

CURIEUX

Issue 2 - 2022

INSPIRATION IT'S NOT ROCKET SCIENCE

**VIDEO GAMES
BY SAMUEL DIRKIS**

**3185
BY MARTIN SIMS**

**A COLLECTION OF POETRY
BY GEORGIA CROKER**

**FREE
like
creativity**



PUBLISHED BY:

SRC UC STUDENT
REPRESENTATIVE
COUNCIL

UC SRC MEDIA OFFICER:

Sebastian Winter

COVER ART:

Angel Rae

EDITORS:

Laura Monaghan
Sara Garrity

DESIGNER:

Maddy Piggott

PRINTED BY:

CanPrint

FACEBOOK:

@curieux

INSTAGRAM:

@curieuxmag

WEBSITE:

curieux.com.au

Curieux would like to acknowledge the Traditional Owners and Custodians of the land on which Curieux is created and read. We would like to acknowledge the Ngunnawal people as the Traditional Owners of the land on which UC Bruce campus sits and pay respect to Elders past, present, and future. We would like to pay respect to all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people who are a part of the Curieux and UC Community, and acknowledge and respect their continuing culture and the contributions they make to UC life and beyond.

CONTENTS

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS 4.
BY LAURA MONAGHAN & SARA GARRITY

6. VIDEO GAMES
BY SAMUEL DIRKIS

I'VE GOT THE MUSIC IN ME 8.
BY BRAD MCINTOSH

10. 3185
BY MARTIN SIMS

SIGNS 13.
BY STEFFI LINTON

14. STRANGER THINGS 4 REVIEW
BY MADDY PIGGOTT

LIBRARIAN 18.
BY LAURA MONAGHAN

22. CURIEUX CONFESSIONS
BY ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTORS

ONCE IN A LIFETIME, OVER AND OVER AGAIN 24.
BY SARA GARRITY

28. A COLLECTION OF POETRY
BY GEORGIA CROKER

THE NEW TESTAMENT 34.
BY ANGUS MILES

38. DOCTOR STRANGE REVIEW
BY SAMUEL DIRKIS

THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT CURIEUX 40.
BY CURIEUX

42. GET INVOLVED
BY CURIEUX

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Welcome to the second edition of Curieux for 2022, and boy, was it different to the first. This magazine's predecessor, Truth and Lies, was created amidst a territory-wide lockdown, largely during a time when there wasn't an end in sight. But now, with new editors in tow, this edition was lovingly put together in person, breathing freely and listening to the sounds of students passing by. This semester, Curieux were able to read through and enjoy the mass of contributions that were sent to us, in each other's company. And it has been brilliant.

The Bruce UC campus was bustling once again as students from all disciplines returned to in-person learning, however the diversity of the student body did not stop there. This magazine's theme of Inspiration: It's Not Rocket Science explores the diverse interests, interpretations, beliefs, and immense talent that is overflowing at the University of Canberra. The Curieux team were constantly inspired by the pieces we received, and we hope to give you the same experience as you make your way through this magazine's pages.

In its 50th year of existence, Curieux continues to serve the UC student body as an outlet for creative expression, and a voice for students. Our team are always amazed at the quality and uniqueness of the work that we receive, and we thank you all for sharing your incredible talents and interests with us. We have enjoyed every second of the creation process for this magazine, and we hope you love it as much as we do.

So, without further ado, here is the second edition of Curieux magazine for 2022. Give it a read! After all, it's not rocket science.

**LAURA MONAGHAN
& SARA GARRITY**



VIDEO GAMES: THE MULTIBILLION-DOLLAR NICHE

BY SAMUEL DIRKIS

I've been a gamer or into video games most of my life. Whether it was playing Halo Combat Evolved on my uncle's pc, or spending endless nights at my friend's playing God of War. It fair's to say that video games have always been a part of my life, which is why where video games sit in the cultural landscape is sort of odd. Video games are far and away the largest individual chunk of the entertainment industry. In 2021 video games as an industry made in the neighbourhood of \$179 billion, whereas film and sport combined only made around \$175 billion. To be fair both of those industries have been hit hard by covid-19 but gaming didn't. That's a lot of money for something that is still considered a niche in a lot of respects. Well, they sort are and sort of aren't. Take something like Fortnite or Call of Duty everyone and their mother has heard of those, but how many people have heard of Destiny 2 or Bioshock? Both of those are very successful franchises in their own right, but therein lies the wrinkle. Despite being the largest individual sector in the entertainment industry video games are both niche and populous.



Arguably the biggest contributing factor to this divide is the barrier to entry. It takes more time and money to be into video games than it does most other forms of entertainment. For example, I might consider myself a Marvel fan. At most that'll cost me say a few hours every month and maybe like \$200 a year in subscriptions and movie tickets. Gaming on the other hand, as a minimum you'll need a console that is about \$500 then I'll need to the actual buy a video game which is probably another \$100 apiece provided I'm buying new, then let's say I want to play with friends well that'll be another \$75 a year. So, to add that'll all up, your average video game will have an initial buy-in of \$675. That's just the starting point, at my desk I probably have around \$3500-\$4000 of gaming hardware and that doesn't even include the money I've spent on actual video games. We aren't even including the thousands and thousands of hours I've invested in video games. That's something that drives gaming into an even deeper niche. Where being a marvel fan takes like an hour a week plus 2 hours every few months to keep up to date. Even the shortest single-player games usually clock in at about 20 hours. The average game is probably closer to 100 hours and that's just one game. that's a lot of time and money to invest in something.

that's about how much it would have cost to engage in video games until Fortnite came along. For those not in the know, Fortnite is a free game that runs on anything from the tippy top of pc hardware to almost any smartphone. What is even better is that while most video games are restricted by platform, Fortnite is not. If I've got Fortnite on my phone a can play it with anyone anywhere regardless of platform. All this ease of access resulted in Fortnite making a shed load of money. In 2020 Fortnite generated about 5 billion in revenue. Naturally, this has caused the rest of the industry to followed suit, and most major publishers have since released a free-to-play offering. As much as I'm sure every publisher would like to make the next Fortnite, it is approaching impossible to make a game that is all thing to all people without alienating someone.



This speaks to the market segregation that contributes to video games both being and not being a niche. Again, looking at Fortnite, it is undeniably the biggest game ever, but I've never played it and I don't really know anyone in my circle of friends that has. For me and my friends, it comes down to Fortnite not really being our particular niche. Now for sure, there are half a dozen individual reasons why but that's what it boils down to. In a world where there are more video games than you can poke a stick at for any of my friends to dedicate time to them, they need to be in their specific niche. It can still end up being very profitable to cater to a niche group of gamers. As I mentioned earlier Destiny 2 is an incredibly successful game, so much so that Sony just paid \$3.6 billion for Bungie the developers behind Destiny 2. Destiny however is not all things to all people and isn't trying to be, it has how to take steps to lower the barrier to entry. Things going free to play and reducing the amount of time it takes to get the most out of the game. That said however chasing trends is a double-edged sword. Look at something like Call of Duty until recently me and group of my friends had played almost every Call of Duty. however, in more recent years, Call of Duty has made some changes in line with market trends my group wasn't really into them, so we stopped playing. Thus, the double-edged sword of trying to be all thing to all people, you run the risk of being nothing to anybody.

There is also the argument that all cultural objects sit in the same not niche, niche. Take something like sports, there are those who might watch a game every now and then and tune into the grand finale. In the other camp, there are the true die-hards that watch every game and know every trade, every player, and every team position on the ladder. Video games are very much the same, there are people that play call of duty every year and not much else, and the people that live and breathe video games.

The only real difference is that video games are really new and there is a lot more division in the market. Video games have only really been around since maybe the 1970s and didn't really break into the mainstream until the release of the PlayStation 2 in 2000. The head of Bithell Games, Mike Bithell, said on the play watch listen podcast that video games are still in their silent era. He's pretty much right video games have been in the mainstream for less time than most people have been alive. Films, TV, and sports, on the other hand, they've both been around for over 100 years. There is also the point that video games are more diverse than something like sports. In Australia, there are maybe 3 or 4 big sports that people keep track of, video games, however, are so diverse that according to Steam there were around 11 thousand new releases last year. Even we are only looking at the massive stuff there are probably like 7 or 8 games out there all with wildly different audiences.

While video games as an industry are slowly figuring out how not to break down all the barriers to entry through things like free-to-play and streaming. It's unlikely developers and publishers will ever figure out how to bridge the larger cultural divide between gamers both hardcore and casual and non-gamers. But the financial incentive is definitely there and they've nothing but time.



I've Got the Music In Me: The ease & benefits of playing music

BY BRAD MCINTOSH

It's one thing to listen to music, but what if you were to play it on an instrument? It may appear to be a daunting task to begin with, but learning to play music can be an incredibly rewarding experience. If you've ever considered learning an instrument, now is the time to give it a go. And the best thing? You don't need to learn all the theory to rock out!

Why should I learn?

Learning to play an instrument can seem like one of the most challenging things to do (trust me, I've been there), but along with its challenges comes its rewards; a feeling of satisfaction that comes close to nothing else. Learning to play an instrument opens a whole new world of creativity and inspiration just waiting to be used. You could try to write your own songs, or learn to play your favourites. No matter the intention, music will work its magic for you.

Not convinced yet? Playing a musical instrument provides opportunities that can only be experienced through music; being able to play along to your favourite songs or your favourite band, as if you were there with them. You can watch your favourite actor or footy player on the TV, but getting to play along with your favourite song or band? That's priceless.

Where do I start?

Luckily for you and I, it's the 21st century and we have access to the internet. Just one Google search can answer any question you've got, and the internet has opened a plethora of sources for learning to play music. Just take Marty Music on YouTube, a channel dedicated to teaching the guitar. With 9 million views on a video called "Beginner Acoustic Lesson 1" and 3.3 million subscribers, learning as never been easier.

Guitar's not your thing? No worries, there's videos on the piano, on the drums, and even how to sing.



Am I too old to start?

No way! The best thing about music is that it never ages. Look at the world of jazz music, for example. Songs written over a century ago are still being taught and played throughout the world. Some of the most influential musicians have been around for well over 50 years now, and they continue to inspire. Just ask Rolling Stone Magazine who, with the assistance from notable music names including John Mayer, listed The Beatles as their No.1 pick for their 100 Greatest Artists list as recently as December 2010. Musical heroes of the 60s, 70s & 80s still continue to do what they do best today. When it comes to music, age is only a number. With the accessibility of learning resources and accessibility of instruments, there's no greater time to learn how to play, regardless of your age and skill level.

I've got the instrument; do I need all the theory?

Not at all. The theory aspect is probably the most daunting part of learning music, but it's not the end of the world if you don't understand it. Some of the most popular songs of the last 50 years have very basic theory behind them. Fleetwood Mac's Dreams has sold well over one million copies, and when you break it down, the bulk of it only uses two (yes, two!) chords. And that's only one example of many! Other famous two chord songs are Achy Breaky Heart by Billy Ray Cyrus, I'd Rather Go Blind by Etta James, Moves Like Jagger by Maroon 5 and Therefore I Am by Billie Eilish. Getting started to play an instrument could be as easy as learning two chords.

Learning to play a musical instrument can be one of the best choices a person could make. It truly is one of the most rewarding hobbies that can open worlds of creativity and inspiration you might not have experienced before. But the best thing about learning to play a musical instrument is that no matter your experience, your age, or your taste in music, there's something for everyone. So, if you've ever considered picking up an instrument and learning how to play, do it. After all, it's not rocket science!

3185

BY MARTIN SIMS

3rd Moon of Morrahan 3185

Our vessel has finally labored into this dust-riddled hangar. Small miracle considering the Galactic Kingdom fired upon us. Mayhap they aren't keen on the idea of us plundering their Pleasure Cruiser. I shall have to make a formal complaint, as their artillery shells punctured our hull and sent my spoils into the vacuum of Space. As we were about to man the life-pods and hope for the best, we found a Space Station orbiting a Gas Giant. From the cockpit it looked like a small island in a sea of gentle blue. Strangely as we approached the station, the Galactic Kingdom pursuit craft broke ranks and retreated. I knew they were cowardly, but this is just unbecoming of the Central Government.

Judging from the filth and debris strewn about, this Space Station has been abandoned for some time. Even as I record this, the condensation runs thick through the air. Lights flickering, struggling for life. I'll inform Mr. Greasly to send our more expendable crew members to check for anything that needs repairs, or anything of value. Whilst they're having fun on their expedition, I shall enjoy this Genosian wine, bold flavor, and a dark majestic purple. Uh... to gather my wits of course! And find a way off this accursed Station. After all, my beautiful plunder is awaiting my rescue. I may have to leave...er... reassign non-essential crew members to make room for my new riches.

3rd Moon of Morrahan 3185 Continued...

It has been a couple hours since I sent the undesirables to scout ahead. We've heard nothing back. Mr. Greasly is suggesting sending our essential crew members to look for them immediately. I would normally reject such an idea - however, who else is to bring me my charcuterie board? But I think his idea is not bad, I've been hearing stirrings above us. What's worse is that I'm not convinced it's the drink dashing my hold on reality this time... Perhaps a nap is in order, whilst I still have people standing between me and this Station.

3rd Moon of Morrahan 3185 Continued...

My fears realised; the nap proved to be useless. The cold, the banging of the hull, the dream... A gritty boy in the slums, given the hand of charity. That warm motherly face, promising a new, better life was burned into my mind. All of them taken away and dragged into servitude to a pirate lord. What a weak, despicable boy... Excuse me, I seem to have gone off topic. I don't even know why I record these anymore, maybe I just want this found on my beautiful body. They would say "Oh what a charming corpse! Wonder what happened to this fellow?" Or maybe I wish for her to see this, know my story, and to scold me for it... Mr. Greasly has just returned, hopefully with good news...

3rd Moon of Morrahan 3185 Continued...

Only half his team returned, with no signs of life on board or materials with which to make repairs. Not even a scrap of information as to what this facility is! I asked them what happened to the others and all I get are murmured whispers of them being dragged off by some...thing. Oh, the sweat on my brow is simply unbecoming of a captain. I shall go with them on this next trip out, if we fail, we all lose. Before I go, I shall offer the men a restorative beverage. We will need it...

3rd Moon of Morrahan 3185 Continued...

We have arrived in what used to be the Canteen. I've sent them on to check the next few rooms so I may have some privacy. No sign of my crew but I did spy the Galactic Kingdom crest on one of the bulkheads. Figures they would leave a place in such condition. It was obvious that this place had a maze-like design. Was it to keep something trapped? All these coincidences reminded me of a story... she... once told me. Some ancient city on earth that trapped a monster in a maze. They had to feed it to appease the creature

until some 'noble' hero slayed it, thus ending the annual sacrifices, mayhem and devastation.

I haven't heard any more shifting or banging on my way here. Maybe whatever this thing is, is hunting us? Cocky creature must not know what it's dealing with. I am in command... I... am the captain! And I cannot wait to mount this thing's head above my virtual fireplace.

3rd Moon of Morrahan 3185 Continued...

Our group has arrived at the command centre of the station; the room is riddled with dust, and old papers. I instructed the group to turn this place over whilst I looked through the computer logs to determine what'd happened. Whilst looking, I heard the rustling of paper and shoving of chairs and furniture. I soon learned the grim fate of the crew aboard the station. Oh dear.

This facility was used to create some kind of Super-Soldier. Progress had been steady until three weeks ago when the facility had declared an emergency and was pressing the Galactic Kingdom for aid. It declined, saying it couldn't afford to leak information about this project to anyone, thus leaving the facility and its crew for dead. Hmm... Might be useful to have some leverage over the Kingdom. Oh, how I pictured the dusty Admiral, squirming and gritting his teeth, fully knowing his secret isn't safe with me.

I just heard some screaming... Greasly? What's going... gods above!

3rd Moon of Morrahan 3185 Continued

...Managed... to hide under... desk. I'd never seen such a monster in all my time in space. Eight feet tall, muscular frame, with the head and feet of a bull... deadly sharpened horns. Terrifying. Couldn't breathe. Saw the creature ending the lives of my crew - mine soon to follow. I remembered the tale. That ancient city and the creature they feared, the mythological Minotaur. Then, as now, unimaginably potent and completely unstoppable.

Those footsteps... that thundering storm. It approached. All the things I would have done, could have done, lost to me. Why? Why did we end up here? Why was this thing here? Why was I taken from her? It wasn't fair! I was robbed of everything! I might have looked wealthy, affluent, but was still that weak despicable boy who ran. Helpless before the whims of circumstance.

Oh no, the door!

IT'S BREAKING DOWN THE DOOR!
AHH MY LEG!
IT'S GOT MY-

-Recording Terminated- |



Signs

BY STEFFI LINTON

I look down on the trees as I write and they
stare up at me, sightless branches waving, singing

me their swishing serenade, "we are the same, free,
swaying in the breeze, surrounded, but alone."

I read my own words, printed on expensive, textured
paper as I sit on my own couch. I bought it, not from IKEA,

although I still go there to roam, follow the arrows,
always follow the arrows, explore fake rooms, gaze at fake

toilets, warning us all: "Display only, do not use"
Who needs this warning? It's not rocket science.

But since when has that made a difference?
I contemplate making myself the same sign

making myself many copies, pinning them, or stitching
them, or gluing them, or taping them to every piece

of clothing I own. Or maybe, better to use needles and ink,
make those marks permanent, adorn my naked body

with IKEA inspired words. And why stop with one
warning? I think I'll add, "Fragile, do not touch" and maybe even

"You break it, you buy it." But what would that one
even mean? And anyway, everyone knows it can't be enforced.

Over years pigment fades, pointless attempts at protection
lose their saturation in sync with the rest of me. I continue

my rule abiding rambles, continue to follow the arrows,
surrounded, but alone. There's some comfort in that.

EMERGING FROM THE UPSIDE DOWN

A Review of Stranger Things 4

***WARNING: SPOILER ALERT ***

BY MADDY PIGGOTT

First things first, there will be spoilers. Including both volume 1 and 2 of season 4. So dear God, if you haven't seen this show and have somehow managed to avoid the minefield that is internet spoilers, please stop reading now. Close this magazine, open your Netflix account (or someone else's, I'm not picky) and watch the damn show. Once you've finished all of it, feel free to come back and continue...

Now that you're all caught up, welcome to the club who literally just finished watching the finale of Stranger Things 4 and have been left reeling. Because wow, that was one hell of a trip. All the warning and spoilers I'd been given did not prepare me for those final two episodes. Don't get me wrong, every fan knew coming into this season that it would be hectic. Each episode reportedly had an individual budget of at least \$30 million (USD) and Stranger Things 4 has the longest runtime of any season thus far. For context, until this season it was rare for a single episode of Stranger Things to last for longer than an hour. However, none of the nine episodes in season 4 are shorter than an hour. With volume 2 (episodes 8 & 9) coming in at just under four hours total. On top of this, one of the storylines in this season took place entirely outside of America which is another first for this series.

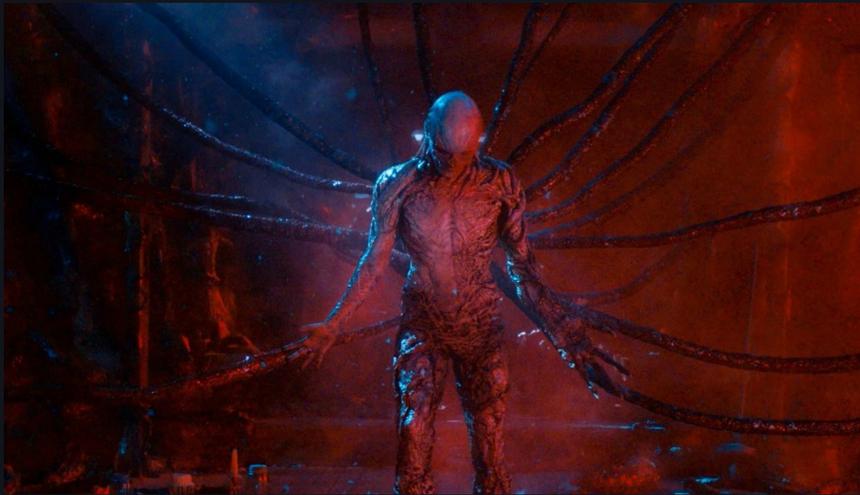
Stranger Things 4 was always going to be epic - not only the sheer size of the budget, the runtime of each episode and the range of settings was unprecedented. I certainly was not prepared for the detailed and emotive construction and themes presented in this season. Now, I will admit that I am definitely biased when it comes to this show. I love sci-fi and the unknown. I have been watching this show since it aired in 2016 and am currently in three different weekly RPG tabletop campaigns, two of which are D&D. I am exactly the type of geek this show was created for. And yes, I am aware that the show doesn't

accurately represent traditional D&D lore. That is not the point of the show. The characters use D&D as a reference to explain the unexplainable obstacles they are faced with. Then, when I thought this show couldn't run any more up my alley, season 4 increased its horror and gore elements, with homages to horror films of the 80s and with Freddy Krueger himself guest-starring as Victor Creel. Despite my bias, I want to make it abundantly clear that I am nowhere near alone in my love for this season in particular. As of writing this piece, Stranger Things is listed in the number one position for most popular TV shows on IMDB. It has a combined critic and fan score of 89% on Rotten Tomatoes and the song of the season 'Running Up That Hill' has hit number one in a total of nine countries, which is better than it did in its original release in 1985.

But I am not writing this piece to blindly state my love for this show. As previously stated, I am a geek. A geek with a degree in filmmaking. Instead, I'm writing this piece to explain just how much the filmmaking elements increased my love for this show.

The first ingenious element utilised is the show's demonstration of diegetic sound. Diegetic sound is a form of sound design that exists in the world of the show. Think of Jaws or classic horror movies, whenever the villain is about to appear on screen and their theme song is played. That sound is there solely to create tension and recognition for the audience. By relying so heavily on diegetic sound Stranger Things 4 creates tension for the characters and by extension, the audience. Let's





use a specific example; the scene of the snowball in Max's mind. Throughout the season 'Running Up That Hill' is the most consistent use of diegetic sound. The song represents safety for Max and means she is free from Vecna's hold. Hence, when that song starts to fail and be overtaken by 'Dream A Little, Dream of Me', a song inherently linked to Henry Creel's (Vecna's) backstory the audience immediately know that Max is losing control in her mind because Vecna's hold on her is getting stronger. This feeling of tension then builds as we see each of the other storylines hit their own levels of crisis before we make it back to Max again.

Moreover, this diegetic sound is combined with some eerie practical and digital fx that create a hauntingly realistic scene. As the songs slowly switch the physical environment visually decays around Max. Add in the direct reference to IT where balloons at the snowball burst open with blood and you have a consistently rising tension before Vecna even appears in the scene. Virtually every element is used to amp up his appearance. Further, his physical appearance is incredible. Vecna is definitely the most impressive use of practical effects in this season. What you see on screen is actually the actor Jamie Campbell Bower in layers of latex and prosthetics. The entire look is 95% practically done by the makeup team in an effort that took six hours to apply every single day of filming. Having Vecna be solid and real helped to sell the look of the digital effects he's surrounded by. Suddenly, the Upside Down and the several trips into character's minds feel more authentic to the audience and as a result, so do the stakes. There is a sense of impending danger throughout all of these scenes and that fear/worry for the character's wellbeing is a feeling that has been painstakingly crafted by the filmmakers.



This emotional season is truly a rollercoaster, manipulated and crafted beautifully. Stranger Things 4 is an amazing example of long-form televisions and a good use of budget. This season somehow acts as both a standalone story and as an opening into the final season at the same time. The diegetic sound as well as the digital and practical fx make those final moments hit hard and suddenly the Upside Down isn't far away anymore. It's here and it's very, very real. I, for one, can't wait to see how this rollercoaster ends. I may not be sure of the stories direction or the length of the next season, but I have no doubt in my mind that Stranger Things 5 will somehow be bigger in feeling than even this season.

Librarian

BY LAURA MONAGHAN

"What kind of librarian does she think she is?" Brad mumbled low under his breath, pushing the cart of returned books away from the front desk.

Ramona, who sat behind it, stuck her black boots up on the surface and puckered her mouth around a smouldering cigarette. He eyed the weird, cowbell trinket around her neck and shook his head at the absurdity of her. She reminded him of a spider, with long, gangly limbs outfitted in tight black jeans and a leather jacket. Brad shuddered to think about it. He hated spiders.

It was his first day working at the library and aside from the weird librarian, the shift had been a blast. This library boasted the largest printed book in the world; a giant version of the fairy tale 'The Three Billy Goats Gruff'. It sat open on a marble pedestal smack bang in the middle of the building.

Plus, Brad never had any trouble finding and replacing returned books. He'd memorised the shelves in these walls - and the Dewey decimal system - by the age of 8.

The first time Brad's father had taken him to this library, Brad hadn't known it was so that his father could spend the hours Brad read, flirting with the florist across the road.

But now that the library was closed it felt like a whole different world. The bookcases loomed like silent giants and cast long, hungry-looking shadows. And even after dark, the space remained not entirely silent. A low rumbling rose and fell throughout the building at all hours. A lot of the younger library visitors claimed that something lay asleep, snoring behind the walls but Brad didn't mind. It filled the quiet atmosphere just enough that you remembered you weren't alone, much like the TV did when Brad's dad came home late.

Suddenly, a dull thump resounded in the hushed aisle and Brad was ripped from his thoughts, to find one of the books on his cart had slipped onto the floor. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Ramona pinning her black eyeliner-rimmed eyes at him. Her words from earlier on this morning echoed through his mind.

"Whatever you do, kid. Don't let anyone make any loud noises. Not even a shout. I don't feel like being a librarian today."

Brad felt like telling the woman that she should consider a career change, but he held his tongue. Giving Ramona an apologetic wave, Brad bent down to pick up the fallen book and froze, heart in his throat.

A spider, furry and black with legs as long as Brad's pinkie fingers, leered straight at him from the floor.

That was it.

Brad let out a shout of fear and beelined backwards so fast that he slammed into the bookcase behind him. All the air swooshed from his lungs. Brad slid to the floorboards. His head throbbed from the fall, and Brad could've sworn he heard Ramona's hysterical voice shout a long NO to his left. The bookcase he leant on groaned as it tilted backwards.

Slowly, as if the world's air supply were replaced with honey, he turned to see the bookcase fall. What little air had returned to Brad's lungs, vanished again as he watched the bookcase hit another and instigate a domino effect throughout the library.

BANG after BANG after BANG until there was... silence. Too much silence.

After a few, fuzzy moments, Brad figured out why.

The rumbling, the snoring, was gone.

Brad's head still housed a drumming band, but he scrambled to his feet.

Ramona was going to kill him. Or worse, fire him!

A hand gripped his shoulder and Brad turned to see Ramona, her mouth set into a grim line.

"Go home, kid. You don't want to see this."

She nudged him towards the door and without another word, strode towards the prize-winning book.

It was then, hiding behind a still-standing bookcase, that Brad noticed the ominous glow spilling out from the pages.

Something was very wrong.

Terrified to the point that he felt moisture seeping into his underpants, Brad watched as a hulking, grey troll burst out from the pages of the book with an ear-splitting roar. The creature's dank smell filled the library and Brad couldn't believe his eyes when Ramona stepped towards it.

She pulled off something from around her neck and Brad cringed to see her holding, of all things, her cowbell necklace, as a weapon.

His instincts begged him to run but Brad remained rooted where he stood. The

troll stomped forward, and Brad knew, with a sickeningly oily feeling in his gut, that Ramona was going to die.

“Run!” Brad screamed.

Ramona glanced back at him, and the action cost her.

The troll saw its opportunity and swiped at Ramona, clipping her in the side as she tried to jump out of reach. The hit sent Ramona careening into a fallen bookcase.

The troll’s thick neck then swivelled in his direction. It’s sunken, black eyes now focussed on Brad and...yep, that was definitely pee dribbling down his leg.

Panicking, Brad picked up the nearest book that had fallen by his feet and threw it at the troll. Surprising himself, the book actually hit the creature in its protruding stomach.

Brad thought, is this what it feels like when pregnant women are able to lift cars when their baby is threatened?

“Leave her alone!” Brad shouted, in a voice much stronger than he felt.

With another roar, the troll stomped towards Brad who stumbled back, his bravado crashing like the bookshelves.

Suddenly, Ramona was on her feet again and Brad watched, out of the corner of his eye as she raced not towards him but towards the book!

Brad’s heart fell as he turned back to face the troll and realised he was all alone.

But just as the troll reached out a large, scarred hand for Brad, a tinkling sound caused the troll to freeze. After a moment, the troll’s face contorted in rage and miraculously, it whirled around and away from Brad.

It lumbered, each step resounding like thunder, towards the pedestal. With a final bellow, it jumped back inside the glowing book.

Brad stayed still for a moment, hardly daring to breathe. But Ramona popped her head out from behind the book pillar and raced towards him, clasping him by the shoulders.

“Bloody brilliant! I thought you were a goner for sure.”

Shaking like a cold chihuahua, Brad glanced up at Ramona’s eyes, one blackening from her fall, and gave her a weak smile.

“H-how did you do that?” He stammered.

“It’s not rocket science, kid. I’m a librarian, it’s what I do.” Ramona winked at him then, bending down to whisper in his ear, waggled what Brad now knew was not a cowbell in front of his eyes. “Plus, everyone knows that the troll in Three Billy Goats Gruff would never let a goat cross his bridge.”



That masturbate is pronounced "mass/tur/bate" and not "master/bate".

That people in Mexico speak Spanish and not Mexican.

I learned how to read a clock a year ago and I'm currently 20.

I learnt that my vagina wasn't "freaky/abnormal" because the lips (labia) hang outside of my body.

If you haven't heard of Curieux confessions then 1. Where have you been this whole time and 2. You're about to find out.

Curieux confessions are the anonymous secrets spilled via a link on our Instagram bio. We post a theme for our confessions with every new print release and any student at the University of Canberra is welcome to spill their secrets (anonymously, even the editors won't know!) for the entertainment of our loyal magazine readers.

CURIEUX CONFESSIONS

WHAT IS SOMETHING YOU LEARNED EMBARRASSINGLY LATE IN LIFE?

Something I learnt embarrassingly late in life is that I'm autistic. I only realised this when I was 17, almost 18. However, with my avid aversion to annoying sensory experiences (eg. clothes tags, sunscreen, socks, anything slimy like meat fat or porridge, loud noises etc.), resistance to touching, refusal to maintain eye contact and inability to engage in small talk whatsoever, I really should've figured this out sooner. Or at least, someone else should've!

I thought you say epitome how it is spelt, like epi - tome. I thought there was epitome and epitamie. Also Yosemite said like yosi - might

Once-In-A-Lifetime, Over & Over Again

BY SARA GARRITY

Wake up. Get ready for the day. Open the door. Tidbinbilla Nature Reserve. Work is just a step into the front yard. In the 1990s, this is the perfect place to raise your kids. Big open bushland. Remote, but only an hour and a half drive from Canberra's city. What a wonderful, safe, and unique place to place to be.

Early 2003. Wake up. Get ready for the day. Open the door. Fire. The flames lick the hills around Tidbinbilla Nature Reserve. Fill the gutters with water. Put a containment line around the house. Pick up everything quickly, including the kids,

and move it all far, far away, into the safety of the city where the fire can't reach it.

The flames begin to salsa dance across the bushland, until they reach the height of the roof and the distance to the front doorstep. Fires have been beaten before, so the decision to stay and fight is made. But the flames become unstoppable, and the future of the family home looks as black as the fire's path.

As the fire approaches, the embers intensify. On the 18th of January 2003, Brett McNamara was protecting his home when an ember caught his protective facial cloth alight, and life flashed before his eyes brighter than the flame itself.

For many, this story would sound like a once-in-a-lifetime experience. But for Brett McNamara, it wasn't.

At the age of 14, Brett discovered his interest in bushland through his hobby of bush walking around Canberra. This interest grew into a future plan, and set Brett on the path towards a ranger traineeship in the Northern Territory. After nearly nine years, Brett began to miss the bushland around the Nation's Capital and decided to make his way back home, beginning his career with ACT Parks and Conservation in the 1990s.

In his over 30-year career, Brett has taken on several managerial roles, but is currently the manager of Namadgi National Park. Brett says his role is as much about people as it is about the park itself.

"We really aren't managing the environment when you think about



it, because nature has been doing a wonderful job for millenniums," he says.

"What we do as agencies is manage the impact of people. We are not really park people, we are people people, we manage the influence and the impact of people.

"We don't manage the environment, the environment does it itself, it has done for many years, and it will continue to do so."

Brett's role includes feral animal control programs and weed spraying to deal with species introduced by people, and bush fire programs to manage sparks caused by human hands. But the biggest impact caused by people is that of the changing climate, and 2003 showed Brett what this would look like in a Canberra context.

"Fire has always been part of the natural environment. It has moulded these mountains for millenniums, even before we got here," Brett says.

"Fire is a natural part of the landscape. What's not natural now is the frequency and intensity of fires. That's what's changing.

"You go back through history and it's clear that we have had big fires in the 1930s, but we didn't have another big landscape fire for 40 to 50 years. We had small fires,

but not landscape fires.

"That's what is very different. The frequency and intensity of those fire events, that's what's changing. That's what the climate is doing to us."

Climate change causes hotter weather, which in turn causes a drier landscape, creating the perfect concoction for large scale fires that can't be controlled the way that they used to be. Fire Behaviour and Weather Analyst at the ACT Rural Fire Service, Katherine Jenkins, says that this element of climate change will impact future bushfires in places like Namadgi and Tidbinbilla immensely.

"We are more likely to see extended periods of drought and extreme weather conditions that really feed into extreme fire behaviour," Katherine says.

"We are expecting to see longer, more severe fire seasons, and we also expect to see reduced opportunities for hazard reduction burning and other activities to try and manage fire and help our fire fighters take control of a bad incident.

"You have to think of fall-back options. We are having to switch to more defensive tactics to stop the incident rather than the direct attack that we would use under normal fire conditions."

This is what Brett discovered in his second



once-in-a-lifetime experience, when he was protecting Tidbinbilla and the surrounding region in the 2019 to 2020 Black Summer bushfires. The land was dry, and what Brett calls the 'cornflake crunch factor', how close the land resembles the crunchiness of cornflakes because of its dryness, was immense.

2019 was the ACT's warmest year on record and had approximately 40% below average rainfall. The fire season started as early as July. On top of this, the average temperature in the ACT was 1.5 degrees hotter than early in the 1900s.

Just because the Orroral Valley fire in January 2020 wasn't naturally occurring doesn't mean that extreme climate didn't play a vital role in its severity. The drought, and the extremely hot weather and wind conditions, meant that when a fire inevitably sparked, it was going to be a doozy.

In a regular fire scenario, fires are boxed within containment lines to stop them from growing. But in the 2019 to 2020 fire season, the only option to control the fires was by steering them as best as possible, while protecting the lives of the fire fighters who were now more in danger than ever before in their careers.

"To experience 2003 was devastating. But then to relive it again in 2020 was just gut-wrenching. You shouldn't be able to see something as devastating as that twice in your career. But I did," Brett says.

"It was inevitable. The cornflake crunch factor was extreme. We were almost just waiting. The Murrumbidgee River in Tharwa stopped running. I knew then, because of 2003, it was going to be history just repeating itself."

In the perspective of a human life, 17

years between severe fire events may seem like a large chunk of time. But in comparison to time in the perspective of the environment, fire events with 17 years between them constitutes a very small period.

The natural environment is, and will remain, extremely good at healing itself after fire events. But the relatively short time between them means that the land only gets limited time to grow back before it is completely burned and destroyed again.

When Brett started his career with ACT Parks and Conservation in the 1990s, Namadgi National Park and the surrounding regions consisted of mature forests, and was a dynamic and diverse environment with vast ecosystems. But the Namadgi that Brett knew back then is not the Namadgi that Brett knows now.

"What 2020 was to me, on a professional and personal level, was a sense of loss. The park that I knew so well when I started my career in the 1990s is not the park I will leave when I finish my career. It's a very different environment now," Brett says.

"We don't appreciate time, and all we see is what's there now. Overtime, we are going to lose key features of the alpine environment."

Watching climate change intensify throughout his career has encouraged Brett to explain the importance of protecting what we have to those who may not understand the science of the changing climate. Brett tells the story of the life of the raindrop as an attempt to do so.

The raindrop falls from the sky, where it travels to the Earth through natural land,



and eventually meets a water catchment. This catchment is placed high within the alps, a largely fire affected region. The raindrop will flow naturally down the catchment until it reaches a dam, where our water is stored. Eventually, this raindrop ends its travels by contributing to the process of making a coffee at our favourite cafes, or boiling pasta at our favourite restaurants.

"That's the generational conversation we need to have," Brett says.

"We are all about the here and now. And yet, we are connected in an environment that works on a completely different time scale. It's about taking things for granted until we don't have them anymore."

The surge in conversation around climate change in the younger generations has given Brett something to hope for. However, its impact on Namadgi will affect him for the rest of his lifetime.

"I am optimistic, because there is that awareness about climate change, but I am sad about the sense of loss, what I experienced as a young ranger will not be experienced by people again," Brett says.

By keeping the conversation going, Brett believes there will be more action around controlling the impact of climate change. But what truly needs to be done is on a global scale. The reduction of global CO2 emission is the best chance of stopping the temperature from rising, and the best opportunity to save the future of places like Namadgi National Park. The time to act was yesterday.

Unless something is done globally to combat our changing climate, once-in-a-lifetime fire events like those in 2003 and 2020 will become something all Australians experience over and over again.

Letters Adressed to Lovers' Lane

BY GEORGIA PAIGE CROKER

The lovers bundle themselves up in your crevasses,
like the rolls between ribcage and hipbone,
folded like croissant dough,
kneading themselves into your landscape,
like needy kittens -purring.

You nestle them in,
hide them beneath trees
and your foliage.

I found a pair once -
the messy macking that
only the youth do.
They were tucked in
behind the stone
my sister and I had always
gawked at...
I've lost trains of thought to
how the sun kneels to
kiss you there.

It's gentle,
unlike the teenage
tensil ping-pong.

It's gentle,
I feel that same
calm brush of his lips
by the years of the softest
daring.

It's gentle
like how your waters look
in the morning -
silk sheets resting.





Nature Mother

BY GEORGIA PAIGE CROKER

Her strength made me quiver -
the gapping mouth on her,
a doorway
to the depth of her stomach.

She had never felt so furious,
not to me.
She had always been my nature mother,
but I felt her stir,
her anger bled through the seams
of my blood red wetsuit.

She tried her best to tear
my surfboard from my
spindly ankles.

I had come to her
broken and seeking refuge
from my father's turbulent rage.
A haven to lick my wounds.
But instead, she spat me out
onto her sandy skin.

Let it Be A Milk Carton

BY GEORGIA PAIGE CROKER

My blood is curdling
beyond a glass
of milk
left on the kitchen bench
in the polite Spring heat
quaintly knocking at
the window

into the territory of
a milk carton stuck
to the sweltering black
pavement
in the sweating
Australian
sun.

My blood is curdling
and you wish for me to waste it -
to tie my pretty head in process,
uhm and uhh at why people do
this.

Why people do this,
I thought the answer was
Smack you in the face and
leave your cheeks pink -
obvious.

Simple -
the curtain would frame a
corps de ballet of bright,
suffering souls,

a cloning machine
and me
posing robotically
left side,
right side,
curdling blood,
curdling blood.

Violence, violence,
I thought it was born in
a battered and bloody violence
like all infants
like all the instances
that drag me screaming
down a corridor
to this
right here
this
has no process
no method
no rules
no sympathy
no empiricism
no rocket science slumbers
in the ink that I print.
You heard him say -
'There is no method to the madness.'
Just a carton
of curdling blood
forcing my nailbeds,
chocking my gums,
plucking each alveolus from
my hacking lungs.

Where the fuck is
Your curdling blood?

Only calm men
have the privilege
of placing their milk
back in the fridge.

The New Testament

BY ANGUS MILES

Annotated excerpt of the 9062nd scripture of the Enlightenment, holy text of the Cosmic Milkdromeda. It is suspected the author is Saint Feyr Grezl. This claim remains contested. Annotated by Lady Callaghan, heir and Junior Historian of the Callaghan Synagogue of Primeval History for the Callaghan Personal Archives.

For fear of dating this scripture, I will not record how long ago the Cosmic Milkdromeda, the all-encompassing civilisation we call home, formed, only that it was long, long before my existence in this universe. Indeed, the great age of our unified minds is but one piece of the puzzle I am collecting here in this scripture.

My goal is to transform a commonly held supposition of mine into accepted theory—that is, that the inalienable boundaries of life within our “Bright Spot in Darkness” is not inalienable at all, and that the universe, cyclical and static as *this was the official name for the galaxy in the Epoch Revolution* we know it, instead exists along a linear continuum. It will, at a date that dwarfs the age of the Cosmic Milkdromeda by many magnitudes, cease to harbor the many necessary prerequisites to form biological life**. Namely, stars, and the rare elements their reincarnations create will eventually die for a final time. Light, fusion, and all the energy derived from such processes will no longer exist, and there will

***this claim is no longer true, developments in Black Hole technology have made it possible to create all elements required for life from their ergospheres.*

be naught but black holes, sluggishly evaporating in an empty, dead universe .
Current models predict life as we understand it will have the capability to adapt to the extreme environments of a black hole universe.

Such a conclusion has regularly made my colleagues balk. I believe the consistent pushback against my work comes more from a stance of emotion than logical thought, where the immense tidal forces of fear squeeze thinkers—who have achieved many marvelous breakthroughs—into frail, sickly shapes unbecoming of the imminent minds of our epoch. But, with this scripture, I believe I can finally lay much of the doubt to rest. The fear, I can do little for, but a holy text is not created to assuage the flock, but to impart the Truth of the Cosmos , our unknowable and celestial shepherd.

“The Truth of the Cosmos” remains a highly regarded denomination, it was near universally followed, to the point it was named in ordained scripture.

I posit that the universe once dwarfed our Bright Spot, and that, indeed, there were trillions of Bright Spots littering the darkness, all home to hundreds of billions of stars, all home to species of their own.

The only way to know the Truth of the past is to venture far into it. Let us look to ancient history, to a time before the Cosmic Milkdromeda was born.

**The ek77-Narrak has since become the ek11-Narrak. Due to significant advancements in quantum consciousness storage.*

The name EK77-Narrak * is one of the most ubiquitous across all space. Its discovery of a rocky, barren planet orbiting a rogue white dwarf some significant distance from the accepted boundary of our Bright Spot accelerated our understanding of our origins beyond what we ever thought possible. Data, estimated to be billions of years old

found deep within the planet's crust aligned almost perfectly with current models of our species' evolutionary timeline—the most prominent candidate for the origin world of the Cosmic Milkdromeda had been found ***.

But the immense anthropologic implications derived from EK-77's discovery is not the focus of this scripture. Instead, we look at the data categorised as 'scientific', a word that, from my own investigations, has not been used in official texts since the earliest days of the Cosmic Milkdromeda and, indeed, carries a similar meaning that we contemporarily assign to scripture, and the Enlightenment itself. In this data we find mention of multiple terms unrecognised by canon law. Some seem novel, only seeing a few mentions, such as, "quasar", "supercluster", and "galaxy filament"* , but many are discussed quite heavily. The most relevant terms are, "CMB", "Big Bang", and "cosmic inflation". These terms all relate to the same specific phenomenon these thinkers of the far past were uncovering in spite of their utterly archaic technology—that the universe is forever expanding at speeds that violate even the limits of light, and that in the earlier days of the universe, our ancestors could see the light of perhaps trillions of other Bright Spots in their night sky.*

**Current models of where the common ancestor world once resided has concluded that the light of other galaxies would not have been so luminous.*
The crux of it, then, lies in two things: light's inability to overcome the speed of this "cosmic expansion", and gravity's inability to tether distant structures to one another.

Please note: Theoretical Cosmology is not an ordained field but I wanted to mention it for the sake of academic clarity.

**** Further archaeological work has confirmed this planet to be the world the common ancestor of the Cosmic Milkdromeda evolved on in the early universe. Should maybe read Mother's "Divine Star of the Galaxy: The Archaeological Perspective" for proper analysis. Maybe.*

I am suggesting that, over a vast period of time—so vast that the use of the term "nascent universe" is no longer correct by the end of the process—that the light from distant Bright Spots in the sky eventually faded from view forever, and the possibility of ever reaching them became an impossibility. And that this grand vision of the universe still exists, and it is the barriers of "cosmic expansion" and gravity that has locked us away from the grandeur of our fullest existence forever.

But for those that remain skeptical, allow me to introduce the next piece of this puzzle: the beginning of the universe—what our ancestors called the "Big Bang". ***

**** I'll look at this next cycle. Note to self: Mother is cancelling your stipends in four sequences! Stop delaying and ask you-know-who out!!*
Excerpt ends.

*Signed,
Lady Callaghan*

Quick Note on CMB: a term used by our common ancestors to describe a specific type of radiation that permeated throughout the early universe. Accepted theories suggest this was an object of worship for our common ancestors, and was used to create rough guesses of the universe's lifespan. "Big Bang" was our common ancestors' name for the Canonisation. "Cosmic inflation" was the first piece of evidence that led to the creation of the Lost Grandeur Masjid. I am interested in pursuing further research into the Masjid's current models, but they remain as reclusive as ever. Irksome!

DOCTOR STRANGE IN THE MULTIVERSE OF MADNESS: IT'S A MARVEL FILM, I GUESS

BY SAMUEL DIRKIS

A buddy of mine got into one of the press screenings of Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness early. When I asked him his thoughts, he told me that this isn't your typical MCU movie, and I shouldn't expect the film the trailers sold me. So, I went into Multiverse of madness expecting something different, something new. What I got was exactly the film I thought I was going to get.

Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness is an MCU film, like all those before it. Sure, it plays around with narrative structure and character a little bit, and Sam Rami's directorial style does help make the film distinct. Ultimately, it's still the same old MCU. But that's not a bad thing, and it definitely has cool moments and visuals, not to mention Elizabeth Olsen's performance as Wanda Maximoff which does a lot to carry the film. But that's it; it's just fine, there isn't really anything impressive.

That's my spoiler-free review. Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness is a well-directed, well-written, well-acted MCU film, but very little more. From here on out there will be spoilers.

Most of the stuff I do like comes from the decision to cast Elizabeth Olsen's Wanda Maximoff as the villain. I hesitate to say that this is a career-best for Olsen as I'm not super well versed on her career, but it's definitely up here. In her more villainous moments, Olsen seems like she's having a world of fun playing a slightly campier version of the Scarlett Witch than we've seen in other MCU films. Her performance in these moments reminds me of Cate Blanchett's Hela from Thor: Ragnarök. Much like Blanchett, she seems to be having a whole lot of fun being a neigh unstoppable god among mortals.

On the other hand, Olsen also carries the quieter, subtler moments of the film. In the climax the scene between the two Wanda's, where she begins to discover

what she's become, is just brilliant. Olsen manages to become two different characters and convey a whole range of emotions almost without a spoken line - there aren't a lot of actors that can do that. It's even rarer that the MCU will ask that of them.

Sam Rami's directorial style also does a lot to keep Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness interesting to watch. It's genuinely fun to watch Wanda rip and tear her way through both Kamar Taj and the Illuminati (more on them later). In very much the same way, it's fun to watch characters like Jason Vorhees brutalize unsuspecting campers. A lot of that bleeds out of director Sam Rami's origins as a horror director. There are a lot of sequences that scream horror, and it does a lot to make Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness distinct from the rest of the MCU.

There are even elements of a horror framework in the way Wanda is set up to be a villain too. Most of the first act is dedicated to showing us that there is no one in the multiverse that can match the Scarlett Witch, which leads most of the film to be a cat and mouse game between Strange and Wanda. This in turn allows Rami to avoid a lot of the same versus same that MCU films can too often slip into. There is still a bit of that, but most of it has enough creative flair to stay interesting, even if it doesn't make a lot of sense. For example, the Strange versus Strange fight at the start of the third act; I don't really understand why these characters are throwing musical notes at each other, but is at least more interesting than just different coloured energy balls.

That's about all the stuff I liked in the movie. There isn't really anything I objectively don't like, but there is a lot of stuff that just sort of doesn't do anything for me. Take all the stuff with the Illuminati. Is it cool to see Hayley Atwell's Captain Britain in live action? Sure, much the same as John Krasinski as Reed Richards. But that's all it is, a cool moment. Over 10 years deep into a franchise, you need to have more than a handful of cool moments to keep me interested.

That's the crux of where I'm at with this film. There isn't anything bad about it, but there also isn't much that elevates be above the rest of the MCU, or the rest of superhero media in general. Take something like The Boys or Invincible. Both of those are taking the well-worn superhero narrative and doing more with them. The Boys uses heroes to discuss a whole range of social issues, from war profiteering to the issues of capitalism, and Invincible puts a compelling character drama at its core and humanizes these god-like beings.

Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness doesn't even attempt to do either of those things, or further the idea of super herodom in any meaningful way. Look, maybe that's fine with you I would argue it's fine with most people, but in a world that is arguably oversaturated with stories about superheroes and franchises that we are 14 years and 28 films deep in, I need more than just cool moments. Ultimately, Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness is emblematic of the larger problems within the MCU, it's competing in an arena that has largely outgrown it.

THE MORE YOU KNOW ABOUT CURIEUX!

UNOFFICIAL PARTNERSHIP:

The Curieux team would like to acknowledge our ongoing partnership with Dendy Cinemas as of this year. As a result of this partnership, Dendy Cinemas have kindly gifted tickets to a diverse array of new movie premiers throughout 2022 so that the Curieux team can offer them to the talented journalists at UC who are willing to write a review in exchange for their free tickets. These opportunities will be featured on our social media accounts.

UPDATES TO OUR WEBSITE?

This year has seen the launch of our new website, fully designed by our wonderful magazine designer, Maddy Piggott. Our website is now easier to navigate and more aesthetically pleasing than ever before. Moreover, this year the Curieux team have been diligently posting a creative written and visual prompt onto our Instagram page every week to inspire the talented creatives at UC.

UPCOMING MOVIES

INTERESTED IN WRITING?

THOR: LOVE AND THUNDER - JULY 7TH

KURT VONNEGUT: UNSTUCK IN TIME - JULY 9TH

THE GRAY MAN - JULY 14TH

OFFICIAL COMPETITION - JULY 21ST

THE FORGIVEN - JULY 28TH

THE REASON I JUMP - JULY 30TH

THE PRINCESS - AUGUST 11TH

GOOD LUCK TO YOU, LEO GRANDE - AUGUST 18TH

Some of these movies have probably come and gone by the time you're reading this. But we're always posting new and exciting movie/event opportunities on our socials. Also if you're interested in seeing what other people thought about these movies then check out our website.

AT CURIEUX WE ACCEPT...

PHOTOGRAPHY

COMICS

ARTICLES

POETRY

PROSE FICTION & NON-FICTION

SCRIPTS & SCREENPLAYS

ARTWORK

All submissions must be from current UC Undergraduate, Postgraduate or Honours students, and must be previously unpublished, unless given permission. Multiple submission types are accepted. We encourage all disciplines and degrees to participate.

Submissions should be sent from your student email address with the subject line SUBMISSION (work type, eg. poetry). Please send submissions to curieux@canberra.edu.au, with the title of your work as the document name. Any questions or queries can also be sent to curieux@canberra.edu.au, but please include QUERY in your email subject line.

Prose Fiction and Nonfiction - A maximum of 1000 words. Must be a self-contained work, so no excerpts from a larger piece.

Articles - A maximum of 1000 words.

Poetry - Up to 24 lines per poem.

Scripts and Screenplays - A maximum of 20 pages, in standard formatting. Can be an excerpt from a larger piece.

Comics - A maximum of 5 pages.

Artwork - Submit your artwork in high resolution. Open to discussion for design purposes.

Photography - Open to discussion for design purposes. Submit your artwork in high resolution.

If your work falls outside of the Curieux submission guidelines but you think it would be a good fit for Curieux and are open to the possibility of adjusting your piece, then please contact the editorial team directly through the aforementioned email.

GET INVOLVED

EMAIL US:
CURIEUX@CANBERRA.EDU.AU

FACEBOOK:
[@CURIEUX](https://www.facebook.com/CURIEUX)

INSTAGRAM:
[@CURIEUXMAG](https://www.instagram.com/CURIEUXMAG)

WEBSITE:
CURIEUX.COM.AU

CUR IEUX

CURIEUX.COM.AU



[@CURIEUX](https://www.facebook.com/CURIEUX)



[@CURIEUXMAG](https://www.instagram.com/CURIEUXMAG)



CURIEUX@CANBERRA.EDU.AU

PUBLISHED BY:

SRC UC STUDENT
REPRESENTATIVE
COUNCIL