

THE HALFWAY POINT

Issue 14 – 06th June 2011



Dave Cull | Students in the Media | Israel and Palestine
A Magazine is Born | Badass Politicians
Puzzles! | News, Reviews, Opinions.

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THE HALFWAY POINT

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I'm Leaving On An Aeroplane

It's the last *Critic* of the semester, and oh, what a semester it's been. It started with an earthquake, which *shook* things up for a bit (sorry, I couldn't help myself). Brash and Harawira fought it out, Geoghegan resigned, a fairly uninspiring national budget was announced, Wellington airport tried to ruin Wellington's credibility forever and the postgrads (possibly) took up jelly-wrestling.

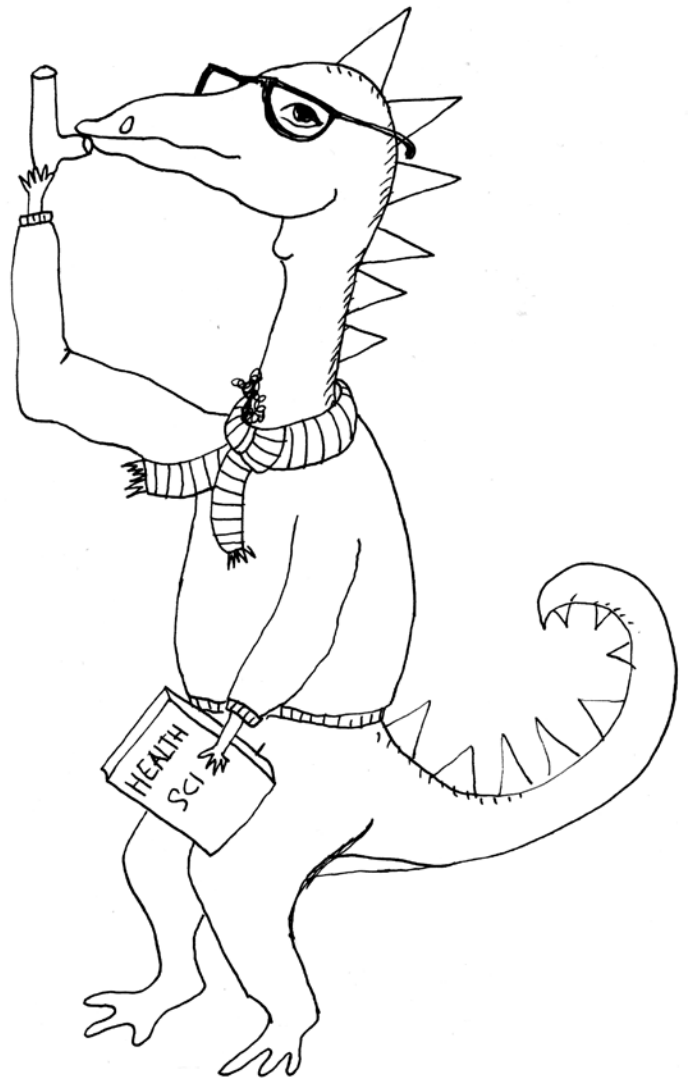
And, perhaps most interestingly: by the time you read this issue, a new OUSA President will have been elected. (Unfortunately, we went to print before the results of the election were announced, so I can't spend this editorial discussing the outcome. Sux. Check out our Facebook page to find out who won the race, and turn to page 12 for our coverage of the build up to the election).

This week's issue has no theme – not because we've exhausted all our ideas, but because our features couldn't be neatly summed up with one word. This week, Georgie Fenwicke talks to our Mayor Dave Cull who, among other things, confirms he will be attending the Elton John concert (page 19). Phoebe Harrop looks at how students are portrayed in the media and whether the coverage is fair (page 20). Charlotte Greenfield breaks out of our insular Dunedin shell and talks to people who have experienced the Israel/Palestine conflict first hand (page 28).

Oh, and we have puzzles. Knowing all too well that avoiding study fast becomes the ultimate goal of the next few weeks, we included some things to help you procrastinate for just that little bit longer (page 18). Aren't we nice?

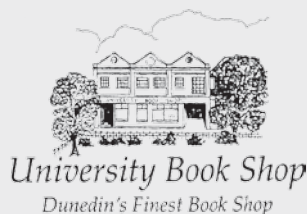
Good luck with exams, and have a lovely break!

Julia Hollingsworth



Letter of the Week

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



NASTY BOY

Dear Critic,

Please pass on my sincere thanks to your columnist Mrs John Wilmot for handing me a get-out-of-jail free pass last week, the jail being my self-imposed dry spell.

Too bad the pass doesn't seem to have actually been for free - I currently await the results of a certain follow-up check.

While you're at it, please can you ask for the necklace that was left behind to be collected? Having a dominatrix-styled accessory on the floor is embarrassing and only serves to remind me of the ferocity of that mongrel evening.

Looking forward to getting a shout out in the next column.

Many thanks, though that may change post-results.

A concerned victim.

Dear Concerned Victim,

Actually it is a bracelet, and far from being a dominatrix accessory it is an haute hippie-ish Chan Luu-style wrap bracelet recently purchased from ASOS. But that's chill, clearly your knowledge of female jewellery is on a par with your knowledge of female anatomy i.e. non-existent. In any case I am glad I could be of public service by way of breaking your dry spell, it was altruism of such caliber that I think it may fill in the gaping "charity work" hole in my CV. Pity that's the only hole that was filled last Thursday. Enjoy your shout out in this week's column!

Best,

Mrs John Wilmot.

OUCH

dear critic

your environmental issue is a piece of shit. thanks for recommending women use cloth

pads while you print on glossy paper. you cant even use it as toilet paper. how about pdfs you cunts?

Thanks

ophalm, founder of otago massacre

Dear Ophalm,

Critic is printed using soy based inks, and on paper sourced entirely from sustainable forestry. The bleaching needed to achieve the level of whiteness required with recycled paper would make Critic less environmentally friendly than it is at present. While we would like to move to uncoated paper stock (which is more easily able to be manufactured using recycled paper) in the future, it is currently not economically feasible for us to do so.

We already provide PDFs of Critic, which can be downloaded from issuu.com/critic_te_arohe, linked to from our Facebook page each week.

— Andrew Jacombs (Critic Designer)

GOOD VIBRATIONS

Dear Critic,

I'd just like to send some vibes of agreement to the author of last week's diatribe.

~VIBES OF AGREEMENT~>

Also, if 'Amelia Pond' was a Dr Who reference, mean respect. Slash if you are really called Amelia Pond that is awesome. Highly unlikely, but awesome nonetheless.

— Rory Williams

POUSA ELECTION = A POPULARITY/ LOOKS CONTEST

Dear Critic.

No one cares about policy; it's all just a popularity contest.

So how can you do the candidates the injustice of publishing such unflattering campaign mugshots?

How in good conscience can we vote for someone who isn't grinning ear to ear when a cute pussy occupies his lap?

Why not just get a bunch of Dunedin 10s and make them mud wrestle for the presidency? Who cares about their stance on VSM or position over the COC?

Ms. Harrop is photogenic and seems to have experience with Costa Rican mud, why

not put her in running?

Ah well, once again I suppose that the "No confidence" character is looking like a sexy, sexy beast.

Sincerely,

Ham Lorgelly

(P.S. Eagle. Love your work and I hate to burst your bubble. There's no "probably" about it; an Otago management degree is in no way conducive to competent leadership.)

WILL DOT TO DOTS DO?

Dear Critic.

Although you are producing a wonderful magazine every week without fail, I feel something is missing.

Could you please please include some colouring in! Even better - what about colouring in competitions!

Yay! That would be the bees' knees!! Short stories would be awesome too.

S.

BIG UPS

Re: Taiwan Cultural night

I attended this event with my husband, and we were obviously the oldest members of the audience. May I pass on my congratulations to the cast and crew members for an enjoyable evening, perhaps not quite what I had anticipated, but both entertaining and light hearted. The amount of effort that had gone into preparing for this was obviously a mammoth task.

I would like to make special mention of Andrew Yin who gave 110%. The highlights of the evening for me was the Boys Hip Hop Crew, and Howard's rendition of Billionaire. Both very polished performances, and yes he definitely got my vote.

Thanks for a fun evening.

Lin M.

POLITICS= GOOD SHIT

Dear Two Left Feet and Eagle of Liberty,

Browsing through Issue 12, I must say your articles provide interesting albeit challenging perspectives. To be frank, both your columns are my first port of call whenever I read *Critic*.

To Two Left Feet: "Interesting look at human rights and an expose of those self-righteous libertarians, such libertarians are

actually wolves in sheep's clothing. However, one issue I have is your comment on human rights being traced back to the Charter of Medina. In reality, non-Muslims or Dhimmis were second-class citizens during the Middle Ages and still are to a degree today. Having to pay extra taxes or jizya, wear distinctive clothing, being barred from riding horses and camels, and bearing weapons cannot be called "Human Rights." It is very true that medieval Christendom was equally guilty of its own excesses particularly the Crusades, the Inquisition, witch-hunts, anti-semitism, exploiting the peasants and the persecution of intellectuals like Copernicus and Galileo. Still, the Islamic Golden Age of the Middle Ages wasn't all that bright and rosy as some historians like to portray it."

To the Eagle of Liberty: "I found your probe of fair trade interestingly original albeit hard to swallow. Don't forget that fair trade has also done much good: combating child and slave labour, safe working conditions, adherence to human rights, fair prices to cover the cost of production, facilitate social development and protecting the environment. I agree there is a need for free trade to facilitate trade and cultural interaction between the world. There is a need for power to be dispersed across all levels of production. Planned socialist economies are doomed to fail. However, free trade has some flaws: sweatshop working conditions in the developing world, favoring the wealthy developed countries and the neo-colonialism of the MNCs."

Yours,

A Whig

Dear Whig,

In saying that human rights can be traced back to the Charter of Medina I didn't mean that what was contained in the Charter would nowadays pass as acceptable human rights, or that the Islamic Golden Age was some sort

of utopia. Rather, the Charter was significant in that it was one of the first examples of a rights-oriented way of thinking about justice. Prior to (and in most of the world, for some time after) the Charter, justice was perceived in a completely different way, with much more focus on things like virtue, and obedience to authority. Although it was not particularly egalitarian, the Charter signaled a shift towards thinking about what was due to the individual, which is essentially what rights are all about.

Thanks for your letter!

Sam McChesney

Notices

NEW ZEALAND MODEL SECURITY COUNCIL

- The NZMSC is an annual United Nations Youth event. As part of a team of four, you will spend three days debating UN resolutions, meeting new people, going to dinners and attending a ball. August 27-30, Dunedin.
- Cost: \$100-\$160. Registration now open at www.unyouth.org.nz. Closes July 21.



Happy 53rd Birthday to our favourite Prince!

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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- 05 Fú Lú Shòu Hotel, China**
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- 06 Ice Hotel, Sweden**
Chill here at -5 degrees Celsius.
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- 08 Hamster Hotel, France**
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- 09 Storey Hotel, Netherlands**
Made of dozens of buildings stacked together.
- 10 Puppy Dog Hotel, Idaho**
Each building shaped like a dog.

Attack of the 5 foot long fish

Topping the list of stupid ways to suffer an injury, one Florida woman broke her leg after a fish leapt upon it.

The fish in question was a sturgeon, which allegedly measure 5 to 6 feet long, weigh 50-75 pounds and, unfortunately, also possess the ability to jump. This is the fifth report this year of a person being injured by a jumping sturgeon, according to Florida wildlife officials.

While some have questioned whether the incident was a premeditated attack, a biologist dismissed this, stating: "These fish are in no way attacking when they jump. They are simply doing what they have been doing for millions of years: jumping. They aren't targeting the boaters".



Tiger or Tigger?

Police in England scrambled helicopters and ordered in tranquilizer guns after residents in the county of Hampshire reported sightings of a rare white tiger in a field near the local Hedge End golf course.

Disappointingly, the tiger had not escaped from a particularly lax zoo, but was in fact a soft-toy. Quite how residents mistook a plush toy for under fives for a voracious man-eating killing machine is not clear; one would have thought the lack of

movement might have been a giveaway.

The cops were being quite good-cuntish about the whole thing, even releasing a self-deprecating press release which referred to officers engaging in a "brief stalk through the Hedge End savannah".

1961

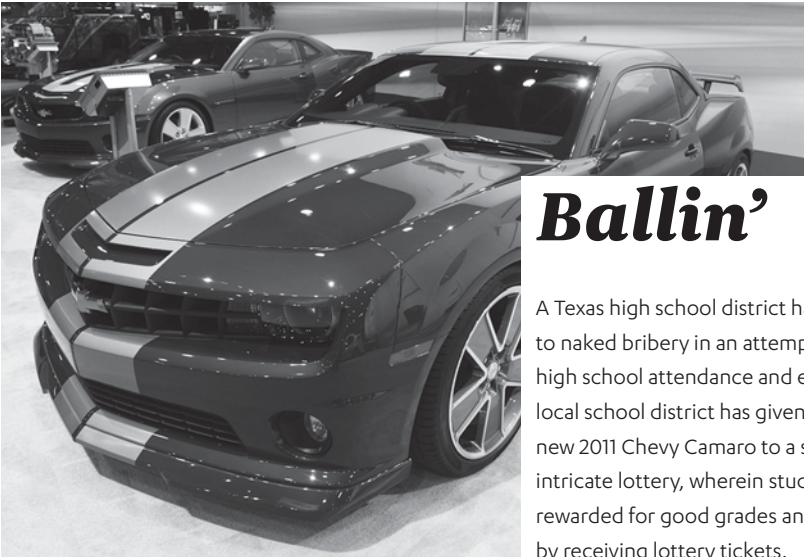
year
of first
rat in
space

20

days
without
sleep before
rats die

1

kilometres
rats can
swim without
stopping



Ballin'

A Texas high school district has resorted to naked bribery in an attempt to improve high school attendance and effort. The local school district has given away a brand new 2011 Chevy Camaro to a student in an intricate lottery, wherein students were rewarded for good grades and attendance by receiving lottery tickets.

The top 25 performers then participated in a live draw, with the new car as the top prize, and 24 laptops going to the runner-ups.

A 14-year old triumphed in the draw, which means that in the future when he gets bullied for being a nerd, he will at least be able to make a quick getaway.



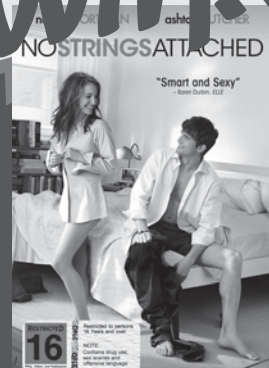
Misheard movie title?

A whole shit-ton of venomous King Cobra snakes have been discovered on a train in Vietnam, sparking just the tiniest bit of panic among the train's occupants.

A bag or four of the cold-blooded killing machines was discovered nestled under a passenger's seat, prompting a swift evacuation of the compartment. Apparently snake meat is considered a delicacy in Vietnam, and authorities said the snakes were most

likely bound for restaurants in Hanoi.

Unfortunately the suspected snake smuggler gave station staff the slip, slithering off the scene before he could be stopped and sanctioned.



No Strings Attached, starring Natalie Portman and Ashton Kutcher, is released on DVD on June 15. It's a romantic comedy about two best friends who embark on a "friends with benefits" relationship, only to realize that not falling in love is harder than they thought.

Critic has two copies of *No Strings Attached* on DVD to give away. To enter the draw, simply email critic@critic.co.nz with your funniest "friends with benefits" story.

456

year BC when Greek playwright Aeschylus was killed when a turtle was dropped on his head by an eagle.

135

fastest time in km/ph clocked by a greyhound



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AWOU2011

Everything passes in OUSA Referendum.

Except that darned constitution.

The OUSA referendum resulted in all motions passing the vote, with the exception of the crucial motion addressing the current constitutional structure of OUSA.

Motions accepting the OUSA audited financial statements and annual report for 2010 both passed with only minor opposition, although in both cases more voters abstained than cast a substantive vote.

Motions appointing financial services firm PricewaterhouseCoopers as OUSA auditors for 2011 and Anderson Lloyd as honorary solicitors also both passed comfortably, in each case votes in favour actually beating abstentions.

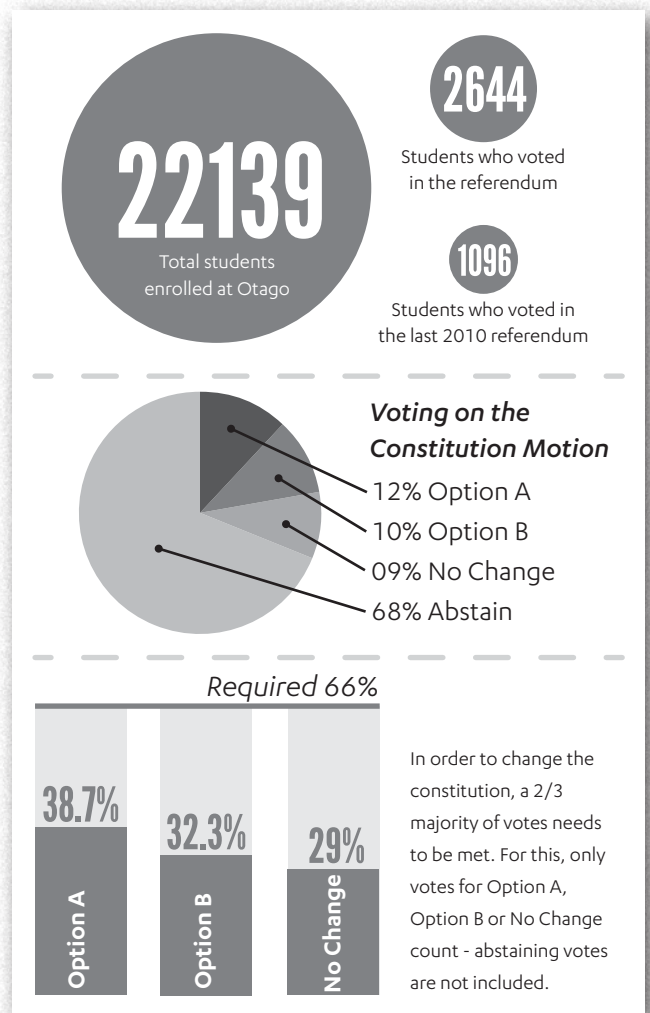
Other motions defining or altering OUSA's position on certain issues found even better support. A motion proposing that OUSA support that all campus food outlets only sell free-range food passed with 62% of votes in favour, 22% against and only 14% abstaining. Similarly, motions opposing the 2011 Budget changes that reduce access to the student loan scheme and mandating OUSA to oppose any other such changes both received strong support from voters, with relatively few abstentions.

The more controversial motion seeking to alter OUSA's official stance towards the Student Code of Conduct (COC) passed comfortably, with 59% of students in favour, and only 10% opposed. This motion both rescinded several previous motions opposing the COC and overturned a referendum where students voted that OUSA should adopt an official stance of opposition to the COC. OUSA will now recognise the code and work with the University to ensure student's best interests are taken into account in its application.

Meanwhile the elephant in the room in OUSA over the coming weeks will be the failure of all options regarding the OUSA constitution. Voters were asked to choose between three options, "Option A" which was supported by the majority of the Executive, "Option B" which was backed by Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride, and a third option of "No change".

None of the options gained the required two-thirds majority of votes (even though abstaining voters do not count towards the total), with Option A garnering only 12% of the vote, Option B 10% and no change 9%. A colossal 68% of voters meanwhile abstained from voting.

The result means that OUSA remains in constitutional limbo, with it being clear that students neither understand, nor care about the constitutional structure of their student organisation.



On the bright side, voter turnout was relatively strong for the referendum, with approximately 12% turnout among the notoriously apathetic student population. It has been speculated that the referendum numbers may have benefited from running parallel to the Presidential by-election. Many questioned whether the unusually high rate of abstentions on many motions could also be attributed to students merely signing on to vote for their favoured Presidential candidate and quickly bypassing motions which appeared more complicated.

– **Gregor Whyte**

Election campaigns reveal that none of these candidates is the next Obama

By the time *Critic* is published, the by-election results for President will be final, as voting closed at 4pm Friday June 3. Based on the results, the relative success of the candidates' campaigns should now be obvious.

However, prior to voting closing *Critic* did some investigative journalism to find out what platforms the candidates campaigned on, and what you can expect from the new President of OUSA.

Four candidates, three of whom were current Executive members while campaigning, ran for the position of President. *Critic* understands that the first day of voting saw a record number of students cast their votes, with over 1500 people voting on the Presidential candidates. On the second day, however, the voting page went down for a period of time. *Critic* understands that from approximately 9am till 1pm the website crashed.

Administrative Vice-President Bradley Russell campaigned on a platform of "Have Your Slice," promoted via an advertisement in *Critic* and his Facebook event voting page. The meaning of the slogan wasn't completely clear, although *Critic* understands it to be referencing a mandarin. At the time of going to print, Russell had 123 people "attending" the event to vote for him.

Colleges and Communications Representative Francisco Hernandez went big on the chalking around campus during his campaign. *Critic* walked over numerous chalk commands to "Vote Fran for Pres," and promising that along with "Care, Commitment, and Communication," Hernandez also had a "Zombie Apocalypse Contingency Plan", much to the relief of his constituents. Hernandez went with the tried and true handing out chocolate to prospective voters approach. 71 people were "attending" his Facebook event as of Thursday evening.

Welfare Representative Shonelle Eastwood campaigned on the platform of experience, claiming that her constitutional knowledge and time on the Executive made her the best candidate to see OUSA through the rest of 2011. Eastwood also apparently aspires to be a Pokemon trainer, and *Critic* saw a chalked hopscotch grid outside the Richardson Building which led to the final step of "Vote Shonelle." This might have provided some good exam procrastination/burnt off the

sugar rush from Hernandez's chocolate squares but *Critic* was too self-conscious to have a go as no-one else seemed to be playing. At the time *Critic* went to print, Eastwood had 54 people attending her Facebook event.

The only non-Exec member, commerce student Logan Edgar, campaigned on a platform of being "The People's President." His knowledge of economic policies was apparently demonstrated by his B- grade in the BSNS104 midterm, and in his *Critic* blurb, Edgar told students to vote for him because "It'll be funny." Other notable policies included "no more natural disasters," and "better academic support for BA and BComs." Let's be honest here Logan, if you need academic support to get either of those degrees it's probably time to transfer to Waikato.

971 people were attending the event to vote for Edgar at the time *Critic* went to print. That is approximately four times more than all the other candidates combined.

Critic understands that a number of complaints were lodged during the election process. Returning Officer Imogen Roth was prevented from commenting on this until the end of the election due to the election rules, but *Critic* understands that at least two complaints had been laid against Edgar.

On the "Logan Edgar for OUSA President" page, Edgar has "a wee growl" because he "just about got kicked off election because of stuff my mates have written about my competitors." Edgar encouraged supporters to "keep it a clean fight, I don't need to fight dirty to pump these shit yarns in the poll." Bright spark and probable future beneficiary Philip Menzies commented on the wall of "Voting for Logan Edgar" that he had "'borrowed' flatmate's ID cards and voted for them too!" Edgar commented below, "bro your not allowed to do that and have landed me in trouble."

Be sure to check out *Critic*'s Facebook page to see full election results and coverage.

— Aimee Gulliver

bit of a
LOSER?
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OUSA LOST PROPERTY, OUSA MAIN OFFICE OR WWW.OUSA.ORG.NZ



OUSA
Otago University Students' Association

ODT and Polytech combine to take a dump on head of Uni

The alleged uncovering of a nefarious alliance between the Otago Polytechnic and the *Otago Daily Times* (ODT) has triggered a ridiculous article in the student magazine *Critic*.

Whilst browsing the ODT website, *Critic* noticed that the ODT had changed the layout of its "Campus" section to separate Polytech news from University news, outrageously placing the Polytech news tab above that of the University's. *Critic*, cognisant of the large gap needing to be filled on page 13, took the proverbial ball and ran with it.

Sources *Critic* doesn't trust in the slightest speculated that this slight against the University was merely the first salvo in a planned barrage of minor annoyances that wouldn't be noticed by pretty much anyone other than bored *Critic* staff. Others equally uninformed speculated that the Polytech was out for blood over the dropping of the 'Bill' part of the Bill Robertson library it doesn't own and has no control over.

The ODT was not contacted for comment, but if they had been we imagine they probably wouldn't have replied due to the lack of sheep-related content in this story.

Along with the fall in the QS rankings (see page 15), this journalistic

slap on the tit may signal the end for the University. Pundits told *Critic* that there is simply no coming back from this sort of thing, and predicted that the Uni would soon be out on the streets in fishnets and stilettos turning tricks for truckers to put food on the table.

Meanwhile the Polytech is rumoured to be rubbing its webbed hands in glee, after masterminding the ODT Campus section coup. Cretins who gabbled to *Critic* in subhuman voices claimed that the Polytech had paid the ODT seven magic beans to grab the coveted top spot on the marginal page of the marginal publication's website.

We liked these random mutterings so much that we included them in this pathetic excuse for a story, despite being very aware that there was no way the Polytech could possibly afford that kind of price; they don't even have their own library, for God's sake.

— Gregor Whyte

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Young voters could decide the MMP referendum

The youth vote could be the decider in the upcoming referendum on MMP, with current enrolment rates in the 18-24 demographic so low that they could prove critical in MMP's tight contest to remain as New Zealand's election system.

Only 50.17% of youth aged 18 to 24 are enrolled to vote in North Dunedin, says Dee Vickers, Registrar of Electors for North and South Dunedin. That means if an election were held tomorrow, around half of the student population would be unable to vote, even if they wanted to.

Compared to other demographics, with the exception of the 25-29 year old group, youth enrolment and turnout rates are exceptionally low with the rest "in the 90 [percent range]". Vickers added that North Dunedin enrolments have traditionally always been low.

Associate Professor Janine Hayward from the Department of Politics says there are many factors that contribute to such a low enrolment rate. "One [reason] is that the policies debated at election time don't seem very relevant to students' lives and there is little incentive for candidates to try to engage the student vote."

This year's referendum on whether or not to retain the MMP system will be held in conjunction with the 2011 General Election later this year on Saturday, November 26.

The contentious MMP debate could be decided by those who are yet to enrol. A poll conducted by ShapeNZ in late 2009 found support for MMP at only 37.5%, with opposition at 46.6% and undecided voters at 11.9%. Over the past two years these figures have been relatively close, with the polls showing a shift in support favouring MMP. The latest poll by UMR research, conducted just a few weeks ago, puts support for MMP at 50%, with those against at 40% and 10% unsure.

Hayward highlights why it's important for young people to vote in this referendum. "Youth voters should not let the older voters dominate the decision about which electoral system will be used in the future."

The electoral office have been working hard to get more young people involved, with a campaign during O-Week and the recent dispatch of over 3 million enrolment update packs to those already enrolled to ensure their details are correct.

In previous years "Rock and Enrol" parties have been held, which was an initiative targeted at getting more young people enrolled. However, Vickers points out that "when alcohol is involved, [students] are just not interested" adding that "[students] are there for the rocking and not the enrolling."

— Josh Hercus

How can you make sure you're enrolled properly?

Visit www.elections.org.nz: it has tonnes of info and can tell you what to do.
Free text 3676 to receive an enrolment pack.
Call 477 6889 or 0800 ENROL NOW (0800 36 76 56).
Pop into the electoral office at 33 Moray Place.
If you're not sure where you're enrolled, just re-enrol anyway.

Otago Less Good

Unimpressed with lack of couch burnings and riots, ranking agency punishes Otago with huge drop in rankings.



New Zealand universities have fallen considerably in the just released version of the QS World Universities Rankings, with Otago University suffering the most significant tumble, falling out of the top 100 universities in the world. New Zealand had no institutions in the top 50, while Australia managed four including the Australian National University at twentieth.

The University of Auckland, New Zealand's highest ranked institution, fell from 61 to 68, continuing its fall from its highpoint ranking of 50 in 2007.

Otago meanwhile plummeted down the table, falling from 79 in the last rankings to 139 in this iteration. Other New Zealand institutions also fell, although Victoria University of Wellington bucked the trend, rising slightly to place at 225.

The University of Cambridge was ranked the top institution in the world, dislodging perennial number one Harvard University. Yale, University College London and MIT rounded out the top five.

The QS Rankings are based primarily on perceived reputation among

academics and employers, rather than on research citations.

QS's rankings are just one of several versions produced by rival agencies, each of which use different methodology. The rival methodologies can produce drastically different results, for example the Times Higher Education rankings feature only one New Zealand university, the University of Auckland, which is ranked 145 in the world.

Commentators have often slammed the various rankings as essentially meaningless and misguided. Criticisms include the fact that the rankings favour institutions which have "storied histories" at the expense of up-and-coming institutions, especially those from Asia, and the fact that they often ignore research excellence in specialised areas at the expense of an overall ranking.

Whilst some ranking agencies, including QS, have recently started producing rankings by subject, these too have come under fire as being elitist and inaccurate, reflecting inherited perceptions of excellence rather than current reality.

The story came through too late for *Critic* to obtain comment from the University of Otago, but the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Auckland, Professor Stuart McCutcheon, speaking to stuff.co.nz said the rankings slide would only deepen as New Zealand institutions would be unable to "maintain parity with our international peers if the under-investment in New Zealand universities continues".

"New Zealand's direct public investment in tertiary institutions is 58 per cent of the total expenditure on tertiary education; this compares with an OECD average of 81 per cent, and just under 70 per cent in Australia for tertiary institutions."

"As other countries increase their per student expenditure, the gap is only going to widen."

— Gregor Whyte

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Drunk gets drunk for charity

Two Dunedin students lived the scarfie dream and made money for charity in a neat dovetailing of interests by deciding to drink for 40 hours non-stop for the 40 hour famine.

The students warmed up for the famine with eight drinks, and then settled into a more reasonable Southern Gold/Diesel an hour pace. A write-up of the 40 hour binge which they then provided to *Critic* proved pretty much what we already knew before; drinking for 40 hours will make you drunk and sleepy and probably isn't good for you.

The binge is similar to that covered in *Critic* several years ago where a student flat drank 40 440ml Tui cans for 40 hours to raise funds for the charity event. Despite the lack of originality, it is hard to deny the nobility of drinking yourself into an early grave in the name of starving children, so *Critic* decided to donate \$3.50 to the lads total. Top work.

If you feel similarly inspired by their story, you too can donate at www.famine.org.nz/zacmetin. In the words of one of the benevolent bingers; "otherwise we're just a cople of dicks who ruined our kidneys for nothing".

— Staff Reporter

High

University of Otago researchers David Fergusson and Joseph Boden have directed a statement at Prime Minister John Key regarding the prosecution of older teenagers/young adults for possessing marijuana.

They have argued that although most teenagers are safe from the harm this drug can cause, the ones who are affected long-term are aged 16 or younger. Despite the huge and continuously growing amount of evidence for this, teenagers of that age who are found with marijuana receive much softer treatment than people aged 18 to 21. As the risks of smoking the drug decrease with age, Fergusson and Boden believe that the penalties for possessing it should at least be as mild for older teens as they are for young ones.

Currently adults arrested for possessing cannabis receive fines of up to \$500 or 3 months imprisonment, but the researchers say these laws are a waste of time. "The New Zealand youth justice system has evolved a system in which the majority of young people coming to attention are dealt with by diversion rather than prosecution," they said.

"There is a clear case for extending these provisions to older adolescents".

— Basti Menkes

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execrable

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

Acting-Acting-Vice-President Katie Reid chaired last week's Executive meeting, with the presidential by-election causing a bit of a shuffle-up in the Exec structure.

Administrative Vice President/Acting President Brad Russell didn't want to chair the meeting in case it appeared he was trying to influence votes or something. Really he needn't have worried – no one apart from *Critic* (who is forced to) goes along to those meetings anyway. Acting-Acting-President/Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride also didn't want to chair the meeting because he had some stuff he wanted to speak to. Luckily Katie had done some brushing up on the "how to" guide of Exec meetings and had it all well under control. Bureaucracy, it's swell ain't it?

Turned out that the things Dan wanted to speak to mainly consisted of a large spiel

about how he should still be on the University Council, despite acknowledging at the start that the policy put forward to remove him from this position was going to pass anyway. He is being replaced by Postgraduate Rep Thomas Koentges, because postgrads need more representation on these things, gotta make sure the jelly pool at Starters is constantly topped up etc. The motion to appoint Thomas to the Council was put off until the results of the Presidential by-election were known, as the President also has to be appointed to the position.

Critic understands that there has been a bit of a financial blunder at some point, and Events was given an extra \$6500 to put on the Blues and Golds Awards, which the Clubs and Socs people now deal with. The general consensus at the meeting seemed to be that

Events would just have an extra \$6500 at the end of the year that they haven't spent, and the Exec could then have it back. Either that or they're going to have a ripping team Christmas party.

A request for a donation to a community organisation led Francisco to suggest that the Executive should do some fundraising in order to be able to donate to more causes. The Executive receives a huge number of these requests every year, and the idea of fundraising in order to be able to donate to them all wasn't well received. *Critic* thinks the idea is in line with his perky suggestion that *Critic* attend all of the OUSA Committee meetings: who has that much spare time?!

– **Aimee Gulliver**

Bouncing off the Halls

I'm not a religious man. Magic and imaginary friends have never really been my thing. But I'll be the first to admit it's a goddamn miracle that no poor bastard has broken their ankle crossing the newly refurbished Leith Bridge.

What was wrong with it in the first place is beyond me but apparently they needed a month of construction work to create a nice pointed surface to walk on. This has made the sprint to get the front row seats in HUBS191 all the more hazardous, and is putting our little fresher friends at an increased risk of being that "crutches-guy/girl" in their hall.

Speaking of risk, your chances of catching something are pretty high if you sleep with Cumberland's latest sex star. The man in question is apparently refraining from washing his (black) sheets, as he is determined to see how many jizz patches he can accumulate from

rooting different girls.

Turning to more serious matters, the usual routine has begun whereby smelly wee freshers begin flat-hunting to try and "get a good one before they're all gone". Apart from the fact that it gives landlords an excuse to put rent up even more, this tradition is also very annoying for current residents, who have to put up with the awkward visits from over-enthusiastic little fuckwits three times a day.

Given this harassment, it's not uncommon for second and third years to play tricks on these unsuspecting first years by answering the door nude, or pretending to snort cocaine off the coffee table. One group of boys took this to a whole new level by letting a member of the flat answer the door naked whilst his little soldier stood to attention. Lets just hope the freshers involved were from

Selwyn or that might have done some serious mental damage.

To most freshers, OUSA means a free wall calendar, a bag full of shit in O-Week and a chance to perve at girls/guys in Unipol. However, one girl from Cumberland has gotten right onboard the OUSA presidential election bandwagon, using Facebook to private message a candidate asking for a root. She may not have a firm grasp on the concept of subtlety, but with that go-getter attitude I'm sure she'll have a firm grasp on something else at the Monkey Bar this weekend.

– **Lozz Holding**

PROCRASTINATION TOOLS

p	q	r	o	b	j	o	b	t	i	l	d	a	l	r
d	o	s	p	m	i	i	g	a	m	o	y	m	i	o
r	n	o	s	p	m	i	s	e	i	g	g	a	m	a
f	e	w	i	n	m	l	t	o	r	y	o	d	y	d
r	i	l	m	i	y	a	r	e	o	a	r	f	v	e
a	w	i	l	x	n	b	k	c	o	l	r	e	h	s
n	e	v	n	e	e	y	c	a	i	e	t	u	t	m
k	t	e	y	k	u	q	o	d	e	x	t	e	r	o
e	s	r	f	a	t	b	p	o	f	d	f	m	o	c
n	c	d	e	d	r	c	s	y	e	e	r	e	w	r
s	j	e	n	l	o	r	o	i	f	l	a	n	s	g
t	c	r	o	i	n	n	e	d	r	a	o	d	n	g
e	r	m	i	t	i	s	t	w	a	r	m	o	r	e
i	g	n	m	a	n	s	t	i	s	g	e	c	a	r
n	g	o	r	m	i	a	r	b	h	e	n	f	f	c
a	o	b	e	r	h	a	o	k	e	r	l	j	i	j
r	y	t	h	e	d	o	c	t	o	r	o	c	m	c
b	a	s	i	l	g	a	m	k	m	i	s	l	o	t

Word Find

Fictional Characters with Brainz

(ironically, many of them are of television).

alex de large	nemo (the captain of course)
brain	owl
cj cregg	sherlock
daria	spock
dexter	stewie
dr evil	the doctor
dr frankenstein	yoda
farnsworth	
ferris bueller	
hermione	
jimmy neutron	
maggie simpson	
matilda	

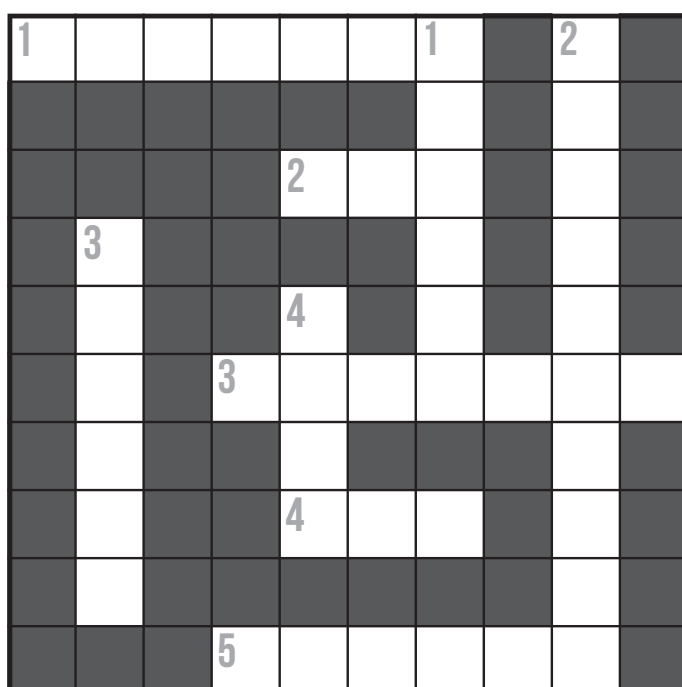
Quick Current Affairs Crossword

Across

- 01** In some prisons, inmates have been given these to replace cigarettes.
- 02** These people promised that each motorist will encounter them 5 times over Queen's birthday weekend.
- 03** The name of Justin Bieber's new fragrance.
- 04** 2011 marks the 150th birthday for which local icon.
- 05** The first name of New Zealand's Tertiary Minister.

Down

- 01** Latin word for "to know", found in the motto of Otago University.
- 02** This person was scared during the filming of *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows*.
- 03** The last name of Dunedin City Councillor who was hurt by a shopping trolley.
- 04** The name of Liam Finn's new album.



Mayor Dave Cull



Last year, Dunedin wanted change. It demanded change. And Dave Cull seemed to be the man to deliver it. As such, he was voted in as your Mayor. You may have even given him the tick. Or did you vote back home? Having talked to the guy, I can see why Cull attracted the voters. He writes, he reads, he's a family man, he cycles, he's a Southland High old boy and he has been a presenter on TV One. Cull is a man of the people. **Georgie Fenwicke** spoke to him about the Highlanders and this lovely city.

What do you think of the Highlanders going green?

Well, it looks quite probable now doesn't it? I noticed that in the paper this morning, there were definitely some polarised views on it. I must say I can understand both sides of it. I can understand the call of tradition, albeit that the pictures show that actually the jersey has changed quite a bit over the years anyway. But then I understand that it is such a radical change to the light green. On the other hand, frankly if they win the competition I don't think anyone would care if they were running around stark naked.

Did you go to the game over the weekend?

No, I haven't gone since the Auckland game.

Talking about the Mayoralty in general, what has been biggest challenge you have had to face so far?

Well, I think that in some ways, the biggest challenge is to formulate – along with the rest of the council – a consensus on the major direction, major project or major challenge we face and actually get council all on board with all of that.

What is an example of a project that the council has reached a consensus on recently?

During the election, I talked about the need for us to have a vision of what we wanted the city to look like in thirty years' time. Because if you don't have a clear vision of where you're going, then how on earth are you going to take steps to get there? Then at the same time, we were going through a consultation process where we were setting up some leadership groups in the community called "Your City, Our Future". These leadership groups were on various issues; transportation, research & development, arts & culture, things like that. These groups were made up of members of the community; there were no councillors on them. They got together and were asked several questions such as where we are as a city and where do we want to be in thirty years' time and what steps do we want to take to get there? That fed a lot of stuff back in to us.

And now it is starting to crystallise and lay out on maps in the city, and we're saying this is how we think this area should be. It is focussing the Council's thinking and the community's thinking.

The Stadium is obviously something you will be taking into consideration in terms of the ongoing infrastructure of the city, are you looking forward to it opening?

It is certainly going to be quite an experience for spectators. Because the edge of the field is so close to the seats and then the seats rake up quite steeply, when you are halfway up the stand you actually feel like you are looking into the game and not across the stadium at it.

That is a point of view about the Stadium I haven't heard yet, so you understand everything is on schedule?

It will be pretty tight, but I am confident everything will be ready.

There are a number of teams coming down to play here now; do you have any personal or ancestral ties to Ireland, Italy, England, Argentina, etc.? Who will you support?

I have some ancestral ties to England and Ireland. I think I will be supporting the All Blacks. I have got a soft spot for the Argentinians though. The underdogs, you know, give them a go.

Will you be going to Elton John when he comes?

Absolutely. I'll be there.

How do you see Dunedin's role in supporting the Christchurch rebuild developing over the next few years?

I see it in the South Island context, which is to maintain services and facilities for the rest of the South Island. The losses from Christchurch are not just in Christchurch, they are being felt by the whole of the South Island. For instance, tourism numbers are down in Queenstown because a lot of the tourists used to come in jumbos into Christchurch, they would overnight in a hotel there and would go on. Well, there are no hotels for them to overnight in so a lot of them are going to Auckland and they're not necessarily coming to the South Island at all or it is being interrupted. What that tells us is that it is the whole of the South Island's problem. Christchurch was an infrastructural and distribution centre; now with it out of commission, some of the other towns have to pick up some of the slack. It is not a matter of poaching anyone's business, it is about maintaining the facilities and services so that the whole of the South Island keeps going. So I see our role as partly that, but offering an alternative in the meantime for various things as Christchurch is being rebuilt.



Back in the Golden Days

It's fair to say that Otago students don't always receive the most favourable media coverage. While some of it is well-deserved, some of it is clearly a little hyperbolic. **Phoebe Harrop** considers the New Zealand media's particular pleasure in outing the latest controversial exploits of students, and wonders whether students of today are particularly bad, or if the media just enjoys reporting on their activities more.

Jim Mora, the host of Radio New Zealand's Afternoons programme, and *Critic* editor circa 1974 believes that students don't always get fair coverage. He says that the media "have had the chance to establish a recent 'scarfie' narrative, and they stick largely to that entertaining script...students in turn feed that narrative, though not as much recently, by burning couches and getting ostentatiously drunk".

This seems all too true: type "Otago student" into the search box on stuff.co.nz, and you'll come up with some rather juicy headlines: "Otago student housing like a 'ghetto'", "Otago students to blame for Undie mayhem", "Students' pub dream down the drain", "University to punish students over street party", "Retailers call for compensation after toga parade". To be fair, there are some stories with a more positive spin: "Otago students promote public health" and "Otago welcomes quake-hit students", for instance. However, in general, the collection of stories makes the University of Otago look like a cross between the Bronx backstreets and Rio's Carnaval on acid.

While is undoubtedly true that Otago students do love to get rowdy, it's also undeniable that the media feed off it. They love outing student antics. Whether it's from a deep-seated and suppressed desire to be out there smashing bottles and burning furniture themselves, or a love of tsk-tsking the wayward youth of today, it seems like students are veritable media scapegoats.

Things were not always so. A search of *Otago Daily Times* articles containing the word "student" from the late 19th century brings up no suggestion of student skylarking. Rather, some articles focus on celebrating student successes, for example a piece published on August 13 1900 about a research scholarship awarded to an Otago graduate in London. Particularly interesting are letters to the editor, for example about the day-to-day running of the University and its newfangled courses. My research brought to light some intriguing revelations about Otago's med students of the era. For example in a letter entitled "Our University" of May 3 1890, a correspondent wrote: "it is notorious that in the med school there is no supervision [during examinations] whatsoever, and cases of 'cribbing' [i.e., cheating] have been of frequent occurrence, while on yet another occasion, a student has asked another student the answer to a question and received it." Ah, how things have changed.

Another correspondent asks, in his letter entitled "Medical Final Examination": "is there not something radically wrong with our University medical teaching, when only three students out of 11 who entered for the final have passed? And two of these three went up for the final last year and failed." He makes a good point, although I later discovered that the medical finals of that period consisted of eight solid days of exams without a break, and the students were lucky to make it out alive – let alone pass. I don't know what current HSFYs are complaining about.

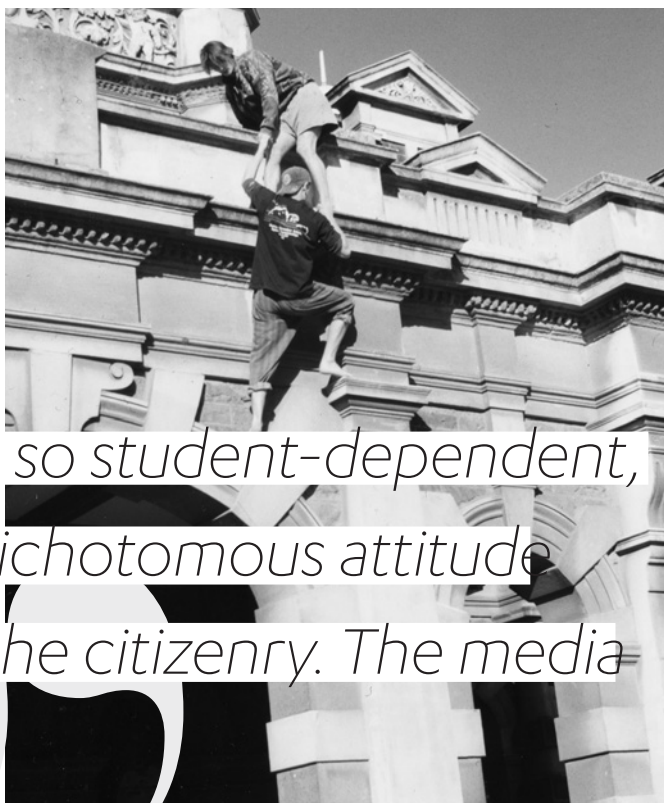


Even in Dunedin, which is so student-dependent, there has always been a dichotomous attitude towards the varsity from the citizenry. The media reflect that suspicion.

Fast forward to Mora's time at the University and *Critic*, and things had changed a little. It was the 1970s, and Mora recalls *Critic* being fairly similar to today's incarnation. He says: "I remember disapprobation when as *Critic* editor I debated the then mayor in the Student Union over Dunedin's rates rises. Local telly turned up, and people tut-tutted to my parents. Even in Dunedin, which is so student-dependent, there has always been a dichotomous attitude towards the varsity from the citizenry. The media reflect that suspicion."

Sometimes, that suspicion may be well-founded: "when property is destroyed or police lives endangered...it's responsible to report student 'mayhem', and students can have no just quarrel with that. You've got to say you asked for this kind of reportage when an Undie 500 rolled into town." But the media aren't opposed to giving credit where it is due: "I think what has rehabilitated the student image nationally has been the marvellous Student Volunteer Army effort post-quake in Christchurch."

These anecdotes suggest not that today's students are a particularly rebellious cohort, but rather that students have always been a dastardly bunch. Youth, independence, being far away from home, course-related costs to fritter away and all that. It's just that things have escalated a bit from copying others' exam scripts to throwing glass bottles at police officers. To take the med school as an example though: the med class has expanded by 20 times, from a dozen to over 200 in the last 110 years. The increase in numbers puts cutting loose on a whole different scale.



Mora agrees that students themselves haven't changed much, but the university – and the world – around them has. "Students of course are just as good and bad as they always have been. I will never think that a younger generation is somehow more unruly or less respectful or more selfish; it simply isn't true. If anything I sense a return to the idealism of the 70s, when I was at Otago. We had the luxury of benign economic times but you don't. We questioned society's 'establishment' as we called it. You will (maybe) query the whole rationale of what we have created economically."

The early articles conveyed a sense that Dunedin residents *cared* about students and the goings-on at the University, embracing North Dunedin as a hip and happening part of their community. In the meantime, with the student population expanding exponentially in the mid-1970s, Dunedin residents have sort of been shunted towards South Dunedin (not a good place to be heading) or up to the ivory towers of Maori Hill and Roslyn to live among the academics. Students have dominated Dunedin for a few decades, bringing a much needed injection of Studylink sponsorship to the city - but also somewhat of a headache.

Dave Goosselink, a TV3 reporter and long-time Dunedinite, is positive about Otago students: "In general I think students do have a good relationship between the city and other residents. I have many student friends here in Dunedin, and they are a credit to Otago. Great fun-loving bunch of people, entertaining, interesting, but knuckle down and work hard on studies when they need to."



But he agrees that the local media is quick to hone in on student shenanigans: “Dunedin’s ‘leading daily newspaper’ is a big fan of focusing on the bad side of student life, but it probably sells papers to the oldies in town. Events that could be just fun sometimes get turned into media and police/fire-fueled beatups, forcing major changes or cancellation of events after the *ODT* publishes a story on, say, a Facebook street party, and then gets the token reaction from opponents.”

The University is all too aware that a careful relationship needs to be fostered between Otago students and the people of Dunedin. Cancellation of the toga parade after 2009’s debacle was one move made by the University to curb drunken damage and keep us in the city’s good books. Goosselink says: “[The] University had a bit of a panic and has been trying to restrict all ‘scarfie’ activities in recent years. They decided to simply ban the annual toga parade from happening again, rather than actually reviewing what went wrong and taking steps to ensure it returned to the fun, positive, and trouble-free event it had been for many years before that. It’s also why, despite all their claims to the contrary, they jumped at the chance to buy and close down The Gardies and The Bowler, as well as a number of flats in Castle Street, which are then only for rent to international students.”

Goosselink is also able to attest to the attitude of the New Zealand television media in general. He says that, particularly among the Auckland news media, there is a bias towards portraying students as fulfilling the “scarfie” cliché: “it’s easier to copy and paste a stereotypical sort of story about drunken students/couch burning/mayhem than it is to compile a story about a more positive or interesting aspect of

student culture or life. Couch fires and student riots make for cooler pictures in the minds of news editors, and while that’s sometimes justified when there is a genuine story about that, there is a tendency to stretch or “beat up” the truth. I think the “scarfie” stereotype is still one that Otago Uni and Dunedin should be proud of, but focusing more on the creative and quirky side of students rather than just focusing on the negative.”

This in turn leads to an automatically-defensive response to media from students themselves: “I’ve been keen to do a story on [the Hyde Street keg party] for a number of years, focusing on the efforts the residents there go to in creating their themed flats and costumes, etc. However I know that we’d get a negative reaction from some students there if we turned up with a camera (as “you’re only here to make us look bad”), and there would probably be a small group who would actually let others down by behaving badly and causing trouble because the cameras were there.

It is certainly possible to detect a hint of glee in the journalistic tone when student shenanigans are shared. It’s a shame, because there’s a lot of splendid things happening at Otago. Luckily, there are journalists like Dave Goosselink around to testify to the brighter side of life.

A Magazine Is Born: *A Photo Essay*

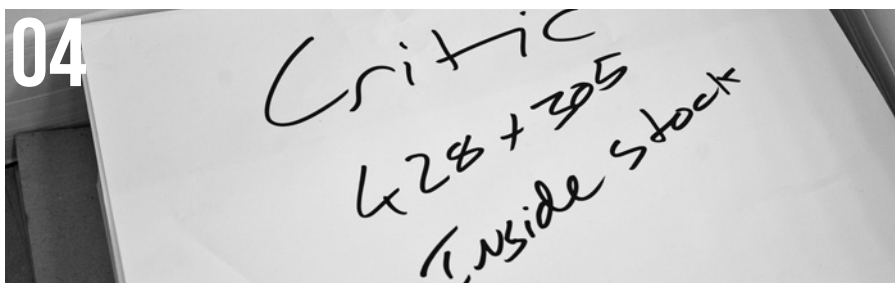
Every week, after the writers, designers and illustrators have done their bit, *Critic* is sent off to the printers. For a while, we were convinced it was magic. It turns out the print process has a reasonable, and rather interesting, explanation. **Andrew Jacombs** follows the journey from anonymous white sheet of paper to illustrious *Critic* page.



01 Before it gets turned into your favourite weekly mag, the paper used to print *Critic* needs to be trimmed down to size, using the most badass guillotine ever.



02 After receiving a PDF sent in the wee hours of Friday morning, the team at Taieri Print turn each page into an aluminium "plate", which is in turn loaded into the printing press.



03 ▲ The trimmed pages sit waiting to be loaded into the press. The paper used for *Critic* is sourced from renewable forests.

◀ For the colour pages of *Critic*, four inks are used; Cyan, Magenta, Yellow, and Black. *Critic* is printed exclusively using environmentally friendly soy bases inks.

► The ink is loaded into the top of the press; it gets spread over the plate and onto the paper via a rubber roller.



06



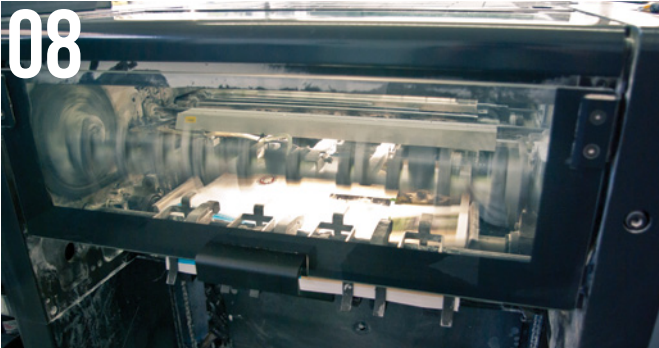
Critic is printed on two different presses at Taieri; a 10 colour press (foreground), which prints the colour sections, and a smaller 2 colour press (background, right), for the black and white sections.

07



Having no idea what is in store for it; the innocent paper gets sucked in to the press, and comes out the other end magically transformed into a spread of Critic.

08

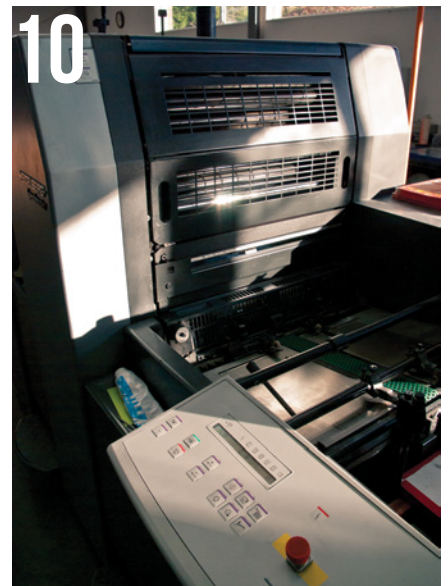


◀ The printed pages flash by at the end of the press. 4 pages are printed at a time, and the press churns out 14,000 sheets an hour.

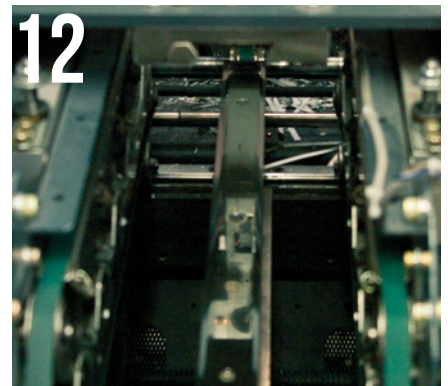
▶ The glorious press glistens in the radiant Fairfield sun. Of interest is the Big Red Button. Critic wasn't brave enough to push it.

◀ Once printed, each stack of pages gets placed in a shelf of the "collator", which takes a sheet from each pile and puts everything in the right order, automagically.

10



12



Once bound, each Critic is folded and trimmed. The unworthy margins can be seen abandoned in the bowels of the trimming machine above. After this, Critic is packaged up and distributed around Dunedin, ready for you every Monday morning.

09



11



Once printed and collated, each stack of pages is stapled together. Not content with using ready-made staples like normal people, Critic's staples are cut from a continuous roll of wire.

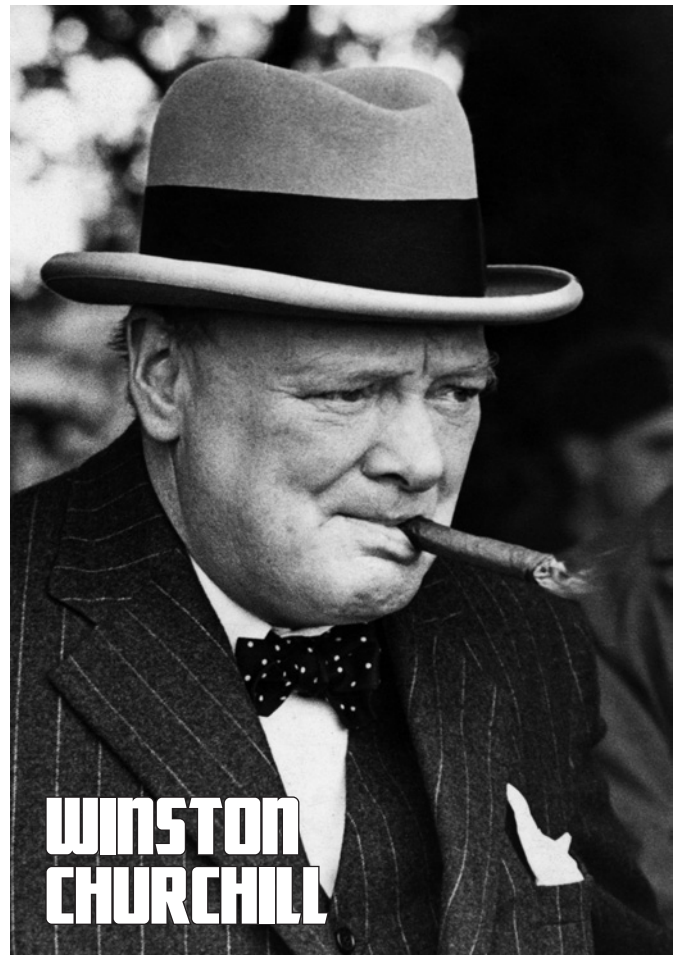
POWERFUL PEOPLE

Crazy, stupid or downright hopeless; politicians often don't garner much respect. But they're not all so terrible. Political fiend **Josh Hercus** considers the most badass leaders of them all.

Of course we all know Churchill's contribution to the Allies' victory in the Second World War, but what you might be unfamiliar with was his distinguished military career. During his various postings he acted as a war correspondent for several newspapers. On one occasion, he was sent to cover the Second Anglo-Boer War for the *Mornington Post* where he was invited to attach himself to troops accompanying an armoured train. The train was ambushed and derailed by Boer rebels but Churchill remained as cool as a cucumber and reportedly told the troops, "Keep cool, men. This will be interesting for my paper." That's only where his badassery begins. He was then taken prisoner, where he escaped a month later in a story that was basically like an old-timey version of the television series *Prison Break* but without the shitty romantic component. It made him a minor hero back in England.

Later on, Churchill served as a lieutenant-colonel during the First World War with the esteemed Grenadier Guards. Apparently, he wasn't too fond of being a pussy and sitting safely at HQ because there they were only allowed to drink tea. However, alcohol was permitted in the trenches so clever Churchill decided to go down to the front line. That's commitment. Only Churchill would run the risk of getting shot just to get OTP.

What truly separated Churchill's badassery from others was his style. He enjoyed the finer things in life. Drinking excessively, partying hard, hating communism, Cuban cigars, kicking the shit out of Nazis, verbally destroying people and dressing like a champion. On top of everything he became an accomplished writer, historian and artist. What couldn't he do?

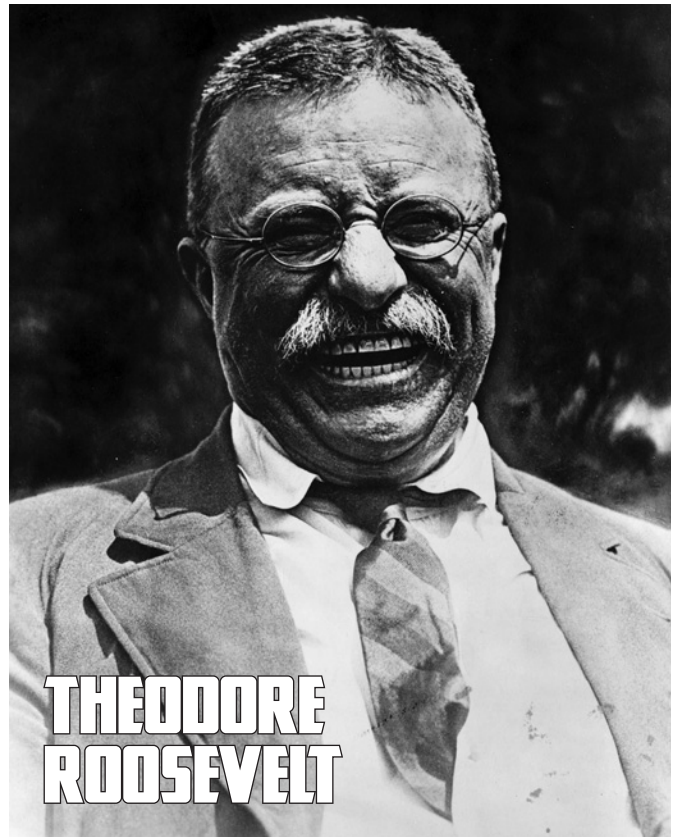


**WINSTON
CHURCHILL**

Teddy Roosevelt was the twenty-sixth President of the United States and quite possibly the manliest man ever. According to Wikipedia, “Roosevelt’s achievements as a naturalist, explorer, hunter, author, and soldier are as much a part of his fame as any office he held as a politician.” He was also a champion boxer and had a black belt in jujitsu. But let’s just focus a bit on his political career.

Despite casually winning a Nobel Peace Prize for negotiating an end of the Russo-Japanese War in 1905 and keeping lions, bears and hyenas as White House pets, probably the most badass thing was what happened to him while campaigning in 1912. As he was about to give a speech in Wisconsin, a saloonkeeper shot him, causing a bullet to be lodged in his chest. Now, let’s stop and think for a second what most world leaders would do if they were shot in the chest. Fall down in pain? Speed off to hospital? Die? Naturally, Roosevelt decided that those sounded like lame ideas and went for a much cooler alternative.

Instead, he proceeded with a speech, opening with “Friends, I shall ask you to be as quiet as possible. I don’t know whether you fully understand that I have just been shot; but it takes more than that to kill a bull moose...The bullet is in me now, so that I cannot make a very long speech, but I will try my best.” He then proceeded to *talk for 90 minutes*. *Critic* suspects that near the end of his speech, he saw Death in the corner of his eye and gave him the one-finger salute.

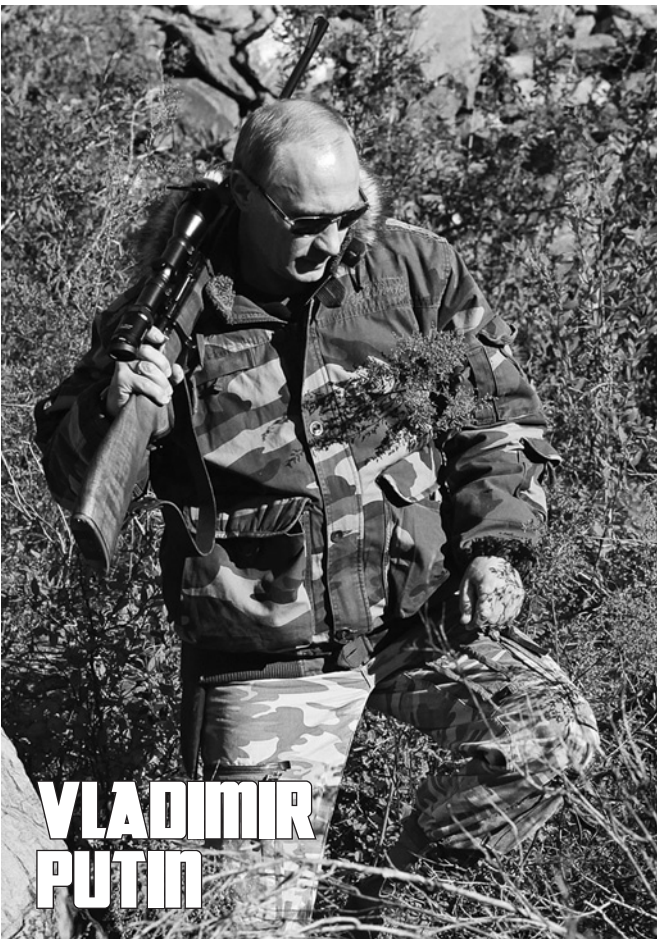


**THEODORE
ROOSEVELT**

As the former President of Russia and the country’s current Prime Minister, Putin’s badassery is only outdone by the coldness of his glare. Before entering politics, Putin had a 17-year career with the KGB back in the Soviet days as a spy. He could probably kill you in dozens of different ways. And one of those ways is judo. Putin also happens to be a sixth dan black belt in judo and has won several championships. He’s even co-authored a book on it.

When he’s not scaring the shit out of people, Putin enjoys dominating nature. When forest fires raged in Russia last year, he co-piloted the fire-fighting planes to put out the inferno himself. In 2008, Putin proved that he was superior to a Siberian tiger. Reuters reports that, “Just as Putin was arriving with a group of wildlife specialists to see a trapped Amur tiger, it escaped and ran towards a nearby camera crew, the country’s main television station said. Putin quickly shot the beast and sedated it with a tranquilizer gun.” No witty comment required – that’s just plain awesome.

This year Kyrgyzstan honoured Putin by naming one of the country’s highest peaks after him. Even then, at least one lawmaker is worried that Putin might actually be offended by the decision stating that, “We should give the Russian politician’s name not to a 4,000-meter [13,000-foot] mountain but to a taller one, otherwise [Putin] might be offended that we did not value him highly enough.” That’s right, they felt he was so god damn badass that they decided to name a mountain after him and even then they’re worried that it might not be good enough. Your move, Obama.



**VLADIMIR
PUTIN**



Their Land, Our Land

In New Zealand, we often feel disconnected from the ongoing conflict between Israel and Palestine, but for many people, the issues are still very real. **Charlotte Greenfield** talks to people who have lived, worked and fought in Israel and Palestine. They reflect on the conflict with cynicism, hope and the benefit of distance.



After Israel attacked an aid flotilla headed for the Gaza Strip in May 2010, investigative journalist John Pilger accused members of the Western media, including the trusty *BBC*, of “deception” in their coverage of the event. The promulgating of propaganda is a charge commonly leveled at the Israeli government, but Ron Fogel, an Israeli now living in Dunedin, disagrees that this is reflected in the media. “I’ve noticed during my years in New Zealand following the news and the media...personally I feel that it’s not well represented. I feel it tends to go towards the Palestinian side.” The general consensus among the people I spoke to was that the conflict was reported fairly by the media when taken as whole, but that taken individually certain outlets had a different priorities. A slight shift in the tone of reporting towards the Palestinian perspective was noticed in the last decade.

Whose voice and what perspective a story is told from is always a dilemma in journalism, and the dilemma only heightens in the context of the world’s thorniest, most perplexing issue; the conflict between Israel and “Palestine” or “the Occupied Palestinian Territories” (which label is used all depends on the perspective).

I spoke to Israelis, Palestinians and others who have a connecting tie to the area, in an attempt to determine what perspectives exist on the conflict, where they overlap and where they clash. Each person spoke to me earnestly and honestly and I found each view was enlightening in some way. It is worth noting that everyone spoken to has had the benefit of distance from which to consider the issue. A very different

article could probably be written based on the perspectives of those living in the area, who have not had the desire or opportunity to leave.

Mai Tamimi is doing her PhD at the University of Otago. She originally comes from Hebron, a city in the West Bank. She agrees that dialogue on Israel and Palestine so easily becomes political: “is it their land, is it our land? And then you get into the history of things and get lost.” Instead she agrees to describe to me “what a Palestinian life looks like.” It isn’t an easy one for most Palestinians, 38% of whom are under the age of 15. “The most problematic thing for Palestinians living in Palestine is access. Access to places, access to resources, access to everything.” The biggest contributor to this is ‘the Wall’, the separation barrier which winds its way around and inside the Occupied Palestinian Territories. “The wall is affecting almost every aspect of life for Palestinians; access to universities, to education, to hospital. Fields, sources of income, family members are on the other side...the reality is, it’s very difficult to cope with it on a daily basis.”

Soon after Mai arrived in New Zealand, she and her children drove from Dunedin to Christchurch. Her son and daughter were astonished not to encounter checkpoints on the drive. “It is normal to them to be stopped once, twice, three times in the twenty minute drive between Hebron and Bethlehem, not to drive for about five hours without being stopped by soldiers.” I ask Mai whether she thinks Palestinians are treated fairly at checkpoints by the Israeli military: “I would say no. It takes a lot of time and people are treated in a very bad way. Many people must wait on the borders to cross checkpoints if they are on the

way to hospitals...there are stories of pregnant women who deliver on checkpoints and the lives of the babies and mothers are threatened and they die as a consequence...There are also the checkpoints that you have to walk through. People are overcrowded and the soldiers are just sitting there laughing. Laughing at what? You are laughing at humiliating other people? But we are all human beings. We all deserve to live a proper life and, as an occupying country, there are obligations on how you treat the people you have occupied."

Ron Fogel has spent time in the Occupied Palestinian Territories as a member of the Israeli Defence Force. He agrees that, "no it's definitely not fine [there]. It's beyond being fine, it's horrible what's happening there. But of course the whole core of the debate is the reasons why it's not fine." The state that Palestine is in must be condemned but it is too simplistic to ignore the context that has shaped Israel's part in the problem.

Leilana Quinger, a New Zealander who spent three months in Jerusalem working with The Israeli Committee Against House Demolitions describes it as "a kind of joke - it's not really a joke - that all my Israeli friends talk about, that anything can get passed as long as they use the word 'security' because Israelis are really scared and with really good reason... it's a very tiny country and it is in an area of countries that do hate [Israel] and want to annihilate it and that isn't paranoia, that's actually how it is. Those kind of fears that Israelis have can be played on very easily."

Ron thinks that "there's a lot of things the Israeli Government can do in order to assist the Palestinians to grow, which they don't do", but Ron and others pointed out to me that the economic and political issues that Palestine face are not solely the fault of Israel. "I feel that there are

so many problems in Palestine as well, and with Palestinian government and society," says Leilana. "There's huge internal conflict between Fatah and Hamas. And it's actually starting in some areas to potentially eclipse the conflict with Israel...We shouldn't paint a picture that if Palestine has a state it's going to be perfect. It's going to be a fucked up state, but they have the right to have that fucked up state for themselves."

It's not just Leilana who thinks this. "A large part of the Israeli spectrum have come on board for a Palestinian state of some sort", according to Professor Bill Harris, the head of Otago University's politics department. Ron is among them. "No one's going to go away, neither the Palestinians, nor the Israelis. Each side has to understand that there's another side here and another people here and that they live here and we live here and we have to share it."

*It's going
to be a
fucked up
state, but
they have
the right to
have that
fucked up
state for
themselves*





Photo by: "delayed gratification"

But it's hard to reach this mindset with a history as rocky as this one. Israelis are proud of their country, though not all are proud of their government, and the Arab world's insistence that it should not exist leaves Israelis understandably sensitive about and scared for their safety. For Palestinians, the amount of violence and upheaval suffered means it is hard to let go of bitterness. "I was in peace camps saying that we all can live in peace and it doesn't matter who has the power to lead the country," says Manal, a Palestinian who grew up in Jordan and who now lives in New York City, "but after what I witnessed in the massacre in the Jenine refugee camp in 2002 and what followed in Gaza in 2008...I know now that Israel was never interested in peace with the Palestinian people."

Mourra, a Palestinian raised in a Lebanese refugee camp, says "okay, you want to talk about trading being Israel and Palestine. There is none. If you want to talk about cultural exchange between Israel and Palestine, there's none...everyone who's entered the UN conference room is debating with our land." Nevertheless he tells me to "write your article for hope."

Everyone wants peace, but a sort of exhausted cynicism seems to descend on everyone when asked whether the conflict can ever end. Bill Harris thinks that the key is to widen the view. "I did my PhD thesis on Palestinian refugees and on the settlement process so I know it pretty well, I just got very tired of it, to be honest. I moved to dealing with Lebanon and Syria...My avenue is change in the Arab world towards Arab governments that are more viable for dealing with Israel

in terms of being legitimate amongst their own populations, and therefore being able to offer from the Arab-side generous settlements. Then it would be very difficult for [the Israelis] not to come on board... The main thing you need is change in Syria. The odds at the moment are probably trending against it, but the Syrian people might surprise us. I think that's where the hope is."

Change in the Arab world would be an important step, but just the first one. Is there any hope of peace long-term? "I think it's a very difficult problem but I think you can see a way in which you could put some sort of resolution together in pragmatic terms," says Professor Harris. It might look something like this: a territory swap that would give Palestine the same amount of territory as before the 1967 Arab-Israeli war (although the borders would take on a different configuration), combined with a division in the control of coveted Jerusalem in a checkerboard arrangement, and a nominal return of Palestinian refugees living in Jordan and Lebanon to their original homes, which are now within Israel itself.

As *Critic* goes to print, Barack Obama has just proposed this arrangement's first element, the restoration of the 1967 borderlines, as the basis for new peace talks.

Israeli Prime Minister Netanyahu has labeled such a move as "indefensible".

It's far from over yet.

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DIATRIBE

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's the nation's obsession with rugby. It's an all-consuming obsession, one that some (namely Jim Flynn, God bless him), would say is bordering on the unhealthy. Expressing ambivalence/complete disinterest in our national sport is on par with treason. Say you hate rugby and people recoil in shock, or get defensive: "it's probably just because you can't catch". And this unhealthy obsession has become patently obvious during the latest rugby related scandal: green-shirt-gate.

I hate that a rugby club's decision to change shirt colour spurns the public into uproar, commandeering one third of *Campbell Live* on Monday and numerous front-page headlines of the *ODT*. I hate that it's such an "issue" that 2664 people voted on *ODT*'s poll (just for reference, that's 2.2% of the population of Dunedin. It's about 12% of those who voted for David Cull in the latest mayoral election). With all the outcry, you'd think the sex scandal of the century had been exposed, or a series of mass murders at the hands of a city councillor had come to light. But no. An item of clothing had been redesigned.

So why are these people all up in arms? Basically, the green-haters are all upset because the team won't "feel like theirs"; there will be a disconnect between supporters and the players. A caption on the *ODT* website beneath a green rugby shirt read: "would Adam Thomson look good in a shirt something like this?", inevitably forcing the reader to respond with a resounding "no". Highlander fans were quoted in the *ODT* as saying that the move was "disgusting", "ridiculous" and "a slap in the face of tradition".

If our self-worth and love for a rugby team is so tied in with the colour of a shirt, what does this say about us? The problem with green-shirt-gate isn't a disregard for "tradition", it's about our fucked up attitude to sport. Ultimately, sport is about playing a game. It's about 30 men in tight shirts competing against each other for an hour and a half. It's about having a good time, physical exercise and sportsmanship. It shouldn't be about the people of the region's personal self-esteem (unless, of course, you're playing the game itself), or about some sort of regional pride. It's nonsensical to feel so emotional about something that you have neither directly contributed to, nor have any real connection with.

When we lose sight of the fact that rugby is only a game, and only a moderately interesting one at that, and start to associate it with our identity, things get a little twisted. When we start using words like "believe" and "faith", we stop being a secular society and begin adopting rugby as our "religion". It's bloody weird.

At the end of the day, green-shirt-gate is not all that big a deal. Brands re-brand all the time. Look at The Warehouse, Countdown, Herbal Essences and so on and so forth. We get a little nervous about change, and then we move on, same old same old. It's still the same product after all.

— Hazel Green

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 **"Should New Zealand become a republic?"**.

John Brinsley-Pirie argues the affirmative while *Nathan Thomas* argues the negative.

Affirmative

It is time for New Zealand to become a republic.

The one argument that we should stay with Britain is that New Zealand has historical ties with Britain. But let's face it, so does everyone; Britain was a big deal 200 years ago. And while we do have the Treaty of Waitangi with the Crown, it is so easy to move that authority to a NZ representative body.

Historical ties do not suffice when the UK actively shows us that they don't care an iota about us.

Since the UK joined the EU, they have been party to several European trade regulations which specifically acted to cut New Zealand out of European markets, which in turn decimated our overseas trade and sent us into a dire financial position. Even though we don't get any support from the UK, we are still happy to swear allegiance to their head of state? No. It is time we put a New Zealand representative as the head of our state, not a British one.

The other key reason; it is simply stupid to have a British representative as our head of state, whether it be a Governor General or the monarch. It's stupid because we are not British. New Zealand has very different values and it is harmful for us to associate ourselves as part of their entourage.

For example, we believe in the separation of church and state, yet we swear allegiance to a Queen who is the head of the Anglican Church. This flies in the face of a country where secular discussion is held as a paramount virtue.

We oppose unnecessary and violent wars; the Queen signed the declaration of war in Iraq. How can we, as a nation that actively condemned and still condemns this war, sit around and accept the governance of a monarch who supported it?

Finally it is important now, and because of the reasons above, that New Zealand is represented by New Zealanders. We are our own nation; we achieve and grow with zero help from Britain. Apart from the occasional royal visit, what do they do for us? It is time now that NZ moves towards republicanism, elects a New Zealand head of state to represent the views of NZ, rather than a British representative who advises a British monarch.

– **John Brinsley-Pirie**

Negative

Make the trip to the other side of the world to visit the "Mother Country" and you start to realise just how young New Zealand really is. In England, you can sit in a 300-year old pub whilst sipping a Guinness, first brewed (so they like to remind us) in 1759, and consider making a day trip to Stonehenge, thought to be over 4000 years old. 4000 years ago, there was no Aotearoa. 300 years ago, there was no New Zealand.

Our youth as a nation isn't just a cute fact; it's present in the psychology of all Kiwis, young and old. Speak to students planning or returning from their "gap year" and you'll be hard pressed to find any who did not pay homage to the Union Jack. Even fourth or fifth generation born and bred Kiwis have a special place in their hearts for that small faraway island which once ruled a third of the globe.

Is it really that great a cost to give a nod (as that's really all it is) to the country that supplied the majority of our citizens, gave us our language, our sport, our legal system, and our values? The affirmative may argue that our ties with Britain somehow reduce our political or cultural freedom, but this is not the case.

Politically New Zealand is a fully independent nation. We are already a "Corporate Republic", in full and complete control of every aspect of our domestic and foreign policy. This leaves us free to lead the world in our own small way. We were not oppressed, delayed or hindered in the slightest when we became the first country to give women the vote, or when we refused to participate in the war in Iraq which the UK (reluctantly) sanctioned. We are as independent as we can get, and becoming a republic would not change this in the slightest.

Since the joining the EEC the UK may not be New Zealand's closest economic friend, but we still matter to them, and they to us. Far from being culturally enriched by severing our ties from the monarchy, becoming a republic would only deprive us of our cultural and historical foundation. Our shared history is not merely nostalgia for a bygone colonial era, but an intrinsic and inseparable part of our Kiwi identity. Cut off the UK, and we cut off a huge part of ourselves.

Yes, we are our own country with our own values, but Britain still matters, and for many of us, it was home not long ago. Let's continue to pay our respects to the country that gave us our existence, whilst maintaining our autonomy and doing things the Kiwi way.

– **Nathan Thomas**



You may be surprised to learn that I am secretly a monarchist (well, I guess it's not so secret now). Lefties are meant to be dyed-in-the-wool republicans (you know, taking on entrenched privilege and shit), and socialist parties like Labour* typically support cutting ties with ol' Lizzie and her wacky clan of symbolic oppressors.

Thing is, I find it too hard to care. I just can't get up in arms about the fact that, yes, the Governor-General is the Queen's representative and, yes, he has the power to dissolve Parliament, appoint the Prime Minister and veto laws without listening to the will of the people. But he doesn't do that, and never has. How many people even know who the current Governor-General is? It's Anand Satyanand (whoever that is), but it could be Darth Adolf von Stalin for all the difference it makes. Hell, I even had to Wikipedia it to be sure, and I study law and politics (poorly, as it turns out).

So the royals don't actually do anything, they're just...there. A bit like parsley. Of course, one could argue that if they don't do anything, then there's no harm in getting rid of them and becoming a republic, and that keeping them is simply an unwelcome reminder of an autocratic past (albeit one which no living person has actually experienced).

However, the royals *do* perform a function. In ancient tribes, totems and godheads were hailed as saviours, before eventually being vilified and undermined to make way for new objects of worship. Anthropologists believe that our attitudes towards public figures share many common characteristics with these totemic worshipping rites. Having a monarch with no real power as one's symbol of nationalistic obsession therefore makes a kind of sense. If the essentially irrational cycle of worship, vilification and renewed obsession with the novel is imposed on a powerless monarchy (Will and Kate appear primed to be the next sacrificial lambs), this allows a more objective assessment of those really in power, leading to a more effective democracy. Countries without a monarchy lack such an outlet: witness America's euphoric abandon and vicious, barely-articulated backlash against Obama, which more resembles a battle between cults than a functioning democracy.

This is borne out by the research I just did on Wikipedia carefully undertook with reputable sources. More effective scrutiny of government would logically entail lower levels of corruption, and on the Corruption Perceptions Index, 7 of the 10 least corrupt countries (including New Zealand) are constitutional monarchies with democratically-elected parliaments (the other 3 are republics). Further down the list, however, the composition changes – from places 11-30, there are 12 republics and only 6 constitutional monarchies. Pretty conclusive stuff. Now, where's my Pulitzer?

– Sam McChesney

*SARCASM, LOL.

The Eagle's LIBERTY101 Mid-Year Exam

Ah, the eaglets are growing up so fast. The Eagle is so proud of you all. Half a year of LIBERTY101 has just flown by, and now it's time for your mid-year exam. Don't worry, it's open-book, so you can check your textbooks (*On Liberty* and *Atlas Shrugged*). And it's multi-choice. You really have no excuse to fail, unless you're a socialist who doesn't understand liberty.

Q1: What is the only legitimate reason for having a government?

- A.** To take money away from some people and share it amongst the rest. **B.** To better protect life, liberty and property from harm by other people. **C.** To stop people from making immoral choices like drinking and gambling.

Q2: What is the full name of the Nazi Party?

- A.** German National Party. **B.** National Capitalist Party of Germany. **C.** National Socialist German Workers' Party.

Q3: What is the most liberal way to deal with race relations?

- A.** Eaglets of all colours should be equal under the law. **B.** Eaglets who are descended from Golden Eagles should get extra mice. **C.** Wedge-tailed Eaglets should be deported to Australia.

Q4: Should the government bail out failed companies?

- A.** Yes, MPs with Art History degrees know how to manage the economy. **B.** No, that's corporate welfare, and welfare is for socialists. **C.** Yes, we can't let businesses pay the price for gambling with high-risk investment strategies in the hope of making millions.

Q5: Pol Pot's regime killed over two million people. Which MP initially welcomed him with "Cambodia Liberated: Victory For Humanity"?

- A.** National MP Jacqui Dean. **B.** Labour MP Darren Hughes. **C.** Green MP Keith Locke

Answers: 1) B, 2) C, 3) A, 4) B, 5) C.

5 correct: Congratulations, you've made the Eagle proud. Fly free, young eaglet.

3-4 correct: You're halfway there. Keep trying; liberty is worth it.

0-2 correct: You're a socialist, not worthy of reading the Eagle's column. Be gone!

See you for LIBERTY102 next semester,

The Eagle

State of the Nation

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF NETANYAHU'S REFUSAL TO ACCEPT THE 1967 BORDER BETWEEN ISRAEL AND PALESTINE?

Taryn: I think they should go to the pre-67 borders, one state solution. **Malcolm:** It seems like he's hindering the peace process.

Rowan: I'm about open borders and secular religion. **Andre:** I support Israel coz Sarah Palin does. **Annalysse:** I guess it's better to have two separate states to keep the peace.

Do You Think Students Receive A Fair Portrayal In The Media?

Taryn: I believe it's largely inaccurate. **Malcolm:** No, they think we're all trouble-makers.

Rowan: I think Otago students are stereotyped and minority students aren't portrayed. **Andrew:** Yeah, I think generally we are listened to.

Annalysse: No, I don't think anyone really is.



Clockwise from left: Taryn, Malcolm and Rowan

Do You Think The Media Is Increasingly Sensational And Personality-based, Especially With Politicians?

Taryn: Hard out!!! **Malcolm:** It's far too exaggerated, John Campbell turns mole hills into mountains.

Rowan: Yeah, John Key is made to look like a hero, Hone Harawira is portrayed as uneducated. **Andrew:** Yeah, they over-emphasize things that will provoke an emotional response. **Annalysse:** Yeah, It isn't really a fair representation of issues as a whole.

What Do You Think Of The Highlanders' Change Of Colour?

Taryn: It is irrelevant to my life.

Malcolm: How is the change of

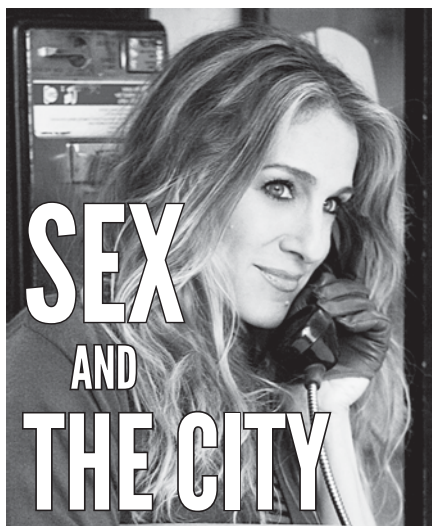
colour going to make them a better team? **Rowan:** It will make them more camouflaged in the green of the grass, so harder to tackle. **Andrew:** Stupid! Green's a horrible colour! **Annalysse:** It's not going to change how they play, it's a waste of money and supporters will still wear blue and gold...

Will you vote for a new OUSA president?

Taryn: Yes, Francisco! **Malcolm:** Yeah, possibly. **Rowan:** Yes, Fran and Free Shop! **Andrew:** No, I don't care about that stuff. **Annalysse:** No.



From left: Andrew, Annalysse



This column was originally intended to be a humorous list of the best public places to have sex in Dunedin, ushering my readership into a new era of fornication more exposed than Jennifer Aniston's nipples on the last few seasons of *Friends*. To this end, last weekend I took the selfless step of attempting some research on the topic. What followed was the earthly embodiment of everything that is wrong with sex in our city. Ever the pedagogue, I therefore offer you a handy Vice-style-but-not-really-because-Vice-is-lamer-than-whoever-spends-hours-

creating-pastel-chalk-murals-for-Student-Life-Lounge selection of Dos and Don'ts of Dunedin-style Drilling.

DON'T: Have a penis with a pronounced curve in it. Admittedly this is a purely hereditary affliction in the manner of curly hair (trust me - it's a disease), but just as for the frizzily endowed among us, I hear GHDs work a treat.

DON'T: Be unable to get it up for hours then finally get half-hard and insist on having sex with your by now utterly disinterested FFT (fuck for tonight) so she has to endure being penetrated (and I use the term loosely) by what feels like a particularly mushy peeled banana. The smelly, more-bruise-than-banana kind with lots of stringy bits that the mature student sitting next to you at the library inevitably begin languorously unpeeling, causing you to retch into the keyboard of your MacBook Pro (hopefully) or Dell Notebook (probably).

DON'T: Put up your results from first year law on your wall like a 5-year-old who just received his first ever award for Effort in Creative Writing. Particularly if you only got a B+.

DON'T: Stab painfully at your FFT's punani with a half-closed fist causing her to have eerie flashbacks to the prison-rape scene in

American History X.

DON'T: Respond with "Um, a girl who's up for anything?" when asked what your fantasies are, then be incapable of articulating precisely what you would do with this woman. Possibly because it would consist of the aforementioned rotten-banana-penetrache followed by prison-rape vag-stabbing followed by some cosy post-coital chat comparing your marks for LAWS101.

Well what do you know, they're all Don'ts. Dunedin - I love you. Well, sometimes. Once every couple of weeks, maybe. But there is something wrong with sex in this city. Please, don't be part of the problem, be part of the solution. Embrace your kinks (except the ones in your penis)! Stop simply occupying Vagistan and start nailing some Orgasma Bin Ladens! But always keep in mind one final tip, equally applicable in bed and in life:

DON'T underestimate the inherent vileness of humanity. From the vast reservoir of tragic-comedic dialogue dished up by that terrible Thursday, one particular nugget stands out:

"So, you're not going to, like, put this in your column are you?"

"Um, no."

— Mrs John Wilmot



Heidelberg

I'd imagine anyone who actually went through with the travelling I've advised would be pretty tired by now, and keen to head home for a nap. This is in no way a good idea. If you don't end up staying there for good, you at least owe yourself a decent visit to Heidelberg. Known for stealing people's hearts, Heidelberg is the sort of place which could very easily become your new, more exciting home.

Whether you want to take your hard-earned nap, to continue your studies or to keep travelling, this place is the ultimate base. It has a river far cleaner than the Leith, beside which you can join summer BBQ

parties and upon which there are ships which have been converted into nightclubs. If you're looking for a modern city, you'll feel right at home among the high-rises on the northern side of the river, while those looking to get into the medieval spirit(s) can surround themselves with buildings older than our country on the southern side. Regardless of who you are, what you do and which language(s) you speak, there is accommodation, a job (/uni course) and friends-to-be waiting for you there.

Heidelberg has no downsides. The housing is old but warm, the population is international yet holds on to traditions in a non-offensive way and the American army base is very hospitable towards drunken Kiwis who get lost and accidentally trespass there. If you shout abuse at a German in the street and throw a snowball at them, chances are they'll throw one back and you'll find yourself in a friendly snow-fight. If you want to get away from the amazing people (perhaps you'll find yourself too happy), you can head up to the castle overlooking the city, and sit on a big bench by a statue of Goethe to do some pondering while squirrels frolic around nearby and respectful tourists wander by.

From Heidelberg you have easy access to Germany's main airport, and you're only a short drive/train ride from France, Switzerland and Austria. Its cobblestone streets will have nothing to offer you but good memories and misplaced euro cents, and eventually you will lose your heart in Heidelberg - if you dare to hang up your travelling hat and stay.

— Bridget Gilchrist



Last week, *ODT* got a little lazy. The front pages of both Tuesday and Wednesday's paper contained almost exactly the same stories, both featuring pieces on cat torture and the green jersey saga. Meanwhile, national news on the South American drug scandal languished near the classifieds. Priorities *ODT*, priorities. The winter's setting in, so we'll forgive them.

Another example of *ODT*'s strange priority system was apparent in Tuesday's paper, where a story on a couple's sixtieth wedding anniversary featured on page 4. When asked how they did it, Mr Black says:

"Having a good cook is one of the secrets to a long and happy marriage."

Take note girls, you won't stay married if you can't cook. Luckily Mrs Black, who apparently spent much of the day preparing each meal, got takeaways for their diamond anniversary.

Not having to cook for family meant Mrs Black (formerly Duncan) could spend much of the day with her husband.

When you need a little exam procrastination in the coming weeks, just turn to the Letters page of *ODT*. Last week, an R. W. Fox referred to "pakeha" as a slang word, and an Ian Smith suggested Dunedin's own answer to the "Wellywood" sign (which apparently will promote Wellington as the "Gumboot Capital").

I suggest we clear the lower slopes of Saddle Hill pronto and lay out, in the correct order ready for standing upright, the letters of our own World Cup brand — "Dunnywood".

Dunedin: famous for long drops est 1848.

Or if that doesn't float your boat, try "The Wash", a delightful column on page 2. This week, an astounded Dave Cannan talks about how Dunedin is a city. Goodness gracious. What a commotion. Diggers, trucks and ambulances? We're practically New York.

Sounds like . . . a city

I WAS standing on the corner of Great King and Hanover Sts yesterday about 1.25pm when all this happened simultaneously: an ambulance roared past, siren wailing; a helicopter hovered on the landing pad on top of Dunedin Hospital; a large truck and trailer carrying a digger rumbled along Cumberland St; a man was jack-hammering in a hole on the same corner and, in the garden adjoining the children's pavilion, someone was mowing the lawns.

The biggest "LOL" of the week came not from *ODT* itself but from *ODT*'s sister newspaper *The Star*. According to an *ODT* news story, one Dunedin man featured twice in one issue of *The Star*; once with

his mugshot identifying him as a person of interest, and once in the party pics at a fundraiser. Ironically, his picture was under the headline "Training opportunities for the young".

ODT covered their sister paper's tracks by saying that "eagle-eyed readers" would have spotted the match up. *Critic* loves how, by implication, the editor of *The Star* is clearly not so "eagle eyed". Oh dear.



On Feminism

Many people don't feel comfortable subscribing to feminism, not so much because they disagree with gender equality, but because they never know what connotations other people will attach to the word.

A few things are clear. We are moving away from the strict gender roles that society used to dictate. In the Western world, women can achieve high-power jobs, wear pants, play sports and many consider their feelings and ideas as valid as men's. It has become more acceptable for men to experiment with clothes and make-up and to be emotional. We expect men to take responsibility for the sexism they exhibit.

However, total gender equality has clearly not, as of yet, been achieved. It's important to recognize this, but perhaps "feminism", with all its baggage and gender bias, is the wrong word. Maybe all we need is a change in vocabulary. I'll try "unisexism" instead.

Part of the solution lies in being aware of the disparities in the genders, and in recognising our own prejudices and actions for what they are. When you judge a girl for being a slut, starve yourself in order to feel validated (thus buying into the beauty myth that women need to be physically attractive in order to be valued), subconsciously consider the opinions of males more valid than those of females, judge a man for being "too emotional", talk about the opposite sex in a degrading way or blame rape victims for wearing promiscuous clothing, you are making a choice. Such choices are self-perpetuating; the more you make them, the more likely you are to continue doing so and the more they affect everyone else around you, thereby furthering gender inequality.

Unisexism should also be about laying aside pre-judgements and biases, looking at the facts and cutting back on the acrimony. The vast majority of letters I've received have been from angry feminists who didn't think I went far enough in my approach. Having learnt about the history of female oppression, many feminists are angry and understandably so. But this anger does absolutely nothing to further gender equality. It only alienates people from the cause and encourages them to consider it irrelevant. Conversely, many are too quick to disregard feminism as simply more of the same redundant and irritating discourse. For both men and women, feminism is the cool thing to diss.

The fact is, there are legitimate problems we should be facing up to. Ostensibly most people think men and women should be equal, so why is it something to be ashamed of? We should have enough confidence to not give a fuck about the things that don't matter. When you buy tampons at the supermarket, own it. If you're a man or a woman, don't try to live up to other people's standards of femininity (beauty, delicateness, stupidity, whatever), or masculinity (lack of emotion, derision towards feminism, etc). Be proud of your body. If you don't want to shave your legs or get a Brazilian, don't. The more that people understand and openly agree with feminism/unisexism, the more normalised these philosophies can become and the better off both genders will be.

— Kari Schmidt

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.

Charles

The hour drew nigh as I made my merry way to the tavern of Toaste Barre. Though my journey was long and arduous, I let neither bogle nor banshee nor goblin from the cave of UniColle prevent me from reaching my destination and sharing many a goblet of mead with my lady. The gods must have smiled upon me for they blessed me with fast passage, allowing me ample time to polish my armour before she arrived; a knight must look his best if he is to court a lady.

After being regaled by many a great fable from the tavern-keeper, I excused myself to “drain the dragon”, so to speak. I returned to find my lady waiting for me with the innkeeper. Ay, she was as beautiful as the kingdom of Albion on a warm summer’s morn; bards would write songs about her for years to come.

After the customary introductions, and the concoction of several potions and elixirs by the tavern-keeper, we retreated to a more comfortable nook, lit by the soft light of a lone torch on the cobblestone wall. Wanting to court this fine lady, yet not to bore her, I elected to withhold my fables of defeating the dragon of Angmoor, and slaying of the black beast of Aargghe, and instead regaled her with far more interesting details, such as that of my upbringing and my higher training at the Magisterium of Otagoe.

Not just a pretty face, I found much in common between this lovely baroness and I; we especially connected around our love for the Nordic art of skiing, and our mutual contempt for loathsome trolls on their snoeboards. Strangely enough, she knew many of the squires, knights, and barons that I knew, and we rejoiced in our newfound heritage.

After sharing many a great tale in Toaste Barre, the air grew stale with boredom, and we retreated together to the Italian inn of Di Lusso, where we might continue our endeavours. After sharing several more goblets at the inn, the cold nor’ winds finally got the better of us, and after gifting me the number for her magical letter machine, she made haste back to her castle, leaving me to journey home once more, my armour clanking all the way.

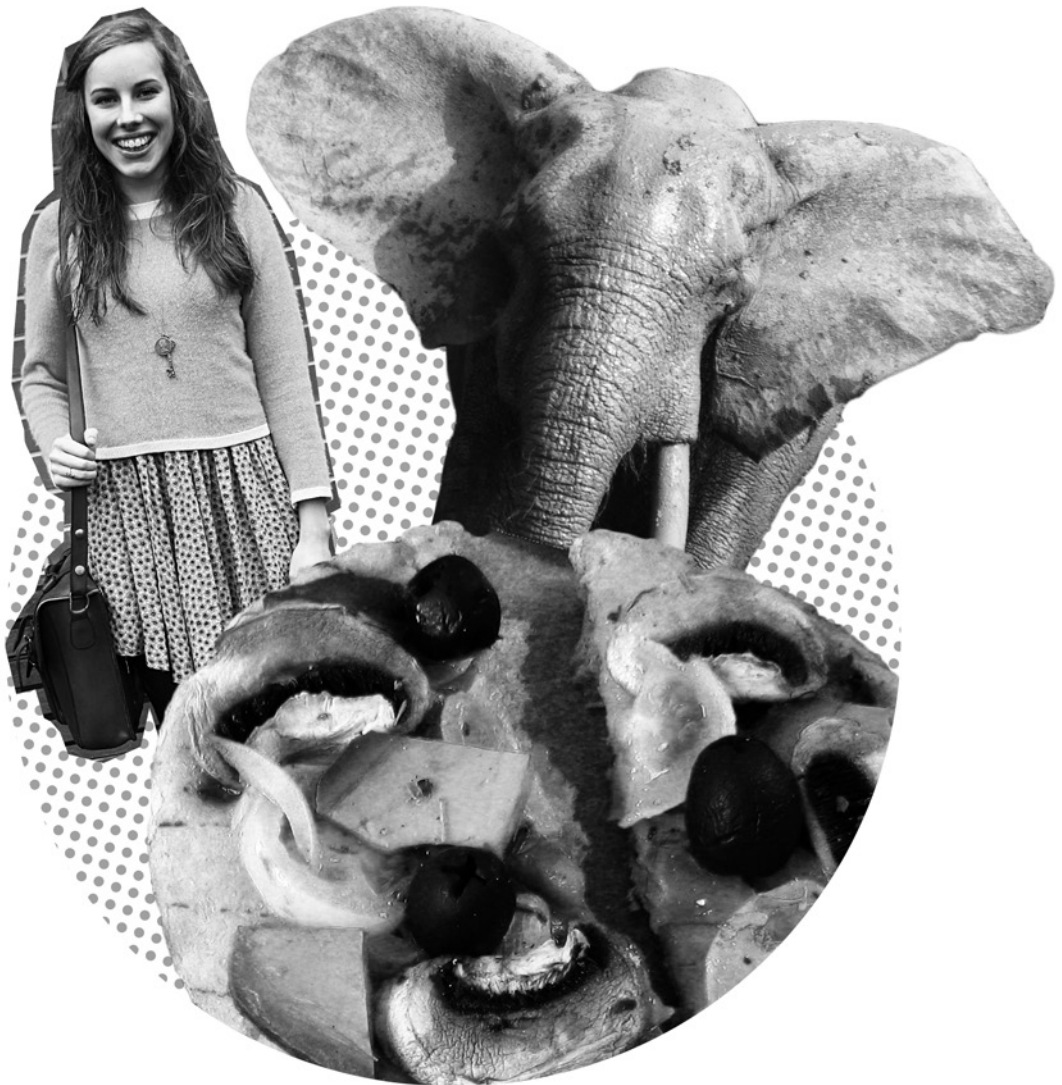
Diana

And so it began. After a hard day of Facebook stalking at the library, I proceeded to Castle Street for the evening where I consumed six “Cindy’s” and countless beer bong. Pulling myself together, I ventured to Toast, fashionably late of course. On entry I scanned the room, which was occupied by about ten patrons (seven of which were in fact my friends, unbeknown to my date.) I perched myself at the bar and chatted to the bar tender about my misdemeanours of the previous weekend.

Out of nowhere my Leonardo DiCaprio appeared. His attire consisted of a pressed dress shirt (expensive looking) tucked in to well-fitted dress pants, groomed hair perfectly placed where it was intended to be and a cheeky smile to match. Awkwardly we introduced ourselves. He seemed rather relieved I was actually female. With him unaware of the observations happening behind us, I suggested we proceed to the sleazy booth to continue conversation. Much of our conversation consisted of subjects that exceeded my intelligence, but I somehow managed to make out I knew what I was talking about. We found we were both from the same region and to my horror he was familiar with some people I too am accustomed with.

Sucking back my drink, I suggested we go elsewhere because the lolly water we were being provided with had run out. We had a few lines of blow off the toilet seat and advanced into the tropical Dunedin night. Being familiar with Dunedin and all its finest, I introduced him to Di Lusso. Time was ticking and I had my booty call calling me so we called it a night.

Review



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Michaela Cox: *Nightgarden* *Blue Oyster Project Space*

Climbing a wiry staircase, through a seemingly enchanted garden, one walks into the Temple Gallery. A former synagogue, Temple Gallery has a feeling of spirituality. This sensation is furthered by Michaela Cox's romantic and mythical works in her current exhibition, *Nightgarden*. Christchurch-based photographer Michaela Cox was a finalist for the prestigious James Wallace award in 2006 and is currently completing a Master of Fine Arts.

Nightgarden is series of pigment prints which highlight the majestic and sometimes unnerving beauty of birds. Each contains delicately crafted *mise-en-scenes* starring native birds such as tui and kokako either emerging from or encircled by blooming hydrangeas and other such plants. The birds in *Nightgarden* loom and confront the viewer, as though their beady eyes have been fixed upon you from the moment you entered.

The most striking of Cox's work is *Untitled*, in which the background consists of overgrown hydrangeas rising into an ominous forest. Carefully cut-out fragments of gold wallpaper, somewhat reminiscent of the Russian coat of arms, are arranged and moulded into an elegant shape on top. The layers are tactile, and use bold, regal contrasting colours. What is particularly striking about Cox's work is the depth which these images portray. It's as though one becomes totally immersed inside a forest, gentle shards of light trickling through a dense canopy to reveal the life featured within each. These beams of sharp light enrich each of these scenes, instilling them with a sense of energy.

Justin Spiers: *Castleland* *Blue Oyster Project Space*

With the potential to both repel and capture the viewer, Justin Spiers' photographs in his *Castleland* exhibition enable the viewer to feel as though they are sneaking into and infiltrating an array of fortresses. *Castleland* is formulated around the purpose of a castle; to deter those on the outside and protect those on the inside. The exhibition consists of a video installation of an abandoned Australian theme park and eighteen photos of castles, ranging from a Chinese theme park to Dunedin's Larnach Castle. *Castleland* highlights the dichotomy between castles (both imaginary and real or "traditional") and contemporary domestic spaces, that are often equipped with digital and infrared surveillance equipment. In each image, there is a foreboding sense of enclosure and repulsion, an idea which playfully subverts the fairy tale ideal of a "castle".

In *Skeleton (China)* (2010) the emaciated bones of a decimated castle continue to dominate a barren Chinese landscape. Despite its cadaverous exterior, it possesses a mysterious enchantment that draws the eye's gaze, causing one to scour the picture plane in search of any hidden dangers. *Because it was hopeless, I turned my face towards you and let you colour my skin* (2010) features a decrepit and defaced castle, which is eerily disquieting. It's as though the castle's darkened and forgotten walls are watching you. With the word "Nazi" and a poorly rendered swastika defacing the castle, it exudes a sinister quality, beckoning the curious eye to enter. As though one is wearing night vision goggles, *I fall into you* (2011) allows the viewer to feel as though they are in a Special Ops unit about to infiltrate a carefully guarded fortress.

Also recently opened at the Blue Oyster is *Storage Systems* by Margaret Feeney, and Ro Bradshaw's *Please God, let me children grow and live happily ever after*.

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The Wizard of Gore (1970)

Director: Herschell Gordon Lewis

Starring: Ray Sager, Judy Cler, Wayne Ratay

I first came across *The Wizard of Gore* when it was mentioned in the movie *Juno* and I decided I needed to know more. Could this be the goriest movie ever? I intended to find out.

The premise is pretty straightforward; magician Montag the Magnificent runs a magic show with a bit of a difference. His specialty is mutilation, or what would appear to be mutilation. As in any other magic show, a lovely volunteer is selected from the audience to come and partake in an "illusion", but Montag's girls are not volunteers; he hypnotises them and then in a trance-like state they offer themselves up to the magician.

Throughout the course of the movie, Montag's selection of girls are chain-sawed in half, stabbed with a punch press, hammered in the head with a metal spike and have their throats sliced and diced in a double sword swallowing act. In the middle of the butchery Montag forages through the blood, entrails and brains, revelling in his handywork. Then with a wave of his hands all order is restored, everyone claps and the girl is sent on her merry way.

A fun night out for all, until after the show when the volunteers suffer horrific injuries, exactly the same as those inflicted on them during the show. How mysterious. Local TV talkshow host Sherry and her boyfriend Jack attempt to get to the bottom of the killings. Sherry thinks it'll be a top idea to get Montag on her show to do some tricks for her television audience. But how will she cope when Montag tries to hypnotise her entire viewing audience into killing themselves?

Realism isn't a strong point of this film; even though real sheep's guts are used for the "action" sequences, it is quite clear they are coming out of a mannequin and not a person. But if you can suspend your disbelief then you'll cope with that. You probably won't cope with the terrible script/plot/acting but it's all worth it for the "twist" ending. Jokes; the ending is shit and confusing.

— Ben Blakely

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Morbid curiosity and a long time obsession with the film *Heavenly Creatures* lured me to Rialto to see this documentary about the Parker-Hulme murder case of 1954. A film with the potential to be a fascinating exploration of this dark stain on New Zealand's past unfortunately turned out to be an amateur cringe-fest of a documentary.

In case you missed out on the "crazy shit that has happened in New Zealand" part of your education, Pauline Parker and Juliet Hulme were two teenage girls from Christchurch who were charged with murder after killing Pauline's mother. Murder weapon = a brick inside a stocking. Intrigued? If you haven't seen it already, grab a copy of *Heavenly Creatures*.

Although this documentary had an interesting story to tell, it suffered at the hands of incompetent filmmakers. At times I found myself thinking, "Oh my God, my dog would be capable of better editing than these people." Perhaps an exaggeration, but the editing was very clumsy. There seemed to be only one photo of Pauline and Juliet which was zoomed in on over and over and over again. Soooo repetitive. I actually fell asleep at one stage. Admittedly I may have been tired, but the film screened at 5.50pm; I probably should have been able to keep my eyes open.

Apart from the terrible production value, the film's major downfall was the lack of worthwhile footage. Hang on a minute – isn't this what documentaries are supposed to be made of? The filmmakers hadn't sourced any historical footage and there were no interviews with anyone who had been directly involved with the case. The filmmakers were really scraping the bottom of the barrel. Among others, interview subjects included those with the illustrious titles of "philosopher", "researcher" and "counsellor" giving their two cents on what they thought about the girls. The most thought-provoking interviews were centred on the issue of the supposed lesbian relationship between the girls, and an examination of homosexuality in the historical context.

The verdict: a bit crap, but if you are a *Heavenly Creatures* fan or just like weird shit, it is worth a watch if you can bear the tediousness of a badly-made film.

– Sarah Baillie



Disclaimer: If you haven't watched the *The Hangover* (2009), go and do so before reading this.

With *The Hangover* earning more than \$467 million worldwide – the top grossing R-rated comedy of all time – it was no surprise that director Todd Phillips didn't want to mess with success. So, *The Hangover II* mimics its predecessor almost identically, except with an obvious difference; its backdrop of South East Asia's version of Sin City, Bangkok, "Thailand".

It is no surprise that the movie picks up where it left off two years earlier, except this time it's dentist Stu who's about to tie the knot with his Thai partner Lauren. Despite ultra-cautious Stu's best intentions, history nevertheless repeats itself. After a "harmless seaside toast" to the groom, things go terribly wrong and the "Wolfpack" have to retrace their steps from the night before, which landed them in a fleabag Bangkok Hotel alongside a chain-smoking capuchin monkey.

Surprisingly, *The Hangover Part II* is far from the letdown I was expecting after the success of its Las Vegas counterpart. The film must be commended for its foul-mouthed willingness to cross the line again and again. When we see the expected appearance of one of Bangkok's most infamous exports, namely, um, she-males, it is in such an outrageously evocative way that very few would see it, cough, coming. Combined with the sleazy drug-slammed criminal Mr. Cheow (whose introduction in the sequel literally needs to be seen to be believed), and the film's general air of vulgar hilarity, it's sure to trigger most people's pubescent funny-bone.

The film's star performance comes once again from Zach Galifianakis as Alan, who steals every scene he is in. Despite all his insanely inappropriate comments (some left me cringing in my seat in horror), his character somehow gets even more ridiculous than when we left last time.

Overall, *The Hangover Part II* doesn't trigger as much deep or spontaneous laughter as the raucous original, but with these familiar characters back for another ride, it was certainly not going to be a disappointment. The result is much like visiting Thailand: amidst all the possibility of disease, I would still go – just to say that I have been.

– Nick Hornstein





Prior to viewing this film, I was impressed by its grassroots origins; it was shot over 5 weeks with a crew of 12, a cast of 100, in 35 different locations, on a cash budget of less than \$40,000 and self-distributed to 47 screens around the country. I am very supportive of this type of sustainable New Zealand film-making, which probably explained why I was viewing it on the tiny upstairs screen by myself in Rialto at 1.45pm.

Hook, Line and Sinker follows the character of PJ (Rangimoana Taylor), his family and friends. PJ represents the quintessential New Zealand “working man” and the film revolves around his struggle with the realisation that he may be going blind and how this affects those around him.

His identity and self-worth is damaged when he can no longer be a truck driver (as he has been for the past 35 years) and therefore provide for his family. I personally was surprised by his irrational and melodramatic reaction to the news, but maybe I just can’t understand this level of male pride.

Perhaps this stood in the way of my ability to relate to PJ’s character, as throughout the film I found myself becoming slightly irritated by him and sympathising more with his partner Ronnie (Carmel McGlone). It is rare in film nowadays to see romance between an older couple, and these two had an oddly compelling chemistry which I felt was emphasised by McGlone’s stand-out performance.

I dislike spontaneous singing in movies, and this was no exception. I also found the style of humour and some of the dialogue vaguely cheesy and forced. I really can’t say that I fell in love with any of the characters, as it appeared I should.

This type of film is probably best marketed to a slightly older generation and its style, refreshingly humble and “Kiwi”, also had a certain warmth. The cinematography was the most appealing element of the film, as the camera work had a distinctly original and invasive style, which served to emphasise the characters’ humanity. I had distinct moments of both empathy and distaste for this depiction of New Zealand life.

– Michaela Hunter



When a movie screens at 4pm every day during the week with no alternative, it’s a fairly safe bet that the average age of the target market is somewhere between 7 and 14. *Hoodwinked Too: Hood vs. Evil* fits this model perfectly. It had everything a modern animated fairytale requires: witches, explosions, an unlikely heroine, toilet humor, a side-story following a disconnected, often small, random animal and numerous references to every traditional fairy tale under the sun.

The sequel to *Hoodwinked* opens with Red honing her happy-ending, developing fighting skills with the Sisters of the Hood. The sisterhood, with a master who is a cross between Whoopi Goldberg and Yoda, its ninja-granny inspired statues and interesting fighting techniques involving kitchen implements, is one of the highlights of the film. Red’s training is cut short after she is contacted by Nicky Flipper, an extraordinarily lanky and well-dressed frog and the head of HEA (Happily Ever After); think the CIA, fairy tale style. A wicked witch has abducted two innocent children as well as Granny, an HEA agent, and Red’s help is required. Red reunites with Wolf to undertake the rescue mission and ensure a happy ending.

The film does well at incorporating in unique ways characters and locations from all the traditional, and some not so traditional, tales. The three little pigs make an appearance, complete with their typical idiocy, gas masks and a bazooka. The giant and his beanstalk come to the party as casino-running gangsters and the witches’ lair shares a striking similarity with Sauron’s tower.

However, as is typical with sequels, the film did not quite live up to its predecessor. The humor was a bit forced, with a pun a minute replacing the wit of the first film. Apart from the central twist, the story was a bit lacklustre, focusing a bit too heavily on Red’s inner turmoil, Red and Wolf’s stormy friendship, and a social commentary on child obesity, instead of developing a good solid mystery. If you need a film to take your little cousin to, then *Hoodwinked Too* will be sure to entertain you both for an hour, but otherwise wait for the DVD and a hangover.

– Madeleine Wright



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Hangman – *Sampler CD*



Otherwise untitled, this 6-track sample album from Auckland quartet Hangman attempts to pick up from where other funk-rock groups left off. The hip-hop vocals are reminiscent of Zack de la Rocha of Rage Against The Machine. The Red Hot Chili Pepper-style basslines are faintly catchy, and the pornographic wah-wah scratching could even be compared to Kyuss' frothier moments, but that's a generous analogy. The lyrics can be fair and are politically charged (another nod to Rage). The songs vary enough as they plod along, the home production is unhindered, but the problem with these six tunes lies elsewhere.

Despite only being 22 minutes long and utilising a range of approaches, from sex-funk to a punky closer, after repeated listens the whole thing remains a forgettable blur. Everything is executed so predictably and soullessly, giving off zero excitement or emotion throughout. The vocalist raps off couplets like "your opinions, they matter" and something about "the rich get fatter", expecting us to nod along deliriously to these pseudo-political soundbytes, but instead I was left with a sense of total detachment. Do they actually even care about what they're singing about? And don't just start shouting "BREAK!" over the top of all of this, that doesn't disguise a thing.

This CD sounds as if the band went through a list of other groups they liked and mimicked every aspect of them in turn, hoping all of these elements would magically fall into place and create something comparable.

– *Range Against The Machine*-style vocals? Check.

– *Relentless funk* basslines? Check.

– *Driving guitars*? Check.

– *Disjointed, down-with-oppression lyrics that encourage drunken cheering and a sense of empathy*? Check.

But what is the adhesive that usually holds these bricks together? A little soul.

– **Basti Menkes**



.....

Review **Art** Editor Hana Aoake

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES ST

The art of going over: VS

THE ARTISTS ROOM 2 DOWLING ST

Paperworks: V11

BLUE OYSTER PROJECT SPACE 24B MORAY PLACE

Storage Systems: Margaret Feeney. *Please God, let my children grow and live happily ever after:* Ro Bradshaw. *Castleland:* Justin Spiers

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY 5 DOWLING ST

Frances Hodgkins

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

Beloved: various. *Seat assignment:* Nina Katchadourian. *Te Putahi-tanga a Rehua:* Reuben Paterson. *A la mode:* Early 19th century fashion plates. *Radiant Matter part II:* Dane Mitchell. *Nollywood:* Pieter Hugo. *Fractus:* Jeena Shin

DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY, 19 RIEGO ST

Kahuwai: Amber Brigman. Talk: Jamie Hanton – The Curatorial Hand (Thursday June 9, 12.15 - 1.15, P152)

HOCKEN GALLERY 90 ANZAC AVE

Honey in the rock: Joanna Langford

MILFORD GALLERY 18 DOWLING ST

Peata Larkin: *Encoded whale*. Andy Leleisi'uao's: *The World of Erodipolis*

MODAKS CAFE 337-339 GEORGE ST

Mark Currie and Jackie Milford

MONUMENTAL GALLERY 7 ANZAC AVE

Fabrication: Sandra Thomson

NONE GALLERY 24 STAFFORD ST

Predilection

RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART ST

Money we can't use here: Motoko Kikkiawa

TANGENTE CAFE 111 MORAY PLACE

Georgie Peter



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Chickstock

With the common perception that music relies on alcohol for success (both for performance and paycheques), Chickstock - an all ages, nonprofit event run for local high school acts - proved refreshingly naïve. Organised by the dedicated Jessica Young, under the guise of the Chicks Project, with ten local high school acts in combination with three more seasoned performers, the free event was a joy to attend. With the high school acts' eager to perform, and an even more receptive audience (after a little encouragement), their enthusiasm for live music in any and all forms was not lost on some older heads in attendance. With noisy heavily Nirvana-influenced The Suds showing particular promise, the future of Dunedin music looks to be in passionate hands if Chickstock is any indication.



Photos by Daniel Alexander



VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

thur 9/6 **The Church Dunedin, Dundas St:** The Black Rock Coffin Makers, Hunting Bears, The Tommy Gunners and The Cacafogos
\$5 doors from 7.30pm.

fri 10/6 **Chicks Hotel: Bluestone**
Five-piece red-hot blues, R&B, soul and rock. \$5.
ReFuel: Three Man Wolf Pack
Feat. Two Cartons, Gibbon, & special guests. \$5 on the door.

sat 11/6 **XII Below: Idiot Prayer Auckland Fundraiser**
w/ Alizarin Lizard. 10pm.

FUTURE GIGS:
Revolver, Queenstown: New Dub City Sound are set to release their debut album Home, a fresh mash up of dub, reggae, hip hop and trip hop. They play 3 nights at Revolver, Queenstown, from Thursday June 30 – Saturday July 2. Entry is free.



1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



Looking swell while studying up a storm

Our writers offer a male and female perspective on study style, or lack thereof.

Femme

Exams + fashion. Not a wholly happy combination. In fact, a damn hard equation to nut out. Exams are the fatal bogan blow to fashion, reducing even the most elegant to debased forms of style.

One great style for the study period is the maxi dress. That luscious flowing fabric is great for hiding gnarly looking tights underneath. Perhaps they could prove a secret weapon to exam success.

When it comes to me, and my library garb, I'm in the same dress/tights combo. Day three. Smell horrendous. Don't care. Chained to the assignment from hell. Pretend I am corporate exec style vixen in centrally-heated office in downtown NY. Reality check. Am reduced to puffer-jacket tellytubby monster, greasy to the core. Tea cosy does the trick quite nicely though. Vintage-wool-crochet-chic. Any inkling of sartorial flair out the eight floor window.

Hello holidays, and some redemption time.

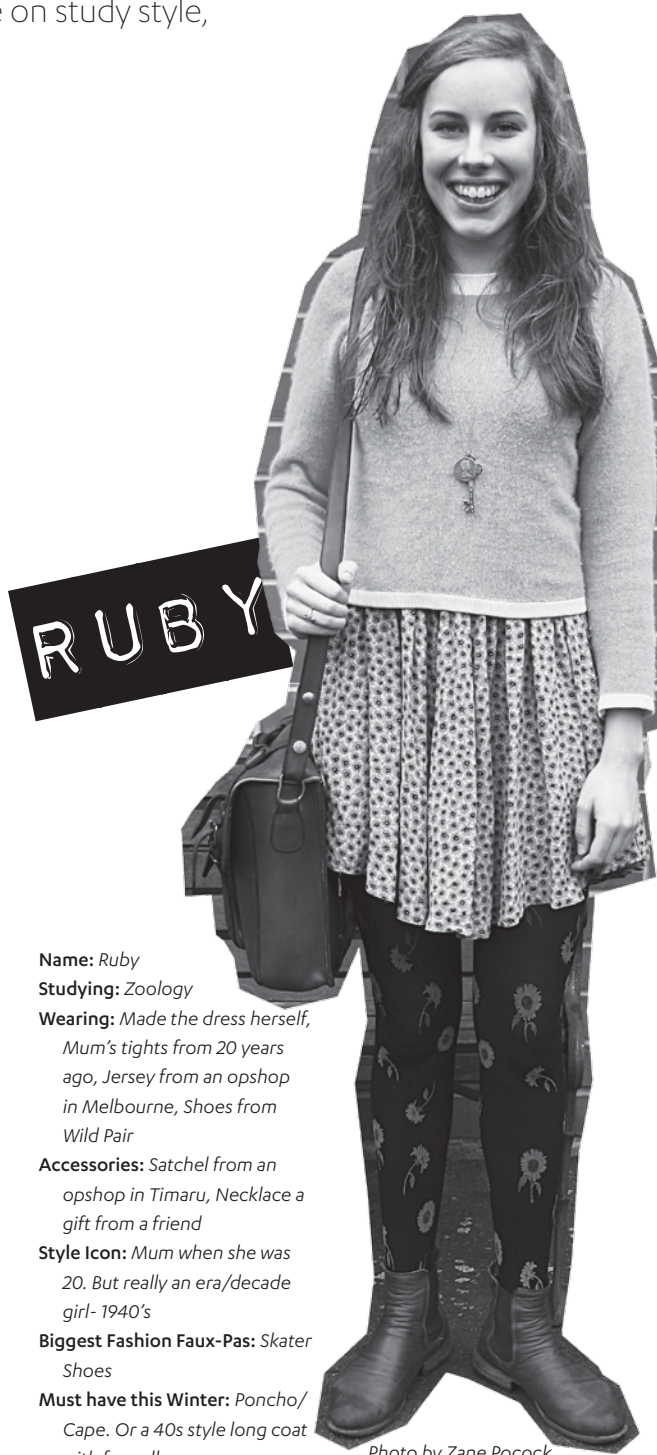
Homme

Though apathy does ensue, around exam time the only thing worse is dressing up to go to the library. Blonde law/commerce girls with layers of foundation and the latest Karen Walker jewellery are among the worst offenders.

You can actually rank the libraries on how excessively people dress up in this order: Law, Central, Med, Science. If you genuinely don't give a shit, then your best bet is the "Sci Lib" to avoid the judgement of your shallow peers for wearing *gasp* slippers and track pants INSIDE when the purpose is to study, not look good.

Checking people out at the library is a classic procrastination technique but recently it's turned into an arms race. More makeup, trendier trousers, more "vintage" sweaters. It's almost as if getting noticed on CutieSpotter in Central is the only thing that will boost their self-esteem.

I don't understand this whole phenomenon. People don't care what you look like. It's good not to care. If only people were less self-conscious for the rest of the year too.



Name: Ruby

Studying: Zoology

Wearing: Made the dress herself, Mum's tights from 20 years ago, Jersey from an opshop in Melbourne, Shoes from Wild Pair

Accessories: Satchel from an opshop in Timaru, Necklace a gift from a friend

Style Icon: Mum when she was 20. But really an era/decade girl- 1940's

Biggest Fashion Faux-Pas: Skater Shoes

Must have this Winter: Poncho/ Cape. Or a 40s style long coat with fur collar...

Photo by Zane Pocock

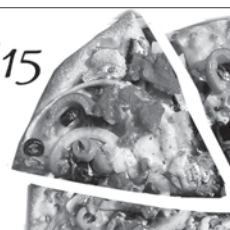


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Firefly Hero



Platforms: iOS

Trute? Flumpet, maybe? In any case, It's irrelevant what I call the solo, synthesized instrument, of brassy and fluty timbre, that provides the musical context for *Firefly Hero*. Just like the game's visual style, fundamental mechanics and 'story', it is as simple and effective as is befitting an iPod touch title that costs about as much as six or seven slices of sandwich loaf. Because insanely affordable distractions are totally what I need right now.

Firefly Hero follows the *Angry Birds* formula, a set of design choices sure to make any iPod Touch/iPhone game successful. A hyper-simple fundamental concept isn't enough on its own; it has to be one that snuggles perfectly into the touch screen interface. At this, *Firefly Hero* succeeds. As the player, your job is to switch on lights, which your firefly makes a fly-line for. Tapping another light part way through the journey switches the power to the new luminescent source, changing the course of the insect. As you might imagine,

some devilishly clever (and devilishly devilish) angles on that simple puzzle solving tool are present in the game's 75 levels.

The second starchy, structural ingredient in *Angry Bird's* recipe for success is the star ratings that can be gained for each individual level. It's all about the player being able to invest as much, or as little, of themselves into the game so that there is literally no mood in which they would not enjoy it at least a wee bit. In *Firefly Hero*, a particularly pretty shooting star has attracted its non-shooting companions, and lured them down into a forest on Earth, leaving you to collect them all. An individual level must be completed by collecting all the stars, but it is your choice how many light-taps you use. There is no limit – so a tired player could complete levels lazily tapping whenever the mood struck him, while a perfectionist might not move on until he had firmly secured the golden-leaf.

To-Fu: The Trials of Chi



Platforms: iOS

You're a simple block of tofu. The ninjutsu discipline to which you are totally dedicated does not look kindly on the superficial practises of faux-meat meals: such as the tofurkey or the toficken. Humbleness is of utmost importance, as represented by the simple red headband.

Aside from the laziness of any sort of vaguely ninja-ish-but-without-much-effort aesthetic, *To-Fu: The Trials of Chi* has other odd issues with its presentation. Why is your \$12 worth of tofu, along with several of the items you pick up, rendered in rough, pixelated 3D against the 2D background? I suppose it's so they could make the foodstuff do a slightly twee, mildly racist bow at the beginning of each level. But not only can 2D graphics look gorgeous (look to, you know, cartoons), they also seem to be the way to get the most mileage out of the limited iOS horsepower.

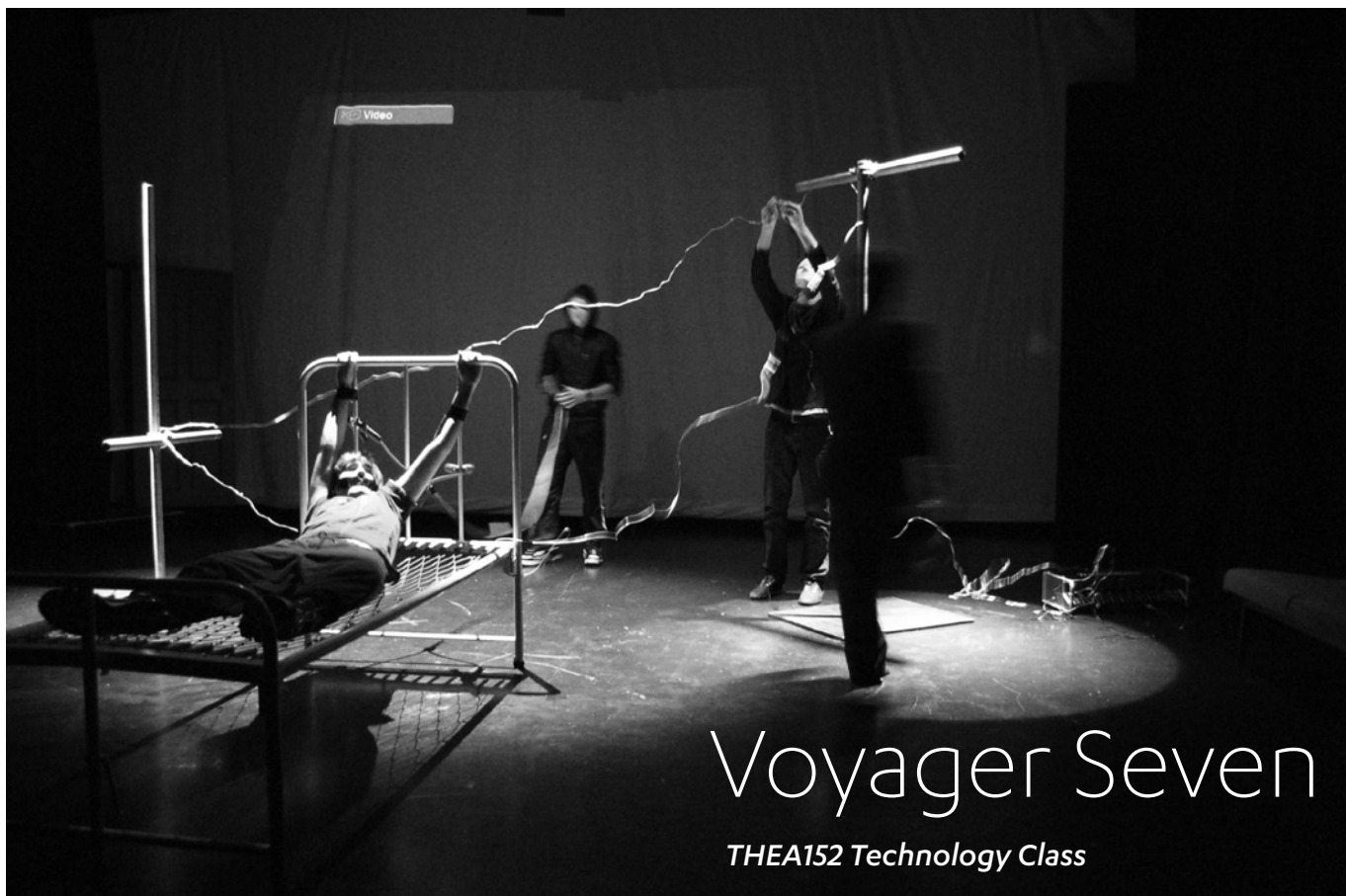
The level design is fundamentally pretty good, evolving in exactly the kind of learning curve I appreciate, like a good teacher slowly increasing the tension of competing skill sets in your brain. The trouble is that it perhaps isn't conducive to the micro-gaming strategy of its classmates. The great thing about *Angry Birds* is that aiming a slingshot is one motion, lasting milliseconds. You can literally open the game, take one shot, fail without penalty or succeed and experience an acute joy-injection, and then go back to whatever meaningless doodaa happened to be occupying you - all in less than a quarter of a minute. Conversely, *To-Fu* has you spending a little too much time stuck to moving platforms which would be fine in a more involving title, but the simple mechanics aren't quite sufficient to occupy you here.

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Voyager Seven

THEA152 Technology Class

The point of the “Voyager” assignments is to get the THEA152 students to work together and create a show displaying all of the skills they have learnt over the past semester. Sometimes these shows can be technological but dull. Sometimes they can be exciting but not very technological. Today’s show was both technological and exciting. These shows usually require some level of audience participation (which I intrinsically dread) and *Voyager Seven* was by no means an exception.

The premise of the show was that we, the audience, were beginning to watch a play about love, that is until some masked figures hi-jacked the show, taking the cast and crew hostage. We had to perform a series of tasks and answer a number of riddles to ensure all the hostages got to live à la the seven *Saw* movies.

This is where the audience participation came in, and yes, I did participate and my experience of the show was all the better for it (my heart was even racing at points). This is a *Voyager* I enjoyed more than

most. The riddles were challenging yet (sometimes) achievable and although we lost a couple of hostages early on, we did manage to save some too.

The special effects were pretty good, I enjoyed the “electrocution” lights and I particularly enjoyed the use of live camera feeds. Unfortunately the acting was a little iffy but that is almost beside the point, and Tom Williams did make an adorable doting groom. It was great the way you could see the hostages upstairs suffocating and hear them yelling and banging above us at the same time. Everything seemed well thought out. Except the use of the “red door”, that was annoying.

Although the show did depend entirely on audience participation, the booming voiceover (or criminal mastermind) created an environment in which you couldn’t but participate. I’m glad I did participate and get involved. Top job kids, it was really enjoyable.





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Study Comfort Food

Thanks to everyone who contributed recipes this semester. I hope volunteers and readers have a very merry exam season and a happy winter break. Baking/cooking/eating is an amazing procrastination technique during exams and this week **Johanna Tonnon** and **Susie Kriebel** bring you some brilliant suggestions for exam season comfort food.

Pita Pizzas

By Johanna Tonnon



These are fun to make with flatmates or friends. I've found that pita breads make for great pizza bases, and if you choose the regular pita breads the pizzas will be mini sized, so you can individualise each one. That's definitely a plus for me, since the toppings I find most delectable (olives, mushrooms, avocado, capsicum, eggplant, random veggie combos) seem to be the ones most demonstrated by friends. While I have not yet found a veggie, fruit, or other plant-food I don't like, I don't expect everyone else to be quite so enthusiastic.

You will need: some small round pita breads, some pizza sauce or tomato puree, and obviously some toppings. Choose whatever toppings you like or have available. Be adventurous – not every pizza has to consist of pineapple, ham and cheese. A café on George Street I went to one weekend had a pizza consisting primarily of roast veggies. Super cool.

Turn the oven on to about 220C. To soften the pita breads put them in the microwave for about 35 seconds. Add the sauce, and pile on your toppings. Put in the oven until everything's cooked just nicely and your pita bases are crispy on the bottom.

Pita pizzas go really well with a side of pumpkin soup or homemade kumara wedges. A glass of sav adds a nice touch too.

Butterscotch Self-Saucing Pudding

By Susie Kriebel

This recipe is perfect for these increasingly chilly Dunedin evenings. Serves 5 (or 3 on a particularly cold night).

Pudding:

2 cups flour
2 ½tsp baking powder
1 ¼ cups brown sugar
1tsp salt
100g butter- melted
1 cup milk

Sauce:

4tbsp golden syrup
3 cups boiling water
50g butter

Mix all the pudding ingredients together until just mixed and transfer to a large oven dish. Melt all the sauce ingredients in a saucepan and mix thoroughly. Pour straight on top of the pudding over a large spoon to prevent indents in the sponge, and place carefully in a 180°C oven. Bake for forty minutes or so until the sponge has risen above the sauce and is golden and thickly sauced. Eat steaming hot with cream for maximum taste or just by itself.



The Church

50 Dundas St, beside Alhambra field.

Prices: Flat White: \$4, Long Black: \$3, Mocha: \$4

Why I came here: After hearing everything from rave reviews to disturbing diatribes I thought it was time to provide my own verdict.

Atmosphere: One word: awkward.

Service: The three guys working at The Church stared at us shamelessly the entire time, almost as if to say "what are you doing here?!" and despite our being the only people there, the coffees took a while to arrive.

Food: Our appetites were quickly non-existent after we walked in and were hit by the pungent smell of vinegar. Even though there wasn't any cabinet food available, if we'd had the option we would have refrained.

Overall: What a shocker. As soon as we arrived we wanted to be out of there ASAP. However, I was determined to give The Church a full fair test, especially because my (clearly delusional) flatmate rates their coffee highly. Although pretty from the outside, it felt "scungy" and was rather messy inside. Despite being drinkable, the coffee reminded me of the lukewarm Milo I used to drink in first year. Regardless, it was the vinegar stench which really hit us hard. After ordering, we quickly changed our coffees to take-away. We left regretting our visit and vowing never to return.

– Pippa Schaffler



DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY

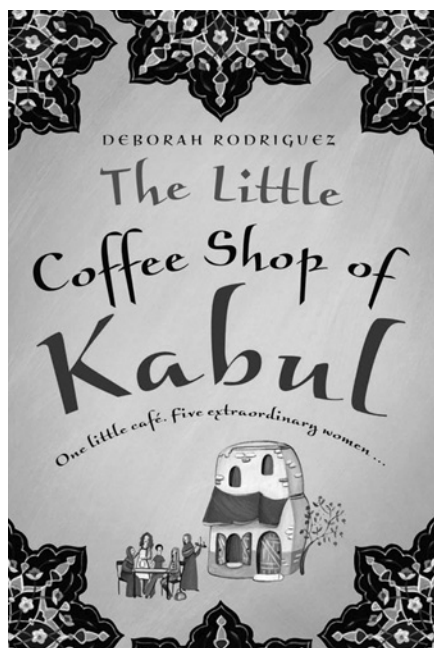
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The Little Coffee Shop of Kabul

Deborah Rodriguez



I will admit it from the outset; I didn't finish this book. It looked like a light, easy read, probably about women with troubles finding friendship. My first mistake was to browse the back. A quote caught my eye: "as if Maeve Binchy had written *The Kite Runner*". Thank Allah she didn't, I thought, and began to read. But I couldn't get the comparison out of my head. *The Kite Runner* is an amazing book that I will nonetheless probably never read again, because it broke my heart several times. *The Little Coffee Shop of Kabul's* only point of comparison seems to be the country in which it is set. It begins with an American woman who has inexplicably moved from the comfort of Southern small-town life and set up a coffee shop in a war-ravaged country where it is not safe for her to walk alone (she does anyway, of course). She saves a poor, pregnant, rural woman from a grisly fate and impresses the natives with her colour TV. Various other characters are clumsily introduced, then ignored for a couple of chapters, then just when you've forgotten about them, they reappear – in the coffee shop. The limitations and problems one faces in a country still reeling from recent conflicts are touched on, but discussed in an almost nonchalant way. It was as if they were only there to set the scene rather than as a serious and thought-provoking issue for either the characters or the reader.

I began doubting that the author had in fact BEEN to Afghanistan. The book seemed well researched; she got names right and seemed to have an idea of religion and customs. But it felt more like she had a romanticised idea of

what it must be like to live in such a foreign, strange place, cramming Afghan-isms and references to goats into every second sentence to make it "authentic". This instead only highlighted the cheesiness of the characters and their relationships, which were shallow and poorly expressed.

Skipping to the "interview with the author" at the back, I found a different story.

She lived in Afghanistan for 5 years, give or take, where she (for reals) set up a beauty school for Afghan women who were just hopelessly inept at hairdressing. At some point she found out that her husband already had a wife, there are rumours of kidnap and extortion, and she eventually fled the country and returned to a now strangely empty life back in the US. All of this is no doubt explained at length in her memoir, *The Kabul Beauty School*, which I expect is much more interesting and realistic than her novel.

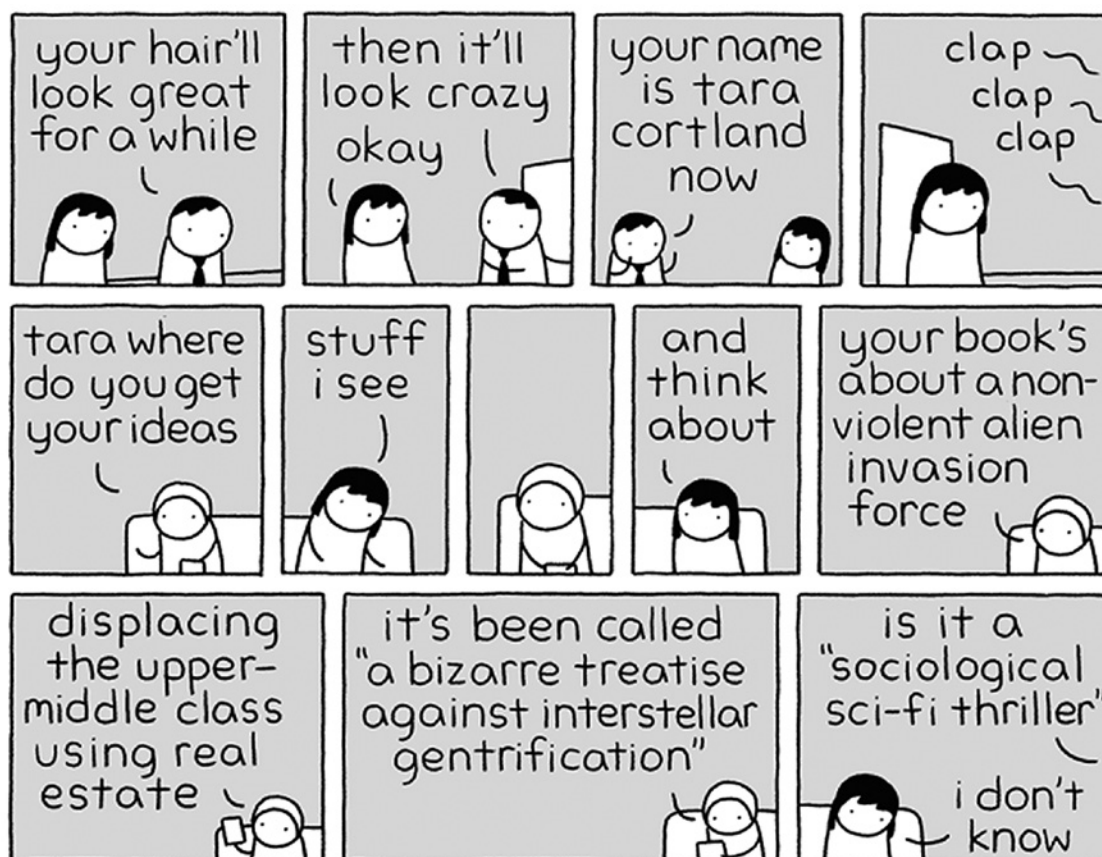
This information did make me reconsider my original harsh evaluation, and went a long way towards explaining how a hairdresser who is no Brontë sister managed to secure a publishing contract.

On the plus side, there are some great-looking recipes and some questions for refectation upon at the back for when you hold your own book club party.



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

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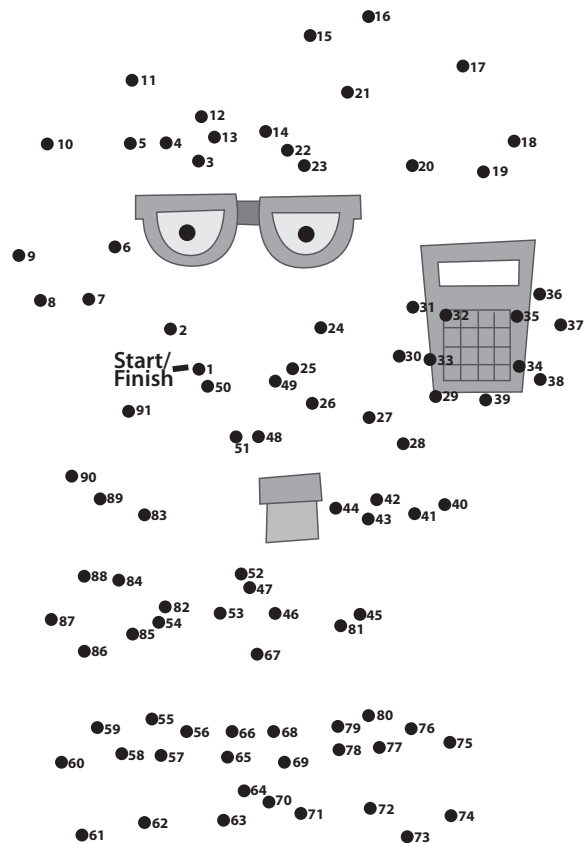
100 LEVEL
Drama on Stage & Screen **THEA 122**
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Voice & Movement **THEA 153**

200 LEVEL
THEA 221 Truth & Representation
THEA 241 Playwriting
THEA 253 Bi-cultural Theatre
THEA 255 Performing Ireland

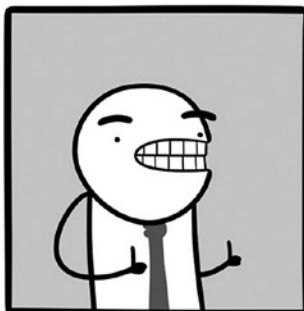
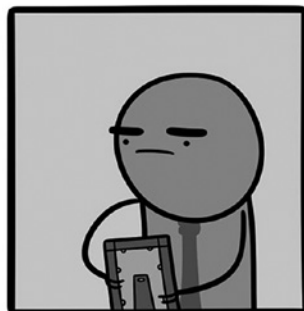
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Quiz

- On which island is the native Kakapo breeding program based?
Kapiti Island **Mana Island**
Great Barrier Island **Codfish Island**
- There is a surplus of student accommodation in Dunedin.
True/False
- In which year was OUSA formed?
1890 **1918** **1980** **1991**
- Where will the newest series of the 'reality' TV series, Jersey Shore, be filmed?
Miami **Remuera** **Italy** **The Jersey Shore**
- Approximately how many lunches were packed by volunteers in Dunedin to send to the UCSA Student Army in Christchurch earlier this year? (The first packing day)
7,000 **11,000** **17,000** **19,000**
- How many Critic issues are produced each year?
22 **28** **36** **52**
- When was Michael Jackson's last show in New Zealand?
1992 **1996** **1999** **2001**
- What is the main colour of the new Highlanders gear?
Blue **Green** **Red** **Yellow**
- What teams are playing in the first match in Dunedin for the 2011 Rugby World Cup?
England vs. Wales **England vs. Argentina**
Selwyn vs. Knox **Italy vs. New Zealand**
- Who brewed the first beer in New Zealand?
Robbie Burns **James Speight**
Captain Cook **Helen Clark**

For answers, check out the OUSA Facebook page

Show off your Zumba body!

Enrique, the International Zumba Education Specialist is coming along to OUSA Clubs and Socs to give a free Zumba demo session on **June the 9th at 5:00pm**. Come along, be wowed and try it out yourself!

ousa exam specials ♥ 6-22 june

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PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Hello again,

By the time you read this, OUSA will almost certainly have a new President, and we will know the fate of the various referendum questions you guys'n'girls voted on. Yay! Don't forget though that the main elections for OUSA will take place next semester, for the 2012 Executive, so there's even more student political fun just around the corner.

In other news, I was reading an article in last week's Critic about the free-range foods question in the referendum. Certain viewpoints expressed in the article suggested that animal welfare people were somehow using OUSA for their own ends. I would like to clarify something here: OUSA exists to do what its members tell it to do. No more, no less. If students want us to lobby against factory farmed foods, then we will do so, and good on the animal welfare people for actually putting the question to the student body. Don't like it? I hope you took part and voted against it, or better yet, get in touch and get OUSA to do something you would like to see done. Just don't complain that other people have got off their arses and tried to make us Execcies do something. Combatting student apathy is hard enough without those who actually do express opinions on stuff being unnecessarily marginalised.

Finally, to those of you with exams: best of luck, and don't get too tempted to procrastinate!

Daniel Stride
 Finance and Services Officer
 OUSA

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8		2	9	3	6			
4	9	1	5		8			2
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SEMESTER!

