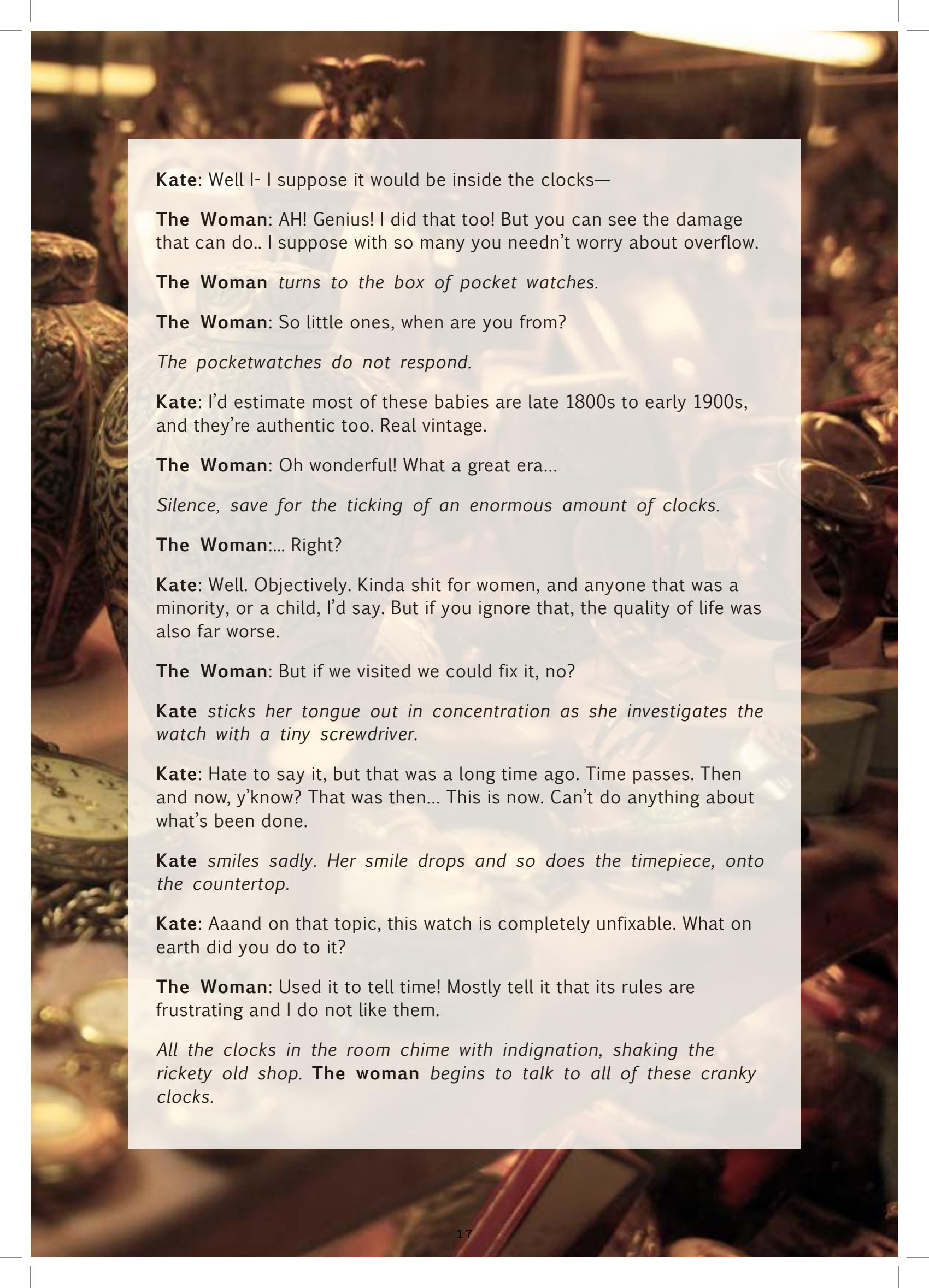
*Kate, holding up the broken watch to inspect it, starts rifling through her various tools in a practiced manner.*

**Kate:** That's the plan.

**The Woman:** So. Do you keep much time around here?

**Kate:** Hard not to, in a place like this.

**The Woman:** You do?? Where? Where is it. Where do you keep it. Is it in the back?



**Kate:** Well I- I suppose it would be inside the clocks—

**The Woman:** AH! Genius! I did that too! But you can see the damage that can do.. I suppose with so many you needn't worry about overflow.

**The Woman** turns to the box of pocket watches.

**The Woman:** So little ones, when are you from?

*The pocketwatches do not respond.*

**Kate:** I'd estimate most of these babies are late 1800s to early 1900s, and they're authentic too. Real vintage.

**The Woman:** Oh wonderful! What a great era...

*Silence, save for the ticking of an enormous amount of clocks.*

**The Woman:**... Right?

**Kate:** Well. Objectively. Kinda shit for women, and anyone that was a minority, or a child, I'd say. But if you ignore that, the quality of life was also far worse.

**The Woman:** But if we visited we could fix it, no?

**Kate** sticks her tongue out in concentration as she investigates the watch with a tiny screwdriver.

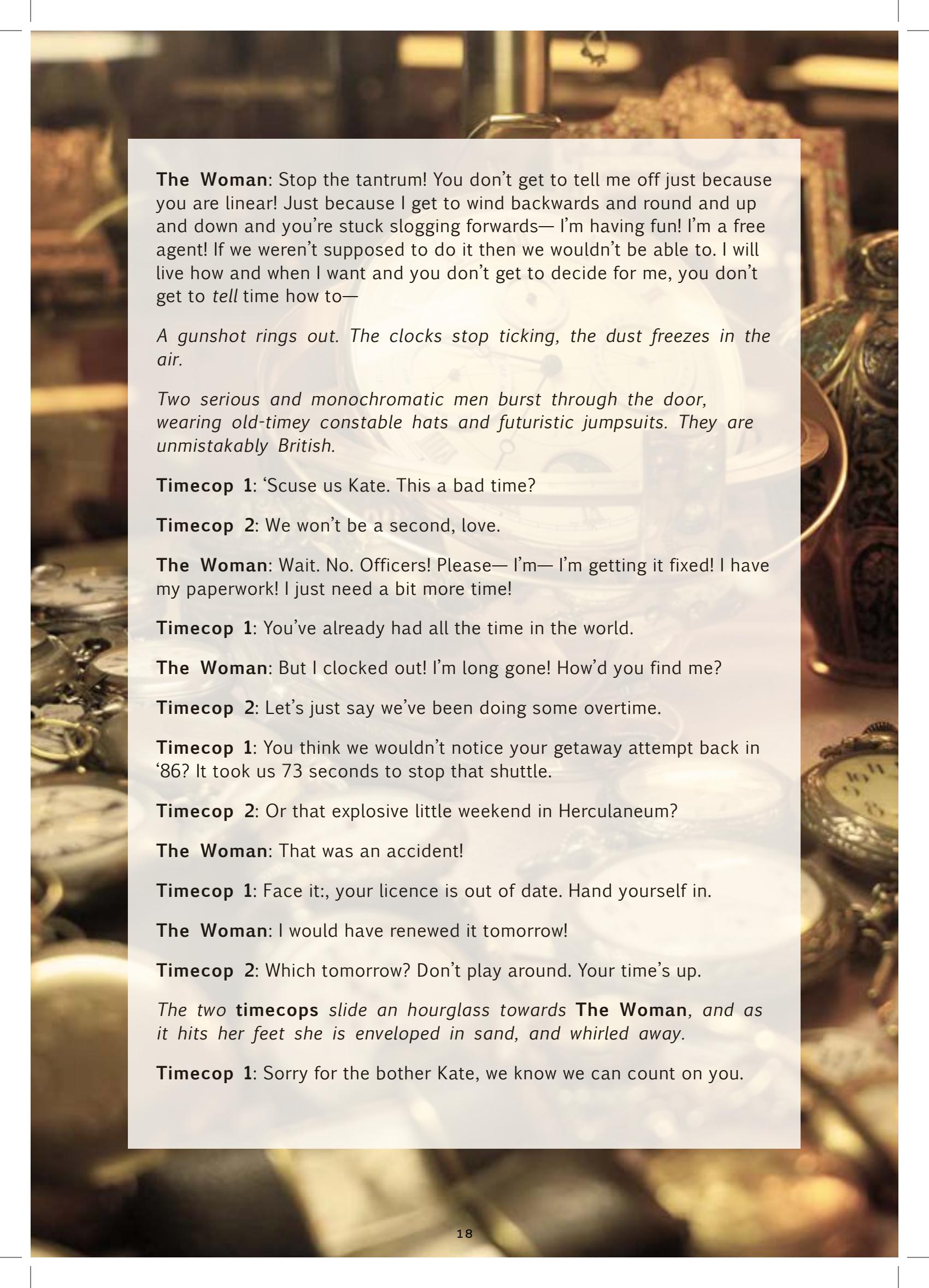
**Kate:** Hate to say it, but that was a long time ago. Time passes. Then and now, y'know? That was then... This is now. Can't do anything about what's been done.

**Kate** smiles sadly. Her smile drops and so does the timepiece, onto the countertop.

**Kate:** Aaand on that topic, this watch is completely unfixable. What on earth did you do to it?

**The Woman:** Used it to tell time! Mostly tell it that its rules are frustrating and I do not like them.

*All the clocks in the room chime with indignation, shaking the rickety old shop. The woman begins to talk to all of these cranky clocks.*



**The Woman:** Stop the tantrum! You don't get to tell me off just because you are linear! Just because I get to wind backwards and round and up and down and you're stuck slogging forwards—I'm having fun! I'm a free agent! If we weren't supposed to do it then we wouldn't be able to. I will live how and when I want and you don't get to decide for me, you don't get to *tell* time how to—

*A gunshot rings out. The clocks stop ticking, the dust freezes in the air.*

*Two serious and monochromatic men burst through the door, wearing old-timey constable hats and futuristic jumpsuits. They are unmistakably British.*

**Timecop 1:** 'Scuse us Kate. This a bad time?

**Timecop 2:** We won't be a second, love.

**The Woman:** Wait. No. Officers! Please—I'm—I'm getting it fixed! I have my paperwork! I just need a bit more time!

**Timecop 1:** You've already had all the time in the world.

**The Woman:** But I clocked out! I'm long gone! How'd you find me?

**Timecop 2:** Let's just say we've been doing some overtime.

**Timecop 1:** You think we wouldn't notice your getaway attempt back in '86? It took us 73 seconds to stop that shuttle.

**Timecop 2:** Or that explosive little weekend in Herculaneum?

**The Woman:** That was an accident!

**Timecop 1:** Face it; your licence is out of date. Hand yourself in.

**The Woman:** I would have renewed it tomorrow!

**Timecop 2:** Which tomorrow? Don't play around. Your time's up.

*The two timecops slide an hourglass towards The Woman, and as it hits her feet she is enveloped in sand, and whirled away.*

**Timecop 1:** Sorry for the bother Kate, we know we can count on you.

**Timecop 2:** You should think about keeping your watches in separate enclosures. Don't want them getting pregnant.

*The two timecops walk out the door backwards. The sound of a gunshot plays in reverse. The door swings shut, dust begins to move again, and the clocks take a moment before all clicking in sync. Kate is flustered, confused, and alone once more.*

**Kate** turns to her pocket watch collection.

**Kate:** What the hell was that?

*The pocketwatches do not respond, save for one. The newly abandoned watch's face springs open, glowing an eerie blue. It hisses and steams.*

**The Watch:** How should I know? I wasn't watching.



**Afterword:**

I watched Orlando recently, can you tell? But anyway I just want to address what you may be thinking. You may be thinking this was a complete and utter timewaster with nothing to say. And I would say you are right, that it was nonsense that I wrote for your temporary enjoyment. I wrote it then, but it is now now. How cool is that? Anyway, ACAB (even timecops); there's your meaning if you needed it. Later skaters.

**Afterafterword:**

It felt incomplete without this. Something, something, time is cyclical, etc.