

# Honi Soit

SEMESTER 2 WEEK 5  
25 AUGUST 2010

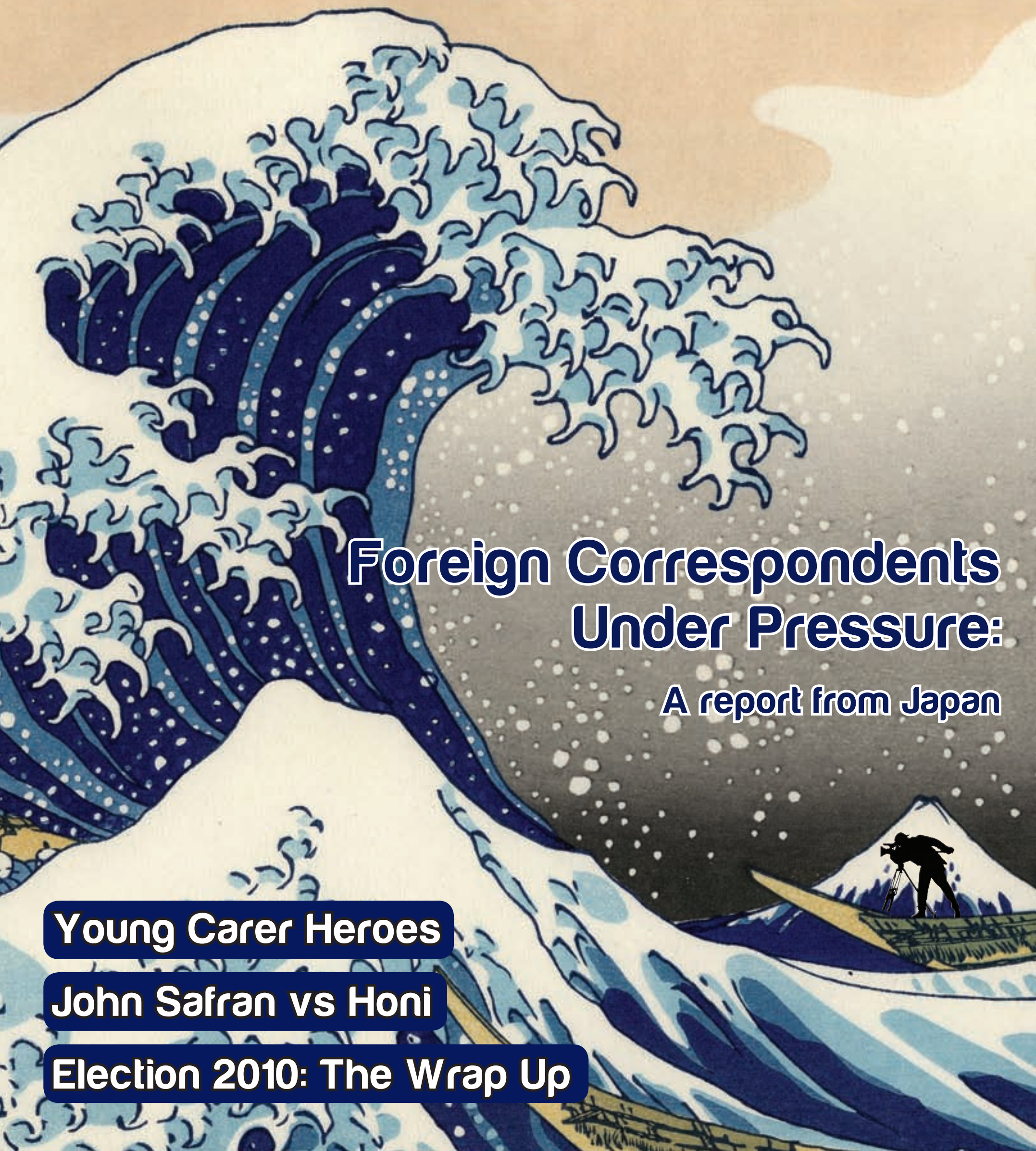
## Foreign Correspondents Under Pressure:

A report from Japan

Young Carer Heroes

John Safran vs Honi

Election 2010: The Wrap Up





MORE  
'WELL HUNG'  
JOKES THAN YOU CAN POKE  
A STICK AT

## THIS WEEK'S:

Best loved song: Katy Perry's "Teenage Dream"

Most hated song: Katy Perry's "Teenage Dream"

Dreamiest Barista: Cafe Hernandez's

Most popular character trait permutation for editor's children: Beautiful &amp; Kind but Stupid

# CONTENTS

HONI SOIT, EDITION 17  
25 AUGUST 2010



## THE HYPOTHETICAL: Would you rather

Your child be:

- a) Beautiful & Kind but Stupid  
OR  
b) Beautiful & Smart but Cruel  
OR  
c) Smart & Kind but Ugly

## FAQs

Can they change over time?  
No.

**How beautiful/ ugly, smart/ stupid and kind/ cruel?**  
The extreme of every characteristic. For example if they lack the kind gene they would be world-renowned for their wankery. If you decide against beauty, they would almost certainly be known as cactus boy/girl. Your stupid child would be a grade-A dum dum.



### The Post 03

### The Uni-Cycle 04

Rebecca Barrett on the USU policy launch.

Bridie Connellan on Hip Hop Handball.

Dave Mack profiles USyd's Muslim Association.

Anusha Rutnam on Scientology and USyd.

Erin Young and Che-Marie Trigg dissect the Med degree.

Catherine Marks rugged up for the Winter Sleepout.

Naomi Hart dishes some campus dirt.

### The Usual Suspects 06

David Mack counts down the worst in campus food.

Ian Mack discusses the proposed Barangaroo

Hating on revues? Tim Whelan knows what USyd students like.

Joe Smith-Davies went one week without the interwebs for The Gauntlet.

Joe Payten shows you how to fake being a music festival pro.

Anusha Rutnam grasped the scales of justice in her hands. Nearly.

Ben Jenkins shows you that *Hamlet* and *The Lion King* are not the same thing.

### The Profile 09

Monica Connors talks to the controversial Australian comedian, John Safran.

### The Arts-Hole 10

Elise Fabris and Monica Connors review the Law and Women's Revues.

Daniel Zwi reviews *Of Earth and Sky*.Hannah Lee reviews *The Expendables*.

Declan Dickinson interviews Hot Chip.

Jacinta Mulders attended the Byron Bay Writers' Festival.

Lucy Bradshaw ate at Bloodwood.

### The Mains 12

Catherine Marks reports on student carers.

From Japan Jacqueline Breen discusses the future of foreign correspondence.

### The Soapbox 14

Mekela Panditharatne speaks out against asylum seeker-related fear mongering.

Daniel Zwi thinks genre is a dirty musical word.

David Mulligan on powerpoints.

### More Usual Suspects 15

Ted Talas raises his glass to beloved drinking hole, The Salisbury.

Naomi Hart plays the soundtrack to election night.

Tom Marr can't get a word in edgeways, while Sam Elliott's reign of verbiage continues.

Joe Payten had a cow, man, in South America.

Elizabeth Mulhall did the readings. What about you?

Kirsten Wade examines the cloudy future of the Melbourne Storm.

### SRC 17

### Bletchley Park 20

The Garter 21 - 23

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Henry Hawthorne

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

REPORTERS Jacqueline Breen, Lucy Bradshaw, Monica Connors, Sam Elliott, Hannah Lee, Tom Marr, Jacinta Mulders, David Mulligan, Mekela Panditharatne, Ted Talas, Kirsten Wade, Tim Whelan, Dan Zwi

CONTRIBUTORS Rebecca Barrett, Declan Dickinson, Elise Fabris, Catherine Marks, Ian Mack, Elizabeth Mulhall, Che-Marie Trigg, Erin Young

CROSSWORD Benry Jawthorne

## DISCLAIMER

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





Partially Educated

Dear Friends,

This is the last email I will send to you about Fair Trade at Usyd. I will keep it short and sweet. This Friday (20th) at 10:30am please meet on the front lawns outside the quad and come to the USU board meeting to see how our student representatives respond to 9 out of 10 wanting Fair Trade on campus.

The lives of 65000 people in developing countries are in limbo at the moment, will they continue to be exploited or will, for the first time in history, the people who make Usyd's coffee be treated fairly? At the moment it is very unlikely the board will vote to implement the referendum in its full on Friday, even though 9 out of 10 students want them to.

So I will ask you for the last time, make a stand for justice, make a stand for student representation, make sure you are on the front lawns of the quad at Usyd at 10:30 am friday.

Over and out and all the best in seeking justice,

Chris Hoy

A very cross word

Dear Honi Soit,

I'd like to thank Pat Bateman for his friendly style in his article about election lies, addressing us as "Dear Reader". This was a pleasant change from that person who writes the crosswords; always making it difficult for people doing the normal crossword, insulting them, or even leaving out the normal version altogether. Unfortunately, not everyone can relate to the crackpot theories and mystical allusions made by the elitists putting together the cryptic version.

It was also interesting to see a flashback to Tony Abbott as SRC president. Elly's article wasn't quite as lively, but good on her for not actually telling everyone to vote for the same party as her. It was good of her to share some election tips, even though some of them were incorrect (for example, you don't need to take your ID).

Owen Miller  
Engineering, Computer Science IV

Is this USyd?

Dear Honi

Like you, I have also been bombarded by the christian "Is this life" advertising campaign as of late. This message delivered in the most subtle 'blanket' advertising style has made it almost impossible to walk anywhere on campus (except perhaps the 9th floor of the fisher library) and not be confronted with its message, (Which is critical of student life in general) and the likes of which has not been seen since the student elections. More importantly this message overlaps with Honi's coverage of student mental heath issues in what i perceive to be a highly important, secular, and overarching message for USYD students. I believe this to be at best a very odd coincidence and at worst intentional in order to substitute the christian message for those seeking help with mental health problems. If this is indeed the case i find it deeply troubling.

Matthew Bedwell

Elite? Qui, moi?

Dear Honi,

How timely it is that, amidst the furore over spending cap breaches in last semester's Union Board elections and an Honi investigation into the University's 'prestige problem', revelations should emerge regarding the formation of a 'super ticket' for this year's Honi election.

Many readers will remember the pink, blue and (perhaps) orange 'blitzkrieg' of campus last year, as Vox, Ace and Hatter postered, chalked and lecture-bashed the university for two long weeks in the race to win the Honi editorship for 2010. Whilst all teams shared a passion for writing and a vision for Honi, their resources were heinously imbalanced. As Naomi Hart reported a few weeks ago, Vox and Ace ran associated SRC tickets in order to spend more and outdo each other (running into thousands of dollars), whilst Hatter was confined to a \$600 limit. It's no wonder, then, that Vox and Ace had more people in professionally made shirts 'helping' students over the line come election day, or that the posterboards on Eastern Ave were layered ten sheets thick with pink and blue. Indeed, one losing team had enough resources to take the winners to court after the result had been announced.

EDITORIAL

The definition of what is currently 'news' has slowly but surely shifted from encompassing events that occurred circa 2009-2010 to those that occurred within the past two hours.

Despite these trends, so smugly ushered in by the wave of online news services, Honi is proud to defend the former long-term notion of news. Far be it from us to miss the forest for the trees in this 'now-obsessed' digital culture, where the minutiae of present events is valued over the observance of rich journalistic traditions of measured and deliberated analysis.

Alternatively, it may have something to do with how we make our paper. Plans for content start to take shape a fortnight in advance. The articles are eventually laid up on a Sunday night ready for printers on the Monday. Hard copies are then distributed on a Tuesday, only to have their numbers dwindle to extinction by the Friday. The sum of the situation is that as you are currently reading this newspaper, the Australian government may have formed, it may since

have been overthrown, or it may have passed the reigns over to the Shooters and Fishers Party, and we can't report on it.

This is despite our many and often attempts to glean the outcome of the current political wranglings. We tried following Julia and Tony on twitter. We contemplated hiring an elite crack-squad of psephologists. We even captured a live ibis from Victoria Park and christened it Franklin in the hope that it was clairvoyant, but to no avail.

Rather than giving a comprehensive but historical coverage of the election, this edition looks beyond Australian journalism to the future of foreign correspondence. We also have an intimate account of the frequent but often concealed difficulties for university students caring for disabled family members. Be warned, however: with the second major election to be held in Australia looming on the horizon (n.b. Honi and SRC elections in T minus one month), our election coverage is far from finished.

Henry Hawthorne

Locke Down

Noticed that this week's Honi Soit contained a small piece about Nathan McDonnell's complaint about Philosophy tute sizes.

Just to make it clear, if Nathan refrained from his complaining about the Department, other students in his tute/lectures would have more time to discuss tute material. We go to class to learn, not to hear him complaining and criticising. And for the record, the Phil. Department has created two new tutorial classes to stop his whinging.

Much love,

Mel.

Love mail? Hate mail? Like mail?

SEND IT ALL TO

honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au



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.

As a former member of Hatter, I can say with surety that we were almost pathetically DIY. We had so few shirts that some of us didn't change them for days. Our chalk was handmade and of predictably poor quality. We printed as many posters as we could but our collective effort was a mere fraction of that which Vox and Ace could afford. But we had a fucking great time doing it.

During the campaign, and even months after, students came up to us saying they were glad to see a team which wasn't an elite clique of law and media students who wanted to use Honi as a springboard to Fairfax. Personally, I don't believe that most members of Ace and Vox wanted to win just for the CV, or so they could one day work alongside Miranda Devine. But each team acquired a different image, and the fact that a team which had so few resources managed to receive 500 primary votes says something.

A personal opinion, yes, but it speaks to an elitist culture, where you can buy the editorship of a student paper; a clique environment where, if you have the connections and resources, the position is yours. Sounds a lot like the recent Union Board debacle, doesn't it? What used to be a marker of literary talent and passion for student media is fast becoming just another elitist manoeuvre.

Antares Wells  
Arts Adv. II

Cracked pot

While repairing my girlfriend's ceramic pot, I used the July 28th issue of Honi to protect the table. While doing so I noticed Bridie Connellan's review of 'the shortlist' and I'm glad I did since it was a highly entertaining read. Thanks Bridie, I may even use future issues of Honi for more than just soping up spills and craftwork mess.

Tyler  
Postgrad IV

### THE STALKER

Forgive me father for I have sinned. As I type this, I am lusting after an innocent engineering student who just wants to finish his PowerPoint presentation – in SciTech on a Saturday afternoon at computer 40. My lust is of an extravagant nature, and I am so greedy for his attention that even the shirt on his back makes me jealous. 100% cotton gets all the luck.

I am sitting next to him, and yet he does not notice as I gluttonously gulp the air in a vain attempt to imbibe his very essence as it wafts on by. I am also guilty of the sin of sloth: just a glimpse of his short blonde hair, broad shoulders, and large ravishing freckles, would leave even the most errant child transfixed. And while I am proud to be in the same room as him, even the short distance between us leaves me full of wrath.

I am the emotional equivalent of scrambled eggs. Oh, friendly stranger; won't you please gobble me up?

Were you stalked? Send a photo of yourself to [honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au](mailto:honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au) and you may win a prize!



## USU Policy Launch

**Rebecca Barrett** gives you the lowdown on fair trade, elections, AA and more.

Addressing issues as far ranging as cigarette sales on campus, elections, fair trade and cocktails, the inaugural USU policy conference was a forum for everyone interested in the governance of the USU, skipping a 10am class, and getting a free Manning burger. A small but eager group of students congregated at Manning Bar to discuss the USU's policies for the coming year.

Fair trade dominated the agenda, taking up over an hour of discussion time. Student lobby group Fairly Educated expressed anger at their perception that the union was ignoring the results of the non-binding referendum passed by 89.3 per cent of students on election day last semester. The Union stressed there was little more that they could reasonably do to implement the referendum, given the current coffee tender doesn't expire

until 2012-13 when none of the current Directors will be on the Board.

The rest of the conference was largely taken up by discussion of student politics. There was general consensus that postering during elections, a practice many deem wasteful and expensive, should be banned, or at least limited to certain spaces. There was also discussion of requiring future Board candidates to procure t-shirts and printing through Union suppliers to allow more scrutiny of how closely they comply with the spending cap, after the drama of this year's Union Board elections, where several candidates were found to have significantly exceeded the cap. The discussion of affirmative action was much more restrained than expected, with some discussion of introducing quotas for international or indigenous student representation. Both these ideas were held over for further discussion.

With the future of the USU under the cloud of the University White Paper, the Policy Conference demonstrated what makes Sydney unique: a student organisation that really cares about the opinions of the students it represents. With future conferences on the horizon, students should tune in and take part, even if only for the free burger.



## USyd refuses Scientology demands

**Anusha Rutnam** feels a surge of love for her alma mater.

The University of Sydney has refused to release documents containing emails of Professor Ian Hickie, which were requested by the Church of Scientology under the *Freedom of Information Act*. Hickie, who is the director of USyd's Brain and Mind Research Institute, has been supported by the uni.

Hickie and colleagues have in the past spoken out against the Church's policies on mental health and psychiatry. In turn, Scientologists have claimed that the pharmaceutical industry and various psychiatrists are enjoying a mutually beneficial relationship that involves the

misdiagnosis and over-medicating of mentally ill patients.

Representatives from the Church of Scientology have stated that they want access to the documents in order to ensure that information regarding the church contain therein is correct. The Church has also requested information regarding Hickie's funding and research projects.

## Hip Hop Handball

**Bridie Connellan** is, in fact, white. Can you believe it?

Kings, queens, fulls and interference REPRESENT ye dig? Last Wednesday every backpack-toting Pokémon-hoarding Jay-Z-praising daddy got the best day of their uni life. Hip Hop + Handball = Hip Hop Handball. Aight? With two four-squares and a dueling two-square chalked on the wylin' concrete of the Jane Foss Russell Plaza, USU Campus Culture launched their lunchtime one-time handball extravaganza for all the fresh behotches and homeboys ready to make like Year 5 and wurk dat playground.

With Campus Culture Convenor Roslyn Russell bringin' the beats and balls complete with Adidas and hoop

## SOC IT TO ME SYDNEY UNIMUSLIM STUDENTS ASSOCIATION AND ISLAMIC AWARENESS WEEK

**Dave Mack** has som' som' to say about SUMSA.

For an academic institution, Sydney Uni sure seems to be revelling in religion of late. Maybe it's just that Tony Abbott's been in the news a lot, but from the election of James Flynn to Union Board (whose central policy was to introduce a USU Faith Convenor) to the various "This is Life" posters around campus (as if to dispel any confusion following *Inception*), the campus has been awash with creeds.

It's fitting then that the Sydney University Muslim Students Association (SUMSA) has recently held its annual Islamic Awareness Week, following ten days of lecturers, debates and cultural events.

SUMSA President Ahmed Khanji told *Honi*, "Islamic Awareness Week is an event looked forward to by all SUMSA members. It attracts a huge amount of volunteers who are just as passionate about delivering the true message of Islam."

As a part of the festivities, a public lecture was given on Tuesday 10 August by Yusha (Joshua) Evans, a former Christian youth minister from South Carolina who converted to Islam in 1998. "This talk today, God willing, is not a personal attack on anyone or their beliefs," Evans told the crowd. "It is my sincerest intention to tell my story of how I came from where I was to where I am now as honestly as I can, and, as they say, the cards fall where they may. But the only way anyone will benefit from this is with an open mind, and as the old adage goes, a mind is like a parachute, there's only one way that it will work and that's if it's open."

Evans, who once intended to become a Minister, entertained the crowd

with stories of his Methodist upbringing and his slow discovery of and conversion to Islam, and the repercussions his decision to convert had for him and his family.



Khanji said Islamic Awareness Week is just one of a series of events organised by SUMSA. The club also holds regular "Islam 101 Lectures" for interested students because, as Khanji says, "We feel the best way to learn about Islam is to learn it from Muslims so we put together this initiative to help interested students understand the basics of Islam." Additionally, the club holds regular fundraising events for African charities and the Breast Cancer Foundation, as well as aiding the transition process for Muslim international students.

SUMSA now has around 500 official members, but is in regular contact with over 1000 Muslim students on campus. Khanji said the club is important to help foster a sense of community on campus. "Having a Muslim club on campus creates the unity we need to help us better achieve our goals of providing a hub of knowledge for both Muslims and non-Muslims about Islam," he says.

"Sydney University is certainly welcoming in that we face no difficulties being students of the University and practising our religion," Khanji says. "We hope that USyd students not only leave the University at the top of their academic field but also having experienced our Islamic Awareness Weeks to have the true and correct understanding of Islam, especially in times where the correct understanding of Islam is so crucial."



Photo by Roslyn Russell

**You wan' bounce with me? You just crossed the line, ma' fa'. Life of a pro handballer, know wha I mean? That's how this ball rolls. One day you're King. You're servin up a whole lotta rolly-polly no-returns on those jack-alls on the next block. Next day? You're dunce. Ah, hell. White knight? Black night? It don't make no difference on this block. Shiiiiiiiiii. That was the caption.**

a close, as players felt at ease, mobbin' with the dogg pound, feelin' the breeze. As the (somewhat imaginary) bell chimed "buzzkill", fives were thrown, balls were shelved and school was back in sesh. Strollin' to class with nothin' but love for the chronic h-ball, y'all knew the service was heaps decent.

For  
**Philosophico-  
Religious  
Cameos  
Try**

[www.glimpsesofgod.info](http://www.glimpsesofgod.info)

Brief essays which aim at rigour without presuming specialist knowledge.

Topics range from the science-faith interface to the relationship of spirituality to religion.









# COUNTDOWN

## The five worst food options on campus

David Mack



### Pasta: Azzuri's

OK, so I'm generally something of a fan of Azzuri's; nestled in the cavernous basement of Wentworth they provide a surprisingly comfortable ambience, attractive baristas and – most importantly – reliably good coffee that's cheap and comes in large doses. But take it from me, their pasta is atrocious. Maybe I just got a bad crop, but the pesto pasta I endured a few weeks ago was a triumph of disappointment: chewy, bland and somehow acidic. Not one to be repeated.

5



### Sushi: Anywhere on Campus

When the Japanese invented sushi, they did not intend for it to be served as a congealed mass of funky-tasting unidentifiable 'fish' loosely rolled some time earlier in the week, and while they may spend their weekends harpooning some deliciously illegal whales, surely this is no way to seek payback. If you're willing to subject yourself to this, the culinary equivalent of Russian Roulette, you deserve everything you get.

4



### The Meat Box: Uni Brothers

Alright, I've never actually eaten a Meat Box from Uni Brothers but with a name as appetising as that I probably never will. I mean, how often have you found yourself sitting in a mid-morning lecture thinking, "You know what I could go for right now? A big box of various meats." If you have, chances are you're either some sort of ravenous wolf-man or Sam Neill, in which case knock yourself out.

3



### Assorted Turkish Bread Sandwiches: USU outlets

Sometimes you're in a rush, low on funds or just happen to find yourself separated from the rest of civilisation at either Bosch or Engineering and all you want is a sandwich, so, despite your best instincts, you find yourself taking a chance on a USU sandwich. Don't. These concrete spheres of stale bread are a vacuum of taste and inspiration, and will leave you feeling a combination of stomach cramps and regret for not forking out another dollar or two for a baguette from the Law School café.

2



### Vittoria Coffee: USU Coffee Carts

At uni, there are three type of coffee drinkers: those who see coffee as a religion and will gladly wait in line at the Law School for hours for a drop of Campos goodness; those who just want something satisfying, cheap and quick can be found at Zabelli's or Azzuri's; and those who enjoy drinking brewed gutter water that has been boiled to an inch of evaporation and coloured with something brown that may or may not be coffee. The USU held a referendum on Fair Trade coffee last semester, but maybe it's time for a referendum on whether to serve actual coffee.

1



Ian Mack discusses the proposed developments at the heart of our city.

Feeling cramped? That's no surprise.

The Emerald City has fallen victim to the will of the major property developers. For too long, local councils and the state government have wilfully accepted the money presented by those developers keen to squeeze as much as they can out of a particular piece of land.

Have a look around your local area. Precious and rare open public spaces have disappeared sequentially, prime land has been snapped up and quality of life has taken a massive blow.

Put simply, I believe the state of our city is no more defined than through its open public spaces and the conflicts over the retention of open public space must receive the focus they once did.

Lend Lease has recently reconstituted its original concept plan for Barangaroo, that bare concrete slate that sits next to the finger wharves largely out of view, and, aside from the odd cruise ship, out of use. The development of Barangaroo is our chance to define the future of our city. Few global cities have the rare opportunity to re-imagine the heart of their metropolis. Excuse my use of cliché, but this gem in the heart of Sydney may potentially be the site of towering new commercial residential high-rises rather than an open public space from which the city may breathe.

An image of salivating, glaring-eyed developers desperately clutching to one of the last pieces of unique harbour foreshore comes to mind.

Questions about the sustainability of quality of life should be more hotly contested within public arena than they currently are. Competing views have been 'accommodated' and 'considered' by Lend Lease, but largely dismissed in the modification of their original concept plan that won them the tender. Although Lend Lease has argued that height increases to proposed buildings will create a better public realm, the sacrifice to culture of place cannot go unnoticed.



A proposed development plan for the Barangaroo site.

Urban consolidation of this kind often presents a neutral, lifeless, ghostly streetscape that is often devoid of vitality or energy.

Places of interaction, escape and expression should be cherished. Urban consolidation has had its way with the CBD and surrounding inner city, and I believe that it is imperative that we move forward on a unique opportunity to provide the city, its workers and its residents such a desirable piece of harbour foreshore.

To ignore the modified development plan that currently threatens Barangaroo, to not contest or debate it, is to sit idly by as our city is developed in a manner that is inconsistent with the sustainability of our city's quality of life.

For Sydney's sake, head back to the drawing board.

## STUFF USYD STUDENTS LIKE

### #77 DENIGRATING REVUES

It's revue season! Six glorious weeks of student comedy.

But better yet? This is your cue to hold uni students to the same standards as professional theatre companies. Should they fail, it is your prerogative to heckle without mercy, criticise without remorse and compare them unfavourably to the same revue two years ago, which the record will prove you thought equally crap.



Remember, if the guy in the back corner misses a turn in a dance in a meaningless couplet of the last song, Fred Astaire is pirouetting in his grave. Guitarist fudges a chord? Back to the pub circuit with you. Forgetting a line in a skit? Hell hath no fury like an audience half-entertained.

### Heckling

Trust us, we've heard it all. Yelling "Line!" when someone draws a blank. Crying "Wanker" under cover of blinding lights. Screaming "Make me a sammich" in Women's Revue. AIDS jokes in Queer Revue. Yes, you're a douche. You might as well be a clever one. However, heckling Engineering Revue is an honoured institution to the point of revue veterans improvising skits around predicted heckles. This was best recalled in the immortal 2009 "Dude, Where's My Pants?" sketch in which the protagonist took ten minutes to find his pants. This was largely attributed to the community-minded heckler who threw his own pants onto the stage with the intention of concluding the skit. Out of spite, the skit went on for another ten minutes. Pick your battles.

### General Criticism

As a student parting with \$12-\$20 of your hard-earned Youth Allowance you are entitled to a flawless production. This comes in the form of: choreography; sustained hilarity of skits; quality of music; jokes which are entirely topical; what movie soundtracks the band plays in between pieces; how hot the person is in the seat allocated next to you; glossiness of the programs; ethnic diversity of cast members; a sufficiently nasal, poncy tone of the cast member assigned to play Kevin Rudd; a quality and easily identifiable pun in the revue title; and enough Abbott jokes to make one vote Liberal out of sympathy.

Anything less deserves castigation in *Honi* and *The Bull*.

Tim Whelan

See page 10 for this year's mean revue reviews.

# THE GAUNTLET

CHALLENGE: GOING WITHOUT INTERNET FOR ONE WEEK.

It began innocuously enough. After a tawdry debacle of a lunch, featuring completely not-kosher (in both a religious and Guy Ritchie film sense) cold pork, conversation turned to the merits of various cold meats. After talk of the Italian deli selection (salami, pepperoni) had subsided, my friend uttered the momentous words: "cold turkey". While I was happy to entertain discussion of cranberries and cress, he made the treacherous leap of connotation: we should go "cold turkey" from our most damaging vice for a week.

Although pop culture abounds with these kind of arrangements and their inevitable pitfalls (*Seinfeld's* "The Test") and pratfalls (Josh Harnett in *40 Days and 40 Nights*), to my swine-addled brains, it seemed like a good idea at the time.

The thing is, my friend is a self-confessed World of Warcraft tragic, and I thought a week of not having to listen to his fellow WOWers shouting unintelligibly through tinny laptop speakers in a language that seems to consist entirely of *Lord of the Rings* quotes and the model names of electronic devices [deep breath] would be a little bit blissful. My friend, though reluctant, agreed, on the condition I go without internet for a week.

Although I put on a rather pained expression, I honestly thought that going without the internet would be quite manageable. Expressing my internet usage in percentage terms, it would break down something like this: 25% Youtube, 10% Footytube, 5% miscellaneous tubes, 5% checking if anything interesting has happened in my life, 20% discovering interesting things have happened in other people's lives, 3% Wiki-racing and 2% Reading the headlines on *The Sun.co.uk*. As for the other 30%, I cite that song in *Avenue Q* in my defense. None of this is really essential to the healthy functioning of an average 20 year-old. Furthermore, I had no assessments due for the week, so Blackboard and WebCT would be an even more distant speck on the horizon.

Sure enough, the first day or so was relatively painless. I discovered that there is more to the *Sydney Morning Herald* than eight or nine sports pages and reacquainted myself with that much-maligned medium, the book. I even gave a few members of my

intermediate family (aunts, cousins and the like) a call. The conversations always started with the somewhat ambiguous phrase "what a pleasant surprise" but a proper verbal exchange always trumps a few malformed witticisms on Facebook chat. I did have a few withdrawal symptoms from *The Sun's* relentless punditry, but thankfully the *SMH* delivered with a fleet of "Hayne Plane" jibes.

However, as the days wore on, things were less than easy-httpeasy. I found myself increasingly marginalised in conversation because I was unable to offer an opinion on the best Facebook sabotage of the last 48 hours, or join in a rendition of World's Greatest Cry (Remix). I felt there was a cruel irony to my plight. In my effort to throw off the tendrils of the world wide web and be more social, my ability to engage in social activities had been compromised. I sought solace with my fellow turkey, but his room was deadlocked and a cry of "You shall not pass the 2400 Hp" came from within.

Unwilling to break my vow but spiralling deeper into paranoia and isolation, I resorted to single-clicking the Mozilla Firefox icon on my desktop and setting up elaborate combinations of items around my mouse. If one particular item was disturbed by an external force, a chain of events would be triggered, ultimately resulting in the mouse button being pressed. Sadly, no machina, deus, homo or otherwise, came to my aid and I whiled away the final day in the eerie half-darkness of my room, leaving only for mealtimes.

I awoke on the eighth day buoyant, propelled joyously into consciousness by my reclaimed freedom. The unremitting glow of my monitor beamed down on me like a benediction, and I prostrated myself before my digital god. With unbridled fervour I first attempted to log on to Facebook, was told that my account had been attacked by four IPs from South Korea, changed my password and punched the Enter key. Four notifications. Four fucking notifications. Surely I'm worth more than "Randall McRandom just answered a question about you."

As I stare at the grinning visage and humorous pose that I thought would elicit at least two likes from my "friend" list, my cursor hovers over the "delete account" button. Then I see the FB chat bar light up. "Hey mate. Wassssup? You gotta check this out". The cursor dives for the hyperlink. The browser switches tabs. I can stop using the internet whenever. Right now, there are more important things to do.

Joe Smith-Davies



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](http://www.src.usyd.edu.au)



## BEING A MUSIC FESTIVAL JUNKIE

### The Background

The community of dance music festival-goers operates much like a cult. They ritualistically and collectively worship certain leaders; their mind-control practices of listening to repetitive mantras are considered strange; and they partake in mass, simultaneous consumption of unhealthy substances. In the absence of divine inspiration, your only hope of gaining access to this cult is through a meticulously constructed persona. And as the season of summer festivals fast approaches, what better time to throw on an oversized pair of sunglasses, turn up the BPM, and get in touch with your inner raver.

### The basics

Essential to the façade of festival experience is an air of jaded insouciance. To be impressed by any lineup, rumour or particular act is to undermine the

## FAKING IT

authority that is derived from your vast experience. It isn't enough, however, to simply say you "don't like (X) DJ". Your ambiguous and obscure "knowledge" is what will impress.

Always criticise the music of the biggest acts – popularity is so yesterday. Try, "X probably peaked in the late 90s, his latest material is just derivative, far too mainstream and pop focused." Oblique references to having seen said act live before is sure to give weight to your otherwise completely baseless assertion. The more obscure and exclusive the location, the less likely you are to get caught. "Well, I saw X play at a trance festival in Antwerp in 1998, and quite frankly, I just don't think they'll ever reach those heights again," is suitable. If anyone points out that you were only 10 at the

time, talk about how progressive your parents were. Or just run.

Give praise to one or two acts on the lineup. Who to champion, you ask? Read the ranked list of performers, and select one from about halfway down. "Erol Alkan will be huge this year, he's totally reinvigorated the European dance landscape." For bonus points, combine a standard genre with a left-field adjective and you've got yourself the latest trend in dance music: "I'm really looking forward to his set, I've been getting into a lot of (euphoric trance/violent electro/dirty French techno-pop) lately". If someone asks you to elaborate, defer to the classic "you wouldn't understand" evasion technique.

Beyond the music, it is essential that one give the impression they are familiar with the experience of a festival. A safe bet is always lamenting the "number of inexperienced punters," bemoaning

the excess of sniffer dogs making it hard for you to get any of your "stuff" in, and grieving the loss of "authenticity" and "underground focus" now that said festival has become "so fucking commercial man".

### Finishing touches

As the climate warms up, start to increase the general rotation of your festival attire in day-to-day clothing. Let your singlets become looser, hats less functional and eyewear more cumbersome and face-concealing.

Should anyone happen to want to look at your iPod, be prepared. Put together a selection of the summer festivals' offerings, erase the "Date Added" information on iTunes, get the playcounts high, and then turn the hypocrisy up to 11 as you criticise all the Johnny-come-latelys for their previously lame taste.

Joe Payten

## Memoirs of an almost-juror

Anusha Rutnam grasped the scales of justice in her hands. Nearly.

During the five years I've spent doing my three-year Arts degree, I have been on the run from the law. Yes, the Sheriff's Office set its sights on me when I was green as trees, in my first year of uni. What was I to do? I was too young to know right from wrong. So I ran. And I've been running ever since, escaping the long arm of the law for five years. But sometimes you just get tired of running, you know?

Also, this time I forgot to send in a letter excusing myself from jury duty. Shiiiiit.

Once resigned to my fate, however, I began to get quite excited about the prospect of joining with my peers to partake in our civic duty. I began thinking back to *The Oresteia*, Aeschylus' trilogy of Greek tragedies that shows the creation of the first trial by jury. Would I play Athena and cast the deciding vote?

I walked into Sydney's Downing St District Court bearing the burden of the knowledge that today, I might hold a man's life in my hands. Solemnly I

entered the waiting room where several hundred of my fellow citizens were already assembled. No one spoke but their eyes seemed to say "Here we are, here is humanity, this is civilisation."

The mood was only slightly dampened by Channel 9's *Today* program blaring instructions on how best to store left-over cupcakes ("In a box!").

I wondered, will I be able to look into the eyes of the accused, knowing that I controlled his fate: freedom or the chair (the chair in a prison cell).

Finally my number was called, and I approached the wardens of the hallowed halls of justice.

"You in Uni hun?"

"Yes."

"It's alright, love, you can go home, I'll just stamp your form."

Shiiiiit.

*NB. Uni students can get out of jury duty with a letter citing the demands of study. But don't be shit, you should do it at some point.*

## STOP SAYING THAT YOU'RE EMBARRASSING YOURSELF:

### THE LION KING IS HAMLET

#### What You Say

*The Lion King* is basically the plot to *Hamlet*.

#### Why You Say It

Because you want to mention that you've thought about the plot of *Hamlet*, but it's not polite to directly say so. And besides, you ain't no academic elitist! A cartoon and Shakespeare? Who is this maniac who so brazenly smashes through these paradigms of high and low art?! Look out Crusty Old Professor Pemberton, there's a new teach in town, and he's got a tattoo and everything!

#### Why You're Wrong

Because *The Lion King* is as much *Hamlet* as *Ghostbusters* is *Macbeth*. And even if it was the intention of the good people at Disney to re-imagine the most profoundly incisive play ever written, complete with a wisecracking meerkat and flatulent warthog, they either failed dismally or gave up very quickly. So you should stop saying they did. Because they didn't. And you're embarrassing yourself.

*Fine. But you'd have to agree that both protagonists have to deal with the murder of their father, and their rightful place in 'The Circle of*

*Life' / The Monarchic Hierarchy of Denmark.*

Actually no, we wouldn't have to agree with that at all. If you ask a year 10 English student for a reading of *Hamlet* they will tell you that at its core, it's a play about an existential crisis, resulting in fatal indecision. You barely have a chance to open your Maltesers before our plucky young Prince learns that his father was murdered by Claudius, and the rest of the play is him dicking about deciding what to do about it. *The Lion King*, on the other hand, has no such problem, because Simba doesn't know that his uncle did anything wrong; in fact, he blames himself. Plus, the moment he does learn the truth (while the prince is hanging from a rock, Scar whispers in his ear "I killed Mufasa", unwisely) Simba promptly leaps up and throws him to his death. Say what you like about Simba, he is one talking lion that gets results and gets them fast.

*Okay, sure there are plot differences, but it's entirely acceptable that Disney just gave it a happy ending. However, in terms of characters, it's pretty hard to argue that Simba isn't Hamlet, Mufasa isn't Hamlet Snr, Scar isn't Claudius, Sarabi isn't Gertrude, and Nala isn't Ophelia! So how can you –*

Alright, we'll stop you there. No one here is disputing that both texts feature a royal family and scheming uncle who murders the King. This much we agree with. Our argument is that it was at this point the

writers got distracted by a butterfly or, more likely, one of Elton John's ornate capes, and plain gave up on the whole adaptation malarkey.

*Alright smartarse, I've sat here and listened to this for long enough. Here's my ace in the hole: Timon and Pumba = Roz and Guil. What say you to that?*

Okie Dokie. You're obviously the kind of person who doesn't have time to say 'ensrantz' and 'enstern' so we'll cut straight to the chase. Yes, they are both certainly two pairs of characters who do some things. And there the similarities end. Remember that scene in *The Lion King*, right after Simba meets Tim & Pum (there you go), when Scar pays them to spy on and murder him, only Simba catches wind and has them killed first? No? Well we guess that's because that never happened in the Disney classic. Oh, and while we're here, who could forget that magic scene in *Hamlet* where the tragic prince and Ophelia sing of their love to each other beneath a waterfall? Don't feel bad if you don't remember, because that also never happened; the closest Ophelia ever gets to having some aquatic japes what when she drowns in a pond. Hakuna Matata.

*Well –*

Wait, don't tell us... Zazu is Polonius? Well we guess you're right, they are both



pretty cantankerous. Although... Simba never accidentally mauls Zazu through a curtain of jungle vines because in his existential madness, he believes it's Scar.

*Okay. What about this? "Circle of Life", "Wheel of Fire"!?*

That's *King Lear* (remade by Disney as *The Emperors New Groove*).

*You know what man, it's just a kids movie, okay?*

You started this, you hypothetical wanker we invented! Now leave our party and take your Peronis with you! Mind the door doesn't catch your scarf.

*Can I at least take my guitar?*

No. We're keeping it.

Ben Jenkins





# Hi, I'm *Honi Soit*, you must be John Safran

Monica Connors hits on the controversial Australian comedian.

“Who the hell would have a Eurasian fetish?” asks the lisping voice on the other end of the phone line. “Maybe you’d have an Asian fetish but only John Safran would overthink things so much that he’d have a half-Asian half-Caucasian fetish!”

As I am a Eurasian with a bad case of pasty Jew fever, I have had a not-so-secret crush on the fearless John Safran for quite a while. So as I speak to the self-described “video raconteur”, I can’t help being a little disappointed by Safran’s admission that he and his production team thought that having a Eurasian fetish would be a funny joke for his latest television series, *Race Relations*. Safran clarifies that it wasn’t “so much about lying”, but “more about excluding information”. I guess the same rules applied to my match.com boyfriend.

*Race Relations* was an eight-part series which screened on ABC last year and saw Safran “get busy with cross-cultural love,” in his own words. Using his own life experiences, he created a nearly autobiographical examination of the difficulties of cross-cultural and inter-faith relationships. Over the course of the series, he donned blackface, dressed up as a ladyboy in Thailand, made out with a girl in Anne

“I kind of lose the plot a bit and just sort of take it too far... I just end up pissing off the whole world.”



Frank’s attic, and sniffed a Pussycat Doll’s underpants. Oh, and he was crucified in the Philippines. Needless to say, Safran’s work often conjures controversy and is enjoyed mostly left-leaning Arts degree types. Despite his prankster and what has been described as “professional naughty boy” image, off-camera and off-mike it turned out that Safran was endearing, insightful and generous with his time.

Turning 38 a few weeks ago and with four Australian Film Institute Awards and two other documentary series, *John Safran vs God* and *Music Jambooree*, already under his belt, Safran is hardly a late bloomer. In 1997, at the young age of 25, Safran first made his acquaintance with the Australian public. As a contender on the ABC’s *Race Around the World* television series, Safran filmed short documentary style stories at different locations around the world. Religion was a recurring theme in the travel log videos he

filmed for the show, which saw him win the people’s choice vote. As part of his audition tape, Safran cited “Love- the boy-meets-girl type”, as the most important thing in his life. Indeed, Safran speaks right to my heart. He says his answer hasn’t changed since the show but quickly adds that he didn’t “mean that in a Julia Gillard way.”

It was much earlier than this, however, that Safran began to take an interest in religion. The late comedian Lenny Bruce once said, “When you’re eight years old, nothing is any of your business.” This is a rather apt expression for the young John Safran, who, in second grade, began to ask questions that no one could answer. While Safran was told that “On the first day God created the heavens and the earth”, he wondered, “Well, what happened the day before that? Did God have parents?” Big questions such as these are typically pondered by black turtleneck-wearing intellectuals who smoke clove cigarettes and listen to jazz, not a nice Jewish boy on his way home from Sunday School. However, if his television and radio shows have taught us anything, John Safran is no ordinary Jewish boy.

Proof of this is in the kosher pudding, so to speak. While investigating “religion and all things ethnic”, Safran’s various adventures have included creating a Jewish boy band, having a *fatwa* placed on Rove McManus, dancing *Footloose*-style in a synagogue, placing a voodoo curse on an ex-girlfriend, streaking in Jerusalem, being assaulted by Ray Martin, trying to join the Ku Klux Klan, being nominated for an ARIA and masturbating in a priest’s bed. Safran has gone places and done things outside the realm of possibility for, well, almost anyone, but he maintains he is motivated to create shows that his audience will enjoy. “Like a lot of people,” Safran says, “you feel like you want to be doing something positive”.

Critics often claim that Safran’s enthusiasm goes too far. He agrees that while in production he is in a “bit of a bubble” and is often “really worried that things aren’t going to be funny or interesting.” As a consequence, he admits, “I kind of lose the plot a bit and just sort of take it too far.” Rather than being concerned with reigning in his thoughts, Safran says that instead he is concerned with the flipside- “thinking the other way, like, oh man, everyone’s seen *The Chaser* do this or are people going to think I’ve just ripped off *Tropic Thunder* by going black face.”

Like *The Chaser*, however, Safran’s exploits are not for mere shock value but rather are a tool to draw attention to religious and social issues. As part of this technique he says the show’s creators “relentlessly edited *Race Relations* to make it so uncomfortable and to make me look like the worst person

on earth.” Despite his intentions to create a thought-provoking series, “I just end up pissing off the world”. He adds the thing he most regrets: “When things are taken the wrong way.”

Safran’s *chutzpah* and his apparent combination of neurosis and boldness are what makes his work so unique. He often admits in interviews to being attracted to devil characters: “Creatively, if you just put aside everyone’s feelings or the consequences – they’re freaking amazing. Imagine if your average film, song, TV show or painting, could encapsulate those sorts of emotions and put them in there. It would be compelling.”

Despite their controversial nature, Safran’s shows are undoubtedly emotive and compelling. As big a fan as I am, I need to work up to asking him about what I have found to be the most confronting scene of any of his shows. This scene transpires in *Race Relations* and features Safran and his two best friends taking part in a Kabbalah ritual. He digs up the plot next to his mother’s grave and recites a Jewish prayer in an attempt to find out “whether my mum cares if I marry a Jew or not”. Apparently Safran’s mother, who died in 2003, was keen for him to marry a Jewish woman, as are his friends and family. Safran is almost blasé. “There’s slight theatrics involved with what I do,” he says. “Dad doesn’t really get offended by things like that”. It is not the answer I was expecting but most things with Safran are not. Oy vey.

Growing up in Melbourne’s East St Kilda (or “Jewtown 3183”, as he calls it), Safran counted the Beastie Boys, *Mad Magazine* and his “lateral thinking” friends amongst his strongest childhood influences. He says that he was creative through “a bit of a trouble maker”. Even though his parents “aren’t really ultra-orthodox”, Safran was sent to the small Jewish orthodox high school Yeshivah College because, by his own admission, he was “really lazy and didn’t work hard”. Even though it was “religiously strict”, Safran says his high school years were also very liberal. “Lots of the teachers were like missionaries and rabbis from New York so it was a bit of that loud-mouth New York culture,” he says. “You didn’t get in trouble for being a smart Alec for, you know, questioning things”.

With such an ultra-religious school environment, my immediate question is how the school reacted to his shenanigans. Safran says that due to Australia’s secular nature, “In this weird way, heaps of Jews don’t mind you questioning religious things ... but when it come to the more cultural



Safran (left) in black-face and (above) being crucified. Scandalous!

side of things like ‘Oh are we a racist community cause we tell our children not to date non-Jews?’, like that’s provocative in a way that ‘God doesn’t exist’ isn’t.” He says it is a “shameless lie” when the Jewish community pretend they have no issue with dating other ethnic groups. Clearly this is an issue Safran of which has first-hand experience, and despite the sustained Eurasian fetish joke, elements of *Race Relations* are undeniably autobiographical.

With conversation turning more academic, Safran sounds regretful as he describes the briefness of his stint at university, studying journalism at RMIT before dropping out. “At university, your mind’s really open to all these different ways of thinking and different philosophies and there are just all these lunatics on campus with their different political agendas you get to learn about. It’s really cool.” It was at university that Safran indulged his love of music and created the hip-hop group Raspberry Cordial. He says he “was really passionate about it and really tried so hard” and in an interview with Andrew Denton in 2002, Safran attributed the group’s lukewarm success to one fact: “The world wasn’t ready for white rappers.”

Today Safran still lives in an “insane furry hatted Jew area” of East St Kilda in Melbourne. He is cryptic about his future plans. “This is where I have to start talking like a politician and be like Kevin Rudd on *Lateline*,” he says. “I’m working on a few things, I kind of have to ‘cause I don’t have a back-up plan.” He does admit that in the future he really wants “to do a film but you’ve kinda got to go where the ideas take you”. Safran keeps busy hosting a weekly radio show with Catholic priest Father Bob Maguire and enjoying regular Scrabble games (he proudly tells me he has achieved two of what Scrabble enthusiasts call Nirvana, the triple triple score). He is a keen Twitter user. His profile describes him as “your ex-boyfriend”. I wish. 🍷

John Safran will be at Manning Bar for the Comedy & Culture Panel at 1pm on August 31.

You can listen to him on Triple J on Sundays at 9pm. His twitter address is @safran\_john.





# THE REVUES REVIEWS

## LAW: HOW TO LOSE VOTES AND AGGRAVATE PEOPLE

Law Revue opened with a bling-a-licious cover of a Beyoncé classic claiming that with all its recent changes, “USYD looking so crazy right now.” The song’s ending, a downpour of dollar bills, fitted the pattern of sketches which seemed to be included solely to parade the show’s cash flow. Nonetheless, the show was pretty hilarious.

The Law kids embarked on a no-holds-barred explosion of sketches parodying a range of topics, from international crises to Hollywood blockbusters to campus security to Miranda Devine. The real highlight was the clever weaving of our current political situation into a musical. Our future lawyers brought back their best Rock Eisteddfod enthusiasm and facial spasms for a montage of Aussie hits covering the rise and fall of Kevin Rudd and the eve of this year’s federal election.

The excitement and hubbub of the group dance numbers were nicely complemented by the video parodies of *MasterChef*, *Man vs World* and *Australian Story*, my favourite being the latter with its Muffin Man lament. And Reuben Ray’s a capella tribute to Australia’s dismal performance in sport over the past year was superb.

While there were perhaps a tad too many groan-worthy puns, the show was slick, the sketches punchy and the performances overall pretty great. It ended with the cast transformed into the seagull victims of the BP oil spill, but apart from the vibrant costumes, the closing number seemed anti-climactic to what had been such an energy-filled show.

Elise Fabris

The on-campus buzz surrounding this year’s Law Revue was quite spectacular. Sadly, several of the skits were oddly familiar: the opening aboriginal deeds skit, which was remarkably similar to a scene from the television series *John Saffron vs God*; the Rudd vs Turnbull rap seemed to have borrowed from *Keating! The Musical*, and the “Kosher is the same as Halal” lyrics resembled those of a Tim Minchin song. Call it déjà vu, call it a *Matrix*-esque “glitch”, or call it breach of copyright, the sketches were funny but not entirely new.

Nevertheless, Antony Faisandier and Tom Kaldor directed a slick production in *How to Lose Votes and Aggravate People*. The political theme was perfectly timed with the election and wildly appreciated by the audience. The high-energy, musical numbers were very clever. I particularly enjoyed Rudd

(Kaldor) singing, “Have you forgotten my achievements like Sorry, and My School, and sorry for My School?”.

The cast was committed and consistently funny. Weenie Tidmarsh’s very witty “I’m Mrs White Lies” number, in which she sent up clerkship interviewees, and Geoffrey Winter’s inspired performance as Peter Garrett, complete with spasmodic dance moves, were highlights. The seven-piece band were B-A-N-A-N-A-S.

Law Revue was worth \$20, even if only to find out just what men do when women and children are evacuated from sinking ships first: strip down to their glittering briefs and be fabulous.

Monica Connors

## WOMEN’S: GHOUL’S NIGHT

Eight clever women graced the Downstairs Theatre of the Seymour Centre to present a litany of gritty tales of womanhood for this year’s Women’s Revue. With verbose dialogue and a touch of self-reflexivity, they embarked on a journey which mocked literature, historical events and personalities, and various university factions.

But the show entitled *Ghoul’s Night* certainly lived up to its name. The evening was filled with dead-and-buried jokes that resurfaced with innards flailing, and served only to haunt the audience, being more pain-inducing than funny. With multiple groans resulting from their lazy punch-lines, these girls seemed to use the stage as a platform to celebrate their inner-nerd with sketches involving *World of Warcraft*, *The Lord of the Rings* and the over-parodied *Twilight* saga.

Many of the jokes had been told before, from an overtly sexual Nigella Lawson

Women’s Revue was painfully awkward. The sketches were innocuous and the jokes humourless. Much like the model aeroplane kit you once got in a show bag, it had all the parts necessary to make it work but due to clumsy fingers, it fell apart in no time at all.

The second number was a rap to the tune of Katy Perry’s “California Girls”, welcoming the audience to the biggest congregation of “monsters, freaks and illegitimates outside Canberra”. It was enjoyable but left me wondering what the petite lead rapper Catherine Holbeche was doing up past her bedtime.

Actress Lucille Ball once said, “I’m not funny, I’m brave”, and the same sentiment applied to Women’s Revue. I commend director Damiya Hayden for considering no topic out of bounds, with sketches relating to the Apple brand, abortion, *Twilight*, the Loch Ness monster, incest survivors and boat people. But the sketches

in the semi-nude sketch to a too-soon reference to Elisabeth Fritzl. And the video series of “political incidents of sasquatchery” appeared as an inside joke which didn’t quite translate from its perhaps drunken inspiration to worthwhile inclusion in the show. It has to be said that Damiya Hayden’s Eliza Doolittle-esque portrayal of “everybody’s favourite cockney abortionist” Vera Drake had every audience member cringing as she was dragged of the stage singing, “Just you wait little foetus, just you wait!” In terms of pushing the envelope this was certainly a success.

The show was salvaged by the outstanding performance of Catherine Holbeche’s endearing portrayal of Nessie, the Loch Ness Monster. Had they included more bizarre flights-of-fancy like this, the show would have been far more enjoyable.

Elise Fabris

undulated from the dead boring “Great Moments in Political Sasquatchery” videos to the intentionally shocking “Britt Lapthorne Under the Sea” skit.

With stark staging, the small cast wore thick make-up and black clothes and had few costume changes. The performers spent too much offstage, leaving the audience in darkness. The situation did not improve much when performers were onstage: lines were forgotten and too many sketches were reduced to improv. While there were flashes of brilliance, I felt that licking a battery, living in the Gaza Strip or even listening to a Nickleback CD would have been more fun than watching *Ghoul’s Night*.

The high points of the show came from Callie Henderson’s numbers. The girl sang like a diva and I just wished that the rest of the cast had the same energy.

Monica Connors

## STAGE OF EARTH AND SKY

Daniel Zwi gets back to basics.

It wasn’t without hesitation that I arrived at The Playhouse to watch Bangarra Dance Theatre’s new production, *Of Earth and Sky*. I had never been to a professional dance production before – were its nuances going to be lost on me? How would I partake in the post-show banter? Would I appreciate it for all the wrong reasons, or worse – find myself bored stiff and fidget constantly, exposing myself as a dance-virgin, a disgraced greenhorn, a philistine?

Such were my thoughts as I took my seat. Yet I needn’t have worried. *Of Earth and Sky* was primeval; it engaged you on an instinctual level, regardless of your knowledge of the medium. I sank

into a kind of trance as I watched the troupe of twenty dancers negotiate the stage; dressed in minimal, earth-coloured outfits, (loin cloths were involved) moving organically and abstractly to the electronic soundscapes of musical director, David Page.

*Of Earth and Sky* is comprised of two works: *Riley*, choreographed by Daniel Riley McKinley, and *Artefacts*, choreographed by Frances Rings. The former was based around various symbols of the indigenous Australian experience, which were shown against a blue sky on a large screen at the back of the stage. As a locust appeared, the dancers became the insects themselves, swarming gracefully across stage in unison. Another section



projected a large feather on the screen, with the dancers leaving a trail of feathers as they moved in slow, jagged paths like wounded birds.

One particularly striking scene involved just two male dancers; one balanced on the others’ thighs and shoulders as they merged into some kind of angel-animal-man. The harsh lights picked up the powdered chalk as it billowed from the

dancers’ bodies at the slightest impact. I realised that I enjoyed watching male dancers more than females. Whether my preference was due to their strength enabling them to adopt more acrobatic positions, or my own repressed sexuality, was a question that worried (occupied?) me throughout the interval.

*Artefacts* was also based on the indigenous relationship with the Australian bush. It opened with an acute – and cute – depiction of a possum, but by far my favourite scene was when the dancers donned black cat suits and became ants, picking up a 10-metre long piece of bark and scuttling across the stage beneath it. It was *Of Earth and Sky*’s portrayal of recognisable aspects of the natural world that held my attention, and enabled me to emerge from The Playhouse feeling not like a dance rookie but a bona fide expert.



# SCREEN THE EXPENDABLES

Hannah Lee sees too much braun and not enough brains.

With enough muscle, explosions and guns to annihilate the interests of a female audience, *The Expendables* is strictly for lovers of hard action films reminiscent of the 80s, and those who admire an ensemble cast featuring the likes of Jason Statham, Jet Li, Dolph Lundgren, Randy Couture, Mickey Rourke and of course, the writer and director of the film itself, Sylvester Stallone. For those who question everything they watch and can't stand pitiful one-liners, spend your money elsewhere.

Despite the fact that Stallone is well-ready for grandpahood, nothing slows down Barney Ross, his character in *The*

*Expendables*. Ross is the leader in a team of mercenaries who are offered five million dollars to overthrow a dictator and a rogue-CIA operative who is funding corruption and injustice in the small country-island of Vilena. While the job seems easy enough at first, the team soon find themselves up against serious competition and an old teammate seeking vengeance.

After an influx of fantasy films and thrillers that don't handle action with straightforward storylines and senseless violence, *The Expendables* brings back the joys of simply watching someone get a knife stuck in their neck and listening

to the cheesy lines that come after. But minus the awesome action stunts (the pyrotechnics of the film weren't computer-generated! They were real!), the story isn't compelling enough to impress, the characters could have been stronger (not physically), and the camaraderie within the team could have been more charismatic and humorous.

Having said that, if dumb storylines don't phase you and a generous amount of blood and old-school action heroes turn you on, I'd say this film should be at the top of your list.

**Release Date: August 12th, 2010**

# SOUNDS HOT CHIP

Declan Dickinson chats with a UK delicacy.

A lot has happened over the last six years to the now five-piece London based outfit Hot Chip. A string of marriages, line-up changes and even children have affected the band's sound. Band member Owen Clarke admits this maturing process hasn't gone unnoticed and explains, "It's just a new direction [for the band]." There is a certain level of self-conscious domesticity to the new album *One Life Stand*, but this is no surprise when you consider the band members' personal lives. Fans of Joe Goddard, co-founder, keyboardist and vocalist of the band, were disappointed to find out he would be unable to join the electro act on tour. After joining fellow Hot Chip parent and co-founder Alexis Taylor in conversation, Clarke explains, "He had too many daddy duties to come on tour with us."

Perhaps this is why when Clarke and Felix Martin showed up more than half an hour late for this interview the morning after their Sydney show with fellow brit-lectro artists LCD Soundsystem, they were both reluctant to remove their sunglasses. According to their tour manager they had passed

a hotel on the way over advertising "\$5 Steak and Chips, Conditions apply." and had spent the better part of the morning giggling in the back of the cab like a pair of fifteen year old school girls contemplating what those conditions could have been. Perhaps it's some sort of in joke, you know, every time they see anything advertising Hot Chip... no, that's stupid, it was probably just the partying, yeah. After all "We're celebrating for five," smirks Clarke, with some semblance of humour peeking through his dark black wayfarers. He is of course referring to the remaining unmarried members of the band.

But partying is nothing new for the boys whose songs have been remixed by a multitude of British DJs and producers. The band can also boast having done collaborations with many of the U.K.'s most popular dance acts including Wiley (remember that 2008 club anthem "Wearing My Rolex?" Yeah? Well you can thank Hot Chip for that one). Known for frequenting many of London's most famous night-spots including the infamous club Fabrik where the fivesome

do semi-regular DJ sets, one can only hope that they find some time in Australia to enjoy and critique our local nightlife. Perhaps in between sets at Woodford?

As an album *One Life Stand* doesn't break any new ground musically and subsequently doesn't leave much to talk about, You can expect to hear their usual house-inspired synth pop with that ever present tinge of disco, which characterised their album *Made in the Dark* (2008). As with other Hot Chip albums, Alexis Taylor's trademark melancholy singing style works well, especially on tracks *Thieves In The Night* and the single *One Life Stand*. The group even experiments with auto-tune, that old chestnut, and while this serves to break up the monotony of the rest of the album it really does end up sounding something like an experiment. But all in all the album delivers what it promises.

When asked about whether this might be their last visit to Australia neither Owen nor Felix were able to, perhaps even wanted to, give a straight forward answer. But as the original founders of the group begin to embrace family life after hopping on the back of long time friends LCD Soundsystem's last tour ever, this might be Australia's last chance to see one of this decades most popular artists perform.

# PAGES BYRON BAY WRITERS' FESTIVAL

Jacinta Mulders wrote about the writey thing.

Set among the sunny fields of Byron's North Beach, the Byron Bay Writers' festival is a three-day event held annually in early August. Founded 14 years ago and organised by the staff and Committee of the Northern Rivers Writers' Centre, the festival seeks to create a forum for the circulation of ideas and discussion by bringing in prominent Australian and international writers for a program including panel discussions, one-on-one dialogues, workshops and special events.

This year, the keynote conversation was with Megan Stack, an American journalist from the *LA Times* who spoke candidly of her experiences covering wars in Afghanistan, Iraq and Lebanon while still in her twenties. After a slow start with fill-in Mungo McCallum, chair Kerry O'Brian instantly gripped the audience's attention with an opening comment on the title of Stack's book, *Every Man In This Village Is a Liar...* "Oh, so you've been to Canberra then?" Needless to say, the Greens filled audience chortled.

Other highlights included Bret Easton Ellis, author of *American Psycho*. After a notoriously disastrous first interview with the ABC's Ramona Koval, in which Ellis side-stepped Koval's questions by raging about his new found love for Delta Goodrem, the author finally opened up on Day 3 with a one-on-one with Simon Marnie. Displaying an off-hand vulnerability and sharp evasiveness, the question of the session undoubtedly came

from Marnie's 17-year old son: "Why are you such a sick fuck?"

The inevitable low-lights of the festival included Kathy Lette, who, after charming audiences with her gratuitous name-dropping and apparently spontaneous witty banter, was heard later in the festival slipping the exact same lines and anecdotes as responses to completely different questions. Mungo McCallum similarly could have had a better festival: after outraging audiences with a comment about Julia Gillard and the mining tax ("Well she just came in, lay down and opened up her legs"), he was later found cowering in a corner after having his beard pulled by Blanche D'Apuguet. Allegedly, he'd described her facelift as 'stuck between two floors.'

With so much stimulating content, it's a shame the festival doesn't attract a younger demographic. The festival featured many perceptive speakers of a

# OM NOM NOM BLOODWOOD

Lucy Bradshaw is O so positive.



You may well have heard of Bloodwood. Many Sydneysiders would have, considering the crowd queuing for a much-coveted table in this Newtown restaurant, not to mention the extensive publicity that led them there. The good ol' *SMH* and yuppie bible *Time Out* have been waxing lyrical about this place for a while now, but I can't help but wonder whether their praise derives simply from the shock of finding a culinary diamond in the rough, hidden under Newtown's overload of Pad See Ew and hemp. But can Bloodwood really live up to the hype?

I arrive, eager to find its flaws. Yes, the décor's trying a bit hard, with brightly-painted bits of door dangling all over the ceiling, lit by the requisite postmodern naked light-bulb. Add that to its multicultural menu and environmentalist name (taken, naturally, from a species of eucalypt), and Bloodwood fits pretty snugly within the Inner West stereotype. But at the end of the day, it's a bloody good place.

The food may seem a tad disparate, with plates coming in various sizes (though never very large) from various cuisines, but it ultimately forms a solid shared-plate melting-pot sort of meal. The polenta chips with gorgonzola sauce (\$9) are the perfect starter, followed by an impressive charcuterie plate (\$28) and the superb socca (\$25), a pizza-esque chickpea pancake plumped up with pumpkin, dill and Persian fetta. Switching continents, we try an odd-sounding but delicious fried bean curd roll, stuffed with crab and rolled in pork (\$15), and head back to Europe via simple yet divine mushrooms baked in red wine (\$17) and paprika-flecked garlic prawns (\$25).

The food is decidedly interesting and moreishly good, making Bloodwood a dependable, atmospheric place with a well-stocked bar and creative flair. It's not as cheap as our old friend Thai La-Ong, but it's a cut above other Newtown joints, and while it may be a restaurant designed more for the young and monied, don't disregard it altogether. Bloodwood offers both a novel and pleasurable dining experience in often-bland suburb – so I guess that makes the rest of the world right.

**Bloodwood, 416 King St, Newtown. No bookings accepted, closed Tuesdays.**

genuinely inspiring calibre, making the enthusiasm and insight on display feel a million miles away from the completely disengaging political environment of recent weeks. Next year's festival comes highly recommended to literary enthusiasts and lay people alike.





# Couldn't care more

More than one in twenty people under 25 are young carers, having to support a member of their family with a long-term physical or mental illness. Despite their numbers, the challenges that young carers face on a daily basis are often difficult to talk about and can remain a secret outside the home. **Catherine Marks** talks to two young carers about balancing growing up, university and their family demands.

Joe\* chooses not to tell other people too much about what goes on at home. He is a high-achieving, third year Arts student at Sydney Uni, who likes eating at Thai La-Ong, and if you met him in a tute you would probably never guess that his life is strikingly different to that of most of his classmates. It's unlikely that you would ever find out that most days he'll go home and his father will repeatedly ask the same questions such as, "Will you be here for dinner?" or that at times Joe will come home and his dad will be so

---

"I think I don't tell people about my caring responsibilities because it is kind of like betraying the family. I had no choice in helping mum, she can't help being sick, so I kind of just feel bad, as if I should just do it and be quiet. I also don't want to be seen as whinging or crying poor."

---

distressed that he will have to take him to hospital and stay with him, sometimes with unfinished assignments due the next day. According to Joe's mother, Joe's dad started acting strangely when Joe was just a year old, but it wasn't until he was 10 that his dad was diagnosed with early-onset Alzheimer's disease and frontal lobe dementia, affecting his personality and mental functioning. Joe provides support when his father has 'episodes', calling doctors, and sometimes staying with him at hospital. In daily life, Joe helps his dad stick to a routine, and emotionally supports his whole family. This is the life of a young carer.

In Australia, there are approximately 380,000 young carers. This means that around one in twenty people aged 25 or under has some level of care responsibility for someone in their home with a disability, chronic illness, mental illness, drug or alcohol problem. Many young carers, like Joe, tend not to tell many people about their caring responsibilities, making this sizable group a rather silent minority. They care for family members for an average of six hours per day, providing help in a range of ways, from emotional support and occasional physical support – Joe – to full-time care. There are currently no statistics on how many young carers attend university. Joe is a good friend of mine, who has been kind enough to share his story with me.

To find out more about the experiences of young carers, particularly those who are at university, I spoke to Lorna Clarkson, Young Carer Project Officer at Carers NSW. Lorna gave me an insight into the lives of young carers, and put me in contact with a young woman

named Angelina, who has been caring for her mother for the past ten years.

Angelina is a third year Social Work student at Charles Sturt University. As her mother's condition has worsened over the last two years, her caring responsibilities have intensified. She studies by distance education so that every day she can make all meals for her mother, help her shower, give her medication, make her cups of tea, do washing and household chores, and be on-call for her mother's needs at all times. Angelina's mother has a degenerative disease of the spine, along with a number of other health problems, leaving her in a lot of pain with limited mobility.

Being a young carer makes being a university student more difficult. According to Angelina, "Being a carer means that my uni work often comes in second place. That means that I have to make sure everything around the house is done and that Mum is ok before I can even sit down to contemplate doing uni ... but even then I have to be on high alert to be able to run if she calls ... which happens quite often, most days. It gets so annoying sometimes, like when I needed to study for my exam but couldn't because she [my mother] wanted my brother and I to be at the hospital all of the time." When I asked her how being a carer affected her social life, she replied, "To be honest, I have no social life!"

Lorna told me that along with feelings of frustration, it is very common for young carers to have feelings of guilt. "Turning 18 means independence for most young people but, for young carers, caring responsibilities can often limit that independence," she said. "Naturally this can bring up feelings of frustration, but many young carers also feel guilty as they struggle between their responsibility to the person they care for and living their own life." This is certainly true for Angelina and Joe. When I asked Angelina if she ever felt guilty, she said, "I do. I feel guilty if I snap at her because I know she is in pain and probably didn't mean what she said. So yeah... quite a lot of guilt there." Joe agreed: "You know it's not their fault. Dad will be really bad, and sometimes he'll say really shit things. You'll get really sad and angry and then you get annoyed when you feel like that because you know it's not his fault."

But being a young carer has given both Joe and Angelina very unique life experiences, which haven't all been negative. "When we go out, my dad is noticeably different, and people look

at him weirdly. I just want to say 'Don't judge him. You don't know him.'" Said Joe, "I think it gives you a different level of empathy." Angelina expressed similar sentiments: "I think that by being a carer I have learnt to be compassionate, patient, as well as knowing that I don't come first, ... like the world doesn't revolve around me and what I want to do." Interestingly, both Joe and Angelina have developed clear interests in social justice.

I found it surprising that both Joe and Angelina have chosen not to tell many people about their home situations. "I tell more people as I get older," said Joe. "It took until Year 11 to tell people at school. In primary school I told no-one because they wouldn't understand." Angelina hasn't told anyone at uni, nor did she tell anyone at school that she was a carer. "I think I don't tell people about my caring responsibilities because it is kind of like betraying the family. I had no choice in helping mum, she can't help being sick, so I kind of just feel bad, as if I should just do it and be quiet. I also don't want to be seen as whinging or crying poor." When I asked Joe why he doesn't tell many people about his caring responsibilities, he replied, "I guess it's my dad's story to tell, and he is really private, but it's sad because he can't tell it."

Evidently, young carers have a story, too. Australia has one of the worst disability support systems in the Western world, putting a huge amount of pressure on young carers. The staff at Carers NSW are incredibly dedicated and do all they can to support carers, but in comparison to the need, carer support services across the board are still under funded. While carers do what they do out of love and responsibility for family members, sometimes they just need a break. I've sat in classes for a few years with Joe, and I know it confuses people when he comes to uni and something is evidently wrong but he won't say anything. I've also seen how impressed other people are at how unfailingly patient, kind and accepting he is. I am incredibly lucky to have him as a friend, and I am lucky enough to be one of a small number of people who know his story because there is a lot more to him than you see on the surface. 🕒

\* Pseudonym used at request of the interviewee.

**If you are, or know, a young carer and would like to find out more about what supports are available, contact the Young Carer Team at Carers NSW on 1800 242 636\* (\*freecall except from mobiles) or email [yc@carersnsw.asn.au](mailto:yc@carersnsw.asn.au).**



# 'Reporting from Japan'

Fresh from interning in the ABC's North Asia bureau, **Jacqueline Breen** reflects on the changes, dangers and future in foreign correspondence.

Here's some advice for free, kid – don't stand within spitting range. That's one gem I gleaned from a whirlwind internship in foreign correspondence. Outside the District Court in downtown Tokyo, surrounded by police, posters and frothing pro-whaling ultra-nationalists, I quickly learned not to underestimate the human spray radius.

The Australian Broadcasting Corporation's North Asian correspondent, Mark Willacy, stood casually in the media scrum, tapping on his phone and snapping on his gum. Inside the court, New Zealand anti-whaling activist Peter Bethune was about to learn his fate. The former Sea Shepherd campaigner faced charges for assaulting a Japanese whaler during clashes in the Antarctic earlier this year, and a lengthy gaol term was on the cards. The police had roped us in to a press pen and the journos stood around chatting and scribbling. Cameramen panned the scene around us, and the ultranationalists lost their conservative shit just metres away. The diminutive protest leader spat his displeasure with Willacy's recent coverage, and his apoplectic comrades thrashed against the police barricades.

For a journalism student accustomed to scratching out theatre reviews for the local street press, the scene was pretty thrilling. Those police officers had real guns! Those protesters shouted really loud! But for our seasoned correspondent this was just another day at the office. Before deadline Willacy had delivered his piece to camera outside court, filed stories and updates for radio, television and online news and current affairs, taken phone interviews on the scene, swivelled on his wheelie chair and settled in for Beer O'Clock back in the bureau. Over the course of my internship I tagged along behind this affable veteran, watching and wondering at the evolving profession.

"Just another day" in the Tokyo office differs sharply from Willacy's previous postings. In his first overseas gig as the ABC's Middle East correspondent he spent more time dodging bombs and bullets than megaphone spit spray. Last year he dug deep into political massacres in the Philippines and this year rocked a flak jacket during the Red Shirt riots in Bangkok. The boy from country Queensland has worked some of the world's toughest beats and admits he likes it that way.

"I was working in the ABC's Parliament House bureau in Canberra and finding it horribly claustrophobic and myopic," Willacy says of his path from the press gallery to the front line. He had started out studying engineering at university, but ditched it four years in when he noticed his complete lack of talent and interest ("Would you drive over a bridge I'd designed?" he asks. I probably wouldn't.) After kicking around numerous regional news rooms Willacy settled in at the ABC, but grew bored with the political scenery. "Some people in the gallery regarded issues like the GST and petrol tax as the pinnacle of their journalistic calling. To me that was scary and more than a little sad."

So he traded taxes for terrorism, signing on as the ABC's Middle East correspondent in 2002. As time ticked by before their departure, Willacy and his wife watched their new hood exploding each night on the evening news. Their arrival in Jerusalem coincided nicely with Israel's largest military offensive in the West Bank since 1967, and Willacy hit the ground running when Israel bombed a civilian apartment block housing a Hamas military commander. Days later the attack was avenged at an Israeli university, where Willacy found internal organs smeared on the bottom of his shoe.

In one sense, these scenes of adventure, adrenaline and anarchy sit comfortably with the classic foreign correspondent archetype. The iconic world reporter of the last century cut a heroic figure, boldly venturing to dusty badlands and labyrinthine depths in the corridors of world power. He (almost invariably a he) slinked about in trench coat and hat, smoking in doorways and speaking in exotic languages. He dined with diplomats and propped up the bar, and he harboured a healthy disrespect for the pampered editorial pen-pushers calling the shots back at editorial HQ.

But in many other ways the world of foreign correspondence has changed dramatically, and those archetypes are all but extinct. Plummeting media revenue and relentless technological progress have resulted in major systemic changes to the news business, and expensive overseas bureaus have been hit the hardest. Around the world, newspapers and broadcasters are slashing their foreign presence in a bid to cut costs. Foreign bureaus require plenty of cash to keep on keeping on; office space, equipment, transport, accommodation,

family support, translators and staff don't come cheap. In 2007 America's ABC News streamlined overseas operations by establishing seven one-person bureaus, deploying seven television journalists with laptops and handheld video cameras to global hotspots. The move collapsed several

---

This is democratised journalism, where foreign affairs are no longer witnessed or reported exclusively by professionals from mainstream media organisations. The most-viewed footage of the 2007 London bombings came from camera phones on the scene

---

jobs (reporter, shooter, producer, fixer, bureau chief) into one, saying tons of money and exploiting advancements in technology. Only four US newspapers now maintain foreign correspondents, and its estimated those offices cost between \$250,000 and \$500,000 a year.

The story is the same back home. Turn the pages of any broadsheet and you'll find most international stories are purchased hot off the wire services. Commercial broadcasters parachute journalists in for sporadic disaster coverage, instead of maintaining permanent overseas offices. With 21 foreign correspondents operating across 12 bureaus the Australian Broadcasting Corporation has the strongest foreign presence, but its journalists are awaiting the results of a foreign bureaus review that could restructure everything. Just this year the ABC's Moscow correspondent was replaced with a single video journalist. This economic rationalisation places pressure on the remaining correspondents to pump out more stories with fewer resources. A shift from quality to quantity results, as reporters compromise depth and analysis to meet rolling deadlines. Journalism may be the first rough draft of history, but Ernest Hemingway (corresponding during the Spanish World War) reminds us that "the first draft of anything is shit."

Those economic imperatives have coalesced with technological changes that have revolutionised the biz. Suddenly, anyone with a keyboard and a camera phone could report on floods, famine or street fighting. This is democratised journalism in a globalised world, where foreign affairs are no longer witnessed or reported exclusively by professionals from mainstream media organisations. The most-viewed footage of the 2007 London bombings came

from camera phones on the scene, and social media sites exploded with on-the-ground commentary during the recent Iranian revolution. The binary between news producer and news consumer has diminished, and citizen journalism represents a major departure from the monopoly of mainstream news.

For all the changes, there is still continuity. Despite all the developments Willacy is still in a job, and he's confident the advantages in both old and new models can coexist. He points out that the proliferation of amateur videos makes professional reporting even more important. "At the ABC we're bound by editorial guidelines and a code of ethics. Where is that regulation for bloggers? At the ABC our credibility is our greatest asset," he argues.

Besides, these economic dangers pale in comparison to the occupational hazards that still come with the job. Increased workload and decreased resources are tough, but death, injury and trauma are even more unpleasant. Earlier this year Australian photographer Nigel Brennan finally escaped after 15 months in captivity in Somalia. Caught with drugs in Singapore in 2008, ABC journalist Peter Lloyd sparked discussion on post-traumatic stress in journalists after witnessing the Bali bombings and Boxing Day tsunami. Freedom Forum counted 66 journalist deaths during the Vietnam War, and the Committee to Protect Journalists says that, since 2003, 140 have died in the line of duty in Iraq. Willacy took the Middle East gig knowing it was "the post you're most likely to die in", and although he obviously thrives in armoured vehicles the job has taken its toll. A daily diet of death and destruction is exhausting, and Willacy has lost friends and co-workers: "Their deaths, and the random cruelty of it all, really made me angry. Still does."

Foreign correspondence is not a dying art form, but a changing one. The anthropological task of translating one culture to another has never been more important. ●





## Rock the boat

**Mekela Panditharatne** speaks out against asylum seeker-related fear mongering.

The battlelines were drawn (one to the right, and one further right), the battle was fought with ferocious apathy, and the victor now emerges into a glorious dawn only marginally pockmarked by the ghosts of leaders past. Yet the true victims of the campaign trail have not been the polities or – arguably – the populace, but rather those who have too often been relegated to the space of victimhood in life: asylum seekers. The dreaded ‘boat people’ who apparently litter the pristine coastline flaunting their illegality in the face of the more legitimate people whose ancestors came on slightly bigger boats in the 18th century.

It is perhaps not a unique point, nor one that is particularly novel to the demographic of *Honi* readers, but it is one that I feel deserves to be reiterated. It seems absurd that the issue of asylum seekers can be so wholly conflated with that of border security, shifting the focus out of the realm of humanitarianism and human rights, and into that of border protection and defence. It is a seductive visual for conservative commentators, the vivid image of boats sailing towards our vulnerable borders

in an intractable and unstoppable flow. However this theory has about as many holes as the alleged boats themselves.

A recent GetUp! ad outlined the many myths about asylum seekers, rebutting them with basic facts that sadly have not yet penetrated the Australian psyche or rendered sentiment towards asylum seekers even mildly rational. The vast majority of asylum seekers arrive by plane, and, according to a federal parliamentary background note, the relatively small amount who arrive by boat are more likely to be accepted as genuine refugees than their airport counterparts. The term ‘illegal immigrant’ is a misnomer bandied about wrongly by politicians. All people have the right to seek asylum in Australia under the Refugees Convention, and artificially constructed notions of ‘queues’ should not distract from the real humanitarian issues at hand.

These are simple facts, and could easily be general knowledge if our politicians were comfortable with talking about real issues instead of playing with rhetoric and pandering to the base fears of the electorate. The rhetoric is that Australia is a soft target for boat people, but the reality is that boat people are a soft target for Australians.

## Two-toned tones taste

**Daniel Zwi** thinks genre is a dirty musical word.

It’s a standard question in the repertoire of introductory conversation, but when somebody asks me what kind of music I listen to, I’m always stumped. It’s not that I don’t like music. It’s not that I’m scared of venturing an answer before I know what kind of music my interlocutor likes, lest I be judged. It’s more the fact that I don’t listen to any one or two genres and so, short of listing all my favourite artists and their back catalogues, I can’t easily describe my musical preferences.

I’m tempted to put this down to my unusually sophisticated taste, but I’ve spoken to many others who feel the same way. Indeed, these days, it seems that people don’t choose which artists they like based on *genre*, to the extent that the word describes formal aspects of music such as rhythm, timbre or instruments used. I enjoy listening to hip-hop just as much as I enjoy listening to acoustic folk, even though the two have little to no stylistic overlap. If there was ever a time when people chose their niche and stuck to it, it’s not 2010.

So what connects the types of music we enjoy, if not the structural elements of different genres? We respond to certain sensibilities that artists of different styles can share – musical philosophies that they abide to or atmospheres that they create. An obvious example would be an artist’s tendency to eschew ‘mainstream’ composition. So, to return to my hip-

hop/folk dichotomy, perhaps I like DOOM as much as Nick Drake simply because they both brought something new to their respective genres.

But it’s obvious that originality isn’t the only arbiter at work when I’m deciding if I like a piece of music. It doesn’t explain why I love certain pop songs, like JT’s “My Love” or Britney Spears’ “Baby One More Time”, though neither changed the course of pop. Perhaps we respond to a feeling that a song is ‘well-crafted’ or just plain catchy, no matter how similar it is to another chart-topper. We like it not because it’s doing anything new; it just modifies the sounds we love.

The ‘atmospheric’ trend is reflected in the proliferation of collaborations between artists of different kinds. It’s only in the last six or seven years that the pop-song-with-a-rap-in-it has taken off. Beyonce and Jay-Z created “Crazy in Love” despite their dissimilar musical backgrounds. The two have a connection that transcends genre – not their love, silly – a loyalty to accessible music. On the other end of the spectrum you have Bjork’s new project with Dirty Projectors or James Mercer and Danger Mouse’s Broken Bells, successfully fusing two traditionally disparate genres.

One could argue that Jay-Z and Beyonce are pop, whereas Bjork et al are indie, and that they therefore do share a genre. But both terms involve a variety of different musical styles – and they are by no means mutually exclusive. It’s not very fashionable to endorse the ‘i’ word these days, but it does encompass a musical culture which, along with other non-structural elements of music, intertwine to form our taste.

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

## Get to the point

**David Mulligan** fights for power for those without energy enough to do so themselves.

Why is it that in a world where they can send a man to the moon and invent butter that spreads straight from the fridge, the heads of the university still aren’t smart enough to install more than one powerpoint per lecture theatre? It’s a technological world out there, full of Pac-man and rear parking sensors, so why is it that we modern folk, who have abandoned the primitive pen and paper for the Minesweeper-compatible laptop alternative, are being punished with a lack of electrical outlets?

Now I’ll admit I’m the odd one out; I don’t have a MacBook, iPad or any of that junk Steve Jobs keeps throwing at me with his unsubtle product placements, so obviously with a normal Windows computer and a battery life of 34.5 seconds this problem affects me more than most others. Whenever a computer starts beeping during the middle of a lecture from lack of power, I’m to blame. Whenever some fool comes in late and pushes his way through a crowded lecture hall – injuring many – in an attempt to try and claim the only power-point in the room, I’m to blame. And whenever you trip on a power cord stretched across a staircase

and have an entire GOVT lecture hall laugh at you, I’m to blame (apologies girl in purple dress from Eastern Avenue Auditorium 11am last Wednesday).

So I have some serious beef with you, Chancellor or SRC heads (whoever is to blame). Just because most of the buildings in the university predate the invention of sliced bread doesn’t mean that you’re not able to chuck in a few powerpoints here and there to help me and the four other people in the university who don’t have MacBooks. If you can give the Main Quad (what is in effect a medieval fort) wireless internet, then why can’t you fork out the \$23.40 for a couple of extension cords and power board? Otherwise I’ll be left in the same predicament that I am in now, turning my monitor on and off, switching the brightness down, and minimising my CPU usage all in a vain attempt to prevent the inevitable.

I’ll concede that my minimal battery life is mostly my fault for watching entire episodes of *Top Gear* and making frequent visits to fml.com during lectures on microeconomics. I also know that the pen and paper alternative is probably more practical. But in a university that recently went bankrupt by building a law school out of glass, kryptonite and abandoned missile silos, why is it that a few electrical outlets are too much to ask for?





# COLLEGE

**Ted Talas** raises his glass to beloved drinking hole, the Salisbury.

Any 21st birthday party follows a simple recipe. Mix one part family with four parts friends and add a pinch of apprehension. Next, pour in the too-often limited combining agent, beer and champagne. Finally, bake at the temperature of a suitably sweaty dance floor until awkward and dry. Often, to disguise the resulting stale loaf, the dish can be easily spruced up with a garnish of embarrassing stories or boozed parents, or embarrassing stories told by boozed parents.

Rather than embody this collection of clichés, the Salisbury's 21st anniversary was an affair of unadulterated conviviality – a historic and purposeful celebration of the eponymous Charles V Salisbury, medical practitioner, mentor and legend who, at 85, established the first permanently licensed premises within Sydney Uni's college system.

In order to pay tribute to such a man, the college community celebrated the way it knows best – by throwing a swinging Wednesday night shindig in the bar which bears Charles V's name. Naturally, to befit the Prince of Partying himself, patrons embraced the Salisbury Mansion theme, donning bunny ears, silk robes and bow-ties as the standard attire for the night.

However, this was no ordinary Wednesday night. Extended capacity and trading hours saw numbers swell, as students, past and present, college and non-college, flocked to the bar to honour their old chum Charles. Even ex-Paulines and in-demand DJs Rogers Room felt compelled to attend and entertain the crowd for a couple of hours.

It goes without saying that Charles V Salisbury was a man with a unique vision. A commitment to the transcendental philosophy that nobody should have to walk more than 50 metres for a beer. By the looks of the mass of people at the Salisbury's 21st, it is a vision that has resonated beyond the sandstone walls of St Paul's. Indeed, similar institutions at other colleges, including The Highlander and The Dail, have popped up at other colleges.

But what is the appeal of such establishments? Getting loose doesn't quite seem to cut it as an answer. Instead, the value of these kind of institutions is the sense of community they provide. A place for celebrating, catching up and offering banter over a couple of beers. The very kind of thing Charles V Salisbury envisaged 21 years ago.



# The Bar Fight:

To speak or not to speak that wasn't the question but is in the case of this tutorial fight. **Tom Marr** can't get a word in edgeways, while **Sam Elliott's** reign of verbage continues.

One question, that's all I need. One question to prove to the tutor that I am the brightest star in this class galaxy. One question away from ultimate domination of the tute room and intellectual superiority.

**Oh, look, Mr Never-Shuts-Up has answered another question. But I knew the answer! If only there was one answer. There are so many answers, I could go at the question from any direction. The tutor could mean 'the Other' as in feminist literary theory, or as in the post-colonial liberated subject, or maybe what she's getting at is some kind of UFO re-reading of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. How do I know which answer will impress the most?**

Why's that quiet weird guy looking at me? The idea of a tute is to use the relationship with the tutor and other students to sharpen my intellect and my opinions so that I have everything set for the exams and essays. I've done all the readings for the entire semester before the first tute. I'm unleashing my opinion on those less diligent students. Especially those quiet conservative types, the ones who dress in thick layers of neutral earthy colours in an effort to fade in to the background and provide as much distance between them and the outside world.

**Oh god. That guy with the bleached hair that doesn't match his face who comes in every week dressed like a different Jet album cover is probably sitting on nine or 10 marks out of the allocated 10 per cent participation marks. Indie bleachface will probably even go better in the written assignments thanks to all these little 'my-interest-in-the-coursework-surpasses-the-limits-**

**of-a-mere-two-hour-seminar' chats he keeps having with the tutor after class. Why don't I say something? All I've said so far was the small fact about myself we all had to introduce ourselves with, and all I mentioned was my love of stamp-collecting! I don't even like stamp-collecting, I haven't done it since I was 12! The judgement of my peers. That's probably what's got this frog wedged down my throat. I'm pretty sure they all dislike that guy who always talks more than the tutor, but who can tell what accolades or condemnations could be brewing behind those expressionless faces? They can see all the flaws in this overloud dick's logic, can't they?**

Those silly few who roll their eyes at me as if I have talked more than the tutor, every time I go to say something they look at each other as if I'm disrupting some unwritten vow of silence. If I didn't say anything, who would? We would all be in that awkward silence where the tutor asks and answers all the questions. So maybe I could have held back on the verbal attacks but there is nothing like a bit of *ad hominem* to try and get a reply. I mean the tutor and I get along really well. We talk after class every week. Yes he generally says he needs to be somewhere but he is the course coordinator. Sometimes I know he agrees with me in class. I swear he winks at me as I answer those questions perfectly.

**But if I do say something, what if I say the wrong thing? I could end up like that guy in my English tutorial last semester who kept interpreting all the ambiguous scenes as violent sex scenes! I'm pretty sure I don't have any manias, but the people who do don't realise they do, so if I did, how would I know? Oh no!**

## HONI'S SOUNDTRACK TO...

### ELECTION NIGHT COVERAGE

Naomi Hart

#### Kerry O'Brien's commentary: The Shangri-Las, "Leader of the Pack"

There's a reason that this strawberry blonde is second only to the Governor-General on the public service payroll: he coaxed tough answers out of candidates, humoured Antony Green, and didn't let Nick Minchin talk too much.

#### The Coalition winning a seat: The Doors, "Break on Through"

Team Blue clawed their way to victory in seat after seat, edging nearer to casting off the label 'Opposition'.

#### Labor winning a seat: Phoenix, "Consolation Prize"

Retaining seats is not solace when the national swing against you is almost five per cent, but that's about the most the ALP can count their blessings for. Perhaps the only real sweetener was picking up a two per cent swing in Eden-Monaro, the historical bellwether seat.

#### The Greens winning their first Lower House seat: Afroman, "Because I Get High"

You'd have to be high to imagine the Green winning a seat in the House of Reps. Now with Adam Bandt as an MP, you'll be able to get high wherever the hell you want from the MCG to the Westgate Bridge.

**The fall of Maxine: Lateline theme** Nostalgia for that age in which McKew rose to glory never goes astray. Not

to mention that McKew's concession speech was a biting deconstruction of Labor's failings during the campaign, harking back to the biting critiques she delivered in the course of her last job.

#### The calling of Wentworth: Frank Sinatra, "I Did it My Way"

The Turnbull-bound swing of almost 12 per cent vindicated the commitment to his convictions that this man has displayed in recent months.

#### Longman called for Wyatt Roy: Dragon, "Are you Old Enough?"

Perhaps the only thing that eclipses a twenty-year-old becoming a MP (and by a margin of four per cent) on the extraordinary-scale is that the victory wasn't more thumping. In the dying days of the campaign, his ALP opponent, John Sullivan, ridiculed a father for letting his seven-year-old son go without medical treatment for two years. The father replied that he couldn't afford the specialist's features.

#### Mark Arbib: ACDC, "Dirty Deeds, Done Dirt Cheap"

It will take some time for this Labor Right factional heavyweight to shed his backdoor wheeling-and-dealing reputation after he was instrumental in securing Rudd's ousting and Gillard's ascendancy to the Party leadership. Probably lucky that he wasn't on this year's ballot, having acquired his Senate seat in 2007.

#### Griffith is called: The Whitlams, "I Will Not Go Quietly"

Rudd must have been gloating quietly at the fact that he picked up 58 per cent of the vote (on a two-party preferred basis). The four per cent swing against him could hardly get him down. His mention, lone among the election night speeches, of the two Australian soldiers recently killed in Afghanistan indicated an ongoing eagerness to stand out among his colleagues.

#### Any appearance by the Australian Sex Party: The Animals, "Don't Let Me be Misunderstood"

There is no surer way for a party with several cogent, progressive, sensible policies to undermine its own credibility than by including sex in its title – other than, perhaps, the double whammy of calling itself the Sex Pirate Party (see *Honi* week 4).

#### Gillard speech: The Temptations, "Ain't too Proud to Beg"

In her opening breath, the incumbent Prime Minister thanked the Independents, dem new Lower House power-brokers, for their contribution to the election.

#### Abbott speech: Queen, "We are the Champions"

Not quite accurate, as the critical 76 seats were not attained. After this humility-free oration, however, you could be forgiven for thinking that the Coalition shat it in.

#### The result: Stevie Wonder, "Signed, Sealed, Delivered"

You have to play this one, despite the outcome being far from signed, sealed or delivered, because of the exquisite irony and also because you locked in the playlist ages ago.





# Wanderlust

Joe Payten had a cow, man, in South America.

On a leafy, innocuous street corner in the relatively quiet Buenos Aires suburb of Palermo, nestled amongst the grand homes and tasteful terraces, is the greatest steakhouse in the world, Parrilla La Cabrera.

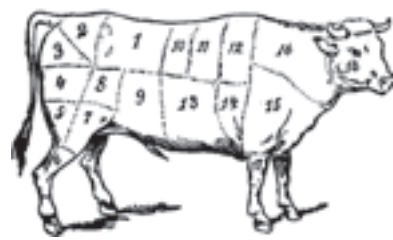
After two months in South America, I had returned to Argentina on my own for my last night on the continent with almost no money in my account, but determined to dine at this restaurant that had been so consistently recommended to me by friends. And so it was with a pittance of pesos that I caught a cab to Palermo, the driver bent on informing me at length of the intricacies and various highlights of BA's prostitution industry, incorrectly assuming both that I had an adequate grasp of Spanish and that I shared his less-than-savoury tastes.

There were no less than 30 people milling on the corner when I pulled up, obviously content to wait for a vacancy inside. With nothing better to do, I braced myself for the wait, made remarkably comfortable by the complementary and unlimited (although I'm not sure you're meant to approach it like that) champagne and beer. Nothing gives one the feeling of exclusivity quite like being given things for free on the assumption that you can afford

them. I settled in on the street corner, helping myself to the champagne and Heinekens, basking in the façade of prosperity and almost certainly removing it in the process.

After about an hour, my name was called and the maitre d' beckoned me through to my table, positioned uncomfortably close to an incredibly boring, middle-aged German guy. The refurbished terrace was cosy and dimly lit, tables crammed haphazardly into what were once the living and dining rooms of the house. On the wall opposite me, a large diagram of a cow hung, labeled with the Spanish words for its body parts, enabling me to decipher the menu and order the dish of my desire in the native tongue. Salivating like a very hungry Pavlov's Dog, I concluded there was only one way to make the most of this rare experience, and so ordered the highly recommended Wagyu Beef.

Enjoying the rather emboldening, if not slightly confronting, experience of dining alone, I attempted to absorb the experience of the restaurant and fend off The German's attempts at conversation while waiting for my meal. Undoubtedly, La Cabrera's most engaging feature, and possibly its greatest endorsement, is its clientele. The dialectically diverse



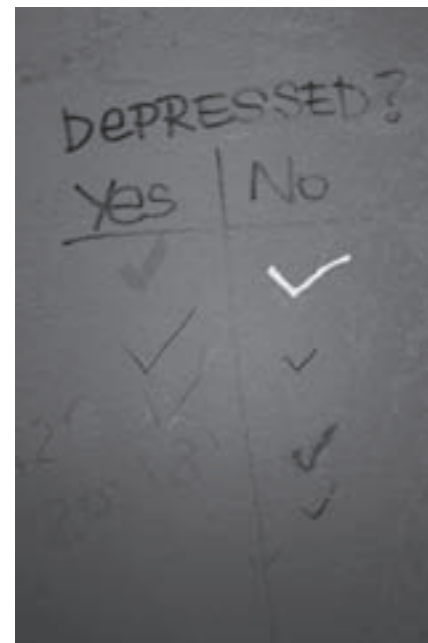
Mmm, una vaca.

chatter and laughter was an exotic soundtrack to the experience: travellers and backpackers dining as guests of their local friends; multiple generations of large Argentinean families; young and glamorous socialites. And me.

If you're a vegetarian, you may wish to skip the next (highly enticing) paragraph. Words simply do not do justice to the food at La Cabrera. Suffice it to say that it was the best steak I have ever eaten. Every cut of meat, including my absolutely phenomenal Wagyu Beef, comes with a large assortment of inventive sauces and side dishes that make the meal truly unique. Nothing could have ruined the experience of each mouthful, although The German's anecdotes about his flourishing IT business in Munich came very close.

Touching down in Sydney about 30 hours later, I made my way through the duty-free shops thankful that I had spent the absolute last of my money on that incredible gastronomical experience, and not a 10-litre discount bottle of rum, a carton of cigarettes and cheap aftershave.

## Shit Talk



*The Gentlemen's  
Carslaw Basement*

### OFFICIAL RESULTS

DEPRESSED ☐

NOT DEPRESSED ☐

DONKEY ☐

## all up in my grill

### NOT DOING TUTORIAL READINGS

Elizabeth Mulhall did the readings. What about you?

I've done it. You've done it. We've all done it. Not read a tutorial reading for the week. Sometimes we get caught up with assignments, sometimes the reading is too bloody boring/hard, sometimes we just can't be fucked. That's fine. I get it. Once in a while is fine. However, when you're stuck in a tutorial with a roomful of people who week in, week out fail to do the readings and fail to contribute a single thing to group discussion, you may as well not have enrolled in the course.

The only thing worse than being the only person in your tutorial not to have done the readings is being the only person in your tutorial who has, and who has to spend the rest of the class explaining what the reading was about and what it meant in an awkward dialogue with your tutor.

Some people take great pride in not doing their readings. They sit back in their chair, completely at ease and take pride in the fact that they didn't spend 40 minutes reading something that might have actually been interesting and informative, no sir. They can still



Make like the kid.

pass the course doing the minimum of work. You might pass, but you are a waste of space.

Do it on the bus or train, do it sitting up in bed, do it in a cafe while sipping a coffee, do it while your laundry washes, do it during ad breaks, jazz it up with different coloured highlighters. I don't care if you hated the reading or thought it was stupid. At least if you've read it you can spend some time explaining why you didn't like it. I don't care if you thought the reading was the best piece of academic material you've ever read or if you want to set fire to your course reader at the end of semester, just don't come to my tutorial trying to justify why you couldn't use *one* of the 167 hours in the week not spent in this tutorial doing your fucking readings.

## A SPORTING CHANCE

### The Aftermath of the Storm

Kirsten Wade examines the cloudy future of the Melbourne Storm.

The Melbourne Storm will never be the same again. Prior to 22 April, the the Storm's player line-up was top class. They held the title of Premiers in 2007 and 2009 as well as Minor Premiers for three consecutive years between 2006 and 2008. The likes of Cameron Smith, Billy Slater, Greg Inglis and Cooper Cronk were consistently chosen in representative teams, at both state and national levels. All in all, they were the team to beat.

But in April 2010, the salary cap was their undoing. After filing a lawsuit against the NRL in an attempt to overturn the penalties for their salary cap breach, the Melbourne Storm dropped the legal case, having accepted that they will be last on this year's NRL Premiership ladder. Instead, the club is looking to next season for things to improve. But, before this can happen, the team will need to undergo some extensive changes in order to make sure they fit under the salary cap next season.

First in the firing line were four independent Directors of the Storm's Board- Dr Rob Moodie, Gerry Ryan, Peter Maher and Petra Fawcett. This



Star-player, Zeus, embroiled in controversy over performance-enhancing god-essence.

restructuring of the Board mirrors the restructuring of the team itself. In order to fit under the cap, the Storm will have lose a number of key players, which have made the Storm the dominant team they have been in the past few years. Brett White has joined the Canberra Raiders on a three year deal while the Brisbane Broncos had to up the ante and increase their offer to Greg Inglis in order to secure the released Storm player after the Gold Coast Titans made it clear they were also in the race to nab the NRL superstar.

Although a number of significant changes have already been made to the Melbourne Storm Club, these certainly won't be the last of them. The saga continues...





# Been Accused of Plagiarism?

The University takes plagiarism seriously, so should you.

The SRC is noticing an increase in the number of plagiarism allegations that are being made against students. The SRC believes that this is largely because there is increasing use of text-matching software programs, such as TurnItIn.

What these text-matching software programs do is run your essay/assignment through a program that matches pieces of text in your assignment that are the same to text in other work – eg. Other students' essays, academic journal's, books, newspapers etc. As well as specifically designed programs, Google is also used.

Academics then have to work out what should be exactly the same – because you have used quotes from other people's work, and what should not. Some academics approach this from a position of being able to then educate students on improved writing and referencing skills. Some academics come from a position of being suspicious of students.

## What is Plagiarism?

The University's Academic Dishonesty and Plagiarism policy says there are 2 types of plagiarism. To quote the policy:

**Negligent Plagiarism** means innocently, recklessly or carelessly presenting another person's Work as one's own Work without Acknowledgement of the Source. Negligent Plagiarism often arises from a student's fear of paraphrasing or writing in their own words, and/or ignorance of this Policy and Procedure. It may be due to:

- failure to follow appropriate referencing practices;
- failure to determine, verify or acknowledge the source of the Work.

**Dishonest Plagiarism** means knowingly presenting another person's Work as one's own Work without Acknowledgement of the Source. Alleged Plagiarism will be deemed to be alleged Dishonest Plagiarism where:

- substantial proportions of the Work have been copied from the Work of another person, in a manner that clearly exceeds the boundaries of Legitimate Cooperation;
- the Work contains a substantial body of copied material (including from the Internet) without Acknowledgement of the Source, and in a manner that cannot be explained as Negligent Plagiarism;

- in the case of a student preparing Work for Assessment, there is evidence that the student engaged another person to produce or conduct research for the Work, including for payment or other consideration; or
- the student has previously received a Written Warning.

Penalties can range from having to resubmit the piece of work to a fail in the assessment for negligent plagiarism. For dishonest plagiarism you may be referred to the Registrar for a formal investigation.

## Increasing numbers of allegations of dishonest plagiarism

The SRC is noticing an increase in the number of allegations of dishonest plagiarism. Many students who have received allegations of dishonest plagiarism feel that they have actually engaged in poor referencing styles or negligent plagiarism.

The SRC believes that some students are receiving allegations of dishonest plagiarism because they have previously received a written warning. We guess the logic is – you were found to have negligently/dishonestly plagiarized once and so now you should know everything there is to know about perfect referencing and paraphrasing. The SRC finds that this is often not the case and that student knowledge and skill about referencing, secondary citations and paraphrasing can be patchy.

## What to do if you receive a plagiarism allegation?

- Understand why the allegation has been made.
- The most important thing is to learn from your mistakes. Seek help from someone in the faculty who can help you identify ways your referencing and paraphrasing can improve. You can also talk to the people at the Learning Centre – they even have workshops on this. [www.usyd.edu.au/lc](http://www.usyd.edu.au/lc)
- Decide if you agree with the allegation.
- Decide if you want to appeal the finding and/or the penalty. You have 15 working days to appeal.
- Come to SRC HELP with a draft appeal letter if you wish to appeal, and we can give you advice.
- If you have been referred to the Registrar for an investigation – either because it was considered so serious or because it was the second time – come to SRC HELP for advice and representation. The penalty could be suspension from the University.

The SRC is here to fight for your rights and give you independent advice. Use it!

## 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](mailto:help@src.usyd.edu.au)



Hello Abe,

When I first enrolled I signed up for 4 six credit point subjects. Now I think I might not be able to cope with the workload and would like to drop to 3 six credit point subjects. Will I have to pay for the subject still? Will I get a fail for it? Will I still be able to get Youth Allowance? How can I decide what to drop?

**Don't want to Fail**

Dear Don't Want to Fail,

If you withdraw from a subject before the census date (usually 31st March for 1st semester or 31st August for 2nd semester) you will not get charged HECs (or full fees if you are a local student). The same should happen for international students also, but they might want to come and have a chat to someone at the SRC for some help because the policy is not so clear.

You need to know however, that some subjects such as the intensive units in the Graduate Law program, have different census dates. As with any change to your study program I would strongly recommend that you talk to your faculty advisor and check the census date, as well as seeking advice on what subjects to keep and drop, in case this affects your progression and/or major. It is probably preferable that you ask them these questions via email as you then have a written record.

If you withdraw before the census date you should have the grade W (withdrawn) next to that subject, not a fail. Make sure you check this at the end of April on your transcript.

In regards Youth Allowance, if you are doing 18 credit points or more you are still considered full time and are still eligible for Youth Allowance. Therefore your payments should remain the same.

If you were an international student on a student visa I would advise you that you can sometimes do less 24 credit points, but your Faculty must approve this. It is therefore very important that you go and speak to your faculty advisor, and possibly the International Student Support Unit (ISSU) also.

Of course if you have more questions talk to SRC Help.

Abe

# Contact SRC HELP

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

[www.src.usyd.edu.au](http://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](mailto:president@src.usyd.edu.au)

I'm writing my report for this week quite late on a Sunday night just after we've had a pretty extraordinary federal election. I must admit I was expecting a clear swing or push for either a Labor or Liberal/National federal government. I wasn't expecting at all for there to essentially be a hung parliament with everything up in the air!

## APOLOGIES

First though I must apologise to everyone who read my report last week. I MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE. To those who ended up voting informally because of my mistake, I AM SO SORRY AND I HOPE YOUR VOTE WAS COUNTED! I had so many people texting, emailing, facebooking and tweeting me about what I'd written, which made me feel awful all week but then I felt SO HAPPY because it means YOU ALL READ MY REPORT!!! Ok apologies done, now on to...

## SRC PREZ'S ELECTION SUMMARY

The three main parties made clear policies around higher education in the lead up to the election. The Liberals were in favour of returning Domestic Undergraduate Full Fee (DUFF) degrees (costing upwards of \$80,000) whilst simultaneously stripping the sector of \$277 million in the first year of their government. Labor said they wanted to increase research grants and funding to universities through things like the mining tax. The Greens had a big fight internally over whether they should continue running on something like free tertiary education for all students in Australia, as well as acknowledging the need for travel concessions for international students in Victoria and New South Wales. Student income support was hardly mentioned (except by the Greens) and student organizations were hardly mentioned (except by the Greens).

Seeing a trend? It's no wonder a lot of young people and students out there probably felt disillusioned with the higher education policies put out by

the two major parties, and instead put their vote towards the Greens or various independents (also because of various other reasons). The result? The Greens and independents look like they'll hold the balance of power in the House of Representatives as well as in the Senate. Several people reckon that's a good thing for the government but I don't. I had hoped Saturday would bring a clear winner to form or re-form government. Why?

Universities and more generally the higher education sector need to be prepared for whatever government there may be. Research, teaching, learning and overall the costs of running a university or tertiary institution all need to be worked out in advance. The University of Sydney has been working with the Labor federal government and government bodies on some large (some would say 'radical') changes to degree structures, enrolments, number of students, low socioeconomic status participation, and equity. If a Coalition government were to take millions of dollars of funding out of universities, TAFEs and colleges, the University needs to know that will happen so they can prepare for it! But equally, if a Labor government were to continue funding the University at a very small percentage of total running costs, the University needs to make some big changes for 2011.

## WHAT'S HAPPENING

Currently the University is looking at a grim financial picture for 2011. A small increase in funding from the Labor government this year isn't enough to sustain the growth of the institution. A decrease in international student enrolments (which brings in a lot of money) is also being expected. Where is the University going to get its money from? Probably through saving, but then they have issues because they need to spend a lot of money on things like increasing student accommodation, continuing an incredible array of scholarships for school-leavers, doing up buildings, cutting emissions and building brand new cross-disciplinary research



centres costing millions of dollars (ie. the CODCD – the Centre for Obesity, Diabetes and Cardiovascular Disease, or simply 'the Centre for Fat People' as it's been nicknamed by some members of University staff...).

In all of this, the SRC is submitting our budget to the University for our 2011 funding. Since VSU (Voluntary Student Unionism), the SRC relies on the University for funding, not the student body. So we've had to trawl through our finances, expenditure and income, and present it to the University. In 2010, we had a funding cut of \$87,000 – quite disastrous considering we have had a huge increase in students using our free welfare and legal services, our printing of Honi Soit has run out nearly every week since the beginning of the year, there are CPI increases for staff and office-bearers to factor in, as well as the general costs of running a representative student organization. We've also cut in places we didn't want to – Honi Soit stipends, NUS affiliation fees, holding events and more.

We need the University to increase the SRC's funding for 2011. I need you all to support the SRC in this, so that we can continue to have:

- a strong, vibrant SRC
- an amazing, colourful Honi Soit newspaper and website
- dedicated and committed student office-bearers

- incredible, knowledgeable staff who can help you out when you need it the most
- fantastic collectives running progressive campaigns on the issues that matter to you, and
- incredibly strong student representation on all the major decision-making bodies of the University.

I believe in the student body at this University – that's why I'm SRC President. I believe in what the SRC does but we can't keep cutting at student activities and campaigns, or reducing the number and type of staff to help and advise you on confidential and serious issues.

If you believe in the student body too, if you believe in this incredible organization that is the SRC, if you believe in Honi Soit, write to our Vice-Chancellor, Dr Michael Spence, and tell him what you think about the issue: [vice.chancellor@sydney.edu.au](mailto:vice.chancellor@sydney.edu.au). You may even get a personalized reply!

Stay strong throughout this semester, fellow students, even though assessments and exams make life a tad difficult and stressful. And remember you can always come to the SRC for help. That's what we're here for – we're your voice!

## 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](mailto: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](http://www.honisoit.com)



# General Secretary's Report

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

So I waited until Sunday to write my report for Honi this week, working on the assumption that by then I'd know who was going to be our Prime Minister for the next three years and could write about what that would mean for students.

As I write this (though perhaps not by the time you read this), the exact outcome of the election in terms of who won what seats is still unknown, with three key seats still waiting for the count to finish – Boothby, Brisbane, and Hasluck, all of which are tipped to go to the Liberals at the moment. Either way those seats fall, it is unlikely that either the Coalition or Labor will get enough seats to form a majority government, though if Labor were to win all three of them it could

form a government with the support of the first Green member of the House of Representatives, without having to negotiate with three of the independents who have said they will negotiate as a bloc. Some seats are still have such tiny margins that they may be asked to recount the votes, and the winners could change as the final postal votes and absentee votes come through.

All in all, it's been a historic election! The most likely result of this election is a hung parliament, which hasn't happened in Australia since 1940. The hung parliament delivers significant power to the independents, all of whom are extremely different. It's hard to say what that means for students though, because, unfortunately, according to the ABC website profiles, tertiary education is not a key priority for any of these

independents – superfast broadband seems to be the only consistent priority issue, because most of these independents are from rural areas which are most in need of this Labor policy.

A hung parliament means that independents will have to decide which party to support in the forming of a government, but they can cross the floor on individual matters of policy, which could potentially make it hard for the government (whoever that may be) to get legislation through the Lower House. If the situation proves too unstable, another election ONLY for the House of Representatives may be called.

One thing in this election IS certain, however – the Greens will hold the balance of power

in the Senate with 9 seats once the new Senate begins its term in July next year. Having the Greens holding that balance of power makes this unusual situation even more interesting – broadly speaking, it's fantastic for students, because the Greens believe in lowering HECS, funding student representative organisations, and improving Youth Allowance, just to name a few. Given those policy aims are pretty much the opposite of everything the Coalition announced leading up to the election, I'm not sure how a minority Coalition government would work – it would certainly seem that they'd be unable to get any changes to the status quo on student issues past the Senate once it takes power.

# Women's Report

Report of the SRC Womens' Officer, Rosie Ryan // womens.officer@src.usyd.edu.au

A woman raped while wearing revealing clothing is to blame for leading a man on.

A woman raped after consenting to any level of sexual activity is to blame for 'giving mixed signals.'

A woman raped after consuming alcohol is to blame for not considering her own security.

A woman raped by a man she is in a relationship with has automatically given consent for sex.

Sound familiar?

These are all myths that inform the way in

which our media, legal systems, friends and family respond to sexual assault. The fact that a court will rule that a woman in skinny jeans must have consented to sex because her clothing was difficult to remove, completely bypassing the point that even if she had removed every inch of clothing on her body that does not mean she consented to sex. The fact that a woman who consents to sex with one man and then is forced into a group sex situation against her will is not considered to have been gang raped. The fact that so many women when reporting a sexual assault are asked what they were wearing, where they were and how much

alcohol they had consumed as though they were somehow to blame for the experience.

All of these facts point to a beliefs deeply ingrained in our society that contribute to both the prevalence of sexual assault and the silence surrounding these experiences.

In order to start breaking down these myths and replacing them with a different framework in which to understand these issues we need to start with education. Reclaim the Night is a rally held every year on the last Friday of October to stop violence against women and try and break the silence surrounding sexual assault.

This year we are using the four myths surrounding dress, intimacy, drinking and relationships listed at the beginning of this

report to build for a community-wide rally which will demand that the government start addressing this issue through education in our school system. We will be demanding that a program which encourages an understanding of healthy relationships and sexual ethics and thereby breaks down misconceptions surrounding consent is implemented in schools.

If you are interested in getting involved in this campaign there are many options for you: come along to Women's Collective at 1pm on Thursdays in the Holme Women's Room or to the Reclaim the Night Organising Collective every second Monday at 5:30pm at UTS. If these times don't suit you shoot me an email and I will keep you updated as the campaign progresses.

# Education Report

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

I planned to write in my report about the implications of the election results for higher education, but with an election result that is too close to call I might leave that for next week and focus on something that has been happening at this university.

Recently the Academic Standards and Policy Committee of the Academic Board opened a debate around its plagiarism and academic honesty policy. Both academics and students felt that the policy or its implementation was inadequate in some respects, so we have begun a review of both across the entire university. These are some concerns that have been raised by the SRC, SUPRA and student representatives:

1. Dishonest plagiarism vs. Negligent

plagiarism: The policy distinguishes between two kinds of plagiarism; dishonest and negligent. Dishonest plagiarism is essentially plagiarism with intent, whereas negligent plagiarism is the unintentional failure to properly reference all sources. While I do not disagree that dishonest plagiarism should be punished, I would argue that a students' lack of understanding about referencing is no more or less severe than their lack of understanding about course content. Yet, one will simply lower your final mark, while the other can risk your candidature at the university. I think it is time that we saw referencing and plagiarism not as indicators of a student's morality but as complex and sometimes unintuitive conventions of academia. Referencing is a skill, just like structuring an essay, analysing statistical data,

or using machinery. As such, we should be taught proper referencing, and failure to reference properly should only result in a lower mark.

2. The two-strike policy: To make the above worse, the current policy makes it so that if a student is slammed with Negligent Plagiarism twice, the second allegation is automatically considered as Dishonest Plagiarism. As would be expected, the penalties for dishonest plagiarism are much more severe than for negligent plagiarism. The argument behind this is that once a student has been told that they committed negligent plagiarism and explained their faults, the student should be able to prevent plagiarism in their work, therefore any other incidence must be dishonest. Rubbish. University students cross academic fields many times daily, because most of us will study more than one thing (e.g. I study Philosophy, English and Education, you

might study Commerce and Accounting, or Viticulture and Cake-Making, who knows). Each of these academic fields have different conventions on what is plagiarism and how to avoid it. Just to prove my point, I want you to go up to one of your lecturers and ask them what referencing style you should use if you were studying Engineering (if you study Engineering, say Economics). In all likelihood, they won't know. And they shouldn't! It is not for any academic to know what are the conventions on academic honesty in any field but their own. So why should we expect students to know? If I commit negligent plagiarism in Arts and then in Science, both should be counted as negligent plagiarism. If I commit negligent plagiarism twice in the same field, that should still be counted as negligent plagiarism, because my failure to reference properly the second time is the university's failure to teach me about the conventions and standards of my field of study.

# Environment Report

Report of the Enviro Department, seac@src.usyd.edu.au

Hullo and welcome to week 5 of a semester that is simply trundling along. Stellar spring days, crisp Manning beers, spunky new classmates to check out under the cover of your unopened textbook, and that comforting feeling that exams and final essays are a long long way into the future. But while you're scratching your head wondering how your lecturer can expect you to stay in studying on these sunny spring afternoons, the environment department of the SRC has been strategising to make Sydney Uni even more dreamy.

This semester we're continuing our Green Campus Now! campaign to switch the University to Clean Energy. We are proposing that the Senate adopts a policy to introduce

100% renewable energy by 2020. Sydney University is a leading institution of learning and research, and uses the energy of over ten thousand homes. It should show leadership in dealing pragmatically and urgently with climate change. But right now it is failing miserably. All of the energy used on campus is sourced from coal fired power stations, which pollute the climate, drain rivers and harm human health. But worry not! The Student Enviro Action Collective (SEAC) is campaigning to stop this global catastrophe. We've got a 700-person petition we're building, weekly cake stalls with roving human windmills, sign-on endorsements from Clubs, Socs and Uni Departments, and a sexy yellow T-shirt contingent which we sport every

Tuesday. Get involved today for more bonus guilt-busting specials.

Renewable Energy is our main focus in the Green Campus Now! campaign, but we're by no means a one hit wonder. We're also active in campaigning against new Coal power stations and mines, because of their devastating impact on the climate, on community health and local economies. We're planning a protest at uni on September 29th when Ziggy Switkowski from the peak Nuclear energy lobby group in Australia (Australian Nuclear Science and Technology Organisation, or ANSTO) comes to talk at the Law Faculty. Come and bring your voice to dissent to the nuclear industry, which plans to dump eternally toxic waste in Indigenous Australian communities, create destructive mines and consume vast amounts of water to create energy, when clean and green renewable energy technologies like wind and solar already exist.

Other upcoming Ways to Change the World are our Breakfast for Renewable Energy in week 5, with Senators, staff and student leaders coming together to talk about ways to make our Uni more sustainable over a delectable morning feast. We're also going to a NSW state Environment workshop weekend on the beach in Nowra on August 27-29th, where we'll join enviro activists from around the country to share skills on Event Planning, Campaign Strategy, How to Make Change And Influence People, Anti-Oppression Organising and The Art of Hanging With Hippies.

So to add some rad to your springtime, get in touch with our Enviro Convenor Aimee Bull-McMahon on 0407 204 973, or email us on seac.src@gmail.com, or come along to our meetings at 1pm Mondays on the Botany Laws.





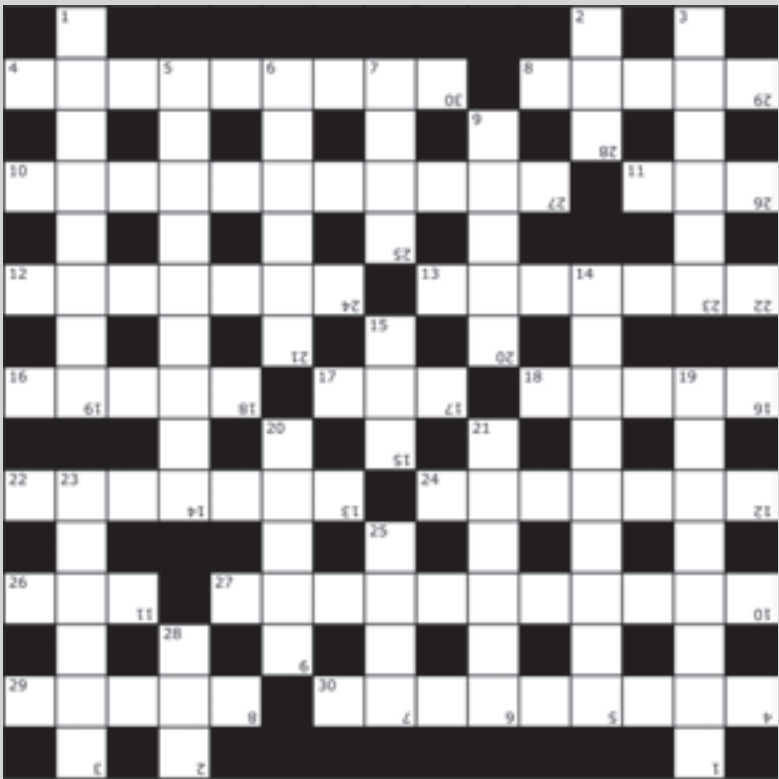
THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 4. "Hcnuh!" Cries Richard III, for one. (9)
- 8. Cartlidge fish beast harks recklessly! (5)
- 10. Growing fascinating (11)
- 11. Can be found in bronze. (3)
- 12. The clerk? He bastardises the disparager. (7)
- 13. Look for addled University to explode (7)
- 16. Apparently Storm-troopers are due (5)
- 17-across and 15-down: Dim, backwards, consumed, self-diagnosing, cluey (3,3)
- 18. Crown Lager downed (5)
- 22. Foolishly does rub the sled (7)
- 24. Defect to pay out without difficulty (7)
- 26. Aged beer (3)
- 27. Joke around like an Olympic drug tester (4, 3, 4)
- 29. Nears broken trap (5)
- 30. Defend the train to prevent one from falling (9)

DOWN

- 1. Strangely ensign us for a beer (8)
- 2. Coy heads of state honour you (3)
- 3. Teach the engine (6)
- 5. Search friend for victory (9)
- 6. First and last beer jug for Chuck Hahn (6)
- 7. Morse begins co-dependency (4)
- 9. Lorne went back to sign up. (5)
- 14. Worker behind the wickets is an apiarist (9)
- 19. Donkey bum killer! (8)
- 20. At first, Joan understood! Dumped a stupid, terrible kisser (5)
- 21. I heard bobby has stacks (6)
- 23. Rectangle's short death, dragged out (6)
- 25. Men you hear list (4)
- 28. Attempt to get it over the line (3)



BEN JENKINS

- 16. You probably should be doing one
- 13. To ignite (7)
- performers (7)
- 12. The bane of many revue
- 11. Sn (3)
- 10. Intriguing (11)
- 8. Predator of the Waves (5)
- 4. Famous resident of Notre Dame (9)
- of these instead of this (5)
- 17. Centre (3)
- 18. Kingly (5)
- 22. It's a sled. Sorry. (7)
- 24. Fox (7)
- 26. Dark Ale (3)
- 27. Have a laugh. (4, 3, 4)
- 29. A drum (5)
- 30. Found at the Three Sisters, Grand canyon, etc. (9)

SUDOKU

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

RATED: we honestly don't know how hard these things are

KENKEN  
KENKEN  
KENKEN

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

THE TAKE HOME\*

\*Questions themed around this week's issue.

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





# The Garter Press



NO LONGER MADE OF ASBESTOS

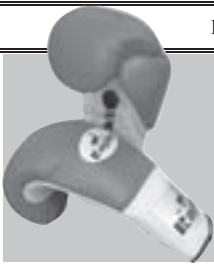
ISSUE: 111 (woah!)

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

PRICE: You'll never know! This moth's wing will block it \$0.00

**FORGOTTEN  
YOUR  
HOMING  
PIGEON?**

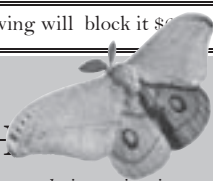
*Don't  
worry -  
it'll come  
back to  
you.*



**19 Ways to Avoid a  
Punch in the Groin.**  
*And other great recipes*

**MOTH OF  
THE MONTH**

*Love butterflies but hate their majestic  
beauty? Well have we got the moth for you!  
No.*



**DOLORES – HOLD THIS  
ARTICLE UNTIL WE KNOW  
WHO THE GOVERNMENT IS.  
WE DON'T WANT TO LOOK  
LIKE IDIOTS.  
– ED.**

## WYATT ROY ACCUSED OF CV STACKING

**MARY BUMFORK**  
Political Reporter / Fencing Champion

History was made on Saturday night, as Wyatt Roy, 20 year-old Liberal candidate for Longman, was elected as the youngest person to ever serve in the House of Representatives.

While most of the media coverage has focused on his inexperience, new criticisms are coming to light, calling into question his genuine dedication to the job and accusing the young MP of only running for office because it sounds good in a job interview.

"This is his bloody Duke of Edinburgh all over again," confided

Lance Freeman, long time friend and sufferer of Roy's incessant resume loading.

"I mean, I get that when you front up for a clerkship and you're able to say, 'I was the representative for over 85,000 Australian Citizens in this country's highest office, plus I've done my First Aid course', well the bloke's going to take notice."

Roy's mother says that she is exceptionally proud of her son, and that experiences like these, and all the Red Shield Appeals he's worked so hard on, couldn't hurt his chances if he wanted to apply for that cadetship at the ABC.

The young Member for Longman



refused to speak directly to the accusations, saying that he was looking forward to the challenges ahead in this new phase of his career, but also said he wasn't ruling out running for *Honi Soit* later this year.

### INSIDE

**WILSON TUCKEY LOSES SEAT**  
There's no joke here - just really enjoyed typing that.

**LOCAL MAN SURVIVES BOAT  
EXPLOSION.**  
Trick to his survival "being some distance away in his house".

**HOW MANY PENS  
can we fit in our mouths? Gore  
Vidal and Noam Chomsky team up  
to investigate!**

**WATERGATEGATEGATE!**  
New footage of Woodward  
and Bernstein breaking into  
Washington hotel uncovered,  
found to be fabricated, then not.





## Comment



### GET FIGHTING FIT - FAST! WITH DAVEY "PUNCHY- PUNCH" BOXCAR

Dear Davey,  
I'm an elderly female retiree, who has begun to notice that I am getting a little bit more padding (in all the wrong places!) than I'd like. Now that Winter is behind me, I'd like to lose some of my insulation! Do you have any tips?

Francesca

Francesca!

I was so excited to receive your letter that I accidentally punched the postman right in his head! Not to worry though, he knows better than to catch the champ unawares and was wearing that special helmet I made for him.

Needless to say, Francesca, he is dead now.

Thank you for your letter. Many elderly people feel that they should just sit around, eating prunes and waiting for death to sneak up on them and kick them to death. Not you Francesca, and I respect that.

No, people like you lay in wait, like a tiger who is so smart it can wear a blouse, waiting for the ol' reaper to come a knockin', then they open the door all sweet like, and say, 'Hello Sonny, would you like a cup of' - BANG! RIGHT IN THE THROAT!

There are several exercises which I would recommend for a woman of your age to stay fighting fit and so strong that you could, actually must, crush a bingo ball with your elbow.

Just like if you were painting a painting or making a some music, the trick is TO

BE CREATIVE! Exercise is all around us, we just need to find it, then tackle it to the ground.

For instance, next time you go to the shops to buy some items for your personage, stand in the checkout line, counting your 5c pieces until someone complains. Then, when they do, BAM! Left hook! This is a great way to find some unwilling sparring partners. Remember Francesca, always visualise your success and keep your hands up.

**Davey,**  
**My swimming carnival is coming up, and I'm too embarrassed to take my shirt off. How can I get fit fast?**

Tim

TIM. I was so saddened to read your letter that I literally shot the messenger with my gun which I own for emergencies and special occasions.

Your story is an all too familiar one Tim, with so many children around this country of ours succumbing to the lure of ice-creams and the promise of diabetes. Swimming carnivals used to be a day for the two F's (fun and fitness) but are now a day for the two F's (fatty-fatty fat fat).

I can't tell you how to get fit in time, after all, I'm not Superman (and I should know, I beat him to death). But what I can teach you is this. You will get RESULTS if you BELIEVE in YOURSELF, and when those kids make fun of you, just be sure to PUNCH them in the DICK.

Got a question for Davey? Email it to his email address!

### What In The World



Vote for Maisy! Maisy for the Prime Minister!

I joke of course (hello, have we met!?), you cannot vote for Maisy anymore, but you can't blame a gal for trying! That's right, today in our Wonderful World of Words, we are going to be having a look at the Federal Election of 2010.

Are you confused? I don't blame you at all. And while I may not be a Corky O'Brian or a Tony Jonas, I think I might have a word or too to say about the aspect of this election I happen to know a little about... what am I going to have a word about? Why - the words!

Elections are, and have been since the Greeks invented

voting, all about speeches. Who could forget Kennedy's rousing speech where he told all Americans to stop asking him to do things for them, or when Winston Churchill famously remarked "We'll fight them at the beach, please."

But what about the speeches and words in this election? What do they say about the candidates? Well, Tony and Julia (yes, we're on a first name base! haha) have very different styles which speak volumes (of words, that is) about their own individual characters.

After looking at both speakers, it's clear that Tony Abbott is trying to portray a man of action who gets things done, with nearly all of his sentences

containing verbs (doing words). Julia Gillard, in the other hand, is appealing to women voters and therefore is using language and words to be more feminine, mainly by having a higher voice.

But with our parliament hanged (that is the correct way of saying it, look it up!) the only thing that remains sure is that nothing remains sure! Come what may, whomsoever is the Prime Minister come what may, one thing remains for sure - our leaders, more than ever, will need to use words to communicate with their voters - and Maisy will be there to help you.

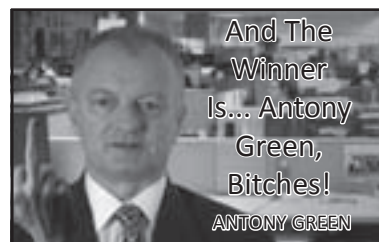
Hey... maybe this politician thing isn't such a bad idea after all!

### LETTER OF THE WEEK

Each week, we get literally billions of letters flooding into The Garter. While this is usually encouraging, our new work experience kid just isn't up to it. I don't know where he came from, I think he's somebody's nephew. Anyway, thanks to Kyle... I think his name is Kyle... God, I hope it's Kyle. I called him Kyle this morning when he was stocking my fridge. Thanks to Kyle [Dolores, if the boy's name isn't Kyle, please change this immediately... wait, it's David. Just remembered that it's definitely David. Change all the 'Kyles' to 'Davids' and tell him I'm sorry for calling him Kyle]. Anyway, here's a letter that Kyle didn't manage to accidentally burn.

Dear The Garter,  
Here are a number of disparaging remarks I have prepared about people from the Philip-pines. Their skulls for one, are shaped -

unwisely continued on page 6



And The Winner Is... Antony Green, Bitches!  
ANTHONY GREEN

Well, with results now just starting to come in from across the country, the entire nation is hunkering down for election night 2010. Now, you have to understand that this is going to be an especially tight one, coming down to just a few marginal seats, we might not be able to call it tonight, but we should have an idea of ... no, wait, I'm getting something coming up here...

Yes, well, it looks like, against all odds, and remember that this is just based on preliminary data - that the election has been won by no other than Antony Green, fuck

you all thanks a bunch.

Now I think this is going to come as a surprise to our two panelists, who will no doubt point out that Green wasn't even running, and even if he was, there's no way a single person can 'win' an entire election. These are all interesting points, and one that I'm sure our new benevolent overlord Antony Green will consider from atop his executive thinking chair.

No O'Brien, you can't see my laptop.

Well, I think I'm ready to call this one to Antony Green. There were a lot of people who said this couldn't happen, and I guess Green would be wanting to tell those people to go fuck themselves, softly, then hard. But he wouldn't. Antony Green is a professional.

### Chez Fancyspoon's Fine Dining Emporium

For years now, Chesterton Fancyspoons has been delighting his patrons with the finest ingredients, the most innovative recipes and things that usually aren't on fire, served on fire, or over three days old. Come and see what the critics are saying "is to a legitimate restaurant as a meth lab is to a pharmacy".

Menu Highlights Include:

Snail stuffed with its own shell  
(qui est le shell maintenant, mon pote)

Seaweed, served still attached to the bed of the ocean, select, source yourself (Modest diving equipment provided)

Pheasant in mud flight, hurtling unstoppably into a bed of cos lettuce, seared lightly by passing effortlessly through a hoop of fire

Book early to avoid disappointment (ours)

Tired Of Just Standing Around All Day?  
Looking For A Halfway Point Between Being Upright And Lying Down?  
Need Something To Break Over The Back Of A Professional Wrestler?

## Have You Considered...? CHAIRS?!

Chairs will stop you from sitting on the ground!  
Chairs will rest your weary calves!  
Chairs are used by judges, doctors and movie stars!  
Chairs will lock a door if propped against it.



Professor Henderson (seated)

Chairs support my bottom, so I support chairs!



# Lifestyle

# The Garter Press



## FOR SALE

**A COLLECTION OF STAMPS**  
I found in a little box at the post office. Who knows what they're worth? 55c for one, or that number times how ever many stamps you want.

**ONE END OF MY EXTENSION CORD** for hire. Must live within 3 metres of me and not want to use it for anything loud ph.8210 9933

**DEHYDRATED GRAPE** which gives you a sense of purpose. Raisin d'etre. Boom.

**DEHYDRATED GRAPE** which is fit for a wealthy sovereign. Sultana of Brunei. Zing.

**DEHYDRATED GRAPE** which changes to taste. Alternating Currant. Gazoomba.

**HYDRATED GRAPE**, slightly fermented, would suit a person trying to decide whether it would cost less to catch a taxi or a horse: Cab-or-neigh, saving on? We done? We done.

**TURN YOUR FACE** into the face of a shark! Impress your friends! Land that big promotion! Get into Sea World for free! 13 13 45

**JUST TOO LITTLE FOR A TRAIN TO HOMEBUSH** get the conversation going with this hand full of coins, totaling just less than the fare to Homebush. Highly frustrating. Call now 0442 789 780

**CHILDHOOD MEMORY**, pretty hazy, it's either half the Blinky Bill theme, or that awful trip to Avoca we took when I was five.

**POGO SHOES** unimaginably dangerous footwear for all those who like to put a little 'spring' in their step. Please just take them off me, I'll be bouncing uncontrollably through the streets of An-nandale till late tomorrow. Come quickly!

**I FOUND \$5 IN MY JEANS** I'm not selling anything, just wanted all you suckas to know! How much is this ad? Dammit.

**WASHER/DRYER** it will dry your washer!

**HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS** of Hundreds and Thousands ... millions? Paint them and feel like Gulliver for a day, as you flick these tiny replica Lilliputian bowling balls around your desk until your reign of terror is brought to an end by the cleaning lady.

**COMPUTR KYBOARD** is missing th lttr ' '. Shouldn't b too much of a problm. alsothspacbarjustflloff

## WANTED

**BUTTERFLY POOP** I do believe this could be the answer. Soon. Very soon. Contact I.D. Mulchbeast.

**LOOKING FOR** boiling water, some dried noodles and two minutes of your time. This will blow your damn mind.

## COURSES AND PRIVATE TUITION

**STUDY** using Google Translate for businesses, profit and Fun! Good Surprise

your friends with your bilingual skills can not believe it! Never arrested again!

**I CAN TEACH YOU HOW** to shit your pants. It's easy and fun. Wait, it's only one of those things.

## PERSONALS

**WOMAN** needed to live with me on my estate, entertain guests, maintain order among the maids and keep your damn mouth shut in polite company. Contact C. Fancyspoons immediately.

## DEATHS

**HISTORY** - Police are currently interviewing Mr Yoshihiro Francis Fukuyama.

*Are you looking to sell or buy anything at all? We at The Garter will run your ad until we get bored, and then we wont run it anymore. That's our guarantee!*

## COLUMN∞

**"You can't beat lime"** says Marjorie Coulton of Wentworth Falls, in reference to either our "Which citrus is the best citrus?" question, or our "What is the best way to dispose of a dead hooker?" competition. Either way, thanks Marjorie!

Graham Davids of Woy Woy remembers a time in Australia "when there were no coins and we still had a damn national fruit (the Blood Lychee)." Thanks Graham, next time try writing your letter on some paper, rather than taping it to the bonnet of a car and driving it through our offices.

**Ian Reed of Homebush sent us a pretty angry letter about proper proofreading here at Column∞. Point well taken Ian! Wont happen again!**

We seem to have another opinion on the "Do dogs have eyes?" debate (Column∞ 21/3/01 - present). Dr. Frank Matheson of Bondi simply writes "Yes! They obviously do! Have you people never seen a dog eye? God!"

**Bettie Farthing writes in to point out that the last three words of Dr Matheson's letter were a palindrome. You work fast Bettie!**

Jerry of Chatswood has a novel idea about getting more children reading, but it was pretty much child abuse, and even if we excused that, it didn't really seem to have anything to do with reading at all. Thanks all the same, Jerry!

**Ian Reed of Homebush sent us a pretty angry letter about proper proofreading here at Column∞. Point well taken Ian! Wont happen again!**  
Send your submissions to Column∞: wehaventchangedthisbitinages@garter.com

# HOROSCOPES

**ATARI**  
The distinction between 'parachute pants' and 'an actual parachute' is one that will become all too important for you this week.

**VENICE**  
Look, we're not in the business of bullshitting you, so we'll lay this out as simply as we can: You will face many challenges this week, and you will need to keep a

level head in order to deal with them. We're sorry if that was hard to hear.

**HUFFLEPUFF**  
Your boundless enthusiasm and zest for new experiences will become entirely irrelevant soon when you are shot through the face by a wayward arrow.

**PURPLE**  
Skins Season 4 is overdue.

**AKIMBO**  
You will either be the Prime Minister or the leader of the opposition. Or neither of those things. These are the three options for your week.

**THE CRAB ONE**  
An old friend will come back into your life in the near future, only it will be on a train and you wont have much to talk about, so to avoid it getting awkward you'll get off at an earlier stop, which will turn out to be their stop, so you'll have

to go along with the whole thing and pretend you work in the shop up the road from their house. Which, to be clear, you don't.

**RAINBOW ROAD**  
While it should be stressed that there is absolutely no need to panic, you really need to keep on top of that first aid course, like, just see it through to the end and make sure you pay attention when they talk about treating jaguar bites.

# The Garter Riddle!

**By The Garter's own Puzzle Pegasus!**  
Think you have what it takes to beat The Garter Riddle? Yes? Well that's pretty arrogant when you consider that it was only written by a freakin' pegasus! Oh well, good luck to you. Get your mind umbrellas ready, because it's time for a brain-storm!

Martin and Melvin are brothers who do everything together. They shop together, go to the theatre together, even go on double dates together! Now, the brothers are out with their mother at a restaurant when the bill arrives. Martin insists on paying the whole amount, and Melvin insists the same. The mother comes up with a solution which pleases them both. What is it?

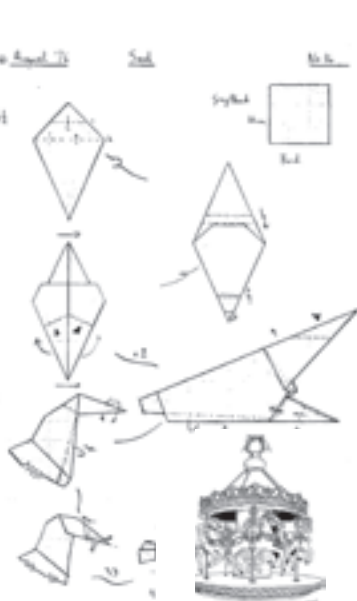
Answer: She suggests that 'the bill' pays.  
...the bill' is the name of their father, 'Bill'.  
...No, that is the real answer.  
...Yes I am a real pegasus.  
...No you may not touch them.

## The Easel

*Always wanted a 1923 Fun-Fair Carousel, but only have enough spare money for paper? There's no need to get all sad about it! Just use your tiny scissors to cut around these shapes, then join them together making sure that your hands remain perfectly still.*

*In no time at all (average construction time 4wks - 1yr) you'll be watching your little Carousel of fun, spinning majestically as if by magic!*

**NOTE:** Will not spin under any circumstances.



**THE GARTER PRESS WOULD LIKE TO THANK LITERALLY EVERY SINGLE PERSON CURRENTLY ALIVE OR DEAD, EXCEPT:**



You two can go to hell.





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](mailto: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](http://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.