



THE MEN'S ISSUE

Issue 20 - 15th August 2011



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Critic – Te Arohi

PO Boc 1436, Dunedin

(03) 479 5335

critic@critic.co.nz

www.critic.co.nz

Editor:

Julia Hollingsworth

Designer:

Andrew Jacombs

Ad Designer:

Kathryn Gilbertson

News Editor:

Gregor Whyte

News Reporters:

Aimee Gulliver,

Lozz Holding

Sub Editor:

Lisa McGonigle

Feature Writers:

Charlotte Greenfield,

Phoebe Harrop,

Siobhan Downes,

Joe Stockman

Feature Illustrator:

Tom Garden

Music Editor:

Sam Valentine

Film Editor:

Sarah Baillie

Books Editor:

Sarah Maessen

Performance Editor:

Jen Aitken

Food Editor:

Niki Lomax

Games Editor:

Toby Hills

Art Editor:

Hana Aoake

Poetry Editor:

Tash Smillie

Comics Editor:

Spencer Hall

**And a whole heap of
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(03) 479 5361

kate@planetmedia.co.nz

www.planetmedia.co.nz

Advertising:

Kate Kidson,

Tim Couch, Dave Eley,

Logan Valentine

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*Thanks to Jenn Noakes for her assistance with the cover this week.
Your chicken-whispering skills are unparalleled.
Also thanks to Mr Rooster. You are one beautiful cock.*



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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

Or at least, a Men's Issue.



Rather than resting our laurels with last week's women's issue, we've decided to outdo ourselves and make a men's issue too. Because, well, we also like men, and sexism can go both ways. Watch out for that.

Feeling a little out of my depth due to my lack of a "Y" chromosome, I frantically asked the office for ideas for this man-themed editorial. Among the resulting suggestions were: beer, boobs, penis size, something something rugby, computer games, what's acceptable for men to drink and what isn't. Boring.

Instead, I've decided to once again talk about VSM. Perhaps that sounds more yawn-inducing than penis-sizes (it is), but, aside from being the men's-issue-week, this week is also The Week That VSM Might Pass.

I'm not going to talk about my views on the idea of voluntary membership, because I think the arguments for and against have been rehashed time and again by people with far more credentials than me. Instead, I'm concerned about how democracy appears to be of little importance to the government. For a bill that claims to be about freedom, the actions taken to ensure the passing of the bill appear to be anything but free and democratic. This bill has had an overwhelming number of submissions against it (98%), and yet these submissions have been discounted largely because most were submitted via online voting forms. Since when were there criteria for how wordy or original a submission has to be before it can be counted? Is there a font and size restriction too?

This is a bill that students have made their opposition to clear, such as in the OUSA referendum last year when they gave OUSA a mandate to oppose it. This is a bill that students have actively protested against, most recently on Friday. Instead of the fairly civil protest being heralded as a positive thing – normally apathetic students standing up for what they believe in – it's been commonly condemned as yet another instance of riotous students running rampant. Even the University doesn't want it.

Love VSM or hate it, I couldn't care less. But I do care that a huge number of students and university staff alike have stood up against a bill, only to be ignored. I think it belittles the democratic process and only reinforces to students (who are already fairly inactive in the political sphere) how little the government really cares about what they think. So all in all, a big win for "freedom" and "democracy".

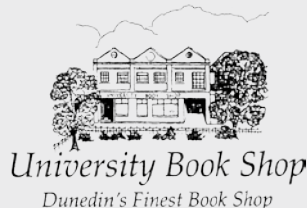
Have a great week,

Julia

P.S. We hope that, rather making us seem strangely animal crazed, the rooster sheds some light on our "very clever" cover ideas. Cock? Pussy? Geddit?

Letter of the Week

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



LUCKY I'M NOT PMS-ING, OR ELSE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE WON

Dear Critic,

I found your women's issue to be pretty relevant, since all women seem to have these days is issues.

Dr. Dick

NON-ACT ON CAMPUS MEMBER CALLS FOR LOGAN'S RESIGNATION

Dear Critic,

While I agree with Logan Edgar's anti-VSM campaign and am all for a bit of humour in student politics, I believe that he has crossed a line. In most jobs, calling someone a 'cunt' on a public forum would be grounds for termination. Verbally assaulting anyone, let alone a member of Parliament, is totally unacceptable. Many people take serious offense to the term. As OUSA President, Logan is meant to be representing ALL students (including men and women, domestic and international students, and students of all political and religious beliefs), and many students do not agree with the ways Logan has been conducting himself.

As we all know, anything posted on the internet becomes public, no matter how long the actual post exists. Logan may have deleted the original comment, but it was the fact that he chose to post it that concerns me. We need a president who we can trust not to

embarrass us by posting such comments.

Being voted into office as a second year student, Logan was given a rare opportunity to make a difference. Unfortunately he has not fulfilled his role and has only proven that he is not capable of leading such a diverse student body. We need a president who is going to act with maturity, professionalism and more accurately represent the majority of the student body.

Much Love,
Caro

Dear Caro,

Scarifies are generally not PC and I don't think their president should be either. In saying this, I appreciate that I represent a diverse range of students and sometimes it is a struggle to devise harmony between my personality and my responsibilities. You can rest assure I will endeavor to limit my usage of the c-bomb after the recent events. However, as I am sure the good readers are aware, said word is a very versatile component of the English language, so from now on I will only use it in conjunction with 'Good' or 'Mad'.

Love You,
Mr. President

GET OFF MY LAWN

Dear flat hunters,

It's August. Calm the fuck down.
Sincerely,
A sanctimonious fourth year.

HYPOCRITICAL BIRD?

The Eagle,

I can understand your desire to point out the differences between yourself and Breivik, but the fact that you use the tragedy to push your agenda and condemn other ideologies is frankly disgusting. It resembles Fox's covering of the event, which boiled down to outrage at the media's labeling Breivik as a Christian. Breivik

was pushing a far-right agenda (not a free-market one, there is a difference, look it up) and he is a Christian. These are facts. But it was his methods that separated him from you or I, not his ideologies. Why not give us reasons *why* the free market is superior, rather than tallying up which side has the most evil proponents? For example, give us your opinion on the recent debt ceiling debate. How do you think the US Government should tackle its deficit while ensuring the economy doesn't slip into recession again? Or how about giving us your definition of liberty and freedom, and whether you believe someone who is born into poverty is *really* as free to pursue success in the market place as someone born into riches, and whether that is justification for the distribution of wealth in any sense?

Regards,
Kilgore Trout

Dear Kilgore,

Call Breivik whatever you want. Right-wing, obsessed Sonic the Hedgehog fan, peace activist... knock yourself out. If you want to misuse and bastardise perfectly good political jargon, the Eagle's gonna go ahead and call you a Fabian Utilitarian Capitalist Keynesian With Internationalist Tendencies.

Bird is the word,
The Eagle

POLITICS LESSON

Dearest Eagle,

Firstly you don't seem to be able to distinguish the vast array of political ideas, which go beyond a left/right distinction. Socialists/Marxists, I'll explain to you, believe in equality and without powerful communities, individuals are powerless.

Fitting into the media, parties/governments are just run by a façade of individuals hanging from strings held by corporations. In your admired USofA, the funding of parties is no hidden: arms companies, nuclear power,

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.

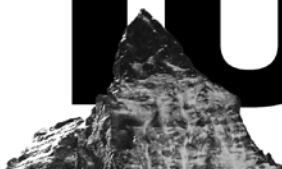
Applicants should have skills in budgeting, liaison, effective management, editing, and writing for a student/youth market. Knowledge of Microsoft Word and Indesign, and an interest in local, national and international affairs is essential. Applications should include a writing portfolio, C.V. and cover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

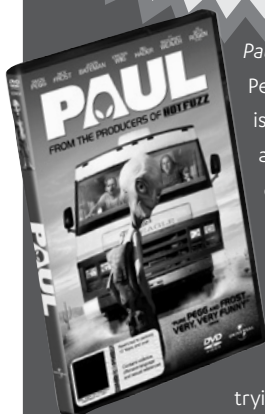
TOP 10



Critic intern Basti Menkes rates the Top Ten Guys You Wouldn't Want To Fuck With.

- 01** Tom Hardy as "Bane" – four seconds of lumbering muscle in the *Dark Knight Rises* trailer would cause any sane person to shit their pants.
- 02** Varg Vikernes (aka Burzum) – he once killed the original lead singer of Mayhem while he was in his pyjamas.
- 03** Patrick Bateman (*American Psycho*) - fulfill his sadistic sexual fantasies, or he'll drop a chainsaw on you down a flight of stairs.
- 04** Bricktop (*Snatch*) - this grandpa drinks black tea, feeds his enemies to pigs, and sets fire to Brad Pitt's mum's caravan (while she is inside it).
- 05** John McClane - has now stopped four separate terrorist masterplans, and the only loss has been his hair.
- 06** Harrison Ford - played Indiana Jones, Han Solo and a terrorist-slaying American pres, as well as performing real-life helicopter rescues.
- 07** Liam Gallagher - joke about his band and he'll come at you with a fire extinguisher.
- 08** Sir Christopher Lee - explained to Peter Jackson what a Nazi getting stabbed in the back sounds like. Apparently he knows.
- 09** Neville Longbottom - wind him up far enough and he'll start cutting snakes in half with a sword. S'ma boy.
- 10** Rosie O'Donnell - hold on a second...

Win Win Win!!!



Paul, starring Simon Pegg and Nick Frost, is a hilarious comedy about two sci-fi geeks who go a road trip to Area 51. On their travels, they meet Paul the alien (voiced by Seth Rogan) who is trying to escape from federal agents.

Critic is proud to give away 2 copies of *Paul*, which has recently been released on DVD. To be in to win, simply email us the name of your favourite alien with "Paul giveaway" as the subject line to critic@critic.co.nz.

PRESIDENTIAL PRATTERINGS

THE LOGAN EDGARISM OF THE WEEK

"I would never sleep with a student, I'm far too professional"

"Heather Roy, she's such a power chick... God that turns me on"



Critic TV

This week, the crew from Critic TV visit the infamous Lucky 7 Brothel to get a closer look at the inner workings of the establishment. A first hand experience of "the dungeon", a trip down the water slide and a chat with a real life pimp make for yet another strange and revealing experience.

Check it out on the Critic Facebook page, or go to www.facebook.com/CriticTV

74

wealth of world's richest man, Carlos Slim, in billions of US dollars.

2.72

height in metres of tallest man ever, Robert Wadlow.

5.4

percent of nurses that are men.



That's some Rambo type shit

A female police dispatcher in America had a hilarious night on the piss when she drunkenly commandeered a hot dog vending truck to chase a fictitious criminal, rather than pay for a taxi home.

The woman allegedly told the truck's owner that she was in pursuit of a fugitive, despite having blatantly just emerged from a nightclub, then punched a bouncer who tried to prevent her from stealing the vehicle. When

local police caught up to her, she punched one of them in the face and pinched another (we hope not in the nipple). As she was pulled from the truck, she told the arresting officers that they were going to be in trouble for "aiding and abetting a felon".

The officer has two previous convictions for drink driving, though none for stealing late night snack vendor's livelihoods.

Why not?

An American woman managed to total two cars in her local parking lot after telling her six-year old niece to ease her SUV out of a tight park.

Apparently the 55-year old woman couldn't get into her car because of the proximity of the cars on either side. Luckily, her monkey-sized niece could squeeze in, and since she was only nine or so years short of the legal driving age, the woman thought 'why not get her to back it out?'.

A few thousand dollars worth of damage and an arrest later, it probably didn't seem like such a good idea.

Insult to injury

In a bizarre kidnapping/robbery, four masked men surprised a gentleman and his mistress whilst they were parked up, by then driving to the man's house to burgle the place and introducing the mistress to the man's wife.

The men surprised the pair in a parking lot, bound them and drove them a considerable distance to the man's house. There the thieves stole thousands of dollars in cash and jewellery, and completed the headache of a day for the man by taking the time to ensure that they introduced his paramour to his wife, kids and mother.

We imagine that will be a very interesting insurance application. And a very messy divorce.



The Good

Dates

No longer content with cheeky hookups, the masses are calling for something a little more sophisticated. While there's nothing so awkward as forcing small talk with a complete stranger while pretending you are an interesting and sexy person, it avoids initial minor upsets like syphilis.

The Bad

The News

Time devoted to talking about how expensive that stupid rugby jersey is: guesstimated five minutes (give or take four minutes due to inattention/drooling over Mike McRoberts' sexy mug). Time devoted to the fact that Mogadishu has now received food aid, hopefully preventing thousands dying of starvation: twenty seconds. Knowing John Campbell is going to talk about the jersey again in half an hour: painful.

The Aesthetically Displeasing

Knitted Headband Thingees

One area that the pesky GFC appears to have hit harder than a smack with Tana's handbag is headgear. It is as if your dear granny began making you a fancy beanie and ran out of wool halfway through. That, or the dementia kicked in and she can now be found outside the local Four-Square, in her nightie, clutching a litre of milk. Go retrieve that old bag and make her finish what she started, you look stupid.

— Kate Macey

488.64

heaviest
ever bench
press in
kilograms.

2.19

men for every
woman in the
United Arab
Emirates.



WELLINGTON PHOENIX VS BRISBANE ROAR

20 AUGUST 2011, 5:30PM

FORSYTH BARR STADIUM, DUNEDIN

Students: \$15* (includes Fever Zone)

*Service fees apply

For those scarfies wanting the ultimate Phoenix football experience, a "Fever Zone" is on offer in the West Stand and the west end of the Lower North Stand.



STUDENT DEBT'S
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AWOU2011

Selwyn and Knox lads get down and dirty together. Hot.



Photos by Alex Clark



The new Forsyth Barr Stadium opened on Friday August 5 with a dawn ceremony led by Ngai Tahu and attended by Prime Minister John Key. Following a delicious breakfast of muffins and cheese rolls, Selwyn and Knox Colleges took to the field for the stadium's inaugural rugby game.

Battling for the traditional Cameron Shield, Francis Leilua, the Selwyn 2nd/5, had a barnstorming game and claimed the honour of scoring the turf's first ever try, a feat that will sit forever in the record books. The Selwyn Captain, Will Mushet, also had an effective game, directing traffic and slotting the first points between the posts at the new ground.

Two streakers also celebrated the opening of the stadium. Both put in an impressive effort, scaling a 12 foot mesh gate and making their way across the pitch. Unfortunately the Howe St residents couldn't evade the authorities, and both were spoken to by police.

The final score was Selwyn 32, Knox 13, and in keeping with tradition, Selwyn tagged the score around various parts of the university.

– Joe Stockman

• *Fuck rugby, this is what the real Scarfies are excited about.*

• Now that the first shit rugby game is out of the way, *Critic* has started salivating about this year's big event at the Forsyth Barr Stadium: the Elton John concert. This concert will showcase the stadium's potential as a year-round venue, Dunedin's new addition being the country's only fully covered stadium.

• David Davies, CEO of Dunedin Venues, is thrilled with the concert booking, waxing lyrical about it at length in a series of space-filling quotes we have gleaned from other media outlets.

• "Elton is a true legendary superstar. This is a fantastic coup for the city and with his music spanning four decades, this will attract a huge crowd of young and old from the city, region and beyond."

• "This concert is going to be a big show and a real performance – but most importantly this is an international vote of confidence in Dunedin's ability to deliver world class events."

• However, prior to Elton being secured, public opinion had been divided on the stadium. After prolonged deliberation, the Dunedin City Council voted 12–2 in favour of proceeding with the building project in March 2008. A number of legal proceedings were then taken against both the DCC and the Otago Regional Council in an attempt to stop the stadium being funded by public money. These objections were all ultimately unsuccessful, leaving *Critic* to speculate that those involved in pushing the project through are huge Elton fans who pretty much built the white elephant just to hear 'Rocket Man' live.

• – Lozz Holding



Still mad about VSM?
COME CREAM KEY

(well, Logan Edgar wearing a JK mask)
11.30-1.30, Wed 17th Aug, OUSA Courtyard

OUQA Executive



Act on Campus vs Edgar Part 2:

Showdown at the Storm-in-a-Teapot Corral

As reported in last week's *Critic*, OUSA President Logan Edgar has landed himself in hot water over derogatory comments on the Facebook page of ACT MP Sir Roger Douglas. ACT on Campus called for Edgar's resignation over the incident, a proposition that received piss-poor support in a highly unscientific poll conducted by *Critic*.

Edgar posted the message, regarding the ACT-sponsored VSM Bill currently before Parliament, on 73-year-old Douglas' Facebook wall on the evening of Wednesday August 3. The message read "Get fucked you dinosaur. just trying to give yourself a legacy because you know you're getting too old. You should actually debate the Bill with Pete or Grant... you'd get torn to shreds. Cunt."

Edgar deleted the post, but a copy of the message was emailed to the page administrator and subsequently publicised by David Farrar of Kiwiblog. Edgar sent a message to Douglas apologising for his actions, and received a reply from Douglas saying "All good mate. I have been called worse in my time." *Critic's* attempts to find out what exactly Sir Roger has been called in his time that is worse than a "dinosaur cunt" were less than fruitful. We suspect Douglas was too busy formulating some cracker-jack economic policy to reply to us.

"Students" call for resignation

ACT on Campus President Peter McCaffrey was the loudest voice calling for Edgar to resign after the comment, describing the behaviour as "obscene." McCaffrey claimed to have been "flooded with calls from angry students who feel their views are being misrepresented by Mr Edgar." In an interview with *Critic*, McCaffrey elaborated on the number of calls that constitutes a "flooding" in his book, saying he had received "ten, fifteen, twenty messages... they weren't all phone calls, but emails, Facebook messages, texts."

That is some seriously Noah-type biblical shit right there.

McCaffrey is not a University of Otago student, and it is unclear how many of the twenty complainants are Otago students. McCaffrey said that some of the people he spoke to were "ACT on Campus, others were Young Nats, but there were also regular students who aren't interested in the politics of what goes on in OUSA." TV3 originally posted an article on their website claiming that students generally were calling for Edgar's resignation, but have since removed the piece.

Kicking Edgar out not possible

With the current state of the OUSA Constitution, there is no mechanism by which an Executive member can be forced to resign, and Edgar would have to do so voluntarily. Edgar says it is "inappropriate for McCaffrey to be calling for my resignation when he isn't even an Otago student. I've apologised to Roger, and we are tight like a duck's arsehole now."

McCaffrey also called into question the genuineness of Edgar's

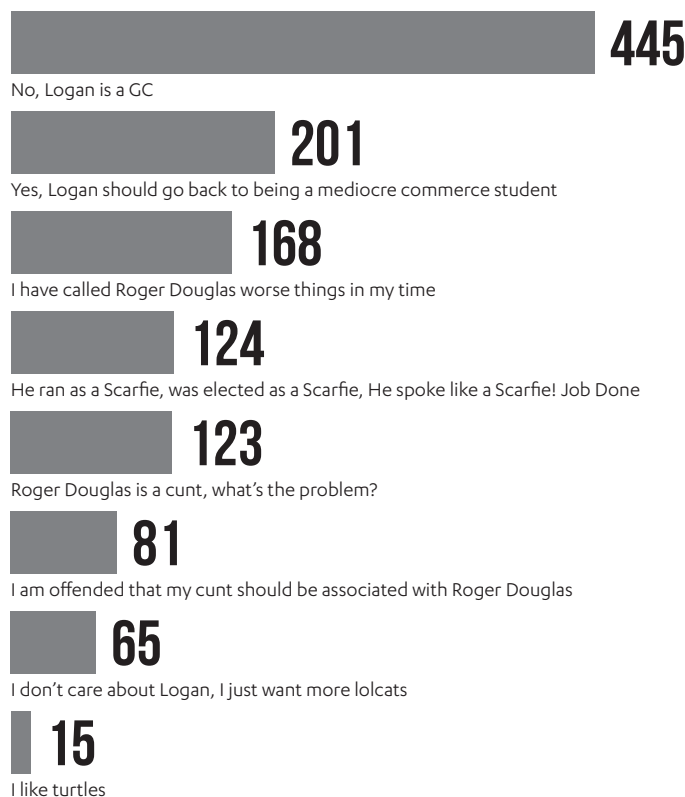
apology, saying that "the next day he was encouraging people to rip up photos of another ACT member" at the VSM protest outside the Robertson Library, when photos of Heather Roy, the sponsor of the VSM Bill, were being carried by protestors. *Critic* understands that Heather Roy had been in contact with OUSA prior to the protest, and her office had offered to send down the most recent photo of Roy to be used in the demonstration.

Edgar says of McCaffrey, "his legitimacy dried up a long time ago. Captain McCaffrey and his leaky ship, the HMS Credibility, have sailed."

This is not the first clash between Edgar and ACT on Campus. When Edgar locked himself in a cage on the Union Lawn to protest VSM, an ACT on Campus member attacked him. McCaffrey refused to comment on this, which Edgar says is "ironic". "McCaffrey has stayed tight-lipped on the time I was assaulted, but is quite vocal on this. Sticks and stones mate."

— Aimee Gulliver

Critic created a Facebook poll, asking friends: "Certain 'students' have called for Logan's resignation after Logan called Sir Roger Douglas a 'cunt' on his Facebook wall. What do you think?". They responded as follows:



In total, there were 1516 votes cast on our "statistically significant" Facebook poll. The remaining 294 votes were split across a variety of different options, including "I think Logan's rats tail is yuck", "I am a Dinosaur", and "Who is Roger Douglas?".

PM visit prevents some Tourism students from sleeping till midday. Bastard.

Hungover student ghetto residents were robbed of any chance of a midday lie-in on Friday August 5, as chanting protestors collected outside the newly refurbished Robertson Library to express their opposition to the VSM bill.

The protest was organised in less than 48 hours by OUSA, and high profile President Logan Edgar used the opportunity to attempt to grab Prime Minister John Key's attention while Key opened the newly refurbished library.

Over 300 students turned up, waving placards and chanting, with much BCom creativity evident in the signage. There were several stand outs, including: "John Key's mum has psoriasis", "National, putting the 'N' in 'CUTS'", and the undisputed crowd favourite: a large picture of a kitten who has now risen to Facebook fame.

Protestors also tore up pictures of ACT MP Heather Roy, a vivid demonstration of their dissatisfaction with the creator of the VSM Bill.

Key opened the Robertson library and while inside accepted an "I <3 OUSA" t-shirt from Education officer Katie Reid. However, Key refused to speak to the protestors, and despite attempts from the OUSA Executive, he would not cut their ribbon.

A further protest involving Edgar and the Executive is planned to take place on campus on Wednesday August 17. This day will see nationwide student protest against VSM, coinciding with yet another Members' Day in Parliament at which VSM is likely to be debated.

During the planned protest Edgar will be dressed up as John Key, with students given the opportunity to splatter him with cream pies after telling OUSA what part of VSM passing will affect them the most.

The protest will take place between 11.30am and 1.30pm and include a sausage sizzle to entertain the UniCol girls.

— *Lozz Holding*



Photos by Alex Clark

earthtonz
 N Y E M U S I C F E S T
 31 DEC - 1 JAN | NEW YEAR'S EVE | GIBBSTON VALLEY WINERY | QUEENSTOWN
 2 DAYS OF CAMPING + OVER 15 HOURS OF MUSIC | THE BIGGEST FESTIVAL EVER TO HIT THE SOUTH ISLAND
 MÖTLEY CRÜE'S TOMMY LEE + DJ AERO THE CRYSTAL METHOD
 THE FREESTYLERS DJ MUGGS OF CYPRESS HILL KRAAK & SMAAK
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Hardcore journalism: *Critic* runs over drunk reporter to prove ODT right.

The *Otago Daily Times* has written an impassioned piece decrying the dangers of students jaywalking across Cumberland St.

The article, published in the *ODT* last Monday, extensively covered a complaint by a (presumably elderly) member of the public that students crossing Cumberland St while the traffic lights were green were “causing people driving south to have to dodge wayward students.”

This intolerable risk to traffic was slammed by local police officer Snr Sgt Aitken, who unequivocally stated that the complainant probably had a valid point.

The *ODT*’s follow-up reporting on the matter was outstanding, as they managed to obtain no evidence whatsoever that renegade student pedestrians had contributed to a higher number of crashes on the stretch of road in question, but published the article anyway.

They did, however, send a reporter to count the number of ‘students’ who crossed illegally during a ten minute stretch. The reporter, rumoured to have been armed with an abacus, counted seventeen people crossing without the green man in that time. That equals approximately 1.7 naughty students crossing every minute.

This outstanding investigative journalism spurred *Critic* to carry out its own inquiry, which consisted of getting reporter Lozz Holding drunk and pushing him into oncoming traffic to see if anyone would run him over and give us a great photo opportunity.

Unfortunately, as most cars seemed intent on swerving around the inebriated Holding, *Critic* had to send *Critic* reporter Aimee Gulliver out in her own vehicle to effect a collision. In the ten minute period whilst we waited for Gulliver to navigate the city’s pointless one-way system we counted one trembling high-schooler visiting the grounds, four seagulls, and two Tourism students talking about the new Hairy MacClary from Donaldson’s Dairy book they had to read for class last week.

Critic’s resident statistician then conducted a detailed and highly technical analysis of the data we collected during our experiment. The results suggested that the average sober student crossing Cumberland St without a driver intent on running them over to fill photo space in a student magazine had approximately a 0.000% chance of being hit by an irascible old person, but a 1 in 4 chance of that old person writing an angry letter to the *ODT* about the matter.

— **Staff Reporter**



No scarves were harmed in the making of this photograph.

VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED

We are seeking volunteers for clinical comparison studies of market brand-leading drugs alongside generic formulations of those drugs.
If you fit this criteria:

- ✓ Male or Female, between 18-55 years
- ✓ Have no medical condition
- ✓ Non-Smoker (for at least six months)
- ✓ Not on medication (excluding female contraception pill)
- ✓ Not taken any drugs of abuse

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GUNS AND EXPLOSIONS = NO DENTISTS

Otago dental students have created a 100% not-for-profit charity that seeks to improve the crumbling healthcare system in war-torn Iraq.

The charity is called Iraqi Children's Aid and Repair Endeavour (ICARE), and is the first of its kind operating in New Zealand. There are an estimated 5 million orphans in Iraq, more than the entire population of New Zealand, who have zero access to healthcare and no voice within society to ask for it.

ICARE currently has a number of projects underway, including a child-sponsoring programme to fund life-saving surgeries for orphans, a volunteer plan to send NZ health professionals to volunteer in Iraqi hospitals (which kicks off at the end of this year), and their 'Recipes for Prevention' scheme which aims to educate Iraqi women and children about how to improve general and oral health.

To fund this project, ICARE is selling a

bunch of awesome keyrings and an Iraqi cookbook, 200 copies of which have been sold so far.

For more information on how to support ICARE in any of its ongoing projects, visit www.iraqicare.com or the ICARE Facebook and Youtube channels.

– Basti Menkes

GROWING SOME WEED IN DA BUSH. LOL. WEED

Students for Environmental Action (SEA), the 2009 OUSA Society of the Year, have managed to wrangle a piece of land from the University to create Otago University's first community garden, inspired by the community garden at the University of Canterbury. The garden will be behind the Albany Street music recording studios.

Co-President of SEA, Tarsh Turner, says "Many students lack suitable space at their flats to be able to grow their own veggies, so we see this as a great opportunity. Growing

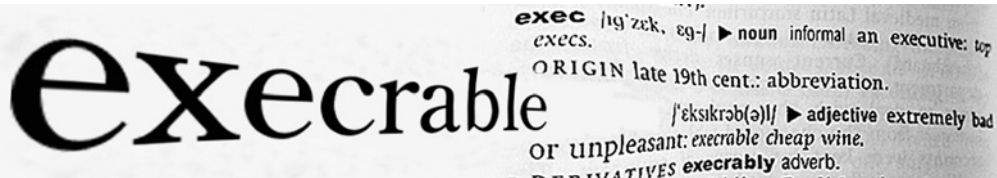
your own veggies is heaps cheaper than buying them, and a great skill to have. We also hope to create a fun, inclusive environment in which anyone is welcome to come along and get involved."

Anyone who wants to contribute to the upkeep of the garden can do so, and produce will be distributed amongst those who helped. Turner adds; "If people have seeds or plants to donate, they will be most appreciated of course!"

Although they have not yet secured funding, SEA have plenty of support from the Polytech Gardens crew, Otepoti Urban Organics, who will supply seeds, as well as other community garden groups.

If you want to help with planning and starting the garden, we will be meeting Wednesday August 17 at 7pm in the Evison Lounge at Clubs & Socs. For more information, email tarshturner@gmail.com, or just keep an eye out for working bees and come along!

– Staff Reporter



This week's Exec meeting consisted mostly of the Exec doing really boring shit while Critic sat huddled in the corner, trying to work out at what point life had gone so badly wrong that we were forced to report on these idiots in order to be able to buy food. Pretty standard meeting then.

In true student politician spirit, the Policy Committee had met earlier in the week and successfully passed a Blues and Golds policy. PolCom had also apparently tried to pass a membership policy, although this turned into an absolute clusterfuck when it turned out that the document didn't say what the Exec thought it was meant to say.

The Exec decided to wait until Shonelle turned up to sort it out, as apparently she is the only serving Exec member not suffering from profound mental retardation. Her arrival

led to the conclusion that 'AH! We've been looking at the wrong document the whole time! It was missing the whole second page!' Logan summed that one up by calling it a "balls up," while Shonelle called her fellow Exec "morons" for not realising that they were dealing with half a policy. Thankfully, as Thomas so germanely pointed out, "with the second page it makes sense now." This new membership policy had to be put through because former Finance and Services Officer James Meager has requested to opt out of OUSA and donate his membership levy to charity. The policy becomes moot under VSM anyway, and Brad told the Exec that if they "pass this policy, we please James Meager and get him out of our Association which I see as a good thing." Good riddance to bad rubbish?

After that protracted affair, the MoJos-potentially-collapsing situation had to left for next week, with the hope that it doesn't fall down in the meantime. Advice: walk on the other side of the street from MoJos, there wasn't a lot of optimism that it would hold steady for another seven days.

Sarah then got appointed to the Clinical Governance Committee, and is "fizzing" over it - easily pleased, that one. The Exec went into Strict Committee shortly after that, and the last thing we saw was Sarah kicking Logan out of chairing the meeting, and dragging a whiteboard to the front of the room. Looked intense, but we were asked politely by Logan, in the words of Ali G, "if you wouldn't mind fucking off?" so we scarpered before the shit started to hit the whiteboard.

– Aimee Gulliver

(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

It's not all happy families on Castle Street. And surprisingly the bad moods are not because of the Kronic ban, the dramas are being caused by a problem that is normally most troublesome in first year. Like drugs, flats for next year are being sussed on the low key. With dodgy dealing going down behind people's backs, it's becoming a bit like poking people on Facebook – awkward. Cabin fever is striking down whole flats and people are beginning to snap over the most petty of annoyances. It has been rumoured that full-on fisticuffs went down in one flat because someone bought Wattie's baked beans, not Budget.

The snow was a great excuse for everyone to take two days off lectures but once that melted it was back to freezing flats and dwindling food supplies. Castle Street

is clearing out in the weekends as all the shredders are heading off to tear up the dope pow pow, leaving me with limited materials as the muppet behaviour that we have become accustomed to on Saturday nights has toned down in recent weeks.

In other news, it's official that the word "scarfie" has been changed from a noun to an unwanted adjective. The introductions of the puffer and tight jeans have successfully ousted the term. After overhearing a comment like "Doing your top button up pretty much does the same as wearing a scarf and bro it's at least 40% more stiz", it's not hard to see how or why the piss-sinking, stubbie-wearing scarfies are quickly becoming extinct. As metros and NAGs (New Age Guys) take their place, the culture is obviously changing. But at the heart, it's the same as it's always been; living in shitty

and overpriced flats, drinking too much and studying when we have too. We just need to think of a new name for ourselves.

Straying away from Castle Street the cuzzans up in the Boathouse haven't let cabin fever get the better of them. Racking up an impressive thirty-three noise complaints this year, putting them dangerously close to eviction territory, they have had more than a few visits from the council. Hopefully it's all plain sailing (cringe I know, but I'm getting desperate) for them for the rest of the year.

Well my banter has now deteriorated to below Selwyn level (worst case scenario) so I best be off. Once Castle Street gets over 'that time of the month', I'm sure I'll be back to writing about orgies and raging parties. In the meantime, turn that frown upside down.

– **Sam Reynolds**

BOUNCING OFF THE HALLS

A pleasant and arousing facet of the first year hall scene is the well-established rivalry between certain colleges. Everyone with a cerebellum still intact is aware of the notable ongoing hatred between the stuck-up Selwynites and the possibly deviant Knoxians. Then there are the less established rivalries: Arana vs. Studholme, Cumberland vs. Hayward, UniCol girls vs. dignity.

Residents of Knox and Selwyn, both groups well known for their overly-developed self-importance, have a long history of trivial battles, including the daring petty theft of inanimate objects such as baths and gnomes.

An annual tournament between Selwyn and Knox also determines the winner of the overall sports trophy, but apparently it's irrelevant what happens as long as you take out the annual rugby match. This year Selwyn won, but Knox College were the real winners on the day, after producing *Critic's* favourite sex scandal of the year. According to our sources, one too many Cindys led to a male and female

re-enacting the explicit version of the scene from *The Smurfs Movie* where Smurfett shows Clumsy Smurf how Papa Smurf made him. The best bit of the story is this all took place in the depths of the Hewitson Theological Library. Jesus.

The rivalry between Arana and Studholme has a rather less illustrious history, however many may argue it is just as relevant in this day and age. Despite the scientifically proven truth that Arana girls are substantially better looking than their Studholman counterparts, the fact of the matter is that no one likes any of the little twats from Arana, so Studholme is undoubtedly the people's favourite. I'm not sure what the point of this paragraph is. One too many SoGos probably.

Despite a lack of organised competitive events between these Studholme and Arana, students make their own fun at the annual A and S party, where members of each hall try to out do each other by getting into as many members of the other hall as possible. The

end result of this misjudged slop-up is an array of alcohol-soaked costumes and an army of tarts dressed in lycra crying their eyes out on the Union Lawn.

In other news, *Critic* would like to warn readers that putting five slices of bread in a microwave for 17 minutes when you are pissed out of your tree on four bottles of Passion Pop is a bad idea. We can assume that the girl who set off four smoke alarms with this faux pas got into Arana based her on good looks, rather than her academic record. Or maybe she was head girl of Oamaru High School?

– **Lozz Holding**

If you are a first year and would like the world to know about something dumb as fuck you or your friends have done, e-mail us at critic@critic.co.nz.

VOTE CHAT

TREE-LOVING MS TUREI



Leading into the November election, politics lecturer Bryce Edwards is hosting New Zealand politicians each Friday at Noon. Last Friday Green Party co-leader **Metiria Turei** took on politics students *Niki Lomax* and *Finn O'Dwyer-Cunliffe* to discuss getting kids out of poverty, getting adults their drugs, and why National won't wear Green after the election.

Metiria Turei didn't ever want to be a mainstream politician. She started in politics with the McGillicuddy Serious Party, a satirical party that advocated suffrage for trees (the difficulty was deciding whether native species should vote in the Maori electorate or not) and called for the voting age to be restricted to under 18s. However, an interest in matters of social justice was always there for Turei. She had an especially strong interest in advocacy for beneficiaries, the legalisation of cannabis, and the Tino Rangatiratanga movement.

Eventually it was her long-standing friendship with Sue Bradford and Nandor Tanczos that bought her into the Green mainstream. After completing law school in Auckland she took up work with Simpson Grierson (jealous much, law kids?). While she declared 1999 to be her "year of political silence" so she could establish her life and career in Auckland, it was also the year that her two good friends had entered parliament. They enticed her into the Greens to work on Maori policy, and the rest, as they say, is all a haze of smoke and bong water.

The Greens, and Turei in particular, strongly support the legalisation of cannabis in NZ, with Turei saying "there should be no criminal penalty at all for the adult use of cannabis... the law is cruel". She expressed anger with Peter Dunne, that mad cool cat from United Future and associate Health Minister, for allowing un-regulated Kronic into NZ's dairies in the first place: "They let the issue bubble along to a level of moral outrage which they could then use to bring in a ban, avoiding putting in place genuine regulations to make a genuine difference".

It is of course not all about the drugs with the Greens. In fact, while they support legalising marijuana, it is not even on their radar in terms of their ambitions for the coming post-election negotiations. The Greens have laid out three major priorities for which they will push; raising one hundred thousand children out of poverty (yes, there are more than that many kids in NZ living below the poverty line), making our rivers

swimmable again, and creating Green jobs. Turei was surprisingly astute about the economics of the Greens' plans, not just for a Green MP, but indeed for any politician. Minor changes to working for families, and a small raise in the minimum wage is all that is required for their poverty plan to be effective, and the cost is minimal and partly offset by their revenue raising proposals.

It's a refreshing change for the Greens. While they have always been successful compared to other third parties, they have never reached their polling potential of around ten percent of the vote. Turei and her cohort of new Green faces (the Greens have completely changed their caucus since they first entered parliament in 1999, without bloodshed or rancour) have sought to change the Greens' public image of being visionary but impractical, instead coming up with common sense and realistic programmes that can be achieved under either a National or Labour lead government.

It is clear, however, that their preference is for a Labour-led government. Turei declared "No, we won't go into a coalition with National... we could support Labour" on confidence and supply. However, it is the Greens' intention to "work across the political spectrum to get stuff done". It seems that experience has left the Greens wary of entering into any formal agreement with one of the big parties. Says Turei, "You've got to have real leverage" in a coalition, and "we are not going to take our support and credibility and give it to Labour or National".

The day's chat ended with some fun questions about euthanasia (she feels it's very complicated), tea drinking (she likes it so much she may actually be tanninsed rather than Maori), and when offered a superpower, she chose flying. Look out for Turei and the Greens in November come post-election bargaining time.

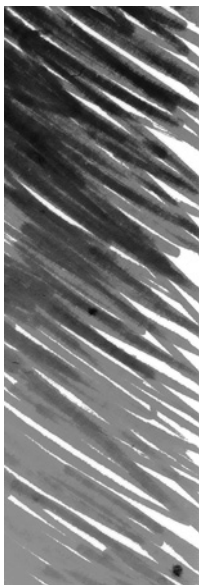
— **Joe Stockman**



NOBODY
PUTS BABY
IN THE
CORNER

WEARING *the* PANTS

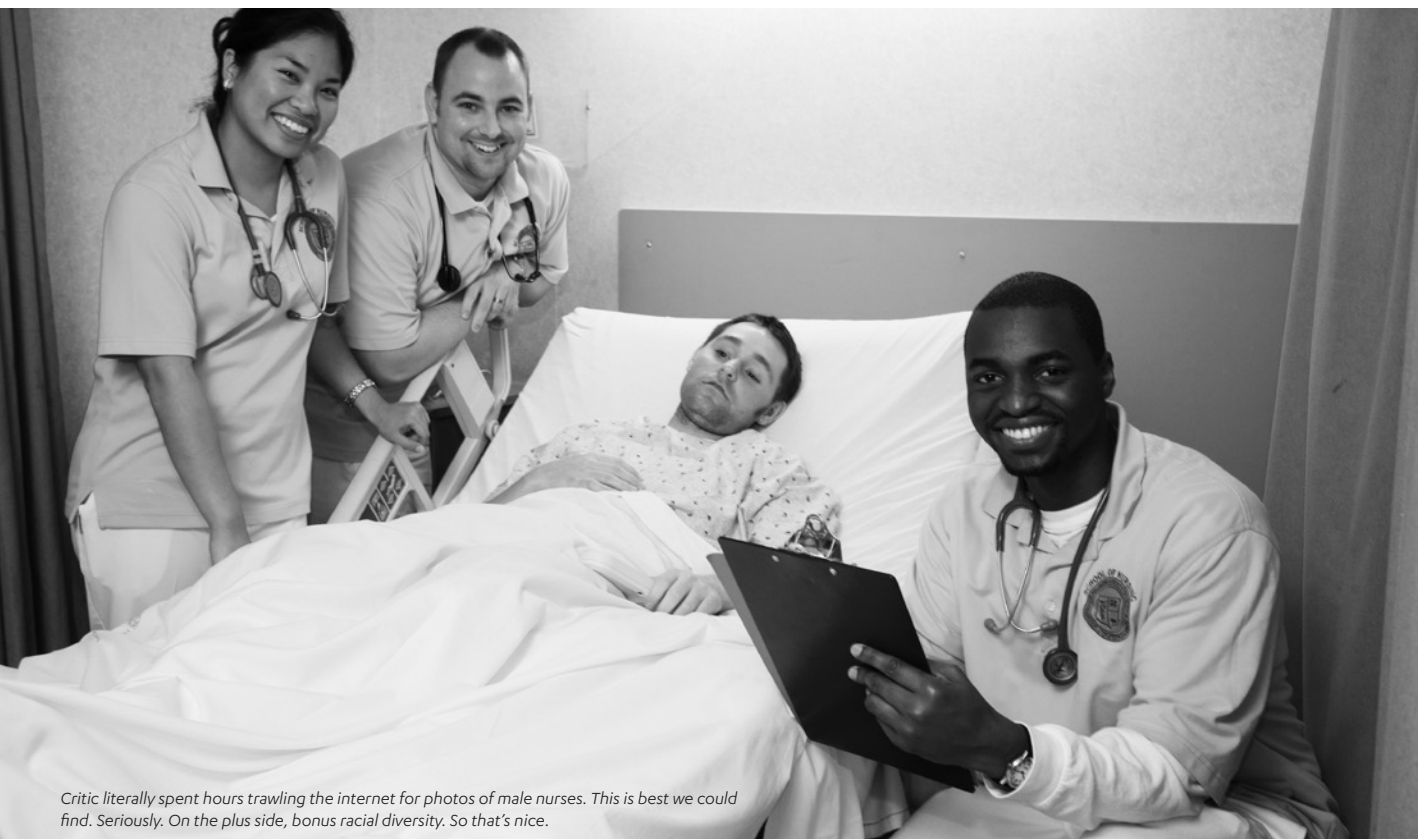
Consider these three words: 'Equal Employment Opportunities'. What comes to mind? Probably imagery from the feminist movement, hordes of angry, high-heel clad power-women protesting their way up the male-dominated corporate ladder in the name of gender equality. But what happens when the shoe is on the other foot and when the shoe in question is not a high-heel, but a practical sneaker – and it's the men who have to fight for their position in the workplace? **Siobhan Downes** looks at two professions in which men are by far the minority.



From Male to Florence Nightingale: Nursing

She's known as the mother of modern nursing and is an icon of femininity and womanly virtue: Florence Nightingale, the main reason why nursing is seen as a female-dominated profession. But behind Nightingale's army of angels is the untold history of nursing – in which men feature prominently. In fact, before Florence's time, nursing was actually dominated by men. The world's first nursing school was opened in India, in 250 BC, and only admitted men, as women were not considered 'pure' enough to become nurses.

Fast forward to the 21st century, where, according to the Nursing Council of New Zealand's 2010 Workforce Statistics, only 7.2% of the nursing workforce is male. *Critic* spoke with three first-year male nursing students from Otago Polytechnic; James, Karol and Tim, about what it was like to be a male minority in the 'womanly world' of nursing. They're getting a good idea already – there are only eight male students in their entire year group.



Critic literally spent hours trawling the internet for photos of male nurses. This is best we could find. Seriously. On the plus side, bonus racial diversity. So that's nice.

What made you decide to do nursing?

James: I was diagnosed with cancer after my first year of uni, and there were a couple of nurses – including a male nurse - who looked after me. They were great, and made my stay a lot better. So after that, I had always thought about doing it, but I finished my BA first. **Karol:** I was a support worker previously, helping people with intellectual difficulties. I started doing that and I really liked it – you come home from work and you know you've made a difference personally. I've never really had that before with a job. Then both my parents were nurses, so they were always bugging me to do it. **Tim:** I come from a medical family, and I also spent a year working at a rest home as a caregiver at a hospital unit. Nursing seemed like a good, solid career.

How do people react when you say you're training to be a nurse?

James: All my mates were really supportive about it, they said, 'yeah, we can see you doing that.' Most people are like, 'good on you.' **Karol:** Everyone who knows me knows I'm into that sort of thing, because I'd already been doing something similar anyway. But others get quite visibly shocked, especially other guys. **Tim:** People reacted fine. There was more reaction when they found out I got the job as a caregiver – they couldn't believe I was wiping bums for a living!

Why do you think there aren't more men in nursing?

James: The whole stereotype is still there – the whole gay thing. **Karol:** When you're a kid, you have to dress a certain way, play with certain toys - it comes down to all that sociological stuff. It's just been a traditional thing for women to do. I think we're just herded

into different things when we're kids, and it just sort of happens. **Tim:** People still have that attitude that nursing is a 'female job'. Even within nursing, there's an uneven spread – psychiatric nursing is seen as for males, and general nursing, gynaecological nursing or midwifery is seen as for women only.

What are some positives and negatives to being a male nurse?

James: There are lots of girls around! You make lots of friends, and see different perceptions on things. You normally look at things from a 'guy's way of doing things', but then you see there's another way around it. **Karol:** As for negatives, sometimes women will have things they say about guys without thinking. Like, in the classroom if we're talking about a patient being violent, it's always a male patient, like, 'if HE is violent' – it just comes out automatically, which is a little bit annoying.

What do you think needs to be done to encourage more guys to train as nurses?

James: Maybe more education about it, and people need to accept who you are. Looking after people is hardly an un-manly thing. **Karol:** I think the way society is going it's going to happen anyways, things are progressively changing. I sort of feel sometimes, if I'm with a group of guys, I feel a little bit uncomfortable – like they might not understand [I'm a nurse]. I'd like that perception to change. **Tim:** There needs to be a change in attitudes. More male nurses would mean males and females would be more equal. This needs to happen in our society – as it is, gender roles are becoming more and more irrelevant.

‘Daddy Day Care’: Early Childhood Teaching

It was actually a German guy, Friedrich Frobel, who invented kindergartens back in 1840. But his concept was based around the idea that women were natural educators, and kindergarten teaching was to be a career that would use women in a job which would extend their motherly instincts. Unsurprisingly, the profession quickly became exclusive to women.

In New Zealand, the association of men with childcare has been a slightly touchy subject, since the 1993 Peter Ellis controversy. Ellis, a Christchurch childcare worker, was found guilty of sexual offences involving children at the centre he worked at. The accusations against Ellis created hysteria, resulting in an all-time low in male early childhood teachers. Nowadays, the situation is slowly improving – but according to the New Zealand Government’s Education Counts statistics, men still make up less than 2% of the early childhood services workforce.

Critic visited Early Childhood on Stafford, a Dunedin day care centre known for its visible presence of male staff, including President of the New Zealand Network for Men in Early Childhood Education (EC-MENZ), Russell Ballantyne. Before we start the interview, he is engaging in some playground politics. “Gimme a hug,” demands a pigtailed 3-year-old girl, tugging on his trousers. Russell swoops her up without batting an eyelid.

“Early childhood is a great job for guys,” he tells me. “At the end of the day, the rewards are beyond monetary – it’s really exciting watching children grow.” Any concerns of Peter Ellis-type situations have now largely vanished, says Russell. “The environment for guys is very positive at the moment, as opposed to twenty years ago. Families are actually wanting guys as well as women to work with their children, so it’s a really good time to come into teaching.”

Then why are the numbers of male early childhood teachers still so low? Russell thinks one of the main reasons is to do with how education is being marketed as a career – a career aimed at women. “At the moment we’re successfully recruiting women, but not men. Look at the army and navy ads on TV – they’re really good at using both female and male characters. In teaching, you don’t get that. You don’t get any images of men and young children. Men need to be invited into the area because it’s seen as a women’s area of expertise. So we need to take a different approach, perhaps advertise through things like Placemakers, or sports clubs.”

But does it matter if there are male teachers or not? “There’s a lot of debate about whether it’s an issue,” Russell explains. “The argument is that what kids want first and foremost is good teachers, and it doesn’t matter if they’re female or male.” Russell, however, thinks this attitude is a “cop out” – “I think we do need both male and female teachers. To me, it comes down to the greater issue of diversity. The greater the diverse views in a centre, the richer the learning experience. Having men in there enriches the environment.”

Russell makes the point that it’s not just the kids who benefit from having male staff. It also has a lot to do with our present society. “For a lot of

fathers, who do they look to for role models in terms of parenting? The only images out there are negative, from child abuse cases, sports stars, movie stars and rock stars – people who are not the best role models.” Russell believes early childhood teachers can be those role models. “Men need to see other men in the role of child raising. It’s important for young boys, too – we have a number of four-year-old boys here who are really good at looking after small children. And it’s important to develop

that empathy – maybe it will modify some of those urges later on to become violent and hurt people.”

There needs to be a shift in the popular attitude that caring for children is a woman’s job, says Russell. Men care about children, too – despite the often negative press. “But even if you read about gang leaders, and criminals... the majority of the time they say, ‘I did it for my kids’. Kids have that power; when we leave this planet, they’re our footprint. They’re a big motivator.”

I THINK WE DO NEED BOTH MALE AND FEMALE TEACHERS. TO ME, IT COMES DOWN TO THE GREATER ISSUE OF DIVERSITY



Again, this is the best photo we could find of a man in a classroom with a child, after hours of searching. The next best option was a middle aged man jumping out from behind a large group of ~ 6 year olds, while dressed as Elvis. Seriously stock photo sites, WTF?!

SEXISM, SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

Brutal, oppressive, domineering, selfish and gleefully misogynist. The stereotypical (heterosexual) modern man is staunch in manner and cold at heart. His animalistic sex drive is only matched by his pulsating lust for sport and violence. His pastimes include gazing, groping and the general objectification of woman. This testosterone-blinded god is autonomous. He is powerful. He is destructive. So how could it be that the modern man might also be oppressed himself? Is the modern man not impervious to sexism? Does his grand sway not enable his every whim?

Let's take Tim Shadbolt's remarks on episode of TV3's *7 Days* television show (which has now aired twice) as an example of such sexism. Mayor Shadbolt commented that Michael Laws "took on the Hell's Angels, he took on the Mongrel Mob, he took on black power and then he got beaten up by his missus". Get it? It's funny because he's a man! Rapturous laughter from the guests and audience followed, as did chuckles from the self-professed feminists in the room with me at the time. Now I am not condemning those feminists in the room, but it left me more than a little sour. Does no one see this as slightly sexist, least of all the feminists?

Imagine now if Tim Shadbolt had said of Helen Clark that "she took on climate change, she took on the Americans, she took on the terrorists and then she got beaten up

by her hubby"? LOL. Shadbolt would have been ousted from his mayoralty under public pressure, TV3 would be hiring new producers and we would have embarrassed ourselves internationally, right before the Great New Zealand Marketing Exhibition that is the Rugby World Cup. However, it wasn't a female that was the butt of his domestic violence joke, but a man. Nobody who is concerned about gender equality objected. Nobody submitted a complaint. Nobody cared, least of all the feminists. Everything in the world appears to be completely fine.

Now let's take the feminist uproar of Tim Gunn's (of *Project Runway*) critique of Hillary Clinton's fashion sense as a counter-example. When directly asked about Hillary Clinton's

fashion decisions on the Lopez show, Gunn replied that "I think she's confused about her gender [with] all these big, baggy menswear tailored pantsuits." The second part of that quote, "menswear tailored pants" is omitted in almost all media reports. I agree, as many would, that for Clinton's female body, dressing in suits that appear to be tailored for a man's body is unflattering. Gunn's remarks on how she could hide her cankles (which the interviewer Lopez brought up) was merely a practical suggestion, again concerned with tailoring. For context, he also made more extensive remarks on how Snooki clothes her particular body shape and on the state of American men's and women's fashion in general during the interview.





If Gunn was a political journalist or columnist, or if the discussion was in a political context, then I too would object to the relevance and inequality of such comments. This was pointed out by Charlotte Greenfield in her 'Battle of the Babes' example in *Critic's* Women's Issue. But Gunn is a fashion commentator. He made an aesthetic judgement from a fashion perspective. It's a shame he was not questioned on another politician's style, say Obama's sloppy casual look, but he was not. Had he done so, that would be fair game too, but I doubt any feminists would have taken any offence to such a discussion.

This shroud over male sexism is in my mind one of the largest barriers to gender equality. Men commit suicide at a rate four times that

of woman. Male sexual desire is stereotyped as vainer and more animalistic. A man risks being branded a 'creep' if he chooses to hit on a woman he finds sexually attractive. And if this woman does not conform to our seemingly universal laws of female beauty, he is somehow weird, perverted or a fetishist.

Then there is also the complete cluster-fuck that are divorce custody disputes.

In each situation, it can be fairly argued that there is also oppression of women, but the reality is that injustices affecting men go forever

unspoken. If only there were a group that fought for gender equality and who could challenge such oppression and liberate the victims!

Unsurprisingly, feminists have marred themselves in the eye of many men, with feminism sometimes being as much of an exclusive, gender-based club as the high-ranking male dominated workplaces it seeks to feminise. Whether they act under the purest academic definition of feminism or not, feminist writers and groups commonly take female-specific gender issues and use them as a vehicle for the empowerment and rallying of women. Women gather to discover and express their true femininity and strike out against the

shackles of patriarchal society. As worthy a motive as this is, I find it rather unsympathetic to the male population which also needs to be involved. It creates unnecessary barriers to those who most need to engage with issues of gender equality. Men are often labelled as misogynists or sexists if they do not engage

with feminism, but it is often not an environment they feel welcomed into.

Organisations of a self-serving nature will struggle to engage with anyone outside of their social sphere. In

IMAGINE NOW IF TIM SHADBOLT HAD SAID OF HELEN CLARK THAT "SHE TOOK ON CLIMATE CHANGE, SHE TOOK ON THE AMERICANS, SHE TOOK ON THE TERRORISTS AND THEN SHE GOT BEATEN UP BY HER HUBBY?"

my view, feminism has two options. 1) Admit to being a female issues lobby and not claim to be gender equality activists (thus paving the way for an equivalent male body) or alternatively, 2) expand their consciousness to include gender issues facing the other half of the world. It's not that feminists should be doing the work that men are uninterested in doing themselves, or that equal amounts of energy is required for both genders, but feminists should be compelled to take action on gender issues, irrespective of the gender affected. Not to do so is either hypocritical or ignorant.

Take your pick.

— **Reuben Black**



Kronic **FRIED COUNTRY**



Chronicles of Kronic

by Phoebe Harrop

Kronic is just one of a number of cannabis-like legal highs available (until recently) for purchase in Dunedin and around New Zealand, and has in recent weeks been the subject of a veritable media storm. Hype about Kronic, especially its naughty, phenazepam-laced (and consequentially recalled) Pineapple Express variety has caused quite a fiasco, keeping the ODT flush with sensationalist news for some weeks. Inviting commentary from emergency department doctors, political leaders, opinionated journalists, concerned North Shore parents, University of Otago toxicologists, policy analysts and from Kronic's importer himself, a colourful, controversial and chaotic portrait of this cannabis alternative has played out for our entertainment. And just a week or so ago, the government put a 12-month ban on its sale, effectively making it a Class C drug. **Phoebe Harrop** finds out what all the fuss is about.

The Birth of Kronic

It was the mid-1990s: in a chemistry lab at Clemson University, South Carolina, Dr. John Huffman was hard at work studying the receptor action of the synthetic cannabinoids his colleagues had just created. Two of these, JWH-018 and JWH-073, would later end up marketed as legal highs, having been sprayed onto flakes of something loosely resembling dried *cannabis sativa* leaves.

But, says Huffman, his research team never foresaw that coming. Huffman and his colleagues had developed these synthetic cannabinoids to study their receptor action in the brain, compared to that of THC. The synthetic cannabinoids and the real deal displayed similar receptor action – an interesting phenomenon, given their differing chemical structures. Huffman says, “it was basic science. It had no ulterior motive.”

How does Kronic make it into New Zealand? The best person to answer that question is Matt Bowden, the insanely intriguing, articulate and somewhat androgynous figure behind Stargate Operations, an Auckland-based company that imports substances such as the Kronic range of synthetic cannabinoids. Bowden is recognised (by Wikipedia at least) as a pivotal figure in the world of legal high lobbying. Motivated by the death of a family member from ecstasy in 2000, and the suicide of a close friend while under the influence of methamphetamine, Bowden set out to “de-stigmatise non-alcoholic drugs, to establish an alternative regulatory model superior to prohibition or legalisation, and to develop drug alternatives which would not be addictive, neurotoxic or fatal in overdose.”

Bowden developed the first party pills, pulled together the legal high industry, and has acted as a consultant for governments here and overseas on legal high issues. He has written discussion documents which are helping to form New Zealand's new drug laws, he's well-informed, he understands the science, and he actually makes some quite good points.

Bowden is not your typical chain-wearing moustachioed drug lord. He was quick to support the government's ban of Pineapple Express once it was found to contain traces of the coma-inducing, prescription-only, made-in-Russia sedative phenazepam, explaining that the particular ‘contaminated’ shipment was not from his usual supplier, and that he had no reason to suspect that there was any problem. “The testing we do [when shipments arrive at customs] does not test for contamination of some obscure Russian medicine, there is no reason for it to be in there. It meant that for some people who smoked 3-4 complete joints of Kronic, which is 10 doses, it would have had the effect of them taking an anti-anxiety pill as well. It was 300 parts per million.”

What we need, says Bowden, is simply better regulation: “no country in the world has properly regulated non-alcoholic drug use. We are so used to handing the whole thing to the black market that the standards are completely voluntary – it is taking time to develop regulations, but they are coming... we have precipitated a complete review of the Misuse of Drugs Act, which is good progress under such harsh media conditions.”

To Legislate or not to Legislate

The legal high conundrum is something of a 21st century predicament. Among other alternatives to illegal drugs, such as the infamous (and now illegal) BZP, synthetic cannabis began to be sold in the early 2000s, making it to our shores later in the decade. These substances have presented somewhat of a legal challenge, one that has been grappled with hastily by Peter Dunne, the Associate Minister of Health, who has backtracked in the face of fervent anti-Kronic public opinion.

Professor Kevin Dawkins, of the University of Otago's Faculty of Law, agrees that the legal high industry itself has been proactive: "[Kronic] is now subject to self-regulation by the industry... They've been in the past reasonably professional about it."

So far, so compelling. While the public (in particular a bunch of militant anti-Kronic parents from the North Shore) wants to burn Kronic at the metaphorical stake and have it banned once and for all, Bowden argues that a knee-jerk ban of Kronic – as the government has undertaken, at least temporarily – and other legal highs just won't work. "It is now well documented and understood that prohibition removes quality control, empowers the black market, and generally increases potency. Prohibition turned wine to moonshine, speed to P, pot to skunk, opium to heroin... If you banned the most potent active ingredients and allowed access to the less potent, that might work. The issue is whether or not consumer demand is being met with a safer alternative. If you give people some alternative product that adequately substitutes [safe for unsafe] then sure, that's a good idea. If you ban everything and there are no substitutes, you are back in gang land, you haven't actually progressed toward safer consumer protection at all."

And there's no doubt that there has been serious consumer demand: Bowden estimates that between 500,000 and 800,000 "enjoy smoking the stuff". And, undoubtedly, more than a few of those consumers reside in our own slice of North Dunedin heaven.

I'm just going to get milk and Kronic from the dairy...

I spoke to two University of Otago students who are, shall we say, experienced in such matters. Let's call them Frank and Geoff. These boys' relationship with Kronic and its buddies began out of sheer convenience. The idea that you can pick up a fat joint of Kronic along with your milk and bread at your corner dairy (*cough* Willowbank) has scandalised the public and fuelled the recent furor. And that concern is well-grounded: "we started doing it because we couldn't get actual weed.... Finding [the real stuff] can just be a big mess. So when [synthetic cannabis] is

available at Cosmic Corner, we can just drive there, pay for it, and not worry about getting snapped or whatever." What started as a Re-O Week jaunt turned into quite the binge: "We smoked most days... We'd get up, we'd go to class in the morning and maybe smoke at mid-day or in the afternoon, then at night as well... We started to doing after town every night that we went out, and we'd bring people back to our flat... for a blaze." "To get the same high, we had to smoke more and more... There were times we had eight to ten buckies in a sitting."

After a few weeks, the boys had what they call a "premonition" and decided (while high, naturally) to stop: "We went around the house, collected up all our drug-related stuff: lighters, a bong. We smashed

the bong, ceremonially – the symbolism of destroying our addiction.... We went across the road to a public bin to get rid of all the weed so we couldn't fish it out [later]... It was a sick habit and it had turned into a bit of an addiction."

The boys feel that Kronic "shouldn't be on the market. But as naïve first or second years, there's no warning on the packets or anything... You're not aware, and nor do you care about, the side effects." "It gets around all the testing because it's sold as 'incense'... It says on the packet 'not for human consumption'". Yet the boys inform *Critic* that it's sold (and recommended by) shopkeepers, often next to all the pipes and bongs (which, naturally, are sold as "vases"). Frank added, "I don't want to go near it [again]"

At this stage, their experimentation with synthetic cannabis has left them with nothing worse than several less brain cells. But as they have come to realise since, we don't know anything of Kronic's long term effects. Cannabis, which they acknowledge has more or less the same effect, has been extensively researched and found to be relatively harmless in the scheme of things. By contrast, Kronic is legal, yet the ramifications of consuming it on any

basis – short term or long term – have simply not been explored.

Unknown effects

Dr. Leo Schep, a lecturer at the University of Otago and a toxicologist at the National Poisons Centre, has been leading the anti-Kronic crusade on behalf of the scientific fraternity. He says that the centre has received "a lot of calls" relating to Kronic since last year, including one from a mother who was so worried about her Kronic-using son that she thought he was going to die. He says that while users such as Frank and Geoff may notice similar effects when using marijuana or synthetic cannabinoids, they have "totally different adverse effects.... [The synthetic substances] interact with the same receptor site, but have a greater affinity for that receptor [than marijuana].... They're more potent."

***Prohibition
turned
Wine to
Moonshine,
Speed to
P, Pot to
Skunk,
Opium to
Heroin***



Dr Schep stresses that very little is known about the effects of synthetic cannabinoids such as Kronic. Short term consequences include agitation, increased heart rate, nausea and vomiting. However, hot-off-the-press research is beginning to provide some clues. A paper published only a few weeks ago has shown that JWH-018, the most common cannabinoid compound in synthetic products available in New Zealand, is what's called a "pro-drug": when the body receives any chemical, it metabolises that compound to make it more water soluble, in order to flush it out of its system. When JWH-018 metabolises, that metabolised compound is as active as the parent compound - so it has a sort of double effect.

So while the user effect might be similar, we're talking "big, big differences" between the toxicology profiles of marijuana and Kronic. Dr Schep says "we don't know the effects, how long it remains in the body, the influence of it on other drugs, the effects on the unborn child.... What about a mother who's taking this stuff and breastfeeding a baby? It's concentrated [in the milk] so the kid is going to get a bigger dose than the parent does." He says that claims made by the legal high industry that these drugs are safe in therapeutic doses are nonsense. "These people [in the legal high industry] are only out for a fast buck... when they say, 'a therapeutic dose', what does that mean?" – testing to establish a 'therapeutic dose' only extends as far as internet discussion groups, or "people in the back room smoking the stuff" to work out its effect.

Despite the recent ban, Dr. Schep speculates that the legal high

industry will continue to tweak existing compounds to "circumvent the law with molecules that have not [yet] been banned." He says "we don't yet know all the toxicological effects of these substances. And what we do know concerns us."

Criminals < 3 Kronic

Local Judge Stephen O'Driscoll has seen the impact that Kronic is having on criminal offending: "I've come across [Kronic] on a regular basis... more in the Youth Court [for offenders aged between 14 and 17] than the district court....The police regularly come across young people who are under the influence of Kronic or are committing crimes in order to pay for Kronic." He says: "the real danger in Kronic is that research shows that, at least when it comes to the male brain, development doesn't slow down until the age of 24, 25; and if someone aged 14 or 15 is using substances which clearly affect the brain, then it's difficult to know what effects that might have on subsequent brain development."

Kronic, then, has been causing a chronic headache (pun intended, had to be done) for the Dunedin Police's youth aid team, which Judge O'Driscoll describes as "exceptionally good". But there is no easy answer to the Kronic condundrum: "history shows that once a substance is banned and made illegal, it doesn't take very long for it to be substituted with another substance. Legislation can go part of the way, but it also needs to be complemented and supplemented with education and good role models."



Band-aid Solution

The existing legislative approach to new drugs seems to leave a lot to be desired. As it is, Professor Dawkins explains, the government can control the importation of substances under the Hazardous Substances and New Organisms Act (HSNOA), or separately under the Restricted Substances Regime (RSR), which was created to tackle the BZP problem a few years ago. Since BZP's inclusion as a Misuse of Drugs Act Class C drug, that schedule has been left empty. Putting a drug in that schedule means that its sale, how it's advertised and who's allowed to buy it, can all be controlled. At present it's not possible for a drug to be controlled by the HSNOA as well as be included in the RSS – an artificial restriction that should be changed, says Dawkins. "If [a new] Bill allows psychoactive substances like Kronik to be both in the Restricted Substances Regime and the Hazardous Substances and New Organisms Act, then the Environmental Risk Management Authority can demand a full risk assessment". In other words, importers of synthetic drugs will have to show that their products are not "toxic to humans" before they are granted permission to import.

However the government didn't take this seemingly logical step when it banned Kronik. Rather, it has placed a 12-month restriction on Kronik, putting it in a pseudo-Class C (of the Misuse of Drugs Act) so that its use carries the same penalties as would be imposed for the sale or consumption of another Class C controlled substance, such as marijuana itself.

Banning Kronik is, however, is "a Band-Aid solution", no doubt made in election-year haste. A recent review of the Misuse of Drugs Act 1975 has revealed that the legislation is seriously inadequate to deal with the wave of new psychoactive substances which have hit our markets in the last decade. These synthetic versions of existing drugs simply weren't

an issue for 1970s legislators who enacted the Act. More fundamental legislative change - a new game-plan, if you will - is required to effectively combat all the new and exciting highs that will continue to ply our shores. Says Dawkins: "Longer term it's all about sensible risk assessment and cutting through the bureaucratic red tape."

The talk of the town.

And in the mean time, Kronik remains the topic on everyone's lips. As they say, all publicity is good publicity. This media circus has certainly cemented Kronik in the New Zealand consciousness, if not the Kiwi vernacular as well (note, for example, columnist Fran O'Sullivan's hip'n'cool quip that "Phil Goff's aides must be smoking a particularly powerful brand of Kronik if they think a capital gains tax will pull in \$4.5 billion for a Labour Government to spend.").

Matt Bowden points out that "all the media kept running massive images of the brands on their front pages and all over the 6 o'clock news. It is really clear to us that the hysterical reporting has lifted the profile and actually increased demand for these products more than any advertising could ever do." Unfortunately, with the ban now imposed, that demand won't easily (or legally) be satisfied.

But naturally, Kronik isn't going to disappear just because it's been banned. *Critic's* sources in fact suggest that local Mongrel Mob members have been trying to buy up stocks of banned variety Pineapple Express since it was ordered off the shelves. For the next 12 months at least though, Kronik won't be available at the likes of Willowbank. Like it's country cousin *cannabis sativa*, Kronik will be enjoying Class-C notoriety, albeit to somewhat less media attention.

Pimpin' Ain't Easy

THE LUCKY 7 BROTHEL

Pimps and hoes. They go together like Ike and Tina, Chris and Rihanna, or Veitch and his badly-beaten wife. Pimps with their lavish, flamboyant suits and jewellery, and hoes with their fishnet stockings and cartoonishly embellished makeup; they really are redolent of a Broadway show. And this is why, upon learning about the local brothel in Dunedin, we at Critic TV were determined to film an episode with some of these characters and learn what makes them tick.

Monday night saw us donning our best polo shirts and chinos, and venturing over to the distant land beyond the Octagon to have a primary, non-filmed meeting with the Lucky 7 management. Upon arrival, after noting that the neighbouring Chinese restaurant had a surprisingly high health rating, we cautiously made our way up the stairs and around the corner to the front door. Outside the front door is a small reception type area with a doorbell and a window into the office. Waiting in this area was a small Middle Eastern man who, upon noticing us, quickly put up his hood, and turned the other way. He was promptly escorted in through the front door and taken to the Eftpos machine to pay for his 'round the world trip'.

We waited until a staff member was free, and then greeted them politely, and informed them that we were here to speak to the manager about potentially filming a documentary. The woman with whom we were speaking seemed dazed and confused, and a little angry, but she obliged and called out to the manager; "Joe, talk to these guys." And there it was. My first glimpse of a real life P.I.M.P. Joe the Pimp didn't appear to be your typical, run-of-the-mill pimp. Instead of Gucci sunnies, he wore square reading glasses. Instead of a bold green suit with orange trim, he wore a filthy straight leather jacket, with paint-splattered blue denim jeans. Instead of massive gold chains hanging on his chest, he had what we only hope were gravy stains on his chest. Much to my dismay, Joe the Pimp extended his hand for a shake and, after exchanging pleasantries, we began discussing business.

We explained to him what we wanted to do, with a beautiful sugar coating, and smiled. Joe the Pimp was very sceptical at first, but after a little more persuasion, he invited us in for a tour. We walked in through the front door and the first thing we noticed was the shower directly in front of us where, behind the curtain, the small Middle Eastern man from reception was bathing. Joe the Pimp took us around all of the bedrooms with a proud air and a bounce in his step. It was almost like a

small child showing off his new trampoline to his buddies. He showed us the massive sauna, boasting about its size and popularity. It was of course empty and only slightly warm. He showed us the spa pool and, eventually, the legendary plunge pool and slide. I'd heard big things about this slide, having it described to me as 'a fucking massive hydro slide bro'. Perhaps for a Hobbit or a Mongolian it'd be a massive hydro slide (Mongolians are often surprisingly small), but for us semi-regular sized folk, it was fucking pathetic. But a slide nonetheless, and that was exciting.

Joe the Pimp concluded the tour by showing us the basement, also known as the Sex Dungeon™. We followed Hoe down a series of poorly crafted stairs, into a giant, dark room. "Hold on boys, I'll just get the lights for yas", barked Joe. We waited for what seemed like several minutes for the lights, before we heard Joe the Pimp exclaim, "Ahh, here we go". Then, a small neon bulb above us slowly came to life and began to flicker. And there we were, standing face-to-face with a real life pimp, in a real life Sex Dungeon™, with real life cum stains on the floor. To the left of us was an old hospital stretcher that had been converted into a Sex Stretcher™. To the right, an old dog kennel that had been converted into a Sex Kennel™. All over the walls were whips, chains, masks, and a couple of remote controls, for the Panasonic TV and VCR unit in the corner of the room.

We continued our informal meeting with Joe The Pimp in the centre of the Sex Dungeon™. We discussed topics such as the safety of his whores, the drive and passion needed to succeed in his industry, and difficult and abusive clientele. After much discussion, Joe the Pimp agreed to let us come back the next day and film his world. He insisted that we blur out the faces of all of his lovelies for safety reasons and that we show him the footage before publishing it. By this stage, we had realised that the real point of interest at Lucky 7 Brothel was no longer the hoes or facilities, but was instead Joe the Pimp, so we agreed to his conditions and left through the fire escape.

– Jonathan de Alwis

This week's episode follows our second meeting with Joe the Pimp, as the local flesh-monger reperforms his tour of the establishment, answering all of our worldly questions and letting us take full advantage of many of the services available. Head to [Facebook.com/CriticTV](https://www.facebook.com/CriticTV) to find the video.

opinion



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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 the scarfie stereotype positively defines the university, rather than undermining it"*. **Maddie Harris** argues the affirmative, while **Kurt Purdon** argues the negative.

AFFIRMATIVE

When Kurt Purdon talks of thinking and not drinking, he's stuck in a false dichotomy. Otago relies on its 100% scarfie image to attract students. We need to protect this image for future generations. It's a question of conscience; sustainability of the university and sustainability of society. The ability to balance alcoholism with getting a degree sets us apart from the rest. Scarfies must have some kind of intelligence to enable them to make it through a degree, despite spending over 50% of their uni life intoxicated. We say it's a feature, not a flaw! Power chucks on tulips, wine goon races, and exploiting the cheap Asian restaurants that actually consent to student BYOs are all character defining features that need to be cherished!

Firstly, do not give in to the nanny state! Cut red tape! Let the free market forces and individual incentives self regulate! The government is trying to brainwash you into thinking that they know what is best for you when they are only operating to satisfy their own personal agenda. Freedom!

Secondly, societal damage. When Kurt talks of the cool kids staying at home to study, he is deluded; they aren't cool. This isn't the kind of behaviour we want to be promoting, and this is certainly not the dull boring sanitized environment we want our future generations to grow up in. Those "cool kids" are a petty minority undermining Otago's defining capabilities.

Thirdly, binge drinking results in the creation of better doctors. It gives our practicing doctors practice, without the externalities of our scarfie culture (liver damage and alcohol related injuries) our doctors would not be educated in medicine. We are creating future doctors and future liver failures and working for them to earn millions at the same time. That's a double long term focus, with a short term benefit.

Finally and economically, farming and rural families are the backbone of our economy. When farming students can't make it through their degree due to excessive alcohol consumption, this is the work of the invisible hand. Or fate; same thing. As they then go back to farming, contribute to exports and our economy depends on exports. Without the scarfie image, they could possibly make it through a degree and then we'd have a less productive exports sector, an over-qualified workforce and not enough jobs. Structural unemployment would bring our export sector to its knees.

Trying to stop students from binge drinking imposes a national standard on them. It's just more complex than that. Any scarfie that actually makes it through their degree is a more productive addition to the workforce than some socially inept twit from afar. Drinking AND thinking on this side of the house.

– **Maddie Harris**

NEGATIVE

Universities are for thinking, not drinking. Maddie seems to think that if we have heaps of fun in the short term, then we will be better off. That's a recipe for disaster. Maddie is only focussed on the short term whereas I am focussed on the long term. She has good intentions, but poor outcomes.

The drinking age needs to be raised to 22 immediately!

The binge drinking culture is incredibly damaging both to students, and the wider community. Think of our mokopuna! Firstly, alcohol has effects on the people that consume it. The health effects are long term and students suffer from short term biases when they make decisions. This means the effects on the brain and liver are not taken into account. We need more of a nanny state! Students blatantly cannot make proper and informed decisions for themselves, so therefore the government needs to make those decisions for them.

Secondly, there are negative externalities or spill-over costs. This means that other students and the wider community suffer from the harm caused by other people. For example, when scarfies get raged and on the piss on Castle Street, that gives the University of Otago a bad name. This harms the cool and responsible students who sit at home, study and don't drink, as their double degrees are being devalued by other people's Double Browns. Drunken people also cause damage to property. I stand up for the common man and his property rights. His personal sovereignty is breached every time a drunken student takes a tactical vom on the tulips in his front garden.

Finally, there is an economic argument. Alcohol companies like Lion Nathan are controlled by foreign shareholders who care about profit over people. Every time you buy yourself some filthy piss from the bottle store, you are sending money overseas in the form of corporate profits to line the pockets of rich fat cats. Where's your compassion?! I want to graduate into a smart, green and prosperous economy which isn't burdened by the dismal effects of alcohol.

At the end of this debate, you need to ask yourself this question. Does alcohol add value to students and wider society in the long term? The answer is most definitely no. Hear hear.

– **Kurt Purdon**



Much of what needs to be said about VSM has already been said; over and over, ad nauseum, until listener, reader, or other sensory recipient has long since lost the will to live and committed hara-kiri, and the windbag responsible for the VSM rant finally attains self-awareness and realises that he is in fact proselytising to a room which is empty but for a large patch of dried guts and a crumpled disemboweled shell that really, *really* wanted him to shut up. But duty calls, so sharpen your tantō and indulge me once more. Your next of kin can either blame or thank *Critic* for your imminent demise, depending on whether or not they like you.

I don't buy into the argument that students' associations violate the right to freedom of association. Students have a choice whether to go to university in the first place. If they know that exercising this choice will entail joining a students' association, I fail to see how their rights are being violated. Violating the right to freedom of association entails a positive action. Students' associations receive their members passively. In any case, all the government needs to do to place this beyond reasonable objection is to strengthen the opt-out provisions currently available. Allow students to opt out on any grounds they choose, and the problem goes away. There's no need for such a heavy-handed and destructive approach as VSM.

I also don't buy into the argument that students shouldn't have to financially contribute to services that they don't use, since VSM doesn't actually address this problem. When AUSA went voluntary, the services it dropped passed to the university and were covered by – you guessed it – more compulsory levies. This will be the likely result for other associations under VSM – still no user-pays system, and a loss of student control over services.

VSM isn't based on any principled logic. It is simply based on antipathy towards students' associations. This in itself isn't necessarily a bad thing – I am not naïve enough to uncritically accept the equation “students' associations = good,” and nor should anybody else. But whether students' associations are worthwhile should be assessed on a case-by-case basis, by the students themselves, and according to the time-honoured tradition of democracy. A vocal minority should not be able to hijack this simply because *they* don't like students' associations and are prepared to abuse the language of rights to get their way. One suspects that when James Meager et al were children, they would kick over other children's sandcastles. Some things never change.

Now if you'll excuse me, I need to find a brick wall to bang my head against. Oh sorry, didn't see you there, I almost slipped in your blood. Pip pip!

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle Celebrates VSM and Freedom

Do you like freedom? Are you a student? If you answered yes to these two questions, crack open an Emerson's and rejoice, dear eaglets. The VSM bill has broken the shackles of Labour's stalling tactics. VSM is the radical idea that students should be free to choose whether or not to join a student union. Next year, OUSA will be voluntary, just like every other association in New Zealand.

For a long time, OUSA has basically been a compulsory \$2.5 million branch of Young Labour; absolutely infested with socialists who spend students' money supporting the Vietcong and protesting against the Iraq War. But now compulsory OUSA is dead, and the Eagle crows in triumph as he feasts on the carcass. Go send some solidarity to Hamas in Palestine now, you pompous, socially retarded student politician losers. OUSA is currently a wasteful, irrelevant joke, and next year it will *really* have to clean up its game and provide value for money if it wants students to join.

Now to deal with some of Young Labour's lies about VSM:

Lie #1 – *You can already opt out.* No, you can't. Have you ever heard of anyone successfully opting out of a student union? Believe the Eagle, he's tried.

Lie #2 – *You won't get free Unipol any more.* Absolute lie. Every student gets Unipol for free via their UNIVERSITY fees. A certain Young Labour OUSA exec member was caught telling this Fran-tastic lie, and had to apologise.

Lie #3 – *OUSA provides effective representation.* That depends. Are you a member of Young Labour? If so, your views are being perfectly represented. Do you like freedom and VSM? If so, your own money is forcibly taken and spent on political campaigns that disgust you. Looking forward to attending the new stadium? OUSA tried to stop it getting built by claiming that all Otago students oppose the stadium.

Lie #4 – *OUSA will die if students aren't forced to join.* This isn't necessarily true. OUSA could purge all the Young Labour idiots and focus on providing value for money, in which case students would join voluntarily. It works in Auckland.

Idiotic comment #5 – *Just get 10% of students to sign a petition to make OUSA voluntary.* OUSA can barely get 1% of students along to their meetings. Yet they expect eaglets to get ten times that number if they want to be free. What a joke.

Now if you'll excuse the Eagle, it's time to go dance on compulsory OUSA's grave while singing “Free Bird”.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle



THE AGENDA GAP

Given *ODT*'s preoccupation with salacious reporting on stupid students, *Critic* wondered how they'd spin the peaceful OUSA protest that had coincided with John Key's visit. Would they have to admit students hadn't fucked up for once? Would they (God forbid) write something positive, or at the very least, objective?

Short answer: no. Instead, *ODT* ran with the "noisy students disrupt poor PM's lovely visit to Dunedin" angle. The headline really set the scene:

Vociferous protesters disrupt visit

(Don't worry, we didn't know what "vociferous" meant either. Luckily, *ODT* realised their mistake and catered for the lowest common denominator with a new headline; "noisy student protesters disrupt Key's visit" on their online edition.)

While the protesters weren't exactly quiet, the headline portrayed them as annoying trouble makers who'd got in the way, rather than citizens expressing their views as part of the democratic process. Plus, if that was a "disruptive" protest, *Critic* would hate to see what the *ODT* would say about the London riots. Shit, there aren't enough words in the dictionary.

But *ODT* didn't leave their "objective" reporting at that. They included a large photo of an angry looking punk pulling the finger to John Key. Interestingly, the punk in question wasn't even part of the VSM protest, and he certainly wasn't representative of the general actions of the crowd.



The article itself wasn't much better. It was basically a gushing love-fest of John Key, giving him a proverbial gobby, and while it detailed Key's perspective on VSM, it limited the views of the protestors to a measly sentence. That's democracy in action if ever I saw it. It's really cool how when students actually stand up for themselves and do good things, the media ignores it so they can continue to peddle the image of students as apathetic, drunken louts who burn their own furniture and break things.

You know what *ODT*, you've one-upped your typical ridiculous stories, such as how it costs \$122 to feed a teenage boy per week (front page, Friday August 5 for those who need to 'find out' about this 'scientific discovery'. I'll have you know, I live on a measly \$50 a week). Sometimes you're trivial, sure, mostly a bit dull. But this week I think that's what they call "poor journalism".

Two weeks ago, the idea of using 'London Calling' to advertise the 2012 London Olympics seemed like cruel ad man humour at the expense of the Lords-in-Charge. Now, however, Joe Strummer's 1979 masterpiece is the soundtrack of the troubled city once more. Middle class white folks throw their hands in the air and feign surprise as England goes up in flames. 'Bored young louts', they cried, 'wearing hoodies and hurling bricks, just so they can steal a new TV!' The BBC lumped the entire population into the categories of either 'shocked' by the destruction or 'condoning' it. I can quite confidently say I was neither. How could anyone be?

While the civil unrest bore little relation to its catalyst, the story of Mark Duggan cannot be ignored: a young black man shot dead by police, unprovoked and unnecessary, but this was just the final straw. Over 300 people have died in police custody in the UK since 1998 without a single police officer being convicted. In the worst socio-economic areas, where criminal behaviour remains one of the few sources of employment, the police proper withdrew ages ago, replaced by Community Policing models, thereby allowing organised thugs to take control of the turf.

These examples of police incompetence are both symptoms of the same toxic system, and when the people eventually get tired of such a scenario, they take the reins and go to town with it. Exactly the same thing happened, in Tottenham in 1985. Thatcher's economics crippled the community, while institutionalised police racism tried to keep the poor at heel. Eventually it exploded a little, before it was crushed a lot. A full generation on – or a couple of generations, rather, in Tottenham – nothing has changed. The failed policies of the 1980s have come back to haunt us.

The privatisation of national assets failed then and it will fail again. The oppression of the poor for the greed of the rich blew up in their face then and now it is back with a vengeance. Neo-liberalism never learns.

It's capitalism's darkest hour – global recession and the Western economy in freefall - and the only ones paying for it had no hand in constructing it. Unemployment is through the roof, social welfare is being slashed, support services for youth have been cut, and the barriers to entry for tertiary education just went up. This is England, but this is also New Zealand. We already have the police racial profiling, and the sycophantic news media ready to paint the privileged as innocent victims at every turn. All I can hope for, as I get misty eyed for Dunedin's incredible heritage architecture, is that John Key, Paula Bennett, Steven Joyce et al are watching the drama unfold with interest, because if they continue with their unbridled attacks on the working classes in New Zealand, tensions will start to spill over here, too. It's not a threat. It's a promise.

– Aaron Hawkins



Down the Foreign Food Aisle

Clement Faugier crème de marrons de l'ardèche

\$4.39 for a 78g tube.

This week the French bring us a delightfully sweet chestnut spread. I had originally entertained ideas of using a more pure chestnut puree in some kind of pie, however I was too

povo to buy it. Said budgetary constraints ended up working in my favour as I settled for a spread which still bears a chestnut content of 45g per 100g of product. Chestnut in both pure and candied form (the latter which is then crushed) is incorporated into this product, as well as sugar, glucose syrup and natural vanilla flavour.

Its delicate flavour is best described as a nutty tasting honey, but with a more pleasant texture - less sticky, with an easy spreading consistency. It's delicious on toast (perhaps with banana), without needing butter. You could also use it to bolster sweetness while adding extra flavour, such as in icings, fillings or crumble toppings. I confess to a slovenly habit of eating Nutella straight out of the jar with the largest spoon I can possibly find. Thanks to this new discovery, I fear I may now have a second such habit, but with the convenience of a tube. Seriously, this stuff is good. Also worth attention is the comically bizarre packaging, notably the strange bear-man gracing the tube, with exceptionally hairy arms, a chestnut for a face and what I can only

presume are leaves for legs. Trust the French.

9/10

PEAR AND CHESTNUT TART

Defrost a sheet of puff pastry as per pack instructions. Meanwhile, thinly slice two pears lengthwise, discarding the core. I use Beurre Bosc pears as they have a lovely mottled green skin which lends a fantastically rustic colour to the tart, so don't peel them. Place the sliced pears in a bowl with a handful of soft brown sugar. Microwave, covered, until the pear is tender (around two minutes). Once the pastry has defrosted, spread half a tube of the chestnut paste on top, right to the corners. Lay the pear slices on top, leaving a 3cm border. Fold this border over the pears, and drizzle the pastry frame with the juice from the warmed pears. Generously sprinkle the tart with cinnamon and brown sugar, then bake in a preheated oven at 200°C on a greased tray (preferably using butter) for 10-15 minutes until the pastry has puffed up and turned golden at the edges.

— Ines Shennan



How to survive an invasion

I dream a lot. In fact, being a BA, I spend about two-thirds of my time dreaming and the rest eating, sleeping and, well, you get my drift. The point is that sometimes I concoct brilliant ways of defending our fine booze-soaked streets and its grand homeless royals from foreign invasion. I was in just that sort of mood a couple of days ago, and it awoke me from my writer's block to impart glorious wisdom upon the world.

The one good thing about our little ghetto is that it's exactly that, a ghetto, and so any invasion couldn't make it any worse. Rubbish bags and planks of wood are just waiting to come to life like a defender of Hogwarts. So for the first time in your uni life, make use of your flat and

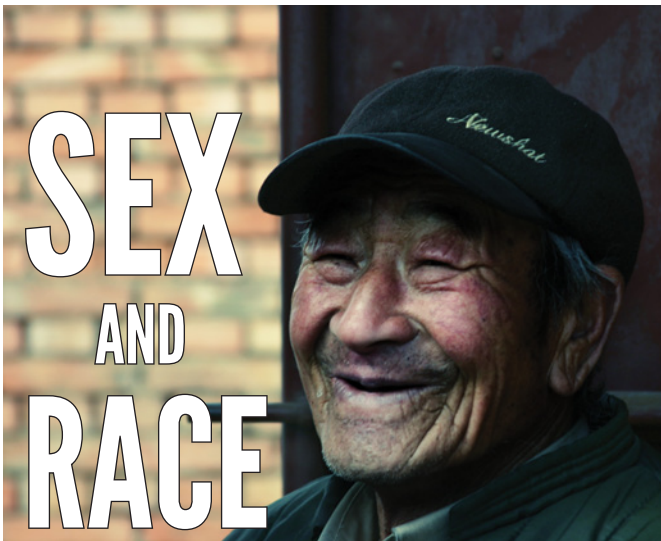
street. Board up your icy lounge and prepare to use it as a bomb shelter. Furthermore, you will finally get free reign to light up those couches and barricade those streets; this is war, and you can't do a half-arsed job. Man the boundaries, the Commerce building should be used as the base for those of the highest training (ha). If you want to survive, you have to use your resources, whether these be nicked shopping trolleys, cardboard boxes or broken doors. Become the master bushman and embrace your inner guerrilla fighter.

Play to your strengths, whatever they may be. Though in most cases the extreme alcoholism that plagues these streets may be seen as weaknesses, in the event of an invasion it may become a strength. To survive the siege on our land, we must create an unparalleled army of booze-fuelled psycho soldiers, who will defend our scummy student land to the death, or at least until the hangovers kick in.

If there is no end in sight, it'll be time to send in the secret weapon. Let the women of Dunedin wine, dine and charm their way into the hearts of the enemy before betraying them to the local forces. Who knows, this might be the moment for UniCol to shine.

And I suppose if all that comes to nothing, there is the coward's way out. Just take yourself, cap in hand, across enemy lines, and with a shed of tear and a shake of the head exclaim your wrongdoing and promise to do better. Perhaps then they'll embrace you and reward you with a warm meal, a cold beer, and a heat pump under which you can nestle down to sleep. After all, it's only a war and every war needs the guy who switches sides. It's just a thought.

— Lyle Skipsey



Once, I gave an Asian guy a blow job. I could fit the whole thing in my mouth fully erect. Admittedly I make it my business to fit most dicks in my mouth to the maximum possible extent, but this was different. There was no straining involved. No gag reflexes even began to be triggered. The tip languished lazily somewhere between my tongue's median sulcus and filiform papillae. Honestly, I've known fairy bread that has penetrated my mouth more aggressively. I suddenly understood why the hookers at my brother's brothel used to wax lyrical about clients hailing from the Orient: "You can do, like, ten Asians in one day and not get sore!"

I swore off Asian dick forever.

Am I racist? I don't think so. Sizeist, certainly, but surely race is just another sexual preference, like big tits or (just picking an example totally at random) big cocks? Many a male friend of mine is partial to a spot of Kute AZN, personally I go weak at the knees and wet in the vag for Latin types and British accents of the kind not usually heard on Jeremy Kyle. We are entirely at the mercy of our sexual predilections. As Renton observes so astutely in *Trainspotting*, it's all about aesthetics and has fuck all to do with morality.

The question is, though, aesthetics aside, are the stereotypes true? Do Asian men indeed have tiny spring rolls and black men breadbin-sized boners? Well, yes and no. The Definitive Penis Size Survey (yes, there is such a thing and all I can say is how do I get into this line of work?) found that the average erect length of Caucasian penises was 6.5", while black men measured 6.1" and East Asian men 5.5". While the study writes off the difference between black and white as "not statistically significant", it cruelly rubs salt and Szechuan pepper in the wounds of the East Asians, noting that "all five measurements were statistically lower in comparison to Caucasians." Ouch.

Of course, one must never over-generalise. I have slept with Latin guys of both the giant chorizo and tiny jalapeño persuasion, and one very white, middle-New Zealand dude whose sex was not unlike the repeated insertion of a tampon. Anyway, ultimately a man with a less-than-huge dick but plenty of enthusiasm can be a lot more fun than a schlub with a club. But sorry, I draw the line at anything even vaguely comparable to fairy bread.

— Mrs John Wilmot



Hi,

I am looking for a personal trainer to cater for my personal fitness needs. I really like the idea and feel of a cross-trainer machine. However, I also have very delicate bowels and every time I am on the cross trainer for more than a couple minutes, I lose full bowel control and often a small nugget of faeces will escape. As you can imagine this is very embarrassing, especially if I've chosen to wear spandex. Naturally, I don't use cross trainers anymore. I was wondering, if I signed up for Les Mills, do you have a trainer who would be able to compassionately assist me with this?

Thank you,
Steven

Subject: RE: Personal Trainer

Date:

Steven, you certainly have a problem. I would suggest that you consult a doctor before progressing further. Once you have established your condition and whether it is physical and can be dealt with through exercise then we can talk further.

Kind regards,
Peter

RE: Personal Trainer

Hello Peter,

I took your advice and saw my doctor on Friday. He diagnosed me with mild intermittent fecal incontinence, nothing serious. He recommended something called Kegel Exercises to solve the problem, do you have any Kegel machines at the gym? The doctor said because my case is not severe. So, which Les Mills personal trainer will be best for me? I promise if the doctor is wrong, I will take full responsibility for any mess I create, and will not expect the personal trainer to clean up after me.

Thank you,
Steven.

Subject: RE: Personal Trainer

Steven we don't have the particular piece of equipment you require I suggest you contact R**** E**** who specialises in these sorts of conditions at Body Synergise

Kind Regards,
Peter

Ok so I've been doing the exercises and I have got the situation to the point where it's under control, and if anything does come out it's just gas. Can I get a personal trainer for cross training and weight-lifting now?

Cheers,
Steven

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.

Aladdin

In the back of my mind there was a whisper, "this could be your lucky night". The bright summer loving was shining on me as I arrived at the lads' place for the pep talk. What if she's maddy? How would you get away? "Bro, should I turn up and assess the situation before you head in there? Then again, if she's a stunner do you have some magic to slap down?"

From there I was on my own, making sure I was neither too early nor too late. Slowly cruising into the bar, there she was. No need for the maddy escape plan, her genuine smile shone through the dim lights of Toast. The standard chat was had and lucky for us there wasn't the standard 10-man jury watching/ analysing and judging as chat was pinballed between us. Good-hearted banter was had, Lucky 7, stilettos and the Casino were thrown out there. Suddenly, from the dark depths of Toast, a British Gollum impersonator produced a 3-5 minute speech in full role. WTF was happening? Other than the five people surrounding the newfound Dunedin sub-celebrity, the bar went silent. Nervous about the raping or murder that could follow, we hurried off to Metro for another drink. Without a plunge pool in sight we headed for the Exchange.

Winner! This was her lucky night! After watching members of the Otago rugby team lose copious amounts of money on the roulette table, it was my turn to show my pedigree and bring home the big money and out-alpha male those rugby jocks. 'Ding', "last beats", my mind said five, I was too late, boom five it was, I was roughed up. She had outplayed, outlasted my efforts on the table. Playing the thirds of the table and black-white were the winning strategies. On that note, the brisk air had cooled and the night was coming to a close. Had a ball with a top chick with the help of Toast, creepy Gollum and red number 32. This was his lucky night.

Jasmine

Considering I was in possession of the bar tab, I thought it would be only polite to turn up relatively on time – momentary alarm that my date had beaten me there was quickly overtaken by the panic that he was about 50 years old. My actual date eventually turned up, and made the odd move of sitting down two bar stools away from me, meaning there was an awkward buffer stool between us.

Convo was pretty free flowing, and I didn't think we were going to need to resort to any awkward questions, until he cranked out "Have you seen any good movies recently?" Ah. Things took a small downhill turn when I found out that old mate here thought that *Harry Potter* was on the same level as *Star Wars*. Luckily I was distracted from this by another Toast patron doing a full-volume Gollum impression from the booth, and nearly needed a change of knickers when he came up behind me doing this paedo-whisper thing.

My date apparently enjoys going on Man Camping weekends, which immediately brought up unwanted images of *Brokeback Mountain* and led me to question whether I had been set up with someone who was batting for the other team. He is also studying to become a primary school teacher, and had some interesting stories about dance class where they prance around with balls and ribbons. Man Points apparently get dished out on these camping weekends, which regained my interest – sounded like some serious alpha activity was going down here, I'm imagining fishing, hunting, shooting shit. Instead, they apparently get points for activities like building paper boats, and setting them on fire while they're sailing. NZ's next Olympic entry no doubt.

When we had milked the bar tab for all it was worth, a new location was on the cards. Despite suggestions from my date that we go to Lucky 7, I veered towards a venue that was less diseased. We grabbed a quick drink in Metro, where he asked me if I knew any good jokes, and in hindsight leading with a dead baby joke might not have been my finest hour. Nor was the follow-up of a double-banger Norwegian/Amy Winehouse joke, bit too soon apparently.

A cheeky stop in at the Casino saw me have a bit of a win, which was lucky considering I bought the round of drinks at Metro - chivalry is dead as. My date then meandered off to drink drive home, so I'm unsure whether he's even still alive to read this or if he instead wrapped himself around a tree on the way back out to the beach. Either way, it was a pretty decent night out, topped off by a romantic McDonald's rendezvous with my flatmate at about 2am.

Review



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44 Food; *Vegetarian Lasagna* | **45** Music; *Skying*
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Pieter Hugo Azuka Adindu, Enugu, Nigeria 2008. Courtesy Greenaway Art Gallery, Adelaide, and Michael Stevenson Gallery, Cape Town.

Upon entering Pieter Hugo's *Nollywood*, my eye was first caught by the distinguished ebony head piece of Darth Vader, mounted heroically on a blank Nigerian canvas. The billboard above beckoned, and I followed.

With any exhibition, I naively attempt to summarise what message the artist is trying to convey. I automatically assumed *Nollywood* would focus on the influence Tinseltown has upon African communities. Of course, I was wrong. *Nollywood* is a confronting, raw window into Nigeria's film industry, the world's third largest. The country produces just over a thousand films per year, more often than not for the local home video market. The films are marketed and produced within just a week, shot in less-than-picturesque conditions, using inexpensive equipment and an elementary script, and actors are cast the same day shooting begins.

Nollywood exposed what I previously would have thought non-existent, a third world film industry. I am unsure if Hugo intended to incorporate an element of shock value into his work, or if his camera was merely witness to this bizarre world, but *Nollywood* is marked by an

element of surprise. Hugo asked the actors and assistants to re-create the scenes of these limited-budget, overdramatized, grim-ending films, and against a desolate, urban background mixed with a slice of traditional culture, a carousel of nightmares is born. Mummies, demons, witch doctors and zombies are awoken, wielding axes, swords, knives and guns. Most of the images are graphic, one even depicting Christ's crucifixion, crown of thorns and all.

The exhibition is accessible and student-friendly (free!) and the gallery is open from 10am until 5pm daily, enabling it to attract a large audience. *Nollywood* is an audacious engagement with a rapidly expanding but underexposed film industry, showcasing Pieter Hugo's flair for capturing what we all subconsciously love to see.

Nollywood is available for viewing at the Dunedin Public Art Gallery from May 28 until August 21, 10am until 5pm daily.

— **Miriama Aoake**



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



Plan 9 from Outer Space (1959)

Directed/Written/Produced by: Ed Wood

Starring: Bela Lugosi, Tom Mason, Vampira, Tor Johnson, Gregory Walcott, Mona McKinnon, Duke Moore, Tom Keene.

A terrible idea followed up with an even worse execution - that pretty much sums up this film. Many have labelled *Plan 9 from Outer Space* the worst film ever made and I certainly have no objection to jumping right on the band wagon. I have seen a lot of shit films but never have I been more perplexed as to what the hell was going on during a film than when I sat down to watch this.

Aliens have come to Earth and have begun to bring the dead back to life. This is Plan 9 and comes after eight unsuccessful plans hatched by the aliens to try to communicate their presence to humankind. Quite how bringing three dead people (Lugosi/Mason, Vampira and Johnson) back to life was ever going to help their cause is beyond me and is never really explained. Anyway, that's what they do, as the days/weeks go by (time is difficult to gauge) people begin to see the flying saucers that the aliens are travelling in. One such person is pilot Jeff Trent (Walcott). Jeff is brought into the fold of an investigation being

carried out by police officers who are seeking answers about the strange deaths/corpse reanimation/U.F.O sightings. Somehow this investigation leads the team of inept earthlings to the main saucer for a head-on confrontation.

Having lambasted *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, it's actually kinda endearing in some ways. From the stock footage and bad acting to the hand-made sets and the multitude of continuity errors, the whole thing is rather like seeing a children's school play; there's not much going on but gosh darn it they gave it a go. The period in which the film was made also gives it a bit of old-world charm. To get the most out of *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, watch it when you are in a silly mood; if you try to take it seriously you'll just get angry.

— Ben Blakely

Review **Art** Editor Hana Aoake

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES STREET

Kluster Fuck: Nathan Forbes. Ant Scarer. Sam Ovens

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY 24B MORAY PLACE

The Graduate Exhibition: Oliver van de Lugt, Claire Mahoney & Tom Garden

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY 5 DOWLING STREET

271 people (mostly alive). Vintage prints 1967-75: Max Oettli

DOWLING ST STUDIOS 20A DOWLING STREET

Painting, Photography & Sculpture: Craig Freeborn, Dominique Papoutsou, Flynn Morris-Clarke, Mischa Rhys Hill & Sally Hill

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

Seat assignment: Nina Katchadourian, *Fractus*: Jeena Shin, *Radiant Matter Part II*: Dane Mitchell, *Nollywood*: Pieter Hugo, *Spirit of Ewe*: Sarah Lucas

HOCKEN GALLERY CNR ANZAC AVE & PARRY STREET

Zero to Infinity: Ralph Hotere

MILFORD GALLERY 18 DOWLING STREET

Parallel

MODAKS GEORGE STREET

Photographs from India: Aysha Jaleel, *Crochet*: Crafty Minx

MONUMENTAL 7 ANZAC AVE

Ross Gray

NONE GALLERY 24 STAFFORD STREET

Wilful Damage: Levi Hawken

RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART STREET

Powderfinger: Curated by Michael Morley 15+ artists

SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY RIEGO STREET

We are here: Juliet Novena Sorrel

TEMPLE GALLERY MORAY PLACE

Picture Gallery - Recent Photographs 2007-2011: Max Oettli

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Being Elmo: A Puppeteer's Journey

Directors: James Miller & Constance Marks

Stitch by stitch, the crafting of our most beloved *Sesame Street* companion is revealed in *Being Elmo*. Through this documentary we learn about Kevin Clash, a man whose arm and voice has brought him international fame. You may not recognise his name but you could not forget his stage persona, the giggling and red Elmo.

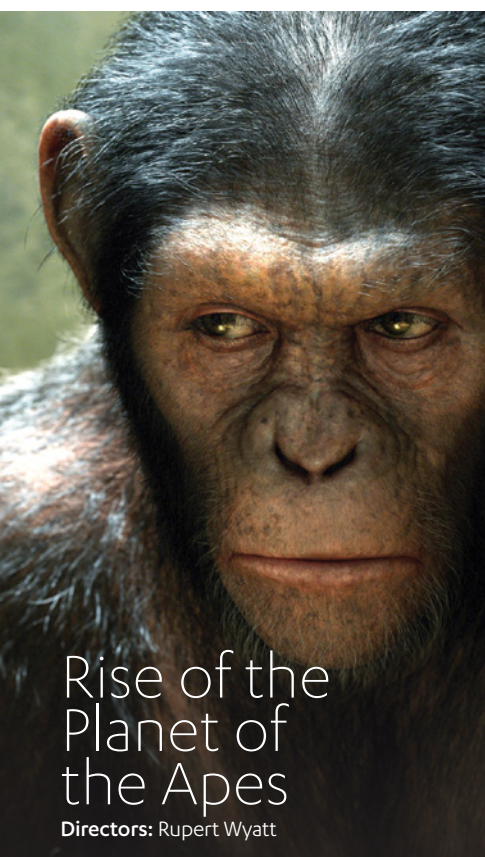
Through interviews, family videos and documentary footage, we run through the stages of Kevin Clash's life. As a little boy, Clash was glued to the television, especially to shows such as *Captain Kangaroo* and *Sesame Street*. This was his version of escapism from a Baltimore environment which, although supportive, could not provide the means of realising his dream of visiting Disneyland.

We learn how Clash's love for puppets began early, leading him to making puppets for audiences as diverse as preschoolers to special needs schools to fairs. Then of course comes the tale of how he was discovered by a roaming talent spotter. From there it was television studios, New York, Jim Henson and Frank Oz (the *Sesame Street* mastermind). Clash could handle those puppets like he handles his own little man. He even featured as a puppeteer on *The Labyrinth* (David Bowie at his most magnificent). Finally Clash got to appear on *Sesame Street*, his dream destination filled with puppeteer idols. After a right-place-at-the-right-time incident, he picked up Elmo and created one of the most popular television stars ever.

What I especially adored about this documentary were the shots of the film sets and puppet-making studios. Clash would pull open a drawer filled with puppet eyes, then sunglasses, then moustaches – it was fantastic. I imagined creating a mini Loulou. The allure of puppets!

Being Elmo has a low-key feel with examples of some budget film making but it remains positive. The story isn't about drugs, rehab, rocky roads, but rather about talent and very innocent dreams. If Clash's tale does have lows these aren't elaborated upon. As the eponymous soft toy beckons you to do, *Being Elmo* will tickle you in just the right way.

– **Loulou Callister-Baker** 🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬



Rise of the Planet of the Apes

Directors: Rupert Wyatt

How to make a successful prequel to a disastrous first film: 1. Ignore original movie in its entirety. 2. Replace bad actors with good actors. 3. Ditch terrible ape costumes and go digital, employing Weta motion-capture. 4. Reboot.

Rise of the Planet of the Apes is an origins story that explains how the apes became intelligent and began their conquest of the planet. Will Rodman (James Franco) is a researcher who has developed a retrovirus to treat Alzheimer's and other neurological diseases by repairing eroded pathways in the brain. One of the apes Will has treated with the virus escapes her cell and disrupts a board meeting, leading to the abandonment of the project and the ordered destruction of the test apes. Finding a baby ape hidden in a cell, Will is implored by the ape handler to take it home or else put it down himself. Will names the ape Caesar and, after taking it home, realises it has increased intelligence and raises it as part of his family.

I could give a more detailed description of the story but I really don't want to give too much away. It's a really enjoyable ride and the less you know now the better, so do not go and watch trailers or clips for this film!

Although I'm not much of a fan of digitally produced animals, after the initial shock of seeing apes not dressed in Cadbury-esque costumes, you can settle in and let digital detail work wonders on the emotions and actions of the newly refurbished apes. Andy Serkis plays the lead ape Caesar, and you really can't imagine anyone else doing a better job at translating human emotions. Give this guy an award already! He totally deserves it.

All in all this is a damn good film. Interesting storyline, good actors, appropriate music and fantastic visual effects all come together to make a good fucking movie! It is a surprisingly difficult task to make a well-crafted, lighthearted action flick these days but they got it right with *Rise of the Planet of the Apes*. Make sure you see this in the cinema; it's worth the cost and you will feel happy, despite humanity's impending ape-related doom.

– **Tom Ainge-Roy** 🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬



Page One: inside the New York Times

Director: Andrew Rossi

Page One is the story of an institution in decline, hurt by plummeting advertising revenue and enforced layoffs. It is also shamelessly biased, towards both the *New York Times* and traditional print media in general. Its protagonists are portrayed as heroic defenders of a vital institution, while its antagonists in the new popular media are portrayed as shallow, sleazy idiots. I suspect that only those sympathetic to the film's cause (and I am among them) will remain patient with it.

In one early scene the *Times*' media journalist, David Carr, interviews writers at *Vice* magazine about their coverage of the conflict in Liberia. When one of them suggests that *Vice* had brought the conflict to the public's attention more successfully than had the *Times*, Carr snaps, proclaims the superiority of the *Times*' reporting and accuses his now-browbeaten subjects of Gonzo-showboating. Quavering apologies follow, and Carr continues the interview.

The scene encapsulates the (perhaps justifiably) patronising attitude of both Carr and the film towards new popular media. A staunch defence of substance over style, the film locates traditional broadsheets at the heart of all news media. Online publications such as Huffington Post and Newser are repeatedly depicted as taking a hypocritical

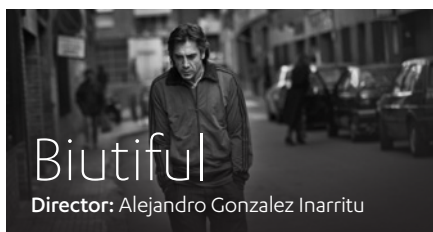
stance, namely proclaiming traditional print media to be obsolete, whilst directly relying on it for content and agenda.

Eulogies for the *Times* flow thick and fast, particularly in the film's early stages. Many scenes, such as those depicting the paper's involvement with Julian Assange and Wikileaks, seem carefully constructed to emphasise the paper's objectivity, status and influence. Meanwhile, interviews with an employee of Gawker are cut with shots of Gawker stories about orgies and poo.

However, the real star of the show is Carr. An ex-con and former drug addict, Carr's love for the paper, his derision of populist media and his resistance to change fit perfectly with the angle of the film itself. Possessing a brilliant mind and resembling an oversized vulture, he hoarsely skewers everyone outside the paper with wonderfully caustic, cynical wit, and is responsible for the film's best moments.

Page One is a fast-paced, fascinating look at a legendary newspaper and the challenges it faces in the future. Balanced it is not. But it is guaranteed to make any literate Dunedinite intensely jealous of New Yorkers.

— Sam McChesney



In *Biutiful*, Inarritu presents a dark story set amongst the labyrinth-like streets of Barcelona. The film is cyclic, both beginning and ending with death. We watch Uxbal (Javier Bardem), who is the father of two young children and the husband of a bipolar, curly-haired woman who struggles with addiction and sways at the edge of their lives. Uxbal is involved with an illegal factory which is run by two unforgiving Chinese men

who have a sexually intense affair with each other, and which imports Chinese workers to make cheap goods. He is also dealing with malignant cancer yet still trying to provide a livable environment for his children (a reoccurring theme in contemporary film and television). However, like a poorly made fake Louis Vuitton purse, his life inevitably deteriorates into pieces of material connected by single threads.

The film is claustrophobic. Only rarely do exterior shots provide context, only rarely are there moments of relief. At times you feel like you're sitting in a dismal cave, with mould dripping down along the walls. Although *Biutiful* received a nomination for Best Foreign Film in the Academy Awards, the audiences'

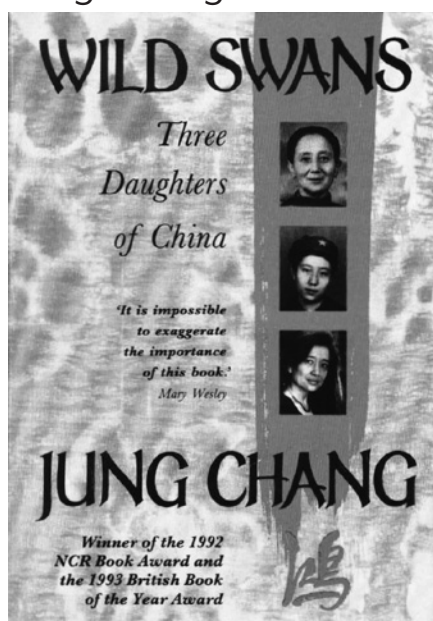
reactions will remain undoubtedly mixed. In the small cinema in which myself and only one other person sat, the experience was uncomfortable. *Biutiful* did not provide a cathartic release but rather was an emotional journey both dismal and horrifying. The acting is brilliant (Bardem was nominated for Best Actor at the Academy Awards) and there are some moments of pure cinematic poetry. We watch huge moths beating their wings on the cracked ceiling above Uxbal's bed and ants crawl down a window covered in an oil painting smudge of the outside world. However, I think the students of Dunedin have enough dampness in their flats without the depressing addition of this film to their world.

— Loulou Callister-Baker



Wild Swans

Jung Chang



Wild Swans is Jung Chang's autobiography and follows the lives of three generations of Chinese women. The book begins with Jung Chang's concubine grandmother and follows her

struggle for independence during the upheaval of her society in Manchuria, a Japanese-occupied province in Northern China.

China changed rapidly during the twentieth century and this is shown in the world Bo Qin/De-hong, Jung Chang's mother, is born and raised in. Her mother's attitude and choices at a young age shape the rest of her life and her future children. Her mother joins the Communist Party at an early age and for the rest of the book the Communists are ever present.

Jung Chang's parents are both Communist Party officials, trying to create the China of their ideals. Her father's decisions relating to his family often made me cry. In his eyes, the needs of the party and the country come before the family. As a high official he had the power to obtain special or certain privileges for his family. During their travels as a couple, they had to walk from the northern city of Tianjin to Nanjing. Jung Chang's mother was in dire pain during this walk as she was pregnant. Her husband did not help to relieve her suffering. Instead, Jung Chang's mother had to walk hundreds of kilometres in her delicate state,

causing her to miscarry and nearly die.

Wild Swans weaves together the personal lives of the family and the wider political events occurring in China during the twentieth century. I am interested in Chinese political history so I found it fascinating to see how the big and small decisions made by Chairman Mao, the Communist leader of China, affected Jung Chang and her family. At one stage when Jung Chang was at high school, Mao ordered all grass to be removed because it was too bourgeois and western.

This book will inform you about the important events in China under the Communist regime in an entertaining, accessible way. The personal struggle of the characters makes you aware of their fear and the way a regime can alter the mindset of both individuals and a whole nation. It is a long book, containing over 671 pages, but don't let that put you off. It flows very well which makes it easy to read. I recommend everyone should read it, even if you are not interested in Chinese politics. Overall it is a tragic but uplifting family memoir.

– Sylvia Avery



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Layers of Goodness



Ingredients

1/8 pumpkin, cut into small 1cm squared cubes
 1 tbsp oil
 1 onion, diced
 2 teaspoon minced garlic or 3 cloves
 1 teaspoon dried rosemary
 1 teaspoon dried basil
 ¼ teaspoon chilli powder
 10 mushrooms, sliced
 ½ red capsicum, cut into 1cm squared pieces.
 2 cans of canned tomatoes
 3 pieces of frozen spinach, or a handful of fresh spinach, chopped
 ½ cup red wine, although the more the merrier (I suggest Country Red goon). If you don't have any, a dash of balsamic vinegar will do.
 2 tbsp brown sugar
 Salt and Pepper to taste

You can pick and choose your vegetables depending on the season. Diced eggplant, grated carrot, silverbeet, zucchinis, beans, even lentils or kidney beans, would all work wonderfully. Just make sure you have enough vegetables to bulk out the mix.

THE WHITE SAUCE

1 tbsp butter
 1 tbsp flour
 1 cup milk
 1 cup cheese, grated
 Salt and Pepper to taste

THE EXTRAS

1/2 tub of cottage cheese OR ½ block of feta. Feta is wonderfully sharp, but cottage cheese gives a delicious creaminess.
 Handful of walnuts, broken into small pieces or pumpkin seeds

My flatmate is a bit of a genius when it comes to vegetarian lasagne. General flat consensus: mince is good, but pumpkin and feta is great. This may have something to do with the fact the majority of our flat is vegetarian, or at least vege-flexible (i.e. doesn't eat meat usually, but is partial to the odd cheeseburger). But meat eaters should not for a moment think that making lasagne with spinach and cheese is in anyway second rate. It's incredibly delicious. Very kindly, my flatmate shared her lasagne-making secrets with me and now I share them with you. I'm convinced it's the goon that makes it; once again proving that there is nothing cooler than Country cask wine.

Trick for young players: instant lasagne is exactly that, instant. If you buy the lasagne sheets (and you might as well because they aren't expensive and they're a lot less hassle) you don't need to cook them first.

Method

1. Boil or roast pumpkin pieces until soft, but still firm. Set the oven to 180 degrees.
2. Warm oil in a pan, and fry garlic and onion with basil, rosemary and chilli. Add the mushrooms and capsicum, fry until soft.
3. Add the canned tomatoes, wine, sugar and seasoning. When the tomatoes are heated through, add the spinach. When the pumpkin is ready, add it too. Now you just need to simmer and reduce, stirring often, until the sauce is thick, rich and tasty. Make sure you try the sauce, adjusting seasoning, herbs, sugar and wine to ensure ultimate deliciousness. Pour yourself a glass of wine and embrace your inner Italian housewife/husband.
4. In another pan, melt butter. Add the flour and mix into a paste. Slowly add the milk, stirring constantly until the sauce thickens. Take off the heat, and add seasoning and cheese.
5. Once sauce is reduced, pour mix into a lasagne dish, at least 10cm deep. Place over lasagne sheets, covering the mix. Pour cheese sauce over, sprinkle with walnuts, and crumble feta or cottage cheese over. Top with more lasagne sheets, more mix, and so on, until the mix has run out. Finish off with more lasagne sheets, the remainder of the cheese sauce, grated cheese and a sprinkling of walnuts (or pumpkin seeds, if you prefer).
6. Bake for 30-40 mins in the oven, or until the lasagne sheets are cooked and the top is golden.

Although it is probably not a common suggestion in the pretentious world of wine matching, I suggest serving with a glass of Country Red. What could be better after a long hard day of refreshing Facebook?

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VE15121



The Horrors *Skying*



From the gimmicky, narcotic goth implosions of their debut album *Strange House*, to the stylish post-punk/shoegazing of their sophomore *Primary Colours*, The Horrors have demonstrated that their metamorphosis is an ongoing affair. Guitars have gone from screeching to fuzzy, drums from driving to decorative, vocals from comical to Joy Division-esque, and their target audience from teenage girls who drink their own blood to readers of Pitchfork Media. And now, after huge shifts in their production, influences (from The Birthday Party to My Bloody Valentine?) and - dare I say it - hairstyles, The Horrors are getting darn close to perfection.

Skying is Part III of The Horrors' evolutionary journey, and they at last abandon their angst and fury to instead explore more psychedelic realms. The punch and immediacy for which they were originally known has been replaced by a growing emphasis on mood, atmosphere, coloration and synths, and gone is any lingering tendency towards style-over-substance.

The lacklustre production of the first two albums has been improved on and expanded, almost to excess; each song on *Skying* is layered in gorgeous, syrupy effects, giving the album a dense and aquatic feel. People will call it overproduced, but I see it as gloriously overdone, like

Oasis' *Be Here Now* or Animal Collective's *Merriweather Post Pavilion*. The scale of the whole thing is enormous; tracks like 'Changing the Rain' (personal favourite) or 'Oceans Burning' sound as infinitely large, deep and enveloping as the album cover (the skyward tribal rhythm that introduces 'Changing the Rain' is one of the most perfectly-captured sounds in music I've ever heard).

Lead single from *Skying*, 'Still Life', is another highlight, nicely summing up The Horrors' new direction. The track begins with a swelling, break-of-dawn electronic pattern, the likes of which you'd hear on a Boards Of Canada record. Its startling clarity heightens your senses just in time for the locked and simple rhythm section to trudge its way into the fore. Compared to the opaque yawnfest of some previous Horrors' tracks, this is already life-affirming stuff. The perfect foundation now laid down, keyboardist Tom Cowan breathes an ethereal Eighties' synth lead into the mix, immediately reminiscent of brighter post-punk acts like Echo & The Bunnymen, and even Killing Joke in their *Brighter Than A Thousand Suns* period. Combine all that with a shameless Simple Minds-style chorus, and you've got one of the best things The Horrors have ever done. The evolution of the track is similar to *Primary Colours* highlights 'Mirror's Image' and 'Scarlet Fields', but feels more logical, more momentous, and a hell of a lot better.

Three albums full of nods and homages to other bands tells me that The Horrors are never going to be insanely original, and that their greatest achievement will instead be a Frankenstein creation of well-chosen and well-channelled influences, blended seamlessly together. And *Skying* is the work that closest fits that description thus far.

— **Basti Menkes**

Call of Juarez: The Cartel

Platforms: Xbox 360, PS3, PC

Call of Juarez 1 and 2 were interesting for roughly (if not exactly) two reasons. #1: The Wild West, at the time, was a cool and totally underutilized setting for an FPS, and #2: you played as two protagonists with polar opposite goals, one grizzled preacher chases, and one bow wielder runs away. The game's storytelling, which forsook clumsy cutscenes, forced you to empathise with both characters. Even if the actual shooter gameplay was clunky, and remains that way, chasing - or running from - a character that you cared about was rather surreal.

Here's the thing: *Red Dead Redemption* came out in 2010 and everyone got really bored of the Western aesthetic part way through Mexico. Worse is that with *The Cartel*, Techland have stripped away, like a vulture on the bones of a Deputy, everything that made *Call of Juarez* meaningful and unique. It's not even set in the West anymore (not that in 2011 that would have salvaged much). But a shooter about a trio of gritty cops, dealing with gangsta gangsters and hip-hop hookas, is not exactly a refreshing tale. Each character is completely unlikable as well, and each one spouts laughable dialogue. Shooting is, at best, functional. It ticks all the boxes. You shoot enemies. With guns. And



the enemies fall over. But every gun you pick up feels weak, like you're spattering enemies with a loose BB. Cars, on the other hand, will explode in response to a single stray round. It does feel reasonably modern though, with a few weapons types and iron-sighting. There are loads of enemies on screen at once too, which is nice.

A bigger problem is the game's level design, which piles formulaic decisions on top of an already formulaic genre. You will drive a car, which is boring, have a large shoot-out, which works okay-ish, and then engage in a

drawn-out slow motion sequence – which is okay the first time you do it, but happens so often that it becomes absurd and loses all impact.

I see cars, staircases, and big scary men with big scary tattoos in every shooter, nay, every action game I've ever played. I could be looking at cacti man! Or horses! Sand! In the West you could get away with being nasty. I mean, it was harsh on the farthest reach of civilization. Here, in commercial modern society though? Everyone just comes across as whiny.



VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

mon 15/8 **ReFuel: Refuel Unplugged: Open Mic Night**
w/ Honeybone. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm.

tue 16/8 **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**
Dunedin's premiere jazz jam night. \$2 entry from 8pm. Bring your horn!

wed 17/8 **Di Lusso: DJ Jimmy Fresh hosts Internationals**
Reggae / Dancehall / RnB / Hip Hop. Free entry.

thur 18/8 **ReFuel: Black Sky Hustler & Idiot Prayer with special guests TLA**
\$10 from 9pm.

Di Lusso: DJ Pippin
Electro / Hip Hop / Club Bangers / Mash Ups. Free entry.

Urban Factory: Head Like A Hole
w/ Cairo Knife Fight. Tickets from eventfinder.co.nz and Cosmic Corner.

The Church, Dundas St: Marrow presents: Your Favourite Dead Person
Marrow's 1st birthday and Greatest Hits Issue launch. Featuring Apostates, Max Waots, Kid Contra, Nicole Van Vurren, Opposite Sex, The Doyleys, Burlesque Theatre and Mr Jamie Green as MC. \$5 doors at 9PM. Prizes for best dressed.

The Globe Theatre: Waiting for Godot - Opening Night
Thurs 18th-Sun 28th. 7:30pm start plus Sunday 2pm Matinee. Bookings 4773274. Door sales available, cash only (no EFTPOS).

fri 19/8 **Di Lusso: Dal Boy**
Hip Hop / Mash ups. Free entry.

Dunedin Town Hall: OUSA Presents: Rhythm and Vines: Origins
Featuring The Black Seeds, P-Money, I Am Giant, and Knives at Noon. Celebrating the birthplace of Rhythm & Vines. Tickets from 1-night.co.nz and OUSA Main Office.

sat 20/8 **XII Below: Radio One Presents: The Nudge - Big Nudge Pie Tour**
Support from Fraser Ross (WGTN). \$7 with a 91CARD, \$10 without.

Di Lusso: DJ Pippin & Max Dad E
Electro / Hip Hop / Club Bangers / Mash Up. Free entry.

Urban Factory: Sound Forge & Future Sound of Dunedin present The Official Octagon Rail Jam Afterparty
Feat. Audio (UK) with MC Beau, Crushington, Gamble (Formally Truth), Downtown Brown, Dirty Ol' Knights, Sound Forge, Future Sound of Dunedin, Sparrow, Fricky, and Civil. Presales from 1-night.co.nz & Quest. Limited door sales from 10pm.

Evison Lounge (Clubs & Socs) : Universal Prayers For Peace - Kirtan Concert
\$20 inc. light supper. Bookings & enquiries to Jane: 4717149.



1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



Hands

Written by **CE Gatchalian**; Directed by **Alex Wilson**;
 Staring **Abby Howells**, **Trubie-Dylan Smith** and
Jacob McDowell

Hands, by Canadian playwright CE Gatchalian, depicts a couple - Phillip and Mary - who are confronted with the banality of their black-and-white lives. Their conversation centres on things like wallpaper, newspapers, anniversaries and mittens until their little world unravels. Enter Junior, Phillip and Mary's only son, a prodigy since the age of six, a concert pianist and a degenerate.

Gatchalian is a young, complex and engaging writer, although his repetitive and at times chillingly mundane writing can prove quite the challenge for a director. Wilson tackled this piece with gusto, and his strong directorial

choices were complemented by equally engaging lighting, design, and immaculate costuming (save perhaps Jacob McDowell's attire, which made him look like a GI Joe).

The care Wilson took in assembling the simple but very effective set was noticeable. He framed the square performance space on two sides and covered the floor in large checkerboard tiles. This contrasted dramatically with Mary's dreams of covering the walls in burgundy wallpaper exploding with azaleas. Poor Mary.

The sterility of these characters' lives was reinforced further by Martyn Roberts' use of

lighting, and the lights were even hung to mirror the checkerboard flooring, a treat for observant viewers (or those who had to write on the play for their THEA122 or THEA351 assignments). Stark neon-esque lights also contrasted with warm household light bulbs sheltered by clean metal shades (ironically, these lights actually contain a neon centre, not the usual filament that your living-room light probably holds).

The boldest choice that Wilson made was seating Phillip at the very back of the space, facing the back corner. This stylised staging decision was daring, but really worked, helping to emphasis the disconnect between Phillip and his wife and align the audience with Mary, framing Phillip as the orchestrator of Mary's torturous life.

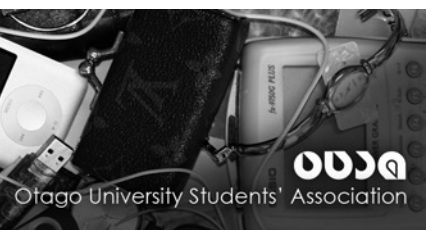
The acting started strong but quickly lost intensity. Although the location of McDowell (as Junior) within the stage space was clearly thought out, his presence seemed forced. The tension hadn't built enough to justify his entrance and I wasn't quite convinced that he 'owned' his presence. Neither Smith nor Howells pushed themselves through the dialogue, ripping and screaming right up to the finale. They were apt, they were engaging, they were present, but they just weren't quite there. Howell lacked the vocal ability to really grasp me by the throat and pull me down with her. The music (which was fabulous and played throughout - was it Edith Piaf?) swallowed her right at the point I wanted her to lose control, fall apart and, miraculously, pull it all together.

The final sequence just didn't satisfy me either, I left feeling slightly underwhelmed. But don't worry! The good definitely outweighed the bad and I was incredibly happy to see such brave and accomplished work from Mr. Wilson. I really enjoyed this play, and I would love to see another Wilson/Gatchalian collaboration.



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OUSa

Otago University Students' Association

STATE OF THE NATION

HOW MANY SOGO'S CAN YOU BENCH?

BEN: A SOLID SLAB. **LUKE:** A SLAB AND A HALF. **RHIANNON:** 5 SLABS EACH ARM. **JAY:** WHY WOULD I BENCH THAT SHIT?
HAMISH: BUGGER SOGO'S, A BARREL OF WINE AND A BOX OF CC& DRY.

ON A SCALE FROM DANIEL CRAIG TO JOHN TRAVOLTA, HOW MANLY ARE YOU?

BEN: MAYBE HALF WAY. **LUKE:** I'VE GOT THE CAMPNESS OF TRAVOLTA BUT THE SUAVENESS OF CRAIG. **RHIANNON:** I'M DEFINITELY MORE MANLY THAN DANIEL CRAIG. **JAY:** MORE MANLY THAN ANYONE, INCLUDING CHUCK NORRIS. **HAMISH:** NEITHER, I AM THE DOCTOR.

DO YOU THINK POLITICS IS A MALE DOMINATED GAME?

BEN: IT'S JUST AN OLD BOYS' CLUB. **LUKE:** WELL, OUR LAST THREE PRIME MINISTERS INCLUDING JOHN KEY HAVE BEEN FEMALE.
RHIANNON: IT SHOULDN'T BE. WOMEN RULE THE WORLD! **JAY:** YEAH DEFINITELY, I MEAN LOOK AT HELEN CLARK. **HAMISH:** I'D SAY IT'S EQUAL. THERE ARE POWERFUL WOMEN OUT THERE IN THE WORLD, LIKE ANGELA MERKEL.

WILL PEOPLE KEEP ON CONSUMING KRONIC DESPITE THE NEW LAW?

BEN: SOMETHING ELSE WILL COME ALONG. **LUKE:** REAL WEED IS SO MUCH BETTER! **RHIANNON:** PEOPLE WILL STILL SMOKE IT OR SOME ALTERNATIVE. **JAY:** CONSUMING IT WILL NOW BE REBELLIOUS. **HAMISH:** THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER PRODUCT AROUND THE CORNER. PEOPLE SHOULD TURN TO WEED TO AVOID ALL KRONIC'S TOXINS ETC.

DO YOU THINK LONDON'S RIOTS COMPARE TO FRIDAY'S PROTEST AGAINST VSM?

BEN: CHRIST NO! **LUKE:** DEFINITELY. **RHIANNON:** NO OF COURSE NOT, LONDON IS MORE WORRYING THAN VSM. **JAY:** FRIDAY'S PROTEST ALL THE WAY! **HAMISH:** LONDON'S RIOTS ARE WAY MORE IMPRESSIVE, THEY'VE HIT INTERNATIONAL NEWS.

THE MEN'S EDITION



BEN



LUKE



RHIANNON



JAY



HAMISH

POETRY

In Waiting

The plane's been delayed three hours,
 The bar doesn't open for two.
 I've already read the paper, the sports twice,
 And any minute
 There might be another fucking earthquake.
 There's a couple sitting across the terminal.
 The man, middle aged and balding
 Draped in a suit too important for his job,
 While a blonde sits across from him
 Much younger, letting a smile escape her lips
 As she laughs at a joke,
 He was far too proud of.
 I wonder how many men she's tortured
 With that smile?
 I'm sure he's not the first,
 But the tight grip of his stare suggests
 He thinks he'll be the last.
 I'd wear a suit,
 If it meant she tortured me with that smile.
 Guys like him and me are all the same
 We worship the masochistic struggle,
 As long as it's pretty,
 The agony is the ecstasy.
 They're playing a game of chess
 On one of those travel size fold out boards,
 I can't tell who's winning,
 But they both seem happy.
 Him, happy to show off his new suit
 Her, happy to show off that smile.
 While I'm still stuck here thinking
 When's my turn?

Tim A. Rou

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



Libby

Studies Pols and Law

Pants: Family friend

Jersey: Dad's

Can girls rock beards? Heeeeelll no.

Favourite Designer:

My friend Wynn
 If you could choose
 one amazing item,
 what would it be?
 Swedish clogs.

Dom

Studies Pols and
 History

Patch from a t-shirt

Badge: Serj Tankian

Bag: Found on street
 when flats were
 cleaning out and
 dumping

Jeans: Cheap
 Mondays

Jumper: Christchurch \$2 Warehouse

Shirt: Reagan my
 friend in Wellington

**Why are you
 growing a beard?**

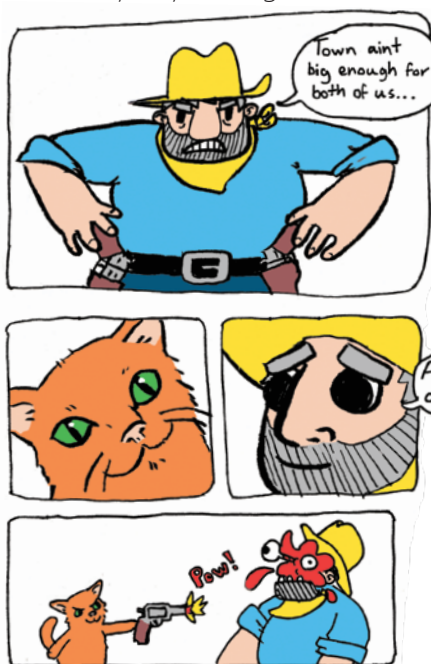
Lazy, and can
 be in Polytech
 fashion parade for
 longhaired, bearded
 dudes. It's warm
 if you don't leave
 toothbrush residue
 in it.



Antics by Stephen Gillan



Cowboys by George Shaw



Competition Winner

Sandy lay next to Janette. I moved from Janette to Sandy, about five times. *Smelling* each of their *perfumes*, my *nose* filled with their different, musky flavours. After I couldn't *stand* any more, I pushed Sandy onto *the sand*, I put my hands on her *face* and spread her *bread*. I took one look at her winking *at me* and knew that I just had to do *make sandwich*. She was so tight, as I pressed my engorged *finger* into *the gutter* that I thought I would *yell* then and there. As I started thrusting in *the filling*, hot *chicken*, it felt like all the skin on my *feet* was being ripped apart, but with time it became easier to push *tomato* into *the bread*. Sandy squealed her enthusiasm for my *lavish* attentions and pushed *her lips* onto my *own* with *relish*.

Our winner this week sadly neglected to put their name or contact details on their submission, so there will be 2 zines up for grabs next week.

The Shed by Spencer Hall and Damian Smith



GCs#3 by SH & HSH



Sean Norling

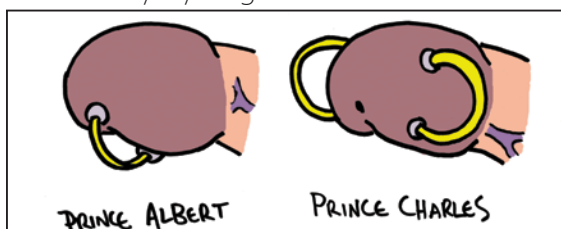


Aaron Hawkins



Jon Bakos

Penis Envy by Regan McManus



Royalty

Some of the key crew from Radio One 91fm, cultural hub and no longer in jeopardy. GCs!

Spockian Philosophies by Toki Wilson



Kiaora Whanau,

I don't know if you heard through the grapevine, or perhaps just from people in your lectures, but last Friday night Te Roopu Maori held two absolutely hilarious hypnosis shows as a fundraiser for Huinga Tauira, hosted by our very own Jacob Ashdown. If you didn't attend, you missed out! Huinga Tauira is an annual celebration of all the Maori Students' Associations from around Aotearoa, where we participate in activities such as sports, kapa haka, manu korero and of course the nitty-gritty meetings (VSM). This year the event is being held in Auckland and, Te Roopu Maori have 33 tauira heading up to have a good time!

Anyway, back to the show! The overall feedback we received was that both shows were enjoyed by all who attended. We personally considered the night a huge success, let me highlight a few of the more memorable moments.

Ballbag - Jake, you were hypnotised into believing that your name was Ballbag, and you were fiercely proud of this name, so much so that you also named your baby Ballsack. Thank you to yourself and Arleen for your hilarious onstage antics.

Red haired boy- I don't know where you come from, but you were the highlight of the entire night for me. Prancing around stage as if you were not restrained by gravity, I almost would have thought you were a child ballerina. You took the cake though when you believed you won \$14million, crying on the ground absolutely speechless, only to later be

Gary by Cody Knox



Competition

Here's your chance to get on the Critic comics page and win stuff from the Dunedin Comic Collective!

To enter, come up with an interesting idea, villain, drawing, gadget etc. for one of the characters below (or one of your own), put it on a bit of paper and put it (along with your name and contact details) in one of the "DCC" boxes at either Critic, Radio One, Tootone Records or the University bookshop. The winners will have their submissions turned into comics by our artists and win a copy of the lushly reprinted DUDzine:BEE. Awwwww yeeeeeaaah!

- **Batsman:** A cricketer
- **Ex-Man:** Ex-boyfriend (or just ex-boy??)
- **Land Lord:** An evil money-hungry villain
- **Cat Lady:** A vagrant lady with too many cats
- **Soundman:** The superhero of live music
- **Huge Yakman:** Hugh Jackman's alter-ego



TE ROOPU MĀORI

told you did not win. The look on your face; PRICELESS! I hope you get into medical school without paying your way in.

And Flex- with your third eye on the end of your index finger, I hope you had a great time checking yourself out.

Rimutere- You have an amazing Dougie. I wonder...will you teach me?

Aside from these few instances of hilarity, we had boys giving birth, people stuck to the stage, people believing they had stretchy noses and people believing there was no number five.

So lastly I would like to thank everyone who attended, promoted, and helped organise the show, as well as Jacob and our tino ataahua kapa haka roopu. You have taken us one giant step closer to Auckland! We hope you laughed as much as we did! For those of you missing out on Huinga this year, keep it in the memory bank for next year ae?

Stay cool. Ka kite,

Courtney Heke-McColgan



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Cocks

As the name indicates this is going to be all about 'fowls' and 'fouls', yes that's right.... Well not really although while on the topic I will add that I was not impressed when I went to KFC last weekend for some 'cheap fast-food' for a bit of snack-age. What I received was neither fast nor cheap and I was not impressed, \$15 bucks it cost me-unbelievable.

Anyway going back to where I was, I must apologize for my 'foul' mouth that has resulted in my mother being "Very disappointed" (yes that's right not angry but disappointed, rough). My dad on the other hand is all G with what I said because I'm "getting one back for what he did to the farmers in the 80's. In case you didn't know, after a very heated late night session of watching Parliament Television (fuck I've changed) with a few beers and watching as politicians toyed and made light of this incredibly destructive VSM bill, I was fuming! I then vented those fumes through the wonders of Facebook trolling, where I called the founder of the VSM bill (Sir Roger Douglas) a 'Dinosaur' and a c*nt'. Eeeekkk I know, I know, naughty word tisk tisk Logan, and I do apologise to those of you whom I also offended in doing so. What followed was a tabloid frenzy which saw the good Edgar name slandered across the national headlines (rough). Anyway I think the moral of the story here is something like-just because you would say it on Castle St doesn't mean it's acceptable elsewhere. However.... (oh no Logan don't try justify it) Scarfies aren't PC and I'm not PC or even Mac.... And to quote Forest Gump "and that is all I have to say about that".

Oh well box of chocolates and daht.

Much love from your Pres.

Ps. Make sure you get along and protest with me this Wednesday from 11.30, get a saus-dog and hurl some cream at my glorious face!

Pps. Make sure you buy your tix for R&V this Friday, it's going to be loooooose!

Money, It's a gas. Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash!!

Need funding? Apply for an OUSA Grant today. OUSA helps Clubs and students by providing grants. There are 6 Grant Rounds annually. The fifth round closes 4pm Thurs August 18th.

Make an appointment with the Assistant Clubs Development Officer TODAY! cdoassistant@ousa.org.nz and check out snurl.com/moneyz for more info.



Crafty Beer!

Clubs and Socs have a 2-day CRAFT BEER festival running as one of their courses. Tour it, taste it and froth all over the malty, hoppy goodness as you check out Emersons brewery, and sample a range of beers at Clubs and Socs the next night with the lovely Tom from Green Man! All the glorious info is available via the link... <http://ow.ly/5ZoKP>

Ball Squashing!

The Otago University Squash Club are holding some sweet as club nights and social squash starting next Friday the 19th of August, then the 9th 16th and 23rd of Sept. They'll be putting some meat on the BBQ and sorting the bar Kicks off at 6pm each night.

Art Week

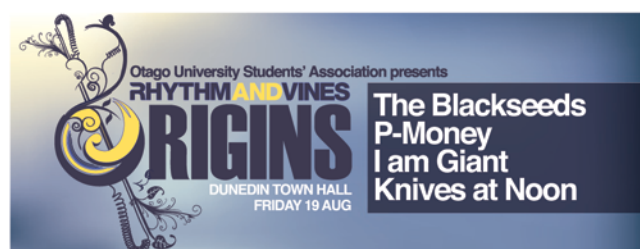
Art Week is coming up in September and it is going to be RAD. We are calling for on-campus installation proposals (submissions close Aug 22) and artists who want to show and sell their work in the Student Art Exhibition. Check out www.ousa.org.nz for more information or contact kitty.events@ousa.org.nz



Rhythm and Vines Origins

It's getting closer! Buy your ticket from OUSA or 1-night.co.nz before Tuesday to be in to win 1 of 4 FREE R&V NYE Festival passes, including 1 GOLDEN TICKET which will score you a festival pass and give you and a mate the ULTIMATE backstage tour, sponsor prizes and the opportunity to see your fav band from the stage side!

Tickets available from www.1night.co.nz





To find out more or to learn about scholarship opportunities visit victoria.ac.nz/postgraduate or give us a call on 0800 VICTORIA.

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