

THE CULTURE ISSUE

Issue 17 – 25th July 2011



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THE CULTURE ISSUE

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ACT'S MOULDY POLICIES



Completing his infiltration of this week's issue, OUSA President Logan Edgar appears here with Critic Editor Julia Hollingsworth, having the time of their lives on a recent pony ride around the union lawn. Sources reveal this is soon to become a weekly occurrence.

This week's issue is our "culture" issue, hence the delightful petri dish complete with *Critic*-shaped bacteria on the cover (See *ODT*, we can make puns too. Even if they do imply rather negative things about our hygiene).

The week before last, four politicians gathered into the Gazebo Lounge to spout rhetoric along their party lines (more on pg 15). ACT's Hilary Calvert of La Maison fame was the crowd favourite for all the wrong reasons (namely, her stern student-hating remarks and pro-VSM stance). In a rather roundabout way, Calvert described the formation of her ideal society (for some reason, it would take place in the Roman forum i.e. a pre-established civilisation). Calvert seemed a little hazy on the details- when one audience member questioned her on where the money for the society would come from, Calvert responded "What money? It doesn't just..." at which point she interrupted herself and flicked her wrists into the air. Long story short, it turns out that ACT stands for the idea "that we should all have one vote, that we should all start from the same position."

Pretty much everyone (bar those who are into the whole eugenics/ Nazi thang) would agree with this sentiment. What they disagree on, however, is whether having ACT's so-called "one law for all" policy really lets us all "start from the same position". Given that we are all born into situations with different levels of wealth, education and support, it seems pretty silly to expect that by treating everyone equal, we'll get equal outcomes. In fact, for the sake of giving everyone a fair start (or at least, a fairer start), sometimes a little help is necessary. This week, Charlotte Greenfield tackles the issue of affirmative action (pg 20), a topic of discussion that, unfortunately, seems set to become an election issue yet again, at least for Brash and Harawira.

Charlotte isn't alone in her discussion about ACT-related matters. Last week was shaped in large part by media darling Logan Edgar's political activism against the nearing apocolypse (aka VSM), which perhaps accounts for the high Edgar-quota this week. For those of you who missed it, he locked himself in a cage (pg 10). If there was a metaphor with the cage, I'm not sure it would stand up to rigorous analysis (or any analysis, really) by an English Lit student, but that was sort of beside the point. To me, Edgar's antics demonstrated two things. First, it's quite refreshing to have a president who actually connects with students and cares what they think, even if his spelling and grammar leaves a bit to be desired. Second, Edgar would make a wonderful TV personality.

See you later alligator,

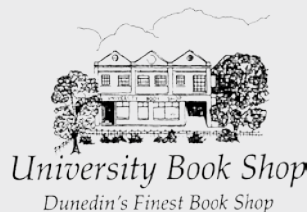
Julia Hollingsworth

P.S. If you want to make a submission about the possible closure of Radio One, submissions close this Friday July 29. Send 'em in to consultation@ousa.org.nz.

Critic is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA). Disclaimer: the views presented within this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor, Planet Media, or OUSA. Press Council: people with a complaint against a newspaper should first complain in writing to the Editor and then, if not satisfied with the response, complain to the Press Council. Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary, PO Box 10-879 The Terrace, Wellington.

Letter of the Week

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



NAUGHTY WRITER APOLOGISES 4 BAD BEHAVIOUR

Dear readers of Two Left Feet (both of you),

In this issue of Critic I say some naughty things about Phil Goff. Unfortunately, at the time of writing this letter it appears that it is too late to edit out the naughtiest word and replace it with something slightly less naughty. Please be aware that I do not think that Phil Goff shares the characteristics of this particular naughty word. When I wrote that I was just going through a tough time, what with Labour doing badly at the polls and John Key still being alive. So while Phil Goff is certainly an incompetent, boring egomaniac who will never win anything, least of all my respect, he is not a naughty word for pudendum.

Yours sheepishly,

Sam McChesney

BABY ADVOCATE

Dear Mary-Rose Wiklund

Those 'baby on board' stickers were originally designed so that in the case of an accident, passers-by and fire services know to look for a baby (if the parents are unconscious/dead).

Sorry that you find this so offensive but perhaps

you should let your sexual frustration out on a fresher next time instead.

Yours truly

Lozz Holding (looking out for the babies)

MUPPET PULLING THE STRINGS

Dear OUSA,

Why are you so concerned about VSM? Surely the obvious solution is to make OUSA's services so attractive and useful to students that they tick the box faster than they sink Sogo's. The levy comes not from student's pockets but from their loans anyway; we all know how diligently students use their course related costs. Everything you are doing so far is reactionary, not proactive; considering selling Radio One being the prime example. Perhaps you should devote your energies to running a campaign to build student support for OUSA instead of turning students against you. Mind you with the muppet you've got as a President I can't see any great solutions coming from you in the near future. I'm currently thinking I'll keep my \$100 bucks a year just to watch the fireworks. Or maybe, just maybe, you'll figure it out and save our association.

Good luck,

Phil D

Firstly Phil, you're the Muppet, I'm a fuckin' winner.

Secondly being a student is the best time of your life, because of compulsory membership. It means you give a flat fee to us, and in exchange every dollar goes back into the student body in the form of awesome events, student representation and services for you guys. The bill as it stands would mean that you couldn't charge it to your student loan. Believe me, you scarifies will all be bloody spewing if VSM

comes in because it's no more Mr Nice Guy from us. OUSA would be forced to become a business overnight. Without OUSA, scarfie life would become rat shit. Can we hold you accountable when that happens Phil?

Chur Love from your Prez

BIRD ENTHUSIAST

Dear Eagle,

For once, I have to agree with you. Working for Families doesn't eliminate socio-economic inequality but rather reinforces it. By giving beneficiaries free handouts for newborns, WWF hurts the very people it is meant to help by depriving them of the incentive to support themselves through hard work. Not only is WFF a drain on hardworking taxpayers who provide for themselves and their families but it contributes to the twin evils of overpopulation and the "breakdown of the family." With Earth's population reaching 7 billion and the natural environment unable to sustain it, the last thing we need is another "baby boom." It is shamefully outrageous that some individuals have abused our generous Keynesian welfare system by producing children they can't support just for extra welfare benefits. Society should reward those who work hard and support their offspring rather than freeloaders who burden other taxpayers. To eliminate social inequality, we should help the poor stand on their own feet by creating opportunities. To counter overpopulation, we need to encourage more abstinence and family planning to reduce the fertility rate. Therefore, Keynesianism is unsustainable and we need to think twice before having children.

A Whig

Editor 2012 (Publications Manager)

Leading a team of paid and volunteer staff, the Editor will be responsible for the effective operation of OUSA's student magazine, Critic, as well as other annual publications including the Handbook Diary, Compass Magazine, Flattening Magazine, the Orientation Magazine and the Wallplanner.

Applicants should have skills in budgeting, liaison, effective management, editing, and writing for a student/youth market. Knowledge of Microsoft Word and Indesign, and an interest in local, national and international affairs is essential. Applications should include a writing portfolio, C.V. and cover letter.

The position is full-time and commences Jan 2012, although commencement date is negotiable.

Submit applications by 4pm Friday 26th August 2011.

Post: Critic, PO Box 1436, Dunedin • Email: critic@critic.co.nz • In Person: Critic Office, Level 1, OUSA Building, 640 Cumberland Street, Dunedin. Job descriptions are available from the Critic office at 640 Cumberland Street, by emailing critic@critic.co.nz, or by phoning 03 479 5335.

ANSWER: SQUIDIES. NUM NUM NUM.

Dear Anybody,

Answer me this: If Unipol is free, and food is so expensive then how come there are still so many fat fuckers around campus?

Kind Regards

Impoverished North Dunedin Resident

COMIC ABOUT SUCKY COMICS



Ok, maybe "Fuck y'all" was a bit strongly worded. A simple "this is dreadful" may have sufficed, but I was wound up like an angry clock due to being a massive comics nerd. Could we have Pictures for sad children back? Some antics comics perhaps? Hang on, I'll try find some nice comics that are under a creative commons for you. xkcd.com (I believe you've done this one before a while back), threewordphrase.com, nedroid.com, gunshowcomic.com. There, that's a start, as long as you credit them properly they shouldn't mind too much. Heck, they'd probably never know.

Thanks for taking the time to read my whiney email and thanks for all the hilarious articles. But maybe some better comics next time? Please?

George.

CRITIC LOVIN'

Hello,

Critic writers, how are you so awesome?

I'm a third year Canterbury University student and was lucky enough to have picked up a copy of the Critic whilst lying in bed hungover at a dingy Dunedin flat on Re-O week. I should have smuggled it away in my bag to bring back to Christchurch to show it off to my peers and the contributors of our equivalent (only in concept), 'The Canta'.

The Critic was witty, professional and wasn't half-filled with sudoku, cake reviews and dry features about bus services, flat self-sustainability etc. which is the weekly reading of all Canterbury students trying to stay awake in 9am lectures on a Wednesday. There

is some seriously good investigative journalism going on which makes for both insightful and informative reading, and about matters that students would genuinely care about (but I guess you guys know that already).

I'm hoping to get my hands on a copy to take to the Canta office at uni here to give them a few ideas, as a hopeful Journalism student I would love to work on ours to get it even close to the Critic's standard so what do you say about sending me one? This is no Bring it On cheerleaders stealing ideas don't worry, I just want to use it as a superior model to hopefully improve ours so that it doesn't go straight to the bin (or floor) after a disappointing flick-through by many Canterbury students.

Let me know, and stay cool.

Ellie

LONG BOARDING STYLE GUIDE

Dear Longboarders (In particular wannabe longboarders)

It has come to my attention many of you ride like douchebags so I've compiled a easy guide. Lets get some things straight if you want style points.

- 1) Never push with you front foot (pushing mongo), you look like you have a dildo up your ass as you step back on your board with you twisted front foot.
- 2) Nice long pushes please, none of this light tapping of the ground bullshit.
- 3) Don't wear fucking lame sweatpants while boarding - dat shit is a fashion faux pas
- 4) Don't you dare pass me at speed and brush my clothing, otherwise I will throw an acorn under your front wheel

I hope you crash on the St Davids speed bump if you don't follow these guidelines

Chur

Scooter

JESUS <3 SWEARING

Dear Critic,

I was helping the CCG co-chair Neill write the article for this week's Critic to celebrate Jesus Week by rewording a parable and he accepted the whole thing apart from one word. Could you please place

the word here since it was not allowed in his piece: "fuck". If people like they can cut this out and paste it over the prissily substituted "bugger". Thank you – now the integrity of the parable has been restored. Now its Jesus week so get the fuck to church!

Max.

NOTICES

SOUTHERN CONSORT OF VOICES

Do You Sing? Dunedin chamber choir Southern Consort of Voices seeks new members, especially tenors! No need to be a formally trained singer, but strong music-reading ability is essential. We rehearse on Monday evenings, singing a varied repertoire of early music to contemporary local composers. For more information: www.southernconsort.org.nz

CHINESE VALENTINE'S, TANABATA FESTIVAL BALL

The Otago University Chinese Students Association (OUCSA), Otago University Japanese Association (OUJA) and Otago Singapore Club (OSC) are proud to present a magically night of romance and fun on the day of Qixi festival, Saturday August 6. Also called Chinese's Valentines and Tanabata in Japan, it is often known as the most romantic night one can have in Beijing. Come along for tasty food and awesome music and celebrate this wonderful festival! It is being held at Victoria Hotel (137 St Andrew St, Dunedin) and tickets are \$35 for members and \$40 for non-members. Tickets can be bought at the Link and Hunter from 12-2pm from July 23 to August 3.

UNI SNOW GAMES

Uni Snow Games will be held in Wanaka from August 27 to September 3, during the mid-semester break. The Otago University Freestyle Sports Club (OUFSC) will be heading down en masse and events are for all levels so get involved! To find out more about this week of skiing, snowboarding and partying, check out www.oufsc.org.nz or email contact@oufsc.org.nz.

LETTERS POLICY

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

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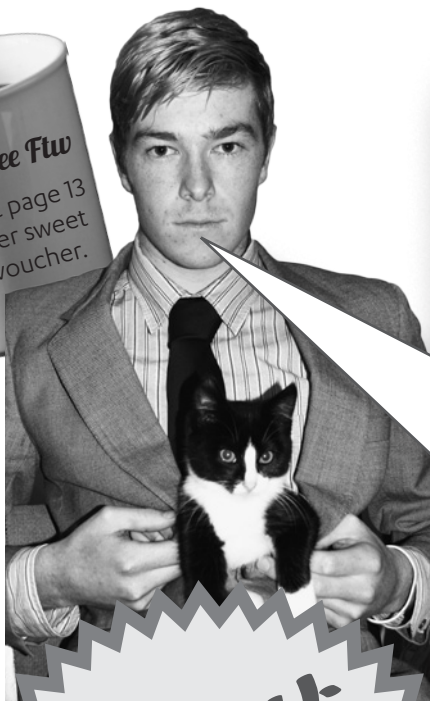
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TOP 10



Critic rates the top ten indications that a person is "cultured". Or at least, relatively so.

- 01 – They discuss books, not television programmes.
- 02 – They attend art gallery openings.
- 03 – At said art gallery openings, they manage to look uninterested in the art while simultaneously looking incredibly artistic.
- 04 – They haven't heard of beer pong.
- 05 – They use the Otago Museum as a landmark rather than the Cook
- 06 – They stick their pinky finger out when drinking a pint.
- 07 – Instant coffee bewilders them.
- 08 – They pretend to enjoy New Zealand Symphony Orchestra concerts.
- 09 – They pronounce the so-called difference between "beer", "bear", and "bare".
- 10 – They smell like yoghurt. Geddit?



Win Win Win!!!

New Zealand music golden boy Liam Finn is back on the road to promote his beautiful new album *Fomo*. Critic has three lovely prize packs worth over \$100 each to give away, each containing a double pass to Liam Finn's show at ReFuel on Thursday August 11, a deluxe 2CD edition of *Fomo* and a *Fomo* tote bag. It's almost too good to be true!

To be in to win, email critic@critic.co.nz with the subject line "Liam Finn Giveaway", and

tell us your favourite new age acronym. We'll announce the winners in Issue 19.



PRESIDENTIAL PRATTERINGS

The Logan Edgarism of the week

"I tell you what, I'm not gonna get sick of my own voice"

"It's proven that VSM gives cancer to puppies, it's Satan's bloody spawn really"

"It's bullshit, they're bastards. That's a student bloody opinion right there"

"I'm like the National Party, I just make empty promises"

"There ain't a big enough leash for this dog" (referring to himself)

Easy Money

170 curious Americans paid \$30 a pop to spend the night in the Jefferson City, Missouri county jail over the weekend, something they could have done for free in Dunedin – pissing in public will generally do the job. Cole County somehow managed to charge the idiots money to give the jail a test run before before it opened for real this week. People from three states spent the night in the jail, including some lawyers and a couple celebrating their first anniversary. And people say romance is dead!

Jailers tried to give their guests "the full experience," and took their jewellery, cell phones, and other personal belongings. Critic is unsure of whether the full experience included sodomy or not, but would hope that everyone took their soap on a rope with them in anticipation of the communal showers.

35

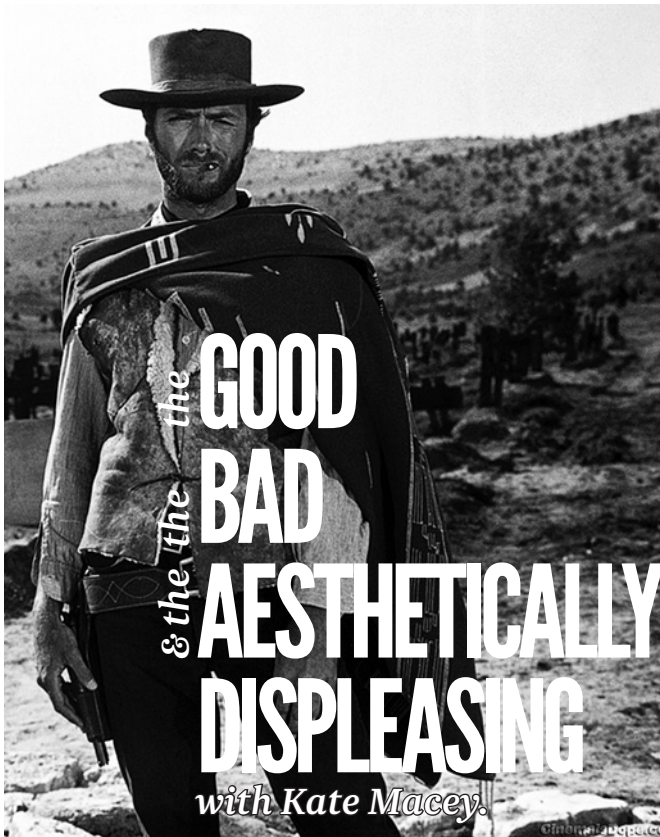
percentage gradient of steepest part of Baldwin St

53

thousand people listed as Jedi in the NZ 2001 census

7

days, shortest term of an NZ prime minister (Harry Atkinson)



Sausage

The naked sunbathers who once crowded Germany's Baltic beaches and city parks are apparently becoming an "endangered species" due to shifting demographic, the fall of the Berlin Wall, growing prosperity and widening girths (we assume not in the penis sense of girth).

German association Free Body Culture has 500,000 registered nudists, and a total of seven million Germans apparently sunbathe regularly.

That's a lot of bratwurst on display.

The decline of nude sunbathing is apparently due to the influx of immigrants who come from countries with "strong religious beliefs [and] who just aren't into" getting their junk out on the beach. From memory, those who aren't part of the mainstream haven't had such a good run in Germany in the past, so they might want to look into stripping off ASAP to blend in.

Live culture

A man has been arrested after police used the DNA database to link him to some slightly 'off' yogurt that had been handed out at the local supermarket.

Consumers' main problem with the yogurt was that it was rendered slightly less appealing by the fact that it was actually a whole lot of sperm. One patron contacted the police, who tested the sample and made a match to local degenerate and sometimes weird sexual deviant Anthony Garcia.

Garcia has been charged with 'adulterating food', though whether sperm can ever really be considered as 'food' is a difficult question. A question many UniCol girls would doubtless answer in the affirmative. Lol.

Fizzer

Three American schoolchildren were busted selling illegal lemonade in a sting operation that pretty much tells the world that there isn't enough real crime happening in Midway, Georgia.

The recalcitrant kids, ranging in age from ten to fourteen, apparently thought that they could earn enough from selling homemade lemonade to pay the admission fee to the local waterpark. Unfortunately, however, the local sheriff's department swooped in on the virgin bootlegging operation before they could raise the few dollars necessary to enjoy themselves on the slides.

Local law enforcement cited the potentially hazardous nature of the lemonade and the girl's failure to apply for the mandatory food and beverage sales permit as reasons for shutting the stand down. Busted.

The Good *Haircut deals*

You'd have to be a few sandwiches short of a picnic to pay someone full price to get their hands on your glossy mane and cut it/dye it/do that thing with the purple stuff that smells like an exploded chemical factory. Nowadays you can't open your inbox without being assaulted by hair-enhancing deals. Gone are the days where you have to forgo necessities like BYO nights to allow trips to the 'fancy' hairdressers. Ideal.

The Bad *The lines for the lift in Richardson.*

Especially those that snake out twenty people in front of you when you're running late for a class on the tenth floor, and will eventually get into a lift that will stop AT EVERY GODDAMN FLOOR on the way up, despite no-one actually wanting to stop on any of the aforementioned floors. You, Johnny Boy in the corner, accidentally leaning against the buttons with your oversized laptop purse; fuck you.

The Aesthetically Displeasing *Rebekah Brooks.*

Nothing wrong with gingers on the whole, I personally am quite the fan of ol' Prince Harry. However, if the phone-hacking allegations ring true (ha), she deserves censure for more than being the doppelganger of Richard Simmons.

85

letters in the world's longest place name –
Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamatea-
turipukakapikimaunga-
horonukupokaiwhenuaki-tanatahu

14.2

percentage of NZ
adults who hold a
Bachelor's degree
or higher

Logan Locked up for VSM's Bad Behaviour



Last week OUSA President Logan Edgar locked himself inside a cage for 42 hours between 7pm Monday and 1pm on Wednesday.

The stunt was designed to protest the Education (Freedom of Association) Amendment Bill. The Bill was introduced to Parliament by the ACT party and, if passed, could leave OUSA facing a \$2.2 million dollar decrease in revenue next year as compulsory student levies would end.

Edgar's cage was located on the Union Lawn and was surrounded by an 18m black wall where students were asked to add green handprints to show their opposition to the Bill.

David Do, Co-President of the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA) said that, "the cage represents what could happen to students if the Bill is passed. Students would be locked out of the student services, campus life, and independent representation and advocacy that associations currently provide".

Do went on to add that "this destructive Bill is not supported by students or the public, yet National continues to reward ACT by continuing to support this poor legislation. Almost 5000 submissions were made to Select Committee on the Bill last year and 98% were opposed. An independent public opinion poll in November last year showed that 77% of respondents felt students should decide the structure of membership of their associations, compared with just 17% who believed it should be the Government's decision".

ACT MP Heather Roy, who is behind the VSM Bill, called Edgar's protest "a cheap and misguided stunt" and went on to say "perhaps Logan is bored. His planned protest makes the opposite point to what he presumably intends...Ironically even by locking himself in a cage he is giving himself more choice than he gives the students he claims to represent. He can unlock himself from his cage at any time – students are forced to remain members of a student association whether

they want to be or not".

Controversy marked the start of the event, as an altercation developed between an unknown member of ACT on Campus and Edgar (covered on the opposite page). Nevertheless the protest went ahead as planned, with Edgar's incarceration being streamed live via webcam to thousands of viewers that tuned in throughout the protest, including 11 people still watching Edgar at 2am in the morning.

The event received television coverage on TV3 news, Campbell Live and Channel 9, as well as appearing in the *ODT* and the *NZ Herald*.

During Edgar's time in the cage the temperature dropped as low as -5C, and he told *Critic* that at one point he had frost on his face. Edgar attributed his survival to wearing a fisherman suit borrowed from a good friend and drinking mulled wine to keep the cold at bay.

The final day saw Edgar released at 1pm during the OUSA-run 'postgraduate kids day' where a bouncy castle, horses and dogs were available to entertain the children of postgraduate and mature students.

Logan left briskly after exiting the cage, telling *Critic* reporters that he "really needed a shit aye". After urinating in a bucket live on the internet multiple times, Edgar was relieved that his bowels held strong throughout the protest as he didn't want "anyone to see my browneye".

Edgar told *Critic* that his next plan to highlight opposition to the VSM bill is to organise a police-controlled peaceful protest down George St in the upcoming weeks.

"Watch this space, we are going to need all scarves to get right in behind this one".

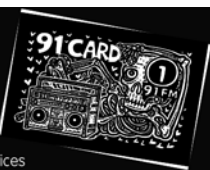
– **Lozz Holding**

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 * CONDITIONS APPLY



ACT Party a Little Cagey

OUSA President Logan Edgar was assaulted by a member of ACT on Campus shortly before entering his prison cell, where he spent two days protesting against VSM.

The altercation began when Edgar screwed up a protest sign that a female member of the ACT group was holding, tossing it in the direction of a man who then turned violent. The man grabbed Edgar by the throat, and “pushed me up against the cage violently, then threatened to knock me out,” Edgar said.

Recreation Representative Sarah van Ballekom was on hand to act as

Edgar’s knight in shining armour and broke up the altercation. “I was 99% sure he wasn’t going to punch a woman,” she says, “and being the PE student that I am, I put my body on the line and then politely told the guy to fuck off.”

Ballekom fondly described Edgar as “a helpless duckling who needs nurturing,” especially after “his mum made me promise I would look after him. When his safety was threatened I took on the protector role.” Despite this, Edgar claimed that “I was much bigger than the guy. All my bicep curls at Unipol had prepared me well for the altercation, so I wasn’t scared at all.”

According to van Ballekom, the ACT member “came out of nowhere, and was really fucking angry – all over a crappy sign that lacked any sort of creativity.”

Members of the ACT group present at the time, soothed by some hot chocolate after the incident, described the individual as having “gone rogue,” and apologised profusely for his behaviour. Edgar says he is “still waiting” for an apology from the individual concerned.

The event made national media, with TV3 and the *Otago Daily Times* both covering the incident.

Edgar confirmed that he had spoken to Police but had elected not to press charges over the incident.

Post-assault, Edgar called a friend to bring down his golf club, which he kept in the cage over the next two nights “for protection.” This may have been a wise move, as it is not the first time he has been the victim of an assault. While cycling on the Taieri in July last year, Edgar and a friend were driven off the road and abused by two women – resulting in a broken hand and stolen bike for Edgar. *Critic* speculates that Edgar just has one of those faces that makes people want to hit him.

– Aimee Gulliver



Information Evening
Find out about studying at the
University of Otago College of Education

7.00pm Wednesday 27 July
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145 Union Street East, Dunedin



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This Paper Possibly Propels Politico to Parliament



Former *Critic* Editor Holly Walker may earn a list seat in Parliament this year after the Green Party's strong showing in a recent Colmar Brunton poll.

Walker is twelfth on the party list, meaning she would squeak into Parliament if the Greens can replicate their poll showing of 10% at the November general election.

Walker studied for a BA(Hons) majoring in political science and English at the University of Otago, and was editor of *Critic* in 2005, before taking up a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford University where she completed an MPhil in Development Studies. After returning to New Zealand, Walker went on to work for the Green Party as a Political and Media Advisor.

When asked about the experience of running for office, Walker told *Critic* that it had been "really fun, it's a big challenge as it is my first time but I am really enjoying getting involved with and meeting so many new people."

Despite her academic accomplishments and undoubted political credentials, *Critic* speculates that her rise to the cusp of a seat in Parliament is probably all due to her tenure as editor of *Critic*. We are modest like that.

Walker kindly confirmed our self-belief, stating that "as editor, I learned so many skills and management techniques that really help

me today. Also, in 2005, when *Critic* got into a lot of trouble over the date rape article, I learned a lot about dealing with mainstream media and how to survive tough situations like that."

Critic editor Julia Hollingsworth said it was "inspiring to see a former *Critic* editor making a splash in politics. Holly has always been a role model and I think she would make an excellent and committed MP should she make it in to Parliament this year."

The Green Party's impressive poll results come at the expense of Labour, who plummeted to 27% support among voters, their lowest level of support in 10 years. The poll was conducted before Labour unveiled their politically dicey capital gains tax policy, though it is unlikely that the poll would have been significantly affected by the announcement of the new policy, given that it has separately polled as a relatively neutral policy in terms of voter support.

— Gregor Whyte

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The VC is Dead, Long Live the VC

The University of Otago will see a changing of the guard this week, as departing Vice Chancellor Sir Professor David Skegg steps down from the role on the 31st July after almost eight years heading the University.

Skegg has overseen an era of significant change in the culture and practices of the University, with most commentators lauding his reign as highly successful. During his time Otago topped the Performance Based Research Funding (PBRF) rankings in 2006, being rated as the New Zealand university with the highest quality research.

He also oversaw significant growth in the enrolment at the University, culminating in moves last year to cap the number of places available to domestic students as demand for places outstripped the number of government-funded domestic seats.

However, his tenure in the vice-chancellor's job was not without controversy, with prominent issues among the student population including the controversial adoption of the student Code of Conduct and a perceived move to clamp down on the 'scarfie' student culture in the city.

Large scale rioting during the Undie 500 events over a number of years, which caused the event to eventually be moved away from Dunedin, also tarnished Skegg's reign. International media outlets covered the face-offs between drunken students and police which resulted in hundreds of student arrests, including former *Critic* editor

Ben Thomson who was photographing the event for *Critic* when he was arrested.

In addition, two historic student bars, The Gardens Tavern and The Bowling Green Tavern, were bought by the University, with many students believing that the purchases were intended to combat student drinking.

Taking Skegg's place will be deputy Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne, who will step into the top job in August when she returns from overseas. A Professor in the Psychology department, Hayne gained her BA from Colorado College, before gaining her MS and PHD at Rutgers University in New Jersey. In her academic career she has been awarded numerous prizes and honours, and she stated in a press release that she is looking "forward to expanding on the existing strengths of Otago and to identifying new ways in which the University can contribute to issues of local, national and international concern."

Critic contacted the University media office to enquire whether Prof Hayne was a regular reader, but received no response. However a source told *Critic* that Hayne had previously described *Critic* as "banal", so it's safe to say she probably doesn't read the magazine all that regularly.

– Gregor Whyte

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Students not too concerned about SJS Office closure

The possible closure of local SJS branches and their replacement with a centralised call centre in Wellington has been met with general unconcern among students spoken to by *Critic*.

Whilst many students acknowledged using SJS to look for employment, both during the university year and over the summer break, several students expressed uncertainty about the effectiveness of the service's physical offices. Students who had used SJS pointed out that the website and call-in system was often all they needed, and many had no qualms about the closure of local SJS branches.

One student told *Critic* that, in his view, the money saved by closing physical offices should be used to improve other parts of the service, particularly the screening of job

suitability and value, as "no one wants to come and garden for an hour and get \$12."

Almost all students spoken to agreed that a part-time job or other source of income was a necessity to survive as a student, considering the cap of \$170 on borrowing under the student loan scheme. However, with the large number of university students in Dunedin, finding part-time work is often difficult, especially in the retail and hospitality fields.

The results of *Critic's* informal survey were surprising given Student Job Search's relatively high ranking on a 2010 student satisfaction survey of OUSA services.

— **Teuila Fuatai**

OUSA not the only scandalous student organisation

Proving that exec members behaving outrageously isn't a phenomenon exclusive to OUSA, the Waikato Students' Union (WSU)

has removed Vice President Maori Toko Baker with immediate effect after he seriously breached the values of the organization.

Baker's behaviour included alleged minor assault, inappropriate language, failure to attend meetings and making unauthorized statements, including one occasion during which Mr Baker repeatedly referred to Maori students at a Hakinina day event as "cunts".

In May, leaders of external Maori organisations on campus presented a signed letter of complaint about Mr Baker's inappropriate behavior to the WSU board meeting. The WSU then investigated the complaints for six and a half weeks.

After Mr Baker failed to provide a suitable explanation for his conduct, WSU unanimously dismissed him from his position.

— **Staff Reporter** (with reporting from *Nexus Magazine*)

Otago Combined Christian Groups Jesus Week 2011, July 25 - 29

THEME: WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

A bunch of skinheads see an immigrant 'boat-person' on George Street late at night; they beat the crap out of him, take his wallet and jacket, and leave him bleeding in the gutter. He is still there the next morning. The local priest sees him but rushes past; "just another bum, probably an addict". A lecturer sees the huddled shape, slows down, but thinks "bugger it, I'm already late for class". A homeless woman shambles along, trying to keep warm. She stops. Bends down. Checks to see if the stranger is okay. She puts her blanket over him and cries out for help but is ignored. Eventually she manages to get someone's attention and calls 111.

Perhaps that's how a rewriting of Jesus' parable of the Good Samaritan would look today. Jesus tells this story in order to show us who our neighbour is, given his command to love our neighbour as much as we love ourselves. This story still holds the power to prompt us to consider the question: Who is our neighbour today? The homeless man? The Muslim? The Jew? The cross-dresser? The liberal? The conservative? The stoner? The sweatshop worker? In a globalized world where our actions have the potential to impact people on the other side of the planet, perhaps it's more useful to seriously consider if there is any one left who is NOT our neighbour.

This Jesus Week we invite you to join with us at the following events to explore this question.

Mon 25, 12pm -1pm, Union Common Room:
Interfaith Dialogue: different faith perspectives on "Who is my neighbour?"

Weds 27, 1pm-2pm, Castle 1:
Glenn Hill from Tearfund will speak on the topic of "poverty".

Thurs 28, 8pm, The Hub, 67 Harrow Street:
Combined prayer event

Thurs 28, 10pm, outside the Cook:
Bring the Love

Fri 29, 12pm-1pm, Union Common Room:
"What does Jesus say about 'Who is our neighbour?'", Professors Paul Trebilco and Steve Tripp

Mon - Fri, 8am- 9am:
Combined Prayer in the Link (Mezzanine floor)



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YEAH RIGHT

Crowd Divided on VSM, United Against Hilary

Gareth Hughes (Green Party), David Clark (Labour), Michael Woodhouse (National) and Hilary Calvert (ACT Party) took part in a debate on VSM - among other issues - on Friday July 15 at the Gazebo Lounge.

The politicians were given five minutes to introduce themselves at the beginning of the debate, a timeslot which many of the politicians used to highlight their policies. Calvert, whose opening sentence was interrupted by an audible "hiss", took a different tack, however, instead inciting students to imagine themselves beginning a society in the Roman forum. Unfortunately, Calvert's complex metaphor was lost on much of the audience, causing one audience member to question "is it ACT party policy that only rich land-owning men should vote, and I guess, us, as the slaves in your analogy, should get what's coming to us?"

The politicians were split evenly on the subject of VSM, with Woodhouse and Calvert predictably supporting VSM, while Hughes and Clark argued against it.

Calvert claimed that continuing OUSA in a VSM climate would be easy, and stated "what I'm hearing here is that students can't back themselves enough to make their own decisions".

Michael Woodhouse, described by Calvert as "always right", posed a question to the audience; "Can anybody explain to me the paradox of why, if the student association membership is so cool and great and everyone loves it, the students associations themselves are so scared of VSM?"

"Sadly, they seem a little more concerned with waving flags and locking themselves up in prisons than with saying 'how can we promote the value of membership to the students?'"

When asked why National hadn't done more to ensure that the services would continue to exist, Woodhouse responded "I'll be vague on answering the question...Sometimes there's some give and take on

policy...I don't personally support the bill as it is...Perhaps Labour could suggest it [changes to the bill] to ACT".

Clarke noted that student associations form an important part of student life and asked, "why would you change that?". Hughes agreed, stating that at the moment students have the ability to choose between having an opt-in or opt-out system for their student association. "How many students do you know that have a couple of hundred dollars burning a hole in their pocket at the beginning of the year to voluntarily join a student association?"

Among the other issues discussed were Labour's Capital Gains Tax, National's move to make over 55s ineligible for student loans, class inequality and other changes to tertiary education. On the subject of the student loan changes, Hughes commented "education isn't a cost, it's an investment in our people, in our future".

Around seventy students attended to ask questions and hear the politicians speak, a relatively high turnout in comparison to other recent political debates held at the University.

— Staff Reporter



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Exec Reports

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Shonelle Eastwood

Welfare Officer



Shonelle acknowledges the corniness of saying that the Welfare Committee is “really going places,” but maintains that it is. Despite this, it has yet to establish regular meeting times,

although it has held three out of the required six meetings for the year so far, so she is on track there at least.

Her goals include more of a focus on tying other student welfare groups to the Committee, raising awareness of other Student Services on campus. The Committee has also begun preliminary plans for Women’s Week, which *Critic* imagines is bound to be one ovary-laden cracker of a festival.

In less stellar news, there has been one complaint of harassment arising out of someone using the Parents’ Room (did someone take offence to a pooey nappy?) and “hardly any issues” arising regarding the Women’s Room.



Thomas Koentges

Postgraduate Representative



Thomas’ real win of the quarter was getting the Postgrad budget increased to \$10,000. Coz OUSA has got heaps of extra money floating around at the moment and shit.

He has also got the Postgrad Committee to hold monthly meetings to plan events for the Postgrad community.

Throughout his report Thomas kept referring to himself in the third person as “the Postgraduate Representative,” which made for odd reading. In his efforts at “outreach and communication,” he attended Fridays at the Gazebo and Postgrad Coffee Hour regularly - sounds like an ideal job really. A proposal for a postgraduate magazine was discussed, but

doesn’t seem to have had enough support. Guess they’ll have to keep reading *Critic*.



Dan Beck

Campaigns and Initiatives



Dan has been responsible for ensuring adequate representation of OUSA officers at OUSA campaigns and initiatives. He says that this has been achieved through “simply asking

them through email or getting them to sign up on a roster.” Taxing work indeed. He’s also organised a Fair Trade Easter Egg Hunt this quarter. Dan also spent “5 long (but very enjoyable) nights as a judge for the OUSA Battle of the Bands.”

Dan has attended all of the Exec meetings to date bar one, and says he has “used the meetings to communicate with the whole executive and ask for help for campaigns and initiatives I may be undertaking.” *Critic* thinks he must have some sort of telepathic skills with the other execies, as we can’t remember the last time we heard him utter a word at one of those. Goals for the next quarter are an emphasis on OUSA’s anti-VSM campaign, increasing student enrolment in the general election, and ensuring the events committee has regular meetings and is successful and efficient. Some work to do we think.



Bradley Russell

Administrative Vice-President



Brad’s report was full of the sort of thing you would expect from someone doing tedious administrative work, namely boredom. Apparently Brad has been assisting

police in their campaign to inform students of the dangers of not locking their flats.

At one stage *Critic* thought that Brad was

reusing his jokes from his first report, and, while we love a good Hanson joke as much the next 90s kid, we don’t appreciate humour rehashed. Then we came to the realisation that he had put in bold the bits that he had done for the second quarter, and was “updating” us on how he had gone with his past goals. Minus points for confusing us and for padding your word count, you devious man.

Brad also mooshily welcomed Logan to the OUSA family, which is about to get incestuous if our observations of Exec relations are anything to go by. His goals for the quarter are to assist Logan with any matters “that are not to his knowledge,” and assist in implementing any changes from the Deloitte review. Someone is going to have their hands full we think.



Sarah van Ballekom

Recreation Representative



Sarah seems to have spent a good part of this quarter doing solid Recreation stuff, Blues and Golds awards plotting, helping allocate grants money, and working with the staff

over at Clubs and Socs to co-ordinate with all of OUSA’s clubs. This quarter only one club has affiliated to OUSA, the Lawn Bowls Club of all things. Who knew we had that many 90-year olds floating around Scarfie-ville?

Sarah is also recommending to the Exec that a “Silver Service” Award be created to recognise members of clubs and societies who do not meet the requirements for a Blues or Golds award, but who have contributed in an outstanding way.

We are sensing a bit of tension about the amount of time she spent at the polling booth in the Link for the Referendum and Presidential by-election - about 20 hours all up. Still, at least she is paid by the hour. Oh, wait.

Sarah also researched the expense involved with executive clothing, but says she is unsure about how fiscally responsible this would be in

light of VSM, leaving *Critic* pondering exactly where the I <3 OUSA t-shirts came from.



Art Kojarunchitt

International Student Representative



Reading Art's report was like attempting to decipher the Egyptian Hieroglyphics with a large rubber dildo and the public safety warning off the front of a pack of Marlboros,

whilst being flagellated by a male dwarf wearing a dress. In other words; difficult. Nevertheless *Critic* persisted and can give you at least an approximation of Art's report.

The International Cultural Council bake sale and cultural festival that Art was responsible for was a big success, raising money for the Christchurch and Japanese earthquakes. About 1000 students and members of the public attended, which is just cracking in *Critic's* book.

The International Ball was moved to first semester this year, so it could "get the party mood starting." From the sounds of it, this is exactly what happened, as all who attended had a great time.

In slightly less happy news, plagiarism among international students is apparently a big issue, but according to Art fixing this seems to have been hampered by the earthquakes – we're lost on the link between the two to be honest. On the whole Art seems to have been doing a tip top job this quarter. Good work.



Francisco Hernandez

Colleges and Communications Officer



Francisco has apparently sent out the first 'OUSA Colleges Newsletter' this quarter. While we at *Critic* thought this sounded like a good initiative, Francisco unfortunately is unsure which, if any, Heads of College

are actually forwarding the newsletter on to their students, which might kind of detract

from the effectiveness of the whole thing.

In an attempt to register students for the General Election later this year, Francisco has been badgering the Elections NZ office asking if OUSA could help in any way. Despite being told "no" on two separate occasions, he maintains that if "Elections NZ doesn't want to tango with us – we'll have to dance all by ourselves." He is also planning to contact them again this semester with the same request. Possibly he can't take a hint.

At the Tertiary Open Day Francisco apparently employed a "Do you like to party?" line in order to lure high school students to the OUSA stall. He claims it was highly effective, despite some others describing it as "creepy," and "brand-damaging".

Already this semester Francisco has organized a VSM debate on campus, bringing in politicians to speak on either side of the argument. He is also working on getting a "Cage Free Campus," something which he might want to discuss further with President Logan Edgar who just spent two nights in one.



Logan Edgar

President



Critic eagerly anticipated Logan's report as we expected lots of lols. Logan was elected partway through the second quarter so his report doesn't necessarily have much

to actually report on, but he definitely seems to have hit the ground running in his new role. His "biggest display of leadership" so far was the anti-VSM protest, which involved him being locked in a cage for two days.

The highlight of Logan's report was undoubtedly his childlike description of his first day at school on the job. Logan helped to assemble exam packs, which he eloquently described as "fun coz I hunged out wif my friend AJ and then we went and gave them out and it made everyone happy and that made me happy and also made it more funner because students were happy and not sad. Then we went to the shops and got ice creams and it was also fun coz the girl that served us was really nice. We then went and dun work

for the rest of the day because we are big boys."

Not proper "big boys" yet, so it would seem; one of his goals for the next quarter is "I would also like to grow up big and strong." Don't worry however folks; he's got plenty of other goals and plans in the pipeline, including a budding romance with a fellow Execccie if we are right in our speculation.



Katie Reid

Education Officer



Katie's main goal for the year, ensuring the success of EduCom, seems to be fizzling out slightly. Despite "compulsory" attendance being in place, actual attend-

ance has apparently dropped to about 50%. Attempts at "providing snacks and making the meetings interesting" doesn't seem to have helped – committee members apparently have neither "the time nor the inclination to read the endless reports" that Katie writes. Rare honesty there, Katie.

Katie has also been sitting on about a thousand different committees, all which have names like BUGS, BOGS, QAC and TITS (okay, the last one is made up). *Critic* suspects readers have neither the time nor the inclination to find out about any of them, so we're moving on. Disturbingly, Katie failed to complete her five hours of community service this quarter, but she did spend a lot of extra hours sitting on the polling and referendum booths as part of her general Exec duties, so we have decided not too write anything too mean about her.

The main goal for the next quarter is to increase the exposure and prestige of the teaching awards. Katie seems to think this is particularly important to recognise the positive impact lecturers make, "especially given how often OUSA is seen to be criticising teaching and the university as a whole." Based on that logic *Critic* should really start dishing out Exec Awards.



(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

After a prolonged absence, *Chronicles of Castle* is back like the bowl cut. Apologies for the delay; the author has been busy gathering stories during the chaos of Re-O Week. The chaos of last week has left most residents in a zombie-like state, with malnutrition striking down flats and conversations limited to five words or, in the worst cases, grunts, as brains are struggling to recover from their pounding.

The build up to Re-O had residents as excited as a salty Wellington punk before a sale at Slick Willy's. The size of the Castle Street keg party event on Facebook had Campus Watch and the five-oh shaking in their booties and residents positively "frothing at the gash" with excitement. With the exception of numerous couch fires - including a classic couch pyramid - everyone was relatively well behaved as North Dunedin descended back into its traditional ghetto-like conditions.

Monday was a good warm up as people were getting back into the swing of destroying brains cells and livers. Tuesday was meant to be a huge day but, like pilly willy, it just didn't get up. Arctic conditions scared most people off and there was even a snow shower at one point. The people that partied on stayed warm by lighting fireworks in the hallway of the Beehive and jumping through walls to enhance the 'indoor-outdoor' flow. The Beehive became the epicentre of activity and sustained some pretty serious damage: 72 eggs were thrown around in one room alone as well as a ute load of sand being spread through the house.

Wednesday night was a night of shoulder-dropping, pill-popping madness as Nightcap came to town to give the dub addicts their fix. A high grime factor ensured that the hardcore rinsers went home with dilated pupils and grins strapped across their faces. The rest

of the week blurred into one big night, with notable highlights including the block party on Cumberland Street on the Friday night. Finally it was Saturday night. The odd person ventured into fresher territory at paint party, which was a pretty choice night by all accounts. Come Sunday most people were void of all emotion, appetite and motivation to drink; there were an unlucky few who took the pink ones that hadn't slept for days and were going until Sunday evening but even they crashed and burned eventually.

After an epic bender, Castle girls have begun making their way through the glass, potholes and around the spraypaint towards lectures and the boys are back to being JOTC. But with plenty of red cards and lock ins on the schedule, *Chronicles* will try to keep you up to date with what's happening in the ghetto. Peace out homies.

— Sam Reynolds

execrable

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

Critic's first experience of an outdoor Exec meeting wasn't quite the delightful nature encounter that we were hoping for. Instead, it was cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey. Luckily, caged President Logan Edgar was on hand to provide the lols, not to mention the hot chocolate that had the potential to send the drinker into hyperglycaemic shock. The actual meeting itself was a bit of a fizzer, as some carpet cleaning machine over in the vicinity of Lex's hangout made it near on impossible to hear a word that anyone, bar those sitting directly next to you, were saying. Chinese whispers ensued to pass on anything that seemed important, which was little to nothing.

Seven randoms turned up at the start of the meeting to see what was going on with the congregation outside the cage. This

number quickly dwindled to three about five minutes in – a wise choice by the lucky four escapees. One geriatric old mate kept asking Execies to speak up so he could hear them. From our experience at these things, he was missing nothing, and should have spent more time listening to the soothing sounds of the carpet cleaning machine, which was similar to a spoon being put in the garbage disposal while it's on.

The only real happening at the meeting was Returning Officer Imogen Roth's report on the Presidential by-election. Surprise, surprise, she said that sending two forms of the OUSA Constitution to referendum was a disaster and nobody understood the differences between the two, let alone took the time to read either. That's apparently getting worked on for next time. *Critic* can't wait.

Logan's Dad turned up partway through the meeting with six bags full of gear for him, leading *Critic* to ponder exactly how long he was planning on staying in the cage. Dad then waved a pair of undies at the Exec, which Logan recommended no one smell, as "they won't be clean." Delightful. He also announced to the meeting that he hadn't brushed his teeth that morning, and tried to move a motion that he was allowed "to do wees." Sarah told him to sort that out after the meeting, in an attempt to "keep things professional," so no doubt she was on bucket-holding duty for him after we left. Bonding at it's finest, here's hoping for her sake that there was no splash-back.

— Aimee Gulliver

Cadbury

Guess what? It's chocolate time! That's right, the Cadbury Chocolate Carnival started on Saturday complete with chocolate house, sculptress extraordinaire Prudence Staite and cooking lessons with Judith Cullen. The event, which began in 2000, has grown from a three-day affair to seven days of fun and it's not all for primary school kids. You too can participate!

Georgie Fenwicke highly recommends buying a Jaffa and trying to beat the 49,999 other red and purple balls plummeting down Baldwin St.

How did the festival get going?

There were a number of things. The Dunedin City Council wanted an event that would incorporate the winter season. We didn't have anything in Dunedin that we could do over the winter, so they wanted an event where we could celebrate chocolate. Bringing them together you got that [the festival].

So what can expect over the next week?

On Saturday, we have got the gala opening at the three city malls – Meridian, Golden Centre and Wall Street. Lots of family entertainment and our chocolate sculpture, Prudence Staite, over from the UK.

Does she sculpt chocolate?

She will be doing live sculpting of chocolate during the carnival on Saturday and Monday through until Thursday. She tempers the chocolate, melts it down and then uses it a lot like clay. Here in Dunedin she will be doing all local themed sculptures; a penguin, an albatross, all things that mean something to Dunedin.

How would you describe the spirit of the Festival this year?

It's an opportunity to celebrate our factory here in Dunedin. It's about enjoying chocolate, celebrating Dunedin and getting people to Dunedin to come and celebrate with us. Family fun and lots of low cost and free activities.

What sort of events do you think University students can get involved in?

Well, obviously the opening day if you want to see

someone working with that much chocolate! We have ordered in about 400 kilos, and there's also a chocolate house which is going to be in the Dunedin Golden Centre Mall. The house is framed in timber and then painted in chocolate, and that is being done with the Otago Polytechnic. Prudence is going to be sculpting things to go inside; she has made paintings to hang on the wall, a fireplace out of chocolate and a little chair. I think we were talking about a chess set as well, so I'm not sure what she will come up with next.

How is the Jaffa race, which is this year celebrating its tenth anniversary, shaping up?

Huuuge event. We have two events of 25,000 Jaffas. We sell the tickets to raise money for Parents Centre New Zealand and for Cure Kids; they get all of the funds raised. Obviously with students in mind, it's a fantastic event that they have to see. Who would want to miss that? We do one set of red Jaffas and one set of purple. Tickets are only at \$1, we have them at Cadbury World and also at Rebel Sport and Briscoes. That's on Friday 29.

What happens if it rains?

We have held it in the drizzling rain before but we are usually pretty lucky and have good fine weather. But the show goes on, as they say. The other thing that might interest the

students are the free cooking classes with Judith Cullen. They are running throughout the week, but will be at Dunedin North Intermediate on Thursday. All you have to do is pick up a ticket from Cadbury World.

How would you describe the logistical support that goes into putting an event like this together?

Quite big, we are organising a group of 72 volunteers. We also run competitions around the country; I'm up to 24 winners now. So coordinating the winners and their families is important.

How closely are the secrets of the Cadbury chocolate making process guarded? Is it anything like KFC or Coca-Cola?

Absolutely, that's how each chocolate tastes different. On a Cadbury World tour, you find out how our chocolate is made but obviously without seeing some of the machinery or how we do certain aspects of certain jobs.

Have there been any petitions to bring back any Snifters or Tangy Fruits recently?

Not recently, no.

Or the Cadbury Creme Egg?

Not to my knowledge.

What is the most popular chocolate bar?

Dairy Milk.





Fed up with Pandering to Racists?

*“Its so racist against
white people, wheres
my free uni?”*

[sic] says Angus Anderson on the Facebook page “GETTING A UNI SCHOLARSHIP IS SOOOOO HARD lol jk I’m 1/64 Māori” (although *Critic* speculates that a scholarship might be necessary to improve grammar that bad). And how can we forget ACT’s ads earlier this month, asking “Fed up with pandering to Māori radicals?” Seeing as you asked, Don, no I’m not, but it seems that based on Facebook pages, anecdotal evidence and a certain avian-themed column in *Critic*, a considerable number of people who would give a different answer (although it depends on your interpretation of ‘pandering’ and ‘radicals’ of course).

In a university context, discussion revolves around the following areas: scholarships, support centres and services, and admissions criteria to restricted courses directed at Māori and – to a lesser extent – Pacific Islanders. The University of Otago’s overall position can be found “in our University of Otago Charter and the Strategic Direction, which specifically do spell out Māori students and staff. Supporting recruitment and retention are usually the key words,” says Jacinta Ruru, a senior lecturer at Otago’s law faculty and an executive member of the University of Otago Māori Academic Staff Caucus. Major support initiatives are provided through the Māori Centre, such as tutorials and a mentoring program as well as hui, welfare advice and liaisons with iwi and other community

networks. The Pacific Islands Centre provides a similar experience for Pacific students. Other organizations centered around Māori at Otago are Te Roopu Māori, a parallel body to OUSA representing Māori students, and Te Roopu Whai Putake, the self-funded Māori law students' association. Bianca Hewitson, its president, points out that these bodies "are not some exclusive club...no one's going around testing for Māori blood. But if you want to tick the Māori box [on your university enrolment form] and you identify as Māori, or want to spend time in a Māori environment and maybe speak Te Reo, then you can [take part]."

***These bodies are not
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Turning to scholarships, scholarships are available for Māori PhD and Masters students, both based on merit, as well as \$3,000 study grants open to Māori and Pacific Island students in their fourth year of study. The University also awards about thirty \$10,000 scholarships annually to Māori and Pacific Islanders entering the University, usually from high school. Bianca Hewitson describes these as scholarships as "competitive", aimed at the top students in the country, and the unspoken rule is that they sit parallel to the \$5,000 University of Otago Leaders of Tomorrow Scholarships, which are open to applicants from any cultural background. Any other financial support for Māori "is probably coming out of their own iwi," says Jacinta Ruru, although only iwi that have been through the Treaty settlement process have the assets to fund this. "Telecom could do the same, or any other kind of business so there's lots of kinds of organizations within New Zealand that give incredible support to different communities. A lot of them are in educational scholarships and it just happens to be that some iwi now have return settlement funds that they're putting into education initiatives."

For competitive courses, notably law and medicine, there are some special entrance policies for certain groups. In the law faculty, "we don't have a quota system," says Jacinta, "coming in from first year law there's an admissions committee and a number of groups can apply to come through there." Māori, Pacific Islanders and students with disabilities are the main examples, but anyone can apply through this route. "There's a special committee who sit and occasionally there are some Māori students who get through that process, but usually only [if they are] a percentage or two below, so if the cut off one year is 78% there might be a Māori student who gets there on 77%. You don't want to go much further than that because they don't have a strong enough academic background to come through on." For entrance to medicine, special consideration is given to applicants of Māori, Polynesian or Melanesian decent, as well as any students who come from a rural area, subject to a minimum academic standard.



I was told anecdotally of a student who was considered on this basis and gained entry. Her marks were high, but noticeably not as high as other successful students. However, medicine is somewhat different from law, says Bianca, in that there are many Māori lawyers whereas “in the health sector, there is a real need for more doctors to work with Māori communities with an understanding of hauora Māori values.” Accordingly, there are certain bonding requirements for successful applicants by this route to work with the communities they come from.

So why take these measures and why offer such measures on the basis of race (or, arguably, culture)? The key word is ‘equality’. If you believe everyone has an equal start in society, then so-called ‘positive discrimination’ would no longer be so positive and the Pākehā student who gets 77% in LAWS101 would rightly feel wronged by missing out on a place in second year where a Māori student with the same mark succeeded. But as Professor Jim Flynn, the former head of Otago’s politics department, explains, positive discrimination (known in the US as affirmative action) is based on the premise that we don’t all get an equal start in life. “So one of the most important things you can do to equalise groups is to look at those most disadvantaged, and you’ll certainly find that the people represented in the most disadvantaged are not a random sample ethnically of society.” In New Zealand, Jacinta Ruru, points out, there’s “this idea of Māori having special rights, but if you stand back and look at it, Māori have the highest unemployment, poor health, poor housing, poor crime rates. There’s nothing ‘special’ about being Māori in any of those kind of categories.”

What people don’t realise, says Flynn, is that even if poverty is discounted, what he calls ‘racial profiling’, a subtly different concept from racism, comes into play in the opportunities we have in life. He gives this example: “What would you do if you had insufficient resources – and the police always do – are you going to go to Remuera and stop obviously middle class Pākehā for drugs or are you going to go to the inner city where there are a lot of guys who are Māori hanging around and looking idle, and frisk them for drugs?” It’s not a question of right or wrong, it’s about the associations created by one’s race, often based on statistically correct assumptions, that come into play in employment, housing and

policing. None of this will be much consolation to that Pākehā law student, but, says Flynn, “that’s the non-eliminatable price of affirmative action. All you can say to that person is that if we don’t make this up to Māori in the public sector, and these are public universities, well you’re benefiting from affirmative action [due to society’s racial profile of you].”

Even if we can all agree with the goal of giving people an equal chance, the next question is whether it works. Don Brash thinks it doesn’t, a view shaped by his time spent in Washington DC during the sixties and seventies. “When Afro-Americans were promoted, there was an assumption on the part of white Americans (and often among Afro-Americans also) that the promotion was ‘only because they’re black’. Sometimes of course, those promoted were actually not as well qualified as other Americans for the job, so they looked incompetent in the position – and white Americans tended to conclude they were incompetent because they were black, rather than recognising that they just weren’t qualified for the position. So prejudices were reinforced among the white community, and a feeling of inferiority was reinforced in the Afro-American community.”

On the other end of the political spectrum, Flynn agrees. But he doesn’t think affirmative action is doomed: “it’s a balancing act. The consequences can always be mitigated to some degree.” For example, in Otago’s law school, this act is balanced by keeping the threshold for Māori limited to cases where the difference in their mark to the cut-off mark is so slight as to be almost arbitrary.

No one is claiming affirmative action is the best or only way to close the equality gap. “It’s a top up,” says Flynn, “one of the best ways is to raise the threshold so that no one has inadequate housing, no one lives in poverty and no one has bad medical care.”

Rob McLeod, the chairman of the New Zealand Business Roundtable and of Ngāti Porou descent, thinks affirmative action should be handed over to the private rather than public sector. “I would like to see private businesses and voluntary organizations giving more thought to ways of promoting Māori in employment and education, simply as part of good management practice. Such efforts should be voluntary and decentralised – what works best in the head office in Auckland might not be the right approach in Gisborne.”

In moving towards a more equal society, Jacinta Ruru is inspired by the Treaty of Waitangi, or at the very least our modern interpretation of it. “That Treaty is sort of premised on partnership type ideals.” In that spirit, Jacinta thinks what is needed is education, not just for Māori, but also for Pākehā, “to build respectable relationships that really thrive. There should be some real comfortableness around all New Zealanders going onto a marae and moving within a Māori world, as Māori have had to become comfortable moving in a Pākehā world. We’re starting to create some really strong relationships to move forward in this country, showing the maturity of this country. That’s the wider picture and it’s important not to forget that.”





KIAORA

SURVIVAL of THE LINGUIST

by SIOBHAN DOWNES

Māori Language Week has been and gone for another year and, as always, its presence was most perceptibly marked by the embarrassingly eager bilingual efforts of television broadcasters, whether it be John Campbell's 'kee-ora, good evening, hairy-my New Zealand!' or 'celebrity' chef Richard Till's endeavours on the Countdown ads – 'we've made some good kai today, car pie!'

Perhaps we didn't really notice – or even care – but for this year's Māori Language Week, the pressure was on. It fell under the shadow of the Waitangi Tribunal's 2010 report, which proclaimed that the Māori language is dying out, 'approaching a crisis point'. Given the strong presence of Māori language in broadcasting and political spheres, this may seem surprising. But according to the report, at grassroots level in the communities, strategies to save the language are failing. Statistics paint an alarming picture: in 2006, census data showed that less than a quarter of all Māori could hold an everyday conversation in Te Reo. The failure, the Tribunal concluded, did not lie in Māori 'rejection of their language' but rather in the government's failure 'to give it adequate oxygen and support'.

There are seven thousand languages in the world, and every two weeks, one of them dies. At this rate, it is estimated that about three thousand of them will be dead by the end of the century. That's right, the extinction of a language is referred to as a death. It's a strangely human concept. But why, you might ask, should we care about endangered languages, when we could care about other things on earth that are dying out, like pandas or dolphins? Languages aren't even cute.

But languages are life. Languages form our identities, our cultures and our histories. It's a weird, intangible thing we just happened to learn when we were babies, something we often take for granted – 'cause it just happens. It rolls off the tongue, reverbs from the vocal cords, or flows from

the hands and body, if sign language or interpretive dancing is more your thing. Language gives us friends. It gives us humour, literature, entertainment. Without it, we wouldn't have the Harry Potter books. We wouldn't have 'your mum' jokes.

*Te Reo Māori is a taonga,
a treasure of New Zealand,
something that no
other country has*

Māori have long recognised the importance of language, or Te Reo, to their culture. It is a life force. There is even a proverb that describes

this concept – “Ko te reo te ha te mauri o te Māoritanga”, language is the very life-blood of being Māori. Te Reo Māori is a taonga, a treasure of New Zealand, something that no other country has. But it is becoming more and more in danger of joining the proverbial linguistic graveyard.

How have we let this happen? Well, it's already nearly happened before. It took until 1987 for Māori language to even be recognised as an official language of New Zealand, and that only happened because Māori was on the brink of death. Before that, the 1867 Native Schools Act had effectively banned Māori language from schools, as Pākehā became the majority in New Zealand and English became the ruling language. Māori children were cruelly punished for speaking Māori in classrooms or playgrounds and, as a result, a generation was born that associated their native language with a sense of embarrassment and shame, or whakama.

In the hundred years following this Act, the number of Māori with Te Reo as their first language had dropped to 26% by the 1960s. With the migration of many Māori into the cities at this time, Māori were 'pepper potted' into Pākehā neighbourhoods and encouraged to fully integrate into British New Zealand society. It wasn't until the 1970s and 80s that the 'one nation, two peoples' rhetoric appeared, when Māori leaders recognised their language could be lost forever if it wasn't given the necessary life support. Māori language underwent a revival in the name of biculturalism.

But the volatility of our indigenous language is far from being the only linguistic problem present in New Zealand. Today, New Zealand markets itself on the basis of its *multiculturalism*. Located in the Pacific, we belong to the most linguistically diverse region on the planet. We have immigrants from all corners of the globe, for many of whom English is not their first language. This fact is celebrated, described as the 'melting pot', an expression that gives the air of harmony and acceptance for all cultures. But perhaps we are being melted down too much – into a short sighted, ignorant, maybe even xenophobic nation. Because despite the apparent diversity, we are one of the most monolingual countries in the world.

*Despite the apparent
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Ludwig Wittgenstein, a great philosopher, once said that “the limits of my language mean the limits of my world”. What does this say about us as a country, then? Our world is severely limited. We are the world's most isolated developed nation. Sure, our location at the bottom of the globe has had benefits throughout history; it kept us safe during World Wars I and II. But at the same time, it has lulled us into a false sense of security. Many of us feel that, as long as we are safe, why should we care about the outside world? Maybe this is why we are one of the few first-world countries



where studying a foreign language in school is not compulsory. Compare us with European nations, in which every high school student has at least a second, but more typically a third language under their belts.

We could blame geography. Or we could blame history. Could it be something embedded in our colonial past that we are afraid of any language that our beloved Queen herself did not utter? Are we still that bound to the Union Jack? The chokehold on English is actually a global problem, with many believing that English is the only language that they'll ever need. It's the lingua franca, the world's dominating language. Facebook groups such as 'If you come to MY country, you learn MY language', and 'Speak English or go home' are constant reminders of the sense of entitlement that English-speakers think they have. But what most people don't realise is that English is actually only the third most natively spoken language in the world – it falls far behind Mandarin and Spanish. We are living in a Mandarin world.

This is something that the Asia New Zealand Foundation's Director of Education, Vanessa Lee, says that New Zealand students need to recognise, ideally beginning from primary school and continuing right through to university. "Kids need to start learning Mandarin at a younger age and more attention needs to be given to it in the curriculum," she notes. It's slowly working. Economic ties with the Asian region, not to mention John Key's endorsement of learning the language, have seen Mandarin begin to overtake Latin in popularity at high school. But according to Lee, we should be aiming for even more Mandarin students in New Zealand schools and universities. She says young New Zealanders should be "prepared for the Asian century", with all the big firms starting to look towards Asia in their business strategies. And even if you're not prepared to drop Marketing for Mandarin just yet, Lee advises that university students should at least try for one Asian language paper or even just some culture papers in their degrees.

Yet some Pacific Island groups are saying that before we reach out to 'someone else's foreign language', we first need to sort things out back home. Making waves is the Bilingual Leo Pacific Coalition, who are petitioning the Government to recognise and revive Pacific languages in New Zealand. The problem? These languages have absolutely no official recognition here. The Coalition raised the issue that "Pacific languages are often treated as foreign and international languages without any status and are currently subject to financial cuts and cutbacks". Take Samoan, for example. Despite the fact that there are more than 130,000 Samoans in New Zealand, and the Samoan language is the third most commonly spoken language in the country after English and Māori, it is still classed as a foreign language. This is a breach of human rights, says the Coalition, considering that many Pacific people are actually entitled to New Zealand citizenship based on constitutional arrangements and historical and political ties between the nations.

"Pacific people may be NZ citizens, but apparently we are still to be treated as outsiders, new comers and second class citizens," said the Coalition. "Research shows that Pacific languages will disappear from NZ and the Islands unless NZ society offers more support to them. If they do not survive here, they will not survive anywhere."

It's like in Peter Pan, when we're told that every time you say you don't believe in fairies, a fairy somewhere dies. Well, maybe the same goes for languages, because surely every time someone says 'Whack-a-white' instead of Waikouaiti, or 'Murray' instead of Māori, it signals another nail in the coffin for Māori language. It's all about showing support, whether it be for Te Reo, Samoan, Tongan, Spanish, Sign Language, Mandarin, Blablanga, !Kung, Tsuut'ina, Macanese or Japanese – and perhaps it takes more than just one week of each year to get the message through. Let's not let languages have their last words.

INMEMORIUM: *the death of the* SCARFIE



If you're reading this, chances are that you're an Otago student (or else have a taste for cutting-edge journalism), but does that automatically make you a scarfie? It seems that fewer and fewer students self-identify as scarfies, thinking of scarfies as unfocused pissheads who don't care about getting an education. What the hell happened? In the old days, "Scarfie" included everyone, alt or jock, BA or BCom, Hawkes Bay or Hamilton. Scarfie was an inclusive term. But is it now just the rugby-playing, beer-swilling, Castle Street riot-provoking meatheads who qualify as scarfies? Or are we all still scarfies at heart? **Joe Stockman** hits the streets of North D and examines scarfie identity in the year twenty eleven.

THE GLORY DAYS

Beer was cheap, couches were flammable, and Otago rugby was beating all comers. The early 1990s was the heyday of the scarfie, so named after the fluttering blue and gold scarfs packing the terraces as students braved the weather to support Otago. There were only 11,000 students then, compared to this year's roll of over 22,000. And they lived, much as we do now, around the North Dunedin in flats and student halls. It was a simpler time; no dub-step or puffer jackets; no Code of Conduct or fire bans; surfing was cool and skating was not; Gardies, the Bowler and KC's still rocked the night away, and if you wanted Asian food for dinner, Mei Wah's and Golden Sun were your two options.

Nowadays, well, Dunedin's gone all corporate. Aucklanders brought down their skinny jeans and plaid shirts, Wellingtonians brought down their cafe culture, and Cantabrians brought their





Photo by Bill Lawry. Originally published in 'The Captain Cook Calender' circa 1993. Original caption "Tête-A-Tête".

dub. The University dreamt up Campus Watch and the COC, while students killed their own bars by doing all their drinking at home. And the media, don't get me started on the fucking media. Sensationalist trumped-up bullshit about scarfies out of control on Castle Street ruined the good reputation of the 20,000 students who were out having a good old time without bottling any police officers.

SEE, LOOK, YOU GOT ME STARTED

This was going to be journalism of the highest calibre. I was going to blow you all away with my witty and insightful descriptions of scarfie culture and society. I was going to entertain you with joyful stories of the beauty and majesty of the scarfie lifestyle. Now, instead, I present to you a rant, entitled "Fuck You ODT, You Ruined Everything".

I've had it up to here with that rag, that sensationalist adult diaper of a newspaper, slagging off scarfies. Sure you need to sell some papers, but quit destroying what is beautiful to entertain your geriatric readership. They will forget everything they've read by midday anyway. Just tell them about the fucking calf that won the blue ribbon at pet day; move on to the hurling results from 1973; and round it all with a nice cup of tea and a cryptic quiz written by a 93-year old with intense dementia (told you I'd mention you Grandma, you owe me twenty bucks).

The ODT and, to turn a Sarah Palin phrase, the rest of the 'Lame Stream Media' (she said 'lame' instead of 'main'...get it?) have sensationalised the shit out of student behaviour. Instead

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experience*

of the reality of harmlessly burning a few old tattered couches over a beer with mates, they make it sound like students were BBQ-ing Picassos and drinking the blood of the year sevens at Logan Park.

ODE TO A SCARFIE

Students are young, we're boisterous, we're finding our limits and testing the water. And yeah, some of us like to burn some stuff now and then. But you try living in those flats, they're fucking freezing. If it were that cold in your house you'd be burning shit too. The ODT makes it sound like helpless victims lay strewn on the streets following these 'student outrages'. But who are the victims in all of this student violence, this out of control rampage of unsupervised youth? Landlords? Hell no, they have bonds, and airtight contracts. The citizens of Dunedin? No, they live in the high veldt aristocracy of Māori Hill or the suburban squalor of South D. If anyone is the victim of student misbehaviour it is the students themselves, and they don't seem to be complaining.

The media's insistence on out of proportion and out of context reporting has destroyed the value of the Otago experience; they blamed 'students' as a whole for the toga parade debacle, instead of blaming the true culprits, that is, 'dumb fucks that like to throw their own faeces'. They cast the Castle Street riots as booze-fuelled student hooliganism, instead of as a massive overreaction by Dunedin police. Students don't even want to call themselves scarfies anymore because the media has turned the word into something ugly. Thanks a fucking lot ODT.

One of NZ's most famous scarfies, double international and TV celebrity Marc Ellis remembers the beauty of the Otago experience as being its inclusiveness of so many different people from so many different backgrounds, coming together for the shared experience of being a scarfie. "It didn't matter where you were from or what you studied... the goth or emo kid who was all alone at high school could come down to Otago and go to Clubs and Socs and find other people just like him." Even for Ellis, the notorious lad about town, the Otago experience was about a lot more than just getting pissed and playing rugby.

THE DEATH KNELL

Don't believe the hype people. Being a scarfie is about everything that is great about the Otago experience, and has nothing to do with the minority meatheads who want to throw poo and start riots. The University has, either deliberately or through a gradual process, worked to devalue the scarfie identity. The powers-that-be were forced to react to the overwhelmingly negative media coverage of the actions of a few, but they did not need to target all scarfies and make the scarfie identity appear wholly negative.

The University has changed from valuing the unique experience of student life and culture to focussing on dollars and cents. Universities are no longer houses of higher learning and culture; they are temples to the almighty dollar. They know that a substantial proportion of us are taking on huge debt to finance degrees we don't need and will never be able to use. They do so with a smile on their face because they need our money. They don't want you here, but they need you here to finance the things that they actually want to be doing. So they gentrify the student village, they control and dictate what acceptable behaviour is, they sanitise Castle Street by buying up flats to fill with international students (nothing against you guys). And they do it all to protect their brand from inflammatory media attacks on scarfieness.

Student culture is under attack, people. You chose to come to Otago because you wanted something different (or because via a quirk of fate you were born in Dunedin, sorry about that). You wanted to not only get an education but to gain experiences that you couldn't get

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anywhere else. But soon Otago will just be another university degree machine with nothing different from Auckland or Victoria. You'd be better off staying at Mum and Dad's and saving your pennies to pay off your loan.

SAVE A SCARFIE

Of course, you don't have to be a scarfie. University is about challenging who you are and who you want to be. A big part of that is comparing yourself to your peers and thinking about who you want to be like, who you want to be with. But don't be elitist about it. Maybe "scarfie" means something different now, maybe it is about people who drink more than

the norm, party more than the norm, play sport more than the norm. But variety is the spice and flavour of life, and if you don't want to be exposed to variety then university probably isn't the place for you.

For me, being a scarfie is about breaking away from what you knew and coming down to Otago to find something out about yourself. It's about freezing flats and dirty dishes, red cards and BYOs, Hyde Street and toga parties, nights out and walks of shame, studying hard and partying harder. We don't need to overdefine being a Scarfie; there are 22,000 different ways to be an Otago student. But if it's about one thing, it's about your mates; learning with, drinking with, and living with your mates in a way that you can't do anywhere else in NZ.

So be a scarfie, don't be a scarfie, it's all up to you. But don't reject 142 years of tradition out of hand. When you're done here and looking back on your time at Otago, I hope you think of yourself as part of a long and changing scarfie tradition.



Photo by Bill Lawry, Originally published in 'The Captain Cook Calender' circa 1993. Original caption "Edvard, Edvard!"

Summer Lovin'

brought to you by:
TOAST

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

Ashton

Before my date, I thought I would make a bit of an effort. Went for a gym sesh, had a shower, my weekly shave, even chucked on some smellies and some half decent gears. I was thinking casual but cool so as not to look like a hard-out. I had a few cans of confidence to get me in the mood, with a classic sixer of everyone's favourite; diesel.

Got to Toast pretty much right on time. My date was late (fucking girls aye). I knew Jamie, so a bit of a catch up shit talk with him till she turned up a few minutes later. After quick introductions there was no fuckin' 'round. Straight into it, shakers followed by a 20 questions grilling from my date- not used to hanging out with birds and doing all the talking. A few more shakers including one I made (which turned out to be shit as), a shot and then some interesting conversations with Jamie's old lady about speed dating with the elderly amongst other yarns, I finished me red bull vodka, then marched on to the next destination. Cheers Jamie the man.

A quick stop in at Alibi as I saw me mate Jake working, a wild turkey honey bourbon whisky and ginger beer with lime, and a shot of some blue stuff, mixed with some always good chat from Jake. My date was definitely getting drunker (haha yuss). Cheers for the hook-up Jake. We were off to Vivace.

Apparently I was gonna meet some of her mates. We never did, but you can't trust woman- that's why we only shag them. I was already suspicious of my date- seemed to know a bit too much about me, then at Vivace, I met the girl from the *Critic* who organises summer lovin', who was friends with my date, later finding my date knew who I was before our date via leaked information and an old fashioned Facebook stalk.

All the law kids were munted and beginning to disappear so we went to Di Lusso for a bottle of wine. My date was started to feel a bit rough (and looking it too) so I polished off pretty much the whole bottle. A classic romantic feed at 24 maccas to end the night. I didn't hold back at all getting a hideously massive feed, then dropped my date off home, which was next door to some good mates of mine. I swear this town is too damn small. Was a good night with some good chat. Thanks summer lovin' for making Tuesdays fun again, no doubt a Facebook stalk is in order.

**Ed: This is factually inaccurate. In truth, "Ashton" met an impersonator who doesn't organise summer lovin'.*

Demi

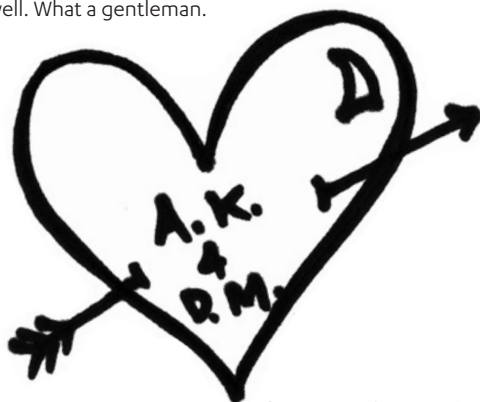
Ripping my date to pieces seemed a bit cliché. My date was an absolute stud with good chat, even if he did talk about himself the whole evening (which spanned 6 and a half hours). Turns out he is some mad dog in Dunnaz and knew every bartender we came across (that equals a lot of free drinks).

After getting toasted at Toast (jk lol), Vivace beckoned. Those desperate law students who hadn't yet managed to pull at their end of Mystery bus tour embraced us with open arms, but not as much as they embraced each other. Lots of incestuous shit going on there. This stint reached its crescendo with an Oasis "Don't look back in anger" group karaoke, while we all held each other in a totally- cringe-but-so-legit-because-we-were-battling-from-those-potent-plum-shots kind of way. Some blonde law chick was blatantly trying to get a piece but I told her to get her hands off my man. Shame.

Over a bottle of Twin Islands Sav in Di Lusso, he serenaded me with Adele's "Someone like you". I'm actually not joking. The bartender got a bit awkward and didn't quite know where to look, but I thoroughly enjoyed the rendition.

My gurgling tummy longed for some grease. I convinced him that a taxi from Octy to George St Maccas was a goer. The Maccas bright lights were overwhelming and I got a bit dazed and confused. Thought for a second he might have slipped me something but I totally perked up after a burger. And his fries.

We ended up shouting at each other all down George Street for reasons I don't remember. But I did let him walk me home. He looked at me with longing eyes, delicately placed a kiss on my cheek and bid me farewell. What a gentleman.



opinion



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36 Two Left Feet, The Eagle of Liberty | **37** Sex and... Food, Pissed Off White Woman

38 ODT Watch, The Agenda Gap | **39** Just a Thought..., Down the Foreign Food Aisle

40 State of the Nation

DIATRIBE

I'm still pretty young to Dunedin and New Zealand. This diatribe is therefore an expression of my feelings as an outsider and a newbie to Dunedin's student and cultural life. I come from a country where protesting in the streets is almost a national sport. You may have in mind the cliché of the Parisian students throwing cobblestones at the police in May 1968. Over the last few years, French students have been protesting against topics such as the immigration policy or the semi-privatisation of public universities as planned by Sarkozy's right-winged government. I am glad to see that even in a quiet country as New Zealand, students know how to stand up for what they believe in. But the Radio One story should be more than a mere student concern.

In the entertainment society, artists have become a product like any other, a mere way to generate money. Commercial music, commercial movies, commercial radios. Art for art's sake survives in the artists' minds, but sadly it has been forsaken by the mass media. We know the results: take *American Idol* and you'll see that even the greatest songs are turned into dull and insipid covers. In music, as in literature or cinema, the vast majority of what is produced on a large scale seems to be labelled "one genre fits them all".

And why is that? Commercial TV channels or radios chose their programmes not according to quality but to how much the advertisers will pay to be placed at this particular moment. I remember this cynical quote by Patrick Le Lay a few years ago, then CEO of TF1, sadly France's biggest and main TV Channel: "what we're selling to Coca-Cola is available human brain time"*. Sad but true. Broadcasters used to look for quality programmes and then finance them through advertisement. But today, *au contraire*, they will choose a programme according to the advertisement opportunities it offers.

Saving Radio One goes beyond the debate on whether the VSM law project is legitimate or not. It is about the good of eclecticism and diversity. It is about providing free access to culture to anyone in Dunedin, and not only to students. It is about how radio should be and what it should stand for: expressing opinions, promoting the arts at a local and broader scale, opening people's minds to tolerance through diversity, uniting the listeners through a community feeling. In other words, it is about how today's entertainment society, governed by the Almighty Commercials, threatens the survival of cultural bastions such as student radios. And that concerns everyone.

– **Marjo Cantus**

- * The full quote, for interest's sake, is: "There are many ways to talk about television. But in a 'Business' perspective, let's be realistic: basically, TF1's job is to help Coca-Cola sell its product, for instance. To make the advertising message well received, the audience's brain must be available. Our shows are here to make the brain available, to entertain it, to relax it, to prepare it between two messages. What we're selling to Coca-Cola is available human brain time. Nothing is as difficult as getting this availability."

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



Debatable

Debatable is written by the Otago University Debating Society, which meets for social debating every Tuesday at 7pm in the Commerce Building. This week's motion is **"That Māori language should be a compulsory subject in schools."** *Tiho Mijatov* argues the affirmative while *Basil Brazil* argues the negative.



Affirmative

I always feel a bit thick passing through New Zealand towns and having no clue what the Māori place names mean. Or having to sit through the principal's ten minute 'korero' before the English translation at school assemblies. Or being unable to have a meaningful opinion on the W(h)anganui debate. And I'm definitely in the majority. Apparently, only ten percent of Māori themselves speak the language, let alone non-Māori.

So is the solution to let the language dwindle until it's eventually removed from the curriculum? To change place names into their English counterparts? Or should we educate everyone about our country's national languages?

First of all, learning ANY language is good for the person learning it. It makes your brain work in ways it wouldn't otherwise, it helps you to understand the structure and feel of your own language, and some boffins at Harvard have even proved it delays the onset of mental diseases like dementia. So even if Māori isn't the next Spanish, it will help kids' other learning, and so should take a permanent place in the school programme.

But why learn Māori specifically? Well, it's pretty indisputable that a thorny political issue of our time is the resentment and confusion on both sides about the Treaty of Waitangi, and what to do about it. It's also pretty uncontroversial that different languages have untranslatable words for different concepts. So when the Greeks have a single word "kairos" for that feeling you get when time seems to drag on and on or flash by far too quickly, or when the Koreans have an encouraging term that translates only as 'fight', you can't help but feel that knowing only one language limits the way we see, and can ever see, the world. More locally, in our founding document the key to one of its only three clauses is 'kawanatanga'. In English that's Māori giving up their sovereignty, which we associate with executive control over the country. In Māori, it's just a transliteration of what they thought sounded like 'Governor', a man based in Australia who hardly impacted on their lives and occasionally protected them from settlers. When the Treaty talks about giving this up, it's crucial that we know exactly what we meant.

And the only way we can work through these problems is by talking through it. And surely it'll be far more effective if in a generation people can freely converse in both our national languages, better understanding each others' viewpoints and coming to solutions that work for everybody.

– *Tiho Mijatov*

Negative

It sucks that Māori is dying language, but teaching it in school isn't going to rectify the problem.

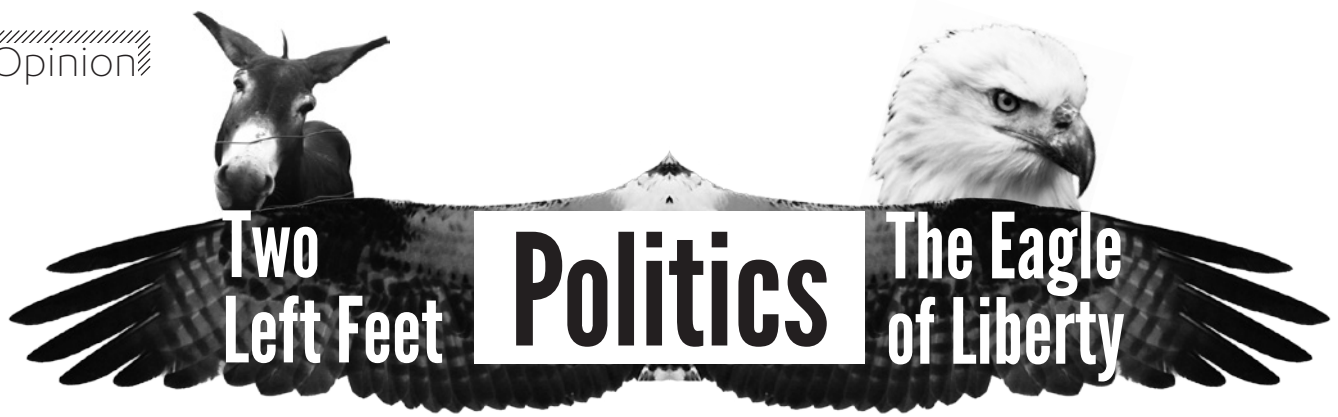
Sorry Tiho, but how many of you can confidently say you studied the Treaty of Waitangi a good five or six times at school yet can't seem to recall a thing? This is because interest and enthusiasm are key to absorbing knowledge. Similarly, to become fluent in a language requires commitment, passion and perseverance. Sadly schools simply aren't fostering such attitudes.

Imagine this; you're a fidgety, pre-pubescent kid sitting in class on a Friday afternoon. The unenthused, young white teacher is trying to teach you a few "Maow-ree" phrases. You have a laugh with your mate at what sounds like "Fuck-a-papa" and then resume flicking spitballs at the girl in front. Maybe it would be different if the teacher was an All-Blacks lookalike with a chocolately accent, but let's face it, there already is a shortage of good teachers, let alone teachers who can actually speak Te Reo without sounding like Paul Henry. Sadly, school isn't the place to engage young people. It's thus unsurprising that in a YahooXtra poll conducted on July 28th 2008 asking the question whether Māori should be compulsory in school, an overwhelming 82% percent said no.

The problem in New Zealand is that we are way too bloody PC about it all. Politicians and principals will gladly tack a couple of "Tena koutou katoas" on to the beginning of speeches then whinge about the multitude of Māori on the dole once in the comfort of their Ponsonby penthouses. Teachers will insist on using phrases without showing any admiration for the culture. We pretend to value our only true official spoken language in public, but secretly ridicule it whenever we get the chance.

The future of Māori is dependent on a change in outlook. We want people to learn the language out of choice, not because they know it will get them promoted. We want our nation to be truly proud of our indigenous people. How do we achieve this? Māori needs to be more prevalent in the public eye. We need more Māori music, more Māori television, more Māori politicians, more Māori doctors and more Māori politicians. Only when Māori is ubiquitous will it truly be appreciated.

– *Basil Brazil*



The publicity accorded to Labour's plans for a new Capital Gains Tax (CGT) seems to have been paying dividends. For National, that is. A recent TV One poll put Labour at 27% support, down 7% on the last poll and the lowest ebb for the party in ten years. On current figures, National (on 52%) could govern alone after the next election. And they wonder why people keep leaving for Australia.

These figures are not really surprising, given that Labour has done a fairly shit job at selling the idea. Much of the blame for this has to lie at the feet of Phil "Phil-in" Goff. The man is fucking dire. He doesn't so much lack charisma as actively suck it from the room, like some sort of horrendous black hole of torpor. He's a demontor, and demontors don't win elections. Actually, a demontor is smart enough to know this, and so he wouldn't even try. He would stick to what he's good at, like frightening children or lurking in the background like some glowering, soulless cunt.

Even so, the one-sided coverage of the issue has been truly alarming. A CGT is an excellent idea, yet the media narrative has been one of overwhelming opposition. The whole point of a progressive taxation system is that high-income earners should carry a greater tax burden, because even after the SOCIALISTS STEAL THEIR MONEY, RRAAGH! they still have a tidy sum left for all their BMWs, eau de cologne and golden grot paper. A CGT is needed because capital investments are currently a tax loophole, allowing the wealthy to pass most of the tax burden to wage-earners and middle-income households. If I buy an asset such a rental property or a share, then sell it for a profit, my windfall is not taxable. Those able to take advantage of this are those with the disposable income needed to invest in capital – the wealthy. Unsurprisingly, ACT is vehemently opposed to the new tax, giving further proof (if any was needed) that the self-proclaimed "economic literates" don't actually care about having a tax system that makes sense if it costs them their precious loopholes.

In response to Labour's outstanding piece of common sense, the media have taken a dash of the old "tall poppy" rhetoric, added it to their bizarrely uncritical attitude towards John Key and their not-quite-so-bizarrely critical attitude towards torpid demontor cunt guy, and created a festering stew of death for Labour's election chances. On the plus side, I've heard all those tall poppies give the stew a pleasant, soothing effect to numb the pain of humiliation. Maybe I should get me some of that for Sunday mornings.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle of Basic Economics vs Labour's Lies

Politicians always lie. Most of them think they're lying "for the greater good", believing the ends justify the means. Socialists have a history of taking this too far, slaughtering millions of people who opposed communism. In NZ, Labour lies about the economy each and every day. Even their most rabid supporters know that Labour's policies, regardless of their 'merit', will slow down economic growth and distort the market. But Labour doesn't want to admit this, so they get their poker faces on and deny like an Eftpos card at Void Clothing. It's up to the Eagle, defender of truth, to extract a confession.

First up, Labour lies about the consequences of raising the minimum wage. Anyone who took Fifth Form economics knows that if the government makes it more expensive to hire people, fewer people will get hired. Raising the minimum wage isn't a magic spell that makes everyone get paid more; otherwise why not raise it to \$100 per hour? Instead of pretending there's "no link", Labour should acknowledge that raising the minimum wage increases unemployment, but argue that this is justified because some lucky workers will get a pay rise.

Now for the Greens' truly idiotic (even by their standards) plan to force all students to live in expensive insulated flats. Dunedin has a wide variety of flats and this is part of its charm; some eaglets like to pay more for a warmer flat, some eaglets live Spartan-style and save money as well as enjoying the Otago Experience™. By insisting that all flats have expensive insulation, the Green nutters would force rents up beyond \$120 per week, and students would be denied choice. Now the Eagle doesn't believe the Greens actually realise this; they're all economically illiterate, tree-hugging morons who don't know any better. But Labour, while still moronic, should know better.

Being a bird of honour, the Eagle will now acknowledge something that Labour is actually telling the truth about – in a liberal society with a fairer, flatter tax system, income inequality will increase. But inequality is a good thing! Total equality is terrible, unless you like communism. People will always be unequal in various ways – sporting ability, intelligence, income, whatever. Socialists should embrace differences and play to their individual strengths instead of trying to drag everyone down to their level. Flat tax systems are also much fairer. Currently, the top 17% of households pay 97% of NZ's income tax, which is unjustifiable. The bottom 44% receive \$4.40 in welfare for every \$1 they contribute, which again is a disgrace. Tax rates should be flattened so that lower earners pay their fair share.

Farewell, feathered friends

The Eagle



When in Athens a couple of years ago, I ate the most sublime Greek salad. Each plump cherry tomato yielded just enough resistance to the teeth before exploding in a rush of sweet juice, offset perfectly by the welcome

salty acidity of creamy chunks of artisan goat's milk feta. The crunchy cucumber chunks and tangy red onion offered welcome crunch and heat, while the simple olive oil dressing silkily coated the palate so as to render each bite ever more delicious than the last. Wank wank yada yada ad fucking nauseam.

Don't worry, this column isn't turning into a clone of the oh-so-hipster food-blogging-is-the-new-black ripoff of the Nigel Slater/smittenkitchen school of pretentious food porn prose. I am, however, intrigued by the flood of food porn that seems to have almost overtaken actual porn in terms of internet traffic. Mainly because try as I might, I tend to balk at bringing food into the bedroom in the same way other girls (oddly) balk at welcoming in third parties.

I think it all began when I lost my virginity to a condom-covered carrot at fourteen, inspired by an article in *Dolly* magazine (boys were directed towards a de-seeded papaya). It was painful, dry, deeply unsexy and for the next two years it was all I could think about during the many hours spent attempting to remove little bits of carrot from my braces.

The fear was reinforced on a quiet afternoon at my old job at a fish and chip shop, when the boss's son, who bore an uncanny resemblance to Silas from *The Da Vinci Code*, informed me that he wanted nothing more than to smear the thick opaque Frigold lard we used in the deep fryer all over my naked body. As a lifelong vegetarian whose only oral contact with meat has been completely limited to the kind that is (hopefully) erect and attached to its still-breathing owner, the idea of a six-foot-plus presumably fire-croched near-albino ginger licking beef dripping off my inner thighs held limited appeal.

Look, experiment all you like, but the only thing I want to swallow during sex is cum. It generally tastes better than carrots anyway, although admittedly with slightly less beta-carotene. Not to mention that at only 5 - 7 calories per teaspoon, and with a decent macronutrient ratio, it is perhaps more likely to secure future sexual encounters than ingesting large quantities of pure bovine fat mixed with a touch of canola oil to ensure even browning of your Ilam Hardy potatoes.

— **Mrs John Wilmot**



You're innocently surfing channels on television, hoping to find something of interest. You find some random music channel and you smile as the songs bring back memories of your younger teenage and even childhood years. But all of a sudden, you are assaulted with the image of an elderly woman in an all-too-revealing leotard, thrusting her pelvis at the camera like her hips aren't going to give out at any moment. You have to run to the laundry to get some bleach, hoping that by pouring it into your brain, you'll never have to see that image again. What's really pissing me off this week? That's right, it's the old bag who refuses to die even though she's, like, seventy; Madonna.

I'm not alone in my intense dislike of Madonna. Even my mother, the kindest soul you'll ever meet, the woman who thought Miley Cyrus and Hannah Montana were really good friends, has to leave the room when

a Madonna song comes on. But what is it about this ancient pop star that angers people by just the mention of her name? It might be mostly due to Madonna's powerful need to constantly gyrate in clothes not even appropriate for hot people. Case in point; that one music video where Madonna is in a pink leotard so revealing you can practically see every wrinkle. Even the thought of this makes me want to douse myself in propane and set myself alight. Honestly Madonna, who do you think you are? You're old enough to be my grandmother, not an exotic dancer.

I have also come to the conclusion that Madonna has questionable parenting skills. I mean, anyone with millions of dollars who allows their 13 year old daughter's monobrow to go un-waxed is clearly unfit to have children. And I have no idea what nationality she is, kind of like Celine Dion (She's French-Canadian?!? WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN?!). Is Madonna American or English? I'm pretty sure that if you asked both countries, neither would claim responsibility for her. I know I wouldn't!

And do you ever get the feeling that Madonna likes to think she's better than you? I mean, the only person who can get away with having one name is Jesus. Allegedly, she even refuses to drink anything that isn't bottled water. Only people that love themselves too much act like that. Four words for you Madonna – you're a stupid bitch. My mother always told me that to be a better person, you should find one nice thing to say about someone even if you don't like them. So one nice thing about Madonna? She hasn't released any new music of late. So congratulations Madonna, you really piss me off.

— **Chloe Adams**



ODT's daily "Reflecting on 150 years" page, colloquially known as the "Oh good, we don't need to find as much real news" page, contained a rather exciting gem from 1910 last week. In essence, a certain lecturer defended eugenics, encouraging mothers of brides-to-be to look at the groom's insurance policy. The lecturer sought to "educate the people who adopt a method of careful selection in marriage, with a view to the improvement of the race". The apparent Nazi-sympathiser also had some interesting ways of dealing with criminals:

He would not treat the born criminal by the present absurd, barbarous, penal methods, but put them in colonies.

What? *Critic* is slowly starting to see the purpose in this section: Comedic value.

Despite previously voicing our concerns around use of "wool" as a pun for "will", ODT gave the "joke" a repeat performance, this time describing the antics of a rebellious sheep that was "running amok in central Wellington".

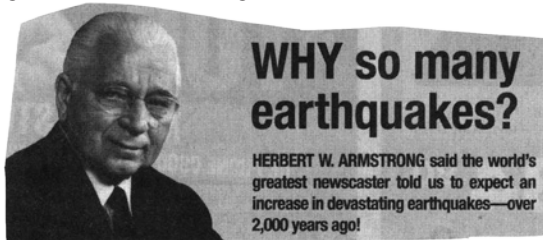
Wool you come quietly?

Thankfully, the guardians of law and order were there to protect citizens from fluffy devil, and locked it up in a cell overnight. But that wasn't the only animal-related excitement to grace the ad-heavy pages of ODT last week.

Sirocco to ruffle feathers at Orokonui

It seems that the moment for sheep has passed, and the spotlight is now shining on "Global media star, Sirocco the kakapo". Apparently, Sirocco is "something of an online superstar", and is also "the advocate for the Department of Conservation's kakapo recovery programme". Is ODT suggesting the kakapo will make televised speeches to encourage other kakapo to sign up? Is ODT becoming a joke paper to rival America's Finest News Source *The Onion*?

Answer: we're not sure, but they certainly are printing a lot of ads warning of Jesus' second coming.



Apparently the "increase of earthquakes" (there hasn't actually been a world-wide increase in earthquakes) is due to "His Second Coming", and you should prepare for the nearing apocalypse by signing up for a magazine called *Trumpet*. Cool, *Critic's* convinced.

THE AGENDA GAP

We are told that the dark spectre of Heather Roy's VSM Crusade bears the death knell of student life on campus. To protest against her ideological claims of reinstating students' freedom of choice, OUSA President Logan Edgar locked himself in a cage for two nights. Confused metaphors aside, it brought more attention to the issue in one and a half days than Harriet Geoghegan managed in one and a half years. OUSA tell us that VSM is the common enemy and it is in all our interests that we band together and try to stop it and, any old Pinko Scumbag will tell you, lasting and valuable change in political consciousness always begins with education.

Ten days ago, OUSA presented their 'Local MPs Debate VSM & Other Stuff' forum in the Gazebo Lounge of the University Union. Given the attendance, it seems safe to assume, dear reader, that you were not present. Before any jaded activists out there start shaking their heads and pining for those Grand Old Days of student activism (Messrs. Baxter & Billot, I'm looking in your direction), I think our apathetic bunch may have a valid excuse this time around: Nobody made an effort to let them know it was happening. So poor was the communication that nobody bothered to tell Mr Edgar, the anti-VSM campaign's new pin-up! Here were local MPs and OUSA members coming together to discuss the biggest issue to currently effect the student population, and the poor President was stuck outside at a corporate function for Frucor. Instead of getting to hear how the members felt about the prospect of VSM, the poor lad was tied up canvassing students as to whether they would rather make out with their mother, or their father.

Given the almost universal dismay at the lack of political engagement in the student population, why did the OUSA put itself in the humiliating position of competing with the chance to win \$55 rent? Would it have killed anyone to have V's hilarious game of Truth Or Dare one hour earlier, allowing students to do both and potentially have the latter piggyback off the former? I caught a whiff of the debate only a few days prior, when an event listing appeared for it on Facebook. The description of the event, and I am paraphrasing only *slightly*, was 'Fran[cisco Hernandez] can you fill this bit in later', which he eventually did. But that is essentially where the promotion of the event stopped. There were no posters or fliers (that I saw), or no Press Release (that I received). I feel like I shouldn't have to point out that plenty of OUSA's members have resisted or rejected The Social Network, but it seems I do. Publicity stunts and the attention of national news media are all well and good, but if OUSA really want to get their members on side with them, VSM or not, they need to work on their internal communication fast.

— Aaron Hawkins



How to Truly Travel

Travelling to a new place is always exciting. Whether it's the first solo trip, or the last stand with old friends, it's always magical. But how, how do you make the most out of your experience of a lifetime?

It's all about truly embracing what new and exotic cultures have on offer. The first thing I do when I get to a new place, whether it be New Zealand or Thailand, is to find some food. It's a great way to start your cultural immersion. So head down to the local food market, get something fresh and start indulging in the weird and wonderful that the world has to offer. Though Mum's roast might be delicious, and Nan's shortbread is a favourite, there's nothing quite like experiencing a meal so fresh it was alive merely minutes ago. There's nothing like eating from a street vendor that looks like it should belong in a dark alley. If

the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, you will always fall in love overseas.

To get the most out of your experience, get a local guide and get involved in the local way of life. While it might be nice to go on a flash holiday and do touristy things to your heart's content, you won't truly know the country you've been to until you're completely immersed. So have a witch doctor throw the bones for you and learn what your life will become, or find your way to the local entertainment spots for a game of something wacky. Go for a drink at a shabbeen (an African township pub) or play the drums with a Native American tribe. It doesn't matter how strange you might find it, embrace it and become it, that's how you truly make the most out of a trip.

Whilst you're there and have got your adventurer's hat on, why not do something exotic? Whether it be ostrich racing, stick fighting or reed-dancing, have a go! Embrace your inner "Last Man Standing" and have an experience that will forever be part of you. If a holiday is truly magical, it can change you forever.

Keep this in mind; a true journey is more than just miles on a road, it's an imprint on the soul. So travel with an open mind. In the end, whether it's the food you eat or the things you see, a true journey will forever be a part of you. And who knows, while you're falling in the love with the place and the people, you might find a new home that's the adult's version of Neverland, where the experiences are magical and you never lose the enthusiasm of a child. It's just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



Maggi – De enige echte (bereid op basis van tarwe-eiwit)

\$5.10 for a 100ml bottle.

Far more exciting than two minute noodles or powdered stock, Maggi's liquid seasoning from Holland is a concentrated sauce for savoury cooking. Hugely versatile and

made from hydrolysed vegetable protein (derived from wheat), water, flavours, flavour enhancers and salt, it is hardly a nutritionist's dream but satisfies that craving for a salty kick without having to drown food in soy sauce, or salt alone. That said, the seasoning is similar in smell, colour and taste to soy, though it has a sweetness to it that distinguishes it as a more complex condiment. (The process of making hydrolysed vegetable protein is what gives it a deep brown colour.) Its lack of viscosity would make it best as a base for a marinade; try combining it with soft brown sugar, garlic and sweet chilli sauce as a coating for chicken drumsticks. Alternatively, use it to flavour already cooked meat such as steak, or drizzle over steamed broccoli with toasted sesame seeds.

According to a (possibly dubious) internet translator, this is "the only real" sauce. Sorry ketchup fiends, but the Dutch are onto something. The combination of sweet and salty makes it a tasty addition to meals such as creamy pastas, stir fries, scrambled eggs and mince-based dishes. It has a long expiry date, does not require refrigeration and packs a punch in just a few drops, giving food a hearty

boost. Disclaimer for the health conscious: essentially 'de enige echte' is MSG/flavour enhancer in a bottle, so use it sparingly. Salt fiends, be warned: once you've tried it, you'll never go back.

6/10

Hangover mash

Peel and chop eight medium red or white skin potatoes. Place in a large pot, top with cold water and bring to the boil. Cook until soft, then drain. Meanwhile, melt a decent slab of butter in a pan, then add one finely diced brown onion. When soft add Maggi seasoning to taste. Continue to cook over a low heat. Mash the potatoes with a little milk until smooth, then fold through the softened onion mixture with a spatula. Heap into bowls and devour on the couch while wearing a onesie to cure a hangover. Sleepiness will soon ensue.

– Ines Shennan



State of the Nation

THE CULTURE EDITION

WHY WAS LOGAN EDGAR IN A CAGE?

Corwin: To represent what is going to happen to OUSA when VSM takes over and no one volunteers in the organisation.

Courtney: Cause he's protesting against VSM.

Nicole: Cause he was protesting the bill made by ACT that will take funding away from OUSA.

Claire: He was protesting against the bill that will make OUSA nonexistent.

Ondine: To protest against VSM.

KI TŌ WHAKAARO, HE TĀNE PUROTU AU? (TRANSLATION: DO YOU THINK I'M SEXY?)

Corwin: I should probably learn Maori aye.

Courtney: No idea.

Nicole: I don't know.

Claire: Umm ... okay.

Ondine: What?!?

DO YOU THINK SCARFIES ARE A DYING BREED? IF SO, WHO'S KILLING THEM?

Corwin: No, but sensible drinkers are killing them.

Courtney: No I think the scarfie community is getting bigger.

Nicole: I wouldn't really know, uni's killing them.

Claire: No, I think they're thriving.

Ondine: No.

ARE YOU A SCARFIE? WHY?

Corwin: No because I study and don't drink.

Courtney: Yeah. I enjoy uni and the perks and downs that go with it.

Nicole: Yeah, I like to drink, the lifestyle and the experience.

Claire: I endeavour to become one cause it's part of Dunedin's culture.

Ondine: Not by definition because I don't drink.

DO YOU THINK IT'S A PROBLEM THAT KIWI WOMEN ARE PROMISCUOUS?

Corwin: If they are, that's a problem.

Courtney: No.

Nicole: To be honest, I think they're misdefining promiscuity. It's not just women anyway, guys are too.

Claire: Naah, free love!

Ondine: If they're having fun, let them have fun!



COURTNEY

CORWIN

NICOLE

CLAIRE

ONDINE

Review



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AN OPEN LETTER OF SUPPORT

*Former Critic Editor & Radio One News Chap
David Large puts his views in writing.*

As the sting goes, I've fucked off to Sydney but I still listen to Radio One, 91FM. It's the station that offered an alternative soundtrack during my years at the University of Otago. It's the station that reviews anything it damn well wants to, because it supports and gives airtime to anything local that deserves it. It's a tastemaker, it sets trends as fast as it sheds them and it is of incalculable cultural value to OUSA members. (I wince at this sentence, simply because the phrase "cultural value" would seem to demand a monetary figure that could be leveraged. It can't. That's the point)

The joy of local stations, such as Radio One, is that while you might hear silence, while you might hear the same ad played twice in a row, you'll nonetheless hear real DJs. Real people; the guy who you sat next to in your lectures, learning his way around the DJ booth in an endearingly bumbling fashion or deciding which national news articles are worthy of your attention; the girl who's always twirling and dancing – for reasons known only to herself – at OUSA's market days, now distributing her hoard of pre-70s folk music over the airwaves; shy people who come to life when presented with a microphone, fifty-something shelves of CDs and a hard drive full of laboriously hand-picked tunes; unshaven louts whose love of drum and/or bass bring out the glow of their radio voices. Students or former students, almost-students or never-students; these are the people who make Dunedin an interesting city in which to live, not just a place to study but a place to live.

Andy Flyboy's voice used to wake me up in the mornings, then it was the euphony of Emma Dish and finally Aaron Hawkins' dulcet tones that told me what my association was doing (or what they weren't). Live radio is, for the recipient, a passive medium in the best sense of the term, in that it gives listeners a background to their mornings, their commutes, and their lives. 91FM is my radio station of choice when in Dunedin; r1.co.nz is my webstream of choice when I want to know what's been happening over the years I've been away from the town, or when I feel the need to hear jazz and soft-spoken vox breaks at the weekend. Unlike an outlet like *Critic*, which requires a modicum of attention – or the *ODT*, which requires somewhat less – I can listen to R1 and stay informed without missing out on the rest of my life.

If OUSA were to lose Radio One, it would be Dunedin's loss, but more specifically a tragic loss to the tenuous masses we might presume to call the University community. OUSA shouldn't rush to cut this loss any more than they should rush to cut any 'loss' like Student Support or Clubs & Societies. A media outlet with any traction in a small university town like Dunedin should be grasped with both hands, and in a potential VSM environment even more than ever. Where else would


local bands be able to reach OUSA members or get their flatmates to vote them to the Top Eleven? How else would OUSA reach the wilds between Dunedin and Oamaru (assuming, of course, that the wind is blowing in the right direction)?

To the best of my knowledge – which is admittedly somewhat shaky, having been away from the PMDL finance books for a couple of years – Radio One has always been a not-for-profit service, operating under the auspices of a non-tradable licence, and any expectation that it should be operated to give a short-lived exec some breathing room is nothing but bunk. To give away Radio One would be to remove the voices of OUSA members. To sell Radio One would be a brazen attempt to profit in the short term from the minimum or sub-minimum wages R1 has been forced to pay its core technical, management and production staff for the past years, and more importantly, to fundamentally alter whatever modes of positive outreach OUSA – via its executive – pretends to care about this year.

David Large

(Still listening to Radio One)

Radio One 91FM is under threat. To find out what is going on and to show your support visit r1.co.nz. Submissions close at the end of this week on the 29th July, and should be sent in to consultation@ousa.org.nz.



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Closing date for applications
5 August 2011

Suck It and See

Arctic Monkeys



SUCK IT AND SEE

If only given a few listens, *Suck It and See* could be easily misconstrued as an album swept along the tide of 60's revivalism. Furthermore, those who have paid little attention to the Arctic Monkeys' continual musical evolution might find the lack of a punk ethos on this album a weighty disappointment. However, it's not that the quartet has lost their spark, they've merely adopted a more mature and academic songwriting approach. Perfectly executed simplistic progressions and an abundance of hooks compensate for the album's lack of intensity.

The majority of the album is composed of cleverly constructed yet mostly unchallenging pop tunes. Fortunately the unusually robust sound of 'Don't Sit Down Because I've Moved Your Chair', paired with the spontaneity and ingenuity of 'Library Pictures', propel the album with a much-needed midway shove. Following this is 'All My Own Stunts', easily one of the strongest songs on the release, featuring both the wild imagery of Turner's lyrics - 'sorrow slow dances around the edges of her eyes' - and a subtle cameo from Queen Of The Stone Age's Josh Homme.

In comparison to the Monkey's earlier material, *Suck It and See* scores averagely. Whilst solid and competent throughout, albeit periodical brilliance, it seems too comfortable and well-rounded. Nonetheless, this new album consolidates the innovations of their three previous albums, which were diverse, genius and groundbreaking. It seems certain that the Monkeys' next release will be a milestone, either marking an early demise or a seminal turning point in their ascending career.

— Richard Ley-Hamilton

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



mon 25/7 **ReFuel: ReFuel Open Mic Night w/ Cameron Leslie**
Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. Performers welcome.

tue 26/7 **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**
Dunedin's premiere jazz jam night. \$2 entry. Bring your horn!

wed 27/7 **ReFuel: Osmium - Made In China - Ignite The Helix**
Free entry.
None Gallery, 24 Stafford St: The Aesthetics close GREZZO PART TWO
Closing night for the Matthew Middleton art show 'EVEN MORE AUSTERITY MEASURES'. Donation/free entry + BYO from 8.30pm. w/ DJ ARTLESS.

thur 28/7 **Urban Factory: Kidz In Space and Dane Rumble**
w/ DJ Marze. \$20 presales from TicketDirect. 7pm.
Carey's Bay Hotel: The Rusty String Sessions
feat. King Leo, Swampy, Deidre and Elise, The Ocean. \$10 from 8pm.

fri 29/7 **Urban Factory: State of Mind - 'Nil By Ear' Album Release Tour**
w/ Nympho and MC Woody. Presales \$15, a bit more on the door.

ReFuel: The Adults NZ Tour
w/ support from F In Math. Ticketing information from muchmoremusic.co.nz.

sat 30/7 **Urban Factory: Burlesque Night**
feat. Bonnie Black, Lillian LeRoux aka Maya Melora, Verity Vegas, Belle Valentina, Eden HoneyPot, Feather Tornado, Corinna Nerva & Delilah Rose. \$10 entry. Presales from 1-night.co.nz.

ReFuel: Steve Kilbey (The Church) & Ricky Maymi (The Brian Jonestown Massacre)
w/ support from Robert Scott (The Clean/The Bats). Presales from ticketmaster.co.nz and Marbecks.

Chicks Hotel: The Sami Sisters Album Release Tour
w/ support from The Shifting Sands. Presales from undertheradar.co.nz.

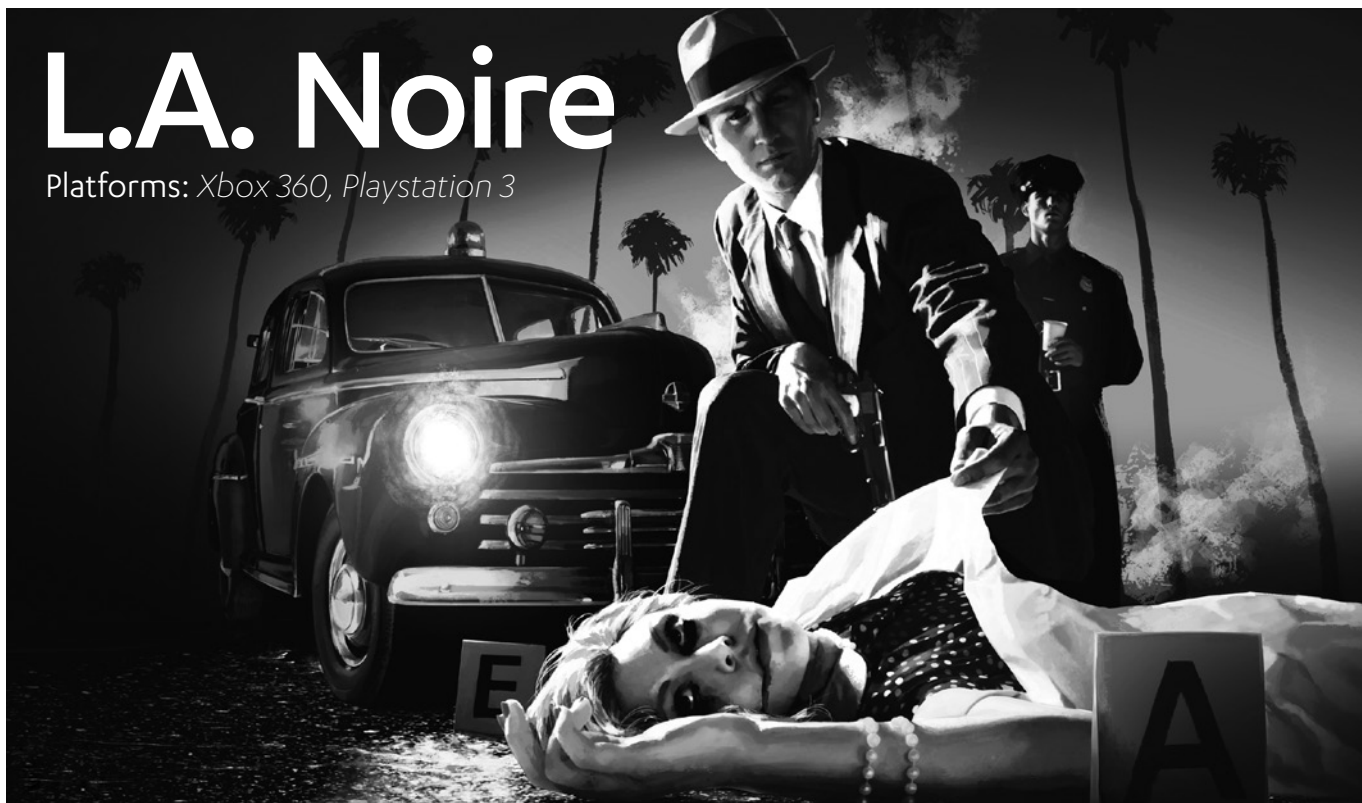
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91 FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



L.A. Noire

Platforms: Xbox 360, Playstation 3



My mum got into *L.A. Noire*. She isn't one of those "closet casuals" either. Never has she grasped a controller in concord so it is telling that the relaxed, assured style of Team Bondi's 1940s detective game compelled even her to try to master virtual-driving. A task that, as it happens, is as good as insurmountable for someone unfamiliar with twin joysticks.

Because *L.A. Noire* isn't flashy. This isn't *Grand Theft Auto*. Characters don't get pumped on bull shark testosterone and steal helicopters. They drive classic cars and interview the post-war middle class. Sometimes they are lied to. Not always because citizens are dicks. But because they are anxious, or sad, or perhaps ashamed. And sometimes because they are dicks. Every character, no matter how briefly they speak with Cole Phelps (*Mad Men*'s Aaron Staton – that's the calibre of *L.A. Noire*'s), is expertly acted, with facial capture technology independently animating every wrinkle. NPCs feel motivated, period accurate (not that I would really know) and, most of all, really mature. Even your most shameless pandering politician wouldn't accuse the game of being a childish distraction.

But don't go in expecting an interactive storytelling revolution. If you do, you might not enjoy *L.A. Noire*. No attempt is made to give the player an influence over Cole's character. A good thing, since he is extremely well established and a black-and-white morality system would have felt insincere.

Same with the interrogation. *L.A. Noire* would have failed, utterly, if it had tried to replicate every single nuance of human communication. Each choice you have after watching an NPC answer your question has a concrete purpose that never changes. Choose 'truth' if you think they are being straight with you, 'lie' when you can prove dishonesty, and 'doubt' if you're not sure. That's it. No, it's nothing like how an actual

police interview would go down but it does a really great job of instilling some of the possible feelings.

L.A. Noire is an adventure game. Not in the loose, modern sense where everything is some kind of adventure through some kind of world (though it's certainly that too), but in the old-school sense of picking up objects and using them to solve puzzles. In 2011, this translates to Phelps walking around a crime-scene until the controller vibrates and picking up a meaningful (or redundant) object and clicking and rotating it around hoping something will happen. Out of context this would feel absurdly simplistic, because it is. You can't combine the objects by using your brainy powers, and they really only serve as evidence for the interrogation segments. The crime-scene parts of *L.A. Noire* feel like much more of a contrived time-suck than the interviews, but that's all forgiven by the scenes' design. Sometimes they are brutal, often they are disturbingly creative, but the characters' reactions to them are always grounded.

Something as stupidly mundane as walking out of the police station (which happens at the start of every single new case) feels ludicrously, profoundly cool thanks to the swelling brassy musical score, the detail with which the 1940s police station has been crafted, and the chatter of your colleagues around you. *L.A. Noire* is not a revolution of any kind, neither a watershed moment for interactive storytelling nor even particularly unusual. To claim it is would be absurd. But that doesn't stop it from being really, damn good.



APOLOGY: In Issue 16, Critic inadvertently left off the credit for the *Inframous 2* review. The review was written by Hamish Gavin. Critic apologises for the mistake.



CAB SAV:

A Savvy Cabaret

CAB SAV was devised and created in collaboration with its cast, and what a delightfully 'savvy' cast they were! Utilising her team of very passionate performers, producer and director Karin Reid created a wonderfully entertaining night that blended satire, music, dance, comedy and puppetry, drawing inspiration from 1930's Berlin to reflect on and allude to "sins, hypocrisy, and the shortfalls of the human condition". With quirky humour and a dash of romance, nostalgia and a wee wink-wink-nudge-nudge to politics both national and local, the performers defiantly made the cold blistery winter walk to the theatre worthwhile.

Highlights included Jimmy Currin's 'masochism tango' a beautifully awkward but increasingly passionate vignette, and dancers Hahna Briggs and Ana Martino who had a brilliantly strong presence, and had choreographed fantastically gritty and dynamic pieces which were simultaneously playful and rough, making wonderful use of their bodies, space and sound. Reid has a very rich voice but I felt she was holding back - it would have been nice to have seen her completely let go and fully relax into her songs. In saying that, I loved her take on Adele. At times, it seemed as if the music and voices were competing rather than complementing each other. That tiny gripe aside, CAB SAV was most fun!

— Miriam Noonan

Dunedin Playback Theatre Company

Members: Sandra Turner, Miriam Noonan, Chrissy Hollamby, Karen Jacquard, Glenda Wallace and Penny Warren.

Playback theatre is spontaneous theatre that aims to build community through telling personal stories and exposing shared experiences. This is a bold aim, and in today's busy world where everybody lives in a little microcosm of one's own, I can see why this type of theatre would be beneficial.

But having today experienced playback theatre for the first time, I am struck by a number of things. I think there are other theatrical forms that could and do achieve the above aim better. In my experience, improvisation troupes are better trained and funnier. Documentary theatre can take people's stories and rehearse and develop them in a way that truly honours the people involved and their stories. Given that documentary theatre is newish, growing and arguably a more comprehensive theatrical form, it cannot be produced at the rate that playback theatre can. But, the pay-off is that it is superior, more sensitive and more pointed.

I am a theatre student, reviewer and practitioner. I would say that 90% of the people in the Dunedin Playback Theatre Company are members of the local community rather than members of the theatrical community. I'm not being elitist, but there are skills, conventions and things that people who are performing on a stage need to know and honour. If you are performing to a specific community, such as an audience of university students, you need your team to be comprised of people who can relate to this; you need students, or people that have been students. Today was kind of like watching a bunch of mums on stage. The stories they played-back were often detached and quite separate to the ones they had been given, which led me to really question the point of this form; why were they doing this?

I guess the Dunedin Playback Theatre Company want to help communities and facilitate community spirit and growth. I can respect that. I just really don't think that the Allen Hall Theatre at the University of Otago is a great place to do it.

— Jen Aitken



Considering pumpkin is so bloody cheap at the moment, it seems sensible to incorporate this orange wonder food into as many meals as possible. Starting, logically, with dessert. I've become quite obsessed with the idea of pumpkin pie recently, which I attribute to a combination of the fact that I recently watched the *Friends* Thanksgiving episode, pumpkin pie's scarcity in these parts, and our rapid descent into winter.

Overwhelmed by the abundance of pumpkin pie recipes on the interwebs, I sought advice from some North American friends. Naturally I assumed that they would all have secret family recipes. Unfortunately, no such luck. One

suggested that I use canned pumpkin pie filling and was most shocked when I told him that such a thing was unlikely to exist in the antipodes. Luckily, an ex-flatmate from Nova Scotia posted about the very orange dessert I was desperate to make on her brilliant food blog (lecarousel.blogspot.com).

I have cheated by using pre-made sweet short crust pastry. Clearly canned pumpkin is completely normal in Canada, but where the original recipe suggests a '15oz can of pumpkin puree' I have provided nice Kiwi-friendly cup measurement of hand-mashed pumpkin. Mashin' like the pilgrims.

down with some greaseproof paper filled with rice or pasta to prevent it rising. Meanwhile, boil and mash the pumpkin. Use a whisk to make it smooth; add eggs, egg yolk, cream and brandy. Whisk in brown sugar, ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, pepper. Pour the mixture into the now cooled and partially baked pie crust.

Decrease oven temperature to 160 degrees and bake the pie for an hour. It should look reasonably set, but if it is a bit wobbly in the middle no matter, as it will continue to set as it cools.

Typically, cream is sold in 300ml bottles, so whisk up the remaining 50mls to serve with the pie. This dessert is popular enough in America to warrant pureed pumpkin in a can, and I can see why. The nutmeg/pumpkin combo is genius. It completely satisfied my pie craving.

Pastry:

400g block of sweet short crust pastry

Filling:

2 cups of boiled and mashed pumpkin (about 700g)

2 large eggs

1 large egg yolk

250mls cream (1 cup)

2 tbsp. brandy/brandy essence (optional)

3 quarters of a cup lightly packed light brown sugar

1 and a half tsp. ground ginger

1 and a half tsp. ground cinnamon

Half a tsp. salt

1 eighth tsp. ground nutmeg

1 eighth tsp. black pepper

Preheat oven to 190 degrees. Roll out the pastry and place in a greased pie dish. Bake the pie crust for about 15 minutes, weighed



Doc's Coffee House

Location: Albany Street, to the left of the Clubs and Socs Building

Prices: Flat White: \$3.50, Long Black: \$3, Mocha: \$3.50

Why I came here: My flatmate and I were rushing to get out of the torrential rain and found ourselves right outside Doc's.

Atmosphere: Cute and eclectic.

Service: The friendly guy with tattoos behind the counter served us with a smile and delivered the coffees quickly.

Food: There wasn't any cabinet food available although, upon arrival, I did see another customer ordering pizza bread off the menu which looked tasty.

Overall: The first thing that struck us as we walked in was how inviting Doc's Coffee House was. Part of the cafe's appeal is its microscopic size. You feel as if you are walking into your neighbour's lounge, with an assortment of various sofas and chairs dispersed throughout the room. As we were trying to escape the rain and the persistent Dunedin chill, the highlight for us was the roaring fire situated at the centre of the premises. Doc's reminded me a lot of Modak's. Graffiti art on the walls and the resonance of gangsta rap set the tone for the place. The coffee was pretty weak but at the price we paid for them we couldn't really complain. I recommend that if you come here, come in twos. In a bigger group you're less likely to get a seat.

– Pippa Schaffler



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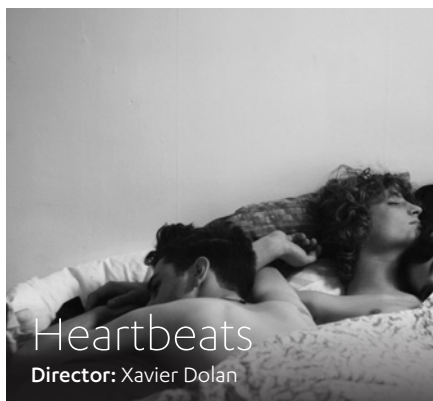
Email cdo@ousa.org.nz for nomination forms
Submit to OUSA Clubs and Socs Centre by 5th August



NEW ZEALAND
INTERNATIONAL 2011

film festival

The New Zealand International Film Festival opens this Thursday, July 28, and is packed to the brim with exciting films from a range of genres. Critic was lucky enough to get a sneak peek at some of the films. Visit www.nzff.co.nz/dunedin to check out the full programme, or grab one of the booklets from around town.



Francis and Marie are close friends (and total hipsters). One day, during lunch, they meet Nicolas, a beautiful, mysterious young man who resembles a Greek sculpture. As one rendezvous leads to another, each of the two friends slide deeper into obsessive fantasies about the same object of desire. The more they fall in love, the more their once cast-iron friendship begins to crack under the pressure of competing for the arrogant dream boat that is Nicholas.

Heartbeats is a study of falling in love. We follow each stage of the typical love story's progress – it starts with a meeting and ends in tears. The film reveals a fundamentally simple intrigue that careers through a whole gamut of poetic craziness: passions unleashed, expectations, sorrow, humiliation and, finally, loneliness. Incredibly stylistic and classy, *Heartbeats* is a charming film for those who love beautiful people, French-language cinema (the director is Québécois) and a certain amount of mystique.

– Sarah Baillie



Medianeras, set in Buenos Aires, is an incredibly inspired and creative film worthy of a place in the highest ranks of so-called 'art-house' films. The film follows a guy and a gal, living in apartments opposite each other, both of whom are struggling with their relationship situations, or lack thereof. The film also includes an architectural theme as the pair struggle with their relationships with the city. *Medianeras* lends itself nicely to the cliché of "they're perfect for each other- but will they ever meet?" but also goes beyond that. From references to *Where's Wally* to a dog who commits suicide by jumping from a balcony, this film is hilarious, nostalgic, beautiful and well worth the time and money. The frequent montages of buildings and trees are also stunning, and the apartment interiors are worthy of the pages of *The Selby*.

– Zane Pocock



Get excited. *POM Wonderful presents: The Greatest Movie Ever Sold* might actually live up to its name. After losing all those Big Mac pounds, the guy who brought *Super Size Me* to the world is back. Morgan Spurlock has thrown on a business suit, and for his latest project takes an inside look at the relationship between Hollywood and advertising. Attempting to fund the entire documentary through product placement, Spurlock sells his soul to show us exactly how much control the big brands have over everything in the universe.

It sounds depressing, I know. Against all odds, Spurlock manages to turn greed, shameless promotion, and world domination into a charming documentary. Featuring interviews with Quentin Tarantino and Donald Trump, this is a smart, entertaining film that everyone should see.

– Lauren Hayes



Set in a small rural town in Albania, this film presents the conflict between tradition and modernization as it affects two families. We follow a family's deterioration when the father and uncle murder their neighbour over a land feud. Religious and traditional etiquette means the family must isolate themselves until they are forgiven.

Through aesthetically wonderful and often very still, drawn out shots, we watch the oldest son and daughter, Nik and Rudina, react to this lifestyle. Although the film's focus remains on the central family, the themes of conflict are universal. This international family drama not only presents a glimpse into the widely unknown complexities of Albanian traditions, but also showcases a director who understands how to enhance the visual image and beautify the family's isolation and conflict.

– Loulou Callister Baker



The Conspirator

Director: Robert Redford

The Conspirator is a fantastic historical legal drama. Based on the 1915 drama *The Birth of a Nation* by D.W. Griffith, it tells the story of Mary Surratt, the only female co-conspirator charged with the Abraham Lincoln assassination and the first woman to be executed by the United States federal government.

The authorities arrest all of the assassins, except for John Surratt, the son of Mary Surratt. The assassins used Mary Surratt's boarding house to conduct meetings in which they hatched the plan to assassinate Lincoln. John Surratt disappeared and went into hiding following the assassination. The authorities, desperate to see someone hang for his crimes, arrest his mother. Frederick Aiken, a Union war-hero and young lawyer, reluctantly agrees to defend Surratt before a military tribunal. He is at first very reluctant to take the case and believes his client is guilty. However, he uncovers evidence of her innocence and conducts a spirited defense.

Aiken realises his client is being used as bait and hostage in order to capture the only conspirator to have escaped a massive manhunt, her own son, John. As the nation turns against her, Surratt is forced to rely on Aiken to uncover the truth and save her life. As Aiken works harder to defend his client, he becomes more and more ostracized from the high society he once mixed with.

The film shows the hypocrisy of the northern winners of the American Civil War, and the political motivations of the military court that tries Surratt. Viewers will find this film interesting for its insights into politics even if they are not United States history enthusiasts. The film is a steadily-paced "whodunnit" that reveals the motives and convictions of the players rather than the actual "whodidder". It comes at an interesting time, showing the breaking of ethical codes in the name of wartime "justice." This film is a moving portrayal of a real life event, and it gives a different perspective on the American Civil War.

— Lauren Enright



The Reluctant Infidel

Director: Josh Appignanesi

Mahmoud (Omid Djalili) could be your average Brit. He's an entrepreneur who hates cab drivers, walks around in soccer shirts, drinks beer and watches 70s music videos on MTV. He doesn't need to be told that he isn't a perfect Muslim by his son Rashid, who wants to marry the beautiful step-daughter of a well known Islamic fundamentalist. Mahmoud hates fundamentalists and his own understanding of the Quran is sketchy at best. However, in order to get the marriage approved, Mahmoud is going to have to show he's made of true Muslim stock.

While cleaning out his recently deceased mother's house, Mahmoud discovers an adoption certificate amongst all the files. Shockingly, it turns out that Mahmoud is Jewish. Too scared to tell his family, he tries to befriend his hated Jewish neighbour, cab driver Lenny Goldberg (Richard Schiff). Lenny, a Jewish American with porn tapes littered through his house, teaches Mahmoud Jewish history and culture, while ridding him of his anti-Semitic misconceptions. All this so that Mahmoud can meet his true father, who is lying on his deathbed in a Jewish rest home. Meanwhile, Mahmoud also has to improve his Muslim devoutness. In order to appease both sides, Mahmoud participates in a bar mitzvah and a pro-Palestine rally, sleeps over in the mosque and burns Jewish symbols.

The Reluctant Infidel is a hilarious movie that illustrates the complex religious scene in Europe. It brings down the walls separating Jews and Muslims through humour, but not without touching important issues. The film portrays the diversity of views within Islam and Judaism, the similarities between the two and the meaning of religion itself. When Mahmoud literally tells the world he's Jewish, Rashid's marriage is cancelled and Mahmoud is left alone, drinking on the streets.

The Reluctant Infidel is well worth the watch. Religious identity is the film's *raison d'être*, but also its source of its semi-PC humour. Though religion is a hard topic to tackle, the movie is light and the humour truly British.

— Dan Benson-Guiu



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



The Big Picture centres on Paul Exben (Romain Duris), a successful lawyer with his own firm in Paris, a beautiful wife and two handsome children. From an outsider's perspective the marriage appears to be going well, but tension is felt from the opening scene. When Paul discovers his wife is cheating on him, an ill-fated attempt to confront the man ends in his death and Paul decides to flee his life and assume the dead lover's identity.

I had trouble making up my mind about this film. Initially the characters were irritating, the story line not terribly engaging and a few plot holes surfaced which put me in a poor frame of mind. But, as so rarely happens, the script bounced back and once Duris was given enough space to flex his dramatic muscles, a well written, thoughtful thriller emerged that was well paced and excellently cast.

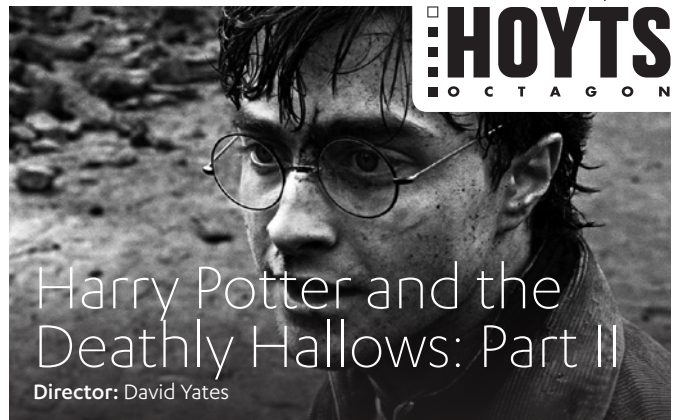
Though the first forty minutes feel a bit rushed, once the protagonist is taken out of the cramped Parisian confines of his seemingly perfect life, his character is allowed to breathe and I was held to attention up until the very last shot. Even though we have seen Paul commit murder then judiciously set about covering it up, you still end up feeling sympathy for his character.

Duris is particularly enjoyable to watch. His brooding journey of self-discovery displays his skill as a dramatic actor while he transports you into his thoughts and involves the audience in what is no doubt a heavily laden conscience.

I would liken the film to a cramped car ride in which, after unloading the more irritating passengers, you are left talking to an enigmatic and interesting stranger. The rest of the trip flies by lost in good conversation and upon reaching your destination, you all of a sudden wish you had a little further to go. Well worth seeing.

French language with subtitles.

– Tom Ainge-Roy



[SPOILER ALERT: To anyone who has been living under a rock for the past decade and is yet to read a Potter book, be warned; the following review contains plot details.]

It's fourteen years since the first Harry Potter book was published, launching a phenomenon that shaped many a person's childhood, including my own. The latest film installment does this franchise justice. The cinematography is spectacular, the scale is epic, the acting is better than ever (although Emma Watson's propensity for 'eyebrow acting' has not completely disappeared), the special effects are incredible and it overall it was a brilliant interpretation. And Ron and Hermione finally get their pash on!

However, I did have a few gripes. It probably needs to be pointed out that I am a particularly obsessive Harry Potter fan. I have read the books about ten times each and I know disgusting amounts of trivia about the world of Hogwarts, not to mention about the creators of Mugglenet; yeah, I'm one of those Harry Potter fans.

I loved *Deathly Hallows Part II* until the moment when Voldemort declared Harry was dead. Despite the numerous changes, the majority of the film stayed very true to the spirit of the book; the sense of urgency, the enormity of the task ahead of the trio, the fear and ever-present danger. Fuck Greyback is scary. I only just managed to restrain tears when Fred died. Not to mention when Hermione hugged Harry right before he went to face Voldy. Oh boy. However, once Neville started making that awkward speech about Harry being in his heart, things went a little downhill.

My favourite aspect of the last few chapters in the book were the those magnificent 'boo-yah' moments. For example: 'Booyah! I have the elder wand!', or 'Booyah! I sacrificed myself for these people and consequently they are now protected with the power of love!' These plot twists *made* the final scenes, but were replaced in the film with an anti-climatic, wordless Harry vs. Voldy duel. I felt let down.

Nevertheless, it is easily the best film in the series and everyone should still go and see it, if for no other reason, to see what Daniel Radcliffe will look like at 36.

– Niki Lomax



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Troll 2

Written/Directed by: Drake Floyd

Starring: Michael Stephenson, George Hardy,
Margo Prey, Connie McFarland,
Robert Ormsby

The only thing that links this film to the original *Troll* is the title; there are in fact no trolls in this film. Instead, goblins reign supreme in this truly awful, but-has-to-be-seen-to-be-believed, cult masterpiece. I had the great privilege of watching *Troll* and *Troll 2* as they were on the same DVD. Skip *Troll*; it's kinda boring and not really worth it except for the fact that it associates a character named Harry Potter with magic and wizardry about ten years before J.K. Rowling "came up with the idea".

Yes, *Troll 2* is where it's at. It's weird, and beautifully terrible. Words fail to describe what watching this movie is akin to. One might suggest some kind of bad acid trip, but even that seems inadequate. The "plot" sees a city dwelling family, the Waits, switch houses with a family from the small town of Nilbog. Young Joshua Waits converses with his dead grandpa, who tells him stories about evil vegetarian goblins who turn people into plants and eat them. What Josh soon discovers is that the stories his grandpa is telling him are real, when he sees that Nilbog is, wait for,

goblin spelt backwards, and that Nilbog is the hub of goblin activity. If that sounds stupid, just wait till you see how the "actors" try to bring the story to life.

There are so many hilarious moments in the film. Watch out for the mother who has the exact same facial expression and tone throughout the entire movie. The infamous "Oh my God" scene, when Josh pisses on the family's meal – "You can't piss on hospital-ity" – and when a goblin tries to seduce a young man with a cob of corn and leaves him surrounded by popcorn. Not to mention the dead grandpa who sometimes manifests himself as a real person and can stop time.

The rumours around the film's creation sound just as chaotic and absurd as the plot. Written/directed by an Italian filmmaker who spoke little English, the movie was cast with actors who had little to no experience acting and crew who couldn't speak English, making the cluster-fuck that is *Troll 2* all but inevitable. If you have to see any film between now and when you die, it's *Troll 2*.

– Ben Blakely

Film Society Preview

THE STRANGEST DREAM

Director: Eric Bednarski

A profile of nuclear physicist Joseph Rotblat, the only member of the Manhattan Project to resign on moral grounds. The film traces Rotblat's career as he goes from designing atom bombs to researching medical uses for radiation and campaigning against nuclear proliferation.

When: Tuesday July 26, 7.30 pm

Where: The Church Cinema, located next to The Church Restaurant, 50 Dundas Street

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

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

Parallel

MONUMENTAL GALLERY, 7 ANZAC AVE

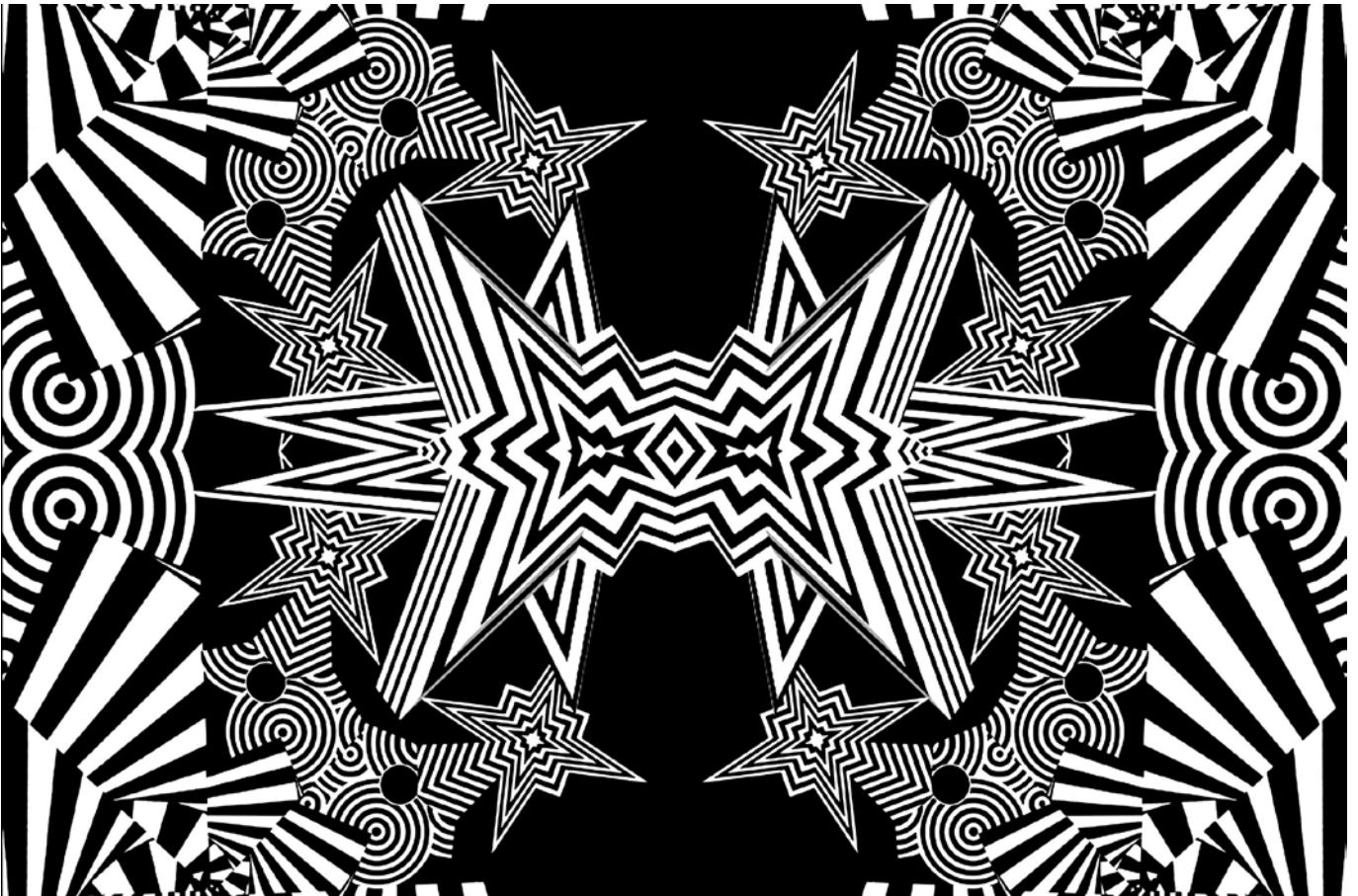
Paintings, Drawings, Animations: Ross Gray

NONE GALLERY, 24 STAFFORD STREET

Grezzo Part Two: even more austerity measures: Matt Middleton

TEMPLE GALLERY, MORAY PLACE

Poisons: Martin Sullivan



Reuben Paterson *Te Putahitanga o Rehua* still from digital animation. Image courtesy of the artist

Reuben Paterson

Te Pūtahitanga ō Rehua

Reuben Paterson's digital animation has a fundamental, primal attraction. It consists of a large silver, glittery screen on which a kaleidoscopic projection is playing. Like magpies, humans like glittery, shiny things (a fact Paterson has manipulated before, for example in his *When the Sun Rises and the Shadows Flee*, in the "Beloved" exhibition), as well as patterns, symmetry and the idea of perfection.

As such, the work has a base appeal, evidenced in the joy which babies and young children derive from the viewing experience; there is an absolute kind of pleasure and involvement in the piece that anyone could sympathise with. The kaleidoscopic patterns affect us on a physical level as we are drawn into their infinity, creating a wondrous

sense of space.

Admittedly, the work can get a bit tired after a few viewings. One has a sense of having experienced it already and not being as involved in and enthused about it as before. However, to view it for the first time is a physical, almost spiritual, experience as the work pulls one in and the patterns and effects it produces are simply very beautiful.

I'm not entirely sure where Paterson was going by including Maori iconography in the piece (e.g. the Maori kowhaiwhai designs, references to Gordon Walters work and the allusion to the collection of pounamu by Kai Tahu in Lake Wakatipu). But then perhaps we are simply so used to politics in relation to Maori that we forget to simply enjoy the beauty of what Maori culture, art, design and story have to offer. This work is an engaging optical experience that almost anyone can relate to.

— **Kari Schmidt**

This exhibition has now ended, however, you can view Reuben Paterson's work as part of the group exhibition "Parallel" until 17th August at Milford Gallery



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

POETRY

Cake Making

Lying
awake.
Bake
me a cake
of sorrow,
of dreams,
of piping machines.

Tell me what
you know!

Let's blow
this joint!
Off into outer space,
find a new face,
drifting lazily (hazily)
into the sun.

– *Maya Turei*

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



Genevieve
Studying: Law and Music. **Shirt:** Mum's. **Jacket:** Mum's.
Shorts: Nom*D. **Shoes:** Op-Shop (in Wellington). **Style icon:** Mum.
Must-have for winter: Big scarf. **How to cope with the cold:** Lots of layers, merino.

STYLE



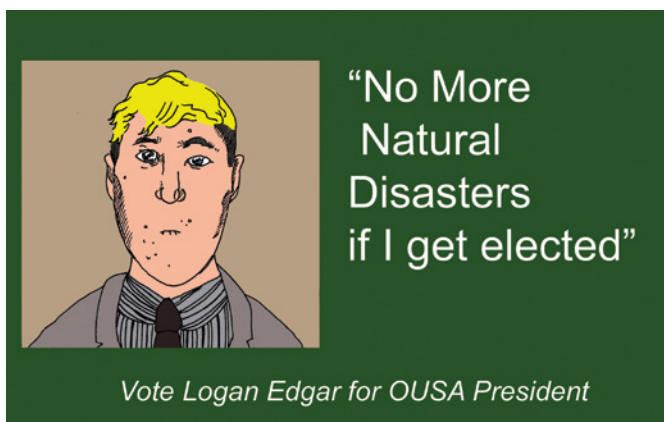
by Zane Pocock
&
Mahoney Turnbull



Fraser
Studying: Law. **Jeans:** Neuw. **Cardigan:** Cutler. **Shirt:** yd.
Must-have for winter: A blue velvet jacket/blazer



OUSA President Logan Edgar locked himself in a cage for YOU scarfies. What a GC. In honour of our glorious president come with me now as we revisit some of the posters that got him nearly as many votes as his opponents combined.



I can't wait to find out what the other thing is (I get a feeling it involves his penis) Jokes aside, love him or hate him this self-described "Simpleton Cowboy" that is as "smart as fuck .. LOL" is raising awareness of the issues. What a GOOD CUNT.

P.S. Logan, please stop using "good" as an adverb. I don't care if you can't read well, get someone else to proofread your shit. As adorable as your shitkicker from down the farm schtick is, you're inability to grasp basic english reflects badly on "your" students

Bongs Away by Dominic Stephenson (Competition Winner)





Pictures for Sad Children by John Cambell www.picturesforsadchildren.com

Kia ora whanau,

First of all I'd like to make a shout out to OUSA President Logan Edgar, for braving the cold wintery nights that we are all accustomed to here in Dunedin, in protest against VSM. Shout out as well to the rest of the OUSA Exec for all the work you guys did to make it happen.

So VSM; this bad guy, this bill that is currently hanging over our heads that can drop at any moment and ultimately kill us. How does this affect TRM, you might wonder? Well TRM is a parallel organisation to OUSA, and receives a percentage of Maori student levies from OUSA. VSM will mean that OUSA's funding will be cut, TRM's funding will be cut, and then all our Maori students' roopu around campus would not receive funding from us. TRM will be unable to run the events that we currently do, such as social sports, Te Hokai, whakawhanaunagatanga events and kai times, as well as making it difficult to provide resources in the whare. Overall this bill would have a serious impact on the dynamics and running of TRM and the services we provide for Maori students here at Otago University.

On a brighter note, Te Hokai is fast approaching so get in and get your tickets quick. It is going to be an epic night, with Otautahi band 'Merchants of Flow' coming down to provide entertainment for the



TE ROOPU MĀORI

evening. They are a pretty mean band, and if you haven't heard any of their stuff check them out on Youtube to see for yourself. There will be some tickets in the office most days from 3-5pm, otherwise keep an eye on the Facebook page for more information about ticket sales.

Speaking of Facebook, how much does the new chat thing suck?! I just have no idea what is going on, too confusing for my liking – might have to see what all this Google+ fuss is all about!

Get in and get your tickets for Te Hokai now, in the words that were made famous by Nike, just do it!

Nga mihi
Ari



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

How you doing? Damn you're looking fine, have you lost weight?

So how's about that local sports team..... And that weather pissshhhh what's all that about?

....I locked myself in a prison on union lawn last week for 42 hours to protest the ACT party's voluntary student membership (VSM) bill that they are trying to pass through parliament. The bill is pretty much as bad if not worse than herpes. It's basically the root (and I'm talking about a bad root) of all evil. Compulsory student membership is the reason that these years are the best of your life. It's like you pay a flat rate and for that you get one ripper of a time without having to organize your own good shit to do.... It's like compulsory fun. And who doesn't like fun, I know I sure do ;-)

Anyway fuck the politics it's been driving me MAD so on to the 'good shit' that I referred to before, OUSA has just purchased shares in a company to bring RHYTHM AND VINES down to Dunedin and do a gig in the town hall on the 19th of August. We're calling it Rhythm n Vines Origins as the festival was conceived right here in Scarfie town North D (how ya goin?). The lineup is; The Black Seeds, I am Giant (so hot right now), P-Money (he gets the crowd going off) and finally Knives at Noon (our very own). I'm bloody fizzing!

Love u from your PREZ

Ex Oh Ex Oh and daht.

Care about the Constitution?

25th July – 5th August

Submissions on Constitutional changes can be submitted to OUSA via constitution@ousa.org.nz

Budget Submissions

If you have a submission to go toward the 2012 OUSA budget, get in touch and write a submission to budgetsubmissions@ousa.org.nz by the 30th of August.

2011 Uni Snow Games

The 2011 Uni Snow Games will be an action packed seven day ski and boarding event in Wanaka from Saturday 27th August to Saturday 3rd September across three venues, Treble Cone, Cardrona, and Snow Farm. 120 300 participants are expected to attend. Past participants include: Jesse Teat, Charlie and Jai Lyons, Jenna Brown, Tim Bathurst, and Alistair Eason.

If you would like to be a part of Team Otago contact cdo@ousa.org.nz or for more details check out the Otago University Freestyle Sports Club website: <http://www.oufsc.org.nz/>

Events include:

Giant Slalom Ski/Board, Half Pipe, Gravity X, Parallel SL with Knock Out Finals, Slope Style Ski/Board, Big Air Ski/Board, Cross Country Skiing

2011 Blues & Golds

OUSA is proud to present the University of Otago Blues and Golds Awards for 2011. These are the highest sporting and cultural honours presented at the University of Otago. Nominations close August 5th.

Email cdo@ousa.org.nz or come into the Clubs and Societies Centre on Albany Street to get nomination forms.

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*All bookings made between 25th of July 2011 - 10th of August 2011 for the travel period between 25th of July 2011 - 3rd September 2011 will receive 1 free adult all lifts day pass to Treble Cone Ski field in Wanaka, for a maximum of 14 consecutive days for each day the vehicle is hired. Full terms & conditions at ski4free.co.nz

jucy RENTALS
CARS & CAMPAS