

# THE TECHNOLOGY ISSUE

Issue 16 – 18<sup>th</sup> July 2011

CRITICAL

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OF SHEET

Are Cellphones killing us? | International Space Station  
Is technology stunting our social skills? | Film Festival | Jeffery Harris  
The closure of SJS | News, Reviews and Opinions



**Critic – Te Arohi**

PO Box 1436, Dunedin  
(03) 479 5335  
critic@critic.co.nz  
www.critic.co.nz

**Editor:**

Julia Hollingsworth

**Designer:**

Andrew Jacombs

**Ad Designer:**

Kathryn Gilbertson

**News Editor:**

Gregor Whyte

**News Reporters:**

Aimee Gulliver,  
Lozz Holding

**Sub Editor:**

Lisa McGonigle

**Feature Writers:**

Charlotte Greenfield,  
Phoebe Harrop,  
Siobhan Downes,  
Joe Stockman

**Feature Illustrator:**

Tom Garden

**Music Editor:**

Sam Valentine

**Film Editor:**

Sarah Baillie

**Books Editor:**

Sarah Maessen

**Performance Editor:**

Jen Aitken

**Food Editor:**

Niki Lomax

**Games Editor:**

Toby Hills

**Art Editor:**

Hana Aoake

**Poetry Editor:**

Tash Smillie

**Comics Editor:**

Spencer Hall

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(03) 479 5361  
kate@planetmedia.co.nz  
www.planetmedia.co.nz

**Advertising:**

Kate Kidson,  
Tim Couch, Dave Eley,  
Logan Valentine

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*Special thanks to Donald Kerr of the central library special collections for his help with the cover this week*

ON DA INTERWEBZ



“Technology” is a fairly far-reaching theme. Perhaps it’s just that I’m somewhat of a technophobe who shies away from things with buttons and flashing lights, but the sheer magnitude of what counts as technology is overwhelming. Needless to say, it was hard to pick what aspects of technology to focus on in this week’s issue. We look at whether cellphones are really killing us (page 18), debate whether social media is stunting our social skills (page 32), and also look further afield to the International Space Station (page 26).

The rise of social media has enabled us to talk about our personal problems with people who live on the other side of the globe, to share news faster than the mainstream media, to spread ideas like wildfire, and to stay up to date with issues that might otherwise have escaped us. Rebecca Black would never have infiltrated the world with such speed without the Internet, but conversely, Wikileaks - aka the crusade for free speech – also wouldn't have happened. Furthermore, it's only with social media and the Internet that the oft bandied-about term "global community" has really come into its own.

Ironically, despite being connected to the world more intimately and more aware of global goings-on than any generation before us, we are possibly the most apathetic and inactive generation of all. Rather than technology making us feel more empowered to do something about issues that affect us, the amount of information by which we're now bombarded only serves to remind us of the vastness of the globe, and how ineffectual "our place in the world" really is. When you know that kids are rioting in Greece, it seems a bit silly to get up in arms about a local post office closing.

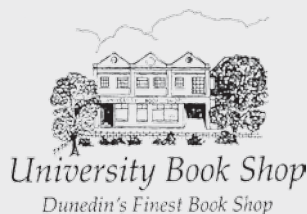
But maybe it's not so much that we don't care about things, but instead that we try to show that we care in a different way. We send emails instead of penned letters, we Skype rather than call, we "like" pictures on Facebook rather than sitting down with a photo album. Perhaps in the same way that technology has revolutionised personal relationships, it has set a new precedent for how social change is effected. On page 22, Josh Hercus discusses how social change has occurred in the past. But do the same rules apply for the future? Do protests and sit-ins have any effect in a time when so much of life is played out on the interwebz? Maybe "liking" a page on Facebook or engaging in keyboard warfare isn't as active as refusing to give up your seat on the bus, but it's certainly a start.

Hope you had a great start to the semester,

*Julia Hollingsworth*

## Letter of the Week

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



## CAPE CULT

Dearest Critic,

It is wonderful to see recognition of capes in your last issue. It is equally wonderful that you have rectified your previous error of recognising "cape guy" whilst failing to mention Dunedin's true caped crusader. I bow to you with much cape-swishing, and to those of you who have acquired your own capes. Incidentally, if any of you need some help making your transition from the Phase One: The Woollen Capelet (known to cape aficionados as the 'Rug' phase) to Phase Two: Superhero, please contact me. I am in desperate need of fellow superheroes to help me fight against my dastardly nemesis Kathmandu and the latter's diabolical spawn.

Love,  
Capegirl

## SHOUT OUT

By the time this letter gets published the Meet your local candidates/VSM and Other Stuff Debate will have come to pass. Nonetheless I would like to take the following people for taking part:

Julia Hollingworth for giving up a Friday lunchtime to moderate the debate.

Michael Woodhouse for participating and being the first to reply to my enquiries.

Hillary Culvert for being brave enough to appear in what is probably not the most voter-rich territory.

David Clark for taking time off his busy

schedule to participate

And Garteth Hughes for flying down from Wellington to take part in the debate.

And lastly I want to thank everyone who came for the massive turnout (hopefully!) and the stimulating discussion.

Warm Regards,  
Francisco Hernandez  
OUSA Colleges and Communications  
Officer

## BRASH IS OLD. LITERALLY.

Dear "The Eagle,"

My heart truly went out to you when I read your column on Monday. I could only imagine your disappointment when Don Brash's advert hit the weekend headlines, days before the Critic was due for distribution. To think, the core of such an insightful and original piece of writing on Māori identity and politics by yourself was to be snatched by marketing extraordinaire, NZ's very own devil incarnate John Ansell. As for your TRM money dribble, that could have been verbatim Donnie's ever-so-popular 2004 Orewa speech. Let's get real for a moment. This "us and them", "iwi vs kiwi", "bribe the tribe" stuff is getting old. Stop dredging up the same redneck yarns from yesteryear to try and reduce the aspirations and achievements of Maori both in this University and NZ. TRM do an amazing job with their meager budget. TRM helps to instill both confidence and pride into many Maori students, transforming our University experiences and by extension our futures. I should have known things were grim when you in one foul swoop lumped gender, skin colour and TRM together under the wretched umbrella term "identity politics".

Here's hoping next week isn't such a mare.  
STJ

Dear STJ

Ah, the age-old tactic of using racist slurs like "redneck" to silence anyone who wants

all races to be equal under the law. Maybe you could use "vanilla face" next time, that one's a classic. The Eagle understands why you want TRM to continue getting \$82k of race-based funding every year – you've got a good rort going, like the time the Eagle discovered a malfunctioning vending machine was giving out expensive ice creams for \$1 each. But the vending machine rort was fixed. Now it's TRM's turn. But hey, there's still racial scholarships right?

The Eagle

## DOING IT FOR THE BOYS

Dear Unsatisfied,

What a shame you've been having such trouble finding a guy worth getting down and dirty with. I can guarantee you I have a more than adequate vocabulary, and though you didn't give your height I'm definitely no midget.

Perhaps we should meet up for coffee and a chat some time in the foreseeable future? Provided I can measure up to your (quite reasonable-sounding) standards, I would be more than happy to prove to you that Dunedin guys are still worth fucking. If you're interested, give Critic a shout and I'm sure they'd be happy to supply you with my mobile number.

Cheers,  
Decent in Dunedin

## OOOH (GOOSE) SHIT

Dear Critic

I cannot eloquently put into words the deep disappointment I feel in regards to you, you have been doing down hill faster than shit through a goose.

When i started to read the critic it was entertaining but also had the endearing quality of giving information that made you think and putting letters in the editorial that were beneficial to the magazine as a whole.

However this year it is for lack of a better

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term, fucking horrid. This past week when you thought that including an obvious reference to how stupid and ill-equipped some people in Dunedin are I could not help but feel as though this was a very slow news week and the old adage, "better to remain silent and be thought of as a fool than to open your mouth and remove all suspicion."

IN short pull your head out of your ass and be useful again.

Yours truly

*Fuck You try again.*

## STUDENT SUX AT RESEARCH.

Dear Some arrogant second year

Arrogant: no, misinformed: yes. The suggestions you make are good, I know this because they have been in place for year. Suggestion 1: I think you should have a look at the DJs profiles on the radio one website (have you ever been on this before) it details what the DJs play, I'm sure you will find songs that more than 5 people like, I bet you will find songs you like. Suggestion 2: here are a few of the local acts that have shows on radio one, Haszari and Sonic, Alparhythm, Dave Boogie, DJ Contra, Sam from Mr Biscuits, Logan Val-entine who plays in many bands, Tim Couch from Knives At Noon, the list goes from there, I bet you and your friends have danced to at lest one of them. As for your third suggestion, pop means different things to different people but heres some DJs/bands who I would say are popular that Radio one plays everyday, MGMT, Ladi 6, Arctic Monkeys, Kidz in Space, Minuit, Fat Freddy's Drop, Adele, The Chemical Brothers, Knives at noon, Shapeshifter, The Black Seeds, The Red Hot Chill Peppers, Pearl Jam and many more! I really think you should have

a look at the website and learn something before you comment, oh and we put on over 50 gigs a year, we have ads in critic every week and have stickers and posters everywhere, do you know of any other ousa organization that reaches out more to student than that (except critic, heart you guys) I don't think you could name many, anyhow just do some research before you speck out, you're a student you should be good at that!

Yours thoughtfully

*Mr know it all*

## TOO MUCH INFORMATION

To the person who left little tissue balls speckled with blood all over North CAL early one Sunday morning: Ew.

Yours,

*Grossed-out*

# NOTICES

## ORGANIC FESTIVAL

Students for Environmental Action (SEA) Otago presents the seventh annual Organic Festival, to be held on Saturday July 23 2011 at St. Martin's Hall (5 North-umberland Street North East Valley). This night of mayhem brings everything organic in Dunedin together under one roof, so come and celebrate everything organic with beer, wine, food, community groups and music. Entertainment for the night will feature fantastic Dunedin acts Thundercub, Alizarin Lizard, Oleh and The Ocean. Tickets will cost \$5 on the door, and each ticket purchased will include one free

organic beer or glass of wine (limited to the first 300 attendees).

## NEW ZEALAND MODEL SECURITY COUNCIL

The NZMSC is an annual United Nations Youth event. As part of a team of four you will spend three days debating UN resolutions, meeting new people, going to dinners and attending a ball! August 27-30, Dunedin, \$100-\$160. Registrations now open now at [www.unyouth.org.nz](http://www.unyouth.org.nz) and close July 21 so be in quick!

## INTERFAITH VIGIL

InterfaithVigil for Christchurch, St Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Octagon, 5pm-6pm, Saturday July 16. All welcome. Contact: Angela Loosli, [lords\\_child7@hotmail.com](mailto:lords_child7@hotmail.com)

## ZUMBA

Zumba fitness classes, Alhambra Rugby Club room. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Fridays 6pm- 7pm. Only \$4.00 per session with Student ID. No need to book, just come along and join the party! [Facebook.com/emilyzumba](http://Facebook.com/emilyzumba)

## BUDGET

2012 OUSA Budget submissions. Submissions open 20<sup>th</sup> July and close 30<sup>th</sup> August. Email submissions to [budgetsubmissions@ousa.org.nz](mailto:budgetsubmissions@ousa.org.nz)



## LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Wednesday at 5pm. Send letters to [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto: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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Critic rates the top ten most amazing technological inventions that somehow never quite took off.

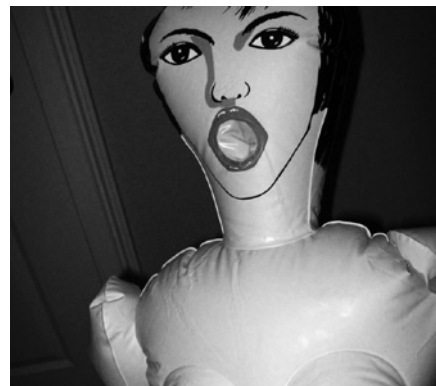
- 01 – Moustache protector**, keeping those bristles at bay
- 02 – Spider ladder**, for spiders to climb out of the bath
- 03 – Two-handed glove**, for couples who wish to maintain palm-to-palm contact in chilly weather
- 04 – Spectacles for chickens**, to prevent any awkward eye-pecking out situations
- 05 – Wonder Butt bra**, to keep your bum Jennifer-Alba-perky
- 06 – An alarm in a coffin**, to guard against early burials
- 07 – XXX Christmas Advent Calendar** complete with flavoured condoms, to keep that giving spirit alive during the festive season
- 08 – Kissing shield**, particularly useful in winter to enable horny freshers to ward off the flu
- 09 – Strap on pacifier**, to prevent babies from ever crying again
- 10 – The human car wash**, putting the show in shower

## We do not value your custom. At all.

A Nigerian-American man had the mother of all banking 'mares after trying to deposit a bank cheque issued by Chase Bank at a Chase Bank branch. This relatively simple transaction unfortunately resulted in the man's arrest, incarceration for four nights, the impounding of and auctioning off of his car, and the loss of his job.

For absolutely no reason, the cashier at the Washington State Chase Bank decided the Chase-issued cheque pretty much had to be a forgery, despite having no grounds for such suspicion. As a result the man was arrested for four days, his car parked outside the building was impounded and auctioned off, and he lost his job due to being unable to drive there.

Clearly that email scam has left a bad impression in Washington.



## Blow me

A man has been arrested in America after police were called to a break-in at a sex store and found the felon attempting to copulate with a blow-up doll in the establishment's cleaning closet.

Apparently the man couldn't wait until the store opened on Monday to get his hands on the new model of his favourite sex toy and resorted to desperate measures to get his rocks off.

The man has been charged with an impressive list of offences, and will now most likely get a chance to make some new 'special friends' in jail. At least he won't need to sex a doll anymore.



## Critic TV

The first episode of Critic TV is out today, documenting the general debauchery and chaos of Re-O Week 2011, from the Castle Street Keg party to the paint party and everything in between. Check it out online today from *Critic's* Facebook page, [facebook.com/critictearohi](https://www.facebook.com/critictearohi)

160

billion emails sent daily

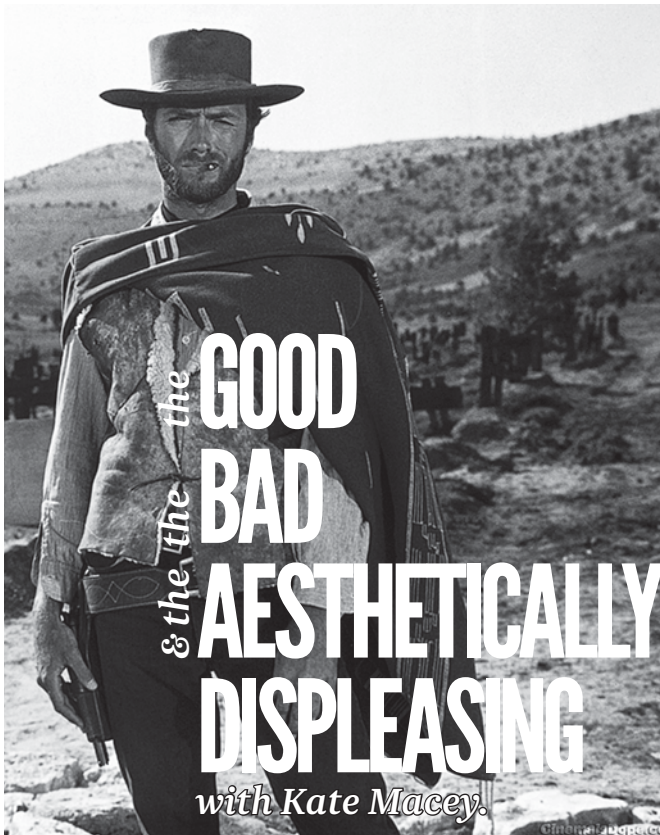
97

percentage of emails that are spam

80

percentage of pictures on the internet that are of naked women





## Who ate all the pies? Your mum actually.

Proving that everything really IS bigger in Texas, a newborn baby has recently broken local hospital weight records, tipping the scales at more than 7.3 kilos.

The baby boy was delivered to glowing parents Janet Johnson and Michael Brown via c-section, the choice of the knife rather than *au natural* being fairly crucial here as we imagine Michael's favourite activity isn't throwing a sausage down a hallway.

On the baby's arrival the hospital had trouble outfitting such a behemoth, as the newborn nursery didn't have nappies big enough to fit him. Janet and Michael have named their gargantuan baby JaMichael, so he is not only a giant, but also has a fucked up hybrid of his parents' name. Americans do like to give their kids the best start in life.

## Monkey Business

India's first ever monkey wedding has taken place, replete with over 2000 revellers, 200 angry guardsman, and a smoking monkey groom.

Raju, the 'groom' monkey was already famous in Banetha village before the wedding, apparently attracting crowds whenever he went outside. He was known for eating, sleeping, and smoking cigarettes with his owner, Ramesh Saini. Chinki, his new 'bride', was looked after by a priest in a nearby village.

However, the wedding almost got derailed after 200 army personnel invaded the village in a bid to stop the wedding. Monkeys are government property in India and no one can pet them, train them, or marry them – not even to another monkey apparently. Luckily the monkey couple had been secretly married off in a ceremony somewhere deep in the forest, sparking raucous celebrations in the village.

Pretty much a modern day Indian monkey version of *Romeo and Juliet* then, without the poison, stabbing or sexual frustration that is.

## The Good Hooded Puffers

A cursory glance about campus tells us puffers-with-hoods are the new puffers-without-hoods. While the utility of said hoods is uncertain, having not yet seen anyone wearing one, it is clear that you should run off and purchase one, lest you miss out on looking like a human igloo/ Kirstie Alley circa 2003 – 2005.

## The Bad Cupcakes

Not that cupcakes are bad per se- they're delish (except the ones in the Link, which are as fetching as the armpit hair of an angel, but upon consumption appear to be made of sugared concrete). The problem is that cupcake motifs are plastered everywhere: tattoos, homewares, stationary, hipster weddings and Katy Perry. Long live the humble scone.

## The Aesthetically Displeasing Archway

While many buildings about our fair campus would not look out of place in North Korea (Burns, Richardson, other Science-y buildings I don't know the names of), this is by far the biggest architectural abomination. Not content with being revolting to look at, it is also impossible to find your way around in there. Avoid at all costs.

1973

first  
public cell  
phone  
call made

1902

first  
speeding  
ticket  
issued

# There Goes the Neighbourhood

A proposal has been issued to Student Job Search offices nationwide indicating that regional offices will be shut down in September, with a centralised call centre to be established in Wellington.

As a result Otago would be left without any representation on campus, with the one staff member allocated for the whole of the South Island to be based in Christchurch.

Student Job Search staff were informed of the "Proposal For Change" on Friday July 8, with OUSA and other students associations advised the following Monday. OUSA gives \$22,500 to SJS annually.

The proposal, which has come from the senior leadership team of SJS, would see a move to a new system whereby students would apply online for jobs in a manner similar to TradeMe Jobs, or Seek.co.nz. Every regional office in the country would be closed, leaving no representation in Otago. It is unclear what would happen to the current SJS premises.

A two-week consultation process is being undertaken in order to engage with staff and others potentially affected.

Regional Service Delivery Leader Suzanne Te Au described the changes in the proposal as "absolutely unbelievable", and a "travesty" for Otago students and employers alike. While SJS staff have been told that nothing is definite yet, in reality Te Au says that it has already been decided, leaving her with "major concern for students in Otago."

"SJS Dunedin's great presence on campus is part of the reason why our office has the biggest number of walk-in students applying for jobs, which is all going to be thrown away. More Otago students are placed in jobs than anywhere else in the country."

Out of the 26,000 annual SJS job placements nationwide, around 5,700 are Otago University and Polytech students, making up over 21% of New Zealand's student job market. Te Au is predicting that the proposal and its implications will mean a "loss of support from

both employers and students."

The relocation of all services to a single call centre based in Wellington has been described by Te Au as "the heart and soul of SJS being usurped", and represents a radical departure from the traditional SGS model.

"SJS was set up by students for students, it doesn't cost anything [for students] and is a very valuable service. I don't see how this can be good for Otago."

SJS staff are all on fixed term contracts which end on September 30 this year, which is when Te Au understands that the regional offices will be forced to close.

With regards to the proposed shutdown, OUSA President Logan Edgar told *Critic* that he thought that "it is exciting, big things are happening there. Lots of stuff is done online these days, what's planned to go in there will be more valuable to students than SJS."

— Aimee Gulliver

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# Deloitte have more money than Latvia

*Radio One is still too expensive though.*

The Deloitte review's recommendation to sell Radio One has sparked a "Save Radio One" campaign, which has gained a significant following throughout the proposal's consultation period.

The review was undertaken to prepare OUSA for the threat of Voluntary Student Membership (VSM), set to pass into law at the end of this year. OUSA would be subject to a decreased revenue stream in 2012 as a result of VSM, as students would no longer automatically become levy-paying members of the association. In light of this, OUSA commissioned the review in order to establish which of its current services they should reduce or cut altogether.

The Planet Media Review conducted earlier in the year commented on the "exceptional cultural value" of Radio One and praised its financial prudence. Despite this glowing commendation the Deloitte review recommended that Radio One be sold to "a yet to be determined buyer." OUSA is consulting with staff regarding the proposed changes, and no decisions are to be made on Radio One until all submissions have been considered.

The recommendation has led to an outpour of support for Radio One (especially remarkable considering student apathy levels), with a Facebook campaign and online petition both being launched following the proposal. Radio One Station Manager Sean Norling described the potential sale of Radio One as "a loss for the association, and a loss for future students." Norling told *Critic* that the station has been "talking to national media outlets in order to present our side of the story, including Nightline and National Radio."

The online petition at [petition.co.nz](http://petition.co.nz) had 1497 signatures at the time *Critic* went to print, out of an overall goal of 10,000. The petition states that OUSA have "accepted a corporate recommendation to privatise Radio One 91FM." It asks people to "SAVE student radio – SAVE Dunedin culture," by demanding that Radio One "continue to be funded by OUSA."

If Radio One were sold, Norling says that OUSA would have to undertake negotiations with the Ministry of Culture and Heritage, and the Ministry of Economic Development in order to ensure the provisions

of the licence agreement were adhered to under new ownership. Radio One's licence would "prevent a commercial operator taking over, so whoever bought it would have to believe in what we do," says Norling. *Critic* understands that Radio One has been loosely valued at \$8,000.

The "Save Radio One 91FM" Facebook page had 3,013 likes at the time *Critic* went to print. The Radio One Facebook group had over 2,500 likes, a significant jump in the page's popularity since the proposal recommending Radio One be sold was made public.

OUSA President Logan Edgar told *Critic* that he thought that "the campaign is good, it is getting a lot of attention around VSM which is the common enemy. I would like to see the Radio One guys not put all their eggs into getting attention externally but in getting a proposal put forward as to how it can be better, whether that is being more accessible to students or cost neutral."

"I would also like to know who is to blame."

OUSA management declined to provide *Critic* with information on the cost of the review, stating that they felt that it would be inappropriate to do so while the submissions process was underway. However the amount budgeted for "Professional Services" in 2011 by OUSA was \$94,000, compared to \$39,000 in 2010. The additional \$55,000 was intended to cover "change management" processes, according to a Facebook comment by 2010 Finance and Services Officer James Meager.

Deloitte, the world's largest professional services firm, has annual revenues in excess of US\$26.6 billion. This revenue is larger than the GDP of the sovereign nation of Latvia, and means that Deloitte would rank as the world's ninetyeth largest nation by GDP.

OUSA by comparison has projected total revenues of NZD\$4.27 million in 2011, meaning that it has a budget only about one third the size of the GDP of the tiny island nation of Niue (the smallest GDP of all nations measured).

— Aimee Gulliver

.....

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# Student politicians have conference

## *Nobody cares. Business as usual then.*

The New Zealand Union of Student's Associations (NZUSA) recently held its July conference at Victoria University of Wellington, with the presidents of student's associations from around the country meeting to attend talks and workshops, and to vote on initiatives.

One of the main focuses of the conference was NZUSA's planned campaign 'Demand for a Better Future' which is intended as a major push by the body before the upcoming general election.

The executive of NZUSA also unanimously passed a document called 'Redefining our National Voice' which effects structural changes to the association. The main implications of this document are that the association will have a single president (as opposed to the current system of co-presidents) and that an executive director will be appointed.

Speaking to *Salient*, NZUSA Co-President Max Hardy said that the new executive director role would lend the association "consistency and professionalism so we actually have things that we can roll out, and develop the capacity for local associations to do those things."

Hardy also acknowledged that the threat of VSM had impacted on the report and the association's priorities, and had also lead to NZUSA

taking a hard look at budget lines.

"We're obviously responding to the threat of VSM so there was a need to take a hard look at what we do and refocus our activities a bit better. We're also responding to some concerns of our members of our direction... a key part was to get a document which wasn't just of change documents of past, but a concrete thing for implementing it."

"All our budgets there have been reduced, because of the threat basically, and the need to show that we are actively delivering value for money."

OUSA President Logan Edgar attended the meeting as the representative of University of Otago on the Federation Executive (Fedex), despite the fractious recent history between OUSA and NZUSA, which included threats last year that OUSA would secede from the union and cut funding to NZUSA.

OUSA is one of the largest sources of funding for NZUSA, due to the high number of levy paying student members OUSA represents.

– **Gregor Whyte**

## *Wait, so Uni might not be worthwhile?*

Students wondering whether their investment of time and money at university is worthwhile will be pleased to know that a comprehensive study to see how tertiary education ultimately impacts graduates' lives is about to commence.


Organised by the University of Otago the Graduate Longitudinal Study of New Zealand will ask 14,000 final-year students from New Zealand's eight universities to complete online surveys over the next decade. The first will be completed at the time they leave university, followed by subsequent questionnaires two, five and ten years later.

The research is being lead by Professor Richie Poulton of the National Centre for Lifecourse Research. He stated that "we will learn a great deal about how their lives unfold. For instance, how careers develop, the university-related influences which have the greatest impact on employment success, when they begin to have families, where they live, the state of their finances, their health and their social relationships."


It is also hoped the study will provide information on the less tangible aspects of post-university life, such as "how their values, attitudes and behaviours evolve over time, and what contribution to broader society they make." The study may also help provide answers about whether a university education is as useful in gaining employment as it once was, given the increasing problem of academic inflation.

A baseline report outlining the results of the initial survey will be released in February next year.

– **Ian Walsh (Salient)**



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<http://law.anu.edu.au/>

CRICOS# 00120C 070711NZ



Undeterred by the frosty weather and snow forecasts, students flocked to OUSA's International Food Festival last Thursday



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## THINKING ABOUT RESEARCH?

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CRICOS #00120C 160511NZ



# Re-O no Rio

Last week was Re-O Week, and although a number of events were cancelled due to both the weather and lack of attendance, the week was generally considered a success.

OUSA organised a raft of events to keep the punters amused. Wednesday saw the President dressed up as the Mad Butcher giving away free sausages outside the Clubs Day in Union Hall. This event also gave students a chance to sign up to any of the clubs or societies that tickled their fancy. Later that night, Nightcap was in town, where pingers and ravers rejoiced to the sound of 16bit, The Upbeats, Light Year and Alphabethead.

Carnival Day was cancelled on Thursday due to predicted bad weather, much to the dismay of those who cannot let go of their childhood, and the very small minority who like watching creepy men masquerading as clowns.

Despite the weather Market Day still went ahead, accompanied by live music throughout the day. Thursday night was busy, with a combination of the extremely popular International Food Festival and a unique Roller Derby event held in Union Hall.

The Illuminate Paint Party was held on Saturday night, after *Critic's* print deadline, but anticipation for the sold-out event was high among younger students, many of whom cited it as the event they were most looking forward to.

Unfortunately the Robot Wars event run planned to be held by the Applied Sciences Association was cancelled due to lack of entries. One particularly unhelpful robot fanatic was upset with the news, saying "I reckon it's an awesome idea. I so would have entered, but I didn't".

OUSA President Logan Edgar also postponed his "Presidential Prison"

event until Monday night due to a combination of forecasted snow and the fact that the media were more likely to be interested if his protest coincided with the build up to the possible passing of the VSM bill on Wednesday.

Scarflies took things into their own hands by organising the Castle Street Keg Party on the Tuesday. A shadowy figure named 'Bruce' was the organiser of the event's Facebook page, which successfully confused university and police officials as to who they would blame for any incidents.

In the end, however, the event was subdued due to bad weather, with a far lower than expected turnout. That didn't stop the local residents and the truly committed from having a good time though, with each house choosing a particular theme. One house had a 'Cops and Campus Watch' theme, and, as a highly intoxicated and sexually frustrated man in a dress tried to kick down a fence, an attendee dressed as Campus Watch effected a citizen's arrest, dragging the cross-dressing offender to nearby police.

Despite this incident the event never threatened to get out of hand, with local resident Jim Robins commenting "it was nothing more than your average Tuesday night on Castle to be honest."

– *Lozz Holding*

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# Next stop: the White House



New OUSA President Logan Edgar has had a meteoric rise in politics. Only weeks ago Edgar was just another bum on a seat in BSNS104: Principles of Economics One. Now he finds himself in charge of a multi-million dollar organisation, and many are tipping him to go on to even greater things.

*Critic* has unearthed the scary resemblance between Edgar and George W Bush, former President of the United States of America, and questions whether Edgar could one day too sit in the Oval Office.

For starters, Bush was a notoriously average student at Yale, one who rose to the top job in spite of a ledger of C grades. We don't know Edgar's academic credentials in detail, but suffice to say that a B- in the BSNS104 midterm doesn't bode well for his transcript.

Bush also had a penchant for putting his foot in his mouth, with several websites dedicated to his many incisive quotes that make absolutely no sense whatsoever. Edgar hasn't been in the job long, but he has managed to give us a few memorable comments so far.

And now to test you: who said these cracker lines during their presidency, Edgar or Bush?

– Gregor Whyte

## Edgar or Bush?

"I'm not so good at reading." Answer: Edgar

"People say, well, do you ever hear any other voices other than, like, a few people? Of course I do." Answer: Bush

"I'll be long gone before some smart person ever figures out what happened inside this Oval Office." Answer: Bush

"Ooo lunchtime meetings are fun, we can sit there and eat our sammies." Answer: Edgar

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[luke.lovegrove@otago.ac.nz](mailto:luke.lovegrove@otago.ac.nz)





## On the roof

A drunken student had to be removed from the roof of the Cadbury's factory in Dunedin by the fire service, as students marked the traditional Re-O Week with festivities and a lot of drinking.

During the incident last Tuesday, a University of Otago student was arrested for climbing onto the top of one of the Cadbury factory buildings. The heavily intoxicated 18-year old male was found by police after he was heard shouting "I don't want to die" from the roof of the four-storey building. The fire department was then called in to retrieve the student around midnight. It is unclear how the man reached the roof.

Police charged the student with being unlawfully on a building and he was released around 7am the next morning after sobering up. Newly elected OUSA president Logan Edgar did not have much to say about the

incident apart from "I would say that's it's a good effort but very naughty...tsk, tsk."

– **Teuila Fuatai**

## Sigh...

A radical element within *Critic Te Arohi*, the feted University of Otago student magazine, has established a new company with the intention of buying out the popular student watering hole The Captain Cook Tavern.

The new *Critic* subsidiary, Critical Capital Holdings, is the brainchild of maverick news reporter Lozz Holding, who dreamt up the ambitious plan to buy out the Cook whilst drunk. Holding rose to fame earlier this year after subsisting on a diet of KFC Double Down combos for a week, a feat documented in *Critic* Issue 12.

Holding has named himself CEO, CFO and COPTO (Chief on the Piss Officer) of the new investment vehicle, and outlined his aggres-

sive capital raising plan to *Critic*.

"Effectively it is exactly the same plan as those deluded idiots who thought that they could buy Gardies by getting 2000 students to give them their Course Related Costs money. Except this bid is being led by me, and we are buying the Cook, so our prospects for success are probably very marginally better than absolutely zero."

Holding told *Critic* that the new firm planned to pay back investors at the rate of "about a jug a week" and stated that he believed he had "four or five investors already lined up" which meant that "really half the work is already done".

*Critic's* senior management refused to comment positively on the plan, claiming that this "debacle" was "another example of the news team doing dumb shit to fill up space because you rarely do any actual reporting".

– **Gregor Whyte**

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**Labour**



# execrable

exec /ɪgˈzɛk, ɛg-/ ► noun informal an executive: 107  
execs.  
ORIGIN late 19th cent.: abbreviation.  
/ˈɛksɪkrəb(ə)l/ ► adjective extremely bad  
or unpleasant: execrable cheap wine.  
COMPARATIVES execrably adverb.

First meeting back and *Critic* dashed into the boardroom slightly late to discover the whole Exec had been instructed to “dress like gangstas,” while wearing “I <3 OUSA” t-shirts.

We have no idea why, as they looked ridiculous. Student politicians sporting flat peaks, bandanas and t-shirts as doo-rags isn’t a good look, although Sarah did tell Logan that he was “looking quite dashing in that hat.” After questioning when he was going to get a haircut, Sarah has also offered to dye his hair OUSA green, all very cosy. A possible pairing for *Critic*’s “Summer Lovin” we think.

Moving on to less important business, apparently Mojo’s building, significantly damaged in the strong winds of last semester, needs to become earthquake proofed. This would require a commitment from OUSA to fund this process over the next twenty years, seemingly quite a pricey project. The Exec

wasn’t willing to make a decision on this at the meeting, being that they’re still a teensy bit concerned about the threat of that pesky VSM Bill going through parliament. Thankfully Logan is locking himself in a cage next week to protest the Bill, a move he promised was bound to stop Her Majesty’s government in their tracks.

After that non-starter, Brad was appointed as a second signatory on the OUSA bank accounts at the meeting, as since FSO Dan Stride’s resignation Logan has been the sole signatory on the finances. That being the case it’s a wonder that OUSA’s cash reserves haven’t been spent on a dozen SoGos for every scarfie on Castle St yet.

Actually, OUSA is in a small jam with regards to forming a budget for 2012, as they have no FSO and a very green (soon to be greener) President with seemingly not much experience in this sort of lark (beyond his B- in the BSNS104

midterm of course). Former President Harriet Geoghegan has offered to oversee the process from Australia, so hopefully they’ve got some cheap calling deal organised across the ditch.

Excitingly the next Exec meeting is being held at 3pm Tuesday outside Logan’s prison. The face that *Critic* pulled at this got us told off by Shonelle, who told us not to “look too excited.” We are just happy that we will be able to stare blankly at the sky for a change; the roof of the boardroom was getting boring.

Scarfie *Critic* reporter and Presidential gal pal Lozz Holding is also apparently keen to run a BBQ outside Logan’s Prison. Lozz has just had his cat neutered, which cost him a whopping \$70, so he is looking to recoup this money by tending to some sausage. He’s also going to need money for his highly unrealistic plan to buy The Cook, see pg 15 for details.

– Aimee Gulliver

## BOUNCING OFF THE HALLS



Older students often tend to blame many of the problems in life on freshers, and for good reason. Freshers are frequently guilty of ruining bars, pushing rent prices up by signing flat leases in April, and of giving you that insatiable itch around your pubic region after a SoGo fuelled dalliance with some 17-year old Tourism student from Gore.

Recently, however, freshers are mostly being blamed by disgruntled Castle Street second years for just about everything that went wrong at the Keg Party in Re-O week. The freshers, who are generally unwelcome at the notoriously second and third year dominated event, turned out in force in what appeared to be a coordinated attempt to ruin things for everyone else.

One resident reported approximately seventy eggs being smashed in his room by first year twats, while another bystander-cum-meteorologist reported that the snow that melted attendance numbers was also squarely

due to the presence of annoying first years. At least one renegade partygoer, however, was openly pleased with the presence of first years, as well as an unusually high number of South Dunedin slags, stating that both groups were “real easy to get into”.

In a similar vein, one girl from an anonymous hall managed to “get into” a top rugby player not too long ago. The savvy BCom fresher not only stole his heart but it is suspected that she also stole his v-plates, as he is absolutely infatuated with her and inexplicably paid for her flights to South Africa so that she could watch him roll around in the mud with other overly muscular, sweaty men. Lucky.

In a rare piece of praise, *Critic* has officially rewarded a certain girl from UniCol with four respect points after a guy on her floor passed out, landing on her ankle and breaking it. The hardy (and presumably extremely shit-faced) girl then proceeded to carry the unconscious male all the way back to UniCol. It wasn’t until

the next morning, after removing her face from a vomit-filled rubbish bin and hobbling down to Urgent Doctors, that she found out that her ankle was in fact fucked. Epic.

On a more serious note our thoughts are with everyone at Selwyn currently. Recently, the college cat “Eddy” was found in a sorry state, with an abundance of cuts, grazes and fur missing from his head. Rumours have spread that this was the work of another hate crime activist from Carrington who recently failed Chem191 and decided to take it out on the innocent kitty. Less reliable sources suggest it was purely the result of a scrap with another cat in the area. We wish Eddy all the best in his recovery.

If you have any hilarious stories about stupid freshers you would like to see in *Critic*, send them to [laurence.holding@critic.co.nz](mailto:laurence.holding@critic.co.nz).

– Lozz Holding



ANDRINA



TEGAN



RIPLEY



MATT



ROY

# STATE OF THE NATION

## THE TECHNOLOGY EDITION

### 1/ What piece of technology could you not live without?

**Andrina:** My cellphone.

**Tegan:** Cellphone

**Ripley:** Probably a laptop at uni

**Matt:** I'm going to say the computer because it's central to everything I do.

**Roy:** My Macbook.

### 2/ Do you think radio is becoming outdated?

**Andrina:** Yes

**Tegan:** Underused but not outdated, Radio One still provides a platform for bands. The radio forces you to interact with new stuff.

**Ripley:** With some people but I use it quite a lot.

**Matt:** I do, not because of the internet but because who controls it and the advertising. I don't really see how it relates to people these days.

**Roy:** It depends on the context. The way things are happening within radio companies and the way things are happening... Music is crap nowadays.

### 3/ Mac or PC?

**Andrina:** PC

**Tegan:** Mac

**Ripley:** PC

**Matt:** Both, Mac wouldn't exist without PC and PC wouldn't without Mac.

**Roy:** I'm a Mac person.

### 4/ If you could hack somebody's phone, who's would you hack?

**Andrina:** President Obama, everyone wants to know the kind of messages he sends to his wife...

**Tegan:** Noone's

**Ripley:** Why would I? I wouldn't want to hack someone's phone...

**Matt:** President Obama, if you hacked his phone you could actually find out what's going on.

**Roy:** Julian Assange, that'd be the simplest way to get the goss.

### 5/ Do you think Facebook is making people socially retarded?

**Andrina:** Yes.

**Tegan:** It is certainly retarding social interaction, but not necessarily making them socially retarded.

**Ripley:** Yeah I reckon. People can't talk face to face and you can't really interpret what's written down.

**Matt:** I think it's not helping socially retarded people get more socially ept.

**Roy:** It's not creating social retards but it's excelling them.



*Scott*

# CANCER CELLS

What's the hang up on cell phones? Could they be the next cigarettes? **Siobhan Downes** investigates the World Health Organisation's recent statement that radiation from your cell phone could cause cancer.





# It's the icon of the wireless age:

the cell phone. We have been dubbed the 'thumb generation' because of our deep obsession with them. They have replaced the landline and become our lifelines. But they are also the subjects of TV3's latest *Inside New Zealand* documentary: "Is Your Cell Phone Killing You?" At first the idea is almost laughable. I think of Drew Barrymore and her fellow troupe of ill-fated victims in the *Scream* movies, who are killed when they answer their phones. But this issue has nothing to do with the threat of a creepy, knife-wielding murderer in a facemask on the other end of the line. According to recent research, it's the phones themselves that could be the killers.

On May 31 this year, the World Health Organisation (WHO) announced that cell phones 'might' increase users' risk of developing cancer. According to the press release, the International Agency for Research on Cancer, a branch of the WHO, has classified the radiofrequency electromagnetic fields that cell phones produce as 'possibly carcinogenic to humans.' The press release stated that with an estimated five billion cell phone subscriptions globally, there has been 'mounting concern' about the health effects of cell phone use.

Although the report may seem like nothing to phone home about, it is the first time the Organisation has publicly made the connection between cell phones and cancer. But the connection is not new. It is one that has been fiercely disputed by scientists, health officials, and members of the cell phone industry since the 1990s. The link was most famously initiated in 1992, when a man named David Reynard appeared on the Larry King Live show, claiming that cell phone radiation had caused his wife's death from brain cancer. An x-ray showed that the shape and location of the tumour closely resembled an outline of where the woman had normally held her cell phone to her ear. Reynard sued the cell phone manufacturer and carrier, and it became the first ever case to link cell phone radiation with cancer. The case generated massive publicity, and sparked widespread hysteria over cell phone safety.

As a result, the cell phone industry had no choice but to

with an estimated  
five billion  
cell phone  
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the health effects  
of cell phone use

25% of industry-funded research shows adverse health effects of cell phone use, while 75% of independently funded studies reveal adverse effects

launch an investigation into the potential health effects of cell phone use. American medical scientist Dr. George Carlo was appointed to head the investigation, which spanned from 1993 to 1996. The research was plagued with problems from the start – mainly due to the fact that the industry and the researchers had completely different motivations. While the industry wanted to prove that cell phones were completely safe for public use, the researchers under Carlo had no such bias, and were objectively looking for any health effects that may result from cell phone use. So when Dr. Carlo found that cell phone radiation caused DNA damage, and interfered with cardiac pacemakers, the industry immediately attempted to play down the findings. Carlo has since

become a prominent cell phone ‘sceptic’, and set out to independently publicise what the industry would not – including claims that cell phones were never tested for safety before entering the market, as they were originally intended for use by the Department of Defence.

It’s this potential for bias that is the premise for *Inside New Zealand’s* documentary, which explores how our own telecommunications industry is dealing with the allegations that cell phones could be a health issue. A recurrent question the documentary asks is just how objective is the information that is out there? A voiceover says ominously, ‘according to the telecommunications industry, millions of dollars of research shows we have nothing to fear.’ A graph on the documentary then exposes that only 25% of industry-funded research shows adverse health effects of cell phone use, while 75% of independently funded studies reveal adverse effects. It is made clear that the industry must have had some impact on the results.

But Dr. David Black, who is interviewed as an expert on the subject of electromagnetic

safety, and is a firm opponent of the idea that cell phones could have negative health effects on the population, maintains that he has never been influenced by the industry. He does admit to the camera, however, that the New Zealand cell phone industry frequently employs him – ‘probably because they like what I’m going to say.’

Even without the influence of the industry, there are mixed messages being sent out as to whether cell phones could cause cancer, messages which are dividing the scientific community. The largest ever study on the subject that claimed to be completely independent was conducted between 2000 and 2006, known as the INTERPHONE project. According to *The Economist*, it involved 13 countries, 50 scientists and 14,000 people, and cost 30 million dollars. Its purpose was to determine, once and for all, whether there was a link between cell phones and brain cancer. Yet even after all that time, money and expertise, the study remained inconclusive. Some results of the study



*This comically douche yuppie has no idea that his cellphone is slowly KILLING HIM*

showed that regular cell phone use might actually offer *protection* against some brain cancers. Other results showed that those who spent the greatest amount of time on their cell phones had a 40% increased risk of developing a brain tumour. Clearly the studies are flawed, so are we getting hysterical over nothing?

It all depends on how much weight can be given to the WHO's definition of 'possibly carcinogenic'. According to the International Agency for Research on Cancer, the classifications exist to identify environmental factors that can increase the risk of human cancer. The categories range from Group 1 (carcinogenic to humans), to Group 4 (probably not carcinogenic to humans). Cynics have been quick to point out that, cell phones have been placed in the category that contains 'tame' substances such as coffee and pickled vegetables. But others note that the pesticide DDT and gasoline engine exhaust are also present in that same category.

Despite the outpouring of conflicting information, already many local and national bodies are taking precautionary measures. San Francisco made headlines last year when they became the first city in the United States to initiate a law that directly addressed the cell phone radiation issue. Known as the 'Right To Know' law, it forced all cell phone retailers to provide clear information about each phone's radiation emissions and their potential negative effects. This action followed the lead of several European nations, who have been recommending to their citizens ways of reducing cell phone radiation exposure, such as using hands-free devices, and texting instead of making calls.

It's these kinds of precautions that New Zealand's Green Party is also pushing for. MP Sue Kedgley said in a recent press release that she would like to see warnings displayed on cell phones, including labels that show how much radiation the phone is emitting and the health risks of their use. Currently this information is less than transparent. Vodafone and Telecom mobile safety fact sheets that can be downloaded from each company's website tend to downplay the issue.

The Vodafone fact sheet only details base station safety information, sourcing a World Health Organisation statement from 2006. At that time, the WHO had concluded that 'current evidence does not confirm the existence of any health consequences.' Telecom quotes the same outdated statement, in their own safety document – 'Let's talk about mobile phone sites'. Neither refers to the possibility that the phones themselves could be the danger. According to Kedgley, it's the same sort of denial the tobacco industry has displayed in the past. 'Imagine if we'd wised up to the risks of smoking cigarettes earlier. Many lives would have been saved.'

Could cell phones be the next cigarettes? Putting the potential health effects of cell phones aside, there are some surprising behavioural similarities between the two. As early as 1999, James Stewart, then a student at the University of Edinburgh, was considering the connection between the sociology of cigarette and cell phone use. His examples are telling. At the peak of their popularity, cigarettes were once seen as symbols of glamour and wealth – think Audrey Hepburn and her iconic cigarette holder in the 1961 *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. The present-day equivalent could be the iPhone, with its sleek advertising and shameless celebrity endorsement. Stewart also notes similarities in the way we socially use each product – like cigarettes, cell phones have become something we constantly fiddle with, use when we're trying not to look out of place, when we are nervous or bored. There are also various social codes surrounding their use – they are banned in certain areas, and considered antisocial in others.

Only further research and more time will tell if cell phones could be our generation's fatal mistake. But it seems, like cigarettes, that we're already too addicted. Even if the World Health Organisation's worst fears are realised, would we actually be able to hang up our phones for good? Unlikely, according to one blogger, who perhaps represents what most of us are thinking when he says – 'The World Health Organisation will have to pry my iPhone from my cold dead hands.'



# Making Change for Climate Change

by **JOSH HERCUS**

All too often we hear about the dire consequences of climate change. However, one thing I've noticed is that we don't really hear that much about the solutions. Climate change is a big problem that requires a big solution. So what can you do? What can one person do?

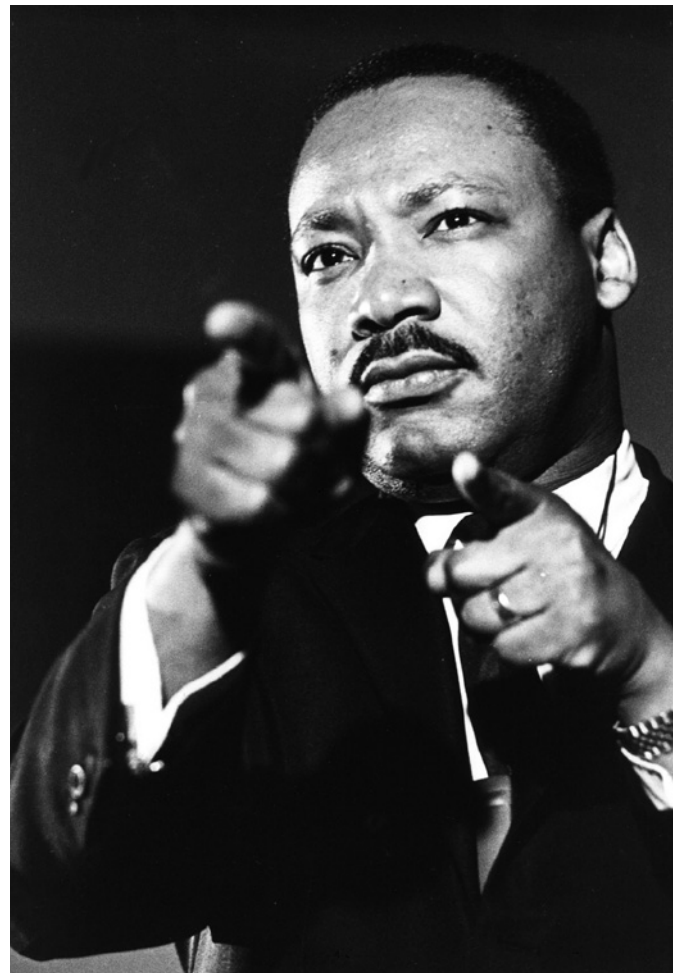
Maybe you're like me and you take your reusable bags with you to the supermarket. It's partly because I feel guilty about contributing to a problem and partly because I believe that every bit counts. But sometimes it's damaging to the morale. I mean, as I walk out of the supermarket, a conservative guess would be that at least 90% of shoppers just take their plastic bags and go. It feels like I'm just pissing in the ocean sometimes. So, what does it take to do something significant about climate change? Before we can answer that, we need to look at the issue from a broader perspective. What actually causes significant change in general?

## Origins of change

When we think about the Civil Rights Movement in the US, names like Rosa Parks and Martin Luther King Jr. instantly spring to mind. These people helped to ignite the movement or steer it in their own way. As with almost all revolutionary change, it is the figureheads that are remembered the most. Rarely, if ever, do we think about those initial people who helped get the ball rolling.

Would Rosa Parks still be famous had the Montgomery Bus Boycott not taken place? Would Martin Luther King Junior's "I Have a Dream" speech have resonated as much, had it not been delivered to the 200,000 supporters in Washington? Sit-ins, freedom rides, protests – they all only work if individuals rally together. It's one thing for a person to inspire an idea. But it takes just as much courage to get behind them and stand up for what you believe in. Change doesn't just come from an idea. It comes from the *action* on that idea.

Of course, sometimes people will go to significant lengths to prevent any positive change. The name Strom Thurmond probably doesn't ring a bell for most of you. He was a former US Senator and holds the record for the longest filibuster ever, at 24 hours and 18 minutes. A filibuster is basically just a way of stalling legislation by taking advantage of democratic conventions. Since there is no time limit set on how long a Bill can be debated for, the idea is that the opposition prolongs the debate for as long as possible (ideally indefinitely) so that the Bill is never passed. It's the tactic Labour has been using to prevent VSM going through.



Thurmond prepared hilariously for his epic filibuster. He went to the senate steam room to get rid of the liquids in his body so he wouldn't be interrupted by needing to use the bathroom. But just in case, he had some chump with a piss bucket lurking around as well. He probably even played *Eye of the Tiger* or whatever the 1950s equivalent was to get him pumped for his verbal marathon. Given that he spoke for a day straight, he ran out of relevant things to say quite quickly so started ranting about things from the Constitution to cookie recipes. What sort of horrible Bill was it that made Thurmond kick up such a fuss?

The Civil Rights Act of 1957. The Act that ensured that all African Americans could vote. While the filibuster didn't work, it certainly demonstrates how some people are willing to go to extensive lengths just to resist positive change. With many years of hindsight, how stupid does that filibuster look?

## So what?

If you've bothered to read this far, you probably have at least some concern for social justice. Or you're exceptionally bored. Either way, here's your opportunity to do something. You can be a part of positive change.

A new youth led movement has sprung into action all over the country. It's called Generation Zero and it's demanding that our politicians take more action on climate change to secure our future. We want New Zealand to have zero net emissions by 2050. It's a big ask, but think



about how much has changed in the past 40 years both technologically and socially. Ambitious but achievable goals are exactly what we need. This is your future after all. Similar youth groups around the world have been highly successful. The Australian Youth Climate Coalition has over 63,000 members and is actively using this as leverage to put pressure on their government. Generation Zero intends to do exactly the same thing and we want you to join us. An idea is great, but it takes people like you to get the ball rolling.

Much like the Civic Rights Movement, there will be people who will go to extraordinary lengths to prevent action on climate change. They will distort the science, confuse the public and do whatever it takes to resist change. I have no doubt that the same ridiculous filibuster will be used to attempt to block meaningful climate change legislation. But just imagine how silly they're going to look in 40 year's time.

Individually, we can shout as loud as we want about climate change and chances are it'll probably be drowned out. By if we all shout at the same time, we can be heard. Generation Zero is that voice. It's the voice of reason, it's the voice of action, and it's the voice of our future. I have a theory that student activism goes in cycles. The women's rights and anti-nuclear movement in the 70s, the Springbok Tour in the 80s, the protests against neoliberal reform in the 90s – all of these movements come in (roughly) ten year cycles. It appears that we are long overdue for another one.

Get involved. Put up a fight. Take back your future. If you've ever thought about doing anything about climate change, now is the time to do it.

Go to [generationzero.org.nz](http://generationzero.org.nz) for more information on how you can get involved.





# Jeffrey Harris



Two doors down from a car mechanic and across the road from a photography studio, Jeffrey Harris works and paints. It is his compulsion. Not to paint renders him, in his words, 'frustrated and angry and depressed and very twitchy. I have got to work.' In his industrial space, he welcomes me with a firm shake of my hand. Some paintings are encompassed in bubble wrap, others rest uncertainly against the wall whitewashed brick walls. In winter, Harris works in the small office overlooking what only in Summer becomes a work space. For decades now, Jeffrey Harris has been one of New Zealand's foremost painters. After living in Australia for twelve years, he returned in 2000. **Georgie Fenwicke** talked to him about life back in the fast lane of South Dunedin.

***Going back to the beginning of your career, you were awarded the Frances Hodgkins Fellowship in 1977, what effect did this have on your development as an artist here in Otago?***

Well, it was a large studio so I was able to do large paintings whereas before, previously I would usually work in a small studio about the size of this room. So working on a larger scale of works was probably the main thing, but also there was quite a bit of attention on my work. It lifted my profile and I had more exhibitions.

***What do you think of the artistic community in Dunedin then and now?***

Yeah, it was more like a family back then, more supportive; now it is more money, fame-oriented. Fame and money is more, so artists are more, I wouldn't say competitive, but it is different.

***Talking about the relationship between geography and style, there is a tie between where you are and what you paint, what was it about your move across the ditch that led to such a change in style?***

Well, I think I wanted to get away from New Zealand because a lot of my work was autobiographical and based on certain events in my life and I really wanted to make a break away from that. Perhaps it was because I was becoming trapped in a style or people were perceiving me in a particular way.

***And what did you find in Australia?***

I found Australia more open than New Zealand. I guess it was exciting, but as with everywhere, it becomes life going on. You get into a, not a rut, but a sort of. It loses its excitement.

***One of the influences I was particularly interested in, in terms of your Australian work was the Aboriginal style that comes through. What made you decide to go down that track and what was it about the style that attracted you to it?***

Aboriginal art is very spiritual and it is very raw. I have already been very interested in the spiritual and that aspect of it in art and generally. It has a lot of depth and is very strong; a lot of the European stuff is second rate copies of what has already been done.

***How did you go about acquiring the techniques, were the practices again self-taught or were you instructed by some artists over there?***

I knew people, there was a lot of Aboriginal painting over there, but I really taught myself which I have done all my life. When I went to Europe I looked at paintings when I was here, when I started, I looked at McCann and Hotere. So yeah, I did the same thing in Australia.

***Talking about your art in practice, how much is pre-planned or pre-conceived and how much is left to chance in the process of creating a work?***

It usually starts with an idea, but it is not totally preconceived. I try to develop it as I go along. So you may start with something, a picture, and it develops as you go along. So it is sort of half and half, it channels out of an idea and the work develops out of doing it.

***Your paintings and sketches are rendered in a number of symbols, each object communicates certain meanings and they ping off one another, what is it about communicating in this direct way that appeals to you?***

Painting is more than just painting, it is a story. I like there to be a whole of things to scan over in a work. Once again, it is looking at European painting and British painting that I have seen in Europe where they have all that symbolism. There is obviously something there that appeals to me and that I have sort of tried to do in my own way. I have invented my own mythology of some sort.

***Your body of work is absolutely huge, what advice can you give about action and doing?***

I have to make art, it is a compulsion. I wouldn't want to spend a whole day not doing it, I would feel frustrated and angry and depressed and very twitchy. I have got to work. It is just like a drug. You get out there and you start your work and you feel ok, and yeah. It is something I want to do, it is not like I want to put it off until tomorrow, I want to do it today. It is a compulsion and I can't imagine not doing it.



# Film Festival Comes to Town

Local boy, former *Critic* film reviewer and director of the New Zealand International Film Festival, Bill Gosden visited Dunedin last week for the launch of the festival programme. Sarah Baillie caught up with him for a chat about his cool job and what to expect from the film festival this year.

**You have a dream job! How did you work your way up to being director of the film festival?**

I started writing film reviews when I was at Kaikorai Valley High School and when I came to university I walked straight into a film reviewing job here at *Critic*. During the holidays I always worked at cinemas. When I was at university, every evening there would be a film screening in the union building, organised by a guy called Richard Weatherly. I worked as a cashier and helped set up. When Richard acquired a film distribution company in Wellington, he offered me a job. I worked there for a couple of years and then applied for a job at the Wellington Film Festival. I've pretty much been working for the same people ever since. The New Zealand-wide film festival has been going since 1984.

**Do you get to travel around the world to go to film festivals and mingle with the stars?**

I do a bit of that - once this year's festival is over I'm going to Toronto and New York. I have a colleague, Sandra Reid, who lives in Paris and she goes to all the European festivals. She has to get a lot of the credit for the big swag of Cannes films on the programme. Although I did a lot of negotiation, she was the one elbowing her way into the cinema to get to see them.

**What are your picks from the Dunedin festival programme?**

I don't have any real favourites. However, there are some films I really like which might need to have attention drawn to them because they're not obvious picks. One of them is an Italian film called *Le Quattro Volte* which seems like a documentary but it's not, it's actually a very cleverly contrived film. It's the most amazingly choreographed film about the way nature, animals, people and plant life all interact in a little mountain village in Calabria.

Another completely different, enormously entertaining film is *Tabloid*, the Errol Morris documentary about Joyce McKinney who was an American state beauty queen. In the 1970s she pursued her Mormon boyfriend to the UK when he went on his mission, kidnapped him and seduced him. The ridiculousness just piles on top of ridiculousness because Morris' approach is through two tabloid journalists who made mountains out of her story. One of them portrayed her as the fearless liberator of the poor brainwashed Mormon boy and the other one

portrayed her as a manipulative bad girl. The two of them are incredibly funny. The whole thing would be entirely distasteful if it weren't for the fact that she gets to give her own account of the story, which is just as hilarious.

**When you go to film festival events do you make an appearance even though you have seen the films several times already?**

I'm very interested to see how people respond to the films.

**I heard that when *Antichrist* screened at the festival a couple of years ago there were some interesting reactions.**

Inevitably. Lars von Trier would be pretty disappointed if there weren't. Actually, we are showing his latest film *Melancholia* [starring Kirsten Dunst] this year.

**Yay, I love Kirsten Dunst! I just watched *Bring it On again* the other day.**

Hahaha. Well I think Lars really brings it on for Kirsten in *Melancholia*.

**What do you think of the Wellywood sign? Cool or not cool?**

I think that it has really brought out the cultural cringe in those of us who like to think that Wellington stands for something more than being a shadow of Hollywood. It has completely blown the idea of the "cool little capital" out of the water.



The line-up for this year's New Zealand International Film Festival has arrived! Needless to say there are some very exciting films on the programme. Visit [www.nzff.co.nz/dunedin](http://www.nzff.co.nz/dunedin) to check it out, or grab one of the booklets which can be found around uni or at various cafés/cinemas in town. Also – keep an eye out for *Critic*'s sneak peeks at some of the featured films and some sweet giveaways!



# Out of This World

by Charlotte Greenfield

300 kilometres above us, a long way in the context of Earth, but a miniscule distance in the vast expanse of the universe, is the home of the first continuous ten years of human occupation in space. It is an odd kind of home. With its conglomeration of wires and mechanics lining the 109 metre length of its walls, it looks like a cross between a military submarine and your family's attic. But the views experienced during its fifteen orbits of earth each day outdo either. "Sometimes it looks like you'd expect it to look, which is [when] you're flying over a huge rotating ball with a black sky and it's breathtakingly beautiful, but often you feel that the world is like a big wall on one side of you and you're going underneath it...The seas, the oceans, they look like blue neon. It's so bright it hurts your eyes," describes English astronaut Pieter Sellers who has flown three shuttle missions to the International Space Station (called the ISS for short).

The inhabitants of the ISS have hail from fifteen different countries and together facilitate the construction, operation and funding of what is part orbiting science laboratory, part a symbol of the various nations' attempt to stake a human claim on the so-called final frontier represented by space.

## Make Space Stations, Not War

Originating from the heated rivalry between USA and the then USSR, this desire to play a part in the universe outside the world we know changed form considerably after the fall of the Soviet Union in 1991. After the Cold War, less emotionally charged competition and budgetary worries required national space agencies to change the bold approach that had characterized the Space Race.

Manned and unmanned spacecrafts had been in space for decades, satellites were in constant orbit around the Earth, men had landed on the moon but Mars was still too far, at least for humans. The focus became creating a space station that orbited the earth, allowing for permanent human habitation. Russia had already achieved this with *Mir*, a space station in









operation since 1986. But space stations are expensive beasts and, by the early Nineties, Russia - alongside other nations aspiring to a similar space presence - began to realise that pooling resources was going to be the only viable option. The USA and Russia announced their plans for a joint space station in 1993. The first of sixteen modules, *Zarya*, Russian-built and American-financed, was launched in November 1998, by which time Japan, Canada and Europe's space agencies had also come on board the project. Construction has continued until this year when it was planned to be completed. A little behind schedule, the space station is technically still unfinished, with a final Russian module planned to be launched in May of next year.

### Money, Money, Money

But even before the completion of the ISS, a healthy dose of scepticism is beginning to emerge alongside the traditional excitement towards the future of manned space exploration. NASA's termination of the shuttle program, with the last shuttle *Atlantis*' final flight on July 8, raises some complex questions about the future of the American space program. The shuttles were designed and sold to the public as a reliable and regular ferrying system for American efforts in space. In practice, the shuttles have been launched far less routinely than anticipated and disaster has resulted in the death of two sets of crew. The shuttles could hardly be called a failure. Two fatal launches out of 135 is not an outrageous statistic in what is clearly a risky line of work, and the program saved the Hubble Space Telescope by allowing it to be repaired by hand in 1993. They have also played a key role in the servicing of the International Space Station. Nonetheless, although, as NASA insists, the shuttle program has been a success, it is a very expensive success. The cost of a shuttle launch is, at the cheapest, US\$ 450 million, with some estimates as high as US\$1.5 billion. Note that is just one launch. And that, it seems, is the problem of space ventures generally. They cost a lot.

### Space Invaders: A Moral Dilemma

There are of course some moral issues surrounding this. Is it appropriate to spend US\$100 billion in ten years on an orbiting research station when during the same period back on earth 80 million children died due to poverty? Is it really worth committing massive financial and intellectual resources to enterprises such as landing humans on Mars when the temperature of the planet we've got is raising at a rate recognised as well over the UN's threshold for dangerous climate change?

It might turn out that it is. Consider that the US spent an estimated US\$3 trillion (at least) on the Iraq war and US\$5.8 trillion on its

nuclear weapons program, and the billions directed towards space ventures start to look more reasonable. Added to this is the employment benefits such activity creates. The Space Shuttle programme created \$4 billion in economic benefit a year to Florida and NASA-related activities created 400,000 jobs in the state. The programme also served to redirect the career paths of some of the most successful scientists, engineers and pilots whose expertise would otherwise be targeted towards less desirable aims, such as the trillion dollar undertakings mentioned above.

In practice, moral questions will give way to logistical ones in determining the future of space programmes. "Space exploration is really expensive. But it is the next step. We're so dependent on space systems that it seems redundant to talk about the expense of space exploration, we simply cannot afford to neglect it" says Maria Pozza, an Otago student whose PhD thesis is on law of space. She gives the example of satellites, which have become an integral part of human activity from security to the weather forecast on the six o'clock news.

### Space Dawdle

But for a space presence further afield, the issue becomes whether there is the public willingness to commit resources towards this purpose. With the excitement of the Space Age fading, some predict

“We're so dependent on space systems that it seems redundant to talk about the expense of space exploration, we simply cannot afford to neglect it”

that although activity will continue to grow within the earth's geostationary orbit (the realm of satellites), the "days of a future beyond that final frontier have largely faded" (according to *The Economist*). The exception to this may be the occasional robotic expedition further afield, which are recognised as a safer, easier and cheaper option than the unnecessary addition of a human being (but it is those human beings who will capture the public's imagination).

Comparing the current public enthusiasm for space with that at the height of the Space Race is missing the point. Certainly no one is making the ambitious announcements of the Space Race, but with no Cold War to fuel them, no one has to. Times have changed but not all extraterrestrial aspirations have disappeared and they are coming from more diverse sources than exclusively the American and Russian space agencies.

For a start, the US military has its own space programme, entirely separate from NASA's, with a yearly public budget of US\$8.7 billion and a suspected considerably higher confidential budget. The world's up-and-coming powers could also have an important part to play. In 2003, China became the third country to launch a human into space on a rocket which it had built itself, and it has indicated plans to begin construction of a space station later this year.

And there's always the private sector. Commercial firms have begun taking on the role of carrying cargo into low orbit to destinations such as the ISS. This is hardly groundbreaking work, but it might free up national state agencies to do the groundbreaking work. Space tourism too is, to use the marketing quip, taking off. Space has already had its first tourist, with American multimillionaire Dennis Tito hitching a ride on a Russian spacecraft to the ISS in 2001. Richard Branson's Virgin Galactic is taking bookings for sub-orbital space tourism and Boeing has announced that it's planning to begin tourist launches into low earth orbit in 2015. Though it is hard to see this ever becoming a mass market due to the cost (Tito is thought to have paid US\$20 million for his excursion), removing space solely from the realm of highly trained astronauts is likely to fuel public interest in further space exploration.

## What of the Space Station?

Back to the International Space Station. Where does it fit in all this? *The Economist* has perhaps a little over-zealously called it: "the biggest waste of money that has ever been built in the name of modern science." Certainly, the research undertaken on the station has only been described to the public in vague terms, with the implication being that conducting research 300kms higher than usual adds an important element to scientific experimentation. In reality, that element may be simply that conducting experiments in space is cool. Combined with the fact that such experience in space may get humankind equipped for more ambitious space travel, this would not be the worst use of public funds.

Really the ISS' greatest achievement is not only a scientific one. "What the ISS represents is a practical step in space cooperation. The ISS illustrates how nation states are capable of space cooperation and that yes, we do indeed have a future in that" says Pozza. The level of coordination of the law, finances, resources and people of fifteen nations (two of which started this journey amidst the threat of firing nuclear missiles at each other) is no mean feat.

The ISS will not last forever. The programme has only been planned until 2015, although all nations involved have expressed a desire to continue it beyond that point. Last year Obama committed Nasa to the ISS until at least 2020. The exact reasons behind the policy are unclear, but it is obvious that the ISS retains its most important supporter.

dependent on space  
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# Opinion



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# DIATRIBE

Learning to drive is not just about getting a handle on indicating and turning a wheel; it is a journey of self-discovery. In other words, you *discover* just how angry you can get at other people, and at strangers no less. In my own case, there is a group of people somewhere between those who drive rubbish trucks and those who drive at 80km on the motorway who have me muttering under my breath: people with 'Baby on Board!' signs.

Nasty. Tacky. Did these drivers get attached to their learner plates and decide when they were no longer legally required to display them that they would replace them with an equally horrible square of yellow plastic?

I was once told these signs were for the safety of the child. To keep them safe from what? Drivers on the road whose mission in life is to hit all other vehicles not containing infants? Those, who upon seeing a baby on board sign, think "I was just about to smash into their rear passenger door. Good thing they have a sign saying they have a kid! I was this close to hitting them and now I am ashamed I even considered it. I will pull over so there is one less car on the road to threaten the life of this small person."

In reality, the only things these signs keep safe are the cars. A baby on board sign causes a vehicle to lose all its dignity in the same manner as Playboy seat covers or a row of soft toys in the back window. Once a car has baby on board sign, it loses its make and model and simply becomes a 'family car', and who wants to hotwire one of those? I swear if you were to leave even a Porsche unattended, keys in door, for twenty-four hours; if it had a baby on board sign, no one would steal it.

Maybe people want others to know so damn much they have procreated that have to proclaim it in garish plastic. I can imagine the exchange between parents: "Darling, that man back at the lights didn't believe we had children. I could see it in his eyes. He thought we have finger marks on our windows because we re-enact scenes from *Titanic* on the weekend. Maybe we need a sign". The truth is that you make enemies by displaying the fact that you have offspring. The person in the car behind you is wishing they could shoot you *Grand Theft Auto* style because they know just as the lights turn green you will be ducking to retrieve a pacifier.

So next time you or any of your acquaintances are ever tempted to foul your window with the aforementioned monstrosity, think about the smug dolt who is getting your money. Remember, contrary to the beliefs of the Ministry of Education, no one should ever be rewarded for having a primitive grasp of alliteration.

— **Mary-Rose Wiklund**

*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](mailto: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 social networking stunts social skills."** Beau Murrah argues the affirmative while Hannah Drury argues the negative.

I have heard (and likely you have heard as well) old people say things about social networking websites that sound like things people probably said about telephones when they were new; "back in my day..." and something about how young people suck. However, one old man said something that rang pretty true: social networking is a pretty shitty replacement for the real deal.

I think he makes the mistake in presuming, though, that everyone uses such websites as some sort of replacement for social interaction. Rather, Facebook and other such websites are an amazing conduit for bringing people together for events and over common interests, whether that be overthrowing Mubarak or bringing people to your flat on a Thursday night for a party. It's great for connecting people when they otherwise couldn't, such as when at work or far away.

My argument is basically this: social networking websites are beneficial for your social skills in as far as they support or help foster what is in essence already there, i.e. face-to-face relationships. When engaged in-and-of-themselves, however, Internet networking websites stunt your social skills. I would suggest that the Internet-obsessed basement dweller hasn't become our generation's archetypal stalker/creep/lone wolf assassin in movies for nothing: such a figure has engaged too deeply into the simulacrum of impersonal interaction.

This argument, I think, is something that comes across as intuitively true to almost everyone. For example, contrast these two common Facebook phenomena:

a) Facebook helping you get in touch with that girl/guy you met and had a good time with at the party on Saturday (remembering from *The Social Network* that this pretty much was the genesis of the book of face, now worth billions)

b) Facebook giving the opportunity for that chick/guy who barely spoke to you at the party on Saturday the opportunity to add you and start conversations with you about what movies you clicked "like" on and give you compliments on your pictures. Urgh.

Perhaps that example is a bit loaded. Still, there is burgeoning research that despite being more inter-connected than ever, people are actually feeling increasingly socially isolated. At a basic level, social networking sites deprive you of some of the most basic human interaction that allows you to read moods and body language and react appropriately. These things are all important for social skills.

— Beau Murrah

There are two types of people in this world: those who have social skills, and those who don't. Social networking sites have no impact on either.

Beau has already mentioned the key benefits to social interaction brought about by social networking, so I'm going to focus on what purportedly "stunts" social skills.

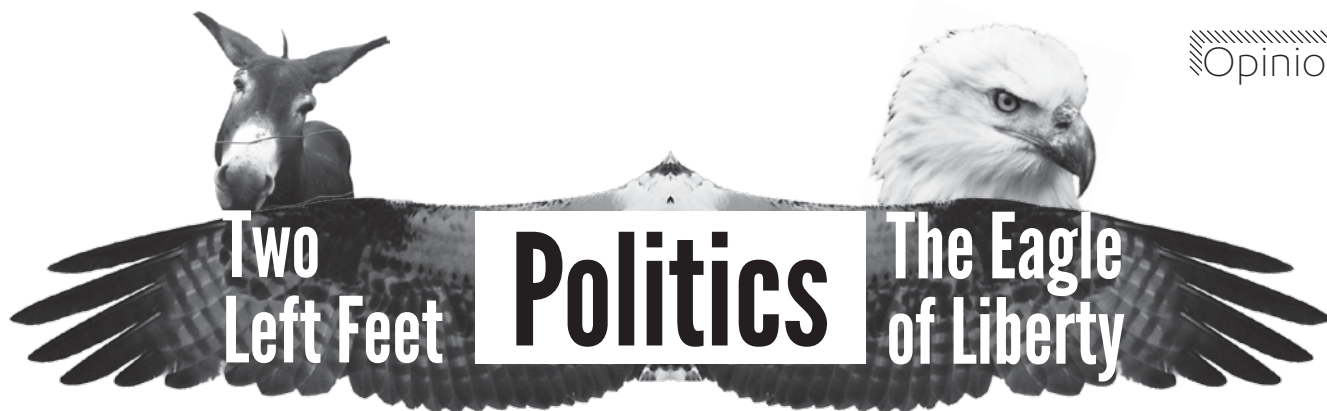
1. Stalking. Most of us are culpable of having a special person whose Facebook page we frequently check. Is this healthy? Perhaps not. But it certainly does not stunt our social skills. Let's say I am obsessed with a guy called Tom; I spend a concerning amount of time stalking Tom's page, seeing who he's related to, what his latest status is and which girls in his Facebook pictures could potentially be his girlfriend. Am I a creep? Yes. Has this stunted my social skills? No. Checking out Tom's page on a regular basis does not make me less inclined to talk to him. On the contrary, it means I can keep up to date with events he is attending, so that I have a greater chance of running into him in real life. If I severely lacked social skills, then maybe I would never have approached Tom in the first place. Facebook isn't going to change a person's social skill set; instead, it complements regular interaction for the socially equipped, and it offers a window of hope - albeit virtual - for the (already) socially stunted.

2. Weird people adding you who compliment your pictures and "like" your interests. Such flattery would probably sit well with a socially stunted person. Self-esteem boosts are a wonderful thing. A socially savvy person would probably be creeped out and delete the weirdo as a friend, problem solved. In either case, the socially stunted behaviour that Beau referred to: (not having the guts to talk to a guy/girl at a party) occurred before social networking. Subsequent Facebook comments won't change anything here. At most, it will give that person another chance to charm that someone special.

If you spend all your time in front of a computer screen and no time with actual people, you are going to be socially stunted. Social networking, however, prevents you from doing your homework; it doesn't prevent you from seeing your friends. Facebook, to this day, remains the sole hope of a Saint Margaret's girl getting a poke. Cheers Zuckerberg.

— Hannah Drury





A couple of years ago, when I was interning for Pete Hodgson, I wrote a paper advocating for a state-owned national daily newspaper. Of course, Hodgson is a politician and needs to be elected by, you know, people – most of whom hear “state-owned newspaper” and see hammers, sickles and portly Korean chaps sporting comically oversized glasses. So needless to say, the idea went down like a cup of cold vomit.

However, New Zealand already has state-owned television and radio and these have been supported by politicians across the political spectrum, including Tony Ryall and Richard Prebble, even when they are not guaranteed to return a profit. There are no real reasons why the same logic shouldn’t apply to newspapers. As it is, newspapers are significantly hampered by market forces. Because newspapers earn most of their income from advertising (around 95% of the revenue of APN News and Media, which owns eight New Zealand dailies including *The New Zealand Herald*, is from advertising and less than 3% is from sales), the business model of a newspaper is not based on selling news to a consumer. Rather, it is based on attracting an audience (preferably a wealthy one) and selling access to this audience to advertisers.

Two papers exemplify the problems associated with this: the *Otago Daily Times* (ODT) and Britain’s *The Guardian*. The ODT has adopted the “lowest common denominator” approach. The Otago market is not really big enough to support another local daily, giving the ODT a regional monopoly and insulating it from competitive pressures. Hence, the ODT would not significantly increase its market share by investing in high-quality investigative journalism. This ensures that the ODT’s product remains listless and rural, like a dead sheep. *The Guardian*, on the other hand, is committed to high-quality investigative journalism from a liberal, centre-left perspective. Unlike its centre-right competitors, this makes it harder to attract advertising revenue since advertisers are more interested in wealthy audiences and pro-business narratives. *The Guardian* is only able to survive in its current format because its owner, the Scott Trust, allows it to run at a loss for this very purpose.

*The Guardian* shows that it is possible to produce a high-quality newspaper with editorial independence if the paper is insulated from the need to attract significant amounts of ad revenue. Any state-owned newspaper must therefore put little stock into attracting advertisers and be prepared to run at a loss. In a 2007 survey, a significant majority of New Zealand journalists agreed that under-resourcing was the biggest problem facing news media organisations, that commercial pressures harm the media, and that advertisers play a significant role in determining which stories get published. Even *Critic* has experienced this first hand, having lost advertising from a certain department after publishing a letter (i.e. someone else’s opinion) critical of a certain week. Which, by the way, was fucking terrible.

– Sam McChesney

## ***The Eagle on Welfare For Families***

One day the Eagle will settle down and hatch a delightful batch of eaglets. Like any sensible parent, the Eagle will make sure he has built a nest and stockpiled some resources before the eaglets are born. To do anything less is to shirk one’s most basic responsibility – to provide for one’s children. But thanks to the appalling cynicism of Helen Clark’s Labour government, which stitched together the monstrosity known as “Working For Families”, negligent losers are able to breed like rabbits while their neighbours pay the bills.

Welfare For Families (WFF), as it is more accurately called, gives an ongoing “baby bonus” to working parents, at the expense of everyone else. It’s a policy guaranteed to encourage rampant population growth, similar to the baby boom after World War II – only nowadays NZ does *not* have a population shortage, especially in areas like South Auckland where WFF is most widespread. But worst of all, Labour designed WFF to only benefit those on low incomes, who are typically Labour voters. It’s a form of electoral eugenics, as low-income people are incentivised to have large families, while higher-income people get little or nothing.

Welfare For Families completely distorts the tax system, encouraging people to stay in low-paying jobs in order to qualify for the maximum amount of welfare. But this is entirely consistent with Labour’s philosophy of cutting down tall poppies and crushing innovation. They don’t want people to rise from rags to riches; they want to keep the masses in their place.

Everyone has the right to have children. But no one has the right to demand that other people pay for their children. If you have no cash, do the decent thing and save for a few years before you have kids. Amongst other things, WFF is a kick in the groin for people who can’t have kids. Imagine not only finding out you were infertile, but also having to pay cash to the lucky people who can have children. It’s as bad as deaf people being forced to fund the Symphony Orchestra.

People who choose to have children but don’t provide the basic necessities of life are criminally negligent. They are holding taxpayers to ransom by using their child as a hostage. This is absolutely unacceptable – no one owes anyone else a living. Criminal negligence must be punished rather than rewarded with cash payouts, which are inevitably wasted on plasma TVs anyway. Responsible parents would survive perfectly well without WFF, and would doubtless prefer a large income tax cut rather than the patronising abomination that is WFF.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

***The Eagle***



ODT got down wit da kids last week at the annual Castle Street keg party. While the article was short in length, it made up for it somewhat with some rather impressive punnery which combined old and new lingo into one.

### Cool party conditions

They even had a great pic of the “kings and queens” of Castle Street, partying it up.



Kings and queens of Castle St

“Look Mum! I’m a scarfie!”

But perhaps ODT is becoming a little too down with the kids. In last Tuesday’s ODT, a certain columnist wrote an article with the following provocative title:

### A good reason to photograph children from behind

After reading the article, it eventuates that the author is a fairly innocuous old grandfather who is merely making comment about his favourite pics of his grandson- apparently the ones from behind capture the mood of his grandson the best. Unfortunately, even with the innocent explanation, the article is incredibly bizarre. Why would ODT publish such a seemingly paedophilic title? Why would a man think that photographing kids from behind was more expressive than seeing their expression? Ah, the big questions in life.

Although Kronic has sort of stopped being a big deal nation-wide, ODT have continued with their anti-Kronic escapades. This just in, it’s not a social problem, it’s now a full-blown “crusade” against the devilish cannaboid (their words, not ours).

ODT’s readers, unsurprisingly, have reacted with concern to the man-made anti-Christ that can be bought from their local dairy.

### Kronic

I WAS shocked to read (ODT, 6.7.11) that a self-confessed substance abuser who spent \$8500 on Kronic this year would believe she was a suitable person to be a nursing student.

You’re right. She’s used a legal drug? She’s a good-for-nothing. Burn them, burn them all!

### Enthusiasm of ‘car-poolers’ dampened

Last but not least, police recently stopped a car which had been filled with water, which according to ODT was “bringing a whole new meaning to the term ‘car pool’”. Lol.

## THE AGENDA GAP

As we near the close of the current parliamentary term, our National-led government are still hobbling along on the crutch of their predecessors. They inherited, they tell us, a country in such bad shape that they Have No Choice but to sell off our assets, to court ecological disaster in the form of off-shore oil drilling, to scapegoat the welfare state or to sell legislative change to Big Business. If you don’t agree with Warner Brothers writing our employment law, you are a Hobbit Hater (in our Prime Minister’s own ever-eloquent parlance). The Key Regime is so desperate to appear to be doing something about job creation, and have so little in the way of ideas to do it themselves (how’s that Nine Day Fortnight working out for you?), that they have no leverage to bring to the negotiation table. Regardless of the degree to which the evidence or outcomes are stacked against New Zealand, and New Zealanders, they have to bend over and say ‘Yes, Please!’ Then, to hide their locker room shame, they lash out at those who advocate for sovereignty and democracy. Wherever you find the desperate rhetoric of patriotism, xenophobia is never far behind.

As critical as these economic discussions are to the future of this country, they are likely to be overshadowed by the Right’s Great Racism Race. Pro-business/anti-MMP lobby group Vote For Change may have thought they had it stitched up after founding member Alex Fogarty was outed as an active member of an Australian White Supremacist group. Flustered and territorial, ACT Party ad-man John Ansell laid bare the full extent of their arsenal, extrapolating One Law For All to ‘Maori should be thankful for colonisation and by the way at least we didn’t eat their eyeballs’. Why? Because ACT’s appeal to economic liberals disillusioned by National failed miserably, which only left Dr Brash with Orewa Mk II. It may not have won over The Beltway, but who did all the dog-whistling muster? Federated Farmers, of course! With Don Nicholson now threatening to eat into National’s heartland majority for Act, Key had no choice but to find a racist platform of his own, and fast. Given his obsession with The Australian Comparison, what better vehicle than a boatload of Irrational Fear Of Immigration! Despite New Zealand constantly falling below its international obligations for refugee resettlement, Key & Coleman gave our Tamil friends the old Seat’s Taken, and then tried to convince us they weren’t coming here when they were flying New Zealand flags!

I never thought the Intellectual Black Hole that is neo-liberal economics would be so appealing in comparison, but if this election turns into A Dog’s Show instead, won and lost at the Gorge Road Country Club, it is the least of our worries.

– Aaron Hawkins



## Surviving the Election

We might be four months out from the election but already we have the extreme right, the extreme left and the extreme neither-way trying to get everyone to be on their extreme side. They care so much you know, it warms my bloody heart. The best part of an election campaign in New Zealand is election night; there's nothing like the satisfaction of thinking "wow I don't have to deal with these whiny brats for another three years". I've only been through one campaign and I already feel like this; no wonder the older generation has that weathered look. Surviving an election campaign in this country is a craft.

Still, you can navigate safely through an election campaign if you try your hardest. There is definitely some entertainment value there and it's not hard to find. The Hone Harawiras of this campaign are what

make it a spectacle. So I say embrace the radical, after all this is quite often the best part. Radicals are to election campaigns what Donald Duck is to the Mickey Mouse Club (As you can see I've had a productive break.) They're funny, and a little lovable, but no one really takes them seriously. At least they have a little more to offer than Phil 'I lost my personality' Goff.

Ideally, to understand an election campaign you would want to start by reading the newspaper. Unfortunately we are blessed by the *ODT*, so that is not recommended in Dunedin. Save your *ODT* for some better use, like rubbish disposal or winter night barbecues, and find yourself a decent paper. What we lack in New Zealand is the cut-throat political commentary of a John Stewart, but I'm sure if you search long and hard you can drum up some sort of meaningful political coverage.

Now comes the most important lesson; do not negotiate an election campaign blind. What we do at this election campaign could be vital to this country's very existence. We don't need a Greece or an Ireland situation here. Vote with your head, not your heart or any other organ. It should be remembered what uninformed voting can result in. We all like a bit of chaos, but let's keep it away from our government.

If we work together on this we may be able to survive this campaign. All we need is a dab of crazy, a little bit of forethought and a new daily newspaper. Perhaps it won't be that bad, and even if it is we always have Hone to keep us company. It's just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



## Batchelors – Mushy 'chip shop' processed peas

\$2.79 for a 300g tin.

These **mushy peas** are terrible. Despite being a quintessentially British tradition, their actual country of origin required a little sleuth

work; it turns out despite claims of being "the U.K.'s No. 1 mushy pea" and naming a UK-only hotline on the can, this slop is actually made in Dublin, Ireland, and has been since 1935. Their website provides information surrounding their latest television advertising campaign which runs the tagline "Life would be empty without Batchelors." Hilarious, eh? This processed marvel contains 95% peas, which I do give them credit for. However neither 'texture' nor 'flavour' seemed to be a consideration of the creators of this lumpy slime which makes even baby food seem appealing. Neither salty nor sweet, these peas are completely unremarkable. Colours E101 and E103 have been added and I suspect this is because the peas have been nuked until unbearably soft for a target market that must be without teeth.

To serve, zap the peas in the microwave until piping hot. (Cold mushy peas are a force to be reckoned with and I would in no way recommend consuming them in such a state. That said, heating them does not seem to improve them greatly either.) Following this, I attempted to transform the bowl of

artificial green sludge into an appetizing lunch. According to the Rolling Stones you can't always get what you want, but if you try sometimes, you just might find you get what you need. In the case of peas of the mushy variety, you are doomed from the beginning, no matter how much you try to make them palatable. Adding olive oil and cracked pepper improves the taste, though not enough to disguise the fact that you are eating something that resembles snot. The same goes for tomato sauce - not unpleasant, though far from a delicacy. Soy sauce cannot rescue this sinking ship. Oregano is quite good, but I still dreaded every spoonful. The addition of sesame oil is just plain wrong and I suspect I deeply offended my tastebuds. This tasteless mush should be consumed for its novelty factor only. Traditionally, it might be served with hot chips in the UK. Try it if you must, but I refuse to ever again subject myself to this embarrassing and unexciting infantilisation of peas.

3/10

– Ines Shennan





You may recall that at the end of last semester I left you on a rather disaffected note. Exams were looming and an unfortunate encounter with the Quasimodo of human penises and the Captain Hook of human hands left me wracked with savage sexist angst. I became listless, unmotivated. Upon seeing a photo of Katy Perry's rack, my vaginal lubrication increased not at all. Brian Tamaki's jewelry started to look tasteful and restrained. Petra Bagust suddenly seemed like an acceptable substitute for Pippa Wetzell. Everything was all wrong.

Then I went to Queenstown.

We all know that hot snowboarders are more endemic in Queens-town than chlamydia is in Hamilton. New Zealand's greatest oft-tapped sexual resource, their knowledge of female anatomy is such that I have concluded that the Remarks park must be laid out like a giant diagram of a vag. The pull of this exotic species is so strong that my crotch starts to tingle in Ranfurly, a place where no one's crotch should tingle unless



Hi,

I bought Enya's *A Day Without Rain* from the Marbecks Dunedin Store bargain bin for \$9.99 the other day. I put the CD into my CD player and instead of hearing Enya, some obscene rap song came on, in which the rapper declared himself "J.Casanova" and began rapping about extremely offensive things. These included "word around town b\*\*\*h I still don't got no kids, word around town is I f\*\*\*\*d a thousand b\*\*\*\*s", and claiming that he had ejaculated over the addressed listener's girlfriend's face. The material was rude and uncivilised. It was not even high production value rap, it sounded like it had been recorded in someone's room.

I wanted to alert you that a) I will be taking back the CD for a refund, and b) you should really beef up the security at Marbecks, as I believe that someone is going into the store and swapping CD's with their own demo CD in

an attempt to gain exposure for their crude and talentless music.

Yours sincerely,  
Steven

Hi Steven

Sorry about this situation. Unfortunately sometimes a staff member can unwittingly put the wrong disc in a case that a customer is buying, effectively mismatching the CD. I'm sure the staff at the Dunedin store will be more than happy to source the correct disc for you, just take your receipt with you.

I take your point about the low production value sounding like a demo, however I also know that a lot of so-called avant-garde hip hop being released these days considers a low-fi sound as something prestigious. It's entirely possible that the artist you heard was paid a lot of money by a record company to produce that music! Ah well, what will be will be, as they say.

Best regards,  
Marbecks spokesperson

Hi,

I was a bit slack getting round to going into Marbecks and getting the CD swapped.

you enjoy casual necrophilia. By Cromwell, the giant fruit start to look enticingly phallic in a Prufrockian eat-a-peach sort of way. The raw power of the water rushing through the Clyde dam is a delicious taster of the multiple ejaculations to come. You get the idea.

After an easy warm-up involving my ex-lover's flatmate, it was time to move into more unfamiliar penile territory. I entered Ballarat and within thirty seconds was chatting to an archetypal snow bum. Judging by his unkempt appearance and dark facial scruff he hadn't shaved in a week or bathed in a couple of days. He was essentially a Groovestar-sponsored wanker primed with a thin layer of douchebag, but who cares when underneath the stubble was exquisite bone structure and blue eyes that could sell condoms to a nun? He looked like a park rat. He looked like an absolute babe. He came back to my house and ate me out in the spa before ravaging me on the floor. I hummed the tune from Halldor Helgason's part of *They Came From* while I gave him a blow job. It was dirtier than the Ganges in monsoon season. It was beautiful.

As I write this back in Dunedin, my torso is covered in a constellation of bite marks and bruises, reaching the greatest density around my boobs and neck. My knees and back are raw with carpet burn. My inner thighs feel like a bogan drove a hotted-up ute through them working the blow off valve all the while. My lips are puffy and swollen. I look like Macsyna King and Chris Kahui have been my primary caregivers for the last couple of months. I am deliriously happy.

– Mrs John Wilmot

In the meantime, my idiot mother didn't check the CD to make sure it was what it said it was, and used Track 2 of the CD as a background song for nana's bingo night that she runs at Ryman Retirement Village. The next day it was back on my CD shelf and I swapped it with the helpful Marbecks staff. However, my mother is not happy that "First off, suck my d\*\*\*, if you don't like me I'll prob'ly take your b\*\*\*\*" was played to several elderly people before the CD could be stopped. This is fully mine and my mother's fault, not Marbecks', so I was wondering what is a good CD that sends the message: "sorry I exposed nana and friends to some obscene avant-garde rap music"?

Thank you,  
Steven

Hi Steven

Although quite unfortunate this situation certainly has its comic merit!

To quiet down ruffled nanas we suggest some Daniel O'Donnell or Andre Rieu, especially on DVD, thereby allowing those handsome faces to work their magic two-fold :-P

Best regards,  
Marbecks spokesperson

# Review



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**40 Music;** *Full Moon Fiasco and Thought Creature* | **42 Art;** *Ralph Hotere*  
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# Infamous 2

Platforms: *Playstation 3*

*Infamous 2* is a slick sequel to the 2009 open world action adventure game. It manages to stay true to the elements that made the original a success, while adding enough new features and containing a well enough scripted plot to keep things interesting. While the game does not innovate, or offer any new perspectives on the world of modern gaming, it does succeed at building off the successful elements of the first game and in terms of sandbox action games, it is one of the stronger of these.

If you're new to *Infamous*, the series features superhero Cole as the protagonist of the game, who due to an experiment gone wrong can now harness the powers of electricity in various different ways, including the odd bit of telekinesis and floating. Shooting electricity all over the place functions as Cole's central weapon, but there's a whole heap of variations and upgrades for one to learn throughout the game to keep things interesting. He can grind on rails around his city, perhaps thanks to some very durable shoes, and aforementioned floating makes it very easy and fun to jump from roof to roof. As this is a sandbox game, you've got an entire city to play in, and one of *Infamous'* strengths is the immersive nature of Cole's world. The city is beautifully designed, you can talk to people and there are plenty of side quests ranging from the ridiculous (the game has some hatred towards street performers and keeps asking you to take them out) to the necessary. Everything you do in the game has an effect on the world around you and your outcome in the story, much like in other sandbox games such as *Fable*. To take the bad option, killing everyone you see and causing havoc is perhaps the easier route, and in spite of your weapons turning a much more badass red colour, you might find the good route results in more powerful weapons and a more satisfying conclusion.

The game starts with a suitably epic boss fight hinted at in the ending of *Infamous* against an enemy called 'The Beast'. But the Beast remains too strong at this stage for the abilities of Cole, and thus Empire City, home of the first game, is destroyed. Cole and company head to fictional city New Marais, which bears obvious similarities of New Orleans, and which serves as hub for the action of this entry. The game starts you off with a limited amount of powers, but it doesn't take long to have at your disposal a considerable amount of tricks. Additionally, this time round you've been given a melee weapon, an electric prod type thing good for bashing enemies at close proximity, *God of War* styles. Graphics are sexy, especially in the cut scenes thanks to some nice motion capture facial detail, the city is well detailed, and there isn't a shoddy texture in sight. Cole is not alone in his quest to destroy the Beast (or become the beast depending on how you choose to play) and is helped by a supporting crew of characters, with personalities often more textured than Cole's. His relationship with buddy Zeke is particularly complex, and I felt myself actually giving a shit about the lives of these pixels. If you're not interested in cinematic elements, there's plenty of entertaining combat, Cole controls well and has plenty of tricks to keep things interesting. Telekinesis was a particular favourite of mine; taking out enemies with floating projectile cars is just plain bad ass.

All and all a solid gaming experience. Check this one out if you're a fan of superheroes, sandbox games or third person action games of any kind. It's not the deepest game ever, and it is perhaps a bit too biased towards doing things the good way, but these are small flaws; more than worthy of a weekend rental at the very least.





# Hungry and Frozen

This week *Critic* is lucky enough to have a guest contributor – **Laura Vincent** of popular food blog [hungryandfrozen.blogspot.com](http://hungryandfrozen.blogspot.com). Laura started food blogging when she was a broke student, so she understands the pain of loving butter but having no money. Check out her blog for other delicious recipes like this one, including plenty of vegan and gluten free recipes. *Critic* is a big fan. Thanks Laura!



My parents never bought magazines, but occasionally Nanna or another family member would reward me with a stack of their rejects, which I would then carefully go through, ripping out recipes that appealed. I was fairly pragmatic, choosing not just recipes that I could make immediately, but also looking for those with future potential. The following is a recipe I adapted from an *Australian Women's Weekly*, torn from its pages in 2003, but finally attempted now, eight years later.

For a while when I was growing up, we didn't have an oven, only a microwave and an electric frying pan, the two least cool appliances (I've seen opshops with signs saying "no microwave cookbooks accepted"). However, we still managed to have pudding, made in a gratifyingly swift manner with a zap in the microwave. One of my favorites was the fruit sponge pudding - canned peaches topped with a buttery dense sponge. Winter is the time when I need puddings the most. They can cheer up the grimmest evening and even the dampest, coldest flat is rendered a haven of warmth.

This recipe appeals to me because of its small quantities of ingredients - only four tablespoons of flour! - and its lack of dairy product. While I absolutely love butter, its alarming price trajectory has made me seek out more recipes that don't need it.

## Peach Sponge Pudding

Adapted from an *Australian Women's Weekly* recipe.

2 cans peaches, drained  
1/2 cup reserved peach can juice  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
2 eggs  
4 tablespoons flour  
2 tablespoons cornflour  
1/2 teaspoon baking powder

**Note:** use whichever kind of canned fruit you like, I just love peaches. Pears would also be awesome.

Set your oven to 180 C. You will need a smallish casserole dish for this recipe - I find a glass loaf tin ideal.

Gently heat the peaches, the reserved 1/2 cup juice, and the cinnamon and vanilla in a pan till the juice is hot and bubbling. Transfer all this to your dish, and set aside.

Beat the eggs thoroughly till thick, then add the sugar and continue to whip until they're pale and creamy. Electric beaters would be ideal, not having one, I used a whisk. It's a deep burn in the upper arms, but the price is right.

Sift in dry ingredients, carefully mixing together. Pour and spatula this mixture over the hot dish of

peaches, and bake for around 30 minutes.

Serves 3-ish. With ice cream on the side, could definitely stretch to four serves.

This is excellent winter comfort food: hot, fragrant fruit; soft, cakey sponge. The cornflour makes this sponge far puffier and lighter than any of the puddings of my youth and the cinnamon adds delicious warmth, but you can leave it and the vanilla out if you don't have it, or replace with something else. Ground ginger would probably be lovely. Whatever you do, it's perfect as is, but even more perfect with ice cream, cream, yoghurt, or plain milk to slowly absorb into the sponge topping.

# AN OPEN LETTER OF SUPPORT

from New Zealand musician Dudley Benson regarding  
the future of Radio One 91FM:

As an independent artist originally from Christchurch, having been based in Auckland for the last five years and now living in Dunedin, I have spent a significant amount of time and energy working with and listening to the bNet stations of these centres. Through these experiences, my view is that Radio One is an exceptional station. This is largely due to the calibre of the presenters and their individual styles in producing their shows, playlists and interviews. It is worth noting that Radio One does this on what I am certain is a lesser budget than the bNets of Auckland and Wellington, and potentially Christchurch, and yet have maintained not only a consistently high standard of broadcasting, but also a unique flavour which separates it from the other regionals.

Radio One is an important and necessary tool in supporting the livelihood of independent artists both from here and wider Aotearoa. It is a stalwart supporter of local content, and has a reputation for the same. Should for any reason the station not be allowed to continue, I think a vital channel of communicating new and independent music from artists to Dunedin listeners would be lost, and something that I consider uniquely 'Dunedin' and uniquely 'University of Otago' to be destroyed.

I think that in an ideal world, Radio One deserves not to be under threat, but the reverse - they need more funding support. With the resourcefulness of the people that the station clearly relies on, I believe more funding support would take it to new heights of high-quality independent broadcasting.

*Radio One 91fm is under threat. To find out what is going on and to show your support visit [r1.co.nz](http://r1.co.nz)*

## VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



**mon 18/7** **ReFuel: ReFuel Open Mic Night**  
w/ Hana Fahy and The Low Tones.  
Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. Performers welcome.

**tue 19/7** **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**  
Dunedin's premiere jazz jam night.  
\$2 entry. Bring your horn!

**thur 21/7** **Copa: Borderline and K+lab**  
\$5 from 9pm.  
**ReFuel: Hangman, The Flaming Drivers, and Honeybone** w/ The Flaming Drivers, Honeybone, and Mr S. \$5 entry from 9pm.  
**Chicks Hotel: Sir Rorschach and The Tigermoths In Person** w/ Dan Madill, DJ Aaron Hawkins, and Old Man's Beard. Free entry from 8.30pm.

**fri 22/7** **Urban Factory: RHYTHMONYX - Southern Hoon Tour**  
\$12 tickets from Quest.

**sat 23/7** **St Martin's Hall, Northumberland St: 7th Annual Organic Festival 2011**  
featuring Thundercub, Alizarin Lizard, Oleh, and more. \$5 presales from OUSA or SEA Otago.  
One free organic beer or glass of wine, limited to the first 300 attendees.

**FUTURE GIGS:**  
**State of Mind - 'Nil By Ear' Album Release Tour:**  
**Urban Factory - Fri 29/7**  
w/ Nympho and MC Woody.  
Presales \$15, a bit more on the door.  
**The Adults NZ Tour: ReFuel - Fri 29/7**  
w/ support from F In Math. [muchmoremusic.co.nz](http://muchmoremusic.co.nz).

1  
91FM

see the full gig guide at [r1.co.nz](http://r1.co.nz)





# Full Moon Fiasco & Thought Creature

with Killmore Girls & Axe Handal



This was the first matinee show I've been to at Re:Fuel since the all-age metal gigs they used to have back when I was in highschool. Kicking things off was Axe Handal; drummer Rory MacMurdo (TFF, Brür Grinder) with his laptop bandmate. Carefully structured fruity-looped samples of Farfisa organ and all manner of other squinky Black Dice-y lo-fi noise provided the perfect foil for Rory to tightly showcase his versatile breakneck-speed Lightning Bolt-influenced drumming style, and it was also refreshing to hear Rory actually singing. The laptop was a bit too quiet though.

Two-piece band The Killmore Girls (best band name in Dunedin without a doubt) played next. Philip Van Zijl (The Communist Rainbow Relationship) was on bass and Hope Robertson (the Doyleys, Bad Sav) was on drums, with a hockey mask with a microphone taped inside for vocals. Sadly I missed most of their set but I've managed to get to most of the five or so gigs they've played since they formed and holy shit, are they good. Both Philip and Hope both have a strong stage presence and a atmospheric shoe-gazy driving force that brings to mind bands like Batrider, Sonic Youth and the finer moments of Deftones.

Full Moon Fiasco channelled their own delicious blend of psychedelia, not unlike Syd Barrett-era Pink Floyd, amidst projections of jellyfish and bright phosphorescent liquid. The ever-present reverb on Will Rattray's voice and guitar (also a member of Thought Creature), coupled with the spacey organ and driving rhythm section, ultimately culminated in an incredibly badass cover of legendary Dunedin psych-noise band Snapper's "Buddy", and I gladly noted that a few people other than myself were also singing along.

Thought Creature were a completely different band than the one I saw a few years ago; gone were the bass and drums. Rattray's guitar and vocals played second fiddle to samplers, laptop, synth and effects that all seemed concentrated on dancebeats, which was cool but I preferred their former riff-tastic selves. Their songs all started with hilarious and immaculately placed samples of news footage and movies, notably *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*.

Really nice atmosphere, great bands. Be sure to check them out.

— **Spencer Hall**



UNIVERSITY of OTAGO  
**BLUES & GOLDS  
AWARDS**  
*in association with*  
OTAGO UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

**NOMINATIONS NOW OPEN**  
FOR BLUES SPORTING AWARDS  
AND GOLDS CULTURAL AWARDS

Email [cdo@ousa.org.nz](mailto:cdo@ousa.org.nz) for nomination forms  
Submit to OUSA Clubs and Socs Centre by 5th August



# Ralph Hotere: *Zero to Infinity*

The Hocken Gallery, Cnr Anzac Ave & Parry Street

Ralph Hotere is New Zealand's most revered living painter. *Zero to Infinity* consists of fifty works and incorporates a broad range of Hotere's paintings, from his celebrated milestones to his political works to his lesser-known pieces. The exhibition was designed to celebrate Hotere's upcoming 80<sup>th</sup> birthday on August 11, as well as capturing his extensive use of the written word and his collaborations with poets such as Bill Mahire. The title 'Zero' refers to his Zero series (1966-7) and *Infinity* refers to the recurring 'infinity' motif evident in his work from as recently as 2005. These motifs dually refer to both nothing and eternity and are shown by Hotere's repetitive use of the colour black, the circle and the window frame.

*Port Chalmers Painting no. 9* (1972) is a two-tone minimalist black work, which features a foreboding 'O'. The title and conception of the work refers to Hotere's love for his former residence in Port Chambers. It is reminiscent of the work of American colour field painter Barnett Newton. Whilst minimalism sometimes can seem dull and fail to capture an intensity of feeling, *Port Chalmers Painting no. 9* is highly emotive and beautiful.

Much of Hotere's work deals with contemporary social and political situations, including the exploitation of the natural environment, Maori land rights and the futility of war. While still referring to Port Chalmers, albeit a more political context, *Black Window Port Chalmers* (1982) expresses anger over the proposed aluminium smelter at Aramoana. A work which is very political, it is also anchored in emotion,



as though Hotere is looking out only to be engulfed by his internal frustration, as evinced by the rough bold texture, explosive displacement of paint, roughly drawn calendar and stencilled text.

*Drawing of a black window* (1981) is a cross section of a window within a destabilised world. It features coarse brushstrokes, as though it has been heavily vandalised, with rust emerging amongst shards of light.

Much of Hotere's work involves religious symbolism, and he extensively features crucifixes in his works, such as *Le Pape Est Morte* (1976), *Cruciform II* (1968) and *A return to Sangro* (1978). *Black Window* (1988-90) is an extremely tactile work featuring religious iconography. *Le Pape Est Morte* literally trans-

lates to 'the pope is dead' and was inspired by a newspaper headline announcing the deaths of two modern popes, while Hotere was in France.

Much of the works highlight the intimate friendship Hotere has with poet Bill Mahine. *Your absence is a hurt I would bring to no one* (2005) is characterised by a simple frankness, engulfed by dark hues and accentuating an emotional rawness. Other collaborative projects such as *Designs for programme and poster for anatomy of dance* (1975) demonstrate Hotere's ability to move between dispersive and structured styles of painting.

Ralph Hotere's *Zero to Infinity* is on at Hocken Gallery until October 1.

## A GALLERY, 393 PRINCES STREET

*Glory Days*: Dyana Gray

## BLUE OYSTER GALLERY, 24B MORAY PLACE

*The Graduate Exhibition*: Oliver van der Lugt, Claire Mahoney and Tom Garden

## BRETT MCDOWELL, 5 DOWLING STREET

*Remix*: Tony De Letour

## DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY, OCTAGON

*Seat Assignment*: Nina Katchadourian, *Fractus*: Jeena Shin, *Radiant Matter II*: Dane Mitchell, *Nollywood*: Pieter Hugo, *Spirit of Ewe*: Sarah Lucas, *The French Connection*

## DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY, RIEGO STREET

Victoria Bell

## GLUE GALLERY, 26 STAFFORD STREET

*The Wreath Series*: Anet Neutze

## HOCKEN GALLERY, CNR ANZAC AVE & PARRY STREET

*Zero to Infinity*: Ralph Hotere

## MILFORD GALLERIES, 18 DOWLING STREET

*Mitre (2011)*: Nigel Brown

## MONUMENTAL GALLERY, 7 ANZAC AVE

*Paintings, Drawings, Animations*: Ross Gray

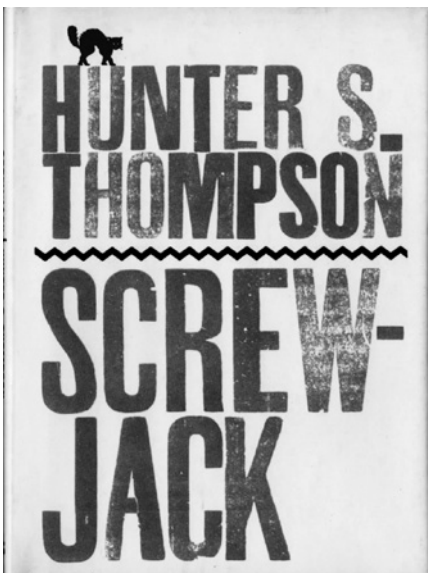
## TEMPLE GALLERY, MORAY PLACE

*Poisons*: Martin Sullivan





# Screwjack – Hunter S Thompson



*Screwjack* is a small collection of three short stories. Initially only 300 collector's copies and 26 leather bound books were published, and one could expect to pay upwards of a thousand dollars for a copy.

The book is introduced by Thompson's instructions to his editor; "As for the order, I think *Screwjack* should be last & *Mescalito* first - so the dramatic tension (& also the true chronological weirdness) can build like Bolero to a faster & wilder climax that will drag the

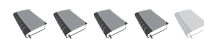
reader relentlessly up a hill, & then drop him off a cliff...That is the desired effect, and if we start with *Screwjack* it won't happen. The book will peter out."

This gives the reader some idea of what to expect; in *Mescalito* nothing happens. The reporter, trying to meet deadlines and waiting for the morning, types on his typewriter. Having run out of his precious dexedrine, he takes some speed-laced mescaline in order to stay awake. The bulk of the story is a stream-of-consciousness style account of his drug trip. It all gets a bit meta; he is writing about writing the story that we're reading. Despite being mostly devoid of plot, the story is gripping. It is an artifact of the intensity that nothingness can gain under the influence of mind-altering substances.

While the first story reads like a deleted scene from *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, the other two show more of Thompson's breadth as an author. They are short, sharp and dark. *Death of a Poet* contrasts with *Mescalito* with its multiple twists and turns, despite only spanning six pages. It recounts a visit to a friend, and for once it is the madness of someone other than the narrator that drives the story to its grim conclusion.

Unfortunately, this story loses some value by being sandwiched between a slice of life piece and the title story, which readers will no doubt be sucked straight into without time for consideration of the unsettling undertones of this short story.

*Screwjack* describes a disturbing relationship between Raoul Duke, Hunter S. Thompson, and a black tomcat. It blurs the lines between Thompson and his alter ego. Who is writing about whom? Thompson implies that Duke is the crazy one, yet he acts only to distress the reader with his peculiar behaviour. At first I didn't like this story. It is weird, and it is disconcerting. The more I thought about it, however, the more I was able to appreciate the skill of writing and the fact that its intention was most likely achieved, given my reaction. The "editor's note" at the beginning and its shocking content places it firmly in the world of fiction, but the change of perspective and writing style gives it a realism that will play at the back of your mind for days. I'm not sure about being dropped off a cliff, but the "chronological weirdness" effect is most certainly achieved.



**ART**  
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY  
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## 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

IMA  
Institute of  
Modern Art



# Beyond

Director: Pernilla August

Previously seen in the *Millennium* trilogy, Noomi Rapace lives up to her newfound fame in *Beyond*, a domestic drama centred on alcohol abuse and misguided love. Set in Sweden, Rapace plays Leena, a wife and mother who has spent years shaking the painful memories of her childhood, not even sharing the details with her husband.

The film begins with Leena receiving the news that her mother is dying and wishes to see her. Unaware of her past, Leena's husband pushes her to see her mother and we are drawn into a chilling tour of Leena's earlier years, discovering the reason for her estrangement through the skilful use of flashbacks. The horror of her parents'

self-destruction is conveyed powerfully through Leena's subconscious and, although it is rough, it truly highlights the horrors of domestic violence. Fiction meets reality in this Swedish film, there's no denying it was very well done.

Tehilla Blad steals the show with a remarkable portrayal of the 15-year-old Leena, a tortured adolescent wishing to be loved. The young actress manages to express the tragic situation of one living on hope and faith in raw circumstances. As well as Blad and Rapace, praise must also go to Finnish actors Outi Maenpää and Ville Virtanen who play Leena's parents. Their on-screen chemistry cannot be faulted, and through their love for each other

(as well as for vodka) they both convey the emotional authenticity of the drama.

Director Pernilla August makes her debut in this film by not only bringing together talented actors but also perfecting each scene. The R16 rating is not an exaggeration – this film is definitely not one for the light-hearted, nor is it one you would take a date to on a Saturday night. *Beyond* is a very intense film, but despite its bleakness, the most powerful message to take from the film is the underlying theme of hope it offers. If it's a gripping but unrelenting genre film you're after, then this is a good choice, but it is certainly not going to deliver a 'fun' night out.

– **Eve Duckworth** 🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬



# Kung Fu Panda 2

Director: Jennifer Yuh

*Kung Fu Panda 2* is a visual power-punch despite its sloppy narrative footwork. It opens with a marvelous animation technique influenced by Chinese paper cutting, the first of three different types of animation used in this visually expert and creative Dreamworks film.

The protagonist, a black and white overweight panda named Po, is voice acted by Jack Black. Angelina Jolie, Jackie Chan, Gary Oldman, Dustin Hoffman, Lucy Liu and Seth Rogen join Black in an allstar cast who elevate the professional status of this film. The story follows Po and the Furious Five on their journey to Gong City where an evil peacock, Shen, has introduced machine power, which poses a threat to kung fu. Po soon learns that in the past, the awful Shen was the perpetrator of the eradication of the panda species, which leads to the exploration

of more human (despite all the animals!) and darker elements. Po discovers, through a mystical he-she goat, that he needs to conquer his inner-peace by 'catching the unbroken raindrop'.

The plot follows the typical Dreamworks 'one and a half hills' style. In the first half of the film the central conflict peaks and evil prevails. However, through the failure of the good, Po discovers the strength and ability to once again face this increasingly dangerous conflict and triumph after all. The ending incorporates an isolated but linked twist which provides the base for another film to be made. Hello, sequel! If we look away from the predictability and adopt the mind set of five to ten year old child, excitement and slapstick humor bursting forth from red and yellow fireworks is what we will see.

*Kung Fu Panda 2* is a spectacle of 'it's-so-fluffy' animals doing kung fu. The simple narrative is almost balanced by the film makers' attention to intricate details which connect together to create an astoundingly admirable work of animation. Most likely, this is a film whose admission fee wouldn't be incorporated into a student budget. However, *Kung Fu Panda 2* still is one that caters for an individual wanting an easy-going, fun time. Take your younger siblings to it.

– **Loulou Callister-Baker** 🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬





*The Company Men* focuses on three men who lose their jobs at the beginning of the recession due to corporate downsizing. Each man considered himself irreplaceable, and after giving their life to their work they find themselves stranded, struggling to find meaning in their new lives.

An interesting insight into an often overlooked subsection of workers who lost their jobs – members of the upper middle class with beautiful homes, perfect families, a new car or two in the driveway and holidays overseas – *The Company Men* shows that it wasn't just the working class men that fell on hard times. In fact, given the luxury that all three protagonists live in, it seems that their falls from grace are just that much harder, as each has to come to grips with the reality of being unemployed in an increasingly competitive marketplace where MBAs are a dime a dozen and combat service in Vietnam is more of a hindrance than a help.

I found the protagonists an interesting bunch, particularly as corporate America is so often vilified in mainstream press. This film presents a more human side to the men in suits. Two are just trying to support their families and the third must decide what life he is to lead now that his *raison d'être* has gone.

Dealing with such bleak subject matter it's always difficult to make a film that balances itself between a cheesy Hollywood ending and something that is too dour to be enjoyed. *The Company Men* manages to achieve this, but I was left feeling sad for one character, happy for the other and unaffected by the third. It may have helped to strip the story of a protagonist or two, for the audience will leave with a mixed bag of emotions that doesn't imprint well on the memory.

Director John Wells is best known for his television shows, *E.R.* and *The West Wing* in particular. *The Company Men* at its core is like a well-produced drama series, but lacks sufficient depth to really help the audience bond well with any of the characters. Add to the DVD list.

– Tom Ainge-Roy



## Ngati

Director: Barry Barclay

Barclay's first feature film was a landmark as the first written and directed by Maori and is now something of a classic. The film follows a young doctor who discovers his Kiwi roots on a visit to a tiny Maori settlement on the East Coast where his father used to practice.

Based on a play from the Seventies, *Potiche* ("Trophy Wife") is set in 1977 in provincial France and revolves around the struggles of Suzanne Pujol (Catherine Deneuve) and the dysfunctional relationships of the Pujol family. When her husband Robert (Fabrice Luchini) is taken hostage and becomes ill, Suzanne reluctantly takes over the family business - an umbrella factory - and immediately becomes popular with the workers due to her leniency. With the unlikely aid of her husband's secretary and her children, she forms an alliance against her husband, threatening to undermine his status as CEO and make him to undergo the humiliation of becoming the "*potiche*".

The ensuing battle of the sexes between Suzanne and Robert is immediately apparent; he is cast as a villain of sorts, who exploits his workers in much the same manner as he treats his wife and adult children. The stereotypical nature of his character is emphasised by his affair with his secretary and his blatant admittance to extra-marital affairs. Throughout the film he appears disappointingly two-dimensional, especially when juxtaposed with Suzanne's old flame Maurice Babin, played by Gerard Depardieu whose presence as an actor tends to speak for itself.

Suzanne does not last long as a trophy housewife, and through predictable events and some great plot twists we come to realise that she is not the submissive woman she first appeared to be. Her character is refreshing, and through a well-tailored wardrobe she retains a certain attractiveness which probably adds to her strength. The depiction of a serious feminist theme is (arguably) overridden by the ridiculousness of many of the characters, and also by the nature of the dialogue which is witty at best and comes across clichéd in its attempts to be meaningful.

The film was a bit slow to start with and I found the over-emphasised character building of the family members forced and slightly grating. The climax of the film was overdue but still highly enjoyable and unexpected. Combining optimistic cinematography and aesthetically pleasing colour schemes, *Potiche* is light hearted and possesses that always impeccable French appeal.

– Michaela Hunter



## Film Society

When: Wednesday July 20 at 7:30 p.m.

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

Cost: Casual admission will be possible, in exchange for a small donation.



## The Tutor

Fortune Theatre Mainstage

Written by **Dave Armstrong**, Directed by **Patrick Davies**

Starring **Phil Vaughan, Jon Pheloung, Jake Metzger**

There was a warning attached to *The Tutor* telling us that it contained coarse language. In this respect it certainly delivered. The play opened with a barrage of 'fucks' and 'shits', but it was the utterance of the word 'cunt' that sent the Fortune Theatre audience into quite the tizzy.

The plot was fairly straightforward; a teenage boy Nathan (Metzger) is failing NCEA maths. He is spoiled by his wealthy dad John (Vaughan) who has enlisted the help of Richard (Pheloung), a "washed-out, Daihatsu-driving hippy", to tutor his son. Classic! How the hell will the hippy and the 'JAFA' get along?

It's always refreshing to have a character that doesn't impress you from the get go but turns out to be the one you support right until the end. In *The Tutor* this character was Nathan, so credit/mad props to Davies and Metzger for making that happen. I found Vaughan's character a bit more of a struggle to warm to. I was invested in his performance but it seemed a bit forced at times. None-the-less I did enjoy his character for the most part. Someone has to play the straight character to provide balance and this fell to Pheloung who gave a steady performance.

*The Tutor* was entertaining but fell a bit short of providing something truly exciting and original. It flowed reasonably well and reached an appropriate climax but the resolution seemed a bit too neat, forsaking a more complex conclusion for a happy ending. It was accessible which I think is important; you could safely take your mum, dad and siblings and all would find something to take away. Everyone would have an enjoyable time, which is worth applauding.

– **Ben Blakely**



## Frequency!

Devised and directed by **Miriam Noonan**

Devised and performed by **Bronwyn Wallace,**

**Feather Emma Shaw, James Caley, Luke**

**Agnew, Nylla Tamati and Piupiu-Maya Turei**

*Frequency!* was pretty darn hilarious. With the loudest and raspiest laugh in the theatre, I was afraid I would put the actors off, but boy-oh-boy were they on form today. This devised piece was inspired by the plethora of miscommunications we, as people, generate in our everyday lives: from the physical to the silent, to the spoken to the technological, we often find ourselves failing to communicate effectively. Such is life.

This talented team brought to life many of the moments we would often like to forget. Awkward hugs- cringe! Pashing someone, then sitting in an awkward silence for waaay too long- double cringe! All of these moments

are, of course, hysterical from the audience's perspective.

Stage space was awesomely original and refreshing, 'nuff said. Noonan cast a really diverse and complimentary group of performers, who clearly had a lot of fun in the process of making the piece.

My favourite bits included the passive aggressive text 'conversation' which provided massive lols. But, the very BEST bit was the massive pay-off to the 'MAKE UP MADE UP' scenes – which I didn't really get right until the end, oh but when I did, LOL!

All in all this was a very strong start to Semester Two 2011, very thoughtful, very tight and extremely funny. More please?!

– **Jen Aitken**



## Impro's 11

Fortune Theatre Studio (side entrance)

July 22, starts 10.30pm

\$10, cash only

Place your bets, George Clooney eat your heart out, here comes the new brat pack. This talented, hilarious and magical improvisation team brings all the boys to the yard and they're, like, better than you at improvisation. Come watch! It's a great night out and complements your pre-drinks perfectly.

Facebook: 'Impro's 11'

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# STYLE



by Zane Pocock



**TK, studying Health Sci**

Top Shop Jacket, Dress from Glassons,  
Headpiece from Glassons, Bag from Opshop,  
Shoes are Doc Martens

**Fashion Icon:** Sister

**Fashion Faux-Pas:** Crocs

**Need this Winter:** Fur

**Elliot, studying Law and Arts**

Country Road Singlet, Shirt belongs to sister's  
friend, Jeans from Factory, Bag from ASOS, Shoes  
from Country Road

**Fashion Icon:** Russel Brand

**Fashion Faux-Pas:** Socks and Sandals

**Need this Winter:** A nice lady

## The Birth and Death of Stars

When the ocean ceases turning, and the tides pull to the stars  
All the stars forsake their systems, and the milkyway retracts its arms  
When all the stars stop burning, and darkness fills all space  
What a flower to have bloomed and wilted, there's left a formless grace

– Douglas Artridge

We want your drunk rants, emo angsts, stylised haikus and boisterous ballads for our new poetry section. Want your poems published in our hallowed pages? Send 'em in to [poetry@critic.co.nz](mailto:poetry@critic.co.nz).

POETRY



# Summer Lovin'

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](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz).

## Jamie Hince

After signing up in the hopes of getting a night of free booze and some time off research, my hopes weren't particularly high with regards to the company. Getting slightly lost on my way to Toast gave me a bit more time to worry that this could be one of the more awkward experiences I've had. Nursing a decent hangover didn't help much either.

Fortunately when I got there my date looked relatively normal, and pretty easy on the eye. Apparently she had been asking every guy who walked in if they were her date, so I was probably pretty lucky that no one had just said yes and taken the free drinks. It was also a bit of a relief to see her drinking wine as opposed to some \$45 cocktail. Economical drinking habits are definitely a major positive, and she had taken it to the extreme by giving blood earlier that day.

I managed to summon up the courage to start drinking off the hangover, and pretty soon the inconsequential small talk was flowing. It turned out that she was also smart and funny, so it wasn't too painful, and we swapped many an interesting anecdote, with minimal painful silences. Eventually we figured out that our flatmates know each other, so that's sure to be brilliant. The tab lasted about three hours, which I thought was pretty good. We got to discussing how write-ups could be made more exciting using lies. I don't have the time to come up with elaborate fabrications, but it will be interesting to see what she comes up with. Apparently the dude from the week before had given his date a present to be opened after the date. Turned out it was a portrait of him stroking a cat. As a guideline, anything that portrays me in a bad light is probably made up.

In the end it was a decent night out, ended on a high note with her tripping up on the kerb while getting into her flatmate's car. Nice girl, will almost definitely marry her.

## Kate Moss

Let's face it, it's a good day in Dunedin when you manage to find a 7/10 or above who doesn't have a personality as dry as a nun's c\*\*t. Unfortunately, this sought-after combo is about as rare as a bleeding steak. Luckily I've been in the proverbial desert for four years so I've learnt not to be so fussy when it comes to my meat. My application for *Summer Lovin'* merely requested that *Critic* find me a suitor who shares the same interests as me: "food, fucking, and Facebook stalking".

I turned up to Toast early and mistook the first three male patrons as my date, one of whom ended up being the intoxicated owner, whose offer to be my substitute date was at first tempting, as I instantly mistook my real date for one of my flatmate's previous victims. After giving the bartender a much deserved eye fuck, we headed to a booth where we chatted over wine and the cheapest beer on tap. I realised this was an economical drink choice after I learnt of his love for \$3 meals at the Cook and all things budget. Clearly this dude was trying to make the most of the bar tab.

In a slightly alarming turn of events, my date thought that it was appropriate to divulge that he has a deviated septum and a disturbed sense of smell. Cheers *Critic* for setting me up with a coke addict. The rest of the night mainly consisted of uni-related talk, and a condensed version of his life story. Things started to look up when he offered to use his degree to psychoanalyse me. After receiving some mildly insulting judgments, I had a new-found appreciation for his healthy interest in destroying my self-esteem. Until, however, he confessed that it was a list he'd learnt in class that could be applied to anyone, including previous girls that he'd left in tears.

Sadly for him my heart is made of stone, and the only tear he would have got out of me was if he'd resembled Ron Jeremy. Overall, considering I managed to stay for three hours, I must have subconsciously enjoyed myself at some level, and being the classy lady that I am I made a grand exit and no doubt a lasting impression by falling flat on my ass as I exited the building. Thanks *Critic*, I'm off to find my next victim!

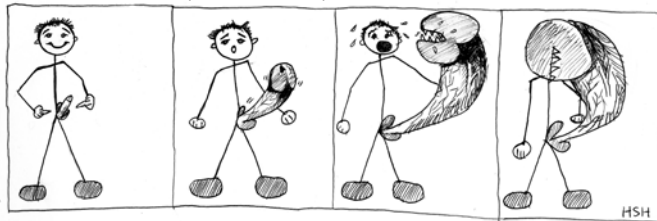
Gary Prologue #2 by Cody Knox



Bricks by Adam Elliot



Attack of the One Eyed Monster By HSH



Good Cunts #1: Bart's Old Boss by Spencer Hall



Rotbarts Rache (Competition)



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,, cut it out and put it (with your name and contact details) in one of the "DCC" boxes either at Critic, Radio One, Tootone Records or the University bookshop.

Nga mihi kia koutou!

Hope you all had an awesome break, a sweet Re-O and now are all settled into Semester Two studies!

The week before last was Te Wiki o Te Reo Maori, or Maori Language week here at Otago Uni, so I hope you all got amongst the kaupapa and used a bit of the reo throughout the week, or managed to get down to Union for a hangi. Special mention must go to Siu Montgomery for organising the soup kitchen at Te Tumu, and whaea Genny for making the soup. Also big shout out to Selwyn College and Te Kahui Toroa for their respective kapa haka performances to close the week as well.

Te Roopu Maori has got an action packed second semester planned for all the taura out there! In a couple of weeks, July 30 to be exact, we have Te Hokai (Maori Ball) which will be happening at the Otago Museum with a red carpet theme, so get your glad rags sorted for an awesome night, awesome kai, awesome music and some mean times with the whanau.

This same weekend we will be hosting representatives from other Maori student roopu from around the country, as well as Te Mana Akonga, where we will be discussing relevant issues concerning Maori students in tertiary education and looking forward to catching up with what the other roopu are doing around the country.

Another big event that Te Roopu Maori is helping to present is a Comedy Stage Hypnosis Show on Friday August 5, two showcases with

There's at least 1 poet out there for everyone, from Homer to Verlaine, Auden to Ginsberg, Tupac to the RZA

"Gilksy" for example can't get enough of Geoffrey Chaucer. His favourite line from The Canterbury Tales is "miles and miles of vertical smiles"



Even a munter like "Tib" can recite some John Cooper Clarke

And Shane likes nothing better than William Blake on talking book for long drives in his truck



Almost all the poets mentioned on this page were badass motherfuckers, look 'em up!

S.HALL

## TE ROOPU MĀORI

hypnotist Jacob Ashdown and a special kapa haka performance from Te Kahui Toroa.

Tickets for all events can be purchased from the Te Roopu Maori offices, and keep an eye on the Facebook page for any relevant panui.

Reminders:

All taura to get to the Maori Centre and sign up for second semester tutorials, do it ya'll!

Get in quick to get your tickets to Te Hokai and the Comedy Stage Hypnosis Show

KAPA HAKA TONIGHT 6-8pm at Te Tumu...Huinga Peeps BE THERE! (and bring your poi)

Looking forward to catching up with you all this semester!

Ari







## PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

### Me vs. Government

For many a Scarfie, OUSA is something taken for granted, it's thought of as that building you walk through on your way to the Cook that has the cool green logo and as you walk passed it you hear funky alternative beats from Radio One's night DJs. I must admit until becoming the big boss dog I had little concept for the sheer magnitude that is this beautiful association that I now find myself very aroused by. I know that you're not yet as aroused as me by OUSA but by the end of my wee sharn ('shit-yarn') here you will have gone from flaccid to semi. The ACT party and their fuck buddies (National party) are trying to pass a piece of legislation at the moment that will mean students' associations will be voluntary to join. You, the poor Scarfie thinks- 'shit yea I can save \$\$\$' and by all means you would..... HOWEVER, this will mean you won't come down and pay money to be a member because you look at short-term saving. This will mean that we will no longer be able to provide/fund all the services that we currently do for example our; Student Support Center, Clubs and Societies, O week and Re-O week (yea soz), Events, Unipol, Student representation on all University Committees (i.e. fighting behind the scene for you guys), Squash club, Rowing club, Yacht club, Critic magazine and of course Radio One. Yea does VSM look so cool now?

I'm going to defeat VSM because there are two things I do good and one of those things is winning.

Come down to Union lawn from Monday night 7.00pm onwards for 48hours as I lock myself into a prison cell in protest.

### Queer Support brings you: Courage Unfolds

26th July 8:00 – 9:00pm

Evison Lounge, Clubs & Socs

Courage unfolds is a documentary that exposes the discrimination and violence LGBT people in Asian countries are faced with while showcasing their efforts to fight for equality, safety and decriminalisation. Their stories make a strong case for using the Yogyakarta Principles to advocate for the human rights of LGBT people, not only in Asia but everywhere, including NZ. For more info on the documentary visit:

<http://snurl.com/courageunfolds>

Nibbles and refreshments will be provided.

### Postgrad Kids Day – This Wednesday!

While we're sure they'd love to come watch you research, it's probably more fun to let them jump around on the bouncy castle, pat the mini horses or go for a sled dog ride! Check it out, this Wednesday 20th July on the Union Lawn, maybe we'll even get Logan making animal balloons from his lock up... either that or we'll give them a stick to prod him with.

OUSSA brings you

# kids' day

*Postgrads with families*  
Wed 20th July  
10am-3pm  
OUSA Lawn  
Bouncy Castle, Miniature Ponies  
and Sled Dogs - Everything is free!

\* Cancelled if raining.

[www.ousa.org.nz](http://www.ousa.org.nz)

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**BLUES & GOLDS AWARDS**

**NOMINATIONS NOW OPEN**

Email [cdo@ousa.org.nz](mailto:cdo@ousa.org.nz) for nomination forms. Submit to OUSA Clubs and Socs Centre by 5th August.

Tune in to Radio 1's Thursday Drive from 4pm to hear the latest OUSA news and some killer tunes!

**91 CARD**





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Te Whare Wānanga o Ōtāgo  
NEW ZEALAND

# Information Evening

Find out about studying at the  
**University of Otago College of Education**

**7.00pm Wednesday 27 July**  
**College of Education Auditorium**  
**145 Union Street East, Dunedin**

**Teacher Education programmes available in:**

Early Childhood | Primary | Primary Bilingual | Secondary

Also available: Bachelor of Arts – Education Studies

**For further information contact:**

[www.otago.ac.nz/education](http://www.otago.ac.nz/education)

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