

Honi Soit

SEMESTER 1, WEEK 2
10 MARCH, 2010



Manning Restructure Causes A Stir

Gettin' Nude for Spencer Tunick

Arts Hole: Phoenix LIVE

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HONI SOIT, EDITION 2
10 MARCH, 2010

100% PURE CERTIFIED SHIT

PROPERTY OF SYDNEY UNI

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Best laugh we had this week: Noah White's off-the-record letter
Still Can't Get Over: Our brilliant 'BBBQ' title last week. Poetry.
Album: The *Space Jam* Soundtrack
Naked Editor Tally: Two



THE HYPOTHETICAL:
Would you rather
Be the best Snooker player in Australia?

OR
Instantly be able to speak five languages, none of which could be English?

FAQ:
Could I relearn English? Yeah, but it's pretty hard. And you'd have an accent.
How much do Snooker players make? Let's put it this way. Have you ever heard of a famous Snooker player?



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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF David Mack

EDITORS Bridie Connellan, Carmen Culina, Naomi Hart, Henry Hawthorne, Ben Jenkins, Joe Payten, Anusha Rutnam, Joe Smith-Davies, Diana Tjoeng

REPORTERS Oliver Burton, Monica Connors, Hannah Lee, Chris Martin, Mekela Panditharante, Sam Pender-Bayne, Carlo Richie, Lisa Skerrett, Chelsea Tabart, Ted Talas, Kirsten Wade, Aleksandr Wansbrough, Daniel Ward

CONTRIBUTORS Trish Sunga

COMIC Monica Connors

PUZZLES & CROSSWORD Benny Davis & Mark Sutton

DISCLAIMER

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Sorry, Ms. Jackson



Dear *Honi Soit*,

I refer to your article 'NUS Nearly Implodes – Then Doesn't' from your recent edition.

It contains a statement that I was horrified by the shenanigans at the 2009 National Union of Students Conference and described my successors as 'retarded'. I absolutely deny making this comment and think that the use of 'retarded' as a prerogative descriptor is appalling. I would never make a statement like this; of course I have no problem speaking my mind but this language is offensive to me and I would not use it. Additionally, I think my successors as President of the National Union of Students have done a stand-up job in difficult circumstances and am proud to be associated with them.

If Andrew Coleman wants to go toe to toe on who has done more to support and sustain NUS over the years then I welcome the challenge – I have sat on NUS National Executive, NSW Executive, attended 4 Conferences and served as President. He has done nothing but played a destructive role on the side-lines.

If *Honi Soit* had wished to confirm the veracity of the quotes attributed to me it would not have had difficulty contacting me. I voted for the 'ACE' team in my final year of study as they seemed to me to be a professional outfit; I was surprised to see this slip in journalistic standards. Thanks to David Mack, the author of the article, who spoke to me on the phone to explain what happened* – I accept his explanation and wish the team good luck for the rest of the year. Student politics is a worthy topic of *Honi Soit* coverage, but the truth generally provides enough juicy gossip without resorting to making things up!

Warm regards,

Rose Jackson
SRC President 2005
NUS President 2006

**Rose is right. The original copy of the article made clear that the offending quote came from our NLS source and not Rose. The change was an unintentional editorial oversight made at a later stage. We apologise to Rose for the error, and can only put it down to first edition jitters. - Eds.*

Right of Reply



I am responding to Patrick's letter published in the second edition regarding *The O-Week Handbook*, and also to the article in the 'rumour mill' in the first edition.

There were no stealth runs into the SRC late at night by any party to delete anything.

Some things went missing, and some editorial decisions to delete were made without proper consultation but neither myself, nor Patrick, nor Thomas would be so unprofessional or so stupid as to stealth delete anything in the early hours of the morning. This business about stealth raids is sadly a miscommunication it sounds a lot more fun than what happened. Nor, in my view, is it fair of Patrick to say that any of the editors didn't pull their weight. On my personal tab I counted well over 60 hours (including one delightful fifteen hour shift), 7000 words written, numerous photos sourced, writers approached and persons liaised with. Thomas put in a similar work load and so, might I add, did Patrick.

The criticism comes in hard and fast. Both I and Thomas are apparently "Philistines" and inhabitants of "an intellectual wasteland" what is worse, we are "Fuckknuckles" an insult so dire no one is quite sure what it means. I am apparently both absentminded and vain- a kind of anarcho-communist ditz Neanderthal. Thomas comes off far, far worse- one imagines a hard drinking, chain smoking Kerouac style journalist maniac, but also with vampire fangs. Frankly I'm disappointed I don't get to be the vaudeville villain. Suffice it to say that despite having a goodly portion of character flaws at times, neither I, nor Patrick, nor Thomas are cartoon characters, anyone who knows us will attest this.

The O-Week Handbook project was marred by vague deadlines, a too small editorial team, a lack of leadership in the editorial team, too many office bearers taking their sweet time with reports, a lack of in-design talent (can't stand it myself) and serious disagreements about appropriate content. Myself and Tom favoured diversity (after all, the O-week handbook has traditionally sported op-eds, art and whatnot) and Elly and Patrick favoured a leaner, tighter publication. Frankly we all could have done better, but as a human being I think I gave it a pretty good shot and I believe the same of all my co-editors.

I hope that in future *Honi Soit* will contact all relevant parties before publishing articles of a similar nature.

Peace.

Timothy Scriven,
Arts IV, diploma Fuckknucklery (hons)

And another...

Dear *Honi*,



I'm setting the record straight.

The 2010 handbook has attained several milestones. Under the guidance of our editorial team the handbook not only contained articles regarding affordable rent, the intervention in the NT as well as useful budgeting for students to produce nutritious meals, but this year's handbook includes

only hold cloaked secrets of a small child. But my my, you must have felt the strain, as you sashayed away to the Wentworth catlap of Azzuris to re-caffeinate. Half-strength soy latte with half an Equal? Lady fine, you could have had the whole serve. I suspect your intentions were purely exploratory this afternoon, as your thoughts turned towards the Verge Gallery in Union Plaza, but alas! Closed! Feck. You did give those buddies a celly-blast my little chickadee. They came a-runnin'. With that silver-encased iPhone, you've sure got all the mod-cons. Now go study. It was a pleasure to peruse your psyche.

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.

EDITORIAL

Welcome to 2010, and welcome to another year of the best-damn student newspaper in the country.

The other editors and I are acutely aware of the rare privilege that we are enjoying in editing your paper. Not only do we feel the weight of all the others who have edited this paper before us and who have built her into the fine old lady she is (particularly the stellar job done by the 2009 crew), but we're also mindful of producing a paper worthy of this great university, this great SRC and this great student body.

That's why we want to publish more content (and in more variety) than ever before. We also want to print a myriad of stories and opinions so as to best reflect the true diversity of all those studying here (check out this week's eclectic feature on Vegetarianism for starters. *Honi* ain't seen anything this personally daring in quite some time!). Finally, we want to be honest. When we screw up, we want to own it and

thus we're happy to print our apology to Rose.

I encourage everyone to get involved in everything this Uni has to offer. Whether it's sport or academics or the arts or student politics, uni life is rewarding in ways you could never imagine as a humble first-year fresh from the HSC meltdown.

I have vivid memories of a cold and blustery election-day afternoon, with the voting booths closing shortly and campaigners running around madly in a last ditch effort to desperately woo those last voters. Deflated after months of work, I made an honest pitch to those few who stopped and listened: this was something we had worked hard for, that we wanted to do and that I believed we could do well. Seeing a few of those people turn back the way they had come or miss their bus just to cast a vote for us was deeply gratifying and seemed to reaffirm all the work we'd done, win or lose. It's for them that I'm writing this year.

David Mack

for the first time in the history of the SRC, assistance for mature age students.

Originally, the handbook aimed to not only include the aforementioned articles, but (among others) features on college rape (a follow on from the 2009 controversy surrounding St Pauls), what really happened at NUS (specifically the assaults, the ambulance that was called, and the resignation of several persons in light of corruption), as well as a secret 5 way agreement to take power at NUS that included not only the Labor Party, but also the Socialist Alternative.

I'll be honest; the inclusion of the proposed articles mentioned above didn't go so well due to several vested personal and political interests that I'd rather not go into here.

As for the editors, I couldn't have hoped to work with a better team. The diligence and dedication displayed by all (Pat included) was exceptional, and the countless hours, some of which extended into all nighters, (notably with Tim collapsing and sleeping under a table around 7 in the morning after working an 18 hour shift) goes to show we went above and beyond.

Special mention also goes to the unrecognised editors (they were mentioned by Pat, but in supporting roles), Melissa Brooks and Anne Hanley, as well as the assistance of the SRC staff in the publication – assistance that is offered and accepted every year, this one being no different, despite the accusations made.

I'm disappointed that Patrick Massarani fell into the trap of mud slinging and falsified reports to exonerate himself. Scared and on the run, Pat is of the deluded belief that by blaming his co-workers of incompetence he would become a handbook martyr. I would usually consider such behaviour cowardly; however, I forgive pat. He is young, and clearly shaken.

The true sadness of course is that if Patrick had spent more time liaising with the team he might have been aware of the hard work going on around him, and not felt as though the weight of the world was on his shoulders. We were all in it together.

Also, David Mack's article is erroneous. No one from the Handbook team was contacted with regards to the allegations made.

My real concern is that the last two weeks of mud slinging will cheapen the image of the Handbook and the SRC. Our contributors (including those who were never published) worked tirelessly to provide superlative reports. Nothing can take that away from them.

In the end, we did what we set out to do; represent the students.

I am above mud slinging.

Regards,

Thomas Green
B. Arts & Science (Hon) V
O-week Handbook editor, 2009 & 2010

We've at least one fan

Hey guys!

Just wanted to say that I thought your first edition was fantastic!

I read it very happily from Canberra and just wanted to congratulate you on it! It's visually interesting, very funny and terrifically diverse.. You should all be really proud.

Good luck with the editions to come, I'm completely confident they'll be even better!

Michael Krasovitsky
Honi Editor, 2009

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

THE STALKER

Spiralling textbook queues? All the better to watch you from. You wandered with a look of bewilderment at best, around the labyrinthine aisles of the Co-op Bookstore, with your long flowing locks of brunettian wonderment dashing me as you passed. You're a keen first year reader I see, as you held those Introduction to Psychology textbooks so tightly, however your exquisite taste came to the fore as a fresh copy of *Honi* sat atop your teetering cache. Skiving off already my dear? Wearing a black chemise with a rather dishy lace backing (la-dee-da for you!), your movements were only obstructed by a large mustard bag with assorted jinglies, a bag of which could





Union restructure of Manning ruffles a few feathers

Carlo Richie, a Manning bartender, gives *Honi* the inside scoop.

If you've been walking the many roads of university these past few weeks or spending any deal of time at Manning or perhaps joined the 688 members strong 'Manning Defence League', you'd likely have heard a number of things about the future of Manning. Some of you may be worried, some of you, like me, might be sitting opposite your barricaded door, swigging a bottle of scotch with a shotgun across your knee waiting for the Union secret police to find you. Regardless of what you have or haven't heard, many of you are probably very much in the dark as to what is actually going on in the shady back alleys of Manning. Well, put that pitchfork down a moment, lower your flaming torch and listen awhile - it always pays to listen.

On Friday the 12th February, a meeting was held between The University of Sydney Union (USU) CEO, Paul McJannett, members of Manning and Hermann's Bars and the Entertainment Office Staff. The meeting was called to discuss changes to the bars recommended by a review taken of the bars over the past 6 months. Under these recommendations, three senior staff members of bar operation have been made redundant and the entire management system of both Manning and Hermann's will change.

The meeting raised concerns amongst the staff in attendance in regards to the future of Manning as both a student bar and as a venue. There was also a great deal of anger at the lack of transparency with which this report had been conducted; to quote McJannett, "The review is not transparent. The review will not be read by staff", and later, "The report was so damning that it will not be released. The only people who have seen this report or will see this report, is myself and Sandra Hardy [USU Director of Human Resource Management] and the Board of the USU." Following statements like these, it is understandable that pitchfork sales increased in the Inner West, and that so much anger has been expressed publicly on the Union's handling of this situation. When these claims came along-side proposals to "limit entertainment" and change the music content of both venues there was obviously grounds for, say, buying a shotgun and some Glen Livet, 12- years-old.

These sentiments have since been reversed. In a meeting held last Wednesday, casual staff of Manning and Hermann's, the executive of the Union Board and the CEO came to an agreement that the report would now be made available for public discretion. Additionally, many of the fears concerning the quality and variety of entertainment at the Union's Bars have been put to bed. Shotguns around campus have reportedly been universally



Razing the Bar?

unloaded. USU President Pat Bateman also addressed the concerns to changes in music at Hermann's and Manning assuring the student body "nothing is being banned" and that "students should get the chance to hear as much music as possible". This comes after claims by the 'Manning Defence League', a Facebook group formed shortly after the meeting on February 12th, that "a variety of musical genres lacking a clean cut image, metal and what-not, are to be banned". At this stage, the most immediate change that will concern students is the removal of all-ages gigs from Manning's calendar. How this will affect Manning's relationship with all-ages promoters remains to be seen.

Bateman agrees that public access to the report presents a definitive "step in the right direction". This process has highlighted the lack of student involvement in a review that was supposedly "student focused." While the Union Board speaks for the students, the students themselves must also be given the opportunity to speak. The situation also highlights the ease with which miscommunication can breed discontent in situations where not all parties are privy to the same information, and how this can lead to small fortunes being paid on ammunition and scotch. These are problems the Union Board hopes to address.

In the next few weeks, students will be given the opportunity to voice their opinions publicly at a forum with both the Union Executive and the CEO. This marks an important first step in changing the nature of student involvement in the Union's decision making and a healthy departure from the rabble rousing that so easily arises in situations where miscommunication is the foundation to argument. As Bateman argues, "the Union Board has to be more conscious", and so too does the student body of decisions that will directly affect their time on campus.

So take down your barricade, rethink some of the things posted as "unofficial word" on Facebook and keep your eyes peeled for the date of the public forum. And hey, you can always sell ammunition back at cost price.

Gillard's proposed My University website wins praise

Monica Connors logs on.

Prospective university students will have an easier time choosing the course they want to study and the university they want to attend with the My University website developed by the Rudd Government. At the Universities Australia Higher Education Conference last week, Education Minister Julia Gillard announced the new website, adapted from the recent My School website which compares every school in Australia.



@JuliaGillard

their courses."

To be launched by 2012, the My University website will include course information, graduate outcomes, fees and campus facilities of all 39 tertiary institutions in Australia.

In an exclusive comment to *Honi Soit*, Sydney University's Vice Chancellor, Dr Michael Spence said, "I welcome the Minister's proposal which should be of benefit to students and their families. It is important it is not seen as a league table, rather a measure to improve transparency about all universities and

My University is hoped to take the place of other university ranking systems, such as *The Times Higher Education Supplement* and *The Good Universities Guide*, with a website that is expected to be overseen by the Tertiary Education Quality and Standards Agency.

On the ALP website, Gillard states that the choice of institution should be made, "on the basis of information about quality rather than students having to rely on hearsay, inference from entry requirements or the perceived prestige of universities".

Use Your Noodle

BEAT STUDENT POVERTY

Come to Noodle Day on Your Campus: WED 24 MARCH

NSW, Vic, Tas, Act - 2pm
Old - 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?

NUS NATIONAL UNION OF STUDENTS

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

Future of Sydney Uni Outlined in New Report

Joe Smith-Davies reads the tea leaves and gives us a vision of the future.

The University of Sydney has signaled a new direction in terms of departmental structure and student intake with the release of an extensively researched 'green paper' last week.

The green paper, the product of more than six months of surveys and exhaustive consultation with as many as 10,000 people, was created, according to Vice Chancellor Michael Spence, with an aim "to inform and shape our discussions over the next few months as we work towards our next Strategic Plan".

The paper covers a wide range of issues and contains numerous proposals concerning the progress of the university. Among the more significant of these, is the suggestion that the university be broken up into a variety of colleges and professional schools, including a College of Arts and Sciences, a school of business, a school of law, a school of creative and performing arts, a school of medical and health sciences (including the existing medicine, nursing and midwifery, dentistry, pharmacy

and health science faculties), and a school of engineering design and the built environment (engineering and information technologies and architecture, planning and design).

Additionally, the paper proposes strategies to enhance the university's research capabilities, calling for the establishment of three or four large-scale centres or institutes drawing more than 150 researchers from across the university to focus on issues of international importance.

Given that none of these proposals amount to what Spence describes as a "change management plan", the most contentious aspect of the paper is its criticism of the student intake areas for the university. The paper labels the number of enrolments from the Eastern Suburbs and North Shore as "disproportionate", on the back of the 2008 figure that 65% of undergraduates were drawn from these areas, largely from selective and independent schools.

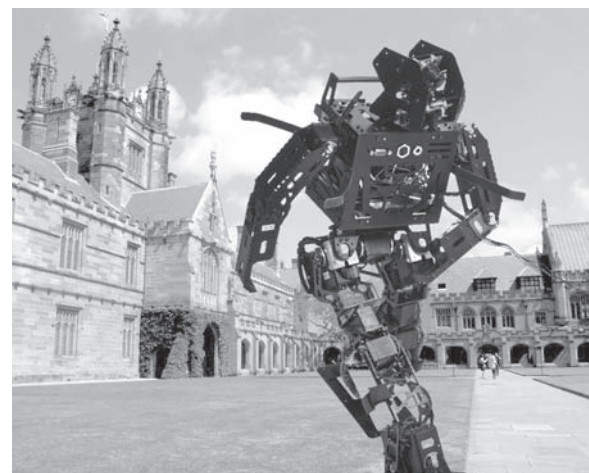
In an effort to increase the number

of undergraduate students from low socio-economic backgrounds, the university wants to use measures such as awarding a five-point bonus on their Australian Tertiary Admission Rank for entry into all undergraduate subjects.

The university hopes these techniques will raise enrolments of disadvantaged students from seven to at least 12 per cent.

Spence invited controversy at the launch of the paper when he spoke of the university's alleged "financial vulnerability". Despite the reasonable revenue growth target of 8 per cent advanced by the paper and last year's \$69 million dollar surplus, Spence believes the university would be at risk in a cash emergency given the \$400 million dollars the university holds are in fixed assets difficult to convert into cash.

Speaking to *The Sydney Morning Herald*, National Tertiary Education Union branch president Michael Thomson regarded Spence's talk of financial vulnerability as a "smokescreen" and



ROBOTS! IN THE QUAD! THE FUTURE!

castigated the ambiguities of the paper. Keen observers await the up-coming publication of the university's white paper, containing recommendations that may form the basis of a strategic plan that will be finalised in July.

SRC President Elly Howse told *Honi* that she thought most of the ideas were quite good. "I like the idea of downsizing the university," she said, "and I think the idea getting rid of a lot of the bureaucracy will make a lot of students' lives easier." She did however have concerns about the implementation of many of the report's plans. "It's all very well to say, 'We want more disadvantaged students', but they only offered a few lofty suggestions, none of which I thought had any real substance. It's a bit tokenistic."

CHORAL EVENSONG



St Paul's College Chapel

Tuesdays in Semester
5:45 pm

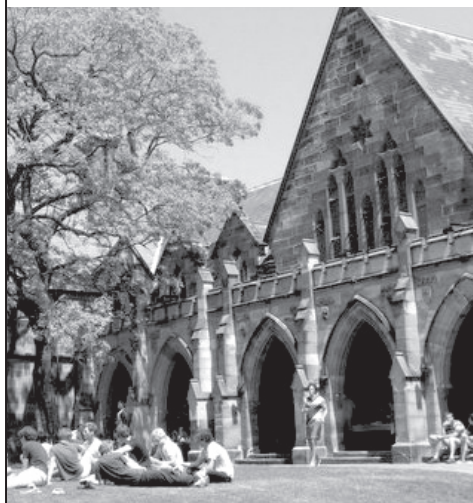
The St Paul's College Chapel Choir

David Drury Director of Music

Open to All

Ivan Head Warden

Location: 9 City Road, Camperdown



UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY UNION PRESENTS...



BEACHBALL

7PM-2AM, THURSDAY 11 MARCH 2010, MANNING BAR

LADYHAWKE^{DJ SET} // BAG RAIDERS
YACHT CLUB DJs // SAMPOLOGY
HORRORSHOW // CASSETTE KIDS // BENI
THE TONGUE // KATO // THE HUMP DAY PROJECT
BEAUFORT // GABRIEL CLOUSTON // MUM DJs // MANNING THE DECKS STAGE

ACCESS MEMBERS \$15 // GENERAL \$25+BF
Tickets from The ACCESS Centre Level 1 Manning House,
www.manningbar.com and Moshtix

CHECK WWW.MANNINGBAR.COM FOR MORE INFO



Campus recycling gets a green light

Carmen Culina swaps trash for treasure.

New Envirobank machines installed at the Economics and Business Faculty may well be the first step in addressing the University's woeful engagement with recycling practice.

Envirobank Machines are a type of Reverse Vending Machine which incentivise recycling by accepting empty aluminium cans and PET plastic bottles in exchange for crunch credits or instant coupons and prizes. The new machines are the result of extensive lobbying by the university wide Sustainable Workplace Team, who serve to encourage the University to improve its engagement with sustainable practice.

Contrary to popular belief, the University's waste contract doesn't actually provide for plastic or aluminium recycling. The astute observer may have noticed the large-scale removal of recycling bins around campus this year, done to minimise the false impression that garbage was being sorted for collection.

Karen Tracy, from the Sustainable Workplace Team feels it is important to focus on the progress that is being made, and sees the Envirobank machines as a first step to improving the current situation. "If the machines at the Economics and Business Faculty are a success with students, hopefully they can be introduced university wide".

If you have any suggestions for the University on improving its sustainable practice, contact the Sustainable Workplace Coordinator Joel Turner with ideas (joel.turner@sydney.edu.au). The machines are located in the H69 foyer area of the Economics and Business Faculty, near the computer Labs and at the left of the verandah entrance to H03 Lecture Theatres- hit 'em up.



THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

The best hearsay, gossip and rumours on campus.

UNION BORED YET?

Things move quickly in the world of student politics. In our O-Week edition, I wrote a piece about the planned campaigns of Sibella Matthews, Alistair Stephenson and Andy Thomas. The scoops that I had came from sources very close to the campaigns (sometimes even from the candidates themselves), but were apparently old information by the time of printing.

Sibella has made clear that Giorgia Rossi won't be 'managing' her campaign – but she will be 'advising' her. Sibella said she's keen to call her own shots and will manage herself. She also said she didn't want to put Giorgia in an awkward position, considering she is friends with other potential candidates.

Tim Mooney will not be managing Andy Thomas' campaign, despite what Tim once told us. Instead, Andy has chosen current Board member and fellow Paul's boy Dave Mann to run him.

Lastly, to complete a trifecta of old

information, Alistair Stephenson will not be run by former Board member Doug Thompson, which both Alistair and Doug wanted to make clear. Alistair also intends to run himself.

New potential candidates are Unity members Patrick Massarani and Deborah White.

We wish all the candidates the best.

SUDS AFTERMATH

The O-week theft of \$6000 from the Cellar theatre has shaken SUDS and has been the hot topic of conversation. The Exec is obviously quite disappointed with themselves – and with the knob-end who stole the cash – but are confident that this year will be a vibrant one for SUDS given the bounty the society has stored in the bank.

A few cast members of the up-coming production *A Czar Is Born*, who were

rehearsing in the Cellar when the cash went missing, did say the robbery has cast somewhat of an unfortunate atmosphere of suspicion amid the cast. This is particularly sad given most involved in the show are some of SUDS' brightest talents and have oodles of love for their society. *Honi* wishes them well for their upcoming slot.

David Mack



Shit Talk

I often like people's shoes more than I like the person.

BSU 2010

Women's, Lower Level Carslaw

Know something we don't?

Email us at honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au

FACT!

The Toyota Camry is technically a herb.

"As a parent, I just feel that..."

ENGL1001
Academic Writing

MATURE AGE STUDENTS SAY THE DARNDDEST THINGS

If [...] was a HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

THIS WEEK:

THE GARRETT INSULATION DEBACLE

This summer, prepare to fall for the most unexpected and unctuous of heroes in *The Insulator: Revenge of the Rebate*.

The eternally shirtless Matthew McConaughey plays mad monk Tony Abbott, a sensitive man of God with a winning smirk and mildly masochistic tendencies. Our hero is unwittingly thrown into a deadly whirlwind of tantrums when the lanky villain Peter Garrett (Bruce Willis, after several limb-elongating operations), known better as 'the Insulator', unleashes a terrifying combination of fiery spray-foam and bureaucracy on innocent working families (played by unpaid extras).

Undisputed leader of the supposition, our friendly cross-toting friar presumes to deliver salvation to the masses, waging a witless battle against the inept Insulator and his scarily soporific master Krudd. Summoning his most snide comments and sporadically donning his beloved budgie smugglers, Abbott crosses pint-sized swords with his freakish foe, whose powers include transforming from badass rocker to sorry sell-out at lightning fast speed, along with some dangerously spasmodic dance moves. Along the way, our hero must deal with the deep emotional trauma of the appearance of a long lost love child and a basket of un-ironed robes.

Can Abbott overcome all this adversity to take on the menacing cohort of insulation tubes threatening his electorate? Can he take down the Insulator once and for all? Or is this news scandal really on its last legs?

Mekela Panditharatne

THE INSULATOR: Revenge Of The Rebate



STUFF USYD STUDENTS LIKE

#104 SIGNING UP TO FACULTY REVUES

Nothing in the entire university experience confers more prestige, time-management skills, style, humour, dramatic experience or just plain fun than getting laid at a revue after-party. The revue production itself is also edifying.

Writing

The offence threshold for jokes is high: more tasteful stuff took the Chaser off the air. In fact, more tasteful stuff gets bookshops firebombed by fundamentalist Christians.

Acting

I beg your pardon?

Leaving

When you eventually pull out, your cred as a tertiary scholar will be weighed on your excuse. 'I just don't have time' will never outdo being ejected for 'creative differences' or 'excessive lewd conduct'. Bonus points if the latter is achieved in the Engineering Revue. Double points if your ejection letter contains both in the same sentence. Triple points if you're a girl: knowing how to repel engineering students will earn you a lecturing position at most sandstone institutions.

Tim Whelan





A QUESTION OF FAITH



We asked three students from three denominations their thoughts on Tony Abbott's views on 'saving yourself' for marriage.

Daniel Yeung, Presbyterian

Tony Abbott's words certainly bring up debate within society, more often than not sparking criticism and negative press. However, as for me, my relationship with God is not something taken lightly. Having placed my trust in Jesus Christ and what he did on the Cross, I respond in obedience to him whether it is with my mind, my heart, my actions, even with my body. Even if having sex outside marriage is the norm and everybody is doing it with everyone else, I will wait. Sex is not bad. Sex is a gift from God, within marriage. But if this means saving myself for my future spouse, then I will obey, not because of harsh legalism, but because of Jesus. Tony Abbott can say what he wants, and most people will probably disagree and find him irrelevant and trivial. However his words do, to some extent, resonate with my beliefs.

Anisa Memari, USyd Baha'i Society President 07-10

Chastity is an important issue in the Bahá'í faith. While we see the sexual act as legitimate and encourage it as an expression of love between married partners, we believe in chastity before marriage and after marriage, and being absolutely faithful to our chosen companion. While it seems harsh, we think it actually frees people from many of the moral and spiritual difficulties that many of them face in today's world. We know it is a very challenging concept and particularly since we don't have clergy it is up to each individual Bahá'í to live their life according to our scripture and standards of behaviour. We believe young people must use their own judgment, following the guidance of their conscience and the advice of their elders. However, we think self-restraint is valuable in young people and when exercised, it certainly has a significant effect on building character and personality – at the same time we would encourage people to marry while they are young and full of vitality.

David Krasovitsky, Australasian Union of Jewish Students

As a young religious person, I find comments like those made by Tony Abbott to be both out-of-date and insulting. To imply that virginity is some sort of trinket girls possess seems to be sexually disempowering as they fear the consequences of going against an ancient and currently ill-practiced belief. Religion is a malleable belief; one which adapts to the age we live in. Comments surrounding a woman's decision to wait until marriage or not should not be discussed by old pious politicians, or men for that matter. Way to cockblock the whole of Australia, Tony.

COUNTDOWN

Hottest, sexiest, most salacious ... sexiest news readers



TONY JONES (ABC) 5

Tony Jones is a home-grown slice of beefcake. Host of ABC's *Lateline*, this Sydney University alumnus has covered stories on every continent in a career that spans over two decades. Jones has won multiple Walkley awards and it is not hard to see why. His ability to switch from witty and playful banter to ferocious interrogation can disarm even the most poised of guests and these journalistic talents combined with those broad shoulders make him a dish best served often.



RON BURGUNDY (KVWN Channel 4) 4

A historic choice makes the list with KVWN's Ron Burgundy. Burgundy kept the good people of San Diego informed from 1964-77 as part of the Channel 4 News Team. A five-time Emmy Award-winning journalist, Ron Burgundy knew the ins and outs of staying classy. When Burgundy stepped away from the news desk, he liked to play jazz flute, read his many leather-bound books, drink scotch or sexually harass co-workers.



KEITH OLBERMANN (MSNBC) 3

With his long face, grey hair and conservative glasses, Keith Olbermann looks like an extra from *Mad Men*. Olbermann is, in fact, the far from conservative and rather rotund host of *Countdown with Keith Olbermann* in which he covers the five most topical news stories of the day. He earns brownie points for being so fiercely democratic and his nightly 'Worst Person in the World' segment has honoured, among others, John McCain, Rupert Murdoch and Barbara Bush.



LEE LIN CHIN (SBS) 2

As the weekend presenter of *World News* on SBS TV, Lee Lin Chin is a respected Australian journalist. She is also all three kinds of kooky. Chin began her career in the late 1960s in Singapore where she grew up. Since then she has developed her dramatic and sometimes eccentric fashion style in front of the camera. Lord knows it is hard to focus on Haiti when you're staring at Chin's latest purple polka-dot spectacles but there is no denying SBS is improved by Chin's avant-garde style.



ANDERSON COOPER (CNN) 1

In the plethora of sexy newsreaders, the silver fox of CNN is at the top of the list. Host of the always-informative *Anderson Cooper 360°*, Cooper has an elite background having descended from the gilded Vanderbilt dynasty, attending Yale University and as a former Ralph Lauren model. Not only can Cooper and his furrowed brows cover hard hitting topics like conflict in Rwanda or Hurricane Katrina but he looks damn good in a suit. Anderson Cooper, I think I love you.

SOC IT TO ME: SASS SPEED DATING

Tom Lee gives you a mark out of 10.

SASS opened the semester with speed dating at Hermann's, in what was a courageous combination of a seedy event with an even seedier venue. Speed dating is down there with Internet dating sites as far as shameful admissions of inability to socialise normally go, so I thought it would be a long shot to convince people to come. As it turned out though, Hermann's was packed with people keen to get in their one minute of love. It seems to become less embarrassing once more than a dozen people have joined in, in the same way a lone naked person is a rogue transgressing streaker, but multiple naked people constitute a work of art (see p. 19).

There were a few toolies, chest-gazers

and some general dodginess amongst the males, with some abusing the event as a carte blanche to be as off-putting as possible. They were checked, though, by the rigorous enforcement of the one-minute rule. The one-minute rule was great for conversations that were going nowhere. It allowed you to relieve yourself of a dud or, if he/she was a goer, take the time to gather yourself for the next rotation, work on some witty banter and think of ways to flaunt the guns under the guise of seemingly routine arm movements. There was some good value going around for both genders though, and the one-minute rule did upset a few people who were successfully hitting it off, but that's the whole point of speed dating: impress person with your brilliant personality, bank on everyone else being not as good as you are, and hope that by the end of the night they are as keen to see you again as you are them.

Apparently the SASS team wasn't as



Nerd-love.

funny as the comedy group who did it last year, but if you're making that kind of criticism then you also have to live with the fact you've been to two speed dating events at Hermann's, and that's pretty sad. Besides, comic relief was self-generating in guys like Yitzi the Tel Aviv Love Machine and Whitesnake lyrics like 'the deeper the love, the stronger the emotion.' And there was clearly some deep love going on; a guy called 'Glenjohn' even went home with someone who wasn't his gf. SASS' job was done.



Meredith Gay (above right) 3rd yr Dentistry lands a hard right. Meredith who has competed interstate for several years is looking forward to competing in NSW

Women's Only Boxing Classes for Students

The Boxing Club will host each Monday, lunchtime during term, 1pm at HK Ward Gym, located western side between Ovals No 1 & 2

You need only join the SUSF (\$55 for the year), bring a towel, water bottle and a keenness to train and a desire to be fit. (Queries 0418603264 or email: boxing@sport.usyd.edu.au)

Women's boxing is now permitted in NSW and will feature in the 2012 London Olympics. The sixth Women's World Boxing Championships will be held this year in Bridgetown, Barbados

Expert tuition in the art of Boxing. Tone up, get fit & learn great defensive techniques



Students' Representative Council
The University of Sydney

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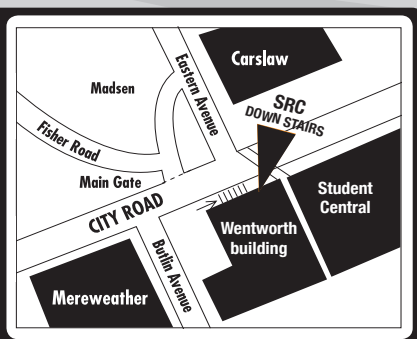
- Honi Soit weekly newspaper
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SRC Representatives are directly elected by
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We are located at..

Level 1 Wentworth Building
(under City Rd footbridge)
Ph: 02 9660 5222
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If you are at another campus,
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THE UNIVERSITY OF
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The SRC's operational costs, space and administrative
support are financed by the University of Sydney.

ASK ABE

Q & A with students who need help
and a dog who has all the answers...



Send your letters to: help@src.usyd.edu.au

Dear Abe,

I am from a country town in northern NSW. I've come here without knowing anyone. I'm pretty shy, but don't mind hanging out with anyone. I know that uni is a place of learning and not fooling around but I want to know what you think I can do to make friends without putting myself out there too much.

From CB

Dear CB,

There seems to be a growing trend towards thinking that you should come to uni, go to classes then go home again. Uni is not meant to be an intellectual sausage factory. You are meant to learn from the course you're enrolled in, as well as from living.

There's been heaps of research done that shows that students who build a sense of community at the university are far more likely to be academically successful. I think the easiest way to make friends is to join a club or society. There are dozens to choose from, so you should be able to find something that even vaguely interests you. The SRC has a number of collectives too. These are issue-based groups that work on campaigns throughout the year. Check out some meetings of some of the groups around to see if you are interested. Generally we also have events like our world record attempt at getting the most students eating 2 minute noodles at one time.

Many classes have compulsory group work assignment. You'll be forced to meet your fellow students then. Chances are they are a bit nervous and shy too. If you take the risk of "putting yourself out there" and it fails, and they don't become your friends, then you probably won't care what they think.

Good luck, Abe

WARNING About Accommodation Scams

Students are being targeted by people pretending to be landlords. Students are told to transfer money via Western Union or into bank accounts when students have not visited the accommodation. The "landlords" say they are overseas and cannot meet. Some students have lost thousands of dollars.

DO NOT transfer money via Western Union or into a bank account to a person you have not met in person
DO NOT transfer money for accommodation you have not visited
DO NOT sign contracts for accommodation you have not visited
DO NOT provide a copy of your passport, or unnecessary personal information such as your date of birth or passport details
DO NOT provide your bank account details

ALWAYS get receipts for money you pay for your accommodation

If Your Landlord Threatens To Report You To Immigration about payment of rent or fines, do not be scared, they usually cannot.

To report a scam and for advice and legal help please contact:

SRC (for undergraduates):

help@src.usyd.edu.au

SUPRA (for postgraduates):

help@supra.usyd.edu.au

If the rent seems too good to be true, then it probably is. On average you should expect to pay approximately \$180-\$200 per week for one bedroom in a share house, more if you live on your own.

Students should arrange short-term temporary accommodation for their arrival in Sydney.

Details of local temporary accommodation:

www.usyd.edu.au/current_students/accommodation/casual.shtml

Accommodation checklist: what to do when you are looking for accommodation
www.src.usyd.edu.au/sites/default/files/Welfare_accommodation_checklist_0.pdf

Guidelines on looking for accommodation:

www.usyd.edu.au/current_students/accommodation/international_students.shtml

This warning message is brought to you by services supporting International Students at the University of Sydney
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SUPRA: www.supra.usyd.edu.au

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Hi, I'm Honi Soit, you must be *The Black Seeds*

Bridie Connellan planted a groove with guitarist Mike August.

Cynicism? Old news. Pessimism? Oh please. Save it for Placebo. I am. A sunny Thursday morning. Birds chirping down the phone all the way from Wellington. A gig next to picnics and ponies. It must be a pretty good life being a Black Seed.

In an industry so decorated by pretension, it's refreshing to meet a musician who's just a stand-up dude. Happy to be happy. We should all be so lucky.

The Black Seeds are an infectious 8-piece reggae tour de force, with roots, grooves and stage sweat to boot. On the cusp of their umpteenth Australian tour, the optimism is pouring by the gobletful, and those without a penchant for the lesser-known expression called the 'smile' may kindly use the exit to their left. Dey listen to da rhydem of me 'cart.

Forming back in 1998 has given The Black Seeds quite a run of experience on both the local and international scenes, with four studio albums and a tour history to rival Lonely Planet's keenest staff member. But with a successful US release last year and countless world tours, are these reggae royals feeling like veterans yet? "I'm starting to, yeah," laughs August. "It's just like anything when you're looking back at how you 'were' when you were younger. You just... laugh."

Despite cruising around the scene for a good few eons, August and his octet are part of a new sound that has found itself strutting ever so coolly with Wellington boots. The New Zealand reggae-revival is a trend that can be traced back to a striking 1979 Bob Marley concert and the rapid growth of Rastafarianism within Maori culture. However August

insists such a community support base has only grown in New Zealand in the last ten years. "We're suddenly very aware that there is this distinctly New Zealand music," he says, "and we're actually proud of it, not ashamed of it as we may have been in the past."

The burgeoning sound of New Zealand reggae and dub is unexpectedly successful, which August attributes to one simple fact: they don't try to be Bob Marley. "We're very aware that we're not Jamaican," he laughs. "We're never trying to be Jamaican which lots of reggae bands do, [a sound] which to my ear is quite tragic."

With the seed of these New Zealand locals spreading swiftly through the pastures of Europe's toughest sneers, August and his bandmates have found a clear difference between a home crowd and their foreign counterparts. "Kiwis and Aussies are definitely not afraid to get generally pretty loose," he says. "But French audiences...were real listeners, not huge dancers. It was a bit strange for us, we're kind of used to people getting involved."

Reggae of this kind should always be best enjoyed live and loud. But in an ironic twist, this guitarist-turned-producer finds himself most comfortable indoors, hitting that RECORD button. "I just really enjoy how deeply creative recording is," he admits. "I always really enjoy the technical artistic problems that come up and force you to somehow find a solution."

But with such underground recording becoming what August describes as a 'whole new kittle of fesh', the processes of music-making have become something of a trade-off between



"This sure doesn't look like the Metro Theatre..."


"We're very aware that we're not Jamaican."

nostalgic haunts and schmick sound. Naming their last album in 2007 *Into the Dojo*, the Black Seeds were truly showing their commitment to a fighting-fit recorded sound, as their original studio space Surgery Studio was actually a converted karate dojo.

Songwriting in a dungeon must surely take its toll. A little Marley, a little Lee 'Scratch' Perry, a little King Tubby might just be the creative listening muse the afro-beat doctor ordered. But regardless of mainstream reggae and roots influences, August claims the best inspiration comes a little closer to home. "I'm often most inspired by people around me," he says. "I get really inspired by seeing the process of people making music. It's nice to be inspired by friends."

But speaking of friends, this is New Zealand. Surely the band are all Facebooking Peter Jackson from time to time, courting a ewe or two, and it's likely each is the godson of Neil Finn? No, even better. The Black Seeds proudly claim one half of comedy duo Flight of the Conchords as a former band member. Bret McKenzie, the non-spectacled Conchordite, remains a

close friend of the group and even found himself on set with the eight in Vanuatu as they shot a film clip. "I mean he's a wanted man these days, that's why he left," laughs August. "We do catch up with him when we can. Hopefully now he's finished the second season, we'll get to see a bit more of him."

Optimistic about a friend they never see? Positive about a dungeon recording studio? Happy to combat the lack of French head-bopping? Surely there's one skerrick of pessimism to be found underneath the laidback exterior of this perpetually upbeat guitarist? Perhaps the tolls of touring the world? "Well it's the sad thing about touring that you never really get to spend any time anywhere, it's the sad old cliché that you see a bar and a hotel in front of a van," August says. "BUT [emphasis added] it does give you an idea of places you might like to go back to. I really can't complain." Of course you can't. The Black Seeds: Putting pessimists to shame since 1998. Ah, God bliss New Ziland. 

The Black Seeds are touring nationally this month. The Metro Theatre, Sydney, Friday 19 March.

OPINION

Sweden's no Scandinavian Paradise

Oliver Burton laments our Swedish fetish.

You may not see an immediate use for this information but I assure you that you will. For during any Government, Economics, Political Economy (which is Marxist for Economics), or biochemical engineering tutorial the dread-locked, tie-dyed, Che Guevara bereted, former private school student you threw your spare change at on your way in will, with the inevitability of a Peter Garret back-flip, stand at some point to desecrate the state of Australia's government and proudly proclaim with all the expectation of being taken seriously of a Peter Garret back-flip, that everything is better in Sweden. If it's a political economy tute, you'll probably even find that the protest-junkie in question is your tutor.

So, what do you say?

Firstly, the weather is awful. Oh, and the top tax bracket pushes 60%. Which means that you're slaving away for 47 weeks of the year making mobile phones, cars or shonky yuppie furniture, and giving more than half of your earnings away to the government. And by the way, you will be making either mobile phones, cars or shonky yuppie furniture because regulation in Sweden, particularly as regards employment, doesn't differentiate between small and large business- forcing small business people, such as the creators of Skype, overseas. So even if the best and brightest of Sweden were inclined to endure the stifling taxation burden, the

operating conditions are such that you'd be better off starting a small company in North Korea.

Yes, Sweden does take a fair percentage of refugees and unskilled labour, but unemployment and welfare dependence are extremely high. So whilst Sweden does support these people in the social security sense, it obviously fails to help them effectively integrate into Swedish society. And little wonder. Sweden is one of the least ethnically diverse countries in the world. That would be because from 1935 to 1975, the Swedish Government (which has ruled 65 out of the past 74 years), sterilised 63,000 people in the pursuit of racial purity, the vast majority against their will. No wonder there is no racial conflict in Sweden. a) there's barely anyone there who isn't white and protestant, b) anyone who is knows better than to complain.

Finally and most importantly, according



Oliver agrees with Conan.

to a friend of mine who immigrated to Sweden at the age of 19 and left four years later for this very reason, whilst the women are beautiful, they are the most boring people on the face of the planet. On this point I am very happy, nay desperate to be disproven. If any Swedish women would like to meet up, please write to *Honi* and I would be delighted to print a retraction.

So next time some you're told Sweden is a cure-all, kindly invite them to stick it where the sun doesn't shine. Sweden.



SOUNDS

PHOENIX LIVE

Joe Payten rises from the ashes.

It was a particularly eclectic mix of music-lovers who made their way to the Big Top at Luna Park on Wednesday to see the French band Phoenix; hysterically excited teenage girls drawn simply to the band's irresistible, sugar-coated hooks; indie scenesters who "appreciate" their intelligent brand of pop; the mature-aged concert-goer who's been with the band since their debut release *United* in 2000. *Wolfgang Amadeus Phoenix*, the band's brilliantly titled 2009 effort, has cast a wide net of appeal, and it appeared as though the entire spectrum of music fans had turned up to see these Gallic gentlemen.

After confronting the strange set-up of the Big Top, with the bar area protruding halfway into the floor space, we settled in for Miami Horror, the Melbourne band billed as the support act for both of Phoenix's shows in Sydney. The crowd's anticipation turned to confusion when, an hour later, Miami Horror was nowhere to be seen. All was forgotten, however, when the main act took the stage early and the Big Top erupted.

Phoenix's live show does total justice to their polished indie-pop. Known for their flawless execution, they effortlessly

combine precise musicianship with irresistible melodies to create a unique brand of pop that appeals to just about everyone. Taking the stage with minimum fuss, they instantly launched into a watertight rendition of their 2009 hit 'Lisztomania', the energetic performance prompting the crowd to do their best 'Breakfast Club' dance (Look it up on YouTube. We could have linked you there if the SRC approved our website by now, but I couldn't leave it out), and inspiring mania comparable to that which the song's title references.

The incredible set list, pulled from a discography spanning a decade, hints at what a solid 'greatest hits' Phoenix will eventually release. Drawing equally from *Amadeus*, their incredible 2006 album *It's Never Been Like That*, and 2004's *Alphabetical*, the assembled masses were treated to a superbly paced performance of the band's tight bursts of pop perfection.

'Rome', 'Girlfriend' and 'Armistice', which have featured on just about every USyd student's playlists for the past year, had the crowd in a frenzy, as did their lesser-known but equally catchy 'Napoleon Says', 'Consolation Prizes'



Très cool

and 'Run Run Run', drawn from older albums. Perhaps the highlight of their flawless performance was their 'Funky Square Dance', a synth-heavy jam drawing partial inspiration from the band's history with Daft Punk, which absolutely detonated on the dance floor.

And of course Thomas Mars' crowd surf during the encore performance of '1901' had hysterical fans (like myself) breathless with our proximity to his Gauloise-smoking, French-accented coolness.

The album that Phoenix are touring references both the musical perfection of Mozart and the populist, all-encompassing frenzy surrounding Franz Liszt. With a live performance that features traits from both these classical composers, Phoenix are beginning to make a genuine claim for worldwide pop ubiquity.

PAGES

Aleksandr Wansbrough reviews *Blue of Noon* by Georges Bataille.

My lecturer insisted that I read Georges Bataille! Since I hate pretentious French 'thought', I found myself recalling Shopenhauer's aphorism that there is an art in not reading bad books. Still, I read Bataille's pornographic fiction *Story of an Eye*. I found it repulsive but perhaps that's my hypocritical, bourgeoisie sensibilities talking; Absurdists may appreciate the two main characters murdering a priest and employing his eye as a sex toy. However, the second book I read of Bataille's, *Blue of Noon*, was not, in my opinion, pornography.

Blue of Noon, a contemplation on sex, politics and death, alludes to the Don Juan legend in its portrayal of Troppmann and his encounters with three women: Dirty, a well-named degenerate, Xénie, a nice-ish character, and Lazare, a naive, committed socialist. In the course of the story, which takes place during the rise of fascism, Troppmann has a relationship with Dirty. After this relationship seems to end early in the story, he is not without shame, desperately confessing his sins to Lazare, in spite of being torn between admiration and hatred for her. Dwelling on his morbidity and mortality, he becomes so sick that he must be nursed by Xénie, who sacrifices happiness for him only to be discarded for Dirty after Troppmann regains his health. With Dirty, who has become emaciated, looking corpse-like to entice him, Troppmann has a dirty encounter near the cemetery before parting from her, possibly forever, as a decaying world plummets into fascism, war and annihilation. It is worth noting that the plot does not feel like a plot, since the characters seldom progress the story. Rather, *Blue of Noon* is a journey assisted by Freud and ideas soon to become known as existentialism, into Europe's heart of darkness.

Throughout the novel, sex and politics are linked: Troppmann's necrophilia encompasses his lack of political conscience, Lazare's utopianism derives from her being an unattractive virgin and the Hitler Youth are machines running on libidinous energy. The personal is political as Lazare confesses, telling Troppmann that she's a socialist, not for the proletariat's soul, but her own. So, the demise of the proletariat, the death-obsessed politics of fascism, and the coming war, are entwined with sexual decay and decay in general.

Although these themes are interesting, the book did not resonate with me. *Blue of Noon* sounds profound but it's neither a great philosophical work nor a great work of literature. At best, the book can be read as a sociological document. Bataille said that the work became meaningless to him and he published it only upon his friends' urgings. In today's European-fascism-free context, the book is fittingly a relic. On the other semen-/blood-/urine-stained hand, *Blue of Noon* is more enjoyable than *Story of an Eye*, if one is condemned to read Bataille.

PHOTO

SPENCER TUNICK

Chelsea Tabart meets the famed photographer.

It's 9.27 on a Tuesday morning and I'm careening down Old South Head Road with two friends in an eighties Coupe. We're late. Spencer Tunick, an American artist famous for his compositions of naked bodies in public spaces, is making a small installation for New Mardi Gras at Lady Jane Beach at 10.00.

We park the car, run headlong through the streets of Vaucluse lost, puffed and exhilarated and when we finally arrive someone shouts, "Woo! Let's get fucking naked."

Spencer arranges 70 nudes - a verisimilitude of colours, shapes, ages and sexualities, along the jagged rocks of the small cove. Against the vivid blues and greens of the water, the people take on an ethereal, abstract quality and the group is suddenly naturally, perfectly, unutterably beautiful.

When it's over, I find Spencer and thank him. He replies with a New-Yorker's twang, "No, thank YOU. You did it!" Cue naked high five. Awesome.

After we're dressed, Spencer comes up for a chat. I ask about his equipment (mind out of the gutter, kids). "They're medium format cameras, and I use 120mm film," he says. They're low key - not your usual photographer's cameras.

"I'm not a great photographer, but I think I'm a pretty good artist." That's an understatement. Spencer gives his volunteers an opportunity to be fearless and an opportunity to experience how enchanting the human, and their own body, can be. Reaching so many people at once is a brand of performance art both unique and wonderful.

His fragile, unearthly photographs also reflect a mastery of composition. His eye picks up the details - during the installation he asked "that guy at the front" to "turn his left foot in".

Spencer's an activist. His Sydney installations are about "the straight community getting naked with their gay and lesbian friends" because, as he told the Opera House crowd, "nothing is more important than feeling comfortable with your relationships with other people". In 2007, he made an installation for Greenpeace to protest political inaction over climate change. 600 naked people juxtaposed against the Aletsch Glacier in Switzerland expressed the vulnerability of mankind to its environment and created a moving call to arms.

I ask which of the set-ups he liked in Sydney. "I liked the kissing [couples embracing on the steps of the Opera House] a lot." He pauses. "It's hard



Spencer on the right.

because you don't know what's good until you see it." Spencer hasn't switched to a digital camera. "Sometimes I just want to get my iPhone out, but that would be kind of weird."

His persistence with film "surprises some people," he says. But for a photographer from the golden American age of Annie Leibovitz and Richard Avedon, ditching the darkrooms would be like culture abandonment.

As we go to leave I say, "I really wanted to hug you before, but I was naked. Do you think we could make that happen now?" "Only if it's a bear hug."

We hug. Up close, clad in a black tee and pair of New Balance Sneakers, he could be any other guy. "This is a bear hug," he says.

Go to p19 to read what it's like to strip nude for Spencer...

AWARDS

Hannah Lee frocks up and hits the red carpet for this year's film awards season.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

There is a time, once every year, when the Hollywood film industry, the entertainment media, and the average movie-loving Joe all get super excited – the awards season.

Now it seems natural for most people to immediately think of the Oscars when anyone mentions film awards since other major award ceremonies, such as the Golden Globes, BAFTA Awards and Independent Spirit Awards, are all mushed in everyone's brains as the same sort of thing. Maybe you haven't heard of these awards, or you have but don't really know what they're about or what they stand for, only going so far as to guess 'F' is for 'Film' in BAFTA.

So I would like to take this moment to

present each award with an award in order to distinguish one from the other and explain why the award in question is either the most popular kid in the motion picture playground or one of those weirdo kids you can't put a name to.



The award for 'Most prestigious and media-popular award' goes to: The Academy Awards (aka The Oscars). As the oldest award ceremony to be in the media's eye, the Oscars present awards to film professionals nominated by all 6,000 members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. To be a member of the Academy, you have to be invited or get an Oscar yourself. So with some exclusivity to this high profile club, it is no wonder that everyone kisses this golden plated award's ass every year.

'Oscar's lame younger brother'

award goes to: the Golden Globes, since the only thing the ceremony has been good at is predicting Oscar nominations through its winners (having foreseen the best picture Academy Award winner 12 times since 1990). The ceremony is also better known for its celebrity hosts and red carpet loitering than for its philanthropic gestures towards entertainment-related charities, simply serving to culminate excitement for the Oscars.

While I don't think this award really deserves anything, **the 'Best teen brat' award goes to:** the Critic's Choice Awards. Unashamed of its ability to predict the Academy Awards nominations better than the Golden Globes, the Critics' Choice Awards prides itself on being a populist 15 year old big mouth that represents more than 200 of America and Canada's radio, television and online critics on board the Broadcast Film Critics Association. Whether it was trying to overtake the status of the Golden Globes as Oscar's right hand man or just keep up with the times, the Critics' Choice Awards have televised their ceremonies in recent years, focusing on the stars and their dress "style wars" more

than the cinematic achievements they're meant to be celebrating.

Due to its increasing popularity, the award for 'Best international status climber' goes to: the British Academy of Film and Television Arts Award for Film (thank god for abbreviation) that celebrates the achievements of films screened in British cinemas over the last year. While the BAFTA ceremony has previously been held after the Oscars, a change to the ceremony date in 2001 dramatically changed its international profile as it was slotted in after the Oscar nominations, but before the golden Oscar statuettes were handed over.

Last but not least, the award for **'Best indie bird to fly away from Hollywood' goes to:** the Independent Spirit Award. Non-profit US organisation, Film Independent, was the first to hold a Spirit Awards ceremony to celebrate the alternative and offbeat films that break away from the conventional Hollywood system. The ceremony has traditionally been held in a tent on a beach of Santa Monica and broadcast live on the Independent Film Channel with no censoring, editing, or ad breaks.

CANVAS GO UR FONT SELF*

Bridie Connellan generates some type with Gallery Curator Marty Routledge.

It's hardly surprising that a former train vandal graffiti artist would have a bit of a fetish for the alphabet. But with three successful exhibitions dedicated to the art of lettering, Glebe curator Marty Routledge is no wordy amateur. With an impressive showcase of local and international typographers, this year's installment of the increasingly popular Go Font Ur Self* art exhibition is again set to spellcheck you all.

HS: Thanks for having a yarn Marty. So give us the wheres, whens, hows, whos and whys?

MR: Well the Go Font Ur Self* initiative was formed around an idea for a group show with friends of mine that all use type in some shape or form in their art making process. Naturally, being surrounded by people actively exhibiting work, and having organized and showed in many group shows in the past, it was an idea I really wanted to come to fruition.

With the support of Peer Group Media, the idea escalated to a 3-stop national tour with an international lineup of some of the world's most notorious letterheads. Some of the bigger names to date [have included] Above, Espo, Jersey Joe, Jessica Hische, Timba Smits, Daren Newman, Eine, Luca Ionescu, Letman and many many more. So far there have been 44 works exhibited in the GFUS series Chapters 1 through 3. We now begin 2010 with Chapter 4 in the series.

HS: Congrats. So with three shows already under your belt, is there a new vision for this year's exhibition?

MR: We're trying to achieve a series of shows that will be a consistent meeting

point for typographers and appreciators to come and see exclusive works that will expand their existing thoughts of the way type is executed. We always like to have a feature installation in the Sydney show, but try to not detract too much from the incredible work submitted into each Chapter. This exhibition will have cold beer and giveaways, as well as our resident DJs Badwives (Viv Kingswood and DJ Crane).

HS: Ah free beer, zing. How else do you gauge artist interest?

MR: It's amazing how little it hurts to be rejected via email (laughs). It's a strange feeling when you are bluntly inviting some of your biggest heroes in the lettering game to submit something to sculpt the personality of a project. The project IS THEM. The branding of GFUS is simple and 'non-themed' so the artworks and artists ARE the personality of the project.

HS: But where is the value in 'collecting' these artworks from all over rather than commissioning a single artist?

MR: In my opinion, in trying to cover typography, it would be a gross misrepresentation of the industry to cover the work of one artist. Typography as a theme seems limitless to me, and the aim is to highlight the work of people who represent different interests in different areas of type, whether it be a treatment styling, focus on letter forms, celebrating classic typesets, wordplays, alphabets, relationships between letterforms etc etc.

HS: Do you think people take fonts and letters for granted?

MR: Well, next time you're on a high



Hell-vetica's Kitchen

street, look around at how much type is used in that one glance. Shop windows, awnings, road signs, graffiti, slogans on shirts. IT IS EVERYWHERE and it's this saturation that detracts from the time and love put into each individual creation.

HS: So speaking of type aesthetics, in which font would you prefer this interview to be written in?

MR: Helvetica Neue LT Std - 75 Bold - for Headings.

Helvetica Neue LT Std - 45 Light - for answers

Helvetica Neue LT Std - 55 Roman - for questions

HS: And finally, how do you respond to Comic Sans?

MR: With a comical laugh.

**Go Font Ur Self*
Wednesday 17 March, 6pm
Peer Gallery, 153 Bridge Rd, Glebe**

STAGE

Sam Pender-Bayne on the first Sydney Uni Opera production.

Of any performing art, surely opera is the most difficult to produce. Now imagine a student society with no money. Well, it was only through sheer hard work and talent that Sydney University Opera Company's production of Britten's *Turn of the Screw* was such a success.



The venue, Cleveland St Theatre, was grungy and intimate. If seated in the middle it was great, but those in the wings could feel out of the action. The intimacy changed the game, exposing subtle facial expression and vocal tones. Christopher Hay's polished direction complimented the space.

Lead Briony Dwyer shone as The Governess. With enough "ping" in her voice to supply a Darling Harbour nightclub and control to match, good times lie ahead for this young star. Acting-wise, perhaps more optimism at the start would punctuate her decline into devastation.

Jennifer Bonner was equally bright as Flora; her energy lit up the stage and voice demonstrated the vocal technique "tits and teeth". Anna Yun's (Mrs. Grose) warm and rich voice contrasted with Simon Gilkes (Quint) and Emma Moore (Ms Jessel), whose commanding tones brought their roles as ghosts down to earth. The orchestra read like a Who's Who of Conservatorium talent, conducted by the Mozartean Jack Symonds.

Finally, the score calls for a boy soprano (Miles), so SUOC found Joseph Burke. The moral question of whether a pre-pubescent should undergo such excursion will have to wait. Understandably, he struggled to keep up with the rest, albeit central to some moving moments (inc. "Malo"). All aside, A+ on his report card for a monumental achievement considering his age.

Well done guys! *The Screw* was a great choice: contemporary and substantial. Highest credit to Louis Garrick, Jack Symonds, Chris Hay and all who donated their time to a good cause. Promising times lie ahead.



THE VEGETARIAN

DIARIES

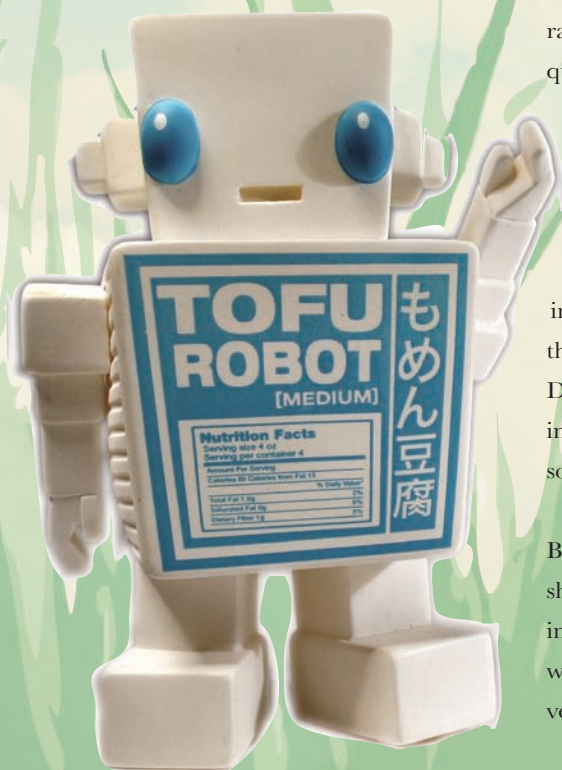
Lisa Skerrett is a vegetarian but she doesn't know why. So she embarked on a bold food experiment to reevaluate her eating habits, putting her body, mind and digestive system on the line, all to ask the ultimate question: tofu or not tofu?

Vegetarian | *veji'te(ə)rēan* | *(noun) a person who does not eat meat, and sometimes other animal products, esp. for moral, religious, or health reasons; (adjective) of or relating to the exclusion of meat or other animal products from the diet.*

My name is Lisa and I am a bad vegetarian.

For starters, I adore seafood. I also descend from a long line of Tamworth cattle farmers who are partly responsible for Australia's high meat consumption. But there's something else, something far more shameful. And you threaten to reveal it each time you ask, with an inquisitive head-tilt, "How come you don't eat meat?" Faced with this inevitable question, a good vegetarian would probably whip a profound and impassioned spiel from the sleeve of their hemp shirt. Even a mediocre vegetarian might nominate one of many acceptable reasons including: environment, logic, sentiment, hygiene, tradition, economy or taste. But me? I panic. Sweat drenches my palms and my brain searches for a way to change the subject while I drown in the inadequacy of having no retrievable opinion on the matter.

You see, I've forgotten why I'm a vegetarian. For me, it's like wearing Birkenstocks: everyone thought it was just a phase, now it's a mild spectacle, and while not particularly sexy, why



bother changing from something so darn comfortable? Put simply, it's familiar. I won't eat meat today because I didn't eat it yesterday, and ten years' abstinence has a lot of momentum.

But after all this time, vegetarianism has lost its ethical zing. And so I battle with it. I question it. I doubt it. And this makes me a bad, bad vegetarian.

Mine is your average adolescent-turn-vegetarian tale. While eating lamb pancakes as an 11-year-old, the word 'lamb' and the image of a cute woolly animal combined in a moment remarkably similar to Lisa Simpson's vegetarian revelation, and I swore off meat that instant. I have memories of weeping over a plate of lamb chops, decorating walls with cute farm-animal posters, and indignantly declaring hunger strikes on school camps. Primary school friends pronounced, "Hippy!"; carnivorous ancestors were amused; mother was distressed, but after some bargaining the two of us struck a deal: I could skip the family roast if I ate fish a few times a week.

I hadn't thought twice about this, until now.

On Vegetarianism

Vegetarianism is a funny thing. For a very private decision, it has huge social ramifications. It's more than an ethical quandary; it's a minefield of labels, stereotypes and loaded terminology.

Allow me to explain. When a vegetarian eats seafood, they become a *pesctarian*, *flexitarian*, or, if you will, *vegaquarian*. More colloquial terms include *hypocrite*, *liar* or *traitor*. Despite this, *vegetarian* is fantastic shorthand. Depending on the context, it can indicate a considerate eater, a sensitive soul or a problematic dinner guest.

But vegetarianism also attracts its fair share of scrutiny and cynicism. Take, for instance, that certain breed of carnivore who considers it their duty to seek out vegetarians and convince them – with

logic, brute force, or otherwise – that humans are designed to eat meat. Far more terrifying is the SDI (Spanish Dietary Inquisition). Determined to pick loopholes in the vegetarian stance, these individuals conceal their interrogation with friendly questioning, only to pounce with an almighty "AHA!" when an inconsistency is detected. Then there are the elitist vegetarians, who condemn us bad vegetarians for even trying. "People like you give vegetarians a bad name!" they pronounce from the top of the vegetarian hierarchy. (To all three, I apologise in advance for any sensibilities that are likely to be offended by the contents of this article.)

But the truth is, as a society we tend to treat vegetarians the way we treat politicians, priests and celebrities: we're just waiting for them to fall off their pedestals. That's because vegetarianism is a label that is earned through public displays of abstinence and commitment. So what happens when a vegetarian blatantly and willingly falls from grace? I'm about to find out.

On Self-Experimentation

Aim:

To break the habit of this so-called vegetarian lifestyle by chowing down on a BIG JUICY STEAK! That's right, I'm going the whole proverbial hog. And just to keep it even, I'll go vegan for a week too.

Materials:

- Courage
- Open mindedness
- Willpower
- A good supply of soy protein
- One steak

Method:

1. Spend days one to seven on a strict vegan diet (no meat, no chicken, no seafood, no eggs, no dairy and no honey)
2. On the eighth day, eat the steak
3. Document mental, physical and emotional fallout of such undertakings with brute honesty and a no-holds-barred attitude

On Tofu

DAY ONE

Pumped for a vegan challenge! Here I

am at Broadway Bi-Lo, standing before a glimmering wall of soy produce. Firm tofu, silken tofu, marinated tofu, chilli tofu, tofu patties, tofu bites, tofu burgers, tofu sausages, coconut tofu, soymilk, soy yoghurt, soy cheese... yes please! I proudly swing my basket of cruelty-free goodies, while shaking my head condescendingly at other shoppers' trolleys. So *this* is what it feels like to be a vegan. I haven't even eaten breakfast and I feel like a better person. I continue to congratulate myself, soothed by the bleep of the lentils gliding through the checkout and landing in an environmentally friendly hessian shopping bag.

DAY TWO

The transition from self-righteous vegan to humble vegan has been swift and painful, occurring around the same time as the crippling stomach cramps. Perhaps it's karma for *almost* pouring cow's milk over my vegan wheat flakes this morning, but I'm losing my taste buds, my appetite and my enthusiasm in one fell swoop. Thank goodness for these tofu desserts, which contain just the right ratio of novelty to sugar to keep me coming back for seconds and thirds...

DAY THREE

I finally realise the poignancy of Homer Simpson's statement: you really don't make friends with salad. Allow me to append this statement with another: you don't make friends with large quantities of indigestible fibre! With Iku and Badde Manners, Glebe Point Road is my vegan-friendly refuge. Meanwhile, yesterday's nausea has given way to sudden and ravenous hunger, and as I systematically demolish a flavourless tofu burger, my carnivorous peers are making unhelpful comments about the probability of bread containing dairy.

Blame my laziness in the kitchen, but my tongue is noticing some pretty distinct moufs and getting sick of the repetition. There are only so many variations of tofu one can handle before it all takes on the flavour and texture of an eraser. *Any* other source of protein would be greatly appreciated!

DAYS FOUR, FIVE and SIX

I have been living a lie! A big, cruelty-filled, materialistic lie! Suddenly, animals

have found their way into every product I consume, and nothing is sacred anymore. Marshmallows? Made from bovine hides! Sugar? Purified with bone charcoal! Wine? Clarified with the swim bladders of fish! Chewing gum? Contains glycerine from pigs' feet! My Ugh boots scream as I walk. Naked hens cry in my ear as I sleep on my feather pillow at night. I *must* rid my home of these murderous artifacts. Goodbye leather belt! Farewell silk scarf! Adios wool jumper, watch, backpack, every pair of boots I've ever owned, baseball mit, beeswax candle, milk and honey body wash! Oh no... Not my beloved Birkenstocks!!!

DAY SEVEN

Hello tree. Hello seagull. Hello cabbage. My name is Lisa, and I am a new woman! The day was made glorious by a delectable concoction of silken tofu, salt and copious amounts of tumeric, the result of which is uncannily like scrambled eggs. Why don't you sit down and let me cook you some? In the meantime, have a slice of this surprisingly moist vegan chocolate cake my mother baked! Oh, well howdy, tiny spider in my salad! What are you doing, passionately hugging that chickpea? Go ahead, I don't mind sharing. Who says you don't make friends with salad!?

It's been a nutritional rollercoaster, but at the end of my vegan week I feel cleansed, virtuous and reinvigorated with soya-pride. As all that bodily retaliation becomes a distant memory, I'm comforted by the thought that I could keep this up forever.

On Steak

Ok, another confession. The week-long vegan challenge was merely a method of delaying the more intimidating task of eating a steak. But try to understand that for someone who hasn't touched red meat in a decade, breaking the habit is a momentous and terrifying occasion. Will the steak stay down? Will I gag upon the first bloody bite, or be instantly converted by its orgasmic, gamey taste?

And will a trip to the infamous 'Ribs and Rumps' live up to its name, and satisfy my hunger with its selection of well aged steaks, mixed grills and mammoth portions?

The menu houses every animal of every colour, but I skip over the 1kg 'man o'war' and rare kangaroo fillet, to settle on a 220g sirloin, medium, with pepper sauce. When it finally arrives at the table, there's nothing mammoth about it. Quite apart from paying \$26 for a meal the size of my fist, there's something in the boorish décor and the absurdly large cutlery that makes me suspect this is a terrible idea. Bells ding and plates clank together as waitresses whiz past with buckets of barbeque sauce. And yet it feels like all eyes in the steakhouse are on me - and it's too late to order the vegeburger.

I lift the heavy cutlery and cut off a small, manageable chunk. Slowly, slowly, into the mouth it goes and...nothing. My first mouthful of meat in ten years and I'm totally underwhelmed.

Let's start with texture. It's chewy. Surprisingly, jaw-achingly chewy. And as for flavour, it's got that decidedly aged quality of something that's probably lived longer than I have. There's an unfamiliar charcoal undertone, which lingers between the increasingly rubbery mouthfuls and gives the sensation of barbeque smoke creeping out my nostrils. But all-in-all, it's tolerable. That is, until the springy crunch of 'gristle' hits my molars. "What the hell is this?" I ask, holding up the offending brown material, which I've just gracefully regurgitated. "A knot in the animal's muscle," I am told, which just about prompts another Lisa Simpson revelation, and promptly ruins my appetite. Luckily, our waitress has watched the entire ordeal, and is so impressed that she treats the table to a free round of sticky date pudding, which immediately corrects the injustices of the night up to that point.

FOR THE FENCE-SITTER

STEGOSAURUS VS. T-REX

TEN SITUATIONS TO TURN YOU VEGO

- Taking an 'almost-vegetarian' to a sheep or cattle farm
- Choosing your own lobster at Chinatown's East Ocean Restaurant
- Viewing *Fast Food Nation*
- A guided tour of the Steggles factory
- Being employed as the cage cleaner at a battery hen farm
- Skinning your own rabbit, before watching *Watership Down*
- Watching an American eat
- Seeing an eel eat a duckling
- Watching David Attenborough's *Placental Mammals*
- The window of Korean BBQ King

TEN SITUATIONS TO TURN YOU BACK CARNO

- Eagle Boys Chicken Club pizza
- Bean curd. Just the word.
- Anything featuring Sam Kekovich
- Watching *Animal Farm*
- Sam Neill dancing
- Having to drench sheep for a whole day
- Having a conversation with a vegetarian
- Watching David Attenborough's *Meat Eaters*. In surround sound.
- A succulent slow-grilled medium-rare luscious delectable tender Wagyu beef steak with accompanying sides and garnish ready for the palate
- The window of Korean BBQ King

The following day, friends and family are begging for a detailed account. "Did you finish it?" *Barely*. "Did you enjoy it?" *Hardly*. "How do you feel?" *Sick*. That last answer is actually a lie. Sickness barely describes the all-encompassing sense of ruin that has overtaken my body.

On Absolutism

So, having completed the experiment, I've instinctively returned to a diet of fruits, vegetables, grains, nuts, eggs, dairy... and, yes, fish. It might appear that I'm back where I started. But does that make the experiment a failure? Not in the least. I've gained enormous respect for the humble bean. And I've verified that giving meat the flick doesn't mean missing out in the taste department. But more importantly, a moral switch has been triggered in my brain, opening up a can of ethical worms: what are my beliefs? What is humanity's natural dietary stance? What has this food had to go through in order to get to my stomach? It might take me another ten years before I can answer any of these questions. But I see it as a positive that they are allowed to rise into consciousness, instead of being repressed under a layer of nondescript animal protein.

In the interim, abstaining from eating red meat is going to be my personal choice, not a grand ethical statement. It's a part of my identity. As a justification, it has less moral fibre than a vegan bran-muffin, but heck, it's a good enough reason for me. As one out of six billion people, do I make any tangible difference to the world by not eating meat? I suspect not. But as a non-meat-eater sporting a pair of sandals from the new Vegan Birkenstock range? It's possible!

I've even located an opinion amongst this experimentation. And it's this: I don't believe that vegetarianism needs to be an absolute. It's a spectrum, and the line will be drawn at a different place for each person. The point is not perfection, but progress towards a more humane way of living.

By the same token, I can also understand the argument for the sanctity of labels. For some people, the words *vegetarian* and *vegan* - like God or Om - have sacred connotations. Which is why I've decided to quit being a vegetarian. From henceforth I will officially go under the following title: *whatsatarian* ˌ(h)wʌtsi'te(ə)rɪən; (noun) a non red-meat eating seafood connoisseur who enjoys the occasional vegan stint and, once a decade, tackles a steak. 🍷

Don't eat any animal product as a statement against exploitation of the voiceless.

Don't enjoy eating flesh of other living animals

Like taste but don't like killing and so refuse to eat meat

Like taste but don't like cruelty and the way animals are killed.

Like taste but don't like environmental ramifications.

Like taste but don't like either environmental or ethical ramifications.

Eat meat, like the taste but, quite frankly, never even thought about coming from a living thing.

Like taste and don't care how cruel the practices are or that they are killed (as long as someone else does it for you)

Like taste and would raise battery hens, watch them suffer, then half-kill them then boil them alive and not care



PRESIDENT'S REPORT

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

Welcome back to another week at uni. Hopefully by now you've sorted out your tutorials, bought your readers and textbooks (from the SRC second-hand bookshop!), and learnt the name of at least one other person in your class.

In between doing readings for my classes this week, here's what I've been up to as your SRC president.

The Green Paper is finally here!

On Friday 5th March, the University's 2011-2015 Green Paper was released. This was a top-secret document that only a very small group of staff and academics had seen. I felt a surge of excitement as I opened the first page, almost like I was Sydney Bristow from Alias. I was expecting something really radical; rumours had pointed to all kinds of weird things, but you know what? I was kinda disappointed. The Green Paper isn't radical at all and I would say it's fairly predictable.

The Green Paper is meant to be a discussion paper and the basis for the later White Paper that will be released in July. The White Paper will be the official Strategic Plan for the University for the next 5 years. But don't think that this is just the Vice-Chancellor and his Quadrangle gang doing everything. You as a student can have your input on how you think the University should be run, what works, and what doesn't work. Students are by far the most important constituents. To check out the Green Paper and find out how you can share your ideas, go to:

sydney.edu.au/about/strategy/green_paper/

I suppose you're asking what's so interesting about the paper. Some of the things you might find interesting include:

- Moving away from a faculty-based structure to 'vertical units' which are

Colleges or Schools:

- * College of Arts and Sciences
- * School of Business
- * School of Law
- * School of Creative and Performing Arts
- * School of Medical and Health Sciences
- * School of Engineering, Design and the Built Environment.
- Improving the organisational structure of administrative services
- Not increasing the size of the student body
- Re-defining what makes a Sydney Uni graduate 'distinctive'
- Identifying 'students of promise' in a different way – ie. less through ATAR entry and through other schemes or systems
- Increasing the number of low socio-economic status students at the uni through community-based programs and other entry methods
- Improving teaching and learning facilities and infrastructure
- Increasing the number of PhD students
- Becoming a global-focused university within a competitive international market
- Maintaining the university as the top university in Australia for extra-curricular activities and student life.

There's a lot more to the Green Paper than I've mentioned above. It's really a wide-ranging look at how the University can improve and yet stay competitive within Australia and the world. But I was also impressed at the re-emphasis on encouraging students of promise, whatever their social or cultural background, to come to a nurturing, research-intensive environment and become global citizens of knowledge.

But just how is the University going to do all this? It's all very well to say you want to increase the number of students who come from poorer or more disadvantaged backgrounds, but to do



this requires a lot of money, time, effort and ongoing support. Is the University really committed to doing this within their apparent 'restricted' financial context? I'm yet to see any concrete plans to achieve these goals and I still feel that it's a lot of talk but not much action. Oh well, guess we'll just have to wait til July!

Universities Australia Conference

On 3rd and 4th March last week, I went with my SUPRA counterparts to the Universities Australia conference in Canberra. UA is the peak representative body for all 39 universities in Australia, and has an important lobbying role in the government, public and private sectors. As well as getting to meet Deputy Prime Minister Julia Gillard, I heard a lot of interesting issues being discussed. For example, how we could improve teaching and learning practices and spaces at our universities, which fits in nicely to the work I've been doing about the refurbishment of Carslaw, PNR and Wallace (if you haven't done the survey yet, go to MyUni – it takes 5 minutes!). Imagine going to a virtual tutorial in Second Life! This was the kind of stuff specialists from the UK and the USA were talking about. There were also sessions on social inclusion and the future of higher education in Australia which provoked a lot of 'robust' debate among the delegates. Thank you to the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Education) office for subsidising us!

I also went to Parliament House to be interviewed by Triple J Hack about some disturbing leaflets that had been distributed around Camperdown/Darlington campus and Redfern station. There have been some racist leaflets targeting international students, distributed by some far right-wing groups, so if you see someone handing them out, inform Campus Security straightaway or come see the SRC.

Vale, Professor See

Last Monday I attended the funeral of Professor Howard See, a much-loved academic, teacher and friend in the Engineering Faculty. Every year there was lovely feedback about him in the SRC's Counter-Course survey, and students who were taught by him couldn't stop talking about his friendly, supportive nature and amazing intellect. It reminded me how important our teachers, supervisors and academics are, as they are the people who teach, inspire and nurture us all to be the best students and graduates.

So to all our lecturers, tutors, supervisors, academics – thank you.

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

This week I am going to use this space to talk about a little article I found lurking in the lifestyle pages of the SMH recently. It wasn't about food, beauty tips or holiday destinations. No, it was about women's reproductive rights in Australia, and a significant reform by the government.

The 'National Pregnancy Support Hotline' was an initiative of Tony Abbot when he was Health Minister in the Howard government in 2007. The service proclaims to offer 'non-judgemental support for unplanned pregnancy.' Sounds great in theory but dig a little deeper and a pretty concerning element of the hotline becomes clear – it doesn't provide referrals to termination services.

The contract for the National Pregnancy Support Hotline ends in June and the current government is taking the opportunity to alter and expand the service. Starting from July if you ring the hotline they will be allowed to refer you to an abortion clinic. The service will also refer callers to other services such as post-natal health, grief counsellors and breastfeeding advice.

The National Pregnancy Support Hotline is national initiative which has been marketed as providing information and support to women with unplanned pregnancies yet in practice was an attempt to conceal information and influence women's choices. The reforms which will be introduced on July 1st are long awaited and allow women choice

in all areas of their pregnancy and recognise many accompanying maternal wellbeing issues.

It is fantastic to see the reforms, it is disappointing that the way in which it was announced was a slip in in the Lifestyle section of the newspaper. Access to safe and affordable abortion is an issue which is hugely relevant to our community and this reform is a significant move in the field of federal politics. It is not a lifestyle decision to be skimmed over and tucked out of sight.

Abortion is still technically illegal in many states, including our own. In Queensland a 19 year old woman and her partner are being dragged through a horrific court case for procuring an

abortion and major hospitals have ceased to provide termination services for the fear of legal repercussions. This has meant women have had to travel interstate to gain access to an abortion.

That a woman's right to choose is not respected in our country is not something that should be shoved to the sidelines and kept quiet. Instead it is a deeply concerning infringement on human rights in our community and must be treated as such.

Event:

Women's Collective meets every Thursday at 1pm in the Holme Women's Room.

GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

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

Last year, the treatment International Students receive in Australia garnered a lot of negative press world-wide: International Students were the subject of violent attacks, the Government still refused to give them transport concessions, and a number of private colleges who had large International Student cohorts collapsed, leaving students stranded in a foreign country having paid for an education they never received. Given that International Students are, as Premier Keneally stated, "an integral part of the economic fabric of New South Wales", the Government was somewhat concerned about all this negative press. Oh and they care about the safety and quality of education International Students receive. Totally.

The Government then decided they should maybe do something about this problem, so they established the Ministerial Taskforce on International Education, and the findings of this Taskforce were released last month. Based on those findings, the Premier's Council on International Education was formed, and thirteen recommendations were outlined – the full document can be found at http://www.dpc.nsw.gov.au/___data/assets/pdf_file/0006/79143/NSW_Government_Initiatives_on_International_Education_2010.pdf.

The basic gist of most of the

report, however, is pretty much "the Government will talk to relevant stakeholders about making things better". It doesn't offer anything concrete, apart from establishing a bunch of committees (if you can call that concrete), and put in writing what amounts to a commitment to try and do something – though nothing so concrete as finally allowing international students the ability to access transport concessions, despite the fact that they're just as poor as domestic students.

Possibly the most disturbing thing about this report, its all talk no action rhetoric aside, is recommendation number 8, titled "No time to lose: marketing and recruitment. New South Wales – the premier destination". The fact that **MARKETING** New South Wales as an International Student destination has a presence in what was supposed to be a document outlining how to improve the welfare and experience of International Students studying here is indicative of how the Government sees these students – as walking dollar signs. International Students are a multi-million dollar industry for the Government: they still pay full fees, something which was abolished for undergraduate domestic students in 2008.

It's time for our Government to stop treating International Students as

cash-cows, and start treating them as students. If you're interested in getting involved with the campaign for International Student's rights, and you're a **DOMESTIC** student, come along to the Education Action Group (EAG) which meets every Tuesday at 1pm. If you're an **INTERNATIONAL** student, you can still come along to the EAG (obviously), but this year our International Student Officers have started up the International Student's Collective, which will be having its first meeting this Wednesday, so you should definitely check it out. It's a great place to meet other International Students and find out about the support structures and services available to International Students. The ISC is an autonomous group, so only International Students can go. A message from the International Student Officers is below.



Event:

International Students Collective Welcome Meeting

Are you new to Australia? Feeling lost or unsure of where to go for help? Join us at the International Students Collective Welcome Meeting with your questions!

Here's your chance to meet your International Student Representatives in the SRC for 2010 as well as other students across different Faculties. Our first meeting details are as follow:

Date: 10th March 2010 (Wednesday)
Time: 1pm (light lunch and refreshments provided)
Venue: New Law Building Room 030

EDUCATION REPORT

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

Student Representation Info Session

I wrote in my report last week about the Student Representative Network. Today (Tuesday 9th) we are running an Information Session for you to find out more about the program. We will be going over the "why?" and the "how?" of faculty representation. For those of you who are interested in becoming representatives, we will also explain what your role and responsibilities will be. We are meeting at 1pm in the New Law Lecture Theatre 106. If you can't make it but still want more information, just shoot me an email before nominations close this Friday. (The session also doubles as this week's EAG).

News from Canberra – Youth Allowance

The Federal Opposition are increasingly reluctant to pass the Youth Allowance reforms. There reforms would see an increase to the Parental Means test (such

that your parents can earn more before you become ineligible or your payments are docked), an increase to how much you are allowed to earn per fortnight, the introduction of \$1200 start-up and \$2400 relocation scholarships and a decrease to the Age of Independence.

The Opposition are ready to vote the reforms down, but they can be swayed if we make a collective effort and send them the message that students want these reforms passed. If you have ever been denied Youth Allowance, or if you are on it and struggling to get by, then email (tony.abbott.mp@aph.gov.au) or call (6277 4022) Tony Abbott and let him know what you think. Every call counts and takes us one step closer to fair Youth Allowance.

We will be running an event in two weeks to show the government that they need to get serious about student income support. On Wednesday the 24th of March, at 2pm, we will be setting the world record for the most people

eating instant noodles at the same time, on the Front Lawns. Share with us the traditional dish of poor students, and show the government that we need fair Youth Allowance now.

University Strategic Plan

The Vice-Chancellor's Office recently released the Green Paper – the first step in developing a strategic plan for 2011-2015. The SRC will be submitting a response to this paper, and we want you to have your say in it. If crammed lectures and tutorials are pissing you off, if you can't get on the scholarship you need in order to stay at uni, or if there is anything about the university that you would like to change, then get in contact with us! Send me your suggestions, comments and rants, and we will make sure that they are taken into account by the university.



Events

Department Representative Nominations
Open – NOW (check your WebCT)

Student Representation Info Session –
Tuesday 9th of March, 1pm (New Law Lecture Theatre 106)

Education Action Group – Tuesday
9th of March, 1pm (New Law Lecture Theatre 106)

Noodle Day – Wednesday 24th of
March, 2pm (Front Lawns)

National Day of Action – Wednesday
31st of March, 2pm (Front Lawns)

SAAO SAYS...

Hello SAAOs,

I've been sent a letter that says I'm a 'student at risk'. I'm not sure what it means or how I should respond. Can you help?
Confused PGrad

Hi Confused PGrad,

The SAAOs have their concerns about some of the more punitive and confusing aspects of the process for students who've had problems in their studies and are deemed 'at risk' of failing. That said, if you've got a notice and think you might need some more support strongly consider seeing the Counselling Service, or ISSU, the Learning Centre, Financial Assistance Office, and the many other great services out there.

If your notice says you should meet with an Academic Adviser in your Faculty or go to an information session you should do that too, because this part of the process should help. If you're in a masters degree and it's your second notice it probably says you need to write and 'show cause'. If you get one of these kinds of notices, DO NOT ignore it. Come to SUPRA for advice and assistance. Download our Show Cause & Exclusion Survival Kit from our website and make an appointment to see a SAAO as soon as possible.

All the best,
Da SAAOs

Trials and tribulations facing women postgrads

Studying at a postgraduate level – as a coursework or research student – has the potential to be an exciting and enriching experience. In the case of a research-based program it puts you in the position, perhaps for the first time, of being very much your own boss. With this comes a set of sometimes bewildering opportunities and challenges.

The experiences specific to female postgraduate students are of particular interest to me in my capacity as Acting Women's Officer at SUPRA, the University of Sydney's representative organisation for postgraduate students across all degree programs, and all of the university's campuses. There are some fairly obvious factors influencing the experience of women in postgraduate education, the



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most clear cut being the prospect of juggling motherhood with study; but there are also other, less straightforward factors which can have a defining impact on the experience of postgraduate women students.

A report recently published by The University of Queensland Social Research Centre (UQSRC), entitled Gender Differences in post PhD employment and the influence of PhD experience and

family circumstances, investigates the reported satisfaction of male and female graduates in the early stages of their post-doctoral career. The report investigates and discusses some of the possible reasons why women report a lower level of engagement and satisfaction both during their candidature and in this early stage of their academic careers.

In addition to anecdotal responses, the report looks at some of the statistical imbalances in post-PhD employment – not the least being the fact that women academics are still very much under-represented in the top echelons of their fields. Given that the proportion of genders studying at a postgraduate level is relatively equal in the new millennium (discounting distinct gender-based biases towards particular faculties and areas of study), there is clearly something else going on here.

There are some well-recognised challenges for students who are parents – both mothers and fathers – in accessing affordable child care services and in balancing a full-time or part-time study load with caring duties and external employment.

It is important for students with children to be aware of the options open for them. The Child Care Handbook published by SUPRA is a valuable resource, and any students who are interested should come to our offices and pick up a copy. There is undoubtedly greater recognition these days not only of the difficulties of combining parenthood with full-time or part-time study or work, but also of the importance of supporting both parents where possible, and taking into account the immensely varied

make-up of modern families.

One of the other, perhaps less obvious, conclusions reached by the UQSRC report was that the areas of study and work in which women were investing themselves, were more likely to be those receiving less recognition in terms of career advancement and prestige. Women reported placing more value on their teaching and student-support duties than did male students, who were more likely to focus upon meeting those research requirements that are most important for climbing the academic employment ladder. This is perhaps one reason why women are under-represented up the top end of the academic scale; teaching is arguably not given the recognition that it deserves as part of an academic career. One of the things we should be doing as a university is ensuring that working and studying in academia is a rewarding experience for men and women. Part of doing this is providing support to all postgraduate students and taking into account the various types of extenuating circumstances and barriers that can compromise the experience of studying and working in the academy.

In the case of women students specifically, SUPRA's women's network can offer the valuable resource of a community of fellow students who can share concerns as well as advice. There are lots of things that are challenging as well as exciting about being a post-graduate student; SUPRA is here to ensure that all students are given a voice within the wider university community, as well as access to that support and those services which they need to maximize their study experience. As the year goes on, I will be organising some interesting and (hopefully!) useful events to support women postgraduate students in negotiating the ups and downs of this exciting period in their academic careers.

Perhaps the most important thing for someone in my position to recognise and to facilitate is the involvement and satisfaction of postgraduate students of both genders; there is no gender equality without the participation and representation of both men and women. Sexism is bad for everyone.

Sophia Barnes
Acting Women's Officer

March for Equality

Come march for the rights of all people in Australia on March 20. SUPRA supports the Equal Love campaign, a campaign fighting for the rights for the Marriage Amendment Act (2006) to be repealed, and to legalise all forms of Marriage in Australia, regardless of gender or sexuality.

Saturday 20th March - 1:00pm
Sydney Town Hall

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 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

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

POSTGRAD PAGES

Are you finding the beginning of semester quite hectic?

From our experience at SUPRA we find that this early part of the semester can mean a lot of stress and difficulty for new students. You are probably trying to not only get your head around a new education institution and its 'system', but are also trying to do many other things such as:

- Find accommodation;
- Download the Unit of Study outlines for your subjects if you are a coursework student, or negotiate your PhD arrangements with your supervisor and other relevant members of your faculty if you are a research student;
- Get used to the public transport system in Sydney if you have come from elsewhere to study.

Based on our experience we would like to provide you with some tips to make this transition a little less hectic and stressful.

Finding accommodation – beware of misleading advertisements

Unfortunately we need to report to all students that there are some people who place misleading and deceptive advertisements for rental accommodation. Those advertisements usually only have an email address for you to contact them.

When you make contact with the person, you will be told a story such as 'my uncle/mother/aunt in London is unwell and I am actually in London attending to my relative, therefore I need you to pay me a deposit as a way to prove to me that you are a bona fide person, etc etc'. They will go on to ask you to send a deposit electronically and they always ask you to send it to them via Western Union. You may also be asked to provide a photocopy of your passport or of some form of ID – DO NOT SEND a copy of your ID – the possibility of identity theft is VERY HIGH.

DO NOT EVER SEND MONEY TO WESTERN UNION for new rental accommodation. The unit/house does not exist – the photos have just been taken from other advertisements. The person will take your money and you will never hear from them again. Every semester we regret that we have to say to new postgraduate students that there are scams such as this and you will end up paying money for nothing.

A great resource to find out your rights as a tenant in NSW is the Tenants Union website: <http://www.tenants.org.au/> you will find factsheets, advice and contact details for your local service.

If you have found accommodation but you are now concerned that it may not be suitable, come to SUPRA to see one of our Student Advice and Advocacy Officers (SAAOs) to discuss your situation and your options. We can advise you as to how to find a more suitable place if the one you are renting is not working out for you, and how to negotiate leaving if you signed a contract which requires you to stay for a minimum period of time - such as three or six months.

The University email system, Blackboard etc.

Getting onto the University email and web system so that you can access materials such as Unit of Study outlines if you are a coursework student, or to access the library facilities, can be frustrating at times. It is very important however to persevere, as a lot of the University's correspondence is done via electronic means.

Getting onto the University email and web system ...can be frustrating...

Remember that SUPRA has a Resources Room with computers in it for postgraduate students who are subscribers to utilise, in addition to the computer resources which are available in your Faculty and in the libraries.

If you are having problems with access to these, bring it to the attention of your lecturers/Faculty, or the people staffing the ICT Access Labs (at Fisher Library for example) who may be able to help you. You could also try finding an answer at <http://sydney.edu.au/ict/switch/>

Again, you can come to see one of our SAAOs for assistance if you are not satisfied with the response you are getting to your inquiries regarding any problems with accessing the basic resources all students need via the University web system.

Getting used to the public transport system in Sydney

So by now you've probably worked out how to get to campus from home, but what if you have to go somewhere else or want to do some exploring and have to rely on public transport? Call 131500 or visit <http://www.131500.com.au> - the NSW Government's place for 'information for people on the move'! It has details for buses, trains and ferries, as well information about fares, events, attractions and maps... just remember these services rarely run on time!

If you are an international student you will quickly discover, or you may have been aware before you came to Sydney University, that the NSW Government does not permit international students to receive a transport concession for travel on the public transport system, which full-time, local students receive.

If you think this is unfair, we can only say 'we agree with you'. SUPRA has consistently organised campaigns to lobby the NSW government to change this. Last year we presented a submission to a NSW Ministerial Taskforce on International Education recommending that the NSW government change the rules so that international students have access to the transport concession.

Unfortunately the NSW Government's response was highly disappointing, and they did not accept the recommendation. International students can at least be reassured by the fact that it was not only SUPRA recommending that you have access to the transport concession, but many other organisations made the same recommendation. What this means is that the Australian people understand the fundamental unfairness of this government policy, but we still need to fight to make the government change this unfair policy!

Get involved in SUPRA so that lobbying on this issue can continue!

Margaret Kirkby
Student Advice and Advocacy Officer

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.

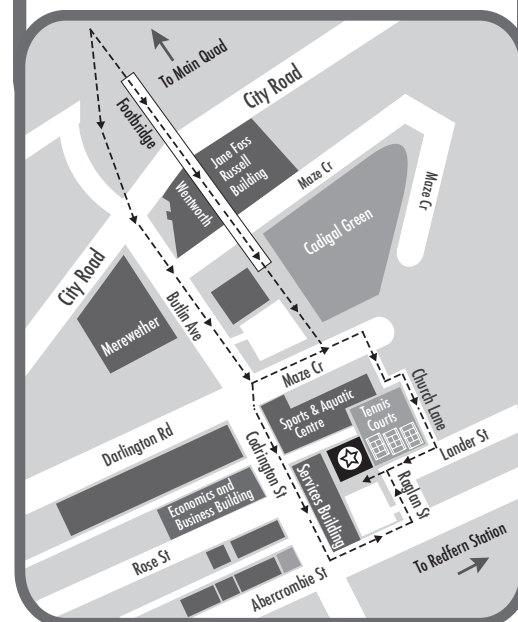
Complete your subscription online at www.supra.usyd.edu.au/subscribe then follow the links if you would like to become a SUPRA Supporter. Alternatively you can complete a form at our stalls or drop into the SUPRA office.

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





COLLEGE

Ted Talas is informal at the best of times.

Ah, yes. The good old college informal. Part music festival. Part fundraiser. Part exercise in public relations. Did I mention they are a lot of fun?

The year kicks off with St Paul's annual extravaganza Surreal Sounds on the 17th of March. This year's line up ticks all the boxes: festival favourites (The Aston Shuffle, One Glove), Commodore regulars (Rogers Room) and new kids on the block (Hyle5 and Irvin3...they're practically Deadmau5, obviously). Add to the mix affordable drinks and copious amounts of sandstone and you've got the recipe for an amazing night.

The informal's image as a casual night of mess reveals little of the effort which goes into this type of event. Running an informal requires months of professional planning and organisation – and that's only in order to obtain a liquor licence. Opening a college to more than 800 people for six hours is a logistical nightmare, requiring a keen awareness of everything from security, through to ticketing systems, to the crowd's somewhat extensive toiletry needs. On top of all this, the organizers need to keep a hoard of silly fResh in line in order to effectively manage both promotion and ticket sales.



Wearing a Snuggie is perhaps too informal

Now comes the hard bit. Why you should care. Besides offering a great night, the college informal remains an important link between the residential colleges and the wider university community. And while the cynics may point out that in buying a ticket all you are doing is lining the pockets of some of the country's most elitist institutions, the fact is, the money raised goes into doing what the colleges do best: putting on great parties for all to enjoy.

So over the next week, look for a fReshman in a red shirt, give him a cheeky hiss, and ask for a ticket (assuming he hasn't grilled you for one already) for Surreal Sounds. Did I mention that it's a lot of fun?

STATE OF THE City



Daniel Ward doesn't like Sydney. Well, get out.

I want to talk about Sydney, so I'm going to talk about Melbourne. And this is not because I suffer from some odd form of geographical dyslexia. It takes about an hour to fly to Melbourne. But what a difference an hour's mild turbulence can make.

Of course, people speak with the same accent, more or less (save those who call their city 'Malbourne'). They apparently watch pretty much the same TV (with a little more Eddie and a little less Fatty). Even some of the shops are the same.

But it's a whole new country down there. They should have passport checks at Tullamarine. Sydney money is vulgar; Melbourne's wealth is dignified, almost noble. The immigrants in Sydney are all corrupt Labor politicians; the Melbourne Europeans have all opened trendy cafés. Sydney women are appealing—if they are appealing—because a certain level of

flesh-exposure cannot fail to arouse; the attire of Melbourne ladies, on the other hand, tastefully excites questions about what you would see if they were from Sydney. Melbourne transport works; Sydney transport isn't. Melbournians read books; Sydney-siders gaze at pictures of prime real estate in lifestyle supplements.

Sydney has an Opera House, a bridge and an overcrowded beach in the Eastern Suburbs. And sun—let's not forget that. I have nothing against any of these things (except maybe the overcrowded beach, which is populated by narcissists).

But what about the people living here? Or, to phrase it in a way Sydney dwellers are more likely to understand, what about "human capital"? I was on a Melbourne tram (which was actually working, taking me from A to B, on time), and a young man boarded near St Kilda. This guy could only be described as a punk. Spiky red hair and skull-and-crossbones belt buckle. I shuddered. But this punk pulled a mammoth copy of *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* from 'neath his safety pins, removed his bookmark, and sat engrossed for the rest of the trip. Do you reckon that would happen in Sydney? Do you feel lucky? Well do ya, punk?

all up in my grill: E-READERS

Have you ever noticed those people on public transport reading cloth bound classics or those quirky paperbacks with the artful coffee stains that scream character and coffee addiction? Do you ache to know which secondhand bookshops such people peruse, or to bump into them, brushing your fingers against their deliciously embossed book jacket by 'accident'?

I do.

So imagine my heartbreak when a cursory glance of the passengers on the 610 bus one morning allowed me a glimpse of a future where the hardcopy has died and e-books have replaced them. Not one, but TWO passengers sported tablet-style computers, smugly turning the glowing virtual pages with the swipe of a finger across a screen while I fought viciously to keep eye on paper and bile within throat.

Now, I hardly want to add to the blazoning love/hate relationship between technology and the media, and neither am I so inclined to comment on the rising socioeconomic affluence of the Hills District (all those years of claiming to be "just like the North Shore, but just, like, a bit more West" must be paying off). I merely mourn this breach of the domain of the book, sans e, by such an unworthy opponent.

Sure, the e-book may be small, sleek and compact, and it may save a tree, or a poor uni student with a phobia of pre-loved books a bit of dosh in the long run, but, like the nameless friend who praises the e-book for enabling her to

read about sparkly undead men (without being persecuted by more sane members of the public) such people will garner no sympathy from me.

Also, for your own sake, consider how much of a douche you'll look to the dorky-yet-painfully-hot English Major who catches your train Tuesday mornings.

Oh, now don't be offended! I'm not saying that the attractive geeky kid you like is shallow enough to judge your book by its cover, but let's face it: it's getting to that point in the social calendar where you notice the abundance of overdressed freshers and bitterly steel yourself for that arduous task of meeting new people. Likewise, the man or woman of your affections may simply wake up on the wrong side of the bed one misbegotten morning and decide that the merit of your reading material is a perfect way to decide on your worth as a potential commuting comrade or Facebook friend, and really, who can argue with that?

Trish Sunga

Wanderlust

David Mulligan didn't listen to his folks' advice about talking to strangers.

I'm a bit of a newbie when it comes to backpacking through unfamiliar countries. Unlike Bear Grylls, I can't use animal faeces to navigate my way through the Patagonian desert, so instead I use *Lonely Planet* as a more palatable alternative to satisfy my navigation needs.

So when I crossed the Vietnamese border into Cambodia and the guidebook told me that Phnom Penh was a "quiet and quaint capital with a small town charm", questioning this opinion would be like kicking Jesus in the nuts right after his sermon on the mount (you just don't do that shit man!) However, much like the Thai prostitutes who hang out with you all day because they just love your personality, looks can be deceiving.

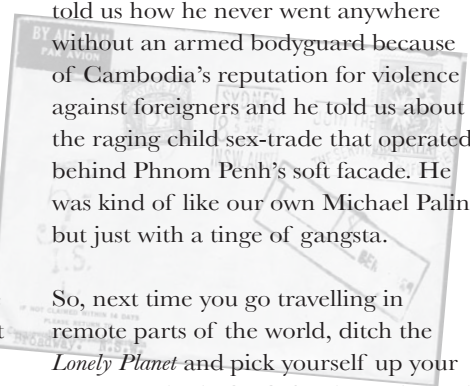
On the flight back to Singapore from Phnom Penh, my friend and I struck up a conversation with a wealthy looking businessman who sat next to us on the plane and, having taken full advantage of the free alcohol offered by Singapore airlines, our new best buddy started opening up to us about his ideas on business ethics.

Now, I'm an Arts student, so normally a conversation on business ethics would be like a lecture on the history, development and production of the red string used to open chewing gum packets, but when he began to ramble about his exploits in

paying off government officials to break local laws and his social networking with known Cambodian gang lords, I started to wonder if I'd fallen into the Cambodian version of *Underbelly* (a suspicion that was immediately disproven with the disappointing lack of breasts in every scene). The defining moment was when he tried to subtly drop into mid-conversation that he was CEO of Agility, a company he told us was currently being indicted by the US government on charges of fraud and conspiracy for overcharging supplies sent to American troops in Iraq, Jordan and Kuwait. Smooth.

Anyway, corrupt drunken businessmen aside, he really opened my eyes to Phnom Penh. He told us how the marketplaces were all packed with shopkeepers trying to sell AK47s, land mines and hand grenades left behind after the disbandment of the Khmer Rouge; he told us how he never went anywhere without an armed bodyguard because of Cambodia's reputation for violence against foreigners and he told us about the raging child sex-trade that operated behind Phnom Penh's soft facade. He was kind of like our own Michael Palin, but just with a tinge of gangsta.

So, next time you go travelling in remote parts of the world, ditch the *Lonely Planet* and pick yourself up your very own shady CEO for the real travel experience.





A SPORTING CHANCE

Chris Martin on the latest sporting craze to hit Asia.

Eastern Vietnam is not the type of place where you'd expect to stumble upon one of the most prestigious events in an international sport. Such was my surprise to arrive at the isolated Mui Ne beach in late January as it played host to the Kiteboarding Tour of Asia (KTA) competition.

Filling the space between equally outrageous pastimes like windsurfing and snowboarding, kiteboarding features the airborne trickery of riders attached to giant kites seemingly modelled on the Batman cape.

Even as a niche sport, kiteboarding bears no shortage of passionate competitors and fans. Only in recent months has kiteboarding consolidated its global profile with the formation of the International Kiteboarding Association (IKA). Still, as one of the IKA's two continental competitions, the Asian tour has so far showcased riders from over 40 countries, including Australia's Steve Sharky, Ali Dudfield and Dianne Hanlin.

It's difficult not to stop and appreciate the spectacle of dozens of thrill seekers and their colourful kites simultaneously tearing through the waves and the air of an otherwise anonymous beach town. Competition is divided into 'freestyle' and 'race' categories, but



High as a Kite

these are largely indistinguishable excuses for flips, spins and grabs that defy good sense and, regularly, the laws of gravity. One female rider was applauded at the tournament's conclusion for an astounding 6.7 seconds of air time.

The KTA's Mui Ne awards party – crashed by our group of student backpackers on account of its giant beach bonfire – wasn't without an Australian talking point, with the sixth-ranked Dudfield achieving a bronze medal finish in the women's race category.

Judging by the antics happening in Asia, kiteboarding is a young sport taking all the right steps towards global growth. Already, it has a foothold in Asia, the target market in which dominance is so desperately desired by football, cricket and basketball, amongst others. And instead of throwing money at Asia for advertising campaigns and events headlined by petulant superstars, kiteboarding is working from the grassroots upwards.

NRL SEASON KICK-OFF

Kirsten Wade wants you to know, "That's her, That's her, That's her team."



For some people, the start of the 2010 NRL season can't come soon enough: waiting with bated breath since October 4th, league die-hards are now in the final week of the countdown. Both the Australian cricket season and the Winter Olympics satisfied fans over summer and have come to a close just in time for the NRL to take centre stage once again. And it's just as well. For some of the players, the summer off-season was just a little bit too long.

The Wests Tigers clearly completed their on-field training a bit early this week and decided to engage in a few off-field activities. Usually this would mean some weights, maybe some hill sprints and the occasional ocean swim. But no! The Tigers decided to have lessons in etiquette. The team were treated to a presentation

by Anna Musson from Good Manners and were taught how to dress appropriately, how to behave at a function, and even how to enter a room. I wonder if they will put what they learnt to good use when they enter the Sydney Football Stadium for round one on March 15th. Imagine it! Walking out calmly, with their heads held high, exuding confidence and decorum and asking their opposition politely, "how do you do?" Hmm, for the sake of the fans, hopefully they get their roar back by then.

In other NRL news, as we all drag ourselves back to uni, maybe we should donate some of our classes to Penrith Panther Jarrod Sammut. Particularly our English classes. During the off-season, in addition to bulking up, Sammut also added a new tattoo to his burgeoning collection. The tattoo, inked in large capital letters right across his chest reads 'Justify Your Existence'. I think he should stick to his day job since a post-retirement doctorate of Letters is probably not in store!

THE GAUNTLET

THE CHALLENGE: TO POSE NAKED FOR SPENCER TUNICK WITH 5000 OTHER SYDNEYSIDERS



My first step was to try and find someone to go with. That's actually a harder task than it sounds. Think about it: how many friends do you have that you could confidently stand naked with and not have your friendship irreparably damaged?

Soon, the emails started arriving with details of the shoot. 4am. Sydney Opera House. Monday, March 1. Rain or shine. Wear clothes on arrival. Surely that last bit goes without saying?

Before I knew it, it was the eve of the shoot and any opportunity to finally get to the gym had well and truly passed. I came up with a scheme to get my fellow editor Shaz Rutnam drunk while celebrating the end of a weekend editing and then talk her into joining me. It worked.

Once we'd handed in our photo release forms – literally signing away our bodies for the sake of art – we joined the huddled masses waiting for the sun to rise. For an event organised as a part of Mardi Gras, there were a real variety of people in attendance: young gays and lesbians, to be sure, but also older married couples, uni students, groups of middle aged women, a scattering of businessmen and women on an adventure before work and even one woman clutching a baby. Shaz and I did notice one social group missing, dubbing the elusive elderly Asian female demographic as 'the holy grail' of nudists.

After hours of sitting around and worrying (as a male) about how cold it was getting, the photographer, Spencer Tunick, revealed himself (not literally), barking instructions at us through a megaphone and telling us to take our clothes off, to cheers and applause. Shaz and I parted ways, as we'd agreed that meeting up afterwards was probably the best.

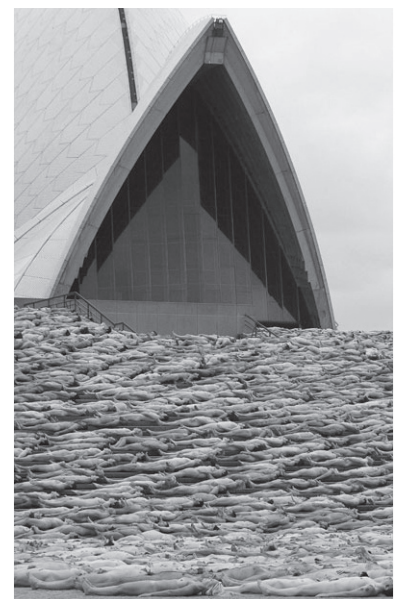
Suddenly, it was time. Off came the shorts, the shirt and, with a final breath of courage, the undies. Standing there with my manhood on show was made tremendously worse after realising that I had disrobed slightly faster than those around me. Oh, the horror.

Placed in lines on the Opera House steps, the whole experience quickly became less awkward. Being surrounded by thousands of others who felt exactly the same sense of shame, there was never anything sexual or perverted about what was going on. Spencer asked us to pose in various positions, the most awkward of which involved hugging whoever happened to be standing next to us, which went a little something like this: "Hi, I'm David." "Hi, I'm Lucy." "OK, well, time to hug naked, I guess."

The whole affair seemed a little chaotic and disorganised, considering Spencer has made a living out of ordering masses of nudes around. "Would the white guy on the steps stop smiling? Can you close the gap over there? You with the hair, stop smiling," he shouted from his megaphone to the laughter of 5000 people.

Eventually, I got fed up with the wind, helicopters, media crews and passing Whale Watching boats (no kidding) and I wanted to go home. I suddenly realised: it was 7.30, I hadn't slept, I was naked in Sydney Harbour but I was still smiling: I'll never do anything like that again, and now I have a free pass on 'The Gauntlet' for the rest of the year.

David Mack



That's David. On the left.

CHEAPEST BOOKS ON SYDNEY UNI CAMPUS

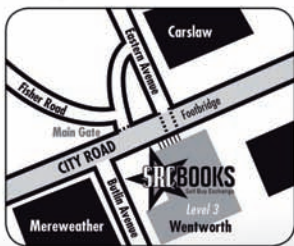
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literature engineering medicine science philosophy law economics scienceeconomics



THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

CRYPTIC

- Across**
- 6 Hers pops badly. Consumers! (8)
 - 8 A sign, not around previous lover and me (2,4)
 - 10 Turn away a ruling without Dic (5)
 - 11 Independent coin? (9)
 - 13 I rile ten, broke cure-all (6)
 - 14 Access points around half-putrid comments (6)
 - 17 This crossword's theme (4,6,5)
 - 18 Happy Mel ate dinner indoors (6)
 - 19 Now I see, I heard a hissing sound (6)
 - 21 Skinny monarch's mentations? (9)
 - 23 Liquorice agonises endlessly. Go, go! (5)
 - 25 Fears scattered before end of March again, but differently (6)
 - 26 Error on a quiet statement (8)

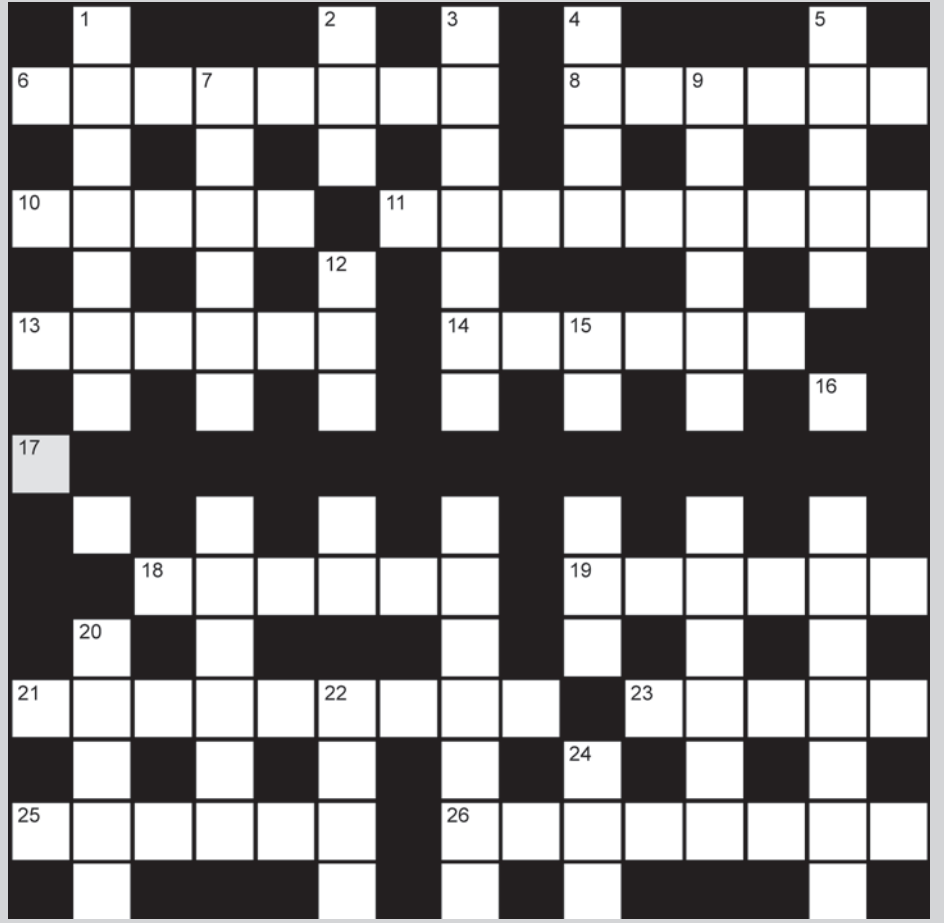
- Down**
- 1 Knightly fashionable around dirty rival (9)
 - 2 Exercise force for stick (3)
 - 3 Categorise a seed dug up for a diploma in the U.S.A (9,6)
 - 4 Eager, mixed up joint (4)
 - 5 To bang on, I feel ends up jargon (5)
 - 7 The French now start common era after average Microsoft spreadsheet for a degree of greatness (3,10)
 - 9 Vote for German to mess up temporary attracting device (13)
 - 12 Turn to the east? (6)
 - 15 Bother about right expression (6)
 - 16 After Jesus, an organisation of religious people made an

- 20 acknowledgement of the truth (9)
- 22 Wash after holding pole (5)
- 22 According to my modest view, I am a prostitute (1.1.1.1.)
- 24 Face cup? (3)

QUICK

- Across**
- 6 People who buy things (8)
 - 8 Words above a one way passage, e.g. (2,4)
 - 10 Look away (5)
 - 11 An old coin (9)
 - 13 Wonder medicine (6)
 - 14 Holes for devices in a computer (6)
 - 17 This crossword's theme (4,6,5)
 - 18 Very happy (6)
 - 19 Interference (6)
 - 21 Opinions or meditations (9)
 - 23 Liquorice plant (5)
 - 25 Anew (6)
 - 26 Mathematical statement (8)

- Down**
- 1 Displaying old-fashioned manners (9)
 - 2 Holds up a tent, e.g. (3)
 - 3 Two years tertiary study in the U.S.A earns you this (9,6)
 - 4 Joint (4)
 - 5 Patois (5)
 - 7 A high degree of quality (3,10)
 - 9 A coil with a charge (13)
 - 12 The East (6)
 - 15 Formulate (6)
 - 16 Price of a ticket (9)
 - 20 Blaxploitation film with Isaac Hayes (5)
 - 22 Internet-speak for "According to me" (1.1.1.1.)
 - 24 Cup with handle (3)

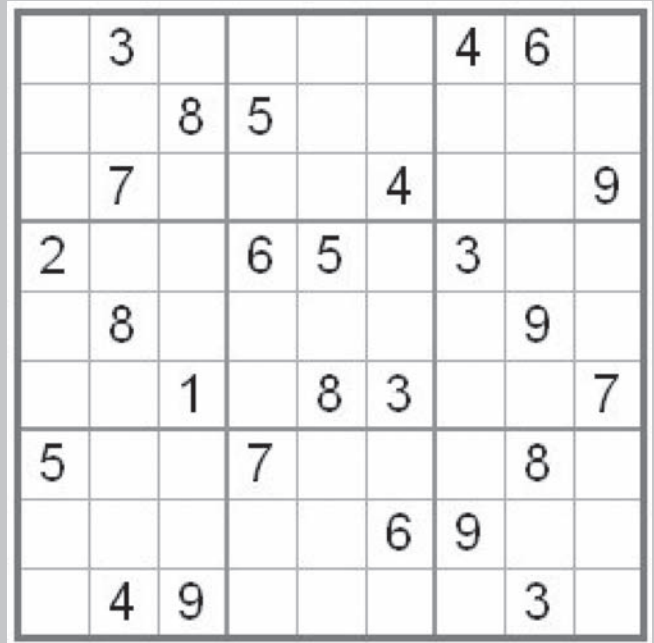


GRIDLEY SCOTT HUNTINGTON

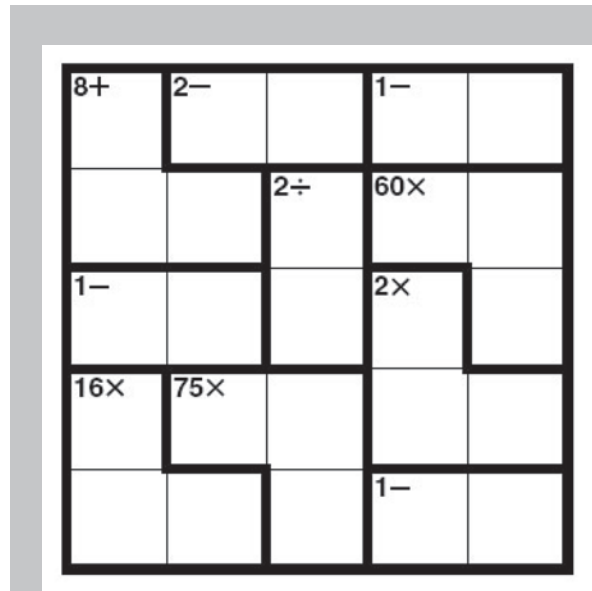
THE TAKE HOME

1. Which of the following bands has not played at Manning? The Black Keys, The Black Seeds, The Black Lips?
2. How many hits did the My School website have on it's first day?
3. Which former news presenter ran for the seat of North Sydney in the last federal election?
4. T/F: Bret McKenzie was an extra in Lord of the Rings?
5. What is the most practiced Christian religion in Sweden?
6. Who wrote the original novella "Turn of the Screw", published in 1898?
7. What is the only sitcom to have guest starred all three surviving Beatles since John Lennon's death?
8. What is the name of Shane Warne's new range of underwear?
9. How many tracks did Phoenix get into Tiriple J's Hottest 100 for 2009?
10. How many legitimate children does Tony Abbott have?
11. Who once said, in replying to a vegetarian gala dinner, "the thought of two thousand people crunching celery at the same time horrified me"?
12. Which Star Wars star has been vegetarian since childhood, and refuses to wear any clothing made of leather or fur?
13. Approximately how many people posed nude for Spencer Tunick at the Opera House last week?
14. Who is the current men's kiteboarding Freestyle World Champion?
15. Who is the West Tigers club captain for the 2010 season?
16. Where was the first sitting of Australian parliament held?
17. What city has been known as "the Pearl of Asia"?
18. What is the official title of Peter Garrett's new portfolio?
19. Who has been nominated for the most awards in the Oscars history? How many? How many did they win?
20. What is the highest grossing film of all time, adjusted for inflation?

SUDOKU



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



KEN KEN
KEN KEN
KEN KEN

WORDSWORDSWORDS

For each group below, one word can precede each of the three words given to form a compound-word or familiar two-word phrase. What are the words?

- Wave Jock Doctrine
- Fox Wall Ball
- Tape Centre Herring
- Music Trained Warming
- Village Warming Roaming
- Charger Sex Card
- Card Note Chain
- Money Brother Donor
- Whip Race Whisperer
- Whispers Checkers Balls
- Handshake Rough Shower
- Cube Cream T
- Sports Fountain Torture
- Date Eye Transmission
- Agent Sickness Writer
- Plague Widow Beauty
- Idol Express Pie
- Air Cakes Spot
- Walk River Landing
- Land Beat Attack
- Cellar Water Peter
- Storm Buster Freeze



The Garter Press



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EDITION: 230 VOLUME: XXVII

EST 2010 BC

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HEALTH CARE

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OSCARS

Best & Worst Dressed



Japanese Whaling Study Concludes Harpoons Fatal To Whales

Reggie Marmaduke

Foreign Correspondent and All Round Party Machine

A controversial Japanese study on the lives of whales has concluded this week with the remarkable discovery that harpoons fired at high velocities are actually damaging, if not fatal to the creatures.

The study, which has taken over 20 years, focuses on the correlation between the decrease of whale populations and the increase of delicious, dead whales. Professor Anna Gray, co-author of the report "The proposed adverse effects of piercing whale flesh with metal on the livelihood of whales", explained the findings.

"We were aware that in the past, many whales have had volatile reactions when exposed to harpoons, but until this study we were reluctant to attribute this to anything outside an allergy amongst specific pods. However, this study conclusively proves that the penetration of flesh by foreign objects, namely weaponry, causes some kind of distress in almost all varying species of whale."

The report has also shed light on the elusive and ethereal whale song. It has been found that the whale song, made popular by its inclusion in Bomfunk MC's 2000 hit song "Freestyler" is

actually only emitted during times of extreme pleasure, such as when one is listening to Bomfunk MC's 2000 hit song "Freestyler", and not when being murdered.

These results are a massive step forward in the care and treatment of whales.

"The repercussions are amazing," continued Ms. Gray, "this will greatly enhance our veterinary programs as well. No longer will stabbing be seen as a treatment for whales."

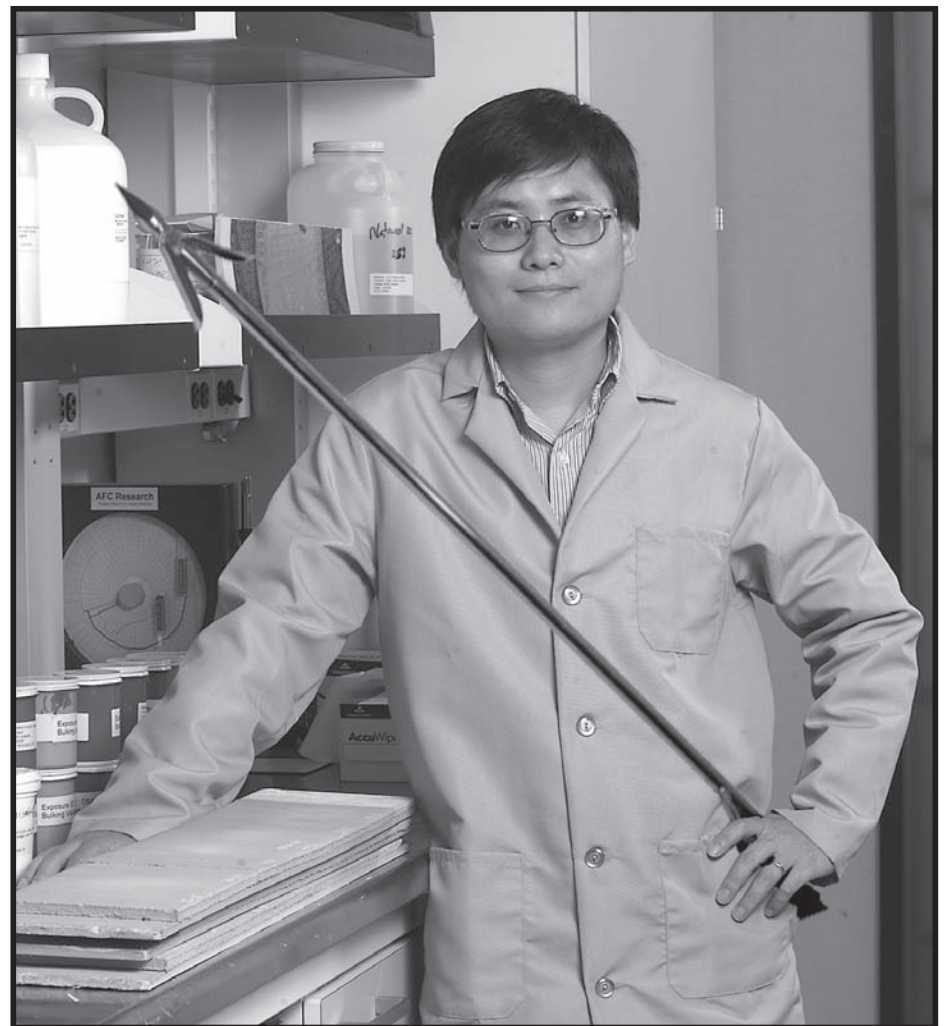
The report has also been well received in the environmental sector.

"We suspected this for some time," said Greenpeace spokesperson Erik Watson, "but it's always nice to have the confirmation of the scientific community."

"The assistance of Greenpeace was vital in our efforts," added Ms. Gray. "They were instrumental in our tracking down of these creatures. If we were ever having trouble spotting a whale we just needed to follow one of their boats."

"Anything we can do to help, really. It's for the whales," said Mr. Watson.

Scientists hope that this medical breakthrough will help reverse the decline of whale populations in the area.



"We noticed during our study that whale numbers in the area we were working in would greatly reduce almost immediately," Watson added. "Hopefully this new knowledge may help us boost

their numbers again."

Of course, the findings also made clear that any increase in whales may lead to a decrease in Sea World trainers.

Man Sues Australian Sex Party For False Advertising

A Sydney man has commenced legal proceedings in the State Supreme Court against the political party known as the 'Australian Sex Party' for what he claims is false advertising.

Ian Debenham, 43, says he excitedly paid a \$200 membership fee to the Party thinking it to be an event rather than a political group.

Debenham turned up naked to the Party's annual general meeting with a backpack full of condoms

and other sexual equipment but was immediately told to leave by the Party's leader, Fiona Patten.

Ms. Patten said the group's website made very clear that they were a political organisation that stood in opposition to censorship and abortion restriction and were not "an event like in that Tom Cruise/Nicole Kidman film *Eyes Wide Shut* where they go to a big orgy."

"That would be perverted," she said.

Continued p5

Backspace key broken.

Prime Minister Kevin Rodd was criticised today for – *editors note: the backspace key is not working, therefore please read "Kevin Rodd" as "Kevin Rudd". Furthermore, "pleae" should contain an extra "s" which I could have easily fixed, were the bloody backspace key working, but as it stands, it is not. I have also been told that "bloody" is an inappropriate word to use, so please disregard it if there are children present. Perhaps you can strike it out with a permanent marker and place a more child-friendly word like "darn" or "damn" but not "fuck". On reflection, I probably shouldn't have typed that last word at all, given that I cannot delete it, on account of the fucking*

broken key. Oh dear. There I go again. Look – the gist of the article is as follows: Kevan Rudd has been criticised – oh motherfucker.

INSIDE

Tony Abbott gets lost up own arse
pg 23

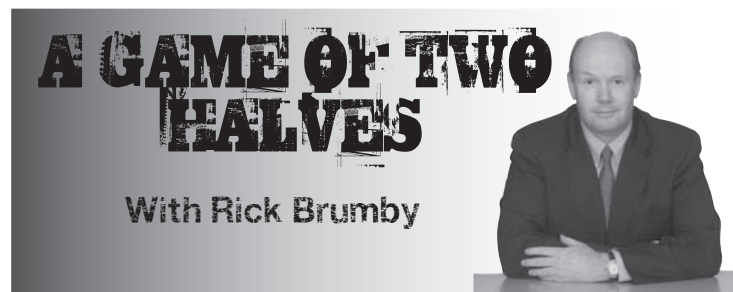
Film wins best film at film awards
Oscars Lift Out

Winter Olympics apparently over
Probably Sport?

Belinda Neal ousted from Labor-
Applies for job at Iguana's
'Horrible things happening to horrible people' section



Comment



THE BAD-BOYS OF NRL

As another NRL season begins, it seems an appropriate time to reflect on the increasing number of transgressions, both on- and off-field, committed by players.

Of course, everyone is completely aware of the media circus surrounding the NRL at the moment. Whenever there is an "atrocious" – as the media has come to describe any number of incidents ranging from Brett Seymour's public urination, to his abduction of US and Russian spaceships, to the Bulldog's notorious altercations with bar-staff at the Rooty Hill RSL in their giant mechanical war machines,

the media instantly look for a cause-and-effect relationship.

There are many students, commentators and analysts of the game who will say this is caused by the high pressure, professionalism and intense media scrutiny of the Modern Game.

Maybe Greg Bird's taking of illicit recreational drugs, or his building of undersea kingdoms to house his nuclear submarines, is simply a form of release, "letting off a bit of [noxious] steam" after a big game, if you will. It may be the case that we have been too harsh on these men, and that they should be excused for their violent behaviour in Kings Cross nightclubs, or their plans for world domination

by disguising themselves as British entrepreneurs, and covertly building satellites which will destroy the mine fields between North and South Korea and allow chaos to ensue.

But I won't stand for that. Whilst I'm sure my opinion is bound to frustrate some, I blame the administration, because at the end of the day these kids are the future of our game, and it's time Phillip Street took these issues seriously. We must understand our players are role models, and we can no longer allow them to set an example that says, "Hey kids, it's OK to get drunk on the weekend and set off a nuclear bomb inside the world's gold reserves, irradiating the world's gold supply and therefore making your own stash of gold skyrocket in value - just like Reni Maitua did on the TV."

I spoke candidly with David Gallop, and his only response to this issue was "It's something we're looking into, but you can't ignore the fact that club officials have taken action, and generally

either an unknown vigilante foils their plot, or the sheer complexity of the players' hare-brained schemes means that only a small percentage of them come to fruition." His response is weak, and it characterises the inadequacies of the administration.

So how do we fix this absolute mess? Well, when we have these young hooligans like Todd Carney constructing technologically impossible satellite space-based weapons systems out of diamonds and platinum in order to launch an attack on Washington D.C., it is time for senior players in the game to stand up, take a good hard look at themselves and their game, and say, "Enough is enough".

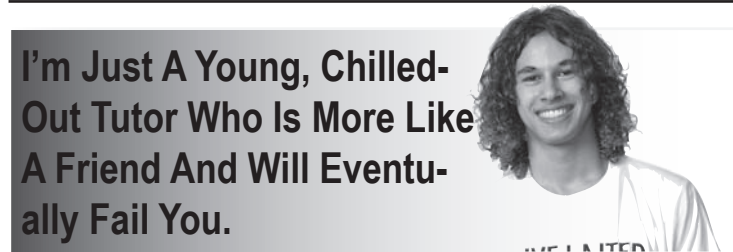
But maybe we need to look at days gone by, to see why this change has occurred in the Modern Game. I remember my days coaching the Newtown Bluebags in the 40s, and the boys and I would head down to the Sandringham after the game for a few schooners, and get up to a bit of harmless mischief, maybe

commit genocide using the poison from a rare South American orchid that can be distilled in order to target specific races. Even in my playing days with the Rooty Hill Crocodiles in the early 80s, there would never be any more trouble than sinking British naval vessels in Chinese waters in order to start a war between the East and the West. Those were the days, but sadly, they appear to be gone.

Notorious bad-boy, Willie Mason gives us the players perspective. "The media and the International War Crimes Tribunal have dragged our private lives into the spotlight. This is a mistake that they will pay for dearly

"They'll all pay" Mason concluded from deep within his volcano.

Players like Mason can blame the media all they like, but frankly, I think Phillip Street are the culprits. If they are able to stand up, we may have our first scandal free season in a number of years. We can only hope.



Hey guys, welcome to the first week of tutes.

I just want you to know that I'm not like the other stuffy old academic tutors you may have had. I'm just a hip young PhD student who understands what being a student is like, knows the stresses you're under and wants to help

out. But if you don't come to at least eighty per cent of these tutorials I will definitely fail you.

Hey, and feel free to be creative with your tute presentation! You could do it as a song, a poem or even as an interpretive dance! But if it doesn't strictly adhere to the guidelines I've set, which explicitly

prohibit such presentations, I'll fail you in my signature chilled-out manner.

We can have a lot of fun in these tutes. Hey, if you want sit up on the desks, that's cool with me. If you want to bring in a guitar I'll be the first one grooving along with you on my bass, which is just over there. Also, go nuts making up your own essay questions, just make sure you email me at least two weeks before, or I will swoop down on you from above and give you and almighty pecking from my fail-beak.

I was an undergraduate only a few years ago. I remember the times well, and hey, I certainly didn't do my readings every week. I mean, who has the time? Of course, all this being said, you should also be aware that if you don't do your readings every week I will ensure that you not only fail this course, but your entire degree.

I want to create a chilled atmosphere in the room, I want you guys to feel relaxed and forget about the pressures. Take a load off: it's only study, you don't have to take it so seriously guys. Just be sure that you take it seriously

enough to ensure that all the footnotes in your essay don't just come from the course reader, because if that is the case I will trump up an unfair plagiarism charge against you and get you barred from any further tertiary study in this country. Or whatever.

So, let's get into it.

I prefer to think of us all as colleagues, rather than 'tutor and students.' I want you to feel comfortable talking to me about anything. Oh, and I nearly forgot, I will fail you. I'll find a way. Good luck!

LETTERS

Dear *The Garter*,

I would like to complain about the scandalous way *The Garter* reported on the Kilton Bay Primary School Fete last week, only focusing on the negatives. As Principal, I can confirm that for most of the day the fete was a huge success.

The White Elephant stall was going gangbusters, and I particularly enjoyed the 'throw the wet sponge at the effeminate kid' competition. The trouble only started because Sue had brought Chocolate Crackles for the Cake Stall (even though she was ASKED to bring Marshmallow Squares!), putting

her in direct competition with Vicky. I think it was a disgrace that your entire article was biased and reported only on the multiple homicide that eventually came to pass. Shame on you.

Sincerely,

Kathy Sullivan
School Principal

Dear Maisy Snuffington,

Hi Maisy! Where has your column been for the last few days (or should I say daze!)? We're all missing it in a daze (or maybe daise!). I thought you might want to hear about a fun word game my husband and I play on long car rides. Here's how it works:

He will say a word, like 'bean' for ex-

ample. Next, I have to say a word back to him which is not the previous word, like 'couch' for instance. This goes back and forth until we can't think of any more words or we get bored of the whole thing (which is very unlikely!!!) Hope you are very well and keep up the grate work!

Yours with words!

Judy Feathertowns

To the partisans still living amongst us,

The loyalists of our fair state will find you. Bendemeer will not be the last! The good people of New England sleep safe thanks to the actions of those brave patriots of Bendemeer, who, like you, live their days as

ordinary citizens of our fair land. Join the People's Army today, lend it the strength of your arm and your soul. New England prevails by the might of our hearts. The snake of New South Wales seeks to coil around us as victims; we shall cut off its head!

Sign up today,

Ministry of Truth and Beauty, Armidale

Dear *Garter*,

My friend Tory - shut UP Tory, I'm asking - my friend Tory likes you. Do you like her?

Stephanie (and Tory) DON'T write my name, they'll know it's me! That's the POINT silly.

Dear *The Garter*,

I write to address a factual inaccuracy in issue XI (8b). In the otherwise solid 'Where are my Bees?! Nobody move.' you can see a car drive past at 01:48:99. Plus there is a wristwatch clearly visible on my wrist. Oh the humanity!

Charles Davidson

To Whom it may concern,

Following your article "Shirts: Practical Benefits" I myself have taken up the practice with great gusto! I have now gone from wearing no shirts to all the shirts in the space of a week. I can't breathe!

Yours in great distress,

Monty Winchester.



Using pretty Americans to distract voters since 2009...





Lifestyle

CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: 1 boy. Name: Oliver. Be warned, he's always wanting more. Contact Mr Bumble c/o Victorian England.

FOR SALE: The world. Contact some man from a Bowie song.

FOR SALE: Fur Sail. Propell your ship along with a giant square mink. Useless outside this middling pun.

FOR SALE: Pet Dog – Breed unknown. Golden hair, large mane, claws. Beware, is a bit bitey (I lost a son). Answers to Leo. Call Dave 02 9589 9946

I'VE got rhythm, I've got music, I've got my gal, who could ask for anything more? Me, apparently. Looking for

LOST: One ring. I need it to rule them all. If you find it please bring to Sauron, Mordor, Middle Earth. Please don't drop it into the Cracks of Doom! That would work out really bad for me.

WANTED: My iPhone back! If you're the little fuckers who mugged me I want my phone back. Please meet me in the carpark at Bondi Westfield at 3pm Wednesday. Reward: I'll break your fucking teeth in.

WANTED A film about Assassins who can curve bullets. They are all wanted; wanted by the feds, wanted by the bad guys, wanted by everyone. I think the film is called "curve bullet". Please call

0465787878

NEEDED: New petard. I hoisted myself with my last one. P.Garret

AMAZING house not for sale. Don't want to sell it, you won't buy it. Yes, good. That's some reverse psychology right there. Oh no, probably shouldn't have mentioned that. I really need to sell this house. Don't buy it. (But do).

PERSONALS

RICH, powerful man seeks wife to bear him a son. Anything you've heard about my previous wives is mere hearsay. Contact Henry Tudor, Windsor Castle.

UNLIKEABLE, broke, overweight, racist, unintelligent, uncultured, misogynistic, ugly, unemployed, suppurating, masturbation-addicted, Nickelback-liking, Crocs-wearing man seeks beautiful successful woman (royalty preferred) to marry him. Honesty is the best policy! J Call Renaldo Fuckstick on 0458487659

34y.o. brunette seeks tall man with a good job (Doctor or Barrister preferred) who has seen 'The Shawshank Redemption.' What's it like? I was thinking of renting it.

CALLING Class of '85 from Glendale High (A.K.A The 'I Hate Tim Brigade'). It's our 25 year reunion! 25 years without Tim! 25 years since that we last saw that lame little pointdexter! Come along and

relive the good times! Give Tim a nipple-cripple! Smash him in the face with a two-by-four! Have sex with his wife! Glendale Bowling Club, 2/4/10, 8pm. (Please come Tim!)

HONEY. I know you're away on business for a few more weeks, but I still can't find that frying pan. Let me know. Also I cheated on you. With (tainted) Love, Richard.

BIRTHS

HENRY Tudor and Anne Boleyn would like to announce the birth of their daughter Elizabeth. Well, it's a girl Anne, you know what that means – chopetty chop!

A NATION. D.W Griffiths is proud to announce the arrival of an incredibly racist but nevertheless ground-breaking film.

AN ABOMINATION and affront to God. Quake before his terrifying might. All shall know the name of Son of Ivan D. Mulchbeast.

DEATHS

GRAEME Tilburn, age 89, passed away in his sleep Tuesday morning. Now I don't have to pay him back the \$50 I owe him. Wait, how much is this notice? What? God damn it!

IAN Hodgeson, age 45, passed away peacefully by being stabbed repeatedly on Monday night. He left this world as

he came into it – being stabbed repeatedly. Goodbye Ian – No-one ever got stabbed repeatedly more often than you.

METHUSELAH, age 969, passed away whilst Ten-Pin Bowling on Sunday. Taken before his time. Survived by his son Lamech, who begat Noah, who begat Shem, who begat Arphaxad, who begat Cainan, who begat Salah, who begat Eber, who begat Peleg, who begat Reu, who begat Serug, who begat Nahor, who begat Terah, who begat Abraham, who begat Isaac, who begat Jacob.

ME. I am dead and now haunt these classifieds. Wooooo! Bogedy Bogedy Boo!

MARRIAGES

TOM AND ALICE Kline are pleased to announce they are MARRIED! That's right Dad! I married her! Even though she's a chimp!

CONGRATULATIONS to Trevor and Toni who got married on Tuesday. Sorry about vomiting on you at the beautiful wedding Toni. Does this mean I can't be your son's godfather?

YOU left me at the altar you stupid prick. And don't just say that you got the wrong church and married the wrong woman. I won't fall for that again. Love always, Karen. PS I can see you.

no shop assistant lies to you.

Libra
This week you will discover the horrible truth behind the rhyme 'step on a crack-break your mothers back'.

Sagittarius
You will get three parking fines, either in the places you normally park, or in the different places you are trying to park to avoid these fines.

Leo
This week will be one of disappointment. Your ex will get the Oscar instead of you so don't bother pre-preparing your speech, or of thinking who to thank, it

won't happen.

Scorpio
You will think of the perfect comeback to an insult launched at you by a colleague, only it will be too late as you will have already murdered them with a stapler.

Aquarius
She does.

Virgo
This week, the phrase TGIF will take on a whole new meaning. Specifically: This Gold is French.

Got a question for Mystic Pete?! Don't bother about writing in, he already knows what it is! Your questions will be cheerfully ignored.

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

One side of your toast will be inexplicably more burnt than the other. Your toaster is not broken. The even char will be restored after you have called your mother (this was the only way she could get your attention- don't ask me how

that works).

Taurus

This will be a week of opportunities. For example, the opportunity to fall down an open elevator shaft may arise. Or not. Who knows!?! lol.

Gemini

Yes, it has been sitting there too long. Don't eat it. Or feed it to your dog.

Cancer

The tight Neptune- Mars conjunction will ensure that

Happy Birthday, Mum!
I'll bet you never thought your daughter would be working for a newspaper!

With Love,

Dolores

No, Dolores. We discussed this. – Ed

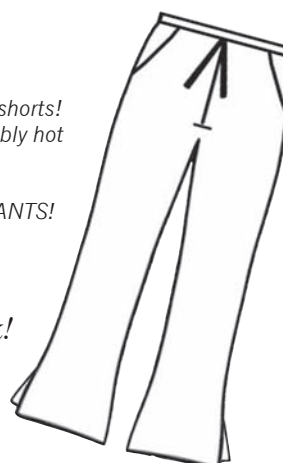
HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED...

PANTS?!

- Pants are the #1 way of not wearing shorts!
- Keep warm in winter and uncomfortably hot in summer!
- As worn by movie stars!
- Impress your little lady by wearing PANTS!
- Pants pants pants!



Pants hide my dick!
Professor P.T Butterworth



COLUMN∞

Dr Toby McAlpine, a Professor of History at the University of Sydney, writes in asking "Why is it called World War Two when it came BEFORE World War One, A.K.A. The Crimean War?" Thanks to the intervention of Column Infinity, Dr McAlpine has now been fired.

Stories about the funny things grandchildren say keep flooding in. Troy Gardiner wrote to tell us that he recently asked his 11-year old Grandson how he liked school, "and without missing a beat he told me to 'Fuck Off!' He's destined for great things that kid!" No doubt Troy, no doubt.

Marjorie Kendall, of Lillipilli, says "It seems money can buy you 'Happiness' after all! I just bought a copy of the film 'Happiness' for my five-year old nephew!" Our advice is to exchange it Marjorie..

More on the "How much coffee is too much coffee" debate, Janet Wright of Annandale reckons the answer is "one. I'm allergic. If I even smell coffee my eye-sockets pour blood." Ha ha, that certainly sounds awful Janet!

Harry Middleton of Seaforth writes that those disgraces-for-journalists at our rival paper misspelled "Kevin Rudd" in a headline! The headline instead read "Opposition contends Mahmoud Ahmadinejad won by massive vote fraud." Oops! Say goodbye to your Walkleys!

Lyn Morrison of Waterloo wonders if the orphanage that burnt down on the weekend (*The Garter*, Saturday) had 'No Smoking' signs? Well Lyn, that certainly would be ironic.

Marge Taylor of Peakhurst reports that she thinks her neighbor, DiStuttio might be Italian. Well, there's nowt so queer as folk Marge!

Frank Willard writes in with this little tidbit. "For years I have concealed my identity, but no longer. All shall know now that I am, was, and always will be The Zodiac Killer". Maybe this was meant for the horoscopes page, Frank!

Spotted on the side of a yoghurt tub by Marie Dawkins of Annandale. A large table of dietary information. Imagine that!

Send your submissions to Column∞ [dolores, put the new one here]@garter.com

The Garter would like to apologise to the following people.

Mark Sutton, James Colley, Carlo Ritchie, Carmen Culina, Naomi Hart, Ben Jenkins, David Mack and Joe Payten

Last week we claimed they were all sex offenders. Only two of them are. A prize for the reader who can guess which two!

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

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