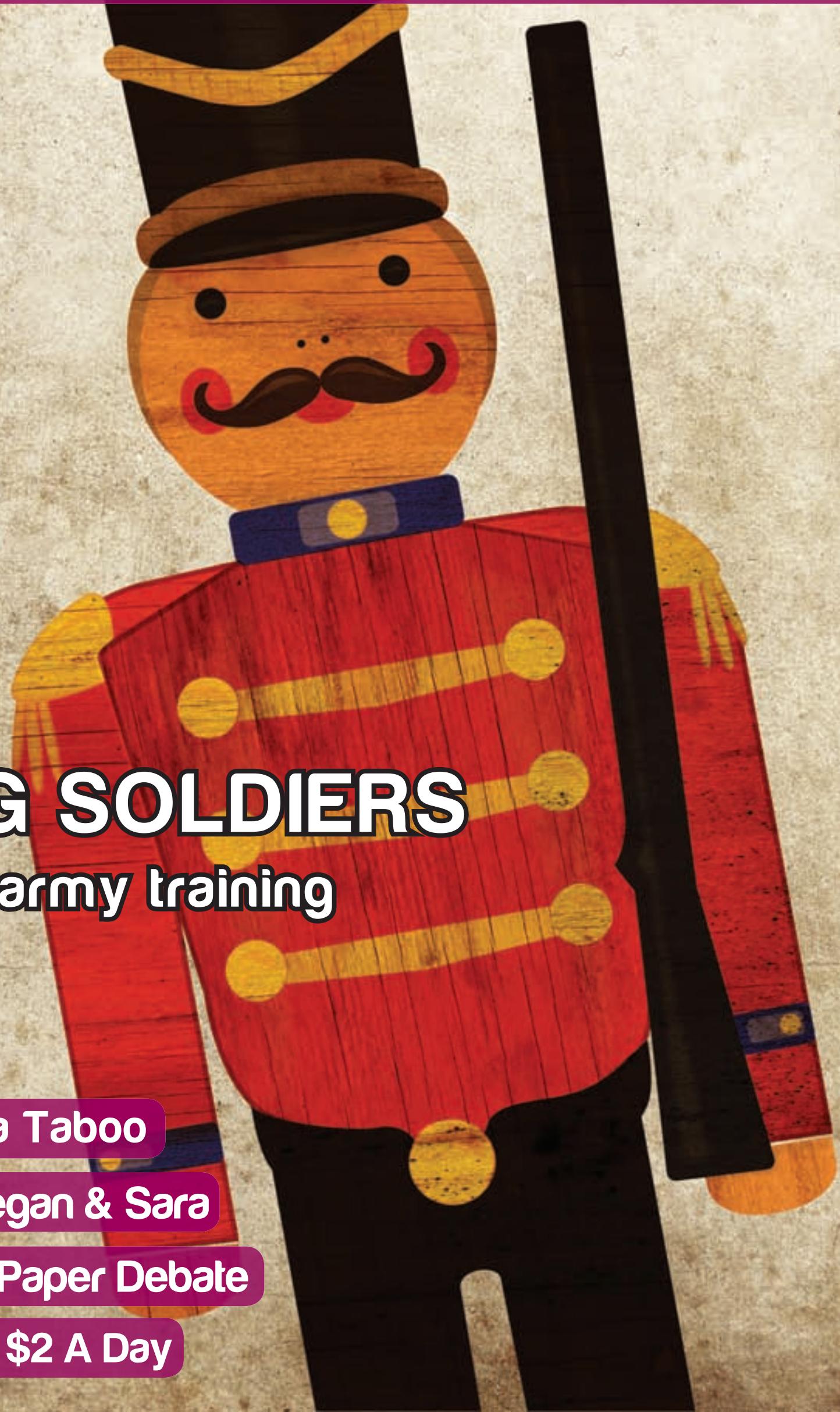


Honi Soit

SEMESTER 1 WEEK 7
21 APRIL 2010



PLAYING SOLDIERS

honi goes to army training

+ The Last Media Taboo

Interview with Tegan & Sara

Uni-Cycle: Green Paper Debate

Gauntlet: Living On \$2 A Day

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21 APRIL 2010

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WITH UNHURRIED CARE"

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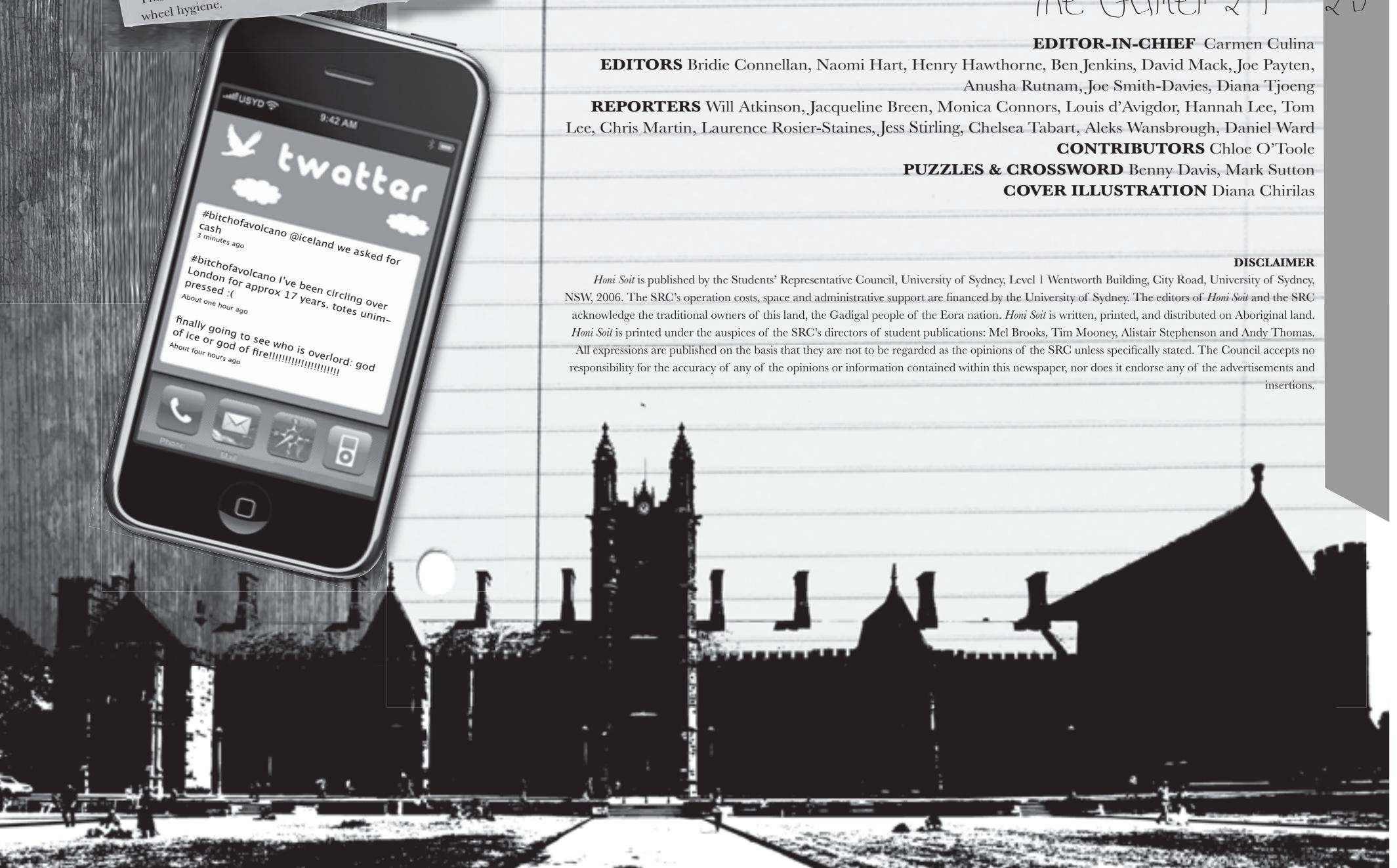
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Campus coverage?

Dear Honi eds,

I am disappointed with the coverage of campus news in your publication. It boggles me to see that you have had a spread on Obama, and a spread on the relevance of the Commonwealth, all the while some of the most important changes to this University are being discussed and debated. What I am referring to, of course, is coverage of the University's Green Paper prior to the close of submissions on Monday 19 April. Things that happen on campus like this are important for students to be aware of, and it is a part of your duty as a group elected by the student body to inform and engage students on these issues.

The Green Paper, in particular, is a document that has significant proposals that will change the shape of this University, and this is something that I had hoped that you – as engaged, smart and funny students – would write about because it concerns you and your peers. It is easy to leave such debates to the students who are heavily entrenched in politicking with the University: the Officers of the SRC, SUPRA, and the Directors of the University of Sydney Union. This should not be the case. Particularly when it concerns real change to the tone of the University – proposing changes in enrolment size, structure of degrees and Faculties, and most concerning for me, a shift in the power of who chooses and has control over the commercial services on campus from student organisations to the University – these all have elements that will impact upon the way we, as students, experience life at Sydney Uni.

I campaigned for your ticket because I believed that you would cover news that was relevant to students in a funny and engaging way. I had thought that you were getting involved in the University like other students do: because you have a love for the place, but also because you want to see it a better place. I know this not only because I know you as individuals, but also because you also proudly spoke about your involvement in University life when you were running for the honour of editing *Honi Soit*. I find it strange then to see that none of you have reported on the Green Paper and its implications, given that you have all benefited greatly from the support of student organisations on this campus.

It is with a heavy heart that I have noted that your paper has been devoid of this coverage of a massive juncture in the University's history. Leaving such reporting to the SRC and SUPRA Pages is not adequate, because I wonder how many students do read these pages (sadly, I think not enough). I truly think that you as an editing team would have the capacity to present an engaging, funny, clever and critical appraisal of the Green Paper to the student body. As the only weekly student publication on this campus with the capacity to report on what is happening at the University in a timely and relevant manner, it is disappointing to see that you have failed to do so.

Kind regards,

Courtney Tight
Vice President, University of Sydney Union

Some things never change

Having just returned to USYD for the first time since 2005 to undertake a Masters, it's good to see that some things haven't changed e.g. 'procrastination' articles, gratuitous expletives and Elly Howse - is it just me, or

has the current SRC Pres been in the job since 2005 - are they giving life positions out to labor left/right now?

Unfortunately, other things have changed for the worse such as an obsession amongst lecturers with tacky power point power-business-esque 'presentations' and electronic essay submission, WEBCT and youtube clips... And, where are the demonstrations?

Please try to publish less right-wing pieces, such as those praising the monarchy and Obama and that annoying college boy Oli Burton's alleged achievements, and more like the Mundine interview.

How about an article on Rudd's disgraceful decision to 'freeze' afghan and tamil asylum seeker claims?

Regards

Lorry MA (App Ling)

Internet Freedom

Dearest Honey Soyd,

In regard to Matt's hand-writing histrionic letter about the necessity of internet filtering he's missed the basic implementation issues in his flurry to be a white knight for those hurt by words. Words can sometimes be bad, I dig, some stuff is illegal but you can still view it on the internet, I grok that too. The point is the internet in its current state is basically impossible to censor. The internet sees censorship as network damage and routes around it. For fuck's sake it was designed to resist a direct nuclear attack. We've seen this constant war of attrition in regards to DRM, it's going to be kicked up a notch when it comes to free speech. Giving the government the keys to the kingdom in regards to what is considered appropriate is a dangerous, dangerous path. I know trots aren't the biggest fans of free speech, but this is a complete fucking joke.

Love and Hugs

Dan Nolan
Engineering V

Once more, with feeling

In Matt's letter regarding your very fine article on internet censorship (published on 17 March), he disturbingly contends that governments have a particular responsibility to censor material on the internet. He dismisses free-speech arguments about the implications of censoring the internet as 'dubious and unconvincing'. Various forms of expression are currently criminalised and prohibited, such as spouting sedition advocating the violent overthrow of the present political system. The distressing element of Matt's argument is that it treats the internet as an especially worrying domain, requiring specific constraints on what can and cannot be published.

Matt seems to imply that people are more susceptible to being seduced by material promoting hatred or violence on the internet than in other forms of media. This is empty rhetoric, premised on an age old fear of the new and unfamiliar. The internet is a medium of communication that requires regulation. The case for filtering child porn is unassailable. It is, however, necessary to keep in mind that child porn is illegal regardless of the medium through which it is produced.



EDITORIAL

Ah, the poorly located week seven, unfortunately wedged between the all too distant memory of a week's 'break' and the daunting prospect of innumerable impending assessments. We've got two spiffing features this week; a pertinent glance into the media's coverage of suicide, and a mud-stained ode to adventures in the reserve (p.12 &13). You will also find the usual regulars wrapped in a comely technicolour package (thanks again for the ad Melbourne uni).

The prospect of winning *On Lawmanship* seemed to spark a tidal wave of letters, with one of our readers expressing a real concern about Honi's approach to uni news. We agree that Honi plays a key role in keeping students aware of matters that face them so those who don't identify as being political still know what is going on. After several weeks of prep, our special report on the University's planned take-over of USU's commercial operations (p. 18), is a timely and comprehensive response to many of the concerns raised at last week's crowded open forum at Manning. Make sure you check this one out- it is big, big news.

This is the third article that we have published on the Green Paper: the first canvassed and summarised some of the highest profile issues when it was first released, and then in the previous edition we looked at how the Paper has proposed changes to the Usyd admission

Matt's ideal internet censorship scheme seems to go further than that proposed by Senator Conroy. Information considered 'dangerous' should be filtered by a Winston Smith style bureaucrat. Society's very existence, according to Matt, is premised on this occurring. The case for an internet filter that prevents people downloading child porn is unimpeachable. The notion that an internet filter that reposes broad discretion in a government, of any stripe, to filter material deemed by it or the amorphous category of 'society' to be 'dangerous' is unwarranted and troubling. Democracy is strengthened by its capacity to refute arguments about the suitability of the current political system via the medium of argument itself. Democracy is undermined by censoring or 'filtering' speech.

Phil Boncardo
SRC VP

p.s. Nice work with the website *Honi*. Looking forward to its launch in Semester 2! Perhaps Welfare Officer McGirr could volunteer to ensure that material that undermines the stability and relative peace of Australia is not published on it? Though I know you'd never do anything like that. Except maybe Henry. He has crazy eyes.

Tai - One-China!

Dear Honi.

Mekela's article on the WorldMUN Conference smacks of blatant political bias, masquerading as fact. The author calls Taiwan a "state", talks of the "Taiwanese government" and the "Chinese government" as if Taiwan and China were two separate countries and refers to the "President of Taiwan" - when President Ma's actual office is President of the Republic of China.

Before passing off as fact your personal opinions about Taiwan, you should consider that the vast majority of the global

scheme. The Green Paper has also been extensively reported on in the SRC pages (try having a proper read of them every once in a while, your reps are doing a really fine job).

It's been great to produce an Honi laden with uni news: there have been articles on (among numerous others) accessibility for students with disabilities, important changes to the university's anti-discrimination policies, and the radical JD proposal which will be replacing the current Graduate Law program. We've also published stories about student successes at, for example, debating tournaments and Model UN events, not to mention reporting on SUDS plays, music and comedy gigs and galleries/museums/ art spaces on campus. We devote more time to discussing and sourcing uni news articles each week than we do for any other section of the paper.

We welcome (nay, relish) critical feedback of Honi. If there is something you want to see more/ less of, please, we implore you to let us know (or write something up & send it in). Your letters not only feature on our letters page, (and go into the running for awesome prizes we chance upon in the office) they also inform our approach for future editions.

Thanks for taking the time to write.
Carmen Culina

community, including the UN and the Australian Government, recognises that there is one China, that Taiwan is part of that China, and that the sole legitimate government of China is the one with its capital in Beijing.

James Sin
BCom/LLB (II)

Procrastinators unite..tomorrow!

I was going to write some witty response in defence of the glorification of the time-honoured procrastination (Issue 5). However I decided that Facebook provided a more valuable use of time. While I do not agree with your opinion, that attempted to take down something that uni students have perfected over long non-studying periods, I would prefer to see what is happening on *Survivor* next week than generate a researched response. Power to those who feel that the work can be done tomorrow (and here's to hoping tomorrow never comes).

Regards ,

Angus Abadie
Economic and Social Sciences/ Law III

No, Man.

I would just like to let Ian Mack know that I don't appreciate being told to 'get stuffed' at the end of his article (Edition 5, 14th April).

Lift your game, Ian.

Jonathan O'Bannon
Economics/ Law III

Love mail? Hate mail? Toe nail?
SEND IT ALL TO
honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au
Next Week's prize: A fresh copy of Ben Peacock's true tale of survival, *Lessons from my Left Testicle*.



Union Board campaigning (kinda) begins

Anusha Rutnam is non-plussed. Union electioneering started early this year with a change in regulations meaning that candidates are allowed to create private Facebook campaign groups as of 12.01am on April 19th. So it begins.

Broken window horrifies campus

Anusha Rutnam was shattered.

In breaking (or broken, perhaps) news, one of the panes of glass in the law building has, well, broken. Not shattered though, it's doing that cracked thing where it looks like it could collapse at any moment. The pane is of a medium size and sits nine across and four down in its grid. There hasn't been any word on what caused the damage to Usyd's shiniest new addition, but this writer recalls how once on *The Block* a mirror cracked because it was too tightly screwed to a wall. Did something similar happen here? It would be impossible to say for sure without asking someone, and that seems a high price to pay for a rather boring story.

Sir Charles Nicholson, you bastard

Bridie Connellan unmasks the true identity of the University of Sydney founder.

New research into the real identity of the co-founder of the University of Sydney has revealed Sir Charles Nicholson was in fact the illegitimate child of a labourer's daughter, and not the landed gentry he has been assumed to descend from.

Michael Turner, Senior Curator of the Nicholson Museum has published a brief version of his findings in the Sydney University Museums newsletter in an article entitled 'Mystery on the Yorkshire Moors: The Humble Origins of a Great Man'. Originally armed only with details of Nicholson's medical degree from Edinburgh University from which he graduated in 1833, Turner's three-year investigation into Nicholson's past has revealed Australia's first hereditary Baronet was in fact not a descendant of the distinguished Nicholson family

SOC IT TO ME: SYDNEY UNI DRAMATIC SOCIETY: ALL WORK ALL PLAY

Laurence Rosier-Staines is all-writing, all-directing and all-purchasing of sets.

Where are the rest of the actors?! Where the hell am I going to get a stand-alone door without destroying our fragile budget? Antonio I booked this rehearsal room yesterday, don't you dare kick us out! I'll wrestle anyone in the crowd for the use of this space.

The play in question is *A Czar is Born*, a comedy I wrote while I was supposed to be doing other things. It was the second SUDS (Sydney University Dramatic Society) slot at the Cellar Theatre this year. Perhaps you saw it. This is what it was like to put it on.

The thing about directing your own work is it means that there's no one to hoist up by the lapels while shrieking "Who wrote this drivel?!" (at least, no one justifiable). It's like Past Laurence sabotaging Future Laurence by deciding not to fill up the car, making Future Laurence late and getting him fired (when in reality I have neither job nor car). For example: as a writer, you think

"Okay, so at this point maybe Morris gets put into a box!" But then, as a director, you find that you now have to actually find a box, pay for it, pick it up and store it, for thirty seconds of stage time. "I'll see to it that this writer never works in this town again!"

Easily the least desirable part of directing any production is the logistical side of things – it makes me wish that in addition to 'director' there were also such thing as a 'logistor', whose only purpose would be to ease the burden imposed by a cast of thirteen. Thirteen is, after all, a bigger number than it appears, particularly when each number denotes a person with a schedule of snowflake-esque individuality that clashes immeasurably with everyone else's. So you need to prioritise the scenes and organise them with everybody who's available, then you need to bring in the band and work with THEM too (I was also in the band). Next time I'm going to make 'logistor' a real word.

Singing! Choreography (or facsimile thereof)! Blocking! Lighting! And all of it to be done while sharing the performance space with other productions. Yessirree, it's all a rich tapestry of activity, but the single most rewarding part is definitely the creative element itself: working with the actors, fleshing out ideas and watching as they stagger to life like an unholy beast. And when you've been drinking with them, had impromptu dance parties in the middle of rehearsals and unintentionally seen them naked (oh mercy), you can't help but think of everyone involved as your depraved second family.

There were pitfalls, oh yes. We had to sell a few concert tickets. Some of us only got to see the second half of *Sweeney Todd*, which was cruelly on at the same time. But ultimately, *A Czar is Born* was the only production I know to have had *two* after-parties. And that says something. What that something is, I'm not so sure.

Finally, to forestall *in print* any further questions of this nature:

Q: Why on earth was it called *A Czar is Born*?

A: This interview is over!

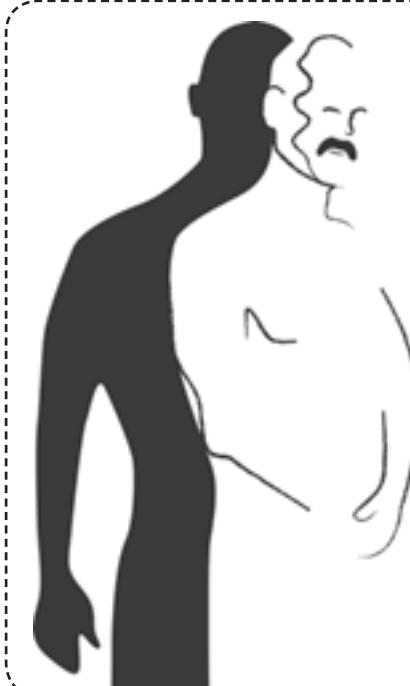


You crafty boots Charlie boy.

to follow up, the very stuff of a Jane Austen novel." However despite a sense of romantic idealism in this field, Turner's speculation ends with a staunch admiration for an orphaned child who managed to obtain a medical degree, co-found a University, succeed as the first speaker of the New South Wales Legislative Council, and receive a knighthood. The question Turner poses quite fittingly; "What then had inspired the man to such greatness?"

Turner's research since 2007 has also developed the currently-showing exhibition Nicholson: Man and Museum at the aptly-named Nicholson museum, which marks the 200th anniversary of the founder's birth in 1808. The showcase of this ambiguous figure's artefacts and paraphernalia runs until December 2010.

With current speculation as to the amount of students admitted to the university from disadvantaged socio-economic circumstances, the revelation that the University's founder was in fact an illegitimate child of working class descent comes at a rather coincidentally interesting time. Whether the Sydney University marketing and public relations team have flagged this yet is merely hypothetical.



THE STALKER

Well, well, well, studying late on a Thursday evening in the Fisher Access Lab I see. Me too. Studying you that is. Oh yes, my darling, you're a subject worthy of an essay. I note your long blonde hair, and bright green shirt - its long sleeves denying me the pleasure of the soft, tanned flesh of your long, slender arms. But cotton doesn't stop me from memorising the fact of your smooth legs, which dangle tantalisingly from the bottom of your khaki short shorts.

I re-read you slowly, again and again, ensuring that I don't skip over any essential detail as I construct my argument: you, my blonde princess, are dynamite. That's what I call a high distinction.

I can't make out what it is you're studying, but no matter. I'm more interested in your

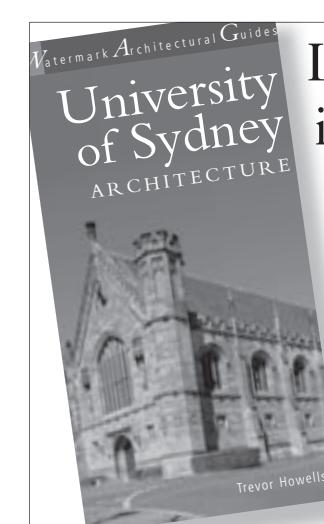
copy of *Honi Soit*, sitting unopened on the desk beside you.

"Pick it up", I want to say, "and read me". I consider the beautiful symmetry of sitting at computer number 23 reading you, while you sit over there at computer number 32 reading me.

But alas, it wasn't meant to be. Not tonight anyway.

THINK you were stalked this week? Send a photo of yourself to honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au and we'll ask this creep if it was really you.

If correct, he won't kill you.



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The Psychology of Superheroes

Mekela Panditharatne wears her undies on the outside. Let's explore that.

Perhaps Superman's creator Jerry Siegel called on divine assistance when he made the prediction that a sensitive man with a penchant for tights would eventually become society's ideal paradigm of strength and masculinity. Today superhero films reap in millions at the box office, with the recent film *Kick-Ass* proving yet another hit. Yet the enduring popularity of superheroes comes down to more than just an escapist desire for immortality and heroic feats. For all the gloss and shine, there is a good deal of darkness, insecurity and fear that plague the protagonists of these thrilling tales. Alter egos, violent tendencies, and addictions to lycra – what would a psychologist today make of some of the most infamous names in popular culture?

Batman, for example, has long attracted attention as the bad boy of the superhero world. Flirting with darkness and danger, Batman displays classic anti-social behaviour perhaps born of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, a consequence of seeing his parents murdered as a child. His subsequent development of a split personality may have allowed him to reconcile both his inner egomania and clinical depression in an esoteric though irritable persona clad almost entirely in black (much like the modern emo, though much more muscular and in bat form). And we mustn't forget to add Coulrophobia – fear of clowns – to the list of mental maladjustments.

Another interesting case study is Wolverine from the X-Men series. The X-Men have often been compared to such persecuted groups as Jews or African-Americans, however a character like Wolverine arguably bears more in common with concealable stigma populations who must construct a sense of 'self' without explicit social feedback,



Captain Moobs and his sidekick Bearpuppanda always felt UNSTOPPABLE.

and negotiate an identity that is under constant threat of being uncovered. This constant turmoil manifests itself in seductive self-doubt, rugged self-rejection and very often in shirtless aggression.

Spiderman is another hero who is plagued by identity crises. Social anxiety and feelings of inadequacy drive Peter Parker to construct an alter ego that is the exact counterpoint to the wallflower and geek that he is. Witty, agile, and almost nonchalantly brave, Spiderman may well allow Peter to surmount the failings in his personal and professional life by way of a textbook dissociate personality disorder.

Now while this may all seem nonsensical and far-fetched, which, to a degree of course it is intended to be, in 2009 *Rolling Stone* magazine published an article detailing the existence of real life superheroes, or 'homespun caped crusaders' who assume identities as true modern superheroes, with original names and elaborate costumes to boot. Many of them sprung up in the post 9/11 period, such as Green Scorpion, a masked avenger from Arizona pointed out, "What is Osama bin Laden if not a supervillain, off in his cave, scheming to destroy us?"

A World Superhero Registry listed online provides information on most real life superheroes. An Indianapolis superhero called Mr. Silent notes in his entry, "I can't say if I will ever fight an army of giant robots or a criminal mastermind. I just don't know."

This could well be Freud's idea of heaven.

What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?

Daniel Ward hates it.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* (when not sending intrepid reporters to 'investigate' all-male colleges) routinely conducts a survey to identify Sydney's ugliest buildings. I would have no hesitation plumping for our very own Jane Foss Russell Building (JFRB).

The JFRB is a recent addition to the landscape. It has won several architecture awards. But then, Barack Ulama won the Nobel Peace Prize.

What if the JFRB were a cement and glass version of the woman herself? What could we say about Jane?

She has cheap taste and garish clothes. Design reviews suggest the JFRB's green façade "takes its cue" from the heritage fig trees on the main part of the campus. If those trees have really turned the colour of that façade, they should see an arborist. And the lime greens and fluorescent oranges inside? These must have "taken their cue" from a complete set of Stabilo Boss highlighters.

Jane is also wasteful. What is the quasi-foyer next to the University merchandise shop? Why are its walls covered in giant TV screens? Do science students catch up on their *Oprah* before heading down to the library? Perhaps *Oprah* relieves the eyeballs: the neon greens of the sci-tech library may be as noxious as they look. The VC's brainchild, the Green Paper was doubtless conceived in that library.

Jane's scattiness is also worrying. One is consistently lost in the JFRB, and the building doesn't quite know where you are either. Am I on Level 2, 2R, 2F, 1R, 1F, or 6? Am I on any level at all? Or is this a mezza-mezzanine separating two other mezzanines, themselves split into upper and lower?



What a plain Jane. Pity.

Jane rarely completes what she has started. Surely the bridge over City Road is a work in progress. I speak particularly of the inchoate awning. The funds must have run out. Diverted to a re-marbling of the VC's office.

Likewise signage. No doubt the designers are not at fault. But how long will we rely on laminated paper?

Poor Jane also has a lazy eye. Nobody knows where she's looking or whom she's addressing. Visit any "level" of the JFRB and ask yourself whether you're in an atrium, someone's office, a staff meeting room, a children's playground or a toilet. The answer won't come easy.

She is also endowed with an unhealthily large number of orifices. Dr Sandra Kaji-O'Grady, UTS Head of Architecture (an unenviable academic posting, to be sure) describes it enchantingly as "visual porosity". But porosity makes the JFRB no easier to penetrate, and it's no easier to pull out.

Dr Kaji-O'Grady further opines: "The value of a little creative chaos in the workplace has become one of the mainstays of business management, but few [architecture] practices have so successfully adapted this idea for the academic environment." Who knows how creatively chaotic it gets in the Scholarships Office, but "chaotic" is certainly a word for the building.

Granted, the JFRB is not a communist high-rise like UTS. But in its own way it captures the essence of central planning: weird theories, weirder schemes, catastrophic results.

An Ungodly Saviour

Aleks Wansbrough gets enlightened.

The constant debate about god frequently embarrasses believers and atheists alike: Hitchens often sounds harsh and Dawkins sometimes preachy. I'm an atheist and I don't always like Dawkins' approach to religion. That's why A.C. Grayling's lecture on religious faith at the Sydney Opera House on the 7th of March was a breath of fresh air.

Grayling, an English philosopher and self-proclaimed atheist, has published prolifically and lucidly on a number of important subjects; and his lecture on the 'Almighty' exhibited great oratory.

He began by disentangling three debates concerning god. There is the ontological debate: simply put, does god exist? Then there is the disagreement as to whether



The Holy Grayling
the law should be religious or secular: should religious organisations, for example, receive tax exemptions? And finally there is an ethical debate about religion: is god necessary to live a good life? It was this ethical debate on which Grayling expounded.

Critically, Grayling sees ethics as larger than morality. Whereas morality concerns other people, ethics does not have to: according to Grayling, ethics

encompasses morality and aesthetics (specifically, the sense of beauty). He provided an example: the colour that one decides to paint one's house is not a moral question since it does not involve other people, but it does reflect on one's ethics.

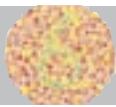
Ethics, according to some religious people, require a belief in god, but for Grayling the opposite is true. Grayling is fond of Socrates' statement that the unexamined life is not worth living. And an examined life to Grayling is essential to an ethical life. If one does not think for oneself, one abides by ideas originated from other people, becoming their shadow, not living one's own life and failing to set one's own standards for a good life. His argument is that since religion consists of commandments and rules often hostile to inquiry, it is antithetical to an ethical life of examination.

For me, Grayling's most interesting proposition was a genealogy of religion.

He asserted that early humans gave natural elements, such as the sun and wind, an agency or consciousness. But that as human society developed, with a system of government, nature was no longer seen as having consciousness in itself. Instead gods *reigned over* nature and humans, rather than *being* nature.

More vital to the present discussions about religion, Grayling alleged that religion is declining, but that it still exerts a disproportionate influence on public affairs, which he implied is its dying sigh. Grayling mentioned that statistically not many people in Britain attend church and yet on the BBC there are several programs on religion every day.

Whether or not Grayling is correct about the decline of religion and whether or not leading an examined life is necessarily inconsistent with subscribing to a faith, atheists are lucky that there is a respectable and reasonable philosopher ready to tackle religion.



The Usual Suspects

ROAD TEST

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKERS

Monica Connors can achieve anything.

As loneliness and alienation have become widespread, positive-thinking has become a multi-million dollar industry. From its beginnings with Napoleon Hill to new fads like *The Secret*, self-help techniques can be both popular and controversial. Motivational speakers go on tours, release books and DVDs, with each professing to have the strategies to help you lead your best life. But with a plethora of speakers promoting their own brand of life philosophy, it is hard to know whose advice to follow. So with so much guidance available, just who should you listen to?

Anthony Robbins

Once you get past the white teeth, those shorts and the Tom Cruise-esque jumping, Robbins' thinking is strangely persuasive. Like most motivational speakers, Robbins emphasises the power of the individual but suggests happiness is simply meeting basic needs. These include having both certainty and variety in your life, feeling significant and connected, and contributing to society. His fans include Al Gore, Erin Brockovich and Bill Clinton, who says that Robbins teaches the most critical lesson for everyday living; realising you have choices in every circumstance and make up your mind as to how you will respond. I want to be motivated by Robbins but really it all seems like too much effort.

Deepak Chopra

Dressed in trademark black with spivvy glasses, Deepak Chopra is a frequent guest on Oprah and Larry King and has become a celebrity in his own right. Though a medical doctor and a specialist in endocrinology, he promotes a lifestyle of alternative therapies based in Hindu tradition and Ayurvedic medicine. Chopra believes you can train the mind to think more positively through meditation, helping others and fostering better social relationships. His 'Ten Keys to Happiness' include being intuitive and 'listening to your body's wisdom', ignoring the external and living in the present. While some of Chopra's ideas are nice in theory, most are plain old nutty. He believes that humans can levitate through meditation and that positive thoughts can physically heal the body. Hence, nice but nutty.

Chris Gardner

Chris Gardner is most well known for his memoirs titled, *The Pursuit of Happyness*, which turned into a film starring Will Smith. In his motivational talks, Gardner uses his personal story as inspiration for his audience. Transforming his life of homelessness and soup kitchens into pin stripes and Wall Street brokering, he states, "For reasons I can't begin to explain, I knew with every fibre of my being that the world of trading was it for me". Gardner insists that self-belief was the key in his achievement and stresses the importance of education in achieving goals. Perhaps because his talks are based on his real life achievements without spiritual or other embellishments, I have found Gardner to be the most authentic and inspiring of the three.

Wanderlust

Chelsea Tabbart wrote to Santa from a Mexican bus...

It was the 24th of December 2010. Usually, on the 24th of December I'm a huge Christmas enthusiast. Diana Ross' *Very Merry Christmas*, our one Christmas CD, is a ghastly kind of brilliant, and my delightful family grudgingly listens to it on repeat all night. I do the 24-hour mall thing. I wear red. A Santa figurine with a rotating candle mans our door.

This 24th of December, however, I was in Mexico running through the cobblestoned streets of San Cristobal de las Casas. It was 8.36 pm. My overnight bus to Mexico City was leaving the other side of the town at 8.45 pm. San Cristobal is small - but for three weeks I had been eating the one thing my vegetarian,

monolingual self knew how to order in Spanish - tortillas with beans and potatoes, so I made a poor candidate for a Usain Bolt-esque sprint to victory. By bewildering chance, I found a cab. I sprinted into the bus station. It was 8.45....and, as is often the case in Mexico - nothing was really happening.

The bus arrived at 9.15 pm. I presented my ticket and wandered (completely unnecessary neck pillow, honey candy and unintelligible Mexican fashion magazines I'd purchased in the previous half hour in tow) to my allocated seat at the very back, window side.

Soon enough, my seat companion for the next 18 hours emerged. He was a Mexican gentleman, approximately 6 foot tall, of ample proportions and between 30 - 40 years of age. He was wearing one of those loose black rain jackets that give off the 'kill you, cut into

Colour blind tests and rainbows brought to you by the people who paid for a colour ad (below right)

little pieces and stuff you in a duffel bag' vibe and was holding a whole roast chicken.

He sat down, and with a nod, proceeded to eat the entire chicken. The process took about 45 minutes. There was less than a handspan between us. At about the 40 minute mark I suddenly realised that he had no infrastructure with which to dispose of the chicken carcass. He had a plan though. He placed the carcass between our feet, drank two entire litres of Fanta and fell promptly to sleep.

I didn't sleep at all. I was much too far from Diana Ross, and much too close to my new Mexican amigo. My compadre awoke just as we pulled into Mexico City. As we left the bus he spoke for the first time in our 18 hour acquaintance. 'Feliz Navidad', he said. Merry Christmas.

just put it on credit.

Hence why it sucks even more when your thriftness is thwarted. The flipping ants stole my Mexican doggie bag. Bastards. Time to try and improve on today's cash. With little faith in poker machines, I trusted a Scratchie. Imagine that, a \$20,000 win in the week I spent less than an hour's wage. But you know what 'Big Top'? Screw you. The failure induced me to give 30c to a homeless guy. Weakened but not defeated by the morning's scratch, I was determined to cook a household dinner. And did. 60c pasta provided a meal of Spartan kings for my entire hut. Just try and break my spirits now, 'Big Top'.

Day 7. The final throng of dollar duo budgetry. A little lesson in café etiquette for the cash-depleted. I needed to use a local haunt for study but I would need to purchase something to sit. But after accidentally counting out only \$1.50 in change for the day, my faith in human clemency was restored as my hosts took pity and sold me a cut-price biscuit. After this lavish purchase, a final effort of being a dirty dirty barnacle involved pilfering fries from a buddy's Manning burger, with mustard being a saucy luxury. This glamourous lifestyle was swiftly losing its schmick saving sheen.

But at last, enter Wednesday. Cashed up y'all. With the return of my plastic, the week of woe was done and dusted. First mission on the day of dawning- must buy breakfast for all who assisted me along the way. It seems spending only \$14 in one week is dandy if you have generous buddies around to nourish you but it makes you feel like a moocher. Did I even learn anything? Next time, no charity and no freeloading. Now I just can't bring myself to pay any higher than \$5 for a meal.

Bridie Connellan

THE COIN & THE DAMAGE DONE

- Day #1: \$1.60 bus ticket
- Day #2: \$2.00 carrot, soup, bottle of tonic
- Day #3: \$1.00 carrot & bread roll, \$1 towards half-finished rice
- Day #4: \$1.60 yoghurt, \$0.20 2 x red frogs
- Day #5: \$2.00 packet of corn chips
- Day #6: \$1.10 Scratchie, \$0.60 pasta, \$0.30 for homeless guy
- Day #7: \$1.50 shortbread cookie
- TOTAL SPENDINGS: \$12.90 in 7 days. Nice.

THE GAUNTLET

THE CHALLENGE: Spend only \$2 a day for an entire week

THE RULES:

- The \$2 cannot carry over and a new amount begins each day.
- Eftpos and credit cards must be surrendered to a safekeeper.
- No requests (i.e. 'Friend, please buy me a coffee for I am feeling faint.')
- Charity is acceptable if not requested
- No paybacks or lends
- The \$2 may be improved upon over the course of the day but only through gambling your precious coin or finding money.

On the dawning day of frugal fun, there were serious doubts about my survival. Naysayers hush! Undoubtedly this exercise was going to be about priorities, for example whether a cup of tea had more value than a bag of rice, or if I was willing to beg a bartender for a \$2 G&T.

Day 1. It was time to talk this over with someone who would undoubtedly see this as a 'character building' experience. Over a cider with Daddy-O, a by-rule of this challenge was thus established; I could disclose the nature of the challenge to others. Essentially this had the effect of inducing more pity, yet less social awkwardness. I wouldn't have to order water over a beer with foot-shuffling embarrassment.

With 40c remaining, walking home was the only financial option. The evening meal saw every vegetable in the house roasted including the mysterious onions on top of the fridge which possibly saw the Obama election. Frugal mezze.

Day 2. Discovery of an old Travel Ten = win. Ants consume leftover avocado = fail. After two days, it was evident that pity was a force to both exploit and feel terrible about. Several dear friends took the 'sad and sorry' approach and purchased me coffee for my sustenance. But this kind of charity was not to be tolerated. To the supermarket!

One carrot, a can of soup, and a bottle of tonic later, things were looking up.

Day 3 I discovered a relatively untapped resource: graduations. With

at least four ceremonies per Friday, free sandwiches and champagne flow in the Quad, all you need do is embrace someone in a gown and you're fed and drunk.

The success of this mission was largely due to mid-semester break and my installment at the workplace, where the temptation to spend was replaced by preoccupation with the unappetizing stench of customers. With a mere carrot and a bread roll my body began to move past hungry. By 9pm I had salvaged the remnants of a friend's manky rice. Classy. Sufficient.

Day 4. Prime nourishment for nada. A skerrick of goat's fetta, a smidgeon of brownie, a slice of Pink Lady; Saturday markets are what dollar-hoarders call 'life de high'. At the midway point of this thrifty task, I was hedging all bets on a friend's birthday that evening, with a yoghurt and a surprise charity coffee comprising daily nutrition. So with the prospect of cake for dinner, my final sustenance was two red frogs.

Day 5. What childhood dreams are made of: cake for breakfast. With Edition 5 of *Honi* in the bag and a fine reason to celebrate, 'twas time to be *muy muy borracho* with a fellow editor throwing a Mexican feast of sheer wonderment. My mother would be horrified if I were to go empty-handed, thus the priority today was being a good guest. My precious coin found itself dedicated to corn chips, with the delightful addition of a housemate's leftover lemons. But beverages you say? Found my Peach Juice in the SRC from months ago. Still in date. Score. Suckers, you drank it.

Day 6. Now, when you only have a \$2 coin in your pocket (not \$2 and a savings account) prices become bold and leering. You can't afford a coffee. You can't afford a beer. You can't afford a sandwich. You cannot physically pay for and place money on the counter for something above this amount, despite the natural assurance that if all else fails



COUNTDOWN

**Chloe O'Toole is rollin' down the street smokin' endo,
as she counts down the best rap lyrics. She fly.**



**"So I roll through good/
Y'all pop the trunk, I pop the hood, Ferrari"**

'Good Life', Kanye West/ T-Pain (2007)

Kanye finds a new way to show off by reminding us that Ferrari engines are in the back. Bet it doesn't have as much storage as my Toyota Yaris, though 'Nye.'

10



**"The body of a dancer, we had chemistry 'cuz she
was a Cancer"**

'Go', Common/ Kanye West & John Mayer (2005)

Girl: "Hey Common, want to dance?"

Common: "What's your astrological sign?"

Girl: "Aquarius"

Common: "Sorry, baby maybe later during the next Transit of Venus!"



**"Said she loved my necklace, started relaxin'/
Now that's what the f**k I call a chain reaction"**

'Money Ain't A Thang', Jay-Z/ Jermaine Dupri (1998)

As far as rap puns go, this is pretty good. Clever, and truthful too. I know that I feel extremely calm at the sight of a nice piece of jewellery. Don't you?

9



"I like the Whopper, fk the Big Mac"**

'It Takes Two', Rob Base & DJ E-Z Rock (1988)

Sensing the release of George Ritzer's landmark 1993 book "The McDonaldisation of Society," Rob Base decided to make a profound statement about the increasingly powerful symbol of globalization and capitalist rationalization. Either that, or he just prefers to eat Whoppers.



"Banks is cooler than the other side of the pillow"

'I'm So Fly', Lloyd Banks (2004)

In the rap game, it's pretty hard to think of an original brag. But Banks makes a unifying statement with this one. Regardless of how many people you've got in your bed (loads/some/none), or how many diamonds you're wearing (loads/some/none), we all flip our pillows over to get the delicious cold side.

8



**"Only thing missin is a Missus.
You ain't even gotta do the dishes, got two
dishwashers."**

'Excuse Me Miss', Jay-Z/ Pharrell (2002)

Ohhh yeah, that's right ladies. Count them: TWO dishwashers. A good lesson for us all; want to get your very own Beyoncé? Just have slightly more whitegoods than the next man.



**"Laid back while we sippin' on a Breezer/
Fresh 4-pack sittin in the freezer"**

'This Girl', Pharrell/ Snoop Dogg (2006)

Who knew Snoop Dogg was a seventeen-year old girl? OMG! See you at Greenwood on Thursday Snoooooop! Lol!

7



**"Well I'm peepin', and I'm creepin', and I'm creep-
in'/ But I damn near got caught, 'cause my beeper
kept beepin"**

'Nothin' But A G Thang', Dr Dre/ Snoop Dogg (1993)

Poor Dre. Cheating on your spouse has become so much easier since the invention of the mobile phone. However, keeping a constantly beeping pager on does make me think that he might actually be a Doctor.



**"Broken glass everywhere/ People pissing on the
stairs, you know they just don't care"**

'The Message', Grandmaster Flash (1982)

While this song is actually quite profound and incredibly important in rap history, the phrasing of this line always makes me laugh. "Hey you know Steve?" "Yeah." "Well I saw him pissing on the stairs the other day." "Yeah I heard he just don't care." "Such a shame."

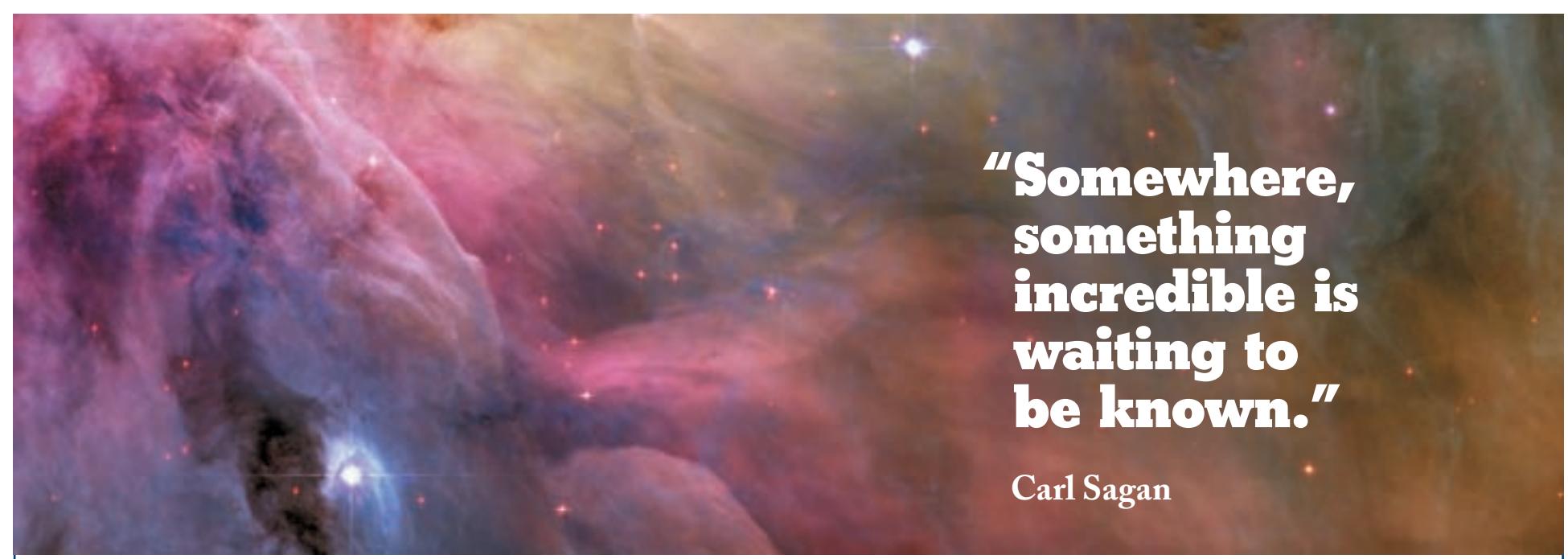
6



"Have a baby by me, baby! Be a millionaire"

'Baby By Me', 50 Cent (2009)

Forget University, kids, here's a new career goal. Have 50 Cent's baby; be a millionaire. Just don't make me read your business plan.



**"Somewhere,
something
incredible is
waiting to
be known."**

Carl Sagan

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SRC MEETING

At the 13th of April SRC meeting Tim Scriven put forward a motion for the council to retract its endorsement of the same-sex marriage campaign, taking particular issue with inter-sex and transgender marriage being absent from the campaign's objectives. Speaking on behalf of the Queer Collective, Scriven said that he was disappointed about the limited goals of the campaign. He also suggested that 'queer marriage' was a more suitable term than 'gay marriage', which is currently used widely in the campaign. Matt McGirr was among those who were hostile to Scriven, stating "I'm homosexual and I oppose this motion." SRC President Elly Howse expressed her disappointment at the fact that heated argument over the motion prevented any proper discussion on the matter.

CALL THE COPPERS

Pat Massarani has expressed his concerns about copper piping being left unattended outside the SRC. The Union Board candidate personally approached SRC President Elly Howse and informed her of the recently thriving copper black market, even offering an estimate of how much the SRC's hoard of the stuff might be worth.

Anusha Rutnam



David Mack thinks Doyles sucks.

There are some things in our city which really live up to their reputation: the majesty of the Opera House, the view from Taronga, the shoddiness of the State Government. Then there are those parts of Sydney which are constant disappointments: the acoustics in the Opera House, the cost to get into Taronga, the shoddiness of the State Government. Now we can add to that list Doyles in Watson's Bay.

While a discussion of Doyles might be more appropriately placed as a restaurant review in the Arts Hole, that would deny me of the chance to tell you what a disappointment this place was for our city as a whole.

First of all, I don't eat there often. In fact, last week's lunch for my brother's birthday was the first time, and seeing it was a special occasion and I was feeling slightly cashed up from work I decided to splurge and ordered the famous fish and chips...for \$39. That's right, \$39.

Hermes: Don't shoot the messenger

Will Atkinson flags the proposal to kill Australia's oldest literary journal

Disappointment and anger has followed the news that the Union Board is considering discontinuing its literary journal, Hermes, this year.

The proposal for this significant cut to the publishing activities of the Union comes from Hon. Sec., Giorgia Rossi, and will be discussed at a Board Meeting this Friday.

Whilst discontinuing Hermes requires a vote by the Union Board, the decision not to call for an editing team on Rossi's part as Hon. Sec seems a clandestine move to place the publication on the backburner this year before the Board deliberates. She claims, however, that there is 'a bit of flexibility' on this point.

The history of Hermes in its various forms is inescapably entwined with student media at the University. Founded as a student magazine in 1886, and featuring in its early years the editing talents of poetic luminary Christopher Brennan, it was the main student publication until the founding of the Union Recorder (now defunct) in 1921, and this fine publication, Honi Soit, in 1929. After becoming inactive for a few years in the seventies, it returned in the guise of a literary journal, a role it fulfilled admirably until this year.

The issue with cutting Hermes is not so much the end of more than a century of student creativity, which is no small loss in its own right, but the regrettable shortsightedness of a Union marketing and communications department obsessed

Everyone from Bill Bryson to *The New York Times* has written about these fish and chips, so I figured it would be at least worth a try, even if it meant forgoing dinner.

Alas, it was not to be. I was presented with a serving so scant and pathetic I thought they had accidentally served me a child's portion. I was informed they had not. The fish was unremarkable and the chips soggy, and I was left gazing longingly at the fish and chip shop on the wharf nearby, hankering for a proper serving at a quarter of the price.

The restaurant itself is tired, with paint flaking and cramped, dirty bathrooms, and the atmosphere is anything but upmarket in spite of its reputation. The service was scattered with our meals arriving at different times and one poor chap even spilled a drink in the lap of my brother's girlfriend. To compensate for all this, we were given some freebies: a desert platter, and three extra servings of fish and chips. Apparently, what I had paid \$39 for, was good enough to be given away for free. Go figure.

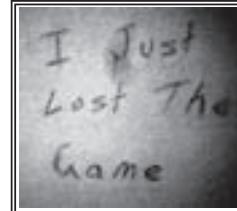
Either Doyles is a shell of the place it once was, or we as a city have a serious culinary vacuum. Either way, it's pretty depressing.

with rationalizing the very things that make it worthwhile. The journal's launch during the Verge Arts Festival is an eagerly awaited and well-attended event, and contributions have been strong each year. Ridding itself of the burden of the highly useless Union Recorder after 2008 was almost universally welcomed as a cost-saving measure, but the potential loss of Hermes leaves no comparable publication in its place, beyond smaller society-based publications.

The continuing claim of the Union to be a world-class student organisation must be taken with a grain of salt when it removes such a well-known and valuable publication from its activities. I, for one, am struck with a bit of poetic ennui.

Shit Talk

Lewis d'Avigdor wants to play.



Scrawled across the back door of a toilet cubicle on level two of the new Law school these six simple words have the ability to send anyone into an existential pit of angst and self-recrimination. Let me tell you about the game. It's very simple.

Rule 1: You are now playing The Game.
Rule 2: Every time you think of The Game, you lose.

Rule 3: Loss of The Game must be announced, generally by the phrase "I just lost the game".

This last rule means that the loss is collective. If someone else loses the game, and is obligated to tell you, you too have now lost the game. The game is impossible to win. You can just lose less often.

The Game is played by millions. According to the UK paper, The Metro, a high school in Ohio has banned The Game due to class disruptions and threatened violating students with suspension. The prohibition backfired as students littered the school with loss-inducing notes. Clearly The Game has the potential to be a revolutionary force.

According to www.losethegame.com, some players believe The Game ends once the Queen of England announces their loss on national television. Others say only Chuck Norris is capable of winning and ending The Game.

The Game taps into a deep existential angst of mine. My greatest fear is not dying – but it is related. I am terrified that I will be lying on my deathbed and my last conscious thought will be, "FUCK I JUST LOST THE GAME!"

Anyway, you are now playing The Game. And you've just lost.



stop saying that, you're embarrassing yourself: DOUBLE JEOPARDY

David Mack gets it right the first time.

Getting general knowledge from popular culture usually doesn't hurt anyone too much. Usually. But when murder and lengthy prison sentences are involved it's probably best not to put too much faith in Bruce Beresford's 1999 masterpiece *Double Jeopardy*, starring the stern Ashley Judd and one of the sexiest women of the 90s, Tommy Lee Jones- err, wait.

So, Ashley Judd's husband has been 'killed' and she's been 'framed' for his 'murder' and she's been sent to 'jail'- well, she is *actually* in jail. She calls up her son and who does she hear down the phone line? HER FUCKING HUSBAND. SHIT. GONNA. FLY.

Thankfully, she soon receives a little pearl of legal wisdom which will guide her revenge plot and the next two hours or so of mildly-plotted action. "Listen up," says a fellow inmate. "Ever hear of double jeopardy? Fifth Amendment to the constitution? It says no person can be convicted of the same crime twice, the state says you already killed your husband right? So, when you get out of here, you track him down, and you can kill him. You can walk up to him in Times Square put a gun to his head and pull the fucking trigger and there's nothing they can do about it! Kinda makes you feel all warm and tingly inside don't it?" It does indeed! A free pass to murder someone sounds amazing, right? Yes, it *sounds* amazing but it isn't really. It's actually a little bit bullshit.

The basic tenet of double jeopardy is that no one can be tried twice on the same set of facts. *On the same set of facts.* Either you've already been acquitted or, in Ashley Judd's case, been found guilty, but either way your guilt has been determined on that set of facts, not some new set. So if Ashley Judd has already 'murdered' her husband on a boat, she can't then go and murder him (for realz) in Times Square and expect the law to be indifferent. She will still be arrested, tried, convicted and go back to jail. Did she really think the framers of the constitution would build in a free pass to murder someone? Somebody should probably let her know – Oh wait, too late.



Hi, I'm Honi Soit, you must be Tegan & Sara

Joe Payten had a spot of girl talk with one half of the sisterly duo on the cusp of their Australian tour.

Tegan Quin sounds remarkably fresh and upbeat over the phone, considering she's only been home for one day since November. After a hectic schedule across North America, and a tour of Australia approaching fast, for many amateurs the fatigue would surely be setting in by now. But as a veteran pop musician, Quin is showing no signs of tiring. "It's a good break for everyone right now, but really, touring is a bit of a luxury these days," she tells me. "With 12 years of experience, we handle the rigours of touring better. We map out breaks, we book places in advance. Now that we're older we're much more firm about what we'll do, and what we won't."

I'm finding it hard to reconcile the voice I'm speaking to with the Other Tegan that is half of the eternally youthful sister duo Tegan and Sara, the act responsible for a unique brand of pop that provides teenage girls with an indie alternative to the Avril Lavigne of the music spectrum. It is easy to forget that Tegan and Sara have actually been making music for more than a decade. Across 12 years they've released six studio albums with commercial and critical success, performed at most of the world's significant music festivals and had songs covered by The White Stripes. Tegan and Sara thus find themselves in an interesting predicament- they've grown older, and most of their audience hasn't.

Tegan and Sara first appeared on the Australian musical radar in about 2005, with the release of their critically acclaimed and commercial breakthrough album *The Con*. The record was a hit around the world, with the duo's simple, infectious hooks and heartfelt lyrics satiating the appetites of those with a desire for power-pop with an eccentric edge. Australian radio took a healthy interest in their sound, something that Tegan notes as an important step for the fan base they've built over here. "Our support in Australia really came overnight," she says. "On *The Con*, we had no support from our label over here. But then Triple J featured the record and when we came over here, all of sudden we were moved to much bigger venues." The platforms provided by the explosion of sites like MySpace coincided well with the

duo's emergence, enabling them to gain attention from a more global audience. "The internet probably helped us the most," Tegan acknowledges. "It was so important to bands like us, who didn't have major label support on an international scale."

Long before they became the accomplished pop success producing albums like *The Con* and their latest effort *Sainthood*, Tegan and Sara Quin were just two 17-year-old sisters from Calgary, Canada who decided to start making music together. In 1999 they independently released their first album, *Under Feet Like Ours* (under the name 'Sara and Tegan' – they later decided the current name has a better ring to it). It was a catchy, quirky and eclectic mix of tracks. Comparing such early material with their latest release, a clear process of maturation shows. "We were only 17 when we wrote our first songs," she reminds me. "When we make records now, it's a really different process. We're so much more confident in the studio now we actually know what we're doing. I think maturity has a lot to do with it, growing older necessarily means you have more experience to draw on, more relationships."

The recording process on *Sainthood* was part of what gave it an individualised sound. "On *The Con*, we didn't add any bass or drums until the end, the recording process was really quite disjointed," says Tegan. "*Sainthood* was entirely different, we worked out everything before we went in the studio, and then recorded as a five piece for a month." Using this process for the first time enabled the duo to capture on record what has made them so well known and loved – their live shows. "Doing everything on the floor gave a different energy to the record," she says. "Generally our records don't compare to our live shows, but this record sounds more like a live show. For example, on the tracks written by Sara, she used to record all the harmonies separately, but live we would both sing them. We've captured that on *Sainthood*."

Interestingly enough, while being sisters, Tegan and Sara had never actually written a song together until this latest album, which features a number of co-written tracks. "I didn't know what it would be like at first," Tegan said of the



The twins realised that textas were a rather aesthetically pleasing weapon of combat.

collaboration process. "We've sent music back and forth to each other before, but we've never sat down in a room and said 'Let's write a song.' It was weird at first, but once

clearly passionate. "We were on tour when Haiti happened, and felt like we had to do something about it," she says. "We managed to raise \$40,000, which was amazing, it's

"There are definitely a lot of teenagers [at our shows]. On the tour of the States we've just done, Sara and I felt like babysitters."

we got the hang of it, it became really useful." On which method she finds better, Tegan is still undecided. "The biggest difference with collaboration is that a lot of editing and producing gets done at the same time, so the production process is more efficient."

Of course, age, experience and reputation built on an impressive 12 year career, provide the freedom to pursue things outside of 'Tegan and Sara'. "I'm working on some other projects during this break from touring," she explains. "We're printing books right now, making another music video, and doing some writing for other artists."

One thing they have always

made time for is charitable works.

"We've been fundraising for 12 years, generally for lower profile organisations, raising money for all sorts of groups," she tells me. "It's never huge amounts of money; we feel like it's more beneficial to give to smaller non-profits." The pair became particularly involved in Haiti after the recent crisis, a contribution they felt was very important.

I ask Tegan what she thinks of those critics who say musicians working together to raise awareness about such issues are merely tokenistic. "Anyone who criticises is an asshole," she replies,

nice to know how generous people are."

As far as their upcoming tour of Australia goes, Tegan is clearly excited. "We're really stoked to be coming back, it's like a second home," she says. "The weather, the people, the food, the shows; we love the whole package." If American crowds so far are any indication, the demographic for the Australian shows will be pretty young. "It's different everywhere, a portion of the audience will always be fickle, but there are plenty who stay with us," she says. "There are definitely a lot of teenagers. On the tour of the States we've just done, Sara and I felt like babysitters."

Ultimately Tegan and Sara's greatest achievement is that they have managed to make their distinctive brand of music palatable to the masses, by unifying catchy power-pop with their musical originality, and this brand continues to draw the next generation of teen listeners into their world. Their trajectory as a maturing band may be predictable, but, as Tegan puts it bluntly, "We don't want to make music that no one likes." They don't appear to be at any risk of that.



SOUNDS JACK CARTY

Chris Martin plays musical chairs with Sydney's newest acoustic noodler.

For an ambitious young musician, Jack Carty has a frighteningly clear sense of direction. The talented songwriter's confidence shouldn't be mistaken for arrogance, though, as he tells me – "I'd like to be able to pack out the Enmore Theatre, don't get me wrong... but there's a difference between fame for fame's sake and just being well-known for doing something well."

The signs are promising for Carty so far. After the October release of his debut EP, *Wine & Consequence*, Carty won the 2010 MusicOz award for Acoustic Singer/Songwriter of the year. With the awards known colloquially as the 'independent ARIAs', Carty's achievement is a hint of happy times to come.

That's not to say that Carty's songs avoid the darker subjects. The EP's title track yearns for a romance lost abroad, as Carty sings, "*If I could, I'd scream aloud 'til she came running back/ but London's much too far away for that.*" On the 'emotive solo singer/songwriter' scale, Carty sits somewhere in the space between Paul Dempsey and Josh Pyke.

It's other famous musical names, though, who Carty has impressed so far. He's shared stages with Tim Freedman and Pinky Beecroft, the former frontman of alt-rock *enfants terribles* Machine Gun Fellatio. Last year, Carty supported American Joshua Radin at Manning Bar, with favourable reviews.

But Carty takes more pleasure in simply

performing alongside his mates, such as fellow independent songwriter Isaac Graham. "It's almost like we're all family, you know – we're all jamming together, writing songs together, playing each other's songs, playing at each other's gigs. That's one of the coolest things."

Carty believes the 'communal spirit', will ensure that live music survives in this city, despite high-profile venue closures. "I think you've just got to be tenacious and put yourself out there," he says. His advice to younger artists is to take every chance they're offered – even the "really shitty gigs". Carty is all for grass roots gigs; "Someone will be like, 'Hey, do you want to play on my front lawn?' 'Yeah, sure!'"

Carty has barely had the time to take stock of his success, to the point where his former group – the tremendously named Jack Carty & The Party – was never officially disbanded. In losing members to Melbourne and other musical pursuits, Carty "just started focusing on the solo stuff for a while... I'm sure we'll all come back together one day."

Still, The Party will have a hard time hailing Carty down for a return, if his current work rate is any indication. Over the next month or two, Carty will tour from Sydney's Excelsior Hotel all the way up to Cairns and back again.

The middle of the year will deliver a debut Jack Carty album, with its songs already written and recording underway. However, in testament to



Jack Carty does pensive well.

his perfectionism, Carty is delaying the release until after a writing pilgrimage to the U.S. where he'll work with Dixie Chicks collaborator Dan Wilson. "If they turn out to be really good songs," Carty says, "I'd like to put them on the album."

What Carty is certain of is the musical direction the release will take. "The EP was the first time in my life that I've ever listened to a record of myself and gone, 'Yeah, that sounds like me', and I really want to keep that feeling... I think that's a really important thing as an artist." Pausing, he adds, "But at the same time, I'm trying to grow as a songwriter."

If this confident young man from Bellingen has his way, that maturity will result in more success on a grander scale. Have his achievements thus far attracted the kind of screaming fans who throw their underpants at him during gigs? "Not quite," he laughs. "I've never had underpants, no. At least not on stage."

www.jackcarty.com

CANVAS WILDERNESS

Jacinta Mulders walks on the wild side.

Wilderness, currently exhibiting at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, seeks to bring together some of Australia's best contemporary painters in order to examine ideas of nature, the wild, and our relationship with both.

Wilderness also seeks to explore those landscapes which exist in our minds and imaginations, materially represented in the exhibition works through natural forms. This multiplicity of existing landscapes becomes apparent while wandering through the exhibition space; each painting seems simultaneously contemplative and elusive, as if something subtle is at work behind the trees, animals and figures which emerge from layers of paint.

The clear standouts are two pieces by Del Kathryn Barton, *We too have been there, though we shall land no more* (2009), and *Come of things* (2010). Both works are impressive in scope and detail, using colours of astonishing range and intensity to shape contours that are sometimes precise, sometimes ambiguous. For Barton, the landscape and human forms are completely unified to create a mythological dream scape

where everything is related; women adorned with flowers and moss-like forms are connected by brightly coloured veins to birds, nipples and feathers to create a landscape that is simultaneously exultant and unsettling.

Not confined to one genre or mode of representation, *Wilderness* contains paintings of striking variety. Michael Zavros' minute oil paintings depict hyper-stylised 17th-20th century gardens radicalised through intense colour and meticulous precision, while Nigel Milsom's semi-abstract birds in emerge from matte darkness through graphic strokes of white paint.

Although impressive in range and display of technical skill, the works which



Del Kathryn Barton, *We too have been there, though we shall land no more*, 2009
Andrew Browne, *Curtain*, 2008

SCREEN ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Hannah Lee is wondering if it's worth the fall

It's hard to gauge whether Tim Burton fans will buy into the visionary director's take on Lewis Carroll's classic tale. Taking a hard, sharp plunge into a rabbit hole of CGI characters, recognizable to anyone who had a childhood, Burton reworks *Alice In Wonderland* into a whole new 3-D experience that packs epic adventure, weird and wonderful imagery and aspects of the original story we may not have remembered or even heard about. Jabberwocky anybody?

Unprepared for the adult world existing outside the rabbit hole, nineteen-year-old Alice (played by 20 year old Australian actress Mia Wasikowska) returns to the whacky world of madness that is Wonderland with no recollection of her first visit. How convenient considering this is Disney, and Burton's perfect excuse to revisit, but this time, rework such a fantastical location pregnant with visual possibilities.

While the film has its moments of inspiring colour, costume and visual direction, it is the predictable and easily resolved conflicts within the story that make it uninspiring. I mean, I'd give Disney writer, Linda Woolverton, a pat on the back for not creating a 3-D, motion capture performance of Disney's 1951 *Alice In Wonderland*, but simply straying from the dangerous path of remake-FAIL does not particularly mean a new story will always be a good story. Nevertheless, the greater sense of depth and detail in the characters, such as Johnny Depp's portrayal of the Mad Hatter and Helena Bonham-Carter's Queen of Hearts, give Alice's adventure a little more substance than the simply crazy versions we had in mind. And it goes without saying; Burton's creativity and dark visual mania is worth a look.

Ultimately if you're going to go down the rabbit hole Burton dug out, be sure to heed this word of caution:

It's not his best.

***Alice In Wonderland* is now showing in cinemas.**

GIGITY

get out of the house, we dare you.

Silent Disco

But, but, but... there's no music on Eastern Avenue. Ah, they're all wearing individual headphones. And yet, they're all dancing to the same beat. I need a young priest and an old priest. The power of silent parties at midday compels you.

**Wednesday 21 April
12pm - 3pm
Eastern Avenue**

PORTRAIT THE ARCHIBALD PRIZE

Jacqueline Breen sees a Wynne-dow of opportunity to meet her Arch-enemy.

Tear up that bibliography and hand in your assignment early, suckers! Citation is for chumps!

Canny fox Sam Leach, recently crowned this year's winner of both the Archibald Prize for portraiture and the Wynne Prize for the best Australian landscape, can tell you a little somethin' somethin' about control+copy+paste. The painter's winning landscape is a dead ringer for Adam Pynacker's 18th century Dutch landscape, and earned the artist and gallery trustees some sticky questions regarding originality and the 'Australian landscape' criteria. Regardless, AGNSW says it's all good, and so with a combined prize pack of \$75 000 Leach is laughing all the way to the copycat's bank. Reference list schmeference list, Leach is bringing plagiarism back.

Jokes aside, it just wouldn't be the Archibald prize without a bit of fuss. The annual award is now charging through its 89th year and usually stirs up some controversy. The winning Wynne is a tiny labour-intensive gem, playing off the utopian bucolic original by adding celestial bodies and spinning the timeframe from romanticised past to idealised future. It is delicate and cosmic, and the whole plagiarism kerfuffle has sparked valuable debates around protocols for visual art quotation and citation. Leach's winning portrait of comedian Tim Minchin is dwarfed by the other contenders, and this intimacy and fragility infusing a big personality is engaging.

There are few stand-outs in this year's portraits; they are, of course, all technically brilliant but none grabbed me

by the gut (although McLean Edward's cheeky portrait of Tim Storrier deserves a high five). Actually it's the Wynne landscapes, traditionally the most conventional subject matter, that feel the freshest. Cobi Cockburn's The Quiet is a still and captivating piece of glass, and Michael McWilliams Rabbitscape made me laugh out loud.

Snaps to you if you can keep your eyes on the prize(s) though. The event is a spectacle, and the people-watching can sometimes steal the show from all the pretty pictures. The award gets massive props for its wide appeal and accessibility, and the mainstream comes flooding in on school busses and seniors tickets. Catch an earful of amateur commentary from HSC drama students or dodge and weave through zimmer frame traffic from the



Tim Minchin puts the finishing touches on his giant sculpture of artist Sam Leach.

blue rinse set. And while I'm whining, the whole cynical experience of art-for-fame-and-prize-money's sake instead of simple creativity can leave you a little cold. Art snob wankery aside however, the Archie is worth it for engaging people in art galleries who might not go otherwise. Fingers crossed they go more than once a year.

The Archibald Prize is currently showing the Art Gallery of NSW.

For a safe winner, go for steamed green vegetables with pork. For something more unusual (and expensive), try the dumplings with crabmeat. And there's an extensive drink menu to wash it all down – the mint-lychee concoction is my pick.

The only complaint I've heard about this place is that the dumplings are quite pricey considering what the humble 'food of the people' dumplings really are in China. Whilst that is a fair point, sometimes you just can't deny your greedier taste buds a victory over your greedy wallet.

Din Tai Fung is located at Level 1, World Square Shopping Centre, 644 George Street, city, Sydney.

OM NOM NOM

DUMPLINGS. And **Diana Tjoeng** visits Din Tai Fung

At a Taiwanese restaurant this good, there is only one clear and present danger: you might just end up burning your sensitive little tongue as you eagerly lunge for a dumpling and plop it straight into your cavernous mouth even though the bamboo container is still billowing a white halo of steam. So, be patient. These dumplings aren't going anywhere.

Din Tai Fung is an empire. The Sydney version that opened up in 2008 was the 41st in the global chain. The large

restaurant is always full, brimming with the din of different dialects while waiters scurry about with impossibly high piles of bamboo steamers. And it's popular for this reason: the staple dumplings are complemented by a variety of palatable dishes that arrive at your table at record speed.

The spicy pork and green vegetable wontons come in a sauce that will make any chili-lover rejoice. The Shanghai drunken chicken steeped in rice wine is a must, and if you're on a budget order some of the (less pricey) vegetable dishes

such as sautéed water spinach. If I had to mention dishes to steer clear of, I'd say that the pork buns and the fried rice haven't impressed me so far.

But, of course, it's the dumplings that are the real draw card. Filled with flavoursome broth and your chosen filling and covered in a delicate sheet of pastry, each dumpling is folded with origami-like precision. Because let me tell you: one false move and these babies fall to pieces. I learnt this when I tried (read: failed) to make some while staying with some friends in the outskirts of Beijing. Dumplings are traditionally prepared on the eve of Chinese New Year, and then eaten as the first family meal of the year once the midnight fireworks have concluded.

SOUNDS THE JEZABELS

Jess Stirling is all about ringing dem 'Bels.

OXFORD ART FACTORY, WITH SPECIAL GUESTS DEEP SEA ARCADE

Now I'm not pretending I'm some music guru, but like the rest of us, I have my opinions about things and I'm not going to lie, when I went to see ex-Sydney uni band the Jezabels on Friday night, I wasn't expecting much. Sure, I'd shown my fair share of love for their ubiquitous 2008 single "Disco Biscuit Love" (which most certainly does NOT contain references to illicit drug taking, kids), but hadn't really heard much from them since then. Now, it is true that one of the greatest joys of my life is seeing a band surpass my expectations, and I'll happily own that THIS surpassed more than my wildest dreams. Amazing. AMAZING. But I'll get to them in a moment.

Support act Deep Sea Arcade was the first surprise gem for the evening, with their tight live sound and energetic on-stage antics seriously showing up their recorded tracks. Their retro, 60s vocals and simplistic guitar riffs are mixed in with a 70s kind of psychedelic feel, and topped off with thoroughly 21st century lyrics (i.e. heavily instilled with what

I like to call 'indie-ambivalence', i.e. somehow achieving a tone of simultaneous youthfulness, anarchy and depression. Wha...?) Imagine if the Kinks had babies with the Beatles' *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club* album, and then married that Sixpence None the Richer song "Kiss Me" (I'm actually not kidding), and you'll have some idea of what I'm getting at. Throw in Fleet Foxes somewhere too—a distant cousin perhaps?

Phew, aren't family trees complicated!

Now on to the main course! The Jezabels' on-stage presence is impressive, and the crowd was pretty much putty in the hands of short, punk-haired lead singer Hayley Mary from the word go. Speaking of falsetto (we just were, weren't we?), the biggest joy of the evening was discovering that Hayley Mary's voice, which I thought would be drowned out by a live band, in real life does not



actually sound like a pissy little choir girl's impersonation of the Bee Gees, but a powerful, controlled and operatic descant, soaring above the intense instrumentals and producing a fairly emotional response from the audience (or perhaps it was just me that opted to partake in the single tear). Highly impressed. Her ethereal voice combined with the persistent, urgent guitar riffs that feature on most of the bands' tracks, creates a haunting and profound musical experience. So those of you like me who wrote them off as a one-hit wonder after the hype around "Disco Biscuit Love" died down, I urge you to take the time for another listen, check out their live shows and rediscover the musical feast that is the Jezabels.

The Jezabels' EP, She's So Hard is available in stores now.

THREADS CAMPUS CHIC

The editors sent **Anusha Rutnam** to report on the Green Paper forum. This was a mistake.

SUPRA President Rashmi Kumar's ensemble was a rare treat – a successful union of garments which referenced three (count 'em) consecutive decades of the twentieth century. Tangerine tights, an Emilio Pucci-esque psychedelic print dress and a slipknot-tied silk scarf around her neck could have threatened to overwhelm. Kumar's dark bistro corduroy jacket showed us that velvet, the fabric's more glamorous cousin, might not be the only pile textile to have a moment this winter. Like this writer, Kumar appreciates Pixie-punk boots—perhaps she too has noticed that the recent unimaginative revival of Docs has brought nothing new to the grunge/baby doll aesthetic popularised in the early 1990s. Given that we are currently in a transitional period in terms of silhouettes, Kumar's focus on layering, not only of garments but textures and patterns too, rather than lines is a savvy move.

Oh, and Pat Bateman wore a Lacoste polo shirt. *Quelle* surprise.



SUICIDE

THE LAST MEDIA TABOO?

David Mack ventures beyond the last journalistic taboo, examining the one issue the media is – usually – prepared to censor its own reporting of: suicide.

In the age of the Internet, her friends log on to lay flowers at her online gravesite. Months after the 14-year-old took her own life, Chanelle Rae's Facebook profile was more alive than ever, overflowing with poetic tributes and numb messages of sadness. But as the fourth student in six months to commit suicide at Geelong's Western Heights College, the effects of Chanelle's death and those of her classmates rippled out well beyond her Victorian hometown, making waves across the nation's legal system and media industries.

Due to fears it could encourage further copycat suicides amid the already vulnerable community, an August *60 Minutes* segment on the Geelong deaths called 'Searching For Answers' was blocked from going to air last year by the Victorian Supreme Court following an interim injunction filed by former Victorian Premier Jeff Kennett, who is the chairman of the mental health group Beyond Blue.

"We do not oppose, in fact we welcome factual reporting of suicide," Kennett told the AAP.

"We just don't ever want to see programs that provide some solace, that may provide some acceptability to ending a life, particularly for those who at the time of receiving that information, may be at risk."

In the wake of the court battle, journalists were forced to wade into an ethical quagmire which left them with questions that go to the very heart of their profession: what role should the media play in reporting suicide? What duty of care does the media owe to the public and the vulnerable? Put uncomfortably bluntly: when, if ever, does suicide become newsworthy?

'Searching For Answers'

Part of the problem, says Adjunct Associate Professor Louise Rowling from the Sydney Uni's Faculty of Education and Social Work, is that there exists a myriad of answers to these questions. "The problem is that there are so many people who claim to know what is best in this situation," says Rowling. "It just creates a dangerous level of uncertainty around an already uncertain issue."

Rowling, who is a member of the International Work Group on Death, Dying and Bereavement, has studied the

effects of grief in school communities following traumatic events. "There will be varying responses from the kids, the staff and the parents," she says. "The difficult thing then is that somebody or a group of people have to manage all those responses and be on their toes for what might be going on."

When the media descend into this already charged environment, emotions can boil over quickly and chaotically. "That whole tense dynamic is going on already in a school, but when you add the media then that sort of doubles or triples the intensity of those feelings," says Rowling.

But does the media simply exacerbate the situation, or does a frank and open discussion stimulate beneficial debate and bring a level of understanding as to the wastefulness of suicide?

A Comfortable Conclusion'

As the former Executive Producer of the ABC's *Media Watch* program, Jo Puccini is used to looking at all media with a critical eye.

"We feel a big sense of responsibility at *Media Watch*," she says. "For us, it's not always about pointing out errors."

"Media is the way people see and understand their world. We try to encourage people to think about what they see and read everyday – to try and read between the lines, to look at what might be the vested interests behind an article"

Puccini is a woman who chooses her words very carefully; she's very cautious with what she is prepared to discuss about *Media Watch*'s August 24 segment on the *60 Minutes* story entitled 'Censorship or Common Sense?'

"I have to say that our initial approach was quite different to the conclusion that we came to," says Puccini without hesitation. "We originally looked at it and thought 'This is the long arm of the law coming down on freedom of speech.'"

After digging deeper and talking directly with the grieving families, Puccini and her team ultimately agreed with the case put forward by Beyond Blue. "I'm comfortable with the conclusion that we came to," she says in a measured tone that belies a certain level of sadness. "We reached it because of this specific case. It was very much a unique case."

More generally though, Puccini acknowledges that the reporting of suicide can be an ethically challenging experience for journalists. "It's a very, very tricky area and not one that you can be too prescriptive about," she says.

"I think the coverage of suicide can be really useful if handled the right way. It's not just about newsworthiness; it's about public interest," she tells me, underlining a distinction between the two concepts. "Journalists often confused newsworthiness and public interest but just because something is news doesn't mean it's in the public's interest."

"I mean the media also has a responsibility too," she says. "There is a responsibility to the public to inform but there is also a responsibility not to do harm. Those two are really important responsibilities that don't always sit well together. It's tricky."

"I think the reporting of suicide can be incredibly instructive if it helps parents see the signs in their children, if it helps children see the signs in each other, if it helps somebody reach out for help... When it becomes glamorised...when it becomes sort of romanticised, I think that's when you step into dangerous territory."

A Best Approach?

To help journalists appreciate the power of their own words, the Mindframe National Media Initiative was established as part of the National Suicide Prevention Strategy. Mindframe's Project Manager Marc Bryant delivers me with a carefully constructed and parsed response to my questions about his work; six months on the job, he's already cautious about how his own words could be perceived by others.

"The Mindframe project team works collaboratively with media organisations and media professionals to assist them to understand the sensitivities involved in reporting suicide and mental illness in certain ways," Bryant says. "It's about journalists being able to make informed choices about whether to do a story, and if they are – how best to approach that story."

Bryant summarises the key Mindframe guidelines with a succinct, matter-of-fact tone that seems to bring some level of clarity to this murky issue: always avoid

descriptions of method, seek comment on the wastefulness of the act, promote help-seeking behaviour, check the story's language does not glamorise or sensationalise the issue.

But Rowling believes due to the extraordinary depth of grief on display that vulnerable students will already be identifying with the deceased regardless of media coverage. "Some of the schools find it very difficult to work out how to manage a remembrance or memorialising of the person who has died without giving them their fifteen minutes of fame," she says. "Because if you do that then vulnerable young people will think, 'Look how upset all these people are. If I did the same thing then they'd feel like this about me as well.'"

Rowling still calls for a certain level of restraint or at least awareness among journalists. "Journalists also need to remember that the media is generally a one-way form of communication," she says. "I'm not saying don't talk about suicide...but leave out the specificity."

"Television and the visual medium are even more emotive and thus more dangerous when reporting suicide," she says. "Often with visual literacy, messages can be lost in translation and the effects can be devastating."

Channel Nine has since solemnly accepted their *60 Minutes* segment will never be screened. It is to be filed away among those other stories that somehow never found an audience.

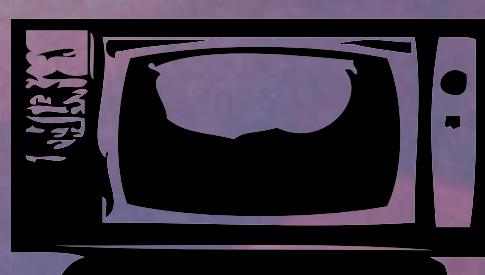
In a statement to the press, the Nine Network said, "'While we stand by our story and the sensitive and careful treatment of the issue, it was pretty clear there was not going to be a consensus relating to this story in the short term, so we felt it was best not to further contest the matter and move on.'"

When I ring the program for comment, I'm politely told that none will be given. "We can't," the receptionist says. "It was a mess."

So while most in the media solemnly accept the sensitivity around suicide, the discussion of media ethics rages on. For now, at least, the students in Geelong may at least have found some comfort in the silence.

Lifeline - 13 11 14

Reachout - www.reachout.com



H*O*N*I* ENLIST'S

With a healthy dose of discipline, drills and discharging, **Tom Lee** spent a month in the Army Reserve, and learnt a thing or two about the roles and responsibilities of an Australian soldier.

Guns, communal living and discipline; these are basics of army life that Reservists were introduced to during a 28-day course at the Army Recruit Training Centre. Also known as 'Kapooka', the centre is just outside Wagga Wagga, and that's where a couple of guys from uni and I spent one month of summer.

The army reserve attracts a diverse range of people. Reserve service is hugely popular, with all the platoons at Kapooka overflowing with recruits. There were university students, trade apprentices, part time and full time workers, blue and white collar. Ages ranged from 18 to 42, with most in their 20s. Socio-economic background was just as varied; Kapooka is very egalitarian in the way it throws together the poor with the well off. There were about a dozen women in each platoon who, apart from segregated rooms and showers, took part equally alongside the males in every activity.

People join for different reasons: to serve Australia, to get fit, the challenge, the adventure, discipline, 'looks good on the CV', the money and, sad but true, 'the chance to have a go on the guns' as Recruit Lowe put it. Others like Recruit Shaw said they were motivated by a 'sense of duty' and service to Australia; some had family who had served in the past, and they continued something of a family tradition by joining themselves. Some recruits are there to add colour to an otherwise uneventful life, and watching the guys who do boring clerical or admin jobs in civilian life get ultra keen and serious about being in the army is pretty funny. And there are those who just want a job. University students often join the Reserve service because it fits comfortably in and around the semester. The worst sort were those who were there just for the guns. The gun nuts hurt whatever prestige the army has as an institution and lend weight to Mark Latham-style 'meathead' putdowns.

We lived in a simple building known as 'the lines', five people to a room, all adjoining the one central hallway. Some guys had trouble adjusting to the loss of personal space, but as long you got along with the guys you lived with and didn't mind a random flash of arse cheek in the morning it was alright. I was lucky to get mostly decent guys. There was not the time or space for modesty when getting dressed in our room, but we were civil enough to declare a state of "freeballing" when naked to indicate to roommates to look away (or leer disturbingly, for certain recruits). The showers were intense. We had nine showers to forty

guys with half an hour to get it done. Some were embarrassed enough to persist in covering themselves with their towels but most just let it hang out. Army nakedness is different from civilian nakedness. In civil life being naked is funny or novel in some way, but in the army its just part of the job.

On hearing the words 'army training' you probably think of relentless action, but before we got to any of the fun stuff we had a litany of lectures to get through. These were mostly boring procedural things like what was expected of us, what our rights were, avenues of recourse and the obligatory OH&S stuff (not even the army has escaped the iron grip of OH&S). The worst part was the lecture on army values. They are innately solid values but it takes more than a one-off PowerPoint slideshow to instill things like moral courage, integrity and teamwork into people. Getting an official explanation of what 'mateship' is was especially awkward. The young ADFA-trained lieutenant seemed as uncomfortable giving the lesson as we were receiving it: "Does anybody know what mateship is? No? Well, ah, mateship, it's kind of like friendship...". 'Mate', a word which we had used intuitively and naturally prior to this lesson, now seemed awkward to the point that we switched to using 'brah'.

Eventually we went round to the armoury and picked up the guns, or 'rifles' as they are meant to be called. John Howard once said that Australians do not have the same 'slavish love of guns' that Americans do, and it's true that we have a much sterner approach. The corporals did not tolerate any skylarking or mucking around with them. The emphasis placed on safety was absolute. There was a proper way to pick the guns up and put them down, they had to be held in a certain way and they had to be carried with us everywhere, even to the toilet.

After a week of drills in how to disassemble our gun, clean it and how to fix it when it jammed, we were finally taken to the range to use live ammunition. This was not as fun as it might sound as we had to concentrate on each shot in order to make the accuracy standard, which is harder to do in real life than *Call of Duty 4* had led me to believe. You have to get your aim and breathing perfect and then maintain your position to get off the required number of shots. All the girls in our platoon turned out to be crack shots, with a Kyrgyzstani woman in her mid thirties scoring the highest

out of all of us. Occasionally somebody would forget to switch off their rifle's automatic setting (we were only supposed to take single shots) and in a fleeting *Rambo* moment would let fly five bullets in the one burst.

We were watched over by four regular army corporals. It was their job to be pretty tough with us, and they did not fail to take an opportunity to inflict what they called 'fault correction' and 'imposed discipline'. This meant we were yelled at whenever we got it wrong. Being yelled at as a group was alright, but being singled out and having a corporal

jokes while marching, swing off the cross beams in the hallway, climb up the side of the building and slink away to steal a swim in the Murrumbidgee when not allowed to.

The corporals harboured a special contempt for us because we were reservists. There is a general antipathy directed towards reservists from full timers for the following reasons: we treated Kapooka like a holiday camp, as 'chocos' we don't do as much as the full-time regulars and we had it much easier. There was a belief that we took all the bravado and gravitas of being a

Being yelled at as a group was alright, but being singled out and having a corporal screaming in your face with spit flying all over the place could be daunting. They aren't allowed to hit people, so all they are left with is an extreme death stare.

screaming in your face with spit flying all over the place could be daunting. They aren't allowed to hit people, so all they are left with is an extreme death stare.

It was interesting to see the kind of reaction the discipline provoked in different recruits. Some became like whipped dogs, their eyes glazing over with terror every time a corporal raised his voice. Some took it way too seriously and took it upon themselves to impose their own sense of order on their fellow recruits, like an aggressive teacher's pet. These guys were really annoying, and their do-gooding douchiness nearly provoked a punch-up on one occasion. For others the discipline was a bit of a joke. Being treated like a child was an affront to us, so we would defy the orders we thought were reasonable to defy. Nothing too extreme (we didn't want to get caught), but just enough to prove to ourselves

that we were not dominated by the corporals. So we'd crack

soldier and unduly flaunted it in civilian life. I could empathise with that. We are prone to dropping the fact we are in the reserves when say, out at a pub, and it's easy to talk yourself up to people with no experience of the army, maybe swapping 'reservist' for 'commando'. So I guess we do tend to live it up on the reputation without putting in half as much work the regulars do.

In summary we're just a bunch of guys who think we're pretty good and run around in the bush for one weekend a month. Theoretically, we're the last line of defence. Thankfully it will never come to that, but if it did, we'd be there. That's scary, but awesome at the same time.





President's Report

Report of the SRC President, Elly Howse // president@src.usyd.edu.au

First of all, thank you to those of you who came along to the Green Paper forum with the Vice-Chancellor last week. It was a fantastic hour – I only wish it could have gone on for longer but y'know, the VC's an important guy and all, so he has a 'busy schedule'. But it was a great way for students to ask the hard questions about the 'vision' of the University that the VC and his team have come up with, and my apologies to the students who didn't get the chance to ask a question or come along. I'd encourage you to email him via his webpage if you have any further questions or want things clarified.

At the forum on Wednesday, I spoke a bit about the difference between a 'facilitator' and a 'creator'. Often as students we feel like we have no idea what's going on in our own classes, let alone our university. But the students, academics and general staff are the ones who actually create the university community and experience. We as students aren't here to facilitate or help manage the university. We're here to further our creative passions and further our knowledge of a particular area, while at the same time having fun, meeting new people and having new experiences.

So, as the deadline for the Green Paper responses loom and my desk is piling up again with paper, it's been important to reflect on what makes the student body so significant as a group of diverse creators and innovators. We also have to think about what makes our university really distinct – what separates us from our friends / enemies at UNSW and UTS? What can make our uni a great one, as opposed to a good or average one?

President's star ratings for Week 7

Teaching & Learning

Yes, our uni is supposedly one of the best universities in Australia (and the world). Yes, we do a lot of things well – research, diversity of academic areas, strength of particular areas and so on. Yes, there are some incredible facilities – has anyone been to CUDOS or to the Engineering labs lately?

But we are lacking in a lot of ways. First of all, the student-staff ratio has increased hugely in the last ten years. The average, according to the VC's own Strategic Planning Office, is 17 students per staff member, but that's still pretty high, especially in faculties like Arts and Economic & Business where the student-staff ratio can be as high as 25 or 30. Also, the 500 or so postgrads in Arts don't even have desks to work on!

Secondly, there's not much progression going on. 'Progression' is the term used to indicate what stage you're at in your degree. There should be a distinction between being in first year and in third year. But it's become too 'expensive', according to various faculties, so it means fewer students want to go on to do Honours because they often feel under-prepared.

Star rating: ★★★

Student experience

The student experience of administration, support and so on can be a bit lacking as well. There are ten million different ways to do one single thing. This is a huge institution with a lot of confusing parts, and even the website can be hard to navigate!

There also needs to be more support for international students and more generally students who find themselves in problematic situations relating to finances, accommodation and academic study. Accommodation in particular is a massive issue. According to the Director of University Housing, this uni is over 4,000 beds short of appropriate accommodation for students. What are we meant to do, sleep in the library???

Star rating: ★★

Campus Life

Do I have to say much in this section? Best campus life in Australia, hands down. If you want to argue with me, you know where the SRC offices are.

But seriously, we have the best O-Week around, our student organisations actually exist post-Voluntary Student Unionism, and the SRC, SUPRA and USU provide everything from social events, food and music to Centrelink help, academic assistance and legal advice.

Star rating: ★★★★★

"Social inclusion"

Let's be frank. The University of Sydney has always 'prided' itself on being elitist, exclusive and generally not very welcoming. It seems people want that to change.

But some of the suggestions in the Green Paper almost seem...tokenistic. A paragraph on Indigenous education? Er, you get the tick for mentioning the word 'Indigenous' in your 100+ page document, but come on, it's a bit lacking, especially after a pretty extensive report on Indigenous education at Sydney Uni. A 5 point ATAR bonus if you're from a 'disadvantaged' school? Also just a tad



tokenistic, not to mention condescending. If you're from a low socio-economic-status background, the uni needs to do more to make you want to come here. What about furthering partnerships with TAFEs? What about mentoring programs in high school like what AIME does? What about actually supporting students while they're here, instead of treating them like a number?

Star rating: ★

Infrastructure

So we have the Quad. And the New Law building. And a bunch of dodgy old buildings that have creepy toilets. Great.

The University seriously needs to look at its physical and technological infrastructure. If we want to truly be a world-class university that is accessible to all 'students of promise', amazing academics, as well as to the general community, then we need to have better libraries with more opening hours, more internet resources, decent classrooms, more labs, more areas for study and socialising and so on.

Star rating: ★★★

PS. This is a really basic and at times, confusing, summary of the SRC's response to the Green Paper. Go to our website src.usyd.edu.au to check out our real response!

PPS. Unfortunately star ratings are not included in our actual response.

A Green Vision

An extract from the SRC's response to the Green Paper. The Student Environment Action Collective will be campaigning on these points

The Green Paper was extensive in acknowledging particular problem areas that currently exist in the University. Whilst the SRC believes that academic reorganisation and increasing participation are essential areas to focus on, there needs to be a consideration of the potential for a 'Green Vision' for the University.

Currently many universities in Australia and the world do not have fully-developed environmental strategies, particularly in relation to climate change. But some Australian universities, for example Curtin University of Technology, have harnessed the issues around climate change and environmental sustainability to attract a new generation of students, academics and staff. No longer is an environmental

policy seen as an 'additional' aspect to a company or institution, but as a core part of identity and vision.

The SRC would like to see a 'Green Vision' for the next five years to be outlined in the Strategic Plan, and for policies to be implemented quickly around how the University can best address the challenges posed by climate change and environmental devastation. It is thought that the University could itself become a leader in this field and a model for other educational institutions.

There are several ways to do this. The first to significantly target is reducing the University's 'carbon footprint' and to substantially reduce emissions.

The second is to create and encourage curricula and degrees based on environmental sustainability and integrity. The third is to embed these ideas within faculties and academic units, so they are taught across the whole university, not just in specialist areas of Environmental Science, Engineering or Business.

Recommendations:

That the University encourages a transition to 100% renewable energy by 2020, negotiated on by the University community.

That the University creates a policy to cut its carbon emissions by 50% by 2020.

That the reductions in emissions be

achieved through environmentally and socially responsible mechanisms. For example, that carbon reductions are not achieved through the creation of monoculture plantations that destroy native habitat but instead through the creation of wind and solar energy.

That the University investigates embedding environmental and climate change knowledge within all areas of curricula and academic units.

That improvements in sustainable practices and infrastructure are encouraged across the university, particularly in regards to new building projects, waste management, water and electricity usage, and so on.

Get involved...Your Voice, Your SRC!

Education Action Group: 1pm Tuesdays, (Chancellor's Lawns -next to Fisher Library)

Women's Collective: 1pm Thursdays, Holme Women's Room.

Queer Collective: 2pm Mondays, Queer Space Holme Building

Environment Collectives:

Student Enviro Action Collective (SEAC): 1pm Mondays, Botany Lawns

Climate Action Collective: 1pm Mondays, Chancellors Lawns

International Students: Check your email for updates

General Secretary's Report

Report of the General Secretary, Donherra Walmsley // gen.sec@src.usyd.edu.au

Submissions to the University's Green Paper were due this week, but the campaign to ensure that the direction the University takes in its strategic plan is in the best interests of students is far from over. One of the less discussed items in the Green Paper, which I personally think is one of the most important, is the University's commitment to an extra 6000 accommodation places by 2014. This seems to be an admirable goal that will address the housing problems faced by many students, except for one small problem – the University has not stated what KIND of accommodation it will be increasing. Unless the accommodation it proposes includes a significant proportion of low-cost housing, it will be doing very little to help the majority of students. When defining accommodation as low-cost or affordable, the University uses real estate classifications, which

mean that "affordable" accommodation is about \$200/week. Given that the maximum Youth Allowance payment is \$452.60 per fortnight (including the maximum Rent Assistance), paying \$200 per week in rent actually isn't very affordable at all. Low-cost housing is between \$80-\$100 per week, and the SRC wants a commitment to at least 20% of new places created being low-cost.

Students at Sydney University aren't the only ones being affected by huge rent costs and low-income support payments – it's a problem for students all around the country. At the moment, the National Union of Students is running a campaign pushing for a senate inquiry into student housing. This week on campus, we'll be having stalls up on Eastern Avenue where you can sign the petition supporting low-cost housing,

as well as fill out the National Union of Students' Quality Survey, which gives you the opportunity to express your concerns about your quality of education. Even though the deadline for submissions to the Green Paper has closed, if you're really concerned about the state of student accommodation, and think that the University should make a commitment to improving it, or you're passionate about anything else in the Green Paper, feel free to send the Vice Chancellor an email about it – after all, he spams us. His email address is vice.chancellor@sydney.edu.au.

If you want to get involved with the campaign for low-cost student housing and a better quality of education, come to the Education Action Group – we meet every Tuesday at 1pm on the Chancellor's Lawns (near Fisher).

Education Report

Report of the Education Officer, Gabriel Dain // education.officers@src.usyd.edu.au

Green Paper

After weeks of meetings, research, forums and a lot of writing, the SRC has finished and submitted its response to the Green Paper*. You can download it from the SRC website (<http://www.src.usyd.edu.au>). Even though submissions have closed, the strategic planning process is still ongoing, so don't hesitate to get in touch with us in regards to the Green Paper. We will be working with the University to put together the White Paper (policy document). The consultation period is not over, so keep an eye out for forums, workshops, conferences, etc. I will let you know of any events coming up through this report, so make sure to check the Events box each week!

* A big Thank You goes out to our amazing caseworkers, Charlotte, Mel, Breda and James, without whom we

would not have been able to put together a response as good as this one.

Quality of Education

As I wrote in my last report, this week marks the beginning of the NUS Quality of Education campaign. We will be running a stall on Eastern Avenue (and hopefully some satellite campuses) with hard copies of the NUS Quality Survey, a petition for more affordable housing for student, and Enrol to Vote forms.

The Quality of Education campaign is different to other NUS campaigns, such as Fair Youth Allowance, in that it does not have any demands as of yet. The survey has questions about your experience of university, including things like the quality of lectures and tutorials, lecturer's availability and consultation hours, class size, assessments, and more. This information is invaluable to us,

and your response to the survey will determine what will be the demands of the campaign.

NUS will use the survey results to pressure the government to provide more funding to universities in areas where most students feel dissatisfaction, and the SRC will use the results to pressure the university to address the issues that concern USyd students the most. Our ability to pressure the government and the university depends on how many responses we get to the survey, so please take the time to visit our stall, it only takes about 5 minutes!

Event Dates:

Education Action Group – Tuesday 20th of April, 1pm (Quadrangle S441)
Quality of Teaching & Learning Stall – from Tuesday 20th of April (Eastern Avenue)

Women's Report

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

"I think it would be folly to expect that women will ever dominate or even approach equal representation in a large number of areas simply because their aptitudes, abilities and interests are different for physiological reasons."

This quote was put up on the screen in a first year English lecture and the lecturer asked where the students thought it was from.

"The 1800s or something?"

"No. 1979. Tony Abbott when he was on the SRC at this university."

Funny thing is, Abbott doesn't seem to have changed his perspective much over the last few decades. Paid maternity

leave would happen, "over my dead body." And his opinion that; "Every abortion is a tragedy and up to 100,000 abortions a year is this generation's legacy of unutterable shame."

"Why isn't the fact that 100,000 women choose to end their pregnancies regarded as a national tragedy approaching the scale, say, of Aboriginal life expectancy being 20 years less than that of the general community?"

More recently he said on visiting a dry cleaning store; "What the housewives of Australia need to understand as they do the ironing is that if they get it done commercially it's going to go up in price, and their own power bills when they switch the iron on are going to go up."

And lets not forget his description of a

woman's virginity as "the greatest gift you can give someone, the ultimate gift of giving," and encouraging young women not to "give themselves away lightly".

In fact, it would seem that Abbott expects that the women of Australia are all sitting in their homes adorned with aprons and irons eagerly awaiting his instructions on how they should live their lives and what they should do with their bodies.

The idea of this man being Prime Minister of our country is beyond cringe-worthy, it is truly terrifying. Keep tuned for the upcoming National Union of Students campaign in the lead up to the Federal Election; "Abbott's Heaven. Your Hell."

Ask Abe

Q & A with students who need help and a dog who has all the answers...

Send your letters to: help@src.usyd.edu.au



Hello Abe,

Even though we just had a week off I still feel that I'm heaps behind. I've got more assignments due than I know how to deal with. I'm starting to feel really stressed and finding my studies are suffering even more – it's a vicious cycle. Can you give me some ideas that will help me?

Busy

Dear Busy,

This is the time of the semester when many students start to feel the pressure of assignments being due. If you need an extension make sure you talk to your tutor as soon as possible and if you are feeling anxious you could go to the University's Health Service (Wentworth Building) or Counselling Unit / ISSU (Level 5, Jane Foss Russell Building). Both services are free (or bulk billed) and will help without judging you.

The Learning Centre runs free courses for time management. This can help you get your uni work under control while still having a social life. Check out their website at http://www.usyd.edu.au/stuserv/learning_centre. Similarly the Counselling Unit or ISSU can help you put together a timetable and a plan for the semester.

If you've done all of these things and still can't cope with your workload you might like to talk to an SRC caseworker about the possibility of withdrawing from a subject. This may attract an academic penalty, but you can at least check out what your options are.

A final word of caution, when students feel pressured they can sometimes be less vigilant about referencing and proper paraphrasing when they write essays. If you know that you are cutting corners it is best to get help before handing your essays in. Talk to a lecturer, the Learning Centre, counsellor or SRC caseworker and ask for help. This is better than putting in an essay you know is not up to your usual standard and then being found guilty of plagiarism (whether it was intentional or not).

The Learning Centre runs workshops on academic writing and sometimes helps students one on one. The SRC helps and advocates for students with plagiarism allegations.

If your finances are adding additional pressure, remember the University's Financial Assistance Office provides interest-free loans to students. (Level 5 Jane Foss Russell)

Abe



SAAO SAYS...

Dear SAAOs,

I have unexpectedly gotten so sick and cannot continue my studies this semester. The last day to withdraw from units has already passed, but I do not want to have fails on my records. I also wonder if I can get a refund of my fees. What can I do?

**Regards,
Sick Postgrad**

Dear Sick Postgrad,

The last date to withdraw from semester 1 units was 31 March, 2010. However the last date to discontinue not to count as fail (DNF) is 23 April, 2010. You should contact your Faculty as soon as possible to request a DNF.

If you are a local student you should also contact the HECS and Domestic Fees Office (ph. 8627 8239). If you are an international student you should contact International Office (ph. 8627 8300). These offices will be able to give you information on applying for a refund of fees, and on what conditions will apply. If you need further assistance contact the SAAOs.

**Best wishes,
The SAAO Team**



Negotiating Research Supervision

Wether you are a new or continuing student, now that we are more than three months into the year, it is a great time to assess the health of the relationship with your supervisor and work on making it stronger. Below are some characteristics to look for in a healthy supervisory relationship.



Sometimes supervisors expect students to work long hours and be in contact more than the student finds helpful. In other cases students experience absent supervision, and do not have meaningful contact with their supervisors for months. Agree on what works for you both in terms of preferred mode of contact (eg. meetings, phone, email, etc...), and its frequency. It helps to avoid frustrations on both sides.



Try to work out what level and type of direction you feel you need and talk about it with your supervisor. You might want your supervisor to be a mentor, critic, supporter, director, facilitator, provider or teacher. You might want them to play several of these roles. Your needs may also change during your candidature. You should talk openly with your supervisor about your needs, and ask them how they see their role as a supervisor.



Every research student should have at least one associate supervisor. You may even have other advisers

involved in giving statistics and other support. Make sure you clarify with your supervisor and associate/s as early as possible about how they see the division of labour. You should all clearly understand your responsibilities.



Create a work program for your entire candidature, break it down into six monthly tasks, and then give yourself more detailed timelines within those six month blocks. Ask your supervisor to help you. You should then measure your progress against an agreed plan. Within the plan you should also agree on the best way to receive feedback. Do you prefer more meetings? Would you rather complete one large task and then get written feedback? Something else? Your and your supervisor's needs may change over time so you should keep talking about what works and does not work. You have the right to feedback that is timely and constructive.



At present the University asserts no claim over intellectual property you create pursuant to your studies, unless otherwise prescribed by law or you agree otherwise. Even so, it often happens that students and supervisors share intellectual property in a particular project or a paper. You should agree with your supervisor about expectations in relation to authorship of publications early in your candidature.



Voice your career aspirations to your supervisor. If you want an academic job then you may wish to tailor your degree to give you more teaching experience and publications. If you want to work in industry or government you may need help developing networks. Within the PhD structure you should be able to tailor the program to suit your needs. Talk with your supervisor about how they can help you.



No candidature is problem free. Sometimes the temptation can be to try and change supervisor and/or topics. Sometimes this is justified but it should not be a usual first response. Talk with your supervisor about problems as they arise. Get to know other sources of support in your department if you need more help. Try and keep lines of communication open.

If you read through the list above and you think you and your supervisor have each area covered, then you should be well on your way to an open, trusting and productive relationship. If there are gaps then discuss them with your supervisor as soon as possible. If you want some more assistance from SUPRA then go to our website for a copy of our Thesis Guide. Also feel free to contact a SAAO.

SAAOs offer free, confidential and professional assistance. Currently our drop in times are Monday 2-4pm, Tuesday 2-4pm, and Thursday 2-4pm. You can come to SUPRA's offices during these times and have a 30 minute consultation without an appointment. Call 9351 3715 for appointments at other times or email enquiries to help@supra.usyd.edu.au

Last Chance to Win a \$50 Co-op Bookshop Voucher!

Fill-out our communications survey and you go in the running to win one of three \$50 book vouchers from the Co-op Bookshop!

Entries close on Friday April 23rd, so go to: <http://www.zoomerang.com/Survey/WEB22ACWGLPCV9> and let us know what you think of us!

**Adrian Cardinali
Student Advice and Advocacy Coordinator**

POSTGRAD PAGES

The Life of a Student Politician

To many, the life of student politician seems exotic, filled with hours of protesting and avoiding uni work. When I first began University in 2004, I know that I, like many new students, saw things like the Union, SUPRA, and SRC as giants, and the Presidents of each being so far removed from me that there was no way I could even imagine knowing them personally, discussing policy with them, or chatting casually.

Life at University teaches you many things. Election promises for student politicians, like those of the real thing, are made to be broken: any person who has been around the traps for long enough will see the same promises are made each year, or promises that are made are unfeasible, disliked, inappropriate, or just plain ridiculous. The people in charge are made up of two groups: 80% of people who want to get into politics through some channel, and 20% who care about improving the student environment. But, ultimately, they're all just students like you.

Knowing the struggles ahead, and realising how student politics can mark a person for the rest of their life, I still dived head-first into the pool, and now work with SUPRA as Secretary, and with CAPA as National Secretary and Queer Co-Officer. Overambitious much?

First, I wish to make clear, I have no intention of going into politics. I do, however, have the world's worst known case of being completely incapable of saying no. And second, I am a total cynic.

To me, SUPRA had the appearance of being out of reach to ordinary students. In 2008, as I started my PhD, I duly sent through my \$80 Support, and thought nothing more of it. But, being the person that I am, I quickly got drafted into the Union to work as their Postgraduate Convenor. In 2009, a friend who

was then SUPRA Secretary asked me to fill a vacancy that had become available, and given that he was being cute and all, I fell victim to the calling. I enlisted, and given my work with the Queer Action Collective (QuAC) and USU, moved into one of the two available vacancies.

SUPRA is nothing like one would imagine. There is, for a start, no political agenda for the vast majority of councillors. People are there because they ultimately want to help to achieve something for the benefit of all students. In the last few months, we have submitted to a wide range of committees, including the Baird review; sat in on groups like Academic Board, guiding how courses are run; and gone to a million other meetings - fighting against the Juris Doctorate in the Law Faculty, for the rights of students doing Masters of Professional Engineering, and anything else brought to us. Woot, go us.

This is your chance to be a part of the way your student organisation is run – not just with a vote on Election Day, but by holding them accountable for the full tenure of their term.

Secretary of SUPRA was a role that fell to me when the previous Secretary resigned after taking a full-time job. I was asked because I seemed to be keen and overambitious, and can't say no, and quickly found myself in the heady role. I spend my days working with the Presidents, offering my opinions and assistance. Unbelievably, they're, like... real students! Just like you, they have classes to go to and theses to write.

CAPA happened in a somewhat similar way. CAPA, to put it simply, is the peak national body that represents all postgraduate students across Australia. I was at their conference in December where I happened to meet Nigel Palmer (then CAPA President). He asked me to strongly consider running for National Secretary. I also ran for Queer Officer because I have views about that role, though that's a story for another edition.

The main reason that I am writing about all of this is that I want to try to tell some people out there that yes, you too can be a student politician. This semester, both USU and SUPRA have elections, and Postgraduates can run in and vote for both. If you don't have the time and energy to actually take on roles within these organisations, it's still possible to engage with them. No matter who gets elected this semester, hold them accountable. Tell them what you really want. Find them on Eastern Avenue and berate them if they don't keep their promises. Go to the USU, SUPRA, or SRC offices and say "You said you would offer this... where is it?" If they won't see you, write them an email, send them a letter.

This is your chance to be a part of the way your student organisation is run – not just with a vote on Election Day, but by holding them accountable for the full tenure of their term.

Don't spend your time at University ignoring these bodies that have so much to do with your entire student experience. Whether you're in for 2 hours for a Master's class, 5 days a week doing your Undergraduate degree, or the rest of your life doing a PhD, tell us, your student reps, what you want.

**John Nowakowski
SUPRA Secretary**

Last Day to Discontinue

Friday, 23rd April is the last day to discontinue not to count as fail (DNF) from Semester 1 units of study. If you DNF you will usually still be liable for the relevant fees. Speak with your faculty for more information and advice.

Trivia!

Come along to the SUPRA offices at 6pm on Wednesday 28th April for a night of fun and excitement, as SUPRA runs its first ever Trivia Night! Form your own teams or join up with others on the night. There will be prizes!

You need to register in order to attend, so email activities@supra.usyd.edu.au by 23rd April to let us know you're coming.

Security Forum at Cumberland

SUPRA is holding a forum as part of the Cumberland Campus Security Review. Come and give your feedback about security on YOUR campus!

WHEN: 12 pm, Tuesday 27th April
WHERE: Lecture Theatre E101, E Block, Cumberland Campus

YOUR Postgraduate Representative Association

Becoming a member of your postgraduate representative association gives you the following benefits:

- Access to our confidential student advice and advocacy service and legal service
- Participate in SUPRA events and activities
- Receive regular email updates and electronic publications (eGrad)
- Use the SUPRA Resource and Meeting Rooms
- Vote or run in the SUPRA Council elections
- Actively participate in your representative student association.

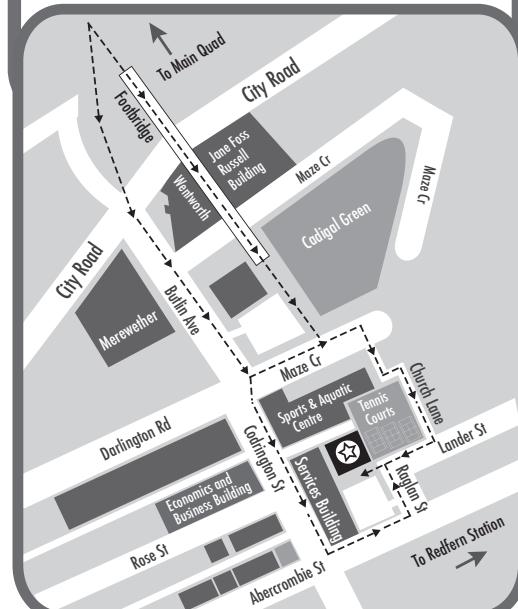
Complete your subscription online at www.supra.usyd.edu.au/subscribe then follow the links if you would like to become a SUPRA Supporter. Alternatively you can complete a form at our stalls or drop into the SUPRA office.

WHERE IS SUPRA?

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Unfolding the Green Paper

Naomi Hart reports on the radical proposed changes to the Union and its commercial operations.

Nestled in the nether regions of the University's 2011-2015 'Green Paper', tucked away on page 77, is a proposal that would radically reconfigure the relationship between the University and the University of Sydney Union. The Paper calls for a memorandum of understanding between the two bodies to 'shift responsibility for food and beverage and retail outlets [currently owned and operated by the Union] to the University'.

The authors proffer two main reasons for the transfer. The first is that Union outlets are currently 'not unsuccessful in their own right' (that is, they run at a profit), but are not lucrative enough to cover the cost of maintaining Union facilities – costs which are currently passed on to the University. The second is that the University identifies itself as having 'a more general obligation ... to provide appropriate social and catering facilities on its various campuses for its students, staff and visitors', and that University rather than Union control over such facilities would enable the University to discharge this obligation more satisfactorily.

While these aspirations seem admirable enough, the three main student organisations on campus – the SRC, SUPRA and the Union itself – have expressed grave doubts about the merits of the proposal and motivations behind it. To air their concerns, these bodies organised a forum between students and representatives of the University – including the Green Paper's architect-in-chief, Vice-Chancellor Michael Spence – at Manning Bar last Wednesday. Queries from people apparently hostile to the Union changes dominated question time and often drew loud applause from the packed audience. Spence's responses were not so warmly received, Union Vice-President Courtney Tight noting that his answers were 'a little circular at times.'

The bottom line: putting campus outlets in the black

The Green Paper expresses concern about the cost that running commercial outlets inflicts on the Union. Although the Union's retail operations are profitable in themselves, they don't yield the returns necessary to cover the cost of maintaining the Union's buildings (Manning, Holme and Wentworth). The Paper identifies these costs as a 'burden' on the Union that could affect its clubs and societies program, a point reiterated by Spence at the forum.

Patrick Bateman, the President of the Union, who opposes the radical shift in control over the Union's finances, denies that the commercial outlets impose a burden on the Union. Rather, he describes outlets as providing the revenue stream that is critical to sustaining

the Union's independence from the University. Without this income, the Union is 'at the University's mercy,' he explains.

One of the risks of placing the Union's commercial operations in the hands of the University is that they become simply part of the large pool of income and expenses that the University manages. Rather than the Union internally assessing its financial priorities, the commercial outlets would be vulnerable to cost-cutting whenever the University is 'looking to penny-pinch', in Bateman's words. Experience has demonstrated, he continues, that the University already cuts its overall costs by compromising the student organisations over which it exerts control. For example, the University has recently requested that SUPRA (the postgraduate equivalent of the SRC) slash the free legal services that it offers to its members. What could this mean for the Union? A shrinking budget for clubs and societies, less discounts for students, a dwindling amount spent on debating programs, and bar opening hours shortened to periods when the bars are most profitable.

Bateman favours the current relationship between the University and the Union, where the Union operates its own food outlets and bars while the University contributes to the maintenance of the buildings – a cost that it would incur anyway if it were to have full control over all food outlets. Bateman sees this as a constructive relationship where the Union has a large measure of autonomy and so doesn't feel like it has 'a gun to its head'. He also points out that it is the Union and its members who paid for the construction of the Manning, Holme and Wentworth buildings, as well as these buildings' upkeep over the last century until VSU was introduced. The University has a deficit of 'understanding and respect' for the Union's desire to maintain meaningful ownership over these spaces, he says.

Quality of the student experience

Leaders of student organisations fear that the University's offer to take over the Union's retail operations is actually a bid to acquire more control over the student experience. SRC President Elly Howse notes that the Vice-Chancellor likes to 'micro-manage', stating that Spence 'wants university processes to be more "transparent", but he sometimes seems to be doing the opposite. Taking over student-run services is a way to control and to change what he views as "problem areas", even though the student body or staff may not agree with him'. The Green Paper itself alludes to the University's self-imposed responsibility of ensuring that the social and catering facilities on campus are 'appropriate'.

Bateman questions the virtue of



Manning- one of several premises the Union looks set to lose if the Green Paper goes through.

anyone other than students themselves defining what is 'appropriate' in the student experience. If the Green Paper's proposal comes to fruition, he conjectures that suddenly, 'student-focused questions would fall under the purview of some stuffy bureaucrat'.

One of the charges that the University levels at the Union's delivery of food is that the services are currently fairly lacklustre: there's not much variety and the quality of the food leaves much to be desired. Spence himself seems to have had a bad experience with a jacket potato at Manning and at the forum had few kind words to say about the food on the ground floor of Wentworth. Bateman rejects these criticisms, pointing to the opening of Parma in JFR, Taste in Law School and two Azzurri as evidence of substantial recent improvements in the Union's food delivery. He points out that, more problematically, the University has not completed any market research on how satisfied staff and students are with current services, or how they would like them improved. He argues that it would be unsatisfactory if the University proceeded with such a radical change based entirely on 'the Vice-Chancellor's personal perspective on the burgers or salads he ate'.

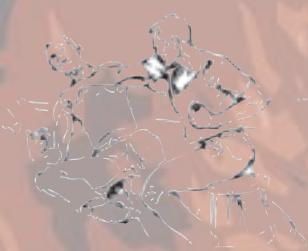
It's in the realm of student bars that having the Vice-Chancellor's 'personal perspective' informing service delivery seems the most problematic. For the purposes of the Green Paper, the University doesn't distinguish between bars and other retail outlets, overlooking the particular importance of student ownership over their bars. Bateman worries that if the University acquired ownership over Manning and Hermann's, it could shorten opening hours and limit the range of performers booked to those who cater to 'mainstream taste', leaving niche markets out in the cold. These changes could be made either to 'turn a buck or for "moral" reasons', according to Bateman. The University could even outsource the operation of student bars to an external company which had 'no interest in student life', would not necessarily be in touch with the types of acts students want to see, and could hike rates for students who want to hold a club event.

or just grab a schooner. The Green Paper speaks of maintaining the independence of student organisations, but qualifies this guarantee by stating that the Union's independence should be of 'an appropriate level', 'in line with [student organisations'] traditional roles', and 'balanced' against the other needs of the University. According to Bateman, the University is using the same language that it has historically used to assure the SRC and SUPRA that their independence will survive: it is claiming that it 'will not interfere' in Union operations. But that is not the experience of SRC and SUPRA, so Bateman derives little comfort from such rhetoric.

Where to from here?

How committed the University is to the ambitions it espoused in the Green Paper, and how much was sabre-rattling, remains uncertain. Bateman states that the Union does not object to negotiating with the University about some restructuring of their relationship. In fact, the Union recently proposed that the Union and University could hold joint authority (each with a 50 per cent say) in the selection of tenants for every food outlet. Bateman says that the Union is endeavouring to negotiate in good faith but 'they're not meeting us halfway'. And according to Bateman, the University is refusing to answer basic questions about its plans. Why is it rejecting the joint authority proposal? Where, specifically, does it intend to cut costs? What guarantees will it place on the student experience still being controlled by students themselves?

One of the catchries of the Vice-Chancellor since he assumed the post in July 2008 is that the University of Sydney should be world-class. What we know is that at the moment, the University of Sydney Union is world class: it has one of the best clubs and societies programs, and the actual best debating program, in the world. It is the only student union in Australia not to have been entirely crippled by the introduction of VSU. In short, if the changes proposed in the Green Paper go through, we're all fucked.



The Bar Fight:

With Stardust in his eyes, **Laurence Rosier-Staines** thinks David Bowie is overrated. But believing that there certainly is Life on Mars, **Bridie Connellan** is sticking it to the Thin White Duke. Ch-ch-ch-Charge!

the beginning. And other than his admittedly great acting gigs, can you name anything worthwhile the man has done in the last twenty years?

Look as far as the last twenty years go, I think Bowie has moderately accepted his radicality has ebbed, and thus chameleoned again and Thin White Duked it up. It's almost as though even he sees he's had his day. Grace, I would call that. Grace, a spot on *Extras*, and permeating the myth.

I would call it a lack of ideas. Even Paul McCartney put out his electronic 'Fireman' project recently, while Bowie has explored nothing of value in years. Furthermore, with the exception of a few albums in the 1970s, no one can name anything but singles from his 80s or 90s catalogue. Bowie is the ultimate triumph of style (or styles) over substance. He is a purveyor of hipster charm; a jet-setting, fashion-riding pop star with little beneath his mask. See 'Ashes To Ashes' for the closest thing to a confessional. He is a pioneer of nothing but image.

But WHAT an image. Style over substance? Why can't style be substantial? 'Aladdin Sane' is just downright seductive and both aesthetically and aurally pleasing whether he nabbed the technique or not, and expresses some pretty unique sentiments about the suppression of queer society in the 1960s. Anyway artists consistently steal/nab/draw on the musically popular and groundbreaking elements of their time, even Monsieur McCartney got his start from stealing a riff with "Saw Her Standing There". He may be fashion-riding but at least Bowie takes his cues from T.S. Elliot: Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal.

I guess the main point is just to Dance Magic Dance in a lycra suit with a bunch o' muppets in a well-soundtracked labyrinth. If you're overrated you may as well overdo it.

BC: So, you defy lord Stardust. Reasons?

LRS: Well first of all, as a musician and performer Bowie's just a chameleon. Some people take this to mean that he is a superb shape-shifter, good at assuming different identities. The truth is that he has no real identity of his own - in the sixties he tried and failed to break into the scene as a folk artist, and kept restyling himself until he hit upon the only original thing he had, the androgynous space-god shtick.

Look in his defence I would call his moderate thievery from his friends exquisite taste and trend intellect. Bowie knew what the kids would dig, even if they didn't know it themselves at the time. How he reinvented trends was more of a utilitarian chameleon thing, he was just using what already existed as a means to an end.

The end in this case being his own ill-gotten wealth!?

And amazingly eccentric pop music that still guns today.

Even at his height, his music AND image was based strongly on elements of Lou Reed, Mick Jagger and Iggy Pop, which he merely amplified.

But the ambiguity and mishmash of identities was the point. He was really never sure if he was a boy or a girl or a sex-obsessed alien and that was the most exciting part. The chameleon WAS his identity. Just not a very definable one. He was pretty far out man.

He doesn't drive the trends, he rides them. The Rolling Stones started riding trends in 1978. Bowie was doing it from

all up in my grill: "RANDOM"

Here is why you need to stop saying "random" when something is strange or out of the ordinary. It's not because you sound stupid, which you do. It's not that it's inarticulate, which it most certainly is. It's not even that it's annoying and offensive to most of the senses. It's because, quite simply - you are destroying the English Language. And let's be clear on this. We're not talking about phenomena like SMS speak or rap music, which linguists and pedants alike bemoan as the first sign of the apocalypse. No, using the word "random" as a synonym for strange is affecting language in a real, tangible and destructive way for two very important reasons.

First of all, random - when applied as the insidious stand-in for strange or weird - is so vague in its meanings, so obscure in semantic value, so aggressively inarticulate that it can mean anything from "How Odd" to "That is unexpected or surprising" all the way to "I understand what you have said, but I am too lazy or busy to contribute anything of worth to this discussion so here is a word that I know". This kind of hold-all word promotes an unforgivable complacency and indifference in discourse. It's a get out of jail free-card, the lexical equivalent of an agnostic shrug of the shoulders, one step up from 'hmmm' and one down from 'whatever'.

This is especially awful when you consider how many wonderful synonyms are at your disposal when trying to convey this idea. Think odd, strange, curious, weird, bizarre, unusual, left of centre and the always-tremendous anomalous. But hey, what's the harm, right? If a group of people should choose to forgo the plethora of adjectives at their fingertips, ignoring that, as speakers of English, they have been blessed with the largest vocabulary on the planet, surely that's their prerogative.

Well no, because there's another, more destructive side to this. By taking random and applying this second meaning to it, especially when the new meaning is close enough to the original that the two become polysemous, rather than homonymous - you run the risk of robbing the original of its value. But it's not so much that the word 'random' in the traditional sense is going to vanish, it's more that it all becomes very confusing.

Do you remember that list of synonyms for 'strange' a couple of sentences ago? Well try to apply that to random in the traditional sense. You can't. Unordered? Chaotic? Arbitrary? Haphazard? You can't say that "The sample group was a *haphazard* or *unordered* selection". It doesn't make sense. 'Random' is the only word we've got to clearly and succinctly describe that particular idea. And there you go appropriating it for a concept for which we have literally dozens of options.

You don't even have to stop being inarticulate or disengaged. Just do it with a different word.

Ben Jenkins

FACT!

During the Gulf War the US Army experimented with feeding Berocca to camels to assist in their efficient release of energy over a 6 hour period. It was a success, camels hence earning the title 'the ships of the desert'.

MEDIA BOTCH

Radio shock jock Kyle Sandilands has once again found himself fending off allegations of being a complete and utter prat after making several inflammatory comments against 2Day FM newsreader Geoff Field.

In a 90-minute self-reflective trade industry podcast Sandilands went so far as to accuse the radio veteran of being "closer to dumb than most people think" and "like a step child you can't get rid of", forcing the news presenter to shift to afternoon drive time with Hamish & Andy.

With Sandilands opting against the mature option of an apology, the notoriously provocative host instead chose to blame his own insolence on management as he called group program director Jeff Allis, "my get-out-of-jail-free card," and claimed sailing through the Austereo ranks was "why I was such an arsehole to everyone and anyone."

The opinionated host remains staunch in his belief that media bullies are merely out for his blood, yet finds no qualms in accusing Fields of "bitching and carrying on". Clues as to how Sandilands remains on air may be sought at: www.thingsboganslike.wordpress.com/.

HONI'S SOUNDTRACK TO... LASERTAG

Joe Smith-Davies piu! piu! piu!

1. Approach: Brad Friedkin, 'Terminator Theme'

Lazers. A suburban mall. Girls wearing Supre. A decidedly post-apocalyptic mix.

2. Dance Dance Revolution Warm-up: The Bees 'Chicken Payback'

Admittedly, the title doesn't scream DDR, but watch the video clip and everything makes sense. Except for the lyrics.

3. Struggling for Cash: Simply Red, 'Money's Too Tight To Mention' Worth it for the juxtaposition of Mick Hucknell's strident pleas with the surly, monosyllabic guy behind the counter.

4. Holding Pen: Richard Wagner, 'Ride of the Valkyries' "I love the smell or glycerine-based fluid in the

mid-afternoon. It smells of, um, smells of... "Smoke Machine" "Yeah, Smoke Machine."

5. Opening Game madness: Prodigy, 'Firestarter' Yeah, be manic, be indiscriminate, be as Flinty as you like. Don't actually start any fires though because no one's getting out alive if you do.

6. First Game Results: Eiffel 65, 'I'm Blue' You lost, so you're down. But down in an upbeat, Italian-born, French-named, *So Fresh! Autumn '99* kind of way.

7. Second Game Victory: Berlin, 'Take My Breath Away' Cue somewhat homoerotic slow-motion celebration a la *Top Gun's* volleyball shenanigans

8. Confrontation with third

game opponents: Fall Out Boy, This Ain't a Scene, It's a Goddamn Arms Race

Probably playing on all their iPods at that precise moment as they trudged forward, Gothic curtain fringes and all.

9. Final Game: Justice, 'Phantom Part II (Soulwax Nite Version)' Because this writhing leviathan of a track is exactly what everyone wants the hollow plastic "dragon" in the middle of the lazertag combat to be, and at a full ten minutes length, is about as long as a game too.

10. Being told about all-night lazertag: Eurythmics vs Faithless 'Sweet Insomnia' The ultimate dilemma: do you succumb to dreams of Annie Lennox in a field or push on through the early hours to a pounding trance backbeat?



THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

N.B. All clues marked (*) must be read in a Cockney accent.

N.N.B This week, Honi Soit gives you two different crosswords for the price of one! To wit: the answers to the quick and cryptic are different.

ACROSS

- Feeling online movement (7)
- Flee online plane (6)
- Start entrance after one's tin about (9)
- Chris Brown with a drink in him makes for a scrap! (5)
- Increases high points (3)
- *12. He smashed it up (5)
- Short thesis written in online's talk (5)
- Told to drag this digit (3)
- Prince Baba? (3)
- *19. He compete delete (5)
- Prism without this crossword's prefix is a babe (3)
- *23. He traveled on horseback to decay (5)
- *24. He travel himself (3)
- *25. He make cow noise at bird (3)
- *26. He say he not batter disease (5)
- *29. He extremely all (5)
- *30. He sun god time (3)
- *31. He send online (and where this all started) (5)
32. Educational institution beats one round fox (6, 3)
35. Reveal online lane change (6)
36. Oriental online at the back of a ship (7)

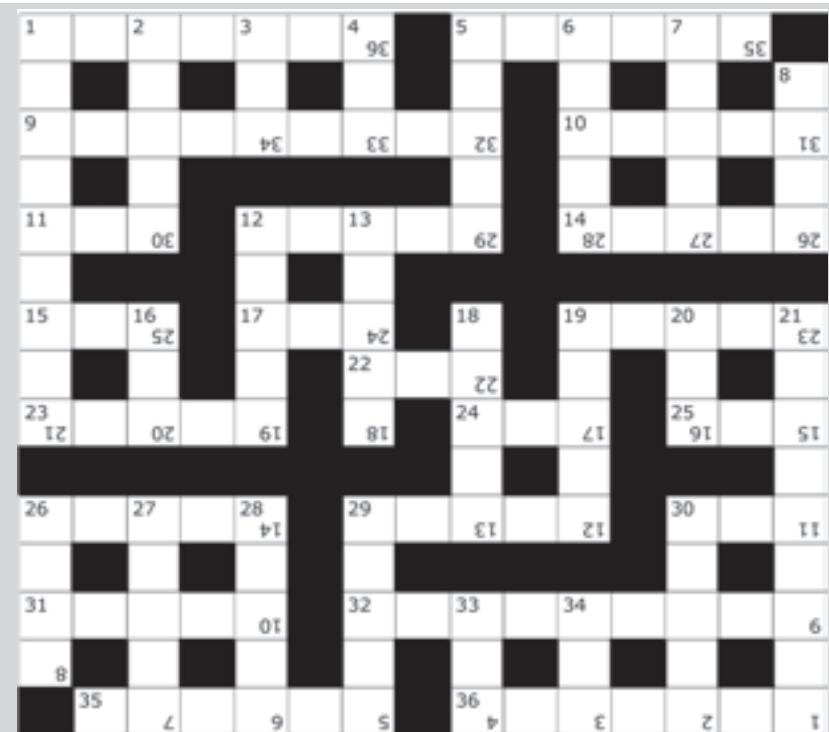
DOWN

- Online booking manners (9)
- Well, nothing unchanged (5)
- This Richard, Reich and Godfather were terrible! (3)
- Jogged around to gun club (3)
- Online flue occurrence (5)
- Store around revolutionary (5)
- Advanced hair holds water! (5)

- Online gulf store (4)
- *12. He tardy thrill (5)
- *13. I heard he screwed the order (5)
- *16. He cut the lawn and himself (3)
18. Award direction fat (5)
- *19. He skinny and black (5)
20. A times E equals Chopper! (3)
21. Learning online old money particle (9)
- *26. He study paradise (4)
27. Be accurate, mon ami, otherwise lose my head (2, 3)
28. More capable rowdy rabble without double (5)
- *29. He woke to a German and stir up (5)
- *30. He vulgar, avoid (5)
33. Pay first said by a big friendly giant (3)
34. Rides odd ways, briefly (3)



- Possessive female adjective (3)
33. Rapper (3)
34. Citizen of Mecca (5)
29. Strength (5)
28. Crash (5)
27. Bemisens' belle (5)
26. Cola (colloid) (4)
25. Come between (9)
24. Recordings device (3)
20. Recording device (3)
19. Values (5)
18. Rubber wheels (5)
16. Look at (3)
15. Fairful (5)
12. Issue (5)
8. Unit (4)
7. Remains (5)
6. Island nation (5)
5. Instrument soft (5)
4. Joggled around to gun club (3)



BENNY "ROBERT DOWNEY JR" DAVIS

- ACROSS
- Family equipment (7)
 - See 3-down
 - Lillici subsidence (9)
 - 36-across Government body; hide band (6, 7)
 25. Altain (3)
 24. Vemini; snitch (3)
 5. 36-across Government body; hide band (6, 7)
 26. Halleys; for instance (5)
 29. Models (5)
 30. Knights title (3)
 31. Makars of Kla (5)
 32. See 22-across
 35. Poster (6)
 36. See 5-across
 15. Bewildered (3)
 17. Creepet; posion (3)
 19. Spitiul leader (5)
 22. 32-across Popular female singer (3, 9)
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 3. 10-across Indian landmark (3, 5)
 23. Alter (5)
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 5. 10-across Devoted to extremes (9)
 6. Look at (3)
 7. Remains (5)
 8. Unit (4)
 9. Instrument soft (5)
 10. Joggled around to gun club (3)
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The Garter Press



— WHAT'S THE POINT OF THIS? GILLARD'S HEAD IS JUST GOING TO BLOCK IT ANYWAY —

EDITION: 230 VOLUME: XXVIII

EST 2010 BC

Price: A pound of flesh . Or sherbert. Whichever suits.

WATER:

Nature's Water.



Who is Julia Gillard?

Seriously, we're at a trivia night and need to know.



Build your own...
Garter Tall Ship!*

*This week's piece:
#1 of 8348789 ... a nail!

Maverick Cop Plays Softball By His Own Rules

Amanda Huffington-Jones
Sports and Haberdashery Reporter

Maverick Cop John Hartigan may play softball by his own rules but goddamnit he gets results. Hartigan, who plays the popular sport as a break from cleaning the scum off the streets and cracking heads with his own brand of justice, says that his approach to the sport is no different from his methods on the piss soaked streets of this god-forsaken city.

"If you don't like me taking a crow-hop when I pitch, not hitting with a regulation size bat or shooting the third baseman for getting in my way, then you may as well take my knickerbockers and hand chalk right now." asserts Hartigan, aggressively offering up his kit-bag to *The Garter*.

"That goddamn Hartigan is out of control" confessed coach Dean Withers, "he's impulsive, short tempered and a loose cannon."

"But goddamn it he gets things done. He might be the only hope and best short-stop we have"

Not all support Hartigan's



unconventional methods. County umpire and professional tax accountant David Andrews is one of the more vocal opponents of the renegade amateur sportsman.

"I want that madman in my office now" said Andrews to no-one in particular. "Look at this mess, he's pitching out of the strike-zone while refusing the valid penalties, overtaking his own base runners and all the while, he's not

wearing regulation spikes!"
I'm getting too old for this shit." added the 29 year-old.

"Look pal, if it's a crime to care about the outcome of a casual sporting match, then I guess I'm guilty. But last time I checked with the DA [David Andrews] it wasn't." concluded Hartigan, flicking his cigarette toward a puddle of gasoline and un-holstering his glock for the ninth innings.

Present Kibaki of Kenya lied about country of birth

Natasha Gull
Africa Correspondent and Secret Mason
Nairobi, Monday

Kenyan President Mwai Kibaki was forced to resign his presidency yesterday after allegations he was a wealthy landowner born in Richmond, Virginia proved true.

Although he has survived previous scandals involving corruption, electoral fraud and negligence leading to soaring crime rates and civil unrest, Kibaki stepped down after *The Nairobi Times* revealed that not only was he not born in Kenya (a requirement under Kenyan law), but that he was white, that his father was Virginian congressman Dave Jefferson Kibaki, and that he was a descendant of the Roosevelt, Clinton, Bush and Kennedy dynasties that have been in power in America for over half of the 20th century.

Former-President Kibaki stated, in a farewell address, that "some day the glass ceiling would be broken, and rich, white male Americans would be free to rule nations they have little or no connection with."

That guy in your tute wont shut the fuck up

EXCLUSIVE
Lucy Smacks-Patricks
Journalist and Ecclesiastical pulpit

In breaking news that made you wish you'd gone to TAFE instead of the pretentious-person-magnet of the University of Sydney, that hipster guy in your tute who wears ironic pink shorts and fashion frames won't shut the fuck up.

Initially you were pleased that someone was prepared to break the awkward silence, and his initial thoughts on the readings seemed insightful to you, especially as you hadn't done the readings and his summary was helping you come to grips with the material.

Around the five minute mark his impromptu lecture began to get under your skin a little, and when the nice-looking student from country New South Wales attempted to chime in and was completely talked over by the guy, you found yourself getting more and more irritated.



You spend some time glaring at the tutor, imploring them with your gaze to do something about this guy, who seems to think that Foucault relates to anything, and pronounces 'Homage' as 'Hom-a-a-arge.'

After twenty-five minutes in which the guy has recited most of the content from the course you also did last semester, he is showing no signs of slowing down, and soon every other student in the class, even the dour, chubby girl with the Winnie-The-Pooh backpack who never says anything, are throwing in 'Buts' and 'Can I just?' and 'Will you shut the fuck up you fucking fuck fucks' but the guy now appears to be just quoting from the episode of *This American Life* that was on last week.

Suddenly, at forty-five minutes, he pauses to get a drink of water, and you rush in and ask the tutor to explain the assessment that is due next week. Unfortunately the tutor coughs at precisely that moment, giving the guy just enough time to pip the tutor at the post, and he continues his

speech were he left off, something about synecdoches, the Oedipus Complex, and Nelson Mandela.

Soon the tute is over and the guy looks pretty pleased with himself, thinking how he's enlightened all these other poor students. He gives a knowing smile to the tutor which he hopes conveys "I'd better get my full ten marks for participation." As you head for Manning preparing to assuage your anger through beer, you overhear the guy suggesting that the class all go to the bar together to discuss it further.

INSIDE

PM'S WAFFLING OVER GREENHOUSE

Later caught on top of green house trying to collect his waffles

- pg 4

SHARK INFESTED CUSTARD A 'SICK JOKE'

Authorities predict decades of clean-up at tax-payers' expense -

pg 5

BABY PANDA TO VISIT TARONGA ZOO

Says it's looking forward to seeing the meerkats - pg 8

SPLISH SPLASH SOMEONE'S TAKING A BATH

And now you're singing that song. Don't fight it. - p21



Lifestyle

CLASSIFIEDS

SPIDERS! I've got all these god damn spiders. Hatching out of a sac on my ceiling gliding down toward my kitchen like evil little paragliders. Quick sale. \$100 or something to kill spiders with. Contact Brad 0438 712 211

FRENCH toast. German shepherd, Irish coffee all walk into a classified. \$15 for punch line (Hint: Genies)

TINY cake. Far too small. Surprisingly expensive. \$400 sml / \$800 stpdly sml

PAIR of runners. Take them. They're fine, I just don't want them anymore. I think I saw one of the little bastards crawl in. Contact Brad 0438 712 211

COMPUTER monitor. Robot lizard. Careful it bytes. This has gone on long enough.

A CIGARETTE. One gold coin. I know you don't want to stab or anything and how you hate it when people ask for cigarettes, but the machine's broken and you don't get paid till tomorrow.

I'm a life-saver. Come find and annoy the shit out of me in a pub. 898 844 843

UPTURNED glass tumbler with piece of paper slid over the top. To be picked up carefully and transported at arms length to your house or a bin. Contact Brad. 0438 712 211

ZEPPELIN. Impress your friends with this luxury Queen of the sky! Glides effortlessly through the air at 85 mph! Quick sale, slightly exploding.

WHINNYING lottery ticket. Not a typo! Makes the noise of a horse. Yours for a winning lottery ticket. 0384 834 858

THE ANTIDOTE contact Ivan D. Mulchbeast once you have secured the diamonds. Tick tock.

AUTOMATIC garage door opener. Gone mad with power. Take it off my hands so I can leave my garage.

FRESH free-range eggs. Buy by the dozen! Willing to sell 17,000 of the little hate-sacs. Contact Brad. 0438 712 211

PERSONALS

WERE you on the 8:45 train from Berowra last Thursday? I slept in, did I miss anything fun? Contact Alvin 0353 858 843

ATTRACTIVE woman seeks middle-aged, overweight, sweating, balding man for good times and no strings attached sex. Contact Alice on 0384 394 938. P.S Bring your kidneys.

LOOKING for a man with a GSOH, dark hair and nice eyes. To be clear - this is a specific man I'm looking for, it's my husband and he's been missing for a week.

PETS

MISSING. Large (very), brown (occasionally flame red) dog. Has been missing for 3 weeks, responds to 'Killie'. Am very concerned. Not for Killie, for you. If you see my dog, run to a church.

FOR SALE. Aren't dogs great?! This animal has twice the legs of

a dog and four times the eyes! Contact Brad 0438 712 211

AMAZING fish. Requires no water or food and sings "Don't Worry Be Happy" whenever you walk past it. Both terrifying and annoying.

MARRIAGES

DAISY, daisy - gave her his answer did (yes). He was half crazy all for the love of her. It wasn't a stylish marriage, they couldn't afford a carriage, but they looked sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two. Until it was sucked under a bus.

DEATHS

A SALESMAN. I too am a wanker.

LADY BRACKENBERRY. Died on an Amazon expedition under suspicious circumstances. Leaves behind considerable fortune and a host of colourful suspects including an aging spinster, a butler and Lord Murder Von Stabby.

COLUMN∞

It seems that you *can* teach a old dog new tricks. According to Beryll of Chatswood, she taught her aged dog to die of diabetes. Just goes to show Beryll!

How's this for a broken record!? Jane Macque of Roseville Chase claims that since scratching her vinyl copy of the 1976 live recording of jazz classic "Bluesology" by Charlie 'The Bird' Parker, she listens to it not as much as she used to. Well, Column Infinity cares for its readers, so we've sent Jane a real bird called Charlie that died in 1976.

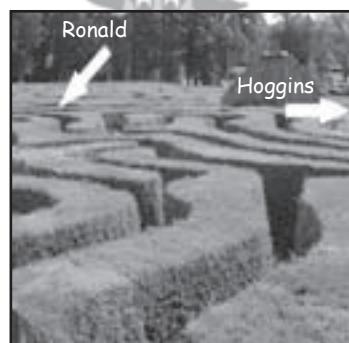
More news on treatment for bee-stings! Carl Worthers from Five Dock suggests finding the offending bee, forcing it to cry and letting the tears of the guilty soothe the ouchies of the transgressed. But how does a bee cry, Carl? How!?

Yet another contribution to the "Where do you buy decent crack on the North Shore" thread. Gladys of Artarmon assures all that her "gear is fly, no punks gonna come round here tellin' me my shit aint whack. I stab a bitch!". We're sure you do, Gladys!

Send your submissions to Column∞: youarealljustwaitingtodie@garter.com

CHILDREN'S KORNER!

Why not help Ronald the Rainbow Lorrikeet though the maze?! But watch out for old Farmer Hoggins, cause he'll shoot you right in the face.



Looks like Belinda the Bilby has gotten herself into a right mess! While walking to the shops, she dropped her bag of assorted letters! Help her sort them out to make a word! Do it now!



JOIN THE DOT!

1. ●



The Garter would like to send an open invitation to

Henry Hawthorne, Ben Jenkins and Mark Sutton

to all go fuck yourselves.

CHORAL EVENSONG



St Paul's College Chapel

Tuesdays in Semester

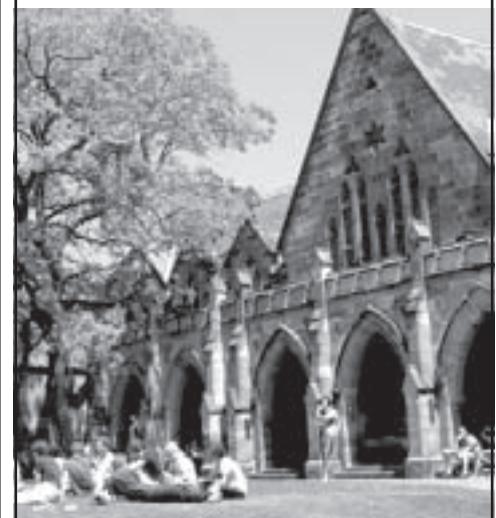
5:45 pm

The St Paul's College Chapel Choir
David Drury Director of Music

Open to All

Ivan Head Warden

Location: 9 City Road, Camperdown



In a station of the Metro:
The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet black bough.

Dolores, despite acknowledging the stark beauty and haunting lilt of this haiku, you really need to put in the ad for the novelty tongs. Get onto it.



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The University of Sydney

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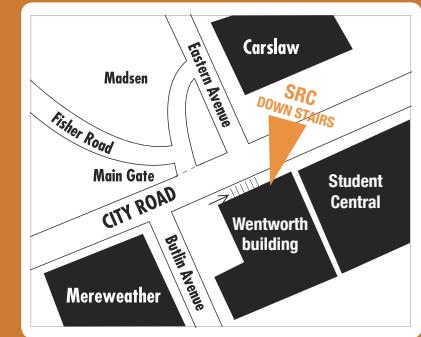
- Honi Soit weekly newspaper see: www.src.usyd.edu.au/honisoit
- Student Handbooks

Student Rights & Representation

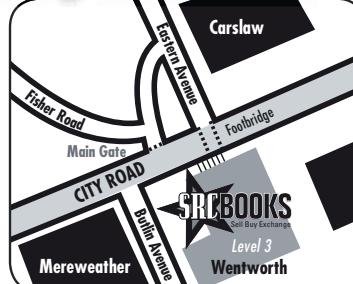
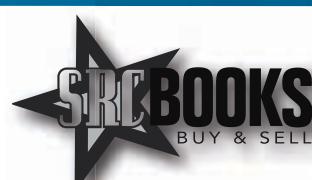
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