

THE DIVERSITY ISSUE

Issue 11 – 16th May 2011

Bisexuality as a Marketing Tool | History of Gay Culture in NZ | Stereotypes
The Critic Scarfie Quiz | Michael Woodhouse | News, Reviews, Opinions.

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THE DIVERSITY ISSUE

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CONTRIBUTE TO CRITIC, THE COOLEST MAG IN TOWN SINCE 1925.



Volunteer for Critic:

Please fill in this form in its entirety. Any questions not marked with an answer will be soundly rejected.
Deliver this form to the Critic office, high above the OUSA reception, or email us the info at critic@critic.co.nz

What's your name? _____

Are you a bloke? Yes/ No

What's your age? Underage/ Regular age

What's your favourite drink? Pepsi/ Coke/ Milk

**Have you ever stage-managed a beard and
moustache competition?** Yes/ No

Which gangs are you already affiliated with?

The Mafia/ Rotary/ Scarfie/ Destiny's Church/ Beer ping
pong club/ Medieval re-enactment society/ Capulets/
Montagues/ Other

Have you written stuff before? Yes/No

What would you like to write?

Features/ Columns/ Diatribes/ News/ Poetry/
Theatre reviews/ Film reviews/ Art reviews/
Music reviews/ Food reviews or recipes/ Game reviews/
Fashion articles/ Book reviews/ Other

Do you want to contribute in other ways?

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What's your email address? _____

What's your cellphone number? _____

Anything else you'd like to mention? _____

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te arohi

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Diversity = Leaves. *Tenuously.*



It's OUSA Diversity Week, to celebrate, we bring you the Diversity issue.

It's easy to underestimate the importance of diversity issues in 2011. After all, homosexuality isn't illegal anymore, civil unions have been established (more on this on page 32) and there's a small possibility that, as a result of the 2014 general election, we could have a gay Prime Minister (namely Grant Robertson).

But, unfortunately, while there may not be overt homophobia in our laws or society, accepting diversity is still very much a problem. When Damien O'Connor stood aside earlier this year, he claimed that he didn't trust the list ranking process because the Labour Party was dominated by "self-serving unionists and a gaggle of gays". Instead of being condemned by the media for his outrageous assertion that the downfall of the party was a "gaggle of gays", the media gave credence to his statement by assessing it as a valid point of view.

And O'Connor isn't alone in his less-than-Diversity-Week-friendly views. While it may be universally accepted that racism isn't appropriate in everyday conversation, it's still perfectly acceptable for people in cars to yell "faggot" at unsuspecting pedestrians (read our article on page 21 for more on this). It's similarly acceptable for people to use the ubiquitous adjective "gay" as a synonym for bad, as in "my assignment is gay", "that top is gay", "your face is gay". None of these examples do much to promote the idea that being gay isn't the end of the world.

Overseas, however, things look noticeably worse. In America last week, Fox News (yes, THE Fox News) ran a segment entitled "Is *Glee* too gay?" in which the presenter discussed whether gay content was appropriate for young audiences at 7.30pm. The presenter went on to question whether having gay content on *Glee* was likely to act in the same way as soft drink product placement, thus convincing impressionable young kids to turn gay. "Y'all know about product placement", commented presenter Damali Keith. "You throw a soda in a movie, and within a few seconds, everyone in the theatre is thirsty for that particular brand. Ray, what do you have to say to people who say that this is propaganda? These aren't just story lines, these people have an agenda." Stop the press! TV programmes can change your sexuality, and the evil producers of *Glee* intend to do just that! The idea that something could be "too gay" as well as the concept that homosexuality could be sold in the same way as say, Pepsi, doesn't bode well for the whole acceptance of diversity thing.

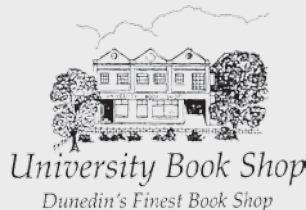
It's 2011. We're all about spouting human rights and equality for all and promoting democracy as the be-all-and-end-all, but clearly we still have a long way to go to live up to our homophobia-free principles.

Stay cool,

Julia Hollingsworth

Letter of the Week

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



WRITING 4 CRITIC = HARD YAKKA

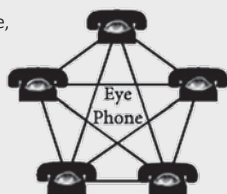
Hey,

Just wanted to let Josh know that ICP's song "Miracles" may indeed contain the stupidest song lyric ever uttered: <http://knowyourmeme.com/memes/fcking-magnets-how-do-they-work>

Although, I think any lyric by ICP, the Kottonmouth Kings or Smoove-E (especially the song "Dream Girl") could qualify. Good job on the piece though. That's a hard job... there are a lot of bad lyrics out there.

Also, I included a picture I made while bored in class that you guys may (or may not) be able to use in your next issue.

Take care,
John



Hi John,

Cheers for the feedback. Unfortunately, this article required me to listen to a wide range of shitty music and it was difficult decide which were the worst. In hindsight, I should have just sat in Monkey Bar for an hour and wrote about what they played. Thanks for the picture! I'm not sure if Julia will put it in the next issue, but we can always put it on the office fridge instead.

Cheers,
Josh Hercus

NOT A HAPPY CHAPPY

Normally I don't pay a single bit of attention to the OUSA Exec. Like the vast majority of students I don't understand them, I don't feel connected to them and I basically feel like that girl from *Election* who considers those running for office a bunch of self-congratulating arseholes who say they do it for the people but really do it for their CVs and own sense of self-worth. To this day I still have people asking me 'what's the OUSA Exec?' Seriously!! But when I saw the Critic news section reading 'SHIT HITS THE FAN' in capital letters and bold font, I just had to sit up and listen. Every single person I've talked to this year has loved Critic, considering it

more relevant and entertaining than it's ever been before. More relevant and entertaining BY FAR than the OUSA Exec. Geoghegan states that the editorial independence of Critic won't be affected if Critic is subsumed into the OUSA. It's possible. But such an action would dramatically increase the possibility of decreased editorial independence; take the fact that the panel suggested appointing a "mentor" for the Critic Editor, or the panel stated that Critic needs to "critique not attack". Seriously?? What the fuck??? A mentor for the Editor? Surely even an imbecile could see how that would interfere with editorial independence? Critic exists to act as an independent body, calling out both individuals and institutions when they don't perform in the way they should. This is its function and the function the vast majority of students wish for it. So much for the OUSA Exec caring about what students actually think. Also, how did Critic get a worse review than Radio 1? The latter fulfills an important function but R1 just doesn't put itself out there and connect with students to the extent of Critic. Finally, how can the Exec not opt for a constitution that gives students more say? And why couldn't Dan Stride cast his vote via phone? Seems like just more bureaucratic bullshit to me. I used to be against VSM, but not anymore. At least it will facilitate Executive accountability.

Yours sincerely,
Kari Schmidt

BLOODY PLEBS

Dear Robert Smith,

I just read your rant and couldn't help but disagree just a tad. I know what you're thinking... I've already changed the music you were enjoying on the stereo and now I'm voicing an opposing opinion to yours. What a dickhead. It makes me laugh (lol) that all the 'plebians' (oh sometimes we use condescending names in speech marks for you guys too) complain about 'scenesters' imposing their music taste on others when they have an almost complete monopoly on what gets played in bars, clubs and in the mainstream media. Most music scenesters feed off online sources to grow their tastes because they have to. The day c4 was to jam out a quality top 40 I'd watch but they don't, though I shan't lie... It was pretty good in first year when Brother by Smashproof had 5 or so week stint at number one. I find this whole thing an odd persecution, an absolute attack on the minority by the majority. I would suggest you go to stereomood.com and play the relax playlist but you'd probably just get more annoyed when it throws up something you don't like.

Joe Drysdale

To Joe

You simultaneously missed and proved my point. In my diatribe, I purposely I made no allusions to any particular music styles, genres or groups. By 'scenester' (look it up in the dictionary), I could have meant acid jazz scenesters high-jacking traditional jazz music which was being enjoyed at a party. It is not a condescending term and was used to encompass any particular music scene. The point here was that one shouldn't be dismissive of what others enjoy, based on their own preferences. You imposed a hierarchy based on your own personal tastes, and labelled all those who don't subscribe with the condescending term, 'plebians'. This kind of pretentious perspective was why I wrote the diatribe.

My point about blogs was not that they are bad, but that they are often as temperamental and prescriptive as other, more popular sources. 'Scenesters' of various music, art and literature scenes all use them, as do I. However, mindlessly following something less popular does not make you any less of a 'plebian'.

Robert Smith

OMG LUV LETTER

Dear Mrs John Wilmot, I think you should take part in the Toast date "summer loving", would love to hear your column afterwards, and if I was lucky enough I would get picked to be the man on the date when you went! In that case could we please do everything in all of your columns (which I love) in one night/ when is your tape going on red-tube? Your adoring fan

Mr John Wilmot (peter)

FLOW COMES 2 TOWN

Dear F-word

Another one about your menstrual column, admittedly biased by my lack of experience in such matters. Isn't blaming society for you feeling awkward when buying tampons and pads a tad foolish? Feelings aren't imposed upon you by others. The cashier probably couldn't care less whereas I'm picturing you at the checkout deadly silent whilst you avoid eye contact. If anyone has a disgusting view of menstruation then that's up to them, not society. One (unfortunate) friend of mine has a 28 day cycle with an 8 day period. Ouch. My point being that this came up casually mid conversation and the tone didn't change. If you feel awkward, that's you feeling awkward, not someone making you feel awkward. Rather than blaming "society" and leaving it at that, maybe you could try something I like to call "not giving a good goddamn".

Cheers
Advocate of Society

Dear Advocate of Society,

I wasn't trying to "blame society", I was just saying that negative attitudes towards menstruation are absurd and unnecessary. I think the "not giving a good goddamn" policy is a great one. The fact is, though, that negative attitudes can be self-perpetuating. It's easy to say 'don't give a good goddamn' but it's much more feasible to do this when other people don't either. So yes, on an individual level we shouldn't worry about these things. But practically most people are influenced by others' opinions so the more opinions you change, the more menstruation becomes acceptable in general. Essentially, I get what you're saying, and I do agree with it, but on a practical level I don't think it's that simple, especially when one is confronted with negative reactions in regards to menstruation on a regular basis. The fact that women want their hygiene products in a plastic bag when they leave the supermarket, or can't just whip out their tampons when they go to the bathroom is evidence of this fact. Part of the solution definitely lies in women refusing to feel effected by societal attitudes, perceived or otherwise, but these attitudes themselves also need to change and you can't just disregard this fact by saying woman should harden up and "not give a good goddamn."

Yours sincerely,
Kari Schmidt

BLOGSTER

Dear Robert Smith,

Your diatribe does seem to make some very valid points. However how can you differentiate between those people who enjoy new music from blogs due to its unrefined sound, often original sampling and something that is often made for the love of the music rather than commercial considerations. Surely the use of blogs to find cutting edge music coupled with the dislike of some (not all) mainstream or Edge playlist music does not make one a music scenster? Also contemporary under-ground music by nature is a fast moving beast-the french duo -justice claimed that it was the case with most of the music community around them. So in order to remain interesting there will be an element of new music.

James Cooper

To James,

See my other response for more clarity on what I meant by 'scenesters'. Commercial or not, a scene is a scene, it is not meant to be condescending.

I think you make a valid point about new/ underground music. My point was that online music 'scenes' develop in much the same way as mainstream music trends, so they are as fickle as each other.

Robert Smith

MORE INFO ONLY MAKES THIS WORSE 4 EVERY1

Dear Critic,

Before you make wild accusations about fellow citycolians we would like you to get the full story surrounding the accused slut in question. We believe her actions were fully justified after her fiancées fetish of 14 year boys had come to light as he allegedly 'did the deed' with one. It appears that there is two sausage-loving people in this totally fucked up relationship. Get your facts straight.

Sincerely,
Concerned City Col Residents

LOL: "SONG SONG"

Dear Josh Hercus;

Regarding your article about the 7 stupidest song lyrics ever there was a error. When Hootie and the Blowfish were singing "Cause the Dolphins make me cry" they weren't singing about the playful mammal but the Miami Dolphins American Football team. In fact the video for the song shows many former Miami stars with the band. While I appreciate your effort at being funny, being factual is just as important. Also if you think crying about a sports team seems stupid check out the figures on the coronation between favorite sports teams losing and depression in men. Or just wait until the All Blacks lose in the World Cup.

Yours
Nic C

Dear Nic C,

One thousand apologies for my blunder. I agree that it is perfectly acceptable to cry when your favourite sports team loses. Particularly if you're a Dolphins fan since it happens so often. Also, if the All Blacks lose the World Cup, the depression will only be brief. Before the riots start anyway.

Cheers,
Josh Hercus

Notices

CHRISTCHURCH EARTHQUAKE FUNDRAISER CONCERT

Cantores Choir and Friends. Includes Mozart, Bach, African songs and drumming and a burlesque dancer. Fri 20 May, 7.30pm. Minimum donations: Adults \$15, Students \$10 (with ID), Children Free. Proceeds go towards rebuilding Christchurch heritage buildings. Tickets from Dolls House Dance Shop, George Street.

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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.

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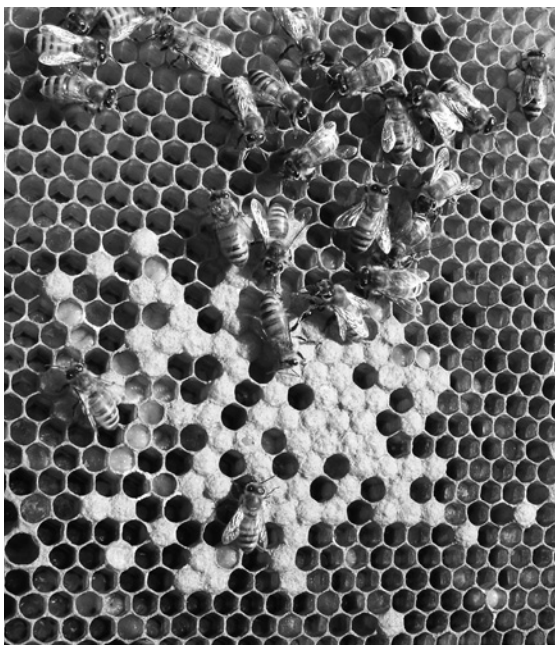

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TOP 10



This week *Critic* rates the top ten Biblical Smittings. Why? Just because.

- 01 Four horseman of the apocalypse
- 02 Massacre of the Innocents
- 03 Plague of locusts
- 04 Salome wanting John the Baptist's head on a plate
- 05 The Crucifixion
- 06 Abraham being prepared to kill Isaac, his son
- 07 Cain slewing Abel, his bro
- 08 Lot's wife being turned into a pillar of salt
- 09 Sodom and Gomorrah being consumed by fire and brimstone
- 10 Jericho destroyed by falling walls



Been and gone

A Scottish university is understandably pissed off after some cheeky fuckers stole several thousand bees that were a vital part of a multi-million pound research project.

The bees were part of a project in Dundee University's medical school, which was investigating the effects of pesticides on bee health.

Why anyone would want a shitload of guinea-pig bees is not clear, but the university said that "clearly whoever did this knows what they are doing". Sure they do, just keep waiting for that ransom note.



Home sweet home

A homeless man has survived being compacted in a dumpster truck. The Californian bum was catching up on some sleep in his favourite dumpster when he was rudely tipped into the truck and run through the compactor not once, but twice.

Miraculously the man's screams were heard by the driver, and the poor sod was fished out by the fire service. Apparently the man has an ongoing attachment to the dumpster, with a spokesman for the waste company commenting that there "has been a re-occurring issue with this particular dumpster and this particular gentleman that was in the dumpster". Fair enough, but squashing the poor fucker is taking things a little far.

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Internet pals

Slovakian police have foiled a case of attempted cannibalism, in a case which outlines why you should be wary of people you meet online.

A deranged Slovakian man reportedly surfed the internet to find a suicidal person who would let him kill and eat them. The man located a suicidal Swiss citizen and together they planned a lovely day trip to the woods,

which involved the Slovak drugging then murdering the Swiss before seasoning him with black pepper.

Unfortunately the main course got cold feet at the last minute and alerted Slovak police, who stormed the would-be cannibal's house, engaging him in a gunfight which put both the suspect and a police officer in hospital.



PowerPoint fail

An American man has been arrested and charged with the possession of child pornography, but in this case it didn't require any fancy computer investigative work to uncover the pervert.

Rather, the man in question made the considerably substantial mistake of giving a funeral director a CD of child porn instead of the memorial slideshow of the deceased which had been requested.

Luckily an employee checked the disc before it was played at the funeral, as we can imagine there might have been a fairly awkward silence during that eulogy.



Ever want to jack it all in and run away to start a new life elsewhere? That's exactly what Dermot O'Shea, a then 22-year old Dubliner, did three years ago when he said *au revoir* to his career in the Irish banking and finance industry and signed up for a five-year stint in the French Foreign Legion instead.

Traditionally famed for its "no questions asked" admission policy (though recruits are now subject to background security checks), the Legion has taken on quasi-mythical cultural currency. O'Shea blogs about life in the fabled and feared military unit, currently being half-way through a grueling 6-month tour-of-duty in Afghanistan:
<http://bankstobattlefields.blogspot.com/>

8 & 9

ages of world's
youngest
parents.

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world bench
press record.
Jock.

OUSA to Spit-Roast Students *Constitution style.*

Two different versions of the proposed OUSA student constitution will be put to student referendum on May 23 to June 2.

The move comes after Colleges and Communications Officer Francisco Hernandez and Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride collected signatures from enough students to force the Exec to send the alternative constitution to the referendum, despite Hernandez's motion being defeated at the Exec meeting of May 5.

The "alternative" constitution was authored by former Executive member James Meager and OUSA life-member Kyle Matthews. Last year it missed being ratified by seven votes when sent to a student referendum.

Effectively the main difference between the two constitutions is that they propose two fundamentally different structures for dealing with motions.

The "orthodox" constitution, which has progressed through the PolCom committee process, will send motions to the Executive first. The Executive then have a choice whether to send the referendum straight to referendum, or whether to refer to motion to an independent mediator, who would then judge whether or not the motion should be sent to referendum according to a clear set of criteria.

The alternative constitution would send all motions to a Student General Meeting (SGM) where the merits of motions could be debated before proceeding to a referendum.

The fact that both constitutions will now be voted on at the upcoming referendum means that OUSA will be asking students to choose between the competing constitutions.

Matthews told *Critic* that he thought the upcoming referendum would be interesting, and estimated that "only 10 to 12 people will probably have read both versions" before they vote.

He added that it was a difficult situation, since students were effectively being asked to decide between two constitutions instead of being presented with a single cohesive document that had the support of the entire Executive. Matthews thought that this was representative of the fact that "OUSA hasn't got themselves together this year".

OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan told *Critic* that the orthodox constitution was formulated as a response to student feedback on the current process, and was designed to engage with students online to increase participation.

Asked about the alternative constitution, Geoghegan said that it was effectively more of the same and that students "had been complaining for years about the archaic SGM model".

– **Gregor Whyte with reporting
by Aimee Gulliver**



OUSA terms for dummies (or first years)

Exec – The body of student politicians, elected by students to run OUSA.

Affectionately discussed fortnightly in the "execrable" column (page 17).

Referendum (plural: referenda) – An online vote. Log in with your student ID, click your chosen answer to a number of motions, and ta-da! You've voted.

PolCom – The OUSA committee that discusses and creates policy.

SGM – The Student General Meeting, held for all OUSA members to attend to vote on motions. These have been replaced with online referenda.

Other motions to be voted on in the referendum

- "That OUSA opposes any changes to the 2011 government budget that reduce access to interest free student loans."
- "That OUSA will actively campaign against any changes that reduce access to interest free loans"
- "That OUSA opposes factory farming and the sale of factory farmed products and therefore requests that all campus food outlets shift from using factory farmed products, including eggs, chicken and pig products, to free-range products."
- "That OUSA recognises the existence of the Code of Student Conduct and will work with the University to ensure that students' best interests are taken into account in its application as external policy".

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21st?

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Your Official Critic Referendum Infographic

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number of students

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who will vote in the referendum

12 estimated number of students who will
read both constitutions

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Like a rat from a sinking ship...

OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan has resigned mid way through her second year in the role, leaving the association without a President and a permanent General Manager with the prospect of Voluntary Student Membership (VSM) looming.

Geoghegan told *Critic* that a combination of factors had led to her decision, which she says is a purely personal one. In reflecting on her time working for OUSA, Geoghegan says that "most of the things I set out to do have been done," and describes the time she spent on the Executive as "the most challenging and equally [the] most rewarding period of my life to date."

With the VSM Bill before Parliament, OUSA is being forced to face the reality of lesser membership - and revenue - in 2012. Geoghegan says that the Executive has a lot of options in the works for this, including proposals for funding not sourced from levies, which OUSA would be lacking next year in the face of students having the choice of whether or not to join the association.

She said that she didn't anticipate resigning, and that the decision to run for office again at the end of 2010 was based on a desire to implement changes the Executive had worked on, including the constitution, online voting, and the changes to the Executive structure. Geoghegan believes that the new Executive governance structure has taken a lot of the intense workload off the President, and should contribute to a smooth handover period following her resignation.

Geoghegan says she would "never have considered resigning" if she felt things were going to crumble as a result. In her resignation letter, she says that she is "very confident that the Association is in good hands, with an exceptional team of Executive and Staff members who are incredibly well equipped and prepared to take on the challenges

facing us, and ensure OUSA continues in to the future."

From the outset of her time as President, Geoghegan says she has been keeping detailed notes in order to ensure a comprehensive handover for the future, and she is currently working on compiling an "OUSA Bible." This will endeavour to outline OUSA's current position on important issues, with a view to minimising the chances of anything "slipping through the cracks."

Administrative Vice-President Brad Russell is to act as President until a by-election can be held for the position, which *Critic* understands is likely to be sometime in August. Geoghegan is confident that "Brad will step in just fine, and that we have a really good team of staff as well."

Despite Geoghegan's assurances that her resignation will not negatively impact upon the running of OUSA, some are concerned that this may not be the case. Former OUSA President Simon Wilson said it would take a president several months to get up to speed with the job. OUSA life member Kyle Matthews commented that Geoghegan was the first president to resign mid-way through a term in over two decades (Ross Blanch was the last in 1986). He added "the lines in her letter in the *ODT* about OUSA being ready and people stepping up are a complete crock."

Geoghegan acknowledges that there has been criticism about the timing of her resignation. She responds that, "sometimes you have to step back and look at your own life. The organisation doesn't rely on me being here, it has been around for years and I've only been involved for two of those."

— Aimee Gulliver



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University skips foreplay, goes straight to rough penetration

The University of Otago Property Services division is prevaricating like a motherfucker when deciding whether or not to boot some students out of their flats mid year to make way for a new Castle St day care centre.

The prolonged saga can only now be reported in *Critic* after the University stalled our enquiries for over a week before deciding they had no comment to make on the matter.

Students in the Castle St complex of flats were called to a meeting with an employee of the 'University Flats' company - which head-leases flats from the Property Services department and on-leases them to students under the Kiwihost scheme - on Wednesday May 4. At the meeting, students living in the flats were told that the University was reclaiming the properties in July after the conclusion of first semester exams in order to turn them into a day care centre. One flat in the complex was to be allowed to remain, but would have had to put up with construction work in the short term, and screaming children in the long term.

Tenants spoken to by *Critic* stated that they had signed an agreement at the start of the year to occupy the flats for the whole of 2011, but had not been offered the usual protection of a standard tenancy agreement lodged with the Department of Building and Housing. All tenants spoken to by *Critic* stated categorically that they were not warned by anyone that they would be evicted midway through the academic year. One tenant commented that "this is the kind of stunt you expect from a slum landlord, not from the fucking University you attend."

Critic sent an email to the University asking Property Services questions about the move late on May 4. The University replied that it would be unable to answer questions until Tuesday May 10, which prevented *Critic* from running the story last week. No comment was forthcoming and further follow up enquires made after May 10 proved fruitless.

Meanwhile tenants of the flat were called to a meeting with Tony Buchanan of University Flats on Thursday May 5. At the meeting Buchanan told tenants that there had been a "misunderstanding" and that the University had not confirmed it would be reclaiming the flats, but had instead merely meant to ask the tenants whether they would be willing to move out to make way for the day-care centre. Buchanan stated that the process was "a bit like Chinese whispers, white becomes black".

Tenants told University Flats that they did not want to move. Some commented that the timing of the meeting almost immediately after *Critic*'s enquires smacked of a U-turn.

The final word on the matter came from a particularly disgruntled tenant, who opined that "the Uni needs to learn some manners. I prefer to get wined and dined before I get fucked."

— Gregor Whyte with reporting by Lozz Holding



Otago finally ranked top at something other than couch fires per head of population

The University of Otago's Oceanography Department has been ranked number one in the world according to a global ranking of oceanographic institutions published in the UK magazine *Times Higher Education (THE)*. The rankings were compiled by Thomson Reuters' Essential Science Indicators and cover the period from January 2000 to December 2010.

The top ranking means that papers written by scientists from the University of Otago's Oceanography Department had the highest citation impact on marine sciences in the last ten years globally. The rankings are calculated based on the number of citations received per paper from the varying departments surveyed.

The top one percent of articles were identified as "highly cited" papers and according to *THE*, "some 387 oceanography papers were identified as such during the period measured and were cited 35,539 times, an average of 91.83 [each]. Thus, the top 18 institutions not only excelled in citation impact but also surpassed the average score for such influential reports."

The University of Otago had 11 highly-cited papers and 1,628 citations

with a whopping 148.00 citations per paper. In second place on the highly US dominated list was the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with the US National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration ranking third.

The oceanography program encompasses a range of research across the biological and physical sciences University of Otago Marine Science Professor Gary Wilson told the *Otago Daily Times (ODT)*.

Wilson told the *ODT* that "while the ranking is only one statistical measure of research productivity and relevance, I think it recognises the interdisciplinary strength in oceanography here at Otago."

"We have a number of excellent individual researchers contributing to and leading internationally collaborative programmes," Prof Wilson said.

With 10 papers and 1,558 citations, Ken Buesseler, senior scientist and marine geochemist of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute in Massachusetts holds the highest individual ranking.

— Andrew Oliver

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Downing the Double Down

Stoners Everywhere Rejoice

After a frenzied storm of media excitement, KFC's infamous Double Down burger was released in stores last Tuesday. *Critic* was in such anticipation of this that we literally wet ourselves with excitement while waiting in line for our first taste of the chicken creation.

The novel burger casts aside traditional burger buns in favour of battered chicken fillets, and is filled with bacon, two slices of cheese and sauce. Although the burger measures only approximately 10cm squared, it costs \$7.90, with a combo being sold for \$10.90.

The burger went on sale at 9am, and by 1pm KFC North Dunedin was packed with ravenous students. Although it took around forty minutes of waiting to get a Double Down, students were light hearted. "Do you have a 'lite' option?" joked one. "It's not that bad a wait for your place in history", noted another optimistic bystander.

By contrast, the KFC North Dunedin staff appeared frazzled. The orders took so long that patrons were given complimentary Crunchie bars for their trouble. At around 1.45pm, a worker told *Critic* that they had sold "lots" of Double Downs, indeed "probably over 500".

Never one to shy away from excessive fat intake, *Critic* put the Double Down to the test. Despite our testers having previously been excited about the prospect of trying the Double Down, they were universally disappointed by the appearance of the product. "That looks a bit shit really" commented one tester, with another opining "it doesn't look like the picture". Although our taste testers consumed the product willingly, both regretted their decision. One commented that the burger was "awful", while another stated that he "regretted the whole idea".

Much of the controversy around Double Downs has stemmed from

the apparently excessive fat content of the burger. The Double Down contains 34.4 g fat, and is 604 calories. However, in comparison to its fast food peers the Double Down is relatively run-of-the-mill. A Big Mac contains 26g of fat and 491 calories, while a Burger King Whopper has 37g of fat and 633 calories.

Hilariously ACT on Campus attempted to use the release of the Double Downs as a press stunt, by giving away five Double Downs at various locations. On their Facebook page ACT on Campus claimed a tenuous link between the fatty burger and ACT principles, referring to the Double Down as "600 Calories of Freedom".

– Staff Reporter



Giving new meaning to the phrase "eat your heart out", one of our taste testers tries to down the double down.

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DIVERSITY

OUSA DIVERSITY WEEK 16 -20 MAY 2011

MON	Queer Dance Workshop
TUE	Quizically Queer Part 2
WED	Rocky Horror Picture Show Screening
THU	Queer Laughter Yoga & Poetry Workshop
FRI	Art Day & Spirituality and Sexuality Discussion.

For more info visit www.ousa.org.nz

Brought to you by Otago University Students' Association





Top Scholar Award for Otago student

University of Otago student David Bellamy has been awarded the 2010 Prime Minister's Award for Academic Excellence as the highest-achieving secondary school pupil in New Zealand. The 17-year old Health Science student graduated from Christ's College last year, gaining NCEA Level 3 with excellence and achieving six outstanding scholarships in English, Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics with Calculus, Statistics and Modelling, and Physics. At the time of the exams Bellamy was only 16 years of age.

Last Tuesday Bellamy attended the Top Scholar award ceremony at Government

House where John Key presented him with the award. He also received the Top Scholar Award for Scholarship in Chemistry and a Premier Scholar award. Bellamy hopes to study Medicine.

– Teuila Fuatai

More scholarships

University of Otago students have received a total of \$34,000 in Freemasons' scholarships. Postgraduate student Phillipa Struthers gained a \$10,000 scholarship, and four undergraduate students - Yeri Kim, Leah Hamilton, Chris Bloomer and Griegan Panckhurst - all received \$6000 each.

Struthers is focusing her PhD research on strengthening family and school relationships to support early literacy in children. Hamilton, in the final year of a Bachelor of Laws and BA (Hons) of History, commented that the scholarship "takes the pressure off financially."

Bloomer is taking a year away from his MB ChB medical studies to undertake research for a Bachelor (Hons) of Medical Science. Kim is studying for a Psychology honours degree, examining how dysfunctional neural signalling impairs information-processing in disorders such as autism.

– Lauren Enright

Students mourn end of Air New Zealand monopoly

Students expressed a collective sigh of dismay as Jetstar announced it was entering the Auckland to Dunedin domestic flight market from July 14. Many students told *Critic* that they were concerned that Jetstar offering flights to Auckland out of Dunedin would mean they would now have no excuse not to attend 21st birthday parties of distant relations or friends they secretly despise.

The route, which is currently served only by Air New Zealand, is among the most expensive connection between major urban centres in New Zealand. Many students find the price of flying out of Dunedin to Auckland so prohibitive that they drive or bus to Christchurch and catch a cheaper flight from there. The entry of Jetstar into the market should hopefully drive down prices. Hopefully.

– Gregor Whyte

(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

It was another good week on Castle Street, with the gossip queens having a field day after a lock in and a few red cards causing enough drama to deserve a place on E! Channel. But first some very sad news, as Stewie (a much loved little pig) has gone missing in a somewhat dubious manner. Stewie was having personality clashes with one of his flatmates who apparently kidnapped Stew and released him into the Botans. He even forgot to give Stew his jersey so please keep an eye out for him, as the cold nights won't be good for Stewie's runny nose.

Missing items have started reappearing/ people just had a decent look for them. As at the Beehive, Monkey (also known as Wonkey) turned up; he was found in the freezer and apparently he was 'chilling' the whole time. The missing ladder also turned up in suspicious circumstances, as it was thrown onto the Beehive in the early hours of Monday

morning. The commune is collaborating with the Beehive in the investigation to find the dirty thieves; fingers are being pointed but to no avail at the time of publishing.

The luscious babes in the brick brothel hosted a late night detention lock in last Wednesday that went off well. The pile of alcohol was destroyed in a quick fashion, memories failed and mayhem ensued. The only downer was one poor chap fell off the roof and broke three bones in his foot, but other than that good times were had by all. Congratulations to the girls for hosting a goodie.

One of the more feminine boys' flats is in the midst of domestics as one flatmate tried to pull his red card, only to be bombarded by handbags as his PMSing flatmates sat him down for a talking to. Apparently his outlandish, yobbo like behaviour was getting out of hand and his persistent requests for them to

"pull their tampons out" and do the red card didn't help the situation. Fortunately, after a curry and a pint it's all happy families again.

In other news, the casino has become one of the main means of income for inhabitants, with the practice of feast or famine becoming all too common. Feast or famine entails gambling all of the flat's food money and either eating like kings or doing the flatshop in the petfood aisle.

Unfortunately Chronicles of Castle is changing its routine so that from now on it will only be every second week. Don't worry, that just means it'll be twice as good. Until next time, take it easy and if it's easy take it.

– Sam Reynolds

P.S. if anyone wants to buy any pork let me know.

execrable

exec /ɪɡˈzɛk, ɛɡ-/ ► **noun** informal an executive; top
execs.
ORIGIN late 19th cent.: abbreviation.
/ˈɛksɪkrəb(ə)/ ► **adjective** extremely bad
or unpleasant: execrable cheap wine.
DERIVATIVES execrably **adverb**.

Execrable-ish

The Exec meeting was dominated by discussion of the Planet Media Review, which has the potential to heavily impact upon both Radio One and *Critic* (your fave magazine evah).

A total of 33 recommendations were discussed by the Exec; if you can't imagine how long that took, imagine nearly four hours sitting in a boardroom (read: like watching paint dry). Former *Critic* editor Ben Thomson even managed a guest appearance; notorious as he is for avoiding these meetings like the plague, shit must be getting serious when he is prepared to sit through one of them.

The Review Panel has recommended that Planet Media be dissolved, and that *Critic* and Radio One come under the immediate ownership and umbrella of OUSA. This recommendation has seen a host of submissions to the Executive opposing it, both from

OUSA members and former *Critic* editors en masse – with some submissions raising concern that *Critic*'s editorial independence would be threatened by essentially becoming an OUSA mouthpiece. Can anyone say Communist China?

The more controversial recommendations are to be revisited by the Review Panel, with the wording of certain things to be changed to be more in line with the reality and structure of the student media outlets. Having heard submissions from Planet Media managers at the meeting, the Executive is expected to vote on all the recommendations in the immediate future. Strategic planning will follow to implement the changes.

One major change is the recommendation that Radio One take on the booking and running of all music events on campus, a role previously undertaken by OUSA Events. While everyone agreed this was a good idea in

theory, it was decided that some planning is in order before drastic changes are finalised.

OUSA decided that the recommendation that *Critic* formulate a set of guidelines, which would include things such as balanced reporting and state editorial independence from OUSA, should also be revisited by the panel. Postgraduate Rep Thomas summed it up in a nutshell when he called it an oxymoron. Nevertheless, despite thinking that *Critic* often "tries too hard to be cool" while criticising OUSA, he's still backing the magazine to stay free from outside influence. Nice one.

Critic's commendations include being a good-looking magazine – which we have taken to be a personal reflection of the staff – a high level of readership, and that the team is "very happy working together." They obviously haven't seen us late on a Thursday night when we are about to go to print.

– Aimee Gulliver

PROCTOLOG

Despite noting statistics indicating that the standard of student behaviour is getting better, the Proctor assures us that a number of youthful delinquents around campus are still keeping him in a job.

In a rare example of female misconduct, a flat of girls have been using a neighbouring business's rubbish skip to get rid of their junk. Despite claiming that they didn't know that wasn't allowed, they are now paying for the emptying of the skip for the rest of the year. A pack of those DCC rubbish bags would probably have been a tad cheaper. Just a tad.

At Unipol, a gentleman the Proctor described as a "large, ugly, young guy" waved his girlfriend's student ID card to get into the gym. Reception staff inexplicably picked up on the fact that the towering, unshaven monstrosity in front of them wasn't the girl depicted in the photo. The lovebirds are now adding to the coffers of OUSA through

Foodbank donations. Perhaps a fitting alternative method of weight loss now that the slop is banned from Unipol?

Other fatties that have stumbled onto the Proctor's radar lately include four young lads who were on a mission to town to get some greasies. Unfortunately, other citizens had inconsiderately placed a few obstacles in their way on the arduous journey, including a number of cars that are now significantly worse for wear. Each of the geniuses ran over the top of a car, causing all sorts of damage to the structural integrity of the vehicles, and all sorts of headaches for the Proctor. The damage assessment for the first car has come in at \$2600, and the four musketeers still have to sort out the requirements for their diversion with the police as well. Oops.

In probably the easiest solved crime the Proctor has seen in a while, an elevator in town got jammed when a bunch of students

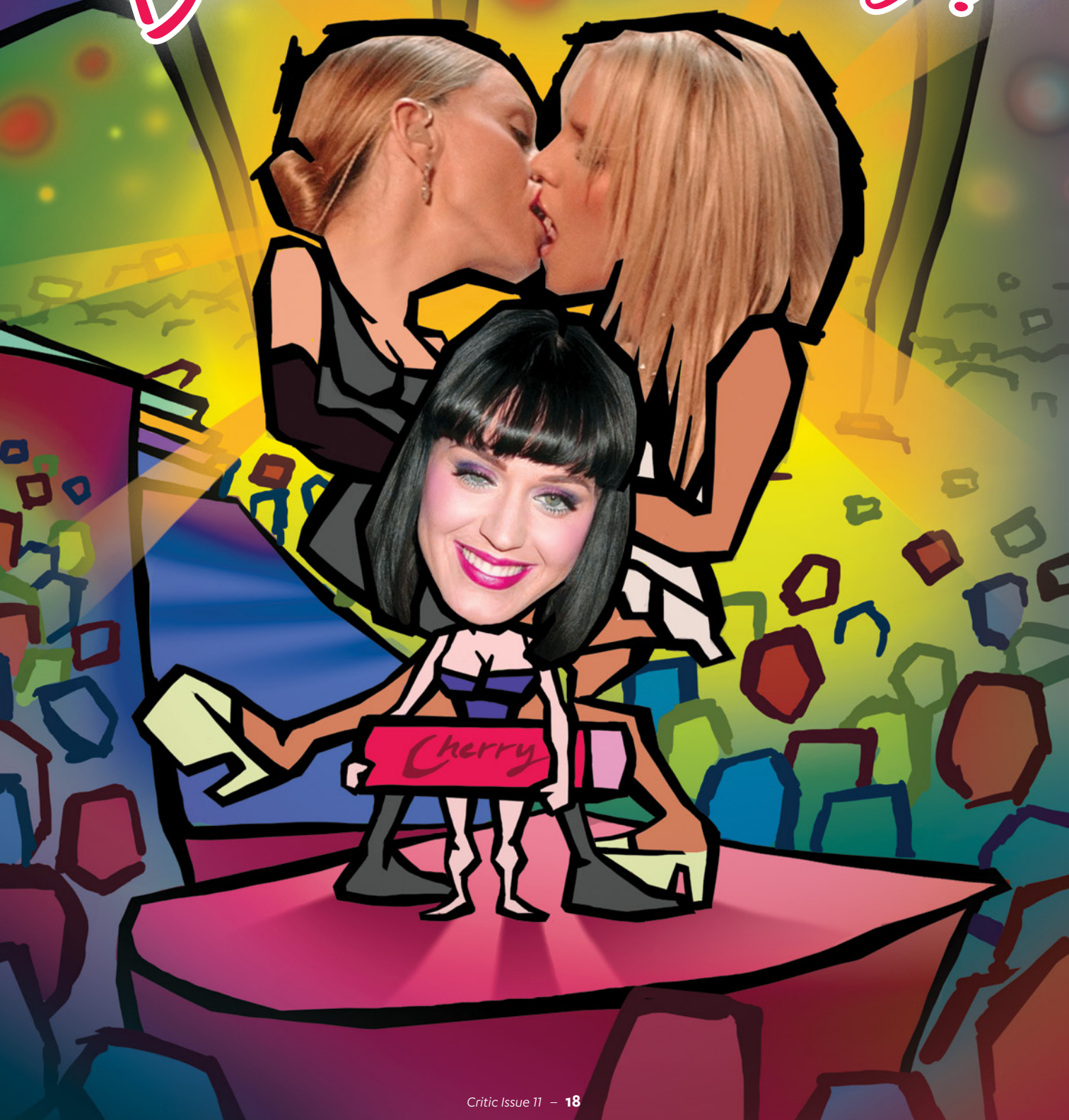
decided to jump up and down in it, triggering the alarm mechanism. The culprits were rescued by technicians about forty minutes after the bright idea first struck them, and now face a fine of a couple of hundred dollars. Perhaps take the stairs next time.

In a public service announcement, the Proctor wishes to warn that a bunch of bikes around campus have also been going AWOL recently, even ones that have been locked up. The Proctor encourages students to lock your bikes securely, and not just chain up the front wheel because that can go walkabout too. If Thursday's winds are anything to go by, speculation is that the bikes probably flew away, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* style. Whatever you do though, do not start driving to uni; after all, some fatty might mistake your car roof for the footpath.

– Aimee Gulliver

2011

Born This Way?



We all remember t.A.T.u's "All The Things She Said" video – you know, the two Russian chicks in school uniforms kissing in the rain. Not long after that, Britney and Madonna were sucking face in a highly choreographed public stunt at the MTV Video Music Awards. Then Katy Perry kissed a girl – and she liked it. Call it lipstick lesbianism, fauxmosexuality, celesbianism – there's no doubt about it, playing gay has been a very viable marketing strategy for these celebs to get noticed. SIOBHAN DOWNES looks at just how "fluid" female sexuality really is, and investigates how much it is manipulated by the media.

We like to think that we have progressed to an era of tolerance and acceptance for all sexual orientation identities. At first glance, sexuality is simple, confined to just three neat categories – heterosexuality, homosexuality and bisexuality. Lady Gaga even managed to condense human sexuality down into a cute couplet of catchy lyrics, in her self-described gay anthem "Born This Way" – "*No matter gay, straight or bi/Lesbian, trans-gendered life*". The not-so-secret message of the tune is that your sexuality is what you were born with (you were born this "gay"), so you should embrace it for the rest of your life – you're on the right track, baby.

Enter Lisa Diamond, a Professor of Psychology and Gender Studies at the University of Utah, and her groundbreaking 2008 book, *Sexual Fluidity: Understanding Women's Love and Desire*. Diamond argues that for many – women in particular – sexuality is not so fixed – rather, it is "fluid". Women are capable of desiring both men and women, taking on any sexual orientation, despite what their established orientation appears to be. According to Diamond, many women's sexual identities will change numerous times throughout their lives. Sexuality, Diamond claims, is not just determined by biological factors, such as genetics, as has been commonly accepted – it can also be transformed by social and environmental situations.

To arrive at these conclusions, Diamond tracked a hundred young women of various sexual orientations over a period of ten years. What she found was that a lot of these women – especially as they grew older – transcended the traditional labels of sexuality. The "born this way" rhetoric was simply not applicable. Said Diamond in an interview with lesbian/bi website AfterEllen.com, "As I've gotten older in this com-

“Committing to a sexuality today is like committing to a favourite colour for the rest of your life. What if you love red now but find you prefer green later in life”

munity, you realise how unpredictable life can be and how fluid sexuality is. You see it in the women around you and you see it in yourself, and what you find attractive when you're 22 changes when you're 38." It puts into question whether we even need traditional labels of sexuality – as one woman in Diamond's study put it simply, "deep down, it's just a matter of who I meet and fall in love with."

It's a reasonable concept, and one that allows for much more flexibility than traditional theories of sexuality. As the author of the AfterEllen.com article wrote, "Committing to a sexuality today is like committing to a favourite colour for the rest of your life. What if you love red now but find you prefer green later in life?"

The media, however, cannot seem to take seriously the concept of female sexual fluidity. It fills the tabloids, is a hot talk-show topic and even makes the evening news – all the scandalous lesbian affairs that no one saw coming. When Lindsay Lohan and Samantha Ronson started going out, the tabloids brushed it off as part of Lohan's public meltdown. They assumed that she would eventually get over it, settle down with a man, and become just another "hasbian", a one-time lesbian turned straight, joining the ranks of hasbians such as Angelina Jolie and Anne Heche. The media manipulates female sexual fluidity by degrading it to a symptom of Hollywood – just another girls-gone-wild scenario, another good story for the gossip columns. In the Lindsay Lohan example, we see sexual fluidity being depicted as a classic "celebrity off the rails" story – Lohan's lesbian "experimentation" was seen to be reflective of her deteriorating mental state, so could not possibly be taken seriously.

The media also perpetuates the view that female sexual fluidity is just a novelty by portraying it as nothing more than eye-candy for men. The collective tongues of the media were set a-wagging when Megan Fox came out as bisexual. From then on, pictures of a lingerie-clad Megan in men's magazines were simply headlined "Bisexual" and her sexual fluidity was turned into a men's sexual fantasy. Think girl-on-girl pillow fights. It's that stereotypical. Even more recently, GQ magazine published a sexy photo shoot of *Glee* stars Lea Michele, Cory Monteith and Dianna Agron, most pictures of which had a blatant threesome vibe. There were also some pictures of Michele and Agron alone together, ripping each other's tops off for good measure. In this context, forget about the concept of sexual fluidity being liberating for women – if the media has anything to do with it, it's all a big horn-fest for men's viewing pleasure.

Of course, it is not just the media manipulating our favourite female celebrities' sexualities to get stories. It works the other way, too – female celebrities are acutely aware of the impact on their fame that disclosing a subversive sexuality would achieve. It's like the classic high school party trick, where you try making out with your best friend in front of a hoard of adoring boys to see if you can score a free drink. Lesbian sexploits equal big bucks. Was it really necessary for Megan Fox to comment that she thought Olivia Wilde was "so sexy she makes me want to strangle a mountain ox with my bare hands"? Was it then necessary for Rihanna to cash in on Megan Fox's newly acquired bisexual status, by claiming that, she too, was bisexual and would even like to do a lesbian sex scene in a movie with Fox? Its like an orgy of Hungry, Hungry Homo-hippos – whoever has the most outrageous lesbian claim to fame wins the media spotlight.

We have to question how many of these claims are even authentic. The rise of fauxmosexuality – or, pretending to be gay – among celebrities is credited to Russian pop duo t.A.T.u, whose debut single "All The Things She Said", detailing the angsty trials of being a teen lesbian, shot to global fame in 2002. The accompanying music video and promotion for the pair was steeped in raunchy lesbian imagery, and in interviews the two young girls even claimed to be having sex with each other "at least three times a day". Later, it was revealed that t.A.T.u were never actually lesbians, and it was all a clever marketing ploy designed by their manager. And it worked – how many other Russian bands can you name? Female sexual fluidity – even when invented – never fails to command media attention.

The most debated example of faked sexual fluidity in recent years has been Katy Perry's "I Kissed A Girl (And I Liked It)". Some argue that the song is a celebration of female sexuality and its power in all its soft-skinned, cherry-chapsticked, glory. Then there are those who see it as one hell of a mixed message. We are reminded of the fact that, before Katy Perry was an international sex symbol, she was Katy Hudson, with Christian pastors for parents, trying to make her way in the gospel

industry with a run of unsuccessful Christian-rock albums. Cue a cheeky song and music video depicting Katy's supposed sexual fluidity (which involves prancing around in a pink, pillowy room with other lace-and-fishnet clad girls) – and the rest is history.

In the real world, Diamond's sexual fluidity is a legitimate concept, revolutionising our understanding of sexuality, questioning the rigid categories of sexuality as detailed in Lady Gaga's "Born This Way". The problem is, it has been manipulated by Hollywood for its marketing potential – by media and celebrities alike – to the extent that it can barely be taken seriously anymore. Wrote Tim Duggan, a columnist for *The Sydney Morning Herald*, "The current popular culture 'acceptance' of lesbianism is a temporary pass that is expected to be handed back when the novelty wears off. It's OK to go for a swim off the Isle of Lesbos, but don't ever think about living there." He makes the point that celebrities such as Katy Perry may think it "ain't no big deal, it's innocent", but when you look at the suicide rates for young people struggling with their sexualities, the use of a particular sexuality as a "fad" becomes much more sinister.

Sadly, it seems even Lady Gaga's much-touted anthem of gay acceptance is a result of carefully crafted sexuality-based marketing. And not surprisingly, her target audience is beginning to see right through it. Zack Rosen articulated it best on website Gays Against Gaga; "I know I can 'be a queen' if I want to. I didn't need a limp, pink-wigged strand of fettuccine to give me permission."

Lesbian Linga

Because the wonderful world of lesbianism has some fascinating linguistic intricacies. And because I love word mash-ups.

Lipstick lesbian: Two meanings: a really femme lesbian, or a fake lesbian who puts on her "lesbianism" just as she puts on her lipstick.

Chapstick lesbian: A less femme version of a lipstick lesbian, made famous by Ellen DeGeneres.

Hasbian: A former lesbian who is now in a heterosexual relationship.

Celesbian: A known or alleged celebrity lesbian.

Fauxmosexual: Someone who is only pretending to be homosexual.

Heteroflexible: A heterosexual person who is open to the idea of a homosexual relationship.

You look gay, faggot!

Stereotypes are how we deal with groups we cannot fully understand and do not fully accept. Few social groups are as commonly stereotyped in private discussion, public thought and media portrayal as gay men. It is almost a universally agreed fact that gay men are fashionable, effeminate, flamboyant and fabulous.

The most pervasive of these stereotypes is that gay men are inherently more fashionable than heterosexual men. This stereotype, tied in with the broader stereotype that gay men are more aesthetically minded, has been exploited and perpetuated by the portrayal of gay men in reality TV and sitcoms. Taking *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* as an extreme, but pertinent example, the immediate problems such shows causes are two-fold. Firstly, they reinforce prejudice by adhering to common stereotypes. Almost every personality in reality TV shows or sitcoms we import or adapt from America neatly fits the common 'fashionable gay' stereotype. Secondly, it effectively implies that heterosexual men, without homosexual intervention, are not able to be fashion conscious. Thus, any male who is fashion conscious is therefore, by association, gay. I shall label this the 'Queer Eye Effect'.

The 'Queer Eye Effect' has strong oppressive effects on all who match its profile, and also on those who do not. A societal expectation has been established of how one should identify oneself as gay and how one should identify oneself as heterosexual. Whether fashion conscious or not, gay men are expected to be fashionable. They are effectively forced to try to be fashionable. Some individuals have strong tastes in fashion and others do not. This is also true of heterosexual men, but the inverse pressure applies. Fashion conscious heterosexual men are often oppressed or abused for expressing their tastes in fashion. For both gay and heterosexual men, gay stereotypes compromise individual freedom of expression, and the freedom not to express oneself.

The ubiquity and acceptance of the 'Queer Eye Effect' combined with a largely undiscussed, but prevalent prejudice against gays has created an army of un-policed bigots. This army is made up of students, workmates, friends and family. Armed with their 'Queer Eye effect' targeting system and some alcohol-fuelled disinhibition, students and the general public engage in unprovoked hate crimes across Dunedin. Our social conscious is not as attuned to hate crimes based on sexuality as it is to other social groups, such as racial groups. We never hear "you fucking nigger" yelled from passing cars, but "you fucking faggot" is common place. Assaulting members of the public based on racial prejudice is seen as an act of evil, yet bashing an individual that is perceived to be gay is a joke to some. The fact that we do not immediately recognise both cases as hate crimes (which they are by definition) of the same magnitude reflects greatly on our acceptance of non-heterosexual students, workmates, friends and family.

In the presence of homophobic abuse, we do not cringe, do not intervene and do not speak out. The truth is, nobody thinks we should. We haven't grown up in a time where we are aware of social sexuality issues. However, we all make up the society that is perpetuating the problem, whether we wish to recognise it or not.

– Reuban Black



How Scarfie are you?

The rules are simple.

A = 1, B = 2,
C = 3 and D = 4.

Count your score
and see how
scarfie you are!

By Josh Hercus.

How often do you drink?

- A A few casuals, maybe once a week at most.
- B Reasonably often, the usual Friday and Saturday business.
- C 3-4 days a week. I'm a savage motherfucker.
- D I am perpetually drunk.

How drunk do you get?

- A Not too hammered. Usually enough to get a bit tipsy but nothing overboard. I'm about as good at drinking as Matt Damon is at acting.
- B Generally not too wasted but comfortably drunk. Occasionally have a bit of a blowout!
- C I get pretty loose most of the time.
- D When drinking, I undergo a transformation that might seem foreign to many. My hands are no longer hand, but beverage holding utensils. My mouth becomes a beer/goon receptacle. My brain transforms into a primitive decision maker. Needless to say, I get so drunk that David Hasselhoff would have trouble keeping up.

What is appropriate attire to wear during the winter?

- A OMG! It gets so cold here! You need at least four layers of clothing and some sort of designer jacket that useless at keeping me warm but at least I look cool!
- B Puffer jacket and the usual warm stuff.
- C Normal clothes, really. Maybe something extra if there's a snow-storm or something.
- D Stubbies, jandals and a wife-beater shirt. No underwear, of course, so my genitals can feel the crisp winter air.

When you're at a party, what are you most likely to do?

- A Drink slowly and keep quiet. Usually hang out with only the people I know. Wouldn't want to get too drunk! Hangovers suck.
- B I'm reasonable quiet and reserved initially but once you get a few in me, I transform into a social butterfly!
- C Basically, I'm a loose goose. Usually, I get consistently as hammered as possible and every now and then do something stupid. If I play my cards right, my night sometimes has a happy ending.
- D I am a savage mongrel when it comes to getting on the piss. While everyone else is merely drinking alcohol, I'm *injecting* it down my throat via shotgun. Once at the appropriate level of drunkenness, I will destroy everything that gets in my way or just looks worthwhile breaking. That includes bottles, furniture and walls. I also constantly yell instead of talk, that way people know I'm drunk. Most importantly, I'm on constant lookout for someone to root.

What's your ideal red card?

- A What's a red card?
- B Anything really, as long as it gets all the flatties together
- C Just the usual, but preferably red card ideas that'll get you intoxicated. Goon face, Hundy Club, Hermits etc.
- D Unlike my BCom assignment, a red card brings out the best in my organisation skills, endurance and ability to succeed. There are usually a few options. The first is to have quiet night of only around 25 standards or so and have some sort of drinking game. The second, and more preferable option, is to do something edgy. Like a David Bain themed red card. Everyone dresses up in fashionable jumpers and wears glasses. The flat then gets up early to do a paper run and when they come home, they take a shot in every room. Of spirits. The red card is then followed up with a court session, in which *Critic* advises that the verdict should be not guilty. The reminder of the time can be used to drunkenly debate whether or not he "did it".

How do you pick up a sexual partner?

- A I don't. I'm as frigid as a nun.
- B I generally don't go out of my way to initiate things but will flirt a bit. I wait for them to move and then respond accordingly.
- C Just generally be friendly and let our friend alcohol be the social lubricant that will take us to the next level. If all goes horribly wrong, I generally just go trawling. Trawling is when you last until about 4am and then proceed to pick up whatever remains. Much like a ship casts out a massive net to capture whatever is left in the ocean. It's all about quantity vs. quality, right?
- D Step 1 is to get as hammered as humanly possible. Step 2 is to seek out someone who is at the same level of drunkenness. Step 3 is to grind against them on the D-floor until we start hooking up. A few smooth lines later, move in for the kill.

6-10:

You're not scarfie!

You're a fucking flamingo! Chances are, you strut around drinking lolly-water cocktails and rarely, if ever, do anything exciting with your life. Even by average Otago standards you're boring. While your parents are proud of your frigid demeanour, it only shelters you from the reality of Dunedin's promiscuity, making it awkward to tell you any worthwhile gossip.

Your scarfie nickname: **Wank Tank**



11-17:

You're a soft cock scarfie.

The only reason you think you're a scarfie is because you wear a scarf. You probably study Health Sci or Maths and regularly initiate conversations about the weather. You also have a borderline obsession with Lady Gaga, which you use to fill the void that is your personality.

Your scarfie nickname: **Clown Boots**



18-23:

You're a recreational scarfie

You're not quite behind the philosophy of a true scarfie, meaning your commitment to the cause is weaker. Nevertheless, you are no lightweight when it comes to powering down your alcohol and you pull enough antics to maintain your social status by providing sustenance for the gossipers of your friends group. You also probably get your fair share of action and follow the principle of "boundaries not standards", which you use to justify having sex with grotesque females. It's all fun and games until you wake up in the morning.

Your scarfie nickname: **Bazza**



23-24:

You are a true scarfie.

You are an absolute demon on the turps and will pretty much root anything with two legs and a pulse. As you are well aware, being a scarfie isn't a title but a way of life. While you're probably not the most intelligent person in the room (possibly due to alcohol related brain damage), you are by far the most rugged. Your reckless and savage behaviour causes the media to become fixated on you, which results in the entire country assuming that everyone who lives in North Dunedin is as loose as you. But you just see yourself taking your place in the world.

Your scarfie nickname: **Marc Ellis**



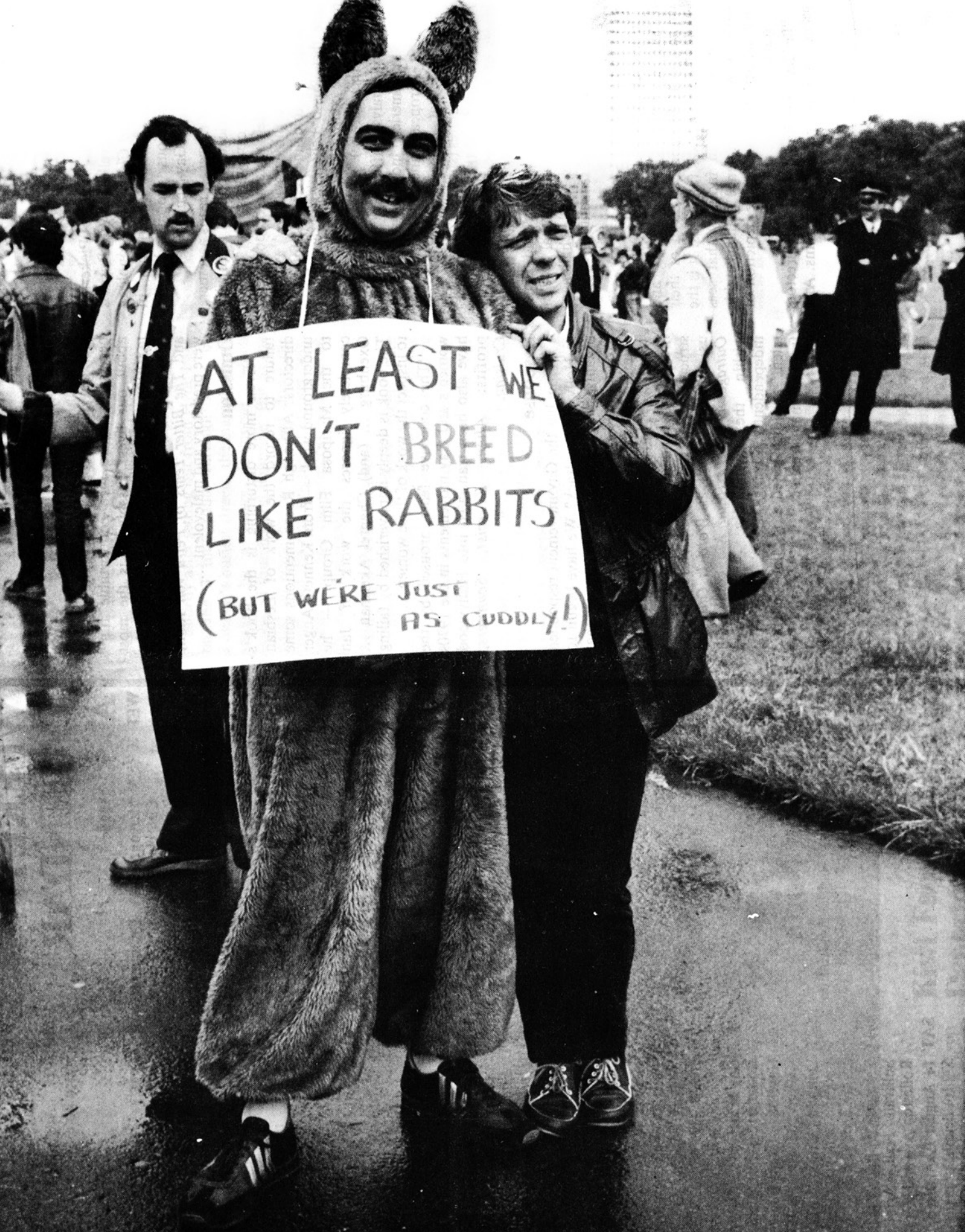


Image reproduced from the *Pink Triangle*. Courtesy of the Hocken Collections, Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago

Out of the Closet

A History of the Queer Community in New Zealand

When Chris Brickell began to research New Zealand's gay history for his book *Mates and Lovers*, people told him "I don't know if you'll find much prior to the 1970s". In fact his research led him to unearth a world that had before been invisible to the public. "I started discovering there was a huge underground gay male world in the Thirties and Forties which no one had ever recorded publicly...there were references in newspapers that made it look like there were a few not particularly happy people in corners leading quite isolated lives, but actually when I looked at it I realised that there was some of that, but there was also quite a vibrant gay sub-culture taking place."

Since the homosexual law reform campaign of the 1980s, the collective closet door has now been opened, sometimes forcibly, by New Zealand's queer community. "Queer" is a term encompassing gay, lesbian, bisexual, takatapui, transgender people as well as any other sexual or gender identities that don't fit the traditional mould.

Of course, queer people existed before our supposedly enlightened times but the identity of being queer, at least publicly, has changed. Brickell explains the history: "I think in terms of the term 'gay', that's something which really emerged hugely in the early 1970s with gay liberation. It was there in the 1960s but it was used only in terms of things, not gay people, so you might go to a gay party but you wouldn't talk about the people there as being 'gay'....You might think more about those people who are 'that way' or 'like me' or 'one of us', almost allusions rather than direct identities. You also had the idea of someone being 'trade', which meant they were men who were mostly sexually

involved with women but if you paid them or found them in the right circumstances or there were no women around, then they might be sexually involved with men."

New Zealand's position as a colony may also have had significance. "I can't prove it all and I don't know if it could ever be proved, but I have a suspicion that there were men who came here or were sent here by their families because they were sexually transgressive in some way and it was a way of starting a new life in a new place...Parts of New Zealand were very much a male society at that period, particularly the goldfields, the gumfields, and the rural station farms, so they perhaps provided opportunities and possibilities for those who did want to live a life among men."

The history of queer women sits even further out of sight. "There were a lot of women who didn't even know that sexuality with other women was a thing, was a possibility. There was a certain discussion of male sexuality because men were subject to the law and were arrested and tried. The most famous case [involving women] was Thelma Mareo and Freda Stark in the 1930s. Thelma died after being poisoned by her husband when he found out about their affair and the newspapers reported it as something about 'The Gentlest Art of Lesbos in a Modern Setting'. For women, the term 'lesbian' has been used since the 1850s, unlike the term 'gay' for men which has changed a lot."

Terms such as "lesbian", and even the more diverse expression "queer", can raise problems in themselves. Labels, even self-applied

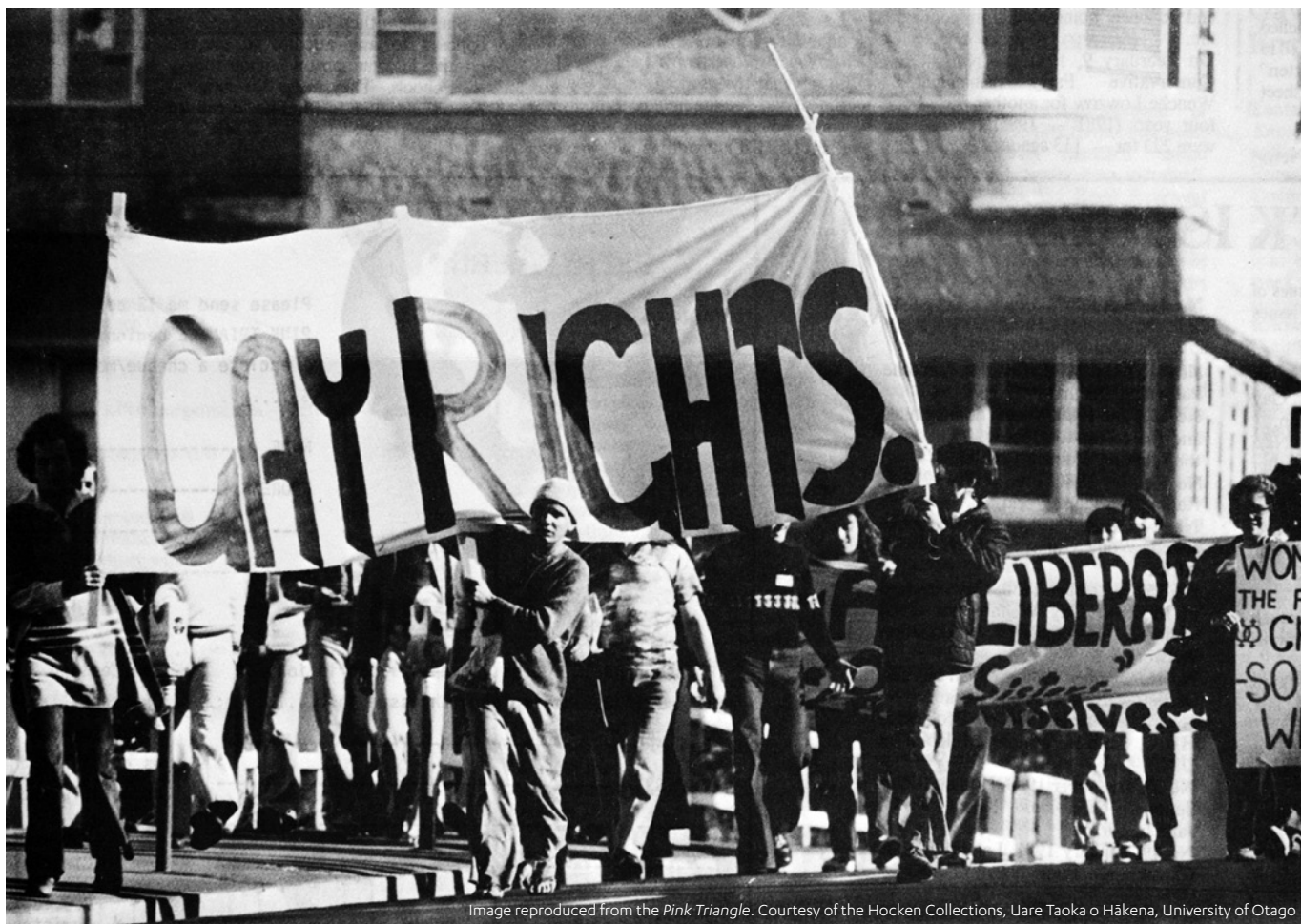


Image reproduced from the *Pink Triangle*. Courtesy of the Hocken Collections, Uare Taoka o Hākena, University of Otago

labels, can assume a departure from a norm and create a boundary around what fits within that label. In the complex world of human sexuality and gender, it may be dangerous to draw up too many partitions. One “gay” student I spoke to felt “every time I say it [that I’m gay], I feel slightly uneasy. In effect, I’m making my sexual preference my defining feature” (turn to this week’s *Diatribes* for a more extensive discussion of this).

Brickell sees it this way; “There’s a sense in which when we talk about identities in certain ways, we are not just describing them, but re-making the limits of what’s possible. So we are actively constructing a kind of a box which people go into. But on the flipside, you’ve got the sense that these identities do create a place for community to happen.”

OUSA’s Queer Support Coordinator Ros Mackenzie agrees that “labels can be really constricting but they’re affirming as well. It helped me. It took me so long to claim the word ‘lesbian’ but now that I’ve claimed it I feel like I can move on, because it was really important to acknowledge that part of me. But I think if someone doesn’t want to use a label, that’s fine as well. People can say “I have a girlfriend, I’m a girl. I don’t actually call myself lesbian, I’m just in love with this person.” I think people in the queer community forget that as well...that we all have our own journeys.”

With these journeys becoming more and more public, the terms used to define them are becoming public property. Brickell observes that “as the homosexual identity became a social phenomenon and became public...it created a public scare figure that wasn’t there before, so ironically if [these] things weren’t talked about, you wouldn’t call someone a ‘fag’ in the playground because that wasn’t part of your cultural reference.”

Looking back to a time before that cultural reference existed can be just as helpful as considering the present. “We tend to believe that our society is so much more enlightened in every single aspect than any society that has gone before, and that’s a particular view of progress that is very simplistic. There’s an assumption that if someone’s closeted that is in and of itself always bad, and if someone is open that is in and of itself always good for them and for everyone else. The fact that I met guys who lived such interesting gay lives in the 1930s and 40s really caused me to stop and think about my own view of progress that we so often adhere to.”

Coming back to today, I asked Ros the extent to which homophobia still exists. “I think it’s still there. In this role you get people coming in who have been harassed on campus or around campus.” But the greatest frustration of the people I spoke to was more the latent side

of the problem. "I feel like it's okay to be gay these days," says Ros, "but you're not allowed to complain too much and it's still quite hidden from the public eye. For me and my partner that's always an issue. We have to be like 'okay where are we? Okay can I show you some public affection?' It's a constant thing and it can wear you down a bit sometimes."

If there was one thing she would like people, straight people in particular, to know, what would it be? "There is a heterosexual privilege in society, just like there is a white privilege and a male privilege and it's really, really subtle, but it's there. It's easy to take for granted how easy it is to be heterosexual even if you're not homophobic at all, because most of the people I know aren't homophobic. It's hard to know how much privilege you have because you live that world. And it's not until it's taken away that you realise what it's like to have to constantly come out, to not constantly see stereotypes."

As well as restricting individuals, such stereotypes fail to reflect the different cultural and racial experiences of queerness that exist in New Zealand. Ros is half-Thai and "it was so much harder coming out to my mum because it's just harder in general, and in Asian culture, I think there's a lot of [situations] where they know their child is gay but it's just ignored...I think a lot of my European friends think 'when you're gay you come out to your parents', that's the journey for them."

For Maori, the reclaiming of the phrase 'takatapui' can be reflective of a journey that combines both culture and sexual identity. The term can be loosely translated as "gay" or used widely to include anyone who is non-heterosexual. Its deeper meaning is as fluid as the people who choose to identify with it. To Elizabeth Kerekere, who is of Ngāti Oneone, Te Aitanga a Māhaki and Rongowhakaata descent and a board member of the Lesbian and Gay Archive of New Zealand, takatapui "is about being out as a lesbian and as a Maori at the same time. It means not selling one out for the other."

Georgina Beyer - who as the world's first transsexual MP, knows better than anyone the challenges of a journey that combines sexual and gender identity, Maori and New Zealand culture, homophobia and social politics - sums up the goal of takatapui in an affirmation that could just as easily encompass anyone who is queer or those who choose not to be labeled at all. "Takatapui should define the line between what we accept and what we tolerate. We should never accept being tolerated. We should only tolerate being accepted for who and what we are."

“There is a heterosexual privilege in society, just like there is a white privilege and a male privilege and it's really, really subtle, but it's there”

Michael Woodhouse



He recounted tales of his working days. He left school and worked for a bank on George St, flatted where the National Bank is now and played professional rugby on his O.E in Scotland. Returning to Dunedin at 25, he studied for a Bachelor of Commerce in Accounting. Following on from that, he did his Chartered Accountant qualification and developed a career in healthcare management. In 2008, he decided to stand for parliament. In the run up to the November elections Michael Woodhouse wants to get to know you. Georgie Fenwicke talked to Woodhouse to see what the man is offering to do for students.

What do you think of your new competition?

I don't know him very well. He is very good at articulating the party line and needs to translate that into his own view. Metiria Turei is there as well obviously, she should with her increasing profile get a few votes.

What are your aims coming up to November?

Increase my profile on campus and to do that I hope to get involved with social media and get some forums going for all candidates. I think there is a really clear choice this year in terms of how you respond to a global recession.

What can you do for us?

A lot. I take a longer term view of student welfare. What students are really worried about are; will my student loans still be interest-free? What will the fees be? Will my flat be warm this winter? Will the qualification be worth the paper it's written on? Will there be a job at the end of it? The answer to all of those questions is yes, yes, yes, yes and yes. Albeit, we are philosophically opposed to interest-free anything because it is quite artificial and it devalues debt and people who are financially illiterate can find themselves in deep doodoo quite quickly. My own view is that the voluntary bonding scheme has worked really well in terms of getting people to work in the hard-to-staff areas and I would really like to see that stay.

The electorate has said very clearly that they want student loans and we accept that, even though, philosophically, we probably wouldn't have done it had we been in power. We would have spent it differently because at a cost of about \$600 million a year at the moment for interest-free [loans], I just think that investment could be better targeted.

Are you following the progress of the stadium quite closely?

One of the things that happened shortly after the last election was that the [Dunedin] City Council asked me to help advocate for a small amount of government funding to ensure that the stadium got over the start line. I was in favour of the stadium; I was very prepared to fund it through my rate payer funds. I had to really think about it in a recessionary environment. But I did, and one of the things I considered is the connection with the University. I think outside of the United States, this will be the only type of asset in the country and I don't think the

University yet knows how much it will affect it. Secondly, there is almost a quarter billion dollar's worth of construction work being spun off into the region at a time when our construction industry most needs it. I think it has kept organisations going and it's kept workers in New Zealand that we now need in Christchurch.

What are your thoughts on Don Brash's takeover of ACT?

Well, he is a little old to be the face of the future. ACT is a very individualist group. My fear is that it will become a one-fit-for-all and I think Winston will jump on that discussion. I think the discussion is a valid one, but I just hope the election isn't centred upon it.

What do you think the discussion should be centred upon?

We have a treaty that we have obligations under that have not been met. The negotiation process is designed to remedy the injustices of the past. Most sensible-thinking people realise this. The discussion that Don Brash is encouraging is more about, having done that, what place do Maori have in society? Is it a special place? Should that treatment be for all time? That is the question I think that hasn't been asked and I think Don Brash was trying to ask. We have been so focused on the injustices of the past that we haven't actually looked at what a stable New Zealand society would look like.

So you think the election discussion should centre on this?

I think this is a discussion we should have, but it shouldn't centre on this. Pita Sharples and Bill English announced a constitutional review last year and I think that is a more appropriate place to have that discussion. I am amazed at how ignorant Kiwis are of their own history, frankly.

Out of interest, are you a republican or a monarchist?

I am an ambivalent monarchist. I was surprised at all the hooplah about the wedding. But I would equally have no problem with a change if that was the will of the people. My guess is that while people have lived and died under the flag, the Union Jack will stay. There will be a timetable for the discussion which will align with constitutional reform. I get pretty pissed off about flag burning though.

Do you do the Stuff daily quiz often, and if so what is your average?

About 11 or 12.

Opinion



30 Diatribe | **31** Debatable

32 Two Left Feet, The Eagle of Liberty | **33** The F Word, Let's get out of this country

34 Sex and... Shit, ODT Watch | **35** State of the Nation | **36** Summer Lovin'



DIATRIBE

“Despite current usage, the word [homosexual] is an adjective describing a sexual action, not a noun describing a recognisable type.”

(Gore Vidal)

I am a man, I have romantic relationships with men and I have sex with men. At the same time, I do not think of myself as “gay”, yet I often refer to myself in this way. I do this because it’s easy and people understand it. Moreover, I’m lazy. By saying “I’m gay”, my romantic and sexual interests are quickly made plain and this can be advantageous. Yet each time I say it, I feel slightly uneasy. In effect, I’m making my defining feature my sexual preference. However, the non-noun alternatives can be just as problematic: “I sleep with men” [slutty]; “I like men” [ambiguous]; “I like boys” [less ambiguous but somewhat paedophilic]; “I have relationships with men” [woefully untrue at this point in my life] etcetera.

Gay, straight, lesbian, bi; these words (and many others) are used when describing a vast array of different people and a vast array of different circumstances. They indiscriminately lump us into particular types, types that enable others to make assumptions and stereotypes. Yet in reality, the meanings of these words are all the more banal; they are merely adjectives describing sexual actions. I’m not saying that sex is banal (at least it shouldn’t be), but who puts what where with whom, that’s beside the point. “In any case, [consensual] sex of any sort is neither right nor wrong. It is” (Vidal).

Perhaps I am being pedantic; the foundation of my argument is based on semantics. Yet, actually being something, or merely having that something describe your actions; that distinction seems important to me.

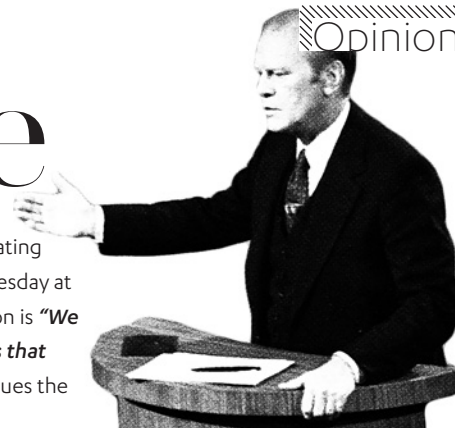
My life is my story to tell and I want to pick the title.

Want to get your voice heard? Write us a 500 word diatribe on whatever grinds your gears, and it could be featured on this page. Send it to us at critic@critic.co.nz by 4pm Wednesday.



Debatable

Debatable is written by the Otago University Debating Society, which meets for social debating every Tuesday at 7pm in the Commerce Building. This week's motion is *"We should allow disabled parents to select embryos that will produce disabled children"*. **Will Cheyne** argues the affirmative while **Clare Burn** argues the negative.



Affirmative

Why is it that society classifies certain conditions as disabilities? What gives society the right to define being deaf or blind or having dwarfism as disabilities that are somehow to be protected against? I would never seek to trivialise the genuine hardship that some people suffer as a result of their disabilities, but people suffer genuine hardship as a result of all sorts of other issues that we don't call disabilities. We let poor people have children, people who are in prison can have babies; all of these situations may potentially cause hardship to babies but that doesn't mean the government steps in to stop parents having babies in these situations.

This debate exists on two levels. Firstly, is there anything wrong with having a disability, and secondly, should parents have the right to influence the future of their child? As probably became obvious from my introduction, I don't believe there is anything inherently wrong with having a disability. A number of disabilities make people different, but not necessarily worse off. Claiming that society has some sort of obligation to stop people being born deaf or blind implicitly devalues the role that these people play in our society.

So, given that there is nothing wrong with having a disability, we then progress to the next question of whether a parent has a right to select for this outcome. There are a number of reasons why a parent may want a child that is more like them. The family dynamic may be easier if all members of the family share the same disability, for instance in a deaf household all members of the family could share the same mode of communication without anyone feeling left out. Furthermore, there is a very strong deaf community; it is not at all strange that deaf parents may want their children to be a part of that.

Parents' freedom is increased when they have this right to choose, so they would be better off under this policy. In our modern society that recognises diversity and the rights of people with disabilities, children will be no worse off. In fact children could well end up better off with the closer, more cohesive family unit that would result from parents being able to select for their children having a disability.

– **Will Cheyne**

Negative

The question is not whether parents are more comfortable with their children sharing their disability, but whether they have a right to impose that disability on their children. While people born with these conditions learn to live with and embrace them, the utilisation of genetic screening technologies to select for children with these conditions is unfair and unethical.

This debate centres around two issues – whether it is damaging to “give” a child a disability (for example, deafness), and whether parents should be allowed to make this decision. Is the fact that there is nothing inherently “wrong” with having a disability sufficient to make selecting for such disabilities right? Will's rationale is that in the cases where conditions have resulted in the development of strong community ties – like deafness – a child that does not have this condition would be disadvantaged in some way. By suggesting that the deaf community could exclude and disadvantage a child purely on the basis of ability, the affirmative implies that the deaf community itself is uncomfortable with different hearing abilities and would discriminate against hearing children, hardly fostering the acceptance he claims to support.

The risks involved with the selection of children with genetic deafness are significant. Non-syndromic deafness has no medical presentation apart from loss of hearing, but syndromic deafness is associated with kidney and heart problems, thyroid enlargements and arthritis. Surely voluntarily exposing your children to such risks is unfair and unethical – especially when the only foreseeable benefit is the sharing of a trait between parents and children. These risks have a negative impact on the quality of life of the child and present a challenge to the state, which must bear the brunt of the financial fallout as the result of a parental decision. Parents have a right to be involved in the lives of their children, but not where this is potentially damaging to the child.

“Because my parents are deaf” is not a legitimate reason for a child to be deaf, regardless of how proud of it the parents are. To force something upon your child simply to share your experience of that condition is simply unfair, especially in a situation where a hearing child would function just as well as a deaf child. A hearing child could learn to sign to communicate with their parents just as well as a deaf child. The ability to hear does not exclude them from any vital family bond and, in fact, opens doors for other forms of communication, benefiting these children in the same way that bilingual children benefit from speaking more than one language. The ability to hear is not something your parents should be able to choose to deprive you of.

– **Clare Burn**



One of the most important principles of any liberal society must be that of secularism, the total separation of church and state. Religion is something that nobody has the right to impose on another. The concept of religious law is particularly bizarre, since law can't make people believe any more than rational argument can (which, insofar as it is "rational", it can't). Even so, New Zealand still has some way to go – believe it or not, Section 123 of the Crimes Act still makes blasphemous libel a criminal offence (although nobody actually gets prosecuted for it, thank fucking Christ).

Same-sex marriage is recognised in 12 countries, with a further 19, including New Zealand, recognising some form of civil union – all in all, a depressingly small proportion of the world's 200-odd states. Homosexuality itself is still illegal in many countries, mainly those in happy places like Africa and the Middle East. Unsurprisingly, the opposition to same-sex marriage and to homosexuality in general is overwhelmingly couched in religious terms.

New Zealand has now recognised same-sex partnerships for six years. In the 1996 case *Quilter v Attorney-General*, Justice Kerr found that the restriction of marriage to heterosexual relationships was discriminatory (no shit). However, it took the election of a Labour government in 1999 for civil unions to gain political steam. Oddly enough, for two socialist parties which apparently hate freedom in all its forms, 54 of Labour and the Greens' 60 MPs voted in favour of the Civil Union Bill, compared to 8 out of 36 freedom-loving National and ACT MPs. And yet again, most opposition to the bill came from religious groups (although to be fair, many religious groups also supported it).

Although New Zealand's current law draws no practical distinction between marriage and civil union, it is still discriminatory. The tacit assertion involved in permitting same-sex civil unions but not same-sex marriage is that homosexual relationships belong to a different class. Yet it is the utter indefensibility of that claim which led to the creation of civil unions in the first place. In today's society, marriage is simply an institution which recognises and protects loving and committed relationships. It is not an exclusively religious institution, nor one designed for the purpose of procreation. Otherwise, registry marriages and marriages between infertile or celibate couples would, like same-sex marriages, be forbidden.

Obviously the main obstacle to same-sex marriage, as opposed to civil unions, is the religious importance attached to the word "marriage". But religious meanings are irrelevant in a secular society, as are the salutary lessons of Sodom and Gomorrah. Without proof of the existence of Yahweh, Ra, Allah, Chuck Norris or any other omnipotent megalomaniac, this will always be a totally invalid basis on which to justify laws.

Buddha's still cool though.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle on Homosexuality (and Democracy)

The Eagle is not merely a philosopher, writer and liberty enthusiast. He is also a famed inventor. Behold the Liberty Calculator, a formula that helps liberals to decide where they should stand on any issue. Step 1: Remember that every eaglet has the right to absolute liberty, so long as he/she's not harming other people. Step 2: Look at the issue at hand – for example, homosexuality. Do the activities of two consenting adults in their own bedroom harm other people? No. Therefore, the government has no right to meddle. End of story.

Most students believe in liberty for gay people. It doesn't matter that certain religions think that the government should step in to "save" gay people from going to hell. Yet many students don't realise that the Liberty Calculator applies to all private activities. It's not okay for Labour to ban party pills, even if Labour thought they were "saving" people by controlling their lives. It's not okay to punish doctors with a 39% tax; they're not harming anyone, and must be left alone.

"But Eagle," say naïve young eaglets, "it's democracy! If the people vote for something, it's legitimate!" The Eagle has a simple response to this misguidedness – a lynch mob is democracy in action. The majority has spoken and the minority suffers. It's democratic, but does that make lynch mobs acceptable? Unconstrained democracy is nothing more than the tyranny of the majority, who prey on minority sectors. For example, in NZ, a minority (10%) of the people pay 76% of the income tax; these 10% are preyed upon by a greedy majority, who plunder the wealth of the minority and divide the loot amongst themselves. To avoid such mob rule, NZ needs to adopt a liberal constitution. With a liberal constitution, it doesn't matter how many people vote to ban homosexuality or plunder money off the top 10%; no amount of votes can override the basic constitutional rights of life, liberty and property. If the majority tries to pass an unconstitutional law, judges will strike the law down like the Eagle strikes down geese from the sky.

Still not convinced that unconstrained democracy is worse than dictatorship? Let's look at Jamaica, dubbed by *Time Magazine* as "the most homophobic place on earth". Jamaica is a democracy, and the people have spoken – 96% are in favour of retaining the country's ban on homosexuality. Those who breach this democratic law face up to ten years in prison, with the bonus of hard labour. So ask yourself – is democracy noble? Or would we be better off getting our quills and parchment and writing a liberal constitution?

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle



ON FACTS

“Women are responsible for two thirds of the work done worldwide yet earn only 10% of the income and own 1% of the property. Legislation and customary laws in many countries still disallow women access to property ownership (e.g. most countries in Africa and around half of the countries in Asia)”.

“Men are still less likely to be judged for promiscuous behaviour. 30,000 women lose their jobs in England every year because of pregnancy. If you’re a man there is virtually no risk to your career if chose to become a parent or became one accidentally”.

“Working women also continue to do most of the housework in terms of cleaning, cooking and caring for children. All over the world women spend twice as much time on unpaid domestic work as men”.

“On average only 17% of Ministers are women. Only 7 of 150 elected Heads of State are women and only 11 of 192 are Heads of Government. These figures persist in terms of elected female councillors and mayors. Of the 500 largest corporations in the world, only 13 have a female chief executive officer. Women are seriously underrepresented among legislators, senior officials and managers and professionals”.

“[Although declining], female genital mutilation is still reported in a number of countries at high levels. In many countries tradition dictates that women accept domestic abuse as normal and deserved” (e.g. in

the Pacific Islands, as discussed in a previous column).

Though primary and secondary school enrolments have been gradually closing the gender gap, gender parity is still a distant goal for some countries, especially in secondary schools. Interestingly, gender disparities favour women in tertiary enrolment (except in sub-Saharan Africa and Southern and Western Asia). Still, two thirds of the 774 million adult illiterates worldwide are women – a proportion that has remained constant over the last 20 years and across many regions – and gender disparities in educational attainment are substantial in less developed regions. “Women also still dominate traditionally ‘feminine’ fields of study and are underrepresented in the fields of science and engineering. Women predominate in primary and secondary school teaching, yet women’s share in teaching drops significantly at higher levels. Women are also starkly underrepresented among researchers worldwide”.

These issues are relevant even in New Zealand. According to the 2005 New Zealand *Focussing on Women* Report (<http://www.mwa.govt.nz/women-in-nz/stats>), woman’s labour force participation remains lower than men’s at all ages and is more subject to life-cycle factors. Women also earn incomes that are on average equivalent to just 82% of their male counterparts.

Progress has been made, especially in New Zealand. But it’s not over yet.

Facts quoted from:

UN Annual Woman’s Report –
http://unstats.un.org/unsd/demographic/products/Worldswomen/WW_full%20report_BW.pdf; and
www.weareequals.org



While watching the news, I was reminded how stupid politics in NZ can be. It’s hard to know whether to be sad or angry to see two grown men publicly get together to discuss how Osama should be celebrated as a freedom fighter and how Hitler lives on in

NZ. Then I think of the politics in Bali, and get more confused.

One of possibly the worst mistakes you can make in Bali is to appear wealthy. Having white skin is a massive step on the way to achieving this. The worst that happened to Julia Roberts in Bali was some heart-warming eating, loving and praying; what will probably happen to you is a very special sort of robbery. The police in Bali actually pay to become policemen, which gives them power to pull over vehicles containing rich-looking white people and fine them. Your choices are to pay the fine (which could be for any infringement the policeman cares to make up) or bribe the policeman not to fine you. Either way, you just got robbed but you did avoid prison time.

At least this annoyance is only temporary. The people who live in Bali have lived with corruption so long that they’ve adapted to work with and around it. Election time is especially fun, because that’s when the heart

of politics is revealed. Ask any Balinese person and they’ll tell you that the thing that counts is a politician’s income. A rich guy (or gal – gender isn’t such an issue here) is a hell of a lot less likely to take bribes than a poor one, even if the latter understands the poor man’s plight far better. It seems that sheer desperation is the name of the game.

Living standards also show just how messed up politics can get. While it’s dangerous to drink Balinese tap water, and it’s recommended to buy water or beer instead, the government is directing funding into jobs. It’s like the Seek ads – if you can dream it up, it probably exists. Need to safely cross a road? That man who’s been lingering on the footpath since 7am will stop traffic for you so you can safely cross. Giving up free, clean water to benefit foreigners is tough, but hey, that’s politics, right?

– **Bridget Gilchrist**



There is almost nothing I won't do in the bedroom. Threesomes? Par for the course. Double penetration? No probs, but preferably not too often to avoid the incontinence which slightly excessive ketamine usage has predisposed me to. Watersports? Not really my thing, but if the guy/girl wants it then it's a time-efficient method to both get them off and ensure my daily H2O consumption meets the minimum standards recommended by the Ministry of Health. Plus Kim Kardashian is into golden showers and it would be socially irresponsible for any modern citizen of the world not to keep up with the sexual proclivities of America's First Family (Hot tip: to maintain her curvy figure, Kim enjoys a filling protein-rich dinner of 6 ounces of grilled salmon, 1 cup brown rice and 2 cups cooked broccoli, followed by a satiating dessert of fresh strawberries and cinnamon stirred into 1 cup non-fat cottage cheese).

Yet there is one final frontier which I am yet to cross and possibly never will. Actually there are two; first, plain cottage cheese as dessert, and second, scat (aka sex with shit). Both share a general air of pre-mastication, however as far as I know cottage cheese is not a legitimate fetish (well, unless we're talking yeast infection porn) so I shall focus on the scat.

I am by no means shit-phobic – I enjoy quality time alone in the bathroom with my iPhone as much as any proud smartphone owner – but the idea of a fellow human defecating on my chest then smearing their faeces around my naked torso just doesn't do it for me. It mostly just reminds me of the time I went camping in Northland with my family when I was seven and got worms, which begat a smelly index finger for the rest of the trip and culminated in an explosive attack of diarrhoea which soiled my favourite pink frilly Pumpkin Patch undies with "Angel" written on the bum in glittery cursive.

I am still bitter about the loss of the (totally awesome) undies, but I don't think the incident is the cause of my dislike of scat. Poo, especially invertebrate-infested poo, is just kinda icky. A couple of hours of watching wrinkled middle aged swingers give each other Cleveland Steamers on the internet's filthiest websites only confirmed the ick factor. Look, I get the whole humiliation aspect of it, I do. But surely there are better ways to be humiliated than allowing your lover to excrete upon you the digested remains of a Lasagne Topper consumed while watching Kourtney and Kim Take New York.

– Mrs John Wilmot



This week ODT trod into unfamiliar territory: humour without puns. The humour revolution was heralded by a front page story entitled "Mannequin plays hard to get", in which a romance briefly blossomed and promptly died between "a 'grossly intoxicated' man and an armless thrift store mannequin".

Her \$10 brown coat, cream hat and glazed expression attracted the interest of a Hanover St pedestrian, who began a heated argument with the size 10 mannequin shortly before 8am. "He fancied her but she didn't fancy him," Butterflies — The Hospice Shop store manager Robyn Elliman said. After hearing noises coming from the front of the store, she was amazed to find a drunken Polynesian man arguing with the unnamed mannequin.

Despite her coyness the previous night, the "unnamed" mannequin looked a little wistful the next day.

The ODT also experimented with satirical comment, noting the "prestige" of playing a "concert" in Dunedin in a caption beneath a photo of musician Lara St John.

Top of the world . . . Lara St John plays two concerts in Dunedin this weekend.

We can only hope it was black humour that caused ODT to print a certain column by John Lapsley. In it, Lapsley lamented that he was no longer allowed to criticise minority groups, or call them by their "real" names.

The bending of the language to reflect ethnic or minority sensitivities is widespread. Indians become Native Americans. Negroes become Blacks, then African-Americans, yet all the time able to call white people honkies.

Oh goodness gracious! PC gone mad! Lapsley goes on to breathe a sigh of relief that PC madness didn't completely take hold in NZ- we're still allowed use the term Maori rather than "brown people".

Thirteen percent of New Zealanders identify themselves as Maori: the same population proportion as blacks in the United States. New Zealand may also have invented cringing PC "brown

people" words if the Maori renaissance hadn't asserted itself so confidently.

Of course, Lapsley conveniently forgets that his American "PC madness" examples demonstrated a shift away from racist terms, while "Maori" was self-given. Stellar research, ODT. That's sure to help race relations in New Zealand.

State of the Nation

the diversity edition

COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE: I AM SO SCARFIE I...

MICHAEL: SHITHOUSE AT STUDYING ROSE: BURN COUCHES...OR SOMETHING

SAM + ROWENA: I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THIS POSITION BEFORE HANNAH: LIVE ON PACKET SOUP

WILL YOU BE EATING A KFC DOUBLE DOWN IN THE COMING WEEK?

MICHAEL: YUP ROSE: NO SAM + ROWENA: SAM'S A VEGETARIAN HANNAH: NO, DON'T EAT CHICKEN

DO YOU THINK IT IS OKAY FOR BANDS LIKE T.A.T.U. AND PEOPLE LIKE BRITNEY AND MADONNA TO USE THEIR ALLEGED SEXUAL ORIENTATION TO SELL MUSIC?

MICHAEL: YEAH, IT'S AT THEIR OWN DISPOSAL ROSE: IT GETS THEM THE SALES BUT IT'S NOT VERY MORAL

SAM + ROWENA: DON'T FIND IT APPEALING. IT'S LIKE ANY OTHER TOPICAL THING, THEY WILL GET SICK OF IT HANNAH: SURE, WHY NOT?

UNTIL 1986 HOMOSEXUAL ACTIVITY AMONGST MEN WAS ILLEGAL IN NZ. IF YOU COULD LEGALISE ONE THING, WHAT WOULD IT BE?

MICHAEL: PUBLIC NUDITY ROSE: INSTEAD OF LEGALISING, I WOULD MAKE ALL DRUGS

ILLEGAL. THERE ARE JUST SO MANY CASES WHERE THINGS HAVE GONE BADLY FOR

PEOPLE SAM + ROWENA: IN TERMS OF CHANGING LEGISLATION, MAKE EDUCATION

FREE HANNAH: LEGALISE MARIJUANA

WHO IS THE GREATEST GAY ICON?

MICHAEL: GARETH THOMAS, WELSH RUGBY PLAYER

ROSE: HARVEY MILK SAM + ROWENA: JANELLE MONAE

HANNAH: ELTON JOHN



Michael



Rose



Sam & Rowena



Hannah

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.

Jay Z

I was all spruced up and raring to go. Even got to Toast early! A few drinks to calm the nerves and got some advice from the bartender. Got told the appletini was a no go, a little too *Sex and the City*. My date was fashionably late but I didn't mind. She came in looking like the goddess that she was. I was worried that she would be absolutely drunk; luckily for me she was sober, hot and had a killer smile.

We started with a shaker, not sure what was in it but she seemed to like it. Turns out she does Zoology and seemed to genuinely think that me doing Accounting was cool. Must have been my dashing good looks. A few drinks of the shaker later and we were talking quite freely about anything and everything. I felt so relaxed with her and was having a good time. We talked about *Jersey Shore* and *The O.C* and how neither of us watch them. Had an interesting conversation about DTF (down to f@\$%), accounting and Latin America as well. By this stage that I began to realise that her beauty was not only skin deep; she was also intelligent and rather sweet.

Out of nowhere the guy sitting in the booth behind us (an Adam Lambert wannabe) crashed our conversation and just wouldn't leave. This started to get very, very awkward especially when he followed my date to the bathroom and tried to convince her I was gay. In an attempt to keep her attention on me, and not leaving me to the hands of our intruder, I pulled out my best line; "Ignore everyone else, I'm the best thing since fairy bread". That got her to smile. Eventually the other guy left us alone and we were able to enjoy the rest of our evening.

We wanted to do something different and crazy like dancing on the bar but unfortunately there wasn't anywhere that we could go to do that on a Tuesday night. So we decided to go to Di Lusso next for more cocktails. Unfortunately all that we'd been drinking had started to hit my date, so we had to call it a night. Ah well, she wanted my number. Not bad for a first blind date.

Thanks *Critic* for a great night!

Beyonce

The night began with a cheeky vino. Or two. Or six. I thought a preliminary drive-by to suss out my date would ease my anxiety; unfortunately this did nothing to calm my nerves when I spotted a triad-esque group lingering outside. At this stage it looked like I was doomed to have a date with a gang member and end up being stabbed and left in a gutter in some deserted street. I bypassed the group, strolled/stumbled up to the bartender and asked if my date from *Critic* was there, and to my delight a deep manly voice behind chimed in and I did a slow motion pivot on the spot, like you would see in the movies, to lay my eyes on my Romeo. I promiscuously/sloppily fell into the seat opposite him, eyeing him up absently as he went through the formalities of getting to know each other. In no real state to offer intelligent conversation, I stuck to smiling and nodding. We started discussing past *Summer Lovin'* articles; an awkward moment arose when he proceeded to tell me how sad he thought it was people turned up to their date drunk, which was my cue to act sober.

The date was going fairly well, at least that's what I have been able to deduce in hindsight, as we were quickly using up the bar tab we had been entrusted with. It turns out that the more alcohol you drink, the drunker you get!

I departed for the toilet momentarily to have a discussion (spew) with the porcelain, where I was accosted by an Adam Lambert look-alike who proceeded to tell me that my date was radiating a very gay vibe, and in all honesty I found that a rather contradictory statement. By this stage I came to the realisation that my drunkenness was beyond help and rather than create an even worse first impression than I already had, I phoned for help. Unfortunately my exit strategy turned up in more of a state than I was in and with some, as my date coined it, "*Shortland Street* acting" pretended to be my disgruntled ex-boyfriend.

Eventually after leaving to another bar, another of my other friends came in and simply told him the truth: that I was too intoxicated to carry on. And then we both took poison and died, immortalising our love.

Review



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47 Games | **48** Fashion



Men From Another Planet

State Of Mind subscribe to a different reality than the rest of us; a reality that involves ridiculously heavy bass, a ridiculously energetic full-noise set and, to top it all off, dancing spacemen. Yes, fucking spacemen. Dressed from head to toe in reflective black material, they sauntered up to the front of stage only to bounce lasers off their shining bodies back into the crowd as they wobbled to the bass. Don't ask me what their names were or what planet they were from because I, like the majority of the small but committed and happily intoxicated crowd, was too busy either moshing or enjoying (read, tripping balls) the sight of these writhing laser men.

These impressive forms reminded me a lot of State Of Mind actually, not for their costumes or dance styles but for their aesthetic and their style. Dunedin has been treated recently to a plethora of electronic talent, from Danny Byrd through to B-Complex and Skrillex. But State of Mind were on a different level of heaviness, another planet of sounds, expressing a different mode of set energy that hadn't been heard since Cookie Monsta's set with the Circus Records tour. Playing mainly their own hard-hitting material, the bass kicked and it didn't really stop. I kept waiting for a reprieving breakdown, some dynamical contrast to the overpowering dominion of bass, but it never came. If you love and understand the delicacies of a well rendered and executed bass line, followed by another slightly different but equally awesome bass line

(and repeat) then you, like I, will lose yourself for hours in a dirty mess of noise heaven. If you think drum and bass is a bit repetitive, then this would have been worse torture than *Transformers 2*.

Again, like throughout the Easter Weekender dates, Urban Factory was a great venue. Deep and dark, it has the atmosphere and the stage to accommodate top class acts and top class visuals. Although its merits as a general every night bar destination are still to be tested fully, keeping up amazing shows and acts like this will continue doing itself credit. MC Beau should also get a mention for his topnotch performance. While I remain sceptical of the whole MC idea for acts, often either having just awful rhythm and repetitive material or ruining drops, Beau has been pretty impressive throughout all the Urban Factory gigs, understated and acting as a supplement and not the main act, which is exactly what is required.

So the choice is easy. If you like heavy electronic music, buy the new album (*Nil By Ear*) and see them live wherever you can, because with their sound form and dancing alien men, they are one of the most impressive NZ acts I have ever seen or heard. If you don't like it, well fine, I heard they didn't even want to hang out with you anyway.

— **Isaac McFarlane**

Beastwars Preview

Beastwars are the result of a barbaric and brutal world sliding into the abyss. Where we see war and disaster surrounding us on all sides. Where half-truths and hidden agendas lurk behind every act of the world's eroding empires. And where all these things are channelled into righteous and commanding music. Music that embodies the apocalyptic feeling of these end times - primal, hypnotic, and just plain fucking heavy. The fire and the fury acknowledge gloomy futures while simultaneously offering a temporary escape from our grim present.

There are familiar elements in what Beastwars do; this is the sound of four people with lungs, guitars and drums after all. You can throw names like The Jesus Lizard, Black Sabbath and Kyuss around, but that doesn't entirely sum things up. This is metal of mettle, born from the most bestial characteristics.

Obey the riff. Obey Beastwars.

Beastwars play Chicks Hotel, Saturday May 21 with Operation Rolling Thunder and Kahu (Tristan Mountaineater/HDU solo)

THERE IS A BUS!

Bus departs New World Cumberland St at 9pm. Return bus departs Chicks Hotel at 1am to the Octagon. Bus tickets available now from Cosmic Corner. \$15 + bf include entrance to show and return bus trip. Limited tickets available in store or online.

— Sam Valentine



Photo by David James

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

mon 16/5 **ReFuel: ReFuel Unplugged Presents NZ Music Month Open Mic Night**
w/ Tom Bachelor. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm.

wed 18/5 **Sammy's: TwlstDJ & D2M2 present N-Type**
support from Mr J, MAX DAD E, DJ Contra b2b D2M2, Espionage. 9pm. Tickets from 1-night.co.nz.
Rialto Cinemas: World Cinema Showcase 2011
Until May 18th, the finest in global cinematic offerings. Programme available from worldcinemashowcase.co.nz

thur 19/5 **ReFuel: Ink Mathematics EP Fundraiser Gig**
w/ Julian Temple, Soulseller & guests
\$5 entry from 9pm.

fri 20/5 **Sammy's: Circle Jerk 2011**
Local bands covering local music. w/ Alizarin Lizard, Thundercub, The Maybe Pile, The Something Quartet,

Made In China, Oleh, Left or Right Soundsystem and more... \$10 from 7.30pm.

ReFuel: OUSA Battle Of The Bands - Heat 3t
Gold coin entry from 9pm.

sat 21/5 **Chicks Hotel: Beastwars Album Release Tour**
w/ Operation Rolling Thunder and Kahu. 9pm doors. Presales from undertheradar.co.nz.

Urban Factory: NIGHTSHADE LIVE
ft. Sarah Callander & MC Beau
support from Zuma btb Woosh, Espionage, Aural Tendencies, Dave Boogie. FREE SBK CD for first 50 through the door. \$10 on the door with your 91CARD, \$15 without.

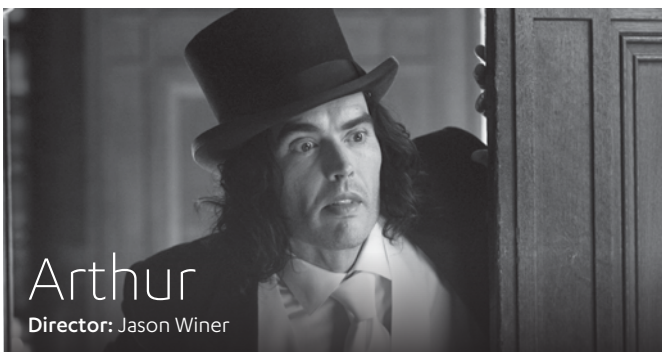
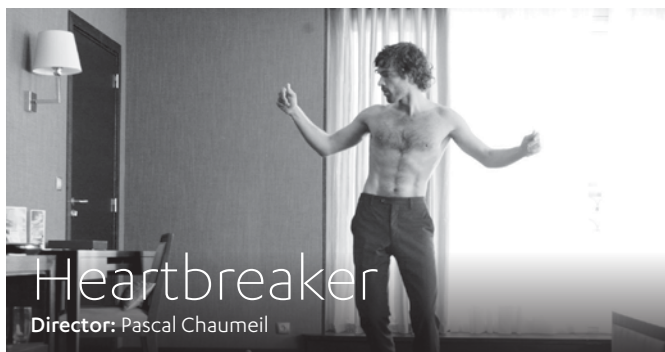
FUTURE GIGS
28/5 ReFuel: OUSA Battle Of The Bands - FINAL
Gold coin entry from 9pm.



1
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My first foreign rom-com, and it was simply charming. It's no *Love Actually* or *Notting Hill*, but it sure was a pleasant way to spend two hours. Think afternoon delight; not necessary, but you're really glad it happened.

A particularly basic premise that has certainly been done before, a French Lothario (Duris) is employed by concerned family members to end sad and vacuous relationships before they take the leap of faith and commit to their wedding vows. He has his rules of course, but when a rather cordial mobster demands he pay up his debts (or else), he must go against his cardinal rule and break up a happy couple.

The settings are beautiful, it's all European coastline from Morocco to Monaco. The cast are lovely to watch as they hop around trying to breathe some much needed life into the rom-com genre. I suspect the US rights have already been snapped up and *Heartbreaker* is lying in the wings just waiting to be poorly remade, as happened most recently with the wonderful French film *Pour Elle*, but I digress.

Excellent performances are delivered by the two lead actors, particularly Duris, who gives the best *Dirty Dancing* recital since, well Patrick Swayze (may he rest in peace). The supporting cast brings the tone down a little (unless I'm missing some particularly funny French wordplay) as they are constantly engaged in activities that seem entirely irrelevant to the story.

Despite seeing the end a mile off, you aren't disappointed when this fairy tale comes to a predictable close. It is handled so well and with such an appropriate style that expectations are fulfilled and you are left neither wanting nor expecting too much more. I guess when it comes down to it, everyone looks so fantastically French that you feel a great deal of sympathy for the twinkle-toed antagonist when all seems lost (ha!) and rejoice when it is all back on course again.

If you have no problem with subtitles I would highly recommend this film, as I didn't feel anything was lost in having to read the story, although some of the translation seemed slightly ill-fitting to the facial expressions. Maybe it's just me? Hollywood take note; *Heartbreaker* is the perfect example of a light-hearted romantic comedy.

– Tom Ainge-Roy



Russell Brand and Helen Mirren make for an intriguing pair to place in a film together. Given that one is famous for playing a drunk rock star and the other the Queen, I went into this film with some interest. Unfortunately they are given dull typecasts to play with in a sentimental romantic comedy, so it feels like a complete waste.

Brand plays Arthur, who is basically a watered-down version of his character in *Get Him To The Greek* (who was basically a watered down version of Russell Brand in real life, into sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll), with the bonus of being a billionaire who is still looked after by his nanny. He is faced with a miserable life in an arranged marriage with Susan (Jennifer Garner) when he meets Naomi (Greta Gerwig), the girl of his dreams.

The film gets a few things right. The beginning is promising, as Brand is able to be generally debauched and disrespectful to everyone around him, which generates a few laughs. But the moment Arthur meets Naomi, the humour is systematically replaced by romantic soul-searching. Brand is a lot more entertaining when he's being an idiot than when he is learning important life-lessons, so the second half of the film isn't much fun.

Although Brand is the centre of the action, Mirren is also quite good as Arthur's nanny, Hobson. The chemistry between the two never quite takes off, which could be because Arthur is outrageous to the point of dominating all their exchanges, or simply because both the characters lack enough complexity to develop an interesting relationship.

That's really the problem with the film as a whole; every character is strictly one-dimensional. Jennifer Garner's bride-to-be is bad, her dad is scary, Arthur's mother is cold and the key love interest, Naomi, is sweet and innocent (and admittedly pretty hot). Cue standard plot line: the bad guys lose and the good guys live happily ever after, but only when the male character has learned that he needs to grow up. The lack of originality isn't quite offensive, but it is boring. If you pay money to see it, you'll just be rewarding Hollywood for giving us a production-line romance.

– Alec Dawson



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OCTAGON

ALL CINEMAS FULLY LICENSED
KICK BACK AND RELAX WITH A QUALITY
WINE OR BEER WITH THE FILM



Mars Needs Moms

Director: Simon Wells

Mars is named after the Roman god of war and is often described as the “Red Planet” due to the iron oxide in its surface. *Mars Needs Moms* is a 3D computer-animated film about a 9-year old boy who attempts to save his mother when she gets abducted by Martians. Together, these facts produce the essence of a box-office bomb.

Initially the film’s audience witnesses scenes on both Mars and Earth, but it’s not the plot we focus on, it’s the motion-capture animation. This animation is the result of actors physically and verbally acting out scenes while computers record their movements and voice, and then later animation is applied. What could be viewed as a current and innovative animation technique can very quickly become as creepy as a ranch called Neverland. The animated faces look realistic but they just miss out on looking entirely human, creating a slight revulsion in viewers as it crosses the “uncanny valley”. The “valley” mentioned is a dip in a proposed graph of the positivity of human reaction as a function of a robot’s life likeness. Psychologically speaking, it’s interesting but when viewers want to passively watch a Disney animated film they don’t want to be subconsciously creeped.

In terms of actual film content, a feminist reading of it would be wild. The extreme feminist’s Utopian world on Mars is a systematic, female society under dictatorship. The male Martians are banished underground to live in a life of colour, dancing and bringing up male babies. Babies are grown in the ground. Earth, and in particular America, is seen as the place where ideal mothers live. The final focus is on the conventions and necessity of family. Overall, WTF is this meant to reflect about the ideals of Western society?

Mars Needs Moms travels the extraterrestrial valley of aesthetic creepiness, lack of imagination and conflicting feminist ideals. Worst of all is that it cost \$150 million to make us appreciate our moms. We don’t even have “moms” in New Zealand, we have “mums”. Racist.

– Loulou Callister-Baker



Thor

Director: Kenneth Branagh

You might think that Viking gods, hammers of mass destruction, “Frost Giants”, and rainbow bridges to outer space would make for a pretty awesome movie. I thought that too. Damn. *Thor*, directed by Kenneth Branagh, seemed poised to blow my mind with awesomeness. It didn’t.

Based on the Marvel comic of the same name, the film focuses on Thor, one of the gods of Asgard (an intergalactic paradise), and the son of Odin, King of Asgard (played by Chris Hemsworth and Anthony Hopkins, respectively). After being enraged by Thor’s continual arrogance, Odin decides Thor is not yet ready to be king and exiles him to Earth, where, stripped of his power, he must learn to live as a mortal. Thor’s scheming brother Loki attempts to take the throne in his absence and Thor must fight battles on both worlds in order to reclaim his rightful place in Asgard.

I found *Thor* extremely shallow and without any sense of depth. The film is never placed in the context of reality; half of it takes place on a different world, and the rest in a tiny fictional town in New Mexico. *Thor* lacks a sense of scale; its events are too isolated and I found it hard to relate to, as the film never truly enters “the real world”. On top of this, Branagh asks the audience to suspend their belief much more than they should have to, and to believe the ridiculous proposition that all of the events in the film happen over the course of one day on Earth. The film takes itself seriously, yet the events contained therein are so far fetched that it is hard for the audience to do the same. The character of Thor is ridiculous enough without Hemsworth making him even more contrived, and poor scripting does nothing to save the characterisation. The supporting characters are just as shallow as the film itself, and Branagh uses them as pawns to drive the plot forward, rather than actually developing them.

Thor does at least have some awesome visuals, and special effects to boot, but it lacks both substance and depth and it is ruined by the unbelievable and far-fetched story, poor scripting, horrible characterisation, and a terribly unsatisfying ending.

– Matt Chapman



LONGEST LEGROOM
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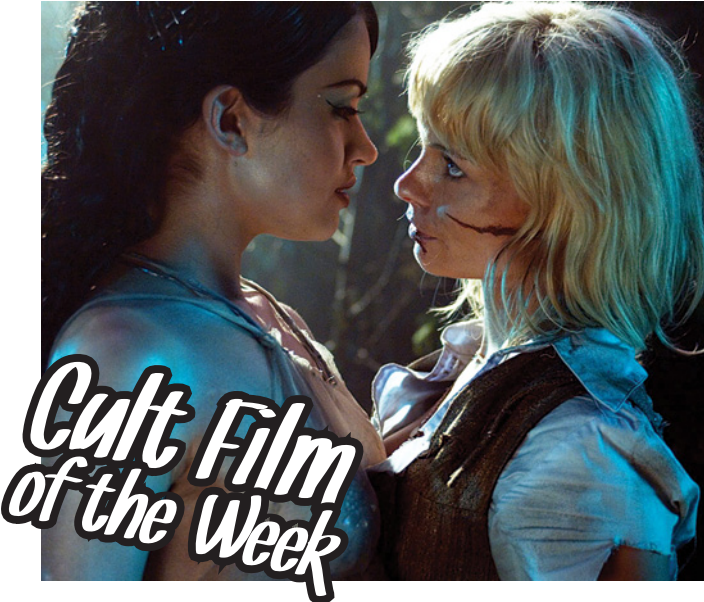
Having only heard the title of this film, I expected a B-grade movie with fairly low production values, lots of blood and gore, and acting that was a wee bit shit. I guess I was expecting something akin to the Seventies and Eighties teen slasher flicks, or *Machete* with vampires.

What I got was something a little different. It was quite good looking, visually, even if some of the scene titles made me feel like I was in the middle of an episode of *Heroes*. The acting was pretty good (if a bit hammy) with leading lads James Cordon (Fletch) and Mathew Horne (Jimmy) of British comedic fame steering the helm quite nicely. Then, of course, you have your throng of hot girls who are there just to look hot. Blood and gore were definitely present in the film, even if it took a while for the blood to start to spill. But the biggest surprise was that it was actually more comedy horror than straight-out gore slasher.

The film starts out with the obligatory legend of how a small English town came to be cursed with lesbian vampires by the vampire queen Camilla, necessary but kind of tedious. Then we are propelled into present day; Jimmy is dumped by his bitch of a girlfriend and Fletch is fired from being a clown for punching a kid. To cheer themselves up and clear their heads, they head out to aforementioned cursed town. Everything seems bit rubbish until they come across a lovely van load of ladies – party fun time ensues. Then the vampires strike.

Occupying similar territory to *Shaun of the Dead*, the film generate lots of lolz in between the blood and guts. It's a pretty fun movie; I wouldn't say it's essential viewing but good enough to check out if you want to while away a rainy afternoon.

– Ben Blakely



Cult Film of the Week

Lesbian Vampire Killers

Directed: Phil Claydon
Starring: James Cordon, Mathew Horne, MyAnna Buring, Paul McGann





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**Fiona Amundsen:
First city in history.
Dunedin Public Art Gallery**

At 2:45am on August 6, 1945 a B-29 under the command of Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, a twenty-nine year old veteran pilot, began to roll down a runway on Tinian Island to take off on its historic mission to Hiroshima.

The title of New Zealand artist Fiona Amundsen's current exhibition, *First city in history*, refers to the Japanese city of Hiroshima, the first city in the world to be subjected to nuclear warfare when it was bombed by the United States in World War II. The images highlight both the contemporary state of Hiroshima after considerable reconstruction and the city as it is now. As well as preserving a sense of the impact caused by the deafening sound of Uranium 235, the atomic bomb released 1900 feet above devastating the city in 1945, the exhibition includes an image of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, with ghostly figures highlighted through a shaft of bold, golden light, unsettling the viewer at first gaze.

The project underpins the deeply subjective experience of public sites with historical and cultural elements, and the way in which they are represented through photography. Amundsen's images are framed by a meticulously formalised compositional structure, which seeks to dismantle traditional implications linked with photography, such as social convention and narrative connotations. Each image both sharply reminds the viewer of the subject's history, yet highlights the way in which the stillness of photography enables the artist to capture a point of difference not usually described in such a way. It is in this way that Amundsen's *First city in history* transports the viewer and allows for the unique intimacy of scouring the picture plane, utterly transfixed.

Graffiti in Chernobyl

In the last few years, images have surfaced of street art in the abandoned city of Chernobyl, which was victim to a nuclear explosion in 1986 after a reactor malfunctioned. Like Hiroshima, the desolate landscape in Chernobyl highlights the city's process of being moulded and manipulated, but in a very different way. The site echoes the political time period in which the accident occurred - the rise and the dismantling of the Soviet Union in the early 1990s - and the tremendous devastation the accident incurred. This devastation is engrained upon the hauntingly decimated urban environment. Chernobyl is an uninhabitable wasteland and a reminder of the unpredictability, lack of knowledge and unsustainability the use of nuclear power can produce.

Anonymous street artists have been entering the emptiness of the city still in ruins and both re-moulding its remnants through poignant reminders of its history and deliberately divorcing images from the nuclear disaster. An array of different graffiti artists have contributed to the reshaping of the city. Graffiti dispersed throughout Chernobyl highlights both the different ways in which landscapes can be regenerated and reshaped through differences in perspective, and the historical curiosity we have in such damaged landscapes.

The disaster at Chernobyl highlights environmental devastation and loss of life, with recent events in Northern Japan echoing the nature in which history repeats itself. With the recent disaster in Japan fresh in the mind, upon viewing images of Chernobyl one becomes angry that nuclear energy was being produced in Japan, despite the known risks of such an energy source.



DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

FREE. Octagon. ph 4743240. Department of DCC.

Posterwall

curated by **Luke Wood** for Dunedin Public Art Gallery's **Rear Window**. This work features NZ alternative music posters from the 1980s selected from the Hocken Collections. **FREE opens 11 May**



Dragon Ball (books 1-16)

Akira Toriyama



Dragon Ball is the creation of the prolific manga writer/illustrator Akira Toriyama. It was successful from the start and went on to sell a record-breaking 120 million copies, was made into a television series, continued with *Dragon Ball Z* and then television series *GT*. Toriyama started in 1984 and finished drawing eleven years later. Now, twenty-five years down the line, there are video games and card games, t-shirts and mugs, memes and fanfiction. Based on this evidence, I'm guessing I'm not the only person who enjoyed it.

The *Dragon Ball* series spans our main character Goku's youth. He is a boy with a mysterious past and incredible strength. He is naïve but with a pure heart and strong sense of right and wrong. His adventure starts when he encounters Bulma, an intelligent young woman who is on a quest to find seven balls with stars on them. The mysterious dragon balls will allow her to summon a dragon to grant her greatest

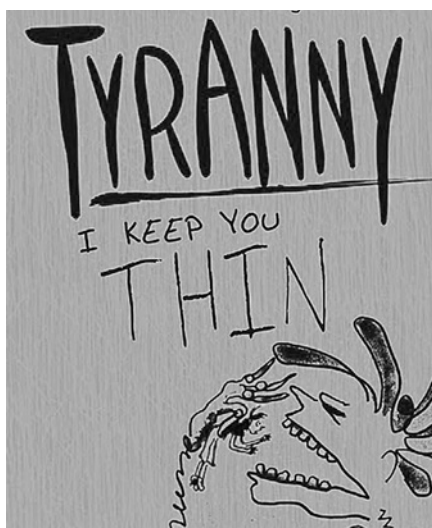
wish, which is to get a boyfriend. Goku owns one of these balls and is reluctant to give it up, but curious about Bulma's story (and her breasts) he decides to accompany her on her journey. This turns out to be fortunate for Bulma because where there is power, there is inevitably a slew of evil geniuses/assassins/monsters/armies to compete with.

Dragon Ball is light-hearted and doesn't take itself too seriously but at the same time is well characterised and skilfully (though stylistically) drawn. The jokes translate easily to English from the original Japanese and the humour has universal appeal. As comics, you can read through them pretty quickly, which is perfect for the action-packed twists and turns, but means that the adventure is almost over too fast. Witty, exciting and thoroughly addictive, I would definitely recommend it to a friend.

– Sarah Maessen     

Tyranny; I Keep You Thin

Lesley Fairfield



This is a quick read, a graphic novel about a teenage girl's battle with the eating disorders anorexia nervosa and bulimia nervosa. It's a story of how a young woman spirals from a picture of good health to the depths of depression caused by these two diseases. The author gives a clear picture of Anna and her journey to regain her life and how she battles her disorders, offering a very intimate and personal view of the motivations and thought processes that go hand in hand with this disease. She provides a helpful insight for people who are studying eating disorders, and perhaps most importantly, we read a moving account of a person, not just a disease.

This may not be the book for Joe (or Joanne) Average – I don't think it will appeal to a broad cross-section of society. However, it would be extremely useful for education students planning to work in high schools. Fairfield's book comes across as a close, personal account of one woman's

successful battle against her demons. It will appeal to people who are involved in outreach, and perhaps should be compulsory reading for any girl under the age of seventeen. As the next season of NZ's *Next Top Model* gets set to kick off, we may see the real power of Fairfield's book. What most people take to be a show about young girls trying to fill their ambitions of modelling in reality is no more than a bunch of anorexic teenagers parading their faults on prime-time television in front of a voyeuristic audience hoping to view the utmost in shame, humiliation and conflict.

Tyranny is a quick read, not for light relief or entertainment, but for insight into a group of diseases that our modern "entertainment" and "fashion" industries seem hell-bent on either perpetuating or promoting. Hats off to Fairfield for the way she deals with and presents her story.

– Stefan Fairfield     

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74 Crawford st @ The Clean (car wash) opposite Sammys



Granny's Tupperware

My granny has an impressive Tupperware collection. Cylindrical containers, rectangular containers, square containers, triangular containers, massive ones, miniature ones, white ones, brown ones, blue ones, green ones, jelly moulds... you name it, she's probably got two. As a kid I assumed all grannies were Tupperware fiends; I have recently learned that back in the day Granny sold Tupperware and that such an extensive set of durable, airtight plastic storage is not actually normal.

However, more important than the actual Tupperware is what she keeps inside. Granny, as far as I'm concerned, is New Zealand's

uncrowned hottest home baker (best TV show ever, btw). A visit to Granny's means afghans or shortbread or citrus slice or orange and walnut muffins or ANZAC bikkies or, on special occasions, pavlova and profiteroles. The ultimate good bitch. As far as I can tell, the Tupperware is never empty. So as a tribute to my granny, who is awesome, this week I'm sharing a couple of her recipes. These two in particular were staples of my childhood and have been tried and tested too many times to count.



Chocolate Walnut Slice

225 grams butter
225 grams sugar
112mls milk
3 tsp cocoa
1 packet wine biscuits
1 packet malt biscuits
Wee bag of walnuts

Place butter, milk sugar and cocoa in large saucepan and heat. When sugar is dissolved and mixture is bubbling, add chopped walnuts and crushed biscuits. Press into a well-buttered tin and while warm cover with chocolate icing. Sprinkle a few chopped nuts on top and leave to set in the fridge.

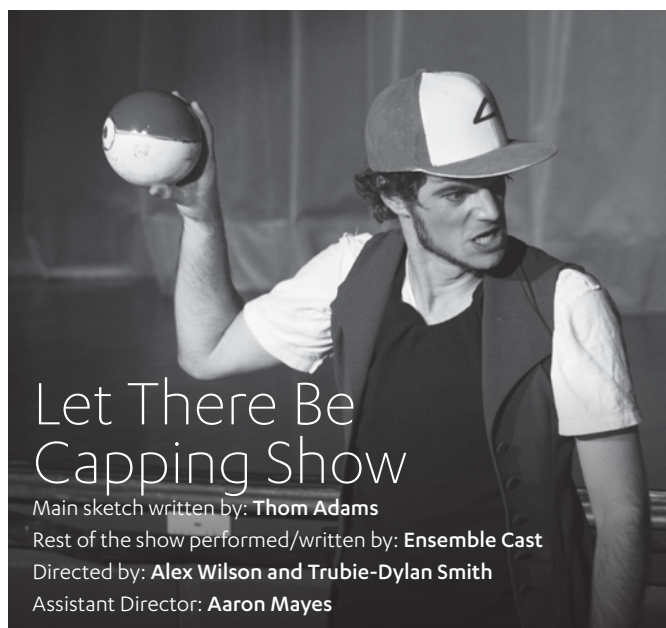
Sultana Biscuits

100 grams butter
100 grams sugar
1 tbsp milk
1 tbsp golden syrup
1 tsp baking soda
1 cup flour
1 cup sultanas

Both easy, delicious and perfect for fattening us up for the colder months ahead.

One last point to reiterate the brilliance of my granny: I recently went to visit her in Christchurch and she presented my sister and I with several ice cream containers full of homemade treats to share with our flatmates in Dunedin. "I hope it's okay that they're all chocolate," she said apologetically. "That's okay, Granny, I think we will manage."

Melt butter in a pot on the stove; add sugar, milk, golden syrup and heat. Add baking soda. Add flour and sultanas. Mix. Roll into balls, place on a baking tray and press with a wet fork. Cook at 180 degrees for about 15 mins – keep an eye on them.



By the time you read this, Capping Show will probably be completely sold out – because it sells out every year. So hopefully you’ve already got your tickets like everyone told you too. Otherwise, have fun reading how awesome the show was this year SUCKA!

For those of you unfamiliar with the format of Capping Show, there are four main players; the actors/writers of Capping Show, the Sextet, the Sexytet and the Selwyn Ballet. If you’re lucky enough, then you’ll also get a taste of the Knox Farce and maybe a sketch by the OUSA Executive. The main sketch this year, “Let there be Capping Show”, charts the downfall of Adam and Eve following their eviction from their Garden of Eden, i.e. their pretty sweet flat on Castle Street. The entire main cast performed admirably, so kudos to Lockie Scott, Toni Finch, Abby Howells, Jacob McDowell and Ahmed Green for sustaining high energy throughout and being pretty hilarious to watch. Other stand-out performers were veterans Trubie-Dylan “look at your man, now look at me” Smith and Alex “Pope” Wilson, along with Megan Grinlinton and Caitlin McNaughton.

The main sketch isn’t as blasphemous as you might think, so don’t be put off by that. In saying that, Capping Show is bound to offend you at least once, whether you’re offended by a racist/sexist/homosexualist remark, or the fact that some sketches are so groan-worthy it defies belief. Without giving too much away, my favourite sketches included the plane sketches – both the one set in a plane and the one about cardboard box planes-, the “your mates” sketch, the robot sketch and every single pun (so most of the show). I was also impressed by insectophilia, the melodrama and the Pope’s condom endorsement.

As mentioned the show isn’t just about sketches, Sextet and Sexytet were once again on form with Sexytet performing a wee bit better than their male counterparts this year. The Selwyn Ballet is always a treat, brilliant choreography, guys in tutus, and enough make-up to sink a small island nation. I mustn’t forget to mention the band, the costumes or the opening and closing dances – all stunning.

Loved it!

– **Chad Huffington** ★★★★★



This show sees Laurel (Halba) and Ben (Blakely), two down-and-out actors kicked out of a theatre-in-education programme, struggle to get the “money and mandate” to re-launch their show *Fight the Fat*. With a plethora of props and theatrical conventions, this 28-minute show packed quite the punch.

Although there were some fairly prominent narrative problems, the two actors did well to hold our attention and evoke laughter at the appropriate times. Given that the script had been commissioned by the university, I found it disappointing that it didn’t really speak, thematically to the audience who were present. Laughing at funding issues for theatre and methodologies etc all seemed very so-so, like little asides to amuse those in the audience who probably manage to receive their fare share of funding for theatrical projects. Actually, wasn’t this script paid for by funding? Yes.

Rapping and singing played in a big part in *Fight the Fat*, my favourite song being the version of “Bohemian Rhapsody” sung by Blakely. Unfortunately the scene in which this serenade took place was one of a few that were set in the bedroom of Blakely’s cancer-ridden mother. Basically, I don’t care if this is a farce but portraying someone dying of cancer, head agog, tongue lolling, just isn’t funny. Rather, it was a little insensitive.

High commendations for the innovative “fight” scene, undoubtedly the highlight of the show. Instead of actually physically fighting Halba attacked a stuffed dummy, and Blakely reacted as if it was him. Very clever, very funny. 110% commitment from both actors.

Unfortunately *Fight the Fat* just didn’t really speak to me. Yes, it was entertaining and yes, the actors worked hard, but I just feel like it was all a bit of a mockery. I would like to see someone with the critical acclaim that Warrington has to use Allen Hall to its fullest advantage, creating work of a much higher standard to help draw audiences and perhaps generate some critical acclaim for our theatre, because I think it deserves it.

– **Jen Aitken** ★★☆☆☆

Bangai-O HD: Missile Fury

Platforms: *XBLA (Dreamcast)*



Bangai-O HD: Missile Fury is arcade-y almost to the point of absurdity. Developer Treasure sets a mature example by presenting mecha that seem to run on carbon neutral bio-ethanol, regaining health from fruit. I guess they had to do all they could to offset the wastefulness of fully automatic tactical weaponry that fires missiles bigger than the robots themselves several times per second.

The idea that competing with a screen covered with a spider's web of projectiles is super-duper satisfying and bullet-hell shooters are nothing new. In fact, Treasure has attracted quite the cult following for that very masochistic reason. *Bangai-O* bears all the designer's hallmarks from the games's punishing difficulty to its oh-so-Japan style, to the on-the-fly geometric analysis of the predicted paths of streams of purple laser particles that I imagine must do wonders for your spatial reasoning.

The great, (or not so great, depending on how you look at it) thing about *Missile Fury* is that each level is really different. Fans of bullet-hell games take pride in mastering the narrow, but nuanced, set of skills and honed reflexes required to progress. *Bangai-O* provides an new challenge on every level which is great (variety is the spice of life), but you don't get the incredible sense of accomplishment that comes with slowly being taught a skill-set that it is your goal to master. On the other hand, the moment to moment level design is great, and you can't help but enjoy battering mechanic hulks with giant soccer balls.

The Legend of Zelda: Majora's Mask

It's become a cliché to criticise each new *Zelda* release as being just like all the rest. "Yawn", they chorus. "You start off as some sort of fey-leaf elfin dude in a forest wearing green pyjamas. You find the wooden sword and shield, hack some plants and ride on a horse solving contrived temples with a magic boomerang and a hookshot". I sort of agree with that sentiment, but I would have a much easier time criticising *Twilight Princess* if any other game did large-scale temple-style puzzles better than the superficially repetitive series does. That said, it's a large chunk of the reason *Majora's Mask* is my favorite. For the most part, the less loved of the two Nintendo 64 games forsakes the formula.

Stark differences are obvious from the start. The game imposes a fairly hardcore three-day-in-game-time limit on the player, which translates to about 54 minutes. Immediately it's less kiddie, and the game's style follows suit. The art direction is what I imagine a hypothetical incredibly creepy Miyazaki movie to look like; the threat of a horrifying grinning moon looms over the whole game, threatening to crash down into the earth if the solution isn't found in time, and the deku scrub you transform into after wearing the appropriate mask might be the saddest looking creature I've ever seen.

The protagonist, Link, retains his ocarina from *Majora's* much more famous predecessor and using the quintessential "Song of Time" you can, at the last moment or earlier, rewind back to the first day. This undoes the majority of what you had achieved, but leaves you with your masks, banked rupees and learned songs. Seeing all the good that you, the player, had achieved being undone by your own forced hand is actually really poignant, especially when you return to see the re-frozen Gorons.

Platforms: *Nintendo 64*



Note: Our games editor has decided not to rate cult classics

The Mystique of Menswear

This last week, three things popped up in my RSS aggregator which have been in the back of my mind ever since. The first was an article about the appalling working conditions at a large Chinese factory, which had led seven workers to commit suicide. The second was Isaac Likes's blog post entitled, "Are New Zealand designers giving the consumer value for money?" The third was a news report on the distribution of "Stop the Asian invasion" pamphlets in Christchurch. The issues raised by the first and third pieces shed light on Isaac's question, I think. Or at least they do where menswear is concerned.

There is no doubt that locally-designed menswear is expensive. A (beautifully tailored) Crane Brothers suit starts at about \$1300 off the rack; a (deliciously soft) Mister cardigan will set you back almost \$300; (immaculately cut) jeans by Marvel retail for a shade under \$200. Who wouldn't be tempted to pick up a trendy \$300 Topshop suit instead? Well, perhaps someone who has put on one of Murray Crane's jackets and suddenly realizes what a suit should feel like, let alone look like; perhaps someone who just has to grin to himself, knowing that Mickey and Ra have lined his waistcoat with red and white owls; perhaps someone who revels in the delightful details, in how Linz and Sam have shaped their shirt collars just so or cut slits on them to show off his tie from behind. And it's not just the visuals, it's the texture too; there's 100% cotton and then there's 100% cotton, and there's no turning back from pure wool knitwear. With quality, of course, comes longevity; it is commendably counter-cultural for designers to reject disposable fashion and planned obsolescence, to challenge the brevity of our collective attention span.

But most of all, as always, it's about people; it's about the people who produce our clothes under humane conditions for a fair wage; it's about the talented people who will lose their jobs if we keep shipping them overseas; it's about getting to know the designers and how much they love their art, how their social and environmental ethics influences their work, and how little they're driven by fame and fortune. In some of these cases, our local designers have to take part-time jobs to make ends meet but, undaunted, they continue to make stunning, impeccable clothes and to make them right here in Aotearoa New Zealand.

The answer to Isaac's question depends on what one means by "value". But in our increasingly impersonalised industries and attention deficient consumerism, I think investing in locally-designed, locally-made fashion, and in the good folk involved in it is worth every penny. And with that, I think it's time to buy a pair of Mister's Basket Jeans before they run out; they only made ten of them.

- Jonathan Jong

Check out: mister.co.nz, marvelmenswear.co.nz, crane-brothers.com



Wearing? Zara skirt, Clarks red leather desert boots, Socks from the Eightie, Bat badge, Opshop-discovered Gap coat, Leather satchel from Scotland, Allpress coffee!

Style Icon? Arizona Muse and Yoko Ono

Favorite Shop? Children of Vision. My mother's wardrobe.

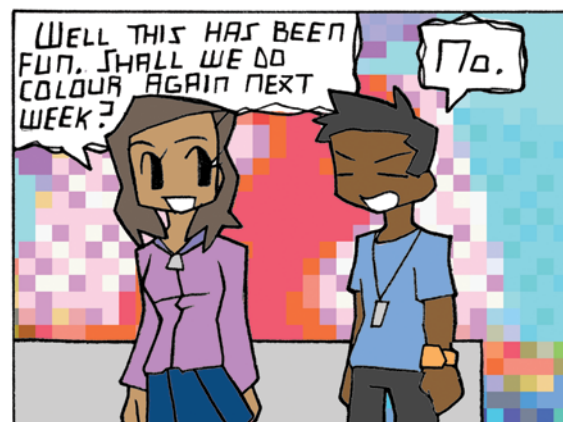
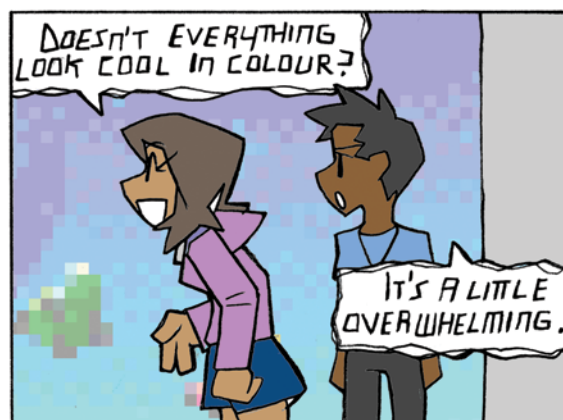
Must-Have This Winter? Lots of layers and a humongous furry coat to ward off hypothermia

Best Dressed At The Royal Wedding? The Queen's yellow hat. And Harry's military regalia...damn.

EVERY_DEMOGRAPHIC
MELONJAYWALK.BLOGSPOT.COM



Pictures for Sad Children by John Campbell <http://www.picturesforsadchildren.com/>



www.anticscomic.com

Te Roopu Māori

Kia ora koutou,

We are Nga Mokai O Nga Whetu – The Maori Dental Student's Association – here to introduce ourselves and let you know what we are up to for 2011.

Nga Mokai was established in 2007 and currently represents 22 taura studying at the University of Otago Dental School. As we are a relatively small association, we just have a small executive, consisting of Abbey Corbett as Tumuaki, Rachel Evans as Treasurer and Theo Kay as Secretary.

So far this year, Nga Mokai have sent eight of their students to beautiful Paihia for the annual Te Ao Marama (New Zealand Maori Dental Association) Hui A Tau which was held for two days and which featured many interesting speakers and a bus tour to the historic pa site, Ruapekapeka. For the remainder of 2011, Nga Mokai looks forward amongst other things to clinical attachments for students, Te Wiki o te Reo Maori at the dental school, establishing an umbrella association for Maori students at AUT campus and getting some Nga Mokai gear designed and printed.

That's about all from us; if anyone wants to get in contact please email on ngamokai@otago.ac.nz. We are always very happy to show students or groups of students who may be interested in a career in oral health around the Dental School and give you the lowdown on what we do.

Good luck for mid-year exams everyone and have a great year!

Naku noa,

Nga Mokai

THIS WEEK IN POLITICS

What do you think the highly quotable John Key could have been saying in the below candid picture? The wittiest entry wins a free pizza courtesy of the lovely people from Mamma Mia Pizza. Send your entries to critic@critic.co.nz or write in the speech bubble above and bring it into the Critc office. Check our Facebook page on Friday to see if you're the lucky winner.



MY WORST BEST MATES JUST SOME FRIENDLY ADVICE



Referenda.... An idiot's guide

Referenda, something we hear now and then, not just from politicians and stakeholders wanting to make some noise, but also from us - your students' association. FYI a referenda is when the voting population has the opportunity to vote on more than one question, whereas a referendum is just the one.

Interestingly, during the term of New Zealand Prime Minister Peter Fraser, it was put to the country that Compulsory Military Service be reinstated. Turns out 77.9% of the population thought it'd be a good idea and it was reintroduced. Then in 1958 Labour changed their mind and abolished the Act. This is what the Urban dictionary would call an 'Irish Referendum'.

We probably should have written something about the OUSA referenda in this... see next page.

Converse Battle of the Bands

Congratulations to the winners of Heat 1, The Doyleys, good luck with the Final's on the 28th.

Results Heat 1: 1st - The Doyleys, 2nd - Honeybone, 3rd - TLA
Heat 3 is on this Friday at Refuel, gold coin entry.



I Need Dollars, Dollars, Dollars That's What I Need!

Need funding? Apply for an OUSA Grant today. OUSA helps Clubs and students by providing grants. There are 6 Grant Rounds annually. The third round closes 4pm Thurs 19th May. Make an appointment with the Clubs Development Officer TODAY! Check out <http://www.ousa.org.nz/home/deals/grants/> for more info.

Capping Show Tickets

There have been rave reviews, now it's the last week and your last chance to get along and see Let There Be Capping Show! Tickets are available online via ousa.org.nz or pop on in to OUSA main reception. The show often sells out the last week so make sure you pop on in quick or check online if you are glued to your seat... again. Laughs and being offended are guaranteed!



PRESIDENTIAL SIGN OFF

As many of you will have heard, I have resigned from my position as OUSA President and this is my last column. I have loved my time as OUSA President and feel absolutely privileged to have represented students at Otago to the University and greater public. I have worked very hard in the last 2 years, from when I was first elected as Commerce Rep until now, and I've done my absolute best to represent you all. While no President is ever capable of keeping everyone happy (just ask Act on Campus - we can't even breathe right in our lime green OUSA fortress), I have tried really hard to listen to as many students as possible and make decisions based on the best outcomes for all at the University (as has the rest of the Executive).

I am resigning for personal reasons only, nothing to do with anything going on at OUSA. In fact part of what really cemented the decisions was the fact that I strongly believe OUSA is in a great position. Despite the fact that we are going through a lot of changes, the staff and Executive you have elected are a marvelous team, each with their own incredible strengths. We have been working very hard to plan for the likely implementation of VSM, to review all of our departments and work to make them stronger, more relevant and sustainable in the future. While it is difficult to make concrete decisions before we know if the bill is in, there are a lot of options being worked on in the background, and a lot of work has been done focusing on strategic planning since 2005, when the VSM bill went in the ballot box.

In my time as President we have made a huge number of changes to our internal processes, whilst also working against many external challenges. I truly believe the next person that will have the privilege of being your President will have a much easier ride in terms of achieving their political aims. Even if they wish to unravel some of the things we have changed in the last 24 months, as my dear wonderful friend Scotty once told me "at least they will be able to do it really efficiently now!"

OUSA is an ever evolving organisation with student leaders coming in, doing their bit and moving on with great experiences under their belt. It is not an organisation that relies solely on one person, but rather a team. And I have every confidence that the current team is more than capable of carrying on what we have all been working towards, and that the cogs are in motion to achieve the remainder of our goals and ensure our future sustainability.

I have been working hard to ensure a smooth transition, first to OUSA VP Brad Russell, and then to the next President Elected. I definitely encourage anyone with an interest to run!

Finally, I wish to thank all of you for your engagement with OUSA. Thank you to those who have volunteered and supported our events and campaigns, thank you to the marvelous staff at OUSA, thank you to the Executives I have worked with, and thank you to every one who took the time out to vote - you've really helped guide us in the best direction for students at Otago University. I'm proud to have been a part of OUSA and I thank all of those who have given me this opportunity.

Thank you Otago!

Harriet Geoghegan

BE INFORMED, DISCUSS, HAVE YOUR SAY.

Come along to be informed and debate the decisions that affect the future of your Students' Association:

1 STUDENT FORUM

MAIN COMMON ROOM, TUES 17 MAY, 1PM

2 WATCH THE LIVE STREAM

If you can't make it...

AT WWW.OUSA.ORG.NZ

3 THEN, VOTE IN THE OUSA ONLINE REFERENDA

23 May - 2 June
www.ousa.org.nz



Otago University Students' Association

YOUR SAY



www.ousa.org.nz