



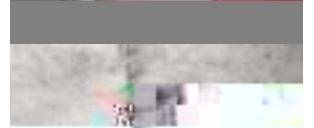
Dangers in VSU Í ÁÁÁ



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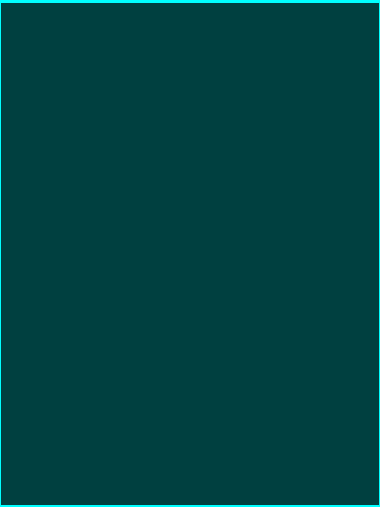
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If it is passed through parliament, VSU is going to gut many of the university services many of us take for granted. One of those services is the Union's Honey-pot Childcare Centre which provides cheap childcare for students. Recently the Shadow Minister for Education,

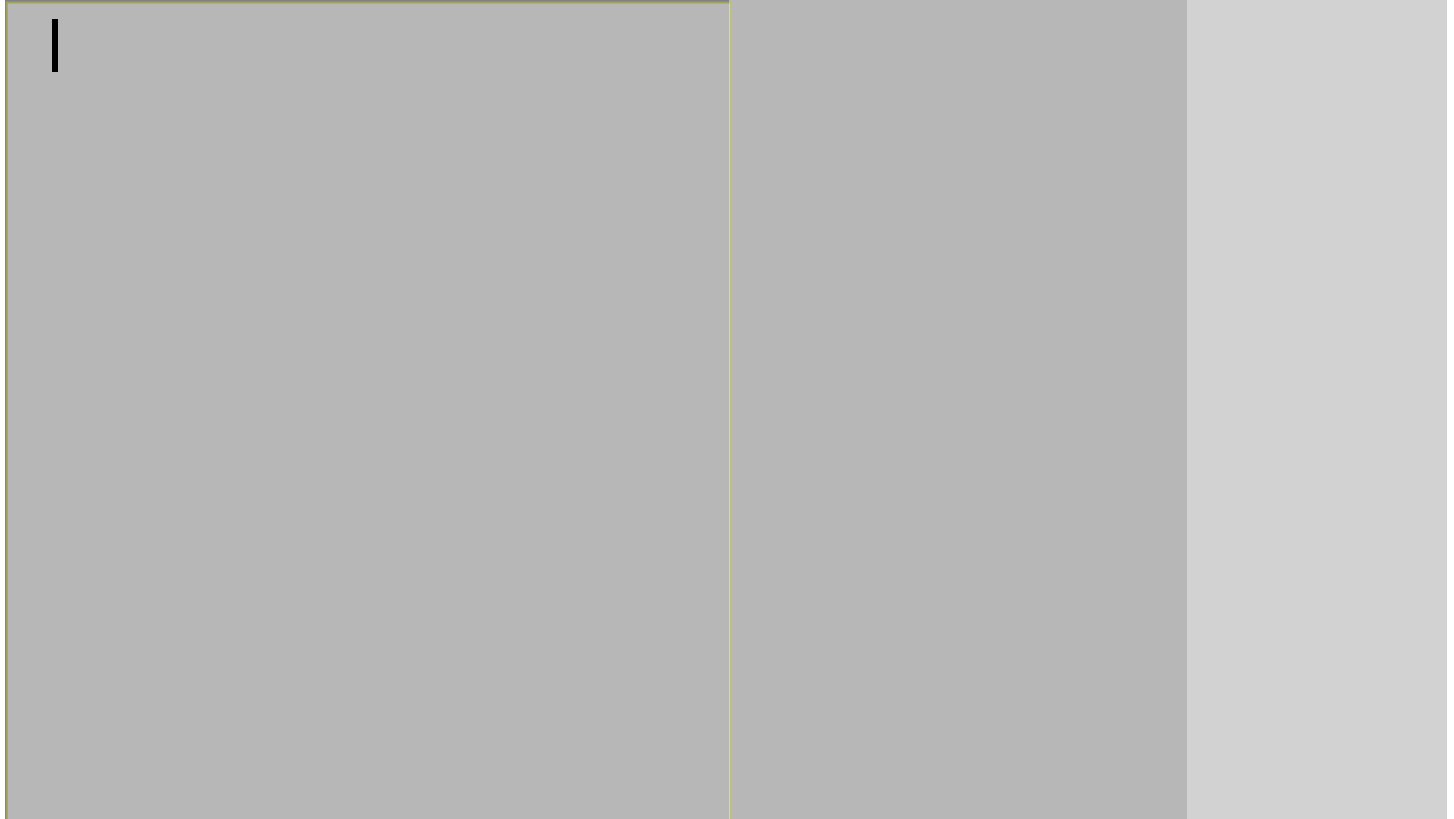
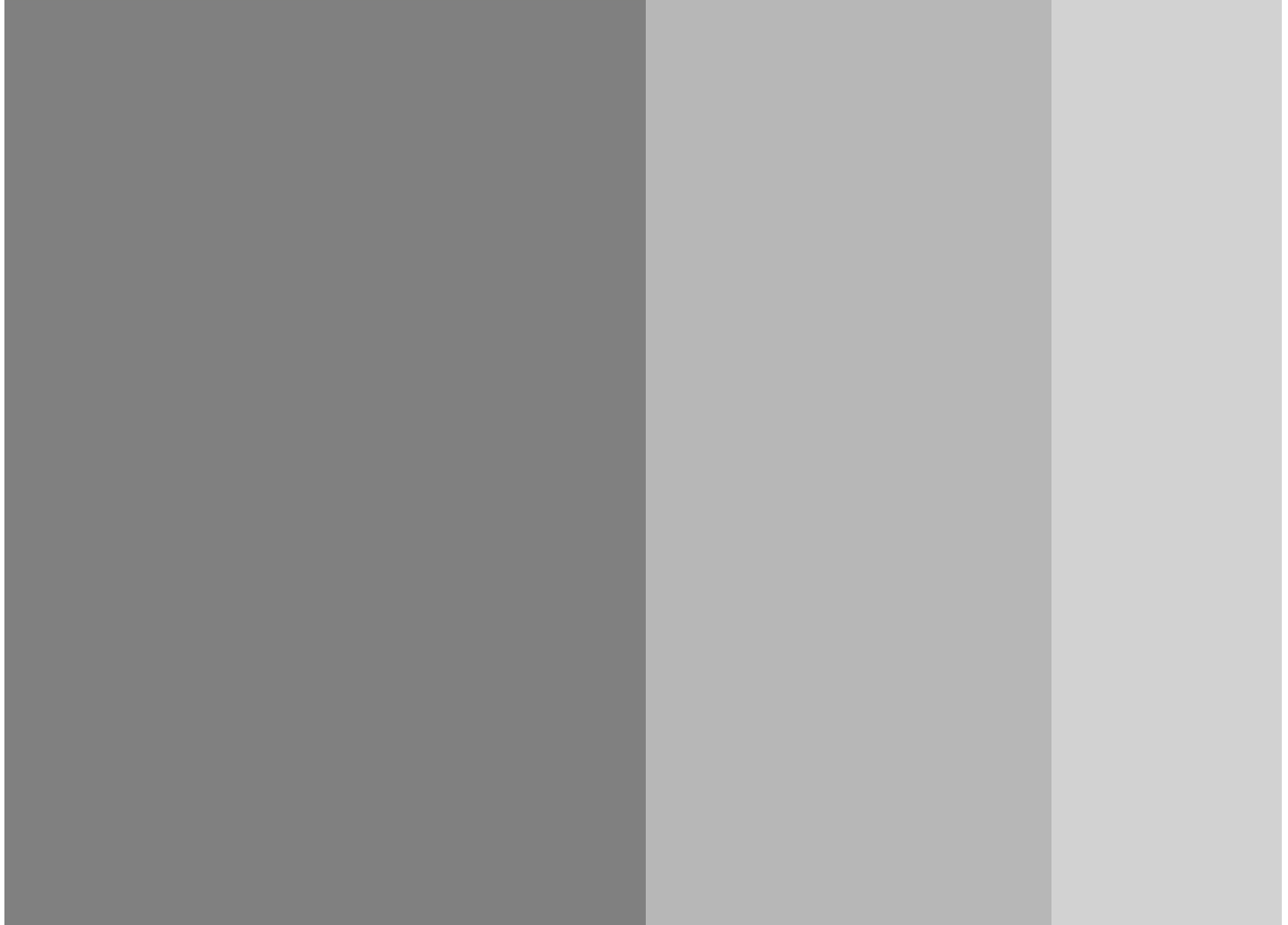
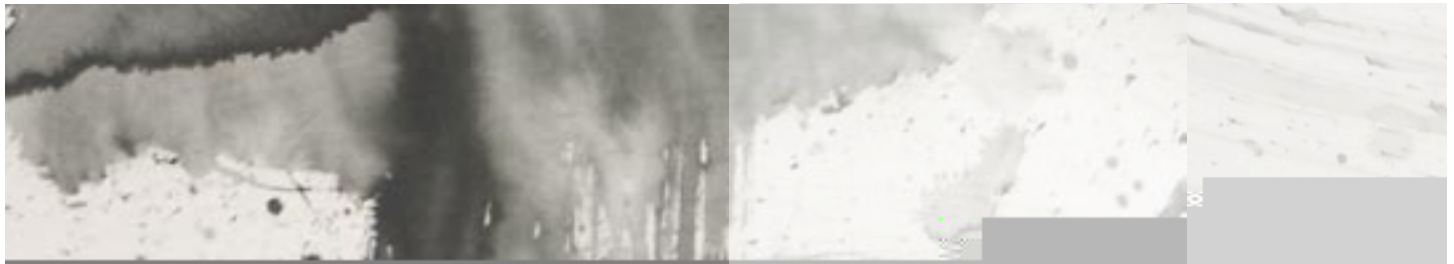


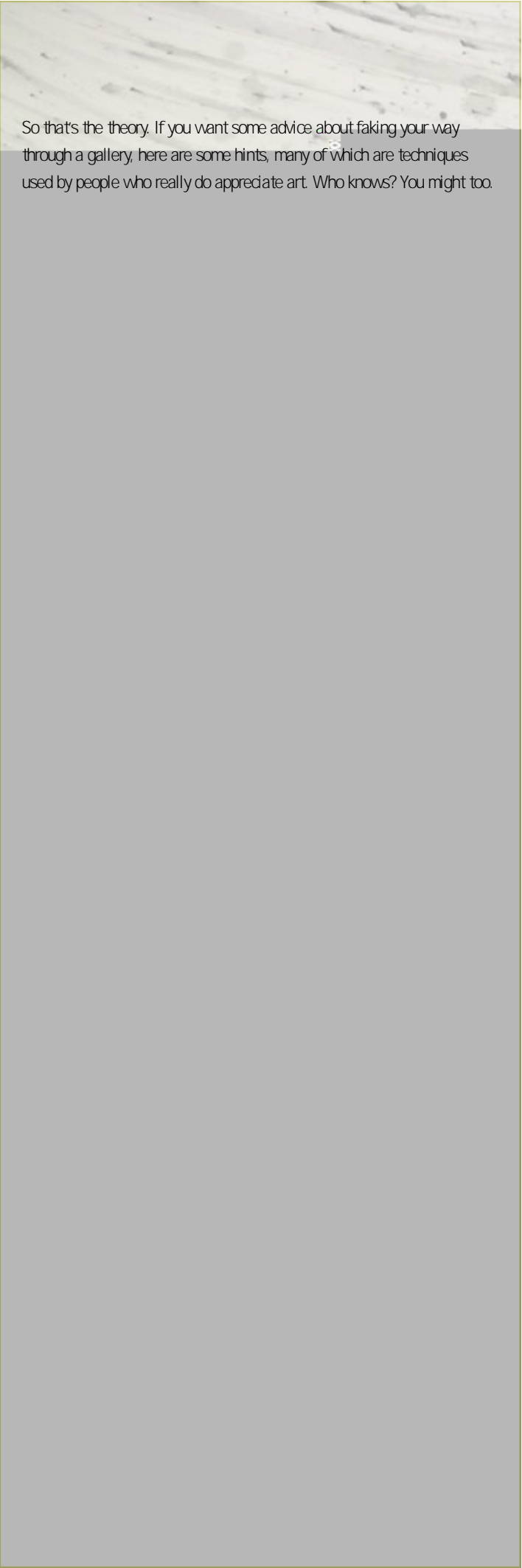




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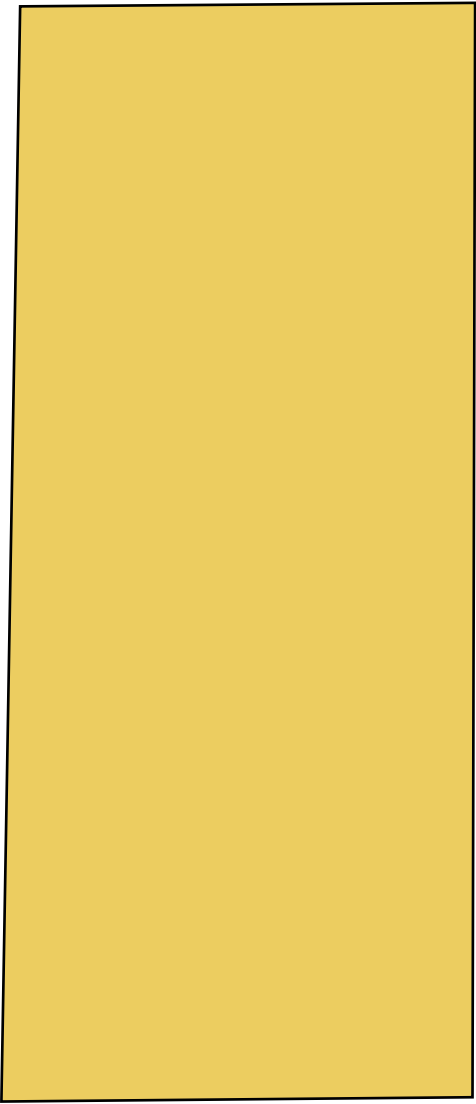


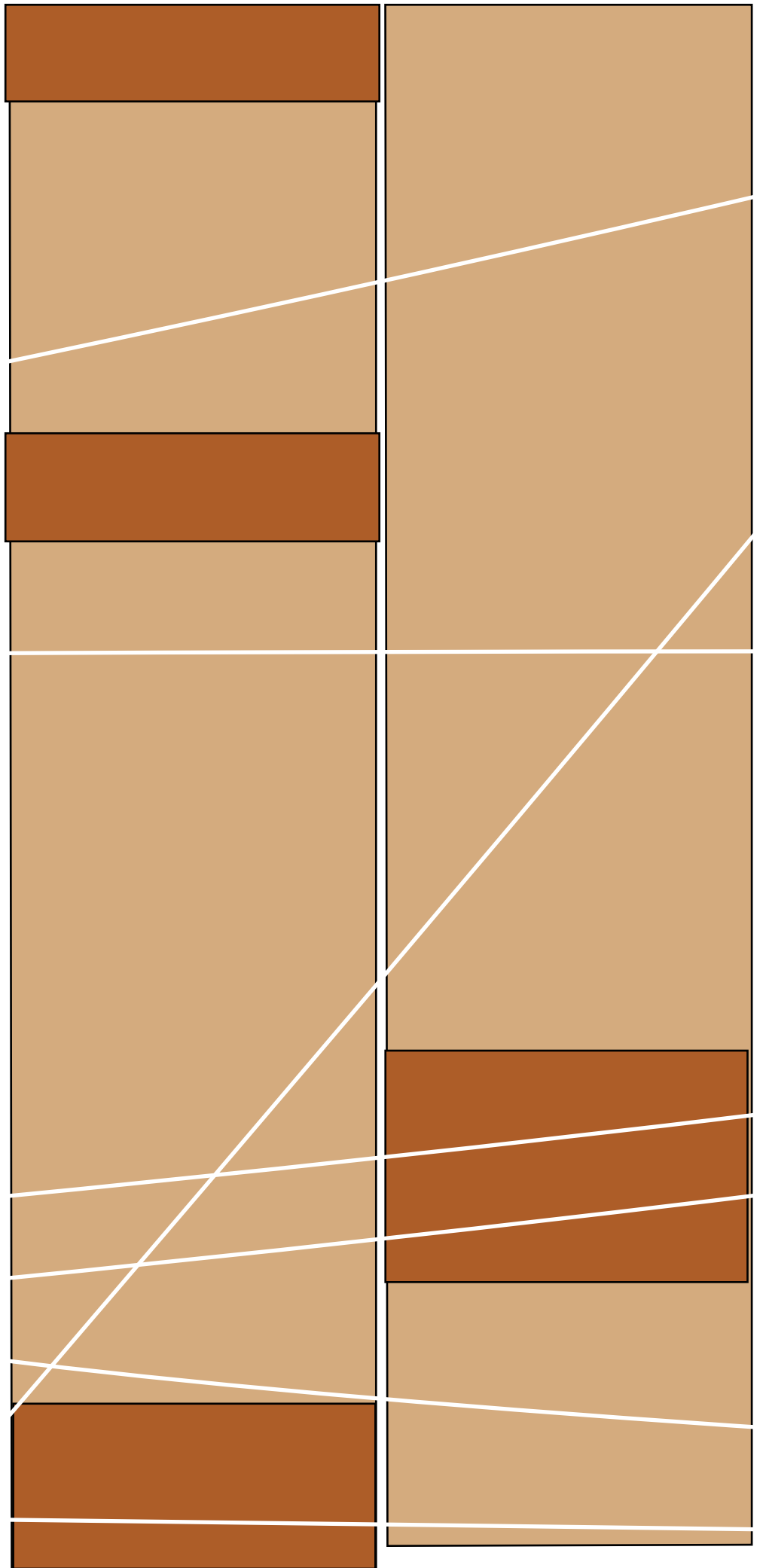


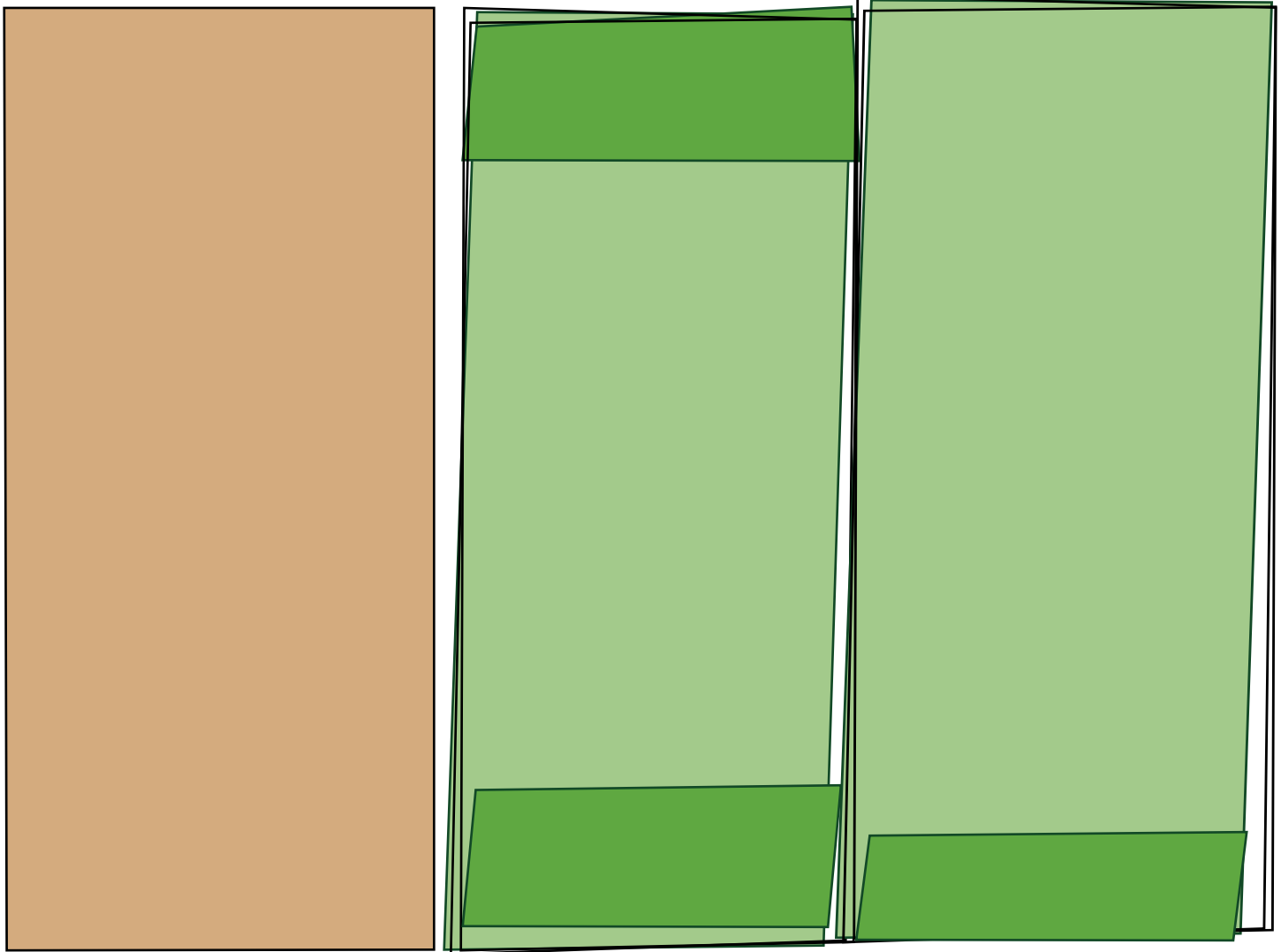


So that's the theory. If you want some advice about faking your way through a gallery, here are some hints, many of which are techniques used by people who really do appreciate art. Who knows? You might too.













The Supahip are Sydney duo Michael Carpenter and Mark Moldre. "Seize the World" is the result of thirteen days in studio production over the period of fourteen months. "The Supahip's" unusual modus operandi involved arriving in the morning with an idea and leaving at the end of the day with a completed track.

Everything about "STW

**GhUfh]b [&+h\ GYdh"
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AYbfig

find a word

target

Make as many words as you can out of the nine letters. The centre letter must be used in every word. Use each letter only once. No plurals or proper nouns.



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Bereft at Felix's sudden and unexpected departure with the Viking, Edwin completed his studies, graduated and moved hastily to Toulouse with the idea of beginning his own practice on the proceeds of his inheritance, left to him in trust by his dear grandmother Agnes, who had lived in Nancy and departed this life (courtesy of complications from a carbuncle made septic by the constant rubbing of her slim-line panty-girdle) some years earlier. The business was not an instant success, and Edwin struggled for three successive years to attract clients, all the time mourning the loss of the object of his desire, Felix.

by the time the nuns looked heavenwards (both of them offering up brief prayers for the soul of the poor unfortunate departed as they did), the cloud was looking less like a hand and more like a rabbit. Edwin's demise made news enough for a short story of five lines on a latter page of the local newspaper the next day; a private funeral followed shortly thereafter, attended by few.

Felix left Olaf shortly after the Ssh ñ of

One wet Saturday evening in March of 1957, as he stepped out on to the street on his way to mass (having shortly beforehand thrown back two stiff Tanqueray gins and a Hennessy in a local bar), Edwin was run down by a streetcar as he paused for a moment to look up and view a strange and threatening cloud formation in the sky above him, which he thought looked curiously like the hand of God, pointing down at him. In the moment before impact, as he raised his face heavenwards (feeling slightly flushed from the drinks no less), he wondered whether this was because he'd missed confession a week earlier. By an uncanny coincidence, the streetcar's driver had also glanced up and seen the odd and wispish fist that hung malevolently above the city, and being possessed of a somewhat nervous disposition already (he suffered awful dyspepsia, brought on primarily by an overbearing mother), took this to mean, in a stark and sudden moment of regret-tinged hysteria, that the good Lord had condemned him for the adulterous affair he had conducted, all unbeknownst to his wife, with a young stenographer (a hedonistic brunette with a mouthful of teeth like a Spanish mule) from Montmartre during the summer of 1954. With that, he suffered a grand mal seizure and lost all control of the vehicle. Thrown down violently, Edwin was pinned and dragged for almost twenty yards under one of the bogeys.

Edwin's face (unfortunately for Evelyn, who could only identify him by way of his overall physique and birthmark: a splodged port-wine stain located at the top of his left buttock which bore an uncanny resemblance to an outline of a map of Luxembourg) was grazed off upon the asphalt to the point where he was unrecognizable. His left leg (protruding from beneath the carriage) was shortly thereafter run over by a passing Citroën, whose startled lady driver let out several yips and a yelp (as she realized what she had just done courtesy of the tableau, fast disappearing in her rear-vision mirror) and did not bother to stop. Several of the streetcar's passengers were by this time beginning to ask for refunds on their fares, and the conductor was looking nervous. As Edwin was already dying this hardly mattered, however the profound snapping sound of front and rear hydro-pneumatic suspension on bone did, and did little to calm the gathering of already distressed onlookers; it indeed had profound psychological consequences, it was only later revealed, for two young women (Carmelite nuns in fact: Sister Marie-Claude and Sister Sandrine, the latter a novice, the former a hypochondriac; both from Toulon) who had witnessed the goings-on after having stepped out of a boulangerie (they'd stopped in for a furtive indulgence of a pain au chocolat or two, even though they'd both given them up, supposedly, for Lent) opposite the spot where Edwin's body lay. Interestingly,

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Hypotheticals: a game which I've played with my mates a few times. You simply take turns asking the group what they would do in a certain situation*. Most commonly it comes in the form "Would you do [blank] for [insert dollar value]?"

It's a pretty pointless game really as it usually degenerates into ludicrous hypotheticals that could never actually happen, ever. All the same it can be fun when interesting hypotheticals are thrown into the mix. It is especially intriguing finding out what kind of sick hidden personalities can surface under these situations.

Your standard opening hypothetical would probably be the highly thought-provoking "Would you eat your own poo for \$1 million?" Chuckles aside, most people do actually give this one a bit of thought. It's particularly humorous when people take the hypothetical on-board and start requesting poo add-ons, for example "Am I allowed to put heaps of tomato sauce?" or "I might do it if I mixed it with two litres of ice-cream." The answer to this is unquestionably "No dude, that's cheating. It's gotta come straight out, then go straight back in. Think of it as completing the human waste cycle." Once this has all been fleshed out, it is common to decrease the monetary reward (\$100,000, \$10,000, \$1,000) until you find the sickest person in the room. Trust me, there are people out there who would do it for \$1,000.

Poo jokes aside, there are plenty non-infantile hypotheticals, all of them good discussion points. Here are a couple to get you started:

- If you had to give up two of your five senses, which ones would they be?
- If you could only save [insert person here] or [another person] who would you choose?
- If your life depended on it (as it frequently does), would you pash Amanda Vanstone or John Howard?
- Would you write an article for Blitz for \$25?

Now whenever there's an awkward silence during a dinner-party or social gathering, you have the perfect hypothetical ace up your sleeve. The poo one is sure to go down a treat.

* I just realised that this premise would be perfect for a television show. How perfect is the title Hypotheticals? It would have to be hosted by Eddie Maguire and Catriona Rowntree. Pete Smith (the voice-over guy from the old Sale of the Century) would be the voice-over presenter. I'd also have to hire the sound effects guy from Funniest Home Videos because he can make anything funny. Channel Ten here I come. All rights reserved Matt Lim 2005.

Would you...
By Matt Lim

By Rob Gascoigne

Not many people know this but I actually used to date Natalie Portman. Sure she's short, but that just meant I was nuts over her (ba boom ching). You see, there was a period where I kind of had a thing for particularly beautiful actresses. I know it's odd, but please don't judge me. At any rate, I'm over it now.

Unfortunately, every rose has its thorn and Nat was no exception. Suffice it to say, it did not end well. She's still pissed about it. As a matter of fact, if you asked her about it now she'd probably pretend she'd never even heard of me! I know what you're thinking: how childish. But that's what it's like; there's this ridiculous hostility.

Oscar winners are particularly bad. Though I'm sure she denies this, I've got a suspicion that Angelina's recent tryst with Brad is her way of getting back at me. And yes, I know the real reason why Tom and Nicole broke up but don't ask me about it - I don't kiss and tell.

Of course, it wasn't all bad. I've got some lovely memories. I remember Natalie's glorious smile as she clambered off the back of the ute when we went pig-shooting. I tell you what, the girl can shoot. Charlize could drink me under the table, and Keira used to laugh and laugh whenever she heard that story about the time I met The Cure (which is true). So, you see, there was a silver lining in the raincloud that was my fling with Hollywood.

So how - I hear you ask - did I meet all these glittering beauties? Well, dear reader, you hold the answer in your hands. Writing for a publication as widely respected and admired as Blitz gives you a hell of a lot of clout, you can meet anyone. And of course actors and actresses are constantly trying to get a positive write up. In short, when you set the agenda of what's in and what's out, you can scale the heady heights of celebrity romance on laughter-silvered wings.

While I acknowledge that I've been quiet about it I feel I've got to put it all down, if only to put it behind me. I hope also that Natalie might get the message. Hopefully I will no longer get text messaged in the middle of the night by a very drunk Natalie Portman. Stop calling, Nat. It's over.



Every week, students contribute their artwork to Visual Blitz and every year, Visual Blitz culminates in an exhibition of student work with prizes awarded to the winning entries. If you're in the habit of making creative statements then Visual Blitz is your canvas.

Send your contributions for 2005 Visual Blitz to: blitzeditor@union.unsw.edu.au (Please include a 50 word explanation)



