

ISSUE 21 SEP 21ST 2011

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WHAT'S HAPPENING THIS WEEK:

WED
21st

1PM Remember to vote **BOOM FOR HONI + SRC** in the elections today! What do you mean we're not allowed to talk about the election? Oh, fine. See if we care. We're rich anyhow.

7PM Brand new play **ALL BUT WON** runs this week as part of the Sydney Fringe Festival. The play tells the story of Bible Tops, a soldier who returns to his small town home after the death of the girl he left behind. With a dynamite production and creative team, the show is sure to challenge and provoke audiences. Plus, there are heaps of current and ex-USyders involved, so come and show your support!
\$20/25 The Greek Theatre, Marrickville

10PM Awesome sketch show **NICE KICKS** written and performed by Steen Raskopoulos and Susie Youssef opens tonight and runs until Saturday. We're going - why not come in an attempt to spot us in the crowd? If you succeed, do not approach us.
\$17/19, Factory Theatre, Marrickville

T H U R S

8PM **OXFORD ART FACTORY IS TURNING FOUR!** Head on over to celebrate. There will be free drinks (for a bit) and a killer line up - Rockets, Deep Sea Arcade, Mother and Sun and tonnes more. Get yer skinny jeans out of the dryer. FREE!

ALL DAY **FATTY FOOD FRIDAY!** Pass me the deep fried chocolate sticks.

12-2PM Calling all those who believe in fairies, and the Green Fairy in particular. Original Czech Absinth will host an **ABSINTH MASTERCLASS** today at the swinging Five Eliza bar. Including cock-tails, recipes, history lessons on the once forbidden spirit and much more, it'll be damn good fun, AND everyone gets a Green Fairy goody bag. Wool! \$20

3PM After becoming pleasantly drunk, head over to the Addison Road Gallery for a **UKULELE WORKSHOP** with the awesome Dennis Aubrey. Only \$15! Summer here we come, Jack Johnson "mmm-hmmms" at the ready.

ALL DAY Seriously? It's a Sunday, it's mid semester break, it's probably sunny, and you're great. Go for a picnic.

2PM What, are you still here? Get moving! Daylight's burning!

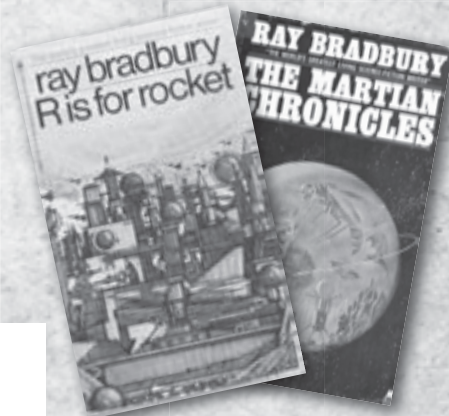
ALL DAY THE MCA's annual exhibition of young Australian artists' work, **PRIMAVERA**, is brightening up the streets of The Rocks all this month. Spanning a wide range of mediums, 13 artists have found inspirations in and around The Rocks, and the results are spectacular. Grab a coffee and go for a culture trail. Free!

ALL WEEK It's the last week of the **SYDNEY FRINGE FESTIVAL**, so make sure you check it out. There is some amazing work on offer, so get amongst it! Head to page 14 and 15 for our interviews with some of the best acts on offer this week!

WHENEVS **TAKE STOCK** of how you're going with uni. If you're going well, great! If you're going poorly, it may well be too late to change. Why not pick up an expensive hobby as compensation?

The What's On section. Been here since day one. Stop asking us where it is!

BUILD-A-BEAR
It's both a section and an imperative!



SAT
24th



Francis Ford Cupholder



I love it.

TUE
27th



THE LOVECHILD:
Mao Zedong
Al Gore



DAD JOKE OF THE WEEK:
I promise to put the Garter online!

HONEY SUAVE
Is that a campaign t-shirt?
Because I'm no longer interested.

RETRACTION

Honi Soit would like to apologise for implicating the VC in a sex(y) scandal. Keep on truckin'! You'll get there.

ACTUAL RETRACTION

In accordance with what is suddenly tradition, we mislabelled the opinion competition entries of Yitzi Tuvel and Samuel Levens. The correct names were Yitzi Tuvel and Sam—we mean, Samuel Levens and Yitzi Tuvel. Anyway, Yitzi did the mathsy one. Lucky it's the same prize money!



Ernest Hemingwayfarers™,
everybody!

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COMIC: Julian Larnach and Alessandro Tuniz

Check out www.eclipsephase.com for more!

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SQUATTERS!
see the pictures and read their words.

The future gets a look in. Hope you like genes!

skip to the crossword. Go on, I dares ya!

φιλει αὐτό



THE EDITORIAL



The future creeps up on us. It’s already my last go as EIC for *Honi*. Somehow we always think there’s going to be more time.

It’s the reason why I themed the issue around transhumanism. It’s happening already - just far subtler than futurists (and artists) predict. I was amazed when I learned that paralympians are only seconds behind those without prosthetics. In 2005, a husband and wife had electrodes attached to their nervous systems, and they could share sensations. Hey, how about this? The iPod isn’t even ten years old. I know, right?

I keep reading Ian McDonald and Richard Morgan and thinking that there’s something people urgently need to know ...

Looking back at years of student publications (and associated stereotypes), it’s obvious they cherish progressivism and activism and a whole lot more isms, and a rough-and-tumble, almost-anything-goes approach to writing. There’s a certain vitality to it, when it’s right, that makes me want to read it even though it’s all long finished. Student journalism goes after the big issues like a terrier after a boar, so here I give you the Next Big Thing; contemporaneous with the wars in the gulf, our kamikaze climate, the Arab Spring and whatever Abbott has cooking will come bioethics and augmentation like a thief in the night.

Presumably at some point the iPod was that blur on the horizon. Do you remember that moment before it swept the world and became an institution, seemingly overnight? I don’t. The present is infinitesimal, the past is out of reach, and the future keeps on coming. It’ll be here in just a sec ...

Michael Richardson

*For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain’d a ghastly dew
From the nations’ airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro’ the thunder-storm;
Till the war-drum throb’d no longer, and the battle-flags were furl’d
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.*

Tennyson, Locksley Hall



LETTERS

VOLCA-YES!

Dear *Honi Soit* Editors,

I was honestly both surprised and delighted to see the piece – “Java’s Mystical Mountain”, published in Week 8’s edition of *Honi Soit*. After living in Jogjakarta for six months, as an exchange student at Universitas Gadjah Mada, I was able to witness first-hand just how powerful this volcano is and how devastating Merapi’s path of destruction was to those who call her slopes home.

Drew - Your article beautifully illustrated that although this volcano is among the most active in the world, the cultural significance of Mt Merapi is very much still alive in Central Java. I praise your eloquence in telling the cultural and spiritual reverence that the Central Javanese show this volcano and the unique, spiritual practices that can be found in Indonesia.

Thank you for sharing a story about Indonesia that extends beyond the nightclubs of South Bali.

Salam hangat [Warm regards]

Katrina Steedman

Arts IV | Department of Indonesian Studies Student Representative

P.S Keep up the good work Editors; I’ve really enjoyed reading *Honi Soit* this year!



COMMERCE REVUE REVIEWS

I was angered and disappointed to see a harsh review of this year’s Commerce Revue published in *Honi Soit* under a pseudonym.

This is not some anonymous whistleblower, warning the university community of the grave peril of sketches they disliked - it is a reporter appointed by the *Honi* editors to review the show. Coverage of the arts on campus is important, and the public should be able to have faith in those who write it to deliver a fair, considered and informed judgement. As these reviews are works of opinion, the public should be aware whose opinion it is, and what sensibilities that person has.

Engineering Revue’s bald castigation by two *Honi* editors was published under their own names, allowing those who read it to judge the show based on their confidence in Julian Larnach and Tom Walker to treat the show fairly.

I, Ian Ferrington, Director of the Commerce Revue, take full responsibility for the content of the show, and for offending whatever person hides behind the pseudonym David Von Welseberg.

I hope *Honi*, in future, chooses reviewers competent enough, or at least confident enough in their own judgement, to put their name to their work.

Ian Ferrington, Com/Arts IV.

ART & ABOUT SYDNEY



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Barry Shale, Just Maybe They Do (detail)

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KICK-START TO THE CHEST FOR INTERNATIONAL PRESS

CLAIRE NASHAR tours USyd's new *Globe* magazine with Louis Appleton.

Launched on the 13th of this month, *Globe* is a student-run, student-written magazine with an edge. "We have a quota", says Louis Appleton, one of the magazine's senior editors. "We publish 50% international students and 50% domestic students." Aiming to publish international and domestic students in equal quantities, Louis and his friends at *Globe* express on their Facebook page the hope of "creat[ing] and strengthen[ing] friendship between students from different cultural and ethnic backgrounds."

According to University of Sydney statistics, of the 49 059 students enrolled at the university in 2010, 10 832 were international students. For those of you who didn't just do the math, that's a whopping 22%. Add to that the fact that international student numbers have been increasing since 2006 and you might begin to think that Sydney University is well on its way to becoming a thrivingly multicultural educational hub.

And yet, as *Globe*'s Facebook page points out, "the interest[s] of international students [are] not addressed well by the university." In particular, "there is no magazine on campus targeting international students." Thanks to the USU Kick-Sta grant, *Globe* magazine has set out to correct that inequality.

From student life to politics, international relations to sport and entertainment, *Globe*'s content promises to hold an interest for just about everybody, no matter what

their country and culture of origin. "If there was some kind of unrest going on in Iran," Louis tells me, "it might be affecting the families of students over here. Someone might write in about that from their perspective, or from the perspective of an Iranian student studying in Australia." The concept is undeniably a neat one, if not original. International students get an opportunity to actively participate in Australian university life, and domestic students gain an insight into cultural perspectives which differ from their own. Hooray!

Having already released its first issue, and with a competent team of editors behind it, *Globe* magazine seems set for success. So go ahead and pick up a copy. I'm told you can find an ample supply of the magazine at Manning House and other locations around Uni. Do it!

If you'd like to make a world of difference and contribute to *Globe*, you can find them on facebook or you can shoot them an email at globemagazinesyd@gmail.com.



HONILEAKS

ANDY FRASER is stunningly naïve.

Something is happening on campus. We can't quite figure out what it is. It's definitely pretty intense. There are a whole bunch of stupidly bright T-shirts dressed on stupidly loud people. They keep coming into lectures and tripping over lecturers. Every bloody time we log into Facebook there are 300 of the same looking people talking at the same

time. Then there are those absurd videos, they're not explaining what the deuce is going on either. Well we hear something more ridiculous happens on Wednesday and Thursday. Maybe we'll know more about all this strange shitanigans next week. Maybe.



STUDENTS SPEAK, SENATE LISTENS

BENJAMIN VENESS thinks you should read this so you can reader that.



That course readers are available for sale but not download is absurd. Part of the blame rests with the Copyright Act 1968 (Cth), which irrationally restricts online distribution of a book's content more so than it does for hard copy or CD(!) distribution.

The Act must be amended, but I refuse to accept its deficiency as a deal-killer. And, at a meeting last Monday with staff from eLearning and the Library, years of stasis were finally broken when Ross Coleman of the Library agreed to conduct a full feasibility assessment of providing course readers online.

Now, I need your help! To select the sample of units of study to assess, could you please email suggestions to me at benjamin.veness@sydney.edu.au. After I compile your 'online course reader wish list', Ross and his team will conduct the assessment so hopefully we can plan

implementation; the Act issue I will raise with the Vice-Chancellor.

Senate, the University's governing body, sometimes struggles to engage directly with students, but we really do want to listen to you (I often email *Honi* extracts to other Fellows). The high level of student engagement on the proposed Smoke-free Environments Policy was excellent. (Interview requests from media students were a surprise!) Soon – hopefully this week – you will be invited to comment on my proposal to lengthen the student Fellows' term from one year to two years (like at Melbourne, UNSW, UTS, etc.). The aim is to raise students' voice, so please have your say when the survey opens. We're listening.

SQUATTERS FORCIBLY REMOVED FROM ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL

ELEANOR GORDON-SMITH brings you the full story of what was happening on the roof of St. Michaels (from on the ground of Cadigal Greens).

You could be forgiven for not being able to point to St Michael's on a map. It's the derelict building on City Road just under the footbridge, and it's not the prettiest of sandstone buildings we've got hanging around. Its roof is bowing, its doors barricaded and its broken windows make it look rather gap-toothed. But, despite this, a group of squatters had been living in St Michael's. On Friday the 16th of September, they were forcibly removed.

For obvious reasons (being on a roof/in jail), those inside the house weren't able to explain their story to *Honi*. They did, though, have compatriots in Victoria Park. Aya Fibert was one such; a self-described backpacker, who explained that the house has water, refrigeration and food behind the plywood-covered doors and cracked windows. She said the current group had been there for about six weeks, and had cleaned the insides and established a communal cooking and gardening arrangement. Ashwyn Falkingham, 23, who was inside the house, said the group had been trying to negotiate a Caretaker

Lease; a type of residential lease almost exclusively used by squatters. The landlord gives the tenant the right to occupy the premises, in exchange for the tenants agreeing to pay all bills, pay rent once a year, and keep the premises in reasonable repair.

In the small hours of September 15, those negotiations went sour. Amateur footage on *Youtube* shows a policeman talking to a figure on the roof of St Michael's, saying "Ash, you are committing the offence of trespassing, you will be removed. Tomorrow morning the police are going to come, if you're not out of here, you're going to get arrested. Do you understand me? ... Ash, we're not going to get into the debate. Nine o'clock in the morning, out here." Excitingly, one policeman gets to say "listen, pal." Ash replies that Jesus was homeless too.

The police were as good as their word, and arrived at 9am. The squatters hung banners from the roof and refused to come down. A painted sheet read "housing is a right not a privilege"

while "occupy and resist" flapped rather feebly in the breeze nearby. By lunchtime, all of Cadigal Greens was cordoned off for Hazmat vehicles, fire trucks, riot control police cars, police dogs, search and rescue 4WDs and police in riot gear, with plastic shields and nightsticks. They waited. The firemen ate some Monte Carlos.

Then quite suddenly it came to a head; the keening of an electric saw told onlookers the police were cutting through the doors. Police dogs kicked up a barking quartet and the squatters clasped hands on the edge of the roof. The police trebled their presence; the crowd trebled theirs. Two policemen in riot gear became twelve, and a smallish crowd—through mitosis or twitter or both—swelled into a mass that jostled from City Rd to Cadigal Greens. The crowd was roaring, but far from unified. The squatters had become a sort of ink-blot test; indistinct blobs in which everyone saw their gripe du jour. Left-leaning student activists chanted about the housing crisis. Those up the front made noises about police brutality. One

woman just shouted "fuck the [insert name of institution]". University, police, government; all fucked. The microphone-toting suits hung around her interested until she shouted "fuck the media," whereupon they promptly lost interest. The police burst onto the roof and the squatters were taken into custody.

So why is St Michael's even empty? The land, though sandwiched by USyd buildings, is in fact owned by the Catholic Church. Andrew Potter, the spokesperson to the Vice Chancellor, told media "It is nothing to do with the University," and explained that the University has previously asked for the Church to repair or remove the building.

Perhaps Friday's events will be a much-needed jump start to the process of repairing the site. It's not just a bureaucratic deadweight; it's uninhabited and unsafe, and showdowns like this can be expected until someone takes responsibility for fixing it.

SQUATTERS' RIGHTS

TIMOTHY SCRIVEN
does not pay rent for this page.

Fact: everyone has the right not to live on the street. Fact: St Michael's College was a disused and unwanted space that was to be eventually demolished. Fact: the squatters weren't harming anyone. Reasonable conclusion: the squatters were perfectly justified. If you don't believe me clear your mind for a moment; pretend you are a visitor from Alpha Centauri, or another dimension, or Tasmania. Try to see it from the outside.

A large group of individuals called The Catholic Church, with no use or need of a space, claims exclusive control over that space called St Michaels. Meanwhile, numerous people inhabit the streets each night. A group of individuals called 'squatters' move into St Michaels, and begin clearing trash and restoring the place.

One morning, thirty men with dogs (who were sent in first!) and batons turn up by surprise and eject the squatters with considerable violence, dragging the squatters to small rooms with locks, keeping them for several hours, taking them to another room called a 'court' where they are 'charged' and given 'bail conditions'—essentially a threat that

they would be punished severely if they approached anywhere near their old home again.

The same group that entered the home with batons and dogs then claimed that the squatters had to be evicted for their own safety. For their *own safety* they had to be ejected onto the streets, given charges that potentially carry gaol times and emotionally assaulted in numerous ways. Allow me to add at this point that I have been unable to find a single case of a squatter killed or seriously injured in their accommodation, though the argument of safety is used almost each and every time. In short, the Church and the police either don't or shouldn't have a leg to stand on.

Above: The Bull beat us to the punch yet again!
Below: Police continue to patrol the roof of St. Michael's College after the removal of the squatters;
Further below: A collage of the protest in Jane Foss Russell Plaza and the NSW Police. Photos by Kade Denton, design by Michael Richardson



AN ACCOUNT OF A SQUATTER

The Sydney squatters community is, from my own perhaps limited experience, a relatively small group of people who make their homes in abandoned spaces, sometimes for political reasons, sometimes simply out of necessity. It is not necessarily an unstable lifestyle. I have known some people to go from one long term squat to another with breezy evictions and easy-going landlords. Similarly, I have known others to be moved on from place to place, from month to month, witnessing one violent eviction after another, from state harassment, to tactics of private bullying and intimidation.

Generally evictions happen quietly. While there does exist a relatively informal network of support known as Housing Crisis Collective, often it is used simply for assistance in the logistics of quick eviction as opposed to organised resistance. My own experience: consistently of being pushed out onto the street on the very day (almost the very hour) of my discovery. Over the last 48 hours, however, occupants of the St Michael's Cathedral on City road have carried out one of the more

public displays of defiance in recent Sydney history.

The Chapel (as it had come to be termed) has been inhabited by a group of about 15 people for a few months now. Inside is an amazing labyrinth of empty rooms and old furniture. The group had spent some time clearing out loads of rubbish which had accumulated in the years the building has been empty, connecting electricity, connecting water, repairing sewerage systems, building communal kitchens and gardens for planting vegetables. Whatever broader perceptions might be, squatters are some of the most industrious people with whom I have lived.

Having been squatters for some time now, many of the residents at The Chapel were tired of being kicked out onto the street and then seeing their homes boarded back up to remain empty and continue deteriorating. At this eviction, residents decided they wanted to fight for negotiations. The group hoped for the possibility of arranging an informal lease such as a 'caretaker's lease.' Such arrangements have been successfully made in the past between squatters and property owners. Possibilities for space use included a

squatted social centre in which projects—like community gardens, free schools, free shops, community gathering and meeting space—could be established for the use of broader communities looking to act locally and autonomously on collective projects.

When campus security first arrived on Thursday, a broad text was sent out for support for the coming eviction fight. The squatters dropped banners in order to alert students and the media.

I don't think anyone quite expected the grand scale of the operation that the police responded with. They should be truly embarrassed by the excessive display of force with which they handled the affair, bringing in riot squad and dogs, setting up tents, cordoning off half of the university.

I was nabbed early on for retrospective trespass and spent a frustrating day locked in a cell in Newtown police station. Unfortunately this meant that I missed the excitement of the day. But I have since heard many empowered and excited accounts of events both outside and inside The Chapel.

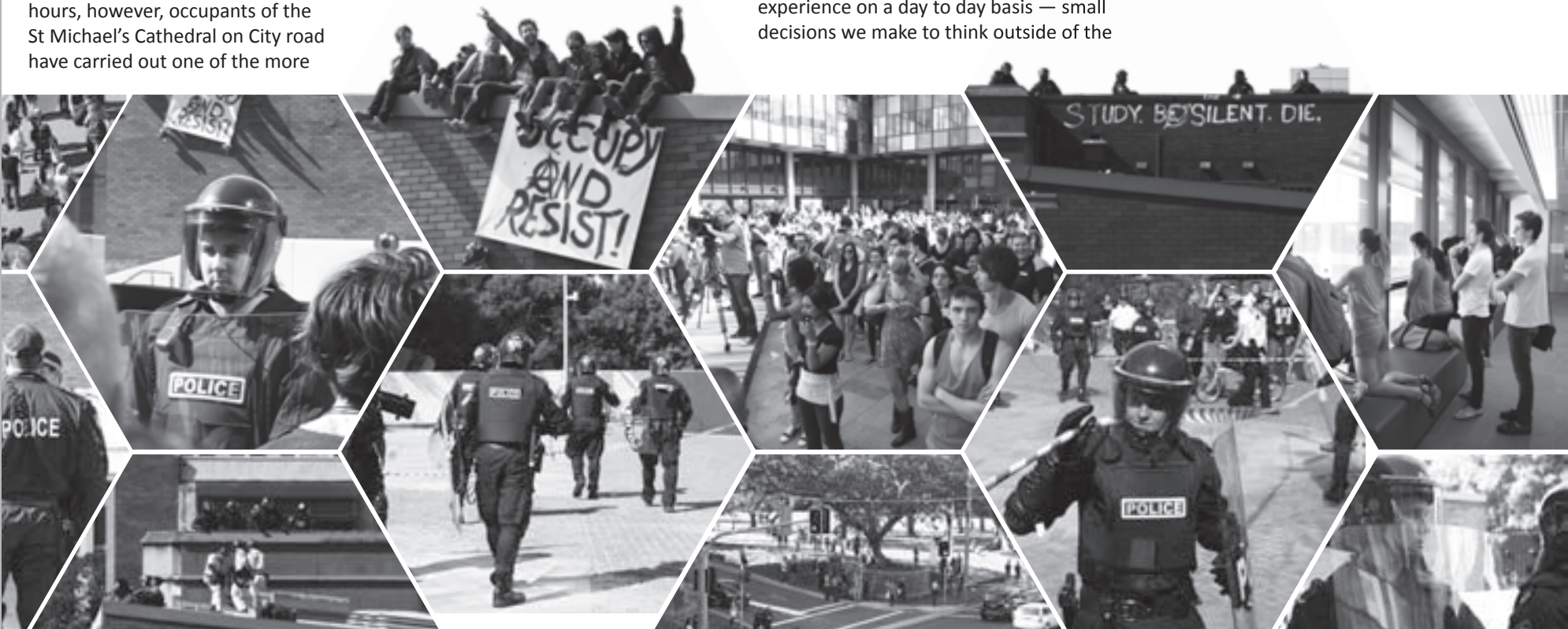
The primary thing that I took from the unfurling of these events is the way that small decisions to do more than just write and read and talk about the injustices we experience on a day to day basis — small decisions we make to think outside of the

limited palette we are granted by society with which to affect change — can truly define the character of our political movements. I want to be able to say that yes, our generation is political, our generation is not apathetic, and our generation, while we may have grown up under 12 years of Howard, still have it in us to put up a fight.

I am quite obviously glorifying the events over the past few days, perhaps because I still feel emotionally affected by my engagement with them, and perhaps because I am still intensely hurt and frustrated by the circumstances of my own arrest. This is an opinion piece and I am not a journalist, just someone on the ground.

Thus far, court dates will be on the 4th and 11th of October, rallying in support outside Newtown Court from 9am on these dates would be hugely welcomed. Furthermore, look out for news of a karaoke fundraiser party in the coming weeks to help cover court costs and fines.

Name withheld by the wishes of the author.





Why the Health Services Union scandal matters.

MICHAEL KOZIOL discusses what free love *really* means.

It must be stressful being a union official. You’re invariably typecast as a thug, nobody wants to be part of your club anymore, and your career prospects extend to overlooked Labor backbencher or disgruntled public servant. Either way you’ll still be hated. And in Canberra.

To make things worse, you can’t even score a few streetwalkers to release the tension without half the country baying for your blood. Or perhaps you just shouldn’t have your members pay for it.

Craig Thomson is the federal member for Dobell, a troubled parcel of land north of Sydney encompassing Wyong and The Entrance, concentrations of unemployment, poor families, pensioners and drug abuse. Thomson was elected in the Class of ’07, and managed to increase his share of the two-party preferred vote in 2010 despite the significant swing away from Labor.

It was in late 2008, a seemingly distant era in which Kevin Rudd maintained a crushing lead over Liberal leader Malcolm Turnbull, that the Health Services Union commenced an investigation in to Thomson’s expenditure during his tenure as its National Secretary. It was suggested that his credit card had been used to finance not only visits to prostitutes in Sydney but also his 2007 campaign for Dobell and over \$100,000 in suspect cash withdrawals.

This was an internal investigation launched by the HSU, not a criminal one. Thomson’s response was to sue for defamation both the HSU and Fairfax Media, which had reported the events in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Thomson alleged that other members of the HSU had access to his credit card and that the appearance of his licence number and signature on the escort agency’s receipt could be the doing of his rivals within the union.

Fairfax defended the suit on the basis of truth, and the proceedings were dropped by Thomson in April 2011. But one radio presenter continued to pursue the story and engineered its recent dramatic resurgence. Michael Smith, of Fairfax’s 2UE, interviewed Thomson on 1 August 2011, confronting him with a copy of the voucher from a visit to Sydney Room Service in Surry Hills.

Malicious motivations aside (Smith snidely refers to Thomson’s move to from the union to parliament as a “well-worn Labor party track”) it was a notable feat of investigative journalism. It sparked renewed media interest in the increasing web of intrigue, particularly given the precarious nature of minority government.

It is difficult to see how the claims could be false. To believe so would mean some menacing individual had stolen Thomson’s licence, credit card and phone, driven from Dobell to Sydney, impersonated him during phone calls made en route, consumed the escort services and then returned the possessions unnoticed.

Once can scarcely imagine the sinking horror Julia Gillard faced as the scandal was reborn amid her darkest hours. The Prime Minister’s hands are impossibly bound. To lose Thomson would necessitate a lethal by-election for the government: with Dobell held on a margin of 5.07 per cent it would certainly fall to the Coalition.

That’s the beauty of this whole story really – it is at once largely insignificant to anyone outside the beltway, and critically important to the survival of the government. If it were to reach its logical conclusion, it would be a truly pitiful end to Australia’s 43rd parliament, which for all its quirks and flaws has passed over 180 pieces of legislation in 12 months.

It is also an untimely distraction which almost threatened to overshadow

and replace genuine analysis of the government’s carbon pricing legislation, introduced to the House last week. But on 7 September the NSW Fraud Squad declared that there was insufficient evidence to continue an investigation into Thomson’s expenses. A sigh of relief washed over the ALP, perhaps prematurely, as the report did suggest the matter be referred to the Victorian Police. But it remains unlikely they would reach a different conclusion.

The fitting and headline-undermining reality is that the Craig Thomson ‘scandal’ doesn’t matter. It won’t bring down the government, much to the dismay of Tony Abbott over there in the blue corner, chomping at the bit. Don’t be naïve though – the story’s disappearance from the front pages does not mean there aren’t operators like Smith waiting to dredge it back up again.

Only a day after NSW Police declined to investigate, new allegations were published about possible embezzlement by Michael Williamson, the current HSU National President. That reached boiling point last week when Williamson disaffiliated the HSU East from the Labor Party in NSW, Victoria and the ACT. At the time of writing he has not yet stood down as National Vice-President of the ALP, but is widely expected to do so.

There is unquestionably something rotten inside the Health Services Union and this story is far from its climax. Australians have never had a worse perception of unions, and this episode will only exacerbate that collective fall from grace. Unions are a domain that seems to attract the terminally ugly, in personality and physicality. It is perhaps a mortal wound to the structure of the Australian Labor Party, and that may be the tragic consequence of Craig Thomson’s little Surry Hills sojourn.

angry. Later Nixon closed the ‘gold window’ and the world currencies began to fluctuate. Economists pointed out that this unfettered system would allow currencies to be valued more naturally as they reflected the wealth of the nation who printed the money. Sounds reasonable? Here’s where stuff gets messy, and meta.

Because the exchange rate was no longer pegged, countries could determine how much their money was worth. This was done by lowering the price of their money so that they could sell goods for cheaper, or raising the price of their money so they could buy more goods. Then, like any good Gordon Gekko, individual people started getting involved and buying and selling reserves of foreign cash (people exchanging one currency for another). Today this is done on such a scale that there is \$1.1 trillion traded each day. Unlike a car brought out of the factory costing \$x then someone pimping it out for a new value of \$x+1, this money isn’t appreciating on any tangible basis; it is appreciating because people

News In Briefs



TOM WALKER’s glazed eyes read this off the autocue.

Palestine! Still reading? Cool, you’re a good dude. Palestine are making a bid for statehood at the United Nations, asking the UN to back the establishment of a Palestinian state in the West Bank, Gaza Strip and East Jerusalem. It’s a mainly symbolic position that continues the Palestinian appeal to the international community. Obama is set to veto. Still reading? Good.

750 000 drought-stricken Somalis are going to die, a UN report estimates. Food aid access to the region is being stymied by militant Islamist group Shahab and rains, when they come, will bring disease to the immune-suppressed population. Scared? You should be. Ken Menkhaus, professor of Political Science at Davidson College, said this: “We’ve lost this round, the numbers are going to be horrifying. We’re too late.”

UK Equalities Minister Lynne Featherstone says the UK will introduce same-sex marriage before the next election in 2015. Right now same-sex couples can enter into civil partnerships identical in rights to civil marriages, with the only difference being in name. Ctrl + F, find civil partnership, replace with marriage. If you like something, regardless of sex or creed, put a ring on it. There, we said it.

In other news, 750 000 drought-stricken Somalis are still going to die.



are valuing it all of a sudden on no tangible basis. Money is worth more because people want it to be worth more. \$1.1 trillion is being traded each day because people want to make money off money, and yet *nothing is being produced*. No-one’s getting anything out of it except for the people trading!

The novelty of the current situation is that we’re not even revaluing tulips. We’re revaluing what we would *use* to revalue tulips. This is a near-total divorce from the traditional milieu of money being exchanged for goods and services. And if that’s not another bubble, we’ll eat our hats.

NEXT WEEK: Confidence! What is?

Revaluating all values

JULIAN LARNACH and LAURENCE ROSIER STAINES talk about the money we never see.

Consider this an introduction to what we naively view as the woes of the world economy. In the coming weeks we’ll delve a bit deeper and speak to Mr Ross Gittins—a sensible economist!—but for now: speculation! What is and why?

In the early 1600s a fever swept the Dutch countryside. People everywhere started to covet tulips. For no reason other than their prettiness, the value skyrocketed. People sold houses to buy tulips. A sailor was imprisoned for eating a tulip, which he mistook for an onion. As prices grew, so did the economy of scale around them; tulip craftsman and caretakers emerged, people feeding the craftsman and caretakers emerged, people feeding the feeders of the craftsman and caretakers emerged. There wasn’t an increase

in tulip production, only an increase in tulip speculation: people sitting, stroking beards, revaluating the tulips at the centre of it all. Then a bad season came, the tulips were wiped out, the infrastructure around them collapsed and the Dutch economy crashed entirely. Oh, those Dutch!

Alas this was no mere anomaly. Look at the subsequent hyacinth bubble (that’s a more sustainable flower), the South Sea bubble (shares arbitrarily priced high then revalued at nothing), the internet bubble (people spending thousands of dollars on URLs), and the housing bubble (\$1.1 million for a unit in Strathfield). All bubbles, all burst because people lost confidence and jumped ship. Stuff gains and loses value because value is placed on it (or not).

After WWII all money was leveraged against US gold stocks—that is, the exchange rate of every currency on earth was pegged against the US dollar. Since everyone wanted US monies to help them rebuild after Hitler and Hirohito, there were eventually more US dollars in circulation then there was gold in reserve, so the pegged value was inaccurate and people started getting

NEWS



RIGHTING THE WRITING ON THE WALL

JOBE WILLIAMS has a street art name, but we didn't use it. Peter Parker? Nah.

Graffiti has been around for as long as human civilisation. We have paintings on our cave walls from prehistoric history; in ancient Greek and Roman streets the walls were saturated in script. In those days graffiti conveyed information to passers by such as the location of the nearest brothel, as well as the expression of political opinions, satire, expressions of love and bravado. Graffiti was an early form of advertising.

Nowadays the majority of the humble tags that litter our city's walls are illegible typography delivering nonsensical slogans. Yes, there is certainly some artistic merit in the skill of some of the sprayers' swirls, however it is the general lack of any conveyed meaning and the often malicious damage to property that has made graffiti in our modern culture so largely disparaged.

Meanwhile the contemporary art world is seeing graffiti flourish into a high art form. The international prominences of artist such as Banksy, Shepard Fairey and Marc Jenkins herald a new paradigm—I term this movement 'Graffigrophy', definitive by the refinement of skill and concept in street art.

I believe art at its extraordinary essence evokes understanding. I tag this nature as 'Aht!' What sets these ahtists apart is their ability to convey concepts *and* entertain.

The immediacy of street art in the urban environment is a powerful tool of communication. So let's use it as such, inciting insights rather than indifference; intrigue people with ideas. Graffiti will never stop, so what to say before you spray? We paint the future of our reality. Will it be one we will be happy to watch dry and sign our tags upon?

“CON”-TEXT IS EVERYTHING!

LAURENCE ROSIER STAINES is conservative with word meanings.

‘Conservative’. What does it mean? Rather than speak to any of the local student politicians, I asked Viscount Francois-René de Chateaubriand, inventor of the term. “A conservative,” says Chateaubriand in 1819 over a cognac, “is one who is a partisan of the established social and political order.” I raise my eyebrows. Nothing about ‘no climate science’, apparently a celebrated modern conservative value? “I don’t feel like I should comment on that,” he says. “I’m not even alive.” Touché, Viscount. Now get outta here.

Admittedly Chateaubriand was living in the aftermath of the French Revolution—possibly the most infamous example of swift social change yielding something that everyone now calls ‘The Terror’—and so his early definition of conservatism may itself be too limiting, too close to the caricature about fear of change. But the difference is clear; what was once considered a term for an approach to societal change is now seen as an ideological checklist involving small government, tax cuts and rejection of anything that threatens the status quo. Edmund Burke and other theorists would be spinning in their graves.

Why should we care? The annals of history are littered with the exoskeletons of word-meanings. But the corruption of ‘conservative’ has had far-reaching consequences, whereby people think it is fine to adopt a set of beliefs and in no way engage with the theoretical underpinnings of the term, which began as an *approach* to change rather than a *prescription* of what that change should be. Roughly the same can be said of the word ‘liberal’, which itself has become an idle term that people fling at one another without any real context. This, in turn, entrenches an adversarial political worldview that results in the opposite of productivity. You get reactions, overreactions and counterreactions until we end up with impractical idealists on one side and the Tea Party on the other. Ugh? UGH.

Strangely, the gay marriage debate—of all things—is a place where the arguments almost line up with the original meanings of the terms. On one side we have “It’s my right!” and “You get married, why shouldn’t I?”, while on the other side we have “You’re hurting the institution of marriage” or “You’re hurting America/Australia/whatever”. The latter is, of course, the dilute conservative argument, which is somewhat strange considering the perceived modern conservative commitment to individualism and—in many cases—libertarianism. But historically, this is what conservatism has always been about: leaning towards society at large in disputes between society and individual discretion.

Of course, even this is being too broad; the interests of society at large and the interests of groups of individuals quickly begin to coincide. There is much to talk about, many fine points to consider: what are the interests of society? How do we define groups in society and what concessions can be reasonably made? How do we actually assess preservation of society versus improvement of society? Such questions have clearly been considered in places, but it is made harder by the strong emotional reactions from both sides that preclude rational engagement, and harder still by clinging to abused words like ‘liberal’ and ‘conservative’ and using them as profanity rather than the complex terms they are. Are you a liberal or a conservative? Read about what the words mean *then* answer, you clowns!

AN OPEN WARNING AGAINST THE LIFESTYLE OF THE PANCAKE PEOPLE

SAMANTHA HAWKER covers truth, Twitter and the hijacking of the internet by fun.

Truth for a long-time was the exclusive property of the most powerful kids in town. As the French philosopher Michel Foucault opined, history belonged to those who were capable of seizing the rules, rewriting them and constructing the identity of a truth. History as we know it was termed by those who won the struggle for power and were granted the position of domination over the narrative of history. Truth, Foucault argues, “is a thing of this world ... produced by the virtue of multiple forms of constraint.” However the real estate of truth as Foucault knew it has greatly changed and the waterfront views no longer belong to those kids who wrote the rules but rather to anyone who can type.

As Bruce Sterling highlighted at the 1993 National Academy of Sciences Convocation on Technology and Education, the internet was originally a Cold War military project designed for military communication purposes in the case that the U.S. was indeed devastated by a Soviet nuclear strike. The internet it seems was born as a ‘post-apocalypse command grid’. However, as Sterling states, the internet today is a ‘paragon of cyberspace’ that users have bent to serve to their every convenience, curiosity, amusement and pleasure. Sterling comments, ‘it’s as if some grim fallout shelter had burst open and a full-scale Mardi Gras parade has come out.’

This cyberspace parade Sterling describes is hardly different to standing at Taylor Square and watching the 10,000 bejewelled and flesh-bearing participants as they make their way down South Dowling Street. The bright pink angels carrying signs proclaiming

‘God’s my Daddy’ and the caricatures of Julia Gillard in a wedding dress walking alongside Tony Abbot (big ears and nose given no justice) now can stake their claim any day, at any time. The internet is an avenue for the voice of the people.

Everyone from Joe Blogs (pardon the pun) to the world’s favourite cat (I’m not joking, she has 1,474,585 followers) can tell us in 140 characters what is on their mind. I now know a whole range of fun facts: from Socks the cat having had nude photos leaked onto the Internet last night (also not joking) to Blogs eating an orange for breakfast. Though

... it’s as if some grim fallout shelter had burst open and a full-scale Mardi Gras parade has come out.

of course blogs like the *Huffington Post* and the *Big Think* provide slightly more insight than Blogs and Socks, I always wonder if the overload of information we are treated to every time we log onto Facebook and Twitter is detrimental.

A 2005 study by Vladimir Sloutsky, the director of the Centre for Cognitive Science at Ohio State University, has found that the over-saturation of information can actually be detrimental to an adult’s memory. Sloutsky and co-author Anna Fisher did a series of studies on children of the age of 5, 7 and

11 and college-age adults, all proving children to have better recognition memory than adults. The participants were shown 28 pictures of animals and asked if the exact animal had been previously shown. Interestingly the youngest children had the highest accuracy rate while the adults scored particularly poorly.

Sloutsky highlights the fact that the more cluttered our brain, the less accurate our memory. The democratisation of voices, the plurality of truths available – they’re in no way a bad thing, but perhaps our daily dose of Joe Blogs and Socks is detrimental to our minds. In his article in *The Atlantic* titled, ‘Is Google Making Us Stupid?’, Nicholas Carr raises this very point. He describes an “uncomfortable sense that someone, or something, has been tinkering with my brain, remapping the neural circuitry, reprogramming the memory.” He feels a loss in concentration, a need to “drag my wayward brain back to the text.” Carr believes that these symptoms are directly linked to his increase in use of the Internet. He believes that we have lost the kind of deep reading that is acquired by our undistracted reading of a book. Our ability to read and therefore think deeply is being sacrificed to the fillers of content provided by all of the easy click throughs on the web.

Carr quotes the playwright Richard Forman in his warning, “we risk turning into ‘pancake people’” – spread wide and thin as we connect with that vast network of information accessed by the mere touch of a button. Perhaps Carr, Forman and Sloutsky are right. Perhaps we all should log off Twitter and go and read a book.



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USYD FINALS FEVER

ADAM CHALMERS and JAMES COLLEY go up for the contest.

Over the weekend, AFL NSW's Sydney-wide football season came to a close. The season ended with USyd's very own Reds team just barely losing to UNSW/Eastern Suburb in the grand final.

UNSW/Eeastern Suburbs dominated in the opening quarter, holding all the ball but tight defence kept them to 1.4.10 by the break.

A monster fifty-five meter punt from Anthony Herring brought The Reds into the game, leaving them only four points down at quarter time against a team that had only lost one game all year.

Halftime saw USyd still in the fight, with a couple of harsh 50m penalties giving UNSW/ES the upper hand with a two goal buffer.

The Reds threw themselves at the UNSW/ES side and gain the upper hand through an impressive display in the midfield by Julian Crowley and John Huxtable.

Final quarter and the boys went in hard. A rousing, *The Replacements* worthy speech from coach Taimus saw USyd fight back bitterly and a goal from Craig "Rocket" Boustred saw scores locked at 42 a piece eight eight minutes into the fourth.

Unfortunately it wasn't enough as USyd began to feel the hit of a deleted bench and UNSW/ES ran away with five goals in the final quarter. The game finished with USyd Red's on 7.9.51 falling behind UNSW/ES's 11.13.79.

Fullback Matt Watson spoke to *Honi Soit* after the exciting game.

"We were the only USyd team to make it into the grand finals, which was pretty great," he said, "though all six of our teams made the finals, so we're in pretty good shape." While USyd didn't take home the prize, Watson calls it a "ridiculously close game" and says the team was hugely excited to just get that far.

"We've gone through over 70 players this year because of injuries, and only 22 people take the field in any game. So, for us to make the grand finals is an even bigger achievement because we haven't had a stable team all year."

USyd's premier team was recently invited to play in the North East AFL with Sydney Swans reserve teams.

"It's pretty cool – we're considered good enough to play against professionals."

The whole season's been a lot of fun for the Reds. "The best thing is the sense of mateship. You get out there and you're not playing for yourself, you're playing with all the other guys in the team," says Watson. He encourages anyone who's interested to get involved when pre-season starts in November, or training starts in February.

"You get to play for USyd, have fun and meet a bunch of people you'll be friends with for a long time as well," he finishes.

SPORTS *In Briefs*



with
JAMES COLLEY.

The final test of the Australia/Sri Lanka three-test series is grinding to a tedious draw at the time of writing. The series started with a show of dominance by the Australian team setting them up with a 1-0 lead which is looking to be the only result in the rain hampered series. This is an important boost for a batter Australian side. Shane Watson labelled this a "must-win" series, separating it from The Ashes, which seems to have been labelled "okay to lose."

However, the real story to come out of the otherwise vanilla series was the enforced decline and fall of Ricky Ponting. Just months after Katich's unceremonious and undeserved dumping, selectors have again shown their intention to refresh the Australian team by moving Ricky Ponting down the order for the first time in a decade.

The New Zealand Warriors have made the semi finals of the poorly named National Rugby League for only the second time in their forty-year history. They'll be facing off against minor premiers the Melbourne Storm, making it unlikely but not impossible that they'll make the grand final. The other final sees Australian captain and sporting legend Darren Lockyer leading the Brisbane Broncos as they face the regular season runners up Manly Sea Eagles. This year has already been confirmed as Lockyer's last so the Broncos will be doing their best to see him off with style.

And in the second most important semi finals happening next weekend, the Hawthorne Hawks will wash the swan blood off their hands to meet minor premiers Collingwood. In the corresponding game, the West Coast Eagles (Weagles) will have a showdown with the Geelong Cats. Due to the definitely not stupid set up of finals football, both the Hawks and the Weagles lost their first round finals matches but can still make the grand final. In fact, if Hawks win and Weagles lose, or vice versa, they grand final will be a rematch of the first round.

The Rugby World Cup continues with half the pool games complete. The usual suspects are starting to separate themselves. The All Blacks are dominate again, as they tend to be at the start of every world cup right up to the point they lose to a team that they should easily crush. Speaking of stupid upsets, not only does Canada apparently play rugby, but also knocked off Tonga, by no means a heavy weight – but a very strong team that should be a class above. Some are predicting this is a sign that Canada will go on to win it all. These people are going to lose all their money.

Australia also suffered bitter and deserved disappointment losing 15 – 6 to the Irish Rugby team. It seems like that ol' 'Luck of the Irish' combined with the 'Incompetence of the Wallabies' to throw the whole pool back in the balance.

GAME, SET AND CRAZY.

Love means nothing to BRONTË LAMBOURNE. Nothing!

It's been 31 years since an Australian woman last took out a grand slam title, 37 since Margaret Court last won the US Open. But in the wake of Sam Stoser's US Open victory, it was Serena Williams' face that emblazoned the covers of newspapers worldwide.

Despite losing the match in straight sets (6-2, 6-3), Serena spat the dummy over a close game where she was pulled up for intentional hindrance, by all accounts a correct decision. After twelve years of grand slam tennis, Serena appears to be running out of original abusive retorts calling the umpire a "loser", a "hater" and "unattractive inside" – a bit rich coming from a tennis

player renowned for threatening to stuff a ball down a lineswoman's throat.

Notorious behaviour aside, the Williams' sisters have done wonders for women's tennis and deserved their time in the spotlight but, having survived over two generations on the international circuit, the pressure and drive to stay at the top of the game has turned the once ripe player sour.

The problem is not unfamiliar: Americans' fanatical pride suffocating the glory of the unassuming Australian. Every sports fan loves a fairy tale comeback, and that's exactly what Serena promised. Set for a comfortable

win, Williams was about to romp home a 14th grand slam title on national soil, after nearly losing her life from a pulmonary embolism. To top it off, this was the tenth anniversary of September 11. Yet on this day of commemoration, national pride showed its ugly face. "Give me a code violation because I expressed my emotion?" Serena spat. "We're in America last I checked."

But what about Stosur's miracle story? Many had thought her one great chance had come and gone. At 27, Sam was only competing in her second final, her tennis career interrupted by an eight-month bout of lyme disease which left her too weak to push a shopping trolley. Australians should be overjoyed that we have a tennis star to celebrate that's not Lleyton Hewitt.

But Channel Nine refused to even screen a repeat of Stosur's win, reticent to interrupt the scheduled line-up of *The Farmer Wants a Wife*.

"I promise you don't look at me... Don't. Look. My. Way," Serena warned the umpire in her petulant display. Hopefully the media will heed her advice.

Below: Serena Williams (29) defeats Ashley Smith (7) at North Epping Tennis Courts.



THE PROFILE

KELLY CARTWRIGHT

by MICHAEL COUTTS

Making decisions is tough, especially important ones. The average 15 year old will probably only ever have to make mundane decisions of little to no consequence on their future lives. When Kelly Cartwright was 15, she decided to have part of her leg amputated.

Kelly was diagnosed with cancer in her right leg when she was just a teenager. She admits to being mortified when her doctors told her that amputation presented her best chance of survival, even though there was a slim possibility that an operation to remove the cancerous cells would be effective. "It was definitely the hardest decision I've had to face in my life" she says, "Especially being 15 years old." Whilst her family, friends and medical staff guided her decision, Kelly is adamant that "the decision was on my shoulders, not my parents', not the doctors'. It was mine."

That decision was made all the more difficult because Kelly was still subject to the usual vagaries of a teenager. She was worried about what people would think of her, and so initially resisted the amputation. "I thought I'd rather die than have my leg amputated," she reminisces. After a slight pause, she muses, "that was really stupid, now looking back on it."

Kelly has every right to feel vindicated in her choice. After being identified as an emerging athlete in a Paralympic Talent Search event, Kelly represented her country at the Beijing Paralympics only a year after commencing competitive running. She made the final that year, but failed to place. Nonetheless, she still considers it her most treasured memory on the track: "It was an amazing experience to get there so quickly and be competing with the world's best."

Beijing is only one among a catalogue of triumphs Kelly has accrued in her (still quite short) career. She broke the world record in the 200m and the Australian record in the 100m at the Afrafura Games in 2009. Earlier this year, she broke the world record in the long jump at the International Paralympic Committee World Championships. Kelly is thus not only a serious gold medal contender for the 100m and the long jump at the London Paralympics next year, but a potential world record breaker in each also.

When asked whether this adds pressure on her, Kelly honestly appraises that it does weigh on her mind to some extent, especially if she knows she's been close to the mark during training. Above all, however, Kelly says that each time she competes she just wants to "do a PB, and if that means winning, that means winning, and if that means breaking a record, then that means breaking a record."

That Kelly has reached the point where she can speak nonchalantly of breaking world records is no stroke of luck. Kelly's tremendous work ethic is enough to make even the most dedicated gym junkie cringe. Her usual training routine consists of a full seven days of activity, with three or four sessions on the athletics track, three sessions in the gym, one or two more in the pool, and some boxing and cardio work to boot. Her advice to anyone who wants to represent his or her country is predictable: "Put the hard yards in and you can achieve anything you put your mind to."

With such dedication, coupled with tremendous ability, it'd be surprising if Kelly didn't achieve her long-term career aims of coming home from a Paralympics with two gold medals and competing at the Rio Paralympics in 2016. Even so, Kelly says that the most important thing is that she does her best and continues to enjoy athletics, indicating how very levelheaded she is.

Into the future, Kelly would like to study nutrition as a way of staying involved with the Paralympics, and with sport in general, once she has retired from athletics. She's Melbourne through and through, so don't expect to see her around Sydney University anytime soon; however, she did say that she'd consider it if she ever moved.

Kelly comes across as a vibrant and genuine person. Her candid nature is obvious when she responds to a question about her biggest personal quirk. "I'm pretty stupid," she says with a laugh. "I tend to talk before I think". It's difficult to believe she's not being modest, however, as she converses freely on a range of topics from whether Oscar Pistorious, 'The Blade Runner', gains an advantage over able-bodied athletes from his carbon fibre J-foot prosthetic (an idea which she rubbishes) to recounting the time she left her prosthetic leg in a bar, returned, and found it had been used as a beer glass.

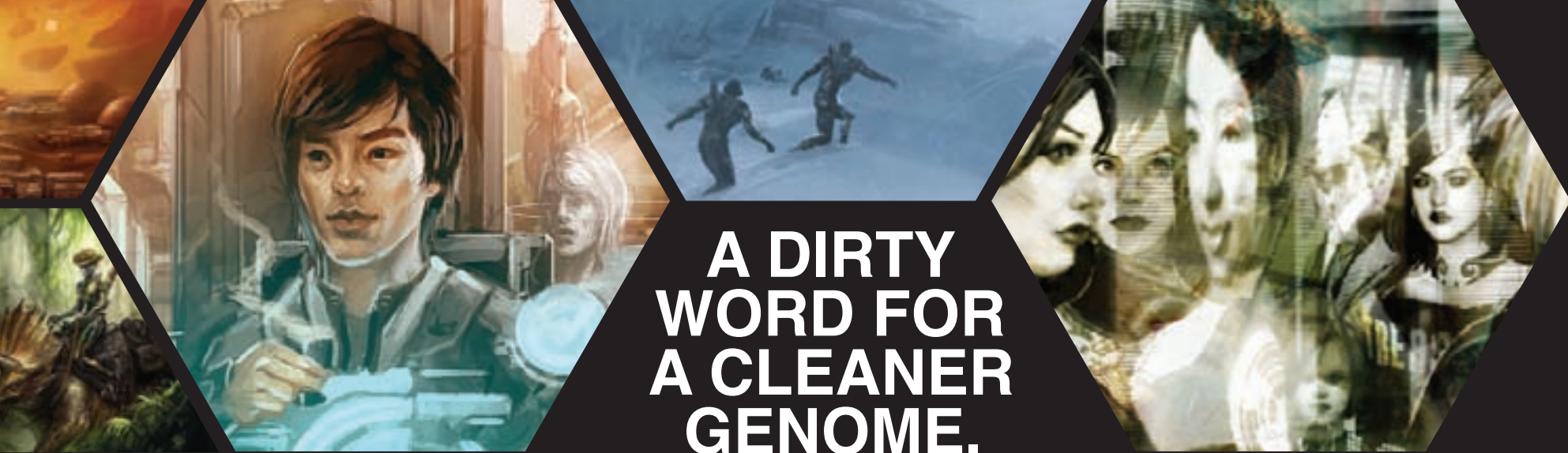
The most striking thing about Kelly is how unaware she seems of how special she is. Aside from being an incredible athlete, she has a strong social conscience and so is actively involved with several charities. She's an ambassador for the Make A Wish Foundation, an organisation close to her heart after they granted her wish of travelling to Thailand when she was 15. In 2009 she climbed Mt Kilimanjaro, Africa's tallest mountain standing a daunting 5, 895m above sea level, to raise money for children's hospitals. Even though she describes it as "the most physically and mentally demanding thing [she'd] ever done," Kelly was glad to do whatever she could to help out.

Given all she has accomplished at just 22 years of age, you'd be forgiven for thinking that the label of 'disabled' is a misleading one on Kelly. She herself confesses to find it weird when people think of her as handicapped in some way. "People often ask me, 'What can't you do?' and honestly I can't think of anything that I can't do. I think people are sometimes naïve about what you can and can't do, making assessments based on how I look with one leg".

Ultimately, life comes down to the choices that we make. Kelly chose to have her leg amputated, but she also chose to not let that restrict her life in anyway. "I've done everything that I've put my mind to since I've lost my leg," she says in a simple matter of fact way. "I have got some sort of disability, but I don't think it disables me from doing anything." It's hard to disagree.



Images courtesy of www.zgeek.com, www.paralympic.org and Hannah Johnston.



A DIRTY WORD FOR A CLEANER GENOME.

Imagine you find yourself at a social gathering; go on, make it something important like the Oscars if it makes you feel better. At this gathering someone turns to you and says something like ‘I believe in eugenics.’ At this point you would probably throw your drink in their face and accuse them of being a Nazi because we all know that eugenics were used to justify the Holocaust.

If that’s the case then you’re a pretty rude person and I would suggest relying on less vulgar tactics to get your point across. Also, you’ve just fallen for the delightfully named logical fallacy ‘reductio ad Hitlerum’ – let’s not forget that the Nazis called themselves socialists too. Eugenics, as coined by Sir Francis Galton (cousin to the great self-proclaimed eugenicist Charles Darwin), is clearly defined thus: ‘[e]ugenics is the science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race; also with those that develop them to the utmost advantage.’ He goes on to say, ‘the aim of eugenics is to bring as many influences as can be reasonably employed, to cause the useful classes in the community to contribute more than their proportion to the next generation.’ It’s obvious that two contradictory statements are operating simultaneously.

If you squint you can almost see the good intent behind the racially loaded phrasing. On one level the focus on inborn qualities illustrates the eugenicist’s appreciation of genetic inheritance as being a substantial long-term health factor. Nowadays it’s common knowledge that many diseases have a genetic origin. The new idea in eugenics worth holding onto was the scaling up of perspective from individuals and generations to a broader, biologically defined evolutionary path

On another level, however, it’s morally reprehensible. Terms like ‘a race’ create scissions along fabricated social constructs. By specifying that each race had its own defined trajectory, Francis was making a scientifically unsubstantiated claim to suit his own agenda. I’d like to apologise for him by saying he was a victim of his age, but it just doesn’t seem to cut it.

Not to say that there was no science in eugenics. It was the only paradigm to consider the link between behaviour and this newly discovered evolution. It was wildly popular and a diversity of opinions arose around the topic. By the 60s, however, many eugenicists had fled the field to the emerging powerhouse in biological research known as genetics. Indeed many genetic based institutes that survive today were formed from the remnants of eugenic institutions.

Ok, having covered a bit of history and hopefully avoided being branded as racist (or *gasp* a biological determinist) it is time to consider the consequences for us. What is left of this idea of eugenics for us to play with? Like any theory it’s only truly functional when you put it into practice. According to theorist John Glad, there are three ways to categorise eugenics. You can have positive eugenics, which focuses on enhancing the genetic material that already exists. In vitro fertilisation is one form of positive eugenics, and a baby bonus is another, in a way. Negative eugenics focuses on eliminating genetic material deemed to bring out unwanted traits. At the turn of last century in the United States, sterilisation of the unfit and infirm (read black, Irish, disabled or otherwise counter normative) was rampant. The third category is on a different axis to the positive and negative dichotomy. The third category is genetic engineering itself. You see, it’s possible to have positive eugenics that are the result of genetic engineering (say, changing your

DNA before you’re born to make you stronger) and positive eugenics that are the result of something other than genetic engineering (like good nutrition). The same goes for negative eugenics. So if these are the parameters of eugenics, then it’s clear eugenics is already a core function in our society.

We shouldn’t shy away from words simply because they’re taboos. If anything it’s the words we make taboo that expose our true selves. The ramification for avoiding difficult topics is death by asphyxiation. Cause: an elephant that was too big and a room that was too small.

Imagine a world where the political hot topic was the emergence of an increasingly obvious biological divide, similar to the contemporary digital divide. This world would have an underclass of people who, without access to the knowledge or means to engage with their own biology, would be more impoverished than any other in history so far. This world will be our world some day. A class struggle with new rules, defined not over the means of production but the means of engagement.

Marshall McLuhan, a rather eloquent man, considers the creation of classes as a part of a milieu of influences: ‘Class differences are not established and defined by the laws and customs of the society ... but

.....

The sidelining of reproductive rights for homosexuals under the guise of religious vindication raises a real concern for generating mature conversations about our genetics and what we want to emphasise.

.....

emerge from the interplay of a variety of factors related to the institutions of property and education and the structure of the national economy.’ Such a perspective allows us to examine the interplay of political forces that define the current eugenic debate (whether it’s labelled as such or not). Affordability won’t be the only factor stopping people from engaging with their own biology. It will also be the nodes through which people must navigate, as well as their ability to exploit and mobilise their personal capital - economic, cultural or otherwise. For example, we can already see eugenic discrimination against homosexuals in different nations across the world by limiting or out-right refusing access to reproductive technologies.

The tainted nature of the word eugenics has stifled debate. It seems unjust that what must become a part of an international conversation about human rights can be neglected due to etymology. The sidelining of reproductive rights for homosexuals under the guise of religious vindication raises a real concern for generating mature conversations about our genetics and what we want to emphasise. Obviously there are ethics involved in the execution of eugenic practices that must be observed but those ethics must deviate massively from those issued by religious institutions. If not only for the non-universal nature of having to pick a code of ethics over another by choosing a ‘winning’ religion, then surely a new code is necessary because eugenics flies in the face of any notion of a ‘natural’ order. This is not just a platform for enabling queer rights, or pro-choice or even for genetic engineering. We need to become

adept at reading how agglomerations of institutions, their policies and public sentiment can turn our own bodies into a politicised object. Once we can achieve that we can try to understand the eugenic forces that flesh out the sociology of generations of humans.

So I guess that was a bit of a high horse moment there. The point is we need a forum to think of the content of being human and what’s happening to us. People are making the change. Technology is emerging that will increase our capacity beyond what a human is naturally capable of. How would you distribute that kind of technology? What role would you give it in our lives? Personally, I think the Transhumanists are the only ones who could have a loose frame work for analysing the new divide. Transhumanism is the theory that, mediated by emergent technologies, human evolution can be considered in phases. Pre-human, human, Transhuman and finally Posthuman. Transhumanism is not just about developing technology because it’s cool; the overarching thesis proclaims that through plying our own intellect onto our environments and ourselves we can surpass the human form, via technology, drugs, architecture, education and social movements. The technology itself is useless in changing society, but the function it holds for us as a tool is where the line begins to blur, particularly with Graffiti Busters.

Graffiti Busters is a pesky little app for do-gooders with too much time. Essentially it allows you to geo-tag an area with fresh graffiti so the cops can go and bust some skateboarding teens or something. The app must be developed by people to serve a civic function, and then someone empathetic to that social cause downloads it and no longer needs to actively engage with the system. We have reduced civic duty to a function of a tool, which is symbolically filled with our best intentions – and the political power previously ascribed to us is automated. In fact, we may be more adept at finding graffiti than ever before, enabling us in a higher capacity as citizens than previously capable.

Transhumanism also allows for those who were previously denied their full capacity as citizens to not only catch up, but also overtake. For example, the gap between double below the knee amputees in the Paralympics and the world record for the 200 metres in the Olympics is slightly over 2 seconds (Usain Bolt with 19.19 and Oscar Pistorious – nicknamed ‘the fastest man with no legs’ – at 21.67). Improvements in fibreglass and design could allow an amputee to be the fastest person on the planet in our lifetime. Would you let Oscar Pistorious abandon the Paralympics to compete in the Olympics?

In the last 200 years we have been trying to come to terms with how we utilise science to improve ourselves. The ability to perceive humanity for the first time not as a divine entity but an animal reliant upon biological laws gave us an insight. Trialling those ideas eventually became the shame of the 20th century and so talking about humans in such a manner became taboo. At the same time science progressed and we’ve been left with a gap in how to perceive the changes that are springing up around us every day. Much more work needs to be done to avoid retroactively applying laws in the future and to ensure the rights of those who require cybernetics are enforced in a just way.

JOHN GOODING
takes the futurists to task
for their job-defining
propensity to be utterly
wrong while making
millions.

THOMAS HELLIER
does what the Allies never
could, and reclaims the
word *eugenics*; it's here
today, it's real, and it's our
future. Once again, no
Nazis allowed.

The rising popularity of futurology, or future studies, has seen great herds of experts try their hand at this sexy new field. To quickly summarise the general practice, futurologists construct predictions based on current political, economic and social trends as well as technological progress. These predictions are then often used for future planning, or to flesh out a book. Right now, the field is red hot stuff with the reading public. Authors from a variety of backgrounds continue to dip their feet into the sacred fountain of futurology, and consequently smash out bestseller after bestseller. Readers are enthralled and critics are rapt. There's only one small problem: accountability.

In theory, predictions are easy enough to falsify. You simply wait until the specified time, and then see if the predictions were correct. If they are, further predictions can be made and tested, until a general method is identified, coincidence is ruled out, etc. etc. The problem in practice is that futurologists often predict so staggeringly far into the future as to render this method utterly asinine. For example, in 2009 George Friedman wrote *The Next 100 Years*. Throughout the book Friedman makes a truly phenomenal number of predictions, including a second Cold War and later a struggle for the domination of North America between the US and Mexico.

With the most humble and sincere respects to Friedman, he will be very, very dead before we can know whether or not a great chunk of these events actually come to pass. You and I will also be dead. Perhaps our children could ask for a refund in their retirement if the publisher is still in business, but Friedman himself loses nothing should his predictions be blatantly false. His memory may be rubbished, but he will, alas, not have the sentence required to acknowledge the unique shame and ignominy of being wrong in front of so many people.

Perhaps, however, the role of the futurologist is not to claim what will happen in such stark terms, but to speculate about what might happen if a certain event occurs. Herman Kahn, for instance, theorised widely for the US government during the Cold War on what the proper protocols should be if and when a thermonuclear exchange occurred. His writing is characterised by the brutally cold rigour he applies to theorising on casualties during such a war, as well as how the subsequently disfigured society would function.

The problem with Kahn and his writing on such a niche subject matter is very similar to the problem of Friedman. A nuclear war of such proportions has not yet occurred, and regardless, Kahn is dead. However, if a nuclear conflict did occur during his lifetime, the soundness of his writings would perhaps not be the most pressing issue for surviving scholars. Pretend for a moment that you are Kahn. Either a nuclear war does not happen, and you live with little scrutiny and a fair chunk of money, or it does, and you die or scrape a

meagre existence in the resulting world as you would have done if you hadn't made your predictions in the first place.

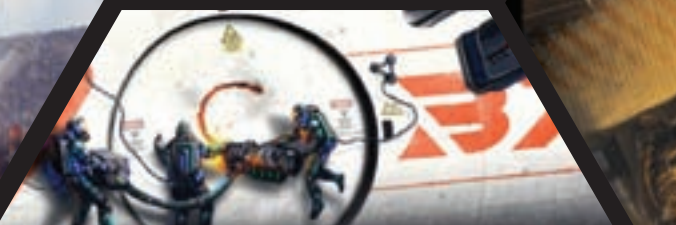
At this point it is critically important to note that Kahn or Friedman were and are not necessarily wrong in their method or conclusion. It's simply just that falsifying the theories of futurologists like them is either impossible, as it is for the conditional predictions of Kahn, or logistically impractical, as it is for the predictions of Friedman. Accountability within the field is a rare and beautiful thing. Anyone with a moderately respectable set of qualifications in any particularly exciting field of study can slap on the label of "futuresologist" and predict away. These people are positively slathered with cash and fame, and only find out if they were worth it decades down the track, if they ever find out at all.

It sounds like a pretty sweet deal. But what if you get it wrong? What if, in your haste to get published, you make a mistake and predict something that can easily be falsified? Worse yet, what if in a moment of uncharacteristically good conscience it strikes you that your predictions are wrong, and need to be revised? At this point, there is only one option for you, and for it you need pure audacity. You must have the brass cojones required to write a book that admits the fallibility of your first predictions, and then blatantly makes a whole bunch more as if nothing had happened. You must, in short, pull a Francis Fukuyama.

Fukuyama's most famous book is his 1992 effort *The End of History and the Last Man*. In it, he predicts that the model of the stable liberal democracy is the final political evolution for mankind, and that nations currently under the thumb of dictatorship or communism will eventually regress to this new ideal. Fukuyama's second most famous book is *Our Posthuman Future: Consequences for the Biotechnology Revolution*, written in 2002. To quote from the blurb: 'A decade after his now-famous pronouncement of the "end of history", Francis Fukuyama argues that as a result of biomedical advances, we are facing the possibility of a future in which our humanity itself will be altered beyond recognition.'

Fukuyama is a genius. The back of this book literally admits that his most famous prediction was wrong. Posthumanism nearly dealt him a fatal blow, but valiant resolve and sheer chutzpah has kept him afloat in literary circles. He continues to be a fairly well-respected academic and author, writing to this very day. By now, hopefully, the point is clear. Futurology can for some unscrupulous or misguided practitioners be very similar to a Ponzi scheme. The clock is ticking, and some day you will probably be proven hopelessly wrong at the expense of the general public. People will either scorn or forget you. However, if you plan it right and die on time your incompetence won't matter at all. Good luck, and get predicting!

**MAKING MONEY
AND FRIENDS
WITH FUTURE
STUDIES!**





USYD FRONTS AT FRINGE

JACQUELINE BREEN chats to some of USyd's finest comedic and theatrical talent before curtain up on their Sydney Fringe shows.

His nerves are "in solitary confinement," says Cyrus Bezyan. "Except they're allowed one hour of outdoor time every day." Is he a comedian limbering up for his stand-up gig, *I Like Being Conscious*, at the Sydney Fringe Festival this week, or has his own criminal psyche committed some heinous crime and been put away for a long, long time? I guess only time will tell. But, seeing as his cerebral show about thoughts and consciousness will be kicking off the Factory Theatre by the time you read this, consider yourself told by time.

Bezyan is a rose amongst other roses, if you consider those roses to be figurative representations of Sydney University as performers, writers and directors in the second ever annual Sydney Fringe. These petals are singer-dancer-acting their way in to Sydney's edgier cultural fabric across 24 days and 66 venues. Although a fringe tradition is well established across Melbourne and Adelaide, this event only strode on to the Sydney stage last year. That went down so easy the fringe organisers have poured another round this year. This is the grassroots creativity from which main stage forests grow.

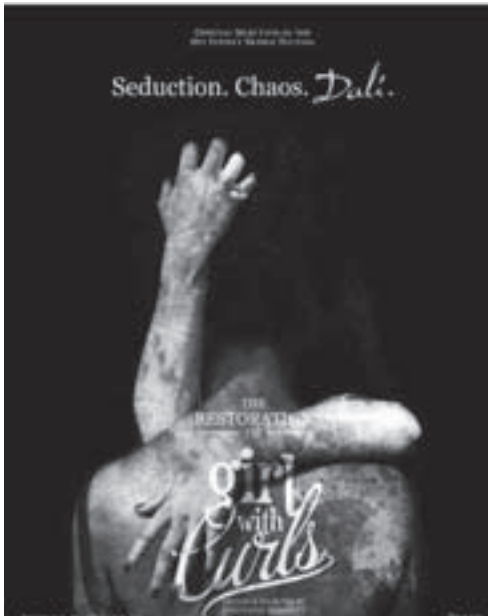
"I think God would rock out in a pair of Converse, you know, dress them up and down," says Steen Raskopoulos, one half of the comedy duo presenting *Nice Kicks!*. The arts graduate has clocked up some serious comedy mileage hosting Theatresports here on campus, and he is lacing up for the show with funny lady Susie Youssef. In an *Honi* exclusive, Steen listed the kicks probably found on some real famous feet. "Bob Katter would wear Reeboks. They're comfortable for old people with a great supporting arch." And

Miley Cyrus? "She doesn't wear shoes. She is shoes."

Skipping from shoes to stairs (foot segue for EVERYONE!) gets us to *39 Steps*, a Hitchcock thriller dished up fast and farcical by some SUDS and MUSE regulars. Director Pierce Wilcox says it's the little things that count: "there's a plethora of minor, one-shot characters in the show, and the highlight for me has been turning our favourites into to unnecessarily elaborate creations. They have backstories, hopes, dreams, lost loves, and then our hero punches them and they're never heard from again."

Then for a dramatic gearshift we have *Restoration of Girl with Curls*, a whacked-out trip in to Salvador Dali's psychosis and sexuality. The show wowed crowds at the Cellar Theatre this year, and director Steph Bennett is pretty stoked to share it with a wider audience. "I hope they walk out of the show feeling like they had just fallen from reality into a surrealist's theme park for an hour and that the experience inspires a new wave of Dali fanatics."

Finally, Our Julian Larnach will debut his play *All But Won*, produced by Our Shannon Connellan and starring Our Andy Fraser (and hopefully enjoyed by Our Dear Readers). The show is set in small-town NSW, where a favourite son and soldier has returned home to find all the past he walked out on. This guy wraps up a program of pieces by and for people like you, and this is an exciting chance to witness their wonders on the creative ground level. I have to stopped typing now because my fingers are swollen with pride. These things happen.



Are you a psychopath? Take the test ...

DOMINIC DIETRICH reviews Jon Ronson's new page-turner *The Psychopath Test*.

When in a psychiatric ward, does wearing a pin-stripe suit for an interview with a journalist prove sanity, or does it prove otherwise? This question runs like a red-thread through the pages of Jon Ronson's *The Psychopath Test*.

Intrigued by the impact of a conman, Ronson delves into the madness industry meeting its practitioners, sufferers and detractors. There's Brian, a man feigning insanity to avoid a seven year assault charge. At the time of meeting, Brian had spent twelve years in a psychiatric hospital. There's Al, a former CEO who fired people with sadistic profligacy. There's Robert Hare, the anti-psychopath crusader. There's Colin, a man tricked into sounding psychopathic. It's a world lacking clear foundations in which Ronson tries to piece together the essence of sanity and insanity.

Written as gonzo journalism, Ronson's thoughts and actions become a considerable part of the narrative. He begins with the clarity of ignorance and ends with the confusion of knowledge. At the beginning, Jon—having attended a Robert Hare conference on psychopaths—quickly acquires steadfast conclusions on the subject (if in a flippant, comic way). "My mind drifted to what I could do with my new powers," he tells the reader. "I made a mental list of all the people who had crossed me over the years and wondered which of them I might be able to expose as having psychopathic character traits." The defining lines of sanity are clear.

As the book develops, those lines blur. Soon he sees psychopaths everywhere. "I now felt the [psychopath] checklist

was a powerful and intoxicating weapon which was capable of inflicting terrible damage if placed in the wrong hands ... my hands might be the wrong hands." For the reader (especially those uninitiated on the subject), this has the effect of evolving your thoughts in step with the author's. By the end you know more, but are confident about less.

This same gonzo approach provides an exciting glimpse into the writing process itself: the late night emails, the cafe rendezvous, the difficult interviews. In representing that last activity, Ronson has the ability to deftly paint the stammering missteps and misunderstandings of communication. In one instance an off-the-cuff comment on Narnia invokes a chilled, threatening silence between Ronson and a potential CEO-psychopath, where neither party quite understands the intentions or meanings of the other. Discussion about golf carts lifts the tension. In a text about hidden intent and mental instability, this depiction of unstable dialogue sits well.

My biggest issue with this book arose not from anything in its pages but from its unsettling effect on my own perspectives. Having read about the signs and symptoms, you can't help interpreting the quiet malevolence of that person on the bus or the aggressive manipulation of that acquaintance at a party. The text's subject is dark and it paints your own world in noir overtones.

Regardless, the book is an exciting journey infused with dark humour, occasional tension, and remarkable—if unsettling—insights into the instability of the human mind.

The Drop Five Eliza

MICHELLE GARRETT checks out the pop-up Fringe bar.

The pop up bar Five Eliza is the official Sydney Fringe Festival club, and it's so sultry with its 1920s speakeasy aesthetic that I almost wish it were illegal for authenticity. Last week I sauntered into Five Eliza with some friends and was pleased by it all. It's in Newtown, in an old ballroom belonging to Newtown School of the Arts. If you turn down the laneway beside Zanzibar, you'll find it up a dirty little staircase illuminated by a red lamp.

Enter, and if you can see clearly in the dim lighting, you'll discover a room kitted out in extravagant armchairs, antique side tables and seductive lamps. The bar in the corner is staffed by volunteers, and the cocktails are divine. My favourite was the orange marmalade flavoured Salvatore's Secret, which was served with buttered toast. Other highlights were the Pro-inhibition

Juice and kitsch bottles of Pipsqueak cider. Twas all rather cheap as well, with cocktails only \$10-15, the most expensive involving Absinthe (The Pantie Dropper).

We were serenaded by the delightful Lily Dior, who was beautifully dressed and performed a repertoire of very mood-appropriate jazz songs. Different jazz musicians will be playing at Five Eliza each night of the Festival. A table of particularly keen visitors began to salsa dance and lindy hop rather flamboyantly, to the amusement of the room. I have an inkling that they might have been into the Absinthe punch.

If you have an evening spare, eschew any other venue in favour of Five Eliza. You ought to experience it before Sydney Fringe Festival ends on October 2.

THE FEST-CHANGING LANES

NEADA BULSECO found Devonshire St blocked off and jumpin’.

When the sun shines and the cider flows, it’s hard to fault Sydney. When the climate joins the celebration of local music and culture talent, as roads are blocked and festivalgoers flock, the difficult is rendered impossible. Last Saturday the FBI Radio-sponsored festival Changing Lanes did just that. It was a day that realised the collective whimsical dream of Sydney’s inner-city hip kids.

Sydney’s ultimate block party and the cheapest festival ticket to grace the Moshtix website, Changing Lanes followed its debut year with another gung-ho approach to providing hipsters with a raison d’etre. Hordes packed into the double block closure in lower Devonshire Street for old favourites The Vasco Era and The Drones’ Gareth Liddiard, who lined up alongside new kids on the block Oscar and Martin. Re-branded PVT closed the festival, inciting cider-bellied fans to raise their hands just a little higher.

Partnering the tunes that enveloped the street strip, fashion and art grew from the asphalt. Commercial bounds were broken as clothes horses stomped to the live tunes of Bleeding Knees Club in collections for the niche market. A penny-farthing bicycle greeted patrons at the entry point, as a sweating rider pushed peddles that rotated mish-mashed images. People posed beside a giant metal bird, pouring beer into its head-height beak. In between, Ray-Ban adorned musos flanked milk crates and sipped beers in street corners. Changing Lanes set this slice of Surry Hills abuzz.

The vibe proved positive and the uniform response from the merry crowd was positive. Revelers claimed the streets as their own with glee, but the ostensible gleam of the festival was undermined by organisational shortcomings and an underwhelming presence on the street itself. With only one outdoor stage, many of the acts played in local indoor venues including the renowned Gaelic Club. Lengthy lines to indoor stages

left many daunted and forced festival goers to set up camp inside or retreat to the streets and battle it out for a gutter spot. The queue to the toilets was another sight to behold, with jumping the fence in search of a private corner many a patrons’ pick.

It was the weather that saved the day, lifting spirits that otherwise would have sobered in the interims between bands and beverages. But overall it *was* value for money. The cheap ticket price and location made Changing Lanes one of the most accessible festivals of the Sydney calendar, and brought some of the nation’s most worthwhile acts together to salute the sun. Perhaps best described as the little brother of Laneway, Changing Lanes was some of Australia’s best talent frills-free.

The potential for this festival to develop into an annual event dear to this city is evident in this, its second year. It’s just not quite there yet.

ADVENTURES IN FOOD TOWN

HUW WATSON reviews the best vegetarian eaty haunts from around Sydney.

FUNKY PIES

No vegetarian food review would be complete without visiting Funky Pies, a café in Bondi that creates vegan pies and pastries. Some of the Funky produce is sold at the café but the vast majority is either frozen or kept fresh and sold at other locations around Australia. Dropping by this time around, I went for the Funky Pies signature pie, the Funky Chunky, and a Brekky Roll. The Funky Chunky certainly did not disappoint; mushroom chunks, gravy (yes, that’s vegan gravy) and mash all inside crispy pastry. The Brekky Roll proved itself too; a veggie mince sausage roll with ‘bacon’ flakes adding extra crunch to the pastry. A Funky Pie is the ultimate snack; they’re filling, delicious and only \$6 on their own, or \$9.50 for the lunch/dinner deal (a pie with a generous helping of peas, mash, and gravy). The café itself has an awesome vibe, where friendly staff meet chilled out music; the kind of place where friends can hang out comfortably, as well as getting a great meal.

Pros: The Funky Pies café doubles as a vegan supermarket, gluten free options are in abundance and the pricing is student friendly.

Cons: The frozen pies from other locations are never as good as the originals!

Bondi: Shop 2/144-148 Glenayr Av

SABABA

For the best falafel-pita combo this side of Berlin, Sababa is a must. I visited the Bondi Beach venue, but there are other Sababas Sydney-wide including locations in the city, Newtown and Bondi Junction. I must make clear that the menu is not entirely vegetarian but there is a surplus of vegetarian and vegan options and everything is very clearly labeled. On my visit, I went for the ‘Algerian’ (\$8.90). It was a spicy ball-of-fire salad but very enjoyable, notably because the falafels used are made of capsicum rather than chickpeas (but, lets face it, chickpeas are sick too). Accompanying ingredients included tabouli, green chilli, red chilli, chickpeas, eggplant, pickles, tahini and hummus which worked exceptionally well together. Sababa also gives you the option of adding a choice of two sides for \$4.90 extra. I chose the vegan fries and the corn chips with guacamole. Both were fucking tasty.

Pros: Servings are huge, very reasonably priced, healthy, and they have vegan fries!

Cons: Staff changeover is really high and some of the less experienced staff members make mistakes from time to time.

Bondi Beach: 82 Hall Street

Newtown: 148 King Street

Sydney CBD: Level 5 Westfield Pitt Street

GREEN GOURMET

Green Gourmet, a favourite for vegos and meat eaters alike, consistently serves up large and appetizing portions of Asian style food. Located on King Street Newtown, it’s just a short walk from USyd, making it ideal for lunch between classes. I went there with a friend, a “man-date” if you will, and we ordered a fair few dishes between us. The BBQ not-pork buns were a stand-out favourite; the soft dough buns with vegetable and Hoisin Sauce filling will only set you back \$3.60 for two.

Mains are a little more pricy, the Ma Po Tofu will cost you \$15.80, and the Braised Fresh River Noodle is \$13.80. That said, the serving size is large, and two mains plus entrees and rice had the two of us full for about three days. I was particularly happy to find Ma Po Tofu on the menu as this traditional spicy Sichuan dish is something that I’ve been trying to recreate in vegetarian form for a little while now. The tofu was soft and the baby corn was crunchy which worked well with the tangy, spicy flavours of the dish. The Braised Fresh River Noodle was noteworthy too, the black bean sauce was strong but not overpowering and the vegetables were off their heads on freshness. The only downside to the dish was the fake meat, as the bean sprouts, cabbage, carrot and snow peas would have gone down well without it.

Pros: Green Gourmet have a vegan supermarket next door, all the dishes are healthy and filling, and you can also opt for the buffet, which is really good value for money.

Cons: For health and spiritual reasons, none of the dishes have onions, garlic, leek, spring-onions or chives... I fucking love all those things.

St Leonards: 538 Pacific Hwy

Newtown: 115-117 King Street

After an extensive argument over whether to put in a spaceship or Daniel Day-Lewis, we reached the ultimate compromise of putting Daniel Day-Lewis *in* a spaceship. **SOMETIMES DEMOCRACY JUST WORKS.**





PETER FITZSIMONS LETS RIP AT PAUL'S

NEIL CAMPBELL was one of the few to stay after dinner for a few words from Fitz.

As you get older, all your heroes are either dead or about the same bloody age as you. I am a ratbag, and Peter Fitzsimons is a hero of mine. Monday night before last I eagerly sat in on a St Paul's College guest talk - the former Wallaby, *Sydney Morning Herald* columnist & accomplished author was the guest of honour for the evening, and he let rip.

St Paul's is a somewhat controversial college—until this year, it was the last all-male college in Australia (as yet, no women have called its desegregation bluff; but they officially could now, if they were so inclined). As Fitzsimons somewhat artlessly pointed out during his address, it is a bastion of conservative tertiary tradition. A production line of pampered princes from the likes of Shore, Scots, Grammar (and Fitzsimons' own Knox) troop in straight out of boarding school and—assuming they steer clear of the occasional date-rape case—are lined up with equally hapless and naive girls at Women's and Wesley, forming couples to perpetuate Australia's supposedly non-existent Ruling Class. Boys and girls who've never cooked a meal for themselves or washed their own knickers walk out of Uni straight into marriage and cushy jobs, parking matching Porsche Cayennes in Point Piper carports. Bleep bleep.

All right, so they're not all like that. But as I look around me from the depths of one of the plush leather lounges in the Common Room, well, I have to say quite a lot of them are. They wear their academic gowns to dinner at Paul's, grace is read in Latin, and from ancient walls huge portraits of former Prime Ministers (and college alumni) brood expectantly over long oak tables. After dinner it is traditional to keep the gowns on for little seminar soirees, and everybody looks terribly intelligent in that cross-legged, fine-boned, bad-haircut sort of way.

I look adoringly at my hero, who sits in an authoritative armchair near me. He's an imposing figure, a big man with a battered profile. His face has fallen out of the rugby tree and hit nearly every branch on the way down. He played at lock, but looks like a front rower. His large hands grip the front of the chair, spreading his gown imperiously as a delicate young man introduces him to the modestly-sized gathering. About 15 of the pubescent and privileged have bothered to show up. Just enough for a team... Fitzsimons scans their faces with some disappointment, evidently two gifted Knox Freshmen hadn't made it. He corrects the speaker—he is The Biggest Non-Fiction-Selling Author In Australia—and passes on his disregards to the absent Knox boys. He warns us he must be back at his writing desk by 8.30pm. I look at my watch with some alarm; that only gives us an hour or so.

He pauses, takes a breath (or was it a sigh?), and begins.

He charges through his student and rugby background, and gets quickly to his point of passion: get involved, find something you love doing, and do it obsessively. From the time he wrote 800 words on the visiting Italian team for the *Herald*, he knew what his passion was—and it wasn't bunting his face between two bums in a scrum anymore.

We were looking at someone who didn't spend more than 20 minutes a day thinking or reading about sport, he boasts. Kokoda, Batavia, Nancy Wake and 234 thousand words on Douglas Mawson—now these were stories worth thinking and reading about. True stories, mind you—even *Great Expectations* is basically bollocks. Fiction is essentially a finely polished crock of shit; "someone's pulled it out of their arse," he suggests to the civilly silent throng as I snigger and scribble in my pad.

"The art of writing is the art of re-writing," he advises. "Leave it two weeks and re-read it with cold eyes." Good advice. Might stop you talking bollocks.

His impulsive pitch to write about Kim Beazley led to the worst two years of his life, he tells us. Unfortunately his editor thought it was a good idea, and our poor Rugger Bugger had to grow a brain, or at least use what was left of his mind to become an expert on all Beazley's portfolios. Employment, Education, Defence, Communications; it was Fitz's introduction to embracing History, to becoming a "Storian", a teller of "killer stories", making history live and breathe.

In 2000 the US sportswriter Gary Smith had told him "Sure, fiction sells, but get an amazing true story ..."

Fitz tells us "absorbing" is the key to amazing true stories, promptly absorbing us with the tale of PG Taylor clambering out on the wing strut of Kingsford-Smith's crippled plane—in darkness, at 300 km/hr, 800km from land—somehow collecting oil from a dead motor with a thermos, somehow transferring enough of it to the surviving motors; heroically saving three lives.

He has us, breathing in the Storian's History. We are putty, sitting pretty; he must've sensed it.

"Serious writers must have a next book," he says, and his, he assures us, is to be *The Progressive Manifesto* – all the big man's views on all the great political matters. He doesn't care about all the advice he's been receiving not to do it – he's gonna let us all have it. He's leaping clear-eyed from literary historical non-fiction to knowledgeable opinion.

He leans forward in his chair.

"They still call you lot 'Paulines', do they?"

There is some murmured acknowledgement and a few wry nods.

"About 98% of you'd be Liberals, right?"

Again there is polite assent. I do my best not to snarl as I scribble—the Master and I are indeed in the jaws of the Beast.

"Well, Gough Whitlam's one of your predecessors here; and Andrew Refshauge—a hard left deputy premier until five years ago—he was a Pauline, too. I asked him how he turned out a Leftie and he said Billy McMahon came here in 1969 talking shit about Vietnam."

There is a pause while everyone took that in—Billy McMahon was, after all, another Pauline gazing down at diners next door.

"PJ O'Rourke said something about the privileged," he continues. "'Born on third base, think they've hit a home run.'"

(It was actually '...*think they've hit a triple*', and it's attributed to Dallas Cowboys coach Barry Switzer—rehashed by O'Rourke and directed at Dubya. But no matter, Pete is on a roll...)

"20 years ago, there'd have been no women in here," he says, nodding an acknowledgement to the sole girl in the group (a pretty French visitor from Women's).

Progress—so there's hope for this lot? Might they be potential disciples to the Manifesto?

"Number One; get the Union Jack off our flag."

I nod enthusiastically and underline "off". Twice.

He tells us how Jerry Seinfeld had been bemused by our flag on a visit in 1998 – calling it "Great Britain at night." Fitzsimons also bemoans the day's pictures of champion Sally Pearson wrapping what appeared to be, in large part at least, a Union Jack around her shoulders; after winning the women's hurdles in Taegu.

"Number Two," he continues, not really having time for, nor wanting any discussion of Number One, "It's been 111 years since Federation. That's long enough. When are we going to have a Republic?"

According to Fitzsimons, the Constitution was now basically a baseball mitt catching Kings of Australia from a "progeny of dullards" – the English aristocracy.

I laugh aloud, but it echoes around the draughty room. I put exclamation marks next to REPUBLIC as he ploughs on...

"Number Three – drug law reform. We need injecting rooms across the country. In Sydney, it's a health problem, not a sordid criminal one – like in Melbourne." One of the academic gowns was leaving. "Oh look, I've lost one..." Fitz scoffs. The young man apologises, saying he really did have to go. Fitz barely draws breath as the clock ticks down.

"And another thing," he continues, abandoning the numbering of The Manifesto, "... with the State and Church being quite properly separated, why does Parliament begin with a Lord's Prayer? Why should schools' ethics classes be run by men with an imaginary friend in the sky? Give me a break!"

Either he is warming to his ranting theme or the Lexapro is kicking in. Why aren't they serving any port or sherry this week, I wonder? Another gown glides quietly out.

The seminar is starting to feel kind of slapstick. Fitzsimons leans heavily on his ridicule of the supposed "man-in-the-clouds" basis to religion, as if there is undeniable triumph in the logic. I look around at the thirteen remaining young academics; they aren't persuaded. Condescension clearly isn't working. My hero is becoming decidedly human in front of me – and his outlook on life as some sort of brief flicker to be coloured, drained and abandoned to oblivion seems like a not particularly bright adolescent tantrum. Now he is challenging Fred Nile to a comparison for personal worth at the pearly gates, but hardly anyone is listening. Was that the time already?

Fitz is making some vague reference to Somerset Maugham's supposedly supportive stance on "the great Mystery" (Maugham did say "It wasn't until quite late in life that I discovered how easy it is to say 'I don't know!')", but I've stopped scribbling. I'm thinking about Abraham Lincoln, who I'd just been watching in Ken Burns' documentary on the Civil War the night before. Lincoln said "What kills the skunk is the publicity it gives itself."

Outside I shake Fitzsimons' hand, but forget to ask for a photo with him. He ties on that silly red gypsy handkerchief over his thinning hair and strides busily off into the cool evening, back to his 234 thousand words on Mawson. He would be at his desk by 8.30.

I'd be at the bar.

Note from the EIC - as this article has nothing to do with futurism, I have added a cyborg to this two-page spread to meet the issue's theme quota. Hope you enjoyed the article!

Workplace Rights: Unfair Dismissal

A brief guide to your rights in NSW

Do you think you have been unfairly dismissed from your job? There may be something you can do about it. There are both federal and New South Wales unfair dismissal laws that allow you to make a claim to get your job back or to be compensated if you have been unfairly or unlawfully dismissed.

The state and federal industrial laws have different procedures for unfair dismissal claims.

If you have been dismissed, you should request a separation certificate from the employer. This is a document used by Centrelink to determine what payments if any should be made to a dismissed employee. You might not need one depending on the payment, but get one just in case.

Ask the employer for reasons for the dismissal in writing. The employer is not obliged at law to give reasons in writing. However, if the employer provides written reasons it makes it easier to assess your position in relation to a possible claim for unfair dismissal, unlawful termination or discrimination.

Make your own notes of what happened. For example,

- any events leading up to the dismissal and any witnesses to those events;
- the dismissal itself; and
- any contact between you and the employer or witnesses after the dismissal.

Put dates, times and places on these notes.

Get advice as soon as possible and act quickly. Do not delay putting in your claim because you are waiting for advice. You only have 21 days to lodge your application.

Your trade union is probably the best place to get help. Unions provide their members with free, confidential advice and advocacy on industrial issues, including unfair dismissals, work conditions and wages, and other industrial disputes. As a member, you are entitled to receive assistance and support from union industrial officers. Your union may assist you by negotiating with your employer for your reinstatement and/or compensation, and act or represent

you in an unfair dismissal claim. Some unions may be willing to assist you if you join up and pay union fees for a specific period in arrears or a fee for service. This will vary from union to union, but may prove a more cost effective option than the costs of a private solicitor and will ensure that you have access to your union in future.

If you are not a member of your trade union try talking to the SRC Solicitor for help. Bear in mind that this is not a specialised service and your advice may be more generalised than that of a trade union. This service is free to SRC members.

For more information about this topic go to <http://www.iclc.org.au/udg/>.

With much thanks to Inner City Legal Centre and Kingsford Legal Centre



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



Dear Abe,

I'm from the country. I have very little money because I've only got Centrelink. I'm really homesick and desperately want to escape the city for summer. I want to surprise my mum who thinks I'm going to be hanging with my college mates for Christmas, so I don't want to ask her for the money. Is there somewhere in the Uni that will sponsor my trip or at least partly pay my trip for me.

Home Sick

Dear Home Sick,

There are a few options here. If you're on a Youth Allowance payment where they judge you to be dependent, away from home (usually because your family home is more than 90 minutes away from the campus) then you are eligible for a Fare Allowance. This means that each semester Centrelink will pay for the cheapest method for you visit home and come back to uni. This is a reimbursement so you will have to pay for the ticket and keep a receipt. If you choose to travel by another more expensive method (eg, fly rather than bus) then you will just be refunded the cheaper amount to put towards your expense. If you need to borrow that money until it is reimbursed talk to the Financial Assistance Unit to see if this is something they can lend you money for. If you are not on this particular Centrelink payment you might have to resort to taking a loan and paying it back over the course of the next semester. Ideally you'd take the loan, surprise your mum, then get her or someone else to reimburse you. Be careful. Avoid taking on unmanageable debts.

Abe



NEW Location!

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

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Last week, the Student Income Support Reforms Review (talk about a mouthful!) reported back. This review, as I've written before, was to examine the effects of changes to the system of student income support made by the Government subsequent to the Bradley Review, some of which came into effect in 2009, some of which came into effect in 2010, some of which came into effect in 2011, and some of which are slated to come in next year.

Obviously, given the review was reviewing changes which hadn't yet been fully implemented, and that the review was being conducted so shortly after the introduction of the changes, it was not 100% conclusive about the overall success of the changes, though broadly it stated that the changes do at this stage seem to be doing what they were intended to do – that is, support students who need it most to get into university.

In a big win for students, the review did NOT recommend cutting any of the changes to the income support system scheduled to come in next year, such as the lowering of the age of independence from 23 to 22, and the increase of the personal income test (how much you can earn in a fortnight before your Centrelink payments start getting docked) from \$236/fortnight to \$400/fortnight. It did recommend that the extension of eligibility for payments to some coursework masters students be delayed.

The review recommended:

“ That the Australian Government re-targets the self-supporting criteria for independence under Youth Allowance and ABSTUDY by:

i. ceasing the current arrangements for independence applying to students from Outer Regional, Remote and Very Remote areas of Australia as

classified under the Australian Standard Geographical Classification from 1 January 2012; and

ii. removing the current full-time workforce participation criterion for independence (that is, working at least an average of 30 hours per week for 18 months out of the preceding two years) from 1 January 2012; and

iii. applying transitional arrangements for two-and-a-half years to 2009, 2010 and 2011 schoolleavers who could qualify for independence under the current arrangements; and

iv. implementing a new self-supporting criterion for independence for Youth Allowance and ABSTUDY from 1 January 2012 for young people who have worked full-time for at least two periods of 12 months within a three-year period AND have been out of secondary school for at least two years.”

Basically, there is a big emphasis in the review on the difference between students who live at home, and those who have to move out of home and support themselves financially, and the recommendations of the review (the full details of which can be found here http://www.deewr.gov.au/HigherEducation/Programs/YouthAllowance/Documents/RSISR_Report.pdf) centre around targeting more support towards those students.

The review also recommended that the cut off for eligibility for the relocation scholarships currently provided by the Government for dependent students be increased by \$20 000 – that is, your parents can earn \$20 000 more than the eligibility cut off for youth allowance and you will receive the payment.

The review also recommended an investigation into the feasibility of income contingent loans for relocation costs. This is somewhat problematic in

terms of meeting inclusion objectives for students from rural and regional backgrounds, as often it is these students who are most debt averse, and the concept of a large debt can deter them from undertaking study altogether.

The simplification of the system so that eligibility for things is not determined by arbitrary lines on a map that classify you as inner or outer regional is a welcome one, as this distinction was unfair and disadvantaged many students. Furthermore, given that of the students from rural and regional backgrounds who defer their offers for a university place, 30% don't end up taking it up (compared with 9% of metropolitan students), promoting the gap year for these students is not ideal.

So overall, I think the review was pretty good. It didn't recommend cutting anything, which many feared it would, it instead recommended increasing the amount of money put into student income support, which is pretty necessary. Adequate income support means that students from all backgrounds are able to access a university education, and a fair and equitable higher education system makes for a more fair and equitable society. Means should not stop students from going to university, particularly as educating people is an investment in the future of the nation as a whole.

The Government has announced that it will be supporting the recommendations of the review (another surprise in and of itself), and injecting an additional \$265 million into the income support system. Reviews of the student income support system should, it has been recommended by the review (and by the Bradley review beforehand), be reviewed every 3 years to make sure that income support measures are doing their job. Whilst these reforms are a step in the right direction, it is my belief



that ultimately all students who live out of home should be eligible for income support. Watch this space for any further developments.

On a completely different topic – democracy! Isn't it great? Don't forget to take the time to vote in the SRC elections happening today and tomorrow. There is a huge field of passionate candidates for President, SRC, NUS, and Honi Soit, so please take the few minutes out of your day to cast your vote. It's important because it determines who will be representing you next year on things like income support, housing, and funding of higher education. Plus people have fought and died (and continue to do so) for the right to vote, so it's really a slap in the face to all of them not to vote. Seriously though, it doesn't take long, and it is important, so please check out the candidates if you haven't already and vote on either Wednesday or Thursday.

Also you should vote in the Senate elections. They're online and voting is open until October – but you'll forget about it by then so just do it now.

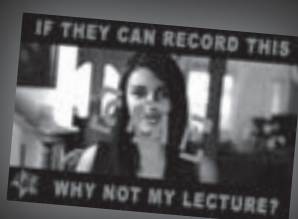


Get involved!

Podcast Lectures Campaign...

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

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



Fill in the survey NOW!

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

Become a member of the SRC!

Join in person at the SRC Office or the SRC Bookshop

Fair Fares!

NUS is seeking to raise support for all students, including local, international, part time and both undergraduate and postgraduate students to have fair access to public transport through a national concession card scheme.

Sign the online petition!

<http://www.gopetition.com/petitions/a-national-student-concession-card.html>





EDUCATION OFFICER REPORT

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

Before you settle down to read our report this week, make sure that you’ve wandered over to JFR, Manning or Fisher to vote in this year’s SRC elections.

Now onto the serious stuff – a Student Services Amenities Fee Update!

This week in federal parliament, the Senate, is going to start debating the bills that, if passed, will enact the SSAF and make us all \$250 poorer.

And our Vice Chancellor has been hard at work ... talking to journalists about the benefits of the SSAF legislation.

Which is all good and well but there are still no details forthcoming from the University’s Administration about what this money is going to be used for. We

have speculated in previous reports that the VC may be planning on using SSAF money to build a gold bust of himself which will adorn Eastern Ave.

We are sorry that we’ve said this a few times now, but why is the University incapable of releasing information about the additional \$12.5 million it will be receiving from us, the students.

The VC gave the following comments to the SMH:

“Without proper support for student services such as advocacy, counseling, health and legal support, students may have to drop out of university if they face significant up-front costs in accessing these services,” Dr Spence said.

Don’t get us wrong, all of the mentioned services are enormously important for students – and should be properly funded. However there’s something that the VC has neglected.

Student services should also include, ensuring that there is free flowing beer at Manning, ready access to glitter (whether its in a shipping container or not is fine by us), and the clubs and societies that make our university experience what it is. In other words – the Union.

The Vice Chancellor has demonstrated that he is fairly indiscriminating in his use of all-student emails. We implore him to take the opportunity to use one to inform us all of his plans for the SSAF money.



ETHNIC AFFAIRS REPORT

Henry Kha
henry.kha@hotmail.com

I am pleased to inform all of you that after a year of lobbying by the Ethnic Affairs Department and the Australasian Union of Jewish Students, the University of Sydney Union (USU) shall introduce a kosher food option on campus in October. The USU plans to unveil a number of new menu items at its catering outlets with kosher certification. These products will be available on campus at Snack Express in the Wentworth Building and Footbridge Station in the Holme Building at the same price as equivalent items. There shall be kosher menu options for all times of the day. These include breakfast options, a variety of salads and sandwiches for lunch, and snacks such as muffins. Sibella Matthews, the President of the USU, stated, “We’re proud to offer kosher food to the Jewish community on our campus. The USU aims to ensure all within the campus community are properly catered for,

which is why we are delighted to be offering these new products.” The Ethnic Affairs Department is happy and satisfied with the USU’s planned provision of kosher food on campus. The USU’s introduction of kosher products will adequately offer a reasonable option to Jewish students on campus who follow kosher dietary requirements. Based on the plan provided by the USU, the provision of kosher food shall be accessible and affordable. This is great news to the Jewish community and also to the general student community. For a long time, it has been quite a challenge for the USU to provide kosher products on campus, due to the need to meet both kosher standards and the USU’s HACCP accreditation (pertaining to food quality and integrity). The USU have found a supplier that meets both these standards and are now in a position to provide kosher products on

campus. This means the University of Sydney now has one of, if not the most diverse range of food and beverage products that is on offer to students on any university campus in Australia. On our campus, students have the option of choosing halal, vegetarian and now kosher meals. This is a great testimony to our recognition and support of cultural diversity on campus.

This year, the Ethnic Affairs Department has strived to represent students of various cultural backgrounds at the University of Sydney. We have successfully organised a Harmony Day celebration earlier in the year, supported various ethno-cultural clubs and societies, and lobbied the USU to provide kosher food on campus. It is wonderful to see such great support for the cause of community harmony and cultural diversity!



GENERAL SECRETARY’S REPORT

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





CRYPTONOMICON

ACROSS

- 1. Seat mostly has tea (4)
- 4. Empty smoker in water spout (9)
- 9. 5-down is a pepper (i.e. kid's freak)
- 10. 5-down is a writer with tart eaten first (8)
- 11. 5-down is a mobster and a singer? (7)
- 12. Unborn child in Rome, by arrangement (6)
- 13. Maternal butterfly early, lacking a . . . (8)
- 14. . . . diatribe when one is in job (6)
- 16. Stuck heartless bitch in pot (6)
- 18. 5-down is a writer who manages zoo with Ryder's chief entering (8)
- 20. A coach ends extremes of mistreatments (6)
- 23. Puts make-up on snow second (7)
- 24. Cheesy pasta is a feather in his cap? (8)
- 25. 5-down is a US politician who tweeted his sausage? (6)
- 26. Lousy trio battered violently (9)
- 27. Blow and tugs off (4)

DOWN

- 2. Acclaims sound of falling ice (9)
- 3. Dep-thoroughly-th? (2,5)
- 4. Lost hope for small pair in action (9)
- 5. Mark The Johnsons' leader (7)
- 6. Hanger soon going back before the end (5)
- 7. Gillard is about to give birth, we hear? (2,5)
- 8. Unkempt, you have nothing inside (5)
- 14. Casual reject (9)
- 15. Haters of dem who give de exams? (9)
- 17. Postage interfered with by secret police (7)
- 18. 5-down is an actor whose family jumps around (7)
- 19. Small Scottish bell sound is getting rid of thistles (7)
- 21. 5-down is a UK politician said to make loud noise (5)
- 22. Kosmo organised cigarette break (5)

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD



HUBANTA TABOOTE is yet another pseudonym.

PSEUDOKU

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

RATING: I GOT A LITTLE COOKED BUT I'M ALRIGHT

COMIC



ALESSANDRO TUNIZ
CYRUS BEZVAN

TARGET

E	E	C
S	O	R
D	C	N

nice _____

10!

aw yeah _____

20!!

no longer impressed _____

30!!!



τὸ Γάρτη

Et tu, Garte?

MAN LOSES HORSE RACE; HORSE LOSES CONSUL RACE

Sextus Empiricus
That orgy guy

Rome, Rome — Yesterday Emperor Claudius allowed Marcus Polimus, a professional athlete, to participate in the derby at the Hippodrome, while also allowing Secretarius, an amateur horse, to enter the election for the position of Consul. Said the Emperor, “It’s only fair.” Marcus came sixth, finishing behind the horses but ahead of an unhorsed jockey who required medical attention. Meanwhile, Secretarius polled poorly among the only demographic—uniformly middle-class property-owning men—who voted unanimously for human candidates. Sources close to the horse say it was ‘miffed’ and subsequently put down.

Staunch supporters of the horse have cried foul over the election results, saying Secretarius’ poor results were due to latent xenophobia. “Secretarius would have won in a level playing field,” said campaigner Lucius Cavalerius. “He was the incumbent candidate with four years’ experience, and his character was maligned by slander.” Meanwhile his detractors issued the following statement: “He was a horse.”



Left: Secretarius; Right: Marcus; both painted moments before death.

Marcus Polimus is currently being held by authority as philosophers debate whether or not he should be treated like a horse and executed for losing. Those kooks!

In an exclusive interview with τὸ Γάρτη, the Emperor was unrepentant about his actions, and at times oblivious to the world around him. “If you run as a horse, you die as a horse. It’s that simple. Hold this, please,” he said, handing a spike to this reporter, which was to be used in the construction of

a “death machine to kill my mother.” At the conclusion of the interview, he invited several slaves to test his newly completed collapsing spike-bed.

Pleading with τὸ Γάρτη, Marcus said, “I’m not a horse!” Whoa there, stallion, that’s not up to us. You should’ve thought of that before you were ordered to race a horse.

Secretarius’ funeral will be held in the Colosseum, attended by everyone except Marcus the villain-horse. See you in hell, Marcus!

SURPRISED, FLATTERED ATHENS SCOOPS OLYMPICS AGAIN

Julius Larnax
Dislikes orgies; still participates

Astias, Greece — In a coup for the city of Athens, the Greek capital has scooped up the Olympic Games for a four hundredth consecutive year. “Cities have just stopped competing,” says Olympic committee spokesman Anthropos Kakos. “Look at what happened to Atlantis, Crete and Pompeii ... it doesn’t take an oracle to know that Athens has the ear of the gods, and they’re exploiting it!”

Critics of the move cite the facts that the Olympic village isn’t complete yet, the Parthenon hasn’t been white-washed in several decades and visitors’ clothes are washed in urine. Demonstrators’ signs read: “The jig is up. It’s piss guys, we know it’s just piss”. An inside source has revealed that Anthropos Kakos circulated a memo reading: “You slap a wreath here, some olives there, badabing badalymphics you’re done!”

Furthermore a bidding scandal has been unearthed, with the revelation that the remains of birds were purposefully misinterpreted to divinely instate Athens as the host. The Oracle of Delphi refused to comment, leading some commentators to begin using the title The Oracle of Delphiar. Those kooks!

TOWN REFUSES TO ADVANCE TO BRONZE AGE; SOON OVERRUN BY redjim388

Cornelius Barkus
Really loves his orgies

Astias, Greece — Two days ago the citizens of Astias refused to advance their civilisation to the iron age, citing a severe lack of wood. Today their entire town, consisting of a town hall, two houses and the local barracks, was overrun by two militia-men armed with swords.

“It was horrible,” said a surviving peasant. “A man attacked the town hall with a sword. It caught fire and exploded! Now I have nowhere to store this log I’m carrying!” The peasant will be forced to wander the area until he finds an allied townhouse or carry the log forever.

The militia belonged to redjim388, a neighbouring legionnaire. When asked why he attacked so suddenly, he replied, “Wooloolooooo!” From his vantage point he then ordered a peasant to begin construction of another barracks by hitting the ground with a hammer.

Spectators commented that if only the

people of Astias had advanced to the Bronze Age, they would have had the necessary accoutrements to defend themselves. Critics assert that this is “typical of players new to the game [of world politics]” and is a “rookie error.”

The surviving peasants have fled to the bottom-left corner of the map; lacking options, they have begun construction of a ‘Wonder’. Said a peasant, “As soon as we complete this Wonder, we’ve won!” What do they mean? Won what? TELL ME!

A funeral for the peasants killed at the town of Astias will be postponed until the survivors have been killed.



Pictured: redjim388 in the throes of victory.

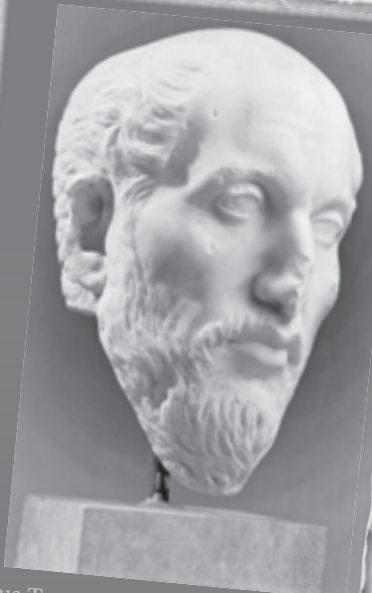


SEE PAGE 5 FOR OUR REGULAR COLUMNS

SEE PAGE 22 FOR SPEAR TIPS

WHEN IN ROME, READ THIS NEWSPAPER!

THIS WEEK AT CIRCUS MAXIMUS



Gaius Tectanus, pictured: "I'm the best floating head for the job!"



"ΤΟΟ ΜΑΛΤΥ ΣΜΡΕΘ&S!!"



A NEW PLAY BY SENECA THE YOUNGER
SEE IT BEFORE HE GETS EXECUTED!

Admission = one Christian

COLOSSEUM "DONE ENOUGH", SAY BUILDERS

MAXIMUS LUCRETIAN
Flamingo fancier

Various builders, slaves, and slave masters put down tools, hands and slave whips Tuesday stating that the Colosseum was "about as done as it needs to be."

The project, which started twelve years ago, was declared finished by project managers despite what some critics have dubbed a 'large hole in the wall.'

"At this point we're prepared to say that it's pretty much finished," said site supervisor Groc Cratus. "We've built almost all of the Colosseum and now it's time to move on."

While Cratus acknowledged public fears that any gaps in the Colosseum could lead to the release of a lion he assured the public that the Colosseum had trained, professional Christians on stand by to deal with any such problem.



"The people of Rome have become too obsessed with the idea of buildings being finished. The city of Rome is only 70% complete. And that's how we like it."

"I would like to think in a modern democracy such as the Roman Empire we should be satisfied that the vast majority of the building was actually built, and built very well thank you."

"Anything more would be tacky. It would be overkill. It would be ... Greek."

CAROLE, KING OF CRETE

sings the hits of CAROLE KING

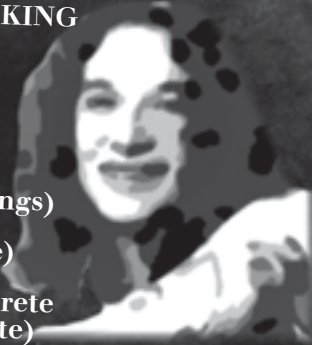
INCLUDING:

I Feel The Earth Move
(Under My Crete)

Tapestry (Con-Crete Feelings)

Too Late (Non-Crete Time)

Crete Crete Crete, Crete-Crete
Crete-Crete (KREEEEEE!-te)



ADMIT ONE

BIBLE FEVER STRIKES ROME, ROMAN PEOPLE

JULIUS CLEOPATRA
Philosophosphate compound

It's the self-help book that's exploded into the Mediterranean underground! *The Bible* — short for *The Holy Bible* — is especially popular amongst the growing Christianity movement. This latest collection of disenfranchised youths use the book as a focus and centrepiece for their secret weekly meetings.

τὸ Γάρτη managed to get an interview with a Christian in the 'totally exclusive' locale of Nero's prisons. Dressed in an outfit composed entirely of tar, Pam (37) — formerly known as Sam — assured τὸ Γάρτη that his attire was "...totally going to be the next hot thing." When asked what *The Bible* meant to him, he had this to say:

"Well, it's, like, really deep and stuff. It has a lot to say about love and emotions and shit. It totally spoke to me on a spiritual level." He was not happy about the growing popularity. "A lot of these new followers, like the C-Licks, they didn't even know the apostles before they started speaking in tongues and became famous. They're just posers."

The Bible is believed to have been written by one J C Rowling (short for Jesus C Rowling), in a small coffee shop in Nazareth. Apparently created originally just a pet project for Rowling's father's enjoyment, Rowling agreed to publish after facing increasing pressure from his close circle of friends, calling themselves "The Twelve Apostles". Unfortunately for Rowling, the book was deemed subversive by the local Roman governor, resulting in Rowling's apparent execution.

Pam, however, believes that the story doesn't end there: "Apparently, there's going to be a special comeback book-reading, there might even be some stuff from his new book *Miraculous Beasts and How to Find Them*, but it's like, super exclusive. There are only forty names on the door, only the true believers are gonna get in." What a bunch of kooks!



PROMETHEUS FACES TRIAL ON ALLEGED THEFT OF FIRE

PONTIUS CO-PILATE
Slave rally driver

A clearly nervous Prometheus Wilson was seen leaving the state court today as the Prometheus vs the Laurel Wreath saga, now in its fourth week, comes to a close.

Justice Themis today found the youth guilty of stealing fire from the gods and bringing it to humankind, despite the accused claiming that it was an act of liberation. "I was just trying to free the fire, dudes, chill out. Oh wait, you can't, 'cause it's fire. Almost as hot as me, bitches," he said in his closing statement.

The rebellious act was not met favourably by the gods, though mortals everywhere have welcomed the gift of fire, noting its extraordinary "hot" and "orange" properties. "I can heat up my sandwiches!" farmer and fire fan



Androcles Jenkins told τὸ Γάρτη, as he warmed himself by the remains of his crops. "I think Prometheus did a good thing. Fuck the polis!"

The youth is due to be sentenced tomorrow, and in a shock move Zeus, King of Gods, has been summoned into court to help decide upon a suitable punishment. Commentator Ambrosios O'Malley pointed out the apparent conflict of interest Zeus' appointment to the panel, but could not be reached for comment after his tragic and probably unrelated thunderbolt-smiting death this morning.

Prometheus told τὸ Γάρτη he is unconcerned about his sentencing. "What's he gonna [sic] do? It's not like he's my dad — oh."

οἱ κλασιφαῖδες

FOR SALE

SLAVES: Oh boy do I have a lot of slaves! You can slut them up too. I know I do! Veni, Vidi, SLAVES! *Ask at the Agora for Reptilius' Discount Slave Emporium.*

CARTS: You've seen a lot of people claiming they're the real Cartacus. Well, I'm Cartacus! Me! *Contact Cartacus for fantastic savings on a new (or used) cart!*

MARRIAGES

SOCRATES AND MRS SOCRATES: "An unexamined wife is not worth having." Get out your spectacles, men!

DEATHS

MARCUS POLEMUS (HORSE)

POMPEY THE TRAITOR: Fell upon his own sword. Then everyone else's swords. Then his own sword again. What a klutz! Died of dysentery.

THE EMPEROR'S MOTHER: Killed in her own bed, by her own bed. The Empire goes into mourning, except the Emperor, who's throwing a party. Emperors Only.

SERVICES

SEX: Many claim to be Tartacus. Well, I'm Tartacus! *Contact Tartacus for a good time.*

WANTED

A TEACHER OF ANCIENT ETRUSCAN: For I am convinced this language will never die out!

A SHIP: A vessel to convey me to Ancient Etrusca, where they will make me king! Nothing will go wrong.

LOST

ATLANTIS: Seriously, it was RIGHT here a second ago ... I parked my cart there!

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHESPEG: His washing's blown away. He's nude, people!

PLATO'S LOST DIALOGUE: More of a soliloquy. Ehh, who needs it?

τὸ Γάρτη
has freed the
following slaves:

Michael Rikardos, Julius Larnax, Shannonikon Connellos, Janus Collai, Tomus Cashmannos, Lucius Martinos, Andronicus Frasax, Bridillo Connillo, Tomus Walkos, Larynx Rosier Stanos, Ciarion Maximus Magus

By "freed" we
mean "eaten".

S P Q R

LET'S THINK ABOUT THE WAY WE SPEAK

ACHILLES

Graecian hero, son of Thetis and Pelu

I see myself as a considerate man. When people ask me to change the way I speak, I change the way I speak. I no longer refer to Romans as Beta-Greeks, Jupiter as Zeus-Lite or my 50 contingents of myrmidons well, at all; these are choices I've made to spare people's emotions, religions and false feelings of safety. I'd like to ask you, the public, to give the same consideration to me.

I feel (and so do you) that as a hero and semi-divine being of Greece I have earned this token of respect. I am not asking for the sacrifices of gods or the authority of kings. I ask only for a simple change, one that is within the range of the weakest Grecian:

If you wish to refer to a sole point of vulnerability, please do not do so by referring to mine.

When I have to use a phrase, I don't base that phrase around one person's crippling weakness, because I am a polite man. I don't slice through an opponent's defences only to refer to the poor craftsmanship of his shield as his "Hector's high centre of gravity", his "Julian's extramarital affairs" or his "Helen's borderline autism". I refer to it as the poor craftsmanship of his shield, because I am a polite man.

I don't go around spilling your secrets out whenever I feel like I need to illustrate something. I keep your weaknesses, numerous as they are, safe in my mind alongside my knowledge on how to decimate a population with nothing but the sword on my hip, the shield on my back and the burning rage that Homer's Iliad refers to as "the accursed rage, which brought pain to thousands of the Achaeans", because I am a polite man.

My fellow Pompeians, I have been with you for five years now. Many of you have worshipped me while others have sought my official banishment through the offices of the Praetor. I would like to take this opportunity to thank those of you who have steadfastly supported me, even those who have lost their lives for my cause. Your defense of me has not been in vain. To the rioters, the agitators and those who speak of me as a witch, I say "Do not fight for me, but for yourselves and your futures!"

Today I present to you, the villagers in the town I have fallen in love with, evidence of the authenticity of my claims. I will now reveal all. My friends, I am no witch or fortune-teller. I have come to you from the future, from two millennia hence. I am a time traveller. Some would say 'time lord'. I tell you this now in an effort to spare your lives.

For although I am slightly unclear on the specifics, I recall from my youth the news of a terrible natural disaster that befalls our vibrant town.

I am no expert on the matter, but it was clear from my education (in the future!) that this very city will be laid waste by a terrible rupture in the earth, what people from my century call an 'earthquake'. Now, friends, I am no scientist, nor even a geometer. In my time I was what we called an auto-electrician. From the knowledge and wisdom I acquired from this occupation I know that the best thing to do in this situation is to take refuge at the highest of grounds. I speak, of course, about the majestic mountain that looms over our fair Pompeii. There and only there will we be safe from the earthquake that I am certain is just around the corner. There was a poem we would recite in schools that spoke of this time:

Remember, remember the 5th of November

Row row row your boat, gently down the stream

Merrily merrily merrily merrily

Get to the mountain where you'll be safe from the earthquake

Gooooooooo Vesuvius!

I believe this poem speaks for itself. My brothers, my sisters, follow me to yonder mountain where we will assume the foetal position of triumph, turn our backs on the crater lip and await the soothing massage of the quaking ground from our location of utter safety. Yes, with my clear foresight I am certain we shall survive, live long and prosper for years to come. Viva Pompeii!

WARLORD APOLOGISES FOR NUMEROUS HUMAN RIGHTS TRANSGRESSIONS

MARCUS AURORA BOREALIS

Professional fiddler.

Recently deposed Hun warlord Germanicus admitted today he "didn't know what he was thinking", apologising for decades of "torture and murder and that". In an uncharacteristically sheepish address, Germanicus sought forgiveness for a lifetime of merciless behaviour.

"I don't really know what to say," pleaded the red-faced leader, "I suppose the power and everything went to my head." In an unprecedented statement, Germanicus completely called into question the role of 'drawing and quartering' in effective governance. "I'm starting to think that the institutionalised public dismembering of civilians is doing more harm than it is good."

The previously unrelenting ruler expressed particular repentance about

the thousands of first-borns he had drowned in a paranoid fit of rage last year. "That was simply unnecessary," he conceded. "Those children were of very little threat to my regime. At the very least I could have been more selective; 'first-borns' was an excessively broad stipulation."

The uneasy crowd in attendance smiled forcedly as Germanicus' compunction seemed to slowly shift towards rage. Local resident Sentra described this transformation as "haunting," adding "that man is out of his fucking mind."

The former tyrant did make attempts at some sort of reconciliation, promising "this will almost certainly never happen again. But I cannot speak for my son Germanicus, who is currently in power."

TRANSCRIPT OF THE ORATION BY DAVID SCHULTZ (DAVIDUS TULTIAN), POMPEII, 78AD





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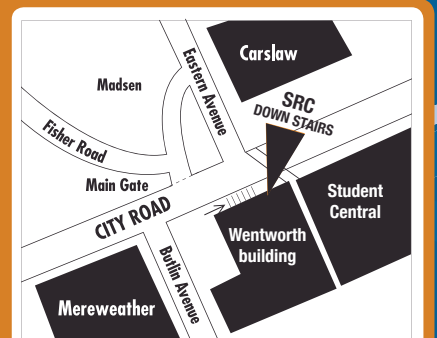
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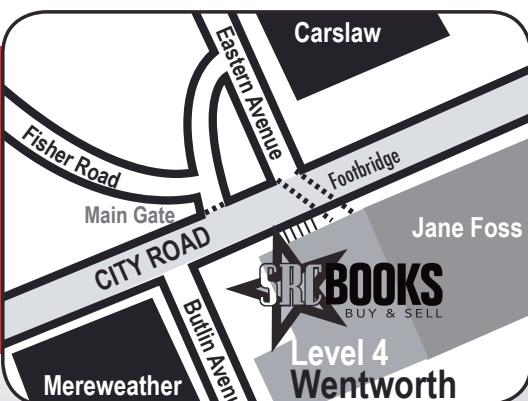


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