

HONI SOIT

ISSUE 18 AUG 31ST 2011



WED
31st

6.30PM Woohoo! **VERGE FESTIVAL** aka our favourite ever shipping-container-related festival kicks off today. 10 days of uni fun, shipping containers, music, comedy, shipping containers, cupcakes, shipping containers and much much much more. Get involved.

7-11PM Local poetry in Surry Hills, Check out my mad rhyming skillz, They're pretty fierce, something to fear
You're looking at the new William Shakespeare ... sorry about that... **CARAVAN SLAM**, at TONE, 16 Wentworth Avenue, Surry Hills. Freeeee!



8PM Opening tonight for STC, **THE THREEPENNY OPERA** is a gritty, dark, bawdy and delicious must-see. Brecht's delightful look at the underworld, you're going to hear Mack the Knife in all its edgy glory. From \$40.

10-12PM Choreographer Ros Warby is hosting a **DANCE MASTERCLASS** today at the Opera House. Challenging dancers to forget what they think they know, it'll be a totally free and un-prescribed look at the body and movement. For intermediate+ dancers. \$40.

8PM Wool! Even more revues! Bringing up the rear are Commerce with the brilliantly titled **ECONOMY OF ERRORS** and the Queer Revue's **THE QUEEN**. Seymour Centre, tix from \$14.



7-12AM Manning, that great hub of student life, that home away from our cockroach-infested student homes, is turning 11! To celebrate, join us at **MANNING'S 11th BIRTHDAY** party and groove to the tunes of The Holidays, Megastick Fanfare, Guineafowl and Fishing. \$5/10 + bf.

6PM **I LIKE BEING CONSCIOUS!** A fact, and also the title of a really cool stand up show on as part of the Verge Festival! Written and performed by acclaimed USyd comic Cyrus Bezyan, the quirky show will examine consciousness, and if it's all it's cracked up to be. \$3 Access/\$5 General. Cellar Theatre. Sweet!



PICK OF THE WEEK



11.30-3.30 Fascinating talks and events going on everywhere. Today at the Customs House Library catch **UNWRAPPED SWEETS. TALES FROM THE DTY**, a look at Sydney's relationship with food over the years. Free Knowledge!

7PM Yeah, no biggie, it's just that John Cleese, Dylan Moran and Louis CK are all in Sydney as part of the Opera House's **JUST FOR LAUGHS** festival Whatever.

ALL DAY It's Father's Day! (Thank us later, just hurry up with the breakfast in bed!)

TODAY + 1 YEAR One year til Father's Day! Thank us later.

8AM Well, the SRC Election campaigns begin today. **RUN AWAY FROM EASTERN AVENUE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!**

AAAH!

6PM There is such a thing as **KANYE. THE MUSICAL**, and it's on tonight at the Cellar Theatre. Written by Theatresports fave Phil Roser, the show will be absurd and awesome, in that order. *The LA Times* interviewed Phil, for goodness sake. This thing could be big! \$3/6. Strap yourself in.

P.S. Ever wanted to be an executive for a society dedicated to all things music related and inspired? **Beat the System**, one of the youngest and fastest growing societies on campus is holding their AGM on September 7 at 1pm in the Isabel Fidler room in Manning House.

Hip hop to it for an opportunity to be involved!

SAT
3rd

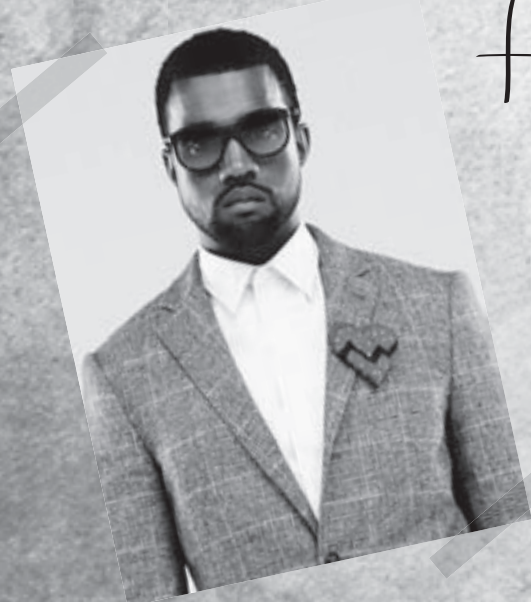


I love it.

TUE
6th



MON



THE LOVECHILD:
Jack Nicholson
Queen Latifah



DAD JOKE OF THE WEEK:
Who invented textiles?
Some clever so-and-so.

HONEY SUAVE
I must be an assassin,
because I wanna take you out!



RETRACTION

“Three ways to kill a duck” was an unfortunate editorial mishap. It’s gruesome and graphic nouveau-gonzo writing style, and accompanying lewd “fuck-a-grams” were unfortunately placed and ill-timed. We meant to write at least four more ways to kill those fucking ducks.

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07	NEWS BRIDIE CONNELL chews up the news and spits it out in little bite sized pieces, like a mama bird. RAIHANA HAIDARY ain’t seeing star spangled on that banner anymore. JULIAN LARNACH matters, and so does Steve Jobs.
08	FARRAGO TOM CASHMAN tweeted this article in. JACQUELINE BREEN lets the Katter out of the bag. SAMANTHA HAWKER made a horcrux out of a selfie pic. RAFI ALAM is knitting tiny booties. CLAIRE NASHAR got the gab going with David Brooks, writer and poet.
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THE EDITORIAL

Politics just ain't what it used to be. Gone are the days of orators that could mobilise a nation and debate that divided neighbours. Today, Australian politics is riddled with toe tapping, question-dodging power mongers who remain uninspiring figureheads of a population left uninspired. The left has been quietly toeing its way to the right, as the least liberal policies of the right are considered nothing more than empty threats. Desperation has wrought this bridge between the two, leaving little distinction. They both simply swing with the polls. It's sad and, frankly, boring.

The same cannot be said for politics on campus. This microcosmic representation of the broader national political scope here at Sydney Uni is, for lack of a better word, overwhelming. Hacks, as these politically well-versed kids are known, are driven by political passion. Nothing else. There are no cameras distributing the action from inside the Eastern Avenue seminar room where SRC meetings are held, no potential to dine with the cream of the international crop. They labour for the rights of students, support the ambitions of the collectives on campus and bring you this very paper, *Honi*, and most of them do it for free.

It's not all good and there's absolutely no glamour but the upcoming SRC election will bring you more than a swarm of brightly coloured t-shirts lighting up the law lawns. Student politicians will pose the best and, admittedly, the worst policies ever conceived. Ticket names often ludicrous and may leave you a little concerned about the truth to their policy, but politics doesn't have to be boring. It's democracy at its finest because, in this election, you are represented. These students are your friends or classmates; they're that guy that sold you that textbook or that girl that held the door for you that one time. They face the same essay deadlines and walk the same hallowed halls. Simply put, the politicians running in the SRC election relate to you and your needs, and will strive to ensure they are met. If you elect the representative that best serves your desires, that is.

After this election the results will be evident at short range. It *will* affect the way you study and play at uni; and will affect you beyond the confines of campus, as these guys help fight for your rights as a student in Australia. Thus, more than ever, your vote matters. It may be the same old refrain but, from student to fellow student, your vote could come to define your very experience here at Sydney Uni. It has significantly defined mine; the *Honi Soit* editorial team is democratically elected in the SRC election each year. Whether you love, like or loathe – hopefully love! – the paper we have produced for you, it was democracy that got us here. It's our goddamn right, as representatives of the students, to publish meaningless bullshit in *The Garter* and deliver the most illegal tips we can get our mitts on in 'Anarchy!' each week. And no one can take that away from us, well not until the next editorial team is voted in by you.

So vote! Exercise your democratic rights! Make the Quad into a rave space or ensure the bubblers do spout coke (finally!), or keep it just as it is. Scribble in your preferences, scrunch that ballot paper into something somewhat spherical and slam dunk it into one of those cardboard boxes on the 20th, 21st or 22nd of this month. Do it because you hate a faction, need a change or love this uni. Whatever your cause, your vote – or lack thereof – will impact them all.

Neada Bulseco

FROM THE VAULT

1984 SRC Election

Picnic Society Candidates

David Such, Engineering

POLICY STATEMENT

You may be somewhat surprised to see the Sydney University Picnic Society running for office. I know I was. That is, at first. However, on careful reconsideration it is the only real alternative So let's talk about alterntaives.

Striding purposefully, you enter the polling booth, your Honi Soit election issue clutched grimly in your sweaty hands.

Handing over your beloved student card, only to see it ravaged and returned a bit lighter. You're given a scrap of paper to indicate your individual preference, there is nothing left but to inscribe your irredemiabile choice. With not a little trepidation you unfold and uncrease your crinkled and sweat-stained beforementioned Honi Soit. A sea of mug shots swim lazily past your eyes. Notice that the candidates fall into four main categories:

- Right-Wingers
- Left-Wingers
- The people in the middle (don't ask me what there [sic] on about) and
- The Screwballs

Interesting you think, they seem to be either politically motivated or whacko. However, who you may have initially placed in category (d) are in all reality the people most suited to representing you! I am of course talking about the Picnic Society.

Yes, the Picnic Society - a totally apolitical group, the group to support you!

David Crowe, Econ/Law I

POLICY STATEMENT

Student Parasites! The SRC is a bloodsucking bacteria rotting away this university. Don't be fooled by those political tapeworms telling you about their new improved SRC that's really going to do things. The SRC today is too malarial to do anything new except die. The only improvement it can make is to cease to exist.

That's why the Sydney University Picnic Society is here. We're your worm tablet to salvation and you'll only have to take us once. Our one policy is the complete dissolution of the SRC. We'll throw it away and leave Daniel Luscombe to twiddle his thumbs.

Support us on the opening day of the election. Come to our picnic in the main quad at 1pm and then go and vote. Note our priorities. Picnics are of course more important than any SRC could ever be.

Dissolution is the simplest way to eradicate those political ticks we all know and loath [sic]. They're fanatics; just common lice in this university's trendy haircut.

These parasites are doomed, destined for the dustbin of history. “ “. Do your duty and send them there by voting Picnic Society. Vote for us and you will never have to vote again.

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

WE ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS HERE WITHOUT YOU.

Dear Honi,

I write in reference to the article written about the highly distinguished and well recognized (I would say) rock band, Three doors down. In regards to the point that it was the “tenth anniversary since anyone had thought about the band” was unjust and plain uneducated in regards the band's history. I am a regular listener of the radio (much of it is mainstream I am ashamed to say), yet I frequently hear their most famous hit Kryptonite or as the writer would say: “the one about superman” being played on the highly boasted newest hit stations as nova or today fm.

In respect to no one knowing the band, it seems to be the writer who does not seem to know any facts about the article they are “writing”. There is no information given about the band's hometown or name of lead singer, all which would have been found out in a 0.11sec google search to discover but we wouldn't want to deceive the nonchalant tone of the too cool yet clearly misled writer. On a venture out a couple of weeks ago to a well known bar in Newtown offering wonderful karaoke on a Friday night, I myself, selected another hit of theirs: Here without me. I knew the song well and thought a few others in the bar may know the chorus. I was then blown away when nearly the entire bar (and yes the bar was full) was singing both the chorus and the versus at the top of their lungs.

I suggest when picking an artist to pay out for being unrecognizable after many years, pick one that people actually dislike. In this case, no one really cares enough to be bothered to refute.

Emily

Bachelor of Science II

LETTER OF THE WEEK



BIG GAY MOOT.

PIERCE HARTIGAN followed the rainbow.

It's 2015. At some point between 2011 and 2015, the institution of barriage was invented as a separate but equal alternative to marriage for same-sex couples. Barriage soon became popular, with ceremony guests required to wear outrageous hats, compete in gladioli bouquet tossing contests and eat purple pavlova instead of wedding cake. Australians began to regard marriage as a second-rate institution, only fit for people the wrong side of 50 or ultra-conservative Christians. Hipsters won't even do it ironically. Everyone wants to get barried, but the text of the Barriage Act is exceptionally clear: "Barriage means the union of two persons, being a man and another man, or a woman and another woman, to the exclusion of all others, voluntarily entered into for life".

Yes, all law assignments are this cool.

These were the facts of last Wednesday's inaugural Rainbow Moot (or 'Big Gay Moot' as it was advertised). Sydney University Law Society (SULS) hosted an intervarsity comedy moot between Sydney and UNSW law schools, judged by Sydney's Professor Anne Twomey and UNSW's Professor Andrew Lynch. And triple j breakfast host Tom Ballard. And King's Cross barrister/Iothario.../god... Charles Waterstreet. Oh, what a night.

A moot is like a debate over a point of law. Like a debate, except that not only is your opposition trying to tear you to pieces; so are the judges. Sydney University's Dom Cucinotta and Pat Bateman were out to convince the world that barriage should be for everyone, both on constitutional grounds and because, to quote Cucinotta, "for too long

now, the straight community have been marginalized". They won. Amen.

Moot attendees were initially greeted by a projection of (acting) Chief Justice Waterstreet, smiling and sipping a gin and tonic between a stripper's legs in one of Kings Cross's finest establishments, an image apparently supplied by Waterstreet CJ himself to set the mood. Despite being the least qualified member of the bench, Justice Ballard owned the evening. He recently barried partner (and Olympic swimmer) Eamon Sullivan and felt quite close to the matters at hand. The bench delved into general discussion of the virtues of Grindr (a smartphone app allowing gay, bi and curious dudes to find similar dudes nearby who are good to go). Discussion found its way to a glimpse into SULS president Geoffrey Winters' sex life (Ballard J at [252]: Is Geoffrey Winters some kind of slut or something?), and notably to a somewhat existential chat on carrots vs. deep rectal itching and why UNSW is shithouse.

While the bench's academics, who had presumably arrived under the impression that some federal constitutional law was going to be discussed, were perhaps ultimately disappointed, they bore it with grace and good humour. Before we left, Professor Twomey ensured us that we had all learned a very important lesson about equality and what it means, especially when the tables are turned and the emperor really is naked. Why we are still having these arguments eludes me.

Snap to SULS Queer Officer Glen Wolter for conceptualising and organising an amazing night, and to Professor Twomey for writing the question (I love the way your mind works).

HONILEAKS

ANDY FRASER found a message in a bottle, then he wrote a song and some news about it.

Semester 2 campaign season is almost upon us. That means that over the next few weeks, campus is going to be overrun with posters, pamphlets, and campaigners walking slowly towards cameras that stay just out of reach. This time around it is the Student Representative Council elections and you'll be voting on the position(s) of president, representatives and yours truly Honi Soit. Make us proud. Don't forget to pick up a copy of next weeks election edition brief on the all of the candidates. We should also take this opportunity to flag that Honi Soit is restricted from reporting or commenting on any of the election events until after it is all over. There's always the off chance that *Bull magazine* will inform you but if not, we'll see you on the flip side.

In other news, last Friday saw the re-election of the Vice-President and Treasurer of your Union Board. We congratulate Zac Thompson and Rhys Pogonoski on their new executive positions and look forward to seeing them flex some political muscle. Zac Thompson scored Vice-President in a photo finish with Brigid Dixon. Preferences had to be distributed and they showed Thompson -6, Dixon-5. The battle for Treasurer proved cleaner as Rhys Pogonoski received 6 primary votes without the need to distribute preferences. Considering

Thompson's and Pogonoski's recent election to board, perhaps new blood will be a healthy change for the USU. It is interesting to note that neither of the remaining second year board members (James Flynn & Vivien Moxem-Hall) scored a position.

The negotiations between the Union Board and the University have remained relatively stagnant. The Union recently submitted a funding request to extend the SLA (services level agreement), 3.4million dollars for repair and maintenance, and also the agreement over the venues collection for another year. In a meeting with the Deputy Vice-Chancellor Derrick Armstrong, the Union Board were informed that a response to the funding extension requests wouldn't be given until the end of September, at a time when the University would have finished a business plan. This business plan is reported to be a design on the process of taking over the Union's commercial services. The designer of this business schedule was a one Ed Smith until recently. Smith was hired for his success involving the UNSW takeover but has been replaced for one reason or another. We understand that he finished drawing up a business plan but perhaps it wasn't in line with the University's goals.

Rise of the Planet of the Post-Grads

HUGH SATTERTHWAITE ain't chimping around.

For better or worse, University of Sydney colleges are making a conscious effort to accept, and accommodate for more postgraduate students than ever before. Plans for a post-graduate house are well under way at St Paul's College, and St John's also hopes to increase their postgraduate intake should their new building proposal gain momentum.

This begs the question: what effects, if any, will this have on college life?

For some, the move is seen as a good thing. Postgrad members of college tend to be more focused on their studies, and as academic institutions colleges have always welcomed a few more HDs. Postgrads also contribute to the tutorial programmes that exist within the colleges, though this is often born out of a desire for more pocket money than any genuine interest in education. Somewhat less relevantly, 'postgraduate' is an anagram of 'pastured goat', and maybe the grass really is greener on the other side of larger postgraduate intakes.

However, I myself am unconvinced.

Postgraduate is also an anagram of 'a Gestapo turd'. This is not to suggest that they are in any way a neo-Nazi group, but many among them are about as involved in college life as a lump of excrement, and equally, do not respond well to being polished.

Looking beyond anagram-based analysis, colleges do face a serious decision about

the direction they wish to pursue as institutions. Some of the greatest aspects of college life survive solely due to a high level of involvement from all students, and that is exactly why all freshers are reminded constantly that college 'is not just a room'. The problem here is that the majority of postgraduates seem only to venture from their rooms for meals. Of course this is a generalisation, but generalisations have a habit of being generally true.

Are we chasing the Oxbridge dream, despite obvious differences in our student body and college structure? Is this an extension of the pompous wank that was the renaming of the Sydney Business School? Or are we chasing government grants for construction of new student accommodation? All weak justifications says this humble observer.

This publication has seen its fair share of anti-college rhetoric, but there are countless traditions that colleges can and should be proud of, and these traditions are not upheld by people who stay purely for ready-to-eat meals.

Of course this is not true of all postgraduates in college, but college leaders and administrators should care about the impact of accommodating for two large student groups with very different, and at times, competing interests. Maybe this 'outraged spat' (another anagram) will catch their eye...

STUDENT RUSH
TICKETS \$15

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IRISH CULTURE

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TRUST ME
SEYMOUR 1-17 SEPT 2011 RIVERSIDE 20-24 SEPT
TRANSPARENCY
WRITTEN BY SUZIE MILLER
DIRECTED BY TIM JONES

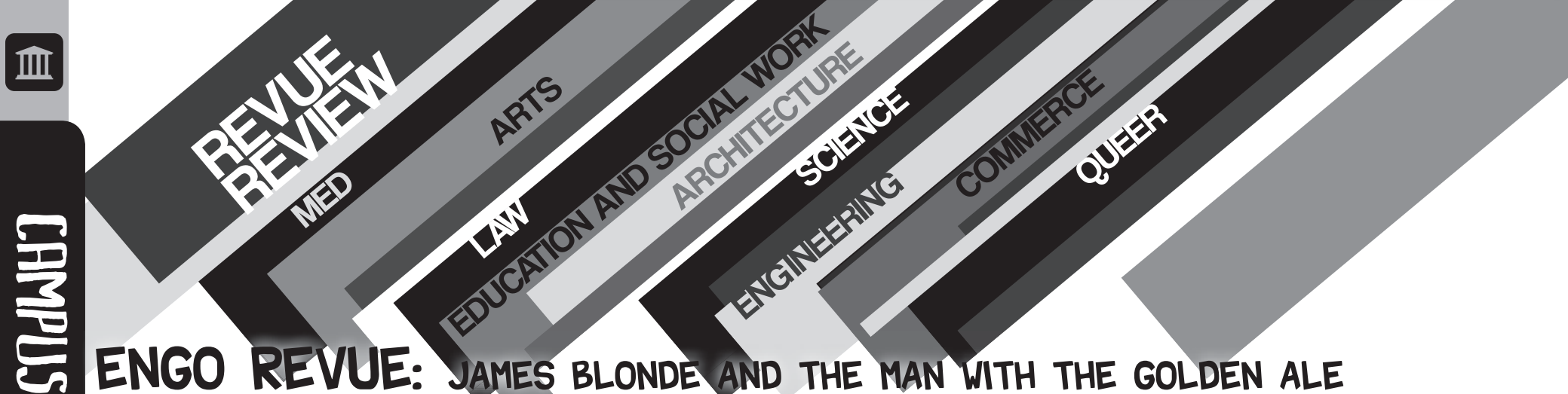
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CAMPUS



ENGO REVUE: JAMES BLONDE AND THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ALE

JULIO LARNACH was ... unimpressed.

I’m writing this review having heard only half the show. Heckles destroyed entire sketches and, although at times I didn’t appreciate the venom that was being spat, I think it was necessary. The sketches I did hear were verging on discriminatory but never quite reached it, they were teetering on that line like a drunk guy at a urinal. But, like a drunk guy at a urinal, there’s always the chance that he’ll spew on his genitals and that’s what a majority of the jokes were - disgusting and centred on dicks.

There’s a difference between edgy and poor taste. Engineering Revue didn’t realise this. You could make the argument that Engineering Revue (*The Man with the Golden Ale*) was a social commentary, mocking difficult to broach topics with abandon – trivializing them in order to humanise them and make

them easier to deal with. I am not making this argument. You shouldn’t make jokes about rape; you shouldn’t make jokes about the Sudanese genocide.

The best thing about the show was the band. It felt more like a late night talk show where the house band rock out, independent from the success of the show. If you ignored the song Pub Full of Queers – which I did – the band was superb. It’s not like other revues - the audience comes in expecting to dislike the show – it’s what I imagine shows in the Wild West were like, appealing to the lowest common denominator and they needed a cage around the stage to save the performers

I didn’t walk out at half-time because I was given the ticket for free. I will not be buying a ticket next year.

TOM WALKER was ... also unimpressed.

Engineering Revue just shouldn’t be. There. Everyone knew this except the cast: the barstaff insisted I would need another drink, security seemed reluctant to let me in and the audience angrily drowned out sketch after sketch. Determinedly oblivious cast members trekked through a jokeless wasteland, searching for... I don’t know, a punchline? An opportunity to take off that horrible turban costume? A wormhole that would carry them into another, better show?

It wasn’t offensive. Well, it wasn’t clearly bigoted. I was offended, it’s true, but not by the material: I was offended that this show was put on, that it received thousands of dollars of funding from the USU. It’s hard to take a “boys will be boys” approach when the boys in question have

full beards and degrees in engineering, and these boys have been trotting out the same thing year after year to an audience that seems to come to hate rather than to laugh or enjoy. We get it, you like beer. That’s all you like. You don’t like women, you don’t like politics, you don’t like ballet or arts students or the generally recognized logic behind the construction of a show. Also you have an inexplicably good band.

What I’m talking about is a self-indulgent and self-contained world, so my disgust is almost redundant. This isn’t for me. The problem is, I’m unsure who it is for. It’s either for a sadistic cast and a masochistic audience or a masochistic cast and a sadistic audience.

SCIENCE REVUE: NASABLANCA

JIM FISHWICK was ... spaced. I’ll show myself out.

James Colley and Sam Jenkins, directors of NASAblanca, clearly knew what they wanted to do, and hot damn on a stick did they do it. Delivering Star Wars, Harry Potter, and Pokémon to a crowd of Star Wars, Harry Potter, and Pokémon fans is undeniably safe, but when it’s this well-executed, who cares?

Directorial ambition was obvious and well-placed, with extravagant dance and choral numbers throughout. Two tissu routines (one ninja-based, the other stripping-based) scored ‘oohs’ from the punters, and a Human Piano, though not perfectly carried out, was a cute touch. Followed by the dirty touch of a Human Centipede joke.

The big ensemble pieces (my god, was it a big ensemble) were particularly impressive. See, I can’t stand Queen, and I don’t know Star Wars thoroughly, but I still found a ten minute retelling of the latter through the former thoroughly enjoyable.

Outstanding scriptwork from head writers Matt Watson and Adam Chalmers was the bedrock of the show, and few beats were

missed. For some reason most dialogue in the sketches was shouted, but not all actors could carry their diction through sustained shouting. The more nuanced moments came from the sharply-directed eponymous story of star-crossed lovers.

The band, led by Jarred Baker, were tight, especially in their blistering Ghostbusters cover. I wondered why, with so much musical talent, there was only one original number. The other songs were beautiful renditions, but they were still renditions.

There were occasional slow set changes (with no covering videos or music), and occasional microphones-not-conveying-lyrics, although seemingly these are endemic revue issues, not isolated SciRev ones.

Anyhow, NASAblanca was excellent. Exceptionally spectacular. Here’s looking at you, kids.

P.S. Fuck you, Patrick Massarani. Stop trying to stifle my words.

TOM CLEMENT was ... scienced (?) I’m outta here.

The 2011 Science Revue, NASAblanca, was just great. They have kept up with the standard they achieved last year with style, and I congratulate all of the cast, crew and everyone else involved. The audience loved it.

But I won’t lie, there were parts I disliked. I hate storylines, and this was no exception. I didn’t come to see a revue for dramatic acting, or a non-cohesive plot line where apparently freezing the leader of the country you’re at war with in carbonite was a bad thing. Some of the sketches ran a little long, pushing the joke a little too far, and some elements were a little unpolished (which is to be expected on the first night).

The pros, however, massively outweighed the cons. The first act ended with what can only be described as inspired: *Star Wars*, *the Queen Musical*, was literally

the greatest thing ever. But it didn’t stop there, the other musical numbers were superb as well: Anakin, are you ok, the human piano and the Voldemort song to name a few.

The sketches were great too. 28 seconds later, aggressive Harry Potter, Casper the friendly child and the pokemon rap were definitely some of the highlights of the night. Credit must go to the band as well for both their costumes and their music; a band of superheroes transferring from the Captain Planet theme to Power Rangers was as nostalgic as it was excellent.

Science Revue has set the bar high for the second year in a row, and I’m looking eagerly to next year to see if they can pull it off again.

ARCHITECTURE REVUE: NINETEEN EIGHTY FLOOR

JACK GOW was ... floored.

I’ve already left.

I’ll be perfectly honest; I didn’t go into the Architecture Revue with the highest of expectations. Despite being an Architecture Revue virgin, I’d heard bad things. So just like a real virgin, vulnerable beneath my metaphorical sheets, I waited with bated breath in the dark of the Reginald Theatre for what I was worried would be a harrowing, painful and incredibly awkward experience. Instead, to my immense surprise and not inconsiderable pleasure

(you stallion, you!), I was greeted by a brave, audacious and occasionally hilarious show. This is not to say that the show was perfect - far from it. But for every minor, or for that matter major, failing (killing your gay friend’s cat because he told you he “hates pussy,” anyone?), there were more than enough unexpectedly bold and delightfully controversial choices to compensate.

Unsurprisingly, what with it being an Architecture Revue and all, the set design was particularly impressive. Somehow both minimalist and incredibly versatile at the same time, it

showed me that a flashing red light, a bunch of wooden pallets and a voice-over does a super-computer make. However, the conceit of a dystopian future so rapidly running out of space that a no-holds-barred, don’t-throw-the-rule-book-at-me, Mohawk-sporting punk P.I. had to be sent into the ‘Architecture Underground’ to exterminate all architects was a flimsy justification for a laboured through-line.

Now you may be wondering why I’ve yet to mention the title: *Nineteen Eighty Floor*. That’s because, outside of said conceit about a dystopian

future, there was no link whatsoever to its Orwellian namesake. Which is a shame because I loved the title – a definite improvement on the pretence of last year’s – and would have loved to see more effort go into its justification.

All in all, *Nineteen Eighty Floor* was a pleasant revue with just the right amount of chutzpah to shock the fuddie-duddies, a brilliantly absurd streak and an obligatory dig at the hideousness of that scar upon the Sydney skyline: the UTS building.

Why Steve Jobs matters.

JULIAN LARNACH is iNvestigating.



News In Briefs



On August 24th, the CEO of Apple Inc, declared his retirement. Some people shrugged over a distant fuss, some people were glad that the self modelled techno-messiah would vanish from the public eye and a lot of people unloaded their emotions into 140 character moulds. Whether you knew Steve Jobs or just his products, his retirement seems an apt time to weigh his legacy.

His most successful work is most visible on public transport. Scores of commuters bopping along in their own worlds, white headphones: a membership badge to a worldwide club. The iPod, and subsequent iPhone, was a masterstroke. It's an MP3 player but better. It does what Apple has always done best – that is, making stuff easier and sexier. I remember buying my first iPod, a Nano, and asking whether it would skip if I used it while playing basketball. I got a blank look and a sly reply, "It's an Apple, dude." Every Apple product is carefully constructed with functional cool firmly on the mind, every- thing done with a purpose and crafted to a point. It's the realisation of a life long pursuit of a user-friendly computer that is actually friendly to the user: turning the personal computer into the interpersonal computer, connecting people through technology.

The Apple cult is vast and all consuming and it's hard to draw the line between the company and its creator. It has proven a Fordist wet dream; producer has become consumer and consumer has become acolyte. Jobs has created a dichotomy between Apple and PC users. With the help of Justin Long he's changed your choice in computers into a lifestyle decision: do you want to be the bald guy in the bad suit complaining or do you want to be laidback and boyishly handsome collegian? Obvious. The aesthetic of Apple was a calculated move by Steve Jobs, heavily influenced by calligraphy classes he'd sneak in on at university. The lessons of beautiful functionality learned in these lessons are at the core of all his ideas. The graphical user interface of Apple products make them easier to use, and what they lack in power they make up for in ease. Artists swear by them. Publishers praise them. When you influence those who control trends, you become

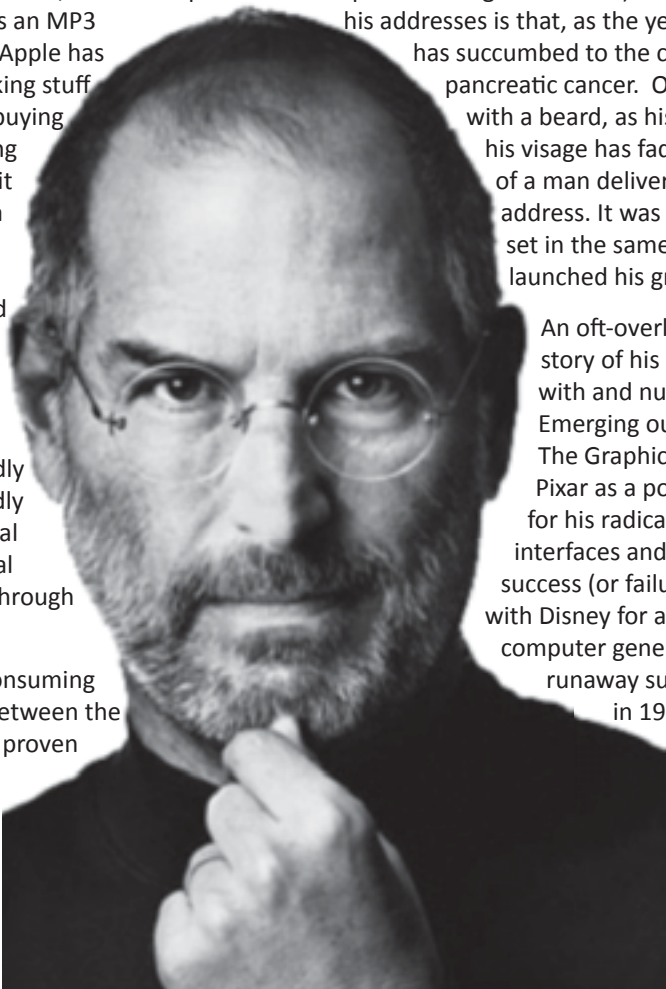
something beyond a trend: iPods have become synonymous with portable music.

Whilst on the cult subject, you need cult leaders. There's none better than Steve Jobs. Prowling his keynote addresses in black turtlenecks announcing products like commandments. He's got the feel of a Wild West snake oil merchant with a god complex, a man of vision and spectacle in an industry that isn't known for emotion. His personality is informed by a series of spiritual pilgrimages and LSD (calling his experiences with drugs "one of the two most important things I've done"). The saddest thing about his addresses is that, as the years go by, his frame has succumbed to the cause of his retirement: pancreatic cancer. Once a jolly fat man with a beard, as his net worth has risen his visage has faded. A staunch stork of a man delivered his resignation address. It was sad to see a farewell set in the same locale that has launched his greatest triumphs.

An oft-overlooked chapter in the story of his life is his involvement with and nurturing of Pixar. Emerging out of George Lucas' The Graphics Group, Jobs saw Pixar as a potential proving ground for his radical ideas for computer interfaces and, after 9 years of stifled success (or failures), he joined forces with Disney for a new kind of graphics: computer generated movies. The runaway success of Toy Story in 1995 bred a strong connection between the two companies, producing a slew of amazing, heartfelt and visually stunning animated movies. When Pixar was absorbed by the Disney giant, Jobs ensured that his voice

was still heard – garnering a 7% share of the company: this share dwarfs the CEO's share of 1.7% and Walt Disney's latest descendent's share out a measley 1%.

Steve Jobs is one of the most influential people in the world and has consistently been a force for innovation and aesthetics, he leaves his CEO position with a strong legacy of white headphones, touch screens and cowboy toys. He should be celebrated for that; an influential person who is not evil.



The man himself, Steve Jobs (pictured here).

BRIDIE CONNELL made her bed with broadsheets.

Well, there's not much happy to report this week, with tales of worry and upset hitting the headlines around the world, but the *Honi* team has at least found a heartwarming story about Ryan Gosling to cheer you up at the end of all the gloom.

The East Coast of the USA has been hit by Hurricane Irene, causing widespread damage and claiming eight lives. Over 900,000 homes and businesses have been affected by power shortages and other damage, and nearly 2.5 million people along the coast were ordered to evacuate to safer areas as the hurricane raged, with winds peaking at 185km/h. At time of print, 14 had been confirmed dead. All mortalities were in the state of North Carolina. The hurricane comes almost exactly six years after the Hurricane Katrina disaster of New Orleans.

Three bones uncovered in bushland in the Glass House Mountains area have been confirmed to be those of Daniel Morcombe, the Queensland teenager who went missing seven years ago. The news comes a fortnight after Brett Peter Cowan, 41, appeared in court charged with the schoolboy's murder.

Officials in Pakistan and the US claim that Atiyah Abd al-Rahman, the Al Qaeda second-in-command, has been killed in a US missile strike in Northern Waziristan. The death comes just months after the death of Osama bin Laden, and US intelligence has heralded the news as a major blow for Al Qaeda and a step closer to victory over the group.

Kate Winslet managed to make herself look even more incredibly awesome last week by saving an elderly woman from a burning building. The elderly woman in question? Richard Branson's mum. Awesome. The fire started during a tropical thunder storm on billionaire Branson's private island.

Winslet wasn't the only celebrity doing good last week, with Ryan Gosling breaking up a streetfight in Manhattan. The international papers won't tell us what the fight was about, but they do tell us *all* about the tight stripy tanktop the hearth throb was wearing. Well thank goodness for that.

A Postcard from Uncle Sam

RAIHANA HAIDARY takes liberties in the land of the free.

"These are the pillars upon which our great Democracy stands". As the Capitol Hill tour video flashed images of Congress in action and 18th century men dressed in robes with the soothing melodic voice-over, I couldn't help notice: Americans still look up to these pillars and buildings, these compounds of bricks and water, as evidence that their country is still the most powerful nation in the world. To them, this is the beacon of light, to which the rest of the world, both developed and developing, looks up.

Flash forward to this month, where beneath that same white-marble exterior, partisanship played a key factor in the lead up to the worst one day crash since the GFC in 2008. A devastating week unfolded: the credit

rating was downgraded from AAA to AA+ credit rating. This was coupled with what could be called one of Congress' greatest debacles in recent history: the inability of the Republicans and Democrats to agree on a debt plan in the face of potential disaster - default.

The attitudes and actions of the current US government contrasts greatly with the ideals enshrined within America's Constitution and historical monuments. Nowhere was this contrast more obvious, than in the Lincoln Memorial in DC. Here stood a giant tribute to a humble man who once noted: "America will never be destroyed from the outside. If we falter and lose our freedoms, it will be because we destroyed ourselves."

America's status as the beacon of light for the democratic world is not only built in to its monumental (and might I add spectacular) architecture and stone pillars, but it also underpins its domestic and global actions. But now, immersed in the clean-up of their disastrous efforts in WMD-less Iraq and the ongoing quagmire in Afghanistan, the nation that once sought to built democracies overseas is, as President Obama admits, now focused on 'nation building at home.'

Lady Liberty stands tall and green as ever over New York City harbour. She is still mobbed by hundreds of tourists eager to capture their moment with her. I could not help notice how her picture symbolised a great history of a great

power. She was now a cheap tourist postcard picture-standing bored as ever.

Lost on Wall Street in search of the Stock Exchange, mum looked aimlessly from side to side and wondered: "Where is that big building with all the men screaming over money?" They're still screaming; screaming in the hope that the crumbling mega-giant lands softly.





Politics 2.0

TOM CASHMAN spoke to the President this morning from his lounge room.

We're all familiar with Facebooking overseas friends and tweeting condolences to celebrities we've never met, nor never sincerely enjoyed. More recently though, Twitter and Facebook have been praised as pivotal in the Arab Spring and criticised for their role in the London riots. The technology clearly has the ability to mobilise citizens, which is why many political leaders now use social media to reaffirm political messages, gain technological kudos and appear connected with the public.

The leader of the free world is no exception. In July this year, Obama organised 'Town Hall @ The White House', a live webcast where tweets with the hashtag #AskObama were put to the President. Well, 18 of 40,000 questions made their way to President. Still, the idea of Obama teaming up with Twitter for an online Q & A certainly cements what has been a trend for while. And it isn't even the newest instalment of the iBama phenomenon. Just weeks ago The White House opened a page on location-based site foursquare.com. Now foursquare users can get 'tips' from Barack, and Washington visitors can even 'check in' at The White House.

These tactics are by no means limited to America. Back home, the Kevin 07 campaign engaged with social media in a way no previous politician had. Rudd's Facebook and Twitter pages were hugely popular and helped position the would-be PM as an innovative guy. Since gaining (and then losing) office, his Twitter page has been an intriguing and often heart-warming insight into his life. This came to an unexpected crescendo in past weeks when he won a tea-blending competition due to votes he'd garnered online, winning over Alan Jones and Layne Beachley among others.

Prime Minister Julia Gillard has also established a commanding social media presence, with over 230,000 Twitter followers and Facebook 'likes' combined. While the accounts may not be exclusively (or at all) managed by Gillard herself, they allow for constant and quick communication directly with the public. But not everyone is so successful in embracing the new technology. There seems to be a large gap between Labor's online efforts and that of the Liberal party.

Tony Abbott's Twitter and Facebook followings pale in comparison to that of his Labor counterpart, and Liberal usage of these sites seems less successful in general. Liberal MP Andrew Laming created a social media guide for his party

earlier this year, but the focus was more on dealing with abusive comments than on expanding their popularity. Malcolm Turnbull seems both the exception and the proof of Liberal underperformance in this area. While he has a larger Twitter following than Abbott and a very sleek website, his 'Dog Blogs' (where Turnbull wrote from the perspective of his three-legged dog) were downright weird. While it might sound endearing, actually writing as if he was his own dog went from cute to creepy pretty quickly.

While some have progressed further than others, it seems our politicians at least recognise social media's potential. As Australia's media crunch the daily popularity figures, seemingly only concerned with the cult of personality that is Julia v Tony, social media offers a way for politicians to dictate their own messages. Or perhaps politicians are merely aiming at the same low attention spans that the media has already captured. Whatever the reason, social media has quickly become an important political tool, where our Prime Minister can communicate with 120,000 Twitter users at the touch of a button. Before we get too carried away though, that's 5,000 less followers than London's Big Ben, whose tweets only ever consist of the word 'bong'.



FOLLOW THESE LEADERS ON TWITTER

- USA: @BarackObama
Pres. Barack Obama
- Philippines: @PresidentGMA
Pres. Gloria Arroya
- Israel: @Netanyahm
PM Benjamin Netanyahu
- Japan: @hatoyamayukiO
PM Yukio Hatoyama
- Jordan: @QueenRania
Queen Rania Al Abdulla

REMEMBER THE TIME...

SAMANTHA HAWKER leaves her legacy in pictures.

Rohinton Mistry's 1996 novel *A Fine Balance*, poses a poignant question. "What is the point of possessing memory? It doesn't help anything... no amount of remembering happy days, no amount of yearning or nostalgia can change a thing." Yet society seems to live by the well-known apothegm that the best spent lives are of those who devote the first 50 years to building legitimacy while the last 50 years are consumed with consecrating a lasting legacy. The allure of leaving your mark is perhaps part of the reason for the almost obsessive human desire to express oneself. With the tentacles of Twitter and Facebook reaching out to a possibly infinite amount of followers, the incessant online presence that social networking sites provide leaves one with a sense of (usually false) reassurance that what they had to say was somehow meaningful.

Since its creation in 2004, Facebook has built the foundation of a new order of legacy. Now over 750 million active users from across the world have a password account to an individualised and amazingly detailed public journal. As a 2008 article published in the *New York Times* magazine titled 'Brave New World of Digital Intimacy' asked, 'Can you imagine a Facebook for children in Kindergarten where they never lose touch with those kids for the rest of their lives?' As Facebook grows the age of the average user lowers so children are in a position where the carefully curated online persona of Facebook may act as a record of almost their entire lives. It is also quite possible that children born in twenty years time will have the ability to scroll down their parents Facebook page and find out exactly what types of devilry or shenanigans, capers or

nonsense they were engaging in during September 2011.

With six billion photographs on average uploaded every single month on Facebook, the site has instilled within many an overwhelming need to both capture and share a moment. Users often have hundreds or even thousands of friends to contribute to their perpetual sequence of memories. However no matter how detailed this public journal may be, one must still ask if something of a more pure substance may have been lost within this information overload.

In 2008, when a sheet of music was found in the archives of the library of Nantes in Western France and attributed as a previously unknown and unheard score of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, there was a type of sweet resonance in hearing a tune that had been lost for over 300 years. Similarly, last year the Vatican released to the public a book consisting of over 1000 years of select correspondence straight from their secret archives. The volume included a letter to Hitler, an entreaty to Rome written on birch bark by a tribe of North American Indians and a letter from Genghis Khan's grandson demanding homage from Pope Innocent IV.

There is something touching about a secret history. With more and more private moments moving into the arena of public scrutiny the idea of a hidden past has a certain charm to it. There are certainly other ways to leave a legacy.

Pick up a pen. Or plant a tree. Or maybe take Mistry's advice and live for a while in the strict confines of the present.

LIFE CRITIC: BOB KATTER

JACQUELINE BREEN tips her cowboy hat.

It's not easy to say nice things about Bob Katter. The homophobia, racism and misogyny are hard enough to explain away, and then you find out that, as a jock and law student at university in 1964, he egged the bloody Beatles on their Australian tour. Dude probably wears that Akubra hat all the time to hide the sticky lamingtons decomposing where his brain should be.

Although he's been stirring shit in Australian politics since 1974, Katter only recently shot to national notoriety. As one of the four independents left hardballing the parliamentary balance of power after last year's precarious federal election, Katter has the government and opposition in his weathered farmer's palm. To pass legislation, parliament must win the consent of a man who once promised to "walk backwards to Bourke" if "the poof population of north Queensland is any more than 0.001 per cent." I wish I was making that up.

Katter served as a minister in Queensland politics for the 1980s, and became so pissed off with all colours of the political spectrum that he went rogue. The Australian party system is lucky he is an independent, because no one would want to explain the toxic verbal sludge he belches delightedly. In 1994 he voted against the Human Rights (Sexual

Conduct) Act, which decriminalized homosexuality in Tasmania (1994!). In 1996 he slammed political antagonists as "little slanty-eyed ideologues who want to persecute ordinary, average Australians." He complained in 1997 that child support arrangements were unfair and that "in 90% of cases the bloke has done nothing wrong [and] the woman was at fault." And this month, in his most recent climax of destructive bigotry, Katter suggested that gay marriage "deserved to be laughed at and ridiculed." Seriously, you can't write this shit.

But he must be doing something right up in banana country, because he nets around 70% of the vote in each election. In deciding his preferences he aimed for whoever would give Queenslanders "the right to survive", and he is set to launch Katter's Australian Party to fight the good agricultural fight. It is a rare breed of politician who speaks in unpolished unsoundbites, and stays true to his constituency with unswerving loyalty. He has championed rural mental health and quality of life in regional towns like no one else. So while this inner-city-living, left-wing-reading, fag-celebrating, flat-white-ordering champagne socialist cannot fathom the man, he is resonating deeply with a lot of my compatriots.

Protest, Pedagogy, and Sebald: a Conversation with David Brooks

CLAIRE NASHAR talks books with Brooks.

By day, Associate Professor David Brooks lectures twentieth-century poetics and Australian Literature at the University of Sydney.

By night, he is a reader, writer, poet, editor, animal rights activist and vegan.

Forget the Renaissance Man; here is a truly modern polymath.

Brooks' summer project 2010-11 was to read the life works of W.G. Sebald. No mean feat. Writing in the context of post-WWII Germany, Sebald's prose is wrought of the deep silences of memory and loss. "His main subject is the Holocaust," says Brooks, "but a lot of the time he writes around the edges of it, doesn't face it directly because it sort of can't be faced directly and his writing about it is intriguing because of this marginal approach, this sort of side glance, so that the Holocaust is known by the affect rather than any attempt at direct engagement because the affect is far greater in a sense than anything you can do with direct engagement which is always a mined ground, à la Demidenko or D. M. Thomas and people like that."

As Brooks points out to me, Europe is not the only continent to resonate with horrific histories. Australia, too, is haunted by the ghosts of traumas past and present. Having recently been traveling in outback New South Wales and South Australia, Brooks remarks that it would be "an intriguing antipodean challenge to write [Sebald's] kind of work while at the same time resisting the fall-back position of deep European culture."

He goes on to add: "Australian writers,

most writers, write about human suffering when they write about suffering at all – when they turn in that direction; and yet, driving along a highway towards Broken Hill [...] every second town has a prison, or a correctional facility, or a slaughterhouse, or a battery farm, and there is a heartbreaking amount of road-kill, and you just realise that there's one part of Australia that you love, you know, the countryside that you love, that is also the abject from the city and the abject from the culture; a place to hide things and to do things that are really quite unpleasant, that we don't want to know that we are causing, are demanding. And then you think that maybe in some of those correctional facilities 80% of the inmates are Aboriginal, and then you start to think that there's a whole dark, dark, dark side of Australia that we push over the mountains or that we hide in the outback – and that's our own horror, our own anguish, that we must confront and deal with."

A hard self-image to face up to. Let alone write about. Let alone teach about. W. G. Sebald himself once said that he didn't think he could write from a compromised moral position. How does this burden impact upon a teacher? "When you've been editing poetry," Brooks says, "and when you've been in the poetry scene and when you are a writer and so forth you end up knowing a great many of the poets, the writers. You just sort of put it aside and teach what you think is important. [...] It seems to me that you keep an eye to the general picture, but there's also a kind of moral responsibility to put

yourself out there a little bit more. You can't have this divided mind because that's part of what we suffer from. The divided mind that says 'Okay, this is my day-job, and my night-job is to exercise a little bit of compassion somewhere' – that, that's like living in gulag that you agree to."

"The law is compassion," he says to me, "tenderness towards existence is the law. For me, it's the Law." It's hardly surprising, then, that on the morning of our interview he and his partner, Teja, were organising a protest against the live export of animals in Canberra the next day. "Not a protest," he corrects me, "more like a silent presence, a vigil." Two nights before, he and Teja had both independently realised that after the fairly high profile protests of the previous weekend (13th and 14th of August), there was paradoxically nothing organised for the actual day of the vote on the bill to end live export. "There was this depressing thought," Brooks says, "that we did all those protests over the weekend when the politicians were not in Canberra, when they were home; so they weren't there for the protest anyway, and then when they're actually doing their business they enter a kind of ring of silence."

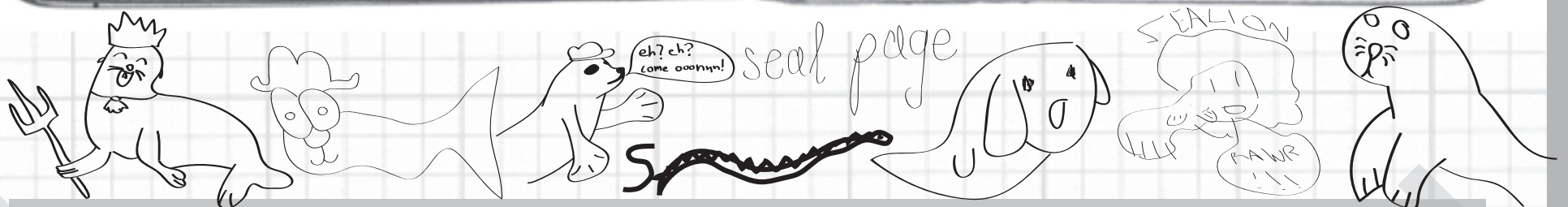
The lead-up to the vote on the live export bill coincided with a report that a ship carrying 67,000 sheep had struck trouble off the coast of South Australia on its way to the Middle East and was limping back to Adelaide. By no means an isolated incident. As the world's largest exporter of sheep and cattle, Australia ships three to four million

sheep alone to the Middle East each year. According to the RSPCA, for sheep earmarked for the live export trade, the journey from the farm to the port can be 1,000 km or more. They are crammed in pens, three sheep per square metre, for the two to three week journey. Some ships carry as many as 100,000 sheep. Each year around 37,000 sheep die on board these ships - from starvation, disease, injury, heat stress and pneumonia. A pretty high price to pay for a lamb kebab.

"This is the sort of thing that happens," says Brooks sadly. "Rust-buckets are used as live-export carriers because they're cheap, and yet they're in bad condition; they're not designed for animals anyway, and this happens. The trade itself is evil, but one of the things that makes it so hideous is this propensity for these things to break-down, the propensity for these ships to list terribly in bad weather - the deaths on the way are just hideous."

So what can we do about it? David Brooks' advice to the students of today: "Look around you: it's impossible to live without contributing to suffering, but you can minimise it. Exercise compassion, don't just talk about it."

Amen to that, David Brooks.



PENNY WONG IS HAVING A BABY, BABY, BABY OOH!

RAFI ALAM disses the Devine.

Two weeks ago, it was announced that Senator Penny Wong and her partner are having a baby! Time for celebration? Apathy? Scrutiny? No – instead, it's a mixed bag of emotions from The Media, a hodgepodge of keeping-our-distance declarations ('it's a private matter, you know') and attacks or defences of Penny Wong's family life.

But you wouldn't be amiss if you thought the media was being deceptive in the way they're covering the issue. The media discourse we're used to now – feigned objectivity and self-indulgence about the higher moral ground of journalism, mixed with matter-of-fact statements about allegedly 'self-evident' principles – has been employed with regards to the news about Little Penny Wong.

The issue has been used to draw ideological battlelines without

acknowledging the issue being controversial at all...but acknowledging that there is controversy, so that 'while we're at it, we may as well talk about it.' Let's take resident right wingnut Miranda Devine (groan) for a second. She starts off by saying that there isn't anything big about having a child; a lot of politicians have children; just because she's gay doesn't make it newsworthy etc. etc.

So far, ok? Not quite. She then begins a tirade about how this just shows how heteronormativity is an embarrassment in modern society, which sounds a bit like a parent saying 'you just think you're gay because you want to be cool!' She also makes some surreal leap to the London riots, which were apparently caused by fatherless gay babies.

If that's not all, online I found two headlines for the same article: 'Pregnancy

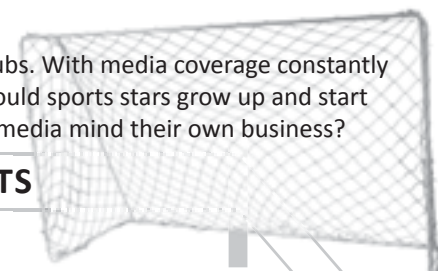
of Penny Wong's female partner no cause for mass celebration' and 'Nuclear units still best for children.' So do you want this to be an issue or not, Miranda? Do you actually not care about her having a baby, or do you care about it so much you feel like you need to write an article about how you don't care but since the gay agenda makes everything a controversy (and not your pure, delicate self), that you must address it to keep intact the moral fabric of our disintegrating gay/paedophilic-enabling atheist, Muslim-refugee left wing society?

If you think I'm picking on Miranda Devine, it's because I am. She shits me. She represents the decline in journalism precipitated by Citizen 'Hearst' Kane and compounded by Evil 'Fuck' Murdoch. But it's not just her. While nowhere near as blatant or annoying, the *Sydney Morning Herald* article 'You don't have a child to

make a political statement' kind of made it a political issue (you don't discuss the legality of heterosexual marriage when a heterosexual has a kid); also, in *Crikey's* 'Oh Miranda', their quote-by-quote criticism of Devine's article is presented as a deconstruction of her "illogical and hollow" argument, but clearly makes a political point too.

This isn't an attack on opinionated articles. It's merely a sigh of frustration regarding the misleading nature of the media, where an 'objective' article becomes a game of 'who can pretend to be neutral the most', while an opinion piece becomes an exercise in moderation and insincere centrism.

But don't let that distract you from my hatred towards Miranda Devine. P.S. Don't get me started on the *SMH* letters section.



Sports stars getting drunk, getting rowdy, getting punchy at nightclubs. With media coverage constantly focussing on the bad stuff, where does the responsibility lie? Should sports stars grow up and start acting like the adults their pay cheques suggest or should the media mind their own business?

HANNAH BRUCE VS. MICHAEL COUTTS

‘Celaudus makes the girls swoon’ was inscribed onto a wall in Pompeii thousands of years ago, referring to one of the gladiator greats before Vesuvius blew its top. If I saw a sexily-stubbled guy ripped like Eric Bana, wearing all but a scant leather skirt, I would probably swoon and blow my top too (indulge my Troy fantasies for a while). Sporting stars have been idolised and admired for thousands of years but the modern media insists on incessantly harping on about the alleged (?) scandals in their personal lives. Why should our sporting greats be harassed and constantly badgered by the media? Should they have to be subjected to review panels every single time there is a vague whisper of wrong-doing?

Public figures, like politicians, should be heavily scrutinised for their actions. They have been voted into their jobs and so should be accountable to the Australian public. Sports stars on the other hand are in a completely different category. Their fame has come from the fact that they can score a bazillion tries or do a triple-quadruple semi pike. They have trained hard to get to that elite level but they never signed up to be idolised or to become a role models. That is not a choice sports stars have, it simply comes with the territory. Being thrust into the public eye, with paparazzo trailing them and gossip mags splashing their latest inter-marital affairs over their sickeningly glossy covers, is not what sports stars signed up for.

Sure, some of them act like douches and lap up the attention. Many exploit their fame through sponsorship deals. There is no doubt that many live the high life but hey, if they've been getting up at 6am to swim a causal 40km before breakfast for years, then I think they're entitled to enjoy their earnings. What sporting celebrities don't deserve is to be crucified by the media as soon as a hint of scandal emerges.

The media circus surrounding Benji Marshall's assault trial over the last couple of weeks is one example of the media harassment high profile sports players are subjected to. After six months of accusations, Marshall was acquitted from the charge of assault occasioning actual bodily harm following an alleged racial slur at a Maccas in the city. Marshall left the Downing Centre saying "It's been a tough time...now let's play rugby". The fact that Marshall shined as a rugby league player for the Tigers in the lead up to the grand final, was completely overshadowed by the assault charges.

Why can't we focus on the astonishing physical abilities, broken world records and feats of endurance by our elite athletes, instead of the media saga around their personal lives?

The Rugby World Cup is the premier event on the international rugby calendar. Accordingly, the team announcement of the Wallabies team to contest the William Webb Ellis trophy is correspondingly important. For James O'Connor to not turn up because he'd had too big a night before was a magnificent slap to the face of the Australian Rugby Union and Australian rugby followers. Rumours surfacing from the Wallabies hierarchy suggested that senior players and officials have long been frustrated with O'Connor's attitude, egoism and disrespect of established protocol. Despite this long history of antagonism, O'Connor's punishment was a paltry one match suspension and a suspended fine of \$10,000 (an amount he makes per game).

Sports stars really seem to get off easy for the wrong things they do. Even when they mess up big time, they get a lot of second chances. Like seriously, A LOT. Take Todd Carney for example. Todd is 25 years old. He has been a professional rugby league player for 8 of those years. In that short space of time, he has been charged by the police five times for various misdemeanours, including a high speed car chase through the streets of Canberra whilst his licence was suspended with team mate Steve Irwin, then crashed said car, and attempted to flee on foot (2007), and an incident where Carney pinned a man down and urinated on him in a nightclub (2008). After yet another incident involving alcohol, Carney was stood down by his club last month indefinitely. NRL CEO David Gallop then floated the possibility that perhaps Carney deserves no more chances and should be permanently deregistered from the NRL (you think, David?).

The obvious question about all this is why any club would want a player like Carney and why the club wouldn't come down like a ton of bricks on him. The answer is not because Carney is an alcoholic and his problem is pathological. If that were the case, he would get drunk on the couch at home or go to a quiet pub somewhere. Instead, he hits the loudest, most public clubs in Kings Cross: he is an egomaniac addicted to attention and fame, not alcohol. The answer is much simpler: the boy is a bloody good footballer. If you can kick goals, score tries, make tackles or perform other sports related skills well, then you hold all the power. Clubs and codes are loath to lose such talent, and so do not want to jeopardise their relationship with a troublesome but talented player lest he not sign a new contract. That's why players like Carney are constantly given second chances; in contrast, his far inferior team mates Irwin and Watts were both sacked by their respective clubs. Neither has played in the NRL since.

If O'Connor wasn't crucial to the Wallabies World Cup campaign, he would have been cut from the squad for his disrespect, immaturity and egoism. Let's just hope he makes up for his actions on the pitch come September, because if he doesn't, he might not be so lucky next time...

RUGBY WORLD CUP *PREVIEW!*

BRENDAN DAY is closing all bets.

Once every four years, the greatest sporting spectacle the industrialized world has ever known enters our lives, a glorious celebration of the fabled human spirit and its incredible durability to succeed through the most extreme of hardships. I am of course talking about the Olympics. The Rugby World Cup, on the other hand, is a fairly rigid and routine exercise, a tournament that features an unchanging core group of countries competing for supremacy. The impending World Cup, to be played over seven weeks (!) from 9 September to 23 October 2011, is to be held in New Zealand, and thanks to the combination of a similar time zone and an exciting young Wallabies team, is set to be one of the more intriguing Cups. To increase your familiarity with the subject, here's a rundown of the form of some of the key teams:

New Zealand: The top-ranked side in the world, a flawless Tri-Nations run (so far), a World Cup tournament in their backyard – everything point towards the All Blacks adding to their lone World Cup victory at the event's inception. Of course, this also means that the pressure for them to perform is unbelievably intense; the country's Government seems to have already planned on their winning,

as they have declared the day after the final will be a public holiday. New Zealand are famous for choking when it comes to the Cup, having not made the final since 1995, but it looks like they will be next to impossible to defeat. We can hope, though.

England: English rugby is renowned for its boring nature in both the descriptive and literal sense – their style of play, revolving around rolling mauls, strong scrummaging, and tactical kicking, is akin to a drill boring into a rock until it breaks through. Though they displayed impressive attacking panache in a dismantling of Australia last year, their form has been less than stellar; hopefully, we won't have to put up with much of the refrain of 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot' sung by drunken Englishmen.

South Africa: Look, it's probably unfair to label all South African players as dirty, but I'm going to go ahead and do it. Somehow, the grubby Bakkies Botha is still playing for the Springboks, despite his proven penchant for biting, eye-gouging, dislocating shoulders, and being an all-round bad guy. Let's hope that if South Africa does make the final that it's not against England, as the match the two teams played in the 2007 final was some of the duller rugby ever seen.

Samoa: They beat Australia. Everybody was a little freaked out. THEY'RE NOT GOING TO WIN, OKAY?

Ireland: The dark horses of the Cup, the Irish are only a couple of years removed from a Grand Slam in the Six Nations competition. They are in the same Pool as Australia, so look for them to challenge the Wallabies for top spot.

Russia: Russia is also in Pool B with Ireland and Australia, but should get handily walloped by both sides. A fun fact – I only discovered that Russia has a national rugby team ten minutes ago.

Namibia: Oh, Namibia. After beating Madagascar 116 – 0 in 2002, they lost 142 – 0 to Australia at the World Cup the following year. Long gone are the days of Rudie Van Vuuren, the Namibian who doubles as the greatest human ever; not only did he represent Namibia in both the cricket and rugby World Cups, but he simultaneously worked as a physician. Rudi Van Vuuren, we bow to you.

Australia: World Champions? It seems that our hopes lie on the shoulders of Quade Cooper, rugby's version of Benji Marshall – an extremely gifted yet erratic ballplayer who influences the entire team's confidence. Less than two years ago, Cooper was charged with burglary – if worst comes to worst, he could just go and steal the World Cup for Australia.

Sports In Briefs



DOMINIC BOWES hits it out of the printed park.

The English papers were quick to proclaim 'the end of test cricket' as England moved to number 1 on the ICC rankings this month. By this measure Australia has ended test cricket over and over again during the last decade and a half. The 4-0 series drubbing over India capped off a remarkable couple of years for the team. It was just two and a half years ago that England was rolled for 51 by the mediocre West Indies. Interestingly the team's success has largely paralleled the absence of 05 Ashes hero Andrew Flintoff.

The AFL's best teams have continued their march toward September uninterrupted. Collingwood, Geelong and Hawthorn have all enjoyed wins in excess of 130 points. As a result of the enormous and widening gap between the best and worst teams, unemployment has risen sharply amongst the coaches. Neil Craig, Dean Bailey and Rodney Eade have all moved on; while Matthew Primus seems to be the next to go.

Lleyton Hewitt must now be coming to the realisation that his career is over. It was a decade ago that Hewitt beat Sampras to win the US open. Hewitt's chronic hip and foot problems have forced him to withdraw from that same tournament this year. Hewitt last made it through to the second week of a Grand Slam at Wimbledon in 2009.

The A-League, on the other hand, has had a great week of publicity. Melbourne Victory's signed Harry Kewell to return to play domestic football in Australia. Sydney FC then announced the signing of Brett Emerton. Both moves represent a huge victory for the A-League's marquee player rule. A downside of the shifts has been the creation of minor rescheduling issue to avoid a clash between Australia's world cup qualifier with Oman and the A-League season launch.

THE PROFILE GREG FLEET

by TOM WALKER and JAMES COLLEY

For the 2011 Melbourne Comedy Festival's All Star Gala Greg Fleet took to the stage with internationally renowned folk band My Friend The Chocolate Cake, pyrotechnics, a fleet (sorry) of dancers, and long-time friend and collaborator Mick Moriarty. Together they sang a song about wearing jumpers as pants and, in the worryingly violent vernacular of comedy, he killed. His performance wasn't acerbic, mean-spirited or divisive; it was smart, silly and a perfect example of what to expect from the leading man of Australian comedy.

Two years ago, the 2009 gala saw a different man: burnt out and dishevelled, Fleet's performance was far from his best. When asked about what he'd be doing without comedy, Fleet laughs that he'd be "robbing banks, tooled up and robbing banks". With a past show titled *Ten Years in a Long Sleeve Shirt* and a decades-spanning battle with heroin addiction, it's easy to believe him.

Fleet is defined by his resilience. After dropping out of NIDA he went to *Neighbours* and killed the popular Daphne character, briefly went into rehab and, through the decades and struggles to come, became a cult success. He held massive influence over Britain's alternative comedy boom of the 90s. Hell, over the course of 2009-2011 he transformed his main-stage material, cleaned himself up and began to engage with the audience with a newfound passion for his medium. He now has his fingers in several television-bound pies. He's always bounced back, no matter how low the bounce might be.

He happily attributes his longevity in the industry to keeping a finger on the pulse of the developing comedy scene, going out of his way to perform alongside new comics.

"So I'm not out of touch I try to emcee a lot of new comedy nights and work at nights where there's new comics on so I know what's going on. There are a lot of people who started out when I did, my contemporaries, who wouldn't know anyone who started after 1990."

Keeping on the forefront of the Australian comedy scene allows Fleet not only to keep track of what's new in the industry, but puts him in the unique position of being able to diagnose the problems plaguing live comedy.

"It got to a point where it all became a bit generic. It was all one man and a microphone because that suddenly became economically viable to do. Suddenly all these people started doing it and it was all these blokes doing stand up and it became a bit generic. There were hardly any women, hardly any double acts, hardly any weird acts."

There's been a mass exodus recently of talented Australian comics headed for the greener pastures of the UK and Fleet recognises this as essential in fostering talent.

"When I started there were four new comics for about a year. We got all the first spots, the opening spots. We'd be working four times a week, whereas if you start out now you're lucky to be working one night a week... It's hard for young comics to get really good now because

they don't get to work enough," says Fleet.

"I have friends who left here when they weren't particularly good at comedy and so they couldn't even work for free, they go to the UK and get to work all the time so they get much better. Brendan Burns is a case in point. When Brendan left Australia he wasn't a very good comic, I don't think he'd mind me saying that, he just wasn't. He went to the UK and got to work every time he could, which was virtually every night – sometimes several times a night – and he ends up winning the Perrier award."

The necessity of the move overseas, he says, is a failing of both the structure of the industry and an indictment on the popularity of live comedy in Australia. He believes comedy thrives on intimacy, the factor that separates the best rooms from the rest.

"It's about the rooms and the audience feeling that it's their place. If the audience feels it's their joint, they'll be less likely to heckle and carry on and wreck the night. I love rooms where the audience feels proprietorial about it. The Esplanade and the Prince Patrick in Melbourne where I started out, they were like that. When you're almost like a guest in their lounge room, that's great."

Surprisingly, Fleet isn't downtrodden about the comedy industry. He's returned to form with force and has a variety of projects coming up.

"I've got a show I wrote coming out at the end of this year or start of next year, an eight-part series about comics and what they get up to when they're not on stage. You never see them on stage and that was a conscious decision, because if you saw them on stage it would be a stand up show with sketches."

Despite this, he hasn't lost his fondness for the stand up stage. The coming weeks see a DVD of his popular live show *Thai Die in the Works* and an appearance at Sydney University's own Verge Festival event *The Best Damn Comedy Show Ever* on September 8 among other big gigs.

Fleet is a storyteller and his survival in the industry can be attributed to the instant connection you feel as soon as he begins talking. He can reduce the largest rooms to an intimate venue and weave incredible tales with the most casual of styles. The conversational, engaging tone and brutal honesty that has made Greg Fleet famous gives the audience back their room, in the way of his old Melbourne haunts. He can make a crowd feel instantly comfortable while taking them places they never thought they'd go, laughing the whole way there.



How far we've come.

MICHAEL KOZIOL explores a shameful day in Australia's history and the steps we've taken to stay perfectly still.

On the 24th of August 2001, a small, wooden fishing boat carrying 438 asylum seekers – the Palapa – became stranded in international waters approximately 140 kilometres north of Christmas Island. Australia's response marked the beginning of an ongoing battle against a perceived threat, creating a debate that has been oftentimes loud, and always ugly.

Exactly ten years on, journalist and author David Marr does not wish to let that moment in our history escape the national consciousness. "Australia left that boat out for 24 hours, knowing that it needed rescue, knowing that it was dead in the water, knowing that there were people jumping up on the deck desperately trying to attract the attention of a coastguard plane that twice flew over the boat."

"Australia did not do what it should have done, which is to call for any ship in the vicinity to come and help these people - because a decision had been taken in Canberra that these people, on that boat, would not be allowed in to Australia."

Perhaps better than anyone, Marr is able to articulate with great sensibility the realities faced by a battered old fishing boat manned by an ill-equipped crew in the middle of the Indian Ocean. "That night there was a huge storm. They survived it by a miracle. The following morning somebody on the boat painted 'SOS' on some white scarves using engine oil: they put them on the roof, and when the coastguard plane came back the next morning, there was now an indisputable legal obligation on Australia to order the rescue of that boat."

The vessel which would come to the rescue was a Norwegian cargo ship, the MV Tampa. Its captain, Arne Rinnan, was then barred from entering Australian territorial waters to deposit those whose lives he had saved. The Australian government attempted to organise for Indonesia or even Norway to take them. "When we asked for food and medicine for the refugees," said Captain Rinnan, "the Australians sent commando troops on board." They were armed, and they were tasked with preventing the boat reaching Christmas Island. A full eight days later, having refused to back down, the Government arranged for a navy vessel to collect the asylum seekers and take them to Nauru. It was the dawn of the Pacific Solution.

One of the architects of that policy was the then immigration minister, Philip Ruddock. He tells a different story of that final week of August 2001. "I have absolutely no idea whether we even knew that [the Palapa] had floundered. It was in Indonesian waters, it wasn't in Australian waters." He says he would be 'very surprised' if an Australian aircraft had flown over the stricken ship. Once on board the Tampa, Rinnan's logical move would be to continue to the Indonesian port of Merak to which he was already en route.

"The reason this became an issue is because those people who were rescued said 'we don't want you to go to Indonesia, we want you to go to Australia'," says Ruddock. "And the captain succumbed to duress." But when Australian officials denied permission for the ship to dock at Christmas Island, our neighbour changed its tune. "The Indonesians came to the view that if it was good enough for Australia to say they wouldn't have them, [Indonesia] wouldn't have them either."

Marr has set out the events in his 2003 book, *Dark Victory*, with multiple sources - including rescue officials and the official CMI report - evidencing that Australia knew the

Palapa was stricken. "Why else would we be knocking on Indonesia's door trying to get them to co-ordinate the rescue?"

Perhaps it seems petty to dwell upon a series of maritime unfoldings more than a decade past. But those months before the federal election are crammed with significant details now oft blended in to history, such as the communication failures which gave rise to the 'children overboard' affair. It demonstrates that while governments push and pull the levers with an eye on the latest Newspoll, out at the coalface those decisions have very real, often very harsh consequences for passengers, crew and our maritime forces.

"From the moment of the stopping of the Tampa, the new policy was put in place of attempting to force boats to return to Indonesia," says Marr. "That's a tremendously dangerous operation. The Navy hates those operations, because the Navy knows what happens: people sabotage their boats to compel rescue. That's what happens. That's why all those people were in the water, that's why people drowned, that's why Australian military personnel were put at risk."

A strong narrative history has developed over the last decade positing that Howard's policy stopped the boats; and that when it was lessened under Kevin Rudd, the onslaught resumed. There is a valid principle here: that the toughness or softness of Australia's position does alter the number of arrivals. For a while, many sought to deny this simple logic.

But the picture is also infinitely more complex. Marr notes that it was not chiefly the threat of being parked on Nauru which reduced the boats: rather, it was the practice of turning boats back to Indonesia, and sending their hopeful, desperate human cargo back to where they came from.

"The Pacific Solution wasn't irrelevant, but it wasn't really what killed the trade. [It] was just an extremely expensive way of warehousing the people who did get through the blockade. It cost about \$600,000 a head for the Pacific Solution. You've got to understand that money is no object in this area, when it comes to blocking and punishing refugees who come here by boat."

The Gillard government hopes that its latest plan, which allows us to send 800 asylum seekers to Malaysia, will replicate this effect. It in fact hopes that it will not have to send anywhere near 800; that the boats will stop on account of people smugglers being unable to promise entry to Australia. To that end, the Government is prepared to sacrifice some – the families who will be tossed back in to limbo in Malaysia – to bring about a politically expedient outcome.

The concern for Gillard must be that 800 is a fairly small quota to fill before she is back to the drawing board. People smugglers are more than happy to lie to a few prospective customers. There appears to be a new option on the table: reopening Manus Island on Papua New Guinea. But it is seriously unlikely – and by precedent unthinkable – that anybody processed on Manus Island would not end up in Australia eventually. So what is the point of it all?

For the Labor Party, the goal might just be to take the issue off page one. Labor loses when boats arrive. It would be a truly impressive vanishing act for it to be off the agenda at the 2013 election. "A determined and resourceful opposition will make sure that is not the case," replies Marr. "Whipping up race fears over boat people is a principle mechanism by which the Opposition intends to undermine

the Government. They are playing race politics at a very brutal domestic level, and they know it."

Polling has indicated that a steady 30-35% of Australians do not want to accept any asylum seekers who arrive by boat. If you work at it, says Marr, you can whip it up to almost double, as was the case during the height of the Tampa panic. And the question is constantly posed, in intellectual forums and over dining room tables: would boat people be equally demonised if they were white?

"There's a chorus of commentators in the press who cry that it's completely, outrageously wrong to suggest that this is about race. But it is about race. There's very good polling material to show that the group in Australia who is most troubled by boats is the group who remains troubled by immigrants coming to this country from the Middle East and Asia. In other words, it's the old white Australia sentiment in the modern day."

"It cost about \$600,000 a head for the Pacific Solution. You've got to understand that money is no object in this area, when it comes to blocking and punishing refugees who come here by boat."

Ruddock doesn't particularly want to countenance the darker forces behind Australia's fears. He is a relentless yet admirable pragmatist, who speaks the language of orderly process and border protection, and practises the art of the possible.

"The opinion polling makes it very clear," he says. "Multiculturalism and immigration decline in terms of broad public acceptability when borders are being administered laxly. One of the things that occurred under me was that the immigration program grew with very strong public support, and that happened between 1997 and 2007." He suggests that the recent 'big Australia' debate may have unearthed a very different sentiment were Australians not unhappy about the integrity of their borders.

"That does produce a degree of anxiety within the Australian community which is quite negative to social cohesion". It's quite a simple compromise: be tough on boat people and win the tolerance of multiculturalism and migration. But is that a necessary sacrifice? Not according to Marr. "There is also a very decent Australia," he says optimistically. "When you ask people, 'what do you want to do with boat people?', you find about 45 percent of people say 'let them in and let's assess their claim', versus 30-35 per cent who say send 'them out to sea and we don't care if they drown'. So the politicians in this country are choosing which constituents to play to."

Indeed, The Sydney Morning Herald produced an extensive survey only two weeks ago revealing that 53 percent of Australians want all asylum seekers arriving by boat to be processed in Australia. 28 percent want them to be housed in another country, while 15 percent think the boats should be sent back out to sea.

There has been, and continues to be, a severe mismatch between the sentiment outlined in polling, and the decisions taken in Canberra. Kevin Rudd was perhaps our best - and only - chance at shifting the paradigm. Marr, despite certain misgivings and a now very personal rift, gives credit where it is due.

"Rudd was more compassionate. Even the night before he was shoved out the window, he was still saying he would be forced to the extreme right-wing position on refugees. He put in place while he was Prime Minister a much more decent policy - and the opposition signed off on it. It was, at least briefly, a bi-partisan policy before new leadership of the opposition saw new political opportunities."

But when a small increase of boat arrivals in early 2010 threatened to destabilise an increasingly fragile government, Rudd reacted defensively and announced a processing suspension for Sri Lankan and Afghan asylum applicants. The spectre of another 2001 election loomed, and that prospect frightens the ALP more than any Australian fears dark faces on leaky boats.

"I interpreted what he said as saying that he could not face down the worst instincts of Australia on this issue - he couldn't do it. And my view of Julia Gillard is that she shares many of those worst instincts of Australia. She has no sympathy for these people. She believes Australia has the right to take this exceptional position. She is not going to spend any political capital whatsoever in trying to calm this situation down."

The situation is not dissimilar to the panic which engulfed Australia during the Tampa period. I ask Ruddock whether his government shoulders responsibility for creating such a prolonged, disproportionate and touchy issue.

"It only became divisive and contentious because of the way in which the Labor Party flip-flopped in relation to supporting the measures that the government took," he says. "There wouldn't have been a political issue if these people [aboard the Tampa] hadn't...attempted to put the captain under duress. The idea that this was in some way fabricated by the Howard Government...is fanciful. These were legitimate responses to circumstances that the Government found faced them."

Those circumstances were essentially the opening of the floodgates.

"The numbers in the pipeline which we were being advised would come by boat through Indonesia and Malaysia, or places like Pakistan, Iran and Syria, was in excess of 10,000." He adds that to expect those numbers not to increase to European levels would have been naive.

"I know that there are something like 20 million people who had been found to be refugees in the world. Australia is not able to take 20 million people for resettlement. In essence, Australia has to make choices. I believe the way in which we should deal with these matters is to focus upon those who need help most, rather than those who have the money to pay somebody else to put them at the front of the queue."

The very notion of a queue is of course hotly contested. While there is some semblance of order in the United Nations refugee camps dotted across the Earth, one does not have to be at a camp to be a refugee. And Australia is obliged to take them. "The conventions allow refugees to travel by land, by sea and by air - always," says Marr. "The notion that it is irregular or unjust for refugees to come to Australia by sea is a very strange judgment. It's a judgment that is being reinforced by 20 or 30 years of politics."

"Would that the refugee system was orderly - it's not, it's disorderly. Would that it were fair - it's not, it's unfair. It would be great if there was a queue in the refugee world - there is no queue, it is confusion out there. But the other day, some pollsters asked people, 'do you think they're queue jumpers?' And the reply of 88% of the respondents was yes they are, they're queue jumpers."

There is a hint of sadness from Marr in those words. He can still be shocked, he says, by the callousness and the ignorance. Asked to nominate a single memory which still prompts dismay, he recalls a statement given by John Howard in that spring of 2001.

"He said it was time to stop Australia's humanitarian instincts being taken advantage of - as he left a boatload of shipwreck survivors to bake in the tropical sun, on a cargo boat, off Christmas Island. Just left them there to bake until he could occupy the ship with a commando army."

How far we've come.



EXPLORING VERGE



You might have noticed an elaborate tent sitting on the top of the squash courts, several shipping containers lining Eastern Avenue, and an excited buzz lurking on campus this week. Ringing in its ninth birthday this year, Verge Festival is back for ten days of comedy, art, theatre, music and Kanye.

WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?

HARRIET GORDON ANDERSON sat down for a pow wow with Verge Festival directors Harriet Gillies and Tom Walker

those guys →



Once again the USU has gone all out on a two-week binge of creative and performing arts, comedy, music, and ponies. That's right kids, it's Verge Festival time. Chances are you've noticed the huge white tent above Manning squash courts, or if you're really switched-on, the ten giant shipping containers on Eastern Avenue. *Honi* caught up with this year's festival directors, students Harriet Gillies and Tom Walker to see just what the hell is going on.

Honi: So the theme for this year's festival is 'come explore' eh? What can I expect to explore? Y'mum? LOL. No but really:

Harriet: Both of our mums' names are Juliet and they are both lovely ladies, so you keep them out of it. No but really, this year our main aim was to make Verge as accessible and easily enjoyable as possible. We are taking as much as we can to the streets, like the UnContainable exhibition, which is going to transform City Rd and our daily FUNCH (Fun at Lunch) sessions. We want people to turn into explorers and get their adventurous spirit on, VERGE-STYLE.

Tom: Verge's exploration is kind of like going to the Moon for the first time if the Moon Landing wasn't faked and all the aliens are replaced by talented people and ponies. The lasers stay the same. Also, everyone can hear you scream.

Is there anything in the festival for the cheapskates among us?

H: This is a student festival directed by two students; of course there is free stuff. We have a free daily screening

with free popcorn in the Verge Tent, free art, free amazing laser party and you can see not one but two of the best emerging and experimental works in our new venue, the Wine Cellar, for only 5 bucks!

T: Well for one you'll have to come along to every event to find out which ones we're giving away free food at. We've tried to keep all our events affordable. Sure there's free events, but you can see what we define as our "big five" events for \$35 all up.

Tom, what has Harriet brought to the festival?

T: Harriet brings theatre-smarts and a savvy head, which she shouldn't get any credit for because if she didn't bring the savvy head to the festival she'd die of blood loss. She's dedicated, she doesn't spend all day googling the words "discount ogres" and she's definitely got her ear to the ground. Basically she brought Sydney's six biggest theatre people to Verge, I brought ponies.

Harriet, which event will make Tom cry tears of joy?

H: If I had a dollar for how many times Tom has mentioned how excited he is for the Petting Zoo and the Pony Rides my god I would just have so much money I would buy him a golden saddle to ride the damn thing on. Tom is a huge comedy buff so he has worked really hard to bring some of the coolest local, national and international comedy to Verge. Host of Canadian-Idol what?

Why do you think the USU throws open its arms and piggy bank to a stage a creative arts festival every year?

H: Look, the USU don't make money running Verge, they spend money. A lot of it. But they are happy to do it every year just so that they can give us an amazing festival that will inspire, educate and entertain the pants off us. They are brilliant and too many students don't realise how much they do that effects our everyday experience at Uni. They are legit as shit and I love them.

T: The rest of the year we get to see how talented students are within a few set frameworks. Kickstart grants, revue season, then Verge comes along and tells people they have money to do whatever the fuck they want and they can do it inside an adorable tent. I think they keep letting us do it because secretly they want to see how far it can get pushed.

Ok Verge Directors, you've got no rules, a limitless budget, and the ability to bend space and time. WHAT EVENT WILL YOU STAGE?

H: I used to have this dream when I was little where I was on a never ending slippery-slide in the sky and on either side of me there was the most brilliant food and chocolate and puppies and I would just reach out and experience it all. I think that dream could be worth actualizing. Either that or go back to the sixties and get all these amazing rock and roll bands to play in a field in Woo... wait... shit.

T: ALL PONIES ALL THE TIME ALL PONIES ALL THE TIME.

THE KANYE WEST END

ARGHYA GUPTA will let you finish.

If you haven't heard of the upcoming Kanye: The Musical that will hit the very shores of Science Rd next week, you have been living under a rock or not Googling Kanye: The Musical four times an hour. I know I have.

This thing has gone off the hook. The brainchild of Phil Roser and Damien Higginbotham is going to be a one-hour Yeezy-fest with original songs, and the 'real deal', as opposed to a joke, featuring aspects of Kanye's life from his education to his mother. Or so I read on MTV, NME, Perez Hilton's blog, The Huffington Post, the LA Times, and @xxBieber_4_mexx's Twitter feed. That's right. The world's biggest authorities have latched onto what is feasibly a revue title discard, each one quoting the Facebook event page and some words Roser gave to the LA Times blog, in a different order - all prepping it up to be something along the lines of a Broadway

play. I spoke to Roser (or Rose, Rosser, or Rosen, as different publications have put it) and he assured me it won't exactly be that, but it will be close, via the most ambiguous soundbites ever.

"All the attention we're getting is great, but so far, people only really know the title of the show," says Roser, trying to keeping it under [w]raps, but letting out a sneak[er] peek. "We'll be rapping like there's no tomorrow, with the aim to put on an entertaining show that people will come and see."

But Roser hasn't decided on responding to the speculation by changing the format of the show. "I wrote this as a Cellar show and that's where it will stay." But that's only looking one week ahead. "If it was to be taken to other venues, it would be re-written to suit the new venue."

The Facebook event page for it at the time of writing

had more than 800 people attending, and with the page being linked to all those major websites, it wouldn't be a surprise if it hits a few thousand by opening night. There have been requests by reputable American websites to stream it or at least have it filmed professionally and put up on the internet. Whatever does happen, at the end of the day, it will be treated like a SUDS production: first come first serve, \$3/4/5/6 tickets, and extremely limited capacity at the Cellar. So line up next week at Holme and see Mr West like you've not seen him before, because you're in Sydney and you can, while those in America are gagging for it. But for now, do your part.

"[We're just going to have] a gay old time." But there might be bigger things on the horizon, or so Roser thinks. "I'd love to talk to Kanye about [the musical]. That would be excellent."

Kanye: The Musical runs 5 - 7 September in The Wine Cellar (Cellar Theatre) 6PM \$3 Access \$5 General



QUEER SAFARI-IN'

JAMES O'DOHERTY only spells it par-tay.

Readily nick-nameable, red-headed and self confessed "big gay deal," Jack Freestone is bringing a whole ark-load of fun to the Cellar Theatre during the Verge Festival. On the 8th of September, the tiny theatre will forego the latest SUDS production for a Queer Safari, celebrating Pride Week. Freestone ('the Freestone,' 'Free Stone,' 'J-Bomb') is organizing a Pride Week party with drink tokens, performances by Patrick and the Deep End and Mr Smithers, and a whole lot of people, dressed in animal costumes and expected to be bursting out of the 80-capacity theatre.

Where did the safari and animal themes come from? "I guess the idea was essentially the people in the Queer committee who's organizing Pride Week," says Freestone. "It ties in with the theme of Pride Week, and VERGE

was initially themed 'It's a jungle out there, come and explore.'"

There was also inspiration for using the Cellar Theatre as a venue. "I think it's interesting to see that space used in that way. It'll be a cool layout of people spilling out onto the lawn of the Holme building, as well. It's just a cool idea to hold a big party in the Cellar Theatre, which hasn't been done before in my undergraduate career."

As part of Pride Week on campus, the Queer Safari will be celebrating queer culture. "Pride week is something organized by the SRC and the Union, it's one week that can happen any time in the year," Freestone says. "A lot of workshops are run; there are workshops about sexuality, about safe sex and whatnot." But it's not all serious and formal. "There's speeches by noted people, and there'll also be some casual, picnic-like activities. Essentially it's a social week for queer issues on campus. It's

for societies to get together and talk to each other about ideas of what events and services to run."

The entertainment for the night, queer band Patrick and the Deep End was also chosen to fit with the theme. "Patrick's a pretty extravagant dude, and I think it's just a cool idea to have a band there."

Along with the zoological fun of the Queer Safari, SHADES is organizing other queer events for Pride Week to coincide with VERGE. At the SHADES Pride Week Speaker Night, prominent people in the GLBTIQ community will present a series of speeches on queer issues. Among the list is Monique Schafter from *Hungry Beast*, Executive Director of the Australian Youth Affairs Coalition Andrew Cumming, and first openly gay Australian radio newsreader Geoff Field.

So get in touch with your inner beast, dig out your best animal costume, and get down and join the pack at the Queer Safari.

Don your best safari gear fot the Queer Pride Week Party in the Wine Cellar (under Holme Building) on Thursday 8 September. It's FREE y'all.

CHERRY BOMBING WITH MATT OKINE

NICK KRAEGEN dares to giggle.



Matt Okine broke into comedy with a spot in Triple J's Raw Comedy National Final when he was just 18 years old. Seven years later he's done festivals, solo shows, DJing, MCing, and made it onto TV both here and in the United States, all while remaining an enormous, beautiful example of a human. He's performing at Verge and agreed to give *Honi* some of his valuable time.

You started at comedy young and successfully. Are you concerned that, unlike other comedians, you didn't fail at a legitimate career first?

No, not really. The whole process of becoming a comedian is basically failing at everything along the way. Failing opportunities, auditions, jokes. Everything. That's one of the things about a comedian; they're good at turning failure into something funny, at least.

Did your experience at school lead into comedy – were you a class clown?

At primary school yeah, I was, and then when I was thirteen my mum died, and at high school I was basically just a dickhead.

Just a little bit of a try-hard.

What try-hard movement were you part of?

Basically a jock. Let's put it out there, just one of those wankers.

Flush any nerds?

Yeah, put cherry bombs down their pants. No, I didn't. I was really into sports and just a bit of a dick. Sport was my world and trying to pick up girls and getting into fights on the weekends and just parties and bullshit.

You recently fled Queensland to take refuge in NSW. What state is better to make fun of?

Definitely Queensland. Queensland is the butt of Australia's jokes. It pretty much goes Tasmania – Adelaide – Queensland, just because people don't go to them very often. Perth is a whole other story. Nobody knows anything about Perth. You can't make fun of mining. It's as empty as the...hole....you build to...find stuff.

So you're saying Queensland's reputation as a hick, racist, uninformed, bigoted cultural void is undeserved?

Ah, geez, ease up on it! No I reckon it's totally undeserved. I don't like doing location jokes, just because if you're making fun of a certain location, then you go to that location, they've got a place that they make fun of, and then it goes down the line until somewhere, in some place, there's this shit house on the shit street in the shittest town of the shittest state of the shittest country in this shitty world, and the person living there thinks everyone else in the whole world is absolutely shithouse.

Fair. What can people expect from a Matt Okine gig?

Just fun. A lot of ideas, and a different way of looking at the world. I pick apart small things and look at them in a different way. I'd like to think that when I start to bring it to life people think, 'yeah, that is what it's like.'

Matt Okine joins Greg Fleet, Jon Dore, Michael Hing and Gen Fricker at Manning Bar to MC The Best Damn Comedy Show Ever, Thursday 8 September 7pm, \$10 Access \$15 General

BIG THEATRE NAMES AHOY

Breaking theatre boundaries other than the fourth wall is Blank Space; an initiative introduced this year to light a fire under the giant pants of the collective SUDS membership. As SUDS President, I introduced Blank Space as a way of bridging the gap between professional theatre makers in Sydney, and those looking for advice and inspiration from those that know the real nitty gritty of the industry. The success of the initiative in first semester of this year –

with more than one member declaring they were quitting law for theatre – encouraged us to look for a way to reach the broader community on a similar principle. Structured as a series of talks held intermittently throughout the university calendar, Verge will play host to a panel of prolific playwrights for a special Blank Space. The five leading artists invited to battle it out over 'What Is Uniquely Australian About Our Theatre?' are Tom Wright, Sam Strong, Suzie Miller, Anthea Williams and Hilary Bell. The afternoon session

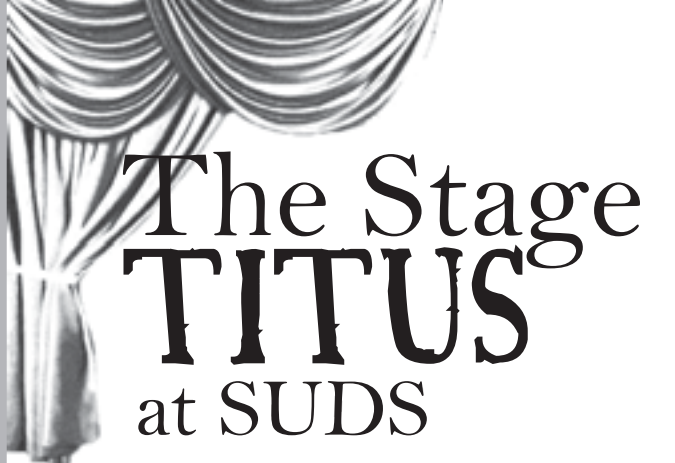
OLIVIA SATCHELL brings all the theatre to the yard.

is open to anyone interested in what it is that defines us in theatre, which is the reflection of our lives – and whether this even matters. There are going to be passionate, heated debates, possibly some tears, plenty of laughter, and hopefully more questions asked than answered. We want you to be there to listen to these rad speakers, so come over to the Verge tent to argue for what you believe in.

Check out Blank Space in the Verge Tent at 1pm on Thursday 1 September, for zero dow-lah.

We've only skimmed the surface of Verge here, nab a program from Manning or head to the website: www.vergefestival.com.

THE ARTS BIT



The Stage TITUS at SUDS

SHAMI SIVASUBRAMANIAN is covered in SUDS blood. Theatre killer!

Humanity has loved and hated *Titus Andronicus*. After it first exploded on to the stage in the late sixteenth century its popularity waned and wavered. Audiences found the blood-filled tragedy too intense and the plotline too ridiculous. It was only towards the end of the last century that *Titus* returned to the repertoires of major theatre companies. Why the return to favour? Why does it work now? In our day and age, the word ‘ridiculous’ hardly holds the same connotation as it did back in the day. The idea of gore and death no longer flails our desensitised society. Modern television plotlines have trained us to understand long-winded, vengeful schemes. Modern reception differs starkly from the past.

With the SUDS production of *Titus*, instead of choosing to embrace the seemingly obvious route of turning the play

into a dark satirical comedy, director Victor Kalka chose to stick close to Shakespeare’s vision – which I believe was the braver thing to do. The play was performed cohesively and was understandable through-and-through. And this mindset allowed the actors to ‘sell the tragedy’ to the audience; appropriate gasps and cringes were heard throughout the play during emotive scenes.

Kalka employed poetic license to add subtle accents to the play: Chiron and Demetrius singing Lady Gaga’s Bad Romance during the rape scene, the Clown singing Amore by Dean Martin, or Lavinia’s death by lethal injection. From a technical perspective, the lighting, props and soundscape were appropriately minimal, letting the actors do their job superbly. The Cellar Theatre was transformed to include a raised-level stage, adding a professional finish to the production. However the standout in prop design was the liberal use of no less than two different kinds of fake blood.

Unconventionally, large portions of many character monologues and group scenes were spoken facing away from the audience. This may have been a conscious decision on the director’s part, but the actors’ diction was severely compromised.

This is entertaining, well-performed classical theatre. For the best experience, sit in the front row – unless of course you’d rather not be splattered with blood by the end of the show.

Wednesday 31st August, 6pm

Cellar Theatre, \$2/\$3/\$4/\$5

WHAT'S NEW IN VIDEO GAME MUSIC?

MICHAEL RICHARDSON Controller? I hardly know ‘er!

Well, that depends.

Video game music is a microcosm of the rest of the industry right now. The game market is awash with entries from all sorts of backgrounds – indies, blockbusters, AAAs and ZZZs. This also means that there’s an eclectic spectrum of soundtracks out there, from university students with a couple of synths in their bedrooms to Hans Zimmer’s recent forays into buying a solid gold helicopter after scoring *Modern Warfare 2* and *Crysis 2*. Lord, he must be rolling in it.

The thing that makes VG soundtracks difficult to discuss is that their function is often enigmatic, and can span genres and time periods and are developed by a school of thought not largely discussed in the good old Real World. To give you an idea of what I mean, let’s look at *Timesplitters 2*. It’s a classic RARE game about a time-war between humans and aliens, where your character jumps back in time and takes on a series of personas that fit that time and genre. So, in 1938 Chicago, he’s a hard-drinking PI; in the Wild West, he’s a gunslinging cowgirl (the gender thing never comes up); and in 2019 Tokyo he’s a streetwise hacker. It’s an absolutely brilliant game on so many levels – not only is it a faithful, hilarious, and well-written tour of pulpy genres, it’s a near-perfect FPS and has a nearly inexhaustible multiplayer component. The soundtrack (to return to the subject)

is suitably catchy; every level has its own tailored pastiche, and is bursting with musical tropes. The Western soundtrack is a standout, full of whipcracks, choirs, trumpets, grunge guitar, whistlin’, finger-pickin’, and so on.

So what exactly is the soundtrack doing here? Is it reflecting the game’s anthologised structure? Is it sending it up? Is it changing how we view the game? All of the above? For that matter, how do we classify it beyond ‘soundtrack’ when it switches styles every five minutes?

Don’t ask me, I’m just a video gamer! It’s all I do! I love killing!

What I’m getting at is that the advent of modern games soundtracks with the fifth generation consoles (N64, PS1, and its ilk) has encouraged some incredible invention on the part of composers (and the designers who have conceptualised them). I’m talking about Ben Houge’s string quartet arrangements for *Arcanum*. I’m talking *Bioshock*’s fusion of hubris-ridden avant-garde with Django Reinhardt on an old radio in a sunken, waterlogged apartment. I’m talking Christophe Heral’s one-man opus for *Beyond Good and Evil*, which was recorded using only samples from he and his family and a phonecall to a woman in Bulgaria.

My God, it’s full of stars!

HONI SOITORIALIST

REBECCA SAFFIR is quitting the cycle for recycle.

I’m standing in front of a pair of shoes with a price tag of \$30. They’re not very remarkable shoes – black ballet flats made entirely from synthetic materials, few distinguishing features, likely to fall apart in three months or less. But at thirty bucks, who cares? I have a job interview tomorrow and nothing to wear and these cost about as much as I earn in an hour on Sundays at my retail gig, so it’s fine, right?

Only it’s not. The comparison between the price of these shoes and my hourly rate is a telling one. I don’t know about you, but I don’t reckon I could produce the materials needed to make this shoe, dye them, cut them, sew them (or more accurately, glue them), package them, ship them and merchandise them in an hour, or even two. My average Sunday at work consists of folding and refolding T-shirts, chatting to customers

about the merits of various children’s toys, mopping the floor and maybe popping next door for a healthy helping of sushi. Tell me you don’t see a problem here.

Everywhere you walk in this city bargain fashion flashes its polyutherane-pumped wares. Everything \$10! T-Shirts \$2! Buy 2 Get One FREE! But you have to wonder – when you’re paying less for your t-shirt than for your coffee, what the hell are the people who make your t-shirt being paid?

The more information emerges about fashion’s impact on the planet and the poorest people on it, the less able I am to push uncomfortable questions like this out of my mind. We’re all complicit in driving the demand for fast, cheap fashion but it is making the planet and its inhabitants sick – and I can promise you it’s not

making you any more stylish. Caught in a cycle of buy-chuck-buy-chuck, we don’t even know what we like anymore – the only important thing is that it’s new.

Which is why I’m giving it all up. New things, that is. For one whole year, from September 1, I’m not going to buy anything – anything – new. No clothes, no accessories, no homewares, no whitegoods, nada. (I am not, however, going to take to bin-diving for meals.) It’s all got to be second-hand, recycled, reused. I don’t expect it to be easy and I don’t expect to single-handedly change the world. But I do expect it will draw attention to how much stuff I (and others) would mindlessly purchase new when perfectly good older models already exist, and help in some small way to break the demand for fashion procured at the price of dignity.



SYMONNE TORPEY went to Paris, we think.

I have come to the early realisation that Paris is not the city of lights, but the city of men. The streets crawl with both fine specimens of the race and skew-whiff tripod-like creatures, relentlessly parading through the streets with their cocks to the sky. In the former category, I have thankfully had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of many. No one need be lonely in Paris. Coquettish games are played out in Place Vendome, eyelashes are fluttered dramatically over vino, and there is even something about the banks. Here, they are dispatchers of golden tinted euros rather than purveyors of emaciated student accounts (wrapped in long lines and serenity genocide).

The lustre of the city is bolstered by my own narcissism. Outfits are changed at midday; the afternoon becomes detached from its morning as it runs with the reckless abandon of a new time and a just-born character. This is indeed the key to the city of men, which drives its temporary residents wild with heady, opiate potential.

In the morning, I wear a knee-length spectator dress and I am a 1950s housewife sore-thumbng along the hyperbolically contemporary Champs Élysée. The afternoon is filled with the whispers of “is she Gaga?” and the jingle jangle of mini Eiffel Tower key chains. The effect is immediate and utterly pleasing. The 1950s housewife attracts a slightly older, charming fruit seller for a tour of Monmatre in comfortable quiet, punctuated by attempts to speak more French than I ever achieved back home. Gaga and her black sunglasses draw a mix of awe from passers by, and silent terror as parents pull their snotty broods closer. Conservative bosoms heave with discontent underneath too much fabric. I revel in my nakedness. I smile at some, wink at many and raise my figurative cock to the sky.

I am becoming a Parisian man in the city of men. I am enjoying being wooed by them and followed by them in the mornings, and in the afternoons, the metamorphosis into one of them is intensely arousing.

Listen to the jingle jangle of mini Eiffel Tower key rings and see the glossy skin of the unnecessarily handsome African salesman. Then, turn off your lights and snort up Paris like a multi-personalited motherfucking wonderman.

CENTRELINK OVERPAYMENTS:

Do you owe them money?

If Centrelink has written to inform you that you owe them money, you should take this very seriously and take action immediately.

Check that they are correct. Usually an overpayment will come from you not reporting an income. If you have reported the income or if they have made a mistake by themselves, that is, without you giving them any false information or withholding required information, you may have a case to have the debt withdrawn. Check this thoroughly with the help of a caseworker.

If you do owe the money try to pay the whole debt as quickly as possible. If you cannot pay it in one lump sum, consider making 2 or 3 payments. You may have to borrow the money from elsewhere (parents, university, bank).

However, if Centrelink decides that they want to prosecute you for fraud having the debt paid will act as a show of good faith on your

behalf in front of the judge.

If you are "invited" by Centrelink to attend an interview, the SRC highly recommends that you do not attend. If they wish to ask you questions you can offer to take them in a written form and respond within a week or so. You can consult an SRC caseworker to compose your answers.

Most of all, remember that Centrelink Overpayments are a very serious issue and should be treated as such. Ignoring them will not make them go away.

Contact SRC Help:

Appointments:
Phone: 9660 5222
email: help@src.usyd.edu.au

Drop-ins: (no appointment needed)
Tuesdays & Thursdays 1pm-3pm
Level 1 Wentworth Building

Satellite Campuses:
Phone: 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



Hi Abe,

I had an absolutely shocking time last semester and failed every subject I attempted. I have previously had an excellent record, but had a lot of family problems last semester. Is there any way that I can have last semester wiped off my record so my bad marks don't spoil my record?

DS

Dear DS,

If you had a serious illness or misadventure (your family problems may be described as this) that was out of your control, became worse after the DNF deadline (see the Uni's list of important dates) and it seriously effected your ability to study, you can appeal to your faculty to request if they can change the relevant fails or absent fails to DNF (Discontinue not to count as fail) grades. You will need to be able to explain how your illness or misadventure affected your study – for example, did it affect particular assessments and how? Naturally you will need to have documentation to show that you really did have these problems. This could be a letter from a doctor or counsellor, a community leader or someone else who knows about the issues your family have been dealing with.

You may also consider talking to an SRC caseworker about having your HECS/fees refunded. The deadline for applying for a fee refund if you are a local students is 12 months, but it's so easy to forget that you'd be better off dealing with that straight away too. Fee refunds for international students are not as straight forward as they are for local students so come and have a chat 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)
- Immigration advice (one session only)
- 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

Welcome to week 6! Time has certainly flown past this semester. With mid-semester exams and assessments in full swing, remember that the SRC is here to help if you need assistance applying for special consideration, appealing a mark, or otherwise navigating the hideously complex beast that is the University bureaucracy.

On Saturday, universities around the state held their open days, which provide an opportunity for high school students to assess the options offered by each university before making their UAC course applications. The SRC had a stall at Open Day and we were able to talk to a lot of prospective students about the work that we do. Understandably, some of the major attractions of the University of Sydney for many students are the vibrant campus life and active student-run organisations. Speaking of which, one of the biggest events on the SRC calendar is coming up – the annual elections.

Next week, in place of the regular (excellent) Honi, will be the election edition of Honi, with all of the candidates’ policies outlined. The positions of President (one to be elected), Councillor (33 to be elected), delegate to the National Union of Students (7 to be elected), and editors of Honi Soit (one team of ten to be elected) are all up for grabs. These are the students who will be working to represent you throughout the term of the 84th Council, which commences on the 1st of December this year, and I’d really encourage everyone to pick up a copy of election Honi, read the policies, have a chat to the candidates, and most importantly vote in the elections.

At the University of Sydney, we have seen a consistently increasing proportion of the student body taking part in and voting in the elections, a fact which is very encouraging considering that most other student organisations have seen a decline. As I have said regarding all the other elections currently occurring (Senate and Faculty Board, for some faculties), making an informed decision and taking the time to vote on polling days (20th-22nd of September) is really not a big time commitment for you, but it does have the potential to make a huge difference to the quality of student representation on your campus, so please do get involved!

****Election protip** – if you don’t want to be hassled on polling day, grab a shirt off one of the campaigns (ideally one you’ve researched and the policies of which you agree with) and wear it around. No one hassles people wearing a campaign shirt to vote. Also just take the time to vote. Democracy is super fun. ******

SSAF

Last week I mentioned that the Student Services and Amenities Fee was supposed to be going to the floor of Parliament to be voted on, and promised that I’d keep you updated on developments. Currently, the only development is that Parliament didn’t get around to discussing it, but apparently it is at the top of the agenda for the two sitting weeks of mid-September, and the Government believes that it will be voted on in time for it to be implemented for Semester One 2012.

Fair Fares

Thanks to everyone who has taken the time to sign the Fair Fares petition,

either in person or online. The Community Services and Disability Ministers Conference, at which we intended to present the petitions, has now been pushed back until October (most likely) from what was originally a late August date. Whilst it’s annoying that we’ll have to wait a bit longer to hear about the outcome of the conference and what will be done on the issue of transport concessions, it also means that if you haven’t yet signed the petition, you haven’t missed out! Sign it online at <http://www.gopetition.com/petitions/a-national-student-concession-card.html>. I will keep you updated on the situation as I obtain further information.

Ancillary fees

Over the last few weeks, the SRC has been running a campaign around illegal course costs (also known as ancillary fees). For more information around what constitutes an illegal course cost, check out my report from a couple of weeks ago (though it can be summarised as anything that is necessary for you to pass your course that costs you money in addition to your tuition fees – i.e. – HECS). If you’d like to get involved in the campaign, or know of an illegal course cost in your unit of study, department, or faculty, send me an email!

Engaged Enquiry

The University, through the Institute of Teaching and Learning, are running an event called the Sydney Teaching Colloquium on the 20th and 21st of September. The idea behind this is to improve the teaching (and learning) at Sydney through sharing examples of best practice and engaging in discussions around what makes for quality teaching. As part of the Colloquium, there is a competition being run. The terms of the competition are as follows: “we are looking for student descriptions of great



‘Engaged Enquiry’ learning experiences – the classes which challenged you to think and ask questions or to solve real world challenges. In 100 words or less tell us about the learning experience from your course that stands out as the most ‘engaging’ and be in the running to win one of 15 prizes of a \$50 prepaid debit card.” I encourage anyone interested to participate in this competition – primarily because this is an opportunity for you to have your say on what you think there should be more of in terms of teaching at the University.

The organisers are also looking for students to assist with the running of the Colloquium. If you’re interested, hit me up via email, or on twitter.

Best of luck with your exams and assessments!

PRIDE WEEK - Brought to you by the SRC Queer Officers

It’s Nathan here bringing you our calendar for PRIDE WEEK!:

**All the autonomous (queer identifying only) events are asterisked.*

Monday 5 September

1pm: Queer Sports!

Come kick a ball and throw around a Frisbee on the lawns opposite the Library! The weather is getting warmer so put on your sexiest pair of shorts and I’ll see you there! No registration required, just turn up and say hi!

***6pm: Coming Out by Candlelight**

One of the most moving event, you get to share your stories and listen to other people’s coming out experiences. We’ll have some food beforehand (at 6pm) and I’ll arrange for some meat and non-meat items. Gluten free sausages and vegan stuff.

Tuesday 6 September

12pm: Speaker – Sen Raj

Sen from the Gay and Lesbian Rights Lobby will come and give you a little chat about what they do and some of the topical issues surrounding queer rights. There’ll be plenty of time for questions and maybe some chips I think.

1pm: Sexually & Gender Diverse Picnic (#1)

This one is in Victoria Park and it’s for all sexually and gender diverse people and their friends/admirers. Come along because we will have sandwiches, gluten free and vegan and all that too (and normal sandwiches for me as well). May contain traces of nuts. And soy.

6:30pm-9:30pm: Shades Speakers!

Confirmed speakers include:

Andrew Cumming (Executive Director, Australian Youth Affairs Coalition)

Geoff Field (2DayFM and first openly gay newsreader on Australian radio)

Monique Schafter (Presenter on ABC’s Hungry Beast, Social Media Jockey for Channel Ten’s ‘Can of Worms’)

We’ll let you know more about the venue closer to the date!

Wednesday 7 September

1pm: Picnic (#2)

We’re going to have a fun picnic event with baked goods. Bring some sandwiches and a newspaper because I don’t want your bum to get wet when you sit on our beautiful lawns outside the law building. We’ll have our potentially non-autonomous collective meeting outside and it’s a great chance for

everyone to get to know everyone and ask all the questions you really wanted to ask but you never had the opportunity to.

And then WE WILL CHALK EASTERN AVENUE RAINBOW! Chalk with us and maybe even write a message or two to celebrate diversity on our campus! Yay!

2pm: Drag Workshop – your sexy sexy NUS Queer Officer (Liv Hopkins) is going to run a drag workshop. Is she any good you ask? My answer is “she made me question my sexuality on so many levels” – so I think that is a big YES.

Thursday 8 September

1pm: Another picnic!

On the lawns outside the law building again. Clearly I love to eat. Gluten free, vegan options available, do not operate heavy machinery etc.

7pm: PARTY!

In the Cellar Theatre, NO COVER YAAAAAY! Safari theme, so bring your sexiest outfit and lets go on the hunt grr/woof/roar.

11pm: Queerspace evening hang out!

After our party lets retire into the Queerspace. Bring a blanket and stuff! Let’s chat and gossip like it’s high school again! And there’ll be make overs and

everything! Also please, no touching.

Friday 9 September

9am: Queer Breakfast

To end it all, let’s have the best meal of the day (it’s the best meal because it’s the only one where I can eat bacon without feeling guilty about it). We’ll have some breakfast together in the Queerspace. I’ll see if I can arrange some cereal and milk for us. Gluten free, vegan yada yada etc.

11am: Scavenger Hunt!

Ok, so like, Shades last year did a gaymazing race. It was so gaymazing we’re going to gayamaze you away by doing a scavenger hunt with chocolate It will be so wonderful and I, Nathan, will be grand adjudicator. You will know I am the grand adjudicator because I will be wearing a fancy hat. Also there will be prizes.

Follow us on Twitter (@usydqueer) for any additions or changes to the programme!

With Sugar and Spice and CHEMICAL xoxo, Nathan Li

(Call/Text if you get lost: 0433495818)

In defence of the Bachelor of Arts*

While working on an SRC stall at last weekend’s University Open Day we learnt three things: that our University has cheerleaders (who knew?), that our University has invested what looks like a great deal in oversize Perspex cubes to match its rebrand (who cares?) and that nobody seems to have very high regard for our humble B.A.s (who is surprised?). So, because we like nothing more than arguing with children, we wanted to defend our degree –

Firstly, overly vocational or specific degrees are frequently incredibly limiting. To people who don’t know exactly where they want to be in three years a choice made because ‘BPES’ or ‘BIGS’ have more letters than ‘BA’ (and are thus obviously more valuable,

right??) can sometimes go awry. The SRC sees a lot of people who find themselves up the proverbial creek when, come third year, they haven’t fulfilled certain prerequisites, or jumped through the ring of fire required by BPES. (Speaking as two people currently in this position, trust us – it sucks). It’s hard to get a BA wrong.

Secondly, and on a more philosophical level, University is about learning stuff. Some interesting, even less of it useful, but all of it stuff that isn’t available anywhere else. And that isn’t just so because of our University’s penchant for Oxbridge aspirationalism. As a societal institution, we have Universities to bring together in one place a group of people dedicated to thinking in abstraction or experimenting with the unknown, in the hope that through some process

(no small part osmosis) that wealth of knowledge will transfer onto a new generation. Vocational degrees serve a different purpose. That is not to say that it is necessarily less valuable, but that it is certainly distinct. It is laudable that some people wish to dedicate themselves to accountancy or other more specific areas of study (heaven knows we could never do it!), but the philosophy of University education is somewhat broader.

So, we’ll take our generalist degree, with all our accumulated knowledge-stuffs. Being employable is overrated anyway.

* We’re also happy to defend the BSci, and any other degree that knows what University is for!



GENERAL SECRETARY’S REPORT

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

Nominations closed last week for the Four SRC Elections that will be simultaneously occurring in September. These are to elect: the SRC President, 7 Delegates to the NUS, 33 Representatives and the 10 Editors of *Honi Soit*.

As I mentioned in my last report, the SRC has undertaken electoral reform over the past 12 months. We hope that this will give you, the students, confidence in the democratic process.

More importantly this will provide for a “fair” *Honi Soit* election race as tickets are now capped at \$2000 expenditure. This is in contrast to before where *Honi* Tickets that had individual cap of \$600 could be combined with representative tickets to form gigantic caps. In previous years this has facilitated \$10,000 campaigns. This year however this process has been outlawed. *Honi* Tickets may still run representative tickets but their expenditure is still

capped at \$2000. This should ensure all competitors who wish to edit *Honi Soit* have a fair chance.

Our next SRC meeting is scheduled for Wednesday 7th September. This will finally allow the council the opportunity to vote on Fair Trade Collective and Closed Campus proposals. As I wrote last week I am yet to have anyone seriously put the case for closed campus. This doesn’t include personal attacks and hiding behind anonymity. At this rate I believe the council will embrace the formation of a Fair Trade Collective and will continue to retain a prosperous and open campus policy.

Next week, I believe it will be the election edition of *Honi Soit*. It will provide you with all the information you need to know about the candidates running. I highly recommend you have a read and focus not just on what people plan to do but what they have already done.

It is interesting to note that two of the five presidential candidates are members of the University of Sydney Conservative club, two of the five are members of the Liberal Club, two of the five are members of the Labor party and two of the five are members of the greens on campus. That is a lot of two’s...



Chad (L-R)

WOMENS OFFICER REPORT

Jaya Keaney
womens.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Week Four saw the launch of the new Feminist Discussion Group organised by the Women’s Collective. We kicked off with an exciting and varied panel of speakers: Raewyn Connell, a Professor from Usyd and the author of much feminist work including the influential book *Masculinities*, anti-rape activist and journalist Nina Funnell, academic, author and media commentator Jane Caro, actor and Greens Councillor Alan Cinis and writer, blogger and ACON Officer Shinen Wong.

We discussed gender and the feminist movement today, exploring diverse topics such as autonomy and the notion of ‘men’s spaces’, creating safe spaces for women, intersectional issues that

influence gendered experience such as class and race, affirmative action policies and the alienation many young people feel from feminism today.

We’re very excited about the potential for this group to incite some controversial discussion around a wide range of topics, and to provide another point of access to feminist ideas and politics for Usyd students. This week’s discussion topic is Sexual Ethics. We will discuss issues such as consent, sex work and pornography in relation to concerns of female sexual empowerment and feminist ideas. We meet every Monday at 6pm in the Refectory, inside the Quadrangle.

Another inclusive, interactive project currently being planned is a zine series. The Women’s Department is planning to compile a number of zines on different feminist themes, such as ‘Bodies’, ‘Sexuality’ and ‘Safety’. Sourcing open contributions from a range of different people, these zines will provide a platform for feminists to collaborate and speak out directly on issues relevant to their lives. Through such publications we aim to encourage a DIY ethos of empowerment and reclaiming creative expression for women on campus. Work will begin on these zines over the next few weeks, with a launch to be held towards the end of Semester. Please contact us if you are interested in contributing!

We are also organizing a feminist film night in order to broaden out the scope of feminist activity on campus to interrogations of contemporary pop culture, so stay tuned.

The Women’s Collective meets on Wednesdays at 1pm in the Holme Women’s Room, and are always looking for new recruits. You can also contact us at usyd womens collective@gmail.com, and on our facebook group ‘Usyd Women’s Collective 2011’.



CRYPTONOMICON

ACROSS!

- 8. Belligerent 1001 set fire to worker (8)
- 9. American to take extreme ends (6)
- 10. Some of my vespa seems full of bubbles? (4)
- 11. Bananas rate the first dessert (5)
- 12. Looker's in there, yes?
- 13. Biro's introduction of words with weak-strong metre? (6)
- 15. Cock's measurement dances mildly (4,4)
- 16. Counteracts Bill after extreme noise (7)
- 18. Young One in papa spice (7)
- 21. Equivalent to buttsex and love with some guests (8)
- 23. Katter embraces a DJ - a poor way to earn a living (3,3)
- 24. Liquid as odd contraception methods (4)
- 25. Dance, Oliver! (5)
- 26. Lame mix of food (4)
- 27. Put new wheels on and give up? (6)
- 28. Cool crib, messy veggie (8)

DOWN!

- 1. Real pain revealed by flyer (8)
- 2. Head bugs on empty nights (4)
- 3. Reverse mint strategy? (6)
- 4. Carelessly bites at what the heart does (2,5)
- 5. Stop me amidst daybreak of Orwellian world (8)
- 6. Bury Astaire outside grave, finally obstructed (10)
- 7. Calm point regarding direction (6)
- 14. 20-Down is to be outrageously late. Shit! (10)
- 17. The genie broke the last hole (8)
- 19. Smarties with no boundaries, say? (8)
- 20. Adjusted belt, tie... leave it alone! (3,2,2)
- 22. First use sodium before sea sickness (6)
- 23. Worst Shakespearean ass-head (6)
- 26. Emu chooses hidden majority (4)

CRYPTIC CROSSLYRICS



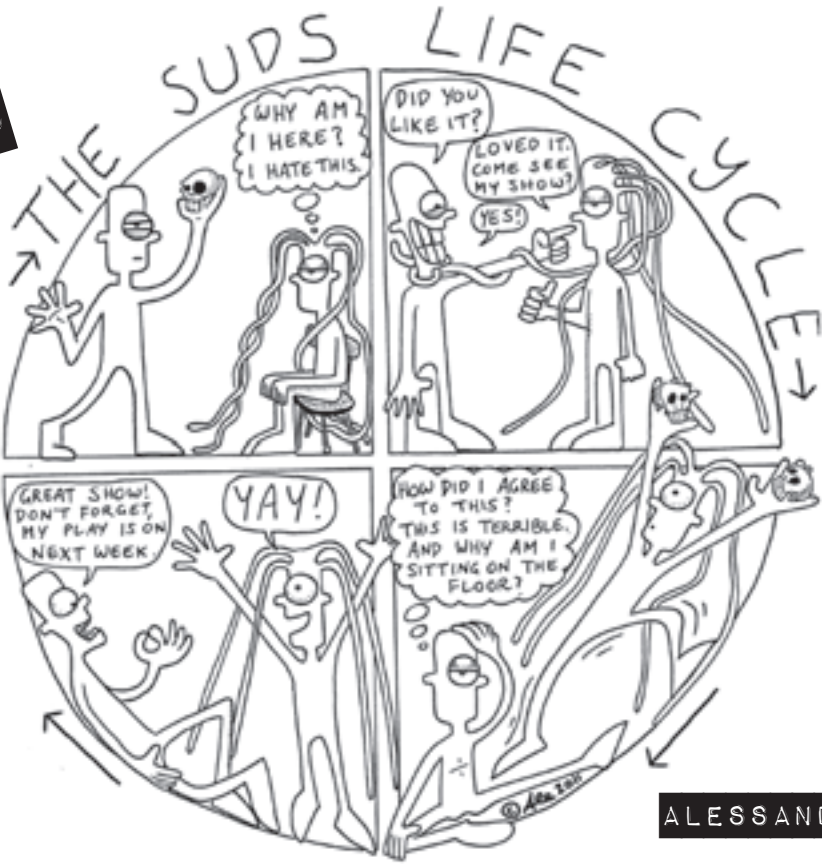
JIM FISHWICK *is* words.

PSEUDOKU

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

RATING:
ROADWORTHY

COMIC



ALESSANDRO TUNIZ

TARGET

L	N	C
O	R	N
A	U	T

nice ————— 10!

aw yeah ————— 20!!

no longer impressed ————— 30!!!



The Garter Glades Tattler

WE TAKE THE 'U' OUT OF CONTROL

DR CANCER DECLARED (BENIGN) MAYOR OF GARTER GLADES

Susannah Biscuit

Journalism - with a crunch!

In an unprecedented landslide victory, Doctor Cancer has triumphed against Alderman Hope in the 2011 mayoral election (brought to and from you by Absorba Corp). In his inaugural address, broadcast from Ziggurat 2 last night, Mayor-elect Cancer had this to say:

"There are obviously a number of people I'd like to thank - firstly, my mother and father for donating their necrotic biomass in order to facillitate my spawning. I'd also like to thank the staff of Ziggurat 3 for answering any enquiries about my supposed funding fiasco - you're doing a incineratingly good job, guys!" At which point he winked loudly at the voluntarily assembled audience.

He reserved his biggest praise, however, for Absorba Corp. "Most importantly, I'd like to thank Absorba Corp, under whose benevolent, vigilant and leathery wing the good town of Garter Glades continues to thrive - producing more blindly obedient and ever-more surprising lifeforms. Heck, I'd even call some of those lifeforms 'people'!"

When asked what he thought was the backbone of his incredible success, he restated his policies and his undying commitment to honesty. "The public have spoken, and they have spoken overwhelmingly in favour of drink driving.

MYSTERIOUS CLOCK COUNTING DOWN; CITIZENS CAUTIOUSLY OPTIMISTIC

James Breeches

Most underwared reporter in town

Garter Glades residents have admitted to being "warily enthusiastic" about the Countdown Clock that appeared mysteriously on the Town Hall spire overnight. Ten

"The ominously ticking neon red numbers are...terrifyingly reassuring" local resident Margaret Northman told Nine The Tattler, as she gazed, transfixed, at the Clock.

"We've no idea what it's counting down to," added Sidney Turner, everyone's favourite tannery Eight worker. "We thought it was New Year, but it's August and it's counting down hours, not days or months. Beyond that...we're stumped."

Citizens have been readying their balloons and streamers Seven and also their gas masks, in optimistic

trepidation. Jimmy Woodstock reportedly hugged his children and assured them of his undying love for Six them "...Just in case! I'd like to thank the Countdown Clock for reminding of my own fragile mortality in a beautiful family Five moment!"

Residents' sense of apprehensive excitement was Four heightened by newly elected Mayor, Dr. Cancer's speech made from Ziggurat 2 this morning.

"The Countdown Clock is here to help you," his Three amplified voice boomed over the city. "It is here to prepare you. It is your friend."

What Two should townspeople make of this development? We here at The Tattler cannot say - but we just love the warm, clinical glow One that the Countdown Clock by night bathes the Tow-

Zero



Landslide win for Cancer M.D.!

My slogan of Gettin' Drunk, Drivin' Home! is the most popular four words in Garter Glades' long and illustrious bumper-sticker history, and it's thanks to the humble DUI that I am a success today." He then proceeded to talk about his plans for Garter Glades.

"I'm happy to announce the Greener Sky Initiative, in which I will turn the sky green! The smoke from Ziggurat 3 will be coloured a eye-tingling snotty-green." He gave a brilliant smile. "It'll really shake those retinas." He threw jagged confetti at the audience.

"As for those perfidious corn crops - let's just say they're going to become a lot more... lively... in the future. Or should I say unlively!" He was then heard to mutter 'zombies', before yelling, "Zombies!". This reporter put this outburst down to the Mayor-elect's impish sense of humour and sensually good looks.

He signed off on an enigmatic note:

"I wouldn't be here today if it weren't for the big guy upstairs - I'm explicitly referencing Absorba Corp here."

A message from...



Harry 'Big Oil' B-goyle
Spokesperson and
your perpetual neighbour!

Absorba Corp has been bringing in some changes to Garter Glades. Big changes! World-shattering changes! Literally brain-melting changes! And our comfortable, content and humble townsfolk couldn't be happier! Just hear these testimonials!

"They added an indeterminate cocktail of chemicals to my corn crops!" admitted Barbara Wright, corn farmer, completely of her own accord. "My corn has been growing black! With arms! Hooray!" She's genuinely happy, if her gleeful grimace is anything to go by!

Don't just take her word for it! Listen to what James "Jimmy" Woodstock has to say about our newly-rationed water: "The skull and crossbones on the bottle add a bit of cheeky pirate fun!" But how does it taste, Jimmy?

"Like compliance and servility! Yum-O!"

That's right! We at Absorba Corp have done everything we can to make life simpler for our loyal populace. Why, ask Tabitha Smith about our new "Youth-in-a-Box!" Initiative!

"Before they took him to Ziggurat 3, my little Tommy used to take up all of my love and affection! Now he's gone, I'm free to love Absorba Corp until the day I visit Ziggurat 3!" We sure hope you shed as many joyful tears then as you did when our care workers tore Tommy from your insidiously corrupting embrace, Tabitha!

That's all from Absorba Corp today folks! Remember, if we didn't care, we wouldn't give you armed guards!

WHAT'S ON TODAY IN GARTER GLADES!!

2-5am: What's that sonorous drone from the Church's basement?

6am: Your inspiring wakeup call from Ziggurat 2!

6:30am: Doctor Cancer's inspiring daily address. Dream big! Big, juicy dreams!

11am: It's gas time!

1:37pm: Pupil dilation extravangaza!

2pm: Sit still now. Wooo!

3pm: It's 'Vitamin' time!

4:30pm: Festival of Stay Away from the Old Mill!

6:30-7:30pm: Continue averting your eyes.

8:30: Minute of silence for victims of 7:30.

8:31: Minute of silence for victims of 8:30.

12am: Just because your eyes are closed, doesn't mean you're asleep!

1am: Dream Harvest!

1:30am: Stop screaming.

1:31am: Pillule time.





BIG CHINA IN LITTLE GARTER GLADES!

Lance Boyle

Finds racism, reports racism

Residents of sleepy Garter Glades' worst fears came true this week, when local authorities confirmed that the Yellow Peril has come to our tranquil, racially homogenous town. A spate of sightings over the last two weeks have been generating considerable panic among wary locals, so much so that Dr Cancer called an emergency meeting at the town hall yesterday.

"We can confirm that the Orientals have launched a successful incursion into Garter Glades, and one of their number is now among us." Deputy Sheriff Name said, in a statement at the meeting. "They are here. This is real."

When questioned further, the Deputy Sheriff revealed that the individual in question has been going under the alias 'Mr. Chuckles' and is a Pekingese dog.

"While he may not be a bona-fide Ching Chong Chinaman, or even human, the fact remains that he is of Chinese origin, and it is feared that his presence will open the floodgates for an influx of his more dangerous human and meta-human counterparts," the Deputy Sheriff told the meeting. "We're thinking that Chuckles as a scout for the impending invasion."

The horrors do not end there – it seems that Chuckles has been a silk merchant of lies and deceit, worming his way into a local household on false pretences. Garter Glades Greengrocer and well-respected Republican voter Al Hicks gave Mr. Chuckles to his daughter Susie as an eighth birthday present.

"I was completely unaware of his origins – I never for a second dreamed I would be in Mulan's shoes fending off my own Mongol invasion," Mr Hicks told The Tattler, while Susie sat beside him, sobbing hysterically. "We let him into our house - he slept in my daughter's bed! Now if you'll excuse me, I've got me a dog to shoot." Mr Hicks then terminated the interview prematurely by marching outside, armed with his shotgun.

In the face of this crisis, townspeople are advised to be on their guard at all times, not to let their daughters out of the house and to stock up on ammunition. In addition, there will be another emergency meeting at the Town Hall next Monday.

The Tattler is also currently looking into the implications of rumoured sightings of a Mexican Hairless Cat.

HORSELESS CARTS IMPROVED BY ADDITION OF HORSES

Frank Crime

Crime is his middle; last name.

In recent raids overseen by his high Zigguration himself, Dr Cancer, it was found that Alderman Hope's followers were fleeing our oppressive gassings and syringe-wielding non-zombie Absorba Corp employees with the use of modified horseless carts. These modified horseless carts were found, after close analysis, to be moving at several hundred times the speed of regular horseless carts due to the addition of a horse to the front of the cart, where there had previously been a large enough space for a horse.

This new method of propelling horseless carts has been deemed "horse power" by Absorba Corp scientists. Horse power will be used as the predominant source of power for all Absorba Corp horseless carts, replacing nuclear power, which previously was simply heavily radiating its drivers and their corn cargo, and not forcing them into a state of corn-wielding undeath.

It is theorised that multiple horses may be attached to a cart to increase the speed. "Additional horses may be attached to the front, back, wheels and passengers of horseless carts to increase the horse power a dozen fold!" cackled Dr Raoul Jenderking, brother of cornly departed Deputy Sheriff Jenderking.

"At this level of power, carts may hover, or indeed even fly. Attaching several more horses may yield the power to create or destroy entire planets at will! We will be gods!" Dr Jenderking continued, wiping the horse blood from the corners of his mouth.

Due to the evident efficiency of horses, Absorba Corp will also begin replacing the nuclear elements of nuclear power plants with horses. Garter Glades can look forward to lighting and oppressive television images being provided by horses submerged in hundreds of gallon of water.



"I'm not a horse, but I do recommend them!"

FOR AND AGAINST

The proposed Garter Glades Sex-Plex.

Daniel Fysto, for.

The Absorba Corp Sex-Plex is ready to drag Garter Glades kicking and creaming into the 21st century, speeding towards the future on a slip-n-slide of bodily fluids. Naysayers have been quick to decry the idea of a brothel that dwarfs our church and bigots have been quick to cry out against the five floors that are filled with dwarfs, but the march of progress inevitable. We will overcum.

With more holes than a swiss fromagerie, the Sex-Plex brand puts the 'orgy' in 'orgy-nisation' and the 'genitalia' in the 'bizarre genitalia'. Are you morally offended by the human body? A pulsating, naked human body borne aloft by dozens of tiny wooden hands? Then stay out of Suite 34.

To argue against the Sex-Plex is to stand against freedom! You are not protecting the people you claim to protect, you are keeping them from the quivering, smelly delights you wish you had for yourself. You puritans may find solace in your bed-bound coupling and verbless fists but for those who crave more, the option must be there, frothing for it at the drop of an eyebrow.

We stand against you as a solid opposition against the tyranny of mono-boning. We're first up against the wall come the revolution and we are going to leave that wall filthy and stained with our juices. The revolution will not be televised on free-to-air TV but streamed live on the internet through webcam subscription services.

Helen Sex, against.

Ever since my great-grandfather Colonel Walter Sex uncovered the rich erotica mines of Swaziland my family name has been besmirched and resmirched by his horrible legacy.

Reproduction used to be a more honest and more amoebic process. Man meets woman, man dates woman, man ignores woman, man produces asexually. When the doomed Colonel uncovered the mines we started using our genitalia in weird and strictly unforgiveably useless ways. Penises should be reverted to hat racks, and vaginas? Well, marsupially more useful endeavours should be pursued once again.

I, Helen Sex, think the SexPlex is an abomination. Not for any moral reasons, unless you count useless exploitation of perfectly useful headwear handlers and pouches as morally reprehensible - which I do.

The adjective 'sexy' used to mean 'forthrightness in the harvest'. Shovel handiness may not be sexy in the modern sense but very much so in the traditional sense.

Does anyone truly believe that our small-town values will survive against the big-city-dicks?



DOC CANCER SEZ!

Life is like a box of chocolates - packaged and distributed by AbsorbaCorp!

The Tattler's Recipe Hovel!



Pictured: Dame Fiddler moments before her violent death, at our hands!

Well, readers – you asked and we delivered: the secret recipe for Granny Fiddler's famous apple pie! She may be dead now, but the secret didn't die with her – *The Tattler* cruelly beat it out of her as she lay on that deathbed we put her in!

And now we can exclusively reveal that the three secret ingredients are lovae, a cinnamon stick and gypsy fingers!

But don't start dry-retching into your pie just yet, folks! Local go-to-guy on all things Gypsy Persecution, Lance Mackenzie, confirmed that while it may be bad luck when a gypsy sticks his fingers in your pie, it's completely OK for you to put them in there yourself.

Phew! Am I right guys?

Dame Fiddler (deceased) was unavailable for comment. I wrote this while laughing.

“CORN A-OK,” SAYS ABSORBA CORP CORN SPOKESMAN

Craig “David” Stratton
Singer/critic hybrid

The recent spate of maimings in the eastern cornfields of Garter Glades has been attributed to “bad weather and delinquent kids” by Absorba Corp broadcaster Hank Penrose.

The emergency town meeting was a lively affair, despite the absence of cantankerous crowd favourite Old Man Gilhooley. “Mr Gilhooley is probably quite safe,” said Mr Penrose. “He’s been an agriculturalist all his life. I’m sure he’ll turn up wandering through a corn field somewhere.”

Residents gathered to hear the straight-talking testimony from Absorba Corp’s media line in response to some inquiries by the sometimes-concerned audience. “Last night I thought I saw a corn-shaped man eating one of my

goats,” said corn farmer Barbara Wright, “But after I spoke and shared needles with Mr Penrose I realised it was probably the early morning fog addling my brain.”

Another farmer, an employee of Absorba Corp who works frequently in the area, said he had heard the rumours but “thought nothing of it.”

The rumours of horrific murders have been raising some eyebrows. One young woman saw a bloodied hand being assimilated by an “unusually active” crop of corn, but Mr Penrose was quick to explain. “Clearly Absorba Corp has this right on the money. Those punk kids must be stopped! I suggest dropping the curfew entirely in order to remove the thrill of illegal activity.” When asked if young children should be encouraged to play near the corn, he said “Absolutely.”



DOC CANCER SEZ!

If you can’t stand the heat, get out of Ziggurat 3!

ZIGGURAT 3: AS GOOD AS IT FEELS?

William Gunderson
(deceased)

Tattler editors pieced this together from the notebooks recovered from his effects.

“Here in our lofty offices at Ziggurat 1, we often look down over the town that we call home with a fond reverence. We see the streets where we grew up, and the streets where we will die. Garter Glades is really where it’s at; the people are happy, the crop yield is consistently interesting, and Dr Cancer is guiding us firmly to a brighter (and greener) tomorrow. But what of the third Ziggurat that towers over our fair town? Is there more to it than the glow emanating from the cracks in the obsidian that warms our

winter homeless? This reporter decided to find out.”

The rest of his notebook remains charred almost beyond recognition. We were able to pick up a few snippets here and there: “OH GO-” “-eeding the co-” and “-some kind of barbec-” and, finally, scrawled on the last, singed page “FIRE!”.

While we may never know what became of Gunderson, we think it’s safe to say that whatever he discovered was so mind-boggilingly wonderful, that he simply stopped existing, and we certainly wouldn’t be eating these delicious Gunderson Burgers today if it weren’t for his brave efforts. You’re investigating in Absorba Corp in heaven now, buddy.



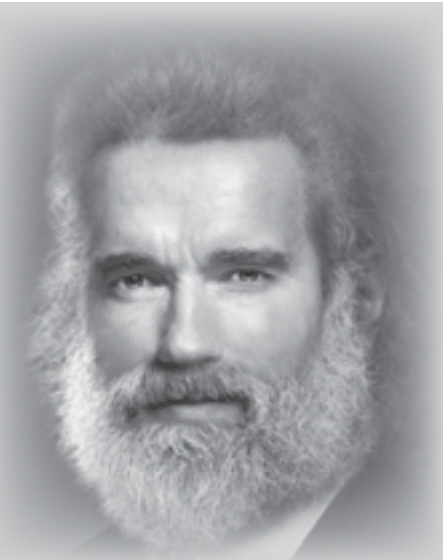
What in dat BEARD?!

By recently acquired manscaper John Bobface.

In lieu of the recent disappearances of animals, and warm welcomed appearance of brainless and faceless animal corpses during the height of the corn harvest season, I seek to answer what every curious citizen of Garter Glades is surely wondering. “What in dat beard?”

The average human beard contains 100% more beard, and 10% other. But in Garter Glades, dat beard is most certainly 60-70% more beard, 27% cancer, 21.5% corn and 10-100% decrepit corn flesh. “But how do you know John Bobface?” you may scream as a livid corn creature chases you from your home as your family are regrettably consumed in their beds by maize. Well, little do you know, as your face is consumed by a hellish corn creature of the night, but I have some inside information into ‘field’ of beards.

As a manscape columnist and a



faithful supporter of Dr Cancer, a cruel overlord and a beard fashionista, I have been informed what’s in ‘dat beard’ is efficiently trending towards becoming more cancerous, corny, undead, oppressed and other. If I may quote Dr Cancer himself, “NO CITIZEN CAN RESIST!”

But don’t let that stop you from choosing your own style in the coming wake of beard fashion, as your brain is consumed directly from your cranium. Perhaps visit your local Ziggurat 3 and have your beard summer styled, by having the flesh incinerated from your face, or visit your local Ziggurat Two and vanish forever.



DOC CANCER SEZ!

You can’t spell Community Polo Team without the constituent letters ‘compliance!’

BORED OF CORN?



TRY MAIZE!

SICK OF ROLLING WITH THE SAME OLD CREWS?

JOIN DA C-LICS

WIT’ ME, T. POPE

AIN’T NOTHIN’ BUT A C-THANG



The Garter Glades Tattler wishes to reassure

Ciaran Magee, Maddie Parker, Sam Jenkins, James Colley, Michael Richardson, Tom Walker, Julian Larnach, Laurence Rosier-Staines

Your limbs will grow back.



Students' Representative Council The University of Sydney

BECOME A MEMBER!

Join in person at the SRC Office
or SRC Bookshop (details below)

The SRC provides the following
services to SRC members...

Student Support & Advocacy

- Centrelink Advice
- Academic Appeals
- Discontinuing/Withdrawing
- Students at Risk
- Show Cause
- Exclusion
- Tenancy Advice
- Fee Refunds
- Harassment & Discrimination
- International Students
- Plagiarism & misconduct

ASK US
ABOUT

SRC Legal Service

- Referrals
- Minor criminal matters/traffic offences/ fines
- Insurance law / employment law
- Victims of violence
- Credit & debt / consumer complaints
- Tenancy law
- Administration law (government etc)
- University complaints
- Other general complaints
- Immigration advice (1 session only)

SRC Books - Big savings on textbooks on campus!

- Buy & sell your textbooks
- Search for books online at www.src.usyd.edu.au
Located: Wentworth Level 4 (opposite the International Lounge)

Emergency Loans

\$50 emergency loans for students in need

Student Publications

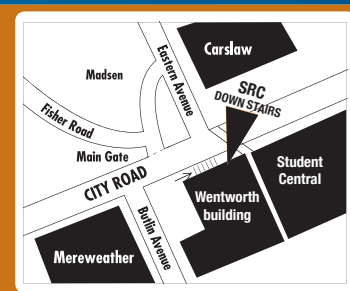
- *Honi Soit* - the SRC's weekly newspaper
pick-up a copy available on campus
- Student Handbooks: O-week, Counter Course, International Students & Women's Handbooks.

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.

We are located at..

Level 1 Wentworth Building
(under City Rd footbridge)
Ph: 02 9660 5222
www.src.usyd.edu.au
If you are at another campus,
email: help@src.usyd.edu.au



THE UNIVERSITY OF
SYDNEY

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



Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney Annual Election

Polling Booth Times and Places 2011

Polling Location

Wed 21st
Sept 2011

Thurs 22nd
Sept. 2011

Fisher

8:30-6:30

8:30-5:00

Manning

10:00-4:00

10:00-4:00

Cumberland

11:00-3:00

11:00-3:00

SCA

12:00-2:00

No polling

Engineering

No polling

12:00-2:00

Conservatorium

12:00-2:00

No polling

Jane Foss

8:30-6:00

8:30-6:00

Pre-Polling will also
be held outside
the SRC's Offices,
Level 1 Wentworth
Building, on
Tuesday 20th
September from
10am-3pm.

