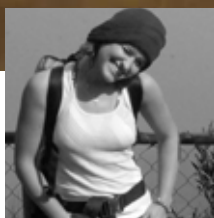




PHOTO BY :: Dennis Dizon

Sydney
SHOUT!

1'08 Photo Contest: *First Place Winner*



"This is an over the shoulder photo taken while on the 'Wobbly Wine Tour' in the Hunter Valley. We spent the day riding bikes from vineyard to vineyard, stopping along the way for tastings. Unfortunately, we had some rain and hail and ended up stuck at a vineyard. Yet, they kept us tasting, and a double rainbow on the way home made it all worth it!" -Michelle Surdyk

After the first successful year of the *Sydney Shout*, we've decided to update the format. We're still dedicated to garnering content that is from the mouth of the students whether that be in the form of perspective pieces, photo essays, or personal stories. While many aspects of the American student experience "down undah" will be similar for a large majority of those that make the trek, we also want to showcase those that are unique and break away from the stereotypes. We hope you enjoy the new look and continue to enjoy our *Shout* as we continue to expand and look for more ways to communicate the Sydney/Australian experience to the rest of the world.

-Cal Hawk/ Staff Editor

this issue...

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it's hard to say i'm sorry

by
manda foo



It is easy to forget that there is more to Australia than beautiful beaches and sensational sports. While I enjoyed plenty of both during my time here, it was a rainy morning that became my most unforgettable day in Australia. That morning was February 13th, when the Australian government issued an official apology to the stolen generations of Aborigines with the optimistic hope of starting a new and more conciliatory chapter in Australian history.

Rewind to the first time I learned about Aboriginal people. It was during a school trip to Perth in Western Australia ten years ago. I was twelve, and I remember sitting in a forest smelling a peppermint herb that a Wajuk tribe member was passing around. The second time the Aborigines crossed my mind was during the Sydney Olympics in 2000, when Cathy Freeman proudly draped the indigenous flag over her shoulders as she celebrated winning the 400m race. Those were two isolated incidents in my adolescence, and even as I visited Australia year after year in my teens, I learned nothing more of the continent's, and possibly the world's, oldest civilisation.

For a country so abundant in sunshine and good cheer, Australia's dark history in relation to the Aboriginal people was a shocking revelation to me. The first white settlers were in every manner alike to their colonial counterparts in the Americas, Africa and Asia, displacing and dispossessing native peoples brutally and self-righteously. In fact they went a step further; they declared Australia terra nullius, an empty land free for the taking, completely disregarding the ancient ownership

and custodianship that the Aborigines have over the land. At the turn of the twentieth century, the newly established Australian federation started a campaign to forcibly remove Aboriginal children from their families, transferring these children into institutions to prepare them for life within mainstream white society. This measure, which at the time was considered "benevolent", affected every Aboriginal community in the country, resulting in generations of chronic dysfunction and trauma within Aboriginal families. Its repercussions are severe even a century later, as the now grown-up "stolen generations" are still coming to terms with the robbery of their identity and culture. A piercing report on the topic entitled Bringing Them Home

was published in the 1990s, and since then the Aboriginal community has been increasingly vocal about their demands for recognition of past injustices, compensation and reconciliation. Among the demands was an official apology by the state, a symbolic yet fundamentally and humanly important act that

John Howard's government repeatedly rejected.

Kevin Rudd's government adopted a different position on the issue however, and to emphasize the point, made the apology the first act of parliament. All eyes were on Canberra on the morning of February 13th, where Kevin Rudd delivered his promise of a simple "sorry". The apology was televised live in Sydney on a big screen in Martin Place. I jostled alongside fellow spectators and commuters, managing to snag a sheltered peripheral spot from which I

could observe the main square, which was filled with indigenous people bearing the Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander flags. It must have been the highest concentration of Aborigines I had seen since Survival Day on 26 January. Prime Minister Rudd began his lengthy speech, and Martin Place was silent except for his measured words and the rain's pitter-patter. The first time he uttered the word "sorry", the crowd roared in celebration, and I saw that some of the people around me were in tears. Prime Minister Rudd repeated "sorry" several times, and with each time there was a force that gripped the hearts present at Martin Place. That force was a mixture of grief and relief, sorrow and hope, indignation and gratitude. The faces around me attempted to be stoic, but I knew that the squint of an eye, the purse of a lip and the tightening of a jaw were all small indications of great emotions.

Even as a bystander, I could barely fight back the tears that morning. It wasn't that Prime Minister Rudd was exceptionally articulate in expressing remorse, but rather that the sheer gravity of the stolen generations weighed down hard on his every laboured word. Most hearts could not help but embrace that one simple word, "sorry", as the first bridge of reconciliation. Evidently, there is still a lot to be done to raise the living standards of Australia's indigenous people, but "sorry" was a vital key to unravel the bitterness of the past. The apology reignited my memory of Cathy Freeman's victory lap, which now to me represents a profound vision that the Australian government has finally acknowledged, eight years after the world witnessed it in Cathy Freeman.

That afternoon, our class cruised out of Circular Quay on the Deerubbin, a vessel owned and operated by local Aborigines, for a unique perspective of Sydney Harbour. We docked for a while on Clark Island, where the city looked small in the distance. Our Aboriginal guide told us dreaming stories of roos and rituals in front of the diminished cityscape. During those moments I felt a genuine optimism that something, however intangible, had changed in this modern and ancient land of Australia.

Manda will be graduating from Boston University in May of 2009 with degrees in both Journalism and International Relations.

.....
"The first time he uttered the word 'sorry', the crowd roared in celebration, and I saw that some of the people around me were in tears. Prime Minister Rudd repeated "sorry" several times, and with each time there was a force that gripped the hearts present at Martin Place."
.....

fashioning expectations

by
claire jaffe

I couldn't believe it when my advisor sat me down to tell me what my internship was. It was too easy. It was as if the big man upstairs had noticed all those hours my eyes spent ferociously lapping up pages of sky-high patent leather stilettos and cropped leather jackets, and decided to drop my dream internship from the fluffy white heavens right onto my True Religion-clad lap. I was going to work at Australia's number one fashion magazine.

Ok, so I wasn't actually technically going to be working in fashion. In fact, I wasn't going to even be writing – a tad unusual for a journalism major. But it would probably only be a matter of time before they realized my true expertise and natural talent, asking me for my advice on the web page design and which bathing suit looked best with which model's skin tone. And oh, the atmosphere – working alongside the skim latte-drinking big shots in the fashion and beauty industry, alongside the experts who pair menswear trousers with delicate and feminine golden pendants – yes, the atmosphere alone was going to be worth it. I could just tell.

Fast forward a few months, and I have come back all the wiser. Ladies and gentlemen, three different days, and three misconceptions about working in a fashion magazine:

Misconception #1: "I'm going to be a star!"

Week 2:

Remember when I said it would only be a matter of time until the magazine people vigorously sought after my true expertise?

Two words: Slave Labor. I'm half kidding. I know I've only been here a few days, and I hope I'm going to GET to help out with fun stuff, but let me give you a little mental picture: me, in my cute little dress and my high heels, downstairs outside the mail room, surrounded by a gazillion cardboard boxes, a trash can and a recycling bin. For the February issue, we sent out a free pair of sunglasses. They were either brown or black. The brown ones, however, got recalled (not suitable for driving) so we had everyone send BACK the brown ones and we promised to send them back a black pair in return. Yesterday, 54 boxes with 10 magazines each

– with the new sunglasses attached – came in. But the geniuses at the press room sent the old brown ones along with the black ones. We also didn't need 540 magazines; we just needed new sunglasses. So I stood for an hour and a half tearing open boxes, ripping the sunglasses from the magazines, throwing the magazines in the recycling bin, then prying the sunglasses out of their plastic containers with my bare hands. After about an hour, I looked at my hands (swollen, scratched, practically bleeding!). I now think I know what cotton picking is like.

When I returned from the basement floor of hell (did I mention Cher was blasting on the radio?), I was instructed to... wrap a surfboard in bubble wrap and cardboard and send it out to a prominent designer. At least "designer" was in that sentence. I kicked off my heels, straddled the surfboard, and proceeded to try various techniques to attempt to wrap this surfboard in a roll of cardboard bigger than I am. My pencil skirt rode up half way up my thighs and I broke a sweat as I tried to pick up the surfboard and stretch packing tape all over it, to the delight of one of the prestigious women working behind me. Oh, giggle, giggle. You try it. On Friday I'm wearing overalls.

Misconception #2: "I am the only one who makes mistakes – embarrassing!"

Week 4:

At least I'm not the only screw up in the office.

Something happened yesterday that made me feel a lot better about thinking everything I do is stupid. One of the main Marie Claire marketing women, Carolyn, is a complete trip. I'm not sure if she means to be, but she's actually a caricature of a real person. Her ring tone is some yoga music that starts off with what sounds like a cow mooing. Carolyn calls everyone "darling" multiple times per conversation. "Hello, Darling. Yes,

Darling. Darling, will you fetch me that document? Oh, Darling, you didn't!" Anyway, she was on the phone, and I hear her (and so does half the office) say, "Ok, Phillip, ok. Yes. Thanks, Darling. Bye." and she hangs up, looks up and announces, "Oh, I just called Phillip 'Darling,'" to which no one even blinks an eye. But then she puts her head in her hands: "Phillip, the head of Louis Vuitton." The whole office just broke out laughing. I did practically the same thing my first day here when I called the Marketing Executive "babe".

Misconception #3: The boss knows your name/cares

Week 5:

Last week, when I went out to lunch with my friend Kat and some of her co-workers, someone leaned across the table and asked me, "So how is it working with Jackie?" She was referring to Jackie Frank, the editor of Marie Claire. I was a little bit confused until they explained that apparently she is terrible to work with. I don't actually work with Jackie, but I've heard her from afar. Anyway, I got a little defensive about my dear old boss, saying that although she is a little (ok -- a lot) boisterous, she didn't seem unbearable at all. They all shrugged and went back to eating.

Two days later, it was someone's birthday in the office, and we all gathered 'round for some cake. Jackie made a little speech, and asked how old the girl was. The whole office let out a gush of coos, saying "Oh! 24! I remember when I was that age" and "Oh wow, there goes another decade for me," and so on and so forth. Anyway, Jackie said that that was very young, did we have anyone younger than that? And no one raises her hand, but Tiffany looked at me and said,

trooping for mardi gras

by
manda foo

A tourist approached us as we were putting on our make-up. "Excuse me, hello, I'm from Pakistan," he said, "I'm just passing through Sydney on the way to New Zealand. What festival is going on?"

Martin, our membership manager, broke out in a big grin. "Oh, you picked a good day to pass through. This is the 30th anniversary of Sydney's Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras, the city's biggest party!"

Indeed, Mardi Gras in Sydney is big; big in its scale and following, big in its reputation and big in its heart. The parade this year consisted of 150 floats and 10,000 participants. Hundreds of thousands of queer folk and friends turned up along and around Oxford Street, which for eight hours was packed.

My participation in Mardi Gras was born out of a chance encounter. I joined City Gym in mid-January and met the general manager Justin on the first day. He asked if I would be interested in being part of City Gym's Mardi Gras convoy, which at that moment had a guy-girl ratio of 16:1. I couldn't refuse. When else would dancing to Christina Aguilera while clad in camouflage be acceptable? Five weeks of intense rehearsals followed, learning and practicing three dance pieces alongside yogis and iron-pumpers. On the final night before Mardi Gras, we were finally coordinated, sharp and ready to roll. That hardly mattered the next day, we would learn, Mardi Gras is so much more than a rehearsed procession down the street.

We gathered in a sunny Hyde Park for the pre-parade registration, next to a group of fiery red devils and a soccer team in yellow silk tights. City Gym had a 1945 Army Jeep, a snazzy prop to lead our mob. Our float sat above an army truck for fifteen of our most brawny bronzed boys, with us foot soldier bringing up the rear. We toasted to the 30th anniversary of Mardi Gras, my virginal gay-pride parade experience.

The marshalling area was a circus that only the gay community could and would pull off. The mascots were massive and fabulous, ablaze with rainbow colours. Ours was a neon-green bird in a perpetual state of peacock excitement, played by our very own drag queen, Vira. The mascots, the celebrities and guardian spirits of Mardi Gras, strutted around the marshalling area posing for pictures. Drag kings and queens came

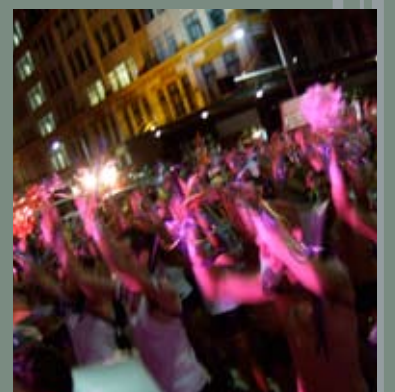


PHOTO COURTESY of Manda Foo

out to play, angels and devils descended upon us and even a quintet of Kevin Rudds graced the occasion. I met the beautiful lady-boys of Thailand and an Indonesian dance troop dressed in select parts of their traditional garb. The sun went down and there was a slight wind chill, but we were warm with wine and friendship. Sometime at dusk a pink balloon floated into the sky, and watching it I felt ecstatic for the sense of community and the simple joy of love for all.

We waited for a total of six hours for our walk of glory, finally setting off at 9:30 in the evening. To tell the truth we were a mess, it was as if we had never rehearsed a day. We stumbled through our routine past the endless crowds, confused and dizzy with excitement. My heart was racing, and I understood why others at the gym said that nothing got their heart rate up like the parade does. The walk that had seemed so long during rehearsals felt like it lasted a minute, it was over in an instant, and while rehearsals left us exhausted, people were shouting, "Let's go on to Melbourne!"

Our procession, though unruly, was carried out in the spontaneous and irreverent spirit of Mardi Gras. I loved the energy of it, the enthusiasm and great showmanship, the fun and naughtiness, above all the whole-hearted celebration of a community's solidarity. Out of all of that, I made friends and snogged strangers. At the end of the night, I realized for the first time in six weeks of being here that I had fallen in love with Sydney.



PHOTOS BY :: Cal Hawk

Manda Foo interned with Vogue Entertainment & Travel while on the Sydney Internship Program and will be graduating from BU in 2009.

taking 'time out' in sydney

sophie hoeller gets to put her finger on the pulse of Sydney in one of the program's newest internship sites

Tony Elliott established Time Out on August 12th 1968 in London. With only 70 pounds to his name he printed the first edition of the magazine on a single folded sheet equivalent to only eight current pages. Today, Time Out has 18 Travel Magazines, 40 City Guides, 13 Regional Guides and 23 City Magazines that are published independently, such as Time Out Sydney, where I was fortunate enough to do my internship for the past eight weeks.

Time Out transcends simply being a magazine as it hosts cultural events such as the internationally respected Time Out Eating and Drinking awards, and features interactive websites that incorporate on-demand video interviews and reviews, and online booking services for restaurants, hotels and concerts worldwide. It is essentially a weekly comprehensive city guide that is meant to provide inspiration for culture junkies and help the urban adventurer get the most out of the city he/she is in, by providing reviews, previews, detailed listings and first hand accounts of venues and events to attend. The weekly magazine is split up into 13 distinct sections: Around Town, Arts, Books, Film, Food & Drink, Gay and Lesbian, Kids, Mind & Body, Music, Nightlife, Outdoor, Style and Time In. Time Out Sydney is a relatively new addition to the Time Out team, as it was only launched in October of 2007. There is only one newer magazine, and that is the Kuala Lumpur edition that launched in March 2008.

Working at Time Out was a great experience. New to Sydney, it helped me really make the most of my time; go to restaurants, bars, exhibitions, theatres and shows that I usually wouldn't even have known about. Historically, I also learned a lot about my newly adopted home.

I was jokingly called an "editor at large." Although everyone at Time Out Sydney has their own section, such as Arts or Nightlife, and is an expert in their field, every journalist at Time Out Sydney transcends their own section and helps out with the whole magazine. Some will volunteer for specific stories while others will have good ideas for

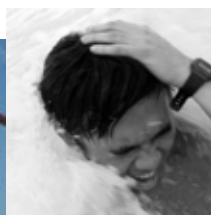
other sections, and so the magazine is continuously full of fresh ideas and insights. My internship provided Time Out with another journalist, and like the full time staff there, I worked in multiple sections, such as Around Town, Film, Outdoor, Gay and Lesbian, and Time In.

Like the rest of the staff, I am a travel and culture junkie who loves to experience things, and therefore I made a good addition to the team, sometimes offering a new perspective and a novel twist on things. Thursday mornings were dedicated to staff meetings where every member of staff explained his/her ideas and plans for the next issue. All ideas were welcome, mine included, and so the meeting turns into a brainstorming session where ideas are bounced around and everyone can put in their two cents worth.

My internship at Time Out got me a handful of printed bylines that were a great addition to my portfolio as they showed a wide range of diverse stories and sections. Further, I scored some free movie, theater and comedy tickets, which is always a nice bonus. Working at Time Out was a great experience, looks great on a CV, and taught me a lot about the magazine industry.

Sophie Hoeller went on to participate in the Sydney Travel Writing Program and will be graduating in May 2009 from Boston University majoring in Journalism, minoring in Sociology, and concentrating in French.

1'08 Photo Contest: 2nd Place & Runner Up



"Making up for a less-than-perfect spring break in Cairns, Whitehaven Beach was a must-see for us before we left the country. The silica sand was pristine enough, that with the clear water, you could see our reflections; how happy we were pulls through in the photo. Listed as one of the top ten beaches in the world, Whitehaven Beach makes Australia a picturesque place. (Diana Herrera and Victoria Ngo, BU '09, also in the photo)"

-Dennis Dizon

On this issue's cover photo...

"After a whole week of no sun once landing in Sydney, a few friends and I decided to just head to Coogee Beach anyway. This photo was actually my first trip to an Australian beach, and I knew I had to take pictures. I was surprised at how clear the water was and how big the waves were, and this photo captures both perfectly. (Mariel Bird, Fordham '09, also in the background)" -DD

Since Fall 2006, the academic year program students have been able to experience the cultural scenes, the ethnic neighbourhoods, and the historical sites of Victoria's capital city. From Ned Kelly's armour to laneways culture, from the Great Ocean Road to the ever-growing urban art scene, when looking at Australia's profile it's essential to include...



the mel- bourne identity



Text by
Michelle
Surdyk

Photos by
Cal Hawk



Our day-long tour of the **Great Ocean Road** was one of my favorite Aussie experiences. It was here that I saw my first wild koala, swam in the icy cold ocean, and developed a two-month craving to re-watch Fern Gully before building my future home: a rainforest treehouse complete with paper-and-string telephones to connect all of the levels. The highlight of the day was taking a helicopter ride over the **Twelve Apostles**. There's nothing like the experience of flying in a helicopter - flying in a plane doesn't even begin to compare! Helicopters are like giant bugs in the sky: you can hover, dive, and make sharp turns practically lying down on your side - and we did! The view was spectacular and seeing our shadows on the turquoise water was pretty sweet too. Of course my fantastic helicopter ride may have been biased since I got to sit in the co-pilot's seat!



Let's not forget the pleasures of simply strolling around the streets of Melbourne and exploring the nooks and crannies of the city. Head through **Little Greece**, **Chinatown**, and all the way to **Brunswick Street** for some pizza and shopping – and be sure to include a stop in the **Carlton Gardens**! You can wander through the ruins of the old Colonial Square building that are scattered in front of the **Melbourne Museum**, ancient Greece-style. There's also a pretty nice swing set in the park with enough swings that we didn't even have to push over any of the little kids in our race to be the first to touch the sky with our feet. On the way home we stopped at another playground and I got pushed off the tire run –by another BU student. Despite my indignation, the women on the other side of the jungle gym thought it was hilarious. Nothing that a **Little Italy** dinner of gnocchi and wine couldn't fix on the way home!



No, it's not Bondi, Coogee, or Manly. Sure the Sydney-Siders make fun of Melbourne's bay beach. There aren't any surfing waves and the water isn't crystal clear blue. But **St. Kilda** has its own fun to offer. After missing out on **Luna Park's** open hours we chilled out at the beach for awhile: swimming, people-watching, and exploring the St. Kilda pier. The giant rocks on the water's edge at the end of the pier are a great place to relax and enjoy the end of a summer day. And for all of you aspiring Sidney Nolans out there, there's no better place to find some artistic inspiration. We eventually grabbed some delicious, cheap pizza (gourmet of course; it is Australia) and gelato on **Fitzroy Street** and headed back toward the water just in time to catch a gorgeous sunset over the bay. Back out on the rocks across the pier we saw a few fairy **penguins** waddling in for the night. Our St. Kilda experience ended with us lying on the rocks under the stars, singing Disney songs and chatting with some locals who (surprisingly!) loved our American accents.

the student shouts



Mayssa Meouchy
BU (SHA)
Major: Hospitality Administration
Graduating: 2009
Favourite Aussie Slang: "Scrubba"

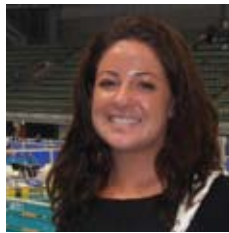
What has surprised you about coming here?
Learning about the Aboriginal people, I am surprised to see how they are treated (or, rather, mistreated). I didn't really know anything about this culture so it was a shock to learn about Australian colonization and the history of the country.

What aspect of Aussie culture have you really appreciated?
The true "mateship" that they have. Whether they know you or not, Australians are very warm and welcoming, always looking for a good time and a new friend.

What will you miss once you've left Australia?
The laid-back lifestyle and "no worries" attitude. People don't stress out over little things here. It is hard to find people with that kind of mentality in America.

What's the best advice you can offer someone coming to Sydney?
Save your money before you come!

What were the top things you did in Oz?
1. My internship experience
2. Working on a butterfly farm in the bush after the program
3. The Wobbly Wine Tour in the Hunter



Jenna Petrigno
BU (Sargent)
Major: Occupational Therapy
Graduating: 2009
Favourite Sydney Neighbourhood: Gladesville

What aspect of Aussie culture have you really appreciated?
The "no worries" attitude. My internship was at a school for children with Autism, and working in such an environment would usually be very stressful with pressures and protocol. Working at *Giant Steps* was one of the best experiences I have ever had, and the "no worries" attitude made the working environment that much more enjoyable. I could get stuck in the rain, lose \$50, miss 3 buses, and break my laptop and just say, "no worries" and still have a smile on my face in Australia. It's a great way to live your life.

What's the best advice for someone coming to Sydney?
Take the time to explore the city by yourself and do the things that YOU want to do. It's great to be a part of the BU Sydney group.. but it is a big one, and it is very hard when everyone wants to do different things.

What were your top experiences in Oz?
Canyoning in the Blue Mountains (my life flashed before my eyes in that waterfall but so glad I did it!) and going to the Sydney Olympic swimming trials where I met Stephanie Rice after she broke the world record in the 200 IM!



Ted Mahoney
BU (CAS)
Major: Economics
Minor: Anthropology
Graduating: 2009
Favourite Aussie Slang: "She'll be right"

What aspect of Aussie culture have you discovered?
The Aussie work and social culture seems much more egalitarian than in the U.S. I found that people gain respect based on skill and action rather than position. Bosses are much less distinguishable from the rest of the workers. Everyone is treated with respect and the work climate becomes friendlier.

What's the best advice for someone coming to Sydney?
Bring deodorant. There is nothing but spray on or roll on deodorant, neither of which works very well. This becomes clear on a hot summer day as you walk past certain Sydneysiders. Read a few travel books on Australia and look into travel options for weekend trips before you get on the plane.

What were your top experiences in Oz?
During the Great Ocean Road trip when I got to go up in a helicopter for the first time in my life to see them. Also, we went up to Fraser Island, camping out and going to the beach. I got to drive off-road on the island which made me feel like a real man in skill and a child at heart. Lastly, the Blue Mountains: from the steepest train tracks in the world to the awe-inspiring Three Sisters



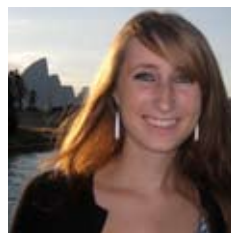
Matt Goyette
BU (SMG)
Major: Entrepreneurship
Graduating: 2009
Favourite Aussie Slang: "Good on ya"
Sydney Neighbourhood: Glebe - try finding Blackwattle Bay Park on a hot summer day and stay for the sunset, really cool.

What has surprised you about coming here?
The similarities to America. Also, the electronica music. I had no idea that people could listen to so much of it, I didn't like it at first, then all of a sudden it just clicked.

What aspect of Aussie culture have you discovered and really appreciated?
I got a chance to play rugby while I was here. Aussie's take their sports very seriously, yet they are much more relaxed about it. It's impressive that they can be so serious about their sports, yet in practice and even at games, it's still all about the fun and just going at it with your mates.

What will you miss once you've left?
Kebabs, definitely. The Saturday markets where you can get just about everything. The pubs. The Asian food was always excellent, and I really got into surfing, so I'll miss that until I buy myself a board.

What's the best advice you can offer someone coming to Sydney?
Save your money for traveling, there's some jaw-dropping stuff to see and do in this country.



Andrea Cioffi
BU (SMG)
Major: Marketing
Minor: Advertising
Graduating: 2009
Favourite Aussie Slang: "Bogan"
Aussie Food: Mint Slices

What did you expect when you came to Sydney/Australia?
I thought that Sydney would have a lot of Australian outback charm woven in: rugged bars with surfers watching rugby.

Did it live up to your expectations?
Sydney is a lot more international than I thought it would be. There were less of the stereotypical aussies, and more people from all over the world.

What has surprised you about coming here?
Australians are incredibly well traveled. They are always up for new experiences and places. I don't feel like the urge to travel is as common in the U.S.

What were the top experiences you had in Oz?
Whitehaven Beach is amazingly beautiful (nothing better than sitting on the deck all night under the stars) and going to the outback was incredible, and seeing Uluru at sunrise/sunset on camel was definitely worth the long trip out there.

trekking through 'tassie'

by
michelle surdyk



The day before I left for a weekend trip to Hobart, my coworkers' advice was, "Don't sleep with anyone from Tasmania!" accompanied by much giggling from the other workers. For some reason, mainland Australians make fun of Tasmanians the way someone in the US might make fun of people from West Virginia or Kentucky. And finding out that the people from Hobart are called Hobartians doesn't make them sound any better. But to be honest, my weekend in Tasmania was one of my favorite Australian experiences!

My friends and I traveled to the Apple Isle over ANZAC holiday weekend. We booked our hostel reservations in advance - but that was it. This was the first trip I was taking that wasn't almost completely pre-planned from start to finish. Needless to say, I felt a bit apprehensive approaching the weekend.

Luckily I borrowed Lonely Planet: Australia from a friend for the weekend. Pretty much everything in Oz shuts down on ANZAC day - except for the two-up-playing bars. So our Friday options in Hobart were rather limited. I found a map of a walking tour of Hobart and we decided to go for it. I know, a walking tour, exciting, right?! It turned out to be a great afternoon. We saw sections of Hobart we would've never otherwise seen, from a half-graveyard-half-park to the most adorable section of a city I think I've ever seen complete with cottages, swing-sets, and ice cream shoppe.

Saturday morning found us at the Salamanca markets. The crisp autumn air was the perfect setting for browsing

through the locals' stalls and for drinking the most delicious hot chocolate I've ever had! For an afternoon adventure we hiked 2½ hours up Mt. Wellington. The hike was beautiful and rewarding. We had only a few minor set-backs. I fell off of a branch and landed in a bed of rocks, carving a nice chunk out of my friend's face with the branch along the way. I also had to pull a bug out of another friend's eye, but it was all worth it for the view near and at the top. The fog rolling in and out created quite the mysterious effect and some pretty cool pictures. I think my favorite part of the hike down was running into two girls from the States, one of them had carried her Starbucks drink all the way up the

mountain. (Guess which girl had almost transferred to BU?)

Sunday, we left early and drove 3 times across the Tasman Bridge before finally getting our bearings - but at least we were on the right, and by right I mean LEFT, side of the road. The scenery was gorgeous: vineyards, hills, and the coast. We drove to Port Arthur for a glimpse from the outside, as it was too expensive for our end-of-the-semester budgets. Lonely Planet came in handy again as we found a 'wilderness road' side-cut on our way up to Wineglass Bay which was every bit as beautiful as they say. Our final stop was up to Launceston for dinner and then back down the Heritage Highway to Hobart. Every time we stopped to switch drivers we stood outside for a few moments to admire the Southern Sky Stars in all of their electricity-and-pollution free glory. I don't think I've seen the Milky Way that bright. The icing on the cake was the moon as I drove back into Hobart, which definitely hasn't been that big since Tod's date with Vixey in *The Fox and the Hound* - incredible!

So my travel advice to all future BU Sydneysiders is that Tasmania is nothing to be feared! Second, and most importantly, pick a trip and leave it unplanned. Sometimes the best experiences come when you aren't looking, or planning, for them!

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105 Sydney Internship Students

SMG Program Students 10

14 Universities Represented in '08

Total Years Running 17

2,672 Total Students to have attended the BU Sydney Program to Date

semester stats



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