

BAYON



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Photo: Ben

Escaping New Year

Well as the water throwing begins it's time to escape. Thailand is out as it resembles a free fire zone so Vietnam here we come.

Great food and quiet relaxation is what's needed.

Now there is a choice of how to get there. Boat to Chao Doc is an option but you still have a six hour bus trip to Saigon after that. Fly? Well with four of us going equating to \$100 departure tax before even buying tickets its on the expensive side. Overland is the best option with the buses being the most widely used mode of transport. Here is a brief story outlining the trip:

After an early breakfast and quick goodbye, I head off to Central Market on a moto: sitting on the back of a speeding bike in mad traffic with both packs on?! Anyway, I get there safely though my stomach didn't feel too great...

By getting the 10 dollar a/c bus, you have the luxury of not having to deal with immigration and customs at the

border. You simply hand your passport (which I did anxiously) to the guy on the bus, and he gets your Cambodian exit stamp whilst you wait on the bus and takes your filled in immigration form to the desk to get an entry stamp. All I have to do is get off the bus at Cambodian side, walk with my luggage the few hundred yards to immigration, where they scan your luggage and stuff, and you get back on the same bus afterwards. Simple.

It is however an energy sapping 4hrs to the border when your ill, and having forgotten yesterday's malaria pill, I'm having to take 2 today which is not helping with things. On the way and especially near the border crossing, I saw Asia truly in action. I witnessed people carrying seemingly their life possessions stacked meters into the air on a cart with 'mini'-sized wheels. And after probably pulling it for a day already to get here, they got a long way to go still. At the Moc Bai border, there were incredible minibuses with just as many people and items on the roof (baking hot day) as there were squashed inside. That's a tough 6 hrs and they have no aircon or leg room...in my bus alone, the emergency exit was blocked by large taped up boxes carrying aircon units and about 8 sacks of rice! Overland borders are legendary here.

Once across, its only another 3 hour trip to Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon), passing some serene Mekong delta paddy fields, witnessing my first conical hats which signal my arrival in Vietnam.

Well we opted for the taxi journey. \$45 for our own car door to door and only five hours.

Normal taxi price is around \$25 (3 hours) to the border and \$15-\$20 (1.5 - 2hours) to Saigon.

The Moc Bai border crossing can be a bit of a madhouse if you get there when the tourist coaches are in. The Cambodian side is a breeze, stamped out and your off only to run into passport control on a whole new level. The Vietnamese side require you to produce your passport five times!!

That over, hop in a taxi and Saigon here we come.

District one in Saigon has nearly all the Western bars and most of the decent restaurants in it which are only a dollar or less taxi ride from each other.

One of the best places to eat is the restaurants set up each night around Ben Than market. Here you can get just about anything you want with different establishments specializing in cuisine from nearly every area in Vietnam.

Other things to try are the Pho soup restaurants for breakfast and The Sushie Bar for great sushie at very reasonable prices (four people full up with drinks \$60).

All the bars in Saigon close at 12 o'clock with the exception of the Pham Ngu Lao backpackers area where a few bars are open till 3-4am.

On the things to do and see front the War Museum is a must as it gives you an insight into the horrors of war with no holds barred. The Reunification Palace is like a trip back in time with the basement "strategy rooms," and 60's furniture throughout.

Saigon Zoo makes an interesting afternoon. Set in landscaped gardens with huge trees providing plenty of shade the animal cages are a little drab and depressing but work is underway to improve the conditions.

Shopping malls are appearing everywhere but wandering around the streets is far more interesting. With trees everywhere it's not too hot either (Phnom Penh take note). Ben Than market is a tourist mecca but prices are very high so hard bargaining is needed. Some of the nearby shops and boutiques we dis covered have the same items at half the prices quoted in the market!

Taking the easy option it was time for some R&R in quiet Vu ng Tao. Hydrofoils leave every 30 minutes from the jetty in district one



\$7 for the seventy minute journey. The trip is quite interesting if you stand outside. You go past Saigon's main port with ships coming and going, unloading, loading and barges being hauled all over the place.

Vung Tao was not its normal self. Going round the harbour front to the hotel there was a massive stage and lighting rig with two huge pyramids of speakers. We were informed that we were indeed lucky to be here at this time for Vung Tao's first three day festival of arts and music. Oh whoopee!

Being blasted out of bed at 6.30am the next morning with 'House of the Rising Sun' as the first sound check did not make us look forward to the next few days. As it turned out this was the only early morning noise fest.

The festival was actually pretty good apart from the harbour front streets being closed in the evening which created near gridlock further back (reminded me of the water festival here really). Thousands had come down from Saigon for the weekend giving the place a buzz it never had before.

Seafood was the order of the day but bargaining was required as prices had gone up due to demand. Probably better to visit during the week as it is becoming a weekend getaway from Saigon.

North beach the other side of town has seen some huge development work going on over the past few years with hotels popping up everywhere. This is the place for swimming, jetskiing etc. The beach stretches as far as the eye can see and the authorities have just finished a huge cleanup campaign. Beer and seafood was reasonably prices in some establishments but they all try and stiff you on the price of deckchairs and tables.

The easiest way to get around is to hire a moto (\$5-7 per day) and drive yourself as it's normally pretty quiet. This also allows you to easily visit the surrounding area which had some great scenery.

Vung Tao is pretty laid back with bars not being forced to close at 12 and people sitting around chatting on the harbour front at 1 or 2am.

A few days on the beach then back to Saigon for some last minute shopping.

It was decided to return to Phnom Penh on the Tuesday not Monday as that was still part of New Year. Thus avoiding the worst part of the rush and inflated taxi prices. Well we were nearly right!

We departed Saigon at 10am and at the border we caught the tail end of the early coaches from Saigon. Through the Vietnamese 'passport controllers' and the one stop Cambodian check we were in the hands of the taxi mafia.

Sixty dollars to Phnom Penh!!



The mafia all stuck together on the price despite being told in Khmer what we thought of it. A quick check of the waiting buses turned up no empty seats. It was busy and the mafia knew it. Twenty meters up the road we sat down for a bite and a drink in the hope of intercepting an arriving taxi. Well the taxi's arrived but a mafia tout got to them first and made them tow the line. We watched the buses depart and had another drink.

Finally a chink in their armour appeared. \$55? No! We offered forty bucks as it was obvious that to get a regular price we would have to wait hours.

Finally forty five was agreed on for a brand new Camry driven by a high ranking cop who was returning to Phnom Penh. Little did we know it was our lucky break for another reason.

Cruising along in leather upholstery a friend rang. He had returned the day before and said it was a nightmare on the bus as the Neak Leung ferry crossing was so busy they had waited three and a half hours just to get on.

Well the ferry parking loomed in the distance and there were all the coaches waiting along with overloaded minibuses and thousands of people. Shit.

Well a quick word to the local cops from our official driver saw us roll onto the next ferry in!! Well worth the money.

The road from the ferry into town is the worst part of the journey. The road is awful and narrow. Two new bridges are being built on the way and the road should be upgraded in 2008. The scariest aspect was the huge amount of minibuses with twenty plus passengers perched on the roof. How they never turned over when negotiating large potholes defies belief.

Saigon is worth visiting. It is developing at a fantastic pace along with infrastructure all over the country. It may not be perfect but they are on the right lines as after a visit in 96 I hated it. Now I quite like it!



What it is to be British

One of the British national daily newspapers is asking readers "What it means to be British?" Here are some ideas...

* Being British is about driving in a German car to an Irish pub for a Belgian beer, then travelling home, grabbing a Chinese takeaway, an Indian curry or a Turkish kebab on the way, to sit on Swedish furniture and watch American shows on a Japanese TV, and the most British thing of all is suspicion of anything foreign!

* Only in Britain... can a pizza get to your house faster than an ambulance.

* Only in Britain... do supermarkets make sick people walk all the way to the back of the shop to get their prescriptions, while healthy people can buy cigarettes at the front.

* Only in Britain... do people order double cheeseburgers, large fries, and a DIET coke (and probably America too).

* Only in Britain... do banks leave both doors open and chain the pens to the counters.

* Only in Britain... do we leave cars worth thousands of pounds on the drive and lock our junk and cheap lawn mower in the garage.

* Only in Britain... do we use answering machines to screen calls and then have call waiting so we won't miss a call from someone we didn't want to talk to in the first place.

* Only in Britain... are there disabled parking places in front of a skating rink.

NOT TO MENTION..

* 3 Brits die each year testing if a 9v battery works on their tongue.

* 142 Brits were injured in 1999 by not removing all pins from new shirts.

* 58 Brits are injured each year by using sharp knives instead of screwdrivers.

* 31 Brits have died since 1996 by watering their Christmas tree while the fairy lights were plugged in.

* 19 Brits have died in the last 3 years believing that Christmas decorations were chocolate.

* British Hospitals reported 4 broken arms in 2004 after cracker-pulling accidents.

* 101 people since 1999 have had broken parts of plastic toys pulled out of the soles of their feet.

* 18 Brits had serious burns in 2000 trying on a new jumper with a lit cigarette in their mouth.

* A massive 543 Brits were admitted to A&E in the last two years after opening bottles of beer with their teeth.

* 5 Brits were injured last year in accidents involving out of control Scalextric cars.

* And finally in 2000, 8 Brits cracked their skull whilst throwing up into the toilet.

BUT only Brits can criticise Brits

May 2006

THE PHNOM PENH PUB PAGE

The month of April kicked off sharpish with the 10th anniversary of the Riverside. Hundreds of people flocked to Toul Kok, past all the pretty little shacks with red lights in order to receive their free mind massage.

Or maybe they realised that was an April fools gag and stopped on the way, finally arriving at the huge pad on the edge of town where the party would be celebrated. Perhaps massage wasn't even on their mind and all they wanted was a damn good knees up, listening to some good tunes from the host of DJ's that had been booked for the party. Whatever it was my fiends and I arrived, parked and took the long walk down the garden path and through security to eventually stumble upon a bar and dance floor in the middle of the expansive grounds.

The bar was a permanent feature and was stocked up with beer, wine and spirits but it was the dance floor that was captivating. DJ's were set up on a table at the back, above them three circular projector screens were showing psychedelic images much akin to windows media player visualizations. On the grass between was a chequers board of people being cut into squares by an unusual grid lighting system.

The crowd included a good share of hot local chicks with all the girls from the Riverside, Mata Hari Lounge and DV8 being brought down to enjoy the night and provide some eye candy.

The hard and twisted beats slamming from the speaker stacks weren't exactly to the taste of all the girls and I had to inform a few that this was a western party and so there was no need to pander to them with the cheesy crap they relish at the Heart or any of the other bars they frequent, most begrudgingly got into it, probably to increase their chances of getting laid.

The nature of the music was, however, causing a slight problem for those that were into it, including myself. Slamming dance music is not best suited to alcohol and there were plenty of people who would have preferred to enter into some other form of stimulation, you know those little round things that massage the neuro-transmitters in the mind, and whilst no one expected them to be free, available would have been good.

We spent a good while searching and asking everyone we knew but to no avail. It got to the point where we were standing around the bar wishing that all the mosquitoes were flying little tablets and then what a party this would have been.

At least the girls behind the bar heard a little of this and, whilst unable to help with our primary desire, offered us a can of repellent to at least relieve us of the flying nuisances. That allowed us to have a couple more drinks and relax but unfortunately we never got fully in the mood for the party and we were soon back on the bikes and off to somewhere more beer orientated to talk about what could have been.

Later in the month I went in search of another small round thing. This one not being a narcotic was much easier to find; pizza.

Finding a good pizza in this town can on the other hand prove immensely difficult. Especially if you want a thick base. Georges Kebabs had it but lost it, Pizza Company is pretty average, Lucky Burger is about the best and well I haven't come across much else so I guess a thin base will do. But if it's to be a thin base I want a damn good one produced with the finest

ingredients and, well, that's what Pop Café say they use so I was hopeful as I headed there for a spot of lunch.

As I entered I was greeted by Giorgio, the Italian owner, in a warm and friendly manner that assured me that this was a man who cared about his customers and his business.

The restaurant itself was minimalist in design, white the predominant colour, clean and fresh the prevailing atmosphere. Café del Mar style ambient melodies drifting from the speakers completed the chic atmosphere. The ambience competed with my hangover, one telling me a glass of wine would be the only way to compliment my surroundings the other telling me more toxins weren't required at this time of the day.

Seconds later I ordered a glass of the Argentine Chardonnay and began perusing the food menu. Salami and Gorgonzola seemed suitably Italian and Crab Linguini would be an ideal treat for my other half.

The arrival of the wine was an intricate process as the wine was first poured into a single glass carafe and then to the glass in front of me. This was indicative of the high standard of service I enjoyed throughout the meal, another was the ashtrays, meticulously changed after every cigarette I chain smoked.

Both dishes arrived in about twenty minutes. *Continued Over*
The pizza benefited from a crunchy yet doughy base that was one of the best I've had here. The tomato paste above was spiced with a delightful blend of Italian herbs and the salami and gorgonzola were top notch. I had to sample the linguini, which was equally delicious, and the seasoned olive oil, parmesan and fresh pepper allows you to suit the flavour to your exact preference. This was a fine meal and whilst not cheap the quality of food and service more than justified the price tag (\$20 for two meals and two glasses of wine)

Finally this month I did actually find Equinox, it's opposite the Boom Boom Room. Set in a villa it's initially a strange place to enter as exploration of the ground floor turns up, a pool table and a foosball table but no bar. For that you have to head up to the first floor. Once you do get up there you're treated to a stylish balcony bar with a rather attractive young lady selling surprisingly inexpensive drinks (\$1 Asahi and \$2 glass of wine). The bar features a choice of seating arrangements, high tables, low tables, lounge cushions and what looks like a fully functioning hairdressing room to the side, or have they just been taking tips from Gasolina? There's also a small art gallery and boutique clothes store and apparently a second floor above. Anyway I headed downstairs to the games lounge and played a game of pool on what was a reasonable table and then moved on to the foosball which I was surprised to see had two full teams of players with none of them sporting the injuries that seem to plague other foosball grounds in Phnom Penh. In fact I might go as far as to say that this is Cambodia's only international standard pitch. I proceeded to thrash my girlfriend 6-0 and vowed to come back with some friends to play a real game.

For next month I'm eagerly awaiting the opening of Hooters –are they really going to find enough breast meat in Cambodia to live up to the name? And we'll take a look at the way the rest of the hostess bar scene is progressing. Ah the pressures of journalism....

The CAMBODIA DREARY

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0000 Riel

Wat Phnom Cleaned Up Diplomatically

BY RAY BIDLOONY
DISASSOCIATED PRESS

PHNOM PENH – Business owners in the Wat Phnom area reacted with shock this month as the municipality ordered them to move in the interests of cleaning undesirables from around the city's spiritual centre. "They could have told us before we'd spent US \$60m on our giant new premises," said one grim faced owner.

The news was welcomed by other residents, however. Pimps, heroin addicts, and other French bar owners were particularly approving. "The US Embassy has dragged the area down – you see them daily whoring themselves out front for support in Iraq, and the streets resonate with the sound of breaking glass as they throw stones around their house," sniffed a restaurateur over a 1976 Chablis and 1995 Svay Pak.

This follows recent unsuccessful moves to relocate the docile, obedient monkeys famed in the area. "We've tried everything, but there is just no getting rid of those British diplomats," said

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011 takes lead from the Phnom Penh Pink by realising Cambodia's key untapped market s are now amongst gay Asian businessmen and teenage male sex workers with a season of bold new adverts. Full colour advert in the rear (page 17)

Pedophilia Feared In Diplomacy Case; Military To Utilise Skills

BY CHOY MAI
THE CAMBODIA DREARY

PHNOM PENH – There was widespread dismay this month after an aging, first-world state was found raping Cambodia's nine year old nascent independent judiciary after an open-and-shut conviction of one of its perverted citizens.

Observers agreed that such open political abuse and perversion of their position of economic authority had been on the wane since the accused's cross-Tasman partner was caught shafting the system in its earlier infancy by distributing passports to its citizens out on bail in 2002.

There was better news for the beleaguered state on the military front, however. For the first time, troops from Cambodia have been sent on

an observation mission for the UN. "The experience that the Cambodian military have of observing will give us a unique hammock-eye-view of events," enthused a UN spokesperson, before going on to state that funneling obscene salaries from international pots for onths of inactivity while engaging only with locals in the sex industry was the natural next step for Cambodia on the road to being a true UN state.

The deployment to te Sudan was not followed by accepting a US invitation to Iraq and Afghanistan. "Much as they fattened our ability to take bullets and mines, turn blind eyes to corrupt tendering, and be a scapegoat, it wasn't for us," said a spokesperson. "Not at that price, anyway," he didn't add

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New Bond To Raise Eyebrows; Absolutely

Nothing Else

BY ZENA PHILE
DISASSOCIATED PRESS

TERRORHAN – Movie watchers were surprised this month when it was announced that replacing Pierce Brosnan in the role of James Bond would be Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad.

An Iranian spokesperson announced that the President is looking forward to taking time out of his busy schedule of anti-semitic ranting, ill-informed posturing, and looking like an extra from a Hungarian adult movie.

The next film, *Fom Russia with Enriched Uranium*, will begin with silhouettes of a naked Cat Stevens pole dancing an ICBM to the tune of remixed prayer calls. Leaked sections of script have the suave President making roguish quips about the elimination of the Jews, the destruction of Israel, and the under-rated nature of Eastern Europe's 'art-house' cinema while scantily clad maidens bare both ankles as he hauls them off for flogging.

Studio executives hit back at traditionalists who have reacted with dismay to the change. "Like Brosnan, he is a master of brinkmanship, like Moore, he looks comical in leather, and like Comery and Lazenby, he isn't English. Once they see him coolly sipping his maastini, and communicating five times daily the mysterious 'M', I'm sure they'll get behind him," said one. "Or well stone their families," he added smiling.

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About Cambodia

- Government proud that negative missile record balanced by heroin record
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- Call for stop to huge dumb animals being used as advertising hoardings does not deter Western tourists from wearing brand names on riverfront
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- Rainy season's start leaves expats silent: un-seasonal weather whinge obsolete
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JOKES

SEX

Recent research shows that there are 7 kinds of sex:

The 1st kind of sex is called: Smurf Sex. This kind of sex happens when you first meet someone and you both have sex until you are blue in the face.

The 2nd kind of sex is called: Kitchen Sex. This is when you have been with your partner for a short time and you are so horny you will have sex anywhere, even in the kitchen.

The 3rd kind of sex is called: Bedroom Sex. This is when you have been with your partner for a long time. Your sex has gotten routine and you usually have sex only in your bedroom.

The 4th kind of sex is called: Hallway Sex. This is when you have been with your partner for too long. When you pass each other in the hallway you both say "screw you".

The 5th kind of sex is called: Courtroom Sex. This is when you cannot stand your wife any more. She takes you to court and screws you in front of everyone.

The 6th kind is called Religious Sex, which means you get Nun in the morning, Nun in the afternoon and Nun at night.

OOPS. Don't forget the 7th kind of sex - Social Security Sex. You get a little each month; but not enough to live on.

Six Classic Affairs

The 1st Affair:

A married man was having an affair with his secretary.

One day they went her place and made love all afternoon. Exhausted, they fell asleep and woke up at 8 PM. The man hurriedly dressed and told his lover to take his shoes outside and rub them in the grass and dirt.

He put on his shoes and drove home.

"Where have you been?" his wife demanded.

"I can't lie to you," he replied, "I'm having an affair with my secretary. We had sex all afternoon."

"You lying bastard!

You've been playing golf!"

The 2nd Affair:

A middle-aged couple had two beautiful daughters but always talked about having a son. They decided to try one last time for the son they always wanted.

The wife got pregnant and delivered a healthy baby boy. The joyful father rushed to the nursery to see his new son. He was horrified at the ugliest child he had ever seen.



He told his wife, "There's no way I can be the father of this baby. Look at the two beautiful daughters I fathered! Have you been fooling around behind my back?"

The wife smiled sweetly and replied, "Not this time!"

The 3rd Affair:

A mortician was working late one night.

He examined the body of Mr. Schwartz, about to be cremated, and made a startling discovery. Schwartz had the largest private part he had ever seen!

"I'm sorry Mr. Schwartz," the mortician commented, "I can't allow you to be cremated with such an impressive private part. It must be saved for posterity."

So, he removed it, stuffed it into his briefcase, and took it home.

"I have to show you something you won't believe," he said to his wife, opening his briefcase.

"My God!" the wife exclaimed, "Schwartz is dead?!?!"

The 4th Affair:

A woman was in bed with her lover when she heard her husband opening the front door.

"Hurry," she said, "stand in the corner."

She rubbed baby oil all over him, then dusted him with talcum powder.

"Don't move until I tell you," she said. "Pretend you're a statue."

"What's this?" the husband inquired as he entered the room.

"Oh it's a statue," she replied. "The Smith's bought one and I liked it so much I got one for us, too."

No more was said, not even when they went to bed.

Around 2 AM the husband got up, went to the kitchen and returned with a sandwich and a beer.

"Here," he said to the statue, "have this. I stood like that for two days at the Smith's and nobody offered me a damned thing."

The 5th Affair:

A man walked into a cafe, went to the bar and ordered a beer.

"Certainly, Sir, that'll be one cent."

"One Cent?" the man thought.

He glanced at the menu and asked, "How much for a nice juicy steak and a bottle of wine?"

"A nickel," the barman replied.

"A nickel?" exclaimed the man. "Where's the guy who owns this place?"

The bartender replied, "Upstairs, with my wife."

The man asked, "What's he doing upstairs with your wife?"

The bartender replied, "The same thing I'm doing to his business down here."

The 6th Affair:

Jake was dying. His wife sat at the bedside.

He looked up and said weakly, "I have something I must confess."

"There's no need to," his wife replied.

"No," he insisted, "I want to die in peace. I slept with your sister, your best friend, her best friend, and your mother!"

"I know, I know," she replied. "Now just rest and let the poison work."

I had a blind date once
Her name was :::::



Toul Sleng games show

Well we had the anti Thai riots about Angkor Wat.

Now we have the Toul Sleng game show debacle.

Contestants have to stay in a haunted mock up of Toul Sleng! Give me a break! How can it be haunted if its not the real one and hundreds of kilometers away in Thailand.

While the Thais have been a little insensitive it shows what a load of crap the show must be. One report however said The Ministry of Culture here gave them permission to film in the real prison provided they "would not make reference to the location or actual (historical) events."

Well if that's the case what are they complaining about.

I'm sure it will be a good seller on DVD in the near future.

Swords

Just when you thought it was getting bad the police announce the number of deaths and attacks involving Samuri swords has decreased.

Now all they have to do is cut down on the number of gun and hatchet attacks.

Press law

Well it looks like the defamation law will be taken off the criminal codes and will now be a civil matter.

Despite complaints Cambodia probably has had the best press freedom in the region for years.

Well I can't see the Vietnamese Bayon Pearnik edition in the near future.

L'echo from the past

Marcel got into a bit of a bind recently reprinting an old view of one of the King Fathers movies.

Getting sued for whatever reason was avoided with an apology.

How can you be sued when the original publisher of the article hasn't?

Wat Phnom

Bar owners at Wat Phnom have been given notice to close. The reason given was detracting from the beauty of

the area (have a look at the ugly concrete bunker on the back of the hill that was supposed to be a zoo).

And foreigners being robbed along with drug addicts in the area and the infamous glue sniffing monkey troop.

Well if they know of these problems why close the bars? Just put some police there at night (that is probably too difficult).

Or is there something else behind this move?

Shakedown

Just after the Wat Phnom announcement police appeared on St. 51 one evening saying bars had to close.

When asked in Khmer where the paperwork was they disappeared. But had already extracted a couple of donations from some greener bar owners.

The cops often do this jumping on the bandwagon routine as bar owners were already on edge.

Battle of the bulge

Delivery of meals has recently gone to a new level.

Two regular visitors here have a bet over weight loss going on. Both are trying to sabotage the others efforts.

When one or the other are in

Cambodia orders for hamburgers are placed from England to be given to the other when they walk into certain bars.

Extra dessert orders are now being placed.

To cap it all one of the contestants just arrived and was given a Mars bar at the departure gate in Heathrow. This could get messy!

Refusal

Cambodia will not sent non-combatent troops to Iraq as it's not a UN operation. Well Done!

If they had gone it would only have been used as propaganda by the US to demonstrate how their coalition against terror is expanding.

Its Bushes mess he got into it he can get out of it by himself. Innocent people die everyday due to his war built on lies and bullshit.

Now to cap it all bush is launching an enquiry into the high price of oil.

How dumb is this guy?

Just possibly it has something to do with Iraq and the oil giants who were his backers in the presidential race. His pigeons are coming home to roost!

Teaching maths

Last week I purchased a burger and fries at McDonalds for \$3.58. The counter girl took my \$4.00 and I pulled 8 cents from my pocket and gave it to her.

She stood there, holding the nickel and 3 pennies. While looking at the screen on her register, I sensed her discomfort and tried to tell her to just give me two quarters, but she hailed the manager for help. While he tried to explain the transaction to her, she stood there and cried.

Why do I tell you this?

Because of the evolution in teaching math since the 1950s:

Teaching Math In 1950

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is 4/5 of the price. What is his profit?

Teaching Math In 1960

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is 4/5 of the price, or \$80. What is his profit?

Teaching Math In 1970

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is \$80. Did he make a profit?

Teaching Math In 1980

A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of



production is \$80 and his profit is \$20 Your assignment: Underline the number 20.

Teaching Math In 1990

A logger cuts down a beautiful forest because he is selfish and inconsiderate and cares nothing for the habitat of animals or the preservation of our woodlands. He does this so he can make a profit of \$20. What do you think of this way of making a living?

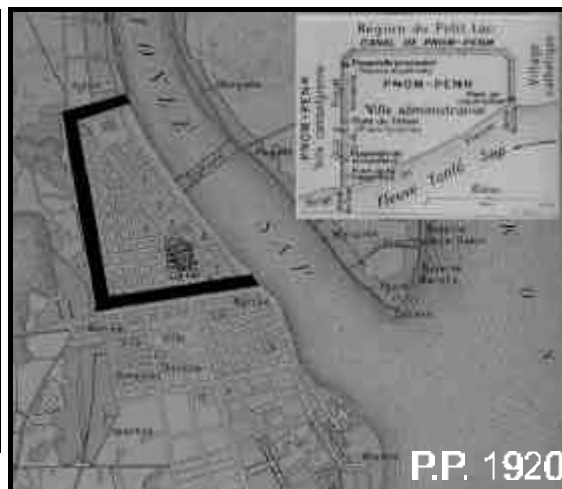
Topic for class participation after answering the question: How did the birds and squirrels feel as the logger cut down their homes? (There are no wrong answers.)

Teaching Math In 2005

Un ranchero vende una carretera de madera para \$100. El costo de la produccion era \$80. Cuantos tortillas se puede comprar?

Phnom Penh's Canal System 1893 - 1932

Treasury or Naga Bridge with Wat Phnom in the background. Photo 1920



Under the administration of French town planner Huynde Verneville, work was started in 1889 on digging three kilometres of canal around Phnom Penh's French Quarter. The purpose of this was twofold: firstly to use the earth removed to fill many of the lakes within the flooded plain to the west of the city, and secondly, to help drain the plain which would then allow further expansion of the city.

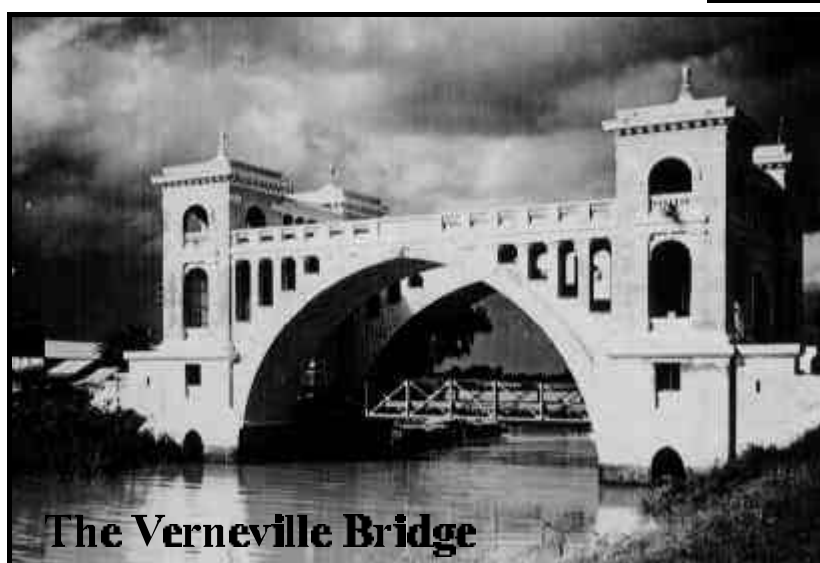
The canal consisted of three arms. Stretching west from the Tonle Sap, between what are now 108 - 106 Streets to the current Railway Station, then heading north alongside the former French Quarter, then back to the river to where today the Japanese Bridge is located. The Verneville Bridge situated at the end of the north-eastern start of the canal was a stunning piece of architecture that featured a mobile footbridge.

To the south of the canal was the then-famous Treasury Bridge. This grand road bridge, featuring stone Nagas at each end, ran from Wat Phnom, connecting the French Quarter with the Cambodian-Chinese area of the city.

The canal, with its tree-lined banks became a thriving area for local trade which lasted until the late 1920s when widespread construction was underway in the city and it was decided that the canal should give way to new roads.

The canal was filled in the early 1930s with a sand-silt mixture pumped up from the river and the bridges dismantled soon afterwards.

photos: Phnom Penh Then and Now. White Lotus



BITS FROM THE BEACH

Well there has been a spate of bar closures in downtown of recent times.

The Sihanouville hotel has closed. Apparently rumour has it that the landlord over extended against that property and there was a mortgagee in possession situation. The sitting tenants were also terminated with a minor amount of compensation. In no time at all, the place has been gutted. It is apparently going to be the new home of the Snooky branch of the ANZ Royal, with a much desired ATM to be introduced to the town in a matter of months. The former tenants are rumoured to be setting up shop in another location.

Speaking of back streets, the newly opened Star Bar just behind the Shell petrol station has closed and the sign says that it will reopen in the new dry season in September. Meanwhile construction of the Star Bar Otres beach branch is currently in full swing.

Otres, which is past Occheteal beach heading in the direction of Ream, is benefiting from the new over the hill route from the far end of the golf course (still no movement on that on folks) and there is almost wall to wall beachside restaurants etc... all it needs now is people prepared to go further a field than Occheteal for more of the same.

The other big bar closure in town is the Marlin hotel. The new backer apparently pulled the plug after only a couple of months. The closure was also proceeded by what witness have described as one of the best of the legendary fights between the established owner and his fiery Khmer girlfriend. Apparently snooker balls left the table and golf balls soon followed flight and quite an effort was required to restrain the slightly built dynamo.

The roads in town have been repaved and are smooth as silk as a few locals found out during Khmer new year when they spilled off after drinking a bit too much. Not long after the roads were re-sealed lane markings appeared on the roads. Surprisingly, considering that most locals have never seen road markings, they appear to be sticking mostly to the lanes, we only hope that the lanes will not be responsible for as many accidents as the road dividers were.

Speaking of Khmer New Year and road accidents, the Australian Navy graced town with their presence (well one ship did at least). In a wonderful example of the oxymoron that is military intelligence, the sailors were banned from riding on the back of motodops, but were allowed to hire motos to ride for themselves on the chaos that descends on the streets over the new years period. Watching some of them manoeuvre their motorised steeds was often amusing. Unsurprisingly quite a few of the sailors managed to have accidents and a couple of motos managed to disappear with restitution being required.

However many of the sailors appeared to be enjoying the water festivities with a fun battle taking place between them from the forecourt of the Oasis and some local youths operating from the front of the Visitor Information Centre across the road. Once or twice the local kids scattered as the police road by. Throwing

water was apparently banned this Khmer New Year, but few took notice.

It looks like the Khmer red thumbprints have called time on late night 'ultra-loud' disco music at one particular bar up on the Hill. Even some expat's have been heard to say "well if only the music wasn't so crap; they might have got away with it".

It could serve as a timely reminder to some of the sports type bars, that as the Cambodian team, won't be featuring in this years Football World Cup Finals (if ever), to be held in Germany in June, it's unlikely that our Khmer hosts will tolerate anything but normal sound volumes of commentaries that will accompany the live coverage from Europe in the very early hours of the morning. So remember folks, if you don't want a dose of the red thumbprint treatment, just step out of your bar and into the middle of the road. If you can hear the commentary in your bar, then it's almost certain that you'll get a visit from the 'Village Chief'. Better still, why not take a holiday in 'Continental Europe' during June, it'll be just like home from home.

Now that the ineffectual weak kneed French Government have done an about face on the controversial Youth Employment Bill, it could be a good time to repatriate the 'flyer touts' that plague Sihanouk Ville, (they could always say that they've been involved in international marketing). That way we would clean up the streets of waste paper, and wasted youths, and save the Cambodian rain forests at the same time.

Do Re' Mi is the name of a new bar up on the 'Hill'. It's situated right next door to Bar- Baari. That shouldn't worry the owners of Bar- Baari for a while, as they've shot off back to Europe for the monsoon season (do you notice that we don't refer to it as the rainy season so much these days, I wonder why?). It seems that the proprietors of Do Re' Mi had a similar business in or around Pasteur in Phnom Penh; so expect plenty of beguiling young ladies to help your purse strings to relax

Is there room for another eatery on the hill, do I hear you ask? Well Mr Gunter, and his partner (also of the place where old German men used to go) seem to think so. It's name is the equivalent of 'The Embassy' in French, so I'm told. Location is everything they say, so good luck if you find it, but no advance booking is required for the foreseeable future.

Another long term visitor had an experience that was amusing for others. He decided that he wanted a real massage, making a change from the normal massages he was getting from his local friends. So he goes off to the massage by the blind.

Despite being warned that this was not the type of massage place he usually frequents and he stating that was what he wanted, the person in question obviously could not constrain himself.

Deciding that he needed to give his blind masseuse a wonderful experience he guided her hand to a part of the anatomy that, despite much confusion, is not a muscle and hence does not need a real massage. Needless to say he was left unsatisfied but not so the masseuse, who after pulling her hand away as if from a hot coal, proceeded to massage his lower back so well that he was bed ridden for a couple of days in acute pain.

Lakeside news

Things carry on as normal at the lake. A young psychotic American dances up and down the dirt track wearing little (and sometimes no) clothing. He has all the joys of spring in his heart as he is mocked by other lunatics and the street vendors who busy themselves haggling with tourists over little parcels and baggies filled with anything but what they claim it to be. Meanwhile baguette dealers take constant orders from hungry punters with an urge for the local specialty. Travelers are warned that baguettes in these parts are up to 75% more potent than in other parts and although there have been no reported cases of overdose, addiction rates are epidemic.

Khmer New Year saw a low attendance of both tourists and Khmer locals at the lake. It was very ghost like with only a few restaurants remaining open. Angry protests nearly ensued after a very popular Khmer restaurant failed to open their doors at the scheduled time. The restaurant in question serves up Cambodia's (if not the world's) largest samosa and has beer prices that actually agree with the area in which they are sold. Go Sreymom!

A couple of businesses reported that the road along the front of the guesthouses was going to be sealed by workmen over the holiday. That would bring it into line with the rest of Phnom Penh and might help to reduce the mud flow that congregates after even a brief spell of rain. It seemed too good to be true especially as the last rumour indicated that the lakeside was going to be lost forever to gratify the big Phnom Penh hotel. It's all way too confusing. Nobody really knows what to expect.

The bar situation has shown some innovative development recently. The most exciting is the Zeppelin bar's appearance along the corner of Monivong. You don't have to go down to street 93 to get there but you're close enough to warrant loading up on baguettes. Their new premises is both spacious and modern and is not a modified shop. Its design creates a fantastic space to rock out and all tunes are meticulously chosen by the owner from his serious collection. If you're into the rock genre there's no point looking further than the Zeppelin for your entertainment especially since the prices have remained the same

as the old place. Their pre opening party saw several bands playing to a hugh, delighted crowd that spilled out onto the pavement along with the music that could be heard all the way down the street letting everybody know that Zeppelin bar has moved in.

Shakra's garden party also held an event with music that could be heard and felt from quite a distance. This time the crowds were dancing to a different beat and although they had to pay \$2 for the privilege the electronic tunes played in the nicely decorated garden were outstanding. It defiantly set the standards at the lake and the rest of the city and it's unlikely to be beaten until their next one. Unfortunately those parties have to be kept few and far in-between apparently to keep the neighbors sweet.

The Fubar have taken down their giant cloud from their ceiling and found they had quite a lot of space up there. The innovative chaps created an acrobatic trapezium to fill the gap. It's harder than it looks but the staff will be more than happy to show off their acrobatic skills and show you how it's done. There's a 1000R note on the ceiling and if you can retrieve it you get free beer.

It may be worth checking the small print of your insurance policy to ensure that drunken foolishness is covered before you start swinging your way to victory. Even if you don't try the amusement value is endless. Sunrise guesthouse is still the place to head for a barbecue offering cheerful company, electricians' workshop and free swimming. It remains a well kept secret and is probably one of the most ambient places in the city. It's likely to remain so as it's still so hard to find.

The lake now sports its own girlie bar next door to the new photo shop. It comes complete with pool table and pink lights outside. with this new addition there is simply no reason to leave the lake anymore.

On a final note those wishing to come and give the lunatic a kicking should use caution and make sure they have the correct guy before they start throwing swings at the first skinny, short haired character they come across. Its all too easy to get mixed up round here.

Business proposal

Alex wanted to screw a girl in his office, but she had a boyfriend.

One day Alex got so frustrated, that he went up to her and said: "I'll give you a \$1000 dollars if you let me screw you.

NO WAY! said the girl.

I'll be fast. I'll throw the money on the floor, you bend down, and I'll be finished by the time you pick it up.

She thought for a moment and said that she would have to consult her boyfriend. Her boyfriend instructed her to ask for \$2000 dollars, pick up the money very fast, so he would not even be able to get his pants down! She agrees and accepts the proposal. Half an hour goes by and the boyfriend is waiting for his girlfriend to call. Finally, after 45 mins the boyfriend calls and asks:

What happened?

"The bastard used coins!" she said.

Management lesson: Always consider a business proposal in it's entirety before accepting and getting screwed.

Bits & Bobs


We all know those cute little computer symbols called emoticons," where: :) means a smile and :(is a frown.

Sometimes these are represented by :-) :-(

Well, how about some "ASSICONS?" Here goes:

- (!_) a regular ass
- (#!_) a fat ass
- (!) a tight ass
- (*_) a sore ass
- {_!_} a swishy ass
- (o_o) an ass that's been around
- (_x_) kiss my ass
- (_X_) leave my ass alone
- (zzz_) a tired ass
- (E=mc2_) a smart ass
- (\$_) Money coming out of his ass
- (?_) Dumb Ass



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Advertising, Editorial, Inquiries and anything else :
The Bayon Pearnik, P.O. Box 2279,
Phnom Penh 3.
Advertising, Editorial : 012-803-968 (Adam),
Advertising (Siem Reap) : 012 870993 (Kevin)
Office: 023 211921

RETIRED OIL EXECUTIVES VOICE SUPPORT FOR RUMSFELD

Chauffeur-driven March on Washington Draws Hundreds Responding to the chorus of retired generals who have recently called for his ouster, hundreds of retired oil company executives marched on Washington today to show their support for Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld.

The former executives, members of the Retired Petroleum Titans of America, massed on the nation's capital in what was believed to be the largest chauffeur-driven protest march in American history.

With their chauffeurs holding protest signs reading "Support Our Crude," the former oil bigwigs demonstrated their support for the man they believe to be the greatest defense secretary ever.

Champ Greeley, chairman of the retired oil executives group, said that his fellow petroleum eminences took time out from their annual golf outing in the Virgin Islands to show their support for the embattled Mr. Rumsfeld.

"I know that the retired generals aren't happy with the job Secretary Rumsfeld is doing, but there are two sides to every story," Mr. Greeley said. "As far as we retired oil executives are concerned, things just couldn't be going any better."

Mr. Greeley said that many of the oil executives spent their entire careers working to raise gas prices to stratospheric levels, something Mr. Rumsfeld has helped accomplish in a matter of a few short years.

"Donald Rumsfeld hasn't brought peace to the Mideast, but he has brought three-dollars-a-gallon gas to the Midwest," he said. "For that alone, he deserves our unwavering support."

Elsewhere, President Bush said today that immigrants should be permitted to work in America on a temporary basis, much as he does at the White House.

