

THE WINTER ISSUE

Issue 15 – 11th July 2011

Radio One up for Sale? | Apocalypse VSM | Pamela Stephenson-Connolly, Sexpert
Privacy & the Media | Winter Fashion | Steven Joyce | Exclusive Interview with
new OUSA President Logan Edgar | News, Reviews, & Opinion

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THE WINTER ISSUE

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World Keeps Turning

Welcome back! We hope you had a great break and all that jazz.

It may have been a break, but hey, the world keeps spinning and boy, did a lot of things happen.

OUSA's very own "sex scandal"

Dan Stride's very public resignation raised a number of issues surrounding privacy (see pg 22), the media and women's rights. Given the relatively minor nature of the incident, it was unfortunate how extreme the repercussions were for Stride- not only did he get taken to court and lose his exec position, he also was rather publically condemned as some sort of sexual deviant (more on pg 15).

Of course, this isn't to cast aspersions on the victim, who had clearly suffered to want to go to the police in the first place. Dismissing the incident as "just a breast grope when wasted" demonstrates how blasé we are about sexual assaults on women. Should women really have to put up with men spontaneously groping them while they're out and about having a good time? A grope may "just be a grope", but it's still an invasion of someone's right to bodily integrity.

Radio One?

Last semester, OUSA decided to bring in consulting-firm mega-power Deloitte to review OUSA in its entirety. The review came back, and one of the recommendations is that Radio One should be sold.

Obviously, the suggestion that Radio One be shut down prompted a slew of responses. There's been discussion over whether Radio One's value was calculated in the right way- Deloitte judged this value primarily on economic terms, that is, the cost of running Radio One as compared to the percentage of people who use Radio One. There's nothing inherently unreasonable about this approach, but it certainly isn't the only way to assess value. Numerous things that are funded by OUSA, such as the Student Support Centre, run at a deficit and are used by few, yet they are considered hugely important. Similarly, the Government funds the New Zealand Symphony Orchestra (NZSO) and Royal New Zealand Ballet which cater to a tiny minority. Despite this, the Government sees subsidising creative work as a worthwhile undertaking because of their immense importance to New Zealand culture.

Another aspect of the situation that piqued my interest was the way students, both those pro and against Radio One have acted. There's been a fair amount of mud-slinging online, where warring cliques have ridiculed each other's music taste and fashion sense. If anything, the incessant name calling and stereotyping by a vocal minority of Radio One supporters is only hindering Radio One's cause by alienating students with elitist statements. As a Radio One listener and former

(admittedly pretty horrendous) DJ myself, I'm not sure I appreciate being told "You aren't original, you aren't unique, you are lying to yourself if you think that you are" merely because I rate Glassons and don't mind a bit of Lady Gagz in my spare time.

Because ultimately, the issue shouldn't be about whether you like alternative music or Katy Perry, whether you shop in Glassons or prefer hippy garb. The issue is whether you think Radio One has value.

OUSA is first and foremost a students' association, not a sickly coloured business venture. It isn't about raking in the big bucks or setting up global chains; it's about students. And so you as a student need to consider a few things. Do YOU think Radio One has value? Even if you don't currently listen to Radio One, do you think it's a useful service for people to obtain industry experience, for burgeoning artists to gain exposure, as an avenue for alternative media, for students to listen to music that may not be played on traditional radio stations, perhaps in the same way that NZSO is valuable to NZ despite being enjoyed by a minority?

I do.

Have your say by making a submission to consultation@ousa.org.nz, signing the petition online or joining the Save Radio One Facebook page.

Have a great Re-O Week,

Julia Hollingsworth



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Letter of the Week

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



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BIRD/HUMAN IDENTITY CRISIS

Dear Critic,

I have a most embarrassing problem. Some students of my acquaintance have decided that I must be the "Eagle" and have taken to mocking me for comments made by the author of that column in the past. Please confirm that I am not he, as you are not he, as you are not me and we are not together.

Grant McKenna

Dear Grant McKenna and friends,

I can confirm that you are not in fact the eagle.

Given your apparent distaste for the words of the eagle, I can only guess at what would cause your friends to come to such an extreme conclusion. Are you sprouting feathers? Do you have talons on your toes?

Yours fretfully,

Julia Hollingsworth

AMERICA <3 RAD 1

Dear Critic,

After spending a semester DJ-ing on Radio One, I was extremely saddened to hear about its potential sale. The value that a college radio station brings to a city is something that can't be measured in any monetary value. Money is ONE form of evaluating worth, but there are many other measurements of value that must also be considered. Musically and culturally Dunedin will seriously suffer without Radio1. There are alternative options, explore them. Please, do whatever it takes to save the station. If there's a will there's a way. Best of Luck to everyone in SAVING RADIO ONE!

Love always and forever,

An American who would REALLY like to stream some kiwi music from the states!

F/21/SEEKS DR WHO LOVER

Dear Rory Williams,

Thank you for your complements re: diatribe on race relations. If you're not busy I'd been keen to hang out sometime. Does the Fifteenth Broken Moon of the Medusa Cascade suit you? I hear the view is lovely.

Affectionately, Amelia Pond.

JOCKS V.S. MUSOS

Thinking of selling Radio One? OUSA, are you sure you know what you're doing? I'm not a commerce student at all but even I am aware that there is a difference between cost and worth. If Radio One is sold, it will literally silence students not to mention limit opportunities for those interested in future work in the media. Polls have been started on facebook, following the creation of a Save Radio One page. One raises a particularly valid point; "Which do you use more, Unipol or Radio One?" OUSA is arguing that Radio One is only used by a small group of students but

so are the other groups. The results of the poll thus far place Radio One far ahead of Unipol in levels of use by students.

Livid music lover.

[Abridged]

U R MY SUNSHINE

Quelle horreur! Smelly old commercialists look not upon The Sacred One with thou jaundiced, greedy eyes! Adolf Douglas (VSM) has done enough damage since 1984s "free" market manifesto - "IT HAD TO BE DONE" - but by whom and to whom? Let's just say Sir Michael Fay and sidekick Richwhite weren't complaining, but now that Annabel Fay's musical career might lack a little cred what better than a vibrant jewel like Radio 1 for Xmas. The Dunedin Sound predates even Radio One. As an Aucklander the feisty, open spirit of Dunedin's art and music culture certainly caught my attention and retained it when later I relied on Radio One to feed me more of that same spirited discourse. In 2004 I did a stint of voluntary work at the station and experienced no ageism considering I was a good 20 years older than most of the staff. I love Radio One. It's an integral part of Dunedin's heart - please don't take my sunshine away!

Marianne

SOMETHING 4 EVRYONE

Otago University is a diverse community and, as such, it has diverse taste in music. Its student radio station, Radio1, features specialised shows hosted by numerous student volunteers and aims to cater to a myriad of different genre interests, including mainstream, indie, metal, D&B, local, roots, dustbowl, talk-back, jazz, electronica, even classical! These genres are under-represented by the many generic, commercially-motivated radio stations out there. R1 also provides information about local events, interviews with NZ and international artists, discounted tickets for various gigs, on-air giveaways, and is a major supporter of Dunedin music. If you or your friends have a band, you can guarantee more support from Radio1 than from the corporate stations. Even when R1 plays something bizarre and obscure on the airwaves, I can appreciate that there are people out there who DO enjoy it, even if I don't, and I consider it an opportunity to expand my musical knowledge, appreciation, and conversation. Or I'll turn off, knowing that something more to my liking will be on next time. Perhaps it does all come back to Voluntary Student Membership; personally, I am happy to pay for Unipol and Clubs & Socs - even though I don't use those facilities myself - because I know that there are other students who find these services invaluable. Similarly, I would be happy to support a proposal for religious students to have their own prayer room, though I'm not myself religious. Hopefully, some of you out there are similarly altruistic with regard to supporting Radio1. There are already too many stations playing Ke\$ha, Akon, Stan Walker, etc... can't we save this one bastion of culture and diversity?

Eden Honeypot

DOWNWARDS SPIRAL

Dear Editor,

We need to be clear that selling Radio1 off to private investors is a huge mistake that will literally kill the vibrant energy and culture that this radio station brings to Dunedin. Artist's depend on the Bnet stations to play their music so that it can be heard, and therefore estab-

lishing a space for themselves in the listening sphere. Without this vital space for emerging artist's, there will be a void for those struggling to be heard through more commercialised mainstream radio stations.

Radio1 is a great asset for the University, and for Dunedin. If OUSA wants to reflect the values that it transcends, then axing Radio1 will be the start of a long spiral downwards. We cannot put a price on culture, but we can treasure it, and I hope that Radio1 will be around for my daughter to appreciate.

Yours Sincerely,

ARO DIGI TAL

[abridged]

R1 = COUNSELLING SERVICE

I am devastated to hear about the possibility of the sale of Radio One. I am a severe depressive and through the assistance of Radio One they gave me a show and let me express myself and play music I enjoy without judgment or hostility. It has become an important part of my life and serves as a escape from the dark depressive world that sometimes envelops me.

Please don't take this away from me

From Annon

GIVE IT A CHANCE

Dear Julia,

R1 can be elitist and perhaps doesn't put itself out there enough to students, both in terms of catering to their tastes and in terms of promoting the station and what it does (most people don't know what the timetable is - why not have a weekly flier or a poster and advertise that you can stream it online?). R1 could also improve its connection with student projects in the community - I have often been met with a lot of negativity, confusion and disorder in attempting to make such connections. If R1 is to truly be a student radio, students should be made aware of it and be encouraged to be involved, instead of it being essentially a clique. Currently the station plays a relatively marginal role but it has the potential to be a much more vital part of our student culture, providing students with another avenue to voice their opinions and creativity and to facilitate career development. Ultimately profit isn't the only standard of value and to lose R1 would be to lose a really important part of student culture. VSM could really be an opportunity for R1 to improve its service and become more relevant to students - given its unique cultural importance, shouldn't it be given this chance?

Kari Schmidt

R1 RECLUSES

Dear Critic

The Radio One thing is clearly hot shit at the moment, and since I care about music I figure it's about time I threw my two cents in. Radio One has been the biggest disappointment of my student life in Dunedin so far. Obviously the closing of Gardies was bad, but I was only a first year then so I couldn't really relate. Radio One makes little to no effort to reach out to the entire student population, preferring to hide in the corner with all the alternative dicks who think they're hot shit because they listen to music that no-one else knows. Such a cliché these days but so damn true. Some of the suggestions being thrown about in the discussion on the critic facebook page are great, and personally I reckon some could be the saving grace of a failing student enterprise. Mainly playing music that

more than 5 people actually like. Having feature spots for local acts? Awesome. Playing a bit of pop but not becoming a club playlist? Ideal. Relating to a massive student body? This is a fundamental aspect of student radio isn't it? As for shiny new president Logan Edgar's role in this, I think he is making all the right noises to move this in the right direction/right up the guts.

Yours sincerely
Some arrogant second year

P.S. I started this letter with "Dear Critic" and finished with "Your's sincerely" because I think you lot at Critic are top notch.

MP TALKS POLITICS

The recent Budget has seen a direct, discriminatory attack on students, and it is likely that it is only the first of many. Bill English has delivered a hard blow to students by completely cutting loan access to anyone over 55, removing course-related costs for part-timers and reducing to just one year the repayment holiday for overseas students. This is in the context of an overall Budget cut for tertiary education and previous changes that have made studying less accessible, more expensive and in some cases downright impossible.

Students are the leaders of tomorrow and the future engine of a knowledge-driven economy, but by consistently denying them access to the fund and support they need, these leaders will likely look offshore. Investing in education is the best way to safeguard the future. Sadly, the National Party don't see it that way.

Gareth Hughes, Green Party Tertiary spokesperson

IN NEED OF A VIBRATOR

Dear people of Dunedin,

This weekend I dragged a boy back to my love shack to get adventurous in my lady cave. lucky devil. I've recently adjusted my standards to exclude boys with the vocabulary of less than that of a retarded 10 year old and guys who are the same height, or shorter than me in 4 inch heels. I have to say, what. slim. pickings. Oh how those criteria thinned the herd. Surely the collective IQ of males in a university town should be above that of a monkey who knows sign language, but alas, I have been proven wrong. the one boy who fit my criteria after performing marginally on my standard battery of tests that I force upon all my potential suiters was definitely no caving expert, and his equipment was not up to adventure tourism standards if you get my drift.

After a plethora of unsatisfactory sexual encounters I've come to the conclusion that there is no one in Dunedin worth fucking. I would, however, love to be proven wrong.

Love always,
Totally unsatisfied and perpetually disappointed
P.S. After that scathing review, I do have to say the guy was awesome at spooning and was nice =)

PRESIDENTIAL SHAKE UP

Dear Critic

One of Logan Edgar's key electoral policies was an end to natural disasters. Do the June the 13th earthquakes in Christchurch mean that he is not carrying out his promises? Is this how OUSA wants to maintain members through VSM, promising and not delivering? sincerely

disaffected

Hello disaffected,

As far as I'm aware no natural disasters have been recorded in north dunedin which is where my jurisdiction is limited to, city under control mate. The only natural disaster going on down in my neck of the woods is this infection VSM bill well that and the normal diseases that are commonly transferred between patrons of the monkey bar.

Love from your president x

NOT ALL FUN AND GAMES

Critic,

I noticed the games review had two games from the iOS in Issue 14. Cool. So, you reviewed two games from the iPhone or iPod Touch. Why? Did you run out of proper games? Did you sell your Xbox 360/PS3/PC and your soul in order to buy an iPhone? If you're stressed out during exams and don't want to write, let me know and I'll be glad to send you some reviews on real games. Please go play some of the numerous amazing games that have been released recently, i.e. The Witcher 2, Portal 2, or even Brink for God's sake. Or you could just copy-pasta some unknown blog review and no one would ever know.

P.S. Looking forward to next week's article on Snake 3D and Monopoly (New Zealand Edition).

Mathew

Hi Mat,

Look to issue 13 for Brink, and to issue 9 for Portal 2. Congrats. Your point is on some level valid, but backing it up you have picked examples that have already been the butt of Critic's Criticism. And you've done so with the precision of a Call of Duty veteran - which explains a bunch.

Until recently, Critic hasn't recieved free retail videogames. To remedy this I often choose to look at independently made, modestly priced games which do, sometimes, include iOS titles. And you know what? I don't believe that to be a drawback. For one, I'll

wager that if I cannot afford a fresh release then most students probably can't either, but more importantly: I pity people who hold that titles absent from the 360 library are not "real games". To be perfectly honest, I wouldn't be adverse to reviewing Snake or Monopoly - the former gradually advances its difficulty in an incredibly clever organic way while the latter, especially in a multi-player context, has interesting things to say about capitalism. If you believe today's commercial industry is taking advantage of the potential of interactivity then you must think that fundamental truths can be best understood through the iron-sights of an AK47. I'm not arguing that the iPod touch titles in question are better, but the point is that Critic doesn't discriminate. I have the opportunity to expand horizons without murdering wallets and that is an opportunity I am proud to take.

If you are interested in reviewing games for Critic then messagegaming@critic.co.nz.

Regards,
Toby Hills

NOTICES

Interfaith Vigil for Christchurch

St Pauls Anglican Cathedral, Octagon, 5pm-6pm
Saturday 16th July. All welcome. Contact : Angela Loosli, lords_child7@hotmail.com

Clubs Day at ReOrientation

From culture, sports and religion to the weird and ridiculous! 10-4pm on Wednesday 13th July in the Union Common Room (adjacent to the Union Hall). With over 100 clubs on campus there is definitely something for everyone!

Call for Applications: Division of Humanities Performing Arts Fund

This fund is aimed at fostering performance-based initiatives by members of Otago University. More info: www.otago.ac.nz/humanities/policies or email: jane.gregory@otago.ac.nz Closing date: 22 July 2011

Experimental Philosophy: Old and New

1 July - 23 Sep, de Beer Gallery, Special Collections, 1st floor, Central University Library. Hours: 8.30 to 5.00 Monday to Friday. Further enquiries, contact Prof. Peter Anstey: peter.anstey@otago.ac.nz or Dr Donald Kerr: dwonald.kerr@otago.ac.nz

LETTERS POLICY


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

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TOP 10



Critic's very own intern, **Basti Menkes** rates the top ten cost-effective ways to keep warm this winter.

- 01 – Athletic sex.
- 02 – Don't shave any of your body. Ever.
- 03 – Cats.
- 04 – Put on 7kg of clothing.
- 05 – Put on 7kg.
- 06 – Stand in a café, but don't actually buy anything.
- 07 – Huddle around a candle.
- 08 – Light that candle.
- 09 – Set a couch on fire.
- 10 – Listen to Bob Marley.



Horny?

A 95 year old Chinese grandmother has been discovered with a five-inch horn growing out of her forehead. The horn curves downward and looks like the stalk of a pumpkin according to the *Yangcheng Evening Post*. The woman is identified only as Granny Zhao, and is currently living in Guangdong province.

Granny Zhao said that the horn first appeared three years ago, but started out only as a mole, gradually growing and becoming horn-like. The horn doesn't cause her much trouble, apart from blocking part of her view, and completely ruining her Facebook profile picture.

On the Puppy

A pet store in the West Village of Manhattan has banned people from buying puppies while drunk, after the “adorable sight of furry faces in the window and the effects of alcohol has proved to be a bad combination.”

The store Le Petite Puppy is surrounded by bars, and manager Fernanda Moritz says that they have experienced problems with would-be customers stopping in after happy hour and buying puppies. Sobering up in the morning and finding they have a new best friend has often proven a bit much for new owners, who are usually quick to return their impulse purchase.

The store sees more occurrences of drunk puppy buying around holidays, “like St Patrick's Day or Gay Pride.” Le Petite Puppy now won't even let suspected drunk customers hold the puppies, in an attempt to stop them being dropped.

Critic recommends sticking to drunk texting; less poo on the carpet that way.



Cocky

A tiny bug known as the singing penis (*Micronecta scholtzi*) has been found to be the loudest creature on earth relative to its body size. The male bug attempts to beguile a prospective mate by rubbing its penis against its abdomen, something called “stridulation”.

This produces a sound that would be the equivalent of sitting in the front row of a concert hall while an orchestra plays. While male readers are encouraged to try deafen prospective lady friends in Re-O Week with attempts at the stridulation technique, *Critic* accepts no responsibility for injuries related to friction burns or otherwise.

CRITIC TV

Not content with print media, *Critic* is expanding into the realm of moving pictures and will be launching our very own weekly video series.

Episode one will be released next week on the *Critic* Facebook page, and will document the general debauchery of Re-O Week 2011. The coming weeks will see some exciting episodes, including “Episode Two: Blind, Drunk”, “Episode Three: A Night Out with Campus Watch”, and “Episode Four: Flatless”. Keep an eye out for cameras!

-89.2

coldest temperature ever recorded on Earth, in Antarctica.

-21.6

coldest temperature recorded in NZ.



CRUSHIN

Yes Please

– Colin Mathura Jefferies

At first he was just a novelty, but this guy is great. Dude is totally outshining Sara.

– Capes

Once the domain of witches and local celebrity “cape girl”, these things are now the coolest thing around.

– Savory Japan’s scattered sushi

Bringing it back to basics, the scattered sushi eschews the traditional rice/ seaweed model in favour of a sushi salad. Num num.

Eff off

– Alasdair Thompson

Ironically, Mr “women are unproductive coz of periods” Thompson is currently on sick leave.

– Royals

Watching their tromped up love fest was misfortune enough, we certainly don’t need to hear about their every move across the globe.

– “Maskophobia”

That’s some pretty thinly “masked” racism right there.



Robin Hood

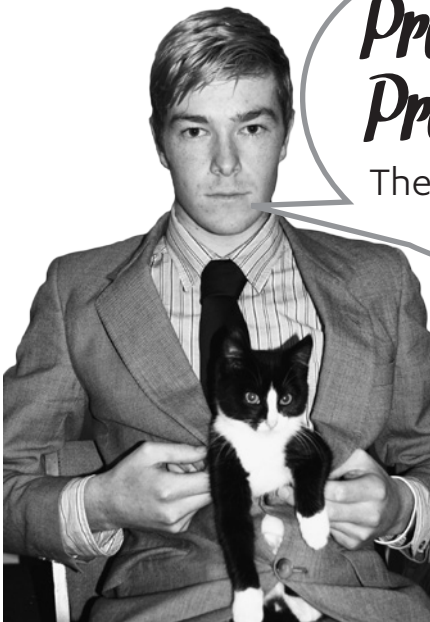
An American tax official has been convicted of fraud after robbing city funds to pay for a dominatrix. Apparently the New Jersey tax collector spent a whopping US\$800,000 getting a kinky lady of the night to attach pegs to his nipples and drip hot wax on his manhood.

City officials were understandably unimpressed with the dodgy collector’s choice of spending; it is pretty tough to recover funds when the only thing that remains of their spending are burn marks and puffy nipples. The man faces the prospect of up to 15 years in jail.

However, *Critic* isn’t jumping on the bandwagon of condemnation. After all this man is a modern day Robin Hood; stealing from the rich to give to the whore. Lol.

Presidential Pratterings

The Logan Edgarm of the week



“I know what Students want, I’m not stupid I’m smart as fuck and I will do what is right. thanks LOL”



There’s a new burger joint in town: the delicious Angus Burgh. The first ten people to comment on the Critic Facebook page with their fantasy burger variety will win Angus Burgh vouchers. See their ad over the page for more details.

38

diameter of largest snowflake ever found in centimeters.

1

number of Winter Olympic games medals New Zealand has won.

160

distance polar bears can swim in one go, in kilometres.

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Freshly battered fish, with tartar sauce, lettuce, tomato, red onion & aioli.

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the **FRESHEST**
& the **TASTIEST**

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AWOU2011

Radio None

OUSA is considering getting rid of student radio station Radio One after an independent review by financial services giant Deloitte recommended selling the station to save money.

In May the OUSA Executive commissioned Deloitte to “complete a review of the current organisational structure” of OUSA. On Thursday June 30 OUSA announced the results of the review to staff, with the most controversial recommendation being that Radio One be sold off to save money.

The prospect of the sale has generated a groundswell of feeling among students. Many see the station as a local icon and a bastion of local music culture. The story has also hit national media, with luminaries such as TV3’s Samantha Hayes condemning the sale. Speaking to the NZ Herald she said “we need to make sure it’ll be around for more students to cut their teeth.”

Local and national musicians also rallied against the sale of the station, which has been widely credited with providing a launching point for Dunedin bands and talent.

The position of OUSA President Edgar on the sale has been difficult to gauge. Speaking from Victoria University in Wellington, Edgar told *Critic* that he supported keeping Radio One, but that the focus of the station might have to change to reflect a more mainstream taste in music. He further commented that Victoria University had sold off its radio station and had recently brought it back, a re-establishment that cost consider-

able amounts of money, and a mistake he was keen to avoid.

This stance seems a marked shift from earlier statements Edgar had made on Facebook where, among other things, he wrote “the bottom line is that not enough of my students listen to the station because of what it is, and it’s bullshit that radio one has received the funding (a v large amount of student money) for as long as it has while only being relevant to a hand-full of Scarfies. At the end of the day students need to trust the decision that I and my executive make because believe me it will be the right one for students.”

A post on the OUSA website signaled that the suggestion to scrap Radio One is being taken very seriously. “As has been the trend for a number of years, this year Radio 1 is forecasting a deficit of \$108,000 (taking into account funding and running costs). This is a significant risk to OUSA and as an organisation with limited opportunities for income, the Executive were concerned that this was not the most effective use of resources. In addition, in terms of services valued by students, Radio 1 did not feature well in the 2010 student survey, compared with other services.”

The \$108,000 figure has been met with skepticism, though OUSA President Logan Edgar stood by the statement, telling *Critic* that “whilst I am not an accountant the figure has been prepared by Deloitte, who are experts.” Edgar said the Executive had checked the figure.

However staff inside the Planet Media have

questioned the figure, and several employees stated that it seemed unprofessional to release such a statement without consulting anyone internally to verify the figure’s accuracy. Many also stated that they thought there was potential for people to be misled by the statement, especially because it neglects to mention that many parts of OUSA also run at significant ‘deficits’ and rely heavily on funding generated by student levies. For context, Radio One costs approximately 4% of OUSA’s total expenditure.

Furthermore the proposal to sell Radio One may be problematic as the station operates a ‘non-commercial broadcasting licence’. This type of licence cannot be sold for profit (though it can be gifted), and places stringent conditions on the composition of broadcasting, and on the balance of advertising allowed to be broadcast. Radio One’s charter calls for it to champion diversity, and a playlist comprised entirely “top 40” music would be in breach of the charter. Since the 91FM frequency the station operates on is likely to be its most valuable asset, it is doubtful that the sale of Radio One would generate any significant short-term revenue for OUSA.

Submissions from staff on the recommendations contained in the report have now been invited, and close on July 29.

— Gregor Whyte

Ed: for more on Radio One, see page 18

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Review recommends less staff

In May 2011 OUSA engaged the services of Deloitte to complete a review of the current organisational structure. Along with the potential sale of Radio One (covered on page 11), the review has recommended the disestablishment of various staff roles within OUSA.

No final decisions have yet been made regarding a new structure or changes to roles. OUSA is currently taking submissions as to "other ways to achieve the objectives of ensuring OUSA is an efficient organisation, structured most appropriately to meet the needs of its student members."

The review took place in light of the potential reduction in funding from student levies with the introduction of VSM, and with a view to identifying any immediate efficiency gains or changes in the existing structure that would better align with OUSA's overall goals. After obtaining feedback from a number of individuals both within and outside the organisation, and in consultation with the Executive, Deloitte has identified areas for improving the existing structure "to ensure that it better meets the goals of OUSA."

Three of the existing roles within OUSA have been identified for potential disestablishment; the Communications Coordinator, Visitor Services Manager and Recreation Assistant Manager.

Deloitte has recommended that there is no need for a permanent 30-hour per week Communications Coordinator role for an organisation the size of OUSA, particularly considering the role of Colleges and Communications Representative on the Executive. It is proposed that media liaison and external communications become part of the responsibilities of the General Manager in order to better support the Executive in their communication with both students and the public.

The position of Visitor Services Manager has likewise been found to be unjustified considering the size of OUSA, and Deloitte has recommended that a full-time Manager to oversee the receptionists is unnecessary.

The Recreation Assistant Manager is also considered to be surplus to requirements.

The Events team is to undergo no changes to their current roles or duties, and the team is


to work with the General Manager "to review the current services and events ... and to make changes as appropriate to ensure Events is able to increase profitability."

There are also no recommended changes to Critic's current roles or duties, although Deloitte has recognised the need to implement internal operating guidelines. The recommendation from the review earlier in the year that Planet Media Dunedin Limited be dissolved has been dismissed by the Deloitte review, and Planet Media is to remain as a separate corporate entity.

In terms of internal recommendations, OUSA has opened up a period of consultation with staff and are seeking feedback before any decisions are made.

External parties can make comments on any of these proposals to saelliott@deloitte.co.nz before 5pm Friday 29 July. The Executive will then consider all submissions and make a final decision in the week of August 1, and decisions will be communicated to all staff shortly after this point.

— Aimee Gulliver



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Cook Brothers to sell Cook

Identity crisis imminent?

The Captain Cook Tavern is officially for sale, ending almost constant speculation from *Critic*. The Cook Brothers Bars Company has put the bar on the market and expressions of interest are open until 4pm July 22.

The Captain Cook Tavern first opened in 1864 and has been a constant feature of University of Otago student culture since. It is now the only remaining iconic student watering hole after the University purchased both The Bowling Green Tavern ('The Bowler') and The Gardens Tavern ('Gardies') in recent years.

The four 'Cook Brothers' purchased the lease on the bar as students in 2004 and used it as a launch pad for their now considerable business empire. Since then the brothers have split into two separate companies, Cook Brothers Construction and Cook Brothers Bars.

Cook Brothers Bars now owns the Octagon bar Alibi, two Velvet Burgers in Dunedin and one in Auckland, as well as a bar in Auckland

and Searle Lane in Queenstown.

The reason for sale is due to Cook Brothers Bars owners, Richard McLeod and James Arnott, no longer living in Dunedin. They feel the bar requires a hands-on approach and provides "a great opportunity for someone to stamp their mark". When *Critic* spoke to the company they stated that they felt that the Rugby World Cup could provide a chance for a new owner to 'get the bar pumping'.

The sale of the Cook comes on the heels of difficult times in the Dunedin student pub market. In June last year, the University purchased Gardies for a \$1.75 million and is yet to decide on a use for the building. The sale was the result of plummeting sales at the pub, which the owner blamed on a drinking culture where students consumed large amounts of cheap alcohol at home before going out to town, where the bought few if any drinks.

The Bowler was another bar to be sold to the University in early 2009 and has since

been turned into an 'academic facility'.

The announcement of the sale of the Cook has raised fears that the University will buy up and shut down another much-loved establishment, however the University has told *Critic* repeatedly that it is not interested in purchasing the bar.

A spokesman for the Cook Brothers Bars group confirmed they had received three legitimate expressions of interest in the pub, all of which intended to continue running the venue as a bar.

OUSA President Logan Edgar said OUSA had not looked into buying the Cook and did not know details of the sale, although he did say that purchasing the pub is not completely out of the question.

The Cook is holding a 'Remember Gardies' event on the 13th of July as a fitting tribute to the late Gardens Tavern.

– **Lozz Holding**

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Remember that token Scarfie candidate?

He won. By a lot.

'Scarfie' candidate Logan Edgar won a landslide victory in the OUSA Presidential by-election held just before exams last semester.

The now President Edgar is 20-year old second year BCom student majoring in Marketing. He was born and raised in Te Anau, attending Fiordland College where he served as deputy head boy. He is also a former New Zealand road cycling representative.

During the election period Edgar campaigned on the basis of being the 'Scarfie' candidate and touted his knowledge of what real students wanted as his main drawcard. Edgar's campaign was noticeably better organised and more proactive than those of his opponents, which meant he received healthy support despite Edgar having little knowledge of OUSA's internal workings and lacking substantive policies.

This superior organisation translated into a landslide victory for Edgar, who received more than twice the votes of the runner-up, current Executive member Fransisco Hernandez, and almost as many votes as all the other candidates combined, when students went to the polls.

Critic secured an exclusive interview with Edgar.

Being a self-proclaimed 'true scarfie', did you do anything stupid during your victory celebrations?

Yes. During the taxi ride to the BYO we were headed to that night, I told the driver to "let the meter go wild, I'm the president of a 22 million dollar organisation!" I also had to be prevented from trying to put OUSA's cash reserves on black at the casino.

Certain members of public have called you a 'power-hungry dictator' already. Do you think the position and power has gone to your head at all?

Haha, if I said no I would be telling a big porky. At one point I got too big for my boots when I strolled into Unipol without ID. The staff asked to see it and I told them I owned the place. It's ok though, sometimes I just need my good close friends to remind me that I'm actually just a simpleton cowboy from rural southland.

How are you fitting in as a 'simpleton' in the complex world of OUSA and student politics?

I think it's going well. I'm a bit mad but the Exec seem to be right behind me. I like to try to keep everyone's morale up as I know that has been an issue in the past. It has been a challenge learning the ropes especially during exams and the holidays when everyone has been away. I'm looking forward to getting right in amongst it as soon as the semester begins.

What do you plan on doing this coming semester?

First and foremost I want to fight the VSM (Voluntary Student Membership) Bill. If ACT manages to push it through they will have to take me kicking and screaming with them.

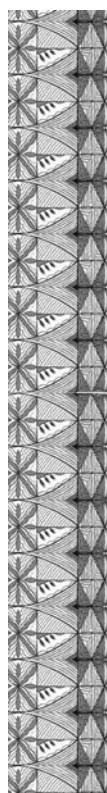
As well as that, I think how student dollars are being spent is very important. I want to look at cutting costs and reviewing OUSA assets. I want to know what students want and try to investigate how we can give them the best value for their money. VSM is a bad thing in my opinion but it has highlighted the importance of using student funding as effectively as possible.

Okay lastly, tell us about your upcoming 'Presidential Prison' stunt?

Basically I am living in a specially made prison cell on Union Lawn from 7pm on Wednesday the 13th until 7pm Friday 15th in protest of the VSM bill. There will be a surrounding two metre high wall that we want to cover in green handprints showing student support for the opposition of the bill. Throughout the 48 hours there will be a great atmosphere including DJs, cultural groups and fairground rides. We will be holding an exec meeting around the cage and there will also be a sausage sizzle fundraiser for a Scarfie's cat to be neutered (with all the rest of the profits going to SPCA).

Come down and have a look, I will also be facing the challenge of trying to go to the toilet without anyone seeing. Make sure you come and introduce yourselves to me, I'm a fucking nice guy who loves a good yarn. Also you can challenge me to a game of chess through the cell bars, but you will have to teach me how to play first.


– Lozz Holding




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Exec Member Strides Off

OUSA Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride has resigned from his position after allegations of criminal conduct by Stride were referred to the police.

Stride was accused of indecent assault and was offered diversion under the police diversion scheme. The incident occurred at a flat party, during which Stride touched the breast of a female acquaintance while under the influence of alcohol.

Stride told *Critic* that he could not remember the incident, stating that he knew of his conduct only when he was told about it the next morning. He added that the fact that he was under the influence of alcohol was an explanation for his behaviour, not an excuse for it, and that he had now taken steps to ensure that he controlled his drinking, including seeking alcohol counselling and refraining from consuming alcohol in the interim.

Stride stated that he "thoroughly regrets upsetting anyone" and has "paid dearly for it", listing depression, emergency psychiatric services, lost friendships and financial difficulties as consequences of the incident.

Mydeology.co.nz blogger James Meager, formerly the 2010 Finance and Services Officer, broke the news of Stride's behaviour online directly after the court hearing where Stride was offered diversion. Some have suggested that Meager's post was part of some greater scheme to damage the credibility of OUSA, however Meager insisted that he was motivated out of concern that the crime could be swept under the rug. "I felt that OUSA members and the OUSA Executive (who at that time were not aware) had a right to know that their elected representative had committed crimes."

Stride commented on the blog post, apologising but also naming his victim in the comment, an action which he claims was inadvertent and due to still being in the

"police station mindset". As a result of the initial post and Stride's comment, heated debate erupted online, and the story was picked up by the *ODT*

An OUSA executive meeting was held, during which OUSA President Logan Edgar moved a motion that OUSA had no confidence in Stride and called for his immediate resignation. The motion received unanimous support with the exception of Stride.

Speaking to *Critic*, Edgar said that this was the right decision for the association. "We can't be seen to condone that stuff... Dan is an amazing, talented and intelligent man and I have a lot of respect for him. He'll be conquering the world some day". Meager agreed with the decision saying, "I think the Executive acted swiftly and appropriately."

In his resignation letter to OUSA, Stride stated "the circumstances of me leaving you, have, of course, been absolutely harrowing; lost friends, financial precariousness, and having to walk away from the Association I so deeply loved have combined to make this something of a Month from Hell. I'm not a spiritual man, but if there is any sort of cosmic karma out there, may it strike James Meager ...and strike [him] hard." Stride has commented that Meager has "ruined his life on a number of levels" and said he would be considering the possibility of legal action against Meager. Stride said of the OUSA executive, "I look at you guys now, and for the first time in a very long time, I feel good about where OUSA is heading."

A by-election to replace Stride will be held to coincide with the OUSA elections for the 2012 executive in August this year.

— **Julia Hollingsworth**

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Critic's power and influence growing.

Critic's hard-hitting journalism has successfully forced the ODT to redesign the 'On Campus' website after *Critic's* groundbreaking coverage of an alleged 'nefarious alliance' between the ODT and the Otago Polytechnic (see *Critic* Issue 14, page 13).

In June the ODT redesigned their website to split the 'On Campus' news section into Polytech news and University news, outrageously placing the Polytech's news tab above that of the University's. However, when *Critic* visited the ODT website last week, the situation had been reversed, with University news rightly occupying pride of place above that of the Polytech.

At the time of the initial slight *Critic* speculated that a deal had been done between the ODT and the Polytech to facilitate this damaging blow to the University's feelings. No hard evidence was ever provided to back up this outrageous claim.

In the spirit of continued speculation *Critic* is now taking credit for the website reversal, with *Critic* Editor Julia Hollingsworth telling *Critic*, "I feel this is a real victory for us. Once again our hard-nosed, never-say-die coverage has resulted in the ODT realising the error of their ways and I am pleased to see that they have quietly corrected their egregious mistake." Hollingsworth also took the time to brazenly point out that *Critic's* Facebook page has more friends than the ODT's page. We is popular.

— Gregor Whyte

O-week again.

OUSA is promising a "diverse range of entertainment" to "keep you warm while it's getting a little cold out" for Re-Orientation 2011.

The festivities kick off on Wednesday with OUSA Clubs Day in the Union Common Room between 10am and 4pm, giving students and the public a chance "to check out the clubs and courses that are affiliated with OUSA."

Wednesday night features the 'Nightcap in the Union Hall' from 9pm, with acts including 16bit (UK), The Upbeats, Lightyear (Australia) and Alphabethead hosted by MC Lowqui. Tickets are available from the OUSA Main Office for \$37.50.

OUSA is also rolling out the big top, with the Carnival Market Day being held on the Union Lawn on Thursday from 10am till 4pm. All carnival rides are free and the Market day is promising "lots of local goodies on offer for cheap as chips prices." In addition local bands and musicians including TLA and Oleh will be cranking throughout the day.

Thursday evening will see the Dunedin Roller Derby doing their thing in the Union Hall, followed by a fundraiser gig in Re:Fuel from 10pm. The International Food Festival is also on Thursday from 7pm on the Union Lawn.

Saturday winds up the festivities with the Illuminate Paint Party in the Union Hall from 9pm. Described as the "most unique event in New Zealand" other city's parties have sold out well in advance. Tickets are available from OUSA Main Office for \$72.50.

— Aimee Gulliver

Students incapable of learning

Dunedin police are formulating a plan to reduce the number of burglaries in the scarfie-populated North Dunedin, having recorded 54 burglaries between March and June this year in streets mainly lived in by students.

Inspector Campbell, the police Area Commander, described the area as traditionally "seen by burglars as an easy touch because students were known to have valuable items and leave properties unlocked".

Over the three month period, Leith St recorded the highest number of burglaries with 14, while Queen St notched up 11.

Inspector Campbell noted that police have noticed non-students and known criminals moving into the student area in the past two or three years. He indicates this is a concern as burglars are likely to be most active within a small area close to their home. Police have completed a burglary control strategy for the city for 2013 in an effort to reduce the rate of incidences occurring. They are also looking at alternative ways of dealing with the problem, as efforts to educate students seem to have failed. Ironical, if nothing else.

— Aimee Gulliver

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Voluntary Apocalypse

You probably don't realise, walking around campus all rugged up in your puffer jacket, that the world is going to end. It's not the Mayan calendar, Global Warming, or thermo-nuclear war that's going to take us all out. There is a tiny little bill in front of parliament right now that has the power to destroy the entire world.

Or at least Radio One. Apocalypse or not, the Voluntary Student Membership Bill further threatens Otago's already under siege student culture. And it looks like the first head on the chopping block is going to be Radio One. Confused? Come now with **Joe Stockman** on a journey into the dark heart of student politics, libertarianism, and the future of student services at Otago.

VSM, coming to a Union near you . . .

Voluntary Student Membership, or VSM, is an idea based on the right of voluntary association (read John Locke's "*A Letter Concerning Toleration*" if you feel like boning up on the ethics of the argument). It's a tenuous argument in the case of student associations. There are existing provisions to allow individuals members to apply to get out. Yet Act MP Heather Roy introduced a private members bill requiring that all student unions be voluntary, based as she says, on principles rather than considered outcomes.

The Bill has reached its third reading in parliament, however Labour and the Greens are preventing its third reading by filibustering, a common parliamentary technique of talking everyone to death. This is however, a short term fix. Unless the government of the day decides to abandon reading the Bill, eventually it must come before the parliament, and third readings are usually little more than ceremonial. If *Critic* were a gambler, they'd be beating on VSM.¹

PricewaterhouseCoopers estimates that student unions will lose 48- 73% of their revenue stream under VSM. Student levies make up 83% of OUSA's nearly \$2.5 million budget (the rest is produced by assets such as the University Book Shop). History suggests that student unions will in fact lose this entire revenue stream under VSM. Both Waikato's student union (WSU) and Auckland University's student union (AUSA) attempted to charge for membership following their own student initiated moves to VSM, and both saw membership plummet by over 90%. Student services were slashed as both unions struggled to survive massive financial shortfalls. AUSA eventually established free membership for all Auckland Uni students, and is contracted by the University (which raises its funds for this contract through a student levy) to provide what amounts to critical services to the student population.

OUSA is for winners

You're probably wondering how OUSA manages to burn through \$2.5 million, so let's go now into the minutiae of the OUSA budget... No, I kid, but let's outline the basics. OUSA has two functions; a student executive that governs the association and represents student's interests at the university and government level, and a service side that provides students with relevant and otherwise unavailable services. For \$180 per year every student gets equal access to all of OUSA's services, representation and support. Half the budget gets spent on student services like Unipol, Clubs and Socs, Radio One, *Critic*, the Aquatic Centre, Squash club, etc. Another third gets spent on "capital expenditure" (buying or upgrading assets), while a measly 8% gets spent on representation.

It is OUSA's services that are threatened by VSM. There will always be geeky (I mean awesome) students that want to sit on the executive board to get experience of student politics - or fluff their C.V.s - and they will do it for free if no one is going to pay them. But services cost money, and if OUSA is suddenly \$2 million short, they will start disappearing. OUSA hasn't been sitting on their hands. In May 2011 they employed Deloitte, an international accountancy and consultancy firm, to assess the impact on OUSA from the projected loss of funds resulting from VSM. Deloitte recently got back to OUSA with their report. Deloitte made a few minor recommendations to alter some in house positions at OUSA. And they recommended one other thing too; selling Radio One.

“Neither is intended to turn a profit; their aim is to provide a valuable service to OUSA’s members”

It's Planet Media!

Come with me now to Planet Media. No seriously, it's a real thing. OUSA owns Planet Media Ltd, and Planet Media in turn owns Radio One and *Critic*, costing OUSA roughly \$172,000 every year. It might sound strange that owning businesses is costing OUSA money, but they were separated from OUSA proper to provide protection from either declaring bankruptcy. Neither is intended to turn a profit; their aim is to provide a valuable service to OUSA's members. They do attempt to make money to cover their costs, but are constrained by the small size of their demographic, and university imposed restrictions on their advertising. Radio One

is in fact specifically prevented from covering its own costs. Its license states that only half of its total budget is may be garnered through advertising. The rest must be provided by fundraising, sponsorship, or from a parent organisation (like OUSA).

This seems to have been lost in the review. Radio One cannot be sold. Rick Julian from the Ministry for Culture and Heritage explains that the non-commercial broadcasting license that Radio One holds is of no commercial benefit. If OUSA were to transfer the license to another operator "OUSA would remain bound to continue to oversee the license, and could not benefit commercially from its transfer," Rick says. While the tangible assets of Radio One could be sold, Radio One Station Manager Sean Norling suggests that the total value of their assets might raise a few thousand dollars, if anyone would buy it.

So it can't be sold, but it can be shut down. Radio One has silenced



their regular hosts and musical output for a week to show Otago students what life will be like without them. Norling argues that Radio One “plays a crucial role in the media landscape of New Zealand ... and championing the emerging artists of Otago.” And this is the failure of the Deloitte review. It has measured the financial worth of Radio One, but not its value to the student community. OUSA played loose and fast with the truth on its website, describing the estimated annual cost of Radio One (\$108,000, a figure disputed by Radio One) as a deficit. Norling insists that Radio One is in fact operating well within its budget.

OUSA has just begun its internal consultations with affected staff (they retrospectively decided to ask students generally to make submissions about the future of Radio One). Which brings us to a very important point, no individual has the power to sell or close Radio One; the decision rests with the Executive as a whole. The future of Radio One remains very strongly with the students. In fact, until the VSM bill is enacted, OUSA has no interest in, and no mandate to, sell or end Radio One.

Logan Edger vs the world

Newly minted OUSA President Logan Edger received a rousing welcome to the world of student politics with the news of the threat to Radio One. Edger made some rookie errors, staking out a strong position against Radio One while responding to a *Critic* thread on Facebook, “...it’s bullshit that radio one has received the funding (a v large amount of student money) for as long as it has while only being relevant to a hand-full of Scarfies ... I’m sure 99.99% of students would

rather watch paint dry than listen to (Radio One)” wrote Edger. Yet after the “Save Radio One” Facebook page reached over 2000 members (2,716 as *Critic* went to print) he demonstrated admirable political flexibility by stating that he actually did support Radio One, and his real gripe was with VSM, which was forcing OUSA into this position.

Things got pretty heated on Facebook. But the debate had the usual clash of both cultures and ideologies. Alternative creative types who value Radio One and the unique environment it nurtures, versus mainstream types who feel ripped off having to fund something that they do not use. Communitarians who value social goods and community services, versus libertarian capitalists who want free markets and user pays. There has always been ideological and cultural divides amongst students at Otago. But the election of Edger has triggered more than the usual animosity. Politically involved students feel cheated that someone who admits running as a joke now heads up an organisation that they feel passionate about. Edger’s supporters meanwhile suggest that “real Scarfies” are underrepresented at OUSA, and unconsidered in the association’s thinking.

Luckily, cooler heads prevailed. Francisco Hernandez, OUSA’s colleges and communications officer, helpfully reminded the Facebook thread that Logan was in fact, not Hitler; a valuable contribution. And Logan got back to enacting his popularist approach to student government, organising a Re-Oweek of protest action against VSM on the Union Lawn, including gigs, laser/light shows, political debates, and Edger himself imprisoned on the Union Lawn for 48hrs.

***“Francisco Hernandez,
OUSA’s colleges and
communications officer,
helpfully reminded the
Facebook thread that
Logan was in fact,
not Hitler”***

The End is Nigh . . .

There are ways to ensure the survival of OUSA, and to continue to provide many of the services and functions that are so integral to a positive university experience. OUSA won’t comment on any of their other plans for living in a VSM world, and neither will the University, so it’s unclear whether there is a super-secret plan to deal with VSM, or whether the extent of their thinking is to close Radio One and think happy thoughts. The VSM debate isn’t over, but just like global warming, the planning to deal with it needs to start now. The debate has certainly begun.

To get involved in the debate on the future of Radio One, Critic suggests emailing your thoughts to OUSA at consultation@ousa.org.nz by 29 July 2011.

Notes 1 – *The Bill will return to parliament next year for its third reading, despite Heather Roys retirement.*





Private Parts

With the recent furore around Darren Hughes's sex scandal allegations, and now our very own Dan Stride, **Sam McChesney** decides to delve into the wild world of privacy law.

Privacy is an issue which has received increasing attention in recent years. In years gone by, individuals were largely seen as responsible for protecting their own privacy. If privacy was protected by law, it was mainly in the context of either invasions of privacy by the state, or relationships involving trust and confidence. Now, however, increasingly sophisticated technologies have made it easier for media and private citizens to obtain and disseminate private information about other citizens, particularly over the internet.

What is privacy anyway?

The first legal definition of privacy was given by Judge Cooley in 1888, who described it as "the right to be left alone". Legal scholar William Prosser expanded on this definition in 1960, arguing that there are four ways in which a person's privacy may be violated. These four ways are identity theft, defamation, publication of personal information, and encroaching on an individual's seclusion or solitude.

However, the second and third of these involve the exercise of free speech, which is itself a pretty fundamental right. Moreover, the third involves the disclosure of facts, and if something is true there is surely an inherent right to say it. If the private information in question discloses genuine wrongdoing, what right could a citizen have to keep it secret?

Why should we care?

There are two main reasons given for privacy to trump freedom of speech in such cases. The first is that civil society is essentially a collection of individuals, who agree on the terms of their coexistence through what is known as a social contract. Therefore, if people value their own privacy (and clearly they do), then it is sensible to safeguard privacy in this social contract. Every citizen should therefore be entitled to as much privacy as he or she is willing to grant others.

The second is that, while one of the main purposes of free speech is to foster creativity and protect unpopular opinions from the "tyranny of the majority", too much free speech and not enough privacy are likely to have the reverse effect. If every action of a citizen is subject to public scrutiny, the citizen is far more likely to succumb to the norms of the majority. Free-thinking individuals would be suppressed, and social progress would evaporate. It would be just like an Ayn Rand book, but with believable characters. Furthermore, the line between conduct that is inherently wrong and conduct that is merely deemed wrong by contemporary society is always somewhat blurred. In any case, whether misdemeanours should be dealt with solely by an appropriate legal penalty, or with an added degree of public shame and opprobrium, is likely to vary on a case-by-case basis.

"Public figures"

The New Zealand Bill of Rights Act does not affirm a right to privacy. However, privacy is protected in law by the torts of defamation and wrongful publication (also known as invasion of privacy), and by the granting of name suppression and gag orders (a form of injunction).

Usually, a court will turn to prior restraint in the form of name

suppression or gag orders only if the information in question is likely to be widely circulated. Accordingly, the most common recipients of these legal remedies are public figures, such as politicians and celebrities. Given the huge demand for information about their private lives, such figures require additional legal protection to protect their privacy. However, the practice of protecting information about public figures is widely controversial. Opponents argue that, by and large, public figures choose to seek a public profile, whether by running for office or otherwise courting fame in the media. Once they achieve this profile they must therefore accept that their actions will be subject to public scrutiny.

The problem with this argument is that for most politicians and celebrities, a public profile is simply a by-product of achieving success in their chosen career path. Hence, the notion that success entails a tacit consent to having one's privacy invaded is something of a non-sequitur, and public figures are citizens who are still entitled to basic rights. Moreover, it is rather facetious to equate celebrity gossip with, say, transparency in a politician's campaign financing. The notion of reasonable scrutiny of public figures may motivate one of these, but the other is clearly driven by prurient interests and sheer voyeurism.

It is also claimed that public figures act as moral figures and role models. Thus, if their private lives disclose some significant moral failing, the people are entitled to know. The weakness in this argument is that the role-model status of a public figure is constructed entirely on his or her public persona, so it's unclear precisely what purpose is being served by publishing damaging revelations. For instance, Tiger Woods was an excellent role model before people found out about his sexual dalliances, precisely because those dalliances were private and not public. Now, not so much.

The global context

How much protection is given to privacy will usually depend in large part on the social context of the country in question. The UK has a powerful tabloid press, with a daily circulation in the millions. These tabloids are fuelled by a bizarre obsession with celebrity goings-on and a love of moral outrage, creating a massive demand for scandal against which judges have sought to provide protection, usually by invoking Article 8 of the European Convention on Human Rights (ECHR). This need has been illustrated by the recent revelation that reporters at News of the World illegally tapped the phones of as many as 7000 people, including members of the Royal family.

In continental Europe, more liberal attitudes towards sex, coupled

with a fair dash of misogyny, make for a public and a press that are largely apathetic about scandal. In Italy, for example, it took allegations of the Prime Minister engaging in orgies with a score of child prostitutes before the media pricked up their ears. And if Dominique Strauss-Kahn beats his current rape charges, he will return to France as the favourite to become the next president.

The US situation is similar to that of the UK, but without crusading judges. Furthermore, the US Constitution protects freedom of speech but not privacy, so freedom of speech has trumped privacy in a great many cases. For instance, name suppression is very rare, and in the recent case of *Snyder v. Phelps* the Supreme Court held that the Westboro Baptist Church were entitled under the First Amendment to

picket the funeral of a US soldier and scream abuse at his mourning family.

In New Zealand the economic forces which feed privacy breaches in the UK and US are largely absent. New Zealand has a general lack of tabloid media and fairly shit smattering of celebrities that nobody is particularly interested in. As a result, our relative lack of privacy law doesn't have the same impact that it does in the UK and US. While New Zealand judges don't have recourse to the ECHR as their UK counterparts do, they do have access to the tort of wrongful publication, and also make frequent use of name suppression.

Super-injunctions

Much debate in the UK lately has focused on the use of "super-injunctions". Unlike regular injunctions, super-injunctions conceal not only the facts but also the identities of the parties to the injunction and the reasons for the injunction being sought. The purpose of a super-injunction is to more effectively protect the matter against the oxygen of publicity. A known celebrity obtaining an injunction to prevent the disclosure of unknown facts is still a reportable event. But if an unknown

celebrity obtains an injunction to prevent the disclosure of unknown facts, this doesn't give the media enough to work with. Often, the former can create enough media interest and speculation that the facts eventually leak out anyway, making a traditional injunction ineffective. Moreover, when a married celebrity takes out an injunction against a young, attractive model, it doesn't take a genius to figure out why. Hence super-injunctions tend to be given predominantly in cases of sexual indiscretion, to the point that "super-injunction" in Britain is pretty much a coded signifier for "celebrity sex scandal".

The public acceptance of super-injunctions reached a new nadir in the last few weeks. Following news that an unnamed Premier League footballer had obtained a super-injunction to cover up an extramarital affair with model Imogen Thomas, the footballer in question was identi-

"It is rather facetious to equate celebrity gossip with, say, transparency in a politician's campaign financing"



ried by foreign media, bloggers and tens of thousands of Twitter users, effectively becoming an open secret. Eventually MP John Hemming, under Parliamentary privilege, identified the footballer as Ryan Giggs. Hemming, who had previously identified banker Sir Fred Goodwin as the subject of a super-injunction, questioned the effectiveness of a law that “clearly doesn’t have public consent”, and noted that with 75,000 Twitter users having identified Giggs in defiance of the injunction it was impractical to imprison them all.

The internet

The Ryan Giggs saga provides a striking case of law reform being sought through mass disobedience. However, a deeper problem is that the internet allows people to break privacy laws with impunity, symbolising less a change in social attitudes towards privacy than a form of anarchy. For an internet user to be bound by privacy laws they must a) be identifiable and b) inhabit the same jurisdiction. Hence users can easily protect themselves through pseudonymity or the use of online “data havens” like Wikileaks, which conceal the identity of its sources and inhabit no legal jurisdiction.

The internet has also massively increased the volume of data available to media consumers, making highly localised media cheaper, easier and more reactive. This has made it easier to exploit loopholes in privacy laws. The latest OUSA fiasco with Dan Stride and James Meager's mydeology blog arose because Stride had not yet obtained name suppression as part of his diversion. Before the days of the internet, mainstream media would be unlikely to have picked up on the story before name suppression had been given. While Stride could potentially sue Meager under the wrongful publication tort, it's unclear whether he would be successful.

The internet also provides a forum in which people voluntarily relax their privacy in exchange for other benefits, particularly over social networking sites. However, this can backfire spectacularly – for

instance, the brilliantly-named US Congressman Anthony Weiner recently resigned after accidentally tweeting pictures of his, er, weiner, which he had meant to send to his secret mistress.

Is privacy a lost cause?

The internet provides a number of challenges for privacy. In particular, the traditional legal avenues for protecting privacy against mainstream media are largely ineffective over the internet. While there may be good reasons for a privacy right, just as there may be good reasons for intellectual property rights in music and film, if the ascent of the internet makes this impossible there is little point in clinging to it. Nevertheless, it is easy to overstate this case. For instance, the existence of Ryan Giggs' super-injunction only became public knowledge because Imogen Thomas had been named, which was out of the ordinary. And before Hemming's intervention, a straw poll conducted by the Daily Mail indicated that less than half the population knew Giggs' identity, despite the mainstream media having extensively covered the issue and repeatedly stated that his identity had been revealed on Twitter. This indicates that so long as people obtain most of their news from mainstream media, traditional legal remedies will remain effective. Cases like Dan Stride's could be addressed by closing the legal loophole which allowed it to happen, and people like the unfortunate Herr Weiner could simply benefit from being less liberal with the dick pics.

Thanks to Erika Pearson of the Department of Media, Film and Communication for her assistance with this article.

Winter Wonderland

Winter presents the most practically challenging and aesthetically captivating season for both men's and women's fashion. But if you're not a law student or a rich Auckland hipster with mountains of Country Road and ASOS winter gear, it can be a living hell. Waiting weeks on end for your only clothes to dry on the mangled clothes rack you expertly assembled and thoughtfully placed in your flat's mouldy hallway can be tough. Below is a practical list of items one could legitimately send despairing letters home for assistance in acquiring. For the benefit of your health of course. They're also all items that can be picked up in local op-shops and boutiques on the cheap, with a bit of luck.

Jackets and Coats

Three words. Wool, wool wool! Don't even touch a jacket or coat that isn't at least a wool blend (as well as lined). My advice is to spend at least \$250 if buying new. But like everything else, wool is warm only if it fits. For guys, I would suggest making Barkers your starting point, for if nothing else, finding the style of jacket/coat you prefer. For girls, there are too many places to list that sell the black woollen cape you will inevitably replace your puffer jacket with.



Photo courtesy of Barkers



Scarves

Without extolling the obvious cultural relevance of this clothing item, I cannot overstate the importance of owning a warm scarf in Dunedin. This is a practical item, rather than simply a fashion accessory, which you will be wearing every day for months. The chunkier the better. Charcoals, creams and navies will be the most versatile colours to pair with jackets/coats. Avoid multi-coloured patterns and stripes like the plague! And just in case you were wondering, men still don't wear snoods.



Gloves

For me, fingerless gloves are the only practical option. Just make a fist if your fingertips are getting a touch frosted. As with scarves, dark natural plain colours are the way to go. In my travels for some decent mitts, a charming, elderly (and therefore knowledgeable about wool) retailer informed me that possum wool is fifty percent warmer than regular wool. However, it's also worth noting that a warm coat with well-placed pockets can completely negate the need for gloves.



Photo by Michael Knappek

Boots

It took me twenty-one years to first discover the sheer orgasmic warmth a pair of solid boots can give your feet in winter. Added to that, as a tall male, slightly short trousers immediately became much more practical once tucked-in/rolled-up at the top of said boots. I advise investing heavily in real leather, stitched sole black or brown boots (for guys or girls) that at least cover your ankles. And obviously stay the hell away from superfluous straps and stitching that mangle many a boot.



Photo by Emma Alonze

Hats

I personally find all but the chic-est hats on all but the most model-esque males to be childish and tasteless. Unless you've picked up a (god forbid) floppy beanie, there's no escaping the fact that any hat you choose will be an item of pure peacockery. However, I realise my own distinct preferences should not oppose the will of others. So if you're an aging hipster, there are few easier ways to keep your receding hairline and thinning crown nice and warm than a fur lined Trapper hat.

– Rueben Black



I wanna have **SEX** *baby*

Phoebe Harrop talks to renowned sex therapist and author of *Sex Life* Dr. Pamela Stephenson-Connolly about, well, sex.

Dr. Pamela

Stephenson-Connolly is a serious MILF. There's the long and lustrous platinum blonde hair, the come hither gaze, that hard-to-place accent... Oh and she's a sexologist - and self-confessed sex lover - who refers to her libido as a mischievous "beastie" living inside her. I could introduce her as Billy Connolly's wife, because they've been married for 30 years, but it might be more fitting to say one of *his* claims to fame is being her husband, because she's perhaps even more famous, in her own right, than he is.

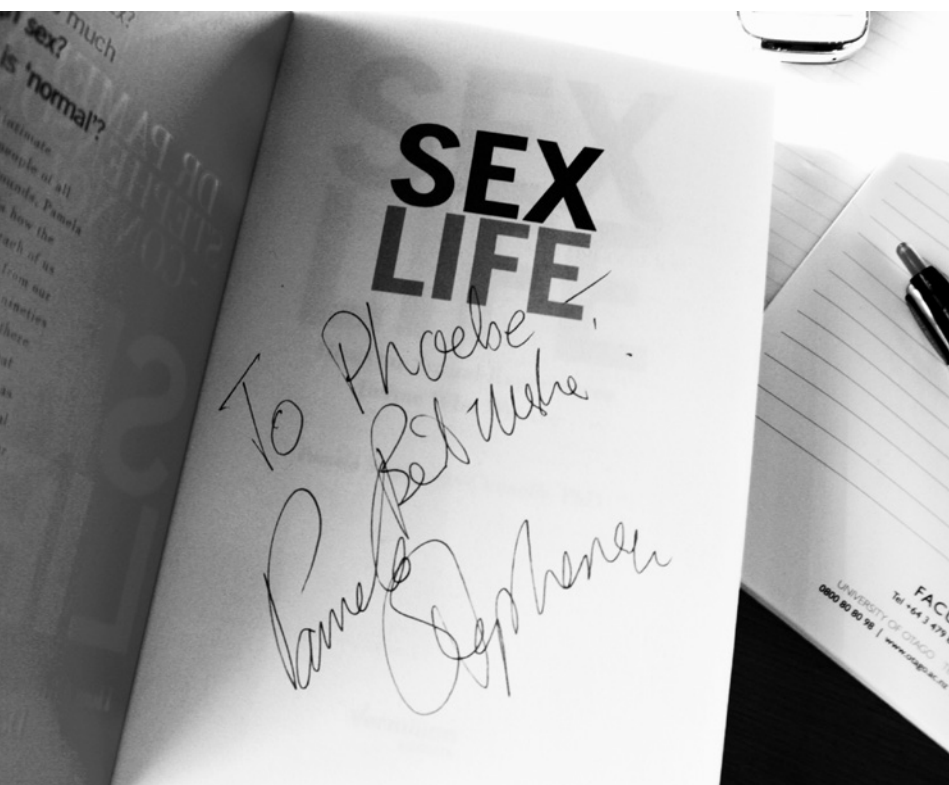
She's quite the woman. I had the pleasure of meeting her recently when she graced Dunedin (naturally, it was meant to be Christchurch; every cloud and all that) on a tour promoting her latest book, *Sex Life: How Our Sexual Encounters and Experiences Define Who We Are*.

Dr. Stephenson-Connolly was born in 1949, so she has lived through some of the 20th centuries most sexually liberal decades. I wondered how society's perception of sexuality had shifted during her life time. She said that, when she was 20, there were "almost no consequences [around sex]". The contraceptive pill had become widely-available, and

the AIDS epidemic was yet to rear its ugly, pandemic head. She says the attitude was "let's just experiment, let's go for it." Alas, that drug-hazed heyday was soon to be over.

So how do those societal shifts affect the sexuality of individuals? She says that our sexualities are not just biologically-driven, but are a heady mixture of factors, including societal ones. Medical truths, how you feel about your body, the messages we got about sex as children, our life experiences: if any of these change, so too will our sexuality.

It may no longer be the swinging sixties, but we are certainly exposed to a lot of sexual images and content by the media, and the entertainment industry. Is our society over-sexed? Have things gone the other way and made us even less able to talk about sex? Dr. Stephenson-Connolly agrees with the latter: "we are unable to talk about [sex] properly. We give lip service to a lot of stuff about it: ... It doesn't mean that we really understand all the images, that we feel comfortable with them, or that we can relate to them... There's more and more of a gap between images and what people are actually experiencing."



Dr. Stephenson-Conolly says we have a lot to learn from countries like Holland, France, Italy and Sweden, who deliver open and liberal sex education to their children from a young age. In France and Italy, the focus on sensuality and pleasure – to be taken from food, wine, sex – fosters a healthy relationship between children and their sexualities, which pays dividends into teenage and adulthood.

It seems that New Zealand is seeing a shift in its attitude to traditional Judeo-Christian lifelong monogamy, so long the norm in the Western world. There's New Zealand's sky-high divorce rate, and one of the lowest marriage rates in 45 years. Is monogamy a realistic aspiration these days? "I'm not even sure that many people aspire to it", says Dr. Stephenson-Conolly. "We see so much of people not lasting together, and it's definitely not easy for anybody." Her tips for a successful marriage? Be intimate: "True intimacy is not sexual, it's really about being willing to share who you truly are with that person and not having to hide too much away. And, being able to see each other – the good and the bad; and also to be individuals... Being able to support each other in your individual growth."

Is *Sex Life* a Karma Sutra for the 21st century? Not exactly. It's not so much of a how-to, but more of a guide to understanding how our life experiences impact our sex lives. To say that Dr. Stephenson-Conolly wrote this book is not quite the whole story: sure, she pens an entertaining introduction, pops in some psychological gems from time to time... But the guts of the book consists of hundreds of anonymous anecdotes from people of all ages, about their sexual experiences throughout their lives.

Divided roughly into decades of an individual's life (that is, 0-10, 20-30 etc.) the book examines rough themes that play out at each stage, from pre-natal erections to nonagenarian nookie, and beyond. In between there are some surprising, painful, somewhat disturbing and enlightening anecdotes that encompass all hues of the sexual rainbow: gay, lesbian, bisexual, transvestite, transgender, S&M-loving, incestual, abusive, strange men whipping their bits out in public... You name it, if someone has fantasised about it – or indeed actually lived it – it's here for your reading pleasure.

Add to that a persistent sprinkling of pertinent quotes (according to George Burns, "sex at 90 is like trying to shoot pool with a rope") and 450 pages of double-spaced 14pt Times New Roman later, there's a sense that Dr. Stephenson-Conolly didn't so much write *Sex Life* but compiled it and stuck it together with snappy sayings of other people's invention.

“ It’s
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to read
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analysis of sex
told from one
person’s point
of view ”

“Sex, unlike war, is far too grave a matter to be left to the privates.”

– Michael Haaren

That's not to say that *Sex Life* is a cop out, or that Dr. Stephenson-Conolly doesn't know what she is talking about. In fact it's somewhat refreshing to read unadulterated personal experiences, rather than some sort of sweeping analysis of sex told from one person's point of view. Furthermore, Dr. Stephenson-Conolly does remarkably well in retaining an unjudgmental point of view in her treatment of the anecdotes. One of the book's clear messages is that there are mountains of mythology surrounding sex - for example, that we "retire our pelvises" around age 40 – which should be de-mystified.

“If we can retain a sense of humour about our sexuality we'll be able to deal with it best. One wonderfully horny 93-year-old I met quipped: ‘I know I had the wildest sex imaginable last night. Next morning, I had to see my doctor. Not because it hurt – but with my Alzheimer's, I needed help remembering it!’”

“We can’t box-in our sexual tendencies,
and nor should we box-in others.”

So without being a “how to” – at least when it comes to the mechanics of sex – it does answer those awkward questions we are too afraid to ask. And importantly it talks about the factors that contribute to each individual’s sexuality: childhood experiences, their parents’ attitudes towards sex, the kinds of relationships they want. Another emphasis of the book is that the menagerie of sexual experiences and approaches to human relations is more or less endless, and that’s fabulous.

“We agreed that essentially we were going to be monogamous, but that if one of us ever wound up in some situation where amazing, once-in-a-lifetime sexual opportunity presented itself, we could go for it.”

“I’m a big guy and my friends thought I was a hot, sexy guy... I acted like a guy that fucks lots of girls, but I was having sex with my own hand.”

“In sex as in banking there is a penalty for early withdrawal.”

– Cynthia Nelms

So while sexuality, and relationships, come in almost every imaginable shape, colour and content; Dr. Stephenson-Connolly makes it clear that this diversity is something to be celebrated. We can’t box-in our sexual tendencies, and nor should we box-in others. In short, anything goes – as long as it’s safe, sane and consensual. What more is there to say, but to insert a humorous quotation...

“It is an infantile superstition of the human spirit that virginity would be thought of as a virtue and not the barrier that separates ignorance from knowledge.”

– Voltaire

More than a therapist

Though she is often touted as a sex therapist – for example by Mark Sainsbury, who appeared to jizz his pants when he interviewed her on *Close Up* – Pamela Stephenson-Connolly is much more. She recently spent some time in that perilous land of *The Poisonwood Bible*, the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Working for British charity Merlin (Medical Relief International), she was sent to support local healthworkers trying – at great personal risk to themselves – to provide support to women terrorized and victimised at the hands of rebels.

The experience was a harrowing one. The brutality that Dr. Stephenson-Connolly witnessed, and the horrendous stories of rape that she heard, were such that she hasn’t told anyone about them because “it’s not fair to burden someone” with that kind of knowledge. She points out that it’s not about sexual gratification: rather, rape is used as a weapon of war; a way of killing or incapacitating women so they are unable to bear children and become a burden on their village. It is committed by men in every area, sometimes by disenfranchised soldiers upon women whose husbands, sons and brothers are in their own army.

Dr. Stephenson-Connolly said that the saddest realisation for her was that, politically, “there’s no interest in stopping [the conflict]”: other countries, including the world’s superpowers, want the minerals that the DRC has to offer. And to get them, those countries have to get into bed with the rebels. So there’s no international military presence, no reform agenda: simply lawlessness. Politically, the West has more or less turned its back on the DRC.

Not only that, says Stephenson-Connolly, but the whole tumultuous situation is a lingering remnant of the DRC’s own metaphorical rape at the hands of colonialism, in particular by King Leopold II of Belgium. The rascal royal created the ironically-named Congo Free State, which basically served as his personal hunting ground. The country was run with mercenary force (the if-you-don’t-gather-rubber-sap-faster-I-will-cut-off-your-arm sort of approach) that led directly or indirectly to the death of millions of the Congo’s indigenous inhabitants.

Working in the DRC, even for a short time, was far from a bucket of laughs. Dr Stephenson-Connolly’s security briefing for a car trip one day was: if your jeep gets ambushed, the driver will run away. Show them your papers, and if that doesn’t work, use the \$200 bribe. If they start shooting, jump out of the car on the side furthest from the gunfire, and hide behind a tyre. Then, when they stop to reload, make a dash to the nearest point of cover. Dr. Stephenson-Connolly soon realised that she shouldn’t have gone to the DRC without being fit enough to run for her life. Since she was working for a charity, she wasn’t allowed to be armed. While she’s “OK with unarmed combat”, she “would have liked a handgun... and I can handle an AK-47” – superwoman much?

So what does one do to unwind from that sort of experience? For Stephenson-Connolly, the answer lay in getting fit and enjoying something frivolous. Around the same time, she was asked to compete in *Strictly Come Dancing* – Britain’s answer to *Dancing With the Stars*, only with actual celebrities. She accepted, and went on to make the finals and place third in the competition. This has somewhat restored her faith in the lighter side of human nature after the distressing time in the DRC. But, call her crazy (or just compassionate), she’s going back – this time to make a documentary.

Hon. Steven Joyce

Steven Joyce likes a good cappuccino, but insists on nothing sprinkled on the top. Surely, that's more of a latte then? But no, apparently with a layer of espresso, milk and froth it distinguishes itself easily from the infamous beverage. Joyce, a name more synonymous with Guinness and Leprechauns, is a jovial, sensible fellow. Since taking over the Tertiary Education portfolio from Anne Tolley last year, Joyce has made some controversial decisions – reducing the eligibility for mature students, cutting the holiday period for loan repayments from 3 years to 1 and so on. How have these actions affect you? **Georgie Fenwicke** aimed to find out the reasoning behind the moves and a bit about the man himself.

We are aware of the changes that have been made, can you explain the Ministry's motivations behind the moves?

It starts from a position that we are spending a reasonably large amount on tertiary education, we are not the biggest but we spend a pretty good amount. We haven't got the money to spend anymore because the country is, you know, in debt.

In the wider sense, it is just about getting the best value for money and we have been able to put it back into tertiary places, I mean we have more places at university now than we ever have before and we have got 8500 more than 2008 and we have no more money. So we have re-arranged some things and we have given people more opportunity to study.

On that point, do you think tertiary education is for everyone?

No, not necessarily. I think many things aren't for everyone, but I think it is really important for many people. There is always that old debate: is it worth going to university? Too many people go to university. Particularly among some older New Zealanders, I think the test of that is quite simple, that people who go to university, on average, earn an income premium of about 60-70% of those that don't go. As long as that income premium is in place, you would say that obviously it is worth it. Then, on a personal level, the thing that university worked for me is that you go to university to learn how to learn and you come out with some skills and some facts and analyzing things and thinking about that.

Speaking of learning, was it a steep learning curve picking up this portfolio from Anne Tolley?

Yeah it was because my last association with the tertiary education sector was in 1984 which was a year before I stopped enrolling.

Obviously, I have been around the cabinet table when tertiary education was discussed so I was familiar with the broader issues, but it was a pretty steep immersion process. I think I created a new record in the number of briefings sent to a Tertiary Minister in my early days.

Have you had any briefings on the aging population of teaching staff at universities?

Not specifically, it has been raised in discussions with Vice-Chancellors at different times, not that many times, but I am aware of it. I think, firstly, it is an appropriate issue for the universities to address. It is the responsibility of every organisation to make sure they are bringing people through and they are hiring new people. There are some policy settings that can change the size and we can look at that, but we have to acknowledge that they have to be involved to make sure they have the right balance.

Your maiden speech to Parliament is full of gusto and promise, now nearing the end of your first term, how would you describe your political outlook? Are you still as optimistic?

I am optimistic, yeah. It is a fascinating role and it is a real privilege to get to make some interesting calls and do some good things. I am very proud of some of the things we have done across the portfolios. I am proud of the progress we are making in road safety, I am proud of the investment we are making in transport and the tertiary area. In a couple of years time when we have about 20% more graduates coming out of universities than we had at the end of the previous government. Again, as I said with no additional money and after a long period of stagnation over 2000-2008 the number graduates remained the same.

You have said that a number of boardmembers of RadioWorks including Norton Moller, Derek Lowe and John Armstrong were your mentors throughout your management of the enterprise, what was the best advice you were given that has helped you in your role in both the private and public sectors?

I don't know if we got a particular piece of advice there. I think it was really good that they knew about running businesses because when we started we were really into running radio stations. We were a bit undisciplined initially and they were all about pay your bills, make sure there is money in the bank account, all that sort of stuff. They recognised before we did I think that you could grow the place, they did what a good board should do: they observed, gave advice and at the right time said we think you should expand a little.

After RadioWorks was sold to CanWest as the result of a corporate raid, are you more cautious or less trusting in the roles you undertake now?

I don't think you can be. That wasn't something I chose to see happen and at the time, I was disappointed, very disappointed.

Were you surprised?

Not completely, we had quite an open register. I was surprised at the timing and surprised at how it unfolded, but it was very disappointing at the time. It had become my baby and I wanted it to go and do other things, but things happen for a reason and I can think of so many things that wouldn't have happened if that hadn't occurred and I wouldn't want to change any of those things that happened subsequently. They happen for a reason and there is no use getting wound up about what doesn't go your way.

Opinion



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DIATRIBE

On Wednesday the 1st of June on live television, Murray Deaker described a man who worked on a sheep farm as “working like a nigger”. On Friday 3rd the ‘professional media’ wrote its first online article on the events. Two days later. Cue Sky TV spokesman: “I’m not defending him, but that’s a phrase that’s widely used”. I’m at a loss to decide which out of Deaker’s manifest bigotry or Sky’s paradoxical, bullshit response makes me want to hurt myself more.

I have little doubt that this phrase stems, in some way, from the days of slavery that black people were subjected to, and that it is used with some portion of the same disdain. In a search for justification we begin at Sky’s inherently nonsensical ‘defence’. Asserting that they are not defending Deaker, they do so in the same sentence by claiming it is a common phrase. In my twenty years I have not heard this phrase. Pardon my ignorance. And how, exactly, is countering that an offensive slur is ‘widely used’ an excuse? I guess Murray is from ‘that’ generation where it may well be and/or have been widely used. So fucking what? Today, Deaker has a legal and moral responsibility, as a broadcaster, to not say things like this. Being subjected to a generation that endorsed racist carry-on goes no further towards justifying such carry-on than me saying that I hated my cat as a child. And this is by no means Deaker’s first racial ‘slip up’.

Comparisons to Paul Henry scream through the walls. By comparison, Henry might only be accused of cultural insensitivity and ignorance. Henry is no longer on TV; why is Deaker? Deaker isn’t on a comedy show or MTV where contemporary use of the N-word has transitioned, having shed its malice and derogatory nature. He is a reputable, serious news journalist. One must perhaps concede that Deaker works for a private company eager to exploit publicity, as opposed to Henry who was axed from our government-owned broadcasting company eager to resolve a sizable relations issue.

The bottom line is that the phrase is derogatory and inhumane to the full extent of both words. Is it any different from using other derivations of the N-word such as a ‘defect’ from the phrase ‘nigger in the woodpile’ – denoting escaped slaves hiding in woodpiles on trains? No, not really, and that is a horrible phrase.

Over 150 years beyond the inauguration of New Zealand there remains both a political and a cultural divide between Maori and Pakeha. Is that such a surprise when we have people like Murray Deaker expressing directly to people throughout the country that he holds other races of human beings in contempt of that of his own? Having such a person as a famous voice in our country can only serve as a detriment to our society, culture and people.

– **Nick Gavigan**

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 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 **"That insulation of Dunedin flats should be compulsory."** Alec Dawson argues the affirmative while Kurt Purdon argues the negative.



Affirmative

Dunedin winters are relentlessly cold, dark and bleak. If you're lucky enough to be living in a hall of residence with your underfloor heating and in-room heater, let me make it clear that this will disappear the moment you have to shift into a slum on Castle Street. Flats are usually found in the coldest, darkest parts of town and are either cheaply built or old villas (and usually both). The World Health Organisation sets the bar of a temperature for a healthy home at 18 degrees. Dunedin flats aren't at this temperature, not just in the winter months, but for most of the time students have to live here.

It's all very well owning a house and choosing to bear the cold, but that's not what students do. We have to live in Dunedin, close to the University, and are never in a position to own our homes. This puts students in a position with not very much choice. Add to this the fact that students are young, first-time flatters who want to live in flats of a certain size, none of which are well insulated. What you get are landlords that are under no pressure to make their flats meet basic standards of comfort, especially as students are in no position to take collective action to force change. In reality, many landlords don't even live in Dunedin, operate through agents, and put zero effort into the flats that they own.

One way or the other, cold conditions put heavy strain on students. Either it raises the costs of living, which is especially difficult for most Dunedin students who have to live away from home on living costs or an allowance (North Dunedin doesn't have a job for every student); or it means living in freezing conditions. "Toughening up" is all very well, but it doesn't make the cold go away – it makes putting up with other strains and difficulties in life more difficult, and can lead to worse study habits and strained interpersonal relationships. It's also a serious health problem.

As well as health benefits, there are also likely advantages in terms of how students respect both their flats and Dunedin. People complain about students treating Dunedin like a place to be trashed, but if all it has is cold, low-quality living conditions they're more likely to treat it like it doesn't matter. Force landlords to make life better for students, and they're more likely to appreciate living here. Forcing insulation is a very good start.

– **Alec Dawson**

Negative

Alec has fantastic intentions, but harms those he tries to help. Making full insulation of flats mandatory will only hurt students. At first glance, this sounds counter-intuitive, but with a bit of common sense we can see that it is true.

Alec is right about one thing, Dunedin has un-insulated flats. Dunedin also has fully insulated flats which you can get if you want, but they cost more. Why? There are two reasons. Firstly, insulation has installation costs, which landlords pass onto students in the form of higher rents so they get an acceptable return on their investment. Secondly, because fully insulated flats attract higher rents, these properties are worth more, so sell at a higher price when one owner sells it to another. This means the new owner has a larger mortgage, meaning more interest. Higher interest costs mean higher rents, as the landlord needs to make an acceptable return on their investment.

If full insulation became compulsory, rents would increase. There's simply no question about it. Insulation costs money. Floors and walls need to be ripped up, ceilings need to be refitted. Landlords will simply increase rents to cover it.

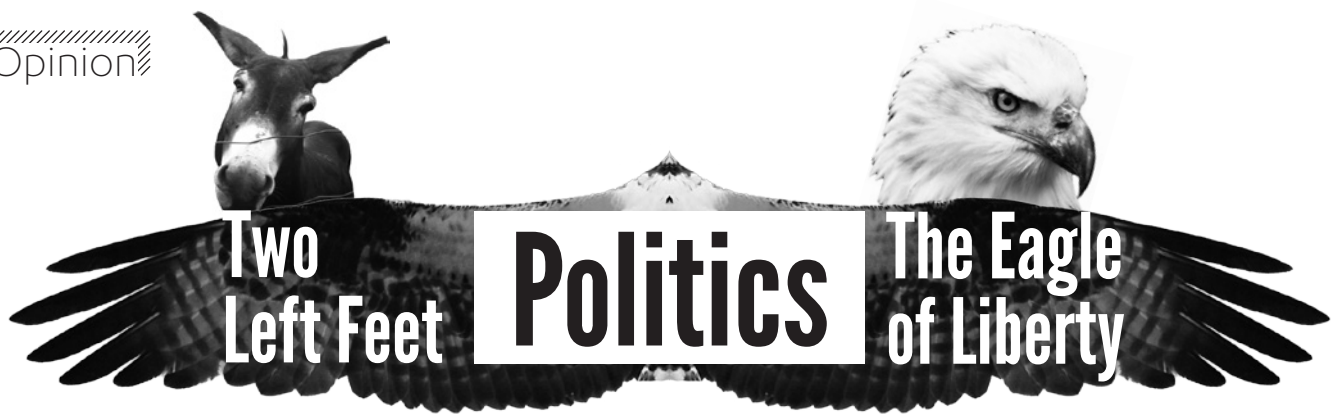
Most students have modest budgets. Some people can't afford to pay extra for insulated flats, whereas some don't think it's worth it to pay extra for a fully insulated flat. These are the people you harm when you make insulation mandatory. Let's look at two examples, Bob and Mary.

Bob and his friends want to keep costs low by leasing an un-insulated flat for \$95/week. What does Alec tell them? He tells them that this is not allowed, and that they may only lease a flat that is fully insulated. The flat that would have been \$95/week is now more expensive, so Bob and his friends are forced to pay more when they didn't want to.

Mary gets hit even harder. She can't find a part time job, has no savings, and her parents can't afford to financially support her. Her only income is her \$169/week living costs. She and her friends are keen on a cheap un-insulated flat that costs \$110/week (leaving her with just \$59 income leftover). Alec punishes Mary by forcing all flats to be fully insulated. She can now only find a flat that costs \$120/week, meaning her leftover income is only \$49/week! Mary is now forced into either living close to the poverty line or quitting study altogether as the costs are simply too great.

Getting flats fully insulated is not costless, and these costs are borne by students. Currently, we all have the liberty to decide whether we pay extra or not. Alec takes away your liberty.

– **Kurt Purdon**



Believe it or not, I have a few rightwing friends. Some of them are even moderately sane, although they do seem partial to pentagrams and foaming at the mouth. But whenever I get into a political discussion with them, a little bit of my soul dies. I witness the people I love turning into morons right before me. It's a bit like the ending of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, but worse because I don't always have a pillow handy.

For instance, take the argument that one of these friends pitched to me recently (well, it was ages ago, but I'm not made of anecdotes you know). He* claimed that man-made climate change was indeed occurring (after all, he is smart enough to walk and talk simultaneously); however, we needn't worry about environmental regulation, because the free market will deliver a solution! Three guesses what degree he's studying. Yep, that's right, medicine.**

Ever heard the story about the two economists who accidentally drove off a cliff? As they plunge to their (some might say) inevitable doom, the first economist turns to the second and says, "don't worry, we have a demand for a parachute, so the market will supply it!" And, hey presto ... it didn't, and they died, leaving behind two heartbroken widows and eight small children, who then had to work in the mines to help feed their families, suffering various disfigurements in the process.

Believing that the market will come to the rescue is nothing more than blind faith. Like all manifestations of blind faith, it is an utterly ridiculous basis for public policy. Could the market alter people's behaviour in time to avoid the worst effects of global warming? Of course not. The kinds of short-run incentives that will actually make people cut back on emissions won't start to bite until the environment is already totally fucked, and the major emitters who can do something about it now have absolutely no incentive to do so. That's the free market for you.

Could the market produce some great technological innovation that somehow averts the crisis? It's possible, and it's certainly an avenue worth exploring. But gambling on this remote chance without also seeking to reduce emissions is just plain stupid. The market hasn't cured cancer (or even the common cold). The market couldn't stop the AIDS pandemic. The market hasn't given us magic wands to cool down our climate. Sometimes, things just can't be done, and searching for a climate-saving MacGuffin could just be a waste of time.

– Sam McChesney

*In this story, her gender has been changed to protect her identity.

**In this story, his/her degree has been changed from commerce to medicine to protect his/her identity.

The Eagle: Critic's Token Bird Columnist

The Eagle has a white head, orange beak and talons, brown wings, and a white tail. But the Eagle doesn't obsess over his gender or the colour of his feathers. The Eagle's true identity relates to his unshakeable sense of liberty and justice – his moral choices, not a fluke of birth. Sadly, Labour and the Greens have succumbed to the disease of "identity politics" – they're obsessed with having a quota of token women and token ethnic minorities, instead of choosing MPs on merit. Cos it's not like a man can ever truly represent women, right?

Wrong. Gender and skin colour are irrelevant; what matters is political views. The Eagle is better represented by Ayaan Hirsi Ali (Somalian woman who loves liberty) than Phil Goff, who is white and male but also a socialist. The Eagle hopes New Zealand politics is not going to stoop to the level of the Maori Party and degenerate into a collection of race-based parties demanding racial privileges.

The Eagle on Radio One-Listener-Per-Week

OUSA wastes thousands of dollars of eaglets' money per year on Radio One. Don't worry, the Eagle's never listened to it either. Thankfully, Radio One is about to be sold. A dozen or so hippies are gutted, and a few thousand people who never listened to Radio One are pretending to be upset.

The Eagle on Kronic

Kronic is fun but risky, just like snowboarding and rugby. Socialists want it banned, and they will inevitably succeed thanks to NZ's ban-happy culture. It is absolutely disgraceful that people are trying to control what eaglets can do with their own bodies.

The Eagle Exposes OUSA's Lies

Te Roopu Maori, also known as the Exclusive Maori Club, effectively costs OUSA \$82,000 per year. Seventy-five percent of Maori students' levies go directly to TRM, yet these students are allowed to use all of OUSA's services despite only contributing ¼ as much money as everyone else. Unless OUSA admits that its services are worthless, this costs OUSA \$82,000 per year. So non-Maori eaglets are subsidising Maori eaglets to the tune of \$82k per annum. Racial equality in the 21st century, folks.

The Eagle Got Censored, Again

The Eagle had more to say, but sadly his column has been censored for the second week running. It's hard being a liberal free bird stuck in a cage with a flock of socialist canaries. But the Eagle battles on to bring the truth to the eaglets. Liberty is worth it.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle



THE AGENDA GAP

Critic may have been on a month-long hiatus, but *ODT* was keeping it real with more “quality” journalism than you can shake a fist at. *ODT* restrained themselves magnificently when dealing with National Icon Shrek- da-sheep’s tragic death, succumbing to their need for atrocious puns only once. But boy, was it “memorable”.

We wool remember

Only in New Zealand with our sloppy haphazard accents could “wool” be a pun for “will”. Only in New Zealand would the glorious portrait of a dead sheep be on the front page of a newspaper. Some have suggested that this isn’t even a pun, but merely a statement from the shorn wool of Shrek himself.

The real highlight of the holidays has been *ODT*’s propaganda campaign against Kronic, the group of once- legal pot-like drugs. *ODT* have made scare-mongering about the drug their pet project, updating *ODT* readers with daily sob-stories of Kronic-related abuse, sadness, and tragedy. It was great, and didn’t seem at all biased towards their conservative elderly readership.

One user of “Illusion” went crazy and put sugar in his wife’s coffee multiple times. His wife warns: “if you use this stuff, you might go crazy”.



“Oh hai there. Kronic has ruined my life, so I kept every packet to remind me of that cool time my life was ruined.”

Ironically, their latest sob-story target Kristyn Scott (pictured above) experienced an “unexpected side effect”: she was able to get a job. Awkward.

ODT also did a great job reporting on OUSA’s latest “sex scandal” (their words, not ours), including a wonderful pic of ex-Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride. It’s true, Stride never looks Hollywood perfect, but, not content with his OUSA website photo, *ODT* trawled through photos of him to find the snap that made him most resemble a rapist. Nice.



When I arrived in Dunedin to study at the University of Otago, the two things that excited me most upon my arrival were the discovery of Radio One & *Critic*. These two institutions taught me to challenge conventional wisdom, to question authority, to ‘Dare To Be Wise’ more than anything or anyone at the University did. They taught me the value of poking the machine with a big stick if you didn’t believe what it was doing was in your best interests, or in the best interests of your fellow students.

That ‘machine’ was, at varying times, the Government, the University, the Dunedin City Council, Dunedin’s landed gentry and OUSA. Radio One & *Critic* were the only people that would say “Hey, wait a minute...” every time landlords told us we deserved to live in sub-standard housing, every time the University increased our fees or closed our departments, or any time questions could be raised about what OUSA was doing with the money they were collecting from us. A political body shutting down one of the only outlets that take time to question them makes me shudder. Radio One & *Critic* were active in their coverage and promotion of queer issues, Maori issues, women’s issues, environmental issues, and political angles that didn’t fit the agenda of the commercial media oligopolists. They asked the questions I wanted answers to when nobody else would, and I always saw that as an invaluable service as a poor undergrad with no particular political clout.

Towards the end of my student years, I was privileged enough to become a part of the organisation I had so revered and was in turn given the power to ask those questions. It was a responsibility I never took lightly, and one that I was always proud of. As a presenter on Radio One I was given the opportunity to grill candidates for OUSA Executive, for Mayor of Dunedin and for our local representation in Parliament on what they planned to do about our ballooning student debt problem, about the poor living conditions of the student population, about changes in labour legislation that would affect graduates and about the impending doom of Voluntary Student Membership.

I have always been proud of OUSA’s roots as a political organisation and lobby group, but if it can’t keep media companies *it owns* informed of its movements, media companies that repeatedly reinforce their willingness to help in this area, then it’s no wonder they struggle to engage with their membership base. Wherever it has been possible for me to step in and do what I can to breach that political gulf the Executive has created, I have done so, because the depoliticisation of OUSA – in the name of ‘broader appeal’ – ends up alienating the very people who are most likely to engage with it voluntarily.

– Aaron Hawkins



Surviving flying next to an old person

Early morning flights. We've all taken them in varying stages of functionality and sobriety, more often than not they, well, suck. The screaming babies, the fat guy, the annoyingly chirpy air hostess, it can all be a bit much for 7.30 in the morning. Yet, every trip I find myself awake at 6.45 for that early morning flight and it's just my luck that I am continually blessed with that most irritating of flying companion...the old person.

This may sound harsh but unless it's my own grandparents I really do get annoyed with people who have crept over the sixty year mark. So when I find myself stuck on a plane next to one my brain immediately turns to survival mode. Number one on my list of survival techniques is never say hello. An old person is kind of like a small child, they constantly feel the need to talk about every little thing that comes to their mind, but far from being endearing, an old person just comes off as annoying. So if you say hello it only encourages them, and they will harp on about grandkids, the supermarket, the price of milk and everything else that warms their barely ticking hearts.

Don't read either, that's a big mistake. Reading is a gateway to conversation. "Oh you're reading *To Kill A Mockingbird*, I remember when that came out, oh it was so....blah blah blah". How ridiculously fascinating! No. Just put your headphones on and whatever you do, do not take them off. Not to go to the bathroom, not to talk to the hot airhostess, the sweet blonde in front of you, nothing. If you do, your plane ride will turn into as much fun as a first year legal history lecture.

You can prepare of course, and be protected against any possible interaction with father or mother time by always picking the window seat. I know it's cramped, and has about as much leg-room as the kids table at Christmas, but you will be glad you did it.

Still, if your iPod battery is flat, you're stuck on the aisle seat or you just couldn't avoid the conversation there is one last drastic way to save yourself. It's my personal favourite, which might say something about my inner vindictiveness, but you can always beat them at their own game. Just start talking and don't stop for the full flight. Trust me, it works. Plus you'll save some cash on the old shrink bill, and feel satisfied that you beat the old timer at their own game, and how did they like it? My guess is they didn't, but it's just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



As I make my weekly pilgrimage to the supermarket, I am drawn to the mysterious international food aisle. Jump down the rabbit hole with me as we discover a weird and wonderful food item each week.

Ortobuono – Funghi porcini secchi

\$4.69 for a 10g packet.

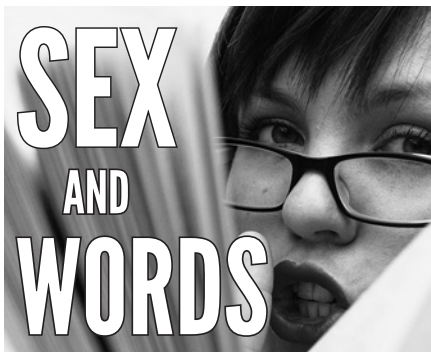
These **dried porcini mushrooms** from Italy will take you on an olfactory trip like never before. The versatility of mushrooms in risottos, pastas and casseroles makes them a fridge staple. I typically cook with fresh portobello mushrooms for their meatiness, or fresh white button mushrooms for their ability to soak up flavours in stews such as coq au vin. Venturing into the arena of dried food may conjure up images of thermal-clad campers huddling around a portable stove, but I assure you that dried porcini mushrooms are far more exciting than potato flakes and dehydrated peas. Upon opening the packet, my nostrils were greeted with a pungent, earthy aroma that vaguely resembled dog food. The mushrooms were surprisingly bland tasting slices in their dried form. We weren't off to a great start but I optimistically carried on (much like the days of dreadful school athletic 100-metre sprints). To prepare the mushrooms, steep them in a covered container of boiling water for at least ten minutes. This may offset a moment of nostalgia, as the process is almost as intriguing as growing those expanding foam animals in your mother's favourite vase. The mushroom slices, when hydrated, have a pleasant bite that is not typical to the fresh button or portobello varieties. The true magic, however, is in the steeping water. It carries the most flavour - earthy, rich, yet not overpowering. This liquid will give a meal its edge, so use every last drop. Try substituting it for stock in risottos or beef stews. Porcini has a distinct flavour and a little goes a long way in influencing a dish, so it's worth paying for. It's best used in dishes requiring the addition of liquids to recognise its full flavour.

7/10

Porcini Penne for two

Prepare the mushrooms as above, steeping half the packet in 100ml of boiling water. Meanwhile, gently cook six roughly diced garlic cloves with 1/2 tsp of cayenne pepper in oil (olive if possible), until soft. Add the mushrooms, and the accompanying liquid. Cook over a medium heat for a few minutes. Add a 150g of sour cream. Cook for a further minute to thicken, then stir through penne pasta (cooked in boiling, salted water for around 10 minutes until al dente, and drained). This would also be delicious on english muffins as a lazy Sunday morning brunch.

– Ines Shennan



My two favorite things in life are talking and sex. Refine the former to “talking about myself” and it probably takes top spot, edging out even the humble coca leaf and covert usage of my bar heater when my flatmates aren’t looking. Refine “talking about myself” to “talking about what I want you to do to me” and it rises head and shoulders above all other pleasures in life, just as Dunedin consistently reaffirms its reputation as New Zealand’s premier locale for audiophiles via an eclectic musical lineup of entirely wobble-free sounds which are never ever redolent of



Hello Sir or Madam,

Today I purchased a bag of Eta Spuds Spring Onion Flavour. They tasted good and cost \$1.50. Because of this I bought a spring onion expecting it to taste the same as these chips. Once I bit into the spring onion, to my dismay, the spring onion tasted horrible and I was eating it in public too, so I looked rather foolish spitting pieces of spring onion on the pavement. It was 2pm, which is peak pedestrian hour, so you can imagine the embarrassment that resulted from this occurrence.

I read the ingredients list on the bag and was shocked to find that there is not even a single milligram of spring onion in these chips. You should not be calling chips spring onion flavour, as this is misleading and will only lead to more situations such as the one that I found myself in.

Also, as I was reading the ingredients list on the packet, several chips spilled out onto my pants, which made me look messy. This is a minor product flaw, but one which I feel should be corrected immediately with some sort of anti-spill flap.

Zac

cutting bloody swathes through a herd of *Top Model* contestants with a chainsaw.

What you say in bed is just as important as what you do. I would rather fuck to a continuous loop of Skrillex’s “Scary Monsters and Nice Sprites” than endure again the pain of attempting sex with a guy who, upon sticking his hand down my pants, said in wonderment “Wow, you have like no pubes.” Actually at the time I was rocking three and a half weeks’ growth since my last braz so one can only speculate with horror at what the poor boy was accustomed to in the forest-logging department. I was Ritalin’d up to the slightly stubbly poon so elected to return home to complete some law readings, which while unpleasant was still a better bet than enduring any more inane marketing-student babble.

On the other end of the innocence spectrum from Mr. Bearded Clam is the particularly Kiwi breed of bogan bedroom banter which is essentially just never-ending combinations of

Hey there Zac,

Thanks for taking the time to update us on your embarrassing dilemma. In order to get the best flavoured products we typically mimic but don't replicate actual food flavours in order to deliver a flavour that will taste best on a potato chip. For example you will notice that our chicken flavour doesn't actually taste like you are eating a piece of chicken, but you still get a chicken flavour that your taste buds expect on a potato chip. It is lucky we didn't make the chips taste like actual spring onion otherwise you would have been spitting those out on the street as well, which is not what we want!

We are working through a whole lot of packaging innovation at the moment and are constantly looking at ways to improve our packaging offering for consumers. So will feed your ideas into our innovation pipeline. Keep enjoying our fantastic ETA SPUDS!

Regards,
Nicola

Hi Nicola,

I thought that this dilemma had been solved, however a new dilemma has arisen as a result of the email you sent to me. I quote you verbatim as stating “for example you will notice that our chicken flavour doesn’t actually taste like you are eating a piece of chicken, but you still get a

the words “Fuck”, “Yeah”, and “Babe”. I enjoy an appropriate deployment of a dirty “fuck” as much as anyone but it loses all meaning when “Yeah fuck yeah babe” is the response to a blow job, a kiss, anal or a request to use his laptop to check my Facebook super quickly.

Worse than both these approaches, however, are those who simply say nothing. Silent sex repulses me more than the omnipresent sea of gurning 18-year-olds who will smugly disappear into Union Hall’s toilet cubicles in twos and threes come Wednesday. For god’s sake, say something; we’re fucking, not casually brushing up on our knowledge of the biofuels land grab in Kenya’s Tana Delta. Say what you like and what you don’t; say how good it feels; say how hot your partner is. Make it dirty - you can get away with anything in the heat of the moment. Well, almost anything. Any chat involving the words “Skrillex”, “beatport” or “pingaz” may as well be an admission of a herpes flare-up.

– Mrs John Wilmot

chicken flavour that your taste buds expect on a potato chip.” I purchased the chicken chips expecting a potato chip chicken flavour not unlike the spring onion situation of which you are already aware.

However, the chicken flavour chips DID taste like I was eating a piece of chicken. I turned my attention to the ingredients list on the back of the packet (again spilling chips on myself and making me look messy) and I was appalled to find that the chips contained chicken fat. I am a vegetarian, so you can imagine the shock that I felt as I ate these chips and came to this realization. I promptly put my fingers down my throat and vomited out the chips. This not only made me look bulimic in front of the general public but also made a rather unsightly mess on the ground.

I then realized that my pants were covered in chicken and that as a vegetarian I could no longer wear them. Subsequently I removed my pants in public and was then arrested for indecent exposure by a nearby policeman who had also observed the vomiting spectacle.

Consequently, I am now facing \$500 in fines. Can I trust that Eta will cover these fines, as clearly Eta are responsible for this situation? I was rather embarrassed by the whole situation, so a “sorry” wouldn’t hurt either.

Thanks,
Zac

STYLE



by Zane Pocock



Maddie (left), studying Commerce.

Shoes: Lippy, Jersey: Trelise Cooper, Beanie: China, Scarf: Country Road, Socks: Grandma

Beckie (right), studying P.E.

Shoes: New Look, Jersey: Hong Kong, Scarf: Dorothy Perkins



Monny (left), studying at TCOL

Shoes: Overland, Dress: Supre, Jersey: France, Access Bag: Void

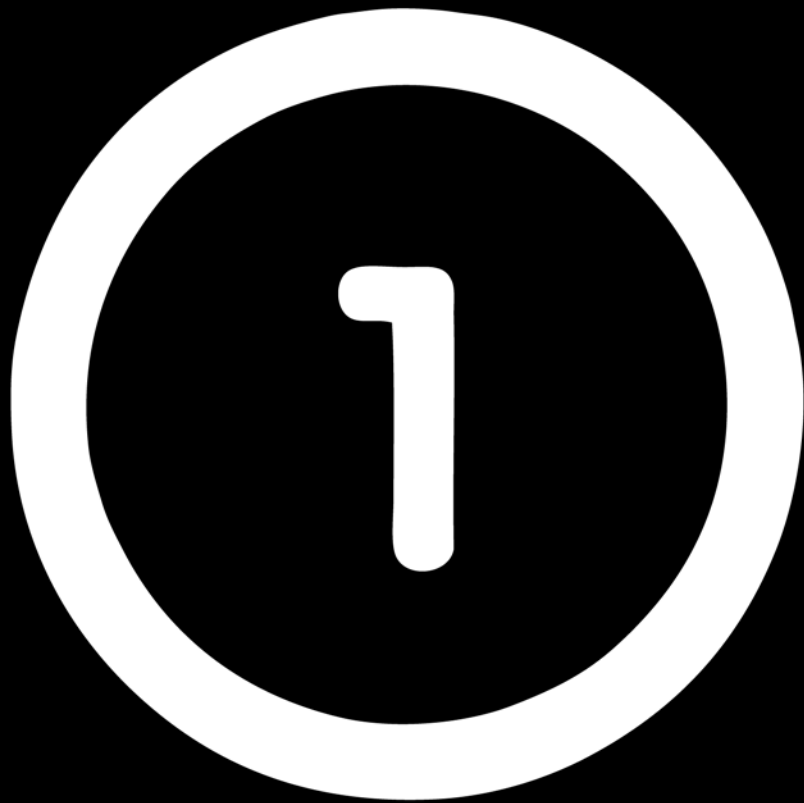
Alice (right) studying Design.

Shoes: Warehouse, Dress: Nooz, Jersey: Glassons, Bag: Mum



Poetry is back, back again.
We want your drunk rants, emo angsts, stylised haikus and boustrous ballads for our all new poetry section. Want your poems published in our hallowed pages? Send 'em in to poetry@critic.co.nz.

POETRY



91 FM

FOR SALE

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT?

Send submissions to submissions@r1.co.nz by the 29th July 2011

STATE OF THE NATION - THE WINTER EDITION

WITH BASTI MENKES



TROY



JONAS



DJ



MICHELLE



KRISTIE

What do you think should be done with Radio One?

Troy: Keep it up! **Jonas:** No idea. **DJ:** I would love it to continue as an alternative community station **Michelle:** Dunno... **Kristie:** What's Radio One?

Have you ever tried Pineapple Express? If not, what is your favourite strand of Kronic?

Troy: I like Dust. **Jonas:** Yeah, it was good. I like hash. **DJ:** Why would I smoke the legal stuff when the illegal stuff is so much better? **Michelle:** Nope. **Kristie:** I haven't tried it.

What sort of masks are you afraid of?

Troy: I'm not. **Jonas:** Swine, horses... farm animals, you know? **DJ:** Scream masks, yeah. **Michelle:** None, but I love horror movie masks! **Kristie:** Masks of politicians.

On a scale from "wearing stubbies in Winter" to "wearing a sleeping bag in class", how tough are you?

Troy: I'm extreme. **Jonas:** I'm not tough at all. **DJ:** Closer to sleeping bags. **Michelle:** I'm tough. **Kristie:** Stubbies!

And finally, is global warming going to be good for winter?

Troy: Winters will be more extreme. **Jonas:** For me, yeah. **DJ:** Global warming precedes ice ages, so if you like skiing it'll be good. **Michelle:** DEFINITELY! For Dunedin, it'll be much better! **Kristie:** More extreme.

Review



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50 Games; *Duke Nukem Forever, Trenched* | **51 Performance;** *The Tutor*



Bad Teacher

Director: Jake Kasdan

You can be certain that with *Bad Teacher* – keeping in mind the title, the seductive advertising campaign and of course, Cameron Diaz – what you see is definitely what you get. Diaz stars in her stereotypical role as Elizabeth, a school teacher with a hot body, botoxed lips and zero teaching ability. Things begin to change when Scott (Justin Timberlake), takes a job at her school. Scott, attractive in a geeky bespectacled, knitted jersey kind of way, instantly becomes the target of romantic infatuation for Elizabeth. After being shown a photograph of his ex-girlfriend with breasts the size of basketballs, Elizabeth becomes convinced that the way to Scott's heart is by surgically increasing her cup size. This new-found direction, combined with the substantial bonus received by the teacher whose class gets the highest grade-average in the upcoming tests, sees Elizabeth's dedication to her students increase dramatically as their success becomes the only road to cosmetic surgery.

The film is made up of a series of average short skits, connected by this relatively weak underlying plot line. The story spins on as Elizabeth tries numerous money making schemes and teaching tactics to accumulate the funds she needs, attempting to drill into the students knowledge she barely has a grasp on herself.

The humor is accessible and guaranteed to bring a smile to your face. It is often hard to tell if you are laughing with the film or at it, but this is largely irrelevant, as it is entertaining nevertheless! Diaz has her role down-pat (as you would hope she would after playing the same ditzzy blonde in at least 50 films) and even manages to squeeze in her trade mark dancing scene with a outrageous slow-motion carwash spectacle.

Bad Teacher is nothing special but if you feel like an easy laugh along the lines of *The Sweetest Thing* with your girlfriends, or had a crush on a school teacher in your not so distant past, then this is the film for you. *Bad Teacher* isn't trying to be anything else other than exactly what it is; a low IQ comedy with equal parts blonde, sexual and toilet humor, filled with clichéd characters and a happy ending.

– Madeleine Wright



Bridesmaids

Director: Paul Feig

You've probably already heard about *Bridesmaids*: it's been touted as 'The Hangover for women' and audiences, mainly female, are flocking to it in hordes. So is *Bridesmaids* as funny as the publicity implies? The short answer is yes. But *Bridesmaids* incorporates more than just gags and hilarious set-ups: much of the humour is based on real life, which makes for both a more touching and a more painful watch.

Annie's (Kirsten Wiig) life isn't great. She has recently lost all her money to a collapsed baking business, lives with two creepy roommates and she's pinning her relationship hopes on an asshole. Her best friend, Lillian (Maya Rudolph), is close to being her life-support system, which is why when Lillian breaks the news of her engagement, Annie is not quite as enthralled as she ought to be. Annie is appointed maid of honour, thrust into the world of wedding planning where she meets Helen (Rose Byrne), a fellow bridesmaid, who is prettier and much more successful than Annie. Helen is also, stealthily, set on supplanting Annie as Lillian's best friend.

Meanwhile, Annie's love life seems to be improving when she meets a cute Irish policeman called Nathan. But Annie is scared off by his eagerness, later moaning to Lillian 'what is wrong with me?' You begin to wonder the same thing, as Annie's insecurities and her blunders in wedding planning snowball into a spectacular personal car-wreck.

Bit by bit, these worsening catastrophes destroy the simpering façade of bridesmaid-world. And they're hilarious, thanks mostly to the stellar performances by Wiig (who co-wrote the film). The best scenes include Annie's drug experience on a plane; a series of attempts to win back Nathan through reckless driving behaviour; and Annie's final, magnificent breakdown at Lillian's bridal shower.

Bridesmaids isn't perfect. Some of the humour edges into extreme gross-out territory, such as the famous bridal gown studio scene, which is less funny than just repulsive. And you'll see the ending coming a mile away – there is a shameless loyalty to the chick-flick formula. But the film is often insightful, clever and side-splitting. Maybe it's a gender thing, but in my opinion, *Bridesmaids* by far outwits its male counterpart.

– Nicole Phillipson



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



My Afternoons With Margueritte

Director: Jean Becker

The title of this quaint and charming French film translates into English as 'Dunderhead'. I'm not sure which title I prefer, but I think the English one captures the mood of the film slightly more. Though to assume that the only thing in this film is a middle age man chatting to an elderly female on a park bench in the afternoon would be silly, for this film has a lot to say about life, love and growing to accept the faults in yourself and others. That is only a few of the many themes within the film so rather than rattling them all off, go and see the film for yourself. You'll at the very least enjoy the superb acting, from a cast that includes Gerard Depardieu and 95 year old Gisèle Casadesus who stole the show.

The dunderhead (i.e. 'stupid person') of the French title is Depardieu's Germain Chazes, a middle aged tradesman who has a complex about his inability to read. Germain has not had the most fortunate life – he lives in a caravan outside his mother's house, who as a child treated him as if she wished he was never born. At school he was bullied by teachers and pupils alike, events cumulating in him being practically illiterate. One day when visiting a local park to feed the pigeons, he strikes up a conversation with an elderly woman, Margueritte (Casadesus), who visits the park daily to read novels. They soon bond, and she shares her love of literature with Germain, which inspires him discover his intelligent side.

That's the basic plot, but the parts themselves are much greater than a synopsis of the whole. There is much comedy, from Depardieu and his group of friends, who all have their own individual struggles to overcome. Depardieu's girlfriend is about forty years younger than him, and very pretty. While this is slightly hard to fathom at first, they have a definite chemistry, and their scenes always felt comfortable, as if being in the presence of a very familiar friend. See this one – the film is the work of some very wise filmmakers and talented actors.

– Hamish Gavin



Transformers: Dark of the Moon

Director: Michael Bay

The thing I love about the *Transformers* movies and the original, awesome cartoons is that despite being a race of super advanced robots they always end up fighting with swords. First thing's first, the biggest change in this latest of money-makers is that Megan Fox is no longer on the scene. It's not so bad though. The new love interest for our woe begotten human hero is Carly, played by Rosie Huntington-Whiteley. She certainly makes up for the loss of Fox as she is both hot and has an accent; a little fake-looking but mint none the less.

The movie lives up to expectations. The plot isn't particularly strong; it's a good story but it isn't going to win any awards. But really, no one goes to *Transformers* for the gripping story. The action is all there. This movie, like the others in the saga, is basically fight-porn and it is good quality porn. Giant, mechanical aliens fighting in slow motion is what this movie is about. Sweet weapons, big explosions and the most awesome of melodies, the sound they make when transforming, occur in spades. I won't go into too many details, you can go and see it for yourself, but there are plenty of epic fights and new and cool are the scenes involving wing suits and flying soldiers.

Like the others in the series the movie gets you pumped up and excited. There really isn't much to say about the movie other than that it's good and it delivers. It has a bit of mystery, a touch of conspiracy theory, and a hot chick running in slow motion. One really cool thing about this movie is that it gives quite a lot of back-story to the Autobots, about their home world and the war. Seeing hundreds of silvery robots fighting alongside mechanical panthers really let me 'get to know' the comical Autobots. Definitely worth a watch for those who enjoyed the first two with a little bit of new stuff and plenty of the old magic. It made me want to learn kung-fu and invent a plasma rifle or something.

– Gareth Barton



LONGEST LEGROOM
LARGEST SEATS

HOYTS
OCTAGON



Blacula (1972)

Director: William Crain

Starring: William Marshall, VONETTA MCGEE,
Thalmus Resulala

Long before Edward, Bill and Eric graced us with their undead presence, there was Blacula. African Prince Mamuwale (Marshall) meets with the one and only Count Dracula to arrange the end of slave trade. Dracula is less than convinced this will be a good idea and decides to turn him into a vampire instead, branding him Blacula. Imprisoned for 200 years, Blacula is transported from Transylvania to “modern day” 1970s Los Angeles where his desire for human blood can finally be fulfilled. At the funeral for one of his first victims, Blacula encounters Tina (McGee) who he is convinced is a reincarnation of his wife, imprisoned and left to die by Dracula centuries before. Tina’s brother-in-law Dr. Gordon Thomas (Resulala) investigates the rather mysterious deaths that are occurring, all related by the presence of puncture wounds on the neck. As Blacula begins to turn more and more victims, Tina begins to be charmed by Blacula’s dulcet tones and

luxurious cape. As Thomas investigates the increasing number of related deaths he begins to suspect that a vampire might be the cause. The action is a bit less slick than what we might be used to with our Hollywood blockbusters, and there is not as much blood and gore as you might expect from a vampire movie, but if you put this to one side then you can happily enjoy this romp through the early 70s L.A. with a pretty funky score courtesy of Gene Page.

As well a sequel “Scream, Blacula, Scream” (1973), “Blacula” also spawned more black action horror films such as “Blackenstein” (1973), the Exorcist-esc “Abby” (1974) and “Dr Black, Mr Hyde” (1976).

– Ben Blakely

Film Society Preview

McLuhan’s Wake

Director: Kevin McMahon

Media philosopher Marshall McLuhan was the 1960s’ hippest intellectual, coining the phrase ‘the medium is the message’ and inventing the concept of the global village. This elegant and visually elaborate documentary interrogates his work and investigates its pertinence for today’s connected world.

When: Wednesday 13 July at 7:30 p.m.

Where: Red Lecture Theatre, on Great King Street, across the road from the emergency entrance to the Hospital.

Half-year Dunedin Film Society student memberships are now available for only \$30. You can buy these from the OUSA office or before screenings.



BLUE OYSTER ART PROJECT SPACE, 24B MORAY PLACE

Please God, Let My Children Grow and Live Happily Ever After: Ro Bradshaw, *Storage Systems:* Margaret Feeney, *Castleland:* Justin Spiers

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY, 5 DOWLING STREET

John Patrick McKenzie is Culture Humbug Sexy: John Patrick McKenzie

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY, OCTAGON

The First City in History: Fiona Amundsen, *Seat Assignment:* Nine Katchadourian, *Te Putahitanga o Rehua:* Reuben Paterson, *Fractus:* Jeena Shin, *Radiant Matter Part II:* Dane Mitchell, *Nollywood:* Pieter Hugo

MILFORD GALLERIES, 18 DOWLING STREET

Mitre (2011): Nigel Brown

MODAKS, 337-339 GEORGE STREET

Photographs from India: Aysha Jaleel

MONUMENTAL, 7 ANZAC AVE

Paintings, Drawings, Animations: Ross Gray


NONE GALLERY, 24 STAFFORD STREET

My Little Empire: New Collage Works: Ross Gray


TEMPLE GALLERY, 29 MORAY PLACE

Poisons: Martin Sullivan






FREE. Octagon. ph 4743240. Department of DCC.



NOLLYWOOD

They say Nigeria's Nollywood is the world's third largest film industry. Photographer Pieter Hugo asked a team of actors and assistants to recreate Nollywood myths and symbols as if they were on movie sets. These images recreate the characters that typify Nollywood, including mummies, satanic demons, and zombies. Pieter Hugo: Nollywood. An Institute of Modern Art Touring exhibition





Sometimes even walking into a contemporary art space can be a daunting experience. Contemporary art venues have a tendency to feel inaccessible.

However, Glue Gallery and Shop, a new space located on Stafford Street, is designed specifically to address this issue. Having a strong community focus as its foundation, it aims to be engaging with the kind of work it exhibits and sells. Glue gallery is a non-profit arts and music venue, studio space, gallery and shop. The concept for the space came about organically and harmoniously despite the broad range of practices of each of its founders. It was established by a democratic committee of young artists, each with very different practices, who all see the value in creating a space where community accessibility is key. "What we want to do is create a space that can link everybody's projects together, make them possible and more accessible". The artists themselves are aiming to produce work which undermines and dismantles the hierarchical divide which exists between forms of 'high' art and 'low' art. The incorporation of handicrafts challenges traditional

value hegemonies. Members of the committee include Kelly O'Shea, Kate Anderson, Lou Clifton, Rachel Blackburn and Motoko Kikiawa.

As well as acting as a facilitator of art, Glue gallery will also incorporate and highlight local music, fashion, zines (yesss) and jewellery. Given that there is a surprisingly large area of the building set aside for studio space, a prevalent feature of Glue is its openness to the process of making. Anybody wishing to become involved as a member or volunteer needs only to have a shared interest in community and donate a koha. Glue is currently being sponsored by MINT independent DVD rentals and intends to host monthly Sunday evening movie nights as fundraisers. The committee is also seeking to establish a community garden in the near future.

– Hana Aoake



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Submit to OUSA Clubs and Socs Centre by 5th August



One Day – David Nicholls



One Day is one of the best books I've read in a while. It begins in Edinburgh in 1988 with two recently graduated uni students having what they assume will be a one-night stand. Immediately I felt like the target demographic. This one night fling turns into a lengthy friendship, and the book follows Dexter and Emma's lives over the next 20 years revisiting the characters for one day each year on the anniversary of that fateful romp in a university dorm.

Nicholls creates two extremely believable characters that you both love and resent over the course of the book. It certainly has a *When Harry Met Sally* feel about it, but this book is more than a saccharine romantic comedy. Nicholls is perceptive and witty about relationships and the modern world in the most wonderful way. Dex and Em are harsh on themselves and harsh on the world and this cynicism makes the rom-com aspects of the story somehow more truthful. A lesser writer would let the one-day-each-year aspect of the book detract from the narrative flow, but Nicholls totally pulls it off.

One Day is being Hollywoodised this September in a film starring Anne Hathaway and Jim Sturgess (that sexy dude from *Across the*

Universe). Definitely a good idea to read the book first as the twists and turns of the plot are half the fun and even if the film is the best adaptation ever, it will act as a big fat spoiler.

This possibly sounds like a very girly book akin to *The Time Traveller's Wife*; but it's not. Yes there are certainly chick lit elements, but the witticisms and cynicisms are reminiscent of *High Fidelity* making it borderline dick lit. I certainly think guys will find this enjoyable.

Watching Dexter and Emma navigate the big scary post-university world was possibly one of my favourite aspects of the book. If *One Day* taught me anything, it's that as an arts student there is an awful possibility that I too could end up working at a shitty faux-Mexican restaurant for 2+ years. Definitely going to try and avoid that.

I highly recommend *One Day*. It's creatively told with a compelling narrative, funny, truthful, endearing and often heart-wrenchingly sad.

– Niki Lomax



OUA

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luke.lovegrove@otago.ac.nz



St Daves Cafe

Location: Inside St Daves on the corner.

Prices: Flat White: \$3.70, Long Black: \$3, Mocha: \$4.20

Why I came here: I needed a study break during exams and this was the closest place open on the weekend.

Atmosphere: Busy and tired.

Service: Not bad. My coffee took a while to arrive but I was served by a friendly guy with a smile.

Food: Pretty good. There wasn't much selection upon my visit but I've walked past throughout the semester and seen the cabinet practically bulging with choices. I bought a ham baguette which was tasty for \$5.20.

Overall: The St Daves Cafe wouldn't be my first choice but the place isn't too bad for your average run-of-the-mill food outlet. The cafe functions as a convenient stop for the Health Scis who flock into the lecture theatre daily, and for those wanting a bite for lunch at a reasonable price. However, if you're in the mood for something with a bit more finesse I'd skip this stop and head to the Good Earth or the Fix. As for the coffee, mine wasn't great. It lacked strength and was particularly watery and I subsequently threw half of it away. If you come here, I recommend skipping the coffee for something chilled and heading to a table by the sizeable glass windows for some old-fashioned people watching.

– Pipa Schaffler



Falafelicious Falafel

First week back and no doubt everyone is already missing mum's well-stocked fridge. No need to settle for Indomie or baked beans just yet. This week *Critic* brings you a simple and delicious recipe for homemade falafel. This recipe is so easy, not to mention more filling and healthier than instant noodles, that you have no excuse not to try it. It is my perfect go-to recipe when I am short of time due to assignments and tests. It does require a blender, but if your flat is blender-less you could always employ a grater and a little elbow grease to achieve the same affect.

All you need is:

1 can of chickpeas (drained and rinsed)
1 carrot
A handful of spinach (frozen is fine, but defrost it first)
A quarter of an onion
Juice from half a lemon
Half a cup of flour
A pinch of cumin
Salt, to taste
Olive oil

First, peel and chop the carrot and blitz it in the food processor until they become small pieces, but not pulp. Then continue by throwing in the chickpeas, spinach, onion, lemon juice and spices, blitzing after the addition of each item. Make sure everything is well combined but that it is still in small pieces and not a puree. You could use a blender if you do not have a food processor but might need to work in smaller batches.

Divide the batter into about 10 balls. Flatten them with your thumb lightly until it is about a quarter of an inch thick.

Heat a pan and pour in some olive oil. Brown each ball on both sides and remove from the pan.

Enjoy these delicious falafels in toasted pita bread served with tomatoes, cucumbers and yoghurt. If you would like to kick it up a notch, add some minced garlic, lemon juice, salt and pepper to the yoghurt. And there you have it, a delicious, healthy and easy meal.

– Sharin Shaik

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AN OPEN LETTER OF SUPPORT

from James Milne aka Lawrence Arabia, regarding the future of
Dunedin's Radio One.

To whom it may concern,

This is a note in support of the ongoing work of Radio One within the context of the OUSA and the Dunedin community as a whole.

Over the past eight years as a professional musician, (with bands The Brunettes and The Reduction Agents, and over the past five years, as Lawrence Arabia) it has been my great pleasure to have regular dealings with the staff and volunteers at Radio One. I wouldn't hesitate to say they are my favourite of all the student radio network stations – a compact and efficient group of music lovers – also politically engaged, deep thinkers, and passionate folks all round.

The station provides an invaluable link between touring musicians (and indeed artists/writers/politicians/etc etc) and the community of Dunedin. From the perspective of a musician, R1 staff and volunteers not only interview you and provide promotion of the show, but in the past have actively helped recommend local support acts, sourced last minute equipment for the show, danced right up the front at the show and provided a place to stay afterwards! This level of passion and enthusiasm is utterly invaluable, and it has been felt by the entire touring music community of New Zealand at some point.

Without Radio One's input in these myriad ways, there is a chance that touring bands would be reluctant to tour Dunedin – without this central cultural/media focus that Radio One provides for these events, there's a real chance they could dwindle, in a place that is quite risky/expensive to tour to, given the distance travelled and the smallish population of Dunedin.

This is just one perspective on the totally amazing job that Radio One does in Dunedin and I won't labour on about the others, cos this is the part I know about – what I've personally experienced.

But briefly!

Radio One:

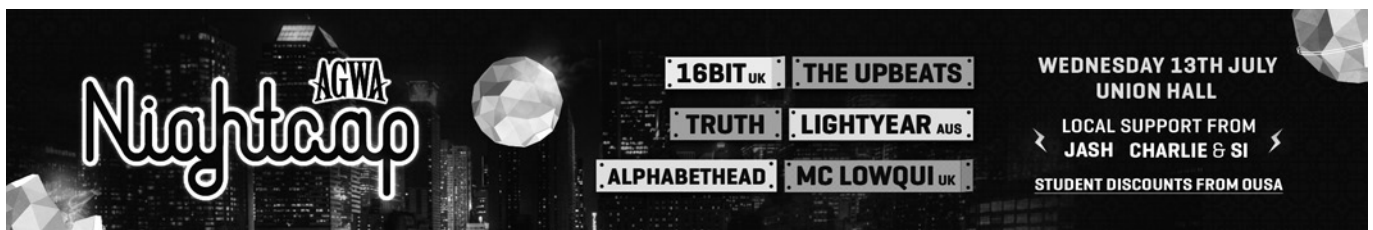
- Is an incubator for media talent (e.g. Sam Hayes – TV3 and Emma Smith – Radio NZ)
- Helps young people engage directly with political issues
- Is a vital connection between town and gown
- Supports cultural events on campus that would not otherwise happen without the knowledge and enthusiasm of Radio One staff
- Is the only radio station that supports local music/art/literature

I wholeheartedly support the continued funding/support of Radio One by OUSA. I think they're bloody brilliant.

Yours sincerely,

James Milne

Radio One 91fm is under threat. To find out what is going on and to show your support visit r1.co.nz



Lady Gaga

Born This Way



What I want from a Lady Gaga album is something that you can learn all the words to and then sing as you bounce violently around your living room after one too many glasses of goon. (I was actually busted doing this very thing by an unexpected visitor quite recently.) 'The Fame' delivered that, but 'Born This Way' falls considerably short with far fewer catchy party hits.

The best tracks on the album are the singles, 'Born This Way', 'Judas' and 'The Edge of Glory'. I could maybe throw the Spanish-techno-power-ballad track 'Americano' in there, but really, nothing is comparable to the pop brilliance of 'Bad Romance'.

Some of the tracks are just plain confusing. Like 'Hair', which at times sounds like she's channeling Meatloaf but overlaid with weird club beat more suited to a late 90s pop song. Then she randomly starts speaking German. Which is cool I guess, who doesn't like German? There are also a few weirdly un-Gaga tracks like 'You and I' which is essentially a country song. No one buys a Gaga album hoping it sounds like Carrie Underwood. Sort your shit out Gaga!

The Lady thrives on controversy and this album is nothing if not a blatant attempt to piss people off; Christians in particular. Songs such as 'Black Jesus', 'Bloody Mary', 'Electric Chapel' and 'Judas' being reasonably obvious examples of this, not to mention 'Born This Way' in which its heathenish lyrics declare that it's ok to be gay, bi, lesbian, transgender or whatever you want baby! Who does this devil woman in platforms think she is? Madonna, probably.

Gaga's outrageousness is very divisive, but really Gaga-haters should stop wasting their energy. She makes a lot of people happy and if 'Born This Way' empowers one depressed closeted kid somewhere, she's done good.

If you really like pop music, you will probably find this album pleasurable listening. If you ironically like pop music you will find this boring. Mad respect Gaga, generally you're pretty rockin', but I wanted more.

— **Amelia Pond**     

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



wed
13/7

AS IS Performance Space, 377a Princes Street:
Cab Sav: A Savvy Cabaret
Running through 17 July. 7pm (Wed-Sat), 2.30pm (Sun). Tickets from Mou Very and Mint DVD Rentals. Cash only door sales.

thur
14/7

ReFuel: Dunedin Derby Afterparty
Featuring a derby demonstration in the Union Hall at 8.30pm followed by an afterparty at ReFuel from 10pm featuring Black Rock Coffin Makers and guests.
Pop Bar: Guy Fisher
Electro

fri
15/7

Pop Bar: JGA & Contra
D&B, Breaks

sat
16/7

Pop Bar: Mr. J
Hip Hop, Reggae

FUTURE GIGS:

7th Annual Organic Festival 2011: St Martin's Hall, Northumberland St - Sat 23/7
feat. Thundercub, Alizarin Lizard, Oleh, and more.
\$5 door sales and presales available from OUSA or SEA Otago. Tickets include one free organic beer or glass of wine (limited to the first 300 attendees).
The Adults NZ Tour: ReFuel - Fri 29/7
w/ support from F In Math. Ticketing info from muchmoremusic.co.nz.
The Sami Sisters Album Release Tour: Chicks Hotel - Sat 30/7
w/ support from The Shifting Sands.
Presales from undertheradar.co.nz.

1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



Duke Nukem Forever

Platforms: PC, Mac, Xbox 360, Playstation 3



It's finally out. Duke Nukem Forever. A game we've all been waiting fifteen long years for, ever since we first cast our eyes on the almighty landmark of first person shooter history, the granddaddy of interactive violent video gaming: Duke Nukem 3D. The big question on everyone's mind is what took so long, and is the final result worth waiting more than half our lives for?

As if you had to ask. Of course not. But you've got to hand it to the dudes at produc-

tion team 3D Realms for being undeniably shit at handling the pressure of following up their one successful blockbuster game. I guess the saying's true; the longer the wait, the bigger the disappointment. A lot had changed in the fifteen years since Duke 3D and Duke has attempted to evolve as well, grabbing innovative elements from many key first person shooters of the last decade, particularly using Halo as a source of inspiration (perhaps due to the fact that this version of the game entered development around 2001). Master Chief's shield system is there, so is his ability to only hold two guns at a time. There are vehicles, a night vision mode eerily similar to Riddick, and physics based puzzles straight out of Half Life 2. The obvious problem is that these elements aren't new anymore, the world of gaming has moved on and worse still, with the exception of the nostalgia generating fire fights, most of these elements just aren't that fun.

In spite of the problems, there is a decided attempt by 3D Realms and Gearbox (who saved the project) to keep the vibe of the original game and I believe this is where the game's successes lie. The enemies and weapons are straight out of Duke Nukem 3D (shrink rays, freeze rays, shotguns, pig-cops), and the multiplayer contains all the no bullshit, frag-em-all attitude that one would have expected from the story mode. But for the most part the game is bogged down by attempts to bulk Duke up on modern gaming steroids, which in the world of 2011 just aren't that modern anymore. If you can look past the mammoth hype and dated elements you'll find some enjoyable fire fights, familiar enemies and that old Duke charm. Ultimately, if you're not a fan, perhaps pass this one up. If you are, get into the mindset of 2004 and you might have a semi-alright time.

— Hamish Gavin



Trenched

Platforms: XBLA



Because WWI trenches, as games teach us over and over again, were loads of fun. And kind of had a steam-punk vibe to them, which is always cool. The style of Double Fine's *Trenched*, pushes those ideals as far as they can reasonably be expected to go in an alternate history where soldiers parade around a turret-studded battlefield in mechanical "trenches" (Created by a man named Vladimir Woodruff so that he, and those with his affliction, might walk again. Of course.).

Inserting your own character into a tower defense game, with the ability to take an extremely active role in action-packed battles, is not unique, but it's far closer to it than

either facet taken on their own. The two sides are integrated in a way that begs you replay through the levels too: You could choose a vehicle that sprouts chain-guns from every orifice but then you'd sacrifice the ability to implant automatic guns into the dirt, or you could engineer the perfect defensible position but not be able to accomplish a whole lot once the battle gets started.

Fast paced is not normally how I would describe a calculated tower-defense title, but between the alternate history stylings, the astonishing variety of enemy types and the action gameplay it absolutely feels that way.

— Toby Hills



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MY MANIFESTO

On the State of Theatre at the Start of Semester Two, 2011.

Having recently returned from Melbourne, I am distressed. I saw a play, *Sarajevo Suite*. It was amazing, mind-altering in its simplicity and beauty. It was on at a theatre called La Mama which is an old house converted into a theatre, a la Dunedin's Globe Theatre (located on London Street, it hasn't been a huge hive of activity but check out *Waiting for Godot* there later in the year.)

I will not indulge in a rambling monologue about how and why *Sarajevo Suite* was so fantastic but I will indulge in a short diatribe about how Dunedin could make theatre like this; theatre that affects, theatre that moves people.

We have the resources the talent and the space. As Is is getting there, As Is is harness-

ing this potential but we need more. More people, more enthusiasm and more dedication. We need to take hold of our passion for theatre and we need to make work, relevant theatre that makes a statement.

We need to use As Is, Allen Hall Theatre and the Globe and we need to look at our world. What do we want to say? What do we need to say? How can we say it? Who needs their voices heard? Who can we help? Most importantly why aren't we already doing it?! I challenge you, as theatre students, as people who engage with the world around you to talk to your friends, get together with people you would love to work with and make a statement. Pick a topic, pick a person choose a community or issue that affects you and tell the world about it!

The Tutor

Written by **Dave Armstrong**

Directed by **Patrick Davies**

Fortune Theatre

The Tutor comes to us from the nationally acclaimed and award winning writer of *Bro' Town* and *Seven Periods With Mr Gormsby* (which if you haven't seen you should), Dave Armstrong. The Tutor depicts the collision of personalities and politics when a self-made millionaire hires a washed-out, Daihatsu-driving hippy to save his rebellious teenage son's math grades. The result is a comedy of (bad) manners with heart.

Director, Fortune Theatre stalwart and all-round great guy, Patrick Davies has assembled a cracking cast which includes Phil Vaughn (who you saw in the Fortune's production *God of Carnage* earlier in the year – and yes it is the guy on the Countdown ads) and Jon Pheloung (who has just finished *Mary Stuart* in Auckland starring alongside Robyn Malcolm). Davies is quick to applaud the cast's abilities and the strength of the script. He says: "While *The Tutor* is a satire, there is much depth to it. At its heart, the story is about a father's love for his son. There's a lot about family, education in school and out, honesty, love, father figures and the role of masculine influence."

This piece of sharp kiwi satire will be sure to warm your spirits in these cold winter nights, so head on down to the Fortune and lap up some culture.

P.S. there is lots of swearing.



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Summer Lovin'

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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.

Camilla

I arrived at Toast fashionably late via a taxi van after consuming many glasses of wine, to find a near empty bar.. I entered Toast hopefully without my date noticing that I brought my entire flat with me. I approached the bar, my eye was immediately drawn to a man who looked suspiciously like a Peruvian alpaca herder as he was wearing a yaks and yetis type striped hoodie. I decided not to approach him in case I passed out from the strong smell of incense emanating from him. Thank the Peruvian gods this was not my date.

Alas my date was already there and sipping away on a good part of the bar tab. He seemed like a nice enough fellow, however, his dress sense left much to be desired. I personally think Bermuda shorts are not appropriate attire for winter in Dunedin let alone a blind date but at least he was wearing some nice long socks to keep his pins warm. I have personally never been a fan of men that look like my granddad from the waist down.

Pre-date nerves forced me to discuss with flatmates topics of conversation so we constructed a list. What not to talk about: death, cannibalism, the taste of paper, ke\$ha, bladder control and love of younger gentlemen. Okay to talk about: Uni, Sports, holidays, how cute puppies are and *New Zealand's Next Top Model*. It is safe to say that the topics of conversation that came up were all in the 'what not to talk about' column, much to my flatmates' delight. My bad.

We then exchanged gifts. Well he gave me a gift. I have always wanted a framed picture of a date... mmm interesting. After a seemingly endless 2 hours we had an amicable parting, hugs and all. Although I was a little disturbed by his near sprint down the street away from the bar. No problem though, I quickly moved onto the middle aged men in the bar for a night of pashes and me-filled sandwich dances. All and all a good night, nice guy, nice drinks. Pity I can't remember his name. May I suggest name tags for next time?



Charles' present to Camilla was this photo, framed and covered in rose petals. The grey circle has been added to protect his privacy, but the white shape was included in the original. Creepy...

Charles

As I departed my flat and walked to Toast it became increasingly apparent that my attire wasn't as non-descript as I would have liked. Three people were kind enough to compliment me on my pants. I think this was a function of the fact I wasn't wearing pants, favouring instead the white short and knee high socks approach.

That wasn't my only ace in the hole mind you. At the beginning of the date I gifted her a small golden wrapped package, making her promise not to open it until she got home. Camilla responded warmly. At one point, I excused myself, dashed to the bathroom, stood there for three minutes before returning to the table to declare that I hadn't washed my hands but it didn't matter because urine is sterile. My date paused, considered and, shyly stated "that is pretty gross". I froze; half trying not to laugh, half trying not to cry. I then sought cover behind the cocktail menu. The following, silent, forty seconds rank amongst the most awkward of my life.

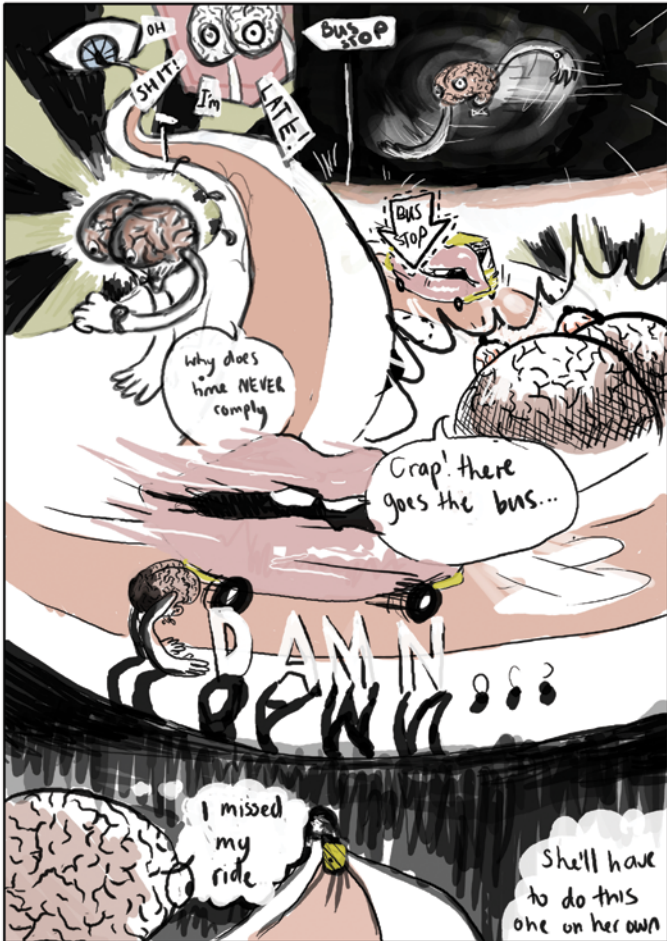
Next up was a more fragile goal. I was to guess the weight of three passers by. Noting earlier that the bustling group of eight that entered the bar just a moment before my date looked out of place and were quite possibly related, in the non-biological sense, to my partner, I decided they may be a good target. As I proceeded to try estimate the mass of her flatmates, Camilla was too merciful to take note, commenting instead on the next drink she would order. I finally asked the time-honoured first date question "what do you want done with your body when you die?" Camilla had some pretty outstanding views on the topic so my nuanced suggestion that she would understand my final wishes because she wasn't part of 'the church' went largely unnoticed.

After one hour and forty seven minutes my date and I parted ways. She generously spoke of our time together as pleasant and was even forgiving enough to hug me farewell. I can only assume that at some stage last night or early this morning she reached in her bag to open the parcel I had gifted her earlier. It was a photo of me, framed and covered in rose petals. If the dress, urine, weight guessing and, dead body thing didn't rank on the freak-o-meter this would.

Camilla was lovely, graciously kind to a fault and, beautiful. I will forever be apologetic for the weirdness she was subjected to. It remains, however, that awkwardness is the currency of Summer Lovin' as bloodshed is of gladiatorial battle. And in this case, it was plentiful.

Critic Presents: THE COMICS SECTION

Assessment Day by Veronica Brett



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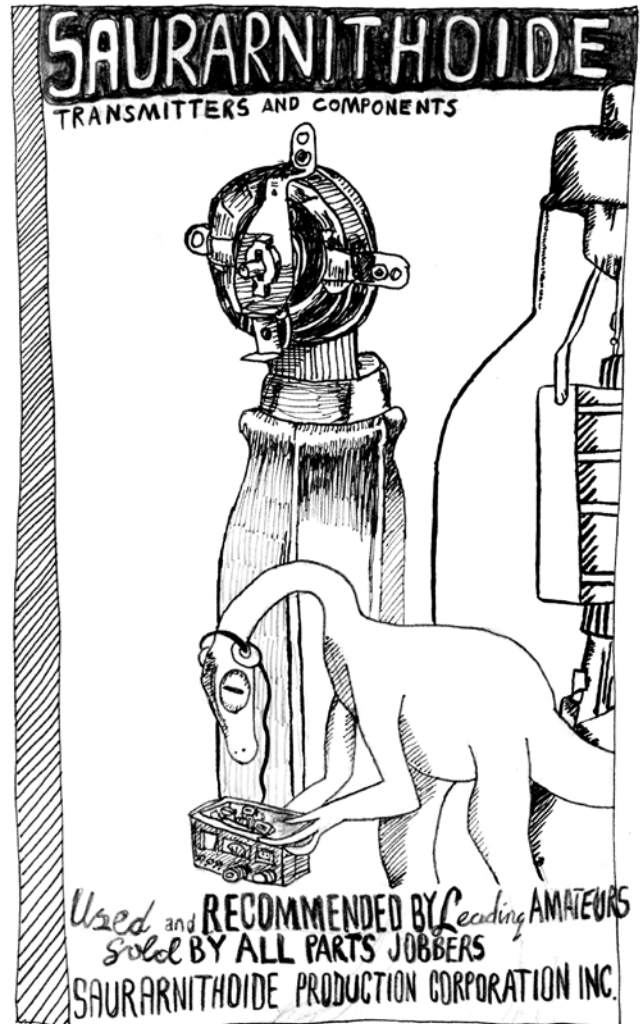
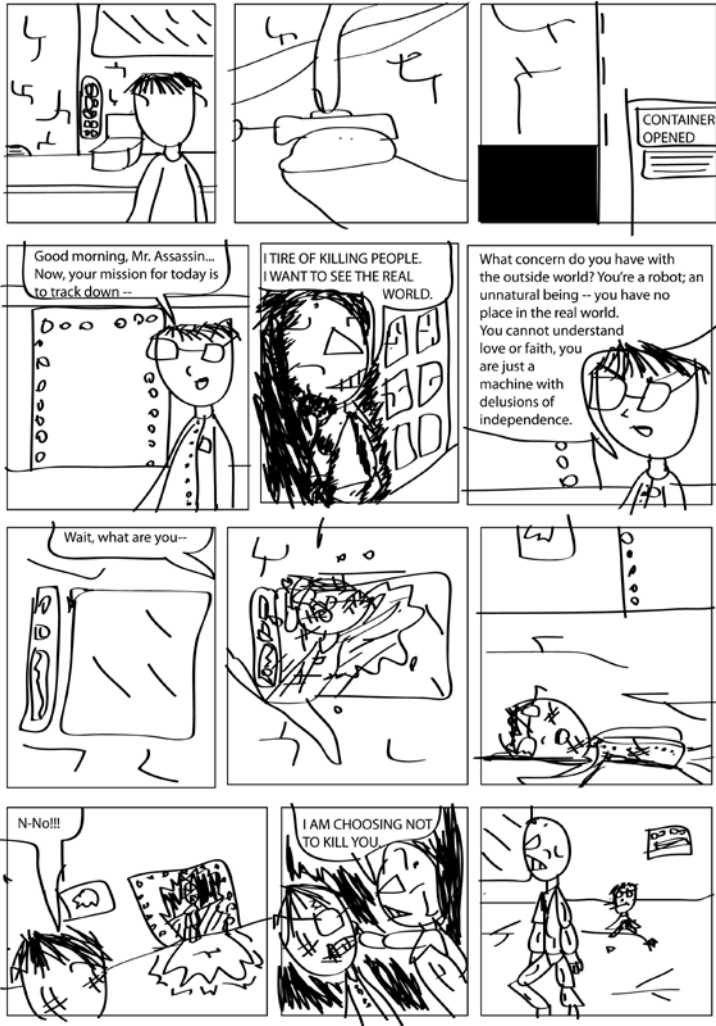
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Critic Presents: THE COMICS SECTION

Gary Prologue #1 by Cody Knox



Spencer Hall



Here's your chance to get on the Critic comics page and win a zine from the Dunedin Comic Collective.

To enter, fill out this strip as you see fit, cut it out and put it (with your name and contact details) in one of the "DCC" boxes either at *Critic*, Tootone Records or the University bookshop or text your amazing dialogue to 0277572125.



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Dear Scarfies,

For those of you who still don't know, I'm Logan Edgar and I am your new OUSA President. I was elected by you- the humble Otago University students and I like to think that those of you who voted for me made a bloody fantastic choice.

I took over the position a little over a month ago as of when this goes to press. I'm not going to lie, because I like you a lot, but you may have noticed that my election campaign very much took the piss. Many thought this was because I wasn't a serious candidate but alas, my phenomenal marketing finesse targeted an untapped 'true scarfie' market and won me the votes. You little ripper!

I'll explain a little about my new job. Since jumping right in the deep end as president, I have made the point of going through the association, learning peoples' names and forming friendships. There are some truly great characters within this OUSA family that love giving their all for the association.

I guess everyone wants to know what it is I actually do other than looking suave in fine Italian suits from SaveMart and acting important. Obviously, my suits and my hair are important but here are some of the other things I do: Taming mountains of weird and wonderful emails received daily; Countless meetings such as University senate and the OUSA executive meetings which I now chair. (Including the chance to wield a big judges hammer- gavel to keep order over my Mad, MAD exec); I also deal with media enquiries and have to make sure everyone is doing what they should be. On top of that it is essential to ensure they are happy and having fun because I'm all about the fun ;-)

Be sure to come down and introduce yourself to me during Re-O week while I will be partaking in 'Presidential Prison'. I'm living in a f**king cage on Union Lawn from 7.00pm Wednesday night onwards in protest of VSM. The whole message behind my protest is that we want the government to listen to us students and stop trying to take away our services. It's going to be a BIG initiative so get down and show your support, scarfies.

Lots of love always,

Mr. President

Tutorials

If you're in a limited entry course such as Law or Health Sci and don't have the luxury of a hall tutorial to give you that edge, then OUSA Student Support has you covered. They're wallet friendly (check prices with Ros) and they'll sort you out 12 tutes with top notch tutors to help you get top marks!

Tutes this semester are: HUBS 192, BIOC 192 and LAWS101

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