

Honi Soit

SEMESTER 2 WEEK 4
18 AUGUST 2010



ELECTION EDITION

NEXT
WEEK'S GUEST JOURNALIST:
MARK LATHAM

THIS WEEK'S:

The Juliette Binoche Award for Best Jean Valjean Characterisation: David Mack

Most divisive soundtrack: *Lost in Translation*

Least surprising Google search term to return images of blowjobs: 'vintage gays'

Most outstanding gangs: The Sharks, the Jets and the Coconuts

Most appropriate AND most inappropriate cake descriptor: 'moist'

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MEXICAN RAINBOW CAKE!

THE HYPOTHETICAL: Would you rather

Be able to change traffic lights at will
OR
Be able to cup your hands, then open them to reveal a ball of ice cream?

FAQs
Will the ice cream make my hands sticky?
Probs, if you don't eat it fast enough.

Can I choose the flavour of the ice cream?
No, the flavour depends entirely on your mood. Feeling apathetic? Vanilla. Feeling bitter? Lemon sorbet. Feeling constipated? Rocky road.

How many traffic accidents will I cause?
Accidents in unimaginable numbers, I presume.

Can I end the scourge of world hunger with the ice cream?
Yes, but you will be responsible for the scourge of world diabetes.



The Post

Union election promises, Tom Lee done three ways, privilege and USyd and the *Honi* Op-Ed competition!



The Uni-Cycle

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Joe Payten reports on the USyd student who had a High Court victory.

Naomi Hart looks at the success of the Mandarin-speaking debaters.

David Mack meets a USyd student running for Parliament, and digs up an old Tony Abbott report.



The Usual Suspects

Joe Payten, Naomi Hart and David Mack heard a rumour, then reported it. Miriam Jones is livin' la vida loca with USyd's Spanish Society.

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Paul Ellis rolls up to a Board Game Cafe.



The Usual Suspects

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ELECTION SPECIAL!

Henry Hawthorne looks at the fringes of the political spectrum.

Monica Connors thinks boat people are people after all.

Carmen Culina knows USyd students like them some Tony Jones.

Joe Smith-Davies doesn't want a beer with a politician.



The Mains

Rob Chiarella asks whether election primaries are here to stay.

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Larissa Rembisz hates fugly politicians.

Joe Payten wants you struck off the electoral roll.



SRC



Bletchley Park

The Garter Press 21-23

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Union Board broken promises

Dear *Honi*,

I have to express how disappointed I am that only one Union Board Director, Viv Moxam-Hall, is declared to be voting in favour of the Fair Trade Referendum.

From what I recall, many candidates ran on a Fair Trade policy and the student body were given pamphlets outlining which candidates would vote in favour of the referendum. Current Board Directors Alistair Stephenson, Ben Tang, James Flynn and Sibella Matthews all officially stated "if elected, [they] would vote in favour of the referendum in its current form". Unfortunately, once the polls have closed, none of the above candidates have fulfilled their promise thus far.

I understand this is not the first of election promises to be broken. No one really expected free Wi-Fi or a fictional library, however the Fair Trade referendum is a vital ethical decision the University must make.

I urge everyone to attend upcoming Fair Trade events and lobby the Board Directors to commit to their policy promises.

Stan Haberfield
Arts, 3rd Year

Poor taste Tom

Dear *Honi*,

Carmen's article in last week's edition ("Where Is My Mind", 11/8/10) on depression and anxiety amongst uni students was nuanced and informative. It was with a great deal of disappointment then that I turned the page to find Tom Lee's purportedly amusing piece on baby picture display pictures ("All Up In My Grill", 11/8/10). Tom asserts that having such a picture as your display picture is indicative of depression and that all people suffering depression had to do was man up and deal with it. This is offensive and insensitive bile. His remark about how absurd it would have been for Geoff Gallop to turn up to cabinet and bandy around baby pictures as a means to deal with his depression was also odious. Tom's piece not only conveyed that he was a tactless fool, but also that he was a heartless human being. Depression is not something to be trivialised and parodied, Tom.

He then went on to lament that baby display pictures ruined he and his mates'

communal objectification of women. The notion of Tom and his mates standing around and stalking women on facebook is downright disturbing. For someone who aspires of high office – Tom is apparently running for SRC President – such remarks do not bode well. Only a week ago Tom labelled the SRC Sexual Harassment Officer a 'bitch' and then went on to apologise to her on her facebook wall by rationalising this sexist slur because it was prefaced by a reference to Ben Tang as a 'spastic.' Heaven help the SRC if this buffoon is elected President.

Phil Boncardo
Law V

Rickshaws back!

Hey *Honi*,

I thought it would be a good idea to send in a letter to say what I'm doing rather than just have stuff passed down the grapevine to *that's what she said*. To be reported as still 'considering running' sounds weak and uncommitted, which is not a good look, and I like to think I'm an all-in kind of guy.

I'm totally going for it. I'm pumped for it too, I think I've got a solid chance. And here's the pitch: [Tom then proceeded to give us his campaign pitch, which of course we can't publish. Thanks anyway, Tom!]

Cheers,
Tom Lee

Tom's other fan

Dear *Honi*,

I find it quite ironic that, merely one page after the feature article on the prevalence of mental illness in student populations, Tom Lee finds it appropriate to diagnose and insult all people who put baby photos on Facebook with depression ("All Up In My Grill", 11/8/10).

Putting aside the questionable factual basis of such a claim, Lee goes beyond insinuations to directly state that the right thing for depressives to do is to mediate their overwhelming narcissism by removing themselves from public life.

Lee may not be a part of the 20% of people suffering from a mental illness, but he can certainly count himself to be one of the many insensitive and ignorant people who perpetuate such a stigmatisation of mental illness.

Caitlin Gleeson



THE STALKER

Hello, hello – I bet you thought that you were rid of me. I have returned. It hasn't been easy. The last week has seen me pondering the unthinkable: retirement. But then you walked in to my life, and all my problems just disappeared. Just watching you tap, tap, tapping at computer number 8 on level 3 in Fisher library takes my breath away. There could be no finer denouement to a busy week than the sight of you. Your straight, black hair is perfect. Your reading glasses are damn classy. And although your red and black hooded sweatshirt successfully conceals your perfect skin from my ravenous gaze, it does little to obscure your shapely pectorals. My, oh my, oh my, I bet you could bench-press me over and over and over if you wanted to. And over, and over, and over. And over. And over. Oh yeah – push for the burn.

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

EDITORIAL

Connoisseurs of Australian political history may be familiar with the federal electoral district of Eden-Monaro. Nestled in the nether regions of south-eastern New South Wales and one of the country's original 75 divisions, its fame springs from its bellwether character: in all 42 federal elections, Eden-Monaro has elected an MP from the party which ultimately wins.

Other electorates have had worse fortunes. Swan and Cowan, both in Western Australia, have not elected members of the government since 1998; Calare, in rural New South Wales, has bucked the national trend since 1996.

It's this sort of delightful nugget that enriches the democratic experience every few years. On Saturday night, the red and blue bars are what will keep most of our eyes glued to the screen, but it's worth keeping more than the two-party Lower House dance-off on the mindgrapes – and this week's *Honi* points you in the right direction. We have features scrutinising the contests that candidates fight out before they even get on the national

Privilege not a prerequisite

Dear *Honi Soit*

I was very pleased to read Joseph Callingham's letter (Letters, 4/8/10) to *Honi* about the University's plan to increase the number of students from low socio-economic backgrounds, because his description of his own background proves our point: students from these backgrounds can and do excel at school and benefit from a University of Sydney education.

The real issue is that many other students from low socio-economic backgrounds don't go on to higher education, often because they simply don't think it's within their reach. We know that students from wealthier backgrounds are more than three times more likely to go on to higher education than a student from a low socio-economic background. This isn't because they are smarter; it is because the hurdles for many students from low socio-economic backgrounds are greater.

There is a common misconception that encouraging students from low socio-economic backgrounds will lower standards and impact on the academic rigour of higher education institutions.

The reality is that higher education students from low socio-economic backgrounds generally do as well as other students. This is definitely so at Sydney. There is also plenty of evidence to suggest that a diverse student body adds to the student experience, teaching quality and learning outcomes.

We won't be lowering our academic standards or undermining the sense of achievement for those like Joseph who have got in to study here. What we want to do is to ensure that the brightest and most promising students don't rule out this opportunity, or higher education more generally, because they think that 'people like me don't go to the University of Sydney'.

Scholarships help, of course, but so

ballots, and separating the truth from the bunkum in some electoral fundamentals. Other articles shed light on the policies and important civic functions of minor and fringe parties, chronicle memorable political slogans, educate you in how to be an undecided voter, pick up the megaphone for music policy, and even hatch a plan to engineer a boost in Calippo sales – and that's just for entrée.

As always, we've also got our eyes on campus. A new crop of superstar debaters, Arts Revue, the Rawson Cup and the impending SRC races all fell under our gaze. We also had the opportunity to delve into the archives to dig up a report written by Tony Abbott during his tenure as SRC President, and in order to pay homage to a former USyd Vice Chancellor, Sir Bruce Williams, who passed away recently.

You should also know that some freaking delicious cake was harmed in the making of this edition. See left.

Naomi Hart

does knowing that you won't be alone, that there will be others with similar backgrounds and interests and that your experience and view of the world will be valued.

Through Compass and other programs at the University I want to ensure that all students, not just the wealthy ones, have the ability to make truly informed choices about their educational futures. And at the same time I think the University community will benefit from having a wider representation of our community (albeit a smart and engaged one) represented here.

Cheers,
Annette Cairnduff
Director Social Inclusion
DVC Education Portfolio

Love mail? Hate mail? Like mail?

SEND IT ALL TO

honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au
NEXT WEEK'S BEST LETTER PRIZE:
One tin of Milo.



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.

Vale: Former VC Bruce Williams

Anusha Rutnam looks at the works of the former Vice-Chancellor.

Sir Bruce Williams, Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University between 1967 and 1981, has died at the age of 91.

Sir Bruce's tenure saw the rise of unprecedented student radicalism and protest. In a 1979 interview in *Honi* he was asked what he thought about the "sanctity of the University from police intrusions". His response was blunt: he said there was "no such freedom under the law".

Though one might expect that such a statement would attract the rancour of a bleeding heart liberal rag like *Honi*, the article in fact begins by praising Sir Bruce's "wry sense of humour".

In the same interview, he rejected claims being made by the then SRC President Tony Abbott regarding falling academic standards.

Sir Bruce was not always held in high regard by students, however. Because of his membership on the Reserve Bank board, in 1969 six USyd students wrote



Sir Bruce depicted in *Honi Soit*, 1979.

an open letter calling for him to resign one of his posts. The letter was published in *Honi* and asserted that Williams would be faced with a great conflict of interest, and would be forced to "toe the Government line".

With USyd's entrance requirements currently a topic of discussion in the White Paper, it is interesting to note that Sir Bruce grappled with similar issues during his time as Vice-Chancellor. Under his watch, entry to USyd became less restricted in terms of social diversity, and he supported the relative freedom offered to students by the changes.

USyd student wins GetUp! High Court Case

Joe Payten talks to Doug Thompson about his High Court victory.

University of Sydney student Douglas Thompson was recently placed in the media spotlight as a key participant in the most interesting thing to happen to date in relation to the upcoming Federal election. Thompson, the former USU Honorary Treasurer, was a plaintiff in the landmark case, brought by the independent political organization GetUp! in the High Court of Australia, that saw the voter registration deadline extended, as the pre-existing limits imposed by the Howard Government were deemed unconstitutional.

GetUp!, a political advocacy organization that describes itself as a "new independent political movement to build a progressive Australia", was the driving force behind the two landmark cases in the High Court and Federal Court. The decision in the High Court saw an extension of the Australian Electoral Commission's registration deadline, allowing thousands of previously unregistered and disenfranchised voters the opportunity to have their say in the upcoming election, one of whom was Thompson. "I was in that position and really believed that only having one day to place yourself on the roll for the first time and three days to update your details was an unnecessarily narrow window," he said.

Thompson's beliefs in democracy and procrastination coincided in this GetUp! campaign and were the inspiration for him to become involved. "I had friends working at GetUp! that were looking for people that had failed to update their enrolment details in time," he said. "Whilst I don't agree with everything GetUp! does or how they go about it, I was more than happy to be involved with something that could increase the number of young Australians voting."

Despite the symbolic importance of being the second plaintiff, Thompson feels his role was relatively minimal. "I had to sign an affidavit that detailed my attempts to enrol leading up to the closing of the electoral roll, and that was submitted as evidence," he said. "Apart from that, I attended the first day of proceedings down in Canberra."

Being a part of a landmark Constitutional law case was, "a truly amazing experience" for Thompson. "To have all seven Justices of the High Court sitting in front of you, at times talking about you, was really something quite special, even if Justice Kiefel did insinuate that I was lazy."

Indeed, Thompson's victory is an important one for all Australians, particularly those who couldn't be bothered enrolling to vote on time.

USU's Mandarin Debaters Take Silver in Taiwan

Naomi Hart reports on the success of the Union's first ever Mandarin-speaking debating team.

It's hard to come to Sydney Uni without being bombarded with news about debating, but here's something novel: the Union has recently sponsored its first ever Mandarin-speaking debating team. Zhenyu Feng, Ling Wang, Liangliang Xie, Pengju Han and Hong Yu Xin recently battled it out at the International Outstanding Youth Cup Mandarin Speaking Oregon Debates Competition, hosted in Taiwan.

The crew, comprising all native Mandarin speakers but novice debaters, upset the defending champions, National Chengchi University, and last year's runners-up, the Chinese University of

Hong Kong. They steamrolled their way through to the Grand Final where they were defeated by the National University of Singapore.

At the biggest international debating tournaments in which the University of Sydney Union competes, such as the World Championships and the Australasian Championships, there are English as a Second Language divisions, but the USU has only ever competed in the main divisions.

The outstanding performance in Taiwan, however, has prompted the USU Debates Committee to consider

how it could better develop ESL debaters at this university. Elle Jones, the current Director of Debates, has told the Committee that the Union is extremely proud of the team and hopes to capitalise on its success. In December each year, the Union hosts the Australian British Parliamentary Debating Championship, the largest annual British Parliamentary tournament in the southern hemisphere. Jones says that the Committee is considering introducing an ESL division for the first time ever.



The Silver Medallists.

Students' Representative Council, The 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:

- (a) The election of the Representatives to the 83rd SRC (31 positions)
- (b) The election of the President of the 83rd SRC
- (c) The election of the Editor(s) of *Honi Soit* for the 83rd SRC
- (d) 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. 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 online at www.src.usyd.edu.au 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



Sydney Uni student running for Parliament with the Liberals

David Mack caught up with young politician, Alex Dore.

Sydney University student Alex Dore will be contesting the Federal Election this Saturday for the seat of Grayndler, in Sydney's Inner West. 19-year-old Dore will be running as the Liberal Party candidate against the current local member, Anthony Albanese, who is himself a USyd alumnus.

Dore said he hadn't sensed any negativity in the electorate as a result of age. "So far I have received a lot of encouragement from people willing to give me a go," he said. "The stereotype that young people are idealistic and inexperienced does arise, but while I may have more to learn, so does this Labor Government."

He admitted he has found it difficult to manage his studies amid campaigning. "Getting the balance between studies, rest, and campaigning right is difficult," he said. "I campaign around lectures and tutorials, and study into the night – I am getting used to around four to five hours sleep per night – although I sleep in on Sunday. It's not easy though."

Dore maintains that the conservatism remains strong among students, despite the stereotypes of universities as a place for radical Marxists. "As for representation, I contest this idea that right-wing students are completely ostracised in the tertiary education community. While most are left-wing, a great deal of people would agree with me, in respecting the right of other people to hold differing opinions," he said.

"At Australian universities, unlike many countries around the world, there is a pervading sense of group-think and political correctness at every turn. But I am passionate about my beliefs, and I am certainly not embarrassed by them," he said.

"I don't live in a bubble and I am no ideologue, I have many friends who vote Greens, Liberal and Labor – we have colourful discussions, and I love the rigour of debate – although not so many of my friends vote Family First," he said.



Dore...certainly more handsome than Albanese.

Dore faces an uphill battle though, as Grayndler is the safest Labor seat in NSW – still, he remains committed.

"I have never been under the impression that running for Grayndler would be an easy task, but I am determined to stand up against this Labor Government and the values that it represents. The politics of envy, entitlement, and selfishness have never appealed to me," he said.

"Australia is prosperous because of the hard work, selflessness, and sacrifice of older generations. I believe that Government should promote these principles, not undermine them," he said.

Dore said he has turned to family and friends for support during the campaign and on election day. "My family are not overly politically active – only my brother and I are members of the Liberal Party – so a little bit of a black sheep," he told *Honi*.

"Though both my parents and twin brother have been very supportive – they encouraged my decision and have helped me on the campaign trail for weeks now."

"To give you an example, today I campaigned at 6am with some local Liberals at a station in the electorate, then at 9am we were at Orange Grove Markets battling the Greens and my Mum joined, before I headed off with my Dad and some Liberals to Ashfield Mall for some campaigning with the weekend shoppers."

He said he believed crime in the area was too high and supported the introduction of CCTV cameras in crime-prone areas.

"I also understand that small business in the area is doing it tough – both of my parents started small businesses, and so I understand how difficult it is to make ends meet in an unstable environment."

Honi Flashback to 1979: Tony Abbott, SRC President

David Mack digs up some old copies of *Honi*.

It's with some pride that we here at *Honi*, and indeed the entire Sydney Uni SRC, have watched this election: the Leader of the Opposition spent a year of his idle youth as SRC President and could very soon be the Prime Minister.

Tony Abbott may have enjoyed the most controversial tenure of any President in the history of the SRC. His election, as a conservative, marked a (temporary) break in a lengthy parade of left-leaning leaders. One of his main objectives during his Presidency was to introduce voluntary student unionism (a feat the Howard government would later achieve) and radically reform the entire organisation. Needless to say, this did not go down well with the rest of the SRC.

So controversial were Abbott's weekly "President's Reports" that the 1979 *Honi* editors would end them with the following postscript: "AS ALWAYS, THIS REPRESENTS THE PERSONAL VIEWS OF THE PRESIDENT AND DOES NOT REFLECT ANY ATTITUDES OF THE SRC, OR THE EDITORS".

The letters section was another fraught area for Abbott, with one June 18, 1979 letter from "A Distraught 1st Year Economics Student" criticising a *Sydney Morning Herald* opinion piece Abbott had authored. "Yes folks," the letter read, "our beloved *fürher* has managed to show not only us but the whole of Sydney what a complete and utter dickhead he is."

At the beginning of this year, we tried to arrange a profile with Mr Abbott, but despite our best efforts it seemed he couldn't make time for us. Perhaps unsurprising given this was what he wrote of *Honi* in his first ever "President's Report": "But what else have we got to show for [the money the SRC spends]? ... We have printed several issues of *Honi Soil*, which last year, as everyone will remember, was a disreputable rag."

Continuing our journalistic disreputability, we proudly bring you this gem of an article written by our former President. Congrats on all your success, Tony!

A Day in The Life of the SRC President

March 27, 1979

I arrive at the SRC to be immediately confronted by a garbage can on its side and papers scattered all along the SRC corridor. However, this does not seem as dirty as one might think, as the walls themselves have been covered in obscenities. A clean floor would seem almost incongruous.

I notice that the front office wall has been decorated with homosexual posters by one of the front office staff who stares sullenly and uncooperatively, especially when I take them down and ask him not



Abbott in *Honi* 1979.

to replace them with others of a partisan politico, socio, sexual bent. He complains to the Hon. Sec./Treasurer, the *Honi* editors and anyone else who will listen.

I walk down the corridor to my 'office'. It is finally time, I decide, to remove the condom which has been pinned on my door. It rather clashes with the lesbian posters that have been plastered there. A notice I had placed on the door reads "Tony (confidentially) you are a fuckwit". It has now been slashed for good measure.

My first phone call is to someone who has been trying to ring me for days. Messages are often strangely mislaid at "our" SRC.

Finding a copy of *Honi*, I check on a feature I had suggested containing photos of SRC graffiti, an article of mine condemning such vandalism, and one defending it as "art". Photos and articles are almost indistinguishable on a blurred grey-spotted background, and the page is dominated by a daubed slogan. It seems the paint brush is at work even on the pages of *Honi*. Perhaps it is just as well – the pro-graffiti article is three times as long as mine. The *Honi* editors apologise profusely, but no, they will not reprint the feature.

Returning to my office I am troubled by the thought of the SRC's utter irrelevance to the daily academic grind of most students. These thoughts are not dissipated while I remain for several hours, not receiving a single call, letter, or visit from any student, except occasional abuse from the "welfare" officers across the corridor.

I console myself with the thought that at least I haven't had to remove candles, placed so as to jut obscenely from the front office wall, or try to stop payment on cheques disappearing from the front office.

WHY DO WE ALL CONTINUE TO TOLERATE PAYING FEES TO THIS ORGANISATION? I HOPE YOU WILL HELP RESOLVE THIS QUESTION BY VOTING IN THE FORTHCOMING REFERENDUM ON THE SUBJECT.

Yours,
TONY ABBOTT
SRC PRESIDENT

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THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

The best hearsay, gossip and rumours on campus.

“TWO BECOME ONE”?

Last week, this column reported that two tickets forming to contest the *Honi* election, one headed by past Union Board President Pat Bateman and the other by second year Arts/Commerce student Paul Ellis, were potentially going to merge.

Whilst Doug Thompson, last week reported to be a part of the ticket, has since pulled out, all other members of Bateman's initial group are part of the merged ticket. Fellow Law students Paul Karp, Andy Thomas and Anna Bennett are confirmed members, as well as Psychology student Nicole Doughty and Law third-year Lewis d'Avigdor, who ran in last year's *Honi* race on the ticket Hatter.

Ellis would bring with him Media/Communications students Callie Henderson and Arghya Gupta.

Whether the merger will proceed is uncertain: both tickets are eager to avoid a campaign, but other tickers may emerge anyway.

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Already some names are being floated for tickets in the *Honi* race. Ellis was considering “iHoni 2.0” for his ticket, whilst Bateman is backing “Herpes” (“Laughter is contagious! So is Herpes”). There are also rumours of the moniker “Meth” making an appearance.

SORRY, ROSS

Last week this column reported that Ross Leedham, who will be running for SRC President in the upcoming elections, is the current WHIGS President.

Ross has since informed us that he is, in fact, not the current WHIGS President, eliminating what was perhaps the only interesting element of his campaign.

Good luck, Ross!

VUVUZELAS BLAST RAWSON CUP, VC

The opening match of the Rawson Cup Football competition, competed in by the Colleges of the University, was controversially held on the Square last week, a change from the usual venue, the more secluded St Paul's Oval.

The spectators did their best to replicate the ambience of the recently concluded World Cup in South Africa by bringing along their vuvuzelas, much to the displeasure of the Vice-Chancellor.

During the matches, the organisers of the match received a call from Dr Michael Spence requesting that the droning cease. When his request was not initially complied with, a second call was made threatening to cancel the match immediately if the festive atmosphere was not brought under control.



Fortunately (although not so much for John's and Paul's who were both defeated), the vuvuzelas were put away and the matches continued. Games will not be held on the Square in future.

USU vs COEN BROTHERS

The organisers of the USU Verge Arts Festival narrowly avoided a legal battle with a Hollywood Studio and Oscar-winning writer/directors over one of the major acts of this year's festival.

Two Gentlemen of Lebowski, a play by Adam Bertocci based on the premise, “what if William Shakespeare wrote *The Big Lebowski*?” was planned by the Festival organisers to be one of the centrepiece acts of the festival.

Last weekend, after casting and rehearsals had already begun, the organisers received an email from Bertocci notifying them that he in fact did not have the ability to give the USU stage rights.

Whilst it was initially written as a parody, the rights to *Two Gentlemen of Lebowski* were later given to the Coen brothers (the writers and directors of *The Big Lebowski*) and Universal Pictures.

The Verge organisers were faced with the daunting possibility of a legal tussle with the Coens and Universal, or the more daunting possibility of having to find a new act less than a month out from the festival.

The crisis was averted, however, after negotiation with Universal's lawyers saw the USU gain the rights, successfully avoiding a storm as big as John Goodman himself.

TO STRIKE OR NOT TO STRIKE

Honi received an email on the weekend from a first-year Philosophy student, Nathan McDonnell, complaining about the number of students in his tutorial.

McDonnell, who says he has the support of all five tutors, says discovering his PHIL1013 tutorial had 30 students prompted him to create a petition, and he's now considering organising a strike.

“We hate tutorials being a waste of time. We hate being too nervous to contribute. We hate the sheer size of huge tutorials excluding the majority of students. We hate our education being commercialised. We want more, and therefore smaller, tutorials,” he wrote.

The strike seems appropriate seeing as Philosophy students already spend so much time debating whether they're really there or not.

Joe Payten, David Mack and Naomi Hart

SOC IT SPANISH SOCIETY TO ME

Miriam Jones quiere conocerte.

Sydney Uni Spanish Society is a broad church. We have members who are uttering their first words of Spanish as they navigate their way through first year uni. We have members who are native speakers. We have members who have Spanish-speaking parents but aren't so crash-hot on the language themselves.

Our dear President is a Portuguese speaker who spanishises her Portuguese when she can't remember the right Spanish words.

Some are practising the language for more renegade purposes: to prepare for the Bolivarian revolution, or to learn from Zapatista communities in the south of Mexico. And let's face it, some just come for the free Union beer.

Four hundred million folk worldwide speak Spanish. About half of the population of the US is projected to be native Spanish speakers by 2050. Apart from the impressive stats, Spanish is just a darn sweet language: the way it rolls off the tongue, the films starring Gael Garcia Bernal, the literature of Latin America, all sorts of music that makes you want to shake your booty in



A random member of the Spanish Society

impossible ways, and most importantly, fantasising your life as a character in Vicky, Cristina, Barcelona.

At our humble society we have Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon conversation sessions at Manning, BBQs, salsa, taco and tequila evenings, weekly film screenings, and we're in the process of starting up a theatre group.

We had a sizeable representative contingent at this year's awkwardly-named “Euronce-Upon-A-Time” party. But we want to grow more!

For more information, email us at usydspansoc@gmail.com, or check us out on Facebook under “Sydney University Spanish Society”.

Nos vemos! Arriba! Arriba!



Anusha Rutnam gets her sleaze on at the southern end of George St.

Full disclosure: I have a history with this patch of Sydney, a history which could potentially prevent me from representing it in a wholly objective manner. In my early teens I developed a persistent cough that proved resistant to Western medicine. My mother hauled me to the office of a ‘doctor’ in one of the elongated, candy-coloured terraces that pepper the strip. Now, the man I was taken to see; I'm not calling him a witch doctor but I'm not not calling him a witch doctor. Out of myriad witchy-drawers in his office, he would pull various herbs and fungi which he assured would cure what ailed me. Into a pot of boiling water they went, and out would come one funky-ass, bad ju ju concoction.

I think I drank the mysterious potion once and spent the next few weeks devising Mr Bean-esque ways of disposing of the stuff on the sly. The cough went away, as these things often do. My fear and loathing of the stretch of road has lived on. I'm like Pavlov's dog but with more dry retching.

Dodgy medical practices aside, there is a lot wrong with this arterial road that threatens to infest Sydney's heart with its festering mankyness. The first hint

that all's not well is the preponderance of weaponry shops. There's something deeply dispiriting about a cardboard shopfront sign advertising discount samurai swords.

Indeed, there is actually less knifey retail than there used to be — you may remember Mick Smith's Gun Shop where, I have it on good authority, one was able to procure guns from a man named Mick Smith. Rumour has it that the guy closed shop to move into the lucrative hotel industry, specialising honeymoon specials. Bless.

Then there's the sex shops, which Miranda Devine took particular issue with in her diatribe on George Street printed earlier this year. Personally I think they are the least of the strip's worries. For one thing I have always found the Pleasure Chest's elegant sapphic logo and mysterious blue light rather captivating. But Devine was dead on the money when it comes to the vomit. There is a lot and it is not nice.

When an architect was brought in to advise Lord Mayor Clover Moore on what improvements could be made to the area he suggested ridding the road of cars to turn it into a vast promenade. I for one oppose this idea as the only thing that could possibly be worse than driving past the strip would be walking along it.

Instead, I suggest we look to that visionary of civic development Emperor Nero of Rome, a man who understood both the cleansing power of fire and that sometimes it's just better to start over.



The Bar Fight:

Joe Smith-Davies enjoys one Big Day Out;
Bridie Connellan says three is much more Splendid.

As a bred Sydney-sider, the Big Day Out clientele is edifyingly Harbour-centric. You don't need to get existential with drippy-hippy Kerouac-abusers or wistfully reminisce about not going to Woodstock with mid-life crisis sufferers. Also, as a keen tattoo enthusiast, it is always nice to keep up with the zeitgeist. This year it seemed the stars of the Southern Cross were only outlined and not filled in. Maybe next year they won't be there at all.

Maybe. Or maybe they've regrouped to swarm and burl in greater numbers, with more enthusiasm for System of a Down and continuous loud searches for their mate Tommo. This is the crucial point of difference. Bogan ratios. Now, I'm certainly not saying Splendour has a lack of or is completely devoid of XXXX Gold-smuggling fans of Muse, only the population of respectably-dressed human beings in the Grass seems to shame these stubbies-toters into a pair of stovepipes or kindly go back to the Gold Coast. Sure, pretentiousness may outweigh good humour at SITG, but at least the masses know they're not going to go home with 'Tits Out For The Boys' stuck in their head.

It's pretty catchy. And although humanity may have split the atom, eliminated countless life-threatening diseases and propelled Snooki from Jersey Shore to international stardom, it is still yet to perfect the tent. Your precious sanctuary from the perpetual sensory assault of a festival is too often proof of shoddy design and manufacture and little else. "Sleep" in these risible canvas knolls usually involves splintered dentures as you chatter your way through hours of darkness waiting for warmth and an all too brief window of pleasant temperate rest before everything overheats. With BDO, these tartan blight of masculinity are mercifully not required.

Alright Princess, it's all about preparation. Seasoned SITG vets know the risks of not taking an extra cardigan or five, and the odds are exhaustion will be enough to block that pre-Spring tent chill. That early morning tent musk is what we real men call a 'natural alarm clock', a fine reminder that rest is time-appropriate. Big Day Out is an understatement, with a large part of your soul sweated out and a large amount of dehydrated sunstroke taken in. The tent is a sacred cubby for recovery, so the mind

may endure another day of blood, sweat and tears of festival joy. Think ahead or enjoy telling tales of your shelter shmozzle.

But it's not just about being there, it's about getting there. Given BDO's proximity to major conurbations and the multitude of transportation options available to get to Sydney's most beloved ex-dump, some truly extraordinary arrivals can be made. I heard a story on the train home in which a group of old school friends crawled through a labyrinth of sewage tunnels for two and a half hours only to pop out of a manhole (to the delight of nearby festival-goers) within five metres of the Sydney Showground. Although they may have been in search of a Mastadon rather than a Mintotaur, ploughed fields have nothing on inadvertent re-creations of classical mythology.

I pity the fool who had to mosh next to your myth-hunting murkers. Like Sting, we hunt for Fields of Gold. The mission to find that splendour in the yonderland is worth every cowpat, every lost hitcher, every search for a radio station blasting Mambo Hour. It may be the warbles of a hessian-toting tipi-dwelling chai-sippin' hippie, but the appeal of glancing upon the likes of a sunset vista across the Queenslandian countryside between sets is moderately more appealing than scooting around sewage only to rediscover the concrete relics of the Sydney Olympics. Much like cousin Falls Festival the effort and cost involved in attending SITG brings a distinct respect to the site, rather than an ability to coat the pavement in Vodka, Red Bull, urine and a sweaty Oz-rock line-up.

Don't even try the line-up card, this year's BDO gave Splendour a run for its (exorbitant) money.

Sure they managed to snare Peaches, admittedly that's fairly commendable. But despite this year's BDO taking a turn for the better, over the last ten years SITG has sported a largely higher calibre of line-up with distinctly world class cats shacking up in the artist camping zone. Even this year, Mumford with Sons in toe called the festival one of the best line-ups on a global scale, with the ability to lure punters an extra thousand k's north of civilisation for an extra coupla hundy. Admittedly, this year saw a few shared sparkles between the two festies, with the Temper Trap, Tame Impala, Miami Horror and Passion Pit lighting fires in both camps, but even The Strokes worked out years ago that BDO is like Just Cuts - the quasi-acceptable mistake you'll never make again.

Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney

SRC Elections 2010 Postal Voting Application Form

POSTAL VOTING

If you wish to vote in the 2010 SRC elections but are unable to vote EITHER on polling days Wednesday 22nd or Thursday 23rd September at any of the advertised locations, OR on pre-polling day (on main campus) Tuesday 21st September, then you may apply for a postal vote.

Fill in this form and send it to:

Electoral Officer
Sydney University Students' Representative Council
PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

*PLEASE NOTE: postal vote applications **MUST BE RECEIVED AND IN OUR PO BOX** by Friday the 24th of August at 4.30pm or they will not be considered. **No exceptions.***

You may use a photocopy of this form.

Name of applicant: _____

Student Card Number: _____

Faculty/Year: _____

Phone Number: () _____

Email: _____

Mobile: _____

I hereby apply for a postal vote for the 2010 SRC elections. I declare that I am unable to attend a polling booth on any of the polling days, OR on any of the pre-polling days, for the following reason:
(please be specific. Vague or facetious reasons will not be accepted. The Electoral Officer must under section 20(a) of the Election Regulation consider that the stated reason justifies the issuing of a postal vote.)

Signature: _____

Please send voting papers to the following address:

State: _____ Postcode: _____

I require a copy of the election edition of Honi Soit: YES / NO

**For more information contact
Paulene Graham, Electoral Officer 02 9660 5222**



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



THE REVUES REVIEWS

ARTS REVUE

In the frosty York Theatre the 2010 Revue season began with the Arts Faculty's *The Wizard of Arts*. The directors – Phillip Roser, Simon Kraegen and Michael Richardson – have created a show, which was surprisingly difficult to digest. Stories were thin and the occasional dance numbers simply padded out the situation. Moreover it failed to harness the energy and humour that is so evident in the Arts Faculty.

The Wizard of Arts did have its moments, such as the Poets Anonymous therapy group and Andrew's Fraser's phenomenal performance of Mika's "Happy Ending". While there were other notable performers most were upstaged by Bridie Connell and Fraser who were undoubtedly the stars of the show. Both are extremely talented performers and I half expected that during the final number an offstage mignon would present them with large bouquets while declaring, "I'm such a huge fan".

What was most disappointing about the show was the total lack of reference to the Arts Faculty. There was no mention

of subjects, professors or lecture halls and literary references were rare and half-hearted.

The funniest part of the revue was the video piece introducing the production's directors and cast. It showed the personalities of those involved and unlike the rest of the show, it was focused and sharply edited. The background of the quadrangle also served as reminder that this was a university revue and not just some random collection of sketches.

Laurence Rosier Staines and Otto Wicks-Green were the two clearly talented guitarists who provided the musical accompaniment and played intermittently during the show. While their talent was clear, it was even more clear that they just didn't want to be there as they slumped in their chairs for the entire show. Performing on a platform off the stage, it seemed to have escaped their mind that they were on view at all times. In the end, however, the guitarist's slouched postures give everything away; *The Wizard of Arts* was not a revue to sit up straight for.

Monica Connors

Arts revue has made a return to the main stage of the York Theatre and has done so with a bang. A decidedly short one at that ... More of a pop, really. This was one of the shorter revues, but as we've come to expect from Arts students their acting and stage presence was impeccable.

Some of the more notable sketches included the 15-second man, full contact book reviewing, Gen's secret stalker ego and Dr Dolly. The best parts, though, came in fours: *Twilight* in four minutes, 4D Glasses and the four poets: Soliloquy, Rhyme, Haiku and (my favourite) Acrostic.

Gilbert, the dotty old Wizard of Arts, was probably the high point of the show. Well, that and a somewhat crazy tribute to Charlton Heston. I can safely say that I have never laughed so hard at a dead man.

But it wasn't all amazing. We've come to expect great things from an Arts Revue, not just mediocrity. Most of the sketches were much like sex with me – a hearty climax in the middle, followed with

raucous laughter and then an awkward dragging on until everyone just sort of wandered off.

It's not often one finds slavery the funniest part of a sketch, but Willy Wonka's science defiance pulled it off ... only to be let down by a lacklustre ending. But this was just one of many; soft shelled Croatian, Delta's makeover, *X-Files*, Oscar Wilde's lawyer and more cross dressing than an Engineering Revue.

Unfortunately the Arts Revue decided to pull the same atmosphere that it thrived on last year in the Downstairs Theatre, only to be let down by the less intimate environment.

The duelling guitars proved one of the highlights of the band, but it just didn't feel quite right.

For all its faults, the Arts Revue has made a fantastic opening to the season. Let's see if Law and Women's can keep it up!

Tom Clement

SCREEN SCOTT PILGRIM VS. THE WORLD

Hannah Lee embraces her inner comic book nerd.

Genuine nerds everywhere! Finally a film that embraces videogame-style action, comic book narration and Michael Cera's awkwardness: *Scott Pilgrim vs. The World*. From hardcore nerds who have actually heard of Bryan Lee O'Malley's original graphic novels to the clueless viewer seeking an entertaining film, *Scott Pilgrim vs. The World* will manage to charm all with its humour and originality as a film that is easy to watch and easy to love.

Scott Pilgrim (Michael Cera) is a 22-year-old bass guitarist in an ambitious garage band seeking a record deal. With a history of collecting ex-girlfriends and suffering

from his last big breakup, Scott has always tried to move forward – focusing on his music and dating a high schooler by the name of Knives Chau (Ellen Wong) to keep him happily distracted. But when Scott falls for the girl of his dreams, Ramona Flowers (Mary Elizabeth Winstead), there is no way that he can move forward without fighting her Seven Evil Exes who crop up at random times to duel with him to the death. And of course, like all awesome arcade games, Scott can collect coins for his victories and come dangerously close to a Game Over.

Famous for his ability to spoof and

masterfully play with genre conventions, as seen in *Shaun of the Dead* and *Hot Fuzz*, director Edgar Wright does a brilliant job at amalgamating the colours, sounds and hyperstylised nature of video games into a story that reads like a fun and addictive graphic novel, but feels real and compelling enough to enjoy to the last minute. Michael Cera is perfect for the role of Scott Pilgrim as his innocence and self-obsessed tendencies become likeable traits that move beyond replicas of his roles in past films, and other performances alongside Cera complement the film's distinctive sense



Michael Cera ... the King of Awkward.

of humour and fun. Despite the fact that dealing with exes and griping about them seems like a rather juvenile subject matter, the playful and imaginative way in which this universal dilemma is dealt with makes *Scott Pilgrim vs. The World* stand several cuts above other flicks that handle the same idea.

STAGE SUDS PRESENTS SINGING MY SISTER DOWN

Emily Eskell takes a musical trip to the Cellar Theatre for this very black piece of theatre.

Eleni Schumacher and Stephen Sharpe's collaborative directorial debut, *Singing My Sister Down*, takes its audience through the enduring physical and emotional expression of love, loss and grief. Adapted from Margo Lanagan's short story "Black Juice", the collaborative effort of the entire cast in the creation of this project is testament to the strength of the ensemble, both musically and dramatically.

But this is one messed up kid's story. Seriously: a girl kills her young groom and her family must then sing to her whilst she slowly drowns in a pit of tar... I've never been one for black humour, but really, what was Flanagan thinking?

In saying that however, the whole experience was pretty great – how

contemporary theatre should really be. The audience was met on the grass outside the Cellar Theatre by a parade of the singing cast, throwing rose petals and beating drums. We were then summoned into the theatre to sit on picnic rugs and cushions after Ik (Jorja Brain) brutally killed her husband (Will Haines) with an axe (sponge soaked in red ink).

The set and music was the glue that tied this short-but-sweet play together, Niall Edwards-Fitzsimons' stoic Chief accompanied many of the scenes with his banjo, along with Dom Mercer on cello and bongo. Admittedly, it was hugely refreshing to have a theatre experience where all the sounds are organically created. There's something about music that connects with you in a very different way to something that is purely

spoken word. The string-laden set was entrancing, as the audience attentively watched actors step over and under (and occasionally on) it, making their way around the great use of space the Cellar Theatre offers. Special mention also for unsurprisingly strong performances from SUDS veterans Harriett Gillies, Harriett Gordon-Anderson and Nick Starte.

All-in-all, *Singing My Sister Down* was a well polished, original and creative collaboration SUDS should be very proud of, so go see it! There are only four more shows!

Singing My Sister Down:
Wednesday 18th- Saturday 21st
August, Cellar Theatre.



STAGE GWEN IN PURGATORY

Henry Hawthorne spends an eternity at Belvoir St theatre.

Gwen's purgatory is a room of pink linoleum, plastic kitchen tiles and pristine white gyprock walls. Within her sterile and suburban environment, however, lies a tangle of family dynamics, vividly depicted by Company B and La Boite in a co-production that strips this family drama of any trace of sentimentality.

The play tracks an afternoon in the life of 90-year-old Gwen (Melissa Jaffer) as she struggles with her relocation from the family home to a prefabricated house in Queanbeyan, on the outskirts of Canberra. More difficult than the adjustment of location is the family's adjustment to Gwen inevitably shuffling towards the outskirts of her own existence. Dynamic performances by the cast imbue all of the action with a sense of urgency, as Gwen's son (Grand Dodwell), daughter (Sue Ingleton) and grandson (Nathaniel Dean) all make final grasps for the ageing woman's possessions, attention, love, validation and memories.

The play thrives on presenting uncomfortable, yet typical, situations that arise with the ageing and decreasing independence of a family member, such as finding a younger relative to act as Gwen's full-time carer. Just like the misbehaving air-conditioning of Gwen's new house, director Neil Armfield manages to oscillate the scenes between excessively hot or cold: grandsons are

eyegouging their uncles one minute, only to connive in selling Gwen's vintage car the next.

Certain sequences come dangerously close to making the audience feel like they are in their own purgatory – sequences of repetitive punishment before the final curtain – such as the opening ten-minute sequence as Gwen attempts seven times to rise from her chair and answer the telephone. This didn't seem to bother the audience, however, whose average retiree age seemed to give them a lighter perspective on these otherwise dire portrayals of ageing.

Despite the geriatric themes of the play, packed with tongue-in-cheek references to antiquated technologies such as 'teledexes' and 'cheesebells', it was disappointing to see a lack of students in the audience. An exasperated Father Ezekiel (Pacharo Mzembe) at one point wonders 'where are all the young people in my parish?!', potentially playwright Tommy Murphy's call-out for younger blood in the stalls. With absurdly reduced prices for students at all Belvoir plays, there's no excuse for missing out.

Playing at Belvoir St Theatre until 19 September 2010. *Student Rush: \$25 for Tuesday 6.30pm/Saturday 2pm, available from 10am on the day

SOUNDS ARCADE FIRE THE SUBURBS

Jess Stirling is burning it.

Fear, excitement, anticipation. For me, purchasing Arcade Fire's newly-released follow up to the 2007 masterpiece *Neon Bible* brought with it a deluge of conflicting emotions, flowing through my mind with the level of hesitant uncertainty I usually reserve for female comedians, or exercise. Thankfully, such ambivalence was quickly put to rest when the first cruisy tones of the Canadian super group's leading single "The Suburbs" moseyed on out of the speakers. Sigh. This album has all the Arcady-Fireryness (an awkward word, but just go with it) that fans of *Neon Bible* will be anxious to see revisited, while newcomers will almost undoubtedly fall straight under the spell of this truly remarkable group.

While "The Suburbs" offers a solidly catchy first single, the real meat (apologies for the tastelessly visceral metaphor) of the album lies in tracks such as "Month of May", "Rococo", "City With No Children" and "Half Light II", where front man Win Butler really stretches his trademark vocals while the band delivers the epic, layered sound by which they have come to be defined. The claustrophobic subject matter of suburban life is present within the lyrics of every song, carefully balanced by spacious, uplifting melodies so that one is thankfully not left with a *Revolutionary Road*-type sense of suburban entrapment



It looks like cats are driving that car.

and stagnation. Instead the listener is merely taken by the hand and gifted with a childlike sense of awe and wonder, and invited to look out onto the ordered world of a sedate rural street, with a sense that there is definitely something infinitely larger and more profound out there.

This is truly a 'concept' album, a feature I find more often than not leads a band into the blurry, uncharted and socially awkward world of 'wankerdom'. Admirably, these kids manage to pull off. When presented with the lyrical and melodic cohesion of this gem of a record, I find myself at a loss to criticize the overall goal the seven-piece have obviously set out to achieve. *The Suburbs* will take you to the highest of highs to the mellowest of mellows and back again. While I can't guarantee actual euphoria, wherever you do end up on the emotional spectrum, I can promise that you're going to freaking love the ride that this fantastic collection of songs will take you on.

The Suburbs is in stores now.

OM NOM NOM MISS CHU

Jacinta Mulders rolls up some Vietnamese goodies at this Darlinghurst eatery.

Miss Chu, the proprietress of Vietnamese hole-in-wall eatery, proudly dubs herself 'Queen of Rice Paper Rolls.' Branded on any other eatery, this statement may warrant an exasperated dismissal, but after tasting a sample of her roast duck and banana flower rice paper rolls, you'll realise that her sentiment is undoubtedly well-founded.

This one window eatery is inconspicuously housed in Darlinghurst, just out of the blaring headlights of 'The Cross' Coke Sign. Despite its slightly inconvenient locale, Miss Chu exudes its own offbeat charm: a mélange of rickety tables and chairs are clustered in groups along the footpath, while the front window is framed with strings of paper lanterns. Originally operating solely as a catering business, Miss Chu's business blossomed when she opened her window for regular meal times; a decision made largely in response to the number of people already clamouring at her window for a sample of her Peking duck pancakes and king prawn spring rolls.

Served immaculately in crisp white paper and cardboard, Miss Chu specializes in food that's fresh, clean, and perfectly balanced in flavour. It's difficult to mention a stand-out because everything just tastes so good, whether it be the wagyu beef pho, tiger prawn and green mango rice paper rolls or the shanghai pork buns.



Rice Paper Rolls ... Translucent Heaven

The spring rolls are thin, crisp and light, quickly dispelling any expectations of thick, yellow and oily parcels, and come in flavors including roast duck and shitake and traditional pork Hanoi. The selection of drinks and desserts complement meals perfectly, and include offerings of young coconut juice, mint and banana lassis, and taro sticky rice. To top it all off, nothing on the menu costs more than \$15. Cheap, clean and absolutely delicious, Miss Chu is an absolute must.

Note: The Queen of Rice Paper Rolls is to be treated with respect. To earn her good graces, this reviewer suggests ordering quickly, keeping smoking to a minimum and cleaning up after yourself.

Miss Chu is located at 1/150 Bourke St, Darlinghurst

OM NOM NOM NORITA BOARD GAME CAFE

Paul Ellis rolls the dice at this Board Game café.

Hidden away up a dusty stairwell in what is known to pretentious people as the "Spanish Quarter" of the CBD lays the quaint and charming Norita Board Game Cafe. Specifically, Norita is found on Liverpool Street, just off George, a little way down from Town Hall.

The Korean venue is an interesting hybrid of cafe and games parlour. Patrons can rent a vast array of popular board games that cost between one for games like Jenga and four dollars for bigger games like Monopoly and Risk per person. The cafe also features several large plasma televisions upon which you can expect to see being played anything from Hollywood rom-com to curious animations usually based around the staple of male Japanese nerd fantasy featuring militarised or supernaturally-powerful high-school girls. The latest K/J-Pop provides the soundtrack to this kooky venue.

Open late (midnight most nights), Norita also offers affordable Asian dishes as well as an elaborate ice-cream menu.

The board games are the main appeal of this hidden gem though, and the smiley staff seem more than happy for you to sit and play without ordering anything at all.

The selection of games on offer is strong. All the classics are present, plus some



Insert UTS joke here.

more elaborate titles like Diplomacy and Carcassonne for board game enthusiasts. These connoisseurs of dice and board also have something like six different versions of Monopoly.

Norita is a great place to kill time in the city playing cards or nostalgia-inducing Disney versions of games like Guess Who, getting together a group of friends from far apart for a night of strategy and betrayal playing Risk or taking an alt/hipster type on a date. Overly competitive personalities are warned on doing the latter: making a fool of someone for their simplistic understanding of structure whilst playing Jenga can derail the most promising of romances.

Norita Café is located at 2/77 Liverpool St, Sydney.



HON'S SOUNDTRACK TO... RUNNING THE CITY2SURF

Warming up outside Cook & Phillip Park: Jet – “Cold Hard Bitch”. Nic Cester would make a great coach – whether it be for running, rugby league, whatever. His passionate vocals (read: screaming) definitely ensured I had woken up as I anxiously warmed up my inexperienced running legs.

The race begins: David Guetta ft. Kid Cudi – “Memories”. At the risk of sounding über-cheesy, the feel-good community spirit, the glorious sunshine and the sheer mass of positive people really won me over as I started the race. Guetta & Cudi promptly piped up to deliver the fatal blows to my walls of cynicism with their sentimental dance floor anthem.

First stretch: The Roots – “Don’t Say Nuthin’”. This was the part of the race where I looked the most convincing. Aided by a decent reserve of anaerobic energy, empowering black music and the blessings of the dancing Hare Krishnas at William Street, I felt a sense of elation as I surged majestically past people who, to be honest, really weren’t trying.

Up Heartbreak Hill: Bloc Party – “Two More Years (MSTRKRFT remix)”. As I began the ascent up That Hill (whose name at this stage sounded more ominous than romantic), I thought

the upbeat guitar riff and solid beats of this remix would help me along, until I got to the chorus. The original song’s chorus goes, “This pain won’t last forever...” but thanks to MSTRKRFT’s kraffy cutting the remix ends up sounding like, “This pain will last for two more years”. Motivation fail.

The beach in sight: Journey – “Don’t Stop Believin’” (no, not the *Glee* version thank you very much). As I zoomed past, I didn’t even bother to slow down and check if the girls had noticed my heroic display of supreme athleticism. I was bounding through the sea of runners and nothing could stop neither me nor the believin’.

...or so he thought: Lady Gaga – “Just Dance”. What I thought was the finish line was actually the bend in the road just before the finish line. So I pathetically semi-jogged the home stretch, my legs on the verge of disintegrating and my lungs mostly dissolved. Lady Gaga’s lyrics aptly captured my feelings, going something like, “I’ve had a little bit too much/ All of the people start to rush ... [something something] I can’t see straight anymore,” until they got to the chorus, at which point I turned the music player off, and collapsed.

Dhruv Nagrath

COLLEGE

Ted Talas fills you in on the score.

The end of first semester heralded the near-completion of one of the most hotly contested Rawson rugby competitions in years. After two games, John’s, Paul’s, Drew’s and Wesley were all tied up on equal points – a situation of parity thankfully unfamiliar to anyone within the intercol community.

After a break filled with team bonding sessions anywhere from the Greek Isles to the Cowra Races, players from all colleges returned fired up to get at least one hand on the fabled Rawson rugby trophy. The action of last semester would see the final two games turn into two grand finals with the winner of each sharing the trophy for 2010.

The first game, between Wesley and Paul’s, was a much-hyped rematch of last year’s final. Played on the John’s oval, which would be more aptly described as a wet patch of dirt, the game presented an opportunity for the two strongest forward packs in the competition to go head-to-head. The

tussle at the breakdown did not fail to disappoint as Wesley took an early and seemingly insurmountable lead. However, Paul’s managed pull back the men in black, eventually pulling off a memorable 36-27 victory.

The other game, between John’s and Drew’s, presented a decisive moment in the race to the Rawson Cup. If John’s were to triumph, defending champions St Paul’s would go close to grabbing a share of the overall lead with Drew’s. However, in another exciting match, the class of the St Andrew’s backline proved too much for John’s who were looking to repeat their giant-killing efforts from last semester. The final score ended up at 27-16.

As it stands at the halfway point of the competition, Drew’s have retained their Rawson lead with a total of 17 points, closely followed by Paul’s on 12. Wesley and John’s both continue to battle in arrears on 3.5 points each.

FACT!

The average person, in their lifetime, consumes five candles worth of wax that has dripped onto birthday cakes.

People who are allergic to peanuts are five times less likely to like elephants.

There are more words in the full Australian anthem than people in Sydney.

Students’ Representative Council, The University of Sydney

Want some work! Polling Booth Attendants Required

The SRC is looking for about 20 people to work on the polling booths for its elections this year.

If you can work on
Wed 22nd Sept and/or Thurs 23rd Sept,
and attend a training at 4pm Tues 22nd Sept,
we want to hear from you!

\$19.99 per hour

There may also be an opportunity to undertake additional work at the vote count
Application forms are available from the SRC Front Office
(Level 1 Wentworth Building).
For more info, call 9660 5222 or email elections@src.usyd.edu.au.
Applications close 5pm, 6th September 2010



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

Wanderlust

Nicole Buskiewicz perfects the art of patience in Egypt.

Sitting stiff-backed for the fifth hour on a decrepit wooden bench, bathing in my own sweat – and soon probably in my own tears – I contemplate whether I mistakenly took the bus to the detention centre, not the border crossing. Burqa-clad women and their families surround me, while their children chase a half-deflated soccer ball, eyeing me at every opportunity. Nearby, a stray cat watches me solemnly from a pile of discarded chip packets; even the bony animal can’t help but stare at the lone dishevelled foreigner.

This over-cramped tin shed-come-sauna is an international ferry passenger terminal from which a boat will allegedly take me from this, Egypt’s own version of Curtin, to Jordan.

I say “allegedly” because despite its grandiose Pharaonic sites, ceaseless natural beauty and laid-back culture, travelling in this country is about as easy as traversing the desert on a segway. A good case in point is the act of crossing the road, an experience not unlike calling a poker bluff. The basic premise involves walking into oncoming traffic and staring defiantly into the eyes of drivers of vehicles that don’t even pretend to be roadworthy. Hesitating is a big no-no: at best you’ll be stranded at the curb for hours, at worst you won’t make it across without some grievous bodily harm. To enhance chances of survival, the



Nicole’s travelling buddy attempting a wet-wipe shower in Nuweiba passenger terminal

Lonely Planet suggests (and I quote) “use locals as human shields”. An ethically objectionable proposition, sure, but it works a treat.

There are 18 million people living in Cairo, and only one post-box. In July, the temperature averages 35 degrees Celsius, while the chances of getting air-con in your bus/dorm are about as likely as Charlie Sheen’s rehabilitation. And food poisoning is not a possibility; it’s as real as the entry stamp in your passport.

So on my last day in Egypt, as I sit on this bench watching a small child relieve himself worryingly close to the 80-litre Kathmandu Sophie loaned me (all good Soph – it’s waterproof), I neither cry nor complain. Instead, I mentally congratulate myself on making it through one of the most challenging but rewarding corners of the world.

Why the Sex Pirate Party is overdue

Henry Hawthorne could be onto something here.

Among the many arguments for and against the existence of small political parties, the most neglected is that they provide a much-needed dash of colour, if not insanity, to the otherwise whitewashed canvas of mainstream Australian politics.

I speak of parties whose names actively refrain from describing any high and abstract ideological objective, and instead isolate a single object, hobby or perhaps weekend interest: the Building Australia Party advocates the right to build a house; the HEMP Party’s sole policy is to Help End Marijuana Prohibition and devise mnemonics for remembering party objectives; the Shooters and Fishers Party champions the rights of <drumroll> fishers and shooters, not necessarily in that order.

These small parties, so singular in their purposes, policies, and probably voting figures, are, regretfully, an endangered species. A population boom for political microbes in the 1999 NSW election meant the ballot paper was the size of a tablecloth. At the same time, small parties began to be used as a loophole to get preference flows to particular candidates, such as NSW MLC David Oldfield and One Nation colleague David Ettridge, who established the No GST and No Nuclear Waste parties to send preferences to One Nation.

The election was both the crowning and demise for small parties: new laws

required that a list of at least 500 non-fictional party members be provided to the Australian Electoral Commission before registration. Casualties have included the Lower Excise on Fuel and Beer Party (no points for policy guessing), the What Women Want Party (many points for policy guessing) and the HEMP Party, whose secretary Graham Askey rightly bemoaned that they were being denied “democratic rights as an association to contest elections”. Other parties were forced to amalgamate, such as the Shooters Party and Fishers Party, whose members realised they were not so different after all.

Which brings me to my sole proposition: that the Sex Party and Pirate Party similarly join in a holy (but secular) union. There are many reasons. The Sex Party, despite being launched at the 2008 Melbourne Sexpo and its title containing the S-word, in fact has many sound and progressive policies of which much of the electorate is left unaware, repelled by the party’s raunchy title. Interestingly, one of their substantial policies is to overturn mandatory ISP filtering. This, in turn, is the *raison d’être* for the Pirate Party, an Australian incarnation of a Swedish group aimed at countering online censorship. The former party, whose message is obscured by its debauched public image, and the latter party, having fallen foul of the AEC’s registration red-tape, would do well to join and conquer. Did I also mention that it would be called the Sex Pirate Party?

STUFF USYD STUDENTS LIKE

There are a few things that make being part of the *Q&A* audience one of the favourite ways a USyd student can spend their Monday night.

USyd students often enjoy feeling part of a small elite of engaged and informed citizens who care about the real issues, and the only thing better than learning is teaching others how it’s done. What the public needs are more insightful and intelligent people like you who aren’t afraid to confront our leaders with the hard-hitting questions – that is if you bothered to respond to the attendance email and your question made the shortlist. Sure there are some audiences you want to be part of more than others, but a dud panel just means more time to swoon over charismatic moderator Tony Jones. Maybe if you stare at him long enough something will rub off – or he’ll give you a job.

Narcissism is also an integral part of the *Q&A* audience experience since the only thing that could make discussions about population more attractive would be your involvement in the debate. Then there’s the chance to deliver an opinion even more biting than the #qanda tweets that dance around the screen of home viewers. Sure, your name might not be as catchy as ‘l84ad8’, but you have pre-rehearsed your question at least nine times (three in front of a mirror) and you straightened your hair- watch out.

#13 BEING IN THE Q&A AUDIENCE



#qanda #clusterfuck

Preparation is essential. After messaging parents and friends for the umpteenth time to ensure they are tuning in, you push your way through the doors to join the chattering bunch of MECO/ Govt students (and some random old people) in the ABC lobby.

From the strategic frowns and nods whilst in the audience to the post-show comparisons of ‘OMG! WAVE- WE CAN SEE YOU!’ text messages received, competition is integral to the audience experience. Most participants will also watch the whole show as soon as it is uploaded the next day to see whether or not they were pictured. If you were lucky enough to get a close up, you can always screenshot and profile pic it later. Classy.

And hey, if you don’t get an invite next week you could always join the twitterati – surely the producers knows a quality tweet when they see one.

You can take that as a comment.

Carmen Culina



STOP SAYING THAT YOU’RE EMBARRASSING YOURSELF:

I WANT A PRIME MINISTER I CAN HAVE A BEER WITH

What you Say:
“Iwannapri-priminishhhturIcanavabeeceerwivvvvvvvv,” or something even less intelligible to that effect.

Why You Say It:
Apart from a considerable amount of glazed-eyed nostalgia for Old Yard-Glass Hawkie, this sentiment forms part of the school of thought that one’s character should be judged on how well they can smash schooies, regurgitate a vintage batch of Nobby’s Nuts and generally shoot the proverbial zephyr. Perhaps it’s also got something to do with advertising. Australia has a hard earned reputation for producing the fair dinkum best beer ads in the world, whilst our political ads use the same three colours, two sound effects and one deep foreboding voice. Australians long for the next “Big Ad”, but all they get are the same old Labor lemons.

Why It’s Wrong:
It seems pretty obvious, but political

candidates should be evaluated on their policies and intellect and not their tips on the 8:10 at Wentworth Park Dogs. A prodigious ability to land features on Where’s The Gold is not tantamount to a sound fiscal policy platform and just because they hold your head back when you chunder doesn’t necessarily mean they’ll increase Medicare benefits. I want our Prime Minister to be a paragon of intelligence, not an “intellectual nobody” as Paul Keating recently described Tony Abbott.

Why You Need To Stop Saying It:
As the hoary old adage goes, be careful what you wish for. You just might get it. In 2008 Messrs Rees and O’Farrell conducted a “politics in the pub” debate on a range of pertinent issue. More cringe-worthy open-mic night than the barrel of laughs our barside commentators hoped for, the fight for governance in NSW was the last Premiership on everyone’s minds. Keep the pollies out of the pub. They’re bad enough in Question Time.

Joe Smith-Davies



Beyond the Boats

Monica Connors joins the asylum debate.

For a country created through immigration, Australia is wholly fearful of asylum seekers. Counting down to this year’s election, asylum seekers have polled as a major concern for many voters and the major and minor parties alike have used fears about this issue in their campaigns. In a speech last month, Labor leader Julia Gillard spoke right to public sentiment when she said that refugees should not get an “inside track to special privileges”, and Liberal leader Tony Abbott has pledged to “stop the boats” as part of his election campaign.

In my view, much of the public’s anger grows from a belief that asylum seekers are stealing Australian jobs, government benefits and land. Rather than considering the fear, grief, loss and that invariably prompts an asylum seeker to make the arduous decision to leave their home and family, the issue is often discussed by Australians as if asylum seekers have a range of attractive options to pick from. It seems our anthem’s lyrics, “For those who’ve come across the seas, we’ve boundless plains to share,” no longer ring true.

Contrary to popular opinion, people who arrive on Australia’s shores without visas or any kind of documentation are legally allowed to do so. As asylum seekers, meaning people who make a claim for refuge in another country, they have legal status in international law. Despite these facts, commentators often claim that the “problem” of asylum seekers has been plaguing Canberra for many years.

The two major parties have similar

policies concerning asylum seekers, with both wanting to set up an offshore processing centre. The Liberal party, if elected, plans to re-open the Howard-era Nauru centre while Labor hopes to open a centre in East Timor. The idea behind these centers is that most asylum seekers would have less incentive to travel to Australia given that they will have to spend time in Nauru or Timor for processing.

Either of these options would continue Australia’s shameful history in our treatment of asylum seekers, which has included razor wire, children in detention, riots, incidents of self-harm, suicide, the Tampa controversy and various human rights violations.

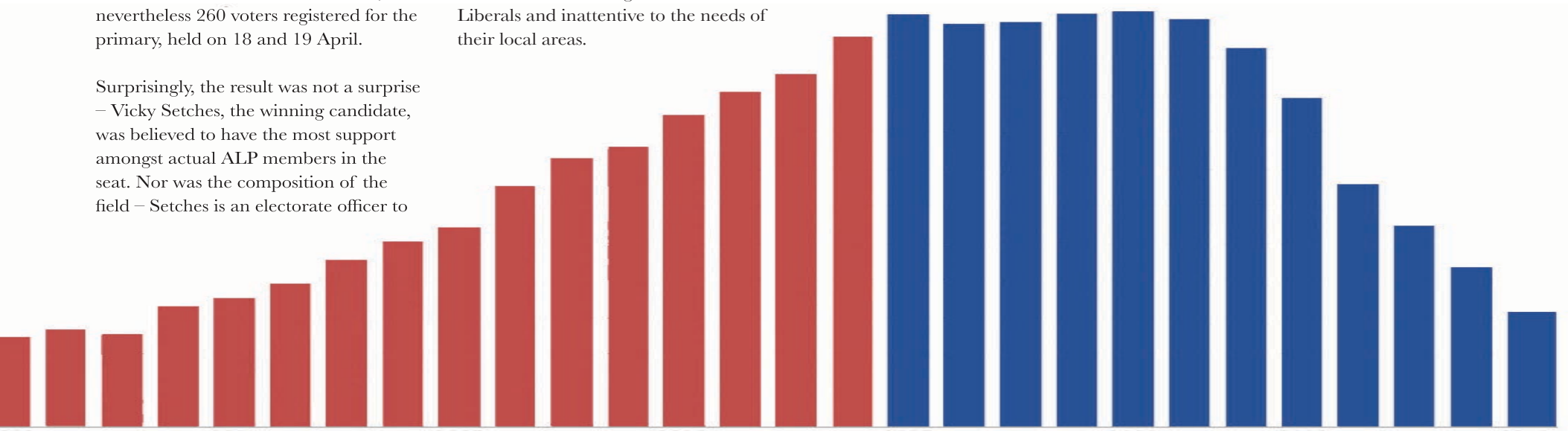
Both Gillard and Abbott are eager to be viewed as the better candidate to “keep our borders secure and our country safe”, but their methods don’t match their mission. Gillard’s statements have been alarmingly unsympathetic: she stated in July, I “understand that there’s nothing humanitarian about people being on boats and potentiality being at risk of losing their lives at sea.”

Under a Coalition government, there would be a “presumption against” people who arrived in Australia to claim asylum with identification papers. Abbott, however, has been unable to say how he will distinguish between genuine asylum seekers who often flee without such papers and those who might have destroyed them intentionally. The Liberal policy also includes turning back boats “when circumstances permit”.

Preselection and Primaries in the Sunburnt Country

Not that the directors of either major are likely to fear a similar outcome. 🗣️

Most observers of both primaries seem to regard them as having been positive experiences. They may well prove beneficial to the parties; participants



Every election has its share of broken promises and bare-faced lies. But, as **Pat Bateman** discovers, in this election it's not the politicians we should be worried about – it's the pundits. Time to debunk the five biggest lies in this election campaign.

Election 2010: The Five Biggest Lies

Otto von Bismarck, Germany's Iron Chancellor, once wrote that "people never lie so much as after a hunt, during a war or before an election." Otto would feel right at home here in Australia because there's been no shortage of untruths, broken promises and weasel words during this election. There's also been no shortage of scrutiny: the media is relentless in its quest to produce politicians with their pants down.

But what about the journos, the commentators and the academics? What about all those casual experts that have clambered down from their lofty heights in the blogosphere to bemoan the state of politics? As turgid as it's been at times, this election reveals that what we often take for Gospel from these pundits is about as tired and unsophisticated as a budgie smuggler joke.

Lie #1: Australian politics is becoming more 'presidential'

We hear the same thing every election: parties are more interested in selling their leader than their policies and so-called 'personality' is the only thing that matters now. It's an argument that has found its way into almost every news report, article and opinion piece covering this election. And it's complete bollocks.

If politics in this country was becoming more presidential, you'd expect to see a clear correlation between the polling on preferred Prime Minister and two-party preferred. But it's just not there. Julia Gillard has consistently maintained a healthy lead over Tony Abbott in the preferred Prime Minister stakes (outside of Queensland) while the ALP remains neck-and-neck with the Coalition on two-party preferred. In fact, it's hard to find any recent election where the preferred Prime Minister was a meaningful indicator of the result. Hewson's personal lead throughout most of the campaign still failed to get the Coalition over the line in 1993, while Keating enjoyed the same Pyrrhic victory in 1996.

Of course, it's true that both parties are bending over backwards to not look like parties. The ALP doesn't even mention the word 'party' on its website – quite a feat given the small problem of its name! But what all the pundits forget is that the very reason the parties want to don the sheep's clothing is the same reason they're so keen to 'out' their opposition. Tony Abbott won't let you forget the "faceless men" behind Gillard because he knows it polls well. And she'll return the favour by running online ads of an "all together freaky Abbott Family". It's

because they poll so badly that the party brands are here to stay.

Lie #2: Organised factions are losing their influence

It seemed like the dawning of a new day when Kevin Rudd, a man without a faction, assumed the leadership of the ALP. When he announced on *The 7.30 Report* that he would be choosing his Cabinet independently of caucus, it seemed too good to be true. A chorus line of ALP insiders told us that a new era had arrived: the factions didn't matter anymore and the party was growing up.

The problem with the factions is their capacity to constantly rearrange their internal structure: today a well-defined ideological unit, tomorrow a loose network based around personality. They will exist as long as there are spoils to be distributed via tightly controlled preselection and delegate-based Conferences. Rudd learned the hard way when factional power-brokers Mark Arbib, Bill Shorten, David Feeney and Don Farrell mobilised the National Right to topple him. The lesson hasn't been lost on voters.

Lie #3: The states are losing their relevance

As recently as April this year, both *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Australian* ran headlines screaming that the end was nigh for the states after a Griffith University study revealed that 4 in 10 voters supported the abolition of state governments. At the time it appeared to confirm what a number of political theorists, constitutional lawyers and media commentators had been saying for decades: Australians don't self-identify by state residency.

And yet the 2010 election has revealed a palpable and consistent divergence in party support among the States. All the polling suggests that the Coalition is maintaining a strong lead on two-party preferred support in Western Australia, Queensland and New South Wales while the ALP retains a tight grip over Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania.

The schism has as much to do with the popularity of respective state governments as any economic or demographic differences, but the end result is the same: the states still matter. The last time a country was so divided between its north and south, a lot of mustachioed Americans went to war with each other. Am I suggesting the same thing might happen here? Well, no.

Lie #4: Campaigning is becoming more professional

One of the more popular misconceptions about our parties is that campaigning has somehow become more professional and more poll-driven in recent years. It's an argument that was actually first developed in the 1980s by largely transatlantic political theorists, and which quickly struck a chord with us ever-cynical Australians. We passionately believe the problem is getting worse: the coverage of this election has been

Lie #5: Here come the Greens and there go the Nats!

There is something terribly sad about the pundits that insist this time the Greens will storm into power. They're up there with the Branch Davidians and those Socialist Alternative folk for blind faith in the imminent reckoning. Will the Greens do well in this year's election? Yes, if the polls are anything to go by. They might even pick up Melbourne if Adam Bandt can maintain his momentum.

But the problem for the Greens, as it was

The last time a country was so divided between its north and south, a lot of mustachioed Americans went to war with each other.

dominated by scathing criticism of stage-managed campaigns, poll-driven policy and crass electioneering.

But the difficulty with this thesis, aside from its frequent degeneration into outright conspiracy theory, is that it struggles to mount any credible reason for why politics is apparently changing so much. Some commentators, like former ALP luminary Rodney Cavalier, claim that the parties turned to spin doctors and pollsters when their rank-and-file membership dried up.

However, the number of Australians willing to join a political party has remained relatively constant over the last two decades. Even during the 1940s and 1950s, the putative halcyon days of mass party membership, less than five per cent of the Australian population were party members.

When you look a little closer at how the parties are campaigning in this election, you'll see that nothing much has changed. The campaigns have offered the same smattering of amateurism, misjudgment and disorganisation. Gillard's 'Citizens Assembly' and 'Real Gillard' foray were profoundly stupid. A well-oiled party machine would never have picked a candidate like David Barker – but the Liberals did. Damaging leaks, disastrous interviews and more than a few loony candidates – if this is professional politics, I'd hate to see what amateurism looks like.

back then, is the ceiling on their primary vote. The Greens "brand" is in many ways more rigid than that of the major parties, an irony for a party that still purports to be the new kid on the block. And even if there is a surge in support for the Greens, it's not going to happen in the seats that matter any time soon.

The Nationals aren't worried about whether they'll hit a voter ceiling so much as whether they have a floor. Yes, it's true, the Nationals' share of the primary vote is considerably lower than it was two decades ago. But as Barnaby Joyce correctly observed on *Lateeline* last week, people have been saying the National Party is "about to disappear" since 1922. They're still here, and judging by their primary vote plateau over the last decade, it looks like they've hit the floor.

Conclusion

Peter Ustinov once explained that the reason he didn't become a politician was that he didn't think he could bear the strain of having to be right all the time. The pundits face a similar pressure from both their audience and peers so perhaps it's understandable that so many cling to the safety of collective wisdom, even when it begins to wear thin. But when we wake on Sunday 22 August, the supposed 'experts' will be all set to explain what went down and why, with all the conviction of a politician. I, and perhaps you Dear Reader, will take it with a grain of salt. ☹



The Best of the Ballots: Voting in Oz

Amid the shame you may feel due to our political parties, you can be proud of at least one thing: the Australian electoral system. **David Mack** spoke with Sydney Uni Law Professor, and constitutional expert, **Anne Twomey** about the highlights of voting in Australia.

Would you describe the Australian system of voting unique or exemplary compared to other nations’ systems?

The administration of Australia’s voting system is among the best in the world. We see the debacles in the United States with ‘hanging chads’ and in the United Kingdom with huge queues of voters who were unable to get into a polling station to vote at the most recent election, with some polling booths even running out of ballots. The reason is partly the fact that we have compulsory voting and compulsory enrolment on electoral rolls. This means we have a much better idea of who needs to vote and where they are situated, and we have much better planning and mechanisms (such as postal voting and mobile polling stations) to ensure everyone can vote.

Australia has also been at the forefront of electoral innovation – particularly in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The secret ballot was an Australian innovation and is still known in the rest of the world as ‘the Australian ballot’. Australia was one of the first countries to allow voting for women and a broader franchise. Many Australian innovations have been followed overseas.

How unique, and how democratic, is compulsory voting? Is ‘voting’ compulsory or just attendance at the polling station?

Compulsory voting is pretty rare in the rest of the world and often regarded as ‘undemocratic’. I don’t believe that it is undemocratic. It is reasonable for citizens to be subject to a duty to exercise a choice, but in doing so they should not be forced to give a vote to someone of whom they disapprove. Accordingly, voters should be permitted to exercise the choice to vote informally and, in

my opinion, there should be optional preferential voting so that voters should not be obliged to give preferences to candidates they reject.

There are many advantages in a system of compulsory voting. Most people who would not otherwise bother voting, do turn their minds to the issues and the candidates because they have to turn up to the polling station anyway so they may as well make their vote count. Very few choose to vote informally. That means we have a more politically engaged electorate than many other countries. Secondly, the electorate is not quite as vulnerable to the effects of big money. Parties don’t have to spend huge amounts on ‘getting out the vote’ and it is harder for well-financed single-issue groups to dominate the political agenda. Thirdly, as everyone votes under a system of compulsory voting, politicians cannot neglect or oppress sectors of the population on the basis that they will never come out and vote.

As to whether it is compulsory to ‘vote’ or just turn up at the polling station – this is quite a tricky question. Section 245 of the *Commonwealth Electoral Act* is rather unclear. It says that it is the “duty” of each elector “to vote” at each election. It requires the Commissioner to compile a list of people whose names were not marked off the roll at an election and to send them a “penalty notice” which states that “it is an offence to fail to vote at an election without a valid and sufficient reason for the failure”. However, the penalty notices are only sent to those who did not get their names marked off – not to those who did not “vote” (such as people who did not put a ballot paper in the ballot box). The difficulty is that there seems to be a difference between enforcement (because of the secret ballot) and legal obligation. This is why many people

argue that “voting” is not compulsory – rather it is only compulsory to turn up at the polling booth and get your name crossed off. Technically, I don’t think this is true. Some kind of “voting” (query whether the vote needs to be formal) is legally required, but is not enforced unless your name is not marked off the roll.



Can you taste that liberty?

What are the advantages and disadvantages of the preferential voting system we use?

This is a big issue in the United Kingdom at the moment, where the Liberal Democrats required that a referendum be held on moving from first-past-the-post to preferential voting as part of their coalition deal with the Conservatives. The advantage of preferential voting is that the entry of a third party with a similar political ideology to one of the two main parties does not result in splitting the vote, with the consequence that both parties with similar ideologies lose, as it does under first-past-the-post. Preferential voting allows the most preferred candidate to win and permits a larger number of parties. It is also better than proportional voting, at least in a lower House, because it still supports stable governments, rather than perpetual minority governments (see New Zealand), and can work in single-member electorates. It is, in my view, the best compromise system between the two extremes.



conditions. If you insist on hanging around extremist whackjobs, ensure your political posturing is balanced by your actions. You may be identified as technically a centrist if you’re caught smoking pot at a Fascist Party rally.

Result?
Congratulations! You’re now a disenchanted swing voter in a compulsory voting system. Your total contempt for the privilege of living in a liberal democratic state makes you the most valuable commodity in said state. Political scientists rue your involvement in the political process while the entire political spectrum focuses its full powers of seduction on you. Proceed to die a little inside when you vote Labor like you always do and they eventually lose government for neglecting real swing voters. You emotionally needy prick.

Optional
Show 80,000 friends this guide, and your electorate might score some decent pork.

Tim Whelan

Chat with a Working Family



Want to hear a scoop? I know who’ll win the election. I found out by ringing two friends – let’s call them Working Australian Dad and Working Australian Mum – to ask how they’re voting. WAD and WAM are my non-random yet representative sample. They’re swinging voters who lean to the right, reflecting Australia’s centre-right character. Based on how WAD and WAM voted in the last three elections, both must vote Liberal for the Coalition to win.

Let me explain. In 2001 they voted for Howard. They did the same in 2004 – with a then-pregnant WAM saying, “I voted for Howard because of national security. I just felt safer.” In 2007 WAD agonised before supporting Howard. But so close had he come to voting against him that he was “happy” when Rudd won. Meanwhile WAM swung to Rudd.

I learnt the 2010 election result on the day Gillard announced the election date. Over the phone, WAM said she was voting for Gillard. “I quite like her. She’s decisive. Has as much balls as the boys but has a softer side as well.” She called out to WAD – who for once wasn’t at work – to ask who’d get his vote. “Gillard,” he said from the couch, “Give the ranga a run.” “Why’s he voting for Gillard?” I asked. WAM covered the receiver while she shouted to the couch. “Give the ranga a run,” he repeated.

WAM and I talked about the gender issue. She said it was irrelevant. But as the days passed she kept thinking about her five-year-old daughter’s comment after kindergarten on the day Gillard took charge. “We have our first girl Prime Minister,” she said.

WAM began to think it might be good both for her daughter to see a woman in power and for her nearly-four-year-old son to grow up realising women could be leaders too. WAM’s support for Gillard firmed.

The other day WAM explained to her kids how the Prime Minister was there temporarily and soon everyone would vote to decide if she stayed. WAM’s explanation included the ranga comment that she often quoted. At this, her son threw his hands up, rolled his eyes and head and said, “Give me a break about the ranga. Please!”

WAD’s ranga comment may hold the key to the election. Because wanting to give a new PM a “run” or a “go” may be why first-term governments are hard to defeat – as if voting them out so soon isn’t fair.

I don’t need Newspoll, Nielsen or Centrebet to tell me who’ll win the election. I just need WAD and WAM to give me their verdict. They’re voting for Gillard and therefore so is the country. You heard it here first.

Rob Ashton

BEING A SWING VOTER

The Situation

Let’s be honest. You’re entrenched. You’re partisan. Whether it’s the shocking room service in your detention cell or Mark Latham’s refusal to ease the squeeze on your hand, you’ve got a decent idea of what each party offers you. But we all know it’s in vogue not to.

What to do

Exclude political adjectives from your everyday language. “(Party of your choice) are fuckwits” is preferred to “(Party of your choice) are a bunch of frothing, fascist/communist, racist/bleeding-heart plutocrats/union-hacks who also happen to be fuckwits”.

Mention the economy. Ben Chifley opined that the most sensitive nerve in the human body was the one under the hip pocket. You must be no different. Naturally, people might make assumptions based on your mining portfolio or whether your credit history

FAKING IT

correlates with federal handouts. You have active license to pass yourself off as economically literate. Prepare by learning how to pronounce ‘Garnaut’.

Pretend you watched the debate. Comment on Julia’s ockerer-than-usual accent, how the camera adds three inches to Abbott’s ear diameter and the worm’s curious rise every time “queue jumpers” or “my daughters are still virgins” gets mentioned.

Hang around minor parties. The one joy of preference voting is knowing ALP and Liberal henchmen will try to woo you with non-core promises. Care is advised: courting certain parties will convince these pussyfooting populists that you’re beyond help. No Liberal agent will approach a Socialist stall, mainly for fear of being bored to death. Labor stooges avoid KKK stalls as burning crosses are a major fire hazard in current drought

Guide to The Greens

David Mulligan eats his Greens.

Dissatisfaction with the major parties has been a big element of this election. Voters are still hesitant to vote for a PM who ousted a cute teddy bear look-a-like, but aren't too comfortable with the Speedo-clad clergy-dropout alternative. For those indie enough to vote below the line, the Greens, with their *Captain Planet*-inspired leader Bob Brown, are becoming a viable alternative.

The Greens, once the homeland of the tree-hugging lunatic fringe, have sobered up, cut off their dreadlocks and settled down in recent years. As both major parties dash to the centre, the Greens have come to represent the left of Australian Politics. Polling at a height of 16 per cent, many suspect that this election could give the Greens the balance of power in the Senate, needing just one in ten Labor voters to turn Green.

Gone are the days of the Greens being a single-issue environmental party. They're often criticised for having some pretty out there ideas like addressing climate change and accepting the few asylum seekers who survive fleeing persecution. They support a Bill of Rights, an increase in foreign aid, funding for development of renewable energy, 40 per cent reduction in Greenhouse gases by 2020 and legislation to lower the voting age to 16 (a measure that would surely see the Australian Sex Party come to government). However, retaining that truly Greens' approach to life, most of these ideas are general, unsubstantiated and under-developed aspirations that haven't been fully fleshed out and resemble more the rantings of a first year Arts student explaining how the world should change and people should just love each other.

The Greens can also be a little one-minded some times. They still oppose nuclear power for fear that fish will begin to grow three eyes, and they still think genetically modified food will lead to the creation of Tomacco (two *Simpsons* references in one sentence, I know). But credit where credit is due: they are progressive enough to see the sense in gay marriage, the need to create a carbon trading system and the idiocy of the fear-mongered sedition laws of the anti-terror legislation.

So like the Australian Democrats before them, the Greens will go into this election hoping to change the dynamics of Australian politics. Sure, their budget is small and their policy a mix of weed, Bob Marley and Al Gore, but maybe that's what the Senate needs. Perhaps the best way to move Australia forward is to scrap this whole idea of formulating policy based on carefully calculated independent reports and polled public approval ratings: just take a Greens approach to life and have a crack at it during GOVT tutes in first year. Who knows, maybe Captain Planet would be a good PM? After all, he is a hero, and at least he'll take pollution down to zero.

COUNTDOWN Best political slogans Joe Smith-Davies



Hasta la victoria siempre

Although communist revolutionary/t-shirt stencil model Che's famous sign-off (which roughly means "Keep fighting until victory") has lost some of its lustre due to the ubiquity of Guevara's hirsute visage, it rolls off the tongue with incredible *chutzpah*.

5



We Polked you in '44, We shall Pierce you in '52

This piece of plosive phrasing was deployed in the Presidential campaign of 1852 of Franklin Pierce and exemplifies the most personal type of slogan: word-play on the candidate's name. Close second in this category was the not at all beverage-related "Keep Cool with Coolidge" but puncture-wounds won out in the end.

4



It's Time

Like Mark Latham, Gough's favourite two words tower head, shoulders and intimidating hands(hakes) over the current fleet of feeble platitudes wheeled out by this year's contenders. Unlike Mark Latham, "It's Time" captured the mood of the nation in its time and propelled its party to a historic election victory.

3



Never had it so good

The 1957 campaign slogan of Harold MacMillan, the leader of the Tories, is not too bad in itself, if a little Yank-inflected to be properly British. It makes this list for the truly brilliant Labour Party riposte to MacMillan's assumption: **Never been had so good.**

2



Where's The Beef?

Starting life in an ad for globo grease-mongers Wendy's, "WTB?" gained political immortality in the 1984 US presidential primaries when Democratic candidate Victor Mondale questioned the substance of rival Gary Hart's policies. Suitable for every palette, "WTB?" was simple, combative and vernacular-friendly. A rare slogan indeed.

1

Consistency is all we ask from our Pollies

Oliver Burton thinks politicians should make up their flipping minds.

The modern conservative is a wily beast. Not just because they'll say anything to get elected. Not just because they can't be safely confined to a single party you can ward off with a sprig of garlic and a Che Guevara t-shirt. No, the modern conservative is in fact so wily that they don't even know who they are anymore. Like a broken tumble-dryer, they've spun themselves wet and washed themselves dry. What I mean to say is that Tony Abbott's Liberals advocate an ideology as consistent as John Travolta's career.

Most people were fairly aware of J. W. Howard's holy hypocrisy throughout the glory days. On the one hand, a trust that people rather than governments can best decide how to spend their earnings, coupled with a faith in markets Milton Friedman might've found disquieting. On the other, a genuine belief that big grandfather has a significant role to play as society's moral compass. Hands off the hip-pocket and on in the bedroom.

You'd be forgiven for thinking that his so-called ideological successor, our future overlord according to the patrons of the Rooty Hill RSL, would be keen to follow (swim)suit. And he has seemingly declared himself intent on becoming our next great economically and socially conservative PM, following such heroes of the right as Robert Menzies, Lazarus and Kevin Rudd.

Only Tone's taken it to a whole new level. Not only does he grasp desperately at this rationally impossible dichotomy, but he can't even keep that much straight. Taking his social conservatism as read, his other election policies are an irreconcilable collection of economic eclecticism the likes of which we haven't seen since Mikhail Gorbachev's Pizza Hut commercial.

The Abbott Liberal Party, according to their economic policy document, "believes in small government. ... Taxes must be as low, as fair, and as simple as possible." He opposed the ETS on the basis that it was "a big new tax". He opposed the mining tax on the basis that it was an unreasonable imposition on one particular industry. And that it has the word tax in it. And yet, he proposes a colossal new tax on "big business" to fund a paid paternity leave system which outflanks Labor to the Left.

Modern Liberals love markets but guardedly, the way men love red heads: for their unpredictability, their allure, their deeply incomprehensible nature and the danger that they'll bite your head off if not given exactly what they want. Tony, for example, regrettably acknowledges the role for government intervention in addressing market failings, like providing telecommunications to the outback. Nevertheless, he is committed to finding

market based solutions wherever possible. Except in dealing with climate change, where he favours up to \$1 billion a year in direct government investment in targeted programs like "planting trees". That fits about as well with the aim of cutting bureaucracy as Peter Garrett fits through doorways.

Of course the other lot aren't much better, attempting to defend a record that had "lost its way", spending billions speeding up the internet only to slow it back down again, and touting their economic management credentials while offering pork barrels as palatable to the wider electorate as they would be on the tables of a barmitzvah party.

The point is this. These ad hoc jumbles of positions follow no internal logic. Which means we have no real system by which to predict an Abbott or Gillard administration's response to any unforeseen policy demands. There are no tangible ideologies any more, only carefully manipulated narratives designed to touch your heart in its special place and cock-block your brain. Maybe this is a new era in which politicians will be seen genuinely evaluating a policy's pros and cons. Or maybe it's just the latest way they can change their minds as often as they change their underpants, with a moderate chance of convincing us it's not 'cause they're full of shit.





NUS Election Policy Guide...

| Labor | LIBERAL NATIONALS | THE GREENS |
|---|---|---|
| Funding for Education Labor has introduced a \$5.7 billion funding increase for universities, vocational education and TAFE. This is the largest real increase in over 15 years but is still not enough to catch up with the expansion of public investment in tertiary education by most other OECD countries. | During its previous term in Government, the Coalition cut funding to higher education, making Australia the only nation to not increase investment in education of all OECD nations. There is currently no commitment to increase funding for universities if elected. | The Greens have consistently supported increases in funding for universities and TAFE. There is support for increasing public as opposed to private funding to ensure academic independence. |
| Student Income Support The current Government has introduced significant reforms to Youth Allowance which give more deserving students access to support and to vital scholarships. However, there's been no new money injected nor an increase in rent assistance or rates of payment. | The previous Coalition Government increased the age of independence to from 22 to 25 and failed to index income cutoff thresholds. The Coalition have proposed a narrowly targeted rural and regional scholarship which would require students to return to an area of need at the completion of their study. | The Greens have proposed a \$115 increase in the rate of youth allowance. They worked to ensure gap year students were not unfairly disadvantaged by changes and have strongly supported Government reforms to Youth Allowance. |
| Tuition Fees Labor has made no move to increase HECS and has also abolished Domestic Undergraduate Full Fees in its first term. However, the review of cluster arrangements in 2011 will raise concerns over HECS increases. | During its previous term in office, the Liberals increased HECS. The Coalition has reaffirmed its position in favour of full fee paying places for undergraduate degrees. Under the Liberals, there will be no guarantee that HECS debts won't increase. | The Greens support the abolition of fees in favour of a system of free education for all domestic students. |
| Universal Student Unionism Labor opposed the introduction of Voluntary Student Unionism in 2005. The Government introduced Student Services and Amenities Fee (SSAF) legislation to support some campus services but not independent representation or advocacy services. The legislation is currently blocked in the Senate. | The Coalition introduced Voluntary Student Unionism in 2005. This was an ideological attack on student representation which has seen vital services disappear on campuses and has impacted upon the power of student unions to effectively represent students. The Coalition opposes the SSAF. | The Greens strongly believe in independent student representation and have introduced a number of positive reforms to the SSAF which would ensure student control of student funds. |
| Labor | LIBERAL NATIONALS | THE GREENS |
| Action on the Environment Labor supports a Mandatory Renewable Energy Target and some funding for renewable energy demonstration projects. However, without a price-tag on pollution, this will not be enough to promote renewable energy and steer us away from fossil fuels. | The Coalition will retain the Mandatory Renewable Energy Target if elected and provide some funding to small scale and emerging technologies. But without a price-tag on pollution, this will be insufficient to create real transformation of energy markets. | A price on carbon, feed-in tariff for large scale emerging technologies, a 30% Mandatory Renewable Energy Target and the reform of the National Electricity Market will transform Australia into a world leader in renewable energy. |
| Addressing the Student Housing Crisis The ALP has introduced a new relocation scholarship to assist with accommodation start up costs. Student housing is beginning to become available for grants under the National Rental Affordability Scheme. To date, there has been no positive movement on Rent Assistance. | Neither the Liberal or National Parties have made significant statements or implemented policy either in favour of or against student housing. This does not appear to be an important issue for the Liberals. | The Greens are in favour of affordable housing in a general sense, recognising it as a human right. They have pledged to include student housing in NRAS, force universities to develop an affordable housing plan and ensure students have greater tenancy rights. |
| Ability to Implement Change The Australian Labor Party has demonstrated the ability to form stable majority Government in Australia. Labor has the capacity to introduce and implement political change. | Despite concerns regarding its willingness to implement progressive measures for students, the Liberal Party has been in Government for more years than not since its inception. The Coalition has the ability to implement change. | Having never formed Government in their own right or won a lower house seat at a general election, the Greens are a relatively weak political outfit. Their only genuine power could come through holding the balance of power. |
| Thanks to the Australian Youth Climate Coalition for ratings on Climate Action | aycc AUSTRALIAN YOUTH CLIMATE COALITION | national union of students |
| For ratings on more policy areas and updates as they're announced, head to WWW.UNISTUDENT.COM.AU/VOTE | | |

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've just been accepted back into the uni after having to appeal an exclusion from the faculty of Engineering. I've been at the uni now for 4 years and am wondering how my Youth Allowance payments are going to be effected. I've still got about 2 years left of study and really need the money.

Engo

Dear Engo,

The Youth Allowance "maximum allowable time for completion" is the normal length of your course plus one semester. This is regardless of whether you received a payment for those semesters or not. If you have studied any semesters part time they count as half a semester. So for engineering you would be allowed to study the full time equivalent of 4 years plus 1 semester. However, if there were whole semesters where you failed all of your subjects and you have documented evidence of an illness or misadventure that caused you to fail, you can ask Centrelink to discount that time. It might also be worthwhile trying to get those fails changed to DNFs. This will look better on your academic record. You may also consider asking for your HECs or fees refunded for the subjects that you failed. Ask one of the SRC caseworkers to help you apply. Remember that you do have a maximum of 10 years to complete the course overall (according to your Professional standards) and if you in a Commonwealth *Supported Place (HECS)* you also have time constraints there.

Abe.



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





President's Report

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

When you pick up Honi this week, you'll have a few days left until Saturday 21st August to decide who you'd like to vote for...if you're a student who's an Australian citizen and is over the age of 18 and is enrolled. If you're still 17, or you didn't get your enrolment in on time (though check out the Get Up! court case win), or you're not a citizen / you're an international student, I hope you've enjoyed the ongoing saga that is the Australian political game. If you find it totally boring, I am not surprised. Why? Because there was hardly any policy out there by the two major parties that actually involved students or that targeted young people. By the way, before you get cranky, I'm not assuming that students are necessarily young, but the overwhelming majority are under 30.

Considering I first voted in 2007 in the Federal Election, I thought I'd give first-time voters a sense of what voting is really all about in Australia.

SRC PREZ'S VOTING GUIDE

I'll preface my mini guide by saying that people have glibly shrugged off the meaning of 'the vote'. The right to vote is a human right to participate in a democratic structure of the country in which you live. Whatever your view in relation to compulsory or optional voting, there's no underestimating that the ability to vote and participate peacefully in the construction and administering of a nation is super, super important. For those of you who say 'Pfffft' at voting or that you 'don't care', I'll point you to several places on a map of the world where women (just to take one example) still don't have the right to vote.

People throughout history have died, been tortured, imprisoned and humiliated for the right to vote – working class men, women, people of colour, Indigenous people, minority groups and those with a disability. So as you can imagine, when someone says, 'Who gives a shit about voting?' they're not only disavowing what people have fought for but are also disavowing what we've gained in the world as human beings.

What's it all about?

It's really important that you have a clear idea of what it means to vote in Australia before you actually do so. The Australian people (or rather, citizens over the age of 18 who are on the electoral roll) do not vote directly for a Prime Minister. Instead, you are classified into an electorate for the Lower House (the House of Representatives) and you vote for individual candidates running in that electorate. You also vote in your state for a ticket (a group of candidates) or for individual candidates to be in the Upper House (the Senate).

Whoever wins enough seats in the House of Representatives forms the Government, with the leader of that party becoming the Prime Minister. So you can see that leaders of parties, Opposition Leaders and Prime Ministers are actually voted in to the role by the candidates in their party.

What do I need to remember?

You need to bring some sort of ID when you go to vote, like a passport, proof of age card or a driver's licence (a student card doesn't count!). You also need to vote in a polling booth in your electorate. If you can't be in your electorate but you're still in the same state or territory, you can do early voting (closes on 20th August) or you can do an absent vote.

Elly's tips for voting

An essential thing to remember is preferences. Before you vote, you'll probably get thrust a million pieces of paper by tired-looking volunteers outside the polling booths. These pieces of paper are 'How-to-votes'. They are directions by political parties and candidates to show you the most advantageous way to direct your preferences. You don't have to follow the how-to-votes, but if you like the party or candidate's policy, it's best to stick by their how-to-votes if you're unsure.

But there are two massively important things to remember:



1. For the House of Reps vote (green ballot paper), YOU MUST NUMBER EVERY BOX. I know it's different in student elections, but for your vote to be counted, you actually need to number every box from 1 to 7 (or however many candidates there are).

2. For the Senate vote (white ballot paper), you must number every box ABOVE the line or BELOW the line. Whatever you do, don't vote above AND below the line – that's an invalid vote.

Only use numbers, make it clear, don't write stuff on it like 'Candidate X is a dipshit loser', or your vote will be declared invalid and you've just wasted half an hour of your life making a mockery of the Australian electoral system. And by the way, it costs money. So be smart, and fill out your ballot papers correctly. If you have no idea what's going on, ask the AEC people at the polling booth. They are paid to make sure voting goes smoothly and can answer your questions. If you make a mistake, ask for a new ballot paper.

In Australia there's the phrase, 'Vote early, vote often'. It basically means the earlier you vote, the better. All polling booths open at 8am and close at 6pm EST so don't turn up at 5.50pm and expect to vote. When there was a bigger than expected turn-out in Britain for

their elections, what happened? People missed out on voting. You will be in and out in no time if you go to vote before about 11am – the lines can start being massive by midday. You could also find a smaller, quieter booth somewhere in your electorate.

But whom do I vote for?

That's up to you. It's totally secret and no one will ever know that you voted for the Sex Party in the Senate and for Family First in the House of Representatives (not that I am encouraging you to do that!).

If you're unsure about what people stand for and what kind of policies they've come up with, do a bit of research. Have a look at the media, policy documents, speak to your friends and family, talk to candidates and volunteers, or check out the National Union of Students' mini-guide to the major parties' policies around students and young people on page 16.

I'm still confused...

You can ring up the Australian Electoral Commission or go to their election guide: <http://www.aec.gov.au/election/guide.htm>. They have really clear instructions and are generally quite helpful people.

So, go out there and VOTE!

Get involved!

Come along to a collective.

Women's Collective:

1pm Thursdays, Holme Women's Room.

Queer Collective:

2pm Mondays, Queer Space Holme Building

NUS Pollie Pledge

For more information gensec@src.usyd.edu.au

Environment Collectives:

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

Climate Action Collective: 1pm Mondays, Chancellors Lawns

SRC Honi Soit 'Opinion Competition'

WIN \$1000

Now open for entries!

Competition closes 5pm (EST) Friday 17 September 2010.

See the back cover of this edition of Honi Soit for details, or visit www.honisoit.com

General Secretary's Report

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

On Thursday last week, Greens Senator Sarah Hansen-Young, along with Lee Rhiannon, Sam Byrne, and Tony Hickey launched the Greens' Youth Policy at Manning. Lee, Sam, and Tony joined the ranks of candidates in the upcoming election who have signed the Pollie Pledge, which Sarah had already signed at the launch of the campaign at Education Conference in Tasmania earlier in the year.

In her address to the forum, Senator Hansen-Young acknowledged the importance of NUS – the National Union of Students – in pushing for many of the reforms to the university sector we've seen since the election of the

Labor government in 2007.

NUS is the peak representative body for undergraduate university students in Australia. Later on in the semester, during the elections for SRC President, Councilors, and editors of Honi Soit, you will also be electing delegates to the National Union of Students. These delegates vote on policy which determines the direction of the national union, and also elect office bearers for the organisation. NUS holds a lot of power to advocate for the change that students need. Some of the wins NUS has had include the abolition of Domestic Undergraduate Full Fee places in 2007, the reduction of HECS fees for Science and Maths students in 2008,

and this year after years of lobbying and work we finally got the government to reduce the age of independence from 25 to 22.

Through NUS, we can make sure that the student voice, which, as we've seen in this election with the neglect of the university sector in terms of policy from both the major parties, is all too often ignored, actually gets heard. One student complaining about the fact that they can't get on Centrelink because the age of independence is ludicrously high won't make a difference to government policy. A national body whose sole purpose is to advocate for issues affecting students CAN make a difference.



Indigenous Report

Report of the SRC Indigenous Officer, Zoe Betar // indigenous.officer@src.usyd.edu.au

To write about Indigenous students and life at the University of Sydney is a great privilege. Unfortunately however, there isn't much to say. Nothing that would interest the typical student reading this article on the way to 'the library' anyway. For the small but significant number of Indigenous students, life wouldn't be too different from your own. We have breakfast, commute however long it takes to get to campus, then go home after the day is done. Most people however seem to think that our breakfast involves a healthy bowl of witchety grubs and a eucalyptus tea, dinner is kangaroo, crocodile or emu. I'm telling you now, my breakfast has never really strayed too far from toast or a bowl of cereal. (Freaky I know.) Dinner for us

can be anything from Indian style to Thai style or simply to a meat pie and veggies. So I'm sorry to disappoint you. It's these exact stereotypes we hope to dismantle forever. Yes these are some of our traditional foods, but just because they're part of our culture, does not mean they're part of everyone's 21st century life. I love my culture, I love uniqueness and beauty of it. But I also love my typical home in Tweed Heads, and am learning to love the city lifestyle in Sydney. One of the most common mistakes by people is assumption and judgement. Simply ask and we'll answer the best we can. If you see someone in an AIME hoodie, ask them what it's like. Join in. Participate in Reconciliation and NAIDOC week. Learn

our culture and feel privileged that it's part of our country's history. Your history. 2010 has seen some major changes in the world that is Sydney university. Slowly but surely change for Indigenous students around campus and hopefully Australia is underway. This year's Indigenous Education Conference highlighted the lack of voice in some universities for their Indigenous students. This has to change. The representatives and universities present during this 4 day event lead to the conclusion that a National Day of Action will be held this semester. 'We want YOU'. For those that believe all Indigenous students should have an equal say, equal opportunities throughout their uni life, 'we want YOU'.

As I said before, the University of Sydney is stepping up in these fields already, so we're asking for you to stand with us in solidarity, in support for all the universities across Australia to put an Indigenous representative on council, so they too can be heard. Standing together with Indigenous and Non-Indigenous people will send THE message, as due to lack of numbers, we cannot stand alone.

By Zoe Betar

Education Report

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

Student Housing

The election is this Saturday, and whether or not you have taken the pledge to Vote for Students (unistudent.com.au/vote), student accommodation is an issue that you should know about and, as a student, should influence who you give your vote to.

As we stand, Rent Assistance is less than half of what most student pay in rent each week, and there is a severe lack of affordable accommodation close to campus. The majority of on-campus accommodation is actually above the average price for our area, and rental prices in the surrounding suburbs have been steadily increasing. Even though the National Union of Students and your SRC have secured

improvements to Youth Allowance, this is an ongoing issue that deserves your attention. As part of the National Rental Affordability Scheme (NRAS), Universities are entitled to build and rent accommodation at 20% below the market rate. The government has committed \$1 billion to this scheme, which applies not only to unis but other organisations as well, but Universities have not taken up the opportunity as much as they should have.

As part of the Vote for Students campaign, we have gotten dozens of candidates in these elections to pledge to vote in favour of expanding affordable housing for students. To find out which candidate you should be voting for in your electorate, go to http://www.unistudent.com.au/vote/?page_id=18.

While you are at it, support the candidates who support students by taking the pledge yourself, and make your vote count!

Student Representation

As well as having SRC elections just around the corner, August marks the opening of nominations for Faculty Board student representative positions. Each Faculty Board has a set number of spots reserved for student representatives, who are elected directly by the student body of that Faculty.

Having students on Faculty Boards is an extremely important part of student government. As a member of the Faculty of Arts board and the Academic Board, I can say that the SRC and students benefit greatly from having representatives on these boards; we can make sure that our concerns are

heard and addressed at the right level of decision-making, and it secures a voice for students where the SRC has no jurisdiction.

If you are interested in becoming a student representative for your Faculty or Academic Board, get in touch with your faculty office. If you would like more information of what Faculty and Academic Board representation is like, email me or give me a call on 9660 5222 any time.

Gabriel Ignacio Dain
0415291841
gabriel.dain@student.usyd.edu.au
gabrieldain@gmail.com



THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

THE PLOT

The hero of this famous 44-Down is Prince 1-Across of 11-Down, son of Queen 51-Across and the lately deceased King 1-Across. 56-Across, the brother of King 1-Across, is elected king and marries 51-Across. The inhabitants of Castle 17-Across are also concerned about possible invasion from Prince 6-Across. 23-Down is told by some sentinels that they have seen a 24-Across, who looked like the dead King 1-Across. 23-Down tells 1-Across and he awaits it that evening. The 24-Across appears and tells 1-Across that 56-Across 35-Downed him by pouring 38-Across into his ear. 1-Across decides to get 30-Down.

56-Across's chief counsellor 14-Across has a son, 19-Across and a daughter, 45-Down, who 1-Across is courting. 14-Across tells 19-Across "29-Across of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear't that the opposed may 29-Across of thee." 1-Across's strange behaviour lead 45-Down and 14-Across to fear he is overcome by 42-Down. Also alarmed by 1-Across's strange behaviour, 56-Across sends for 10-Down and 24-Down, his old friends, to spy on him. 56-Across and 14-Across convince 45-Down to speak with 1-Across while they secretly listen. He furiously rants at 45-Down and insists she get herself to a 18-Down. 1-Across decides to stage a play, re-enacting King 1-Across's 35-Down, but calling him 33-Across Gonzago, at which 56-Across abruptly rises and leaves the room, which 1-Across sees as proof of his guilt.

An argument erupts between 1-Across and 51-Across. 14-Across, spying from behind an 9-Down, is convinced that 1-Across's 42-Down is real, and thinks 1-Across is about to 35-Down 51-Across and cries out. 1-Across, believing it is 56-Across, draws his 58-Across and 5-Downs 14-Across, though 1-Across shows no 40-Across at his mistake. 56-Across decides to send 1-Across to England with 10-Down and 24-Down, where he will have 1-Across 5-Downed. Upon leaving 17-Across, 1-Across

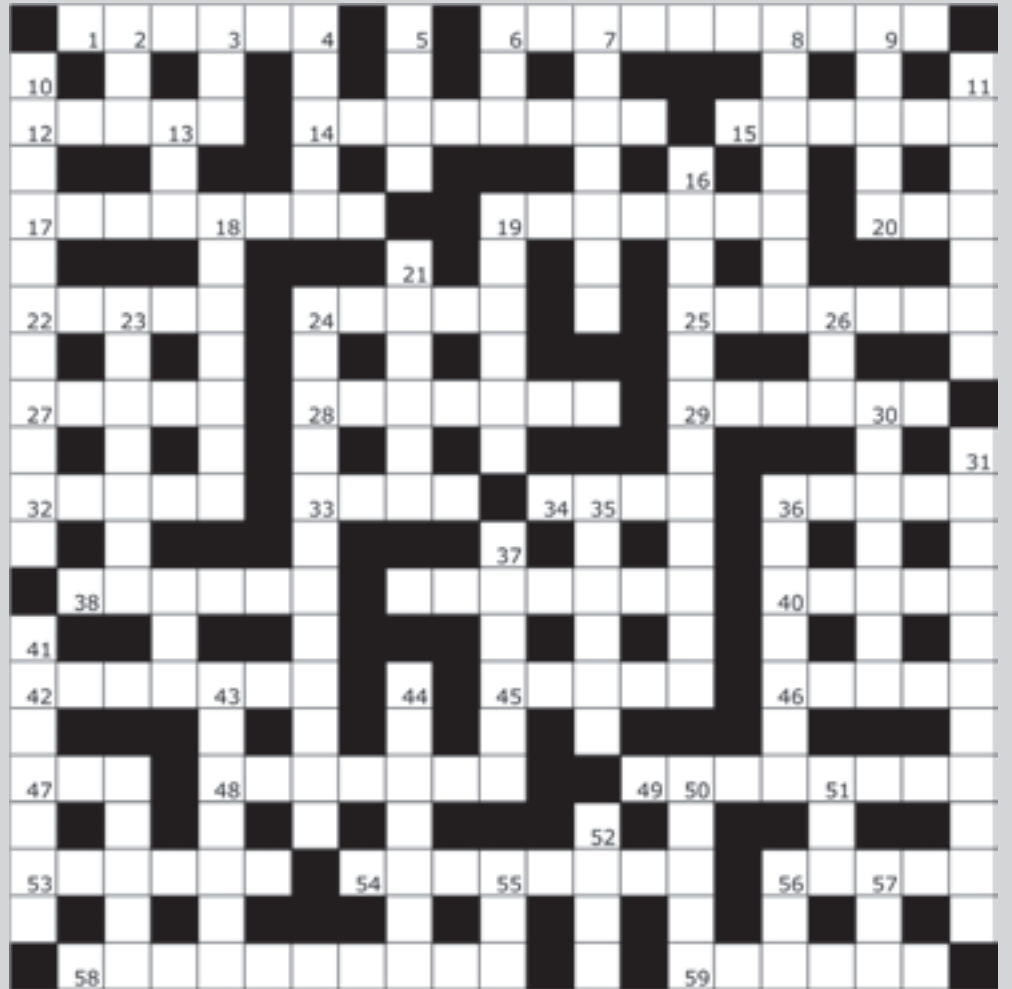
encounters the army of 6-Across. 45-Down, extremely 58-Down due to 14-Across's 35-Down is deeper into 42-Down. 19-Across arrives home and decides to get 30-Down on 1-Across who they learn has returned to 11-Down. 56-Across proposes a fencing match, using 47-Across. 19-Across, enraged at the 35-Down of 14-Across decides he will 38-Across the tip of his 58-Across. 56-Across decides to also offer 1-Across 38-Acrossed 54-Down. 51-Across enters to report that 45-Down has drowned.

In the 17-Across churchyard, 1-Across banters with a gravedigger about the skull of 21-Down. 45-Down's funeral procession approaches, led by 19-Across. A fight 52-Downs between 1-Across and 19-Across, but it is broken up by 51-Across and 56-Across. 1-Across tells 23-Down that 10-Down and 24-Down have been 5-Downed. 1-Across leaves to fence with 19-Across. 51-Across toasts 1-Across against the protests of 56-Across, accidentally drinking the 54-Down he 38-Acrossed. Between bouts, 19-Across attacks and cuts 1-Across, but 1-Across also fatally wounds 19-Across with his 59-Down 38-Acrossed 58-Across. 51-Across dies. In his dying moments, 19-Across is reconciled with 1-Across and reveals 56-Across's 35-Down-ous plot. 1-Across stabs 56-Across with the 38-Acrossed 58-Across, then forces him to drink from his 59-Down 38-Acrossed 54-Down to make sure he is 5-Downed. 1-Across names 6-Across as heir to the throne of 11-Down. 23-Down attempts to 5-Down himself with the 38-Acrossed 54-Down, but is stopped by 1-Across who commands him to tell his story. When 6-Across arrives to greet 56-Across, 51-Across, 56-Across, 19-Across, and 1-Across have all been 5-Downed, and that is the 61-Across.

THE OTHER CLUES (CRYPTIC)

ACROSS

12. Large Bee – so misunderstood (5)
15. Half a greeting after Delaware qualification (6)
20. I hear some addition (3)



MARK SUTTON.

DOWN

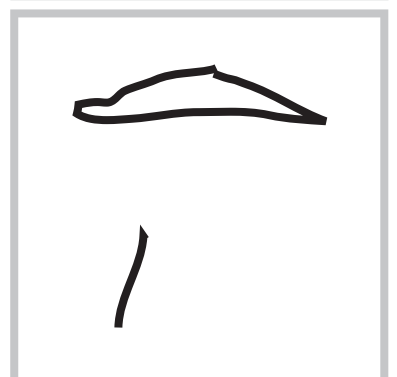
2. Listen or have respect (3)
3. Fib about where the golf ball is (3)
4. Prehensile-snouted ungulate takes a trip, oddly (5)
6. Endlessly fund enjoyable activity (3)
7. Trouser messes up networking devices (7)
8. Actor who played the 24-Across in the 36-Across of 1-Across (7)
13. Two less than skill will allow snow-sport (3)
16. Cattle broke half the cars of the Wall Street denizens (12)
19. Epistle is one who allows, perhaps (6)
26. A thousand, a non-de-plume (1.1.1)
31. Harry! Soccer ended so gradually quiet down (11)
36. It melds curiously at its most moderate (7)
37. Preserve lamb. Me? Kill (6)
39. Soiree hides secret anger (3)
49. Nobleman sounds arid (5)
53. Use an oar and fight (3)
57. Even buskers are in Kiev's country (for short) (3)

THE TAKE HOME*

*Questions themed around this week's issue.

- What was Bob Hawke's world record for sculling a yard glass?
- Who's US Presidential campaign slogan was 'Don't change horses midstream'?
- What is the name of this year's Queer Revue?
- How many times has a Spanish rider won the Tour de France?
(a) 10
(b) 13
(c) 15
- Which USyd college is the current holder of the Rawson Cup?
- How many Labor Prime Ministers have Australia had?
- What is the population of Egypt?
- How many Justices of the High Court of Australia (former and current) are graduates of Sydney Law School?
- Who is the deputy leader of the Australian Greens Party?
- How many states held primary elections on Super Tuesday in 2008?
- Who was the youngest ever member of Australian federal parliament?
- Which of these films is not an original screenplay by the Coen brothers?
(a) *A Serious Man*
(b) *No Country For Old Men*
(c) *Fargo*
- Which country was the first to introduce compulsory voting?
- T/F: Dr. Michael Spence, USyd's Vice-Chancellor is a serving religious cleric.
- Who will win the federal election?

Mr Squiggle



The Garter Press

AT LAST, ALL OF THE NEWS

APRIL 12th. 1910

ONE Brand New Australian Penny

DEAKIN-FISHER ELECTION TO BE DECIDED BY RACE AROUND THE WORLD

A BRAZEN CHALLENGE

The 1910 federal election took an unexpected turn yesterday after tensions broke out during a debate in the House of Representatives in Parliament House, Melbourne.

After Fisher attacked Deakin on his stance on the state debt referendum, the Prime Minister retorted saying, "Well sir, you may talk as loudly as one of Mr Marconi's radios, but like this faddish trinket, I also don't know how to use you or what your practical application is!"

QUARRELS ABOUND

The chamber then erupted into cries of "Balls and Whiskers" before the Speaker of the House brought them to order by throwing the Sceptre of State at the Minister for Housing (deceased).

THE NEXT THING THAT HAPPENED

"Well, sir," replied Fisher, "after giving His Majesty's Australian British people the run-around, perhaps he would like to do some running



The two intrepid MPs (Not pictured, the Fishcopter, the steam-powered Deakin-o-motive)

around of his own! Around the world that is," he added, as an afterthought.

THE CHALLENGE ACCEPTED AND A GHOST
After a brief bout of fisticuffs, Deakin stooped to pick up Fisher's gauntlet, which he had left on the chamber floor after his 'eat a frog' challenge two weeks prior, which no one had taken up.

"Not only will I race you round the world, you cad," began the Prime Minister, already loading himself into his Prime



Ministerial hot air balloon, "but what's more, I'll stake the government on it."

The House erupted yet again, this time because the Minister for Housing had returned as the fabled Spectre of State, not seen in Parliament House since 1904!

"Woooooh," said he, causing cheers and howls of terror from the sitting MPs.

THE PURSUIT DELAYED
The Chief Whip briefly postponed the circumferential

caper by questioning the constitutional validity of the wager. The Prime Minister drew his attention to the poorly-worded constitutional section 265ab which stated something or other which made it okay, then dropped his hot air balloon's sandbags on the Chief Whip's head, hurting him instantly, then killing him some time later.

THE RULES LAID OUT

"We begin from Flinders Street Station," began Fisher, "and then I shall proceed Northerly. I will be pausing only to stop in the Orient to pick up silks and spices to gift to His Majesty during a brief stay at Balmoral Castle, which I had planned to do anyway."

"I shall do you one better," rejoindered the Prime Minister. "I shall head Westerly, picking up exotic animals and the corpse of Breaker Morant in South Africa, as proof of my gallant adventures and grave robbery."

THE PAIR SET OFF

It was a teary goodbye for Deakin, with his wife, children

and cabinet members waving handkerchiefs and throwing rice at the departing leader who returned fire by throwing more sandbags, dispersing the crowd of terrified well-wishers.

Fisher, whom no-one really likes, received no such send off, yelling, "Fuck ya's all!" as he disappeared over the horizon!

BUT WHAT OF THE HOME FRONT?

While the leaders are away, the nation is to be run by 30-year-old Earle Christmas Page, Australia's most festive citizen with rumoured ambitions to be a short-lived and barely remembered Prime Minister some time in the future.

THE COUNTRY'S BREATH IS BATED

With the circumnavigation escapade expected to take several years, the nation lays waiting to find out who their new leader is, though neither are expected to survive the journey.

RMS TITANIC NEARS COMPLETION

Reports from Southampton suggest that the long-awaited RMS *Titanic* is soon to be finished.

In a partnership between the White Star and Cunard Shipping Companies the ship is to be the largest cruiser yet built, and will offer luxurious travel between England and America.

GIANT ICEBERG NEARS COMPLETION

Reports from the North Atlantic ocean suggest that the long-awaited Giant Killer Iceberg is soon to be finished.

In a partnership between water and the freezing arctic winds, the Iceberg is to be the largest and most ludicrously destructive immovable object yet forged by Mother Nature, and will offer a deadly obstacle to all hubristic enough to cross its path.

STUDENTS DEMAND GAY MARRIAGE

YOUNG BACHELORS CALL FOR HAPPY, JOYOUS UNIONS

Fed up with the nationwide state of despair in marriages since the legalisation of divorce and separation, two young chaps have started a campaign to bring back the joy to marriage.

"The time is now for gay, happy marriages!" said Percy Fansworth, 21. "Many young bachelors like myself have no desire for unhappy marriages that end in divorce, and we believe that every young, supple man has the right to a gay marriage!"

Fansworth, along with his friend Albert Chasperson, 20, recently organised a parade down Oxford St in support of gay marriages.



The Young Bachelors

"We've adopted the rainbow as our campaign's symbol, as what could be more joyful or inspire more healthy female adoration than the rainbow," said Chasperson.

"There's nothing queer about a group of men coming together and releasing a spray of pent-up passion in support of gay marriage," he said. "GAY MARRIAGE NOW!"

20 YEARS SINCE THE FLU TO END ALL FLUS

Medical practitioners worldwide have today marked twenty years since the Russian flu pandemic, widely regarded as the final threat the influenza virus posed to the general welfare of the human race.

Dr Simon Pleen, spokesperson for the Australian Medical Association, had this to say: "More than 1 million people died in the 1890 pandemic, so this occasion is a time of solemn remembrance of lives tragically cut short. However, it also an occasion of hope, as we (the global medical community) perceive that the threat of a widespread outbreak of influenza in the future is virtually zero."

Interestingly, doctors in Spain did not participate in the commemorations due to ongoing strike action

COLOUR ADDED TO MOTION PICTURE

A newsreel depicting the funeral of King Edward VII was released yesterday, for the first time featuring colour, just like in real life.

The reel, shown at Melbourne's Athenaeum Theatre, caused widespread outrage from the men in attendance, after their lady-companions fainted from fear, or swooned from excitement.

"It's no good, no good at all" observed one such observer, "The pictures were all big like, which is frightening enough, but then to add colours, the exact same colours we got here, mind, well, I thought the gigantic coffin of King Edward would surely crush us all!"

"Crushed by a coffin..." he continued, "Is that irony?"

NELLIE MELBA FLIES OFF THE RAILS

The nation's most tabloid-splashed entertainer has caused yet another controversy after her scandalous behaviour on Saturday night.

The troubled soprano and star of such chart-topping hits as Donizetti's "Lucia" and Saint-Saens' "Helene" was politely but sternly asked to leave the Supper Club in Brisbane after she imbibed over four cups of camomile tea (nearly an entire pot!) and more than her fair share of cake.

The now disgraced it-girl was at the club with the notorious Cravat-Pack made up of Caruso, Florence Lawrence and E.M. Forster when several guests complained about their loud revelry and ostentatious hats.

This is not the first controversy which had plagued the talented but uncontrollable national treasure.

In early 1909 a now famous etching was made of her disembarking a handsome cab with her ankle in full view, and just this year she

was heard to remark to a waiter at the Savoy in London that she would like to use the restroom.

Parents of young girls across Australia are outraged that the once irreproachable role model could sink this low and are calling for a nationwide melting of her wax cylinders.

"She's just too young to handle this level of fame," said her former manager. "I mean, she's only 49 for God's sake."

She could not be reached



The troubled starlet

for comment, but reports attest she will be hanged on Monday.

HENDERSON'S GODDAMN MIRACLE TONIC



The most stupefyingly useful medicinal compound known to the Empire! Taken from an ancient Oriental recipe, its curative properties come from a potent mix of opium, asbestos and the mysterious Chinese herb known only as "bleach".

Henderson's Goddamn Miracle tonic will cure:

Anxiety!
Rheumatism!
Complaints of the Bowel!
Broken Neck!
Severed Face!
Bishop's Knee!
Crap Ears!
Being On Fire!
Not Being On Fire Enough!
Poorly Sewn Pants!
Tailor's Lament!
Mexican Rainbow!
President Taft-Levels of Fatness!
Impending World War!
Legs Akimbo!
Saint Sebastian's Fist!
Cock Rash!
Chinaman's Wheelbarrow!
Governor-General's Anus!
Crocodockapigsheepitis
Spiders of the Lung!
Stabby Stabby Stab Stab!

And whatever other horrible Edwardian thing you have!

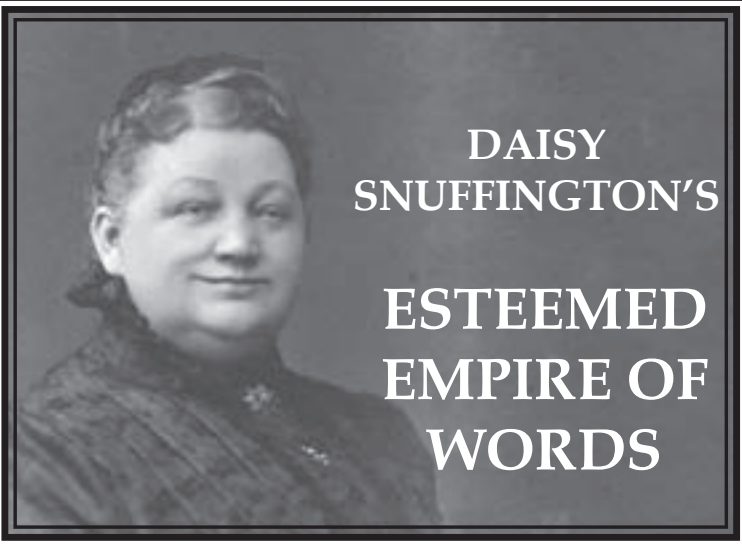
THE GARTER UNIVERSITY IS MOST PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE OUR NEW COURSES FOR 1910



Handsome Embroidery
Casual Racism
 Intermediate Falconry
Body Popping/Hip-Hopping
 Catch That Fox!
Heroin: The Curative Properties Thereof
 Horse Shouting
Moustache Wrangling/Twirling
 Computer Studies



All expressions of interest should include a cover letter, all relevant references and then be wrapped in a half-brick and hurled through the Vice-Chancellor's office.



DAISY SNUFFINGTON'S ESTEEMED EMPIRE OF WORDS

Felicitations to my readers, and not just Felicity but also her too. Welcome to one more and yet another edition of The Esteemed Empire of Words. Today I'd like to take you all with me together on a journey into the terrifying future.

The English language changes every year and with each year more changes come about. So what will English be 100 years on from now on, which experts predict will be in 2010?

So what will it be like in the time of 100 years time I hear you ask? Well, we can expect the invention of all sorts of new words, and the replacement of more than a few. For example, horse, book and pants will likely be replaced by the words laserhorse, electrobook and horse – sounds confusing? Well, readers of this column, just think that 100 years ago, we didn't even have words for table, seven or Thomas Edison – but you wouldn't even bat any eyelids with a bat if I were to invite you over to my table at seven for some Thomas Edisoning!

But Daisy, you ask, surely now the language is finished and all words are now in their right place and order. Not true! Experts at the Garter University suggest that in 100 years time there will no longer be any verbs, and English

will be spoken at such a frequency that only dogs could hear it (but you couldn't even tell them to sit!).

But it's not all bad. With the inventions of radio and film, English is expected to be the only language on the planet by 1950, which will lead to the inventions of new languages to take up the place of the old ones, including Gerfrench, a combination of Russian and Polish.

What can I do to prepare myself? And by 'I', I mean you, asking I, by which I mean me, who is you. Daisy's advice is to write down all the words you can think of now and put them in a box. Then bury that box in your back garden with a sign reading "A Present From The Past To The Future Which Is Your Present In The Present Though You Are The Future But Not To You. Use This Present To Not Forget The Past Which Is Now Present. Some Day You Will Be Past To, Though Not At Present (Your Present, Which Is Also In This Box)." I myself have done this and now rest assured that my good work will be continued in the future.

But until then, keep exploring the Esteemed Empire of Words, including all these ones.



**LISTEN UP
 EVERYBODY
 'COS I'M ONLY
 GONNA SAY
 THIS ONCE
 AND I WON'T
 BE BACK UNTIL
 1986
 BY
 HALLEY'S COMET**

Ok guys listen up cos I've only got one chance to say this because I won't be back for a very long time because of this trajectory I'm on so you better listen up real good and grab a pen and paper or something you can write with like a typewriter or a computer if that has been invented yet but it doesn't really matter because the main point of what I'm trying to say is that you should really be writing this down for future reference cos I've seen some shit man and I want to let you know that y'all need to prepare yourself because even though you may be ten years into this century some major shit is about to go down and I mean major like World War type major like the entire world is going to be at war and I know you think "oh yeah whatever we've already had the Boer War and that was pretty badass" but I'm not talking about fighting a bunch of Dutch settler bumpkins or Xulu warriors with sticks I'm talking about tanks and trenches and then later some damn Nazis and atomic bombs and even though you don't really know yet what all those words mean yet you soon will and then you'll be all like "oh wow we should have listened to that comet he was so right" so yeah the main gist is the following people are going to be uber important in the next seventy years or so and they

include some Archduke of Austria and another Austrian named Hitler in fact all of Austria is pretty sketchy for about the next forty years so be sure to keep an eye on them but they're not the only country that's going to be messing things up for everyone but I can't really name all the others now because as you can see I'm practically moving at the speed of light well not exactly but hey then again you guys haven't really discovered what that is yet but I'm getting a bit off topic which is silly of me because there's lots of other major stuff I have to tell you about like the next huge thing is there's this whole Cold War thing where there's like an ongoing war but it's not really a war but there's a big bunch of weapons in Cuba but don't worry 'cos it won't amount to anything super drastic oh and somebody tell JFK not to go to Dallas oh and make sure you don't just forget Afghanistan after you kick the Soviets out because I've got a bad feeling about that too well in fact that whole region is about to become a bit 'iffy' so just watch yourselves there too and on that topic you should probably know now that oil won't last forever and your actions in the next decades will have irreparable damage on the environment oh and Dumbledore dies KTHXBAI

A Very Urgent Warning Most Warranted To The Public, Their Books And Their Children 'Gainst The Deceitful LIP-BOX

Reverend Chuffstone Carl-Toxford Rippingscones

Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for our books! All communications of print – novels that once you read as a child, encyclopaedias in all their learningness, this very publication you grip in fear right now – are surely in their final death throes!

"My good man – calm you – and tell me: wherefore this fearful tone?" learned reader asks. I do respond in kind: the dreaded LIP-BOX, known in certain unnamed camps – though I'm loathe to let the word stain these hallowed pages – as a RADIO, is waging its unholy war against all forms of print, the very backbone of our society, of our families, of our consciousnesseses.

Can you imagine one year from now: Shall our hymns be sung by lifeless boxes? Shall we retire to the Listening Room, and sit the livelong day in a din of static? Shall we, indeed, watch our fish and chips grow cold whilst all the while ineffectively wrapped in radios?

Note, though, that this shall be no mere shift of custom: our eyes, not having need of their daily use, shall grow weak and feeble and eventually close up. Our hands, not needing to turn the rustic pages of the juicy book, shall crumble and fall. I have friends, Men of Science and of Brains Regions all, whom assure me with the utmost prevarication of the certainty of my claims.

But lastly Scarce a day goes by than I do not see one of God's fair children, the budding fruit of seasons to come, plucked untimely from the virgin boughs of literacy and devoured by the very tool of Beelzebub himself, the lipped box!



HENDERSON'S CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL



The Approved Cure for **HAY FEVER, INFLUENZA AND HYSTERICAL PREGNANCY.**

Recommended for

CHILDREN

AGED PEOPLE

THE HYSTERICALLY PREGNANT

THE GREAT UNWASHED

THOSE INCAPABLE OF STARTING LITIGATION



One patient's testimony:

"I'D READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE TOP NEWSPAPERS AND FIRST YEAR LAW TEXT BOOKS.

IT CERTAINLY CURED MY AVERSION TO SMOKE INHALATION!"

AGAINST THE ADVICE OF OUR LAWYERS, WE'VE DEPOSITED ONE THOUSAND POUNDS IN THE BANK SHOWING OUR SINCERITY. FUCK 'EM!

We OFFER you the PROMISE of health. Will you ACCEPT?* CONTRACT!

*No intention to be bound.

The Garter Press

GENERAL NOTICES

The Vienna Academy of Art regrets to inform the following applicants that they will not be undertaking our course next semester.

Hitler, A.

Please don't take this personally. We wish you all the best in your future pursuits.

Solomon Cohen,

Dean of the V.A.A

Due to the increasing number of automobile accidents, pedestrians will now be required to wear Henderson's 'Aired-Bags' over most of the vulnerable areas of their body.

Archaeologists in Cairo have uncovered a tablet, prophesying the coming of a great force of evil. They have so far translated the inscription to read "Beware all those who doubt the awesome and terrifying power of Ivan D -", with the rest indecipherable. Those on the dig have been dismissive of the warning, most calling it "superstitious nonsense" before immediately bursting into flames.

LOST: Piece of moldy bread. Last seen in my kitchen. I

swear to god, Merrill, you have no idea of the ramifications if you threw this out. Contact: A. Fleming

Are you someone who is not my wife?

If this is you, come marry me. I hate my wife, that slattern! Does this make me a bigamist? No! I have a little plan. No, I'd better keep that to myself. (Psssst! I'm going to poison her. Don't tell anyone. Especially not the police.)
Dr Crippen

WANTED

A key.
I'm stuck in a box. I've really gone too far this time. I'm running out of oxygen.
Will pay anything.
Telegram H. Houdini, inside a box, New York.

People to join my expedition to the South Pole.
Transport: I refuse to take huskies. What?

Am I Amundsen?: No, stop asking me. My expedition is better.

How long will it take: We may be some time.

Am I Amundsen?: For the last time no!

Chance of not dying: Reasonably good!

Contact Captain Scott. (No I am not Amundsen)

Magnificent Men seek Flying Machines They go up-tiddly-up-up, then go down on you.

FOR SALE

My Memoirs.
I'm sure history will remember me for the exciting and daring Prime Minister I am. What did I do again? Oh, even I don't remember. My memoirs are so dull. Sorry everyone. Goodbye legacy.

H. H. Asquith, Prime Minister of Britain.

Beards of every kind! Small beards! Large beards! Beards of woven silk! Beards of the finest bees! Impress your non-bearded better half with a face full of beards! Strictly no moustaches.

Property in Canberra. Be the first in on this exciting new development. After being chosen as our nation's capital, this city is sure to become the hub of all things new and exciting!

Smallish pox. Perfect for busy professionals who have no time to cart around a large, cumbersome pox.

The white space below this advert! Sell your shoes, your hats, anything at all you like! Make a few extra pounds for - oh wait, it's gone.

BIRTHS & DEATHS

Isamu Kurosawa is proud to announce the birth of his first son Akira, delivered in Tokyo earlier this morning.

Shima Kurosawa is proud to announce that she gave birth to her first son Akira in a hospital in Tokyo early Monday morning with her husband Isamu by her side.

Doctor Okara Kanto is proud to announce that he delivered the first son of Isamu and Shima Kurosawa early on Monday morning.

Akira Kurosawa is proud to announce his own birth. He would especially like to thank his parents Isamu and Shima and the professionalism and diligence of Doctor Kanto.

We dun be consid'able sorry to t'nounce the death of pop'lar auther Mark Twain. Dem words he dun wrote were powerful meaningful.

Sad tidings for the family of Stanisla0 Cannizzaro who passed away on Monday. No joke here. We just saw he died on Wikipedia. Some sort of chemist?

Dr Crippen is pleased to announce the death of his hor-

rible wife. See, told you I'd do it. But still, don't tell the police. That could work out badly for me.

Edward VII. Was apparently King or something. Died in Buckingham Palace after a protracted battle with Bronchitis. Maybe we all should have sung 'God Save The King From Bronchitis!' *[This is in incredibly poor taste Dolores, please remove immediately].*

The Garter is sad to announce that Banjo Patterson, bush poet, author of such Australian classics as "Waltzing Matilda" and "The Man From Snowy River", has passed away.

The Garter is pleased to announce that beloved bush poet Banjo Patterson is not dead after all - we had him confused with a different Banjo Patterson, what a relief!

The Garter is less pleased to properly announce the death of the other Banjo Patterson, not the poet one, mind.

The Garter had just been informed that the not-the-poet Banjo Patterson was just sleeping after all that. What a waste of everyone's time.



A Matter of Style

WITH THAT
YOUNG UPSTART
CHESTERTON
FANCYSPoons

Welcome, dandies and dandelions, to a brave new decade of impeccable manners and unimpeachable deportment.

The great thinkers have yet to contrive a true moniker for the period into which we boldly stride, but I am quite to the term The EXcellency, after, as most of you will well know, the Roman numeral X. I seriously doubt that, a hundred years from now, social

commentators will bother to mention such trivialities of naming decades, and it would indeed be an indictment if they did, but I nonetheless find it quite amusing.

Speaking of excellency, I had the ineffable pleasure of meeting one of Europe's most stupendous excellencies on my last Continental sojourn and was afforded a rare glimpse into the highest

life has to offer.

The man I speak of is none other than Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. An extremely scrupulous and noble man, often disparaged by jealous peers, Ferdinand received me at his Bohemian castle at Konopiste.

Never have I seen a more impressive collection of trophies and antiquities! He tells of hunting career that comprises an estimated 300,000 game kills, 5,000 of which were deer. "Being a Buck Hunter is my consuming passion," Ferdinand said to me, hand propped against the massive nose of one of his conquests.

What struck me most about

Ferdinand, though, was that he is a man content to live out of the headlines, blessed with commendable modesty. "I don't really see myself as an important figure," he told me. "I'd be happy if my headstone read: "Here lies Franz Ferdinand. A man content with the hands he was dealt." Obviously that will be made several decades from now. I don't really have many enemies," he said.

Unfortunately I was unable to dine with this superlative Duke, as I was called away on important business before the MAINS were served, but I'm sure history will remember him for his charming modesty.

HENDERSON'S FIST-ME-SIDEWAYS CURIOS



Henderson's Fist-Me-Sideways Curios

What the hell is going on here? It's some kind of fucking box with a goddamn crank on the side that does shit knows what! Start a fucking conversation, blow the mother-cunting minds of those fucktards next door with this shitting thing that does some freaking stuff.

Ah, go fuck yourselves.



THE GARTER PRESS WOULD LIKE
TO ANNOUNCE THE CONTINUING AND
ONGOING EMPLOYMENT OF DOLORES
AND ALL HER FUTURE OFFSPRING.
HAVE SOME FREE HENDERSON'S GOD-
DAMN MIRACLE TONIC TO ENSURE YOUR
LONGEVITY.

Ha. Very amusing indeed, dear Dolores. Let's hope your future ancestors keep up your sense of jovial glee.

But seriously, don't let this go off to the printing press.

-Ed.

The Garter Press

is pleased to challenge the following people to a duel:

David Cunningham
James Colley
Mark Sutton
Ben Jenkins
David Mack
Henry Hawthorne
Joe Smith-Davies
Naomi Hart

We demand satisfaction.



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...

Google...

Wikileaks...

Literature...

Hip-hop and rap...

Media...

Medical records...

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.