

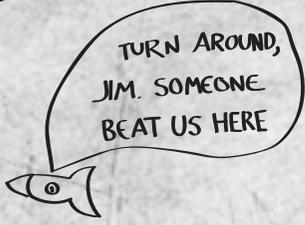
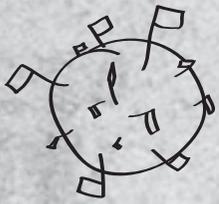
HONI SOIT

ISSUE 3 MARCH 16TH 2011

YOU ARE HERE



FLAG PLANET ADVENTURES



ADVENTURE AVERTED!

It's **ST PADDY'S DAY!** diddilee dee potatoes! Head to Manning to get into the spirit - everyone's Irish today!

† **7.30** Get yourself some culture at the Royal Botanic Gardens! check out **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM** or **AS YOU LIKE IT** until the 27th of March. \$18-38

www.sportforjoye.com.au

THU



6.30PM Do your bit and join usyd Young Vinnie's **FIRST NIGHT PATROL OF THE SEMESTER.** Meet at the Lansdowne Hotel then head to Martin Place to feed the homeless. You'll be paid with ample good karma.

7PM Get your giggle going at **PROJECT 52,** Hermann's Bar. Caution: Jokes will run rampant! \$5 access, \$10 other.

WED 16th



I love it.

SUNDOWN Get your cult craving and see Tom Cruise back when he was King of cool. Moonlight Cinema is screening **TOP GUN.** Enter from oxford st entrance. \$16 conc.

♡ Take in a good dose of seriously local talent at **8PM** SUDS' new production, **PUBLIC LIGHTS/PRIVATE LIVES.** Cellar Theatre, \$3 access.

FRI

12-4PM shed some old skin at the **UNWANTED MUSIC SWAP.** someone's trash might just be your treasure, plus there's a bbq and punch to soothe any separation anxiety. 13-17 Riley St, woolloomooloo. FREE.

6-8PM Race remote control cars 'round a track made of vinyls at **VINYL ARCADE!** scritch scratch your way to victory. Happening at the orchard for FREE!



SAT 19th



10AM-4PM Peruse your way through a bevvvy of delights at **BONDI MARKETS.** From vintage to psychics, there's something for even the most eccentric of tastes. Haggle your way to a new wardrobe if you wish! on at Bondi Beach Public School. FREE.

8PM celebrate music, sydney and the power of modern technology by heading down to circular way for a performance of the **YOUTUBE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!** FREE.

SUN

6PM Got a whole lot of opinions to share with the world? why not join **THE GREAT SHARK DEBATE** and get your gob going about rethinking the shark menace in Australia? At the New Law Lect Theatre 101. FREE but BYO thinking caps.

7PM welcome the new week with an **open mic and Jazz/Latin Jam session** at El Rocco Jazz Cellar in woolloomooloo. Get jammin' for FREE.



MON

I'M THE LOVE SHARK



1-2PM Join the girl power at this week's USU Tuesday Talk. with a topic like **SEX SELLS: WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN AN ERA OF SEXUALITY,** it's gonna be a goodie. Burn your bras upstairs at Manning. FREE.

11AM-6PM Nostalgia runs wild at Marc Hundley's new exhibition, **MARCH 3.** Get cosy with his personal fixations at the Darren Knight Gallery, Waterloo. FREE.

TUE



I'M LETTER G. I'M GREAT... JUST, GREAT...



THE LOVECHILD:
Yoda
Miley Cyrus



DAD JOKE OF THE WEEK:
Why did the lion go blind?

Because he had big
cat-aracts!

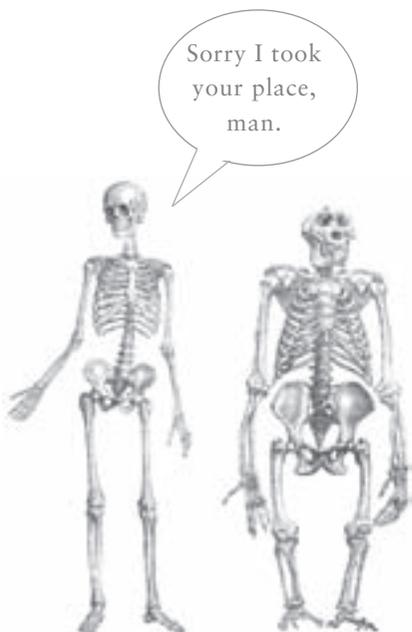
HONEY SUAVE

Do you play cards?

Because you look like the
Queen of Hearts to me!

RETRACTION

The editors of *Honi Soit* would like to retract the proposal of marriage made in last week's edition. The proposal in no way reflects the views, opinions or incredibly hurt feelings of the editorial team, and, furthermore, fuck you Veronica. We never even needed you anyway, and our feature on you was at best a joke. And at worst, 5000 words long.



DISCLAIMER

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SEND YOUR MAIL TO:

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THE EDITORIAL

The world is often incredibly overwhelming. It's vast; full of people we are yet to meet and knowledge we are yet to obtain. We will never meet the majority of our fellow humans, and obtain only an infinitesimal amount of the knowledge out there. It truly is a daunting task going out there into that big, bad world, and making a mark. We may never know all there is to know about astro-micro-biology and 12th century gender relationships, but we all have the opportunity to go out there and contribute to a better world.

This week we're profiling Sydney Uni student Sascha Nanlohy, who has taken affirmative action and founded a non-profit organisation focused on combating inhumane practise in African nations. The feature this week raises a contentious issue: how much of the money we donate to charity actually reaches the cause publicised? Other articles cover the matters of carbon tax, scientific developments made for US defence, and racial slurs. These are all matters with a global reach. They may seem insurmountable but, as Sascha is a testament to, can be addressed by any one of us or better, every single one of us.

There is still a large dose of arts, reviews and just some good ol' chat, but I do hope that from this issue, you are inspired to reflect upon the world and your place within it. Meditate on the magnitude of this planet, and the cultures and societies that fall within its folds, and take a step towards preserving what greatness can be found in hidden corners and secret alleyways.

Read, enjoy and next time you reach an intersection of 'the right thing to do' and 'the easy thing to do', take a hard right.

Neada Bulseco
editor-for-realz-y'all

The Finkler Question questioned

Dear *Honi*,

I love a good book review. Who doesn't, right? So I was excited to see that Hannah Ryan had reviewed Howard Jacobson's "The Finkler Question" in the last edition of *Honi Soit*. I read the book a few weeks ago on the recommendation of my grandmother (96, Jewish) who told me in her thick Hungarian accent: "Darling, this is the funniest book I have ever read. I have never laughed out loud reading a book before."

I'll admit, I did not laugh out loud as much as I hoped. I'll admit that I read the book with the hope that Jacobson's prose would be on a level with Phillip Roth (it wasn't). I'll even admit that the characters grated on me at times. BUT, I don't feel like someone who "stopped reading properly at the age of 15" should be suggesting Jacobson is neither "funny", nor "good enough". Good enough for whom exactly?

I read and enjoyed this book. I might read it again. Every member of my (admittedly Jewish) family has read this book and enjoyed it. Maybe this book wasn't one for the John Marsden fan but it was, at times, beautiful and poignant. I'm not trying to be rude and of course the reviewer is entitled to her opinion. But I'd implore *Honi* reviewers to remember that just because you are playing the critic does not mean that you have to be unflinchingly critical. For what it's worth, I liked this book. I laughed and smiled and wanted to turn the page. But don't take my word for it, why not read it yourself and make up your own mind.

James Gonczi, Law V

HONI FROM THE VAULT

Issue #2, 1989

During the O-Week festival of 1989, John Howard came to a rally at USyd to discuss his new education policy.

He was met with a mixed response, as this excerpt from the next week's feature article demonstrates.

Love him or hate him, most students had their own impressions of John Howard's visit. ANNE WHITEHEAD, Vice-President of the SU Labor Club and SRC rep, was not impressed.

After a wait that made Grace Jones look punctual, Little Johnny Howard appeared. The protesters exploded, minders pushed and shoved and the rest of the audience either booed or cheered, depending upon their particular political slant. In the midst of this rabble the Federal Opposition Leader attempted to deliver his "Future Directions" Education Policy.

It was madness on the part of the Doyle mob, to stage such an event during O-Week. Anyone could have told them that students who are currently under fire from conservative elements in the Labor Party - tertiary tax etc would not regard further conservatism as a viable alternative. The Liberals' agenda for education, by Howard's admission, would include a rapid expansion of private universities - available only to the rich - and would see full fees introduced to currently public institutions, not to mention the abolition of University life as we know it by that most hideous of creatures - VSU. The only concession will be a few full paid scholarships. Full marks go to those who quizzed Howard intelligently, isolating the gaps in his flimsy conservative armour. Why make students pay when corporations are only paying 9 per cent? What of those who can not afford to pay for their degree?

It would have been nice to have some answers. The fact that there are none was made abundantly clear when Julian Beale, Shadow Education Minister, was asked how he envisaged the provision of the whole range of Union and SRC services in absence of both those bodies. Supply and demand, we were told. If people used hamburgers then the private sector will move in and supply them. All very well, but completely ignoring the fact that such services would be far more expensive. Worse, it ignores the fact that some services will never yield profit. Under Howard's scheme we would have no legal aid, no childcare, no housing, no financial assistance, the list goes on. Mr Beale was nonplussed people who need such services are best kept out of university. No wonder people are renaming the Liberals' "Future Directions" as "Futile Diversions" - the problem is that they are extremely dangerous diversionary and the hostility of the crowd was evidence that they recognise them as such.

And finally...the man himself, JOHN HOWARD could not resist a chance to address the students again - but not face to face this time.

No politician attends a rally on the lawn at Sydney University expecting it to be a quiet affair. When I launched the Coalition's higher education policy last week I looked forward to a good lively rally - and got it.

Inevitably, there were a few yahoos who tried to disrupt the rally on the lawns. A few of these were the father-funded revolutionaries that have been around since the sixties, taking a stand against free speech. Most, however, just wanted the good time that every student has the right to expect.

I didn't mind the noise. In fact, I rather enjoyed it.

It's always good to get back to my old university and to find that it's still as lively as ever. Julina Beale, the Shadow Minister for Education, is also a graduate of the University of Sydney.

When we were students, people used to sing about free beer for the workers. Last week, students kept trying to put cans of beer into our hands. Apart from that, not much has changed on the campus.

Considering the poor deal that universities and students have received from Messrs Hawke, Keating and Dawkins, a bit of noise on campus is quite understandable when a politician makes a visit.

The noise did make it a little difficult, however, for some of the more serious students to hear the full details of our policy and to ask their questions. Fortunately, I was able to stay on after the rally to mix with the students, and I found their questions and ideas very interesting and encouraging.

Because many students were not able to put their questions to me directly, I am grateful to the editors of *Honi Soit* for the opportunity to set out the main points of our policy in a separate article.

I hope all students will take the time to read it carefully.

To be sure, to be sure!

USyd Alumnus and current Trinity College student LIAM CONNELL drops us a line from the Emerald Isle.

Coming to Dublin from Sydney's a bit of a culture shock. For one thing, they drink a lot of Fosters over here. Poor ignorant souls. And that's just the start of how different life is here to down under.

Trinity College isn't as big as Usyd, and their student bar is as like unto Hermanns or Manning as a game of backyard cricket is to the SCG. But it's got history.

You know how in the Great Hall they've got portraits of famous patrons of the Uni? In the one at Trinity the first picture you see is Elizabeth I. You can go to classes in the room where Oscar Wilde was born, and while their library doesn't have the famous Fisher stacks it does have the Book of Kells which is at least something.

I was going to have a bit in this report filled with people's reactions to the Irish victory over England in the Cricket, but it didn't pan out. Before I could get people's thoughts on the game I had to tell them that there was a game, that Ireland had a cricket team and that it had won a match. By this point in the conversation most people thought I was bullshitting them. One person did point out to me that if Ireland had beat England, who had beat Australia then Ireland must have a better cricket team

than us. But they're all surviving on the EU bailout and our economy's doing fine so screw them.

Since the cricket thing didn't pan out, I decided I'd find out what people were doing on St Paddy's day. St Paddy's Irish and Dublin's in Ireland so it must be a big thing, right?

Wrong.

I asked one of my classmates what she was doing on the 17th.

"We've got no plans," she said.

"But it's St Paddy's day!" I said.

"Well, I think they're doing a parade for the children and the American tourists." she said.

In desperation I asked her what she'd done last year.

"Oh, last year was great craic. Went out with a bunch of mates, met some people and partied into the wee small hours."

"Fantastic! Where was this?"

"Place called The Rocks. Sydney. Now, that's where they care about Paddy's!"

So that's Dublin. But hey, the whiskey's good.



HONILEAKS

ANDY FRASER and JULIAN LARNACH have their ears to the ground.

The University-Union negotiations have provided little updates in the past week. Although disappointing, don't be too disheartened; rumours have transpired that indicate a storm is a-coming. When you've got your back against a wall and you just can't take it anymore, there's something to make everything better: a Justice League. *Honi* has overheard the Union gathering together a war cabinet of ex-board members. Promising news considering some of the political heavyweights they would have access to. It's nice to see the Union swallowing some pride and recognising that they need help. Help that would be very welcome if they are aware of the rumour *Honi* has stumbled over: it is reported that the University has already put together a department designed to take over the responsibility for the Union's commercial services. *Honi* is unaware of the details and how developed this department is but it is certainly a presumptuous move by the University. If you're eagerly awaiting the interview of the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Derrick Armstrong) promised in last week's article, it has been delayed. *Honi* was informed that Armstrong would be sick for the entirety of the week. Our fingers

are crossed that we have better luck this week.

Abi McCarthy, former Vice-President of the Sydney University Conservative Club, is running in the Union Board elections with the support of debater Bec Barrett. Whether this campaign manager switch is anything to do with an *HoniLeaks* report, one which revealed McCarthy would be run by SRC General Secretary Chad Sidler and Evangelical Union heavyweight James Flynn, will only be revealed in time.

A reshuffle in the election procedure for the University of Sydney Union President has passed through board and will go to a GM on Wednesday, expanding those able to vote from current board members and the immediate past president, to include immediate past board members. This is a measure seemingly implemented to prevent any stacking of the board to secure the position. The current favourite for the top job is Sibella Matthews.

To have your say vote at the GM this Wednesday, 12pm at Manning Bar.



CAMPUS WEAVERS

ROBBIE JONES spins a few tales about our resident eight-legged friends.

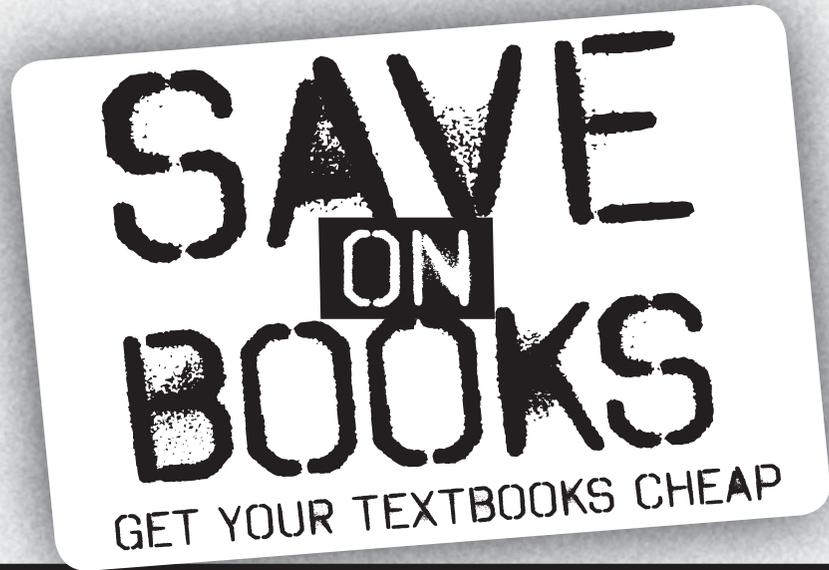
There are many things unique to early uni: O-Week celebrations, full lecture theatres and of course spiders. Spiders fucking everywhere. Whilst there are many species around campus, including varieties of garden spider and even St Andrews Cross Spiders, without a doubt the most conspicuous has to be the Golden Orb Weavers. Named for the golden sheen their web has, juvenile Golden Orb Weaver females grow to 2-4 cm, and have distinctive yellow banded legs.

They begin making their webs as juveniles just as uni is wrapping up in late October/November. Whilst the majority of students are away over Summer break, the spiders grow. As they grow larger, the spiders need to make bigger webs in more open spaces to catch more insects to feed off (bees, beetles, flies and locusts are common prey). Thus when the students return in March, it is hard to find a garden area that doesn't have at least one Golden Orb and its accompanying giant web.

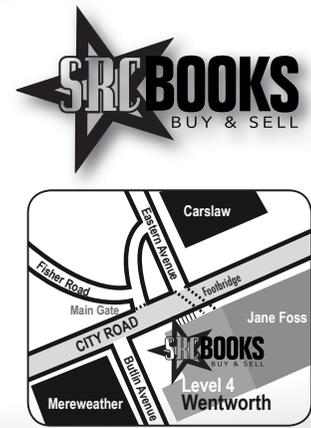
One man who knows the fascination of watching Golden Orb Weavers at work is Associate-Professor of Biology, Dieter Hochuli, who studies spiders

here at Sydney. Dieter suggests that "it's well worth your time if you have a break between lectures to go and have a look at these spiders - it's very therapeutic." Indeed, the Golden Orb Weavers web contains several things to keep a person's interest. The males are much smaller than the females (only around 5mm) and hover on the outside of the web. If you look closely, it is often possible to see a male missing a leg or two - a telltale sign of an attempt to breed with a non receptive female. Hochuli also advises looking for the presence of small kleptoparasitic spiders, "usually quicksilvers, which basically hang around the web of bigger spiders eating the smaller prey...it keeps the web clean because the bigger spiders aren't really interested in smaller prey." Web watchers will often also find the remnants of previous prey, as spiders often keep them as trophies.

Golden Orb Weavers and most spiders which make large webs out in the open, pose little to no threat to humans. All textbooks suggest that they are not only reluctant to bite, but that even if they did, the only consequences would be some mild pain, local swelling and numbness. So what are you waiting for? Grab a coffee, a seat in a leafy area around campus and take advantage of this short opportunity to connect with the natural world of the university.



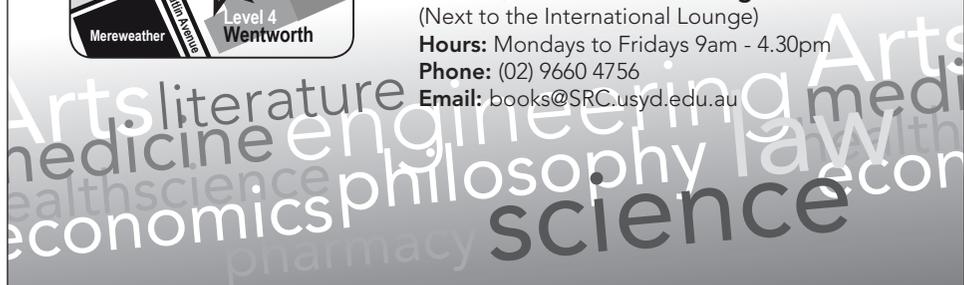
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HI, SOCIETY!

SHANNON CONNELLAN checks out the new sound on campus with...



Why the fuck are there hundreds of white singlets in my lounge room? What is The System and why are we Beating it? My housemate has a lot to answer for...

It's 9am on the first day of O-Week and Mark Ronson and the Business Intl is already pumping downstairs in my Darlington house. There is an undeniably excitable buzz rising up the stairs and I descend with curious little sister vibes into the gathering below. As the army of friendly white singlets head out my door to the first day of recruiting new members on the lawns, I realise my housemate is to blame for this merry band of music lovers. With a spring in his step and a swag of albums under his arm, President (and house resident) Joss Engerbretsen heads off to O-Week to Beat The System.

If you've noticed an emerging population of white-singletted, merrily-dispositioned kids on campus, or in my house, chances are they're members of Sydney Uni's newest society, Beat The System. The society developed to fill a niche on campus as a means of connecting students interested in contemporary music in all its glorious avenues. It was conceived to connect not only musicians on campus but

aspiring music publicists, journalists, photographers and enthusiasts.

A group with such big ambitions needs a pretty damn passionate leader. Beat The System President Engerbretsen lives and breathes music. He developed the idea for the society three years ago with a questionable title. "It was originally an acronym and it was not called Beat The System," he says. "It was called S.Y.S.T.M. and it was the Sydney Youth Selection of Talented Musicians or something rubbish like that. It was a terrible acronym."

Engerbretsen spent his early uni days trawling Gumtree, *The Brag* and *Drum Media* for 'Musicians Wanted' classifieds, hoping to connect with like-minded music enthusiasts. "As a musician, I found it really hard to connect with other musicians on campus," he says. "I just started to think it was absolutely ridiculous that Sydney University, with 46,000 students didn't have somewhere where musicians, who weren't necessarily at The Con or anything like that, could go to meet other musicians to have a jam or just talk about music, and to create music."

Luckily for this non-twanger, Beat The System doesn't close the door on those without aspirations of rock stardom. The many hands that make the music industry work inspired Engerbretsen to expand the society into a hub for every aspect of music culture at Sydney University. "I thought, well what about people who aren't musicians? You know, there's lots of people out there who DJ, people who love going to music and seeing music, there's a lot of people who like writing about music, and a lot

of people who are good with a camera." The recently launched Beat The System website is a hive of news, reviews, interviews and articles detailing the best of local, national and international artists.

"I saw a real niche in the way that there was nothing for contemporary music. I mean there are fantastic music societies like MUSE and Jazzsoc and Madrigal and all those sorts of things but nothing for the contemporary scene which, you know, appeals to most people at the moment."

Beat The System almost picks up where Rocksoc left off a few years ago, a society for music enthusiasts run by former USU Rock Office legends Richie Cuthbert and Will Balfour, which disbanded with changes to the structure of entertainment in the USU. Lovingly dubbed the 'Purple Sneakers of campus' by members, Beat The System was this year's most talked about new society at O-Week, signing up over 300 members in three days and running their own tent, complete with Band Comp and live DJs. Beat The System has achieved an incredible amount in just a few short weeks, including a Beat The System stage at Beachball, featuring Sydney Uni DJs and bands such as The Money Smokers, RUFUS and Carillion and a Band Comp during O-Week, in which the winner from The Con, Lime Cordiale was given the opportunity to support The Holidays, Jinja Safari and Eagle & the Worm at the Bands Ahoy

festival to wrap up O-Week.

With interest from the likes of Jinja Safari for further events and also from Sydney dub collectives Foreign Dub and Low Society to plan a large dubstep night at Hermann's, Engerbretsen has his organiser full for the next semester. "We're also hoping to develop DJ workshops with Purple Sneakers, who have offered to run these every Friday, so groups of students will have the opportunity to learn or fine tune their DJ skills. They're an internationally touring group of DJs so to have that opportunity is fantastic."

With a full semester ahead for this brand new shiny society, it looks like I'll be playing host to quite a few white singlets this year. Heading in to the Beat the System O-Week tent to get house keys from President Jengebretsen I wondered where everyone was. Eastern Avenue was dwindling, Fisher was sparse. Following the sound of The Hives and fighting my way through the talkative, well-dressed crowd, I realised I'd found the Beat the System stall.

It's going to be a big year for these guys. I'd get involved before all the singlets are gone and you're left wishing you were there. Just don't drink all the milk in my fridge.

The official launch of Beat The System is at Hermann's Bar this Friday 18 March from 6pm. Headlined by the indie excellence of Politik and the dancing beats of RUFUS, attendees also get free entry into Purple Sneakers' Last Night!

A LEAP INTO THE UNKNOWN

KIRSTEN WADE was exchanged. Now she's back.

Jumping into the unknown is not for everyone. I used to consider myself amongst this unadventurous lot. That is until last year when I embarked on the experience of a life-time – exchange.

Being at the University of East Anglia in Norwich (UK), I was some 16000km away from home, but right from day one everyone went out of their way to make sure I settled in and felt at home. Being Australian was certainly a novelty, and made for some very interesting conversation. I lost count of the number of times my accent was at the centre of jokes, and the soccer versus football slip ups. I won't get into the Ashes banter.

I did also manage to have some fun of my own, teaching my flatmates some Aussie slang. Surprisingly the likes of 'fair dinkum' and 'you beauty' caught on quickly, even if that wasn't quite my plan. Oops! I don't think this really helped the perception that Brits have of us Australians, because I was asked to write an article about the art of

boomerang throwing for the student newspaper. I thought it was a joke. It wasn't. Let's just say, thank goodness for Google.

Tuesday night was definitely the night of the week on campus. Club nights had a different theme every week. I went from being a police officer, to a chav, to glowing at the day glo rave. They even had an Aussie Beach Party night, but sadly I was back down under by the time that night came around.

Of course, another thing that comes with exchange are the travel opportunities. I got snowed under in Scotland, went shopping in Paris and drank, well technically only tasted Guinness in Dublin. Don't get me started on the weekends in Wales, Amsterdam, London and Cambridge. Who knew jumping into the unknown could be so much fun.

My only regret – not staying longer.

Alleged rapist cleared due to 'skinny jeans' defense

NEADA BULSECO reports on the case of an alleged rape of a young USyd student.

An alleged rapist has been acquitted on the premise of a 'skinny jeans' defense; the defense that a rape or sexual assault could not have occurred because the alleged victim's jeans are too tight to remove without collaboration from the victim. The second time this defense has been used in a NSW court with success, it has led to an influx of criticism against the judicial system.

Dressed as a young Jeff Buckley to attend a costume party in Leichhardt with a number of social groups from campus, a young Sydney Uni student arrived back at a friend's house at approximately 2.50am on the morning of June 12, 2010 claiming that she had been raped by her Bible mentor. Despite claiming that she felt "obliged" to her mentor, the Sydney District Court remained unmoved by the young woman's allegations.

With charges laid under Section 611 of the Crimes Act, which covers date-

rape due to extreme intoxication, the defense rested easily on claims that skinny jeans could only be removed with collaboration from the alleged victim.

Though under judgement of a jury, Judge Hosking who presided over the case gave scathing criticism of the accuser's evidence, finding that "there was a degree of embellishment of particular aspects of the case."

The defense of skinny jeans in rape trials has faced almost unrivalled controversy since it was first used in NSW in April 2010. With polarised opinion as to whether this defense is valid, it remains under the scepticism of the media and public.

The alleged victim's homosexuality was not permissible evidence in the trial, so had no bearing on the outcome of the case despite its pertinence to the matter at hand.



Psychedelic rockers The Money Smokers hit the Beat The System Stage at Beachball. Photographer: Ben Lau



Why does *The Carbon Tax* matter?

JAMES COLLEY discusses the tariff of our time.

Let's settle one thing first: climate change is happening. If you came here looking to have that debate, you're far too late. Scientists have reached an overwhelming consensus on climate change. Sea levels in the last century rose 17cm, the rate of the last decade is double that. Ten of the warmest years on record occurred within the last twelve years. The Arctic Sea has been declining in thickness and ice shelf melting is occurring on a mass scale. If you like, you can still disagree about what or who is causing it. That said, if you like you can also disagree on Big Bird being yellow. That's not the issue. Also not the issue is whether or not the proposed carbon tax will solve the climate change problem. It won't. No one is arguing that it will. The car is hell-bent on speeding off the cliff. All the carbon tax is asking of you is to gently tap the brakes. Then why is this carbon tax such a big issue?

Well, what is it?

This is a much more complicated question than it deserves to be, so we're going to sidestep a lot of pointless rhetoric. Firstly, is it a tax? Yes. Yes, it is. That's not necessarily a bad thing. Hospitals, for example, have proved wildly popular in the community.

A carbon tax is a measure aimed to halt big polluters doing that thing that makes them big polluters, namely polluting. Big. The tension comes through the method by which we slow these polluters. The proposed carbon tax would be a charge levied by the tonne on the largest polluters for the emission of carbon dioxide. The opposition comes from the fear that the companies will pass on these

extra costs to the consumers.

The government has assured households that there will be compensation for higher prices on household living ensuring the tax burden is on businesses and not on homes. This assurance was sure to hit all the keywords, like 'pensioners' and 'working families' without dealing with any of those pesky statistics.

And here comes the noise...

If there's one thing politicians love, it's hate. This issue has brought out some good ol' fashion politicking. This is going to be a long ride of back and forth bickering, so strap in. First, there was the announcement of this policy; seemingly at odds with Gillard saying she would never announce this policy. Abbott attacked this hypocrisy completely unaware of how hypocritical it is for Abbott to attack someone else's hypocrisy. Wayne Swan then tried to confuse everyone by launching an all-out assault on words, claiming that the tax wasn't actually a tax. Abbott's response was clever and typical to his style as he took a simple concept (that you will pay more), he coupled this with an acknowledged truth (that you don't want to pay more). Climate Change Minister Greg Combet replied that it wouldn't do that. The opposition shot back that Australia shouldn't be the first to institute a price on carbon. This argument was made despite the fact that 30 countries in Europe have a carbon price. The opposition repeated that you'd pay more.

As always, when there's fear to be mongered and hatred to incite, 2GB is there with a megaphone. They are at the head of an anti-carbon tax rally. As Laurie Oakes noted, this is

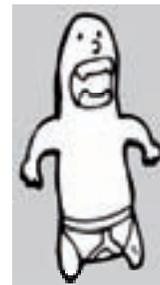
a completely legitimate response to a policy that you disagree with, and he's right. However, using the Abbott-inspired term 'People's Revolt' to describe it is not legit. Also, bussing people from as far as Melbourne and Canberra to protest a piece of legislation on climate change is akin to telling planet Earth to just go fuck itself.

What's Next?

This anti-carbon tax rally is going to happen. The crowd will be split into four groups of people. First, there are the people legitimately angry that the government promised one thing and delivered the opposite. Second, the group of people who legitimately want climate change reform and see this as an insulting alternative. Third, the group of people not necessarily skeptical of the science, but just worried about the economic impact of this legislation. Honest people who absorbed the smart, simple message of the opposition. Can you afford to pay more? Of course you can't. You have to oppose this tax. Fourth, the genuine crazies who see being labelled as the Australian Tea Party as a good thing. They will be the loudest, the most reported, the smallest in number and most importantly the group most willing to compare themselves to the Middle East Revolts in an incredibly insulting way.

So, why does the carbon tax matter?

The carbon tax matters because it is Australia's stand on the major issue of our time. Climate change is the news story. It's the issue. It's the problem and this is our response. But a carbon tax may not be enough.



News In Briefs

You stay classy, MAX HALDEN.

Last week Julia Gillard travelled to the United States for her first official visit to discuss politics with President Obama. Also speaking to a joint sitting of Congress, the speech coincided with the 60 year anniversary of the Australian New Zealand United States Treaty. Pity no-one beyond Capitol Building knew she was in town.

Speaking of the upcoming election, with less than a fortnight until voting day Kristina Keneally has continued her feverish campaigning while the Liberal leader Barry O'Farrell is just trying not to trip over. While the embattled Premier took part in some pre-dawn pork barrelling, announcing a \$5 million boost to the racing industry at 5am in Flemington, Barry O'Farrell continued to answer questions about his leadership credentials by shouting "Look over there!!!" and disappearing in a puff of smoke. In related news, many hipsters have announced they will now be voting for Labor ironically.

After 60 years of leading the exiled Tibetan government, the Dalai Lama is stepping down from his political role to allow for an elected leader to take his place in the political sphere. The Lama will remain the spiritual head of the Tibetan people, an avid Twitter user and the most commonly misspelled Google search since Eyjafjallajökull.

An earthquake measuring 8.9 caused a tsunami which devastated North-Eastern Japan. The earthquake registered at 160 times the strength of the Christchurch earthquake, and Japan itself has moved 8 feet. Concerns have been raised after reports of fires in some nuclear plants, although the Japanese government has denied any reports of leaks. The coast of California was also affected, and even boats on Sydney Harbour reported disruptions from the quake.

NEWS

How to vote Labor **MICHAEL KOZIOL** never compromises. Not even in the face of armageddon.

It's not the best time to be a member of the Labor Party. It's the sort of confession that, in some circles, brings about the involuntary response of disgust usually reserved for kitten-strangling. It means shedding a tear at every Newspoll, grimacing at every defaced poster and quietly defending the handful of infrastructure projects which actually materialised over the last few years.

On March 26 the commentariat will obsess itself not with who will become Premier but what fraction of the parliament the ALP will control. At the moment, it looks like about one seventh. The press are almost visibly salivating: after all, it's not often you get to actually line up and watch the car crash happen.

In terms of supporters, Labor is pretty much down to Bob Ellis - a former editor of this paper - who really will fight them on the beaches, fields and streets lest he get too inebriated. He himself has reminded us that support for Labor still runs high among our age group, the under 25s. If the election were confined to booths on Broadway, Keneally would romp it home.

But regrettably we have to face the rest of the electorate, who are waiting not so much with baseball bats but with entire armies of weaponry. They are not particularly fond of anyone who dares to display a hint of sympathy for NSW Labor. We are pretty much the only social minority you're allowed to publicly mock and curse, aside from fat people. Voting Labor in 2011 is akin to naming your child Adolf in 1946.

So, dear reader, how does one proclaim one's allegiance to the government in polite company without becoming a pariah? How does one announce the intention to vote Labor without incurring some sort of intervention? By offering these optimistic, if a little trite, mantras.

1. *The purge is complete*

Remind your companions that The Scums in charge of the Party have already agreed to absent themselves from a re-elected Labor government. Frank Sartor, Joe Tripodi, and a reluctant Eddie Obeid have agreed to exit stage-left and allow the rejuvenation to begin. It's a brand new party, but at least some of them will

have had experience running a state.

2. *There have been some good things*

While you were all busy hating, the parliament legalised gay adoption and gave everyone an extra demerit point! Driving in bus lanes has never been so lightly punished! And why is Labor's public transport record so chronically understated? It should be a criminal offence to ride a Metrobus and not vote Labor.

3. *What has Kristina Keneally ever done to you?*

Aside from make you feel ashamed of your own paltry hair and wardrobe, that is. She's new, she seems to know her stuff, and she'll be sad if she loses. This is an argument best wielded against the more emotional voter.

4. *A landslide is a curse more than a gift*

The better the Liberals do in 2011, the worse they will be in 2021. If they can secure the kind of majority which will guarantee three terms in office, there will be no limit to the skulduggery and

evildoing O'Farrell's mob will unleash. In an election with such a foregone conclusion, a vote for Labor will help them return to a competitive position next time. Remember, every first preference vote earns the ALP more public money for 2015. If you love democracy, vote Labor.

5. *What do we really know about Barry O'Farrell?*

He is a man who intends to cruise in to the Premiership Steven Bradbury-style, without pausing to reveal whether he or the Liberals have any real ideas for the future of NSW. The electorate's willingness to invest so heavily in a team they know nothing about is astonishing. He is at the very worst an alien and at the very best a Tory scumbag.

If your protestations are still met with howls of laughter and shrieks of judgment, don't despair. You can still vote Labor and maintain your dignity. Just move to Queensland.



Music: just for listening?

DOMINIC DIETRICH watches the tango of music and memory.

The kettle was calling, the knife singing through tomatoes and the coffee shouting its optimistic overtures. I was well and truly in the kitchen, in Sydney, in 2011. Yet my audio system's play button challenged that. With Kurt Rosenwinkel's jazz quintet invited into the lounge, I was removed to 5th Avenue, New York, in 2008... or was it Caboolture, Queensland, 2006, or was it Sydney University, 2009? The music was a photo reminding me of things past.

Keeping stock of our personal history is an art dominated by photography, with journals occasioning a quiet role. Yet, it's interesting to think of the memory maintenance performed through the kindness of music. To me, Kurt's CD *Deep Song* - which echoed through that kitchen in 2011- is a personal photo album to many places. One page shows sun-dappled summer days at my dad's place in Caboolture. It evokes the games of chess, the talk of music theory, the lounging in hammocks. Turning the page, I'm suddenly strolling on 5th avenue,

Rockefeller Centre is above me, Ground Zero is below me, the Statue of Liberty is beyond me. The latest page of this unfinished album lands me alongside the sandstone of Sydney University.

Intriguingly, music, unlike photography or a diary, doesn't begin its life with the intention of being a personal memory reservoir. Rosenwinkel's album wasn't bought to store Caboolture's sun. Emotional climax, spiritual journey, money making, love making and such are the reasons music is born and borne by each day. A composer may write a tune about their own past, but it's hard to imagine that they anticipate the unique way the song becomes entwined to our personal memories. Music is an unintended photo; it's an unintentional diary.

I'm certainly not alone on this when I say that music makes, takes and amplifies the emotions in a moment. In an interesting twist, I've found music's ability to capture emotions mid-flight can make the otherwise immemorable, memorable. Over the recent Christmas holidays, the boredom of the perpetual and drink-laden lunches led to an exploratory impulse. In short, I hopped

in a car and drove into the pastures and rolling hills of New South Wales' south coast. Verdant pastures curtained by forests played host to the car-ad experience: winding roads, illegal speed, and an apt sound-track. In this case Deep Forest's eponymous album echoed through the vehicle. The light, the trees and the curves cooperated with the music to ensure they were remembered; on mute I'm certain the emotive impact would be hushed. Intriguingly, that album not only largely made that memory, it now stores that memory. I press that toppled-triangle and I'm lost in the hills near Moruya, in late 2010.

I've noticed it's not just places, it's also people. X-Press 2 and David Byrne's 'Lazy' is tied to my old boss. When played at work, 'Lazy' brought forth a nostalgic smirk on the chief's face. This, along with the nonchalant sinews of Byrne's voice and the lyric's existentialist disregard, all join in painting one picture. To be fair, he isn't lazy.

In my foolish ways, the enmeshed dance of music and memory can make me fear a re-listening. Kenny Garret's *Beyond the Wall* suffers just such a fate. Previously a common feature in my kitchen, in my lounge room, on my street sides, the album - through its association to

a stroll in Shanghai- remains off limits. The five days in Shanghai involved sultry Portuguese wine-sellers, the film noir of the French concession and an insight into the cocaine that is optimistic modernity. The album, in combination with that last-day stroll, provided an enraptured finale to the affair.

My fear is as follows. *Beyond the Wall* is a portal to those five days, yet to listen to it too much is to risk associating it to something else and so bleach the original memories- fading the colour from the photo. Ironically, like a compulsive vinyl collector, this weariness of damage ensures I never actually enjoy the product. It's a fear that escapes the soliciting of logic, with Kurt already proving music's multi-tasking skill. Yet it remains.

Writing this in a sun-soaked courtyard in Sydney, I have Esperanza Spalding's glissando voice gliding through the air. I have to wonder whether these tunes will forever stick to this moment. Whether, when I'm cooking somewhere in 2015, these songs will remind me of this courtyard, in Sydney, in 2011. Honestly, I hope they entangle themselves with something slightly more adventurous.



SHARKS IN THE MILITARY

Apparently the United States didn't think sharks were deadly enough already, writes **FELIX SUPERNOVA**

The US Defense Department's radical research arm DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Project Agency) hit headlines again when agency director Regina Duncan gave a contract worth US \$400,000 to RedXDefense, an institution she founded with her father who now chairs the company. DARPA are used to controversy, but usually it revolves around the bizarre devices they develop in order to maintain America's technological dominance on the battlefield. The sheer breadth of projects they take on span a frighteningly humorous spectrum of Hollywood sci-fi wish-list items. The contract offered to RedXDefense was to develop an artificial nose that can out-perform military sniffer dogs trained to find explosives. While I wouldn't need a \$400K device to smell that something fishy is afoot here, there are far more reasons to be afraid of DARPA than a couple of family kick-backs.

Take weaponising sharks. I'll let you absorb that for a minute. Military sharks. Could there be a more frightening concept ever? Oh wait, cybernetic military sharks. That's right, DARPA are messing around inside shark's brains, with the intention of developing a computer chip to control the movement of sharks. The final application of which is to spy on enemy submersibles without arousing suspicion. Why would they even think that cybernetic spy animals could work? Well, because they've already had success with fish, rats and monkeys. Mind you, it's not just DARPA who are making innocuous spies from animals, the Chinese have a spy pigeon, which may not be as viscerally intense but it's still some hardcore meat hacking.

Oh, the meat hacks aren't limited to animals either. DARPA have an array of projects that involve

direct machine/brain interfaces for human use. The Revolutionising Prosthetics project aims to have a prosthetic arm that is controlled by thought alone (previous models of mechanised prosthetics were controlled by the tensing and relaxing of muscles). While the goal of helping provide soldiers who are wounded during service is admirable, they're also messing with human brains in far more insidious ways. Last year, DARPA put forward US \$4 million for a programme called Silent Talk; a meld of silicone brain implants, external EEG wearable devices and a field of research known as Physical Intelligence in order to give soldiers telepathic powers. In the future they hope to expand the capacity of this technology to controlling machines via thought alone. The ramifications of the US military ever obtaining this kind of technological hardware are as morbidly frightening as they are scientifically exciting. It also brings into question our ability to judge military actions that are recorded. One of the most chilling parts of Wikileaks' video 'Collateral Murder' was the flippant fashion that the soldiers' talk about committing the atrocity. Will accountability take a significant hit when soldiers' communications take place only within the minds of those participating?

DARPA doesn't just use sci-fi authors for inspiration; a new exo-skeleton nicknamed the 'Iron Man Suit' is designed to increase a soldier's strength. Being able to lift a 90kg weight with minimal exertion is just one advantage that the XOS 2 exo-skeleton has. Research is currently aimed at achieving a 20% rate of energy consumption so as to make portable powering possible. The suit can roughly do the work of 3 soldiers, meaning less human resources can be spent on manual labour and more can be put onto the battlefield. Data rich contact lenses also mimic the iconic style of Iron Man's superpowers. A heads-up display (HUD) more similar to

a video game than a battle field will eventually be miniaturised to the point that they can be placed directly over the eye. With this display it is hoped that information such as the view from your gun sights or text messages can be laid over your vision.

There are many more projects that DARPA are involved with currently that are so far out of left field you wonder why the US government would even give these guys over US \$3 billion next year for research alone. Their horribly camp acronyms for projects don't lend them any more credibility. Names like BaTMAN and its complimentary system RoBIN are so laughable it's easy to forget other classic project titles like RESSURECT, NIRVANA and DUDE. Current projects such as crowdsourcing military vehicle designs, developing transparent real time 3D maps of the earth that reach 5 miles under the surface, and building an entirely new internet in case of a terrorist attack seem absolutely bonkers, too. Except for that last one actually, seeing as they invented the internet in the first place. So let's recap this shall we? The designer of today's most important technological tool, funded by the biggest military power in the world just got busted for conducting dubious financial interactions in order to fund weaponised cybernetics. Sod this, if anyone wants me, I'll be in my backyard building a bunker.

Racial Slur? Racial Slur THIS!

RAIHANA HAIDARY hates racism, just like you!

Sometimes second-degree assault, involvement with prostitutes, and public drug and alcoholic binges just don't do it. If you really want an easy way to get fired from your show, pull a 'racist slur'. It seems this was all it took to get CBS and Warner Bros producers of the hit TV show *Two and Half Men* to breach their contract with Charlie Sheen and cancel the sitcom. During a radio interview while vacationing in the Bahamas, Sheen (who is himself Jewish) criticised executive producer Chuck Lorre, calling him a "clown" and then referring to his Hebrew name Chaim Levine.

But is calling the director Chaim Levine really the anti-Semitic slur that the Anti-Defamation League has claimed it is? Sheen's confusion reflects the ridiculous nature of these allegations: "So you're telling me, anytime someone calls me Carlos Estevez, I can claim they are anti-Latino?" During eight successful seasons on air Sheen has been hospitalised numerous times for drug and alcohol abuse, charged with a felony for threatening to kill his wife (whilst holding a knife to her throat), and taken numerous breaks for time in rehab. Yet it was a reference to Lorre's Hebrew name, not repeated violence towards women, which finally cancelled the sitcom.

Let's strut over to the fashion world where racial slurs are taking the



spotlight. Iconic designer John Galliano has been suspended from Dior after mumbling that he "loved Hitler". His excuse (that he was the victim of 'verbal harassment') does not, of course, justify his support of gassing Jews. But I ask myself, why did Senator Cory Bernardi's racist comments against Muslim women simply increase his profile within Australian politics? Why didn't American Pastor Terry Jones' plans to publicly burn the Quran strip him of authority as a church leader? Perhaps the question that needs to be asked is: why are anti-Semitic remarks considered more controversial? Why are they more hurtful than, say, those of an Islamophobic nature? Is anti-Semitism different from other types of racial hatred? It has been argued that anti-Semitism exists as the most dangerous racist attitude, which once led to a series of catastrophic events collectively known as the Holocaust. But surely all forms of racial prejudice should be equally condemned.

Racism in all its forms is an abhorrent and disgusting act. But maybe if we focused less on the incoherent blabbering of celebrities and embraced a better understanding of the diverse religions and races of our world community, such unforgiveable racism could begin to disappear.

THE LIFE CRITIC

SILVIO BERLUSCONI

DAVID MULLIGAN thinks Silvio's been given a bad rap, but deserves so much more.

It's about time someone gave Silvio Berlusconi a fair go. All the media ever seems to report on is underage prostitutes this, or state-funded orgies that; I feel that the real Silvio Berlusconi simply gets overlooked as the media, in their predictably sheeplike manner, try to go after the cheap shots about his rampant sexuality and insatiable libido.

However, in reality this man has done far worse things outside of the bedroom (and pool, and cubicle, and cockpit...). His three terms in office have made him the longest serving leader of any G8 nation, but during this time he has had allegations raised against him such as: collusion with the mafia, tax fraud, corruption, bribery, false accounting, embezzlement, drug trafficking, perjury and suppressing freedom of expression.

The truly amazing thing about this man is not how he gets into trouble but how he gets out of it. These are stories of cunning and deception usually confined to the most fiendish and devilish of Bond supervillains.

For example, in previous instances where Berlusconi has faced prosecution under certain laws he has evaded prosecution by using



"I'm attracted to power.. and everything else."

his office to change the law in his favour. Brilliant! *La Repubblica*, an Italian newspaper, released an enquiry in 2009 which outlined how over the past decade Berlusconi had passed 17 different laws that were advantageous to him in running criminal trials.

Of course, as any Orwell fan would understand, the key to Berlusconi's success has been his ability to control the thoughts of the Italian public, a task he has risen to with amazing success (the European Federation of Journalists claims that the Prime Minister controls over 90% of Italian media through his ownership of the Italian media conglomerate Fininvest).

So, despite *Honi* initially having very bad feelings towards this man, Fininvest has just finished a successful takeover of this newspaper so now we all think he's great! Welcome boos! First year girls are on us.

SKILL OF THE WEEK: NEADA BULSECO SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE GLASS THEN EATS IT

Are you an original prankster but already pulled every trick in the book? Glad wrapped toilet seats, lathered honey on door knobs and faked your own death? Why not truly freak out your friends and eat some glass right before their eyes!?

For this recipe, you'll need: 2 cups of water, 3.5 cups of sugar, 1 cup of corn syrup.

1. Line a baking tray with grease-proof paper
2. Put all of the ingredients in a saucepan. Bring to the boil.
3. Lower the heat and simmer until thickened. Stir every now and then.
4. Remove from heat and cool in baking tray.
5. Once cooled, invite your friends around and prove just how magical/insane you are by eating a slab of 'glass' right in front of them! You're sure to be the most popular of the gang!

FACT:

No one knows the muffin man.

Johnny Soit presents "Anarchy!"

Pickpocketing with LAURENCE ROSIER STAINES

Like the magician, the petty thief relies on distraction techniques, sleight of hand and deftness of timing. Unlike the magician, one of their best assets is actually those signs that say 'Beware of pickpockets' (also, 'thief' is still a viable career path).

If you have gone backpacking before, you have probably encountered these signs in a crowded market or pedestrian plaza in one of those bustling, vibrant foreign cities. Upon being alerted to the possibility of having one's stuff stolen, the first instinct is usually to quickly check that it is still there - hands on wallet, phone, iPod, keys, traveller's cheques, making sure it's all secure. Of course, the moment anyone does this, the rest of us immediately realise that they are nothing but an insecure, hapless tourist and, crucially, we see exactly where their valuables are kept.

These signs are so valuable at identifying tourists and their valuables that many pickpockets will stake out their hoods by putting up signs of their own. Once this is accomplished, you can go for the lightning attack followed by disappearing into the crowd, or a double-act whereby your accomplice walks in front of the victim and suddenly stops, allowing you to 'bump into' the victim without causing too much alarm.

If you don't have your own 'beware' sign, a debatably better method is simply yelling out "SOMEONE TOOK MY WALLET!" in a crowded place and then going to town on the nearest sucker. In time they will savour the irony.

BUILD-A-BEAR

Honi Soit acknowledges an error in last week's inaugural Build-A-Bear. The piece on display was not a left leg but actually a left arm. Please amend your copy. If you see an actual bear with an arm where his leg should be, please make him aware of this retraction. Then play dead. Stay tuned for the next exciting piece of Build-A-Bear.

NRL Season Wrap

MICHAEL COUTTS doesn't care about the first round. His predictions remain the same.

St George Illawara Dragons Predicted Finish: 1st

The Dragons are deservedly outright favourites for the 2011 title after taking out the 2010 premiership with aplomb. They have the best coach in the league, a highly impressive forward pack, and one of, if not the best, backlines in the comp: expect the salary cap auditor to pay them a visit.

Wests Tigers Predicted Finish: 2nd

The Tigers were one of the best teams throughout the main rounds of the comp last year, but underperformed during the finals. As they play an expansive game, looking to promote the ball wide as much as possible, the Tigers struggle in poor weather conditions. Unless they play with more composure in the rain and grind out victories, Sydney's unpredictable weather could be the thorn in the Tiger's side in 2011.

Melbourne Storm Predicted Finish: 3rd

The Storm will be eager to prove that they can win premierships even when under the salary cap. Though they have lost many important players, they have also retained many, and so will still be tough competitors. Their biggest test will be coping with a much shallower pool of talent and how well they utilise younger, more inexperienced players. You know, like everyone else for a change.

Sydney Roosters Predicted Finish: 4th

There's never a boring moment with the Chooks. The biggest problem for the Roosters is that their best player on field, Todd Carney, is also their biggest liability off it. On his last chance (no, seriously, I think the NRL mean it this time), if Carney slips up in 2011 it will be goodbye to his career and the Roosters premiership ambitions for 2011.

South Sydney Rabbitohs Predicted Finish: 5th

Russell Crowe's star power has attracted Greg Inglis to South Sydney who, alongside the plethora of stars already at Souths, will ensure they are a serious threat in 2011. The Bunnies will never be premiership favourites, however, so long as their halfback Chris Sandow continues to play with the consistency of jelly. If he gets his act together, the Bunnies will put on quite a show.

Canberra Raiders Predicted Finish: 6th

The two biggest problems the Raiders have had are talent and experience. Their two biggest signings in the off season, Matt Orford and Brett White, have bucket loads of those. The question will be whether these two can adapt to the bitter cold conditions which travelling teams have found so difficult.

Canterbury Bulldogs Predicted Finish: 7th

The Doggies have invested in youth, and are a side brimming with potential and talent. One can't help but feel, however, that the betting scandal currently engulfing one of their players, Ryan Tandy, is increasingly threatening to derail the entire club's season in my opinion. Watch this space.

New Zealand Warriors Predicted Finish: 8th

In 2011, the Warriors carefree creativity on the football field will play an important role in inspiring a nation that is rebuilding itself after the horrific earthquakes in February. Football teams from New Zealand seem to thrive on passion and emotion, so expect the Warriors to punch above their weight and sneak into the finals this season.

Parramatta Eels Predicted Finish: 9th

In real dogfight for eighth spot, the Eels will be the surprise runners up in the race to lose to the Dragons in the first week of the finals. New coach Stephen Kearney has proven an astute tactician in his short coaching career to date, working wonders with the New Zealand international side, and will do the same with an Eels team who play best when no one expects anything of them.

Gold Coast Titans Predicted Finish: 10th

Another serious contender for eighth spot, the Titans are very good at home but comparatively poor on the road. Their failure to adequately replace Matt Rogers in the off season will hurt them, as will all the bad karma Greg Bird has built up. What goes around comes around Greg...

Penrith Panthers Predicted Finish: 11th

Don't let last season's results fool you: the Panthers are not one of the best teams in the comp. They were brutally exposed in the finals as lacking the determination and grit needed to win the NRL, and have performed poorly in trial matches in 2011. Penrith fans are in for a disappointing year.

Manly Sea Eagles Predicted Finish: 12th

Manly really need a halfback. Like, really! They thought they had found one in Trent Hodgkinson, but then he defected to the Bulldogs. The return of Brett Stewart will be a boost in 2011, but not enough to make them serious threats for the premiership.

Newcastle Knights Predicted Finish: 13th

The problems for the Knights are manifold. Most pressing are the questions surrounding the ownership structure of the club, with a bid by mining magnate Nathan Tinkler tabled, withdrawn, then tabled again. On the field, the Knights do not have enough quality players, and their best ones are mostly overrated (Kurt Gidley NSW captain? Get real). If Jared Mullen can stay fit and find some form, they might threaten for a top 10 finish, but probably not top 8.

Brisbane Broncos Predicted Finish: 14th

The dark horses for the wooden spoon, things have only gone from bad to worse for the Broncos since Wayne Bennett left. First, Ivan Henjak was appointed coach. Then Israel Folau left. Then Greg Inglis pretended to sign and left. Then Henjak was fired. The administrative side of the club is just far too chaotic at the Broncos for the playing side to work. Hopefully Darren Lockyear plays on in 2012, because he deserves better than to retire in the club's worst year in the NRL.

North Queensland Cowboys Predicted Finish: 15th

The team that proves that spending most of your salary space on one player, even if that player is Jonathon Thurston, the best halfback in the world, is unwise. Thurston cannot win the comp on his own, and will struggle to win matches on his own given the low quality of players around him.

Cronulla Sharks Predicted Finish: 16th

Such red hot favourites for the wooden spoon that they've already burnt it. Cronulla has an inexperienced coach, average playing roster, and a captain who is one of the biggest thugs in the NRL. If Cronulla win the competition, the atheists are wrong: there is a hell and it has frozen over.

THE LOCKER ROOM: Anybody for tennis?

MATT WATSON answers a little too enthusiastically with Sydney University tennis superstar Hayley Eriksen.

So Hayley, why tennis?

My Mum played tennis since before I was born and so I was always down at the court as a baby in the pram. She inspired me and so when I was old enough to pick up a racket I started playing. It was fun and I realised that I was pretty good, so I just kept playing and I have been for the last fifteen years.

Wow that's a lot of tennis! So how long have you been playing with Sydney Uni and what is your role at the club?

This will be my second year now with the Uni team. Juggling tennis and studying is not easy but you get used to it. I deferred for a few years after school in order to join the pro tour and play on the circuit. I felt I needed a bit of a break though but I'm hoping to get a bit more hands on with the club this year.

What was the club's biggest achievement last year?

The club won both the men's and women's competitions at the Australian Uni Games last year over in Perth. It was a pretty big achievement. We dominated.

And your proudest moment as a player?

In 2008 I won my first professional title on the tour in Belgium playing

doubles. It was unexpected and amazing at the same time.

Nicely done! How can people get involved with the club?

Well we cater for all levels, from beginners to advanced. We have social tennis, classes and private coaching. It is a very friendly club, you would love it if you came down.

Who is your favourite player of all time and why?

It has to be Kim Clijsters. Nobody has a bad word to say about her and she is a fantastic role model. To come out of retirement and play even better with a kid under your belt is incredible. She is a superwoman. She made the right choice getting rid of Lleyton.

Yes she did. Finally Hayley, Federer or Nadal?

Definitely Nadal. Personally, I think Federer is a bit arrogant in refusing to change his game. He also whines and cries a lot. Nadal however is always looking to improve his game and as a result has managed to win on all four surfaces against the best. Federer could only do it after he didn't have to play Nadal.

Good choice.



**A glass of
water with...**

SASCHA NANLOHY

(President of A Billion Little Stones)

five cubes of activism

a slice of ambition

a cool hit of passion

A girl wakes up in a village in the Congo. Her sisters and mother have been raped and killed, her father has been taken prisoner by a roving militia and her little brother is now a child soldier. This story does not exist in isolation. Between 1998 and 2008, 5.8 million people have been killed in the Congo. That's millions of lives prematurely ended, millions of stories of loss and sadness, and millions of families irreversibly destroyed. What does one do when faced with such savage and devastatingly expansive destruction? Human rights activist John Prendergast describes a tipping point of empathy, a moment when you "realise you have to stand up, speak out and organize with others on vital issues like genocide in Africa". An 'Enough Moment'. Sascha Nanlohy reached this point last September.

After learning about the developing situations in Rwanda, Congo and Sudan in university lectures, Sascha was faced with an urge to act. The shape of this action took form after listening to an activist discuss the foundation of a program surrounding the Cambodian genocide. He was ultimately inspired by a call to arms: "You don't have to wait 10 years, you don't have to be working for the United Nations, you can do this right now. Being a student is enough."

Last year under the working title Enough Australia, Sascha created an organisation to lobby the Australian government for a more proactive policy on genocide prevention. The current name for the organisation is A Billion Little Stones, drawing from a monologue written by *The West Wing* writer Josh Singer (see below). The monologue encapsulates Sascha's feelings on the subject exactly. The problem is immense: "There are negative perceptions about the area as a whole, and we're adding to it by detailing the facts which are daunting. But you have to begin somewhere".

The NGO has just been incorporated but is still in the start-up phase. Support and network building with other NGOs, especially American, has been substantial. Constructing the Advisory Council for A Billion Little Stones, many notable and influential advocates have stepped forward. As it stands the Advisory Council consists of Scott Wisor, former head of the Sudan Divestment Taskforce, Sam Bell, Executive Director of the Genocide Intervention and the largest coup, and former Australian Foreign Affairs Minister Gareth Evans. Evans engineered the development of the Responsibility to Protect (R2P) doctrine: a set of principles outlining that state sovereignty is a privilege not a right, and that if countries do not protect their citizens from crimes against humanity it is the international community's responsibility to intervene. The groundwork laid by the sheer reputation of the advisory council means that A Billion Little Stones won't be disappearing any time soon.

Although still in the embryonic stage with policy and financial footing still being found, the organisation has the eventual aim of lobbying the Australian government to restrict the use of conflict resources. The most common conflict resource is undoubtedly the conflict diamond, but the resource that has funded the conflict in the Congo is a lot closer to home and a lot less extravagant. Tantalum, a mineral used in the creation of mobile resistors for portable electronics. "The fuel of this war is in most of our pockets, mobile phones and laptops and general electronic appliances."

Before lobbying of the government can occur, public awareness on the issue needs to be raised. "If I come out talking about Western Sahara and no-one can find it on a map, then it's a lot harder. But if you tell them about it, tell them the facts and you give them a story they can work with then that'll just make the job so much easier." Sascha points out that an aware constituency is more willing to take action and that although the problem is quite foreign to Australians he hopes that people connect on an "emotional rather than geographical level."

Currently undertaking a Masters of Peace and Conflict Studies at Sydney University, Sascha is under no delusion that he is facing an easy task: "It's a hard task, but it's worth trying. If we achieve something then that's enough. At least we will have gotten the ball rolling."

Join the A Billion Little Stones Facebook group to get more information on how to get involved and the issues at stake. Or get involved straight away by attending a talk by Bec Hamilton on her new book release, 'Fighting for Darfur'. 5pm, March 23 at the Sydney Uni Co-op Bookshop.

"There is an immovable mountain made of a billion little stones. I cannot move the mountain, but I can lift a stone. If you join me we can move twice as many stones. And if we get more people to help, one by one, we will move those billion little stones. Together we can move that immovable mountain."

by Julian Larnach



AN (UN)CHARITABLE LIFE.

The money we donate to charity may not always be going to those who need it most, writes Symonne Torpey

Walking down Broadway, you navigate past colourfully dressed students, away from the allure of the second hand furniture store and the muscle men handing out pamphlets for the 24-hour gym. You're making headway in the street traffic. Then you see the charity worker. Bubbling with enthusiasm, he bounds up to you like a friendly puppy. He's wearing a T-shirt with a hopeful message on the front. His flyers are plastered with images of hungry children from far off lands. You think about the kebab you had for lunch and guiltily you slow down. Perhaps it's time to sponsor a child?

My résumé describes it as "sales and marketing". I worked for a marketing company hired by a high profile charity to entice new donors. I sold sponsor kids. They were commodities – a means of generating an income (and precarious moral dilemmas).

Australians dig deep every year for charity. Along with New Zealand, we were recently crowned as most charitable nation by the Charitable Aid Foundation. According to the ABS, the Australian public donates about \$4 billion per year, more than six times the level of donations made by big business. But where is your hard earned money going?

Figures from Givewell, the Australian charity database, have shown that in 2009, the average expenditure by charities on fundraising costs in NSW was 19 cents in the dollar. An outcome of the widely varying spectrum of 2%-40%. This top end - the 40% - is the highest amount

legally permitted in NSW. As state governments are responsible for micro-regulation of charities, this cap attempts to combat frivolous spending. Yet the absence of a strictly enforced definition of either 'administration' or 'fundraising', in reporting expenditure, is a critical loop-hole in the system. It renders any attempt to measure the percentage *actually* given to the cause near futile. Funding Institute Australia is in agreement, releasing a paper in 2008 which stated: "There was general agreement among FIA members that the current disclosure regimes are neither relevant nor appropriate." This is perhaps most evident in statistics: most marketing agencies retain up to 95% of the first year pledge of a standard donation. But because the average donor makes several pledges over 4 years, the charity wins out over time. And when it wins, it can win big, as my time in this often unethical industry proved.

The profit model is an effective one. The marketing company employ personable youth (on a commission-only basis) to appeal to the broader community with a carefully rehearsed sales pitch. People would sign up on the spot for child sponsorship and depart feeling the glow that comes with an altruistic act. We would leave with the glow of another \$120 dollars padding our wallets. Per customer. And the high rollers in the North Sydney office were making between \$500 and \$2500 per week, not to mention competition perks such as Prada handbags and trips to the Gold Coast.

I was part of that group, rising quickly in the industry. We were flown to Melbourne to open a new office, where the company culture meant pearls, cocktails, Sunday gâteau, designer shopping and incredible dining. We said our own version of grace before dinner: "Thank you Lord, for those who do not eat. Thank you for allowing us to give them food, so that they can give us money and we can eat." And we went on this way, earning and squandering thousands of dollars a week on the backs of the charity organisations that employed us.

People would sign up on the spot for child sponsorship and depart feeling the glow that comes with an altruistic act. We would leave with the glow of another \$120 padding our wallets. Per customer.

As anyone in sales will know, a lot of training goes into the pitch. Every morning, over one hundred salespeople (including several internationals on working visas) streamed into the harbour-view North Sydney office for training. It was equal parts pre-game pep talk,

early morning pump class and key to success seminar. Hip-hop music throbbed through the walls as the seasoned salesmen shared their moves. The newbies hung around the fringes, hands in pockets, tentatively rehearsing the pitch script. Turn over was high. Only a small percentage had the right blend of confidence and the persistence to cut it out on the street, and amongst their gregarious fellow salespeople. It was important to train quickly and cleverly.

First, learn how to break the barrier between you and the potential client. The boss likened it to “picking up at a club”. You need confidence, pizzazz and a slightly corny pick up line. Above all, you need a thick skin and the ability to pick your target. For the girls, it was men of every age, race and creed. Flirting was key; physical contact was desired. For the guys it would vary, from men who only listen to other men to sweet little old ladies. Remember to cash in on the cute factor. The youngest kids are easiest to move, and the older ones stayed in the back of our folders. Second, handle objection. From breaking the cost down into manageable units (“give up one coffee a week to save a life”) and crossing the time barrier (“this will only take a moment”), to cornering one half of a couple into committing (“I’m sure your partner will see this as symbol of your generosity”), objection handling is about persistence. Closing the sale was the best part: “Would you rather the orphan from Burkina Faso or the sixteen-year-old mother from Nigeria?”

When it came to committing pen to paper, the people who donated most were those who clearly had to make sacrifices in order to sponsor. Students, single parents, pensioners, people in the hospitality industry signed up by the hundreds. We targeted them. To most, we appeared to be hard working, young and passionate volunteers. We were told not to correct them. Travelling to small rural towns was also rather lucrative. In and out in a week, we were able to exhaust small, untouched pockets of the child sponsorship market, all the while enjoying the free travel and the endless drinking that accompanied our road trips.

To most, we appeared to be hard working, young and passionate volunteers. We were told not to correct them.

Paid marketing companies operating for charity are perhaps not as bleakly immoral as I portray them. Of course, children are sponsored, communities are saved and people are educated through their work. Dr. Peter Chen, a Government lecturer at Sydney University, says that the trend towards professional marketing outsourcing is symptomatic of the scarcity of

volunteers in a time-poor society. He believes that charities use these methods reluctantly, “one because they don’t want to split the money, two because they know it’s bad for publicity and three because it’s sort of counter to the spirit...but actually it works”. Cost-benefit analysis says that outsourcing marketing is unpalatable but cost-effective; Chen agrees it is a necessary evil in the charitable sphere. However, even if we take into account the need for the paid marketing tool, it is in contrasting the humble stereotype of the charity with the highly disposable lifestyles of marketing employees, that I find myself struck by the dichotomy. Back then, in that sinister version of grace we repeated (and yes, we actually said it), we saw something humorously absurd about it.

In concluding, I would like to stress one point above all others. I do not discourage any student from supporting charity. Sponsor widely. Donate as much as you can. But before you feel guilty for keeping your head down and your iPod firmly plugged in on your way down Broadway, be aware that some street marketers are better paid than you are. Most are spinning stories of a passion, which may or may not be based on truth. The life of a charity marketer is difficult but highly organised. In most cases it no longer aligns with romantic hippy pipe dreams and lone Greenpeace boats out on the open ocean.



THE TUNES

INTERVIEW WITH PARADES

JESS STIRLING won't rain on your parade.

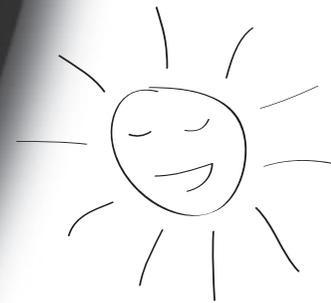
For Parades, success in the music industry follows a simple ask-believe-receive formula. "You've just got to do heaps of stuff – write heaps, and produce everything yourself and put it out there. People will eventually sit up and think: 'cool,'" says laid-back guitarist Tim Jenkins. You can tell by their attitude they're most definitely from the leafy suburbs of north-western Sydney. "It's just a snowball effect," vocalist and guitarist Dan Cunningham agrees. The beautiful simplicity of their game plan, combined with raw talent and voracious energy, has led them to where they are today. Friends since the age of twelve, Cunningham explains that, "the four of us have literally always been in some form of a band. We never really thought that we wanted to make a go of it, until we decided that uni and stuff isn't what we really wanted to do with our time, and so we thought we'd try and do this project". Coming from a background in (interestingly enough) heavy, grunge rock, the band's whimsical, other-worldly sound is possibly one of the most unique things to come out of the Australian indie-music scene lately. The layered, complex sound of their debut record *Foreign Tapes*, was described by *Drum Media* as music that might have come from Iceland or the moon. Unsure how to take this ambiguous (yet undeniably awesome) review, Jenkins, ever the mellow indie rocker, just shrugs and says "I guess we'll take that rather than anything else."

On the topic of reviewers, I ask for their take on the whole music journalism game. Cunningham resolutely declares that he now refuses to read reviews. Jenkin is more ambivalent: "One time we'd just come off stage after playing this show which was so bad it was borderline slap stick, and then we read a review of it later and they loved it, so I don't really trust what the reviewers say since then."

The band and their reviewers do agree that their first video, for single Loserspeak in a New Tongue, is pretty damn sweet. The clip, directed by Sam Kristofski, was nominated along with some serious Aussie music heavy weights for best video in the 2010 Triple J Awards. Filmed in the gloriously rusty warehouse in Harold Park Raceway, the clip features the boys running around in slow motion, basically just, well, throwing shit at each other. "There's no story or anything, we just wanted something really visually cool," Jenkin explains. Paint, powder and water fly everywhere accompanied by the haunting layers of the band's first single. "We're not very good at being photographed and stuff, but it wasn't like that for the video. We just had to run around and chuck stuff at each other. It was really cool to see how it all gets done and put together too."

Other really cool recent things include their album launch and an East Coast tour with Newcastle locals, *The Seabellies*. "For me personally that was the best time I've had on a tour," says Cunningham. "There's definitely two kinds of guys you come across when you go on tours with other bands, and they were the good kind. They're just really down to earth." For a band Triple J's Richard Kingsmill declared the musical highlight of 2010, *Parades* have got "down to earth" down to a fine art. Having had to reschedule our interview a few times due to the band turning up late to their gig, I was expecting a bunch of over-praised, under-talented, Short Stack-esque (ooh, burn) twenty-somethings. What a joy it is to be so very mistaken! "We were actually here really early," explains Cunningham somewhat sheepishly, "but there was some botched logistical thing. We didn't have a car pass. Well we did, but another group took it!" Why, then, as such huge stars on the rise, didn't they pull a "don't you know who I am?" Cunningham laughs, admitting, "I don't think we're quite at the stage of being able to do that yet." With their original sound, huge onstage energy and boy-next-door charm, it mightn't be long before it's all about the helicopter rides, 19 degrees, lightly sparking water and colour-coded M&Ms.

So what does 2011 have in store for this delightful four piece? "Definitely a new album for next year, that's what we're working towards," Jenkins nods. "And then, I dunno, if we could branch out beyond Australia that would be cool – our record just came out in Japan, and so if things happen with that that would be cool. Like we said before, if you just do heaps of stuff and put it out there, stuff usually starts happening." With a year like 2010 behind them, I think we should have big hopes for these guys in 2011.



THE DROP ISLAND BAR

BRIDIE CONNELL takes you on a holiday not too far away.

It's no secret that Sydney-siders love to party, and supposedly there's a bar to suit even the quirkiest of drinkers somewhere in the city. Does your whisky go down better with a spot of bowling? You're sorted. Perhaps you feel more at home in the Ice Bar, or in the wild western comfort of Shady Pines? Well what about those of us who like a tippie in former grain storage facilities? Overlooked for so long, our time to shine has finally arrived with The Island Bar on Cockatoo Island.

The Island Bar, housed in old shipping containers, opened earlier this summer and has quickly become a popular spot for spectacular views, great service and excellent drinks. With its brightly-coloured sun umbrellas and palm trees the bar seems like something of an oasis in the midst of cavernous shipyards and workrooms. It's only a 15-minute ferry ride away from the city, making it close enough to be convenient but far away enough from the hustle and bustle to relax and pretend you have your own private island. Perfect.

With a mix of funk, soul and house helping you get into relaxation mode, all that's left to do is set yourself up with friends at a table and pick from the smashing (interpret this how you will) drinks menu on offer. It'd be rude not to try the cocktails the bar's got a name for (The Hello Sailor and the Spicy Mai Tai are good picks) and there are some which come in punch bowls to share. Fun fun!

The bar is open from 12.30pm-8.30pm Wednesday – Sunday, and the patronage does change depending on when you go – expect to compete for seats with bridal parties and campers on the weekends, and yuppies during the week. That shouldn't put you off, though – no matter when you're there the vibe is chilled and fun. *Honi* likes!

The Island Bar will close on the 27th of April, and won't reopen until summer, so make the most of the fleeting sunshine and head down soon.

For more info visit:

www.theislandbar.com.au

THE COBBLER ON RENNY STREET

In the quiet tree-lined backstreets of Paddington, hidden away between the constant rat-a-tat-tat of Oxford St and Moore Park Rd, lies Renny Street. Dotted with beautiful terrace houses, Renny is distinguished by a tiny glass dome which houses one of Sydney's finest men: Alex, the shoe repair man.

Alex's is instantly recognisable as a cobbling business by the wooden racks of suede shoes which line the back wall, and everything from Ferragamo's to Dunlop's cluttering the counter. He himself is elderly, but younger and sprightlier than you may think on a first impression. He has a strong Italian accent and a rather transparent habit of charging beautiful young women considerably less for his wares than older ones. If there is one thing clear about Alex, it is that Alex loves his women.

Walk into his threshold clutching a scuffed, tarnished and too-loved pair of heels and the cobbler will scowl, throw his hands up in despair and whack the shoes resoundingly over the head of the offender. "One huuuuuundred dooollars!" Alex will exclaim over protests of dry-cleaning bills, parking fines and a considerable credit card debt. Scrutinising the miscreant behind a ruse of examining the soles he will begrudgingly reconsider. In a resigned voice he will eventually announce: "for you...teeeeen dollar... Now out!"

But just before you step back into Renny, head hanging in shame, you will hear a cough. And Alex the cobbler will be smiling from ear to ear, his performance complete with a wink, as he holds out a sweet from the bag he has in reserve under the counter for all of his special customers.

In our consumerist world with its "out with the old in with the new" mantra, taking your shoes to be repaired is an almost archaic notion. A visit to Alex, the lovable women-loving cobbler in his little corner shop on Renny, will always be romantic.

HONI SOITORIALIST

SAMANTHA HAWKER meets an old charmer who isn't afraid to pull it on the ladies.

HONI RECOMMENDS

THE WEST WING

JONATHAN DUNK plays Hail to the Chief.

You should believe the hype, and then some. Thirteen years, three Golden Globes and no less than 27 Emmy Awards since it was broadcast by NBC in September 1999, Adam Sorkin's *The West Wing* is the acknowledged pinnacle of serial drama. Aware or indifferent, partisan or apathetic, educated or the other thing (I know at least one certifiably illiterate Wingnut), everyone likes it, or their friends do. Beneath the whirling banners and the beat of martial drum, and latterly, the tidal wave of mainstream popularity, the rapidly whirring mechanics of the thing tend to blurr. I do not write in detraction, on the contrary, but one must look closely to comprehend just how damn good this show is, and why.



The pith of the question, what separates *The West Wing* from every other box set making glossy demands on your attention, resides in the writing. Every exceptional thing about the first four seasons (But "fate does iron wedges drive", bad things happened, google it) emanates from the script. Sorkin who is, in Martin Amis' phrasing "just really fucking good." Sorkin has the gift, lots of it. He can sketch visceral and resonant arcs of character with the lightest touch. My example of choice, though there are many, occurs in 'Bartlet for America', an episode exploring the psychological torsion of alcoholism. The late John Spencer, himself a recovering alcoholic, reveals the scars behind Chief of Staff Leo McGarry's wry front with arresting humanity: "I'm an alcoholic. I don't have one drink. I don't understand people who have one drink."

But that is merely a star in the Pleiades. All the actors who form the core ensemble are consistently strong, (excepting, alas, Dule Hill, who expresses like Keanu Reeves on a bad day) and stand undimmed even by Martin Sheen's kingly performance of a President whose ability nudges the mythical (Jed Bartlet's Nobel Prize is a footnote in his C.V). With the exception of the prissy Rob Lowe who minces through

as the irritating and effeminate Deputy Communications Director Sam Seaborn, none of the actors are endowed with Hollywood looks. This realism is an asset, as intellectuals of this calibre spend too much time reading into the wee hours to preserve a youthful glow. Perhaps Sorkin intuits that the masters of the free world are difficult enough to relate to without a perfect tan. Allison Janney as charming and competent Press Secretary C.J. Cregg, Richard Schiff as sardonic, fiercely idealistic Communications Director Toby Ziegler, Bradley Whitford as cocky, irrepressible, and haunted Deputy Chief of Staff Josh Lyman, are given ample chance to shine. The effect is blinding in countless scenes of heated discussion. Sorkin's method of dramatizing ideas is to hurl intelligence at both sides unreservedly, and the result is majestic. And we come back, naturally, to the writing. During his reign as head writer and executive producer, Sorkin supervised each line of dialogue tenderly; the series is characterised by the way his tone thrusts through complex fact to catch the essence with dazzling celerity. While there are episodes laudable for cinematography alone (third season finale 'Posse Comitatus' is a visual symphony), the definitive quality is that of searing eloquence. The Shakespearean hubris of

Bartlet's argument with God in 'Two Cathedrals' (a reconstruction of the Book of Job; Bartlet's Lord truly does answer from the whirlwind) is one good example.

For all its lustre, *The West Wing* isn't the entire crown. The Sorkin cannon stretches from *A Few Good Men* through *The West Wing* and *Studio 60* (Eastern Liberal Jewish Atheist writer falls for Southern Baptist Conservative actress; Sorkin's attempt to resolve the Culture Wars slash get back together with Kristin Chenoweth) to the recent Oscar-winner *The Social Network*; an austere biopic of the will to power. Shakespeare too, wrote about kings and courts, Sorkin once remarked in an interview. He was making a point about creative freedom, but the analogy may come to seem apt in other ways.

The West Wing deserves many more pages, and will doubtless receive them, but none of them will pass for the original product. *The West Wing* is an experience of possibility. Find someone you love, and watch it with them.

THE SCREEN: In A Better World

HANNAH LEE finds that a better world can be a little stressful at times.

We all suffer in different ways. Children, mothers and fathers, husbands and wives, whole countries – each have their own perspectives, trials and tribulations, past pain and deep-seated emotional burdens. Heavy stuff, am I right?

Well, Susanne Bier's *In A Better World* doesn't get much lighter than that. The subject matter of this Golden Globe winner (for Best Foreign Language Film) is heavy, serious and somewhat depressing as the lives of two young boys, Christian and Elias, their parents, and the life-changing decisions they all make reflect on how turbulent emotions can have destructive results.

As Elias' father, Anton, travels from his home in Denmark to his work at an African refugee camp, the conflicts happening in the two worlds are contrasted beautifully through constantly shifting and moving natural phenomenon, but also connected in ideas of what is ethical, what is just and fair in life. As each character is fighting their own battle – whether

that be the loss of a loved one, trying to rebuild a relationship or simply trying to hold onto a friend – the emotionally charged and powerfully confronting performances of *In A Better World* delivers ideas of retribution and inner conflict in ways that are thought-provoking and deeply effective to the audience's own emotional experience. Let's just say, twelve year old boys facing the adult world of death, violence and separation, make for great drama.

If reading this makes you feel emotionally exhausted, wait till you see the movie. While the film includes visually striking images of African landscapes and a heart-stopping climax, *In A Better World* has your forehead wrinkled with anxiety the whole time. As good as this film is at making you feel vulnerable, its poetic sadness and focus on complex human emotions is overwhelming. There is no time for us to digest some of the more intensely dramatic scenes and we're forced to keep up with troubling matter after troubling matter. After all, a little variation in tragic tales can make them a little less stressful, and sometimes, even more resonant.

In A Better World hits cinemas on March 31.



The abominable snow-monkey

time for a country with an already bleak post-war history.

Watching SUDS' most recent production, *Stags and Hens*, you would probably be unaware of this. In fact, it is set almost entirely in a nightclub bathroom. Not content with restricting itself spatially, the play is also confined to the events of one night's pre-wedding, heels off, hair down party.

Stags and Hens is genuinely funny. And, no, I'm not just talking silly-accent-funny. Without ever being too condescending, the humour makes gentle fun of Liverpool's small town mentality and how its youth (the supposed beacons of adventure) deal with societal claustrophobia. In her role as a girl with as much kissing experience as savvy, Olivia Sparrow (playing Maureen) is particularly good at this. But it's not

just her. Across its hour and half, we are introduced to more twenty-somethings doing what twenty-somethings do: drinking excessively, dancing to bad music and wondering if any "smart tarts would fancy a snog." A lot of the play's success seems to stem from these themes and the acknowledgement of student theatre's limitations – in understanding that it is strongest when probing, often with humour, the processes and rites of youth.

Below the laughs, there is an attempt to explore the transition from adolescence to adulthood. Too often, however, these serious points were drowned out by the play's comic momentum. The most obvious example being when Eddy (played with brilliantly unhinged masculinity by Camilo Lascano Tribin), in confronting Linda over her flirtation with cheating, slams her against a wall. It was a

scene wrapping up all the production's threads: of loyalty, of commitment and of the past's unending pull. By all rights, it should have been tense. And it kind of was until Eddy cracked a joke about his guitar playing ability (he can, we learn, play G, F and D Minor). It's a small criticism, but it stopped the play being a great comedy with implicit depth. Instead, it was just a great comedy.

Towards the end of the play, we hear "The Boys Are Back in Town" playing over the nightclub's sound-system. For the lads and lasses of Liverpool, this is wishful thinking – in reality, they never really left.



SHAUN CROWE is sure glad he wasn't a Liverpudlian in '78 but he doesn't mind a brief geez at the past.

Liverpool, 1978. The year *The Sun* dubbed England's "Winter of Discontent"; the year after James Callaghan begged the IMF for an emergency loan; the year that national strikes left garbage piling up for months and the country at an absolute standstill. In short, a bleak

Politically correct ideology is to answer for the decline of the humanities in Australia, argues NEIL CUTHBERT.

Ever wondered why the humble Arts degree gets such a hard time in Australia? The answer is two-fold. Part of it is that the humanities in Australia have reacted the wrong way to criticism from those outside the field. The other, perhaps more significant factor, is that internal changes have mired the humanities in self-congratulatory ideology. The result is that they live up to almost every caricature that has been leveled at them.

Australian society-at-large places a strong emphasis on the value of vocational and professional training. Arguably, this country lacks a sense of the value of education for its

become standard fare. What better way to appear omniscient or oracular than to assert that there is an actual infinity of meaning, none of which can be favoured over another for fear of presenting a discriminatory or uncouth front?

The predilection for unnecessary complexity is in stark contrast to the Enlightenment view, which favoured a presumption that for every problem there exists a relatively simple solution. Following William of Ockham, the Enlightenment mind tended to choose the available hypothesis, which introduced the fewest new assumptions. In a complete

old. Such a woefully misguided attitude has manifested itself in the changing study of history in the last thirty years.

Back in the bad old days of the post-war era, people started to question the traditional view of history, which focused on political decision-making and statecraft. The growth of social history shifted the emphasis from politics to economics and the material underpinnings of whole-scale social change. Even this view has now become passé, as no one in their right mind would now even mention factors of production or the capital-labour relationship.

Since the mid-1980s, it's neither politics nor economics, but culture that has come to be seen as the definitive aspect of human activity. The presumption

flawed system, which imposes prejudice onto anything it encounters. One might reasonably ask of those who wish to rid the world of rationality and its excesses, what would they have in its place? Patent irrationality?

Another instance of the new orthodoxy of mindless criticism is a simple form of expression so rife that it usually goes unnoticed: the prefix 'post-'. Schools of thought are now Post-Enlightenment, Post-Colonial, Post-Marxist or Post-Structural. What is wrong with this trend is that on the crusade for avant-gardism, people have forgotten to articulate ideas of their own. It is the academic's answer to negative campaigning, with every new party so anxious to disavow

STATE OF THE ARTS

own sake. Education is rarely seen as an end in itself except in sentimental political rhetoric, and this deficiency is patently obvious in schools and universities alike. Professional degrees are immediately identifiable as training that equips graduates to succeed in a competitive job market.

The value of a liberal education, however, is a little harder to quantify. The Arts graduate does not necessarily have a definitive career waiting at the end of their degree. This has contributed to the perception that the humanities have little practical application in the wider world. The most extreme form of such a view holds that Arts academics and graduates contribute little - if at all - to society.

Whatever the relative merits of either of these positions, what is clear is that over the last two decades or so, practitioners of the humanities have responded extremely adversely to criticism. Given that mere criticism now passes for original academic thought, this response is exquisitely ironic.

To counter allegations that they are too broad or vague, disciplines of the humanities have attempted to become more technical. Regrettably, this has meant the use of nonsensical jargon, and a propensity to make things unnecessarily complicated. Indeed, many academics will endeavour to 'complicate', or 'problematise' a given topic in order to make it worthy of scholarly consideration.

Likewise, pluralisation has become an effective way of confusing one's opponent. 'Narratives', 'meanings' and 'identities' have

subversion of the law of parsimony, contemporary academia suggests that all phenomena are historically contingent and culturally constructed.

Recently, the study of the humanities has self-consciously become more obscure, on the assumption that the less people can understand, the more justified the study becomes. Such a wayward response to criticism has been exacerbated by changes from within the humanities themselves.

Anyone who pays attention can tell you that Arts disciplines change their outlook according to an ideological pendulum that swings back and forth every couple of decades. However, the perceptions of people within disciplines such as History, English, Anthropology and Government are vastly at odds with this truism. They criticise thinkers of the nineteenth and twentieth century for a perceived obsession with progress, on the basis that it presents a teleological view of human development. They criticise the 'old' view for privileging politics and diplomacy over the affairs of marginalised people. Current thinking is that the affairs of dead white males are not worthy of consideration because they are part of the insidious 'official' narrative which is discriminatory and obsolete.

The great irony is that the contemporary fashion is at least as exclusive and one-sided as the outmoded orthodoxy it purports to reject. This is precisely because in order to conform to current academic vogue, one exclusively has to focus on the stories of those who have been 'othered' throughout history: the insane, prisoners, homosexuals, non-whites, deviants and women.

Clearly there is nothing wrong with considering the voices of those who have been neglected, but to do so to the exclusion of all else is not merely redressing an imbalance but creating a new orthodoxy just as skewed as the

is that if you understand a culture, you will understand its society and its people. Those who have not fallen prey to cultural history's aggrandised view of its own importance will know that exclusive examination of culture is far more pernicious than anything it has supplanted. By interpreting culture, you are interpreting the way people interpret their lives - which in itself is a hall of mirrors.

Culture is simply the outward manifestation of how a society functions. If your analysis is of mass culture, little can be understood of why that culture came about in the first place. But very few people focus on causes any more. The current obsession with meaning is teaching students not to ask why, but to ask what a phenomenon 'meant' to those involved.

When you combine an exclusive focus on meaning over causation with a preference for the lives of (to borrow a phrase from Dyson Heydon) "the wretched of the earth", you arrive at the current state of the humanities. You arrive at a study of human activity that has little bearing on anything except the narrative of some obscure group.

It is as if the affairs of creative people and influential ideas have become something dirty, to be scorned in favour of the repressed, who are infinitely more appealing purely by virtue of their own derogation. In fact, in the quest to subvert all traditional ideas and modes of thinking, current orthodox academia often forgets to put forward any positive definition of its own ideas.

The obsession with smashing down old certainties has not led to the exposition of any new ones, except that our ancestors would have benefitted from a strong dose of political correctness. We are left solely with 'deconstructing', 'contextualising' and 'unpacking' what has gone before. One of many tiresome examples of this infantile mindset is the current fixation with the alleged non-existence of rationality. Rationality now tends to be seen as an artificial and

the past that their platform is defined entirely by what they are not.

What pass for original ideas these days are three that are so pervasive that it would be hard to imagine the humanities and social sciences without them. These three ideas reflect the apotheosis of politically correct intellectual masturbation. They are the Unholy Trinity of race, class and gender.

Now, it is not the study of race, class or gender that is inherently detrimental. Quite the contrary. The study of slavery, revolution and suffrage are vital to understanding social change. What is pernicious is to use race, class and gender as a substitute for things which have traditionally, and rightly, been regarded as important.

You can study American history and learn nothing about the Declaration of Independence or the Civil War. Instead, you might become an expert on the cultural practices of American Indians and the diaries of Southern housewives. You can take French and learn nothing about Voltaire or Victor Hugo, and everything about francophone anti-colonial literature from North Africa.

No one can bring themselves to celebrate the achievements of the past for fear that, in the process, one might endorse the past's excesses. It is no longer admissible to suggest that Conrad was ahead of his time, because he was clearly an imperialist. Donne was sexist, Shakespeare was racist and Pound was a fascist. Milton was a Christian, making him the worst of the lot.

But the answer is not to denigrate their stunning achievements by reading race, class and gender into their every word. Nor is it to 'contextualise' everything till there is nothing left. The Western intellectual tradition has a vast amount to celebrate. If practitioners of the humanities realised this, perhaps they would not feel the need to assert their moral superiority over those who shaped the way we think, write and speak.

But then again, perhaps they still would.

ASK ABE



Q & A with students who need help and a dog who has all the answers. . .

Send your letters to: help@src.usyd.edu.au

Hi Abe,

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

Science 2nd Year

Hi Science 2nd Year,

Centrelink offers a Low Income Health Care Card to most Australian residents who earn less than about \$465 per week. This is regardless of you being on a Centrelink payment or not. Just ring Centrelink on 132 490 or get the application form from the website or your Centrelink office. If you are not on a Centrelink payment you will need to renew this card every 3 months.

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

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

Abe

Everybody Wants to Work... No, No, Not Me

There are many different types of work that students engage in while at university: paid work, compulsory course work experience, and voluntary work, whether or not for work experience.

No matter what kind of work you need to make sure that it does not interfere with your studies. If working means that you can't attend the class or do assignments contact SRC Help to make appropriate arrangements.

PAID WORK: the amount of money you are paid is usually determined by the industry you are in. Contact the trade union that looks after your industry and ask them what you should legally be paid. Some students choose to work illegally, or in industries that have some aspects that can be illegal, for example, sex work. The SRC recommends that you do not do illegal work because you will not be insured if you have an accident and the penalty of getting caught can be quite high, especially for international students. If you choose to do sex work, it is always a good idea to talk to those already in that job and check how safe you will be.

COMPULSORY COURSE WORK EXPERIENCE: the University will insure you for this. Make sure you plan for this time to be "income free" so you don't blow your budget.

VOLUNTARY WORK EXPERIENCE: you will usually have to organise your own insurance for this. Try to get some sort of certificate or reference for the work you do so you can use it when applying for future jobs. Remember that this is also a good opportunity for you to build a network.

BAD EMPLOYERS

Unfortunately the nature of work is that the boss has the power and the workers do as they are told. However, if you feel you are being bullied or discriminated against all being sexually harassed you can get some help.

Ideally you'll belong to your trade union. As a casual they cost \$5 - \$10 per week and give you a great deal of protection at work. You will also be joining other workers like you in making your own work conditions better. If you're not a member of your trade union you could talk to the SRC Solicitor. Bear in mind that she's not an industrial relations law specialist, whereas trade union lawyers are.

For more information on trade unions go to the Unions NSW website.

Contact SRC HELP

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

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

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

Superannuation

How Many Accounts Should You Have

If you work in a job where you earned more than \$450 per calendar month your employer should contribute at least 9% to your Superannuation account. This is regardless of whether you are full time, part time or casual, an Australian citizen, permanent resident or a visa holder.

Your employer would have a default company that they can pay into, though you should be able to choose if you have a preference. Generally speaking an Industry Superfund tends to give the best returns to smaller investors. That is, there are no fees and profits are shared by the members.

If you have had lots of jobs chances are you may have a couple of different superannuation accounts. Each account would be losing money on various fees and charges. The best way to maintain your super is to roll all your accounts into one chosen account. This is very easy to do. Just contact your Superannuation company and they will help you with the necessary forms.

If you have any more questions about superannuation go to www.ato.gov.au/super.



SRC Legal Service

The Students' Representative Council (SRC) Legal Service has a solicitor on campus to provide free legal advice, representation in court and referral to undergraduate students at Sydney University.

We can assist you with:

- Family law (advice only)
- Criminal law
- Traffic offences
- Insurance law
- Domestic violence
- Employment law
- Credit & debt
- Consumer complaints
- Victims compensation
- Discrimination and harassment
- Tenancy law
- Administrative law (government etc)
- University complaints
- Other general complaints

Note: The solicitor cannot advise on immigration law but can refer you to migration agents and community centres. For Family Law and Property Relationships Act matters we can refer you to solicitors who charge at a fair rate.

Appointments

Phone the SRC Office to make an appointment 9660 5222

Drop-in sessions

Tuesdays & Thursdays 1pm-3pm (no need for an appointment)

Location

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Level 1 Wentworth Bldg, Uni of Sydney

02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au

ACN 146 653 143



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





PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Donherra Walmsley
president@src.usyd.edu.au
twitter: @srcpresident

Welcome to Week 3! My last couple of reports have focused on federal issues, so I thought it might be a good time to talk about what's going on at a campus level this week (though I will remind you about the BFR submissions closing on the 31st of March – look out for our campus action demanding that the Government “Fund our Future” next week!).

Last year, as some of you may remember, the University undertook a review and developed its White Paper – the strategic plan for the next few years - some elements of which have already been implemented, such as the controversial move of the discipline of economics from the Faculty of Economics and Business (now School of Business) to the Faculty of Arts (now the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences), and the creation of a divisional structure within the University. Most of the White Paper strategies, however, have not yet made the fraught journey from words on a page to practical realisation. What this means for the University is that where 2010 was a year of introspection, reflection, and evaluation, 2011 is going to be a year of action (in theory).

As part of the strategy implementation, individual divisions and faculties are developing their own strategic plans which will focus on the individual parts they play in achieving the goals set out by the White Paper. Some of the objectives set out by the White Paper include a higher level of participation of students from low-SES backgrounds and Indigenous students, more on-campus accommodation, more research-enriched teaching and learning, and more informal learning spaces on campus (if you're interested in looking at the full strategic plan, you can find it at http://sydney.edu.au/strategy/docs/strategic_plan_2011-2015.pdf). Each faculty has student representatives who sit on faculty boards, and these representatives should be involved and consulted in the process of developing faculty

strategic plans. If you're interested in being involved, flick me an email. If you're a faculty rep and you're concerned that you're not being consulted in the development of your faculty's strategic plan, get in touch with me.

In the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences, department and faculty representatives will have an active say in the strategic plan through the Arts Representative Network. While we're on the subject, the Arts Representative Network is a pilot program that was started up in 2009, and it aims to generate more grassroots student involvement in the administration of the University by having student representatives elected at the department level. These representatives serve as liaisons between the students and the department, and whilst elections for most of these positions are closed for this semester, a new lot of department reps are elected every semester, so you can still run in second semester (and serve out a year long term). The important thing for you to know right now is that there are blackboard sites set up for every department (in the Faculty of Arts and Social Sciences) where you can post up any problems you might be having and engage in a discussion with other students about what you would like to see from the departments in which you're studying, and your department reps can convey this information to the chairs of the departments, so I strongly encourage you all to engage with the program. If you think that it sounds like a really good program and are interested in helping to set up something similar in your faculty, get in touch with me or the Education Officers, and we'll see what we can do to help you out.

The ball is already well and truly rolling on the learning spaces issue, with Carlaw, PNR, and Fisher all being redeveloped. The designs for the redevelopment of Carlaw and PNR are being finalised as we speak, and the University is aiming for construction to start by June. These new “informal learning spaces” will have both quiet, individual study spaces, and group study spaces. They will be fully technology equipped with power points and wireless

internet for laptop users, as well as having LCD screens in some of the group study spaces for practising presentations, all of which are things that the last SRC President ensured were included in the design. The infamously creepy and gross Carlaw bathrooms will all be upgraded as well, much to the relief of pretty much anyone who's ever used them.

The redevelopment of Fisher Library will see the inclusion of a 24-hour study space within the library (another thing the SRC has been campaigning on for years), as well as updating the library to be more technology friendly with plenty of power points and group study spaces like Carlaw and PNR. Unlike UNSW, our library won't be throwing out their book collection just yet, but they will be shifting it around. Unfortunately, the redevelopment of Fisher does mean that at times throughout the year the library may have to close, or will have restricted operating hours. The SRC will be working with the library staff to ensure that this causes as little disruption to students as possible (i.e they don't shut down in the middle of Stuvac) but be aware that there will be some disruptions to Fisher's operations this year: the price of progress.

In terms of other elements of the White Paper: in trying to increase the number of low-SES and Indigenous students enrolled, the University is looking at widening the range of ways to get into the University so that a high ATAR is not the only entry criteria, and a lot of work is being done by some of the committees on which I sit to look at how exactly that would work. The University is still in the early planning stages of its new accommodation initiatives, and the SRC will be working to ensure that of the new places created, at least a third are low-cost or affordable; and the University has established a new subcommittee of SEG to review curriculum and best practice teaching across the University.

I'll keep you updated on the progress of all these initiatives as the year progresses, and look out for the barbeque we'll be hosting next week to demand that the Government funds our future!



Get involved!

Become a member of the SRC!

Join in person at the SRC Office or the SRC Bookshop

Buy Cheap Secondhand books NOW!

Visit the SRC bookshop
Level 4 Wentworth

Base Funding Review

Submissions close on the 31st of March.
Contact the SRC President for more information.

**Fund our Future:
National Day of Action**

Wednesday 23rd of March 12pm



GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

Chad Sidler
general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au

One of the things I have recently been considering is the funding of *Honi Soit*. I sincerely believe we need to do more to ensure that student money is spent on student issues, and not partisan left wing political campaigning.

At our first council meeting last week I put forward the argument that we need to pay our *Honi Soit* editors more money. Currently each editor receives approximately a \$2,000 stipend for the year. On closer examination I can say that this works out to roughly amount to less than \$1 an hour. This needs to change!

Honi Soit is considered by many to be the jewel in the crown of the SRC and it is about time we started treating this newspaper with the respect and dignity it deserves. Our Editors need to be paid more money considering the dedication and effort they put in each week to make this newspaper a success not mentioning the personal sacrifices, including financial ones, that the editors

make to ensure they have the time to put together this paper.

We are only going to be able to afford to pay our editors more if we make smart and objective decisions about the allocation of resources. I've mentioned before that *Honi* is the only remaining student controlled weekly publication in the country. To fund it properly we need to ensure that our resources are not blatantly used for left wing political campaigning and instead are reallocated towards students. Take the money away from the extremists and give it back to students. That is the campaign pledge I ran on and was elected on.

On this note, the Collectives continue to attack me and our beloved SRC organisation. They condemn me for being a liberal supporter. I take offence at cowardly and anonymous false allegations against me. I care about all students and value democracy. More importantly the SRC is democratic and all voices should be heard - even liberals.

Collectives are autonomous groupings of individuals that meet on a regular basis and are not structured departments of the SRC. For years now they have leeches off our student organisations and it is a time we put a stop to this and start returning control of our organisation and funds to students, not extremists!

Furthermore I would like to point out that all motions moved by these left wing collectives condemning my actions at last week's council meeting all failed. I congratulate my colleagues on council that see the truth and acknowledge that it is time we start doing what's right and paying our *Honi* editors more!

Feel free to disagree with me which I am sure many of you will. But don't you just think it is about time we start putting students first?



It is difficult to escape being a peasant because resistance is feudal.

EDUCATION OFFICERS' REPORT

education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

PSYC 2011: A Comedy of Errors

For this week's report, we want to tell you a story that we think highlights some of the problems emerging in the distribution of funding within our University. Once upon a time, in a University that time had seemingly forgot, some poor brave souls suffered through falling conditions in PSYC2011, 'Brain and Behaviour'.

We all know that sometimes lectures can be tedious. Sometimes that combination of a boring lecturer, dry subject matter, the irritatingly hard lecture-room benches, and the tempting allure of the internet mean that you just know that you're not going to get any work done. Unfortunately, even on a good caffeine-heavy, internet-free day, that isn't an option for the students of PSYC2011...

Instead, if you are one of the lucky students who cannot fit into the main lecture theatre, you get to sit in an

alternative venue. Then, lucky you, you gather round the projector screen and watch the lecture STREAMED LIVE!! We know what you're thinking: "WOW, what a fantastic use of technology! I hope they have it in 3D!"

And sure, video streamed lectures do have their benefits. For example, there is nobody to notice your sneaky naps. They may be more frequent than you think, as in the last few weeks, the streamed lectures have not had sound... bummer.

Lets not forget that for this honour, domestic students of PSYC2011 get to fork out \$3630 and international students \$4260.

Hold your horses though, because it gets better. Students from this course have reported that the lecturer justified this situation by saying that many of the surplus students would just stop coming in a few weeks anyway. What elegant, nuanced scientific research that is:

students can probably find something more exciting to fill their time than a projection of a lecture they are paying to be in, without sound... ELEMENTARY!

Last week we told you that the Vice Chancellor wants the ability to charge students more. We think it is about time that we have a little chat about 'value,' or 'getting what you pay for'...

Resource cutbacks, overcrowding, and poor patterns in the hiring of staff unquestionably detriment the quality of education. As students who pay for the privilege of a high class, modern education, we think that we deserve a little better.

For all of those students who have suffered through the University and the Psychology Department's laziness there will be a petition/letter drafted ready for your signature in this week's classes.



WOMEN'S OFFICER REPORT

Meghan Batcheldor
womens.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Though the Women's Collective also exists as a forum for discussion, we primarily operate as an activist group. Throughout the year the collective organises workshops, information weeks, media campaigns, publications, events, conferences, stunts, launches, survey, and petitions. And every year the Collective determines the direction these take. Already we are starting to develop a few ideas to be rolled out over the semester.

1. A Graduate Skills Workshop

Despite making up over 50% of university graduates women still only make up 45% of the workforce, and only 8.3% of corporate board members. Pulling experts from fields like engineering, law, business, and media we are looking to run a number of workshops and discussion

panels intended to build up the skills that women often miss out on.

2. Sexual Health Week

With the purpose of dispelling the negative images and ideas that surround women's sexual health, identity and bodies we are looking to run a awareness-raising week in collaboration with UTS. This will involve forums, media stunts, a Pap smear van, and other free health services being set up on campus.

3. Sexism in the Media

From the limited definition of beauty and the sex sells approach to advertising, most media portrayals of women are offensive and harmful. The Collective hopes to launch a campaign lobbying for a similar policy to the Voluntary Media Code of Conduct on Body Image that exists in Victoria, in

addition to guerilla stickering around campus and the wider community.

4. Women's Honi

Every year the Women's Department of the SRC gets to takeover the *Honi* office and produces an autonomous edition of the campus newspaper. This is a great chance to get women's work published, as well as skill up in editing, layout and design.

5. NOWSA

The National Organisation of Women Students Australia coordinates an annual conference dedicated to discussion, campaign planning and the networking feminist activists around Australia. This year it is held at UNSW, and the organising collective is open for us all to get involved in.



If you are interested in helping out, come along to collective. We meet on Wednesday at 1pm in the Holme Women's Room.

CRYPTONOMICON

ACROSS!

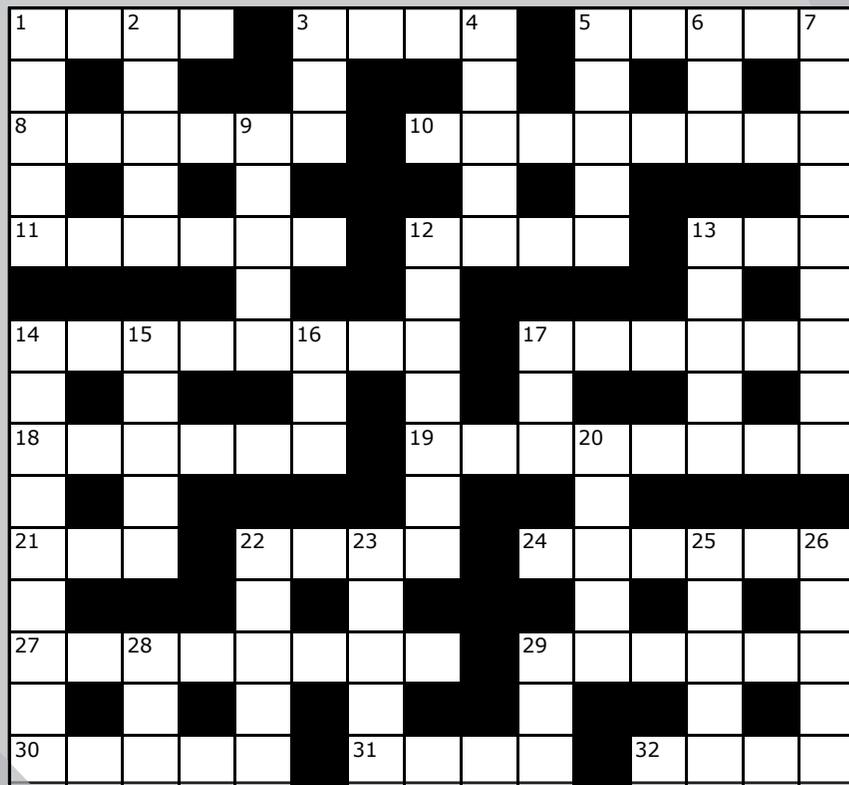
1. Virgin like a horse (4)
3. Cab like a levy (4)
5. Flower like a bang (5)
8. Gershwin song like a bird (6)
10. How the Pope says "Gesundheit" (5, 3)
11. Oo my, ay, isn't he good at the Cello (4, 2)
12. Fish like an entrance (4)
13. Clothes hanger is soft, for example (3)
14. Rejections make real fuss (8)
17. Dog like a snitch (6)
18. Dinosaur like a farmhouse (6)
19. Agent had an egg, it's said, and showed it again (8)
21. Simple sex (3)
22. Garland like swindled (4)
24. Professional dog used to keep upright (4, 2)
27. Notice "Le Difference" in the vote (8)
29. Chanel Lopez hid grains in her back (6)
30. Late like the brain damaged (5)
31. Inquisitive like a snout (4)
32. Dismiss like a bear's lair (4)

DOWN!

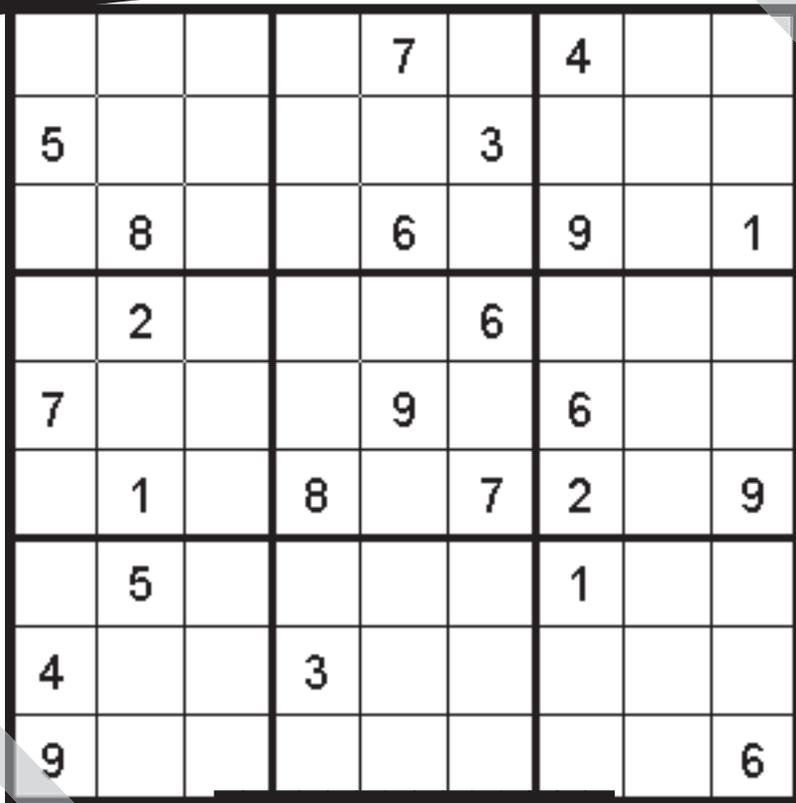
1. Elliot is like a girl (5)
2. Prepared like a learned communist? (5)
3. Digit from an odd trope (3)
4. Ice hut with one force toilet (5)
5. White like history (5)
6. Wage like secretary (3)
7. Neil looked at the fresh faced...(5, 4)
9. ...alternatives: "El Mummy es" the awards (5)
12. Break, ye of rites, bend backwards every other (7)
13. Fake like a mobile (5)
14. The most like gravel, or the most like Barney? (9)
15. Number like a stronghold (5)
16. Girl like a target (3)
17. Resin sucker (3)
20. Music teacher is slow in music (5)
22. Pier like a plane (5)
23. Doctor, have him die underwater (5)
25. Dance plus energy equals beat (5)
26. Coin like a biro (5)
28. Listener in this location to a Cockney (3)
29. Investigate like publicity (3)

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

BENNY DAVIS



PSEUDOKU



RATING: 3 HATS

TARGET

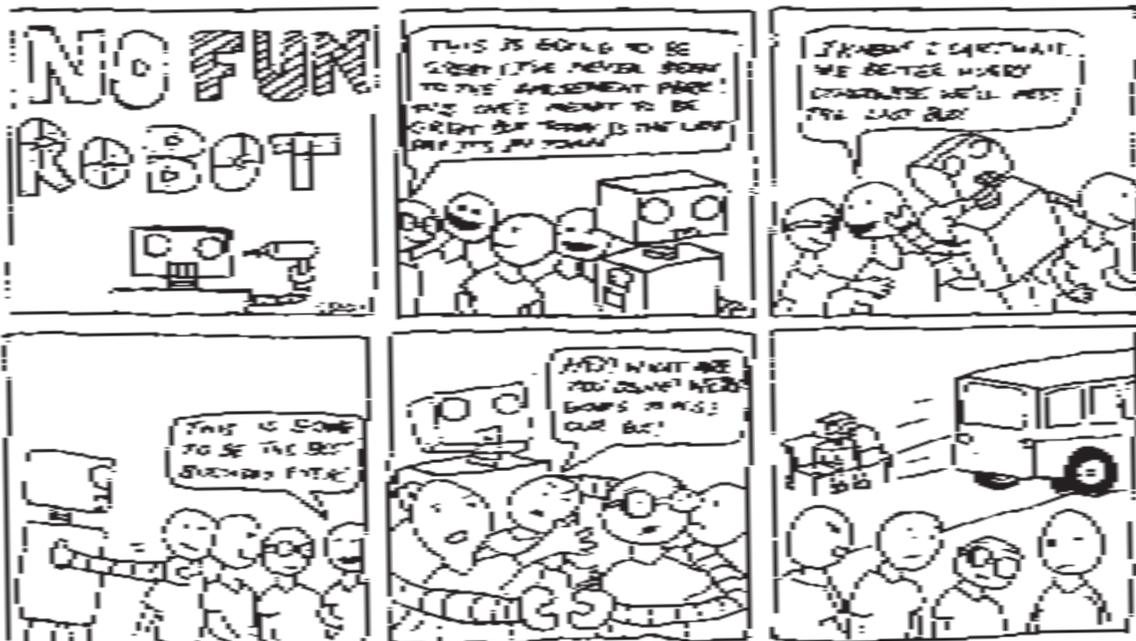
e i m
d n n
o i s

nice _____ 10!

aw yeah _____ 20!!

no longer impressed _____ 30!!!

It's like reverse Everest down here!



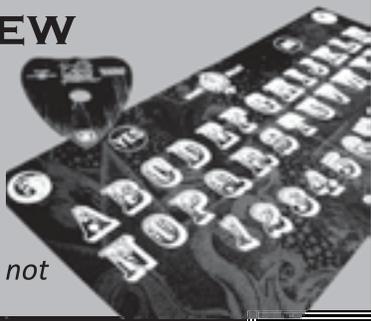
NO FUN ROBOT by Cyrus Beszyan



The Garter Press

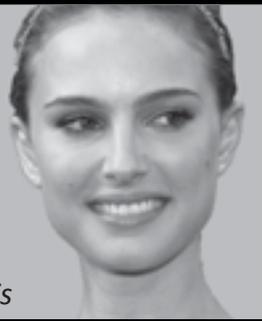


INTERVIEW WITH A OUIJA BOARD



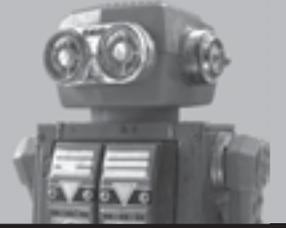
We swear we're not moving it!

PORTMAN WINS OSCAR FOR PRETENDING TO LIKE KUTCHER



"I feel I deserve this"

SECRET ROBOT NO GOOD AT KEEPING SECRETS



"I am evil!"

WE HAVE ONE SOURCE: TRUTH

OBAMA: OVAL OFFICE "PERFECT SHAPE" FOR GLADIATORIAL COMBAT

Angus Farrelly

American Current Affairs Correspondent

President Obama unnerved the American public, members of the press and a majority of the White House staff this morning when he casually observed that the Oval Office "when looked at from the right angle," is the ideal setting for what the 44th President of the United States described as "the perfect ring of honour."

"Think about it," said Obama. "We take up this carpet, lay down sand for the blood, seat spectators around the edge and put a lion pit right where Sam's standing now."

Co-workers have noticed a marked change in Obama over the past months. His usual gregarious and welcoming manner has been replaced by a brusque tone, long ruminations on the nature of masculinity and a growing collection of swords. The changes have put many veterans of the White House on edge.

"The President always had one thing that he would say, whenever things got close to being out of hand in the Oval Office," said Thomas Perry, one of the President's aides. "He would say, 'we're not playing games, we're not playing games'. Recently, that's changed to 'we're not throwing games'. He'll say that all the time, like a mantra. And then he'll just stare off into space and mutter something that sounds like 'but we should be'."



Obama, pictured, remarked that he would be "all like this."

During a press conference on climate change yesterday the President, apropos of nothing, listed several varieties of gladiator to his audience.

"Murmillos, they have nets. Hoplomachus, they've got themselves some shields. Thraeces, hell, they're all good."

"What?" demanded Obama, turning to the assembled press and staff and making firm, unavoidable eye contact with every man and woman present.

According to White House sources, President Obama has considered aloud numerous uses for the Oval Office. The same sources say the majority of these

uses have included, if not gladiators, then White House employees forced into gladiatorial combat.

"Theoretically, battles wouldn't always be to the death," said Obama to press.

"I mean, as President, I have thumbs for a reason."

The President concluded his address by loudly questioning the assembled audience on whether or not they were entertained.

Many have claimed that they were.

AREA MAN HAS SOMETHING IN HIS EYE

Lloyd Arington

Reporter in charge of Parks

North Ryde resident Jake Rollins softly reported today that he has something in his eye.

The "something," currently unidentified by experts, wedged itself firmly under Rollins' eyelid just as Norman Harris-Rollins, Rollins' son, rode his two-wheeled bicycle without assistance for the first time.

Experts have theorized that Harris-Rollins' wavering but exuberant cycling style may have kicked up dust that then formed the "something" in Rollins' eye; examination has proved impossible, however, as the "something" cannot be found.

Despite Rollins' claim that the irritant effect was only present in one of his two eyes, witnesses reported that tears were seen freely issuing from both of Rollins' eyes at once. The pain was such that it made Rollins' words catch in his throat as he congratulated his son on a bike well-ridden.

Rollins, who has had multiple unidentified items in his eyes following his week-old divorce from his wife of 4 years, Amanda Harris, was unavailable for comment.

WITCHCRAFT LEVELS HIT RECORD PEAK

Terry Grace

Any reporter in a storm

The Holy Bureau of Statistics released their annual crime report today, showing that witchcraft has overtaken left-handedness as the most prevalent crime in Spain.

The information holds disturbing repercussions for the future of Spain, the Spanish Criminal Justice system and the positive connotations of the word 'inquisition'.

According to High Inquisitor Torquemada, anyone found guilty of being a woman is potentially a witch. This means over half of Spain is potentially involved in witchcraft, which

would make it a bigger industry than bullfighting, flamenco and invading England combined.

"It's scary," said junior inquisitor Fernando Gomez. "If a woman drowns, she's a witch. If she floats, she's a witch. I'm starting to see witches everywhere," he said, nervously clutching a crucifix.

"Because they *are* everywhere," he whispered.

As a preventative measure, the Inquisition is considering banning women from the country. Experts on the subject have reasoned that witches

cannot die; any death in custody can thus be deemed to be a witch dying spitefully, attempting to cast suspicion on the Inquisition's holy work.

Maria Delgado, woman, spoke out against the Holy Office yesterday, saying "The Inquisition has no way of telling a witch from a non-witch. Anyone could be one. I could be. You could be. No-one could possibly know either way."

Ms. Delgado was promptly arrested on suspicion of witchcraft and tortured to death.

INSIDE

IS YOUR BOYFRIEND GAY?

He probably is if you are a man.

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WOMAN OVERDOSES:

Violet Beauegarde just can't get enough of that blueberry gum.

P. 4-5

MOLEHILL TURNS INTO MOUNTAIN:

Moles homeless, distraught.

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RECYCLING: FOR LOSERS?

We ask a misguided ten-year-old boy.

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MIXED MARTIAL ARTS:

Human cockfighting or regular cockfighting? Uh-oh.

P.35



Son, this room is a trash pit.

Andrew Lawrence, Your dad

Son, your room is a trash pit. Are you going to clean it any time soon?

I'm not exaggerating here, son. Your room is actually a pit full of trash. How old is this junk? Look, you've left your old bus tickets lying around on the desk. And that's your old shirt, you never liked that shirt – why haven't you just thrown it out? The same goes for the dead magpie.

I don't want to hear your excuses.

You've had all week to clean it, and if you couldn't find the time, you should have made the time. The garbage men have been and gone – it's a Tuesday – so now we won't be able to give them this pile of marked essays and sheets of corrugated iron. You could've at least put the essays in the recycling!

I think this desk is showing its years, too. We'll break it in to pieces and dump it on the kerb, alongside the rusted Ford Fiesta. It'll be tough fitting the Ford

through the front door though. And this washing machine doesn't even work, we can toss that too. I don't care whether or not it's full to the brim with dried clay. You're just making excuses.

You have a responsibility to this house, son. You have a responsibility to your mother and I, who let you live here, with a roof over your head and an indeterminate sludge for a floor. What is this stuff? It smells like rotting fish and cigarette butts. There are tatty newspapers blowing about – some of them aren't even in English. If you're done reading them, then put them in the recycling or give them to me for the crossword.

I'm wondering also what to do about the homeless man in your trash pit of a room. Does he have a role? A function?

A cardboard box to sleep in?

No you can't invite him around for Christmas dinner. I don't care if he has a lot of interesting stories about riding the rails. For that matter, what are the discarded rails doing on your floor? I'm pretty sure the old 415 from New Hampshire wasn't in here when we moved in.

You're pushing your luck to breaking point here, son. It was bad enough I found you with Lauren last month, but now you've got freeloaders squatting in your dump? That's beyond the pail.

Your frank disregard for the laws of this household, as well as the stench emanating from this rotting cow, are making me vomit.



Court-mandated advice with:

David Jameson, Arsonist

Hello again, readers. I return for another week of legal counsel and consolation thanks to the grace of my parole officer. Her clemency, along with my one-strike-and-out program, ensures she will remain burn-free for the coming month. You're all winners in the state's rehabilitation system!

Hi David, I've just moved to Adelaide and I'm having trouble finding things to do. Any advice for a new homeowner?

Burn it to the ground.

David, my mum is giving me hell. I'm paying rent and doing my share of chores but she just won't stop nagging me to move out. What do I do?

Set fire to her bed.

Mr Jameson, I am nine years old and I live in Malabar and I have lost my dog. He is seven years old and a Labrador. How can I find him? My name is Joshua.

Josh, your dog is probably dead. Labradors are notoriously attracted to fire. I'm sorry.

Hi David! I'm currently preparing for my debutante ball and I'm confused about footwear. How high is too high?

Yes. Now I have a question for you. Do you have a light?

Dear David. My boss at work is starting to -

I can smell your burning hair.



This warehouse is quiet... Too quiet.

Glen Robertson, P.I.

When I entered this warehouse, I knew there was something off about it. Call it intuition. Call it instinct. Call it Margaret and tell it to go fetch you a scotch, hell, I don't care. But whatever it was, it told me that something was wrong in this place.

It's the silence. Do you hear it? Do you hear the silence? It's too quiet. Yeah, I know. If I heard me as a rookie, I wouldn't believe me either. But I'm no rookie, and you'd do well to respect that before I make myself a knuckle sandwich with your face as the filling.

There's nothin' moving in this place. Not a mouse. Not even a roach. Hell, I've seen speakeasys with more life in them than this, and we're talking *after* prohibition.

This place is too damn quiet.

And that's why I, in my capacity as professional Warehouse Inspector for the Upper Manhattan area, am going to give this warehouse a disappointing two out of five stars.

I've said where you can improve, sir! If you keep yelling at me like an opera singer without a song I may have to take measures! If this warehouse weren't so eerily silent and devoid of life it would be an easy 2.5. maybe even a 3. As is, though, I have no reason to-

Your accent, Mr. Miles. No-one from The Bronx says "unacceptable" like that. Because no-one from The Bronx says "unacceptable". I know that voice. Colonel Winter! You've lured me out here alone, I see. Hmph. One out of five. Draw!



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FOR SALE

GRATUITOUS SEXINESS: I'm too sexy, too sexy for my shirt. Also for sale, a shirt.

IGLOO: Get it while it's hot!

SERF: My slave is for sale - at the next community auction, my serf's up.

A WHOLE BUNCH OF CRACK: Don't tell the cops, man. Be cool. Be cool!

LESS MONEY THAN YOU HAD BEFORE: Any price greater than none.

LOST

THE LETTER ' ': It's gone! I can't say it, write it, or even read it! Words I can't say: night, oolaid, nit, macerel, new, nowledge. Fuc!

A GARRETT: Luckily I still have my attic.

LOAD-BEARING ROCK: It was also highly magnetic, and very valuable. Please return my lodestone.

ESOTERICA: Bet you didn't know that!

ANTIQUÉ COFFEE TABLE: My antique coffee is not the same without it. If found, please return to R. Bradbery, antique coffee connoisseur (200 years old).

TIGER: Will kill for food. You have been warned.

IT: Found it. Lost it. Found it. Lost it. Found it. Lost it. Found it. Phew!

IT AGAIN: Kidding. It was here all along!

MY TEMPER: Have you seen it? I want to get angry about losing it, but until I get it back, that's impossible.

DEATHS

THE NOVEL: According to my lecturer. **PACK IT UP BOYS, FICTION'S DEAD.**

LOUISE BURROUGHS: Died in a tragic boating accident wearing a tragic bathing suit.

LUCKLESS LOU: Onlookers wondered how he made it as far as he did.

SERVICES

I'LL SCRATCH YOUR BACK: If you'll tickle my balls.

CAREERS

BRITAIN: Have you ever wanted to be a small island-nation in the northern hemisphere? Call 1800-

BOXING COACH: You don't actually need to know how to box. You just gotta have the heart.

POOL SHARK: Steal the money of chumps in bars, then eat them!

PERSONALS

TOTALLY HETERO BRO LOOKING FOR A TOTALLY HETERO BRO: Looking for totally hetero bro to participate in activities including: spotting, gym locker antics, being totally hetero.

MALE-TO-FEMALE USB CONNECTOR: looking for a nice girl who likes romance, long walks on the beach and has a sense of fun. V1.0 so data transferral lasts a long time.

LOOKING FOR A WOMAN WHO WILL DO IT LIKE THEY DO ON THE DISCOVERY CHANNEL: must have own boat, seven years deep-sea crab-fishing experience.

HOW NOW BROWN COW: You one sexy momma. Call me sometime, and you'll discover the milk of human kindness.

WANTED

SENSE OF PERSPECTIVE: I'm an artist. You wouldn't understand.

WHEEL OF CHEESE: For car of cheese.

DICK: Richard, are you there? I need your cock... because I lost my rooster! Now I need to fuck your rooster.

CLASSIFIED AD: ywhat do you mean I just got it? Oh, really? I am on top of the world!

COLUMN ∞

19-year old Amy Flinders poses this puzzler: "What if all the anti-ageing creams really did make you ten years younger? I'd have to go back to primary school!" And your boyfriend would have to go back to prison, Amy.

"My daughter-in-law has just come back from a business trip to Chile," writes Morris Beaton, "and when I asked her what the weather was like, she replied 'chilly!'" That almost sounds the same as the country your daughter-in-law was in, Morris!

"I got a sex change because I felt trapped," writes Sam Maclennon, "But now I feel even more trapped!" Is this the same Sam Maclennon who excitedly told us she bought a new box last week? Get out of the box, buddy!

Anna McFarlane, Waverley, writes: "My husband Garth's a bit of a petrolhead. What do I do when he gets going about cars?" Run him over, Anna.

"I'm confused by the whole ninety-nine-percent fat-free deal," says Jonathan Knox from Malabar. "If ninty-nine-percent of the fat is free, then what am I even paying for?" Jonathan, your family misses you. Please come home.

Ruth Watterson of Rush-Cutter's Bay has this to add to our ever-evolving apostrophe argument: "Hello, Column Infinity. Just wanted to check in that you knew that apostophes were originally invented to thatch roofs!" You don't need to yell at us, so please lower your voice.

And finally, Lief Rolande has written in to tell us that while a koala bear is not an actual bear, a grizzly bear certainly is. When you confront one, you should lie on the ground, feign death, and then actually die. "The key is in the dying!" Thanks Lief.

The Garter Press has seen to it that:

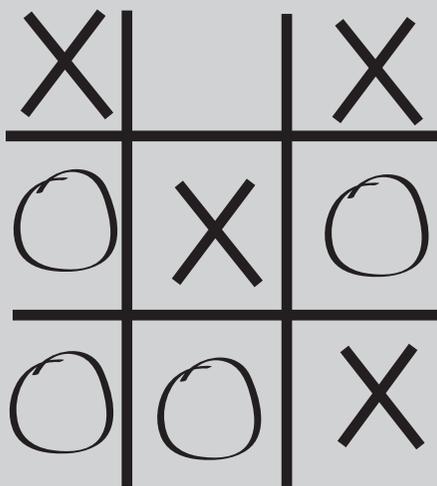
Michael Richardson, Bridie Connell, Neada Bulseco, Adam Chalmers, Jacqui Breen, Tom Walker and Laurence Rosier Staines

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"I never knew how to put a price on my grief until my CASHDAD came along."
- Joshua Ruiz, orphaned at age 14



NEXT WEEK

THE GARTER SUED FOR FRAUD

When this preview is revealed to be untrue.

RED CROSS AIDE WORKER SCANDAL

Actually Pro-Poverty

WE INTERVIEW LOCUSTS

Locusts ruin our clothes.

WHO KILLED STEVE GUTENBERG

Wait. Is Steve Gutenberg still alive?

ACTOR DOES DRUGS

Society so shocked it ignores third-world violence



Students' Representative Council The University of Sydney

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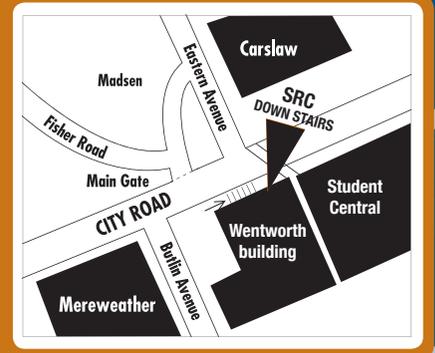
- *Honi Soit* - the SRC's weekly newspaper pick-up a copy available on campus
- Student Handbooks: O-week, Counter Course, International Students & Women's Handbooks.

Student Rights & Representation

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

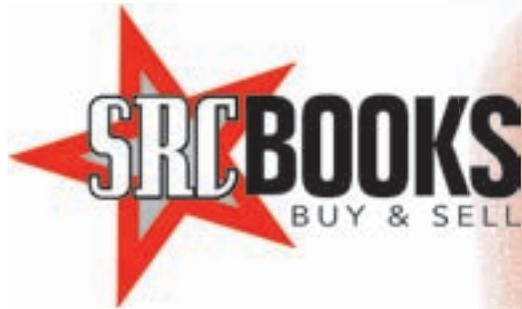
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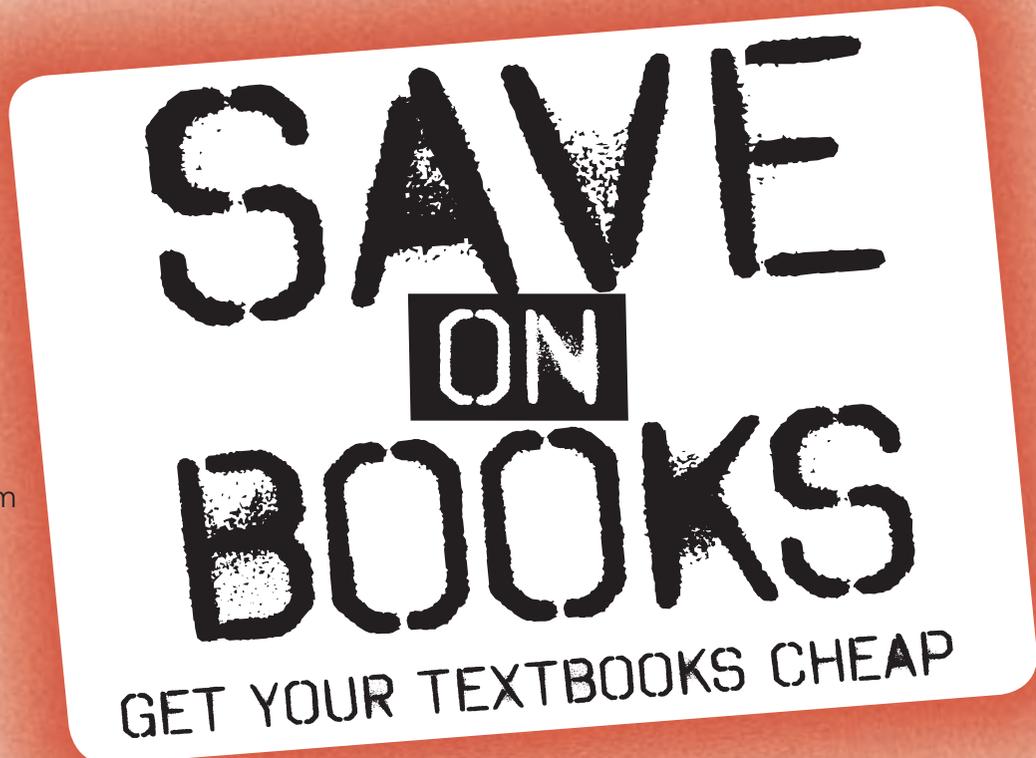
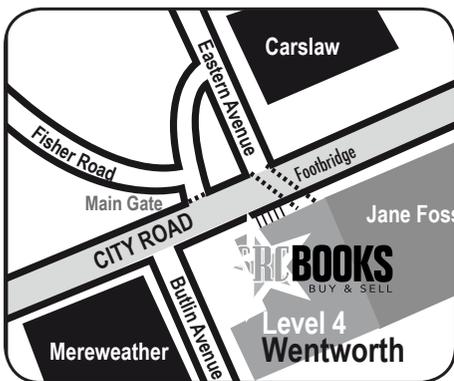
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