

THE BULL



**YOU DAMN
DIRTY GRAPES**



THE REAL
ECONOMY OF
**VIRTUAL
ART**

**BAND
COMP'S**
SONIC WARRIORS

INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY:
ART VS. LAW

...AND ALL THE REGULARITY
OF A BRAN-BASED BREAKY.

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CREDITS

Editors

Robert Chiarella
Bridie Connellan
Nick Kraegen
Diana Tjoeng
Patrick Effeney
thebull@usu.usyd.edu.au

Contributors

Michael
Pat Byrne
Darrell Darrellson
Chris Martin
Ben Paul

Design

Carl Ahearn
Anjali Belani


Communications Officer

Chris Beaumont

www.usuonline.com

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✉ LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

Dear John Nowakowski,

We thoroughly enjoy your correspondence here at *The Bull*, but I feel compelled to respond to last week's contribution.

You may have found Colin Lieu's discussion of gun laws in relation to same-sex marriage upsetting, but I found your characterisation of gun ownership as 'archaic' similarly distressing.

The gun controls introduced after the Port Arthur Massacre did not affect Australia's firearms homicide rate at all, but in the same period it was found that population gun ownership dropped a full 17%. I ask you, sir, does the end justify the means? I must contend that it does not.

I am now denied the right to own a semi-automatic rifle (as the lord Jesus Christ intended). This means that when I hunt rabbits on my family farm in the Riverina, one of the most rabbit-afflicted regions in the country, I can only take one shot before I am subjected to a downright inhumane reloading time. Do you know how many rabbits continue their destruction of the Australian landscape because of this disabling situation? 73, Mr Nowakowski. 73.

Therefore, laws restricting gun ownership cannot be said to be for 'the benefit of all Australians'. They merely serve to appease a vocal minority, no matter how ill-informed or dead they may be.

I must also take issue with the aspersions you cast on the validity of the mission of *The Biggest Loser*. That fine institution is almost entirely responsible for dispelling the myth that fat people have anybody but themselves to blame for their sickening affliction.

You say that *The Biggest Loser* pays undue fun on people who have recognised their obesity and are working through some means to reduce their weight'. There is obviously value in the documentation and endorsement of weight loss, and the inherent hilarity of the morbidly obese running is an inevitable consequence of that process.

I hope you will consider the full ramifications of your views in future.

Sincerely,

Nick Kraegen

THE WOMEN'S EDITION (ED. 22) IS COMING SOON!

Hurry and send in your submissions of women-themed articles now. All are welcome to submit. Send your articles to womensbull2009@gmail.com

Deadline: Friday 4 September



The University Of Sydney Union
GLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Awards Night

Wednesday 14 October 2009

Applications for nominations close
Friday 11 September.

www.usuonline.com

The Sounds of Verge

There's nothing like a good festival buzz to pick up your mopey socks mid-way through second Semester with a good ol' kick in the pants to experience some 'kulcha'. The difference with Verge, is that you might just *learn* something, and have a pretty damn good time doing it - rather than whinging about having to go with your mum to see *Steel Magnolias* on stage.

As our ears prick up with the most acute art senses, the resounding sound of Verge this year seems to be one of innovation and immortality. A bridge between those audible forms of artmaking that have laid the foundations for music in the 21st Century, and those more contemporary forms all the kids are raving about these days. With a sneaky spot listen to the soundscape of what Verge has in store this year, it's time for nannas everywhere to turn up (or off) their hearing aids, depending on how hip they are...

VERGE HAS A GOOD YARN...

The sounds of this year's festival are far from being a mere bunch of musicalities, with whispers and aural delights paying heed to a series of poignant and thought-provoking panel discussions, forcing you to skip *Neighbours* for the evening and talk some sense. Generally. As a normally smutty publication with the doodle-joke maturity of a 10-year-old boy, we feel particularly inclined to attend the Censorship session, as we endeavour to ask Lindy Hume (Sydney Festival Artistic Director) Bonny Cassidy (President of Sydney PEN) and Dr. David Rolph (Senior Lecturer, Sydney University Law Department): Why *can't* we print our words of immaturity simultaneously on each line, page and cover space of our next edition? We could opt for 'weeny-joke' instead?

VERGE TALKS: CENSORSHIP

Monday 31 August, 6pm – 7.30pm,
Law Lounge **FREE EVENT**

See Verge website for more details on when VERGE TALKS *Environmental, Queer Rights and Mental Health*.



www.vergeartsfestival.com

Hark! A sound most arty approaches. *The Bull* listens out for the sweet oncoming noises of the 2009 Verge Arts Festival, and will unashamedly bop along. Artistically and interpretatively of course.



FUJI COLLECTIVE VS. DR PLONK

"I just want crushed coffee beans on toast. You may as well put that in the article." I was sitting at the table with the band, and one of them had a thing for crushed coffee beans on toast. The other was some guy who just drunk chai.

No, saxophonist Matt Lee doesn't actually sup upon ground caffeine on sourdough for breakfast. However one snippet of sound from his plentifully populated musical crew The Fuji Collective, would convince anyone that such an energy buzz is far from lacking in their teacups.

While guitarist Max Scollar-Root has to be convinced a whole pot of chai to oneself is not an indulgence on a Saturday morning, the pair's attitude to music is somewhat more adventurous - as their band's task for the Verge Arts Festival is to improvise an entire live soundtrack to Rolf de Heer's 2007 silent comedy *Dr Plonk* - a madcap adventure of a time-travelling scientist and his inept sidekick, played by comedienne extraordinaire Magda Szubanski. "The first sort of thing we're looking at doing is coming up with little phrases or sort of excerpts that we could play for certain

characters and actors," says Schollar-Root. "The idea is for us to improvise quite freely but have one or two reference points you can sort of come back to, just to hold it together."

As an entirely live and improvised score played to wistful grass-dwellers in the Quad, these old school friends and their Collective are stepping outside their usual rehearsals of rock-funk-jazz fusion and taking their penchant for a good jam session to the screen. "We're pretty happy to make it pretty spontaneous," Schollar-Root says. "I think that's cool in a way because what we're used to doing is playing very structured, pretty kind of complex music that requires quite a lot of rehearsal for the band. It's nice for us to break away and do something that's pretty unstructured." Everybody stretch now.

**DOCTOR PLONK VS.
THE FUJI COLLECTIVE LIVE,
Thursday 10 September,
6pm-10pm, The Quad
FREE EVENT**

BARONS OF TANG

Underground theatre. Accordions. Gypsy fury. Punk ethos. If their own concept 'bastardisation' doesn't resonate with the Barons of Tang, then perhaps 'random beyond belief, logic and reason' might. Emerging from the realms of Melbourne's uber-schmick Black Lung Theatre with a seven-piece muso group, the Barons of Tang are what Run DMC would abstractly call 'jam-masters' if so inclined in an alternate universe. In the best way possible.

Despite toting a name sounding like self-prompts in the 90s lingo department, these Melbournites have a more crafty story to their own name. A tale that dwells intriguingly on a powdery orange beverage. "We were living in this warehouse space and basically running a bar, and we acquired a whole bunch of Tang from somewhere," double-bassist Julian Cue explains. "Well... actually we dumpstered a whole bunch of Tang, like boxes and boxes and we put it all on the bar and were selling it by the glass. By the end of the play we were getting people to snort it off the bar. We really were the 'Barons of Tang'."

So if we can't define them, what the hell do they describe themselves as? "We get asked a lot," Cue laughs. "And so we came up with the whole gypsy dance-core thing, which is a bit of a joke. You know, it sits somewhere within that I guess, we are a gypsy-punk band I guess, but we just use traditional feels and sort of bend them all out of shape." With a genre-bending self-description that cites four disparate genres as their main point of definition, these nutty Melbournians

are redefining the very nature of music style as something of a rather obscure patchwork, to be restitched on a whim. "I guess labels are a matter of convenience really," Cue says. "I've got no problem being pigeonholed. But people want to know what they're in for beforehand and labels make that really easy." But Cue claims such a definition makes people slightly reserved about moseying along to a show, as essentially, they have no ruddy idea what they're in for. "It's funny if you tag 'deathcore' in anything and it becomes this really aggressive sort of monster that people are hesitant about," he says. "It makes them a bit wary, because it sort of snaps people awake a bit." Snaps is an understatement, with the septet fusing every conceivable sound from accordion to double-bass to percussion and vocals, causing onlookers to wonder if there are any instruments lacking in the line-up. "Well, there's this instrument called the 'tubax' which I've been hearing a lot about which we're all very excited about but we can't get our hands on one," says Cue. "It's a cross between a tuba and a saxophone, well a saxophone in the key of a tuba, and it's so low that it can create earthquakes in China or something."

With an infectious mix of kooky quirk-pop, tango and whatever the hell 'grindcore' is, Barons of Tang are set to put the final touches on a Vergy night of night markets, tentish mingling and teacups of the finest in chai connoiseuring. Cue, however, isn't relying on such an exotic beverage for his own personal spice. "Half the band really enjoys a cup of chai, but I don't touch the stuff myself I see it as a gateway drug," he laughs. "It's a bit mild for me, I like coffee so I'll probably be getting an espresso next door, and be full of beans by the time it comes to our set." Spoilsport.

VERGE CHAI NIGHT: BARONS OF TANG, RUMPUNCH, HOBO BORDEAUX,

Friday 4 September 2009, 8pm – 11pm, Verge Festival Tent

Tickets (sold on the door): USU Members: \$5
General: \$10



CHRONOLOGY ARTS

In the most token sense of composer phone-answering, Alex Pozniak was "just in the middle of relaxing and writing some music" on a sunny Friday afternoon. Of course he was, bless his artistic cotton socks. Far from echoing the sounds of high-waisted beige culottes and Michael Spence's drive to work, Pozniak is seeking to haul classical sounds out of the realms of stuffy grandeur. "Our mission is really to lose the stigma of classical music being this stodgy old artform, and it being about young composers with brand new ideas," he assures. "The amount of bands out there are always performing and regularly presenting new material, but why should classical music have to be in a concert hall playing works from hundreds of years ago?"

Formed in 2007 with fellow composer Andrew Batt-Rawden, Pozniak's Sydney-based company Chronology Arts is the organisational equivalent

of that intriguingly good-looking, skinny jeans-wearing guy, who nonchalantly carries an oboe case around campus. Bringing sexy back to classical music.

But for the average music enthusiast of the Great Hall, a decision to shift the company's other works to Manning Bar is hardly the expected haunt for strings and swings, a decision Pozniak feels will only enhance the experience. "I think the venue will change [the performance] in a positive way, especially knowing my music and the grungy elements of noise and electronics," says Pozniak. Exploring different venues and different modes of performance, Pozniak sees something different on the musical spectrum this year, with an experimental, avant-gardism that would have made 60s Warholians see more than several Marilyn's. "It's definitely quite unfamiliar music to most people because it's not melodic or about a pulse-like rhythm," he explains. "One

goes to see really niche visual art that is totally playing around with form and parameters of the elements of form and construction. More than a background comfortable experience, this is sound in your face."

CHRONOLOGY ARTS PRESENTS INFOCUS

Tuesday 8 September, 7pm – 10pm, Manning Bar

USU Members: \$12 + bf,
Student: \$15 + bf,
General: \$25 + bf



JUMPING ON THE BANDWAGON



Bridie Connellan dons a party hat with power chords to celebrate the 25th anniversary of Sydney Uni Band Comp, and attempts to find that damn missing guitar plaque...

In its 25th year, the Sydney Uni Band Comp has become something of an institution for harbouring student talent. Whether this be in the form of a tight-knit rock outfit or an electronic post-wave nu-funk Celtic world beat duo, the walls of Manning have nurtured some of Sydney's biggest local talent and international names. The recall of past winners and talent is infamous, from Frenzal Rhomb to The Vines, Tim Freedman, Redsunband, Front End Loader, Dappled Cities, Youth Group, Cloud Control and Josh Pyke (or rather his mid-90s rock-funk phase with band Phloegm). The nostalgia cultivated around this contest of musical delights sounds somewhat like a defiant Triple J listener, 'Pfft. Saw 'em before they were big.'

The man behind the musical madness, USU Entertainment Manager Will Balfour is finding no lack of reminiscence in celebrating the last two and a half decades of one of the most successful band competitions in this neck of the woods. "I've had lots of funny phonecalls from guys that used to run the comp like 20 years ago, going 'Ohh yeah, there was that band was it '87 or '88, that crappy band that won...'. You can just see the cogs turning," he says.

The competition itself is a strange and unpredictable beast. But like any remotely open mic, it seems the most crucial part of the competition is its playground appeal, and the chance to 'av-a-go. "We've had a number of

and a Mexican-style jazz band they claim went on to form Jet. "It's good if you can win and go on to record something or meet people through it," says vocalist Tim Derricourt. "But it's kind of like any other gig where something amazing could happen like meeting a booking agent or your future wife, Queen Mary of Denmark."

Derricourt and his merry crew's post-Comp days have treated them kindly, with a host of touring credits to boot, a new album, a spot on Kerri-Anne (?), and some (cough) advice for newbies: "Look. I don't want to give anything away but a little bird told me that this year's judges favour Scottish hip-hop with an operatic country twinge. If that's you, keep at it."

So with such high profile Sydneysiders consistently missing out on the big money on campus, Band Compian strategy poses the big question... does it matter if you win? "It certainly doesn't hurt, although winning/not winning history will show that it doesn't really matter," says Balfour. With a strategy looking like an *Australian Idol* bid for the runner-up posi, it seems as though coming second in Band Comp is significantly more appealing.

But as 'the winners who *did* something', Band Comp's gold medal children, The Vines, have developed an almost iconic status in relation to the competition itself. A certain nostalgia cultivated from their win in front of the Wentworth kebab

with something of oversized description. A plaque that serves to replace a fond yet forgotten relic of Band Comp folklore. "There was this old guitar in Manning that had all the winners from 1985 to like 1996 or so, it might be in the archives, but I don't think it is," says Balfour. "It's such a shame that it disappeared when Manning was all fixed up," agrees Matthews, who moseyed back to the judging panel last year. "Of course it went missing in the year that we won. Typical."

2009 FINALISTS

With six future headliners set to grace Manning's hallowed halls this Thursday, the annual bottle of crown polish is looking pretty excited about being hauled out for another year. And since there's nothing like a little Myspace genre trio to classify the hell out of a band in three words or less, interpret at will.



Kyü
Electroacoustic / Pop
/ Experimental



super FLORENCE jam
Rock / Progressive /
Rock



Moravia
Indie / Rock / Gospel



Stephanie Says
Shoegaze / Rock /
Psychedelic



Foveaux
Rock / Live
Electronica



Conditionals
Indie / Punk

"A little bird told me that this year's judges favour Scottish hip-hop with an operatic country twinge. So if that's you, keep at it."

- Tim Derricourt, Dappled Cities

bands this year where the first round was their first ever show," says Balfour. "In fact, one heat had four or five out of seven bands in which that was the case." But if Band Comp can claim any recent stage unveilings, sparks flew in 2007 with a performance Manning still totes as one of the competition's most memorable. The Jezabels, with their unique glint of indie-cred found audience gushings and an agent in final crowd, despite bringing up the rear of psych-poppers The Laurels. With the initial heat being the group's first official live performance, drummer Nik Kaloper shows a certain nostalgia for the competition that neatly tied the four-piece's shoelaces. "Our first gig was the Sydney Uni Band Comp, so that's what sort of got us started," he says. "It was exciting, I guess people should take it more seriously than just practice on stage but it's an opportunity that's just so accessible."

Despite the focus on actually winning, it seems seconds still take the cake, with even such successful artists as Youth Group getting the silver medal in their day. 2001 runners-up Dappled Cities (nee Fly) have a similarly positive attitude towards the competitive outcome of the rounds, despite placing behind a hip-hop band called Debaser

shop in 1999. "I actually missed The Vines in the final, which is a bummer," admits Balfour. "But I was told by the guy who was actually running Band Comp back then that they were amazing. They were as good as if not better than they were when they became world-famous." With Manning under renovation, a makeshift stage was erected in the Wentworth cafeteria, a site former Vines and current Youth Group bassist Patrick Matthews still shows slight warm fuzzies for. Craig Nicholls' now infamous onstage antics in Band Comp impressed even his bandmates as Matthews remembers the frontman hitting cymbals with his own hands and falling off the edge of the stage at some point. "It looked really cool, he was a real showman," he recalls. But for The Vines, the winning trophy was more significantly convenient in a financial replacement sense. "Well the \$2000 helped because we had broken a friend's amplifier," Matthews admits sheepishly. "A singing amp that we had played guitar through. Sorry."

With the final only days away and a misty nostalgia falling across of the face of Sydney Uni's seasoned musos, this year's 25th anniversary looks to commemorate the long list of esteemed winners

SYDNEY UNI BAND COMP FINAL

7PM, THURSDAY
3 SEPTEMBER,
MANNING BAR



Framing Pixels

Diana Tjoeng explores the virtual art industry.

Imagine an artwork that does not physically exist. You can't feel it beneath your fingertips, smell it, move it, or view it in the real world. You can, however, make it yours. Then, through a flickering computer screen you can gaze upon it... for as long as your internet works, anyway. Would you buy an artwork like this?

For many people who cruise the virtual expanses of Second Life, the answer is yes. Launched in 2003 by the Californian-based Linden Lab, Second Life is a miniature world where the rules of reality do not apply. Nestled into the liberating recesses of cyberspace, the online community is a home away from home. If you're bored of your first life, why not create a second one? Users make 'avatars' for themselves and interact with each other through typed instant messages or computer-

enabled voice chat. And if conversation with other bobble-headed avatars ever gets dull, at least the backdrop will keep you entertained. Players use a simple, built-in modelling tool, or other graphic programs to construct objects and architecture to furnish the cyber universe. Never been to Beijing's Forbidden City? Don't worry, hop onto Second Life and explore an exact 3-D replica.

But it's not just about taking in bizarrely accurate, yet pixelated, monuments. If you've recently

"There are over 600 art galleries that exist on Second Life and they're not just for show."

graduated with an Arts degree and can't find a job, then take note: there are over 600 art galleries that exist on Second Life and they're not just for show. Although basic membership is free to the online world, many users exchange real currency for virtual money, known as Linden dollars. These dollars can be used to buy clothing, accessories and even art. While some pieces only sell for 100 Lindens, more unique artworks can cost upwards

of 15,000. With around 65,000 users logging on to Second Life at any one time, the potential for buyers is far more than your average inner-city gallery. People actually make a living from this!

If you've ever shown up at a gallery opening, feeling slightly nervous and over/under-dressed, Second Life can also take that stress away. In the online incarnation of a gallery opening, people mingle with other guests from the comfort of their own homes, without actually having to undergo the awkward do-you-shake-hands-or-hug-or-kiss first time greeting. You can peruse the displayed pieces at your own leisure, wearing pajamas and fluffy slippers if you like.

However, these online events are also spilling out of the screen and into the streets. Earlier this year, The Broadway Gallery NYC held an exhibition entitled 'Virtual Art - visual voice from Second Life,' which featured artworks originally created for the online platform. What once existed as pixelated graphics in a matrix of code became a body of artworks with enough physical presence to fill a gallery. Maybe art has become so fluid that it can no longer be contained or characterised by time, space or even reality...



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Wednesday 2 September 5.30pm – 8.00pm

Wesley Conference Centre,
220 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Lawyers, Guitars and Money

Having given up all hope of ever developing musical talent, **Robert Chiarella** examines the way creativity is shaped by the law.

Most of you have probably violated intellectual property (IP) law at some point in your lives – by copying a CD for a friend, illegally downloading songs, or even showing a video as entertainment on a coach. And most of you probably never batted an eyelid at the idea. The attempts by the entertainment industry to tell us that copyright violations are the same as stealing may have convinced governments, but they haven't convinced the governed.

The original justification for copyright, patent, and other IP laws was never to assert some sort of God-given right to exclusively decide what happens with your creative output. It was to provide an incentive for people to create and express ideas. In the absence of IP laws, if you invent a new widget or record an album, you might be able to make money from selling it, but so can anyone else. Given the high costs of inventing something or creating art, the return on your investment of time, money and effort is sub-optimal.

IP laws give you a (limited) monopoly over the business opportunities that arise from your work. By turning the expression of an idea into something over which you have property rights, you can sell it, lease it, negotiate royalties, and stop others from using it in certain ways.

However, it is still not the same as physical property. If I steal a CD from a record shop, I'm depriving the owner of something and preventing them from using or selling it. If I steal your lunch, you go hungry or have to spend money to buy more. But if I illegally download the album, I'm not stopping anyone else from having it – unlike physical goods, most artistic work can be copied without destroying the original. At most, I'm depriving the copyright owner of the hypothetical revenue they would get if I instead buy it (which I might not), thus undermining the incentive structure that IP law creates.

Money Money Money

Musos often rely on royalties as their main source of income – gigging can be unreliable, especially in the early years of a career. In Australia, the Australasian Performing Right Association (APRA) collectively negotiates and organises royalties, licence fees and so on for most songwriters and publishers – that is, for the copyright in the song *itself* (lyrics, composition etc). Meanwhile, record companies and recording musicians (who may also be songwriters) hold copyright in the *recording* of the song, and most are collectively represented by the Phonographic Performance Company of Australia (PPCA).

The official stance of the APRA and PPCA is that strong intellectual property protections are necessary to provide a working income for songwriters and performers. Although you are probably most familiar with arguments from the music industry about starving creative artists, in practice it is performers who get the toughest deal – especially session performers, who have less negotiating power with record companies.

As such, the 2007 decision of Australia's copyright tribunal to increase the mandatory licence fee on *recordings* played at nightclubs by 1500% was well-received by the PPCA, even if record companies were the major beneficiaries.

Hang the DJ!, Hang the DJ!

Yet DJs were concerned about the impact it would have on *their* industry. There are competing understandings of what creativity involves. Most of you are probably familiar with the romantic rock ideal of someone writing and performing their own 'original' songs, identifiable by distinct hooks and riffs. Yet this is not the only form of creativity musicians engage in – the sampling, remixing, phasing and so on that DJs do, allows a wide scope for artistic expression.

The distinction between a 'song' and a 'recording' of a song is, of course, artificial. It privileges things like melody and harmony over timbre and texture, and is based on an idea of the creative process that does not reflect the way all music is made. And ideas of what constitutes a performance (playing a guitar is in, even if you are copying Clapton note-for-note, but rearranging a drum sample, not so much) also affects the way the law treats different types of artists.

During the early years of modern hip-hop in the 1980s, artists built a style around sampling the works of other musicians and rearranging the individual sounds in new ways or presenting them in new contexts. And many of them were sued for it. You need to get permission to sample, which can be time-consuming and expensive. There is a reason that hip-hop today sounds different – the genre was almost strangled at birth.

“[Intellectual Property Law] is based on an idea of the creative process that does not reflect the way all music is made.”

I've Got 99 Problems (and a take-down notice is one)

More recently, the practice of mashing up songs has brought these issues to the fore again. Although for most of us it may just be a funny YouTube diversion (Nirvana/Rick Astley), artists have produced some sophisticated, genuinely creative work from the process. Perhaps the most famous is producer Dangermouse's *Grey Album*, which, as its name implies, re-edits Jay-Z's *Black Album* with long samples from the Beatles' *White Album*. It breaches copyright left, right and centre, and is absolutely brilliant. Not that I'm admitting to having ever heard it. That might be illegal.

The irony of Dangermouse being threatened with legal action over the album is that, unlike illegal file sharing, he isn't depriving the 'source' artists of revenue they would otherwise get from sales. Indeed, if anything, the *Grey Album* increases the reach of their music. Nor is he profiting from it. Intellectual property law, designed to promote the art, can also curtail it.

You're So Vain (you probably think this song is by you)

One thing that seems difficult for us to acknowledge is that *all* art is derivative and there is no such thing as complete originality. We might want to romanticise the creative genius who gives us something totally new and authentic, but creativity has always been something that relies on the existence of a collective culture and of other creative works.

We're quite happy for an artist's 'sound' to be pretty much copied from another (Strokes/Television, Jet/Rolling Stones, everyone/Beatles), but aghast at the idea that a melody might be nicked and put in a new context, even where this involves an arguably greater creative contribution. George Harrison's 'My Sweet Lord' is a wonderful piece of music, even if he had to hand the royalties over to the owners of the Chiffon's 'He's So Fine.'

Good writers borrow, great writers steal.





The below collection was sent to us by Michael, a Science student here at Sydney. Although evocative and emotional, it is not easy to put a finger on exactly what one feels when you look at them.

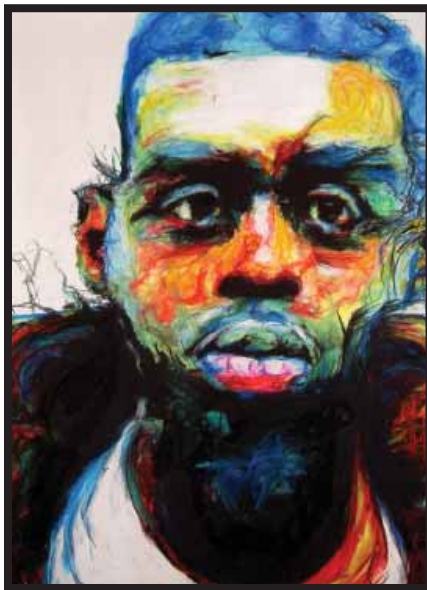
When asked about the motivation to produce the drawings, Michael said: "The images are foremost personal expressions of faith. I believe the human face to be the most beautiful and profound way to convey emotions that transcend any adequate literary descriptions."

Perhaps we now know why it is hard to describe what we are feeling when we look.

Michael also reflected on the freedom of expression allowed by his medium. "For the past two years I have been visiting - through my art - a world where I feel completely uninhibited and able to connect to people who otherwise would be strangers to me," he said.

"My desire is for people to view my art within the context of their own emotions and experiences."

More of Michael's work can be viewed on YouTube - The title of the video is: *Maranatha - drawings by mroa2638 - music by Mozart*



FACE MAN Science student, **Michael** is a man of many faces.





Got a burning question
that you can't ask your lecturers?



Anyone can get herpes. thefacts.com.au

Herpes doesn't affect one type of person. In fact, herpes is so common that you can catch it even if you've only had a few sexual partners. If you have redness, burning, tingling or itching inside your underwear, you should see your doctor and check out thefacts.com.au