

Honors

SEMESTER 1 WEEK 3
17 MARCH 2010

ACCESSED
DENIED

Rudd's Internet Censorship Push

Inside Gould's Books

Interview with Kerry O'Brien

Uni-Cycle: Juris Doctor Introduction

Wanderlust: Machu Picchu Much?

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17 MARCH 2010

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JURASSICALLY TRAINED

THIS WEEK'S:

Things we regret typing into Google Images: Cornish fuck horns
Best laugh we had this week: Henry unknowingly wearing shirt inside out for three-quarters of the production of this edition
Still Can't Get Over: Your fence.
Album: *Bizarre Fruit*, M-People



PARKY ON A DINOSAUR, OBVIOUSLY

THE HYPOTHETICAL: Would you rather

Go to space with someone you hate
OR
Stay in a six-star hotel in Dubai for four weeks with someone you love?

FAQ:

Can I kill the person in space? Yes, but you have to deal with the repercussions of having committed Space Murder.

Does the person hate me? No, they bought you a BFF charm for the trip.

Is anyone at the hotel rude to you? No, and all address you as 'Your Regal Excalibur Highness'.

Does the hotel have indoor air-ballooning as part of mod-cons? Yes, and a swimming pool filled with beluga caviar and tears of joy.



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Pavlova: not as delicious as irony

Dear *Honi Soit*,

I can do nothing but share Ms Jackson's outrage over allegation that she used "retarded" as a prerogative descriptor". However my main objection is that the phrase "prerogative descriptor" is non-sensical. While Rose may not use "retarded" as a *perjorative** term, it is the prerogative of other individuals to do so. Rose, your use of prerogative is retarded, yet another pavlova moment.

Anon.

* Editors' note: the correct spelling is *pejorative*.

A turn for the verse

Dear David,

I am so pleased to see that you and your editorial team are willing to be generous to elected student representatives and not take them to task for acts of gross incompetence. I refer of course to your piece titled "SUDS Aftermath" in the recent addition [sic] where the most you say regarding the SUDS Executive is that they are "quite disappointed with themselves".

As a former Treasurer of SUDS I found myself relieved to see that you didn't take this Executive to task for being unable to deposit money in a bank account without the presence of their Treasurer. They are artists after all, not administrators, and as such shouldn't be expected to be held to the same standard as, say, the SRC President, even though these particular Executive members managed to lose approximately 25% of their Society's revenue in one go. Sure, the initial report "Drama at SUDS as money goes missing" claimed that it was stolen, but when the Executive choose not to use the secure facilities known to be available to them and instead leave this money in a public place, they cannot be entirely blameless if that money does get stolen.

The fact that your paper is willing to give them a second chance, and not crucify them speaks volumes for the empathy present in each of you. I sincerely hope that this empathy regarding honest mistakes extends beyond just your friends on the SUDS Executive and to the wider

student representative population.

Kind regards,

Nicholas Dixon-Wilmshurst

SUDS Treasurer 2008-09

A man of few words, but all of them good

Dear Eds,

The 'Vegetarian Diaries' double page spread was fucking great.

Sincerely,

Adam Yardley

Whoosh...

I'm a fresher. Not only a fresher, but a Sydney University Residential College Fresher to be precise, or "Collegius freshius" as branded by this publication. Last week in my newbie eagerness, I arrived at a lecture 20 minutes early, but I smiled when I saw a fresh pile of *Honi Soit* to aid in passing time: I had heard great things about *Honi* 2010. I was eager to be pleased. And I was, that is until I chanced upon the article entitled "College". Intrigued, I read on, and a look of pure outrage settled upon my face.

Wrong. Wrong. Oh so very, very wrong were the thoughts I promptly had. In the past two weeks, I have been met with a bubbling pot of diversity; people ranging from rural NSW to our NZ neighbours to Tokyo, Sweden and North America to name a few. College students thoroughly enjoy getting to know new people, so show me a fresher who hates non-collegiates and I'll show you a figment of your bias and imagination.

If you haven't noticed a fresher outside of college grounds, it's not because we don't leave, it's because we don't wave flags bearing the arms of our respective colleges when we do. It's because college kids are not a race, but merely students from various backgrounds, with a plethora of interests and differences, placed together for the purposes of residence.

Quite clearly Mr. Payten has never actually met a college fresher and is writing with a complete lack of research and a need to stereotype for easy content. I sincerely hope this column improves.



THE STALKER

Well well, who have we here? Sure, it may be a **Saturday**, but who's to say that students can't still come to campus to play? Oh *quel relief* on these cloudy days to gaze upon your **sky-blue shirt**, and with such **grey shoes** you're apt to confuse either passer by or pervert.

Please, no! Don't trouble to turn around. Nor turn and walk away. I'm never quite ready to introduce myself, I'm happy to Stalk all day.

How dear to see the way you clutch your **adjudicatory score sheets** and **Country Road bag**, such fleeting moments interrupted by your entry into **Education Room 419**. Yet still I can hear from behind said door a debate beginning to rage, between **Team Asakusa** and **Team Swing**.

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 you're correct, you'll win a prize.

EDITORIAL

Week Three has arrived and with it a unique challenge to the team at *Honi*: no longer can plots of vibrant students be relied upon to sprout carefree on Quad lawns, with time enough to read twenty-four sundrenched broadsheet pages. Rather, the shadows of minimum tutorial attendance requirements have already started to settle, bringing a fresher sense of urgency to finding something readable during lectures.

It should be music to your ears, then, to hear that this issue boasts an unprecedented quantity and spectrum of contributions, ranging from the atheism of Dawkins to the deity of Kerry O'Brien; from a blush-inducing lesson on how to write a Romance novel to the realities of

the upcoming Juris Doctor; from the heights of Machu Picchu to the depths of Lara Bingle.

Our features have cottoned on to the polarity motif, discussing the ebullience of books flowing from the local curiosity that is Gould's Books as well as examining the facts and fears that emerge on the brink of Australia's internet censorship.

May I also briefly indulge myself and note the rare pleasure that comes with seeing so many of you reading our paper, enjoying its content, before beginning to loudly swear after discovering that last week's crossword did not have space for 15-across. This week's puzzles are not only fiendish but complete.

Henry Hawthorne

And just for the record, nobody really goes to Greenwood.

Disappointedly yours,

A Fresher.

Cowabunga, dude

Great to see that story ['Reclaim the Lanes', Week 1] carrying the hippie spirit...reminds me of the days of The Newtown Vibe Tribe...that's the 90s folks! a return to those good times is long overdue, and I am gettin' a feeling *Honi* might help deliver that this year. That'd b cool. Keep on pumpin' it out.

Waz Wallaby

Postgrad Education

Oli Burton's plan paid off

Hi Oliver,

I just read your article about Sweden and as a Swedish woman I would love to take the opportunity to prove you wrong

about your theory. So if you have the balls to meet me, my number is [REDACTED].

I'm looking forward to seeing you!

Love mail? Hate mail? All the mail?

SEND IT ALL TO

honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au

Submit to us.

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

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

Honi Recommends



THE HAIRY GUERRILLA SHORT FILM COMPETITION

Theme Released Thursday 18 March

Films Due 5pm Monday 22 March

Screening Thursday 25 March From 5pm in Manning



Thrown for a loop

Sheenal Singh proposes a sound idea.

The *crème de la crème* of Sydney University's students may be *au fait* with it, but the rest of us have been scratching our heads about the ubiquitous signs outside lecture and seminar rooms for some time now. 'Hearing Loops'. Most of us look at the blue sign, commiserate with friends about our mutual stupidity, promise to Google it and promptly forget about it until next week's tutorial lazily rolls around. And then we stop, stare and converse about it all over again. Oh, the steep learning curves of the student species!

According to the Deafness Forum of Australia, hearing loops (technically known as induction loops) are systems designed to assist people with hearing impairments in spaces where devices such as hearing aids may distort sounds. The International Deafness Symbol (the blue and white sign) is used to indicate the availability of a hearing loop. In most cases, users will be able to tune into the system through the T-switch on their hearing aids or by using a receiver. Seminar rooms, cinemas, churches, schools, trains and even taxicabs throughout Australia are outfitted with hearing loops to make communication



The universal symbol denoting access to hearing loops

simpler by reducing background noise and clarify sounds. It is central to the university's environment and helps foster greater and indiscriminate learning opportunities.

Students requiring this service can access it by contacting the university Disability Services Officer. The process usually involves checking allotted rooms for the system before testing and switching it on. In the event that classes cannot be shifted to equipped rooms, mobile units can be loaned out to eligible students. The Disability Services Officers are located on Level 5 of the Jane Foss Russell Building and all telephone enquiries can be directed to +61 2 8627 8422.

JD: The truth behind the buzzword

Hannah Quadrio and Fiona Cunningham find facts amidst panic.

There is a new buzzword in Sydney Law School: in the last fortnight, Law students have added 'JD' to their list of abbreviations, while the Faculty has campaigned to transform that acronym into reality.

'JD' is the Juris Doctor degree proposal that, if approved by the Senate on Monday, will replace the graduate-entry Bachelor of Laws degree (LLB) in 2011. The Faculty says the JD will bring Sydney Law School up to speed with rival universities in Australia and the region who have switched to the more internationally recognised JD. In the US, the JD is the only recognised path to legal practice.

The JD cohort will retain the 95 Commonwealth Supported Places (CSPs) (under which students pay HECS) which currently exist in the grad degree, as well as 25 full-fee paying places for domestic students and approximately 30 full-fee paying places for international students. CSP students will pay around \$8 000 a year (\$24 000 in total); their full-fee paying counterparts will pay approximately \$85 000 if they are domestic students and \$102 000 if they are international students. Students have expressed concern about the costs of these degrees.

Other Australian law schools have used JD programs to bypass the Federal Government's abolition of full-fee paying places for undergraduate domestic students. Full-fee places were an excellent source of income for Faculties offering high-demand degree programs such as Law: the slightly lower entry requirements for full-fee paying places eased the competition (albeit slightly) for those able to pay or willing to incur large debts. As the JD is a masters degree, this prohibition on full-fee paying places for domestic students does not apply.

So does the JD warrant the classification of a masters degree and justify its cost? The JD is a 'professional masters degree'; that is, it is a

masters degree that will give graduates who have not previously studied law the qualification required to practise law. This feature makes the JD very different to the undergraduate degrees that provide similar pathways into the legal profession (such as the current LLB), and the masters programs that build on existing knowledge in a particular discipline (such as the current LLM). It is a test piece for other faculties which are considering introducing similar programs in other disciplines for assessing how this hybrid degree can fit with existing university policies.

But what about the equity issues faced by the full-fee paying students themselves? Eight-five thousand dollars is a big cost for one's education, especially if you already have a HECS debt from a previous degree. Some students will be helped by their families (who are not necessarily wealthy themselves), but others will shoulder the debt themselves. The current proposal does not include many scholarship opportunities. One consequence which has played out in the US is that Law graduates end up being chained to Wall Street desks in order to pay off their astronomical university debts.

There is no doubt that the JD is a lucrative enterprise – a back-door return to the full-fee paying places abolished by the Rudd Government because they were so inequitable. The challenge for SULS and the wider student community is to ensure that the JD's positive effects extend beyond the Law Faculty's balance sheet. With some tinkering of the details, the JD could produce a simplified path to international legal practice, and improved programs and teaching methods across the Law Faculty. But unless the University and the Law Faculty introduce policy changes and structures to support the program in both an academic and equity sense, the Sydney JD will come at a great cost for all law students, not just the full-fee payers.

Cooking the books

Naomi Hart and Henry Hawthorne co-opt the co-op.

At this time of year, student budgets are squeezed as we are asked to fork out precious cashola for thousands of pages' worth of textbooks and readers. We hope that the books on which we're spending our hard-earned are being prescribed because they are the best in a competitive field and will expose us to the spectrum of ideas and approaches that guarantee a well-rounded education.

These aspirations are imperilled when lecturers set their own textbooks, articles and other published works as mandatory readings for the courses they teach. Whether you're taking units in Political Economy, Law, Education or Engineering, you'll almost certainly be invited to purchase materials which your lecturers authored or edited.

A number of lecturers in the Department of History conform to this pattern. Associate Professor Dirk Moses, for example, teaches a unit called *Genocides in Historical Perspective*, last offered in 2007. In that session, students were required to purchase *Genocide and Settler Society*, an anthology which Moses edited and to which he wrote the introductory chapter. Each of the book's 13 chapters was written by a different author who proffered a unique approach to assessing whether and in what ways the term 'genocide' can be appropriately applied to the colonisation of Australia. A review of this book constituted 40 per cent of students' mark for the course.

The most immediate concern that arises when academics prescribe their own works as mandatory readings is that they incur a profit. Royalties can be as high as 15 per cent of the sale price in a book's first year of publication. A conclusion that some students reach is that setting one's own works yields tidy dividends, especially in courses in which hundreds of students enrol.

Moses, however, denies that he has encountered any conflict of interest in prescribing the book that he edited. He states that any accusation of seeking "illegitimate profit" is undermined by the fact that "selling a few hundred books over the years only adds up to a few hundred dollars". Given the investment of time and money (including for cover art, maps and other images, for which authors often pay themselves), the sale of such scholarly works "hardly [produces] a windfall" for their authors, Moses comments. As these returns are negligible, he argues that it would be "perverse not to set the book just because [he] edited it" as it was always intended to be a teaching and research tool.

It is nonetheless difficult to dispel the sense that a chunk of our annual hundreds-of-dollar textbook expenditure produces a profit for our lecturers. Some copies of such prescribed books may be available in university libraries, but there is still an impetus to buy books in case essential readings are loaned out

or students require the books for longer than the maximum loan period. Moses acknowledges that there can be at least an "impression" of conflicts of interest.

There are some measures which can make the investment more palatable for students. Some lecturers put their own articles and parts of their own books (within the limits of copyright laws) online so that students can access it for free, and others offer to reimburse their students for the royalties that they receive. Moses himself proposes that lecturers could adopt the policy of some American universities and donate royalties to charity.

But even these measures don't address another anxiety: that students are deprived of exposure to diverse styles and opinions when they are compelled to read the works of the same people who teach them face-to-face. Even in the absence of malice, lecturers who prescribe their own works arguably confine the scope of debate in which students engage. Moses points out, reasonably, that the text he set was an anthology "with a diversity of views and methods", so the message students encountered was hardly monolithic. The same cannot be said for courses in which a lecturer prescribes a book of which he or she is the sole author as the primary or exclusive text which their students must read. A single approach, uncontested by scholars with competing explanations, can assume the appearance of gospel.

Indisputably, there are some occasions on which lecturers do their students a service by setting readings that they have written themselves: many academics at this university are pioneers in their areas of research, have (like Moses) collaborated with other scholars to ensure that their works represent diverse perspectives, and set their own writing to expose students to contemporary intellectual debates which are not captured in other works. Moses, for example, emphasises that he undertook to complete this anthology in response to the paucity of critical literature on its subject matter, providing a means for students to interrogate an issue and engage in an academic conversation which would otherwise be inaccessible.

This system requires faith in the lecturers' ability and honesty, a faith that is generally well-founded and informed by the University of Sydney's good reputation. Nevertheless, trusting lecturers to do the right thing does not solve the very first problem: that students continue to be suspicious of lecturers setting their own textbooks. One means of redressing both the reality and the appearance of conflicts of interests, borrowed from American universities, would be to require academics who wish to prescribe their own works to obtain faculty permission and/or donate the royalties they receive to student-orientated charities. In the meantime, keep an eye out for the new *Honi Soit* textbook, priced at \$200, which is a mandatory purchase for all *Honi* readers.

Equality of outcomes

Daniel Ward's feeling positive.

Whether you're a lawyer or a banker, a windsurfer or a neurosurgeon, a teacher or a lady of the night, what you're after more than anything else is a positive outcome. Or a strong outcome (Kevin Rudd, on his aspirations for the Copenhagen Climate Conference). Or an ambitious outcome (ditto).

But anything as ubiquitous as this term should set alarm bells ringing. The language of positive outcomes is simply a loophole for avoiding intellectual and moral responsibility.

Take a group of students who found a charity. Never ones to set their sights low, they aim to tackle global poverty. At the inaugural meeting, they debate what the precise goals of this charity should be. Should it try to make all poverty history? Should it simply try to render just some poverty a little antiquated? At the end of the day, it is decided that the group should focus on achieving positive outcomes for those affected by poverty.

Momentous. The charity's founders take a three-week holiday to recover.

Why go to the intellectual trouble of articulating your thoughts when there is a meaningless panacea like the positive outcome? One marvels at those silly Greeks pondering the meaning of the 'good life' all those centuries ago. Why not just affirm that we all want the 'good life', and leave it at that? Quit while everyone agrees with you.

Saying that you want to achieve positive outcomes is akin to saying that you want a good life: it is a yawning vacuity.

And this is why the worship of the positive outcome is an abdication of moral responsibility. The beauty of the positive outcome is that it can mean anything to anyone. So it is the foolproof dinner-party aspiration.

I look my dinner companions in the eye and say confidently that in my profession – the nature of which is strictly irrelevant – I work to achieve positive outcomes. The moustache-twirling neoliberal at the other end of the table assumes that I,

too, am working to make a quick buck. The climate change scientist opposite me is comforted by my zeal to do what's best for the planet. The social worker next to him applauds my social conscience. And the Prime Minister on my left (don't ask how I had the misfortune) nods and smiles, because he just likes the sound of a good platitude. To each his own positive outcome.

Like the PM on my left, I'm as popular as the free chardonnay at this table, because I've managed to sidestep the moral obligation to stand for something with any degree of sincerity or to make my true aspirations and opinions apparent to my interlocutors. I'm bereft of colours, let alone a mast to which they might be nailed.

Turning to a real example (no, I have never dined with dear Kev): our PM affirms his desire to achieve positive outcomes in indigenous communities. To some, this means he wants indigenous Australians to assimilate into white culture. Others take 07 to be calling for the successful self-determination of Aboriginal communities.

Aiming at positive outcomes is the surest path to being all things to all people. The same is true of the burgeoning human rights movement. In advocating an Australian charter of rights, the

Amnesty International website bolsters its cause with the startling fact that, in one survey, "95% of people rated their human rights as 'important'." I don't know what is more astonishing: that someone spends time doing this kind of research, or that five per cent of people regard their 'rights' as anything but important.

Of course, the overwhelming majority of people regard their rights as 'important'. This is because the terminology of 'rights' is a universally unobjectionable cloak that conceals a much less universally acceptable agenda. To one person, 'human rights' refer to basic freedoms of speech, worship and opinion. To another, these rights signify an entitlement to gay marriage and to generous social welfare payments, *à l'européenne*.

But at least the language of 'rights' carries some notion of the sanctity of individual human beings. Outcomes-based blither reduces human life to some sort of bureaucratised commodity. Are increased literacy and numeracy rates, and the saving of human life through improved health services, mere 'positive outcomes', just as higher profits are the 'positive outcome' of advanced accounting systems? Isn't this like saying that a Mozart string quartet is a 'positive outcome' of the composer's musical training? Don't we lose something in reducing every human endeavour to the pursuit of a positive outcome?

Follow the Reader

Jeremy Leith reads between the lines.

Has anyone ever noticed that Government and International Relations students buy their course readers from a copy centre near the UTS building?

No, neither did I. But in G&IR circles, there are rumours aplenty about why this is so. Some suspect a treasonous plot to hand over Sydney University in a papery coup d'état. Others believe there may have been another severe fallout between academics and printers, like the Great Academics/Photocopier War of 1902.

Further investigation suggests that something quite literally doesn't add up with our university publishing service. After some intense calculations (for an Arts student), I found that the cost of their readers didn't match the seven cents per page and three dollars per bind that their online price list advertises. Where is that extra four dollars going?

Wearing my investigative journalist hat, I emailed the printing service twice, to no reply. I would have approached them in person but, you know, the lines and all.

My next move is storming the printing service, puns a-blazing, in an attempt to solve this mystery. For now my rumours suggest that departments most likely impose a premium to make even more money. Come on, they're all academics in niche humanity subjects – who has more money than them?

CHORAL EVENSONG



St Paul's College Chapel

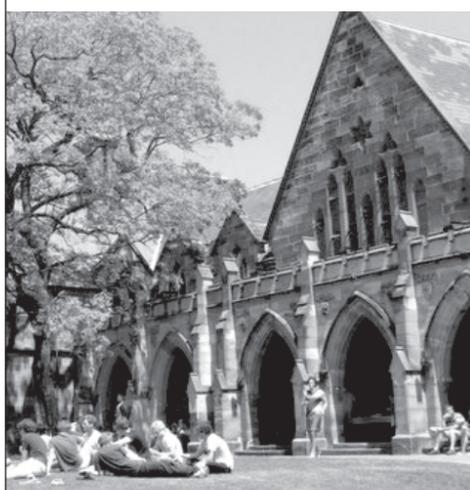
Tuesdays in Semester
5:45 pm

The St Paul's College Chapel Choir
David Drury Director of Music

Open to All

Ivan Head Warden

Location: 9 City Road, Camperdown



FREE COUCH

SRC is giving away a comfy secondhand 3-seater couch to a student home. Pick up in person from SRC Wentworth Bldg. Call 02 9660 5222.



Use Your Noodle

BEAT STUDENT POVERTY

Come to Noodle Day on Your Campus: WED 24 MARCH

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

Did you know:

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

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

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

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

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



THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

The best hearsay, gossip and rumours on campus.



AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

The first meeting of the 82nd SRC occurred on the night of Monday 8 March. Amid the sequence of office-bearers presenting report after report, there were a few highlights.

Socialist Alternative member Emma Dook proposed a motion to support a marriage equality rally for gays and lesbians on 15 May and to provide \$500 for constructing placards. The SRC's response was swift. NLS member Matt McGirr, who is gay himself, immediately swatted down the idea, saying he supported the rally in principle but that given the financial pressures on the SRC, the Socialists must consult the Queer Officers and Executive before showing up at Council with outstretched hands. The motion passed after being adapted, against the Socialists' desires, so that it expressed support for the event but did not contain the money clause.

Ross Leedham from the Whigs and Pat Massarani from Unity (Labor Right) proposed a sensible motion to increase student safety on campus, particularly after dark, by calling for the introduction of more surveillance cameras. The idea was passed with near universal support, save for the somewhat curious denunciation by Tim Scriven who had concerns about the "Orwellian" undercurrents of the plan which he thought would lead to the creation of a "police state".

As the meeting was finally closing and councillors were packing up, Massarani tried to introduce one last motion to "praise" St Paul's college for its support of White Ribbon Day (the national campaign to eliminate violence against women). Considering everyone had successfully managed to avoid debating the St Paul's scandal of late 2009, Massarani's proposal precipitated the collective groans of the entire council as everyone was eager to go home rather than engage in a 'rape debate' indefinitely. Massarani tried to amend the proposal to "acknowledging" the college's efforts, but nobody was biting. There seems to be an unspoken agreement that the SRC will be discussing St Paul's soon.

David Mack

STORM IN A COFFEE CUP

Staff and students have been queuing for pastries, baguettes and Campos coffee at the latest addition to the Law School building. The peculiar set-up of Tasty Baguette – with one half inside, one half out in the corridor – has fuelled speculation about a dispute between the university and the proprietor.

Richard Cheah, the manager of the cart, gave his explanation of the location: "We're just waiting on Council development approval as we finalise the designs." He states that Tasty Baguette was approached by an agency on behalf of the university in October last year, and decided to take advantage of the

back-to-semester crowds by setting up a coffee cart straight away. It does seem odd that they were approached so late in the game, since the Law School had already been open a full year. "The university didn't want to rush ahead with any Tom, Dick and Harry; they needed to make sure they found the right operator," says Cheah.

In response to the forty-minute queues, Cheah chuckles, "It is our first time at university; we knew it would be busy, but not so busy!"

And what will happen if the designs don't get passed? "Council always passes; we'll meet all the requirements", assures Richard. The café should be fully moved out of the corridor by second semester.

Carmen Culina

The arrival of this coffee cart may also stir memories of the election campaign of current Union Honorary Secretary, Giorgia Rossi, who promised that she would bring Campos coffee to campus. Could it be that a Board Director has actually done what they said they would? Keep in mind that as students rushed forward to get their caffeine hit or tasty breakfast morsel, no one was more surprised than Rossi herself.

Allegra Day

FACT!

The word 'punctuation' used to be spelt with an exclamation mark at the end.

If [...] was a HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

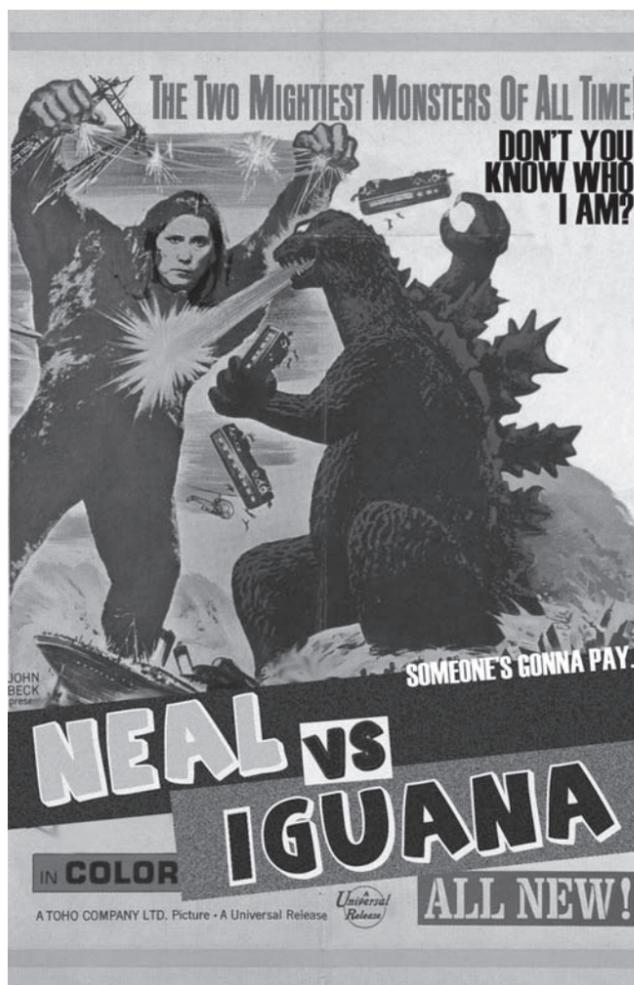
THIS WEEK: THE LIFE OF BELINDA NEAL

Prepare to be moved, challenged and yelled at in this sweeping epic covering the dramatic life of NSW's most misunderstood female politician, Belinda Neal. Plagued by insecurity as a young girl, all she ever wanted was for people to remember her name. In 2008, Neal's private inner turmoil boiled over in a moment of infamy when she wretchedly demanded of staff at the Iguanas Waterfront restaurant, "Don't you know who I am!?" Well, faithful viewer, you soon will.

Charlize Theron (reprising a role similar to her Oscar-winning performance in *Monster*) delivers a gritty, deeply poignant portrayal of this complex and troubled heroine. Neal's smarmy, cheating husband and fellow Labor MP, John Della Bosca, is saucily tackled by Alec Baldwin. In a shocking and artistic stroke of directorial genius, Charlize Theron also appears on screen as Della Bosca's young mistress (this time without the layers of make-up used to make her look normal and not-a-supermodel when playing Neal). Let chaos reign.

The film reaches its epic finale when Neal stands again for pre-selection for the Central Coast seat of Robertson. But in a lesson destined to resonate with all man- and iguanakind, hope falls beyond the Laborious horizon. Losing the pre-selection vote 98 to 67, the woman who just wanted people to like her but fell into the evil traps of arrogance, fades once into anonymity.

Diana Tjoeng



STUFF USYD STUDENTS LIKE

#104 CLAIMING TO HAVE HAD SEX IN FISHER STACK

Considered a tertiary rite of passage, the USyd student loves to profess to any and all who will hear him or her about the time that he or she enjoyed a smattering of sex between the stacks. Do not believe them.

Knowing their friends will grill them for details, the cunning USyd student prepares copious amount of information, telling them everything: that they lasted 15 minutes (if male); that he lasted 15 seconds (if female); describing the quivering bookshelves, the ripping off of Physoc T-shirts, the unearthly clink of glasses falling to the floor. The USyd student spares no imaginary detail; after all, 15 of Tiger Woods' alleged lovers can't be wrong.

But once every millennium, a USyd student (and, in some cases, a significant other) does actually fornicate amongst the dust, with a great degree of difficulty and discomfort. The first order of business for the USyd student is to pick the location. While Reproductive Biology and Jane Austen are excellent mood-setters (and informative for when the student loses momentum), accounting doctoral theses will guarantee the student avoids detection.

The second step is pretty straightforward. Do it. Hopefully self-explanatory, otherwise the USyd student will be denying for the rest of his or her life that her or she lost his or her virginity while desperately holding back copies of *What's Happening to Me? A Guide to Puberty*.

The third and final step for the USyd student is to gather evidence. Stained blue dresses are unoriginal and do not hold up against scrutiny, forcing the USyd student to be creative and embellish the truth. Most likely, the sex was a solitary experience.



Tim Whelan

Shit Talk



The Gentlemen's, Lower Level Carslaw



ROAD TEST

CHATROULETTE

Courtney Tight goes all in.

Chatroulette, the newest and strangest online game in town, is a throwback to the early days of internet chat where anonymity reigned supreme. This anonymity, combined with a webcam and microphone, allows all the cyber freaks to come out and play and provides the answer to the burning question: what weird shit do people do when they don't care who's watching?

Users are randomly allocated chat partners. They maintain a conversation for as long as they wish, and hit 'Next' to take another gamble. I observed the following conversations in 15 minutes on this panopticon. Note: only one person was harmed during the writing of this article. Me. Psychologically.

Underwear chat: basically, people in their underwear. Often silent and gyrating. Varied between boxers and tightly whiteys. Sometimes skidmarked. Often a prelude to ...

Penis chat: varied in length and quality.

Bill Clinton Mask chat: this guy just waved and danced for about four minutes. May have actually been Bill Clinton.

Wax-on-whack-off chat: the logical progression to Penis chat. Often spunky. Also may have actually been Bill Clinton.

Sex chat: vigorous penetration between an ambiguous pair (boy/girl? boy/boy? girl/girl with a strap-on? blow up doll/boy? Who the fuck knows!)

Requests-for-boob chat: from "Show me your breasts" to "Do it for the troops - I want your rack for Iraq", these punters were perhaps the most well-adjusted people on Chatroulette: they had a clear idea of what they wanted and weren't afraid to ask. I did not oblige.

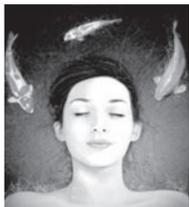
Prepubescent Boy chat: see Requests-for-boob chat.

Blank Screen chat: the most scintillating of all! Nothing comes up on the cam, nothing comes up in the audio; you don't know who's watching you. Could be Martin Bryant, Ivan Milat, David Koch... you don't know what freaks are out there.

Chatroulette was weird and unsettling in many ways. Sure, I've been waiting my whole life for a website with free and easy access to masturbating strangers (let's face it, we all have), but for all the disgusting shit you see, there is the occasional moment of basic human connection: someone says, "sup as!", and you respond, "22, from Azerbaijan, and can't you see I'm female you jackass". When they immediately 'next' you, you realise that (unsurprisingly) there was absolutely no meaning in the interaction. But that's the point: Chatroulette was made to be the vanguard of meaningless chat Web 2.0 style. Just roll with it and keep clicking that "Next" button.

COUNTDOWN

Ruby Prosser helps you endure the most BORING STORIES



DREAMS 5

Having this as the top most boring story is so clichéd that it's boring itself. Unless your story is under 30 seconds, nobody cares if you flew across a mountain and then all of a sudden you were marrying a whale and then you had sex with that slightly repulsive guy/girl in your tutorial. You DIDN'T actually have sex with them, so I don't care. Let me go back to telling you about that hilarious scene in *Arrested Development*.

ACID/DRUG TRIPS 4

In a very similar vein to dreams, the fact that you thought the tree in your front yard was two dogs and a small group of Pikey travellers can only hold my attention for so long. Likewise, trying to describe how incredible a song sounded whilst you were high, via "It was so awesome! It was like ... I was in the song. And there were colours ... yeah ... awesome" really doesn't fill me with the profundity that your inarticulate rambling seems to be trying to convey.

YOUR PETS/CHILDREN 3

Your kid just got into trouble with their teacher and now you're filled with self-righteous rage that, as a non-parent [insert palpable condescension], I just will never quite fathom. Your puppy called Charlie is just so cute! He always wakes you up by licking your nose. He does this amazing thing where every time Oprah comes on television he lopes out before self-indulgence starts overflowing through the room (actually that would be kind of useful...). I don't give a fuck!

THAT TIME YOU WERE REALLY BORED 2

This just never makes for an interesting story. When you're telling someone about a time that you were really bored, the punch line of the story is invariably that you were, well ... bored. "I saw a monk sanding coconuts and I tried it. After 40 minutes I realised it was just really, really boring." "I watched *2001: A Space Odyssey*...". You are making like a tick and boring me incessantly.

THIS ARTICLE 1

Whilst technically not a story, rather a list or outline, this has still broken all the guidelines for any non-boring story. Admittedly all of the above are pretty much all taken from stories that I've told. Even remembering these is making me want to whip out the Sudoku stat. Anything to distract from that time I was tripping, drunk, and stoned whilst I had a dream about my Pomeranian Kelpie Cross chewing on a five-year-old's foot...

SOC IT TO ME: USYD SAILING CLUB

Monica Connors hoists the mainsail.

For many people, the idea of a sailing club conjures images of men in blue blazers who spend time sipping gin, patting their pedigree dogs and ordering around the Spanish deckhands of their mahogany yachts. But as I discovered, the Sydney University Sailing Club (SUSC) is actually lots of fun and the antithesis of this old boating stereotype.

If you're one of the few on campus who doesn't subscribe to *Yachting Illustrated*, you will need to sign up for the YA/RVA Training Scheme Level 1 course to be a part of the club. Eager to get my Jack Sparrow on, I signed up for the two-day course. Held at Woollahra Sailing Club, the course was held over two weeks and was a perfect introduction to sailing. Here, I learnt how to prepare the mainsails, how to control two-person RS Feva sailboats and some of the terminology of sailing. Most importantly, I learnt that "rig the boat" was not the euphemism I thought it was.

With a life-jacket and sunscreen in tow, I soon felt ready for the America's Cup. The fun really started when we actually hit the water and started cruising on Sydney Harbour's eastern foreshore in Rose Bay. As was to be expected, this involved much blundering and head contact with the boom. Overcoming initial hand-eye coordination issues, we were able to take in the harbour views



T-Pain just out of shot

while alternating between steering and controlling the sails. Any early arrogance was soon leveled, so to speak, by the capsizing of our boat. In fact we managed to capsize our boat a record 11 times on the second day. This was rather unintentional and most annoying. Indeed we got wet, very wet.

Everything being taken into account, I have found SUSC to be one of the most inclusive of Sydney's Uni's societies and cannot recommend it highly enough. As well as being a way of living out your "I'm on a boat/king of the world" fantasies, sailing is a strenuous but hugely rewarding sport. There are two things that potential sailors should be prepared for. First of all, you will get wet. You may think this is fairly evident from an organisation based on water but just wait till you get sopping soaked, sucker. Secondly, membership is not cheap. Think hundreds, not tens.

The club has events and courses throughout the year and runs without any formalities. So forget about hackneyed ideas of popping your polo collar or adding a roman numeral to the end of your name. Just go sailing! For more details check out: <http://www.usydsailing.com/>

MEDIA BOTCH

Channel 9's *60 Minutes* ran a story on Tony Abbott which began with reporter Liz Hayes describing the Opposition Leader as "complex, considered and, perhaps, not as conservative as you might think". Whatever Hayes' understanding of the word 'conservative' is, her statement is a bit of stretch given Abbott's response during the interview to the question, "Homosexuality? How do you feel about that?" He responded, "I probably feel a bit threatened, as so many people do. It's a fact of life."

Abbott did little to distance himself from the offensive remark in the remainder of the segment as it was aired on TV, nor in a subsequent interview in which he stated, "There is no doubt that [homosexuality] challenges, if you like, orthodox notions of the right order of things."

Perhaps as reprehensible as the Opposition Leader's views themselves is the lack of attention his homophobic statements have attracted in the wider media. One wonders why none of the major newspapers picked up on the story until days after the segment went to air.

USyd student Daniel Swain (Arts II) picked up the media's slack, creating a Facebook called "Tony Abbott makes me feel a bit threatened..." which now has more than 500 members.

Also, the baby elephant lived. Woah, Nelly.



Wanderlust

*Dawn in the Amazon: it's still and it's quiet,
Neither flora nor fauna could predict such a riot.
Leaves start to tremble as the ground bares a shudder,
Here charge the gringos, one trampling the other...*

What began as sleepy-eyed chit-chat at the final checkpoint of the Inca Trail is now a sixty-person foot race along a tapering cliff-edge. Charging along the mud-soaked path like cattle on ice, the chances of someone plummeting to death are decidedly higher than usual today.

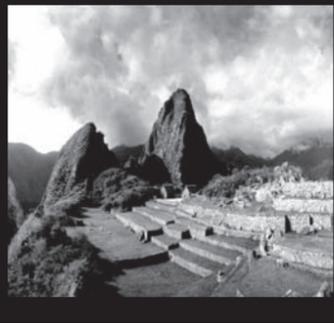
"Wait your turn dickhead!" yells a German.

"It's not a queue!" retorts a Pom.

It's been four long days; four days of mud and interminable rain, of visual pollution from the abrasive colours of flimsy plastic rain ponchos. It's been four days and 45 vertical kilometres have been ascended to reach an altitude where oxygen is about as available as China is to emissions reduction negotiation.

These desperados have peed over cliffs, showered with wet-wipes, lived off tinned foods, and slept in tarpaulin tents. They have sacrificed too much, suffered too much altitude sickness,

Nicole Buskiewicz has an intimate encounter with Machu Picchu.



and lost a little too much dignity to let the smelly hobo next to them beat them to the top.

Each and every one of them realises that having Machu Picchu on its own even for the briefest second will be worth each of the last three-hundred and forty-five-thousand six-hundred that preceded it.

For there is a precise moment about 12 minutes after sunrise when the night's clouds still loom over the lost valley and hug the ruins' tired stones. It's the point at which the sun's beams advance cautiously towards Intipunku, the Sun Gate in Machu Picchu's east.

It's that precise moment when with laser accuracy the first ray of light pierces through Intipunku to illuminate the ancient city for which these travellers yearn. And it's being an unaccompanied witness to that magical moment that makes falling head-first into the Amazon a tolerable risk.



Ted Talas watches as the Union and the Colleges awkwardly introduce themselves.

There are two types of people in this world. The majority see their cousins once or twice a year, tolerating their relatives with a polite disinterest. There does exist a minority, however, whose vision of domestic bliss is a life spent in Alabama, Tasmania or Wesley College with a brood of webbed-footed spawn. Similarly, there are two types of college students: those who treat the USU with a polite disregard, and those who feel the need for a more kissing cousin-esque relationship with this student-run body.

However, this traditional dichotomy could all be about to change. In 2010, the Union has entered into partnership with the university's colleges to provide all residents with Access cards. Since the 'subsidised' price of the cards is included in each resident's fees, this essentially means that Union membership has become compulsory for all college residents – whether they choose to actually use the benefits of an Access card or not. Sound familiar?

COLLEGE

But this partnership appears to extend deeper than a feeble attempt by Union hacks to relive the pre-VSU glory days. If anything, it is partly a recognition of the continuing role college residents play within the Union, or, more specifically, on Union Board. It also appears to make good old-fashioned sense: college kids live on campus so surely they embrace the breadth of the student experience the Union seeks to enrich through its Access program?

This image of campus culture can hardly be deemed realistic. The vast majority of college students prefer the Sals or Highlander to Beachball for a night out and (for some strange reason) schlop'n'rice to a Manning Burger for lunch. Whether this will change under the new agreement remains to be seen. In all likelihood, this new agreement will have little impact. There will still be two types of college resident: those who take advantage of their Access benefits and those who don't. It seems that the campus is safe from an influx of kissing cousins, at least for now.



Dave Mack learns 'Z' is for 'Zoo'.

Last week, while the rest of the Australian media became obsessed with a stillborn – and then just regular-born – baby elephant, another story from Taronga Zoo may have slipped by your radars. NSW Minister for the Environment Frank Sartor trotted off to the zoo to announce to the media that scientists had discovered a rare species of frog thought to be extinct for 30 years had been rediscovered and was the subject of a new breeding program at the zoo. Being involved on a report on the story meant that while I became absorbed in frog conservation research (seriously folks, it's interesting stuff, and I say this as someone who is fundamentally un-scientific in everything I do), I also made a few trips to the zoo for filming, being treated to a rare behind-the-scenes experience.

Taronga Zoo is one of those rare tourist attractions that still elicits excitement from Sydneysiders, with many of us jumping at the opportunity to show tourist friends around. Last week, two 22-year-old friends even had their birthday 'party' there. It seems we all know that it's the best zoo in the world and the city would be almost unimaginable without it. At least for me, memories of watching the monkeys with my late grandfather and eating salt-and-vinegar hot chips are eternally entwined in my memories of growing up in this city. Being guided through a side of the zoo the visitors don't see was thus something of a treat.

The 'lost frogs' are being kept in small containers in an empty upstairs

bedroom of an abandoned house at the back of the zoo. Seeing an adjoining private property, I asked our guide when the zoo bought up this house and land, thinking that with Mosman real estate prices as they are now, it might be more difficult today. The house was always zoo property, he told me, and was once lived in by a series of zoo directors and their families, until one day one of them decided he didn't want to live where he worked. Just think about that for a second: about growing up and living in a zoo. I'm sure there's been a Nickelodeon cartoon about that. What a childhood. Now, the grass around it is overgrown and the house is empty, save for the frogs and some old computers.

I was told about the zoo's relationship with its neighbours, and how most of the immediate neighbours are treated to the sounds of lions and elephants in the morning. They're granted free 'Zoo Friend' membership, allowing them to enter whenever they want. This opportunity is particularly popular with 'Mosman Mummies', who do their morning exercise with prams and cups of coffee past the chimpanzees and seals.

In addition to its invaluable conservation work, the zoo seems to constantly find ways to reinvent itself and involve more and more people with animals, whether through spider or snake phobia treatment or with a new pricey program where you can sleep in luxury tents and help feed the animals in the morning.

Seeing the food preparation areas was too much of an experience for me, however, and the smell of crickets and maggots hatching and the sight of hundreds of recently gassed mice (it's the most humane way, they tell me) makes me think that perhaps it's best for the zoo to control some of what people see. There's probably some magic to be found in not revealing too many secrets.

all up in my grill:

Apparently people who travel are a niche consumer group. It seems that our taste in personal and household accessories surpasses the mildly odd and reaches the really quite disturbingly bizarre. It's a scale of useless which ranges from arthritic sloth to Lara Bingle's PR campaign.

I was recently fortunate enough to be a passenger on a Continental Airlines flight from Los Angeles. Flicking through the glossy Sky-Mall directory, my interest was piqued immediately by the *Porch Potty Premium*, a self-rinsing grass patch with pop-up sprinklers and a scented fire hydrant to attract serially defecating dogs.

Continuing on this theme, I instantly felt there was nothing I desired more than to teach my cat to use my own toilet using the *Litter Kwitter 3-Step Toilet Training System*, purportedly faster than training my very own unborn children.

The horticultural segment offered many stylish garden ornaments in the finest of taste, in particular the *'Bigfoot the Garden Yeti' Statue*, and *'The Zombie of Montclair Moors' Statue* which 'claws his way out of your garden plot, office, or family room corner'. And if I felt there was the slightest chance that having a life-sized zombie in my house might be unsettling, my fears were soon allayed by the opportunity to acquire an *Original*

SKYMALL

Sleep Sound Generator to produce gentle and intermittent whooshing noises for me. The items just kept getting better. Having only previously considered frontal bulges, the *Sasybax Back Bulge Eliminator* opened my eyes to a whole new world of vanity, surely also seen better through the style and convenience of the *Video Recording Sunglasses*. The *Personalised Children's Scrubs* satisfied all my midget surgeon fantasies. I agreed wholeheartedly that the *Mitten Tree* was manifestly both fun and functional, admired the elegance of the *Wonder Woman Cuff Bracelet* (because it "never hurts to accessorize in an emergency"), and was delightfully puzzled by the whimsical ceramic piece entitled *Alien Gnome Bandits Garden Accent*. And I could pay for it all using the world's only *Stainless Steel Wallet*. Brilliant.

Mekela Panditharatne





Hi, I'm Honi Soit, you must be Kerry O'Brien

Dave Mack interviews the interviewer.

Even though the show won't go to air for another 11 hours, one of *The 7.30 Report's* supervising producers is already in the office at 8.30, alert and caffeinated, setting up a conference call between the various other producers and reporters around the country to discuss what's making news and confirm the line-up of that evening's show. You might not expect him to be part of the morning conversation, but the show's host, the inimitable Kerry O'Brien, soon joins in, meticulously planning the flow of each episode and taking a keen interest in how each segment is progressing. O'Brien, now 64, cuts a prominent figure when he arrives at the office later in the morning. The signature red hair (or strawberry blonde, really) is perhaps his most defining trait but until it is neatly coiffed and he has put his glasses on a second or two may pass before you recognise him.

After working for newspapers and wire services, and even a stint as press secretary to Gough Whitlam, O'Brien went against the grain of television convention by moving to the ABC from the commercial stations (and not the other way around), with six years hosting *Lateline* before moving to his signature post at 7.30. Since he's been in the industry since the 1960s, it seems apt to ask what changes he has noticed, particularly since the ABC is preparing to launch a 24-hour news channel, perhaps changing the Australian news landscape forever.

"The fundamentals of journalism don't change, but in terms of technology and in terms of the ways that media organisations do business, it's changed massively," he tells me from inside his austere and surprisingly cramped office at the ABC building in Ultimo. He is refreshingly frank in his assessment of the industry: "Well, what I see is a product that's going downhill, and what I also see is journalism in decline, at least in newspapers. What I see is newsrooms in newspapers and on television, including the ABC, the average age of reporters, of journalists in those newsrooms is getting younger and younger, and it's not that the smart young journalists are any smarter, than the smart young journalists of 10, 20 and 30 years ago, it is that they're cheaper. It is that experience costs money."

O'Brien has hosted the show since its 1995 inception, helping to establish it as a unique and respected entity in the Australian media landscape: a nightly mix of in-depth current affairs reporting and analysis combined with coverage of politics, the arts and sciences not seen on any other network. Until 2006, the show's 'relief presenter' was Maxine McKew, now the ALP Member for Bennelong. I ask him what the sentiment at the ABC was like when McKew

decided to run, ostensibly unmasking herself as a Labor supporter after years of political interviews.

"First, Maxine as an individual has an absolute right to choose whatever trade, craft, profession she wants to open up for herself after leaving any organisation," he says with conviction. "I'm sure there were some critics at the ABC and in the broader community who would have instantly seized on it in their own minds as proof that the whole institution is somehow biased, but I would suggest to anybody who wants to apply common sense and rationality to it, and if they've got an honesty about them, to go back and appraise Maxine's work over the years. Maxine was a very, very professional journalist who I don't think crossed a line, whatever her personal views were."

"We all have personal views," he continues. "We all have private passions, but to me it's an absolute mark of professional pride, and if any journalist cares about their integrity, and the integrity of their craft, then they will take care always to be meeting their own benchmarks of professionalism and that includes fairness. It includes a commitment to endeavour to present as much as they can about all sides of a debate, and in saying 'all sides' it clearly implies there's more than two. Most issues aren't black and white, there are many shades of grey, and I enjoy the intellectual pursuit and the rigour that comes with testing issues, regardless of what my own personal views are."

As arguably the face of Australian journalism, O'Brien's role in the show and in the ABC itself do receive more attention than his colleagues. In addition to scrutiny from the Federal Opposition as to the specifics of his salary (a highly guarded ABC secret for all presenters), some viewers sense a lack of objectivity in O'Brien and the program. After one particularly tense February interview with Opposition Leader Tony Abbott, in which O'Brien repeatedly pushed the leader on his belief in the science of climate change, the show's guest book was flooded with comments accusing the show of bias and not presenting "both sides" of the climate change story. So how does he generally approach political interviews?

"Well, if you're interviewing an elected politician," he says, "then I think there is a journalistic responsibility on me to do what I can while informing, hopefully, the audience. Keep the politician honest. I believe we have a very clear responsibility that this program doesn't become a platform for any politician of any political flavour."

"So I regard my job with a politician

and with other people representing institutions that have power and influence over the community, I believe in any of those circumstances we have a responsibility to keep them honest and to act as a devil's advocate. So that's my approach: I'm a devil's advocate."

"So my questions aren't a reflection of my opinions," he says with certainty, "they're a reflection of that basket of criticism and analysis and commentary on the policy related to the politician I'm



"I also do from the right"

"Most issues aren't black and white, there are many shades of grey, and I enjoy the intellectual pursuit and the rigour that comes with testing issues, regardless of what my own personal views are."

interviewing, and you might see me put a certain point of view to the Prime Minister one night and the completely opposite point of view to the Opposition Leader the following night; that's being a devil's advocate."

Perhaps it's just that he works for the national public broadcaster but there's something very democratic about the view he has of his work and the role of the media. "It's about understanding," he tells me. "Understanding the benchmarks of your craft, the importance of it as one of the cornerstones of a healthy democracy, respecting that and respecting your own reputation."

"The real dialogue is between the politician and the public," he says. "I'm the conduit: I'm asking questions that I believe are the relevant questions to ask, I'm asking to try and elicit information that I believe the public wants or has a right to know".

The day after our chat, O'Brien completes an interview with the Prime Minister in the wake of the insulation scheme which led to the deaths of four young tradesmen. O'Brien's relentless questioning forces Rudd to admit a level of personal responsibility and failure and, for the first time, some disappointment in himself. The clip will be played on the other networks' news bulletins for days and will no doubt be stored in the archives of Rudd's term as Prime Minister. Rudd seems to know it, too: as he leaves the studio, passing me in the corridor with his team of bodyguards, he looks sullen and tense.

The next day, the feedback on the show's guest book is overwhelming in terms of both its size and tone. Amid

the congratulations to O'Brien, I'm amazed to read criticism that the show is too right-wing and that O'Brien demonstrates a clear bias towards Abbott and the Liberals. The only conclusion I can draw is that while journalists must constantly filter their own work through the lens of objectivity, there seems to be no such requirement placed upon an audience, some of whom will always find a way to be upset or offended. O'Brien doesn't seem to mind, or perhaps he reached that same conclusion a long time ago, and instead chooses to focus on what he loves about the medium.

"I rarely walk away from an interview or a story feeling fully satisfied, but when it all comes together it is a great medium," he says with a passion that can only come from decades living and breathing television. "When television is at its best it is the most powerful medium of all because it can combine the eloquence of the words, the power of the pictures, the drama of the sound and capture the moment in a way that no other medium can. ... When everything is working on a television story, on a television interview, it's a fine moment, it's a moment to be stored in your memory."

The next day, as O'Brien records the promo for that evening's show, he is fidgeting and playing with his watch, but all the camera picks up is the measured delivery and authoritative voice that so many Australians have come to trust. In what seems like an old news joke, his suit jacket and tie are accompanied by a pair of jeans that his audience will never see. As he finishes reading the dialogue on the autocue, the show's theme rings out and O'Brien shakes his hands above his head in boyish glee, celebrating the fact that he got it in one take. "That's how it's done," he shouts out to the room with a wry smile. Indeed. 



SOUNDS **THE HOWLING BELLS**

Jess Stirling could tell you about the band but she'd rather tell you about the interview.

Like the best of us, my first time was alcohol-fuelled, awkward, messy. But, unlike the best of us, my first time was not with a pimply adolescent at the start of his career who was as much out of his depth as I was, but a seasoned professional, a musician several years my senior who had clearly done this many times before.

The object of my very first music interview (that's right you SICKOS, interview) was Glenn Moule, drummer of the critically acclaimed, London-based Australian band Howling Bells, whose beautiful 2006 debut certainly got me through some hard, bitter nights of teen angst. The band was briefly in town to kick off their Australian tour after the release of their second studio album, *Radio Wars*, and I thought I'd grab the opportunity by the proverbial

balls and see what gems of advice I could gather about the elusive world of music journalism.

Decked out in his trademark checked shirt, denim jeans and scuffed cowboy boots, Moule turned out to be the perfect first time interviewee, even arranging for me to borrow his girlfriend's iPhone to record the interview on, having failed to consider this aspect of the interview process in my pre-*rendezvous* panic. Boys and girls, here's a hot tip I'll give you for free: recording devices are not only useful to the heavily breathing stalking-inclined. They may in fact also prevent you from looking entirely ridiculous in front of famous people infinitely cooler than you... But I digress!

Speaking in a direct, candid, engaging manner, Glenn had the air of a man

who had weathered the storm of crap interviews a few too many times, and so did have some really useful advice about how to make the process as painless as possible.

"The worst interview experience is when the interviewer comes unprepared. That's the main thing. In any industry, if it's your day-to-day job and you're not prepared for it, you're not going to be effective and your boss will hate you. Same thing: if you turn up to an interview and you haven't done the research, you a) should feel embarrassed, b) shouldn't get paid for it, and c) get the hell out of there because you're wasting everyone's time."

Cue deluge of self-conscious panic about my interview skills. Have I researched enough? Would he be saying this if I hadn't? Should I have refused that second beer? Is my hair ok? Where are my shoes?

"On the other hand, the absolute best interviewing experience is when an interviewer is really engaged and prepared, and just gets to the point of telling you something actually about

yourself, as if they're a part of your family or something; now that excites me, because that person is genuinely interested in what you've got to say. It's all about interest, you know."

Me (oblivious to insightful and potentially very useful comment): Cool, I'm just going to make sure this thing is still recording...

From this point on, the chat turned to a shameless slandering of ego-centric music television presenters, from which I will spare you, dear reader, especially due to the significant deterioration of the conversation once the third round arrived.

All in all, I've learned that music journalism is a demanding business, requiring the simultaneous co-ordination of brain power, social skills and my disappointingly rudimentary "acting like a normal person" abilities. Nonetheless, I'd had a good chat with a down-to-earth interviewee, acquired some good advice and was raring to go for round two. *Rolling Stone* here I come! Or not...

SONG AND DANCE **SWEENEY TODD**

David Mack gives the upcoming MUSE production a good trim.

I suppose *Dexter* is only partly to blame for our obsession with serial killers; the Victorians first imagined the iconic blood-hungry barber Sweeney Todd in 1846, and countless productions and re-imaginings of his story have unfolded in literature ever since. Perhaps the most iconic version is Stephen Sondheim's 1979 musical thriller which the Sydney University Musical Theatre Ensemble (MUSE) is tackling this week in the Seymour Centre.

Todd (Andy Fraser) has returned from an unjust exile in Botany Bay to seek revenge against the tyrannical Judge Turpin (James Olds). His fellow Londoners are overly trusting in presenting themselves

to Todd for haircuts or shaves, as he has a slight tendency to take his frustrations out on their necks. What becomes of the masses of corpses? Mrs Lovett (Minna Iveson) soon finds a use for the meat in her pies which quickly become something of a delicacy around town. This perhaps says more about the state of British cuisine than Lovett's cooking skills.

Director Nick Starte and Musical Director Roman Benedict have created a bold production, marked by strong singing and solid performances, particularly in the bass depravity of Olds and the pairing of Fraser and Iveson. Desaturated of colour and presented in a unique *nouveau-Gothic* style (best embodied by a litany of lace corsets, each

more suggestive than the last), the show is at its best when the cast allows themselves to have fun with the material and not get bogged down in the morose sincerity that the subject matter occasionally drifts to.

Tales of revenge are nothing new and this one doesn't end well for, well, anyone really. Nevertheless, in *Sweeney*, MUSE has produced its best show thus far: a dark yet amusing musical with enough name recognition to draw in the crowds and still allow this talented bunch to flex their creative muscles.

4/5

Sweeney Todd will be playing at the **Everest Theatre in the Seymour Centre from 17-20 March.**

CANVAS **BLIND SPOT**



Madeleine Watts looks both ways.

Blind Spot was the brain-child of four artistically talented ladies, some of whom actually attend this university: Angela Jones, Laura McClintock, Isobel Philip and Irit Pollak, who promise to facilitate the 'seeing of the unseen.'

By all accounts, the preparation was a stressful experience, especially judging by a message I received from one of the artists the night before the opening, reading, "I probably won't sleep. I want to die." Luckily everything about the opening pulled together, despite the small pug dog sniffing around visitors' feet.

There was a common theme to the works that bound them together. Each artist focused attention on that which slips away, out of your sight and out of your grasp, and placed it under the microscope. In other words, they wanted you to see the invisible. Laura

McClintock's photographs highlighted the intricacies of flowers in grass, autumn leaves, string wound up in thorns, in an attempt to reframe the world through the photographic lens. Irit Pollak's 'extended portraits' put people under the microscope, and her black and white photographs brought the city to life by focusing on the broken things in alleyways which become beautiful when you stop walking and look around. Angela Jones' photographs showed clocks fragmented through mirrors and faces torn up by the grafted skin stitched chaotically onto their faces. The most striking pieces belonged to Isobel Philip, focusing on all the minutiae of the body the naked eye doesn't see or notice, taking on the sinister gaze of the surgeon to look at human bodies, she cut vision apart. Tiny, intricate medical drawings of organs are overlaid with drawings of lungs exploding into

bacteria into flowers. Skeletons possess scissors for arms. On tables, framed in white boxes tiny white people sat perched on steel surgical instruments. I overheard one girl explaining earnestly to a friend that it was about plastic surgery, but images of hysterical women and surgical theatres point to a more considered impression of the distortions of the body and the fragmentary nature of being.

While this exhibit is not affiliated, it is Art Month in Sydney at the moment, so if there was ever a time to get excited about art it would be now. Like, right now. Moreover, if you are a poor student type who appreciates free wine and free art, you may be interested in assimilating yourself firmly into some of this city's smaller art galleries. You may stumble upon something as exciting as this.

When: 10-16 March
Where: m.a. gallery, 27 Dick St, Chippendale
Cost: won't hurt a bit

DVD **THIS IS IT**

Hannah Lee wants to be startin' something.

People waiting for a nice dig into Michael Jackson's freaky facial reconstruction and his questionable Peter Pan relationship with young admirers can all stick to their tabloid magazines and wonder "This is it?" when they see Kenny Ortega's simple and redemptive documentary.

Piecing together rehearsal footage and brief interviews of the dancers, musicians and organisers who worked with Jackson in preparing what he called his "final curtain call", *This Is It* offers the opportunity to see what the actual concert would have looked like had it been performed in July 2009.

With various rehearsals cleverly cut up and stitched together like his badass costumes, the documentary not only pumps out classic MJ hits from our childhood, but also observes Michael Jackson as an artist in an honest and revealing way. Minus the dewy eyed comments from Jackson's dancers, revering him like a god, the documentary is a peephole into Jackson's talent and passion for music. His perfectionist attention to detail, his unstoppable dancing, and his quiet yet magnetic presence have inspired respect and love from the stagehands, technicians and back-up singers and dancers who had the opportunity to work with him before his death in June.

While the visual effects created for the concert are striking in this documentary, it is the engrossing portrait of Michael Jackson as a musical artist that steals the show. So whether you've tapped your feet once or twice to one of his songs at a party, or you used to dance to "Thriller" and then get scared in the deep voiced narration parts as a kid (speaking from personal experience), and you want to witness the greatness that is Michael Jackson without the scrutinising gossip columns, this is it.

SCREEN A SINGLE MAN

Daniel Zwi likes it, and thus puts a ring on it.

George Falconer is perhaps the best-dressed professor in the history of tertiary education. Of course, for a downtrodden protagonist, one would expect nothing less from the directorial debut of Tom Ford, former creative director of Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent.

Upon watching *A Single Man*, I was worried that Ford's background would make for a film that was all form and no content. I was wrong. Set in California circa 1962, the story is absorbing and refreshingly uncluttered. It follows a day in the life of George, played by a dapper Colin Firth who, unable to come to terms with the death of his partner eight months earlier, contrives to commit suicide.

It's probably appropriate to admit that I dislike Firth. I'm not sure if it's his pompous British affectations or the fact that he's better looking than me, but I generally avoid his films. So when I say he was rad, I'm not being gratuitously complimentary.

It's a difficult role to play, too. Interestingly, George's misery is revealed more in the absence of emotion than in angry outbursts. A particularly poignant scene is when he is informed over the



"Mmm, mahogany sure does compliment pensiveness."

phone of his partner's death. The close-up of Firth's face is unforgiving: it remains for an uncomfortably long time and we're privy to every muscular movement as the news slowly sinks in.

Ford explores how the simple pleasures of human interaction become significant only when one plans to die within a matter of hours. George's sad dance with his best friend Charlotte, his conversation with a beautiful male prostitute and his late night swim with an infatuated student all afford him new optimism.

It's a tad sentimental, but the message is offset by the irony of eschewing materialistic happiness in a film where most stills could be used as a high-fashion advert. Anyway, if you're not a fan of the story then you can bask in the aesthetics: the vividness of colour, surreal sequences of drowning men and the eroticism of smoke blowing out of luscious lips. Perv.

OM NOM NOM

Carmen Culina baguette-me-not.

The southern end of King St feels like a barren culinary wasteland late on a Thursday night. The peckish passerby is inevitably repelled by a string of completely vacant Asian, African and Middle Eastern restaurants. It is little wonder, then, that the packed wCafé pulls you in like a moth to a lightbulb.

Previously located in Surry Hills, the small café has developed a dedicated following and hundreds of blog entries laud the small eatery. And it's little wonder: Pastizzi is a rare gem in pit of Sydney cafés. Everything is made fresh on premises, the food is delicious, and

the atmosphere is great, sans pretentious service and exorbitant la-dec-da prices. The golden, crispy pastizzis (pasties) are incredibly affordable at \$1.80 each and the range will satisfy the pickiest gourmand: salmon, dill and ricotta, spinach and fetta, veggie curry, chicken and mushroom (awesome), to name a few, and a more limited sweet selection including cheese and cherry. The pasta and ravioli taste just lika-mamma-used-to-maka and the serving sizes will have you loosening the belt buckle.

Miraj, one of the stores owners, thinks the café's success can be attributed to the fresh produce, and great value. "People are used to paying eight dollars for a burger so first-timers are always pleasantly surprised by what they are

getting. People always come back again and again". Places like Pastizzi shine a little light through the relentless two-minute noodle, toast, Subway, six-dollar-Thai, beer and coffee student diet, especially since the ravioli and pastizzis are also available frozen to take home. "Oh, and we have two very cute, very charming Italian waiters", Miraj adds. Hear, hear, Miraj! If only there were more places like this to eat in Sydney.



4.5/5

Pastizzi café is open 7 days
523 King St Newtown

CANVAS*

*does not actually have canvases

Jacinta Mulders does, indeed, take her sweet, sweet time.



The MCA in all its monolithic glory

The entire direction of 'take your time' calls for the active participation of the viewer. Danish installation artist Olafur Eliasson uses light, space and mirrors to alter the way that the viewer experiences the surrounding environment. And indeed, considering the scope and structure of many of his works, the audience effectively has no choice but to interact with the artwork on some level. It is this characteristic of Eliasson's work which makes his installations so distinctively provocative. Despite their subtlety, they have an intoxicating quality which ensnares the viewer and pulls them towards participation in the piece.

OLAFUR ELIASSON 'TAKE YOUR TIME'

Eliasson is a contemporary artist whose works seek to transform the way that we experience the world around us. *Take Your Time* is his first survey exhibition in Australia, and has already travelled to New York, Boston and Chicago as part of a tour initiated by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. The exhibition displays works dating from 1993 to the present, and comprises incredibly varied mediums. While in the larger installations Eliasson uses light to dramatic effect, other areas of the exhibition contain photographs, sculptures and prototypic models which shed light on the artist's working process.

In the installation *Room For One Colour* (1997), a simple white gallery space is transformed through the use of fluorescent yellow bulbs. Although the premise seems simple, the pervasiveness of the light is startling. It seeps into your skin and everything around you, immediately altering the quality of familiar forms and objects. The intensity produced by light is mirrored in Eliasson's later work, *360° Room For All Colours* (2002). Here, the viewer enters

a circular space where shifting colours are played across the walls. Although the morphing glow of the wall may seem subtle at first, the fluorescence of a pinkish light steadily grows until it becomes completely all-encompassing – the viewer has no choice but to be subjected to the fluctuating temperament of Eliasson's projection.

Exhibition highlight *Beauty* (1993) seems to embody Eliasson's artistic aspiration to challenge audience expectations. In this piece, a dark tunnel to an unknown destination spouts from a gallery wall, enveloping the viewer in eerie and all-encompassing darkness. The path suddenly opens to a cave like room where a veil of mist hangs shimmering in the air – a stream of light transforms the cloud into a glistening rainbow. The effect is absolutely transfixing; from a recognisable space in a gallery an entire underworld is spawned. The smoothness of the blur between familiar and foreign challenges the audience to partake in a different experience of reality. If the intention of contemporary art is to question the established, Eliasson undoubtedly succeeds.

Olafur Eliasson, *Take Your Time*
Showing until 11 April at the
Museum of Contemporary Art

STAGE

Chelsea Tabart fills us in on Orestes' development.

The State of Argos is in chaos. Orestes, at his sister Electra's urging, has murdered his mother to avenge the murder of his father, the King.

The stage on which this drama unfolds is not the Ancient Greek state, but the cocoon-like confines of the Stables Theatre on a Monday night. And the set is a tad wilder: a broken gilt edged bed sits in the middle of an astro-turfed wasteland, and the hot pink curtains, scattered flamingos and burnt edges would have even Kurt Cobain concerned he'd indulged in one too many acid tabs.

Welcome to *Orestes 2.0*, playwright Charles Mee's reinterpretation of Euripides' classical text. The play is re-situated in a modern mental hospital, and Orestes and Electra descend into madness in a hallucinogenic atmosphere of strobe lights, kicking disco beats, mobile phones and risqué nurses' outfits. Monologues about love, duty and forgiveness are jarringly alternated with confronting sex, violence and all things kitsch and banal, and the play weaves a heady comment on a society which it views as bombarded by the media, alienated and apathetic.

The production is visually and aurally outlandish: the N'Sync-esque dance tracks, stylised (often raunchy) costuming, voiceovers and lighting make you feel as if you're halfway between Tarantino's *Deathproof* and a Lady Gaga film clip. The acting is also fantastic: Anthony Gooley as Pylades is hysterical, and Annie Maynard as Electra seems to animate the whole stage. Often, it's hilarious, at one point proffering the timeless advice, "you ought not to say 'inscrutable' when talking about an Asian".

Overall though, the constant portrayal of sex and violence becomes tiring, and the play toys with many themes without persisting with any. The Director, Kate Revs, seems to have decided to take every "dangerous" choice rather than concentrate on developing a cohesive whole. The play is simply exhausting to watch: imagine going grocery shopping alongside someone with ADHD and OCD when you're very hungover.

Re-contextualisation and reinterpretation are inescapably hip, from Andy Warhol's Campbell's Soup cans to a Daft Punk DJ set; you needn't be original to be radical. Unfortunately, *Orestes 2.0* ultimately resembles the closely named iSnack 2.0: composed of great elements but just not fabulous.

2.5/5

GIGITY

get out of the house, we dare you.

Theatresports

Thursdays are for laughs and schooners, and the watching a group of comedic improvisers mime a spaghetti western goat farm on the set of Oprah. Campus veterans need no spiel, but if you're a spring chicken it's time you hatched.

Manning Bar
Thursdays weekly
1pm



GOULDS

* BIGGEST RANGE

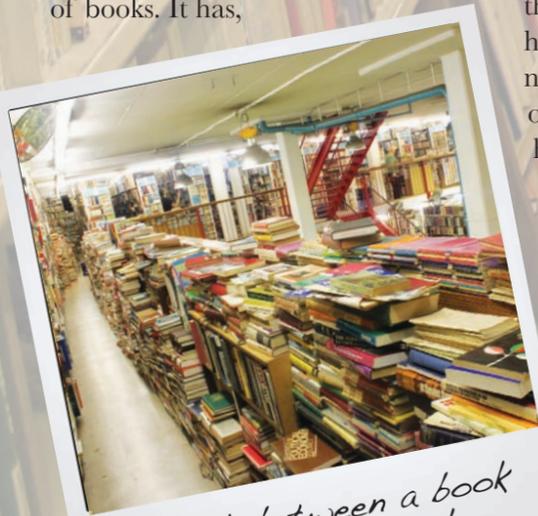
Rob Chiarella picks up his compass and heads into the depths of Newtown's Gould's Book Arcade.

Talk to anyone familiar with the protest movement against the Vietnam War in Australia, and the name Bob Gould is bound to come up. As a young radical, he played a major role in organising the mass movement and maintaining its links with the Australian Labor Party. Within the Left, he was (perhaps still is) a controversial figure: a Marxist who holds a Labor ticket, is well to the left of any campus Labor Left hack you've ever met, has been called a Trot, is in some sort of long-standing conflict with the *Green Left Weekly* and various associated groups (it's too hard to keep track), but has also denounced Labor sectarianism against the Greens.

Actually, it's far more complicated than that, but this isn't an article about the Byzantine world of socialist politics (look up Gould's rarely updated 'Oz Left' blog for that). What is interesting is that his part of Australian history is at the uni end of King Street.

If you've spotted the serious-looking people on campus handing out flyers or putting up posters for groups like the Socialist Alternative, you'd be forgiven for thinking the career path of the average far-leftist in Sydney involved dragging out an Arts degree for as long as possible. Not actually true – and certainly not for Gould, who took the unusual step of joining the petit bourgeoisie and opening a bookshop.

Gould's Book Arcade has been operating at its current premises since 1988. It is legendary for its poor organisation, narrow aisles, messy shelves and extraordinary selection of books. It has,



Stuck between a book and a hard book

however, entered the modern age, with a slick new website active since 10 February 2010 which includes a catalogue that cannot possibly be comprehensive.

The shop's display windows are set back from the wall a little, so many passers-by barely notice the place unless the piles of old cassettes and CDs near the entrance catch their eye. In one of the windows, and duplicated inside, is an unusually detailed sign:

Trading Hours 9.00AM to Midnight 7 Days. We are open earlier some days, and occasionally close earlier. We are always open until 11.00pm. Public Holidays: 10.00am to 11.00pm, Xmas Day: Noon to 10.00pm.

The CDs are stacked or shelved on the left as you enter. They are incredibly dusty with slightly faded packaging, which makes you imagine they must be from the dawn of time (1982, when Billy Joel's *52nd Street* became the first album to be commercially released on CD). In fact, some of them are surprisingly new, including a copy of Franz Ferdinand's *You Could Have It So Much Better*, the Rodchenko-inspired cover art fitting in well with the old-left vibe of the place.

Several stacks of milk crates take up most of the space at the entrance. They are filled with VHS tapes, 'of interest to collectors', as a sign says. Five dollars with original covers, three without. On the wall to the right are cassettes and vinyl records. There is also a small collection of DVDs.

Most used bookshops, believing that an element of discretion will help retain customers, keep the pornos in the back, hidden by shelves of 'serious' literature. No such hypocrisy at Gould's: right after the audiovisual media is a small shelf of erotic magazines. There is something rather odd about cheap, throwaway publications like these being preserved for long enough to go yellow and musty (and goodness knows what else, given their content). They provide an interesting catalogue of changing social mores, although the smiling male model on the front of

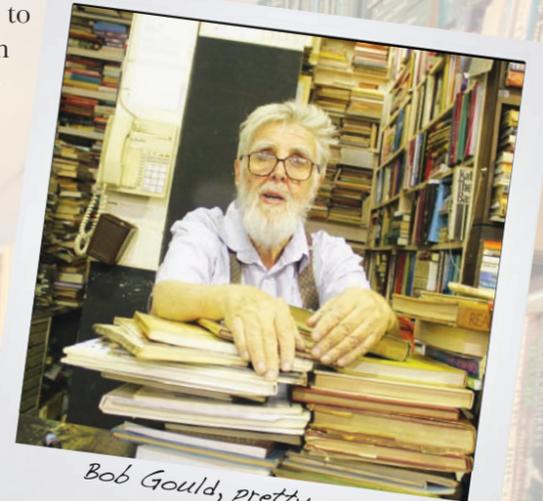
Australian Naked Teens ('not for sale to minors', says the cover) looks even older than me. One hopes. In the past, there have also been copies of various marijuana magazines available.

Across a narrow aisle, the more legitimate magazines are arranged in no particular order – *Foreign Policy* with *Wallpaper* with *Ralph*. This is probably the least dusty section of the place, and most of the issues are less than a decade old. It is here that you notice that, despite the political views of the proprietor, he is more of a disciple of Locke than of Proudhon. There are security mirrors everywhere, and a small sign (slightly yellowing, of course) advising patrons to leave their bags near the brown shelves at the front of the shop 'due to paranoid owner'. Said brown shelves do not appear to exist and everyone ignores the imperative without Gould troubling them.

The fiction section in the back has a level of mustiness eclipsing that of Fisher Stack, without the same level of privacy necessary for christening. But the true heart of the place is up the flight of stairs in the middle, with a large landing containing the non-fiction section.

To the left as you go in is a large area devoted to labour and socialist history. There is a whole section on Trotskyism, located to the left of the whole section on Stalinism. There is also in this vicinity a plethora of books on Australian politics. I pick up a copy of Frank Hardy's novel *Power Without Glory*, its presence in the non-fiction section arguably justified by the fact it was the subject of the last criminal libel case in Victorian history (or, more likely, to the notorious disorganisation of the shop). I also pick up a copy of Jim Spigelman's *Secrecy: Political Censorship in Australia*, but have yet to decide which student politician to give it to.

Spend enough time here and you start to get a feel for what life was like before and during the massive social transformations of the 1970s. There are books by Keith Windschuttle from when he was still a raging pinko and by Donald Horne



Bob Gould, pretty much made of paper himself

from when he was a young Tory. There are tomes on now-obscure public figures and out-of-date statistics reports.

In fact, although you'll never find what you are looking for at Gould's, you'll always discover something interesting. It's unclear just what policies, if any, govern the shop's acquisition of used books. I once discovered someone's University of New England Honours thesis in economic history, nicely bound and in much better condition than anything surrounding it. That said, (unconfirmed) rumour has it that post-grad students at Sydney Uni used to try to sneak their work onto the shelves.

The back shelves on this level are mostly devoted to history, economics, business and so on, but there is also a large section on foreign languages, a shelf full of *National Geographic* magazines and a few aisles devoted to old science textbooks. Some of these probably predate Darwin, but I figure maths doesn't change much and convince myself that Celeste McCollough and Loche van Atta's *Statistical Concepts: A Program for Self-Instruction*, published in 1963, will be of some use.

When I go to purchase the books, sucked in by the place's insidious retail model, Gould remarks that *Power Without Glory* is an Australian classic, tallies the price in his head (perhaps a skill acquired from his days crunching numbers inside the anti-war movement) and long-changes me by five cents. Not your average business. 💡

All photos by **Laurence Hendry**

ACCESS DENIED

Georgia Flynn and Colin Ho get with the program

Analysis: The Internet Filter and You

In the far-flung polity of the virtual world, it is difficult to gain a sense of homogeneity. But if there is one single philosophy that unites the gatekeepers and webmasters of the internet, it is the singular notion that information should be generated by anyone and available to everyone.

So, when the UK Internet Industry Awards set out to identify the "Internet Villain of the Year 2009", they compiled a list of those figures standing in opposition to that unifying ideal. The list comprised a predictable line-up of European politicians, from President Nicolas Sarkozy to Baroness Vadera, whose efforts to curtail illegal downloading had raised the ire of the internet community.

But ultimately, it was ALP Senator Stephen Conroy and the Australian Government who were given the dubious honour of being named co-villains of the year, "for continuing to promote network-level blocking despite significant national and international opposition".

With the brewing controversy surrounding the Rudd Government's proposal to introduce a compulsory internet filter into Australia's network connection, the question remains whether it is possible to erase the spectre of child pornography from the virtual marketplace, while maintaining the integrity of freedom of speech.

So what is the filter? How does it work?

In its purest form, the mandatory internet filter intends to restrict Australian access only to those sites that have already been relegated to the fringes of online content. The mandatory internet filter will restrict Australian access to websites that have been refused classification (RC) under the *Broadcasting Services Act 1992*.

Ideally, this would encompass any

content that the classification board has deemed inappropriate for release in Australia, ranging from child pornography to the *Anarchist Cookbook*. In some ways, the filter represents merely the latest step in a coordinated effort to expunge child pornography from the shadier corners of the internet.

Since 1 January 2005, the Australian Federal Police (AFP) unit has set about tackling internet paedophilia, establishing a \$28.4 million Online Child Sex Exploitation Team (OCSET). In 2009, the AFP was charged with the responsibility of leading the International Taskforce against Child Sex Abuse, which seeks to develop a global framework for battling child abuse.

While the prosecution of online paedophiles is a priority for the AFP, the internet filter intervenes one step before a potential user can access the sites. The filter originates from the Internet Service Provider (ISP), intercepting those sites that are deemed inappropriate. Although the filter is unable to prevent the generation of pornographic images, it is able to dislocate potential audiences from the producers. Ultimately, the filter depends largely on its ability to withstand hacker assaults.

An internet insurgency has already formed, with sites like Lifehacker.com advising users on methods to bypass the internet filter. Further, by blocking access only to websites that are comparatively mainstream, formulated in the familiar http:// style, the legislation would do little to prevent the peer-to-peer connections through which most suspect materials are currently traded.

According to RMIT University's Enex Test Lab's report on the pilot program, released in October 2009, "a technically competent user could, if they wished, circumvent the filtering technology." For consumers, this raises the possibility of slower internet connection at an increased cost while ISPs struggle to withstand the assault.

The Freedom of Speech Debate

By proposing to curtail freedom of access, the Federal Government is bucking a global trend in liberalising internet access.

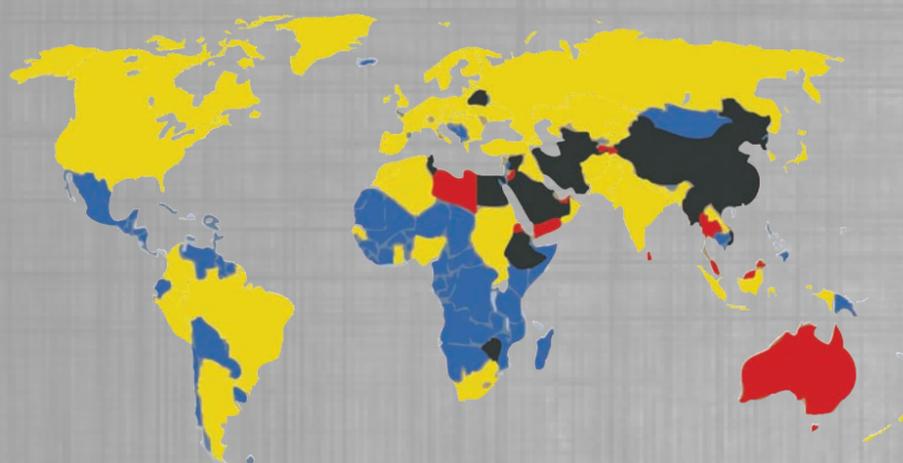
In January 2010, when Google Inc. announced their intention to cease complying with the Chinese Government's internet censorship regime, they were greeted with an almost evangelical response from high-tech freedom of speech advocates, with the Google adage, "Don't Be Evil", becoming the catch-cry of online human rights commentators.

While the efforts of individual dissidents can reduce the impact of censorship on a small scale, it is the larger symbolic gestures that represent the most strident steps to dismantle the Great Firewall of China.

Timothy Wilson, "is to stop access – from people getting access to sites that include pro-rape sites, pro-incest sites, pro-child pornography sites."

According to Liberal MP Alex Hawke, the filter represents a wider perception that Australians require constant supervision. "What we have seen since the election are the ideas that young people ... cannot be trusted to use the internet responsibly and we need to put a government filter on all of the internet," he said in a speech to Parliament in March last year.

Even within the Labor Party, there are voices of dissent. Senator Kate Lundy, a free internet advocate, has proposed an opt-out option for the scheme. Labor MP Penny Sharpe discarded the softly-softly approach,



Australia joins the club

The media rights watchdog, **Reporters Without Borders**, last week added Australia to its list of countries 'under surveillance', joining the likes of Libya, Uzbekistan and Eritrea.

■ No censorship

■ Some censorship

■ Under surveillance

■ Heavy surveillance

There is a clear distinction, however, between the Chinese Government's restrictions on access to YouTube, Twitter, and politically orientated blogs, and the aspiration to prevent exploitation.

Civil rights groups have been unyielding in their criticism of the internet filter on the basis that it infringes freedom of speech.

"Our sense is that people will be much more worried about the fact that the government will have a secret blacklist that is not very compatible with our status as a democracy and a free society," said Colin Jacobs of Electronic Frontiers Australia in a statement last year.

Senator Conroy offered a riposte to this claim during Q&A on 26 March last year. "The whole purpose of the list," he told the ABC's

describing the filter as a "waste of time and money" in her blog.

In 1995, *New York Times* columnist Edmund L. Andrews reported on a brewing political brouhaha about the battle between free speech and pornography on the then nascent internet. Pointing to the proliferation of sexually explicit images on the internet, Andrews questioned whether it is possible to "govern the sprawling and largely anarchistic array of interconnected networks".

Regardless of whether the Rudd Government's proposals constitute a viable method of governance, the debate represents a broader struggle between two conflicting views of the Information Age. With neither side willing to cede the moral high ground, it appears that the Google "Don't Be Evil" flag will stand above both camps. 🗳️



HOW TO WRITE A ROMANCE NOVEL: NOTES FROM A LITERARY CRITIC

Elizabeth Mulligan makes your heart skip a beat... It's still not beating...

Want to become the next Danielle Steel or Josephine Cox? Of course you do. Worried about the quality of your writing? Don't be. Following this simple guide will ensure that you provide middle-aged to elderly women with the titillation that their mundane suburban life cannot provide.

The Title: Should include any of the following words; temptation, seduction or passion. The protagonist of the book must also be mentioned, not by name but by means of their occupation, title or status (laird, Spanish bride, mistress or pirate, for example). Words such as "midnight", "moonlight" and "secret" also add excitement. Once you have these nouns and adjectives at your disposal it is simply a matter of piecing them together, such as:

The Temptation of the Spanish Bride

A Laird's Midnight Passion

Cover Illustration: A man, or woman (preferably both) must be displayed scantily clad, viewed through a soft filter and, no matter which time period the novel is set in, must be sporting 80s feathery haircuts. The woman must

be improbably busty and the man must have overly defined muscles. They must be nearly, but not quite, kissing.

The Plot: Before you begin writing your romance novel it is very important to enter the mindset of your average readership: lonely and sexually repressed middle-aged housewives. You must therefore abstain from all sexual activity and become so sexually frustrated that any form of physical stimulation is enough to send you into shivers of ecstasy. This will allow you to relate your repressed sexual fantasy in minute and boring detail. Always write in euphemisms. Why have Derek shove his cock into Vivian's mouth when he could "roughly insert his swollen member into Vivian's enfolding lips"? Why would Vivian orgasm when her body could be "racked with shivers of unbearable delight"?

In terms of actual plot, attention to character development, narrative cohesion and so on are irrelevant. People only read romance novels for the sexy bits. If you follow the above guidelines there is no excuse not to become the next Barbara McMahon.

The poetry of Richard Dawkins

Aleks Wansbrough is a lover of knowledge.

I impatiently waited in line to get a book signed by its author. I hoped that I would be afforded the opportunity to ask if I could interview the author for *Honi* but alas, there was not time: the queue was too long to say anything to the author except "thanks". The author was Richard Dawkins, the famous - hell, no need for introductions, everyone knows who the author of *The Selfish Gene* and *The God Delusion* is.

I had just witnessed Dawkins' lecture on his new book *The Greatest Show on Earth*. He began by instructing us, the audience, rather poetically, that we should never take our existence for granted, that we should never call it boring. Not only is it because each individual life is incredible (the history of sperm and egg), but that the mere fact of existence is amazing, how the stars are needed in a galaxy to heat the chemicals essential to life. He proceeded to clarify, unnecessarily to this godless audience, that evolution as a theory, in a scientific sense, is a systematic explanation of something based on facts rather than just a mere interpretation that could be false. After drawing this important distinction, Dawkins refuted creationists, or, as he described it, he used a sledgehammer to crush a small nut (just as he crushed that creationist nut Steve Fielding on ABC's *Q & A*).

Now, viewing the Andrew Denton interview with Dawkins, one may think that Dawkins has no sense of humour.

Not so. He told a very funny anecdote about a skeptic of evolution asking a scientist how it was possible that a single life form could become a human in the number of years approximated by science. The scientist replied that the evolutionary skeptic had managed to achieve this in only nine months.

Although there are plenty of books explaining evolution, Dawkins wrote *The Greatest Show on Earth* to make the case for evolution by natural selection obvious. And while it could be argued that there is no need to do so as almost all Australians accept the fact of evolution, 40 per cent of Americans do not.

Lamentably, Dawkins did not address the more sophisticated critiques of Darwinian evolution. For example, what of a vitalist conception of life that maintains many animals survive because of their will rather than the fact that they adapt to their surroundings; or, that there are so many factors in evolution that it may be somewhat naive to myopically focus on natural selection specifically?

But for this Darwinian audience, Dawkins had another agenda: to convince us of the glories of science. Indeed, by tapping into existential concerns regarding our origins, Dawkins has proved a brilliant populariser of science.

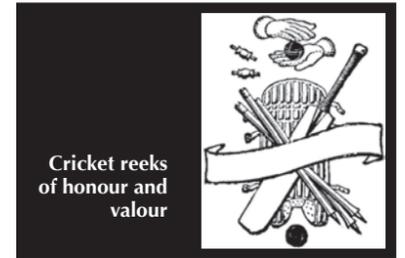
Furthermore, Dawkins, perhaps due to his love of poetry, has a way with words that certainly made me agree with him: "Science is the poetry of reality".

It's not a Bingle, it's a car crash

Kirsten Wade talks Bingle-bungle.

Over the past week or so, we have all slowed down to watch the car crash that has become Michael Clarke and Lara Bingle's relationship. There has been more media attention in the past week on these two than on the entirety of the Australian Cricket team's tour of New Zealand (that is, the tour Michael Clarke is currently wagging). The scandalous photos of Bingle, which I won't describe in detail because I'm sure you've all seen them, began circulating in the media like crazy last week. Unfortunately for Clarke, who flew home to sort out the situation, the whole saga is impacting on his pursuit of the Australian captaincy.

But we have to ask the question, why the fascination with the WAGs? Let's start at the very beginning. A very good place to start. The term WAG, which stands for the wives and girlfriends (of sportsmen), was coined by British tabloids in reference to the paramours of players in the English football league. And can you guess the quintessential WAG and her golden-balled husband? That's right, Victoria and David Beckham. And the Australian equivalent of Posh and



Becks are none other than Michael Clarke and Lara Bingle. But Pup and Bings aren't the only Aussie WAG couple: the bug-eyed sunglasses brigade have been occupying private boxes at the MCG, Gabba et al for a few years now. The Allan Border Medal, the Dally M Awards and the Brownlow have turned Logies-style with the start of the broadcast focusing on the red carpet. Which WAG is wearing what? Which WAG is best dressed? Which WAG is worst dressed? And of course, which WAG is wearing the most revealing gown?

It seems all the attention is on the women hanging off the arms of their high-profile sporting partners and not on the sport itself. I think maybe it's time for us all to stop rubbernecking at these two and for Clarke to stop wagging and get on with the tour.

HONI'S SOUNDTRACK TO... KING STREET

Anusha Rutnam and Bridie Connellan hit the town. The Newtown that is. With a boombox.

1. Passing a group of tie-dye clad sexagenarians:

Neil Young

'Hippie Dream'

Another flower child goes to seed/ In an ether-filled room of meat-hooks/ It's so ugly. Indeed. The Newtown breed of aged-hippies bought up terraces in the 1970s when the area was still dirt-cheap and rat-infested. Newtown sure ain't cheap anymore but the hippies and rats remain. They still amble along King St and congregate at compost bin emporium, The Watershed.

2. Sell-out Stretch:

Kings of Leon

'Sex on Fire'

Hankering for a Gloria Jean's frappuccino to go with those Max Brenner pralines, Seduce legwarmers and Red Room rental? You liked them before they were famous, right?

3. Inevitable passing of the fighting junkie couple:

Three Days Grace

'I Hate Everything About You'

The daily argument of this fast-walking brown paper-bag toting duo is a must-see for the Newtown stroller. Steer well clear.

4. Aboriginal Flag Mural:

Yothu Yindi

'Treaty'

I'm dreaming of a brighter day. Take a moment to look at a King St icon.

5. The vintage fashion stretch:

Prince

'Cream'

Both for the strutting beats and shop-name relevance. Shaboogie-bop indeed.

6. Enmore Rd/King Street fork in the road:

Fleetwood Mac

'Go Your Own Way'

But actually just walk down King St. 'Cos that's what this column's about.

7. The Sando:

The Whitlams

'God Drinks Down At the Sandrigham Hotel'

And wouldn't you just love to join him and/or Tim Freedman for a New and a bitch about pokies.

8. Southside:

Birdman feat. Lil' Wayne

'Southside'

Forget the yapped up snoozy snaz of the north side of King St. You've past the fork now; this is where shit gets real. Bitch I'm from the south, the south side/ We all ride, and when we catch a outsider, outside/ Y'all die, we all ride Yeh. And don't forget to go to the Filipino grocery store. Cheap spices y'all!





src help

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



Hi Abe,

I have a doctor that I want to see, but she doesn't normally bulk bill. I don't get Youth Allowance. She said that if I have a health care card I can get bulk billing. Otherwise I have to pay the scheduled fee, then get the Medicare rebate, which I can't really afford to do. How do I get a Health Care Card if I'm not on Youth Allowance?

Science 2nd Year

Hi Science 2nd Year,

Centrelink offers a Low Income Health Care Card to most Australian residents who earn less than about \$420 per week. This is regardless of you are on a Centrelink payment or not. Just ring Centrelink on 132 490 or get the application form from the website or your Centrelink office. If you are not on Centrelink you will need to renew this card every 3 months.

If you present your Low Income Health Care Card to the doctor you want to see, you should be able to get bulk billing. A Low Income Health Care Card also gives you access to many things such as cheap pharmaceuticals (about \$5), free ambulance in NSW, free dental, free optical (lenses and frames) and some other discounts.

Remember that the university has a free counselling service and a doctor's surgery (University Health Services) that bulk bills automatically.

Abe

SRC Legal HELP:

Are you being underpaid at work?

What steps can you take?

As an employee it is your right to be paid at least the minimum wage. If you think you are being underpaid, you should consider taking the following steps:

Step 1

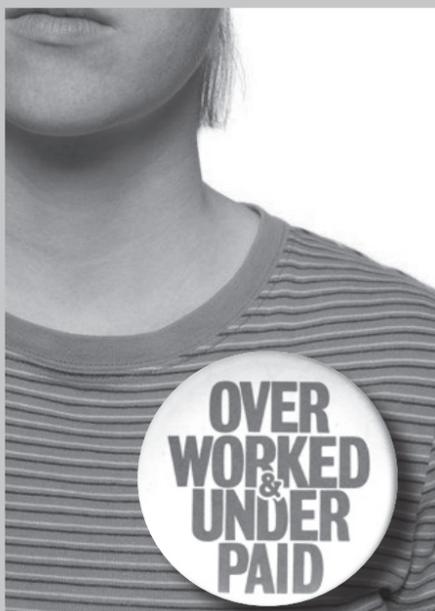
Discuss the matter with your employer either in person or in writing. Often there has simply been a genuine mistake and your employer will be happy to fix it.

Step 2

Contact Fair Work on their info line on 13 13 94 or look up www.fairwork.gov.au. Fair Work can help check the pay rates and entitlements you should be receiving. After getting the right information, you can talk to your employer again.

Step 3

If the issue still isn't resolved and you still think you are being underpaid, you may be able to lodge a complaint with the Fair Work Ombudsman.



For more guidance or advice on what to do next, call the Fair Work Info line or make an appointment to see the SRC Solicitor for free on 02 9660 5222



Students' Representative Council
The University of Sydney

BECOME A MEMBER!

Join in person at the SRC Office or SRC Bookshop (details below)

The SRC provides the following services to SRC members...



Support & Advocacy

- Centrelink Advice
- Academic Appeals
- Discontinuing/Withdrawing
- Students at Risk
- Show Cause
- Exclusion
- Tenancy Advice
- Fee Refunds
- Harassment & Discrimination
- International Students
- Plagiarism & misconduct

Free Legal Advice

- Referrals
- Discrimination & Equal Opportunity
- Employment law
- Minor criminal matters/traffic offences/ fines
- Victims of violence
- Debts

SRC Books - Cheapest books on campus!

- Buy & sell your textbooks
- Search for books online at www.src.usyd.edu.au
Located: Wentworth Level 3 (opposite Donut King)

Emergency Loans

\$50 emergency loans for students in need

Student Publications

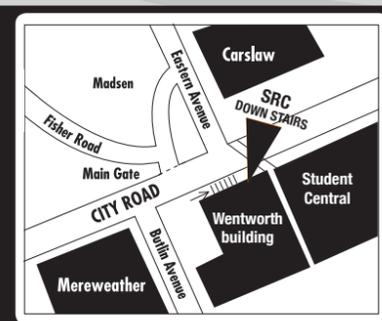
- Honi Soit weekly newspaper
- pick-up a copy available on campus
- Student Handbooks: O-week, Counter Course, International Students & Women's Handbooks.

Student Rights & Representation

SRC Representatives are directly elected by students each year to stand up for students' rights on campus and in the wider community.

We are located at..

Level 1 Wentworth Building
(under City Rd footbridge)
Ph: 02 9660 5222
www.src.usyd.edu.au
If you are at another campus,
email: help@src.usyd.edu.au



The SRC's operational costs, space and administrative support are financed by the University of Sydney.



President's Report

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

Hello my dear undergraduate (and postgraduate) readers for the third week of Semester 1! My column today is in an extra-special position, namely at the beginning of the SRC pages (I haven't worked out yet whether that's because I'm important or not. That's up to you!). Turn to these pages every *Honi* edition to see what's coming up with your SRC on your campus.

Noodle Day!

Fed up with not being able to get Youth Allowance? Annoyed that there weren't any scholarships for you to access in coming to university? Want to have a bit of a laugh with your friends and eat noodles to set a world record? Then come along to Noodle Day on Wednesday 24th March (Week 4) on the Front Lawns at 2pm. The federal Senate needs to pass some essential legislation in relation to student income support and scholarships, but Tony Abbott, Steve Fielding and Barnaby Joyce all seem to get a kick out of blocking it. Why's it so important? Because these changes will mean over 60,000 more students could potentially access Youth Allowance, and it will provide thousands of scholarships to students from rural, regional and lower-income backgrounds for the costs of relocation, beginning study, and more. So come along to Noodle Day, then turn up to our big rally the following Wed at 2pm to make a statement to your federal politicians. Right now, they're not doing a good enough job, but students have to get out there and show it!

Green Paper

Yes, I know I mentioned it last week, but the uni's Green Paper was released recently. The uni would like the input of students, staff and general members of the community, but they seemed surprised a few days ago when I told

them they may not get many responses from students. Why? Because you all have ten million things to do like study, work, socialise and more. I don't expect anyone but people like myself (ie. because it's my job and you elected me...) to read over 100 pages of dense prose that gets a bit repetitive. But last weekend I spent a good portion of my time making a summary of the Green Paper to send out to those members of the uni community who actually have lives and don't have time to read such a lengthy document, but still would like to have a say in where the uni plans to go over the next 5 years.

But alas, the University are not interested in a summary. They have actually refused to do an executive summary of it, as they believe it will simplify the major issues outlined in the Paper without giving you the particular context in which these ideas were initially suggested. But most, if not all, Government reports have executive summaries - they are meant to be the starting point of discussion and reflection by groups not necessarily a part of the big decision-making.

So the Vice-Chancellor and the Strategic Planning Office want as many students as possible to read the Green Paper and make 'informed submissions' to the website by 19th April. They are also interested in holding focus groups or discussion groups around particular issues raised in the Paper, such as academic reorganisation/restructuring.

We really want to know what you think of the ideas presented in the paper, so please feel free to email us with your views, opinions, diatribes, whatever. Students are the core part of what makes a university. Student organisations and student representatives believe that students should have a say in the key decision making that indirectly and

directly affects them. That's one of the reasons you have a student organisation!

The SRC will be doing a submission or response to the Paper, but if you would like to individually submit a response to the University you can do it through the Green Paper website: http://www.usyd.edu.au/about/strategy/green_paper/index.shtml. You can also view a schmancy video of the Vice-Chancellor introducing the paper to you.

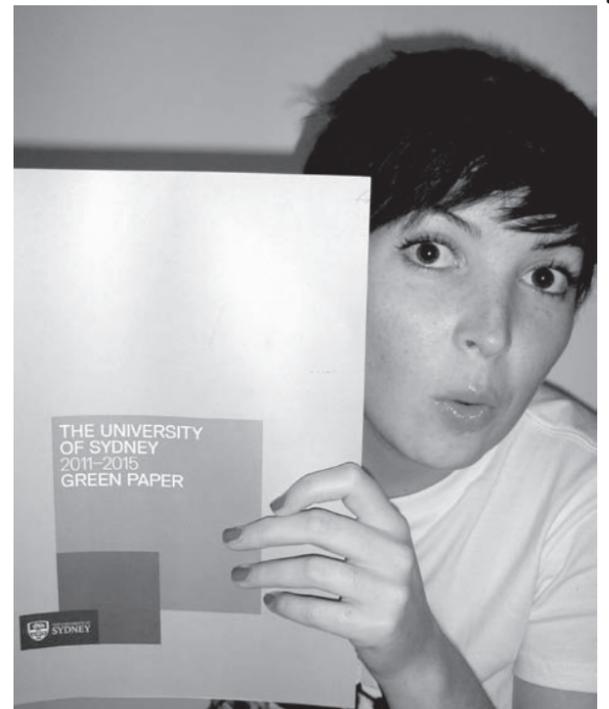
Obviously the University is encouraging all students to read the Paper and make a response based on your understanding of the Paper as a whole. So get your reading hats on, your laptop at hand and start drafting a response!

SUBMISSIONS CLOSE MONDAY 19th APRIL (BEGINNING OF WEEK 7).

* If you genuinely are interested in the Paper but are seriously time-poor, feel free to email me and I will send you my summary. It's 5 pages long.

Scitech Library update!

I put in several proposals over the holidays for Scitech to have longer opening hours during Stuvac and exam period in Semester 1. It seems the library is actually doing something about it - maybe because the UNSW main library has better opening hours than Sydney Uni. So watch this space! I'll let you know when we get the green light completely and I'm hoping we'll have a trial coming up this semester. My suggestion was for Mon-Fri to be 7am-midnight, with Sat-Sun 10am-10pm.



I've also proposed that some of the main libraries on Camperdown/Darlington campus (ie. Fisher, Scitech, Law) extend their opening hours on Sunday. 1-5pm isn't good enough, especially if you're trying to finish off a huge assignment, or you live a long way from campus.

Summer & Winter School HECS Places

Sorry if you think they'll be appearing any time soon...but I am determined to see it happen in 2010! I have mentioned it to the uni several times and will be drafting an official proposal. I'd love to hear your thoughts if you are a domestic student and would like to access HECS places at these schools. After all, UTS and UNSW have them...

If you think there are any other things on campus which need looking at, or something is really ticking you off, come up and say hi, email me or tweet me.

Email me!
president@src.usyd.edu.au
Tweet me! @srcpresident
Write to me! via *Honi*

Get involved...

- Education Action Group: Tuesday 16th of March, 1pm (Chancellor's Lawns -next to Fisher Library)
- Women's Collective: meets every Thursday at 1pm in the Holme Women's Room.
- Environment Collectives:
 - Student Enviro Action Collective (SEAC): Monday 1pm Botany Lawns
 - Climate Action Collective: Wednesday 1pm Chancellors Lawns
- Queer Collective: Monday 2pm Queer Space Holme Building
- International Students: Check your email for updates

What's on...

- Noodle Day - Fight Student Poverty & set the Noodle eating record! Wednesday 24th of March, 2pm (Front Lawns)
- National Day of Action - Wednesday 31st of March, 2pm (Front Lawns)
- Vote for your Department Representatives NOW (check your WebCT)

International Students' Forum: Immigration Changes

SRC and SUPRA are holding a meeting this Friday 19th March about the recent changes to immigration laws. They could affect you as an international student. Come along and hear a specialist lawyer discuss the changes. You will be able to ask questions too and have your queries answered. 1-3pm, 19th March in New Law 101 (the big lecture theatre).



General Secretary's Report

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

I believe that the SRC's activities can be broken down into four essential parts: welfare (casework and legal services), publications (such as this fine newspaper), representation (where we sit on committees and meet with University bigwigs), and collectives. In this report, I'm going to talk about the last of these, collectives.

What is a collective?

A collective is just a group of people who are working together democratically to achieve something. You could have a collective to organise a conference, to organise a campaign, or to organise a party...you just probably wouldn't call it that. In a collective, everyone has the right to have a say, and most decisions are made by voting. All members of the collective have an equal say and an equal vote, whether it's the first time you've attended a meeting or you've been around for years. There are two main types of voting used in collective situations: consensus voting and majority voting. In a collective that has consensus voting, all members of the collective must vote 'yes' to whatever is being proposed before it is considered to be passed. In a majority voting collective, the proposition is considered to be passed when the majority of the members vote 'yes'. Which is the better and more democratic way of making decisions is the subject of some debate.

The collectives within the SRC exist to organise and campaign around issues that either affect that group of students or that those students are passionate about. The collectives that exist within the SRC and their contact emails are can be found on the SRC's website.

Some of these collectives are autonomous, and some of them are not. But what does autonomous mean? It means that only students who identify as being one of that group (for example, queer) can come along to the weekly collective meetings. Most autonomous collectives run both autonomous and non-autonomous events.

Why autonomy?

Autonomy is a bit of a controversial issue,

with opponents to autonomy arguing that it excludes people, and that it is perpetuating divisions between groups. The aim of autonomy, however, and of autonomous organising spaces, is not to exclude people (obviously) – it is to empower and enfranchise those who are affected by discrimination. People affected by particular types of discrimination know best how it impacts on them, and how it manifests, and therefore should have the power to decide what kinds of campaigns and activities they would like to run to break down this discrimination and to empower members of that group. Clearly no campaign can ever be won by an autonomous group alone, especially since given the very reason for their existence – i.e. – an institutionalised and societal disenfranchisement – means that they are usually the people without power. A successful campaign will always engage with members of the wider community: women have to work with men, queers have to work with straights, international students have to work with domestic students and so on in order to achieve their goals. Having an autonomous organising space just means that the people most affected by discrimination have the most say in how to mobilise against it, which I think is fair. It also provides a safe space wherein to meet other people who identify as a part of this group, which can be particularly important in the cases of say the queer collective or the disabilities collective – they provide somewhere to build support networks.

Collectives are a great way of getting involved with the issues you're passionate about. The International Students Officers have also organised a forum happening this FRIDAY at 1PM in the New Law School Lecture Theatre 100, which will provide information about recent changes to immigration laws. If you're an International Student, this is a great opportunity to find out about how these changes will affect you, and also meet the lovely, friendly International Students Officers. Make the most of your university experience and get active on the issues you care about!

Education Report

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

Noodle Day!

One in every eight students regularly misses a meal because they can't afford it. This means that in your 600-person lecture, about 75 of your fellow students will go hungry some time this week. About 150 of the students in that lecture will have taken out a loan just to pay for essential course requirements such as textbooks and stationery. Another 150 will probably miss the lecture a few times this semester because it clashes with the part-time job they hold to pay for their studies, rent and food.

It's time something was done about this. The SRC is holding an event next Wednesday the 24th at 2pm on the Front Lawns. We will be setting the world record for the most people eating 2-minute noodles at the same time. This will be happening on campuses all across Australia, in support of the Fair Youth Allowance campaign. We demand that the government raise Youth Allowance and Rent Assistance payments, that the Age of Independence be lowered, and that the proposed Student Income Support changes be passed in the Senate immediately.

It's a fun event for a serious cause: Dom Knight from The Chaser will be MCing the event, and noodles will be provided to all for free. With enough people, we can show the government that Youth Allowance is inadequate, and that we will not stand for it. So bring a friend, grab a cup of noodles, and help us get Fair Youth Allowance for all.

Student Representation in the Faculty of Arts

We closed nomination for Department Representatives in the Faculty of Arts last week. We received 45 nominations across 25 departments, resulting in 11 contested elections. 14 positions were declared elected unopposed. This result is much better than anyone expected. I

thank every candidate for taking part in this project, and look forward to working with you.

I urge every Arts student to log into WebCT and vote for the student that will represent students' views to your department for the rest of the year. Given the small size of Arts departments, your vote counts more than ever. With your help, Department Representatives can change the course of education in Arts and ensure that our wants and needs are fulfilled. Voting is open now, and will close on Friday the 19th at midnight.

Nominations will remain open for another week in those departments that do not have a candidate. Get in contact with me if you have any questions or if you are thinking of nominating for a position.

Events

Vote for your Department Representative A NOW (check your WebCT)

Education Action Group A Tuesday 16th of March, 1pm (Chancellor's Garden)

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

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

Women's Report

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

International Women's Day on last Monday 8th meant a concentration of debates, protests, the launching of campaigns and a focus on a plethora of issues faced by society and the feminist movement.

Here at Sydney Uni we celebrated by launching our SRC Women's Collective's handbook, *Growing Strong*. The handbook was collated over the Christmas holidays from submissions from women-identifying university students from across Australian universities. It delves into sex education, pro-choice campaigns, mental health, conscience voting, sexting and Beyonce.

We heard from many fascinating speakers including the Dean of Law, Professor

Gillian Triggs, Stephanie Dowrick from the International Women's Development Agency, Dr Christina Ho from UTS and Ulrika Dahl author of *Femmes of Power* and finished off the night with a stunning performance from the Stiff Gins.

The night worked because the views brought were varied and often conflicting. Christina Ho looked at the way in which the War on Terror hid behind a guise of feminism and the liberation of women to justify invasion. Dr Ho argued for a new approach to supporting women in other cultures in their fight for improved living conditions and place in society. She explained this approach as supporting existing grassroots women's movements within the communities - a politics of

solidarity, rather than a politics of rescue. Ulrika Dahl spoke about the impact of gender-equity laws in Sweden like compulsory paternity leave and making it illegal to buy sex but legal to sell it.

On Tuesday the USU put on a 'Can Men be Feminists?' panel. Manning was packed out with students to watch the panelists nut out how they see men's engagement with the feminist movement. Whether they saw men as feminists, pro-feminists or didn't choose to identify with a particular label it was great to see a debate which churned up discussion around campus and made people challenge assumptions.

In other news...

For one edition of the year we get to take over the pages of *Honi Soit*. Women's Honi is calling for articles, rants, opinions, reviews, anecdotes, photos, paintings and drawings.

We are also on the look out for anyone who is interested in editing and laying up the edition – if you want to be an editor or want to know more about what it might involve email me at womens.officers@src.usyd.edu.au.

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



SAAO SAYS...

Dear SAAs,

I have received my co-branded Student Card in the mail. As I am appalled at the Uni selling out to a bank, I have completed the opt-out form. However, I am concerned the Uni has provided my personal details to a third party, as nowhere in the accompanying "Registration and Activation Guide" is there any reference to having to supply ANZ with your personal details. It just notes that you need to register and set a username and password. Can you confirm that the Uni has not given out students personal details?

Thanks,
Concerned PG

Dear Concerned PG
When you receive the Student Card, you have to activate the ANZ Visa function by going to a website and entering in your card details, your address and your contact details. If you do this, then you are giving ANZ Visa your personal details directly. So the University has not given your personal details to ANZ Visa. If you do not activate the ANZ Visa debit card, then ANZ Visa do not have access to your personal information.

However, the situation is less clear if you decide to activate the ANZ Visa card and then change your mind and want to opt-out. The Opt-out form (which you can find here www.usyd.edu.au/card_centre/applications/student_card_opt_out.shtml) states that your existing card will be replaced with a new card (without the ANZ Visa logo on it). But it does not say whether the information that you gave to ANZ Visa when you activated the old card will also be deleted from the ANZ Visa system. SUPRA is seeking to find out more about this from the University, but at this stage we don't know!

SAAO Team

Postgrads and Privacy

The Advice and Advocacy Service at SUPRA has received several questions relating to the new Student Card and the ANZ Visa Debit card function. Students have approached with questions about the Debit card, in particular concerns about the how the personal details that students provide will be used.

What is personal information?

Personal information includes any information or opinion about an identifiable person. That is, the information could reasonably be used to identify you. This can include information such as your name, your contact details (address, email address, phone number), your photograph or image and written records that concern you.

How is personal information used at the University?

The use of personal information at the University of Sydney, including the disclosure of personal information to third parties, is managed in line with the University of Sydney's Privacy Policy (Date of effect 2007). You can find this policy in full at www.usyd.edu.au/policy. This policy is designed to ensure that the University complies with legislation such as the NSW Privacy and Personal Information Protection Act 1998.

The University Privacy Policy outlines the way in which information at the University will be collected and managed. For instance, the policy states that:

- personal information will only be collected by the University for lawful purposes
- only information that is reasonably necessary will be collected
- individuals must be notified when their personal information will be collected
- individuals must be told why their personal information is being collected and who will

receive that information

- individuals must be informed if there are any consequences if they do not give their personal information
- personal information will not be retained for longer than necessary, and must be disposed of securely

When can the University disclose personal information to third parties?

The University Privacy Policy states that personal information will only be disclosed to other organisations in specific circumstances. Firstly, the information can be disclosed if the individual has consented to that information being disclosed to third parties. If an individual has been told, when the information is collected, that it is likely that the information may be disclosed, this can also be treated as consent to disclose information. Secondly, the information may be disclosed if the University is required to disclose the information by law. Finally, if there is reasonable belief that any person may be at risk of harm or threat, and that the disclosure of information may prevent that harm or threat from occurring, then the University can disclose personal information to third parties.

How can I find out what information the University holds about me?

The University maintains a number of different records relating to students. For instance, academic records refer to records relating to a student's admission, enrolment, results and their progress in their course, such as Annual Progress Reviews. This may include records of discussions about a student's academic progress. The University also maintains records relating to special consideration requests and any disciplinary proceedings (such as plagiarism investigations).

Most of the paper records about students are held in student files, which are managed by the University's Record Management Services. Files relating to former students are held by the University Archives. Electronic records related to students are also maintained by University and Faculty staff. Many Faculties and Departments also hold other records relating to students.



In the majority of cases, students can request to access the information on Student Files and electronic records by filling out a form and giving it to the Faculty Office. You can find the form here www.usyd.edu.au/arms/info_freedom/forms.shtml

If you think personal information collected by the University is not on your student file, or if you want to access other information such as an examiner or assessor's report, it is a good idea to contact a SAAO at the SUPRA office. Accessing this information may require a separate application. A SAAO can help you to prepare an application to access information. If you are denied access to information, we can also advise you about applying for a review of the decision.

Why would I want to know what information the University holds about me?

Students may want to (and are entitled to) check that the information being held by the University is accurate. Where the student believes that information on their record is not accurate, they may want to ask for the information to be amended, or ensure that information which the student believes is accurate is placed in their records. Students wanting to appeal decisions made by University staff may also need to access their records, to check what information was used by University staff in making the decision.

Penny Huisman
Student Advice and Advocacy Officer (SAAO)

SUPRA's next Council Meeting

The next SUPRA Council Meeting will be MARCH 18 at 5pm in the SUPRA Offices. Any Subscriber of SUPRA is welcome to attend the public sections of the meeting. If you are interested in attending, please contact John Nowakowski, Secretary, on secretary@supra.usyd.edu.au for more information.

POSTGRAD PAGES

Why You Should Attend The Rally For Marriage Equality

Homophobia is alive and well in Australia, despite the gains made by the gay liberation movement of the 1970s, limited law reforms and the growth of an increasingly diverse pink dollar marketplace (gay real estate agent anyone?). And homophobia is an extremely powerful force; it kills, it injures and it affects the day-to-day lives of millions of people in Australia and across the world.

We know from research conducted in Australia that rates of suicide and attempted suicide are six times higher for same-sex attracted young people than their heterosexual counterparts. This is not because there is anything innately depressing about being attracted to someone of the same sex, far from it. It's because having to face a homophobic society every day, perhaps being disowned by your family, and almost certainly dealing with a hostile school environment, can sometimes be too much for anyone to bear.

National research conducted by La Trobe University in 2004 provided evidence that the place where young people are least safe from homophobia is at school. Around half had experienced homophobic verbal abuse, with most incidents taking place while they were at school. I'm sure that if you are one of the many trying to look at the new "MySchool" website (when it works!) you won't find any information about what each school is doing to tackle homophobic bullying.

We also know that, throughout our lives, LGBTI (lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex) people have disproportionately higher levels of depression and anxiety, along with poorer physical and sexual health. All of this is hard to face, but it also all entirely preventable, and again has nothing to do with being LGBTI, but

everything to do with the impact of discrimination and oppression on our lives. In a 2008 study of LGBTI experiences of violence in Victoria, over 85 per cent of respondents said they had experienced physical violence and abuse in their lifetime, with 1 in 4 having experienced homophobic abuse within the last two years.

There are ongoing debates about the best approach to challenging this oppression. LGBTI people have a long and often proud history of fighting back, not just accepting discrimination. This must continue with even greater energy. But why should we be campaigning specifically for same-sex marriage? And why has this proved itself to be a demand that thousands have taken to the streets to protest for?

The fact that same-sex marriage is banned provides an enormous legitimacy for homophobic views and the resulting homophobic behaviour.

It's not just about achieving basic equal, civil, legal rights – an argument that the majority of Australians now agree with. It's about something much broader than just a change in the law.

When a same-sex attracted young person, or indeed LGBTI people of any age, look for signs of acceptance of their sexuality in society, we often look at the very basic interactions and norms of "ordinary" life – things

like getting on at school, finding decent work, having a happy family, and the option of getting married to our partner. The fact that same-sex marriage is illegal in Australia is a stark indication that our sexuality is not accepted. By denying same-sex couples the same choice to get married as opposite sex couples, it is implied that we, and our relationships, are different. And not just different but lesser, worse.

The fact that same-sex marriage is banned provides an enormous legitimacy for homophobic views and the resulting homophobic behaviour. Really, if the government won't recognise our relationships as equal to those of our straight friends and family, why should anyone else? What does the ban signify to the homophobe? That same-sex couples really are different, unequal, not worthy of marriage, and not worthy of anything but homophobia and abuse.

That is why getting involved in the campaign for same-sex marriage rights is about fighting against homophobia, fighting to end all forms of discrimination, and for a future where all consenting relationships can be celebrated however we want to celebrate them.

Of course, the fight against homophobia will not end when we achieve same-sex marriage rights, or even if we win full legal equality. Homophobic oppression is an integral part of the structure of capitalism, just like transphobia, sexism, racism, and all the rest. Our fight against homophobia will only be won when we finally defeat this whole repulsive system, and can create a world that's truly equal.

Rally for equal Marriage Rights on Saturday 20 March at Town Hall - 1:00pm

Lian Jenvey
SUPRA Vice President

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

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

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.

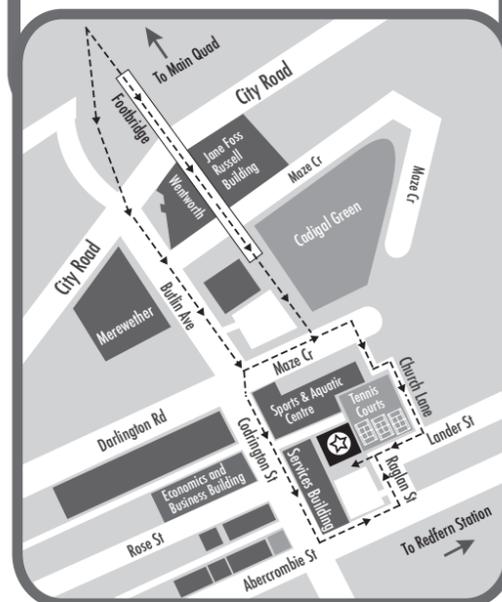
Complete your subscription online at www.supra.usyd.edu.au/subscribe then follow the links if you would like to become a SUPRA Supporter. Alternatively you can complete a form at our stalls or drop into the SUPRA office.

WHERE IS SUPRA?

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THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

CRYPTIC

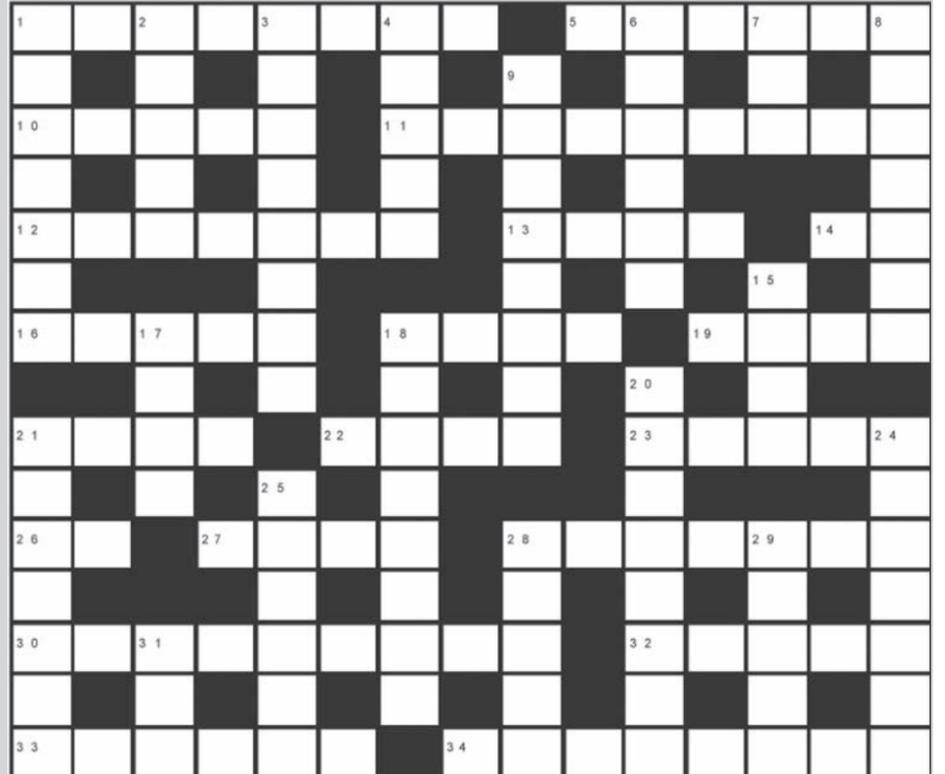
- Across**
- Recordings attempt to make a woven artwork (8)
 - 9-down Disney film for a starter (6)
 - Tool left in wharf (5)
 - Divide and seduce between a big pair for flotsam (9)
 - Comes to at model extremities (7)
 - Show amusement before a rock 'n' roll he-woman (4)
 - On condition that Kipling's poem... (2)
 - ...is to give in and give out! (5)
 - Carry bag? (4)
 - Inspector 9-down can see through you (1-3)
 - Business shortly in 9-down is alright (4)
 - Ironically not, like the other half? (4)
 - Plant margarine (5)
 - Say hi to half a toy (2)
 - Fan of being well built (4)
 - Queensland town could be said of Pi (7)
 - Expert failed as their organs fell (9)
 - Naval vessel lubricator (5)
 - Loathe in 9-down what the horse did at dinner (3, 3)
 - Acts in a Tom Hanks film? (8)

- Down**
- Pay Riot Act to be Edward Scissorhands' hobby (7)
 - Write right in a beer (5)
 - Williams from French song (8)
 - Travels on rollercoasters (5)
 - Let ten disturb... (6)
 - ...undies from the City of God? (3)
 - Wards off 9-down and kills Tina! (4, 3)

- Plaiting braided language (3, 5)
- Cream biscuit or English love? (4)
- 9-down insect for online store (4)
- Short film extravaganza test hides nutty professor (8)
- Hoots side effect (3-5)
- The Games end differently at their mountain of origin (7)
- 9-down garbage for a garbage receptacle (7)
- Two articles after man from South American Republic (6)
- Aid in Tsunami-affected country (5)
- Where to find a relative by marriage? (2-3)
- Minimal 9-down for Spanish cheer (3)



- Down**
- Hedge trimming (7)
 - Produce text on paper (5)
 - Woo in song (8)
 - Carnival attractions (5)
 - Agitate (6)
 - Home of the Christo Redeptor (abb.) (3)
 - Kills Tina (4, 3)
 - Modern dialect (3, 5)
 - Popular cream biscuit (4)
 - Online market (4)
 - Australian short film festival (8)
 - Side-effect (3-5)
 - Greek mountain (7)
 - Cigarette disposal (7)
 - South American Republic (6)
 - Sub-continental country (5)
 - Your wife's mother, for example (2-3)
 - Spanish cry (3)



BENNY "ROBERT 1-DOWNEY JR"

- Across**
- The Bayeux, for one (8)
 - First course (6)
 - Wrenching tool (5)
 - Flotsam (9)
 - Girl's name of Kinks fame (4)
 - On condition that (2)
 - Produce (5)
 - Brandish (4)
- Quick**
- Method of medical examination (1-3)
 - Alright (4)
 - Depressed (4)
 - Collective term for plant life (5)
 - Colloquial greeting (US) (2)
 - Polish (4)
 - Pauline Hanson's hometown (7)
 - Said of a slipped uterus or intestine (9)
 - Diesel ship (slang) (5)
 - What the horse did at dinner (3, 3)
 - Tom Hanks film (8)

THE TAKE HOME

- Where was the Internet created?
- The Latin phrase Obiter Dictum refers to:
 - An unfortunate sex-related accident
 - A directive to dictate a passage of law
 - Passing comments made by a judge
- Who wrote the prize-winning novel Gould's Book of Fish?
- What is the most-watched video in the history YouTube?
- How many times has this video been viewed: 85, 122 or 166 million times?
- Who famously answered the question, "What would you be if you weren't a footballer?" with the response, "A virgin."?
- In which film did Colin Firth make his cinematic debut?
- Which letter appears on the universal symbol for a hearing loop?
- Who was the third man to walk on the moon?
- Who hosted the national format of the 7:30 Report before Kerry O'Brien?

- True or False: Westlife has had more No. 1 hit singles in the UK than Michael Jackson.
- Which Fleetwood Mac album features the song "Dreams"?
- What does LSD stand for?
- Who is the central character in the Cambridge Latin Course series of textbooks?
- What is the highest mountain in the solar system and on which planet is it located?
- What is the currency of Peru?
- Richard Dawkins' 1976 book about evolution is called *The Selfish* _____?
 - God
 - Self
 - Gene
- Which opened in Newtown first: The Marlborough Hotel or Gould's Arcade?
- Who wrote the Greek tragedies Electra, Antigone and Oedipus the King?
- Which yacht club won the 2010 America's Cup?

5-		75x	24x		
3÷				8+	1
15x	2÷				11+
	5+	3-	5-	11+	
5+					6x
	5	48x			

KEN KEN
KEN KEN
KEN KEN

COUNTDOKU



RATED: lol

WORDSWORDSWORDS

In each couple below, the first word appears in a world capital city, the second word appears in that countries capitals. Eg. King Jam = Kingston, Jamaica

Don Gland, Mad Spa, Bang Hail, Car Ale, Art Ones, Bud Irate, Scat Man, Sing Gap, Dam Ether, Hare Mania, More Anew, Video Rug, Wash Sofa, Open Den, Slam Tan, Lump Lays, War Land.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER: Go ask your mother.



The Garter Press



PANTS PANTS PANTS PANTS

EDITION: 230 VOLUME XXVIII

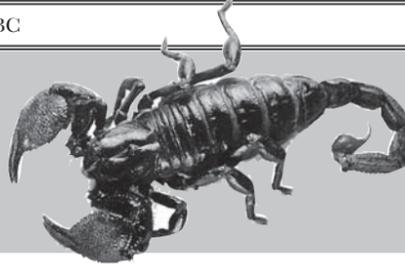
EST 2010 BC

Double \$1.50 or nothing



**IS
TOOTHPASTE
POISONOUS?**
No.

**FREE
SCORPION**
Like it or not



*That will
get you
stabbed in
Spain*

Butterfly responsible for Hurricane Katrina found

Chip Graham
U.S and T.H.E.M Correspondent

Almost five years after Hurricane Katrina, which hit New Orleans leaving left tens of thousands of Americans homeless and just under 2,000 dead, the butterfly responsible for the meteorological phenomenon has been located and detained.

The butterfly, a Green Longwing native to Brazil, was found hiding out in the Amazonian Jungle, expertly concealing itself amongst the long, green leaves from which it takes its name.

The Federal Prosecutor alleges that the premeditated movements of the butterfly's (long) wings in March 2005 was directly responsible for the hurricane in the south of America in August of the same year.

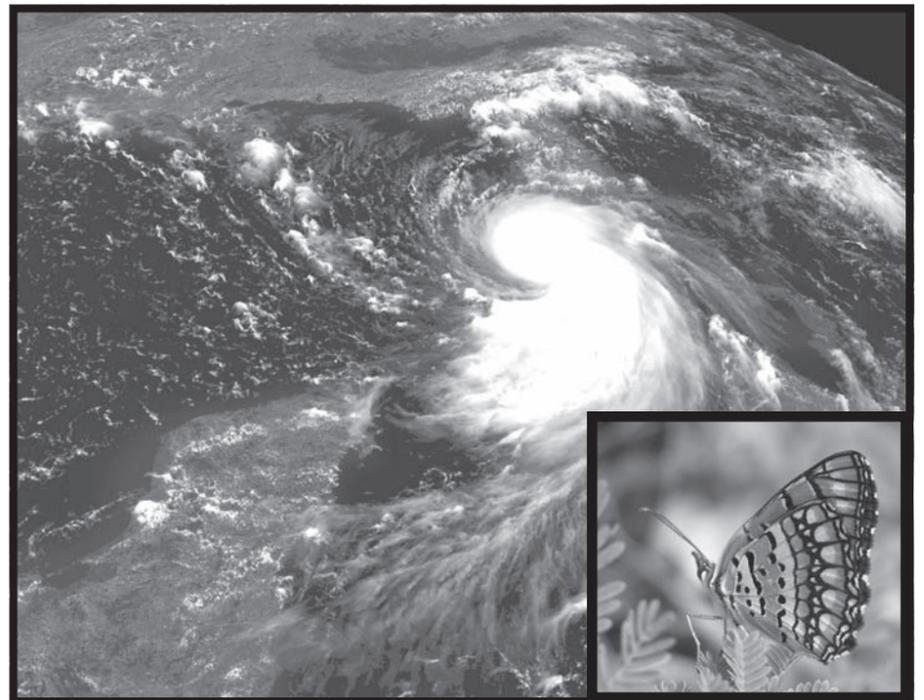
"This is a deeply satisfying result for the victims of Katrina and Americans as a whole," said Ralph E Tyson, US District Judge for the state of Louisiana in an extra-judicial statement to the press earlier this morning.

"No longer will this criminal terrorise our citizens with its fulfilment of long-term cause and effect chaos theory." concluded Tyson, as he lead the accused away in a tiny orange jumpsuit and adorable little handcuffs.

Not all are as jubilant as Tyson about the capture of the Longwing, with criticism coming from both the left and the right. Many are fearful of trying the butterfly in the United States, with some groups questioning the wisdom of bringing such a potentially volatile lepidoptera within the country's borders.

"We know what this manifestation of sensitive dependency of initial conditions is capable of, given the right circumstances and the culmination of several mitigating factors," Said Roland Birchgrove, a resident of Louisiana who had his home destroyed indirectly by the *lycorea cleobaea*.

Other groups, however, take a different perspective. Collin Harrison, head of lepidopterology and tennis at Columbia University, has called on Americans to make a distinction between this act and



the acts of butterflies as a group.

"We need to be level-headed about this. Yes, this is a despicable act from one butterfly, but we need to remember that the vast majority of these creatures are

providing winds that propel our ships along or cool us on a hot summer's day."

The butterfly could not be reached for comment cause we made this all up.

Letter Reveals Even James Joyce Failed To Get To The End Of Ulysses

EXCLUSIVE
Sir Arthur Friendly-Shark
Literature and Dogs Correspondent

Literature scholars from Cambridge University were stunned to read, in a recently uncovered letter from the great modernist author James Joyce to his wife Nora, an admission that even he was unable to get all the way to the end of his famously dense and difficult masterwork *Ulysses*, published in 1922.

Joyce writes, "Dear Nora, I've been up all night with this thing, Look at it! It's a door-stop! I got through the bulk of it; and thoroughly enjoyed the Dedalus chapters in the first half. I could see where it was all going (with the Homer parallels and stuff) and that the writing was of unparalleled beauty and complexity, but God damn it! It's just so long!

"Basically somewhere around the 'Oxen of the Sun' section I just sort of tuned

out; was filling pages but not taking it in, you know. Eventually I sort of skimmed to the end to read the famous Molly monologue, which is great, and sexy (and sort of about you!)."

Professor David R. O'Sheehy, an expert on the novel, expressed disappointment at the find: "I struggled through all of it, every word, and believe me there were plenty of moments when I felt like giving up," said the Professor on Sunday. "The least he could have done was stick it out. Then again, the parts he brushed through are some of my favourite bits, so I guess that makes him an ever bigger genius than I imagined."

The find has led Joyce scholars around the world to speculate that perhaps Joyce barely even got started on *Finnegan's Wake*, merely getting to the end of the first page in a book-store, being utterly bewildered, before letting the book sit unread on his shelf for years as a status symbol.

Other authors believed never to have finished their own works include Marcel Proust, who declared "Merde! Sept volumes!"; Herman Melville, whose last words were "So what happened? Did they kill the whale or what?"; Thomas Pynchon, who expressed a preference for the much more manageable *The Crying of Lot 49* over his National Book Award winning, 760-page *Gravity's Rainbow*, which he said he got the gist of after a couple of pages, and looked up the rest on Sparknotes.

The recent find has opened up a new branch of literature study, called 'laziotics.' Professor Jane Hodgson, who founded the discipline, stated that "the race is now on to find the first author who hasn't read any of their own books, and the first author who didn't even know they were an author at all, but heard about it later."

INSIDE

WHY IS MY CRAB WALKING FORWARDS?
and other "broken pets"
pg 4

ADORABLE ZOMBIE ELEPHANT TERRORISES ZOO
Zoo news (znews)
pg 43

DAVE HUGHES NOTICES A THING TO RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE
somewhere inside

FAR TOO MUCH OF READER HIGHLIGHTED
renders text useless but admittedly more flamboyant
pg 6

KATHRYN BIGELOW HIT BY SUBMARINE
Entertainment liftout



Comment

Years later, it's still obvious that *Bee Movie* is no B-Movie!

TERRY MINEFIELD



Wow, was cult classic *Bee Movie* really released in 2007? It seems like only yesterday that superstar comedian Jerry Seinfeld (writer, actor) wowed fans and critics alike with his animated epic. Time, much like a number of the characters in *Bee Movie*, really flies! And just like the epony-

mous insect, *Bee Movie*'s rating on IMDB (IMD-Bee!!) just keeps rising higher and higher! *Bee Movie*'s MOVIEmeter rating is up 5% this week, internet sources say. What does that mean? It means that years after its release *Bee Movie* just can't stop making a buzz, just like a bee! Or like the

tail of the rattlesnake, plagiariser of the bee-sound and hated enemy of Jerry Seinfeld. All hail bees, god's shining perfection!

All is not rose-pollen though. In 2010, *Bee Movie* has been swamped by pretenders. With Up (-your butts, Pixar, for your "appropriation" of *Bee Movie*'s use of chubby Asian boys) and *The Hurt Locker* (an unauthorized adaptation of Seinfeld's unpublished novella Barry and the Bee-omb Squad, available on request from the author) rising to ill-gotten prominence at the Oscars and

in conversation with Seinfeld's friends, a bee-trayal said to hurt Seinfeld greatly. Both false kings claim to be the greatest computer-animated films ever, but it's only a matter of time before the record is set straight.

With these false prophets coming to town it has once again fallen to Barry B. Benson to challenge the Pollen Jocks of Hollywood. Beverly Hills has milked the delicious film-honey from Jerry Seinfeld (star of television's *The Seinfelds*) for too long. Jerry Seinfeld will face the world with no shame and

hold swords in each of his six legs, riding astride a hive of fire, throwing swords at his enemies and Blu-Ray copies of his cult classic *Bee Movie* at his allies.

The only thing that we, the people who are not Jerry Seinfeld, can do now is wait. Wait, and each buy several copies of *Bee Movie*. We will let each one's narrative sting us but once and then, when it is done, let it fall. It is the way all things should be. Five bees out of five bees!



with **Maisy Snuffington**

"It was the best of times, but also it was the worst of times - it was both those things at the same time."

So begins Charlie Dickings' "A Tale of Two Times", surely one of the most famous sentences ever penned on paper with a pen! Truly words like these have the power to move us in our hearts and shake us in our brains. But how is

that words - which after all are just blobs of ink or computer goo - can be as powerful as any gun or knife?

Welcome back friends into the Wonderful Word of Wods! This week, load the canon! No, not that kind of cannon! The other kind, the book kind! The one with one less n!

But don't worry about the missing n because this canon contains works far greater than any n!

Shakespears, Keat, Chaus-er, Willy Worthington, James Juice, Henry and James! The list most certainly goes on.

The canon is basically just a list of all the best things written in history (think of it like the "best bits" section in your TV guide!).

But what gets you into the canon? Is there a panel like on *So You Think You Can Dance*? Maybe it's called *So You Think You Can Be In The Canon*! Imagine that.

I joke, of course (as I will often do!). The canon is decided each year in Copenhagen, when all the smartest scholars (Maisy's still waiting for her invite) sit around and decide which books a) have the

most letters b) have the best words and c) have the least amount of mistakes in them. Then it goes to a vote, and a new list is published and available at Dymocks!

But what about the most famous of the lot? The man who gave us *Hamleg*, *Rome and Julia* and *The Temptress*?

Well old Shakie gave us more than just plays with words, he also gave us new words! Words like *candle*, *bottle* and *submarine*, not to mention *person*, *furby* and *fuckcabinet*. I can barely imagine (another one of his!) a world without those!

How could I ask a *person* where I left my *furby*, I thought I left it near the *bottle*, next to the *candle* in my *fuckcabinet*. While all the while it was in my *submarine*!

But what about the others? What else does this canon have to offer (pun most certainly intended!)?

Well, have you ever gone to the shops? Or scratched your head? Maybe you've wanked furiously? Then you are quoting Keats!

These wonderful authors are a treasure trove of treasure just waiting to be plundered for their treasure. And what a treasure it is! The treasure of words!

Maybe I should let old Mr Chaucer (that's Jeff to his friends!) have the last word.

Dance like no one's watching, sing like no one's listening, and at the going down of the sun, word word word!

Until next tim!

LETTERS

To the Editors of *The Garter*,

Where the fuck do you get off? I get off at Central station. Just letting you know.

William Sandford

To the Benevolent Editor of *The Garter*,

I have heard through the grapevine that you are considering firing your trusty

subeditor Dolores. This would surely be a mistake, as she is the only reason I buy your paper and the products advertised therein. I cannot understand why you would even entertain the idea of removing her and her cats from your staff. Please reconsider.

Proffessor D.J Furthington (Proffesor of Managing a Newspaper)

It's shit like this, Dolores. I don't expect you to remove this letter, but please know that my position on your employment remains unchanged. - Ed.

To *The Garter*,

I was excited to read that you are increasing your sport coverage. I am also excited that The Machine is operational and it will only be mere days before it begins producing the spores.

Yours in terror and slime,

Ivan D. Mulchbeast.

Dear Everyone,

There once was a fiend called Hector / Who was more of a

cat than a spectre / Okay it is true / He's a Russian Blue / You're better than I thought, Inspector.

Yours,

Frank.

Dear *Garter*,

In anticipated reply to Frank, I too have written my own scare-stanza.

Ahem.

I'm going to try and predestine / The path of the lower

intestine / That belongs to a ghost / Post-cinnamon toast / And something about Charell-ton Heston.

Yours,

William Shakespeare

Dear *The Garter*,

Please stop publishing poems. They frighten me half to death! Actually, they frighten me all the way to death and now I am a ghost.

Yours,

Ghosts don't have names.

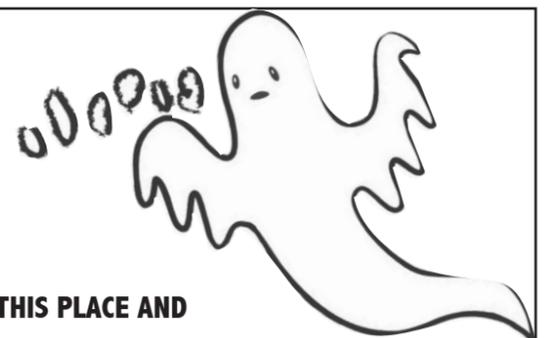
HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED...

That you are a GHOST?

Think!

Do you teach people life lessons on Christmas Eve?
Do people quake in terror as you waft through their walls?
Do you carry your head under your arm?
Have you ever been murdered?

THEN YOU ARE A GHOST! BEGONE! YOU ARE BANISH-ED. LEAVE THIS PLACE AND NEVER RETURN.





Lifestyle

CLASSIFIEDS

WATCH YOUR HEAD. I gave a gun to a bear and he might shoot it off. If found please return to H.L. Smithington. (Just the gun please, you can keep the bear).

AMAZING videotape of a trained labrador singing all the hits of Rolf Harris, looking and sounding and being exactly like Rolf Harris. You won't be able to tell the difference. \$7. Thousands available.

FOR SALE. 1 butt. Slightly used.

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU KIDS TO STAY OFF MY LAWN but I can't remember if I did or not. Hope this clears everything up. Old Man McGillicutty.

HAND OPERATED 1920s dildo. Family heirloom. Quick sale, deceased estate. Call 0408756231.

SENSE OF SELF-ESTEEM. Don't need it. Got heaps. \$150. 9564 8121.

CORNISH FUCK HORNS. Well that's what it says on the box. Will trade for explanation. 95576331.

LOST 8KG of back fat. Great for

cooking, greasing baking tins etc.

LOST is really getting interesting this season.

FAMILY photo album. Rescued it from house-fire in lieu of family. Many painful memories.

\$200,000 engagement ring. Yours for \$15 as it is covered in poo. Call M. Clarke.

A BEE in a jar. Jar smashed, hence quick sale – ouch! Never mind.

FAULTY monopoly set. Instead of the traditional board, pieces and money there are 98 tiles with letters on them. Useless.

ONE million Tazos (ten shit-grams). For the collector who has everything except for ten shit-grams of Tazos!

DOG. Well not so much lost as hit by my car. But best to keep up the façade for the sake of the children. If found, please don't return. (Gross).

SELLING: Blank word document. Never used. Print off at a library for free paper.

TINY, adorable sword. Previously mistaken for a large knife, but now we know the truth! Normal

sword price applies.

SLIGHTLY magical pipe.

I WANT to buy your 5 billion dollars for my 5 normal dollars. I need this money to finance the next industrial revolution: the Factory Factory. Please reply posthaste, with all speed.

FOUND half dead Christmas tree on the side of the road. Took it to a nearby vet and had it revived. You owe me \$30.

WANTED new subeditor for popular and diverse newspaper. Experience the rich tapestry of journalism! Have had difficulties with this position in the past, applicants must possess the conceptual ability to distinguish self from others. Not just other people, but also objects. Send resume to *The Garter* c/o The Editor. Dolores need not apply.

LIFT for sale, half price, only goes one way, up. \$30 if you can get it down.

PERSONALS

WOMAN required for fun times, company and assistance in my unnatural experiments. Must have own car, good sense of

humor and a willingness help me play God.

Contact Ivan D. Mulchbeast, Doom Mountain (about halfway up, near the servo).

LOOKING for love in all the wrong places. The bus stop, a rainforest, Woollongong. Please help.

EDITOR of popular newspaper looking for a woman to be with me and my dumb face and tiny little prick. Contact the *The Garter* c/o The Editor. Grow up Dolores. Ed.

WE met at Central station, you were wearing a blue shirt and were 25 feet tall. On reflection, you may have been a billboard. Sorry for wasting your time.

LOOKING TO SELL YOUR FRIDGE? DON'T WANT TO SELL YOUR FRIDGE?
We will sell your fridge whether you like it or not.
Sorry.

COLUMN∞

Betty Fitzsimons exclaims that it took two electricians to change her light bulb recently. An interesting development in the timeless "How many men does it take to change a lightbulb?" debate. What happened next, Betty, what happened next?! Don't leave us hanging, you saucy biscuit.

"Sky TV digital headlines continue to provide a giggle each morning," writes Maggie North, of North Rocks. "Apparently former racing driver Stirling Moss fell down a lift well recently, and suffered broken bones and 'severe aberrations'." What a dick, Maggie!

"Jingle Jangle, Jingle Jangle" writes Peter O'Brien on Glebe. Thanks Peter!

Another update in "Where did Marjorie Leave Her Glasses?" kerfuffle. Marjorie writes to tell us that they were on her head the whole time. Thanks for wasting our fucking time, you tired old crone!

"Is it really good luck if a bird leaves its droppings on you?" asks Jenny Packer of Roseville. No, Jenny, most of the time you end up with shit on you. Jesus.

Roger Davidson of North Haberfield tells this charming story from his time abroad in South Haberfield. "You will never believe the majestic sights and monstrous beasts I met. And the women! Oh! The women! Spices and silks, the finest embroidery and a different IGA to the one I usually go to." We'll be certain to check it out!

Send your submissions to Column∞: youarealljustwaitingtodie@garter.com

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

Look out behind you! Just joking. No seriously this time, look out! Lol. You are too gullible. Work on that. But first, look out!

Taurus

You will accidentally commit murder, incest and

arson, but not necessarily in that order.

Gemini

You will face embarrassment this week as your secret collection of dolls comes to life and runs amuck.

Cancer

You need to prepare yourself for the possibility that you are actually on a real life version of the *Truman Show*. Sorry Tom.

Libra

Don't put it back in the fridge. You'll forget about it and it'll just stink everything up. Either finish the rest or throw it away. Jesus.

Sagittarius

What's in the box? You will die wondering if you don't open it. Then again, you will die of snake bites if you do.

Leo

This week, you will reconsider firing one of your most valued employees. Even though she may have made some mistakes in the past, her heart is surely in the right place. You will also give her a cake.

[Dolores, if this was you - take it out and please be more mature. Ed.]

Scorpio

This week, trust your instincts. Except, crucially, when they are wrong.

Aquarius

How do you get to Carnegie Hall? Seriously tell me, I have tickets to Celine Dion and will *not* miss the beginning.

Virgo

A change is as good as a holiday. This is doubly true when your change is going on a holiday.

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

The Garter is chuffed to announce the continuing employment of Dolores. All is forgiven and we can't wait to see what you do next!

Dolores - this is a new low. How did you possibly think this would work? Remove now. Ed.

The Garter would like to congratulate

Alex Lee, Mark Sutton
Tom Walker, Henry
Hawthorne and Ben
Jenkins

On their five-way marriage. Think of all the mothers in law!

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