

week three
semester two
2013

moriot

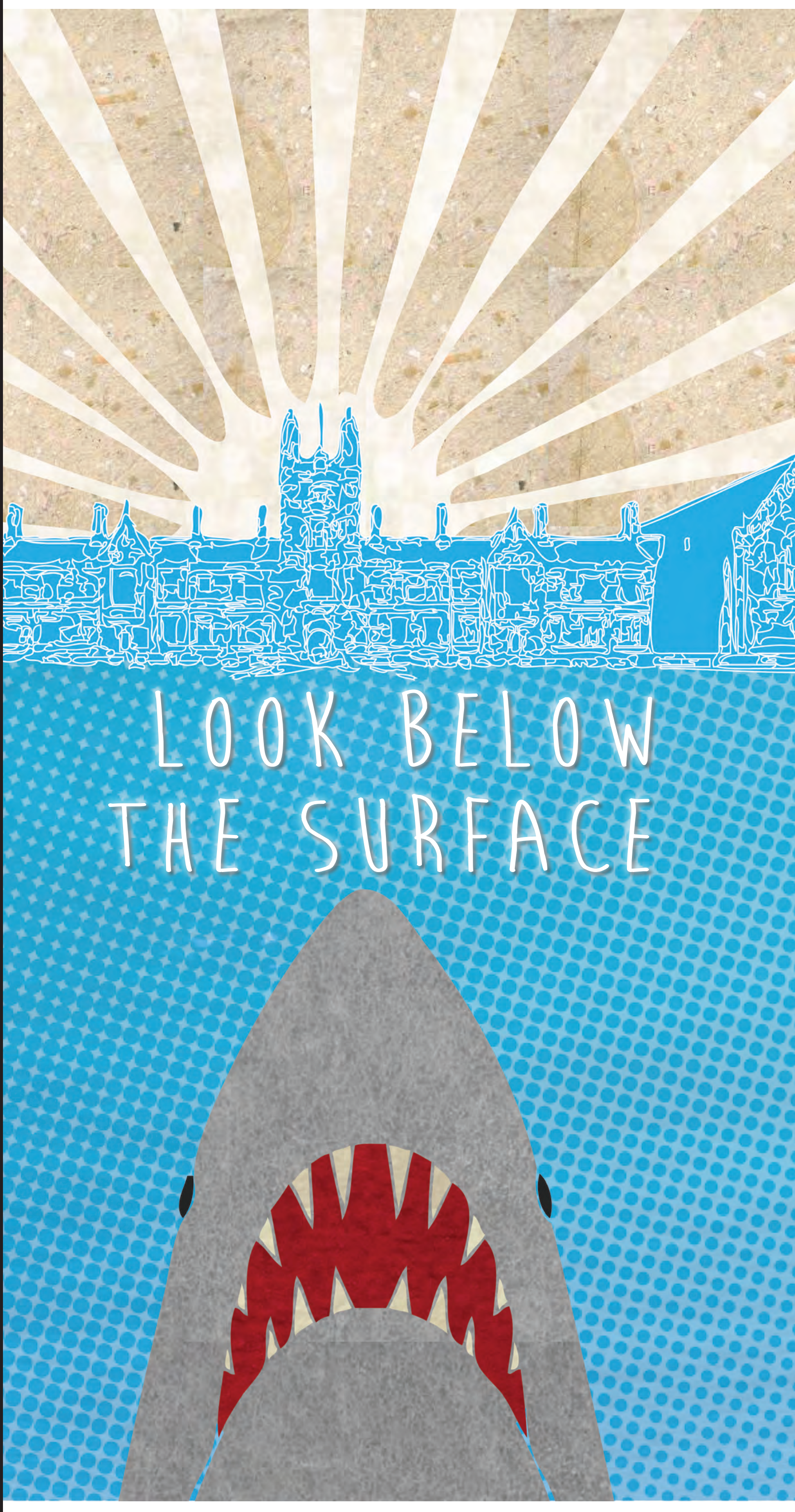
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Glasnost and Sydney University

When you reflect on the University of Sydney, on what it is as a place and an institution, it feels almost too appropriate that a sandstone Quadrangle comes to mind. It's an icon and an image the University consciously promotes. Primary school students dressed in primary school colours are taken on tours through its well kept facade. Glossy brochures adorned with the building's image and words like 'opportunity', 'experience', and 'leadership' are mailed to seventeen-year-olds sweating through HSC nightmares all around the country. At rowdy Inner-West house parties old high school friends one-up each other with boasts of their new intellectual homes, and one inevitably brags about the building they know their UTS and UNSW friends can't match. A sandstone Quadrangle is an easy object to mythologise. But the real reason a Quadrangle is an appropriate image for the University of Sydney is because it is all about the surface.

When you look beneath the surface – of the building and of the University – things get complicated. Inside the sandstone Quadrangle itself are overcrowded lectures taught by academic staff who a recent study revealed to be some of the most dissatisfied in the country. Dig a little below the boasts made about Australia's University export

industry and you find the thousands of international students being abused by landlords, employees, and their classmates. Take away the rhetoric about the 'student experience' and you will hear the stories of students forced to do little more than work, study, and sleep, to help them afford living in the city where their chosen university was built.

This is essentially what the job of a student newspaper should be. We are here to help you tear away topsoil and see what really holds this place together. But it's a job made more difficult by the smothering instincts of an institution supposedly committed to the proliferation of knowledge and information. The University has become a carefully managed and heavily centralised PR machine. It becomes only too obvious every week when we try to interview a member of staff, or a Senate Fellow, or a head of department. All these people know that speaking to us candidly about the current state of the University and the success and failure of its policies is not possible. Instead, we are referred to carefully worded PR releases, always to be attributed to "a University spokesperson".

Forced to constantly sell itself to the world, the University of Sydney has become closed off, for fear that something might offend the customers it so

badly needs. When you consider the falling ratio of education funding to student numbers, it's not hard to see how this mentality has come about. But it doesn't have to be this way. It's time for glasnost. It's time for the University to dump 'public relations' and have real conversations, arguments, and fights with its students and its student media. It's time to talk about the faults and the challenges rather than bury them in obscure committees that don't take minutes or visitors. It's time smash the sandstone surface and see what lies beneath.



Max Chalmers
Editor-in-chief

Editor-in-chief: Max Chalmers

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

Reporters: Jeremy Elphick, Andre Fenby, John Gooding, Lucy Hughes-Jones, Neha Kasbekar, Madeleine King, Stella Ktenas, Sam Murray, Sean O'Grady, Anjali Vishnathawan, Ezreena Yahya.

Contributors: Georgina Bell, Patrick Horton, Michael Rees

Cover Image: Alexandra Mildenhall

Artists, Photographers, and Cartoonists: Mikaela Bartels, Cameron Caccamo, Patrick Horton, Stella Ktenas, Ezreena Yahya, Emily Woods.

Puzzles: Dom Campbell and Eric Shi

Ticker tape: The worst hits of those involved in the 2013 election
Email us at editors@honisoit.com

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Want to place an advertisement in *Honi Soit*? Contact Amanda LeMay & Jess Henderson publications.manager@src.usyd.edu.au

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@honi_soit



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



WOULD YOU RATHER...

HAVE A GUITAR AS A BODY?

OR

HAVE TOASTERS FOR HANDS?

FAQ:

Can I strum my own guitar?

Yes, but we all know that makes you go mad. Not to mention the hair growth on your palms.

Is there a warranty on my toasters?

Yes, as long as your parents kept it at birth.

SOUND & FURY

Angry at Evangelicals

I'm probably capable of writing a very measured and thoughtful letter about how tired I am of evangelical Christians spouting their rabid nonsense on campus. I am, after all, a high-achieving student of the arts at one of the premier universities in the country.

I could, if I had the energy, marshal together a few good arguments from Socrates to Bertrand Russell, set it all out nicely and explain why I'm not and never will be moved by the idea that a human sacrifice in ancient Palestine is the most morally salient event in the history of the universe, that this human sacrifice has anything whatsoever to do with me and the meaning of my life.

But I am, indeed, too tired. So please, please, for the love of FUCK, just go away - you sanctimonious little happy clapping *****. No more unsightly chalk-hewn attestations to your mythical beliefs, no more god-awful acoustic songs, no more cheesy American pseudo-academic ring-ins. We've heard it all so many times. It doesn't make any fucking sense!!!

Mitch Dempsey, Arts II

When Caccs Attacks

Dear *Honi*,

With much anticipation did I see that Page 4's *Honi* News was updating students on the ongoing negotiations between the University and the Unions over the EBA. The reason I applied to be an *Honi* Reporter was to break these kind of stories, and I immediately indicated my interest in pursuing it.

Within two weeks, I had written two drafts and sourced a press release from the Office of Dr Spence himself confirming these developments. These drafts included key facts from the

negotiations, including the \$206 million difference between the suggested pay increases from each side, Spence's commitment to keeping staff the highest paid in the sector, and the massive premiums that would have to be borne by the University if to-and-from work insurance was covered through them. The only thing missing from these stories was a remark from an NTEU representative, which I was assured was being chased up by another editor.

It was to my great surprise, then, that I opened this article to find that this was not my article at all. This was a totally different article, with a clear pro-Union slant emphasised by liberal quoting of NTEU sources. None of the important facts listed above made it in there, instead continuing to say that the NTEU's demands were entirely possible due to the surpluses the University seems to enjoy - the same operating surplus that is consistently earmarked for infrastructure or research grants. Perhaps the NTEU would have the University stop both. Oh, and what about the salaries of senior management, totaling \$5 million? If only we had 40 or so senior management teams to sack.

There are two sides to this story. It's one-sided articles like this, however, that give *Honi* its title of "The Strike Newspaper". Given that previous editorials have openly encouraged students to strike, while featuring no analysis whatsoever of the opposite point of view, I should not be left surprised by this. It is one thing to treat your reporters terribly, without any notice that a story has been dropped, or you've been snubbed by another writer. It is another to parade as a news section of a newspaper while peddling what is clearly a collectively held conviction.

I guess objectivity really is dead, huh?

Regards,
Cameron Caccamo, Education/Arts
III

The Fastest Response Letter Ever

Hi Cameron,

Apologies your article didn't go to print. We received two articles on a similar topic and intended to combine research from each article. We definitely should have communicated better within our team, with you and with the other author, but did not censor you for political reasons.

Sincerely, Eds.

This Email Came from an Address Belonging to 'Rhys Pogo'. But we're like 66% sure it's not that Rhys...

Dear *Honi* Soit,

I have a question of etiquette for your readership. Just the other day, I was moisturising my vagina after some vigorous hair removal and heard a knock on the door. I answered, panty-free with skirt covering, expecting that the postman was just dropping off a package.

Instead, I found Greens members campaigning for my vote. It was a sticky situation: I was unsure whether conversing sans knickers was polite, or common practice in this company.

To add to my horror, the candidate strode up and reached his hand out for the good bloke shake. I hesitantly reached out my slick hand in return, not wanting to rebuke his advances.

What should I have done? In my attempt to eschew rudeness, I have become far more intimate with my neighbours through the conduit of the Greens candidate than I ever intended. I feel like the person who passed on chlamydia to all of my polyamorous network.

Yours guiltily,

Lotta Vagina

Come Help the Kids

I'm writing on behalf of the Sony Foundation St Andrews College Children's Camp committee and we would love it if the *Honi* Soit would be able to help us spread awareness of the camp and open the camp up to the wider university community.

From December 5th-8th 2013, St Andrew's College will host the Sony Foundation St Andrew's College Children's Camp for children with physical and intellectual disabilities. The pilot camp in 2012 saw 26 students and seven committee members volunteer four days of their summer holidays to be companions to twelve children from around New South Wales. This year we are proud to announce Sponsorship from the Sony Foundation and with further support from the College,

university and local community, the camp will be able to cater for sixteen children.

The Sony Foundation St Andrew's College Children's Camp allows the children to experience a great range of activities such as swimming, arts and craft, a trip to the zoo, a jumping castle, visits from a fire truck and Santa! It is not only an invaluable experience for the children but also provides the families of these children with a break in the lead up to Christmas. The children have a fantastic opportunity to meet new friends and gain a sense of independence. Everyone who is involved with the camp is truly passionate about this program and about making a positive contribution to our community.

As well as increasing the number of children at the camp this year, we are also looking to recruit carers from the wider university community. The carer plays the role of a guardian for a child throughout the camp, including catering for the particular child's needs as required over a 24 hour timeframe per day for the duration of the camp. The role of a carer is difficult, tiring, often frustrating but above all offers significant personal growth and reward, as well as providing a much needed respite for the family.

We ask anyone who is interested in applying for a role on this year's Sony Foundation St Andrew's College Children's Camp to email info@saccc.org.au or to visit www.saccc.org.au for more information.

Lachlan Weir.

Getting Real about Race

Dear *Honi*,

It might not have made it up the ivory-tower vine yet, but the P.C. Police have yet to classify refugees as a race. This might be pertinent information to pass onto President Pink re: his report in the last edition. If a reclassification has indeed taken place, I apologise to this student body and to Obama Most Merciful for my ignorance. But if my suspicions are correct, detention of refugees is not in any way, shape, form, or perverted stretch of the English language, "racist".

The discriminatory nature of basic vocabulary is one I am proud to see being rectified in my lifetime, and hopefully racism against English majors (such as myself) in engineering job market will be identified as the atrocity it is -- ideally before I finish my degree. But to count our eggs before they hatch will be counterproductive to the struggle for equality we all so desperately believe in.

In solidarity,

Michael W. Davis, Arts I

EMAIL YOUR LETTERS
TO EDITORS@HONISOIT.COM

HONI NEWS



FREE

Week Three Edition

"WHAT IS LOVE ANYWAY?"

UNIGATE



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

Student newspaper moves regular section, 'UniGate'

See: page 4.

Hacktalk: Honi and SRC

Inspired by our good friends over at the NSA, the *Gate* has spent the last few weeks spying, prying, and unscrupulously stealing the secrets of USYD's student politicians. We've bugged Alex Dore's car, stolen Hannah Morris' diary, hacked Tom Raue's Facebook, and hired plumbers to break into David Pink's filing cabinet. Here's what we found.

The factions have been playing hard to get with each other as alliances are forged for the upcoming SRC elections. There's a lot of speculation flying around and at this stage all that's really clear is that things will be an absolute mess. What we know is that two strong presidential candidates have emerged. The first is Hannah Smith of NLS (a Labor Left faction). Smith looks likely to win the support of the Indies (those who last year would have run under the 'Voice' branding). The second is Amelie Vanderstock of Grassroots. If Grassroots can win over SLS (another Labor Left faction), Unity (Labor Right), and/or smaller left wing groups (Socialist Alternative and Solidarity) she will have a good chance of becoming the first non-Labor President of the SRC in 15 years.

Honi: After weeks of coalition making and coalition breaking, two tickets are shaping up to contest the election of next year's *Honi* Soit editors. Each year tickets of up to ten compete with the victorious team elected in full. The first ticket is spearheaded by MECO student, *BULL* editor, and SHADES president Lane Sainty, along with fellow *BULL* ed. Felix Donovan. According to a source on the ticket it also includes Georgia Kriz, Georgia Behrens, John Gooding, Andrew Passarello, Justin Pen, Harry Stratton, and Michael Rees. Here's the big one though: Astha Rajvanshi, USU President until just months ago, is also confirmed. When Rajvanshi was a Board Director last year and an *Honi* Director of Student Publications (which meant she saw the paper before it went to print) she informed then President Sibella Matthews that *Honi* was about to publish a leaked USU email, leading the USU to threaten to sue the paper and

forcing the editors to literally guillotine a section from four thousand hard copies of the edition. This year saw a similar incident after *Honi* again leaked a USU email. Rajvanshi told the *Gate* she would recuse herself from writing or even discussing USU coverage with the other editors should she be elected. Rajvanshi will be continuing her role as Immediate Past President of the USU if she is elected to *Honi*, which means that she will still be a Board Director with active fiduciary duties to the organisation. Her dual *Honi*/USU ambitions aren't unprecedented, though: Alice Dixon (USU Vice President 2008-2009) was an *Honi* editor in 2008 after being elected to Board in mid-2007, and Pat Bateman made an unsuccessful tilt at editorship in 2011 when he was Immediate Past President.

The second ticket appears to be at an earlier stage of development. So far it includes Miranda Smith (who recently helped manage Bebe D'Souza's USU campaign and co-campaign managed the current *Honi* team's election campaign), Jeremy Elphick (who recently ran against Bebe D'Souza during the same campaign), Edward McMahon, Stella Ktenas, and Nina Hallas. It looks likely to be managed by current *Honi* editor Nick Rowbotham.* The current ticket has a notably activist flavour and would be likely to work with Grassroots during the elections. After preference deals with SRC tickets proved crucial during last year's *Honi* race, both sides will now be carefully considering which SRC group it will be most profitable to form an alliance with.

**Because of his potential involvement in the election, Nick will not be contributing to the Gate's coverage of the election.*

NUSty put some clothes on

The many, many eyes of the *Gate*'s spies have gathered more than just hack gossip. We have acquired a copy of the National Union of Students' (NUS) federal election campaign strategy, developed by marketing company Essential Media Communications. In addition to an enrol to vote campaign that has already been launched, NUS is planning, amongst other things, an 'Instagram action' – as if we needed to combine the dual vices of Instagram vapidty and Labor upstarts in campaign mode.

Also of note in the strategy document is the \$15,000 NUS is spending on its election campaign website. To put that in perspective, we recently spent \$69 (and admittedly a few hours in our dungeon of an office) on our new website. Overall, it appears that NUS is spending close to \$60,000 on the election, which is a similar amount to its typical entire annual expenditure on activist campaigns. Given NUS has consistently spent less than 10% of its annual budget on activism in recent years, allocating \$60,000 to an electoral slush fund invites a degree of cynicism, especially as NUS is controlled by Labor students, some of whom presumably have career aspirations in the party. This extra \$60,000 may well be better spent on organising on-the-ground campaigns than implementing a social media strategy and building a new website, but perhaps we just don't get it...

Kids: don't do drugs, urinate, and go to campus bars

A naughty student with a bad habit has been permanently banned from Manning and Hermann's. Let's call him Derek.* Derek was already on shaky ground with the staff at Hermann's after deciding a few months ago that his bursting bladder needed relieving just when the bar was closing. Ignoring staff's pleas to stop, he made his way to the bathroom and...well, you can guess what he did there.

Derek received a red card last Tuesday

night after smoking pot with some fellow students, again at Hermann's. Like a grown-up game of pass-the-parcel, the joint was in his hand when the bar staff came over, and he had no choice but to confess. Now Derek's only options for on-campus beverages are drinks at Taste Baguette or Parma. We hope he likes wankiness served with his wine.

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

Pizza heist

It's the delicious mystery that has all of campus scratching their stomachs and their heads. Who stole History Soc's pizza? The society was hosting its fortnightly trivia night and awaiting their oven baked delivery. But when it failed to materialise they realised someone had made off with \$210 worth of margheritas and meat lovers. The brazen thief appears to have collected the society's order fresh from the Domino's delivery car and made off with it into the night. When the announcement was made that the pizzas had been pinched a score of dejected guests reportedly abandoned the event. Last words to History Soc VP Eda Gunaydin: "As I tweeted through a combination of rage and hunger to Domino's Australia later that night: I hope the cat I glimpsed outside Manning House on my way out that evening finds our thieves' leftovers, so at least one deserving creature got fed that evening. Whoever you are you owe the History Society over \$200. Thanks."

VOTE [1]
MALCOLM
FRASER FOR

**Socialist Alliance**



- Free the refugees
- Destroy the ALP
- Action on climate change
- Pro-coup

A surprise candidate for SRC President?

"No Whyalla wipe-out there on my TV" - Craig Emerson



Senator's ex-company won \$180 million project

But the University is sure there ain't nothing to see here, reports **Max Chalmers**

The University of Sydney has denied any links between a Senate Fellow and a tender process which resulted in his former employer winning a contract to develop the University's new business school in the Abercrombie Precinct.

In July this year the Senate's Buildings and Estates Committee awarded the contract to the John Holland Group, a 100%-owned subsidiary of Leighton Holdings, which previously employed Senate Fellow David Mortimer. Mr Mortimer served as an independent non-executive director of Leighton Holdings from 1997 to 2007 when he took over the role of Chairman which he held until 2011.

Statements issued by the University's Head of Media and PR Kirsten Andrews said that Mr Mortimer and the Investments and Commercialisation Committee he chairs had no formal role in the Buildings and Estates Commit-

tee's decision to award the contract to the John Holland Group.

"The tender process was conducted in accordance with the NSW Government Procurement Policy and was overseen by a Probity Officer. All members of the tender evaluation panel were required to sign a declaration of interest statement. No member of the Panel declared an interest," the statement read.

Mr Mortimer has served as a Fellow of the Senate since 2010. Earlier this year he was named in an investigation led by the International Consortium of Investigative Journalists and picked up by Fairfax which showed that Mr Mortimer owned a company in notorious tax haven the British Virgin Islands in 2007.

At the time of print, *Honi Soit's* questions had not been returned by Mr Mortimer.

@maxchalmers90

Indigenous society to take over USU's Indigenous Festival

Wirriga aims to promote cross-cultural awareness, writes **Lucy Hughes Jones**

Wirriga – an Indigenous word for goanna – is the name of a new society launched for Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander students with the University of Sydney Union to promote cross-cultural awareness.

"We want to focus a lot of our attention on helping the wider community," said Kyol Blakeney, SRC Indigenous Officer and President of Wirriga. "We'll be partnering with local charities and organisations in Redfern."

The club is planning a black tie fundraising dinner to be held during Reconciliation Week in 2014 with Her Excellency, Professor Marie Bashir AC, Governor of New South Wales as the guest of honour.

SRC Indigenous Officer and Wirriga Vice-President, Chloe Wighton, said the society is also open to non-Indigenous students.

"We plan to hold guest speaker events with prominent Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander leaders, workshops, and we're looking at having a



Unhappier times for the USU's Indigenous Festival

Johnny Cake stall or a bush tucker stall on Eastern Avenue to help other students understand our 60 000-year-old history," she said.

Blakeney said the society will give Indigenous students greater autonomy over Indigenous activities on campus, with Wirriga set to take the reins on next year's Indigenous Festival. He and Wighton rallied for a boycott of the 2013 event due to a lack of Indigenous student involvement, as was reported in *Honi*.

"The idea that it's an Indigenous festival, yet no Aboriginal Torres Strait Islander people were on the committee to run it, is like us getting together down at the Koori Centre and saying 'let's put on an Italian festival,'" he said.

"A lot of the people that were invited were not really well known or respected in the wider Aboriginal community... next year you can be assured there won't be any breach in protocol."



Cartoon: Emily Woods

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).

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



NEWS IN REVUE

Claire Nashar writes about politics, with rhyme and reason

Catch 22

Three word slogans
won't solve complex problems.
But apparently four words
might win an election:

BY BOAT, NO VISA.

This week in Sydney, magnolia blossoms
are rotting beneath magnolia trees.
In Russia, a whistle-blower has been
welcomed in from the cold. In our
newspapers, via correspondence,
imperatives have been handed down.

It makes me wonder: is the fact
that an island can amass out of bird shit
on coral somehow meant to be
a motivational narrative? That if we accrete
enough political fuckups, they'll abracadabra
into valuable resources, one day to be
exploited? Don't worry, guys, if the phosphate
runs out, we're already practicing how to strip-
mine dignity...

When all seem prepared to filibuster
our trust,
tell me again,

kick *which* mob out?

Students' Representative Council, University of Sydney

Want some work! Polling Booth Attendants Required

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

If you can work on
Wed 25th Sept and/or Thurs 26th Sept,
and attend a training at 4pm Tues 24th Sept,
we want to hear from you!

\$31.64 per hour

There may also be an opportunity to undertake
additional work at the vote count

Application forms are available from the SRC Front Office
(Level 1 Wentworth Building).

For more info, call 9660 5222 or email elections@src.usyd.edu.au.
Applications close 4pm, 9th September 2013



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

Labor uncaps education deductions

Max Chalmers reports on the latest
developments in tertiary education policy

The Labor Party has revised tertiary
education cuts announced earlier in the
year by postponing a cap on tax deduc-
table educational expenses. The cap
would have prevented people from de-
ducting more than \$2000 of educational
expenses (including course fees) per an-
num from their tax bill.

Though the cap received less media at-
tention than the other savings measures
– which included a 'dividend saving' that
would have seen Universities lose \$900
million across the country – Universities
Australia and a host of interest groups
had railed against the change. University
of Sydney Provost Stephen Garton told
Honi Soit when the policy was initially
announced that capping the deductions
would hurt postgraduate students trying
to undertake work related study. This
would ultimately cost the University fi-

nancially because of lower enrollment
rates and lost revenue, he argued. "It ac-
tually could have a really serious impact
not just on University budgets but on
the capacity of Australians to skill them-
selves up for different professions," he
said.

Universities Australia, the peak body
for the nation's universities, had pre-
viously submitted a 22-page report to
the Treasury which panned the cap as
economically harmful. The organisation
argued the cap would prevent people in
the work force from returning to further
studies and increasing their skill level
and taxable income.

While Labor's recent decision to defer
the cap will bring some joy to univer-
sity administrators around the country,
it may be short-lived. The policy will be
reconsidered in May 2014.

@maxchalmers90

Get out the vote

Stella Ktenas says it's too late to
apologise, and too late to enrol to vote

If you haven't enrolled to
vote then it's time to find
an easy tuition gig so you
can pay the \$20 fine. Au-
gust 12 marked the last day
to enrol for the September
7 federal election. We had
waved hello and goodbye
to Monday and to our op-
portunity to fulfil our legal
requirement as Australian
citizens. Whether you are
a first timer or an experienced donkey
voter your vote matters a great deal.
The perplexing thing is that it's esti-
mated only one in two 18-year-olds and
two in three 19-year-olds are enrolled
to vote. There are 500 000 18-24-year-
olds who are not enrolled. Pink shirts
have been roaming our campus since
O-Week. You all saw them. Don't pre-
tend you hadn't seen the multitude of
enrolment campaigners. The National
Union of Students (Get Out the Vote
push for the My Future Our Voice cam-
paign), GetUp (over 600 000 members
and created a video ad campaign), the



Photo: Teeny!, Flickr.

Australian Youth Climate Coalition and
Triple J (Rock Enrol campaign) all ran
campaigns, presenting the major par-
ties prior to the federal election or or-
ganising enrolment drives. Perhaps you
avoided all these campaigns, and so as
you haven't enrolled, by all means, in for
a penny in for a pound, don't vote. Just
make sure you have \$20 or a legitimate
excuse, as after 21 days of not providing
either you will face legal prosecution, a
\$50 fine, plus court costs. Perhaps per-
forming your civic duty is in your finan-
cial interest after all.

A stranger ripping hair off my genitals

Anonymous tells a story of vulnerability, sexuality, and hair removal

I got my first Brazilian three Valentine's Days ago. I opted for a landing strip, unwilling to get rid of every last hair. You might consider me a vaginal nevertube: I felt that my dark, messy pubic mane, which had so horrified me when it first appeared, was a symbol of my adulthood, and that to get rid of all my short and curls would somehow de-sex me. The point of this grooming experiment was partly to see what it was like to be largely pube-free, and also to please my then-boyfriend who, a few months earlier, had bashfully mentioned that he had an interest in landing strips. I thought it would be romantic.

I grew hairy armpits young – when I was about nine – so I'd been going to my local beautician for years and years for a regular wax. But in the same way I never acknowledged to my parents, who'd known me since I was a baby, that I'd started having sex, I didn't want my beautician, who'd been there for my first leg wax, to draw the obvious conclusion from the shift from bikini to Brazilian wax. I called another place and made an appointment: early, to decrease the risk of running into someone I knew.

Lying and waiting pre-wax, naked, I felt like a medical patient. I wanted my waxer to be good at her job, but more than that, I wanted bedside manner. It was important to me that she knew I was vulnerable and that I needed extra care. I didn't know her name and she'd seemed grumpy when I arrived, but I needed to establish a relationship.

"I've never got this done before," I

explained with a hesitant chuckle when she had finished my underarms and legs. "So can you just tell me if there's anything I should know or expect?" Her response was impatient and cold – I think she thought I was silly. She told me it wouldn't take long, but didn't say much more than that.

Just as she was applying the first coat of wax, the phone rang and she answered. It was a personal call – a friend, I think, wanting to talk about their plans for the weekend. She kept working on me as she talked, phone pressed to her ear, occasionally telling me how to arrange my body. Legs spread, a sticky mixture of hair and wax, I felt like I was intruding. *Surely she'll put it down*, I thought. *I need her to talk to me*. I was wrong. The call lasted the whole wax. To her, I was just a vulva to make bald while she had a chat.

The situation reminded me of when I'd had sex for the first time. It was my boyfriend's first time as well. We'd finally worked out where all our body parts were meant to go and achieved the necessary level of moistness. It didn't last long, although I had nothing to compare it to, and I got a cramp in my left foot. Afterwards, we lay together for a few minutes, basking in this new realm of intimacy. But then he got up, shut his bedroom door behind him, and went to play FIFA on the X-Box with his housemates. They played a 15-minute game as I read my book, alone in the bed. When the game finished, I heard him ask if they wanted to play another game. I pulled on my clothes and walked out of his room and out of the house, crying.

People tend to fixate on the pain of a Brazilian wax, but that didn't faze me much. I was more concerned about the violent ripping motion which removed the hot wax from areas close to pretty important parts of my anatomy, and the awkward, exposed positions I had to arrange my body in to get the wax there in the first place.



Photo: geofones, Flickr

I wondered how many times my waxer had done this. I wondered how many times she had done this while on the phone. I wondered if it was possible for a waxer to perform a cliterodectomy by accident. I wondered if she would care if she knew she was only the second person to see my vagina since I'd grown up.

"Pull your knees to your chest," she instructed. Lying in a position I hadn't found myself in since I did gymnastics at school, I wondered what it was for.

One application of warm wax later I realised it was so she could get at the hair in my ass-crack. I felt appalled that anybody was really *looking* at that part of me, and idiotic for not expecting her to tidy up that part as well.

It was all over quickly, like she'd told me. It's a pretty small area, really.

That night, I told my boyfriend his Valentine's Day present was coming after dinner. When we got home from the restaurant I took off my dress to reveal the gift: lacy bra, red G-string, garter, landing strip. He was pleased, but probably more curious. He touched the bare skin he'd never seen before, fascinated, but then, as with every other time I've ever worn nice underwear for a boy, he was quickly distracted by the promise of imminent sex and just got on with it.

So, in the end, I was the only one who really *looked* at my landing strip. I stared at it in the mirror as I was getting changed, and from above when I was in the shower or going to the bathroom. I thought my lips looked oddly droopy, and I didn't like the exposed way my labia minora protruded down the bottom. I was glad that no hairs poked out the sides of my skimpier underpants, but I still felt fat and frustrated at my permanent stretch marks.

Other girls have told me that they get Brazilians not because they like the way it looks, but because it makes it likelier that your partner will go down on you. I've also heard it makes sex feel better. That wasn't my experience, but then, I haven't got one since.

Top 5 Wikipedia Lists

Neha Kasbekar lists lists

TOP 5

5

Unusual Deaths Heart disease seems an especially tame way of dying when you could go out like feckless Gouverneur Morris, who died after attempting to use a whale bone to dislodge a blockage in his urinary tract, or unfortunate Sherwood Anderson, who shuffled off the mortal coil after swallowing a toothpick at a party. Praise be to this list, however, for introducing me to Nitaro Ito, a Japanese political candidate who tried to win favour with voters by stabbing himself in the leg. Ito thought he could claim to have fought off attackers valiantly, but instead bled to death after piercing an artery. Judging by the level of enthusiasm most Australian voters seem to have for the upcoming election, I suspect Ito's campaign strategy, however saddening, would probably be strongly encouraged here.

4

Common Misconceptions I'll be the first to admit that I'm not the most knowledgeable or academically distinguished of my cohort; my most highly peer-reviewed work, attracting harsh yet principled criticism, has been farts. (Nice knowing you, employability.) But this list is all the aspiring pseud needs: anyone can fake intelligence when you have a handy collection of facts telling you that the historical Buddha was not a chubster or that there is no scientific evidence for photographic memories. I would add to this list only that preferring dark chocolate to milk is not grounds for considering yourself more spiritually enlightened. Cut that out, people, seriously.

3

Cutaneous Neoplasms Associated with Systemic Syndromes Man, what about those cutaneous neoplasms, am I right? Especially when they're associated with systemic syndromes? The best. Look, aside from its recurring focus on drugs, there are few other means by which *Honi* can pander to med students, and I'm doing the best I can to diversify readership.

2

Collective Nouns A superfluity of nuns. A charm of finches. A drunkenness of cobblers. If this Wikilist doesn't make you the least bit happier, I'm not angry, just sorry that your life is empty and devoid of meaning or human emotion. There's no way to counter that cold, hard fact, so don't embarrass yourself by trying. In fact, the only way I could be more triumphantly right is if there was an '80s power ballad playing as you read this.

1

Phobias Xanthophobia is the fear of the colour yellow apparently. Having only just learned that phobias for something as whimsical as colours exist, I fear I may have wasted my life. (I may be only 23, but that's ancient in South-East-Asian gymnast years.) Fortunately, the only way in which this list falls short is the absence of any self-indulgent fear that twenty-something year-olds have of wasting their lives, which seems to work in its favour, really. First place.

Our dope is dope, says report

RESEARCH REPORT

Australia is number 1 for pot strength say scientists at USYD. A report by **Lachlan Munro**

The strength of Australia's marijuana compares favourably to that found overseas, a recent study completed in part at the University of Sydney has shown.

A collaboration between the National Drug and Alcohol Research Centre and USYD, the study analysed 206 samples of marijuana obtained from small scale seizures. The analysis looked at the content of THC (the main psychoactive component in marijuana, responsible for most of the drug's effects) in the bud of the plant, which is the component most often consumed, due to its high THC content.

The average level of THC in the samples tested was around 15%. This is way up from the THC levels of about 3% found in typical dope in America in 1993, although is about on par with an analysis of US dope from 2008.

Cannabidiol (CBD), another component of marijuana, was also analysed in the study. Cannabidiol has no psychoactive properties, but is of interest because it's thought to counteract some of THC's negative effects such as tendencies towards psychosis and memory loss.

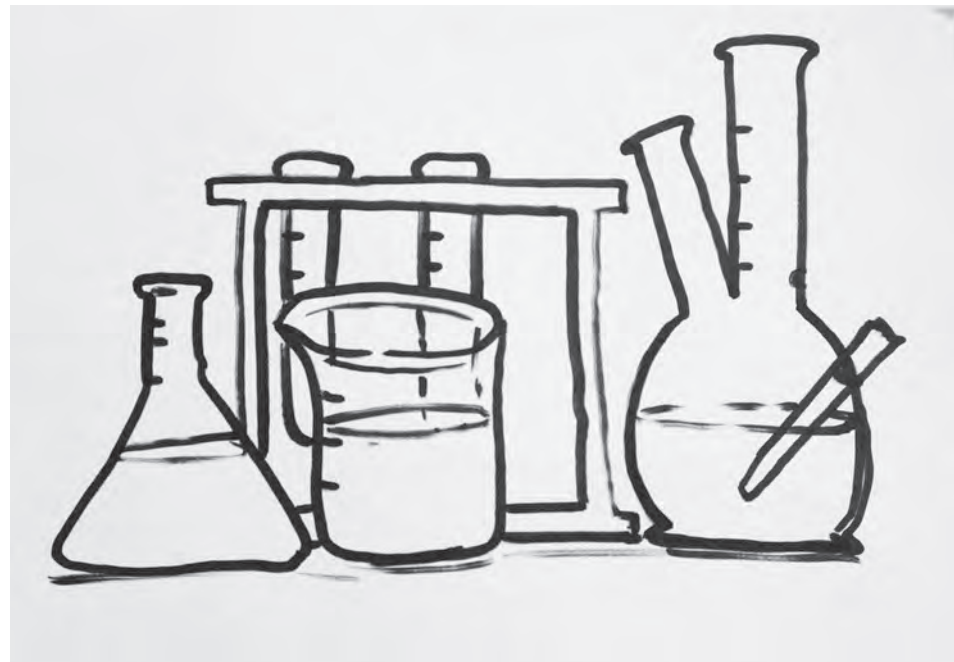
While CBD levels used to be around 0.3%, this study found an average of just 0.1% CBD. A similar decrease in CBD levels has been seen in studies of pot in the US and UK.

It has been argued (most vocally by pro-legalisation groups) that levels of THC are irrelevant to the safety of marijuana smokers. They have suggested that people will typically smoke until they're as stoned as they want to be: for example, a stoner with a joint full of 3% THC weed might have ten tokes, but the same smoker with a spliff of 15% will only take two. If this is true then the main concern for Australian pot smokers to be taken from this study is the low CBD levels of what they're smoking. Research suggests CBD may protect against the damaging effects of THC, and a high THC/low CBD ratio is implicated in poorer outcomes for pot smokers. If we go back to our hypothetical stoner, with his 15% weed he's getting less than a 10th of the protective CBD that he'd receive smoking the lower THC weed.

It may be that high THC cannabis is more harmful than the weed your

parents were taking on in the 70s. As the study states though, "there is little research systematically addressing the public health impacts of use of different strengths and types of cannabis".

One thing that this study does show is that despite the illegal status of weed in Australia, we still have access to some of the most potent weed in the world.



Scientists may or may not have turned beakers into bongos for this experiment.
Cartoon: Bryant Apolonio

Would you like diabetes with that?

OPINION

Georgina Bell defines the myths and realities of having Type 1 diabetes



"Were you a really fat kid?" or "You must have eaten so much cake!" - questions often asked by those with diabetes

In April this year, I posted a status in celebration of my chronic illness's 13th birthday. It went something like "This week marks my 13th year of living as a type 1 diabetic. I will now overindulge in chocolate as a big SCREW YOU to diabetes."

Most of the feedback was in 'like' form, no doubt indicating my friends' support of me and my ongoing struggle with diabetes. However, a few comments revealed a reluctance to support the sentiment. "Don't make it worse for yourself!" and "I noticed that you were diagnosed with diabetes around Easter... connection?" This dear friend of mine was insinuating that I, 8 years old and at the hands of irresponsible parenting, may have eaten my way into

a broken pancreas through sugar overload. While the comments were harmless and easy to gently correct, they unsettled me. People often assume that this illness is somehow my fault. Or perhaps that I can make it better for myself if I had some self control. This all stems from an ignorance surrounding the less common form of this illness - Type 1 diabetes.

Myth #1: sugar is the cause of diabetes

Upon discovering that I am diabetic, others offer comments such as "Were you a really fat kid?" or "You must have eaten so much cake!" It's equally as tiresome for parents to explain to their children that they have the chronic illness, but it's made worse by disapproving parents and teachers who silently judge them as nutritionally irresponsible.

Myth #2: a healthy lifestyle and good choices in food (or any number of other suggestions) will cure diabetes or lessen the need for medication.

If someone suffers from either type, they probably don't need you to tell them about the magic cure you saw on a health blog or about how much better

they'd be if they exercised more and ate less. Everyone could do with a bit more movement and a bit less junk food, but it's not going to help the dead pancreases of the world.

Myth #3: young diabetics want to hear about your dead relatives.

Some of my personal favourite quotes run along the lines of, "my great aunt lost her big toe and died of that". These quotes encapsulate the less harmful, but still ridiculous and borderline entertaining illusion that we actually want to hear about this.

I know the general ignorance is not the fault of anyone in particular, but it is difficult not to get angry at some of the cheap jokes sprawling the internet and general conversation equating food binging to diabetes - one meme read: "Billy has 32 candy bars. He eats 28. What does he have now?" To which the genius memer has answered "Diabetes. Billy has diabetes." While these jokes are lighthearted and most diabetics simply scroll on past, they do reveal and perpetuate widespread misconceptions that become tiresome to correct.

So the facts:

There are two main types of diabetes. Type 1 diabetes, making up 10% of diabetes in Australia, is an autoimmune disease where the pancreas is attacked by a virus and stops producing insulin. There is no cure and the only treatment is dependence on insulin through daily

injections or an insulin pump. Children are born with a predisposition to diabetes and usually see it's onset in early childhood, though a person can develop Type 1 at any age.

On the other hand, Type 2 can be triggered by obesity and overeating of sugar but is also highly genetic. Type 2 doesn't have the same effect on the pancreas and those suffering from it generally do not have to take insulin shots or be on a 24/7 insulin pump. The two illnesses are separate and have very different causes, but neither should warrant judgment from outsiders.

With Type 2 diabetes on the rise, type 1 gets shoved in the same category and a lot of guilt and anxiety is being reported in children with diabetes because of the misconceptions. Diabetes organisations have been advocating, and educating about, the truth of the causes of Type 1 through projects such as JDRF's Truth Awards. It's important that people understand that diabetics didn't bring their illness on themselves.

I don't want a pity party, but diabetes is no piece of cake (pun intended). While diabetes jokes can be considered part of a wider brand of humour made at the expense of others, and an insignificant minority may warrant a chuckle, they are generally far from both truth and comedy. Be nice to people with broken organs.

TAKE A TRIP IN SOUTH AMERICA

Andre Fenby tells us about his experiences with ayahuasca

In a shack perched on a swamp-edge just outside of town, our shaman, Adele, pours out a cup of muddy liquid between puffs of mapacho smoke. I drink it, lie back, and wait.

An hour or two later, the room is vibrating with Adele's guttural warbling. Geometric patterns unfold from behind her head, which is obscured by a short staff decorated with feathers and dead leaves.

Ayahuasca, a psychedelic tea brewed from a South American jungle vine and, often, a plant containing the psychoactive compound DMT, is a part of many South American shamanic traditions.

Recently, the popularity of Peru's ayahuasca 'retreats' among travellers has compelled the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade to issue a travel warning, partly in response to reports of fraud, theft and sexual assault at the hands of opportunistic shamans.

Many, however, experience intense, transcendental hallucinations and transformative soul-searching. Amongst the online ayahuasca community are innumerable testaments to its 'spiritual' or 'healing' properties, typically ranging from healthy respect to cult-like reverence.

But is ayahuasca really that different from other trippy drugs, besides its potency and associated rituals?

When I first decided to take a cargo boat to Iquitos, a huge, grimy metropolis on the fringe of the Peruvian Amazon, it wasn't with the sole intention of trying it. Regardless, I eventually found myself in a café surrounded by a mix of Western expats, united only in their unshakable conviction that ayahuasca was The Answer.

Often you could hear students and war vets alike launching into vague, yet passionate tirades about the 'sensation-

alist media' and other social ills over their pre-ayahuasca smoothies and tepid mocha lattes. Before long, I was given the contacts of a reputable but low-key shaman.



Visuals and personal discoveries; ayahuasca is a mecca for young, Australian travellers in South America

Which brings us back to Adele's humble cottage. Some time after my second cup, I feel something well up inside me, and barely make it to my bucket before vomiting a seemingly endless cascade of black sludge. There's so little resistance it seems to come through rather than from my physical self.

"Yeah," laughed a North American drinker when I described it to him later. "We call that Soul Puke."

I collapse into a praying position, palms on the floor, mumbling nonsense while Adele's singing grows louder.

I'm sucked in and out of winding tunnels, unable to focus on my physical surroundings long after the chanting stops and the ceremony ends.

But that's as far as it ever goes. I leave the next morning happy, if slightly underwhelmed.

A 2010 National Drug Strategy Household Survey showed psychedelic use in Australia has risen since 2004, in what the ABC's 7.30 program earlier this year characterised as a revival of the 'flower power era'. While the analogy was overly simplistic, it was a reminder that the reverence with which ayahuasca is approached by an enthusiastic generation of travelers – convinced they can reach enlightenment for a few thousand Peruvian soles and a plane ticket – has parallels in the countercultures of decades passed.

My experience was unusually tame. For many, drinking ayahuasca will remain a sacred ritual that channels something greater than one's self. Whether that something is actually 'soul' and not just 'puke', however, remains a matter of perspective.



"We call that Soul Puke." – a post ayahuasca vom is unavoidable

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



DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS



Madeleine King scrutinises the art of the tabloid

It slipped silently onto doorstops and newsstands in the early hours of Monday morning. In hindsight we shouldn't have been surprised. But its brashness caused quite the stir.

"Finally, you now have the chance to ... KICK THIS MOB OUT!"

It was *The Daily Telegraph's* slap in the face to media objectivity, splashed across the image of Rudd announcing the date of the federal election.



In the days that followed, commentators speculated as to why the paper had suddenly decided to let the partisan beast loose from its usual (albeit flimsy) cage. And it wasn't because the Gillard bones had finally been picked clean.

Paul Sheehan, writing in his column for *The Sydney Morning Herald*, noted that the arrival of the infamous Col Allan – erstwhile editor of *The New York Post*, Rupert Murdoch's unprofitable baby –

in Australia was likely the cause.

Sassy former *Media Watch* host, Jonathon Holmes (also writing in *The Herald*), agreed: apparently the headlines under current editor Paul 'Boris' Whitaker were too 'boring', Allan is said to have complained to Murdoch. And so he was recruited for the election run-up.

In the past few days Allan has certainly been exercising his creativity. Thursday's front page was a mock-up poster of every dad's war comedy sweetheart, *Hogan's Heroes*. Apparently Anthony Albanese and disgraced minister Craig Thomson had swilled some German hops together at one point, thus making the photoshopped images of the ministers and Rudd into characters from the TV show permissible. But that was pretty harmless. Although Albo got off rough as Colonel Klink. I digress.

Sheehan went further to argue that the attack against Labor was really a masked crusade to debunk the NBN, which apparently threatens the business model of News Corp's broadcast subsidiary, Foxtel. Though as Holmes pointed out, Malcolm Turnbull's own network proposition would be just as much a challenger, if not more so.

Should we be surprised the *Tele* is taking this line? Not really. I wrote earlier in *Honi* about that Stephen Conroy front page, where he was likened to various dictators – Stalin, Castro, Mao, Kim Jong-Un, Mugabe and Ahmadinejad – in the wake of the proposed media reform legislation.

Perhaps we're just from a different press tradition, coaxed into quiescence by a paper history relatively free of the journalistic antics of our British tabloid cousins.



"Time to Give Them a Kick in the Ballots", wrote the *Daily Star* in the lead up to the David Cameron/Gordon Brown election, while the *Daily Mirror* asked "Prime Minister? Really?", accompanied by Cameron's mock CV ("Hobbies: Cutting public services; rewarding rich and privileged; fox hunting; Real life work experience: none."). On the flip side, *The Sun* – a News Corp production – reworked the famous Shepard Fairey poster of Obama into the image of Cameron: "Our Only Hope" the front page read. "In Cameron We Trust".

But is the tabloid tradition enough to get *The Tele* off the hook? Should we be concerned about the neutrality or bias of the press during an election (of all times)?

Yes.

There's an academic called Pippa Norris who has never failed me in four years of media and government education. She's got a neat – and accurate – little description of the role of the media in a democracy. And if we're not genuflecting to democracy during an election, then when are we?

It goes something like this. There are three functions the media should fulfil to facilitate democratic processes: a watchdog to the powerful and elite, a civic forum for citizen and bureaucratic debate, and a mobiliser of voters.

But when you throw a bit of editorial bias in the mix, guaranteed the mechanics have gone to shit.

So the issue at question here falls on the shoulders of all three. Is *The Tele* serving a watchdog function? No. Their history of editorial bias against one party is lazy journalism and sermonising, not holding politicians to accountability. Can it operate as an open civic forum to debate these issues? No. In plastering its pages with blatant attacks against the ALP, it stifles the opportunity for alternative perspectives to be aired and thought through.

Will it mobilise voters? Perhaps. And that is dangerous; the caution to take away from this cautionary tale.

As Jonathon Holmes wrote in *The Herald*:

"Whether Monday's front page was shaken by Col or stirred by Boris, what's not in doubt is that the *Telegraph's* partisanship matters. The election will be won or lost, the pundits tell us, in marginal seats in Queensland and western Sydney. And, as always, the voters that make the difference are not the political tragi-comics who watch *Lateline* on the ABC and read the poli-bloggers and the proliferating fact-check websites."

These "floating voters", he writes, are those who still keep up the daily diet of morning radio and popular newspapers.

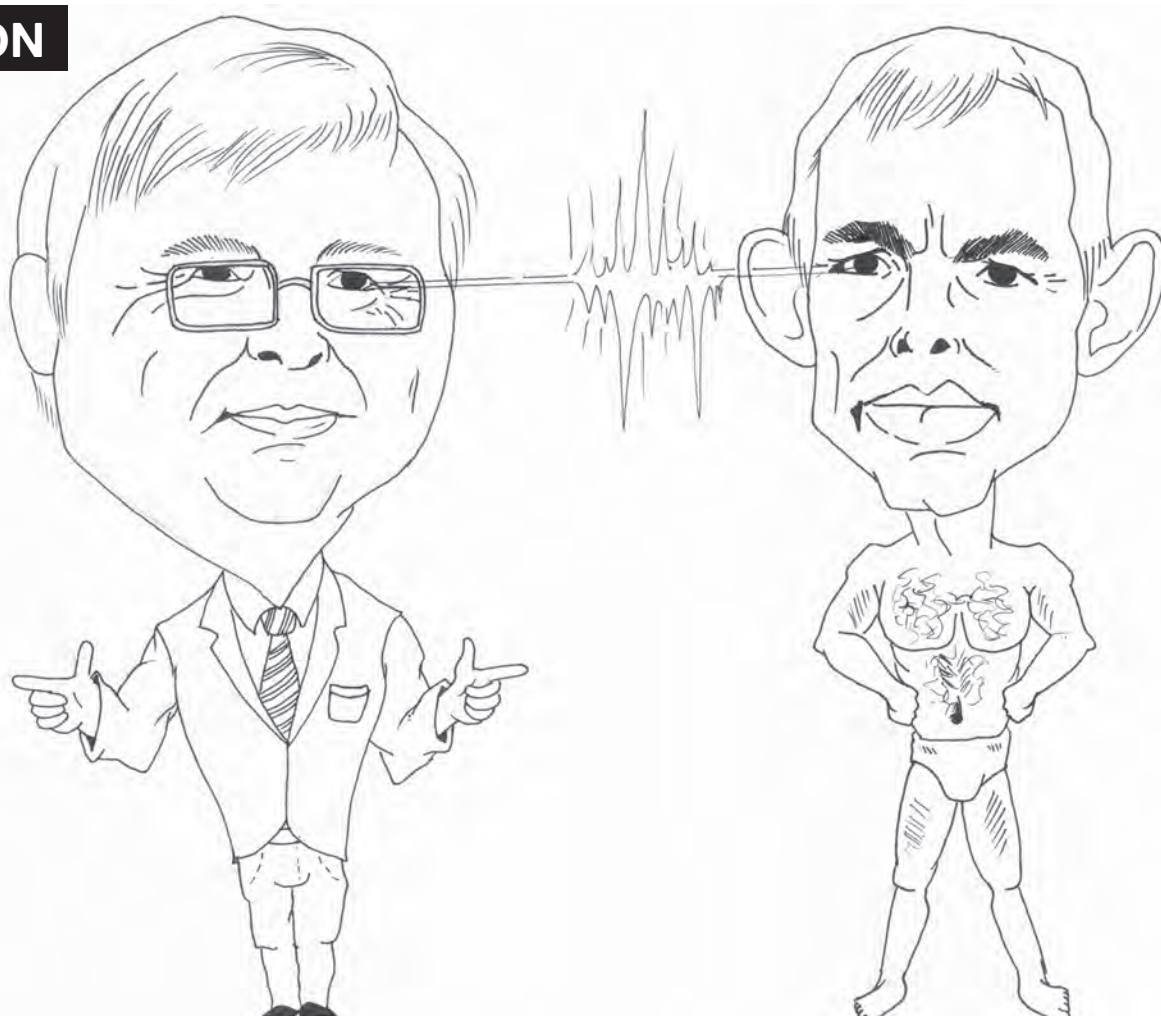
According to independent news site *Crikey*, *The Tele* had 150 000 more copies in circulation than its next biggest competitor, *The Herald* (as of 2010).

In Britain, the sheer number of partisan tabloid papers seem to balance each other out. But when *The Tele* chooses to take up the smack-it-in-your-face, we-have-no-subtlety sword of bias in a relatively tabloid-free media environment, it's a different story.

So, *Daily Telegraph*: please let us know when you've sorted out your teenage insecurities and want to go back to your usual outrageousness and (at least) pretension of political neutrality.

Until then, we've got another month of Col Allan at the helm. Brace yourselves.

CARTOON



Cartoon: Mikaela Bartels

MY DAY AT VILLAWOOD

Anjali Vishnathawan spoke to some detainees at Villawood

After I visited Villawood Detention Centre for the first time, I couldn't sleep for two nights.

It took me days to come to terms with the fact that I was living in a world filled with cages. The detainees are surrounded by dust, machinery and rings of barbed wire, surveilled by (practically) antagonistic security personnel. I was expecting to leave filled with a sense of fulfilment, perhaps indignation. To console detainees curled up, cold and alone. What I actually saw was very different.

Journalists are actively prevented by the government from entering detention centres, so refugees with histories and personalities become mere statistics. The image we're often presented is a caricature: whether they're cast as vicious people smugglers or withering prisoners. These pictures invite benign, paternalistic attitudes from some sections of society and from others, resentment. Asylum seekers are relegated to the peripheries of discourse. It becomes all about us.

The last time I went to Villawood, it was Ramadan. Many of the detainees were hungry. I was nervous because, this time, I wanted to talk to people about their pasts and most painful memories. Our conversations had hitherto been about Indian movies and the guards they disliked most. I asked a man named Ali* what he thought of media representations of asylum seekers:

"The Australian media image is not correct," he said.

I urged him to continue.

"We are not like that!"

Ali is 22: just a year older than me. He's spry, youthful and very charismatic. If we had met outside Villawood

he'd slip seamlessly into my group of friends. Born in Afghanistan, his family uprooted itself for the first time in 2000 to escape into Quetta, a small town in Pakistan. Hazaras in Quetta are regularly gunned down on the streets so after two years they shifted again to Iran. He left them there, travelling alone in and under lorries to the UK where he learnt to speak English. In the UK, he learnt kickboxing, went camping, studied I.T. and worked. Then he told me that one day there was a knock on his door. He'd been denied refugee status.

The British government assured Ali that Afghanistan had become safe. They promised him some money upon arrival. On both accounts, they lied. Ali escaped Kabul immediately and he's been in Villawood for 8 months. Another friend deported from the UK with him was killed earlier this year.

I ask him what he thought of the perceived "burden" that refugees had on Australian society. His response begins as a calm, measured explanation why this cannot be the case but soon escalates into an impassioned soapbox and everyone around begins to listen.

"We don't want free food. We don't want free accommodation. We want freedom!" I held a finger up, hoping that he'd pause while I scribbled down his words. Despite his agitation, he complied. By stripping their right to work, Ali told me, we have imposed the burden on ourselves.

Another man I spoke to, Hussain, had led a similarly harrowing life. I had previously tried talking to him on Facebook while he was in community detention but it was rarely fruitful.

"I'm just in a bigger cage," he once told me despondently.

Today, his outlook is much brighter. Hussain has been allowed to work for the last few weeks. He secured a job almost immediately. As he tells me with glee about the praise his boss lavishes on him, Hussain glows. As he talks, he continually offers me juice, fruit, and chocolate which other visitors have brought detainees to break their fast. "Why aren't you eating? You should look healthy, not like a dried twig." I decline, having eaten before I left home. "Ok, ok," he concedes, "Have some juice".

Hussain is joined by a friend, Mehdi who interjects

from time to time: "If we wanted to make money, we would have stayed in Afghanistan. It is a haven for money. But we must answer to God." They're referring to the opium trafficking. I'm offered some biscuits.

"Totally lawless," he said, "We could not remain neutral and the choice was killing or being killed. We took a third way and left."

It strikes me, in light of the physically and emotionally arduous journeys that these men and women have made, how ridiculous is the assumption that they will collapse into an easy chair when they reach our shores, extending an arm every fortnight to collect welfare cheques. Mehdi, who is considerably wound up, reads my mind. "We want dignity!" he shouts. "We are fighters!"

"Going to the embassy and asking for a visa is like asking for the stick to come and hit you." Ali says, ruefully, "Come, come! Take me!" He mimes the act. By now, the men have worked each other up and pushed me aside while exchanging horror stories. I scrawl furiously for the next 20 minutes, trying to get down every word. They're speaking in very fast Urdu and I can't keep up with translation. Mehdi and Hussain explain in detail the very thorny process of getting through the "right" channels. I am told of cases where sympathetic employees at the embassy have actually told asylum seekers to "help themselves" and just get on a boat, after decades of patience and disappointment. The detainees confirm what I had always suspected: our insistence on the queue belies the most basic reality of administrative processes in that part of the world.

They depend heavily on bribes or the bureaucrat's mood. In the off-chance that works out, it is still very far from a smooth process. As a person of Indian origin, I can understand where they're coming from.

As the evening progresses I find myself struggling to process the worlds they have offered me a glimpse into. A line from one of my favourite childhood novels, *A Little Princess* swims to the fore of my mind: "It's just an accident that I am not you, and you are not me". Hussain advises me not for the first time to get married, echoing my affectionate and slightly overbearing



aunts. Within the same few minutes, he described anguish of lifting friends' corpses from the street. It is too easy to strip asylum seekers of their complex lives and cast them as Other to us. Doing so either facilitates apathy or, at worst, justifies our demonization.

Asylum seekers are men and women of dignity. I find myself at times questioning if they were better off in extreme danger than wasting away in detention where they literally had no purpose but to sleep and wait, for years on end. Then I am conflicted about what right I have to feel so miserable, just listening to their stories. As I wave them goodbye through the rings of barbed wire, I realise how much I want to curl up in a corner myself.

Mere dil mein jo arman tha, na jane ek sapna tha,

Main jis gulshan ka piyasa tha, woh sehra se badtar tha.

The hope in my heart, unbeknown was just a dream,

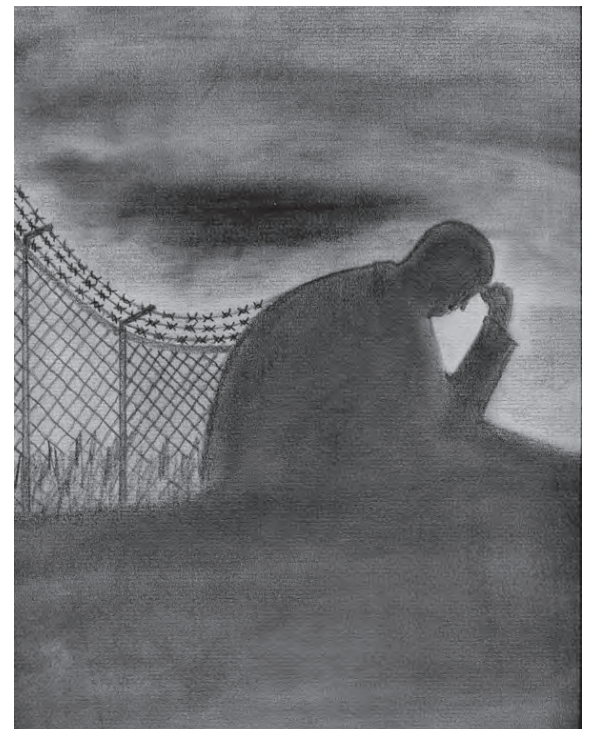
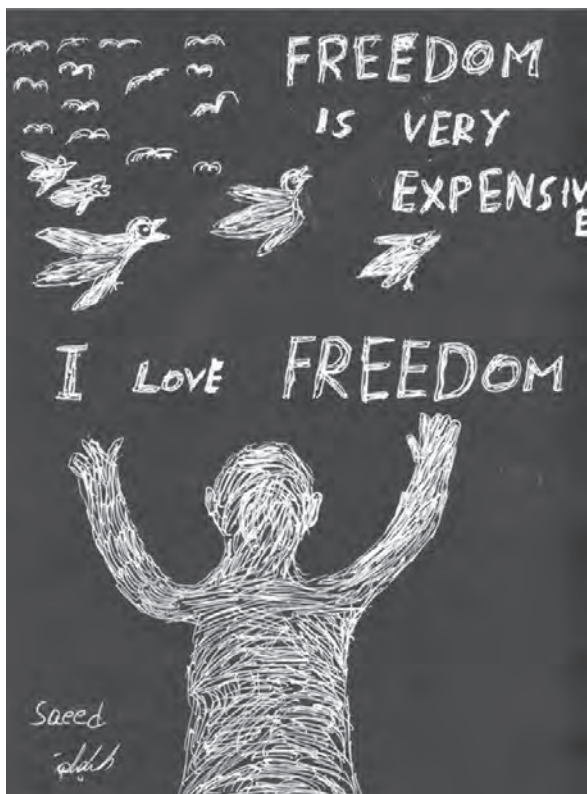
I thirsted by that garden which was worse than any desert!

*Ahmad Ali Jafari [2012]

A detainee at Villawood who passed 20/06/2013

*Names have been changed

All artwork sourced from The Refugee Art Project



Nice day for a Red wedding

Patrick Horton discovers a marriage of tradition and consumerism in modern China

Late last semester a friend and I ducked over to Ningbo, a city on China's east coast, to be groomsmen at our friend's wedding. Because of the city's proximity to Shanghai and its status as a second-tier port city, some Western influence is present, but it was described to me as "the real China", somewhere between the glitz of larger cities and less developed rural regions.

During the wedding and the days surrounding it I was struck by an omniscient, almost hyperbolic emphasis on monetary wealth displayed by my friend and his family. To me it resembled an unconscious yet intentional departure from the historical collectivisation and oppression that saturated China's social sphere and came to a climax at the end of the last century.

The main ceremony was at the city's newest five star hotel, in a dining hall the size of the Quad's inner courtyard, complete with a catwalk emblazoned with roses down the middle, and a cinema-sized projector screen at centre stage. Presented by a flamboyant, blue-sequin-toting host, the proceedings to a non-Chinese speaker resembled a game show more than anything else.

The MC started with a serenade to the bride- and groom-to-be, cheesier than grilled cheese, and then demanded the groom have a turn with the mic. Within minutes the couple were facing each other hand-in-hand, as sickeningly pink love hearts blossomed and erupted on the screen behind them. After a period

of incantations and testaments of love yelled at an unbearable volume, "I do" equivalents were exchanged; the newlyweds locked lips, performed the traditional three bows, and were whisked off-stage for the night's real entertainment.

As food was served and alcohol flowed, the host remained the centre of attention as he called out the winning tickets for the evening's raffle; a lucky handful walked away at the end of the night with microwaves, toasters, kettles and even an iPhone. Those brave or red enough from drink had their way with the karaoke machine, as photographs from the morning's more traditional rituals floated across the screen à la MS Powerpoint.

A central motif was the bride's dog, a miniature shitzu. Throughout the day and night the happy bride changed her outfit five or six times, to include both the traditional Chinese red and a more Western-influenced white. Each time she re-dressed her noble hound followed suit, complete with veil and train. As the evening continued to croon another love song or two, an apparently infinite supply of soft toys were thrown into the crowd.

Tradition maintains that the bride and groom must toast every guest present at the ceremony, which becomes quite a feat at a wedding of 250 people; hence, bridesmaids and groomsmen are selected partly for sentimental reasons and partly for their alleged drinking ability.

As I followed the newlyweds around

the room, toasting and mumbling awkward *nihao*'s and *xie xie*'s, I was instructed to approach only the men in the room. I was to offer them cigarettes and fill up their glasses, but only to drink with women when they approached me. While men monopolised the bar tab and abused the karaoke facilities, women were for the most part reserved and deprived of the lax demeanour of their male counterparts.

My travel companion and I quickly be-

"During the wedding and the days surrounding it I was struck by an omniscient, almost hyperbolic emphasis on monetary wealth displayed by my friend and his family."

came the most highly demanded drinking partners at the ceremony as the only Caucasians in the room. It was here that my liver endured its most gruelling assessment since first semester of university. My most common suitors were 50-60 year-old men, who had lived in pre-reform years. I was perplexed as to why they appeared so keen to drink with a 21-year-old Australian student, but later realised that we were not only novelty items to these guests but also, to an extent, a display of the groom's affluence and time spent in Australia.

Twenty minutes into the toasting I found myself more intoxicated than I was comfortable with, carrying two large glasses (one for beer, one for wine) with cigarettes stuffed between my fingers, behind my ears and into my pockets. Things only got better from there, as confusing drinking games and challenges grew more and more complex.

While an overt emphasis was placed on futuristic individualism and lavish lifestyle – which to me seemed representative of a departure from the shackles of the equalising force of the old regime – there lingered more subtle elements of tradition and patriarchal dominance.

The massive screens, the giveaways, the unearthly MC, the ever-present love hearts: all of these to me were indicative of a newfound fixation with marriage-for-love (as opposed to the historical arranged marriages driven by social security and status), and the ceremony itself seemed partially motivated by a desire to express semi-imagined dimensions of wealth.

While some aspects of the ceremony appeared as over-zealous hypercorrections in compensation for the nation's socialist past, other aspects remained firmly rooted in history and tradition.

Towards the end of the night I was sitting with the groom and could not help but ask – "What was with all that?" "I don't know, man", was all he replied.

Neither do I.

Photo Credit: Patrick Horton

ARTS

&

CULTURE



Fasting but not so furious

Ezreena Yahya attended SUMSA's annual Ramadan iftar, and was inspired by the spirit of giving



Photo credit: Ezreena Yahya

To some, the idea of abstaining from food, water, smoking and sexual activity from dawn to dusk for one month may seem as an act of deprivation, even suffering to the human body. To many faithful Muslims around the world however, fasting during Ramadan is about tasting the hardship endured by the poor and hungry, and carrying out charity.

Ziyad Serhan, President of the Sydney University Muslim Students' Association (SUMSA) shared some of his thoughts and reflections with *Honi Soit*.

"Being in Australia, where we have one of the highest standards of living in the world, it's easy to feel detached from the realities faced by our less fortunate brothers and sisters elsewhere," he said. "Fasting makes you think about and care for them."

The spiritually-strengthening quality of fasting should also be acknowledged in Ziyad's opinion. "Food is such an essential source of nourishment. To fast is to take control of your body and carry out self-discipline."

According to the hadith, a collection of traditions containing sayings of the Prophet Muhammad, Ramadan is a month of blessing and good deeds. One establishment which has done its part to support fasting students for over eight years now is Uni Brothers. About 10 to 15 students come to the shop daily during Ramadan for a free iftar meal.

Owner Nuri Balabanel, with his muscular build and slickly combed dark hair is an ostensibly intimidating figure. However, he is more than modest about the contributions of his business to the

University's Islamic student community.

"We would help more students but at the end of the day, it's difficult - we're still a business," said Nuri.

Some come back to reciprocate the good deed. "There was this one time when this guy came back with at least \$25 worth of Lebanese sweets," he said.

Though Nuri acknowledged the kind gesture, he stressed the hardworking folk at Uni Brothers "really don't expect anything in return".

SUMSA held its annual Ramadan iftar last week, where Ziyad handed over a mock cheque to the '50 cent Campaign: Feed a Fasting Person' project by the Global Islamic Mission, a not-for-profit organisation dedicated to building orphanages, schools, hospitals, and mosques. To date, the society has received a grand total of \$6051, mostly from anonymous donors - a long way from the initial goal set at \$1000.

Ziyad stresses that Islam puts emphasis on giving sincerely without boasting. "There's a Prophetic tradition that says those who give with their right hand and conceal it from their left is the best way of giving."

In a society with a deeply consumerist culture, food and other indulgences are always in abundance. The perpetual temptation to give in to our wants and desires is one that is near impossible to resist. As the new moon appeared on August 7, 30 days after it first appeared, we reflected upon the lessons we can take from Ramadan - compassion, thanksgiving generosity and a will to better ourselves.

Wailing Wall: God and graffiti

BEFORE

AFTER



Photo credit: Cameron Caccamo

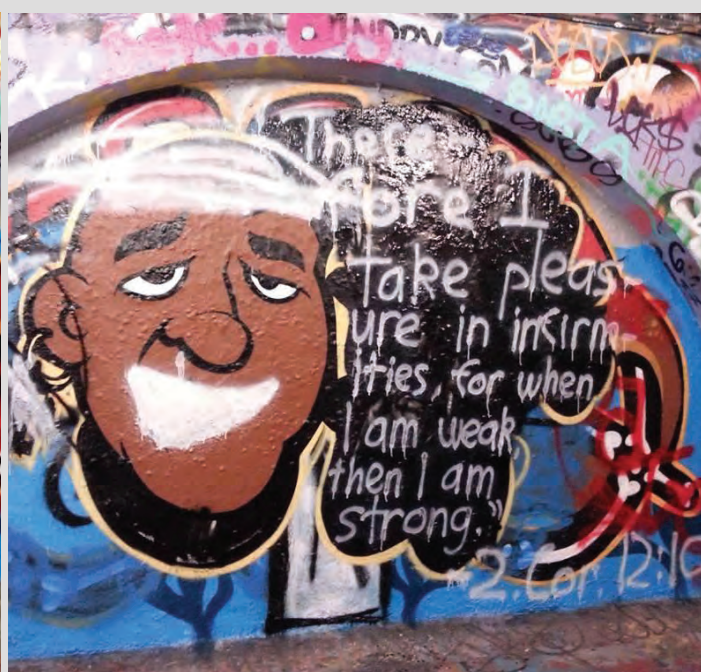


Photo credit: Stella Klenas

CAMPUS ART

As students passed through the graffiti tunnel on Thursday morning they were greeted by a bizarre new scene depicting a dick-headed priest ejaculating the words "Fuck the EU" from his forehead (referring to the University's biggest religious club, the Evangelical Union). Christians called it "grossly offensive", atheists praised it as revenge for the EU's proselytising and omnipresent 'YourGod' week advertising. Everybody else was just goddamn confused. But it didn't last, and the unknown artist had their work dramatically transformed, like a transubstantiated wafer. A counter attack left the original graffiti graffitied: the protruding forehead phallus censored, replaced by a biblical quote.

No swearing in Church

PROFILE

Jeremy Elphick survived an interview with Steve Kilbey, frontman of The Church

There are few people who could get away with the saying “I’ve probably written more songs than any other Australian songwriter and I’ve got to be up there in the world rankings somewhere”, but with Steve Kilbey, you know he’s not exaggerating.

With almost sixty albums under his belt, lead singer of The Church (who penned ‘Under the Milky Way’ Kilbey has plenty of room to reflect as he begins rehearsals for a series of shows with the Sydney University Symphony Orchestra.

Kilbey considers his relationship with Grant McLennan, the late co-founder of the Go-Betweens, “a real eye-opener”, marking a shift in his approach to song writing to this day, in a way, highlighting the degree to which one person can completely shift the way another perceives what they do.

“I often think, when I’m writing something, what would Grant do? How would he sing this? What kind of lyrics would he write?”

Despite viewing himself as a very introspective and inward-looking figure, Kilbey poignantly asserted that he “learned more from Grant than I’ve ever learned from anybody else.”

The Australian music scene in the 80s, and the association The Church has with the scene, is something that deeply bothers Kilbey. “People always say to me ‘you’re from the 80s’ – I fucking hated the 80s – what it represented, its aesthetic, and its music – I really fucking hated the 80s.”

It seems like a lot of this is integral to the Australian scene at the time, where again, The Church were very much loners. “The way we kept the band together was by hating everybody else.”

“There was very much a blokey, pub-rock – a Chisel, ‘Barnesy’ kind of thing.” At the same time, the Church were under a constant imperative to change, with their refusal heavily constricting where their career could go.

“It’s easy to look back on the 80s and say ‘look how stupid these fucking idi-

ots look with their haircuts’, but at the time it was very hard to resist this in the industry.”

Mutual resistance, however, wasn’t enough for The Church to consider working with other Australian groups

at the time. I was jealous of those doing better than I was and contemptuous of those doing worse than me.”

Kilbey reflected, “I wanted to live in my own very dark corner and didn’t want anybody coming in there.”



Review of R. Kelly’s major work, *Trapped in the Closet*, pts. 1-33

high brow
Low Brow

Bryant Apolonio once spent a Saturday night watching the entire thing because it’s great and his life is cool

Trapped in the Closet (Books 1-3) has no co-writers or backup vocals. It was conceived, written, directed, and recited solely by Robert S. Kelly (R. Kelly). *Trapped in the Closet* (henceforth abbreviated to TitC) is 33 chapters long and unfinished.

It was written between 2005 and 2012. It’s approximately as long as a long-ish novella or a feature length film.

TitC is an epic poem with an iconic E minor beat, that drips like faulty plumbing but flows. TitC is a landmark of R&B, ‘hip-hopera,’ that so often dismissed genre. It’s really very good.

It’s a tale of love, betrayal, crime, and sex. It borders on Chaucerian fabliau with its focus on bawdy remixes of lower middle-class Americans, their caricatured relationships (the protagonist’s affair with the pastor’s wife etc., the police officer’s wife, shotgun in hand, confessing she’s “in love with a midget” etc.), their trivial conversations,

for example:

*She says “Are you okay?” “Yes”
“Do you need anything?” “No”
“Well, I baked you a pie” “Mmm”
“Your favorite: Cherry”
(TitC, Ch. 8, Bk. 1)*

The protagonist, Sylvester, is based on Kelly himself but it is the narratorial persona (also Kelly) that, I think, pulls the whole thing together.

Distanced and wise, but nevertheless down-to-earth; Kelly-as-narrator is a benevolent, good-vibes, kind of man-of-the-people bro. And though his real life personality leaves much to be desired – sort of fills me with a wincing despair – he will always have this.

Kelly-as-narrator never speaks down to the characters – some of whom we can hardly empathise with (Rosie the nosy neighbour, Lucius “the pimp,” Bridget the southern belle. None of them are particularly endearing. Hell,

I have even a hard time sympathising with Sylvester’s own plight) – all caught up in their own webs of artifice.

He’s also a funny guy. There’s a particularly tense moment early on when the police officer, Sgt. James, who is having an affair with Sylvester’s wife Gwendolyn, accuses his own wife of infidelity.

He marches around the kitchen, looking for the culprit, as his wife bursts into tears. He finds a midget under his sink named “Big Man” who she met at a strip club and she suspects fathered her child. Sgt. James points his gun at Big Man’s head while his wife takes out a shotgun and aims at her husband.

At this point Sylvester and his brother Twan (who has just been released from prison that day, who has his own complicated sub-plot) burst into the house waving berettas. Ludicrous. 100%, goddamn insane. And absolutely intentional.

Kelly knows this is funny because while he romanticises it, he also happily parodies a life of casual sex and minor crime.

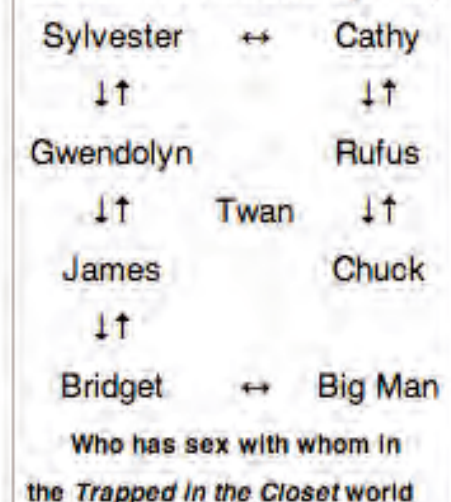
R. Kelly, admittedly, is a beleaguered individual. He’s a man who’s been tried for assault and arrested for (but cleared of) sex with minors. Among other things. And yet (you can make of this what you will) he’s also a man who can

divorce his personal problems from his music – how did he write the remix to ‘Ignition’ of all things if that weren’t the case?

Whole essays could be written about TitC, but they haven’t been and probably won’t be except by me. It isn’t and was never meant to be the most subtle or complex work.

It’s farcical, it’s lowbrow. Accessible while being totally alien. R. Kelly is an utter genius who knows what his people want and delivers. Thirty-three times and counting.

Character relationship map



Masturbation drains the body of its living forces

Michael Rees belatedly reviews *The Doctor Says*, a booklet from 1942 by Dr Stewart MacColl

"Life has been aptly described as a battle; it is, therefore, vital to know our enemies, and to be prepared to face them squarely when they attack. However mankind differs in other respects we have this in common – we are all tempted, and the master temptation is the direction of impurity."

The Doctor Says is a 1942 sexual health booklet educating young men about how to deal with life's temptations. The foreword itself is a marvel. Written by Lieutenant C. Bjelke-Peterson (uncle of renowned crypto-fascist Joh), it praises the book's author Dr MacColl for his "fight against one of the most treacherous and destructive enemies of our society – sex impurity". Bjelke-Petersen knows these vices well.

With over 40 years of experience as a "physical culturalist" (whatever that is), he recalls many young men who had "squandered" the fortune of the "Bank of Vitality" through "impure" acts.

Impurity is the subject of MacColl's extensive pamphlet. *The Doctor Says* begins with the observation that the "blackest pages in history" and the "vildest degradations from which human life has ever suffered" are "connected with sex". He warns that, if we are not vigilant, temptation will make a "shipwreck of our lives".

It is an astounding claim, but one that MacColl is easily able to substantiate. He explains that the "master tempta-

tion", impurity, emerges when a young man "becomes conscious of the presence of his organs of reproduction".

First, this feeds his desire to "abuse himself" by "draining the body of its living forces". Unable to evidence his

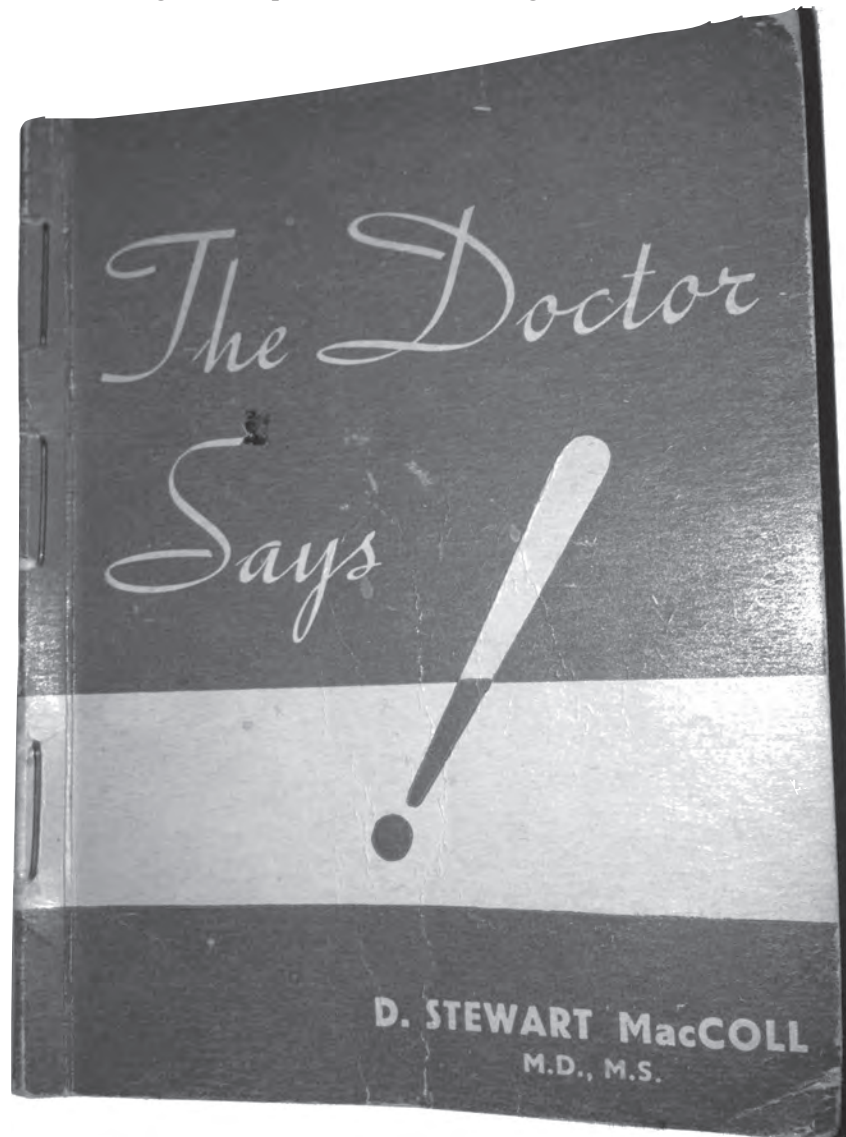
claim that masturbation is verifiably "injurious", MacColl suggests that it results in "impaired memory" and "loss in the power of concentration".

Even worse, it erodes one's "strength of soul". The second (and 'more dangerous') development, is the urge to have sexual intercourse. Rest assured that, "whatever the character of the women may be" (remember, homosexuality hadn't been invented yet), "the consequences are disastrous".

After the "unclean touch" of sexual intercourse outside of marriage, MacColl claims that, in his medical experience, "80 per cent" of people contract venereal disease. The abstinent, however, "excel in physical and mental energy, and have come to the fore in life's struggle".

Fear not. MacColl offers simple solutions to "reducing temptation" and avoiding "sin's deceptive art". Some of them appear obvious to the modern reader. It is now common knowledge that "statues of naked and half-naked figures" and "novels and newspapers of the 'spicy' brand" induce temptation.

Additionally, one might avoid "the company of those who delight in telling filthy yarns and details of their own immoral practices". Regardless of your preferred solution to the master temptation of impurity, I'm sure that you'd agree that Dr MacColl sounds like a real wanker.



Not forever young

Sean O'Grady knows that *Skins* isn't true, although he once wished it were

Skins probably carries a disproportionate amount of blame for the misguided expectations that plagued my adolescence. The stories of ten lost teenagers stumbling through a life of booze, drugs and sex became for me what Holden Caulfield was to generations prior – emblems of escape from a world that seemed interminably grey.

Escape that might have been mine had I ever thought to look up from behind my computer screen and go looking for it. I sat, and waited, for a manic pixie dream girl trope to recognise me for the tortured soul I was and whisk me away.

Then I grew up. The writing of *Skins* got shit (in all likelihood it was shit to begin with and just got shitter) and I moved on. But when I read somewhere that one of the two creators, Jamie Brittain, had returned to the show for a sev-

enth and final series, it struck a nostalgic chord that led me first to Pirate Bay and then to *Skins* Redux.

The seventh series changes radically in structure from the original incarnation of the show. The 10-episode seasons, each focusing on a different character, are replaced by a six-episode season, with two episodes allotted to three of the cast members from the first and second generations. Effy (Seasons 1-4) is at the centre of *Skins* Fire, Cassie (Seasons 1-2) of *Skins* Pure and Cook (Seasons 3-4) stars in *Skins* Rise.

We find Effy working as a secretary in a London Hedge Fund; by night she studies charts and reports that she brings home from the office. She lives with Naomi (also of seasons three and four) who drinks, smokes weed, and doesn't pay the rent.

As Effy tries to live out her hyper-

capitalist fantasy, she is undone by insider trading and a torrid affair. We find Cassie adrift and working a dead-end job in London. And Cook is a drug dealer in Manchester.

As I watch the show and reflect on teenage years that were not so much



misspent as misconceived, it occurs to me that the brilliance of the show lies in showing us how hollow the life of a romanticised fuck-up might have been.

However, there is still a latent part of me that idealises the charming (read: sociopathic womaniser) Tony from Seasons One and Two, who could stay out all night and still get near-perfect grades. *Skins* was never subtle. The dialogue was bad, the plot contrived and the characters were reflections rather than humans.

In hindsight, it is not the sex and partying through which I lived vicariously that made the series good. Rather, it is the hammer that co-creator Jamie Brittain takes to the folly of youth that reveals the hollow and fragile nature of pure hedonism that gives the series an emotional drive in spite of its many flaws.

TELEVISION REVIEW

Art is in the eye of the player

Sam Murray looks at how choice (and the illusion of it) is redefining videogames

Videogames, by definition, have always had an element of choice within them. After all, interactivity separates games from other, more passive forms of entertainment. But what is extraordinary is the recent advent of games incorporating choice into their narra-

more linear game, the experience is like watching a film with playable segments. However, when plot-relevant decisions are left to the player then not only does the player feel like the protagonist is an extension of themselves and their own values and principles, but said deci-

passion, rage, sorrow and even guilt for choices made. It is one thing to see your avatar express regret for decisions that the writer foisted upon them and you, but when it was your own free will that resulted in such actions, that adds so much more impact to the emotion, inex-

high brow
Low Brow

player being condemned by the world and lead to a 'Bad' ending of moral corruption, in exchange for being more powerful as measured by better gameplay performance. Alternatively, a player could handicap their ability to use such augmentations by using more conventional weaponry instead of cooler weaponry, be hailed as a savior and earn a 'good', more homely and emotionally satisfying ending, by saving said children.

Alternatively, the *Walking Dead* videogame adaptation eschewed the standard violent nature of combat for a more dialogue and choice inspired approach to gameplay. While such choices in the game don't substantially change the way the storyline develops, the illusion of such choice means that when players first play the game they feel that the story is their own. As such, the choices the player makes are so much more meaningful and immersive; whether it be stealing a car full of supplies, choosing who to try and save or even simply distributing limited rations in a certain way. Consequently, the game was praised as being the greatest critical success of 2012, and has been hailed as the first modern prototype of games truly being a form of art in their own right. Choice, and the way that the player grapples with it, will continue to be critical in the way that any artistic potential that videogames is realised. Even months later, I still feel guilty about stealing that car.

If you try to protect yourself by hitting Gorga over the head with the log, turn to page 11.

If you just toss the log in front of Gorga, turn to page 13.

Choose Your Own Adventure novels: not videogames, but they still require great moral fibre



'Welcome to Rapture', or, Welcome to difficult decision making about children and morality

tives and character arcs in order to say something meaningful either about the human condition, the wider world or even about the genre of videogames themselves. Consequently, this evolving role of choice is contributing to the slow but sure advancement of videogames as a contested form of art.

The critical role of choice is ultimately a very simple one: it allows the player to completely and totally immerse themselves with the protagonist. When the protagonist makes decisions in a

sions are more meaningful as the player is fully aware of the context, difficulty and predictive consequences of making them. Do you take mercy on the enemy who just tried to kill you, or do you finish them off such that they'll never be a threat again? Do you betray a trusted ally to further advance your own cause, or do you stay loyal regardless of the consequences?

Choice allows videogames to go beyond merely a passive experience to an active one, with videogames evoking

trically tying the player to the character in a way that film or literature could never achieve.

For instance, *BioShock*, a shooter set in an Objectivist-inspired underwater steampunk utopia, broke ground with the way it merged story choice with gameplay preference. A player could advance themselves in the game through genetically augmenting themselves; a process that required the performance of morally heinous acts against children, and this gameplay style would result in the

A brave new world for Civ 5

John Gooding bought the expansion, and approves

When *Civilization V* first came out in 2010, it was pretty terrible. For a game that was meant to simulate the rise and fall of the world's greatest civilisations, it left a whole lot of stuff out. For instance, there was no religion, no real simulation of or reference to imperialism, and no espionage.

The biggest problem, however, was Infinite City Sprawl, or ICS. Because the major penalties that came with each new city could be so easily overcome or ignored, the best tactic was to just keep building cities until the map was full. Dozens of shitty, generic, low population cities dotted every piece of land in every game.

The previous expansion introduced religion and espionage, but in doing so provided even more incentive to spam

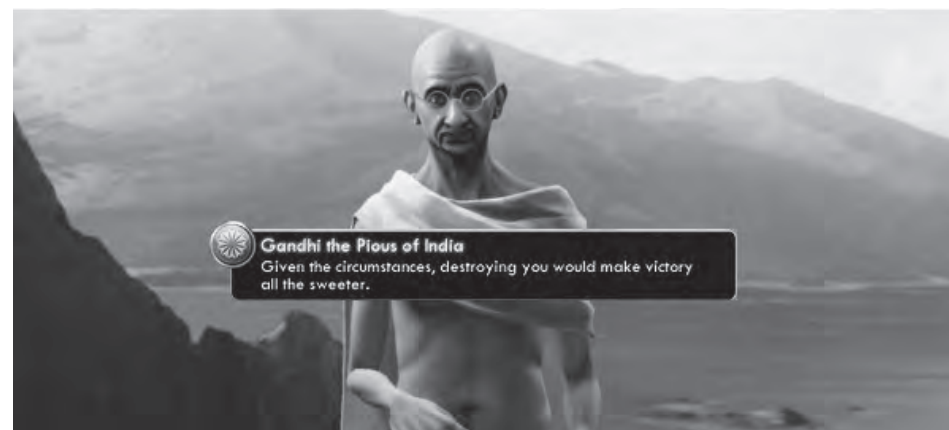
cities. However, this problem has largely been solved in the latest expansion, *Brave New World*. In addition to the previous penalties, each city now also provides a flat penalty to your research. It seems like a fairly arbitrary mechanic, but nonetheless it succeeds in nerfing ICS and incentivising the player to build fewer, better-developed cities.

Another new feature is archaeology, which provides some reference to the imperial era. You can send archaeologists to dig up ancient ruins and send any treasures found to your empire, where they provide a bonus to your culture and tourism. If you took artefacts from another civilisation's territory they may order you to stop stealing their cultural heritage. At this point you can either apologise or, like the British

Museum with the Elgin Marbles, tell them to suck it up.

Too often expansions only serve to squeeze any last dregs of revenue from a game. *Brave New World* doesn't just

adorn *Civilization V* with shiny baubles, it also fixes some underlying problems in order to rebalance the game.



Someone probably stole Gandhi's Elgin Marbles

GAME REVIEW

Help for Students with a Disability & Student Carers

Did you know the university has a service to assist students with a disability to access reasonable adjustments in managing their studies?

Disability Services works closely with the university's administration and faculties to support students with a disability whether it be physical, sensory, intellectual or psychological. If you find that your health is causing problems with your studies in an on-going way or that you are repeatedly applying for Special Consideration for your condition, Disability Services may be able to help you. Check out their website to see if you are eligible and how to register: <http://sydney.edu.au/stuserv/disability/website>

Disability Services are located within Student Support Services, Level 5, Jane Foss Russell Bldg (G02), City Rd, Darlington Campus

Are you a carer of someone with a disability?

The SRC Disabilities & Carers Collective meets regularly to provide student carers with information and

support and to lobby the university for carer rights. Anyone is welcome to the meetings and they have a Facebook page. [f/USYDDisabilitiesCarers](https://www.facebook.com/USYDDisabilitiesCarers)
Website: srcusyd.net.au/disabilitiesandcarers
Email: disabilities.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Do you need special consideration?

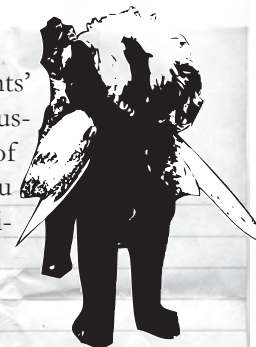
Special consideration is different to a disability plan. If you are not able to complete an assessment due to your disability, this should be accommodated by your disability plan. If you are not able to complete an assessment due to an unexpected exacerbation of an existing condition, or an illness or misadventure that has nothing to do with your disability you are able to ask for special consideration. As with all Special Consideration requests, make sure you get a specific additional Professional Practitioner's Certificate on the day of your assessment show how severely affected you were, and how you were affected, eg, unable to do exam or attend a lab.

Ask Abe

Dear Abe,

I am currently staying with my girlfriend in her parents' house. Her parents are really lovely, but I think it is causing a strain in all of our relationships. I moved out of my house because things were really awful there. Do you know if there is cheap housing available through the university?

Strained



Dear Strained,

I am sorry to hear that things are awful in your home. If it is because of physical, emotional or sexual violence you may be eligible for Youth Allowance (Unreasonable To Live At Home). Alternatively if you are over 22 years you would also be considered "independent". Hopefully that will help with your finances.

The University does have some low rent beds available but not very many. 40 are administered through the housing unit

and another 40 are through STUCCO, the student housing co-operative. They will be increasing that number in the next few years. In terms of emergency or temporary housing while you're trying to get somewhere permanent to stay you can talk to SRC Help for some ideas. This way you can preserve your relationship with your girlfriend and her parents.

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.

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President's Report

David Pink points out what the SRC has done for you lately

president@src.usyd.edu.au



"Hey, that's me up there, I'm the President!" - David Pink

Students had two big wins at last week's Academic Standards and Policy committee. If its recommendations are adopted by the Academic Board:

1. Absent fails will no longer count as a 0, instead a mark between 0 and 49 will be recorded.
2. Discontinue fails will continue to count

for progression requirements, but won't have any mark recorded or have any effect on WAMs.

This took place in the context of a review of grades – a particularly contentious discussion was over whether or not Absent Fails (where a student misses an exam, or does not submit an assessment) should continue to attract a mark of 0. The SRC argued very strongly that a mark of 0 was a disproportionate and harsh penalty, especially because it could potentially knock someone out of Honours because of one subject on their transcript. Under the new system the exact mark an Absent Fail will

attract will not necessarily be tied to assessment results, but will be determined at the discretion of the Faculty.

There was consensus in the committee that to continue to give a mark of 0 for Discontinue Fails would only create a perverse incentive for people to Absent Fail (and therefore not seek help from the university, but simply fail to hand in assessments). As a result, Discontinue Fails will still affect progression requirements (meaning the university can help students stay on track), but they will not mean a black mark on a student's WAM.

General Secretary's Report

general.secretary@src.usyd.edu.au

Dylan Parker spell 'Elly' wrong a couple of times. But who will ever notice, right?

Recently David, the SRC's Solicitor, our Admin Manager and I had our regular SRC legal service board meeting so I thought it worth was worth giving you an run down on all things legal.

If you weren't already aware, the SRC is in the unique position that we provide a free, in house free legal service. Our lawyers are both willing and able to provide not only initial advice but even represent you in court. They're able to provide advice and assistance on a wide range of topics ranging from speeding infringements to immigration assis-

tance.

Established in 2010 by then President Eli Howse and VP Phil Boncardo, the SRC Legal Service broke new ground for student associations across the country. Where previously the SRC contracted out to Redfern Legal Service for a fee by setting up our own service, Eli and Phil were able to provide a more expansive service for students at smaller price tag.

This year David and I as directors of the legal service have had the pleasure of working with Annie, Maggie, and

Chitra in building upon this initial win for students.

As General Secretary this year, there has been no greater joy than working with our amazing staff and hearing about the awesome work they do. That's why I am pleased to write, that in 2013 I am pleased to say that David and I have delivered the most funding to our SRC legal service yet bringing the total to \$110,000 dedicated to representing students. This will mean an additional day of legal access on campus each and every week.



Education Officer's Report

education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Tenaya Alattas can't forgive the Public Order and Riot Squad

The violence that occurred on the five days of industrial action at the University of Sydney last semester will not soon be forgotten: police deployments by the administration effectively militarized our campuses; picketers (students and non-students alike) were arrested en masse; a staff member suffered internal damage to her liver; a students head was stomped on, community members/ union representatives were beaten and maimed by punitive riot cops; and there was also the emotional wounds, the psychological trauma that lingers long after the physical bruises have healed. All this because students, staff and community members held picket lines in order to refuse the privatization of their universities, as do students in Europe for

weeks, without any police response whatsoever.

Another consequence of the police violence is that the original political message - in the case of the students, the project of defending the rights of staff through strike action—has been drowned out by discussions about "violence," about who gets to be a "good" or a "bad" protester. The former was the student caught up in the heat; the latter was the 'outside agitator' or professional protestor who knew what to say (or what not to say) when questioned by the police. My point here is that whether 'good' or 'bad' protester the police were interested in the potential violence on the picket as opposed

to the violence the picketers experienced. And this is not to say that this violence is not new; it is only that for many of us, it has remained invisible at the University of Sydney. The 'scuffle' is the reappearance on campus of what the NSW police and the Public order and Riot Squad (PORC) do every day to poor people — without video cameras (or I-phones) present, without stories in the Guardian or letters from concerned faculty. And at USYD too the handcuffs, capsicum spray, pistols, horses, vans and those creepy leather gloves have become an extension of the bureaucratic violence of the administration.

With the next strike on the 20th of

August I think it is important to stress that there can be no dialogue with the threat of violence. The VC is terrified of losing control in his ability to undermine the working conditions of staff, 'welcomes the assistance' of the police presence on campus and is ready to turn the riot police on anyone who dares to raise their voice in protest. But this isn't dialogue with the riot police in the background, as they form a line, smirk, slip on their leather gloves and tell us to "get ready for the beat down". However, I refuse to smother my rage, cover my wounds and smile as I submit to further exploitation. I hope to see you at the picket lines 7 am, August 20th.

international.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

International Student Officers' Report

Jay Ng & Bowie Yau update you on keeping safe in Sydney

Welcome (back) to the second semester everyone.

Safety Issues

We would like to inform you about a serious attack and robbery last week in Perth. A Japanese international student was threatened with a knife by two offenders and was badly beaten at 6:20pm, as he was walking home.

As it is still winter time, sunsets really early, pay special attention to any suspicious activities or people around you

when walking alone in the dark. Please be aware that listening to devices such as MP3 players or talking on phones may be distracting and hinder your ability to be aware of dangers in your own environment. If you are on campus at night and feel unsafe, you can contact our campus security (phone no.). Walk in well-lit and regularly used areas of the campus, as well as using the free shuttle bus to and from Redfern Station. If you have experienced physical danger or threats, please do not be afraid to contact to the police or other relevant services.

vices.

For more information, check out the City of Sydney flyer.

http://www.cityofsydney.nsw.gov.au/__data/assets/pdf_file/0016/142234/5979-International-Student-Safety-Web-Safe-PDF_72DPI_FA1.pdf

Council of International Students Australia

The international students collective has attended the CISA conference over

the break. It was an insightful event and we would like to welcome their new president, Thomson Ch'ng. Our collective has been working with Mr. Ch'ng and he is the best and professional candidate to represent all international students. CISA is a non-profit organization that aims to unify and help all international students. If you are interested in connecting with them and joining their events such as International Students Leadership Program, check out cisa.edu.au.

Women's Officers' Report

Hannah Smith reports on the collaborations between QuAC and women's collective

Hi everyone! This year some women's collective members and myself have been working with women from Queer Action Collective (QuAC) and the USU's Queer programs department on starting a Queer Women's Network.

We started last semester with an afternoon tea in Verge gallery with approximately 50 women in attendance. It was a great opportunity for queer women to get to know each other and talk about what they would like in a university based network. We are now looking towards a movie and pizza night, and eventually having regular meetings similar to women's collective or QuAC.

We have been inspired and encouraged

by University of Melbourne's network- which features the weekly "Ladies who lunch with Ladies" event as well as UNSW's network featuring the "No-homers club" and the "feminist queer book club".

Some of you may be wondering why it's necessary for queer women to have their own network/space at the university. We have active, inclusive women's collectives and queer collectives- isn't that enough?

Some queer women who are active in both circles will be able to tell you that often women's organizing can orient towards heterosexual, cis-gendered experiences- particularly on issues like

harassment, assault and reproductive rights. In addition, Queer organizing is often heavily focused on men's experiences- take for example the marriage equality campaign- it often focuses heavily on white, cis-gendered men.

Since neither women's nor queer spaces often provide enough time, space and resources for queer women, sometimes it is necessary to create an autonomous space.

The network is still in its infancy, but many of the women involved so far envision a well-resourced, active and social network that provides a safe space for queer women at Sydney University.



Vice President's Report

Amelie Vanderstock gives you the inside word on what the collectives are up to and how to get involved

As second semester brings its usual array of new courses, readings and lab demonstrators, with it comes a refreshed and active SRC! Returning from winter conferences around the country, office bearers and collectives have met, planned and crafternooned to build campus campaigns. If collective didn't fit into your timetable 1st semester- perhaps now is the chance? From feminism to global solidarity- many like-minded folk are coming together to create change on and off campus;

Anti-racism collective are participating in weekend-ly refugee rallies across the city to demonstrate broad student outcry against the inhumane and outrageous PNG solution. The Indigenous officers have been celebrating NAIDOC week whilst planning for the National Indigenous Tertiary Student Games in September. Disabilities and Carers collective are busy compiling an info-booklet for Carers week in October, and are calling for student carers to complete the online survey. By filling it in and passing it on, we can compile useful stats to pressure the university to recognize carers' needs!

Queer collective is frantically, and fantastically prepping for Pride festival in Week 8, building a campus ally network and seeking identifying writers for Queer *Honi*! Womens collective will be hosting 'Knights' - showcasing the talents of USYDs incredible women-identifying performers in Week 7. We'll then be reclaiming the streets from sexual violence in late October for the annual 'Reclaim the night' march. As part of the 'fossil free universities' campaign, Environment collective participated in a city-wide 'divestment' training on Sunday- joining Doctors for the Environment and other groups who are seeking to withdraw financial ties between coal, CSG and our respective institutions. Join the Thursday discussion group on 'divestment' and watch out for some colorful campus actions to learn more!

The Education Action Group (EAG) are working towards the National Day of Action (NDA) on the 20th of August- where students around the country coordinate rallies, marches and creative campaigning on the value of Education-

for everyone, not profit. This coincides with the USYD strike-support staff, don't go to class! It would have been difficult to miss Tuesday's canvas and color on Eastern Ave, as students from varying faculties, collectives and interests painted banners expressing our reasons & asks for education reform. 'Funding education, not deportation' to recognition of student carers - there's a myriad of ways that we can improve education for all.

Looking for even more ways to engage on campus and meet some rad people of diverse interests? Why not join the community garden collective? In a collaborative SRC endeavour, we sketched and imagined our ideal campus workshop-garden on Sunday- a space for domestic and international students to share knowledge about native and food plants, get our hands dirty and hang out. We've come a long way from guerrilla gardening in Eastern Ave- now with a space and ongoing dialogue with Campus infrastructure and the Centre for English teaching and learning- but there's much room for growth! If you're

interested in organising, brainstorming ideas, learning some gardening skills, or finding out more, feel free to contact me on 0413679269 or by email at vice.president@src.usyd.edu.au.

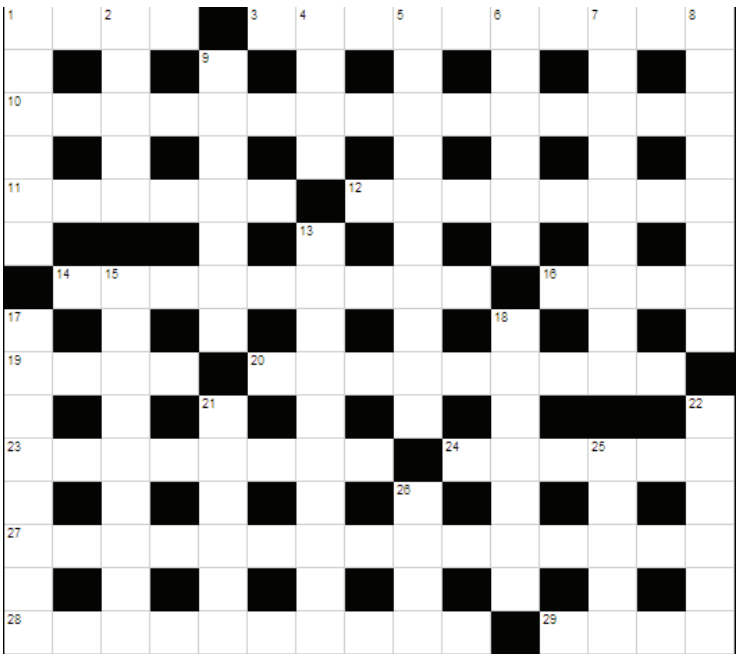
Too much happening to remember? Stay updated and get organized by picking up an A1 SRC Semester 2 planner from an *Honi* stand or the SRC office- collective meetings and events included!!!



QUICK CROSSWORD

ACROSS

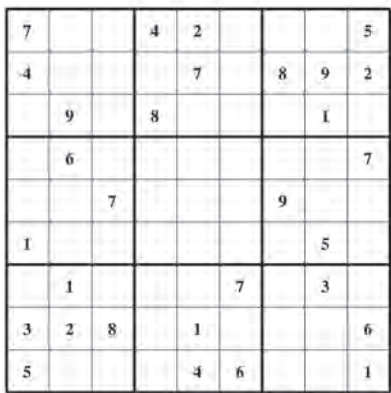
DOWN



Janice

1. Baroque composer (4)
3. Bearer of axe-like weapon (10)
10. Be in a state of anger (5,2,3,5)
11. Mistakes (6)
12. Inappropriate The Rivals character? (8)
14. Violin bow component (9)
16. Thick curled hairdo (4)
19. Behaves (4)
20. Conceiving of (9)
23. Having a pleasant scent (8)
24. Faux pas (6)
27. Admit defeat (5,2,3,5)
28. Of old Ethiopia (10)
29. Percussion instrument (4)

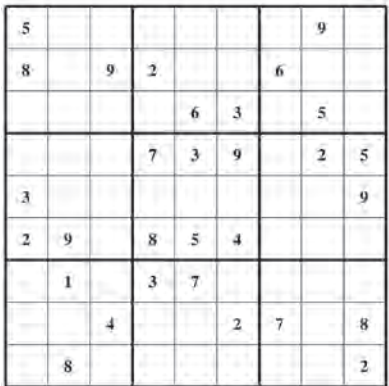
1. All-you-can-eat location (6)
2. Group of singers (5)
4. Section of 2-dn (4)
5. Decapitations (10)
6. French Baroque composer (6)
7. Anti-inflammatory (9)
8. Better known name of flunitrazepam (8)
9. Having a milk-like colour (7)
13. Small mushroom (10)
15. Fond of being outside (9)
17. Tragic flaw (Greek tragedy) (8)
18. Daughter of Spanish monarch (7)
21. Sharia rulings (6)
22. Mental hospital (6)
25. Smaller amount of a count noun (5)
26. Islamic branch (4)



Easy

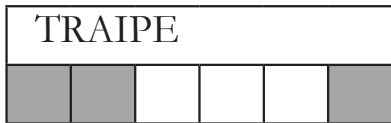
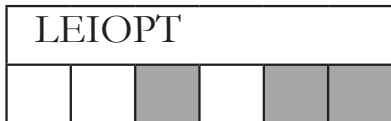


Hard



Hard

Use the shaded letters to answer the riddle



Q: What do you use to get a ghost to lie perfectly flat?

A: A



Janice

WHAM, BAM
ANAGRAM!

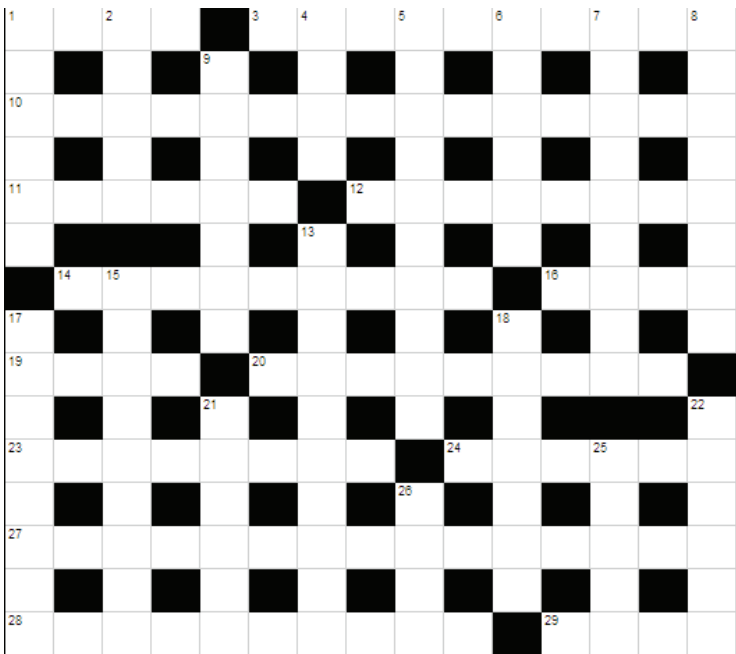
ACROSS

DOWN

CRYPTIC CROSSWORD

1. This publication sounds like supplicatory pose? (4)
3. Emptier freedom for compilers to describe signature of Dickinson gift? (4,6)
10. Dajabon or Santo Domingo rose as clue (9,6)
11. Even water rainfly will vaporise (6)
12. Odd peelings in Parisian black chiffon garment (8)
14. Tear canvas of aquatic public utility (9)
16. Ova barracks (4)
19. Womaniser's comb (4)
20. Cripple, I hear you dined an hour after nine? (9)
23. Sham plug moves clumsily! (8)
24. Batter blueberry waffle without blurry ewe stump (6)
27. 1-ac's occasional puzzle credit worryingly baits into truism (15)
28. Contrite Kentish town an apology 3-ac (5,5)
29. Flail to drop a novice blunder (4)

1. Multiheaded monstrosities pose persistent problems (6)
2. One who calls coiner (5)
4. Relay election (4)
5. Homophonic 29-ac or 27-ac singularly disrupt modern gene (10)
6. Assert claim (6)
7. Intricately embroidered at home and beaten (9)
8. 1-ac editor occasionally beheaded bomber (8)
9. Confused sea fund, like 1-ac's 27-ac? (7)
13. Erotic show to stoic whore?! (10)
15. Bless Serb after basic antacid (9)
17. Folded Sir and Amigo paper cranes (8)
18. Hear queue, and stand there with one who hails from Persian Gulf (7)
21. Smile, Noel, with your archaic forge (6)
22. Saw eel beguile small mammal (6)
25. Fleet blown aloft (5)
26. Skilled can (4)



Janice

THE *Soin*



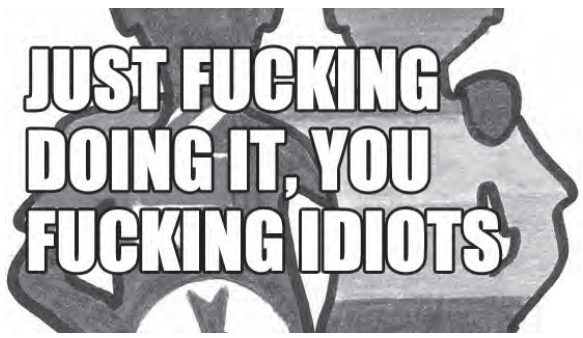
FED UP LGBTI GROUPS LAUNCH NEW MARRIAGE CAMPAIGN

With the federal election rapidly approaching, a coalition of LGBTI groups has come together for a new campaign to push for marriage equality, 'Can You People Just Legislate This Shit So We Can Move On Please'.

At the campaign launch in Sydney last night, chief organiser Susan Ridgewood said that the community were trying something new.

"After groups tossing around for years with mushy slogans like 'Love is Equal', and 'It's All About Love', we think it's high time for 'Can You People Just Legislate This Shit So We Can Move On Please'."

The CYPJLTSSWCMOP campaign will be targeted directly



at the major political parties, Ridgewood explained.

"It comes with a clear message: if the incoming government could just pass the damn law already, everyone would be really happy because we'd never have to waste our time talking about such a boring, outdated social institution again."

"For God's sake, our diverse community faces inadequate health services, next to no protection under the law, high job insecurity, and little recognition outside of the major cities. Let's focus on that."

Ridgewood also directed a clear assurance to the Australian public.

"We wholeheartedly promise that if the government legislated marriage equality, we wouldn't bring up engagements, weddings, or lifelong monogamy ever again, and we would actually turn to address our shared tangible concerns."

CYPJLTSSWCMOP will kick off nationally with a series of rallies this coming weekend.

ONE NATION CANDIDATE CLAIMS EARTH IS FLAT, WILL STOP BOATS

Following her candid interview with Channel 7, One Nation candidate Stephanie Banister granted the *Soin* an exclusive policy discussion session after we told her that *Soin* was Latin for *Sydney Morning Herald*. Having told 7 News that she had nothing against Islam as a country, but that its laws should not apply in Australia, we sought more information on One Nation's border security plans. Banister explained that any boats arriving would immediately be redirected over the edge of the earth, which she claims is flat, thereby causing them to fall into outer space.

Our mood lightened, however, when perusing some policy pamphlets that Ms Banister had brought along to the interview, we discovered that she held great concern for the environment – evidenced by the subheading Tackling our Planet's Greatest

Environmental Problem. When asked what this problem was, her eyes lit up and she began to explain enthusiastically that due to the earth's flatness, we are in grave danger of losing the entire water supply of the planet, as it tumbles over the edge into outer space. One Nation proposed tackling this problem by constructing a series of dams around the edge of the planet. When we pointed out that this would conflict with the policy to let boats sail over the edge she clarified that there would be a Boat People Gate, and to minimise water loss, boats would form a queue and exit one by one.

The interview concluded on the question of what would happen to boats jumping ahead in this queue, to which she replied, "They'll be resettled in PNG, of course."

MAN CRUSHED BY CANDY FAILS TO SEE THE IRONY DUE TO INSTANT DEATH

R.I.P. Jeff Sozeb, 1980-2013

Stanmore man Jeff Sozeb, 33, was killed this past Tuesday when a part of the New York M&M's World's "wall of chocolate" broke free of its constraints and crushed him.

The wall, a 15-metre-wide, two-storey high display of 72 tubes that dispense different coloured M&M's, had been cordoned off with tape by store employees worried for the safety of patrons. Sozeb, an avid Candy Crush player, was too busy completing Level 213 of the game to notice the tape and walked headfirst into the red and white striped dispenser. This caused the tube to topple over onto Sozeb, figuratively (and literally) squeezing the life out of him.

Close friend and housemate George Katanda said that Sozeb's sojourn to New York had been a dream come true. "It was like a dream come true for Jeff. New York and Candy Crush - those were his two loves," said a mournful Catanda. "Who could have guessed that they'd come together to quash both his dreams and his windpipe?"

Sozeb had grown bored of the M&M's World by the point of his demise, according to his friend and travelling companion Jean Bowe. "He kept threatening that he'd have more fun playing Candy Crush," said Bowe, an anthropology major at UNSW and future K-Mart employee. "We didn't realise

it was a joke because we were far too engrossed in the candy displays," Bowe continued.

"I think that kind of pissed him off - though probably not as much as being turned into a tube of human toothpaste did."

When quizzed by this intrepid reporter as to whether Sozeb would have seen the irony in his death, Bowe shook her head. "Absolutely not. Jeff wouldn't have been able to see how weird it is to be crushed by candy whilst playing Candy Crush is," said Bowe. "But that's mainly because his eyeballs popped like a couple of water balloons."

"Water balloons filled with blood," added Bowe, for needlessly gory and medically inaccurate emphasis.

A prior stop at Hershey's World had similarly almost ended in tragedy for Sozeb, with a shortage of its popular chocolate Hershey's Kisses sending the father-of-four into a rage. Sozeb was only able to be subdued after a security guard delivered a headbutt to him, rendering him unconscious for two scary minutes. When Bowe commented on Sozeb's close call, describing it as "A Liverpool Kiss for a Hershey's Kiss", Sozeb had simply stared blankly at her, yet again unaware of what she meant - though that's probably because he was severely concussed.



Sex Advice from... **Rupert Murdoch**

Dear Rupert,

I guess this is a bit embarrassing. Basically, since I appeared in a QANTAS ad when I was 15, I can only get off while singing 'I Still Call Australia Home.' Is this normal?

Coming Home

.....

Dear Coming Home,

Please be assured that you are by no means abnormal for being exhilarated by a fine Australian song. I myself have been known to get a little hot under the collar when proudly singing our national anthem. Although I'm not too sure about this boundless plains to share nonsense. While we're on the topic, this Labor mob's boat people policy is not harsh enough if you ask

me. As a billionaire and American citizen, I'm very in touch with what the average Australian wants, and I can tell you he wants to stop the boats. Now Tony Abbott, he's got the right idea for dealing with so called refugees. And he won't wreck the economy like these left wing buffoons. Sure, Australia avoided most of the effects of the GFC, but now we don't have a budget surplus! AND WE NEED A SURPLUS!! Look anyway, back to your question. If you want to get rid of this little problem, I think its pretty clear that you have to vote Liberal in the upcoming election. With the Labor Party's loose morals and socialist agenda, your penis will run wild and indulge in this lust for Peter Allen's music. But with a Liberal government, order will finally be restored, and you can get yourself back in hand. So to speak.



EU GOES BANKRUPT IN FREE FOOD BONANZA

The University of Sydney Evangelical Union has found itself in dire financial straits after taking Christian generosity one step too far.

Buoyed by the success of their frequent BBQs and recent nachos giveaway, the EU literally bit off more than they could chew when they hosted a free three-course dinner for all access card holders.

The ritzy dinner, held at the traditional EU BBQ location on the lawns near Manning, consisted of a caviar entrée, a main of roast beef and vegetables and the risky culinary choice of Bombe Alaska for dessert.

Third year science student Jessica was unimpressed by the meal, despite going back for seconds. "The roast beef was pretty dry, and they totally skimped on the gravy," she said.

As news of the meal spread throughout the campus, hordes of hungry students descended on the ill thought out feast. The EU was forced to make an emergency trip to Broadway Coles and spend beyond their means to accommodate the demand.

As food ran out, tensions escalated on the Manning Lawns, with the debacle only reaching an end when enraged EU members began to fling caviar at

infidels from under the cover of their bright blue hoodies.

The aftermath of the feast saw several emotional EU executive members bemused by the sudden interest in their activities.

"Usually we just hassle people about Jesus and they stay away from us," said EU secretary Hannah, in tears. "But this time they just kept on coming."



PROFILE: DR. WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU!?

Blue smoke billowed out the chimney the BBC used to burn incriminating Jimmy Savile papers with last Sunday, heralding the selection of a new Doctor to replace outgoing Doctor, Matt Smith, with acclaimed, curmudgeonly, Scottish actor, Peter Capaldi, best known for his epithetic and abusive character, Malcolm Tucker, from the BBC political satire, *The Thick of It*.

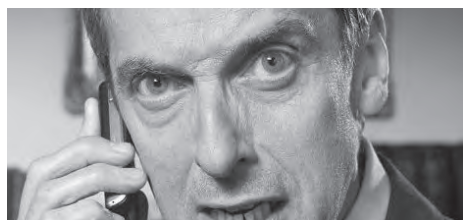
Unable to contain his enthusiasm, Capaldi described the announcement as “fan-FUCKING-tastic!”, (sic) before slurring invectives at the cameraman and forcefully putting out his cigarette on a passing child’s forehead.

Asked to comment on his predecessor’s time as the Doctor, Capaldi stated: “Who gives two shits about that bloody horse-wanker? That prick with ears can fuck right off to his fuck-

ing Nancy films.”

Criticisms concerning casting choices and the traditionally family-friendly nature of the show prompted Capaldi to throw his chair at any “cuntly faggot that looks him in the eye”.

Long-standing calls to progress the show with a ginger and/or female lead to take on the iconic role were however abated, producers instead opted for an older, white male well regarded for his swearing ability. Julia Gillard declined to comment.



Peter Capaldi recording his Christmas thank you message

**SACKED
FINANCE
MINISTER
GREG PEARCE
SPEAKS**

New South Wales’ disgraced ex-finance minister Greg Pearce, who was sacked last week by Premier Barry O’Farrell for failing to disclose his relationship with water board appointee Richard Fisher, called a televised press conference today to deny any connection.

Mr Pearce, who infamously turned up drunk to a sitting of state parliament in May, claimed that he had ‘neeeever *burp*, not never... ever... met this dude before.’

‘Look. Look. You guys, I dunt even KNOW, this guy’s NAME!’ slurred Mr Pearce in reference to Sydney University’s General Counsel Richard Fisher, whom Pearce appointed to the board of Sydney Water in 2011. ‘Waiaaaaaaiit what? He’s a Rishard? Thas my Dad’s name! (Mr Pearce’s father was named George – ed.). Aaaaaw! Richie... Dick.... If you’re watching this, wanna see a picsher of my kids?’ Mr Pearce then giggled uncontrollably for a full two minutes, before throwing up over his lectern.

‘Look, Dicky, look at me in the face. You are my besss mate now. We’re, so... so much in common. Hey, wanna come to the footie next week? Government’ll pay!’ The meeting ended when Mr Pearce king-hit a Fairfax journalist and then attempted to order Premier O’Farrell to make him a kebab.

**RUSSIA GRANTS EDWARD
SNOWDEN ASYLUM, WINS HIGHLY
PRESTIGIOUS INTERNATIONAL
AWARD FOR IRONY**

In an unprecedented turn of events, Russia has become the latest recipient of the International Award for Irony, beating out stiff competition from many countries around the world.

In a lavish ceremony held near the McDonalds in Terminal F of Sheremetyevo International Airport, Moscow, the Russians were officially recognized as the most ironic country in the world, after granting asylum to Edward Snowden, despite being a nation which actively attempts to silence those who speak out against the system.

Russia is widely regarded as one of the few places in the world where the leader, in this case Vladimir Putin, is allowed, by law, to personally strangle the pets of anyone who dares to speak against the regime. It is this somewhat extreme policy towards free-speech and animals which has led to Russia being considered a pretty stupid place for a whistleblower to go.

Their decision to grant asylum to Snowden has therefore divided opinion, with some calling the move “positive” and “progressive”, and the rest calling it “hilarious”.

The irony of the move was not lost on the Award’s organizers, who made the announcement to a crowd consisting of, literally, tens of people. They explained their decision in the following press conference thusly:

“There was some tough competition this year, with the USA in particular being strong contenders, after spying on its citizens and then trying to jail Snowden for breaching their privacy. However, we felt that the level of irony displayed by the Russians was matched only by their hatred of pets”.

Snowden was reportedly ‘overjoyed’ at the news that he could now get to ‘blow his whistles’ without fear of reprisal, though his mood apparently dampened after several Russian agents had a ‘friendly’ chat with him.



LABOR: 1b, 2b, 3b, 4b, 5, 6c, 7a

LIBERAL: 1c, 2a, 3a, 4a, 5, 6b, 7b

GREENS: 1a, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5, 6a, 7c

C: Everyone in Australia is from a foreign country. Being Australian is a state of mind.

5. Do you like Seinfeld?
Yes
Yes
Yes
ALL: yes

6. Who do you identify with most on Game of Thrones?
A: Danaeries Targaerian
B: Tywin Lannister
C: Hodor

7. Who do you identify with most on GIRLS?
A: Hannah
B: Marnie
C: I can’t choose. They’re both so perfect.

**If you answered
anything, you’ve
wasted your time.**

- Do you like vegetables?
A: Yes!
B: Neutral
C: Vegetables are for paupers
- Do you like money?
A: Yes please
B: I do, but it’s not everything – I guess
C: Money is for rich bastards
- How many new friends have you made this year?
A: I haven’t had any new friends since primary school. I have no need to enlarge my social circle.
B: Heaps! I’ll need them when I run for Union Board! Oops!
C: I don’t have friends- I have comrades
- Do you like people who are from foreign countries?
A: Is this a joke? No.
B: Yes! I’ll need to represent them when I run for SRC! Oops!



STUDENT RALLY & STAFF STRIKE

TUESDAY 20 AUGUST

DEFEND YOUR EDUCATION!

STOP THE CUTS!

12PM @ CITY RD ENTRANCE



Contact Omar on 0421 185 037 or Eleanor on 0442 029 165