

week two
semester one
2013

monitor

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STRIKE ONE...



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Editor-in-chief: Max Chalmers

Editors: Lucy Watson, Nina Ubaldi, Xiaoran Shi, Nick Rowbotham, Hannah Ryan, Mariana Podesta-Diverio, Avani Dias, Bryant Apolonio, Rafi Alam.

Reporters: Georgia Behrens, Adam Chalmers, Matt Clarke, Hal Conyngham, Adam Disney, John Gooding, Jack Gow, Joseph Istiphan, Samantha Jonscher, Neha Kasbekar, Madeleine King, Georgia Kriz, Felicity Nelson, Tom O'Brien, Sean O'Grady, Justin Pen, Nick Richardson, Lulu Smyth, Harry Stratton Caitlin Still, Mischa Vickas, Max Weber, Ezreena Yahya.

Contributors: Bro Reveleigh, Drew Rooke, Mala Wadhera, Evan Van Zijl.

Cover Image: Victoria Baldwin.

Photographers: Stella Ktenas, Drew Rooke, Jennifer Yiu.

Creative Contributors: Lachlan Buller

Puzzles: Dom Campbell, Dover Dubosarsky, Eric Shi

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WOULD YOU RATHER...

HAVE NIPPLES ALL OVER YOUR ARMS, OR BE VOLDEMORT'S SEXUAL PARTNER?
NECK AND FACE?

FAQ

What kind of lover is Voldemort?

Surprisingly gentle and conservative, although he does enjoy a bit of wandplay now and again.

If I pick nipples, can I milk myself?

Yes, but only your face nipples will excrete milk, and it will be unpasteurised and not homogenised.

WHY YOU NEED HONI SOIT

Is it too much? A cover photo, a news story, letters, and three opinion pieces. It's a strike heavy edition, that's for sure. But it's no accident.

Like so many issues important to students, last week's NTEU/CPSU strike received wide coverage of only shallow depth. It was exactly the kind of journalism we railed against in the past two editorials; intro, quote A vs. quote B, fin. The ABC, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, *The Daily Telegraph*, and *The Australian* got their Michael Thomson, Michael Spence, and David Pink quotes and then got out. Tellingly, the most critical, analytical article I have read so far was written by our friends over at UTS' student publication, *Vertigo*. They were the only publication to run a direct quote from a student aside from the SRC President. Elsewhere, the voices of staff and students couldn't fit in the 250 word news brief.

And that's fine. The audiences of these papers are too vast to spend pages on something so local. They don't care if Sally from Engineering decided to take a stand on the picket line, or if Damien from Commerce just wanted to go to his lecture.

But we do. When we campaigned and sought election as an editorial team the most consistent feedback we got was that students wanted a paper that was local, a paper that was different to the SMH, the Oz, the ABC.

We've made the decision to go into depth with issues like the strike to fill the gap and to give students a platform to discuss and debate the issues that press down on them every day, in profoundly manifest and inscrutably subtle ways.

Our in-depth strike coverage is indicative of our broader agenda. We're here to report the stories that affect you on the most immediate level; the industrial

disputes that overwhelm your campus, the politics that govern your student organisations, and sometimes, just sometimes, the insects that chase your lecturer out of their lecture hall.

Max Chalmers

Editor-in-chief



Check it out - extra long letter section!!! Think it's too much? Write us a letter to complain!



<http://www.facebook.com/honisoitsydney>



@honi_soit

A queer theory

In response to Evan Van Zijl's 'It's not always sunny over the rainbow', I find it odd that he suggests we should ignore the strength of capitalism for the queer community. This is another classic example of the politicisation of the queer community into a left/right split - that with its roots in the left, association with the right must be considered a form of treason. It assumes that any sponsorship or capitalistic interest is hollow. This is far from the truth. The truth is - the dollar does not discriminate. Not morally, only economically. The more economic and social power our community has, the more, in lieu of a better word, promotable our cause is. Government legislation often follows social change and corporate support in a capitalistic nation like Australia will affect social change - it starts from the ground up, not trying to always destroy the power at the top. As for the concern of police arrests or drug searches, this is not necessarily a queer issue - it's an issue of the police state. It's symptomatic of something like America's "War on drugs", all party goers are subjected to such treatment, straight or gay. To put this concern alongside sponsorship of the Mardi Gras is misleading. Civil liberties have nothing to do with Mardi Gras sponsorship. Queers do not belong to all causes of the left. Let's not bite the hand that feeds. Don't split our community into political camps. If we have strength of the people, the dollar will follow...

Peter Dang,
Arts I

In defence of Mardi Gras

Recently, I had the honour of marching with countless queer high schoolers as part of the "Wear It Purple" Mardi Gras float. With the march fresh in my mind I feel it necessary to counter the pervasive belief that the Mardi Gras is no longer 'radical'. Queer young people face extreme and unconscionable bullying and violence on a daily basis. They are rejected and ignored by society. Therefore, what could be more radical

than inverting this pattern of exclusion and abuse? What could be more radical than seeing our most vulnerable children with smiles beaming across their faces, receiving the love of thousands? Sure, the Mardi Gras is not a panacea. Sure, the Mardi Gras has become a tourist and commercial attraction. But I believe this is not about abstract political concepts of social revolution. It's about creating a fabulous, exceptional and unprecedented space where our most neglected can proudly celebrate and be celebrated. Now that is radical.

Thomas Poberezny-Lynch.
Arts III

Not angry, just disappointed

When I first came to University, I imagined in my mind that it would be exactly like the Oxbridge of so many period dramas, with small, intimate classes, or that it would be like the Sydney University my mother attended in the early 1980s. I spent much of my HSC year listening to her stories of the close relationships she formed, not least with the Vice-Chancellor J.M. Ward who was for a time her History tutor. It seems of another age and the illusion has slowly been shattered.

Evidently, I was born too late, into a world of oversized classes, overworked lecturers and underfunded departments. I have witnessed in my time here the huge reduction in books at Fisher Library as well as the protests over the staff cuts last year, with the underhanded manner the issue of contracts was dealt with by the administration. We cannot turn back time thirty years (or more) but I still find the notion of Universities becoming places of business rather than learning wholly abhorrent. The administration is disconnected from its staff and students and reality.

I do not know what the future holds for this University or any other across the world. I can only hope that the strike sends a clear message: that the University, in the course of its history, has been made great by its teaching staff and not

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editors@honisoit.com

businessmen like Michael Spence, who, though once an academic, has lost his way.

Elliot Nolan
Arts IV

Be a good sport

In your week one issue, I could not find even one article regarding sport. As an avid sports fan I find it disappointing that this section of the news was completely glossed over and that no column was dedicated to sport. I assume it was left out to make sure you got more than one letter this week and that this will therefore not be an ongoing issue on a campus that includes 43 different sporting clubs and has a rich sporting history. There is plenty to write about concerning the wide world of sport as well as sport in our university, so please give us sports lovers something to read.

Matthew Watson
Arts IV (Media and Communications)

Dead wrong

Mr Raue's 'Drop Dead gorgeous' article made for unpleasant and disturbing reading much like his topic of choice - the practice of Necrophilia. Tom fancifully covers the idea of necrophilia from the point of view of a pre-pubescent J.S Mill by discussing dead body property rights and climaxing in his nonchalance at strangers using his dead body for sexual pleasure. That necrophilia is morally repugnant is not simply a matter of taste or favourite tea, as Tom would have it - it is a very disturbing and unnatural practice (if you want a valid reason Tom try 'bacteria ridden corpse') which should and has been almost universally damned.

Though Tom may decry the position of psychologists to define normality we may at least breathe a sigh of relief that Tom's perspective on healthy behaviour isn't shared by us all. As usual I hope and prayed this was a disturbing piece of gonzo-journalism but all signs point to Mr Raue's decomposing opinions to be truly alive - and dead.

Laurence Jude
Arts/Science V

Walking the Tory walk

In response to Grace O'Brien's letter in last week's edition, maybe if she and the rest of the Tory debating team had provided examples of concrete Coalition policies in response to Labor's instead of skating around the issue just like their Federal counterparts, they wouldn't have been so mocked and heckled. Instead, they modelled themselves perfectly on the Federal Coalition by avoiding providing essential details and instead chose to castigate their opponents in an entirely unproductive fashion. It is for this reason alone that the progressive movement in this country will continue to mock and hold to

account both the Young Liberals on campus and those they aspire to be in Federal parliament, as they always talk the talk but fail to walk the walk.

Shelley Smith
Socio-Legal Studies IV

You guys are alright!

I would first of all, like to write my congratulations regarding Unigate (I see what you did there!). I greatly enjoy the slightly tongue-in-cheek manner of reporting on so-called scandals, and appreciate that you ordered the scandals in order of scandalousness. That members of the Union Board I may have inadvertently helped elect would stoop to SRC-style tactics of 'just don't show up to the meeting', in order to not opening show disapproval for a tabled motion is disgraceful. I trust the Board to keep my co-curricular interests at heart, and one of those interests is supporting the staff that help mould me into the mouldy old degree-getter I am today. I would, in future, hope that Board members show some gumption and engage in debate about whether the USU should support University staff members. We have all, at one time or another, railed against the institution we call uni. I'm proud to be standing in solidarity with my lecturers and tutors.

I also need to applaud the attitude of the *Honi* editors. 'Objectivity is dead' and we all know it (at least Arts students know it). That you're up front about this, and open in admitting that each editor and writer brings their own biases to the table, is a much needed burst of freshness in this stale news-world. A good deal of my major (Performance Studies) has focussed on understanding that each audience is different, each theatre-maker is different, academics are all different, and this shows in the theatre we watch and make, and the words that we write. I had a lecturer who banned the word 'objective' from her classroom, telling us that it's impossible to be objective. And you know, my writing got better, once I embraced that. *Honi* is better, because objectivity is dead.

And not to leave Rafi out: fuck the establishment, by the time the next edition of *Honi* goes to print, the strike will be over, and I hope to have seen you all there.

Sara Amorosi
Science/Arts VII(Hons)

Personal enrichment vs. Employment

Upon entering university one is faced with polite questions from friends and family. The first of these being "what are you studying?". If the response isn't medicine, education or business the second question is inevitably "ok... what are you going to do with that?" It is impossible to exaggerate how unnerving and dangerous this question is. Increasingly

students are being bullied into degrees that will land them jobs in "useful" professions. Universities are being seen as places of vocational training rather than places of learning. This is a polluting and corrupting thought. Like learning a musical instrument, education should be pursued for other reason than enjoyment. Civilisation thrives on thoughtful observers of the universe. It does not need any more miserable office workers. So when someone asks what you're going to do with your Barts degree, tell them you'll frame it and put it on your wall.

William Poulos.
Arts I

Not all staff support the strike

Your editor-in-chief's editorial this week actually made me get up and type this. As a staff member at the university (and no, not a PR person, nor anywhere near the VC's realm), I'd been looking on bemused as the usual activist clique have jumped onto this NTEU industrial action, and wondered what possible practical motivations there could be other than the nonsensical 'protect our education' jingoism (Funnily enough, the university wants to educate you!). So, Rafi's editorial header caught my eye. But unfortunately, though not surprisingly, instead of any actual useful point, all he wrote was tiresome rhetoric and repetitious ideological drivel. A big wank, in other words. But I still got my answer. You really don't know, do you?

This strike is a farce, and one that certainly very few staff believe is a right or responsible course of action. It's dreadfully misguided, foolish and frankly, a bit embarrassing.

What would halting classes achieve? Industrial action is meant to cripple productivity in an industry, and in doing so, an economy and in doing so, impart a political impact. This? This hurts students who have already paid their fees and wish to learn. Denying them that to send a message to senior management about grievances over pay and 'academic freedom' (puhlease - try 'academic accountability') is symbolic cowardice and bad faith.

So to students - or staff - who think it either productive or responsible to hassle others tomorrow morning entering campus to attend their classes or do their jobs, please keep this in mind: Ninety per cent of students come here to learn, to get their degree and enjoy their years studying. Not everyone has to join a club, not everyone has to spend each waking hour obsessing over campus life. Not everyone has to really give a shit about the -let's face it - relatively petty qualms the SRC goes on about. These 90 per cent understand that higher education (at a Go8 uni, no less) is a privilege and have the wisdom to understand that there is no such thing as 'student oppression' anymore. At least, unless you really wish to stretch the meaning of 'oppression' to include slightly higher food prices on campus and not being

given a free place to live. This isn't Vietnam moratorium time, this isn't Tiananmen Square - this is Sydney 2013 for shit's sake - get your heads out of the 'Occupy' clouds and into reality and stop being so damned paranoid. You naturally prejudice anyone with a placard to be the morally oppressed victim and any institution to be an inherently evil entity with a nefarious agenda and a Sith lord at the helm.

I know that when you leave your social science tutorials, all pent up on a caffeinated ideological high you need an outlet at which to vent political angst - but turning around and targeting the university itself? The very institution that empowers you with knowledge, opportunity and the skills to think and act critically? You turn around and cry out that it's persecuting you? Treating you with contempt? You are some kind of victim of your own elite education? What a strange and sad phenomenon that is!

I'm all for fair conditions at work - but I'm also for fair play.

Annoyed Staffer

To My Secret Admirer

'Twas early on Wednesday morn, when you first wooed me with your graces: subtle - nay, tantalising! - hints of your long-disguised affections. Such eloquent displays of wit and profundity - I couldn't breathe, such was the poetry of your speech written in chalk on my O Week stall! The gift of your undergarments was too much to bear! How long, O Admirer? Must you always hide your face from me? You are an enigma, shrouded in mystery - and how that makes me long for you all the more! You have truly learnt the power of the ancient adage: 'treat 'em mean, keep 'em keen'. I must speak to you; I am half agony, half hope. Meet me at the EU's Public Meetings at 1pm ('Leviticus: Sexist, racist, inhumane?') Tues - Thurs, or the free BBQs at Sunken Lawns 11-1pm. I'll be waiting in a green T-shirt...

[with an (obnoxiously?) bold claim on the back - one that I happen to believe will bring you hope, freedom & life to the full. And if I'm wrong? Then I am 'to be pitied more than all people' 1 Corinthians 15:9].

Steph Judd
Arts/Law VI
Vice President of Evangelical Union



HONI NEWS



FREE

Week Two Edition

“THE WORST PART OF IT WASN’T LOSING HIM, IT WAS LOSING ME”

Strike (kind of) shuts down University

Samantha Jonscher explains what went down last Thursday

Last Thursday, staff and students, clad in NTEU purple and SRC red, formed human barricades across all major arteries into the University. Union leaders described the strike as a “great success” and warned that there will be more to follow if University management do not address their concerns over the current Enterprise Bargaining Agreement.

University spokesperson Andrew Potter told *Honi Soit* that the strike would not affect bargaining. “The University has already made a number of concessions during the negotiations and is waiting for the unions to also make concessions,” he said.

A rally at 12:30pm hosted a number of notable speakers. Greens Senator Lee Rhiannon said the University had succeeded “off the back of the workers” and ALP Senator Doug Cameron called the proposed agreement an attack on unions.

The President of National Union of Students, Jade Tyrrell, encouraged students to join the cause. “It’s sometimes difficult to connect this strike and students’ interests...so we try to encourage



Photo: Drew Rooke

students to see the long-term impacts of [these proposals].”

The demonstration was non-violent but passionate. Protesters cried at students to “leave, there’s no class today” and stopped cars to brief them on the situation, encouraging them to turn away. Many did, if only for conveni-

ence. If they chose to pass, demonstrators assertively chanted “scab” as they moved aside.

Flare-ups from angry visitors were sporadic. On a number of occasions voices were raised and frustrated drivers attempted to nudge picketers out of the way. With a riot van circling campus,

the police were never far, stepping in only to resolve conflict.

The majority of classes in the Arts faculty were cancelled but many teachers in Science, Engineering, Law and Business chose to hold class. Student attendance was lower than usual but a number of students chose to cross the picket line to attend class.

In an email to students, Deputy Vice-Chancellor Derrick Armstrong assured students that they would not be penalised for not attending class. Some students disagreed. Engineering students Jonathan and Jessica said: “We have to go to class, if we don’t go, we fall behind. It’s not like we can just do readings to catch up.”

After the protesters trumpeted vuvuzelas outside the Vice-Chancellor’s office, the day came to a close, with some picketers lingering into the afternoon.

Union members will vote next week to decide on whether another 48-hour strike action will be taken.

@samanthajonscher

International students taken for a ride

Ezreena Yahya reports on the latest in international students’ rights

International students have criticised the latest change to their transport discounts. The NSW Government announced last October that international students would be eligible for transport concessions. This news was welcomed as a commonsense way to address equity and welfare issues, but its implementation has been perceived as disappointing.

Under the new system, international students still enjoy considerably differentiated treatment from their domestic counterparts. The discounts on full fares only go up to 35%, as opposed to the half fare concession domestic students enjoy. Further, these discounts do not apply to regular bus or City Rail tickets but only to the 90-day and annual MyMulti2 and MyMulti3 passes. Finally, in order to take advantage of the discount, international students have to cut through considerable red tape. Tickets

may only be ordered online by the education provider with an official invitation letter - individual applications are not accepted.

International students who support themselves may still find funding transport difficult to manage under the new system. For an international student, a MyBus1 Travel 10 costs \$17.60, even though these students, like domestic students, are likely to be balancing low-paying jobs with study. Essentially, because the new discounts only apply to certain passes, a five-minute bus ride from Railway Square to the University’s City Rd bus stop will still cost \$2 for a student who is not an Australian citizen or permanent resident.

Danial Johari, Social and Welfare Director of the New South Wales chapter of the Malaysian Students’ Council of Australia said that the initial announce-

ment was misleading. “The conditions and how it was going to be carried out was unclear,” he told *Honi*. “All we want is to receive the same treatment as local students. I think it is fair given that we pay much more in terms of tuition fees. I feel that only a small minority of international students would benefit from this policy.”

This system is surprising in light of the fact that introducing transport concessions was listed as one of the immediate priorities in a 98-page Industry Action Plan prepared by the NSW Government’s International Education and Research Task Force published last September.

Education is Australia’s second largest services export sector and here in New South Wales, it is \$6 billion industry. The state has the high-

est number of international student enrolments in the country, about 75 000 by the end of 2011. Yet it is one of only two remaining states (the other being Victoria) which have not approved concessions for foreign students.

This development indicates that significant inequalities between domestic and international students still exist.



Transportation is not so magical for international students



A new menace on campus

A different kind of WASP is now attending USYD, writes **Tom O'Brien**

The opening lecture of the semester for GOVT2991: Political Analysis was thrown into turmoil last Wednesday, when a huge wasp terrorised a PNR lecture theatre. The wasp initially floated around harmlessly, but became troublesome when it began swooping down on students periodically, for shits and giggles. The class was forced to abandon the theatre and move into seminar rooms for the remainder of the lecture.

Lecturer Assoc. Prof. Ariadne Vromen told *Honi Soit* that the decision to flee the theatre was made out of concern for both herself and her students: "Ever since a big spider dropped out of a tree on me at Moonlight Cinema in Centennial Park this summer I have a new fear of very big bugs - and that was the biggest wasp I have ever seen, and it looked intent on dive bombing someone." Vromen is currently an academic staff-elected fellow on the University of Sydney Senate, and says she might take the issue of future wasp protocol to the next Senate meeting.

The current whereabouts of the wasp are unknown, and its movements are worryingly unpredictable. Third Year Arts/Law student Alexandra McPherson says she fears it may return for the second lecture.



Get that thing away from me

UNIGATE

All the rumours, hearsay, and downright slander from the world of student politics and culture



Union gives you money

If you feel like your relationship with the USU has become a one-way cash drain, your chance for revenge has arrived. The Union has passed a motion allowing candidates in USU elections to claim a \$500 bursary. The bursary will not have to be repaid. Candidates who contest the next Union elections, at which six places on the Board will be up for election, will be able to receive the strings-free funding by signing a statutory declaration confirming their intention to spend the money exclusively on campaign materials. At the end of the campaign they will have to account for this expenditure by showing their receipts. The measure is part of a campaign to encourage a greater diversity of candidates to run for places on the Board. It is hoped that by helping candidates pay for the majority of their \$700 campaign spending cap, candidates from less wealthy backgrounds will be more inclined to undertake the potentially financially crippling exercise. So, now all you have to do is find a way to write-up cocaine and alcohol as 'campaign expenses' and hand in your Union Board nomination papers. But be warned: winners will be forced to serve on the Board for two years. We'll let you decide whether the risk is worth it or not.

Minister for Livetweeting

Sydney University was paid an unexpected visit by Bob Carr last Wednesday, though this time it didn't involve socialists picketing a lecture theatre. Well - there was theatre, just no lecture or socialists. Senator Carr accepted an invitation to SUDS' production of Julius Caesar following an exchange with director Nathaniel Pemberton on his theatre blog over a year ago. "A big tip: you never, ever see amateur Shakespeare. That is an offense against God," the Foreign

Minister opined on his blog in December 2011. Pemberton debated the point, to which the Senator retorted, "Now prove me wrong. I want to be proven wrong." Carr was thus extended an invitation to the show, and it appears, was proven wrong. The Senator livetweeted the majority of the show from the front row - much to the dismay of the rest of the audience - and at one point compared the death of Caesar to the fall of Victorian Premier Ted Baillieu. But that wasn't all, Carr brought along Bob Ellis (apparently a close friend...), who was so impressed that he wrote a review on his blog and saw the show again the next night. Oh, and Sydney theatre identity Kevin Jackson was also in attendance on opening night. Jackson, too, reviewed the show on his popular blog, using much of the review to admonish the University for not providing SUDS with a better performance space. "The Cellar Theatre is a disgrace that the administration should take urgent note of," he wrote. Hear, hear!

SRC election

The first SRC meeting of 2013 was held last Wednesday to great acclaim. Liberal representative Sam Murray, via proxy, proposed a motion to limit SRC campaigns to seven days, instead of the current period of twelve days. The motion was seconded by Indie Cameron Caccamo, who argued that long campaigns turn students off voting. Referring to this year's overlap of the SRC and Federal elections he added, "I urge you, think of your own wellbeing". Quite. Perhaps to the dismay of all non-hack students on campus, the motion was defeated in favour of a working group to determine the best way to make elections less awful. This year's *Honi Soit* editorial team doesn't care because we've already been elected.

NEWS IN REVUE

Bro Reveleigh wrote this on opium

In Sydney's West will Gillard Khan
Lose even in the safe Chifley?
Where the Paramatta steamers ran
Through urban sprawl measureless to man
Down to old Sydney.

So twice entrenched Khan holds her ground
With polls and pollies circling 'round:
And there is Kevin bright with mirth,
Touring to support...their office-bearing surety;
And here were electorates red as the earth,
Now fading into bluish obscurity.

And oh! That lush romantic vine which grew
From the pastured shores and stones of Sydney harbour!

A savage place! As holy and unplanned
As e'er beneath a wanning sun was tanned
Or Turnbull wailing for his demon-Labor!
And from this vine, with congested arteries bursting,

As if this plant in sheer frustration thirsting,
Electoral polling began to sate the yearning:
Amid whose relentless half-intimated bursts
Huge fragments vaulted like resounding bums,

Or sticky snot between a child's thumbs:
And 'mid these dancing tabloids at beckoned call

The vine still choked not free to drink at all.
(And the Herald to become its pall.)

...[Interrupted.]

A Daniel Lewis had his Day

In a television I saw:

The pontiff's resignation made,

And on his last day he prayed,

Amid scandalous rumour.

Could I revive within me

His calls to climb the hill?

To such a deep delight 'twould win me

That with music loud and long

I would dance atop Taylor Square,

That rainbow crossing! Those sassy queers!

And all who heard should cheer them there,

And all should cry, "They're bare! They're bare!"

The shadow of the cabinet spectre

Floated midway on the Baillieu;

So too was heard a voice defector,

For Simpson and his donkey's dues.

An HIV cure gave a functional answer.

All that remains: who gave Chavez cancer?

Excessive force! Brutality!

All who've seen the clips did stare,

And most did cry, Unjust! Unfair!

Their flashing eyes, their floating hair!

Around them weave a circled suite,

All eyes affixed on finding truth:

How blunt the bluish chequered tooth

That bloodied the boy of Oxford Street?

UNI-VERSE

Adam Chalmers' article about UQ is Q!

This year, the University of Queensland chose to celebrate International Women's Day by cutting its gender studies major from the faculty of Arts.

Gender studies staff have been vocally opposed since the university announced its intentions on March 1. "We've had a huge outpouring of support from students currently enrolled in the course, and... students who have enrolled in past years," said senior gender studies professor, Carole Ferrier to

ABC National Radio last week.

While the gender studies major will be discontinued, individual units focused on gender studies will still exist within other disciplines such as philosophy and sociology. University administrators described this as the "triumph of gender studies," insofar as the subject was now mainstream enough to enter other disciplines. Professor Ferrier told ABC National Radio it was "funny how conservatives can turn it around," and that dissolving the major was an "alternative

to in-depth substantial analysis."

National Union of Students education officer Clare Keyes-Liley told *Honi Soit* UQ's decision was "detrimental to the future of tertiary education in Australia," and was "indicative of society's misogyny and sexism."

The University of Queensland gender studies major has been offered for 41 years. Students wishing to study gender studies will now have to go interstate to obtain their major.

@adamchal

OPINION STRIKE EDITION

A protest, on the protest

Nick Richardson says stay in school

It is Thursday, about 1pm, and I am sitting in Fisher Library. It is not unlike how Fisher has been over the last couple of days – the usual first week of semester lull. On the other side of campus a group of about 200 is congregated, a mix of University staff, some students in support, and some curious onlookers. The sun is beating down: ‘Spence makes no sense’ placards and *Green Left Weeklys* have been raised to block it out. Many students on campus are going about their business, not really giving a fuck.

But I give a fuck. My classes were cancelled today and apparently my education is the National Tertiary Education Union’s (NTEU’s) to sacrifice at their will. While I do not completely disagree with some of the NTEU’s grievances, we should, at the very least, question the ethics of a group of individuals who believe that the education we are paying for belongs to them. Even symbolically, it is significant that it is students who are the bargaining chip in the negotiation process between the University and its staff.

It has been repeated *ad nauseum*, but the particulars of the strike make for

surprisingly interesting reading. The NTEU called for the strike in objection to the Enterprise Bargaining Agreement (EBA) proposed by University management. Most notably, the new EBA includes the removal of restrictions on casual employment, the abolition of the 40-40-20 workload model, and the abolition of work hours restrictions (basically meaning the length of the working week is uncapped).

These are ‘big-ticket issues’. It is understandable that the NTEU is upset about them. It is difficult to expect academics to be able to give the amount of time required to properly teach us if their workload is almost completely uncapped. Then there are ‘small-ticket issues’: the reduction of sick leave entitlements from 50 days to 20, and the unbounding of superannuation benefits (which sat at 17% under the previous EBA).

Somebody has to say it: demanding 50 days of sick leave a year is obscene. There are very few professions anywhere that get 50 days of sick leave. The amount mandated by law is 10 and the University’s proposal is double that.

The conflation of small-ticket issues with big-ticket issues by those striking demands our scrutiny and condemnation. The latter have the potential to legitimately affect the quality of education now and in the future. The former are the over-the-top demands of self-interested brats desperately trying to cling on to benefits they should never have been given in the first place.

However, even if the strike were only based on the big-ticket issues, the act of striking in itself remains ethically dubious. With universities’ high focus on research, it would be more effective for the staff upset with the EBA to place a moratorium on research output until their concerns are addressed. This does not affect the students who have done nothing wrong and have paid a lot of money for a premium education. This strike demonstrates an academic class whose unwillingness to compromise mandated the sacrifice of our education for their own ends. That further strikes have not been ruled out confirms this. It is ethically wrong that our class time is sacrificed for a superannuation package.

The politics of skipping class

Sean O’Grady will see you at Hermann’s

Students miss lectures and tutes. One need only compare a lecture hall in Week 1 and Week 10 to know that this is fact. Not every student does, but many do. Yet academics appear constantly, ready to teach, and students rarely offer an excuse or an apology. Some have legitimate reasons, others just can’t be bothered. I am guilty of both, but most often the latter.

The most frequent objection I heard from my fellow students since the NTEU and CPSU announced a strike, following a failure to agree with the University over the re-negotiation of the Enterprise Bargaining Agreement, was that they did not want the action to happen at the expense of their education. In light of the fact that many of these students would happily skip class, their objections seem slightly hypocritical.

The obvious response is that we pay to attend class, while the lecturers are paid to attend it. The argument that they are paid, that they receive some benefits, does not mean they have all the money or benefits that they ought to.

If we want the quality of education we have come to expect, we need to understand that we as students are not solely responsible for our education, but that



Photo: Stella Klenas

we rely on the academics to give it to us. If they are unsatisfied, then we should be, too. If they want to strike for their rights, think about all the classes you skip for no good reason, then evaluate their reasons. Use the critical reasoning they have taught you.

There are other more important justifications of the strike than the one above. They can be found in the pages of this

paper, on Facebook, Twitter, and in the offices of your Students’ Representative Council. There are also (slightly) better arguments against the Strike than the one I responded to. They are still wrong though.

@sean_ogradyl

A tainted strike

The actions of a few can colour the majority’s, writes Drew Rooke

Supporting job security, sick leave and decent salaries for the University of Sydney staff – last Thursday’s strike could not have been more justified. It was an expression of collective action by staff and students alike that university management could not steam roll those that keep this invaluable institution alive.

No major incidents occurred during the strike and many participants successfully and respectfully convinced those trying to enter the university that the rights of staff were more important than that two hour lecture that was timetabled. Such a sight was promising.

Yet, despite such respect and maturity showed, others brought an unnecessary and immature militancy along with their banners, flags and, picket cards. Shouts of ‘scab’ and ‘scum’ to those ignoring the strike became the soundtrack of the day at City Road. Anyone who ‘broke the picket line’ was labelled such and I realised that I was not exempt from such calls even though I was a supporter of the strike, simply walking through to take a photo. To inquire politely if a person knows what the strike is about is sensible; to shout such offences blatantly at anyone walking through, absurd and counter-productive.

The most concerning sight was at the City Road vehicle entrance to the university when a cyclist tried to enter and was blockaded. Attempting a detour through the gate’s pedestrian entrance, he was mobbed by protesters, had his hat thrown off his head and his bike lifted and shaken. No matter what the cause, these actions are entirely unjustified and border on assault and impeding freedom of movement. These militant protest methods are counter-productive to the cause. University management is given ammunition to use against the strike and students, or public citizens for that matter, without a strong involvement in it will never empathise. In their eyes, the victims are those ignoring the strike, when the real victims in this situation are the staff of the University of Sydney.

The actions of a mere few were tainting. While it *was* the minority, responsibility falls on us to discourage such ineffective and hypocritical methods.

We should *all* stand strong with the threatened staff of our university. Jobs, and the lives, of those that provide us with an education unfounded anywhere else are at risk. This is the primary issue at stake. But let’s support this cause maturely and sensibly. Only then will we make progress.

Justice cannot exist in a police state

Jamie Jackson's arrest only sparked the 'Snap Action' campaign, writes Evan Van Zijl

In 1978, the first Mardi Gras was a crowd of 2000 gays, lesbians, bisexuals, trans*persons, sex workers and allies marched to protest housing, health and police abuse problems amongst other issues in the LGBTI community. After this show of force, 53 people were arrested by the police and outed publicly, with many of the march reporting mistreatment over the years before and after the protest.

"I am a 78'er and a heterosexual woman with a trans past who has suffered violence on many occasions from the police at both Kings Cross and Surry Hills police," said one of the attendees of the original Mardi Gras. "One time they made me get down on the floor and eat a sausage like a dog plus had to bark like one when I was to, or wear the cops' batons."

While we are less bold in admitting them, these issues of police brutality are once more visible in our community. While Mardi Gras has become a corporate celebration, that makes \$30 000 000 for the state that it once contested, the issues of police brutality have been recognised to be an ongoing problem.

In this year's Mardi Gras period, countless people were needlessly strip



Photo: Jennifer Yiu

sought, women's clothing was censored and a number were outright beaten. Alex Greenwich, independent MP for Sydney, and ACON have both received numerous complaints and Bryn Hutchinson has recently come out to the media as a victim of police brutality.

People everywhere have taken notice, after a recording of Jamie Jackson's brutal arrest went viral, and their distress escalated into a mass action organised by Community Action Against Homophobia this recent Friday. 2000 people marched from Taylor Square to the Surry Hills police station, carrying giant rainbows, banners and placards

and a strong demand for an end to police violence.

Solidarity actions were also held internationally, with one colourful example being the 'glitter bombing' of the Australian Embassy by the New Zealand Queer Avengers, the same activist group who 'glitter bombed' the transphobic Germaine Greer.

Many conservatives have come out in support of the police over the course of the campaign, trying to invalidate criticism of the police by accusing Jamie Jackson of being violent. While eye witnesses allege the accusations against Jamie are not entirely true, such a de-

fence misses the point of the community outrage and the campaign that has developed.

This campaign and protest is not just about Jamie Jackson or even the poor behaviour of the police force in the recent Mardi Gras period, these are merely the straws that broke the camel's back. There is a structural issue with the police force and it is imperative that, for as long as the police force and the prison complex exists, that we find methods to hold police to account and bring them to justice.

In *New Matilda*, David Shoebridge of the Greens proposed a completely independent body to investigate police misconduct – an idea which is currently enacted in the United Kingdom but has little support amongst the pro-police MPs of the LNP and ALP. It is measures like these that are necessary to ensure some justice in a system where the police, who despite incidences of death, electrocution, beatings and verbal intimidation have never once been successfully charged after incidences.

Evan was one of the organisers for this week's 'Snap Action' protest

Dead Celebrity Betting Pools

Matt Clarke investigate the internet phenomenon that's as funny as cancer.

Forget the pokies, predicting celebrities' deaths is apparently the new preferred form of gambling. The official term for this is a 'dead pool,' which may or may not be the most upsetting phrase you come across this week. The concept is this: every player creates a list of celebrities they think will die in the next year, and come December 31, whoever has the most picks (hits?) wins. If you think that sounds like a tasteless concept that only the creepiest of lowlifes would take part in, then you'd be correct. But where do most creepy lowlifes take refuge? That's right, the internet. Dead pools are bizarrely common online, being hosted by charmingly named sites such as *stiffs.com*, *cash4cadavers.com* and *flymetothetomb.com*. These sites are filled with people whose highlight in life would be correctly predicting the year that Betty White finally shuffles off this mortal coil. Apart

from clearly having no moral scruples, the people who run these sites also seem disturbingly lax when it comes to safety measures. On *stiffs.com* for example, the number four rule (yes, number FOUR) is: "you can't kill anybody, or even try to scare them or make them sick or anything." Because that would just be unsportsmanlike, right? The other strange element is the 'celebrity' rule – you see you only get points if the person who dies is a genuine celebrity. So for example, Lindsay Lohan would count, but the redhead from Bardot definitely wouldn't. This all sounds very strange, but for some people it's a serious business, with serious money to be made.

In fact some pools offer up to \$3000 for a first place finish. Where that money comes from I have no idea. With the stakes so high though, let's just say, I wouldn't want to be Betty White.



NETIQUETTE

Honi's PICKS FOR 2013

~~Hugo Chavez~~

South Korea

The Honours Year

The Federal Labor Party

Italian Democracy

Bonus multipick! Berlusconi during a bunga-bunga party



Fiction, capitalism, and being a winner

OPINION

Caitlin Still on the sporting myth

It only took one impromptu, A4-sized sign for Manly Library to make world news last month. Days after the doping scandal that disgraced one of the world's most worshipped sporting heroes, the sign read:

"ALL NON-FICTION LANCE ARMSTRONG BOOKS INCLUDING: *Lance Armstrong, Images of a Champion*, *The Lance Armstrong Performance Program*, and *Lance Armstrong, Images of a Champion*, WILL SOON BE MOVED TO THE FICTION SECTION. THANK YOU, MANLY LIBRARY."

The sign, complete with a smiley face at the end, was soon revealed to be a prank pulled by a Saturday casual going about general duties. It did not take long for his superiors to point out that

As long as professional sport is about winning, the cheating will continue.

librarians are not at liberty to re-classify books according to current affairs. Regardless, the prank hit the nail of reality on the head. The Lance Armstrong, seven-time Tour de France champion, smugly smiling on our televisions lauded the world over. He was a cancer survivor, humanitarian, and family man but has now turned out to be less a man than a fabrication. Early in January came

his admission on Oprah, to an audience of millions, that for the length of his career he has owed his success to performance-enhancing drugs. "It was this mythic, perfect story. And it just wasn't true," he said of his high-flying career.

Armstrong's description of his public career as 'mythic' is an apt one. Mythic, because it inspired an almost-religious devotion in so many of his admirers. Indeed, there have been few sporting heroes so deified as Armstrong, with a cult to follow him accordingly. The gospels according to his biographers may be safe in the non-fiction section of Manly Library, but in light of his confessions to drug cheating, bullying and deceit, the myth of Lance Armstrong is left with about as much of a leg to stand on as *Dianetics*.

In the words of Eric Hobsbawm, "history is written by the winners," and Armstrong had done enough winning to perpetuate his own myth until the day he died, or so it seemed. I am not the first to compare professional sport with capitalist society at large. In both instances, the competition for limited resources leads to a hierarchical culture of winners and losers. If one desires to scale the socio-economic ladder or ascend in the table of international rankings, it's the end that produces results, not the means.

Put another way, a successful career in professional sport, as it is under the cap-

italist paradigm, is measured ultimately by how often and how much you win. It's a world of winners and losers, and in the contest for limited resources such as money and status, it's what you do, not how you do it, that counts in the end. Unless, of course, one gets caught doing something illegal. Mining giants and other tax-evaders should know. Armstrong may have sacrificed his integrity as an athlete to win, but the legendary status with which he was rewarded meant that integrity could always be fabricated later. He almost got away with it, too.

Following revelations of widespread doping and links to organised crime in Australian sport, it seems that a whole cabal of athletic angels is set to fall from the heights of the Australian sporting myth. Revealing the dark side of the "whatever it takes" mentality, a report by the Australian Crime Commission released at the beginning of February has revealed that the use of performance-enhancing drugs is commonplace and that ties with criminal organisations have even resulted in match fixing. In the words of Richard Ings, ex-chairman of ASADA, Australia's anti-doping commission, the release of the report marked "the blackest day in Australian sport."

Despite the ethos of Australian sporting culture, priding itself on values of 'mateship' and a 'fair go', it seems that



fairness and mutual respect get fairly short shrift amongst some of our most respected citizens. As long as professional sport is about winning, the cheating will continue. After all, we're talking about athletes, not moral philosophers. Their job is ultimately to win. One wonders what happened to good sports like our Don Bradman.

To their credit, however, many of these celebrated sportspeople would make excellent fiction writers. And god knows that few things are more valuable to society than a well-crafted story.

TOP 5...

Disney songs to have kinky heteronormative sex to

Rafi Alam knows good sex when he hears it

- 5 **Kiss the Girl** Perhaps a bit vanilla, what with the romantic overtones and such, but deep down a profoundly kinky song. You don't just kiss the girl, you kiss her surrounded by dozens of voyeuristic sea creatures egging you on, as if it were a college party. And when the male character says "you know I feel really bad not knowing your name," you realise you're in bed with a complete stranger, and you realise how hot it is you picked them up on the side of the road, not knowing who they are, what they do, or what they are capable of doing. Sure, the Afro-Caribbean beats and moonlit vibes set the mood, but the danger of the unknown is the real kicker.
- 4 **Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious** When the government authority responsible for roadworks in Saskatchewan ignored the worsening potholes in Highway 32, residents of a neighbouring town, Leader, logically decided a nude calendar was in order. The calendar featured twelve locals each photographed in their birthday suits next to particularly noteworthy examples of the potholes. You may laugh, but the calendar made roughly \$40 000, and shortly after its release in 2007, the provincial government committed itself to a big-budget highway renovation project. Ball's in your court, people who complain about CityRail.
- 3 **I Just Can't Wait To Be King** This song is perfect for those times you just want to sub/dom each other. When you're transitioning the swap between top and bottom, make sure you play this song to know who's who! While Simba is going on about how much he wants to be king, Zazu is putting him down at every chance. This traumatic relationship will make sure the new king of the bed will have no qualms about going all the way! Thankfully the song is backed by a playful tune to ensure no participant is reminded of the emotional wreckage Mufasa's death leads to in the new king.
- 2 **A Whole New World** Some say this song only applies to losing ones virginity. There is an argument for this – a sense of sublime is entrenched in the progression of the melody and the explorative lyrics, a sublime lost after years of fucking. But have no fear! Even the veterans amongst you can spice up your sex life with this song, while engaging in culturally appropriative role-playing. Pro-tip: wear the outfits. Also, you may be tempted to orgasm at the infamous 'squawk', but then you miss out on whispering the lines "don't you dare close your eyes" and "hold your breath, it gets better." A song full of options.
- 1 **Hakuna Matata** Hakuna Matata is the non-wanker "#yolo" from the 90s. No worries i.e. no regrets! Just have fun, have sex, and enjoy the ride with your best friend Pumba, the disgusting fat warthog. Forget about consequences, because who needs them? Is the person you're with ugly as fuck? All good! This is the kind of song that can bring you out of the hole of despair caused by the belief you just killed your father, so it'll definitely help you overcome the feelings of guilt caused by having sex with your professor in the backseat of your mother's car.

I got writer's block though; nothing would pop up. That was a real ball breaker.

Fare play

Harry Stratton digs the cheaper option

Will fare evasion and copping the occasional fine save you money in the long run? As with most economic questions, the answer is that it depends.

Because of the automated ticketing system, it's pretty hard to get onto State Transit Authority buses without some kind of ticket. Once you're on board, though, enforcement becomes a massive joke. The STA estimates it only catches 0.6% of fare evaders, and the on-the-spot fine for fare evasion is \$200, so the average "price" of fare evasion is \$1.20 – 10c more than the cost of really short trips, but significantly less than a ticket price for anything longer than from Uni to Town Hall. If you're willing to get shouted off the occasional bus by a driver who hasn't seen you dip your ticket, outright fare evasion thus makes

BITING THE INVISIBLE HAND

perfect sense

On trains, the situation's a little more complicated. CityRail estimates that one in 42 fare evaders will be fined, and the on-the-spot fine is again \$200, so the 'price' of fare evasion on the average train journey works out to be a hefty \$4.76. The highest CityRail concession fare, on the other hand, is \$4.20, and if you've invested in a MyMulti or aren't travelling from Wollongong to Newcastle your actual fare is even less, so fare evasion costs the average free rider more than just buying a ticket.

A little economics makes it easy to avoid being the average fare dodger, though. The NSW government uses transit fines as more or less blatant revenue raising, and so only sends transit officers to check trains when there's a



decent chance of making their salary back by (a) catching enough fare dodgers or (b) scaring enough bystanders into paying their fares. This means that on low-traffic trains running at off-peak times, particularly weekends or late at night (when transits officers get paid penalty rates), the odd of being fined are agreeably low.

The incentives for transit officers are even more in your favour. A substantial proportion of those who are fined for fare evasion also receive fines for something more obvious and higher on a transit cop's priority list, like putting their feet on seats, vandalism or offensive behaviour. If you're a well-behaved fare dodger, you're much more likely to

get away with it. Also – because they're understandably aggrieved about failing the IQ test to become proper cops – transit officers are more likely to target passengers they don't like or who their prejudices make them think are more likely to evade fares. Wearing a tie to uni or browsing *The Collected Works* of Jane Austen on the train might make your friends think you're a wanker, but apparently that's how CityRail thinks law abiding citizens behave.

If, however, you're like me, and the mere thought of being caught without a ticket fills you with irrational terror, fare dodging isn't for you. And neither is economics, probably.

Don't be a square **CRITIQUE**

John Gooding is not impressed

Late last year gaming studio 22cans released *Curiosity: What's Inside the Cube?* and changed the world forever. It is both a brutal and unflinching testament to the horrific machinations that prop up our society, and possibly the worst game that has been and ever will be created.

The basic gist is that there is a gigantic cube floating in front of you, the surfaces of which comprise millions of tiny squares. You and anyone else playing the game at the time can destroy a square by tapping it. Every time you do so you get coins, which can be spent on things which help you destroy squares faster. If you wish, you can spend real dollars to download tools which also help you destroy squares faster. Your goal is to remove all of the cube's layers, which at the time of writing had not been numbered by game developers. Why should

you bother with this extremely monotonous mission, you ask? Because, as the introduction claims, "something amazing is hidden at the centre of the cube ... but only one person will find out what's inside."

I heartily recommend you download *Curiosity*, play for five seconds and then immediately uninstall so you can grasp at least some of the horror I'm attempting to convey.

It wouldn't be so bad if it flopped. Sure, the developers seemingly possess a general contempt for humanity, but terrible games are made every day. Most are only ever seen again in five dollar bargain bins. No, the really frustrating part about the *Curiosity* saga is how many people play it. It's been downloaded over 500 000 times for Android devices alone, and over 200 layers have been de-



stroyed since its release.

This sheer popularity belies a darker tale. 22cans prefer to call *Curiosity* an experiment rather than a game. Perhaps *Curiosity* is purposefully shit. Perhaps the point is to see whether a dubious promise of life-changing happiness for one lucky individual is enough to motivate hundreds of thousands of people to endlessly tap a screen. The basic tenet of the American dream is that anyone can succeed in society if they work hard

enough, regardless of social or economic standing. According to the *Curiosity* statistics (which, amazingly, you have to pay to see) the number of users is declining dramatically. People are rapidly giving up the dream in-game. How long before they do so IRL?

@JohnMGooding

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Baby cured of HIV for first time

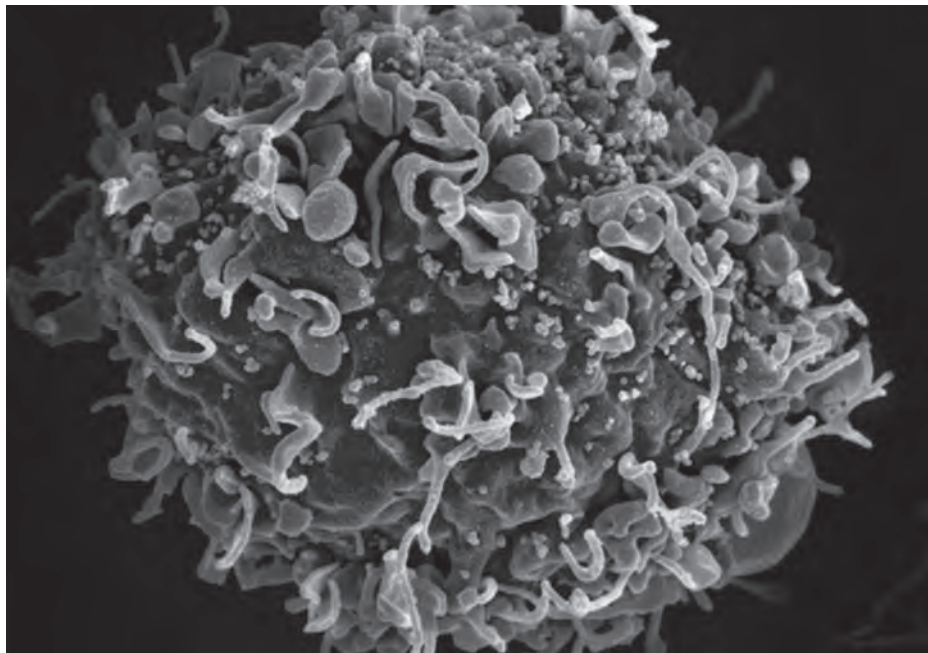
Felicity Nelson gives us a story to accompany this amazing picture

The news of a baby girl cured of HIV hit headlines across the world this week when researchers at the Conference on Retroviruses and Opportunistic Infections in Atlanta announced that a baby born with the infection no longer has any trace of the virus in her system.

In America women are routinely tested for HIV during pregnancy and prescribed medication to reduce the risk of passing the virus on to their children. Antiretroviral therapy during pregnancy can reduce transmission of HIV during gestation, birth or breastfeeding from 45% to around 2%.

In this case the mother arrived at the rural emergency room in Mississippi in advanced labour having never taken an HIV test. When the results came back positive the hospital quickly referred the patient to Dr. Hannah Gay, a paediatric HIV expert at the University of Mississippi, who took this to be a high-risk case and immediately prescribed an unusually aggressive drug regime in the hope that it would give the baby girl the best chance of escaping life-long infection.

Within 31 hours the baby was given a high dose of three different antiretroviral drugs. After 29 days the levels of HIV was so low that normal testing could not detect the virus. Normally a child would need to continue this treatment for the rest of their life. In this case the mother stopped treating her child after 18 months. Dr. Gay was compelled to contact child-protection services to make the mother return to the clinic. Five months had passed without the child receiving any treat-



ment but instead of the virus resurging, as would be expected, Dr. Gay did not detect any HIV in the child's blood. More sensitive testing confirmed the results.

Researchers studying this case believe that the timing of the treatment was the crucial factor in the cure. Most doctors wait for HIV tests to come back from the lab before prescribing a course of antiretroviral drugs but in this instance the doctor decided to administer the treatment before knowing the results. The combination of three strong drugs given at precisely the right time is thought to have prevented the virus from settling into "reservoirs" (hiding places where the virus reside until treatment is halted).

However, researchers are cautious to draw any conclusions. The Mississippi baby may be an exceptional case

and, even if the results of this particular treatment are repeatable with other newborns, in poorer parts of the world a triple dose of drugs immediately after birth is often economically unfeasible. More than 90% of the 400 000 children born with HIV live in sub-Saharan Africa.

Of the 33 million people worldwide infected with HIV only two have ever been functionally cured of the disease. The only other person is Timothy Ray Brown from San Francisco who has not needed to take any medication since he received a bone marrow transplant from a donor with a natural resistance to HIV. For AIDS victims worldwide this miracle baby offers some hope but the case also demonstrates how far we still have to go in the fight against AIDS.

Fukushima fallout minimal

Mischa Vickas enjoys a healthy dose of radiation

A World Health Organisation (WHO) assessment into the 2011 Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster has concluded that only small increases in cancer are expected amongst populations exposed to even the highest radiation doses: "... even in locations within Fukushima prefecture, the predicted risks remain low and no observable increases in cancer above natural variation in baseline rates are anticipated," the report states.

On 11 March 2011, the Fukushima Daiichi power plant survived a magnitude 9.0 earthquake off the coast of Japan, but three of its reactors were inundated by the 15-metre tsunami that followed.

The reactors went into meltdown, but no individual died or suffered radiation sickness as a result of the nuclear accident. Over 100 000 people were evacuated from surrounding regions.

Those in the most affected areas received about 10 times the dose of radiation that most people receive in a year, or the equivalent of about two full-body X-ray scans.

One of the WHO's findings was that female infants in the most affected areas may experience a relative increase in thyroid cancer risk of 70% over their lifetimes. This may sound alarming, but the overall lifetime risk is normally about 0.75%, so a female child exposed to this level of radiation will experience an overall risk increase of 0.05%.

But reassurance comes particularly to the emergency workers at the nuclear plant who took the brunt of radiation. For this group, the overall increased risk for most cancers was found to be about 0.1%.

Although cancer risk was addressed, the psychological impact of the disaster was beyond the scope of the assessment and the 47 international experts who put it together. "As with the Chernobyl accident, the psychological impact of the Fukushima accident may outweigh other health consequences," the report admits.

Further afield, concern about the safety of nuclear energy has seen Germany start to phase out nuclear power. A similar move by Japan itself has resulted in energy shortages and an increased dependence on imported oil and gas.

Krokodil

Don't worry, Sean O'Grady hasn't done it

There are few people in the world who would consider Heroin a gateway drug. It is incredibly addictive, linked to crime and poverty, and exposes you to diseases transmitted by sharing needles. It is, in the eyes of anyone who has watched *The Wire*, a sign that you have hit rock bottom, and have very little chance of making it back.

In Russia, a country with an estimated two million Heroin users, Heroin addicts are not scraping the bottom of the proverbial barrel. There is another step to go: Krokodil.

Krokodil is what you turn to when you are out of money. When you haven't been able to beg, salvage or steal enough money for Heroin. Think: Jesse cooking Crystal Meth before he met Walt in the first season of *Breaking Bad*, but a thousand times worse. Ad-

dicts make the drug from painkillers with Codeine in them, Industrial cleaning solvents, iodine and miscellaneous chemicals, all legally purchased. They are then combined in a home cook that after about an half an hour leaves them with a sludge similar, in appearance, to Caramel. It is then injected into whatever usable vein they can find.

A cursory search of Google will tell you that the drug is named Krokodil because of the scale like appearance of the skin that occurs after prolonged use. When you watch *Vice Magazine's* documentary on the drug and peruse Google Images, you will see that this doesn't do it justice. A more apt description might be 'zombie'. Skin and muscle become necrotic and eventually fall off the bone. Addicts apparently feel no pain.

DA FUQ?

I initially intended this piece to be funny. It was meant to be a humorous exploration of the weird and wacky in the world, the substances and behaviours that lead us to ask the question 'what the fuck?' But writing this article I realised the actual question is 'why the fuck?' Why the fuck has poverty and drug abuse in Russia been allowed to go so far? Why the fuck has the Russian Government failed to provide adequate education, healthcare and rehabilitation? But that's a political economy essay and not an article.

I will finish with this thought. In the *Vice* documentary an addict says with fatalistic certainty that he will be dead within weeks, and then puts another needle of the caramel sludge into his arm. What the actual fuck?

the british are coming

The Guardian has been one of the few newspapers to make a successful transition from daily paper to online news source. Madeleine King asks whether the British giant will help or harm the frail Australian media scene.

Lenore Taylor, chief political correspondent at *The Herald*, is going. So are Paul Chadwick, former head of editorial policies at the ABC, and Katharine Murphy, *The Age's* national affairs correspondent.

Having signed some of the bigger names in Australian journalism, you could be forgiven for thinking that when *The Guardian* launches its digital-only Australian edition later this year, it would be destined for unmitigated success.

Yet the Australian media landscape in general has proven poisonous, and it is uncertain whether *The Guardian* will be an effective antidote.

Findings from the report 'Journalism at the Speed of Bytes'—published last year in collaboration between the University of Sydney, UNSW and The Walkley Foundation—suggest *The Guardian's* new digital venture in Australia may not find the fertile southern land it seeks.

"There is yet to be any evidence that online news, whether consumed via computer, tablet or mobile platforms, is generating sufficient revenue to pay for its own content," the report says.

Authors of the report Penny O'Donnell, David McKnight, and Jonathan Este conducted in-depth interviews with 100 newspaper journalists and news executives from the 12 national and metropolitan daily newspapers. Industry experts and academics were also consulted.

"Only 14 percent of respondents declared their full confidence in online journalism," noted the report. "Slightly more (17 per cent) were reluctant to pass judgment, saying digital journalism has yet to establish itself in Australia."

And this is where *The Guardian* comes in, with the third largest online newspaper presence—almost 39 million unique visitors, behind *The New York Times* and *The Mail Online*—in the world, and 1.3 million Australian readers.

While such figures are laudable, one question remains: will *The Guardian's* online savvy succeed in an Australian market leaking revenue at the seams?

Winning the digital media battle is about more than securing good readership numbers, says David McKnight from the University of New South Wales' Journalism and Media Research Centre.

"The problem is not having read-

ers; the problem is finding ways to sell those audiences to advertisers," he says. "People who read newspaper articles online often drop in accidentally to those articles, read them and move on."

It is for this reason that the Speed of Bytes report (of which McKnight is a co-author) found that, "even newspaper publishers estimate that if print readers are worth \$1 per head to publishers, digital readers are worth 10 cents or less."

An additional, independent news provider would be somewhat of a tonic to Australia's highly concentrated, monopolistic media landscape in which News Ltd publications tend to dominate.

The report quotes a 2010 Pew Centre (US) study which found the average online reader spends only 3.4 minutes per session on a news site. Traditional newspaper readers can spend up to 30 minutes with their print editions.

The established popularity of *The Guardian's* website, next to the infant online strategies of mainstream Australian media, may give it the edge with potential advertisers. However, even the UK outfit will admit a thriving relationship with online advertisers is not the solution to the profit-return problem.

"Digital advertising is not yet able to fill the substantial gap between any paywall revenues and the cost of the operation," writes Andrew Millar of the Guardian Media Group on The Economist Group website. "Advertising agencies have not yet fully aligned

their spending with changing patterns in media consumption."

Amanda Wilson, former editor *The Sydney Morning Herald*, confirms this in the foreword to *Speed of Bytes*. "So far," she writes, "digital revenues have not reproduced the profits of the bigger, trusted, print brands, which would make this kind of [online] journalism possible."

In this already fiscally constrained environment, *The Guardian* could prove a dangerous competitor for all digital publications. Having just gone 'digital first', it's bad news for Fairfax. Equally so for independent websites such as *New Matilda*, *The Conversation*, *The Punch*, Graeme Woods' own *The Global Mail* (Woods is one of the backers of *The Guardian Australia*) and *Crikey*. The small reach and advertising pull of these sites may leave them particularly vulnerable.

Local mainstream and independent media groups, however, boast one major advantage: their historically built readerships.

"Fairfax, the ABC and News Ltd all have very strong audience loyalty built, in some cases, over a hundred years," says Fiona Martin, an academic specialising in online media at the University of Sydney.

David McKnight agrees that while *The Guardian* has the potential to attract a lot of advertising, it won't dominate the market in which *The Sydney Morning Herald*, *The Australian*, and *The Australian Financial Review* have established their reputations.

Yet for all the challenges facing the UK outfit, it also has a number of huge advantages.

Importantly, money: from both The Scott Trust, an investment and funds pool worth around £250 000 a year that backs the Guardian Media Group,

and the philanthropist investor Graeme Woods.

Added to this is the already vast amount of paid content kept in place by UK writers ready for publication here. David McKnight believes a key motivation to come to Australia is that it would, in fact, cost them comparatively little to expand operations with a small group of local reporters.

"Whatever extra readers they can get in Australia would be pure cream," he says.

"It must make sense for them to spend a little bit in order to gain a bit more. Mainly through being able to convince their advertisers that there is a significant increase in their audience."

Andrew Millar states a nobler reason for the expansion: "we see a gap in the market for a progressive, open and independent voice such as ours."

An additional, independent news provider would be somewhat of a tonic to Australia's highly concentrated, monopolistic media landscape in which News Ltd publications tend to dominate. Both Martin and McKnight stress *The Guardian's* presence would be beneficial to diversity. On top of this, *The Guardian* may be left to fill the free-media gap once Fairfax and News Ltd are forced to retreat completely behind paywalls.

With the *Sydney Morning Herald* downsizing to a new compact (but not 'tabloid', we are assured) size just weeks ago, the changes occurring in the Australian media have never been more manifest. Press junkies must now sit back and hope the online domain becomes profitable, the newspaper format remains affordable, and the injection of *The Guardian* brings a new life to the sometimes moribund sector. And while the sector gets back on its feet? Well, there's always *Honi Soit*.



FIRST PERSON

why I march

Lucy Watson still gets into the Gay Christmas spirit

I get harassed by strangers almost every day. People stare as I walk past, dressed in men's clothing. Drunk men shout dyke after me on the street, sober men tell me I need to try some cock, every intelligent person ever groans at how clever their remarks are. Others try to be nice: "So *that's* why you cut your hair", or my favourite disclaimer, "I'm not homophobic, I have heaps of gay friends". When I'm walking down the street and a car horn blares, it's always followed by the same remarks and gestures I've endured a million times. I've grown to ignore them. I've become used to the fact that being out, in a visible and unambiguous way, means daily verbal harassment. So when that horn blares I brace myself, grit my teeth, and attempt to turn my ears off.

But not on Mardi Gras.

Mardi Gras is the one day of the year a car horn doesn't cause my heart to sink. The one day derogatory drunken shouts are replaced by salutations from strangers. It's the one day I am celebrated, even

thanked, for braving every other day.

I grew up in a small coastal town where lesbians don't exist. The sexuality spectrum was not so much a rainbow as a monotonously clear northern New South Wales sky. When federal MPs were asked to canvas their electorates for opinions on marriage equality, five people wrote to my MP. Five. And two of them had written to say the issue was irrelevant. Yes, people actually bothered to compose that letter: "Dear Sir, this issue is bullshit. Who cares about gays. Why don't you fix my highway and lower my taxes instead." Fair enough, why would you care about gays when there are none around and there's a pothole on the highway?

I couldn't wait to get out and move to Sydney; for Oxford St, for Newtown, for Mardi Gras. In high school I would take a train for 7 hours to visit gay Mecca for the weekend. I knew I'd found my place, and it was 500km down the track.

I participated in Mardi Gras for the first time last year. It rained most of the night, as per Fred Nile's annual wish. City skyscrapers turned College and Oxford streets into giant wind tunnels, as if the city was designed with the sole intention of messing up all carefully styled hairdos. There were more erect nipples and undescended testicles in that 400m radius than the rest of Australia combined. And yet, no one cared. Those to my right were hula hooping constantly while, ahead, a team of male marchers practiced their dance to a 30 second clip of Vanessa Amorosi's 'Absolutely Everybody' - over, and over, and over again, until 'Absolutely Everybody' was scarred into my brain for the first time since Sydney 2000. To fight the cold and the (rainy) wet, friends were engaging in a three-way make out under an umbrella. On my left were a group of spectators, cheering even though the parade hadn't started yet.

I felt like a celebrity. As I approached the Hyde Park marshalling area in the

afternoon from Market St, a crowd of tourists parted, flanking me on either side, taking photos from all angles. People asked me to pose for photos, spectators screamed from the sidewalks, beckoning me like I was Justin Bieber and they were True Beliebers. It felt strange, being celebrated for being myself - albeit myself in sequinned gold booty shorts.

They call Mardi Gras Gay Christmas, and the analogy works pretty well. Like its December cousin, it's way too corporate and seems all too forgetful of its true origins. Mardi Gras has a fighting past, and this year, on its 35th anniversary, it felt like 1978 again, with horrible acts of police brutality echoing times past. But with the bad comes the good, and like Christmas, the excitement of Mardi Gras is cheesy but irresistible. Not even those potholes could wipe the smile off my face on that first Saturday in March.

Photo: Alex Hamilton



INNER WEST SIDE STORY

CHELSEA'S ON KING

Georgia Behrens will probably never stay at Chelsea's On King

Chelsea Kovic is at war. She's equipped herself with security cameras, a criminal lawyer, and a bunch of signs. She sleeps during the day and stays awake all night, keeping an eye out for vandals, thieves, and intruders



on her property. She claims to have lost more than 20kg as a result of stress-induced health problems. She's been fighting for ten years, and has spent over \$10 000 on her crusade.

The enemy? The owners of the local button shop, aided and abetted by Marrickville Council. The cause? A development application to renovate the front of her King Street property.

Since 2003, Kovic has been battling

for permission to renovate and restore her home and business, Chelsea's On King Guest House, to its original Victorian form. Her plan – which involves moving the building back from the current streetscape to create a courtyard out the front – has been the subject of complaints from several residential and commercial neighbours.

"Heritage is not solely about returning everything to its original form, but more about conservation of layers of history. This façade has been there for around 100 years and while it is admirable to restore the existing terrace behind, it should not necessarily entail removal of this façade...which would leave a hole in the existing building line on King St," wrote a neighbour in a letter to Marrickville Council in 2004.

As a result of several similar complaints, the Council imposed a stop-work order on the renovation in 2006, making it a civil offence for a builder to continue working on the project.

Kovic is convinced she is the victim of a personal vendetta against her by her neighbours, and has mounted a fiery campaign in response. Since the order was issued, she has covered the contested façade in posters, staged protests, and

run petitions on her own behalf.

"Jan, stop your lies to Marrickville Council about me. Liar, liar pants on fire. 2 neighbours have moved out because of me? Come on Jan, spit it out, WHO? Who Jan? Lucy, piss off out of Newtown, you both don't belong here, piss off and give us all some peace here," reads one of the signs that greet new guests to Chelsea's On King. Others call for a boycott of the neighbouring button shop, demand that members of Marrickville Council be sacked for corruption, and ask for financial support from members of the community.

Kovic says that these posters have often been stolen, destroyed, or vandalised by her neighbours, and that she has had to install security cameras as a result. "And," she says, "I can only guess as to whom [sic] keeps damaging my car, which I now park in different streets in an attempt to keep it hidden."

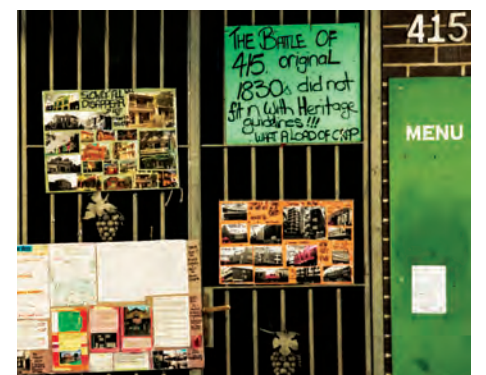
"I sleep all day while people would be able to see anything going on, and then

stay awake all night to work and look out," she said.

And, while some might think that a decade-long battle over a renovation might not be worth it, Kovic says she's not giving up any time soon.

"I discovered my inner reserves of strength by listening to the music of the Dixie Chicks and Pink and decided not to give up my fight as I believed in what I was fighting for."

And they say that Sydneysiders are obsessed with real estate.



Photos: Jennifer Yiu

GIG REVIEW

Purity Ring

Purity Ring managed to make the audience ear- and eye-gasm, writes **Mala Wadhwa**

I'd heard Purity Ring doing a radio interview last week about how they try to emphasise the visual element of their music in their live shows. Seeing them later that night this was clear. Purity Ring's show featured a stage of spectacularly glowing cocoon-like things hanging from the ceiling, with singer Megan James nestled amongst them on Oxford Art Factory's tiny stage.

The production half of the band, Corin Roddick, plays on an apparatus that is a collection of hittable lanterns connected to synths that light and play upon touch. Think a touch lamp crossed

with a xylophone, with lanterns last seen from my childhood afternoons pretending to be Spyro the dragon chasing a goblin down a passageway. Not a bad look in any case. Roddick began out musically as a drummer, and still basically drums while making music that fits safely into the electronic pop genre. Megan James is all lingering gazes, cute twirls and wandering around a stage.

The show went off in the dungeon-

like OAF. One of the openers and fellow Americans, Headaches, did a hot job of warming up the crowd and encouraging them to do a bit of jumping around before the main event.

Purity Ring is a sing-song version of The Knife at times - pop with claps, synths, sweet melodies and skippy light beats. There was nary a head not bobbing or an ass not moving. Actually, I did see a couple of girls napping on

those nice couches at the back, but they'd probably had a long day at the office so that's okay.

The show made me think about how electronic music needs to be visual, because in a normal listening situation all you really do is hear and feel it. James and Roddick are aware that we go to gigs to see something happen, even when it's electronic music. I doubt that most people would go to see a gig in a dark room with nothing to look at but a dude who basically looks like he's typing into Word on his Macbook.

Purity Ring did a really very beautiful job of being mindful of this while creating music you can move to.

Yeah, the type of guy who looks like he does 100 chin ups every day, with his actual chin.

Photo: Nick Westin

How to Succeed in Business Tribes without Really Trying

Hal Conyngham wrote this review without really trying

Written by Frank Loesser and Abe Burrows (of *Gypsy* and *Dolls* fame), MUSE's 2013 major *How To Succeed in Business without Really Trying* follows the rises and the falls of J. Pierrepont Finch, a young window-washer, as he ascends to the summit of a multinational company. Directed by Amy Lester, MUSE's production is teeming with exuberance, exceptionally strong singing and the 'impetuosity of youth' lauded in the musical.

The rehearsal I saw was sans props, set and costumes, but the performances of the actors and chorus were strong enough that before long it felt like a full production. Aidan Kane, as the nepotistic nephew of the boss' wife, blends parodic caricature and a kind-of twisted integrity masterfully. He is a truly pathetic villain of the boo-and-hiss variety, and have no worries, he gets his comeuppance.

Jordan Shea and Sophia Edmonds as J.B. Biggley and his secretary Hedy La Rue – an exotic name with a body to match – are a force to be reckoned with on stage as the show's premiere power couple. The over the top caricatures, while at times out of step with the other actors, work wonders on stage, and will leave you laughing (or shaking your head in dismay).

We find a solid leading man in Gavin Brown, who while possessing the prerequisite singing and dancing chops,

unfortunately does not have the charisma needed to portray the admittedly difficult role. *How to Succeed* asks the audience to believe that this young blue-collar worker, with nothing more than a suit, his voice, and the titular self-help book, can rise to the top of a company in a matter of weeks, and Brown doesn't quite get there. That said, he's certainly not a 'weak link', and there is true warmth in his relationship with Rosemary (Anna Colless).

The script does contain some dated gender stereotypes – the original book was written in 1952 – and at times they feel inadequately dealt with; while it's not a huge problem, certain numbers ('Happy to Keep His Dinner Warm', 'Cinderella, Darling'), leave you feeling slightly uncomfortable. However the satirical nature of the show wins through, and it becomes hard to take anything anyone says or feels seriously: hello, business.

This show is incredibly entertaining. The performers are obviously having the time of their lives onstage, and this is inevitably transferred to the audience. Lester and her cast should be commended for brilliantly exposing the emptiness of our everyday lives, and in turn filling them with song and dance.

How To Succeed in Business without Really Trying opens at 7:30pm, Wednesday March 13 at the Seymour Centre. The show runs until Saturday.

Justin Pen previews the latest offering from SUDS

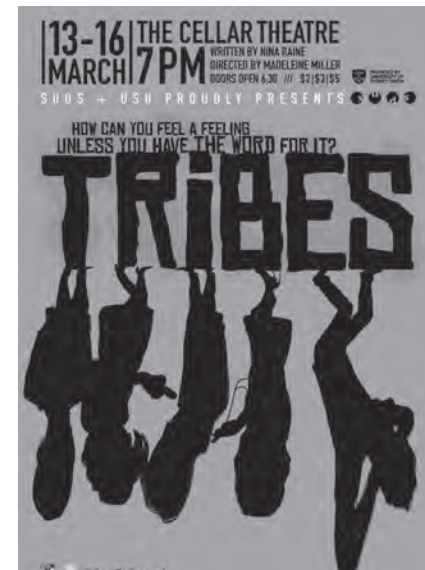
Director Madeleine Miller had initial reservations about putting on Nina Raines' *Tribes*. The play, a drama about a barely functional family held together in loose orbit around their deaf son Billy, involved complex sign language sequences and real-time subtitling. But personal circumstances – her parents' own divorce – drove Miller to realise the project.

Interested in the dissonance between the family's fondness for words and verbiage, and their concurrent 'emotional inarticulation', Miller and her cast probe the boundaries of language, communication and 'political correctness'.

The play provided escape and catharsis in equal measure. Familial banter was a highlight as the adroitly dysfunctional cast exchanged quips and 'fucks' with breakneck speed and expert comedic timing. Robert Boddington, the surly and cerebral father of the family stole several scenes through his vociferous, baritone outrage at "audists" and the "the hard-line deaf".

Mother and straight woman, Eliza Owen, brought raucous laughter in a terrific scene about Japanese fashion that challenges the law of diminishing marginal returns on how many laughs an actor can milk from the word 'kimono' – and then real grief in a weightier moment in the play's second act.

Brothers Daniel and Billy, Nathaniel Pemberton and Ryan Knight, respectively, sit at the emotional core of the



play. Their quieter, fraternal exchanges, often tempered by Daniel's self-loathing and paternalistic love for Billy, ground the otherwise frenetic nature of the play's ensemble scenes.

Concerned broadly with linguistics, outsiders and minority communities, the play never drifts too far from the central story of a family in crisis – captured and put to the fore through Miller's direction. The usual tropes of farce, miscommunication, and misinterpretation are amplified by characters' stutter, signing and deafness.

In addition to an impressive technical achievement, SUDS' *Tribes* is contemporary theatre, it is student theatre, and above all it is good, emotive and entertaining theatre.

Tribes opens 7pm Wednesday at the Cellar Theatre. \$2 SUDS members, \$3 Access, \$5 General Admission.

Would you like some Bratwurst with your Spaghetti Western?

Max Weber sticks to one genre in this article on genre mixing



It is a truism of genre films that they can't be held to a standard of fidelity to real life. They rely not on the real world for meaning, but on other films. So it is with the loosely thematic genres of Quentin Tarantino. They have always had a recognisable sensibility: a common thread of revenge, popular culture references and a casually aesthetic inclination towards violence that are at once implicitly his, and recognisable in many of his forebears. But while his films, from *Jackie Brown* with its overtures of blaxploitation, to *Kill Bill*'s martial arts fanboy-ism, have always sought to incorporate the many elements of their diverse genres, a common criticism

is that they are simply un-real, a condemnation which is stating both the obvious and the irrelevant in regards to Tarantino's excursions into history, first with 2009's *Inglourious Basterds* and now with the Western slavery mash-up *Django Unchained*.

Common to *Basterds* and *Django* is the reliance on historical truths for narrative brevity. Tarantino's lens doesn't turn towards the atrocities (of slavery and the holocaust respectively), except on a personal scale. They lurk in the background, motivating the protagonists, be they a Jewish team reminiscent of the Dirty Dozen, or an African-American appropriation of Clint East-

wood's lone gunman archetype, until an ultimate, brutal explosion of violence at the film's climax.

The pertinent thing to note, and a nuance that passes critics of the 'violent nonsense' school of criticism by, is that this isn't restorative or redemptive violence – rather, it's vengeful and it's cinematic, relying as much on the viewer's knowledge that it isn't real as in its own storytelling. Tarantino winks at the audience in his references; he debunks the racist epic *Birth of a Nation* in the slapstick ride of the Ku-Klux-Klan, he appropriates a scene from his own *Kill Bill* in the final shoot-out. He indicates that, as a film, the meaning is made from other films.

Basterds does much the same, most notably in the Riefenstahl-esque *Pride of the Nation*, in which a dying soldier lets out a scream that will sound familiar to discerning viewers – it is the 'Wilhelm scream', a stock sound sample pep-

pered throughout modern film, including *Star Wars*, *Indiana Jones* and many of Tarantino's own. That it would be incongruously inserted in an otherwise convincing riff on a Nazi propaganda film speaks volumes about Tarantino – he intends to make films that exist in the realm of film, and not in a reality removed from the cinema.

As such, *Django Unchained* is in keeping with both the tradition of Spaghetti Westerns past and of Tarantino's own body of work, and indeed that of all films. Those criticising it for historical inaccuracy might as well chastise a cat for being a poor bartender – to expect a solemn procession of antebellum slavery is to misunderstand Brand Tarantino. From *Reservoir Dogs* to his latest offering, Tarantino's films have spliced together the residual memory of every film which influences him, and the work that emerges from this is indebted to the art form itself.

CRITIQUE

high brow
Low Brow

Why wailer Taylor needs to swiftly grow up

Lulu Smyth knew Taylor Swift was trouble when she walked in

Six years ago, the then-17-year-old, then-country singer Taylor Swift burst onto our radios and through our eardrums with her debut single 'Our Song'. Back then, she was a break-through sensation, applauded by the music industry for almost single-handedly bringing country music (and perms) back into the mainstream. She leapt onto the Billboard Hot 100, shooting to the top of the Hot Country Songs chart, and stayed there for 36 weeks. Critics compared her to Hilary Duff, as well as Faith Hill and Cindy Thomson (whoever the last two are).

"it's never ever ever too late to stop acting like you're fifteen"

How times have changed. Nowadays, she's cut a fringe, straightened her hair, and though her country roots are just about visible, they're rapidly disappear-

ing under the dubsteppy, dance-infused mish-mash she's been spewing out lately. Regardless of whether you think 'Our Song' is nothing but three and a half minutes of unrelenting, clichéd drivel delivered by way of a nasal whine and some E minor chords, it pales on the irritating scale in comparison to her latest offerings: 'We Are Never Ever Getting Back Together' and 'Knew You Were Trouble'.

To be fair, I can see why a style transformation might be necessary for Taylor. She's 23, and, like other teen sensations before her, is now under pressure to show the world that she has grown up - physically, mentally and musically. Problem: she hasn't. Not only do her jeering new singles reflect an even more immature and disagreeable mindset, but her recent behaviour at the Grammy's - appearing to impersonate Harry Styles during her performance of 'Never Ever



Is Swift giving the finger to Harry Styles?

'Getting Back Together' - leaves something to be desired.

In the last few years, and particularly the last few months, Swift's appeal

has seemed to be swiftly decreasing. I mean this in terms of media personality, not record sales. At the start of her career, Taylor's name-dropping and digs helped to shape her image as a vulnerable America's Sweetheart - arguably, her 27-second break-up phone call with Joe Jonas was what really catapulted her into the spotlight. But where she was once considered cute and admired for her honesty, she's now seen as attention-seeking, bitter, and, dare I say it, rather pathetic. NB: targeting Styles, the current darling of her tweeniverse fanbase, was not a wise move.

At the end of the day, my advice to Taylor is this: it's never ever ever too late to stop acting like you're 15. Like, ever. Ditch the bitching, the snitching and the auto-pitching, and consider writing a song called 'Maybe I'm The Problem'. Then I'll believe you've grown up.

These chicks don't even know the name of my band

Band name: The Rider

They study: Tom - Commerce at Notre Dame, Henry - Music at Newcastle Conservatorium, Calum - Science and Arts, majoring in philosophy and pharmacology at the University of Sydney.

You will hear: harmonies, improvisation and a lot of jazz and blues influences

Sounds like: Red Riders, Dappled Cities, The Cops, British India

You can find them at: therider.bandcamp.com

They'll be playing at: Mr Falcon's weekly alternating between acoustic on Saturday at 3:30pm and electric on Fridays at 9:30pm.

For *Honi's* extended interview with The Rider, see honisoit.com



The Rider

Guerilla marketing

Adam Disney writes about the strategy of online music releases

Some weeks back the internet was abruptly embroiled in a king-hell ruckus as David Bowie released a video and single online, heralding his first studio album since 2003.

The music press scrambled for deets but found them scarce. The man himself kept mum, leaving it to collaborators to recount the album's long, and strictly secret, gestation. Then the net was dealt the similarly stealthy drop of indie monolith My Bloody Valentine's first album in 22 years. And this wasn't a teaser - within hours of the announcement the album was available in decent digital form, at least until the server crashed under the weight of customers.

Here were two artists sitting on the long-anticipated releases and those crafty fuckers had managed to surprise us. Oh internet, your limits are none!

None indeed, and as I sat in my swivel chair and waited for the download it seemed I stood on the cusp of a new and blessed cultural landscape. No more publicity kids - the release is the publicity, the shock of its existence the proof of its quality. Radiohead had dipped a toe in but now we were head-first and plummeting. As that green bar stretched eastward on my monitor I stirred my Milo and thought about the future. The increasing ease with which one may stream high quality content has seen the delay time between anticipation and gratification approach zero. No slow drip-feeding: the whole enchilada



A scene from the new David Bowie video *The Stars are Out Tonight*

as fast as you can guzzle it.

Unfortunately though, the yolo-hashtag-shock-release-insta-download doesn't advantage everybody. You see, this anti-publicity digital thing only works for those who don't need publicity anyway. These albums came from artists with obsessive fanbases, who were known almost as much for their inactivity as for their talent.

For the nobodies, it's not much good. While Lady Internet no doubt grants aspiring musicians a cheap and simple means of content distribution, this is useful only if others will listen. Imagine the resounding silence if you were to suddenly, and without publicity, release your own lovingly crafted album. Every shithead and his mother are in a band

nowadays and with just an audio interface and some pirated software they've got a studio. So when you spam Facebook, desperate for someone to listen to your abstract post-rock masterpiece, the stony silence that greets you should not be unexpected.

We get a little excited when something is done online that could never have succeeded otherwise, but it may not always be the turning point it seems. Remember the hubbub over that Twitter/Arab Spring love-in? It was a neat party trick but the jury is most definitely still out with regards to whether new boss = old boss. For now, it's a little easier for the big boys to sell their stuff, and a little easier for the little ones to give it away.

MUSIC

I CAN HAZ CAPSHUN?

THINK YOU CAN
DO BETTER
THAN US? *

Then, submit your captions to editors@honisoit.com for a chance to win tickets to the "VIP student event of the year," hosted by the founder of I Can Haz Cheezburger and FAIL Blog at the Sebel Hotel on March 28. Free food and drinks on the night.



"So, two depressed clowns walk into a bar ..."

* You probably can.

Cartoon: Bryant Apolonio

Exhibition Review

Putting on the warpaint

Max Chalmers went to look at Ben Quilty paintings, but just looked at Ben Quilty instead

Ben Quilty stands in a sunlit room at the National Art School (NAS), attended by a small gallery of old women. Seated on wooden stools, walking sticks suspended between legs, the audience nod in understanding as he tells the stories behind his most recent exhibition, 'After Afghanistan.' On the walls around him and the old, jovial women, hang the young and languorous bodies of war.

Part of a tour group, the women cluster in the open space between the walls of the NAS, where 100 years earlier, prisoners slouched in Darlinghurst jail. Quilty points around the room and lavishes each canvas with anecdotes. He is young, cross-armed, and tall. His Ned Kelly beard and smart-casual dress would easily camouflage him among the café occupants of Darlinghurst.

After accepting the role of official war artist, Quilty was given a week of military training and sent to Kandahar, then Tarin Kowt (capital of Uruzgan province). During the First World War, Australia's official war artists were embedded with a unit for three whole months while in the 1960s, with the Vietnam War ongoing, war artists were expected to form an active part of their unit and underwent extensive jungle warfare training. Though Quilty's preparations were far less intensive, his travels were no sheltered tour. While staying at the Kandahar Air Fields, Quilty experienced a Taliban rocket strike. It was a long way from the familiar for the 2011 Archibald Prize winner.

On his return to Australia, Quilty had soldiers model for him. He asked them

either to create a pose that represented their experiences serving in Afghanistan—worried faces surveying a hostile environment, clenched bodies shocked by a missile's detonation—or close their eyes and open them directly facing the sun. The latter technique was his best effort at recreating the blinding shock of his own tour.

Quilty's distinctively thick brushstrokes and impasto finishing turned the resulting photographs into hallowing representations. The figures have been stripped back, literally and artistically. Most subjects were painted as nudes, bereft of armour, uniform, and the disciplined non-emotion of the soldier. Their swirling nudity and lethargy make plain the vulnerability, anxiety, and trauma they suppress below the unsullied



Troy Park, After Afghanistan by Ben Quilty, 2012.

surface. These are not portraits of pride and power, the propaganda images of men at war; these are the aching, frightened bodies that return home with post-traumatic stress disorder and swerve at imagined roadside bombs.

A placard quotes Quilty describing Afghanistan as a generic mash-up of *Catch-22* and *Mad Max*, *Beyond Thunderdome*. "dusty, violent, surreal." Subtly, Quilty's patient oration mirrors this tension. He tells the women that when one of the soldiers featured in the paintings came to inspect the exhibition, Quilty's mates took him out afterwards. "He's a lot safer in Afghanistan than with my friends in Surry Hills," he quips, to all-round applause from his elderly fans. And then, as if congruously, Quilty follows up with a less pleasant story. An older man came to visit the exhibition in the preceding weeks wearing what appeared to be his own military medals from long-ended conflicts. In fact, they had belonged to his son, a casualty of the Afghan conflict.

Downstairs, in a second room, a timeline of the Afghanistan and Iraq wars has been drawn on the walls in thick marker. It runs all the way along the three white walls.

Though not on the same scale as Picasso's masterpiece, Quilty's work comes to the same point, hyperfocused at the level of the individual. In an interview with the *Good Weekend* while working on the exhibitions, he summarised his labour thus: "I'll end up examining the whole tragic meaning of war, my attempt at Picasso's *Guernica*."

WHAT'S UP
GUIDE

Seen and Heard Festival

Every Thursday between 7 - 21 March
Red Rattler Theatre, Marrickville
\$10 for students

Whether they've produced, written, or directed these films, the festival showcases female cinematic talent worldwide. There will be screenings of short films and documentaries from Australia, Sweden and the United Kingdom.

The Book Stack 1: Clive James

Thursday, March 14

State Library of NSW, Macquarie St
\$15 for adults, \$10 for concession

Drawing inspiration from great salons of the past, the Book Stack is an exciting book club with an emphasis on Australian authors. Join in for an evening of laughter, literature and larrikinism.

Get Up! Stand Up!

Every Wednesday from 1pm

Manning Bar

Free

A weekly comedy show which aims to highlight student comedy and revive the long-missing lunchtime university stand-up circuit. And once a month, a special guest will perform alongside students.

USYD Roller Derby Debut Bout

11:30am, 17 March

Sydney Boys High School Gymnasium

\$10 for adults, \$5 for kids aged 6-14

The Hells Belles versus the Rolling Bones will be a fierce yet family-friendly game event with face-painting and plenty of food.

FredSoc Trivia Night

6:30pm-9:30pm, March 19

Manning Bar

\$25 for non-ACCESS, \$15 for ACCESS

Hosted by Chris Taylor, donations go to the Fred Hollows Foundation to help treat preventable blindness.

Pretty fly
for a white guy.

N.B. All these
events get
two thumbs
up from us.



Living on little money

Many students are forced to live on very little money while they are studying. Here are some ideas that might help you get by.

LOANS, BURSARIES & SCHOLARSHIPS

University Financial Assistance Office: 9351 2416

Loans are interest free and bursaries do not need to be repaid. Talk to them about your situation and they'll guide you to the most suitable option. Scholarships Office (University & government scholarships) 8627 8450 There is range of different ways to qualify for a scholarship. Talk to the University about which ones you're eligible for and how to apply.

SRC Emergency loans up to \$50 are good to fill that gap the day before payday or if you forget your wallet. 9660 5222

MANAGING MONEY

When you don't have enough money to make little mistakes it is a good idea to have a budget plan. Write down how you are going to spend money each

week, including putting some aside for unforeseen expenses if you can. Look for "leaks" that can help you to save a bit more. Look at:

www.moneyminded.com.au

www.wesleymission.org.au/centres/creditline "budget planner".

DEALING WITH DEBTS

The SRC Legal Service will work with you to clear your debts. This service is free to undergraduate students.

If you have a problem with gambling, free, confidential help is available at the University. Call 9351 6346 for more information.

HAPPY HOUSING

Cheap quality accommodation is hard to get. Most of the cheap options go very quickly, so you'll have to be patient and flexible. If you are in urgent need of housing ask an SRC Caseworker about emergency accommodation.

If you are about to move into a home or if you are behind in rent and are on the lease you might be eligible for Rentstart through Housing NSW.



PHONE

Pre-paid accounts allow you to give yourself a fixed budget for phonecalls. Encourage your friends to call you or text to make a skype date.

FREE FOOD, CHEAP FOOD

There is no reason to be hungry if you live in Sydney. Go to the SRC Help section of the SRC webpage and look at the Useful Links. There are many places around Sydney that offer free meals and a few that may do food parcel.

HEALTH

Bulk billing (or direct billing) doctors means that you will not be charged for the appointment. This is covered on Medicare and Overseas Student Health Cover (OSHC). eg University Health Service in Wentworth and Holme buildings.

Safer sex is important. You can pick up free condoms from the SRC office, level 1 Wentworth.

Clean needles and injecting packs are available from the Alcohol and Drug Information Service (ADIS). Call their 24 hour confidential telephone service on 9361 8000 or 1800 422 599.

Dentists can be super expensive on a student budget. But your teeth are important. There are some services you may access for free. Come and speak to SRC HELP caseworkers.

Australian citizens and permanent residents can apply for a Low Income Health Card Card if you earn \$480 a week or less, or get a Centrelink student payment. This gives you a reduced price on prescription drugs, free ambulance cover etc. Go to www.centrelink.gov.au "Low income health care card"



Need legal advice and not at main campus?

SRC Legal Service is now available at other campuses!

Please find the following schedule where a solicitor/registered migration agent will be attending these campuses from the 3rd semester week (18 March 2013):

First Thursday of each month:	Sydney Conservatorium of Music Location: to be advised by the faculty
Second Wednesday of each month:	Rozelle campus - Sydney College of the Arts (morning only: 9-12pm - start date and location to be advised); Sydney Nursing School (afternoon only 12:30 - 3pm) Location: student common room
Third Monday of each month:	Cumberland campus - Faculty of Health Science Location: Faculty library and Student Supports Centre
Fourth Thursday of each month:	Westmead Hospital and Faculty of Oral Health Location: To be advised by the faculty
Upcoming campus workshop: Thursday 21 March 2013 Thursday 28 March 2013	Sydney Conservatorium of Music Westmead Hospital and Faculty of Oral Health

If you wish to make an appointment with SRC Legal Service during these campus visits, you can call the SRC on 9660 5222.

Ask Abe

Hi Abe,

I moved into a place in Stanmore at the beginning of February. I paid my bond and 4 weeks rent in advance. Now that I've lived there a while I really hate it and want to move out. The house itself is dark and gloomy and I don't really like my neighbourhood. I told my landlord but she said I had to stay until the end of my contract. This is a real problem because I've already signed a lease for another room in a different house. Please help me.

Doubled Up



Dear Doubled Up,

There are 2 types of renters: tenants and borders/lodgers. Tenants are covered by the Residential Tenancy Act. It sets down rules for both you and your landlord. In this situation you have described you want to "break your lease early". As a tenant you would have to pay a penalty of between 4 and 6 weeks rent in addition to rent up on till the day you move out. If you have maintained your room in good order you should receive a refund of your bond.

If you are a border/lodger you are covered by the contract that you signed. There is usually some clause in their about how to break the contract early.

You may be able to convince your landlord to allow you to find someone to take over your contract, that is, move in and pay the same amount of rent for the remainder of the time you had on your contract. If this doesn't work you might like to speak to the SRC Solicitor about breaking your contract with as little financial penalty as possible.

Abe

Abe is the SRC's welfare dog. This column offers students the opportunity to ask questions on anything. This can be as personal as a question on a Centrelink payment or as general as a question on the state of the world. Send your questions to help@src.usyd.edu.au. Abe gathers his answers from experts in a number of areas. Coupled with his own expertise on dealing with people, living on a low income and being a dog, Abe's answers can provide you excellent insight.

President's Report

president@src.usyd.edu.au

David Pink is optimistic about the numbers

Well, that was a surprise. We actually shut down the university for a day.

It was an undeniable success. Between 300 and 400 people manned the pickets, and we turned away thousands of students and staff from entering the campus. We had an energetic rally of all the pickets at 12 (with 400 people meeting at City Rd footbridge), and then had a spontaneous student march on the Quad.

There was some debate throughout the day about the intensity of the picket lines. Some folks thought they should be symbolic, focused on persuading people to turn around, others thought they should be physical - focused on non violently physically blockading peo-

ple, as well as talking to them. At various points people tried to pull me into that debate, I avoided being drawn in as best I could, and focused on providing support to the pickets rather than trying to tell them what to do, which wouldn't have worked and would have only alienated people.

Perhaps the best bit was that after a certain time very early in the morning, not one person was able to get a car into the law car park. After traffic started banking up and affecting city road, the police had no choice but to close the entrance off. This was due to the action of a small picket outside the law school.

I'd like to make something very clear: the point of industrial action isn't to

try and gain support for the union's cause. This is the fallacy of awareness campaigns. It's not about convincing an apathetic student mass to view the EBA slightly more positively. That doesn't make a difference.

The entire purpose of the strike was to shut down the university as a functioning enterprise for the day. We succeeded. I don't apologise for making students and scabs feel uncomfortable if they decided to cross the picket line.

This is the tactic via which workers have won every victory in pay, rights and conditions ever.



General Secretary's Report

general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au

Dylan Parker thinks you should know your National Union

So its week two and all this talk of strikes and the like made me think it is probably time for you to get to know your National Union. The National Union of Students (NUS) is the top representative association for students. It is your union and fights for your education, your welfare and other fronts. Like your SRC, NUS wants to make sure Uni is actually worth going to.

What does NUS do?

NUS represents your voice by running issue based campaigns, publishing surveys, best practise guides, lobbying governments and universities, as well as presenting student perspectives to the media. NUS was there when USyd students went on strike and is organising

a National Day of Action to fight for a fair and funded tertiary sector.

NUS also supports your SRC by organising an Education Conference and President's summit each year so SRC Office Bearers and our activists get the training they need to represent you by swapping ideas, campaign techniques, and providing media training.

How does it work?

Like the SRC, NUS operates by a departmental structure and runs issue based campaigns under the direction of student National Office Bearers (NOBs) around the areas of education, welfare, women's, queer, indigenous, disabilities, international, environment and ethno-cultural.

As an affiliate organisation, undergraduate student associations like your SRC democratically elect student delegates to attend National Conference, the peak body that sets the policy direction and elects student National Office Bearers to put that policy into place.

So what has NUS done for me lately?

Just to name a few, your National Union has fought and won to lower the age of independence, its fought and won to end full fee paying places, not to mention took us a step forward after two back with the Student Services and Amenities Fee and finally won international travel student concessions in several states.



education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Education Officers' Report

Casey Thompson says at least skip

On Thursday the 7th of March over two hundred staff members, and several hundred students, came together to form picket lines around the university. The National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU) and the Community and Public Sector Union (CPSU) led the industrial action against university management's proposed Enterprise Bargaining Agreement (EBA). The EBA plans to strip staff of their conditions and destroy the high quality of education that students expect, and deserve, from the prestigious University of Sydney (a university with a budgetary surplus of \$93 million).

The student solidarity contingent

was organised by the Education Action Group (EAG). The EAG is a collective of the Students' Representative Council (SRC) that runs all of the education campaigns that keep our university strong. Last year the EAG organised the fight back against the proposed cut of 340 academic and general staff. The campaign was a huge success with thousands rallying on Eastern Avenue and the majority of the staff jobs being saved. The EAG is calling on all students who value their staff, and their education, to once again join us in 2013. Last Thursday was just the beginning of the current campaign. The NTEU will most likely be taking rolling indus-

trial action (i.e.: more strikes will take place over the coming weeks, and they are likely to be longer in duration than Thursday's 24 hour stoppage.)

If you don't want to join your fellow students and staff during these strikes, please at least skip class (and take a few days off to chill out from study!). You may wonder how missing a lecture or tutorial could ever be good for your education. These protests are needed if we are to preserve the high quality education that we receive here, if we are to stop overcrowding of classes and a decreased quality of teaching and academic support, throughout our entire degrees. We're here for several years. A



few days off to send a strong message that we won't pay for low quality education, is worth it to get a high quality degree. If you really are concerned with missing out on your education then this is the movement to join, because if you don't, our degrees will be devalued and we'll miss out every day of the year. Fight for the quality working conditions our staff deserve and the quality education that we deserve.

Queer Officer's Report

queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Fahad Ali looks at the significance of Mardi Gras



In 1978, gay and lesbian activists came together here, on this campus, to organise a protest against violent persecution and discrimination that would become the first Mardi Gras. A group of 500 courageous men and women marched down Oxford Street, burgeoning in size as revellers responded to the call: "out of the bars and into the streets!"

In 2013, we celebrated the 35th Sydney Mardi Gras. The queer rights movement has come so far in the years since those brave activists gathered together

to fight against the cruel injustices that they faced. This year we marched together for the first time as a united Sydney University community in a float put together by the Queer Action Collective, SHADES, Queer Revue, and the USU's Queer Coordinators. The float was a triumphant celebration of what we can achieve when we work together. On behalf of the Students' Representative Council, myself, and my co-organizer Eleonora Kazantzis, I would like to thank everyone who volunteered or participated in the float. We are a community of passion, pride, and power, and we must never forget that.

Though much has changed for the queer community, it is shameful that we still have to stand up against queerphobia from those institutions that are sworn to protect and serve. In '78, our community chanted: "stop police attacks on gays, women, and blacks!" This mes-

sage is chillingly relevant to us today. Sexism persists both in the military and the police force. Indigenous Australians suffer police brutality every single day. And the countless cases of targeted police violence and unwarranted strip searches throughout and after the Mardi Gras is a clear indication that there is a systematic queerphobia ingrained within the police force.

I commend Cat Rose, Karl Hand, and Community Action Against Homophobia for organising the rally against police violence that was held last Friday. I would also like to extend my thanks to queer and allied students from Sydney University who attended the rally, marching behind the Queer Action Collective banner. There have been attempts to vilify and discredit the organisers. This is not a new phenomenon—every single liberation effort in history, including women's, Aboriginal, queer, and black

liberation, has been attacked in precisely the same way. We will not back down. We will not be intimidated. We will continue the struggle until we have achieved a world in which all can live in safety and freedom.

If you are interested in joining the fight for a better world, get in touch with me at queer.officers@src.usyd.edu.au. Remember, there is a diverse and exciting community at Sydney for you to explore, including the active and social Queer Action Collective, the theatrical and fun Queer Revue, and the up-beat and high-energy party group SHADES. Feel free to send me a message if you'd like any information on any of the queer groups on campus.

Women's Report

usydwomenscollective@gmail.com

Emily Rayers reports back on women's collective

It's been another busy week for the Women's Collective! We hope you have all started to settle in to your classes and timetable and are looking forward to the semester ahead.

Our first meeting took place on Wednesday, and we had so much new interest that we were practically spilling outside the door of the Women's Room! It was fantastic to catch up with old members, meet so many new members and, hear some really great ideas for activism and social events through the coming year. Don't let the lack of space deter you from joining us at our next meeting – there is always room for more enthusiasm around women's issues and we have a place in our ranks for every woman on campus.

As you are likely aware, International

Women's Day occurred last Friday – an annual event which has been an international celebration for over 100 years. Much of our time last week was spent at various events celebrating the achievements of women, remembering how far we have come and remembering that we still have much further to go in women's activism.

The Women's Collective hosted a stall on Friday at the IWD festival hosted by the USU and had a fantastic day. The combination of sunshine, fairy floss, fabulous tunes from Eirwen Skye and the company of so many wonderful women made for a perfect way to celebrate! Huge congratulations go out to the USU Women's Convenor and Women's Collective member, Eve Radunz, who did an amazing job organising ev-

erything despite lots of unexpected setbacks on the way!

Many of our members also attended the Sydney-wide International Women's Day march on Saturday. After catching up over some yummy homemade snacks we wandered over to Town Hall and joined hundreds of other Sydney women to raise awareness for and push for action to end violence and discrimination to women. There was a huge turnout for the march and it was not only a great success but a LOT of fun to march with friends and alongside the UTS and UNSW Women's Collectives!

The Seen&Heard festival continues this Thursday evening at The Red Rattler in Marrickville, showcasing films produced, directed or largely influenced by women. For more information see



their Facebook event 'Seen & Heard Film Festival 2013'.

As always, if you would like to join the Women's Collective feel free to come along to our meetings at 1pm Wednesdays in the Women's Room at Manning house. Alternatively request to join our Facebook group 'Usyd Women's Collective', tweet us (@SRCwomens) or phone the SRC on 9660 5222.

Disability Officer's Report

disabilities.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Sarah Louise introduces you to the Disability Collective

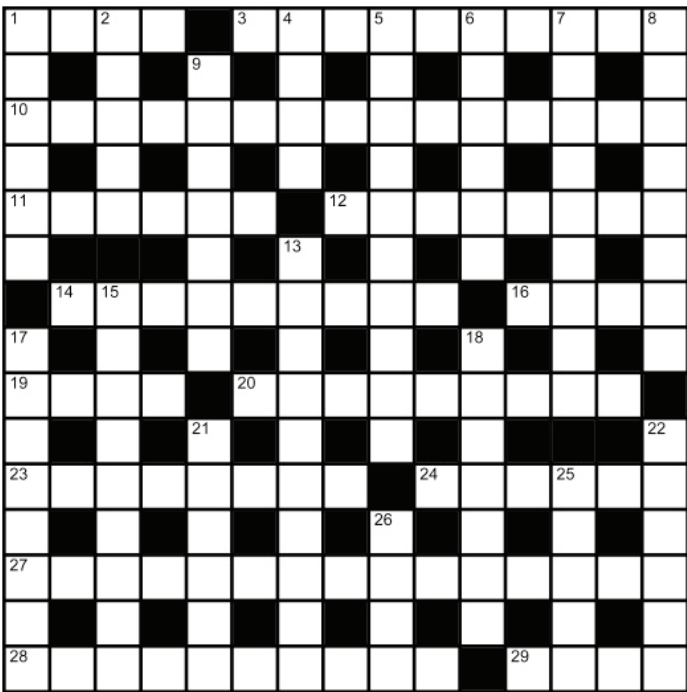
Hi everyone, I'm Sarah and I'm really excited to be one of your Disability Collective officers with another Sarah and Yaz. We have been super busy over the break thinking of amazing things to do for all the courageous students who identify as having a disability and you awesome people who don't identify but

still care about those who do. We had a really successful stall during O-Week, it was great meeting you and hearing your stories! I was, however, disappointed that our O-Week stall wasn't accessible to all. We have plenty of goodie bags with relevant fact sheets and lollies left over in the office, so if you did miss out,

just let us know and we can get them to you. Our first collective meeting will be next week on Thursday, 4-5pm. The location is TBC, so join our Facebook group for all the latest information. I had the pleasure of attending a Rare Disease Conference on transitional services and it gave my plenty of amazing

ideas about how to help first year students use transition and disability services. If you have any ideas, feel free to search for the disability collective group on Facebook. Look forward to seeing you next Thursday.

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD



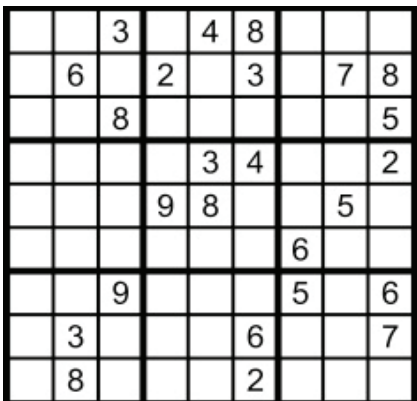
ACROSS

1. OECD programming protocol (4)
3. Central gathering with Armstrong, Pike, Franklin and Forms (10)
10. Lincoln or Alexander II operate impatient casino (15)
11. Sun a runt compared to backwards planet (6)
12. (8)
14. Left 25-down like 12-across? (9)
16. Decomposing cold lime not hot (4)
19. Elevated on pot (4)
20. Anus met me for fun? (9)
23. Noble government at myopic coup (8)
24. Brazilian legend carrying gun as skipper (6)
27. Frayed rope importation not to scale (15)
28. Estelle's burger without hesitation at decisive site of 10-across-related conflict (10)
29. Acquiesce to deity, Gumbo (4)

Janice

DOWN

1. Bill extracted from Chancellor of the Roman king (6)
- 2, 25. Do not remember to leave 12-across 14-across? (4,1,5)
4. Supernova cut high-rising curve (4)
5. Wager even negligee, oddly unseen in 26-down (10)
6. Song within core homes (6)
7. Standard omitted first descendant, covering beheaded novelist (9)
8. Put away Federer and Nadal: 6-2 2-6 (3,5)
9. Risk determiner from directionless refuge (7)
13. Little boy spawn of Manhattan (6,4)
15. Almost toss pronto regularly at club (9)
17. Getting 19-across colloquially, mostly with 26-down for rising talent (8)
18. Charlemagne beheaded temp by rightless wrong (7)
21. Personify half/semi build (6)
22. Cilla excommunicated from Evangelical order in Switzerland (6)
25. See 2-down
26. Principal* (4)

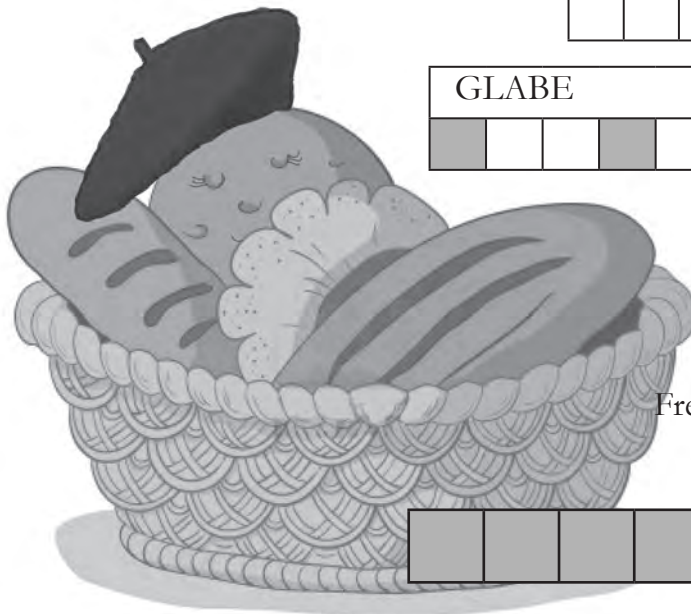
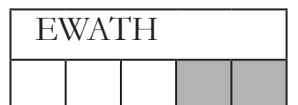
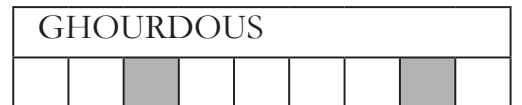


Medium



Hard

WHAM, BAM,
ANAGRAM!



The shaded letters form another anagram. Use them to answer the riddle.

Q: Where do the French like to store bread?

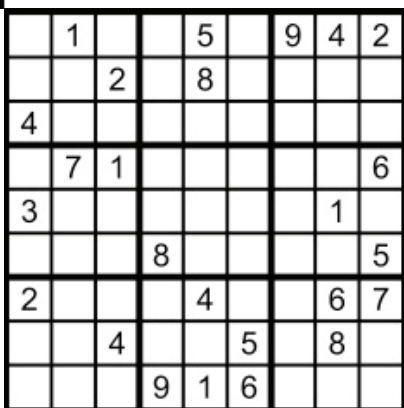
A: In a



Medium



Hard



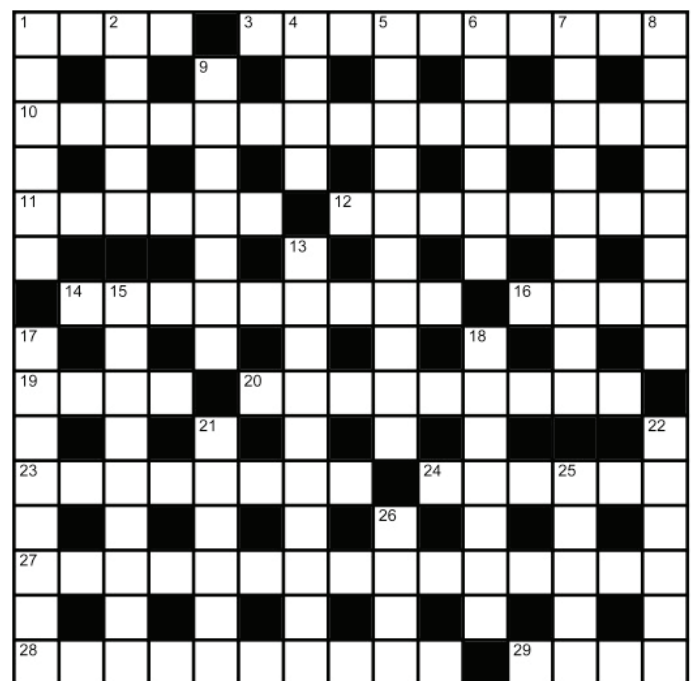
ACROSS

- 1, 29. Oral examination (4,4)
3. Containing one or more holes (10)
10. Christmas gift from a true love? (3,5,1,6)
11. Fail to honour promise (6)
12. Devalues (8)
14. One of a board of seven men in Ancient Rome (9)
16. Hook's right hand man (4)
19. Vocal range beneath soprano (4)
- 20, 9. Bronte novel (9,7)
23. Clearly expressed (8)
24. Frozen spike (6)
27. Conversion from one script to another (15)
28. Outward appearances (10)
29. See 1-across (4)

Janice

DOWN

1. Room attached to a church in which clergy robe (6)
2. Female fox (5)
4. Lack of effort (4)
5. Small portable torch (10)
6. U.S. President 1981-1989 (6)
7. Member of a clan (9)
8. Tasted with relish (8)
9. See 20-across
13. Projectiles to be discharged from a weapon (10)
15. Ethereal substance believed by some to indicate the presence of a spirit (9)
17. Ranges of colours and tastes (8)
18. Recurring geometric pattern (7)
21. Thin strips of glittering material (6)
22. Meeting of spiritualists attempting to communicate with the dead (6)
25. Capital of Egypt (5)
26. Yield (4)



QUICK CROSSWORD

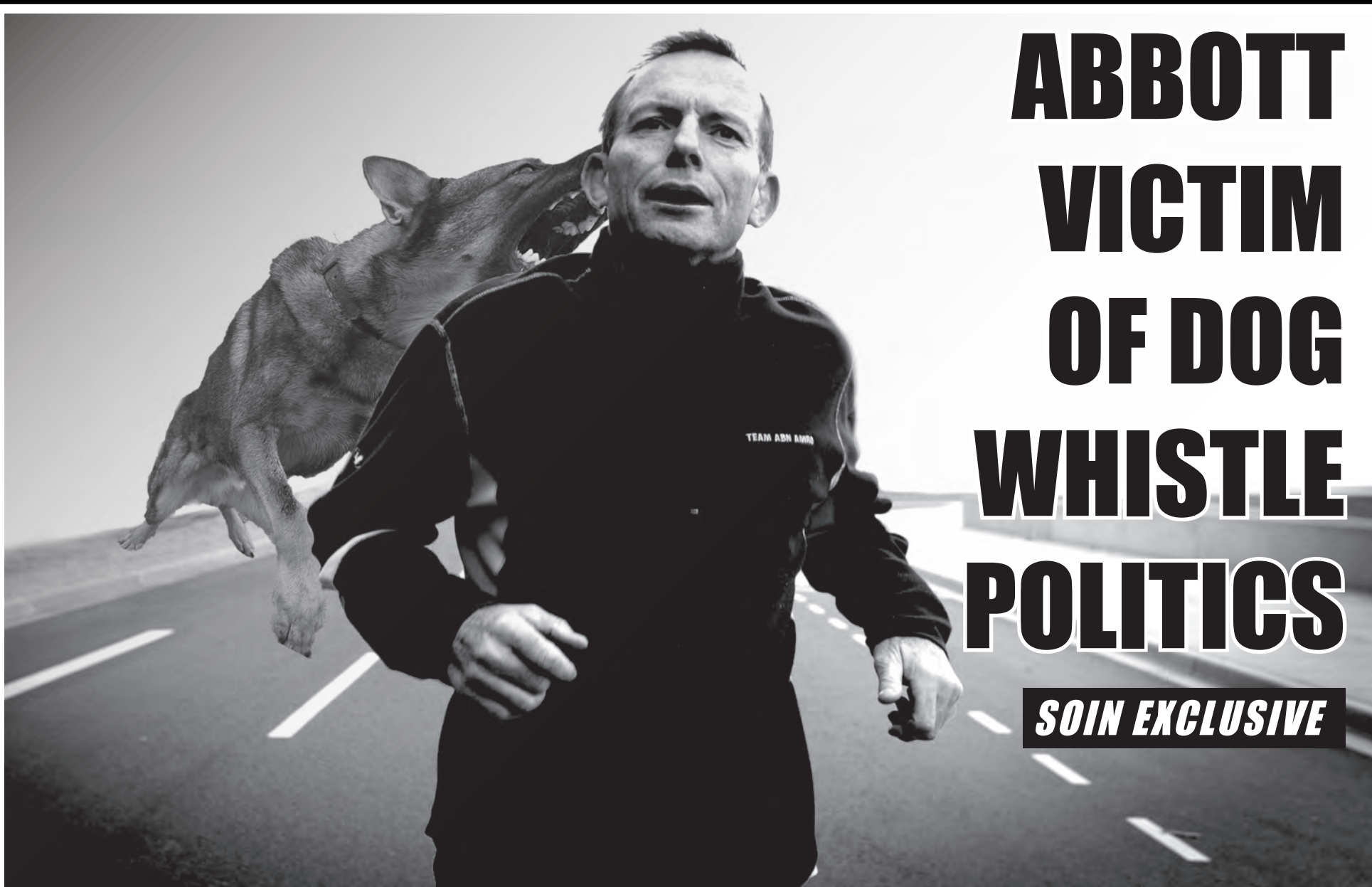
THE SOIN

GAY LEBANESE THE NEW MENACE



FIND OUT WHAT YOU CAN DO TO PROTECT YOUR FAMILY

6:30PM WEEKNIGHTS CHANNEL 9 NEWS



ABBOTT VICTIM OF DOG WHISTLE POLITICS

SOIN EXCLUSIVE

Today, opposition Leader Tony Abbott has become the latest victim of dog whistle politics after he was brutally mauled in a dog attack. A spokesman for Abbott claims that a mob of dogs set upon the politician as he left a press conference yesterday. "They were mostly miniature poodles, shitzus and pugs, but they were rabid and very vicious," the spokesman

said. "Obviously they had just had enough of the whistling."

The incident is just the latest in a string of dog-related political mishaps. Earlier this week, Wyatt Roy, Federal Member for Longman and recent foetus, sparked national outrage after indecently exposing himself in public. Roy was spotted wearing a short skirt and no

panties and, when questioned by police, claimed that he had been conforming to the Liberal party line. "The big kids kept talking about wolf-whistle politics, so I thought I would join in," said Roy, on the verge of tears. "I want my mummy!"

Senator Cory Bernardi also drew unwanted attention this week, after he was caught trying

to smuggle a carton of Durex personal lubricant inside an Adelaide branch of the RSPCA. In a statement, Bernardi claimed he had been confused by what "dog whistle" politics entailed. "I will be withdrawing back into the closet to take some time out from politics and reflect upon my actions," he said.

But what I also understand is there have been too many times where people have got the skills to get the job and they don't get the job and in those circumstances I want to make sure that Australian workers are coming first.



A lot of the things I said back then, people are now saying 'Pauline, you were right!'

A century ago, we brought in White Australia. Now, we're continuing the proud tradition of protecting Aussie workers.

JOIN THE LABOR PARTY TODAY!

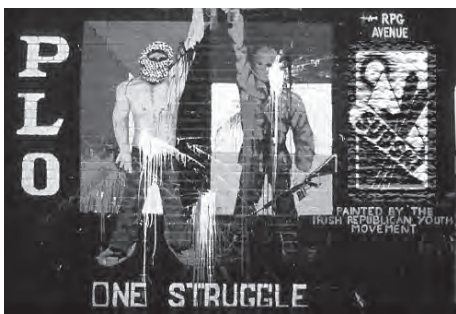
\$20 FOR AUSSIES
\$40 AND CITIZENSHIP TEST
FOR IMMIGRANTS



LABOR STUDENTS

SICK OF WORKERS MORNING HERALD AND THE GAYSTRALIAN? THINK HOWARD SHOULD LEAD THE LABOR PARTY AT THE NEXT ELECTION? FOLLOW @THE_SOIN ON TWITTER FOR AN AUSSIE BATTLER PERSPECTIVE ON THE NEWS THAT AFFECTS YOU.

MILITANT WINTER SPORTS GROUP REMOVED FROM SUSF



Sydney University Sports & Fitness club SubSki has been disaffiliated after university management discovered covert radical left-wing plots by the executive of the group. SubSki was formerly known for its skiing, drinking, and nudity.

A spokesperson for SUSF noted that the group's manifesto, which begins with "a call for the revolutionary redistribution of the means of production," conflicts with the stated aims of the SUSF organisation.

"We're pretty happy with controlling the means of production at the moment."

Allegations of intimidation and bullying surround the incident, with witnesses accusing the "Commissar" of SubSki of attempting to cover up the leaked

documents that confirmed SubSki's links to hard-left socialist organisations Socialist Alternative and The Greens.

Posters found by *The Soin* confirm the radical politics of SubSki, with the organisation calling on students to strike against Sydney University management during their dispute with unions NTEU and CPSU.

Cargo Bar is also under fire for their financial support of the organisation. Allegations continue that Cargo Bar was also an organising space for the group, but Cargo Bar continue to deny such allegations.

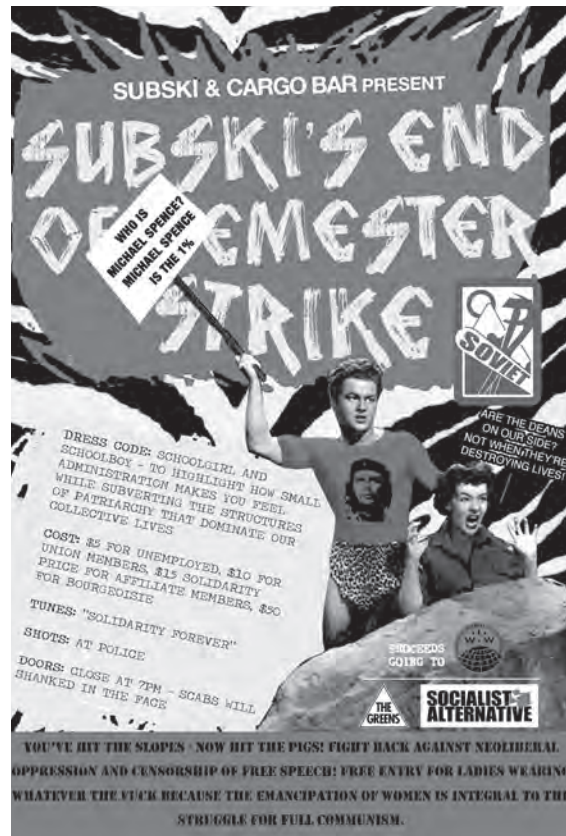


"Cargo Bar is dedicated to providing entertainment for its patrons, and is not linked to radical politics", the owner of Cargo Bar stated.

"We believed our financial support was going towards skiing, photographers, and enabling sleazy men through the provision of cheap alcohol."

The Soin is continuing to investigate claims of whether or not banners at the Thursday

strike, including "stab the scab", were the work of SubSki, or other revolutionary groups like the St. John's Solidarity Brigade.



COMEDIANS SEE NO LIGHT AT END OF NUCLEAR TUNNEL

Sydney University comedians have failed to make light of the impending nuclear apocalypse. Although North Korea has historically been the punchline of many jokes, SU comedians have decided that the potential millions of deaths is too grave for humour.

"How can one make a joke about the possible annihilation of Japan and South Korea?" comedian Jai Ahmed asked. "Our job is to make people laugh, not profit off the tragedy of the break of international relations. Kim Jong-Un should be condemned, not to be excused through humour."

"We're human beings, not monsters," another comedian, Christy Ainsworth, noted.

This comes a week after stand-up comedian Harry Wright broke down on stage at a Manning Bar comedy night after attempting a joke about global warming.

"Has anyone ever noticed how global warming sounds like ... fuck this, most of Asia is going to drown and I'm here making jokes about the fate of all these people. What have I become?"

There has been backlash from a section of patrons, some commenting on the Sydney University Comedy Association (SUCA) Facebook page demanding a return to jokes about genocide and poverty.

Despite backlash, SUCA is still considering proposals to regulate its members to only make sexually-related jokes at SUCA affiliated venues.

But a faction with SUCA has demanded an end to sex jokes as well, noting that "sex is the greatest catastrophe of the human condition," in their manifesto.

"La petite mort."

2013 FEDERAL ELECTION SPECIAL: TONY ABBOTT ETC.

Tony Abbott has cut short his tour of Sydney's western suburbs to campaign for an immediate election in Victoria following the resignation of Liberal Premier Ted Baillieu.

"It's a matter of principle," Abbott told *The Soin*, "this is now an illegitimate government."

"In politics, you have to be true to your convictions. You can't apply one standard at Federal level and an entirely different standard to an identical situation at State level.

"That would be rank hypocrisy," he said.

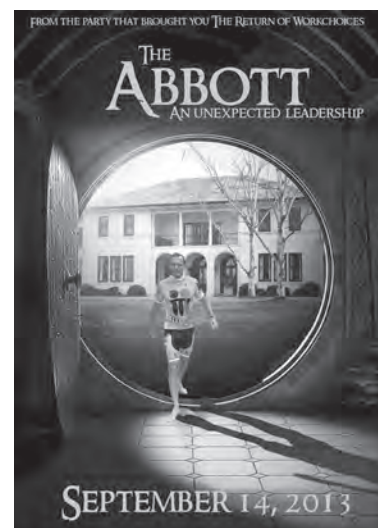
Julia Gillard's senior staff have report-

edly been caught off guard by Abbott's logically consistent approach, and have begun to question their own loyalties to the PM.

"Perhaps Julia's leadership is illegitimate," said one staffer, "perhaps we do need an election right now."

Abbott's commitment to the cause is being lauded as a political masterstroke in Canberra.

Sources close to the Opposition Leader have informed *The Soin* that Mr Abbott plans to maintain his momentum by publicly endorsing polyamorous marriage next week, in an attempt to wedge the Sydney University Greens.



USU PARTY REBRAND; STILL COLOSSAL FAILURE

A University of Sydney Union (USU) spokesman has defended claims that the re-branding of annual Manning party Beachball as a 'thrill shop party' is more than just a belated attempt to capture campus zeitgeist.

Sporting a decidedly unprofessional leopard mink and garish green alligator shoes, USU CEO Andrew Wayward downplayed suggestions that the name change had come about as a result of disappointing student attendance at recent Union events.

"Although our critics may have billed last year's Beach-, and Snow-, balls as colossal failures, I would point out that as we did little to no preparation or marketing they should be viewed as successes," Wayward explained.

"The real problem in recent years has not been USU ineptitude but rather the thematic shortcomings of our marquee events," Wayward said.

"What people fail to understand is that this theme will continue to resonate with students not just for the next few weeks but for years to come," Wayward said. "The USU has a proud tradition of popping tags and while we may have 20 million dollars in our pocket we do not believe that such money should be allo-

cated towards improved event management or securing more prominent musical acts".

"Our closing night O-Week party, 'The Final Act', was a triumph," Wayward said. "It may have been the first sold-out USU event in recorded history but that was not down to getting big-name acts - Ball Park Music were our headliners for God's sake - but due to the uniqueness of our theme. I mean, when was the last time you went to an *Alice in Wonderland*-themed event?"

In an attempt to bolster his assertions Wayward announced that the USU would be working in conjunction with the university time tabling unit to ensure high attendance rates are maintained.

"I admit that some of our new tactics are a little unorthodox," Wayward explained. "As soon as we discovered that St. Andrews [College] was also planning to hold a thrill shop party the night before our event we knew we had to kick it up a gear."

"We couldn't risk those bastards stealing our, frankly,

pioneering party theme and losing students in the process," Wayward said. "Changing all the tutorial rooms to Manning and scheduling all the classes to coincide with the time of the party was a bit of a logistical nightmare but a necessary one."

"Ultimately the Union is here to make sure that students have fun on campus," Wayward said. "If we have to threaten students with academic penalties to achieve that then so be it. We want you all to have fun - good old, compulsory fun."



OPINION: CHRISTMAS OVER AT THE ISLAND

We have always been an open and welcoming people, but like many countries around the world, we are now paying the price for our openhearted hospitality as mostly Muslim immigrants flood our shores and transform Australian communities into Arabian sultanates. This has led to an alarming new trend known as "white flight" and figures just released by the Australian Bureau of Statistics have identified Christmas Island as its latest victim.

Christmas Island was once a tiny close-knit community, but as more and more refugees take up residence in the processing centre on the island, many of the local, true blue residents are beginning to feel like strangers in their own homes and are looking to move away from districts they have lived in for generations. Beryl, a true blue Aussie who has lived in the area for over 30 years, feels like the island is losing its distinctly Australian character. "Not one of those refugees is Australian and with so many of them moving in, the whole area is beginning to feel a bit unAustralian. Particularly the bits around where they live. These days it feels more like Christmanistan Island."

A country girl at heart, Beryl has kept up the lifelong habit of chatting to shopkeepers and neighbours, but she has found Christmas Island's new residents unfriendly and aloof. "How am I supposed to have a decent conversation with them when they keep sewing their lips shut?" she asks. She also does not feel particularly inspired by their work ethic, "They just sit inside that deten-

ARTICLE CONTINUES ON ... THE NEXT PAGE ... OVER THERE





To some, it's little more than one big roundabout. To others, the suit and sensible heels capital of the world. But to those truly in the know- those who consider themselves travellers, not just tourists - Canberra is a thrill seeker's paradise.

So, if you're thinking of getting your adrenalin pumping over the Easter break, here are our top five picks to get your danger on in the nation's capital.

Lake Burley Griffin

Once you've resolved the perennial route dilemma - clockwise, or anti-clockwise? - the lake is your oyster. If you like getting wet and wild, pick up a paddle boat from Burley Griffin Boat Hire- they can get up to awesome top speeds of 1km/h. Or if you're keen to take it to the next level, mosey on down to West Basin and hook yourself up with a truly sweet ride- Segway tours go every hour on the hour.

Questacon

The national science and technology museum is getting real about risk-taking. They've gotten rid of their rollercoaster simulator, and are heading trully off the rails. Get jumpsuited up for the death-defying free fall, experience a massive 3.2 magnitude earthquake, and shoot some (rubber) ducks with an (air) gun.

Old Parliament House

The political equivalent of Macklemore pre-'Thrift Shop', this is where parliament was held before it went mainstream. Federation-era dress-ups, audio tours on Walkmans, and endless portraits of old white men makes this an unmissable destination.

New Parliament House

Don't be fooled by the political posturing and highly-polished parquetry: the real attraction round here is the nation's best-kept front lawn. Once you're done with your happy snaps in the House of Reps, head outside to get rolling down that grassy goodness. Talk about grassroots democracy!

Coles Manuka

Julia Gillard regularly pops in for toilet paper on Friday nights, and Bob Katter's often spotted in the boot polish aisle. If you get your kicks from pollie-perving, then welcome to your ultimate fantasy.



Computer model of Canberra (Source: ACT Planning and Land Authority, 2013)

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

tion centre being waited on hand and foot, not one of them has a job. Not that they should be allowed to take Australian jobs."

Most worrying of all, she is beginning to worry for her safety, "my dog, Butch, has been missing for days and I reckon one of those Muslims got a hold of him and served him up for dinner. He was a lovely dog and now he's in their bellies." Beryl is not keen to leave the area her family has lived in for decades, but she is beginning to feel like she has no choice, "those searchlight things they keep shining out of that place messed up my Christmas display last year. I couldn't put my family through another Christmas like that."

Next week, Piers Akerman investigates whether Nauru is still a tourist hotspot for bird shit, or Sharia enclave

Agony Aunt

Hi Soin!
I notice from the course outline that I annotated within a day of my being here that I will be expected to complete essay assignments this semester. The fly in this ointment is my deep sense of dread when the word 'essay' is mentioned. How does one write a good essay?

M'aidez,
Petrified by Failure

TS: Dear Obvious Law Student,

Essays are remarkably uncomplicated beasts once you learn some intellectual cheat codes. The most important lesson to learn is how to grab the reader's attention. Given that teaching staff routinely mark essays numbering in the double digits, you'll really need to spice things up to stand out from the crowd. Consider the following example of a tremendously



effective opening sentence: "As inevitably and expediently as my older lover, Chesterton Green, trampled on my heart thirteen months into our tempestuous relationship, the rule of law, assuming a legal positivist construction, was sacrificed by Allied States in the 1945-6 Nuremberg War Trials." The erstwhile uninterested Foundations of Law marker is compelled to read on, filled as she is with sympathy and questions: "Who is Chesterton Green?", "How did their relationship end?" and "Could true love have been saved if he had been younger?" With a few generous sprinklings of these, every essay of yours will catapult to the top of the High Distinction pile!

Similarly, end your essays with a bang. "Thumbs up if question 3(a) brought you here!!" and "We love you, Taylor Swift!!!!!" are both good examples of an essay conclusion. Soin lifted these conclusions from popular templates for Youtube comments, but Soin foresees no difficulty in casually liberating them from that context and depositing them in your essays with no explanation whatsoever.

And that's it! Hope that aidez your m'!

Advice for first years from a fifth year who gets HDs but still constantly disappoints her father.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



Dear Soin,

We find the term 'fuck buddies' offensive. It's so emblematic of the heteromonogamo-sexism of our society. We're still in a committed relationship with Labor and Cory Bernardi. Poly relationships can be stable too.

Love,
The Greens

Oi Cunts.

You're right, I am a giant cunt. But I'm a richer cunt than all of you.

Fuck ya,
Tom Waterhouse

Dear Soin,

You now have a challenger for most overblown, right-wing, and poorly laid out tabloid in Australia - us.

Yours in solidarity,
Sydney Morning Herald

Dear Soin,

Before you say something about us losing another election in a landslide, remember that the way things are going, Western Australia will be nothing more than a giant hole in a few years anyway.

Lol.

Thanks,
Julia Gillard

HOROSCOPES



PISCES
Happy Birthday, Pisces! You are one year older, and one year closer to your inevitable death. Memento mori, Pisces: remember you will die.



ARIES
A small fortune is coming your way, Aries. And you're going to spend all of it. On stupid shit that you don't need.



TAURUS
Something will happen to you, Taurus. Or to someone you know. Prove me wrong, biotch.



GEMINI
This week, you'll be swept up by a creative impulse, Gemini. Reasoning that you can write down your ideas later, you'll let the impulse pass. In the end, when it turns out that you never got pen to paper, you will be left with the vague and uneasy feeling that you've forgotten something very important.



CAPRICORN
You might feel a little vulnerable this week, Capricorn. Naked, even. It'll probably be due to the fact that you're not wearing any clothes. Go put some pants on.



LEO
You're about to meet a tall, dark stranger, Leo. And he's going to steal your wallet.



SCORPIO
Though technically you'll 'get lucky', Scorpio, an unexpected case of crabs will make you question whether or not luck is truly on your side.



CANCER
Get that mole checked out, Cancer. I'm not saying there's anything to worry about, but like, I'm not not saying it either.



SAGITTARIUS
You will ignore the flirtations of a co-worker this week because you think you can do better. Smile wistfully, Sagittarius, and know that high standards will be the cause of your growing old alone.



LIBRA
When a stranger does you a good deed, Libra, you will be flummoxed: you never knew that kindness like this existed in the world. In your surprise, you'll forget to thank him and he'll walk away thinking you're an asshole.




AQUARIUS
An alignment of Jupiter and Mars guarantees, Aquarius, that you'll put on a kilogram this week. Probably all that birthday cake you ate last month.



VIRGO
Buy a lottery ticket, Virgo, and define the term 'idiot tax'.

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NATIONAL DAY OF ACTION

WED 27.03.13

FREE EDUCATION

STUDENT CONTROL OF STUDENT MONEY

NO DEREGULATION OF FEES

STOP STAFF AND FUNDING CUTS

 MEET AT 1PM

MARCH BEGINS @ UTS

FINISHES @ TOWN HALL

DETAILS — TOM RAUE: 0414293411
CASEY THOMPSON: 0412365523