

THE ZWEIHANDER

ISSUE # 3 2 0 1 6

Costume Shop



President's Address

Hey there SUTEKHers!

You enjoyed *"SUTEKH - The First Semester"*, now sit back as you prepare to enjoy *"SUTEKH 2: Electric Boogaloo 2 the Sequel Part 2!"*

Like any sequel, you immediately notice that there's a far greater confidence from the get go. In the first semester, there were movie outings, a laser tag night, a pub crawl... oh, and there was that one trivia night! Sure, it was pretty fun but you aint' seen nothing yet friendos.

This time around, we've got far bigger things in store. Some of those you'll find mentioned in the following pages - others we'll be revealing to you on our Facebook page as the semester unfolds.

I'm in particular looking forward to this semester. I've been involved with this society for the past four years, and I've seen it grow from strength to strength as it's expanded. This has been a year of trying new things - some of them I've already listed above. Going into this semester we're aiming to continue pushing the boundaries of what SUTEKH can do.

As I write this, I'm increasingly aware that this is my last semester serving on your executive. It's been a long four years, but if there's anything I've learnt in that time is that SUTEKH is rather Time Lord-ish in many ways - regardless of what happens, it'll regenerate into something stranger and quirkier than it was before. As long as there are fun games, interesting TV and cool books for us to bond over, SUTEKH will always be there to welcome you through Sydney University.

And that's a wrap.

- Brendan O'Shea, President of SUTEKH

Asbestos Alley

Come here.

Yes, you.

C'mon, don't be shy. We both know that you're here to learn the secret history of this place and society.

Many strange things happen in this university. I mean, surely you've noticed the unicorns they keep in the Quad. That's why most people come find me. It's a very interesting story, actually, how those unicorns got there.

Today, though, I will tell you about Asbestos Alley, one of the most guarded secrets in this place.

It is rumored to be full of Toxic Chemicals. That's how it got its most common name. That is what the most closed-minded individuals think of that place.

Others, with a little more imagination, believe it to be a portal to another dimension, or maybe just another time. They come closer to the truth.

It's not dinosaurs that door hides, but dragons.

Yes, dragons.

Well, one dragon, to be precise.

At the beginning of time, there was an all-powerful being called Sutekh The Destroyer. He was in charge of all the lands and he had a pet dragon.

After some time, Sutekh was defeated by some mysterious adversaries. History—even the secret history—is hazy on the details. No one seems to agree on who or what this adversary was, or even how they defeated Sutekh. Yet every version agrees on one thing: Sutekh was destroyed but his dragon remained.

After this, the story is even hazier. There are no mentions of Sutekh or his dragon for hundreds of years. Not even the most obscure occult texts seem to remember them.

That is until last century.

At some point the last 100 years, a group of students stumbled across the dragon's den. As it turns out, the dragon, left completely alone after its master's death, went into a deep sleep. The university was built around its lair, thus the dragon remained dormant and the humans remained ignorant.

All this changed when the students found the dragon. They were helping with the

design and construction of the building. When they recovered from the shock of finding a dragon there, they saw its potential. If they could make the right modifications to the building, they'd be able to use the dragon for their benefit. They made sure it was contained, and they woke it. This way, trapped, the dragon was used as a power source for the building.

Very few people knew this, but those who did vowed to keep it a secret and remain custodians of the dragon for generations to come.

The society, Sutekh, was set up as a front to cover up the existence of that magnificent creature. All those jokes about them being a cult were carefully designed to dissipate suspicions.

They have been quite successful too. To this day, the dragon provides the building with calefaction and hot water. Very few people outside of the exec ever find out conclusively about its presence here.

You are one of the lucky few.

Now that you know, would you like to see it?

Just go through that door.

Closer.

Closer, it's alright.

Now, now, don't make such a racket. Someone might hear us if you keep screaming like that. You should've known this was coming if you paid attention.

If it's any consolation, know that you're helping to keep the legend alive.

- Anahi Castillo Angon

Editors note:

This tale speaks of dark secrets and arcane mysteries, we can never truly know what goes on in the depths of the Home building.

All I can say for sure is that Asbestos Alley exists, and should not be taken lightly.

The Library

Deep in the bowels of the Holme Building, decorated with mildew and trapped behind interlocking steel wires, lives something that sighs into the darkness. Some brave souls don their caps and decide to climb their way down, shouldering past fortunate but irritating former students who mill about in the lobby in their long and expensive black graduation robes posing for photos with their parents and receiving looks of disgust as they hold up traffic with their floral bouquets and flashy smiles.

Our small band of merry adventurers tether themselves to the sturdy rail of the staircase. For a moment, they breathe deep through their nostrils, savouring the smell of the food emanating from the Courtyard Cafe, knowing that soon, the only thing they'll be smelling is the dampness of below. One by one, they ease themselves down the perilous stairs, so steep they threaten to the snap legs and the shatter ankles of the careless. Before they reach the cavernous bottom there is a door to the right. It is shut.

With the swish of a wrist holding an access card and a back and forth, push and pull dance with the door, they finally manage to get it open. The dim light from the stairs falls across something to the left. The courage of one of our adventurers wavers and their scream pierces the quiet, undisturbed air.

Someone tries to flick on the lights. Nothing happens. So our explorer with the quivering courage pulls out a phone and activates the torch feature, shining it directly onto the gigantic thing to the left.

"That thing's a dinosaur!" someone exclaims.

"It's not a dinosaur, it's a life sized, grossly inaccurate depiction of a lion," the person with the torch says, their voice steady and their heart calm now that

they know what it is.

“It is pretty ancient,” whispers the adventurer with the hard hat to the one who called the lion a dinosaur. They share a look of understanding.

“We still have a ways to go,” says the leader.

In the end, it really isn’t all that far; just a few more metres, easily covered since they realised that they all have phones with the torch function.

“Y’know, exploring used to seem way more romantic and daring before the progression of technology made it easy and safe,” one sighs.

“Well I’m not complaining,” says the one with the newly rediscovered courage, very clearly not complaining.

“We’re here,” breathes the one at the front of the group, and each of them grab ahold of the cage that separates them from the thing they risked stretching muscles and breathing in dust and mould to see; the Sutekh Library. It’s quiet now that there are people in its vicinity; it holds its breath, hoping that someone will want to run their fingers over the books that overflow from the shelves that line three of the walls. Perhaps someone will take one of the classic fantasy novels. Or the well known science fiction of writers whose names will be more well known than their worlds.

The courageous one turns to their companions and the library strains to hear the words, the shelves creaking and groaning as they lean in. “Do you know what we have to do?” the courageous one asks. “We have to summon the librarian.”

-Mersini Karkoulas, Librarian of SUTEKH

Musical Operating Theatre: One Man's Journey into Grey's Anatomy's Musical Episode

Have you ever wanted to see a disembodied doctor sing the *Grey's Anatomy* theme song to her own unconscious body as it protrudes half-way out of a windshield? That's how *Song Beneath the Song* starts and it just gets worse-better from there. Rather than composing her own numbers, Shonda Rhimes (hereby dubbed Song-da Rhymes) has her cast perform songs made famous by the show.

These performances are spurred by the head trauma suffered by Callie in a car crash and by the head trauma suffered by Rhimes in this car crash of a show. [Let it be said that I unironically love *Grey's Anatomy* and its melodrama.] This means the most literal rendition of The Fray's *How to Save a Life* sung as doctors *literally* save a life. At no point in this production has anyone pointed out that surgeons standing stock-still in front of an open cranium is antithetical to any kind of choreography or that surgical masks make it inordinately difficult to tell who is singing.



At one especially jarring moment, Callie apparently sing-hallucinates a sex-montage of the various couplings including herself and her partner Arizona flirting in a car *flying through heavenly clouds*. *Grey's Anatomy's* soapy nature naturally lends itself to musical theatre. But Rhimes so fundamentally stumbles in her choice of the Snow Patrol and The Fray over original music that the result is comedic at best. This episode is absolutely worth a watch for the sheer audacity, ambition and atonality it presents. It is a xylophone tumbling down a staircase. It has become death, destroyer of worlds. It is *Grey's Anatomy – The Song Beneath the Song*.

RATING: I fucking love this episode because it is batshit insane OUT OF 17.

- Andrew Hau

H O R R O R F R O M O U R
 C O L O N I A L M A S T E R S -
 T H R E E B L O O D Y
 B R I L L I A N T B R I T I S H T V
 S H O W S



Being Human (2008 – 2013)

A vampire, a werewolf and a ghost share an apartment in Bristol. Sounds like a bad sitcom, in reality it's a fucking amazing drama. Toby Whithouse (writer of Doctor Who episodes *School Reunion*, *A Town Called Mercy* and *THE ONE WITH THE LABYRINTH I DON'T REMEMBER THE NAME*) authors a show with unbelievable warmth and strong characterisation. The three roommates are grounded in real-world metaphors with Annie (Lenora Crichlow) the agoraphobic ghost, George (Russell Tovey) the werewolf with repression issues and Mitchell the vampire/sex addict. The show's slow transition from drama with sitcom elements to full-fledged horror/drama. Despite an uneven transitional fourth season in which the show refreshes its entire cast (a cataclysm that befell *Misfits* around the same time), the show recovers for an excellent final season.

In the Flesh (2013 - 2014)

Set in Roarton, an English country town, *In The Flesh* explores society post-zombie apocalypse. The zombies have been beaten back and a cure developed which, while it renders them no longer blood-thirsty and rabid, maintains. The show's central metaphor of zombieism is flexible without being sloppy. At any moment, Roarton's integration of "Partially Deceased Sufferers" recalls integration of migrants, segregation in America, AIDS in the 1980s and the marginalization of queer people. The Kieren (Luke Newberry) is as likeable lens through which to see this story. Resurrected following his suicide, Kieren is torn between the radicals who embrace the zombie label and his well-meaning family who live in a state of denial.

Penny Dreadful (2014 – 2016)

Gothic at its core, *Penny Dreadful* mashes up the best of Victorian horror, bringing vampires, werewolves, Frankenstein and his monsters into the same orbit. Eva Green anchors the show as Vanessa Ives, a woman beset by demons both inner and literal ones. The pacing is indulgent and slow, with the show driven more by tour de force monologues by its stellar cast (Eva Green and Billie Piper particularly) and Romantic indulgences than actual plot. Written and created by John Logan (*Skyfall*, *Sweeney Todd*) the show explores sex, murder, faith and morality in Victorian London in a way that is both pulpy and emotionally raw. In an era of fast-paced storytelling and tweetworthy event television, *Penny Dreadful* is a sinfully good show. You should savour it like a good piece of dark chocolate. (This is a slight cheat, as *Penny Dreadful* is on Showtime but it has a predominantly British production, setting and cast!)

- Andrew Hau

The Adventures of Sammy J and Nygmi boo

PART FOUR

‘So what’s the go with Firenze and Leslie?’ asked Carmilla as she bit into a blood jelly. They’d been experimenting with new blood products for Fangtasia and the weekly tea with Pam was the perfect place to test them.

‘What was the last thing you heard?’ replied Pam as she poked at the jelly experimentally with her spoon.

‘That things were going well between them.’ Carmilla cut her jelly in half and looked at it expectantly. It wobbled.

‘Yeah, that’s basically it. They’re even thinking of starting a family together. I mean Leslie and Ben. Firenze will give the children pony rides.’

‘This isn’t right,’ Carmilla sighed, still staring at her jelly. ‘It’s supposed to have a yummy liquid centre.’ The jelly wobbled mockingly at her as she poked it yet again with the knife.

‘Hmm, you’re right. It might have too much gelatin. What about Sammy and Riddler? Have they fallen apart yet?’

‘Well, their relationship is going about as well as we expected. They’ve started going to a bondage group of some kind in an attempt to rebuild trust. You know how paranoid Riddler can get.’

‘Yeah, and I bet Sammy isn’t helping the situation. I know he means it as a joke, but sometimes he needs to stop the teasing.’

‘Well, we wouldn’t be in this mess if you’d just told me you were seeing Pam,’ The Riddler said to his boyfriend as they reached the front door. Although he wasn’t technically yelling at this point, he was getting closer to it with every word.

‘Babe, I was joking. I wouldn’t really tell you I was on my way to see my mistress if I was cheating on you.’

‘So you’d lie to my face?!’ he replied, his voice rising an octave. They walked through the door and into the building, moving off to the side by the snack table to try and keep their argument private.

‘Dude, another joke. Seriously, learn to take them.’ Sammy J said as he reached for

Riddler's hands in an attempt to calm him down.

'I AM NOT MY COUSIN!!!!!!' he said, yanking his hands out of Sammy J's grasp and accidentally whacking Marissa Cooper, who is very much alive (and shame on you for believing that terrible, slanderous rumour about her death), in the process.

Ryan Atwood stopped in his tracks and puffed up his chest, facing The Riddler and trying to look large and intimidating. 'Do we have a problem here?' he said using his best cop voice, the one he saved for particularly bad situations.

'I don't know. Do we?' Samuel L. Jackson stepped towards Ryan and also puffed out his chest.

A friendly and enthusiastic voice interrupted the almost-fight, 'Whoa there, fellas! Hakuna your tatas, we're about to start!' Then, speaking to the rest of the group, Captain Hammer said with a sly wink, 'Regulars, you know the ropes. Everyone else, you'll get to know them. Either way, get ready.'

Riddler and Sammy J looked at each other and followed the Captain, passing Chris Pratt who has started to blow up a pterodactyl doll.

'Please Chris, I told you the dinosaur kink group meets on Tuesdays,' said Captain Hammer holding up the room schedule.

'I told you, pterodactyls are NOT DINOSAURS!!' Chris said as he stormed off carrying his half-inflated pterodactyl.

Eric looked at the plate of jelly Pam and Carmilla handed him.

'And you're telling me that that you made a perfectly good bag of B-pos into this abomination?'

'Oh don't be so dramatic. You haven't even tried it, and you know how boring it can get to drink the same old liquid blood' said Carmilla as she pushed the plate of jelly closer to Eric.

'And you might even get a reward if you eat all your jelly like a good boy,' said Pam teasingly as she pulled out some complicated-looking contraption out her bag.

Eric looked at it. Was it a sex toy or a torture device? Did it really make a difference either way?

He looked at the jelly one more time and dug into it with his spoon.

'Is it supposed to ooze like that?'

Thor walked into the group as Captain Hammer was demonstrating a particularly complicated-looking knot to the group. He walked over to the snack table and waved at Captain Hammer before giving his full attention to the snack spread.

‘OK folks, our time’s up. Please help pack up,’ Captain Hammer said to the group. After making sure he untied his volunteer, Captain Hammer walked over to Thor and hugged him from behind. ‘Is that your hammer, or are you just happy to see me?’ he whispered into Thor’s ear.

‘The hammer *is* my penis,’ the blonde god replied flirtatiously.

‘Well tonight your hammer is mine,’ Captain Hammer said as he grabbed Thor’s crotch. The ridiculously good looking couple started to kiss.

‘You know,’ Thor said as he pulled away from the Captain, ‘I make thunder with my hammer’.

‘Damn right you do ;)’ Captain Hammer looked lustfully at Thor and felt his strong pecs and iron-hard abs over his shirt, ready to rip it off at a moment’s notice. If only there weren’t so many people there. Then again, that could be hot... but completely inappropriate in a work environment.

Firenze walked into the room and made his way to Captain Hammer and Thor.

‘Are you guys almost done? It’s our turn’

Captain Hammer sighed as he let go of his hunk of a god, still shuddering with desire. ‘Yeah, but you can always join in ;)’ he said as he playfully traced Firenze’s abs with his finger.

Thor laughed at Firenze’s obvious discomfort and the captain’s shameless flirting. ‘Easy boy, save it for the bedroom. It doesn’t take us that long to get home.’

- Anahi and Sabrina

The Editor's lament

The Zwei is done, but I sit here to linger,
And wonder If only it could have been bigger.
But no decision of mine could avert that fate
when only a few chose to create.

Those that did, did so exceptionally.
Their content brings them my gratitude eternally.
For within this Zwei you'll find something delightful.
A product of love, of joy quite insightful.

My dearest creators, you're the jewel of my heart.
For when I was in need, you produced works of art.
But as for those many, who didn't participate.
Those persons for whom the Zwei is lightweight.

I suppose I'll forgive them, and move on in time.
But I'll never forget what could have been mine.
The Zweihander can always be more than it is.
The sky's not the limit, it doesn't take a whizz,
To see that the true limit isn't a budget,
Nor the ability of the editor to fudge it.
The limit is SUTEKH, their willingness to stay,
And fight for a better Zweihander today.

I can't say I blame them all for not writing,
I've done my best to make the Zwei inviting.
It's here for you now, ready to partake.
I can only hope that your heart will ache.

May inspiration take you, take creativity to mind.
Chuck me an email, and with our efforts combined,
We'll make a Zweihander that's as great as can be.
This Zwei is done, but there's still more to see!

Pokémon Go: Because you've always wanted to try meth, but tooth retention is a priority.

It's raining and I'm huddled under a too-small umbrella in Prince Alfred Park. It's 10:30pm but my mate and I have spotted a Pinsir and WE ARE GOING TO CATCH IT. We're playing Pokémon Go. Or tripping on acid. Probably the former.

If you've somehow missed the explosion of Pokémon Go, it's an Augmented Reality game created by The Pokémon Company and Niantic Labs (an ex-subsi-dary of Google). Basically it's Google Maps plus Pokémon. Items and mechanics speed up progress or attract more Pokémon. These can be obtained through persistence or in-app purchases, although the game is reasonably balanced in this regard. Gyms are places you can attack or defend on behalf of one of three teams (Team Valor, Team Instinct and the correct option: Team Mystic). A substantial metagame and strategies exist around Gyms and catching Pokémon efficiently. But, as with many mobile titles, the main appeal is its simple and addictive gameplay which prioritises persistence over skill.

The core of *Pokémon Go* for most casual players is the addictive gameplay and a constant vigilance for rare species on the Nearby screen (a kind of Grindr for Pokémon). I spent a weekend in Canberra and was greeted by a plethora of new Pokémon which proved an addictive distraction throughout the weekend. Specific Pokémon are more common to or exclusive to certain areas, and so positioned between three Lure Modules, I captured thirty or so Pokémon. Harvesting items from Pokestops (location markers linked to artworks, sculptures and landmarks) are purely a stopgap activity to fill the time between encounters.

The main draw is nostalgia. The game feels specifically targeted at older audiences who grew up with Pokémon. Of course, the game will sustain a younger population but the opacity of the game's mechanics, combined with the necessity of a decent smartphone narrows its potential audience. The game focuses on the original 150 Pokémon but the modern mainline games do not make this distinction, remixing the Pokédex with no regard to generations of either Pokémon or players. *Pokémon Go* is designed to turn the gentle tug of Poke-nostalgia and childhood play as Pokémon Trainers into a reality.

That addictiveness and simplicity carries the game through some rough patches.

The games' servers have been absolutely hammered since launch with crashes necessitating re-logins a bigger pest than Zubat. Playing on Android with a Google account, I faced significantly fewer hassles than iPhone users but crashes and freezes frustrated, especially in the middle of a rare catch. Unlike the mainline games, there is a total lack of explanation for the mechanics of the game, with even basics like the timing of Pokéball throws taught through Reddit threads rather than an in-game tutorial. Overall, there is a clumsiness to the implementation of a stellar core concept.

Furthermore, *Pokémon Go* has transplanted the social phenomenon of friends tapping away at smartphones during dinner into a newly social activity. Teens and twenty-somethings are rediscovering sunlight and society like Indiana Molewomen leaving their bunkers. I spent a lunch with a friend catching an elusive Grimer, noting other passerbys clearly playing. Juggernaut events like the Sydney Pokéwalk have amassed attendees numbering in the thousands. Whether this community is sustainable through server downtime, glitches and fading novelty, remains to be seen.

Rating: 844 Doduos out of
OH MY GOD WHY ARE THERE
SO MANY FUCKING DODUOS.

[I'm going to be honest, that title is a mashup of two jokes from *The Katering Show* and *30 Rock*.]

- Andrew Hau



The Bart The - Rules

By Andrew, Michael and Tristan

Requirements

Each Player:

4d12

3d6

1d20

1d4

Setup

Each player rolls the 4d12.

Each of these is a health marker. Some are stronger than others (as marked by their values)



Each Round

Roll for Turn Order

The 3d6 are rolled, these represent turn order. Without revealing them, arrange you die for the 3 turns. Once each place has decided upon their order, their die are revealed.

Each Turn

Roll for Initiative

Players roll d20 for initiative according to the turn order.

The highest (d6) die rolls last, this allows for later rollers to bump the outcome of prior dice rolls.

Ties roll at the same time.

The player with the highest initiative (d20) roll select another player to attack.

Combat

Combat consists of 2 players, an attacker (who rolled the highest initiative) and the defender (who the attacker chose to attack).

The attacker rolls the d4 to determine how many attacks they get to make. They can choose to attack less than this number of times.

Each Attack

Both the attacker and defender roll their d20. The player with the highest value has an opportunity to knock out their opponents defence die (d12).

If the attacker's die is higher, they take the difference between the 2 rolls.

If the defender's die is higher, they take the difference between the 2 rolls, divided by 2 and rounded down.

In order to knock off the opponents defence die, the value must be greater than or equal to a defence die. If it is, then the defence die can be removed. And that player is removed from the round (they cannot attack / defend / roll initiative)

End of Game

Once all of a players defence die are gone, they are removed from the game. Play until only one player remains.

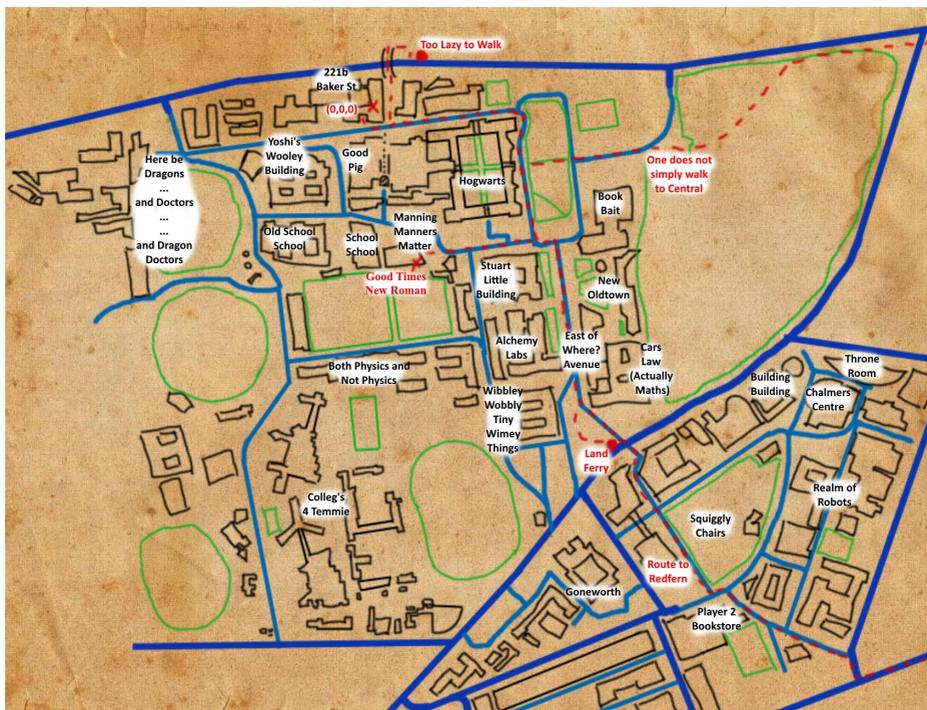
Tristan Amendments

After each round, the player with the least total health invents a new rule. This rule cannot be biased, it will affect all players equally.

If multiple rules conflict, or are confusing. Please report them to Tristan, it won't help, but he likes to know he's contributing.

Editor's note:

This game was devised upon the challenge of creating a game from simple dice rolling, think of it as an experiment attempting to draw fun out of dice, like a tabletop roleplaying game without the roleplaying, the table, and only the barest essence of a game.



Review: *Star VS The Forces of Evil* is a little weird, a little wild and a lot of fun



It's easy to say that we're in the middle of a cartoon renaissance. Since 2010 with the premiere of *Adventure Time* (or perhaps 2005, with *Avatar: The Last Airbender*) cartoons have drawn from nostalgia and anime alike to bring us well-written entertainment for adults and children alike. As someone who grew up with the 90's *Spider-Man* and anime like *Digimon*, it makes me happy to see cartoons hitting such a confident stride!

Which brings me to Disney's *Star VS The Forces of Evil*.

In only the second Disney animated series to be created by a woman (after *Pepper Anne*), *Daron Nefcy* introduces us to the misadventures of *Star Butterfly*. In some ways a magiced up version of *Gravity Falls*' *Mabel Pines*, in part reference to many an anime magical girl, *Star* is voiced with clear enthusiasm by *Eden Sher*.

The mischievous princess of another dimension (Mewni), *Star* inherits the family magic wand and has been exiled to Earth so that she can properly learn how to use its magic power. Being an inter-dimensional transfer student she lives with *Marco Diaz* (*Adam McArthur*), squeaky clean with a penchant for karate, and his family. It's a simple premise, but already one bristling with conflict – especially as the threat of reform school looms over *Star*'s head should she step out of line.

The friendship between *Marco* and *Star* is placed centre-stage in many episodes,

with plots ranging from the pair watching movies while eating nachos to Marco using his psychology skills to help Star through her sleep-walking. For all their differences, it's clear that Marco and Star both care for and value one another.

Like any good cartoon the world revolves around Star. This forms the main focus of the series two main plots - her constant battles with the comically inept Ludo (Alan Tudyk, continuing his work with Disney) and the culture clash between the princess of Mewni and regular everyday Earth.

With a first season broadcast as 13 episodes (each episode made of two 11-minute segments) and a second season having only recently premiered, *Star VS The Forces of Evil* hasn't strayed too far from its core cast. Despite that, the series does use individual segments to flesh out its side characters. This can range from the struggle of Ludo's henchman, *Lobster Claws*, to become "good" to an episode that sees Star and her father (also Alan Tudyk) bonding over their fondness for monster fighting.

In some ways this has worked for the show - expanding its world in small ways by developing characters linked to its main characters. It certainly gives the show more focus than *Adventure Time*, which in recent seasons has become a sprawling cartoon epic with an increasing retinue of fascinating characters.

Star VS The Forces of Evil is another entertaining cartoon to complement other series in this cartoon renaissance. It's themes of friendship and fighting monsters may not be wholly original, but the series is bristling with an enthusiasm (not least from Star herself) that makes you happy. If you're not a fan of bright colours and shows just out to have fun, then maybe steer clear of Star and her adventures. If that sounds like your sort of thing, well, the second season has only just started! It won't take long for you to catch up.

PS. The opening theme is v v catchy and fun. By the same person who brought you the *Gravity Falls* theme too!

- Brendan O'Shea

the sutexh server

Server News: Episode 2

Welcome one, welcome many.

After a short break last semester, Server News is back. We have a couple of changes slowly making their way through the works, so let me update you all on what's been happening.

First of all, after working through many issues and countless hours of fiddling and reworking, we have GMod up and running, and Don't Starve Together well on its way. Steam on Linux has been causing us a myriad of issues in setting these up, but don't fret - Left 4 Dead 2 has not been left for dead yet. If you would like to see the game servers in action, just request one at our next Steamy Saturday event (brought to you by the almighty Tristan).

By this point in the year, I have managed to gather some statistics, and can announce that we have spent more hours collectively playing Terraria than we have spent on all other games combined. Kudos to Ellis for bringing everyone together and creating such a vibrant community. We have a suite of Sutekh members and non-members brewing up an entirely new minigame for Minecraft - keep an eye out for it later this year or over the summer break. As mentioned before GMod is up and running, and just needs a bit of polishing before it's perfect. And finally, Mumble is gliding away happy as ever, and can tell us that we have collectively sent to each other over 100GB of voice data since it was set up.

For our developers and interested parties, we are well on the way to open-sourcing the SuteXh/Tap-to-Play system, and have an internal code repository set up at git.sutekh.org.au. If you would like to join us as a developer, or are interested in the project and its uses, please contact me (Simon Koch) at nomis@tomahfarm.com.au.

We are also please to announce that SuteXh is no longer Sutekh's - we have decided that the next major version of the NFC-based event management system will be developed by a separate community of developers, and will be open-sourced upon completion. This change will let us expand the breadth of features and applicability of the system, bring in new faces to the development team, and hopefully even offer the completed system to a few more societies ready for O-Week 2017. The new group (tentatively named the Tap-to-Play collective) will be setting up a series of developer meetings throughout the semester, and would love for you to become involved, whether as a programmer/developer, tester, or even just an interested party.

the sutexh server

Once again, if there is something you think we're not doing, please let us know. If you think we're squandering precious computation time whilst we could be using the server to calculate exact distances between celestial objects in the Star Wars universe, or think we should set up a round of Mumble-powered chat roulette, please let your us know. You can always find us on Facebook ([facebook.com/groups/Sutekh](https://www.facebook.com/groups/Sutekh)) or at any Sutekh event.

So I look forward to seeing you in the virtual realm of the SuteXh server, or in the real world. I hope everyone has achieved the results they wanted in the avalanche of exams last semester, and wish everyone the best of luck for the rest of the year.

- **Simon, IT Officer**

an article on ~~editorship~~ &

The editor of the Zwei is ^{awesome} censoring me

Recently, I came across a very real issue with ~~editorship~~s. Tristan, the Captain of the Zweihander and former General Executive, is actively using ~~editorships~~s to invade a range of ~~personal freedoms~~ of old; well-established ~~rules~~ of societies. The poor victims, including the people of ~~Sutekh~~ and other members of these ~~formerly brilliant but now plagued establishments~~ are now on the cusp of ultimate ~~collapse~~, engineered ~~only by Tristan~~. The ~~censorship~~-based "enlightenment" by their new grandmaster, Tristan the amazingly ~~deceitful~~, is complete.

"It's quite easy to tie a noose" ~~around the neck of a dissident~~, and Tristan ~~always~~ says, whilst waving ~~around his fake flag of freedom~~, that ~~dissident voices~~ must be extinguished ~~from our societies~~. He does so at all costs, since ~~the bogged and heathen~~ ^{rabies} ~~vale of his treachery~~ can easily be seen from afar.

I have ~~proof~~ - believe me! ~~It's just been edited out~~.

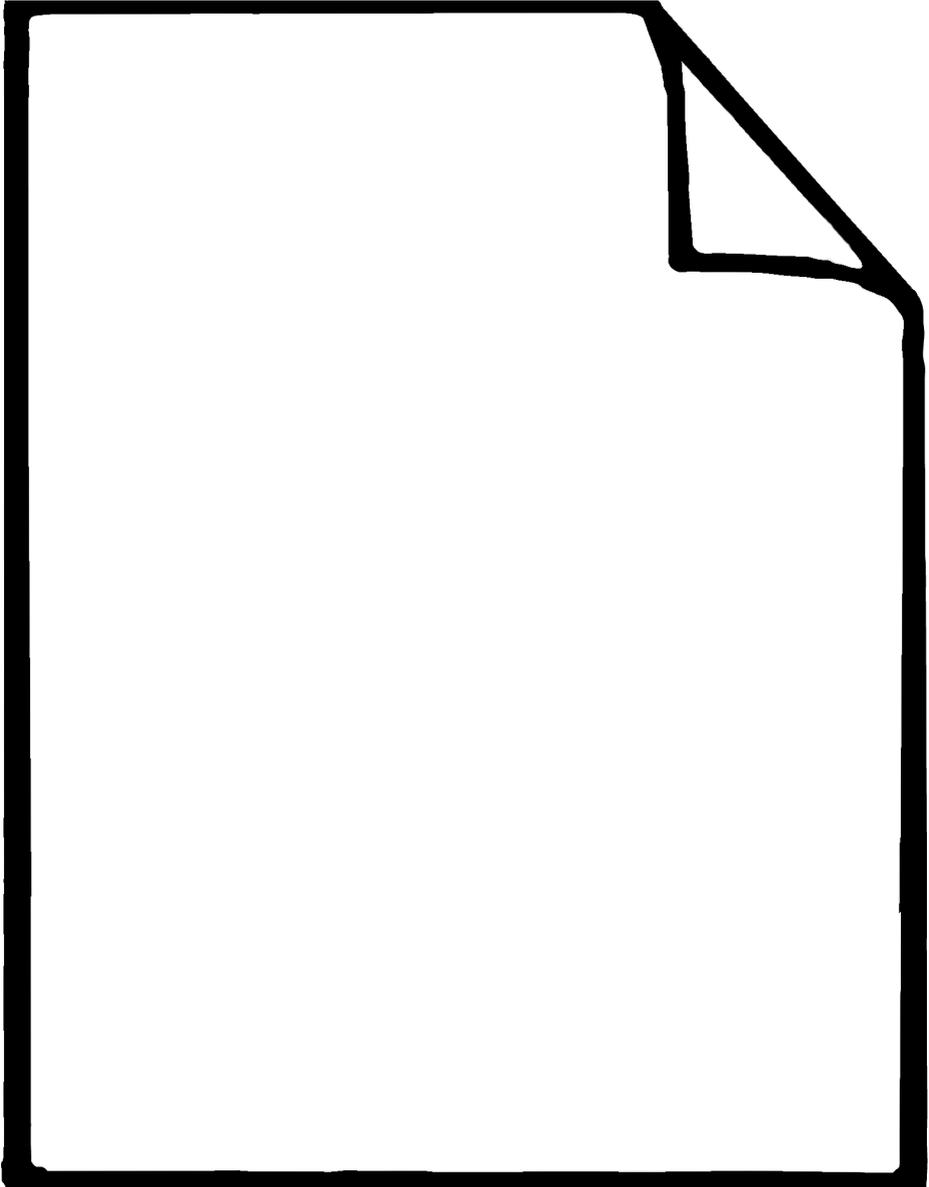
- Simon, IT Officer



Editor's note:

This article was received as published and no modifications were made at any point in the editing phase, the content of the article reflects the views of Simon, and is not representative of SUTEKH nor the Zweihander as a whole.

Colouring In Page



Editorial

Not all formats are equal.

This was something I learnt at a young age, when I discovered the differences between .png and .jpg, and imagine my shock when I discovered vector images! You can define things in strange and different ways, you can give every little detail, every single pixel, you can compress that a little, or you can describe the lines that make up the image. These thoughts and many others went through my head as I compiled this Zweihander. There's some wonderful content here, plenty of strange a delightful stuff, and I must thank the contributors for going about making the bricks with which I built this Zweihander. We had all kinds of content submissions, from .png, .jpg and .doc, I think I even got a .txt, but woe betide the .pdf. Am I not the editor? Isn't it my job to *edit*? I don't have the finances or the degree to excuse owning the Adobe suite, so a PDF is just a royal pain in the backside. My science student powers of Excel usage can't save me from the PDF.

If it were not for the efforts of the content creators to rectify the dreaded curse of the PDF, I can't think of what may have occurred. It is really quite terrifying.

- Tristan Anlezark, Editor.

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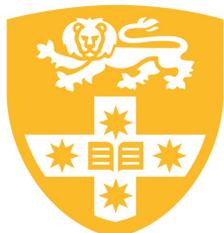
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