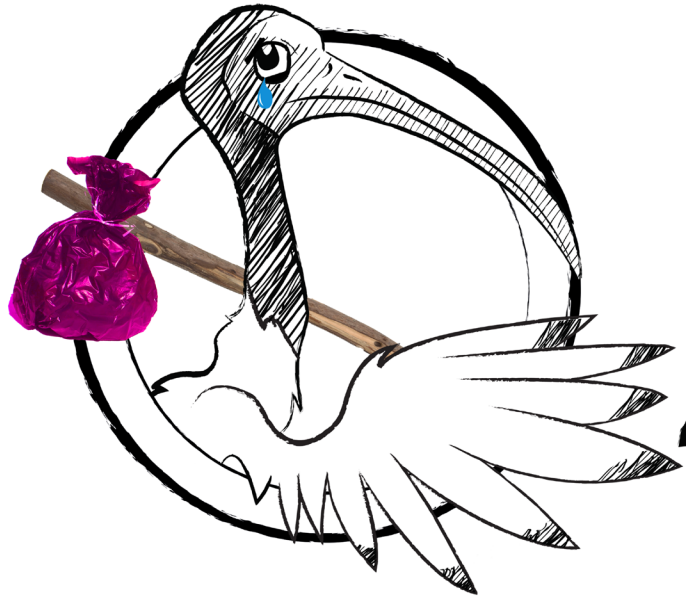


Honi Soit



The End, 2014

HONI SOIT LE PETIT MORT



CHOOSE YOUR OWN Adventure

Welcome to the University of Sydney.

Your first year of sandstone lies before you. As you progress on your journey, you'll face trials and tribulations, ascend the highest heights and plunge into the lowest of lows.

You'll be faced with a series of important choices. Choose wisely.

Some paths end in death, and others in campus glory. Keep your wits about you: false idols will shine from the shadows, and dark forces will compel you to join them.

Right now, you're on Eastern Avenue and it's O-Week. The ACCESS tent is in front of you. The first choice you have to make is this: do you buy an ACCESS card?

Do you buy an ACCESS card?

Yes?
Go to the top of page 2.

Too good for the USU?
Go to the top of page 3.

Play the interactive version online! honisoit.com/adventure



You’ve walked past a bunch of the stalls that line Eastern Avenue. You’ve seen the neckbeards at the Beer Brewing Society and the wankers with moleskines at Literary Society. You’ve been told by the bright eyes of UN Society that if you join, you’ll get to pretend to be an African country and make lots of important speeches against war and pass lots of meaningful resolutions about climate change.

So when you reach the table of the Sydney Arts Students’ Society, it’s a fucking relief. “We just like pub crawls,” they tell you. We spend more time at Manning than in lectures, they

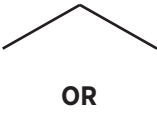
joke, apparently oblivious to fact that even you – so new to the university you don’t even know what Manning is – know it’s sad as shit to be going there.

But now you’re got talking to them now, and they’re explaining that First Year Arts Camp is soon. It’s heaps of “fun” with a group of “cool” “mates”, they say, and a great opportunity to meet your peers and future Indie Board Directors.

You’re not entirely convinced, but from what you’ve seen, it may just be the least bad option.

Do you sign up for camp?

Heck yes! You go home, line your bags with goon, and make your way to the **bottom of page 5.**



OR

Look, thanks but no thanks. You head to the **bottom of this page instead.**



Slightly scared by the look of depraved ambition in the eyes of the Arts Society stall-minders, you scurry off up Eastern Avenue as fast as you can, in search of societies whose members’ career trajectories are somewhat less meticulously planned. The number of choices before you is overwhelming, so it might be an idea to do a bit of soul-searching before you go any further.

Do you like having fun?

Of course, you’re at uni to fuck shit up, ten UDLs at a time. Go to the **top of page 5.**

OR

Yes, but only in written form. Go to the **bottom of page 6.**

OR

No. Fun is for ignorant peasants. Go to the **bottom of page 4.**

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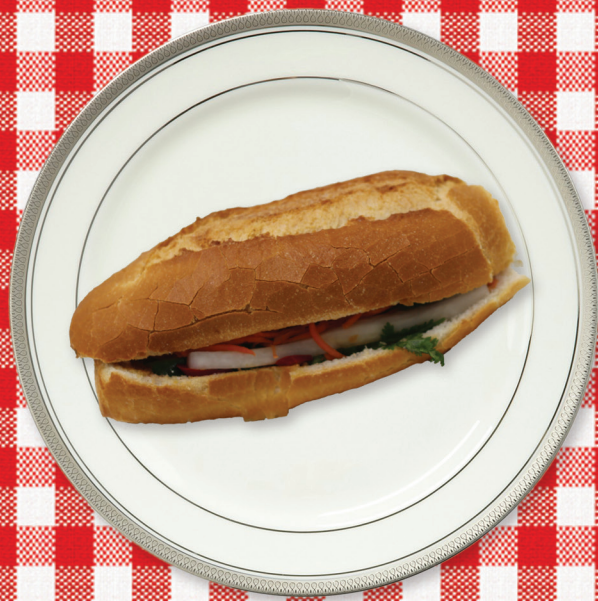
THANKS TO: Cameron Smith, Leigh Nicholson

We acknowledge that Honi Soit’s office is located on the traditional lands of the Gadigal people of the Eora nation. We would like to acknowledge the Traditional Owners of the land on which we work and pay our respects to the Elders past and present.

Wandering through O-Week

You wander around Eastern Avenue for a little while longer, rolling your eyes at all the losers who've wasted their money on ACCESS cards, having "fun" and meeting "friends", as they sign up to clubs and societies. Eventually, you've expended so much energy being performatively apathetic that you start to get really hungry. You look around for food options. On Eastern Avenue, the Sydney University Liberal Club stall is offering up free caviar to all new signups, but you're also tempted by the smell of dirt-cheap, day-old pork rolls wafting over City Road from a café in the Wentworth building. A mate of yours also told you about dumpster diving and you sure could go for 2 tonnes of semi-spoiled cabbage right now. Maybe you should give that a try instead.

What do you decide to eat?



Pork roll. Go to the **top of page 10.**



Caviar. Go to the **top of page 6.**



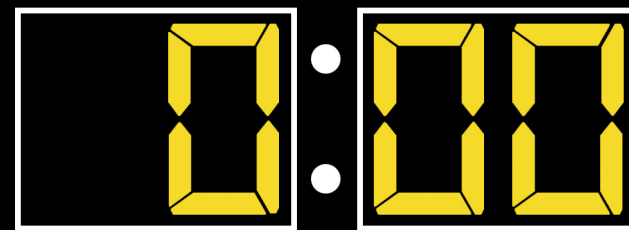
Dumpster Diving. Go to the **top of page 11.**

OH NO YOU LOST THE BOARD ELECTION

After a crushing defeat in the USU Board elections, you write a long, emotional Facebook status thanking everyone who was involved in your campaign and taking a few thinly-veiled shots at the victors, the USyd electoral process, and the state of contemporary Western democracy. You then announce your resolution to retire from the "circlejerk" of student politics forever, for three weeks.

You perceive two possible routes to future hack glory. On the one hand, Mum always said you could be Prime Minister one day if you really put your mind to it and worked

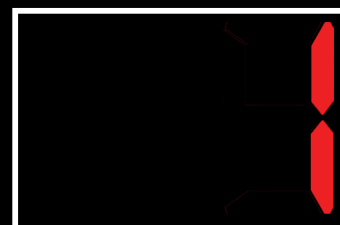
hard, and an Office Bearer position in the SRC could be a good first step on the path to world domination. On the other, you have a sneaking suspicion that you may just be the voice of your generation, and your Wordpress hasn't been getting as much traction as you had thought it might – getting involved in student media might be a good way to remedy this injustice. The SRC elections are coming up, and it's time to make your call.



YOU

PER

WANKERS WHO DON'T DESERVE IT



Which do you choose?

If you can't join 'em, beat 'em ... with brutalistic investigations and heapings of editorial scorn. Go to the **bottom of page 6.**

Fuck these managerial glorified beer-providers, it's the SRC activist life for you. Go to the **top of page 4.**



Join the revolution!
Take a Red Flag!

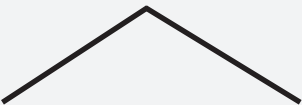


You arrive at the SRC ready to help the vanguard. You've taken all of the necessary activist precautions: abandoned most of your friends and all of your deodorant, you've changed your last name on Facebook because ASIO will definitely use that photo of you at a marriage equality rally, and you shout 'Chris Pyne get out, we know what you're all about' in your sleep.

An early error in judgment leads you to believe that real activists hand out shit newspapers and accost library-goers with generic petitions. You join them, believing that it is somehow worthwhile to get signatures on a petition that is not addressed to anyone. Details are corporatist, after all.

You're inducted into the inner circle quite quickly. When there are only five of you, there isn't really an outer circle. You discover that these petitions are stripped of contact details – these will be useful in harassing students for years to come – and then binned. Your belief in the revolution isn't dead, but your conviction that selling the *Flag* will get us there is dented.

Do you stick it out, or give up on real leftist politics and join Labor?



Fuck the ALP. Join the revolution! Go to the **top of page 17.**

OR

Labor of love! Go to the **bottom of 16.**

You rock up to the Law School, all chinos and boat shoes. You complain loudly about your upcoming Torts exam, while milling about in Taste and not preparing for your upcoming Torts exam. You join in on the fretful banter over which clerkship to go for. Sure the Big Four only take penultimate year students, but you're a first-year with a golf course developer dad.

You're no longer satisfied with only making obnoxious comments in tutorials, and

decide to go pro. You rock up to debating. After three weeks of being a social outcast, someone recognises you from a law tutorial and you're in with the Tier One crowd. Just as you cosy up for another chat about libertarian political philosophy, disaster strikes. One of the debaters, who hasn't been beaten since 2004, turns to you and says:

"Hey, I haven't seen you at Taste much. Are you a transfer?"

How do you answer?

You admit your past life as an arts student at Notre Dame. The veteran debater recoils before fleeing to the Lawbry. From the shadows a misshapen, grotesque figure calls your name. "You're one of us kid," he says. "Come with me." Go to **bottom of page 11.**

OR

You shake your head, as if you wouldn't get in first go? The veteran smiles before taking you under their wing. Every weekend the pair of you rent a holiday house for a strict training regimen reading *The Economist*. Go to the **bottom of page 7.**





The offers to join SUBSKI from a smattering of singledet dudebros and dudebroettes prove too enticing. You approach a backwards cap about becoming a member. His name, as it turns out, is Gav. He signs you up and tells about this fully sick start of semester party at Cargo. You go.

Next morning you wake on Gav's couch with a headache that could fell an ox. You hear footsteps, a fridge door opening, Gav's whistling. "Fuck, you look like you had a corker of a night." You turn your head to see an Up&Go arcing towards you. Despite your groggy state you manage to raise a hand and pluck it from the air.

Gav raises an eyebrow. "Noice." He pours himself a bowl of cereal and protein before squeezing out three Up&Gos and a Gatorade over the top. "The best hangover cure on the fucking market," he says. He proceeds to chow down.

You walk over to the kitchen table and crash on a seat next to Gav. You're pessimistic about the texts you sent last night, but as you scroll through your phone it appears only a small amount of damage control is in order. "Oi," says Gav, slapping you on the back with as much performative masculinity as he can muster. "Just got a text from Sarah, she's trying to set up a touch of footy this arvo. You in?"

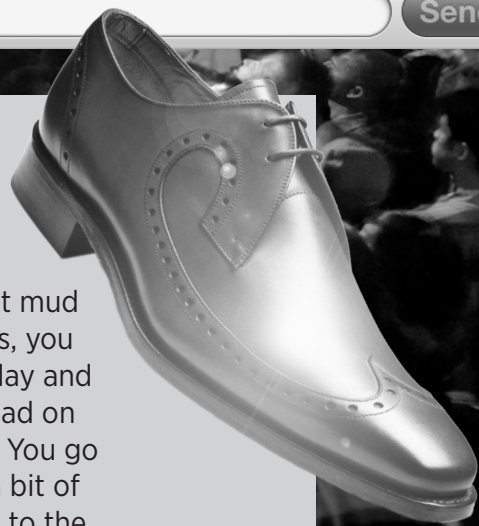


Are you in?

OR

Your personal best in high jump is 26 feet, you have the reflexes of a fighter pilot and Nick Kyrgios still calls you up for tips on his forearm. You're pretty hungover, but it's probably at a point where it's a suitable handicap. Go to the **top of page 20.**

No thanks, you might get mud on your brogues. Besides, you had Body Attack yesterday and you don't want to overload on the cardio for the week. You go back to college and do a bit of light reading instead. Go to the **top of page 6.**



You're bedraggled, drunk and dazed, stuck in Cateract Scout Park and being forced to aggressively bond with your fellow first year Arts students for the second night running. For the past two days, you have played excruciating icebreaker games while wizened older Indie hacks circle like vultures, surveying the new year's hack crop with disdainful, calculating and cutting gazes.

This evening's party is a hot sweaty mess, made hotter and sweatier and messier by the mandatory dress code: animal onesies. Eight cups of Indie punch in and you're starting to feel a little bit hazy. An older hack struts out of the darkness and greets you with a firm handshake, strong eye contact and a toss of his perfectly-coiffed (short on the sides, long on

the top) hair.

"Mate, let's chat," he says, with a smile.

Over the next half an hour, he paints a picture of your future. He tells you you're "a big deal waiting to happen", and that you "have astronomical potential". He swears that in all his years at uni - five and a half for his Arts degree, three for his JD - he has never met someone like you. Right now, you're relatively unknown, sure, but give it time and the right political mentorship and you could become into a "big name on campus."

You're transfixed but confused. The hack proposes pouring you another cup of punch and talking it over a little more.

wanna grab a bev mate?



Do you take the punch?

Yes, go to **page 12.** On the down low, it might be about Union Board.

OR

No, this dude seems like a creep. Is that a neck beard?? Go to the **bottom of page 10.**



Arts Camp First XI

2014



JOIN THE
YOUNG
LIBERALS

Tired of having no one with whom to share your encyclopaedic knowledge of Atlas Shrugged?

Annoyed by reasoned arguments and people questioning your authority?

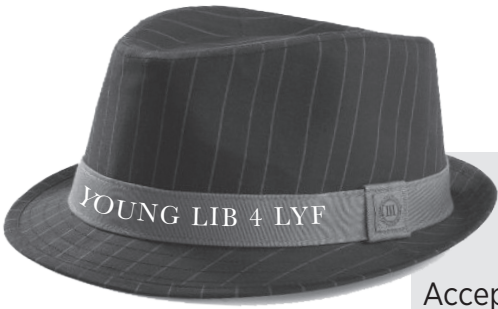
Skipped your 10th birthday and went straight to 45?

Join the Young Libs. We're a bunch of cool guys and girls (but mostly guys, if we're honest) who love a few beers, a chin-wag and a branch stack - just like you!

Drop by our stall and grab a fedora. We're a family.*

* Only in the sense that we all look the same.





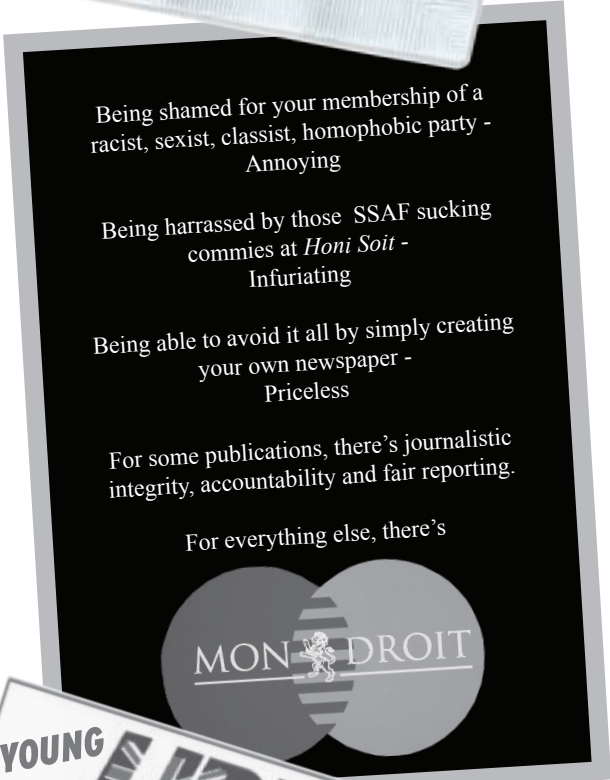
After three hours re-reading *Lazarus Rising*, you throw on the old school trackies and jump in the beamer. The drive from college to the Law School car-park takes longer than usual because of all the socialist pedestrian crossings and speed limits, but liberty eventually prevails.

You spot Tristan and Albie accross the way. “Ahoj chaps,” you cry, before asking them about how their prep for the Howard Cup is going. Albie says he can’t see the affirmative case for providing food to the poor during times of famine. You all agree that such a policy would be inconsistent with your Christian values, and ask which loonie leftie is setting the topics this year. Tristan’s sure it must be one of those “damn mods”. You vow to stack out a few more of their AGMs to show them who’s boss.

Your Young Liberal pager buzzes – it’s Dore again. The Conservative Club have stolen your corflute branding and are claiming to be the true bigots. After a few minutes of juvenile shouting, followed by a call to Liberal party HQ, the Hard Right leave with their coattails between their legs.

You retire to your college room for a afternoon on the sauce before the Pauls’ formal. Things don’t quite go to plan and you consume rather too much of the good stuff. You stumble out of your room shouting “Freedom” and fall into the Venetian Canal which has been installed for the occasion.

As the memories of polo games, European holidays and RM Williams boots flash before your eyes, you spot the soft-hand of a mod-lib reaching out to save you.



Do you:

Accept the hand of a political rival and escape death? You're too young to die, you wanted to run for Union Board. Go to **page 12**.

OR

Refuse assistance from the factional traitor and hope for the best? Go to the **top of page 16**.

Having decided the pen is mightier than the how-to-vote, it's time to start getting your name out there in USyd student media. The obvious course of action seems to be to apply to be a reporter for *Honi Soit* – it is, after all, the most prestigious student newspaper in the country, and you quite fancy the idea of yourself as the next Clive James or member of the Chaser.

That said, maybe the *BULL* is more your cup of corporate Kool-Aid. You really do fancy yourself more of a “soft culture” writer, and you’ve got some really novel ideas for mid-length feature articles on contemporary cultural phenomena that absolutely no one’s ever noticed before—the death of print media, for example, or why unpaid internships are quite unfair and exploitative. Plus the *BULL* is printed on nice shiny glossy paper, and you quite like the idea that a USU Marketing employee does most of your grunt work for you (it would leave you with more time to come up with some really insightful posts for your Wordpress account, after all).

The deadline for *Honi* applications is coming up, and you don’t just want to be another one of those people who applies for *BULL* because they forgot to apply for *Honi*. It's time to make your choice: will you apply to report for *Honi* or to edit *BULL*?



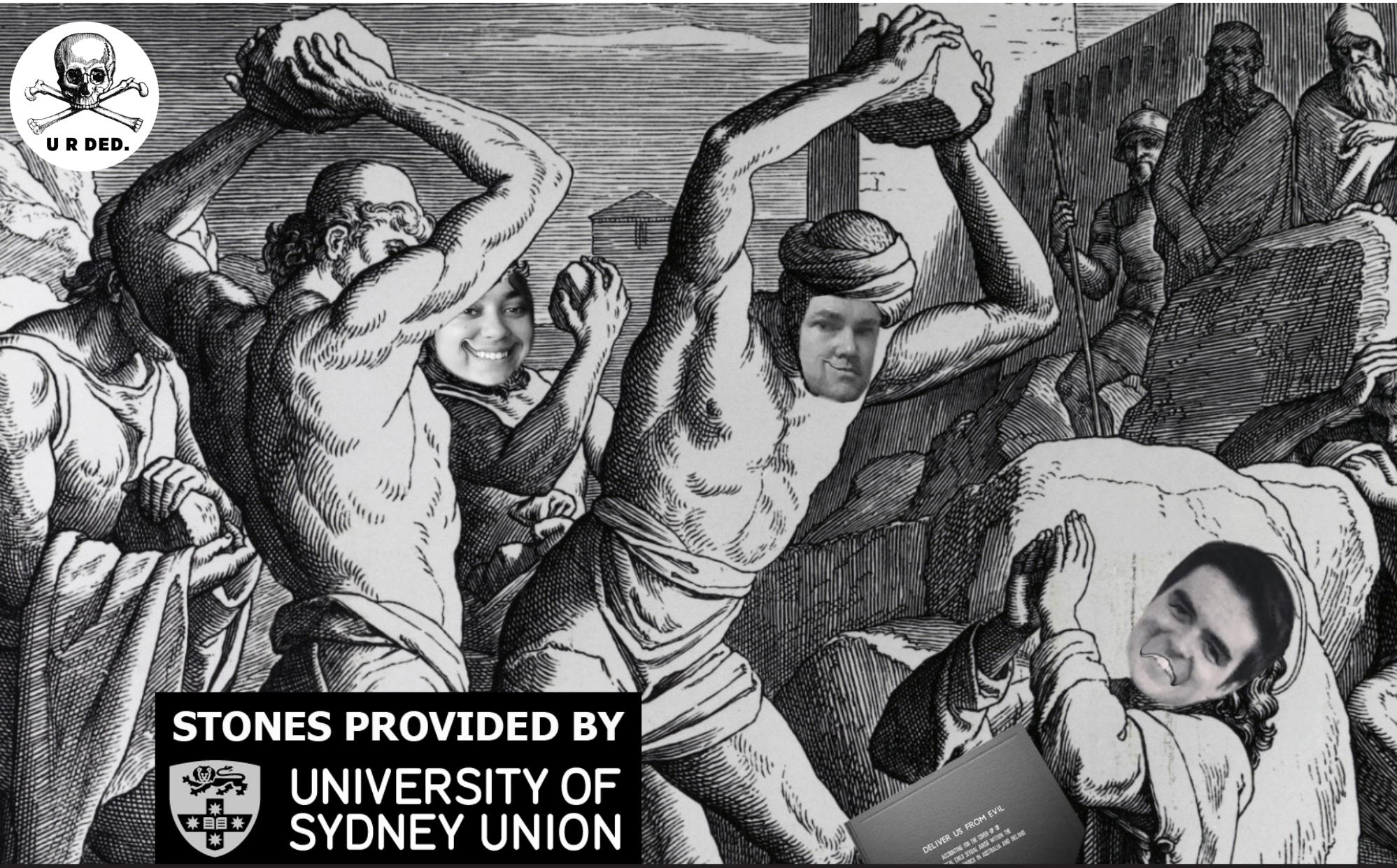
What do you choose?

Apply to report for Honi? Go to **page 13**.

OR

Apply to edit BULL? Go to the **top of page 21**.

YOU VOTED TO KICK OFF RAUE. UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, STUDENTS DON'T LIKE CORPORATE-LOVING LOSERS THESE DAYS. YOU GET STONED TO DEATH. STONES HURT A LOT.



STONES PROVIDED BY
**UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY UNION**

Welcome to USU Debating!

You're a debater. You spend your days studying law and casually dropping the fact that you study law into conversations that had nothing to do with law or degrees or even university on the first place. By night, you coach debating at your old school for the sensible (if a little modest) rate of \$500 per hour, rate other people's intellects and refuse to mingle with people who have lower ratings than you and/or less social capital, and speculate with your friends at the Flodge over who will break where at the upcoming IV.

Come September, trials for Worlds are on. Obviously, you make USU 1 because you're not a fucking moron and Grammar taught you well. This year, the competition is in Malaysia and the good news is that the Union are going to pay you double what you need in order to get there! Plenty of spare cash to splash around on food and drink – oh wait, that's all paid for too! Never mind, just keep the change.

It's time to board the plane.

Bleak News About Debaters Daily Mail

Price: 1/20th the cost of *The Economist*

Date: Not soon enough

BREAKING: LOST MALAYSIA AIRLINES FLIGHT MH440 BLACK BOX FOUND

The black box of Malaysia Airlines Flight MH440 has been found.

In a surprising turn of events, both the Australian and Malaysian governments competently and cooperatively organised a search and rescue mission for the aircraft, which was en route from Sydney to Kuala Lumpur when it crashed into the Strait of Gibraltar last week, killing all 238 passengers on board.

Preliminary analysis of the flight recording suggests that the plane might have crashed due to the weight of all the over-inflated heads of twelve University of Sydney debaters, who were on their way to the Worlds Debating Championship in Kuala Lumpur.

In a statement, a spokesperson from the University said: "thank fuck".





YOUR NEW CREW,
SEPT '14



What the fuck is wrong with your cranial functions? You picked the people who make Andrew Bolt seem moderate. Their religious conservatism is as out of control as their diversified stocks. The density of Young Libs is high enough to induce vomiting in most students. Joining the ticket came with a free ticket to the Young Liberal ball. The Catholic Society's President told you your ticket is bringing back the real spirit of *Honi*, because sexism and homophobia are marginalised voices on campus.

You are an idiot.

You die of shame.

The prayer of a wannabe \$wagger

Our Father in heaven,
shallow be my name.
Your kingdom of untapped EU votes will come,
your long outdated will (circa 5BC) be done,
on campus, as it is in Thistlewat's heavenly office,
Give us this day our staffer jobs,
and forgive us our slimey lying dickbaggery,
even though we forgive no dickbags and hold grudges mightier than thou.
And lead us not into Critical Thought 101 – it hurts,
but deliver us straight to Joe Bullock.
xoxo

\$WAG \$WAG

SUDS PLAY
\$2 ACCESS
\$4 NO ACCESS

You're now in SUDS!

You enjoy wearing 90s clothing ironically, walking around Courtyard Cafe without shoes, and discussing the nuances of Brechtian theory within the insular, artsy bubble of aspiring actors.

After stacking out at an intense SUDS meeting to vote for *Julius Caesar* as an *Ant* over *Bangerz* and *Ca\$h* ("people just DON'T understand the beauty of avante-garde, agitprop interpretations of Shakespeare... it's changing the social face of theatre"). You play the lead as Julius Caesar, the ant.

The newly-elected director (who is also your best friend!) asks you to direct Verge Festival with them because you both understand the creative vision this campus NEEDS. You now have the opportunity to apply for Verge Festival.

Do you apply?

Yes. Go to
**bottom of
page 18.**

OR

No. You see
a cool guy
in a singlet
and follow
him instead.
Go to **top of
page 5.**



Devo! You contract salmonella and die. Better luck next time.

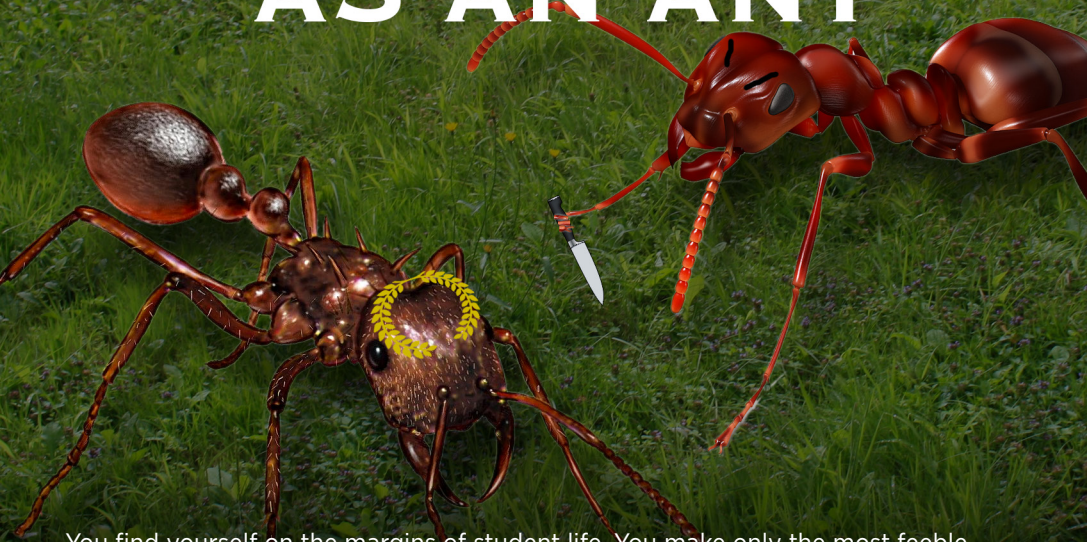


That'll teach you to eat anything within a 6km radius of USyd, you ignorant fuck.



    presents

SHAKESPEARE'S
"JULIUS CAESAR"
AS AN ANT



You find yourself on the margins of student life. You make only the most feeble attempts to get involved. You're told that Funch really is the key to student engagement within the USU - and that obviously it's fine to pay a grand for a mechanical surfboard on Eastern Avenue at Tuesday lunchtime - but sometimes it just doesn't feel that way.

You don't want to know which not-yet-unearthed-and-probably-never-will-be-unearthed band is next playing at Hermann's. There's only so much bad thrash metal that can be played mid-afternoon in the smallest music venue in the country.

You want to throw yourself back into campus life. When you see a poster for 'Caesar meets E O Wilson' - a SUDS play that sets Shakespeare's Julius Caesar in an ant colony - it's tempting.

What do you do?

You apply to join the production. Go to the **bottom of page 8.**

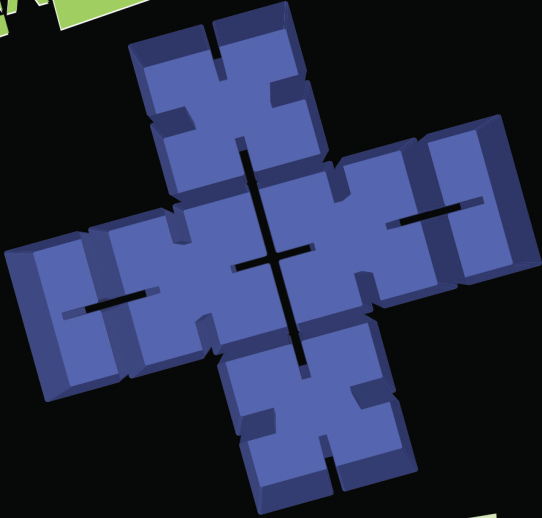
OR

Nah, fuck that shit. You enjoy the even finer things in life: wine, body attack and electoral misconduct. Go to the **bottom of page 20.**

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PRACTITIONERS



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PHYSICIANS

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RAPID
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and everything will be Bulk Billed.

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Saturday 10am - 12 noon
by appointment 9331 6151
393 Bourke Street Darlinghurst

www.tspc.com.au



Did you enjoy the cow-pig-horse meat?

Yes, it was delightful. On your next venture you befriend a bunch of counterculture types. They invite you to some sort of political reading group thing, which sounds like it might be useful with your Political Economy test. You've enjoyed sticking it to the man, so you go along. Go to the **bottom of page 9.**

OR

No, you almost immediately start projectile vomiting all over the bin and an unfortunate passerby. The crowd around gasp and giggle at your misfortunes. Filled with shame, you retreat to the library to cry into your readings. Go to the **bottom of page 8.**

You spy a half-eaten box of meat in the bin. A few of the soggy chips remain, along with the cow-pig-horse meat still stuck to the kebab stick. Alright, it's surrounded by bin. There's some glass, bits of plastic and a bunch of bin juice. But it's still meat, and it's still free, and it must be fresh because it's still green.

A guy in your Political Economy class had railed against the corporatist food agenda. He said that

Lenin had raged against the hegemonic patriarchal food supply triopoly of supermarkets, restaurants, and food courts. Yeah, a good feed does cost a bit. And paying for stuff is just Not Fair™.

Like an ibis perched on a taste bin munching a half-eaten baguette, you lean in. Precariously burrowing through rotting detritus, you manage to get your fingertips on the box. Some type of

liquid splashes your forearm, but before it's too late you withdraw your hand and, with it, the day's winnings.

Bin-warmed, the meal is ready. You don't have a fork, so your bin-juiced fingers will have to suffice. Bin-propped, you dig in. The cow-pig-horse weighs heavy on your tongue as you shovel morsel after morsel of pinkish flesh down your throat.



You're in Model United Nations (MUN)!

It's hard being a transfer, but MUN is really helping this transition by over-inflating your ego and allowing you to network with everyone else who is just as delusional as you. Wearing a corporate suit and sitting in Parliament House pretending to be a country to discuss Important World Matters is the ideal way to dismantle ISIS.

On your fifth MUN conference, you are struck with the sudden realisation that MUN is, in fact, not the real UN. You are not Croatia, your capital city is not considered a regional and middle power, and you don't represent an important non-OPEC energy producer with large oil reserves in Africa. You will never actually meet Ban Ki-Moon.

You announce this to everybody and after a shocked silence; they all throw their country flags at you. Pierced by the sharp ends of a thousand UN flags, you bleed out on the floor.

Meanwhile, the conference resumes as MUN delegates continue to debate the Arab-Israeli crisis.



Untapped voter bases...

- Engineering?
- Regular students?
- EU?
- Silent majority?
- International students?
- Labor?
- Conservatives?
- SUSF members?
- Transient building fans?
- ...non Arts students?
- Beer brewing society?
- Regional students?
- Wine society?
- Tinder?

Dear



et. Whatever you

he will screw yo-

watch out and

be thinking

urs,

xxx

be
of yo

Older Hack
Old Hack Lane
Hackity Hack
4225

You are now running as a candidate in the Union Board elections.

After a violent fight over colours, you win that tie-dye colour you always wanted (the hipsters will love it), along with the board slogan 'SNAFU' - Situation Normal, All For Union. You're quite pleased with your ~clever~ play on words there.

Your hack-mate-cum-campaign-manager gives you a lecture bash timetable and you strut off to your first lecture on Eastern Ave. On your way, you wave to random people as though they all know who you are, even though they look scared and confused, trying to walk away from you as fast as possible.

After a genuinely terrible lecture bash, in which you stand at the back of the lecture theatre because you want to appear as though you're just another ordinary student, you return to find your obnoxious hack-mate-cum-campaign-manager ready to talk to you about preference deals.

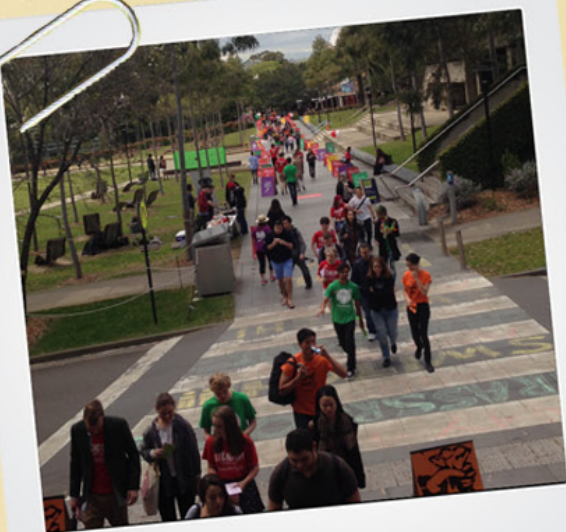
He tells you that the only way you can win is by fucking over your best mate who also happens to be running in this election. It's simple: you win, they lose. You know you're too delirious from election fatigue to really think this one through. On the one hand, this is the mate with whom you attended primary school and shared your peanut butter sandwiches at lunch. On the other hand, money, power, glory (well, at least one of these). What are friends anyway? Peanut butter is cheap.

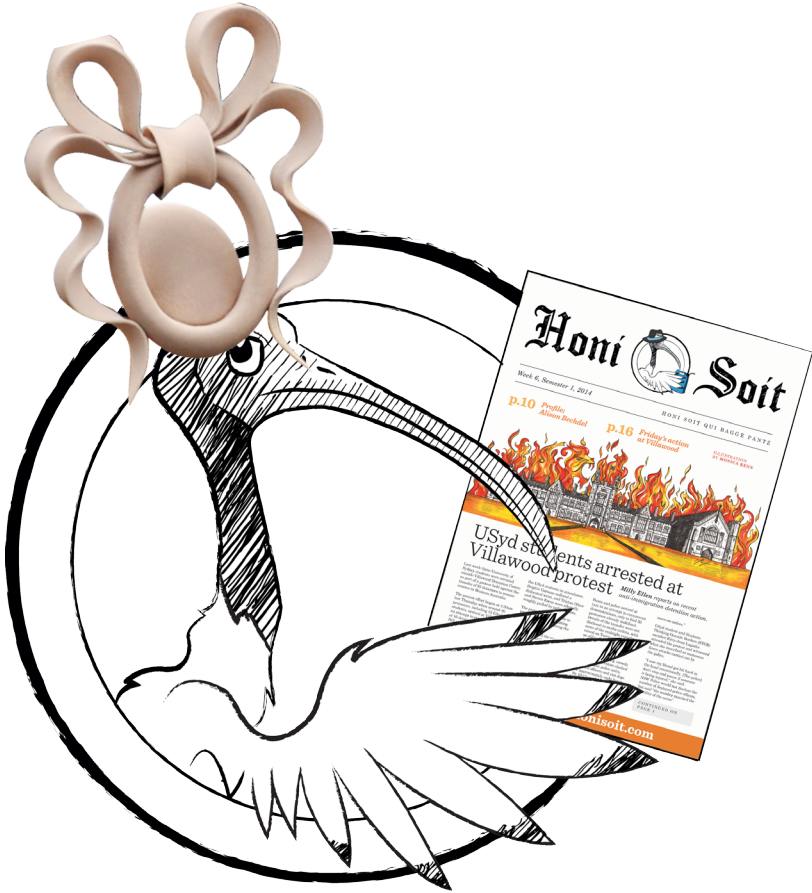
"You can do it," your hack-mate-cum-campaign-manager tells you as he stares into your eyes and strokes your face. As he uncomfortably invades your personal space, you recognise that inside this man is a black, hollow space where there was once a soul. But you've forged too many receipts and made too many false election promises to back out now. You need to win this shit.

Do you go ahead and make an immoral strategic decision?

Yes - Go to the
top of page 14.

No - you can't put the
Union above your friend.
Go to the **bottom of
page 3.**





You're an *Honi* reporter. Working under an infinitely cool and collected and good-looking editor, you churn out pieces on everything from rallies to elections to #culture. You dabble in features, try your hand at comedy, and you even are selected to write a revue review.

You make a splash by describing Med Revue as "worse than cancer", and raise some Union hackles with your (arguably fair) reviews of their insipid and populist venues. You put your hand up to live-tweet the poorly attended NDAs and you always, always send your pieces to your editor before 5pm Friday. When edits are suggested, you accept them without a murmur of complaint.

By May, you're well respected and pretty well known in *Honi* circles. You have four separate tickets approach you to join them and run in the SRC elections to edit the paper next year.

There are four options, A to D. Which do you pick?



Pictured: An Honi Soit reporter.

DEADLINE:
MONDAY 12PM!

Email password:
worldisfukt

Why are we using
this noticeboard to
communicate? It's
fucking 2014.
- Andrew

fucking reporter
fell through -
we need a new
front cover!!!

OPTION A

The team of
neoconservative cretins
who have never written
for the paper before, have
more speed boats than
sense and who are being
backed by Labor Right.

Go to the **top of**
page 8.

MISSING

Have you
seen this
woman?
Call the
SRC on
9660
5222.

OPTION C

Or are you sick of the
faux-progressivism
of *Honi* and keen
to smash the state
and bring about the
revolution? SAIt are
looking for *Red Flag*
writers...

Go to the **top of page 17.**

OPTION B

The team of subversive,
diverse deviants, who are
explicitly left wing and want
a more inclusive paper that
doubles as a zine sometimes.
And also they want more
art. And, inexplicably,
consultation hours.

Go to the **bottom of page**
19.

OPTION D

What do Shakespeare, Hitchens,
Austen, Weingarten, Tolstoy and
Atwood have in common? They're
all not as talented as the members
of this Indie ticket. Fresh from gigs
at esteemed publications like the
New York Times, the Washington
Post, BULL, The Guardian and
The Economist, these guys have
four Pulitzers and eight Walkeys
between them. You hear their tech
guy was the real mastermind behind
Apple, their design guru designed
the Campbell's soup can, and their
law students are actually all junior
partners at Allens. It looks like their
campaign is going to be slicker than
Kevin '07's and their margin should
be bigger than Mugabe's.

Go to the **bottom of page 21.**

Investigations:

- SAIt - Fraud?
- USU coffee - reuses old grounds?
- USU Board - cab charges
- Callum Forbes - general
- SAIt - murder plot?
- FUNCH - what does it all mean?
- Who is Shane Treves?
- Honi printer - AI?
- Transient Building - has it gone yet?
- Harry Stratton - just three angry dogs taped together?
- SAIt - cult?
- Uri - fukt?
- Left on campus - performance art?
- Uri Bros - home of the paleo diet?
- Right on campus - performance art?

eds.
PLEASE CALL
US.
- SRC legal

eds.
can you give us
a call when
you get in?
- SRC legal



PROVIDED BY
UNIVERSITY OF
SYDNEY UNION

Congratulations! You’ve been elected to board

Not everyone will realise that you are royalty, but you will try your hardest to inform them. You will wear your lanyard in your gym selfies and flash your gold-embossed meal card for the best of the shittiest food this union can muster up. Horrified by the colour of Laneway’s fro-yo (it clashes with Valencia) you shift your posse of lanyard monarchs to Courtyard. You always go between 3-5 pm, when the plebs are told the kitchen is closed; but not for you, never for you. In these coveted two hours your food tastes better – not because it is fresher or made any faster – but because it tastes of your democratic mandate to think you’re better than everyone else.

Even if your friends recognise your royal status, they will never know how much you sacrifice for the USU. You are the most sublime martyr of them all. If Joan of Arc, Jesus, and Martin Luther King had an orgy you would be the offspring. You stay up late, writing and instagramming board reports. You are so overworked attending free performances and drinking free booze that you fall asleep at inconvenient times. If only you were on board during the cashed up union days of CSU; all that cocaine could have kept you awake through the second act. Alas, you cry the woes of VSU and have to make do with cheaper mind-altering substances. “Bring back Compulsory Student Unionism,” you scream, for you are progressive – but not too loudly because you don’t want Andrew Woodward to take away your Cabcharge voucher and you need the Senate Appointed Directors to vote for you for President.

Tensions escalate and your board buddies start to divide. While trying to make two minute noodles, one burns down the Holme Building, because they’re that stupid. As the castle burns to the ground, Tom Raue leaks confidential documents to **Honi Soit**. Hannah Morris gets grumpy and moves a motion to kick him off – how do you vote?



Do you:

Stand with Raue? Go to the **top of page 15.**

OR

Vote to boot him from Board? Go to the **top of page 7.**

“Brrrrnnnn! Brrrrnnnn!”

“You hear that?” Viceroy Michael Spence yells over loud thrumming machines. “That’s the sound of industrial education at work.”

“It’s in here we manufacture our best new administrators and students.”

You stumble upon a new teaching unit, the SPUR-800.

“White supremacy, white supremacy, white supremacy,” it sputters.

Spence takes you by the hand and guides you to the heart of his factory office. On your way, you pass by the Public Relations office. You overhear rhythmic chanting, a monotonous drawl fed into a dozen telephones.

“The University declines to comment, the University

declines to comment, the University declines to comment.”

“My office is just past the University graveyard,” Spence says. You peer into a field of mulch and death. Out of the corner of your eye you scan a few epigraphs.

“Tom Raue: We finally got the bastard.”

“Student Unionism: Howard, you ripper.”

You reach Spence’s office and he begins to groan in pain. Confused, you ask: “Mr Spence, what’s wrong?”

“Grarrrhghghhhh,” he screams.

Horns shoot out from his forehead. A tail slithers out of his suit pants. His skin greys and his eyes turn a deep black. “So, let me explain to you what fee deregulation *really* means.”



Do you:

Kick back and hang out with Michael? What a privilege to be able to talk so candidly to such a talented and successful hell-beast. Go to the **top of page 9.**

OR

Choke on merlot you were given, now very cognisant of the bizarre iron taste to it? Your eyes scream no as you nod along. You decide to blow the whistle. You’re going to apply to report for *Honi Soit*! Go to **page 13.**



USU PRESIDENT



You have become President of the University of Sydney Union and all it cost you was your mortal soul. Your body is to be preserved: unblemished, wrinkle-free, a couple of unfortunate zits dot your face, but for all intents and purposes your human core has been utterly obliterated.

Your dead fish eyes glaze over as you drunkenly attend revues, union parties, and meetings. The conversation you produce is forced, the chattering shriek of a T-800 Board Bot.

But at least you are alive. Your political enemies have been charred to a cinder and must now subsist off non-executive salaries. You would laugh at their political and economic demise, but humour is as foreign a concept to you as going to class or the notion of meritocracy.

Enjoy the now even-more-generously subsidised Union food and blow your Cabcharge on trips to and from your new open-cut coal mine in the Hunter Valley – just like a real Union official.

You sidle up to Chief Executive Orifice Andrew Woodward, flanked by your praetorian guard, the Senate-Appointed Directors. You have it all: money, “power”, and mates on corporate boards.

Your body lives on in a cold, semi-petrified state. Tucked under your shirt, atop the chasm where your heart once beat, is your lanyard. Congratulations again, President.



After a particularly inspiring Queer Action Collective meeting, your fellow activists propose holding a bake sale in order to raise funds to purchase Facebook advertising to strongly condemn the Sochi Winter Olympics (there was discussion over whether or not to use the word “strongly” – some feared that it might be a bit confrontational – but after five hours of discussion consensus was finally reached on the condition that a smiley face was to be included at the bottom of each Facebook post.)

The bake sale is to be held on Eastern Avenue on Friday morning. Although it is broadly agreed upon that there is literally no-one on campus on a Friday morning, this time is the only time that every member of the collective can make, and it is really important that everyone has access to such a powerful activist activity.

Each member of the collective is to create at least one batch of baked goods, except those members who feel constrained and/or threatened by recipes and by the patriarchal and heteronormative constraints that baking tins ultimately impose upon bakers.

You decide to make a freeform raw gluten-free paleo shortbread. While you are whipping it up at STUCCO, you’re tempted to have a cheeky taste.

Do you:

Have a taste. Go to the **top of page 10.**

OR

Fuck the corporate state and its bake sales. Go to the **top of page 17.**



REJECTED THE HAND? WELCOME TO DEATH

You use the final ounce of energy in your being to try and punch the Mod Lib. Your lungs are filling with imported Venetian water, but it was worth it. The scummy traitor is practically a socialist. Weakened by your heroic efforts, death comes swiftly.



As dawn breaks the next day, you are discovered. At first, witnesses are disgusted by your bloated corpse. They are reminded by your factional enemies, however, that your appearance is symptomatic of your diet of goose eggs and claret, rather than the night in the canal.

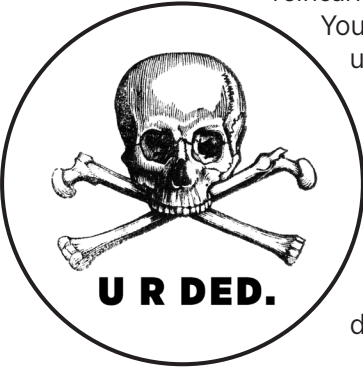
You weep for what could have been. Would you ever have had the chance to kiss Chris Pyne’s lizard feet? Your dreams of being a faceless factional warlord sitting before an ICAC hearing slowly dissipate as the darkness overcomes you.

Then nothing. In the midst of all-consuming blackness you pray to Alan Jones, but he turns out to be a false idol. Still nothing.

And then BANG: you come to in the middle of a weird-looking forest. “Hmm, this isn’t Mosman.” You smell pho and hear people speaking in Vietnamese. “WHAT THE FUCK AM I DOING IN THIS COMMIE HELL?”

The invisible hand won’t save you now.

Somehow, and rather perceptively, you realise you’ve been reincarnated. “What am I?” you wonder.



You are E. Coli 0157. The soft ground under you isn’t ground, it’s a giant piece of cow shit. The weird-looking forest is just blades of grass that seem giant from your tiny insignificant viewpoint of fecal bacteria.

Maybe you should’ve been less of dick in your past life.



Two days out from the election, Labor headkickers directed their campaigners to not sit down at all, lest they be seen as traitors to the Stand Up! brand.

You join the Labor party...

... on the promise that it will guarantee you power and an unreasonably healthy office bearer stipend.

Former SRC Presidents tell you about the good times – champagne showers in their palatial office, free trips to Israel, and censoring pieces in Honi.

Whilst door-knocking for a candidate who is under ICAC investigation, you slip into the local Tradies’ for a quick lunch break. As you’re eating, news breaks about your candidate’s favourite HSU slush fund and coal mining project. You choke on a mouthful of chicken parmie and die.





Following their preference deal with Unity, SAlt pursues retrospective endorsement from Chad Sidler. SAlt, Chad and you all die.



You have made an enemy of the outgoing Undergraduate Senate Fellow. Regardless, they call you into their office to discuss the next two years of your life. You scurry in, excited but cautious. Maybe the rumours surrounding the outgoing Fellow aren't all true. You can learn a lot from them. They draw a bottle of champagne and a sword from a cabinet. They advance menacingly. "Oh God," you scream, as you scan their office for an exit. You make a dash back to the entrance, but you're too -

If only you had my legal team.



Honi Soit

Incoming Undergrad Senate Fellow killed in tragic sabrage accident

A tragic sabrage accident in the office of the outgoing Undergraduate Senate Fellow has resulted in the death of the incoming Senate Fellow, in an event described as "totally, definitely, and certainly an accident" by the incumbent.



Sabrage involves the ritual opening of a champagne bottle with a saber. *Honi* understands the incoming Senate Fellow was found decapitated, with blood dripping from the blade.

"There is, at the very least, reasonable doubt," the incumbent said in a statement to *Honi*. "And if you fuckers even try to imply I was responsible, you'll be hearing from my lawyers."

Jane Smith, President of the Normal Students Society (NSS), mourned the Fellow's passing.

"They were just an average student," she said, holding back tears. "Average grades. Average haircut. The only thing not average about them was their terrific leather snakeskin shoes and fantastic election performance."

The deceased won in a landslide victory, with a vote tally of 400,000 first preferences, beating the outgoing Senate Fellow and runner up by a margin of 399,997.

Honi understands the Fellow's estate has lodged an appeal with the election's Returning Office Donald Spacey, arguing decapitation constitutes an act contrary to the candidates' guidelines.

However, Spacey told *Honi* he did not believe the appeal had legs.

"Technically, the candidates' guidelines don't exclude decapitation as a viable electoral tactic," he said. "Democracy's a tough game."

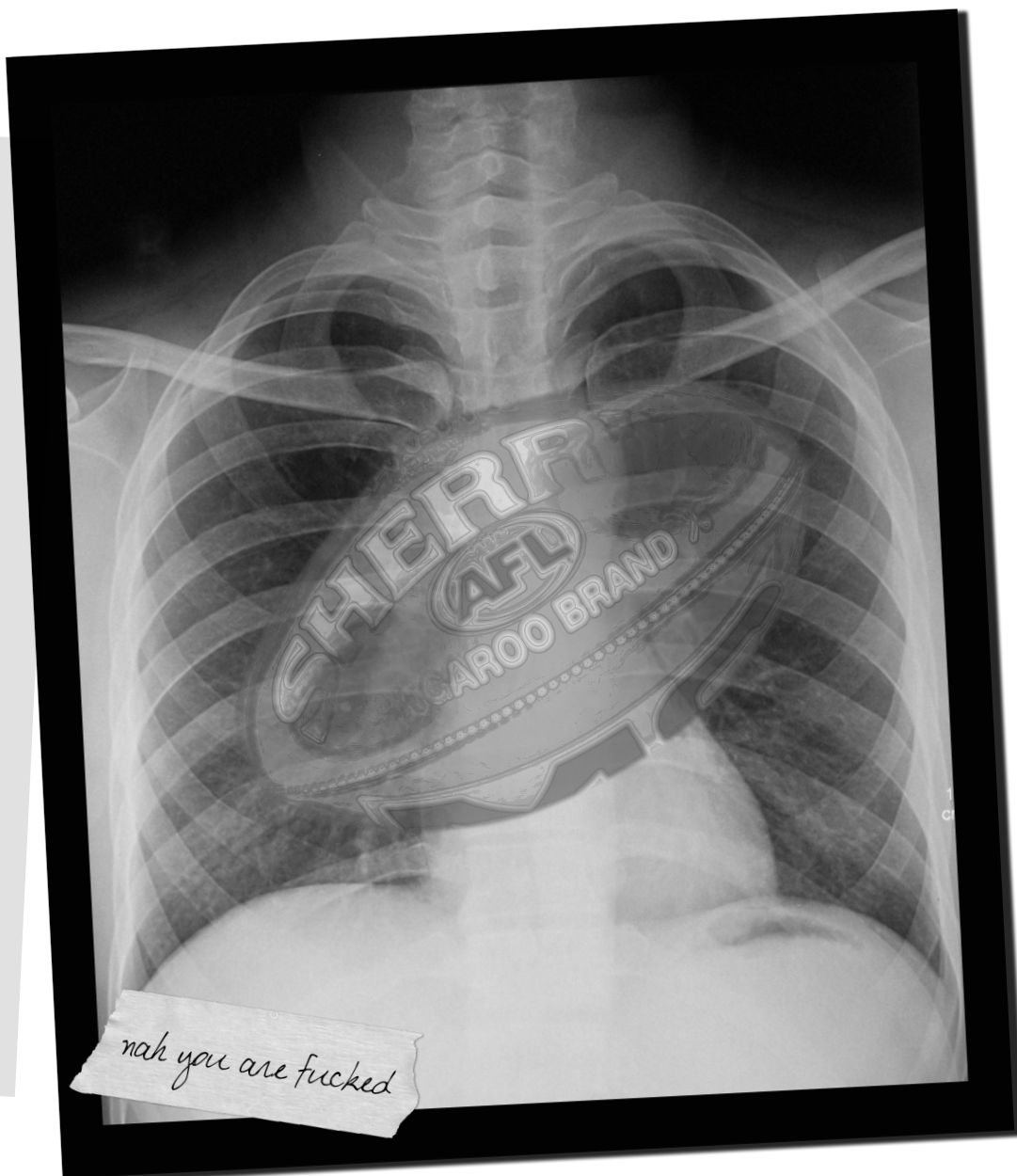
You make the USyd firsts basketball team (which is coincidentally made up of the entire ex-Riverview basketball team). Having spent four and a half years selling charity Caramello Koalas, you have finally raised enough dosh to attend Uni Games.

Excited by the prospect of a shiny gold medal, but more importantly, the chicks and the booze, you fire up to compete in the first game. After six hours of intense competition you manage to consume 30 beer bong and win. You celebrate that night by doing body shots on the minute, every minute, until dawn.

Following a couple more days drinking from a jock-strap, you find some time for basketball. UNSW's forward stole your high school girlfriend so you try to block him and dislocate your knee. The increased blood flow has an adverse reaction with your steroids and you end up shaking in pain on the ground. As you drag yourself across the court towards the physio, you protest to concerned onlookers: "All good fellas. I've had worse on a big night out [and you're serious about that]. Just get gee'd up for the after party lads. Yeeeahhh".

The physio tells you that "you're a beautiful man" whilst someone touches your beard. It is a massive blow to the team and you lose all momentum, and the game 80-0.

To cheer up your teammates after the loss, you try to eat a whole AFL ball. Surprisingly, things don't work out too well and you die.



In yet another fuckup, brought to you by the University of Sydney 'Union'...



Honi Soit

Freak storm kills emerging wanker

The Verge Festival's letter "E" collapsed on an unsuspecting Verge Festival Director and emerging wanker, leaving members of the Sydney University Drama Society (SUDS) mortified and on-lookers confused but largely indifferent.

"They were going to be the next John Bell," said SUDS member and St Aloysius Alumni Society President James Brian. "They had it all - the looks, the charisma, the aunt who worked summers as a producer on Home Away!"

The deceased had had leading roles in SUDS' original production 'Julius Ceasar as an Ant', and the society's adults-only adaptation of Tom Stoppard's *Waiting for Godot*, titled 'Wanking for Godot'.

"I was really enjoying the Verge Festival", said Mary Heissen, a witness at the scene. "I don't know how I feel about Verg Festival though."

"I mean, yeah, killing off that kid on day one was a bold move, but Humans vs Zombies vs Socialist Alternative feels a bit derivative."

Campus Security is currently on the look-out for the collapsed "E".

Though likely to be charged for the student's murder, *Honi* understands "E" is looking to defend its actions as performance art.





The results are in! You're the next undergraduate student Senate Fellow. You creamed the incumbent, sweeping nearly half a million votes. You chalk it up to your great character, well-executed campaign and terrifying voter intimidation tactics.

You have emerged as a monarch of the regular students. You are, after all, still one of them. "Some students are more regular than others," you tell yourself as you press your new ceremonial robes.

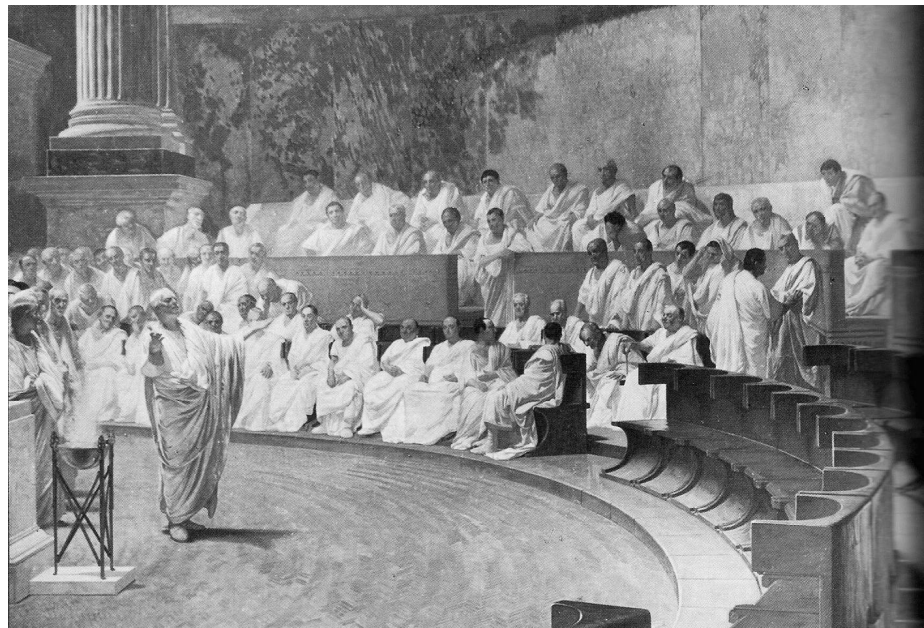
Your phone buzzes a few times. Oh boy, your life is exciting.

Do you:

Meet up with Spence and Belinda to fuck over untold generations of students? Go to **bottom of page 14.**

OR

Give the outgoing Senate Fellow a chance – maybe he's not such a bad guy after all? Go to **bottom of page 17.**



Michael Spence: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, I have the microphone. Nothing has changed since SPQR: the vomitorium is out back; David Mortimer has been sacrificed to Pynieus Maximus; see you at 4pm for Convocation."



You're a Grassroots foot soldier. This election is super important and v. high stakes, so you make sure to be on Eastern Avenue by midday at the latest everyday. You kick back at the stall with your fellow activists, smoking, sipping Red Bull and pontificating on just how immoral those careerist members of the Labor party are. You make sure to roll up your campaign tee sleeves so you don't get a nasty t-shirt tan and each hour on the hour you readjust the fake greenery adorning the stall – careful, it mustn't cover the "progressive" emblazoned across the a-frames!

After a hard coupla hours of campaigning, usually at around 3pm, you and your mates head over to Hermann's for some beeries. When it gets dark and you're getting tired of talking about how morally upstanding and Left you are, you all go dumpster diving while tripping on acid until the sun comes up.

But after a couple of weeks of this productive self-righteous bliss, on the day before polling, your crypto-fascist opponents call campus security on you. They forcibly escort you off campus, saying that you're all "dirty hippies" who "smell fucken bad" and won't be allowed back on campus "until you burn all your fucken clothes and take a fucken shower".

Back at STUCCO, you step into the shower. You slip and die. Your body isn't found for days because everyone is too busy fertilising and singing to the organic non-GM snowpeas in the community garden.



One high-jump and you're in. Welcome to Sydney University Sport and Fitness (SUSF). Like all corrupt states, SUSF offers fabulous perks accessible to only an arbitrary group of selfish people.

President Bruce Ross invites you into his office, where he is affectionately stroking a hairless cat he calls called "SSAF".

Ross is busy at the moment with what he calls the 'Reverse Robin Hood Program'. He explains how it works: "We have designed a sophisticated negotiation system to steal from poor students and give their hard-earned cash to rich kids. The fact

that the richies could've easily got the money from their parents makes the program even more pointless - and even more lols."

Milton Maggarty stands behind him providing a back massage. Maggarty pities the poor old man. "Isn't it beastly that Ross has to attend the SSAF meetings himself? "

He's interrupted as Ross takes a phone-call.

"I don't care if he goes to Macquarie Uni. We only have three USyd dweebs on the register anyway. He's 140 kegs and can run 100 metres in 5 seconds. Give the kid a fuckin' scholarship."

This future Wallaby is pictured. Can you compete with his physique?

Yes, this is exactly what you see when you look in the mirror. People bow down to your muscular definition and profoundly unattractive vein coverage. Good luck getting an erection. Go to the **top of page 18**.

OR

No, you haven't worked out since high school, and you would never take roids. You're only invovled in SUSF to help your Senate campaign. Jocks are the seniors of campus life: they vote in packs, without thinking. Go to the **top of page 19**.



You think you've opted for a life of monk-like singular devotion to academia. You turned down Union Board runs and SUDS plays. You've put yourself on a path of high distinctions where your dominant social interactions are emails swapped with tutors, and you see your weekends as just more time to study.

But no person's willpower is infinite. You usually play Beethoven's seventh while studying, but once a week, you allow yourself 40 minutes of the Bill and Cal show on SURG. It starts as a weekly treat. It turns into something else altogether.

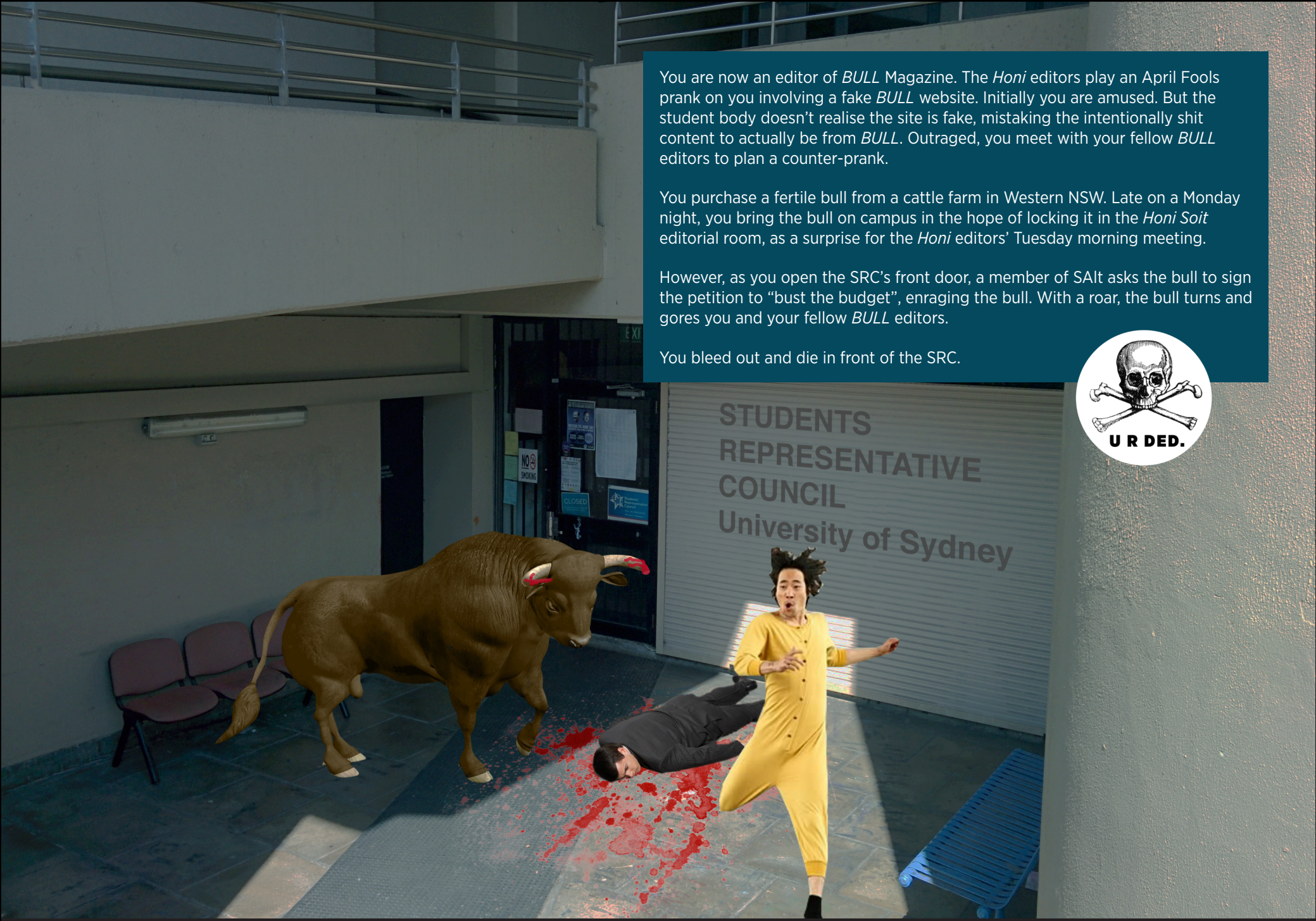
One morning you find yourself instinctively downing a glass and a half of Shingleback "Black Bubbles" Sparkling Shiraz to start the day. The next, your City2Surf bib turns up in the mail, but you don't remember entering.

Before you know it, your marks are in the drain and some nights, so are you. Your three piece suits aren't looking like they used to. You took a photo of Cal to the hairdresser, but you're in the red just paying for gel to keep it aloft.

Eventually regular university life becomes a distant memory you can only occasionally recall. Your days are now spent eating holistic salads on Bondi terraces, or captaining the polo team. One day your mount Geoffrey tramples you to death. Your teammates tut disapprovingly, but none of them make it to your funeral - except Robert, who manages a coked-up eulogy.

There is no escape.





You are now an editor of *BULL* Magazine. The *Honi* editors play an April Fools prank on you involving a fake *BULL* website. Initially you are amused. But the student body doesn't realise the site is fake, mistaking the intentionally shit content to actually be from *BULL*. Outraged, you meet with your fellow *BULL* editors to plan a counter-prank.

You purchase a fertile bull from a cattle farm in Western NSW. Late on a Monday night, you bring the bull on campus in the hope of locking it in the *Honi* Soit editorial room, as a surprise for the *Honi* editors' Tuesday morning meeting.

However, as you open the SRC's front door, a member of SAlt asks the bull to sign the petition to "bust the budget", enraging the bull. With a roar, the bull turns and gores you and your fellow *BULL* editors.

You bleed out and die in front of the SRC.



You're part of the SEX for *Honi* editorial team. Your year starts off on an interesting note with the majority of your fellow editors taking the theme of your campaign way too seriously, but before long, the dramas do sort themselves out. It's also fair to say that your team fails absolutely miserably to deliver on core election promises such as putting more sport in the paper, covering student elections less, and creating *Honi* TV. Instead, you spend most of your time live-tweeting poorly attended NDAs and writing impassioned wankery on

the Senate and the Union.

Productivity is a bit of a challenge. Most days, the SAlties are taking up all the computers in your office, so you are relegated to the corridor and left without a printer. Your President finds defamation law a bit tricky and every single Office Bearer seems to have difficulty reading and writing, as well as telling the time. A tonne of your reporters die off in the first couple of weeks of your term, citing "too much uni work" as their excuse (read: I'm really fucken lazy and entitled).

Despite these difficulties, you and your team produce a bloody ripper paper and even your staunchest critics have a hard time finding fault with it (*citation needed - Eds*). Your fellow editors become your uni family and your windowless, airless office becomes your home away from home. Your weekends become nothing more than a haze of InDesign and track changes, your grades are rendered inconsequential in the face of striving to do Good Journalism, and the phrase "*Honi* faction before blood" becomes your mantra.

At the end of the year, as you find yourself dancing drunkenly to "Get Lucky/(*Honi*)" at Glitter Gala with your fellow editors, you realise this is what being 20-something and at university should feel like. This year was the year that you will tell your grandkids about repeatedly when you're old and dodderly and a little bit senile, and this year, with all its challenges, fuckwits, student politicians, corporate lackeys and complicated love triangles, was the year that taught you how to be better.

OMG 2014

AWARDS FOR EVERY1

Best Labor Faction - ***Socialist Alternative***

We never thought we'd see the co-operation of two of USyd's premier Trotskyist revolutionary groups but then SAlt and Unity signed a preference deal.

The Rhys Pog award for a status you'll regret - ***Robby Magyar***

That one backfired, ay?

The demagnetisation award for no moral compass - ***Alisha Aitken-Radburn***

First Unity, then Swag. When you said unleashed, we didn't think it would end like this.



People to watch - ***Harry Stratton***

First as tragedy, then as farce, then as Harry Stratton. Usually this section is saved for an up-and-comer. This time, it's for Harry. Keep watching, he'll fuck up again soon.

Award for cultural awareness - ***Law Revue***

Between the KKK skit and the terrorists on a plane sketch, Law Revue demonstrated a cultural sensitivity to rival that of the USU marketing team.

The Jam for *Honi Soit* award for killing objectivity - ***Mon Droit***

Promising to rectify the 'overwhelming left-wing bias' of all other USyd student media outlets, Mon Droit burst onto the scene earlier this year with the bluster and talent of a lobotomised Alan Jones

Bad Alex award for needing a new outlet - ***Chaneg Torres***

For filling our letters page throughout the year with his endless shit.

Twelfth Night award for mistaken identity - ***#abbottatusyd #bishopatusyd***

The John Howard award for non-core promises - ***2014 Honi Soit Editors***

We really fucked up with the GST. Sorry.

Days of Our Lives soap opera award - ***2014 Honi Soit Editors***

There's still a couple of us who haven't slept together. Still got til December tho ;)

The meiosis award for splitting again - ***SLS***

Come on, Harry.

The Abraham Lincoln award for a house divided - ***Hannah Smith, Eve Radunz, Kate Bullen***

Won't someone think of the Bronson?

The Gillard/Rudd award for the most acrimonious split in the Labor party - ***Alisha Aitken-Radburn and Georgia Kriz***

"You're fucking scum!" #neva4get

The Nobel Peace Prize - ***Malala Yousafzai***

For the struggle against the suppression of children and young people and for the right of all children to education.

The Bob Ellis award for irrelevant political commentary - ***Rafi Alam***

If you haven't seen one of Rafi's Facebook threads, you're not connected to the internet.

The Harold Holt award for absentee leadership - ***Jen Light***

11.07am, 11.54am, 12.07pm, 10.55am, 12.46pm, 10.57am, 11.32am, 11.49am, 12.01pm, and 10.29am. Times on a Monday when \$42,000 of student money turned up for work.



The *Honi Soit* award for failing to fact-check - ***Grassroots***

That was pretty politifukt up, eh?

The Callum Forbes award for fiscal mismanagement - ***USyd Finance Department***

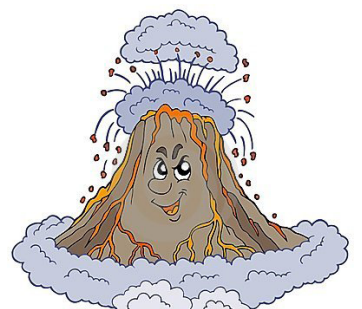
Accidentally transferring \$500,000 to the US Studies Society makes Callum look relatively responsible.

The Peter Phelps award for not having moved on - ***Peter Phelps***

Whether he's trolling our Facebook page, Twitter feed, or comments section, Phelps needs to move the fuck on. Other campus notables include 70% of Juris Doctorate students and seventh-year Arts "kids".

The Mount Vesuvius award for scorching everything in its wake - ***Elly Morley***

Morley knows how to use her vocal chords.



The John Kerr award for political neutrality - ***Paulene Graham***

You man booths with Unity celebrities on election days and then impartially deliberate between Labor and its righteous foes in USyd elections. Probably pick one.

The Robert Mugabe award for electoral transparency - ***Senate RO David Pacey***

Thanks for picking up none of Honi's 57 calls about the controversial Senate election results, mate.

The Tony Abbott "shirtfront" award for Election Day conduct - ***Harry Stratton***

You're meant to vote-spoil your opponents, fuckwit.

The Houdini award for disappearance - ***Sydney Arts Students' Society***

Who?

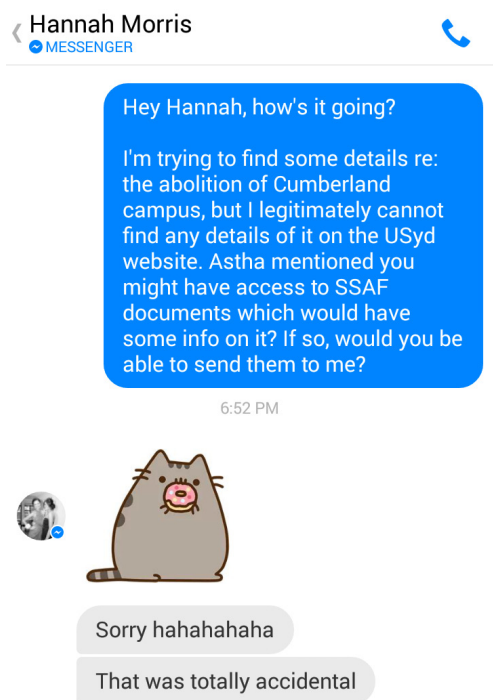
AWARDS!

YAY. READ. H8. FB.

The Mighty Duck Award for Hockey enthusiast - *Nina Khoury*

Who knew the main threat of fee deregulation was to the elite athlete program?

Kirsten Andrews award for best response to an inquiry from *Honi Soit - Hannah Morris and Pusheen*



Dr Seuss award for whimsical linguistic games - *Barry Spurr*

We do not think that you're a sport,
We're glad that you just lost in court.

We would not like you in a tute,
We would like you to get the boot.

We think you are a bigot Sir,
We do not like you Barry Spurr.

Steven Bradbury award for an unexpected win - *Liam Carrigan*

Who knew the caribou had so many mates?

The "Just waiting for a mate award" for implausible denial - *Tara Waniganayaka*

You got smashed and fell asleep in a public place. It happens to the best of us.

Marie Antoinette award for unadulterated, gloriously unaware privilege - *University of Sydney Polo Club*

For when wearing Ralph Lauren just doesn't cut it any more.

Runners-up: the entire USyd Law Faculty.



Kim & Kanye award for strange bedfellows - *The Conservative Club and Unity*

On second thoughts, not so strange.

Margaret Zhang award for insufferable self-promotion on social media - *the 2014 USU Board directors*

We get it, you're obliged to spend time together.



The Socialist Alternative award for backing the wrong side - *USyd during the Alexander Wright saga*

Shame.

The Bill Clinton award for: "I didn't have electoral relations with that student" - *Belinda Hutchinson*



The Pinocchio award for being a lying puppet - *USU staff members*

For doing Belinda Hutchison's dirty work during the Senate elections.

Peter Pan award for refusing to grow up - *USyd Quidditch Society*

The Quad can be confusing but we don't actually go to Hogwarts, guys.

The school chaplaincy program award for most pointless allocation of government resources - *moving Hermann's bus stop ten metres down the road*

Peter Slipper award for suspicious use of taxpayer-funded cab charges - *members of the USU Board*

Seriously, your SSAF money.

The Khloe Kardashian award for being outshone by a younger sibling - *Laneway*

Once Courtyard came along, your poached eggs looked just that little bit shitter.



The Alain de Botton award for most pretentious person in the world - *Pat Massarani*

Runner-up: Ben Brooks.

Search for "Patrick Massarani AND goblet" on Google Images and "lordchamberlainll marque seasonally non-specific clerkship application" on Youtube.

The Barry O'Farrell award for a wine-related electoral fuckup - *Callum Forbes*

Cheers, Callum.

The Liberal front bench award for Just the Boys - *BroSoc*

We get it, men have feelings too. But to be fair, at least even the Liberals have one woman in Cabinet.

The Malcolm Fraser award for jumping on the progressive political bandwagon - *Tara, Eve, and Robby on Stand with Raue.*

Crossing the floor doesn't count when it's your only choice.



your rights at uni

your voice, your SRC



SRC HELP

FREE Support & Advocacy

- Academic appeals & issues
- Centrelink advice • Tenancy
- International student rights
- Discrimination



SRC LEGAL SERVICE

FREE Legal Advice

- Representation in court
- Criminal law • Fines • Insurance
- Immigration law and more...



SRC BOOKS

Buy & Sell Secondhand Books
SAVE!!

Level 5, Wentworth Building
(opposite International Lounge)



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.

GET INVOLVED!

Join a collective and get involved in a campaign!
Fore more info: facebook.com/usydsrc



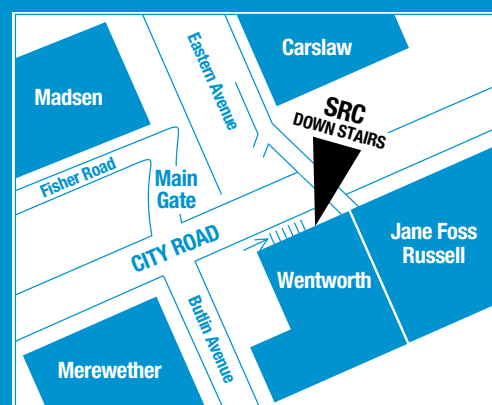
STUDENT MEDIA

Media For Students, By Students

- HONI SOIT www.honisoit.com
- Student handbooks

FIND THE SRC

Level 1, Wentworth Building
(under City Rd footbridge)



Students' Representative Council
The University of Sydney

Ph: 02 9660 5222

www.src.usyd.edu.au

If you are at another campus,
email: help@src.usyd.edu.au