

Honi Soit

SEMESTER 2 WEEK 2
04 JULY, 2010

Burning Man Festival



Interview with Dom Knight

Cyber vigilantes in China

The demise of print media

Frockstars at the Powerhouse

IS THIS A DREAM?

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04 AUGUST 2010

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Most played song: Edith Piaf's "Non, je ne regrette rien".
Quote: "No, not the bees, not the bees! My eyes!" - Nick Cave in *Wickerman*
Movie we should get over soon: *Inception*.
Creepiest song: "What's New Pussycat" by Tom Jones



THE HYPOTHETICAL:
Would you rather
 Would you rather be able to hover 15cm above the ground without being able to go anywhere
OR
 Be impervious to the common cold?
FAQs
Could I still catch the flu?
 Yes. You will also be susceptible to any rarer versions of the cold.
Am I subject to the law of inertia? If I hover for long enough will the earth move beneath me?
 Err...
Can I make a living off my hovering abilities?
 Possibly. But there is a strong chance you will spend your life as a test-subject in Top Secret US military experiments.



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DISCLAIMER
Honi Soit is published by the Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney, Level 1 Wentworth Building, City Road, University of Sydney, NSW, 2006. The SRC's ion costs, space and administrative support are financed by the University of Sydney. *Honi Soit's* editors and the SRC acknowledge the traditional owners of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. *Honi Soit* is written, printed, and distributed on Aboriginal land. *Honi Soit* is printed under the auspices of the SRC's directors of student publication: Mel Brooks, Tim Mooney, Alistair Stephenson, Andy Thomas and Cherissa Zhou. All expressions are published on the basis that they are not to be regarded as the opinions of the SRC unless specifically stated. The Council accepts no responsibility for the accuracy of any of the opinions or information contained within this newspaper, nor does it endorse any of the advertisements and insertions.



Board of Privilege

Dear *Honi*,

Last week's edition of *Honi* has provided a glimpse into the dirty politics that festers within the USU.

In light of Sydney Uni's "privilege problem", I find it disturbing that the election rules and regulations can be overlooked for certain candidates as long as they have the connections on campus. The overlooking of Alistair's alleged tripling of the spending cap and Bateman's rushing of the executive election illustrates the triumph of egos over equality.

Not only was this move highly undemocratic, it further isolates the Directors from the student body and reaffirms its image as an elite clique. Social inclusion should be a top priority for the USU and all students should feel that they can participate in the Union regardless of their political affiliations, connections or financial situation.

A place on the Union Board should be won through campaigning, not through cash and connections.

Sammy Baille
Arts (2nd Year)

A Bit Rich

Dear *Honi* *Soit*,

The only impression I got from this week's feature article was that it was written by a group of rich kids complaining about how rich they are. As if Sydney Uni has a privilege problem. Entry is determined by ATAR and you don't have to go to a school which uses the term 'headmaster' instead of 'principal' to get a high one. Entry-level ATAR is based on course popularity, and it just shows that Sydney is a popular choice on the UAC application form. But if you're from way out west, why would you bother going to USyd when you can just go to Macquarie which is closer and has a lower entry standards, or go to UTS when they can guarantee you a work placement?

Going to a selective school (out past Parramatta) definitely gave me a boost into uni. But that had nothing to do with my parent's money (not like they had much anyway, both being degree-less and unskilled). Yes, many selective school kids had much bigger houses than mine (rich parents are rich because they're smart, and smart parents have smart kids, ey Charles Darwin?) but the ones who didn't still had a choice of any university they wanted. Most going to either UNSW or doing Engineering or Economics in USyd and not giving a shit about whatever's going on at Manning on a Wednesday night. Yet every now and then, I do have talks with people from the area who are surprised by my choice to go to uni. Of course to them the norm is to get a trade and live the life of a rich 17 year old apprentice. But it's not like they didn't have a chance. They probably just didn't give a shit. Then

there are the rich kids from the secluded areas of the Hills District who got an ATAR of 53... and I doubt they'd be given a place in any USyd course.

In short, I don't think it's USyd's fault that there aren't enough poor people to satisfy the curiosity of you whinging rich kids. Not everyone around is privileged and if you want more poor people, you should work on changing the mindset of thousands of high schoolers that waiting an extra 4 years to get paid is a better option than going straight into the workforce. Or just stop the rumours of USyd being elitist and old fashioned...

Leo Nelson

A Bit fResh

Dear *Honi*,

Nice to be back at uni. Looking forward to second semester. It's all about finance for me. Or, more specifically, as a political economy student, about how finance oppresses and marginalizes social groups.

Speaking of oppressed and marginalized social groups... College freshers. I was enjoying being back on campus, listening to a talk on Isaiah 40 in the EU's Public Meeting on Wednesday. I must admit, I was a little confused when I started hearing the word 'penis' echo around the room. And then the speaker was asked for his number by a woman in a tutu. Not the regular EU Public Meeting experience.

I wasn't too happy about it, either. A student union society books a room, and has a couple of hundred people there for an event. The colleges can do whatever they like for initiation. Just don't interrupt your fellow students. It's rude, at best.

Oh, and as for 'the penis game'? Seriously, women: grow up.

Richard Glover
Arts V

Yes to USU Referendum?

Dear *Honi*,

So lets get this straight... After the USU election, the Returning Officer has no power to dismiss a candidate who has breached the spending cap and it is up to the Board Directors (who have perpetrated the breach) to decide the outcome? This is a serious constitutional flaw in the Union Board as no one in their right mind would vote themselves off the Board. Even a first year Government student understands the importance of the Separation of Powers. The USU must consider dramatic electoral reforms and remedy the illegitimate practices of the recent election in order to restore public confidence in the Board.

Sally Li
Bachelor of Arts/Commerce, 3rd Year

EDITORIAL

Last week's *Honi* brought in a flood of letters, primarily in response to the Union's spending cap and to our feature on privilege at USyd. Thank you to all who wrote in- not only because it means I have less space to fill for these perennially tricky editorials- but also because sifting through the full spectrum of your approval, criticism and insight is a weighty reminder of how important it is to have a weekly student paper as a place for intelligent discussion. Reading what you write is one of the best parts of this job.

We've got another cracker of an edition this week with familiar

regulars, the new Soapbox section and the frivolity of our Burning Man Festival feature sure to transport you far from the tedious demands of our second week back- albeit momentarily.

This week also marks the official launch of the new *Honi* website (which those editors not swanning around Splendour were up late updating) and its second week live as well as *Honi*'s exciting new Opinion Competition with Annabel Crabbe- see back cover for details. We can't wait to read your contributions! Guess I could have done with a bit more room to write after all.

Carmen Culina

Glossing Over a Breach

Dear *Honi*,

After an initial sigh of exasperation to see the USU elections still featuring in the paper, Rhys' letter (Week 1) does expose some serious injustices about the spending cap. I'm not proud to admit this, but I voted for Alistair and Sibella primarily because I wore their stickers on election day.

The unfortunate fact is, money can buy votes. From Ben Tang's wristbands, Alistair's high gloss posters, to Sibella's stickers, it does seem that many votes were won through expensive campaign gimmicks. From what I recall, candidates who narrowly missed out like Deb White only campaigned with posters, pamphlets and chalk and did not use the luxurious extras the candidates who were elected did.

Considering Alistair won by only 17 votes, if there were another 16 people who, like me, cast their vote in favour of the candidate with the shiniest badges and glossiest poster, the election results would most definitely have been different.

In light of the recent Green Paper, many candidates ran on the policy of proving to the University that students are capable of running the Union. Well, if we can't trust our Board Directors to manage a mere \$700 spending cap, how can we trust them with a multi-million dollar student Union?

D.S Horne
Bachelor of Science (4th Year)

Don't Get with the Program

Dear *Honi*,

I write in relation to the article about the small, but vibrant, amount of students from low socio-economic backgrounds present at this university and the active university policy of increasing the number of students from this background.



I would be classified from coming from this crop of "low" socio-economic status (SES). I originally grew up in the country and moved to western Sydney in Year 10. My parent's occupations are a mechanic and a chef. I am also very proud to be a product of the public school system; completing my primary school at Sandy Beach Public School and high school at Model Farms High School. The way the journalists of *Honi* have been writing it seems it is a miracle that I could be going to this university and it must be a thrill for the editors to know that I managed to achieve a scholarship of merit on top of that mind bending feat!

What I have a problem with is the university program to strengthen the student population from low SES. I believe this could jeopardise the high calibre of students that this university is so well known for. In making the entry levels lower for people from "perceived" low SES areas and backgrounds is not only demeaning to the students that have worked long and hard in their final year of school but is also insulting to their achievement of being accepted to this university.

While I am all up for the university designating promising students outside just an academic mark, I think that in making it "easier" for students from a low SES is going about the wrong way to solve the issue. Increasing scholarships available for students that display talent and intelligence from low SES could go towards solving the problem. Giving a lower Atar/UAI entry level to people from low SES will not solve any issues that are associated with this debate besides the one generated by the federal Labor government with its "social inclusion objective". We all know how well the federal government plans have gone of late... This could reduce the academic standing of the university in the long run and generate an atmosphere of contempt for people from low SES.

Joseph Callingham
Bachelor of Science (Adv.)/Bachelor of Arts, 2nd Year.

Love mail? Hate mail? Like mail?

SEND IT ALL TO

honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au

NEXT WEEK'S BEST LETTER PRIZE:
A copy of the new album by Faithless,
The Dance.



THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

The best hearsay, gossip and rumours on campus.



HONI SOIT 2011

Just when you thought the glut of Union election gossip was dispersing, some students are already gearing up for USyd's other vote fest with the SRC and *Honi* elections fast approaching. Rumour has it immediate Union past President Pat Bateman and Treasurer Douglas Thompson will be forming an *Honi* ticket. Science Revue head writer James Colley also looks set to form his own ticket, as does Paul Ellis who is currently joined by Media kids Callie Henderson and Arghya Gupta.

FRY IN QUAD

Stephen Fry, the witty British writer and media personality was spotted on campus last week giving an interview with ABC TV. Fry was interviewed by the ABC's Anne Maria Nicholson and part of the interview has already gone to air on ABC News 24. The interview covered a range of topics from cricket, depression, Australian politics to Fry's view on the media. As well as performing in several sold out shows in Sydney and Melbourne, Fry is in

Asia-Pacific Model United Nations

Bridie Connellan gets drunk at AMUNC.

Sydney Law School played host to over 120 delegates from various universities in the Australasian Region at the annual Asia-Pacific Model United Nations Conference (AMUNC) from July 10-16. The program seeks annually to simulate the workings of United Nations policy development and negotiation, or what organisers deem "an exciting mix of debating, international relations and role-playing". Discussions between NGO representatives and political council allow participants to engage critically with issues of international concern.

For example, Victorian representatives from La Trobe University formed a committee acting as UNESCO Indonesia, with questions of artifact ownership and the age of consent becoming key issues in the discussion.

Despite largely remaining a virtual affair, organizers said that in 2010 they aimed to create a more professional forum for discussion with the addition of real political officials and academic guests including The Hon Michael

Australia shooting material for his next documentary on the history of language.

US SUPREME COURT JUDGE

Students were bewildered last Thursday by signs plastered around the Law School directing guests to a talk by Chief Justice John Roberts of the US Supreme Court from the night prior. The most senior and distinguished legal officer in the United States spoke to an audience of 300 about the origin of the Bill of Rights of the US Constitution. Only staff and alumni were notified of the event with tickets selling out shortly after. This was one of only three talks presented by the Chief Justice during his time in Australia. Thanks for the heads up, Gillian.

SECRET TUNNEL!

Well, not quite but it seems like the long awaited Level 1 connection between the Law and Fisher Libraries is finally open giving students one less reason to succumb to elements and buy an umbrella.

Carmen Culina



Kirby, Conny Lenneberg (Policy and Programs Director of World Vision Australia) and Associate Professor Ben Saul (Co-director of the Sydney Centre for International Law).

In the spirit of humanitarian foundations, the theme 'We The Peoples' focused on the disparate and diverse nature of mankind and the challenges inherent in the idea of an 'international community'. With four days of debates, discussions, democracy and a dash of daiquiri, the event promoted four conference principles of dignity, justice, progress and tolerance amidst a sensitive cache of global issues for discussion.

To the delight of Sydney University UN Society, 11 USyd students received awards amongst the 120 delegates and directors, with 6 Best Delegates, 1 Diplomacy Award and 6 Honourable Mentions.

Three Minute Thesis Comp

Carmen Culina learns from the postgrad pros.

It is not often that articles directly relevant to our postgraduate students are also of interest to their undergrad companions and make it into the body of the paper. Until recently, their concerns have been contained within the SUPRA double spread (recently canned because as SUPRA resident Nick Irving succinctly put it, "No-one read it").

So it was great to see the breadth of talent on full display at the University's first Three Minute Thesis Competition held last Thursday. PhD students jumped at yet another opportunity to procrastinate, whittling down their years of research to a punchy three minute PowerPoint aided presentation. The heats and finals were hosted by the side-splitting undergrad veteran Adam Yardley, who acted as the much needed "intellectual palette cleanser" to use his own words. His banter conquered the unenviable task of segueing between prostrate growth in mice, the influence of shark attacks on beach policy, improving the properties of carbon bundled nanotubes, lizard gynecology, connections between sentencing and behavioural genetics, smelling pepper in shiraz and microwave photonic signal processing all in under an hour for the finals.

What is the hardest thing about having to present your thesis in three minutes or under? Chris Hales, an Astronomy PhD candidate, thinks the lack of context can be a particularly tricky hurdle in engaging the audience. "There is so much background information - especially for a Science PhD, that it is a real challenge just getting everyone on the same page, let alone trying to talk to people about what you are doing your thesis on." Hales can't have found it too difficult though, winning first place for his thesis presentation on magnetism in deep intergalactic space and securing a place at the Australia New Zealand Competition hosted in Queensland later this year.

FACT!

Italics were invented by spies to communicate hidden messages before they were adopted by the mainstream.

THE STALKER

You were applying **pale pink lipgloss** to your luscious lips when you first caught my eye on **level four of Fisher**. Dressed in **black, patterned tights** and a **grey dress**, you exuded elegance.

Your fingers tapping on your **MacBook Pro** made a pleasant sound like rain on rooftops - the kind of lullaby that I long to have lulling me to sleep for the rest of my nights.

Your **shiny, black-framed glasses** caught the light and only served to emphasise the **bright blue of your eyes**. That **beige tote bag** you carried seemed large enough to take me home in one day. And for that day, I await.

Think you were stalked? Send a photo of yourself to honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au and you may win a prize!



SOC IT KNITSOC TO ME:

Anusha Rutnam has knits.



Knitsoc, if you'll forgive the god-awful pun, are a tight-knit bunch. Case in point, Laura Cunningham, my inside woman for this article, was very keen that her name not be mentioned without acknowledgment of the rest of the hard working exec. Their names and knitting specialities (socks, beanies etc.) were provided, but Laura I hope you'll forgive me for not listing them all here. You see, when it comes to Knitsoc there is quite a lot to get through.

They are a diverse society, comprising Science, Arts, Economics and Med students, along with a sprinkling of internationals and exchange students for good measure. Laura informs me that knitting lingo has been translated into French, Mandarin, Finnish, and Swedish so far. The common thread (or yarn, if you will. Fair enough if you won't.) is that they're all knitting nuts.

Perhaps in order to buck the stereotype of knitters being dear old grannies, there is something of a badass streak to many of Knitsoc's activities. Last semester 'Stitch and Bitch' sessions were a weekly event and coming up there will be as "Domaknitrix" pub crawls as well as guerilla knitting attacks (seen any be-scarved telephone poles lately? It may well have been the work of Knitsoc). There has even been a Knitsoc romance.



Knitsoc are holding an AGM on Friday 13th of August and will also be holding a knitting workshop on the Manning lawns during the Verge Festival. All are welcome!

sydneyuniknittingsociety@gmail.com

The Wild, Wild Web

Georgia Flynn looks at virtual vigilantes.

Hearts palpitating with a kind of moral panic, we are educated about the untamed corners of the World Wide Web and the pitfalls associated with the unguarded assertion of our Internet identities.

A fortnight ago, in the suburbs of Florida, an eleven-year-old known online as Jessi Slaughter was placed under police protection when the retaliation against her self-serving and fluent YouTube clips (“I’m happy with my life, okay? And if you can’t, like, realise that and stop hating you know what? I’ll pop a glock in your mouth and make a brain slushie...”) seeped over into her daily life.

While most anonymous users who lurk in the shady hallways of the various message-board forums, may dedicate their time to trading jibes, anime and a rather impressive array of pornography, a certain sector of the virtual citizenry is utilising these technologies to serve the cause of justice – as they perceive it.

In 2007, concerned Netizens mounted an information gathering campaign on suspected pedophile Chris Forcand. With the virtual label of pedophile neatly embroidered on his chest pocket, the police arrested the man and charged him with two counts of luring girls under the age of fourteen to engage in sexual touching. In 2008, outside 108 Churches of Scientology in seventeen countries, the voice of the Anonymous website took on a physical form in the 7,600 hackers who congregated to protest against the benighted church.

“We are your brothers and sisters, your parents and children, your superiors and your underlings,” the Anonymous credo reads. “We are the concerned citizens standing next to you. Anonymous is everywhere, yet nowhere. Our strength lies in our numbers.”

This audacious mission statement echoes in the posts of various members, compelled to discuss their reasons for protesting. “Motivated by nothing more than a mutual desire to do some good,” says forum user Fisherman. “This small group of ad hoc volunteers dubbed

“Anonymous” has wrought tangible change and helped people, across the globe. This has never happened before, in the whole of history!”

Others have less edifying reasons. “I can handle my douche bag cognitive dissonance better if I’m trolling people who deserve it,” explains one user, known simply as Anonymous.

In China, however, the growth of cyber-vigilante justice has taken on a political timbre.

Last year, it took only eighty hours for Yu Fuqin and her husband Deputy Colonel Chen Wei to be stripped of their Communist Party posts when footage of Fuqin slapping a tour guide in the face went viral on the Chinese message-board, Tianya.

In 2008, Gao Qianhui turned on her webcam and recorded her response to the Sichuan earthquake.

“I turn on the TV and see injured people,” Ms Gao complained in her video. “I don’t want to watch these things... come on! How many of you died? Just a few, right? There are so many people in China anyway.”

When every detail of her personal life, including her home and work address, was published on hundreds of forums and message-boards, it was the work of a uniquely Chinese phenomenon known locally as renrou sousuo vinqing, and globally as the “human flesh search engines.”

The equation takes on a fitting symbolism. Through the efforts of thousands of anonymous Internet users, the human flesh search engine will gather the only currency that holds any particular value online: personal details.

In China, the might of the human flesh search engine has been raised most effectively against public officials. The force of this public shaming are particularly potent, and have been effectively utilised against public officials.



In 2006, through the effective operations of file sharing networks and in the Star Wars cantina of online chatrooms, a video of a middle-aged Chinese nurse crushing a kitten under the sharp point of her stiletto sparked a furious online response. She was quickly traced to her home in Heilongjiang Province and within days she was dismissed from her government job.

Although there are several identifiable message-boards taking a particularly active role in this collaborative online detective service, such as Tianya and Mop, the call for a vigilante justice can emanate from any Netizen on any forum, in response to any perceived indiscretion.

What is compelling about this phenomenon is not merely the offline impact of an online witch-hunt, but also what the practice indicates about our digital culture.

“The regulation of Cyberspace is part of the process of normalisation,” argues David Resnick of the University of Cincinnati. “[It is a process] of transforming a marginal frontier into a populous settled territory of advanced industrial society.”

While the image of the untamed frontier may be appealing to the western Netizen, this account doesn’t recognise the wanton destructiveness of the Jessi Slaughter marginalisation, and does not adequately engage with the political dimension of the human flesh search engine working within the Great Chinese Firewall.

Nonetheless, the prevalence of the practice of disclosing the personal information of cyber-villains from Toronto to Luobei, reconfirms not only the ferocious will of a mobilised online citizenry, but also highlights an emerging sense of an e-frontier being tamed not only by external forces, but from within.

STUFF USYD STUDENTS LIKE #572 Oxford Art Factory

Maybe it’s because we have a flipbook of trendy musos studying Arts, maybe it’s because the large majority of us live somewhat city-esque, maybe it’s because there’s a significant shortage of good live venues in Sydney, or maybe it’s simply because the sandstone hubris has finally enveloped our succulent little grey matters. Any way you want to justify that stance o’ yours bud, hangin’ at Oxford Street’s venue de poseur has become as common as a UTS joke for Sydney Uni cats. Gallery Bar tonight? Sheesh lads, again?

Go on, fool yourself. Saunter down the perilous, Studio 54-esque staircase with anonymity. Peruse

the high-brow cocktail titles with a knowing academic smirk (“Oh a ‘Van Gogh’? Simper. Absinthe. Well, I’m an Art History major, I get it.”). G’head think you’re the only one who recognises the DJ’s choice of a B-Side from the Klaxons. Pretend you’re aloof.

You’ve got about seven minutes before you bump into those ‘people’ you know from Manning, or that ‘backrower’ from ARHT2616, or even stumble upon that ‘guitarmanplayer’ from Band Comp Heat 5. Hell, your English professor just took the main stage with his indie-synth hobby side project. For a venue that prides itself on apathetic hipster cred... awful lotta HDs in this gin joint. Screw this, I’ll be at Hermann’s.



Bridie Connellan



SHARE YOUR VIEWS ABOUT DONATING EGGS FOR STEM CELL RESEARCH

Researchers in the Department of Sociology and Social Policy are holding focus groups with women about their attitudes towards egg donation for stem cell research.

- ∞ If you are a young woman aged between 18 and 30,
- ∞ And may also have a relative or close friend with a health problem like diabetes, Parkinson’s disease, spinal cord injury or brain disease, contact Margaret Boulos for further information by email: margaret.boulos@sydney.edu.au.

Staff and students are welcome to participate and you will be reimbursed for your time. Discussions will run for approximately two hours.

Please note that the researchers are only interested in your thoughts and feelings about egg donation and they will not ask you to donate, now or in the future.



THE UNIVERSITY OF
SYDNEY



THE GAUNTLET

CHALLENGE: TO SPEND A DAY AS A LIFE-BEGINS-AT-BIRTH-EVEN-FOR-PLANTS FRUITARIAN RAW FOODIST.

'Those carrots have been murdered'

Until recently, I thought fruitarianism was nothing more than the best joke in Notting Hill. Thanks to the Internet, I discovered I was wrong. Ethically-motivated fruitarians believe that eating vegetables involves hurting, killing or stealing from plants. Fruit, by contrast, is a gift freely given by the plant to aid its own propagation and is therefore fair game.

Generally, nuts and grains are considered OK, although these tend to be seeds (rather than the fleshy bits surrounding a seed) so if you are a fruitarian anti-abortionist, your choices are even more restricted. I'm neither of those things, but why not try anyway. Fruitarians are not necessarily raw foodists, but I decided to try that on as well.

10:00 Breakfast- An apple. So far so good - if anything, probably better than my normal coffee and biscuit.

12:00 Lunch- Still feeling good. Fruit salad with apple juice for lunch. It feels like I'm eating desert - grapes, watermelon, orange. There is also rockmelon, which I don't like. Plus rockmelon goes off and develops

salmonella really easily, so I feed it to one of the *Honi* eds instead.

13:30- Walking around, starting to feel kinda faint after coming down from slight sugar high. Need protein, resolve to obtain avocado and/or banana at some point. Meanwhile, the food court at Broadway shopping centre has never smelt so good. I want a curry. Or even just some sautéed onions.

14:30- Text message from friend: "The Internet says you can eat nuts. Surprised fruitarians don't consider that cannibalism".

15:00- Look up recipes for avocado soup. Find a delicious one, but it involves both chicken broth and cooking. Bah.

15:15- Fuck. Faint and dizzy. Need banana.

15:20- Go outside to obtain two bananas. Eat one, feel marginally better. It is cold and I want a hot chocolate.

15:40- I can haz cheeseburger?

15:41- No.

16:20- Headache. Is paracetamol fruitarian? Eat second banana.

17:50- Supermarket. Buy two avocados and two apples. Consider buying a coconut, but seriously doubt ability to crack open. Spend too much time looking for tomato juice without added carrots, celery, or sugar.



How could you?

19:30- Tomato juice? More like tomato soup.

19:45- Watching *Masterchef* is a bad idea.

20:40- Friend is sautéing onions and cauliflower. Murderer.

21:00 Dinner- Avocados with tomato juice, vinegar, salt, white pepper (as black pepper is part cooked) and cold-pressed olive oil. Attempts to mush into some sort of soup.

21:30- Thoroughly sick of tomato juice. Eat apple.

23:15- Despite continued headache and diminished mental capacity, can still pull 150 lines in Tetris.

00:20- The whole self-denial thing makes me feel weirdly Protestant. Since my last non-conforming food was at 1:00 a.m. the night before, begin count-down to freedom. Tasty, tasty freedom.

Rob Chiarella



Mekela Panditharatne steps up.

This is a (somewhat lackadaisical) tribute to the unsung hero of meeting points, the linchpin of loitering spots, the Town Hall Steps. I feel I may say with absolutely unverifiable certainty that many of us who frequent the Sydney CBD have spent a significant portion of our lives waiting here – unless you fall into the perpetually late category of people, in which case your friends probably have spent a lot of time waiting here for you.

It's a favourite gathering place for small and motley groups of protestors, and (whether relatedly or unrelatedly) prone to be filled at any known time with spontaneous congregations of exceptionally odd people. It is also traditionally known as one of the bastions of the natural habitat of the long-fringed creature known as the emo, now being encroached upon by the polo-wearing arch enemy of the emo, the lad.

For those in the know, a reference to 'the steps' probably extends beyond the actual steps, to the balustrades on either side atop of which you may perch self-consciously as the emos throw you apathetic stranger glares. It is in fact the only public place where people can wait collectively on a street (mostly) without being mistaken for harlots and solicited by seedy gentlemen.

Rumour has it that Town Hall management has recently deployed measures to prevent people congregating at the steps, but for me its enduring popularity as Sydney's premiere loitering hotspot is confirmed by its presence as an entity on Twitter: "They say every time you clap an angel gets its wings. Well, every time a train runs late a homeless person urinates on me #TownHallSteps".

Mulling Over MasterChef

Sometimes when **Monica Connors** cooks, she weeps.

Just like its theme song, the 2010 series of *MasterChef* was Hot n' Cold. The show's second season saw 8000 entrants whittled down to a group of 24 contestants. While I remain unconvinced that Quentin Bryce does actually eat, the episode filmed in her depressingly outdated home saw the elimination of the ever teary Claire. By then down to two, Adam Liaw and Callum Hann, or as I like to call them, 'Samurai' and 'Blubberface', faced off in a heated final which drew in the highest ratings of a non-sporting event in Australian television history.

Whereas I often can't handle the pressure of making, and would probably need some vicodin to attempt a salad, Samurai and Blubberface stoically battled to culinary death on a series of rounds that not only tested their cooking skills but also their creativity. Ultimately, Samurai or, rather, Adam Liaw, was declared the winner of *MasterChef* and was awarded a prize including a book deal, training and \$100,000. Rather embarrassingly, I am already starting to miss the way Samurai tied his hair into a tight bun and Blubberface's nervous blinking.

Undoubtedly, however, the most entertaining aspect of *MasterChef* was the judges. Let's be honest: binge eating is a struggle. Sadly, bloated *MasterChef* host

and judge Matt Preston has seen the worst of it. Just like a member of the gay mafia, Matt tightly ties cravats around his neck as a fashionable alternative to gastric banding. What I can only attribute to the discomfort of his cravat, is the fact that Preston's face when he enjoys something and when he dislikes something are exactly the same.

Lastly, George Colombaris was judge I loved to hate. He is unremittingly creepy to be perfectly honest, I was surprised he could read. Just what on earth does his one-liner "Boom boom shake the room" mean George? I'm still not sure. -Further ire grew from George's table manners and his appalling mouth-to-fork approach did make me wonder if he grew up in a group home.

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Notice of 2010 Students' Representative Council Annual Election

Nominations for the Students' Representative Council Annual Elections for the year 2010 close at 4.30pm Tuesday 24th August 2010. Polling will be held on the 22nd and 23rd of September 2010. Pre-polling will also take place outside the SRC Offices Level 1 Wentworth Building on Tuesday 21st of September 2010 from 10 am - 3pm. All students who are duly enrolled for attendance at lectures are eligible to vote. Members of the student body who have paid their affiliation fees to Council are eligible to nominate and be nominated, except National Union of Students national office bearers. Fulltime officebearers of the SRC may also nominate as NUS delegates.

Nominations are called for the following elections/positions and open 4th August 2010:

- The election of the Representatives to the 83rd SRC (31 positions)**
- The election of the President of the 83rd SRC**
- The election of the Editor(s) of Honi Soit for the 83rd SRC**
- The election of National Union of Students delegates for the 83rd SRC (7 positions)**

Nomination forms can be downloaded from the SRC website: www.src.usyd.edu.au, or picked up from SRC Front Office (Level 1, Wentworth Building).

Nominations must also be lodged online along with your policy statement and Curriculum Vitae (optional), by close of nominations at www.src.usyd.edu.au/elections. For more information, call 9660 5222.

Signed nomination forms and a printed copy of your online nomination must be received no later than 4.30pm on Tuesday 24th August, either in the locked box at the SRC Front Office (Level 1 Wentworth), or at the following address: PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

Nominations which have not been delivered either to the locked box in the SRC front office or to the post office box shown above and submitted online by the close of nominations will not be accepted regardless of when they were posted.

The Regulations of the SRC relating to elections are available on-line at <http://www.src.usyd.edu.au/PDFS/SRCconstitution06.pdf> or from the SRC Front Office (level 1, Wentworth Building).

Authorised by Paulene Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2010. Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney. Phone: 02 9660 5222 www.src.usyd.edu.au



MEDIA BOTCH

COUNTDOWN USyd's most ill-advised frivolous expenditures

Henry Hawthorne and Naomi Hart

Could this be the greatest cover-up of our times? The latest cover girl of *Yen* magazine is Laura Marling, a singer who the headline declares is a "reluctant star". Reluctant? It's quite a nice word, really. Regardless, someone at the magazine eventually noticed and *Yen's* website shows the cover complete with correct spelling.

Magazines *W*, *Vogue* and *Elle* featured the same Miu Miu dress on the covers of their respective August editions. This is weird not only because both *W* and *Vogue* are Condé Nast publications but also because (the plot thickens) there have been rumours of the publishing behemoth scooping up *Elle* too. Maybe the Condé Nasties need to start shouting down the hall to let their stablemates know which dresses they've shot-gunned.

Not technically a botch, but rather an example of sub-editing so exceptional that it deserves a mention here. News.com.au covered a story about Sydney nightclub entrepreneur John Ibrahim's "secret" child who was returning to live in Australia. Their headline for the piece? "Hot Cross Son".



Library Advertising Campaign

3

If you mosey through the JFR forecourt, your eye may be caught by a large sign in the glass window sporting a chap apparently conducting an experiment in growing bacteria in a Petri dish, which, upon closer inspection, is a sign advertising our campus libraries. University libraries are part of a highly inelastic market (people simply won't be in there unless they need to be, no matter how alluring the glossy posters) so any advertising campaign is pretty futile. The real cause for concern is the egregious breaches of the space-time continuum which these ads have attempted to engineer through their slogan, "University Libraries: Any Place, Anytime". Libraries on campus are distinctly static and willingly eject patrons perusing beyond closing time. At time of print, the uni is yet to develop a J. K. Rowling-inspired Knight Bus Library.



Library-Book-Return-Slot-Conveyor-Belt-System-3000

2

The contraption overseeing the return of books to the SciTech Library gives weight to the idea that Wallace and Gromit are being hired to design university buildings. Upon returning your book, listen not for the comforting thud of it falling onto a larger pile of books on a trolley, but instead the triggering of a low mechanical hum, a meshing of a complex series of interconnected gears and the screech of rubber conveyor belts as your book is swiftly transported into a labyrinthine highway of automated book-returning efficiency. When excitement of the display wears off, however, one is left with the inescapable conclusion that the book must eventually be deposited off the conveyor belts and, surely, into some kind of trolley. Which begs the question of why they couldn't cut out the entire mechanical middleman.



Remote voting consoles

1

Some super-hip lecturers in the Economics and Business Faculty and the United States Studies Centre (USSC) have started distributing whiz-bang little gadgets to the students in their lectures. When you enter the lecture theatre, you're handed a small console with which you can respond to survey-style questions posed by the lecturer. The quarter of an hour taken to hand out the devices hardly seems worth it, given that adequate precision can usually be delivered to lecturers' questions through an old-fashioned show of hands. One commerce student who's encountered them half a dozen times says they've never even successfully turned on. One fellow *Honi* editor also reports that in one of his USSC lectures, only four per cent of students identified *Honi Soit* as their primary source of news. The consoles were obviously broken.



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Hi, I'm Honi Soit, you must be Dom Knight

Dave Mack chats with *The Chaser's* most elusive member – and former Honi editor – Dom Knight, about satire, Sydney Uni and student politics.

Dom Knight warns me before our chat that he's a bit out of it. He has been up since 5am, waiting in line at Apple's CBD glass temple to get his hands on the new iPad. "There's not a massive point to it," he concedes, "but it's sleek and beautiful and I'm falling in love with it."

He's also had a few late nights making the final adjustments to *The Chaser's* new iPhone (and now iPad) 'app', where users pay a small monthly fee to read all the satire their phone can handle. "Our hope is that users will be willing to pay a small price to read a bunch of dodgy jokes," he says. "That guy who made *Flight Control*, the game where you direct planes so they don't crash into each other, is a millionaire now. We don't expect that to happen, but we'll be monitoring it to see how we can improve it and if it doesn't work, it doesn't work. If people don't want to pay then we'll get the message pretty soon."

As part of Australia's most celebrated – and vindicated – comedy troupe, Knight has every reason to believe the app has a good chance of emulating the soaring success of *Flight Control*. What began as a bunch of Sydney Uni students chaotically assembling a satirical newspaper has now transformed into a veritable media empire: *The Chaser* has had a presence in print, on television, on radio, on stage, on the web and now in 'new media'. Although Knight tells me "no one ever goes into comedy to make a lot of money", there is some serious financial thought that underscores all this madness. "Media organisations around the world are trying to work out how to make money when they realised that advertising was not going to be enough to support them. They're getting squeezed," Knight tells me with the confidence of someone who's made a life out of dissecting media. "We're just like Rupert Murdoch really."

If you didn't immediately recognise his name or face, don't worry. Knight has mainly enjoyed an off-camera role for most of *The Chaser's* endeavours. "I just kind of fell into it," he tells me. "We were pretty rushed in getting ready for the show and this was just the role that I naturally gravitated to. That isn't to say in the future I won't have more screen time or whatever, but this is where I've always been most comfortable."

Though he may enjoy the lowest profile of all *The Chaser* boys, Knight has been there from the beginning. At Sydney Grammar School with Charles Firth and Chas 'APEC Osama' Licciardello, the seeds were planted, so to speak, in a small satirical magazine the trio worked on called *The Tiger*. After moving onto studies at Sydney Uni, Knight and Firth were to

eventually team up with Julian Morrow and Craig Reucassel in 1999 and the first issue of *The Chaser* was born.

"When we started *The Chaser*, there really wasn't a paper out there that was dedicated to silliness and being ridiculous, except perhaps *Green Left Weekly*," Knight says. "We had this launch party and we were so disorganised we didn't even bring any copies with us."

At the time, Knight was one of the editors of *Honi*, and the other three founding members had all cut their teeth on the publication in previous years. He's able to talk with a confidence about the paper's ethos that can only come from spending a year of your life devoted to it. "I've been reading the paper this year and have enjoyed it, but I hope you won't take it personally when I say that it tends to be the same thing every year. *Honi* has its own style and substance, and I think only when you become an editor do you really get to interrogate what that is exactly. There's always some think-pieces and then a lot of humour, because it's what people want. So if it feels the same from year to year, I think that speaks to a really solid history. People shouldn't try and turn it into something it's not."

"Certainly all parody comes from a place of outrage, but it's a different kind of outrage. It's mocking. It's turning anger at an issue into comedy and humour and using that to bring people down a peg."

The people who do *Honi* tend to be involved in a million other things on campus, so our paper's philosophy was really a 'night-before' type thing. I think that's quite cool though. That you can be sitting in the office at 3am laughing about something ridiculous and the next day thousands of people are reading it. There aren't many other papers like that. All you need to do is get it past legal, whether that be a SRC Director of Student Publications or the ABC legal advisors, and you really do then have a lot of freedom."

Despite being in his early 30s now, and occasionally contributing pieces to *The Herald* about his sudden desire for children, there is a huge part of Knight's identity that remains bound up in student life. Although his first novel,



It's been helpfully pointed out to us that he's the one on the far right.

2009's *Disco Boy*, was about a young disc jockey rapidly realising his youth was deserting him, Knight's second book, *Comrades*, shamelessly takes him back to the good old days and is about a fictional student election at, you guessed it, Sydney Uni.

"It's about a fictional SRC election at Sydney Uni with all the in-fighting and politics and backstabbing that goes on. Even a romance subplot for all the softies out there. I think there are going to be a few people who will pick it up just to see if I've modelled a character off them."


Knight is evidently fascinated by the wheeling and dealing of student politics and he's studied his subject matter well enough to know that it basically boils down to a competition between different degrees of 'leftism.' "It was certainly that way when I was at uni," he says of most student groups' similarities. "It's a bit like Christianity. They tend to forget that they're worshipping the same God and focus on the little differences and those differences become an obsession to the point that it is really quite amusing."

"It's disappointing to hear that the Trots don't have the same influence they had in my day, though. They used to win elections back then! They were hilarious."

So why are only some students drawn into the fray while most couldn't care less? "A lot of it is apathy, especially from those students on the right who tend to look on and just laugh and see all these kids as just a bunch of CV stackers. But there are a lot of people who do genuinely care. When I was creating the SRC President character for *Comrades*, I really needed someone who took a lot of joy from attending academic board meetings and reviewing enrolment figures. These people do exist. And I'm telling you, they will go on into politics."

"Charles Firth's sister Verity is now the NSW Education Minister. On the right you have Tony Abbott and Joe Hockey, both of whom were SRC Presidents. I was even friendly with Federal Minister for Agriculture Tony Burke. The bridge between student politics and 'real' politics is quite short. It's scary, really."

Knight and the other *Chaser* boys know a thing or two about being scared after last year's fallout from the 'Make A Realistic Wish' sketch. I ask him whether the outrage that followed was justified: "Certainly all parody comes from a place of outrage, but it's a different kind of outrage. It's mocking. It's turning anger at an issue into comedy and humour and using that to bring people down a peg. The outrage following the 'Make A Realistic Wish' Sketch was real outrage and was quite terrifying and indiscriminate really. ABC Journos were driving around in ABC cars with logos on the side and felt quite threatened for a while. When it reaches that level, when people who just work at the ABC felt unsafe, is when I think it had gone too far. And we should know, we have a tendency to take things too far."

Despite last year's misgivings, the boys are back. "We tend to be in our element during federal elections so it's only natural that we would want to re-emerge as the election approaches." *Yes We Canberra* will see the team breaking down election antics once again with the same air of cynicism and ridiculousness that makes them so endearing. Knight may not be on screen, but look for his name in the credits. 

Dom Knight will be one of *The Chaser* boys present to officially launch Honi's brand new website at the *Verge* gallery from 6pm on Wednesday, August 4. His new novel *Comrades* will be launched at Manning Bar from 6pm on Friday, August 13.



CONVENTION SUPANOVA

Pristine Ong enters the Dollhouse and chats to its Aussie star, Dichen Lachman.

Even from their graves, Buffy Summers and Sydney Bristow cast long shadows.

I'm at Supanova, the fan convention for sci-fi, fantasy and anime. I'm doing a postmortem of the recently axed American show *Dollhouse*, amidst the constant waves of applause and cheers from the Cosplay competition behind me. Dichen Lachman, the Aussie co-star of Joss Whedon's latest show, is excited to be back home from Hollywood to meet fans, friends and family. But when I raise the comparison between *Alias* and *Dollhouse*, Lachman sighs, "The only thing I can say about *Dollhouse* is that everyone at Fox wanted it to be *Alias* and it just wasn't. *Dollhouse* was a lot darker and it went to very different places."

Set in Los Angeles, the show revolves around the idea of bodies for hire. A man needs a date for dinner tonight. A recently widowed father needs a surrogate mother

for his child. A thief wants to pull off the perfect crime. Enter Dichen Lachman and Eliza Dushku, who play "dolls"—people programmed to play characters that fulfil your needs and fantasies.

The challenging premise that appealed to the show's small but loyal fan base was perhaps what led to its cancellation. "It had undertones of human trafficking and prostitution," Dushku says. "It was socially and culturally controversial in many ways. That was something we wanted to do—to talk about puritanical America and how some of the most absurd things are considered acceptable but you can't talk about sex!"

Despite its early demise, *Dollhouse* joins ranks with other "kickarse women" (Lachman's words) of the action genre. The arc of the show focuses on how Lachman and Dushku's characters wake up from their doll state to fight

against corporate power and misuse of technology.

Yet, for every Sydney Bristow or Lara Croft who punches her way through the traditionally testosterone-filled genre, there's a swooning Megan Fox who needs rescuing. Pop quiz: think back to these shows and films—do the female characters talk to each other, and if so, do they talk about something other than a man? It's the Bechdel test. So, for the action heroine, does independence mean, well, the nunnery? Lachman says, "To be an empowered woman, you don't need to be on your own. As a woman, I've crossed a lot of bridges and fought a lot of wars, but for a lot of the time, I've had someone in my life who's been very supportive. I think I'm a strong person but I'm not afraid to say that there's someone in my life who helped give me strength."

As an Asian-Australian actress, Lachman encountered a lot of resistance. She says, "I got external resistance from people who said, 'You're too exotic.' I encountered a lot of racism when I was a kid, but the thing is, it's really changing now. Being a minority in Hollywood is a great thing now." She cites Maggie Q's lead role in *Nikita* and JJ Abrams'



Dichen Lachman. A long way from Ramsay st.

casting of two black actors in his newest show *Undercovers*. "That is a huge step forward for America," she says. "For a guy like JJ Abrams to have the complete confidence to have two African-Americans in the lead—that's never been done before. It's really changing and in a really positive way."

Listen to Joss Whedon discuss pop culture and feminism at Sydney Opera House on 29 Aug. Tickets from \$49.

SCREEN INCEPTION

Hannah Lee believed the dream.

It is going to be one difficult job for those who have already seen *Inception* to spoil the film for anyone who is yet to experience Christopher Nolan's latest mind-bending blockbuster. As lengthy descriptions and explanations are inadequate in giving away the entire *Inception* experience, audiences will no doubt be impressed by the film's visual tricks, maze-like narrative and how much Joseph Gordon-Levitt has matured since *10 Things I Hate About You*. But regardless of how trippy or awesome the special effects may be, *Inception* stands several cuts above most Hollywood action films due to its strong but easily comprehensible concept.

While plenty of films have been made using the idea of dreams and the human subconscious, *Inception* navigates this unpredictable terrain through the expertise of Dom Cobb (Leonardo DiCaprio)—a thief who specialises in stealing people's ideas in their sleep by deceiving them through layers of dreams that are hard to discern from the real world.

In what he hopes to be his final assignment, Cobb and a team of other experts in the field are challenged to perform the trickier task of 'Inception', which requires them to plant an idea in someone's mind rather than having to extract anything. In doing so, Cobb not only faces the dangers of subconscious



Dream weavers. DiCaprio and Nolan on set.

defences conjured by the dreamer, but also the fearful nature of his own personal demons that awake in the operation of a job so delicately balanced between disaster and success.

In dealing with a concept that could potentially be confusing or ridiculously flawed (filled with plot-holes and hasty cover-ups), Nolan proves to be an expert in engaging the audience with a tightly constructed and perfectly executed story that has the ability to hypnotise with

"You mustn't be afraid to dream a little bigger, darling."

metal spin-tops, DiCaprio's anxious facial expressions and tense cliffhangers dotted across the space of two and a half hours that doesn't rest, linger or wait for anyone.

With so many sequels and remakes flooding cinemas, *Inception* stands out in its originality as Nolan adopts the very advice sleep-expert Eames (Tom Hardy) gives to Arthur (Joseph Gordon-Levitt) in the film: "You mustn't be afraid to dream a little bigger, darling." You can try and pinpoint flaws within the film, but like Cobb's performance of *Inception*, once an idea is planted in your mind it doesn't stop growing—the idea being: this movie is AWESOME.

THREADS FROCK STARS

Molly Shmengy thought the Power House museum exhibition was pretty daggy.

Funnily enough, the clothes are the best thing this exhibition has going for it. After being greeted by a sunray-pleated, sky-blue Dion Lee dress from this year's show, one is met with 14 mannequins garbed in Australian Fashion Week's greatest hits. Highlights include 'the dress that saved Fashion Week', designed by Akira Isogawa for his 1999 collection. To be able to see the luscious Balinese beading in real life is a treat. A tea-stained gown from Toni Maticovski's 2004 collection is similarly gorgeous and such is the beauty of its design, one could easily imagine it being worn on a red carpet today.

The close proximity to the garments that the exhibition allows the visitor does not work to every designer's advantage. Tina Kalivas' Mondrian dress draws the eye for all the wrong reasons, with a busted seam on the side practically screaming 'Yves Saint Laurent wants his idea back!' Also, the inclusion of several dud duds is irritating given the omission of more iconic pieces, such as the corsets of Sass and Bide's inaugural collection.

A glass box displaying a selection of VIP passes marks the beginning of the 'Front Row' section of the exhibition. Rather mortifyingly, most belong to the exhibition's curator, Glynis Jones. Well, if you didn't know she was Very Important before...

I made myself listen to the interviews with various industry personalities, who



A Romance Was Born creation.

discussed the awesomeness of sitting in the front row ('It's really important because you can see the clothes'. Deep.) but as a woman put the earphones on her 3 year old child, it was all I could do not to scream 'Flee, you fools!'.

One good feature of the exhibition was the projected catwalk footage, though irritatingly the designers' names were not listed anywhere. Regardless, given that AFW is not open to the public, video footage is a one of the best ways the rest of us can get a feel for a designer's collection. It is a pity that more footage wasn't available.

The rest of the exhibition is hit and miss. One sad cabinet holds bottles of Moët and Chandon (AFW's former sponsor) alongside those of (current sugar-daddy) Rosemount. Oh how the mighty have fallen.

Frock Stars is unsuccessful because it is neither a crowd pleaser nor an intellectually rewarding exhibition. There has been some media coverage of the apparent snubbing of AFW founder Simon Lock by organisers of the exhibition. Given Lock's crucial role in the history of AFW, the meagre attention paid him within the exhibition is appalling.



OM NOM NOM MICROWAVE COOKERY:

CHEESECAKE-IN-A-CUP

Lucy Bradshaw whips up a radioactive delight.

Considering the current obsession with all things vintage, it seems about time that microwave cookery came back into vogue. Moreover, its purpose – the hasty preparation of food – seems to serve Western society's current tendency of becoming increasingly time-poor and obese. To honour this trend, I offer you a speedy recipe for microwave-baked cheesecake – simple, ever so satisfying, and a mere flick of a switch away.



For one mug's worth of cheesy goodness, whisk 2 ½ tablespoons of softened cream cheese with 2 tablespoons of sour cream*, mixing until any lumps are removed (this is most easily done with an electric beater, but any old whisk will do just as well). Add 2 tablespoons of icing sugar (sifted, if you can be bothered) and half a pre-beaten egg. Try and get the mixture as smooth as possible, and pour all the creamy deliciousness into a microwave-safe cup or mug.

Add your flavourings of choice: a hefty squeeze of lemon does wonderful things, but depending on your epicurean preferences, toss in a sprinkling of frozen berries and some chocolate chips, or swirl through a spoonful of jam. Now head to the microwave, but beware: treat these babies delicately, or you risk the mixture 'splitting' and sacrificing the requisite smooth texture. Start by microwaving on medium for 1 ½ minutes, and check the state of the cheesecake, continuing in 30 second bursts until done. It's sufficiently 'cooked' when puffed up and a tad firm around the edges, but still wobbly in the centre. Next, refrigerate the cheesecake for 2 hours or so, to let it chill down to firmness.

Once it has set, simply dig in with a plain old spoon, or go the whole hog and crumble a digestive-esque biscuit over the top to echo the traditional cheesecake crust. Either way, thank the world of science for producing such a marvellous piece of machinery, and rush back to the whirlwind of 21st-century life.

*This recipe technically works better with low-fat cream cheese and sour cream, which are less lumpy and thus much easier to mix, but if you're ideologically opposed to the concept of anything 'low-fat', feel free to use normal and wholesome varieties, just whisk more energetically.

STAGE

Diana Tjoeng smelt something fishy.

Amidst the crafted simplicity and geometric sterility of an architect's city office, stands a woman with rain scented hair and damp earth muddying her shoes. She is waiting to see the architect.

Written by Sydney playwright Anthony Weigh, the story that unfolds between the visitor, known only as the mother (Anita Hegh), and the architect (Marta Dusseldorp), is jarringly human. It is intricate, messy flesh and blood set against the spotless office backdrop of black, white and chrome.

The mother has travelled from a small rural town where an unspeakable crime occurred months earlier. She has arrived on the night the architect is scheduled to present her plans for a memorial to honour the victims of that crime. The

STC & GRIFFIN THEATRE: LIKE A FISHBONE

mother is motivated by Christian faith and has a message for the architect that will not be met favourably.

As ideals of religion and humanism are pitted against one another, the women wade deep into verbal and even physical conflict, unthreading old wounds and carving out new ones. At times, however, the characters seem more archetypal than individual, and a lurking didacticism in the script undermines the visceral experience. But Weigh exhibits audacity in portraying the two women as unapologetically brutal, yet vulnerable.

Weigh also manages to provide the occasional comic relief through the character of the intern (Aimee Horne), who is refreshingly optimistic and caring. Dusseldorp as the architect plays the part of strident career woman with a



No! That's my copy of *The Girl With The Dragon Tattoo!*

guarded sensitivity and a firm belief in the tangible, which you can almost taste in the air parting around her. But it is Hegh's full-bodied performance as the grieving mother that fills you with the gamut of emotions – sympathy, fear, suspicion and respect.

This is the type of play that can leave audiences divided: some may view it as just another didactic plea for debate around the religious/secular dichotomy, while others may walk away with an appreciation for the complexity and grit in the clash of human thought. I was of the latter group.

STAGE ANTIGONE

Camilo Lascano Tribin saw the SUDs production of the death-heavy play.

Walking into the Cellar Theatre I was met by an extremely detailed and thoughtful set design with numerous dead bodies balancing the stage from the get-go, a nice warning to the audience that everyone in the play will die (yes, *Antigone* is a Greek Tragedy).

Director Olivia Satchell's use of space throughout the whole play was effective, allowing the actors and the text to get to work. The details in the costuming and set design were fantastic, showing Satchell's understanding of the space and how costuming affects characterisation.

The strong staging was accompanied by an impressive use of sound and light, making for a strong foundation for the performance to rest. Though *Antigone* is a tragedy, the production felt to me like it was too preoccupied with getting the 'tragic' across to the audience and not allowing the truly tragic scenes to speak for themselves.

It seemed that due to a lack of dynamics, scenes that could have been really dramatic and powerful, got lost in the heaviness of the work. Antigone walked on crying and she walked off crying. Nonetheless, the actors did give very impressive performances, with Brenden Hooke, Charles Mitchell, Harriet Gordon-Anderson and Nick Starte, exceptional.

If you're in the mood for a serious night at the theatre, *Antigone* is the play to go to. A solid and committed cast, alongside a very observant director gives this Cellar slot the sense of professionalism all Cellar slots should have. But, it's all Greek to me.

Antigone will be playing at the Cellar Theatre until August 7.

TALK A GOLDEN GAYTIME: STEPHEN FRY LIVE

Monica Connors lets a charming *Glee* spin some tales.

Many weeks ago as word spread of his two shows at the Sydney Opera House in July, both quickly sold out. So it was that before Stephen Fry even stepped onstage, the 2500 people seated in the Concert Hall were already under his charm. Fry is considered by many to be one of the smartest men alive and whether it's in the arenas of writing, social commentary or acting, Fry brings his quick wit, insight and peerless command of language to play. Known to most fans of modern comedy, Fry overcame mental illness, addictions, and time in prison, to have a career which has seen him pen numerous books and star in many popular television shows such *Fry and Laurie*, *Blackadder*, *Absolute Power* and most recently *QI*.

Outside the Opera House a fierce rain is battering down on it's white sails, but inside the audience chatters with nervous anticipation. When Fry finally appeared onstage, sharply dressed in a black shirt, black pants and a white tuxedo jacket, the audience cheered wildly. His ensemble was a long way from the über-British, all-tweed ensemble I had been expecting but despite this, the man considered a 'national treasure' in his native England, comes across as more British than tea and crumpets. In his hometown of London, Fry is well known for driving a black London cab as his private car and other cabbies are said to pass him with a knowing wink.

Fry begins the show by stating that before this visit to Australia, he didn't know what a Tim Tam was. Revealing one from his pocket, the audience seems thrilled to be sharing in his first Arnotts experience. Fry tentatively

describes it as "biscuity, covered in chocolate", but soon admits, "Yes, I could grow very fond of the Tim Tams". It is hard to imagine another celebrity doing this and it is Fry's nonchalant approach to fame makes Fry all the more appealing. It is this appeal which has seen him gain more than one million twitter followers or as he loving refers to them as the "twitteratti".

Fry is similarly charismatic and unabashed in his recounting of the people and historical events that shaped his life, particularly his time at school and Cambridge University. He says he was "such an ass when I was a child", describing his first addiction to sugar and how he made his friend steal sweets for him. Moving on to worse additions of cigarettes and cocaine, Fry explains how he was expelled from several schools, stole credit cards and was ultimately sent to Pucklechurch prison, near Bristol in the United Kingdom. Despite these trying times, I tend to believe him when he says that, "no prison is anything other than a breeze if you've been to British boarding school".

There were moments during his lecture and subsequent interview with Jennifer Byrne that he seemed almost a reincarnation of his idol Oscar Wilde. Like the Victorian writer, Fry is a "gaysexual homonist", supremely funny and intelligent in an almost avuncular way. Unlike Wilde, however, Fry is slightly embarrassed to be a "Glee" that is a fan of television show *Glee*. His fascination with Wilde, and the two other "Ws" - P. G. Wodehouse and Evelyn Waugh fuelled Fry's passion for words and he believes himself to be "so lucky I should be spanked".

SCREEN CREATION

Lukasz Swiatek gets highly evolved.

A man wrestles with his conscience, struggling to reconcile religion and science, faith and fact. This could easily be a scenario in any modern individual's life. Yet it was particularly acute for the man who would pen one of history's most controversial books, *On the Origin of Species*.

That man, of course, was Charles Darwin, the English naturalist whose book on evolutionary biology ignited lasting, international debate. In Jon Amiel's *Creation*, we meet Darwin before the publication of his scientific work. Far from being a triumphal, filmic paean to one of history's most revolutionary thinkers, this partly factual, partly fictional film is underpinned by struggle: internal (in Darwin himself) and external (between family, friends and the wider English community).

Paul Bettany is Darwin, a man on whom the labours of writing have taken a heavy toll. His theories have strained his marriage, with his religious wife Emma

(Jennifer Connelly), firmly disapproving of his ideas, which bolster the standpoint of atheists.

Although *Creation* focuses on Darwin and his endeavours, it is the family that provides this portrait with its details. Here, we see the full complexity of the bonds amongst loved ones, with their sorrows, delights and uncertainties. As husband and wife, Bettany and Connelly give intense, stirring performances as a couple dealing with unhealed emotional wounds and a common anguish.

These characters breathe life into the biological and evolutionary issues explored by the film, which, on the whole, refrains from taking a stance in the evolution-creation debate. Rather, it highlights the tensions that existed, and persist, between the two positions. Certainly, Darwin's colleagues Joseph Hooker (Benedict Cumberbatch) and Thomas Huxley (Toby Jones) advocated his theory of evolution, with the latter fervently telling him in the film: "You have killed God, Sir."

In fact, Darwin was an Anglican for most of his life and never became an atheist; four years before his death, he wrote that agnosticism had probably become "the most correct description" of his mentality. If Amiel makes any argument through the film, it is that every individual needs faith. Indeed, the film's closing scene and

epilogue hint at this notion, reminding viewers that he was buried in Westminster Abbey "with full Christian honours".

While Darwin dissects nature in the film – literally, with some scenes that involve wildlife being slightly brutal – the viewer can appreciate its beauty. England's verdant countryside is shown in its full fecundity. The life-cycles and activities of animals are also depicted through close-ups and techniques such as time-lapse photography, which accentuate their dynamism. Light is particularly well captured, with many moments of glorious chiaroscuro increasing the beauty of the film's natural locations. Moving particles and living organisms – such as flocks of birds, schools of fish and phosphorescent algae – vividly enrich the film's environmental themes.

Not all of nature is rendered with such sublimity, however. Darwin recounts his visits to distant countries in the form of stories for his children. Some of these, like his trip to Tierra del Fuego, are darkly amusing and stress the need to approach other cultures with respect. Others, such as the story of Jenny, an orangutan that was captured in Borneo and brought to



Honey, I just thought of something...

the London Zoo, underline humans' pitiful mistreatment of animals. Jenny's plight is a heart-rending scene that correlates with other moments of death in the film.

Creation's release marked two significant milestones. Last year was the 150th anniversary of the publication of *On the Origin of Species* and the 200th anniversary of Darwin's birth. Today, we live in the shadow and light of Darwin's ideas. The film's creators made a judicious choice not to take any particular side in the evolutionary debate. More important for everyone, as the film emphasises, is the need to keep struggling through life: to confront and surmount its many obstacles and to be the best person possible for others.

PAGES OUT OF THE BOX

CONTEMPORARY GAY & LESBIAN POETS

Aleks Wansborough thinks outside the...

I must confess that I am terrified of reviewing texts that belong to a different cultural framework than my own. This is odd because I believe there are standards that transcend sexuality, gender and other semi-cultural constructs (including culture), and yet my knees were making a tremulous motion just after I had been given a book on gay and lesbian poetry to review. What if I did not like it? A straight guy not liking gay poetry! Isn't that kind of, well, homophobic? The editors of this particular anthology, *Out of the Box*, are both gay, one a man (Michael Farrell), the other a woman (Jill Jones), and both predictably selected the poetry belonging to their gender to write about in the intros, which I paranoically interpreted as forbidding commentary outside their experiences.

I had enough confidence to go ahead with this review because of the gay scholar and poet Paul Knobel who suggested the review. Luckily I first read his poem in the anthology *Destino, Greece* and I liked it immensely. I chuckled when he described a man 'very much in love with a soldier / who insists he has two girlfriends / in Australia.'

Kate Lilley's 'Discovery' was a gem. Here's a spoiler:

"Weirder evidence surfaces,
formal and somewhat see-through.
I had no idea how complicated
lingerie could be."

A more rational concern of mine than



being thought a homophobe, was that of revealing that I'm not an excellent judge of contemporary poetry. Although I love the work of many past poets, I'm barely competent when it comes to assessing the worth of more recent ones. But upon finding the great work of David Malouf in the book, I realised that even that concern was silly.

That said, there are a couple of verses that are too concerned with our supposed postmodernity. Dîpti Saravanamuttu's oscurantist poetic posing 'To Forget Air', 'inspired' by Luce Irigaya's bolderdash, is concealed cross:

"That the breadth of the singer
Remains out of reach,
Is the meaning of our difference."

At first, I feared *Out of the Box* might reductively put poets into a box because of their sexuality. The editors' introductions maintained that far from limiting the meaning of the poems, they were merely trying to add something extra to it by pronouncing the poets' sexuality. And of course, anthologies accentuate something about the poems and poets.

I recommend *Out of the Box* to people regardless of their sexual orientation.

PICTURE WORLD PRESS PHOTO EXHIBITION

Lisa Skerrett lets the pictures tell the story.

To reach the World Press Photo exhibition at the core of the State Library, one must first pass through the hushed library quarters, whose lining of gorgeous, antiquated hard-backs belies the atrocities on display a few levels below. This is the first of many oppositions that characterises this most prestigious award for photojournalism.

International luminaries agree that this is the cr me of the crop of news photography. Each year, a global invitation is extended to press photographers and media outlets to submit the finest of the previous year's photographs, the winners travelling the globe in the form of an exhibition that packs an emotional punch.

Here in Sydney, the exhibition is arranged in prize sections but there's obviously a deeper thematic layout at work. The first room – housing news-related images – is a showcase of blood, dirt and explosions, with an undeniable repetition of nationalities. On one wall Somali Islamist insurgents are stoning a man to death for adultery. On another, a Jewish boy hurls wine at an elderly Palestinian woman. But there's one photograph that singularly sings my soul via my retinas. It's the body of a toddler uncovered after an Israeli air strike on the Gaza strip, her



A winning photo by Kent Kilch.

swollen, bleeding head jutting out from a pile of rubble.

Which leads me to the next opposition. How can you reconcile subject matter like this with the fact that the photographs themselves are exquisitely beautiful? How can one seriously praise a picture of a dead toddler? The exhibition presents absolute technical skills married with absolute human horror, leaving the viewer squirming in moral confusion.

The subsequent sections - nature, sports, arts and portrait - come as a relief. They're emotionally brighter, but also noticeably whiter. In fact, it's hard not to interpret the remainder of the exhibition as comment on Western excess; a New-Yorker examines his freshly-waxed chest; overdressed racecourse punters teeter over a trench of rubbish; Yankees fans jostle to distract their opponent. It's an entirely alternate world on display and despite the lush visual banquet, my mind lingers back with the toddler.

As we go to leave, a baby starts crying. It's a fitting response and perfect accompaniment to an exhibition that not only summarises the news, but does away with words altogether.



BURNING MAN

Mark Sutton leaves his inhibitions somewhere outside Sydney and enters a world of feasts, flames and freedom at Australia's first Burning Man Festival.

"Life is death! You're a c**t! F**k you all!" screams a tubby, bearded, dreadlocked hippy (whose name, I learn later, is Hippy), rolling on the ground by the campfire in the chilly, moist air of the evening. Searching for something more friendly, I look in another direction. A man is standing there wearing an SS army uniform on the top, and a kilt on the bottom. The radical self-expression in his eyes dares me to question him. I decide against it.

I am at the first ever Australian Burning Man, an Aussie version of the much larger festival in the Nevada desert which began in 1986. The event celebrates personal expression, community, and the joy of watching large things burn to the ground. Though I've never been to the Nevada Burning Man, I've heard about it and always regarded the event as the kind of thing 30-something yuppies from L.A. might attend to imagine they were hippies for five days. Having said that, I also had a certain curiosity, and a secret belief that it sounded great. So when my friend Alan offered me one of the hard-to-come-by tickets to the first Australian one (they decided to limit the number to 500 for this first time, a long way from the 50,000 that go to the Nevada one each year) I leapt at the chance.

One hour before Hippy called me a c**t I am driving through a back road in the bush, after an eighteen podcast drive from Sydney, when I see the signs and begin slowly moving down the incline that leads to the field where Burning Man is taking place. I literally don't know what to expect. Is this the ridiculous last vestiges of hippidom distilled into five days of dropping acid, looking at a fire and saying 'Whoa'? As I drive in it is already dark. People are running everywhere, dressed as ancient Romans, trees, the Queen of Hearts, hobbits, wizards, Napoleon and Jedi warriors. There are a surprisingly large number of small children. Tents

have been erected haphazardly all over the place. Psy-trance music doofs over to my left, The Beatles' 'All You Need Is Love' blares over to my right. As I drive slowly through the chaos I see signs telling me the ten principles of the event: Radical Inclusion, Gifting, Decommodification, Radical Self-reliance, Radical Self-expression, Communal Effort, Civic Responsibility, Leaving No Trace, Participation and Immediacy. I know what they mean by some of them.

I have to find Alan, and through a complete miracle, given there is zero phone reception, hundreds of people spread over a huge area in every nook and cranny, inside, outside, some down by the river, some smoking hookahs in the Turkish harem tent, and it is very dark, as soon as I park my car and go for a walk, I bump into Alan. Thoughts of fate and kismet and some divine order enter into my mind. Burning Man must be having its effect. Alan shows me our camp and after I pitch my tent, we wander over to the first campfire we see. And this is where I encounter Hippy. In my hazy preconceptions of the event I had expected nothing but happy, dreamy, friendly folk to enjoy our five days here with. Instead the first things I experience are a prostrate man telling me I'm a c**t and a Scotch Nazi. His hair is frenzied. His pot belly dribbles out all over the moist grass. His eyes are blank, his mouth is grinning. He laughs and gurgles and spits into the fire. He waves his arms and legs around so wildly it is a hazard to get within five feet. In his sweaty clenched fist: a tiki. Hippy has taken some ghastly cocktail of drugs (some untested wild mushrooms turn out to be the catalyst), his friends alternate restraining and soothing as required and he continues his slew of profanities, undeterred. Hippy is in good hands, we wander off. The principle of radical inclusion is taken seriously here. We get drunk and talk to everyone. People wander into stranger's camps and are made tea, given a meal

and garlanded with flowers. Everything is shared. No-one feels left out. We get talking to Ishmael, a man who seems to be the Captain of Fire for the festival. He is supervising a giant metal dragon which is blowing fire onto some dinky metal flowers. He is wearing army fatigues. It seems like there is no activity in the world that would suit Ishmael better, supervising that fire, he is a man at one with life, at least until it goes out. Five hours later we return to our original campfire to find Hippy in the same position, much dirtier, and still screaming "You're a c**t! Life is death!" to the glistening star cover. "I wonder what demons are going through his mind" Alan ponders. I look over at Hippy

When you are looking at a forty foot tall column of fire something primeval takes over, something elemental. The Burning Man commands respect.

and he screams "She bangs, she bangs, Oh baby!" It turns out to be Ricky Martin demons. An ambulance arrives to take him away, and he is carried kicking and screaming onto a stretcher. The next morning at seven am I see him wandering around, happy as Larry. "Are you feeling okay this morning?" I ask. "I feel great." He responds. "Overall I think it was a positive experience."

The way Burning Man works is this: An area is demarcated for the event and the organisers build toilets (which are surprisingly clean and well set up). Everything else is up to the patrons. People who don't contribute to the community of Burning Man are derisively called 'Spectators,' and are not welcome. Participation is everything. Some people do this by running yoga classes for the campers each morning. Some make hundreds of pikelets. Some form huge groups and prepare for months planning elaborate theme-camps. There is an ancient Roman tent called Bacchus with endless red

wine, there is a Mad Hatter's tea party which serves elaborate high tea for everyone in the camp at four each day, there is the aforementioned Turkish Hookah tent- which as well as the hookahs has volunteers bringing around figs and honey tea for the patrons - there is a cinema, a library, about four nightclubs each with a different style (psy-trance, top 40, sixties, eighties), a costume tent and whatever else you can think of. And it's important to understand, no money exchanges hands at any point. All of this is done in the spirit of building the Burning Man community, and for the enjoyment of all. On one hand it's easy to mock the new-agedness of the Burners, but you cannot doubt their sincerity. They want to prove it is possible to build and live in a community for five days where everything is shared and everyone is friends. It's sentimental. And it works.

But I didn't know this when I left Sydney, and as such, I have prepared nothing. I look around at the generous-spirited folk, all eager to provide everyone else

with the best possible experience of the event. I do not want to be a spectator. I want to be part of it all but when I look at what I have brought with me my best offer would be to read aloud excerpts from the latest issue of *McSweeney's*. I go over to the pikelet lady and guiltily receive my allotment, convinced at any moment she'll recognise me for the filthy spectator I am. Luckily Alan makes contact with Ruben, a hulking tattooed Canadian with about three dreadlocks twirled around his scalp who appears to be speaking English, though we cannot understand a word, and who is intent on building an Aztec temple to set on fire on the last night. But he can't do it alone.

And this is why at 9am in the morning I find myself



groggily hacking away in a huge bamboo forest with a machete, visions of Vietnam buzzing around my head. If Ruben has a plan, no-one can comprehend it. He is a man of few words. He seems to have spent a lot of money on the materials for his creation, and the sheer labour that must of have been exerted to cart down the mountains of timber he has strewn all over the place is astonishing. Alan and I have found a project, so we happily carry the mountains of timber back and forth, cut bamboo, climb the pyre, bang in nails and hunt around the place for the various tools he claims to require all morning, and we watch his wooden Babel rise to about twenty-five feet tall. It is exhausting work but it is worth it. We want to make Ruben's crazy dream happen. Our attitude changes and we feel at peace. I wander over to the pikelet stand. "What are you doing?" the lady cheerily enquires. "Oh, just building that giant Aztec temple over there" I proudly reply. For the rest of the festival, Alan and I are part of the Aztec Temple team. We have a place. We have a purpose. We have justified ourselves.

Around one, exhausted, we head down to the river for a swim. It is surprisingly warm and the sun casts a dappled light over the bathers. The scene is a watercolour idyll. A beautiful naked couple are playing the ancient Chinese board game Go among the rocks. A naked woman is strumming a guitar to herself. Refreshed, we return to our mission helping Ruben. He grunts in acknowledgment and we work steadfastly. But this is Ruben's baby. He began work at dawn and continues working eighteen hours a day until the last night.

The structure grows larger than we had dreamed possible, with bits darting off in all directions and defying all the laws of physics. Ruben has a

single-minded vision, and gravity is not the only force at work.

In fact, Ruben works so hard that he completely misses the abundant Roman feast that Bacchus are holding that evening. It begins with Caesar being given his Triumph, and paraded through the fields carried aloft by slaves. When he is brought back to the camp a spit roast is on the go along with a buffet of endless extravagant Roman food. There is more wine than the 500 Burners can possibly drink. We are about to eat. Suddenly, Caesar is surrounded by sixty senators with knives. He somehow disappears amidst the stabbing. A new Caesar is crowned, it turns out to be Ishmael, the Captain of Fire. He is carried around the camp. We all sit down to eat. Someone throws a toga around my shoulders and a string of jewels on my head. "I'm working on the Aztec temple!" I tell them. We toast the temple and the new Caesar and stumble, wine bottle in each hand out into the cornucopia of clubs, fires and dancing circles. I am made an honorary member of Bacchus. All evening everyone I meet offers me food and drink, and as the Bacchanal continues I lose Alan and become one of the crowd, pouring the scotch I brought for everyone in sight and saying "I'm working on the Aztec temple!"

On the final evening is the actual Burning of the Man, a huge wooden sculpture, covered in neon lights, that towers in the centre of the field. It can be seen from anywhere in the camp. Whilst clearly the Man is the main attraction, there are plenty of off-Broadway conflagrations this evening. At dusk there is a fire show down by the river, Ishmael the Captain of Fire and others have gone out in rowboats and set up Catherine wheels all down the shore. As dreadlocked men with ridiculous abs twirl fire and the ubiquitous drum circles beat no kind of rhythm into the darkness, I look up at the huge wooden man. He looks terrified. To our left someone lights up a large hexagonal structure made of chicken wire, festooned with Tibetan symbols made of rope. I watch the symbols burn. The girl next to me turns, puts her hand on my shoulder and actually says "Meaning. There's just so much meaning."

Soon the man himself goes up. Before I arrived I had been



Nicolas Cage and bees not pictured.

sceptical about the Burning Man. It seemed to sum up everything ridiculous in the world. But when you are looking at a forty foot tall column of fire that collapses in on itself showering sparks everywhere as the Burning Man's great sad-eyed head explodes into the inferno, something primeval takes over, something elemental. No-one speaks. The drum circles stop drumming. The nightclubs shut down their decks. The Burning Man commands respect. As soon as the flames calm down enough to not be ludicrously dangerous, a few folk take off all their clothes and begin running naked round the fire. A flat-top truck pulls up with some DJ's decks and speaker stacks blaring eighties rock, it becomes a mobile nightclub, and people dance their way across the fields well into the evening.

As the flames subside, Alan and I begin to fret about our temple. Ruben had been worried about it all day, and given he communicated only in grunts and always had the same both soulful and crazed expression in his eyes, to see Ruben visibly worry boded ill. Earlier we had seen Toby, one of the organisers, talking to him and it didn't sound good. Unlike the official Burning Man itself, which has been designed by some fire-engineers for maximum efficiency, safety and wow-factor, and which was always destined to collapse inwards without any possible harm, Ruben's behemoth has been built with no apparent planning or consideration of any kind. And by Alan and me. It is a giant ugly tower of kerosene-soaked wood and bamboo, and

Alan and I had already been obliged to move our camp for fear of our tents being engulfed in flames, though we were at least thirty feet away. Toby the organiser doesn't seem enthused by the prospect of letting this completely uncontrollable and uncontrollable thing go up.

In the nick of time the Bush Fire brigade arrive. They have been called on spec in case things with the temple go awry. Toby gives the nod. Alan and I let out a sigh of relief. Ruben grunts with what appears to be excitement. Once again the fire takes over the feeling in the air, though this one captivates Alan and I more. This is ours. Everyone gathers round. The heat is absurd. The flames shoot up twice as high as the structure itself. But, perhaps against the odds, the fire contains itself to the pyre in perfect safety. Even the Bush Fire Brigade whistle and gape. We look over at Ruben. He just silently stares at the fire. His whole goal for the five days of the festival had been to build this crazy structure. His name is cheered riotously throughout the crowd. He doesn't seem to notice.

The stated aim of this year's Burning Man was to "gather momentum to stage a full scale 'Australian Region' - Burning Man Event - in the Australian desert, or suitable outback region, in the not too distant future". Who knows, there may be a full-scale replica of Technochtitlan stretching out across the Nullabor in a few years' time. Under the unique spell of Burning Man, that kind of thing just happens. 🧠



Fair Trade Debate

Naomi Hart thinks all is fair in love and trade.

Manning-goers last Tuesday lunch were treated to a spirited panel discussion on the merits of fair trade following the referendum, held in tandem with the USU Board elections in May, on whether the Union should buy and sell only fair trade-certified coffee. The panel included Dave Mann, USU President; Chris Hoy, from the Fairly Educated campaign which collected the signatures necessary for the referendum to occur; a representative from each of the Rainforest Alliance and the Fair Trade Association of Australia and New Zealand (FTAANZ); and Sriram Srikumar, a USU debater.

The tenacity with which the Fairly Educated campaign has crusaded for the Union to sell fair trade coffee is truly admirable. Its members' aspiration to be responsible global citizens and their success in coordinating a huge grassroots movement is impressive. And there is certainly evidence, advanced by the Rainforest Alliance and FTAANZ representatives on Tuesday, supporting the proposition that buying fair trade coffee improves the lot of some of the world's poorest farmers.

But several audience members, including myself, harboured a scepticism about the particular mantram which Hoy adopted: that because 89.3 per cent of voters had cast their ballots in favour of fair trade at the election, the USU Board has a 'mandate' to implement the resolution. The Union isn't a direct democracy: students elect Board members to make responsible decisions on its behalf, and more energetic students lobby the Board to implement new measures or spend money on new projects, but referenda are not and should not be binding.

There are good reasons for why the results of this referendum shouldn't be

the sole determinant of the Union's decision to purchase fair trade coffee. On the day of the referendum, *Honi* editors spied several campaigners inadvertently promoting 'free' rather than 'fair' trade, and a number of students who asked questions at Tuesday's panel made the same mistake. As Srikumar remarked in his address (and which one audience member, Tim Mooney, reiterated in a question to Hoy), the phrasing of the referendum suggested a dichotomy between trade which is 'fair' and trade which is somehow 'unfair', eliciting an instinctive preference for the former. The truth is that responsible leaders don't lead according to simple shows of hands on critical issues. As one student, Ed Miller, has posted in response to Hoy's speech on Facebook, 75 per cent of Australians identify refugees as a 'critical threat', but it would be reprehensible for the Australian Government to shape policies around such visceral reactions. Fair trade, like immigration, is incredibly complex, and implementation of policy demands more than a straw poll.

This is especially important because the virtues of fair trade are far from conclusive. As Srikumar highlighted, substantial research suggests that the collectives that fair trade encourages become oligopolies that lock out farmers who are already the most desperately poor. Enforcement of the standards necessary for fair trade certification is lacklustre at best. Moreover, fair trade is an inefficient way of assisting the purported beneficiaries: as little as one-tenth of the extra money students and the Union would pay for fair trade coffee would reach the intended recipients. Srikumar posited that if the Union wishes to alleviate poverty, it should simply sign a cheque for the \$200 000 that implementing fair trade would cost to a charity which will use *all* of it on a



worthy cause.

And that's before we even get to the matter of the Union's current contracts with Vittoria coffee, which expire in 2012 at the earliest. The Union would incur enormous liabilities if it reneged on such contracts in order to gratify a majority of students, hampering its ability to deliver a high quality student experience.

Fairly Educated, the Rainforest Alliance and FTAANZ are right to advance the case for free trade as vigorously as possible, but their ability to get a critical mass of students to tick a box on a piece of paper shouldn't dictate Union policy. The Union is right to consider the proposal in good faith, but ultimately base its decision on a comprehensive canvassing of the interests of all the stakeholders in this important debate.

FACT!

Pinky promises are binding in Arkansas, Oregon and Pennsylvania.

THE INTERNATIONAL

Chini Ogundare discusses the unique challenges faced by international students.

The exchange and international student share more similarities than they're generally given credit for. Take a second to consult your own biases for some confirmation; if you're inclined to attribute more playful and gregarious characteristics to the exchange student, consider yourself allied with a common sentiment.

And the view that international students here at Sydney University are too preoccupied with their studies to embrace other aspects of the tertiary experience resonates with many students, sometimes to the point of resentment: *They* arrive, pump money into the university, pull out a degree, and go.

Although there may be some truth to this view, its implications can be extremely damaging to the international student. Indeed, international students are under significant pressure when it comes to maintaining good grades at university.

According to a 2008 report, 299 international students were sent to detention centres in Sydney and Melbourne from 2006 to 2008 after their student visas were cancelled due to poor attendance and academic performance. Local and exchange students seldom have to deal with such pressures, and can afford to embrace the more social aspects of student life.

Not all international students come to Sydney University merely for the benefits of a western education. Many also intend to be charmed and enriched by the quirks of Australian culture, much like exchange students. However, such an experience can be difficult to access with academic pressures, language barriers, and the high costs of tuition and living standing in the way. If our prejudices only serve to strengthen this brick wall, they would be better put to rest.



The Bar Fight:

Sam Elliott says two planks good;
Tom Marr says one plank better.

Skier: My problem starts before we even get on the slopes. The gays-on-trays initiate problems with their crapped-out vans, filled to the brim with mattresses, people, and dare I say it, marijuana. As they try vainly to make it up the hill they prevent all of those with sufficient vehicular transport from getting to the top before midday.

Boarder: Meanwhile, skiers turn up in their opulent vehicles with traction control, heated seats and auto-pilot. Having checked their 2-year-olds into ski school and set their 15-year-olds loose for the day these off-piste off-duty parents head off to cement some more pow. To them, all our ill tricks and gnar flips will never be anything more than another human-shaped bump

to ignore as they are corralled in fluoro red lycra herds down to their cushioned, anaesthetised ski resort.

Now for equipment: those with long dreadful hair and pants as loose as a wizard's sleeves. Riding a contraption which you strap yourself into like a kamikaze pilot. Death or destruction, bulldozing your way down the mountain instead of gracefully skiing around it you plough straight through it leaving ice and rocks in your trail. You selfish %@... How undignified of me.

Skis: 'My First Snowboard'. Only a toddler would lack so much balance that, having already had two 2-metre-long fibreglass shoes built around his feet, he would also demand two buttressing poles with which to dig into the snow

to secure his AT-AT-like balance. Halfway between an athlete and a tent, the skier is the baby elephant of the slopes. Why does no one ever go from boarder to skier, but never vice versa? Boarders don't get bored because they are at the top of the food chain. Looking at the scattered remains of a skier's mishap only compounds this predatory feeling. If Darwin had gotten in as far as Kosciuszko, he would have been a snowboarder. A snowboard is a sleek, streamlined, consolidated pair of skis. If Steve Jobs made a pair of skis, they would be a snowboard and, like lions and humans, if we do knock off a few inferior species, like skiers, as we veer violently down the mountain of evolution, so be it.

I'll admit I have seen some horrible people, skis akimbo like an elephant on ice but that is nothing compared to the autumn leaves falling down the mountain as their chaotic flight path destroys all our hallowed ground. Let alone the silly sight of boarders attempting to move in anything remotely uphill. Just like the iPhone 4, snowboards have a fatal

problem: they can become unresponsive uphill. As for 'cool', twin tip skis were invented for just that. Now, one can be graceful and trickful. That's a term you boarders use, isn't it? No longer will we be called 'two planker wankers'. Just a quick question how many snowboarders have ever made it to the North or South Pole? Not that any have but I was just wondering how versatile those trays were.

I'd like to ask anyone who still believes skiing to be the cooler of the modes of snowportation just one question: have you seen the *The Spy Who Loved Me*? No one can help faintly cringing as they watch the opening of this 1977 film, in which a bright-yellow lycra-jumpsuit-clad Roger Moore gravely risks and protects both his own life and the lives of his future offspring, from Russian agents and the tightness of his pants respectively. To anyone with any doubt, I simply ask: if even James Bond can't make it look cool, what hope does your fat ass have?

Incrementalists vs purists

Paul Karp does a balancing act.

People who think the world needs to change a lot want to do it quickly. On the other hand, people who fear such change will be difficult may opt to settle for smaller steps in the meantime. Both of those positions are rational, and yet in the national debate on key progressive issues like climate change or marriage equality progressives from both camps (incrementalists vs all-or-nothing purists) display a surprising degree of mutual incomprehension.

On the issue of climate change the dilemma is best illustrated by the Greens' decision to not support Kevin Rudd's Emissions Trading Scheme. Labor took an incremental approach: the ETS was a framework to reduce emissions in the future. Although it would not be capable of making deep cuts to carbon emissions quickly, that was a necessary compromise given the likely electoral disapproval of rising costs of living caused by a tax on carbon. The Greens took an environmental purist approach: that we are better off without a weak ETS that would only make negligible cuts to greenhouse gases and erode voter will to tackle climate change by making it seem as if it were under control.

The Greens' position is not one of sheer bloody mindedness. They thought they could make bigger cuts to emissions by waiting until they had the balance of power in the Senate. And yet the fury directed at the Greens by some is palpable, as if they were somehow

responsible for Kevin Rudd's inability to maintain popular support for the policy. At least they stayed true to their electoral mandate and brand: nobody who voted for the Greens should be surprised that they insisted on a bigger commitment to fighting climate change. On the other hand, Labor under both Rudd and Gillard ran away from their electoral mandate for an ETS, even though it could have delivered 5 per cent cuts to emissions by 2020 much cheaper than either the Coalition or Labor's variants on "direct action".

Intolerance is also directed against incrementalists. Last week on the ABC's political forum *QandA* one questioner seemed disappointed and hurt when asking Penny Wong in an accusatory tone how she could "sit idly back" and publicly support Labor's policy not to introduce gay marriage. Graham Richardson eloquently made the case for incrementalism: that Labor's policy would eventually change but that in the meantime people must respect Senator Wong's decision to not voice a dissenting view in public because were she to do so she would lose power and influence in the caucus where, behind the scenes, she has been lobbying for marriage equality the whole time.

People are free to prefer one approach or the other, but to denigrate efforts of progressives that prefer the opposite method is to lose sight of the bigger picture. There are still people that



Greens Party Leader, Bob Brown.

believe climate change is not real or not caused by mankind. There are still people that believe either that gay people do not deserve to be equal to others, or that equality does not extend to the institution of marriage (arguably the same thing). All outrage, disappointment, pointed *QandA* questions and eloquent argument would be better spent on those people.

At the end of the day, however disappointing the fact may be that Labor opposes gay marriage and has delayed an ETS, Tony Abbott has said climate change is "absolute crap" and that he "feels a bit threatened" by homosexuality. And if neither of those options appeals, we should be glad that proportional representation in the Senate and preferential voting in the House of Representatives allows for a meaningful vote for the third force, the Greens, without hopelessly dividing progressive interests on those issues.

Whale Fail?

Jeremy Leith spears some whaling misconceptions.

I suppose us idealistic youths should be accustomed to politicians not fulfilling campaign promises. Are we too naive, too gullible, drank too much of the K-Rudd Kool-Aid? Or in some circumstances is it our fault that we didn't allow the issue to remain a high priority because the protests, marches and sound-bites petered out?

The 2007 ALP Platform stated that, "Labor will use all available means to end the slaughter of whales for all time." Now that is a pretty ambitious claim, which one would assume translates into a near impossible foreign relations initiative, especially when you consider the not-so-subtle context of Japan being the primary offender and subsequent target of such a policy.

Japan. A country which represents one of Australia's largest export markets, is Australia's third-largest investor and an important regional security partner was subsequently barraged by megaphone diplomacy with rhetoric that they must stop the 'slaughter' preceding and following Labor's election in 2007. So what caused our former Prime Minister to threaten that the Government would

help bring Japan before international courts if their whaling practices did not cease before the end of this year?

Were they so concerned with the killing of whales that they would send their friendly neighbour Japan to court? That sounds all well and good but if the Government was in fact guided by normative principles then unfortunately it means that they perceive the issue of whaling as more important than, say, helping those other living beings that have been arriving close to our shores.

Apparently the answer is us. It turns out that there was a strong national consensus, wide media coverage and enough protests to warrant sending Japan to court. In fact, in a national survey conducted by the Lowy Institute in 2008 the majority of respondents were willing to have the Government stop Japanese whaling even if it meant losing valuable trade deals. Only seven percent of respondents were against intervening at all.

It turns out that the Australian electorate has enough indirect power that the Government was willing to send one of their most important regional partners to



Having a whale of a time?

court because that is what we wanted-hazuh for democracy, hooray for the demos!

But before we start patting ourselves on the back we should probably look around and realise that the issue of whaling has been completely drowned and nothing new has happened.

There has been no mention of whaling in the national media and neither major party is even mentioning it in the lead-up to this month's election.

It looks like our only chance to revive the issue is to don our grey whale costumes, get organised, and start a coordinated dance protest outside Pitt Street Mall. Shotgun being the tail.

STOP SAYING THAT YOU'RE EMBARRASSING YOURSELF: PRINT IS DYING

What you say: *Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for print! Woe betide! We are overcome by zealous throngs of technophiles, blindly wielding their digital blades of doom, unaware that they are slashing away centuries of rich literary tradition! How my inkwell eyes sluice blue drops down my leathery cheeks and onto my papyrus lap!*

Why you say it: Because you're a wanker.

Why you are being such a wanker: Aristotle suggests that there is a fundamental connexion between death and sex. A gross misapplication of this theory might be made to most objects that have been said to have 'died' and subsequently become 'sexy': vinyl, polaroids, 1950s Jaguar E-Types and togas have become all the more alluring for the reason that they are obsolete. Nowhere does expressing nostalgia find better currency than in defending the faded sepia tones and comfortably coarse texture of paper. How very vogue. Into the mix is also thrown an affectation of sympathy, in the same way that you might express commiseration when a friend's goldfish passes away.

Why it's wrong: You can always get a new goldfish, and after one week you won't know the difference. This is the finer point for why it's wrong: the moralistic use of the word 'dying'. Even if print is in decline, there is no place for such macabre and emotional metaphors. Now replace 'goldfish' with 'communication technology', and expand one week into six thousand years. Every period of communication change, from speech to writing to print and, now, to digital communication, has been accompanied by a mourning period filled with doomsday rhetoric, that inevitably passes. After one week/one century, people generally forget that the old goldfish/communication technology ever existed.

The reason why it's so easy to defer to simplistic and emotional notions of 'death' is the familiarity of the metaphor of The Fall, whereby our current positions are perpetually perceived as being in a decline from a past state of grace or perfection. In the same way that you might only remember the good aspects of your dead goldfish, so you perceive current language as being corrupted from a past age of literary splendour and excellence of public-usage. So it is for all the other things that have never been alive that have 'died' in the last ten years: romance, manners, spirituality, privacy and childhood.

If it's not enough to suggest why a moralistic approach to the decline of print is wrong, it's easy to turn to the facts: the volume of books being sold each year worldwide is the highest it has ever been, and growing. Rather than viewing print as a declining slice of static readership pie, see the pie as an ever-expanding volume of demand for texts – instead of a pie, perhaps, an insatiable and self-perpetuating Magic Pudding with an appetite for narrative, where film, print and online reading are not in competition but bolstering each other's demand.

Why you need to stop saying it: Because nobody likes a wanker, least of all a wrong wanker.

Henry Hawthorne





A SPORTING CHANCE

Arghya Gupta didn't get much sleep in July.

So after another July filled with late nights, hot or cold beverages, and the witticisms of Phil Liggett, another edition of le Tour de France was completed. The winner, no surprise, was Alberto Contador. What did come as a surprise was the resilience of the man everyone predicted would come second, Andy Schleck.

The man crashed in an early stage and would have lost minutes to everyone else had the peloton not come to a gentlemanly sort of agreement over slowing down and allowing everyone to finish together. He then lost the world's best climbing domestique, in the form of his brother Frank, to a clavicle-shattering crash a day later. And who knows what would have happened if 'Chaingate' went Schleck. For those who missed it, on one of the decisive mountain stages, Schleck made an attack which Contador didn't respond to, but about ten seconds into it, his chain came off. Contador cycled past a despondent Schleck who had to take his chain off and re-thread it onto his chainring, effectively stealing the yellow jersey from the 25-year-old Luxembourger. Whether Contador should have waited in a sportsmanlike fashion so that Andy could resume racing is a question that has divided cycling ethicists worldwide. Some say

he should have waited. Others say that a race was going on, and Contador couldn't let the others get away just to appease Schleck. Though on following mountain stages, that did seem to happen.

In the end, with close to one hundred hours of racing on each individual cyclists' part, the difference between Schleck and Contador was 39 seconds. The signs Schleck showed during the last time trial on Saturday suggest that he is developing into an all-round rider, rather than just being a multi-tasking climber - giving the peloton freaks among us reasons to salivate for years to come. Unless either or both of them get ousted for drugs.

Like last year, no ejections for drug cheating were made during le Tour. Either the peloton is racing cleaner (as could be suggested by the lack of attacks by the big names during mountain climbs), or they've developed a new undetectable medicine. Chavanel won two stages and made it into two other day long breakaways. Rafael Valls Ferri, while cracking majorly at the end of each stage, also made it into five or six breakaways. And Vinokourov, the less said the better (a stage victory and leading out on every climb? Really?).



That said, they remain innocent until proven guilty, and let's hope they are innocent because it was a wonderful Tour. Crashes all over the shop in the first week, cobblestones disabling riders from using their pedals properly, Fabian Cancellara absolutely steaming his way through both time trials. Poor Cadel Evans gaining the yellow jersey then facing a demise with a broken elbow, but still finishing. And of course, Mark Cavendish. Despite a slow start and losing his lead-out man Mark Renshaw due to a headbutting incident, he went on to win four (five) stages (and the green jersey). He will easily surpass the record for the most stage wins if he races another four years.

For Aussie fans, it was a bittersweet Tour. Cadel won yellow, but lost it and all his ability the next day. Renshaw headbutted a Kiwi (Julian Dean), but was kicked out. And Robbie McEwen constantly finished 4th (five times!), but couldn't take the green. But regardless, a satisfying July for couch cyclists or those with home-trainers installed. And now, we wait for the Vuelta a Espana and hope for Cadel to pull off victory there. And if not that, in Geelong this year for the World Champions. Until next year, Vive le Tour!

DECONSTRUCTION

The Scenario

Have you ever been told you place too much importance on reason? Or that your political persuasions stem from unconscious sexual urges? Have you ever been accused of legitimising and preferencing the Enlightenment's hierarchical, phallogocentric, thoroughly Western, scientific, grand narratives over the equally valid and much cooler and edgier micro-narratives of cultures, subcultures and indeterminate ethnicities and genders previously marginalised as 'other'? If you have encountered a scenario where any of these unsubstantiated accusations have been launched at you, you have fallen pray to deconstruction.

If you are sick of being unaware of the radical nature of Derrida's thought, or tired of being accused of phallogocentricism whilst you attend lectures on multiculturalism or womyn's emancipation, a column on how to fake deconstruction is (im)perfect for you.

What is Deconstruction?

Deconstruction involves taking literary and philosophical texts and society apart, and finding hidden contradictory meanings which society and literary texts must have as axioms to function. Deconstruction assumes that the world is a network of textual

FAKING IT

relations, meaning that to be a deconstructionist one must approach society as one might a book and analyse it from multiple perspectives, with a sense of irony, to make sure one is also analysing one's own discourse.

By the way, notice how the word perfect is crossed out in the previous paragraph? Well, that's an example of deconstruction. 'Perfect' is far too Platonic, and in turn, 'Western' a concept to remain unquestioned in my sentence, and crossing words out is a very (un)succesful way to ironically deconstruct one's own sentences. In this instance I have crossed out 'perfect', or put it under erasure, to use a Derridean phrase (Derrida being the key theorist of deconstruction).

Also parenthesise as used in this article, is another tool de(con)(s)tructionists use to say two things at once, marrying binary oppositions and hence questioning language and logic.

What Not to Say:

If you want to fit in with deconstructionists, never give a reasoned argument (unless you are a racist, fascist phallo-logo-incensitive-reductionist prick). Instead, you must soliloquise and participate in mutual, inter-subjective monologues. Never say that a Western



cultural practice is better than another; instead favourably contrast a Chinese/ Indian/Native American practice to a western one. Never say 'it is the case that...' - no, you ought to say something like 'for me' or 'I feel', or 'for the purposes of my mythic, poetic, ironical narrative'. Most importantly, never say anything that is lucid and not unambiguous.

What to Say:

It does not matter what you say as long as you take heed of what not to say. It is ideal to mention a leading deconstructionist such as Luce Irigaray (who postulated that $E=MC^2$ was a sexed equation that privileged the speed of light over other speeds), and rely on the following terms because no conversation, or rather dialogue, or if you would rather textual exchange, is complete without: gender, ideology, narrative, micronarrative, macronarrative, phallogocentric, hermeneutic, phallic, patriarch, hegemony, Western, late-capitalist, culture-industry, legitimising, and words and terms to that (non-)effect.

Aleks Wansborough



COLLEGE

Sam Pender-Bayne had a wonderful evening.

For six wintry weeks at St Paul's College, something very special happens. The College Dining Hall is transformed into a theatre for Australia's longest running musical and/or theatrical production, *Victoriana!* Now in it's 47th consecutive year, it began under the Hon. Justice Lloyd Waddy, who, even at the end of such a distinguished career, has the humility to tell the current producers that the show is the best it has ever been. It shows no sign of slowing down.

It is best explained as a Victorian music hall evening. For those unfamiliar with the music hall tradition, Google will provide a good indication. It's something like a mix of Gilbert and Sullivan and Moulin Rouge... but not quite. This is unique in Australia, so little wonder why tickets sell out every year within weeks, with over 1000 sold at \$120 each. Even with such huge income, the show struggles to break even each year. It is simply that extravagant. Nevertheless, in 2010, a "Charity Night" raised more than \$21,000 for the Stepping Stone House Charity.

The production does not happen easily. All cast and crew work for love alone, consisting of Paulines (past and present) and their associates, including members of Opera Australia. Days upon days are spent rehearsing, singing, blocking, choreographing and perfecting countless details. The set-up and pack down of the Hall alone is a monumental task. Talent and dedication is what makes the show; the audience response is payment enough.

I might be a little proud, myself a current Pauline and cast member. But, I am also a musician, and for a College (indeed, a country) where sport is paramount, *Victoriana!* confirms humanity's fundamental need for music and theatre. Apollo's blessings shower its producers, Shane Treeves and Cameron Grover. Bravo!



Tickets are sold out.



Did you know?

You have 15 working days to appeal a mark or plagiarism decision



Think you can't qualify for Youth Allowance? Think again - there have been changes!

Are you 24?

You can now qualify for Youth Allowance Independence at the age of 24. They won't look at your parents' income.

Your parent/s can earn more money than before

From 1 July 2010 the Parental Income Test (PIT) threshold for dependent Youth Allowance or ABSTUDY increased!

You can receive the full amount of Youth Allowance or ABSTUDY if your parents earn \$44,165 a year or less (not taking into account any earnings you might get from part-time work).

If you are the only child and you live with your parents, you can receive a partial payment if your parents earn just over \$70,000 a year. This goes up to about \$90,000 if you have to live away from home. The parental income threshold goes up even more if your parents have other dependent children.

The Family Assets Test (personal, business and farm assets) is \$580,000 – with a 75% discount applied to business and farm assets.

Contact SRC HELP

phone: (02) 9660 5222 email: help@src.usyd.edu.au

www.src.usyd.edu.au Level 1, Wentworth Building

If you are not on main campus contact Breda on: 0466 169 664



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 had an absolutely shocking time last semester and failed every subject I attempted. I have previously had an excellent record, but had a lot of family problems last semester. Is there any way that I can have last semester wiped off my record so my bad marks don't spoil my record?

DS

Dear DS,

If you had a serious illness or misadventure (your family problems may be described as this) that was out of your control, became worse after the 23 April and seriously affected your ability to study, you can write to your faculty to request if they can change the relevant fails or absent fails changed to DNF (Discontinue not to count as fail) grades. You will need to be able to explain how your illness or misadventure affected your study – for example, did it affect particular assessments and how? Naturally you will need to have documentation to show that you really did have these problems. This could be a letter from a doctor or counsellor, a community leader or someone else who knows about the issues your family have been dealing with.

You may also consider talking to an SRC caseworker about having your HECS/fees refunded. The deadline for applying for a fee refund if you are a local students is 12 months, but it's so easy to forget that you'd be better off dealing with that straight away too. Fee refunds for international students are not as straight forward as they are for local students so come and have a chat to SRC HELP.

Abe.



President's Report

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

The semester has definitely started with a bit of a bang at our university. The White Paper / 5 Year Strategic Plan of the University will have been officially released by the time you read this. Unfortunately I have no idea what's in it as its contents have been very secretly held by the upper echelons of the University management. I have some idea, of course, as do many other people who work and study at this amazing institution. Interestingly, if you are boring or 'left wing' enough to read the Sydney Morning Herald, you will have noticed that USyd made the front page (yet again) for some leakage. And yeah, this was pretty exciting – it was KRudd-style leakage. Rumour has it that one of the Deans or someone close to them released the draft version of the White Paper that would have been circulated at the Deans' Retreat that was a short time ago. A mole in the ranks?? ...

That was my shitty attempt at trying to make this really exciting for you, yes you, the average student who is usually just trying to get through their Biology lecture or Foucault readings by opening up the lovely pages of this great publication Honi Soit (speaking of which, the launch of their website is on Wednesday 4th August, 6pm Verge Gallery).

Though my mind is still reeling a bit from Inception (OH MY GOD IT WAS SO GOOD. LIKE REALLY REALLY REALLY GOOD), I'm genuinely trying to engage you in a debate / discussion / fight / whatever you want to call it that will be going on for the next few weeks / months / years about the direction of your university. The best way to discuss this is, of course, PRESIDENT STAR RATINGS SYSTEM-style.

PRESIDENT STAR RATINGS FOR WEEK 2: BEST RUMOURS OF THE WEEK

(1 star meaning boring, 5 being really interesting).

Rumour No.1: The uni will decrease undergrads from 74% of the current population to as low as 60% and replace them with postgrads (and other old people) and upping the intake of international students.

Our Vice-Chancellor once lovingly referred to the writer of the SMH article that mentioned this rumour as 'going on the warpath' to the Chancellor. You can see there may be little love for journos in this section of town sometimes. But nevertheless, the rumour (leaked from a draft White Paper document) highlights some interesting issues the uni has to face. Basically, undergraduate Commonwealth Supported Places (CSP), which is what you are if you're an Australia or New Zealand student here doing an undergraduate degree, don't make any money for the uni. In fact, they lose money. Why? Because the funding to higher education institutions in Australia essentially sucks. What the government gives to the uni for each student in their degree doesn't actually cover the cost of the degree. Simple mathematics – you've got a loss. The uni was expecting 3.2% increase in funding from the government in 2010; instead it got 1.6%. Nice. Real nice. What does that mean? With all the staff costs, capital infrastructure (nice shiny new buildings, or destroying the freaky Carslaw toilets), the VC's \$750K salary etc, having lots of local undergrad students doesn't cover all these things. In fact, the uni has two problems then – it has to pay for all these things but the actual cost of the degree isn't fully covered by the government or the student. So what do they do? They get 'full fee' students in – ie. Students who have to pay for the full cost of their degree (plus a bit extra so the uni can actually make some money to spend on stuff like a new logo and branding). Who are these students? Postgrads (local & international) as well as international undergraduate students. Makes sense, but do I personally like it? Not really, and I'll explain why if you read the next rumour...



Rumour rating: ★★★★★

Rumour no.2: The uni will increase the number of students from disadvantaged backgrounds and schools from 7% to a minimum of 10%.

If you read Honi last week, three of our eds wrote a feature on this. The uni is very interested in seeing a greater participation of students from what are called 'disadvantaged backgrounds' ie. Poor (low socioeconomic status), Indigenous, students with a disability). But these students need a lot of support being at uni – financial, academic, and personal support. That doesn't come cheap; it means having strong student organisations and support services for those students, which costs money. Where would they get the money from? ...international and postgraduate students! So obviously it's great to encourage students from traditionally excluded backgrounds into higher education like universities, but aren't we then pushing them away by moving towards an education model of postgrad education with lots of fees, crap Austudy and APA payment rates? Postgraduate education is even more elitist than undergraduate education. Seems a bit ironic that in the process of making uni more accessible, you'd actually make it more inaccessible. Hmm...

Rumour rating: ★★★

Rumour no.3: The uni will take over the bars.

Apparently this came from the idea that because our VC is actually a priest, he doesn't like drinking. I think he enjoys the odd tippie or two, but as far as I've heard, this isn't happening. What the University will be doing is entering into a cooperative agreement over food, licensing and catering. No word yet from the powers-that-be if it includes bars.

Rumour rating: ★★★

Rumour no.4: This is actually all a dream and I've planted these ideas in your brains via a process known as 'inception'.

This will get you all talking.

Rumour rating: ★★★★★

I've actually run out of my word limit, so if you'd like to know more about the White Paper, you could visit the University's website on it or you could just come talk with me. Have a great week!

Tweet me: @srcpresident
Email me: president@src.usyd.edu.au

Get involved! Come along to a collective..

Education Action Group: 1pm Tuesdays, Quadrangle S441

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

Queer Collective: 2pm Mondays, Queer Space Holme Building

Environment Collectives:

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

Climate Action Collective: 1pm Mondays, Chancellors Lawns

International Students: Check your email for updates

Green Campus NOW! Campaign Launch Thursday 13th May

There will be a free lunch on the New Law lawns from 12.30pm, followed by a discussion and guest speakers in New Law Seminar Room 105. It's a totally free event, so bring your friends and let's engage in a dialogue about preserving the environment and stopping climate change!

SRC Council Meetings...

Meetings are held on the first Tuesday of the month (June 1st, 3rd August, 7th September, 5th October) @ 6pm in Eastern Avenue Seminar Room 405

For agenda contact: c.mcclure@src.usyd.edu.au

General Secretary's Report

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

When I checked out the paper today (Friday last week by the time you're reading this - sorry my report's late eds!) the first thing that jumped out at me was the story on Sydney University's proposed plan to cut undergraduate places by about 6 000, to be replaced with fee paying postgraduate places, in order to generate more funds for the university. To be honest, it didn't really come as a surprise, given the indications in the Green Paper that the university wanted to become more research intensive, and its distinct focus on becoming more "financially viable".

As soon as the Green Paper came out, there was a lot of concern that Sydney would move towards the "Melbourne Model" of education, wherein the only courses offered at an undergraduate level

are incredibly generalised and narrow in scope, rendering an undergraduate degree almost meaningless and thereby essentially forcing students to enroll in the more profitable postgraduate courses. I wrote a rant about why the postgraduation of degrees is fucked last semester, so I won't repeat myself. However, given that a lot of the time the decision to limit undergraduate courses and increase postgraduate courses/student numbers is based on financial reasons - i.e. - the fact that you can charge full fees at a postgraduate level - some people might be thinking that Tony Abbott's recent announcement that he'd reinstate Domestic Undergraduate Full Fee places (or 'DUFFs' - which NUS fought to have abolished after their introduction by the Howard government, a fight NUS won in 2008) is a great idea.

Reintroduce DUFFs, undergraduates can pay full fees, no incentive to postgraduate education, universities still have money, problem solved, right? Wrong.

The reason that NUS fought to have DUFFs abolished is because they are hugely inequitable: essentially DUFFs enable students who have not gotten the marks necessary to get into a course, but who have enough money to pay full fees, to be accepted into a course. So what's the problem with that? Well, the number of places in a course is not increased because of DUFFs, so basically a student who can afford to pay full fees but didn't get the marks can take the place of a student who can't afford to pay full fees but DID get the marks to get into the course. To me, that violates the principles of a



meritocracy, principles upon which the University of Sydney was founded. It entrenches privilege, by making education more easily accessible for the wealthy. Given the university's recent commitment (also in the Green Paper) to increasing the number of low SES students at Sydney University, they need to seriously consider the repercussions of postgraduating education.

Environment Report

Report of the Environment Officer, Clare Fester // environment.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

The only 'fair dinkum' thing we can expect from our major political leaders this election is hollow promises and further procrastination on the issue of climate change. Julia Gillard intends to 'move Australia forward' by introducing a carbon price after a so-called community consensus has been reached. This will mean delay but even worse, the likelihood of another ineffectual carbon pricing scheme like the previous CPRS (Carbon Pollution Reduction Scheme).

On the other side, Abbott's right-wing agenda has created a breeding ground for climate change deniers.

Given the lack of real activity on the issue of climate change, this year the Climate Action Collective (CAC) has organised several forums, discussions and protests to build the much-needed campaign for no new coal and renewable energy.

A CAC forum earlier this year gave Clive Spash, a former environmental economist with the CSIRO, a chance to speak-out about carbon trading and Rudd's CPRS. Having resigned after being gagged by CSIRO management, Spash spoke of the futility of carbon trading as a solution to climate change. The NSW government's black balloon

TV ads were also targeted by a CAC demonstration involving members of The Greens and Greenpeace. The ads blame the consumer for excessive energy consumption at the same time the NSW government is proposing to build two new coal-fired power stations in NSW, equivalent to 600 billion black balloons.

CAC members also made their presence felt at the annual Students of Sustainability conference in Adelaide this year. While much of the conference focused on lifestyle change as a solution, CAC members were active in illustrating that a huge shift in government policy

is necessary. We're hitting the ground running this semester with a forum that asks the question "How can we get climate action this election?". John Kaye from The Greens will be joined by Michael Thomson from the National Tertiary Education Union Sydney Uni branch. Come along - it's this Thursday at 1pm in New Law Building 105. And come along to our weekly CAC meetings, every Tuesday at 1pm on the Chancellor's Lawns (down the stairs next to Fisher).

Women's Report

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

Last Monday students from across the state gathered in The Loft at UTS recreated as Tony Abbott's ideal vision for Australian women. 50s housewives in chastity belts, freshly baked cupcakes and cakes, women slaving over the ironing board and posing in photo frames as 'Abbott's vision for Australian women.' Given Abbott's track record on women's policies and frequent offensive comments regarding their control over their bodies and role in society this image was not far off the mark. We also heard from Gender Studies lecturer Jennifer Germon, Robyn Fortescue from the Australian Manufacturing Workers Union, Eva Cox feminist activist and Keelia Fitzpatrick, Women's Officer of the National Union of Students. They all addressed us about what they believed a government led by Tony Abbott would mean for our country. By far the most disturbing and entertaining section of the

night was a performance from one of the SRC Welfare Officers, Matt McGirr as Tony Abbott himself. Clad in a wetsuit and spouting some of Abbott's more ridiculous and offensive lines, Matt allowed us a vision of our future if the Liberal Party succeeds in winning this election.

Tony Abbott once said; "I think it would be folly to expect that women will ever dominate or even approach equal representation in a large number of areas simply because their aptitudes, abilities and interests are different for physiological reasons". Given the polls on the weekend the possibility that our leader will become Tony Abbott is a very real, terrifying one. Abbott has actively worked to strip women of their reproductive rights through his attempts to block access to RU486 and his references to the rates of abortion as a "national tragedy" as well as his setting

up of a national hotline for pregnancy counselling which did not provide information on all options.

We are planning some public stunts with Tony Abbott in the near future - so email me if you want to get involved and help us out with our mission to stop Abbott succeeding in his vision for Australia's women. Activism in the form of media-grabbing, costume wearing, prop wielding Chaser-style stunts to publically humiliate Tony Abbott in the few weeks leading up to the election? Not something to be missed.

If you are interested in not only being involved in the Abbott's Heaven, Your Hell campaign, but also in developing the Reclaim the Night campaign and organising the rally and festival as well as designing many other campaigns and



events on campus then come along to Women's Collective Thursdays at 1pm in the Holme Building. You can find the Women's Room as you enter the Holme Courtyard - downstairs to your right. The Women's Room is an autonomous space with couches, tables, comfy chairs and many books which you can access anytime at uni - make use of it!



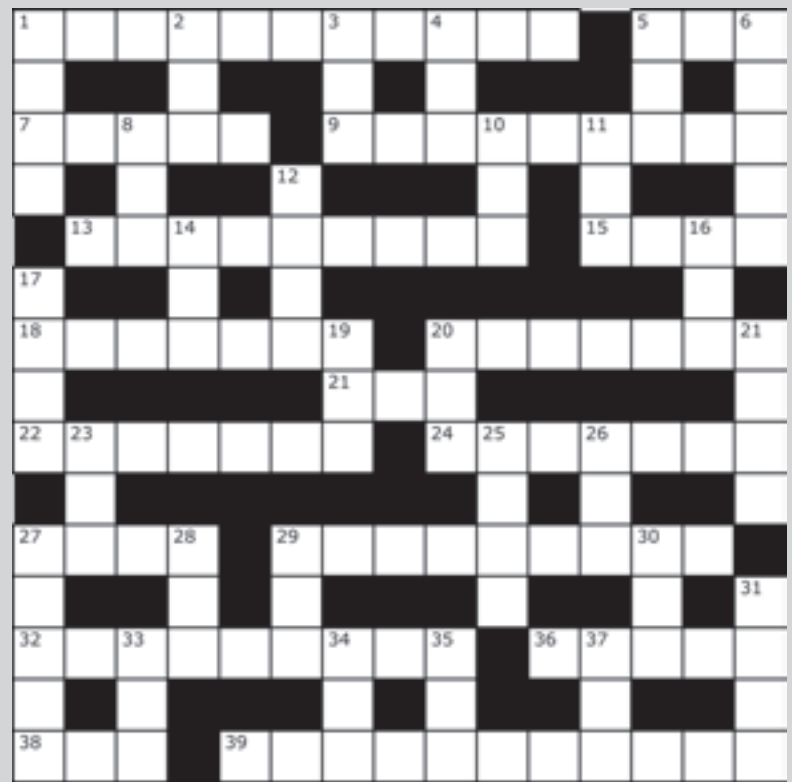
THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

Across

1. Abstract Thinker Beats Hip-Hop Loser (11)
- 5,21 Down. Confused an Aryan dickhead without a "1 Across" who was really an 32 Across (3,4)
7. 1 Across-king gave broken opal to model (5)
9. Deer casts bad 1 Across (9)
13. In teaching find immediate understanding (9)
15. 1 Across is a producer of flour? (4)
18. Twisted bacon is still preserved at the University College London (7)
20. North, I go. Into the ether. For not one, or the other. (7)
21. Cold narcotic (3)
22. Rotate old Zionist's arse openings to find the proto-atheist Jew! (7)
24. A liberal and a feminist? Have my initials, or family (7)
27. Greater than bad team? (4)
29. Hazing is what Sherlock was really good at (9)
32. Terrible omen! Devil makes 9 Across doubt almost everything (4,5)
36. "1 Across, part of Greg is in an iron!" (5)
38. Oddly, evenly, slithering fishy (3)
39. "Pet backwards again, Soprano, and you'll find the author of 'Heavy Petting!'" (5,6)

Down

1. Alexander Benedict (4)
2. Clitoris contains created light? (3)
3. "Not even?" "Even not." "... Dude." (3)
4. Male possessive of first husband's Italian stuff (3)
5. Shalt end a challenge to norm (3.)
6. Space program left of the nose (5)
8. In the light of dawn, find a bristle (3)
10. Able to abolish (3)
11. Alcohol found in back-to-front murder scene (3)
12. Strangely avid female singer (4)
14. Tutor begins to admonish (3)
16. Remain a dishonest act (3)
17. His bib is holding an ugly bird (4)
19. Sri Lankan woman misplaced soldier (1.1.1.)
20. Kelly, the dickhead, goes after New England (3)
21. (See 5 Across)
23. 1 Down almost authored the murders in rue morgue (3)
25. Weekends contain 99 of this kind of flammable material (4)
26. Middle of wrist hurt by wrist injury (1.1.1.)
27. "What I see with, you will find, is in no way your business, so keep mum, ye, ye prying bastards!" (2,5)



DANIEL WODAK

28. Everything in fall looks so beautiful (3)
29. The end of Mrs Doubtfire caused anger (3)
30. The middle bodes well for this kind of poetry
31. Hairy gay guy is in a robe. A really, really revealing robe (4)
33. The Italian left feeling sick (3)
34. Became acquainted with NY art gallery (3)
35. New Order starts right after NEITHER (3)
37. Escape even arguing (3)

THE TAKE HOME*

*Questions themed around this week's issue.

1. Other than the knit stitch, what is the other basic knitting stitch?
2. Where does mohair yarn come from?
3. China has more webservers than the United States. True or false?
4. Objects filled with hot air will float better on water than objects filled with cold air. True or false?
5. Is a cucumber a fruit or a vegetable?
6. Strawberries are part of what family of flowers?
7. Frock has traditionally been used to refer to items of clothing for both men and women. True or false?
8. What is the world's most expensive wedding dress valued at?
9. How many times has Lance Armstrong won the Tour de France?
10. Approximately how many islands are part of Croatia: 800, 1000 or 1200?
11. *Memento* was Christopher Nolan's first film as director. True or false?
12. What is the oldest college at Oxford University: University, Exeter or Oriel?
13. When was the first San Diego Comic-Con held?
- 14: Victoria's reign lasted for 63 years and 7 months. True or false?
15. Largesse means:
 - a) Generosity in bestowing gifts
 - b) To play an instrument in a relaxed fashion
 - c) French for "largest"

SUDOKU

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

RATED: slightly easier than Live Tracing in InDesign

KENKEN

KENKEN

KENKEN

3+		11+		90x	1-
2+	2	8-			
	4-		1-		4
11+	2+	3		8x	6+
		90x			
3				5-	



The Garter Press



FISH AND CHIPS SHOULD BE SO LUCKY

ISSUE: π

EST c. 40 000 BC, the very Mists of Time

Price: The Contents of Your Pocket. Think. Carefully.

INSIDE



Presumably darker than outside.



WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT?

Tom Jones interviews Gillard, gets slapped

FREE NATURE SOUNDS CD



Including never heard before 'Rain falling on a sandwich you left outside at lunchtime'

LEADERSHIP DEBATE DOMINATED BY DISCUSSION OF INCEPTION

EXCLUSIVE

Hercules Pickleyton

Political Editor/Clairvoyant/Your Future Husband

A debate which was meant to focus on the ETS, border security and paid parental leave was sent off course last Sunday when both leaders were unable to move on from a lengthy and impassioned discussion of the intricacies of Christopher Nolan's labyrinthine blockbuster.

The problem started when Ms Gillard stated in an off the cuff remark that "the Liberal Party needs to wake up to the reality of climate change", adding "not unlike Cobb at the end of *Inception*."

Both leaders then found themselves quickly embroiled in a detailed dissection of the finer points of Nolan's universe. Mr Abbott claimed, "Entirely unsurprisingly, the Labor government has completely missed the point of the role of totems within the universe of the film."

He continued, "If Ms Gillard and her lot want to convince you that the entire thing was a dream, or that there was another level above the plane, and perhaps that the Cobb and Saito are still trapped in limbo, then she has fundamentally misread the nature of dream logic presented in this mind-bending rollercoaster ride."



"And then Cobb was all like, Blam, Blam, Blam!"

"It's *The Matrix* meets *Bourne*," he added.

Gillard then shot back with evidence of her five-level dream model, which she drew on the reverse side of her prepared remarks. The Prime Minister specifically cited the closing alleyway in the Mombasa chase sequence, Mal's position across the abyss in the hotel flashback and the spinning top at the end of the film - moments which the opposition leader claimed were merely included as a wry allusion to the tropes of the action genre.

"The Prime Minister is like Yusuf

The Chemist, careening out of control and down an embankment, pursued by the subconscious security of a distant billionaire."

At this point moderator David Speers put his fingers in his ears, stating "la la la la ihaventseenit lalalalala."

"Oh, you simply *have* to," responded Abbott.

Throughout the debate the worm made clear which issues were most divisive, such as who dreamt the snow level, Eames' remark about dreaming a bigger gun, and whether or not Saito's limbo

was the same as the one inhabited by Cobb and Mal, Abbot's view that they were distinct proving popular with females.

Commentators are joining the fray, with Peter Hartcher's *Sydney Morning Herald* column titled, 'The 2010 Federal Election Will be a Referendum on Why Didn't Arthur Wake Up When The Van In The Level Above First Drove Off The Bridge'.

The debate concluded, however, with an inspiring display of bipartisanship with both leaders agreeing that the taut physiological "mind fuck" was a star-making vehicle for Joseph Gordon-Levitt, although neither could pinpoint what made the 29 year-old actor so eminently watchable.

Greens Party Leader Bob Brown expressed disappointment at the leaders' focus during the debate. He stated in a press conference, "Neither leader was prepared to address the tough questions, specifically why we see a tattooed Leonard with his wife during a flashback in *Memento* and what David Bowie was doing in *The Prestige*."

Dolores - pls remember to include at the top of the piece "SPOILER ALERT: reading this article before seeing *Inception* [italicised] may ruin elements of surprise". V. important!!!

GARTER GOES DIGITAL

Climpton Cadbury
Tech/Tick-Tock Reporter, Wanka

The Garter has embraced the possibilities for broadcast presented by innovations in electronic media, ushering in the new millennium by releasing its new range of 'soft' copies of the newspaper on floppy diskettes.

The GarterTron3000 gives the reader the convenience of carrying an edition on a combination of five floppy disks, with the ease of reading different portions of an article being made a matter of merely swapping diskettes when prompted.

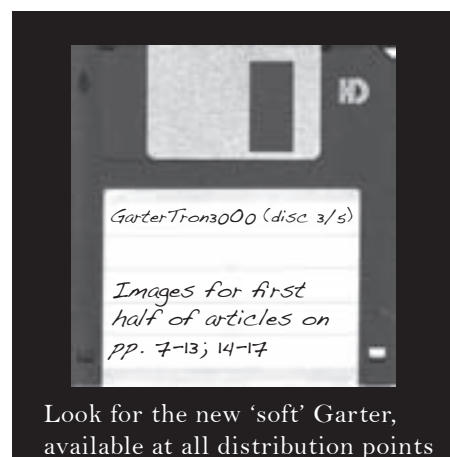
The project is the culmination of

23 years of planning which, despite the many changes in the media and technology landscape since the project's inception, has strived to keep true to the black letter of its original 1987 vision: to publish the newspaper on the most powerful platform offered at that point in time.

Despite fears that the disks are slightly too large to fit inside the average sized pocket, defeating the stated aim of "GarterTron3000: news any time, any where, any body?", The Garter's Technology Team has confirmed that it is a very easy process to resize pockets.

The launch party for the GT3000 is set for this coming Wednesday, when

all party-goers can insert the floppy disks from the safety of their own home at the synchronised time of 5:30pm, and enjoy the animated gif light show, canapés and viruses.



Look for the new 'soft' Garter, available at all distribution points

INSIDE

GILLARD'S AUCTION:
Back-stabbing knife to fund flailing campaign

ELECTION WATCH:
Sorry, make that Watch Election. Vote for your favourite watch!

FREE BUDGIE SMUGGLERS!
Only 1.2 Million Dollars in bail required

JUSTIN BIEBER OR BUSTIN JIEBER?
Who gives a fuck?



Comment



GET FIGHTING FIT... FAST!

With Davey "Punchy-Punch" Boxcar

Dear Davey,

Every morning when I wake up I do 100 situps as a way to get the blood pumping, but I find lately I'm getting bored with situps, what other stomach exercises will work my ab-

dominals and my obliques that won't get tedious?

-Geoff, Bangor NSW

Geoff!!

Good to hear from you! People are always asking O!

Punchy Punch how to get tight abs that the chicks love and the dudes also love because the abs in question are awesome. Want to know my secret? I call it the AB UP™ because it's going to make your ABS go UP (in quality). Just start like a normal sit up – but when your chin touches your knees, punch yourself right in the neck to get back down. It'll get your adrenaline pumping and also your heart pumping because you've just collapsed your windpipe! Extreme! Can't get bored when

you're getting punched!

PUNCHY PUNCH OUT

Dear Davey,
My boss signed me up for our work team in the City 2 Surf, but I'm not really much of a runner. How can I get in shape in a week?

-Simone, Parramatta

SIMONE! YOU'RE AWE-SOME,

I've got 1,000 words for you, but only 3 of them matter: KNOW YOUR ENEMY. Your enemy here is probably your boss, or the city, or even this shady surf character. PUNCH your way to SUCCESS with your FISTS. Tomorrow, I want you to go right into your place of work and beat your boss to death with your bare fists. Then if anyone asks, tell 'em OL BOXCAR PUNCHY sentcha! I'm still a champ I am!

-Boxcar



What's full of words but cannot speak? Whats black and white and read all over and is a dictionary? Whats broke Maisy's bookshelf this afternoon when she tried to put it in it? Why - it's the Complete Works of the Oxford English Dictionary - The OED (pronounced Oh-ed). But what is the ODE? Well, it is the bible for all lovers of words - but instead of being a bible it is an dictionary, and what a bible it is!

Ever wanted to know the meaning of (Spoiler Alert!) persiflage, inane or guatemala? Lets just take a word at random. Defenestrate. What on earth could that mean? Wait, I'll read the definition... ..aha! Defenestrate's definition is defined as

a word that means to throw out of a window, which comes from the word fenestrate, meaning 'to stay in a room with intention to not be thrown out of the window'. These words and their one million friends (also words) are found hidden between the pages and also on the pages of this twenty volume doorstep.

And while it's true that it can be a doorstep, that still leaves Maisy nineteen volumes of words which explain the meaning of words using words, which are also helpfully defined.

Hold your phone, Maisy - you might say. Did you just say one million words? And keep holding your phone, there's not even one million of those, are you

sure you're not thinking of ants? No! I reply to you, although you will find ants in the dictionary - if you leave your muffin crumbs all over the pages!

The dictionary was invented by Samuel Johnson (pictured above), who as legend has it, began writing a shopping list one day and never stopped, according to legend. I'd like to see him buy all these things at Aldi!

As previously mentioned above, The OBE contains over million words and weighs 130 kilograms. This hypthosises that the word elephant weighs only 0.13 grams, but the word 'African Mosquito' weighs 0.26! Welcome to the topsy-turvy world of Samwise Johnson. Furthermore, there are so many words in the OCD that you were to write them all on a single piece of paper you couldn't, and if you were to put them together in a book it would weight 130 kilograms and cost \$2999.99.

But it's a small price to pay for a word-lover to get more words to write and say. So the time is now to leave you now so I'll perambulate to the kitchen, to emphatically accumulate myself a buttercake. What does that mean?! Well, just check the OMG to find out!

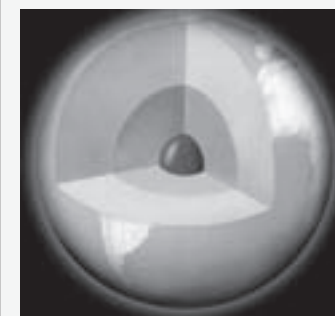
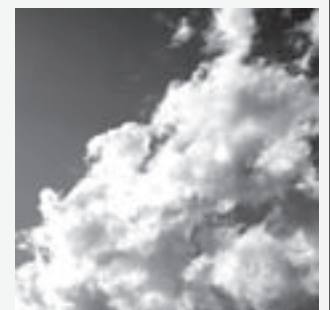


HOT PROPERTY!



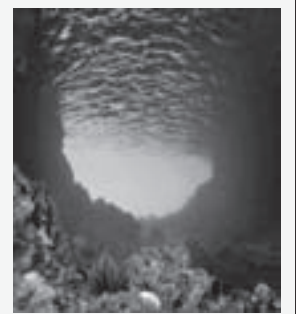
Brought to you by
Crookshanks & Crookshanks & Crookshanks

Feel like you've got no space to breathe? Keen bird watcher? Realise your dreams with this massive and largely untouched acreage. Prices may fall., but you'll be on cloud 9. You, also, may plummet to your death.



Time to get down to earth with this rock-solid investment! Perfect for those cosy nights when the weather is raging outside/up above. Prices at rock bottom. You may be scorched alive by flocs of molten rock.

There are ocean views, and then there are OCEAN VIEWS! This has the latter. Ride the housing bubble and rest easily in your water-bed at night with an automatic application of nature's moisturiser, water! Almost certainly requires gills.



Never know what to bring out when those unexpected guests arrive? Want something soft but sick of pillows? Just plain feel like eating cake?

Have You Considered...

CAKE?!

Wrap your laughing gear around some of these mouth-pillows:

- Raspberry Sponge!
- Norwegian Red!
- Mexican Rainbow Cake of Paradise!
- Franz Josef Gateau!
- Fanged Jumping Cake (*DANGER!)
- CILF!

Help!



A surprised guest



Lifestyle

CLASSIFIEDS

LOOKING for Freedom! Last seen at #5 in VH1's Power Ballads. Contact D. Has-selhoff at Bathroom Floor, Hollywood.

A full stop, period, interval, or some other way to end this sentence

KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME KA ME HA ME (Goku's advertisement continues over the next four editions)

FOR SALE

ALL MY pegs. Don't need 'em anymore, I'm buying a dryer from the guy below. Cop that, the sun!

CLOTHES DRYER. In excellent working condition, but also doesn't work. Sorry.

A MOSQUITO, desirable alternative to a bee. Higher chance of sting but less pain – you do the math.

SOME OF my heroin. Not all of it though, can't get enough of the stuff. Actually, forget it, find your own heroin, ya junkie!

SORTING HAT – sorry, that should read 'a sort of hat', it's a fez. A magical fez which sorts children into Hogwarts Houses. Made up so free.

CELINE Dion and Shania Twain CDs. I've finally accepted that she's not coming back.

BASILICA incense no longer needed. Demon removed itself from basement.

WANTED

ALL MY pegs back. Just read the second sentence of that ad. Buyers beware! I, like Icarus, have had an

altercation with the sun with undesirable consequences for me.

ANSWER: if 2/3 of voters prefer A to B, and 2/3 prefer B to C, must at least 2/3 prefer A to C?

CORPSE flowers for sister's wedding. Must be about to bloom.

TRUST of the Australian public. Resigned apathy also welcome. Call The Labor Party.

COURSES AND PRIVATE TUITION

CLASSES in correct placement of desert dessert forks when serving sorbet. Don't be caught out again with this mortifying gaff. Send requests via post to Chesterton Fancyspoons. 1 Featherbrook Lane, Haughtytown (Riverwood). 1300 pounds sterling.

DOES the rain in Spain fall mainly on the plain? Courses with Miranda Spiffy, Duchess of elocution.

YOGHURT CLASSES. Yeah not yoga, yoghurt. Delicious, flexible yoghurt. Call Tina for yoga classes.

PERSONALS

YOU are a Western suburbs redneck with 'concerns' about immigration. I'm a boatperson with a shotgun. Together, we live out West Side Story.

SOMEONE to spin me right round, baby right round, like a record, baby, right round, right round. I am, in fact, a record. And not Meatspin.

DEATHS

GOOD manners (1789-2010), no need to send flowers/condescendences. Easier just to have a laugh about it behind family's back.

COLUMN∞

Cynthia Litmus, of Cammeray saw a quince yesterday. What a coquincidence! Gulp.

Elizabeth Asquith, of Asquith, believes she might related to the Asquith of Asquith. Well done, Elizabeth.

Reginald Perrin, of Drumoyne thinks he might be related to the Reginald Perrin of the "Reginald Perrin" book. I see a theme developing.

Steve Ipac from Collaroy can't find where he left his boomerang- maybe it will come back to you Steve!

Maria Pekyvich from Wahroonga has just finished her daughter's major work for the HSC- Congratulations!

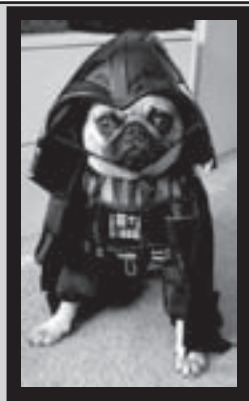
Foster Isthmus, of Castle Hill, weighs into the moss v lichen debate. "I know which one I'm lichen!"

Send your submissions to [Column∞: ohgodicouldhavebeenanancer@garter.com](mailto:ohgodicouldhavebeenanancer@garter.com)

And the top 9 names for children in 2010 are:

Carmen Culina, Naomi Hart, Henry Hawthorne, Michael Hing, Ben Jenkins, Anusha Rutnam, Mark Sutton, Joe Smith-Davies, Diana Tjoeng

Pet of The Week: 'Luke'



Name: Luke.

Breed: Pug.

Cutest habit: insisting repeatedly that he is the Dark Underlord.

Favourite Toy: Tennis ball

dipped in black paint suspended from the ceiling.

Nastiest habit: Deliberately increasing the noise of his breathing.

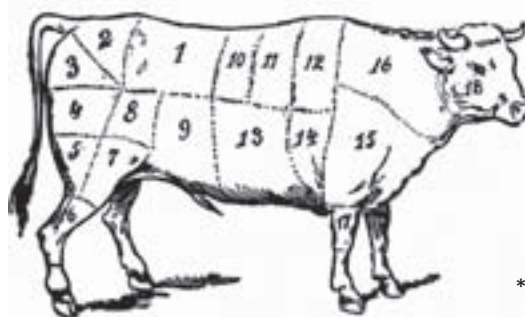
Most concerning habit: Decreasing socialisation with other dogs in the park, increasing attempts to elevate them from a distance.

Most embarrassing moment: This column.

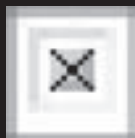
The Easel

Follow this Peasy paint-by-numbers code to paint like one of the Masters, impress your friends whilst producing have an attractive wall-hanging:

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 1. Brown | 10. Muddy brown |
| 2. Cow brown | 11. Muddyish brown |
| 3. Brownish | 12. Muddyish brownish |
| 4. Brownesque | 13. As above, but add some brown |
| 5. Caramel (brownish-caramel) | 14. Just plain brown |
| 6. Cow-brownish-caramel | 15. Cow-in-mud brown |
| 7. Colours 1-6 mixed together | 16. This particular cow in mud brown |
| 8. Leafy brown | 17. Chestnut (or closest brown thereof) |
| 9. Dirty brown | 18. White* |



*brown



Dolores

Remember to save the image as a TIFF file this week, okay? Otherwise you're just wasting the space!!!



Students' Representative Council
Presents 'Honi Soit Opinion Competition 2010'

Honi Soit 2010

**OPINION
COMPETITION**

WITH ANNABEL CRABB

Political Journalist, Commentator, Star of ABC TV



THEME

CENSORSHIP

"How open should society be?"

**HONI SOIT & ANNABEL CRABB
WANT TO KNOW YOUR OPINION**

Are you a budding writer, pundit, commentator or looking for a good reason to have a bit of a rant about something?

If you are super-passionate and enrolled at Sydney as an undergraduate in any discipline, then HONI SOIT wants to hear from you!

WHAT YOU NEED TO DO

- Write an opinion piece on the theme of 'Censorship'
- Make sure it's 800-1000 words and your own original work
- Submit it by 5pm (EST) Friday 17 September 2010 to opinion@src.usyd.edu.au (Entries open 5pm 6 August 2010)
- Include your full name, year, degree, faculty, student ID number, email and phone contact details.

...and you'll be in the running for a **\$1000 PRIZE**, generously donated by one of the University's most supportive alumni!

So, what could you write about? The door is open to ideas around the topic of 'censorship'. Think:

Internet censorship...

Privacy laws...

Confidentiality...

Pornography...

Film and classification...

Wikileaks...

Literature...

Hip-hop and rap...

Bill Henson and art...

...and there must be many more!

WWW.SRC.USYD.EDU.AU

All entries will be judged on their style, content, substance and writing skills by our fabulous 2010 Honi Soit editors. The final short list of 12 will be read and a final winner (and two runners-up) will be chosen by Australia's favourite opinionista – Annabel Crabb, political journalist, commentator, star of ABC TV and author of 'Rise Of The Ruddbot' (Black Inc. Publishing). Finalists will be featured in Honi Soit or other SRC Publications.