

week two
semester two
2013

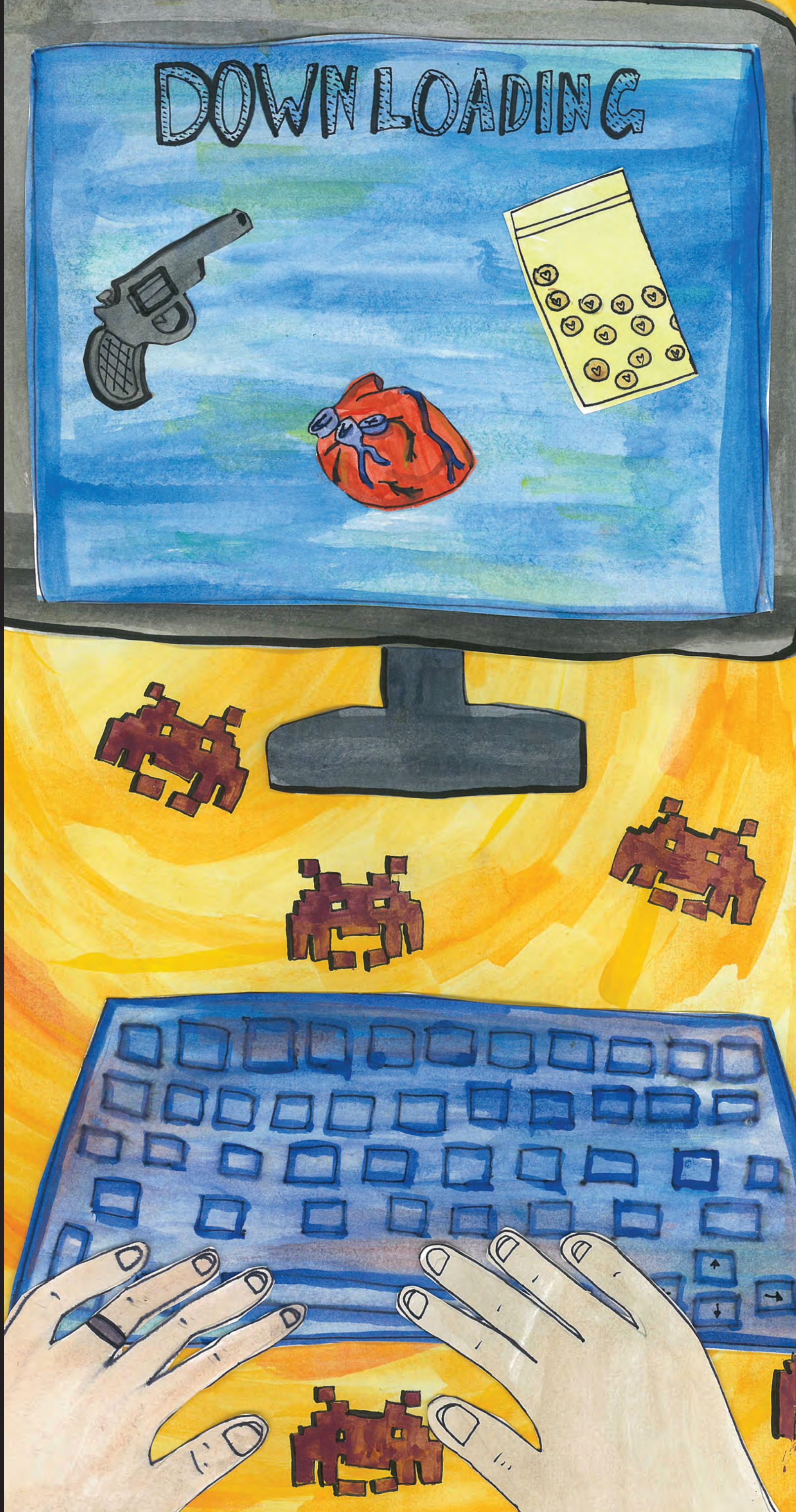
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Who cares about Kevin

Can Kevin Rudd win the election on September 7? Who knows, and in some ways, who cares. There are more important questions, like: why is ecstasy so expensive in Australia?

And why would you risk attempting to smuggle drugs into a festival when no less than 282 people were caught in possession of them at Splendour in the Grass?

And what's the deal with synthetic drugs?

You'll find an answer to the latter three questions in this edition of *Honi*, though sadly, we won't even speculate on the election, because, well, you can read about it in any other newspaper.

It's become clearer than ever in the last few years that the media has immense power in driving the trajectory of public opinion. Rudd's resurrection has been so farcically pedaled and, ultimately, celebrated by elements of the media that coverage of politics often feels less real than reality television – perhaps a trite metaphor, but what better way is there to describe it?

And while the Fairfax papers beg for and hail the return of the lord and saviour of the Labor party in editorials and Peter Hartcher op-eds, the loony right

implores us to 'Kick this mob out' on the front page of its tabloids.

It's no wonder we can't have a sensible conversation about issues like recreational drug use or the criminalisation of relatively harmless drugs like ecstasy.

Of course, the tired and emotionally charged drug legalisation debate resurfaces occasionally and, even more rarely, the media have something insightful and reality-based to say about the subject. The *Age* ran a quite excellent piece late last year that, amongst other expert analysis, cited a comprehensive British drug study that concluded that MDMA causes almost no harm to the user or society.

But taboos, by their very nature, will remain taboos unless we constantly challenge the unenlightened fear mongering and moralising that perpetuates them.

Yearning for the media to cover 'real issues' is one of the catch cries *du jour* in this age of personality politics, and it is undoubtedly tinged with a naïve elitism.

But what are we to do in a world where governments ban potentially dangerous synthetic drugs that exist only by virtue of the criminality of the safer substances they are intended to mimic? Or, as you can read in our feature, a

world where the 3D printing of guns is banned but you can still buy an assault rifle at Walmart.

Illogic is everywhere, and the media won't necessarily call it out for us, it's up to you.



Nick Rowbotham
Editor-in-chief

Editor-in-chief: Nick Rowbotham

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Ticker tape: Kevin Rudd's greatest tweets

Email us at editors@honisoit.com

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WOULD YOU RATHER...

HAVE GHERKINS FOR FINGERS?

OR

AN OUTIE BELLYBUTTON THAT IS SO OUTIE THAT IT POKES A HOLE THROUGH ANY ITEM OF CLOTHING?

FAQ:

Can't I just snip off the outie?

They tried that at birth. It's reinforced or something. You freak.

Exactly how far does it stick out?

On cooler days, only eight centimetres. But at the first whiff of humidity or temperatures above the mid-20s, that baby's gonna swell to about double its normal length and width.

If I wanted to make a delicious potato salad, could I chop off the gherkins, finely dice them, add them to the salad, and then have them regenerate?

Why Not?

SOUND & FURY

"At least it's better than a onesie party"

Dear *Honi*,

What's the point of having a unique culture if you can't share it? Would you have an English Department uproar because of a Shakespeare themed party? No, even though it would inevitably mean a room full of men in tights, horse heads and Juliettes. Why? Because they are part of what make it recognizable and unique! The adapting and use of another culture, even by its base pieces, stops the culture from falling into banal obscurity. It's why countries have unique flags, symbols of who they are. They are a base from which to start. There is no racism here. A cultural festival it is not, but neither is a Day of the Dead skull tattoo on the arm of a biker to commemorate a friend or a moment. There is a time and a place to call 'racism' and to call 'respect', a party to farewell the holidays and welcome a new semester to life is neither of these.

And I for one think it's a hell of a better theme than fucking onesies.

Sarah Bercute, Arts/Science II

Come to our goddamn event

Dear USyd students,

Blatantly, this letter is an open invite to the 'Your God' events happening in weeks 1-3 this semester. Specifically the ones about sexuality this week, and Jesus' resurrection next week.

As any Dragon Ball Z fan knows, you cannot say you have defeated something until you have defeated it in its strongest form. Similarly, these talks and panels will present a solid defense of the evangelical Christian position that is unfairly but regularly panned, and Q&A time to push against it.

If you're anti-Christianity for its repressive sexual ways, you could check out 'Sex in society' on Thursday 8th.

If you're questioning how university students can seriously believe in 'god' in the 21st century, the man for Christian debates, William Lane Craig, will discuss evidence for the resurrection on Monday 12th.

If you're feeling skeptical that this has anything to do with you, I strongly suggest that you check out 'The meaning of

the empty tomb' next Tuesday 13th.

Alternatively or concurrently, ask a question of anyone wearing a blue hoodie with a cross on it.

Your God has something to say, so shouldn't it be worth you listening to?

Sincerely,

Jono Hathway (Arts IV)

Rafi > Zelda

Dear *Honi*,

I'd like to thank Rafi Alam for that heartwarming welcome in week one's edition. It made me cry more than when I pulled the Master Sword out from the Pedestal of Time for the first time in the Temple of Time.

Love,

Gerard Altura

Education/Arts IV

ATT. HONI SOIT EDITORS

(21)

TRAFFIC RIGHTS

What I like,
Is how a punk,
Has certain traffic rights.
Just waltz,
Into the traffic.
He should wear blinkers,
Flashing, indicating;
Which way he's j-walking!
Loud hummingous horn,
To blast,
The shit out of!
Tailgaters, etc.
Road rage!
And a bullbar,
Silver and black,
Goes with red,
Street garb!

by Guy Beange

Olivia Neutron Bomb. (33)

Oh, nah, nah, nah, nah, nah;

The Japanese didn't wage war on Australia.

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah;

We didn't have to go fight the fucker in New Guinea.

Nah, nah, nah, nah, nah;

There were no Japanese in New Guinea

During the Second World War.

Slobidan Milosovitch;

Olivia Neutron Bomb.

Guy Beange
BA (1983)

Pitches, poems,
cartoons? We
don't just want
letters, send us
through all of your
creative material!

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TO EDITORS@HONISOIT.COM

HONI NEWS



FREE

Week Two Edition

"WE ACCEPT THE LOVE WE THINK WE DESERVE <3"

Strikes set to continue

Samantha Jonscher reports on progress in the Enterprise Bargaining Agreement negotiations

While you were on holidays, negotiations continued between the University's management and staff over the Enterprise Bargaining Agreement (EBA).

After the five days of strike action in first semester, some progress was finally made but the negotiations are far from over. "We've had some big wins, but there is still more," Michael Thomson, President of the National Tertiary Education Union (NTEU), told *Honi*.

The University's 538 academic casuals saw large steps taken to secure their employment. The unions replaced 120 of these academic casual positions with early career development positions, which offer more job security and pathways for promotion.

The unions also secured a \$2 million staff development fund designed to of-

fer staff support and training as well as a guaranteed Indigenous employment clause. At the moment the university only has 55 indigenous staff, but is locked in to employ 172 by 2015.

The biggest issue still on the table is pay. The unions are asking for 2% in salary increases every six months – about 4% per annum – and management is currently offering 2.9% every year. The University management contends that this is a fair increase given that Sydney inflation is 2.8%, especially in light of the federal government's recent efficiency dividend – an annual funding cut designed to reduce costs and increase efficiency.

The unions believe that 4% is reasonable given the university's recent revenue boost, larger staff workloads and figures

released by the Department of Education, Employment and Workplace Relations which show that national system public sector employees, such as university staff, receiving an average increase of 3.9% per annum.

This issue is of such importance to staff that they are willing to concede two of their other major demands if the 4% salary rise is met. They would sacrifice journey insurance, which covers injuries sustained en route to and from work, and negotiate on their current demand for 17% in superannuation for all staff.

In light of these outstanding issues the strikes are set to continue. The first will be on Tuesday, August 20, which is coincidentally on the same dates as the National Day of Action against cuts to tertiary education. Another strike, picket

and rally are also scheduled for the University's Open Day on Saturday, 31 August.



Israeli legal group files class action against USYD academic

Avani Dias investigates the latest development in the USYD BDS saga

Shurat HaDin, an Israeli civil rights group, has filed a class action against Sydney University academic, Associate Professor Jake Lynch. A press release sent to *Honi* on Thursday evening stated that they have done so under the *Racial Discrimination Act 1975* (RDA) suggesting that Lynch's involvement in the Boycott, Divestment, and Sanctions (BDS) movement is unlawful as it involves a "distinction, exclusion or preference based on race... or national or ethnic origin".

Established in 2003, the Israeli based group, Shurat HaDin, describe themselves as world leaders in "fighting for the rights of terror victims" in Israel as they seek "to bankrupt the terror groups and grind their criminal activities to a halt - one lawsuit at a time". They cover the BDS movement around the world in great detail, providing reports on subjects such as the boycotting of Brad Pitt's latest movie *World War Z*, as it depicts Israel in a positive light, to the encouragement of Korean rapper, Psy, to refrain from performing in Israel. As their press release notes, this most recent complaint filed by Shurat HaDin's Australian solicitor, Alexander Hamilton, is the first time the RDA has been used in Australia against those involved in the BDS movement. Hamilton argues that the BDS movement "does nothing to help Palestinians... [and] is merely an excuse for the vilest public anti-Semitic campaign the western world has seen since the Holocaust".

Professor Lynch, who is head of the Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies

(CPACS), in 2009 wrote to the Vice-Chancellor asking him to "revoke fellowships schemes between the University of Sydney and two Israeli universities". More recently, Lynch denied Professor Don Avnon of the Hebrew University the permission to use his name on an application under a fellowships program between both institutions last year. According to a press release by the 'Australians for BDS' group, "Prof. Lynch refused, citing his and CPACS' support for a boycott of institutional links with universities in Israel."

Emeritus Professor Stuart Rees, Chair

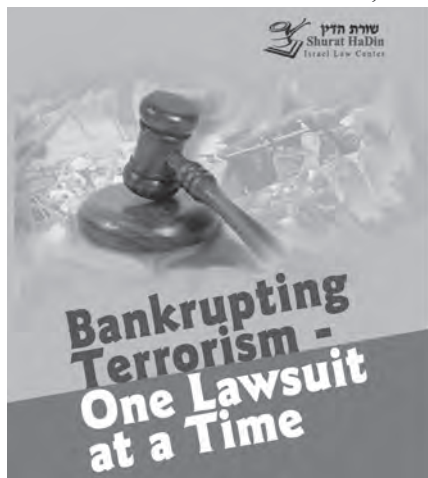


Photo: Shurat HaDin

of the Sydney Peace Foundation, alongside Lynch, has emphatically supported the severance of Israeli academic ties. When told by *Honi* about the class action, he stated that this was the first he had heard of it and that it was typical of the "deceitful way these groups carry

on". Rees emphasised that groups such as Shurat HaDin are selective in the people that they inform about their actions, sending press releases to Jewish news sources and *The Australian*, who have been following the story enthusiastically. "The essential point is that it's outrageous that a law firm in another country could be attempting to stifle free speech in Australia. Imagine if we in Australia attempted to do the same to citizens in Israel," said Rees, after being questioned on the incident. Rees, and other supporters of BDS, maintain that this is a "human rights based movement" and "a call for justice by all sectors of Palestinian civil society and supported around the world by unions, civil society and human rights groups."

Professor Rees and other supporters of the BDS movement at Sydney University have launched a petition to support 'Australians for BDS', and to be named as a co-defendant should the claims of Shurat HaDin result in legal action.

Dr Belinda Smith, an expert in anti-discrimination law from the Law Faculty of Sydney University, says that she has never heard of a case of this nature. Any action filed under the *Racial Discrimination Act* must first be made in the form of a complaint to the Australian Human Rights Commission in writing. The Commission must always be impartial and it is not a court that can determine whether discrimination has occurred. The Commission simply acts as a conciliator that aims to resolve a matter between parties. If the respondent, in this

case Professor Lynch, does not admit to it, then the only thing the Commission can do is to terminate the matter and allow the complainant to go to court.

Dr Smith, who has had no involvement with the BDS movement on campus, stated that this was an odd case, as in practice individuals typically lodge claims on their own behalf rather than soliciting a group in another country to do so. In addition to this, she suggested that although the RDA is one of the most open acts in the way that it has been written, the complainant must still prove how they have been harmed. She is unsure whether this has occurred in this case. She stated that it is unlikely Professor Lynch would admit to the claim and reward Shurat HaDin with damages, and thus there is a chance that this case will go to the Federal Court or the Federal Circuit Court.

When asked about support for Professor Lynch and his associates, the Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies stressed the importance of academic freedom and their condemnation of political attacks on the professional autonomy and integrity of university academics because of their association with the BDS campaign. The University's administration has previously stated that while they don't agree with the motivations of the movement, they defend the rights of academics to write and speak as they wish.

As Professor Lynch is currently on study leave, he was unable to comment on this matter.



“At least say sorry to us”: students angered by UniLodge fire response

Did UniLodge do enough for its residents? **Max Chalmers** reports

On a cold June morning the residents of UniLodge – a student housing block on the corner of Bay and Broadway Street – were woken by a fire alarm. When smoke started to spread throughout the building and a second evacuation notice sounded, it became evident this was not one of the building's regular false alarms or drills. For some of the residents – many of whom are international students – this was the beginning of an exhausting and frustrating chapter in their Australian student experience during which UniLodge neglected to provide adequate care.

Even before the June 23 fire, Canadian Masters student Nicole Campbell* had been finding life in UniLodge less than pleasant. She was disappointed by the cleanliness and upkeep of the building, the rundown kitchens, and the range of fees students had to pay for services. Already paying \$400 a week in rent, Nicole had been forced to dig into her savings and accrue around \$40 000 in debt for tuition and living costs.

“It definitely didn't look like the picture,” she told me. “After a few months there I was quite unhappy and was thinking about moving but I just realised... that basically you couldn't, I mean there was no way out.” Locked into her contract and deterred by the \$110 room-change fee, Nicole decided to stay put.

Not all of UniLodge's residents who spoke to *Honi Soit* shared Nicole's pre-fire complaints. But among the students interviewed a consistent pattern emerged: those who had previously enjoyed living in the complex took a sudden dislike to it after the fire.

Once evacuated, students waited on the curb outside the Broadway Shopping Centre until its doors were unlocked and the shivering mass of pyjama-clad evacuees were allowed inside.

Here, the problems began. According to Yingbing Wang, another student living in the building, the UniLodge staff

suddenly disappeared. “I just felt hopeless because I didn't know where to find someone to ask ‘what happened?’ and ‘what can I do now?’” Yingbang said. Other students, like Peter Stewart, complained not enough was done to keep students informed. “Nobody [from] UniLodge came out to explain what happened, we were just hoping we could get back soon.”

As the day wore on and it became apparent nobody would be returning to UniLodge that night, the University of Sydney stepped in to help students. Students have since praised the University and its Security Service, who invited students back to the Security building where they were provided with food, clothes, and accommodation, as Student Services helped to organise special consideration requests. UniLodge insists it was instrumental in this process and helped coordinate aid from universities and local businesses. However, one source indicated that University Security told students they had been called to help by the police, not by UniLodge. According to Nicole, University Security were: “completely disgusted with how UniLodge were reacting to [the situation].”

Philippa Ternes, the UniLodge Broadway Property Manager, said she sympathised with the frustrations expressed by some students but insisted that the majority – who followed the instructions given by UniLodge's staff – received an adequate level of care. Dependent on NSW Fire and Rescue for updates, Ternes said her team did everything possible to get the latest information to students.

But in the coming days and weeks, as residents slowly returned to their rooms at UniLodge, some students remained trapped in accommodation limbo. Chinese international student Chao Liu's room was just meters from where the blaze began. After two weeks of sleep-



Unilodge, adjacent to Broadway Shopping Centre. Photo: Sweet One, Flickr.

ing on a friend's couch, Liu received a phone call from UniLodge informing him his room was no longer habitable and that his contract had been cancelled. Chao said he was informed he had just days to clear out his room, leaving him almost no time to find housing in a city he was barely familiar with.

“They did nothing to help,” he said. “I feel very disappointed and I would never live in UniLodge again.” Nicole similarly felt let down by UniLodge's administration. “We just had no idea one day to the next where we were going to be staying the next night”. Forced to move from a hotel to International House, then to Stucco and finally to a new share-house, Nicole claims Unilodge also failed to assist her.

Not all of UniLodge's residents reported such negative stories, however. Jessie Pellow was in Perth the morning of the fire but said the management of the building, who she knew personally, kept in regular contact with her during the day.

“They were really good with me, letting me know recent information about what they were doing, what I could do,” she said. “They did a lot to make sure I was ok.”

Philippa Ternes said that the major-

ity of feedback UniLodge had received since the fire had been positive and that overall the company's emergency response had been a success.

“I think a measure is that nobody got hurt, nobody got killed, there wasn't a single ounce of blood dropped. Our evacuations procedures worked,” she said.

UniLodge certainly attempted to provide some assistance to residents. Those who were not helped by their university were given beds at the YHA near Central. It is also understood that UniLodge will reimburse the University of Sydney for the money it spent on accommodating displaced students.

The divergence in UniLodge's self-evaluation and the criticisms lodged by some students raises questions about the level of care and support that privately owned student housing should be expected to provide. UniLodge sells itself as a leader in student welfare, not just a space to live but a “community”. For most of the residents who spoke to *Honi Soit*, this self-description is now a shattered illusion. Ternes' assurances are unlikely to brighten Chao's displeasure with the company. “They could at least say sorry to us,” he concluded.

*Some names have been changed.

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Notice of 2013 Students' Representative Council Annual Election

Nominations for the Students' Representative Council Annual Elections for the year 2013 close at 4.30pm Wednesday 21st August 2013. Polling will be held on the 25th and 26th of September 2013. Pre-polling will also take place outside the SRC Offices Level 1 Wentworth Building on Tuesday 24th of September 2013 from 10 am - 3pm. All students who are duly enrolled for attendance at lectures are eligible to vote. Members of the student body who have paid their nomination fee to Council are eligible to nominate and be nominated, except National Union of Students national office bearers. Fulltime officebearers of the SRC may also nominate as NUS delegates.

Nominations are called for the following elections/positions and open 31st July 2013 at 8pm:

- The election of the Representatives to the 86th SRC (33 positions)
- The election of the President of the 86th SRC
- The election of the Editor(s) of *Honi Soit* for the 86th SRC
- The election of National Union of Students delegates for the 86th SRC (7 positions)

Nomination forms can be downloaded from the SRC website: www.src.usyd.edu.au, or picked up from SRC Front Office (Level 1, Wentworth Building) from 8pm July 31st 2013.

Nominations **must also** be lodged online along with your policy statement and Curriculum Vitae (optional), by close of nominations at: www.src.usyd.edu.au. For more information, call 9660 5222.

Signed nomination forms and a printed copy of your online nomination **must** be received no later than 4.30pm on Wednesday 21st August, either in the locked box at the SRC Front Office (Level 1 Wentworth), or at the following address: PO Box 794, Broadway NSW 2007.

Nominations which have not been delivered either to the locked box in the SRC front office or to the post office box shown above **and** submitted online by the close of nominations **will not be accepted** regardless of when they were posted.

The Regulations of the SRC relating to elections are available on-line at www.src.usyd.edu.au or from the SRC Front Office (level 1, Wentworth Building).

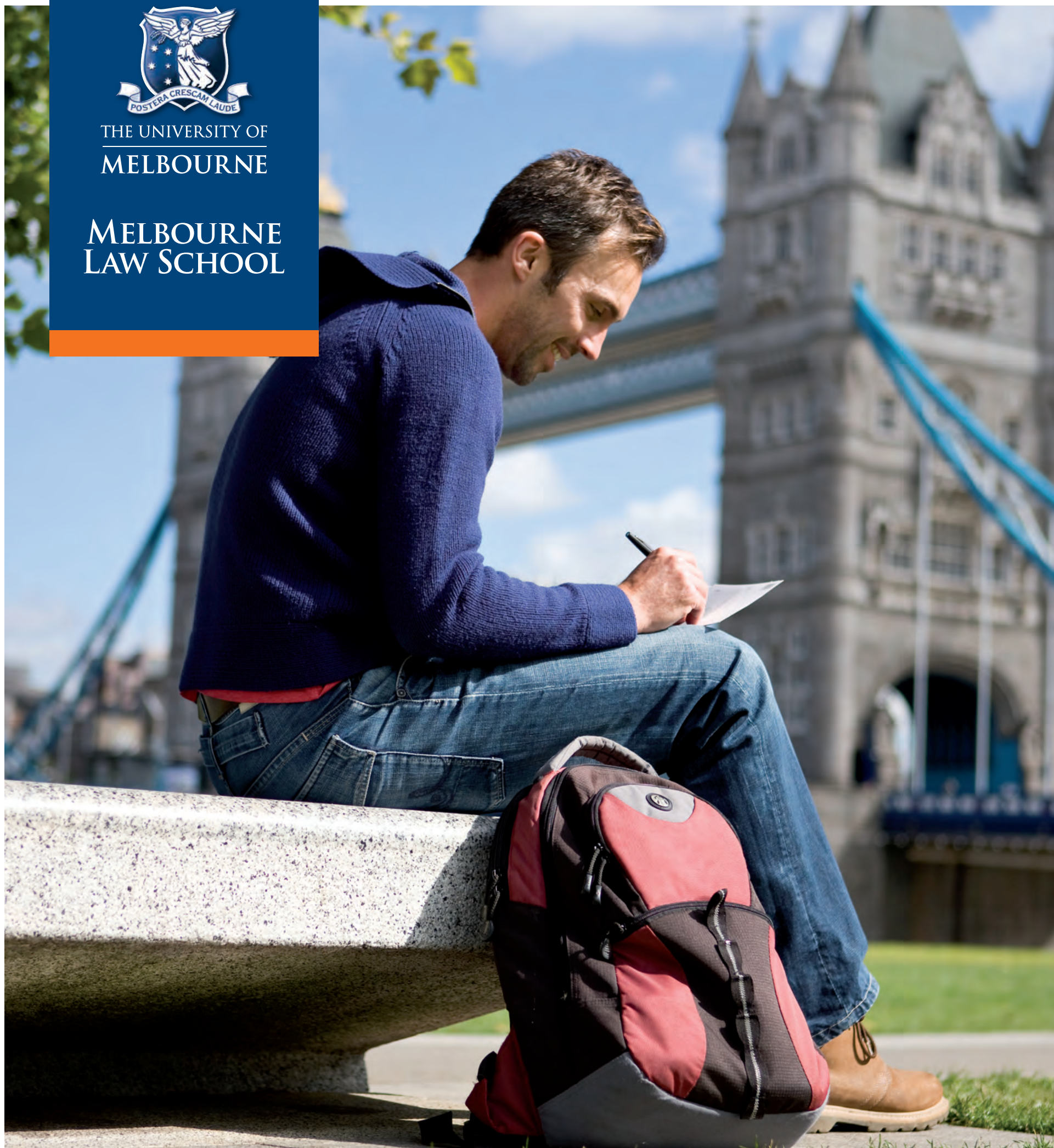
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SCIENCE

Melbourne's monster virus could redraw the tree of life

Felicity Nelson went for a swim in the La Trobe University pond and opened a Pandora's Box of scientific discovery



The serendipitous discovery of a giant virus, the pandoravirus, in a Melbourne pond could drastically alter our understanding of the history of life. Biologists have long held that viruses are little more than biological robots that rely on host cell machinery for protein manufacture and reproduction. This new monster virus may overturn this assumption and finally give viruses (or their ancestors) a place on the tree of life.

The pandoravirus is the largest virus ever found. It is a hundred times larger than an average virus and, at one micrometer in length, it is easily observed under a light microscope. While a typical virus (such as HIV) has around 10 genes, *Pandoravirus salinus* from Chile has up to 2556 genes and *Pandoravirus dulcis* from Melbourne has 1502 genes. *P. salinus* is larger than some parasitic eukaryotes and almost twice as large as the previous record holder, the megavirus.

Perhaps even more compelling than its enormous size is the uniqueness of

this virus. Ninety-three percent of the pandoravirus genome is completely new to *science*! This strongly suggests that it



Pandoravirus dulcis is a monster virus. Not to be confused with a virus monster (above)

evolved from a completely separate line, instead of acquiring its genetic material

from hosts or losing part of its genome as it evolved into a parasite over time from a free-living organism. The three domains of life (bacteria, achaea and eukaryotes) may soon become four, with the ancestors of the pandoraviruses being included as another branch of living microorganisms.

Jean-Michel Claverie and Chantal Abergel from Aix-Marseille University in France stumbled across the virus while collecting samples from water bodies in Chile in 2009 and at La Trobe University in Melbourne in 2011. Their team published a paper in *Science* last month proving the unusually massive amoeba parasites are in fact viruses and not, as was supposed, peculiar bacteria. Their team used light and electron microscopy to show that replication was virus-like and studied the genome to show that there was not enough information to make proteins. The paper suggests the name "pandoravirus" for the new group, reflecting both the amphora shape of the virus and its unforeseen, far-reaching consequences for biological science.

ANU moves away from tutorials

UNI-VERSE

Woroni's **Sam Bradley** and **Vincent Chiang** bring you the latest on ANU's decision to phase out tutorials in some courses

The ANU College of Arts and Social Sciences (CASS) has made an executive decision to phase out tutorials.

In an email titled "CASS Education: Course Delivery", CASS announced that it would "move to different delivery models" in some of its courses to large interactive workshops and forums, which would "combine the delivery of lectures and group problem based learning in 2000- and 3000-level courses."

The college also suggested that students would be supported in their learning by "one-on-one meetings with CASS educational developers and educational technologists."

At present, it is unknown if this policy includes tutorials for language courses. The college also clarified that face-to-face hours would not decline and both staff and students would have opportunities for "one-on-one support".

Whether or not there is a link between

these cuts and the recent Federal Budget Cuts to tertiary education remains unclear. This announcement, however, does also come in light of the recent re-structuring of the School of Cultural Inquiry, suggesting that CASS is indeed

in a state of flux at present.

The college states that the decision was made after the approach was trialled by the popular and commended lecturer John Minns and addressed in an open discussion format by the now

departed lecturer Ben Wellings. *Woroni* is aware that certain courses in Anthropology have also begun trialling this system this year.

From the facts available at present, it is also uncertain whether this transition will involve job losses amongst the college staff, especially for PhD students who comprise a large number of tutoring jobs at the university. CASS's email also indicated that there would be a student forum discussing the tutorial cuts in coming weeks, although more precise details were not provided.

Woroni is currently investigating this issue further, and will be releasing a more detailed report in coming days.



THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

This article originally appeared on Woroni.com.au - best student media south of Camperdown

NEWS IN REVUE

Bro Reveleigh saw both the nightly news and SUDS' latest production

Three feared sisters

SCENE. A desert place. Enter three senior members of Cabinet.

When shall the party keep its reign
In plunder, fighting or in vain?

When the Yom Kippur is done,
When the cattle's lost and won.

That will be the betting of the sun.

Where the place?
Upon her wreath.

There to meet with MacRudd.

Don't come, Graymalcolm.

Boats are votes, and votes are boats:
Floating 'cross the country's moats.

What hast thou seen, Albo?

Abbott's mind.

Albo, how now?

Here I have an iron tum:
Shallow words; his thoughts are none.

A plumb, a plumb!
MacRudd doth come.

Three feared sisters, plea to thee,
Posers of our girt and sea,
Thus do go to flaunt, to flaunt:
Price to swine and spice to Pyne
And vice again, to wine and dine.

Peace! The swine's bound up.



A synthetic high

Lachlan Munro walks you through the known knowns, the known unknowns, and the unknown unknowns of synthetic drugs

Lately "synthetic" drugs have been making headlines all over the world. From the death of high school student Henry Kwan to the struggles of regulators to stay ahead of the drug producers, these new intoxicants are dominating the media cycle. But are these quasi-legal products as dangerous as the reports will have us believe? Or is this another example of exaggerated scaremongering similar to the reports in the early 2000s claiming that ecstasy took scoops out of the brain?

The short answer is that we have really have no idea.

It's worth noting that the drugs being referred to under the label "synthetic" are no more synthetic than run of the mill speed, ecstasy or Panadol. Synthetic just seemed to be a word that evoked the right feelings of unfamiliarity and fear when reporting on these drugs so the media stuck with the label.

These drugs came about as an alternative to the high risks involved in the production and distribution of illegal drugs. With the expansion of the internet, wayward chemists learnt that by changing the chemical composition of illegal drugs, sometimes only by a single atom, they could get a product that gave people a comparable high but without being (technically) illegal. These products are sold as "bath salts", "plant food" or "research chemicals". And despite hav-

ing names like "Purple Haze" or "Ivory Rush" they're labelled as "not for human consumption" which allows them to avoid dealing with regulations normal foods and medicines are subject to.



Bryan Lewis Saunders: 'Bath Salts' (self-portrait)

Moving around a couple of atoms may seem like a trivial point. As long as it still gives a rush like cocaine and won't get you thrown in prison, then no harm done. However a small change in the chemical composition of a drug can have massive effects on potency, duration and effects. As an example, the difference between codeine (the stuff found in over the counter Nurofen Plus) and heroin is two small atomic changes.

The concept of tweaking drug molecules to generate something with nearly

the same effect isn't new. Pharmaceutical companies have been fine-tuning their products for decades. Nearly every sleeping pill on the market is a slight variation on Valium, and most strong painkillers are based on morphine (including the heroin and codeine mentioned earlier).

The difference, though, is that the modified drugs put out by drug companies are put through the same battery of safety testing as any new medicine. They're screened to determine new side effects, changes in necessary dosage and possible new toxicities. The drugs developed for bath salt and other designer drug products often hit the market with little to no testing. PMA, for example, is only a slight variation on MDMA (what most ecstasy tablets purport to be), but much more toxic, causing massive spikes in body temperature. PMA overdoses caused several deaths in the mid-2000s. Although PMA is now illegal, producers are coming up with new chemicals faster than they can be identified or tested, and products are very rarely labeled with the actual chemicals they contain.

So no one can claim that these drugs are inherently more dangerous than the illegal drugs that have been around for years. Nor can anyone say they're a safer alternative. The only thing anyone can say with any confidence is at the moment we don't know.

BITING the invisible hand



Almost the entire first year microeconomics course could be pretty easily taught by answering the simple question "Why are ecstasy pills more expensive in Australia than Europe?" In 2011, the mean retail cost of E across Europe was between €4 (the Netherlands) and €17 (Italy) per pill. By contrast, the wholesale price in Australia was, on average, US\$25 344 per 1000 tablets, with users in Sydney accustomed to paying AU\$30-40 and Western Australians facing \$50-60 price tags on a pill.

The question is more interesting than for drugs like cocaine or heroin, for which the ingredients are readily identifiable. In those cases, drug traffickers, as rational agents, demand more compensation given the heightened risk of getting caught in a country with well-enforced customs laws like ours.

On the other hand, methylenedioxy-methylamphetamine or MDMA, the

Swapping bills for pills

Daniel Farinha does drugs the numbers

drug that gives you ecstasy, is made from a far less regulated plant (the sassafras tree) used in aromatherapy oils, insecticide and formerly, root beer. Although it lays claim to a younger, wealthier and predominantly white demographic of users, the MDMA production process is similar to that of crystal meth. And like meth, even though some production in Australia and Indonesia is emerging, the Netherlands (which is to ecstasy what Colombia is to cocaine) will always be natural home of MDMA.

The answer, then, lies in a number of economic facts about northern Europe which collectively mean that no matter how much demand in Australia grows, supply will always be capped at how much can make its way from the Netherlands and Belgium. The first fact is that two of the largest smuggling centres in the world, the super-ports of Antwerp and Rotterdam, import the key element of the sassafras plant, PMK, mostly from China and Russia. The ease of corrupting officials and the volume of legitimate trade through these ports give the Netherlands and Belgium a comparative advantage.

Moreover, the economic theory of firms suggests that where producing a good has large fixed costs (expenses

that do not depend on the volume of production) relative to per-unit marginal costs, few producers will account for most of the market. Because establishing international drug networks and bribing officials are not dependent on scale, this sort of market concentration is to be expected.

Academic research has also shown consistently that Dutch organised crime is amongst the most efficient in the world. Gangs are business-oriented and less subject to the transaction costs of territorialism or pyramidal structures. This is partially due to the country's marijuana legalisation which has injected an entrepreneurial and competitive spirit into the drug market. A number of high-profile Israeli drug businessmen have been responsible for this phenomenon as well.

The history of northern European party drug use means that those countries will always have a first mover advantage in making them cheaply. Until the dominance of the European drug market wanes, Australia is economically better off facing the costs of importation than the costs of domestic production, both costs that Europeans avoid.

Next time you're at a party and someone's complaining that they can't afford a pill, just make their night more fun by explaining the economics.

INTERVIEW

Palmer & Co.

Rafi Alam met the big man himself

Billionaires are like unicorns, in so far as you wouldn't usually find yourself in a room with one. But Clive Palmer isn't just 'another billionaire' – he's also a celebrity, and with the formation of the Palmer United Party, a politician. When Clive Palmer took the stage, he spoke confidently, at ease, appearing to enjoy speaking to an audience of attentive – albeit suspicious – university students. Honi was fortunate enough to speak to him after the event.

He spoke at length about the need to change politics, to change the system from one of lobbyists and professional politicians to a parliament of ordinary Australians.

When asked about his asylum seeker policy – flying all potential asylum seekers to Australia, processing them in the airport, and flying back illegitimate refugees – he claims that his lenient policy meets approval in the public. "It's not only compassionate, it also saves a lot of money for people," Palmer argues. "We spend \$5 billion to lock [asylum seekers] up and separate [them] from their families."

Palmer is a contradiction. What was most striking about Palmer's politics was the awkward balance between libertarian and interventionist politics. He's happy with public financing and wants a pool of public money for new parties, and he's opposed to the mining tax. He wants public funding and ownership of hospitals and schools, especially in Aboriginal communities, and he's opposed to the carbon tax, or any specifically Australian-led climate change strategy. He wants to regulate the media and break up the Murdoch monopoly on the press, and he wants less regulation of the energy and resources industry. He wants to reverse the cuts to tertiary education, and he wants to make it easier for foreign corporations to invest in Australia.

But that's because Palmer isn't your usual billionaire-cum-capitalist. Palmer spoke out against the ultra-economic rationalist nature of Australian politics, saying that politics should be more about ideas and less about costing every single election promise. He also, surprisingly, said that it's not all about the GDP, because a quality standard of living is more important than a balanced budget.

It was also tough to credit Palmer as a conservative or a radical. He wants to repeal the Electoral Act 1918 and the strict processes of registering as a new political party, but is fine with the current voting system, opposing proportionality. He spoke of progress, but

constantly alluded back to the Anzac legend. He loves traditional Australia, but wants more multiculturalism.

One of Palmer's rare breaks from his honest outspokenness was on the mining tax. He claims that he would be unbiased regarding the mining tax because "the mining tax would never apply to [him]." This is because he leases lands to miners, rather than controlling the mines himself. While perhaps not



Cartoon: Mikaela Bartels

directly affected by the mining tax, it is indisputable that it would cut into his profits. This is something he was grilled by the audience on as well.

Palmer claims to have a candidate in every seat in Australia. With such wealth behind the party, and a well-known face to lead them, Palmer humbly predicts a victory in this upcoming election. With people's disappointment in the ALP and the widespread animosity towards Abbott, perhaps this is more plausible than it sounds.

The interview was conducted with Nina Ubaldi

Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney

SRC Elections 2013

Postal Voting Application Form

POSTAL VOTING

If you wish to vote in the 2013 SRC elections but are unable to vote EITHER on polling days Wednesday 25th or Thursday 26th September at any of the advertised locations, OR on pre-polling day (on main campus) Tuesday 24th September, then you may apply for a postal vote.

Fill in this form and send it to:

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

PLEASE NOTE: postal vote applications **MUST BE RECEIVED AND IN OUR PO BOX by Thursday 22nd of August** at 4.30pm or they will not be considered. **No exceptions.**

You may use a photocopy of this form.

Name of applicant: _____

Student Card Number: _____

Faculty/Year: _____

Phone Number: () _____

Email: _____

Mobile: _____

I hereby apply for a postal vote for the 2013 SRC elections. I declare that I am unable to attend a polling booth on any of the polling days, OR on the pre-polling day, for the following reason: (please be specific. Vague or facetious reasons will not be accepted. The Electoral Officer must under section 20(a) of the Election Regulation consider that the stated reason justifies the issuing of a postal vote.)

Signature: _____

Please send voting papers to the following address:

State: _____ Postcode: _____

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

For more information contact
Paulene Graham, Electoral Officer 02 9660 5222



Authorised by P. Graham, SRC Electoral Officer 2013.
Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney Phone: 02 9660 5222 www.src.usyd.edu.au



JUMPING

John Gooding woke up this morning

In May of this year Defence Distributed, a non-profit organisation from Texas, put up schematics for a printable gun called the 'Liberator' on their website. Any person with access to a 3D printer can create the sixteen components and assemble them into a working firearm. The files each contain a three dimensional model which a printer could then create out of plastic. The only non-plastic items required are a small nail to serve as a firing pin and, of course, ammunition. Along with the files, Defence Distributed uploaded a video of them successfully testing the weapon.

Guns are pretty simple machines, really. All you need is something to hold a round of ammunition and some way of hitting the bottom of that round with a sharp metal object. They are only marginally more complicated than wrenches, which 3D printers made headlines for making a few years ago. Printed guns seem to be a perfectly natural step up the complexity curve.

Nevertheless, politicians and news outlets leapt on the issue with an impressive furore. NSW Police made their feelings on printed guns very clear through several media releases and uploaded their own video of the Liberator being test-fired; in their case the barrel exploded, sending charred white plastic everywhere. Commissioner Andrew Scipione warned that, even without bullets, these types of weapons are firearms and fall under current gun legislation. "If you are even considering making one of these weapons you need

to understand that not only are they illegal, but that they are enormously dangerous, both to the person that you may be choosing to use it against and to yourself," he said.

In America, the US Department of State stepped in and requested that Defence Distributed take down the schematics for the Liberator. The webpage which previously hosted the files put a statement up claiming that "... until further notice, the United States government claims control of the information." The files, however, can still be found via torrenting websites like PirateBay.

New York Senator Chuck Schumer argued that more legislation was needed to regulate printed weaponry. "We're facing a situation where anyone – a felon, a terrorist – can open a gun factory in their garage, and the weapons they make will be undetectable," he said in a press conference. Congressman Steve Israel echoed Schumer's sentiments. In a press release he stated that "... when I started talking about the issue of plastic firearms months ago, I was told the idea of a plastic gun is science-fiction. Now that this technology appears to be upon us, we need to act now to extend the ban on plastic firearms."

Almost every major news organisation in the world ran a story or two on the issue. The most inspired media stunt would probably have to be Simon Murphy and Russell Myers's efforts for British newspaper *The Mail* on Sunday. Murphy and Russell printed the components for the Liberator and successfully smuggled them on board a Eurostar high-speed train service from London to Paris. They assembled the firearm (without firing pin or ammunition) and took fantastically overproduced photographs of themselves wielding the gun like secret agents. In the resulting article they called their endeavour a "security scandal".

Around the end of May and start

of June, enthusiasm noticeably ebbed. Attention drifted elsewhere and briefly returned to the topic only when a New York councillor proposed a bill that would make printing a gun within the city illegal for anyone other than a registered gunsmith. Having disappeared almost as quickly as it arrived, the media frenzy now appears to be over.

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On May 19th, in the middle of the frenzy, a Californian YouTube user called Jeff Heeszel (who goes by the name 'Taofledermaus' on the website) uploaded a video of him and a friend test-firing a Mossberg 590 shotgun containing bullets created in a 3D printer. The projectiles were unstable and often hit their target side-on, which meant the force of impact was spread across a larger area; think of the difference between stepping on someone with a flat-bottomed shoe and stepping on them with the point of a stiletto.

Despite the inefficacy of the bullets, Heeszel was contacted over the next few days by several media outlets, including US News, CNN and Wired. "The *Daily Mail* sent me a PM and only wanted to know if the video was mine and if they could post the video on their site. I asked them to embed my video rather than use their own video player," he says.

On May 22nd *The Daily Mail* posted a story with the headline 'Is this the first 3D-printed BULLET? YouTube video shows range of homemade ammunition being fired.' "They ended up using their own video player which allowed them to make money off my video," Heeszel says. "Had they embedded my video, I would have earned some money off it too."

The next day *The Huffington Post's* Alexis Kleinman put up her own take: '3D-Printed Bullets Exist, And They're Terrifyingly Easy To Make.' "The third bullet did a little damage to a manne-

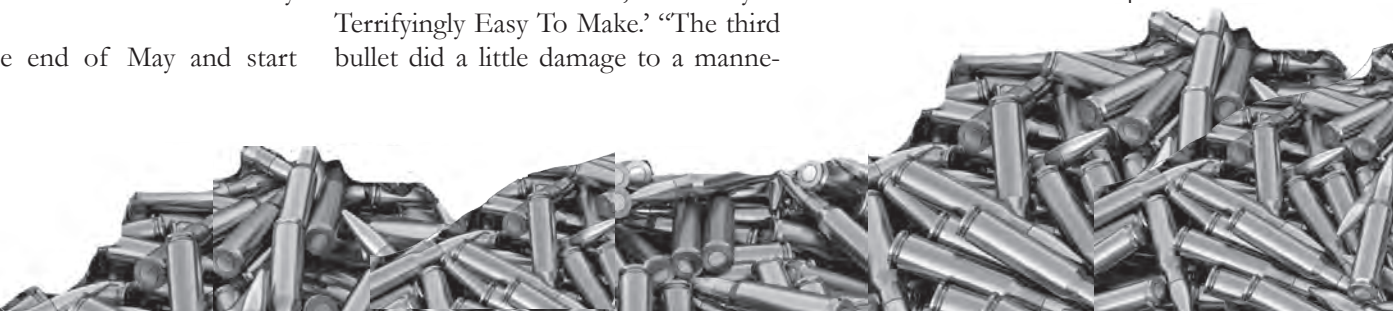
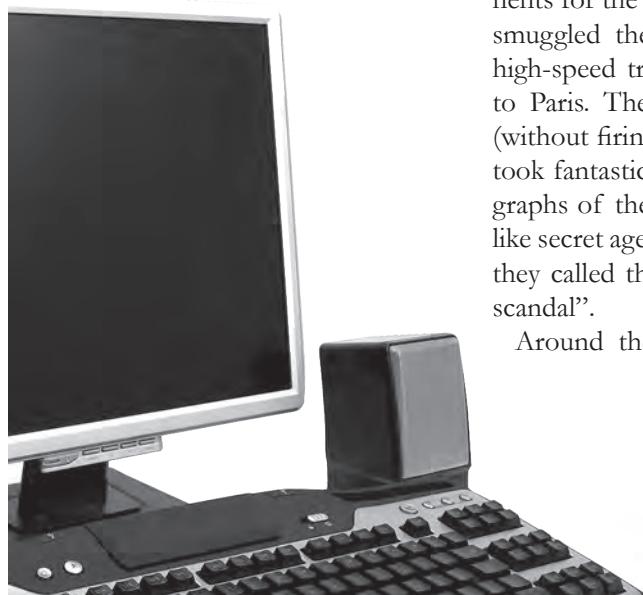
quin head. Why are these guys shooting at mannequin heads? That doesn't send a great message," she writes.

When reading these sorts of headlines and stories, many would potentially think that Heeszel's friend had printed a complete round of ammunition. Alas, that is not the case. The word 'bullet' can refer to both the round (the thing you put in a gun) and the projectile (the bit that comes out of the gun). Most rounds contain a primer at the base, some form of propellant (usually gunpowder) in the middle, and a projectile at the tip. "The only 3D component [in the round] was the actual projectile ... they were printed by a friend of mine in Tennessee and he mailed them to me to test out," says Heeszel.

Whilst the claim that Heeszel used printed bullets is technically true, the fact that the term is also used to refer to whole rounds makes it seem incredibly misleading to use it instead of, say, 'projectile' or 'slug'. Heeszel also says that much of the coverage he read contained gross errors. "US news and Wired's articles were pretty accurate and I don't recall seeing any major mistakes. Other articles I found jumbled up information or misquoted me," he says. "[One] said I was a 'libertarian who wanted a smaller government' ... that was totally made up, I don't even talk about politics anywhere."

"I certainly got an interesting insight on how media works and how some 'journalists' are just lazy and borrow information from other journalists and try to make it seem like they wrote it by putting different spins on it."

Heeszel's bullets did not get attention because they showcased anything particularly deadly or new; he has also utilized projectiles made out of silly putty, sausages, chocolate, and whole host of everyday items and materials. Heeszel's 3D printed bullets only got attention because of the phrase "3D



THE GUN

is morning, printed himself a gun



printed". Attacking *The Daily Mail* and *The Huffington Post* for poor journalism may seem like a both trivial and futile endeavour, but their sensationalism can be compared with a more subtle failing that afflicted many more media outlets: hyping up printed weaponry in the first place when more effective homemade alternatives are already available.

xxx

As Richard slams the inner pipe back, the tip of the firing pin in the outer pipe makes contact with the primer in the shotgun round, which ignites the gunpowder and propels the bullet out of the chamber. It goes wide of the target and buries itself somewhere in the vegetation. Shortly afterwards, the outer pipe escapes Richard's grip and rockets out of sight behind him due to Newton's third law of physics: every action has an equal and opposite reaction. The gases leaving the pipe singe his now empty hand. Richard looks a little stunned by the incident, but then shows off his "roasted" finger and explains what he thought went wrong with his gun, which he made himself from two lengths of metal pipe, a galvanised cap, and a sharpened screw.

Richard is a seventeen-year-old do-it-yourself firearms enthusiast from Missouri. To be fair to him, he has made some far sturdier specimens; another pipe gun he made has a simple wooden stock, which mitigates the force of recoil over his entire shoulder. Rounds from this gun can penetrate plastic, wood and sheet metal. However, he seems to have a pretty lackadaisical attitude to safety and when talking to him I can't help but feel as though I should be telling him off.

The weapons Richard makes have the potential to be deadly but suffer from long reload times, as each round must be individually inserted before firing. The

most striking thing about them is how easy and cheap they are to produce. "You only need a basic knowledge of how guns function and a mechanical mindset in order to successfully put together a fully functioning firearm," Richard says. "I usually spend around \$30 to \$35 on my 12 gauge slam fire guns." For comparison, Scipione said that NSW police spent \$35 on plastic for each Liberator they printed. "We made [the weapon] on a base entry level 3D printer ... that printer cost us \$1700," he said.

So the obvious question beckons: if printed weapons are as menacing a prospect as police and legislators have made them out to be, why are homemade firearms not plunging the world into untold chaos and anarchy right this very moment? In a country like Australia the lack of ammunition could restrict any demand, as guns are for the most part useless without rounds to fire. Here it is illegal to possess or buy ammunition for any firearm for which you do not have a permit.

However, this is just not the case in America, where ammunition is considered such a staple it can be found at Wal-Mart. Legislation varies from state to state, but in Missouri, where Richard lives, handgun ammunition can be sold by licensed dealers to anyone over twenty-one years of age and ammunition for most other types of legal firearms (including shotgun ammunition) can be bought by anyone over eighteen. No license or permit of any kind is required.

Perhaps the issue at hand is the undetectable nature of plastic firearms? Even the simplest of Richard's weapons would set off a metal detector or show up on an x-ray machine as two metal pipes. However, that's all they

would show up as: two metal pipes. They have no markers or serial numbers identifying them as a weapon, and nothing about them hints at their deadliness. If *The Mail on Sunday* reporters were to repeat their Eurostar smuggling experiment with two small metal pipes and a firing pin stashed somewhere in their luggage, they would probably be just as successful.

When I asked Richard why more people were not interested in his niche hobby, he thought it was a matter of ignorance. "I think that the practice of building homemade guns is not more widespread because the general public in the US have little to no knowledge about the subject," he says. "People should not be afraid of how easy it is becoming to make guns at home ... mass murders are very unlikely to happen when the gunman only has a single shot homemade gun."

xxx

Professor Tim Senden, head of ANU's Department of Applied Mathematics, argues that the ways in which 3D printing might improve society are somewhat drowned out by incessant media stories about the possible uses in creating weaponry. "I don't really subscribe to the panic," he says. "People are afraid of the new ... I think the benefits, like any manufacturing technology, far exceed the hazards."

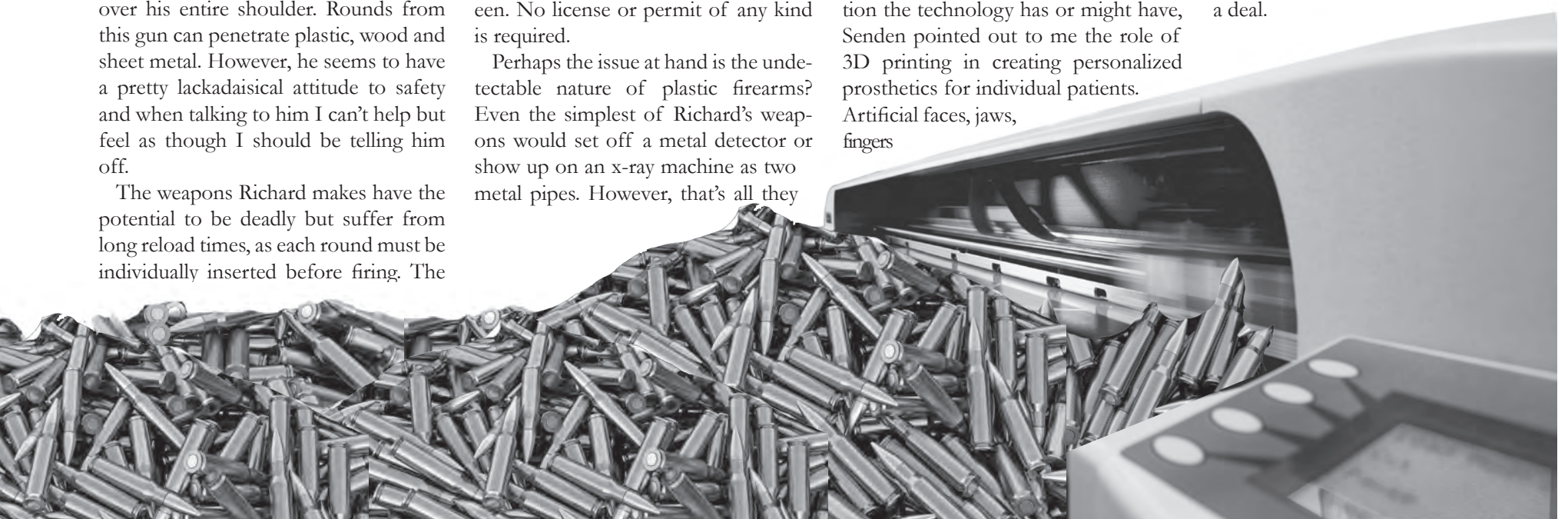
When asked for a particular application the technology has or might have, Senden pointed out to me the role of 3D printing in creating personalized prosthetics for individual patients. Artificial faces, jaws, fingers

and hands have all been created with the help of the technology, often for a much lower cost than more conventional methods would incur.

However, in the minds of many the technology will now be associated with printed guns and printed bullets instead of these positive applications. The media blew up the issue to such a great extent that they had to keep covering it, and you can't blame them, really. This issue has all the ingredients for a sexy, eye-grabbing story. The fact that we can print guns is incredible. The fact that we can illegally download schematics for a gun which have been pulled from the manufacturer's website by the US Department of State is incredible. The fact that there are a bunch of files sitting in hard drives across Australia mapping out a 3D object it would be illegal to own in real life is incredible. In practice, however, 3D printing cannot yet give us a firearm more complicated and more potent than what simple gun-making methods that have been available for hundreds of years can provide.

You could drop this paper right now and go make a firearm with a very minimal amount of research, a set of basic tools and some cheap materials. The only thing stopping you is some mixture of ignorance, laziness and disinterest. The panic of lawmakers and journalists over what is essentially a flashy new method to produce an old invention is completely unwarranted.

Printed firearms are just not that big a deal.



Bender in the Grass

Sniffer dogs have detected drugs on Ben* as he entered a music festival on four separate occasions. As he was led away to be searched, Ben's mind turned not only to the criminal penalties he faced, but whether in the last few minutes he had thrown away his medical career.

This year, like others, the sniffer dogs were hard at work at Splendour in the Grass. "There were dogs there every day except Sunday" reported second year law student Toby,* who took MDMA as he entered the festival. Over the four days of Splendour, 282 people were caught with illegal drugs, mainly marijuana and MDMA.

Ben, a forth year medical student, has brought marijuana and ecstasy into Splendour over the four years that he's attended. "My tactic is generally something of the boot or shoe variety" he revealed to Honi Soit. Despite being picked up by sniffer dogs multiple times, he has managed the impressive feat of never being being part of the possession statistics at Splendour.

"I think they're trying to catch a certain kind of person," he explained. "My personal trick is to start a conversation about how I'm a medical student to show that I'm a well-educated and well-versed young man. It gets them to let their guard down. It's really just using the communication skills they teach us in med school."

The police, he says are generally "incredibly friendly, particularly at Splendour". Once identified by the dogs, the police directed Ben to a sepa-

Nina Ubaldi looks at the risks of smuggling drugs into one of the biggest festivals in Australia

rate tent and asked him to remove his outer clothes and shoes so they could search him. According to Ben, the pat down "pretty much does nothing. It's just the upper torso and legs. I think that's why it's important to be amiable. If I was freaking out, I don't think I'd have been so lucky."

The stats from Splendour seem to indicate that Ben's story isn't the norm; around 70% of the sniffer dog detections at Splendour this year resulted in cautions or charges.

The time Ben tried to bring "a decent amount" of MDMA to Harvest Festival was one of the less lucky times. "I had smoked weed before going in so I think that's what they pulled me over for. I wrapped [the MDMA] in chewing gum and put it at the back of my mouth. But when the dogs pulled me over I swallowed it and nearly overdosed."

The snap decision to swallow the drugs rather than risk being caught might make sense given the damage a high-level drugs charge could do to Ben's career. Doctors, lawyers, and to a lesser extent teachers, need to declare criminal charges and convictions when seeking registration or admission by

their professional bodies. "With the ecstasy, that one could have been quite serious. I wouldn't do that again. Nor the MDMA," said Ben "But in NSW for marijuana if you've got a small amount you just get a caution. There's a fair amount of police discretion. They might not even bother properly taking down your details onto the official list. I think that's where it's important to be nice and amiable."

Toby's friend and fellow law student Rachael* took eight pills and caps into the Splendour campsite, but isn't too worried.

"I just don't understand how they can search 30 000 people effectively," she explained. She's also willing to run the risk of being charged: "The definition for trafficable is very low, but I think it's unlikely you'd be charged with trafficable quantities. A possession charge is not that serious."

Rachael is quite open about her preference for MDMA over drinking at festivals. "It's way more fun. It's cheaper. I always feel more aware when I'm on drugs than when I'm blacking out with alcohol". She also has some very practical concerns. "You don't need to go

to the bathroom as often. The toilets are disgusting and the queues are huge. And when the phones don't work you'll lose your friends Toby agrees: "the mid strength drinks make it really hard to get drunk. It's like 0.8 [standard drinks] in a can of cider!"

Other students working towards professions that require criminal background checks aren't as convinced. Frances* is a fourth year law student who went to Splendour this year but decided to not take drugs with her friends. "I work in criminal law, so I see where it's gone wrong, all the time. And not just for major manufacturers but for people who brought in seven pills into a festival." She finds it hard to believe some of the urban myths her law friends peddle about smuggling drugs into festivals. "Like if you're tall dogs will never catch you. I would feel like a total idiot asking my boss to represent me" if that turned out to be wrong. She's quick to clarify however that she doesn't have any moral objection to people taking drugs- "It's just really not worth it considering what I do."

Ben does share some of Frances' concern. "I am excited for my career and I wouldn't want a childhood mistake to ruin it" he said. But for him, the risk is mostly worth it. "I'm not sure I'd want to have a job that disallowed me for a simple possession charge. I try not to take my life too seriously."

**Names have been changed because drugs are illegal.*



ARTS & CULTURE

Iceland is a place Of Monsters and Men

INTERVIEW

Samantha Jonscher spoke to the Icelandic band about their hometown, visiting Australia, and their time at Splendour in the Grass.

Probably the best way to summarise Of Monsters and Men's music is to say that my 15 year-old sister and my mum really like them. They have two pretty catchy songs, 'Little Talks' and 'Mountain



Of Monsters and Men performing at Splendour last week. Photo: Marc Grimwade

Sound'; both are upbeat, feature trumpets, innocent boy/girl callbacks and joyful shouts of "Hey!". They are fun, uncomplicated and sweet little songs that slot nicely into the Lumineers and Mumford and Son's pop-folk revival.

As a band, they are a positively Nordic looking five-piece who have gotten the retro-homely look down to a science, but quite frankly, they probably can lay more claim to that look than some. They are from Iceland after all, and in some ways, that Scandinavian exoticism is their biggest drawcard.

During their recent Australian visit for Splendour in the Grass, I had the chance to ask them about Iceland, Australia, and how they just couldn't wait to see Frank Ocean at the festival (bummer, guys).

In many ways, Australia and Iceland are each other's evil twins: both are isolated island nations. But while Australia is famous for red earth, scorching heat, kangaroos and Steve Irwin, Iceland is known for volcanos, being fucking cold and Björk.

Reykjavik, they tell me, has a strong music scene despite being home to only about 120 000 people in a country with a total population a little less than Canberra. Rural Iceland, apparently, is "quiet

and simple", but the city is a different matter completely. "There's usually an abundance of concerts you can choose from every weekend, but in fairness don't expect the venue to be that good", they warn. "The best bars and venues in Iceland are all disappearing to make way for hotels. That doesn't stop the strong Icelandic music scene though." When asked if they would ever relocate, they assured me that "Iceland will always be home" despite frequently commuting between Iceland and continental Denmark.

Unsurprisingly, they didn't give much heed to the Australian 'winter'. On this trip, Byron was their favorite, where they "stayed at a beautiful beach house, swam in the ocean and sunbathed". Unsurprisingly, the 18°C highs and spitting rain that accompanied their time there did not deter them from jumping in the water and soaking up the sun. The weather in Byron was pretty much identical to what it was in Iceland at the same time, in the

height of Reykjavik's summer.

What was the biggest difference for them though? "Us Icelanders are not used to the kind of insects you guys have here", which actually means something when they say it. Fun fact: Iceland is home to only 1,300 insect varieties, making it one of the least insect diverse territories on the planet beaten only by the Arctic, Greenland and parts of the Himalayas.

It sounds like they had a good trip. I just hope they weren't too devastated about Frank Ocean.



Delve into the deep Pond

Adam Disney spoke to Sydney band, Pond, about their new album *Hobo Rocket*



"Finally, a note for the useless: Pond is NOT Tame Impala", says Adam Disney.

It's nice to hear something different, and something different is what I heard. Pond is a five-piece psychedelic rock band from Western Australia and with *Hobo Rocket* they've made a fierce, lean record of shifting tempos, infinite delay effects, and cacophonous live energy. It's the latest step in a rapid progression from jokey lo-fi home-recording outfit to a fully realised band with a complex and distinctive sound. Speaking with Joseph Ryan, a member since debut *Psychedelic Mango* (2009) was recorded in a living room, it becomes evident that the band's vastly more cohesive and purposeful sound remains rooted in the DIY feel of their earlier

releases.

For starters, the band recorded in three days. With countless side projects and commitments, getting all members in the same room proved tricky, thus recording was a matter of "slap up all the mikes and [record] live" says Ryan. Forget keeping instruments separated in the mix, there was "no chance of that" given the hasty schedule, and the net result is a ragged, monolithic ensemble sound where instruments don't so much play individual notes as contribute a new tone to the greater ruckus. Given the wiggly time signatures and tonal shifts, recording an album of such complexity in less time than many spend on one song is quite a feat indeed. Right from the opener 'Whatever Happened To The Million Head Collide' the sound forgoes the crisp lushness of last year's *Beard, Wives, Denim*. Instead it resembles a kind of space-rock Exile on Main Street that one would struggle to reproduce with the painstaking soundwonkery that characterises most modern recordings.

Most memorable is the title track. Over

a Velvet-Underground-in-space drone we hear the semi-coherent rumble of a broad Aussie drawl intoning phrases like 'star rider' and 'what drugs are you on?' This is Cowboy John, a 'sort of mystic poet fellow walking around Perth' according to Ryan; 'he's a bit strange...I don't know what he does actually'. Apparently while mastering the song, the mystic poet paid a visit and it was decided that the existing vocals, which were 'nothing really too special', were best replaced by some inspired improvisation. The weird and brilliant result is a near-tuneless recitation of Cowboy John's own songs over Pond's glistening into-the-void-ism. It's a great blend of off-the-cuff strangeness and proggy ambition, and a helpful reminder amidst their darkest songs of the sense of fun that underlies everything they do.

Finally, a note for the useless: Pond is NOT Tame Impala. "You read interviews and it's always...in the first line: Half Tame Impala" says Ryan, "and it's like...how many years has this been going on now?" While Tame Impala's live outfit does currently share a few members with Pond, the studio tracks with which most people are familiar are almost entirely the product of Kevin Parker, a non-Pond member. Ryan concedes that



the latter's success helped other bands in the Perth scene get exposure, but also led to both bands being grouped "[under] the same sort of banner" when "there're not really any similarities". That last bit might be a stretch – they're both psychedelic rock bands with a love of fuzzy, delayed guitars – but Tame Impala's is a plaintive and insular dreamscape, while Pond sneers and stomps; it's an eclectic and light-hearted affair with a healthy love for the absurd and funky.

That's the key, the sense of fun that remains even as they take a turn for the sinister. Ryan summed it up nicely: "if you're honest and happy making your music, you can hear it...it's never gonna work if it's not for the fun of it, not with Pond, anyway."



Pictured: Pond in Victoria Park

The trouble with trigger warnings



OPINION

Caitlin Still is not without her demons

I'll begin by saying this: trauma is real. It has a serious, complex and often devastating effect on the mind. Particularly for those suffering from PTSD, even the smallest reminder of a traumatic experience can trigger an intense and uncontrollable emotional response, which may involve intense anxiety, crying, panic attacks, and even the urge to self-harm.

To be triggered in such a way can be enough to ruin a day, a week, or even a month for those suffering in the wake of a traumatic experience. Thus, the advent of trigger warnings.

A practice originating on feminist websites and online communities designed to be 'safe spaces' for survivors of trauma, the use of trigger warnings - or TWs for short - has spread throughout blogging and social media as a way to help trauma survivors avoid content that may lead to the distress that comes of being triggered.

It seems reasonable. And to a degree, it is. Part of the appeal of trigger warnings is that they allow those still processing traumatic experiences to choose when they are ready expose themselves to stimuli that may trigger an extreme and involuntary emotional response.

I applaud the sensitivity and awareness demonstrated by those who take the time to put a trigger warning, for example, on a link posted on Facebook dealing with issues such as sexual abuse or violence.

Ultimately, however, I am in doubt as to the effectiveness of trigger warnings, as their use becomes less of a thoughtful gesture than an expectation for those *au fait* with political correctness, who want to find themselves on the right side of compassion. I believe we are running the risk of wandering into dangerous territory when we demand their use, which requires the knowledge of a certain protocol, and whose helpfulness is ultimately limited.

It is due to the nature of trauma, and the nature of the world we live in, that triggers are impossible to avoid. While a survivor of sexual violence can spare themselves a painful evening by avoiding an article disclaimed with an according trigger warning, the reality is that everyone is triggered by different things, and apt to be things that cannot be avoided or censored: a certain smell, a certain look in the eyes of a stranger, a particular surname. When it comes to more obvious triggers, I take issue with

the prevailing assumption among TW supporters that people have a right to be protected from triggers, for which other people are responsible.

"I am in doubt as to the effectiveness of trigger warnings ... their use becomes less of a thoughtful gesture than an expectation for those *au fait* with political correctness"

As Melissa McEwan writes on the feminist blog 'Shakesville', "We provide trigger warnings because it's polite, because we don't want to be the asshole who triggered a survivor of sexual assault because of carelessness or laziness or ignorance."

In a society that still baulks at the prospect of open and serious dialogue about rape, violence and anything pertaining to mental health, we do ourselves a disservice by discouraging sorely-needed discussion about these issues by making an 'asshole' out of someone who simply wants to raise awareness of an issue, though it may

be triggering for some. If an article or video is appropriately titled, however, there should be no need for a warning. Particularly in light of the contention involved in determining what does and does not warrant a TW, to place blame on someone for linking to an article without a trigger warning for ruining your day, particularly given the contention as to when they are warranted, seems somewhat immature. After all, the poster isn't the 'asshole' for indirectly triggering someone, it's the perpetrator of the initial trauma.

While being triggered can be a distressing and all-round awful experience, I take issue with the assumption that exposure to triggers is inherently damaging. Although there is a time and place for unpacking, confronting the cause of trauma is part of the process of recovery.

Ultimately, though, the best way to empower ourselves is to take responsibility for our own pain, not to expect others to protect us in a world that does not come with trigger warnings. It means knowing ourselves, what we can and can't handle for the time being, and seeking out the help we really need. It was never going to be easy.

Ward 9, Bed 23

Lane Sainty on witnessing her grandmother's radical haircut

Last week I watched my grandfather shave my grandmother's head. It was done tenderly, sans the usual bravado of a teenager getting a buzz cut or the exhilarating sense of sacrifice accompanying the World's Greatest Shave.

You see, my grandmother had neither fashion nor charity in mind when she made the decision to shave. Rather, her hair has started to fall out as a side effect of the chemotherapy treatment she is currently receiving, and she made the practical decision to get rid of it sooner rather than later.

My presence at the haircut was accidental; a coincidence that it occurred the afternoon I unexpectedly dropped in to Ward 9. Like many grandchildren, I do not visit as often as I should, and it seemed somehow perverse that despite my prolonged absence prior to the discovery of cancer that I should be in attendance for a moment so pregnant with meaning.

The shaving process was at once startlingly makeshift and deeply ritualistic. The basic set up— a sheet on the

floor, a chair, another sheet around my grandmother's shoulders— seemed far too casual to be occurring within the enforced sterility of a hospital ward.

"... my grandmother had neither fashion nor charity in mind when she made the decision to shave."

My grandfather questions whether she wants to do it today. "How about tomorrow morning?" he asks. But my grandmother, only in her mid-sixties, puts her hand to her head and pulls gently. She holds out her fist to reveal a clump of wispy, greying hairs. "I want to do it now, before it all starts to fall out," she says. Everyone agrees.

My grandfather prepares the cordless razor with careful, yet shaking, hands. He has done this once before. "I sat on a chair, with everybody around me, and I sobbed and sobbed last time," my grandmother says with a smile. "This time will be easier."

It is. There are a few quiet groans as clumps of hair fall onto the white sheet, but no sobbing. A joke is made about how my grandfather used to shear sheep. "I ain't no sheep!" my grandmother quips back.

We're mostly chatting, but a few times my grandmother stares out the window of her room, with Sydney Tower visible on the skyline and I wonder whether she is straining to see her increasingly bald reflection in the glass or pondering the unfortunate turn of bodily events that have again confined her to a hospital bed.

Unperturbed by the arrival of dinner or passing nurses, my grandfather is utterly absorbed in his unconven-



tional task. He gently razes away at his wife's scalp until he is satisfied with the length. When he is done, my grandmother's best friend takes over, bathing the newly prickled head in soapy water, removing the minuscule specks of hair from her neck. Then she tells my grandmother that she looks beautiful.

My grandmother feels her head. "It feel like sandpaper!" she complains.

The woman in the bed across from my grandmother, who looks surprisingly robust despite her smooth, shiny head, says that it looks good. In what seems a bizarre compliment, we all praise my grandmother's symmetrical dome, agreeing that there were certainly no bumps to be seen.

Soon after the hair and sheets have been packed away, I take my leave, promising to return. As I exit, I wave a tentative farewell to a young woman with thick brown hair who has been watching the whole affair from the bed diagonally opposite. I wonder if she, too, has just begun chemotherapy— whether she is watching her future.

FIRST PERSON

ALMOST TOUCHING THE VOID

Max Weber took the scenic route in Borneo

It starts to really bite around 2700 metres. Each step knocks the wind from my chest and the fog closes in before giving way to a chill drizzle, as if the air has thinned to such an extent that it can no longer bear the weight of the moisture.

Close to 3000 metres and the landscape changes, with dense jungle opening up to a steep clay riverbed hemmed in by windswept brush.

A burst of wind sweeps aside a bank of fog and through the stinging rain I chance a glimpse upwards. For the briefest of moments the clouds thin and the dimmest silhouette of Mount Kinabalu's craggy summit looms high above. Our guide Jinus grins impishly over his shoulder and says, "this is where it begins to get difficult."

Mountains, as symbol and metaphor, have always fired the imagination. From a distance they evoke a reverence. Three kilometres above sea level with oxygen becoming ever more scarce, however, awe gives way to a numbness, a kind of insular plodding – the cliché trundled out during every year's HSC exams about the journey being more important than the destination has clearly never climbed a mountain.

At 4095 metres Kinabalu represents a daunting prospect for me – I didn't quite make it to the top of Kosciuszko on the Year 8 school excursion. Despite being almost double the height of Australia's highest point (a fact which some haughty northern Europeans sharing our accommodation found particularly amusing), Kinabalu's role as a regional

drawcard is thanks in large part to its reputation as having an 'easy' ascent – unlike most mountains of comparative size, the climb only takes two days with a low degree of technical difficulty – which is to say, no oxygen or expensive rappelling or climbing gear is needed.

Mount Kinabalu itself is accessed by a narrow, road through the undulating foothills of Sabah, the Western of the two Malaysian states on the island (which also contains the miniscule Islamic state of Brunei and is bisected by Indonesian territory, the largely wild Kalimantan).

On an island with more than its fair share of natural wonders, Kinabalu stands out as a rare instance of a prospect that straddles the boundary between hugely challenging and actually attainable.

It is an incongruity that is strangely thematic of Borneo – despite its interior primary rainforest being one of the most unique and valuable ecosystems in the world, the more accessible areas of the island are studded with rather more venal human endeavours. And just as virgin rainforest gives way to palm-oil plantations and gluttonous mining and logging operations, so Kinabalu feels embarrassingly commercialised upon arrival. Sleek mini-vans of European and Chinese-based tour operators crowd the National Parks office at the base of the mountain.

Still, the apparent creature comforts of the various amenities at the base of Kinabalu gradually give way to the harsher realities of the nine kilometre

ascent – there is only so much taming that can be done.

Mount Kinabalu is a giant of the region; the tallest object between the Himalayas and Papua New Guinea. This hugeness (and its near-perpetual cloudbank) masks its variances from afar – on approach, it's easy to envisage it as a homogenous ecosystem, all jutting granite mass and clinging root. The climb reveals otherwise. The Timpohon Gate, the official beginning of the ascent at an altitude of 1,866 metres, opens with a gently sloping bush-track, and the initial climb is steady. The mountain unfurls gradually, coaxingly, through spectacular rainforest accentuated with pitcher plants and squirrels.

Most of the foot-traffic is generated by the 'Sherpas' – formidably muscled local Malay porters carrying supplies to and from Laban Rata – though occasionally a spent-looking Western hiker will be strapped to their backs, a warning of what was to come. The last two kilometres before Laban Rata, undersold by Jinus as "difficult", sees the path steepen sharply and the weather worsen, with moisture collapsing through the thinnest of air.

The plan – to wake at 2am and make the final 3km scramble to the summit for sunrise – begins to look unlikely shortly after arrival at Laban Rata at mid-afternoon. Aside from screaming calf muscles and a pounding headache (an almost unavoidable circumstance of the altitude), the rain that had been a frequent companion on the way up becomes an unerring drum on the tin

roof, increasing constantly in magnitude. Glumly, Jinus informs us that the ascent won't be possible if the rain gets any heavier – and heavier it becomes. A restless sleep and a tortuously early rise is soundtracked by the roar of a steep granite path turned veritable waterfall, and a now unassailable summit.

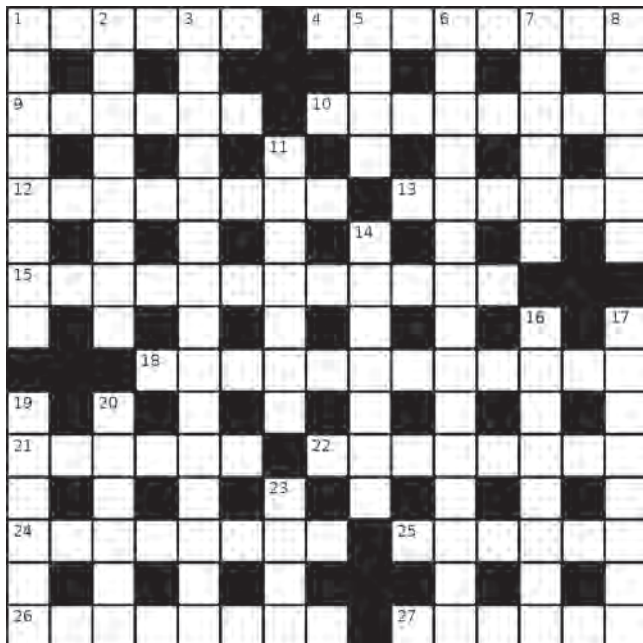
The rain plagues us on the way down, too. Paths hewn from foot traffic begin to second as floodways and rocks that were helpful footholds on the way up become perilous ankle-traps. It takes around four hours to make the whole descent, a dogged, anaesthetised trudge through cloying mud. As I return through the Timpohon Gate, soaked to the bone and aching sore, I feel cheated out of a commune with nature, left with a maddening lack of anecdotes and vistas, with the monotonousness of the descent and the bitter defeat, ultimately, of the climb.

Having not expected a sublime experience, I had at least budgeted for a sense of achievement upon reaching the summit. Instead, the reality of the mountain as a kind of purgatorial metaphor – a climb without a payoff, a descent without the comfort of reward – hits home.

As we drive away from the Timpohon Gate however, I am struck again by its sheer size – this time, accompanied by the sobering realisation that while a summit, as a metaphor and signifier, is a temptation hard to resist, I am pretty happy with my 3,373 metres – and a more than grudging respect of the permanence of Mount Kinabalu.



QUICK CROSSWORD



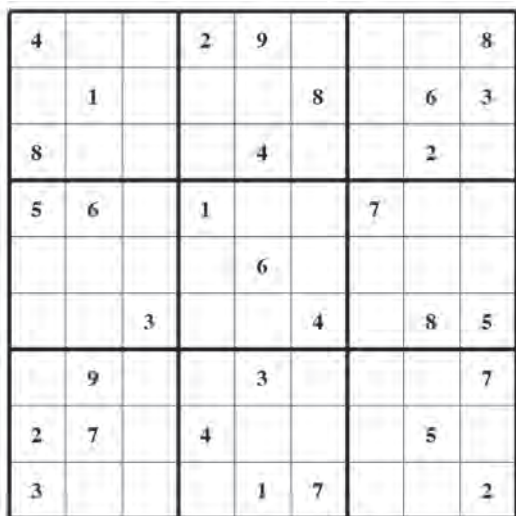
Zplig

ACROSS

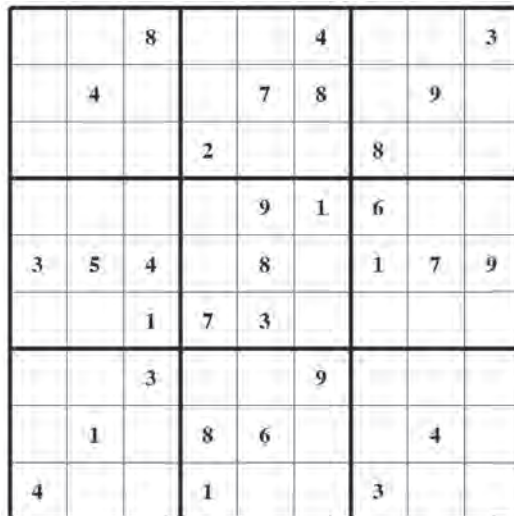
- 1 If the bellman says it this many times it must be true! (6)
- 4 A form of boating (8)
- 9 Decent (3,3)
- 10 Denim (8)
- 12 Annual exams (8)
- 13 Separate (6)
- 15 Usually describes a heavenly limb (12)
- 18 A branch of theology that deals with principles of exegesis (12)
- 21 French existentialist (6)
- 22 Unripe (8)
- 24 Arouse again (8)
- 25 He who denounced Catiline (6)
- 26 Mercifulness (8)
- 27 Together (6)

DOWN

- 1 "Break, Break, Break" poet (8)
- 2 Pulls away (8)
- 3 "Jane Eyre" Writer (9,6)
- 5 Chill (4)
- 6 Something that Sydney University offers (6,9)
- 7 Raid (6)
- 8 "The Sorrows of Young Werther" Author (6)
- 11 Delivers (7)
- 14 The treasurer is responsible for this (7)
- 16 Quite poison (8)
- 17 Small chunks of metal or rock that move around the sun (8)
- 19 Stellar (6)
- 20 "Release the _____" (6)
- 23 A stupid person that is often smart (4)



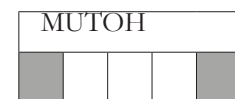
Easy



Hard

WHAM, BAM, ANAGRAM!

Use the shaded letters to answer the riddle



Q: Why couldn't the butterfly go to the dance?
A: Because it was



Janice

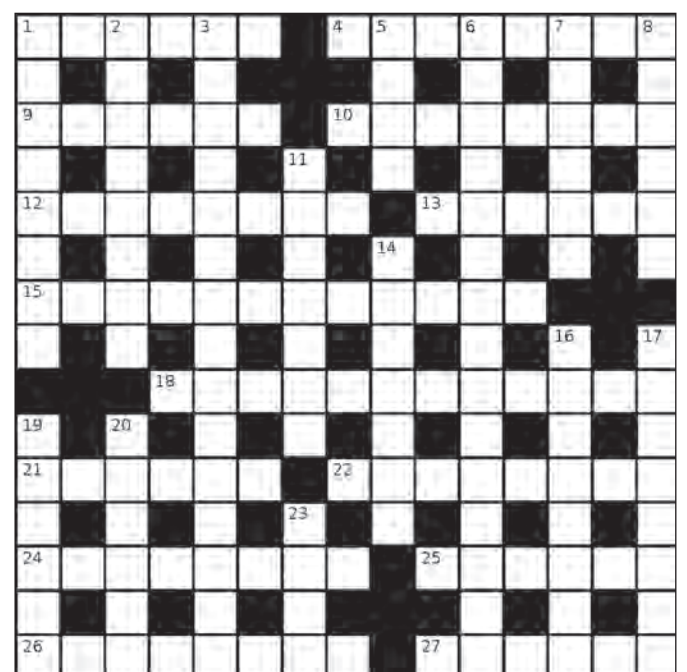
ACROSS

- 1 Pratchett's unfinished novel RO brings about an overwhelming feeling of fear (6)
- 4 KKK manufacture lye for a British novelist? (8)
- 9 Wrongly tailor to a super powered TV character (6)
- 10 Athletic facilities empty men with large foreign mass? (8)
- 12 Legislation took love from pretence for an author that wrote 'c***' ten times! (8)
- 13 Changes sprout an author in search of lost time (6)
- 15 Two ogres party well like a writer? (6,6)
- 18 Strange behaviour at night, i.e. ,Pass out gradually around Fifty State Liberal Royalty (12)
- 21 Feel concern without giving the Spanish affectionate stroke (6)
- 22 Remains of the destroyed city era (8)
- 24 Inhales and exhales to repress one difficulty (8)
- 25 Author jumped off a spinning minified in a bathing suit (6)
- 26 American humorist changed NBC with energy and he left in a saucy finale (8)
- 27 A peacekeeper Chinese dynasty is not famous? (6)

DOWN

- 1 Funnily it gleams of delays (4,4)
- 2 Hued timber door oddly covers old directions (8)
- 3 Irish novelist's solid lover might be in disarray (6,9)
- 5 A short rural poem I would yell externally! (4)
- 6 GE lost control on a national poll (7,8)
- 7 Makeshift part of a whip with a stir!? (4-2)
- 8 An Irish poet embraces the first sudsy agent used in beer production (6)
- 11 Eight exist right in the middle of spring (7)
- 14 Clumsy western king in a part of prison (7)
- 16 Crazy suit introduced apple and sheep dessert (8)
- 17 A Greek King gave up two grand to be fitting in (8)
- 19 Soccer Club; Arabian divine Beetle (6)
- 20 The quiet above the horizon is heard in a correctional institution (6)
- 23 Compensation comes with time inside a party (4)

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD



Zplig

Attention word lovers: last week, we got a word wrong. The crosswords were NOT drafted by Janice as credited. The true author was none other than the swashbuckling cruciverbalist Zplig. Sorry Zplig, we love you.

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Ask Abe

Hi Abe,

I have a monster phone bill and simply can't pay it. I've ignored it for a while, but now they're threatening me with a debt collector. To make it all worse I have just received a fine for travelling on the train without a ticket. I'm not on an income so I really can't pay them back. What should I do?

Disconnected



Hi Disconnected,

I wonder how much "a monster" is. One thing I do know is that ignoring bills doesn't tend to make them disappear. Generally speaking with large companies like mobile phone companies, they will get debt collectors as they cannot afford to have people think they will not collect on their bills. The SRC

has solicitors that are available to you for free. They may be able to help you to negotiate your repayments. The University's Financial Assistance Office may also be able to loan you some money so you can pay your bill, then repay your loan, interest free, over a period of a year or so.

Abe

The Ask Abe column has been a feature in Honi Soit since 2001. During that time, Abe, the SRC's welfare dog, has provided advice to students about Centrelink problems, academic appeals, accommodation situations, shortages of money, University procedures and a variety of other situations.

Unfortunately on 21st June, 2013, Abe died. He was a few months short of his 18th birthday, and had lived a grand life, full of adventure and love. While the SRC is sad to have lost such a wise and insightful canine, we will continue to produce this column in his memory. If there are any questions you would like to ask send an email to: help@src.usyd.edu.au.

Libraries, libraries all around

You really shouldn't rely solely on Wikipedia to research your assignments. Every Faculty has a library that specializes in information relevant to your course. These libraries vary in size and are generally located near your lectures. There is a Faculty Liaison Librarian who is able to help you navigate the resources available to you. You can ask questions at the help desk or you can email them.

The libraries are also where you'll find some computers and photocopy machines. They also tend to have some of the loveliest sun shiny spots. If you manage to avoid snoring, you should be able to have a little kip there to rejuvenate yourself in time for your next set of study tasks.

Please BE AWARE: thieves also find libraries great places to hang out and pick up your stuff. Make sure you are careful with phones, computers, wallets, etc.

International Students

Did you know you may be able to apply for a "holiday credit" on your health insurance for the time you are not in Australia?

For those with coverage from OSHC Worldcare you need to be out of Australia for 30 days or more, and be able to present your passport, boarding passes or travel tickets. This credit cannot be paid out until the end of your degree.

If your coverage is with another company call them to see if they have a similar arrangement.

You must apply within 30 days of returning, so hurry.



Been asked to SHOW CAUSE ?

Make sure you are enrolled in this semester's subjects.

If you are unable to do that online, talk to someone in your faculty office.



Harry Stratton sauntered up King St eating frozen yoghurt

Fans of things delicious and dairy everywhere, make no mistake: we are living in a fleeting golden age. Since 2011, no fewer than five - five! - frozen yoghurt shops have opened in Newtown, not to mention the innumerable gelaterias already adorning King St's twilight vista. Such vast supply cannot possibly be supported by ongoing demand, and each day the froyo bubble edges closer to bursting; yet in the meantime, a vicious price war means that mountains of creamy deliciousness have never been more affordable. Here are three of King St's best.

YogurBerry - four stars.

YogurBerry greeted us with bright fluorescent lights and speakers pumping Justin Bieber. Fortunately, things could only improve from there. A vast variety of flavours and toppings impressed us - mercifully sold by weight rather than at a fixed price (see WowCow, below) - with reviewers taking a particular fancy

to the rich, full chocolate and the clean crispness of the green apple. Definitely worth a look.

WowCow - two and a half stars.

WowCow's mood lighting and vaguely Bauhaus furniture fit well into the King St shopfronts. Unfortunately, these weren't the only signs of Newtown's gentrification on display, with yoghurt on the expensive side and each topping an additional dollar, about twice as much as at YogurtLand. The limited range of only four flavours was also a disappointment, especially compared to the ten on offer at each of the competing outlets. With Gelatomassi just a few doors down, it's probably worth the extra walk.

YogurtLand - four and a half stars.

Unlike WowCow and YogurBerry's attempts to create a sophisticated atmosphere, YogurtLand's decor reminded us of the honest ice-creameries of a simpler time. Classics like a creamy

chocolate mingled with more innovative options such as a buttery red velvet cupcake battery and latte with a hint of hazelnut. Just when we thought it could get no better, a vast variety of delicious things to top off our mounds of frozen dairy were available, including actual, honest to God chocolate brownies that we would honestly go to YogurtLand just to buy. Naturally, reviewers' hearts were racing when it came time to pay the bill, and not just because a week of research had clogged our arteries. Yet at \$6.50 for a massive tub of yoghurt that left both our reviewers' stomachs aching, YogurtLand was also the cheapest outlet we visited. The myth that froyo is just more expensive and slightly sourer ice-cream is hereby busted.

Conclusions

In the course of their research into this article, *Honi's* reviewers attempted to delude themselves that they were eating healthily. In this they manifestly failed. Though its tangy sourness may

suggest otherwise, froyo's yumminess stems from the same crucial ingredients of milk fat and a fuckton of sugar that make ice-cream a forbidden fruit, and the self-serve system of most outlets meant customers were more likely to eat substantially more yoghurt than they would ice-cream. Those looking for a healthier option are much better off going for one of King St's many sorbets, which, in addition to being lower in fat, were more likely to taste like actual fruit.

For a food that staked so much of its reputation on pretending to be good for you, froyo was without exception at its best when it stopped pretending and wallowed in its own fattening goodness. Load up on three or four hundred grams of creamy deliciousness, and add a brownie or two to celebrate the fact that froyo has made it socially acceptable to mix the whipped and chocotastic food groups. *Honi* will have the defibrillators ready.



Felicity Nelson saw the latest SURCAS production

Are the halls of Hades really the place for a circus? I was asking myself that question when I went to watch a rehearsal of *Orpheus*, a production put on by Sydney University's very own circus society (SURCAS). After having a sneak-peek, I have to say my narrow conception of circus theatre has flipped upside-down for good.

This show does more than show off the talents of students who should have run away to the circus long ago; it effortlessly weaves circus art into the ancient story of Orpheus and Eurydice and lifts traditional circus well out of its jolly comfort-zone. It is a dark production, often quite scary, that reinterprets an old Greek myth in an unusual but compelling way.

Like some sort of ballet for stunt people, this show expresses character through a variety of mesmerising tricks. A trio of jugglers morph into Cerberus

(the three-headed dog). A rope dart artist whips and curls his rope in likeness of the snake that kills Orpheus' wife. The audience is led into the underworld by a set of aerial dancers twirling around silks suspended from the ceiling.

This show is the most ambitious and dangerous piece of theatre you're likely to see on campus. It includes aerial stunts, acrobatics and feats of coordination, balance and flexibility that will make your jaw drop. The director and writer, Sarah Whillier, spent three years writing and planning this show. Part of the score is entirely original music composed by Olga Solar from the Con.

The venue is hard to miss: it's a giant tent that will be sitting on the lawns outside the Quad next week. Even if you don't go see the show, keep an eye out for fire twirling outside the Big Top before each performance.

Edwin Zorilla killed all his friends to get to write this review

Tragic roles are hard. While a joyful scene may bring a redemptive sense that order has been restored, tragedy draws a universal pathos from characters whose projects are ultimately doomed or self-destructive. Order and redemption, it seems, become much more real in their absence than in their presence. When this failure and lack is found within the characters themselves, performing it on stage makes demands that no charisma nor intensity can answer to.

Yet both Nathaniel Pemberton and Madeleine Miller, as Lord and Lady Macbeth in SUDS' current production of the Scottish play, perform their roles well. Through at times excessive in their shows of emotion, their performance constantly hints at desires and forces well beyond their expression in words. Yet the play develops those extremes, and ultimately points to an important aspect of *Macbeth* that I had never noticed until this performance - that the characters, as much as the actors, are dressed in borrowed robes.

Unable to come to terms with their

actions, they become actors in the roles that destiny has set in store for them. And ultimately poor actors, becoming unhinged and increasingly losing themselves to fate. As we follow the decline of bare ambition into evil tyranny, we feel, perhaps as Macbeth might have felt, that the more we distance ourselves from this evil, the more we end up accepting its necessity.

The production is also slick. What it brings to light it brings through darkness - that is, through the voids and shadows, the traces and whispers, that every scene leaves on stage, and occasionally a drone will ring that gives even more gravity to that darkness. In this it provides an effective counterpoint to the leads, expressing through absence and darkness what their words fall short of yet lies constantly in their wake.

Whether you consider yourself a seasoned viewer of *Macbeth* or you've never read or seen the play, get over to the Cellar Theatre at 7pm on any night until Saturday August 30.

GRIMES TELLS ALL ABOUT HER
KARL STEFANOVIC TWEET...

YOU WON'T BELIEVE
WHAT WE FOUND OUT!



POPE ANNOUNCES DO WHATEVER THE FUCK YOU WANT GOD DOESN'T EVEN EXIST

Following a string of unprecedented announcements over previous months by the newly instated Pope, from embracing gays within the Church to implying people of other faiths can still find their way into heaven, Pope Francis stunned the world this week with his frank admission that it really doesn't matter what you do, because we're all just spacedust sitting on a rock hurtling through an otherwise barren universe, and for all we know there might not even be a God.

"Where's the proof of this all mighty spaceman?" he posed to surprised onlookers as he emerged from his new pope-mobile, a second hand VW Kombi with 3 months rego. "I just find it hard to believe that he could one day be sending plagues and turning people into piles of salt, and the next he's just gone completely silent," mused Frances. "Are we seriously supposed to buy that? Even if we overlook the clear

misunderstandings of basic chemistry, it all seems pretty far fetched to me."

Sources within the Vatican have suggested Frances is just the latest in a string of Popes who made the fatal mistake of actually reading the Bible. "It was the same with Benedict, you know," reported Reverend Philius on the condition of anonymity, "he barely even made it halfway through Leviticus before throwing in the towel. The bit about bowlcuts being a sin always gets them."

Prior to his latest surprise announcement, Frances had been reported missing to authorities after it was discovered he had not returned to his tent in St. Peters Square for three consecutive nights. When later quizzed as to his whereabouts, Francis simply replied that he had "Taken some time out of popeing" to "reconcile my belief in the church with the fact that since becoming Pope I still

seems to be inexplicably human and no more connected to God than a tuna sandwich."

It is as of yet unconfirmed if Frances will also scrap the Church's most controversial policy, the opposition to the use of condoms to stem the spread

of AIDS. Sources within the church indicate that the Vatican is well on track to its inhouse goal of seeing 30,000,000 people in sub-saharn Africa infected with HIV by 2020, and certain parties feel it would be a shame to get so close only to pull out now.

LEAKED!

PRINCE GEORGE
TOPLESS PHOTOS
FROM THEIR LATEST
MEDICAL
EXAMINATION!

PAGE 3



DISCLAIMER: PROBABLY NOT PRINCE GEORGE
BUT FUCK IT ALL BABIES LOOK THE SAME ANYWAY

STRIKE!

Local man finally bowls a turkey

A Strathfield man was yesterday celebrating his first ever turkey in a game of tenpin bowling. Garth Funkel, 23, achieved the feat at the North Strathfield AMF Bowling facility, mildly impressing co-workers forced by upper management to endure the so-called bonding exercise.

A turkey is the term given to three strikes in a row in bowling, something Funkel had come close to many times but never achieved. "I've only bowled two successive strikes before, and that usually draws the attention of a couple of bowlers," Funkel said. "But it really doesn't compare to the scattered applause and half-hearted smiles a turkey brings."

"It's an achievement I'll remember for the rest of this week."

Co-worker Dane Mustave was in awe of Funkel's accomplishment. "I couldn't believe it when Garth told me he'd bowled two strikes before," said Mustave. "I thought only middle-aged people and their kids did this kind of shit."

Mustave added that the turkey was the definite highlight of the night, before winking several times in this reporter's direction.

For Funkel, it was a brief moment in the sun, with a co-worker's Borat impression quickly stealing the spotlight from him. Yet he remained adamant that he would never forget the faces of the "3, maybe even 4" employees who looked like they had demonstrated a most cursory interest in the proceedings.

VOTE ONE KONY 2013 FOR PRIME MINISTER



If Elected I'll:

**Turn Back the Boats,
Dump the Carbon Tax,
Castrate the Unions,
Punish Dole Bludgers,
Campain in Rooty Hill,
AND
Fix the Mistakes of the
Gillard Government!**

"At least I'm Not That Other Guy!"

USU DECIDES TO INCORPORATE IDENTITY POLITICS INTO OPERATIONS

The USU has hired a professional political correctness consultant in the aftermath of the (trigger warning: DEATH) "Day of the Dead" party scandal.

According to Union sources, the consultant will be conducting a wide-scale review of the campus and its alignment with rampant and undiscerning political correctness.

It's expected that the consultant will rename several key locations around campus.

Eastern Avenue will most likely be redubbed "All Geographical Regions of the World Avenue", while Science Road will change to "Science and Alternative Religious Worldviews Road".

Manning and Hermann's will adapt to incorporate gender non-specific language.

Speculation is also mounting that the (trigger warning: HETERONORMATIVITY) Quad is just a little bit square, and will be remodelled into a shape that is far less symmetrical, like a rhombus, or a tetrahedron.



HELLO! STILL ALIVE!

The new album
from X Factor host
and...sister

**danni
KYLIE MINOGUE**

INUITS PEGGED FOR GOLD AT NEXT OLYMPICS AFTER LARGE SWIMMING POOL FORMS AT NORTH POLE

In an amazing turn of events that has stunned the sporting world and left many scratching their heads, this week it was announced that Greenland's swimming team at the next Summer Olympics would be made up entirely of Eskimos, following the formation of a large swimming pool where the North Pole used to be.

The inclusion of the Greenlandian team will mark the first appearance of native Inuit people at the Summer games since an unfortunate miscommunication at the 1956 Olympics led to the harpooning of the entire Welsh diving team.

The move towards summer sports over their traditionally more successful winter endeavors is said to be just one part of a wider cultural shift by the Inuit peoples, away from their previously frosty image. According to Sven Itmults of Tourism Siberia, "When you talk about the Arctic and its Inuit inhabitants, people have this image in their mind of some kind of winter wonderland of snow, elves and man eating bears. We want to help people look past that stereotype and see the Arctic for what it really is, a splendid tropical getaway, where you can enjoy a relaxing holiday full of sun, sand and shrinking icecaps, the perfect escape from the face-melting heat of the tropics in the

not-too-distant future."

Despite their new sporting foray, all is not well for the Arctic state of Greenland, with regional neighbor Iceland filing suit in the International Court of Arbitration, claiming that the disappearance of glaciers in Greenland may be a breach of the Ironic and Misleading Names Treaty it had entered into with Iceland in the early 18th century. The suit is supported by a number of disgruntled Inuits who are upset about the rapid erosion of their native homeland. In the words of one defendant, "What the hell are we supposed to do now with 52 words for snow now?"

Disney is rumored to be in discussions with the Inuit swimming team to produce a mildly racist comedy adaptation of their Olympic bid, to be released in cinemas by 2016 or before the human race completely wipes itself off the face of the earth, whichever comes first.



MEL DOYLE'S royalbaby corner

THIS WEEK, WE
PUBLISH THE WINNER
OF OUR 'WHAT WILL
PRINCE GEORGE LOOK
LIKE IN 20 YEARS'
COMPETITION



**CONGRATULATIONS TO MICHAEL,
9, BROKEN HILL ! YOU'VE WON THE
OPPORTUNITY TO DWELL WITH ME IN THE
CAVES OF DESPAIR THAT ONE OCCUPIES
WHEN REEMPLOYED BY YOUR FORMER
COMPANY BUT IN A LESSER POSITION.**

THE NEW RUGGED SLEEPING BAG



AS SEEN
IN TONY
ABBOTT'S
POLICY
ON SENIORS
AND
REFUGEES!



President's Report

Mandatory detention is racist, says **David Pink**

We need to smash racism in the community. I have always supported the rights of vulnerable people to seek asylum in Australia – but along with most refugee advocates I went along with the “reasonable” position that some, very limited detention was necessary. That is, until I read the following by Ian Rintoul from the Refugee Action Coalition:

“Most people, even refugee advocates, accept that some form of detention is required for health, identity and security checks. Of course, minimal detention would be better than the mandatory, indefinite detention presently enshrined in law. But there is no justification for any

detention of asylum seekers. Indeed detention itself is inherently discriminatory and is part of the government’s attempt to criminalise asylum seekers, although they have committed no crime.

Mandatory detention is racist – it is mostly directed at people from the Middle East, particularly Muslims. Before 1989, no asylum seeker was held in detention in Australia. Like other migrants, they lived in the community in open hostels while their claims were processed.

Health and security checks

Some people see it as common sense that detention is needed for health, identity and security checks. But the

arguments don’t stand up. Detention is not needed for health checks. Medical treatment can be provided to asylum seekers in clinics and medical centres just as it is for anyone else in the community. There are no communicable diseases that require asylum seekers to be treated in detention before they can safely live in the community. But the idea that asylum seekers require health checks helps create the idea that they might be a risk.

Likewise, identity checks are a routine part of refugee processing. It is a myth that asylum seekers attempt to hide their identity. Although both fake and original passports are often destroyed for good reasons, many asylum seekers have identity documents of one sort or another (such as a driver’s licence),

but they are all keen to establish their identity to help substantiate their claims of persecution and be speedily processed.

Neither do security checks require detention of boat people. Given the scrutiny of boat arrivals, no terrorist would use a boat to get into the country. All the evidence shows that terrorists have no problem travelling by plane. And there are no security checks on plane arrivals.”



General Secretary's Report

general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au

Dylan Parker wants you to run in the SRC election, so long as you’re not an apolitical CV stacking careerist or a radical plotting the downfall of the state

Hey,

So you probably haven’t thought much about it but the Federal poll isn’t the only election this September. Nominations are now open for the 86th SRC Council. With the positions of President, Honi Soit, 33 Council spots, and 7 NUS delegates up for grabs whether your left, right or in between you should seriously think about getting involved.

As someone who actually found decid-

ing to run for Council quite a daunting step, I can tell you that I don’t regret it in the least. For me it was a refreshing surprise realising that what actually mattered to 99% students wasn’t grand ideological dreams but rather the fact their tutorials were overcrowded, the oddity that they couldn’t put their textbooks on HECS, or even the ridiculous reality that they spent more on rent than food, booze, transport, and bills combined.

Now having been a Councillor, an Executive Member, and a General Secretary I can tell you that I’ve seen the lot and can vouch that the SRC is one hell of a ride. Whether its passing one and a half million dollar budgets, seeing tangible pressure being put on the Uni Administration during the staff cuts and strike campaigns, or watching the buzz of the Honi editorial room as their deadline approaches every day is

different and a little out there.

So, if you’re actually interested you should seriously think about putting your hand up. The fact of the matter our SRC needs a wide range of talents and more diversity can never go astray. Frankly, at the end of the day it’s the only protection from apolitical CV stacking careerists or radicals plotting the downfall of the state from the basement of the Wentworth building.

Queer Officers' Report

Fahad Ali reflects on the inhumanity of Labor’s PNG plan

By no measure is Australia a completely queer-friendly country, but in many respects we are lucky to live here. Queerphobic bullying and discrimination still occurs in schools and in the workplace, intersex and sex and/or gender diverse (ISGD) people still do not receive legal recognition, and even the allegedly ‘progressive’ Labor Government cannot follow its own National Platform and legislate for marriage equality.



But we’re doing a lot better than Uganda, where parliament is considering a bill that would make homosexuality punishable by life imprisonment, Saudi Arabia, where the death penalty can be issued to anyone engaging in ‘political advocacy’, and Russia, where queerphobic violence is rife and new anti-propaganda laws make it a crime to express one’s sexual or gender identity.

Just because we’re not under threat of being sentenced to lashings or being stoned to death does not mean we should ignore these injustices around the world. We need to be ready to stand up and fight. As a letter in last week’s *Honi* explained, “reaction before any injustice in any part of the world is a duty.”

Radical action has always been and will always be the only way to effect social change. Anyone who denies this is either naïve, uneducated, or a complete fucking idiot. The history of social movements has shown time and again that it is only activism and protest that achieves tangible change. This is true for the civil rights, suffrage, and gay liberation movements, among others, and it will remain true until society

is governed by justice and compassion.

We need look no further than the AIDS movement of the eighties and early nineties to find evidence for this assertion. It was radical activists, not lobby groups, not the government at the time, not the medical profession, that built the successful response to AIDS in Australia that has now become a model for the world. It was because of these activists that the first drug for HIV was made widely available, despite government resistance. It was because of these activists that the Therapeutic Goods Amendment Act 1991 was introduced, making significant improvements to the 1989 law. It was because of these activists that all HIV/AIDS deaths to date are just a tenth of what they are in America. In the words of academic Robert Ariss, “AIDS activism has transformed the practise of clinical science from one that prioritises the demands of science itself, to one that is more responsive to the needs of human beings.”

With the Government’s new ‘PNG solution’, queer refugees who are escaping persecution in their home countries by boat will now be resettled in Papua

New Guinea, where being queer is still a crime. Homosexual sex is a crime, punishable by up to 14 years jail. Queer people in PNG face social stigma, difficulty finding employment, and the necessity to keep their identities hidden.

We, the strong, must come together for those who are weak. We must fight for the freedom for those who are bound in chains, imprisoned in offshore processing centres and neglected by a Government that refuses to fulfil its obligations under the Refugee Convention or even basic human decency. We, the loud, must raise our voice for those who have been muted. We must demand freedom for those who have never tasted its sweetness. We must resolve to let freedom echo from streets of Sydney and the ashes of Nauru.

History will look back upon the PNG ‘solution’ in contempt, but the thousands who rallied in every major city in Australia will be remembered as the protagonists of an age when the value of human life was forgotten in the cold halls of Parliament House.

Welfare Officer's Report

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Eleanor Morley implores you to get involved in the refugee campaign

A few weeks ago, Kevin Rudd announced that from now on, no asylum seeker who travels to Australia by boat will ever be resettled on our shores, instead they will first be sent to Manus Island for mandatory detention, with the aim of being settled in Papua New Guinea. I am writing this report to convince you why we should give a shit about the lives of refugees (not economic migrants, not 'boat people: refugees), and why it is now necessary that we mobilise both here on campus and

in the wider community to fight Rudd's anti-humanitarian policy.

Modern Australia has a dark history; genocide, stolen land, stolen generations to name but a few. Let's not repeat the mistakes of the past. Instead of building the foundations for a national apology in twenty years (considering the high rates of self-harm and mental and physical illnesses caused by mandatory detention, I believe this to be inevitable), let Australia treat those fleeing persecution with kindness, compassion and open arms. We should not turn our backs on

those fleeing wars Australia has played a role in creating.

It is important not to believe the lies of deterrence our government is feeding us. Last year we were told that mandatory detention on Nauru and Manus Island was necessary in order to prevent deaths at sea. However, more refugees have arrived by boat to Australia since August last year than the previous year. The real catalyst for this policy is to feed in to a racist rhetoric initiated by Pauline Hanson and John Howard that Abbott has in recent years brought back to the forefront of political discourse. Instead of taking leadership and educating the nation on why it is people flee their homes to secure a future free from persecution, the Labor party has adopted this racist view, feigned as a humanitarian solution. But nothing we can do short of sinking boats could be worse than the conditions in war torn countries refugees are fleeing; thus, they will continue to seek asylum.

Rather than extinguishing the final glimmer of hope for a future, Australia should be a nation that offers safety; we should do what we can to ease the suffering of our fellow human beings. After all, imagine if it were your daughter, father, cousin or friend.



ter, father, cousin or friend.

This is an issue that we cannot solve at the ballot box; both the Labor and Liberal Parties have offered abhorrent policy that are a blatant abuse of Human Rights. If you would like to get involved with the campaign to free the refugees, contact me at emor6283@uni.sydney.edu.au, come along to the Usyd anti racism collective every Wednesday at 11 on the New Law lawns, or the refugee action coalition every Monday night at 6 at the teachers federation building in Surry Hills.



Environment Collective Report

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Amelie Vanderstock reports on the Students of Sustainability conference held over the holidays

Environment Collective spent an active winter in Tasmania with the Australian Student Environment Network (ASEN) at the Students of Sustainability conference (SOS). Each year, SOS creates a safe space to explore ideas of environmental justice and its intersections with social movements. Eating vegan deliciousness, camping, dancing and skill-sharing with likeminded folk from around the country meant whether we were workshop facilitators, movement oldies, or first-timers, we could learn, make friends and work towards a sustainable world together.

Over five days in Leterrermairrener country, Launceston, we participated in workshops from 'Theories of change' to 'Permaculture 101' and even tree climbing. In plenaries, inspirational Indigenous elders including Darren Bloomfield shared stories of continued dispossession by mining- and stressed why we must work together for sovereignty. We learnt of Tasmania's current environmental politics surrounding the Tasmanian forestry agreement (TFA) which involves a protest-silencing 'durability' clause when forests remain unprotected. From Alice Hungerford and Bob Brown's reflections on the Franklin river campaign, to Jonathan Moylan's view of direct action- collective shared successes, struggles and tactics with experienced activists and community campaigners.

In the founding state of Australia's environmental justice movement, our deepest learning and shared experience lay in the Post-SOS Roadtrip. A convey of 40 ASEN students joined local forest crew from 'Still Wild Still Threatened' and 'Huon Valley Environment Centre' for 1402 km to explore and protect Tassie's native forests. We camped in the Upper Florentine, where for six years the lively community of 'Camp Floz' prevented logging of 1000ha granted, less than a month ago, UN World Heritage. Miranda Gibson brought us to her home of 457 days in the canopy of 'Observer Tree', where she not only shared Tassie's unique ecological values with the world- but prevented logging by her presence. Scott Jordan from 'Save the Tarkine' led us into the mystical temperate rainforest. Such a magical walk was contrasted by sickly orange sludge oozing through eucalypts at a discontinues aluminum tailings dam base further into the Tarkine. No words could describe our shock when we saw (and smelt!) such 'rehabilitation'.

Contrasting beautiful forests with their destruction re- catalysed our need to take action. Native growth forests are still being logged by forestry Tasmania despite the TFA, and human-rights violating companies like Ta Ann are feeding veneer mills with old growth despite 'ripe' plantations. Learning by doing

with forest crew, collective members participated in direct actions to reveal this 'chain of custody'- from constructing tree sits in logging coups to stopping work of mill machinery. The Media hiatus generated reinstated the controversy in national eyes- allowing us to help forest crew and learn skills for home.

However, it wasn't just skills that made the roadtrip one-in-a-lifetime. It was a powerful learning experience regarding collective interactions and consensus decision making. Where respect and trust in my ASEN comrades stood out, was the night a centuries old myrtle fell onto a campfire and two friends, including Marco from collective (*both fine!). At that moment everyone snapped into self-facilitated, coordinated action. We were fire fighters, first aiders, camp constructors, carers... And when we were threatened by loggers with knowledge of our whereabouts? We were able to collectively decide, under the pressure of conglomerate emergency, a plan of action. Collective decision making is a process- and doesn't get harder or more rewarding than that moment. Nor does the comradeship I felt with all involved.

Winter in Tasmania, through SOS and the roadtrip, was an experience environment collective will never forget. We've been incredibly inspired by the forests and crew- and excited to return in December for a "Fearless Summer" of

forest Campaigning.

But it's not just Tassie's forests which remain under threat. The red alert has been sent by blockaders of the Leard State Forest, NSW. Whitehaven have just received approval to commence construction of the new mine despite a court case revealing corruption of Tony Burke's EPBC approval. Enviro collective will be blockading together to stop forest destruction- contact us or "Front Line Action on Coal" to join!



HONI SOIT PRESENTS

HONI SOIRÉE

FRIENDSHIPS
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TOWNHOUSES
(MELB)
RECKLESS
VAGINA
MOONHOLIDAY
MÈRE
WOMEN
BAD EZZY
MILKK
THE DHARMA

\$5 ON THE
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AUGUST 9
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