



#InRodWeTrust

INANIMATE CARBON ROD #1 FOR NUS UK NATIONAL PRESIDENT

The **Inanimate Carbon Rod** is a cylinder of very few words. On the average day, the rod will do nothing; a statistic trivial to calculate as the rod is indeed inanimate.

IMAGE NOT APPROVED BY THE NUS

Hi, my name is Sam Gaus, and I am the Nominated Bearer of the **Inanimate Carbon Rod** who would like to be *your* next President of *your* National Union of Students. I believe in an NUS that knocks through walls in the movement, rather than builds them. An NUS that fights for the rights of all inanimate members of society, not just meatbags. An NUS that truly understands the importance of building the Workers' Bomb.

As President, the **Rod** will represent all students, regardless of politics, and without sarcasm or aggression or inaccessible language and behaviour, because; as an inanimate rod, it is incapable of having or displaying emotions.

The **Rod** has come a long way since being awarded Worker of the Week, February 1994 at Springfield Nuclear Power Plant.

As an **Inanimate Carbon Rod**, it has already done more than any National President in the last 3 years to challenge the agenda of the government. From *not* attacking student protesters; to *not* refusing to support the 2010 protests when students needed it most; to *not* telling the government that it was fine to cut bursaries, it has consistently put its status as an **Inanimate Carbon Rod** above the temptation to sell out and shamelessly promote itself.

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NUS

Even when it has come to the toughest commitments – like *not* organising a national demo that ends in Zone 2 – it has been there for you. There's a little bit of carbon in all of us.

*Everyone deserves to have a personal relationship with their National President.
Let's carbon date.*

#1 We are the change

A full nuclear arsenal for the NUS

We need to be in it to win, and to win, we need to build the Bomb, in solidarity with workers and trade unionists. We need to be working with activists and staff in Student Unions across the UK, turning their Unions into factories to assemble pieces of the Students'-Workers' Bomb.



Only through dynamic and efficient construction of this bomb can we return control of Student Unions to their students, and workplaces to their workers. So let's work together to get the job done. It won't be easy, but by working together under the leadership of the **Rod**, NUS can achieve this vital task.

Train 8,000,000 death cyborgs

If elected, the **Rod** will probably deliver training – in house and in overpriced residential – to create a gigantic army of blood-hungry death robots.

#2 Our movement

The **Rod** is proud of our movement, and proud of what we have achieved. Now more than ever, we need to value the people who run our movement, and look to the future. We need to be clear about where we come from and where we're going. We need to be future and clear about going to where and from. Now movement and ever before are we proud achievements together **being together**. There are those who will say clear future value people but let's be clear: future. Not just the next five years, but the next four thousand years – together in positive serious fightback for **serious together** clear where we are going. Now more than ever, in the streets comrades, in the streets, we must fight for in the streets because now more than ever we need a movement clear future streets, that in the streets now more proud achievement going.

"Conference, I am appalled"

- Carl Carlson

IMAGE NOT APPROVED BY THE NUS

#3 April the Cruellest

"April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

-- Three Eyed Fish

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"I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih"

-- Hans Moleman