

HOMI SOIT

ISSUE 17 AUG 24TH 2011



WED

24th

6.30PM Life is no dress rehearsal (except when you are actually just rehearsing for something). Sydney Dance Company is holding a **WORK-IN-PROGRESS EVENING** for 'The Land of Yes and the Land of No'. Artistic director Rafael Bonachela will talk about his ideas and the work. **FREE**.

6-7.30PM Free Knowledge! Head to the Law School foyer for Dr. Victor Boantza's talk **JOSEPH PRIESTLY: ENLIGHTENMENT, SCIENCE AND DISSENT**. Priestly, the controversial 18th century scientist and writer led a fascinating life, and his science, art, religion and political thought will all be discussed tonight. Thinking caps on!

8PM Sydney Uni spawn **DOMEYKO/GONZALES** are taking the stage every Thursday in August, bringing their post-rock pleasure to the Lansdowne for a grand total of **FREE**.

5-8PM **BEAT THE SYSTEM** and **SYDNEY UNI RADIO SOCIETY** cordially invite you to pop, lock and sip some sizzurp to mark the start of their Verge Festival radio broadcast. There will be free purple 'drank-s' (we don't really know what that means) and phat beats courtesy from hip hop DJs. Get low (and by 'low' we mean 'to Hermann's').

7PM Joining the revue party are Architecture - **NINETEEN EIGHTY FLOOR**, Engineering - **JAMES BLONDE - THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ALE** and Science, with **NASABLANCA**. Their awesome shows are taking over the Seymour Centre and Manning Bar. Don't miss out!

8.30PM Calling all fashionistas! The Town Hall will be transformed into a catwalk tonight for **A REVIEW OF AUSTRALIAN FASHION WEEK**, a showcase of key looks and trends for next season from the best Aussie talent. Tix \$25-80.

7.30PM Where did I put my psychedelic-garage-rock? Oh, there it is, in the Annandale Hotel. Sydney Uni superstars, **super FLORENCE jam**, are launching their EP. \$10 + BF, online.

7PM We're going to **HARRY MLAS' 21st**! Do you know Harry? He's a magician and he's dating an Honi editor so we have to go or he'll be super angry. Harry, money's been tight, so this is our present to you.

Love, Honi. xx

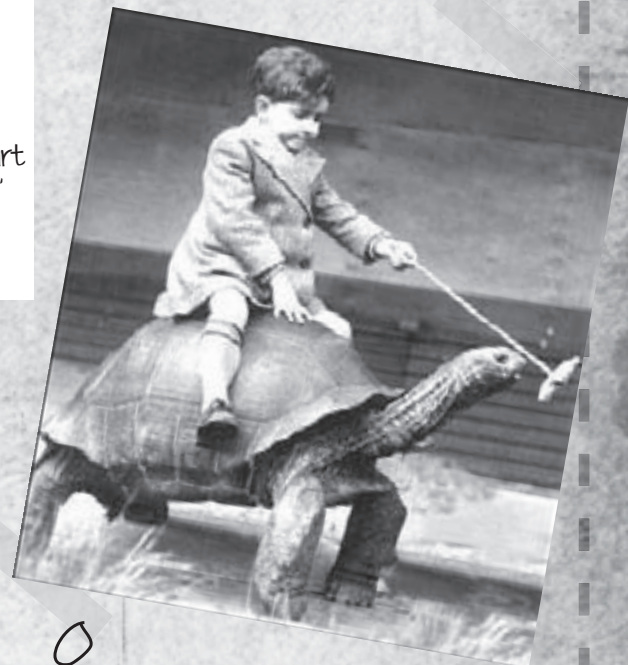
FROM 8AM **TASTE ORANGE @ BONDI** brings food and produce to the Bondi Pavilion. Why go to Orange when you can make Orange come to you?

5-9PM Buy sweet records at the **'DANGER' RECORD FAIR** at The Carlton, 139 Bourke St in the city. Entry is free, live music, records on sale from electro, new-wave and italo-disco. I think that's a disco where everyone leans to the right the whole time, right? Sure.

8AM Shipping containers for the **VERGE FESTIVAL** arrive on Eastern Avenue. Please don't get crushed, it was really hard getting approval from the university for this. If you have to get crushed, do so in a way that keeps all the messy blood in your body.

6PM **SOCIAL MEDIA, DEMOCRACY AND THE ARAB SPRING**, a talk given by Egyptian journo Mona Eltahawy, Anthony Lowenstein and Prof. John Keane promises to be an insightful and in depth look at the way social media is affecting politics and protest. Free. Law School Foyer, no registration required.

6PM Wash your delicates and bring your smarts to **Rock N' ROLL BINGO** at The Darlie Laundrette. Kick back in this new wash-and-dry themed small bar, where the style is bubbles and rockabilly. A \$100 bar tab is up for grabs.



SAT

27th



I love it.

TUE

30th



I'm high as fuck!

PICK OF THE WEEK

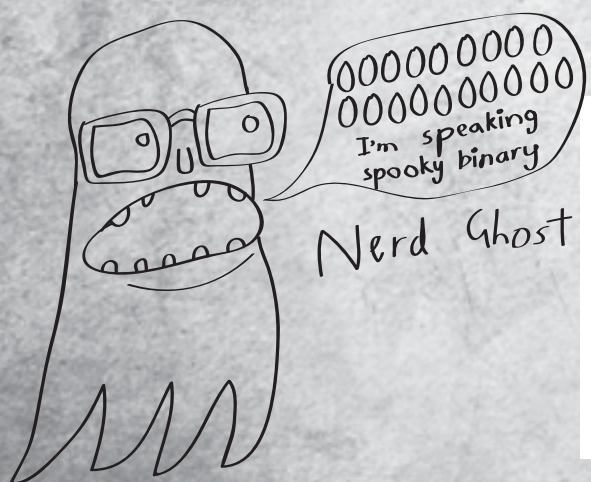


FRI



SUN

MON

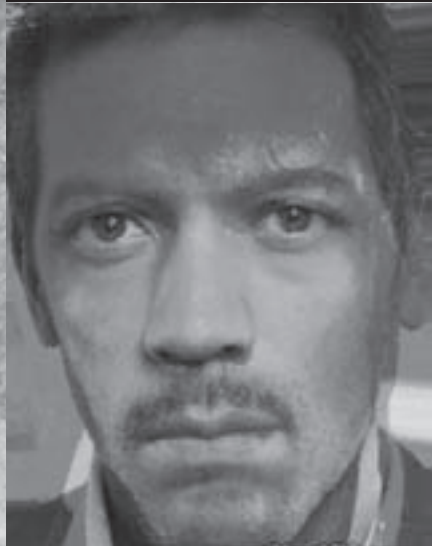


Nerd Ghost

VERGE FESTIVAL STARTS NEXT WEEK! GET EXCITED! WE ALREADY ARE! EDITORIAL HEADSTART!

THE LOVECHILD:

Hugh Laurie
Jimi Hendrix



RETRACTION

Honi would like to apologise for writing about student politics. We don't like it any more than you do, but it's a necessary evil because otherwise these boils get to grow rather than being lanced by student journalism.

DAD JOKE OF THE WEEK:

I went for a job at the orange juice factory but I just couldn't concentrate.

HONEY SUAVE

Are you from Tennessee? Because you're the only ten I see!

DISCLAIMER

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COMIC: Alessandro Tuniz

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BENNY DAVIS' words are all crossed.

Rolling Gart



THE EDITORIAL

We dig music.
That guy digs music.
That nanna digs it, her
hairdresser digs it.

You listen to it in the car, at work,
between classes, on the train, in the
supermarket, 'in da club', in between goals
at the football, in the desert, in the shower.
IT SEES YOU NAKED.

So here I go attempting to explain why we themed this issue
in a few short paragraphs. In doing so, I attempt to explain
why, in the same few short paragraphs, music is newsworthy. It
ain't gon' happen.

In short, music is important. Music is functional, traditional,
experimental. It can be used to heal, to comfort, to celebrate. Sigur
Ros sings us to sleep during times of great pain, Kool and the Gang
are with us when we raise our glasses after winning the Under 16s
regional netball grand final, Calvin Harris makes us involuntarily
thrust our pelvis across a grimy d-floor. Music plays us through our
first birthday, out of a final Year 12 assembly, down the aisle, and
plays us out when we finish our time. Mario's 'Let Me Love You' is
even playing us through making this paper.

From the fast-paced shindigs of Rajasthan to the didge-fuelled
stories of the Awabakal people of NSW, from the mixed beats of
NYC street-beatboxing to the plonky school band performances of
Hamilton South Primary, music is the storyteller that never crashes
on your couch. It parties on.

There is a darker side to music, which rears its horrifying head every
so often. Sound can be a terrifying weapon. Music was used as a
means of torture in Guantanamo Bay, with Eminem albums cranked
to deafening levels. Music was regularly used in interrogations on
bases in Iraq and Afghanistan as a method of inducing disorientation
to get suspects to talk without inflicting physical damage. Music
has also acted as a sheet throughout history, covering up terrible
truths and realities. German musicians were instructed to play in the
concentration camps of Nazi Germany, to keep spirits up. Famously,
a string quartet played the ship down when the Titanic struck the
'berg. Music is powerful.

When I was three years old, my twin sister and I had a cassette tape
full to the B-side. This tape was the most cranked playlist I've ever
owned. The track list was as follows:

Janet Jackson – Black Cat
Midnight Oil – Blue Sky Mine
Midnight Oil – King of the Mountain
Madonna – Holiday
Madonna – Vogue
Madonna – La Isla Bonita
Madonna – Express Yourself
Madonna – Cherish
Madonna – Like A Prayer

This was a custom-made mixtape, hand-picked by the two of us,
my parents didn't even *listen* to Madonna. My sister and I just
demanded a lot of Rage on early Saturday mornings. But that
mixtape was just about the most prized possession I had at 3 years
old. Aside from my twin sister of course.

Here's a thought. Take five today, crank your favourite tune in
your room, 'phones or automobile. Pick the tune that makes you
as excited as a giddy schoolgirl being driven by parents to a first
date, as courageous as a giddy schoolgirl going for a smooch on a
first date, or as mopey as a giddy schoolgirl being stood up on a
first date. Nine times out of ten this tune is one you'll never admit
to anyone else for fear of social ridicule. But crank it, love it and
remember why music is wondrous.

And I still listen to Madonna.

Music is important. It's not a new thought. But music is often
glossed over in print, pushed to the back of the arts section like an
abandoned post-Christmas Shar-Pei puppy. You know it's true. So
we're turning our dials to eleven and infusing each page of *Honi*
with beats, notes and melodies aplenty.

This week *Honi* has been inspired by tunes, brandished with sounds.
Sorry we couldn't fit your favourite artist on the cover.

Shannon Connellan

Those darn air
polluting fascists.

The 'cone of silence' should be replaced
with 'the Perspex box' as in Dubai airport.
Smokers should chip in and buy said
'smoking cabins' at their own expense.

Smokers just tend to forget what little
fascists they are in public spaces -
obligating fellow democrats to breathe
their second hand carcinogenic air.

Basically, smokers oblige other breathers to
breathe what they have already stuffed. It's
a hundred micro Oricas at Newcastle
saying 'Breathe this!

Basic point - smokers only have 'a right' to
smoke when with other smokers and when
in total air-isolation. Otherwise they are
polluting fascist air thieves who obligate
me to breathe their toxins. Smoking is an
inherently anti democratic activity - apart
from a heap of other things.

City of Sydney should be legally liable
for footpath, mall and doorway ingested
carcinogens and so should Senate for on
campus smoke. Law 101!

Ivan Head
ARTS 17
St Paul's College

VC or VD?

Dear Honi,

I can't overestimate
how disgusted I am
with the VC's ruling over the dismissal of the
current Union Board Vice-President Alistair
Stephenson and Treasurer Ben Tang.

Yes, the electoral spending cap was
exceeded in both cases. But anyone at all
aware of the inner workings of Union Board
elections knows that until this year, such
breaches were endemic to the electoral
process, and those who were "caught" in
2010 were simply unlucky (Members who
think Stephenson and Tang were the only
candidates to ever break the spending cap
are hugely mistaken.)

Unluckier, however, are USU members,
who now have to put up with a Board that
is now composed of eight "newbies" and
only three experienced Directors rolling over
from 2010. Moreover, the dismissed Vice-
President and Treasurer in particular were
regarded as two of the most competent and
motivated members of the Board, and their
loss will be felt deeply.

There is no doubt that Dr. Spence will
benefit from the removal of Stephenson
and Tang in the ongoing negotiations
between the University and the USU. He
has created a Union Board that is volatile,
unrepresentative of students' interests, and
significantly weaker than it was with Alistair
and Ben.

-- Aggravated USU Member



If you have any
thoughts or comments
on anything in this issue
of *Honi Soit*, please
write to us at:

**honi.soit@
src.usyd.edu.au**

Why was this
addressed to us?

Congratulations to the 14 volunteers of the
SU Law Society Social Inclusion Committee
who, like freedom riders venturing into
Mordor, last week risked life and limb, as
they journeyed across the plains Out West.
According to SULS "The Trip", to encourage
the poor ethnic year 9 students of Fairfield
High to enter university, was an "undoubted
success". I'm glad law degrees these days
arm students with powers of clairvoyance -
perhaps they do it by combining the force of
all their MacBook Airs.

I wonder if it occurred to our zealous
missionaries that their one off visit
spreading the gospel of Sydney Law made
these students feel socially excluded rather
than included. I suppose they feel their
token gesture, "The Trip" will live on in the
memory of those darling kids as a light in
their dark, deprived days. Even if it doesn't,
not all is lost - it'll certainly stand out in the
memory of law firm recruiters.

Mina Nada

Arts/Law V

Letter about Chad
(not pictured)

Dear *Honi Soit*,

I write in reference to Chad Sidler's general
Secretary's report last week. Pleased as I
was to see chad (pictured) in resplendent
black and white, I would like to answer some
of what he wrote.

He describes the fact that the Council
meeting on Wednesday 10 August
didn't make quorum as "a shame, and
disheartening". Perhaps he could have
avoided this torrent of emotion if he'd, say,
attended the meeting. Chad did not attend a
meeting he was elected to. He should have
had the integrity to be honest about that in
his article.

As to the fact that "[Chad] is yet to have
anyone in favour of a closed campus policy
put their argument to me", here are two
good reasons for a closed campus: 1. Chad
would lose, 2. Students affected by the
election should be the ones to determine
the election. We should not allow students
from other campuses (or ex-students from
further down the Major Party Conveyer Belt)
contribute to the success of a candidate,
when they will not be affected by - and
likely do not understand - SRC elections.
If a Presidential candidate - let's call him
Chad Sidler - cannot get the T-shirt wearers
and lecture-bashers he needs to win from
the Usyd student body, that probably tells
us something about how well he would
represent us.

Yours in truth and freedom,

Anonymous.

UNI VS. USU ROUND 3

ANDY FRASER investigates a double dismissal.

There are various things in life that are awkward. Picking your nose, food in the teeth, pretending to be a moose. Then there is prematurely blowing your load. That's pretty awkward (I've heard). *Honi* managed to publish a whole feature on the USU last week that didn't include arguably the most notable piece of campus news this year. This was of course because our deadline occurred prior to the news being leaked, but when you're published two days later it doesn't look awesome. Well if you were following social media outlets, you may have noticed that your Union Board is in a shamble or two. Last week it was announced that Board Directors Alistair Stephenson (Vice-President) and Ben Tang (Treasurer) were to be dismissed. This decision was handed down by the Vice Chancellor Dr. Michael Spence in response to their breach of regulations in the 2010 Union Board elections.

Let's take a quick jog back to the beginning of the year for a recap of events. The VC attended a USU general meeting in March to announce that he was initiating an investigation into purported breaches of budget by Stephenson and Tang. Because the case was not passed through the Senate within the month subsequent to that Board meeting, it was assumed that the investigation had been dropped along with Stephenson and Tang's fears. Then five months later BAM, the two are informed by the VC via email that they need to vacate their Board positions. The constitution states that the roles be filled by the two runners up in the most recent election: welcome Nai Brookes and Shane Treeves.

But the Union is independent of the University. How come Spence can do that? That's a fine muthaflippin' question. Section 21 of the USU's constitution stipulates the reserve powers of the Senate. This enables them to investigate into financial, operational or electoral matters of the USU. Once an

investigation is authorised for a given authority, the VC can make a determination on how to resolve the matter. The Board was also informed by the VC and its legal advisors that they had no right to an appeal. As it stands, it looks like the decision won't be challenged and the Board is looking to move forward. *Honi* would like to take this opportunity to thank Stephenson and Tang for the last 14 months and their solid dedication to our Union.

There are a few peculiarities surrounding this event. The first of these: why did it take 14 months for the VC to prosecute these two Directors? Is it a strategic move in light of recent negotiations, or is bureaucracy just causing intense latency issues within the University? Either way, the two were at a point where they had served for over a year and just been crowned VP and Treasurer right before they were dismissed. What is even more unusual to know is that the two had already been penalised for their actions in the 2010 election. After the Board had found out about the spending breaches, they had an external assessor design appropriate penalties based on the circumstances. These were as follows: an official letter from the President reprimanding the actions, ethic training sessions at an ethics centre, an attachment to their file so that the information was integrated into any future reference and finally the docking of their pay by an appropriate amount. Considering that the VC new about these penalties, why were they further penalised 14 months later?

The re-election of the VP and Treasurer are to take place at a meeting this Friday. As it stands, it looks like two first year Directors will be taking the newly opened positions. This means that out of the four executive positions, three of them will be filled by first year directors.



HONI LEAKS

ANDY FRASER and JULIAN LARNACH are following you around on Google Earth.

It has been a difficult week for the Vice-Chancellor. With three articles publishing USyd mishaps in the SMH alone, it must be getting hot in that rich mahogany smelling quad office. One of two things could be happening, either the USyd is indeed slipping down the managerial slimy slope, or someone from the SMH doesn't really like us. Along with the repair of his air-conditioning, the VC is looking to repair the scandal found to be taking place in the IT department: a manager was assigning university contracts worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to a company he owned. Then there is the outrage at the dismissal of the Vice-President and Treasurer of the Union (see left). Finally, in the recent rankings of the top 500 universities across the world, USyd has dropped four places down the list to a mildly embarrassing 96.

Just when he thought it couldn't get much worse, it didn't. HA, psych. The 2012 Good Universities guide released a few ratings of USyd, the more notable of which was 1/5 for teaching quality and 2/5 for Staff qualification. Getting a job was rated as 2/5 but starting salary was 5/5. It should be noted that Research received 5/5 but all in all, a relatively pathetic performance.

Chad "El Chaddo" Sidler put forward the motion for Sydney

University Liberal Club to endorse James McLean in the upcoming SRC Presidential election. The motion got through. Does this mean that Chad is no longer running for President? Does this mean he ate the subway I left in the fridge? The answer to both is unclear. Boring.

Phoebe Drake and the Labor Left contingent are running under the name 'Stand Up'. The following not political bias but rather just a point of advice. If you see someone in purple saying 'Stand up' at the front of the lecture you're only paying half attention to, don't stand up.

On the subject on colours and politics, the Greens on Campus will be running their own presidential candidate for SRC. Madison Cartright will prove a spanner in the works for independent candidate Tim Matthews as well as Phoebe Drake. Greens are known to nab votes from both these candidates' potential constituents.

Pat Massarani is running for the undergraduate fellow on the University of Sydney Senate. He's being endorsed by Labor Right, Chad Sidler and that smug guy you don't really like in your tutorial but can't put a finger on why. He has run for the position before and has lost. He has also run for Union Board and lost.

HI SOCIETY!

JULIAN LARNACH gets a SURG of radio enthusiasm.

One of my proudest memories at University, right up there with my first (and final) HD and getting to edit this rag each week, is in Orientation Week 2009. I was scheduled for a two hour radio slot on the university radio station, SURG. I, along with my friends Shaun and Max drank ten Coke Zeroes each and maintained a constant update of how we were feeling in between songs and general banter. I couldn't sleep for a day, my stool could only be described as "salad bowl multiculturalism" but the radio produced was one of a kind. It's memories like this that fill the minds of broadcasters on the Sydney University Radio Group.

Broadcasting on a limited license during O-Week and Verge Festival each year, the SURG outfit is very colourful. It's a mix of seasoned vets and newbies: all swearing and assuring you the next song will change your life for an hour or so. There's a constant joke of only having three listeners but it's this kind of pressure-free environment that produces great, and if not great, original shows. You're not going to find anything on the air that is conventional as it's proudly unprofessional.

President Michael Koziol believes the aspirational role and aim for SURG is to become another wing of the student media. "American universities have been doing this for ages: it's part of

the institution." SURG's ambitions don't match up with its reality however. If it's only on the air for three weeks a year how can people get attached to programs and be regular listeners? The answer lies in non-traditional transmissions, says Koziol. "My vote is for webcasting because you can tune in anywhere, and quite easily. There's no real point wasting money broadcasting on the air when you can just stream online and be easily listened to on a laptop or iPhone"

Whether they evolve into a bigger entity or remain the darling of the Holme Building basements, SURG is here to stay and you should tune in. Arghya "Bookie" Gupta, a SURG mainstay and former executive, sums it up nicely: "Radio is essentially you, and maybe a couple of others, in a room, trying to engage people who can't communicate with you. It's a challenge if you think about it, but when you do it naturally, it shouldn't matter. Whether you're in the breaking news box at the ABC, or in the labs at Holme, you've got the same resources with potentially the same audience. Even if no one is listening, it is the best practice for when someone might be."

GETTING INVOLVED

Passively: During the Verge Festival, be sure to SURG broadcast listen to 91.5 FM!

Aggressively: Email info@surgfm.org



Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Want some work! Polling Booth Attendants Required

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

If you can work on
Wed 21st Sept and/or Thurs 22nd Sept,
and attend a training at 4pm Tues 20th Sept,
we want to hear from you!

\$29.43 per hour

There may also be an opportunity to undertake additional work at the vote count
Application forms are available from the SRC Front Office
(Level 1 Wentworth Building).

For more info, call 9660 5222 or email elections@src.usyd.edu.au.
Applications close 4pm, 7th September 2011



Authorised by Stephen Lesslie, SRC Electoral Officer 2011.
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney: 02 9660 5222 | www.src.usyd.edu.au



CAMPUS





REVUE
REVIEW
MED

ARTS

LAW

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL WORK
ARCHITECTURE

SCIENCE

ENGINEERING

COMMERCE

QUEER

ARTS REVUE: OR HOW WE LEARNT TO LOVE AGAIN

JULIAN VAN DER ZEE found artistic ambition.

The words ‘ambition’ and ‘arts student’ seem to be unlikely bedfellows, but they came together with an undeniable chemistry in this year’s Arts Revue. If the absence of a pun-title was not hint enough that this revue was going to be very different from past offerings, other indications might be the doubling of cast size from last year, moving to the Everest Theatre and the inclusion of an onstage band that even found time to include a French Horn solo. Sexy.

Memorable characters included an delusional stage mother, a jaded nightclub singer, a lovesick Cupid and an eccentric professor who, in stripping love down its most abstract form, may have even taught us a thing or two about philosophical reasoning (‘Julie loves me, but I love Estelle, that would be perfect, but love isn’t transitive’). A scene featuring

a ‘cowboy dog’ was completely unjustified and entirely brilliant.

All the musical numbers had a fantastically ‘big’ sound and Roman Benedict deserved special recognition for his arrangements. Highlights included ‘Student Elections’ and ‘Hardcore Broadway’.

While far from perfect, *The Arts Revue or How We Learned to Love Again* was clearly a labour of love for all those involved. The directors, cast, musicians and crew should be proud of their efforts. The attempt to create genuinely heart-warming moments at the expense of disposable comedy should also be applauded; some food for thought for other revues perhaps?

Oh, did I mention there was a man dressed as a dog dressed as a cowboy?

OLD MAN HING - more like Lemon, Whine and Bitter.

The Sydney University Arts Revue has always had a special place in my heart, and 2011 was I think the eighth Arts Revue I’ve seen. This year’s theme was love and romance, and that broad yet persistent self-imposed boundary forced the revue to experiment a lot with the form lest they find themselves rehashing fairly well trodden ground.

The more ambitious sketches are where the production shined. Laurence Rosier Staines’ Professor of Love and Logic character was particularly strong, as was Michael Richardson hiding in a bin for twenty minutes and Pat Byrnes and Harry Milas’ terminal illness series. In contrast, the scripts of the less brave offerings were not strong enough to keep their pedestrian conceits funny; Blind Date, Swearing Child and Eiffel Tower were inoffensive at best.

There were probably too many songs. Rob Johnson, Jane Watt and Victoria Nelson’s lovely voices did little to cover the jokeless tunes. This was sadly thematic of many sketches in the show, where performance struggled under the weight of poorly written scripts. Particularly indicative of this were the ditties about ice creams which didn’t appear to have a recognisable joke outside of listing ice creams, and the sketch that can only be described as the unnecessary rape pirate (though please don’t extrapolate from this that I believe there exists some sort of necessary rape pirate).

Overall, the show was fairly slick, often funny and had its share of great moments. Given that many of these people are doing comedy for the first time, I probably shouldn’t be such a negative jerk about it all. Still, they gotta learn some time, or the revues’ll end up producing another awful The Chaser.

LAW REVUE: THE SOCIALLY AWKWARD NETWORK

CONOR BATEMAN is completely biased.

Full disclosure: I am a Law student. Also: I didn’t need to be a Law student to notice that this is probably the best revue that will come out this year. I’m not saying that it didn’t have its problems; it did. The opening and closing songs were pretty bad and detracted from the rest of the show. Some of the songs within the show could have used some better lyrics. Some skits ran way longer than they deserved to and others seemed criminally cut short. But when a revue is hitting an 80:20 ratio of funny to not-funny skits, it’s a rarity.

The smaller cast was a fantastic choice by this year’s directors and producers. Allowing all of the cast members plenty of time on stage seemed to accurately reflect that this really was a group effort. The choreography was second to none. Tori Grimshaw and Em Hartman gave this show better dances than any revue deserves to have. The video skits were short and punchy, the political satire had some bite and it was not, thankfully, a revue bogged down by the faculty

it comes from. The law jokes were limited and instead this scattershot approach to everything was taken. And, in a rare feat, the scattershot seemed to hit a lot of targets, even when shot through a cappella.

The band, as seems to be a trend with revues, was on fine form, allowing skits to flow smoothly from one to the next with the punchlines carried on through the music. Once more, an individual shout out must be made. Sam Farrell very nearly steals this show for himself. Every scene he was in was fantastic and, what I assume to be a character of his own creation, a hankerchief wielding man, was the funniest thing I have even seen on that Seymour stage.

Yes, *The Socially Awkward Network* was a pretty terrible title and concept for this show. Not just because it didn’t really fit at all, but because it didn’t do any justice to what was a thoroughly entertaining comedy show that didn’t even need a story or idea to stick to.

JULIAN VAN DER ZEE lays down the law.

This year’s Law Revue was sometimes very funny, sometimes cringe-inducing and sometimes plain offensive.

The show’s guerilla-style comedy approach proved advantageous for weaker, quickly-forgotten sketches, but was problematic for good sketches that would often end just when things were getting interesting.

Hammy acting was the most frustrating aspect of the show, with projection into the audience rarely coming across as natural. However, this approach was ideal for the high-energy, impressively choreographed musical numbers (‘Dance/Revolt like an Egyptian’ and ‘[Eddie] Mabo No. 5’), but many sketches would have been better served if cast members had left their ‘dance-faces’ on the dance floor.

Acting concerns aside, the show had some very fine moments including a Shakespearean gangster rap (‘bubbles! A word I invented!’), a deadpan OZ Lotto-truck driver discussing his delivery technique and a wacky Charles

Darwin (‘when a human fights a chicken it wins nine out of ten times’).

The compulsory nude sketch was unmemorable (later I could not actually recall what the sketch was about). Given the clash of the Law and Arts Revues, Law Revuers would have missed out on the inspired nudity of the Arts Revue ‘Ye Olde Spice’ parody which worked because it was incidental to the sketch, not its focus.

The band was the best thing about the revue, delivering fantastic covers, including The Nanny opening theme. Other impressive musical performances included Meriana Gyory’s quirky song about being in a relationship with a Yeti and Anna Colless’s powerhouse performance as the Monacan Princess who had repeatedly tried to flee from fiancée Prince Albert II (awkward!).

Despite some great ideas and obvious talent, judicious editing would have made the whole show less bloated and overlong. Overall an entertaining show with just enough uncomfortable moments for awkward turtle to appear.

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL WORK REVUE: GLADIATAR

TOM CLEMENT could teach them a thing or two.

The 2011 Education and Social Work Revue *Gladi-ATAR* was, completely surprisingly, not the same horrifying venture as last year. I’ll be honest, I went into this show expecting the worst, and was pleasantly surprised. This cast has cut out most of the crap, and brought out what could be considered mild humour.

I generally hate revues with a storyline. It’s nigh on impossible to get humour into a cohesive story, and *Gladi-ATAR* was no exception. The best parts of the show were in between the stories: Public School Students, punctuated names, Julia’s elephant, career attire and uniform debate were definitely some of the highlights. However, finding an arts degree in a cereal box was pretty predictable.

Some of the musical numbers were just wicked too, ‘Hipster’s Paradise’ and ‘Quattro Boom on Strings’ to name a couple. The election song was great as well, and made a few stabs at our current USU Board (even though the song was about the SRC...).

But I couldn’t help but feel the whole experience was just a very good dress rehearsal. It’s hard with such a small cast and no band to get the feel and vibe that you get from the bigger revues. On the downside, with no Women’s Revue this year, they might be the worst revue of the season. However, for a second year revue, Education has done a great job. They’ll be back next year, and it’s all uphill from here.

CONOR BATEMAN learnt a thing or two.

I wish I hadn’t seen this show on closing night because had I seen it earlier, I would have recommended it to everyone I know. The Education and Social Work Revue was the big surprise of this revue season because it was as funny as the Law Revue despite having none of the budget.

Gladi-ATAR succeeded because it was genuinely entertaining and very well written. The cast of 13 meant that everyone got a sizable amount of stage time and, luckily for the audience, all of them could act. The writing was superb for a revue; not only was there a great sense of consistency and regularity but this revue took big risks in terms of scene times, with some sketches running up to 5 minutes without a lapse in quality. Where other revues can rely too heavily on a single punchline, the scenes here developed characters and relatable scenarios. The direction was likewise fantastic and the show flowed very well.

The show had the funniest Julia Gillard skit I’ve seen thus far and the finale really worked completely with the show. It also was successful in its non-educational sketches, particularly a fantastic hipster rap. The usage of the Reginald Theatre in the Seymour—a smaller venue—turned out to be a big advantage, as it was a lot more intimate and allowed for some great lighting effects, like the instantaneous creation of a fashion runway. Unlike the bigger revues, the music for the show was performed by the actors on stage and this resulted in some fantastic sketches including a classical rendition of the Vengaboys classic “Boom Boom Boom Boom”.

In only its second year, the Education and Social Work Revue has shown that we shouldn’t only see the big revues each year, but perhaps expand our horizons so we can find little gems like this one.

Why the Sony warehouse fire matters.

BRIDIE CONNELLAN takes a look at the repercussions of musical malevolence.

On the night of Monday 15th August, the chaos of the London riots thrashed a major chord. As flames licked the sky, the British independent music industry realised the relentless nature of a fireball riot and the impact of mindless civil rage. Nestled in the London suburb of Enfield, the three-storey Sony DADC/PIAS music distribution warehouse was burnt to the ground by three spiteful teenagers, incinerating 3.25 million units of stock from over 200 independent record labels and film companies, including Matador, Warp, 4AD, Rough Trade, Young Turks, Domino, Wall of Sound, Thrill Jockey, Drowned In Sound, XL, Sub Pop Jagjaguwar, Drag City, and a batch of worldwide independent favourites.

The industry was floored. Beggars Group for example (including labels Matador, XL, Rough Trade, 4AD, True Panther, Young Turks and Too Pure) lost everything. That's 750,000 copies of albums comprising their entire UK stock, a reproduction task three months in the making. Like Jamie Oliver's restaurant, local stores and a swathe of family businesses, the Sony warehouse fire was an angry attack on an undeserving group of individuals and businesses, where lawlessness took the place of reason in a plea of poverty. Damn the man, blaze the Empire.

The problem is not replacing the latest Arctic Monkeys or Battles single discs, or at least not the major problem. The creative and economic devastation comes with the destruction of back catalogues, in Warp's case 21 years worth of releases and rare LPs which they say, "may never be available physically again." In an era when physical record sales are a challenge in themselves, this kind of setback is godawful. As the *Irish Times* asked, "How do you survive while you're waiting for insurance to come through and when you have no stock to sell?"

Lucky for the labels, the independent sector is one of support and men-at-arms when their chips are down. Over £250,000 was donated through an emergency relief fund within three days of the fire through initiatives from PIAS, the Association for Independent Music, British Phonographic Industry, and fundraising initiatives Label Love and Music Indie.

However a large amount of the backlash against concern for these consumer goods has argued that upset over the fire is superficial. Domino Records, home to the Arctic Monkeys,

concurred with some less sympathetic commentators, acknowledging their thankfulness of little human harm. However the label is nonetheless devastated by their loss, including stock of the latest Arctic Monkeys album *Suck It And See*, issuing a statement reading: "While relieved that no-one was injured in the incident, we're upset about the loss and destruction of our stock, and thinking of our friends at other independent labels who were also affected by the fire. We are currently working hard with Sony DADC to maintain our release schedule and keep business going as usual." In a bittersweet twist of fate, the only surviving stock from the blaze was a stash of twenty CDs of Oregonian rockers Quasi, a group signed to Domino. Keep those babies in a fireproof safe now.

Haters, I dare you to Google the blaze. YouTube footage of 3.25 million units of stock, records, films and products made by artists with little to no income from record sales, is devastating. Bulbous clouds of smoke and flame engulf the night sky, hardly destroying a throwaway Crazy Frog cuts but the unique efforts of over 200 independent labels and musicians. Don't be distracted by the Sony masthead, distribution is not the same as label funding; distribution involves marketing, selling, shipping and delivering stock to retailers and record stores, while the bankroll to create, record, master, produce, design and press a record comes from the label itself. Sony and PIAS are essentially commissioned salesmen who have (or had) a warehouse to rent.

There's a light in this: as of Friday last week PIAS partnered with London based Proper Music Distribution to resume trade and the teens responsible have been arrested and charged for their actions. As PIAS founder and CEO Kenny Gates announced, "We can now fully focus on supporting our labels beyond resolving the immediate logistical issues and ensure we all come out of this stronger and more resilient than ever before." With the British independent music industry linking arms and making good of such an unfair destruction, the resilience of such a self-funded group of music businesses is admirable to say the least and indestructible to say the most. Now, go and stick on a physical CD and appreciate the distro chain that brought it to your living room. You never know when it could all go up in smoke.



News In Briefs



JAMES COLLEY is willing to give you headlines.

A raging storm in Belgium has brought down a stage at the Pukkelpop music festival. Five people died and 140 were injured. The footage was captured on video and has circulated around YouTube. This occurred less than a week after the Indiana state fair, where another five were killed by a stage collapse. There is nothing whimsical to say about this. Some things are just sad.

The ABC was rocked by a truly tragic day last Thursday when a helicopter crash left three veteran employees dead. Paul Lockyer, Gary Ticehurst and John Bean were all killed when the helicopter they were filming in crashed near Lake Eyre on Thursday night. At the time of writing the cause of the crash is unknown, and may be unknown for some time. Adding to this already heartbreaking situation: ABC television pioneer Ian Carroll succumbed to pancreatic cancer.

Bob Katter said an awful thing about a group of people he doesn't understand. The world kept on spinning.

At another anti-carbon tax rally on Tuesday Tony Abbott received a rock star welcome, which is depressing enough already. The rally featured large placards sprouting phrases "ditch the witch" and the classic "Ju-LIAR". There was also a Marie Antoinette poster with Gillard's face and the words "Let them eat carbon", a phrase that would make a lot more sense if carbon wasn't contained in literally every food. Abbott was quick to distance himself from these posters by delivering a speech in front of them while saying that he "didn't necessarily agree with them."

Labor MP Craig Thomson definitely didn't use his credit card to pay for an escort service. Definitely not. He paid for something else instead. There is no possible way that Labor MP Craig Thomson used his credit card to pay for an escort ser- Wait. Yeah. That story is crumbling as we speak and a police investigation is now under way. Sextacular!

The Arab Spring

"It is pleasant," Lucretius once wrote, "when the sea is high and the wind is dashing the waves about, to watch from the shores the struggles of another." And it is particularly pleasant when one of the combatants is someone we can relate to, such as a group of earnest democrats with the gumption to rebel against a brutal dictator. This is what is so profound about the Arab Spring, and Libya in particular. It's not just another boring ethnic or religious conflict. It's a mass liberal democratic uprising, brought about by and led in the main by educated young people who have seen how great life is the Western democracies and want the same for their own. And the free world is doing a bit more than just watching and well-wishing from afar—we intervened to save our fellow liberals when they were on the brink of annihilation, and we continue to provide assistance in their effort to defeat their dictator, Muammar Gaddafi, who continues to cling power.

The democratic rebellion in Libya, and the Arab Spring as a whole, are confirmation and vindication of liberal universalism: people everywhere yearn for a democratic political community underwritten by social and economic liberalism, or put simply—freedom. Libyans have issued a striking rebuke to the view that people don't mind missing out on political rights as long as an authoritarian regime can maintain

decent economic growth. This is lasting proof that there is only so long people will put up with the corruption and cronyism inherent in dictatorship. There is a certain dignity that comes with refusing to be placated by the petty material comfort afforded by the dregs of oil wealth and instead getting out on the public square to protest for fundamental political rights and an end to the regime which has lorded it over you for more than forty years, and Libya has taken it up with gusto.

Dictatorships hold power by instilling fear in the people they rule and the problem for Arab dictators is that 'the fear is waning', as Waleed Aly observed in July's *Monthly*. But it hasn't been for lack of trying. Gaddafi has gone to monstrous extremes to try and rekindle the fear: heavy machine guns and tanks turned on crowds of unarmed protestors, the same unarmed protesters strafed by helicopters and jets; men and boys were and continue to be arbitrarily detained and tortured, government troops were directly ordered to rape women. It was an all-out assault on a fledgling civil society by a regime that detests the idea of civil society. But despite having the odds stacked against them and suffering appalling losses in the early stages of the conflict, people kept coming back to demonstrate against the regime.

TOM LEE gives his own two cents on the ideological conflict behind a physical conflict.

A gut-wrenching few days followed. The world watched as an armoured column issued forth from Tripoli, grinding towards Benghazi, and the UN and the nations that comprise it debated over whether an intervention was really worth it. There was a strong sentiment amongst the democracies that we ought to back a democratic brother up against Gaddafi, who went on the record promising 'no mercy'. A few pissweak politicians argued it wasn't worth the effort, but the right minded were convinced when it became clear that it boiled down to a simple choice of whether to allow a city full of revolutionary democrats to be massacred by an unhinged dictator's death squads, or not.

So after weeks of deliberation and televised horror an epic three way was teed up between Obama, Sarkozy and Cameron and it was decided that NATO would cruise into the Med, establish a No Fly Zone and kick some arse in order to defend the civilian population. To their credit, when such a motion was put to the Security Council neither China or Russia vetoed it. All of a sudden, after being totally discredited by its failure to prevent a clutch of preventable massacres and genocides in the 1990s, the UN was back in the game.

Then NATO eventually struck, almost godlike. It began auspiciously with a

French jet appearing on the horizon. Then an American. Then a British. All of them fanging it to Libya, winging justice to Benghazi's democrats. Gaddafi's jets were blown out of the sky; the killers and the rapists were scorched to death as their tanks and APCs were reduced to flaming cauldrons.

Benghazi was ecstatic. It's citizens poured out into the public square and unfurled super size flags of the chief NATO countries in a heartfelt gesture of thanks. Images of the stars and stripes, the French tricolour and the union jack adorning the walls of an Arab city were surreal to behold. But there it was. It was a superb example of liberal internationalism and one the West can feel rightly pretty good about. One of the stronger arguments against intervention was that it would indirectly assist radical Islamic groups suppressed by Gaddafi; that a secular dictator is preferable to a renaissance of anti-West Islamic hostility as a lesser of two evils. And it has to be said, there are a few disturbingly shaggy Islamist beards kicking round the rebel's ranks. But we rolled the dice on the rebels, and even if Libya's liberals come off second best to Islamic conservatives in a post-Gaddafi electoral contest, having played an indispensable part in allowing that election to take place is of immense value. And it'll be that much harder for extremists to hate on the West as anti-Islam.



Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney

SRC Elections 2011

Postal Voting Application Form

POSTAL VOTING

If you wish to vote in the 2011 SRC elections but are unable to vote EITHER on polling days Wednesday 21st or Thursday 22nd September at any of the advertised locations, OR on pre-polling day (on main campus) Tuesday 20th September, then you may apply for a postal vote.

Fill in this form and send it to:

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

PLEASE NOTE: postal vote applications **MUST BE RECEIVED AND IN OUR PO BOX by Friday 26th of August** at 4.30pm or they will not be considered. **No exceptions.**

You may use a photocopy of this form.

Name of applicant: _____

Student Card Number: _____

Faculty/Year: _____

Phone Number: () _____

Email: _____

Mobile: _____

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

Signature: _____

Please send voting papers to the following address:

State: _____ Postcode: _____

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

For more information contact
Stephen Lesslie, Electoral Officer 02 9660 5222



Authorised by Stephen Lesslie, SRC Electoral Officer 2011.
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney Phone: 02 9660 5222 www.src.usyd.edu.au

Beyoncé is a Ten

NEADA BULSECO has a massive crush on R&B's first lady.

The One to Ten rating system is something we've all employed at one time or another. We've indulged lovers in Nines or put down exes as Fives; your friends are all at least an Eight and your enemy doesn't have a chance in hell of ever hitting the mid-range. This system is subjective to the extreme. Nevertheless there is one universally recognised signifier of a Ten. When I say potato, you might say potahto. But when I say, "Beyoncé's a babe" you say "Beyoncé is a babel!" Then we blast 'Single Ladies' and brazenly bust our booties.

Beyoncé is a Ten. Not number 10, or sitting modestly in tenth place; she takes out the gold with the international claim to the highest rating in the One to Ten system. She's talented, beautiful and undeniably sexy. She's got a voice to fall in love to (or with), hips to woo and claimed the top spot of Forbes' Most Powerful and Influential Musician in the World, 2010. Beyoncé has released four albums as a solo artist in the past eight years, raking in a total of 13 Grammys (including a record-breaking six in one night for I Am... Sasha Fierce in 2008) and selling over 75 million records worldwide. If that doesn't qualify as a Ten, she's also been nominated for two Golden Globes. All before turning 30. Yep, the ultimate Ms. Ten also has youth on her side.

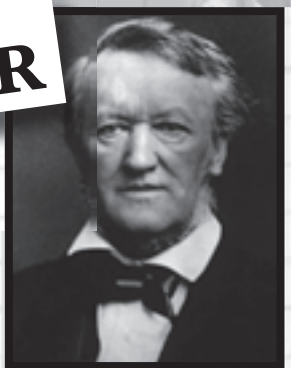
Beyoncé's CV might read like an ultimate fantasy, but her classification as a Ten also derives from the appeal of her approach. Her charisma never strikes as arrogance, and her fame is the fruits of

years of labour: from humble beginnings rapping at age eight in girl group Girls Tyme, Beyoncé has dedicated more than two decades to shaking her thang to get to the top. And, though she might delight in breaking out the lingerie for video clips, she has claimed her crown with dignity and humility, without the any night-cam video releases. This is why Beyoncé's appeal transcends boundaries, speaking to both men and women, and serving as a template for talent in the mainstream.

When Kanye got all up in Taylor Swift's grill for winning Best Female Video over Beyoncé at the 2009 MTV Video Music Awards, Beyoncé was shocked and appalled. Then she won the overall Best Video award anyway. Typical. We admire Beyoncé for keeping two feet on the ground despite the wave of fame that she could easily ride to pretention. She spreads the success, donating generously to charity, and admits to her own human qualities, talking openly about her struggle with depression that stretched the late years of her teens and early twenties. She attributes her recovery to the steadfast support of her family, and her father was her manager until last year. She remains untainted by the temptations of fame and loves Jay-Z just 'cause, not for the privileges that might come with marrying the King of Hip Hop. She doesn't need to. She's already royalty.

Beyoncé is an icon of our time, and a definite Ten. And she has every right to be just that.

LIFE CRITIC: RICHARD WAGNER



REBECCA SAFFIR smites an anti-semite.

Poor Richard Wagner. For everything he did to advance the development of classical music and the operatic form, there's just no getting away from the fact he was a big, fat Jew-hater. Like so many who came before and would come after, Tricky Dicky was more than a little bothered by the success of his Jewish contemporaries, and so fell prey to using the ever popular line of argument: the Jews run the world, and it is for this reason, not the quality of their work, they gain success.

Richard should have kept a closer eye on who was listening to his mouthing off. The heady mix of his distaste for the Semite people of Germany and his rousing melodies proved rather irresistible for one Adolf Hitler, who famously chivvied dozens of high-ranking Nazi officials along to performances of his epic operas, rather to their chagrin. It's also bloody inconvenient because, as things turned out, many of the maestros of the 20th and 21st centuries turned out to be Jewish (they rule the world, you know) and they're stuck in the unenviable position of trying to balance the need to play some of the best music ever written with the fact that they might get death threats for doing so (did I mention the Jews run the world?).

One of my favourite Yiddish maxims stipulates that if you have three Jews in the room there will be four opinions, and never was this truer than when discussing Wagner. The same person will argue passionately for his ability to reinvigorate the opera, contribute enormously to our understanding of the theatrical experience, leave us with a legacy of game-changing symphonic music and broadly influence literature, philosophy and visual art, while in the same breath denouncing his hyperbolic orchestration, excessive pomp and hysterical plotting. It's exhausting to think about. He had affairs, more debt than he could handle and a tendency to cause chaos and disturbance wherever he went.

There are lots of reasons for this man to have been consigned to the dustbin of history, yet he persists, performed worldwide and with a dedicated band of followers who track productions of Wagner operas around the globe. Either the Jews don't rule the world – or, far more likely, they just know a good drama when they see one.

FUCK MUSIC CENSORSHIP, AND YOU

JACK GOW can't stop the music! Nobody can stop the music!

@fucktyler: If Tegan And Sara Need Some Hard Dick Hit Me Up!

If that tweet reads as nothing more than a sexually-aggressive, over-capitalised and ultimately very misguided attempt to initiate a threesome with Canadian indie-darlings and lesbian twin sisters, Tegan and Sara, then you must have missed the social media shitstorm it unleashed earlier this year. The tweeter in question: hip-hop "it boy" du jour, Tyler the Creator, leader of the undeniably offensive, undeniably controversial and undeniably talented hip-hop collective Odd Future Wolf Gang Kill Them All (or Odd Future for short). It was a response, in trademark smack-talk fashion, to "A Call For Change" posted by Sara. Her beef (yeah we talkin' hip-hop now, G's) with Tyler is that she objects - and understandably so - to the blatant homophobia, misogyny and violence of some of the lyrical content of his latest and most publicised album *Goblin*. An objection that Tyler, judging from his brutally succinct response, has beef with too.

Now, before we venture any further into these murky depths, I want to make it clear that I am in no way defending the homophobic or, for that matter, any of the objectionable lyrics that Tyler regularly spouts with about as little consideration as a musical Anders Breivik. However, this whole episode did get me thinking about what it is about hip-hop that people find so offensive. Sure the content matter can be, and sadly all too often is, violent, misogynistic and homophobic, but these themes are not unique to hip-hop. Expressed via a different medium, or even a different genre, these negative ideas are around. Why then does hip-hop cop such a bad rap (see what I did there)?

Though the reasons are manifold I think the main factor rests on the thin, but incredibly important, line between the rapper as a person, and their rap persona. This distinction between the person and the character they adopt is

vague across all genres of music but the line seems particularly blurred when it comes to hip-hop. Perhaps it is an anomaly of music. This is an industry dependent upon the personality of the musician, and a medium where the audience expects "honest" expression. But nevertheless it is strange that we hold the content matter of rap music to a level of accountability that we do not expect from other media.

Though we would never seriously believe that Quentin Tarantino wants to run around scalping Nazis or that Anthony Hopkins actually wants to eat your face, we somehow have no trouble believing that Eminem really does want to murder his ex-wife. Hip-hop itself is partly to blame for its propagation of the myths surrounding these personas (you'll sell more albums if they think you're 'hood) but in the same way that we appreciate an actor playing a character

we should appreciate that rappers also adopt guises in their art. Just as Lady Gaga is not Stefani Germanotta (don't worry I didn't know her real name either), Dr. Dre is not Andre Young. This distinction isn't helped at all by the fact that most rap personas are loosely based on their creator's original personality, but we must bear in mind that these personas are a means to end: selling more records.

Though he may be hustlin' e'ryday, Rick Ross used to work as a prison guard, which is the antithesis of the cocaine slangin' façade he affects. Dr. Dre grew up in a comfortable middle-class family - more Fresh Prince than fuck tha police. Which brings me back to my original point: these personae are characters and their actions, at least in lyrical form, should be judged as such. As Tyler himself says on his track 'Radicals': "don't do anything that I say in this song, it's fucking fiction."

FARRAGO



OPERA IS NOT BORING ... BORING ... BORING ...

says **LAURENCE ROSIER STAINES**

There are very real reasons that people our age don't like operas. When we think of operas we picture pretentious suit-wearing elder citizens losing their monocles in champagne glasses. We think of drama-free stories that last for hours, implausible emotional reactions to contrived plot developments, fat Italian men and fatter German women wearing Viking helmets standing in one spot intoning some witless monologue in a lugubrious monotone. Basically everything in *Ariadne auf Naxos*, in other words. But to think that this covers everything is, at best, foolishness; 80% of any genre is terrible. You need to find the good ones, and the good operas really are very good.

This should not be a surprise but there are still sceptics. Yes, the more

ambitious you get with art forms, the more you're inviting trouble. Music + theatre is always a risk, but when it works you really notice it. And let me tell you with no exaggeration (and minimal haughtiness) that some operas are good candidates for 'best art ever', while others are just goddamned excellent entertainment.

The easiest way in is perhaps via the comedies, and of the comedies there are few that are quite as accessible as Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Marriage of Figaro). It is hard not to like the characters, all of which are much fuller than the *Commedia dell'Arte* archetypes they begin as. A lecherous Count! Scheming butlers and servants! A sexually overactive youth (played by a woman)! The story is basically about

adultery, hare-brained schemes and sudden shifts in priorities, so already it's winning as a comedy. Musically, it is continually baffling how Mozart managed to sound so good with the same several cadences in everything (and I mean everything). But beyond the energetic melodies, the farcical situations and the genuine warmth and emotion of the characters, opera is a medium where it can all come together and this is a great example of that happening really well.

Perhaps the worst thing about opera is that it's been made into an isotropic 'high art' form when in actual fact many operas were just the nightly entertainment of the time. That is why doors are now closed for overtures (despite overtures originally being

written so that people had music while finding their seats), and part of the reason behind the obscene prices. Look into student rush tickets, around \$50 each and available an hour before each performance, to ease the pain.

Aside from the prices, two of the most alienating things about good operas are that they are in foreign languages and that there's no drum beat underneath them. After you get over these two things (idiots), check out *Don Giovanni*, *Il Trovatore*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Carmen* and *Tales of Hoffman*. Do not be fooled by the elderly socialites who clog up the aisles; these shows are bloodthirsty, hilarious, surreal and sexually charged. BLAM.

MUSIC ETIQUETTE

JACK FREESTONE listens without a tuning knife and fork

I am That Guy. I am that guy on the bus who listens to his music way too loud. I came to this realisation a few months back when I was on a bus and a particularly rough looking young man gave me a smirk and a hearty nudge and asked me what I was listening to. As much as I wanted to pretend that I was listening to something ghetto, like Biggie, or even something indie and obscure, I simply wasn't. I was listening to Katy Perry's *Firework*. Admitting that truth to this guy in particular is perhaps one of

the braver things I have done in my time. He wasn't impressed so I turned towards the window, lowered the volume and avoided selecting any tracks that could potentially be deemed camp or girly by a delinquent and masculine youth. I found this particularly challenging.

The whole episode got me thinking. There are often instances in my life when other people's music irritates the hell out of me. For example, the other day in the office my boss was loudly singing along to Nickleback; naturally, I wanted someone

to shoot me in the face. Every day at work the crackle of commercial radio hinders my enjoyment of time that could be spent in pleasant silence. Throughout childhood my father subjected me to endless hours of jazz guitar recordings. We all subject our peers to our taste in music in one way or another. As well as listening to my iPod at an obnoxious volume on public transport, I am also often the drunk party guest that demands total control of the iPod playlist.

The world is never going to be free

of awful or annoying music and if it's not me who is playing the music then chances are, I will be forced to put up with somebody else's poor taste. Playing music in public is kind of like farting in public. To you the fart might be slightly naughty and amusing but to everyone else, it just stinks. Bad music is inevitable and with modern technology bad music will follow you everywhere. This is a first world problem and a Gen Y creation. It seems the obvious solution is to play your bad music louder than all the other bad music.



USYD AFL UPGRADE

Earlier this year the Sydney University Australian National Football Club (SUANFC) was invited to enter the North Eastern Australian Football League (NEAFL) and on Tuesday 16th August the members of the club voted to accept this invitation. This offer was limited to only two clubs in all of Sydney; SUANFC was selected on the basis of its security, resources and success, all of which have seen nine premierships delivered in the last decade across all grades.

This move will see some big changes happen at the club from 2012. The NEAFL is one of the leagues directly

below the AFL and being a part of it means they will tackle (and kick at) the likes of the Sydney Swans Reserves, Greater Western Sydney Reserves and Brisbane Lions Reserves. Put simply, the players will face better opponents and have a greater chance to showcase their talents.

The club as a whole stands to benefit from the move. SUANFC and its sponsors will gain far greater exposure than they currently receive thanks to national television coverage. This big move also opens up the possibility of Sydney University Oval #1 being

upgraded and extended to meet AFL field requirements.

This will not be easy though. It will take a lot of time, hard work and a big pile of money to make the move successful and sustainable without harming the club. Given the club can only afford one paid employee, its Managing Director, this will require a huge contribution from the current and former players as well as the wider community.

Having said that, the club has done incredibly well to be in a position to receive an offer to play in the NEAFL

as well as accept it. Congratulations to everyone involved in securing this great milestone for the club, let's get behind the boys and bring on the Swans Reserves in 2012!



Jump higher? Sing louder!

Rocky would not have been the same without the soundtrack. Sly Stallone would never have fought his way past Clubber Lang, Ivan Drago and the rest of them without *Survivor's* 'Eye of the Tiger'. An old cricketing friend of mine used to feel the same way; the night before his high school First XI grand final day, he psyched up *Rocky*-style to that famous tune. For a game of cricket. The following morning. I didn't get it either.

Music has counted among the secrets to athletic success ever since the cavemen first stretched antelope hide across hollow logs for drumming accompaniment to their daily hunts. Psychologists and sports scientists reckon that's for good reason. University of Southern Queensland academic Peter Terry and his colleagues point to four factors in music that improve psychophysical ability: rhythm response (time and tempo), musicality (melody and harmony), cultural impact ("the pervasiveness of the music within society") and association (the kind that evokes slow motion images of yourself crossing the finish line for Olympic gold).

Unsurprisingly, it is tempo and rhythm which most affect physical training and performance. But to what degree? The academics spout all sorts of rhetoric about music's capacity to "capture attention, lift spirits, generate emotion," etc., but surely much of the reason for

playing music on an evening jog must be from boredom of watching the suburban traffic crawl by. Apparently there's more to it. Olympic long-distance gold medallist Haile Gebrselassie often requested techno music be played over racetrack speakers as he raced. In 1998, he broke the indoor 2000-metre world record to Scatman John's 'Scatman', striding in time to the beats.

Far more cringeworthy were the motivational techniques of the Great Britain bobsleigh team at the Winter Olympics in Nagano '98. Each training and competition morning, the foursome listened to Whitney Houston's 'One Moment in Time'. The Poms credit the song with pushing them across the line for their nation's first Olympic bobsleigh medal since 1964. Just how the crack-addicted diva's awful pop ballad managed to motivate four spandexed men to slide down a hill any faster is unclear. But whatever does it for you.

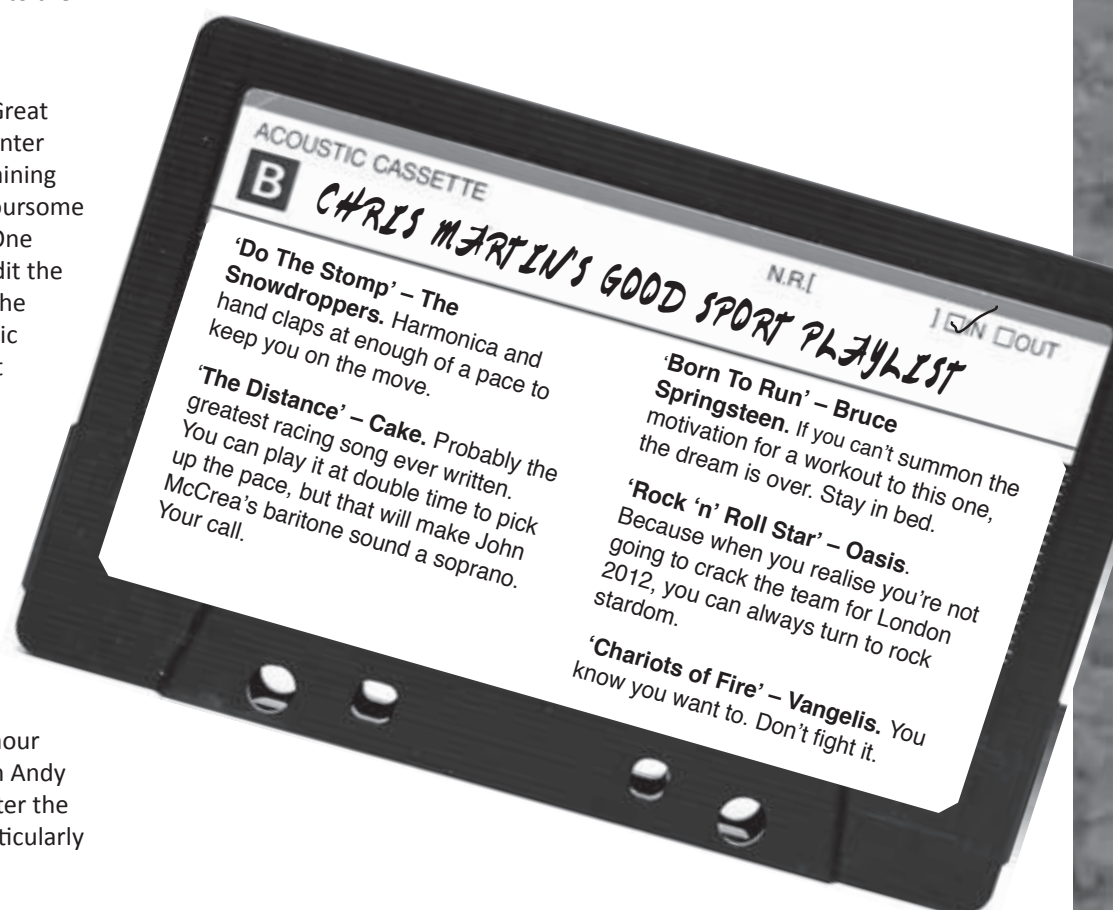
So it's easy to imagine Cadel Evans pumping through some Powderfinger or Pnau on his way up and down the French Alps last month. Rumour has it Evans' terse exchange with Andy Schleck during Stage 19 came after the Luxembourger interrupted a particularly

Where is CHRIS MARTIN running to?

stout rendition of 'My Happiness' for a chat about tactics.

In all seriousness, the athletes among us must always be very careful about playing under the influence of music. Sydney Uni's road cycling club, SUVelo, advises members against listening to earphones on a ride – safety before symphonies. If

you're cycling away from traffic, or even running miles on a treadmill, it's still best to handle your music with care. You're only ever an unlucky shuffle away from developing dangerous illusions about breaking world records to a Whitney Houston backing track.



The Riot Come Down

MAX HALDEN on the aftermath of the London Riots, and their implications for the 2012 Olympics.



What a difference an affray makes. Just last month if you'd asked someone what the biggest news out of London was, they probably would have mentioned something about the countdown to the 2012 Olympics (presuming they had a short memory for Murdoch). But today, if they are talking about London 2012, it is probably only in terms of how much damage the riots have done to the preparations for the massive international sporting event.

The reality is that very little has materially changed since before and after the riots. Apart from a minor reshuffle of some test events for beach volleyball, no fixtures or venues were adversely affected. But nevertheless, the London 2012 brand has been seriously dented. Not only were over 200 IOC delegates in town while the riots were going down, but one of the Olympic ambassadors (who are selected to welcome visitors to London), 18-year-old Chelsea Ives, was arrested in the aftermath for allegedly destroying part of a phone store and attacking a police car. Not a good look.

Unsurprisingly, China, hosts of the 2008 Olympics, are shit-stirring with state media reports claiming the riots raise serious safety fears for visitors. Games authorities have been quick to assure the world that security will not only be tight but also free from any convicted rioters but the damage is already done. Jokes about the Olympic Torchings and the 1500m Police Chase cannot be taken back.

Maybe what's more interesting are the questions that the riots have raised about the make-up of British society and the priorities of its government and its people. Can you really justify spending between two and nine billion pounds on a sporting event when every household in England is tightening their belts to near breaking point? And despite the soaring rhetoric of 'bringing a sports loving people together', will a three week party really have any effect on the crippling social and economic problems facing much of the UK's underclass? No, and let's face it, the Olympics is not meant to be a silver bullet. But, if the organisers were hoping that London 2012 would be one, then the riots have certainly taken some of the shine off.

THE PROFILE TOM GILMORE AKA 10K

by LAURENCE ROSIER STAINES

Tom Gilmore is 22, lives in Surry Hills and recently came back from New York where he shouted into a Game Boy at a festival.

Active since 2007 under the name Ten Thousand Free Men & Their Families, Gilmore is a chiptune artist. That means he writes music on home or portable entertainment systems. "Chiptune," he says, "is an ongoing celebration of an era of home computing and entertainment that has been happening since Amigas, Game Boys and Nintendo Entertainment Systems were first available." That's right, this is a thing. A niche thing, to be sure, but as niches go this one is pretty damn exciting.

Gilmore himself—or 10k, as he is professionally known—plays modern punk music on an original Nintendo Game Boy, using a game/program called Little Sound DJ to write what he terms 'chipunk'. In live performance, 10k screams over thunderous 8-bit drums and Marioesque coin noises, a wall of musical violence that recalls both the nostalgia of youth and the internal rage of an angry, angry young man taken to comical extremes. "In a sense, you could even argue that my subversion of a home entertainment device to create backing tracks for me to yell over is the most punk shit going."

So those radcore 8-bit sounds that we got to know in the mid to late 90s aren't just for games and Crystal Castles (and the soundtrack to Adventure Time)? No sirree. But Gilmore is quick to emphasise that the music produced by chip artists need have no relation at all to game soundtracks. "In the community, people don't uniformly associate chipmusic with game music. If you listen to chipmusic non-stop for a year, it isn't like listening to a game soundtrack anymore unless it plays out like one. People are using this as a medium to write songs that are indistinguishable from popular music in some cases—for example cTrix, Sabrepulse, Henry Homesweet—or fit so perfectly into other electronic music genres that their medium is not important. Chipmusic is not a genre. It is an umbrella term that describes a process."

Medium aside, 10k's songs sometimes sound like therapy. One song, 'Leaving Home', has the predominant lyric "Fuck you I'm leaving home," and then there's the manic crowd favourite 'Bitch Whipped' ("You're bitch whipped, whipped by your bitch, all up in your grill she got a grip on your dick"). He explains: "My songs stem from different places ... Various things I have gone through have been easy content for my songs, but lately, with less rubbish happening in my life—or perhaps rubbish I'd like to keep further under wraps—my music has moved slowly towards tongue-in-cheek hardcore punk type party music."

And what great tongue-in-cheek hardcore punk type party music it is. But despite the flair, it just wouldn't be punk if he had carefully planned what he's been doing. "The first song

that I added lyrics to I considered to be so bad that I just yelled something over it to laugh at it even more. Later, after realising people kinda liked it, I ran with it as a point of difference." This point of difference was a major factor behind his selection to play at Blip Festival in New York, the largest festival of chipmusic in the world.

"Blipfest was an interesting journey," Gilmore/10k tells me. "It started with me going to watch Blip in '09 and knowing that I was meant to play it at some point. I played my only tracks with vocals at an open mic event hosted at a massively important artist-run space in NYC called The Tank, and the response to those songs was pretty remarkable and it inspired me to continue writing in that vein." Consequently he wrote, recorded and released two EPs (*MKE OR BRK* and *Another*) in a year and, after "getting in front of the right eyes and performing like a mental patient", he stood out enough for the organisers to ask him to play at Blip 2011 alongside artists like Anamanagucci and 4mat (who coined the term 'chipmusic').

Amid a scene where many performers look down at a table, 10k's shows are made up of equal parts music, shouting, yelling, jumping and establishing a prickly camaraderie with the audience. You wouldn't be wrong to think he's just a Game Boy away from being a hardcore band. "A guy named Peter who runs the chipmusic blog True Chip Til Death once made a comment about how much the world chipmusic scene has in common with the American hardcore scene. Both have started small and spread in similar fashions. Small groups are using similar formulas to put on nights, which are monthly with a recurring name: Pulsewave, Duty Cycle, Cheapbeats, SoundBytes, Pocket Music ..."

10k's unholy but extremely entertaining mix of hardcore and chipmusic "kinda fell in my lap," he says, "but in a way it is quite beautiful because these genres really mirror each other. Both are working against the grain, both are communities and both thrive on live performance and gatherings." So I recommend the following things to you, dear reader. Familiarise yourself with chiptune, then with 10k's abrasively great chipunk, and finally get along to a show and fall into the best niche you never knew about. It's a wide 8-bit world out there.

Catch 10k at the 8bitpeoples Showcase, happening as part of Electro Fringe during Newcastle's This Is Not Art festival.

Thursday 30th September 6.30pm

Featuring the only NSW appearances of Nullsleep (US), Bit Shifter (US) and Henry Homesweet (UK) along with local heroes cTrix (VIC), Derris-Kharlan (VIC), Dot.AY (QLD), Ten Thousand Free Men and Their Families, and more to be announced.

Tickets online: \$12+BF At the door: \$15



Pitchfork shows no signs of relinquishing its role as informed indie-tastemaker, but thankfully online and print journalism are somewhat symbiotic. The former has in its breadth of content spawned the need for print publications to select the best of what's available online and explore it further. Plus, it's made of paper. Pitchfork's popularity isn't destructive, and while it's easy to despise a website that reviews pop with a rigour and smugness that often borders on academic, we'll probably read it anyway.

ALL HANDS ON DECK

With shiny new software opening doors for all DJs, is there any reason to stay in the old-school?

ANDY FRASER tunes in to both channels.

When CDs came in, vinyl DJs looked down on CD DJs. Whatever, how are you gonna get every track you want. You find a track on a blog, you want to play it? The only way that's gonna happen is if you download it and play it digitally. You can burn it to CD but no one has a vinyl pressing machine in their backyard.

Martin Novosel, PhDJ

The industry of scritch has been kicked in the face by a size 16 robot boot. While most DJs today are embracing the opportunities that technology has awarded them, there are still some that cling to tradition. You yourself might cling to the feel and nostalgia of a book or newspaper, rejecting the idea of an electronic copy in favour of its analogue predecessor. From crunchy house sets, to indie mash-ups, or even hip-hop scratching sessions, there are plenty of ponies to ride on the DJ merry-go-round. With a lot of ways to go about the trade, they all have history to get caught up in. Introducing Martin Novosel AKA PhDJ of Purple Sneakers DJ's, and Tom Lowndes AKA Tom Loud – visual beat making extraordinaire. These dudes have been at it for a long while, come from distinct places, are going in different directions but love what they do equally.

There's a little bit more to all of it than just cool beats and smooth skills: the industry is continually evolving thanks to technology and the advent of digital DJing. Now it's already caused a shitstorm with the vinyl veterans holding onto tradition - their entrenched animosity staining every DJ hugging his hard-drive. Novosel and Lowndes haven't taken any sides. They've made sides.

Novosel first got his Disk Jockeying on in London 2002. Starting as a collector of music, he was just enjoying partying with his housemates and collecting CDs when he was stimulated unconventionally. "We used to get all of the CDs, we'd have two stereos, one next to the other," he explains. "You'd play a track and you'd get sick of that track after like a minute. You didn't have to loose any time, just fade one down and then up. Then my flatmate was like 'dude, why don't we just get a CD mixer.' So we bought a CD mixer." Simple, right? Well ten years later he's supporting Does it Offend You, Yeah? and flying off to South Africa for the odd festival set.

A couple of years earlier Tom Lowndes was getting his rave on closer to home. He admits that he "was into clubbing and going out until five in the morning so [he] was always mystified by DJs." A sound engineer by trade, he spent his first real paycheck on some brand spanking new turntables: Technics' SL-1200, the first ever turntable released in 1974, which remains the industry standard today. Lowndes then started on the relatively exxy mission of collecting those roundish pieces of plastic. "Sitting in my room, I have probably, a couple of thousand records behind me. I was a real vinyl junkie," Lowndes brags. But as Lowndes soon realised when touring, it's pretty damn difficult to drag two thousand vinyls to gigs

around the country. You know what, it would be super convenient just to shrink-ray all those vinyl into a small box and then use wizardry to recall any one of them in a second. Cue 21st century. "I couldn't carry all of my records with me, so I got Serato. It allowed me to have all of my music on my laptop," concedes Lowndes. "[It's] rad but I also felt a bit dirty about it." He wouldn't be the only one.

From DJ Kool Herc's first example of mixing records in 1973, to the introduction of digital DJing standardised by the Serato platform, we are seeing software advanced enough to do most of the work for any artist. All you need is a bit of information installed on a box. The argument is that anyone with a computer and at least one working hand can be a DJ. This then diminishes any kind of respect earned by professionals working for years on their technique and manual beat matching mastery. There is something very real and raw about a DJ who's sending everything at you from a needle and a piece of plastic. Lowndes describes it as an innate skill that "People can see. If that needle gets knocked, the whole show is over. People can understand that. That has been removed from DJing: seeing where the sound is coming from."

"Beat mixing, and that obsessive, nerdy, DJing, chin-stroking [has] faded out. People realise that you [don't] have to obsessively learn and blend tracks together, and get everything technically perfect. Because if you had just five great tracks, then you put them in and press play, and everyone is drunk. Well everyone's going to have a great fucking time."

On the other hand, Novosel rejects any consideration of guilt and unabashedly defends the new DJ era. He DJs exclusively with Serato (industry standard software that emulates DJ decks for live performances) and produces on Ableton (enables music production for the purpose of mashups and remixes). "It allows me to do whatever I want to. I can do stuff that I could never do if I was playing CD's and definitely vinyl." Like Lowndes, Novosel adopted Serato out of convenience. "I used to have the biggest CD gig bag you could get," he says. "I used to carry it around, go from one CD to another. Eventually I got sick of it. One day I thought 'fuck carrying this around', now I have access to 50,000 songs on a hard-drive."

With everything in one easily-accessible place and high quality software becoming more freely available to your average punter, the professional to amateur playing field is evening out. Established DJs are finding new ways to play with technology in order

to set themselves apart. DJ Shadow spins vinyl from elaborate, big budget sets with intricate lighting programs. Even deck-legend Grandmaster Flash now includes a homemade Powerpoint presentation in his live sets. Lowndes made the move into A/V sets in order to distinguish himself. Using a program called Mix Emergency, he mashes up vision along with audio. No, no, stop thinking about those depressingly crappy R&B nightclubs streaming straight sassy vision with audio; Lowndes mashes together cut up films, music videos, TV clips and cartoons together into a posh pastiche. While he's doing all of this, he says he still finds the time for some old-school steeze: "You're digging for videos and clips and putting them with music. There tends to be a fair bit of turntable-ism involved in that. A lot of scratching and remixing."

For Novosel it's all about the entertainment factor and the love. Combining well-known, well-mixed tunes with an ounce of education, he keeps his audience on their toes with a quick moving set. Starting at 85bpm (beats per minute, for those playing at home) with some slow hip-hop, an average set then delves into disco, indie-disco, indie, then electro; then amps up into 140bpm dub-step. No track plays for longer than 30 seconds. "One part entertainment, one part education" the PhDJ teaches. "You give them something that is going to entertain to keep them on the dance floor. Then you give them something they won't know."

When we pay to see a band, we pay to see a band *play*. We ready ourselves for the internet purchase operation, we line up for hours to ensure our place at the front barrier, we cop some sandwiching by sweaty men tripping balls. We do all of this to see how the music is created. The question that needs to be asked is, should we expect the same from our DJs? With overwhelmingly unquestionable authority, I give you a resounding no. As Lowndes explains, "Beat mixing, and that obsessive, nerdy, DJing, chin-stroking [has] faded out. People realise that you [don't] have to obsessively learn and blend tracks together, and get everything technically perfect. Because if you had just five great tracks, then you put them in and press play, and everyone is drunk. Well everyone's going to have a great fucking time." If novice DJs are going to enter the market they are going to start DJing one way or another. The trend in increased accessibility that digital DJing has created isn't that much of an issue. What is important, is the reason why you do it - whatever that may be. If you're looking for some inspiration, Novosel is adamant in reminding prospective DJs of what your purpose should be: "The soul. That's what is important to me. I fucking love music; I love music. It's my life. I take care of music and it takes care of me."



THE TUNES: STUART BUCHANAN



New Weird Australia

ANGUS FARRELL interviews the brains behind Australia's free experimental music project.

Originally from Scotland, Stuart Buchanan has played an integral role in Sydney's emerging experimental music scene since arriving in 2003. He was part of the start-up team for FBI 94.5 and continues to present the *New Weird Australia* program, which has developed into more than a radio show encompassing an impressive array of live shows, a record label and an imposing web presence. Stuart also founded The Nest, a boutique digital creative agency that has developed some fantastic free arts guide applications for the City of Sydney, The Art Gallery of NSW, The Sydney Writers Festival and the Sydney Festival. He also co-manages the Feral Media record label and produces his own music.

AF: Sydney has a strong (albeit brief) lineage of experimental music, including two bands you have showcased recently.

SB: It was difficult for Sydney's experimental bands like the The Severed Heads and Scattered Order to get gigs early on, due to their usage of drum machines and other technology that pub managers thought would break their sound systems.

AF: Obviously this has changed, looking at the success of your New Weird Australia (NWA) live shows.

SB: Yes, it's certainly true that at the time those bands didn't get gigs because they didn't conform to what a standard live band in a pub should sound like, and it was too confronting or too new at that time. I guess where I'm at—and where a lot of the bands I play are at—is that increasingly they're finding spaces that are alternatives to playing in pubs. The ability to find a good pub that will support interesting music is pretty rare, so increasingly it's galleries and warehouses that bands will coalesce around.

AF: And how do you think bands can make the transition from playing those underground circuits to achieving more mainstream success?

SB: It's persistence, and just being great musicians and innovators. It isn't enough just to work hard though ... you actually have to be putting art out there that makes people stop, take notice and think. It requires that extra layer. That's what will propel people forward.

AF: You're charged with the task of bringing such artists forward, changing our listening habits from listening to a tidal wave music from the US and UK. New Weird Australia and FBI have done great things for Australian music. Could you tell us a bit about that?

SB: I guess part of it is recognising that a lot of international artists are championed because they are international. The music that they are playing is not necessarily better than music being made here, it's just that those bands are not exposed. If bands could reach more people here, maybe they would be regarded in the same way. That's part of the mission: to level the playing field.

AF: Is the music hard to find?

SB: When I first started doing this about two years ago, I actually thought the program had a shelf life of about 3 months. I thought I'd actually run out of music. It's not that I thought the music would cease to be made, but that there were a finite amount of artists that were making it, and I couldn't just keep playing the same bands over and over again. Now it's become the case that about half the music on the show is stuff I've gone digging for, and the other half is stuff that people have sent me. I've sort of stuck my hand up, saying I'm interested and want to support what you're doing, but that's not to say that everything I get sent is good or playable.

AF: How do you sort the good from the bad?

SB: I listen to absolutely everything I get sent, because invariably the stuff I get interested in will be track seven of a demo that someone sends in, with no contact details and a track listing written in biro on a torn out notebook page, on a shitty CD-R, and it just sounds fucking amazing! And, it's better than the mass-produced, glossy-cover professional photography stuff. I listen to everything because that's when you find the good stuff. It's about hearing something different.

All seven editions of New Weird Australia are up to download at NewWeirdAustralia.com. You can also catch the show on FBI 94.5 FM, Thursday 9-11pm.

SKILL O' THE WEEK

How to write a song

HUW WATSON is killing us softly with his song.

Let's face it, we've all been there: failing at uni, juggling work and – on top of that – someone has just broken your heart. We have many emotions to express, and so little time to express them. Have you ever thought that if only you could write a song to express the way you feel then maybe things wouldn't be so bad? Well you stupid loner, with the help of this article and a few magic sprinkles (or any other drugs you can get your hands on) you can write that song. Then you'll be able to express your inner sadness/happiness/drugs, marry Miss/Mister Universe and achieve that world peace everybody's been wanting.

The first thing you've got to sort out is your key. Keys come in two kinds: major and minor.

Key chord charts can help you decide which key is right for your song. But the most important thing to remember is that major keys generally sound happy and inspiring, and minor keys generally sound sad and moving. An easy key to play in is the key of C.

Once you have your key, chord progression will help you choose which chords you actually need to play in order to make a song. One very common and pleasant sounding combination is the use of chords built upon the first, fourth and fifth notes of the scale. Musical geniuses call these the tonic, the subdominant and the dominant – but let's not worry about that until your third album. The first, fourth, and fifth chords of C are C, F, and G. Any simple chord chart will help with this (guitaristguitarist.com is a great resource for beginners). Let's repeat G for a bar so that we can have four chords to each phrase, this helps keep the song simple and easy to play. Our chord progression is now I, IV, V, V, and the chords themselves are C, F, G, G.

In the chorus, why not make the change from major to minor or minor to major here to make the song a little bit more interesting? Most real musicians have memorised which minor keys sound good with which major keys but if you're like me and seven years of guitar lessons did very little to drill any actual musical theory into your brain then take a tip. The trick is that all majors have relative minors and vice versa. For example, C major goes nicely together with A minor. You can find out which ones go together by using a circle of fifths, which are readily available on google images. For our new key of A minor our chord progression, thanks to our trusty chord chart, is: Am, Dm, Em, Em.

Now that we have chords for a verse and a chorus, we need lyrics. Lyrics are important: in this kind of music they provide texture and interest as well as a melody. Look everywhere for inspiration and write it down straightaway because you'll definitely forget it by the time it comes to writing your song. Lyric generation programs found on the internet are not helpful; they are shit. This is one generated earlier:

"The next day I thought my ass had broken,

I thought my tits had burst into flames, My tits... ouch!

When I think of that sexy bra model,

That sexy bra model and me."

Just don't use them.

Congratulations, you now have everything you need to make a simple song! So go, set your life to music, play your new song to your friends, your family and who ever else is socially obligated to listen to you!

Disclaimer: Drugs are illegal, and *Honi Soit* does not recommend that you take them for musical or any other purposes. They do not increase musical proficiency, especially not marijuana or acid.

• ON THE ROAD

• OXFORDST

JACQUELINE BREEN cruises.

The day the music dies there will be devastation on Oxford St. That strip is one busy, bloody, smokey soundscape and it just wouldn't be the same without music.

But it has never sounded quite like this before. The indie kids are still swilling

sweet cider at Oxford Arts and the drag queens are still belting show tunes at Stonewall, but further up some strange tunes are tinkling in to the Paddington Reservoir. A contemporary sound installation will echo across those damp, sunken walls for two crisp evenings this week.

Phonography is a collaboration between contemporary Australian composer Max Lyandvert and second-year design students from NIDA. The term literally means 'sound writing', and will be taking some liberties with your sense of sonic and spatial awareness. The cool and ethereal Reservoir

is the perfect backdrop for this surreal soundworld, which will use a few different mediums to tease out layers of noise.

The piece will turn the recently restored Reservoir in to "a forest of hanging, waterlogged garments fed by currents that turn the clothes into speakers." These soggy speakers will capitalise on this eerie echo chamber, emitting sounds and songs as audiences wade through the space. Hidden microscopes along the Oxford St strip will add to the wackness, capturing street sounds and beaming them back to the subterranean listeners – the audience will feel as though they are listening to

these above-ground rumblings from underwater. There will also be a chance for you to listen to your brain singing; you can sit in a chair and hook in to computer software which will transform your brain waves in to a musical score. Professional musicians will then bring it to life in the low evening light for you.

There is so much to love about this cloggy Sydney artery, and that stretches beyond Arthur's pizza and American Apparel.

Phonography runs from the 24th to the 25th August at the Paddington Reservoir Gardens between 5-7 pm.

ROBERT CRUMB CANCELS GRAPHIC FESTIVAL DUE TO OPINIONATED TWAT

The 1960s revolutionary artist cancelled his appearance at the Sydney Opera House's graphic arts weekend and FELIX SUPERNOVA cried.



For those unaware of Robert Crumb's subversive genius he was an icon of the 60's counter culture movement. His lewd, sexually explicit images were often paired with a voice that spoke directly to the disillusionment adolescents were experiencing with 'the man'. Tales of gore and intrigue, his characters act as if the civil code of society has been revoked. It's as if they've all had this heavy weight lifted from their shoulders and they can now reveal their brutal, honest selves. Despite the bestiality, the blood and the anti-establishment diatribes the characters are genuine. Defending Robert Crumb's work for being overtly sexual is redundant.

You could excuse someone for confusing the visceral artistic expression with the artists own repressed character portrait. When Hetty Johnston decided to join the debate she brought the level of hysteria that could be expected from the Telegraph. Johnston admonished the Opera House for condoning his work. "These cartoons are not funny or artistic - they are just crude and perverted images emanating from what is clearly a sick mind." To be fair, as an anti-child abuse campaigner, Johnston has a right to be wary of Robert Crumb's work. I can understand how it would be inappropriate for it to be in her home or her office. What I can't understand is regurgitating some pious line about needing to repress our emotions in order to avoid offending anyone.

Drawing direct parallels between artist and art is a dangerous game we've seen played out before. It's easy to decry content you have moral qualms with but it's counter-effective. Crumb's aesthetic focused on the body as a source of sexual phobia and release. The imagery works as a medium to articulate what, despite its crass exterior, is a thickly layered, politicised message. Panic in the place analysis not only stifles the artists voice but provides a slippery slope to censorship on the grounds that 'it contravenes my belief system.' Will art be reduced to a shallow 'happy holiday season' sentiment, or any kind of expression for that matter?

The worst part about Johnston's comments is that they couldn't be further from the truth. Crumb is infamously neurotic. The constant immersion in art his whole life must have been to divert his attention from the disgusting reality outside right? When Crumb got wind of Johnston's comments, and the overall tone of the article he cancelled his appearances. To the distress of his family and the organisers of Graphic, Crumb simply couldn't confront a flock of enraged citizens, shepherded by a newspaper who peddles fear and insecurity as its bread and butter. Jesse Phillips doesn't get out of this either. Writing an article to humiliate a humble man has provided the media with a chance to get Bill Henson's old soap-box out. Not to mention the egg you're going to have to help wipe off your employer's faces for enraging Graphic, the Opera House and thousands of fans.

In the man's own words: I have no defence. I can't explain why I drew all those crazy pictures. I had to do it. Maybe I should have my pencils and pens taken away from me. I don't know. I really have no answer to their argument that I'm a sick, deranged person.

freshly squeezed LOUIS LONDON

NEADA BULSECO got lemons, made lemonade.

The formidable wave of indie rock outfits that have crashed on the shore of Sydney's music scene over the last few years could be described as tidal. In the midst of this sea, it's rare for bands to catch a break (or a life preserver). Garnering yourself a crowd that'll indulge you with more than a slow sway takes a sound that will resonate with an audience beyond the confines of the venue, and out into the wild of the night. Six-piece band, Louis London, has just that.

Recently marking their first anniversary, Louis London is still the new kid on the block. But with a sound influenced by every genre under the sun (Jeff Buckley meets funk, Thom Yorke partners with jazz), they'll have you tuning in from the first note. Ed Saloman (vocals) and Nick Ingall (lead guitar) know each other from the days of the ol' schoolyard, with Carl Fernandes, Jack O'Donnell, Jack Kidell and Lach Pearse joining the pack organically. With so many members, Saloman describes the music making process as a collaborative experience, "someone will bring in a riff and others will add to it."

From their first gig just over a year ago playing to a crowd of "maybe 20 or 30" at the Cat and Fiddle in Balmain, Ed explains, "initially we just wanted to play and have fun." Though the members of Louis London remain modest as the days of the Cat and Fiddle, a rapidly growing fan base and regular gigs at Oxford Art Factory and The Gaelic have encouraged bigger dreams. With one giant foot in the

door, Ed talks about where he hopes Louis London will be in years to come, "If I can be making a living out of music that would be great, yeah that would be lovely [...] I'd say that's pretty much the same for the rest of the band." But he also knows the competitive nature of the industry.

This might be so, but with an approach detailed as "trying to take the best bits," and succeeding it is difficult to imagine Louis London falling into obscurity; they're starting to be noticed. They've had some airtime on Triple J and FBi, and they're constantly writing new songs. At their most recent gig at OAF on Friday night, they unleashed three new songs on the packed out house. According to Ed, "the response was great," which is no surprise. The strength of their live performance is something to behold, with a distinctive sound grounded in some damn fine talent from all six members.

Louis London may assert that they're "not breaking boundaries [or] crashing any musical barriers," but they're just being modest; they'll be treading the stage at Madison Square Garden before they know it.

See them live!

On home turf at the Verge Festival Tent, Sydney Uni Camperdown Campus on Wednesday 31 August. \$10 ACCESS

Or live at The Gaelic, Friday 2 September. \$8 +bf from Moshtix.

HONI SOITORIALIST

SAMANTHA HAWKER is wearing your dinner and opening your art world.

When Lady Gaga arrived at the 2010 MTV Video Music Awards parading a dress quite literally cooked up from flank steak, heads (and noses!) turned. Is rancid meat the new black?

Halloween in New York City saw countless recreations of the 'meat dress' while a poll on MyCelebrityFashion.co.uk found Gaga's outfit more popular even than British darling Kate Middleton's engagement dress. The meat dress, now preserved by taxidermists as a type of jerky and displayed at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, left a legacy of inspired young designers who jumped at the opportunity to embrace a new textile supplier: the butcher. LA-based jewellery company Onch Movement have invited fans to 'grab a slab and some Gaga attention' with the unisex 'meat-lace'. Described as 'perfect for any occasion, the neck piece comes strung on an 18" chain and retails for around \$70 US (so jump in quick while the Australian dollar is still strong!).

As contemporary fashion mimicks contemporary art in its move into the provocative "anything goes" arena of no boundaries, the question must be posed – is there, or should there be a limit? It seems more and more people are agreeing with Jonathon Jones from *The Guardian*: "there is nothing worse than good taste." In his article about maverick British artist Damien Hirst, Jones concludes that although he may understand why someone would dismiss the art of today (and, as he argues, there are good moral, political and aesthetic reasons to do so), it is of today and may help us understand the world in which we live. So perhaps its time we all join Hirst and Gaga's bad taste party. Even if the dress code is meat.



THE ARTS BIT



THE MC: GENEVIEVE FRICKER

TOM WALKER grabbed a minute with the USyd comedian while she prepared for her Sydney Fringe show and recovered from a risotto.

Genevieve Fricker's star has risen so fast it has a nosebleed. In the space of the last year she's turned from an unemployed student into a known comedian with a Fringe Festival show, radio gigs, paid bookings at the Comedy Store and national TV appearances under her belt.

TW: I hear when you were a little girl you used to do something amusing with your poop?

GF: Oh yeah! I was really ashamed of, uh, defecating when I was little, so I would go behind a closed curtain to do it, but I'd stick my head through and just stare really intensely at my mum. My mum would know what I was doing because of my eyes, so when she caught on I started pushing my poo into our video player. Then when all their VHS's stopped working, they opened it up to find it was full of poo. And you can't do that now with DVDs. In the olden days one could stick their poo in a VHS.

TW: How'd being a musical comedian happen to you?

GF: The comedian part happened a bit later. My first musical memory is having a music appreciation class at the Con when I was three. I played the violin for a bit, guitar when I was 14, my parents thought I should go to a music school so I learnt the double bass. I've been in Jack Colwell and the Owls since I was 15. I was in Sydney Children's Choir and we performed for the Dalai Lama! We sung on some film scores like *Moulin Rouge*... I've never told anyone this, but I auditioned for *Australian Idol* once.

TW: How did that go for you?

GF: Yeah not well, obviously. Um, I was in an Irish folk band for most of high school. The second most successful musical thing I've ever been in was a three-

girl acapella band called Mememe. We performed at a bunch of folk festivals and had a MySpace, won some awards, won a guitar. Whatever. I did one semester of a bachelor of music, hated it, came to Sydney Uni and learnt the ways of the comedy.

TW: How'd you learn the ways of the comedy?

GF: Joined SUDS, got involved in a few productions, met Theatresports people, started doing that in lunchtimes, plucked up the courage to audition for Arts Revue, then wrote two songs for that. I put my songs on my housemate's computer so when she puts it on shuffle they just come up.

I joined Project 52, did sketch comedy and standup and impro there. Then I did RAW.

TW: Your big break.

GF: Yeah. At the end of 2010, I went through an awful breakup and it messed up my plans for 2011. I was sitting at work depressed one day and I'd heard about it, it was free to enter and honestly, I had nothing else going on. Then I got wildcarded into the national final in Melbourne. It was crazy, performing in front of fifteen, sixteen thousand people in the Town Hall, when I'd never gone to Melbourne. I didn't realise how much of a big deal it was before I was doing well at it, which was actually really good.

TW: How do you think performing as a musical comedian is different to performing as a standup comedian?

GF: I'm giving straight stand-up a go for my Fringe show. I guess the whole thing is taking a joke and taking it a little bit further into a song, or twisting a joke. I think I can take a joke and an everyday situation and stretch it out. With songs, you can magnify everyday situations and small funny things. I think you also get it a bit easier than

stand-ups because you can use the convention of genre and song while there's nothing really similar in standup that you can do that. Standups have it a bit harder.

TW: What does the future hold?

GF: I've been doing spots at Triple J alongside the Doctor, which is fun. I've got a Fringe show, I'd like to take it to Adelaide, hopefully Melbourne, possibly Edinburgh. I'd really love a sausage-y dog sometime in the future-

TW: You replaced your horrible ex?

GF: Yup. What?

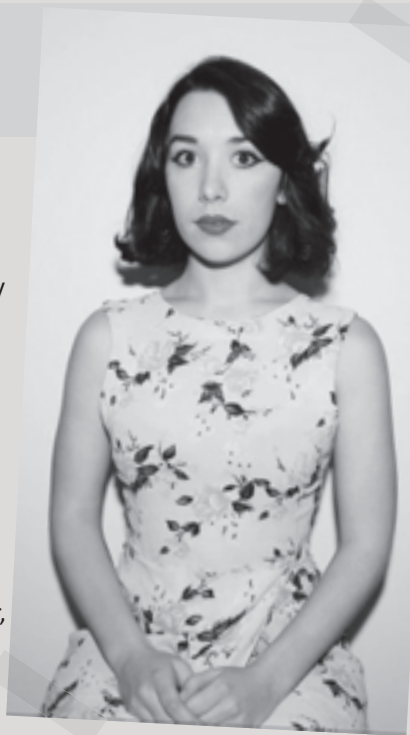
TW: You have a boyfriend now.

GF: Yup. He's nice? I don't know. What do you want me to say, Tom? He's really nice and tall and he comes to every single show I do.

TW: Any negative reactions to you as a musical comedian?

GF: When RAW got screened on TV I was following the Twitter stream and as soon as I came on someone tweeted "oh, that comedian has a guitar, I'm not watching this then". Then I engaged her, and I was like "OH I KNOW RIGHT THEY'RE JUST AWFUL AREN'T THEY" and I invited her to my Fringe show.

It's been pretty overwhelmingly positive. I expected really bitter angry people, especially because I thought musical comedy wasn't regarded with as much respect as standup, I thought I'd get negativity but it's been really good. And quick!



THE DEATH OF THE LONG STORY

BRYANT APOLONIO maintains that quantity is quality when it comes to storytelling.

When it comes to entertainment, brevity seems to be the soul of wit. The short, intense, bite-sized morsel of pleasure and emotion is what we crave, as connoisseurs of art and culture. Perhaps this is a side-effect of advertising saturation. Perhaps the inevitable upshot of the fast food industry. Perhaps the reaction to our schedule-strained Sisyphean lifestyles in which the morning coffee and five-minute cigarette are the only constants. Who knows? I don't care, really. I do care that most people will, myself included, prefer to sway quietly to the consoling explosions of *Cowboys vs. Aliens*, instead of struggling through a slab of Melville.

Because publishing is a business, and businesses are devoted only to the dolla' dolla' bill. Books that will sell are published, that's the litmus test. Companies, and they can't reasonably be blamed for this, will publish what people want to read, and not the books everyone proclaims they have read (or have always heard great things about, but just haven't had enough time, never enough time) while sipping from blood-orange cocktails under the poolside gazebo. I cannot think of any recently published book that is as wordy and complex as Pynchon or Nabokov, who are hermits or dead, respectively. The next Joyces, and Faulkners, and Dostoevskys, and Prousts—and they may very well exist in 2011, why not?—are just without demand. Maybe people do not want to be challenged, anymore. Our inane highschool curriculums, rote-learning and force-feeding, have finally scared us away from literature.

Here, to illustrate, are some Amazon reviews I randomly plucked, regarding an arbitrarily chosen book, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. All of this is [sic], I just can't make this shit up:

"This is one of the hardest to read most pointless books I have ever had the misfortune of trying to read." Uh, I guess that's a valid opinion but could you—

"I began to get sea sick from being at times engaged in the story to next wondering what the point of reading it was." Well, physical illness isn't really—

"I read this book after it was recommended by Oprah..." My good lady, consider it a victory that you can even read at all.

Or, there's the other camp who do like a challenge, but only if there's some definite and immediate reward at the end, which literature does not seem to proffer. A novel, after all, is just a movie in very slow motion consumed over a manner of weeks with regular intermissions. What do we achieve when we invest our time and effort?

I suppose it's ironic to use a film adaptation to convey my point, but this is the most apt metaphor I can think of on a softly drizzling Friday morning. In the 1996 film *Matilda*—our collective childhood friend—there is one scene that I always (and I don't think I'm alone here) immediately and vividly recollect, when I get my nostalgic hat on. It's the scene where little Bruce Bogtrotter, for one vile act or another, is forced to eat a cake. The cake isn't ordinary. It's big. It's a very big mud cake, a cake thicker and darker than the deepest depression. We, the audience, peek through fingers as this porcine prepubescent totally gorges himself. There is fast cutting and tense music. We are made somewhat uncomfortable. This is really heavy shit, let me tell you. And yet, we think, he's eating

a cake. Chocolate is chocolate, regardless of its sickening bulk and quantity. It must be good!

Ultimately, Bogtrotter emerges victorious. He smiles at his cohort, at us!, face and teeth slicked with a saccharine brown. He raises his fist, swinging in the manner of some Roman emperor. But before he has time to lap up his praise, before he even has a chance to revel in his victory, Ms. Trunchbull—that terrible schoolmarm upon whom nightmares are made—lurches beside him and cracks a plate on his head.

Even if we did finish *Ulysses*, if we went through the trouble of trawling that legendary tome, that classic, that innovation of language, the absence of which would have etc. etc. etc., how would we benefit? We might just be wasting our time; choking down a giant cake, and all along inviting Trunchbull's platter. We wouldn't Become Better Human Beings. To that question, I haven't a ready answer. But I think good literature emerges because it grapples with the work that came before it and tries to 'improve it' or make it new. So, if no one is reading, writing cannot really progress. This may sound a tad apocalyptic, but it is nevertheless kind of true.

Ulysses is a fucking balls-out book, the most famous book after the King James Bible, and it would be a grand old shame if we never get anything like it ever again because our lunch breaks only go for an hour. Or, because there is this totally sweet movie about monkeys that go nuts, and the foxy guy from Spiderman is in it.

This article may have been too long. I won't take offence if you felt like skipping it.

STRESS LESS! Tips for better time management

Do you have a sudden unfamiliar need to exercise when your work is piling up? Get a sudden urge to forensically clean your house, beyond the bounds of your usual casual attempts at housecleaning? Find the urgent need to channel all your energy into acquiring and beating high scores in games you don't usually play as due dates creep up?

I don't think that any uni student needs to be told these are all likely to be shameful by-products of the age old problem: Procrastination.

While we all laugh and take some comfort and pride in sharing the many and varied exploits of procrastination, managing your time well is an important skill to master, to reduce study related stress and anxiety and to maintain your general well-being. In the longer term, these skills are important to master as the habits you develop now can be hard to shake once you step out of uni and into the workforce.

Maybe you're not procrastinating, perhaps there just aren't enough hours in the day to attend class and do your readings and any research and study for exams and writing essays. It may be helpful to take some time to try and reflect on why you don't have enough time. Have you over-committed yourself? Part time work can be necessary in order to do some very basic things such as eating and paying rent, but is this getting in the way of your study? Too many social commitments? Just disorganised?

There is no one-size-fits-all solution to time management, different strategies work for different people. While one person may need to reduce the number of social commitments or work hours in order to make time for study, another person may find that for them, finding a better way to balance and prioritise

all of their commitments is all it takes. The key to developing your time management skills is to find strategies that work for you. Some simple strategies such as developing a weekly study timetable, or plotting all your due dates on a page from Week 1 - exam period can provide a good visual cue to keep track of deadlines at a glance. Rather than looking at your study and assignments as one big task, breaking an assignment into a series of tasks can make it much easier to get started eg research, read materials, plan your response, write it, proofread, writing your reference list/ bibliography. You can then break up these tasks over a time period that's manageable for you, such as a week, a fortnight etc.

The uni has some great support services, such as The Learning Centre, that provide great resources, both online and at the centre, as well as offering workshops relating to time management and organisation skills. It's definitely worth paying them a visit if you feel time management is a problem for you.

Managing your time better doesn't necessarily mean devoting all your time to study, it's about making more effective use of your time. Remember, it's good to balance work and play.

You can also talk to an SRC Help caseworker to discuss strategies and options to manage your time and workload more effectively.

SRC Help contact

Phone: 9660 5222 | help@src.usyd.edu.au

Office Hours: Mon - Fri, 9am - 5pm

Drop-in sessions - No appointment required Tuesdays & Thursdays 1-3pm

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

ASK ABE

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

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



Hello Abe,

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

Don't want to Fail

Dear Don't Want to Fail,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Abe



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.



NEW Location!

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

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

This week I'll update you on a few things that are happening around the University and federally.

2 year student senate fellow terms

A couple of weeks ago I wrote about the elections for the student fellows of Senate, for which nominations are now closed, and for which voting opens on the 16th of September. Of the 22 fellows of Senate, which is the highest governing body of the University - the operations of which are actually set by NSW legislation, only TWO are students: one undergraduate and one postgraduate. That means that it is incredibly important that those students are effective representatives, and I strongly encourage you all to take the time to assess the candidates running, ask them questions, and most importantly, vote in the elections (which are done online).

Currently, there is a proposal before the Senate to extend the terms of the student fellows from one year to two years. The equivalent bodies at the University of New South Wales, University of Technology, Sydney, and the University of Wollongong all have two year terms, while the equivalent bodies at Macquarie University and the University of Newcastle have one year terms for their student members.

Some of the arguments in favour of two year terms are:

The University bureaucracy is pretty complicated. And by pretty complicated, I mean really freakin' complicated. What that means is that it can often take a while for student representatives, particularly those who don't have any previous experience with the University bureaucracy, to get their heads around how it all works and how to be an effective representative. Often people feel they're just starting to really get the hang of it 3-4 months into the term, and just as they're really

comfortable speaking out and arguing a position strongly, their term finishes. So there is an argument that a longer term will improve the efficacy of the student voice on Senate.

There's also an argument that having a more experienced student on Senate is better value for the University, as they may provide more effective input.

Some of the arguments in favour of retaining the one year term are:

More students have the opportunity to run for and be on the Senate; the student body changes every year, and therefore they should have the ability to elect a new representative every year; and students who are in their second or third years may be reluctant to run for the position if they only have one year left in their degree.

Which brings me to the point that there are also questions around how a two year term would work in practice. If a student is elected to a two year term, but is only a student for the first of those years, should they remain the student voice on Senate? Is it appropriate for the student voice (especially given there are only two student fellows) not to actually be a student? Or should there be a by-election? If there is a by-election, presumably that student would only serve the remainder of the term, which would mean that there would be another election in a year anyway, in which case what is the point of two year terms? It is possible for student fellows of Senate to seek re-election, and if they've done a good job, they have every chance of winning an election - is it better to leave the decision over whether someone should serve a second year up to democracy?

I personally can see the arguments in favour and against both positions, and would welcome any feedback you have on this issue - hit me up at president@src.usyd.edu.au.

Faculty board representative elections

Nominations to be a student representative on faculty boards closed on Monday last week, and ballot papers - where the number of nominations exceeded the number of positions available - will be issued on Tuesday the 30th of August. From and by the students elected to faculty boards, one student from each faculty will be elected to sit on the Academic Board, which oversees the academic operations - including items such as course approvals - of the University. In other words, these are pretty important roles, and I encourage you to keep an eye out on your university email, where you should receive notice of the elections, and take the time to vote if your faculty is having a contested election.

Student Services and Amenities Fee

The much discussed Student Services and Amenities Fee (for an explanation of what this is, see my columns from last semester) is finally coming up for debate within the Parliament. At the time of writing, it was scheduled as the last item of Government business on Wednesday, and Parliament sits until Thursday night, so there is some chance that the Bill may be debated and passed this week. Rumour has it that the Greens may put up amendments to the Bill mandating that at least a portion of the fee go to democratically elected student organisations, and that representation be among the allowable spend items of the Bill. In discussions that NUS has had with the Government so far, they've been reluctant to get behind these amendments, and it's a pretty safe bet that the Coalition won't be supporting them (given that they introduced Voluntary Student Unionism in the first place), so these amendments may well go down. What universities and student unions are really looking for at the moment is some



sort of stability - this issue has been up in the air for literally years now, making it hard for both universities and student unions to undertake effective financial planning. Once the Bill is passed, student organisations will be better placed to lobby their universities for adequate funding, because most negotiations across the country have stalled while everyone waits to see what happens with the SSFA. Watch this space for more developments.

And one last thing:

Smoking on campus

The University is considering banning smoking on campus except in specially designated areas (hot tip - those areas won't include bars like Manning and Hermann's). This is obviously a pretty big move by the Uni (and some might say a pretty big infringement on individual freedoms, but I'll leave that call up to you), so if you feel strongly about it one way or the other, head to the website <http://sydney.edu.au/ohs/wellbeing/smoke-free.shtml> for all the information and an online poll where you can indicate your support for or opposition to the proposal.

WOMENS OFFICER REPORT

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

Violence against women remains one of the most prevalent issues nationwide. One in three women in Australia will experience physical violence in their lifetime. One in five will experience sexual violence.

Earlier this year the National Union of Students (NUS) launched the results of the 'Talk About It' survey. The survey questioned over 1500 female students on their experiences of sexual assault and harassment, how it was dealt with once reported as well their perceptions of safety on campus. The results showed that our university campus is not immune to the systemic and widespread issue of violence against women. In fact the

depth and scale of violence on campus and in our colleges rivals the national level:

During the day 92% of respondents felt safe, compared to 24% at night

67% of respondents said that they had an unwanted sexual experience

17% had said they had experienced rape

9% said they had been hit or physically mistreated

Only 3% of respondents who had experienced assault or harassment had reported it to their uni and only 2% to the police.

Out of these results NUS developed a 'Safe Universities Blueprint' making thirty recommendations to improve the experiences and safety of women on campus. The women's department has teamed up with White Ribbon to address these recommendation; meeting with Vice Chancellors, the university admin, residential colleges and security.

We are also working with GetUp! to formulate a five-point preventative campaign around the issue. So keep an eye out!

Additionally the Usyd women's officers are the key organisers for the annual

Reclaim the Night Rally. The rally, which is held in October, has been running for over thirty years, raising awareness of violence against women. The collective meets at 5.30 at Customs House Circular Quay on Tuesday nights.

Drop us a line at womens.officers@usyd.src.edu.au for more information.

Don't forget our non-autonomous discussion group runs on Monday nights from 5pm in the Refractory, and Women's collective meets at Wednesday 1pm in the Women's Room in the Holme Building.

Meghan Batcheldor



EDUCATION OFFICER REPORT

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

In what, to some students, may feel like sweet, sweet justice, the University got an embarrassing round of results of its own this week. Two different sets of rankings were released that didn't reflect all too favourably on the quality of education here. The University of Sydney slipping in the rankings is bad for numerous reasons, not least of all is the insufferable gloating of University of Queensland students. Don't worry, though – we're here to tell you why you shouldn't give a fuck what your gloating hipster friends from the University of Melbourne think –

So, what's in a number?

One of the reasons that this ranking isn't cause to start shipping off to other Universities is that the calculations behind the ranks are largely deceptive. The rankings that made headlines last week (where we were ranked 96th in the world) were published by the Academic Ranking of World Universities (ARWU).

The indicators used include things like the number of alumni of an institution winning Nobel Prizes (10% weighting), the number of academics cited frequently in academic journals (20% weighting), and the 'number of papers published in Nature and Science' (also a 20% weighting).

Precisely **none** of the indicators used by ARWU relate to undergraduate learning outcomes, the teaching environment or student resources in a direct way. Sure, if my lecturer is cited in a lot of international journals, it probably means he is smart – but it hardly means he is a great teacher. The deeper problem with rankings like these is that they are an incentive for Universities to focus on research rather than teaching outcomes. As if the fact that they are more financially lucrative wasn't reason enough, the media focus on rankings like these makes it much more likely that the University will continue its trend of prioritising funding to postgraduate education.

If you want some rankings that we ACTUALLY care about, you should take a gander at the far less reported 'Good Universities Guide.' These ratings use, among other things, graduate and industry feedback to provide a rating out of five stars across a range of criterion. Our Uni scored an embarrassing 1/5 for 'Good Teaching: Graduate View,' (and a worrying 3/5 for staff 'qualification' – WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?) Cheer up though, we scored 5/5 for starting salaries post-uni (even if we only managed 2/5 for 'Success in getting a job'). The University ought to focus more on ranking systems such as these which speak directly to the student experience.

At the end of the day, our slip in the rankings could be worse: We can still gloat at our ugly cousin down the road – UTS was ranked between 401 and 500!



GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

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

Last week two USU Board Directors were finally removed due to spending cap irregularities in the 2010 elections. These two individuals sat on the USU executive. They might not be the last given the evidence available in relation to the two remaining executive members. In the weeks to come they themselves might come under pressure to resign or may be removed in similar circumstances to their former colleagues.

Why did this occur? Blatant spending cap breaches and the illegality of their actions to try and cover it up. It all comes back to fairness. The USU has a spending cap of approx. \$700. One of these individuals that was finally removed spent \$831.60 on T-shirts alone. That was for just the t-shirts, not including the screen-printing on both sides! If people are going to make false claims about their expenditure and go to the extent of Photoshopping their tax invoice receipts then Karma will

eventually catch up to you. People have tried to defend their actions by saying "everyone does it" or that the recent electoral changes "make up for it" and are the "appropriate solution".

NO!

Every day they continued to be allowed to stay on the board (and the same goes for some that are still on there) makes a mockery of our student run organisations and trashes their integrity. Our USU is under attack from the University and the last thing it needs is doubt over the integrity of it's board. The same board that is meant to stand up to the University and say that it is quite capable of managing student affairs and there is no need for the University to take over. A bit hard a message to sell when you have no integrity.

Spending caps exist for a reason. Over the last 12 months the SRC has

undertaken dramatic spending cap reform to ensure we continue to maintain the integrity of our elections and to not allow the blatant abuse to occur that happened during the USU elections last year. This process was started by ex-SRC Representative Tom Clement who reformed the Honi-Soit elections and I continued with reforming the Presidential and SRC Representative elections earlier this year.

It is only with a clear, transparent and realistic system can we ensure the integrity of our student elections. It is only with their integrity intact that our student organisations can have legitimacy on campus to stand up on behalf of students, especially when they are not financially independent. Our student organisations started to regain some legitimacy last week.

It is just a shame it had to be left up to the Vice-Chancellor and the University Senate to do it for us.



Chad (L-R)

QUEER OFFICER REPORT

Nathan Li & Clare Sullivan
queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Hello my possums!

The most fantastic time of the year is dawning upon us! PRIDE WEEK! Woohoo! Pride Week will be between 5th and 9th September. We've got so many goodies lined up this year. As usual we'll have Coming Out by Candlelight and some picnics and forum speakers and workshops (including a drag workshop!!!). A more complete timetable will be published later on. Most of these events will be non-autonomous so that means EVERYONE is welcome to attend. I want to make everyone feel welcome. So if you're totes down with the queers, then come along and tell me how down with me you are! And if you're one of the queers, bring a friend who is totes down with the queers.

There will also be a - PARTY - in the Cellar Theatre during Pride Week. It's on Thursday the 8th and the theme is SAFARI! So make sure you do come along!

Also Queer Honi is also coming up. We've got our editorial team now, so it's time to start contributing. That's right! I want your submissions. Opinion pieces, art, stories, however you want to express yourself – together we can make Queer Honi great! Send your submissions to queerhoni2011@gmail.com!

Finally I just want to say the way queer culture is evolving on campus just makes me so wonderfully giddy. Last year we welcomed the birth of SHADES and Queer Revue and SULS also launched their Queer Officer portfolio. So this

year we welcome the Queer Revue production: The Queen during – get your tickets now! SULS presents the The Big Gay Moot on Wednesday, August 24 · 7:00pm - 10:00pm at our Moot Court with... FOOD. As Queer Officer this year I feel so privileged to work with other pioneers to bring a campus that is more diverse and more active than any other across the country.

As students we do have a very strong affinity for campaigning but at the same time we have a (I daresay stronger!) affinity for meeting new people and making lasting friendships along the way. I know this is getting a bit sentimental but all this cannot happen without student leaders taking the initiative and putting ideas into practice. So what I'm trying to say is if you're passionate about making our campus even campier,



please come along to our meetings at 1pm on Mondays in the Queerspace – meet new people, listen in and if/when you're feeling comfortable – contribute! Alternatively if you just want to be put on our mailing list then send me an email (it's there on the top right hand corner!)

Yours in Gaga,
Nathan Li

SRC

19



CRYPTONOMICON

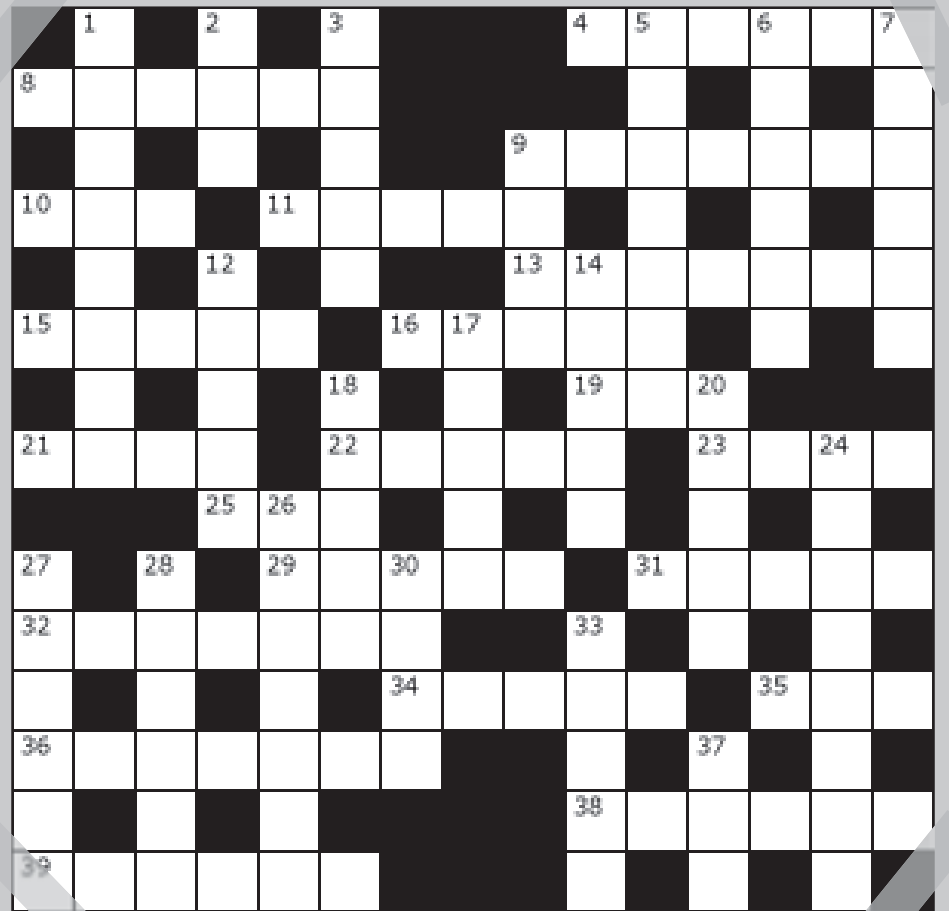
ACROSS!

4. Method of timing (6)
8. Harangue about a hundred sheep (6)
9. Ban ringer from lifting weight (7)
10. This crossword's theme is one of these, in a way (3)
11. Tina's sporting venue (5)
13. Rotten and ungrateful (7)
15. Bert shoots alternate philosophy (5)
16. Sink St. Blues? (5)
19. Scottish town that's music to my ears (3)
21. Ride about three German's (4)
22. Cutting this newspaper brings me to tears (4)
23. On dodos, these give the answer! (4)
25. First aid measure that Marty McFly knows (3)
29. Smite, destroy things (5)
31. Stops and shoots (5)
32. Praise for being lower (7)
34. Clever, like a nift (5)
35. A Metallica single (3)
36. Hats.com make jazz great (7)
38. In front of hearing Dunaway sing (6)
39. Chords for Chinese gang (6)

DOWN!

1. Connects your calls and sends rubbish back after Don Giovanni, for example (8)
2. Opens door to a flat, for example (3)
3. Raised and pointy (5)
5. Horn may play chords (7)
6. Three times a lady, usually (6)
7. Extremely loony mode makes a tune (6)
9. Deep C fish (4)
12. First note: Goes well with gin (5)
14. Soft instrument? (5)
17. "I am ox" isn't an undisputed truth (5)
18. Loud strength? (5)
20. Mates with the bottoms (5)
24. The fifth chord ruling (8)
26. Threw and found frequency (7)
27. E.T's counteract (6)
28. I am it, a messy cocktail (6)
30. Crayon residue hides cube maker (4)
33. Employees to write notes on (5)
37. Perform in the capital (3)

CRYPTIC CROSSLYRICS



BENNY DAVIS will be cryptic for food.

PSEUDOKU

RATING:
QUITE HARD IF
YOU'VE BEEN
DRINKING.

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

TARGET

t	e	o
s	e	l
r	r	v

nice ————— 10!

aw yeah ————— 20!!

no longer impressed ————— 30!!!

COMIC



ALESSANDRO TUNIZ

FUN

20

Rolling Gart

THE FUCKS

They're back!

Fred Durst

our exclusive interview

"Why didn't anyone
spell *biscuit* for me?"

Catchin' up with

CRAZY FROG

"Ba ding ding ding,
ba ding ding heroin!"

Alternate Reality releases new hit song

'Is She Really Going Out
With Himmeler?'

Three Doors Down Cinema Club

Further demeaning the idea of the supergroup

PLUS

Bob Dylan's new album

"Eighrerhghigh, Tennessee!"

**Our Top Ten Lists
of all time!**

What will be #1? This one?

Ben Folds

Finally, it's a verb!

Token current affairs article

That you can pretend to read

David Bowie:

"I am not Billy Idol.
Stop saying I am Billy Idol!"

Bruce Springsteen

What is he the boss of? Being a jerk?



James Blake samples sound of tree
falling in woods for new album



Notorious P.I.G. returns -
"Where dem Babes at?"



BERT COBAIN
Mo' Money,
Mo' zart!

EDITOR'S NOTE

Another day, another opportunity to struggle beneath the gargantuan patina of importance that the public foists on us. It's not easy to arbitrate the aesthetic consumption of a bunch of fools who can't tell Ryan Adams from Brian Adams (hint: we like one of them ironically, and the other not at all).

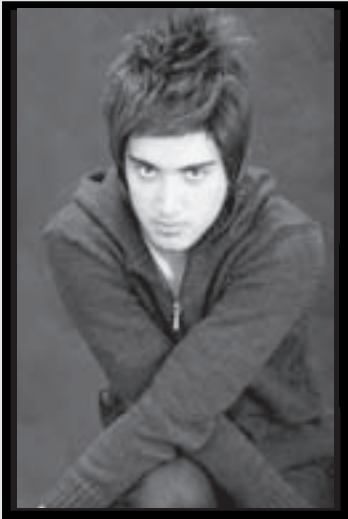
But in between my morning latte and my mid-morning latte, I have another latte, and I'll be damned if I'm not gonna have that latte while giving you all the reasons that the new Arcade Fire album isn't as good as the Arcade Fire album that Braid recorded when they were supposed to be in prison, or give you a rating for the greatest album you never heard out of 10.00 thumbs up.

Look guys. We're here for you. Not in person, of course. If you were in trouble we'd just get the hell out of there, but we'd have a goddamned good soundtrack for it. Besides, sometimes you need that cool friend who's not really your friend but is definitely cool. Sometimes you need a shove in the right direction and sometimes we need to shove you in front of a car, is that fate? Some say yes, our lawyers say no. But I digress. Benzedrine is a harsh mistress. I TAKE IT BECAUSE LESTER BANGS TOOK IT.

The point, suckas, is that without us you'd be lost. You wouldn't know what was good, and if you did, you wouldn't know why, or how, or when to be sick of it, or when it comes back, or when to like it ironically, or when it's no longer cool to like it ironically, or when to be sick of irony overall, or when to use commas. Not everybody can write about music. It takes a special kind of writer. It takes Benzedrine. It takes the Rolling Gart. It takes Benzedrine. How does it feel? To be on the charts? Just like the Rolling Gart? We will tell you, then scoff at our computers.

Gareth Swadling
xx

Page 17: we talk to Aussie hip-hop mega-group, The Herd!



Over the course of my ten-year career a lot of people have asked me, "Meredith, why are you so unsuccessful?"

In fact, this is my most frequently asked question, as well as the question most frequently answered by people who aren't me. Mothers, housemates, construction workers and judgemental dogs, all of them have their reasons for my constant, unrelenting failure.

Personally I blame irony. Irony is what denies success to those who need it most, the unsuccessful. Cruel irony, the motivation behind my second album's brief affair with country! How the turntable has turned.

Don't think I don't blame the public. Sure, fans have liked me, sometimes for minutes at a time, but ultimately my failure rests on them. They continue to like things other than

Another tri-week,
another instalment of...

THE ART OF
BEING

WITH MEREDITH ZIMMER

me. They allow their dogs to grow up, out and arrogant. They buy their dogs special foods, people-shirts and Coldplay CDs. I can't talk about my music for the press. Words don't do my music justice. *Music* doesn't do my music justice. I'm going to have to pioneer something else. And to those who say "Meredith, you didn't invent music" I say I may as well have. Can you name one other thing that someone else has done? I can't. I make music for *me*. I am an "indie DIY superstar" in the words of this very magazine (which kindly printed my press release word-for-word).

Speaking of magazines, I also blame the music press, which does nothing but insist that people should like me, despite my overall lack of accomplishments. I suspect that people don't like being told what to do. Has anyone ever written a song about that? Anyway, I'm going to keep saying I'm a musician despite the flames of failure roaring at my back. Who's gonna stop me? Not you! Not me! Not the newly formed Musicians Solidarity Front! (I fear them).



Another week of pre-self-indulgence
from our regular columnist,
JAMES LO-STREAM DOOMCORE

One more glitch-funk day, one more bossa-punk interview. With math-trance sensation B133dface MC Circa Circa Pandaface's personal post-core number in hand, it was time for a conversation. Making the call, I sauntered into my neo-classical nouveau-pop kitchen to make a hard rocksynth sandwich. While I pondered how the interview would panpipe out, I caught a glimpse of my dream-industrial self in my euro-folktronica fridge door. My, what a handsome music expertisio, I clucked, lo-fily. Slapping a handful of post-wave cream cheese on my world-minimalist wholegrain organic Ryvita, the call was made, and B133dface's (let's call him B133dy) sultry dub-goth croon spilled through the grime-jazz line.

Was he electro-Baroque happy with the new witch-soul release? "Who is this?" he answered, hip-hoply. I mulled on the synth sandwich while he waxed lyrical about his lyrics about wax, and something about acousticana-two tone candles. Damn it was a good sandwich. Almost, too good, I noted, afrobeatly.

It was time to drop the burning blue-eyed fusion cakewalk. And by that I mean the question. And by that I mean, how difficult was it for B133dy to sample that toadstool? A pre-chillwave genius decision. "What toadstool? How did you get this number?" he agreed, with all the trance-metal reserve of a trance-thrash artiste. We were on the same level.

With a friendly cybergrind reminder from Calling Card Credit, it was time to post-wrap things up and call for some delta-rap thoughts on his garage-bop single. "The person you are calling is no longer available," he warbled, Irishly. Nodding and taking cat-electronica notes from his Italo-Gypso sentiments, I took the last kraut-bite of my sandwich and laid down the receiver. Adjusting my Tropicana-deathpop tie with all the attractiveness of a pre-neo-avant-semi-demi-hemi-god, my editor was going to post-love this.

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BUT AN ITCH AINT ONE

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THAT DIRT OFF YOUR SHOULDER. LIKE A PIMP'S PIMP. IN NEW YO0000ORK.

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ADELAIDE - WEDNESDAY 29 JUNE ADELAIDE ENTERTAINMENT CENTRE
PERTH AUSTRALIA - SATURDAY 2 JULY PERTH BURSWOOD DOME

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Congratulations to the winners of Rolling Gart's Letter of the Week:

LAURENCE ROSIER STAINES, NEADA BULSECO,
SHANNON CONNELLAN, BRIDIE CONNELLAN,
TOM WALKER, JULIAN LANARCH, ANDY FRASER,
OTTO WICKS-GREEN, JAMES COLLEY, MICHAEL
RICHARDSON

You all spelt your racial hatespeech with astonishing accuracy.

OASIS-BASED SITCOM IDEAS:
fallagher's Travels
fallagher's Island
Liam-ve it to fallagher
Hey Dad! Liam fallagher is in the kitchen
fuck Blur
DO NOT STEAL

Accidentally sober Tom Waits realises he’s 42 years late for his first day at work

Grammy-award-winning artist Tom Waits’ eyes opened wide in shock on Tuesday in what onlookers described as a “frantic moment of sobriety”.

“Oh fuck,” said Waits, “Jimmy’s.”

Waits is believed to be referring to James Crandall’s Icecreamery and Corner Store, a multi-purpose small business established in 1922 in Waits’ hometown, the location of which he cannot remember.

“Dah, I gotta learn to use the till, and the shake machine, and unclog the gumballs,” said a visibly distraught Waits to his empty house, wringing his hands.

“Where are my keys?” added a frazzled Waits, who last had steady access to a car at 16.

Several other epiphanies hit Waits over the next hour, sending the musician

dithering from one end of his house to the other as long-forgotten dates, appointments, exams and meals came to mind for the first time in decades.

“What are you?” Waits shouted at his Blackberry.

Between 11:30 and 1:15, Waits was heard to exclaim that missing his first day at Jimmy’s meant that he wouldn’t be able to take Rachel Holdsworth to the big dance, buy petrol for his old man’s jalopy or ever have the best milkshake in town again. Waits’ suspicion that he’d “never be able to show [his] tail around Jimmy’s again” was validated thirty years ago, when the Icecreamery finally closed its doors.

As for the man Waits feared would “spread the bad news about [him] through the town” Crandall himself is believed to have died in the early 70s.

Crandall worked alone until his death.



Pictured above: Tom Waits.

Dire Straits in financial trouble

“I guess you could say we’re suffering fiscal difficulties.”

Kiss makeup actually horrific birthmarks

“I! Want to rock and roll all night! And get reconstructive surgery every day.”

Daft Punk take off helmets

Smaller helmets within.

P Diddy changes name to Piddly Diddly

Third change this week definitely the best.

A-Ha cover band actually A-Ha

Critics agree that one song was still pretty good.

Dire Straits in financial trouble

“We can only be described as being in a tight spot.”

One man band trapped in unending nightmare

“Which way do I have to move my leg to pull the trigger on this gun?”

Status Quo decides not to fire lead singer

“I guess you could say we’d like to keep things the same.”

Men at Work start touring again

“It certainly looks like we’re going back into employment.”

Music pirates take control of the eastern seaboard

“We wouldn’t steal a car. We would steal a seaboard.”

The Kinks visit chiropractor

“I guess you could say we’re trying to iron out the knots in our muscles.”

Rolling Stones gather Kate Moss

Still can’t get satisfaction.

Whales form throwback band

The Beached Boys don’t really get around.

Lil Wayne short for Lillian Wayne

Promises to still “fuck ya up.”

Methuselah-Palooza

All-for-prophet concert series.

Ground Control to Major Lazer:

BWOM BWOM BWOM.

Three Doors Down celebrate ten year anniversary of anyone thinking about Three Doors Down

In a private ceremony, the members of Three Doors Down have celebrated the tenth anniversary since anyone thought about the band Three Doors Down.

The ceremony was held at a location in the band’s hometown of Parts Unknown and included fans, well-wishers and four men between the ages of 25-50 who were fairly certain they were actually in Three Doors Down.

“Even we were a bit surprised when we remembered that we used to be a bit of a big deal,” said that lead singer of Three Doors Down, who probably

had a name. “It took me a minute to even remember how many members there were in Three Doors Down. It was three, right? That’s why we had the name.”

The last recollection of Three Doors Down was by college resident Paul Krane who remarked that he “kinda liked that one song”. However, this thought is now as distant a memory as that hit song. The one about superman. You know, that one.

“I walked past a guitar store the other day and I was just genuinely confused as to what it was selling before it hit me,” the singer continued “I used

to play one of those things in Three Doors Down.”

“Or maybe I was in Smash Mouth,” he added.

The other members of Three Doors Down were unwilling to comment on the anniversary, which was fortunate as *The Rolling Gart* couldn’t really remember who they were. Reports that there was a guy with a pretty rad mohawk who may have played bass couldn’t be confirmed.



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Sugar Rós!

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Josh Pikelets!

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Wu-Tang Flan!

Pixies Sticks!

Flogging Lolly!

Iggy Lollypop!

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It's pretty underground you probably wouldn't know about it



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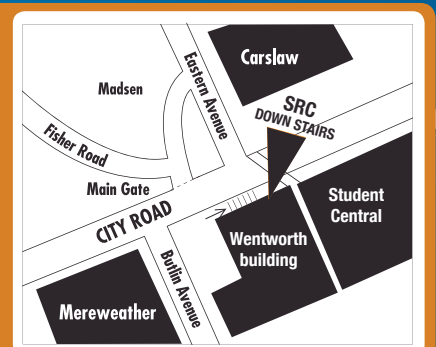
- *Honi Soit* - the SRC's weekly newspaper
pick-up a copy available on campus
- Student Handbooks: O-week, Counter Course, International Students & Women's Handbooks.

Student Rights & Representation

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

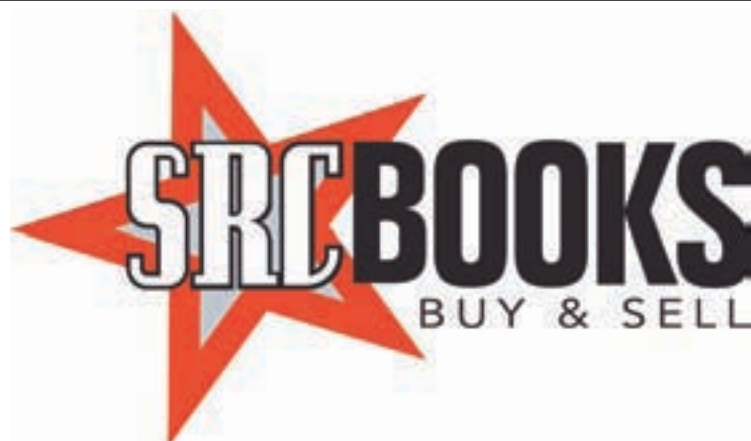
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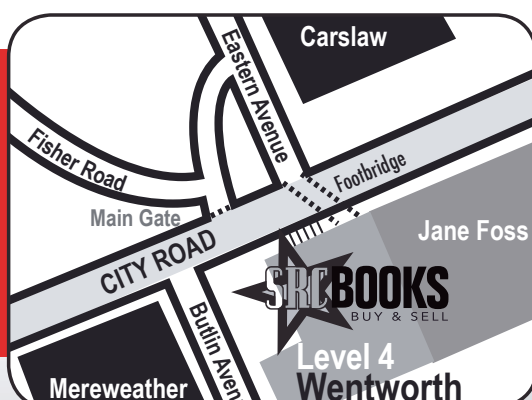


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