

HONISOT

LICK MDMA-LACED COVER FOR HIGH
WEEK 2 EDITION | 5 August 2009



A survey of
**THE MUSIC
THE PEOPLE
THE ORGANISERS
THE RESIDENTS**

Honi ^{HS} GOES TO **Splendid** IN THE GRASS

YE OLDE RUMOUR MILL
**SUBSKI goes
'nuts'**

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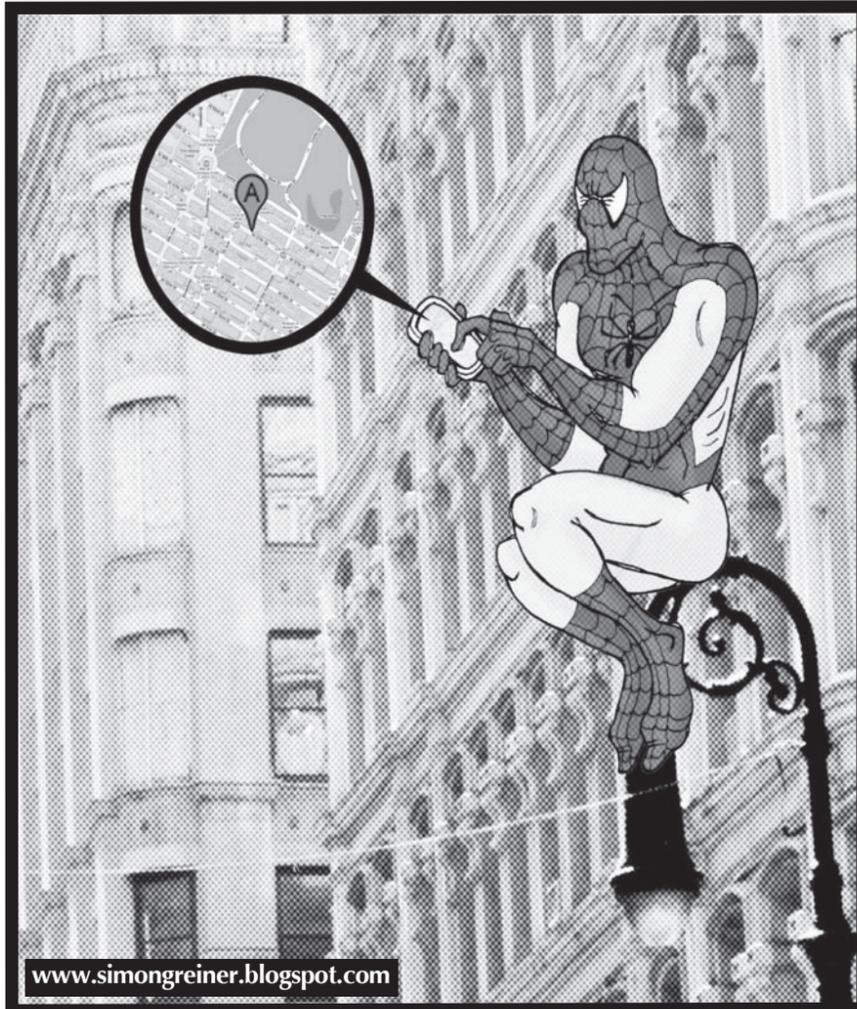
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WE WANT YOU
 TO WRITE FOR HONI!
 SEND CONTRIBUTIONS
 to honi2009@gmail.com

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The Religious Write

Alexandr Wansborough, Visual Arts III

I wanted to reply to your letter dear Kyle.

You're right, I don't like Christianity or religion. That's not to say I don't admire traditions within religions or the religious but I can't respect something I don't agree with. However, you mentioned that I was nasty to Christians not just Christianity. I meant by 'their congregations consist of mindless flock' the Christians who attend certain types of churches - you know, the preachy type. I appreciate that my words possibly were offensive but that's what's good about secularism - freedom of speech. I trust you don't want to live in a theocracy, so we should be careful about deifying feelings.

Also, I would like to point out that I made a joke about the 'New Atheists' too. I don't care to be told how to behave by religions or by fellow nonbelievers.

God bless you for reading my piece though.

Life changing. Seriously

Katherine Khan, Brainscouts.com

I HOPE THAT YOU WILL READ THIS LETTER VERY ATTENTIVE!!!! PLEASE, IT WILL TAKE ONLY 5 MINUTES, BUT PROBABLY MY LETTER WILL CHANGE

YOUR LIFE.....

First of all I wish to tell you why I have chosen your profile. I liked interesting information about you on your site. Also I have plans that I could arrive to your country, I have preparation that I had all documents and could arrive to your country as the tourist. I require the guide and the friend who could show me the country and tell more about people, culture and traditions of your country.

At me is not good friends relatives in your country and I have decided to address to the Internet that I could have the friend when I shall organize travel and to arrive to your country. I also wish to tell a little about myself.

My name is Oksana. I'm 30 years old. I very much wish to meet the person, that I could have dialogue with him. I live in Russia, I do not know, that else I should tell in the first letter. If I am interesting to you also you wish to have dialogue with me and we can in the future can meet each other please write ONLY to my personal email: nikoloksan@yandex.ru

I shall be glad to see your letter!

Ouch. We got told.

Amy Nguyen, Arts II

Seriously, what's with the debating obsession? You had a 400-word piece last week about the debaters' achievements

(or lack thereof) in Melbourne. I'm sure there are other groups at uni doing pretty great things without the coverage that debaters seem to get all the time. Maybe it's because several of your editors are debaters. And they really like blowing their own trumpet. No one else in the uni really cares what the debaters do anymore, so lets see some variety in campus news.

Wow. Someone needs to be a little more public-spirited

Thomas Gollan, Science III

This week's report on how little was actually achieved by the old Union directors reminded me of why I pay no attention to student politics and politicians. They don't get anything done, and are often just setting themselves up for a long and happy career as a state MP's staffer. Great job guys, USYD students are underwhelmed by your years of service.



Editorial

All around us, it seems that both print and broadcast media are struggling to maintain their integrity. Kyle Sandilands' gaffe-of-the-year stupidity has highlighted the potential failings of unprofessional media. Yet, examples of this sort of journalism-gone-wrong are perhaps as routine as your morning coffee. Gaffes, mispronunciations, incorrect information, political insensitivity... These are becoming an increasingly obvious part of our media landscape.

While it's easy to be swept up by the hype surrounding these continuous fuck-ups, it's also important that we remember how lucky we are to have access to such an enormous range of media portals: national and international print media, radio programs, the Internet and of course, in amongst it all, your lovable student rags.

While our position as student journalists is niche, a pocket of information in the great sweater of reality, it's nevertheless vital. Through student media, universities are able to build networks, foster a sense of pride, and of course, keep students informed of the happenings that will ultimately affect them. At *Honi*, we like to think that we provide a portal that all students may take advantage of. Indeed, nothing would make us happier than to be swamped by your submissions! So get thinking, get writing and get emailing. This is your paper, make the most of it!

HS

Michael Krasovitsky

FROM THE VAULT

This week in From The Vault...

The letter pages from previous years of *Honi* are goldmines of cultural references and are a chronicle of changing attitudes to subjects perpetually on the mind of students. One sees Princess Di compared to Fran Fine, another reveals that letters regarding the SRC's activities aren't - shock! - uniformly negative, and the last explores the arguments over the organisation of the Gay Rights Movement.

EXTRA

THE GREAT DEBATE: PRINCESS DIANA VS. FRAN FINE

PRINCESS DIANA

Diana has been idealised as a sweet, innocent, young and virginal princess. Her love affairs have been played down and romanticised, especially compared to the toe-sucking, sordid representation of Fergie's affairs. Instead of being an adulteress, she "found true happiness". After the birth of her children, she was praised as a perfect, devoted mother. My first priority will continue to be our children, William and Harry". The stainless, pure virgin became the ideal of motherhood, a "model for all the women of the world".

The family backgrounds of Diana Spencer and Fran Fine could hardly be more radically different. Diana was the very epitome of an English lady. Born into the aristocracy, her marriage made her a member of the British Royal Family, a symbol of both Englishness, and hereditary power and status. Diana was "born a lady, became a princess and died a saint", according to one of her many mourners.

FRAN FINE

In stark contrast to Diana, the self-proclaimed Queen of Queens is worldly, street-smart, crass and openly rude and even offensive. Unlike Diana, she could never be mistaken [sic] for a virgin, and would be horrified by such an accusation. She is openly sexual and prides herself on her sexual attractiveness and skill. Despite her "attitude", she is dignified, poised and lovable, the "tart with a Heart". We do not condemn her promiscuity, but admire her for enjoying it so wholeheartedly.

Fran is a working class girl, whose Jewish identity is central to her character. Her "ethnicity" [sic] and her class status strongly differentiate her from the Sheffields. "She's the lady in red when everybody else is wearing tan". Her nasal draw and abrasive voice refuse to confirm to her upper class surroundings. Similarly, her outrageous dress compares favourably with the navy blue conservatism of her blonde opposite, Cici.

Published in *Honi Soit*, Edition 14, 1997.

SPOT ON, SRC

As one who has been diligently oriented last week, I should like to express one or two impressions and opinions I have re the course. First, I think all freshers appreciate the way the SRC made us feel so welcome, and even a little important at the University.

The week's programme arranged for us was comprehensive and well-balanced. The addresses were almost always interesting, and honours go to Mr R.A. Chapman for his talk "The Psychology Course", which had the broadest vision, greatest detail and most information of any I heard.

May I conclude by thanking all the SRC members who devoted so much time and energy to the project, which I hope will now be established as a regular part of the first year course.

Jennifer Paykel
Published in *Honi Soit*, Edition 1, 1946.

GAY RIGHTEOUS?

It was disappointing for me to read the article "Heterosexuality" (orientation manual) because I believed the Gay Movement was a sensible and responsible human rights group.

An article like this can only destroy the credibility of the Gay Movement. If the article had dealt with the subject seriously, then it would have achieved two things; it encouraged the gay movement, and gained the sympathy of non-gays to the cause.

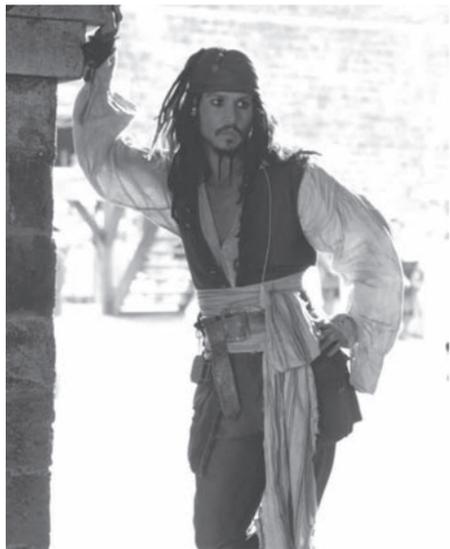
However uncontrolled sarcasm like this encourages other gays to become bitter and antagonises non-gays. To the author the article might have been a bit of a giggle; well he/she should go and smash a few poofter bashers because that's his/her scene. But let's deal with the serious problem of changing a fucked society in a serious way.

Also if heterosexuals don't know how to love members of their own sex, well that's OK - homosexuals don't know how to love members of the opposite sex. So what?

J. Quinn and J. Pilgrim
Published in *Honi Soit*, Edition 2, 1979.

Honi's Guide to... Piracy

Sriram Srikumar learns that not all pirates are as cutely lovable as Captain Jack Sparrow



Yaar! Where be me wenches?!

We dress up like them, we talk like them and we secretly cheer for them; pirates have long been society's favourite criminals. In the age of radar tracking, advanced battleships and super-tankers, how do these ragtag sea bandits still successfully roam the seas?

HISTORY

Gangsters and criminals in movies always miss the "good old days". For pirates, that's especially relevant: piracy around the 17th century (Sparrow's time) was based around very organised, methodical and self-governing communities.

The image of the constantly mutineering

and disloyal crew couldn't be further from the truth. They had standardised systems of wages, democratic onboard governance systems, workplace injury compensation and rules for the distribution of loot. As it turns out though, loot wasn't buried treasure and gold coins so much as it was clothes, soap, rope and food. And while the whisky and rum were prized possessions, pirate outfits were too professionally organised to tolerate drunkards. Such professionalism evidently didn't impress the authorities at the time too much - As punishment for their crimes, pirates were summarily hanged publicly and sometimes their bodies were left to rot in iron cages.

WHO?

Thought all pirates were Somalian? Racist. Piracy is still a persistent problem across the seas with the Malacca straits being another notable hotspot. Yet, it's the Somalian fishermen who've gained the greatest notoriety as of late. In the early 90s, the fisherman of Somalia began to feel the acute effects of illegal foreign fishing and dumping in their waters. To combat this, groups of armed men would patrol the seas, holding illegal fishing vessels hostage and extracting taxes from them as a condition of release. This pursuit didn't remain noble for long. Soon, these armed fisherman transformed into the pirates that have terrorised super tankers, eluded international navies and extracted millions of dollars in ransom. Having evolved into a sophisticated racket, their business connections extend across Africa and the Middle East in order to bring in weapons, currency counting ma-

chines and shipping equipment. They have their ransoms delivered in cash; packed in watertight containers and dropped from helicopters, or sometimes left in sacks on the decks of ships they capture.

As the operations swelled in size and profitability, it attracted more and more people. It is estimated that a handful of organised gangs making up around a thousand men in all are currently active. Originally just disgruntled and unemployed fishermen, the forces now include mercenaries and former soldiers who're exploiting the country's lawlessness to launch attacks off the Somalian coast.

While they operate largely for ransom, ships they've captured include vital oil and military shipments. These instances clearly highlight the international security ramifications of what was once a bunch of sea-faring Robin Hoods.

REALLY?

Yet, in an exclusive interview with HS, the pirates defended their actions. "Everyone has to get some perspective", argues Moenghus Caseeno Hussein, a Somalian pirate. "There are millions of people all over the world downloading music illegally and burning copies of their friends' DVD's without permission." Hussein maintains that his is an innocent crime, "Oil companies are very rich and nobody likes them anyway, our hearts go out to pop artists across the world."

News in Brief

In what newspapers have dubbed the "Heath Ledger effect", young Australians are mixing a dangerous drug cocktail of pharmaceutical and illicit drugs. One teen was reported as saying "yeah, I mean, totally, dude, like when all of us 18-35 year olds saw pictures of Heath Ledger being wheeled out of his house under a sheet we jumped on that bandwagon." This news comes out just as the Queensland State of Origin team was rocked by claims that they mixed Stilnox with energy drinks to get high. Turns out Red Bull really does give you pings.

Burma's military junta has received assistance from North Korea to build a nuclear reactor and plutonium extractor. Burma is reportedly very pleased with the first nuclear weapon that they have received as a gift from North Korea, whose technology is so superior to that of the Western dogs who dare to mock them that it is completely weightless and not visible to the naked eye. The junta have reportedly ordered 50 more of these weapons and are reportedly hoping to test them at the area surrounding the house of Aung Sun Suu Kyi, which they insist is a complete coincidence.

Elliot Luke, JD Student
Bachelor of Arts
(French and Spanish, Honours)
Master of Science
(Development Studies)

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EdCon 2009

Michael Krasovitsky looks at the outcomes of Education Conference 2009

While many of us were wasting our holidays, over 250 students from around the country were participating in Education Conference 2009, this year co-organised by USYD and UTS. Traditionally, this conference has been an opportunity for students to push for educational reforms and lobby government to improve the situation of students. In many ways, this year's EdCon lived up to that tradition.

A number of issues were discussed at EdCon, the most important of which were:

1. How to better incorporate Indigenous knowledge into the university curriculum
2. How to create more socially aware and responsible universities
3. How to secure safer and more successful positions for indigenous students
4. Working within the demand-driven university system
5. How to better utilise the Internet for activism, recruitment and mobilisation
6. The Student Services and Amenities Fee

A number of important people spoke at these conferences. For example, Dr. Shanton Chang gave insight into the situation of international students and Rod Mann spoke about the deregulation of the future of university funding. The aim of

these discussions was to provide insight and provoke discussion as to the ways that university SRCs could respond to the issues facing students in 2009.

This Educational Conference, there was a delegate from every state and territory in Australia, which according to Noah White, SRC President, "hasn't happened at an NUS conference for as long as anyone can remember". White was particularly proud of the ability of this year's EdCon to incorporate more Indigenous students, which was one of the big aims of the conference.

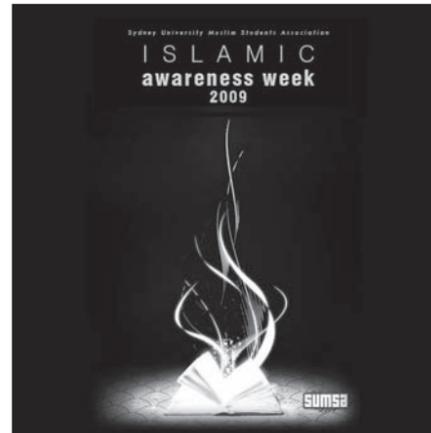
Another goal of the conference is to set guidelines for the upcoming semester's activism. After lengthy discussions at the conference, the three pillars of national Student Representative Council policy for the upcoming semester will be:

1. Justice for International students, focusing on concession cards
2. Fair education, focusing on HECS and deregulation
3. Fair education on campus, facilitating activism about essential campus issues.

According to White, these three pillars are meant to be "flexible, so that campuses can do with them what they want".

Islamic Awareness Week

Sriram Srikumar explores this week of education, food and faith



Islamic Awareness Week kicks off next Monday with lectures, stalls and (potentially) free food organised by 'SUMSA', the Sydney University Muslim Students' Association. The awareness week is run by respective associations in a lot of university campuses across Australia.

At USYD, events will run from the 10th to the 19th of this month (Week 3 and 4). Opening with a guide to the Qur'an, the events are mostly lectures, in the new law building, that will give non-Muslims an opportunity to understand, question and discuss an often misunderstood faith. They'll cover Islamic philosophy, economics and discussions on its contribution to scientific understanding. The Monday of Week 4 (17th) will also see a debate jointly organised by the EU and SUMSA, which promises to be interesting if not controversial.

There'll also be stalls set up around campus distributing pamphlets, some food and providing students with members of SUMSA to talk to about the events or with any questions about Islam.

SUMSA is run like every other club or society on campus with a small executive organising BBQ's, lectures, social events and daily prayers for its members. They can be contacted through their website: www.sumsa.org.au.

Sydney Uni victorious at AMUNC

Michael West and Bec Beard recount the success of USYD at AMUNC 2009

"Order, order! Do you kids want to be like the real UN, or do you just want to squabble and waste time?" – Principal Skinner

These holidays, more than 60 members of the Sydney University UN Society participated in the Asia-Pacific Model United Nations Conference in Brisbane. Our venue was the University of Queensland's Great Court, which has made a valiant attempt at being a sandstone building but has managed only a thin stone facade, weird cartoon-character gargoyles, and sculpted crests of other universities it could only dream of matching. Sorry UQ.

It was a fierce week of high-powered debate on international relations, interspersed with a whole repertoire of political euphemisms, aggressive rhetoric, and diplomatic back-channels. These were all captured by an active press corps, with a conference-wide Twitter feed relaying the best one-liners and tense moments. Discussion was spread over a broad range of UN committees: from the Security Council debating the Korean War – with the Soviets in the room this time – to the new Crisis Council, where delegates managed to avert war in a simulation of the Cuban Missile Crisis, but allowed Kashmir to degenerate into nuclear carnage.

Sydney has a strong record at AMUNC – a reputation that has made us a target for rogue states. An 'axis of evil' comprising UNSW, Macquarie and UQ collaborated to kidnap Doc, our much-loved furry lion mascot, on more than one occasion. We still not sure what he was subjected to.

Despite these potential war crimes, Sydney persevered. Under the leadership of the society's executive and Head Delegate Angela Evans, we claimed our third consecutive Best Delegation title. A slew of delegates also picked up individual awards: the Society would like to congratulate Daniel Zeaiter, Misa Han, Kath Wilson, Tim Bayl, Chris Hoy and Michael West, who were chosen as the best representatives in their committees. Lisa Cantlon, Alex Cordato, Matheus Yeo, Bec Beard, Leanna Spencer, Georgie Skipper, Anna Gudkov, Ella Weisbrot, and Alexandra Lachs received Diplomacy Awards. For a delegation filled with many first-time 'MUNers', this was a truly outstanding result.

But the most exciting news was saved for the finale. After hundreds of hours of work and a 200-page bid document, Sydney won the right to host AMUNC 2010. Through our theme of 'We the Peoples', we hope to remind everyone of the active role they can play in the global community. It'll be an intense week of quality debate, fantastic socials and inspiring guest speakers. Hope to see you there!

For more information, visit our website: www.usydunsociety.org/amunc2010.

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The Great, Honourable Chinese historian

LECTURER INTERVIEW Mark Di Stefano speaks to Professor John Wong about Chinese history



Professor Wong, what brought you to Sydney Uni in 1974?

Student demand – the Vietnam War created a strong desire to understand China. Professor Marjorie Jacobs of the History Department took the initiative to push for a position in Chinese History.

Where were you working when the job offer came to you?

At that time, I was a Research Fellow at St Antony's College Oxford. I had just completed my D.Phil. thesis there in 1971. My thesis was on a Chinese figure described by a *London Times* war correspondent as the Second Man of the Chinese Empire. He was of Prime Ministerial rank, and played a pivotal role in the survival of the Qing Dynasty (1644-1912) by helping to suppress the Taiping Rebellion; he prevented the administration, the economy and the social fabric of Southern China from collapsing completely. He also had sole responsibility for the conduct of China's foreign affairs. Alas, when Britain waged

the Second Opium War (1856-1860) on China, he was captured and sent to India. There, he starved himself to death by refusing to eat enemy food.

In the time that you have been at Sydney, what have you seen as the major changes?

Well, some of the major changes are in teaching styles. Back then, Sydney University offered an elitist education. Now, it aims at a general education. So I have a delicate balancing act to do: I try to offer a very high quality education to a very large student population. 'HSTY2640 China in the 20th Century: The Rise and Transformation of Chinese Communism' currently has 125 students. But I insist on conducting all the tutorials and mark all the essays and the exam scripts to ensure parity and quality. I also want to see all students individually about their work and indeed any questions that they may have.

How about in China, what are their approaches to writing and reading history?

Well, it has been an ever-evolving process, too. As you can imagine it is very different to the West European academic culture. When Mao Zedong came to power, his first targets were the intellectuals. He wanted a Marxist interpretation of history, emphasising class struggles to the exclusion of other historical approaches. When Deng Xiaoping took over in 1978, his maxim was: 'To get rich is glorious', with the concomitant ramifications on historical studies.

In your lectures you stress that you teach Applied History, what does this mean?

I believe that a Liberal Arts education is about training students to think for themselves and to solve problems in real life. It is about making you highly skilled critical thinkers and resourceful leaders.

Do you often travel back to China?

Yes. In the winter vacation, which has just ended, I went to the Pearl River Delta in South China, the so-called 'Factory of the World'. The great majority of the world's products are manufactured there. I want to see how it is coping with the present global financial crisis. My travels enable me to collect the most up-to-date research and teaching materials for the China courses I teach.

In our long Australian summer vacations, I generally go to Europe and America in addition to China, also to collect the most up-to-date materials for research and teaching; and, of course, to consult with colleagues about the cutting-edge theory and practice of history. My China courses generally begin with Europe, because that was where China has received the most important impact, then and now.

Finally Professor Wong, who is your favourite historian?

I had to choose, it would be 18th century British historian Edward Gibbon.

Horrscopes?

Matt Gallagher is such a Libra.

Tired of my mundane and repetitively disappointing existence, I decided that something had to be done. I decided it was time for me to stop fighting fate, and time to follow the way of the astrologer. I gave myself one working week to see if horoscopes were the answer to my yearning for meaning; the way to spice up my life.

MONDAY

You may have to defend your stance today. Don't back down. Your experience and reasons for your strong assertions will be respected even if everyone does not agree with you.

Spent all day inside today. In search of a chance to show my mettle, I went to my local pub, where there was bound to be a disagreement. Somehow, I found myself in an ardent philosophical discussion with a bricky named Huiamatua on the importance of the trade imbalance between China and American on regional security of the South East Asian and Oceania Region. Fervently arguing my point, one of Huiamatua's garbologist mates got involved by starting a brawl with a man who bumped into him. All I remember after that was a chair flying towards me. Good discussion.

TUESDAY

Don't hesitate to get your name out into the public. Make use of the Internet; You will attract attention for the energy you

have put into your professional pursuits.

I was determined to get my name out into the public arena today. Attempting to make use of the Internet, I tried to spruce up my Facebook page, yet on account of my lack of having a life and constant Facebook updates, the attention desired was not achieved. Something had to be done and quickly, especially to thrust me towards my desired goal of fame. Thus, I decided to take the road of Paris Hilton and star in a homemade sex video. Admittedly it was a solo effort, however within five minutes of posting the hastily compiled video, I was receiving emails from an infatuated 43 year old Berliner named Hans asking me to come to his private Sexkeller. I think today was a success.

WEDNESDAY

Something exciting is planned today. Don't be scared, go along with the flow. Today will also see an important test of character. Are you willing to take a risk?

My brother in his infinite wisdom and benevolence, decided it would be a great deal of fun for a Christmas present, to send me skydiving with a gift voucher. Today was the day, where I was to free-fall from an aeroplane. In my pre-experience nervous state, I decided to light up a cigarette. As I was waiting around for my turn, the man with whom it turned out I was to alight the plane in tandem, came up to me and

informed me the "fags kill", to which I tersely replied that I was about to jump out of a plane and thought cancer the least of my worries; My retort it turns out, was a mistake. Having jumped out of the plane, I was surprised that not only had I managed to drive myself to do this act, I had also managed not to defecate myself in the process. Today was a big success.

THURSDAY

Trying to immerse yourself in spiritual pursuits could be interrupted. Someone will confront you on religious matters or on your views of how the world operates.

Having read my forecast, I decided to commune with God and stay in bed today. If I didn't get out of bed, then there would be no interruption. I was forced from my divan at 9am and confronted by Mormon missionaries. Informing me that my biblical interpretations were wrong and that I ought to learn of the tribes of Israel that had lived on the North American continent as was written by the prophet Joseph Smith in the book of Mormon, I had finally been shown the light and decided that it was time to jump ship and do away with superstitions such as horoscopes.

FRIDAY

Don't get up today. Don't leave the house.

Unable to sit, I will say only this; I should have listened.

RANDOM TUTORIAL

No. 781

GPS

The Global Positioning System. We all are familiar with it – most decent new cars come with 'satellite navigation', and the function's there on most new phones now as well. But what is it, and how does it work?

Well obviously, it tells you where you are, and it does it using satellite technology (duh). The terms GPS and sat-nav are not however interchangeable – the GPS is merely one of a number of networks that can be used for navigation purposes. However, because at 32 operational satellites it's the biggest, and hence most reliable network, it gets used the most.

GPS began life as a military system (as do most satellite and other frontline technologies), and even today is still used by the US Defence Forces for navigation. By the way, even felt like complaining that your sat-nav's not accurate enough? That's because we all use the civilian version, which is significantly less accurate than the military version, which can determine positions to within less than a metre.

But whatever the version, the mechanics of the system are the same – to find your position you need to be able to 'see' at least four satellites. Ideally this means that from your position on the ground, three satellites need to be above a certain angle from the horizon to give a good enough signal. The receiver, be it in your car, on your phone or wherever, receives a distance reading from all the satellites it can see – the more satellites, the more accurate the reading. The orbits of these satellites are all precisely monitored and controlled, so that at any given time the positions of all the satellites are extremely accurately known. If you know exactly where they are, and exactly how far they are away from you, it follows logically that you (or your handy satnav) can then pinpoint your own location.

Unfortunately, my in-car GPS still can't seem to get me onto the Harbour Bridge from the north without trying to send me through Mosman. So much for technology.

Simon Cowell



Celebrities in Politics

The case for...

Katherine Connolly

Politics in this day and age has become a cynical, jaded world of backstabbing, lying and less than average bone structure. The everyday business of running the Government needs its spice back – what with the global financial crisis, North Korea's nuclear testing and Iran's 'elections', things are getting pretty heavy on the world stage, not to mention drab and unattractive.

The only interesting things left are celebrities, whose shiny hair and well-toned physiques are a breath of fresh air amidst news stories picturing endless badly dressed Iranians and Tamil fighters who've clearly never seen the inside of a day spa in their lives. Celebrities, however, have skin that glows with the ignorant conviction of the self-righteous, which comes across wonderfully on camera. They can tell us all about the Africans, or Cambodians, or whichever country Madonna has recently adopted from, we get to watch them and everybody wins!

So let's get this clear right off the bat – celebs bring the sexy to politics. If someone is going to rip off their shirt during a particularly heated protest, I would prefer that person be Ewan McGregor rather than someone who *isn't* a tuneful Scottish Adonis.

Celebrities also don't know enough about their chosen topic to bore us with monotonous facts or statistics. Who better, for example, to address a congressional subcommittee on the downside of coal mining than Backstreet Boy Kevin Richardson? (The one with the creepy goatee). He's gonna bring you the flavour show you how... to reduce coal mining without losing millions of American jobs! Cause coal mining ain't nothing but a heartache. Its that kind of searing analysis and irrefutable evidence that only a Backstreet Boy can bring. The congressional subcommittee wouldn't know what hit them.

And lastly, if none of this has convinced

you, consider for a moment that the involvement of celebrities in politics has put an Austrian bodybuilder/action hero in charge of the world's third largest economy who says things like "If I would do another Terminator movie I would have Terminator travel back in time and tell Arnold not to have a special election", and "To those critics who are so pessimistic about our economy, I say, Don't be economic girlie men!" That kind of political gold could never come from your ordinary, garden variety Republican Governor, so we should all keep blindly following the beautiful people who tell us what to do.



Fiscally and physically strong

The case against...

Bronwyn Cowell

Politics is a serious business, of serious people solving real-world problems. At least that's what it should be. Allowing airhead celebrities to dabble in public service when it suits their PR needs cheapens the political system as a whole.

First, what of those instances where a celebrity actually runs for office? Their public persona seeps into their political work, so media coverage of that celebrity becomes ever-more pop culture focused, obsessing over the celeb's body of work and showbiz antics, rather than substantive policy or

even the individual's fitness for office. This is in an age where news media is already becoming more glitzy, more fluffy, less analytical and hell, just less smart. Celebrities take advantage of their notoriety and get an unfair leg-up over other hardworking citizens who have devoted much more effort and many more years to public service.

Even if celebrities don't themselves stand for office, their involvement in political campaigns of any kind is harmful. What happens when a particular cause isn't trendy anymore? What happens when your starlet spokesperson tires of the commitment? This will no doubt happen eventually. When an individual's involvement amounts to nothing more than a petty dalliance designed to boost box-office takings, the cause should expect to be deserted when its usefulness to the celeb has worn out. Further to that, it is wrong to effectively trick people into voting a particular way or supporting a cause by having a celebrity front the campaign. Guaranteed there were some in America who voted for Obama not because they compared the policies of the candidates and found John McCain wanting, but because Oprah told them to.

To permit the widespread involvement of celebrities in public life generates a culture where worthwhile causes, be they humanitarian or political, have to cast around for a celebrity, any celebrity, to support their efforts. They need to do so in order to attract some sort of media spotlight and popular appeal (which translates in dollars for their cause). The playing field is permanently altered and a never-ending race begins to find the hippest, hottest and most palatable celebrity to appear in your ads and at your rallies.

Unfortunately, to ensure that the revolutionaries, the firebrands and the compassionate can speak and act freely, we must also extend those rights to Oprah, Jay-Z and Chuck Norris. An unfortunately large price to pay for a free and open democracy.

GAFFEMAN

Mind the gaffe.

Kyle Sandilands: self-proclaimed noble knight pushing boundaries, at the vanguard of shock jock-ery? No, no, he's just an untalented potato-headed fuckwit. Usually content to just be crass and boring, Kyle and his dim-witted sidekick Jackie O bullied a 14 year-old hooked up to a lie detector to admit she was raped – all in the name of amusing the low brow populace. The Prince of Douchebags' response to this admission of sexual abuse? 'Right... was that the only experience you've had?' Despicable. Don't worry Kyle, Gaffeman is sure you'll be able to find work elsewhere as a professional bottom-feeder.



Honestly, no caption needed.

When asked on Absolute Radio if he had a Twitter account, British Leader of the Opposition David Cameron quipped, "No I'm not on Twitter... too many twits make a twat". Afterwards, his press secretary lambasted him for using the word 'twat', which those up-tight Poms consider to be a full-on swearword. Can't a man pun on national radio?! Gosh.

Democratic congressmen Collin Peterson from the 7th district of Minnesota showed little faith in his constituents this week when he announced his dislike of town meetings. It's true, those pesky voters are dumb, but Peterson probably overestimated when he told Politico that '25% of my people believe the Pentagon and Rumsfeld were responsible for taking the Twin Towers down'. What? That's what Elvis told them to think. And he's the King of Rock AND Roll!

Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney

Notice of 2009 Students' Representative Council Annual Election

Nominations for the Students' Representative Council Annual Elections for the year 2009 close on Tuesday 25th August 2009. Polling will be held on the 23rd and 24th of September 2009. Pre-polling will also take place outside the SRC Offices Level 1 Wentworth Building on Tuesday 22nd of September 2009 from 10am - 3pm. All students who are duly enrolled for attendance at lectures are eligible to vote. Members of the student body who have paid their affiliation fees 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:

- The election of the Representatives to the 81st SRC (31 positions)
- The election of the President of the 81st SRC
- The election of the Editor(s) of Honi Soit for the 81st SRC
- The election of National Union of Students delegates for the 81st SRC (7 positions)

Nomination forms can be downloaded from the SRC website: www.src.usyd.edu.au/elections, or picked up from SRC Front Office (Level 1, Wentworth Building).

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/elections. For more information, call 02 9660 5222.

Signed Nomination forms and a printed copy of your online nomination must be received no later than 4.30pm on Tuesday 25th 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 http://www.src.usyd.edu.au/sites/default/files/SRCconstitution_Aug07.doc.pdf or from the SRC Front Office (Level 1, Wentworth Building).

Authorised by Christine Kibble, SRC Electoral Officer 2009. Students' Representative Council, The University of Sydney. Phone: 02 9660 5222 www.src.usyd.edu.au



YE OLDE RUMOUR MILL



SUBSKier pays an almond-a-leg



What could possibly go wrong with 130 Jager Bombs?

SUBSKI, Sydney Uni Boarders & Skiers Club, have faced SU Sport Administration after an unfortunate incident involving a cabin, Speights and peanut butter on their most recent Tour of Duty to New Zealand.

After a particularly inebriated evening, a group of Sydney Uni males went on a rampage through A-block cabin, breaking furniture and putting holes in walls.

If this was not enough, the young men took a jar of peanut butter and spread it on anything they could find. Later that night another Sydney Uni male, who had a severe peanut allergy, came home to the peanut surprise and was thrown into anaphylactic shock.

Fortunately for all involved he had an EpiPen full of adrenaline handy and was quickly stabilised.

Furious with the prank, Pinewood Lodge Manager wrote a heated letter to VC Michael Spence deploring the acts of delinquency.

The SUBSKI executive met with SU Sport last Wednesday where they were told that the social side of the sporting club would need to be "more closely monitored". In defence of the trip, SUBSKI President Genevieve Faulkner-Firth claims, "it was an isolated incident". The SUBSKI executive, SU Sport and Pinewood all agreed that Pinewood's response was "in the heat of the moment".

Fears that the purely student run club could face tough regulation in the aftermath of the peanut incident have been allayed by SUBSKI with Faulkner-Firth saying, "we are cooperating with SU Sport and providing them with detailed financial and procedural documents so they can verify the efficient running of our ski club".

Without SU Sport support, SUBSKI would need to seek Union C&S support, resulting in every member needing an ACCESS Card.

If this occurred Faulkner-Firth believes "numbers would plummet threatening the social side of the club and consequently the funding of our competitive team".

In spite of this, Pinewood Lodge have confirmed SUBSKI's booking for next year, cementing, with peanut butter, an unbroken partnership that has lasted an unbroken 13 years.

Get ya pun out

There are douches. Then there are douchebags. Then there are people who spend their time changing Wikipedia entries of Union Board Directors to utterly unimaginative versions of the same profane pun.

Since June 30, this last group have indulged in the pithy act of changing the University of Sydney Union's Wikipedia page, specifically the name of Courtney Tight, to different permutations of the word 'cunt'.

The first was "Cunt Tight", changed by Usyd88. Wikipedia detected this in less than a minute and promptly changed it back. The second, two hours later, was "Cuntee Tight". Wikipedia took 50mins this time.

There was a two week hiatus, until Sydneyuni1874 jumped on the douche train, changing it first to "Cuntney Tight", then "Cuhnt Tight" and then "Kuhnt Tight". Sydneysandpipers, not to be outdone, fought back with the gem: "Cunteous Tight". It reached a new low last week when the entry was changed to "Cuntstinky Tight".

Here at Honi we deplore these acts of delinquency, not just because it is an act of petty time-wasting vandalism that only serves to hurt the feelings of our glorious VP, but because they have concentrated on the easiest target. Douchebags, try some other student politicians...

Pat Bateman – Pat Baits-men
Lizzy Watt – Jizzy Snot
Russell Schmidt - Rustle My-bits

THE COLUMN

David Barrow, NUS President and Curtis Dickson, USYD student (and first dude of NUS) give their opinion on Gay Marriage.

DAVID

This weekend I was at the Australian Labor Party (ALP) conference when they refused to endorse Gay Marriage. As a member of the Labor Party and Rainbow Labor, I was left feeling a little flat by my Party's refusal to fully and equally recognise the relationship I have with Curtis, my fiancée of four years. However, progressive and incremental changes were made to the platform giving the unmistakable impression that the move within the Labor Party toward Gay Marriage is both inevitable and unstoppable. Left Factional leader and Federal Minister Anthony Albanese said as much.

As the National Union of Students (NUS) President, I was also at the NUS-endorsed Equal Love Rally that happened outside the conference after the lacklustre amendment passed. Surrounded by 1000 fellow queers angry at the position of the ALP, I felt heartened that the community is moving even while Rudd remains stalled. I also felt supported in my involvement within the Party – having seen that this campaign will require action, outside and inside the Party.

Unlike in the US, where there are 1338 legal discriminations against queers attached to marriage, the ALP has removed all of these discriminations in Australia. I am undecided on the importance of the word "marriage".

Ultimately though, my relationship with Curtis is not defined by the state, it is defined by our relationship with God and our church community. Our church (Ultimo Uniting) is likely to marry us before the state does.

CURTIS

It's difficult to describe the profound sense of disappointment and sadness I feel over Kevin Rudd's continued opposition to same-sex marriage. I am a Christian gay man who has been in a committed relationship with David for five years. This relationship has the support of our parents, extended families, and friends. Even our church community values and respects our relationship the same way they would a heterosexual couple. Despite this incredible amount of support, which is a source of strength for us both, it still hurts to know that our relationship cannot be formally recognised by the government.

I know that there is much debate within the queer community as to whether the right to marry is even worth fighting for, but I believe it is. I also have hope that it is a change that will be achieved in my lifetime. It may take a while though, and I have no intention of waiting for a policy change before I throw a big old-fashioned church wedding with all my friends and family invited.



Being left-handed

Giselle Kenny uses her infinitely stronger left hand to do things.

The left-handed have always been persecuted. Historically, the left hand has been associated with evil, enemies, bad luck and itchy rashes. Accordingly, left-handed kiddies were seriously punished for using their left hand and forced to use their right, so as to shun the Devil and learn the ways of righteousness. Right-eousness. Coincidence?

Well, unfortunately we haven't come that far since the intolerant bad old days. Sure, left-handed people are now allowed to use their left hands to write and do other things. But the tyranny of the right-handed majority of today creatively mock the left-handed in ways the bigots of yore never dreamed of – they were content to brutishly retrain, shun or kill the ill-fated left-handed munchkin.

Oh yes – today the left-handed are reminded that the world has not been made for them at every turn. Want to write

something down? Don't use a pen that's remotely nice because it'll be slightly inky, and then the page will get all smudgy. Want to use a spiral notebook? Well, try and fit your clumsy mutant hand on the left side next to the spiral because you can't! Don't even bother with scissors. Cruel right-handed scissors leave raggedy edges that will undermine the quality of every crafty endeavour.

Interacting with the right-handers is a minefield. Try to greet a right-hander with a handshake and watch the awkwardness unfold when you try and explain you're not trying to hold their hand. How about a celebratory high-five? Try celebrating when the intolerant right-hander thinks you're trying to smack them on the head.

Even esoteric work and recreation activities are ruled by the right-handed. Want to work at a cinema? Don't try moving any prints of films, because the stupid

wooden things that get used to shift them between cinemas run on tiny wheels that can't handle having one person use their left hand and the other their right. Want to do a rhythmic gymnastics group routine at Nationals? Suck it, because you have to learn all the tricks backwards by yourself because your coach thinks it's 'your responsibility because you're the one who's left handed'.

Being left-handed is not a lifestyle choice. We're here, we're using our left hands to do shit, get used to it! Left-handed people of the world, unite. We've nothing to lose but our chains – that have been made for right-handed people, just like everything else.

GOT A BEEF?
honi2009@gmail.com



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Lecturer-cum-Author

Paris Cowan hasn't bought her readers yet - her lecturers won't be happy

It's the start of semester, and outside the Co-op Bookshop the line snaking from the doors looks as though it goes on forever. The textbook shuffle will continue for days, maybe weeks; a steady stream of students in, a steady stream of considerably poorer students out. On campus, textbooks are big business, but like most business, the market is not always fair.

This market for textbooks is in the hands of those lecturers and course co-ordinators responsible for the various units of study, and the compulsory reading material assigned to each. This semester's textbook list reveals numerous of instances where lecturer and textbook author are one and the same. How ethical is it for lecturers to set their own published work as a course text? It's easy to see this as a brazen cash-grab at the student's expense.

Take for example Dr David Kinley, who is soon to become familiar to budding lawyers taking LAWS6846 - Human Rights and the Global Economy, this semester. His students will also be familiar with his book *Civilising Globalisation*, \$79.95 at the Co-op, which is compulsory reading for the unit.

Linguistics students studying LING7009 - Language for Specific Purposes - will need to buy *Working with Discourse*, which will set them back \$69.95. The author of the book, Professor James Martin, is also the lecturer for this course.

Future auditors will need to hand over \$59.95 for *Indecent Disclosure*, a book partly written by their ACCT6007 - Contemporary Issues in Auditing lecturer, Professor Graeme Dean. And the list goes on.

So should lecturers be allowed to assign their own books for a course? In a usual publishing arrangement, the author of a book stands to receive between five and fifteen percent of its selling price. In terms of course texts this can translate into revenue anywhere from a few dollars to fifteen dollars per book sold. For the author of a textbook assigned to an obscure senior unit, this may not provide much, but for those first year courses that boast in excess

of 800 enrolments, the amount of money involved is worthy of more attention.

Yet, this may be an overly simplistic view to take. Dr Sue Woolfe, whose book *Mystery of the Cleaning Lady* is the sole text for her unit ENGL6904 - Advanced Novel, denies that royalties play a decisive role in text selection. In many cases, she claims, the lecturers concerned have a specific expertise in the field they teach that is not shared by many others. In such instances, there mightn't be other texts available that cover material that is essential to the course. Her own situation illustrates this point. Both Woolfe's teaching and her book utilise the unusual combination of neuroscience and literature to examine the creative process behind writing fiction. "To my knowledge, no other artist has recently, if ever, explored this question at length. If I don't set my text... I'm forced into doing too much photocopying - of my own work".

Mr Saul Fridman agrees with Dr Woolfe. While volumes he has contributed to feature on the book lists for both of the law units he lectures, he denies any financial motivation. Fridman claims that his book *Sports Law*, which is used to teach LAWS3087 - Sports Law, is the only comprehensive text available on the topic, making it an obvious choice, regardless of its author. He adds that he does not require that students purchase either book, despite the fact that they are both listed as compulsory reading material on the Co-op Bookshop website.

Here lies the dilemma. Allowing course co-ordinators absolute freedom with regard to textbook selection leaves the process wide-open to abuse. However, prohibiting coordinators from choosing particular textbooks risks denying students access to the resource best suited to their course.

Professor Frank Stilwell, who teaches ECOP1001 and also authors the course text *Political Economy*, has taken this problem into his own hands. He offers a five-dollar rebate, from his own wallet, to any student who can show him proof of purchase for the text. This amount, he claims, is roughly equivalent to the royalties he receives from each book sold. While this is an admirable gesture, it isn't a practical solution for a campus-wide dilemma.

Neither do the answers appear within the lengthy tracts of University policy available online, and the Vice Chancellor's office has yet to make a comment on the aforementioned cases.

It is not easy being a student when it comes time to empty our wallets on the bookshop counter. The University has an obligation to protect students from any abuse of the considerable power that lecturers and course coordinators hold. The trick, of course, is for this regulation to take place without threatening the valuable expertise of our academics. Not an easy task, but an important one nonetheless.

The end of print media?

Naomi Hart looks at how the Global Financial Crisis has affected the media, and how governments are responding to the new stakes



Help! I'm trapped under this pile!

These days, you don't have to ask a fourteen-year-old rape victim about her sexual experiences on live radio to find yourself fighting to keep a job in the media. Just ask one of the 16,000 people who were laid off from American newspaper companies last year: one of the 300 at the *Los Angeles Times*, the 205 at the *Miami Herald*, or the 30 at the *Wall Street Journal* who lost their jobs during massive cuts.

Several newspaper giants are struggling to even survive. In response to crippling debt, the *New York Times* announced last December that it was planning to sell and lease back its New York headquarters building. In January, it entered into an agreement to accept \$US250 million from Mexican billionaire Carlos Slim Helú. Its cousin the *Tribune Company*, which owns the *Baltimore Sun*, *Chicago Tribune* and *Los Angeles Times*, has not yet encountered such a panacea, and has filed for bankruptcy protection.

It's easy to point fingers at the GFC for the apparent demise of the newspaper industry. Of course, the credit crunch, dwindling consumer spending, and pinching-of-pockets in marketing departments (leading to slumping advertising revenues) are all immediate contributing factors. But realistically, newspapers aren't failing because individual readers can't fork out 80 cents for the weekend paper.

The truth is that more people than ever before are reading the content of newspapers - but they're doing it online, where they don't pay to read, where circulation is harder to quantify, and where bloggers rip off the material, making it less attractive for advertisers to buy space.

Newspapers are repositories of high quality reporting and commentary. Unlike bloggers, their reporters are compelled to abide by codes of responsible journalism, and are sponsored to undertake substantial, risky, long-term research. Woodward and Bernstein could only break the Watergate scandal because the *Washington Post* funded their six-month investigation. Without newspapers, print journalism would be a severely undernourished profession.

Whatever the cause of their maladies, struggling newspapers are ripe but unlikely candidates for financial assistance by governments. They are not the economic powerhouses that have attracted recent bailouts. Their contribution to

GDP (only one-third of one per cent) pales in comparison to that of the financial sector heavyweights; they are not vital job-providers, like the auto industry - in fact, newspaper employees make up only 0.2 per cent of the American workforce. But even if they don't speak directly to the country's bottom line, they enrich the United States in other ways: by facilitating public debate, by fostering a sense of community, by holding government to account and thereby safeguarding democracy.

The state of Connecticut flirted with the idea of providing a conventional bailout for the *Bristol Press*, but more imaginative ideas have been floated. Perhaps the government could set up a trust, similar to the foundation established by British philanthropist John Scott which has owned and appointed the editor of *The Guardian* since 1936. In March, Benjamin Carder, a Democratic Senator from Maryland, proposed the Newspaper Revitalization Act which would allow newspaper companies to restructure as not-for-profit organisations and enjoy an assortment of tax benefits. Contributions to support news coverage or operations would become tax deductible, and advertising and subscription revenues would be rendered tax exempt.

Ultimately, such measures wouldn't primarily target the biggest companies; there will always be a mogul willing to bail out the *New York Times*. The real aim would be to bolster smaller regional newspapers like the *Rocky Mountain News* and the *Baltimore Examiner*, both of which have ceased daily production this year. These publications pick up local news that is not published by the major papers.

A common concern - among bloggers, of all people - is that allowing governments to subsidise or privilege newspapers would lead to political interference and so make the press less free. Any arrangement would have to protect against such an outcome. The Newspaper Revitalization Act, for example, prohibits participating newspapers from making political endorsements, but otherwise leaves them to provide unfettered reporting on all issues. The Scott Trust appoints the editors of *The Guardian* but has no control over substance. Any bailout would have to come with no editorial strings attached.

Newspapers aren't just a comfortable piece of nostalgia. They are vital to a functioning democracy. If we let them die now, we will regret it long into the future.

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Austen Tayshus

Allie Pollak chats to one of Australia's most controversial and celebrated comedians.



So you've been in the spotlight for a few decades now. How did you catch your big break?

I graduated from the Film and Television School in 1978. It all really began with Lindy Chamberlain losing her baby. Our first routine really grew from there and it happened to be at the same time as the opening of The Comedy Store in Jameson Street, Sydney. My first stage name was Isaac Cox. Why? Because it was funny. But not as funny as my second stage name Austen Tayshus. It is obvious this name is fairly appropriate. It means an exhibitionist and a showoff and that's exactly what I am and what my character is. An aggressive, provocative challenging entertainer. 'It fitted like a groove.' (American accent). *Australiana** grew over those first two years at the comedy festival. We love poking fun at ourselves and *Australiana* is a play on Australian culture. You know, how far can a din-go and how much can a koala-bear? We made it into a stage routine and then someone from Regular Records came to see me. It was a new arena for someone who came from a Jewish background which was darker and more ironic. But *Australiana* happened so quickly and it just exploded.

You must have become a celebrity once your record hit number one. Do you think it went straight to your head?

I got a great sense of giant celebrity status. It was as quickly as one day having nothing and then suddenly being hugely in demand. I went through the whole process of celebrity, lots of attention and television appearances on The Don Lane Show and of course on the talent show 'You're a Star'. My stuff was edgy and controversial and the talent show was middle of the road stuff, so I didn't win. I was and still am interested in upsetting and unsettling people. I try to push the envelope as far as possible and that format is rarely received well on television.

What is your advice to young people trying to make it in the industry? Would you suggest following in your footsteps by being as provocative as possible?

Number one: Don't get into it [the industry]. Number two: If you are going to get into it and become a comedian you need to educate yourself. Knowing about what's going on in the world. You have to be topical and have a whole range of subjects to utilise in your show.

If you practice what you preach you must have developed a huge knowledge of current affairs over the last three decades. Through the eyes of a comedian, how has the world changed over the years?

Australia has changed. I got older and the world has become more complex. There are very few great comedians around at the moment. When I started in the industry, stand-up comedy was in its infancy in Australia. No one had moved forward from the

club comedians, 'two blokes going to the bhar kind of thang'. No-one was talking about what was going on around the world. The change started with Steve Martin and Robin Williams. I took cue and tried to focus on the immediate, the present. Now the stand-up market has been flooded with mediocrity.

What about a change in global events: wars, terrorism, celebrity, environment...?

There's a few Muslim comedians around now. Everything in world affairs is fair game for comics. How you approach it I would say is part of your style. My approach has always been to provoke and to create a theatrical dynamic so there's an unpredictable element in the room. If people yell at me and each other, the whole energy turns round, it's always fresh and new and very much in the moment. It's all about the audiences reaction and really that's what makes



See how my beard complements my Wayfarers?

the show. Obviously dramatic issues or events are the easiest to cause drama and provoke a reaction, so the current global climate doesn't hurt.

Are there any taboos in comedy?

I don't want to be unkind to the point that it's a personal attack. Although I do that sometimes, only if an audience member attacks me first. Angle is everything.

How do you choose who you pick on?

I don't pick on people unless they ask me too. Unless they shout out "you're not funny... I've seen you before." People who want to draw attention to themselves usually shout out and I am more than happy to oblige. From that point onwards it's my duty to make them want to commit suicide. I work on them until they actually want to throw themselves off the bridge.

Many people say that the life of a comedian isn't as funny as it appears. What is a typical day for you?

Not much. Getting up late is a good thing. Drinking lots of coffee. The first thing I do in the morning is read every paper from

cover to cover. You need to bring the news currency to the shows. Australia is such a big place I spend the rest of my time getting to gigs. I take my Chinese writers with me who come up with material on the way to the show and keep me company while I drive. They give me a constant supply of pressing material. No, really I get anxious about keeping the ball rolling. Making a living for another 30 years. I have to create the demand myself, few people are lucky enough not to have to work at sustaining demand.

How have you managed to stay put in the industry for so long?

I don't compromise. I haven't given up. I haven't moved into radio or television. I haven't been thrown those opportunities in the first place because of the 'nature of the beast'. Lots of people think Austen Tayshus is uncontrollable. That's absolute bullshit. Like with *Australiana* or winning Tropfest

mechanism to avoid seeing all the bogans I was playing to, you know, to shield me against the screaming yobbos. But also to give people a bit of a fright and scare them, no one ever knows where I'm looking, it's great.

Following from that terrible blind joke, have you had any appalling experiences when your just not connecting with the audience and no one is laughing?

Thousands of those. A thousand and one after this interview. But you become accustomed to it right from the beginning. When we were talking about Lindy [Chamberlain] a lot of the audiences became on side with her and would get really offended. Through those years of trial, we did many routines and a lot of audiences were enraged by our portrayal of the issue. But that's all part of the job.

After all of these years of red velvet curtains, dimmed lights and crying victims, what's next?

My autobiographical, Billy Crystal-style new stage show, called Fear Itself will begin next year and it's all about mimicry. It covers the whole Australian immigrant experience. Our culture from the (in corresponding perfectly pitched accents) Jewish thing to the Greeks, Italians, Portuguese, Lebanese, English right up to the boat people thing. It will be based on the collisions with the Australians that have been here forever, you know the convicts and these other younger immigrants.

There's a famous saying that laughing is the best medicine. Do you think this is true and if so do you think there will always be a demand for comedians?

In these troubled times, I, and we as an industry have never worked harder. Everyone's fairly miserable and comedy is a easy and cheap way to lighten up which is what people need to do right now. It's great having been in this industry for 30 years and done exactly what I wanted to do rather than having compromised my stand-up and done the weather for Triple J or something like that. I'm a tough guy and I think there will always be a demand for comedians who are strong enough to be in show business. You just have to believe in yourself and be tenacious.

Austen, Mr. Tayshus, it's been a scream. Thanks very much for your time. HS

*Australia's first No.1 Comedy Single released in July 1983. The record sold Double Platinum and remains the highest selling single in Australian Recording history.

You're known as having a very distinct style – particularly those Ray-Bans, which you haven't taken off for 30 years. What's with the glasses?

I'm blind. A lot of people in my shows ask me to take them off and when I do I roll my eyes back and then they feel really bad. (laughs) Look, initially it was a defense

Honi GOES TO Splendour IN THE GRASS

Road trips are one of those things that you always have such grand plans for.

Cruising at 110km/hr, we could bond deeply, solve the world's problems with grassroots initiatives, teach ourselves Japanese, buy fruit from the side of the road and sleep on the beach.



In reality, having completed these tasks (more or less) by the time we hit Hornsby, fuelled on 30 cent cones and the *Hot Hits 1997*, the trip degraded quickly into games of Spot the Innuendo and Name That Roadkill:

"Bald Knob Head Road!"
"A wallaby! A bandicoot!...Are you sure there are bandicoots in Australia?"

But after the 10 hour journey, we rolled into our destination on a Friday night and got slapped in the face with stereotype. Strolling the streets we met Eric Roberts, a Byron restaurateur who had been living in Byron for over 40 years. Over the yells of a group of rum drinkers, he told us that he welcomed the revellers.



"Yeah I think it is good. I have no problem with everyone invading Byron for a couple of days, cause it is good for business, especially on the Friday night," he said. "But I am a bit of an exception that way. 'Old Byron' hate the festival and everything it brings with it."

After a judgemental stroll we



retired for the evening to our Jucy Campervan. Like a glammed-up sister of the Wicked Campervan, the Jucy Van was complete with

double bed, sink, stovetop and garish lime green and purple paint job.

Pros: It doubled as our transport and we could drive to strategic curb spots each day to stay the night.

Cons: It wasn't camping, and therefore didn't have the set-up shop, relax between sets, chill-out charm of the \$130 spot on the Belongil Fields.

Saturday dawned and the reality of a double day of heavy drinking time only felt real when we joined the teeming mass of 17,500 punters, with Superdry



longnecks in hand, marching up the highway bordering Byron.

Outside the grounds, young and old jockeyed good drug deals for themselves and their



friends. Fluoro boys shelved pills, and that hippie with her basket of homebaked goods still indiscreetly provided a kitchen to tent service. Yet this year the chemical access was much less in grill.

The figures support our observations - there were 89 warnings for cannabis possession and 129 unlucky others who had to face court for



pills and powder. One creepy 30 year old was busted with 120 pills on his person. Unlucky, champ.

The first thing you notice about the diverse Splendour crowd is that they are dressed like any other music festival: denim shorts, sleeveless top, flannelette shirt for warmth and covered rabens.



But then there are those who dress for gimmick. Cow suit? Frog suit? Chicken suit?



How bout we all dress as a theme? Maybe slutty cops, slutty nurses or slutty sluts? One group wore matching singlets with the phrase "Splendour Denyer" after the ex-Sunrise weather reporter. Alex correctly yelled as they posed for another photo, "it doesn't even rhyme!"



After answering the rallying call of Parlez Vous Francais? (Only one girl took her top off to reveal an Elle Macpherson Intimates bra: "she probably learnt french at private school") we went to can on.

What we ran into was a truly ingenious, truly capitalistic, truly enviro friendly(?) system of alcohol distribution.

Let me outline the Splend-onzi scheme:

- Purchase drink tickets. These are \$1 each and bought in their hundreds at numerous sites around the festival. Like a casino fooling problem gamblers with chips, the tickets distorted true value making overpurchasing and overestimating the value of your wallet a pitfall.
- Use drink tickets to buy drinks at a separate location (get in another large line).
- Pay a compulsory extra ticket for every drink purchased as a 'recycling tax'.
- Drink up!
- Take your empty cans to the recycling centre to redeem

your recycling tax a.k.a. a one ticket per can.



The effect of this system was mayhem. Skinflints ran around the festival pilfering through wheelie bins, approaching drinkers and trading in time watching bands for time aluminium scabbing.

The other effect was that Splendour came away with a sustainable recycling system, which promoted the humble can to the same status as a gold coin/drink ticket. In the end, Splendour recycled more than 98% of cans sold, offsetting more than 630 tonnes of greenhouse emissions. Penny Wong take notice.

Like every year, the Tipi Forest was the one that burst with a different type of energy that captured our imagination and had us addicted. With the bark strewn dancefloor enclosed within tall welcoming trees, it once again served up the best acid house, acid rave, acid hip hop and acid trance. The common elements being young kids and old hippies on acid.



A middle aged backpacker set fire to her bra.



An adolescent from Byron wore his shoes on his hands and fell to the ground, possessed by a demon.

All the while a slightly overweight and lad-attired rapper named Tommy Gunn MC delivered the thought provoking lyrics:

I been round Byron my whole living // Fishing, spitting, fuckin, drinking//

Come from up near Tulsa // So quick I give you an ulcer



When night fell, and campers retreated to retrieve pea-coats and hoodies, we watched as Chris Cheney, with his sperm coloured hair, finish singing *West End Riot*, and an excited crowd swell for Bloc Party. There were few better images than seeing Kele Okereke in full voice, smiling cheekily at a bustling crowd, and Matt Tong shirtless furiously pounding out an electro beat.



Stumbling away from a double score of hits, we joined the mass bleary-eyed exodus. Red Bull swished round in our deep-fried lined stomachs, and told us that tomorrow would be another day. Another day of fishing, spitting, fucking, drinking.

There's an almost audible groan heard around the Byron parklands on the Sunday of Splendour, as thousands of festival-goers rear their bleary heads and converge zombie-like on the township's cafes.



After gulping down the unfertilised progeny of the region's chickens with hundreds of litres of orange juice, those with houses smugly bathe and pack lunches while the camping community shut their eyes and gallop towards Nature's Shower, the ocean.

And so, with today's planner in our hands and yesterday's mud on our feet, we make the pilgrimage back up Ewingsdale Road towards Belongil, clutching longnecks like a lifeline.



Possessing the steeliest of stomachs we started the day with a very special edition of hair of the dog. The dagwood, a temperamental beast that threatened to re-emerge throughout the day. This however, was still highly preferable to the unholy crime against nature known only as the fish burrito. Just don't.

If you like your t-shirts sloganed, your wayfarers imitation and have the same pants needs as a Thai fisherman, then look no further, Splendour caters for you. We bought a total of six pairs of sunglasses between two of us, partly due to each pair being lost or trampled, but mostly to keep up with the ever-changing festival fashions. At twenty dollars a pop, most of which I suspect actually concentrated the suns rays we paid the price in more ways than one. Two ways actually, but who's counting?

Meanwhile, locals and Sydneysiders dressed like locals happily wandered like nomads from tent to tent.



"It's just a great atmosphere", Byron resident David Halliday told us. "There's no violence, the people are friendly and it's always safe. There's a real feeling of being lucky to be there that's shared by all, because it's so hard to get tickets'.

Kate Newton, who runs the social website Get Out At Byron, said "the crowd seemed a little less trashy, and not as much fluoro fashion as last year, thank god. I love that I can live in such a beautiful location, and still have access to such awesome lineups."

But underneath the carefully cultivated Splendour vibe lies a huge legal battle between Byron shire residents, the local council and the North Byron Shire Parklands group, who plan to

8 P M

7 P M

6 P M

5 P M

4 P M

3 P M

2 P M

1 P M

1 2 A M

1 1 A M



ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER SPLENDOUR. THE FESTIVAL THAT IS JUST AS MUCH A CELEBRATION OF GUMBOOTS AS IT IS OF MUSIC CAME AND WENT, LEAVING A TRAIL OF MUSOS, HIPPIES AND INDIE KIDS IN ITS WAKE. WITH A LESS THAN AVERAGE LINE-UP **MARK DI STEFANO** AND **ALEX LEE** WENT ALONG FOR THE RIDE AND DUG UP THE DIRT UNDER THE GRASS.

+ THE MUSIC AWARDS +
WITH JONNO SEIDLER

move the festival to a permanent position further north at Yelgun.

Having bought this land, the organisers plan to have an almost constant rotation of festivals at this site and to make it Australia's Glastonbury.

According to Ri Fraser from CONOS (Conservation of North Ocean Shores) this would be nothing short of a disaster.

"We're a quiet little community, yet we get the full brunt of the noise, the behaviour, the rubbish found in the streets. People camp illegally, leaving mess, peeing and crapping on our gardens," she said.

The proposed site is also further from town, lacking the infrastructure and services to deal with such an influx of people and equipment throughout the year. Of more concern to the community is the effect on the environment.

"This site is a nature reserve, a koala habitat and the last remaining wildlife corridor from the inland to the coast," Fraser said.

Some younger residents are less concerned, "Regular festivals would brighten the place up and make this area a worldwide cultural window" said Halliday.

Others such as Elissa Harris are happy to host festivals once a year, but "I don't really want 14 festivals a year bringing a transient festival party trashy mode to my fave spots."

Although CONOS has managed to defend their cause at the Land and Environment Court, meaning the event remained at Belongil this year, the property group



has ignored protests and gone straight to the NSW Government to have their application approved. Where Splendour will be next year is anyone's guess, but it was obvious that there was an ulterior motive to the enviro initiatives, to smooth over tensions with the community.

Nevertheless, it seemed like everyone in the Byron shire had been given a job, with a contingent of locals in fluoro vests emblazoned with baffling labels like "Fire Marshall" (a friendly middle aged woman whose only job it seemed was to smile at people) and RSA Marshall who so very clearly was not doing his job (unless of course he was the marshall of the Republic of South Africa, in which case he did his country proud).



Security at this year's Splendour was tight, with heavy fines for fence jumpers, D-barricades that split the crowd in the main tent and burly security guards linking arms forming human walls to stop the surging crowd entering seemingly arbitrarily allocated spaces on either side of the stage.

A barricade-jumping market soon developed, with *Honi* witnessing some surprisingly cogent MGMT fans swapping a coke bottle full of vodka for a leg up over the fence. Later that night during the Flaming Lips, we stood near a gap in the fence playing an endlessly entertaining game of "Will They Fit?" as some of the more rotund patrons tried to squeeze through to the orgiastic wonderland of the headlining act. They pulled out all the stops, with huge coloured balls floating over the bedazzled crowd. Cows and frogs danced on stage, the band emerged from a pulsating vagina on the screens and we understood, as one, why they were called the Flaming Lips.



The next day we shook the dirt from our shoes and the dreams from our heads and hopped back in the Jucy to another semester of uni and a looming feature article. Too self-referential? Do shut up, we're very tired.



The Makes-the-Kids-Go-Bonkers Trophy

ART VS SCIENCE Charged with an undeniably un-coveted opening afternoon slot, the Sydney trio brought the house down with stadium stylings that would make

Muse and the Presets proud. With choruses big enough to flatten an elephant and lyrics easy that a chimp could remember, these guys aren't just superstars in the making, they're already there.



The Best Sound Mantle

THE DOVES With notoriously drunk and/or stoned mixers and sound engineers battling to create audible tunes through twenty megatons of speakers and cabling, Doves shone at the festival with their remarkably crisp set

and mastery of stage technology, much of which has made them so popular. Dishonorable mentions go to whoever was in charge of Friendly Fires, who had to restart songs due to sampler glitches twice.



The Most Overrated-Outfit-on-Earth Wooden Spoon

MGMT Undeserving of the main-stage, where they shamelessly ripped off the Beatles and proved that there is such a thing as a 'two hit wonder', MGMT were woe-

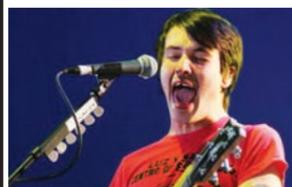
fully lacklustre and uninteresting at best. Even the dedicated hipsters couldn't stomach their flimsy set, with a mass exodus as soon as 'Electric Feel' ended. This is why we don't always listen to NME and Rolling Stone; these guys have the live presence of a bunch of five year olds.



The Most Phenomonal New Band

THE MIDDLE EAST This Townsville group is an all-singing, multi-instrumental revelation. Delicate folk, impassioned pop and seriously good stage presence left an already interested

crowd desperate for more. A quasi-religious experience, complete with trumpets, glockenspiels and banjos. They've only got one EP out at the moment, but it's enough to get you through the rest of winter. Simply breathtaking.



The International vs National Band Clash

The mid-year placement was the perfect time for some of Australia's biggest and brightest to test out new material and rock out with abandon in front of a devoted audience. Kisschasy impressed

with a larger than life set, bluejuice inspired mass moshing in an hour comprised of mostly untested new material and Midnight Juggernauts premiered some killer new cuts off their soon to be released, long-awaited sophomore record. There was barely any time to check out acts from the Mother Country, but nobody seemed to mind...



The Homecomin' Chalice

THE HILLTOP HOODS Whoever said Aussie hip hop is dead should have been at the Hoods' epic closing show, eating their words while the rappers spat theirs. With custom visuals for each song, a catalogue of incendiary hits and great audience rapport, MCs Suffa and Pressure charmed the surging tent and left punters on an unmatched high. True talent isn't made, kids, it's born in Adelaide.



The 'Two Encores' Sash

BLOC PARTY As Kele Okereke joked with the crowd and pulled out some rare B-sides, Bloc Party finally surpassed their Brit-pop pigeonholing to boast a show that inspired pretty much everybody in the Big Top. Helicopter'

and 'Banquet' provided the kind of festival experience well worth the ticket price. Even after Jane's Addiction pulled out, there was enough star power surrounding these London lads to make up for the alt-glam absconders.



The 'People Like Me Cause I Remind Them of Nick Cave' Ashzztray

JACK LADDER This guy sounds way sexy on record; a baritone honey voice from heaven. Then you see a skinny white guy trying to have an epileptic fit on stage

whilst coming off a bit too much like that guy whose always the last person to leave the bar. Add that to the fact that most of his band were pensioners, and you've got the kind of frame-shakin' boogie-woogie that hasn't been in since Prohibition.



The Little Band with Big Sound

LITTLE BIRDY It wasn't really hard to compete with Little Red (playing at the same time), who are still pulling the 1960s power-pop shtick over a year into their career, but the band helmed by

Luke Steele's hotter and more talented younger sister showcased a remarkably mature sound. Katy (that's the little sis) came out all guns a-blazing with their new Motown record, and exploded out of the Green tent almost as rapidly as Luke's ego.



'The 'We-Are-Willing-to-Sacrifice-Our-Band-Member's-Health-for-Fame' Award

BLUE JUICE Not that this is a difference from any other year. Hell, the band's new single 'Broken Leg' is dedicated to crazy front

man Jake Stone, who manages to injure himself at pretty much every bluejuice gig, and then show up at the next ready to rock out on crutches. On a similar note, bluejuice audiences seem to enjoy getting each other's shoulders, so my brother and I should, by rights, share this award with the band, after a humongous fat girl nearly fell on us halfway through a particularly rousing finale of 'Vitriol'.

DIARY OF...

ANNABEL CRABB



Annabel Crabb, scuttling for her life

Dear Diary,

It's Annabel again. Isn't it funny how I always introduce myself to my own diary? I know, it's pretty strange, but don't blame me, diary. It's been a hard day.

No, no more. I guess I've got to come clean and admit something that nobody can ever know to the only thing I can trust - you, diary. They say that political columnists dig more shit than politicians themselves, so we do get a little paranoid about getting shit dug up around us.

Well, I keep seeing these threatening little red eyes staring through me on the street, belonging to junior Labor droogs decked out in the latest ill-printed t-shirt. It's all true, you puny pre-pubescent punks! You did all fall asleep during the Ruddfest National Conference. You were all wearing the same suit!

And its not just them who're after me. Those angry Libs are after me too. What? I've just been saying what everyone's thinking: I'm extremely funny and clever and Malcolm Turnbull is a gadget-loving name-dropping climber. Those smug, tight-lipped little operatives know the game is up. They're after me and my inexhaustible tsunami of well-timed witticisms.

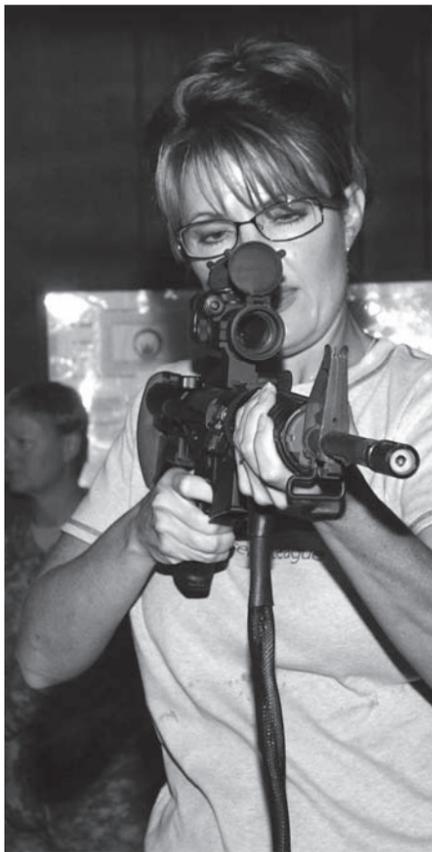
Is there anything they won't do?

You've got a lock though, diary... and I do keep you in the footwell of my desk. You'd be pretty crazy to go near my feet for all that shit. Or my shit for those feet in the way.

But anyway - if anything happens to me, diary, you've got to keep this secret. My name isn't actually Annabel Beverley June Crabb. I didn't grow up anywhere near South Australia, nor am I really a journalist at all. My whole backstory is an elaborate series of lies maintained over many years to cover the tracks of my mission from the planet Crabb Leviticus Bora Volkswagen.

I am known as Eor, ageless beyond the memory of the sun and wiser than a hall full of Noam Chomskys. I came to keep the bastards honest... but I fear I am too late. The enemy have the appearance of humanity - but they really are reptiles masquerading in the skins of the fallen. I have to stop now, diary. I hear them coming. They are coming.

Sarah Palin resigns, citing unfair media criticism like the whiney little biatch she is



Sarah Palin, former Vice Presidential nominee and Governor of Alaska, has stood down like a shrill, whinging harpy, after stating that the media were unfairly attacking her and her hillbilly family.

The 45 year-old politician, quitter and secret ex-Nazi (probably) implored various media outlets to 'quit making stuff up' in broad, sweeping and accurate attacks on her character.

Palin, who began her epic whine about biased media coverage in early 2008, handed over the Governorship to Sean Parnell during a speech last week, warning the assembled press to stay clear of personal attacks on her successor. Parnell, who has never been embroiled in a state-wide corruption scandal, thinks the earth is over 4000 years old and probably knows where Cambodia is, has little cause for concern.



NASA announces plans to explore moon in 2020 to retrieve minerals, Buzz Aldrin's keys



NASA officials have publicly announced plans to send a manned shuttle to the moon by 2020 in order to collect mineral and soil samples and the keys of former astronaut Buzz Aldrin.

NASA emphasises that the retrieval of the house, car and boat keys, which Aldrin is "85% sure" were left somewhere between the Sea of Tranquillity and the Descartes Highlands, is not the primary goal of the \$213 billion operation.

"Buzz called us up," said Michael Griffin, NASA's Head of Communications and Public Affairs, "and sort of indicated that if we were thinking of going back, maybe we could have a poke around for his [lost] keys. We told him we'd pick them up if we saw them."

But not all are as keen as Griffin, many calling on Aldrin to make absolutely sure that he's looked everywhere, urging the 79 year-old ex-fighter pilot to "look behind the couch" and "check all of his pockets, even the pockets of older pants".

Aldrin remains steadfast in his conviction of the importance of the retrieval mission. "It is in our human nature to explore new boundaries, continue to discover new frontiers and unlock our front doors without pestering our wives or neighbours."

"They should be easy enough to find," continued Aldrin "[my keys] are on a Nixon/Agnew 1968 keychain, with a miniature moon key-ring my nephew gave me for luck." After a pause, Aldrin continued, "The moon key-ring shouldn't be confused with the real moon - which is much larger".

Michael Collins also has requested NASA look for his wallet. "Yeah right," said Griffin "like that loser was ever on the moon".

OPINION

Australia needs to give me all of its blood, right now



My fellow Australians, it is with a grave solemnity and an undying thirst for the blood of the living that I implore you, from deep in my cold, still heart - to give me all of your precious blood.

In these turbulent times we must not focus of what separates or divides us, but rather what unifies us as nation - the pure, delicious blood coursing through our veins - blood that you must not greedily hoard in your feeble bodies, but give up to me immediately.

Like so many of our choices as Australians, the decision to feed me the blood of every man, woman and child is one not to be made lightly - but still one to be made swiftly as the full impact of the Global Financial Crisis and Van Helsing approach. We must put aside our partisan differences and realise that this is an issue that affects not just a few, but all the rats, wolves and creatures of the night in my command. Look deep into my eyes Australia and you must agree, you must agree for you are now under my power.

HONI RECOMMENDS:

July 29th | Story Club
Dave Bloustein, Virginia Gay, Alex Lee, Jon Williams and David Cunningham share stories

August 5th | Make Way For Ducklings
A brand new original sketch show

August 12th | Hermann's Heroes
Stand-up comedy

August 19th | Casablanca & Jazzsoc
A live dubbing of the classic, Casablanca

26th August | FBCNL Junior Tennis
Fully improvised comedy - like Theatresports up late

COMEDY EVERY WEDNESDAY
HERMANN'S AT 8.30PM
\$5 ENTRY IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT

SCIENCE STUNTS

AVOIDING AWKWARDNESS AT END-OF- SEMESTER TUTORIAL DRINKS

AIM

The traditional end-of-semester drinks for tutorial groups is fraught with the potential for lasting embarrassment, as a direct result of the awkwardness felt due to contributing in class x the attraction (or lack of attraction) to the members of the tutorial, with the contributing influence of alcohol consumed in sizeable quantities. In a nutshell, the situation represents an unholy conglomeration of the best and worst things at University. The aim of this experiment is to identify possible ways of avoiding the spectre of awkwardness and embarrassment at drinks.

METHOD

1. Before the end-of-semester drinks, identify the potential hazards you may encounter. These include, but are not limited to, a) nobody speaking, as usual, b) everybody bar you, one loser, and the tutor leaving early due to the fact they 'drove into uni today,' c) typical student alcoholism, d) typical academic alcoholism, e) The tutor revealing every inconsequential detail of their love lives across the course of the drinks, gradually developing into a juggernaut of awesome overshare that affects your ability to relate to them in further academic fora or as a functioning human being, f) That cute girl/boy that you have been casting lingering glances at over the past ten weeks reveals the presence of a significant other. g) Getting mind-bendingly drunk as a direct result of (a),(b),(c),(d),(e) and (f) and revealing your honest opinions on the quality of teaching in the course.

2. Having identified and listed the potential hazards, make a value judgement about whether the benefit of attending the drinks outweighs the risk of being embarrassed. Previous research suggests the contributing factors to the judgement are heavily reliant on the level of physical (un)attraction to members of the drinking group, though a concrete conclusion for attendance is essentially variable.

3. Having made your qualified judgement, attend the drinks. In the spectrum of emotional responses, the probability of your having a good time hovers around the 50% mark. Make peace with the inevitable crushing hand of Fate.

CONCLUSION

The outcomes of the experiment suggest that the only way to avoid 'awkwardness' in this fora is a policy of abstinence. In the purview of harm minimisation, however, steps that can be taken to avoid the feeling of embarrassment and awkwardness that come from the many hazards that present themselves. In this regard, further research is required.

Wackivities! Period Parties

Alice Dixon explains how this awkward time of the month can be a blast!



Why Gladys, your period is absolutely delightful today!

Period Party Function: noun

1. A collective celebration of a specific historical period, or art or literature from or devoted to that historical period. See also the Darcy Society - Sydney University.

2. A Pagan/Wicca festival of an adolescent's entry into the menstrual cycle. Regarded by some to be a Western form of female initiation, integral to achieving womanhood. See also Red Parties, Menstrual Huts

Ah, the menstrual cycle - the ultimate weapon in female possession. Never has fear and fascination united with such force

than around the issue of a little monthly bleeding. In some Theravada Buddhist groups women are forbidden from hanging their laundry above men's, lest the 'infection' spread to the monks. In the Eastern Highlands of New Guinea women are forced into menstrual huts once a month for fears that contact may impregnate men. In Australia, men's ignorance often results in them feeding tampons (still the victim of GST!!) to your pet cat, just as we start surfing the red wave.

This fear, equally born out of ignorance and alarm is understandable. Periods are one of the rare phenomena that are totally gender specific. As the old adage goes, while both sexes are breeders, only women are bleeders. Yet from this, dare we call it patriarchal fear, comes a strange consequence, women are ashamed and repulsed by what is not only a normal bodily function, but also one vital for the continuation of our humble species.

Luckily pagan religious communities, such as Wicca sects in the Blue Mountains have thought up an antidote to this cultural revulsion. 'Period Parties' are a celebration of when a young girl starts menstruating for the first time. They hope to counter not only the stigma of the period, but also the fear associated with this new and emotional

event. Period parties encourage the belief that not only should you not be scared of your cycle, you should be proud of it.

Period parties are not a strict ritual, though the ones I've attended have followed a formula, a women-only guest list, Neil Young's *Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon* playing on repeat, a gift giving circle in which red themed presents are accompanied with anecdotes on the wonders of woman hood. For some, period parties should celebrate not only the arrival of our new friend menstruation, but become a monthly event. Stories recounted on the web place the focus firmly on honouring the female body. Don't think however this is a humourless event. 'Be wary of bears' is a regular joke associated with the event.

So ladies, own it. Men, accept it. And for earth mother's sake, can we please give the phrase, 'welcome to my maxi-pad blood bath' some positive connotations!

HONI TOP FIVE Picture Books

01

> *Where the Wild Things Are*, M. Sendak (1963)

For all his mischief in that iconic wolf suit, Max is sent to bed without supper. The angry little guy sets sail for the land of the monsters, but gets homesick and returns to find his supper waiting. With a stream of consciousness style of language that sets a dreamlike tone, readers are transported away from their troubles, only to be reminded that they're not so bad and supper's waiting. Sendak originally planned to send Max off to be with horses, but shifted to the loveable beasts when he realised that he couldn't draw the former. His creations are rebellious and fun and remind all that a good old-fashioned wild rumpus is needed every now and then.

02

> *The Red Tree*, S. Tan (2001)

Inspired by the experience of depression, Tan's masterpiece trails a lonely red-haired girl who faces hardship at every turn, but is steered by a hope that is eventually rewarded. The text is sparse and the book seems painful, a stark change from most upbeat picture books. But it is in this respect for a child's ability to handle a story that's a little darker that *The Red Tree* comes into its own. The book's message is communicated flawlessly through the incredible artwork of Tan. It is extensive, emotive, and allows audiences young and old to connect with a book that would not seem out of place in a modern art gallery.

03

> *Oh, The Places You'll Go!*, Dr Seuss (1990)

While almost any of Dr Seuss' works could take a place in this list, *Oh The Places You'll Go!* slides on with its infectiously optimistic vision of potential and the realisation of dreams. The familiar graphical style of Seuss works well to carry the air of joy and fancy, but unlike other books of his, Seuss employs a definite narrator in conversation with the main protagonist - the reader. This technique places you at the centre of the story, and engages you in its message of success. *Oh, the Places You'll Go!* was the last book published while Dr Seuss was still alive so holds a special place in the hearts of his fans.

04

> *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*, E. Carle (1969)

This is the simple story of a hungry caterpillar that spends seven days chomping down on tucker before forming a chrysalis and emerging a beautiful butterfly. The story is about change and beauty, but it also helps children develop counting and reading skills as well as the knowledge of concepts such as days of the week. On average, a copy of the book has been sold every single minute since it was first published, with over 30 million sitting on children's shelves the world over. Author Eric Carle is said to have been bored and hacking through paper with a hole-puncher when the idea for the book hit him.

05

> *Alexander and the Terrible, Horrible, No Good, Very Bad Day*, J. Viorst (1972)

Judith Viorst's little Alex struggles through the worst day ever - gum in his hair, no prize in his breakfast cereal, kissing on TV - but in overcoming it all, he quips, "My mum says some days are just like that." Such simplicity goes a long way to cheering up the bad days of young and old and that is what this playful book does. The surly looking Alex is captured well in the book's line drawings, making him an endearing grump that all can relate to. As things go from bad to worse, it is sage motherly wisdom that reminds us that sometimes we've just got to cop bad days. The book suggests Australia is a land of solace from such troubles - this section re-written for the New Zealand version.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Report of the SRC President, Noah White//president@src.usyd.edu.au

Imagine if Sydney Uni shut down tomorrow. You would lose your place at a university and the time and effort you have put in over the past few years you have been at uni would have been a complete waste. The money you have spent on textbooks, readers, photocopying and, not to mention, tuition fees could probably have been better spent because you won't be getting to shake the Chancellor's and pick up your certificate anymore.

Not going to happen, I hear you say. Well that's probably true and probably has something to do with the fact that the University is relatively old, has lots of money, is very big and owned and funded by the Government. Therefore it is in a fairly stable position, you know that when you start a degree and you invest your time and money into your studies, that you are almost guaranteed a result at the end.

However this is not so for many students in tertiary education and the situation I described above is a reality for 600 international students. These students, however are not from a large, stable, government funded institution; they are from a small private college set up purely to generate profit for the shareholders at all costs rather than to offer some kind of genuine educational experience.

This means generating profit even if it means completely unethical treatment of these students. When things start go-

ing bad it means that the directors will cut and run leaving hundreds of staff and students in the lurch. This happened at Sterling College last week. Sterling College is a private vocational College in Sydney that offers courses in Cookery, Hairdressing, English Language and Financial Services.

After collecting fees from students only just over a week before the closure the college has shut its doors with many students only weeks out from completing their courses. The peak body for many such private colleges, the Australian Council of Private Education and Training (ACPET) has said that they will offer the displaced students a place at another ACPET member college.

There is however uncertainty as to how long this will take. The Students will incur the extra costs of their extended stays and even though the students will not incur additional tuition fees at their new institution they will most likely incur significant extra costs because of essential course materials they will have to buy at their new course. Some estimates of the extra costs put it in the thousands.

What is more of a problem is that for some of the courses there is equivalent offered in Sydney and the students may be forced to move interstate (they will not be provided with compensation for relocation costs or for the costs of breaking rental agreement or other contracts).

What this example is a symptom of, however, is a much wider problem. It is the third such private college to close its doors in recent times (one that closed in Melbourne recently charged the students their fees on the day before they declared themselves bankrupt) and there are more closures on the horizon. There are 400 000 students in private college around Australia almost half as many university students.

These colleges exist in a largely unregulated environment. It is time the Australian governments, both state and federal took some responsibility for the \$15 billion dollar industry that international education is. Students that come to Australia to study need guarantees that they are going to get a fair go and that they are going to get what they paid for. Unscrupulous education providers should not be allowed to exploit their customers, it wouldn't be allowed in any other industry and it certainly would be allowed to happen to an Australian citizen so it should be happening in these private colleges.



NOAH'S KITCHEN

Sorry to everyone who missed my recipe last week. Semester just crept up on me and I didn't even realise it was coming. This is something I made last night (and stole out of a recipe book and modified, thank you BBC Good Food: Cheap Eats). It is mint and chicken pasta. You can really use any pasta for this but the bigger the better as the sauce is quite chunky, Rigatoni (which is like a bigger version of penne) is good.

You will need:

3-4 chicken breasts (depending on how big they are), diced
200ml chicken stock
400g pasta (rigatoni)
¾ cup chopped mint
200g cooked peas
1 sliced capsicum
1 diced onion
2 heaped tablespoons wholegrain mustard
3 crushed cloves garlic
200ml fresh cream
Some olive oil

Cook the pasta in salted water. First brown the capsicum in a pan with oil and then set aside on a plate. Cook the chicken and the onion in the pan. Throw in the garlic when the chicken is nearly cooked.

When the chicken is cooked through add the stock to the mixture. Let it boil and reduce by half (there should be half as much liquid as before). Once the stock has reduced add the mustard, mint, cream, capsicum and peas, stir through and let the mixture simmer for a few minutes.

Once it is done add the drained pasta, stir through and it should be ready

EDUCATION REPORT

Report of the Education Officers, Elly Howse and Rosie Ryan//education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Hopefully your first week back at uni went well and maybe your lecturers won't be quite as boring as last semester.

On the weekend, Rosie and I went to a forum on HECS. It got us thinking about a lot of issues to do with HECS and considering this is the time of the semester where you either have to a) pay upfront your uni fees or b) put it all on HECS, we thought it would be important to give a bit of a background to why the hell the government makes you pay anything at all.

A Short History of HECS

From the election of the Hawke Labor government in 1983, there was discussion about the various ways in which education could be extended to even more groups in society – like the economically and socially disadvantaged, mature aged students, women etc. A skills crisis meant that it was essential for higher education in Australia to be as available as possible, to whoever wanted it. There was a rising student demand and particular labour market conditions which pushed the government towards the most equitable system possible. Their solution? HECS.

Bruce Chapman, the brains behind HECS, recognised there were serious budgetary constraints upon the government. These constraints indicated that it would be quite difficult for the government to solely provide and cover a significant expansion of the higher education system.

From 1987, a \$250 per annum per student charge was introduced. A committee set up to investigate the possibility of further student contributions concluded that higher education users should be expected to contribute about 20% of the average total costs met by the Federal Government for higher education. In 1989 on the 1st January, HECS was officially introduced.

At least the government and its committee recognised that payment of upfront fees would be a significant barrier to those from low socio-economic backgrounds. Instead they came up with an idea that students pay 20% of the actual average course costs. You would get a discount if you paid upfront. This way, the government thought that paying for the cost of your higher education wouldn't necessarily deter you if you were from a low SES background.

But it's all downhill from there... in 1996, the lovely Liberal government decided to substantially change the HECS system – for the worse of students. HECS charges increased by about 65% from the original flat rate. Three HECS bands also appeared, which decided how much you had to contribute depending on what kind of course you studied. What else happened? The government decided to make students pay back their course costs at a faster rate. The income repayment threshold was lowered from \$28,495 in 1996-97 to \$20,701 in 1997-98. From when the scheme was originally introduced, every year the costs and repayments were indexed. So basically, every year they rose a small amount.

If you want to know more about this scheme and its history, we recommend the Department of Employment, Education and Workplace Relations (DEEWR) website, the Universities Australia website, or of course, Wikipedia.

Or you could come along to the Education Action Group. We meet 1pm every Tuesday on the Front Lawns / Chancellor's Lawns. See you there!

GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

Report of the General Secretary, Russel Schmidt//gen.sec@src.usyd.edu.au

Welcome back to another semester of tuning out in lectures and reading my words o' wisdom. For my throngs of fans, I must apologise for the absence of a report last week but I was trying to spread the love around the newly refurbished SRC.

I am sure that you've been told this *ad nauseum*, but your experience at University is what you make of it. Election season is coming up soon so keep your eyes peeled for a raft of interesting opportunities both within and outside of student organisations. Sydney University has a great history of cultivating an atmosphere of advocacy and representation and everyone should feel like they can get involved if they want. Instead of going into everything in depth I will try and point you in the right direction and leave

the proverbial ball in your court.

The University

Students have an important role to play in keeping the bastards honest. There are quite a number of student positions to be elected that have a formal role within the University, starting with Departmental and Faculty Boards. These bodies make decisions about issues specific to each discipline and take care of both specific issues as they arise and also broader policy issues. There are also student positions on Academic Board and a student position on the University Senate which are more powerful, policy setting bodies.

The SRC

SRC elections will also be coming up in semester two. There are actually four

elections that take place all at once; one for Honi Soit, this newspaper; one for SRC Council, the supreme decision making body of the SRC; one for NUS delegates, for people who are a) in a faction and, b) have a desire to go to the National Union of Students' Conference; and finally for SRC President. The SRC is the Student Representative Council and acts like a really, really feeble parliament in terms of the way it is the peak representative body for students on campus.

The Union

There are two easy ways to get involved in the Union. The first is through Clubs and Societies, the majority of which will be electing a new executive team at their Annual General Meeting. AGMs are advertised in the Bull and if you are an Access card holder and member of the

club, rock up, vote or even run for a position. The other way to engage with the Union (apart from running for the Board) is to run for a position as a Convenor of a forum. These positions are often paid and require a significant time commitment and are also highly competitive.

The thing that traditionally makes it hard to get involved is that these positions all have dates when nominations close and unless you're in the know, you wouldn't even realise you've missed them; it's not worth deciding you want to run for the SRC half way through the election because it's too late so get in now.

WOMEN'S REPORT

Report of the Women's Officer, Tamsin Dingley//womens.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

In partial response to the overwhelming criticism (from the right... surprised?) re my *Honi* article where I dared say that men should be doing more to stop rape, I thought I'd spend some time focusing on the positives of this life we call feminism and talk about some of the achievements of wonderful women during the crazy July holidays also known as Conference Season.

Education Conference

Hundreds of students from all over Australia converged at Sydney University to discuss issues surrounding access to affordable education, the appallingly low numbers of indigenous students at university, the inherent classism of full fee paying places, small, rural and isolated campuses and their crumbling or indeed non-existent student unions and services, and student poverty. This was

all organized by two very devoted and hardworking women on our campus.

NOWSA

Four Sydney University Women's Collective members attended the National Organization of Women Students in Australia conference. In a very brave move our wide eyed enthusiastic first year threw caution to the wind and hopped on a plane to Brisbane with me in the name of equality. We attended workshops on student activism and gained some great skills, had discussions on talking to survivors of sexual assault, keeping yourself safe, collective organizing in women's shelters/refuges/resource centre's and other important topics, such as women in Palestine.

Queer Conference

Queer Collaborations offered an exciting

combination of political education, sex education, and rockin' late-night parties. Having the opportunity to meet and connect with other queer women students from across Australia to socialise, support and gain activism and leadership skills. Women's caucus had a discussion of sexism in queer communities, and debated other difficult/controversial and important issues such as transgenderism and inclusivity in women's groups in the queer community, prejudice and discrimination in the queer community, eg. biphobia.

Indigenous Conference

Indigenous conference was organized by the incredible women who work at the USYD Koori Centre and also the SRC indigenous department. Indigenous representatives from all over Australia gathered in Sydney for undoubtedly the

most important conference of the year. Issues that affect students in Australia such as replacing HECS with full fee places, student poverty etc affect women more than men, and of course indigenous women are even more disadvantaged.

Hopefully the wonderful achievements of women at Indigenous conference, and indeed the past month of student activism will contribute to the eradication of the difficulties and inequalities facing Australian students.

ASK ABE

SRC HELP: Level 1 (Basement) Wentworth Building, City Road Entry
9660 5222 or help@src.usyd.edu.au

Dear Abe,

I heard that there are some dodgy landlords around who will rip you off. I've never rented before and I want to move out, but don't know what to look for. Can you tell me what I need to know to make sure I don't get ripped off.

Tenant (not David)

Dear Tenant (who?)

Tenancy can be a bit of a minefield. Make sure you look at the room before considering moving in. Check things like water pressure, what is included in the cost and talk to potential housemates. Read the contract before you sign it. I know I wrote it twice, so maybe you can read the contract twice. If there's anything suspect or confusing about it talk to a caseworker at the SRC. Finally, I would recommend very strongly against staying at a place that charges "fines" for not doing housework or putting out the bin etc. Have a look at the Accommodation Checklist on the SRC webpage for more details.

Abe

This column offers students the opportunity to ask questions on anything that may affect their "welfare". This can be as personal as a question on a Centrelink payment or as general as a question on the state of the world. If you would like to ask Abe a question send an email to help@src.usyd.edu.au.



The SUPRA

SAAO Corner

Dear SAAOs

I have some options about the subjects I can enrol in for Semester 2, 2009 but am not sure which subjects I want to choose. I want to make sure I like the subject before committing to it for the whole semester. When is the last date I can change my subjects?

*Yours Faithfully,
Student*

Dear Student

The last date you can add a subject to your enrolment for the semester is Friday 7 August 2009.

The last date you can withdraw from a subject without academic penalty is Friday 31 August 2009. This also means that if you are thinking of suspending for Semester 2, 2009, 31 August 2009 is generally the last date you can tell your Faculty that you want to suspend without academic penalty. For local students this is also the last date you can withdraw without any financial penalty. Different financial provisions apply to International students, so you should feel free to ask International Office and/or SUPRA for advice.

Even if you aren't sure whether you want to commit to a particular subject for the whole semester, the best thing to do is attend the classes for that subject. This will give you a feel for whether you enjoy the content. If you decide to enrol in the subject for the whole semester, your attendance in those first few classes will count towards your participation for the subject. This is particularly important if the subject requires you to attend a certain number of classes to be able to pass the subject.

Good luck!

The SAAO team

PRNs – Coming to a Faculty Near You!

A couple of months ago, this column brought you the story of the Philosophy Strike of 1977, where students and young staff members spearheaded something of a revolution in course content. Those heady days of radical integration with university governance are exciting, but they seem distant. This is not quite true. As a result of the actions of those women, and many others like them, University bureaucracy changed. With the shift from Professorial Board to today's Academic Board, students found a voice they had previously lacked. It might not be as loud or as influential as Jacka and Curthoys would have wanted, but it's there. Even now, faculties, departments and the higher-ups want to ask students' opinions.

The question, then, is how do we convert these consultative positions into a real student voice? SUPRA and the SRC do great work when it comes to representing students on the myriad committees that grease the wheels of this august institution (or clag them up, depending on your point of view). But a lot of the important decisions, like the Arts Faculty's controversial decision to 'streamline' entry into honours by scrapping stratified, third-year entry courses, get made at faculty and department level – places where the SRC and SUPRA, designed to operate within the mammoth structures of the university's administration, miss.

We at SUPRA are serious about student representation. Noticing this alarming gap in postgrad ranks, we have taken it upon ourselves to stop it up. This year, we helped students in Architecture, form a Postgraduate Research Network (PRN) in that faculty. After agitation from within the Arts faculty, meetings amongst representatives from departments in Arts are going well. That PRN has drafted a charter of student representation, to explain to departments what we want from them to make the job of representation more democratic and transparent. The Arts PRN is meeting relatively regularly, and now operates as a forum for these representatives to find common cause and share strategies. SUPRA is also looking into helping Law students start a similar network in the very near future.

"What can I do?", I hear you clamouring to ask. If you are a postgraduate student who sits on a department or faculty board or committee, in any faculty, we want to hear from you. Even if you're not in a representative position, but are interested in being part of a PRN, we want to hear from you. Does your department have a rep? Do you know how to contact them? If not, we want to hear from you. Are you unable to even answer these questions? If so, we want to hear from you. We will help you get people elected to your department or faculty board, to represent you in your immediate collegial surrounds. We will put you in touch with other representatives from your faculty so you can co-ordinate your demands. All you have to do is email us.

I have a dream, to unabashedly butcher MLK Jr.'s famous pronouncement. A postgrad on every committee, speaking with one voice, for the interests of postgrads across the University. Every faculty with full postgraduate representation. Open lines of communication amongst these representatives. A more informed and engaged, student body. If you too have this dream, help me get the wheels moving. Architecture, Arts and Law are paving the way. The only thing standing between your faculty and a strong, independent student voice is apathy and ignorance. Why are we at university in the first place, if not to banish those two things?

SUPRA is also working with the SRC and the University to provide training for student representatives. If this is you, get in touch with us!

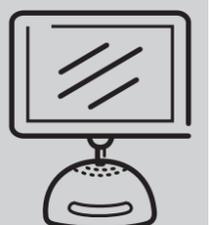
Please get in contact with SUPRA if you are interested in helping with the Postgraduate Representative Network project in anyway. Email president@supra.usyd.edu.au to let us know. And remember - we're here to ensure your voice, at all levels of University governance.

Nick Irving
SUPRA Co-President
president@supra.usyd.edu.au



SUPRA Resource Room

Just a reminder that if you're a SUPRA Subscriber you can access the recently renovated SUPRA Resource Room. You'll find computers with internet access, you can help yourself to tea or coffee and read the paper on a comfortable lounge. We also have printing, photocopying, scanning, and faxing available at low costs. So why not call in and see us today...



Postgrad Pages

International Students in the spotlight

You would have heard about the attacks on international students and the protests by international students which followed over the last two months. There has been a huge amount of discussion in the media by community leaders, politicians, education providers and the like about the issue of international student safety and what can or should be done to improve it.

For many student organisations and community groups, this issue is certainly not new. SUPRA is one of a number of organisations which has been advocating both inside and outside of the University for the improvement of international student conditions and welfare. For example, regular meetings of the campaign group, Cross Campus Concessions Coalition, are held at SUPRA. International students throughout the State attend these meetings to organise and campaign for travel concessions to be extended to international students in New South Wales. You can contact the SUPRA President on president@supra.usyd.edu.au for details of the meetings and how to become involved in the campaign.

SUPRA has also been lobbying Sydney University and Governments at all levels about international student conditions and welfare. In June this year, SUPRA wrote to the NSW State Government, outlining a whole host of concerns arising from students consulting our Student Advice and Advocacy Service and from the Council's campaign work with international students. The types of problems which international students frequently face extend much further than personal safety.

For example, international students often have difficulty securing any accommodation (let alone safe, affordable and adequate accommodation). We hear about international students in exploitative boarder or lodger arrangements, and landlords trying to exploit international students' relative lack of knowledge about their tenancy rights.

Similarly, the financial pressure of having to pay for significant tuition fees as well as the cost of living can result in international students feeling compelled to accept jobs where the working conditions are illegal. This is compounded by the restriction on international students that they cannot work more than 20 hours per week. Students who work longer hours do not feel able

to report illegal conditions because they are scared they will lose their right to study in Australia. And of course, as Australia and the rest of the world is now keenly aware, international students often face discrimination (racial, sexual or otherwise) inside and outside of the university environment.

As one response to the specific issue of international student safety, the International Student Services Unit and University Security Services, with support from SUPRA, the SRC and the USU, are organising a series of student safety forums. The forums have arisen out of particular concerns of International Students, but they are open to all students. They are intended to provide a space for students to tell the University their concerns as well as learn about what the University is doing to improve safety on campus.

The first student safety forum will be held next **Friday 7 August from 1 – 2pm on Level 4 of the Wentworth Building, Darlington Campus**. We would encourage as many students as possible to attend, so that you can hear about initiatives to help keep you safe on campus, and raise any concerns you have that you want the University to address. SUPRA will be there so please feel free to come and speak with us directly.

As well as the forums, if you are international postgraduate student, remember that you can always contact SUPRA to talk about a problem you may have, whether it is academic or non-academic. SUPRA provides a free, professional, confidential and independent casework service to SUPRA subscribers. It costs nothing to subscribe to SUPRA.

This section is prepared by SUPRA's Student Advice and Advocacy Officers (SAAOs). The SAAOs are professional staff employed to assist postgraduates with a wide range of welfare and academic matters. Call 9351 3715 or email help@supra.usyd.edu.au to ask a question or request an appointment.

What's coming up at SUPRA (see www.supra.usyd.edu.au for more information)

Thurs 6 Aug, 12pm	SUPRA Second Semester Welcome BBQ - SUPRA Office
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- Actively participate in your representative student association.

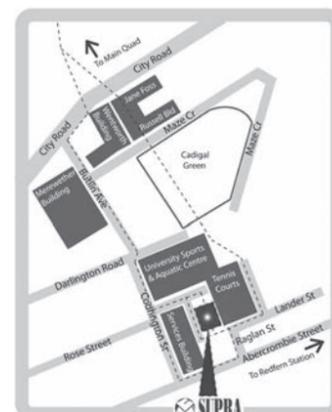
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NIGHTLIFE

The Steyne Hotel, Manly



The illustrious Steyne Hotel

Looming over the Manly Corso, the Steyne Hotel is a brick monstrosity. To gaze upon it, one risks being turned to stone. Whether you're looking to watch the moon rise through the shimmering urine vapours wafting up from the street below, enjoy some group-sex enthusiasts tackling each other on a plasma screen or punch someone celebrating their birthday, the Steyne Hotel is sure to provide.

The Steyne Hotel prides itself on its history of alcohol-fuelled violence and is eager to assert its place on NSW's 10 Most Violent Pubs list. Many have tried to bring down the Steyne—the Manly Daily, the Manly police, even the NSW government—but it has always emerged triumphant. Do not bother. You cannot win.

If you sneeze the wrong way, you will be glassed. If you try to order a drink at the bar, you will be glassed. If you go to the bathroom, you will be glassed. If you brush by someone in a crowded room, you will definitely be glassed. There's a very good chance that your trip to the Steyne will be commemorated with a body bag and an obituary. With each victim, the Steyne grows stronger.

So, ladies and gentlemen, I give you the Steyne Hotel. Scull some lager with your flannelette-wearing, knuckle-dragging brethren before defecating on the local church. Shout desperately through the wire mesh from the top floor at women below. Start blubbering when you realise what a shameful, worthless existence you lead. Glass someone because, well, because.

I like to think of the Steyne as the traditional Aussie pub experience: lager, unbridled racism, balding men staring blankly at the NRL and the constant feeling that you're about to be beaten horribly for the simple act of breathing. You may try to tell me that all this is not true, that the Steyne is a wonderful venue and great place to spend a Friday or Saturday night, but you'll be slurring incoherently and I won't be able to understand you.

0/5

Jordan D'Arcy

FILM

ALP National Conference VI

As a fan of previous films in the series – including last time out's uranium mining-themed adventure – I was happy to see the ALP producing a 45th edition of their popular "National Conference" series. I mean, in a world that has thusfar produced six Harry Potter movies, twenty something Bond flicks and inexplicably three Mission Impossible's, why stop when you're having fun?

The 45th National Conference was always going to be a star-studded affair, having received a health Government grant for its production. The promotional material had me excited from the get-go: *THE 45TH ALP NATIONAL CONFERENCE STARRING THE REMARKABLE SILVER-HAIRED KEVIN RUDD*.

Gasp! As the right-wing crunches the numbers! Sigh! As another debate runs through lunch! Boo! When the Liberal Legacy of Neglect™ is brought up again!

However despite the hype, sunny set location of Sydney Convention Centre and assembled cast of thousands, the film failed to hit the high notes.

Popular lead actor from the 2007 film, Kevin Rudd, was retained as lead actor and given the additional roles as Executive Producer, Director, Scriptwriter and Best Boy. This decision has been heralded as bringing stability to the franchise however it remains to be seen whether the company will look for fresh-faced talent in the lead role at the 46th.

Rudd was presumably too preoccupied with behind-the-scenes work to notice that much of the on-screen talent left a lot to be desired. Still, strong performances from Welsh lead actress Julia Gillard, (who put on an excellent, if a little strong, Australian accent) Wayne Swan and Lindsay Tanner should ensure that they are retained for the next film. A return to the silver screen from the silver bodgie, Bob Hawke, was also appreciated by the fans.

But it was not enough to save this film. Rudd's lack of directorial adventure left no-one guessing – interesting subplots of workers' rights and same-sex marriage were left unresolved. Hopefully for Director Rudd, enough ALP devotees will be prepared to stick by the franchise for long enough to see these loose threads resolved.

Still, as sure as night follows day, we will see more ALP Conferences hit cinemas in the future. True believers will have enjoyed this offering.

2/5

Ben McKay



Saturn's Return and Tommy Murphy's meteoric rise

Danika Armitage speaks to USYD alumni Tommy Murphy about his newest play



You know, just writing plays. It's what I do.

A prostitute stands on a bed and reads a eulogy from a laptop. Gravity falls away and a killer spaceman lurks outside. A message in a wine bottle floats above the stage and washes up in a text message. Welcome to the dream logic outerspace/innerspace of Tommy Murphy's magnificent new play *Saturn's Return*.

In 2003 playwright Tommy Murphy graduated from Sydney University. Since then, Tommy has written the plays *Strangers in Between* and *Holding the Man* for which he has won a host of accolades including the NSW Premier's Literary Award. This year Tommy received a British Council scholarship to work at the London Royal Court Theatre, an institution that has seen Beckett, Pinter and Kane walk its halls. And if that wasn't enough, Tommy was headhunted by Cate Blanchett herself to write a new work for Sydney Theatre Company. The sexed up, fearless and mystical result is *Saturn's Return*.

Saturn's Return follows the mental orbit of Zara (Leeanna Walsman) as she approaches her 30th birthday. Zara is at a junction between her partying 20s and whatever it is that comes after that. Is it time to have a baby... or maybe another threesome?

According to astrologists its not a coincidence that turning the big 3-0 is a pretty frightening time of reflection and soul searching, as every 29.5 years the planet Saturn completes a full orbit around the sun. *Saturn's Return* explores this moment in Zara's life as she stares into her life ahead of her with her boyfriend Matt (Toby Moore). Having babies, getting mortgages and getting soft round the edges, is this the future she wants?

Saturn's Return embraces what Tommy refers to as 'theatre's dream logic': Zara's imagination threads fantasy through the everyday as her she upturns her past and her relationship. Each scene makes its own rules and builds to a crescendo that is

bizarre, hilarious and moving. The acting is flawless from the cast of three and the play takes off like a rocket.

Tommy Murphy began his stunning career as a playwright here at Sydney University writing *Troy's House*, performed at SUDS in 1997. "SUDS is a wonderful place," Tommy says. "I loved that everyone would have to paint the walls and rig the lights... There's a lot of good will and understanding to what everyone is doing there, and that's exploring - what is theatre?"

And it seems Sydney mainstream theatre is asking that question to a new generation of playwrights. Creative initiatives such as the STC's 'Next Stage' program (formerly 'Wharf2Loud') have been designed to nurture the work of young playwrights which is where *Saturn's Return* was first developed after Cate Blanchett and Andrew Upton approached Murphy to write a new work.

What did it feel like to be headhunted by Cate Blanchett? "She still makes me nervous!" Tommy laughs. "It's just great to have someone like that, [who] remains dedicated to theatre."

"What they're trying to do is reach new audiences. That's why a play like *Saturn's Return* has made it to the main stage in the hope, as I hope, that it might articulate something that young audiences see is reflective of their experience and a truthful account of being younger than the majority of the theatre going audience experience. They're the people that I'm really interested in."

Saturn's Return is now performing at Sydney Theatre Company, 29 July to 30 August.





Go Est!

George Downing is pretentious. Even more so in this review.



A spoonful of sugar (topped with caviar) makes the medicine go down.

It's a shame the foodie scene is full of wankers, because behind the hair gel and cravats, there's plenty of world-class talent in Sydney's top restaurants. The dribble of clam chowder falling down Matt Preston's gluttonous chin; the cheesy, pop-starlet smile of Bill Granger, and Guillaume Brahimi – a name even more pretentious than he is – are just a sideshow. Sydney's really, really good food – three chef's hat material – needs to be appreciated for what it is: absolutely amazing.

The ornate high ceilings, polished staff and sophisticated vibe of est. restaurant are what you'd expect from arguably the best restaurant in the city. The crowd is well-to-do fund managers in sharply-cut suits and middle aged couples out for a special-occasion meal (being old, perhaps?) – a refreshing counterpoint to the standard toolset you'll find wandering around the Ivy and other Hemmes-owned spots. Once seated by a robot-perfect *maitre d'*, the Dom Perignon cart rolls over: may I interest you in some champagne? No. Perhaps one day, but not today.

The five-course chef's dinner menu is the hot pick, but not the cheapest, especially *pour deux*, so a cashed up relative makes for a fitting dining partner. First up was

sashimi of ocean trout with grapefruit and ponzu. Unlike the rubbish you pick up on King St, this is real sashimi: the rarest wild tuna, a marvel of velvet texture and luxurious flavour (a wanky description, yes, but also kind of true.) The second course, an explosive ginger-laden steamed snapper with cucumber and abalone was, for a bland looking dish, startlingly impressive.

A pair of deep pink grilled prawns coated in goat's feta and chorizo was worth ten prawns anywhere else. The juniper-crusted saddle of venison with chestnuts and semolina gnocchi was a decadently rich main. But the highlight of the night was chef Peter Doyle's signature dish – a silken, foamy mass of passionfruit soufflé, executed with textbook perfection. Even the espresso and *petit fours* to wrap were outstanding.

When Terry Durack, a restaurant critic, wrote he was 'reduced to tears' in a Michelin-starred dining room in Paris, it's easy to think: what a sissy. But (though I didn't cry) experiencing the food of a well-seasoned professional at the top of his game is, on a strictly special-occasion basis, not only worth the money you pay, but probably much more. Here's hoping est. likes this review and shouts a meal *Honi's* way.

STUDENT FUNK STUNNER



Mayan Bird

The top end that's tops

Michael Krasovitsky travels to the little capital that could

In Sydney, it's easy enough to dismiss many Australian stereotypes as *passé* and irrelevant. In Darwin, it's almost impossible to escape them.

In many ways, Darwin is taken straight from a tale in a colonial adventurer's diary. For starters, for most of the year, it's exceedingly hot – at some points in January, temperatures can hit upwards of 45 degrees, with 90% humidity.

Next, all around you are "real Australians", Sheilas and Bruces. Though far from bogan, much of Darwin's nightlife and cultural scene is in fact terrifically sophisticated, these Aussies make your skinny jeans seem almost as stupid as your attempts to hide your enormous sweat patches. Territorians don't sweat the small stuff like fashion, grooming and civility. Indeed, how they could sweat any more is a matter of some uncertainty. They're real, tough and sure about themselves.

At the same time, Darwin is full of surprises. Mindel markets, on most weeks in the dry season, are fantastic. There are a number of fantastic restaurants at the wharf and in surrounding suburbs like Casuarina. Plus, you're only a couple of hours away

from beautiful Kakadu, whose stunning landscapes cannot fail to blow you away.

Surprisingly, many of the clubs in Darwin are also pretty amazing, particularly Discovery or the local gay bar, hilariously named Throb. If neither of those tickle your fancy (though I'm not sure how you couldn't be even a little tempted by Throb), then head down to one of the hundreds of Irish pubs throughout the city. Though your drinks will be far from *haute culture*, the friendliness of the locals, and the looseness that any accomplished traveller feels after ten to twelve vodka red-bulls will mean you enjoy yourself.

Finally, it's worth noting that Darwin is one of the most exciting cultural melting pots in the country. As you walk down the street, you can't help feel a little proud of our country. There is such a wonderful mix of people: Aboriginal Australians, immigrants from almost any part of the globe, but notably South-East Asia and the Mediterranean, and of course, other Australians who have been drawn to Darwin by its charisma and inexplicable charm.

Fashion

It's Jean-ius! Jacinta Mulders

It's a bit of a fashion no-brainer that jeans are the epitome of versatility in the fashion world. Whether you're into the acid washed/artfully ripped vibe of Bondi's darlings, the inner west navy staple or wear your gritty washes rolled up and punk, nothing screams youth quite like a good dose of denim.

King St, Newtown.

Is there anything that King St does not have for the burgeoning uni student? Swing by Local Derby for a sweet range from Swedish label Cheap Monday that won't break the bank but will still kit you out in high quality (and super stylish) denim. A few blocks up and across the road, Maple does a roaring trade with all inner-west wannabe trendies, but I prefer the more chilled out vibe at Derby where the staff members are also considerably nicer. Towards the station and right near Zanzibar is vintage hub Cream which sell a great range of old school cuts.

Nudie 35 William St, Paddington.

I resisted the Nudie onslaught for as long as I could. I was however enlightened by the perfect pair of black 'High Kais' that I seriously never (and will never) take off. You'll find these treasures tucked away in a small store in William St, Paddington, but you can also pick them up at David Jones, General Pants and Maple on King. Nudie jeans are so versatile that

they'll add a shot effortless cool to any outfit, and after a couple of wears will fit you like a glove. The 'young and artsy' feel of the store is not too contrived and all the staff members I've encountered have been unfailingly sweet and helpful.

That Store 128 Oxford St, Paddington.

In my opinion, That Store is the quintessential jean shop in Sydney. The store's entire aesthetic is fully focused towards one objective (as cliché as it sounds): providing every customer with their ideal jean. Inside this wood panelled paradise, jeans are selected on the basis of quality and cut rather than pricing or reputability of labels; a feature which essentially means you'll find the biggest names in cult denim couture – Acne, Superfine, Ernest Sewn – folded neatly next to the humble Levis. On the knife point of international fashion, you're also likely to stumble upon unique and experimental takes on the classic cut; think waxy finishes, subtle sparkle infused black and distressed detailing. Truly the pot of gold at the end of the denim aficionado's rainbow, the only thing to be wary of is the formidable effortless chic of the staff members.

THE TIMESLAYER



THE WEEK AHEAD

//THREE THINGS WE'RE DOING THIS WEEK

1. Sitting in Victoria Park, enjoying this unseasonable burst of sunshine
2. Drooling at the new Johnny Depp movie, *Public Enemies*
3. Going to see the dugongs Pig and Wuru at the Sydney Aquarium

Baristas!

Bronwyn Cowell spoke with those people who deliver you your shot of life of a morning...

1. How do you take your coffee?
2. What's the weirdest coffee order you've ever had?
3. Do you believe in decaf?



Daniel, Ralph's

1. Double shot short black.
2. Shot and a half weak soy flat white, extra hot. You can't do a shot and a half.
3. Nope. Ralph's rule no 1 - no decaf.



James, Badde Manors

1. I drink ristrettos
2. Half hot choc, half chai. She was a little strange.
3. Not, not at all. It's the anti-coffee.



Corie, Clipper Cafe

1. Strong flat white, or short black. I start every day with a short black.
2. Decaf soy latte with honey and hazelnut. That's not a coffee, that's sugar in a glass.
3. No. It destroys the point of having a coffee.



Anakin, Toby's Estate

1. Just about every way. Ristretto, piccolo, flat white, siphon, drip filter...
2. I appreciate all types of coffee.
3. Yeh, definitely. Whether it's a heart condition or whatever, at least you're still drinking coffee.

COLLEGE

It's called alcoholism in the real world

Alice Blain wonders what life will be like on the outside.



What? This is what we wear to lectures. Deal, bitches.

As I embark on my final semester at college, five-sixths of a degree tucked haphazardly under my belt, I am trying to remember why exactly it was that I subscribed to this ridiculous institution that, despite advertising otherwise, has caused me to take one step forward and many blurry ones back.

Three years ago we were drawn in by promises of bright futures as the children of tomorrow, but as we sail towards the end, I, along with many others in the same Titanic-esque boat, are starting to wonder what exactly we're going to do with our lives when we leave these hallowed halls.

See here's the thing, us college folk, amidst the partying and excessive drinking which you were once so very jealous of, have failed to acquire a number of life skills. Like learning to ride a bike, if you don't learn when appropriate, it only gets more difficult the older you get.

Take cooking a simple meal for example. Every night we come home to a (questionably) cooked meal and as a result I am more than certain a number of my fellow Women's collegiates will be searching for the bain-marie spread in their new homes, only to find the cupboard is filled with Meigoreing.

What's worse is that since arriving at college our social skills, general poise, and appearance have taken a severe turn for the worse. Upon returning home for the holidays my family and friends often think that I've been in outback NSW rather than the prestigious University of Sydney. My drawl often matching that of someone who has been in the pub for three days straight even though I'm certain I'm completely, if not partially sober.

As a number of us "valedicts" embark on our next stage of life you can therefore imagine my concern as to how we are going to fare in the real world. How are those who attend St. John's going to team a flannel shirt with their corporate suit? And more importantly, how are the Paul's boys going to quell their tight pink shirt-ripping and bare chest fetish in the workplace? I'm more than certain Macquarie Bank and the like do not condone such behaviour.

That said, I think all of us at college are wondering whether it is kosher in the workplace to clear the office partitions on a Wednesday night, create a raging dance floor, have a blinder and return to work as normal on Thursday morning - even though our shoes are stuck to the floor and the air screams of regret.

All jokes aside I see myself sitting at the dinner table in five years time wondering where these glory days have gone. I'm sure I'll wash down my half cooked pasta disaster with a drop of cask wine (that's what they call it in the real world right?) and know that they're best, safe and sound,

where I left them.

With my bachelors degree nearly under arm I, along with my fellow battlers, will soon walk into the wilderness that is the real world and wonder why it was ever a great idea to trade our clothing with a complete stranger donning a raincoat, ski goggles and gumboots at the St Andrew's College Rubik Cube party on Wednesday night. Ah well, I guess if nothing else we'll be prepared for the monumental workplace shit storm that is heading our way!



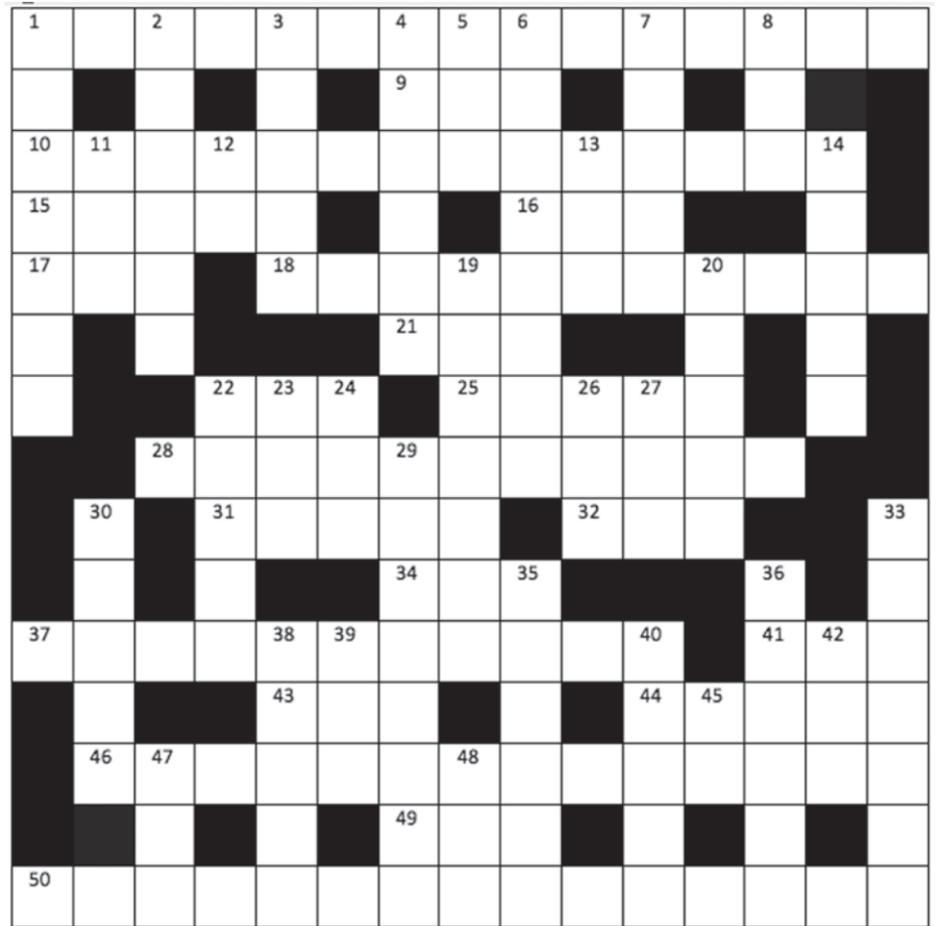
HONI CRYPTIC

//ACROSS

1. It's a shame I can't find this shoe I put back. (3,3,1,3,1,4)
9. Former Soviet countries sin haphazardly. (1.1.1)
10. Returning number sequence can't include any integer. (5,3,2,4)
15. Debase Île de la Cité at the start, before the video display. (5)
16. Hilarious return. (3)
17. Old name sounds negative. (3)
18. Coming back to religious doctrine – Worship Me! (5,1,2,3)
21. The round without a buzzer is not home. (3)
22. Reversed shallow fryer is asleep. (3)
25. Hack the mainframe (legally) with a piece of wood. (3,2)
28. Unsuccessful Vice-Presidential Candidate (or Python), with Mr Cod!? I confuse everything by going back and forth (and the key to this puzzle's theme) (11)
31. Your cow impression contains an alien, so don't leave me out! (3,2)
32. Briefly, the yearly decision maker is broken. 'That's Life!' (1.1.1)
34. How natural is that water? It sounds like a clock. (1.1.1)
37. Abel's Brother: Returns to kill again and again! (4,1,6)
41. To's partner has giant hair. (3)
43. A bird and a fool? Let's go back. (3)
44. You sound like the king, Monsieur Jenkins. (5)
46. Love Mona watches the grain storage unit, before returning. (1,4,4,1,4)
49. Broken sleep pattern, well, um.... (3)
50. The vehicle, the dude and the percussion instrument up a two way street. (1,3,1,3,1,6)

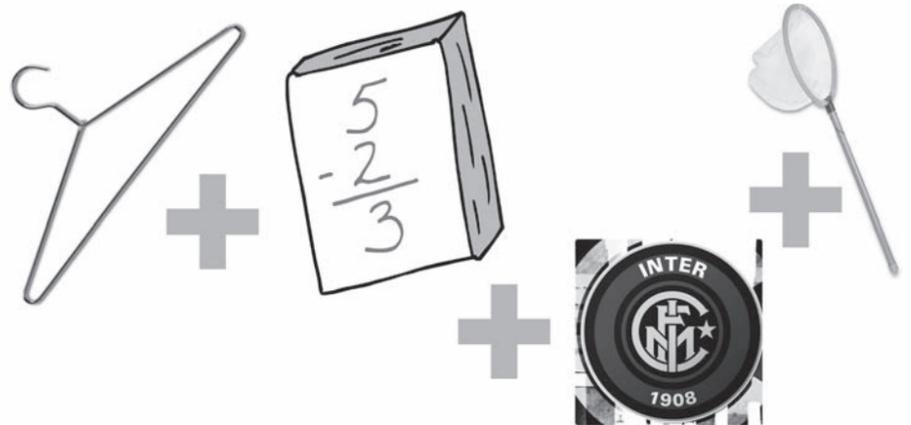
//DOWN

1. The inhabitants are a dectet of soldiers (7)
2. Displayed above Vista. (2, 4)
3. Inflated and broadcast. (5)
4. No! I dig crazy violet. (6)
5. Conceal while greeting Danika. (3)
6. One who excludes and baffles a Rio slot. (8)
7. Wolfmother ripples a lake (5)
8. Spanish Cheer confuses starsign (3)
11. Madam, I'm Adam's girlfriend (and a hint to this puzzle's theme) (3)
12. Raised train, briefly. (2)
13. Sounds like Rogers is a Bourbon. (3)
14. Starting at midday there won't be a soul around (2-3)
19. Aussie actor Rhys almost thinks about a sand hill. (7)
20. Go back two beats. (5)
22. Hindi person's name, as defines their backwards nature. (5)
23. Story without the hot drink is an alcoholic beverage. (3)
24. A hole for the younger, nearly. (3)
26. A small Indian state is a kind of leaver. (3)
27. I can't believe it, then I meditate, then I can't believe it! (3)
29. Shore leave redecored Satan toe (3,2,3)
30. The expert surrounded the commercial Madrid art gallery (5)
33. Singular Japanese car in reverse. (1,6)
35. Mice? An acrobatic theatre. (6)
36. If arc a blend, then it's a continent. (6)
38. 28 Across' opposite, with no idea. (2,3)
39. Farrow never returned from the war. (1.1.1)
40. Schumann, endless red wine (5)
42. Romanian \$\$\$, just about on a lucky streak (3)
45. Genius symbol on the periodic table (2)
47. A field for the endless Shakespearean King (3)
48. Cacodemon close to asking money (3)



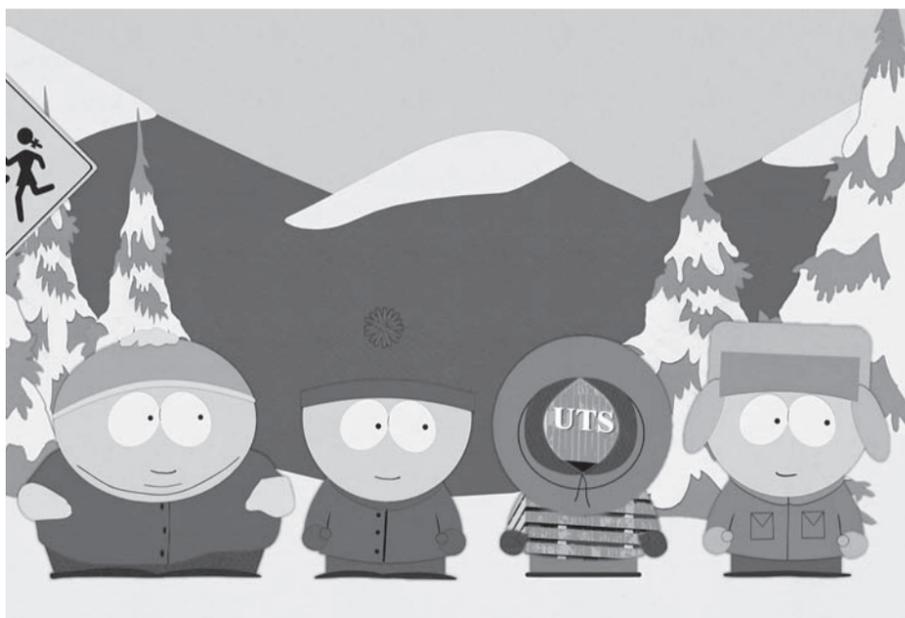
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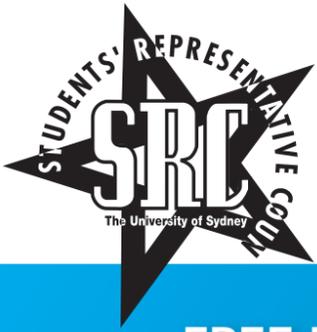
PUZZLER



SUDOKU

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





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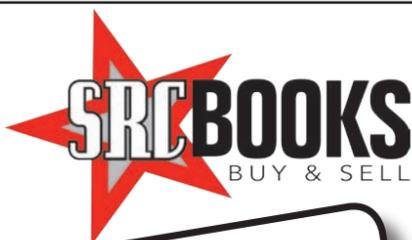
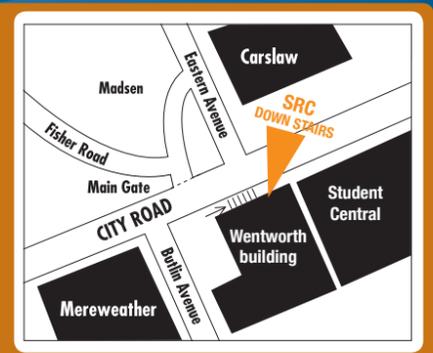
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