



# MICKELODEON

ELECTION LATEST: Piss-up in brewery cancelled

## Manifesto Massacre

This year's elections have been home to the same myriad of half-truths, absurd campaigning and outright lies that we're all pretty darned used to. Unfortunately between the fact we can't write about the President or AU President candidates yet, we're a little short of material. Still, tally ho:

### Least Grasp Of How The Union Works Award

Several candidates pledged that they were going to put sections into the *gair rhydd*, with the most notable pledge aiming to get a Societies page at the expense of one of the television pages. If any society have any interesting news of something they've done, they can talk to our news team; if they want something advertised they can put it in our excellent listings section. Aside from these two possibilities, and having had to sit through two years' of drivel at Societies Council, they do absolutely nothing else of any interest to warrant having a page.

Most importantly - and this is worth noting for anyone planning on running next year - no-one outside of the paper has the authority to decree what they want in it. If you want to make changes then you come up to the office and put in the hours to earn respect first like everyone else here does, whether you're a fresher or a Sabb officer.

### Most Absurd Promise Award

Easily the tightest competition for any award. There's the pledge to put into place universal application of Blackboard (which is quite self-evidently at the decision of lecturers, not a Sabb officer), various promises of 'better funding' (presumably funded with a bullshit tax), or everyone's annual pledge to work more closely with RAG and SHAG, which will shortly be followed by the annual disappointment. Clear winner, however, is Kate Monaghan's aim of setting up an on-campus GUM clinic, which is precisely 37,654 miles beyond the capabilities of the Education and Welfare Officer. Should this ever truly happen, I'll personally attend to every diseased scrot that comes in.

### Worst Campaign

Although Doctor Kate comes a close second with her declaration that the Union was sick, Clare Donovan takes an easy first place for having spent the last week and half screaming the *Jim'll Fix It* theme tune at people on the crossroads. Who on Earth decided that was sound basis for choosing a candidate shouldn't have a place at this university, let alone a vote in the elections?

### Most Pointless Document Award

Me and the Union Constitution have history: people have twice threat-



PHOTO: James Perou

A NIGHT AT THE BALLOT: Returning Officer in dual-tongued shocker

ened to use the nutjob document to try and suspend me, so this is something rather personal. The problem is that the damned thing is interpreted so literally by anyone who thinks they have something to gain. In the case of the elections, a delay in the start of counting could have potentially led to the entire election campaign having to be restarted, because of a technicality requiring the counting to start within 24 hours of the polls shutting. And, of course, it meant that we couldn't (and in the case of the President and AU President elections, still can't) point out the absolute lies in some of the manifestos. Anyone with pyromaniac tendencies: please get in contact and I'll put you in the direction of every copy of the bleeding thing.

### Most Obnoxious Candidate Award

Out of the stiff competition, the new Welsh Affairs Officer stands head and shoulders above everyone else. In case he didn't notice, the vast majority of the Welsh population at the University (let alone the rest of the electorate) don't speak Welsh, so his manifesto and speech at hustings was something of a waste of time. A candidate worthy of a good RONING.

### Best Blow For Feminism Award

The new all-women editorship of *gair rhydd* and *Quench* have announced that the fortnightly magazine will be replaced by a different piece of make-up every week. A part-work for readers to build their own kit-ten is also on the cards, and editing night on Thursday will turn into a sleepover to talk about boys and pretty clothes and, like, stuff. *Mickelodeon*, meanwhile, will be replaced by *The Best of Cosmo*, *Politics* will be succeeded by *Heat's Torso of the Week*, and the dragon logo will make way for a picture of an amputated penis.

## Strike Two

Following on from last week's incisive analysis of the strike action (titled *Strike One - DO YOU SEE?*), I've heard a new, lovely theory about what AUT members could do to stop pissing people off.

The problem with lecturers choosing not to mark our coursework is that we aren't the ones who pay the lecturers. Boycotting our work is a bit like train drivers going on strike by picketing the Education Department: it'll piss a lot of people off, but it's ultimately in about the same league of effectiveness as chocolate fire-guards.

So, killing about 37 birds with one stone here, why don't the lecturers keep marking our work and just stop filling in the pointless paperwork they're sent by the university?

We get to graduate on time, lecturers get to ditch all their pointless work, and the university's most pointless departments will be devoid of work for a while. Sounds like a winning combination to me.

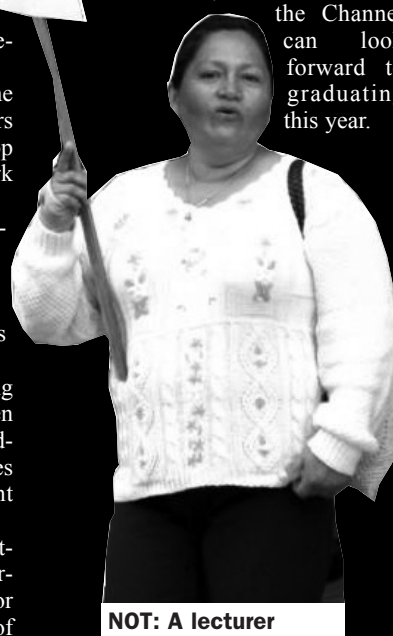
Anyway, elsewhere in the barking world of striking, the news has been chockful of French students blockading themselves into their universities over changes to the employment laws.

In a way it sounds massively exciting. Can you imagine blocking yourself into the Humanities building for days on end? Sure, there are a lot of

exits to cover, but there are plenty of vending machines to sustain strikey action.

Whilst it may be exciting and will almost certainly work (the French government cave in the face of this sort of thing faster than a Vegas hooker under her pimp), they're ultimately still going to be stuck in what is one of Europe's most stagnant economies.

So here's a little academic trade: how about we take on some of the Gallic lecturers and send ours off to the revolting students? At least this way at least one side of the Channel can look forward to graduating this year.



NOT: A lecturer

## Come on, MySun

Rupert Murdoch has made a tidy little earner out of always being one step ahead of the game. By 'tidy little earner' I do, of course, mean 'huge, terrifying piles of cash that could topple over and kill you at any moment'.

But like trying to explain mobile phones to your Grandma, the internet has swanned past News International, prompting a company review last year by Murdoch to get online. One buy-up blowout later and half the internet is now in the company's hands, with MySpace now the jewel in the crown.

But it looks like Murdoch's finger has fallen well and truly off the media pulse. Having paid a ridiculous £331 million for the site, he's now taking the truly barking step of linking it to the *Sun*.



FOXY: Murdoch gets Myspacey

Our Antipodean chum has decided that as *The Times* readership is too stately to do MySpace then the only other option is turning tabloid. But it kind of overlooks the fact that the *Sun* is now largely the preserve of old men in pubs discussing the finer points of pigeon-racing, whilst MySpace is really there pouting in mirrors for ropey photos to the sound of My Chemical Romance. They're about as close to polar opposites in cultural terms as you could get.

In the meantime we can expect the final slow death of MySpace in the hands of a media baron from another age. Whilst the idea that the mainstream media belongs to a bygone age is absurd, a company as massive as News International can't evolve as quickly as new media needs it to.

So what does the death of MySpace mean? Hardly the end of a brave new world of social networking. I can count on one hand the number of people who don't get bored of MySpace within the first three months, and also see daylight on an at least daily basis.

Instead it's just the end of both media baron and a massively overhyped phenomenon. In 20 years time, it's difficult to imagine anyone lamenting either of those.