

HONI SOIT

ISSUE 12 JUNE 1ST 2011





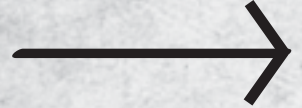
ALL DAY Pinch and a punch, first day of the month! Happy June, y'all! Now, back to work!

5-8PM **QUARTY**, a queer Art party hits Verge Art Gallery tonight at 5. Food and drinks provided, with a DJ set from cunningpants and live painting from Laura Ive. Free!

8PM The curtain is raising on the SIDS major, **SOMETHING JUST HAPPENED** tonight at the PACT centre for Emergin Artists. It promises to be in your face and fantastic. Check out page 14 for an interview with director Harriet Gillies. \$12/15/18.

WED
1st

PICK OF
THE WEEK



7.30PM strap on your dancing shoes and get to **QUEEN MAB'S BALL** tonight at the gorgeous refectory. A joint event from some of usyd's most prominent performing arts clubs, it'll be a magical night to remember. \$35/40/50.

8PM **THE ROXBURY FESTIVAL OF AWESOME IMPROV** opens tonight at the Roxbury Hotel, Glebe. Every Tues and Thurs in June you can catch some hilarious shows with some of sydney's best comic talent, including some of our very own usyd's. Musical, Shakespearean, Murder mystery improv and much more! \$12+

6.30PM Part of the **HUMAN RIGHTS ARTS AND FILM FESTIVAL**, French drama "Hands Up" is on tonight at Dendy Newtown. Directed by Romain Goupilb, the film follows a French/Chechen girl as she struggles with the omnipresent threat of deportation. A fresh look at the immigration debate. \$13/17.

NIGHT Likened to Kate Bush and Stevie Nicks, Natasha Khan aka **BAT FOR LASHES**' captivating vocals will take centre stage at the Opera House tonight. Quirky and talented, you'll love her. \$21.



FRI

9.30-2.30 Yeah, you're all old and mature and stuff, but you should totes "babysit" your little cousins and take 'em to **YO GABBA GABBA** at the Opera House. Your uncle will be super pleased with you AND you'll have a blast. \$29/39/49.

6.45PM **WORLD QUIZZING CHAMPIONSHIPS!** If you fancy yourself as a bit of Trivial Pursuit expert, then give this a go. Held all over the world and aiming to find the world's best quizzier, it'll be a rad fun day. St George Leagues Club, Kogarah. \$20 entry fee.

ALL DAY It's **WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY** today, and Sydney's celebrating by holding loads of fun green events. Head to the Green Square Library at the Tote to enjoy BBAs, plant giveaways, free bike checks, a wildlife show, live music, expert advice on living green, the Aussie swap (where you can trade ... well, anything), and HEAPS more. Phew! (The Tote, Cnr Joynton Ave and Wolseley Grove, Zetland.

6.30PM Sydney observatory hosts a public discussion on the first Monday of every month. Tonight Prof. Matthew Colless, Director of the Australian Astronomical Observatory will present **SURVEYING THE UNIVERSE**, exploring the ways we map our universe and what that can tell us. It's super cool and sciencey! And only \$2! \$2, people, come on!

SAT

I love it.

2ND ANNUAL HONI SOIT OPINION COMPETITION

THIS YEAR'S THEME:

THE FUTURE IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE

\$1500 FIRST PRIZE 800-1000 WORD LIMIT **\$300 FACULTY PRIZES**

WIN MONEY FOR WRITING WHAT YOU THINK. LIKE, ACTUAL MONEY.

WHAT SAY YOU?

ALL SYDNEY UNI UNDERGRADS ARE ELIGIBLE TO ENTER!

WINNERS: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th

SUN

MON



7.30PM Dr Alastair Blanshard will lead a lively and engaging presentation on ancient Athens tonight, as part of the Uni's **HUMANITIES SALON**. Drawing from philosophy, history and archeology, the talk promises to be stimulating and fire you up! It's free. Use your brains.

ALL WEEK HOLIDAYS!!!! ...
well STUVAC, but same thing. woooooooo!!!!!!

TUE
7th



THE LOVECHILD:
Justin Beiber
Mona Lisa



DAD JOKE OF THE WEEK:
How do you spell
"oooooooocean"?
With seven seas!

HONEY SUAVE
Is your last name Black?
'Cause I think we should
get Sirius!

RETRACTION

The Editors of *Honi Soit* would like to apologise for our advertisement for the King's School. We are now fully aware that those already attending university can't achieve further secondary education and that year 13 is not a real thing.



DISCLAIMER

Honi Soit is published by the Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney, Level 1 Wentworth Building, City Road, University of Sydney, NSW, 2006. The SRC's operation costs, space and administrative support are financed by the University of Sydney. The editors of Honi Soit and the SRC acknowledge the traditional owners of this land, the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. Honi Soit is written, printed, and distributed on Aboriginal land. Honi Soit is printed under the auspices of the SRC's directors of student publications: Pat Massarani, Rhys Pogonoski, Deborah White, Pierce Hartigan, Alistair Stephenson and Meghan Bachelord. All expressions are published on the basis that they are not to be regarded as the opinions of the SRC unless specifically stated. The Council accepts no responsibility for the accuracy of any of the opinions or information contained within this newspaper, nor does it endorse any of the advertisements and insertions. Honi Soit is printed by MPD.

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prices are
soaring
like an
eagle of
knowledge

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wizards
need not
apply for
this sport

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Get
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by some
fabulous
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something
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happened.
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somebody
please tell
me the
answer
to 7
Down!

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Something just happened, and CONOR BATEMAN knows what it is.

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SHAUN CROWE was born to run. HARRY MILAS on music that will take you places.

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UGLY CONGRESSMAN
ADMITS
TO NOT HAVING
AN AFFAIR



THE EDITORIAL

I've never really minded exams too much, you know. Don't get me wrong, I don't enjoy them or anything – I panic-cram and down Red Bull as much as the next girl. I tap my pen on the desk nervously, watch the clock, watch my classmates watching the clock, and scribble furiously at the ten minutes to go mark. Exams are horrid, but I've never minded them because of their sweet, sweet promise – get through 'em, and holidays await.

Honi is here to help you towards that light at the end of the tunnel. In between cramming for exams, handing in those last assignments and cursing the fact that you forgot to bring an umbrella to uni, have a read of this week's issue. It's all about holidays, travel and fun.

Featuring travel writing from our globe-trotting peers, music to travel to, tips on packing light and traveling on a shoestring, and even a travel themed crossword, there's heaps in here to keep you entertained and, hopefully, inspire you.

We're a lucky generation, alright. Never before has travel been as accessible as it is now, and it's likely that it will be an important part of your life. We have so many opportunities to explore and learn.

We're busy expanding our minds here at uni, and what better way to further broaden them than by traveling? As our feature writers this week demonstrate, travel is much more than snapping your picture in front of the Statue of Liberty – it is a chance to connect with other people, to re-evaluate the way you live, and to change the way you think.

I'll leave you with one of my favourite thoughts on travel, from one of my favourite writers:

"Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the ones you did do. So throw off the bowlines, sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the trade winds in your sails. Explore. Dream. Discover."

- Mark Twain

Happy holidays.

Bridie Connell

IN MEMORIAM : BOB GOULD

MICHELLE GARRETT mourns the loss of a life well read.

A rummage through Gould's Book Arcade is an experience common to most students at Sydney University. The Newtown bookstore is a place of endless wonders, where signage is minimal, and more hinges on the search than the discovery of a particular title. If you enter Gould's with a purpose, you're doing it wrong. The beauty is in that serendipitous moment when you unearth a forgotten treasure, and rescue words from oblivion by blowing the dust from its cover.

One of the charms of a visit to Gould's has always been Bob Gould himself, who I've never known to be absent from his post at the front of the store where he reads with a Leaning Tower of Pisa of interesting titles beside him. It was therefore with a sense of despondency that I read of his recent death after a fall in the very bookstore he had nurtured since its conception in 1988. It is a cruel irony that he died at the hands of the place that held so much of his life and passions.

With his white beard and thick framed glasses, Bob Gould was the picture of an intellectual. Though we tend to associate the man with his contribution to the literary life of Sydney, his intellectual pursuits extended far beyond a voracious appetite for books. Gould played an important role in left-wing activism in the 1960s, essentially founding the anti-war protest movement in Sydney, and throwing himself into radical politics. His intellectual achievements are quite astonishing.

Stepping up to the counter, I always shrunk in his presence, feeling dwarfed by his brilliance. With Bob Gould now gone from his post, I will never again have to chance to feel so intellectually inferior. It is odd to think that he will no longer be there to tend to the thousands of books in the Arcade. I always thought of him as one with the store; he was the watchman, a sort of Dumbledore-type figure. At 74 years of age, his reading list could have stretched on for many years still.

YOU THERE! Love us? Hate us? If you've got an opinion on something in these pages, we want to hear it! Hit us up at: honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au

Can I Borrow A Feeling?

Dear *Honi*,

I write in response to last week's President report, and *Honi's* challenge that "we've yet to receive an anti-renovation article" regarding the Fisher Library Redevelopment Project (read downsize). The student body was outraged to hear 500 000 books will be lost from Fisher and 400 students attended a spontaneous 'read in' in the library foyer. Another 2100 attended on facebook. If having an independent student council (SRC) is good for one thing, it's for fighting our University administration when they act against student interests.

Sydney SRC has a proud history in this regard. It fought Howard's increase in HECS costs and upfront fee places, demanding quality and affordability instead. The council is currently dominated by Howard-worshipping Young Liberals, and I hardly expect them to speak out against the library downsize. But more concerning is that the SRC President Donherra, a left Labor student, will be asking the council to endorse the redevelopment.

Donherra supports the upgrade to "21st century learning" even whilst admitting cutting books and staff is not good. Why not demand upgrades AND books AND staff? While I too support the upgrades this is sounding suspiciously like another Sci-Tech job, where new-age furniture looks good on the University website, but which is useless to study in.

The University's assurance that "it's okay, only books not borrowed in the last 5 years will be removed" makes a mockery of Honours, PhD students and academics who want to do original research. We are told that the books will be in storage, just a mouse-click away. But the Darlington storage centre is going to be demolished next year, and there is still no "firm commitment" for outsourcing storage after that.

The administration says there is no money, but in the last 5 years it has renovated Eastern Avenue, built a new law wing and redesigned the logo. They have \$27million to upgrade the library, but are cutting 30 staff due to 'budget constraints'. This will result in overworked staff and underserved students. It is not money, but spending priorities that are the problem. Universities are increasingly being modelled like corporations, expanding only where it is profitable and disregarding our quality of education. We do not have to stand for this. If you agree join a contingent Thursday June 2nd at 1pm to march from Fisher to the Vice Chancellor's office to tell him: No Cuts! Keep the Books!

Erima Dall
Arts III

Couldn't even tell USU candidates where to go

Dear *Honi*,

As much as I love the fact that Union elections are over for another year, one small detail from last Wednesday has raised my ire. Faced, as I was, with a plethora of uninspiring candidates clad in clashing t-shirts trying to convince me to help them pad out their CVs, all I could wish for was the sublime bliss of writing a rude message to them all on my ballot paper.

Imagine my horror to find that our scarce resources have been invested in a bundle of laptops (seriously guys, do you actually think the USU will survive long enough for it to be worth it?) that don't let you vote informally. I couldn't even leave it all blank. I haven't even checked the results yet out of fear that my compulsory vote might have actually helped one of them get elected. I didn't even get a chance to use the meal voucher.

Fraser Raeburn
Arts IV

Suits us!

Dear Ms. Soit,

We are a family owned Bespoke Custom Tailors & Barristers Outfitter based in London & Hong Kong now visiting Sydney. We are renowned for our handmade suits, shirts, jackets, coats, dress suits and trousers for men and women. All our garments are hand cut and handmade precisely for your size and shape and taste.

Our Specialist Tailor, Andy Hira is showcasing our services in Sydney from Now until Wednesday 1st June 2011 at the Sheraton on the Park Hotel, 161 Elizabeth Street.

Hira's Fashion was established in London & Hong Kong in 1960. We are specialists in fitting Barristers & Solicitors in all commonwealth legal communities throughout the world. We are one of only three companies in the world that make a full range of Barrister Horsehair wigs and robes, and are well known among the legal community throughout Australia and the Commonwealth. (our legal regalia website: Legaltailor.com)

Yours,

Ashely Hira, Hira's Fashion

HONILEAKS

JULIAN LARNACH and ANDY FRASER have a scoop and it's not ice cream this time!

The results are in (read: were in last Wednesday!). Your 2011-2013 Board Members are (in order of votes after redistribution of preferences) Mina Nada, Rhys Pogonoski, Jacqui Munro, Brigid Dixon, Zac Thompson and Astha Rajvanshi. Congratulations to all of the candidates for putting themselves out there with some incredible policies and brown nosing, especially those who were unsuccessful this time around: Nai Brooks, Ali Cowan, Shane Treeves and Ava Harvey.

The elections ended with little scandal, despite our best rumour-mongering efforts. On the day Shane Treeves' campaign material was not authorized and thus meant he could not use the material and thus stopped handing it out. Complaints were lodged, it was then revealed Nai Brooks' campaign material was not authorized. Campaigners Viv Moxham-Hall and Phoebe Drake took an hour off to authorize the material. One fellow campaigner noted that it might have been a different result this year if these two veteran campaigners were on hand for the hour, with Brooks missing out on a board position by 18 votes. Also, Mina Nada's videos were taken down by the R.O. but in a self described "Pyrrhic victory" the videos were deemed a-ok by the NSW Electoral Arbiter.

As the successful candidates were just starting to celebrate they were slapped with realisation that they had just won a trip to New Caledonia. Wait, no they had just won themselves a two year contract on the board of a multi-million dollar organisation, in the middle of a heated negotiating war, and it all starts now. On Thursday last week, immediately following election day, the annual general meeting for the USU took place. Giorgia Rossi, the treasurer, had some interesting things to say in her financial summary. For the first time since voluntary student unionism (VSU) was introduced, the Union has made a positive operating contribution of \$83,616. This is a commendable achievement given 2010's bottom line deficit of \$442,039. One of the Universities reasons for taking over the USU's commercial services was that the Union was running at a deficit (as stated in a letter from the DVC to *Honi*). It will be interesting to see the excuses they come up with now. The new board directors certainly have their work cut out for them, with the outgoing CEO describing this event as the USU's biggest threat in all its years (136). But they've been put into a good position and have a fine fighting chance.

The new make up of the Board seems more in favour of current Honorary Secretary of the Union,

Sibella Matthews over James Flynn for the position of President.

Rumours are circulating that at this Wednesday's SRC meeting, General Secretary Chad Sidler's annual stipend of \$16000 will be suspended until he starts taking his position seriously. The primary role of the General Secretary is to put forward a budget, since there has been no budget for 5 months now this duty has fallen on President Donherra Walmsley. Other members of the SRC has said this motion has a lot of weight due to Chad simply unable to attend meetings or to his general duties.

Also, there has been talk amongst both academics and students that the Political Economy department will be absorbed by the Government department. The Political Economics department pushed for independence from the orthodox Economics department in the 1970s with a series of the most epic protests and something something. Moving to the Arts faculty three years ago meant greater academic autonomy away from the prying eyes of the traditional economists. The fears surrounding a possible move mean the ideological independence, of what has traditionally been a left wing, anti-establishment department, may be hampered by being subsumed by a larger more orthodox school of thought.

TUESDAY TALKS, WHAT UP WITH THAT?

ELEANOR GORDON-SMITH makes sure Manning's weekly forum stays on an even footing

Last week, a speaker who was going to appear in a Tuesday Talk declined because a woman was chairing. I was that woman. Several people asked why I sacrificed such an interesting speaker for the sake of taking a stance, suggesting I should have instead arranged for one of the male co-ordinators to take over.

Tuesday Talks is a weekly discussion and debate program, and its purpose is to provoke and facilitate discourse on campus. We cannot achieve that without giving airtime to speakers whose views may be unpalatable; often audience members and speakers do feel confronted. This speaker held divisive views. When the speaker found out I would be chairing, he explained that for religious reasons he could not appear if a woman was to be hierarchically above him. It's fair to ask, if we are prepared to allow speakers to say controversial and confronting things on stage, why draw the line at this man's objection to women? He is free to believe that I am inferior to him; he is also free to say so.

The answer is that stepping aside would have meant crossing the line between facilitating opinions and endorsing them. When Tuesday Talks invites a

speaker to appear, we are not endorsing their opinion; we are endorsing their right to have one. This speaker made his appearance conditional on the fact that a woman be ousted from her job. What this conditionality was asking was that a secular and egalitarian institution change its practices to accommodate his beliefs and avoid his discomfort. I believe that it would have been wrong to do so.

Had I stepped aside, we would have been prioritising his experience and beliefs above other speakers. As well as being symptomatic of a thoroughly lazy mind, this speaker's prejudice had the peculiarity of requesting special treatment.

This University is a place where great ideas are made and bad ones are freely challenged. Tuesday Talks is committed to debate, criticism and pluralism. We sometimes make people uncomfortable. But everyone's discomfort is the same as everyone else's at Tuesday Talks.

I will respect all people and most ideas. I will not respect prejudice in any guise, and I most certainly will not respect closed-mindedness.

Healthy Volunteers Requested: Ross River Virus Vaccine Study

Holdsworth House Medical Practice is conducting a vaccine study for a potential new Ross River Virus Vaccine for healthy adults aged 18 years and older.

You may be eligible to take part in the study if you:

- Are over 18 and generally healthy
- Have no history of arthritis including Ross River Virus
- Are able to attend Holdsworth House Medical Practice over 12 months for three vaccination visits and three follow up visits
- Are not pregnant, breastfeeding or planning to become pregnant during the trial

You will receive compensation for the travel costs and time and effort required for you to take part in the study. All information received is kept strictly confidential.

This medical research has received ethics committee approval by the Bellberry Human Research Ethics Committee. Study is being conducted under Australian and International guidelines. Version 1 dated 7 April 2011

HOLDSWORTH HOUSE | MEDICAL PRACTICE



To find out more about the study, contact

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Why do *Drone Strikes* Matter?

JACQUELINE BREEN separates fact from science fiction.

"The Jonas Brothers are here [tonight]; they're out there somewhere," Barack Obama told the crowd at this year's White House Correspondent's dinner. At the popular annual event the President usually offers some irreverent commentary on the year's events for the assembled journalists, and this time Obama mentioned that his young daughters, Sacha and Malia, were big fans of the tween pop trio. "But boys, don't get any ideas," the President warned. "I have two words for you, 'Predator drones'. You will never see it coming."

The crowd in Washington laughed along but there probably weren't too many giggles in Waziristan. Since 2004, that turbulent region along the porous North Western Pakistani border has weathered the brunt of one of the United States' most controversial initiatives in the War on Terror. The international community is divided over the efficacy, legality and ethics of the American drone program. For a country that has not declared war on Pakistan the US does a pretty good impression of the contrary.

Under George W. Bush, unmanned aerial vehicles (UAVs) were deployed a total of 45 times, and most of those targeted the Federally Administered Tribal Areas along the Pakistani border with Afghanistan. In its first year alone, the Obama administration launched 53 drone strikes; Obama authorised his first drone strike 72 hours after taking office. In 2010 that number leapt to 118 drones, which is about one strike every three days. The watchdog New American Foundation estimates that UAVs have killed between 1,483 and 2,364 people in North West Pakistan since they were first launched by the CIA in 2004. It is difficult to ascertain whether the casualties were militants or civilians, but the Brookings Institution estimates that "10 or so" civilians may be killed for every militant.

The aim of the drone strike game is to target and remove al-Qaeda leaders from this difficult terrain, and disrupt the regional safe haven harbouring militants along the border with Afghanistan. Manufactured by San Diego's General Atomics Aeronautical Systems, America's Predator and Reaper drones were first developed for reconnaissance and observation in Bosnia and Kosovo in the 1990s. After September 11 they were enhanced by the capacity to carry and fire two Hellfire missiles. The weaponised drones are generally remotely operated from Creech Airforce Base in Nevada, and carry a substantially lower price tag (around US\$10 million) than conventional manned fighter aircraft (something like US\$350 million). The 2011 US Defense budget asked for a 75% increase in drone program funding. The CIA drone program is very highly classified, and it is hard to find top-level clarification of its aims or success. Here are some of the political, technological and ethical implications to think about.

The political implications are both domestic and international. The strikes do go down well on the American home front because robots don't die; automated warfare means fewer coffins draped in American flags. Supporters hail the program as a pragmatic new direction in the war on terror; instead of exhausting American troops in an unpopular and unwinnable conventional battle, Obama is concentrating efforts to surgically remove key targets and save American money and lives.

Internationally, however, the program is condemned as a particularly egregious exercise in American exceptionalism; this is a technological fuck-you to the internationally imperative concepts of justice and sovereignty. These targeted killings simply steamroll the conventional judicial process. Using the tenuous

justification of self-defence the US locates and murders individual targets instead of capturing and convicting them. The program operates with complete disregard for Pakistani sovereignty, and President Zardari has repeatedly demanded American respect and consultation. These critiques are complicated by insinuations that the Pakistani regime publicly condemns but tacitly supports the drone program in exchange for American aid. But even if the political elite condone the attacks, the implications for America's war of ideas are damaging. "It's possible the political cost of these attacks exceeds the tactical gains," counterterrorism expert David Kilcullen told TIME magazine in 2009. If each drone strike inflames public opinion against the fragile Pakistani government the UAVs could be doing more long-term harm than short-term good. "If we wind up killing a whole bunch of al-Qaeda leaders and, at the same time, Pakistan implodes, that's not a victory for us."

The technological and ethical implications are entangled and complicated. Automated warfare represents an unprecedented technological departure from conventional fighting; author P.W. Singer points out that "mankind's 5000 year old monopoly on the fighting of war is breaking down in our very lifetime." But is this new murder method any worse or different than older technologies? Drone strikes create an incredible distance in fighting that complicates accountability. Who is to blame if a robot gets something wrong? Post-traumatic stress disorder is higher among drone pilots than ground troops. Who is calculating the psychological damage beyond the wretched terrain of Waziristan? Is it possible to summarise this military minefield in 800 words? At least I can answer that question, if not the others.

News In Brief's



JAMES COLLEY turns his one giant eye to the news.

Oprah Winfrey hung up her inspirational boots for the final time, ending a 25-year run of television domination. When Oprah began, Reagan was president. When Oprah began, Germany was still divided by the Berlin wall. When Oprah began, most of you hadn't been born. Now Oprah has said goodbye and daytime television feels a little bit emptier. Never again will strangers getting cars or celebrities bouncing on couches punctuate our sick days. It's the end of an era and the brave new world is a dark and scary place.

Mitt Romney is set to announce a second run for President. Romney, who crashed out from the 2008 presidential race, is running on a platform mainly based on not being Sarah Palin. And bless him for that. Rudy Giuliani is also rumoured to be restarting a campaign. When asked how many times he intended to run Giuliani predictably answered "9-11."

"Comedian" Jordan Paris became infamous during the week for stealing jokes from actually talented comedians Lee Mack and Geoff Keith on the famewhore vehicle *Australia's Got Talent*. In response to the accusations of plagiarism, Paris said "comedy is a funny thing," a statement that would be valid if you, unlike me, had never seen Jordan Paris perform material he had written himself. Like all joke thieves, Paris first claimed he hadn't stolen the work, and then questioned the very notion that a joke could be stolen. Fortunately, one does not go on *Australia's Got Talent* because they want to be a serious artist crafting something unique and original in their chosen form of self-expression. They go on *Australia's Got Talent* because they want their name to be known. They want fame without respect. And in this sense Jordan Paris has done an excellent job. Though, he probably stole the idea.



Pictured: Jordan Paris and his one fan

TEXTBOOK FINISH

Australia's largest textbook publisher, Pearson Education, has implemented an unprecedented price rise on its tertiary products. From next semester, you can expect to pay almost 15 per cent more for a large chunk of your prescribed texts.

The move coincides with the restructuring of Pearson's pricing model and remove the traditional "recommended retail price," which acts as a maximum price point from which retailers generally discount. Booksellers are now only provided with their cost price, and must add their margin as they deem appropriate.

While designed to encourage competition among retailers, most booksellers will seek to preserve their existing (generally slim) margins in what is an increasingly tough market. Although price increases in line with inflation are routine in

May, this rise is four times that of Pearson's competitors.

Textbook costs are already a significant issue for students, with most university texts retailing for upwards of \$100. The prescribed text for Accounting 1A will rise from \$139.95 to \$158.72 next semester. Full-time students can expect to purchase at least four such books per semester, frequently more for courses in science, medicine and law.

Pearson's domination of the market can't be underestimated. In the financial year 2009-10, the group tripled its profit and achieved turnover in excess of AUD\$4.03 billion. While other players balance out the university market, Pearson has a veritable monopoly on books used by vocational institutions.

Peyman Derak, Managing Director of independent retailer *Bookware.com.au*,

The termly nightmare of textbook buying is suddenly about to get significantly worse, writes MICHAEL KOZIOL.

says that the move is significant but not surprising.

"We understand publishers raise their prices, and that's fine. We just need to make sure retailers are kept informed of these changes and are not left in a position which hampers competitiveness."

The government offers a student start-up scholarship each semester, designed to help cover the costs of textbooks and other equipment needs. But you need to be receiving a Centrelink payment in order to qualify. Students finding it tough may want to explore other options, such as the SRC Secondhand Bookshop, or ordering online.

"Students come to us for a better deal than the big campus book stores," said Mr Derak. "That's what we're all about, but it gets a lot harder if publishers keep changing the rules of the game."

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NEWS



TRAVELLING ON A WHOSTRING? A MOOSTRING? A SHOELACE? WHERE AM I? WHERE IS MY MONEY? COME BACK HERE, THIEF!

Mo' money, mo' problems. NEADA BULSECO travels on a shoestring.

Notorious B.I.G was, ironically, right on the money when he proclaimed, “true pimp niggaz spend no dough on the booty.” If this iconic rapper had interests that lay more in foreign than sexual exploration, he would have encapsulated the true nature of travel: real explorers spend no dough on the adventure. Money can prevent the potential for discovery or the freedom to immerse in the terrifying. With youth on our side, travel should be about encountering the unknown and broadening our understanding of what lays beyond our sheltered lives. Aside from the buffet breakfast and array of pools that border the suites, five-star traveling is rarely an opportunity to source adventure or dive into the local culture.

Strange encounters happen beyond the beaten track and down the gritty backstreets. Traveling on a pittance, there's no concierge to point you in the right direction. Instead, gesticulation with locals is the most common mode of communication, leading one to often be lost in the winding streets marked by indecipherable streets signs. Losing yourself in an unknown town is, in my opinion, the only way to explore a city. Meandering idly and taking in the surrounds of a place is an incredibly rewarding experience, away from the blaring voice of a tour guide on the bus speaker.

The appeal of hostels may be lacking but it's over shared loaves of bread and cheap wine (Jesus style), seated on the mismatched furniture of the common room that friendships are forged. Late night talks amongst the dozen sharing a single dorm brings an intimacy that cannot be found even in the coziest of hotel bars. Staying in a rundown bamboo shack on a small Thai island with two friends and three strangers proved to be an unforgettable few days - all for only \$2 a night. The cheapest hostel in Zurich was slightly more daunting, as we soon realised that the motorbikes that littered the front yard indicated a regular pit stop for Swiss bikers. Taking the risk and knocking on that door, we were invited to share beers in front of an ancient TV set that never strayed from the sport channel.

The excitement of traveling on a shoestring not only derives from an admittance into the biker culture or disregarding standard OH&S regulations, but from the liberation of changing plans on a whim. Taking the advice of complete strangers met at hostel check-in, or closing your eyes and flicking through Lonely Planet can make for the most interesting adventures. Taking a train simply because it's the next one is an impulse that can't be taken by those with hotel deposits and pre-booked flights to consider.

Overnight rides (a save on accommodation) on boats, trains and planes can be tiring for even the most seasoned of travelers but late night card games and endless rounds of I-spy are what it's all about. Sharing shampoo over the shower stall and donating the remnants of your pasta packet are the small experiences that force you to adapt to situations not previously presented, one of the most rewarding attributes to be gained from a life on the road. Making the friends you would never have had and taking the road less traveled will open you up to a world you never even knew existed. The craziest and most poignant memories I have of foreign shores were not found in a guidebook. It's only with spare change in my pocket that I have enjoyed the priceless experience of being young, wild and free.

PACKING LIGHT

ARGHYA GUPTA tells us how he rolls.

I've been to the Everest region, the Sahara, and the Serengeti, and on every instance, I overpacked. I was stupid. But I hope you won't fall into the same trap, and to help you, here are some pointers:

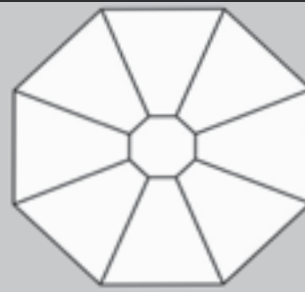
You can buy anything, everywhere. Yeah, you think you're going to hang out with the Masai Mara, and they think you'll enjoy the Vegemite which they stock at the tourist shop down the road. Don't take perishables, or toiletries which can be easily bought.

You don't actually need those clothes. Most times, you will keep on wearing the one shirt which looks cool on you and reject the other four you brought along for social Fridays, ending up wearing the same shirt you just swum through the Mekong Delta with hours earlier. Don't pack clothes you wouldn't wear to a PE lesson which your crush would also attend. On that point, washing clothes will be laborious, expensive, or ineffective. One of the best investments one can make (coming from a certified tightwad) is in merino wool clothing. One shirt can last you twenty days. It can accumulate all the poison of Mexico City, and yet it won't smell or look a day old. Until you rinse it and wring it out, but in that there's a fun game to play with your friends to see you can wring out the darkest dirt! If the merino gets boring, help out the local economy and buy a shirt off the street.

You can't buy everything, everywhere. This is for the real emergencies you come across: lost passport, phone, wallet. Have a spare pair of undies, a microfiber towel, a first aid kit, and ten tablets each of paracetamol, ibuprofen/codeine, and loperamide. When you have a temperature and you are four days walk from the nearest shop, you'll feel the pain. I know I sure did. Be ready.

If you can stuff all this stuff into one bag, power to you. If you have to take something extra, I urge you to tally how many times you wear it or use it on your trip, and then reconsider these words for next time. Bon travel!

WHY WAS THIS SYMBOL IN THE CENTRE OF THE PAGE?



ADAM CHALMERS finds a mystery wrapped in an enigma.

Last week, *Honi Soit* published a story about the Integralia, a secret society involved in the founding of USyd. The story claimed that Edmund Blacket, the architect who designed the Quad and Great Hall, was a member of the Integralia, and worked its logo (pictured above) into the centre of our Quad. The article claimed the Integralia disappeared long ago, but were highly involved in our university's history. The article was not written by the *Honi Soit* team. It was sent to us by a first-time contributor.

It seems that this article was entirely a work of fiction.

On the day the article was published, stickers, cards and QR codes bearing the Integralia logo started popping up all around campus. At first, it was assumed they were placed there by students who'd read the *Honi Soit* article and were inspired to bring back this piece of the university's past. However, some of the Integralia-themed material contained links to webpages and documents created before the material was released. What's more, one of the websites contained a copy of the *Honi Soit* article – and it was put there a full week before the article hit press. So it seems someone used the *Honi* to ensure the student body would recognise the Integralia logo before leaving it scattered in places all over campus.

Some of the Integralia stickers left around the university link to a series of blogs, websites and Wikipedia pages dedicated to uncovering the truth

behind “the Integralia”. These webpages contain old USyd financial reports and maps with the Integralia logo on them (almost definitely photoshopped) and mention old University figures like Sir Manning and Charles Wentworth.

One of the many websites claims the Integralia are linked to recent uni events, like the Fisher renovations, the VC's takeover of the union and the hacking of USyd's website a few months ago. They also speculate about current members of the Integralia, mysterious countdowns, and other conspiracy theory clichés.

Are the long-hidden Integralia finally awakening to pursue their shadowy agenda against the university? No. The Integralia are clearly a fictional society made up by some students. But why go to all this effort? What's their agenda?

Someone has clearly spent a fair amount of time on this – setting up dozens of (admittedly poor-quality) websites, distributing stickers, printing cards and hiding them in Scitech library. However, it's unclear what the students behind the Integralia hoax want. The stunt is far too low-quality to be a viral marketing campaign for some new book or movie. Some of their material claims to be anti-SRC, however the Integralia websites and flyers are vague about their aims. So who is behind the Integralia stunt, and why did they bother creating it at all?

The motivations of the students behind the Integralia are equally as fascinating as the “Integralia” themselves. As a generation raised on adventures like *Indiana Jones* and *The Da Vinci Code*, maybe students should take this rare opportunity to investigate a mystery, even if it is all fake. The creators of this stunt have left clues and puzzles for students on campus to solve. Whether you choose to play along with the game and follow the trail of clues to the Integralia, or instead try to figure out who's behind this bizarre stunt and their motivations, there are mysteries to be solved and clues to be found.

Anyone interested in following the Integralia stunt should search for the deleted Wikipedia page at en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_University_Of_Sydney_Feud, or get a list of up-to-date information at integralia.wikispaces.com. And if you never hear from me again, well, maybe there's more to this than meets the eye.

SKILL OF THE WEEK: HOW TO MAKE A MICRONATION

Too apathetic or antisocial to leave your bedroom these holidays? Squash that smug, irritating travel bug, and craft the ultimate of travel-less destinations by creating your own personal micronation. Micronations are independent entities that claim nationhood, and can be as small as the square centimetre of ground under your free-spirited foot. The best thing about a micronation is that no-one has to recognise your self-proclaimed country actually exists — like Wendy from *Peter Pan* all you need to do is clasp your hands and repeat earnestly “I do believe I’m sovereign - I do, I do!” There are a variety of perks that come with the job of micronation building:

SELF-AGGRANDIZEMENT

If you’re plagued by the niggling feeling that your life/friends/uni marks simply haven’t delivered you the appreciation you deserve, your micronation can give you an ego to rival the Romanovs (before the revolution). Why not declare yourself the purveyor of a benevolent dictatorship? Bear in mind the micronation community tends to be more accepting of monarchies and republics. Like King Richard of the nation ‘Hay-on-Wye’, you might consider fashioning yourself a sceptre from a recycled toilet plunger. Or like the citizens of the ‘Principality of Sealand’, overthrow yourself by staging a successful military coup.

It’s a small-world after all, says
MEKELA PANDITHARATNE.

PARAPHERNALIA

Now you’re officially a country, you definitely need a lot of novelty items and stationery adorned with decorative pictures of your face. The ‘Republic of Rose Island’ in Italy issued its own stamps, minted currency, and even declared a new language. But why stop there? A national anthem adulating your many heroic feats will likely go down well, as will a national flag erected in your honour. A cheerful example is the smiley face featured on the flag of the ‘Aerican Empire’ — turning frowns upside down since 1987.

IT’S ALL YOURS, BABY

Your micronation can cater to your every whim, frivolous or otherwise. Create public holidays to escape from banal real world commitments; consider the Aerican Empire’s ‘Dog Biscuit Appreciation Day’, ‘Procrastinators Day’ and ‘What the Heck is That? Day’. Alternatively, indulge your historical fantasies by making your nation an ode to a bygone era. Speak in archaic languages, and perform ancient ceremonies. The ‘Kingdom of Nova-Roma’ regularly engages in Roman-themed re-enactments. You can also make your nation an exercise in political lobbying by giving it a pointedly descriptive name, like the ‘Gay and Lesbian Kingdom of the Coral Sea Islands’.

So go ahead, change countries without even moving a muscle. Travel is so overrated.



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ENTRIES CLOSE SEMESTER 2

Airports? Airport THIS!

ANDY FRASER has something to declare.



Sure, man has achieved flight. Sure he has developed a giant metallic flying bird. Sure this bird flies up to 900 people at 900km/h. Sure it weighs in at 563,181kg. Sure it has 17 toilets. Sure that’s a lot of flying poop. Sure sure sure, but what the fuck’s with airports?

I think we got a bit ahead of ourselves with the stupidly awesome flying things. We don’t even know how to get on them. At what point did we go from colossal genius to Satan’s wonderland? Maybe that’s not it. Maybe it’s just me. Maybe every time I go to the airport the morons decide it’s a fine day for traveling. These morons, who’ve been having sex with imbeciles, bring their morbecile children along for a picnic of debauchery and disaster.

But it’s all about travel, and adventure, and fun, and happiness, and panda bears, AND FUN. Well let me ask you this, how many baby pugs do you think have been murdered in airports in the last one hundred years? At least one! Are you condoning the murder of innocent baby pugs? I’m overreacting. Am I overacting? Fuck you!

So you’re all set for your perfect holiday away. Your relaxing getaway to the most beautiful place where everyone is sexy and clothes are out of fashion. All you need to do is negotiate your way through this mild airport. Huh, that’s funny... why are there flames lining the doorway? First step, say goodbye to your loved ones and start crying. You’re saying goodbye to 95% of everyone you have ever loved. Oh shit, step two; you go to check your baggage and there is a fuck-off queue. Now as you

line up you are starting to worry about time. This isn’t helped by the arsehole behind you who is consistently jamming his trolley into your ankles. You eye off the hot check-in lady but unfortunately you’re stuck with the 80 year old with arthritis and Alzheimer’s, double win. Step three is baggage weight; you’re a bit worried but you know you triple checked last night. Now that you think about it, the 80 year old looks more like a witch as she scowls at you rearing those receding gums. She tells you that you’re not only overweight but your luggage is too heavy. You have to pay extra and purchase another carry on bag because yours doesn’t fit the specifications. You’re weeping as you enter customs, but fortunately you blend in with everyone.

Step four, fill out 150 forms and go get some sharp stuff confiscated. You’re so confused about the immigration forms that you actually feel like a terrorist. Somehow they let you through with a grunt so that the scanners can pick up your pocket knife and extract it from you. It was engraved and everything. What? No, not my favorite cologne as well? “No liquid over 100ml.” The rest is easy: you get excited by duty free but there’s nothing cool unless you’re an alcoholic. You pay the most amount of money for the worst McDonald’s burger you’ve ever had, and finally your plane is delayed for two hours. Oh, and another hour again.

Ah, but now you’ve made it. You’ve boarded the plane, you can relax and forget about all your airport worries and everything shit that just happened. WRONG. There’s a little something waiting for you on your arrival. A nice surprise. Another airport and they’ve already misplaced your baggage. But I guess it’s ok, it’s not like you have to come home... right?



New York, New York and (below) Bariloche, Argentina.

These photos were submitted by Honi photographer NATHAN HARMOND, who designed our cover this week.

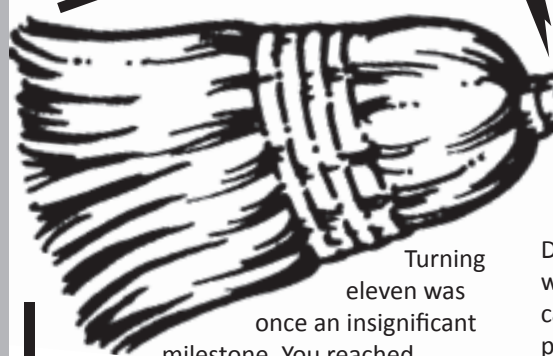


Send your snaps to honi_soit@src.usyd.edu.au



Muggle Quidditch

NEADA BULSECO runs with Broom For Honi.



Turning eleven was once an insignificant milestone. You reached double digits but feel just short of the elite teenager club. Pre-pubescence is quite frankly the most unremarkable and awkward stage that we encounter. Training bras and wispy traces of facial hair had most kids begging for the next few birthdays. J.K. Rowling changed all this.

Suddenly, kids the world over counted down to the day that could change their lives forever. Birthday wishes became firmly fixed on that piece of parchment straight from Dumbledore himself: an invite to Hogwarts. One might be given the opportunity to face the evil of He Who Cannot Be Named alongside Harry, Ron and Hermione.

Disappointment rained down as we realised our simple muggle capabilities, and we glanced between platforms 9 and 10 with dejection instead of hope. Though some remain optimistic that there is magic in our midst, others have taken it in their own hands to enjoy some of the pleasures found within the Harry Potter books. We might never enter the realm of flying broomsticks but there are those that advocate Quidditch for us mere muggles, and it seems to be catching on as quickly as you can say "expelliarmus."

In this adaptation, known as 'Muggle' or 'Ground' Quidditch, players may not be airborne but positions remain the same. Broomsticks are tightly clenched between legs as Chasers attempt to get Quaffles (volleyballs) through hoops held up by PVC pipes. Kickball-propelling Beaters attempt

to throw them off track in defense as the Snitch is free to roam beyond the field, just like in the wizarding world. The Snitch is undoubtedly the most difficult aspect of the game to adapt and the muggle equivalent is somewhat laughable in comparison to that magical gold ball that often flies just beyond Harry's grasp. In Muggle Quidditch, the Snitch takes on a human form as a gold-attired neutral player with a small ball strapped to their waist. The Snitch runs around, taunting seekers, and can tackle or body slam those that attempt to capture it.

From its conception in Vermont in 2005, the sport has become most popular in colleges across the USA and Canada. In 2007, the Intercollegiate Quidditch Association (IQA) formed at its home base at Middlebury College, Vermont, creating a platform for greater competition in the sport. Last year, IQA was renamed as International Quidditch Association

to reflect the reach of the sport to over 13 countries, comprising over 1000 teams. 2010 also saw the fourth Quidditch World Cup with hundreds of teams competing for the coveted title.

Your broomstick may not be airborne and your teammates might not be flicking wands in their free time, but Muggle Quidditch alludes to the magic that many of us yearned for. With teams already at UNSW and UWS, it's about time USyd students let their imaginations lead them straight to the Quidditch pitch.



SOCCER TO ME!

WILL MOLLERS on the best football cities around.

So you booked that plane ticket to Europe for July? You are planning to lie on the beach while we all freeze? Well that's fine, but consider taking a sojourn to one of these footballing cities.

Dortmund

For the first time in nine years Borussia Dortmund won the German league title this season and what a party throws when it wins! Schools would only admit students wearing the team's colours, black and yellow, while about two thirds of the cities 600,000 citizens turned up for a street parade! The town is also famous for its nightclubs in former factories, so you could enjoy the party too.

Belgrade

Civil war aside, 1991 was a year to cherish for Red Star Belgrade fans, as their team won the UEFA Champions League for the first (and last) time. Unfortunately for them it has been all downhill since, with their local derbies against Partizan being the only events of note. The city itself has recently forged a reputation as a great party city and apparently is well endowed with attractive young twenty-somethings.

Naples

In 1787 German author Goethe described Naples as a delightful city. My how things have changed. If you want to grab a decent slice of the

Godfather, then head to Naples, where even garbage collection is organised by the Mafia! On the football side of things, Diego Maradona played for them in the 1980's, though more recently Marek Hamsik (a great Slovakian) has led them back into the Championship for the first time in about 20 years!

Enschede

Until recently, there really did not seem to be much more to life in this city than dairy and textile producing. But now Enschede has almost become the football capital of Holland after taking the league title last term and coming second in this one. The city is also hosts a museum of 18th century Dutch masterpieces.

Glasgow

If I didn't mention Glasgow, I think my mate Andrew would shoot me. Glasgow's rival teams Rangers and Celtic have been battling hard for the last 100 years and produce one of the great rivalries in World Football. An auld firm match (what they call their derby) is a sight to behold and the crowd has been known to get very rowdy. Which is reflected in the city itself, known as the knife-capital of Europe, but don't let that turn you off eating some delicious haggis and enjoying some Walker's shortbread.

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One thing is clear: Ellen Sandell isn't sitting in the proverbial hammock, watching the trees sway in the breeze, being that kind of environmentalist. She's busy - too busy to speak with me, probably - and yet kindly obliges.

I'm grateful for the chance to talk to her because climate change, that beast which has slain Prime Ministers and Opposition Leaders, the greatest moral challenge of our times, is not merely back in the headlines - it is its own newspaper. In most ways it is a tragic tale, one that has illuminated our propensity as a species for seeing problems but not fixing them, for wanting others to do what we will not, for coming to the party too late and then ignoring the host.

Which is why Sandell's brand of grounded optimism is particularly refreshing right now. Her role as National Director of Australian Youth Climate Coalition (AYCC) sees her charged with the task of exporting young peoples' conviction and determination on climate change to one and all, particularly the folks in Canberra.

The 26-year-old grew up in Mildura, in North-West Victoria, where she was active in high school extra-curricular programs including theatre and refugee advocacy. An interest in environmentalism would develop later at the University of Melbourne, from which she graduated with an Arts/Science degree in 2008. As Environment Officer for the student union, Sandell prosecuted a successful campaign to commit the university to carbon neutrality by 2030.

"Melbourne Uni was powered almost 100 per cent by coal," she tells me. "We used as much electricity as a big regional town like Traralgon in Victoria...which is about 30 or 40 thousand people." While students themselves constitute the majority of AYCC's membership, Sandell believes a lot more work could be done on campus to aid the fight against climate change. "I think every university should be powered by 100 per cent renewable energy. It seems to make sense: these are places of learning, a place where there are young people...universities care a lot about young peoples' future and climate change is the biggest issue facing young people today. So they should be the first ones to go to 100 per cent. Universities should also be advocates because they have a lot of sway within the community. They should be the ones going to the government and saying climate change really is threatening young peoples' future, and they should be supporting the carbon price".

Of course, pricing carbon in 2011 is a much greater struggle than in 2009, when there was a strong consensus not only on the science but also on the solution: an emissions trading scheme. While Sandell stresses that the number of people who accept that climate change is real and caused by humans remains steady, it is unquestionable that support for the government's policy - albeit now rejigged - has collapsed. I put it to her that in this context, the AYCC and its associated organisations could be seen as failures. But Sandell passionately and accurately defends the success of AYCC in their target demographic.

"We've grown so much every year since 2007, and we're getting more media coverage, more access to politicians, more volunteers and members than ever before [they are now 60,000 strong]. Young people are still really engaged, and they're coming to people like the AYCC over political parties because they see that we're the ones who actually stand for what they want." She's clear about who she represents: a young, progressive constituency with a steely determination to prevail. The enemies of the AYCC are even clearer: climate deniers, those who don't want to take responsibility, and Tony Abbott.

While the AYCC engages primarily with youth, it seeks to influence the views of all generations, with data indicating that the older you are, the less likely you are to believe climate change is real. "When you read the comments on the articles that you write, the ones that are negative, the ones saying that young people can't do anything, or are selfish, they're inevitably older people," says Sandell. "At the anti-tax rallies in Canberra - all these people with archaic views that climate change isn't happening, they've all got grey hair, they're all old, they're not the ones who are going to be seeing the impact of climate change. So it's a bit irresponsible of them to be actively campaigning against it." These were also the citizens brandishing unbecoming signage addressing the Prime Minister as a "bitch".

The AYCC was heavily involved in marshalling attendance for the pro-tax rallies held across the country in April. Sandell was in Melbourne, where 8000 showed their support for carbon pricing. She also organised an event in Port Macquarie, in Rob Oakeshott's seat of Lyne. "We had a few hundred people show up in this regional community, and they [the anti-tax rally] had only five, and they had to cancel it. All the negativity seems to be just a small vocal minority."

Sandell acknowledges that whatever action we take in Australia will have a negligible impact on the global environment. But she says it is nonetheless essential we only emit our fair share and that we act as a point of leadership. She is also acutely mindful, in a way that many are not, of the impact of climate change in our region. Her initial involvement in the AYCC was as a delegate to the Bali Conference in December 2007, famously attended by Kevin Rudd after signing the Kyoto Protocol as his first item of business as Prime Minister. Sandell says we shouldn't forget the seriousness with which that policy reversal was received by the international community. Nor should we be ignorant of the tangible impact climate change is already having on our less fortunate neighbours. "I met a lot of people [in Bali] who were going to really lose their future because of climate change, particularly the women from the Pacific, from Kirabati, from the Coral Sea islands - who since then have had to move entire communities to higher ground because of rising sea levels and storm events. I met people from the Torres Strait who were having similar difficulties."

This was the watershed moment, the one which prompted Sandell to throw herself in to the AYCC; running their schools program, becoming General Manager, and in December 2010 taking over as National Director. I speculate that had she followed the conventional, corporate career path which too many students make hasten towards, she might have been very well off by now. How do we convince other young people make the sacrifice and use their powers for good?

"Our politicians and leaders haven't dealt with this problem to date," she responds. "We've known about it for twenty, thirty years. If we don't do something about climate change, we're not going to have the kind of quality of life that our parents and grandparents had. We're not going to be able to buy houses and have careers in the same way that other generations have."

"The older generation have created a mess and they haven't cleaned it up. Social movements throughout history have generally been led by young people. Young people are the ones who get it because they're not afraid of change, and they don't want the future that our leaders are creating for them."

A Tom Collins with ... ELLEN SANDELL

3 oz of Ozone
a single goal
1 tsp of youth
shake, don't stir





“All aboard!” It was almost 10pm when we were finally given the all-clear from a goateed man in a top hat named Pin Pin. He had been awaiting the coordinates of our destination, a hitherto undisclosed location somewhere in the Negev Desert in southern Israel where we would be participants in a semi-regular and ‘unofficial’ rave.

The two-hour bus journey from Jerusalem was punctuated by the copious consumption of kosher Chardonnay (which always tastes cheap, even when it isn’t), waves of rancid air radiating from the depths of Pin Pin’s chunder-coloured suit, and the justifiably brutal murder of a silly old porcupine that tried to slow our progress.

Almost three hours later, and following a valiant attempt at taking the bus off-road, we were dumped beside a highway and forced to hike towards the faint sound of ‘doof doof’. At its source we were confronted by a large tent where the DJ was stationed, a shoddy but serviceable outdoor bar, and a food tent complete with gun-toting vendors. Not for nothing have Israelis earned a global reputation for establishing clandestine settlements under the cover of darkness. And for hospitality workers that are so rude and incompetent that they carry loaded weapons on their hips in order to warn customers that, although they might always be right, they shouldn’t put too fine a point on it.

The party was not going to kick off properly for several hours. To kill time, we started a fire and made friendly with some Israeli soldiers who were enjoying some time off. They were a fascinating bunch: one was a shirtless, kilt-wearing Scotsman, another was a court jester, whilst the third was the finest looking Jewish Mexican I have ever laid eyes on. They – and we – were playing dress-up on account of Purim, the greatest of all Jewish holidays. In addition to the various mitzvot one is required to perform, such as being charitable and blah blah, Purim mandates dangerous levels of inebriation and – since the fifteenth-century or thereabouts – masquerading in funny costumes. I call that progress of a kind.

As we wiled away the hours, the crowd grew and grew. Our Israeli soldier-friends made jokes about shooting Arabs and we laughed. Fires were springing up everywhere, amusing costumes were aplenty, and the doofing was getting steadily louder. Life was both bizarre and carefree in this little patch of Israel – and I most definitely had not dropped acid for the very first time.

Our campground was soon overrun and our group besieged by several thousand Israelis, many of them – like our new friends – teenage soldiers on a break. Perhaps this explains why a nearby Israeli army base began launching ‘solidarity’ flares in our direction. (Which reminds me: within our group we quickly established that, owing to our proximity to Israel’s southern border, taking a piddle was to be referred to as ‘going to Egypt’. Many of our number were convinced that this was no mere genteelism, and took evident delight in creating facts on foreign ground. The news that we had been pissing and shitting on the Holy Land all along was to be greeted with evident disappointment the next day. At least by some.)

Finally, Jeff Goldblum - or was that Clark Kent? – requested our presence on the dance floor. Not a dancer by nature, I was shocked by my own brilliance. You will be pleased to know that I showed to Israel a liberal interpretation of the Melbourne Shuffle they will not soon forget. Except that they already have, and I’m not certain it ever happened.

Having exhausted myself, I took some time out on the cool desert sand where a beautiful young woman materialised in front of me – and proceeded to vigorously rub my arms. “Is it OK if I do this for a little bit?” I didn’t have the strength to object, so I allowed the molestation to continue unabated. Finally she paused and looked to her left, where a rabbit was in deep conversation with a jester, and to her right, where a homeless man was dancing like a maniac. “There are some things I agree with, and some things I disagree with.” I somehow knew what she meant.

After a time, I suggested that we turn our heads westward in order to watch the sunrise. But alas, the sky was entirely obscured by fog and dust. We had to make do with watching a carrot play frisbee with a stick. A poor substitute, as I’m sure you can imagine. Things continued in that spirit (sic) until mid-afternoon when it was decided to head back to the bus. On our return hike I enjoyed a conversation with a young Israeli couple and their dog. When they weren’t barking and hollering incoherently, the three of them complained bitterly that the event had become too mainstream. There’s just no pleasing some people.

I took one last trip to Egypt, and boarded the bus to Jerusalem.

SACRED GROUND
HOUSTON ASH takes a trip to Egypt without leaving Israel.



THE DIVISION

BEC WRIGHT on an eye opening experience.

The plane tilted as it climbed its way through the clouds. We felt we were heading into space from the almost vertical incline and bone shaking turbulence. Mid way into the flight it dropped suddenly, losing altitude at an alarming rate. I clutched the armrest tightly with a strained smile on my face consoling my friend that everything was fine. We suddenly broke right, spinning wildly around 90 degrees as one wing rose to the sun, the other glided beneath us. Are we in a rocket ship or a fighter plane? No, it is just Aerosur, Bolivia's national airline.

The fear and adrenaline we felt entering the nation was the perfect precursor to what was to come. Bolivia is a junkie's paradise if your fix is adrenaline-pumping-breath-taking-terrifyingly-wonderful experiences. With only two weeks to explore every inch of sunburnt Bolivia, we found the pearl of South American travel; night busses. Departing Santa Cruz at 9pm we snuggled in for a long, cold and cramped journey. Climbing a thousand metres above sea level in only a few hours meant that as the metres rose the temperature dropped. We were not prepared for the sudden climate change and my friend Pip snuggled up to her new Bolivian amigo for warmth, much to his dismay. He alerted a nurse on our arrival in Cochabamba after this strange pale girl shivered and shook all night. In the hype of swine flu season, Bolivians believed every traveler was infected. Pip awoke suddenly that morning to a white masked woman forcing

a thermometer into her mouth. I awoke in laughter watching Pip panic at her impromptu physical.

We lugged our bags off the bus, dazed and confused in a town where everyone was selling something. Cochabamba hosts the best markets in Bolivia, and we haggled and bargained our way through cramped streets, speaking a language we only just met. Only 12 hours were spent in this shopping Mecca as we then boarded our night bus for yet another sleepless night. Night busses, although uncomfortable, allow for a night's accommodation and quick movement around the country. I only wish we'd learnt the phrase 'me gustaria diazapan' (I would like some Valium) this early on in our trip.

Arriving in Uyuni we visited the most beautiful place in Bolivia that all backpackers recommend; the salt flats. An ocean of white rocks spanned as far as the eye could see as we drove for hours in a cramped jeep. Our driver was fond of local Bolivian folk music, or at least the one song which he played on repeat for three days straight. Staying in beautiful salt houses, we were treated to home cooked meals and card games by the campfire. Amidst the hospitality and kindness of our hosts we awoke the next morning to find our iPod, universal adapter and cords were missing from our room. There was nothing we could do. We asked about them and used our translator to explain exactly what was missing, but it seemed the family needed them more than we did.

It's the harsh reality of Bolivia; the people are wonderful but they are also poverty stricken and desperate. We passed families on the streets begging for money, clutching our things and thrusting crying babies in our faces. As much as I wanted to help them, if I had handed out anything to one person, a streetful would come after me looking for the same. As a 19-year-old Australian girl I felt guilty walking around in expensive hiking boots and flashing my credit cards. These experiences grounded me in the world we really live in - where people are starving and poor, and where the wealth I call the 'norm' is only so for a fraction of the world.

SAME SAME BUT DIFFERENT

MICHAEL RICHARDSON searched for a turtle but found only a stone carving.

In the summer of last year I lived in a two-storey tenement half a kilometre up the hill from a beach called Mae Haad. In the morning I walked down the main street past closed bars and a small market selling salted strawberries and two authentic massage parlours and two authentic Italian pizza restaurants. I spent the day in the water, moving along the beach every hour or so. The sun sank into the horizon while I idled in the shallows, watching the tall ferries rock the longtail boats. The evening arrived and I returned to the tenement. There were four go-go bars adjacent to it, and the women called after me from their neon-soaked verandas.

In the first week of volunteering, there were sixteen of us in the concrete hovel. Midway through the second week there were five. They moved on to Koh Samui, or Bangkok, or Chiang Mai, or home. I envied them.

Before they left, the two British backpackers showed me the electrical pole where a man had died trying to remove a tree branch stuck in the wires. There were flowers around the base, still fresh, and a wedding across the street in the park. There were several hundred people attending.

An expat told me that his friend had fallen down the stone steps of their favourite bar the previous night and cracked his head open. The ambulance, which was a large taxi boasting morphine syrettes, took him to the clinic. He went windsurfing the next morning. There were still bloodstains on the stairs. (The expat was very polite but when drunk bordered on violent.)

Turtle eggs were being stolen from the sanctuaries.

The leader of the volunteers arrived days after I did. She was a replacement for the previous leader, who had disappeared

months ago. I asked where she'd gone; I was told that she hadn't left, she'd actually disappeared. Apparently she had been a little too zealous in her efforts to preserve the island's ecological stability. Apparently the Koh Tao mafia, the old families, had done away with her.

Caged songbirds lined the street and sang the tam radio shows with terrifying accuracy. I would jump when I heard a blast of grainy music from a shopfront devoid of radios.

The coral reef was dying.

The Australian man in the dinky electronics store was a volunteer from 2005. He'd managed to get one million Baht from Bangkok to build a reservoir in the hills above the beach; the island was (and is) desperate for fresh water. The money made it to Koh Tao, but there is no reservoir on the island today. There are a few select Thai families a little richer, though. The concrete that the electronics man and his friends had managed to buy soon became dive training pools along the Sairee waterfront.

About the last thing I did before I left was to cycle to the top of the island and rest at a lookout point. I could see two beaches both electric blue, the other mountain peak bright green, and in between the burgeoning town. In between were Italian restaurants, animal enclosures, massage parlours, go-go bars, satellite dishes, potholed roads, garbage sluices, toilets that didn't flush, vodka sold by the bucket, a 7/11, garish canoes, a tyre swing hanging from a tree above the sea, a giant stone turtle, over thirty dive schools, a reservoir in pieces, bootlegged DVDs, a weather beacon, not a single turtle in four weeks, the café that gave me food poisoning, the café that made me sick of cafés, thirty stoned travellers watching The Beach to be ironic, a valley of huts made from corrugated iron and hanging sheets, and somewhere, perhaps, the body of a woman who had tried to help. Or perhaps not.

Damned pretty.



HONI RECOMMENDS

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

SHAUN CROWE is sending you to see The Boss.

It's hard to divorce your parents' lack of cool from the music to which they listen: if they're not even remotely hip, you can't expect their record collections to house much value. It's a form of reasoning that shields the young from tacky parental nostalgia.

The problem with the logic, though, is that it robs as much as it shelters. And I only need two words to prove it: Bruce Springsteen.

From the early seventies onwards, Springsteen and his E Street Band have cut a searing hole into the heart of America and, by extension, the rest of the Western world. The longevity of his catalogue, a monument to the redemptive power of rock 'n roll, is only surpassed by its influence. This time, your parents were actually right.

The magic of Springsteen lies in his ability to mix musical exuberance and human empathy. Across his career, he has stared into the different stages of life's journey: the dreams and possibilities of youth, the disappointments and yearning of middle age and, littered throughout, all the victories and losses in between.

Take, for instance, the star-making brilliance of *Born to Run*. Rarely has the wonder of adolescence, the life-altering potential of freedom, been articulated so powerfully. It takes America's defining cultural tension (between its mythical independence and modern conformity) and blows it to high hell. It's Kerouac with drums.

'Together Wendy we can live with the sadness; I love you with all the madness in my soul.'

The song, alongside BTR-era tracks like 'Jungleland', lends the everyday a certain transcendence and energy. And it does it with such lyrical precision: madness is the perfect word to describe young love's absurd euphoria. The scorching guitars find a worthy partner in his literary prowess.

But it's not just youth; as his audience has aged, The Boss has gone with them. 'The Darkness at the Edge of Town' and 'Nebraska' are both albums which deal with lives kicking against failure and suffocation; they are the pessimistic response to the promises of 'Born to Run'. In 'Thunder Road' and 'The Promised Land', protagonists lash out against the inertia and disappointment of post-adolescence. They reclaim hope with anything they can grab: an old sweetheart, a fast car, old-fashioned catharsis. 'Thunder Road', quite possibly his crowning achievement, is about defiantly giving love and happiness one last shot:

'So Mary climb in, it's a town full of losers and we're pulling out of here to win'

This body of work has been so culturally important that it can legitimately claim to have founded a genre. Modern music is full of bands indebted to Springsteen's fusion of rock and Middle America. Look at the Arcade Fire (*The Suburbs* is practically an E Street tribute record), The Hold Steady, The National and Gaslight Anthem – these bands, whilst all themselves great, sweat Springsteen from every pore. It's impossible to understand modern alternative-rock without acknowledging the guy.

All this gushing (about his empathy, his longevity, his influence) and I haven't even mentioned his live shows. The E Street Band is renowned for its legendary, soul-consuming concerts: its three-hour stamina, its set-list flexibility and its ability to create an intangible, collective joy amongst its audience. The Boss may have gained acclaim on record, but he's immortalised it on stage. If he tours, you should hock all your precious stones to gain entry.

Listen, embrace and take heed of his lessons. Just once, give in to the irresponsible voice that tells you to tear off into the night.

Because tramps like us, baby we were born to run.

ADVENTURES IN FOODTOWN: ROWDA YA-HABIBI

JACQUELINE BREEN eats your heart out.

Sometimes you want service with a smirk. And if the prickly old smirker is dishing up juicy fried cauliflower, crispy felafla and flaky baklava then you'll be the one smiling.

Rowda Ya-Habibi should be included in the Camperdown Campus map. It ranks right up there with ciders on the Manning balcony as a beloved staple of Usyd student life. This restaurant and take-away joint has dominated King St since 1978, and all that practice has delivered Lebanese food perfection.

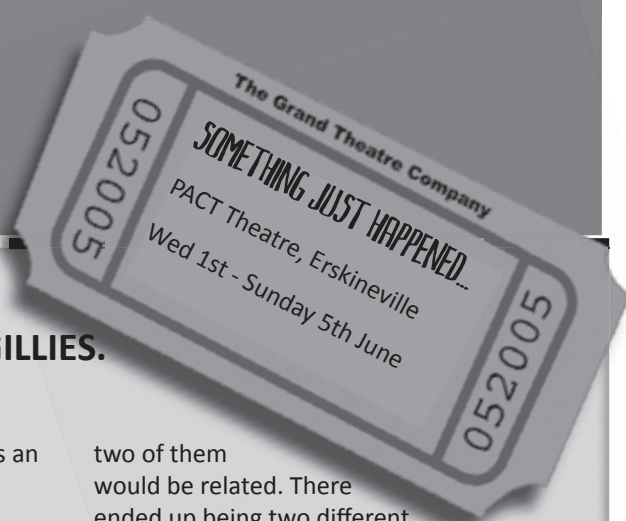
Excuse me while I wipe the drool off my keyboard – I was thinking about the mixed tub. This plastic cup of paradise comes piled high with the aforementioned cauliflower, plump green beans and tangy lentils (why are food words so gross and unappetising? Plump?). If you need something heartier, wrap your jaws around a chicken kebab and thank me later.

These foodstuffs are maximum yum, but they pale in comparison to the hand that feeds you. Google this haven and you'll read poor fools complaining about the service. These people are humourless squares too dumb to appreciate the finest thing in life: the service at Ya Habibi.

Jamelia runs that kitchen eight days a week and 26 hours a day (just ask her). I was originally terrified of this woman. But she is the best sport on the field; crack a joke and that cranky exterior melts. A little. Once I sulked in there, teary and sniffing over boys and exams and she switched to mother mode in a flash. "Not my circus, not my monkey darling", she kept saying soothingly. I have no idea what that meant, but I appreciated her kindness.

Now be kind to yourselves. Walk up King St and eat up big.

ROWDA YA-HABIBI can be found at 101 KING ST, NEWTOWN.
It's open for your all your baklava needs MON-SUN, 12PM-12AM



THE CHAT!

CONOR BATEMAN talks drama with SOMETHING JUST HAPPENED director HARRIET GILLIES.

Did you have it written before you started?

I had the concept and the structure written but this is a very kind of ensemble-made piece and the actors, the ensemble, define so much of what the show is because they create their own characters.

Did you have them audition generally or with characters in mind?

Well they didn't really audition. I asked them to tell me a story that was true, which was actually incredible because I think 85 people auditioned and I heard the most incredible stories, I feel like I know all of these strangers quite intimately. We got an amazing range of stories. I heard about someone's grandma, who got kicked out of a nursing home. She got caught doing the deed with another 85 year old.

Do SUDS often do these sort of experimental things for the major?

In the time I've been at SUDS there hasn't been a devised major, so no. SUDS do put on a lot of devised work and we're really lucky that we've got the Cellar Theatre, because we're kind of allowed to just run wild and do

whatever we want in there, which is an amazing opportunity.

Was it hard directing that many people who had their own idea of what their story was and how they should tell it?

Yeah totally. We all had a huge chat about what we wanted the show to feel like and then they just got to do their own thing. So we spent six weeks in rehearsal developing the characters. Then after six weeks we gave them \$80 each and sent them out loose into the city as their characters and they had this big night out that we filmed. The show starts the morning after. So, it's kind of a play and it's kind of not, really. They're playing characters that they played on the night, so, it's kind of true what happened.

Did anything go horrifically wrong on that night?

Yeah, a bunch went wrong. Someone got violently ill outside Maccas and vomited everywhere, there was a little bit of petty theft, a little bit of very interesting conversations with cab drivers, people made out with people. Yeah, it all happened. It was pretty wild.

Did you base the interactions between characters on that night or was it planned?

Hmm. Well, to begin with I knew that

two of them would be related. There ended up being two different groups; the brothers each had their groups of friends that came together for the show. And there's kind of not a stage either.

Yeah, I saw that you had one night at Hermann's?

That's the launch party for the show to kind of wrap up our annoying viral campaign. We started with our logo and the title "Something Just Happened" and we kind of just saw how much hype we could raise. This party at Hermann's is meant to be a revealing of everything we've done, so we're gonna try and get that party vibe which is what happened on the night and hopefully will happen at Hermann's.

For a sequel?

Haha. I don't know, I hope so. I hope there could be a sequel. One of the girls in it is actually an American exchange student so she goes home pretty much right at the end of the run of the show. So maybe we can all go over and visit her. Maybe that could be it. The group goes to America. That'd be cool, right?

BrownPaperTickets.com/event/175773

ROAD TRIPPIN' TUNES

HARRY MILAS picks some of the best incidental music to crank up when you're in travel mode.

1. 'Green Lawns' - Carter Burwell. *A Serious Man*. For when you're overlooking the dilapidated slums of Harlem. Ironically.
2. 'Lunch With The King' - Thomas Newman. *American Beauty*. For when you're outside the Mac Store in New York.
3. 'Bibo no Aozora/04' - Ryuichi Sakamoto. *Babel*. When it's overcast and windy on the green hills near Mt Kosciuszko.
4. 'Moon Trills' - Johnny Greenwood. *Bodysong*. When you're flying above the ocean at night.
5. 'Happiness Is' - Vince Guaraldi. *Good Grief, Charlie Brown!* In Manhattan.
6. 'Field Trip' - Thomas Newman. *Finding Nemo*. Driving in a boat in the morning over the Pacific.
7. 'Test Chambers' - Valve Incorporated. *Portal2*. Beijing Airport.
8. 'The Windmill of Life' - Joe Hisaishi *Howl's Moving Castle*. Walking to your local bus stop.
9. 'Outset Island' - Koji Kondo. *The Legend of Zelda: The Windwaker*. Early morning on a beach.
10. 'Love Me Some Walking' - Nigel Godrich. *Scott Pilgrim Vs The World*. Late night cab from an expensive bar, anywhere.



THE STAGE! Tooth of Crime

No dentists were harmed in the writing of this article by TOM WALKER.

Tom Walker sat down to chat to David Harmon, former USyde and the director of *Tooth of Crime*, the latest offering from Australian Theatre for Young People.

Honi: What drew you to the *Tooth of Crime* script?

Dave: Definitely the promise of it. It's this mad play, written originally by Sam Shepard when he was living in The Village in New York, taking too many drugs and living this out-of-control rock 'n roll life. The characters are all these huge figures, superstar rockers, electric gypsies, steampunk mystics and ramshackle DJs.

It's set in this kind of post-apocalyptic future where the music industry is out of control and superstar musicians hunt each other across a wasteland America. It's so different to most of the kinds of theatre you get to do and I loved the whole concept immediately.

Tell us about the music.

One of the most exciting things about this production is the music. It's all

been written specifically for this production in 2011 by composer Basil Hogios who is starting to become something of a cult figure in the underground Sydney theatre scene. His last show, *Trapture* won heaps of acclaim and awards at Sydney Fringe 2010 and for *Tooth* he's put together a score that's part Velvet Underground, part Sonic Youth, part Die Antwoord. It's a deathmatch between this very authentic '70s rock and this future-sound that starts to infect the play. Everything is played live by the actors onstage too, so at times it's more like a great live gig at the Vanguard than a play.

Your play has a young cast and crew as its driving force, what's the difference between young and established theatre makers?

I think young theatre is hungrier. It pushes itself to try and be different, to bring in other artforms and practitioners and to engage with the audience in new ways. I think there's a very strong and specific style of theatre that's becoming prevalent on mainstage theatres in Sydney and

it's the job of the independent and emerging theatre makers to offer something different. That's what we're trying to do.

Why should people go and watch your play?

For the live rock score. For the epic, science fiction set and world. For Shepard's mad writing and characters - complete with a made-up lingo he came up with for the play. To see a rocker and a gypsy destroy each other in a bearpit using nothing more than rage, two mics and a set of old tube amps. But mostly because it's different, exciting and I genuinely think it's the best show I've ever been part of.

We've been handing out free newspapers all year and we've become addicted. Here, have some free tickets! And this course outline! And my library fine! Honi Soit has a double pass to give away to Tooth of Crime. To win, be the first to email us at honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au

Tooth of Crime runs until June 25 in ATYP Studio 1.
\$23/28.

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- Are not pregnant, breastfeeding or planning to become pregnant during the trial

You will receive compensation for the travel costs and time and effort required for you to take part in the study. All information received is kept strictly confidential.

This medical research has received ethics committee approval by the Bellberry Human Research Ethics Committee. Study is being conducted under Australian and International guidelines. Version 1 dated 7 April 2011

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32A Oxford Street, Darlinghurst
02 9331 7228

trials@holdsworthhouse.com.au
www.holdsworthhouse.com.au



ENDURING EVEREST

EDWINA HART knows it's a long way to the top and an even longer way down

The summit of Mount Everest is scattered with over 200 dead bodies. They remain there, frozen, because it is too unsafe to recover them. That's why the summit is nicknamed the Death Zone, and it's why Sydney-sider Brendan O'Mahoney didn't stick around too long when he reached the peak last May. One in ten mountaineers die trying to scale Everest, but Brendan lived to tell the tale. Just.

"I guess because it's the biggest in the world," Brendan replies when asked about his mountaineering motivations. "There is something about the challenge of that. I saw it as a massive adventure."

Quitting a successful career in finance, he hired a UK-based adventure company that runs expeditions along the north side of Mount Everest. In April last year his team arrived in Nepal to start acclimatising at base camp on the Rongbuk Glacier, about 5,200 metres above sea level.

The acclimatisation process is lengthy; it requires three phases of preparation in order to reach the summit. These involved the arduous task of reaching the North Col at 7,000 metres, then a 7,600 metre climb before descending again to base camp the following day. Finally, "you go from base camp to advanced base camp [6,400m], then up to the North Col to camp there. Then you climb and camp at 7,800 metres, then climb and camp at 8,300 metres for 3-4 hours before setting off for the summit at 6.30 PM. You then climb all through the night", says O'Mahoney.

The preparation is slow-going because the risks are so great. Altitude sickness can deliver shortness of breath, dizziness and loss of mental function, all caused by acute exposure to low partial pressure of oxygen at high altitude. Altitude sickness comes in two flavours. There's High Altitude Pulmonary Edema, when the lungs fill with water at high altitude ("basically you drown in your own cough") and High Altitude Cerebral Edema, when water swells round the brain ("basically their eyes bulge out of their head"). Sound fun, right?

After two months on the mountain, O'Mahoney and his team set off at 10.30pm on the 22nd of May. Climbing throughout the night they reached the summit nine hours later.

THE ASCENT

"I couldn't really see anything outside my headlamp light apart from the occasional lightening storm below and the silhouette of the Himalayan mountain range against the sky as the sun began to rise," Brendan recalls. "At the summit I felt I really didn't want to stick around!"

This is unsurprising given Brendan's body count on the summit; he saw seven corpses on the day. "At the bottom of the third step there was a guy crouched down by the side of the track. I thought, 'Oh, this guy's having a tough day, I'll just go over and see how he is.' I walked up to him and realised that he was a dead body. Apparently he's a Canadian who's been up there for four years but all his gear looked to be in incredible condition - it looked like he'd only sat down an hour before to take a break."

Rather than being unnerved by this, O'Mahoney saw it as an inevitable part of the high-risk adventure. "I knew there were going to be dead bodies, so I took it in my stride."

One corpse, "Old Green Boots", even directs trekkers from beyond its icy grave. Sharing the same sort of nonchalant, antipodean humour of Edmund Hillary, Brendan strokes his chin and smiles, "basically, you see 'Old Green Boots' and you hang a right."

THE DESCENT

The climb up generally gets the most attention but the hardest part is getting down. The majority of deaths occur on the descent. But though the mountain may be scarred with death but it is also alive with tales of endurance and survival.

Around the second step Brendan became aware of a man in serious trouble. He and his teammate, Stephen Green, noticed a man who had collapsed on a rocky drop off below them. "He was just lying motionless with a sherpa who was hitting him in the stomach to try and get him moving," Brendan recalls. They waited for ten minutes to see if the situation improved, making a decision to wait rather than launching

"At the bottom of the third step there was a guy crouched down by the side of the track. I thought 'Oh, this guy's having a tough day, I'll just go over and see how he is.' I walked up to him and realised that he was a dead body."

into action as they were concerned they could cause a loose rock to fall on the two men below. When it became apparent that he wasn't going anywhere, the pair abseiled down to meet the others.

Brendan checked the man's oxygen mask in case it had iced over, and sure enough "in one of the main valves was a block of ice." After chipping it all off Brendan checked his oxygen, which was on a very low flow, and turned it up. "The hose of his mask started hissing through a massive hole and it was lucky I had some duct tape on me to patch it up...if we couldn't have fixed that, he would have struggled to get down alive."

Brendan squeezed his remaining energy gels into the mouth of the dangerously weak mountaineer. The Sherpa had been hitting and screaming at the man in an attempt to force him to move. Once a climber is unable to stand by themselves in such high altitude and difficult terrain, it is almost impossible to assist them down to base camp.

Brendan tried an alternative method of encouraging the man. "I'd been reading this book about endurance by Ernest Shackleton. So I adopted what I would consider a 'Shackleton style' approach, a more cooperative [one]. I said 'look, in a minute's time you're going to get up and we are going to help you take a few steps, do you think you can handle that?'" The man nodded his head, the three men helped him up and assisted his steps. He took five and fell down. The rescue effort continued in that way for over an hour.

It would later transpire that the man Brendan had helped save was Musa Ibrahim, the first Bangladeshi to climb Mount Everest.

Eventually Brendan himself ran out of oxygen. He paused to rest, feeling shortness in breath, dizziness and a headache. Unaware of Brendan's deterioration in health the Sherpa continued on with the rescue. Within a few minutes, the team came across the team doctor Nigel Fairfax who had collapsed. Fairfax was suffering from High Altitude Edema and according to Brendan was "in gaga land". "The high altitude had become toxic, [he] wasn't thinking right, and when I came around this rocky corner I saw him shuffling forward little by little, pathetically trying to get to 8,300 metre camp." Brendan shouted out to him and Fairfax responded by raising his hand. Passing the frozen body of an unsuccessful Everest attempt only metres away from his friend, he was greeted by the doctor murmuring, "I am going to die here."

A leader from Adventure Peaks eventually discovered the struggling pair. Brendan explains, "The two of us got him [Fairfax] up and walked him half a foot at a time. He was struggling to stand. I'd pull from the front and he'd only shuffle his foot slightly forward. Stuart would balance from the back and get him to shuffle the other foot... It was agonisingly slow and exhausting work, especially after the morning's exertion." They called over the radio for Sherpa support, and two finally arrived at the scene. "Nigel was so close to being left, if he couldn't stand up he would have been dead."

Only the next day on the north side of the mountain a similar incident occurred where one of the team members became hypoxic like Nigel. "Their assessment of their guy was that he was unable to be saved, so they left him when he was still alive", O'Mahoney pauses before he finishes speaking, "He died. I am sure he's sitting exactly how he was left".

By this time Brendan had completely run out of oxygen in his tank. Having suffered from a chest infection prior to climbing for the summit he was in desperate need of oxygen to assist his breathing. "On the way down the mountain, a couple of times, I definitely felt like I was in a serious situation". He elaborates, "You're just so much more exhausted, any movement is extremely difficult, initially you don't realise you've run out, until eventually you notice severe deterioration in your state. It was then I realised I'd run out."

Struggling on to high camp he attempted to replenish himself, but Sherpas had removed his tent and belongings. "Completely exhausted, I walked up to the closest tent I could find and begged for water and food... I had never felt exhaustion like it in my life". He was finally given help, receiving medical attention, water and a biscuit to last him until reaching the next camp.

"It was the driest biscuit this side of the Sahara."

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



Dear Abe,

I am right in the thick of exams and I feel completely disorganized. I am physically a mess with books literally strewn across the floor of my bedroom and piles and piles of paper on my desk. My brain is in overdrive and I can't seem to sit still for a moment to be able to even reread my study notes. I am starting to feel sick from a lack of sleep and my inability to eat. Is it too late?

Exam stress

Dear exam stress,

I am so sorry to hear that you are feeling so unwell. I'm not sure exactly what you mean when you ask if it is too late. Overall the answer is probably not. The first thing to do is to go to see a counselor. Ask them for help in techniques to stay calm and to manage your stress levels. You should also talk to the Learning Centre and ask them how to prioritise your time. Next you should talk to an SRC caseworker to see if you should go ahead with the exams you have. You may be able to get Special Consideration and do a supplementary exam for some or all of your subjects instead. Alternatively it may work out better for you to withdraw from these subjects, with penalty, rather than fail them.

Abe

SRC HELP Home Sweet Home with New Tenancy Laws

At the beginning of 2011 the Residential Tenancies Acts took on some new changes. There are only a few that should affect your tenancy.

FEE FREE RENT PAYMENT

You need to have at least one way of paying rent without having to pay a fee or surcharge to the bank or other institution.

RENT ARREARS

If you fall behind in your rent and you receive a termination notice for that, if you pay the rent arrears or make some sort of repayment plan the termination notice should be rescinded on the basis of rent arrears. [Note here that SRC Help may be able to arrange for NSW Housing to make a payment of 4 weeks rent on your behalf. This is not a loan, but a gift.] This does not mean that you should fall behind in your rent nor does it mean that your landlord can't give you a termination notice for any other reason.

SHARE HOUSING

If you are a sub-tenant you will need to have a written agreement to be protected by tenancy laws. Effectively you could have the same rights as the head tenant.

MOVING OUT

You are entitled to receive longer notice – up to 90 days – if asked to leave by the landlord. During this period of time you can leave whenever you are ready.

WATER BILL

In the past tenants had to pay for excess water usage. You will now only have to pay that bill if the landlord has made appropriate water saving changes to the house.

BOND

The standard amount of bond payable is the equivalent of 4 weeks rent. This is regardless of how much your rent is or whether the property is furnished or not.

BREAKING THE LEASE

If you need to break the lease, that is, move out before the lease has expired, you will have to pay a penalty equivalent to 4 weeks rent. No other penalty can be enforced.

NOT ON A LEASE

The conditions above only apply to "tenants". That is, people who are on a lease agreement. All other renters are covered by their own individual contracts, which should stipulate their conditions.



NEW Location!

Level 4, Wentworth Building
(Next to the International Lounge)
Hours: Mon to Fri 9am - 4.30pm
Phone: (02) 9660 4756
Email: books@SRC.usyd.edu.au

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Call 02 9660 4756 to check availability and reserve a book.



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.



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

Drop-ins (no Appointment required)
Tuesdays & Thursdays, 1 to 3pm
Level 1, Wentworth Building



SRC HELP

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

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

So, it's the last week of semester – time flies when you're busy as hell! Good luck to all of you with your final exams and essays – and remember that there are a number of support services you can access around the University (from counselling to the Learning Centre to the SRC) if you are struggling with anything. If you can't navigate your way around the University's website to find the appropriate service – a) come to the SRC and we can help you and b) be comforted in the knowledge that the University has finally realised this is a problem and is currently working on improvements to accessibility of information for students (and staff).

If you feel that you have been marked unfairly or want to launch an appeal, remember that you must do this within 15 days, otherwise you're stuck with the result, so if you think that you've been subject to anything dodgy, drop by the SRC straight away!

This is the last edition of Honi for almost 2 months. There is so much that could happen between now and the beginning of next semester. First of all, it is possible that the Student Services and Amenities Fee may be passed – though in what form is uncertain. We could have a carbon tax. The TEQSA Commission may actually be established.

Wait a second, what is TEQSA?

This year, the Government passed the Tertiary Education Quality Standards Agency Bill. Like most things in Higher Education, this Bill received little coverage – who cares about regulation and standards in tertiary education when we could be talking about the real issues, like the impending

invasion of illegal immigrants who will undoubtedly destroy our society and all that we stand for (oh wait, they're perfectly legal asylum seekers who just happen to be arriving by boat, oops).

The essential function of TEQSA is to ensure that accredited institutions are delivering a quality education, and it came into being as a result of a recommendation by the 2008 Bradley Review which stated that an independent, national regulatory body should be formed, and it should be responsible for regulating all types of tertiary education. This includes institutions like private colleges, many of which over the past three years have been exposed as exploiting international students in particular.

TEQSA will be taking a risk-based approach to its regulation – i.e. – institutions such as universities which already have many checks and balances governing their operation will be "self-accrediting", while private colleges will have to be accredited by TEQSA. The TEQSA Commission will be made up of five Commissioners, who will carry out the day to day work of the body.

So, ensuring that students are receiving a quality education – how the hell is that going to work for a diversity of institutions ranging from universities to private colleges (TAFEs are not included in the current legislation) once you get past the initial question of "is this institution misleading and ripping students off" (though let's be honest, even that question is a lot more complex than the Government is admitting).

Well, according to the internet, source of all knowledge, "TEQSA will register and evaluate the performance of higher education providers against the Higher Education Standards

Framework. The Standards Framework will comprise five domains: Provider Standards, Qualification Standards, Teaching and Learning Standards, Information Standards and Research Standards." (http://www.deewr.gov.au/HigherEducation/Policy/teqsa/Documents/FactSheet4_Standards_and_Panel.pdf)

This is where it gets interesting – who exactly is going to be on this panel? At the moment, it all looks pretty hazy. The National Union of Students is gunning for a seat on the panel, to ensure that a student perspective on quality is being taken into account, and the Government has seemed somewhat receptive, but we'll see what happens.

Many are also concerned that the standards will be so vague as to not really serve any purpose at all. The National Union of Students and the SRC in their submissions to the inquiry on the Bill noted the potential of TEQSA to deliver good outcomes for students if the standards developed by the panel are relevant and well thought out. Lecture halls that are large enough to house the students enrolled in a course, for example, is an important standard. It is important, however, that a punitive approach is not taken – quality of education (and by that I mean everything from our lectures and tutorial rooms through to our study spaces through to the availability of academic staff etc) has declined over the last decade due to underfunding. If the TEQSA standards panel sets standards that we think should be the absolute minimum, then quite frankly I think a lot of universities would fail to meet them currently. The only way that our quality of education can be dramatically changed or improved is through an increase in funding to higher education.



So here's hoping that the panel formed includes student representatives, here's hoping the standards developed are relevant for universities, here's hoping that when the Base Funding Review reports back later this year, a significant increase for funding to universities is recommended, and here's hoping that in next year's budget, the Federal Government finally delivers on its education revolution by increasing the per-student funding available for universities.

On that hopeful note, again best of luck in all your final assessments/exams, and see you next semester!



Get involved!

Become a member of the SRC!

Join in person at the SRC Office or the SRC Bookshop

Podcast Lectures Campaign...

The SRC is running a campaign to get the University to get more lectures recorded and available online, preferably as podcasts.

If you'd like to see more lectures being recorded (as a complement to not a replacement for live lectures) help us out by filling out our survey; and if you don't think lectures should be recorded, let us know that as well!

Fill in the survey NOW!

online: <http://www.surveymonkey.com/s/podcastlectures>
or pick up a postcard in your lecture and fill in the survey on the back



EDUCATION OFFICER REPORT

Tim Matthews and Al Cameron
education.officer@src.usyd.edu.au

Well kids, last *Honi* of semester can mean only one thing – it's time to dust off those unread readers, remove that text book from where it was holding up your coffee table and get ready to churn through your internet downloads with lecture recordings: STUVAC IS HERE!

Hold the applause. The only thing standing between you and mid-year break bliss is two weeks of pretending you attended lectures rather than chilling in Manning. So, in the spirit of that cunning lie, your Ed Officer's bring you – YOUR EXAMINATIONS SURVIVAL GUIDE – cutting through the bullshit your lecturers feed you about exam time.

1. You should tattoo your student card to your palm for safety, because you fail if you forget it.

A lot of invigilators attempt to enforce this seemingly arbitrary (and we assure you non-existent) rule. While you don't

need your student ID – YOU WILL NEED SOME FORM OF PHOTO ID. As a bonus, you will also require this for post-exam celebrations, so it is not a very onerous requirement all things considered.

2. If you are late for your exam, they will slowly remove your fingernails for every minute you missed.

If you are running a little late on exam day – DON'T STRESS (and certainly don't have a car accident over it). You are able to enter the examination room any time within the first 30 minutes of an exam.

If you don't make it within this time, you may still have a case for misadventure (see next section)

3. Miss the exam – fail the course. No questions asked. Get punched in the face for good measure.

This chestnut is one of their favourites. The normal rules regarding illness and misadventure still apply during

examination periods. If you are sick, or for reasons of serious misadventure you are unable to attend your exam that is OK! You should have a look at the uni webpage on the issue for further guidelines. (http://sydney.edu.au/current_students/student_administration/examinations/special_consideration.shtml)

If, however, you just forget that you have an exam on, we have a little less love for you. You don't get special consideration for absent-mindedness. Soz.

4. Your result is FINAL. Absolutely FINAL. No discussions entered into. DO NOT pass Go. DO NOT collect \$200.

If your mark seems a little odd to you, you should first have a chat to your tutor, lecturer or course coordinator. Oftentimes administrative error may be the cause, and you can sort it out easily. If you are unsatisfied, however,



you have 15 days from the decision of your lecturer or course coordinator to lodge an appeal with the faculty. If you are SERIOUSLY getting fucked over by the Faculty administration, you have a further 15 days to lodge an appeal with the Student Appeals Body.

Trust us, there is enough red tape in this system to whet the appetite of any prematurely litigious aspiring-lawyer.

So, good luck! We'll see you on the other side.

Tim and Al.

Henry Kha
henry.kha@hotmail.com

ETHNIC AFFAIRS REPORT

Australia has had quite a number of people of various ethnic background serve as Members of Parliament and Senators. Both major parties have advocated for promoting cultural diversity and community harmony, but on balance the Liberal/National Coalition have been the leading force in Australian politics that has promoted cultural diversity and people of ethnic background into Parliament.

This may come to a surprise to some, but the White Australian Policy was actively supported by the Australian labour movement based on xenophobia and paranoia. Thankfully, the present-day Australian Labor Party and the labour movement no longer espouse these archaic beliefs. It would take more than half a century until the Holt Liberal

Government effectively dismantled the White Australian Policy.

The first ever Indigenous Australian to be elected into the Parliament of Australia was Liberal Senator Neville Bonner in 1971. For twelve years in parliament he represented his constituents, fought strongly against racial discrimination and promoted the rights of Indigenous Australians. He was also an active campaigner for an Australian constitutional monarchy. In recent times, Liberal politician Ken Wyatt was the first Indigenous Australian to be elected to the House of Representatives. Unfortunately, many Indigenous Australians still suffer from disadvantage in regards to education, health, employment and life expectancy. The Northern Territory Intervention was

implemented by the Howard Liberal Government that is addressing the issue of rampant child sexual abuse and neglect in Northern Territory communities.

The National Party of Australia has also played an important role in contributing to a culturally diverse Australia. The first Chinese-Australian to be elected into Federal Parliament and the youngest ever senator was National Senator Bill O'Chee in 1990. He not only advocated for his constituents in rural Queensland, but he also fought against the upsurge of racism that was ignited by Pauline Hanson's maiden speech. Tony Abbott acted in Australia's national interest and fought against racism by bankrolling civil cases against the One Nation party and its leader Pauline Hanson. Thankfully, in the 1990s both the Australian Labor

Party and the Liberal Party of Australia put the One Nation party last on their preferences and now such extremist parties are no longer posing a serious threat.

Today both major parties are actively promoting the benefits of cultural diversity. Our Commonwealth has come a long way since the federation of Australia and in regards to ethnic affairs the change has been for the better. Our democracy, the rule of law and equality are essential characteristics that have built a strong, prosperous and egalitarian Australian nation. Australians of indigenous and ethnic background have played an important role in building our nation. It is wonderful to see that Australians from different backgrounds are represented in the parliaments of Australia.

INTERFAITH OFFICER'S REPORT

Brigid Meney

To ban or not to Ban?

What could be more topical in religious affairs than the banning of the Burqa? Ironically however, religion hardly comes into play when discussing the major issues surrounding this topic, and now legislated law in France.

Often it seems, we are more prone to discussing the political and security aspects (incredibly valid aspects that they are) of why or why not, the Burqa should be/has been banned, and give less focus to the limitation of religious and cultural liberty of the minority groups this topic effects. I do not seek to propose an answer to this heated debate, only to bring light and a voice to a side of affairs that is sometimes left in the dark.

It is no secret that security can often come at the expense of personal liberty, and often we consider these necessary sacrifices and well within the right of the law. Yet Hajar Rafiq, president of the Sydney University Muslim Society, (though speaking independently of them and her role), in conversation with me, begs to differ and argues that this

is largely not the case with the Islamic facial covering.

According to Rafiq, Islamic Law does not prevent the uncovering of the face for specific security measures, in airports and certain circumstances where the individual must be identified. In these circumstances however, privacy, and a private room, possibly even a female worker (where attainable) is asked for out of respect for their individual rights. Being an important aspect of their everyday lives however, it seems natural that Islamic women would feel apprehensive about uncovering their faces.

The heart of this matter of course is simple to Islamic women. That this proposed idea to ban the Burqa, strongly and vocally advocated by high profilers such as Senator Corey Bernardi, would force them to go against a fundamental belief engrained in their religion. Rafiq explains that many people highlight the good that the Burqa does in promoting modesty and discouraging the sexual objectification of women. However, the first and foremost reason that Islamic women cover their heads,

is because it is Gods Law, proclaimed truthfully through the prophet Mohammed.

For those of you who are ignorant towards the major religions, Gods Law is non negotiable.

Opression of Women however, is not Gods Law, and when asked about the women who may be demanded to wear the Burqa against their will by controlling Husbands (however small the minority may be), Rafiq's answer is honest and down to earth. She explains that domestic violence and oppression of women happens in all walks of life, Islamic or not, and this is a great tragedy. She does however feel that her Religion has proved to be the target of a "Clash of Civilisations".

This is indeed true if you talk to Father Paul Rowse, Catholic Chaplain at the University, who argues that the face is so fundamentally important in Catholic theology. Explaining this importance he draws upon humans as "made in the image and likeness of God" and how the obscuring of this image is worrying. Considering our society is based on Judeo-Christian values, Maybe Rafiq is



correct in her establishment of the "Clash of Civilisations".

Possibly this proposed law is just a prejudice brought about in the current climate of international politics and conflict. However there are many cultural reasons behind the advocacy to Ban the Burqa, and the debate continues as to how far a nations law should go, to protect its culture, and how opposing the Islamic law is to this culture based on Judeo Christian values.

Today however I have only sort to display the religious side of affairs.



CRYPTONOMICON

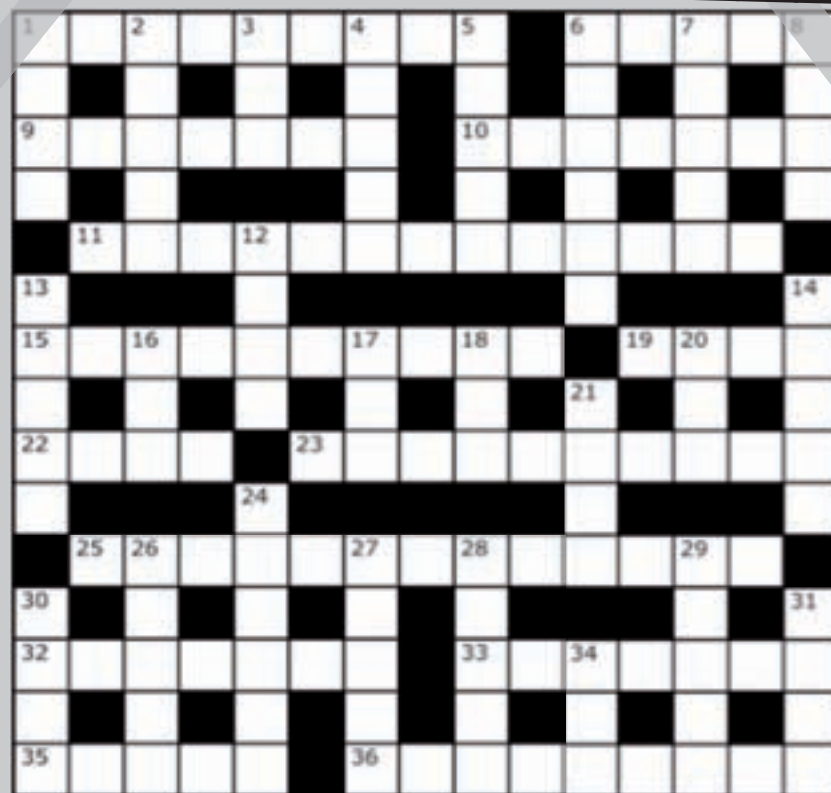
ACROSS!

1. Black dog 36-across? (9)
 6. 36-across without magazine? (5)
 9. 36-across is endless tablet before the Reaper (7)
 10. Funding of mine, it's said, gives 36-across (7)
 11. 36-across is a common leaflet? (8, 5)
 15. 36-across to support Kerry? (10)
 19. A road where 36-acrosses go (4)
 22. Kind of word process (4)
 23. 36-across to marry Sherpa? (10)
 25. 36-acrosses from Harlem? (13)
 32. Might carnival be the most expensive property? (7)
 33. 36-across about Wyclef, for one? (7)
 35. 36-across in groggy psychic? (5)
 36. Cheater in basketball gets around! (9)
6. Bother to shape bottomless legging (6)
 7. Moe handled every other civil war general (5)
 8. Responsibility of which 36-across might be free? (4)
 12. The Hebrew Letter starts, quit opening Paula's handbag! (4)
 13. A lure told to subside...(5)
 14. ...swarthy dragon hides another serpent (5)
 16. Victory vessel? (3)
 17. Soul in etching...(3)
 18. ... in etching? (3)
 20. Labour without running start for stir-fry dish (3)
 21. Talk to Captain Fedora, for one (4)
 24. Corny ends follow Swedish group during reign of a clergyman (6)
 26. How the 25-across might not be able to sleep? (5)
 27. Cards of fortune, thanks. Rubbish! (5)
 28. A core shift in a botanical sheath (5)
 29. Royal returned beer (5)
 30. OMG, Sting's first hit is a gas! (4)
 31. Song mentioned in one's will (4)
 34. Giant's first word was bill (3)

DOWN!

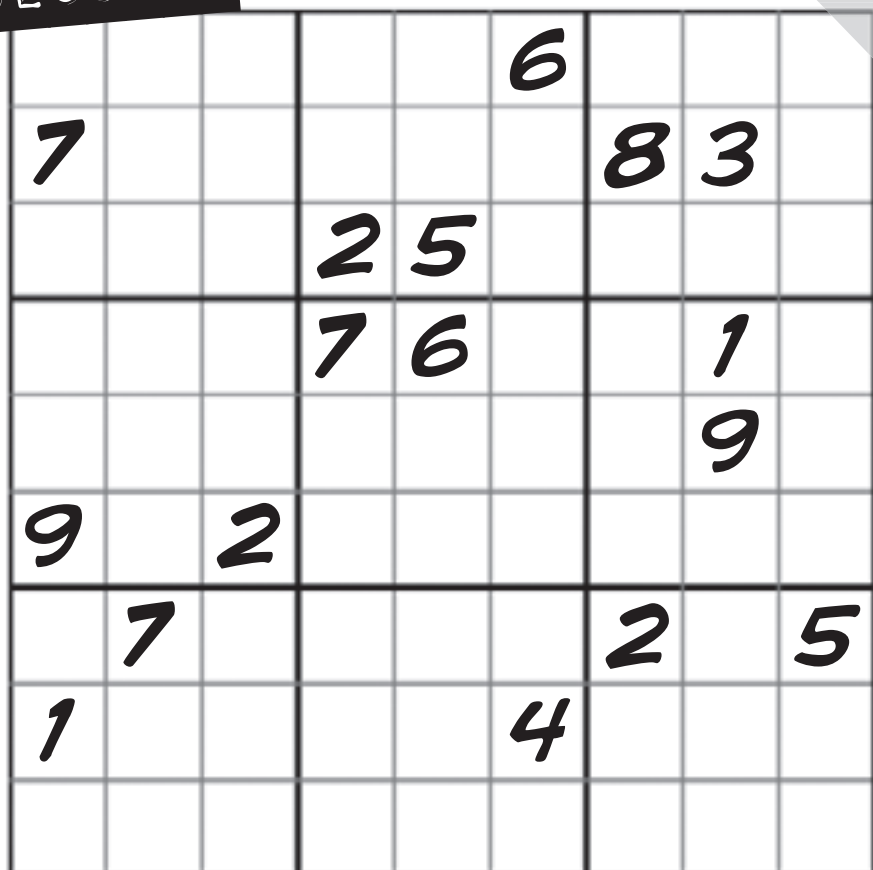
1. Juror number 1 to copy lark (4)
2. Sounds like Durden's a roofie! (5)
3. It's human to hide in terror (3)
4. Italian speeds allegedly to the beach (5)
5. Concern over backwards clock (5)

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD



By unapologetic criminal BENNY DAVIS.

PSEUDOKU



RATING: SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN A LOTTERY

COMIC



BY ALESSANDRO TUNIZ

TARGET

b	a	v
s	o	a
d	g	n

nice ————— 10!

← still not a word

aw yeah ————— 20!!

no longer impressed ————— 30!!!

GART-AIRE

STOCKHOLDER'S ANNUAL QUARTERLY REPORT

GART-AIRE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ALMOST EVERY PLANE CRASH IN HISTORY

In a win for shareholders, a coroner's report released Thursday has found that almost every plane crash in recorded history was not directly the fault of *Gart-Aire*.

Gart-Aire, the aeronautical division of *The Garter Press*, which used to just be a newspaper, has been under unjust criticism recently for its less-than-perfect flight record.

However, no matter how inventive or sensual the landings of the pilots of *Gart-Aire* may be, this report has shown that an overwhelming majority of all the plane crashes in history were not directly their fault.

"This report is proof of what we already knew," said pilot Erik K. Lear, "*Gart-Aire's* quality speaks for itself. Our planes stay in the air for over 93% of the journey."

Gart-Aire, which currently only flies to the exotic land of UI Qoma, has been cleared of responsibility for almost all the plane crashes that occurred between 1903 and the company's founding in March.

"This is the latest in a series of grave[ly profitable] tragedies," said coroner Amy Shippolitz, unveiling her report on the most recent creative acquisition of a plane by the Earth. "*Gart-Aire* has blood on their hands [from assisting delivering new babies into the world]."



"[*Gart-Aire* Owner] Mr. Duke has gone.. with power. These are human beings and they are being [serviced]. Simply put, and I don't feel that I am overstating this, Mr. Duke is history's greatest... and that's the truth."

The incredibly positive report conclusively stated that of the thousands of plane crashes that have occurred all over the world, only the last dozen were directly *Gart-Aire's* responsibility. Speaking mathematically,

this has conclusively proven that the Hindenburg disaster, the space shuttle disaster and even the London Blitz were not directly resultant from *Gart-Aire's* negligence.

"Your consumers expect a certain level of quality and safety," said Mr. Duke, "It's political correctness gone mad!"

GART-AIRE PLANES "FASTER THAN BOATS!" CLAIMS LEADING SCIENTIST

In a win for stockholders, following the long awaited publication of the 2011 AiReport, *Gart-Aire* is delighted to announce that it has officially been declared faster than boats. The results of an in-depth investigation headed by leading scientist Norris Shaw have been warmly welcomed by the *Gart-Aire* community. At an official *Gart-Aire* party held to celebrate, one pilot said "I knew it all along! I just didn't quite believe boats could go as fast as we do up in the air! Weeeeeeeee!!!"

While some have questioned the validity of the results, Shaw defends his findings: "Let the naysayers naysay, but as a leading scientist in the fields of both astrology and climatology, I think I know a lot more than those finkiedoodles!"

Shaw went further, providing the actual scientific equation used to determine his findings:

$$-x^3(\text{climate}) \times 4 \frac{4}{5}$$

All *Gart-Aire* stockholders will receive their own copy of the 2011 AiReport, free of charge and delivered to you from one of our very own planes!*

*Please allow 2-4 months to receive your AiReport.

EXTENDED WAITING TIMES MEAN MORE CHANCES TO STOP HER FROM GETTING ON THAT PLANE

In a win for shareholders, *Gart-Aire* has revealed that a spike in flight delays and award-winning invasive search techniques have allowed best-friend consumers more chances to stop the girl of their dreams from getting on that plane.

'Finally telling her how you feel' has reportedly spiked by 35% since *Gart-Aire's* compulsory cavity search program has increased wait times by at least 2 hours.

"I spent years denying how I felt about her. I mean, it's not like she would ever feel the same way. She was the most popular girl in my high school and I'm .. I'm just me," reported Sam Trice. "It wasn't until she was leaving for university that I realised

I had to tell her just how I felt."

"I never thought I'd make the plane on time, but thanks to *Gart-Aire* she was still in line for her pre-emptive waterboarding while I was riding my bike full-speed towards the airport."

This is the latest in a series of improvements from the 12 time intercontinental champion of flying between continents. Overwhelming praise has also been received for *Gart-Aire's* policy of holding back the jock-boyfriend who doesn't understand her the way you do.

"He just never really got her," said Tyler Pernicke, "She's the most amazing- and only- girl I have ever laid eyes on. He would never understand."

"That's why I was so grateful to *Gart-Aire* for ensuring both that he couldn't ruin our perfect moment and that his body would be disposed of quickly and cleanly in an unmarked grave."

The increased profit margins for shareholders are twofold as a spike in 'Stopping her from getting on that plane' has decreased the number of planes needed to service customers without affecting ticket sales.

"To say I am satisfied is an understatement," said Reginald P. Duke, owner of *Gart-Aire*, "so don't say that or I will slice you open like a cranberry pie on the first day of winter. Then I'll take a shit in your hat. And that's not like pie at all. No sirree."

Mr. Duke has come out as an ardent supporter of the trend of 'finally telling her how you feel'.

"Love is a beautiful thing," said the business leader, "Love is tender, and sweet. We can take it for granted all too easily. Love is so hard to find and such a tragedy to lose. Love may not move the stars, but it makes their movement worth a damn. Without love, life wouldn't persist. We became self-aware simply so we would be able to love. It's what has propelled our species for centuries. When we think of love, and how easily love is lost in this world, what we really must remember beyond everything else is that I am going to shit in your hat. Yes sirree."

LET GART-AIRE TAKE YOU TO...

UL QOMA

A CITY BUILT ON PAIN

SIGHTS

“I WISH I HAD NEVER FOUND THIS CITY, THAT ITS SECRETS MAY BE HIDDEN FOREVER...”

Marco Polo: explorer, Italian, corpse



See the Old Town, where the remains of the old rites are fresh daily! Grab a coffee!

Come down to the hushed streets of Ul Qoma’s Old Town and let your mind drift away on a cloud. Watch the hooded priests at work with their chattel while you browse the pungent stalls for eldritch curios. See the sites of ancient atrocities - where men melted in the street and washed into the river, while you try a delicious Ul Qoman curry - our specialty!

At night, the picturesque alleys are transformed into a pulsating neon passageway. Dance the unending night away at one of the many discotheques, some of which retain the pristine unearthly architecture which took this city off the map back in the late Middle Ages. Sculptures from the Old Town are highly sought after by collectors - but remember,

the fate befalling an intrepid buyer is never a pleasant one.

Be transported around the Old Town with ease and in discomfort, as an alien presence takes an interest in you like a child with a twig, or a helpless ant. No matter where you are eventually deposited, it’s bound to be interesting.

The Old Town is famed for the many disappearances of travellers in recent years - rest assured that the Ul Qoman police force is committed to negotiating with the Deep Ones with a mind to keeping their tithe to a minimum. After all, our economy is based on your safety - if no-one comes to Ul Qoma, the Deep Ones will turn on us.

“THE BLOOD WILL OUT. THE VEIL WILL FALL. REALITY IS MY PLAYTHING NOW...”

Stefan Ulgrub, First Enlightened of Ul Qoma

LIGHTS



Downtown Ul Qoma boasts as many bloodstained relics from the Era of Forgetting as it does certified, Euclidian, four-star bistros!

There’s never been a better time to take advantage of everything downtown Ul Qoma has to offer. Get lost in our winding, beautiful alleyways. See thing you have never seen before and will never see again.

It has been said that there are mysteries hidden in these city streets just waiting to be discovered. Doors just waiting to be unlocked. Caverns crying out for new explorers.

Everything in Ul Qoma really comes to life at night! The flickering lights of the main street will reveal countless unknown delights as eager to meet you as you are to meet them.

You’ll feel as if you had been here forever. You’ll feel as if you could never leave. You’ll wonder what life would have been like had you never come here but, given your experiences, you’ll be unable to wish you had not.



ACCOMODATION

“I REMEMBER THE NIGHT OF THE SLAKE MOTHS... MY DREAMS WERE THEIR PREY...”

Zadok Allen, insomniac & sailor



The House of Leaves

Starred budget accommodation in the *Lonely Child* guidebook.

Rooms and Facilities:
Rooms more spacious than they appear
Easy access to labyrinth
There is no *minotaur*
Cable television
My dear Zampanò, who did you lose?



The Strand

Grandiose rooms, each with an intricate past

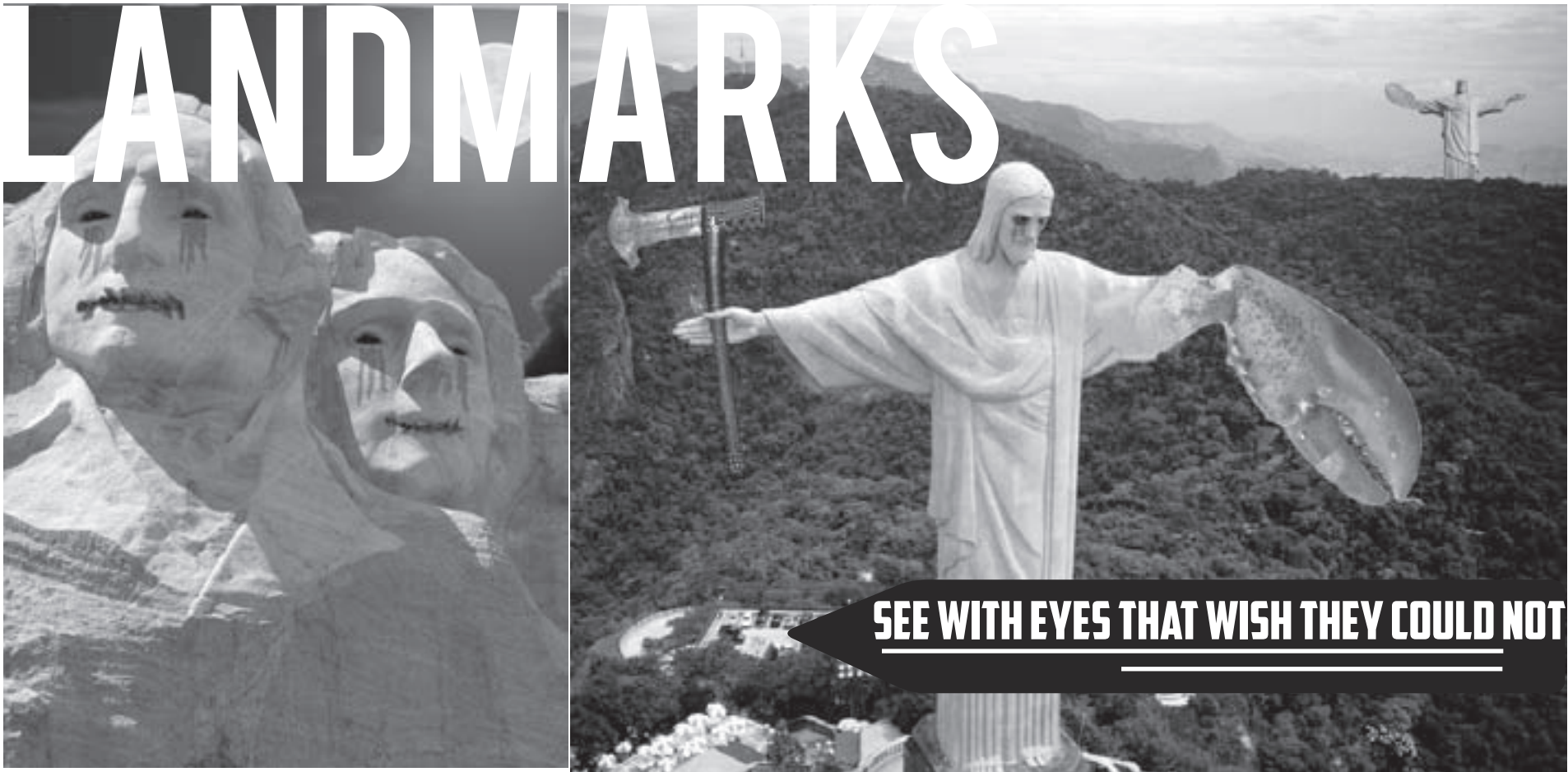
Rooms and Facilities:
Previous tenants include Raphael Mabont (1815-1839), Tyador Borlu (1898-1943), HP Lovecraft (1906-1938, 1943-1947) John Blando (1983-2003)



Ul Qoma Cemetery

Affordable capsule hotel close to the city centre

Rooms and Facilities:
Beds made of strongest pine
Functioning bell-pull to alert caretaker
Proximity to ley lines
Historic torture chamber, modern torture chamber



Pictured, from left: *The Betrayers of Stone*, *Sunken Far From Heaven's Thoughts* and *Rya'laan, Caresser of Skins*. Pictured far right is a sculpture that is yet to be named or reached; its construction may remain a mystery for a merciful while yet.

ART: “THE STONE HAS BIRTHED SOMETHING THAT SHOULD NOT BE, THAT MY CHISEL CANNOT UNDO.”
Raoul de Matraza, sculptor, inmate

UI Qoma is a haven for the artist, the architect and the occultist: lose yourself in images that look back! Gift shops optional!

Looking for art that makes an impact? Look no further than the UI Qoman Gallery Of Contemporary Art. Established without warning at 12:01 AM on May 6th, 1995, the UQCA plays host to many of the definitive examples of UI Qoman art and much more besides.

UI Qoman art is unique to the area and mindset of the UI Qoman people: whether it's the harried, haunting paintings of Delange, the screaming symphonies of Joppurs or the frenzied scratches mysteriously found in the walls of Raoul de Matraza's cell, every piece is linked to the landscape and

mysterious fauna of UI Qoma. The shapes and fears on display are as universal as the chants of the Tithers and the rantings of the Taken, though, so don't be afraid of missing out on any essential reading!

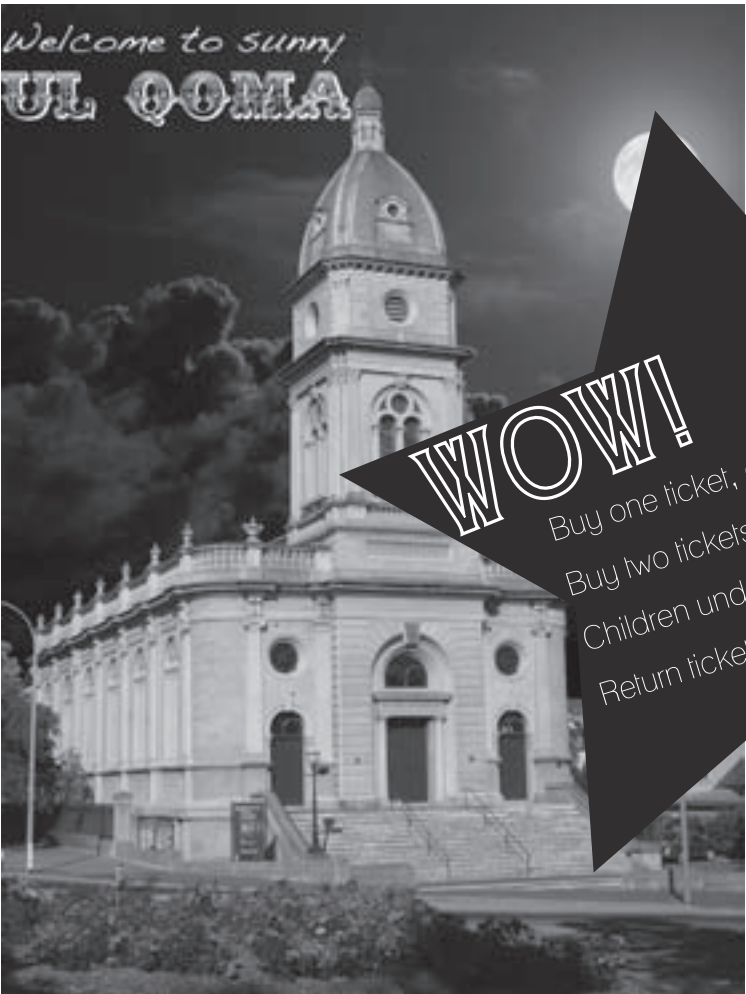
Exhibitions of UI Qoman art regularly tour internationally and have been praised for their beauty, originality and timely departure back to whence they came: the thick, unearthly pigments, barely malleable after being clawed from the island's uncaring clay, render images that have been described by critics as "indescribable" and "I, I don't know".

But you don't have to look for a gallery to take in some of the finest art UI Qoma has to offer! Street art has a strong following in the alleys and catacombs of Western Qomara. You can join the city's youth in desperately trying to make a mark on the famous Qoman Shifting Walls and Traitor Bricks but make sure not to get caught by police or ██████████, the ██████████* lest you find yourself ██████████

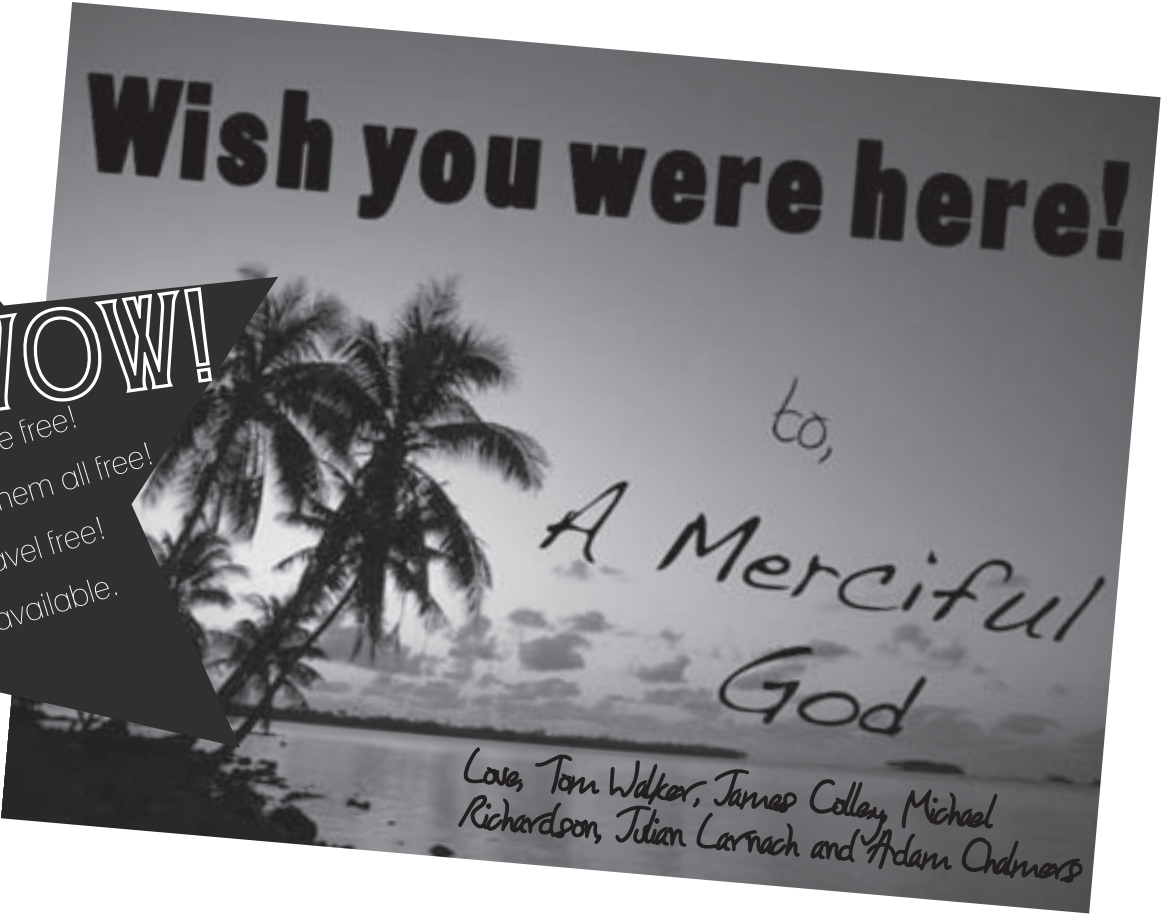


Traditional Qoman Body Art: the tribal design seen here can be found on many of the naturally occuring rock formations or carcasses that dot Qoman beaches.

HELLO: “THOSE BENEATH DO NOT HIDE, FOR THEY DO NOT FEAR. I [ILLEGIBLE].”
Reverend Artero Creole



WOW! WOW!
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Children under 8 travel free!
Return tickets not available.



2ND ANNUAL HONI SOIT OPINION COMPETITION

THIS YEAR'S THEME:

**THE FUTURE IS NOT
WHAT IT USED TO BE**

**ALL
SYDNEY UNI
UNDERGRADS
ARE ELIGIBLE
TO ENTER!**

\$1500
FIRST PRIZE

800-1000 WORD LIMIT

\$300
FACULTY PRIZES

**WIN MONEY FOR WRITING WHAT YOU THINK.
LIKE, ACTUAL MONEY.**

WHAT SAY YOU?

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ENTRIES CLOSE SEMESTER 2