

THE ART ISSUE

Issue 24 – 19th September 2011



Art & Music | David Merritt | James Robinson
Profiling the OUSA Art Week artists | How to make a wheatbag
Critic rates the lunch options around campus | Big Black Cock

ONEFEST '11

LAWRENCE ARABIA

W/ EDWARD GAINS &
THE HUMAN REMAINS

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Critic – Te Arohi

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OUSA Art Week

19-23 SEPT 2011

MON 19

Student Exhibition & Sale Upstairs in The Link, 640 Cumberland St. Exhibition runs 19-23 Sept

Installation Projects Various artists, various locations around campus, 19-23 Sept

Free Badge Making Student Art Exhibition, Upstairs in The Link, 640 Cumberland St, 11-2pm

TUES 20

Free Caricatures Student Art Exhibition, Upstairs in The Link, 640 Cumberland St, 11-2pm

Artist/Writer Speed Dating Gazebo Lounge, Union Building. Limited spaces, contact kitty.events@ousa.org.nz

WED 21

Free Henna Tattoos Student Art Exhibition, Upstairs in The Link, 640 Cumberland St, 11-2pm

White Night Gallery Crawl Transport leaving from The Link from 5pm. 12 galleries open late in central Dunedin

THUR 22

OUSA Market Day OUSA Lawn or Union Hall if wet, 10-4pm. Featuring music from Gold Medal Famous & The Hunting Bears

Free Tie Dyeing BYO thing to dye! OUSA Market Day 12-2pm

Pecha Kucha Artist and Designer Showcase University Common Room, Bar opens at 7pm, first presentation at 7.30pm. \$10 waged, \$8 unwaged, **\$5 for students**

FRI 23

Free Badge Making Student Art Exhibition, Upstairs in The Link, 640 Cumberland St, 11-2pm

STUDENT ART EXHIBITION & SALE

19-23 SEPT, 9am-10pm, MON - FRI
THE LINK MEZZANINE
640 CUMBERLAND ST
UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO
ousa.org.nz



artist/writer speed dating

20th September 2011, 6.30 pm
Gazebo Lounge, University of Otago
Limited spaces. To register email kitty.events@ousa.org.nz



white night

dunedin gallery crawl 21/09/11

Come and check out Dunedin's visual arts scene! Late Night Gallery Crawl till 9pm, Wednesday 21 Sept
Free Transport from 5-8pm leaving from the University Link



pecha kucha

Thur 22 Sept, University Common Room
Bar opens 7pm, First speaker 7.30pm
\$10 Waged, \$8 unwaged

Black Penises, White Supremacy.



\$50,000 on a sculpture that provokes public debate on our national culture pales in comparison. And, considering that 46% of people in a recent poll said they were already sick of the Rugby World Cup, perhaps it's fair enough to have something for the rugby naysayers.

Putting aside petty council bickering and money grabbing for a moment, the work was supposed to discuss how Maori culture is commodified by sport. We're totally happy to turn the haka into something akin to our national dance, to sell it as a cultural icon internationally. We're fine with singing half of the national anthem in Te Reo, to show how down with biculturalism we are.

But back on home soil, we don't have to take that cultural shit. Last week, Dunedin businessman Mr Portman went on a racist tirade, complaining that the school principal of North East Valley Normal School was against national standards but was "teaching all this Maori culture, which is basically culture that's been made up as it goes along". Not only that, but he hates the tino rangatiratanga flag, and seems to believe that Maori "rob us, convert our cars, rape our women and bash our elderly. But if a white police officer shoots a Maori or a Maori gang member, or assaults a Maori criminal running from the law and posing a threat to society, you scream racism". It seems that Maori culture is totally fine if it's making the country big bucks, but as soon as it gets in the way of us being "all one people" (thanks again for the rhetoric, Mr Portman), we should cast it aside. In short, we're fine with other nations calling out "Kia ora" when they discover our origins, but fuck, don't make us actually speak the language. It's redundant, haven't you heard?

Depressingly, Mr Portman is unlikely to be the only bearer of such views. The saddest idea is his portrayal of Maori being entitled to more rights. Allegedly, "it's not a crime to be white YET...but getting very close". Arguments such as these make absolutely no sense. If Maori have special privileges in society (and it's hard to know what these are, unless you count Maori seats), then it's strange that Maori also have the highest unemployment, high crime rates, poor health and poor housing. The average Maori certainly isn't living the John Key lifestyle.

So perhaps it's time to start being a little more open minded. We don't have to like public artworks, but perhaps we should reflect on what they say about our society and our priorities.

Yours lovingly,

Julia Hollingsworth

EVERY CITY SEEMS TO HAVE A RUGBY WORLD CUP-RELATED controversy, and Dunedin is holding its own with the Rachael Rakena's phallic work erected in the Octagon just in time for the hoards of sports fans.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, the purpose of the work has been overshadowed by comments such as "why the fuck is there a giant penis in the Octagon?" and "why the fuck is the government spending all my hard-earned cash on bloody ART of all things?". The first comment wasn't really helped by some rather unfortunately placed foam lingering near the base of the sculpture on Saturday night.

Councillor Lee Vandervis agreed with the second comment. "We're paying \$50,000 to rent a black penis in the Octagon? What's that all about?" he said. But when one considers that the government, DCC and Otago Regional Council will spend \$151 million on the stadium, and Auckland ratepayers will spend \$102 million on the Rugby World Cup, a measly

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Letter of the Week

The letter of the week wins a \$30 book voucher to spend at University Book Shop.



University Book Shop

Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

WE DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS BUT IT SEEMS LIKE IT COULD BE FUNNY

Dear King Logan,

Sire, please pardon my impunity, but I fear I must suit thee in most pitiful want of counsel. I write to thee of my most dreadful plight in regards to winning the affections of the sundry temptresses of this fair realm. Verily, many divers times hath a lusty wench caught mine eye 'pon the shanty floor of the local taverns. Yet my poor a-quaking self hath frightful little in talent nor charms to apply to the stoking of their kindnesses. Pray tell my lord, what crafts and magicks would thy good & noble self suggest to adopteth? And wouldst such a course of action, insofar as mine own limited powers of ability might allow it so, be at all suited to such a wretched knave as I? Forsooth, the gods might wink & smile 'pon thy dainty dalliances, but for a simple louse like my poor self, such mimicry is surely wont to land a crotchful of poxes 'pon my nethers! 'Swounds, but how shall a poor wretch knoweth which way is up and which wayeth is down in such a callous & peril-filled world? For in these times all that was one way 'tis now another, and pigs do runneth in our houses and sitteth in our chairs, and cats do danceth with mice!

Yours in most quiv'ring devotion,

John of Arbrook.

Most worthy vassal,

'Tis to thy credit to have approached me thus. Verily, the taverns and inns of this fair city heave with tantalising strumpets, yet many a knave retires to his couch alone. Wencheth must be wooed, and a more able tutor than myself in the soft arts of amour is not to be found within these five leagues. Firstly, recollect that the clothes maketh the man. Even if the outward shows be least themselves, thy doublet and hose should be always straight, free from food or other filth and brighter than all others, even as the sun is to the moon. Wencheth, like magpies, resisteth not shiny or coloured objects. Once you have ensnared your comely filly, be sure thy tongue runneth over in praise of her feminine charms. Bosoms, being a gift from God, are rightly worshipped, and let he who neglects to praise such a holy relic do so at his own peril! Now that the nymph's vasage is appropriately suffused with all encompassing devotion, away with ye to the fields of Elysia, yet surrender not thy body to the passion entire - foolish is he who enters the lists of love without the armour proper to amour. I have the honour to remain,

Your humble servant,

Logan Edgar Esq.

CRITIC DOES STUFF GOODER THAN BEFORE

Dear Critic, and Charlotte Greenfield

I just want to say "Bravo!" on your article about the Evangelical movement in the Religion issue - approaching a topic that lends itself unbelievably well to a good

spot of abusing Christians (which I was expecting; this is the Critic after all), your take on it was very informative and professional. I myself am a Christian and when I saw what the issue was on, I thought "Here we go again." I was, however, pleasantly surprised by the article, which even answered a few questions I had on the topic! A well-written article that interviews people with a good knowledge of Evangelicalism and presents it all in a respectful way. It would have been interesting to hear what some people less fond of Evangelicalism think of it all, but then I'd probably write a letter complaining about the haters. High 5, Critic. Keep it up :)

Dylan Jones

SICK PPL R REALLY ANNOYING

I would like to bring attention to a certain individual who frequents the mac lab. This person seems to think its amusing to mock-cough every time I clear my throat or genuinely cough. Bitch. Do you think it's funny that I'm sick? Do you REALLY think I can help it? Do you think it's "cool" to poke fun at other people's pain? Newsflash fuckface: I'm trying to finish my assignments just like any other asshole here. So if you want complete silence when you're studying-get YOUR OWN fucking computer and stay at home instead of being an immature cunt. The Mac lab is a public place. You got a problem with my unintentional noise-making? You sick of me being sick? Fucking confront me-shit-be a good bitch and chuck me a fucking cough-drop- instead of being annoying in a room filled with people other than yourself (sorry to break it to ya sweetheart- but the world doesn't revolve around you.) Otherwise fuck off- go sit in your tower so we can get on with our work without listening to your obnoxious, high-pitched, squeaky mock-cough.

yours truly,

*ahem**ahem*squeak**cough*cough*

P.S The fresher flu is nothing to make fun of. You wait. It WILL find you.

"YOUR FULLOSHIT AU" = CLASSIC

Just read the eagles comment about national being environmentally friendly and having a strong 'blue-green' faction that wields a lot of influence. Eagle, your fulloshit au. The bluegreens are just a front that are rarely consulted at all. Look at the air quality standards the nats revised, allowing industry to put more PM10 particles into the air that we breathe. And we're worried about smoking? HAH! The E.T.S completely ignores some of the biggest polluters because they vote national.

Although national didn't get to mine our national parks, they are hammering everywhere else. Our P.M and local M.P Michael Woodhouse's support for lignite mining in Southland (changes his mind that much i'm lost as to where he stands) says a lot about the nats attitude towards the environment. You may not have heard of Woodhouse, he's that guy who said nothing and quietly towed the party line when his constituents at Hillside were losing their jobs.

Josh George

P.S. Props to the left feet for having the conviction to sign off with his own name, rather than some freedumb-tard american alias like a 2 bit coward.

[Abridged]

THE EAGLE: MAN OF MYSTERY

To add my two cents: It seems obvious that the Eagle is writing a satire piece, deftly poking fun at the hypocrisy, doublespeak and misinformation that

many economic conservatives favour. The idea that economic conservatism is equivalent to capitalism is funny just on the face of it, the eagle imagery is a clear reference to America's socialism-for-the-wealthy with a sly wink at Stephen Colbert, and the overall tone of the piece strongly implies an arched eyebrow. All the people pointing out the Eagle's numerous factual inaccuracies need to stop, and just enjoy it for what it is.

Nah, the Eagle's legit, as anyone who has had the privilege of meeting him knows. And right now he's saddened by your misuse of political jargon. Economic conservatives want to conserve the present economic system, welfare bludging and all. Economic liberals (like the Eagle) want to overhaul and liberalise the whole system. For the record, your political beliefs (socialism) make you an economic illiterate.

– The Eagle

BIG WORLD OF RELIGIONS

Dear Critic,

I guess this email is a small quibble over the last decade or so of Critic's Religious/spiritual issues. But every time an issue is published about peoples spiritual beliefs, it appears to almost solely concentrate on the Abrahamic faiths, with perhaps (if we are lucky) Buddhism, and atheism tacked on to appear open minded. It might shock you to know there are more choices in spirituality out there than what you show. So I have to ask, did you half arse this issue? Or is there an actual blindness to the other options out there? Indeed event he pastafarians got ignored ;)

Just curious

Dr Gar Gar

Hi Dr Gar Gar,

Thanks for your letter. You'll notice that this year we did a "beliefs" issue rather than a "religion" issue, in which we tried to discuss a range of different belief systems rather than just focusing on religious beliefs. As a result, we had an interview with Hone Harawira and an article on the ethics of vegetarianism, as well as an article on religion.

The reason we chose to do an article on Evangelicals is because, while other religions dwindle, the evangelical faith is growing. I think that this is an interesting thing to consider, quite aside from the fact that Evangelicals are part of the Christian faith.

The other thing to note is that we are a relatively small publication. While in an ideal world, we would have had articles about Wiccans, Buddhists, Hindus and Pastafarians, unfortunately we're somewhat constrained by space.

I hope that clarifies where we were coming from with our issue!

Julia Hollingsworth

Editor

THIS "VORACIOUS BOOTY" IS TAKEN

Dear Critic

A few days ago I saw a fly honey walking through the link whom I can only describe as having a voracious booty.

I commented to a friend "Dayum, check that" and he replied "Yeah bro, thats the editor of Critic".

Nice.

PS – Go on a blind date with me

SUX BRO

Dear Critic

This morning I went to BP Regent to get some petrol only to find that when I picked up the gas hose it started squirting everywhere even though I hadn't pushed in the lever. I put the hose back and went to tell the lady in the service station. I told her that hardly any of the gas had actually made its way into my vehicle because of this strange eventuality. She however maintained that "no, my machine tells me that X-amount went in so that is how much went in." It didn't go in, it went all over the concrete and on my vehicle but not in. I reluctantly paid the amount then went away to do an errand. Sure enough my fuel gauge was still empty so I went back and told her that the petrol can't possibly have gone in because my gauge was still on red. It wasn't my fault that the pump was a spontaneous squirter. Still, the lady was indifferent. She said that "well the petrol must have gone SOMEWHERE." Yes it had gone somewhere, it went everywhere - that's what I told you before! There was a problem with the pump! Of course, the lady told me there was nothing the service station could do and I left feeling ripped off, still with an empty tank.

Regards,
Ripped Off

CRITIC TO THE RESCUE

Dear Critic,

I am writing to express me appreciation for Critic's comic page not being funny at all.

This is good because I like to drink milk whilst I read, and when I read funny mainstream comics like Calvin and Hobbes I laugh. The problem is that when a comic

makes me laugh I often snort milk out my nose and it lands on my jeans and looks a little like sperm, and then people around my point at me and say things like "OMG that guy has been surreptitiously masturbating over drawings of a six year old boy and his pet stuffed tiger." These people then think I am a sexual deviant and avoid me. I have lost a lot of friends this way.

Thankfully Critic's comic page is not funny at all, and the comics don't even make sense really, so I can drink my milk and read without fear that I will laugh. This is very comforting to me.

Thanks

Clarification: actually one comic called Antics is quite funny sometimes but I have learned to not look at it which is easy because it is usually in the top bit of the page.

I blow my load (of milk from my nose) in front of my friends all the time and have never had this problem. Milk has a much lower viscosity and soaks straight into denim whilst semen sits on the surface. The friends you have lost must be retarded to think that milk looks like semen and I'm glad you're rid of them.

I'm sorry to hear your inability to look at the top of the page, I've never encountered this problem before either but will be sure to put Antics at the bottom of the page next week so hopefully your nose ejaculate will continue to drive away the sexually naive morons (or pre-teens?) that you really shouldn't be friends with.

Spencer
(comics section editor)

ONLY LITERATE WAIKATO STUDENT SENDS LOVE LETTER

Dear Critic

Even though I don't go to your school, I still like to read your magazine. It comes to us in an envelope all the way from the South Island and, if I'm lucky, I get to work before the graphic designer and it is I who opens the envelope. Inside are all sorts of great ideas. We may/may not have borrowed one of them, by having a socialist and a libertarian debate a single topic on a semi-regular basis. Mostly they just call each other names, but hey: our university is a hundred years younger than yours.

Oh, and I'm looking forward to meeting some of you at the Aotearoa Student Press Association Awards night in Wellington.

Steve
Hamilton

BIG UPS

Just wanted to reply to the letter last week. The people who inspired free shop on campus are: Feather Shaw, Rowan Macarthur, Golda Matthias and John Belville. Of course thanks also needs to be extended to everyone who makes it possible: Logan Edgar and Dan Beck for their support and the Executive for voting for it. Critic for doing a news story on it on the trial period.

Finally the most important thanks must go to the people who use free shop and the people who donate things to free shop - particularly Feather and Rowan for continually supplying the OUSA Free Shop with stuff from the South Dunedin shop.

Cheers,
Fran.

NOTICES

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

Ever volunteered away from home?? Masters student needs keenbeans for chat about learning through volunteer tourism. Whether domestic or overseas, working with kids, animals, building houses, teaching English, 1 day, 8 months, whatever - I would love to hear about it! Will shout you coffee + treat. sze-en.lau@otago.ac.nz

MAORI AND PACIFIC BRIDGING SCHOLARSHIPS

Division of Humanities Māori and Pacific Bridging Scholarships. If you are intending to proceed to Masters and Doctoral research check these out. **Applications close:** Friday November 4 2011. For more information and eligibility criteria contact. Ana Rangi: 03 479 868, humanities.kaiawhina@otago.ac.nz or Mara Hosoda: 03 479 9616, mara.hosoda@otago.ac.nz

LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Wednesday at 5pm. Send letters to critic@critic.co.nz, post them to PO Box 1436, Dunedin, or drop into the Critic office. All letters must include full contact details, even if you don't want these printed. Letters of a serious nature directly addressing a specific person or group will not be published under a pseudonym, except in extraordinary circumstances negotiated with the Editor. Critic reserves the right to edit, abridge or decline letters without explanation. We don't fix the spelling or grammar in letters. If a writer looks stupid, it's because they are.

TALK

"Compassion, Justice and the Pursuit of Peace: 10 years on from 9/11" by Associate Professor Chris Marshall. Annual University Chaplaincy and Dunedin Abrahamic Interfaith Group Peace Lecture. 5.30pm Monday September 26, St David Lecture Theatre 7pm Supper: All Saints Church Hall. All welcome.

OUSA ELECTIONS FOR 2012 EXECUTIVE

Polling via electronic means starting at 9am October 3 and closing at 4pm October 6. Go to: www.ousa.org.nz

NZUSA ELECTIONS

Applications for the NZUSA President and National Women's Rights Officer are open. They must be received by no later than **4 pm on Friday, September 30 2011**. The postal address is PO Box 10-246, Wellington

and the fax number is 04 472 2291. All applications should be addressed to Hayden Wilson. Applications can be sent to hayden.wilson@kensingtonswan.com. The election will be held during the election plenary of the NZUSA General Meeting at 4pm on **Saturday October 15 2011**, at VUW, Wellington. Candidates should circulate a CV to all NZUSA member students' associations before that date. There will be an opportunity for candidates to briefly address members during the election plenary and answer questions.

350 FESTIVAL

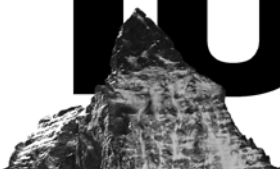
Check out 350 Dunedin's Festival, 11am-3pm, 24 September in the Gardens! A day of live Music, free give-aways, and plenty of activities to keep you entertained! It's an awesome opportunity to learn more about your carbon footprint and how you can help us move towards a zero carbon future.

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TOP 10



Basti Menkes rates the top ten most controversial art pieces

- 01** David Cerny's "Shark" – a Saddam Hussein statue, suspended in a tank of formaldehyde.
- 02** Van Gogh's ear – his very own severed earlobe that he tried to use to pay a prostitute.
- 03** "The beauty in death" by Gregor Schneider – a proposed performance piece in which a volunteer will be killed in front of a live audience. Anyone?
- 04** "The Shed" by Spencer Hall – a harmless alt-comic that caused a Facebook shitstorm when somebody didn't quite "get" it.
- 05** Anything by Angela Singer – a Kiwi animal rights activist who makes art out of dead animals and their intestines. Ironic.
- 06** "For the Love of God" by Damien Hirst – a platinum skull, complete with 8,601 flawless diamonds and real human teeth, bought for £50 million by the artist himself.
- 07** "For the Laugh of God" by Peter Fuss – a flawless plastic/glass imitation of the above artwork, for 0.002% of the price.
- 08** "Two people not in love" by Peter Fuss – three billboards depicting a couple in increasingly miserable ways.
- 09** David Cerny's "Piss" – no description necessary.
- 10** "My Sweet Lord" by Cavallaro – a 6ft chocolate replica of our pal Jesus H. Christ.

Marketing student does all Scarfies proud

A Marketing student has recently completed a feat impressive enough to cause even the most hardened scarfie to wince in pain. Tim Norman, a sixth year who is near the end of his Master's course, has spent his time at Otago building an impressive tolerance to alcohol while remaining somewhat fitter than your average Commerce student.

Last Saturday, without any running training whatsoever, Norman consumed a whopping

21 standard drinks before fuelling up on sizzlers and V and competing in the Moro Half-marathon. Incredibly, Norman survived the ordeal and posted a respectable time of 1 hour 49 minutes. Norman was understandably ecstatic with his performance, although after the event he told *Critic* that he "felt like he had been squashed up against the wall by a fat chick".

You want an offensive drawing with that?

To mark the tenth anniversary of the 9/11 attacks, a Muslim man from Houston, Texas got a bit of misplaced shit from a burger joint, receiving an overly personalised bit of customer service when he ordered lunch. The man was handed a burger box with "Happy September 11" written on it in permanent marker, complete with a drawing of an aeroplane crashing into the Twin Towers. Shocked, the man asked for a refund, and got his cash handed back to him silently, with zero apology or explanation for the islamophobic doodling.

After driving away, news of the experience reached the ears of owner of the burger/petrol station Bun Fullilove, who was "utterly mortified" by what had happened. He got a chance to shake the man's hand and apologise to him personally, and promptly fired the decorator of the box (calling what he did "really, really retarded").



Your Highness is a fantasy comedy film starring all the big names, including James Franco, Zoë Lister-Jones and *Critic's* girl-crush

Natalie Portman. The film follows a ridiculous quest, involving warriors, warlocks and dragons.

Critic has two wonderful *Your Highness* DVDs to give away. To be in to win, simply email critic@critic.co.nz with the subject line "your highness", and tell us what your medieval name would be.

45,000

dollars of ratepayers' money spent on 'Harbour Mouth Molars' in Dunedin.

140

million US dollars- price of most expensive painting ever sold: Jackson Pollock's No 5, 1948.



Cold turkey

A smoking orangutan held in a Malaysian zoo is being forced to kick her habit after officials deemed that the behaviour was “unnatural”.

The canny officials recognised that most orangutans in the wild are not chain smokers who lash out when deprived of nicotine, and moved to curb Shirley’s degenerate addiction

for her own good.

Shirley had been getting the cigarettes from visitors to the zoo, who found her lighting up and blowing smoke out of her nose endearing. Shirley formed the habit after mimicking the humans around her. Humans, we aren’t great for the environment.



The Good

Smiley Faces in Text Messages

An acceptable way not to sound like a complete monster over text, and better than the over familiar ‘x’ or (worse) ‘xoxo’. The smiley face can turn “Hi [fucker], can you please do the [fucking] dishes today? (heavy accent on the sarcasm and your general fucker-ness) into “Hi [sunshine, love and unicorns] can you please do the dishes today [you wonderful example of a human being]? [P.S you have nice hair]” : =)

The Bad

Facebook

The events function, and the ability to stalk photos of people abroad and lament the fact you did not do an exchange and thus will never qualify as a interesting/fun person aside, Facebook has become insipid. The worst part is the passive-aggressive emotional statuses. Example: “I’m sad, I’ll never trust anyone again”. How’s about get off Facebook and go buy yourself an ice-cream to cheer the fuck up?

The Aesthetically Displeasing

RWC Opening Ceremony Dancing Container Cranes

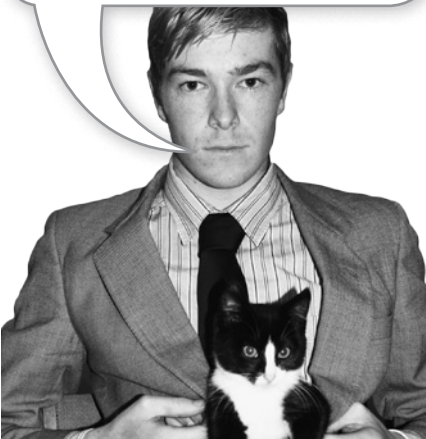
I actually loved these, the comedic value was top-notch, and I suspect this will be the highlight of the entire cup, but it was hardly the fit-people-in-Lycra-costumes-dancing-to-Enya one expects from an opening ceremony.

– Kate Macey

PRESIDENTIAL PRATTERINGS

THE LOGAN EDGARISM OF THE WEEK

“Ow I just had a stabbing pain in my prostate. I think it was the apple juice”.



British people real filthy

In a survey carried out by London’s Science Museum, 3000 British people rated the ability to access Facebook as considerably more important than the flushing toilet when asked what they ‘couldn’t live without’.

Facebook rated as the fifth most important thing in British people’s lives; presumably because it allows them to schedule lots of get-togethers where they can drink tea, discuss the weather, and reminisce about the days when they owned most of the world and got to subjugate other people a lot. Flushing toilets meanwhile only squeaked into the top ten in the number nine spot. Priorities aye.

36

age at which Vincent Van Gogh chopped off his own earlobe.

20

number of separate words that made up Picasso’s full name.

133

different Crayola crayon colours.

Vic Uni experiences “Death by 1000 cuts”



Photos by Rachel Brandon, courtesy of Salient

Victoria University of Wellington was the scene of significant unrest last Wednesday September 14, as students carrying out a peaceful protest against cuts to academic departments clashed with University security services.

Students marched on the University's Hunter Building to deliver a letter to Vice Chancellor Professor Pat Walsh outlining concerns at proposed cuts to Victoria's politics and international relations departments. Protestors carried a child's coffin, intended to symbolise the death of education at the University.

The protest briefly turned ugly, with students accusing security staff of physically assaulting protestors. Police were called by University staff, however no arrests were made.

Sources disagreed on the number of students that took part in the protest, with student leaders claiming in a press release that 300 students were involved in the march, while mainstream media outlets put the number of students at between 150 and 200.

Students held the protest march to condemn the University's plan to trim ten staff positions in the two departments, as well as plans to disestablish the country's only Crime and Justice Research Centre. Academics and students have condemned the cuts as damaging and unnecessary, especially in light of Victoria's \$16million surplus in the last financial year.

Green MP Gareth Hughes slated the University's proposed cuts, describing the situation as “death by a 1000 cuts”.

Meanwhile, former Victoria University of Wellington Student's Association President

Joel Cosgrove called for the resignation of Walsh, saying “Pat Walsh was a good guy. But he needs to be sacked. Cause right now this university has no conscience.”

The protest occurred as part of a designated national day of student protest. However responses were far more muted at other campuses around the country, with the University of Auckland campus being the only other campus to experience a significant disruption. A small group of students at Auckland refused to leave the library at closing time and barricaded themselves inside the building, necessitating police intervention and resulting in the arrest of at least one student. A window was also broken during the protest.

Students at the University of Otago did not engage in any protest action.

– *Gregor Whyte*



Campus dry. Scarfies cry.

The University of Otago is imposing a campus-wide alcohol ban for the Rugby World Cup, and it looks likely to continue once the tournament ends.

At a meeting last week, the University Council unanimously adopted Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne’s recommendation that an “Alcohol on Campus Statute” be implemented on campus. The law will be in place until January, when Prof Hayne expects it will be repealed and replaced by a new set of regulations for 2012.

Students found in breach of the campus-wide ban may be dealt with under the University’s disciplinary powers and Code of Conduct. Penalties under these regulations include fines, community service, and expulsion from the university in worst-case scenarios.

The Dunedin City Council asked the University to implement an alcohol ban as part of wider restrictions through the city and North Dunedin for the Rugby World Cup. The regulation approved by the University Council will prohibit all persons from bringing, possessing, or consuming alcohol on any part of the campus. *Critic* understands that exemptions apply for people carrying alcohol in unopened containers, and consumption of alcohol within university buildings would not be affected in line with the current policy.

Student representatives on the University Council, Jonathan Rowe and Katie Reid, have raised concerns about the implementation of the regulations, questioning whether the Rugby World Cup had been used by the university as an opportunity to promote a wider agenda against alcohol. Prof Hayne

admitted there had been “long-standing concerns” about the consumption of alcohol on campus, especially with regards to groups of people congregating to drink.

Prof Hayne said that the principal intent of the statute was to “make plain that the university campus is not available as a place for groups to congregate and consume alcohol, and to support the taking of measures against those who may attempt to do so.”

Non-students found drinking alcohol on campus would be asked by Campus Watch staff to stop and leave the university grounds, while the statute would also provide police with a “greater ability to respond to any who may fail to co-operate.”

– *Aimee Gulliver*

Mayor proud of his big black cock

Dunedin Mayor Dave Cull is “pretty proud” to have a gigantic black phallic object protruding from the Octagon.

The ‘artwork’ piece titled ‘The Haka Peep Show’ is a large black pou (post or pillar) that contains 3D videos featuring four haka performed by prominent Maori leaders. The piece is the brainchild of artist Rachel Rakena. Onlookers can view the haka videos through various peepholes placed in the shaft of the enormous member.

The main idea behind the artwork was to raise awareness surrounding the controversial issue of “commodification of Maori and indigenous sportsmen through the use and exploitation of their masculinity and their culture, in the media”.

To the naked eye the piece resembles a huge black penis, but apparently it was designed in the shape of a Rexona deodorant can, and is connected to their sponsorship of the All Blacks. Rakena admitted that her work did have a phallic reference, which references the ‘sexualisation’ of Maori.

The large member wasn’t cheap, with \$50,000 of DCC money spent on the schlong, along with additional funding from Ngai Tahu.

Critic trekked to the Octagon to pay homage to the giant penis, and spoke to members of the public to find out what they thought of it.

“I fucking love it” was the response of American exchange student, Lafonda Smigel who went on the say that “it reminds me of home”. She

also explained that “after the foam party at Alibi on Friday it looked like there was jizz all over the place”.

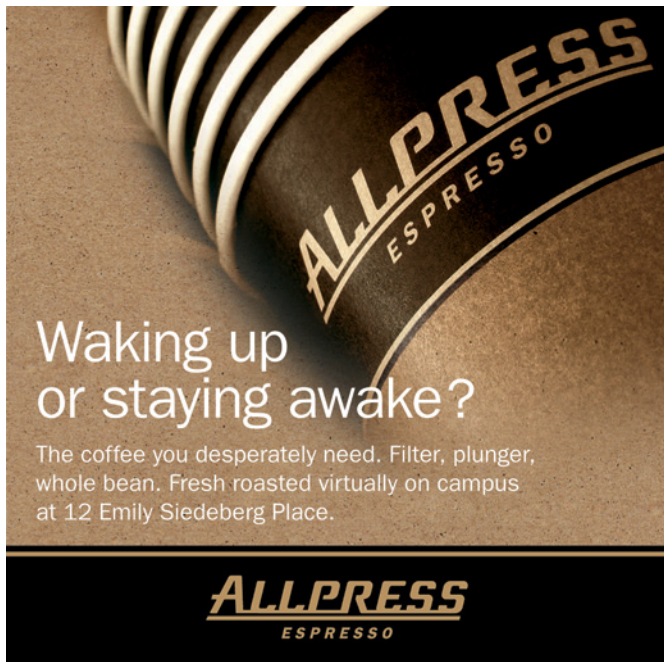
A slightly intoxicated English supporter informed *Critic* that the artwork “made me feel rather inadequate about my wee pecker”.

An elderly man, who *Critic* recognised as a regular at Dunedin Casino, seemed appalled at the frivolous misuse of ratepayer’s money, “It’s ridiculous that the DCC is having to double the time it will take to pay off the stadium, yet they are willing to throw \$50K at a big black whoopee stick in the middle of our lovely city. What an embarrassment.”

Councillor Lee Vandervis clearly agreed with the man, and “resigned in disgust” at the expenditure of taxpayer money. In response, Councillor Bill Acklin vowed to lay a complaint against Vandervis for breaching Council rules on confidentiality.

Mr Cull appears unapologetic about funding the work in the middle of the World Cup. “I must say I’m pretty proud of the fact Kai Tahu did not say ‘let’s put on a paua shell rugby ball’.”

The sculpture has been featured in news media around the world
– **Lozz Holding**



NORML fails to make Joyce's list



Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce appears here in an entirely unrelated stock photo we found on the Internet. But he seems to be having a pretty good time, so that's nice for him I suppose.

Student leaders are alarmed at the Government's latest attempt to cripple students' association, as Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce released draft directions on Student Services Levies last week.

Joyce has composed a list that dictates what services institutions can spend student levies on. The services that are able to be provided are: advocacy and legal advice, careers information, counselling services, employment information, financial support and advice, health services, media, childcare services and sports and recreation facilities.

The Green Party was the sole opponent of the Education Act No. 4 that gave Joyce the power to decide this list of "approved services." Green MP Gareth Hughes claims that "the irony is, coupled with the VSM Bill, it is Steven Joyce, not students, deciding what is appropriate for students."

Hughes is further accusing the Government of intruding into university and polytech operations by proposing stringent regulations for the provision of student support under VSM.

"If Joyce gets his way, students can kiss goodbye to what past generations knew as 'Orientation' and they can also forget about having adequate representation. Despite their cultural and democratic importance, these two fundamental aspects of student life failed to make the minister's shortlist."

Joyce's proposed law changes, coupled with Act's VSM Bill, are trying "to turn our universities and polytechs into soulless grey institutions devoid of the on-campus culture previously enjoyed by so many," says Hughes. "Students will be relegated to little more than fee-paying cogs in a machine, with little actual say over what they get in return for the thousands of dollars they shell out each year."

– Aimee Gulliver

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Marketing is the new Tourism

A rogue student caused widespread panic in a second year marketing paper after sending an email on Blackboard to every student in the paper asking if they could join a group for an assignment that hadn't even been set yet.

The first email, sent on September 8, set off waves of panic amongst MART203 students, and caused a chain reaction of emails from students seeking to also join or form groups for the assignment, despite the fact that the assignment was not due to be posted to Blackboard until September 15.

As of noon on September 15, sources indicated that the entire class had received no fewer than eleven separate emails from students seeking to join groups, many of which included smiley faces designed to lure prospective group partners into accepting the sender into their probably non-existent groups.

How the students were supposed to form groups for an assignment when crucial details like the required size of the group were not yet known is unclear, but students *Critic* spoke to who were doing real

BCom degrees like Economics or Finance speculated that the Marketing students were just really stupid.

OUSA President Logan Edgar, a Marketing major and one of the department's recent success stories, told *Critic* that "well, in a nutshell, a wise man once told me it's better to be outspoken and misunderstood than to stay silent and lose a leg in a yachting accident."

Tourism students were reportedly excited by the development, with some speculating that the Marketing students were now probably considered the dumbest amongst the various BCom majors, knocking Tourism off a perch it has occupied ever since it was invented as an academic discipline as part of an elaborate joke.

– *Staff Reporter*

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Pig killed in North Dunedin

*South
Dunedinites
mourn loss
of relative*

A group of unassuming scarfies were the victims of an unfortunate piece of malicious littering on Sunday September 11, after they discovered a deceased pig in their wheelie bin in the early hours of the morning.

The group had enjoyed a pleasant night out in town after watching the England vs Argentina game on Saturday. However the next day the Harbour Terrace residents awoke to find that a large swine carcass was now using their yellow recycling bin as a coffin.

The residents had several theories as to the origin of the pig, but as of *Critic's* print deadline no solid information has arisen. One prevailing theory was that the pig was an offering to the rugby gods, intended to bring luck in the World Cup tournament. Others speculated that this was another Carrington hate crime, although the lack of grazing ground at Carrington College suggests that if this was the case then the pig would have had to be imported.

Upon finding the pig, the flatmates decided to call the DCC, who informed them they should "drop it off at the dump". Refusing to handle the carcass, the flatmates politely turned down this suggestion and the DCC then told students that they would "get back to them".

As *Critic* went to print the DCC had failed to remove the pig, and the body of the animal remains in the wheelie bin. Resident Tom informed us that the pig is "free to anyone who wants it".

The pig was originally nicknamed 'Babe', after the cheeky star of the popular 1995 comedy movie, which featured Christine Cavanaugh as the voice of the protagonist. However the carcass now sports the longer, and slightly less elegant, moniker "Jonny Wilkinson's kicking ability", due to the striking similarities with said rugby player's career (as both suffered a fatal blow on the same weekend).

– **Lozz Holding**

execrable

exec [ɪgˈzɛk, ɛg-] ► noun informal an executive: top execs.
 ORIGIN late 19th cent.: abbreviation.
 /ˈɛksɪkrəb(ə)l/ ► adjective extremely bad or unpleasant: execrable cheap wine.
 DERIVATIVES execrably adverb.

The Exec meeting was short on numbers last week, and struggled mightily to make quorum. This problem was compounded when it was revealed that Ariana was on call for duty at Selwyn, so if some type of crazy situation went down at that particular College then the meeting was all off. Upon realising that the Budget and the Constitution were both up for debate, *Critic* attempted to call in a bomb threat but was hampered by running out of Prepay credit when the cops put us on hold.

The Constitution and Budget were discussed under confidentiality in the meeting, so we can't tell you what went down, but rest assured the Exec have got something in the works for both. *Critic* understands that the final budget will be approved by the Exec at the next meeting, before being voted on by students at the referendum that is to coincide with the OUSA elections.

OUSA's new General Manager, Darel Hall, had the pleasure of attending his first Exec meeting. We do however feel compelled to warn him that there won't be pizza at every meeting. Darel (can we call you Darel?) was officially welcomed by the Exec, which Logan followed with a informal invitation to join him at Monkey Bar on Thursday night for an 'induction'. Shonelle has apparently already fallen victim to this ploy, with Logan proceeding to get her "more and more drunk" when they hit the Monkey. If that story didn't sell Darel on the idea, Logan's proclamation that "it's where all the movers and shakers go" was bound to seal the deal.

In more general business, Katie is trying to sort out the backwards wireless internet that the uni is currently providing us with. A poll on the OUSA Facebook page had students overwhelmingly record that they thought the wireless was "Sh*t." Fuck we're an articulate

bunch. Katie is doing her best to get the situation sorted, but is "getting grumpy talking to really old people" about it. Word.

The OUSA Christmas Party is in the organisation stage, with a variety of themes being thrown around by the Exec. *Critic* is frothing at the gash to see Katie's Mr Potatohead costume, and has never heard an idea worse than Fran's "Soviet Russia theme." Because nothing says Merry Christmas quite like Soviet Russia, where there was nothing to eat, the government was constantly spying on you, and you might get shot at any moment. Quite the party atmosphere that would be.

– *Aimee Gulliver*

PROCTOLOG

DUMB ARSES OF THE WEEK

Critic is starting to suspect the Proctor has mistaken us for Dr Dolittle, as we're kicking off this week with yet another animal story – this time involving the exciting chase of a loose rabbit. At least it wasn't a loose pussy; nobody would be interested in chasing that.

Campus Watch were called to Montgomery Ave to pursue the, by all accounts quite friendly, rabbit, described in the incident report as Briar and Peter's brother Roger. Attempts to lure Roger with lettuce leaves from Campus Watch's lunch were unsuccessful, at which point they stealthily started following a trail of rabbit poo that Roger had left behind. The Hansel and Gretel approach of hunting down the bunny was ultimately a fail, so Roger Rabbit is presumably still on the

loose. Roast rabbit anyone?

Unfortunately for *Critic*, the Rugby World Cup hasn't caused too many disasters so far, with the messiest affair to date being the giant black penis located in the Octagon seemingly jizzing a ridiculous amount of foam on the Saturday night of the Argentina game.

In even more sinister incident, an all-girl flat on Grange St has reported a Peeping Tom, and the Proctor is urging students to draw their curtains in the evening. He recommends locking windows and using clothes pegs on the curtains if necessary, as there are some serious perverts out there.

Meanwhile, in a fairly bizarre turn of events an Otago graduate who lost her wallet in England two years ago has had it returned

to the Proctor. The boomerang purse was lost in Kings Cross and has made its way back to the homeland just over two years later. The graduate is now a staff member at the University, and is no doubt having real giggles over her old ID card picture if it looks anything like ours.

– *Aimee Gulliver*



Crayons for Cambodia

Two University of Otago finalists are travelling to Cambodia this summer to volunteer with orphans and underprivileged children. The two law students are currently fundraising for their trip, which aims to provide Cambodian children with desperately needed school supplies and uniforms.

One of the trip's organizers, Brooke White, told *Critic* she was moved to act when she discovered that "Cambodian children cannot attend school without a uniform, which costs just \$10 NZD. We figured at the end of years of education ourselves the least we could do is help some kids go to school when they otherwise wouldn't have the chance."

All funds raised are going directly to the children of Cambodia. Details on how to donate or get in touch with the organisers of Crayons for Cambodia can be found on their Facebook page, or on their blog at crayons4cambodia.blogspot.com

– **Staff Reporter**

Weatherston's final appeal dismissed

Last week the Supreme Court dismissed Clayton Weatherston's application for a final appeal. Weatherston is currently serving a life sentence with a minimum non-parole period of 18 years for the murder of University of Otago student Sophie Elliot. Since his initial conviction, Weatherston has accumulated about \$270,000 in legal-aid fees for the appeal proceedings. His latest application claimed a television interview by Law Commissioner deputy Warren Young regarding the provocation defence prejudiced his case. This was rejected by the Supreme Court on the basis that the proposed grounds raised no issue of general or public importance that justified it hearing the case. The Elliot family welcomed the court's decision.

– **Teuila Fuatai**

OUSA elections

Nominations for the 2012 OUSA elections for all positions open on Monday September 19 and close on Friday September 23. All nominees must be nominated and seconded by fellow students, and present their IDs. Following this, the presidential forum will take place on Wednesday September 28 where presidential candidates will speak and answer questions in a bid to win the student vote.

– **Lozz Holding**

Because Men are Worth it.

A University of Otago Marketing Department study shows that use of cosmetic grooming products has become widely accepted by young New Zealand males. Senior Lecturer Dr Lisa McNeill and L'Oreal scholarship honours student Katie Douglas recently recruited a group of 18 to 22 year-old males to take part in in-depth interviews regarding their use of, and attitude towards, grooming products. The study indicates that men's awareness of their appearance is increasing, and that appearance is becoming important at an earlier age than in days of yore. The study made several key observations, including that the men "were very functional about their grooming choices, needing to see the products as practical solutions to specific needs, rather than providers of beautification." Dr McNeill says that males are generally happy to use grooming products, but only in a way that tied into their image of masculinity. "Men want to be the pretty boy to the ladies, but around other men they want to be the rugged man."

– **Basti Menkes**

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Post

EYES & EARS

Let's be honest. Most of us probably feel more at home in the mosh pit of a rock concert than in a posh, please-do-not-touch art gallery. In the 'art vs music' debate, it seems we're way more in tune with pop stars than painters. But take a moment out of your headbanging to open your eyes – because the impact of visual arts on music has been huge. Art has created some of music's most iconic images. From Andy Warhol to the Haus of Gaga, from music videos to music photography, Siobhan Downes investigates.

WHEN ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR MARK STOCKER SETS OUT TO EXPLAIN pop art to students in his 100 level Art History 'Modern Art' course, he starts off the lecture with a song. With British pop art, it's The Who's 'My Generation'. With Andy Warhol, it's Lou Reed's 'Take a Walk on the Wild Side'. "With pop art, the affinities with pop music are obvious, and I can't imagine a 100 level lecture where you have one without the other," he says.

Pop art, with its celebration of mass culture, commercialism and the gloss and glamour of the rich and the famous, emerged in the fabulous Fifties and the swinging Sixties. Then there was pop music, with the birth of the *Billboard* Hot 100 in 1958, LSD, and the formation of The Beatles in 1960. Both media were a reflection of youth and optimism – they were talkin' about their generation. Gone were the dreary days of the war, and in were film stars and Coca Cola.

British pop artist Peter Blake characterizes the crossover between the two scenes. He was obsessed with the likes of Elvis, The Beatles and The Beach Boys, and they featured heavily in his artwork. Maybe you haven't heard of Blake – but you've probably heard of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Clubs Band*. And if you've seen that particular album cover, then you've seen one of Blake's most iconic works.

Now let's take a walk on the wild side to America, home of Andy Warhol – the 'Pope of Pop'. He was David Bowie's greatest inspiration, and Mick Jagger begged him to design one of the Rolling Stones' album covers.



Which he did. *Sticky Fingers*, featuring gay sex symbol Joe Dallesandro's crotch, has been named one of the greatest album covers of all time. Warhol's New York studio, known as The Factory, was frequented by some of the biggest names in the music industry at that time, and led to the formation of the cult band, The Velvet Underground.

To use pop art as one of the most prominent examples, visual art has had a huge influence on music, and vice versa. This is essentially what Professor Stocker argues. "I don't see art and music as being 'vs' one another, but in a symbiotic relationship, even if by definition they are different media perceived through different senses."

The distinction between these two senses – eyes and ears – when it comes to visual art and music is becoming more blurred than ever. This is the twenty-first century world where video has killed the radio star, and YouTube is killing the video star. With the ability to watch any musician playing anywhere in the world on the internet, the importance of the performance is almost surpassing that of the music, as it becomes more difficult for musicians to get noticed from the masses of material. They have to do something to stand out, and this is where visual arts come in. Even British singer Adele, who famously said she makes music for 'ears, not eyes' – is not immune to this; her music video for 'Rolling in the Deep' ended up winning Best Art Direction at the MTV Video Music Awards.

There is a woman who recently became the first musician to rack up over one billion views on YouTube with her outlandish performance art. While Andy Warhol may have been the Pope of Pop, the Queen of Pop of our time is surely Lady Gaga, and she is following in Warhol's creative footsteps. We have seen her perform covered in blood, hatching from an egg, dressed as a wheelchair-bound mermaid, to name but a few of

her incarnations. Behind all the meat dresses, penis shoes, hair bows and pyrotechnic bras are a dedicated team of artists. They are known as the Haus of Gaga, in a direct nod to Warhol's Factory. It is art in every sense – and Lady Gaga herself is the easel. As she puts it, her and her 'Haus' are 'changing the world – one sequin at a time.'

Perhaps the biggest indicator of the makings of a musical icon is being featured on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, something Lady Gaga has achieved three times. But the unsung heroes in the creation of music iconography are the music photographers. Would pop and rock music be where it was today if it wasn't for the photographs that created sex symbols, captured great moments, and immortalised legends?

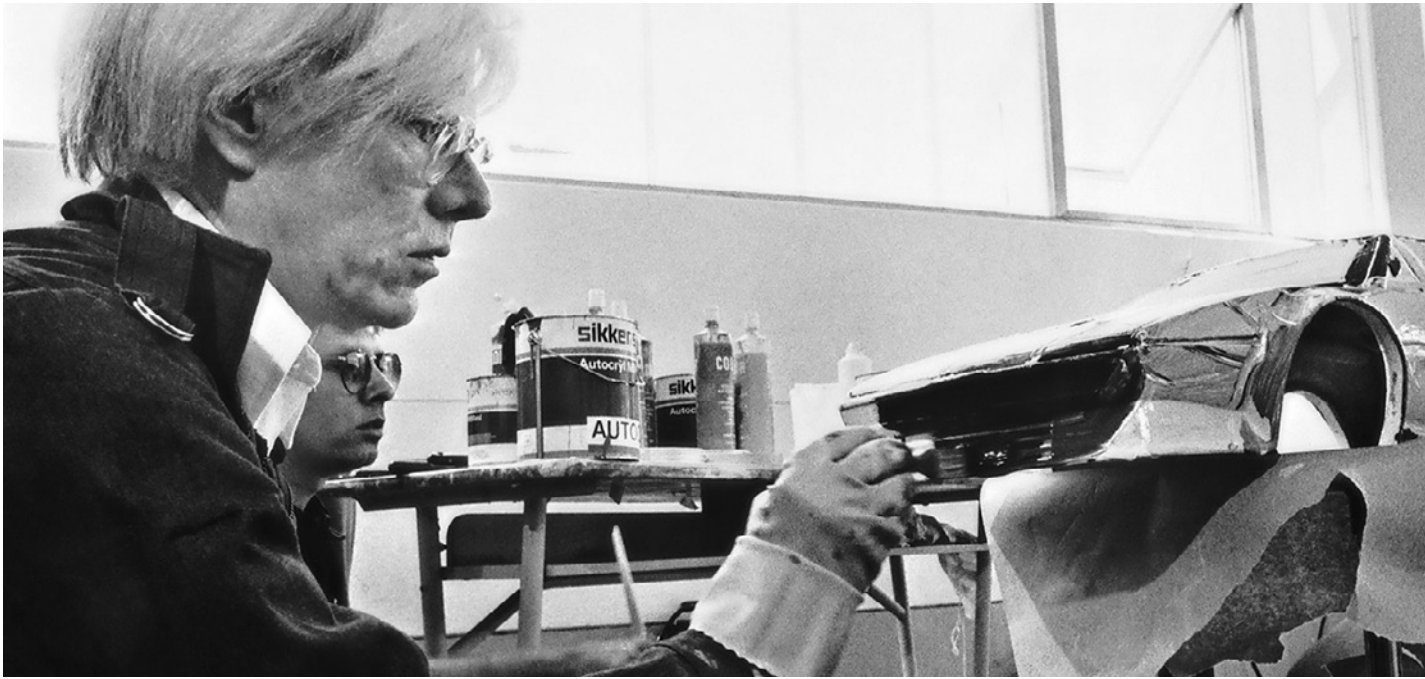
We talked to budding music photographer Ashleigh Inglis, who is about to graduate from the Dunedin School of Art with a Bachelor of Visual Arts in Photography. When she's not behind the bar at Re:Fuel you'll see her behind the camera lens, doing her thing on the side of the stage.

"Working at ReFuel opened me up to photographing a lot more bands, because I was able to meet more people," she says. She's also photographed Knives At Noon for Groove Guide, and been behind the scenes at iD Fashion Week, and Illuminate. "I really like doing the Illuminate Paint Parties because you get the whole thing - the music and culture, the people and the paint."

She says she's constantly "in limbo" between music and art. "I used to half-arsed play drums in high school, but what probably got me into music the most is that the majority of my friends are in bands, so I'd hang out with them and pick up their attitudes towards live music."

Despite being an art school student, she understands why people would pick a rock concert over an art exhibition. "I love live music because it's kind of an escape from the rigid 'art' side of things. It's all about the atmosphere. A live gig is living and breathing – you've got people jumping around all happy,

THIS IS THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY WORLD WHERE VIDEO HAS KILLED THE RADIO STAR, AND YOUTUBE IS KILLING THE VIDEO STAR



some might even be on drugs, you know? But when you go into a gallery, you're confronted with a white wall that doesn't really answer back to you."

It's the atmosphere of live music that she enjoys revealing through her photography. "I like capturing the moment. If they jump up in the air onstage you want to get that shot, because it captures the atmosphere. It's like portraiture, except they're playing music."

One of the most iconic images in rock 'n' roll to be featured on the cover of *Rolling Stone*, that of Jimi Hendrix setting his guitar on fire at the Monterey Pop Festival in 1967, was captured in a moment. It was a fluke shot, taken by 17-year-old Ed Caraeff – who had never even heard of Hendrix before the concert – using the last shot of his film roll.

Most of the time though, Ashleigh explains, to get a great photograph takes preparation and dedication. "To do the band justice you have to see them more than once, so you can get an idea of the way the frontman and band members act. Then when you actually start photographing them, you kind of know what to expect. Certain bands have certain ways they go around the stage, certain lights they like, and so on. Like, they might be really

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active onstage, or just stand still and rock out. To get to know these things, there needs to be a mutual respect between the bands and the photographers."

Hanging backstage at all the concerts, making friends with band members, taking photographs that might just make it onto the cover of *Rolling Stone*; it all sounds very *Almost Famous*. But before you don a camera, Penny Lane fur coat and pair of aviators, keep in mind that it's not all sex, drugs and film rolls. As Ashleigh says, music photography is "a bit of a cult following... *NME* [magazine] recently ran amateur photography awards for live music, which I entered. But Dunedin and New Zealand are quite small in terms of bands that come and go, and when the bigger bands come, they'll have their own photographers, so you can't just rock up and start taking photos. It's a small group of people."

It's this small group of artists who so often go unrecognised in the frontman-oriented world of rock music. But a touring museum exhibition currently making its way around America is setting out to bridge this divide between art and music. *Who Shot Rock & Roll: A Photographic History, 1955 to the Present*, and the book by Gail Buckland that it was inspired by, puts music photographers back into the spotlight, showing how they were the 'handmaidens to the rock-and-roll revolution' – and rock music wouldn't be the same without them. It is the first of its kind, and it's a long time coming.

But for Ashleigh, there isn't really any 'music vs art.' What it comes down to is just a love of all art – musicians and visual artists alike. "To a musician, music is their art, their way of expressing themselves. My art is photographing their art. That's basically it."



Photo Courtesy of Glue Gallery

END OF EXIST- ENCE

HANA AOAKE CHATS TO LOCAL ARTIST JAMES RO- BINSON ABOUT LIFE, ART AND THE END OF THE WORLD.

DUNEDIN-BORN JAMES ROBINSON IS ONE of New Zealand's most successful artists. He completed a BFA from the Otago Polytechnic School of Art in 2000, and his work can be seen around campus. Each of his paintings is more than just paint on canvas; they're sculptures, using objects in versatile ways.

The violent application of paint and the improvised nature of his work create a sense of

trauma, often frightening the viewer, as though the viewer is witnessing a child's nightmare. His works have a sense of intimacy, time, memory, consciousness, and voyeurism, and engage with an array of ideologies ranging from Stuckism and Buddhism through to Dadaism. Robinson appropriates a large range of Modernist and contemporary artists, from Leonardo Da Vinci to Van Gogh to Simon Cann and (perhaps subconsciously) John Pule and Penny Siopis.

Although he is a highly successful artist and a recipient of the Wallace Award, New Zealand's most prestigious art prize, Robinson rigorously rejects the exclusionary boundaries of 'high' art and the exclusivity of the bourgeois capitalist driven nature of contemporary art. "I think what's happened with art is that academia has kind of claimed avant garde space as its own. So the elite are on the edge, so there is actually no edge anymore because they control it. Art isn't something they control. This is my head and my experience."

Much of Robinson's work blurs the distinction between 'high' and 'low' forms of art, due to the way in which he often entwines art, psyche and nature. In his short animated film *XO Genesis*, made collaboratively with another Dunedin-born artist, Rowan Wernham, Robinson has created a range of images. *XO Genesis* brought the world of James Robinson to life and in it Robinson tirelessly employed the same materials he uses for his works to build the sets and models. As its title suggests, *XO Genesis* examines ideas of rebirth, death and destruction. As well as that it's just a really, really great animated film.

Many of the works in Robinson's recent exhibition *Heaven v Earth (golden heart- ritual womb)* were in Robinson's Christchurch studio during the February earthquake. Another work was made in response to the earthquake in Japan. "I wanted to show a record that there was a nuclear meltdown in the Pacific again." This sense of nihilism, and of a lingering omnipresent doomsday, can be traced to Robinson's fascination with the evolutionary nature of the universe and especially with the desecration of the earth and cyclic changes in the universe which predict the end of existence. "There is this idea that we are on the end of a civilisation. We might not be here in one hundred years. We already are a race in decline."

James Robinson is currently showing Heaven v Earth (golden heart- ritual womb) at Glue Gallery.

OUSA ART WEEK

It's OUSA Art Week, and art works are dotted around the campus. Among the most fascinating are Emilie Truscott's golden bones, Levi Hawken's graffiti art and Spencer Hall's collaborative figure. We introduce you to these artists; their backgrounds, their ideas, and most of all their artworks.

• SPENCER HALL •

It is quite likely that a large proportion of Dunedin residents have, at some point in the last few years, encountered the work of Spencer Hall. That's a somewhat weighty claim, but Hall seems to be mixed up in a surprisingly wide range of creative endeavours and events. He is the type of artist who can only be described as dedicated.

Hall's name appears virtually all over the local art scene, attached to everything from animation and film-making to work on the radio. Most notably, Hall is heavily involved with the Dunedin Comic Collective. The publishing group, which Hall reportedly resurrected from the dead last year, promotes the work of New Zealand comic artists and independent musicians. Hall is the editor of the Collective's comic revue, *DUD*, and his artwork, naturally, features in its pages. He is also in charge of the "Comics" section in *Critic*.

Study, too, is somehow slotted in, and Hall is currently undertaking his final year at the Dunedin School of Art. He is working towards a Bachelor of Visual Arts, specialising in sculpture. For a taste of the work Hall has produced during his art school days, consider that one of his past projects includes a decapitated Barney the Dinosaur and a 'roadkill' version of Big Bird from *Sesame Street*. It is perhaps worth adding that both creatures are lying in pools of their own blood.

His contribution to this year's Art Week promises to have at least a little of the same grotesqueness. Called *Exquisite Corpse*, the work is inspired by an old surrealist game in which a strange figure is created from individually drawn body parts. It is a collaborative, multi-media piece. Hall also features elsewhere in Art Week, presenting a talk about the Dunedin Comic Collective at the Pecha Kucha night.

Those unacquainted with Spencer Hall should take note. His name is bound to reappear on the radar, somewhere thoroughly unexpected, in the not-so-distant future.

– Lauren Hayes

• EMILIE TRUSCOTT •

Emilie Truscott graduated from Otago University in 2008 with a BA in Psychology and in early 2011 with a Diploma in Applied Social Services: Counselling from Otago Polytechnic. Having studied social construction and inspired by a sustainable practice paper at polytech, Truscott wanted to consider "social norms and the social construction of attractiveness" in her work, as she was fascinated with the practices and beliefs of other human beings. *Designer Bones* is a work she created for OUSA Art week; a pile of gold, glittery bones half submerged in earth and placed in the busy locale of Otago University.

The work is a visual commentary on consumerism and the way in which we manipulate our bodies to communicate beauty and status to others. Truscott questions the extents to which we will go to achieve these ends. How much money we will spend and what new ways will we find to morph our bodies to fit society's constructs? And will we as both a society and as individuals ever start to question representations of the body in popular culture?

Designer Bones alludes to a future in which we go so far as to engineer our bones to meet direct specifications, whether genetically, surgically or otherwise. So even when we die we will leave a legacy of appearances behind us. Even in death, we will be beautiful for others.

– Kari Schmidt

• LEVI HAWKEN •

Levi Hawken, an Auckland-born graffiti artist now based in Dunedin, has just had his first solo exhibition featuring his first foray into commercial art. Entitled "Willful Damage" it showcased at None Gallery early August this year.

Self-described as "wild style graffiti", representing "simplicity creativity, freedom and life", this has not been Hawken's first endeavour into the public arena. He painted 50 metres of the Leith river tunnel and has devoted many years to street graffiti, which he dedicated to his late grandfather. His style has developed with a change of medium from traditional spray paint to paint brushes. Although he was self-taught in art and design, his main influences are skateboarding, German expressionists and other graffiti artists.

He believes graffiti is a form of human expression, and should be encouraged in a way that it can be factored into society to foster artistic talents, rather than as the bombardment of obtrusive mass media advertisting.

Throughout his career he has dabbled in clothing design, merchandising and even beverage making, but most prominently skateboarding, which he has been doing for twenty-eight years. He is famed for hill bombing and has featured in several skateboard films.

Hawken's latest work can be seen at Toast Bar, and his painting will be featured at OUSA Art Week 2011 at the St David's Building and the ITS buildings on the University of Otago Campus.

– Shristi Vinayagan

NO RUSH

the intriguing world of poet David Merritt.

IT'S A BRISK SPRING DAY IN DUNEDIN, AND DAVID MERRITT SITS ON A BENCH BY ROY, flanked by Bonita boxes. His hair is grey, his face weathered, a woollen beanie warms his head. He's self-described as "creased and crinkled in all the wrong places but pleased". He could be homeless, save for the selection of handprinted poetry books that sit next to him.

Constructed out of the "detritus of established publishing", Merritt's books replace the poor writing of the Jeffery Archers, the *Reader's Digests* and the Mills and Boons of the world with beat poetry, hand stamped, photocopied and stuck back in place. He's sold them at Market Day, and he'll be showing them again during OUSA Art Week beginning Monday.

He's been making poetry books now for almost three years, and has only recently gained recognition for his work, most notably from the Elam library. "I lived in a corner over there marked 'bohemian poet' all my life. And then, as soon as I put ten books in a used pizza box and sold them to the Elam library in Auckland, I left the corner marked 'bohemian poet' and suddenly travelled over to that corner of the room marked 'curated visual artist making artist books'. The books are the fucking same. I thought, this is crazy. If I put them in a used pizza box they're worth \$20 each?"

However, the public reception to the books has been mixed, falling in two clear camps. "Anybody my age fucking looks at me like what the fuck? And I get the stare through. Anybody half my age or younger is immediately, in most cases, engaging with them. I find it's young people, with minds that have not been set, who are most open to seeing new things".

His success is a long time coming. Merritt began his literary career as the editor of Auckland student newspaper *Craccum* in 1979. Back then, student media was "radical and antiestablishment", although by the time Merritt was the editor, the golden age of student media had passed. "There was the peak of the Springbok tour in '81, and it's just been a slow descent into conservatism ever since."



After leaving *Craccum*, Merritt “got the sex, drugs and rock and roll bug”. He hit the road as a band manager, first in Auckland, and then in Christchurch with the record label Flying Nun. “It was only because I was sober - I was the only person that didn’t drink. I was three, four, five years older than most of the musicians, so you know, I was already like the old man”. But the music industry in the Eighties was a weird place. “It was very conservative, and we tried our hardest to break out of that conservatism. I had that for five years, but then I thought the music industry is bigger than me, at the end of the day, I cannot fight DD Smash, I cannot take on Dave Dobbyn and the Finn Brothers, and nor did I want to, really”.

During his time as band manager, Merritt had been unable to focus on his own creative outlets, although he had learnt to play the guitar “by osmosis”. So he left managing other people’s artistic and creative careers behind and focused on his own, becoming a bohemian poet in Dunedin. “In the Eighties in Dunedin it was easy to pick up work as a dishwasher, you know, the usual story, you have a day job and you do stuff in the evening as well. And I love Dunedin because it had a real collectivist spirit in the Eighties and Nineties”.

To Merritt, Dunedin’s art scene doesn’t pull punches, and as a result, Merritt believes that Dunedin has made him a better writer. “In Auckland the art scene is full of pretence and emperors parading around without

“In Auckland the art scene is full of pretence and emperors parading around without clothes on”



clothes on and people are way too polite to say this person's got no clothes on and their work is shit. In Dunedin, people aren't that polite. If your work is shit, they'll tell you. The career paths of professional artists in Auckland are quite different from the career paths of professional artists in Dunedin. There's a great levelling process, there's a great collective spirit that says, well, you're good, but you're not that good. Everyone's good in their own funny way, so don't get too up yourself and think you're really great".

Merritt now lives without electricity in a "a single car garage" with a chicken coop and veggie garden right outside. But it wasn't always like that. Five years ago, Merritt cast aside consumerism and "went bush". "I was working as a junior lecturer at AUT, and I was sleeping in my office. I pretty much went mad, I had a spectacular nervous break down. I realised I hadn't had any dirt under my fingernails for ten years and I just felt my life was out of balance". After taking a job as the Racing Sub Editor at the *Wanganui Chronicle*, he found a piece of land just out of Wanganui where he could have a chicken coop and vege garden, and learned to leave his silverbeet alone. This more rustic approach to life translated to his poetry books. "I'd been a digital goober all my life, and I wanted something analogue about the book making process".

Although Merritt may live bereft of a carbon footprint, he spent twenty years slaving over a hot computer and understands the importance of the Internet for writers. He may not have the Internet at home,

but Merritt sees the value of it, especially to writers. He sees the Internet as changing the means of production, democratising publishing by removing the gatekeepers. "The web and the net are like punk rock. What punk rock did for music, the web and the net are now doing for writers. You no longer have to go through the evil publishing companies or the evil record companies, or Amazon or whatever".

In a similar way, Merritt's hard copy poetry books constructed from books "destined for land-fall" also undermine the "evil publishing companies". "The publishing industry is one of the most wasteful industries in the world. About 30 or 40% of everything that's published ends up just pulped. I wanted to make my books out of the detritus of established publishing. And I wanted to pick the worst writers; the Jeffrey Archers, the *Reader's Digests*, the Mills and Boons from the 1960s, the romance novels, the crap espionage books that get produced in bulk numbers every year". But now he feels stuck and needs a new challenge. "The idea for me would be to make books, proper books with more poems in them. With pages that you could turn".

Despite it all, Merritt has never been hungry for quick success. When he was a young poet, a friend of his had a frighteningly prophetic dream about him. "She says, I had a dream that you weren't going to get successful until you were older, and that you were going to find success, not by writing for your own generation, but by writing for the generation of your own kids". The dream's message for Merritt was "don't be in a hurry", an idea that Merritt took on board. "I thought, you're right, don't be in such a hurry. Wait, just wait. Keep writing, don't be in a hurry to publish, hoard your intellectual property". And it's this advice that Merritt wants to tell students. "I think that these days, young people just don't have the role models for how they should go about careers that aren't of the norm. But there's not many role models that can say to the kids, look, don't have a normal conventional career. Work your career and don't be in a hurry".

"What punk rock did for music, the web and the net are now doing for writers"



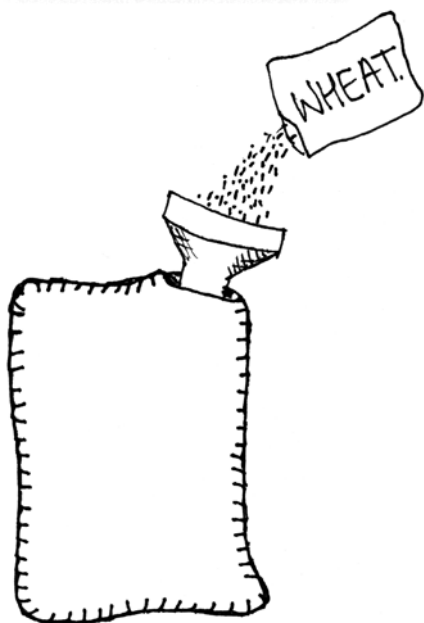
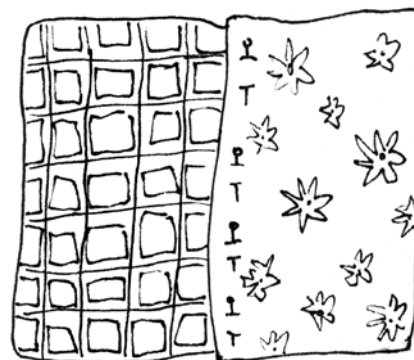
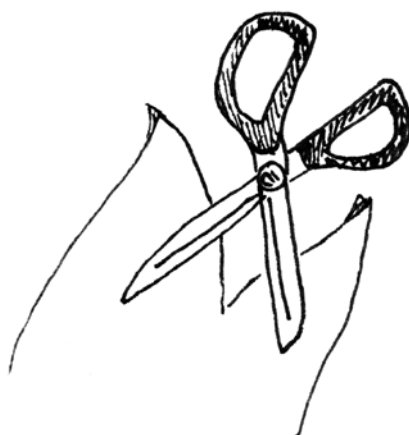
NOT EVERYONE HAS THE TIME OR ABILITY TO PAINT THE Mona Lisa, but anyone can get creative on a craft project. Craft projects don't have to mean glue-gunning toothpicks and pipe cleaners together, but can instead involve making things, such as a wheat bag, which are both creative and practical.

Most student flats are poorly insulated, although most contain central heating (if you are lucky), and many of us pump the fan heater or electric blanket in blissful ignorance of power bills. Wheat bags are easy, extremely affordable to make and are a great way to keep your toes warm throughout the night, especially if you have to sleep next to a blanket hog.

Wheat bags make great Christmas presents for hard-to-buy-for relatives. You can also make draughtstops for ill-fitting doors by substituting rice for wheat and cutting the material longer and thinner than for the wheat bag.

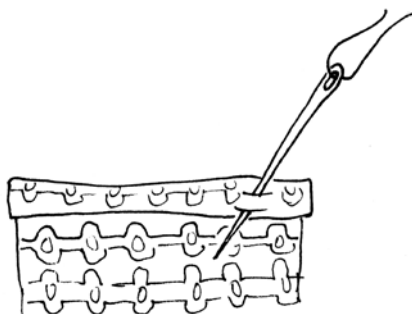
What you will need

- Wheat
- Funnel
- Sewing machine
- Scissors
- Pins
- Iron
- Needle and thread
- 20cm by 30cm piece of fabric
- 10cm by 30cm piece of fabric in a complementary pattern
- 34cm length of ribbon



STEP 1. Cut two 20cm by 15cm panels, two 10cm by 15cm panels and two 17cm lengths of ribbon. Pin one large and one small panel together, joining the sides that measure 15cm, right sides together, and sew. Repeat with the remaining two panels. Press the seams to one side and, on the right side of the fabric, pin the ribbon over the seam and stitch in place.

STEP 2. Pair up the side panels, right sides together, and pin along all sides. Stitch around all four sides, leaving half of one short side open for turning. Turn the bag right side out and press.



STEP 3. Insert funnel through the opening and pour in wheat until bag is about three-quarters full.

STEP 4. Hand stitch the opening closed.

STEP 5. To safely heat your wheat bag, zap it for 3 minutes in the microwave with a small cup of water to prevent wheat from drying out.

I NEED
TEN DOLLARS
DOLLARS
DOLLARS ARE WHAT I
NEED

Phoebe Harrop

I didn't get the nickname "Feed me" for nothing. My favourite part of school was lunchtime, closely followed by morning tea. For me, and many other such kindred spirits, life at university has proved no different: life revolves around food, glorious food. So what to do when you're stuck at campus over those stomach-rumbling noontime hours, when you were too sleepy/hungover/late/disorganised to even contemplate making a packed lunch (or you are sick of terrible hall slop and want something actually made of food), and you have only a ten dollar note to your name? Never fear, I spent a week selflessly sampling the culinary offerings of campus (and immediate surrounds) to find the best and most delicious lunching locations nearby.



Poppa's: An Otago institution.

MONDAY

ALBANY ST : Emerge from the Central Library onto Albany Street, and a world of lunching possibilities opens up. If you're looking for a classy café, turn left towards Unipol and hit Eureka, or right for the Green Acorn. If you choose the former, your \$10 note probably won't go much further than a bowl of chips or one of their outstanding chocolate brownies. I'd recommend the latter. The Green Acorn, on the other hand, has lots of delicious sandwich options, and bottomless student soup (that's soup for students, not soup made out of students...I think). Both have good coffee as well, but if it's a liquid lunch that you're after, you should pay Doc's a visit (formerly CIA, at the Unipol end of Clubs & Socs) for delicious, cheap coffee, a smiling barista and loyalty cards with the best purchase-to-freebie ratio around.

Other options abound. It is a rare student who hasn't sat in Central and salivated over the sight and smell of Poppa's Pizza just across the roadway. While your \$10 won't stretch to an entire large pizza, Dunedin's Original Pizzeria does offer lunchtime "subs" which are happily in budget. Or you can go halves on a pizza with a buddy. Should you fancy a midday tippie, Poppa's doesn't charge corkage for BYO wine.

Lastly, your \$10 will allow you to pick up some sushi or cheap'n'quick Asian food at Arirang, neighboring The Green Acorn. Sushi-wise, it's not quite Sav Jap; but you can get a cheeky six-pack of teriyaki chicken for \$5, and at such a favourable distance from the library, that's not to be sniffed at.



Trackies: always a fan favourite when getting Franklies

TUESDAY

FRANKLY SANDWICHES : This wee gem of an Otago innovation is so much more than the campus answer to Subway. The ingredients are fresh, the serving staff are friendly, and the sandwiches are so crammed full of goodness that it's impossible to eat one and maintain one's decorum. Not only can you choose between baguettes of different sizes, but also wraps, baked potatoes, salads and that Kiwi classic, the Vogel's sandwich. With a whole \$10 to play with, all sorts of culinary delights can be yours: sundried tomatoes, a liberal slathering of basil pesto, brie, hummus. But even a basic Frankly, for around \$5.50, will leave you ready to tackle those afternoon lectures and almost enough spare change for another Frankly tomorrow. Best of all, if you're organised and buy your sandwich before 10am, you get a free hot drink to warm your little hands up against the Dunedin weather.

WEDNESDAY

\$3 LUNCH : When funds are tight and your puku is empty, look no further than the second floor of the Clubs and Socs building, where every weekday from 12-2pm, nutritious and filling lunch is served for a bargain \$3. Four days a week (Mon – Thurs) you'll hear the meditative chanting of Hare Krishna as local devotees go about their Food for Life project, a global distribution of prasadam (vegetarian food made without stimulants like chilli and ginger), while on Friday, \$3 lunch is provided by SAI youth. A far more excellent use of religious energy than say suicide



An eager first year gets his fill of \$3 lunch



Holy shit how delicious does this look?

bombing or door-to-door faith sales, this project was inspired by the belief's twentieth century founder, Prabhubada, who in 1973 (bless him) said: "No one within ten miles of a temple should go hungry... I want you to immediately begin serving food". Today it is estimated that 700,000 meals are served daily as a result of this project. Personally, my pick for \$3 is Wednesday, when you are served a super-delicious wholemeal bread bun accompanied by vegetable and barley soup. Apple crumble or chocolate pudding, as well as various other goodies, can be purchased for a few dollars extra.

THURSDAY

UNION HALL : As well as its ideal proximity to Lex's coffee cart, Union Hall offers a splendid variety of food options during the week. Lunch in Union Hall is like a whirlwind tour of the globe encompassing Asian, Italian and Mexican food, as well as a nationless-but-no-less-delicious "Healthy" serverly, and the Fridge. Lastly, the Union Grill offers fush'n'chups, classic burgers and to-die-for Kapiti ice cream. Unfortunately, this university-monopolised fare doesn't come cheap, and you're unlikely to get much change out of \$10 at any of the serveries. Luckily each option has a once a week special, and if you happen to pick Thursday, you can get a large pizza from the Union Grill for \$6. \$6 fajitas on Tuesdays is also a good time.

All in all the food is a bit mass-produced, a bit over-priced and not as authentic as the adjectives might suggest. But if you hit up the daily special, your pocket and your growling stomach will thank you for it.

FRIDAY

FLUID : Unless you live over Forth Street way, you frequent the School of Education, or you hit up Campus Wonderful for spearmint milkshakes like me, you might never have noticed Fluid. Tucked away a block down from UniCol (towards Logan Park) on the corner next to the Campus Wonderful dairy, this little café is quite the lunchtime gem. It has an impressive array of sandwiches and other savoury lunch items for under \$10, including lots of interesting vegetarian options (if you're that way inclined), leaving you some coin to spend on great coffee or their irresistible slices and muffins. The only downside to Fluid is that, catering strictly to the Uni/ Polytech market, it's closed during the weekends, and shuts up for summer in mid-December.

SATURDAY

CUMBERLAND STREET : If you're after organic food, with lots of gluten-free and vegetarian options, look no further than the Good Earth for a weekday lunch or Saturday brunch. Conveniently opposite St. David, for those HSFYs who cannot bring themselves to stray beyond a 200m radius of that lecture theatre, the Good Earth has a sunny courtyard and also offers evening service on Fridays and Saturdays. Stretching to brunch or dinner might be too much for that lone \$10 note, but the extra moneyz will be worth it. Try the organic vegetable hash with bacon and eggs, or their spin on huevos rancheros. The only downside? The coffee's a tad expensive, but its many loyal followers will tell you that 50c here or there is totally worth it.

Another Cumberland Street option is the Museum Café, which features a giant sunfish replica as décor. The food and coffee can be somewhat average, especially when the café is busy, but if you are looking to indulge in a museum-based study break (maybe some fun in Animal Attic) then stop by and give the café a whirl.

SUNDAY

OMBRELLOS : There are many good excuses to have Sunday brunch at Ombrello's: a classy affair with your visiting relatives, a hot date, or simply something to soak up your Saturday night. Ombrello's ain't cheap, but the food is excellent. There are the usual suspects: pancakes, Eggs Benedict, big breakfast. But it's worth branching out to such exotic options as French toast (citrus, cinnamon and coconut) served with fried bananas, bacon and maple syrup on homemade brioche, or rosemary-infused roasted portobello mushrooms with crispy parmesan polenta and salad greens, and topped with a creamy port wine sauce.

Scary Art Galleries

ONE GIRL'S BATTLE WITH ABSTRACT ART

We

all know that familiar feeling. You walk into an art gallery and you just don't know what the fuck is going on. I experienced this recently at an exhibition opening. A few of the gallery regulars were hanging around outside, and as I entered into the space I saw a few streamers thrown about, a wine bottle on the floor and a few glasses on the windowsill. Was this an installation speaking to the abjectness of the morning after a big party? The rampant hedonism of the twenty-first century lifestyle? Or was it just the leftovers from the exhibition opening? I felt confused and angry, like they were trying to make a fool out of me. That is, until I took

a step back and realised the situation was fucking funny. I could just imagine all these people coming into this space and feeling exactly the same way I had, shrieking, "this isn't art!" with all the offended abhorrence you could imagine.

And I think that's the reason for people's outrage in regard to much contemporary, abstract and conceptual art; they're just insecure. Instead of simply allowing themselves to experience the work, or to come up with some ideas in regards to it, they reject it instantly as an insult to their character, as if the artwork were this vicious creature trying to expose their inadequacy.

If, as some people say, 'real art' is confined to paintings, then art has become totally fucking redundant. A camera can take a far more realistic image in a millionth of the time with far less effort than a painting ever could. That doesn't mean we don't value the old paintings, but

ART CAN STILL BE FRUSTRATING; WHY DON'T THEY JUST SAY WHAT THEY MEAN?

it does force us to question the role of art in society today. In my opinion, art is the visual equivalent to philosophy. I remember walking into a Mondrian exhibition in the Museum Ludwig in Cologne with an older family friend. She despaired over the work, using that all too common phrase, "my child could have made that." Maybe, but that is so entirely not the point. Your child wouldn't have been engaging with the artistic discipline or with any measure of theory and, besides which, we're beyond the point of realistically painted trees and delicate brushstrokes. We've entered the realm of ideas. In the words of Marcel Duchamp, the seminal ready-made artist who constructed the first ever toilet-as-art-work

in the early twentieth century, "art is ideas, not just visual products."

And whereas philosophy presents those ideas to us in the largely dry and obtuse format of the written word, art enables us to engage with them viscerally, physically, through engaging with the senses. But hey, thinking of art as "philosophy" doesn't exactly break down a lot of the barriers. Art can still be frustrating; why don't they just say what they mean?

I find it's a matter of opening yourself up to those experiences and not letting your insecurity overcome you. It's about letting the mystery of the work unfold, instead of expecting it to provide you with a direct and immediately intelligible message. Maybe start easy, with some Yayoi Kusama or Fiona Pardington. Kusama's polka-dot installations invade gallery spaces and present us with another world, evocative of the imaginings of childhood or the concept of infinity. Both enthralling and dizzying to the point of nausea, our bodies are involved in the process of looking and we can't help but be drawn in. When I saw these works a few years ago in Wellington, it was really just fun to be a part of such an imaginative and bizarre place, so completely divergent from the normalcy of the surroundings I'm usually encompassed by.

Seeing as this has turned into something of a minor how-to guide of art viewing, I'll finish with some sage advice. When you feel your defensive mechanisms manifesting themselves, choose to be open-minded instead. Don't be intimidated by the gallery space or your perceived lack of knowledge or understanding; push through your boundaries of comfort and just feel it. What you find may shock and delight you, or alternatively challenge and/or anger you. But it will always affect you, if you let it.

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— Kari Schmidt



Photo courtesy <http://philip.greenspun.com>

Summer Lovin'

brought to you by:
TOAST

In *Summer Lovin'*, *Critic* sets up two lucky students on a blind date (courtesy of the lovely people at Toast), complete with a bar tab and positive vibes, in an attempt to prove that Dunedinites can date. The only catch: the love birds each divulge all the salacious details of their date in a short snappy article after the fact. If you want the chance to meet your very own Romeo or Juliet, or to at least get some free booze and *Critic* space, email your age/gender/interests/cell number/sexual orientation to critic@critic.co.nz.

Minnie

My good friend was supposed to be going on this week's date, but after breaking into hot sweats and vomiting due to nerves an hour before she was supposed to go, I kindly stepped up to the plate. I walked into Toast at 8pm and managed to walk right past my date. This could be attributed to his very short stature. Also turned out my date was an Australian. This being RWC time, I informed him that his nationality wasn't a good selling point as I am a code head who wouldn't date anyone that didn't support the All Blacks.

After discussing many of his great talents - from surfing and guitar playing to cooking perfect poached eggs - things were starting to look up. Some of his Australian friends turned up, one of whom I didn't know but had taken the liberty of adding me as a friend on Facebook earlier that week. Some awkward introductions followed whereby we both pretended to not recognise the other. Was enjoyable to see that the friend request had been taken down the next morning.

After a few drinks, my date's true colours came out. He suggested rating the hotness of rugby players and was very defensive of his favourite 'rugby hunks'. He then continued to discuss how he enjoyed the gay lifestyle provided to him in Sydney but which seemed to be lacking in Dunedin. I suddenly became aware that I was becoming the 'female best friend' and probably wouldn't be getting that pash that I so desperately wanted, being a cougar fifth year.

This was confirmed upon our entry to Di Lusso where the bartender called him 'sugar pie' and made us his regular pink fruity vodka drink. He kindly offered to get me blind drunk so that I would forget that he did not like women, however I kindly refused and went on my way home promising him a shopping date next week.

Mickey

I've always thought a blind date to be a weird concept, but after reading several of these articles over the past few weeks, curiosity arose. I secretly penned a relatively simple email and thought I wouldn't get a reply. A few hours later, however, I learned my application was successful.

I was nervous as fuck so I had a beer with dinner and made my way to Toast. My date walked in a minute or two later and made her way to the bar. I was pleased to see that she wasn't drunk and was a very good looking girl. Dark hair, dark eyes and a great smile.

I introduced myself and we started with a beer each. Neither of us was keen on the idea of blowing the tab on shakers so we sat down and got the conversation rolling. Unfortunately when I'm nervous I do a lot of talking and a bit of stuttering but I'm hoping I was pleasant enough. Then again, even this report is quite self-indulgent so who knows?

I did find out she was a JAFA, but that was probably a good thing for a change. It led to some banter about me being an alcoholic, homosexual, gambler. So I guess she won that round. I probably got a point for her not actually being my date, so I felt I drew level. Being from relatively sophisticated cities, we naturally compared the wonders of Dunedin to that of home, and agreed that we have a bit of a soft spot for this cold, wet, party town.

Of course it wouldn't be a convo with a Kiwi without talk of code. The RWC obviously got some heavy attention and I think I got some brownie points for suggesting that the ABs will win, despite myself being from across the ditch. Those brownie points were diminished again with a bit more gay banter and my socially awkward self-promotion.

We popped into Di Lusso for a nightcap and made our way home with more yarns and ended on a hug and a high-five. I had a great night with a great girl; so cheers Toast and *Critic* and fingers crossed for a FB add.

Opinion

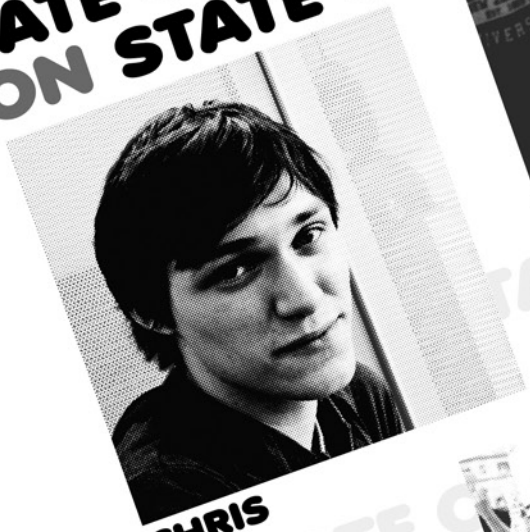


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36 Down the Foreign Food Aisle, Just a Thought

37 ODT Watch, Agenda Gap | **38** Two Left Feet, The Eagle of Liberty

ION
HE NATION
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CHRIS



JEMMA



JESSIE



CHRIS F

Which of the following artworks would you choose to be: The Mona Lisa, The Scream or van Gogh's ear?

Chris: Van Gogh's ear!

Chris F: The Scream.

Jemma: Mona Lisa of course!

Jesse: The Mona Lisa.

Who's your favourite contemporary artist?

Chris: Guy Madden, he's a silent filmmaker, he's Canadian.

Chris F: Bob Marley.

Jemma: Andy Warhol

Jesse: Bon Iver.

What does the "art piece" in the Octagon make you think of?

Chris: It's phallic, inside it there are floating images like a haka in space.

Chris F: Honestly, some sort of sex toy!

Jemma: It's a massive dildo!

Jesse: Haven't seen it!

What's worse, John Key saying 'Troty' or Auckland's public transport system?

Chris: Auckland's transport system!

Chris F: Auckland's public transport system.

Jemma: The transport system, at least John Key offered some humour for the night!

Jesse: Auckland's public transport system, work it out!

What's the best way to get lunch on campus?

Chris: Some end of the day haggling at the St David's cafe.

Chris F: Get your girlfriend to make it for you beforehand!

Jemma: I don't often buy it to be honest, home is cheapest!

Jesse: \$3 lunch, love it!



Orgies, like communism, are one of those things that seem great in theory but never quite translate to real life. My misguided mindset when I agreed to an orgy with ten “mid-twenties yuppies” with my then-lover probably echoed Stalin’s mindset in ’28 when he decided that collectivisation was a thoroughly sound idea which would doubtless lead to a 200% rise in industrial production. Although I guess my orgy was perhaps not quite so bad as ploughing the potato fields of



To: Consumer Services

Subject: Contact Us

Hi,

Money is kinda tight for me at the moment and Up and Go isn’t exactly cheap, so I tried to make my own Sanitarium Up and Go drink by chucking two Weetbix and milk into a blender.

The end result was a disgusting soggy mess. It tasted nothing like Up and Go, despite Sanitarium constantly making claims that this is what Up and Go is made of. This is exactly what Ribena did with their false claims of Ribena having more vitamin C than oranges. I am sick and tired of greedy companies lying just to sell their product.

I don’t think I will want to purchase Up and Go again, as I now am clueless as to what I am actually drinking when I drink it. I expected better from a company that has been a staple in New Zealand for many years.

Disgruntled customer,

Zac

Khabarovsk prior to choking down a supper of putrid mutton and cold borscht.

When I arrived at the Ponsonby apartment that was to host the orgy, the driveway was packed with candy-coloured Mazda 3s. I was forced to parallel park my dust-soaked Subaru on the street. After kerbing the car attempting to squeeze between a Mercedes sedan and a Ford hot hatch, I had to hand the wheel over to my boyfriend to successfully extricate the Subbie from its more salubrious neighbours. I was horribly reminded of the time when I was fifteen and abandoned my parents’ car at the lights after several failed hill starts and increasingly irate yells from my mother in the passenger seat rendered me apoplectic with rage.

After being ushered into the house, I realised I knew two of the participants. One of those couples where the balance of hotness is so out of wack that they could only have gotten together in high school when the hot one was yet to blossom. The guy was a plump electrician who bred bearded dragon lizards. His girlfriend shared both my name and my

Hi Zac,

Thank you for your email and for the feedback, regarding our product Up & Go.

The claim made on the Up & Go packaging says this: “With the Protein, Energy and Dietary Fibre of 2 Weet Bix and Milk”. It doesn’t say: “made from 2 Weet Bix and Milk”. We are sorry if you found that statement misleading, that wasn’t the intention.

With kind regards,

Sanitarium

To: Consumer Services

Thank you for your response.

With this information at hand, I promptly went back to my task of blending my own Up and Go. Factoring in the fact that I only accounted for the protein, energy and dietary fibre with my Weetbix and milk, I consulted the rest of the ingredients table on the Up and Go box.

To get the 5.3g of Fat, 36.9g carbohydrates being 26.3g sugar, 12.6g non-sugar carbohydrate, I put in one teaspoon of lard, five teaspoons of sugar, and two and a half teaspoons of flour. There were too many vitamins to individually account for all of them, so I chucked in two multivitamins. I also put in four squares of

hair colour but was a size six ample-of-bosom personal trainer. Paralysing jealousy quickly set in. After the orgy commenced and my boyfriend was fucking her, I looked around the room in desperation. The only free penis belonged to Reptile Man. He grinned at me. I reluctantly submitted to his trouser snake.

Therafter the night was a blur of intense *Othello*-style jealousy. Every time I looked over at my babeified doppelgänger she seemed to be engaged in a more advanced version of whatever act I was performing. I attempted to outdo her, but not being a regular practitioner of the yogic arts I was physically incapable of executing some of her more gymnastic manoeuvres. The only high point of the evening was when she was eating me out and I got to yell out my own name, something I am often tempted to do but have thus far refrained from doing in bed out of basic human decency.

Just to top off the experience, the following day I was on a liquid diet due to a debilitating case of cockjaw.

– *Mrs John Wilmot*

Cadbury Chocolate to make it Choc Ice flavour.

Now, according to the ingredients table on Up and Go, my mixture was approximately identical to what was in Up and Go. Yet, it tasted even less like Up and Go than the initial Weetbix/ milk mixture. In fact, it was one of the most disgusting things I have ever tasted. I would question as to whether something is missing from the ingredients table, or it is not quite accurate.

All I want is to cheaply make my own Up and Go. How do I do this? I won’t tell anyone else how to do it, and I won’t tell people that the ingredients table is fake.

Thanks,

Zac

Sorry Zac, we are unable to share the recipe for Up & Go with you.

We have recipes for smoothies, which are similar, therefore if you email us back with your address, we’ll pop some of those recipes into the mail for you.

With kind regards,

Sanitarium



**Tao Kae Noi
Hi Tempura**

\$2.45 for a 40g packet.

Though a fan of tempura prawns, pumpkin and so forth, I admit I was initially sceptical of this dried seaweed snack, as its strange

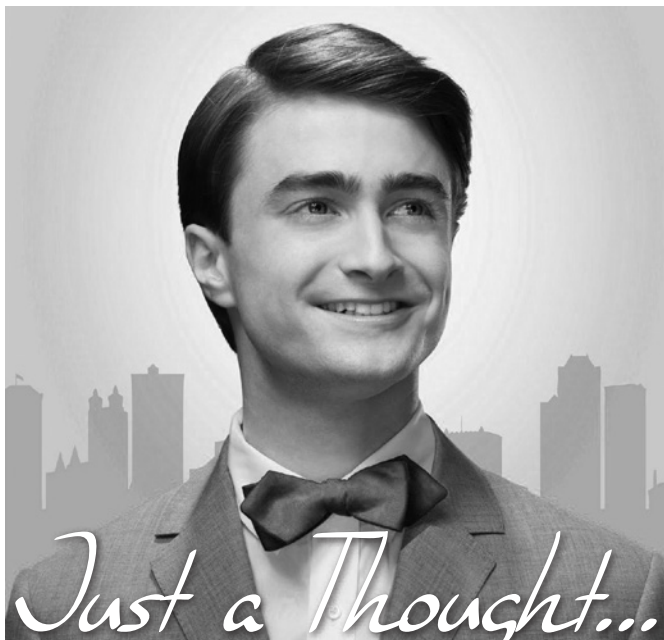
packaging provided a rather vague indication of what I was about to let myself in for. Nonetheless, as the packet boldly claims, these Japanese style nibbles are in fact “delicious with good nutrients from the sea”. Actually produced in Thailand, I am doubtful about the producers’ concept of “good nutrients”, considering these remarkably unusual snacks contain 47g of fat per 100g. Furthermore, they are riddled with both the terror that is flavour enhancer and the ever-controversial palm oil – this is not a snack for either the health-aware nor the environmentally conscious.

Feeling peckish, I put my cares aside and delved into the handily resealable packet. Going on smell alone, I wasn’t sold. Dried seaweed doesn’t exactly excite the nasal passages. Looking much like a small chip coated with a layer of seaweed, I was still hesitant, but battled on. Taste-wise, these are a surprisingly appetizing alternative to the usual fare of potato chips. The seaweed doesn’t overpower, and the tempura-like base is slightly sweet with a spicy aftertaste. Flavoured with

salt, sugar, garlic powder, white pepper powder and hydrolyzed soy protein, there is no one distinct flavour as such, though all manage to come through. The texture is spot on, owing in some part to the egg white powder listed on the ingredients; crispy and light, without the oiliness of regular potato chips, nor the density of rice crackers.

Serving suggestions as per the packet include eating with beer or mixing with noodles. The latter would be best with a sticky noodle dish (rather than in a soup base) as I can’t imagine that soggy tempura chips would rouse the trusty tastebuds. The final suggestion is ‘eat everywhere’, with a cartoon-like drawing of three people driving in a little orange car. Revolutionary ideas happening in the Tao Kae Noi marketing department, that’s for sure. If you like seaweed, flavour enhancer, or are one of those people that eats crunchy food painfully slowly in the library, then these are for you.

6/10
– Ines Shennan



How to make it Big

There is a musical out there called *How to Succeed in Business Without Even Trying*. I don’t know anything about it apart from its title. But it got me thinking; there are people who go places, and people who don’t, and in most cases it comes down to the rub of the green. The thought is that you can’t do much about what life throws at you, you’ve just got to take your lot and be happy. I disagree: you can control your own destiny, and in the end nobody gives it to you. You have to take it.

Hello, welcome. So you want to make it big in this world? You want

something more than what you have? First place to start is with your demeanour, marketing yourself. Ever notice that people who are successful tend to have a strut, they have a certain cockiness that arguably makes them not a very nice person, but still they get success? Get your swag on, as they say, if you’re exuding confidence you can convince anyone that your bullshit idea is the next big thing.

Though I’m at pains to say it, manipulation is important to all success stories. If you want to go somewhere in life, you’ve got to learn how to subtly manipulate people. You’ve got to convince people to do what you want them to do, but also to make them think it’s their idea. Nothing makes success all the more sweeter than knowing that your rival handed it to you on a silver platter.

Before you can engage in this sort of warfare, though, you need an idea; Disney had Mickey, Hugh Hefner had naked chicks, and Terry Serepiso...never mind. He seems to have nothing these days. But I digress. Spend whatever extra time you have coming up with the next big idea. It’s probably a more worthwhile use of your time than doing your readings, the dishes, talking to your mum or pretending that you don’t secretly hate that guy or girl who is just the better version of you in every way. Yes, Me 2.0 I’ve seen you, and I’m taking you down.

I suppose the obvious point here is that you could always rely on pure talent. But the state of the world out there likely points to someone being smarter, stronger or more creative than you. Not to put a damper on things but if you’re going to make it big you’ve got to learn to ride some coat tails along the way. If that doesn’t work, marry someone rich, it’s been standard practice for many a decade now. Besides, who doesn’t love those pretentious country clubs? It’s just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



THE AGENDA **GAP**

This week was a wonderful week for *ODT*: the veritable rugby fiesta in Dunedin meant no shortage of content, and even allowed for a brand new section, cleverly entitled “Spin it wide”.

But alas, it wasn't all cheering fans and cheeky streakers (who incidentally got off with no charges). This week, Dunedin hit crisis point, as the boy racer problem was finally revealed to the masses.

Boy racer problem 'out of control'

'Terrible' time with fast cars

Apparently, the boy racers tear around at the weekend “causing noise, spreading litter and verbally abusing people”. Thank goodness we don't currently have an international sports event that has the same effect.

But that wasn't the only crime to wreak havoc last week. An “unemployed” woman punched a female police officer in the right eye, after the darned officer told her off for shoplifting a pie from the 2 4. The police were called to the scene on Saturday night, and because they had nothing better to do, they caught and detained the woman. Only in Dunedin, folks.

Once again, the *ODT*'s forbidden love for Bear Grylls became apparent after they selected a story referencing the man for their world section.

A man who impaled himself after falling from a rock on to a steel stake has shown “Bear Grylls characteristics” after dragging himself up a 50-metre embankment to call for help, paramedics say.

First, what paramedics would say that? Second, this is a section with seven stories for the WHOLE FUCKING WORLD people, and somehow a story ostensibly about Bear Grylls made it in. But this isn't the first time *ODT* have glorified the intrepid hulk of a man. Back in August, *ODT* put a story on their front page about a 10-year-old Winton boy who said “he probably managed a 22km walk through Southland bush to safety because he watched the survival television series *Man Vs Wild* ‘too much’”.

The real cringe moment of the week was reserved for an article about Rachael Rakena's artwork in the Octagon. Awkwardly, *ODT* referred to “the Maoris” within the article, a faux pas that's up there with pronouncing racist “rashist”. Luckily, *ODT* realised their mistake and corrected their online edition. Phew.

Artists are making you pay for their elaborate publicity stunts!

Unless you're Michael Parekowhai, sculpture in New Zealand is not a lucrative medium to work in. Materials and construction are prohibitively expensive, and there is an inverse relationship between the scale of your work and the demand for it in the bourgeois art-buying world. Public commissions are one of the few markets open to the large-scale artist, and that is quite the double-edged sword. On the one hand, you're given rare freedom to create work that is guaranteed an audience and a buyer. On the other, you're subjected to the irrational expectations of The Taxpayer.

It isn't controversial to say that the population is largely illiterate in terms of the critical dialogue that art often provokes. That is not a slight on anyone, it's just the way it is. We are products of our education system and that system doesn't encourage this sort of thinking. We need to foster a society where this isn't seen as shameful, where people don't react to being confronted by their lack of critical faculty with irrational public outbursts. Where people say “What is that? I don't understand it and would like it explained to me”, rather than ask “Why is my money being wasted on a big black cock in the Octagon?”.

Sadly, the debates that surround public art are almost never about the work, and to even call them debates is a generous description. The war on the public artist is one fought on two fronts: attack the artist as The Naked Emperor, and then attack them personally for the funding they were given by any government agency or agencies. The first of these suggests that people would be happy if it was Good Art. Oddly, that logic doesn't apply to pulling the pin on funding sports and recreation facilities when the athletes that benefit from the funding are completely rubbish.

Rachael Rakena's ‘Haka Peep Show’, installed in the Lower Octagon for the duration of the Rugby World Cup, asks questions about commercialisation of indigenous culture, masculinity and hero worship (admittedly asking some questions better than others). I feel like I have to state these things explicitly because the content of the work is once again glaringly absent from any opinion about it. In a country that is prepared to bankrupt itself hosting a fundraiser for the English Rugby Union, this obsession deserves to be publicly called into question. In a population notorious for its stoicism, as well as the issues of domestic violence and unchecked mental health problems in men that result, our construction of masculinity should be a valid public concern. If the mainstream media are so resistant to asking these questions, the least they can do is to not attack the art world when it chooses to do their job for them.

– Aaron Hawkins



A common and salient criticism of the left is that while they spend all their time tearing down capitalism, they spend comparatively little time justifying the increased role of the state that they would advocate in its place. While the right's wonky mathematicians constantly invoke the equation "progressive taxation + welfare = Stalin = DEATH DEATH DEATH", the left often write their own fictitious play in which capitalism is the devil and the state is holy water.

This is especially true of Marxists and other advocates of centrally-planned economies. Although it's not entirely fair to dredge up the names of communist dictators as a stick to beat them with, Marxists' inordinate faith in the state undeniably laid the conditions for such figures to emerge. However, even moderate social democrats tend to underestimate the inefficiency – even blundering incompetence – of the state, particularly in nations which, through inertia and a loss of pride in public services, allow their bureaucracies to become dumping-grounds for the dull and unambitious.

This is why I am becoming increasingly attracted to a third way; market socialism. This third way seeks to reform the underlying legal tenets of capitalism, so that markets themselves can better achieve rough egalitarianism and avoid the worst excesses of capitalism.

Unfettered capitalism is often depicted as a state of "true" liberty, and accordingly anything that alters this must count as deviation from true liberty. This is misleading, because capitalism itself is based on the institution of private property. This institution certainly has its uses and should not be rejected wholesale, particularly not in relation to consumer goods. But private property is all too often treated as some type of "natural law", when in fact it is an artificial social construct. In legal terms, property is a "bundle of rights" which includes, among others, rights of control, dividend and sale of an asset. In a case of pure private ownership, all of these rights vest in one person. However, there is no real reason why this must always be the case. So rather than simply redistributing private property, as the left has traditionally proposed, market socialists want to "unbundle" the underlying property rights, and redistribute these in a more principled and productive way.

Private ownership of productive assets (as opposed to consumer goods) is responsible for many of the failings of capitalism, because it excludes many important actors from sharing in its profits and contributing to important decisions. Three significant advantages of market socialism (which, due to *Critic's* stinginess with my word limit, you'll have to wait until next week to read about) relate to the efficiency of workers, the protection of the environment, and the responsibility and democratic credentials of government.

I hope your breath is bated.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle Plays the Race Card

Racism (n): 1. a belief or doctrine that inherent differences among the various human races determine cultural or individual achievement. 2. a policy, system of government, etc., based upon or fostering such a doctrine; discrimination.

New Zealand is, by definition, a racist country. If you happen to be born a certain ethnicity, you have more legal, political, and educational rights than others. Everyone knows it, nobody says it. The Eagle's heart is full of ≤ 3 for all the wonderful eaglets of this world, be they wedge-tailed, golden, or bald. So naturally he hates to see some eaglets getting special privileges from the NZ government at the expense of others. It's just plain wrong.

Educational: Do you study Health Sci? If so, you might get 90% and yet have your spot in Medicine taken by a Maori, Pacific Island, or rural student who got a lower mark than you. Gutted. Law students have a similar problem. Otago Uni students also subsidise Te Roopu Maori (the Exclusive Maori Club) \$84,000 per year, as well as numerous racial scholarships provided by the uni itself. Many of these benefits end up being taken by white people with 1/32 Maori blood and no knowledge of Maori culture, thus defeating the whole misguided purpose anyway.

Political: The Auckland City Council set up an unelected, unaccountable Maori Advisory Board, at a cost of nearly \$2million per year. We have a political party entirely dedicated to getting more privileges for a particular race. Parliament has seven exclusive Maori seats, which is not only racist but also unnecessary – even if the seven were booted out, Maori would still be more than proportionally represented in parliament. And regardless, people need to get over the notion that only whites can represent whites and only Maori can represent Maori. It's sheer poppycock. For example, the Eagle would much rather be represented by John Tamihere (Maori) than John Minto (white).

Legal: The Treaty is used to lay claim to everything from beaches to the 3G telecommunications spectrum. Invisible taniwhas in rivers are not only taken seriously, but fed a healthy diet of their favourite food – cash. The Treaty has been distorted and twisted by judges on a political crusade, and NZ's thriving "grievance industry" is the result. A deadline should be set for legitimate treaty claims to be settled, and then we can all move on with our lives. Only once all races are equal under the law can we truly live in harmony.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle

P.S. – The Eagle's wingman, the Flamingo of Responsible Management, will soon announce his inevitable path to victory as 2012 OUSA President. Stay tuned.

Review



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The Bang Bang Club

Director: Steven Silver

Based on the real-life experiences of four South African photojournalists who achieved international notoriety and recognition for their documentation of the turbulent lead-up to the Republic's first free election in 1994, *The Bang Bang Club* should make for compelling viewing. Disappointingly, the many holes in the narrative and the film's apparent identity crisis does little justice to the representation of either the key players or the political events.

Written and directed by documentary filmmaker Steven Silver, the film is an adaptation of the book authored by the club's two surviving members, Greg Marinovich and João Silva. Silver takes his audience right into the combat zones of townships at war, using handheld cameras to capture the raw action of daily tribal violence between the Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP) and ANC supporters between 1990 and 1994. The images of bloodshed are harrowing but without context, meaning that the narrative becomes subordinated to unexplained scenes of slaughter.

While the political conflict is backgrounded, Silver partially explores the relationships and motivations of the four members of The Bang Bang Club – Greg Marinovich, João Silva, and the late Kevin Carter and Ken Oosterbroek, who were all photojournalists for the *Johannesburg Star*. They challenged each other daily to capture the brutality of the war unfolding and to reveal what had largely been an inaccessible tribal world. Their actual photographs are cleverly revealed onscreen; stills are edited into moving action to create a sense of history in motion. The images, as graphically disturbing as they are, can best be described as truly astonishing and deserving of their Pulitzers.

The film raises questions about journalistic ethics, such as when to put the camera down and whether journalists should ever intervene with their subjects. Moral dilemmas take a toll on the men both physically and psychologically. Silver would have done well to delve deeper with this but instead the film loses its way by bizarrely introducing an adrenaline-fuelled action-adventure slant on the subject, which really detracts from what could have been a poignant portrait of conflict within conflict.

Perhaps *The Bang Bang Club* can be viewed as an introduction to a pivotal time in South Africa's political history, and used to open up discussion about the ethical and moral challenges faced by photojournalists in their quest to reveal the remarkable.

– Jane Ross     



Incendies

Director: Denis Villeneuve

Incendies opens with an unsettling scene of child soldiers having their heads shaved, accompanied by the evocative Radiohead's 'You and Whose Army?'. The second scene set in Montreal is just as uncomfortable, as we are faced with adult twins Simon and Jeanne (Mélessa Désormeaux Poulin and Maxim Gaudette) who are being read the wishes of their late mother, Nawal (Lubna Azabal). Nawal has set the twins the task of locating their father and brother (neither of whom they had any prior knowledge of) and delivering her posthumous letters to them. Jeanne immediately decides to embark on a trip to Nawal's home country of Lebanon in order to find out who their mother really was. Simon is initially resentful and reluctant to participate, but eventually earns his place in the narrative.

The core of the film is Nawal's story itself, which takes place in a series of flashbacks intercepted by Jeanne's discoveries in the present day. The film is somewhat structured through chapters, perhaps due to the fact it was adapted from Wajdi Mouawad's play *Scorched*.

A series of increasingly disturbing events unfold, which consistently keep the viewer engaged in the film. The most notable scene is that in which Nawal is on a bus full of refugees which is pulled over by terrorists, and all the passengers are murdered except her. Set in a nation becoming progressively ravaged by war, Nawal's tale can best be described as extreme, if verging on the melodramatic at times.

The country's political circumstances and Nawal's position are left largely unexplained, which can prove frustrating for the viewer; however the importance of this film is in the raw inherent human emotion within the storyline, which is precisely juxtaposed with stark cinematography. These themes are also further amplified by flawlessly intimate performances from all three of the leads, who seem to communicate their grief solely through their eyes.

Although the dense content accompanied by multiple language translations proved to be slightly draining, this film is well worth it. The palpable mystery of *Incendies* is only drawn out until the last moment, in which the viewer is left to comprehend what appeared almost inevitable throughout.

– Michaela Hunter     



Hanna
Director: Joe Wright



The Help
Director: Tate Taylor

Think *The Bourne Identity* but in the form of a teenage girl, trained by her father from babyhood to be an ice-cold killer, and you have *Hanna*.

The film begins sixty miles below the Arctic Circle. There, in a snowscape across which a deer daintily treads, is a young girl with a bow and arrow. Before there's time to cry out in dismay – ping! The deer has been struck. Chased by the girl, it hobbles away only to crash to the floor. A close-up of its eyeball is followed by a shot of the girl firing a pistol at it. Soon she crouches next to its corpse, plunging her hand into its flesh, wrenching out its bloody entrails. Only then does the film's title pop up, as vivid and red as an European artshock movie.

After an incredible start, the film seems to slightly sag, which is somewhat surprising given Eric Bana and Cate Blanchett are cast in lead roles. Erik (Eric Bana) is a battle-scarred tough guy hiding out in the forest with his daughter, wearing clothes made of animal skins. It becomes apparent early on that he has been preparing Hanna for someone, specifically Marissa (Cate Blanchett), who out in the real world will stop at nothing until she is dead.

Hanna eventually heads out into the unknown wanting a normal life, despite being warned by her father that she will be fighting for her life. A deadly race ensues across Morocco, southern Spain and Germany where we follow Hanna's discovery of modern-day society; coming from a cabin in the Arctic, civilisation is clearly quite a shock.

Often losing a bit of direction, boredom does set in, but Saoirse Ronan - who plays Hanna - handles the physical challenges of her role so gracefully that it's hard to believe this pale and lanky teenager couldn't snap your neck in real life. Her lightning reflexes and martial-arts moves are combined with a vulnerable girlishness making Angelina Jolie in *Salt* look amateurish.

Despite some reservations, *Hanna* has a great plot matched by scenes of explosive shoot-outs and epic fighting, all strewn together by touching moments of reality. Go into this film expecting something a little out of ordinary and you will be paid back in spades. Tough to chew on maybe, but ultimately rewarding.

– Eve Duckworth     

Based on the best-selling book by Kathryn Stockett, *The Help* was adapted for the screen and directed by Tate Taylor. It's the late 1960s in Jackson Mississippi and Skeeter (Emma Stone) returns from university to her hometown, which is populated by a group of women who she has clearly outgrown. Although Skeeter sets the movie in motion, *The Help* is actually the story of Aibileen (Viola Davies), her best friend the feisty Minny (Octavia Spencer) and the treatment they endure from women they work for. These women are southern-fried Stepford Wives, benefit-attending, bridge-club playing stereotypes of Sixties housewives. The movie captures the irony that these women, who raise money for starving children in Africa, conveniently ignore the poverty and struggle occurring in their own backyards.

"Miss" Hilly Hilbury (Bryce Dallas Howard), the villain dressed in pink frills, neatly shows that a dominating personality and conformity portrayed by friend and fellow housewife, Elizabeth (Ahnna O'Reilly), allow the "-isms" in society to flourish. Skeeter, a burgeoning writer, sets out to publish the story of *The Help* in her town following Hilly's drafting of a bill that will require whites to build outside toilets for black workers "because they carry different diseases to us". Published anonymously and written with maids' and employers' names changed, there is a communal denial that "that book is not about Jackson, Mississippi, y'all" as each woman tries to avoid the embarrassment of recognition.

The Help avoids the really nasty parts of racism in the South, which are only vaguely alluded to in the nature of Hallmark editing, helped by the sunny visual style. The very small tastes of cruelty illustrate exactly what racial segregation in 1960s Southern America was; one big grand illusion. *The Help* is the perfect mix of cheer and tear, with a little bit of sass for comic value. The story is loyal to the book, generously uplifting and a bit inspiring in the let's-go-help somebody kinda way. Totally perfect for a bored, weekday, rainy afternoon outing.

– Lu Sandston     

Film Society Preview

When: 7.30pm, Wednesday September 21

Where: Red Lecture Theatre, located near the side entrance of the Scott Building, across the road from the Emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital on Great King Street.

How much: Casual admission will be possible, in exchange for a small donation

PATU!

Director: Merata Mita

As thousands took to the streets in protest against the 1981 Springbok Tour, battalions of filmmakers and photographers recorded the confrontations with police and rugby diehards. Thirty years on, Merata Mita's assemblage of this footage remains an incredibly persuasive and thoroughly essential document.



Deus Ex: Human Revolution

Platforms: PC, Xbox 360, PS3

My version of Adam Jensen, protagonist of *Deus Ex: Human Revolution*, practised Batman's brand of pacifism. Shattered elbow joints, enough brain trauma for hours of unconsciousness, even getting squashed by an industrial freezer; it's all dandy as long as the innocent security guard is technically drawing mostly air into most of his lungs.

Of course, that was never my only option. *Deus Ex: Human Revolution*'s raspy voiced protagonist might, in another life, have used the carbon-fibre blades in his mechanical arms to take out his foes permanently. The important point is that the decision is far from merely aesthetic. Tranquilised or tasered (or gassed, or knocked out, or not-quite-strangled) enemies can be roused from their slumber by a buddy. It's handy, I found, to leave them to nap in a vent. Surely they almost appreciate the time off? On the other hand, in certain situations the whisper-quiet non-lethal weapons are opportune.

After a slightly lukewarm opening machine, the lack of abilities and weapons you have encourages improvisation, forcing tools into niches they were never designed for. That's great, but as you accumulate praxis points by buying them and accruing experience, the fluidity with which different strategies can be switched between is quite spectacular.

Even if *Human Revolution* amounted to nothing more than its core mechanics, the worst label it might end up with is "one of the most best stealth games ever". Mechanically the game is closest to *Splinter Cell: Conviction*; there's the same multitasking cover system - one that lets convenient crates shield you from peepy eyes as well as pesky lead munitions. Alright, there's less windowsill takedowns and emphasis on shadows, but *Deus Ex* has enemies with more levels of alertness, an important strategic difference between lethal and non-lethal tactics and sunglasses that slide out of the side of Jensen's goddam face.

Most every facet of *Human Revolution* is really, really good, even the

stuff that pure RPGs can't get the slipperiest handle on, the kind of stuff that everyone else seems to believe to be cumbersome by definition. You want the best hacking mini-game ever? Look no further, my friend. What about the best persuasion mini-game? *Deus Ex* leaves *Fallout*, *Mass Effect* and *Dragon Age* looking rather sheepish.

Human Revolution has weaknesses. Chiefly, the core writing is startlingly mediocre. No flag, when it comes to linear narratives, is broader or a deeper crimson than the disappearance of a love interest who the player only meets for a handful of minutes. No time is dedicated to making you care about the bland scientist girlfriend, nor the game's stock techspert and pilot characters. I didn't care. The game strains to make the boss-fights feel epic the degree that they abandon all semblance of choice (bosses, even if you take them out with nothing but a dart gun, are rendered bloody and broken at the conclusion of a fight). I can't care about this battle with cyborg Lisbeth Salander or cyborg Vaguely-German-Muscular Jones if the narrative doesn't put any effort into developing them.

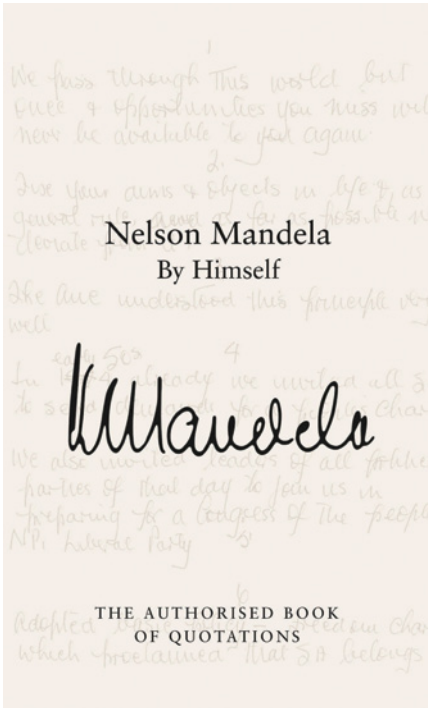
Perhaps it isn't that mediocre. I might even be tempted, in my weaker moments, to call the core plot slightly above average. It feels so clumsy though, because all the tangential stuff is of such high quality. Hacking into several computers in an office, and twining together disparate threads of a story from a variety of perspectives, is a joy. It's the optional story moments, the ones you might just as easily stumble past that immerse you in the current climate of the *Deus Ex* universe. The emails, the conversations between guards, the eBooks, the news broadcasts, the *Minority Report* style papers, even the hundreds of neon advertisements are so much more compelling than the core story.



ART
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY
FREE. Octagon. ph 4743240. Department of DCC.

PATHWAY TO THE SEA—
ARAMOANA
Ralph Hotere and Bill Culbert
Ralph Hotere and Bill Culbert *Pathway to the Sea—Aramoana* [1991] (detail) paua shells, rocks, fluorescent tubes. Collection Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa

Nelson Mandela by Himself – *Nelson Mandela*



“For to be free is not merely to cast off one’s chains, but to live in a way that respects and enhances the freedom of others.”

Under the apartheid government of South Africa, it was illegal to quote Nelson Mandela. He is now among the most quoted people in the world, though as tends to happen, he is often misquoted. *Nelson Mandela by Himself* features upwards of 2,000 of these once-felonious gems, apparently 100% accurately recorded.

Unfortunately, when you have a reasonably sizable book of quotes from any one person, it is very unlikely that all are going to be mind-blowing or inspiring. In fact, many of the ‘quotes’ are simply extracts from speeches. The compilation places them under 317 headings as diverse as ‘Apartheid’ (of course), ‘Food and Drink’, ‘Love’ and ‘Freedom’, with

26 subheadings under ‘prison’. This volume is theoretically a great idea, giving one the ability to efficiently beef up one’s essay with a quote from this inspiring man. Sadly, you are likely to either become that person who’s always quoting Nelson Mandela or someone who stares wistfully at the book, wishing they had more use for it. Utility notwithstanding, this is an interesting book, as much for its history as its content. It is effective as a tribute to what Nelson Mandela achieved and inspired, and will happily sit on your coffee table to inspire your afternoon tea guests.



ANU GRADUATE PROGRAMS

Higher Degree Research & Graduate Coursework Opportunities

ANU is an education intensive research institute, recognised worldwide for its excellence. Our students benefit from a learning environment with more educators and mentors per student.

Higher Degree Research applications can be made directly to ANU at any time of the year while Graduate Coursework closing dates vary from program to program.

Degree Programs www.anu.edu.au/graduate
Scholarships www.anu.edu.au/scholarships
Accommodation accom.anu.edu.au/UAS/186.html
Childcare quicklink.anu.edu.au/5vq1
www.anu.edu.au CRICOS #00120C 160511NZ



A Dream Romance

If I was enough of an old fart to remember the Fifties, I'm sure *A Dream Romance* would paint the perfect picture. Blonde, gum-chewing bimbos, leather jacket wearing, comb-toting sleazy guys and, if *Grease* and *High School Musical* got anything right, teenagers randomly bursting into song.

Upon entering the theatre we were attacked by three delightful young women, having our heart-shaped tickets broken before our very eyes, and then before the play could properly begin, two of them proceeded to scream "Stop harassing that man!" at each other across the seats. We then settled down to watch our narrator - a novelist - begin to write "A Dream Romance".

The following forty minutes were full of acting talent, heavy with sexual innuendo and made memorable by a variety of catchy tunes, the singing accompanied live on stage by a pianist. The songs created nostalgia, even though most of us would be born decades later, and provided good laughs at Spencer, the 'hunk' of play, and his possessive attitude to Dee-Dee, claiming that now she would do what he wanted, there was nothing to do but be happy.

Supporting characters, namely 'the office girls', injected most of the innuendo into the play. A whole song dedicated to guacamole, orgasm jokes - "I think I can hear him coming" "You must have really good ears then!" - and

cries of "SPENCER DAVIES! Uhhh!" every time his name was mentioned drew the majority of the laughs from the audience.

Sally Andrews' directing in this piece was top notch. Players moved smoothly from the stage to the floor, creating scenes from the office, the bathroom and Spencer's bedroom (oh-la-la) with very little use of complicated sets. The costuming in *A Dream Romance* was also superb. Spencer looked as if he'd been picked straight out of the chorus of "grease-lighting", and Dee-Dee transformed from the blue, polka-dotted princess into the sexy, slim black-laced seductress. The lighting, though simple, was effective, setting the right mood for the scene in Spencer's bedroom, spotlighting two of the office girls as they "shoo-be-doo-wah"-ed their way through the seats and drawing attention away from the narrating novelist to Dee-Dee following each word she 'types'.

The play ended with a nice twist, showing the stark contrast between the Fifties way of life and now. Characters on the dole, single mothers, multiple failed marriages; what better way is there to describe the 'modern gal' in the twenty-first century? Except for the odd slip from the preppy, fake American accents, it's hard to find fault in *A Dream Romance*.

— Josh King ★★★★★

READ ALOUD

Fortune Theatre Studio

Read Aloud is the fortnightly play reading event performed in the Fortune Theatre Studio. It gives playwrights and local theatre practitioners a chance to hear plays being read aloud (as the title would suggest). Read Aloud is not a full production of text; it is just a reading, but it still conveys the dynamisms and nuances of the text. Each event costs only five dollars, and is worth it.

Last week's play was *Sketch* by Kate Morris. It would have been wonderful to see the play actually produced and shown as a full show, however under the direction of Cindy Diver the reading was exciting and enthralling, even though there was no set, the actors had the script and there was minimal lighting. *Sketch* was about an artist, a terminally ill woman, an art gallery's management and an exhibition that was a PR hit. Morris' use of timing and to build the production to shattering climax was wonderfully executed. The language and tone of the piece was reflective on the real meaning of life, and the relationships we have with people.

Probably my favourite bit were the punters at the dramatic high point of the piece; they punctuated the ending wonderfully, it was almost unreal. The play explored the boundaries of what 'is' versus what 'is not' art, as well as what is exploitation and what is art. Read Aloud is a Stage South venture, and it exposes Dunedin to New Zealand plays we might otherwise not see performed. I highly recommend the Read Aloud sessions, and although they are not for everyone, you should give it a go - you could love it. At only five bucks a pop it's a decent Saturday afternoon out. Keep your eyes peeled for the next one on in October.

— Bronwyn Wallace

bit of a
LOSER?
WE PROBABLY HAVE YOUR STUFF.
OUSA LOST PROPERTY, OUSA MAIN OFFICE OR WWW.OUSA.ORG.NZ

OUSA
Otago University Students' Association



Mama's Red Lentil Dhal

I think it's time for a collective sigh of relief. Winter is pretty much over and a head of broccoli is less than \$2 again. Let the joyous prancing ensue! Before you know it we will all be feasting on tomato and capsicum like it's going out of fashion.

Clearly, I'm still in a winter mindset as this week's recipe is perfect for winter vegetable prices. Other than red lentils, the main ingredients are grated carrot and grated pumpkin. Talk about cheap; at \$2/kilo even the most strained oh-fuck-I-spent-\$100-at-Metro-last-night budget could afford this. It's perfect for vegetarians but will definitely be enjoyed by even the most carnivorous flatmate. Added bonus: grating the pumpkin reduces potential for grievous bodily harm. I have a friend with a wicked scar on her thumb from an incident with a pumpkin and a knife. Scary shit.

For lentil newbies, be reassured - red lentils are not expensive and, conveniently, they do not need to be pre-soaked before cooking. These tasty flavour vessels are also high in protein, rich in fibre and good for boosting iron levels. An all-round wonder food. They shouldn't be too far from the rice/pasta section in your supermarket.

Once again, I encourage a visit to the Indian supermarket on St Andrew St. So many spices for such reasonable prices. They also have banana chips which are delicious.

INGREDIENTS:

1 cup red lentils	2 tsp cumin seeds
1 cup grated carrot	Chilli powder to taste (1tsp ish)
1 cup grated pumpkin	1 cup finely chopped spinach (use frozen; its easier)
1 tbsp crushed ginger	1 cup coconut cream
1 tsp ground turmeric	2 tbsp lemon juice
1 and a half litres of boiling water	Pinch of sugar
1 and a half tsp salt	Pinch of coriander
1 tsp crushed garlic	
2 tsp black mustard seeds	

Place the red lentils, carrot, pumpkin, ginger, salt and turmeric in a big pot with the boiling water. Bring to the boil, then reduce the heat and simmer for 10 mins until the lentils and veges are cooked. You can tell when the lentils are cooked because they fall apart.

Heat some oil in a small frying pan on medium heat. Add garlic, mustard seeds and cumin seeds – cook until the mustard seeds make a popping noise, should only take about 30 seconds.

Add seeds and garlic to the cooked lentils. Then add chilli and spinach and continue cooking for five or so minutes. Stir in the remaining ingredients and bring the dhal back to boil before serving with rice.

Sadly, the accompanying photo does not do this meal justice.

Teenage Hate/Fuck Elvis Here's the Reatards


The Reatards



With his already esteemed reputation receiving a typical post-death boost, *Teenage Hate/Fuck Elvis Here's the Reatards* sees a superbly packaged reissue of early material from late punk hero Jay Reatard. The liner notes accurately crediting Reatard with "Guitar, screaming, and pounding", the fizzing unbridled

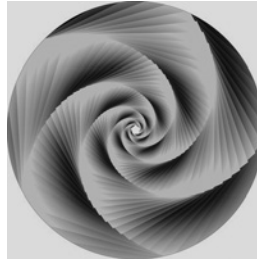
energy here is Reatard's greatest strength.

With most tracks clocking in at a blisteringly brief sub-two minutes, this is a wonderfully distorted take on classic rock and punk, with the simple two chord structure and chaotic solo of "Memphis Blues" being some of angriest sounding music put down on cassette tape. As the title suggests, this is an album drowning in angst and fury, with "You Build Me Up Just to Bust Me Back Down", "I'm so Gone" and "When I'm Mad" giving the then still teenage frontman a raw outlet for his neurotic and self-deprecating musings on the typical adolescent issues of boredom and love.

With a significant early garage feel not present on his later (and more widely appreciated) pop-influenced solo work, Reatard is almost ironically clearly indebted to Elvis rather than attempting to usurp him. While the album's emphasis on passion and rage over sonic fidelity may deter many listeners, *Teenage Hate/Fuck Elvis Here's the Reatards* documents the beginnings of one of the garage community's biggest stars, biggest losses and biggest influence on many of the current figureheads such as Thee Oh Sees and Ty Segall. Here's the Reatards indeed! 

Walton EP


Walton



The debut release from fresh-faced 20-year-old Mancunian producer Sam Walton (aka Walton), the simple titled *Walton EP* finds Hyperdub producing yet another clinical yet widely experimental EP.

Effortlessly blending genres from UK Garage to an almost relaxed post-dubstep

vibe, Walton taps into a musical influence he, and likely most of his listeners, were too young to experience. On opener 'Aggy', hyperactive and repetitive synths are mashed with off-kilter glitchy beats before the track somehow smoothly drops into a Zomby-styled chromatic and textured chorus. With a heavy focus on repetition (not to be confused with a lack of development or ideas), Walton manages to construct inherently interesting soundscapes, his interesting samples and heavily processed timbres enough to hold the listener's attention.

'808 Vybzin' sees a more relaxed and less schizophrenic approach, its background Eighties' pads and sensual hi-hat easily the most danceable element here. With its reverbed snare clicks and descending loops reminiscent of Tekken 5's battle music (not an insult, I swear) the track's relative safety bodes well for the possibility of wider dance-club success in future. Closing the brief EP, 'Skrilla' is the weakest track, but even it still manages to contain enough interest to remain inoffensive, its highly filtered synth line providing a sweet hook. A small sampler but packed with some great ideas showing Hyperdub is ahead of the curve. Grab Walton at his young and inexperienced stage. 

Critic has a double pass to give away to Mountaineater & Left or Right's "Frozon & Freezor New Zealand Tour" this Saturday September 24 at Re:Fuel. To enter the draw, simply email music@critic.co.nz with your name.

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

mon 19/9 **ReFuel: Refuel Unplugged: Open Mic Night**
w/ Astro Children. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm.

tue 20/9 **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**
Dunedin's premiere jazz jam night. \$2 entry from 8pm.
Bring your horn!

wed 21/9 **ReFuel: Hunting Bears, Cult Disney and The Julian Temple Band**
Free entry from 9pm.

thur 22/9 **ReFuel: Dan Brader's Comedy Den - RWC Special**
ft. Travis Monk, Finn Siggelkow, Louise Beuvinik and Dan Brader
and more! \$5 from 7pm.

Pop Bar: Double Frog Hammer
Electro, indie from 11pm.

The Church: Kill, Martha
w/ Swampy and Skull Dubbery. Unique mix of the loudest uke
rock ever, chilled Dunedin blues and reggae at its best. 7.30pm.

fri 23/8 **Modaks Espresso: Digitalism Volume 1**
w/ Espionage, Kid Contra, Flat Mate Kyle. 7pm.

DPAG: Haunted Love - 'Spirit Revival' Album Release Show
w/ Simon Comber. 7.30 pm (all ages show). \$10 entry. Albums will
be available for purchase.

Sammy's Dunedin: MADE IN CHINA 'VICE' Debut Album Release
w/ Soulseller, Julian Temple Band, Left Or Right (DJ Set) & live
burlesque from The Sexy Six. \$10 Presales, \$15 on the door.

ReFuel: The Doyleys, Psychic Maps, Death By Silo, Gold Medal Famous
\$5 from 9pm.

Glue Gallery: MY.OH. Album Release
w/ THE FUCK CHAIRS and WAOTS, \$5, All Ages (but semi R15) 10pm.

The Church, Dundas St: Hunting Bears EP fundraiser
w/ support from The Threads and Settler. 8pm doors.

sat 24/8 **Mou Very: MY.OH. Single Release**
10pm.



see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz

POETRY

DUNEDIN GRADUATION, 2009

Something happened there, once.

The city was an angular, grey stone building, aspiring to spires, but too dour and static, alone, in black, on fire.

And besides, there was only land for roaring miles, blond sand mixed with library dust. But something happened, to us.

We attended lectures.

The vision escaped the thrall of falling masonry; the spirits of blistering window sills, out to contain our free imagination; the habit of hassock-less kneeling before mortar board patriarchs; the erections of flesh-pleasing ego, inflexible as pillars. This was all on the cusp, before the piety of Aquarian proportion, constructions in the fabric of air. But something happened there.

We attended evensong.

Heard an un-word-ly sermon on how to listen, beyond earshot of wrecking ball logic. The question mark's arch became a vertebrate of keys. *Deus absconditus* waited coiled in spandrel spaces, between curve and square. Something definitely happened there.

Then a wide, level valley floor.

An airport doorway. We disappeared, like the ghost lines of forgotten architecture, like thunder folding against those hills.

– *Adamanthus Ballsac*



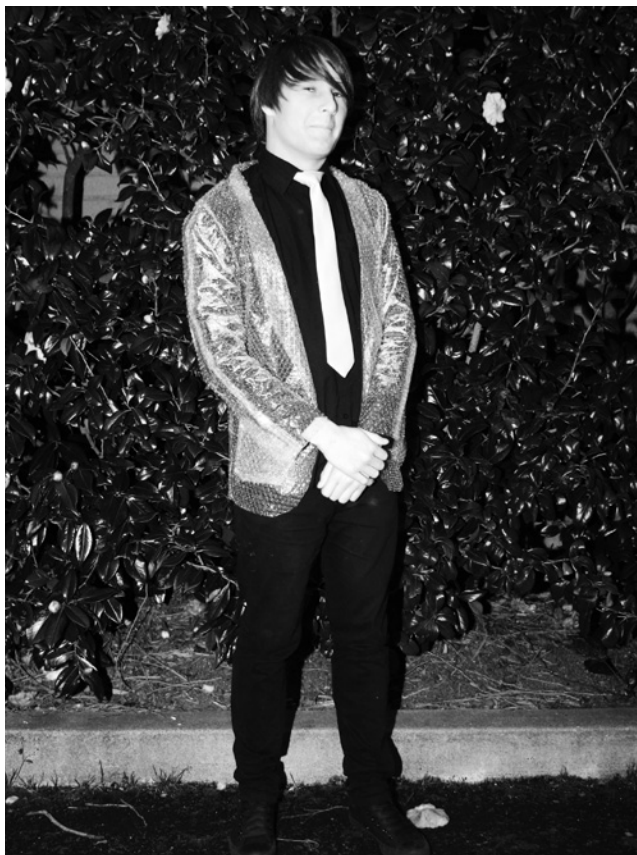
Maddie

Studying: Law **Wearing:** Acne shoes, Juliette Hogan dress, Karen Walker cardigan, World scarf, Topshop jacket **What show would you model for at NZ fashion week?** Stolen Girlfriends Club



Atrayl

Studying: Zoology and Anthropology **Wearing:** black standard Chuck Taylors, black Lower jeans, self-made bubble wrap suit jacket (on display with matching trousers during Art Week) **Fashion Icons:** All the big ones, like Versace **Where do fashion and art meet/coincide?** Well they can easily be intertwined – as I say, if it's bendable it can be made into clothes. Your life is like a canvas – and you can just put your canvas on and walk around town.



Antics by Stephen Gillan



Penis Envy by Regan McManus



"Dickelback"

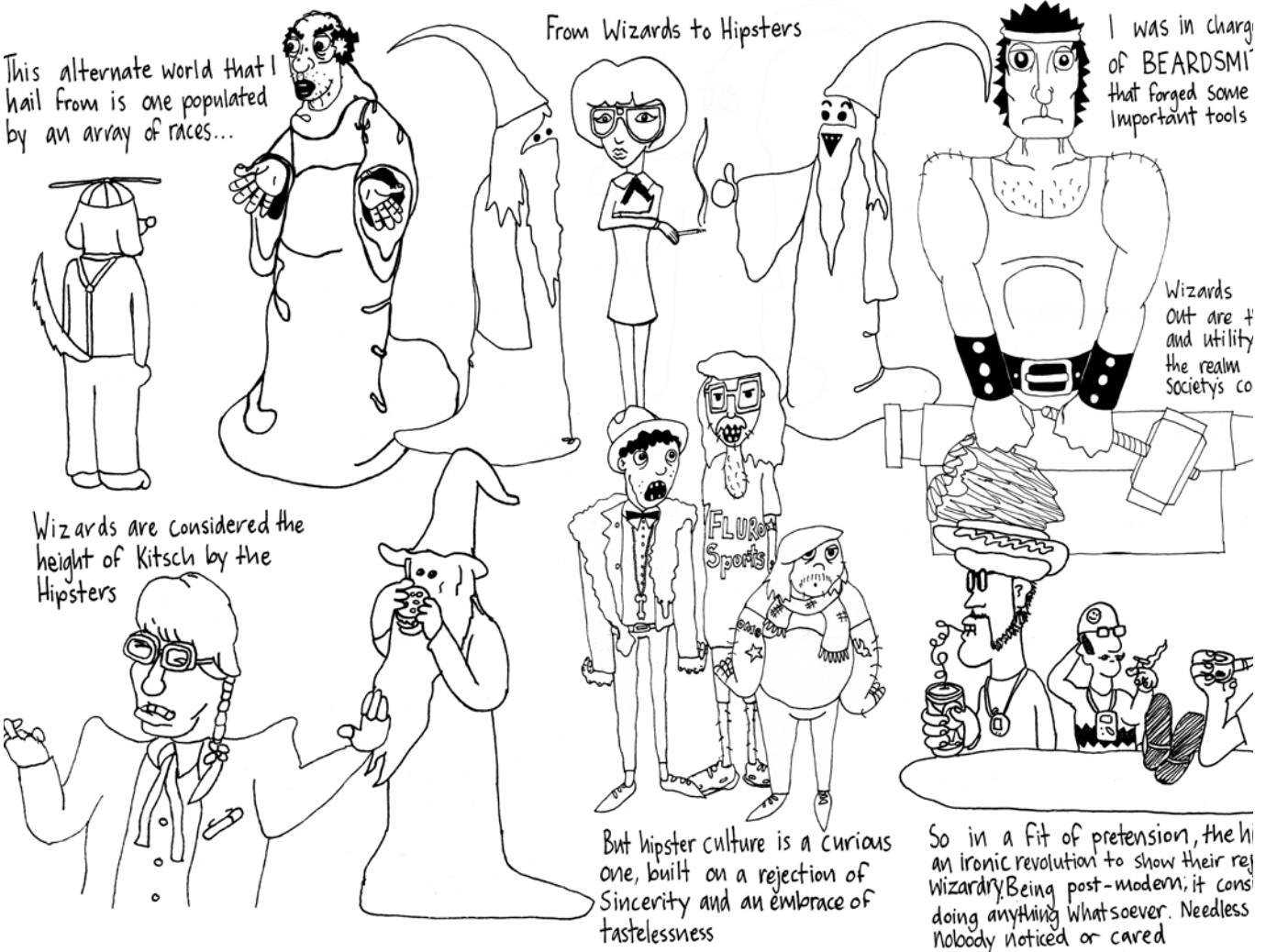
Blunt contradictions of lame pop culture references are funny

Yeah right.

Tui

Colin Sweetman

The Shed by Spencer Hall and Damian Smith



Gary by Cody Knox

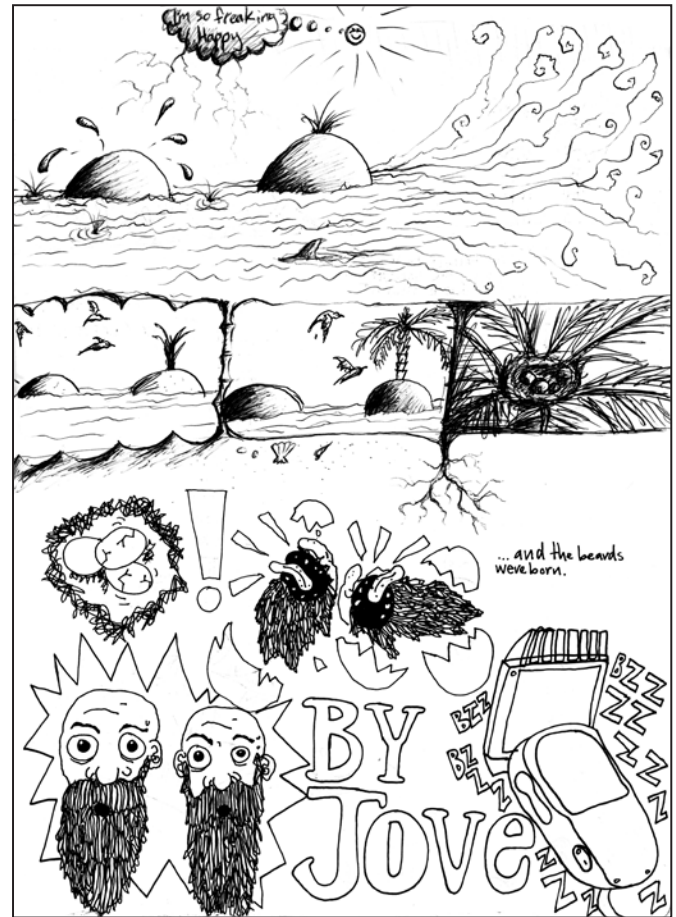


"Don't 'get it'? Try google, ya ignoramus" by Adam Elliot



Bears #4 by Tomas Richards and Damian Smith

In Last Week's Episode: 2 bald men started drowning in one of their beards



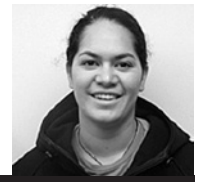
Kia ora whanau!

Hope you are all well and not too stressed out with the assignments that seem to be lumped onto us all at once.

In other news, nominations for Te Rito elections are now open! So if you fancy yourself as a person of the people, or are just keen to get involved in running events and services for taurira Maori, then nau mai haere mai whanau! Nomination forms are available from the Te Roopu Maori offices, and the current Te Rito will be around to have a korero about their roles and the specific jobs that each entails.

In political news, the Waitangi Tribunal claim that was lodged by Te Mana Akonga and the taurira Maori roopu collective was submitted to the house last week, and asked that the bill be referred to the Tribunal in its entirety, however the house opposed, it has lead to some interesting discussion among students, and the community, and discussion which will no doubt continue.

So the Rugby World Cup 2011 is well in truly upon us, with the first game in Dunnas taking place the weekend before last. The city has been crazy busy, and last Friday there was a 'haka-off' in the Octagon. Groups that performed different haka, and in the end it came down to haka battle; you got served style between a Samoan group and the boys from Te Roopu Maori. The Samoan group just edged out the boys from



TE ROOPU MĀORI

Te Rorpz in the end, but all and all it was a mean as day!

In other sports news, Te Roopu Maori is running an inter-roopu sports day on Sunday September 25, when the divisional roopu will strut their stuff on the court for netball and dodgeball. So if you fancy yourself as a bit of an athlete, get in touch with your divisional Maori student roopu, or pop into the TRM offices for more details.

Once again Te Rito nominations are now open, so get down to the whare with a couple of people to nominate you, and put your name forward! You gotta be in to win! So just do it!

Nga mihi,
Ari



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

AAAAAArrrrr.....t week

Yo ho ho me hearties. It be Arrrrt week down on the top decks of OUSA this week. So hoist the main sail, she looks to be a beauty. I myself am looking to plunder some treasures at the student art sale and take home a Trophy piece or Trotie as Commodore John Key would say. Yeeaaaarrrrrr

Okay enough pirate chat. I get far too carried away with role play sometimes as you may have gathered from last week's bouncing off the halls ;)

So... Shitbox as news for ya, the VSM Bill looks set to have its third reading in Parliament in a week's time; for those of you who aren't up on the Parliamentary hood slang of the killa Beehive- Third reading is the last step a Bill has to go through before becoming legislation and it's effectively a rubber stamping process. Therefore chances of VSM not passing = Slim to faaark all (soz repirate chat). Cheers Act party. And ooooh heck, don't all you Scarifies feel so liberated now that you're not forced by big bad Logan to pay compulsory fees. Sure- you'll end up paying a lot more money but that will be seen in your University fees so that's okay aye? And hey that amazing over-riding sense of freedom must feel so faaarking good. I mean it's the sort of shit Act on campus get their kit off to right?

My Executive and I have almost finished our VSM environment budget for next year and she looks pretty bleak. We usually have a \$2.4Million Operation Expenditure and we are budgeting to slash it to between \$700-900k. We now receive zero dollars from students and we have to run into debt until we can finally secure contract agreements from the University for our services. Until then however it's going to be OUSA like you have never seen it before, operating on a shoe-string budget (not the yummy kind from Squidys either) and on the bones of our ass. GRRRRRRR

P.S. Not going to be a dick about it but I did say not to play Dan Carter against Tonga because he could get injured.

Love from Mr. President ;)

Art Week

It's fantabulous Art Week again, step out of that commerce mindset and delve deep deep into the world of culture! Or just go for a wonder through the Student Art Exhibition and Sale (see a little bit of commerce is involved) in the upstairs Link, get some free Henna Tattoos, make some Badges, get a caricature done or head along to the Market Day on Thursday and do some Tie Dying! Want to learn and be entertained? Check out the Pecha Kucha on Thursday night where speakers have 20 seconds per slide to explain 20 slides... pressure much? There's also plenty of epic installations around campus and of course the free White Night Gallery crawl around 10 of Dunedin's galleries finishing up at the Student Art Exhibition and Sale!

Wannabe artist wanting to sharpen up?

Mona Lisa Art Studio are back to give you the chance to improve your drawing and give you a relaxing break from study. The classes are designed for those of all levels of artistic experience – from beginners to experienced artists. You'll have the freedom to choose what you'd like to draw and the classes really are a meditative learning experience that you'll walk away from feeling more confident about your art and with any luck your life too! Go to Clubs and Courses at ousa.org.nz.

Nomination Station!



If you fancy yourself as being pretty in touch with the student body, and want to make a difference to Uni life and how OUSA is run in 2012, then get yourself nominated this week to run for one of the Executive positions or even for the Presidents role! Pop into OUSA reception and ask about nomination forms and talk to the lovely Secretary if you'd like more information to get you started. Nominations open 9am,

Monday 19th September and close 4pm, Thursday 22nd September. The full range of positions can be found at snurl.com/execpos

Student Forum!

We've gotta get some stuff sorted, so come along and listen to news about the proposed Constitutional changes, hear about the 2012 budget and of course some General Business. **Tuesday 27th September, 1pm in the Main Common Room.**

OUSA Art Week

white night

Wednesday 21 Sept
Late Night Gallery Crawl till 9pm
Free Transport from 5-8pm leaving from the University Link
www.ousa.org.nz

pecha kucha

Thursday 22 September
University Common Room, 640 Cumberland Street
Bar opens 7pm, First speaker 7.30pm
\$10 Waged, \$8 unwaged



NOMINATIONS FOR 2012 OUSA EXEC & PRESIDENT ARE



OPEN

**GAIN VALUABLE EXPERIENCE
MAKE A DIFFERENCE
REPRESENT YOUR PEOPLE**

Nomination packs are available from
the OUSA Main Office & **ousa.org.nz**
Nominations close Fri 23 Sep, 4pm
More info at **ousa.org.nz**

YOUR SAY



Otago University Students' Association |

