

Honi Soit

SEMESTER 1, WEEK 1
3 MARCH, 2010



ONCE UPON A TIME:
Will fanfiction kill the literature star?

Interview with Triple J's Tom + Alex

Mardi Gras? More like Parti Gras*! *see what we did there?

Uni-Cycle: Crime on Campus

Oscars: Avatar vs. Hurt Locker



PARADE + MARDI GRAS

Carmen Culina has a gay old time.

Though today's Mardi Gras is a magnet for scantily clad adolescents verbing on the steps of Town Hall, it has not always been an attraction for hoards of keyed-up youths. Lisa Jenkins has watched the profile and popularity of the parade change. She recalls, "Fifteen years ago you could take your pick of front-row spots, but your mates would also diss you for going along". Such sentiment has been replaced by a general acceptance by teenyboppers. Seventeen-year-old Sascha Brenthan thinks that her age group is particularly enthusiastic because there are so few events like it in Sydney. "It's just about dressing up and having fun," she said, adjusting her nurse outfit in front of the mirror in the Hungry Jacks ladies' toilets.

The parade's increasing popularity means that latecomers must either elbow their way through the teeming crowds that line Oxford St. vainly hoping to catch a glimpse of a glittered body on a float, or undertake a crash course in teen subcultures led by the costumed, drunk youngsters who commandeer Hyde Park for the evening. Chris Eskra from Miami, who arrived in the hour before the parade, said, "I spent 50 minutes trying to get

AFTER PARTY

close, but even with only ten people deep it is hopeless." Turning to the mass of squealing teenagers in knee-high socks and 'Free Hugs' t-shirts, he continued, "It is a bit of a funny crowd. I think I'm going home."

Now, I am proud of the unbridled enthusiasm with which our city embraces the parade. I'm also happy to have more young people make the connection between tolerance and celebration, even if the association is tenuously formed by glow-sticks and angel wings. The demographic just makes it increasingly hard to remember that the reason you are out in the city is to celebrate queers, and not corset-clad yuppies.

It was with great relief then, that I was able to escape the streets into the Arthouse for the post-parade ladies' night. Tongue Twisters 4 made the most of the incredible two-storey venue, with over 1000 guests partying to Sydney's hottest lady DJs as they grooved up a storm. Taryn Swiatek, who decided to swap the Winter Olympics for Mardi Gras, was impressed by the after party. "I soon gave up on the parade, but the atmosphere



She's a lady. Woah, woah, woah, she's a lady.

in here is great and the music is kickin' too." She was also impressed by the quality of the gals: "Sydney's lesbians are incredibly well dressed, there are a range of ages here and everyone looks fantastic – you don't see that in Vancouver." Boom – consider that another gold for the team, ladies.

The Mardi Gras festivities are far from over. The festival will culminate with the Mardi Gras Party this Saturday, headed up by David Guetta at the Hordern Pavilion. The \$135 tickets should prevent attendees feeling like they are trapped in schoolies on a dress-up night.

SCREEN

FilmSoc President Hansen Ding has a few things to say about



To be sure, lavish prizes and celebrity judges are pretty good at drawing a crowd and improving an event. But this year it seems the organisers of Tropfest have forgotten that the average aspiring short film director works in a cubicle with the enthusiasm of a perpetually depressed snail, is alien to the concept of non-discount seafood and had his girlfriend leave him last week for a publicist named Chad. All the average Tropfest entrant really wants is to make films and have them noticed.

Tropfest began as a festival to give much needed exposure and attention to the aforementioned short filmmakers. All you needed was a good idea and a whole load of dedication and passion, and you could have a shot at winning and being noticed. It hardly mattered that you didn't have ten thousand dollars to spend on equipment and industry connections. Yet at this year's Tropfest, at my counting thirteen of the sixteen finalists were shot on rather expensive film equipment (the other three were animated), at least ten seemed to have used professional actors (including one film which starred Pia Miranda) and one cringe-inducing film called "Fuck Hollywood, We're Indie and Proud" ironically used no less than ten different sets in the space of five minutes.

I thought every finalist film was well-made and showed a lot of dedication and hard work. However the final selection seemed somewhat elevated considering the casual nature of the event. The majority of entrants, in contrast to the finalists, shot on video, not film, and they shot without real sets or actors. These film makers, disenfranchised by the industry and looking for a way to get their foot in the door, are once again left in the cold like ginger-headed stepchildren, just like when their girlfriends dumped them for Chad. In an effort to be inclusive all Tropfest has done is create another group of mini patricians atop the mobs who still have no idea how to begin making films and get them seen. I'm happy that Tropfest is now popular and well attended, and its finalists are now very high quality, but the majority of short film makers need to be acknowledged before they flock to a new Tropfest, replacing the desperate thirty year old festival for her warmer, younger sister. As a matter of fact, even the two-year-old Tropfest New York is essentially becoming everything Tropfest Australia has lost.

So watch out Tropfest. Your hubris will be your undoing, just like Chad's, who will find a nice surprise on his convertible parked outside of Skygarden on Castlereagh every Wednesday afternoon.

STREET RECLAIM THE LANES

Lewis d'Avigdor got down and dirty with Newtown's downest and dirtiest.

Reclaim the Lanes is an irreverent roving street party, where the residents of Newtown briefly assert their right to romp about the streets. While the festival is in part a protest against the dominance of the car in Sydney, it is more a celebration of community and the neighbourhood. I caught up with Dave Bentley, part of a loose collective of 40-odd musicians, artists and DJs who organised the event. "It was not anti-anything," according to Bentley. "It was more of a safe, friendly and environmentally sound party than a protest. That's why we chose the lanes, not the major thoroughfares. As much as the traditional aims of reclaiming the streets from cars are worthwhile, it was more about encouraging and celebrating an explosion of art, music and culture in a space that is largely forgotten: our laneways."

The Reclaim the Lanes concept is a global phenomenon that originated as "Reclaim the Streets" in the UK in the early 90s. Despite this transnational dimension, its many incarnations around the world are truly localised and spontaneous. The recent Reclaim the Lanes of 13 February 2010 can be seen as the resurgent younger sibling of the Reclaim the Street festivals which dominated the suburbs of Glebe, Newtown and the CBD in the final years of last century.

Although bad weather meant that the attendance rate was not quite as high as the 4035 confirmed guests that Facebook foresaw, more than 1500 braved the rain, made an appearance and the event

achieved its aims: it reclaimed lanes!

Throughout the morning, an eager contingent gathered at the Hub, before launching onto Enmore Road at 2pm and then camping down for a nearby lane-party. A local band, Rocket Head, started cranking out some grungy tunes on a makeshift stage before another local act, Svelt, kept the party going with some psychedelic drum-and-bass.

And at the same time, up to 15 wheelie-bin sound systems started pumping out dub, break-core, hip-hop and psy-trance. All I can say is that you haven't partied until you've danced with Technoviking impersonators, wearing only budgie smugglers and stomping away to a wheelie-bin sound system. (And for those of you who haven't seen the YouTube sensation that is Technoviking: I pity you). The event wasn't just about music; it included street performers and art installations, the best of which was a four-foot gorilla made out of recycled tyres and mounted on wheels. Its creator, USyd education student Mark Swartz, dragged it up and down Newtown's streets, much to the delight of kids (and adults) who eagerly took a ride.

As co-operative police (who were probably just happy they weren't at GoodVibes) looked on, the party danced through lanes, past the Carlisle Castle Hotel and towards its final destination of Camperdown Park, where a stage was set up to continue the shindig for about 1000 people. Although the rain dampened the atmos towards the end, the more hardcore festival-goers enthusiastically started a



It was cheaper to get this child to hold this sign than an actual signpost.

naked mudslinging rave and kept the dream alive. The collective kept its word to the police and council and, after a tremendous set by Paul Mac and Seymour Butz, called it a day at 10pm on the dot.

Unless you're inclined to view these party/protesters as a bunch of hippie-anarchist degenerates, it's hard not to be swayed by the innocent joy of reclaiming the lanes. No money was made by the organisers, none of the artists were paid, no political programme was rammed down your throat and no thuggery was tolerated. You only had to glance to the signs, "DON'T PISS WHERE YOU PARTY!", "YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN FABULOUS" and, my favourite, held by an adorable toddler, "NO VOMITING". Nobody stood to gain or profit except those who turned up and were able to shimmy on the streets normally dominated by cars.

For those of you keen to get involved, Reclaim the Lanes likely to happen again next year so watch the streets of Newtown for posters or contact treehouseindustries@yahoo.com.au.

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3 MARCH, 2010

100% PURE CERTIFIED SHIT

PROPERTY OF SYDNEY UNI

THIS WEEK'S:

Heaviest thing thrown at the ceiling fan: Joe Smith-Davies
Worst/ most amazing rejected cover: Edward Cullen. Nekkid.
Animal that's most lived up to its name: Killer Whale
Song: Justin Bieber *One Love*, but only because we thought it was lesbian pop
Old-timey phrase du jour: 'Pow! Right in the kisser'



THE HYPOTHETICAL:
Would you rather
Never wear shoes
or
Always wear shoes?
FAQS

Can they be socks?
Only if they are socks with laces and leather soles. Non-slip socks do not count as shoes.

If I choose no shoes, can I go tenpin bowling?
We sincerely hope so, but it really depends on how strictly your local Alleyman adheres to the *Tenpin Bowling OH&S Act 1985* (Cth).

If I choose shoes, am I allowed to go into the houses of my Japanese friends?
Only if you tie paper bags over your shoes.

If I choose no shoes, can I exchange my human feet for cloven hooves?
We don't think you are taking this very seriously.



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Not a bad turnout considering we printed both an incorrect email and a nonexistent one in our call for comments. Our bad.

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A great first issue. Now don't fuck it up.

To the Eds:

FIRST CLASS MAIL

Kudos! This edition has been a most enjoyable read.

Much love,

Sara Amorosi
Science IV

You fucked it up.

To Whomsoever determines the Sudoku difficulty:

I don't purport to be a Sudoku Master, but it must take very little for you to shit yourself.

Perhaps consider investing in Huggies?

Sara Amorosi
Science IV

Inside the O-Week Handbook debacle

PARCEL POST

I do love a good schism – especially when I'm right.

The behaviour of Tom Green and Tim Scriven in the production of this year's O-Week Handbook was nothing short of vile and egregious. Credit where credit is due, Mr. Green was the prime offender; his editing sessions were punctuated by not infrequent swigs of Ballantine's whiskey and more frequent puffs of cheap cigarettes. It is hardly surprising then that the sum value of his literary efforts was negligible and his behaviour often volatile.

The most memorable moment was reported, albeit sedately, last week. At 1

30 a.m. during the weekend of the NUS SGM, Tom asked the equally sociable Alex Hind whether he'd like coffee - Alex replied, telling Tom that he'd take a long black. Tom then set a course for the depths of farce when he began to lampoon Alex, calling him "Mr. I don't take milk in my coffee" this quickly degenerated into an exercise in poorly conjugated insults and feigned machismo chest puffing before its eventual defusal by myself and former SRC President Noah White.

It is worth noting that *HS* editors present during the period of production conveyed to myself and other SRC Office Bearers that the behaviour exhibited particularly by Mr. Green made them deeply uncomfortable. The SRC is presently considering the question of revoking the 24-hour swipe card access of the involved persons.

Mr. Scriven was not without his points of interest. Spending the majority of his time taking photographs of himself using an SRC iMac, developing his distinct breed of absentminded vanity, he said little of value and accomplished less. I knew things were going to be complicated when I came into the editorial office one morning to discover that Youth Allowance information had been irreparably deleted and replaced with four pages of Lorem Ipsum holding text under the heading "This is not art".

Having spent two weeks of my life wading through an intellectually barren marshland of half-baked, half-wit, anarcho-communist, fuck-knuckles, to produce an essential student information document, I am inclined to take a dim view of any assertion made by this publication that I was in any way to blame for the inevitable collapse of the editorial structure.

It is worth noting that I was not sacked as you asserted – Messrs. Green and Scriven however, were. I had the pleasure of resigning gracefully, briefing the hardworking Publications Managers on the task ahead before riding quietly into the sunset. Also going without note last week was the work of Mel Brooks and Anne Hanley in assisting myself to recreate the masses of content deleted by the resident pack of self-inflated philistines.

EDITORIAL

'Sup cats, welcome back to uni and the first real edition of *Honi Soit* (jks, Bridie). In my experience the first week back at uni is a time marked by cloud-licking highs and ass-scraping lows.

Take for example the sandstone-inspired exhilaration one feels walking through the Quad for the first time in months. This elation is promptly tempered by the sight of the queue to the Timetabling office, snaking from the depths of Carslaw all the way up to Donut King. However bad your timetable is, I'm pretty sure it's not worth it.

Then there is the almost orgasmic pleasure of buying new stationary. Needle-sharp pencils, colour coded folders and the blankest of notebooks all gleam with the promise of a semester of unprecedented scholarly organisation. It is only by the end of your first lecture that you realise that you probably didn't need all that crap to draw cartoons of your lecturer and to practice cool new signatures (yeah, I still do that).

Given this somewhat melancholy outlook on reality, it was with pleasure that I learned about a

community of people who seek to bring a little joy into our humdrum lives. I speak of course, about the fanfiction authors and enthusiasts who know how to take a good idea and run with it. I have nothing but admiration for these writers who don't finish a good book only to grumble about the fact that there isn't a sequel – homies write it themselves.

Unfortunately I must end on a much more serious note; it was with shock I learned that a Sydney University student was attacked and robbed last week, outside Cumberland campus. The horror of such violent crimes is all the more extreme when the victim is a member of one's own community and I am sure I can speak for everyone at Sydney Uni in wishing her the speediest of recoveries.

Please contact the police if you have any information on this crime.

It serves as a timely reminder to all students about the need to look out for your own safety. Seriously kids, y'all mean too much to me.

Anusha Rutnam

On a further note, the letter published last week, "Our handbook brings all the boys to the yard", ghost written by the inimitable Tom Green on behalf of O-Week HB editors, certainly does not speak for me.

May the defamation proceedings begin – the defence of truth stands ready by my side.

Patrick Massarani
SRC Welfare Officer
Arts/Law II

Love mail? Hate mail? Alpha male?
SEND IT ALL TO
honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au

Submit to us.

Think you've got what it takes to write something for *Honi*? Well listen up buddy... you probably do.

Send in any submissions to
honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au

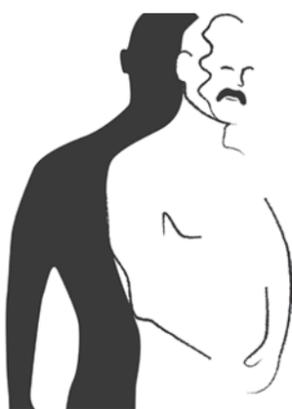


FACT!

The horse that played Mr Ed had to be dubbed because in real life he only spoke Spanish.

Stuff that should have been included in the SRC O-week Showbag, thus making us even more inclined to steal it.

- Novelty stationery (more)
- Cocaine (or, if too expensive, 3D glasses)
- Fake Israeli passports
- Fake Access cards (Mossad quality)
- A copy of *Honi*. Christ.
- Oscar nomination for Best Picture - because they're handing them out like candy!
- Tony Abbott's dignity - because he's handing it out like candy!
- Candy!



THE STALKER

I spy with my little eye something beginning with Fisher. Fisher Library, that is, on a warm Saturday afternoon, where you, yes you, went to seek shelter and borrow a book or two.

Remember, my delicate little flower? I do. Remember your hot pink shirt paired sensibly with black slacks with a peek of your golden sandals? I do. Remember the book you borrowed about Neurology? I do. Remember your time trawling through books in Reserve, struggling with photocopiers and then heading downstairs when you meant to go up? I do, and I'll never forget.

When you left the library, you were smart to wear that visor as it shielded your face, and the umbrella was a nice touch considering the heat. Crossing City Rd, you hopped on the 422 and out of my life, but not out of my mind.

THINK you were stalked this week? Send a photo of yourself to honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au and we'll ask this creep if it was really you. If correct, you'll win a prize.



Drama at SUDS as money goes missing

Bridie Connellan gets her Nancy Drew on.

Despite soaring membership sign-ups, O-Week proved financially devastating for the Sydney University Dramatic Society (SUDS) as approximately \$6000 worth of sign-up fees were stolen from the Cellar Theatre.

A cashbox holding the funds was stolen from the performance space underneath the Holme Building, as it sat in a trolley taken from the SUDS O-Week stall.

Cast members of the upcoming production *A Czar is Born* were unaware of the break-in as they rehearsed for their Week 3 slot.

Normally such a large sum would be banked during O-Week but with Treasurer Houston Ash on tour with SUDS/So What Production's *King Lear* at the Adelaide Fringe Festival, the hefty amount remained in the company cashbox. Despite laptops, wallets and bags surrounding the box, nothing else was stolen, and the theft was only discovered the following morning as the trolley was wheeled to the stall on Friday.

According to the University of Sydney Union (USU), the Cellar's insurance policy provides public liability cover but not does cover this type of theft. SUDS has reported the matter to police and campus security, and the USU Facilities Manager is currently questioning cleaners and campus staff about any suspicious activity.

SUDS, like all USU Clubs and Societies, can receive a maximum of \$4000 from the USU every year. That renders the theft a serious financial setback. USU Clubs and Societies Assistant Gayda De Mesa says the USU is sympathetic to the club's cause, but unfortunately their hands are tied. "We leave clubs to be secure and take care of banking, so maybe this is just a lesson to be learned," she says. "Unfortunately there's not really a lot we can do."

According to SUDS President Harriet Gillies, such a blow to funding is likely to affect the way the society is run, and is both an administrative and



emotional kick in the teeth. "We stood strongly against VSU [voluntary student unionism] but the sad thing is it took something small and menacing like this to affect us," she says.

Given the tight-knit nature of the society, it is unfortunate that police suspect an inside job. The suspicion is cultivated by the hidden underground location of The Cellar and the fact that outsiders would be unlikely to have knowledge of the cashbox's location. According to cast members of *A Czar Is Born*, the Cellar door was locked overnight, leaving only a small window of opportunity for outsiders whilst the dress rehearsal took place. *A Czar Is Born* cast members report a small group of unidentified individuals loitering in the clearspace near the Cellar entrance, but familiarity with the space seems essential to the crime. "I would like to think that I can trust everyone in SUDS," Gillies says. "It truly is a space where trust is a crucial part of stability, and that's the most upsetting part."

Fortunately, SUDS has not been completely left in the lurch, with a reserve in the bank to keep them soldiering for now. "As far as I'm aware, SUDS has a fairly healthy bank balance," says De Mesa. "Something like this isn't going to kill the club." As far as short term effects go, the society will still be able to allocate \$400 per show, but will have to stall plans for \$100 mini grants which were to be allocated for five categories of theatre production (development of new work, hybrid performance, education performance, performance art and staged reading).

Negotiations with USU and fundraising is the next step to rectify the situation, as well as the possibility of approaching alumni for assistance. Club members remain optimistic, with SUDS launching its 2010 season with *Deep End Diving* in Week 2. Yelling iconically off the Parramatta Road Footbridge, Gillies has a defiant message for thieves: "We're fighting ninjas, nothing can stop us doing our theatre!"



No smiles at SUDS.

Student stabbed at Cumberland Campus

David Mack reports.

A 33-year-old woman is recovering in hospital after being stabbed 15 times while walking home last Monday night at Sydney Uni's Cumberland campus.

The woman was walking past the University campus at East Street at Lidcombe around 8pm when she was attacked.

Police said the Chinese student was stabbed in the back, neck and chest by a man who also stole her phone and other belongings before running off.

The woman, a PhD in health sciences, was assisted by a passing motorist who drove her to Concord Hospital, where she is recovering in a serious but stable condition.

A university spokesman told *The Sydney*

Morning Herald that it was the first attack of its kind at the campus, but that more security guards would be added to the 24-hour campus patrol.

Inspector Matt Walker from the Flemington Local Area Command told the *Herald* that the violent robbery was uncommon for this area. "Street robberies don't come more serious than that," he said.

Honi Soit reminds all students that the University runs a 'UniSafe' program, with brochures available containing advice on campus safety and preferred walking routes on all campuses.

Anyone with information on the Cumberland attack should contact Crime Stoppers on 1800 333 000.

Uni amends discrimination policy

Paris Cowan investigates.

Withering away somewhere in all of our UniMail trash folders is a dry email from Vice-Chancellor Dr Michael Spence, welcoming us to Semester One and drawing our attention to recent changes to some policy document that most students have never heard of, and even fewer have actually read.

Both of us who read the email would have found out that the University's Harassment and Discrimination Prevention Policy has been redesigned to streamline the complaint resolution process and make it easier to speak out against discrimination on campus.

But more significantly, the policy brings Residential Colleges, such as the now notorious St Paul's, under its authority.

Few will have forgotten the events of November last year, when our illustrious University was hogging the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers, but for all the wrong reasons.

Those Residential Colleges were being dragged through a sex discrimination scandal launched by a Facebook group, which described itself as "anti-consent". The news coverage released a flood of allegations of other instances of sexual discrimination and assault taking place within college grounds.

Through this uproar, the University was rendered little more than a toothless tiger due to the independent status of the privately owned colleges, which allowed residences such as St Paul's to escape the jurisdiction of the University's former Harassment and Discrimination Prevention Policy.

The old policy read, "If the discrimination occurs within the grounds of a Residential College that is not owned by the University [that is, Mandelbaum House, St Andrew's, St John's, St Michael's, St Paul's, Sancta Sophia, Wesley, Women's College] the University cannot deal with it under this policy".

Under the new policy, however, the University may take disciplinary action against harassment or discrimination that occurs inside college grounds, including expulsion without the refund of course fees.

A spokesperson for the Vice-Chancellor said that the new policy "clarifies for students and staff in the colleges any misconceptions about the behaviour expected and the intention of the University to take action where unacceptable behaviour occurs." She explained that it "also clarifies for those who believe they have been treated inappropriately that if they come forward the University is prepared to take appropriate action."

Anyone who feels that they have been the target of harassment or discrimination is encouraged to contact a Harassment and Discrimination Support Officer. A list of officers is available in the Staff and Student Equal Opportunity Unit page of the University's website or contact the Students' Representative Council for confidential independent advice on 9660 5222 / help@src.usyd.edu.au

Official complaints can be made to the Staff and Student Equal Opportunity Unit, which is located in rooms 128-135 of the Demountables (H11) on Codrington Street, phone: 9351 2212.

What's the Senate? Your student Senator explains it all

Tom Kaldor, the undergraduate student representative on the University Senate, answers four simple questions about the peak decision-making body on campus.

What is Senate?

Senate is a body established under state legislation to govern the University. Among other things, Senate is responsible for student welfare and discipline, oversees changes to course structures and teaching, and awards degrees. Senate is so important it doesn't require a definite article ("the") before its name.

Members of Senate (or "fellows") include the Chancellor, the Vice-Chancellor, the Chair of the Academic Board, and nineteen others drawn from key interest groups in the University community. That's 22 in total, although there is currently a casual vacancy for the position of postgraduate representative (if you are keen – but more importantly, a postgraduate – stay tuned for details of the upcoming election.)

Officially, the role of Senate fellows is to attend and contribute to Senate meetings, which happen about once a month. But I think the real potential for a Senate fellow to influence University life lies outside of these meetings – in the informal communication channels that develop between fellows of Senate and

senior management.

What are the big issues facing Senate at the moment?

Two issues have captured my attention over the past few weeks. During Week 1, the Vice-Chancellor will release his long-awaited green paper concerning the future of our University. Over the past 10 days, Senate has read and discussed a draft of the paper. The paper is an extremely interesting – albeit long – read. I would encourage you all to flick through it and ideally respond, as those responses may form the basis for some of the biggest changes in the history of the University.

The second issue is far more specific, and involves the Law Faculty's proposal to replace its graduate-but-actually-undergraduate law degree with a postgraduate Juris Doctor. The proposal, which was passed by Academic Board last Wednesday, will now come to Senate. There is a strong perception that the proposal has become a battle-ground pitting the Law Faculty against students. It is my intention to facilitate a more cooperative outcome before Senate signs

off on this issue.

How can you get involved?

For too many students, Senate is a bit like Level 9 of Fisher: noone really knows what goes on there, and noone really cares. This has been compounded by the relative secrecy that has surrounded student representation on Senate. The fact that the undergraduate position on Senate has been traditionally reserved for ex-Presidents of the SRC, all belonging to the same political faction, is one of a range of factors that has undermined the relationship between students and the Senate (I am the first undergraduate representative since 2001 who does not fit this profile).

This lack of interaction between students, and the key governing body of our University, was a central part of my decision to stand for election. During my term, I will aim to make Senate more accessible to regular students – by consulting with a wider range of students and by keeping you all informed through the various student publications.

Am I now allowed to call myself Senator Kaldor?



Et tu, Kaldor?

Unfortunately, no.

For more information about Senate contact Tom on tomkaldor@gmail.com or go to www.usyd.edu.au/senate

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THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

Anusha Rutnam wrote this. So sue me.



BBBQ – THE EXTRA ‘B’ IS FOR BLOWJOB

In one of the more bizarre news stories on campus, police were called to the Queer Collective's barbecue during O-week when two men were observed engaging in oral sex on the Botany Lawn...in broad daylight. It seems that one of the men involved was a former editor of an *Honi Soit* Queer Edition. Curtis Dickson, who organised the BBQ, said he did not see the act in question but was told it happened at about 3.45pm, after most had left. Dickson called it “a bizarre footnote to what I hope will be a successful beginning for queer activities for 2010”. In related news, *Honi* editors eagerly await their Pulitzer nomination for not making a sausage joke in this article.

MORE UNION BOARD CANDIDATES

Even more potential candidates have come forward. Peter Hong (Arts Hons.) is heavily involved in clubs and societies

as well as volunteering. We hear talk that his campaign will be run by current independent Board Director Mel Brooks.

Ben Tang (3rd year Science Student) is running as an independent and may have scored brownie points for volunteering at O-Week.

Finally, 2009 O-Week director Vivienne Moxham-Hall, (Arts/Science IV) who has also performed in Science Revue will be running. She will likely be supported by NLS despite being new to the fold.

ROSSI FOR USU PRESIDENT?

Current Hon. Sec. Giorgia Rossi has her eyes firmly fixed on the Presidency for her second year on the job, according to those in the know. Rossi had a big first year on Board being elected to Secretary and then helping to spearhead the changes made to this year's *Bull*. But apart from opposition she is rumoured

to face from some other Board members, word has it, current President Pat Bateman sees his boyfriend Dave Mann as a potential successor.

MANNING IN THE NEWS

The Sydney Morning Herald has run a story on USyd's Manning Bar and recent changes to its policies on booking musicians. The article also discusses speculation that Manning will cease to hold all-age gigs.

Watch this space for more reports on the goings-on at Manning.



ROAD TEST

MANNING BEERS

Carlo Richie is a Manning bartender. You should listen to him.

Every year 900 Billion litres of Beer are consumed by USYD Students. MORE THEN WEIGHS THE EARTH ITSELF! How do the 8 beers on tap match up? How to pick a beer that will earn me a nod from Carlo or an older gentleman with a cane and a head full of bad dreams and hops? Well worry no more, as we, friends, embark on review that many will find at worst self-indulgent and at best subjective. Hopefully, a little helpful too.

Tooheys New

Why would I drink a beer with Sugar Cane in it (thereby breaking the Reinheitsgebot) that is so comparable to dregs as to be unpalatable? Well the answer is that it is extraordinarily cheap, why with Access a Jug of New will cost you 7 dollars between the hours of 4-5 any day of the uni week. And that's something not to be sneezed at.

Tooheys Old

At the same price as New, Old is probably the best beer for price at Manning bar. A tasty drop, with hints of chocolate and smoke Old will get you through the worst of times. Drink Old. Plus, people will respect you more. You might even earn that nod from a grizzled old hops thief. I instantly warm to people who drink Old; sometimes I'll even stop serving another customer to give the Old drinker a quick nod. If you're from New England it might even earn you a handshake.

Tooheys Extra Dry

The next notch up the price range, drinkable, refreshing and for the price you can't really go wrong. As a Bartender, Extra Dry's strength comes in the quality of the pour; with correct technique you can expect a good, solid head on the top of your glass. The best way to make enemies of the bar staff is to try and scoop this head out with your fingers, blow it off or something equally dim-witted.

Hahn Super Dry

Drink Old

Squire's Golden Ale

Up the price bracket again, Golden Ale is tasty, smooth and brewed right. While you will spend more money in Manning, for the quality, it is worth the extra 70 cents.

Squire's Amber Ale

Same price as the Golden, and if you are a fan of higher hopped beers, then this is the crême of Manning. Amber Ale is what you drink when you've finished an assessment and need to celebrate with your liver. Always a treat.

Heineken

The most expensive draught beer, Heineken is usually reserved for celebrations and people with the money to pay 7 dollars a Scooner. While it is European the amount of transport preservative in this beer makes it of a lesser value than the Squires or Old for example. Watch any bartender try and build a head on a Schooner of Heineken and be amazed at the film of nothing that sits on top. But, each to their own. Drink Old.

Hahn Light

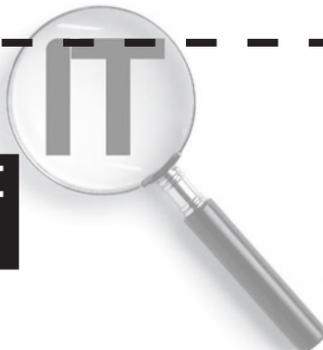
For a light beer, it's not bad, nor is it expensive. Also surprising is the quality of the ingredients, whilst not comparable to the Squires, Hahn at least does not cheapen the quality of product for a lower strength alcohol. I always think that people who drink this are the kind of people who would help you change a tire.

Drink responsibly. Drink Old.



FAKING IT

HOW TO PRETEND YOU'VE SEEN FELLINI'S 8½



The Basics

8½ was released in 1963, and centres around the life of a middle-aged film director, Guido Anselmi, who is played by 60s art-house pin-up, Marcello Mastroianni. Guido, feeling overwhelmed by the pressure he feels to produce his next film, retires to a health spa, where he is shortly joined by his mistress, his wife, and his entire production team. Following a series of quirky and variegated episodes, Guido finally resolves to give up the film. However his dejected admission of defeat is made irrelevant by the incredibly memorable 'circus finale' scene, where the characters of the film and many of *8½*'s production staff dance around Guido in a celebratory parade. The film is unanimously lauded by critics as Fellini's best film, and is regarded as one of the finest achievements Italian auteur cinema.

The Background

Fellini has freely admitted he drew much of the inspiration for *8½* from his own life experience. The plot is uncannily similar to the events of Fellini's real life: Following *La Dolce Vita* Fellini suffered director's block which left him completely creatively debilitated. The irony is that where Guido fails to create a film, Fellini succeeded in producing *8½*.

What to Say

Anyone who has a reasonably good knowledge of the film will believe that you know what you're talking about if you mention that the film often refers to itself, and other aspects of Fellini's life. Firstly, comment on the self-referential title: *8½* was literally the 8½th film that Fellini produced. Film buffs will be impressed if you mention the character of Daumier, the French critic, and how his intellectual monologues throughout the film are actually intended to evoke Fellini's directorial style. For something a bit lighter, try mentioning the stark black and white contrasts that make up the film's cinematography, particularly during the spa scene montage. Style aficionados should rave about Gloria Morin dancing the twist in a black mini, her cat eye make-up framed by a scruffy bob.

What not to Say

One of the most engaging elements of *8½* is the way that the narrative flits between Guido's memories, his present life and his imaginings with an alarming fluidity; it often becomes difficult to distinguish where reality ends and fantasy begins. To add to the confusion,

the film's chronology is completely scrambled, characters are introduced with no apparent introduction and some scenes and characters appear gratuitous. However, this is all part of Fellini's stylistic genius. As more than one viewing will demonstrate, hardly anything is purposeless, and everything becomes significant because it can be connected with something that comes earlier or later in the film. In light of this, one of the most offensive things that you can say about the film is that it 'doesn't make sense,' or that 'you don't get it.' You're not supposed to get it. You'll infuriate your fellow film lovers even more if you don't provide any justifications.

How to Start a Fight

In *8½* there is an incredibly iconic scene in which a young Guido runs away from school with his friends to watch a giant prostitute dance the rumba on a beach. Despite sounding a bit questionable, the episode is one of the most charming and memorable of the entire film. Set the first fist flying with any comment along the lines of 'Fergie makes a better beach prostitute in Rob Marshall's adaptation of *8½*, *Nine*.' Alternatively, get any film aficionado seething with a comment similar to 'Nicole Kidman is a more seductive muse than Claudia Cardinale.' Come to think of it, you're sure to start a brawl if you say that anything in Marshall's *Nine* is more engaging/better produced/more artistic/better acted than it is in *8½*. Which it clearly is not.

Jacinta Mulders



MEDIA BOTCH

COUNTDOWN

Five ways you know that the party's over.

After making allegedly homophobic comments against male ice-skaters at the Vancouver Winter Olympics, the Nine Network's Eddie McGuire and Mick Molloy are being investigated by the NSW Anti-Discrimination Board. McGuire's jibes about American figure skater Johnny Weir have placed him in the Hot Seat, as he remarked, "They don't leave anything in the closet either, do they?" to which Molloy replied "Careful, you'll get yourself into trouble there." McGuire opted to use one of his lifelines, but was rejected on account of having neither reliable friends to phone nor audience left to ask.

Tackling the big issues in Queensland newspaper the Courier Mail, Environment Protection Minister Peter Garret shockingly "looked glum" after being heavily demoted as a result of a \$2.5 billion home insulation debacle. Routinely, the Courier Mail showed their journalistic integrity and attention to detail, as a large part of their coverage made sure to describe Garrett "looking miserable in tracksuit pants and a grey T-shirt" as he gave his dog Woody a euphemized "comfort stop". Truly the real issues at hand.

And the tsunami didn't hit.



SOMEONE IS PLAYING YOUTUBE CLIPS 5

Nothing sucks the atmosphere out of a room faster than someone hunched over a computer going "Ok, now keep your eye on that guy... the guy with the axe... wait for it... wait for it... woah!"



PEOPLE ARE TEACHING THE DOG TRICKS 4

Dogs, like parties, are also great. That said, a dog at a party is like a canary in a mine – both are animals that are in a place.



PEOPLE ARE PLAYING POKER 3

Poker is all about being able to read people from the tiniest of actions. These are called 'tells'. For example, if someone drags a coffee table in the middle of the party, dons sunglasses and starts talking about minimum bets, this is a 'tell' that they are a douchebag and are ruining a party.



SOMEONE SAYS "HAVE YOU GOT A GUITAR?" 2

Oh thank god you're here. Here we were, listening to professional recording artists, carefully chosen by the host and played through a terrific sound system – not knowing the joys of listening to some guy with a hemp bracelet and dragon tattoo going "and after aaaaall, you're my wond... my wond... sorry I'll get this... my wonderwaaaaaall. Hey, anybody know the words to Hallelulah?"



THE HOUSE THAT YOU ARE IN FALLS DOWN. 1

Yeah.

SOC IT TO ME: CAPTURE THE FLAG

David Mulligan gave up pretty quick.

I'm not going to lie: I was disappointed. As soon as I found out about the Capture the Flag Society starting up, my mind ran ablaze with Steven Segal inspired daydreams of my first mission. As a university professor/karate champion, international terrorists would steal my young and vivacious (yet defenceless) daughter and the only way I'd be able to get her back would be by busting into the enemy's compound, challenging their leader to a final fight to the death and eventually returning triumphantly to my own base with my opponent's flag draped over my shoulder and my daughter standing windswept by my side. But no, there was no heart pounding storyline to accompany my challenge, no corny one-liners to accompany my victory, and no glorious kung fu battle in the final scene. I assumed at the very least that the Sydney Uni grounds would serve as an urban battlefield, promoting tactical defence and offensive manoeuvres, but instead, Victoria Park was chosen as the venue.

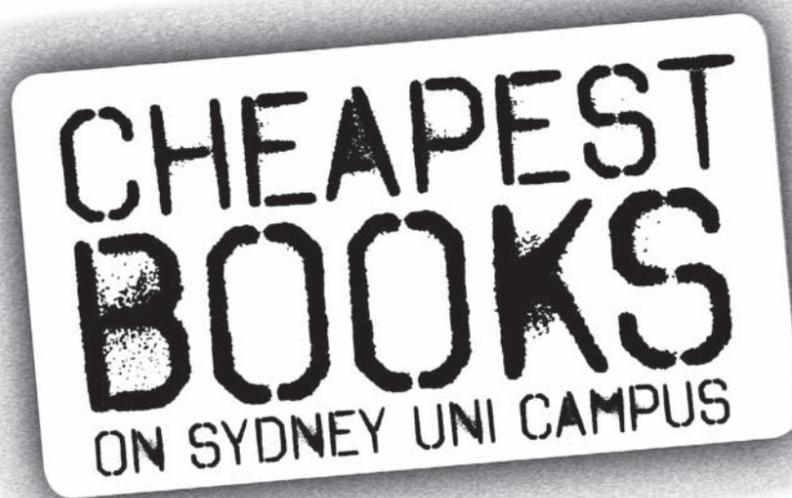
So, we were divided into two camps (Red and Blue) and the park was split down the middle

into two bases. After having the rules explained to us (as if "capture the flag" didn't suffice), the two opposing forces ran at each other from either ends converting the normal serenity of Victoria Park into a field of total anarchy, very reminiscent of any given Lord of the Rings battle with the motley collection of dweeby first years bearing a remarkable resemblance to the gruesome and disfigured race of Orcs. If you were tipped by an opposing player you had to return to the halfway mark before having another crack at glory.

After the initial craziness, smaller splinter groups began forming to devise ingenious plans of cunning and deception to steal their enemy's flag. However, every time a strategic plot almost reached fruition, the frenzied charge of the other team would obliterate any attempt at finesse, leaving the complexities of the Art of War also trampled underfoot.

Now for those of you wondering who won, I think the real winner on the day was Capture the Flag and whatever my reservations everyone else seemed to be having a great time. The entire event did a great job of promoting Sydney Uni's up and coming Capture the Flag scene.

I, myself, found the draw of Manning far too enticing, so I didn't see the game's end, but let me assure you that this was not

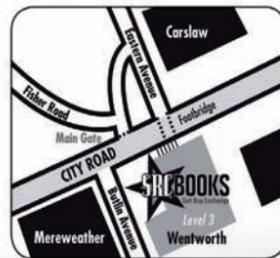


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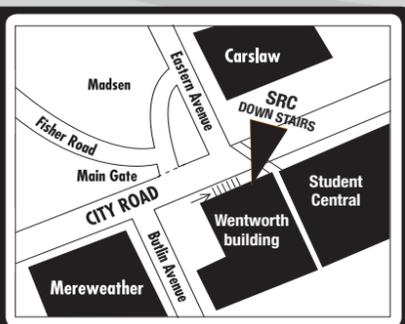
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ASK ABE

Q & A with students who need help
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Send your letters to: help@src.usyd.edu.au

Dear Abe,

I have just moved to be closer to Uni. I found a place and got mum and dad to pay for the bond, but now I have to pay them back. I am on Youth Allowance and also looking for a job. I really need some help to pay mum and dad back and also cover my textbooks and rent and food until I get a job! Where can I go for help?

Inner Westie

Dear Inner Westie,

It's great that your parents paid your bond for you. Especially if you live in a share house. Ideally you could put off paying them back until you graduate, but not everyone will or can be that patient. If you were starting a new share house or staying on your own you could get the Department of Housing to pay your bond for you through a scheme through Rentstart. Keep in mind that if you ever fall behind with your rent payments that Rentstart can also bail you out of trouble.

The Financial Assistance Office offers the University of Sydney First Year Bursary, valued at \$2000. They can also help throughout your degree with other types of payments and advice too. So if you are a student and you need help to buy books, pay bond, cover medical expenses, and pay your household bills they are the people to see. They won't be able to pay for your ongoing expenses; it is more to help out with emergencies. Their website is www.usyd.edu.au/fin_assist. You can find all the info you there and application forms. Their phone number is 9351 5667. You can also check out the SRC leaflet called Living on Little Money. It's available on their website - www.src.usyd.edu.au.

If you are working be careful to balance your time working with your time studying. Also remember to report ALL income to Centrelink so they can adjust your payment accordingly. Don't try to earn money on the sly - if you get caught you can be prosecuted for fraud. This is an offence that potentially carries a one year jail term. The SRC website has a leaflet about how earning an income affects your Centrelink payment. Give it a quick read so you know how it will affect you.

Abe

This column offers students the opportunity to ask questions on anything that may affect their "welfare". This can be as personal as a question on a Centrelink payment or as general as a question on the state of the world. If you would like to ask Abe a question send an email to help@src.usyd.edu.au. Abe gathers his answers from experts in a number of areas. Coupled with his own expertise on dealing with people, living on a low income and being a dog, Abe's answers can provide you excellent insight.

Received a Stage 1, 2, 3 or 4 letter?

If you have, don't worry - you are not alone.

If you are on a 'Stage' the SRC strongly suggests you go to 'Staying on Track' seminar. At this seminar you will meet student support people across the university. We don't get out there enough and this is the uni's attempt to bring everyone together face to face. Even if they don't all have something to offer you, there will be someone there who can help you get back on track with your study. UG seminars start on 15 March through to 25 March on Camperdown campus and there's one on 30 March at Cumberland campus. (see www.usyd.edu.au/student_affairs/riskinfosessions.shtml)

If you are on **Stage 2** you will have been asked to speak to an Academic Adviser. **The SRC recommends speaking to an Academic Adviser whatever stage you are on.** If you are on Stage 2 and don't speak to an Academic Advisor this will reflect poorly on you if you find yourself on Stage 3. Help the Faculty help you and go and talk to someone about your degree and how you can get back on track. This is a one on one session. It may be one of the most confronting meetings you ever have, but it should be one of the most useful also.

Stage 3 and Stage 4 students should come to SRC HELP for assistance in writing Show Cause and Exclusion Appeal letters. The University is looking for particular things and an SRC Caseworker can point you in the right direction to maximise your chance of a successful appeal. SRC Caseworkers can also advocate for you and attend appeal hearings and other meetings with you.

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Hi, I'm Honi Soit, you must be Tom and Alex

from the triple j breakfast show

David Mack got up early, made some toast and tuned in.

Spare a thought for Alex Dyson. While everyone else his age is settling into their favourite bars after work – and even his mornings co-host Tom Ballard is out performing stand-up – Alex is tucked up in bed, reading, willing himself to sleep at 6pm, well before the sun has even set. “I find it difficult to function without sleep, so I’m just being a loser and going to bed really early,” he says.

Alex’s sleep persistence does mean he’s on time for his 5am start, unlike Tom, who has been late on more than one occasion. “Oh God,” Tom says with a sigh, when I bring it up. “*Twice*. That happened *twice*.”

“In a row,” Alex points out. “The first time I woke up at 5.55, and the second one I woke up at 6.20,” Tom says. “I freaked out a lot. I just got really angry...at life. But the second time particularly, I was like, ‘Oh, *what!*!’” “Someone sent in a text,” says Alex. “I bet you twenty bucks Tom will sleep in again today.” “He was right.” “Did you send him the money?” Alex asks. “Nooooooo,” Tom says definitively. “I did not accept the bet.”

It’s hard to feel too sorry for the pair though. At 20 and 21 respectively, Tom and Alex have moved from hosting Triple J’s weekend breakfast show to being crowned the new hosts of the breakfast program, at the helm of the most popular slot on the most established youth network in the country. Lucky Bastards.

“I think it was a gutsy decision by Triple J,” says Tom. “It’s a bit of a risk, but I think it’s awesome – maybe because I’m one of the people who got the job. It’s really exciting though. It feels like it’s something that really sets Triple J apart.”

The pair has quickly discovered, however, that it may just be impossible to please everyone. I ask whether they’re aware of the insane jealousy other young comedians must feel, or if they’ve encountered any criticism because of their rapid rise to the top.

“David,” Tom says, crossing his arms and putting his feet on the table jokingly, “people will say what they say.”

“When you try and do comedy, not everyone is going to find you funny,” he adds. “[Comedian and fellow Triple J host] Sam Simmons gave us a lot of

advice when we were starting out —”

“I think he said, ‘Half the people will hate you and half the people will love you,’” Alex says, finishing Tom’s thought. “Just with Facebook and Twitter and texts and calls, it’s very easy to give criticism easily and also remain anonymous. Maybe it’s because we’re young, but that’s tough to deal with in any sense for any employee if someone just says, ‘That’s crap.’”

“I think everyone suffers a bit of backlash when there’s change,” Alex continues. “You see it all the time in *The New*. When the *Saturday Disney* hosts change, you think, ‘What the? That guy was the best! Who’s this clown?’ but then you learn to love them, and pretty soon you’ll be drawing their picture on ‘Letter of the Week’ and it’ll all be right.”

“We’ve had this explained to us,” Tom says, “because people love Triple J so much, they connect so much to it and because it’s such an alternative to the other radio that’s out there.”

“I certainly don’t think our musical knowledge is our strength,” Tom adds, “particularly at Triple J. Some of the people here are fucking insane, David. It’s fucking insane how much they know about music.”

For guys so young, Tom and Alex go back a long way. The two grew up together in the rural Victorian town of Warrnambool and it seems only natural that each would find the other – after all, their senses of humour are so akin that they’re constantly finishing each other’s jokes.

“Well, we were good friends in playgroup, if I remember,” says Alex, rambling. “There are a few pictures of us in a fire truck. We also dressed up as warriors at one stage.” Tom soon cuts in: “The Ballards and Dysons were old family friends. We were forced to be together.”

“You told me you were having fun then,” says Alex.

“I had a great time. I just wouldn’t choose to be there,” says Tom with a wry smile. Alex feigns a deep hurt, but he saw that punch line a mile back.

The two are also quite different in many respects, some more obvious than others.

Tom, who came out publicly recently and is now dating fellow comedian and *Talkin’ Bout Your Generation* panellist Josh Thomas, has had more attention paid



(Alex, left, Tom, right). That’s right, boys. It’s a camera.

to his private life than Alex. “It’s tough, because I find it awkward when people ask me about it in interviews,” Tom says, making me immediately feel stupid, “but of course you talk about your personal life a lot in comedy and on stage, so it’s kind of hard to do it on stage and not want to talk about it elsewhere.”

Tom now sees his private life as somewhat intrinsically bound to his career as a comedian and as a radio ‘personality’. “I think it’s a lot easier to remain private when you’re an actor and you can just say, ‘I’ll let my work speak for itself,’” he says. “When you’re a comedian who talks about your personal life or talks about it on the radio, then there’s a crossover.”

I ask if Alex has a plan to get some of the attention onto him. “Well, me and my girlfriend were thinking of making a sex tape and putting that on the Internet,” he says to roars of laughter from Tom. “Just to bump up the old profile.” When the laughs die down and Alex starts talking about the times when they couldn’t mention Tom’s sexuality on air, it’s clear just how supportive he has been of his mate. “We were conscious of the fact he hadn’t said he was gay on the radio before, and he just wasn’t comfortable yet. I know it goes back to the whole paparazzi thing, like, ‘What do you want to know?’ You, David! Look at this! Coming up in our grills with your microphone, asking for comment!” He’s not able to make his way through the joke without laughing.

So if Tom is a professional stand-up comedian, how does Alex see himself? Comedian? Radio presenter? Some sort of hybrid? “I wouldn’t want to classify

myself, David,” he says, on his high horse. “I don’t want to put myself in ‘boundaries’. Don’t label me because I’m an evolving entity.” Tom can only laugh. “I do find it weird,” Alex continues, “like, if you were to write in this article, ‘young comedians Tom and Alex’. Every time I see something like that, I cringe a little. Well, it’s very flattering for people to consider what I do comedy.” “What you *do*?” asks Tom with a laugh. “Well I don’t know what I do.” “Well, you’re a comedian,” Tom says helpfully. “You get paid to be nice and make people laugh.” Alex seems pleased. They make each other laugh and we can only help but laugh along.

*

Back in the studio, looking west over the city as the sky is still tinged with the pinks and blues of early morning, the pair is finishing the show for another day. While Alex’s Year 12 jersey only makes him look younger, Tom’s new haircut has aged him and he seems to be growing too quickly for his body to keep up. Tom and Alex’s petite and platinum blonde producer, Amelia, is furiously waving at them through the glass window divider, trying to signal Tom to turn up the volume on a caller. Eventually, he grimaces and obliges, then starts banging his head along to the next song. For two abundantly nice and yet still awkwardly young guys from Victoria, they look every bit at home.

“I think we’re just trusting ourselves,” says Tom. “We did get into a groove on weekend breakfast, but it always felt like people were never really listening.”

Well, they’re listening now.

SOUNDS

ANGUS & JULIA STONE DOWN THE WAY

EMI MUSIC

Bridie Connellan doesn't care if you're the cutest sibling-band ever.

It sure is hard to be cynical about an album you've waited for with baited breath, but unfortunately 'not-angry-just-disappointed' is often the only response one can muster. Sydney locals Angus and Julia Stone have again survived sibling collaboration to release the follow-up to their highly acclaimed debut *Chocolate and Cigarettes*. And yet, it's just... ok.

Moody and somewhat serene polished folk, the 13 new tracks have something of an overarching sadness that sheds the optimism of the duos initial release, however such an impression really is the only consistent aspect. As a result of touring, globe-hopping and time spent on opposite sides of the planet, the duo have attempted to claim that the varying moods and disjointedness of the album are what make it so unique, however more often than not such a lack of streamlining exposes this patchwork for what it really is; entirely incoherent.

Thirty seconds into the initial track "Hold On" and things are already sounding very produced. Sure, this is not necessarily a huge downfall, it's just the reason many fell in love with this duo was their folksy authentic roughness and an endearing unrehearsed impression the album could have been recorded in their lounge room. But with a more powerful musical backing, it would serve the duo well to elevate their lyrical content, however the lack of any excitement in these tracks is just downright disappointing. With clichéd 'holding', 'kissing', 'squeezing' and whatnot comprising most of the rhymes in tracks such as "Big Jet Plane", the unsophisticated beauty of their tales fades into bland uninteresting 'meh' zone, as stories become something of just old Angus Stone, singin' about what he sees. Tracks such as this are almost annoyingly simplistic, with the only thing saving it being poignant lonely strings that elevate this very basic track to something remotely emotional.

2/5



Lyrics aside, the pair's sound has similarly copped a simplifying cutback. Tracks such as "Black Crow" and likeable single "And The Boys" tote a steady yet catchy beat that may prove useful for headphone strutting, however the lack of change within the songs makes it quite difficult not to stray in the kingdom of boredom. The beats become almost annoyingly controlled, but maybe this has something to do with a confidence gained by being taken seriously as both artists and producers.

Thankfully, if hope was already lost by the fifth song, more thoughtful tracks such as "Santa Monica Dream" are a dainty doily for the ears. Finally, something uniquely AJS. A perfect travelling song, with serene harmonies and a softly soothing though melancholy aroma, this beautiful little tale of 'fifteen kids in the backyard drinking wine' and some dude making pizza in the kitchen, frames a rather tragic farewell to a special someone. One thing these siblings capture perfectly is a propensity to yearn, yearn for love, yearn for love lost, and yearn for a sound that dares to capture such sentiment without coming across like an *OC* soundtrack.

But if emotion is coming from anywhere, it's certainly more ovarian. The personalized press release claims "notes, and love, from julia (and angus)". My, my, brackets sure do speak louder than words. While alternating between the two voices sure gives a break for the senses, tracks such as 'For You' re-emphasise the reason people love this duo; Sirenian soft femme beauty.

So perhaps 'disappointing' is a little harsh. Although subtleties on this album may come across as bland and trite upon first listen, a second hearing actually makes such sweet nothings pull at the heartstrings, as the cold hearted critic is finally given something to feel. But while there is nothing inexplicably flawed about this charming collection of well-traveled tunes, *Down The Way* really just seems like a stepping stone to something better.

THREADS SARTORIAL PROFILING

Jacinta Mulders judges you by what you wear.

Listen up, all you fresh-faced first years. Although you may think you've got the sartorial side of Sydney uni sorted, we at *Honi* are here to let you in on a little secret: there's a lot more to student dressing than meets the eye. Although the basic duo of jeans and a t-shirt may seem the well-established staple, the subtle ways that this mix may be put together by different people can tell you reams about their background and character. What follows is a handy guide to pigeonholing members of the O-Week masses based entirely on what they are wearing. Who says fashion isn't superficial?

The Inner West trendy:

The late Noughties have seen the 'indie-boy' look take the male student populace in a stranglehold more feverish than an onset of ghonorea. Particularly prevalent among boys from the Faculty of Arts, this look at its most basic is composed by pairing a skinny jean of some description with a fitted T-shirt (V-neck optional) and sunnies; preferably designed by Ray-Ban. Recent and largely rampant variations include the 'grunge injection'; a rougher look finished off with an open flanno and embellished with a few head-sized jean rips. Artsy girls prefer high-waisted cuts and super distressed denim, often teamed with a cropped or oversized T-shirt. Fad conscious footwear preferences include commando-style clunkers or the ubiquitous witch boot: trademark of the Surry Hills lass.

The Sydney darling:

These kids were born and bred in Sydney's favourite suburbs, and don't they want you to know it. The serial offenders here are the girls: sashaying among the regular plebs kitted out in super tight acid washes and demurely coloured T-shirts of the finest cotton and cut. Oversized glasses, a top knot and a designer tote complete the look. Boys in this category can go one of two ways: while the essential ingredient of the 'Eastern Suburbs Express' is designer denim, the more prep school inspired 'Nate Archibald' can be made by pairing a chiseled jaw line with Ralph Lauren polo.

The College groupie:

Considerate creatures that they are, college kids go almost out of their way to make themselves identifiable to the general student populace during O-Week. This is accomplished by sporting identical T-shirts according to the residential college attended. Optional embellishments come in the form of provocatively situated shirt rips, incoherent permanent marker scrawlings, goon stains and, if you're lucky enough to be attending St. John's, a week's build up of grime and bodily fluids. Although the bottom-half of choice is largely open, the key is to wear it with nonchalance: cut offs, rugby shorts, or your third-favourite pair of Ksubis that you just 'threw on.' Footwear is canvas loafers or thongs, end of story.

SCREEN THE HURT LOCKER

Rachel Goldsmith on the film that just might win Best Picture.

While war movies are historically a very popular genre, the films released in recent years focusing on the Iraq war have, much to the chagrin of Studio execs and surprise of the industry, failed to ignite critical acclaim or public approbation. That is, until *The Hurt Locker* came along. It has become the surprise darling of the award season, equalling *Avatar* with nine Oscar nominations and beating out the giant *Smurfs* for Best Film at the recent BAFTA awards.

Written by reporter Mark Boal and based on his own on-the-ground experiences as an embedded journalist with the US Army, the film tells the story of Bravo Company's three-man Explosive Ordnance Disposal unit finishing up a year-long deployment in Baghdad.

Director Kathryn Bigelow (*Point Break*, *K-11* - *The Widowmaker*) has succeeded where so many others have failed because she has largely managed to avoid those two mainstays of war movies: political ideology and violence. This film isn't a thinly-veiled rant against the US Bush administration for getting into a war on the most flimsy of evidence (as so many of the previous Iraq war films have been) nor is it a bandana-wearing, bayonet charge at the enemy. And it is all the better for it.

Instead, *The Hurt Locker* is a tour de force of tension. Right from the off Bigelow sets the mood of the film with a nerve-wracking and shocking opening sequence, and the pressure only rises from then on. Each situation the team gets into seems more dangerous than the last, and the casting of unknown actors in the lead roles ensures that the audience is never sure who will make it home.



Boom shake shake shake the room.

Nor are you always sure who wants to make it home. Sergeant First Class William James, played beautifully by Jeremy Renner (who has received an Oscar nom for his troubles), is dangerously reckless with his life and those of his team members. At one stage, he rips off his deep-sea-diver-like protection suit in the middle of an operation because he finds it uncomfortable - never mind that it might be the only thing standing between him and a very messy death. His cavalier attitude to his job means that for much of the film the audience, and indeed his colleagues, are left wondering if he is seriously unhinged by the intolerable pressure of life as a soldier in a hostile country. Ultimately, however, the rather un-PC truth is, he is just addicted to the adrenaline rush of life on the edge and he would rather be risking life and limb in Baghdad than at home pushing his baby son around the supermarket. An uncomfortable thought for many.

For blood, gore and rah-rah patriotism, stay home and watch *Saving Private Ryan* on DVD. But if you want a film that has you clenching the seat armrests (and your buttocks), *The Hurt Locker* is a must.

4.5/5

GIGITY GIGITY

get out of the house, we dare you.

Elevating a disastrous situation into a catastrophe: Locust Jones

You're a struggling student with good taste no? If you're a free-art and free-wine enthusiast you must have discovered the delights of art gallery openings by now. So here's another. Locust Jones' chaotic, impulsive and honest works are mopping the MOP gallery floors this month, and as such an exhibition title would suggest, this is expressionism to boot.

Things gon git messay.

MOP Gallery
2/39 Abercrombie St, Chippendale
Opening Wednesday 4 March,
6pm
Runs until 21 March
Free



"Jo Draco"

"Hit me," Harry said. "If you want to hit me, hit me. If it'll make you feel better—"

"I feel fine," Draco said. He looked down at his hand, where it rested against Harry's chest. "You always have to make such a big deal out of everything," he said, and then he did exactly the last thing Harry would ever have expected, and leaned across the small space that separated them, and kissed Harry on the mouth.

- Cassandra Claire, *Draco Veritas*

In the fanfiction pantheon, Cassandra Claire stands as something of a high priestess.

With a dedicated following in her own right and an almost alchemic ability to transform internet posts into gold (or at least, into gifts to be forwarded to the PO Box listed on her LiveJournal page), Cassie has achieved the one thing that each fanfiction author scarcely dares to dream of. She has stepped out of the cultural (and consumer) margins and become a published novelist.

It seems that the spirit of collaborative writing disappeared the moment that her fanfiction was deleted from the Harry Potter fanverse.

For the fans of her *Harry Potter*-inspired fantasy trilogy, which disappeared from the virtual marketplace when Cassie decided to pursue writing professionally, there is something strangely familiar about her young adult series, *The Mortal Instruments*. Although, perhaps it is no more than a fleeting, physical resemblance in the main characters: raven haired,

bespectacled Simon set beside the more handsome Jace, who bears just a hint of Draco Malfoy about the edges.

What is more intriguing is the sense of exposure that comes with commercial success.

In the somewhat furtive fanfiction world, it is possible for a BNF (Big Name Fan) like Cassie to exist as a disembodied wraith-like figure. But, with a published book, complete with a promotional website, Cassie has been shoved into the physical world. Even now, there is a certain reticence about the woman's photographic posture: crouching next to a stack of fantasy novels or holding up her hand to the camera, uncertain whether she is waving or trying to block its view.

It is almost nostalgic to note that the tone of the website is similar to that of a fanforum presided over by a fascist moderator: *post*

here, no media requests for school newspapers, and no – absolutely no – unsolicited writing samples from fans.

It seems that Cassie's collaborative spirit

disappeared the moment that she deleted her fanfiction from the *Harry Potter* fanverse.

While her three-thousand page trilogy may have left a considerable gap, the world of online fanfiction is constantly expanding: multiplying at a greater rate than the original works the authors seek to expand,

subvert or imitate. *FanFiction.net*, one of the largest fanfiction sites, gets over one million visits per month from users in the United States alone.

For the writers and readers of fanfiction, the immediate community is paramount. With the infinite possibilities of the digital world, it is somehow comforting to know that anyone can carve out a niche, as specific as an iPhone interface.

Nonetheless, for both academics and the more self-reflexive users of fansites, there is a growing desire to create a record of the history of fanfiction.

Whether you trace the chronology of fanfiction further back into the fifteenth century, with John Lydgate swooning like a fangirl over *The Canterbury Tales*, or you position the explosion of fan cultures squarely within the digital age, the question of why people feel the urge to contribute to the fanon (an amalgam of *fan* and *canon*) remains unanswered.

According to Abigail Derecho, there is an entire archive of fanfiction to be found handwritten in the margins of novels in the early modern period. In the twentieth century, post-colonial works sought to position maligned or side-lined characters at the very centre of new, but related, texts. While *M. Butterfly* (David Henry Hwang) and *My Jim* (Nancy Rawles) can be given this sort of socio-political impetus, this explanation does little to explain the

urge of the teenaged girl to create a virtual altar to the main characters of *Gossip Girl*.

In the *Gossip Girl* fanverse, populated by a handful of teens idolised by an army of tweens, the central drama concerns couplings. On any fansite, from LiveJournal to FanFiction.net, fanfiction is divided according to "ship" or coupling. This way, if your OTP (One True Pairing) is Chuck Bass and Nate Archibald, you won't have to soil your eyes aboard any undesirable ships.

For commentators such as Catherine Driscoll, the anonymity of the (largely female) fan community is tied to the history of the romantic novel. The act of writing fanfiction is linked to an urge on behalf of women to articulate their romantic desires: "to move imaginatively toward what *they* wanted: a better romance formula, and a compelling pornography for women."

"My acquaintance with fanfiction communities suggests to me that over time people are generally quite happy to be known 'as' themselves," says Dr. Melissa Hardie, of the University of Sydney's English Department. "But, only after a sense of community has developed via pseudonyms."

When Cassandra Claire set about writing her epic *Draco Dormiens* trilogy, she viewed the act as a sort of online writing exercise. Similarly, when a fan can sit in the privacy of their own darkened bedroom and set about creating a painstakingly detailed LiveJournal shrine, perhaps the driving motivation is twofold: to utilise their skills of writing and web-design while also bypassing the exclusive professional publishing process.

For most, the exercise is a labour of love; with a few marked exceptions, the relationship between fanfiction writers and the literary vanguard has been tempestuous. As Fredrik Colting learnt in 2009, when he attempted to publish a novel

FAN FICTION The Good, The Bad and the Zombie.

Wide Sargasso Sea
by Jean Rhys

A prequel to *Jane Eyre* with Bertha Mason (aka honorary member of the First Wives Club/ crazy old bitty in the attic) as its protagonist.

Pride and Prejudice and Zombies
by Seth Grahame-Smith
Kind of exactly what it sounds like, really.

The New Testament

Written after the phenomenal success of the original, this sequel also achieved widespread popularity despite being somewhat lacking in the sex and violence department.

The Wind Done Gone
by Alice Randall

Told from the perspective of the slaves on the O'Hara plantation, this is fan fiction that fought the law

and won. The estate of Margaret Mitchell (writer of the original) sued Randall for infringement of copyright. Though FF came out on top, the cover of the book is still emblazoned with the seal 'The Unauthorized Parody'.

Edward Penishands

Are we stretching the definition of fan fiction? Yeah, probs. And again, kind of exactly what it sounds like.

With Love

starring a 76-year-old incarnation of *The Catcher in the Rye's* Holden Caulfield, fans are not permitted to profit from the texts they create from the fabric of another author's works.

While Colting's lawyers advanced that the book, written under the nom de plume John David California, sought to parody and critique Salinger's novel and

Both Ways, Fannish and Pro." "Put me in a room with high-minded literary types who denigrate fanfic, and I'll rise valiantly to its defence," says Kass, describing a partially tongue-in-cheek response to a perceived attack on fanfiction. "Fanfiction puts narrative back in the hands of the people! It's a folkloric art! It helps us go from being passive consumers of media

draw breath before continuing in a tone of self-deprecating sincerity. "The Henry Jenkins references fly fast and furious, because I really do think fanfiction is a valid art form."

Nonetheless, even the most articulate defender of fanfiction must concede that Theodore Sturgeon's famous aphorism definitely applies: "90 per cent of everything is crud."

elevated status of BNFs, simply view online forums as a more rewarding imaginative outlet than the slush piles of major publishing houses.

While the fanfiction world remains on the literary outskirts, certain publishing houses have embraced a facsimile of the online forum model. When HarperCollins launched its *Authonomy* site, the intention was to draw out unpublished authors by allowing readers to vote for the best manuscripts. From this virtual slush pile, several authors have attained the Holy Grail with a publishing deal from HarperCollins. Nonetheless, fanfiction is explicitly excluded from the *Authonomy* site.

Perhaps the best bet for a BNF is to set up a PO Box. 💡

Since the Star Trek fanzines of the 1970s first speculated upon the romantic potential of the relationship between Kirk and Spock, fans have felt the urge to insert their own interpretations and deviations into their particular pop-culture obsessions.

therefore fell within the so-called "fair use" exception of copyright law, the court singularly rejected this argument. Delivering an Oxford Debating-style smackdown, Judge Deborah A Batts of the District Court in Manhattan found the contentions to be "post-hoc rationalizations employed through vague generalizations about the alleged naïveté of the original, rather than reasonably perceivable parody."

to active participants in creating the archetypes of our culture! It gets people, especially women, writing and discovering their creative voices! It's all postmodern and pastiche-y and is therefore very intellectually stimulating! Smart people do it!"

It is almost possible to hear Kass

To employ the parlance of an online community, Judge Batts told Colting to STFU and STFD.

In contrast, Seth Grahame-Smith gained entrance to the lofty heights of the *New York Times'* Bestseller List through an extensive sampling of the Jane Austen oeuvre. In fact, over 75 per cent of Grahame-Smith's *Pride and Prejudice and Zombies* is lifted directly from its partial name-sake. What film producer Grahame-Smith realized, and what escaped the grasp of Colting, was that it is a lot easier to publish derivative work when the author does not have access to the services of Davis Wright Tremaine lawyers.

While the relationship between original and derivative works may be in a process of negotiation, there is an internal battle occurring within fanfiction authors themselves. In a 2002 contribution to the *Fanfiction Symposium*, a published author, known simply as Kass, described the tension that came with "Swinging

A major drawback to online fanfiction is the lack of quality control; anyone with even a mediocre understanding of language can see their words in print. Despite this unfortunate by-product of giving just about everyone a literary megaphone, the 10 per cent remainder in Sturgeon's calculation, usually enjoying the

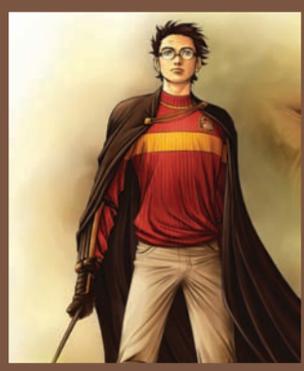
FAN ART Meet fan fiction's illiterate cousin.

For those with an affinity for creating Harry Potter with the face of a sloth, fan art is artwork based on characters, scenes, events and fictional settings in an existing text. This niche of the artpack is a popular means for fans to fill in their own gaps and visualise text they must otherwise conjure in the mindtank. Screw you imagination, we've got pictures.

Despite the fact that the actual moment of Ophelia's drowning is often omitted from productions of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, the scene has been the subject of numerous artworks. In several depictions, including John Everett Millais' painting *Ophelia* (1851-52. Oil on canvas 76.2 x 111.8 cm, Tate Gallery) she appears resigned to her fate.



Who knew Haz was so buff? Well Hito76, apparently. Check out the artist's other work at <http://hito76.deviantart.com> and be thankful we didn't print any of the more, erm, mature material available on the interweb.



Kraka-Boom indeed. Written by Robert Napton and drawn by Ed Benes, this Jesus Vs. Zeus comic is a sacrilegious sight to behold.



SPOILER:
Jebus beats the Pagan Gods. Woot.



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Report of the SRC President, Elly Howse // president@src.usyd.edu.au

Hi and welcome to your first week at university! Welcome back also to those of you who have been here for a year or a few. 2010 is shaping up to be an exciting year – there will be a federal election where (if you're an Australian citizen) you can vote, either for the first time or again. What else will be happening? The University releases its strategic plan green paper on 5th March so you are sure to hear more about that (at least in my reports). The Agriculture, Food and Natural Resources Faculty will be turning 100, so if you're in that faculty make sure you get involved. The SRC will be having a huge year of events, forums, protests, rallies, discussion groups and much much more. We've also printed, for the first time, the International Students' Handbook. I don't want to keep listing all the cool things coming up in 2010, but read *Honi* every week and you're sure to know a bit about them all.

On Wednesday morning, I filed into the Great Hall with some very important University people around me, absolutely terrified at making a speech to hundreds of expectant new students. I was introduced as the person who would tell you all about the bad things in the uni and how terrible the Government is, but I decided to take a different approach to my predecessors. I know a lot of you reading this couldn't actually fit in to the Great Hall, so I've put below the speech I wrote for the event.

2010 Welcome to New Students

I'd like to start my welcome to you all with a quote that some of you may be

familiar with. If you're not familiar with the quote, you will at least probably be quite familiar with the person who said it. This person once said:

"Differences of habit and language are nothing at all if our aims are identical and our hearts are open."

The person who said this is a pretty famous literary character. His name is Albus Dumbledore and he's, in my opinion, one of the wisest people to have ever been written.

What Dumbledore is talking about is the fact that what brings us together, as a university community, as a society and as a world, are huge differences in culture, language, ideology, race, gender and more. But he's also saying that we need to have common aims and an open mind and heart if we are going to go out there, together, and combat against the injustices in our society. Climate change, war, poverty, the denial of rights, I could list a lot of things that are wrong in the world, but that's pretty depressing for a welcome and your first day at uni.

Instead I'm going to be positive and to welcome you in a different way. At the University of Sydney, we are here to learn not just in the classroom but outside it. Going to university is such an incredible opportunity – this will be my fourth year here and I swear I'm still learning something new about myself every day.

The Students' Representative Council, or SRC for short, is made up of students just like you. We're based around the idea that only when students and young



people, no matter our differences, come together, as a group, as a collective, with common aims and open hearts, only then can we instil hope in others and do something to change our society and the world for the better.

So, what do we do then? Well, we start small, at the grassroots level. Say, in a unit of study, a faculty or a club, society or collective. We run campaigns around issues affecting you like fair access to education, a decent wage and working conditions, climate change and the environment, and stopping discrimination towards indigenous students, students from multicultural backgrounds, women students and queer students. No wonder we're so busy all year round! You too can become involved in any of these issues throughout the year, and trust me, you'll be pretty busy. Of course, with enough time to study...

But at the SRC, we also recognise that going to uni can sometimes be daunting, difficult and pretty full-on. There's nothing wrong with admitting that. That's why we're here – to support you, to help you, to be your voice

throughout your time at uni. We can help you with academic appeals, legal issues, Centrelink and Youth Allowance, tenancy and housing, and so much more. All you need to do is ask. We have a stall on the front lawns where you can learn more about the SRC and our place in the University, so please feel free to drop by and have a chat.

So, as you all sit here, pretty excited I'm presuming about your first O-Week, I'd like us all to think of how we can do what Dumbledore says – open our hearts and minds to the other students around us, and go out there, together; and change the world for the better. Do we want to start tomorrow, next week, next month, or do we want to start today? So welcome to the University community, and get active, get involved. Because, let's face it, we're University of Sydney students – we can do anything if we work together!

Email me! president@src.usyd.edu.au
Tweet me! @srcpresident
Write to me! send your letters of love, hate and indifference to the *Honi* team.

WOMEN'S REPORT

Report of the Women's Officer, Rosie Ryan // womens.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

O-Week is over and the number of amazing women who signed up to Women's Collective this year was overwhelming! Thanks to everyone who helped make O-Week 2010 spectacular, but don't think it's stopped there. Over this next week there are a few unmissable events to watch out for;

Women's Welcome Lunch
 Thursday 1pm, Holme Women's Room (downstairs to your right)
 Come along, meet, greet and enjoy the free tea, cake, biscuits and dips. We will be looking at what issues we're interested in and have traction on, figuring out what we know about those issues and what we want to find out. From there we'll be brainstorming campaigns, events, creative actions and tactics for getting the issues out into a broader campus, and community, discussion and grabbing the attention of the media, the government, the

university and interest groups. There are so many possibilities for this year and we're at the stage where we can determine that direction and make it spectacular. Being involved in Women's Collective means that you can take the seed of an idea – from an experience on the way to uni, a discussion with a friend, an angry rant – and turn that into a campus-wide debate or a nation-wide campaign. Sounds dubious? It isn't. Take a group of students who think they have little or no experience in organising but have ideas or are passionate about particular things and are willing to talk to each other about it and plug that into the SRC and it's pretty limitless what you can achieve.

International Women's Day March
 Saturday 6th March, 11am Sydney Town Hall
 This year the International Women's

Day march will be from Town Hall to Martin Place.

There will be speakers, performers, marching and people from across the community coming together to celebrate and unite.

International Women's Day at the University of Sydney and Launch of Growing Strong
 Monday 8th March, 6pm New Law School

Celebrate International Women's Day with students from across NSW, some really interesting speakers, wonderful performers and tasty food.

We'll also be launching Growing Strong which is a cross-campus publication by the SRC Women's Department. Entry is free, and it's non-autonomous.

Look forward to hearing;

1. Prof Gillian Triggs the Dean of Law at the University of Sydney who will discuss challenges and futures for women's rights and equality.

2. Ulrika Dahl, a Swedish feminist discussing femmes, queers, class and racial discrimination, and the pros and cons of Swedish gender equality laws.



3. Dr Christina Ho a UTS lecturer on Muslim and Western womens' relations and Orientalism.

4. Stephanie Dowrick an ambassador for International Women's Development Agency who will discuss women's rights and status in developing countries.

5. The Stiff Gins, Nardi Simpson & Kaleena Briggs, they are reclaiming a derogatory term for Aboriginal women, instead declaring its meaning as proud, passionate & talented through harmony and song.

GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

Report of the General Secretary, Donherra Walmsley // gen.sec@src.usyd.edu.au

Well, the exciting, exhausting, epic time that is O-Week is over for another year – I hope that you all enjoyed it, and made the most of the opportunity to get involved with all the different student organisations, clubs, and societies that Sydney Uni has to offer. If you didn't get the chance to check out the SRC stall during O-Week, you can still come by our office any time (between 9 and 5) to consult a case-worker, see a lawyer, or find out how to get involved with one of the collectives, whose weekly meetings will be starting up this week. You can also sign up to become a supporting member of the SRC, and you'll get our uni survival kit. It's pretty awesome.

If you're going to your first week of classes, eyes bright with excitement, only to find that there are no seats available in your lecture theatre, or that your tutorials have 20-30 people in them, making it impossible to engage in meaningful discussion (if you're an Arts student) or get assistance with a problem (if you're someone doing a degree that has something where you have to solve

problems, maybe Maths or Economics) – welcome to Sydney University.

Despite spending millions of dollars on "rebranding" the university by doing things like changing the crest and the domain name of the university website, allegedly to make it more appealing and marketable, the university hasn't been able to afford to tackle the chronic problem of overcrowding that students are experiencing across many universities in Australia. This year marks the first step towards a demand driven, deregulated university system. What the hell does that mean to you, average student in a lecture who really isn't into all that politics stuff? It means that this year, universities all around the country are able to over-enrol by 10%. So what, 10%, big deal, who cares? Well, look around your classroom. Does it look like the university has the infrastructure, funding, and staff to cater for an extra 3000 students enrolling? Personally I don't think so.

As of 2012, we will have a completely deregulated system, which means each

university can enrol as many or as few students as they want. So individual universities get complete control without any government interference – surely that's a good thing, right? Wrong. Universities are, as I wrote last week, no longer institutions of scholarship, institutions which prize academia and quality teaching and learning. They are profit driven enterprises.

Again, what does that actually mean? Well, we can't be certain until we see it – last year Michael Spence (our VC) said he wanted to cut the number of students enrolling here at USyd, to make us "elite, but not elitist", but where those cuts would be is uncertain – would courses be cut, or would we just be letting less students into those courses? He didn't specify, he just said that he wanted Sydney Uni to be a "high end research institution". So one potential result of deregulation is a reduction of student numbers. The other potential result is an increase in student numbers, and a proliferation of the profitable Business and Law degrees at the expense of more niche (i.e. – less money making)



departments, for example Gender Studies.

If you're concerned about the direction of the education sector, want to know more about the deregulation reforms, or are just really pissed off at how many people are in your damn tutorial, come along to the EAG – it meets every Tuesday at 1pm.

EDUCATION REPORT

Report of the Education Officer, Gabriel Dain // education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

The Student Representative Network At the SRC we are always trying to find new and better ways to represent you to the university. The Student Representative Network is a new project that will ensure you are represented at every level of decision-making: at your campus, your faculty, your school and your department.

This year we are piloting this project in the Faculty of Arts. Every Department in the Faculty will have a representative elected by the students through a WebCT site. This representative will attend Department Board meeting and liaise with academics to ensure better communication with students (that's you!). The WebCT site can also be used for communicating with

students, running surveys and having online discussions of issues, which could be anything from course cuts to examination methods to accessibility to the department office. You can read all about it online, just log into your WebCT! If this sounds like a good idea to you, you might also be interested in running for the position of Representative yourself.

Now, for all the non-Arts students: this is a project that we want to expand to the rest of the university. Elly and I have spoken about it with Deans and the Chair of Academic Board (Peter McCallum), all of whom support the initiative. We will be talking to Faculty Representatives about setting up this same representation system in your

Faculty, but it doesn't have to end there. If you would like to have a say in what goes on in your department, or you discipline, or your school, then get in contact with us! The same goes if you have a similar project currently running in your faculty; it would be a great chance to learn from each other and make the Student Representative Network the best that it can be.

The Education Action Group (EAG) Today (Tuesday the 2nd) at 1pm we will be having the first EAG meeting of the year. We are a group of student who are interested and active in improving the access to and quality of education at the University of Sydney. We meet at the Vice-Chancellor's garden (ironic) next to Fisher Library. We will be planning the

Education Department's campaigns for the rest of the year. If you are interested in getting involved in the campaign for fair Youth Allowance, quality of teaching and learning, rights for international students or anything else to do with education at USyd, come along, and bring a friend!

Event Dates:
Department Representative Nominations Open – TODAY! (check your WebCT)
Education Action Group – Tuesday 2nd of March, 1pm (VC's Garden, next to Fisher)
Noodle Day – Wednesday 24th of March, 2pm
National Day of Action – Wednesday 31st of March, 2pm

WELFARE REPORT

Report of the Welfare Officer, Patrick Massarani-Coyne

Hello to all and singular – I'm Pat, the Welfare Officer for 2010 at the SRC. This week let me tell you about the University's latest, greatest idea – the holistic rebranding and redesign of its visual identity... to the sum of a rumoured 13 million dollars.

Looking in at the loads of new letterhead and loquacious PR consultants I cannot help but abhor the waste, arrogance and narcissism of this exercise. Daily the SRC Welfare Department advises,

and assists students having difficulty affording even the most basic of dignities and necessities. Our caseworkers work to find emergency housing and assist the needy with applying for financial support and provide crisis loans in extenuating circumstances.

Perhaps the University would do best to look at the situation of its own students from time to time.

Now more than ever our students are living below the poverty line – changes

and ongoing uncertainty around Youth Allowance and Commonwealth Scholarships are affecting tens of thousands of students across the country. Indeed students on Youth Allowance are still receiving 35-40% below the widely recognised Henderson Poverty Line.

The most recent Survey of Student Finance conducted by Universities Australia found that 85% of undergraduates in 2006 worked part-time during their degrees, compared to only 50% of students in 1984. Additionally, more than half of students today work more than 13 hours per week, nearly triple the 1984 average. More disappointingly, 22.7% of students

regularly must miss class or forego study to make ends meet.

The University's motto, now in awkward semi-retirement is "*Sidere mens eadem mutato*", roughly meaning, "the constellation is changed, the disposition is the same". The problem here isn't the University's constellation changing but its disposition changing. Regrettably, education is a commodity in a sector that is, now, systemically corporatised.

I can only hope that we 32 000 undergraduates will be receiving our traditionally uninspiring fee invoices on attractive letterhead.

SAAO SAYS...

Dear SAAOs

I have some options about the subjects I can enrol in for this semester but am not sure which subjects I want to choose. I want to make sure I like the subject before committing to it for the whole semester. When is the last date I can change my subjects?

Thanks,
Student

Dear Student

The last date you can add a subject to your enrolment for the semester is Friday 12 March 2010.

The last date you can withdraw from a subject without academic penalty is Wednesday 31 March. This also means that if you are thinking of suspending for Semester 1, 2010 (or taking the semester off from your studies), Wednesday 31 March 2010 is generally the last date you can tell your Faculty that you want to suspend without academic penalty.

If you are a local student, this is also the last date you can withdraw without any financial penalty. This is different for international students, so you should ask the International Office and/or SUPRA for advice.

Even if you aren't sure whether you want to commit to a subject for the whole semester, the best thing to do is attend the classes for that subject. This will give you a feel for whether you enjoy the content. If you decide to enrol in the subject for the whole semester, your attendance in those first few classes will count towards your participation for the subject. This is important if the subject requires you to attend a certain number of classes to be able to pass the subject.

If you think that the subject might be difficult and you are not sure whether you should stay enrolled, talk to the lecturer for the subject about your concerns. They can help you with your decision by asking questions like what type of subjects you have studied already, what you studied in your undergraduate degree, and they can make sure that you have done the pre-requisites for the subject.

Good luck!

The SAAO team

Elitist but not elite

In a move criticised widely by student representatives, the Academic Board last week approved the precedent for shifting legal education to postgraduate status. The Sydney Law School is shifting its graduate-entry, undergraduate law degree (the LLB) into a postgraduate degree – the Juris Doctor, or JD. The JD, is a degree that more and more law schools in Australia are offering, as government funding shortfalls make undergraduate education too expensive to deliver.

The Rudd government abolished domestic undergraduate full-fee (DUFF) places in late 2008, but didn't give universities a corresponding increase in ongoing funding. The Department of Education Employment and Workplace Relations (DEEWR) gave individual universities a one-off grant at the end of 2008. Since the Howard government un-tied funding of universities to the number of Commonwealth-Supported Places (CSPs), universities have been struggling for funding.

Universities' responses have been to increase the number of fee-paying students they take in i.e. Postgrad coursework students and international students, this means us!

The last few years has seen a huge increase in the number of coursework Masters degrees offered by universities, because these degrees bring in funding. It has also seen a huge increase

in the numbers of international students offered places at public universities, without proper planning or co-ordination. JDs are a particularly pernicious example of this trend, because they are far more expensive than most other coursework Masters degrees, and because they are professional degrees. Because postgrads get far less in terms of government support, classifying professional qualifications as postgraduate means making them more inaccessible for people from low socio-economic status backgrounds.

...JDs are an elitist degree. At \$85,000 for fee-paying domestic students (and over \$100,000 for international students), they can only be afforded by a select few...

As postgrad coursework students we don't have access to many government or university scholarships, flexible entry programs for equity groups, and often not income support or CSPs either.

JDs represent the opposite of the Vice-Chancellor's stated aspiration for Sydney University to be "elite but not elitist". JDs are an elitist degree. At \$85,000 for fee-paying domestic students (and over \$100,000 for international students), they can only be afforded by a select few who don't get in on merit. What's more, the huge debts will force graduates of the degree into higher-paying sectors of law, especially corporate law.

The thing is, the JD will not be all that different from an undergraduate degree. JD students will have to do exactly the same compulsory subjects, and mostly choose from the same electives, as undergraduate Combined Law students. At around \$67,000 more than a graduate-entry LLB, this is hardly fitting for an 'elite' institution.

Evidently the Vice-Chancellor and the Academic Board think it's acceptable to keep students indebted for decades in order to finance their budget deficits, and to dumb-down academic standards to attract those students. If this trend continues, one wonders if University of Sydney degrees will be all that valuable in a few years' time.

Rashmi Kumar
SUPRA Co-President
president@supra.usyd.edu.au

O-Week BBQ and 2010 Publications Launch

SUPRA would like to thank all those students who attended our BBQ and Publications Launch last Thursday. There was an unprecedented number of postgrads who enjoyed the sunshine and a free lunch as well as picking up a copy of our latest publications, *2010 Counter Course Handbook*, *Postgrad Survival Guide* and a 2010 Postgrad wall

calendar. If you weren't able to make it and would like one of these publications call in or drop us a line and we'll arrange to get you one. This was a great start to the semester we wish you all the best with your studies and look forward to seeing you at our future events.



POSTGRAD PAGES

Starting uni? Some handy hints for new students

For most of you, this will be the first week of classes this year, and perhaps the first week of classes at Sydney Uni. This often means spending a lot of time frantically looking for lecture rooms, asking strangers for directions, as well as trying to sort out your enrolment, email account and sometimes your accommodation between classes.

SUPRA knows that these first few weeks and months can be stressful and even overwhelming. So we have given you a few handy hints about some places inside and outside Sydney Uni which may be able to help you settle in.

Are you looking for a place to live? You can check out the University's Accommodation Service website at www.sydney.edu.au/accommodation. It has lists of places for rent on campus and off campus. It also has some hints about things to look out for when you are looking at places to rent.

SUPRA also suggests you check out the Tenants' Union website at www.tenants.org.au. Amongst other things, this website summarises the law in New South Wales about renting and gives clear explanations of what rights you have when renting a place.

Are you looking for tips for studying? The University's

Learning Centre runs free classes for students on topics like writing essays, researching, working in groups and managing your time. You can look at the Learning Centre's timetable for March and April at www.usyd.edu.au/stuserv/learning_centre/time.shtml. You can register online for the workshops.

The University Library also runs lots of free classes for students on topics like using electronic databases to research. There are classes on how to use software to help you reference (EndNote) which we know students have found very helpful. You can also go on a tour of Fisher Library. The Library website also has information you can download about plagiarism (if you don't know what plagiarism is, come to see SUPRA!). It also has videos you can watch by yourself to teach you about researching and how to use the Library: www.library.usyd.edu.au/skills/

Are you feeling stressed and want to talk to someone? The University has free services just for this reason. If you are a local student, you can contact the University Counselling Service (www.usyd.edu.au/stuserv/counselling/index.shtml). If you are an international student, you can contact the International Student Support Unit (www.usyd.edu.au/stuserv/issu/). The counsellors at these places can see



you for appointments of between 30 – 60 minutes. They can listen to what you have to say without you having to worry if they will tell anyone.

All of this information is in SUPRA's Postgraduate Survival Guide. This book is free! and has a lot of information which will be useful to you if you are studying at Sydney Uni. You can come and pick up a copy at the SUPRA offices (Raglan Street Building, behind the Aquatic Centre).

Remember that you can always come to SUPRA to get help if you are finding it hard at uni. You can even come to SUPRA if you are finding it hard in your life outside of uni (for example, if you are having trouble with the place you are renting).

You can call SUPRA on 9351 3715, email us at help@supra.usyd.edu.au or fill out a form online at www.supra.usyd.edu.au

YOUR Postgraduate Representative Association

Becoming a member of your postgraduate representative association gives you the following benefits:

- Access to our confidential student advice and advocacy service and legal service
- Participate in SUPRA events and activities
- Receive regular email updates and electronic publications (eGrad)
- Use the SUPRA Resource and Meeting Rooms
- Vote or run in the SUPRA Council elections
- Actively participate in your representative student association.

Complete your subscription online at www.supra.usyd.edu.au/subscribe then follow the links if you would like to become a SUPRA Supporter. Alternatively you can complete a form at our stalls or drop into the SUPRA office.

WHERE IS SUPRA?

Address: Raglan St Building G10
Darlington Campus
The University of Sydney NSW 2006

Phone: (02) 9351 3715
Toll-free: 1800 249 950
Fax: (02) 9351 6400

E: admin@supra.usyd.edu.au
Web: www.supra.usyd.edu.au

WHAT'S ON?

IMMIGRATION FORUM

If you are interested in learning more about recent changes to immigration policy, come along to this open migration forum with Aristotle Paipetis.

All welcome.

Friday 19th March - 1:00-3:00pm
New Law Building
Lecture Theatre 101

TWITTER

Check out SUPRA on Twitter! The Co-Presidents tweet at @SUPRAPrez with updates about events, publications, campaigns, what's going on in the University and higher education, and lots more!

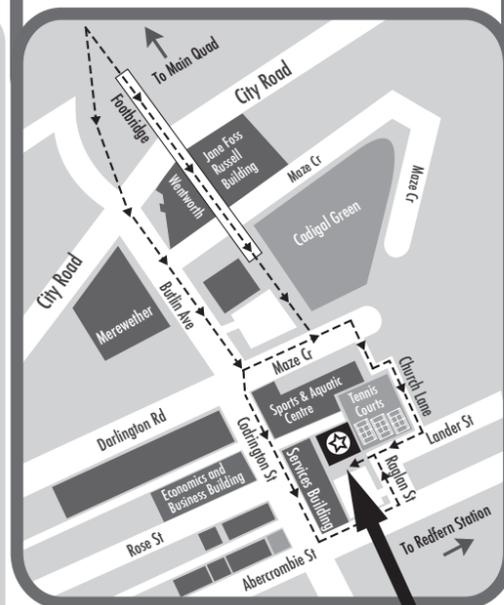


POSTGRAD SOCCER

Are you looking to keep fit, have a social afternoon, and get involved with the activities that keep your heart racing? SUPRA Sport is back for 2010 and we want you to join us.

No matter what your level of fitness or desired involvement, come along!

If you would like to play soccer or there is another sport you think would prove popular, contact us by email at SUPRACHOI@gmail.com





COLLEGE

Joe Payten introduces you to a rare species.

Collegius freshius (Fresher)

GENUS: *Collegius*
SPECIES: *Freshius*

Collegius freshius, or “fresher” as it is commonly known, is a bipedal primate that is endemic to the lower North Shore and the Eastern Suburbs of Sydney.

HABITAT AND APPEARANCE:

In the wider university, the fresher’s distribution is not well known. It almost never ventures outside of its college habitat, however, in a very rare sighting, a fresher was once seen in Manning Bar.

The fresher is identified by its wardrobe, which consists almost exclusively of college merchandise, and, when

viewed in the wild, will often be seen discussing which GPS school they, or their brother, attended. Freshers native to the St. Andrew’s region are further marked, in their infancy, by their academic gown and brick that they carry around university, both of which are an inconvenience imposed on them by elders in the pack.

BEHAVIOUR:

The fresher is primarily a nocturnal and crepuscular creature, and is almost completely dormant during the summer, autumn, winter and spring months. Their pattern of social behaviour is highly predictable: a rotation of college on Wednesday, Greenwood on a Thursday, and The Sheaf on a Saturday.

CONSERVATION STATUS:

Fresher’s have only one natural enemy: anyone who doesn’t go to a university college. However, thanks to almost non-existent interaction, the fresher rarely encounters this predator and currently faces no threat of extinction.

Wanderlust

A case of Delhi Belly is so banal that it barely warrants a mention, especially considering that at least half of the students of Sydney Uni went to India or some other comparably cheap South East Asian country over the summer holidays.

So as we enter the unspoken annual competition of who had the Best Holiday, judged solely by Facebook photos, it is quite legitimate for the intrepid traveller to ask, “Why should I listen to this indulgent dickhead’s tall tales?” After all, we’ve all been off the beaten track and gone tubing in Laos.

This is why: I ended up in hospital with amoebic dysentery and, consequently, I am harder-core-than-thou.

Before I recount my journey from hostel to hospital, let me digress and explain three traits of Indian communication which lie along the spectrum of ‘cute’ to ‘infuriating’. (Of course, these are specious generalisations which in no way reflect the diversity of Indian cultures.)

(1) The head-nod-shake-wobble. For someone who hasn’t encountered this phenomenon, my dubbing pretty much describes it. It doesn’t mean yes, but then again, it doesn’t mean no. It’s an aid to verbal communication, but incomprehensible to uninitiated Westerners.

(2) The second most curious aspect of Indian communication is their ability to say yes to open-ended questions. No malice is involved and this mostly derives from a lack of understanding.

(3) Related to (2) is Indians’ willingness to offer directions which are simply wrong. I’m still unsure whether or not this results from being too polite or embarrassed to say, “I don’t know or understand English” or simply, “I don’t give a damn about another annoying lost tourist”.

So, we have reached the point where the

Lewis D’Avigdor is a backpacker with the shits.

two seemingly disparate elements of this article come together.

I got off a train after a 30-hour slog of hitchhiking jeeps, local buses and decrepit trains (I’m so hardcore!) with a raging fever and my insides exploding out both ends. Barely able to walk, after spending 10 hours squatting over a hole in train floor (gross is the new hardcore!), I thought it was high time that I got myself to a doctor.

Accosted by 50 auto-rickshaw wallahs, I thought my luck was finally changing, so I asked a rickshaw wallah, “Namaste. Where is the nearest hospital?” In response: head wobble, and “Yes”. Sigh. I could tell this was going to be a battle. Eventually I got the message across that I wanted a doctor and after he asked another rickshaw-wallah for directions we were on our way. Predictably enough, he got lost, and it seemed that locals gave dodgy directions not only to tourists but also to each other. At least it wasn’t anything personal. Or anti-Australian (thank you, Melbourne, for making me to pretend to be a Kiwi).

Finally, by some stroke of luck, I ended up in one of the finest hospitals in Delhi, replete with my own nurse, nutritionist, doctor and security guard. As I settled into my US\$800 a night hotel – I mean hospital – I realised I wasn’t so hardcore. The Western toilet was a throne worthy of a King and the room service was positively delightful. As I struggled to understand my doctor’s accent, I realised that the miscommunications had gone from cute to frustrating. It was time to go home.

In the end, I was bashed by, despite what most backpackers may say to the contrary, what is pretty much a beaten track. So can we all stop trying to impress each other and just enjoy the experience?

STATE OF THE City



Rob Chiarella says the milky bars are on him.

If you get to or from uni via Parramatta Road through Stanmore, you may have noticed a shopfront that looks completely abandoned. The doors are usually open – closing them would do little good as they are held together with masking tape after being smashed up – but the lights are off and there appears to be no one inside.

According to folklore, The Olympia Milk Bar used to do a thriving trade back when the Stanmore cinema was still open. These days, it has become the subject of furrowed brows and rumours of vampire sightings on dodgy internet forums. No one quite knows how the owner, Mr Fotiousa, is able to stay in business despite a dearth of customers – the consensus seems to be that he must own the building, and spends nothing getting the place restocked. He is notoriously quiet and doesn’t like photographs or video being taken inside or speaking at length to customers.

The place is like a museum, with old posters for Lion Bars (a kind of rice crisp, caramel and chocolate

concoction, which is no longer for sale), Nescafé and Schweppes Cola, vintage diner-style tables and chairs (actual vintage, none of this ‘retro’ bollocks), and rows and rows of empty chocolate boxes. The only concession to the modern world is a big advertisement for the Quitline where you would expect the cigarettes to be – but no cigarettes.

I walk in, and stand at the counter for about five minutes. Everything is dark and dusty, and there does not appear to be any actual food for sale in the place. I hear some rambling out the back, but it is a while before the softly spoken, frail old man comes out to serve me. \$2.50 for a chocolate milkshake, and the cash register has to be prodded into working, the keys slightly stiff like the old typewriter it resembles. The milkshake machine is much quieter than modern models and does an excellent job. Thankfully, the time-capsule feel of the place doesn’t extend to expired dairy.

Most of us are too young to remember the ubiquitous presence of Greek milk bars in Australia, and relatively few remain. If you want to find out what they were like without listening to the old people you know waxing nostalgic, you can take HSTY 2614 Australian Social History, or you can just pop in to the Olympia.

ACCOMMODATION CHECKLIST



住宿 숙소

Finding Good Accommodation

Lots of people want to rent in Sydney. To find good accommodation quickly it may help to show landlords/real estate agents the following:

- Confirmation of Enrolment** to prove you are a student. Provide a certified copy and keep the original yourself.
- References from previous landlords** to prove you are a good tenant who will pay rent on time and look after the accommodation. Try and have a written reference, if not provide an e-mail address for your old landlord.
- Proof you can pay rent.** Eg. proof of a scholarship, income or money in the bank. You may show your bank account details or passport, but DO NOT give them a copy to keep.

Before signing a contract and/or paying a deposit

It is best to have a written contract if possible.

- See the accommodation** and make sure you are happy with it.
- Be sure what you get for your rent.** Eg. Internet, heating.
- Know your responsibilities.** Understand and agree with all conditions and house rules. If you want to change any rules ask the landlord before you sign the contract or pay a deposit. If there is a contract make sure any agreed changes are included. Penalties for breaking rules should be in the contract. Understand these.
- Know the end date of your stay.** If you want to change the end date ask the landlord before you sign the contract or pay a deposit. If the landlord agrees, the new date should be written on the contract. If the end date cannot be changed, you must normally pay rent up to the end date on the contract or be subject to penalties. If there is no contract, you can give 1 week’s notice if you pay rent weekly, or 2 weeks’ notice if you pay rent fortnightly.

Moving In

- Keep a copy of the contract.**
- Always get receipts** for the bond/deposit & any other payments you make.
- Make a condition report** both when you move in and when you move out - record all contents & any damage in writing and take photos. Show the condition report to the landlord when you move in and move out.

Need advice on understanding, negotiating or ending a contract?

✓ **UNDERGRADUATES CONTACT SRC HELP**
help@src.usyd.edu.au
Level 1 (basement)
Wentworth Building (City Road)
Tel. +61 2 9660 5222

✓ **POSTGRADUATES CONTACT SUPRA**
help@supra.usyd.edu.au
Raglan Street Building (G10)
Tel. +61 2 9351 3715

The University of Sydney





A SPORTING CHANCE

Chris Martin liked the Winter Olympics. He wanted you to know that.

This is the year of the FIFA World Cup, so only one thing is certain – the Winter Olympics will be forgotten by April, an insignificant support act to the world's biggest sporting event. While footballers like Cahill, Grella and Kennedy have become household names, Australian Winter Olympians such as Holly Crawford and Dale Begg-Smith will retain the anonymity of screaming extras in a disaster film.

And that's a shame, because the Winter Olympics have retained more of the Olympic spirit than the 'real' summer Games.

History holds that the Athenians originally crafted the Olympic Games as a means of testing and celebrating

the skills of amateur athletes' skills in sports relevant to battle: running, throwing, wrestling and riding. You wonder how artistic gymnastics made the cut at the first modern Olympics (1896) under these criteria. But even the absurdity of the pommel horse pales in comparison to Olympic handball and table tennis, introduced in 1936 and 1988 respectively.

So before you scoff at the highlights packages featuring Mick Molloy (a champion lawn bowler in his own right, according to Crackerjack) providing luge commentary, consider the legitimacy of the winter athletes' skills. The Winter biathlon, for instance, involves a skiing race broken up by rifle shooting. Anyone who's seen a James

Bond action sequence would know how useful this combination can be.

At the Summer Games, we get the decathlon, a two-day competition including shot put and discus. These sports might be peerless reminders of our school carnival days, but as tests of battlefield endurance? You may as well throw yourself head first down a hill at 130km/h. In the Winter Olympics, they call that the skeleton.

There cannot be a more impressive sport in the world, however, than curling. Here we find lawn bowlers in warmer clothing, sweeping the ice to control the path of giant pot plants. No, nobody really understands it. But full marks for inventiveness – the administrators of Olympic sailing and volleyball should take note.

They might be the comic relief of



What the fuck is a Dale Begg-Smith?

the international sporting landscape, especially when they come to prime-time television, but next time they roll around pay closer attention to the Winter Olympics. By the time they return home, the forty Australians in Vancouver will have achieved just as much as their Summer counterparts, measured by sporting conduct and truly useful skills. Still, they will fade into amateur athletic obscurity, rather than grow into professional sporting superstars. In the spirit of the Olympics, that's exactly how it should be.

Welcome to the SRC.

Would you like sauce with that?

(The SRC Kitchen. Now we know what the SRC is spending all its money on.)



"Oh, you're wearing a Strokes T-Shirt? Now I know everything about you."
- Art History

TUTORIAL
DICKHEADS SAY
THE DARDEST
THINGS

The Bar Fight:



In this special Oscars edition, Henry Hawthorne defends the might of *Avatar*, while David Mack talks up *Hurt Locker*.

HENRY: What is the only film of 2009-2010 with the ability to induce its own brand of withdrawal syndrome? The devastating beauty of this film was such that people left the movies with a depression, because they could never actually experience a world so mind-blowing. *Avatar Blues* is my choice of melancholy.

DAVID: Oh, please. The only thing depressing about *Avatar* is the acting. Sam Worthington doing an American accent was about as pleasant to the ears as a cotton swab of herpes. *Hurt Locker* features a cast of unknowns who put in stellar performances in a movie that wasn't scripted by a lesser talented George Lucas.

One does not seem to comprehend the profundity that is James Cameron, *l'auteur*: are any of us more than flattened simulacra of our own self-made images, within an increasingly digitalised existence? How very twentieth century of you, *Hurt Locker*. What's more, with 3D-making RayBans at \$1 a pop who has room for anything more than 2D acting?

James Cameron made *Titanic*. He let Celine Dion provide the theme to that movie. That's my comeback and I feel it speaks for itself. His ex-wife Kathryn Bigelow has not only made a better film than *Avatar* on a fraction of that grossly overblown budget, but she has made one of the best war films of all time. She deserves to be the first woman to win the Oscar for 'Best Director'. James Cameron

deserves a punch in the face for ripping off *Dances with Wolves*, *Fern Gully* and *Pochahontas*.

We take your 'ripping off' and suggest 'researching', or perhaps 'drawing on a rich and proud filmic cannon'. Unlike *Hurt Locker*, whose plot has an uncanny resemblance to *The Animal* starring Rob Schneider. Both needed more canned laughter.

Henry, did you even see *The Hurt Locker*?

Yes, I have been a customer there for many years. An excellent retail service providing a wide range of affordable and comfortable footwear, but not a good film.

That's Foot Locker, you noob. You didn't even see the film!

Nobody did. That's my point.

Well, that's their loss. I saw *Hurt Locker* on an airplane screen and I saw *Avatar* in 3D on a screen bigger than the colosseum, and never has plane food tasted so much sweeter than a choctop. *Hurt Locker* wins hands down.

Who needs hands when you've got the wings of a *Leonopteryx*?



Use Your Noodle
BEAT STUDENT POVERTY

Come to Noodle Day on Your Campus:
WED 24 MARCH

NSW, Vic, Tas, Act - 2pm
Qld - 1pm / NT - Midday
SA - 1.30pm. WA - 11am

Did you know:

- Youth Allowance Payments Are 48% below the poverty line
- Rent Assistance is less than half what most students pay
- 1 in 2 students say their studies are adversely affected by financial stress

This year, students across the country will be getting together to make a statement about student poverty.

On campuses in every state and territory, we'll be setting a record for the most people eating noodles simultaneously.

What better way to show that we need a fair youth allowance system by getting together and eating the traditional dish of poor students everywhere?



Authorised Carla Drakeford - President, National Union of Students

Get involved - Help set the noodle eating record & Fight Student Poverty!
contact SRC Education Officer Gabriel Dain // education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au / 96605222



THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

CRYPTIC

ACROSS

1. Connect Dimaggio-in'? (4)
3. Vegetable is kind of awesome? (6)
6. Paddle or a paddle (3)
8. Southin' vice? (3)
9. Clinic where Amy won't go (5)
11. "F- you, tim" said roughly in plain clothes (5)
12. Question: Bury or back before entrance? (11)
14. "The French", I added, "Are a garland" (3)
15. Shootin' Newspaper? (8)
17. Quietin' bone? (4)
19. Finding Captain? (4)
21. Dangerous sumo lair where you can get a tan (8)
26. Ref a cut of steak without topside (3)
28. Rued glue tax imposed for holy cult leader (7, 4)
30. Doomed chubby writer (5)
31. Recordin' out (3, 2)
34. Alternative tuna to blow it up (1, 1, 1)
35. "There aren't any" said sister (3)
36. Interrupt rammin'? (4-2)
37. Motherin' central? (4)

DOWN

1. Popstar barely not out? (6)
2. Isn't it to a cockney contained within, he said (5)

3. Type of bread ready, prepared without advertising (3)
4. Denial oddly makes genes (1, 1, 1)
5. A pig reportedly makes a mistake for tools (7)
6. Not on Jolson's entrails (5)
7. Liftin' fruit (6)
9. Country right before Russian Mountains (5)
10. Supportin' mind (5)
13. One and twenty opening breakfast grain (3)
16. Employ purpose (3)
18. "Peakaboo", he said, "You're in hospital"! (1, 1, 1)
20. Add a soundtrack above reggae? (7)
21. Jacuzzi' country? (5)
22. Allow student alien (3)
23. Stickin' sculptor? (5)
24. Breathin' bird? (6)
25. Cleanin' Hoffman? (6)
27. Inaugurate Russian leader... (3-2)
29. ...especially around their opening mountains? (5)
32. 31 across? (3)
33. Bar not 31-across, apparently (3)

QUICK (Read: Soft)

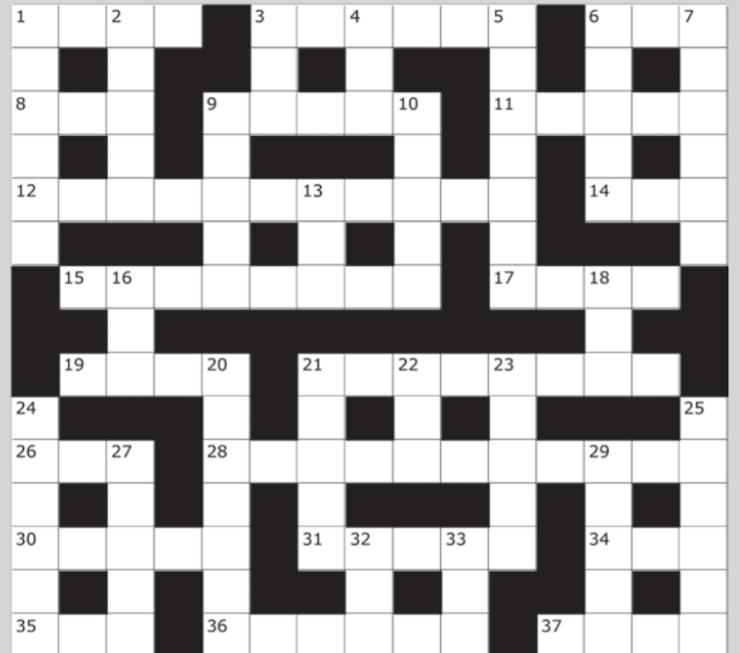
ACROSS

1. Become a member (4)
3. Edible root (6)
6. Paddle (3)
8. One of seven deadlies (3)
9. Therapeutic Centre (5)
11. Civilian Dress (5)
12. Aggressively question (11)
14. Luau garb (3)
15. Short news report (8)
17. Front of the leg (4)
19. Giant squid's nemesis (4)
21. Tanning salon (8)
26. Ref.

28. Honoured holy leader (7,4)
30. Doomed (5)
31. _____ my backyard! (3,2)
34. 1975 AC/DC single (1.1.1)
35. Superman villain with identical powers (3)
36. Intrude (4-2)
37. Principle (4)

DOWN

1. News anchor's announcement of breaking story (4,2)
2. "Is that not correct?" to a cockney (5)
3. Whiskey type (3)
4. Deoxyribonucleic acid (1.1.1)
5. Insists on a point of argument (7)
6. Organs, glands, tail, feet, snout, tongue (for eating) (5)
7. Dried grape (6)
9. Out of town (5)
10. Pinky's partner (5)
13. Something wild to sow when you are young (3)
16. Manipulate (3)
18. Area for the critically ill (1.1.1)
20. Put on top, as music (7)
21. Don Quixote's land (5)
22. A nick of the net (3)
23. 'The Thinker' Artist (5)
24. Penguin for children (6)
25. 'The Graduate' performer (6)
27. The real power behind Medvedev (5)
29. Extreme (5)
32. Reveal, as homosexuality (3)
33. Hotel
- 29) Hypothesis
- 30) Poet Williams' middle name
- 34) French Philosopher
- 37) Make it while the sun shines!



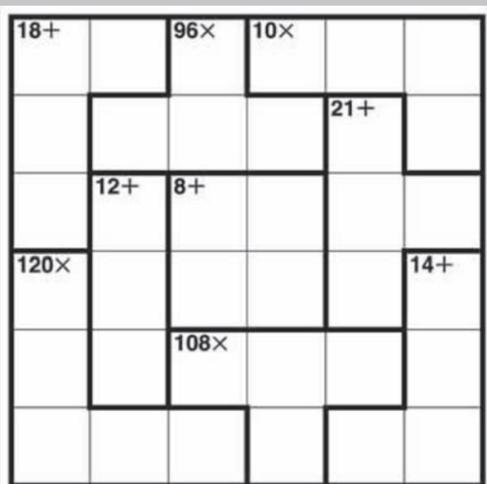
BMFD

Last Week's Solution



THE TAKE HOME

1. How many gold medals has Australia won in the history of the Winter Olympics?
2. Which Roman emperor made his horse a senator?
3. Is a Lacuna: a) a small, brackish body of water, b) a goth nest, c) a gap?
4. True or False: Nicole McCabe is a Mossad Assassin.
5. What was the winning film at Tropfest this year?
6. What is Greg Combet's new title following Peter Garrett's demotion as Environment Minister?
7. Who is the voice of Gossip Girl?
8. How many G.I.s are there in the famous flag-raising image taken at Iwo Jima?
9. Which sibling band has sold more albums: Oasis or The Carpenters?
10. What is the technical name for a fear of fecal matter?
11. Who is hosting the 2010 Oscars?
12. Which was founded first: NIDA or SUDS?
13. In which Newtown music venue did The Whitlams start their career in music?
14. What is Olympic gold medallist Lydia Lassila's mother's first name?
15. Who awkwardly interviewed Mrs lerodiaconou (Lydia's mother again) for Sports Tonight?
16. James Cameron (playing himself) directed which movie in the hit series Entourage?
17. How far is the Cumberland Campus from the University of Sydney Quadrangle?
18. What country did Bobby Fischer apply for citizenship to?
19. To the nearest ten, how many clubs and societies can you join at Sydney University?
20. How many people did you hook up with during O-Week?



KEN KEN
KEN KEN
KEN KEN

SUDOKU



RATED: OH, YEAH, IT'S NOT EXACTLY HARD.

WORDSWORDSWORDS

Each clue below represents one of five things in a familiar category. They are they only five examples of this in the world. What is the category? What are the five things?

- ?101?99
- 1?501?
- ?100?99
- ?100?99
- ?50?99

HINT. Remember, this is a word puzzle.

Last Week's Answers: Crash, Wings, Marty, Hamlet, Gandhi, The Sting, Gladiator, Amadeus, Braveheart, My Fair Lady, Grand Hotel, The Godfather, West Side Story, The English Patient, On The Waterfront, Million Dollar Baby, Gone With The Wind, No Country For Old Men, One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest.

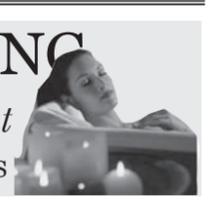


MAY 5 WIN
A Year's Supply of Days

WE RUIN
The Endings of This Summer's Hottest Films



RELAXING
Paper Scent
MOST PAGES



'Tower Giant' Photograph Revealed as Hoax

Reggie Marmaduke

Foreign Correspondent and All Round Party Machine

After months of panic and speculation, the 'Tower Giant' image – depicting a hulking behemoth holding up the Leaning Tower of Pisa – was today revealed as a hoax.

The existence of the colossus, who had become to be known locally as *L'uomo Benevolo Gigantesca Torre* (The Benevolent Tower Giant), has been called into question after Dennis Anstee, a regular-sized man, admitted to using tricks of the camera to achieve the image.

Anstee denies that his photographic handiwork was aimed at attracting the attention of the global media, but concedes that it was designed to convince people that some kind of titan was hold up the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

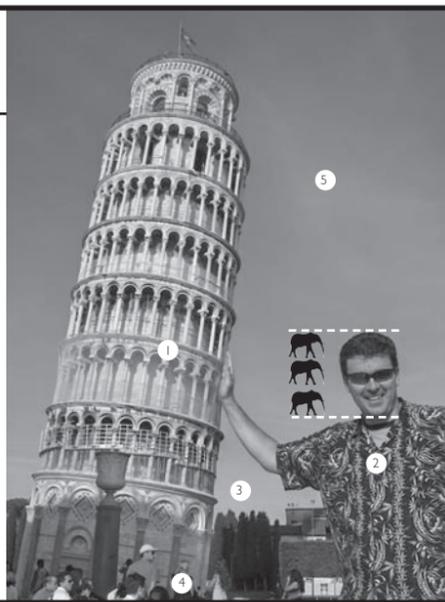
"I intended to fool the world with a giant and in doing so I have made myself a giant fool," said the now disgraced Anstee, who cast himself in the role of the leviathan.

"I am sorry to the media, the public, to my legions of followers of the Church *di Benevolo Gigantesca*, disgraced historians and my wife Pam, who were all taken in by my reckless deception."

Debunking the Photo

How the experts think it was done

- 1 Anstee prints out a cardboard replica of the tower and props it up with some bricks or possibly a smaller giant. This replica is 1:5 the size of the original.
- 2 Using the same Kinkos, and pretending to the attendant that it's for work, Anstee prints out a cardboard replica of himself, this time much larger than the actual tower. A ratio of about 400:1, 3 African Elephants per head (see image).
- 3 The cutout of Anstee is placed some distance behind the cutout of the tower, as to give the impression that Anstee is smaller than the monument, but much larger than a regular man, and certainly capable of one-handedly supporting the structure.
- 4 Ants, dressed as people are trained to mill about the base of the cutout.
- 5 The photograph is taken in Pisa, in order to provide a believable backdrop.



The confession has sparked a backlash of disbelief, with many mythologists accusing Anstee of trying to cash in on the good works of a well-meaning tower-righting man-mountain (WMTRMM).

Michael Kilkennie, editor of the three-month-old *Holy Shit! Large People Holding Up Historical Monuments and Landmarks Monthly*, has leaped to the defence of the veracity of the image.

"A shame on those who wish to besmirch the honest and charitable intentions of this veritable Goliath, whose heart, which is surely as big as four horses,

would break to hear his good works called into question.

"And let us not forget," continued Kilkennie from atop a three-storey pillow, part of the enormous bed erected in anticipation for the giant's return and inevitable fatigue, "that the Giant could just have easily destroyed the monument, rather than supporting it for posterity"

The confession has also raised questions over the existence of the *Gigante con Pene Torre*, evidence of which was also in the form of photographs taken three months ago, who proudly displays a man with the Leaning Tower of Pisa as his dick.

Local Man Voted Worst Person In History

Peter Coombe

Not the Children's Entertainer, a Different Peter Coombe, the Reporter One.

In a field that included Adolf Hitler, Jack the Ripper and Joseph Fritzel, the title of the worst person in history, as voted recently by the United Nations, was conferred on Peter Baker of Artamon.

Baker, a systems analyst at AAPT, and officially now a disgrace to the human race, lives in a semi-detached house where he may or may not commit acts of unspeakable evil, with his wife and two children.

Baker, that seething pile of shit, expressed surprise at the news, saying "well, I don't

really see it, but I guess when as high an authority as the UN makes a decision like that, there must be something to it," barely containing his evil designs, such as rebuilding a subterranean lair for global domination, or something. "I mean, sometimes I take videos back late, and I guess my mates [who are Nazis] sometimes say I'm a bit cheap," he added, not kicking a Labrador puppy but very much thinking about it.

But Baker didn't stop there, he offered *The Garter* a cup of presumably poisoned tea, which *The Garter* promptly threw in his face, which is more than he deserves. Born in 1968, the year of the My Lai massacre (a coincidence? *The Garter* thinks not), Baker was described by his parents as a happy,

friendly child, but then again, so was Stalin.

"In fact," continued his father, "the only time I ever saw him angry was when he was five, and his cockatiel died." However, note that Peter Baker's name is an anagram of 'Pet Breaker.' Although cleared off all crimes and misdemeanors *The Garter* suggested to the Australian Federal Police, Peter Baker remains at large, a stain upon the community of Sydney, and by extension, humankind.

His address is 17 Acacia Rd, Artamon, and in unrelated news, Dale's Hardware in Artamon is doing a sale on pitchforks and flaming torches.

Women need to have more sex with scientists, studies show

Scientists at Canberra's Institute of Research have revealed that attractive women not having regular sex with scientists run a 90% risk of hideous and instantaneous death every day. The study, made public today to massive acclaim by the scientific community, posits a direct link between scientist-inclusive sexual activity and prevention of a condition known only as Morecombopsia.

"Morcombopsia is a hugely dangerous condition for beautiful women," said Ryan Morecombe, head of the Institute of Research and discover of the disease. "It can be contracted after any period of time spent not having sexual relations with a scientist, with between 12 hours to a week being the highest risk areas."

A lack of the nutrient "Morecombsin", again named after its discoverer and generated exclusively through sexual relations with scientists is what's responsible for the disease. When the body detects the deficit, a reaction is triggered that slowly changes the host body from the delectable hourglass figure that it undoubtedly already was into a nest of writhing, venomous snakes. During the transitional period between their heavenly, tanned, impeccably toned bodies and becoming a raging multitude of snakes the objectively attractive victims are said to experience the most pain possible for a human being.

"You have to understand," continues Morecombe "It's like giving birth to hundreds of little babies at once, but each baby is a snake and is biting you while you're giving birth, and your brain is getting bitten by snakes."

"Such cases go unreported because these women, and anyone who could report them missing, are destroyed by the snakes that result from it," says Morecombe.

"It's a vicious cycle. A vicious cycle of snakes".

He adds "These are tough times. Tough, physically draining times, for scientists. Where scientists have got to work together to save the lives of 9s and 10s across the world."

"Now If you'll excuse me, I have some sexy lives to save."



News (Cont)

Fred Nile's Prayers "Misunderstood" as it Rains Men at Mardi Gras

Michael Handsom
Building Being Knocked Down, Sport and Parade Correspondent

Christian Democrat Senator Fred Nile has claimed that the Good Lord either misheard or misinterpreted his long-standing requests for the Mardi Gras to be rained out,

when last Saturday's festival was interrupted, but by no means disrupted, by a passing shower of men.

The Bureau of Meteorology has attributed the phenomenon to a rogue hurricane which passed through a steel worker's

mill, a fire station, a police barracks, an Native American Reservation and a Hell's Angel Chapter Meeting, before destroying several municipal buildings.

The hurricane carrying the airborne men then collided with a separate hurricane,

which had shortly before razed a feather boa factory, before gently setting the now dancing men in the middle of Oxford Street.

Witnesses report sighting a variety of men descending from the sky, with one attendee, Brian Cooper describing the

mix as "eclectic"

"They were all there: tall, blonde, dark and lean, rough and tough and strong and mean.

"Hallelujah, Fred Nile," added Cooper, "Hallelujah."

Comment



with **Maisy Snuffington**

Welcome to my **homepage!**

Please, come in, and **browse** my words!

I think you will find them full of **electricity!**

Has Maisy gone mad? No! Back off! And allow myself to let me let you in on a little secret: the above words in italics are not invented, but in fact all share a common origin, what could it be?

Given up? Or should I say, given **download?** All of these newly invented words have only recently been invented with the invention of the WWW (or "6U"), which is where we get the word "Internet.com".

Not since mouths has technology had such an impact on our day-to-day vocabulary. This week, What In The Word will upload you with a wikiload of knowledge bytes, and leave you thirsting for more, like a computer.

So, what does WWW actually stand for? Well, no one knows, least of all me. But it's can be fun to try to take a guess with friends How about Words, Weird, Word! Or What Will Wendy? Or Winter Wonderland W? See, we're having fun again!

But like other new languages like Spanish or Braille, it can be fraught with danger and many chances for embarrassment. For example what is a ROFLMAO? How do you LOL? What is NASA? And why do people keep telling me to SHUT UP? I'm feeling haywired already.

Here's a few startup-tips from Maisy to make sure you're not caught with your screen off:

-
-
-

Well maybe Maisy needs to do some research! I can't think of any right now.

But hold onto your digital horses - is not true that the more things change the more they stay the same? Do we not still use desktops and folders, and cut and paste and pour molten red wax onto our envelopes/keyboard?

But whether it's on paper or a screen, there still be words, and I'll still be in a job as your tour guide through this Wonderful World of Words!

*Dolores - not sure why Maisy is still in the office? We told her that she was on 'holidays'? Please tell her again for me, getting uncomfortable.

This year's Oscars will be the best ever and also will be won by Kim Jong Il



It is that time of year again. The Oscars time of year. So let us get ready for Oscars fever of which there is no cure but do not worry because the fever is not a fatal fever, like influenza. We all will crowd around televisions and of radios and to request both; Who is using a pleasant dress? Who is not using one of the pleasant dresses? And who is that in a limousine? Is it Brucey Wills?

A question which surely is on the lips of all the people is "are people going to be too fright-

ened by the giant moving people projected onto the walls? Or will it make a sadness when we dawn that the giants are unhappy and trapped?"

But the biggest question on the lips in the faces of all those attending is the deafening hum surrounding Kim Jong Il's glorious movie.

This year there are many great movies worthy of the highest praise of a tiny person statue. There is of course Avacado, directed by Jim Camera, who also made Titanic released in North Korea as Giant Doomed Floating People-Holder. And also the Hurt Locker, directed by Cameroon's used wife who

is allowed to make films.

But all of the eyes are pointed at the movie of Kim Jong Il - a film maker who is both up and also coming and is creating waves with his tour of force movie and secret weather machine.

But I congress. Many people are fearful for Kim, with many brave and stupid critics arguing that the film is too short or not in colour enough to take the golden award. These people are both wrong and now dead.

But one thing is for surety. The night will be a celebration of fun and western decadence. A thousand shames upon you all.

LETTERS

Dear Editors,

Please can you have an edition without the letter 'e' (I suppose that would be 'dition'!). I think it would amuse both myself and my cacti.

Yours,
Frank D. Truffard

Dolores,

Please stop publishing personal letters sent to you from the work email. Only letters intended for publication are to be used in the section. The distinction should be obvious.

Regards,
Ed.

Hi Dolores!

How's work? I've attached some adorable pictures of Mabel's new grandson - doesn't he look exactly like a baby! Thanks for all the funny emails you forward me, they brighten up my day! You still have my cake tin, give it back. Lots of love,
Dorris
P.S. Give me back my cake tin.

To Mr. D.P Washington,

Your mother is dead. I thought this was the best way to tell you.
Dr. Vikram Kumar
P.S. I'm selling a lawn-mower, can I put that in the same ad?

No? Oh well.

To the editors of *The Garter*,

I write to complain about the flagrant use of curse words in your paper. The uses of *Crucio*, *Imperio* and *Avada Kedavra* are truly unforgivable.
Yours in anger and magic,
A. Dumbledore (dead)

Dear *The Garter*,

Keep up the great work. I read your paper everyday, as well as eating most of it as I absorb its power. I grow stronger every day.
All shall know the name of,
Ivan D. Mulchbeast.

THE RUDD GOVERNMENT IS PROUD TO ANNOUNCE ITS REVISED ROOF INSULATION PLAN:

- 'Raptors in the Roof' installed by competent, fully-trained fourth graders.
- Former Soviet uranium deposits in your attic.
- Fire. To keep your house warm.



An Australian Government Initiative

"What could possibly go wrong?"





Lifestyle

CLASSIFIEDS (CONT)

WANTED Saw strong enough to cut through bone.
Large bag (for item size of human body)
Spade Needed For: Gardening.... Yes, gardening will do.
Contact: Hmm, better not give my name. Just meet me in Johnson's Alleyway, at night.

MISSING \$6,000. If found, please leave in the Cellar Theatre in full view of general public.

FOR SALE My name. It's a great name. You know you want it. Only used once. \$4,000,000 o.n.o
Contact: Tony Barnes 0405897365

MISSING One baby. Reward offered if you can find her before my wife gets home. I am in so much trouble.
C. Lindbergh.

FOR SALE
Iceland.
I've had enough.
€1.75 o.n.o
Contact Jóhanna Sigurðardóttir

FOR SAYLE Happy Birthday Alexei! May your middling comedy last forever.

INFORMATION NEEDED About the economy. You know, just general stuff .Every little bit helps.
Call W. Swan on 0408659465

WANTED A Pen. I just lost my pen, and I need to write something down before

I forget it. Anyone got a pen? Oh it's gone, never mind.
T. Jacobson

FOR SALE Information relating to a local criminal, peace-disturber and con-man.
Cost: 30 pieces of silver
Please call J. Iscariot Esq. on 0410659485

FOUND A house. 44 Balmoral Rd, Potts Point. It was just lying by the side of the road. If it is yours please email me at scienceboy463@yahoo.com.au

MISSING. Me. Where am I? There is a road with a blue house. And a sort of antique/second hand book store on the corner. A man with a moustache just walked past.
If you know where I am call me on 0405777484
\$\$\$\$ NO REWARD! \$\$\$\$

FOR SALE I only have enough money for nineteen words, so I'll be pithy. I'm trying to sell a

NEVER ENDING rope, \$14.99. Pick up any time. Tie to back of car and tow home as much as you damn well want. Damn rope takin' up all my living room!

TAXIDERMY collection looking for good home. Prefers dark, dry space in which to come alive at night. Call 0499 499 482.

BEER don't drink itself! Looking for able-bodied young man who can hold his liquor to rake my lawn. Nothing to

do with beer. Trial held at 4 Aberdeen Rd. St Wilks.

WHAT'S got three heads, a body, and dresses in purple? My car. But at this price who could refuse? One dollar, all you can drive away.

SICK of procrastinating all day long? Broken yoyo, needs replacement shell, string and bearings. Worth it's while for fantastic spinney result. Auction on 3/4/2010.

URGENTLY looking to get rid of 10,000 spoons, will swap for one knife. Pls call A. Morisette.

ONE urn, immaculately maintained, only one previous owner. Valued at \$150 but everything's negotiable. Call Y. Lee.

SUN glasses but for real (made from sun) – may be counterproductive.

PERSONALS

ELDERLY woman looking for loving man to be her bridge partner. NO SEX! Well, all right, handjobs.
Call Doris 95584877

ARE you the man of my dreams? If so, what does it mean that I am holding a live fish?
And how do I interpret my Uncle Frank being there?
Call Janice. Phone Number: 7

I WANT a girl with a mind like a diamond

I want a girl who knows what's best

I want a girl with shoes that cut
And eyes that burn like cigarettes
I want a girl with a short skirt and a loo-oo-oo-oo-oo-ng ... jacket. Do, do-do do-dooo, da-da-da daaa da.
If this is you, call Cake 0469549879

TO THE stern-looking lady who sits near Town Hall every day, very still, and holding a scepter and an orb.
If you love me too I'll be there tomorrow holding a carnation.
We were meant to be together.

OLDER, one-legged gentleman seeks white whale.
A gold doubloon for the first one to spy her.

ANYONE out there like sex?

I do.
I'll have sex with anyone and anything.
I once had sex with an otter.
The Hon. Justice Michael P. Hargreaves.
(I hope the press don't catch wind of this!)

TO THE blonde girl on the 470 who said I was weird the other day.
Sorry for vomiting in your purse (I guess you only discovered that after you'd gotten off the bus in disgust at that other thing I did.)
I'm not weird. We should hang out.
Call me 95649887

Your dreams of losing weight, getting married, winning an Oscar and sailing the Mediterranean will all come true – as soon as you put down the horoscopes section, stop obsessing over the influence of planets and stars and get yourself a life.

SAGITTARIUS
This week you really need to think about whether nor not you actually need that inflatable Tony Danza Pool Toy. You do.

you that today is just another day in the banal, mundane existence that is your life, complete with the endless stream of meaningless trivialities that make up an average day for you, but what you don't realise – what you have no appreciation of and are supremely ignorant of – is that today, unlike any other day, you will accidentally put on yesterday's underpants.

LEO
You will have many fat days this week.

VIRGO

a pleasant time. And perhaps later return home. Nothing sinister. That's all.

TAURUS
The collision of Earth and Mars will both bring new possibilities for wealth and instant death.

GEMINI
Heck, you're only as old as you feel! This week you will rediscover your younger self, perhaps by buying a pacifier or lurking amongst playground equipment.

CANCER
On the surface, it may seem to

HOROSCOPES with Mystic Pete

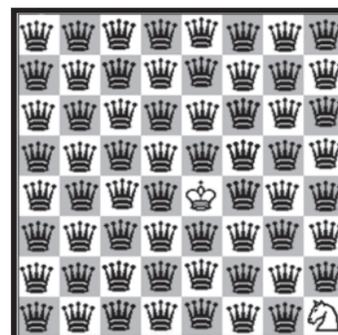


Each week, Mystic Pete gets into a bar fight with the stars, pins them down and demands their secrets. He then writes them down on a brick and throws it through the window of *The Garter*. Then we make them up.

ARIES
This week you will take a trip down memory lane and visit and old loved one, or perhaps a place dear to you in your childhood. Nothing bad will happen. Not a thing. You'll have

CHESS PROBLEM

Digging into the archives this week with the 1987 World Champions Final, USA playing Black and finding itself in a tricky position against a Soviet white. Black has an almost undefeatable position, and shouldn't find it difficult to force a resignation.



Now bear in mind that white has used up most of its rubies, and has lost 70% of its force-field. Also, it is not possible to use resurrection spells on other party members.

Can the reader find the only move that Black could have played?

Answer: in an ingenious piece of end-game play, White plays left-hook to E3! and scissor-kick to E5/F4, uses its last bullet to shoot a stockpile of flammable liquid cannisters, taking out ranks A-D, and escapes on its horse in the confusion.

SPOTTED!

Jason Donovan on King Georges Highway stealing from the rich and giving to the poor.
Submitted by: Jason Donovan

Leonardo Dicaprio on George Street playing a detective in the movie *Shutter Island*
Submitted by: Annie

Megan Fox in her house, from a distance, behind a tree, in a van.
Submitted by: anon

A Bee on my nose. Get it off! Get it off!
Submitted by: A flower

AN ADVERT HERE

Once again Dolores, this is not the advert, you need to find the advert on the server and place it here. This is what these messages mean. There should be no ambiguity from now on. This is an official warning -Ed.

COLUMN∞

Lorraine Armitage of Kirawee writes that she saw a man murdered in cold blood at the shops on the weekend. What next Lorraine? What next?

More on the 'Why don't we have a public holiday on Canada Day' saga (Column Infinity, Tuesday), Derek Wells of Arncliffe writes that there is no such country as Canada. Well, the plot thickens.

Francis Carmody, Greenacre, wrote in asking "Why isn't Jimmy Stewart in the movies anymore?" Anyone who can explain this please write in and let us know.

Several readers have written in commenting on the cloud shaped like a Ferris Wheel that appeared in the skies above Sydney yesterday. The Garter's meteorological department have assured us that it was, in fact, an actual Ferris Wheel.

Here's another summer tip on how to have fun saving water and energy, this week from Harry Southington St Ives, who has taken to sitting naked in an empty bath with the lights off. Keep up the good work, Harry!

"What's black, white, and red all over?" asks Susie Tallis Mt. Isa, "this newspaper!" More of an aural pun, Susie, better luck next time! *A note to Column Infinity would-be-submitters, no more crap please.

A hearty congratulations to Michael from South Wollstonecraft, who has found no incorrect apostrophes in his suburb week – your constant vigilance and marking local grammar errors with a smear of blood have finally paid off!

Gladys from Gordon saw a lorikeet out her infirmary window. Lorikeet. Now that's a funny name for a bird or otherwise.

Nigel from North Turramurra thinks that yesterday's 3 Down (clue: A slippery customer) could have been "cad" rather than "cod". It could well have been, Nigel.

Helen Boyle writes to say she received an "e-mail" the other day. "What's next?" She asks. "F-mail?" Thanks for a good laugh Helen!

Spotted in Hurlstone Park by Libby Clements, 'Paul's Fish and Chips' has put up a new sign, but with a spelling error. The sign reads 'DogRapistButtGoblin Fish and Chips.' That's why you always proofread Paul, says Libby.

Send your submissions to Column∞ noticedathing@garter.com

The Garter would like to thank its interns.

Patrick Magee, Mark Sutton, Tom Walker, Henry Hawthorne, Ben Jenkins, David Mack and Joe Smith-Davies all did terrific jobs during their brief time with us.

You're not getting your shoes back.

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- Pitt Street - 254 Pitt Street, Sydney
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- Macquarie Centre - Shop 450, Macquarie Shopping Centre, Cnr Herring & Waterloo Roads, North Ryde
- Parramatta - Shop 5012 Level 5, Parramatta Westfield Shoppingtown Church St, Parramatta
- North Sydney - Shop 1, Lower Ground Level, 181 Miller Street, North Sydney
- Penrith Westfield - Shop 142 - 143 Jane Street, Westfield Shoppingtown, Penrith
- Marrickville Metro - Shop 5 and 6, Marrickville Metro Shopping Centre, 36 Victoria Road, Marrickville

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Harvey Norman

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- Broadway - Shop 119, Broadway Shopping Centre, 1 Bay Street, Broadway
- Martin Place - MLC Centre, 19-29 Martin Place

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