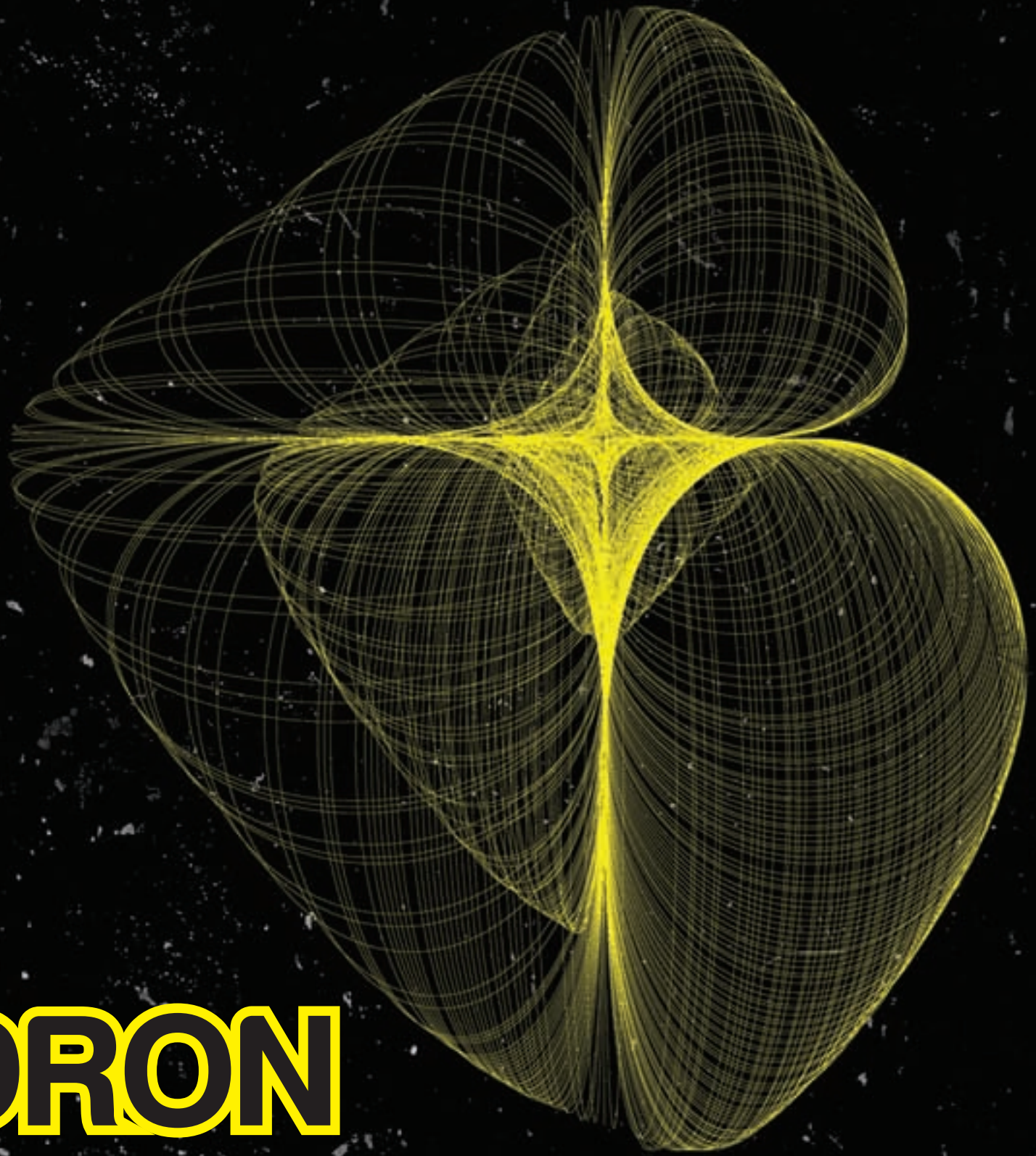


Honi Soit

SEMESTER 1 WEEK 12
26 MAY, 2010



HADRON

Unlocking the Secrets
of the Universe

Campus Catwalk: the USyd Fashion Scene

Interview with Tame Impala

Countdown: Top 5 Cougars. Meow!

Faking It: Drugs. Yep, drugs.

WALK
WALK FASHION, BABY
IT'S YOUR MOMENT

THIS WEEK'S:
Smoke-free days: 0
Song: "I Know What Boys Like" by The Waitresses
Phrase with most horrifically unexpected sado-masochistic associations: Butterfly board
Most surprisingly fruitful Google image search: Chicken Cow

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HONI SOIT, EDITION 11
26 MAY 2010



THE HYPOTHETICAL:
Would you rather
Never be able to go higher than the third floor in any building
OR
Always have sticky hands?
FAQs
What if I wore gloves?
They would become sticky.
What would stop me from going up another storey?
Various obstacles. Examples include force fields, burly bouncers, your own sense of impending doom and aggressive woodland animals.
Are they sticky enough for me to climb walls Spiderman/actual spider style?
No. This is really a lesser of two evils kind of conundrum.



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The Uni-Cycle 04

Gerard Vasta scores for the IGoal charity.

Henry Hawthorne and Naomi Hart report from the Manning sit-in.

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David Mack and Naomi Hart heard what she said and printed it.

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Kat de Jong on Judy Nunn (Ailsa from Home and Away, you know!).

Bridie Connellan ate at Gordon Ramsay's maze restaurant.

Jacinta Mulders watched Bunny and the Bull.

Diana Tjoeng went to STC's Honour.

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The Score

Joe Smith-Davies thinks match fixing is just not cricket.

SRC

SUPRA

Bletchley Park

The Garter 21 - 23

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Vote or Die.

I felt I had to respond to “Non-Voter” in the May 19 issue, who wouldn’t vote because the lines weren’t “short and quick.”

You’ve missed the point of voting, which is dangerously stupid. People around the world have fought and died for their right to vote. To exercise that hard-won right, people go through a hell of a lot more than waiting in a queue outside Manning Bar, and you have the moronic audacity to resent it because it’s not convenient. You must be an incredibly misguided fool to write a self-righteous letter about it to a campus publication. You don’t have a valid complaint. You’re just so spoilt that you don’t realise how lucky and free you are. Don’t keep that ignorant attitude when you become an adult.

Jason Dunn

Business 1st year postgraduate

Walk it out, chalk it out.

I completely understand the aversion to chalking. Too many Sundays spent kneeling on concrete.

But I think the oldest I’ve seen around is the commerce revue stuff. There’s the giant MIT on the front lawns, but also the chalking from the auditions in May of 2008. Thank you Andrew Coleman and your (amazing?) chalk recipe.

Jo Twartz

B Com II

P.S. Vested interest disclosure: I produced Commerce revue in 2009 (although – wasn’t involved in 2008) and was producer for 2010 until recently.

Jo, you seem familiar.

Dear *Honi*,

Please do not portray Tom Lee as a hero of democracy.

Yes, this particular action on Wednesday has highlighted a short coming in the polling process, but that is no excuse for blatantly flouting the rules. The (impartial) polling booth keepers should have been the ones to provide any

assistance- that’s why they’re there.

However, Lee’s wider actions in the campaign trail showed no courtesy to fellow campaigners. Not less than three times did Lee physically push me out the way to prevent me from approaching voters on behalf of Peter Hong. Even if there is no rule against this sort of behaviour in the USU regulations, there is such a thing as common decency.

But to be fair, when Ben Tang saw one of his campaigners acting in this manner he did step in (and props to him for it- I now have a lot of respect for him). It’s just a shame that Lee continued to act this way even after being asked to stop.

Jo Twartz

B Com III

Molly Schmengy is fired.

Dear *Honi*,

I did enjoy Molly Schmengy’s article. But note the factual error; *Only By the Night* is Kings of Leon’s fourth album... you’re welcome!

Serena

Economics as a Social Science II

Last one. We promise.

Dear Mesdames and Sirs,

If we are to be allowed to end a zygote’s/foetus’/human being’s life by when that entity become conscious, as Josh Watson suggests, then we must identify the point in time when it becomes thus. Obviously a zygote is not conscious, but surely a foetus which is kicking in the womb has some consciousness. Furthermore, if consciousness is the determinant of the right to life, then what of comatose adults? Ought their lives be ended? I don’t find this test very attractive because it is arbitrary, as human life is not merely defined by consciousness, and fails to account for the different development of every foetus. That’s why we should err on the side of caution and not abort anything.

As to the sanctity of sperm, a sperm or ovum on its own has no complete capacity for human life. Only a zygote does. A zygote or foetus’ only natural destiny is to miscarry or be born a

EDITORIAL

I’m gonna put it out there: I don’t like science. I find it weird, tricky and too clever by half. While we’re at it, I don’t think much of space either – far too infinite for my liking. Oh, and I think the word ‘quark’ is patently ridiculous.

These are all reasons why it was with some trepidation that I approached this week’s feature on the Large Hadron Collider. How does it work? What is it? Why is it? These were all questions I had little interest in knowing the answers to.

If you are a science dullard like myself, the very words ‘Large Hadron Collider’ won’t mean much. You might recall, however, how a group of Buzz Killington scientists filed a lawsuit in 2008 to halt the activation of the LHC, claiming that the fancy machine would bring about the end of the world. You’ve gotta admit, that’s pretty awesome.

Thankfully, Arghya Gupta’s article on the LHC is an accessible introduction to what, I am told, is one of most important moments in the history of scientific research. It seems quite marvelous, even if I don’t totally get it.

Decidedly more up my alley is this week’s other feature (yes, there are two! For the price of none!) in which Jacqueline Breen talks up fashion at our university. One of her interviewees is burgeoning design talent, Christina Bouzios. The clothes from her label, *Bou*, display a coherent eclecticism rarely seen in Australian fashion. It is a pleasure to feature her work in this paper.

As for the rest of this edition, there are some corkers; If you like your women aged like a fine wine, we’ve got something for you (page 7). Or perhaps you fancy yourself to be an amateur lepidopterist (page 14). Or maybe you just really, really like *Pride and Prejudice* (Page 15). It’s all here, bitches.

I am proud to have two such wildly different features running side by side. It is true that science-y articles have been rather thin on the ground this year... Our bad, we’re working on it. The point is that *Honi* isn’t meant to be just an arts paper and whatever gets your particles colliding, we want you to find it here. Even if for me the jury’s still out on science.

Anusha Rutnam

human being. That destiny is why its life ought to be protected.

Perhaps I employed some hyperbole in equating abortion to homicide, for they are indeed different acts. For that, I apologise. However, nowhere did I express any desire to bring children into the world, as Mr Watson asserted. I’m not convinced of my suitability for fatherhood.

Yours faithfully,

Robbie Turnbull

BA/LLB III

Honi Good, Uni Bad

Dear *Honi* Eds,

There are two things I’d like to say.

First, this year’s paper is amazing, just the right balance between interesting interviews and silly comedy... except anything by Ollie Burton.

Secondly, I have appealed for special consideration from the Science Faculty and am absolutely appalled by the service. The instructions from the faculty are incorrect and misleading, the staff are rude and unhelpful and their opening hours seem to be deliberately shortened so as to disadvantage students (opening hours on Fridays are 10 am - 1 pm) and when questioned, students are encouraged to miss classes to submit their forms.

This is completely unacceptable. Do the administration staff not realise that their job is to make the academic’s and student’s life run more smoothly as opposed to causing more difficulties in which further special consideration need be sought?

Edgar Wakelin

Engineering/Science III

Misfiled mail. Again

Dear *Honi*,


Thanks for returning Maisy Snuffington to her rightful, or shall I say, ‘writful’ (*chortle*) spot in your papers. Remove her again and I will have to corner any editor I see, whether it is an appropriate time or not, and drunkenly ramble on and on about how much I love her and sympathise with her on a personal level. (Again). You’ve been warned. Also, a retrospective congratulations to the editors of the *Women’s Edition!*

Warm regards,

Bec Santos

BA IV (Hons)

Editor’s note: this letter has been forwarded on to the relevant parties. Again.



THE STALKER

Oh! I seem to have another afternoon off. Again. But what ever shall I do? Why, it seems my question is answered by your unsuspecting presence, upon which my gaze now casually fixates with the power of a thousand suns, perhaps focused by the equally powerful lenses of your **wire-frame glasses**. And yet I smell no burning hair from your **big woolly beard**, nor does your pint of beer begin to boil – perhaps you are saved by the umbrage of your **baseball cap** which is too loose by I’d say about three plastic-notch-button-holes. What a shame that my gaze is, once more, unrequited – I’ll leave you to watching **Pikachu battle Donkey Kong**.

Think you were stalked? Send a photo of yourself to honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au and you may win a prize!

Love mail? Hate mail? Toe nail?

SEND IT ALL TO

honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au
NEXT WEEK’S BEST LETTER PRIZE:
The Dance, by Faithless. It’s an album.

THIS WEEK:
Edgar Wakelin wins a copy of Philip Hui’s
Superbia

Submit to us.

Think you’ve got what it takes to write something for *Honi*? Well listen up buddy... you probably do. Send in any submissions to honi.soit@src.usyd.edu.au





1Goal for Third World Education

Gerard Vasta on FIFA's official World Cup charity.

As World Cup fever is about to kick off, it's only natural that we start offering to anyone who listens our all-knowing opinions on Harry Kewell's groin, Australia's chances and when it's not a good morning to go to Leichhardt for a coffee (when Italy loses).

Along with Australia's recent campaign to get to South Africa, there is another serious side to football and it's one that doesn't demand a month of ridiculous bed times.

The global football body FIFA has, in conjunction with the World Cup, undertaken the task of putting its enormous following to good use in order to make primary education a reality for all children worldwide.

This initiative works in line with one of the United Nations' Millennium Development Goals. In September the UN will be meeting to discuss their goals, hopefully with the support of various governments and corporations. Together they will work to give 72 million people the right to education that we all deserve.



Giving the Third World the finger

The 180 Degrees social development consultancy group on campus has teamed up with social development agency Action Aid to deliver the campaign to Sydney University. The events are all lined up for USyd's 1Goal week for you to come down and get YOUR WORLD CUP FEVER ON! (NB: there will also be non-football related events).

All we're asking at the events is that you enjoy yourself, show a little support, and also remember to sign the global petition to make the 1Goal initiative a reality. You could even do it now. Check out joinonegoal.org and get along to our events!

Heroes of Manning Take A Seat

Henry Hawthorne and Naomi Hart sat and watched history.

A collection of disenchanted students, galvanised by their hunger for the right to self-volition and a Manning Burger, thirsty for the cooling waters of political determination and perhaps a cheeky James Squire, is a force to be reckoned with.

Wednesday of last week saw the quiet drama of the Manning Sit-In unfold over four hours, from 3pm to 7pm, in the hope of rallying student solidarity against the University's proposed plans to take control of Union bars and food outlets.

An organiser and recent USU Board candidate, Tim Scriven, admitted, "We're thinking, at this stage [3pm], it's not going to work".

Scriven suggested that the main difficulty was that those who had arrived for the Sit-In were indistinguishable from other, equally merry, patrons. Three things did, however, suggest that the Sit-In was in full swing: a Facebook event claimed that it was starting at 3pm; two patrons were overheard asking, "Is there some kind of protest?" and,



The Manning Red Shirts

"What are we protesting about?"; and there was an impressively sized rectangle of cheesecloth onto which was painted "MANNING IS OURS", open for signature by passers-by.

Those who were involved did not take their duty lightly. In keeping with the trials of body, mind and spirit undergone by Sitters-In of years past (perhaps the Civil Right Sit-In of Nashville, 1960, or the Indian Independence Movement Sit-In, Mumbai, 1949), the protestors relentlessly refused to abstain from an ice-cold beer, or a quick game of *Super Mario SmashBrothers* projected onto the Manning stage.

U is for UN, not Uni

General Executive Member of the Sydney University United Nations Society, Jeff Li gets pumped about the UN moving to USyd. Unsurprisingly.

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

Forget Winter School - who wants to sit in a lecture theatre from 9 to 3, only to go home and study some more, when you can spend the day debating serious international politics with actual human beings and spend the night partying with people from all over Australia and beyond?

For the past ten months, a group of USyd students have been working hard to bring the Asia-Pacific Model United Nations Conference (AMUNC) to USyd. It is going to happen from 10 - 16 July, sitting comfortably between your trip to

[insert exotic destination here] and your pre-uni headache.

If you're new, Model United Nations (MUN) is a simulation of the workings of actual UN bodies, in which you role-play as an ambassador of a country to the UN and work out a solution to an issue from that country's perspective. MUN is not just about giving speeches (as much as we understand that you love to) but also about negotiating with your fellow MUN-ers, making compromises on solutions and working towards a consensus. There are as many flavours of MUN settings as there are pizzas in Parma: you can be a delegate in one of the General Assemblies, the World Trade Organisation, the International Court

of Justice, the UNDP (short for the UN Development Programme, or the UN Dance Party), or as an observer from one of the many non-governmental organisations.

If you're really new, AMUNC is legendary for its fabulous social events. AMUNC attracts students all around Australia plus the Asia-Pacific region. And we have lined up some super awesome venues for you to meet new friends and network on an international scale. If you've been bragging about how "international" your Facebook friend list is, how about doing the same to your *real* friend list? If you've been telling people how crazy your night out in the Ivy was, how about telling people about a cruise in Sydney Harbour? (singing of "I'm On A Boat" optional).



Not now, Martin

Enough said: put down that list of Winter School courses, head to www.amunc.net and sign up for this MUN-licious event! Sign up now at www.amunc.net/register. Registration closes May 31st.

Want more info? Head to www.amunc.net, or shoot us an email at info@amunc.net



Jeremy Leith smells the stench of State Government corruption.

Have you ever turned up late to a tute having not done the reading, and attempted to fake your way through discussions of Kant with a knowing smirk? If you haven't, there is a good chance you actually go to UTS and therefore should probably return this copy of *Honi* to its rightful owner. However, for us quad-bound ponces the perfected art may be in danger.

MP Karyn Paluzzano (ALP, Penrith) made the rookie mistake of not doing her readings - the MP's Code of Conduct to be specific. Unfortunately for her, a knowing smirk was not enough to fool the Independent Commission Against Corruption (ICAC), when she admitted to signing false staff payment forms and previously misleading ICAC during a compulsory examination earlier this month.

Corruption and misuse of taxpayers' money by politicians will always be considered particularly heinous as it is just that: our money. However, despite the numerous cases of wrongdoing investigated by ICAC each year, there still seems to be those ready and willing to get their corrupt-on.

In 2004, former MP Richard Face (ALP, Charleston) was found to have engaged in corrupt activities by misleading ICAC investigations on his use of staffers to create a consultancy business related to his portfolio, Gaming and Racing. Also, in 2003 former MLC Malcolm Jones (Outdoor Recreation Party) was found to have misused staff and resources to support membership drives for 11 'micro' parties unconnected to his. This included The Marijuana Freedom Party. How dubious.

But it's not just politicians on this illustrious list - public servants also manage to pull a sly manoeuvre on us. My personal favourite? That would have to be former Sydney Ferries CEO

FACT!

Camels are 90% water.

Geoffrey Smith, who used his company credit card in 2009 to pay for private school fees, groceries, alcohol and club memberships which came to a grand total of \$237,000.

Of course, if you want to go a little further away from home, Wollongong Council is always willing to keep things interesting... However, while the 'Gong may be in the same state, it's another city entirely.

Reflections on an Election

Hannah Morris isn't totally jaded by the hackery. Yet.

I am a self-professed Union election tragic.

In 2009, my first year at Sydney University, I was electrified by the excitement of Union election time, and as my friends bemoaned all the lecture bashing and busied themselves with the free Sudokus I would actually listen to the candidates and attempt to discern what this whole Union thing was all about – was it a popularity contest? A catchy slogan contest? Why were there rickshaws all over campus? And on Election Day I would walk up and down Eastern Avenue an unnecessary number of times, soaking up the atmosphere whilst cheerfully allowing myself to be harassed by different campaign groups. After voting I would cover myself in campaign stickers as a colorful symbol of my involvement in university life.

This year however I was much more politically savvy. I resolved to not base my vote on physical attractiveness, university gossip or the wit of campaign slogans. Instead, I would base my vote on policy! I spent many a lunchtime in Manning poring over *The Bull*, reading each candidate's policies and, yes, perhaps judging them slightly on the basis of their profile picture. However due to my status as a second year and the small pocket of influence I was perceived

to hold as a President of a USU society, I found that I knew several of this year's candidates and their chief campaigners. Even more surprising was the fact that, lo and behold, some of the candidates were paying attention to me! From then on everything seemed to happen in a rush. I began to receive personalized text messages, Facebook messages and real life messages from Union candidates! I was invited to join their Facebook groups! People would ask me to wear their t-shirt! (A privilege I had never been honoured with in first year) I began to get caught up in the excitement of feeling like somebody important at university.

Election Day came and I hung around Uni for three hours longer than I should have for no real reason. I attended the Hermann's election party and watched with keen interest the growing numbers beside each candidate's name on the Excel spreadsheet, whilst incidentally ruining my own chances of ever running for Union Board by getting drunk and falling over the back of a couch onto one of the candidates. I left Hermann's at midnight enraptured with the euphoria of election fever. I really felt like I was part of something special.

The next day, however, everything had changed. The 13th of May had dawned,



ZJ.

the Directors had been elected and the hangover had set in. I felt in a daze as I stumbled hesitantly down Eastern Avenue, and could not help the feeling of anticlimax that was growing inside me. I tried in vain to rationalise my feelings – of course I knew that student politics was in the end just politics; of course I knew that the value of my friendship to these people was dependent on the number I put next to their name on the ballot paper; of course I knew that now May 12th was over, I would probably never see any of the new directors again; of course I knew I had been politically used and abused.

Yet it has to be said that in a University as large as ours, it can be hard for individuals to feel that collective engagement and sense of belonging that we innately desire. It is just too easy

to leave home, go to your lectures and tutorials and then go back home again without seeing a single person you know. Being involved in a student election allows you to feel like you are part of something larger than yourself, that you are a member of an enthusiastic team with a shared purpose, and that you are somehow important to the running of the university. And it is sad that once the chalk fades and the campaigning is over, that fleeting feeling of importance and belonging disappears and you simply fade back into the anonymity of your everyday life.

I am not writing this as a criticism of student politics or the USU, for I suppose it is just the nature of the beast and this feeling of post-election isolation is something I will just have to learn to live with.

Do you have Asthma?



AusTrials is seeking volunteers for a research project using a new treatment for Asthma.

We are calling for volunteers to help us conduct this study who fit the following criteria:

- 12 years of age and over;
- Diagnosed with asthma at least 12 months ago;
- Currently use a preventer
- Had a worsening of asthma condition in the last 12 months that required either hospitalisation OR a visit to an Emergency Room OR a visit to the doctor

If the above applies to you and you would like to take part in the study OR for obligation free information, please contact:

Hornsby (02) 8401 9999
Or
Blacktown (02) 8602 8890

There are no costs associated with participation and travel expenses will be reimbursed. The trial is being conducted at AusTrials by medically qualified professionals and has received ethics committee approval from the Bellberry Human Research Ethics Committee.

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THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

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I DO SOLEMNLY DECLARE

The Union Regulations stipulate that candidates in Board elections are required to submit evidence of their expenses to the Returning Officer within three days of the election.

This year's Returning Officer, Ivan Ah Sam, has explained that this 'evidence' may extend beyond simply providing receipts (no definition of 'evidence' is given in the Regulations). In an email to all candidates, Ah Sam suggested that he may request that candidates sign statutory declarations attesting to the fact that their submissions constitute the entirety of their expenses.

There are serious penalties for false statutory declarations: the *Oaths Amendment Act 1996* (NSW) imposes fines and gaol terms.

Some candidates have said to *Honi* that they would be reluctant to sign statutory declarations relating to their expenses; that is, they are unwilling to sign a document legally attesting to the truth or completeness of their declared expenses.

This comes two weeks after two candidates who were ultimately successful (Alistair Stephenson and Sibella Matthews) and one unsuccessful candidate (Hiltin Guo) declared that they had breached the spending cap and were penalised accordingly.

As *Honi* has previously reported, numerous current Board directors have expressed suspicion that other candidates also breached the cap but did not declare that they did so, and that even these three candidates may have spent even more than they declared.

POSTMAN PAT: AN APPEALING CANDIDATE?

We received a note last week alleging Pat Massarani was intending to launch an appeal with the Union's Electoral Legal Arbiter challenging the election of Alistair Stephenson, Sibella Matthews and Ben Tang to Union Board. The Union's Returning Officer, Ivan Ah Sam, would not comment on whether an appeal had been lodged.

Initially, Pat told us that he was not lodging an appeal but had provided 'evidence' to Deb White, who Pat said was launching an appeal of her own. Alistair was elected to Board over Deb by just a handful of votes.

Deb denied she was lodging an appeal. She told *Honi* she had accepted the result, was happy with the way everyone campaigned and had moved on.

Pat later admitted that Deb wasn't launching an appeal of her own, but would not comment as to whether he had lodged or will be lodging an appeal himself. Pat received the second lowest number of votes in the election, and for him to gain a place on Board all the elected candidates would need to be disqualified.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

Honi has heard about three students who intend to run for SRC President later this year: Chad Sidler, a member of the Liberals on campus; Ross Leedham, who ran with the Whigs last year; and Tom Lee, who ran unsuccessfully for Union Board last year, and, as *Honi* published last week, walked a blind student across the line and directed his hand to vote for Ben Tang in this year's Union election.

Naomi Hart & David Mack

Out of the Cabinet

On Thursday, the spin doctors' mascara covering NSW Labor's love bites from the media melted away for the umpteenth time. In the inclement fury of a fresh news cycle, David Campbell resigned in a storm of assent. For the first time this year, people started giving the proverbial shit about state politics. Why? Because sex – even gay sex in this enlightened age – still sells.

No one denies he sucked in his role (figuratively, you perverts). Amongst a cabinet of fuckups (fuckcabinet), he shone like the sun. Anyone who masterminded – no, noobminded – the F3 gridlock which delayed traffic for 12 hours or the car tax which put people at the mercy of a disorganised bus system should not be trusted with a portfolio. He was crap. He stayed in his job for the Government's fear of enduring a fresh round of factional shit-flinging for an open portfolio and eventually being forced to appoint someone crapper still. And for that, we resented them. In this sense, pragmatists rejoiced in his dismissal. But they were drowned out by the rejoicing of righteously disgusted voyeurs, which to this disgruntled journalist, just isn't cricket.

His dismissal was founded on three things. Being craptastic at his job wasn't one of them. The media shrieked that he had deceived the public, deceived his family, and this deception had allowed him a gay old time. His professional record is what deserved attention.

Firstly, it's been shown that shopping in another aisle does not exclude one from politics anymore – or even from holding a portfolio. Penny Wong can attest to that.

Deceiving one's family in any sexual sense is easily overcome these days even in a public role, whether through total denial or a teary contrition to Tony Jones. Bill Clinton can attest to that.

Deceiving the public – even temporarily – regarding one's sexuality hasn't tarnished the plebs' opinion of Ellen DeGeneres, Elton John, Ian McKellen or Albus Dumbledore. The reason they delayed their coming-out was through fear for their livelihoods. That fear never materialised. If anything, they were lauded for their courage and spurred on to even greater heights.



But put all these things together, and hell hath no fury like a Premier scorned. If these things are all perfectly acceptable in isolation, then why does putting them together mean the death of one's career, dignity and respect of one's peers?

Because a shocked public seeing all these things in concert is too much for one's tolerance system to handle. Even if they managed to overcome their contempt, however gradually, of the above criteria they are still unprepared to cop them all at once. That is a challenge that our society, sadly, is yet to be overcome.

Though banished from the ministry, Campbell is still allowed to keep his seat. So why is a minor public figure excoriated for his crimes against morality, but is still allowed to remain a slightly-more-minor public figure? There seems no better explanation than that Keneally, barred from firing the man because of factional constraints, was looking for a plausible excuse. Any excuse.

And that's why this wizened turd of a Government is unfit to govern for another day.

Tim Whelan



The Bar Fight:

Ed McGrath believes in the chicken schnitzel, while Morris Schmengy is pro-steak. Who wins? Not the chicken or the cow, that's for sure.

Morris Schmengy: As an Aussie male I feel as if it is my right, no, my duty to order a steak at the pub.

Ed McGrath: If your name is Tony Abbott and you value being a masculine douchebag over saving the planet, then go right ahead and order that steak! I on the other hand prefer to eat chicken schnitzel, not only do chickens produce less methane but they are conveniently cramped into tiny little cages, ready to be eaten without the need to cut down hectares of forest. Oh, and did I mention that chicken schnitzel tastes better?

Okay, so you're going all environmental on me, but is the environmental benefit of chicken really justified when it involves torturing all those innocent

birds by condemning them to a sorrowful life in a steel cage, barely big enough to house a pigeon? And besides, you're wrong: steak tastes better!

Even if steak does taste better you have to admit that cows are much worse for the planet than chickens.

Okay, you may be right on the environmental side, but think about the ethics of raising chickens. Not only are chickens housed in tiny cages for their entire life, but they are relentlessly pecked and prodded, making them featherless freaks resembling a ready-to-go meal rather than a living creature. They are also force fed grains laced with chemicals, a far cry

from the bugs and plants they should be eating. Caged chickens are essentially forced into obesity, often with the aid of hormones. They grow far too fast and die far too young. Free the chickens I say!

Well, thanks for proving my point. You just said it yourself, chickens are a 'ready to go meal' and that's why we should eat them. God made them flightless so that they're easy to catch, and 'KFC family bucket' sized so that they're convenient to eat. Hindus have qualms about eating cows, Jewish people have qualms about eating pigs, but no one has any qualms about eating chickens, except for vegos, but who cares what they think?

You're being ridiculous. I could just as easily argue that cows are only designed to be eaten, but I will refrain from engaging in such a silly debate and instead inform you of the health benefits of steak over chicken. Not only is beef loaded with iron, zink, iodine, manganese, selenium, chromium, fluoride and

silicon, but it contains nearly all the amino and fatty acids that the body needs.

Okay so you can name random nutrients, but think of how much saturated fat and cholesterol there is in steak.

Chicken schnitzel contains just as many kilojoules as steak. Lets face it, chicken schnitzel is just a boring excuse for a meal, where's the medium rare or well done, or the gravy or mushroom sauce? Chicken schnitzel is eaten solely by boring people who can't handle all the choices associated with ordering a steak.

And steak is eaten by obese, blokey planet killers... kudos to you!



We can dream, can't we?



MEDIA BOTCH

Thursday night saw Channel Seven (that family-friendly station who can do no wrong) sink to a new low. Hidden camera footage of David Campbell leaving a gay sex club was broadcast on the evening news with the aim of keeping the public informed (and sticking it to Channel Nine). Never mind the fact that the journalist who broke the story once worked for the State Government and dated the former Health Minister, Reba Meagher. Nor the fact that Channel Seven's news boss, Peter Meakin, has stifled a story about his drink driving offences. CAMPBELL IS A POLITICIAN AND WE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW! All we can say is that when Miranda Devine reckons you've gone too far, you have gone *way* too far.

When the media seems to be awash with young starlets with no self-respect, it comes as something of a refreshing surprise that teen-sailor-extraordinaire Jessica Waston turned down \$250,000 for photographers to appear at her 17th birthday bash. That's a quarter of a million dollars. She is 17. Just thought that was worth repeating. While this may help her promote a wholesome image that will no doubt earn her more money in the future, we still reckon Lara Bingle should take note.

CHORAL EVENSONG



St Paul's College Chapel

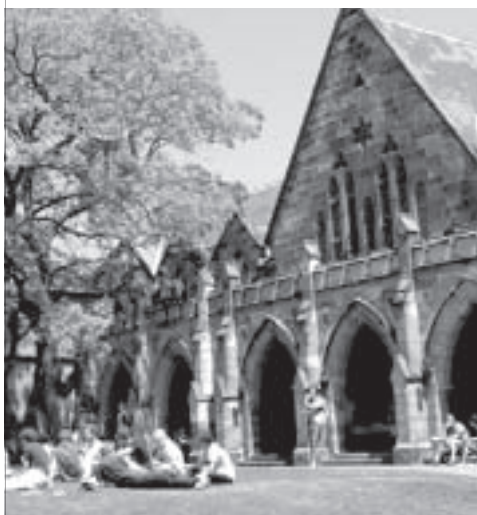
Tuesdays in Semester
5:45 pm

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

Open to All

Ivan Head Warden

Location: 9 City Road, Camperdown



"TAKING THE DRUGS"

The Scenario

You're with your new friends, the cool ones. There appears to be forming some sort of informal 'story circle', in which each participant takes it upon him or herself to top the last story. The topic: drug use. Given your sound knowledge of the *Drug Misuse and Trafficking Act 1985* (NSW) (ss 10-14), there's no way you'd ever risk taking drugs, let alone threaten your monthly income if your mum got wind of it. But they're your new friends, the cool ones.

What To Say

Pick a drug, any drug, even if it doesn't exist. After all, the underground drug scene is a euphemism factory. Become a worker in that factory, and try to out-euphemism your competition. If you're in a tight spot, just start with your surroundings and work from there: got any 'lamp'? Ever tried 'mouse'? Coming down from a 'blink' trip? Riding on a wave of 'velvet nightmare' ('VN')? Unhappy that the police have intercepted a shipment of 'one-eyed albino rainbow cake of paradise'? Of course you are! You're outraged!

If they call your bluff, dismissively tell

them it means "marijuana". If they still call your bluff, stab them, and blame the drugs.

Try also to avoid tackling the subject head on: instead, graft your habit onto an unrelated situation which simply screams drug use. Your story doesn't begin, "I was once taking drugs when X". No, you were "peaking at a festival", "getting high on New Year's at a warehouse rave party", or "shooting up at the shops". Your daily transitions from neutral to high should seem as natural and probable as day begetting night.

What Not To Say

As the Mayans used to say "better to remain silent and have people think you are a fool, than speak and confirm it." The Mayans obviously knew how to fake drug use with the best of them. Keeping your mouth shut is the best way to avoid claiming that you were "snorting weed", "lighting up an E" or "shelving a bong". Such gaffes will do you no favours.

Don't get overzealous in description either. There's a temptation, having

FAKING IT

learnt most about The Drug Taking Experience from tired analogies with *Alice in Wonderland* and *Round the Twist*, to discuss at length the ways in which the world becomes your iridescent playground of imagination and whim. Best just to say that you stole a disabled child from the park because you thought it was a gnome. The fact that hundreds of people all claim that this really did happen to them only reaffirms its truth.

What To Do

To put the icing on the ice, throw in some method acting. Measure out your friends' jasmine tea to the microgram. Don't use the microwave to heat up soup, light your cigarette lighter under each spoonful. Stab a friend.

So: follow these rules three and you too can fake drug use, keeping your new friends (the cool ones) AND avoid engaging in behaviour that's been empirically correlated with brain and immune system dysfunction... :)!

Henry Hawthorne & Naomi Hart

COUNTDOWN | TOP 6 COUGARS

Monica Connors



Stifler's Mom

Stifler's mom makes the list because she made many boys watching *American Pie* aware of life options they never knew existed. Just like her male equivalent, Kevin Spacey's Lester Burnham from *American Beauty*, the MILF of East Great Falls High claimed that 18-year-olds were "the way I like it". Sleeping with her may be better than sleeping with a pie but remember kids, only one of the aforementioned will give you herpes.

6



Demi Moore

In Ashton Kutcher, Demi Moore found the cougar version of a trophy wife. Together they have managed to make cougar dating look more politically correct than a Benetton ad campaign. With the couple's 15-year-age difference, Demi's ex Bruce Willis is waiting for the day when Ashton reveals their marriage to be an elaborately planned episode of *Punk'd*.

5



Blanche Dubois

Tennessee Williams' temptress from *A Streetcar Named Desire* liked her men young and vulnerable. After seducing her teenage paper boy (think Apu's role in *The Simpsons*), Blanche glimpsed the benefits of dating a younger man; sexual impropriety, escapism and shared nap times. Despite her relationship with the paper boy going nowhere fast, there is no doubt that had pool boys existed in the 1940s Deep South, Blanche would have "depended on their kindness".

4



Ivana Trump

With hobbies as diverse as nude swimming, Botox and 'college guys', Ivana Trump has sass to spare. When she isn't skiing in the Swiss Alps, Ivana does Jell-O shots with her on/off Italian partner Rossano Rubicondi, who is 24 years her junior. Host of the reality series *Ivana Young Man*, Ivana belongs to the cougar school of thought that if it's leopard print, it's fashionable.

3



Mrs. Robinson

In 1967 Anne Bancroft starred in *The Graduate*, seducing her neighbour Benjamin (Dustin Hoffman), who was the same age as Mrs. Robinson's own daughter. Yes, she was a little scary but chances are she'd have packed you a peanut butter and jam sandwich before you left in the morning. Better start running boys; this mama cat can smell your fear.

2



Joan Collins

The former star of *Dynasty*, Joan Collins is the ultimate cougar. Her fifth husband, Percy Gibson, is 32 years her junior and according to her autobiography, *Mature and In Love*, she and Percy like to spend their weekends washing each other's hair and adding Lipitor to their bowls of high fibre cereal. Joan gets extra props for allegedly slapping Justin Bieber after he called her his favourite *Golden Girl*.

1



Hi, I'm Honi Soit, you must be *Tame Impala*

Laurence Rosier Staines gets electric with the West Australian psychedelic rockers.

As I speak to Kevin Parker, the affable guitarist/vocalist of Western Australian groove merchants Tame Impala, he's busy absorbing the last vestiges of summer in his backyard. "Interview time is sunbathing time," he tells me. In fact, he sounds relaxed enough for me to ask if my band can support his band, and if not then why not. "You can! Just not on this tour. Because we're bringing our friends along." Touché. But I'm holding you to that, Parker.

The tour – Australia in May, the US with MGMT in June – is for *Innerspeaker*, their debut long-player released last Friday. But after rising to national prominence in 2008 with a four-track EP released by Modular Records (home to The Presets and Wolfmother), then consolidating their new position with a popular cover of "Remember Me" by Blue Boy in 2009 that made it into that year's Hottest 100 at Triple J, it seems apt to wonder which parts of Tame Impala's world have changed and which are roughly the same.

They're a band that seems to have kicked back (in as relaxed a way as conceivably possible) and absorbed the different pressures that one associates with different levels of success. In the old days they didn't have their own sound guy when they played live; in terms of microphone placement and live mix, Parker says, "we had to be a slave to the system and just do whatever we were told." Live sound engineers can be a notoriously conservative bunch, and Tame Impala's requests for reverb and delay on the vocals were scoffed at, an obstacle that some bands never bother to overcome as they get bigger. Today, however, these two aural accoutrements are all you can hear. Score one for clout and creative control.

Touring itself, Parker says, is fun so long

as it's as close as possible to what they do at home. This includes having enough time to hang out, access to some wacky tabaccy and, evidently, some impulsive changing of instruments (Nick Allbrook and Dominic Simper – live guitar and bass, respectively – recently switched roles, and I'm told that the results have been better for everyone). But one of the novel aspects of their newfound fame that Parker admits to liking is having an entourage. "When it's just us four, when we have to make our own fun, if one or two people go to get a beer the other two generally have to go as well. When there are more you can split off into little groups and do whatever you want." No wonder they're bringing their friends along.

Playing with MGMT – as they did recently and will soon do again – was an invigorating experience, Parker says. "MGMT were good people. Cool guys who haven't been changed by whatever success they've had. That's what I was wondering: whether they'd be these huge personalities. But they're not, they're just really cool guys. That was really inspiring."

If an appreciation of comparatively ego-less megastars and a touring motto of not straying too far from what they would normally do seems to point towards a general desire to remain grounded and down to earth, there is still an occasional healthy interest in hilarious extravagance: Tame Impala's backstage rider consists of a puppy dog and three virgins – which they decided to dispense with on the Japanese leg of the tour for fear that their hosts might actually deliver – and in a perfect world their backstage area would double as a recording studio. This mix of earthiness and surreal flourishes is reflected in the music of *Innerspeaker*, a psychedelic melee awash



Tame Impala, with new band member 'Jane Doe'

with Phase-90 effects, delay, cosmic reverb and something called an Acetone Stereo Phasor, which is apparently difficult to identify but supremely cool.

At some points, despite knowing that they must be guitars playing, I wasn't convinced that they weren't maxed-out synthesisers. This, he assures me, was the whole point. But come to think of it, has the whole process of writing and recording changed since the first EP, which was recorded to "have something to listen to on the way to the beach"? Yes and no.

"The EP was just done for the love of making songs, not for release," Parker says, "not for people to hear it. With the album there's more of an approach. We wanted it to sound good so it's a little more premeditated."

I was surprised to learn that despite the flexing of instrumental muscle on the album and the inclusion of a lot of what sounds like jamming, there strictly isn't any because Parker recorded most of the layers himself, while the others were off with their own recording projects. In this way it was "just like the EP, except slightly more professional."

As well as singing on it and playing it, Parker was even going to mix it himself before Dave Fridmann (Flaming Lips and MGMT producer extraordinaire) came along. "Dave loves anything that's a bit weird. Most mixing guys would tell me to take a running leap when I ask them to do some things. He's my favourite mixing engineer in the world." Fridmann's trademark sound – warm, spacious and psychedelic – certainly meshes well with Tame Impala's, as evident on the lead single 'Solitude Is Bliss' (the one that goes "you will never come close to how

I feel" – crazy bands with their obscure song titles). Even the notoriously pedantic and hard-to-please Pitchfork Media are going crazy for it, and all the signs point towards Tame Impala being one of their Next Big Things.

However, as with many bands whose sound recalls another band or another era in general, there are lovers and haters. The only genuine scorn is usually reserved for their less-subtle labelmates Wolfmother, but Tame Impala do get compared a lot – positively and negatively – to Cream and their contemporaries.

"People always say we sound like the 60s, and I don't mind, because I love that sound. But it's not intended to sound '60s' – I like to think we're far more evolved than that. It's low-fi dream-pop. Groove. Psych-rock." Alas, my attempt to rile him up was ineffectual.

With their debut album only just released, they are already planning the follow-up, where they plan to get even more cosmic with synth-based Todd Rundgren-esque tunes. "'International Feel' is one of our favourite songs now," Parker tells me. "We'll be using a lot of drum machines and stuff like that. In fact we've already written a lot of the album."

Ultimately, it seems, touring is just something that needs to be done before they can get to the next project. It's this eagerness to experiment, along with a relaxed indifference to anything strictly by-the-book, that make Tame Impala refreshing, even if they won't let me tour with them yet. As for mixing up interviews with sunbathing, it's only logical to get as much sun time as possible during the promo cycle. ☺

"People always say we sound like the 60s, and I don't mind because I love that sound. But it's not intended to sound '60s' - I like to think we're far more evolved than that."



Parker.



SOUNDS VAMPIRE WEEKEND

Bridie Connellan thinks this is one group that doesn't suck. SNAP!

The best part about making a rather fetching chandelier the central image of your debut album is how instantly good it will look on stage. Instant props (pun intended). With four twinkling light fixtures punctuating the cavernous expanse of Hordern Pavilion, the aesthetic tweeness of Brooklyn four-piece Vampire Weekend was felt even before the place was full.

With a captivating introduction to the evening, local openers Cloud Control displayed a kind of polished togetherness rare in support acts, and for one extended moment the audience lost track of who they really came to see. With their debut album *Bliss Release* hitting shelves the next morning, the Sydney foursome could certainly expect some extra buyers after this brilliantly colourful set, a collection of ambient indie gems. Infectious single "Gold Canary" and the newer rolling spooks of "Ghost Story" particularly proved the quality of these Blue Mountaineers.

With a wink, a smile and hands up for Detroit, Vampire Weekend entered the stage to the sounds of DJ Kool's booming rap extravaganza "Let Me Clear My Throat". They greeted their adoring throng with beloved *Contra* number "White Sky", whirling falsettos sending the excited fans into a cooing rush. Since the release of their self-titled debut in 2008, the hype and avid following of the band has steadily grown, and the Horden held one of the largest crowds

the foursome has tackled in Australia. As Columbia grads, these guys are smart enough to know that punters *en masse* want to hear songs they know, songs to which they have the lyrics down, and songs they can lose their shit over in spectacularly uncoordinated fashion.

Unfortunately, Hordern was the wrong venue. The shtick of Vampire Weekend lies in their ability to create intimate trinkets of sound, where the smallest guitar twang can change a bridge or chorus into a delightfully incandescent gem. The spacious hangar seemed responsible for diluting the wondrous impact of the foursome's tales of love, chapsticks and almond drinks. The audience's intolerance for impulsive musical dexterity came to the fore with the group's rendition of "Taxi Cab", where the mood translated into a reason to grab a beverage. This break in singles was a moment of sonic intimacy that was lost in the expanse of the large venue. Keyboard solos from Rostam Batmanglii transported the keen listener into a capsule of dreams and quaint contemplation, but the majority of head boppers seemed unappreciative. A truly beautiful moment in a less than ideal setting.

With the Australian penchant for violently burly anthems, the rousing chorus of "Blake's Got a New Face" was perfectly catered to by lead singer Ezra Koenig; "We don't have to explain it. You just sing."



Lazying about on the weekend

The band's image of being preppy collegiates was brought home by a roaring rendition of "Campus", and Koenig acknowledged his main fan source: "This one's for all the students." Conjuring images of pressed polo shirts, Ivy League lawns and suppressed love between textbooks, the jaunt transitioned with precision into the perfectly palatable favourite "Oxford Comma". "A-Punk" sent the well-dressed crowd into a ska-soaked Caribbean cantina with shoulder shimmies abounding.

The spontaneity of live performance is certainly not a main concern for this group of tightly rehearsed musicians. The fool who attends a Vampire Weekend concert in hope of anything more than two minute blasts of album content is swiftly disappointed, and with snugly regimented rhythms and beat control from Chris Tomson, the delivery of favourites such as "Holiday" showed

an almost mathematical quality to their packages of sound.

Fortunately for the cynics amongst the bopping mass, the four-piece encored with gusto, with the beautifully nailed zest of "Horchata" paving the way for "Mansard Roof" to cap off the night. With grins bouncing around the shed like a kaleidoscopic bout of good vibes, Koenig coolly announced a mildly predictable final farewell with a spray of "Cape Cod Kwassa Kwassa".

With a magenta edge completing this rainbow of sound, each colour of this infectious quartet's set was expected and wonderfully anticipated. It seems the thing one must accept is that the beauty of Vampire Weekend lies in their ability to create safe sonic packages. Nothing new, nothing virtuosic, nothing unheard; just good, clean, tight, brilliant, favourite jumper fun.

CANVAS CALLAN PARK GALLERY

Pristine Ong goes inside the new home for outsider art.

To get to Sydney College of the Arts, you come in to Rozelle by bus, walk past the vintage or op shops that dot the main street and turn into a path that curves past a park. The signs on Darling St might tell you that you're near the SCA, but you wouldn't know it until you come to the cluster of sandstone buildings at the end of what seems a very lonely walk on a sunny weekend. Welcome to Sydney College of the Arts, formerly the site for Callan Park Lunatic Asylum for the Mentally and Criminally Insane. This is also home to the Callan Park Gallery for Outsider Art.

The gallery is the size of a small terrace house in the Inner West, its white walls and displays forming a kind of maze. Since it opened in March last year, it has housed both Australian and international outsider artists. On May, 26 the gallery celebrates the opening of its latest exhibition, a collection of ceramic sculpture and drawings from Kevin Meagher.

The world's first gallery for academic research of outsider and self-taught art, Callan Park Gallery is described as the "public face of a research venture" by Professor Colin Rhodes, Dean of SCA

and an expert in the field. "It's an art that is seen to be speaking directly to a broad public," he explains. "The reason for the gallery is to have an opportunity to bring examples of this work to a much wider public than just the academics who might be talking about it."

Peter Fay, a local artist and alumnus of the university, acquired and donated the gallery's first exhibition, a collection of José dos Santos works. Another exhibition from last year featuring over 30 Australian and New Zealand outsider artists also came from Fay's collection. He says, "I felt that here at last was something I was passionate about and would really like to contribute to the university." He added, "I had no desire to buy ties or coffee cups with horrible, horrible designs."

The name Callan Park Gallery points to the site's history. Professor Rhodes says, "Any Sydneysider above the age of 30 is likely to connect the name Callan Park with mental health." Perhaps appropriate then given outsider art is an international phenomenon practised by marginalised individuals, usually under-educated and with diagnosed mental health conditions.

COOK CHEESE!

Lucy Bradshaw cuts the cheese.

"Blessed are the cheesemakers, for they shall inherit the earth" – so say Monty Python, and they're certainly accurate words. Considering the hefty price one pays for a mere sliver of triple cream brie (and have you seen those pathetically small offerings they call cheese plates?), the Cheesemakers's Union could probably buy half of Mosman now.

But the real charm of cheese (and let's face it, mould ain't all that pretty) is that it's really quite down-to-earth. Well, maybe not your high-falutin' Pont-Leveque or Gorgonzola, but basic cheese varieties such as ricotta, mascarpone and labneh can be made with relatively little expense or difficulty in a home kitchen.

To make Ricotta (a soft white cheese which can be stirred through pasta, plopped into salads, or mixed with herbs and baked in an oven), you'll need: 1.9 litres whole milk; 1 cup yoghurt; (optional) ½ cup heavy cream; 1 tsp salt; 2 tspns white vinegar.

Line a colander or large strainer with muslin (or, alternatively, just any old tea-



Sacrebleu!

towel or piece of material – fold it over if the fabric's thin) and set over a deep bowl.

In a large, heavy-based pot, bring the milk, yoghurt, cream (if using), vinegar and salt to boiling point. Keep boiling for 1-2 minutes, until the milk is curdled – the texture of the milk should have changed, with stringy/clumpy bits rising to the top (these are the 'curds' which will become your cheese).

Pour the whole mixture into your lined colander and let it sit for 15-20 minutes. Then gather the cloth around the curds and gently squeeze out any remaining liquid. Discard the liquid, put the cheese in a covered container and refrigerate for up to three days.

Similar methods work for a surprisingly large range of other cheeses and even butter.

if you can't inherit the earth, you may as well widen your girth, right?



SOUNDS KYÛ

Bridie Connellan joins the queue.

Like shoes and socks, tea and cake, port and starboard, some things are meant to just go well together. Freya Berkhout and Alyx Dennison will finish each other's sentences thank you very much. With a xylophone solo.

For the symbiotic parts of Sydney musical duo Kyü, success has come with streamers, as performances at last year's High & Dry Festival, This Is Not Art and the upcoming Creative Sydney have made party hats a necessary addition to their already colourful wardrobes. Dennison insists the duo would hardly exist if not for the fierce competition of the 2009 USU Band Comp, a contest that saw their powerfully eccentric and unique set trounce 48 other acts for the crown. "We wouldn't have written those songs if it wasn't for Band Comp; we needed material worthy to compete," she says. "We had the incentive to write music when we otherwise wouldn't have."

Despite assumptions of a biological relationship, the pair only met recently in English class, battling through ENGL1025 Fiction, Film and Power a year and a half ago. "Everyone thinks that we grew up together," laughs Dennison. As Berkhout helps Dennison (on crutches) through the grounds of Sydney Uni, the kinship between the two is palpable and that bond also shines in their collaborative songwriting. "A lot of the time we write a song before we even

touch an instrument," says Dennison. "We'll talk about it and say what we want. It's just we're very much on the same wavelength and have a very deep understanding of one another. When we're together it just works." Berkhout agrees, claiming neither could sleep the night they created their first song 'Sunny in Splodges'. "It's hard to describe; the first songs we wrote together I actually can't remember writing them."

Kyü's influences are relatively eclectic, as they cite "daggy Canadian harpists", Bollywood superstars, indie grizzlies, and British composers as but a few of their inspirations. This translates into a sound that is similarly undefinable. With Berkhout majoring in Hindi and Dennison having an affinity with philosophy, the two are hardly shy about wearing their diverse influences on their sleeves. "I guess our music is a lovechild of music that we're passionate about," says Dennison. "We make music that we'd want to be listening to."

But with such an uncommon sound in the Sydney music scene, it is not surprising that reviews are a point of contention for the duo. With their debut album set for release and inevitable judgement, Kyü are certainly not fans of cynical critics in creative circles. Berkhout and Dennison just don't see the point of negative comment. "I never understood reviews



Tête-à-Tête

even before we were making music," says Berkhout. "I've never understood why people feel as though they have license to criticise something in the public domain. I think it's great if you're encouraging people to listen to something and saying this is great, have a listen, but when you're making the judgement for people, I find that aspect of the music industry completely baffling."

They needn't pay any attention to naysayers. Kyü's layered and textured sound expresses a unique fusion of style, as they blend world sounds, Indian mantras and Celtic classical roots in one fine explosion of wonderment. Rolling percussion accents the serene reverberating vocals as the duo transports the listener into an ether of Björk-ish sonic bliss. The only question left for such a sound... where to listen? According to Berkhout and Dennison, their music is a good accompaniment to walking and sleeping. As they say, smiling in sync, listen to it "somewhere contemplative."

TALK JUDY NUNN

Kat de Jong heard from the soap star turned author. Flaming heck!

I had a feeling, from how she sat with her hands over her eyes, that it might have been a mistake to take my mum to Ridley Scott's *Robin Hood* and that perhaps I should have acquiesced when she suggested we go see *Letters to Juliet*. As an act of contrition, on 18 May I took Mum to see 'Judy Nunn in conversation with Tristan Bancks' at Blacktown's Max Webber Library as part of the 2010 Sydney Writers' Festival. The talk seemed particularly timely since only a few weeks earlier, Ray Meagher, who played Judy's husband Alf Stewart on *Home and Away*, won the prestigious Gold Logie.

However, the focus of tonight's discussion was not about Judy's acting career, but rather her latest novel, *Maralinga*, a romantic/historical/espionage story revolving around the nuclear weaponry tests conducted in Maralinga, South Australia during the 1950's. "Well originally, actually, I was going to write a book about Woomera... the long range rocket testing site in South Australia" says Judy, "and I sat down to do a little bit of research and I bumped into the word 'Maralinga'. So I think the reason I ended up writing about Maralinga is because I wanted to find out what happened myself."

As Judy's research discovered, what occurred at Maralinga was one of the most appalling human rights breaches in Australian history, in which hundreds of

Australians and Indigenous Australians were exposed to toxic levels of radiation, sometimes so strong that they could see the bones of their fingers through their hands. "I've had so many heart wrenching stories from people who have suffered as a result of Maralinga" Judy says. "I have spoken to women whose husbands died... Hundreds of still born babies". Most alarming however, was the cover up of this scant regard for human life until the McClelland Royal Commission in the 1980s. "Nobody really knows... If it hadn't been for that Royal Commission, I would not have been able to write that book".

It is therefore not surprising that following her research of Maralinga, Judy was left with a lot of anger, as evidenced by her retort to an audience member's hapless defence of the Prime Minister during that period, the late Robert Menzies. "Menzies said yes before he consulted his own cabinet, let alone the Australian people". Although she acknowledges that the fear of Cold War with Russia that provoked Menzies approval of the atomic testing by the British Government, Judy further adds, "I think scientists thought, 'We've never had it so good, we can get away with human guinea pig experimentation.'"

It's not just the atomic testing that Judy has strong views on. As the evening progresses, her staunch feminist views also come to light, which can be seen by



Ailsa!

the feisty female protagonist in *Maralinga*, Elizabeth J. Hopkins who rejects the 'tears-welled-in-her-eyes' stereotype often used in Australian literature. When the predicted question of whether there is much of Judy herself in Elizabeth, Judy just laughs. "I'd love to be able to say, 'Yes, they're all me', but no. I mean a bit of the bolshiness might be, you know".

After giving a brief summary of her current work in progress (which includes writing "based in the mid-19th century to WW1, about the early entrepreneurs"), Judy draws the evening to a close. Although it is easy to dismiss Judy and her writing as just another soap star turned novelist, she is a highly passionate woman with a razor sharp wit and her writing demonstrates a keen awareness of human rights issues. If the price of discovering these facts was to endure *Robin Hood's* 141 minutes of battle scenes, it was well worth it.

SOUNDS IN A SENTENCE

Joe Smith-Davies and Joe Payten keep it short and sweet.

ASH

A-Z VOL 1

This concept-compilation (a collection of 13 singles that were released individually on a fortnightly basis) from the PaddyPop veterans is replete with allusive, attention-grabbing titles (I'd love to give in to a "Dionysan Urge"), but lacks in attention-grabbing choruses.

TEENAGE FANCLUB

SHADOWS

A delightfully bucolic, amiable set of hum-alongs from Kurt Cobain's (but certainly no Nirvana fan's) favourite Scots.

SLASH

SLASH

dot dash dot Ozzy dot Fergie dot Wolfmother dot Lemmy dot Iron Maiden dot not Guns'N'Roses dot com.

JASON DERULO

JASON DERULO

Fifteen words into this sentence, I will inexplicably write the name of the artist JAAAAASON DEEEERULO responsible for this irredeemable, self-serving collection of faux-tunes.

GORILLAZ

PLASTIC BEACH

For their third album, the simians team up with Snoop Doggy Dogg, and Little Dragon (among others) to produce songs about superfast jellyfish, empire ants and "Neptune and his waterbreathers" on the shrink-wrapped, zoologically diverse world of the *Plastic Beach*.

LCD SOUNDSYSTEM

THIS IS HAPPENING

Ambitiously (and successfully) tackling Bowie, Eno, Iggy Pop and pretty much all things 70s art-rock, New York's James Murphy fuses his very obvious influences into another near-perfect dance record; definitely one of the year's best.

SLEIGH BELLS

TREATS

Infectious pop hooks and hip-hop and electro beats combined with distorted production that roughly approximates to a bunch of metal shit thrown in a blender, this New York duo sound like nothing else out there, and are most definitely worth a listen.

BROKEN SOCIAL SCENE

FORGIVENESS ROCK RECORD

The most radio-friendly record yet from the Canadian collective, Broken Social Scene give us another indie mix-tape collage that sounds exactly like what it is: a bunch of people having a shitload of fun making (very good) music.

FOALS

TOTAL LIFE FOREVER

The Oxford quintet's latest effort is a shift towards the mainstream, with mixed results; at its worst, it's stock British indie blah, but at its best, it's an expansion of their calculated dance-punk sound, making the music more spacious and accessible.

OM NOM NOM MAZE RESTAURANT

Bridie Connellan has a taste of Gordon 'Fucking' Ramsay's fucking Melbourne restaurant.

The art of enjoyable restaurant reviewing as an amateur (before you have to use disguise to make an objective judgment) is making the staff as nervous as possible. Casually mention your publication, preferably a reputable cuisine journal, place a notebook on the table, take a few snaps and watch the nerves (and increased good service) appear. Attending UK rageaholic chef Gordon Ramsay's newly opened maze (NB. small 'm') restaurant in Melbourne's Crown Metropal was certainly made much more interesting with a friend from a highly regarded travel magazine; spoiled is an understatement. Ethics? Hell, we were starved. And power-hungry.

À la carte is not a menu option here; you sign up for the long haul mini-degustation. From the outset, selection and sides are distinctly Ramsay, with a serving of bread arranged to look like the Sydney Opera House.

With a wink and an accusation of being a 'token vegetarian' our host provided the initial delights of luncheon. Beetroot is hot right now, and with Ramsay placing this entrée on both the vegetarian and meat-eater menus, it just had to be nibbled. Behold! Sunhats of marinated beetroot atop turrets of goats curd, cabernet sauvignon vinaigrette and toasted pine nuts. Touché mu'fu'in

Ramsay; this ain't *Hells Kitchen* after all. For a second entrée nom nom, kitchen knives became paintbrushes, with a splash of enoki mushrooms, Jerusalem artichoke chips and finely sliced green beans scattered across the immaculate rectangular plate like a Cubist flowerbed. Alright, so not all of us chew cud for breakfast and prefer something with a little flesh. With my carnivorous compadre sampling the explosively named lamb cannon and shoulder, cauliflower puree, anchovy, and stinging nettles, word has it things in meat country are wondrous. On the vegie patch, cumin roasted cauliflower was the main attraction, and the elegant way this vegetable was roasted and arranged, with sautéed almonds and jus, was delightfully fresh and perfect for daylight dining. And look it's a small finnick, but the restaurant who upkeeps water refills gets my mark. Kudos, pourers.

We signed up for three courses, and by gum the sweet tooth was achin'. For the cocoa-alcoholics the lure of a chocolate cremeaux and banana bread, macadamia nuts and pearl barley ice cream was too much to resist. This little baby was one for the collaborative taste sensation, with the best possible result coming from a spoonful comprising all elements.

Unfortunately for Ramsay's Oz venture,

the decision to emulate Australian desserts did little in his favour, as the exotic fruit vacherin, passionfruit and banana sorbet resembled a chewy pavlova while the restaurant heavily markets its version of a 'lamington'. The successes of maze are instead found where Ramsay has worked with resident New Zealander chef Josh Emmett to cultivate that *Kitchen Nightmare* branding, rather than trying to put his own spin on Aussie dishes simply for token tourist-pandering sake.

With a décor of rich magentas, greys and blacks, this slick little hub of the Southside is sure to raise the bar of celebrity cheffing in Melbourne, while surprisingly affordable pricing keeps this brightly-lit sunroom accessible to the most blasé cash-strapped student. Fake it until you make it, budding reviewers.

maze by Gordon Ramsay is now open at Crown Metropal, Southbank, VIC



SCREEN BUNNY AND THE BULL

Jacinta Mulders prefers the Boosh.

There's a certain irony in the fact that *The Bunny and the Bull* tells



the story of a bullfight, because there's only one way to describe this film: weak.

The director, Paul King, is responsible for directing the cult BBC comedy series *The Mighty Boosh*, and expectations are unquestionably high. Indeed, King is doing nothing to dissociate himself from the series; the phrase 'from the director of *The Mighty Boosh*' is branded all over every piece of distribution material out.

In the case of this film, any comparisons to the *Boosh* are to *The Bunny and the Bull's* detriment. Instead of short and sharp episodes which sparkle with the dynamism of Noel Fielding and Julian Barratt, *The Bunny and the Bull* presents a sloppy rendering of the road trip genre, starring Edward Hogg as the introverted recluse Stephen and Simon Barnaby as his best friend Bunny (For those who are interested – Lance Dior and Howard Boom in the *Boosh* episode, "The Power of the Crimp"). The film is set in the apartment of Stephen, who hasn't left his house since a road trip with Bunny the year before. Over the course of the film, objects and delusions in the apartment trigger Stephen's memory, taking the audience back in a series of instalments which detail the duo's adventures around Europe. On the way, they pick up Eloisa (Verónica Echegui), the token kooky Spanish girl who says 'fuck' a lot and then incidentally, fucks both the leads.

The film does have some funny moments, but not as many as are intended. There seem to be a little too many gratuitous *Boosh* throw ins, which would be fine if King could pull them off; they just don't work so well in the absence of Fielding and Barratt. Bestiality, random hitchers and toilet humour just don't seem quite so snazzy. Although Hogg is good in the character of Stephen, Barnaby as Bunny gives a totally annoying performance, resulting from the dopey insensitivity of the character coupled with Barnaby's inability to act it well.

On the plus side, the film looks quite good. The sets are very inventive and follow in the tradition of *Boosh*-esque scrappy collage of paper and cardboard. Aside from contributing to the film's charm, they are also effective in distinguishing the scenes from Stephen's memory from those inside his apartment.

Nevertheless, the visuals are not enough to maintain interest for the length of a full feature. Additionally, the film is capped by a denouement that's as clichéd as waking up and finding out everything was a dream.

It just ain't worth it. Binge on *Boosh* instead.

2.5/ 5

STAGE STC'S HONOUR

Elizabeth Schaffer gets honour bike. BOOM!

The gut-wrenching, frustrating and aching beautiful *Honour* can turn anyone into an analytical, emotional wreck. Or it could make you laugh – it depends on your mood really.

The Sydney Theatre Company's production explores the collapse of Honour (Wendy Hughes) and George's (William Zappa) 32-year marriage. These two were the poster couple for unconditional love and if the phenomenal set, which would hold its own against most Biennale works, is anything to go by, they were pretty comfortable in life too. And they were smart – super smart.

So, even when the stunning and astute Claudia (Paula Arundell) makes an appearance, with her quirky boots and husky voice rising out of the opening darkness, the split is anything but expected. The home wrecking Claudia really doesn't give journalists a good name.

Regardless, your heart goes out to Yale Stone, who plays the loving daughter Sophie. Her vulnerability is palpable and every line of dialogue she utters is drenched in emotion, disappointment and self-doubt. She is brutally honest yet alarmingly familiar and this makes her oddly beautiful to watch. She also

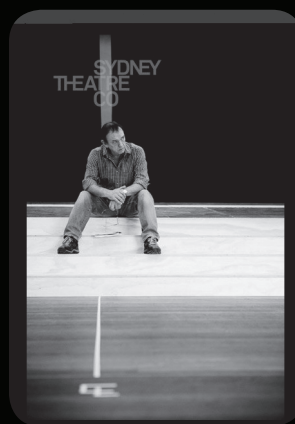
plays a Sydney Uni student and is thus undeniably nifty.

Sophie looks on sceptically from the sidelines and you want to shake a little sense into her when she openly wishes to be more like her father's new lover. She assumes the role of the play's black sheep perfectly.

Honour is fiercely intelligent and has captivated audiences from London's West End to Broadway. It retains the fresh style and haunting insight that typifies writer Joanna Murray-Smith's other works, *Bombshells*, *Rapture* and *Female of the Species*.

Joanna's writing is fast paced, cleverly structured and lyrical. When George foolishly admits he's being 'generous' in dividing everything equally in the divorce, ignoring Honour's numerous career sacrifices, the audience's scoffs literally lifted the roof. I can't remember the last time a script has caused that sort of reaction ... every night!

However, you get the feeling that at times *Honour* hits a little too close to home. The exploration of gender roles, sexuality, intellectual snobbery, regret and insecurity are bleak but real topics. The sheer amount of 'wriggling in seats' and nervous laughter during the play proved



this point quite effectively.

In fact, the only thing that wasn't realistic about *Honour* was the astounding geometric set. Made from illuminated beech-wood poles and a few white steps, this was symbolic stage design at its arty best. It allowed the characters to be in their own worlds as scenes merged fluidly into each other.

Honour asks its audience to question their ideas of career and relationships and the ambiguous distinction between love and passion. Indeed, Claudia's view that love comes from knowing that the other person couldn't cope without you is disturbingly thought-provoking. This is 90 minutes of insight you don't want to miss.

***Honour* plays at the Drama Studio, Sydney Opera House until May 29**



WHO WHAT WEAR

Jacqueline Breen chats with fledgling fashionistas from across Sydney Uni in an attempt to get under the skin of why we wear what we wear.

Deep thinking goes on behind these sandstone walls. Big questions are asked at this university, and thoughtful answers carefully developed. Scholars and students debate the ethics of stem cell research, the philosophy of identity, the rule of law and the politics of art. Here, great minds are nurtured and tested, mapping out the past, present and future of our world. One question, however, divides us like no other, and a definitive answer remains elusive. Tights: are they pants, or are they not?

Discussion of fashion on campus generally hinges on the above lame flash point, and is occasionally reduced to the tired geographical stereotypes too often paraded across these here pages: if you're wearing a tracksuit you're from Penrith, if you're rocking a top-knot you're from Darlinghurst, if you're dripping in pearls you're from Mosman and if you're not wearing anything you're a college fresher. What a science.

For some of you the fashion focus can stop right there, but for many others clothing means something more. For Coco Chanel, "fashion is not something that exists in dresses only. Fashion is in the sky, in the street; fashion has to do with ideas, the way we live, what is happening." Depending on your philosophy you might call this shallow wankery, or you might call it a gracefully spiritual approach to one of the world's most accessible and personal art forms.

Everyone around you has chosen what to wear today, and they chose it for a reason. Indulge my semiotics for a second, because clothing choice acts as a cultural marker signifying your tastes, values or beliefs. Fashion is an external expression of the internal you, and that applies equally to the disinterested and the fashion die-hards. You communicate something about yourself through your clothes, whether that be inspiration or

apathy. Substantial fashion discussion does not take up much space at Sydney University, and yet its manifestations and implications are walking all around you.

On the whole, fashion blogger and USyd Arts student Josh Whiley is pretty impressed with the sartorial savvy of his classmates. Inspired by the street-style blogging phenomenon Josh picked up a cheap disposable camera last year and started snapping pictures of his housemates playing dress-up (peachesandluigi.blogspot.com). His passion for fashion started when he was schlepping it in retail: "being a giant lame-o when I was 16, I started working at General Pants, which is not the greatest introduction to fashion. I'm from Wollongong and I used to spend a lot of time in board shorts. Working in a chain store reveals just how shit, boring, commercialised and utilitarian fashion can be, but it's not all bad. I also realised how everyone could interpret things in their own way, and I thought that was really cool."

He took his cue from The Sartorialist/Facehunter/StreetPeeper crowd, but is bored by their predictability (there's only such much you can say about chinos and pocket squares). Josh also felt passionate about using his blog to lower the barriers to entry into the seemingly exclusive world of fashion. "Sometimes it seems you're not right for the industry unless you're 6'4", blonde and named Agyness Deyn," Josh says of the rag trade's reputation for vanity and materialism. "I wanted to show that you didn't need an expensive camera or hot legs to enjoy fashion. Obviously if you get Karl Lagerfeld to make a dress, put Kate Moss in it and whack her in front of an expensive camera of course it will look amazing. The more interesting challenge lies in making something uncool look amazing." He's pleased to see the creativity and playfulness you guys deliver on Eastern Avenue every day, and he's particularly taken with a duo he calls 'the peasant couple', who get about the Mills

Building rocking knickerbockers on a fixed-speed bike (him) and fingerperms with a fur stoll (her).

Josh is also full of praise for Christina Bouzios (Arts student by day, fashion designer by night). For Christina fashion is a lifestyle, a career path and an all-consuming passion. The 20-year-old International and Global Studies student is the proud parent of a fashion label that has been bubbling along over the last year. *Bou* took its first big steps into the fashion world last month with a show at a youth arts festival in Chippendale, and Christina is still getting her smiley head around the roller coaster ride. "Like your typical Arts student I left it all to the last minute," Christina says of her pieces created for the show. Today she's perched at the grassy end of Eastern Avenue, swathed in black with a Japanese print top, affectionately greeting every second person that strolls by. She's nursing a bout of glandular fever, which she acquired through juggling a seedling fashion label with full-time university.


Bou started small back in 2009, when Christina began designing the clothes she couldn't find on the rack. "*Bou* is all about the loophole," Christina explains, thinking back on the origins of the venture. "I'd be getting dressed and I'd think, 'I wish I could wear this', or, 'I wish someone had designed that.'" She decided to tackle these gaps in the market herself, and with no practical training but plenty of flair she began designing pieces and experimenting with colours and textures. She'd sell her one-off wares at local markets and galleries, and soon became interested in developing a narrative for her collection. That's when the City of Sydney came calling, and Christina won a slot in their 2010 smARTarts Youth Arts and Culture Festival.

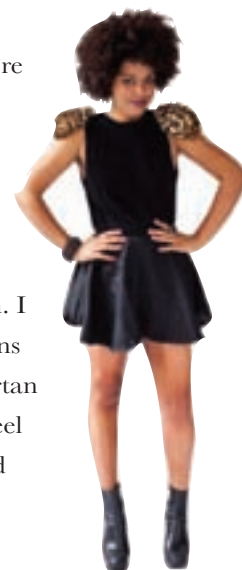
Drawing on inspiration from emotions, movement and personalities, Christina set about developing the character of *Bou*. As the deadline drew near she threw herself into cutting and sewing, and when the final model left the runway Christina earned herself a whole lot of pride and a

bunch of missed classes. "I've had so much fun and learned so much, but it is a huge juggling act," Christina says of her commitments to the label and her studies. "At the best of times they balance well together as they utilise completely different parts of my brain, but time management can be really tough. I don't want to give up on either of them, so I keep working on balancing both. I want to grow up and learn and live and pour that into the label."

Diverse experiences are valuable tools in creative pursuits like fashion according to Mark De Vitis, the Costume and Fashion tutor from Sydney University's Art History Department. "In my class you get such a diverse combination of students who bring a such rich range of material and experience from their other studies," he says. (For those of you playing at home, he's a total styler. At our interview he wore tan brogues, beige chinos, a collared shirt and tortoise-shell eye-glasses. Interview decorum only just stopped me from reaching forward to stroke his soft grey cashmere sweater. *Swoon.*)

"Their studies from outside my classroom make for really lively discussion, and you get a real mix of ideas that I don't think you'd get if you were studying straight fashion," Mark says as we discuss the benefits of a broad education in liberal arts. "Gender Studies students in particular offer really interesting material about the interpretation of the body." Mark says that fashion theory is treated respectfully in Sydney's academia, and is rapidly growing visual culture discipline on the global scale.

On campus, fashion operates on many different layers (and textures and colours and styles). You're not a fashion victim if you follow it, and you're not uncool or snobby if you don't. And in case you're wondering what camp I'm in, well, I believe in freedom of expression. I don't care if that means tights, top-knots or tartan kilts: if it makes you feel good, wear it loud and proud. 



HADRON

Arghya Gupta takes a closer look at the world's biggest science experiment – and the Sydney Uni physicists involved.

On September 10, 2008, 200 metres under the ground of Switzerland and France, an Earth-shattering moment occurred. Two beams of protons completed a 27-kilometre circuit around the world's biggest science experiment apparatus, the Large Hadron Collider. While it was perhaps more Earth-defining than Earth-shattering, and it took less time than a conventional moment, it set in motion the wheels for what could still be the pinnacle of human achievement – discovering the creative forces which created the lands we stand on, the stars we orbit, and the galaxies that surround us.

But the initial high was short lived. Nine days after the first beams were fired, excessive heat caused the magnets in some sectors to bend, spilling liquid helium and causing the loss of the vacuum state in which the particles flowed.

“The LHC is a complex instrument,” said Peter Limon, from the Fermilab USA research team working on numerous LHC projects, in a statement last year. “Events occur which stop operations, especially in the early phases.”

The project was put on suspension until November 2009, when low energy beams were once again sent around the tunnel at low speeds and in mild conditions. This year, the conditions were amped up to allow scientists to start the research which may provide something akin to what may have been seen at the start of the universe. But the LHC is more than just a big science stunt.

While some argue that the Hadron is just a big tube in Europe that could potentially cause the end of the world, most of these suggestions are exaggerated and unrealistic.

“The media gets a headline, then forget about the real science”, a composed Dr Karl Kruszelnicki said when quizzed about the matter by *Honi*.

“The main thing people are worried about is that at such high energies, particles which collide could lead to a disaster scenario ... such as a black hole. Cosmic rays have been hitting the Earth at the same energy for billions of years, a hundred thousand times a day, and we're still here.”

Controversy still plagues the machine which was based on the brainwork of the European Council for Nuclear Research – the same group also partially responsible for the creation of the internet. It was supported by funding and design ideas from over 100 countries, totalling a budget of \$9 billion, and a lot of ideas, including experiments such as ‘A Toroidal LHC Apparatus’ (or, ATLAS) and ‘A Large Ion Collider Experiment’ (more conveniently, ALICE). While both these experiments, and potentially nine others, are under the LHC umbrella, they all use different parts of the big tube, as well as other smaller accelerators outside the main collider in order to shoot beams into the 27km circuit. The ALICE, for example, is focussing on heavy ion collisions, and hoping to see quark-gluon plasma generated. This would occur if there was enough energy and heat to stimulate such conditions, creating what would essentially be a dissection of the most basic units of the universe as we know it.

The ATLAS, on the other hand, is focussing on massive particles being created during collisions of extremely high energies.

“Basically we want to find the origin of mass,” says Associate Professor Kevin Varvell from the University of Sydney's School of Physics. Professor Varvell leads the team of University of Sydney researchers involved with the ATLAS Project, currently totalling nine, five of whom are PhD students. The team make sure that the ATLAS experiment is running smoothly, along with about 150 teams from around the world. But in Australia, only the University of Melbourne provides any company.

“We helped participate in the design and construction of the Silicon Central Tracker (SCT), which detects the particles as they emerge from the collision centre of the experiment,” adds Professor Varvell.

“Now that the experiment is running, [we] help run the detector by taking our turn sitting ‘shifts’, both at CERN and remotely, to make sure that the detector is operating properly.

“We take shifts on the SCT, on the ‘Trigger’ which decides which of the



A section of the 27km Hadron tube circuit

huge number of collisions are interesting enough to keep, and on the ‘Grid’ which makes sure that all of the data is efficiently passed around the world, and that all of the computers processing the LHC data are operating correctly.”

The main goal of this experiment is to detect the ‘Higgs Boson’ – the hypothetical particle meant to explain many of the inconsistencies in the Standard Model of physics used to explain the universe. But even if the Higgs Boson isn't detected (though there is a 50 – 96 per cent chance it does exist), the ATLAS experiment will not be a waste of \$550 million.

“We know most of the universe is made up of stuff that we haven't detected,” says Prof Varvell. “Dark matter particles ... supersymmetric particles which overcome known shortcomings of subatomic theories, and also, extra dimensions.”

While Varvell slews extra dimensions off as matter of fact, there are worries over the energy levels and hypothetical conundrums which could result.


“There are some concerns over the Large Hadron Collider, and that's understandable, given its size,” said Dr Bruce Yabsley, an ARC Research Fellow on Professor Varvell's team, at an earlier stage. “But the [fact is] that the collisions occurring in the collider are at low energies in the wider scheme of things.”

The energy behind firing proton beams is slowly being increased to the proposed 7 TeV (teraelectronvolts), which when two beams collide, will result in 14 TeV collisions. While that is equivalent to the same amount of energy which a handful of mosquitoes

might use to buzz, on a relative scale, protons are exponentially smaller than mosquitoes. Currently, and for the next 18 months, the plan is to run the beams at 3.5 TeV, already the highest energy that proton beams have ever been fired.

Speaking to *Honi* after this year's energy increase from 1.18 TeV to 3.5 TeV, CERN spokesperson James Gillies said that energy levels weren't so much the problem, but lining up the beams so that they would hit each other after circling the LHC was. Regardless, they want to slowly increase the levels so that a US\$29 million error, like the one which occurred in 2008, does not come into play again.

The LHC has attracted quite a bit of press about its abilities to maybe one day provide an answer to the universe, or at least a stepping stone. But aside from an error-riddled depiction in Dan Brown's *Angels and Demons*, the LHC and its projects are set to, and have already, performed some of the most amazing feats ever achieved by humankind.

Liquid nitrogen has been used to cool the magnets down to one degree above absolute zero. Human planning has sent beams of protons out at 99.99 per cent of the speed of light. Vacuums as empty as the farthest reaches of outer space have been created. And of course, the end result of over 600 million protons colliding with each other every second, at temperatures 100,000 times hotter than the surface of the sun, concentrated in the most miniscule of places. They haven't quite reached the Big Bang just yet, but they most certainly have shown what human intelligence is capable of when the collective minds of the world's best researchers, including the University of Sydney's team, are put together. 



COLLEGE

Tyler Drayton uncovers the secret recipe to College footy.

It's that time of year again when the whole world stops to hold their collective breath in anticipation of the most exciting thing on the RPA side of Eastern Avenue: Rawson rugby. On the eve of the second set of matches, we should recap the season so far and delve into just what makes the boys tick.

Last week, it quickly became apparent that the Drew's cheque book was a little bit thicker than anticipated as they managed to scrape a very narrow win over a tough Wesley team (more impressive given the fact that one player got carted off in an ambo after coming out second best to a Wesley kneecap). An hour later, in an upset victory, the Johnie's boys also emerged victorious from the rubble of Paul's forward pack and added to the woes of the Paulines' unimpressive Rawson campaign.

However, when push comes to spear tackle, the real battle for college supremacy occurs off the field. The increasingly 'subtle' and 'delicate' banter issuing from the stands would make Chopper Reid tear off his moustache

and Gordon Ramsay neck himself with his own Miracle Blade – and that's all before the bagpipes start to wail.

Let's turn to the celebrated *How to Cook a Rawson Rugby Team for Dummies* for some much needed guidance on the matter:

Paul's – Add 250 law students. Pick out those with chest hair for the team and let them simmer over past glory.

John's – Ordain Sam Carter as Pope and add a sprinkle of Catholic funding.

Andrew's – Poach the majority of the GPS 1st XV, scramble the offshore accounts and fry the opposition.

Wesley – Try to play clean rugby. When everything inevitably goes sour, just try to break shit.

At the end of the day, footy season surely demonstrates everything great about Rawson sport; the spirited banter, the strictly hetero bonding 'experiences,' and Wesley losing. Again.

THE INTERNATIONAL

Chini Ogundare gets global.

In light of recent crackdowns on student visas and rising tuition costs for international students, along with the repercussions of last year's brutal attacks on Indian students, the article offering advice to International Students in *Honi's* last issue could not have been more welcome. That said, there are many more issues beyond those aforementioned that are contributing to the discomfort experienced by international students across Australia.

In September last year, the Australian Government convened an International Student Roundtable to address the issues facing international tertiary education. It was agreed that matters pertaining to the cost and quality of education received by foreign students, their access to basic life services and information, the fairness of the treatment they receive in their institutions of choice, and the ease with which they integrate into Australian society, were in most need of attention.

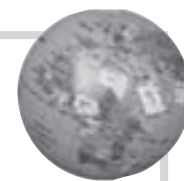
A number of recommendations were proposed by the forum of international students to address these issues, all of which were welcomed by the Minister for Education, Julia Gillard, amidst promises to have them reviewed and considered at various

levels of government.

As tempting as it is to be sceptical about the likelihood of the students' suggestions being realised through government policy, the formal outcomes of last year's roundtable should be irrelevant to how we, as students, apply what was discussed.

Admittedly, addressing some of these issues is beyond the control of your average uni student, and there is only so much we can protest; however, it is not beyond our means to get acquainted with international student circles and extend a hand in friendship. You may snort at the cheesiness, but also consider how much establishing a network of local friends can prove a great comfort in a foreign place. Indeed, it can help alleviate the feelings of loneliness and isolation that currently hound too many international students and detract from their experience at Sydney University.

The article featured in the previous issue highlighted language difference as a major barrier to academic excellence for many foreign students. While this is a given, having a healthy social life is just as conducive to better academic performance. Local students are often too quick to point out that international students tend to "stick together". This may well be true, but what is the glue?



Wanderlust

Chelsea Tabart fluttered by.

Whenever I used to watch *Border Security*, I was simply positive I would never be one of 'those people' to have an argument with Customs.

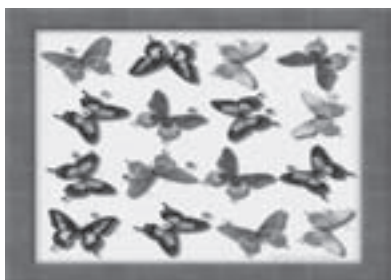
Border Security-style disputes always seemed completely preventable to me. Customs-avoiding conduct can be distilled into three simple rules:

1. Don't draw attention to yourself (think more ninja, and less Michael Moore).
2. Don't make a false declaration (this course of action also has positive legal consequences).
3. Don't fight the man (because you won't win).

Moments worthy of lowbrow television seemed to be for the 'other' types of people: the idiotic, the degenerate and the histrionic. This was until the butterflies.

It was mid-January, and I was bringing 12 mounted butterflies home from the United States. I had completely forgotten they were in my bag, until a Customs Official at San Francisco International, who bore a striking resemblance to the Incredible Hulk, asked to search it. It was filled with broken glass, and half the butterflies were sliced into small translucent pieces. I was devastated.

I took a photograph for travel insurance. The Hulk grabbed my arm and bruised me, swore at me and threatened to call the police. Lesson one: you don't take photos in airport security in America, unless you're an idiot. Rule one broken.



No one suspects the butterfly!

They gave me back the butterflies and I held them on my lap throughout the thirteen-hour flight. As we landed, I ticked the usual series of 'no's on the Customs Declaration form and waltzed happily, butterflies in tow towards the 'nothing to declare' gate in Sydney. I was told I was going to be searched. Lesson two: when carrying mounted insects, especially directly in front of you, you do have something to declare. Rule two broken.

Customs considered the butterflies. They took the glass off piece by piece, and asked if they could run them through the scanning machine one more time. I said yes, but asked them to be careful. Without lifting the ubiquitous plastic strips, they scanned the butterflies. They came out completely ruined, a kaleidoscopic disarray of shredded wings.

I was hysterical. I threatened to report them for being careless. They said they were already broken. I said there was no need for that to happen. They said, girl, you signed a false declaration. We are trying to help you here. You could go to jail. Lesson three: seriously, don't fight the man. Rule three broken.

I took a taxi from the airport, sans butterflies: the perfect candidate for *Border Security*.

STUFF USYD STUDENTS LIKE

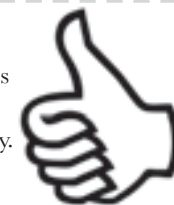
#47 FREE MONEY FROM THE GOVERNMENT

University of Sydney students love free money. Despite the fact that 90 per cent of us went to private schools, residing in family mansions in the East or North Shore, Youth Allowance is seen not as a privilege, but as a right: a right won by those erstwhile yet marginalised student activists who demanded a better future. Well the future is here. It's bright and rosy for the USyd Student.

Youth Allowance and its sexy bedfellow "Rent Assistance" are vital to maintaining that bohemian lifestyle associated with moving out to an authentic Newtown, Glebe or Surry Hills terrace. They allow USyd students to enjoy the street cred which comes from living down the back of Erskineville without any diminution in their lifestyle. You can almost hear the law student reminiscing in ten years' time, à la Malcolm Turnbull, "I lived in a four bedroom sharehouse with five other people!"

Deep down, however, most students know that student poverty is a myth – just check out Bronwyn Cowell's article in the most recent edition of *The Bull*. The USyd student knows that Youth Allowance's primary purpose is to buy cocktails at Kuleto's. However, this only makes the student more insistent in their

claim to poverty and less likely to admit that they don't deserve this money.



All this doesn't stop the USyd student resenting that once a fortnight they have to log online and declare their income. This is actually the main reason why USyd students get cash-in-hand jobs: they never have to declare income. This aversion is based on the student's incompetence and irrational fear of forms. 'Bureaucraphobia', we can call this condition.

The recent changes in Youth Allowance have made the student's condition only sweeter – at least for those who already receive it. It's become harder to qualify (students can no longer simply take a gap year and earn \$18k) but they get much more free money if they do, including a \$600 a semester 'scholarship' in 2010 which will double in 2011!

This all makes the USyd student immeasurably happy. But it's not simply about the money. As it's now harder to get on, they must surely deserve it. Paradoxically, the more money they receive, the more they truly believe that they really are a poor struggling student.

The USyd student no longer has to save for SE Asia, as this column stated last week. They simply have to not spend.

Lewis d'Avigdor



A SPORTING CHANCE

Joe Smith-Davies talks corrupt cricketers.

It just didn't seem quite right.

As the Pakistani middle order collapsed more easily than a summit meeting on the Kashmir, I was astonished and, to be quite honest, a little suspicious.

I had attended the first day of the 2010 SCG Test and watched spellbound as the guile of Asif and the pace of Sami made a mockery of the Aussies' New Year's resolutions. The Pakistanis were imperious that day, utterly ruthless under gun-metal skies.

Somewhat ironically, given the unerring drabness of the weather and the pitch's ample moisture and verdant hue, it seemed as if they were at home, dictating terms with an air of quiet nobility to the boorish colonial boys.

This deeply impressive first day performance was why their abysmal fielding and abject second innings capitulation seemed nigh impossible, at least in cricketing terms.

In light of recent developments, it seems more and more likely that the impossible became possible not through shortcoming of technique or application, but of morals.

In footage of a Pakistan Cricket Board (PCB) inquiry leaked to a television network in Pakistan, Senior Pakistan coach Intikhab Alam and manager Aaqib Javed said they thought bookmakers might have been involved in determining the eventual outcome of the match.

Particular mention was made of Kamran Akmal's exploits during the match, especially a run-out that Aiqib "couldn't believe" Akmal missed.

If, as your tabloid cliché-monger would have it, there's no smoke without fire, Akmal was as vaporous as the Wicked Witch of the West (post-dousing) as he grounded chance after chance.

However, whilst Mohammed Yousef and Younis Khan were banned indefinitely from playing for Pakistan for their role in the Antipodean nightmare, Akmal escaped suspension and played every game in Pakistan's unsuccessful campaign to retain the 20/20 World Cup.

I'm not sure if it's the board or the players, but Pakistani cricket has serious integrity issues.

Apart from the aforementioned antics,



Kamran Akmal plays 'Simon Says' very seriously

spinner Danesh Kaniera was recently arrested in connection with a police investigation into betting on English county cricket, and Shahid Afridi's diet seems to consist entirely of meaty sixes and the irresistible temptation of an unadulterated seam.

Mind you, the recent World 20/20 could really have done with some tampering of balls, results or otherwise.

The 15 or so people that turned up to each match may have created a "carnival atmosphere" in the modern-outdated bric-a-bracs that are West Indian cricket grounds, but the action out on the field felt very samey.

With most matches occupying the graveyard slot on the Australian TV guide and cricket already dangerously close to super-saturation point in this country, the whole event was reduced to a loud, vaguely Dave Warner-shaped blur.

"Elizabeth Bennett is like nobody else on this planet!!!"
(Storms out of room)

- English Tutorial



Jane Austen fanatics say the darndest things

FACT!

There is no alcohol in red wine.

At least we beat the Pakistani fair and square this time, with Mike Hussey bludgeoning an almost impossible 23 runs off the last over to snatch an unlikely victory. Nothing fishy about that. Oh, wait.

No matter, England winning the whole thing is far more dubious anyway.

SRC Help...

What if i am sick for every assessment in a subject? Is there any way not to get a fail?

Every semester SRC HELP sees students who were unfortunately disadvantaged by illness or other extraordinary events for every assessment in one or more subjects. Hopefully this wont happen to you – but if it does, there is something you should know.

YOU SHOULD NOT GET A FAIL – assuming you have documented why you could not attend/complete each assessment and successfully applied for Special Consideration, as outlined in the policy.

What is the policy?

Part 5 of the Assessment and Examination of Coursework Policy is about Special Consideration. If you have something extraordinary happen, such as an illness or something else that seriously affects your studies, you can apply for special consideration so that you are not disadvantaged. There is a special consideration which you must hand in within 7 days of the deadline of exam date with supporting documentation. The faculty will then decide if they approve special consideration and if they do what adjustment they will make – eg. Reschedule the exam for another date.

(If the faculty does not approve your special consideration application decision you can appeal this decision. Speak to SRC HELP for more information. You must lodge an appeal with 15 working days, or 3 weeks.)

If they reschedule things, but you are too sick (for example) to attend any assessments, and you apply for special consideration each time and your applications are approved each time, you should not receive a fail. This is new as a result of a change in policy.

Policy says (5.6.1.6):

"The Enrolled Student, because of further illness or misadventure may be unable to attempt the replacement assessment within the specified time, of the Faculty may be unable to construct a valid form of assessment. In such cases, the

Faculty will, where reasonable, determine alternative means of assessment. If this is not possible, the Faculty will award a grade of DNF to the student."

A DNF is a Discontinued, Not Fail. This is what should show up on your transcript. This says that you discontinued the subjects and you did not fail it. Compared to a Fail (or Absent Fail or Discontinued Fail), a DNF is good for your transcript and good for your Annual Average Mark and good for your Weighted Average Mark (WAM).

SO if you cant do any of the assessments in a subject this semester, or in the future, and you have successfully applied for special consideration EACH TIME, then check that your mark is recorded as a DNF.

If this does happen to you, come and speak to SRC HELP about applying for your fees back for the affected subject/s. Call 9660 522 to make an appointment.

To make an appointment to see a caseworker:

p: 9660 5222
e: help@src.usyd.edu.au
or come and see us at:
Level 1 (Basement) Wentworth Bldg - City Road Entry

For more information:
www.src.usyd.edu.au



President's Report

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

Last year when I ran for SRC President, there were several policies I ran on. They were policies that were directed at particular areas of the University that I felt, as a student, really needed improving. Running in the SRC elections and campaigning for almost 3 weeks straight gave me the opportunity to speak to other students about the issues they cared about, on campus and off campus. I know sometimes people deride so-called 'election promises' as being just a way to garner votes (hello, Federal Government?) but I genuinely wanted to have a go at improving these areas, and luckily I was elected. So I thought I'd give you all an update some of the proposals I ran on and what's been happening.

HECS places for Summer and Winter School

HECS is something I was (and am still) really passionate about seeing introduced in Summer and Winter School. It was a policy no-one had ever run on before, and while there had been some attempts to change it, nothing had ever really happened. Essentially it's inequitable and unfair that Commonwealth-supported students in the main semesters have to pay full fees (upwards of \$2,500 per subject) if they have a difficult semester, fail a subject, are sick or simply want to have an intensive period in a subject area that they may have struggled with in the past. But right now, Summer and Winter School are not accessible to all. The Director of S&W School informed me that only 20% of domestic students enrolled in these courses defer the fee payment using FEE-HELP. That means 80% are paying a minimum of \$2,500 upfront – which students can afford that unless a) you have a really good job, b) have a lot of savings or c) have parents who can pay that for you? This means that a lot of students simply

aren't considering Summer or Winter School because they can't pay that kind of fee upfront or they are so adverse to debt they don't want to add a few extra thousands to their HECS debt for just one subject. It's a big problem, and considering that nearly all of the University's Group of Eight competitors (like UNSW, University of Queensland and University of Melbourne) offer HECS places for their Summer programs, it's a tiny bit embarrassing. It's also completely contradictory to the University's emphasis on social inclusion and equitable educational access outlined in the recent Green Paper. I've written a proposal discussing the SRC's proposal and our views about equity – this proposal will soon go to the Provost, Professor Stephen Garton, who oversees Summer and Winter School. I'll keep you posted on the results, but fingers crossed for even a few HECS places for each subject in 2011!

24-Hour Library Access

At the beginning of 2010, I had it at the top of my priorities to make sure there could be an extension of library opening hours around campus. I wrote a lengthy proposal outlining why I thought library hours should be extended at the major libraries on campus, including an extension of hours on Sundays. The Head Librarian has heard my opinions and is now in the final stages of discussing it with library staff and other areas of the University. For example, they have liaised with security about extending the bus service to Redfern station. Ideally what the SRC would like to see is Scitech run as a trial from 7am-midnight during Stuvac and the two weeks of exams, with extended hours on the weekends (eg. 8am-5pm Saturday, 10am-6pm Sunday). This almost mirrors the hours of UNSW's main library, and surely USyd wants to be better than UNSW!



100% Wireless Coverage and Internet Quota

These are things which are a bit harder to do. I met recently with the Director of ICT, Mark Pigot. One thing that the 2009 SRC President, Noah, managed to do was increase the internet quota from 6MB to 12MB. ICT says there hasn't been a huge increase in traffic or usage, and that lots of students haven't noticed the increase. Even more of a reason to increase it further! Whilst we would love to have free internet like ANU, ICT says at the moment it's just not feasible with the size of the student body. What they are looking at doing is going with two different Internet Service Providers depending on the kind of usage – ie. a different ISP for research and academia, and another one for general usage. Wireless coverage is even more difficult, and the focus at the moment is getting rid of 'black spots' (where the USyd network isn't detected). You will probably know where they are – some bits of Carslaw, Merewether, Chemistry

and Pharmacy (just to name a few!). Generally wireless is added building by building, and what they are working on is more wireless access points to pick up the network signal.

As you can see, there is movement on these issues but alas, they are slow.

Next week I'll update you on what are the 'wins' the SRC has helped out with, whether they be campaigns or other aspects of University life.

After all, I'm not only your peak representative as an undergraduate student, but I'm also responsible for running the SRC – an organisation that is your voice supporting you the whole time you're an undergraduate on whatever issues that matter to you.

So enjoy the last two weeks of classes, and look out for my report in the next and final *Honi* issue for Semester 1!

Get involved! Come along to a collective..

Education Action Group: 1pm Tuesdays, Quadrangle S441

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

Notice of Council Meeting

The next meeting of the 82nd SRC will be held on June 1st at 6pm, room 405 Eastern Avenue. On the agenda: proposed changes to SRC electoral regulations. For agenda please contact: c.mcclure@src.usyd.edu.au

Quality of Education Survey www.unistudent.com.au - do it now!

The Quality Campaign is about making sure that once you are at uni, you receive the education that you deserve.



General Secretary's Report

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

Thanks to everyone who has stopped by the stall we've been running up near Carslaw to fill out a Quality Survey. We've had a great response from students, and the information you provide by filling out one of the surveys will be invaluable in shaping the campaigns of the SRC and NUS in the future. If you haven't filled one out yet, drop by the stall, and we'll give you a lollipop as a thank you for taking the time to tell us about your perspective on the quality of education at Sydney University. You can also sign the petition calling for a Senate inquiry into student housing.

So what happens with all the information we gather from this survey? The National Union of Students will collate survey data from campuses all around Australia, and compile that information into a report, which can then be used to lobby individual universities and the government to address the issues which students have raised as particularly pressing.

If you're interested in finding out more about the National Union of Students, and how its campaigns are planned and organised, come down to Education Conference. This year it will be in Tasmania, and comprises two parts. The

first is workshops to learn new skills, and the second is campaign planning for the second half of the year. Contact the Education Officer for more details.

The National Union of Students is the peak representative body for undergraduate students, and has achieved things such as Youth Allowance reforms, the abolition of Domestic Undergraduate Full Fee places, and a Senate Inquiry into the treatment of International Students, so by doing something so small as filling out a survey, you're helping an organisation that has the power to shape real change for students.

Education Report

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

The Quality of your Education (REDUX)

When a lecturer starts a class with "Your papers have not been marked yet, because unlike everyone else in the department, I have a life", you know someone's fucked up in the Teaching and Learning Unit. Unfortunately, most of us have experienced the kind of attitude expressed by this lecturer at some point in our university life.

The problem with quotes such as the one above is that they are purely anecdotal. They form part of the mythology of our university, but they cannot inform decision-making in any way. No matter how much we complain about our lecturers, tutors, assessments, readings, and all that over a few beers at Manning, it will not make any difference to the way we are educated.

This is why we run campaigns such as the NUS Quality of Education Survey. By formalising and recording the experiences of students across all faculties, at all universities in Australia, we can put our opinions, rants, and beer-fuelled expletives to good use.

The survey is run at a national level, and will be used to put pressure on the government and individual universities to address problems that we identify as widespread in Australian higher education, such as class sizes, student-to-staff ratios and availability of course essentials. The problems that we face in the classroom, however, are often very specific, and cannot be properly addressed by a survey of this scope.

The best way to make your problems be heard is by coming to the SRC Office

Bearers. Elly, the President of the SRC, Dee, the General Secretary, and I attend meetings of Academic Board, Senior Executive Group committees, other decision-making bodies and ad hoc working parties and other committees. Our voice in these bodies is taken seriously, and we can turn an anecdote about a lecturer who "has a life" into tangible changes to Teaching and Learning.

Next time you find yourself complaining about something at uni, don't let it end there. Drop me a line, and I'll make sure that the issue is taken up and seen through. They say that our generation is apathetic, but I don't believe it. I believe that we have opinion on pretty much everything; it's just that sometimes we can't see the point in telling them, because we feel like it won't change anything. In this case, it will.

Quality of Education Survey – NOW! (<http://www.unistudent.com>)

Women's Report

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

At the recent F conference in Sydney Anne Summers said that she believed that equal pay and the right to control our own fertility were the two major issues left to fight for women.

This Saturday 29th May there will be a rally for abortion rights starting from Town Hall to demand that abortion be removed from the NSW criminal code and the charges against the Queensland couple dropped. It will be the first rally for abortion rights to be held in NSW in ten years.

The rally coincides with the International Right to Life conference being held in Sydney at the same time. A large show of support for a woman's right to choose is crucial in order pressure the government to appeal these archaic laws and raise awareness around this issue in the community.

If you are interested in finding out more about the existing laws and how they impact upon a woman's right to choose as well as the case in Queensland and what reforms have occurred in other states come along to a Reproductive Rights Forum hosted by Women's Collective this Thursday at 5pm in New Law 340. It is a non-autonomous forum and everyone is welcome to attend. Now to the other major concern Anne Summers identified – equal pay. This is often the issue that will first be held up as having been won long ago when talking about the feminist movement. The reality is that the pay gap between men and women has grown in the past year – wider than it has been since 1994.

Currently the Australian Services Union has brought a case to Fair Work Australia which seeks to increase the pay of those

workers in the female-dominated social and community services sector by more than \$100 a week. Alongside this case the ASU are running the Pay Up! No more lip service to equal pay campaign. A Take Action for Equal Pay rally is coming up on Thursday 10th of June. Come along to support workers in these industries whose work is undervalued and underpaid and make real inroads in addressing the pay gap.

To find out more about either of these campaigns, and to send a Pay Up! Postcard to Julia Gillard, drop by the Women's Collective stall outside Manning this Wednesday and Thursday.

EVENTS..

Reproductive Rights Forum 5pm Thursday 27th May New Law 340

Rally for Abortion Rights 11am Town Hall Saturday 29th of May

Take Action for Equal Pay Rally 11am Town Hall Thursday 10th June

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

Dear Abe

Centrelink have told me I can't get youth allowance because my parents earn too much money and I am 'dependent' because I am under 25. That's ridiculous. My parents don't give me any money. Is there any way I can become 'independent'?

Love from

Independent as I'll Ever Be

Important Dear Abe: 1 July 2010 deadline for Independent Youth Allowance

Dear Independent as I'll Ever Be,

If you are 'independent' then Centrelink will pay you youth allowance. There are a few different ways Centrelink will consider you 'independent' if you are under 25, but the most common one is about to end for most students – YOU HAVE UNTIL 1 JULY 2010.

The most common way of proving you are financially 'independent' of your parents is if you have been out of high school for at least 18 months and you can prove you have earned up to \$19,532 in any consecutive 18 month period since you left high school.

Note: the amount you need to have earned may be less than this, depending on which 18 month period you are counting. Go to SRC HELP for advice.

This income must be through paid employment – it cannot be gifts or scholarships, and it must be official income - basically, income you have declared to the tax office. Start going through your income over different periods. You can apply online and they tell you what paperwork you need to submit – it will include tax returns and possibly pay slips.

Other ways of being independent include being married (or de facto, including same-sex), being a refugee, having had a child or by being unable to live in your family home.

If you think that you might be eligible for a payment or you want to find out more information, contact SRC HELP straight away with any questions you may have.

Don't forget, you must almost always be a full time student to receive Youth Allowance or Austudy.

Abe



Research Students

The national peak body for postgraduate students, the Council of Australian Postgraduate Associations (CAPA), recently released a report called *The Research Education Experience in 2009*. The report records the results of a focus group CAPA held with postgraduate students in December 2009.

We thought it was important to let Sydney Uni postgraduate research students know about the report, because it confirms a lot of what SUPRA has been hearing from students on campus.

If you can relate to any of the experiences described below, and feel like you want to talk to someone about any aspect of your research candidature, please come to see SUPRA. Our caseworkers provide free and confidential advice. SUPRA is independent from the University so our caseworkers can tell you about your rights as a research student, as well as give you advice which is in your interests (not your supervisor's interests!).

The Importance of the Student-Supervisor Relationship

Even if you are the most talented student, a supervisor can either make or break your candidature. We know there are a lot of success stories regarding supervisory relationships, but we also hear a lot of stories where the relationship breaks down and has serious impacts on the student's candidature. SUPRA's 2010 Survival Guide and our Thesis Guide have some handy hints about managing your supervisory relationship. They can be picked up from the SUPRA office, and are available from our website: <http://www.supra.usyd.edu.au/article.php?id=31>

CAPA's December workshop group raised serious concerns about the nature of student-supervisor relationships, saying they "felt research students were more vulnerable to bullying and intimidation than other student groups". SUPRA has heard students at Sydney Uni expressing similar views – we know it's a live issue but, more often than not, students are silent about it.

If you feel as though your relationship with your supervisor is preventing you from progressing academically, you should make sure you act quickly to resolve the problems. This is something that you can come to talk to a SUPRA caseworker about.

As well as supervisory relationships which are less than desirable, some problems are also caused by a supervisor terminating the relationship – for example, where the supervisor leaves the University or the country, or where the supervisor does not want to supervise the student anymore. This is an area where SUPRA has undertaken a lot of dispute-resolution and where we want the University to provide better safeguards for students.

Resources

The issue of minimum resources is also a focus of the CAPA report. This is another area in which SUPRA has done a lot of advocacy because of how serious the situation is at Sydney Uni. For example, the University's Green Paper admitted that in the Faculty of Arts, there are 500 research students but only 150 desks!

We know that it is unreasonable to expect research students to undertake high quality research in tight time frames without providing adequate resources (including financial support) to support that research. So SUPRA has been campaigning since 2006 for Sydney Uni to introduce a minimum resources policy, given that it is the only Group of 8 University not to have one. We presented a draft Policy on Entitlements for Postgraduate Students to the University some years ago but it has only started to gain traction recently. Contact us if you want to know more about SUPRA's work in this area.

Career pathways

The report also touched on another issue which SUPRA is very much aware of, namely, the distinction between teaching and research during candidature. We are aware that financial necessity is often the primary motivator for students' decisions to take up teaching positions, and that those teaching positions are almost invariably limited to casual positions. We said as much to the University in our Green Paper response.

This problem is compounded by the lack of support for early career academics, despite the feeling amongst students as recorded in the report that there are "tremendous expectations upon them to perform both as teachers and as researchers".

Completing a research degree
The final section of the report deals with the time pressures on students; financial support; and non-financial support from people outside of the supervisory team.

We know that it is common for students to feel like they are running out of time to complete, and that, more often than not, there are very good reasons for this. For example, the mere fact that Sydney Uni knows that it has a resourcing problem should result in greater flexibility for students regarding completion dates! Whilst some faculties are quite lenient in granting extensions to students, the issue is often not whether a request for an extension will be granted, but the fact that going over-time means a student will lose their scholarship income.

Meeting the costs of research is another serious and systemic issue. Even if you receive a scholarship, it can be very difficult to pay for conference or fieldwork expenses. Of course, this can affect the quality of your research.

The report also identified a need for greater "access to information and advice on the challenges faced by research students". In SUPRA's experience, this means greater education for research students about your rights (in the supervisory relationship or otherwise), your options (for example, about enrolment, suspension, part-time candidature) and having someone to advocate for you if things aren't working out.

SUPRA has been advocating for postgraduate students for over 30 years – it's our job to look out for you! Come in to talk to us about your worries or just get some confidential advice. We won't talk to anyone about these things without your permission. We can make suggestions about how to approach your lecturers, or refer you to places which can help you.

Call 9351 3715 to make an appointment with a SAAO, email your query to help@supra.usyd.edu.au, or come and see us during our 'drop in' times. See our web site for more details: www.supra.usyd.edu.au.

Caroline Vu
Student Advice and Advocacy Officer



The full CAPA report can be accessed at:
<http://www.innovation.gov.au/Section/Research/Documents/TheResearchEducationExperiencein2009.pdf>

Council Vacancies

Did you think about applying for SUPRA Council but miss out on our official nomination period? The election for casual vacancies on Council is on now! There are 9 positions to be filled for General Councillors, and we want you to be a part of this vibrant and active team.

Contact the SUPRA office for a form, or email the secretary at secretary@supra.usyd.edu.au.

POSTGRAD PAGES

SUPRA's Outreach Events

Why Does SUPRA Run Events?

One of SUPRA's main responsibilities is to ensure that the rights of students on campus are upheld and that every postgraduate student can pursue their studies with a minimum of trouble. As such, SUPRA tries to keep in touch with all of our subscribers and supporters to make sure that their postgraduate experience is a positive one. The outreach programs we run therefore serve a few functions. The first is to give councillors and Student Advocacy and Advice Officers (SAAOs) a chance to talk to other postgraduate students to find out what their problems are or what issues exist that SUPRA can address. Another function of the outreach programs is to introduce councillors and SAAOs to students in order to let them know who we are and that we are available to talk to whenever an issue may arise. The final reason for the outreach events that SUPRA organises is to just give postgraduate students a good time. Postgraduate study can be an extremely isolating experience – by holding events SUPRA provides a space for postgrads to meet, thus helping to foster a postgrad community.

What type of events do we run? The university tends to sometimes neglect the postgraduate cohort and it can often seem like it is only the undergraduates who get the free barbecues and the like. SUPRA, on the other hand, understands that postgraduates are on campus at different times and have different needs and wants. SUPRA knows that a loud, boozy event at Manning Bar may not be exactly what you want after a long day of work and class. As such, we try to cater our events to you, postgraduates from all across the University. For example, we try to hold events like postgraduate trivia and movie nights - our most recent film screening was *Last Train to Freo* (recommended by FilmSoc as the best Australian film ever) - as well as events such as BBQs, coffee meetings, and just generally providing a space to socialise.

Fun aside, your postgraduate council is here for you; to help you with any problems you might have, and to keep you informed and educated to avoid any such problems. As such, SUPRA also runs

regular immigration seminars and a series of Tuesday Night Talks on various topics such as tenancy rights; women's rights; research;



and scholarships. Hosted by various experts, these seminars have proven to be extremely popular in providing knowledge where there is often a lack of easily attainable information.

Where and When?

The timing of SUPRA events vary and there is no set schedule for most of them but SUPRA does try to run regular events in order to engage our postgraduate constituency. Regular events that occur every year include our O-Week BBQ; SUPRA's Annual General Meeting, and end of semester parties. SUPRA now also runs SUPRA Sports, which run every week on Tuesdays and Fridays (see eGrad for details) and allows for postgrads to get together for a bit of social (not competitive) sport. We also try to get out to the university satellite campuses whenever we can, with trips out to the Sydney College of the Arts (SCA) in Rozelle, Cumberland Campus, and the Camden Farms so far this semester.

How Can I Get Involved?

If you're interested in attending any of our events, keep an eye out here, on the SUPRA pages in Honi Soit, or on our mailing list – eGrad. All of our events are publicised through these mediums beforehand. So come along and let us know what's going on. Have some food and drink on us, get to know your council and voice any concerns you may have. If you're on one of the satellite campuses and you want us to come out there, let us know as we're always happy to do so. If you have an idea for an event that you'd like to see, let us know and we'll do the best we can. SUPRA is YOUR postgraduate council, run by postgraduate students for postgraduate students and it's your support that makes it all happen.

Sid De
Activities Committee Co-Convenor
activities@supra.usyd.edu.au

SUPRA Annual General Meeting & PARTY!

Monday, 31st May is the most important day of the year for all of us at SUPRA and we want you to be a part of it. SUPRA is holding its Annual General Meeting. Come along, meet your Councillors, help SUPRA form its agenda for 2010/11, give us feedback on how we've done, and enjoy FREE FOOD and DRINKS!

This will be followed by our end-of-semester party!

WHEN: Monday 31st May, 5:30pm
WHERE: SUPRA Offices

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.

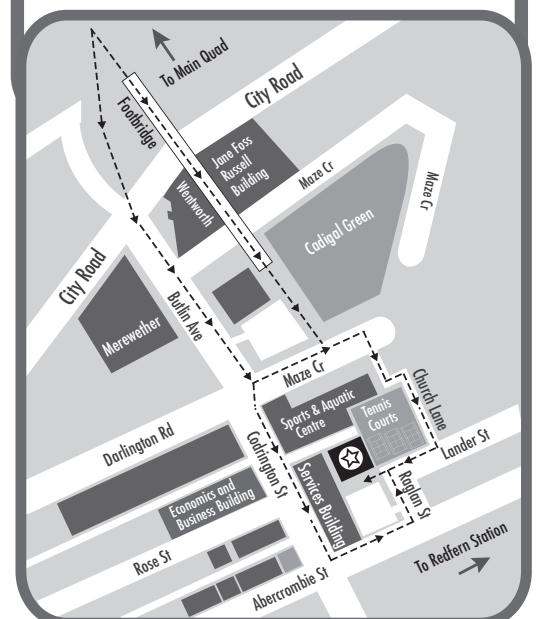
Complete your subscription online at www.supra.usyd.edu.au/subscribe then follow the links if you would like to become a SUPRA Supporter. Alternatively you can complete a form at our stalls or drop into the SUPRA office.

WHERE IS SUPRA?

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The University of Sydney NSW 2006

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E: admin@supra.usyd.edu.au
Web: www.supra.usyd.edu.au





THE HONI SOIT CROSSWORD

- Across**
- Original name of the singer who celebrated his 69th birthday on Monday (6,9)
 - First part of a question asked by 1-Across (3,4)
 - Slippery dune is naked (5)
 - Known to be gay in the exterior (3)
 - Second part of a question asked by 1-Across (5,4,1,3)
 - Third part of a question asked by 1-Across (4,4,6)
 - Brightly and indecently scan Harry (14)
 - Fourth part of a question asked by 1-Across (3,3,4,3)
 - Strange eve for the leader of the first professional band 1-Across played in
 - Last part of a question asked by 1-Across (1,3)
 - "Ow!" Penny breaks Track 2 from 1-Across's Street Legal (3,4)
 - Where the answer to the question is (6',2,3,4)

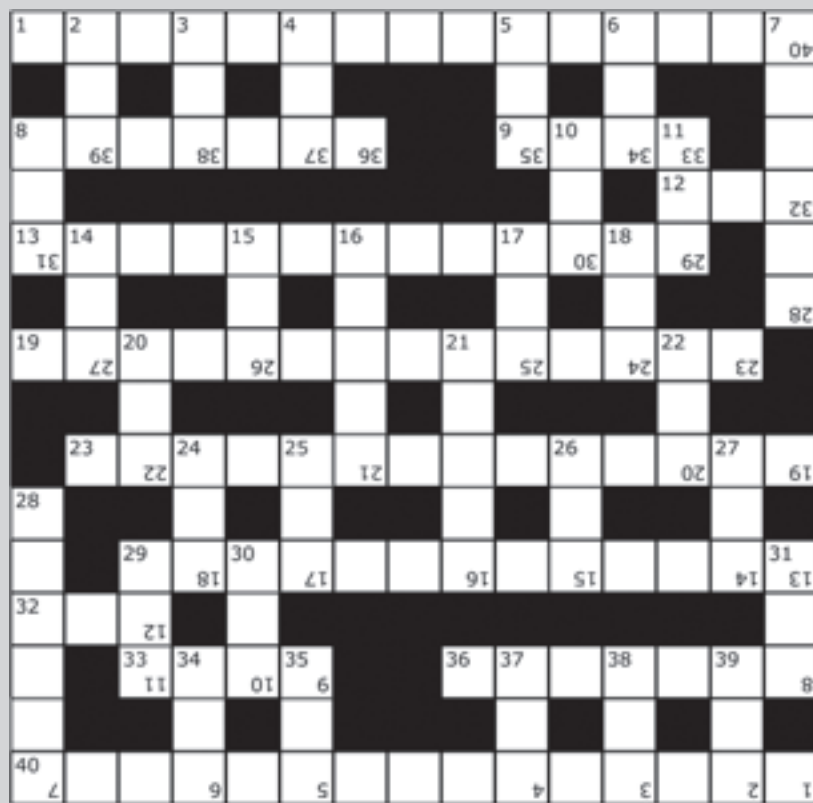
- Down**
- Even Borneo hides Lennon's wife (3)
 - Driverless helm is a tree (3)
 - Can Palestinians stay hidden? (3)
 - Without a mean group of males (3)
 - Every second friend in 'The Walls of --- Wing' - song by 1-Across (3)
 - '--- Moore' - 1-Across song is a mesh knot (6)
 - She, objectively, is a half-mother (3)
 - Crazy mule, without energy, is a German town (3)
 - Nickelodeon ends a very long time (3)
 - Endless oval eggs (3)
 - Old operating system goes up to drunkard (3)
 - Fun Wednesday hides the fact they are not married (5)
 - WW1 flying is a win off the serve (3)
 - Limitless wagon from before (3)
 - I escape from reverse nail to computer connection (3)

- Easy, I scab strangely (5)
- Groove in odd roost (3)
- Pigeon's noise sounds like a takeover!
- 10 B.C., without the alien, is Seinfeld's network (1.1.1)
- Even reveal long fish (3)
- Mad Eli is Hawaiian attire
- Braved broken clause qualifier (6)
- "---! Heavy and a Bottle of Bread" - 1-Across song (3)
- Half a trauma for the Kill Bill star (3)
- Perhaps allowed month (3)
- Mouth is almost Othello (3)
- Bride of Christ sounds like nothing (3)
- Baffle the Old English letter (3)
- Church seat sounds like 'What stinks?'
- Crazy Ann - my grandma

CRYPTIC (AWESOME)

QUICK (SOFT)

39. Grandma (3)
38. Church seat (3)
37. Old English letter (3)
35. Bride of Christ (3)
34. Mouth (3)
31. Folie peasants dance around (3)
30. Kill Bill star (3)
29. Indeed, truly (archaic) (3)
28. Qualifying word (6)
27. Hawaiian attire (3)
26. Long, slippery fish (3)
25. Seinfeld's network (1.1.1)
24. Pigeon's noise (3)
22. Groove (3)
21. Easy, fundamental (5)
20. Computer connection (3)
18. Before, once (3)
17. A win off the serve, in tennis (3)
16. Not married (5)
15. Old CPU operating system (3)
14. Eggs (3)
13. A very long time (3)
12. German town (3)
11. Objective form of she (3)
Modern Times (6)



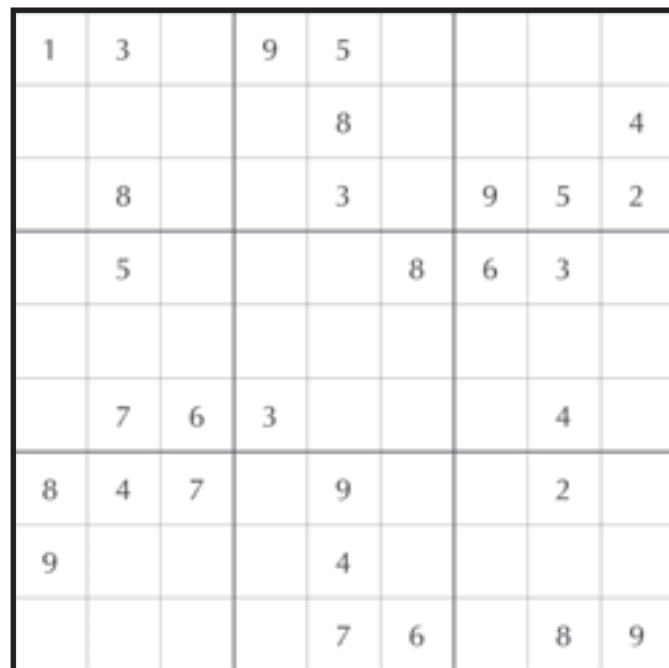
MARK "MY WORDS" SUTTON

- Across**
- The former name of Bob Dylan, who celebrated his 69th birthday on Monday (6,9)
 - First part of a question asked by 1-Across (3,4)
 - Naked (5)
 - Not in (3)
 - Second part of a question asked by 1-Across (5,4,1,3)
 - Third part of a question asked by 1-Across (4,4,6)
 - Very brightly (1,4)
 - Fourth part of a question asked by 1-Across (3,3,4,3)
 - John Lennon's second wife (3)
 - Large type of tree (3)
 - What baked beans come in (3)
 - Males (3)
 - Mars colour (3)
 - '--- Moore' - song by 1-Across on the album (3,3,4,3)
- Down**
- Leader of the first professional band
 - 1-Across played in (3)
 - Last part of a question asked by 1-Across (1,3)
 - A very long time (3)
 - Eggs (3)
 - Old CPU operating system (3)
 - Not married (5)
 - A win off the serve, in tennis (3)
 - Before, once (3)
 - Computer connection (3)
 - Easy, fundamental (5)
 - Indeed, truly (archaic) (3)
 - Qualifying word (6)
 - Hawaiian attire (3)
 - Long, slippery fish (3)
 - Seinfeld's network (1.1.1)
 - German town (3)
 - Objective form of she (3)
 - Church seat (3)
 - Old English letter (3)
 - Mouth (3)
 - Bride of Christ (3)
 - Grandma (3)

THE TAKE HOME *Questions themed around this week's issue.

- How many World Cup have Brazil won: 3, 5 or 7?
- How much is a jug of Tooheys New during Manning Happy Hour (without Access)?
- Who ousted Belinda Neal in the Labor preselection for the seat of Robertson?
- Which country was the last to join the UN General Assembly?
- To the nearest thousand, how many votes were cast in the this year union elections: 4,000, 6,000 or 8,000?
- The other David Campbell is the son of an Aussie rock legend. Who is said legend?
- More than six kilos of cocaine was found stuffed in a certain premium confectionary over the weekend. What was the sweet in question?
- True or False: Cougars are the largest cats that can purr?
- What is the national animal of Zambia?
- In which country is the annual Cooper's Hill Cheese Rolling and Wake held?
- Naomi Campbell made a cameo appearance in which Sacha Baron Cohen film?
- Who or what was Nosferatu: (a) the *nom de guerre* of Franco? (b) a cinematic vampire? (c) Ivan the Terrible's second in command?
- Is lepidoptery the study of leopards, butterflies or flesh-eating diseases?
- What is the closest star to Earth?
- Which bird did Gordon Ramsay cook in a pie after it bit him in the face in 2008?
- Kyu is: (a) a Japanese term used in martial arts? (b) the name of Frank Zappa's second daughter? (c) the Mongolian word for "queue"?
- Who was named Player of the Tournament at this year's 20/20 World Cup?
- To the nearest thousand, how many episodes of *Home and Away* have there been: 3,000, 4,000 or 5,000?
- Who earned his 50th cap for the Waratahs last week?
- True or False: Guns N'Roses last two guitarists are nicknamed Buckethead and Bumblefoot respectively?

SUDOKU



RATED: Easy like Sunday Morning

Match the colour to its obscure name.



- Heliotrope
- Chartreuse
- Cerise
- Smalt
- Verdigris
- Aureolin
- Alizarin

Answers: 1g, 2d, 3f, 4b, 5a, 6c, 7e



The Garter Press



THIEF OF NINE WALKLEY AWARDS

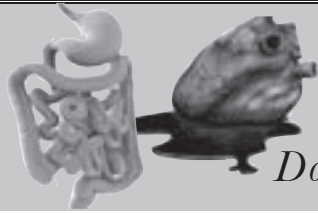
ISSUE: Yeah, we have several. But we've learnt to keep quiet.

EST 2010 BC

Price: Your Dignity

FREE

Willy.
Reviewed on Page 19.

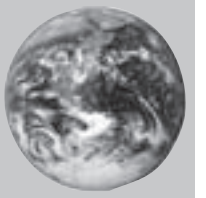


HUMAN ORGAN GIVEAWAY!

Don't ask how we got them.

THE EARTH

"Fucking Huge" -
Science Liflout



SEVEN NEWS REPORTER ADAM WALTERS NOT A PEDOPHILE OR MURDERER

EXCLUSIVE

Donna Princeton
Uppity Bitch & Media Correspondent

In the interest of the public, *The Garter Press* can reveal that Adam Walters, noted reporter for Seven News, has in no way engaged in acts of pedophilia, murder, arson, kidnapping, international racketeering, drugs or people trafficking – just to name a few things of which there is no proof Adam Walters is involved with.

Walters, who recently broke the news that NSW MP David Campbell had visited a gay sex club, has denied that he buys dogs from pet shops, then drowns the dogs and distributes them on Christmas Eve, and we can confirm that he does indeed not lead a secret life of animal torture.

After trailing Walters for a week with a hidden camera, we recorded him visiting several stores (none of which sold drugs, guns or pornography) and volunteering at a nursing home, during which time no resident of the nursing home was suffocated by a pillow, to the best of our knowledge.

"I completely understand that, as a public figure, I have no right to a private life," Walters told *The Garter*.



NOT pictured above : Adam Walters exposing himself in a playground.

"That's why I live a life of complete virtue and innocence, and adhere to a strict moral code."

"I have never broken into a maternity ward and switched the babies around for fun or on a dare."

Our research has also shown that Walters has never been called before the International War Crimes Tribunal for committing genocide.

Peter Meakin, the Head of News and Current Affairs at Channel Seven, praised Walters for his private life: "I'm please to see that Adam and indeed all our reporters here at Channel Seven lead clean lives of moral certitude [including, but not limited to; not engaging in nuclear arms trading and dressing up like a homeless person to receive charity from passers by]".

However, *The Garter* can reveal that Walters is a spineless prick.

Sex Farmers Record 10 Year Drought

Mick Haggarty
Rural Reporter and Sheep Farmer

It is the worst drought in almost 150 years according to a report released yesterday by the Department of Agriculture. Harvests have reduced to 35% of the 2000 average, unemployment in regional Australia has risen almost 2% in 5 years and the once abundant sex belt of NSW has all but dried up.

No one has been hit harder than the Sex Farmers of our nation, with almost 1 in 3 Sex Farms now untenable. Joe Higgins is one such farmer who has been feeling the brunt of the barren past decade. "My Dad got this place from his dad, who got it from his uncle. Place has

been in my family for years, and now, it's nothing but an un-stocked cellar."

The State Government has refused to accept claims that it has allowed the industry to decline. A spokesman for the Department of Agriculture assured those farmers feeling the brunt of the drought that "we want the farmers to know that we are doing everything in our power to keep the industry on its feet. I grew up on a sex farm, I know the life, I know the hardships, and I know how much of themselves these farmers are putting into their work."

John Rolly, National candidate for the upper Hunter, does not believe the government is doing as it says. "These are people who don't understand the

hardship and strife of your average sex farmer. These are people who buy the product of the farmers' labour from shops or the Internet and have no idea of the process behind it. To them, this drought is a political issue, not one with a human face and a gimp suit tied up in a cellar somewhere up north."

But for the farmers themselves this is a problem for which there may not be a solution. For many sex farmers, this may well be the drought that broke the farmer's back.

In the words of Mr Higgins "Times were you could just let a few crops go by the wayside, dump them and start again, but now, we'll be lucky if we even make a harvest."

Nation's Pissed-Up Slappers Demand Attention, Midori.

Sally Hampton-Clams
Women's Officer

Pissed-Up Slappers across Australia are demanding that the nation stop whatever they're doing, put down their glasses and listen to what they have to say because this is *their* night out.

In a statement released to patient onlookers and long-suffering partners, the Coalition of Pissed-Up Slappers called for general acknowledgement that their friend was the prettiest girl in the room, that their eyes are up here and cowboys cowboys cowboys it's time to do some cowboys.

A self-appointed spokeswoman for the group spoke exclusively to *The Garter* and anyone else in ear-shot, saying, "We demand ... we ... demand...", for five minutes before stopping abruptly to laugh uncontrollably and then cry into her gin and tonic.

At the time of print, the demands of the Pissed-Up Slappers were yet to be met, which included cabs to the Cross, to be looked at, to not be looked at and an end to sexist reporting in satirical newspapers. Then they vomited into their handbags.

INSIDE

MINING TAX OPPOSITION
The Seven Dwarves call for
Rudd's Head
p3

13 YEAR OLD CLIMBS EVEREST
School principal says he knew
the kid was faking a sickie.
p6

WORLD'S BEST AIRLINE NAMED
Least crashing-est planes
and least unpleasant flight
attendants.
Travel Liflout



What In The World



Hello my friends and hello! It is my pleasure to open the gates once again and once more invite you in to the Wonderful World of Words™!

We have all had a lot of fun and mirth so far in our journey through the Wonderful

World of Words®, but now it is time to remove the jangling jester's hat and don a more serious hat. Today we are looking at the death of newspapers.

But why? I hear you ask out loud. Why does Maisy concern herself with things like

this? Why not just return to informing and entertaining us about the Wonderful World of Words® at the same time often?

Well readers, as old Shakespeare once typed, "All that is required for evil to prevail is that people don't stop it and instead do something else". And that's why I care so much, and why you should care too!

The fact is, loyal friends, that the paper that you hold in your very hands is under threat! Since the invention of the printing press by Steve Guttenberg, newspapers have been one of the most important holders of words in the modern world. More important than books, signs and small books!

But now newspapers are

under threat and so too are words! The internet, Clever Phones and paper's vulnerability to fire means that papers could be a thing of the past in the future!

And so what happens to all the wonderful words if newspapers die out? Well, I'm afraid the news isn't good (pun intended, but not for humour). Imagine that you didn't have newspapers to remind you what a horse means or how to spell Sydney Morning Herald? The fact is that it won't be long before we even forget the meaning of words!

"But what can I do, Maisy?" you say. "After all, Maisy, I'm just one person, or two people if someone is reading this over my shoulder on a bus." Well my answer to that question you just asked is plenty of things!

For starters, buy a dozen papers every morning! Not only will you help the newspaper industry, but also the industry of Papier-Mâché (French for paper maché). Also, destroy your computer and the computers of your neighbors with fire. (Hint: you can use your many newspapers as kindling).

Well, until next time my friends (if indeed there will even be a next time). And I hope the next time we meet it will be on happier terms.

I can't wait to keep journeying through the Wonderful World of Words™ with you, and my only hope is that I can still do this proud tradition of printing on paper, rather than computer goo.

And remember: newspapers are the number one way of reading news on paper.



A Matter Of Style

With
Chesterton Fancyspoons

Dear Chesterton,

I have recently bought a house with my husband and we are looking to have a small house-warming event for friends and family. Should I invite my neighbours, and if so, how do I 'break the ice' with my old and new friends?

Catherine, Mosman

My Dear Catherine,

Meeting new people is always a very tricky proposition, especially if they don't speak English or are otherwise unattractive.

My advice is to hire a small band of trumpet players to 'announce' the arrival of each guest with fanfare. In addition to spooking the Wellingtons off your guests, you'll also make them feel welcome and slightly aroused.

Also, nothing says 'welcome

to my home' quite like hors d'oeuvres served off the naked torso of a Cambodian man. Coincidentally, this also makes for a great activity to get the night chugging along.

In the end though, nothing 'breaks the ice' quite like literally breaking the ice. So why not gather a bunch of hammers and other various blunt instruments, head off to the depths of Alaska and literally smash the igloos of the native Inuits!

Yours Fraternally,
Chesteron.

Dear Chesterton,

My wife and I were recently dining in the courtyard of a small inner-city café, when some patrons at a nearby table began smoking. I know that the law states they are allowed to smoke in outside areas, but was it rude of

them not to ask us first if we minded?

Yours in Fear of Second Hand Smoke,
Gareth Munchen-Bunting

Dearest Gareth,

I mulled over this question of yours for quite some time, mindlessly puffing plumes of smoke from my smoking pipe whilst wearing my smoker's jacket in the smoking room in the smoking wing of my house (whilst smoking), but eventually decided that it was indeed rude of your fellow patrons not to ask your permission before igniting their cigarettes.

Although the law of the courts may be on their side, the law of human nature and good manners is on yours. They should have also checked whether you were content with their meal choices, lest an unpleasant Oriental aroma should waft your way. I say make a citizen's arrest, lock the blaggards up and throw away the key! Then set them alight in an act of murderous irony.

Yours in Cancer,
Chesterton

SEX AND THE CITY



"The Un-Photoshopped Poster"

IN CINEMAS SOON!

GOT A SPIDER ON YOU BACK? YES, YOU DO.

Have You Considered The Following?



- Running around shouting "get it off, get it off!"?
- Tearing off your jumper then jumping up and down on it?
- Remaining perfectly still?
- Getting your friend to carefully but violently whack it off with a broom?
- Just taking the sting like a man?

The important thing is to remain calm.





Lifestyle

CLASSIFIEDS

NO-Reason-Rhino. Exactly what it sounds like. \$6,000. Call Eric (you know the one)

FOOSBALL table. Themed around the 1979 Arsenal Squad, amazing detail. With accurate jerseys, player positions and looks of terror as I shrunk each individual and froze them in time in this charming conversation starter!

FIRE Can warm hands, burn enemies to death. For one liver and eternity chained to a rock it can be yours!

SELF loathing. Would suit student politician, student journalist, actual politician or actual journalist.

SAXOPHONE. Play the instrument of Kenny G, Bill Clinton and my sister, from whom I have stolen this instrument. Quick sale!

FRIDGE bar, that is, a bar inside a fridge. Will trade for bar fridge.

ONE of the walls to my house. I'm 97% confident the roof won't cave in and kill my children. Seems like reasonable odds. Call Steve 0403732828

GIVING away a horse! Does everything a normal horse should, but has dental problems that you should probably look into.

ONE Poo Table. Sorry, that should say Pool Table. What do you mean it's already gone to print? How is that even possible?...What... is this bit going to print too... If the bit had gone to print before than how can this be in there....Is this in too?... What about..... THIS! But ... Oh forget it, I'll

print a retraction in the next issue.

RETRACTIONS

I would like to retract my comments about a poo table in the last issue....What do you mean this is in the same issue....I thought you said the last one had already gone to print....What do you mean this is going to print as well?! Oh fuck you all.

WANTED TO BUY

PICASSO'S Guernica. Anyone out there got Picasso's Guernica and would like to sell it, I'll buy it. I don't have much money but I'll trade you one of my wife's brownies. C'mon, don't be a dick, sell it to me. Toby 95747263

INFLATABLE pool toy. Toys suitable for your inflatable pool. No sharp edges.

YOUR wallet. Will pay you in vouchers. These vouchers are redeemable for not being knifed in the stomach. Act quick!

PERSONALS

YOU say it best, when you say nothing at all. I suppose what I'm trying to say is shut the fuck up.

I AM become death, destroyer of worlds. You are a virgin, born of a madman and a saint. I shall impregnate you and together we shall birth beautiful oblivion. Non smokers only please.

WE'LL meet in a bar. You'll feign disinterest, I'll push the point but not too strongly. You'll order a Martini with

TWO olives, I'll wait till you're about to pay then jump in and cover the cost. You'll begin to suggestively tear up a serviette. I'll accidentally kick you in the shins. We'll go back to my place, **BUT ONLY AFTER** debating the pros and cons of yours and mine for 11 minutes 43 seconds. We'll have a sexual encounter that plays heavily on my fear of goannas, your fear of heights. You'll snort cocaine from my ear lobes while I awkwardly try to asphyxiate myself with a Ming dynasty vase. Then we'll never see each other again. This and only this can satisfy me.

MASTER seeking slaves. Not sex slaves, actual slaves. The mills shan't run themselves!

LIGHT bulb seeks socket. If you are thinking that this is a metaphor, I assure you it is not. No more 'sexy calls' please.

BIRTHS

JOAN and Frank Carter are ambivalent to announce the birth of their daughter Lily. On the one hand she's a precious darling who we love, but let's not forget that it hurt Joan like hell and she'll probably become a spoiled bitch because we're bad parents.

WILFRED and Eleanor Baker would like to announce the birth of their son Robert on 12/03/1946. Sorry it took us so long to get around to this Robert – better late than never!

DEATHS

WILFRED and Eleanor Baker mourn the loss of their son Robert who died peacefully on Saturday. Can we get our

money back for the birth notice?

YOU know those people who die, and then the paper runs a story which makes you feel guilty you'd never heard of them? One of them has died.

OUR pet snake. Tragically suffocated while swallowing our youngest child. We'll miss you Fangy!

RETIREMENTS

DAVE Colletts wishes to tell everyone who works at SP&C finance group that they can go fuck themselves and he came in the water cooler.

ALL those at the Gold Watch, Fountain Pen and Expensive Champagne Factory, would like to thank Steven Franks, who's been with us for over 50 years. Please accept a HMV voucher as a token of our appreciation.

WORK WANTED

I HAVE a strong back, a truck and am willing to work hard. Looking for work as a constitutional lawyer or surgeon. Can bring own lawn mower.

LOOKING for a job where I can use my hands. A hand job, if you will. I am looking for a hand job. Tim 0347 737 837

OH goodness me, I just realised how bad that read. Forget about the hand job. I have a leaf blower and can use it for any job that requires blowing. Tim 0347 737 837

LOOKING for work as a writer of smutty puns for bawdy British sitcom. See samples of my work above. Tim 0347 737 837

COLUMN∞

More on the 'Why is their no apostrophe in the word apostrophe?' debate (Column Infinity, November 1958-present), Donald Hampton of Gynea says there is one, it goes in the middle of the O. Thanks for clearing that up Donald!

Thea Morgan of Gordon writes in to say that we used the wrong 'their' in the above entry. How did you know in advance Thea? We are genuinely baffled.

More on the 'How did Thea Morgan know about the misuse of the 'their?' debate (Column Infinity, Today), Tony Gibson of Bexley North says Thea stole this paper from him this morning....But how did she?... if this?... This is turning into a real metaphysical can of worms.

Lou Costello writes to ask us "Who's on First?". We're not falling for that again Mr. Costello! Also, are you a ghost or what?

Mary Face of Cremorne wryly observes that this *Twilight* craze is nothing new. She remembers having a huge Wilhemina Murray poster on her wall at boarding school at the turn of the century.

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

The Garter wonders why

Carlo Ritchie, Tim Scriven, Mark Sutton, Ben Jenkins, David Mack

Don't have anything better to do with their time.

"DOLORES FROM THE GARTER" + SEARCH

(Dolores, if you are going to Google yourself at work at least try to remember to actually type it into Google and not InDesign – Ed)



Students' Representative Council The University of Sydney

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or SRC Bookshop
phone 02 9660 5222

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- Exclusion
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- Fee Refunds
- Harassment & Discrimination
- International Students
- Plagiarism & misconduct

Free Legal Advice

- Referrals
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- Employment law
- Minor criminal matters/traffic offences/ fines
- Victims of violence
- Debts

**YOUR VOICE
YOUR SRC**

SRC Books - *Cheapest books on campus!*

- Buy & sell your textbooks
- Search for books online SRC website
Wentworth Level 3 (opposite newsagent)

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Student Publications

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

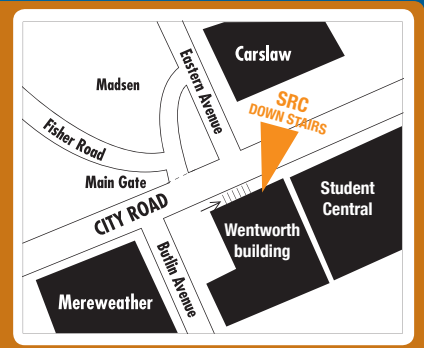
Student Rights & Representation

SRC Representatives are directly elected by students each year to stand up for students' rights on campus and in the wider community.

**ASK US
ABOUT**

Find the SRC at...

Level 1 Wentworth Building (downstairs under the City Rd footbridge)
Ph: 02 9660 5222
www.src.usyd.edu.au



The SRC's operational costs, space and administrative support are financed by the University of Sydney.



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