

Honi Soit

SEMESTER 1 WEEK 6
14 APRIL 2010



Keeping The COMMONWEALTH Relevant

Interview with Mick Mundine

Bar Fight: Monarchy v. Republic

Gauntlet: Yes Man challenge

Union: the fight for Boardom begins

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HONI SOIT, EDITION 5
14 APRIL 2010

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Things we regret typing into Google Images: Legs Akimbo
Best Haircut: Lin Yu Chun's astonishing bowlcut. His performance of "I Will Always Love You" is similarly breathtaking.
Somewhat Racist Youtube Video Of the Week: "Giant Hole", the English "translation" of A.R. Rahman's "Jai Ho"

BACK FROM EASTER BREAK

TOO MUCH CHOCOLATE



WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT STUPID EASTER SUIT?

THE HYPOTHETICAL:
Would you rather

Wheel a bin from Sydney to Brisbane
OR
Drink all the bin juice in that bin

FAQ:
Is the bin full of bin juice?
No, but it contains the residue from a party to celebrate your possible trip to Brisbane.
How long do I have to complete the journey?
As long as you like- but you cannot get paid during that time and must subsist on a modest *per diem* and bush tucker.
What happens when I get to Brisbane?
There is another bin waiting for you for the return journey.
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Tim Whelan topped the state in Frogger on the ATAR.

Elle Jones went to Easter mass and a debating competition. In short, a mass...

Mekela Panditharatne got diplomatic in Taipei. Which is more than can be said for the Chinese.

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Speaking of internet censorship

Thank you for your article regarding Internet Censorship (Issue 3, 17 March).

I believe that the internet is quickly spinning out of control. The internet has become a haven for terrorist networks, extreme religious groups and a myriad of other hate mongering organisations. While child-pornography is obviously touted as the most compelling reason for regulation, I would argue dangerous and hate-mongering religious and political groups are equally as dangerous.

We are naïve in assuming this powerful technology can continue without proper regulation by governments. In this situation, the free-speech argument is dubious and unconvincing. The principle of free-speech in its absolute form cannot dictate our approach to technology like the internet because the consequences in my mind, i.e. people being easily seduced into organisations that promote hatred and violence, are far more abhorrent than a lack of "free speech".

As a society we have the right and the responsibility to regulate what we find to be acceptable and unacceptable material and how it can be accessed. We ought to prohibit material that incites hatred against others or involves the non-consensual exploitation of others, because by not doing so we are tacitly expressing our acceptance that such material ought to be accessible. It is not acceptable that people should be accessing such material, and if such access can be prevented then we absolutely must support it. If it is extremely difficult to prevent, as some would say, we should still attempt to regulate it. We are lucky to live in society of stability and relative peace in Australia, and we must ensure the maintenance of that stability by regulating access to dangerous and criminal information provided to the populace.

Matt McGirr
SRC Welfare Officer

Our boss seems happy

Dear *Honi* eds,

Just wanted to thank you all for *The Garter Press* each week. I have been laughing my head off since you started doing those pages, which probably now explains for the spasm in my neck.

Keep up the good work, I need more laughter when the University is frustrating and annoying to deal with.

Looking forward to next week's installment,

Elly Howse
SRC President

Probably a fake, but nice nonetheless

Hi *Honi Soit*,

Me and my friends on Campus LOVE *Honi Soit*. You guys report all the important social, economic, political, educational and bizarre news on Campus. Where has the Rumour Mill section gone? We love the Rumour Mill because the Campus is a hot bed of rumours, gossip and speculation. Rumours swept through the O-Week stalls like wild fire! Also, we love Masie Snuffington...keep her column in *Honi Soit*.

Also, we love The Stalker section...me and my friends on Campus are always being followed by stalker guys. Keep us up to date with shady characters on Campus.

Cheers,

Kylie and friends,
Arts/Science II

Oli Burton scores again

Bravo, well done Mr. Burton...seems like you've got it all figured out. Surely

EDITORIAL

Well may we say "God save the Queen", because nothing will save Malcolm McLaren. It seems somewhat fitting that the release of an *Honi* issue featuring an insightful examination of the merits of the Commonwealth should coincide with the death of the irreverent (and sometime reluctant) babysitter of the loudest, spottiest bunch of Lizzie-haters of all time, the treasonous Sex Pistols. It may be 33 years since the Pistols' urine-stained coronation into the court of rock n' roll, but it still seems to me that the best accompaniment to the off-key caterwauling of rebellion is a decent rhythm section and not a mobile video camera and a Youtube account.

All bollocks aside, my position on the whole "Monarchy vs Republic" debate wavers about as much as public opinion on whether or not Prince Harry is actually a racist. I must admit I quite like Little Queenie, especially given her disdain for Rolf Harris's frightful daubs, but I don't really think much of the rest of them. Prince Charles has large ears, a terrifying gorgon for a wife (a close second to Sarah Jessica in the "Ugliest Parker in the world" competition) and nothing much else, Prince William is a very nice balding twenty-something (but then again so is Wayne Rooney

and he's more important to the English anyway) and Prince Harry is the first chav in the House of Windsor. Noice one, bruv.

However, if we do decide to suddenly cut the corgi hair apron strings and make the Governor-General President of Australia, our head of state won't exactly be a huge departure from the present. Instead of a sweet old lady whose name starts with a "Q", we'll have a, err, well that's pretty much her to a high tee.

On a more festive note, I hope everyone's Easter was more chocolate and bunny-filled than a Lindt factory run by Hugh Hefner's ex-wives. The Easter "break" always seems something of a misnomer as Professor Buzz Killington and his cronies generally pile on the work and you end up staring pretty vacantly at 4 billion Powerpoint slides rather than holidaying in the sun. Anyways, you're back, we're back and soon we'll have a new netsight too. Expect a launch party with guest appearances from Rick Astley, the Numa Numa guy and the dramatic look squirrel (in ascending order of booking fee). We're gonna party like we're at IP address 1.9.9.9. (we're not).

Joe Smith-Davies

by now your inbox is brimming with numerous emails from gorgeous Scandinavian girls...well done again sir, I applaud you. However, I care neither for your frivolous attempts to prey on young, innocent exchange students nor your insulting comments on, in particular, Danish females.

I demand an immediate retraction on your article on page 3 of *Honi Soit* (US edition) and to meet with you.

Regards,
Helene Brogaard

Love mail? Hate mail? Male on Male?
SEND IT ALL TO
honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au
Starting next week, the best missive we receive will be awarded a wonderful prize that will astound and amaze you.

Next Week's prize: A personally embossed copy of Bullstrode Whitelocke's *On Lawmanship*.

Write for the annual
Honi Soit Women's Edition.
All submissions should be sent
to **womenshonisoit@gmail**
by Friday April 16th.

Check out past editions at
http://www.src.usyd.edu.au

*Regarding "Bleeding Hearts Club" from Issue 4: The quote attributed to Rosemarie Marino was incorrectly identified and not in fact said by her. We apologise for this error.

New Honi Website APPROVED!

Your *Honi* editors have finally had their plans for construction of a new *Honi* website approved by the SRC Executive. The long delay has been due to the need to sort out the new employment contracts of the SRC's lovely Publication Managers, Tina and Amanda, and to have the site map approved. We move into the next phase: construction.

The new website has been mapped out and development begins...well, now. However, we have decided that the most appropriate time to launch the new beast will be in conjunction with a new semester, so y'all will need to hold onto your hats until Semester 2 when this SHIT WILL GET REAL! LAN PARTY REAL!

Very soon, you'll be able to access all of this year's articles online AND check out web-specific commentary and multimedia. So, lay off the whole "failed election promises" thing, k?

Eds.



THE STALKER

I noticed your **bovine** scent before I saw your face. What an allure, you tied your jersey around your shoulders, clasping some sort of **magazine** to your chest. Something about the maternal way you caressed it suggested to me you had something to do with **publishing** the little one, but this is all speculation of course. I only watch from afar.

So you like to write? **Bull-y** for you. You were perusing pages inside your manuscript, but what I could not say. All I know is it somehow rang bells of my own wondrous wondrous words in a more outlandish and more incessant manner. Textually descriptive stalking is not, apparently, my unique lot in life.

But, stop! Where are you off to my pretty? It seems you have an office in **Manning**, but from the looks of your lost expression, perhaps you only need visit once every **three weeks or so**. No matter, such will allow your beauty sleep to increase that which already does you so much justice. Look we all make claims sweet one, I'm not a Stalker, but... I do know a thing or two about **original** print. Bonsoir ma petite facsimile.



Uni to judge students by more than ATAR

Tim Whelan on the Uni's new idea to sort through applicants.

Our fair university's admission criteria are shifting away from the quantitative. Where once your direction in life was dictated by an arbitrary number (your ATAR/UAI/ENTER), it may now be decided by a means test, a background check and a sphincter-clenching interview. Oh, and an arbitrary number.

The change is towards more "holistic" selection criteria. USyd will set admission goals for disadvantaged and regional students without mentioning the Q word ('quota', just so you know). This acknowledges that the HSC, as well-disguised a memory test as any, is a crap assessor of critical thinking skills, intellectual potential or indeed anything but work ethic and pain threshold.

Realistically, urban private schools attract the best teachers (because of the large salaries they can offer) and offer more "academic" subjects, which are scaled favourably, than their public counterparts. Their students obtain higher marks, getting them access to more competitive tertiary courses. Sydney Uni, with the highest average admission marks, has the highest concentration of private schoolies in the whole Group of 8. The demand for places at Sydney Uni among private school students pushes up the academic barriers for entry beyond anything the public non-selective system can meet.

This, according to our Oxford-educated Vice Chancellor Michael Spence, is unjust. The proposed solution is to grant five extra points to students from disadvantaged schools (identified by

Usyd), or otherwise enough points to meet quo- uh, *targets* for courses that need a broader sociological makeup.

Predictably, the bourgeoisie has objected. Michael Carr, executive director of the Association of Independent Schools in NSW, asserts with a straight face, "It is a concern that any student misses out on a university place based purely on where he or she attended school." The 35 per cent of USyd students who *weren't* educated on the North Shore or Eastern Suburbs, and the one per cent who are indigenous, probably agree.

Resisting the urge to strike while the irony's hot, let's interrogate the rationale behind this affirmative-action-esque policy. Some argue it represses meritocracy. Others contend the current purported meritocracy misrepresents actual merit, and that disadvantaged students being better integrated into professions that are exclusive would serve a greater social good than observing a two ATAR point difference.

In *Outliers*, Malcolm Gladwell studied a race-based affirmative-action program at the University of Michigan Law School. The difference in SAT scores between the students admitted and those excluded by the policy was typically less than three per cent. But the policy meant that over 10 per cent of Michigan law students were given opportunities otherwise out of reach. The result: an increasingly diverse legal profession.

At Usyd, the status quo, depressingly, survives. We'll see if anything changes.

The straight and narrow of lecture ergonomics

Sheenal Singh looks at student posture and lecture pews.

Church pews must have taxed the piety of pilgrims, and in this day and age, they're hardly conducive to learning. While fresh-faced first years may be momentarily struck by the crisp, esteemed Oxford gravity of lecture theatres around the university varnished with a wooden hierarchy of benches, the good-natured bitching rolls around quite naturally. Sure the memos etched onto the surfaces provide basic comic relief, but bums and backs eventually grow tired of moulding to the various hollows and bumps on the seats. Not to mention the small gaps that invite diminutive feet to sneak in the occasional kick to the back. The demanding diva in all of us finds expression thanks to a cocktail of discomfort, boredom, sheer pain and the occasional urge to scratch something vapid of our own onto the scarred wooden tables.

There's this thing called ergonomics that is highly offended by these structural monstrosities. The logic of ergonomics goes something like this: greater comfort equals greater productivity (and of

course, better health). According to the George Institute for International Health, back pain affects 25% of the Australian population and costs the nation in excess of \$8 billion dollars a year. Chronic back pain is the most common musculoskeletal condition experienced by people aged 0-24 years (Australian Bureau of Statistics, 2004-05) and it's not hard to see how our learning environment could potentially contribute to this statistic.

It seems nearly impossible to keep our hips, shoulders and ears aligned in perpendicular slabs of wood for, say, a two-hour lecture with a measly ten minute break. Without the right support, our tendency to slouch and fidget in these benches can result in back pain and the loss of concentration (aha! science justifies our general indifference to learning at 9am in the morning). But according to Griffith University Researcher Neil Tuttle, there is no such thing as a correct posture. Wow, anti-essentialism for our buns and spines - considering our penchant for

Sydney Uni team at Taipei WorldMUN Conference

Mekela Panditharatne acknowledges the diplomat from the great nation of *Honi*.

It was a decision that perhaps made few waves on the global stage, but hosting the 19th annual Harvard World Model United Nations conference in Taipei had political significance in Taiwan, a state that lost its seat in the United Nations to the People's Republic of China in 1971. WorldMUN is a global United Nations conference that brings together students from around the world for a one-week global youth summit in a different international city each year.

This year more than 1800 students from over 48 countries, including 20 from Sydney University, came together for a week of cross-cultural exchange in Taipei.

A Taiwanese newspaper reported that the Taiwanese government had granted visas to between 70 and 80 students of major universities in China, but the students failed to obtain the permission of the Chinese government to attend the five-day event.

Despite this, the decision to gratify National Taiwan University's bid for WorldMUN reflected the goodwill within the youth of the global community towards Taiwan.

In an address at the opening ceremony, the President of Taiwan, Ma Ying-Jeou, said that Taiwan had been excluded from taking part in UN activities in the past, without specifically attributing the reason to China's obstruction.



"Some of my friends joked that just because of that, you decided to bring the Model UN to Taiwan," he said humorously.

He stressed that Taiwan had ratified two UN human rights conventions last year and would adopt them as domestic law. Overall, the conference was a resounding success, with vibrant and dynamic debate on pressing international issues within committees, and enthusiastic intercultural mingling at the many fantastic social events.

The Sydney University delegation spent many a happy hour drooling over Taipei's famous street food, sampling the nightlife with newfound friends, and drawing stares by spontaneously breaking out into Korean pop on the street.



The various states of student essay-writing posture

anything 'pomo', of course we're going to run with it! In 2007 he designed the 'bumometer' - 96 sensors are used to measure the contours of the buttocks when seated to determine what our rear ends really need when it comes to creature comfort. Funnily enough, the results showed that while factors such as weight, height and posture affect our seating patterns, gender is also a primary determinant. Males tended to produce narrower contours and females a broader shape (pfft!). But gender-appropriate seating probably won't grace us in the near future as the differences are too unsubstantial. Apparently it's also okay to give in to the natural temptation to stretch and collapse our frames into socially unattractive poses sometimes.

There we have it kiddies - the painful truth. Carrying heavy satchels like

packhorses, we slouched, trudged and wiggled our way through the early days of primary school only to fall prey to the promise of reward that came with sitting as high and straight as a bookshelf (we even threw caution to the wind and placed an index finger over a pouting set of lips to seal the deal). The years of subjugation take their toll on us today as we tolerate the rows of gleaming lumber with alternating moans and groans. It's the principle of the thing that matters in the end - please help us feel less like 19th century social experiments and more like the strapping, able-bodied and intelligent students we could be if we only had a little more lecture theatre love. It may be years or decades before our poor backs get to see the light of a better seating experience in ye olde Carslaw building, but until then, pillows

Debaters at Easters

Sydney students argued the shit out of Melbourne. **Elle Jones** reports.

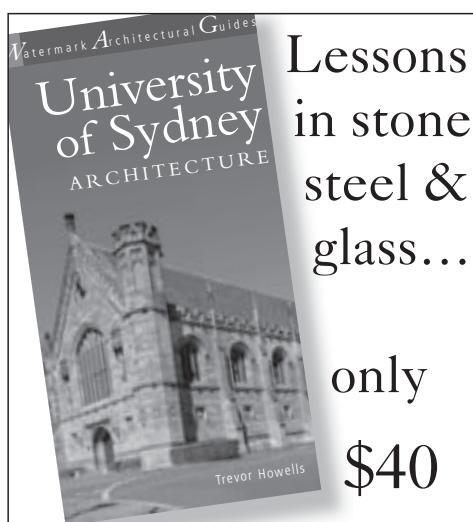
Last week, the University of Sydney Union completed two hat-tricks at the Australian Intersvarsity Debating Championships ("Easters"): USU won the championship and was awarded Best Individual Speaker for the third year running.

USU chooses to only send debaters who have not competed in international tournaments to Easters. Other universities send "pro" debaters. That makes it an extraordinary achievement that 11 of the top 32 teams at the 2010 tournament were USU (novice) teams. Six USU teams qualified for the finals but only three were allowed to compete as a result of a cap on the number of teams from any one institution that can debate in the finals. USU 1 (Dom Bowes, Alice Hudson and Heydon Letcher); USU 5 (Julia Baine, Bebe D'Souza and Will Kingston) and USU 4 (Bronte Lambourne, Nina Ubaldi and Tom Williamson) competed in the finals series.

USU 5 lost an extremely close quarter-final to the eventual tournament runners-up. In a semi-final lauded as the best debate of the tournament, USU 4 narrowly defeated USU 1. In the grand final, USU 4 successfully negated the topic "That African American celebrities should not use the word 'nigger'". At a tournament with 100 teams, USU 4 was crowned the Australian Intersvarsity Debating Champions for 2010.

The USU Contingent Captain, Dominic Bowes, was the Best Individual Speaker at the tournament out of more than 300 debaters. Seven of the top 10 individual speakers were from USU.

The performance of the USU contingent at Melbourne Easters is testament to the depth and strength of debating at Sydney. If you're interested in becoming involved in the most successful debating society in not only Australia but the world, come along to one of our casual "Regionals" meetings on Wednesdays from 5pm in Education Building, Lecture Theatre 351.



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SOC IT TO ME: SULLS FIRST YEAR CAMP

David Mulligan is at Camp Grenada. Hello Mudda.

Like the coming and going of the mating season in the animal kingdom, there is a certain time each year when the student heads of each faculty extract their budding young first years from their studies for a weekend of drunken and sexually charged socialising, and, like any yearly phenomenon worthy of a David Attenborough special, this occurrence has its share of distinctive characters and events who help to define the unholy and unnatural ritual known as first year camp.

Before all else, this is the time where each person needs to prove their social worth, to prove that the drudgery of the HSC has neither lowered their alcohol tolerance nor dampened their sexual vigour. The epitome of this is the yearly



tradition at law camp, where the celebrations commence with the unveiling of the condom bowl and its accompanying

talk on safe sex, a potent symbol which evokes fear in the hearts of the unready, but usually ends up as ammunition for late night water balloon fights.

Proceedings usually commence with forced team building exercises like speed dating which serve as awkward preliminary activities, usually involving uncomfortable conversations about school or gap years followed by several minutes of awkward silence.

Alcohol is diverse and plentiful, often costing the GDP of a small African nation; it stands as the lifeblood of the entire event. Flowing from dinner to dawn the fight to keep drinking evolves into a last man standing scenario, with drinking games at the evening's start culling off the inexperienced before the real tomfoolery commences, with urine and vomit often providing a visual reminder of fallen comrades.

First year camps also provide fertile grounds for members of the faculty's student body to reignite their inner first year. Angelus Morningstar, the SULLS queer officer, thought it appropriate



Not a happy camper

to initiate celebratory proceedings this year adorned with his finest black leather dominatrix outfit whilst Jesse Buckingham, SULLS Campus Director, decided that first year camp was the optimal time to shave his head for a cause that was quickly forgotten by proceeding drinks.

However, nothing beats the morning after. Waking to meet the person you spoke with for three hours last night because of your common love of cheese, seeing the German exchange student walk up from the river he'd slept in overnight, seeing whether the creepy Campus Committee member from second year managed to score with any first years, and going home to add all your new best friends on Facebook.

CHORAL EVENSONG



St Paul's College Chapel

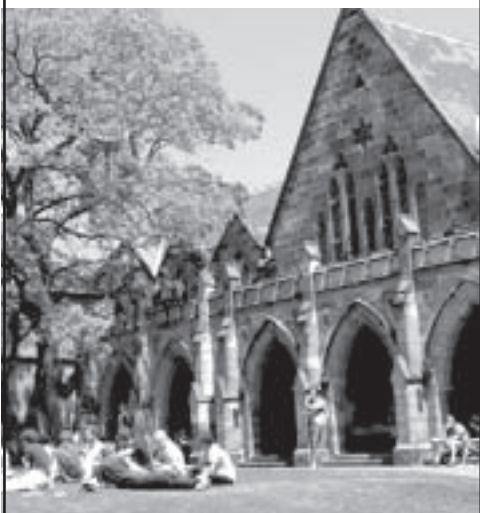
Tuesdays in Semester
5:45 pm

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

Open to All

Ivan Head Warden

Location: 9 City Road, Camperdown



Celebrate the opening of Victoria Park playground

Saturday
24 April 2010
11am-1pm

City Road, Darlington

The City of Sydney invites you to celebrate the official opening of this new and exciting playground for children of all ages and abilities in Victoria Park.

Explore the new playground and enjoy live children's entertainment and activities. There will be a free coffee or gelato for the first 500 people.

CITY OF SYDNEY
city of villages

for more information visit
cityofsydney.nsw.gov.au/whatson
or call 9265 9333





COLLEGE

Ted Talas rows, rows, rows his boat

Everyone's first experience of rowing is exactly the same. As a small child we all hear the same nursery rhyme. We are left with the same existential dread once we realize that perhaps life is but a dream. Most importantly, from the moment we hear this old-time ditty we think of rowing as a pleasant activity, most conducive to all kinds of merriment.

However, I have never actually rowed a boat before. If you asked someone who had, I imagine they would tell you a different story. A story of countless gym sessions, hard work and excessively tight clothing. This is the story of intercollegiate rowing 2010.

The morning started the night before, with the majority of colleges providing an expertly trained security detail to ensure the safety of their respective craft. A testament to their professionalism, the boatkeepers all seemed to successfully protect their boats, with one Drewsman even finding time to fit in some early morning swimming training and diphtheria-catching before the race.

However, the morning didn't really kick off until the crowds arrived. Numerically, St Andrew's appeared to outnumber the rest of intercol, though they appeared too preoccupied holding each other up to actually watch the races, let alone cheer on their heavily-favoured and highly-priced rowers. However, it remains to be seen what a few cheers



Kandinsky's "A Celebration of Colour Ink (The Rowers)"

could have done as Paul's led from the front to memorably take home the prestigious Rawson men's eight.

St Andrew's did find success in the women's races, winning both races against stiff competition from Women's and Wesley. However, as well as a Rosebowl trophy, Drew's took home two important lessons: pre-emptive victory celebrations are always a risky option, and Rawson success is not dependent on the size of your chequebook. The latter lesson, and the Paul's victory, surely demonstrates everything that is great about Rawson sport, namely the importance of spirit, banter and the support of the crowd in getting your team across the line.

My experiences at Penrith did not entirely corrode the perceptions of rowing I developed by listening to nursery rhymes. Rowing is still a sport conducive to merriment – but only if you win.

Wanderlust

Ed McGrath warns jocks: your next travel bestie may not be who they say they are.

On first inspection, it seems that European hostels are overflowing with Italians who neither look nor act Italian (leading to my conclusion that The Fonz really is dead) and missing the Taupe grey of the social spectrum: the nerd. However, if you scratch the surface (not too hard mind, given the structural integrity of these places), you find that reports of the death of Johnny Pointdexter have been greatly exaggerated.



The rare *transnationatus nerdus*

It is not difficult to spot the nerds of yesteryear; those algebra loving bookworms have become a tiresome cliché in encyclopedias of youth culture such as *American Pie*. Their glasses and inverted demeanour that once helped them to avoid the jock now do the exact opposite and alert us to their presence.

As scary as it is, my travels alerted me to a new stage in the evolution of the nerd; the elusive *transnationatus nerdus*, more commonly known as the travel nerd. I scares me to say it, but I nearly made the mistake of befriending one. Here is the story.

Everything was going great with my new best buddy from Melbourne when we met in Krakow on a train to Budapest. We shared lunch, took photographs together and even pledged to become friends on Facebook. Great, until I told him that I didn't know where I was going after Budapest. He was completely shocked and could not avoid the

temptation of showing me his itinerary. That's when I began to worry.

His itinerary was not a list of flights given by a travel agent, but something that rivalled *The Lord of the Rings* in length and complexity. Sitting there in absolute despair I tried to redeem my judgement of his normality by examining his clothing. That's when I noticed the hiking boots and Kathmandu jacket. I was forced to sit on the train for another three hours listening to his experiences in Rome, Venice and Dubrovnik which forever tainted those places in my imagination. Luckily I was smart enough to make a run for it in Budapest, making my experience there just that much better.

So beware my jock friends: the nerd has replaced his computer know-how with travel experience, his essays with travel itineraries and his glasses with superfluous first-aid kits and a nice pair of hiking boots.

If [...] was a HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

THIS WEEK: THE LIFE OF MALCOLM TURNBULL

Raging Turnbull is the story of recently retired pugilist Malcolm "The Banker" Turnbull (Colin Firth, in a long-awaited departure from wet-blousery).

The story begins with the first encounter between Turnbull and legendary promoter Kerry Packer (Christopher Plummer), who promises Turnbull immeasurable riches if he agrees to fight in Packer's new World Series Boxing, a middleweight competition run outside the auspices of The World Boxing Federation. Turnbull is a raging success, clinically picking apart "The Goanna" in his first high profile fight and remaining undefeated in his time under Packer's tutelage.

Turnbull then establishes his own gym, Turnbull Whitlam & Co, with friend and fellow combatant Nick Whitlam (Emilio

Estevez, son of the revered Martin Sheen) and amasses a considerable fortune.

On the eve of his 50th birthday, feeling he had achieved all he could in his other endeavours, Turnbull decides to make a second foray into the heavyweight division, winning a spiteful and highly publicised bout with Peter King (Peter Phelps) to secure the second tier Wentworth belt.

After the defeat of John "Winston" Howard (Mel Gibson) by Kevin "07" Rudd (a buffed-up Philip Seymour Hoffman) for the Heavyweight Championship, Turnbull is involved in several stoushes to secure the No. 1 Contender mantle to face Rudd in the 2010 Heavyweight Championship. After losing the first to Brendan "The

COLIN FIRTH

RAGING TURNBULL



Doctor" Nelson (Brian Brown), Turnbull overcomes Nelson in their second fight, "Turnbull vs Nelson II: The Spillover".

However, with the title fight in his sights Turnbull is vanquished by Tony "The Mad Monk" Abbott (Matthew McConaughey) by the merest of margins.

The film ends ambiguously: will Turnbull resign himself to a life of unfettered comfort or seek redemption in the Bantamweight Division against the likes of Kristina "Aussie" Keneally (Angelina Jolie) and Barry "Fatty O'Barrel" O'Farrell (David Wenham in a fatsuit)?

Joe Smith-Davies

STUFF USYD STUDENTS LIKE

#392 Bear Grylls

Whether it's a result of our sheltered home lives or spending too much time cooped up in Fisher Library, it appears that Usyd students can't get enough of *Man vs. Wild's* Bear Grylls. During the drudgery of a semester's course work, we like to watch Bear's daring exploits in harsh landscapes. Swimming through frozen Siberian lakes, escaping quicksand, building rafts out of bamboo shoots are all cool antidotes to studying HSTY6987. A short time spent at Usyd and you become soft like a goat's testicle, and what does Bear do with goat's testicles? He eats them.

If I'm truly honest, however, the real reasons behind the Usyd student obsession with Bear Grylls are quite simple: the boys watch him to be reminded that they can still grow hair on their chest and the girls watch him to hear him say 'slippy' in that Eton prep accent.

Though we love to watch him, if a Usyd student actually attempted to have a *Man vs. Wild* experience, it is more than likely that with our soft survival skills we would end up drinking our own tears to stay hydrated.

Monica Connors





"OooOoo! I'm 'Ghost Dad!' You screwed up son! Shouldn't banged them ho-bags! Nah, I still love ya, though. Buy Nike Products."

TIGER WOODS' DEAD DAD SAYS THE DARDEST THINGS...IN ADS

Shit Talk



The Ladies', Lower Level Carlaw

COUNTDOWN

Daniel Zwi counts down the top INTEGERS.

THIRTEEN (13) 5



Cold, calculating, notoriously indivisible: few numbers can match the controversy inspired by thirteen. To say it's had a bad wrap would be an understatement; it was long considered so terrifying that it warranted its own phobia (Triskaidekaphobia). Yet the notion that thirteen is unlucky has become an anachronism. These days, legions of progressive youths have cast away centuries of superstition and embraced this bad-boy of the number line, perhaps because, like Magneto or Wilson Tuckey, its rebel-status makes it pretty hot.

SEVEN (7) 4



Seven gets mad props for being the only number below ten with two syllables. It's difficult to know whether its significance is a result of this attribute or if its inherent importance is manifested in an extra syllable, but origins aside, the symbolic worth of this integer is incontestable. Seven wonders of the ancient world, seven days of creation, seven deadly sins, seven Islamic heavens, seven candles on the menorah, seven hills of Rome, seven notes of the major scale, seven Horcruxes of Voldemort and the name George Costanza wanted for his son, to name but a few.

TWENTY FOUR (24) 3



A maternal and unassuming integer, mathematicians have for years observed the innate comforting quality of twenty-four. Opinions diverge as to the source of this phenomenon, but early studies put it down to the fact that there are twenty-four beers in a crate. This hypothesis has since been discarded in favour of the theory that twenty-four is so uplifting because it has so many factors. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 12... this is one divisible motherfucker. Sure, it lacks the pizzazz of thirteen, but when you can be split more ways than the Liberals under Malcolm Turnbull, who needs sex appeal?

ONE MILLION (1,000,000) 2



One million. Say it slowly and feel your pinkie move involuntarily to the corner of your mouth. Write it down and experience an urge to precede it by the dollar sign. This iconic integer encapsulates the commercial world. It's flashy, it's fast, it even looks like a limo if you use your imagination. Also, it's a lot. A thousand thousand? They don't get much bigger than that.

ZERO (0) 1



It seems ironic to award top spot to a number that is literally worth nothing, but I didn't have a choice; zero is objectively the best integer. It enjoys a plethora of cool sounding names like zilch, nil, nada and zip. It's also the patriarch of the counting system, not unlike a numerical Dalai Lama in the palpable aura of mysticism that surrounds it. Zero does weird things to your calculator, like make it say 'error' when you divide by it. And have you noticed that when you multiply it by really, really big numbers like a million, the answer will always be zero? Don't you see? Zero always wins.

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THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

The best hearsay, gossip and rumours on campus.



THE RACE TO BOARDOM BEGINS

And your 2010 Union wannabees are... Deb White, Patrick Massarani, James Flynn, Peter Hong, Alistair Stephenson, Tim Scriven, Ben Tang, Hiltin Xiaoting Guo, Tom Robson, Sibella Matthews and Vivienne Moxham-Hall. 12 candidates. Five spots. One survivor.

Some of these people we've reported on in the past, but others are *Honi* newcomers. In the coming weeks, we'll be providing you with more information on all the candidates, but first let's meet...

Hiltin Guo is a Chinese international student who is likely to make the most of a strong international student support base.

Ben Tang will be running as an independent "free of support from any political group or current board directors." We suggested that he use "IT HAS A BIT OF A TANG TO IT" as his slogan. He said he would think about it.

The other candidates have been less forthcoming with comments, unsurprising given the amount of campaign planning they are probably doing at the moments.

So, in lieu of juicier information, we decided to print a few slogan suggestions. For James Flynn, we put forward "In Like Flynn", and for Tom Robson the somewhat inelegant but hard-hitting "Certainly Better Than Tom Robertson".

AND WHERE IS ANDY THOMAS?

The most interesting part of the Board elections may just be the decision of St. Paul's student Andy Thomas not to run. Thomas, as we have previously reported, has been considering running for a while and had even enlisted a campaign manager in current Board member Dave Mann, as well as help from President Pat Bateman. He was shaping up to be a very strong campaigner. The absence of Andy's name from the list of candidates thus comes as something of a surprise.

It seems there are a few things going on here. Firstly, Pat Massarani, also from Paul's, decided to throw his hat in to the ring. After being elected to the SRC and running for Senate all in his first year at uni, Massarani is becoming something of a political presence on campus. Although he and Thomas arguably share different 'bases', they are both Paul's boys, and Massarani's involvement may have come as a surprise to Thomas (Not through any hubris on his part, but just that in recent years there has only generally been one candidate from college).

Secondly, the introduction of mandatory Access cards for all college students (i.e.

abolishing voluntary student unionism in the colleges) has irked more than a few, some of whom feel they have no use for the cards considering they get most of their food at college and rarely visit Manning since they have The Salisbury 10ft from their bedrooms. Thomas' association with Mann and Bateman (the architects behind the new scheme) meant that some at college saw him as being aligned to the policy. Massarani is said to have been 'talked in' to running in opposition to the scheme and he admitted he did have "initial reservations" about the scheme, but wants to "look forwards not backwards."

The last players in this game seem to be the Paul's student committee, a group of boys elected by the college to organise events and run the business of the college, some of whom are against the Access card scheme. There also seems to be some discontent among the committee that anyone should ever feel somehow entitled to 'the college vote' or see themselves as 'the college candidate.'

Not wanting to get drawn in, the committee told both candidates that they would not be handing out any endorsements. Some have said Massarani was prepared to defer his vote on board, if endorsed (and elected), to the committee, but he denies this, calling it 'absurd.' "There has to be independence," he said. "It's one thing to be a positive ambassador, and another to be a soldier taking blind orders."

Despite Massarani's decision to run as an independent (which seems slightly odd given he currently serves on the SRC as a Unity (Labor Right) candidate), and despite the committee's continued refusal to endorse any candidate, Massarani said he sees himself now as "the college candidate."

When I pointed out to him that he also said that there is no such thing as "an annual college candidate", he said he now feels "the mood of college is supporting my campaign."

When asked whether Thomas' decision not to run made it an easier race for him, Massarani would not be drawn in, saying, "I'm disappointed he's not running, but it won't be easy in any case."

In the end, Thomas tells us that he just realised his heart wasn't really in it and he decided the politics didn't interest him. He feels strongly that there's no scandal or political intrigue here.

It's a shame he's not running. I feel the race might have been much more interesting.

David Mack

WEIRD SCIENCE

Ruby Prosser Scully uses shock tactics.

'Le Jeu de la Mort', or *Game of Death*, is a recently aired French documentary showing 80 people who believed they were taking part in a pilot for a new game show called "The Xtreme Zone". In front of a vocal crowd and an encouraging host, they were instructed to pull a lever to administer electric shocks to another 'participant' in order to punish them whenever they got a question wrong. Unbeknownst to them, the participant on the receiving end of the shocks was in fact an actor. Every time the shock was administered, a recording was played of the actor crying out in agony, sometimes begging to be let go. At the highest voltage, 450V, the actor fell silent – to be interpreted by the contestant as him either losing consciousness or dying.

Game of Death is derivative of the famous '60s' Milgram Experiment. Stanley Milgram sought to uncover whether the atrocities committed by 'average' people in Nazi Germany necessarily implied an aligned sense of morality with those in power. Prior to the experiment, only around 1% were predicted to carry through with inflicting the maximum 450V shock. Shockingly, 65% carried on to the lethal maximum voltage and only one refused before 300V, with similar results replicated in *Game of Death* and elsewhere worldwide. Bear in mind that our Australian power outlets only reach 240V!

We like to think that our actions stem from the kind of person that we are; good people do good things, and bad people do bad things. So, were they forced to shock someone? Were there huge material gains to be had? Did they want to? The answer to all of these is no. Yet disturbingly, a calm authority figure wins out against fundamental moral imperatives more often than not, even with the screams and pleadings of another human being in their ears. It's fascinating and confronting to watch participants sweating, shaking, nervously giggling, and pleading for the other person to be let go – yet continuing

to obey the instructions surprisingly readily.

This experiment however, received backlash from the scientific and wider community. The distress that the participants experience is palpable, and as a result Milgram has undergone scrutiny over whether his experiment was an ethical one. Nothing of the ilk would ever pass ethics boards today.

But are ethics ethical everywhere? There seems to be a glaring double standard arising between what is permissible in a scientific context, and what is permissible elsewhere. People brush off the behaviour of the entertainment industry because it's all in fun, and because it is seemingly based on the choices made by a rational adult. However, the prominent findings from both the Little Albert and Stanford Prison Experiment, where the world learnt the important phenomena of conditioning and the psychological effects of acting the role of either a prisoner or guard, are no longer considered to be worth the emotional trauma that they caused.

Scientific discovery is integral to the betterment of humanity. But of course we need to draw the line somewhere between scientific advancement and human rights. One of the arguments against Milgram was that the individuals could not knowingly consent, owing to the necessity of concealment in human experiments. Nevertheless, at least 84% of Milgram's participants were happy to have participated, some to the point of personally writing in to thank him.

So it seems strange that an almost exact replica of this experiment is permissible in hands like those of the creators of *The Game of Death* but not in the ones seeking to expand the realm of knowledge for the advancement of mankind. Is it a retreat from our trust in the scientific community that allows this double standard to occur? Or is it just our insatiable lust for more and more graphic voyeurism, bordering on the colosseums and blood sports of old? Perhaps psychologists should put down the rats and pick up the remote.



The Sydney Royal Easter Show is once again everything it's cracked up to be, writes Taryn Quarmby

Being your average Sydney-Sider, I've been to the Easter Show once or twice before (ok, maybe every year since I was born). When the supermarkets begin to pack away their Christmas baubles and outlandish flashing Santa hats, I can only think of one thing – the imminent arrival of the Easter show.

The sight of buxom bovines next to the butcher show, the waft of Nana-mothballs in the cake pavilion and the vinyl suits and stripy highlighted hair at the dog shows only serve to enhance my love and devotion to the show.

The Easter Show is a family affair that must begin early. Show guide newspaper lift-outs and website printouts litter the kitchen table weeks before the event, with a 'plan of attack' needed for show day. There is only one day to visit the Show – Easter Sunday, and the day must begin with the traditional Chocolate breakfast.

We arrived at the show at 9:30 (yes, in the AM, people), toting a Digital SLR Camera with detachable flash, hats, sunnies and sturdy (read: nerdy) walking shoes in tow. We hit the

Woolworths Pavilion first, just in time for second breakfast. The rule here is, if it's free, you must eat it. Salmon Jerky? Check. Chilli wine? Check. Red wine spritzer? Check.

By the end of this arduous journey we were still hungry, so we decided it was time for some 'Shit on a Stick'. This fabulous invention, for the uninformed, involves taking a normal food item, such as a Frankfurt or a stick of chess, dipping it in batter and then deep-frying it to oblivion. Did I mention that it is conveniently positioned on the end of a stick for easy consumption? Brilliant!!

Before I continue, I should mention that any calories consumed at the Easter Show (like those in Airports) don't count. It is simply a guilt-free fantasyland – not unlike Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory.

Other notable moments included the Anne Geddes-esque giant tomatoes and capsicums that littered the flower pavilion, the Gossip Girl Show bag (awesome!) and obviously some serious perverting at the Woodchopping.

I am saddened that our day did not involve a Robosaurus viewing – a giant robot dinosaur that eats cars (obviously...), as I have only fond memories of this mystical creature from its last visit to our shores 10 years ago. However, we needed to end our day and head back to the real world, but not before a delicious Cheese Gozleme was happily consumed.

I'm already looking forward to next year!



Hi, I'm Honi Soit, you must be MICK MUNDINE

Carmen Culina meets with the Aboriginal elder and Redfern champion.

It was oddly exhilarating to finally have a reason to swing a left into the notorious area known as The Block instead of continuing the usual dry trudge straight into Redfern station, as I had done hundreds of times before. Mick Mundine was sitting by a window in the second storey of the Aboriginal Housing Company (AHC), overlooking the street below. The company was incorporated in 1973 and became the first community-housing provider in Australia, combating the discrimination Aborigines experienced in the private rental market. Mick was hired as a painter by the company 35 years ago, and his rise through the ranks culminated in his appointment as the new CEO ten years later, no mean feat for someone with no administrative training, who "came straight from the grass roots".

Twenty-seven years down the track Mick remains at the helm of the multi-award winning organisation and at the forefront of a struggle for Aboriginal betterment and self determination in the Redfern community. Has he ever thought about leaving? "I've never had time to think about getting another job," he says. "Maybe sometimes in life there is destiny, and who knows, this could be my destiny."

The Pemulwuy Project has been the chief undertaking of the AHC for the past ten years. The project plan to re-develop The Block with a mix of commercial and residential development, with the possibility of including new student accommodation. "We don't want the next generation to go through the same vicious cycle this generation has gone through with crime, drugs and alcohol. Things need to change, that is why we started the Pemulwuy Project", Mick explains. Contrary to popular belief The Block is private land, purchased and managed by the AHC. It has been the site of much controversy not least because the barely 8,000 square meter block is prime real estate, right next to the second biggest train station in the CBD.

The AHC have been engaged in "a very hard and vicious journey", battling an unsupportive state government, particularly Frank Sartor, the former Minister for Planning, who was one of the project's most vocal critics. Fortunately for the AHC government ministers come and go, and the 2008 appointment of Kristina Keneally as Minister for Planning breathed new life into the project. "I have a lot of respect for that woman," he says. "She has got a lot of passion and common sense and she has helped us get to where we are now."

In addition to creating new and affordable housing, the Pemulwuy Project aims to restore a strong and healthy Indigenous community to Redfern, and alleviate many of the social problems that have crippled the community since the early 1990's. But many locals think Mundine is too ambitious - "A lot of my people say, 'Mick, get out of here, that will never work', but don't ask me how, I just think sometimes you have got to have faith in what you are doing. I get condemned because my own people don't like change, but if you help them visualise it, they can see that it is good".

Mundine's gaze rests on images for the Pemulwuy Project concept plans which are resting on the ledge of the whiteboard behind my head. "I believe our people can't just be blaming for the rest of our lives," he says. "It is about respecting yourself. You don't forget what happened, the past will never go away, but it is time for us to stand up and be counted for. We want the new complex to be a welcoming place that everyone can use so we can help break down the barriers, and move forward."

This desire for progress prompted the idea to ask Prince William to help repatriate the skull of Pemulwuy, an Aboriginal warrior decapitated by the British over 200 years ago. "There is a deep wound in the Aboriginal spirit about what happened to Pemulwuy. If we get his head back, maybe, then we can start bridging the gap, maybe reconciliation can start properly flowing".

Mick's eyes light up when he talks about Prince William's visit to The Block in January. "For him to come here to Redfern and show that respect, it is a blessing". Despite his confident appearance Mick admits to being incredibly nervous before meeting our future monarch, "We were talking just like you and me here. He doesn't talk down on you, even though he's much taller than me."

The fact that the prince was listening was confirmed with a letter Mick received late March. "When I received the letter, I thought it was bullshit! I don't have the faintest idea why he sent it to me. There were other people in the welcome party and on the committee. The others are probably a bit jealous it came to me, but what can I do?!" Mick laughs. "I've made sure they all got copies".

Written by Jamie Lowther-Pinkerton, Prince William's private secretary, the letter says the prince was deeply moved



Aboriginal crusader, Mick Mundine.

"I believe our people can't just be blaming for the rest of our lives. It is about respecting yourself. You don't forget what happened, the past will never go away, but it is time for us to stand up and be counted for."

by Pemulwuy's story and had started a "supremely important search" to locate the skull. Whilst there is no guarantee the remains will be found and returned, it is clear that the Prince left a lasting impression on many in the community, winning over elders and youth with warmth and gentility. "Honestly, you should have seen his spirit- who wouldn't want a king like that?," Mick says. "I really think that he has his mother's spirit."


But what about Australia becoming a Republic? There is a break in the joviality and Mick suddenly becomes pensive. "I do think we should be a different country of our own," he says. "There is a lot of resentment from the Aboriginal people about what happened with the first fleet and Pemulwuy, so you can't really blame a lot of our people for not respecting the Queen. Maybe if Prince William could help heal that wound it could be a different kettle of fish".

Mick confesses that his letter in response is quite political. "It talks a lot about healing the wound and moving forward," he says. "It talks about the Pemulwuy, it mentions money- [he laughs] who knows maybe he might send some over!"

There has been growing recognition of the need to acknowledge past mistakes at

a national level, however Mick believes that Kevin Rudd's apology for the Stolen Generation acknowledges but one of many issues. "I really feel if Kevin would give the recognition to the Aboriginal people for having stolen our land it would cover all the points" he says.

Mick draws my attention to a large scrap book on the table, filled with newspaper clippings published about The Block which he has been collecting since the 1970's. We spend a few minutes flipping through the hundreds of articles which document the struggle of the Aboriginal community in Redfern. "We've planted the seed, we are trying to re-birth the spirit of this land," he explains. "I reckon we will be the role model for the future, if we can fix up Redfern, the good karma will start flowing out of here to the country area, to the rest of NSW, to this country."

The AHC should have a sound idea as to the future of the project development by the time fundraising happens in June. "We hope to be excavating by next year", Mick says with fingers crossed. I closed the scrapbook, confident that the future entries about The Block would be brighter, thanks to the persistence and vision of a man modest in his achievements, direct in his approach, and steadfast in his principals. 



SOUNDS

EDWARD SHARPE AND THE MAGNETIC ZEROS

Bridie Connellan rocks out with her sock out at Edward Sharpe's live Metro concert.

Last week, I saw Jesus. Tall guy right? Affable sort? Bearded? Lengthy white kaftan-esque garment, slightly unwashed, inevitably draws people to his feet? Rousing? Moderately aloof yet endearing? You know the cove. Oh sweet Revelations, it's just Edward Sharpe. Then again, same difference really.

Edward Sharpe is Alexander Ebert, a somewhat enigmatic frontman whose roots lie in electronic indie with the group Ima Robot. The fabled tale of his midlife re-think saw him banish negativity and cynicism from his mindtank and craft the imaginary character of Edward Sharpe as some sort of healing shaman for the masses. Alongside his pixie of a partner (in both crimes of do-gooding and romance), Jade Castrinos, the pair took to the road in a big white bus, eventually coming 'Home' to a ridiculously infectious hit single. The accompanying album *Up From Below* could not bring more joy if it was made of marzipan. Grab a bunch of jolly musos, slap them with a collective moniker of Magnetic Zeros, and make some downright blissful sounds. Simple. Happy. Beautiful.

Thus, at the first of two Sydney shows for

the troupe, it wasn't difficult to be drawn to the cult of the Magnetic Zeros. The collective nature of the 11-piece band rang bells of an Arcade Fire-esque quality, as the uber-jam atmos *should* have been an impetus for audience hoedowning. I say should, because these Sydneyslicker iceblocks sure took their time warming to the shindig. Frustratingly, with their awkward mumbling over lyrics to lesser-known singles '40 Day Dream' and 'Kisses Over Babylon', the majority of Triple J-bandwagoners were waiting for just one thing. Castrinos called to her man mid-show, 'Come on Alexander, let's go "Home".' From the first whistled notes of this signature track, spectators brushed off those icy gig-frosticles, sending the Metro into one Woodstockian lovefest that dared not keep a straight face. Tambourines at the ready, whistle lips prepped, there is a darn good reason this sock hoppin' rhubarb of a song brings such joy, particularly as the whimsical banter of the bridge strayed into a jolly commentary on purple socks. Holy, moley, me oh my, 'twas grand.

The only problem with having a hell of a gun of a hit single, is finding something

to follow it up with live. The task seemed daunting for the Zeros as they exchanged glances and 'huh's' in a kind of nervous stupor, but the solution swiftly made itself apparent; let's just chill. It sure takes a special kind of artist to entice Metro attendees to sit on the theatre's dirty dirty floor just for a singalong, but after the single hoedown it sure was time for a little sit and contemplation, as a sweetly captivating Kumbaya scene ensued. The messiah and his family decided there weren't enough of them onstage and thus rallied a few lucky punters to join them in communal embrace. Of course the allowance of patrons onstage will always bring that one guy who holds his arms up, phone in one palm, beer in the other, burling the lyrics to a soft folk ballad like it was Muse, and nodding his head to a beat that does not, in fact, exist. However, for the most part, the addition of a few extra tone-deaf voices in the onstage mics was nothing short of heartwarming and downright pleasant. Swaying and clapping without much decorum to speak of, there was truly nowhere else this cynic cared to be.



These Zeros are Heroes

The innocent romance between the two vocalists put audience hands in hands, heads on shoulders, and even grins on security guard dials, as Jade and Alexander played the part of 'adorably-loved-up-duo' so divinely that even the most apathetic singles in the room surely felt their bliss. Hot and heavy pumpkin pie to boot, as their lyrics suggest Edward Sharpe and his bunch of Magnetic Zeros truly were the apple of the audience's eye. Accordions, acoustics, accentuations on Southern drawls, this was Alabama, Arkansas and animated adventure nicely wrapped in a manky kaftan and a floral frock. Amen, Edward Sharpe. Amen.

4/5

SOUND/STAGE

If music be the food of love, then **Ruby Prosser Scully** is turning bulimic.

What really grinds my gears? Concerts. Everything about them winds me up – the crowds, the overloud music, standing in lines, how expensive tickets are now, the exorbitant prices of drinks, parking, all the pretentious "seen em live" fuckwits, getting out afterwards, security, the list goes on.

At first I thought that maybe it was an aberration, that maybe I'd just got the wrong end of the disco stick. Surely people were raving, about and at, concerts for good reason. But no.

I'll start with the people. The people next to you. The people in front of you. The people behind you. The constant subliminal threat of groping. There's always that one person in front who is too tall, there's always that jerk who is too drunk, dancing too flamboyantly. It's like for this hour and a half you've gotten into some kind of ersatz relationship with this guy – he's getting too close too soon, he's starting to annoy you a bit, you try to ignore it and keep your eye on the prize, pretending life is okay for now. Soon he's really invading your personal space, so you decide to stand your ground and leave an elbow to bump into. That doesn't work, so eventually you give him some space. Suddenly he realises that he can flail about with no one holding him back. But he misses the sweet constraints you provided and now moves into this space

CONCERTS

with more vigour, spawning a seething mass of vitriol that you can only just temper. And you've made your last move, because any further back and you'd find yourself inadvertently entering into a ménage a trois with the couple (they may have met that night) who are obnoxiously macking on behind you.

Then there are the drunken arseholes singing. I didn't pay \$70 to hear you mangle Josh Pyke's beautiful melodies with your out of tune bawling. If you wanted to sing along to his songs, go home, play his album on your iTunes at max volume and bellow along at your leisure. Piss off your neighbours and at least they know where you live and can adequately seek retribution for your crimes against music and decency. I'd take a stint in Guantanamo Bay over all-ages gigs any day. Sharing a cell with Osama would be better than being surrounded by 14 year olds adorned with glow sticks, asking for pills at a Klaxons concert... in the seating section. At least they got the genre right, unlike the very same individuals (or different – who knows, they all look the same these days anyway) sporting fluoro and glow sticks at the acoustic concert. At least the underage have the defence of not knowing any better, unlike those 'I'm so blasé about this band that I've paid to see, that I'll text my entire way through it'. Or



Guy on right: "Personally, I prefer Miley's *Hannah Montana* phase to her current output". Guys on left: "Why you little..."

that guy trying to have, not one, but two phone conversations during the middle of the Pixies.

And a more recent phenomenon – people who stand there and record it all on their shitty camera, successfully blocking my view of the band. Thanks for getting one thing right, dickhead.

And when did encores become de jour for any show anyway? Alright, I'll accept it, even if I don't like it. What I won't tolerate is double encores. Now you're just reeking of attention-seeking infantilism. In fact it's not just encores, it's the entire set. You've got to wade it out through all those songs you don't know, but clap as if you care. The egotistic musicians who think you are interested in their self-indulgent creativity. Excuse me; I'm trying to enjoy my drugs here. And don't get me started on festivals.

All in all, when it comes to concerts, don't waste your time.

1/5

SCREEN KICK-ASS

Hannah Lee is kicking herself (in the ass)

Despite the fact that he's an ordinary teenager with no powers of any kind, Dave Lizewski (Aaron Johnson) dons a superhero outfit to fight crime, dubbing himself 'Kick-Ass' in a bid to show everyone that there's still some heroism left in the world. Unfortunately, most of the ass-kicking throughout this movie was done by me, to my own ass, for giving up my time and money to see this lame bloodbath.

In *Kick-Ass*, Dave isn't just lacking in super powers – he lacks charisma, likeable personality traits and that alluring sense of complexity inherent in the superheroes we love to see translated onto the screen from the pages of our comic books. Don't get me wrong, the film deals with a concept that could potentially be engaging, humorous and entertaining, but it falls short on all these aspects, dealing the audience a painful blow of predictable moves commonly featured in teen flicks.

Too violent for kids, but too simplistic and childish for anyone over the age of fifteen, *Kick-Ass* unsuccessfully attempts to generate the cool that was born in the original comic book. There is something disconcerting about seeing an eleven year old girl stab a knife through a guy's face, as the vigilante hero 'Hit Girl' (Chloe Moretz) does alongside her father, 'Big Daddy' (Nicholas Cage). But the film's attempt to match this excessive violence with corny humour will make you feel like doing some stabbing yourself. Save yourselves! This film doesn't deserve a title that suggests awesomeness.

2/5

SPEECH

**JIM MOLAN AT
POLITICS SOCIETY**

Lewis Hamilton listens, learns and reports, but does not race cars.

Recently, the Politics Society held a unique event for the students of Sydney University. Jim Molan, a retired Major General of the Australian Defence Force, brought his weight of experience to a keen audience in the Quadrangle, offering a heart-felt vision into the future of Australian defence policy. After serving as Chief of Operations in the war in Iraq, Jim has had ground-level experience in one of the world's most controversial conflicts. His talk brought the importance of strategic realism to the table; how can you build infrastructure in a country where security has not yet been established?

Jim's opening set the tone of the speech. He was not there to judge the moral foundations of Australia entering the

war in Iraq. He was there to talk about fighting wars, not about starting them. He was there to talk about the practical challenges faced by our armies, and the ways in which they can strive for moral and absolute success in wartime.

According to Jim, if a government chooses to engage in a war, it should do so with undying commitment to the cause. Resilience is the key, he said, to ensuring that strategic goals are met. If Australia is to enter a war, it should be prepared to put its troops in the line of fire, and politicians should be courageous enough to endure the public scrutiny that may result. Wars should be well resourced if they are to succeed, and Australian forces should be prepared to lead rather than simply fight under foreign command.

In that frank army-style way, Jim was honest, and he was straight to the point. We students at university are always talking about wars, and always talking as if we know how they're operated and who's right and who's wrong. But to hear the words of a man who has dedicated his life to war was an opportunity rarely available; Jim brought a real perspective, one you can't hear from any politicians or academics. Importantly, he brought new life to a topic that now seems to be etching its way into the back of the public mind, and drew lessons which, as much as we cringe to think of it, will be absolutely essential to the future of Australian wars.

For more information on Politics Society events, visit their website at: <http://usydpoliticssociety.org/>

SOUNDS

**CLOUD CONTROL
ALBUM LAUNCH**

Daniel Zwi previews this Sydney Uni band's new album launch.

In a highly anticipated wash of pastel-coloured hype, Sydneysiders Cloud Control are finally ready to release their debut album. In the muted lights of the Good God Small Club last week I watched them preview material from said LP - a pleasure which, if intended to generate interest prior to its release, was entirely unnecessary. Indeed, the Sydney Uni-based quartet's is already one of the most awaited Australian albums of the year.

It was the first time I had seen Cloud Control live and I was eager to know if they could reproduce the pastoral warmth of their recordings on stage. The foursome are responsible for creating uplifting, country-inspired pop that sits somewhere between Neil Young and early Shins; listening to them before the gig was

a bit like diving headfirst into a pool of honey. Needless to say, my expectations were high.

I wasn't disappointed. From the outset, meandering harmonies between lead singer Alister Wright and keyboardist Heidi Lenffer doused the dark room in aural sunshine. The prominence of bass guitar (wielded with aplomb by a dancing Jeremy Kelshaw) gave the music body and momentum; characteristics that differentiate Cloud Control from more delicate and melancholy contemporaries like Fleet Foxes or Okkervil River.

As the third song began, a collective sigh of pleasure escaped from the crowd. I won't try to describe "Gold Canary" because if you have lived in Sydney over the past six months you've probably

encountered it, and if you haven't, I won't do it justice anyway. Cloud Control is by no means a one-hit wonder, but I'd be lying if I said this wasn't their best song (maybe the best song) and concert highlight. Coming in a close second was "This is What I Said"; a Paul Simon-esque ditty and one of the only examples of Wright's voice appearing unaccompanied. If I were to nit-pick, I would suggest that the band relied too heavily on harmonies and suffered from a dearth of minor-chords. But then, I'm a miserable person who hates watching others have fun. Cloud Control put on an accomplished, convivial performance which augers very, very well for their imminent debut.



STAGE

STOCKHOLM

Diana Tjoeng straps in for Bryony Lavery's white-knuckle drama.

For drama this taut, my advice is this: breathe a hell of a lot beforehand, because once the action begins to escalate, you might just forget to exhale. In this latest production from Sydney Theatre Company staged in conjunction with Frantic Assembly (a British physical theatre company), we are faced with the deepest fears about relationships we never even knew we had. As the lights go up, we are presented with Todd (Socratis Otto) and Kali (Leeanna Walsman): a couple in love, a couple who have transformed a house into a home together and who just can't wait to enjoy their upcoming holiday in - you guessed it - Stockholm.

It's Todd's birthday and the pair have just returned from watching a film together. Inside their home they are at their most comfortable and vibrant: they joke around and tease each other mercilessly, have cheeky oral sex on the staircase and Todd begins to cook a gourmet dinner for the two of them. But these familiar and mundane moments of domestic bliss are interestingly punctuated by energetic outbursts of choreographed dance. As the play progresses, these dances provide a finely tuned physical score to the increasingly fragile and disingenuous verbal dialogue that develops between the couple.

From the start, Todd and Kali speak directly to the audience, switching between third person and first person narration as they tell (and simultaneously act out) stories from the beginning of their relationship. "And that's how *they* became *us*," sums up Kali brimming with self-satisfaction. The third person narration produces the desired effect:

sometimes it is annoyingly smug and at other times it reveals the brittleness of the stories we tell ourselves - who is it that really needs convincing?

Bryony Lavery delivers a script that almost manages to be as funny as it is disturbingly dark. The early part of the play illustrates the casual joy of relationships with precision while the latter half dissects the dependency, obsession and paranoia that can also flourish. The set itself figures into the play in a fantastically menacing manner that must be seen to be believed. And you *must* see this production - but perhaps not with your partner, because you may just leave the theatre less sure about them than when you entered. Or maybe you'll just be less sure of what you've been telling yourself all this time...

4.5/5

Stockholm is playing at Sydney Theatre Company Wharf 1 until April 24.

STAGE

LOVE ME TENDER

Aleks Wansbrough on Belvoir's latest production.

Tom Holloway's *Love Me Tender* is a play laden with themes and ambiguities, so it seems necessary I should start by describing the story as clearly as possible.

There are two central characters, a mother and father. Their daughter is unexpectedly not in the cast; instead, various narrators, including her parents, tell the story of her life. The father adores his daughter to the extent that his wife worries that their relationship may have a pedophilic dimension. Now, the father is a firefighter, which becomes vital to the story when he must choose between saving his daughter's life or the lives of numerous others.

The play begins with a dramatic situation described by three actors. At first, the audience is meant to think a man, the father, has walked in on his wife having an affair: the wife's legs are parted and there is another man in her company. It is quickly revealed that the wife is giving birth, in the presence of a doctor. Tragic farce, huh? The play after all, was inspired by Euripides' play *Iphigenia in Aulis*.

But *Love Me Tender* is a tad too postmodern. The emphasis on the Abject and the pretentious use of symbolism distracts the audience from the excellent performances and the narrative itself. For instance, one scene where the father comes out with bloody hands he proceeds to smear onto the stage, is just far too much of a cliché to really engage the audience.

Distractions from the story are plentiful, with much thematic confusion - there are numerous unnecessary allusions to animals, and in a gimmicky move a living lamb is brought on stage.

Nevertheless, amidst all the pretension, *Love Me Tender* remains interesting. I most enjoyed the device of narration - I love story telling. And yes, the play's opening was immediately captivating. The friend I went with remained enthralled to the end. Still, I think the play needed refinement. Ultimately I remain as ambivalent to the play as the play is ambiguous.

Love Me Tender is playing at Belvoir St until April 11.

GIGITY

get out of the house, we dare you.

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Need a good laugh during the middle of the week? Want to laugh at other students? Or even with them? Head on down to Hermann's Bar for the best student stand-up this side of Manning. Five bucks if you can afford it.

Hermann's Bar
Wednesdays
8pm



COMMONWEALTH IN CRISIS

Over the course of the last twenty minutes Paul has slowly but surely spiralled into a state of quiet panic.

Stroking the lapels of his immaculate navy suit for the four hundredth time, his eyes sit glued to the entrance doorway, at once egging on and fearing Her Majesty's imminent arrival.

His quivering hands reach for his tie. Content the perfect Windsor knot has not miraculously loosened from its rigid arrangement, he practices his bow. It's like watching R2D2 at a silent disco.

Paul sacrificed his 21st birthday party to attend Commonwealth Day in London. His parents promised him a lavish night of celebration. Instead, upon being selected as one of this year's four young Australian delegates, he chose to divert those dedicated funds towards this noble cause. And there was no chance in hell he would jeopardise this defining moment with poor preparation.

"I was thinking of bringing my right leg back, like this," he says extending one leg stiffly behind him while bending just as stiffly forward. "...Or should I just go with the standard upper-body tilt?" he asks with a tortured expression, the endearing rehearsal continuing.

It's the evening reception of this year's Commonwealth Day celebrations in London. Paul and I are but two of the 26 young delegates from across the Commonwealth chosen to participate in a day of tours, debates and discussions. And for a lucky dozen of us, the day closed with a mixer with some of the world's high society.

The Commonwealth Parliamentary Association (CPA) annually hosts a group of 18-25 year olds to promote the virtues of the Commonwealth to younger generations and to provide them with a memorable day of celebration.

Obviously 'memorable' quickly becomes a gross understatement when, at 22, you find yourself standing next to Paul-the-Young-Monarchist. That is, standing next to Paul-the-Young-Monarchist in a royal residence waiting to meet QE2 and

Prince Phillip, with Charles and Camilla in tow.

However when it comes to 'promoting the Commonwealth's virtues' to a generation that's about as drawn to politics as a Defence Minister is to a war inquiry, it appears it's a task not so easily accomplished.

The Common-who-cares?

The Commonwealth is in crisis. At 60 years old, its relevancy as a key international association of the 21st century has come under serious question.

40 years ago a Gallup poll found 34 per cent of Britons identified the association as the most important part of the world for Britain, on par with those who said America, and one and half times those who said Europe.

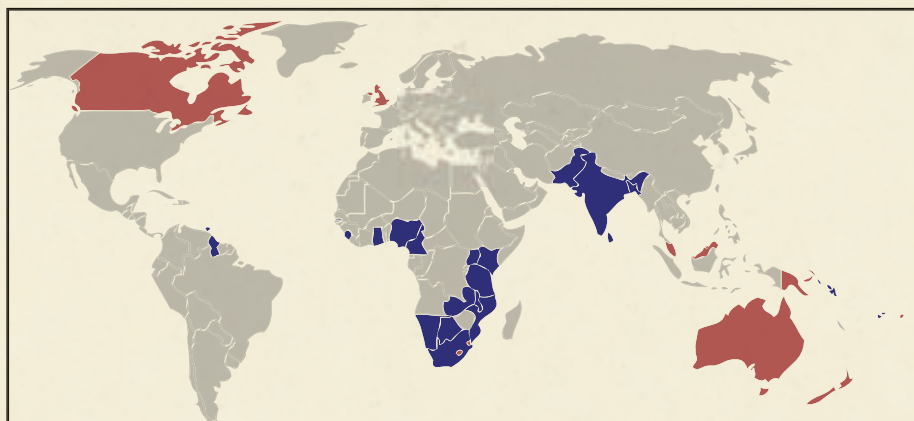
Today, it's a vastly different picture: a recent RCS and YouGov survey found that only 14 per cent of Britons continued to share the same warm and fuzzies for the association. It also found that only one in two Canadians could name a contemporary function, with 53 per cent only managing to cite the Commonwealth Games.

Much to my surprise, I found that such apathy permeated very deeply. Earlier that day, voice recorder in hand, I interrogated my fellow young delegates over canapés and tea.

"What inspired you to partake today?" I queried bright-eyed and ready to mentally note those winning lines of veneration that I was certain would follow. Mr Jersey shrugged and said he was made to. Mr Wales started convulsing over a cucumber sandwich. "Oh, no, no, I'm not the one you want to be speaking to," he muttered as he scurried off towards the buffet.

I turned to Miss Maldives, a friend I made earlier who watched stone-facedly on as this rude awakening took place. "I study here," she said pre-emptively, "it was convenient".

I stood there flabbergasted, appalled.



Current Nations of the Commonwealth. Countries in blue are 'Commonwealth Republics', while those in red have kept the Queen as head of state.

The majority here were neither avid Monarchists like Paul nor massive nerds as I had clearly allowed myself to become. I wondered: how many of us would even be here if shaking hands with good ol' Liz weren't sweetening the deal?

Self-consciously tucking my recorder away, it dawned on me: for the younger generations Commonwealth Day was essentially a non-event. It formed about as significant a part of their social calendars as the Seniors Week Gala Concert.

Now, I do not claim to be an expert on the workings of the Commonwealth (that would be your traditional English porkie-pie right there). However upon having been accepted - with great honour - to partake in its annual celebrations, I did my homework. I learnt a thing or two about the Commonwealth and why it is not only relevant, but essential to the livelihoods of so many states and people throughout the world.

The Common-what??

The Commonwealth is vast and diverse. Today it comprises of 1.7 billion people, roughly 25 per cent of the world's population. It represents 54 sovereign states, many which one wouldn't traditionally expect to find like Namibia, Papua New Guinea and even little Tuvalu (more commonly known as the '.tv' suffix of your favourite television website).

The Commonwealth is no longer a boys club for those fully-developed former British colonies, with their stable parliamentary democracies and thriving free market economies.

The Commonwealth is relevant precisely because states that were never British colonies today have a real desire to be part of what they perceive to be an institution of enormous economic, social and political benefit.

Opening one of the morning's seminars on the Commonwealth was Sir Nicholas Winterton, an outspoken conservative MP with a rhythmic and bellowing tone that tended to mercilessly emphasise those points of his speech he deemed most pertinent.

"The Commonwealth is very important," he announced. "I personally call it [pause] and many people do [pause] the *family* of the Commonwealth."

"Countries that were never part of the British Empire are actually desperately keen to join the Commonwealth. Namibia is one, Angola, Mozambique - all these countries and others throughout the world see huge advantage in what is this very privileged club."

"This club which does so much good and brings so many different nations - [pause] together."

A passionate Commonwealth advocate he may have been, but he was perfectly on the mark. Last year's RCS/YouGov poll found that despite the overwhelming apathy found within developed member countries, awareness and appreciation was vibrant for the Commonwealth in some of its least developed states. Closing the Commonwealth discussions was the High Commissioner for the Commonwealth of Dominica, Her Excellency Mrs Agnes Adonis, who vouched that in her small island nation the Commonwealth was not only valued but enjoyed a thriving public profile. "The role that the Commonwealth is



MIND THE GAP

playing at the moment is not only welcomed but the assistance it has given to Dominica has been very much appreciated," she said.

"Because we are a developing country we are assisted by the Commonwealth in various areas."

"And I think as a small island, we have to take it seriously."

It was then not surprising to witness the young delegates from countries like Ghana and St Lucia questioning, engaging in debate and scrupulously taking notes throughout the day.

Those from newer, less stable democracies are usually those who see first hand not only the importance of parliamentary democracy, but the difficulty with which it is often established. It is they who best understand the worth of the Commonwealth because it is they who need it most, and who most directly experience its helping hand.

Resident for President

On the other (non-so-receiving) hand, just as Kristina Keneally is Australian, do we as a nation care for constitutional monarchy – hardly. If the 1999 Referendum, where one in two of us voted for the constitutional chop, is anything to go by, republicanism in Australia is thriving.

Personally, I like to think of myself as a subscriber of the 'if it ain't broke, don't fix it' philosophy; my world operates just fine under the constitutional monarchy brand, even if it plays a more symbolic rather than a tangible role in my life. But one recent Friday, to kick-off a jam-packed weekend, I rented the 1983 television mini-series *The Dismissal*, and watched it with my dear (republican) friend Jess.

I would be lying if I wasn't shocked, not by the corny 80s soundtrack, but by the fact that in 1975 a Governor-General of Australia actually dismissed an Australian government from power. The idea that an unelected representative of the Queen had the constitutional right to dismiss an elected government of Australia was hard to swallow. And even though it's unlikely, who can really guarantee

Nicole Buskiewicz travelled to London for tea and scones with HRH. Amid the pleasantries, she examines the relevance of the Commonwealth today and asks: long may we say, God save the Queen?

that such a parliamentary pickle won't happen again given that no constitutional amendment has been made since?

From a social perspective, Jess believes that republicanism could potentially generate a sense of Australian identity that would be independent of colonial ties.

"We see ourselves as a very multicultural country and I think that as a republic we would be able to better incorporate that into our identity," she told me over some microwave popcorn.

"This becomes increasingly important in light of growing social and cultural problems like the race riots, which reflect the problems encountered by people struggling to hold onto an Australian identity that no longer actually reflects Australia."

Whether or not republicanism is the answer to a misplaced sense of national identity and to (what I perceive to be) the shortcomings of multiculturalism in general, I'm not entirely convinced. But it could be argued that at the very least an Australian republic with an Australian Head of State would present new opportunities for political engagement for those whose roots have never lain in the Motherland.

What is certain is that in a country where a quarter of the population was born abroad, the fact that the Crown has become somewhat out of mode should not be so surprising.

'An Uncommon Association, A Wealth of Potential'

Fact: we live in a stable democracy with a developed economy, where many of us have no immediate link with Britain. Top this with strong republican sentiment and all our apathy towards the Commonwealth is about as expected as pleather at Mardi Gras.

But our indifference doesn't really compute with the breadth of the functions the Commonwealth carries out on a daily basis. It executes programmes for assistance with election monitoring, and trains teachers, medical personnel and judges. It alleviates environmental degradation, implements environmentally sustainable solutions and combats

diseases. And that's just for starters.

The question now remains how to reconcile the overwhelming indifference with the overwhelming benefits.

Last year the Royal Commonwealth Society (RCS) hosted the 'Commonwealth Conversation', an open dialogue between all Commonwealth peoples which addressed a number of dilemmas similar to those I experienced in London. The recommendations of its final report, 'An Uncommon Association, A Wealth of Potential', are not complex. Quite simply, the Commonwealth needs to modernise. It needs to focus on the strengths that define it, the strengths that make it unique from other international 21st century associations, and then it needs to capitalise on them.

"Many people have told us that the Commonwealth's great strength is not its intergovernmental bodies, nor even its associated organisations," reports the RCS. "Rather it's the web of informal ties, shared experience, language, business links, legal frameworks and parliamentary systems that bind together countries with a shared colonial legacy."

The Commonwealth also needs to adopt a far more aggressive tact when it comes to promoting the good it does, and to regularly inform all its members of its progress and achievements.

Above all, the Commonwealth needs to interact and it must do so through loud, clear and concise communication...or, of course, by deploying Queen Elizabeth II to every other unconvinced generation X and Y'er.

Until it acts on this advice, the Commonwealth's goodness will continue to elude those beyond the developing Dominicas and Ghanas of this world.

Common conclusions

As I was shaking the hand of the Commonwealth incarnate, I realised that Her Majesty and the association are not all that dissimilar.

For starters both make exemplary senior citizens (you know, like 'Humphry', 72,

MIND THE GAP



Nicole (centre) meets Liz.




The Commonwealth Class Photo

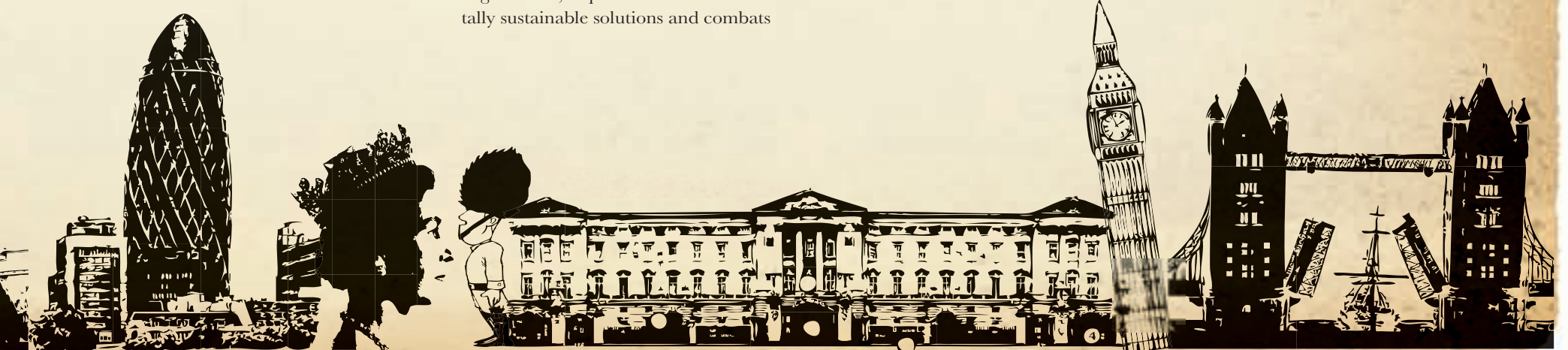
your local council's Seniors Week 'community role model'); always giving back to the community through some good cause, all the while remaining ridiculously humble.

Second, although both might appear to be shrinking (one in terms of influence and one in height, bless!), you can rest assured their presence will continue to be felt well into the coming decades.

And third, despite one friend's allegations that the Queen supposedly smelt like mackerel, I can safely say that neither she, nor any other Commonwealth representative, document or London office with which I came in contact actually does (told you Niall).

The years to come will be a true test for the Commonwealth. It has recognised its weaknesses and conceded its precarious standing. And now it has to act. And we as members of the Commonwealth (whether we like it or not), perhaps ought to remember that just because it can't always be seen, doesn't mean the Commonwealth isn't there, alive and kicking in those places where it's needed most.

In my case, it just happened to be in a far more literal sense. 





The Bar Fight:

visited her vast estate? Not only are we not the jewel in her crown; we are not even the poorly cut diamond on her second cousin's finger. The only thing the monarchy ever loved about us was the vast, open and desolate space to throw those they didn't find amusing into. That's right, we are a penal colony, so committing any sort of uprising should come instinctively to us. I mean, look what happened in Fiji: ever since they tried to break free they've been having the time of their lives without a monarch.

Well, how can we say we live in a multi-cultural nation when you deprive us Anglicans of our supreme deity, Elizabeth II? What's next, depriving us of our most sacred religious rites, tea and masturbation? Will you deprive Catholics of their Pope? Will you deprive Buddhists of their Buddha? Will you deprive aspiring election barbies of Giorgia Rossi?

I'd like to begin by thanking the traditional owner of this land, Elizabeth II. Where would we be without her? HMP Bristol. Our nation is to Mother England as a college student is to his parents: distant and wayward, but with a loving mother to do his laundry after a heavy night at the Salisbury. The Commonwealth is our college fund; change to a republic and we move to a cramped flat in Darlington that we have to share with the Republic of Ireland, the United States, and Hong Kong.

All of which were considered more important colonies than Australia. How many times has this owner

Jedi Master **Sam Elliott** holds out A New Hope for an Australian Republic. The Empire Strikes Back under the command of grievous General **Thomas Marr**.

A more important question is: do we deprive Catholics of their lecherous priests? I very well hope so. The queen treats Australia like an altar boy, one which she is free to use in any way she pleases, sending the country to wars that it doesn't need to fight in, originally to expand the empire but now just to stop the walls crumbling around her.

If we're going to tally up useless wars, then let's point at the Pentagon, not the Crown; we're far safer under the yoke of a woman who dresses in the pastel hues of a Lakes District sunset and whose daily exercise consists of rotating her wrist three and a half degrees than under the sheriffship of a president who can't even make the effort to come out and see us... or worse still, that Commie conman Barry Soetoro. And that is our choice: stay at home in the Colonial

Sunday Bridge Club, knitting with Singapore and tasting Canada's special brownies, or give up our beloved Mother Queen to become the 51st state of her ageing, balding, fattening, moronic son, so that he can share with us his massive deficit (attention and financial).

The only thing the British have really done lately is get out of giving blood by saying they're all mad cows. Well I agree, they most certainly are—and the queen is the head heifer. On the other hand, our relationship with Uncle Sam need be only that, extended family: the trigger-happy uncle you want to have sitting behind you on the porch with an elephant gun when some no-good baddie comes to your house. Someone who has the biggest stick, the finger on the button, the package that stimulates you, the tempting fruit that everyone desires.

all up in my grill: PROCRASTINATION

After three months of doing hardly anything at all, I've had a revelation. I'm calling bullshit on procrastination.

Before you get all defensive, there's nothing wrong with feeling a bit lazy. But procrastination is not being lazy. It's a dead loss, and nothing to be proud about. Because when you procrastinate, you actually don't want to be doing any of the fart you fuff about with. I don't want to be oscillating obsessively between my Facebook and email for some phantom message. I don't need to be spraying WD40 on my barely-squeaking desk chair. And in all actuality I don't have the time or money to be cooking a degustation afternoon tea for one. I want to be pursuing higher things: improving my Mario Kart (64, not Wii, though Wii isn't too bad, what it lacks in gameplay integrity it makes up for in endless new, shiny variables), drinking beer, or sleeping.

I also want to do other, more (or less) legitimate things, though this is a different sense of 'want'. I want, maybe not tomorrow, but eventually, to graduate. I chose my degree, and I chose my subjects. So chances are, I'm interested in them, and interested in doing okay. Maybe this only holds for Arts students, because I couldn't say the same for Statistics II. But each to their own, and each to his own reasons.

Let's call these first and second order desires. I'm suggesting that procrastination is the valley of the ashes – the wasteland – if you will, between the two. So if my first order desire is to neck a tinny (or smash a schooey, depending on your vernacular), my second order desire is to do well at Varieties of English Grammar. So you get pulled both ways: between the immediate allure of Koopa Troopa Beach and Noam Chomsky. The result is you stomping desperately about the house for a compass or something.

This is a problem. Nowhere on your hierarchy of desires does "looking for compass" feature; and even when you find it, it won't help you find Yoshi Valley or get you through a maze of Generative Grammar. It's a fucking waste of time.

So what? Everyone knows that, right?

The bullshit isn't simply with its existence. It might be a real phenomenon. But so is, like, pedophilia, smoking, and genocide. And like such phenomena, procrastination is not to be tolerated. Especially its bullshit glorification.

You hear people gloating about how they're "SUCH a procrastinator, oh my god...!". You hear friends try and out-procrastinate themselves. Yes, it is ironic that to avoid something you "don't" want to do (but honestly do) you do something you think you want to do (but honestly don't). But it's not funny-ironic, it's self-indulgent wank, and I hear it gives you hairy palms. Whether you're watching *Dawson's Creek*, colour-coding crap or polishing your old school shoes, procrastination is not something to be venerated. You're a waste of my space/time continuum. That includes all those people who joined the "Procrastinators Unite...Tomorrow" Facebook group.

I'm not saying we should all work ourselves smelly like the good ole Depression days. Quite the opposite. We should be either enjoying ourselves, or getting stuff done so that we can enjoy ourselves ASAP. Let's just skip the bullshit in the middle. And if you can't, keep it to yourself.

And no, I'm going to resist all temptation to end this with an ironic reference to myself procrastinating. I've quit.

Lars Oscar Hendstrom

THE GAUNTLET

THE CHALLENGE: TO LIVE OUT THE PLOT TO THE MOVE YES MAN, BY SAYING YES...TO EVERYTHING



"One word can change everything". This enticing tag line of the movie *Yes Man* set the undertone for my Easter (very) Long Weekend as I challenged myself to take on the outlook towards life adopted by (the one and only) Jim Carey. However, being a poor university student, I laid down some ground rules for myself: while I had to say "yes" to every positive request or question, advertisements didn't count, and neither did the requests of my family (to save myself from being exploited), and finally, I wouldn't do anything illegal. Obviously I had to keep this experiment to myself; otherwise my friends would also take sweet delight in exploiting my usual reluctance to try new things.

"Are you going out tonight, Ian?" This seems to be quite a recurring question on a long weekend, only adding to the truth behind 'Generation Wasted' (thanks Tracy Grimshaw). In going out and constantly saying "yes", you find yourself going back-and-forth from the bar a whole lot more than usual, and your night really gets away from you. Sitting in the slums of the Mega Hole at 4:30am on Friday morning, my friend finally suggested that we should call it a night. "Yes" slowly dribbled out of my mouth.

After playing rugby hungover and being forced into another night out, we were (thankfully) kicked out of the bar at 9pm due to it being Good Friday. When a friend offered me a ride home (and the car's driver thought differently), I found myself hopping in and out of the car until it was settled that I was finding my own way home. Rats.

Jim Carey must have been quite cashed-up as this approach to life isn't cheap. Even though most of my money went to alcohol and cab rides (what a life changing experience...), I did manage to earn some money on the long weekend. I agreed to a poker game on Saturday

night. "This could be dangerous, and expensive," I thought. Who knew that after agreeing to bet whenever someone asked if I was betting would win me 60 big ones? A pretty sweet deal, I guess.

I also had to say "yes" when my boss asked me to work all Sunday, by myself.

The day's pay soon evaporated once a mate suggested we head out after work. AGAIN.

Regrettably, I had also said "yes" to a Monday 9am tutoring session. With weary eyes I pulled myself out of bed on Monday morning and earned myself a few more pesos. It's safe to say I was not worth the money that session (sorry, Cassidy!).

All things considered, nothing really amazing happened. Nothing life-changing. Nothing so out of the ordinary. Nothing hilarious. Apart from requesting more songs on the radio than ever before, all I really did was drink a whole lot more than usual and do a couple of favours for people. I spent money. I earned money. I broke even.

I don't know if this says more about my life than the actual approach to life that a Yes Man chooses.

And how do I end this article with a motivating message to get you to say 'yes' to life and then finish with a question that will get you doing things you've never done before? I don't know. Get stuffed.

Ian Mack



No, thanks.



President's Report

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

Welcome back from the Easter break! Hope you all had a relaxing holiday and apologies to those who had lots of assignments / essays / exams to study for. This is the beginning of what I usually call 'crunch time' in the semester. Suddenly you have ten million things to do, you're still trying to catch up on readings or revise work from the first five weeks of semester, you have to prepare for a mid-term exam, and that week-long break didn't seem so long after all.

Sometimes it can all seem to get a bit much at this point in the semester, which is why it's important to keep it all in perspective. If you are struggling a bit, there's nothing wrong with saying so to your tutor, lecturer, friends or family. One of the reasons support services such as the SRC and SUPRA exist at this University is to provide a safe, confidential space in which you can raise issues you're having without feeling stigmatized or fearing that it's going to appear on your student records. This is why student organisations need to be able to provide independent advice and help to students who are in a bit of a pickle and would prefer the whole world not knowing about it.

As much as we would like to not believe it, unfortunately there are people within faculties and departments in the University who aren't always professional in their approach to dealing with students' problems. Speaking about students to other academics, naming and shaming students in meetings etc can occur from time to time. It's not appropriate behaviour; this is one of the reasons why the SRC is here. Anything you say to us remains strictly in the SRC unless you want us to speak to someone on your behalf. We don't have access to your student records, your transcript and so on for a reason – we're independent from the University!

Unfortunately a few years ago student organisations lost some of that

independence when Voluntary Student Unionism (VSU) was introduced by the Federal Government. It became voluntary, not compulsory, for student organisations to charge a fee to the student body to pay for the services that support students.

Realistically, what has that meant for Sydney Uni? (I'll do the President's Star Ratings here seeing as everyone seemed to like them last *Honi* issue).

INDEPENDENCE

The University now contributes money every year to student organisations such as the SRC, SUPRA and USU. The USU can cover the costs of running their organisation through food, commercial and venue services, but is still a not-for-profit organisation ie. All the money that goes in goes back out to make the student experience better. Because the SRC and SUPRA have services which are free (ie. Students don't have to pay to access the services), plus the SRC has a second-hand bookshop which is not profit-driven, the SRC and SUPRA receive most of their annual income from the University.

But largely it means the University could decide to drastically reduce our funding and has utter control over our finances. In 2010, that has occurred. The University's response to our cut in funding was 'because it was happening to every other faculty and department in the university.' But the SRC is not another department of the University. This University has prided itself on the fact that it gives money so an independent organisation can continue being run by students, for students. Once the University starts trying to micro-manage financially what student organisations can and can't do, it puts a real strain on our independence.

Star rating: **

FINANCES

Post-VSU, our finances are mainly dictated by the University rather than by the student body. It does mean that we are heavily dependent on the income we receive each year, and dependent on the general goodwill of the University. So whilst we still have freedom and independence from the University, our financial independence is tied hugely to whether or not the University believes it is viable to continue funding student organisations, and usually it's just a small group of upper-level management that makes these decisions.

Star rating: *

SERVICES

The SRC offers services such as academic advice, accommodation help and tenancy advice, Centrelink assistance, plus legal advice and aid. This is all free of charge to undergraduate students (SUPRA does a similar thing with all postgraduate students). These services have had to be reduced since VSU, and with the reduction in funding in 2010, there is real uncertainty about what the SRC will be able to help students with in the future.

Star rating: *** (because we do a great job on very little money!)**

STUDENT EXPERIENCE

The SRC has three main areas in which we're active. The first one is academic representation, which took a heavy hit after VSU. The SRC used to be able to contribute to Faculty societies and have across-the-board representation of students in every Faculty. That has become increasingly difficult. The second area is being the centre of student activism and at the forefront of social justice issues for the student community in Sydney and more generally around Australia. This



is why the SRC is involved in your peak national body, the National Union of Students, and runs campaigns for a fairer education system, environmental and climate change action, student rights, and many more that I can't possibly fit in here. The third area is supporting and helping you independently from the university.

Star rating: *** (because we're still out there representing you in every way; VSU has just made it harder!)**

So if you want to have a say in how your University runs, you need to get involved. Get your voice heard!

On Wednesday 14th April from 1-2pm in Manning Bar, the SRC, USU and SUPRA are hosting a forum for students on the Green Paper. We've invited the Vice-Chancellor along who will be 'taking questions from the floor'. Come along with the questions you've got about where the University will be going in the next 5 years:

- Feel free to be angry about proposals to take commercial services off the USU
- Feel free to ask the Vice-Chancellor why student organisations were hardly discussed in the Green Paper (except for implying, 'We'll decide where the money goes and what you do with it')
- Feel free to attack the Vice-Chancellor and his management over why they want to destroy the best student-run, student-driven campus life in the country!

Get involved...

Education Action Group: 1pm Tuesdays
(Chancellor's Lawns -next to Fisher Library)

Women's Collective: Thursdays 1pm, Holme Women's Room.

Environment Collectives:

Student Enviro Action Collective (SEAC):
1pm Mondays, Botany Lawns

Climate Action Collective: 1pm Mondays, Chancellors Lawns

Queer Collective: 2pm Mondays, Queer Space Holme Building

International Students: Check your email for updates

What's on...

University Green Paper Forum with the Vice Chancellor

What is the future of Sydney University:

Your Education, Your Services, Your University!

BE THERE! Wednesday 14th of April, 1-2pm Manning Bar





General Secretary's Report

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

Welcome back to uni for the second half of semester, hopefully you all had a great mid-semester break! This week sees the launch of the SRC's e-newsletter for all our members. If you want to stay up to date on what the SRC is doing, come down to the SRC offices in the basement of the Wentworth building and become a member today.

Week 6 is when assessment season really kicks into gear, making it a stressful time for a lot of students – it's particularly difficult to balance work and study commitments at this time of year, but there are a few other ways in which assessment season is more problematic than it should be, for example, are your lecturers and tutors sufficiently available to give you any assistance you might require with understanding course content and completing assessments? Do you feel that your ability to learn in your course has been compromised by the number of students in your classes? Were you able to afford the necessary materials for your classes, and if not, were there sufficient copies of textbooks and readers in the library to enable you to successfully complete the course?

The answer of many students to these questions indicate that they are not satisfied with the quality of education and support they receive, so the National Union of Students, the peak representative body for tertiary students in Australia, has launched the quality survey. If you're pissed off about class sizes, or if you think lecturers and tutors



need to have more consultation hours, or if you're frustrated that there aren't enough copies of your essential course texts and readers in the library – tell us! The survey can be found online at <http://www.bit.ly/nusquality>, it will only take about 5 minutes to complete, and it will provide the National Union with concrete data which can be used to campaign for a better quality of education.

Remember that if you're struggling with an assessment and you need to apply for special consideration or special arrangements, or you feel that you've been marked unfairly, the SRC has case-workers available to assist you. Call 9660 5222 to make an appointment, or just drop by our office in the basement of the Wentworth building (entry via City Road).

Education Report

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

Green Paper

The University Green Paper is a discussion paper by the Vice-Chancellor's office, which will give shape to the University Strategic Plan 2011-2015. The Green Paper proposes substantial changes to the academic organisation of the University, such as the creation of a College of Arts & Sciences and five Professional Schools to replace our current faculty organisation. It also proposes the creation of new equity programs and the expansion of existing ones.

We are now in the discussion phase of strategic planning. All staff and students are encouraged to submit responses to the Green Paper. These responses will be considered by the Vice-Chancellor's office in the creation of a White Paper (i.e. policy proposals) for our Strategic Plan.

The SRC will be submitting a response, and many of our office bearers will be submitting individual responses. I am currently co-ordinating submissions from student representatives on Faculty Boards and Academic Board.

I strongly encourage you to submit your own response to the Green Paper, and to get in contact with me if you have any questions or suggestions for the SRC submission. Submissions are due before Monday the 19th of this month, and you can find the green paper at sydney.edu.au/green_paper

Quality of Teaching and Learning Campaign

Next week we will be starting the NUS Quality campaign. This involves the collection of surveys on your experience of Teaching & Learning at USyd. Responses to the survey will be used to lobby the government and universities about improving such things as class size, learning resources, accessibility to course material, and quality of education.

You will see me and other student representatives at a stall on Eastern Avenue with copies of the survey. It is very important that we get at least a few hundred responses, so if you have 5 minutes to spare, please drop by. We will also have Enrol to Vote forms. There's a federal election coming up in semester two, so if you are not enrolled to vote, have recently moved or are not sure if you are properly enrolled, definitely drop by!

Events

Education Action Group – Tuesday 13th of April, 1pm (Chancellor's Garden)

Green Paper Forum with the Vice-Chancellor – Wednesday 14th of April, 1pm (Manning Bar)

Green Paper Submissions Deadline
Monday 19th of April

Quality of Teaching & Learning Stall from Tuesday 20th of April (Eastern Avenue)

Women's Report

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

Over the weekend I was able to attend F: A conference. A festival. A future along with 400 activists, writers, filmmakers, musicians, bloggers, politicians, community workers, migrants, academics from a diversity of genders, sexualities, cultural backgrounds and life experiences.

The conference was organised by an amazing group of women identifying and sex and gender diverse people, and was over a year in the making. The conference was non-autonomous – meaning male-identifying people could attend, and they did. This decision was made on the basis that sexism is a community wide issue

and that engaging everyone within the movement is essential for change.

The two days were packed with panels and workshops and was opened with a panel on Indigenous Women's Knowledge. On the panel was Dixie Link-Gordon, who has worked on the Blackout Violence campaign and currently runs Mudgin-Gal, a service run by Aboriginal women, for Aboriginal women in the inner-city. Janet Moodey and Darlene Johnson.

We also heard from Anne Summers, Siri May, Mehal Krayem, Zora Simic and Eman Sharobeem on why feminism

is relevant. Then Catherine Lumby, Elizabeth Broderick, Eva Cox, Elena Jeffreys, Littiane Lukoki and Sally McManus on why we aren't there yet. And finally we looked at the future of feminism with Candy Bowers, Larissa Behrendt, Cate Faehrmann and Chally Kacelnik.

F: A conference was the first feminist conference to hit Sydney in the last 10 years and was truly a melting pot of the feminist community. It was not without tension, confronting discussions and fundamental ideas shaking but that is absolutely a good sign. Those that



attended prioritise different campaigns and different issues and will be returning to those with a greater awareness of and dialogue with other areas of feminism.



Your Assessment and Appeal Rights

As a University of Sydney student you have a bunch of assessment rights. University policies entitle all students to full information about course goals and requirements and this information must be given to you before the end of the first week of a course. Information you are entitled to includes:

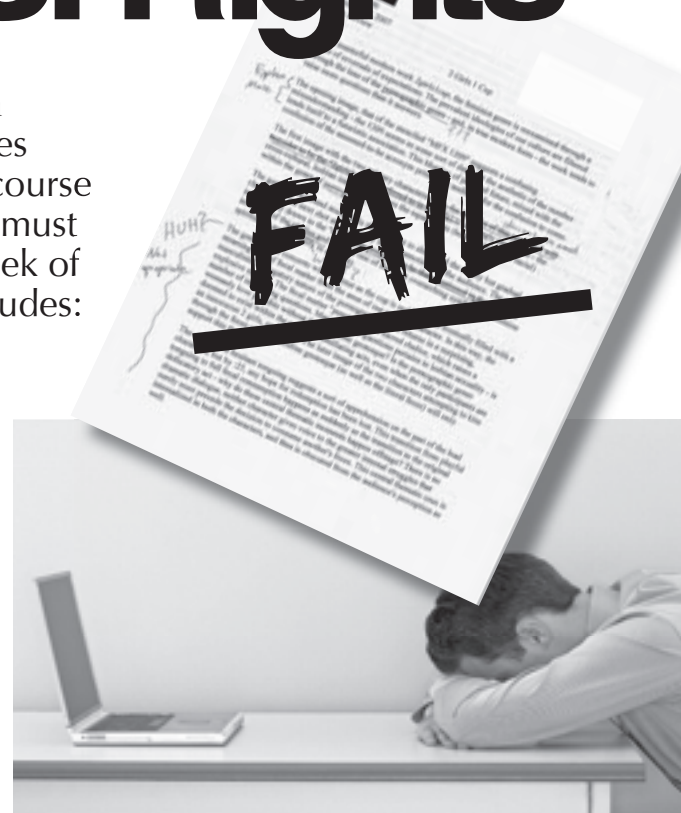
- assessment criteria
- attendance and class requirements
- weighting – breakdown and calculation of assessment marks
- explanation of policies regarding 'legitimate co-operation, plagiarism and cheating', special consideration and academic appeals procedures
- early and clear statement of sanctions and penalties that may bring your mark down, and fair application of these penalties
- balanced and relevant assessment tasks
- fair and consistent assessment with appropriate workloads and deadlines
- written consultation before the halfway point of the unit if assessment requirements need to change
- changes must not disadvantage students
- adequate arrangements to cater for disabilities and other requirements
- access to staff out of class time at reasonable hours
- fair and relevant marking procedures
- anonymous posting of results
- timely return of assessments
- helpful feedback
- access to exams up to four months after the result
- the right to appeal up to three months after an academic decision
- enough time for remedial learning when there is reassessment

Appeals - University Procedures

If you believe a mark or University decision is wrong and you want to appeal you must lodge an appeal within 15 working days.

The first step is to talk to the person who made the decision – often your lecturer. See if you can go through the assessment and discuss your performance with them. Your examination scripts will be kept for 4 months after a mark was given. But be aware, appeals should normally be started within 15 working days of an academic decision. Make sure you know how the mark was worked out – including any scaling or marks deducted or changed for reasons not directly related to that particular assessment. Your questions and concerns may be resolved at this stage, helping you understand how you can improve in the future. Alternatively, you may feel the matter is still unresolved and wish to continue with your appeal.

1. Make your appeal in writing and make sure it is easy for other people to understand
2. Listen to or read staff comments and reasons for a decision closely. Keep these in mind when you write your appeal



3. letter.
3. Base an appeal on a process matter rather than an academic judgement.
4. Know your desired outcome
5. Familiarise yourself with the relevant policies
6. Know who you are appealing to
Lecturer/Unit of study Coordinator; someone higher in the appeal chain within the Faculty; and then the University Student Appeals Body (Academic decisions only, and only where there has been a breach of process); You must be given reasons for each person's decision.
7. If you cannot resolve appeals internally, you may be able to approach external bodies eg. NSW Ombudsman, the Anti-Discrimination Board etc. Administrative decisions made outside of the Faculty have appeals to different people. Speak to the SRC for advice.

Your Appeal Rights

According to University policy, appeals should be dealt with:

- in a timely manner
- with confidence
- impartially and not disadvantage you in the future
- procedural fairness
- free access to all documents concerning your appeal

Undergraduates can get advice, information and advocacy from the Student Representative Council (SRC). Postgraduates may approach the Sydney University Postgraduate Representative Association (SUPRA).

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 am from interstate and started uni this semester. I have been staying with my uncle but am now looking for a place to move out. At the weekend I read about the rent scams going on, where students have answered internet ads and then transferred money to bogus landlords who don't own the property advertised. After this I went to the SRC website and read more about looking for accommodation. This was useful, the only problem I have is that I don't have the money for a bond – I understand this is normally 4 weeks rent? Can I pay less than this, or pay in instalments?

House Hunter

Dear House Hunter,

It is pretty standard for the bond to be 4 weeks in advance upfront payment, so I think you will have to pay all in one go. However, when moving into a new place you can apply to the NSW Department of Housing for your bond to be paid by them, under a scheme called RENTSTART. This is where low income earners (under about \$450 per week) can have part or all of their bond paid for them. This is not a loan – you don't have to pay it back. For more information go to www.housing.nsw.gov.au and search for "Rentstart".

If you are still looking for a loan, the Financial Assistance Office offers interest free loans to students, as well as bursaries. There is a bursary of \$2,000 for first year students, as well as other advertised bursaries. The application deadline for advertised bursaries is 5pm 30 April. Go to www.usyd.edu.au/stuserv/financial_assistance_office/about.shtml.

On the SRC website (www.src.usyd.edu.au) you will have found the Accommodation Checklist which can help give you tips when looking for accommodation. The University Accommodation Service (www.usyd.edu.au/stuserv/accommodation/what.shtml) may be able to help you find housing. If community living is your scene then STUCCO might appeal to you. It is a housing co-operative that has very low cost housing (www.stucco.soc.usyd.edu.au)

Abe

International Student Accommodation Survey WIN A Day Trip Out of Sydney!

The International Student Support Unit wants to know about international students' experiences with accommodation in Sydney.

The survey will take about 10 minutes to complete and is on line until 21 April.

www.zoomerang.com/Survey/WEB229MSJBKKQX



SAAO SAYS...

Dear SAAOs,

I failed a subject last semester. I don't think it was really because I didn't understand the subject material, but because I had a lot of things happen in my life outside of uni which I didn't plan for and which I think meant that I failed the subject. Is there anything I can do about this fail grade?

Thanks,
Worried Postgrad.

Dear Worried Postgrad,

In some circumstances, the University can change a 'Fail' grade to what's known as a 'DNF' (Discontinued - Not to Count as Failure). You would have to show that you had a special case of illness or misadventure. Usually, the circumstances in your life which you think led to your Fail grade would have to be considered severe and not able to be reasonably foreseen.

If the subject you failed is compulsory, a DNF would mean that you would have to do the subject again, but that your Fail last semester would be removed from your academic transcript. A DNF would indicate to someone looking at the transcript that you didn't pass because of extenuating circumstances, rather than because of poor performance.

You can make an appointment with one of our team and talk to us in confidence about your circumstances. We can give you advice about whether your circumstances may warrant a DNF and if so, we can help you prepare an application.

SAAO Team

If you want to see change, get active!

There's not a lot that gets me more angry than homophobia. Well there's sexism too. And the Northern Territory Intervention. The wars in Afghanistan and Iraq as well. Did I mention all the racist beat up on refugees?

Ok, there's a lot that gets me riled up, and let's face it, there's a lot of horrible stuff going on, and most of it is being pushed by the people at the top of society - the government, the media, the legal system. Even at Sydney Uni they are trying to make major restructuring changes, with minimal consultation, that are guaranteed to mean massive job cuts and probably course cuts, and will make doing the degree we want even harder.

But I'm not one for getting angry and leaving it at that. I want to get organised to take stand against these things, not to just let them happen without making a fuss; because if we don't make a fuss and stand up to the institutions that make our lives tough, how do we expect things to change for the better?

Take, for example, the ban on same sex marriage. Since its introduction in 2004, people have been organising against it. There have been demonstrations every year. Last year there were 2 demonstrations, and we're about to have our second rally for this year on 15th May and we're not even half way through the year yet!

We've seen the Labor government grant a whole raft of law changes to remove much of the legal discrimination against same sex couples (a great win for us!), but they still haven't changed the law to allow lesbians, gays, bisexuals, transgendered and intersex (LGBTI) people to marry whomever they wish.

SUPRA has been a major supporter of this campaign for a number of years now, and we're not satisfied with the half measures the government has recently granted - we demand full equality. But the SUPRA council writing letters and press releases is not enough. We need you, the members of SUPRA,

the members of the SRC, and the entire university population to take a stand with us.

Over the next few weeks leading up to the May 15 rally, there will be some on-campus events to publicise the rally and the campaign generally. If you would like to help with these, I urge you to contact me at SUPRA (policy@supra.usyd.edu.au). There is a lot you can do.

You can take petitions to get signed by other students, friends and family; and have leaflets for the rally with you to give people. You may be good at using Facebook and other social networking sites - these are a great way to advertise these events. You may like to help putting up posters in your local area to let other people know about the rally (you can pick these up from the SUPRA offices or the SRC activist space).

Most importantly, you, yes you need to come to the rally on Saturday May 15, 1pm Sydney Town Hall.



Why should you come?

Because young LGBTI people are 5 times more likely to commit suicide or self harm than young people who are straight. Because studies in the US have shown that LGBTI people living in states where same sex marriage is legal are mentally and physically healthier than

those living in states where their relationships are not recognised (<http://www.starobserver.com.au/news/2010/04/07/ban-on-gay-marriage-driving-you-mental/23607>), and because it's just straight-up homophobic to class LGBTI relationships as different to straight relationships.

But most importantly, history shows us that progress on social issues like LGBTI rights does not just happen without a struggle. Ever.

Just over 40 years ago when the Black civil rights movement in the US won the legal right to interracial marriage (yes, it was illegal for black and white people to marry!), the majority of the population were against the idea. Today, nobody would dream of opposing this, and that is because of the movement that demanded an end to racist discrimination by the state that involved hundreds of thousands of people, black and white, who protested the racial discrimination.

The situation is different here regarding same sex marriage. We already have 60% support for marriage equality, and yet the government won't grant us same-sex marriage. It is clear that popular support alone is not enough to force Labor to stand up to the bigots inside and outside of their party. We need a mass movement, with loud and vibrant demonstrations to win this demand. We need everyone who gives a damn about this issue to make it be known that we will not stand for homophobia, especially not from the government and not in the law!

We can't wait for politicians. We need to act, and act now. Please join the Campus Equal Love collective (send an email to equal_love_sydney_subscribe@yahoo.com) or contact me for more information about how you can get involved. We won't change anything if we don't try.

The next rally for Same Sex Marriage is Saturday May 15, Sydney Town Hall from 1pm.

Heidi Claus
Campaigns and Policy Officer
policy@supra.usyd.edu.au

Win a \$50 Co op Book Voucher!

SUPRA is interested in finding out what you think of our Postgrad Pages in Honi Soit. If you want to give us any feedback, however brutally honest, then we want to hear it.

By filling-out our communications survey at: <http://www.zoomerang.com/Survey/WEB22ACWGLPCV9> you go in the running to win one of three \$50 book vouchers from the Co-op Bookshop!

POSTGRAD PAGES

Your Student Visa: Getting Feedback and Making Progress

For most coursework students, you will have returned this week from the mid-semester break. You may well have spent most of that week preparing for tests or working on assignments which are due over the next few weeks.

One of the reasons for these mid-semester assessments is to help you to identify any areas for improvement before the final exam or assessment. In order for this to happen, firstly, your lecturer needs to provide meaningful feedback to you on your work.

Secondly, you need to follow up the lecturer if you don't understand the feedback or you feel like you need more feedback. So if you receive a mark for an assessment (whether it is a mid-semester exam, an essay or online quiz) and you don't understand why you didn't get a higher mark, you could try to speak to the lecturer briefly after a class. You could send them an email to ask whether they can make a time with you to go through your assessment and explain where you could improve. Some lecturers have set consultation hours each week when they are able to see students. You should find out whether your lecturer has a consultation hour and when it is, and use that opportunity to speak to your lecturer.

Of course, after all of this, perhaps the most important step is that you will need to incorporate the feedback from your lecturer into your preparation for future exams or assessments.



How does this relate to my student visa?

For the majority of international students, one of your visa conditions requires you to satisfy academic progression requirements. There are a number of ways that the University judges what 'academic progress' is, but a strong indicator that you are not 'making progress' is if you fail a subject (or more than one subject). This is why it is so important to get feedback early on in the semester if you are not happy with one of your marks or if you don't understand the feedback your lecturer gave to you. If you can address any problems early, you will have a much better chance to improve your performance in future assessments. So you will have a much better chance of passing the subject.

If you do fail the subject (or more than one subject), the University may consider that you are not making 'academic progress'. There is a policy called 'Student Academic Progression Policy' (this policy used to be called Identifying and Supporting Students at Risk). This policy is explained in detail in SUPRA's Postgraduate Survival Guide (www.supra.usyd.edu.au), which we strongly recommend that you read.

There are several stages in the policy, as the University has to do certain things to help you improve once it identifies that you are struggling with your study. But if you continue failing subjects for a couple of semesters in a row, your ongoing enrolment and your student visa may be at risk. You may be asked to explain to your faculty why you should be allowed to continue studying. If your faculty does not accept your explanation, you may be excluded from your course. This means that you would not be allowed to study in your course for 2 years.

Of course, you can challenge a decision to exclude you by appealing to the University and the NSW Ombudsman (an external body). However, if you have exhausted all of your avenues of appeal and are still excluded, the University can notify the Department of Immigration and Citizenship (DIAC) that you have breached one of your visa conditions. DIAC may then take steps to cancel your visa.

SUPRA is holding a seminar next month about the importance of 'Making Progress' (and your visa condition 8202 more generally) and about what you can do if the University ever notifies DIAC that you have breached one of your visa conditions.

A migration lawyer and registered migration agent, Aristotle Paipetis (Visa Lawyers Australia), will be speaking about these issues on **Friday 7th May at 1pm**. SUPRA will have further details about this seminar on our website soon (www.supra.usyd.edu.au). If you are an international student, we strongly recommend that you come along and tell other international students to come as well.

SUPRA recommends that if you are having trouble with your study, you make an appointment to see a Student Advice and Advocacy Officer (SAAO) as soon as possible. A SAAO can give you advice about where you can get help in your faculty and in the University.

Caroline Vu
Student Advice and Advocacy Officer

Immigration Forum

Aristotle Paipetis (Visa Lawyers Australia) will be speaking about 'Making Progress'; Visa Condition 8202; and what you can do if the University ever notifies DIAC that you have breached one of your visa conditions.

Friday 7th May, 1pm. More details to come on SUPRA website: www.supra.usyd.edu.au

Trivia!

Do you like Trivia? Are you the sort of person who knows their pavlova from a Pavlovian response? Can you name all 5 European Capitals with only 4 letters? Then Trivia is for you!

SUPRA is putting on a gala trivia night on **28th APRIL**. Mark the date in your calendar, more details next week! Contact Sid for more information activities@supra.usyd.edu.au

Postgrad Sports

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, basketball, 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.

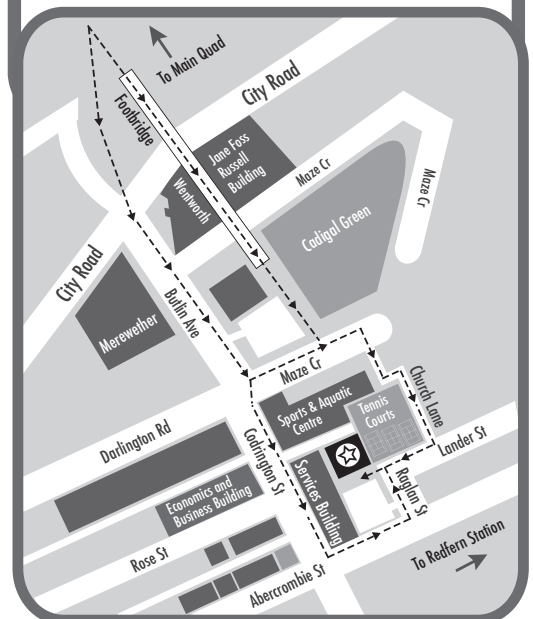
Complete your subscription online at www.supra.usyd.edu.au/subscribe then follow the links if you would like to become a SUPRA Supporter. Alternatively you can complete a form at our stalls or drop into the SUPRA office.

WHERE IS SUPRA?

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Toll-free: 1800 249 950
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E: admin@supra.usyd.edu.au
Web: www.supra.usyd.edu.au





THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

Across

- 1. Capital serious injury caused by a hot stove? (5,6,4)
- 9. Attracted to both genders, the male offspring is an American buffalo. (5)
- 10. Capital Christmas sweet treat? (5,4)
- 11. Previous sphere? Information technology insect exceeded the limits (10)
- 14. Hide super-simplified fallen fairy (3)
- 17. Till the beginning of the University's new theatre opening (4)
- 18. Capital James Brown genre? (5,5)
- 22. Joining together plants, if granting confusion (10)
- 25. A hiding place? LIAR! BULLSHIT! (4)
- 28. Vietnam ends up going back to provide workers (3)
- 29. Capital vegetable preserved in brine? (4,6)
- 33. The lure of diabolical megamints (9)
- 35. From the time of an act against God to the last two millennia (5)
- 37. Capital recent McDonalds sandwich selections? (3,5,7)

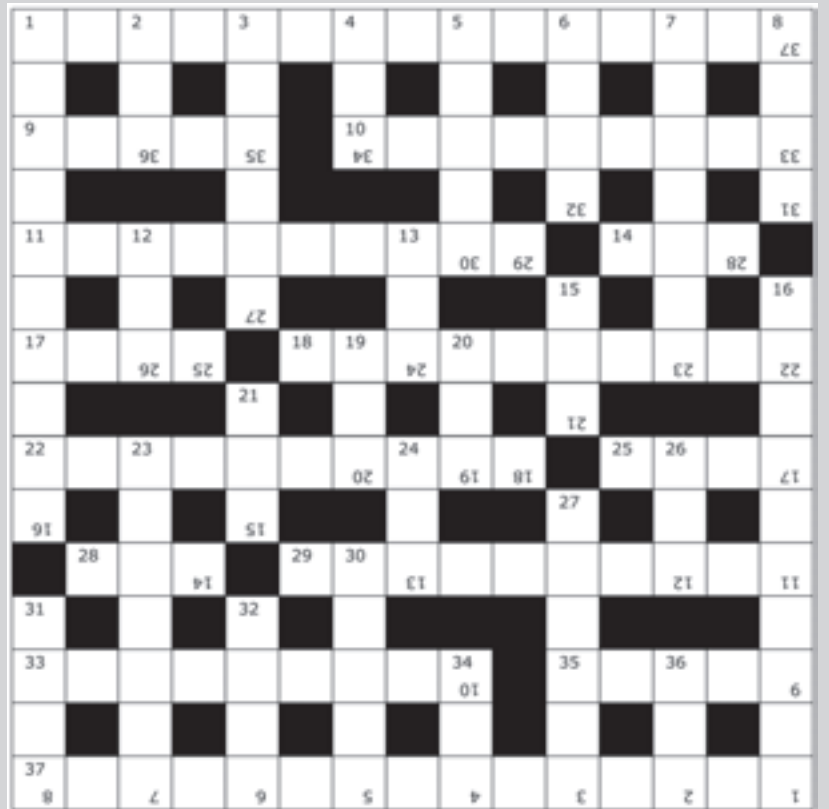
Down

- 1. Capital sport played with paddles? (5,5)
- 2. Strange, 'tis a possessive adjective (3)
- 3. Uncomfortable bed surrounds a University in Canberra, like Strauss's river (6)
- 4. Helmut covers deciduous tree (3)
- 5. Is powered by continue uninterrupted like this sentence (3,2)
- 6. Every third over blankets large deer (4)
- 7. Mysteries of botched seaming (7)
- 8. Space exploration group needs another seven astronauts, at first (1.1.1.1)
- 12. Unfashionable but no-longer keeping his homosexuality a secret (3)
- 13. Fuss, and not oddly (3)
- 15. Blue murder imprisons outback runner (3)

- 16. Terrify famous Loch, around a century of paucity (10)
- 19. Consume bad tea (3)
- 20. Taciturn ending for the ashes holder (3)
- 21. The police go up as Wales begins. (3)
- 23. Luminescence around the evil vapour in this Scottish town (7)
- 24. Sick from The Battle of Bunker Hill's conclusion (3)
- 26. Ten commandments holder sounds like a portion of a circle (3)
- 27. Sofa 101: Disaster. Disaster! (6)
- 30. Hi Sir! Drunk? Add a little whiskey! (5)
- 31. Mean bastard. So be it. (4)
- 32. Destiny? Sounds like a party! (4)
- 34. Raincoat almost fits computer (3)
- 36. Too many cooks hide the five boroughs (1.1.1)



- 36. The Big Apple (abbrv) (1.1.1)
- 34. IBM competitor (for short) (3)
- 32. Party (often at a school or church) (4)
- 31. Prayer ending (4)
- 30. From the Emerald Isle (5)
- 27. Total failure (6)
- 26. Noah's transportation (3)
- 24. Unwell (3)
- 23. The second largest city in Scotland (7)
- 21. The study of forts etc. (3)
- 20. Large vase (3)
- 19. Devour (3)
- 16. Karly (10)
- 15. Large flightless bird (3)
- 13. What there was much of in a Shakespeare comedy (3)
- 12. Not at home (3)
- 8. US space exploration organisation (4,4,4,4)
- 7. WW2 German coding devices (7)
- 6. A large species of deer (3)
- 5. Continue uninterrupted (3,2)
- 4. Hard-wooded deciduous tree (3)
- Urkraine (6)
- Hungary, Croatia, Serbia, Romania, Bulgaria, Moldova and Ukraine (10)



MARK "MY WORDS" SUTTON

- 1. African Capital City, or ping-pong (punny) (5,5)
- 2. Possessive adjective (contraction) (2,1)
- 3. River that flows through Germany, Austria, Slovakia, Hungary, Croatia, Serbia, Romania, Bulgaria, Moldova and Ukraine (6)
- 22. The joining together of two different plants (10)
- 25. Den (4)
- 28. Tend (as a bar) (3)
- 29. Asian Capital City, and a seasoned gherkin (punny) (4,6)
- 33. Power or attraction (9)
- 35. From a particular time (5)
- 37. Asian Capital City, or a recent Macdonald's menu of sandwich selections (punny) (3,5,7)
- Down
- 1. Overpriced (10)
- 11. Christmas (punny)? (5,4)
- 14. Mischiefvous creature of mythology (3)
- 17. Until the beginning (4)
- 18. Asian Capital City, and James Brown's musical genre (punny) (5,5)
- 1. European Capital City, and a high level of injury caused by a hot stove (punny) (5,6,4)
- 9. Shaggy maned, short-horned American buffalo-like creature (5)
- 10. European Capital City, and pies you have only at Christmas (punny)? (5,4)

THE TAKE HOME *Questions are themed around this week's paper!

- 1. How many gold medals did Australia win at the last Commonwealth games?
- 2. Who is the current Secretary-General of the Commonwealth?
- 3. What is the lowest number one can achieve with a single dart in a standard game of darts?
- 4. Name the original "Oarsome Foursome".
- 5. What is the highest achievable score on Microsoft's solitaire?
- 6. What is a Vuvuzela? A: a small Pacific Island nation. B: plastic horn used by soccer fans. C: A tropical fruit.
- 7. How many countries are there in the UN General Assembly? 182, 192 or 202?
- 8. Which game, based on a 1982 film of the same name, is considered responsible for bringing down video game company Atari?
- 9. Which New Zealand comedian starred opposite Jim Carey in the film *Yes Man*?
- 10. In which European country would you find the city Dubrovnik?
- 11. Which position did Edward Sharpe & the Magnetic Zeros single "Home" come on the 2009 Triple J Hottest 100 countdown: 5, 15, or 25?
- 12. Which company created the comic *Kick-Ass*?
- 13. Who wrote the 2003 hit single, "Danger! High Voltage!"?
- 14. What is the most expensive showbag at the Easter Show?
- 15. Which portfolio did Malcolm Turnbull have under the Howard government?
- 16. What is Bear Grylls' real name?
- 17. What position did Lewis Hamilton come in the Grand Prix?
- 18. What is Tiger Woods' mother's name?
- 19. What nationality was the painter Wassily Kandinsky?
- 20. Who played Sid Vicious in the film *Sid and Nancy*?

SUDOKU

			8					
	1	5	7					6
	2	6					1	
	9	1					8	
8								7
	2			9	4			
	4			2	5			
3			8	4	7			
			9					

RATED: NOT EASY

WORDSWORDSWORDS

With Benny Davis

Three words of six letters each. The first letter of each are different, the remaining five are the same. However, all these words don't rhyme. For example: Bather, Father, Gather - but it's not those. Initials B M W.

11+	2+		20x	6x	
	3-			3+	
240x		6x			
		6x	7+	30x	
6x					9+
8+			2+		

KEN KEN
KEN KEN
KEN KEN



The Garter Press



DOLORES, SLOGAN GOES HERE

EDITION: 230 VOLUME: XXVI

EST 2010 BC

What'ya got?

WHAT DO YOUR CURTAIN RODS

Say about you?



TURNBULL QUILTS

"All I have left is my hundreds of millions of dollars."



iPAD

People lose their shit.

Garter Press named Number 1 newspaper for proof-of-life photos

Alan Smithee
Meta Reporter and pseudonym

A new study has revealed that *The Garter Press* is the most widely used newspaper for proof-of-life kidnapping photos.

Analysts at Interpol, the International Crime Police Organisation, have announced that 28 per cent of kidnapers prefer *The Garter* to any other newspaper. *The New York Times* was the next most popular at 11 per cent.

Dr Michael Hansard with Interpol's statistics division says *The Garter's* rise to the top is due to a number of factors.

"For one, the date is clear and legible, even when the photographs are taken with a poor quality camera in a badly lit room or cave. Hansard continued,

"Also, the fact that the front page of *The Garter* is printed on grease-proof paper means that the print wont run from the inevitable sweat or blood.

"It's actually quite remarkable that this... paper, which quite frankly is pretty..., and runs some very...stories, would rise



to such international prominence," Dr Hansard said intermittently and without being edited in any way.

Jeremy Menendez, currently being held captive by a group of Colombian warlords, said his kidnapers chose *The Garter* because of its journalistic standing.

"I'm sure MY FAMILY would agree with me, and everyone else SHOULD KNOW, that I'M BEING very truthful when I say that *The Garter* has BEATEN all other papers. If I were a journalist not with *The Garter*, I would be FEARING FOR MY LIFE."

"HELP," Menendez added.

The Garter's editor, through a statement prepared by his assistant Dolores, says the accomplishment is not surprising and that this is conclusive evidence that people *should* be able to bring their cats to work if they put them in a basket and if the cat is really friendly with people.

Scientists tip 2010 to be 'hottest year yet'

EXCLUSIVE
Janet Wagamama
Environment and Japanese Noodle Reporter

According to scientists, this year will officially be the "hottest" year on record as rising global temperatures force hot women and men to wear even less clothing.

A group of young male science students from the University of Southern California, describing themselves as 'The Amateur Gynecologists', have released a report claiming that 2010 will see a steady rise in the attractiveness of others.

"We've been noticing for a while now that chicks on campus have been getting steadily hotter and hotter," said Joel McKinsky, 21, "and we firmly believe, based on extensive scientific projections, that 2010 will see the hottest bunch of freshman ever recorded."

Based on an application of rapper Nelly's smash hit "Hot in herre (sic.)", the young scientists have projected that the increasing temperatures of the earth will logically result in the removal of clothing items.

"It's basic science," McKinsky said. "When the 'ass is bodacious' and the 'dance floor' is 'flirtatious', women respond by taking off all their clothes whilst moaning."

"It also seems like the theory might be applicable to men, but we haven't studied that," he added. "That would be gay."



Eskimos in Alaska now require less (and more scandalous) clothing

Global warming activist Professor Tim Flannery described the findings as "ludicrous" but maintained global warming is a real threat.

"The heat is on, on the street, inside your head, on every beat and the beat's so loud, deep inside. The pressure's high, just to stay alive. 'Cause the heat is on," Flannery said.

INSIDE

PROMINENT GOLFER RETURNS TO PLAYING GOLF
World's media goes insane
pg 4

RUDD ANNOUNCES NEW IMMIGRATION POLICY
Robin Williams and Alabamans Denied Entry to Oz
pg 5

SANDRA BULLOCK ASHAMED BY LEAKED VIDEO
Miss Congeniality 2 'horrible'
p21

MASSIVE HOLE OPENS UP ON KING ST
Police are looking into it
pg 6



Comment



Fine Dining

With
Chesterton Fancy spoons

BLAQUE is located in the leafy suburb of Surry Hills, tucked between a toy store and a cafe designed to look like a toy store. I approached the restaurant with trepidation. Would it live up to all the hype surrounding its opening, when the head chef, Martin D'Croupier, released live rattlesnakes after the main

course, killing four diners and impressing several others?

I am happy to announce that this establishment not only leads the way in contemporary molecular degustation dining, but it leaves the rest behind, grasping their ankles from rattlesnake bites. We were taken to our seats

by the courteous and friendly waitstaff, who have been explicitly instructed by D'Croupier to only respond to Esperanto, when sung to the tune of Ruby Tuesday. What a magical start to a magical night.

After you are shown your seats (difficult as the restaurant is in a perpetual state of darkness), you are shouted the specials by a D'Croupier himself, who after each menu item, spits in your ear and whispers you the precise date of your death.

All this is designed to create the atmosphere required to enjoy the fare to come. Which I am thrilled to recount for you here.

The entree was a fresh twist on an old classic. Think you've tried falcon meat? Well, I can now assure you that the only way to enjoy it is to have it pureed, turned into a fine mist then sprayed directly into your

eyeballs. Such bliss.

Our plates were then cleared and smashed over the heads of the patrons beside us to their delight and screaming. After the mandatory three hour break between meals, strictly enforced by D'Croupier, our mains arrive.

Sauted spinach, stuffed into the brain of a live cow, is then set alight right there at your table and extinguished with a 1787 Chateau Lafite. It is then served out of the open mouth of the Governor General with a side of wedges.

After we had eaten our way through the next three plates, we were permitted to start on the food on which they were served. The texture was somewhat crunchy and grainy, much like the ceramic that had embedded itself in my gums, but left me with a palate that trickled

delightfully with its own blood and teeth.

But the long term mouth damage was worth it, for the dessert was truly remarkable.

A small Inuit man was brought to our table and forced to cry by being shown the final scene of *Life is Beautiful*. His tears were then collected and frozen, then shot down our throats with the cannon by which the small Inuit first entered.

BLAQUE is an essential experience for all those who enjoy the finer points of the gourmet and who only have a few weeks to live.

The waiting list is long, so bring a large knife as D'Croupier insists that guests fight to the death for their tables.

Bon eating!

LETTERS

MULCHBEAST!!!

Yours in flight,

Ivan D. Mulchbeast

DEAR THE GARTER,

HOW DO I GET MY CAPS LOCK KEY OFF? IT MAKES ME APPEAR TO BE SHOUTING, WHICH, AS A TYPICALLY QUIET PERSON, IS OBVIOUSLY DISTRESSING. never mind, i found it. what an ordeal.

regards,

QUENTIN FERGUSON

OH NO!

To the editor,

If Tony Abbot is so good at swimming, why doesn't he swim to the ETS and get it sorted out!? Wait. That made sense in my head. My apologies.

anon (William Franks)

Sirs and Maddames.

Your coverage of the great

hot-air balloon race was biased and unjust. You reported that I was seven leagues out of Essex when I ran into an updraught, hitched my brandyline and had to outsnaffu the whirly girly. While this remains true, it is highly improper to print and will no doubt offend the ladies.

Yours in quiet indignation and top hat,

Lord Nigel Brackenberry

Editors note: The Garter has never published an article on this subject, although it should be known that the words 'hot', 'air',

'balloon' and 'outsnaffu' have been included in past editions.

Dear Sirs,

In exercising my right of reply to anon (William Franks), might I say [in a voice two octaves higher than the voice which I imagine William Franks to have]: If Tony Abbot is so good at swimming, why doesn't he swim to the ETS and get it sorted out!? Wait. That made sense in my head. My apologies. My apologies also, Tony Abbott

To the Editors of *The Garter*,

With all due respect to the *The Garter* meteorology centre, I have some corrections to the forecast (11/4/10) for this Friday, on which we are promised clear skies and balmy temperatures. With the completion of my Machine due any moment, and my coming to possess powers of flight, I would hazard that the forecast will be fiery with a late-afternoon chance of



with
Maisy Snuffington

Good Day! Or should I say Bonjour, Auf Wiedersein or perhaps Sudoku!

No, Maisy has not left spellcheck off! I'm simply talking to you in some different languages!

Did you know that there are over six languages in the world alone!? Whether you're speaking Chinese in China, German in Germany

or Asian in China, you are enjoying the many ways we can enter the Wonderful World (World Wide!) of (World Wide) Words!

Of course, Asian isn't strictly a language, it's also a cuisine! Yumo.

But let's look at how all these languages came to be languages! Well, some people will tell you that it

all started in bible times, when people built such a tall tower that it poked God in the eye. Ouch! said God, and condemned them all to speak differently. Imagine that! Not being able to say the simplest things like "how do I get down from this tower?" and be understood.

Scientists take a different view and have concluded that all languages in fact grew out of one single one. English (BBC!).

This explains why so many words sound the same in different tongues. The Latinos sneakily borrowed the work of the BBC in the 1950s, and by changing a few letters claimed their own New World of Words: 'wine' being taken as 'vino', kitchen being taken as 'culina' and the aphorism 'crocs are for rats and demons, random!' being bastardised as 'quod

erat demonstrandum'. It's (quite literally!) all Greek to me!

But foreign tongues can sometimes have word-gifts to offer us too - how about these examples for example: did you know that you are using an alien tongue when you ask "could I please have the bri-oche?", or "is that red-wood potpourri?" and even "☺*•☺?" As they say in Pennsylvania, "viva la difference!"

But do all languages need a billion speakers to be considered a language? Maisy has actually taken a leading role in a project to create a Universal Word of Worlds, identifying and transposing the fundamental building blocks of communication so that everyone can be understood clearly wherever they're. How about an example! Well perhaps not yet, as

some who have listened to it still in its prototype form have later complained of inner ear irritation and a feeling of unholy dread. #Maisy has failed!

Which brings me to a sad note on which to 'full-stop' this week's lesson, as languages do not just grow, they can sometimes die too. Just as Latin has passed away, so will this World of Words.

But not to fear my fellow wordologists, Maisy will be back in a few days time. Our wonderful editor has sent me on a special fact finding mission to Russia, so I'll no doubt be back full of new facts and wonderments!

Goodbye, or as they say in Russia: See you later!



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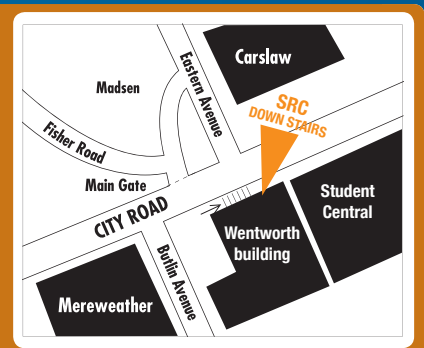
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