

THE "HOLY FUCK IT'S COLD" ISSUE

Issue 21 – 22nd August 2011

Have we lost our sporting conscience? | All papers born equal?
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THE "HOLY FUCK IT'S COLD" ISSUE

Issue 21 – 22nd July 2011

Critic – Te Arohi

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SNOWY, SNOWY NIGHT



It's just been one of those weeks, really. The internet is moving as slowly as a dying snail, the snow has melted, changing the weather from romantically idyllic to painfully cold, and assignments are setting in, leaving the general population in an academic malaise. First world problems, huh?

Our first world-ness was really highlighted last week with the truly excessive snow coverage in the media. I was particularly taken by *Campbell Live*, which spent a good ten minutes focussing on the snow/hail scandal in Auckland. The *Campbell Live* team set about getting to the bottom of the issue at hand, by walking outside their studio, seeking expert opinion from local workers and café-dwellers across the road, and showing footage of the snow/hail falling. After successfully deducing that the snow was, in fact, not snow (thanks miscellaneous foreign man), apart from the places outside Auckland where it was snow, they showed lovely images of the white stuff from their viewers. Most memorably, when showing a pic of a naked butcher, John commented "there are frozen sausages in Cheviot".

Sure, the crappy programming mostly reflects on Mr Marvellous himself, but it's somehow comforting to know that our big news in New Zealand is a smattering of snow which we are mildly incompetent at dealing with, not a riot, or a terrifying mass killing or plummeting credit ratings. We're pretty lucky, huh?

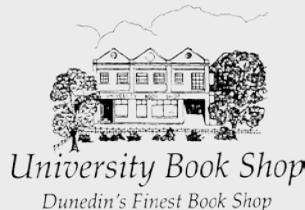
This week, we say goodbye to our lovely ad designer Kathryn, the bastion of sanity and cheerfulness in our otherwise deranged and overly caffeinated office. She keeps the ads looking slick and State of the Nation looking pretty, week after week. Good luck on your new job "Voice of Reason", we gon' miss you.

Have a great break,

Julia Hollingsworth

LETTER OF THE WEEK

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



OUR LOCAL BATMAN

Dear Cape Girl, (or, as I affectionately like to think of you, Red Riding Hood)

Please continue to write letters to the critic as I have particularly enjoyed your point of view on the rare occasion that you do. I just have to say, I'm loving your work. I really am a big fan of you and your piece of velvety red goodness that you wrap so sensuously around your shoulders. Superheroes wear capes, which is why I think it's appropriate you have one. You could inspire some of those little puffer-jacket wearing freshers to be a little bit different and show their diverse personalities. In this way, you are truly could be Otago's Caped Crusader. Don't let the big bad wolf get you down.

The Woodsman

(just so you know, my pseudonym is not referring to Kevin Bacon in the movie of the same name, it's a reference to the story of Little Red Riding Hood)

JUST TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

Dear Critic,

How times have changed. Student magazines used to be alternative, radical voices in opposition to the outdated views of the establishment. Now you publish a 4-page article by Phoebe Harrop entirely devoted to calling for more regulation and prohibition of drugs. My favourite magazine has become a square.

Sincerely

Rebel without a magazine

To "Rebel without a magazine"

The Kronic article was intended to present a neutral viewpoint on this issue, covering a wide range of opinions from many different sectors of society. It wasn't an anti-Kronic crusade – it just happens that those in scientific know, such as John Huffman and Leo Schep, consider Kronic dangerous; users such as "Geoff and Frank" would not use Kronic again after considerable experience with it; and people involved with youth justice have seen the negative effects Kronic has had among New Zealand youth. These are the facts, not Critic's opinion – nor, necessarily my own (maybe I'm not that square after all?)

Phoebe Harrop

CRITIC UNDERTAKES HUMANITARIAN AID

Please Help!

To the two girls that I politely declined a threesome with two weeks ago- I have changed my mind. I'm sure you remember when you asked the 6'6 American guy back for a some McLovin, and I just want a Mulligan. Please get hold of critic for my details.

Lots of Love

Chris Webster (022 130 7675)

PS. I know what you're wondering and yes, it is in proportion ;-)

RIGHT WINGER NOT CREAMING OVER LOGAN

Logan Edgar is ugly enough without taping John Key to his face so I'm not sure why he felt that was necessary at his cream pie show. If the attention-whoring slut is going to use my fucking student's association fees to pay for his antics, he should either have the faces of a few left wing politicians as well, or make people pay *their own* money to throw cream pies at John Key.

I'm sick and tired of OUSA acting as a partisan political body while masquerading as 'representative of students' -- if they want to host a Young Labour or Greens movement, go crazy. But the SECOND the OUSA logo and funding comes into play, they need to play neutral.

And for fuck's sake, they wonder why people want out of their organization.

Love and kisses

Kim Berly

Yo ACT on Campus,

Guts you were not into the protest, but we were actually given a mandate at our student general meeting to actively protest the VSM bill... by students! Look through referendum results.

I'm cut SoOOooo deep that you think i'm ugly, mum thinks i'm gorgeous and plenty of the beautiful biddies around North D think so too (How ya goin'?).

I put myself out there to protest, even though I think politics are stupid (I'm sure you don't agree about that either). The Uni has stated they cannot provide the same services as cheap as OUSA, so by putting a couple of bucky towards this protest we could save you some serious ca\$h in the future.

P.S. Settle down love, I'm a National man myself every other day, I just hate VSM....it's shit.

Regards,

Stu Dent (fuck I'm funny)

YOUR OUSA President

YOU CAN BE A SCARFIE TOO!

So the OUSA President thinks he's a "Scarfie" and claims that "Scarfies are generally not PC". I think that young Mr. Edgar really has no idea what a "Scarfie" really is. If one were to look at the history of OUSA, Scarfies, and has simply bought into the image that Marc Ellis has sold, that of the drunken, destructive, "gud fella". That might be what Scarfie-dom has become in 2000's, however for decades a "Scarfie" was simply a student who came to Otago University to learn something beyond their experiences (but not necessarily pass anything). When I was first a student back in the early 1990's that image still was true, and when I left after my gaining PhD in the early 2000's, it still was the prevalent image that came to mind. The drunken idiots were the "Rugby heads" and "bogans". Now a word can be co-opted by other groups to mean something else, so perchance I should not be too hard on Mr. Edgar, he obviously does not know his history, or has seen much of the world. However, "Scarfies" were indeed "politically correct", just not pathologically so as a whole.

Slan agat

Dr Gar Gar

Dear Mature Student

Shot Bro.

Regards,

The President

THE RETURN OF THE STRIDE

Dear Critic,

To address The Eagle's latest round of insanity:

1. Opting-out of OUSA is perfectly possible. And I can name someone who has: James Meager (yes, that Meager, the guy who defamed me to hell and back and now will never get a job in a law firm in this country).

2. OUSA and OPSA combined currently own 60% of Unipol. Under VSM, they might well have to pull out: which means that students no longer control the governance of the gym. This in turn means that OUSA's ability to stop Unipol becoming user-pays would be limited.

3. OUSA opposes the stadium because students told it to oppose the stadium. Don't like it? Put forward an external policy motion in support of the stadium. Though I really fail to see how the stadium has anything to do with Young Labour, as the Eagle seems to think.

4. Students aren't forced to join OUSA. However, try removing 83% of an organisations income (which is what will happen under VSM) and see what happens: hint, it isn't pretty. As for Auckland, they have a zero levy and receive funding from the University (which puts them largely at the mercy of the University: the point is that under VSM you'll still pay, but you'll have zero say in how it is spent).

5. At the start of last year I ran an anti-VSM

petition that 18% of the Dunedin campus signed. Getting 10% to sign a referendum petition is not hard: or perhaps students don't want VSM after all?

Yours Sincerely,
Daniel Stride

Dear Groper,

1. OUSA let him opt out one week ago as a publicity stunt designed to make it seem like opting out is possible. No one has ever successfully opted out before him.

2. To quote James Meager, who has researched the Unipol issue, "rest assured that, OUSA or no OUSA, Unipol will be here in 2012 and beyond".

3. Young Labour infest OUSA like the parasites they are. Including you, before you were sacked.

4. "Students aren't forced to join OUSA." Ah, the good old outright lie.

5. The petition was run at great expense, including a special website and a huge amount of advertising, funded by the compulsory OUSA fees of students. Eaglets don't have \$2.5m of stolen money to spend on a pro-VSM petition.

Compulsory OUSA is dead, deal with it.

The Eagle

FEMINISTS: DOIN' IT 4 DA GIRLS (AND DA BOYZ)

Few feminists, myself included, would disagree with Reuben Black's assertion that sexism affects men as well as women. Nor would 'we' deny that men suffer more than women in terms of suicide risk, workplace injury and death, drug abuse and so forth. I agree that men might not always feel welcome in feminist environments, and that is something that needs to be addressed. However, I reject his claim that feminism does not 'fight for gender equality and challenge oppression', no matter the gender of victims. Obviously, feminists have traditionally focused on oppression as it relates to women because no one was examining those issues and women as a group are generally worse off than men as a group. That said, there are many, many feminists who advocate for men, recognising that power is contingent and it isn't as simple as "men always have more power than women".

LETTERS POLICY

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

I suggest that your journalist look up the idea of hegemonic masculinity, and read some Connell, Kimmel, Bordo or Potts et al before he glibly issues ultimatums like "expand your consciousness to include gender issues facing the other half of the world". We're already there, mate.

Sincerely,
Daniela Petrosino

Dear Daniela

My article asserted the point that male gender issues are largely unaddressed in our society. I made exclusive use of real-world actions (or lack thereof) to do so. I did not argue that there is no feminist writing/academia around this issue, but that there is little everyday awareness or action by anyone on it, including by self-proclaimed feminists (who by their ideology, ought to).

Reuben Black

KRONIC BAD, POT GOOD

To whom it may concern,

This letter is regarding dissatisfaction with the recent article "Chronicles of Chronic." The problem I have with this article concerning Kronic, and nearly every other published piece regarding the product, is that it describes and promotes the drug as an alternative to marijuana. This simply is not the case and unfairly causes these negative articles concerning Kronic to associate more negative press towards marijuana. I don't know a single individual who prefers Kronic to marijuana; in fact, I don't know a lot of people who would smoke Kronic even if offered. These articles glorify anti-drug regulation and feelings as they justly demonize a drug that is also widely disregarded and frowned upon in the mainstream drug using community. If you want to smoke marijuana, don't settle for the corporative offering of those few careless companies who seek to make a quick buck by recklessly creating and promoting a legal alternative to marijuana. I am afraid that now Kronic is a class C drug, which is the same classification of marijuana, more and more individuals will see the negative side-effects of Kronic as if they occurred to those who smoke marijuana. Marijuana does not promote the

violence, negativity, illness, or addiction that Kronic clearly seems to. Pot smokers represent a silent, yet equally significant segment of New Zealand culture. Pot smokers aren't burned out hippies, addicts, or criminals. Smoking pot doesn't classify an individual. Pot smokers are teachers, students, artists, pilots, and so on. Yet for some reason, the majority of people who smoke pot won't stand up for the plant. If you enjoy marijuana or don't see someone smoking or purchasing pot necessarily as a criminal offence, tell someone. Don't be ashamed. Don't dismiss the drug to the point where dangerous "legal alternatives" are allowed to be sold. Stand up for it because Marijuana being illegal really is bullshit. My name is James Parsons, and I smoke pot nearly every day so long as it doesn't affect my school work or other productivities. I maintain a happy, productive, and enthusiastic life and I'm proud to be a responsible individual with strong convictions, just one of them being spreading a sensible discussion regarding Marijuana.

James Parsons

To James Parsons:

Many of the people I spoke to, including the scientist who created JWH-018, agree that legalising cannabis makes a lot more sense than allowing synthetic cannabinoids, which have unknown long term effects, to be sold as legal highs. Kronic isn't cannabis, but it is marketed as a cannabis alternative because it users perceive it to have similar effects; and because it operates on the same receptor in the brain. I agree with you that many people won't touch Kronic in favour of real cannabis. My article was a discussion of Kronic, not cannabis; and I didn't intend that it would reflect on New Zealand's cannabis culture in general.

Phoebe Harrop

UM COOL

Just wanted to say that whoever writes the ODT watch page is a dumbass. Esmé won the cutest baby competition this LAST year, not this year and it wasn't even run by text vote this year. Oh and her name is Esmé not Esme :)

From her Mum, who is NOT rather rich.

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TOP 10

Top Ten Movies Where It's Fucking Cold

- 01** – *A Muppet's Christmas Carol*: the greatest story ever told, combined with Jim Henson's troupe of anthropomorphic dancing puppets, results in the most awesome movie of all time.
- 02** – *Alive*: if in doubt (or in the Andes), start eating each other.
- 03** – *Ice Age*: Dreamworks' first failed attempt at creating a Pixar film.
- 04** – *Enemy at the Gates*: American actors with terrible European accents chase each other around Stalingrad in the snow.
- 05** – *Touching the Void*: yeah, another reason to never wind up in the Andes.
- 06** – *30 Days of Night*: white-supremacist vampires take advantage of the fact that it's snowing for a whole month.
- 07** – *Jack Frost*: a.k.a. *Attack of the Deranged Mutant Killer-Monster Snow Goons*.
- 08** – *The Thing*: if you're stuck in an Antarctic research centre, don't adopt any mysterious malamutes.
- 09** – *Wind Chill*: a young woman and her stalker are trapped in a dead car at -30 degrees, and start getting attacked by ghosts. Uh oh.
- 10** – *The Day After Tomorrow*: a highly inaccurate pseudoscientific blockbuster version of *An Inconvenient Truth*. Starring Donnie Darko.

Crazy Cat Couple

A couple from High Springs, Florida got busted when a total of 692 cats were discovered in a dank warehouse that the couple called their "sanctuary".

About 100 of the kitties were in such a poor state that they subsequently had to be put down, and the remaining 600 were 'arrested' (whatever that means). These incarcerated cats are being spayed and neutered by University of Florida veterinary students, and will then be seeking new homes (preferably not all to the same person).

What really shocked *Critic* was that this was only the third biggest cat-hoarding case in American history. When 692 cats only earns you a bronze, you know you're competing in a tough field.



If you like all things New Zealand music, check out Foundry, a new online magazine launched last week. As well as being very pretty, the magazine has some great content, including an interview with Dunedin's own Thundercub. You can view it at <http://bit.ly/pkiDPZ>, or visit foundrymagazine.co.nz for more info



Lol hackers

Hackers tried a fairly brazen fraud in America when they deposited US\$1billion into a bank account, and then tried to cash it out seconds later.

The hefty deposit naturally triggered a few alarms, especially given that it was an everyday spending account. This resulted in all of the account owner's assets being frozen and the FBI being called in.

How the hackers thought a bank would just waive through the transfer, probably a million or so times bigger than the account's largest previous transaction, we aren't sure: probably even Westpac could have caught this one.

1918 year in which Hitler went temporarily blind after a gas attack.

2.4 length of blue whale penis, in metres.

80 dollars, price of a 30min massage and happy hand at Lucky 7.

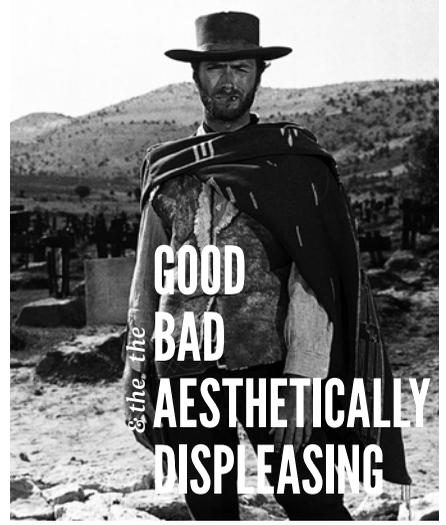
Such a thing as ‘bad publicity’

Clothing giant Abercrombie and Finch is so concerned that *Jersey Shore* star Mike “The Situation” Sorrentino is damaging their company image, they are prepared to bribe the entire cast of the show to stop wearing their brand in public.

Despite *Jersey Shore*’s massive popularity, A & F evidently consider greasy Italian-American

guidos with single digit IQs as a pretty bad look for their apparel. They are currently waiting on a response to their “substantial” offer whilst Season 4 of the “groundbreaking” show is being filmed in Florence.

How anyone could not want “The Situation” to advertise their clothes is beyond *Critic*; that dude is classy yo.



The Good

Toast

Cereal: flakes of soggy unhappiness floating in a milky ocean of despair. Porridge: awful, scrubbing what looks like Chewbacca’s vomit off the walls of your already filthy microwave is more unpleasant than putting on a pair of already wet togs. So we are left with toast, warm bready goodness (except anorexic ‘sandwich’ bread, you’re awful). Yums.

The Bad

Mac Laptops

Apple has finally had its day in the sun and now risks ending up resembling Donatella Versace. In every lecture is a sea of white, kind of like being at an ACT party caucus. While Macs are pretty, they’re definitely overdone.

The Aesthetically Displeasing

Big Fat Gypsy Weddings

Take the trashiest person you know and try to imagine what they would wear to their nuptials. If you do not happen to know any trashy people, try to imagine that Snooki is one of your friends. Add diamante. Add thirty layers of pink tulle. Entertaining viewing, and worth putting aside any Thursday night plans with your good buddy Snooki to vegetate in front of.

– *Kate Macey*



There were complications...

A Kentucky man is suing his doctor after he went in to the hospital for a circumcision, and came out without a penis.

The 2008 surgery was meant to be a routine operation, but whilst the patient was under anesthetic, the snap decision was made to remove the poor man’s schlong after the surgeon “found cancer in the penis”. Apparently the maverick doctor didn’t at any point think that his patient might want to have some input on the removal of his life long companion, and simply decided it would be a crime to have two separate surgeries where one would suffice.

Unimpressed by the ‘explanation’ given by his doctor, the man has now resorted to the great American tradition of suing people who do things that you don’t like. And in this case it is probably justified.

407 top speed of Bugatti Veyron in km/h.

75 percentage of games the All Blacks have won.

42.5 length of an Argentine lake duck penis in centimetres. Their average body length is 20cm.

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DJ Dave Boogie

Kia Ora. I'm Dave Boogie, the 14th best DJ in the funkafied suburb of Kaikorai Valley and host of the Wednesday Drive show on Radio One 91FM, if your ears work, you can't not like my show. That's a scientific fact. Look it up! I love Disco, Smoking, Heinekens, Babes, and Handshakes. I play all kinds of music on the Radio One Wednesday Drive but mainly funk, breakbeats, D&B, Jungle, Dancehall & Reggae. At the moment I'm really into The Nudge from Wellington, anything remixed by the Plastic Plates, Marcus Visionary's new EP and new NZ hip hop crew @Peace..

I also play dance music in some of your favourite bars, including POP, Mou Very and Carousel and love getting amongst it.

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VOUCHER



GIVEAWAYS

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Copies of the latest Rip It Up Magazine, CD's from The Adults, Hollie Smith, Bon Iver, Cut Off Your Hands, Liam Finn, Head Like a Hole, The Horrors, David Kilgour, The Nomad and more!



OUSA Cares About Animal Rights

ACT on Campus? Not so Much.

Last Wednesday, OUSA joined several fellow university student associations from around New Zealand to protest against the passing of the ACT-sponsored VSM legislation.

OUSA President Logan Edgar donned a suit and locked himself into medieval-style stocks while wearing masks of John Key and Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce. Onlookers were then encouraged to throw shaving cream “pies” at Edgar after being recorded on camera detailing why they oppose the VSM Bill.

The “pies” were apparently switched from whipped cream to shaving foam at the last minute after a complaint on the protest’s Facebook event page from a vegan student.

Meanwhile, Lincoln University Student’s Association (LUSA) dressed up as superheroes for the day, and a ‘Universal day of fun’ was held on the Victoria University of Wellington campus.

Edgar spoke about the reasoning behind the protest, saying OUSA were urging the Government to consider a different form of law change, under which students could opt out of student membership more easily, rather than requiring student associations to sign up student members individually.

Act on Campus Otago deputy president Kim Hannah watched as student after student pelted Mr Edgar with pies. Hannah was unhappy about her student fees being used to pay for Edgar’s “antics” as well as expressing her displeasure with OUSA’s political stance; “I’m sick and tired of OUSA acting as a partisan political body while masquerading

as being representative of students ... the second the OUSA logo and funding comes into play, they need to play neutral, and that protest was nothing of the sort.”

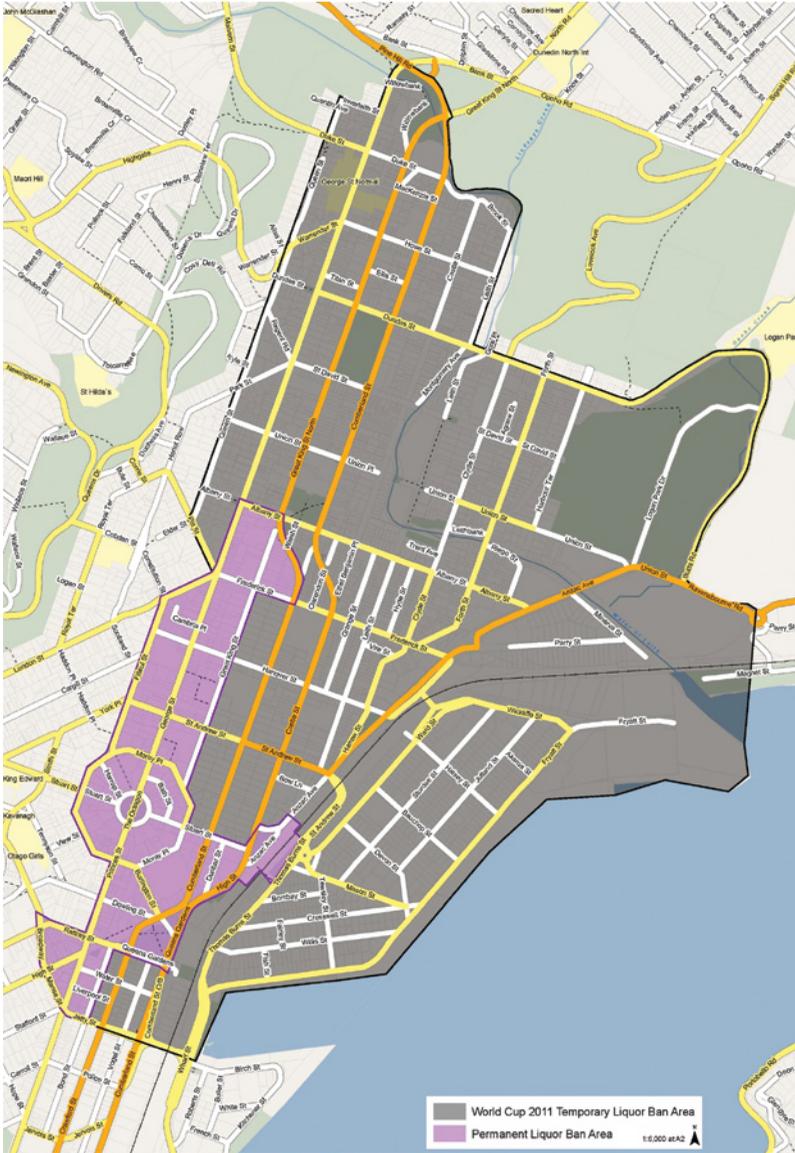
Edgar countered that OUSA had a mandate from a student general meeting in 2009 to “actively oppose” the change to voluntary membership, and also corrected Hannah’s statement that OUSA was “a hotbed of left-wing politics”. Edgar told *Critic* that “I’m a National supporter through and through, I just wish they would be more rational surrounding VSM ... You’d be hard pressed to find a Labour supporter on a Friday night at the Manapouri pub.”

Critic spoke to ACT on Campus President, Peter McCaffrey who was unimpressed with the protest. “I think this protest is typical of the tactics of students’ associations, and Logan Edgar, throughout this entire process. They have personalised the debate and demonised individuals. I know that Logan will claim that it’s just a bit of fun, but it’s symptomatic of their attitude towards political discussion and diversity.”

Edgar brushed off McCaffrey’s comments stating, “I had a chat with a guy in Refuel who went to school with old Pete. Apparently he used to wear pants all year round, even on the really hot days, so they called him Peter ‘Pants’ McCaffrey.”

There are two more Members’ Days left in Parliament before the election, with a high chance that the VSM bill is passed on one of these two dates.

– **Lozz Holding**



Students can't hold their booze

The entire of North Dunedin is to be put on a month-long lockdown during the Rugby World Cup.

The normal CBD liquor ban area will be expanded to cover everywhere to the base of North East Valley in an effort to stem binge drinking and unrest during the World Cup period. It will be enforced throughout the entire duration of the World Cup events in Dunedin from September 9 until October 3, and will run from Jetty St right up to Pine Hill Rd (as shown on the map provided).

The ban is being enacted by the Dunedin City Council, with liquor licensing and projects officer Kevin Mechen saying that police had asked for the ban. The council voted unanimously in favour of the move.

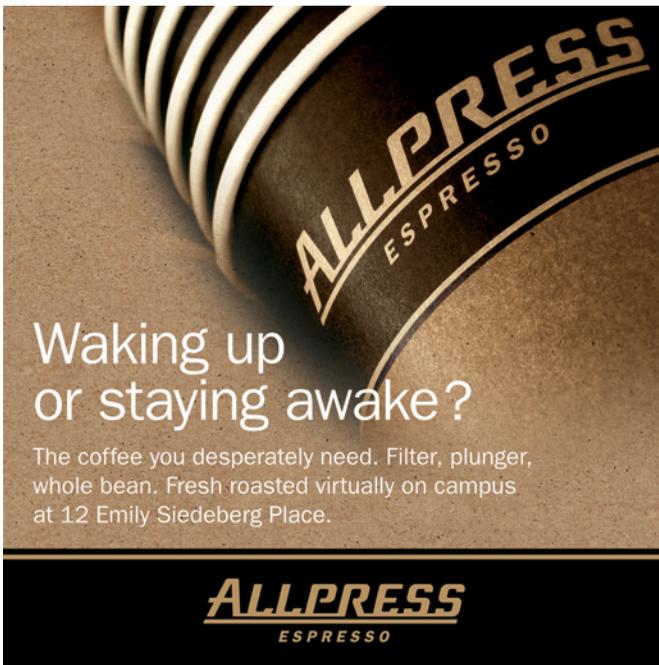
Under an alcohol ban, no person may consume alcohol in a public place (including while in a vehicle) or possess alcohol in a public place. Sealed containers are okay, although alcohol obviously cannot be taken into the stadium.

Police have been advised to use their own discretion when dealing with offenders that have breached the ban, however offenders can be charged and could theoretically face a fine up to \$20,000.

Inspector Alastair Dickie told *Critic* that the intention of the ban was to stop students and others drinking before the games and being intoxicated at the events. It was also intended to prevent alcohol containers being left around, and also to stop other crimes being committed.

Critic forgot to ask if there was going to be a liquor ban for the Elton John concert, when pundits predict that hordes of middle-aged people wearing sensible jumpers will cause drunken chaos throughout North Dunedin.

– Lozz Holding



Govt Wants Its Monies Back

The Government has armed itself with new powers to recall the entire loan balances of borrowers who consistently fail to make repayments.

The Student Loan Scheme Act, passed under urgency last Wednesday, also makes changes intended to improve the administration, efficiency and usability of the Student Loan Scheme.

Prime Minister John Key has described the bill as “tinkering”, as opposed to a huge “overhaul”, and has also stated that offshore Kiwi grads with student loans will be among the primary targets of the new recall powers contained in the bill.

The Government has already investigated the option of using debt collectors in Britain and Australia to hunt down borrowers who fail to make necessary repayments. Whilst overseas borrowers owe only a fifth of the total debt bill, they are responsible for the majority of overdue debt. Only one in five overseas graduates are currently paying off their loans through Inland Revenue.

NZUSA co-president David Do spoke on behalf of the Association, saying that they

believe the collected debt from overseas students should go towards helping keep more student graduates in New Zealand, by boosting funding to tertiary institutions.

As *Critic* covered earlier this year, underinvestment and cuts in funding have impacted upon all New Zealand universities, with most dropping considerably in the QS World University Rankings over the past couple of years.

David Do believes graduates are often lured away from New Zealand by higher wages, or the idea of escaping their debt overseas.

“It was vital the interest-free loan scheme remained intact to keep Kiwi graduates in New Zealand,” he said. “What we do know is interest free loans have been a big incentive for people staying here.”

One sore point in the bill will be a new annual \$40 fee for every year a loan balance is held, separate and additional to the existing establishment fees.

– **Basti Menkes**

Hall to be the new hall-monitor

OUSA has hired Darel Hall as the association’s new permanent General Manager, replacing the current GM who is seconded from financial services firm Deloitte.

Hall has been the General Manager of UC Accommodation for the last two years, an organisation which looks after 1,500 students in residence at the University of Canterbury. He is moving to Dunedin “in about three weeks time to get the lay of the land.”

Hall was also President of the University of Canterbury Students’ Association (UCSA) from 1998 to 1999, the time when the last attempt to pass VSM legislation was before Parliament, so he also brings experience in the sort of environment that OUSA is currently facing.

UCSA moved to a zero fee universal membership at this time, and Hall is looking to find out “where OUSA is at with discussions with the University” upon commencement of his new role.

During his time in student politics he never engaged in any Edgar-style cage inhabiting or pie throwing protests against VSM, but did partake in Registry sit-ins in 1999.

Hall is initially looking to conduct an “analysis of what is already in place at OUSA,” in order to assess how to best deal with VSM and identify “key issues for students and OUSA.”

Hall has been an educator for over 20 years, and has twin baby girls, so should be well equipped to deal with the tantrums of the snotty student politicians around these parts. He was also cleaning the bathroom when he spoke to *Critic*, so we assume he is good at multi-tasking too.

– **Aimee Gulliver**



Feeling the effects of Flu?

Whether you have the flu now or come down with the flu during this flu season – Consider this research study. The symptoms of the flu are temperature of 37.8°C or higher, cough, sore throat, body aches and pains, a stuffy nose or feeling tired.

Participants must be between 20 and 80 years of age, experiencing a temperature over 37.8°C and two or more of the following symptoms: cough, sore throat, body aches and pains, a stuffy nose or feeling tired.

This is a no cost research study and qualified participants could be paid for time and travel.

If your flu symptoms began less than 36 hours ago call to learn more about this research study and to see if you may qualify.

RMC Medical Research

Anne Connelly

487 7169

0426112300_02_June 2011_NZ

University has to revert to carrier pigeons as internet grinds to a halt

The third world nature of the University of Otago computer system has come under renewed scrutiny, after a system-wide speed problem crippled access to the internet for large numbers of students both on and off campus.

In a reoccurrence of problems that have intermittently affected the University network throughout 2011, many students last week experienced problems accessing Blackboard and PIMS, as well as painfully slow internet speeds.

Students spoken to by *Critic* stated that they could not access resources necessary to prepare for lectures and complete assignments. Others said that accessing websites was close to impossible, with connections so slow that pages often timed out and failed to load.

One student spoken to by *Critic* also said that they had experienced problems throughout 2011, and that the poor quality of the system was impacting on their perceptions of the University. "On several occasions this year I have been unable to do anything on the system for days at a time due to their shit connection. We pay all this money and they can't even give us working internet, it's a joke."

The problems were so widespread that University Information Technology Services sent out an email to all students and staff apologising for the poor service.

In the email, the ITS department stated that "The problems are not due to a single cause and the size and complexity of the University network means that identifying and resolving them is not a simple matter. Our network and internet service providers are working to implement appropriate solutions as soon as possible."

This suggests that the University cannot even identify what is driving the poor performance of the network, which does not bode well for a speedy and satisfactory resolution of the issue.

– Staff Reporter

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

tue 23/8 **The Good Oil Cafe: The Nudge Acoustic Blues Set**
w/ Fraser Ross, Matt Langley, Julian Temple & Tim McCartney.
Limited tickets from The Good Oil \$5 w/ 91CARD, \$10 without.

wed 24/8 **Modaks Espresso: 'Awoken in the Ether' - Exhibition Opening**
Feat. The Nudge, Kahu, Fuschia Gash, Axe Handle and Nick Knox accompanying artworks by Deano Shirriffs, James Colin Bellaney, Chris Crooked Spoke, Veronica Brett, Rory MacMurdo, Nada Crofsky-Rayner, Shipsey Caldwell, Nimue Dingemans, Haleia Dingemans. Entry by koha. 7pm opening.
The Crown Hotel: Atizarin Lizard
Mad As A March Hare Tour w/ Idiot Prayer.
ReFuel: Honeybone and guests
Free entry from 9pm.

thur 25/8 **DPAG: Altmusic NZ presents Hildur Gudnadottir**
Icelandic cellist performing in concert, with support from Mela.
8:30pm sharp, \$10.

ReFuel: Dan Brader's Comedy Den - Opening Night
\$5 from 7pm.

ReFuel: MUSI 145 - student performances
Gold coin entry from 12pm.

fri 26/8 **ReFuel: Luger Boa and Black River Drive**
w/ Made In China. Presales from eventfinder.co.nz

The Good Oil Cafe: Matt Langley
Free entry from 5:30-8pm.
The Crown Hotel: The No Core DISCO
Feat. Killmore Girls, The Hyenas, Axe Handal + Blade, and Max Waots. \$5 from 10pm. Free compilation CD on the door.

sat 27/8 **ReFuel: CAN DO!**
w/ Cult Disney, MANTHYNG, Males, and Kahu. Entry with canned food - proceeds to Presbyterian Support. 9pm doors.
Di Lusso: Espionage
Electro / Dubstep. Free entry.



1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



Degrees too hard

Let's make them shorter

New Zealand universities are considering reducing the duration of a Master's degree by a year to attract more international fee-paying students.

Currently in New Zealand it takes three years to complete a Bachelor's degree, and a further two years for a Master's degree (without first completing a Bachelor with honours degree). In Australia, some universities offer a one-year Master's, and experts say international students are increasingly opting for the shorter degrees.

In 2010 international tertiary students contributed \$2 billion to the New Zealand economy, and universities are considering the possibility of a standard one-year Master's programme in order to attract more foreign students.

Max Hardy, co-President of the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations, says it would "be completely inappropriate for both domestic and international students to undermine the quality of our qualifications to get a quick buck from overseas students wanting a quick degree."

Professor Pat Walsh has described the current situation in New Zealand as "disadvantaging universities here in terms of recruiting international students." Walsh also recognised that universities have

to maintain standards of quality in the degrees they offer. *Critic* is not convinced standards could really fall, given some of the mentally subnormal students occupying the Commerce Building at the moment, but we wouldn't like to be proven wrong.

OUSA President Logan Edgar says he "wouldn't want to see the quality of the education be put at stake to save money and fast-track degrees. But I believe that the students affected should be involved in the decision-making process on this issue. And you know what they say, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Critic didn't have the heart to tell Edgar, who incidentally is an ex-Commerce student himself, that his comment on the issue made no sense.

Universities are still considering the idea, and recommendations will go to the New Zealand Qualifications Authority. NZQA has previously stated that it will "consider the option" of shortening the Masters qualification. Tertiary Minister Steven Joyce has also said he is "not ruling it out."

– *Aimee Gulliver*

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

All participants will be remunerated for their time and inconvenience

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Zenith Technology on 0800 89 82 82, or trials@zenithtechnology.co.nz or visit our website at www.zenithtechnology.co.nz to register your interest

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This advertisement and all studies are approved by the Zenith Biomedical Ethics Committee which is an independent ethics committee accredited by the Health Research Council of New Zealand

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WANTED:

Applications are invited from New Zealand students for 5 positions as a Community Support Person (CSP), with the University of Otago Flats for 2012

If you are interested in living in a University flat, being associated with international students and having a leadership role in building a community spirit within an allocated group of University managed flats then a position as a CSP for 2012 could be yours!

For further information please contact
Croisella Trengrove
Phone: 479 5980
Or email:
croisella.trengrove@otago.ac.nz

Alternatively,
just pop in to the University Flats Office at 105 St David St for a CSP application pack or to have a chat.

The deadline for applications is 12 September 2011 and it is expected that the interviews will be held in the week of 19 September 2011



ISB LINK
OPEN 7 DAYS
(semester time)

CONGRATULATIONS

Kerri McLachlan
at Cafe Albany

Winner of the University Union
Professional Barista Competition

Kerri's signature drink is a
GINGER SPICE LATTE
(available at Cafe Albany from Monday 22 August)

Come along and congratulate Kerri
and try her Ginger Spice Latte

SOUL FILLED
DONUTS

NOW AVAILABLE AT
THE UNION GRILL

Donut flavours vary so ask a
staff member today!

\$3 individual donut
\$4 with ice cream or
\$5 with a regular
hot beverage

Union Grill is located next to the
Food Court, Union Building,
Open Monday to Friday



Photos by Alex Clark

Victims Not to Blame

Slut Walk hit Dunedin last Saturday, with three hundred people getting their slut on all the way from the Otago Museum to the Octagon.

The marchers walked down a blocked-off George St, before listening to speeches, and being treated to an interpretive “rape” dance ensemble. Dunedin South MP Clare Curran also spoke of being the victim of an attempted sexual assault as a young woman, saying “it affected me for years. It affected my confidence.”

The protest was well attended by women, men and children, carrying signs reading slogans such as “Rape is always the Rapist’s fault” and “Support not shame”. Despite the name of the protest, most protesters chose to wear their normal clothes, while a few men and women dressed like “sluts”.

The organiser of Slut Walk Dunedin, Rape Crisis community educator Georgia Knowles, said that Slut Walk is about “reminding people that perpetrators are responsible for rape. It is time we put an end to victim blaming.” She noted that one in three females and one in six males are assaulted before the age of 18.

The Slut Walk phenomenon started after a Toronto police officer told a public safety class that they could avoid getting raped if “they didn’t dress like sluts”. Since, the Slut Walks have taken place all over the world, from London to Delhi.

– Joe Stockman



Revolutionary Idea: Free Shit

OUSA is running a one-week trial of a new 'Freebox' service this week. Students drop off items they no longer need outside the OUSA Main Office, and other students will then be able to grab themselves useful stuff for free.

The initiative is the brainchild of OUSA Colleges and Communications Officer Francisco Hernandez, who told *Critic* that the scheme was aimed at promoting "recycling, sustainability and all that community jazz."

Whether or not the Freebox will become a permanent service is dependent on student reaction, so Hernandez encourages students to both donate to and utilise the box during the trial period.

As a gesture of support *Critic* plans to donate a chipped OUSA mug, a broken stapler, and *Critic's* useless news team.

– Gregor Whyte

Harlene's first day at school

Professor Harlene Hayne took over the Vice-Chancellor position last Monday, after a two week period during which the University had no official Vice-Chancellor.

The first female Vice Chancellor in the University's 142-year history, Hayne replaces Sir Professor David Skegg, who spent seven years in the role.

Speaking to the *Otago Bulletin* (a fortnightly newsletter for University staff and postgraduate students), Hayne noted that she views her new position as "a big present" which, at the time of speaking, she had "not yet had the chance to unwrap".

However, there has been some indication that Hayne intends to further crack down on Otago's current party image. Sources close to Hayne have stated that she is dissatisfied with the current O-Week model, and that she intends to create an academic O-Week instead.

Critic hopes to unveil the woman behind the mystery in an exclusive interview in our next issue.

– Staff Reporter

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, Flating Magazine, the Orientation Magazine and the Wallplanner.

Applicants should have skills in budgeting, liason, 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.

PROCTOLOG

DUMB ARSES OF THE WEEK

The snow hadn't been causing the Proctor too much trouble when *Critic* spoke to him, and he had even been deploying Campus Watch in a truck to drive people home safely. *Critic* immediately formed a completely inaccurate mental image of a pickup truck doing burnouts through the snow with bogan Castle St residents hanging off the back clubbing baby seals.

Still, as the Proctor agreed, the 'epic winter' we have been having will at least be something to tell your kids about, and will undoubtedly be a source of greatly embellished stories for the folks back home: trudging to uni through ten foot snowdrifts, flatmates losing limbs to frostbite, SoGos frozen solid in the can etc.

Other snow-related activities involved people sliding down hills on a variety of objects, with Clyde St apparently proving particularly popular. The upshot of this was no

damage or criminal charges, but merely a few less UniCol students walking around with the requisite brain cells to study anything other than Tourism.

In more racy news, a Romeo and his Juliet were recently found by Campus Watch on the roof of the Med School building, apparently engaged in a bout of "star-gazing". Although from the sounds of it, when the Watch turned up only one of them was looking up into the night sky. We can only speculate about the shrinkage that would have occurred up there in this climate, and whether Juliet was actually looking up to the heavens silently asking God why she was nomming on a cocktail sausage while she froze her tits off.

Despite the best efforts of the nanny state, Kronic has still provided a nasty hangover for a few first years caught smoking it in their College of Residence. Fair to say they are no longer residents, and indeed are probably

having a rock-off with Speedy right about now to determine who gets to be little spoon tonight. Other less rebellious children have also been caught smoking Kronic in the street, and while this is legal the Proctor described it as "not very intelligent." Hugs not drugs, kids.

Meanwhile, in a heart-warming piece of news, one scoundrel busted earlier in the year for antics unnamed was sent up to the SPCA in Opoho to do some community service hours, and liked it so much that he's now a permanent volunteer there. Whilst this is all very admirable, it does raise the question of whether punishment is really punishment when you are forced to play with adorable animals to atone for your wicked ways. A weighty issue in jurisprudence we imagine.

– *Aimee Gulliver*

execrable

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

The meeting highlight for *Critic* this week was the discussion surrounding Francisco's plan for a "Free Box." Currently the only free box to be had on campus is generally found in the Monkey Bar after a UniCol college pissup, but Francisco means to change this with his new endeavour.

His initial grand scheme of a Free Shop has been downgraded to just a box, the concept being that people donate stuff they no longer need, and other people can pick up items they're keen on. For our part, *Critic* can't wait to pick up some odd socks, used condoms, and appliances which are missing cords. We weren't alone in thinking that the box has the potential to become a dumping ground, but the Exec generously voted to give it a short trial.

Thomas then pledged \$300 from the Postgrad Budget to the KIDS Foundation, using some dollars he had lying around. At the

time of the meeting, the Postgrad Committee hadn't actually approved it, but Thomas was 100% sure they would, and claimed he would pay for it himself if they didn't. We hope they do, it's a long way for his mum to send emergency care packages after all.

Encouragingly the Exec also passed a motion to buy a new server. We aren't totally sure exactly what a 'server' is, but we suspect it has something to do with making the interwebz go faster. This can only be good news; if the Uni internet was any slower it'd be going backwards.

Apparently James Meager's attempt to opt out of OUSA has been successful. The Exec thought they were being tricky by referring to him as "the person who shall not be named," but we are smarter than we look and worked this one out just before *Critic's* print deadline. Either that, or we've got it wrong entirely and Voldemort doesn't want to be an OUSA

member anymore. Brad echoed the sentiment of last week with another "good riddance," while Thomas recommended that they destroy all the Horcruxes first. Germans are a very literal people.

Showing her connectedness to the youths, Sarah suggested that OUSA create a YouTube channel and upload funny stuff on to it. *Critic* suggested that they film the meetings and upload them, but we were told that they don't count as funny. No. Really?

Moving on, the planned VSM protest involved a lot of vaguely sexual chat about sausages, and who was going to sizzle them. Luckily Logan is "never desperate for someone to sizzle the saus," but he struck out with young Sarah, who proclaimed she would "never sizzle Logan's sausage." Guts.

– *Aimee Gulliver*

VOTE CHAT:

THE INCREDIBLY DRY

MR PARKER



Leading into the November election, politics lecturer Bryce Edwards is hosting New Zealand politicians each Friday at Noon. Last Friday, Labour's number four, **David Parker**, took on Politics postgrads, **Ashley Murchison** and **Josh Hercus**, in a PowerPoint battle royale over NZ's debt, taking on Don Brash, and his extravagant turquoise watch.

Usually, I would remonstrate you for failing to come along on Fridays to hear one of New Zealand's political minds wax lyrical on the state of New Zealand's economy, the upcoming election, and how Labour is going to beat National. It's election year after all, and there's a lot at stake for students soon to enter into New Zealand's depressed youth labour market. Last Friday, you missed very little, as David Parker went from interview to stump speech in under five minutes, hijacking the interview to deliver a political polemic on the state of New Zealand's debt crisis.

Parker is a policy wonk. He loves policy detail, PowerPoint presentations, graphs and pie charts. He is also a politician through and through. But last Friday he failed to connect with his audience and talk about the issues they were concerned with; he failed to treat it as an interview with students about student issues. Instead, he devoutly stuck to the Labour Party message of the week; economic policy.

Thank god Twitter provided the lols. The Otago Politics department was live streaming the debate via Twitter at the front of the lecture theatre, with people commenting and asking questions as the interview progressed. Otago's own National Party fluffer and prolific blogger, James Meager posted to the Twitter feed throughout the debate (his lady friend Ashley was up front running the show). Meager posted, in running reaction to Parker's comments, gems such as "Brash is old, tricky, repugnant racist (sic) liar. Just like Hone Harawira". And "TIGHTEN THE NOOSE. KILL SHOT" when the topic of Labour's post-election leadership came up.

So who is Parker, other than policy wonk and silently aspirant Labour Party leader? He's a Dunedin boy, though he had the unusual honour of being born in Roxburgh. He studied Law and Accountancy at Otago before running with the big boys of law. After getting plain old sick and tired of charging people so much for his legal services (we all know how that can be mate), Parker went into business and managed to lose it

all trying to redevelop the Rialto Theatre. Though he made his money back, the lesson was learned – you may not be rich forever – and he began to volunteer for, and later work with, the Labour Party. In 2002 he entered parliament, and by 2005 he was Minister of Energy and Climate Change. He designed the Emissions Trading Scheme, which is New Zealand's attempt to reach its Kyoto Protocol obligations. His environmentalist "ethic" also saw him nominated by the *NZ Listener* for top environmentalist in 2008.

Parker has taken on some major political challenges. He has given up on his marginal chances of snaring the Waitaki electorate from National (he was beaten by 30% in the 2008 election) to commence battle against ACT's new Epsom candidate, former Auckland Mayor John Banks (it helps that his lady friend lives in Auckland). Banksy came on board with the new ACT party leader Don Brash, a combination that Parker would desperately like to keep out of government. Rodney Hides' victory in the Epsom electorate was all that kept ACT in parliament after the last election, and defeating Banks could keep ACT out of the next parliament altogether. Parker could barely hide his visceral disdain for Brash, describing him as a threat to "the thin veneer of civilisation". It should be an interesting battle.

Parker certainly has political nous; the one time he misstepped, describing gay rights as a peripheral issue, he quickly backtracked and explained it away as peripheral to Labour's current priorities. And it was Parker, people quietly whispered, that could have rolled Phil Goff during the Darren Hughes sex allegations affair. While he denies leadership ambitions just yet, he believes in his abilities as a Member of Parliament. "I've got life experience which is relevant to the things that I do".

Parker finished off his day answering questions about his rather lovely turquoise watch. "I bought it at a costume/jewellery shop with my daughter. I like that colour, it is pure vanity."

– **Joe Stockman**



Photographed by Stuart Menzies on 8th Aug 1981 for the Evening Post. The Dominion Post Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library. Ref #: EP-Ethics-Demonstrations-1981 Spring 1984 Four-01



New Zealand's Sporting Soul

Thirty Years After the Tour

It has been thirty years since NZ was rocked by the 1981 Springboks tour. Society was divided between rugby fans, who wanted politics kept out of sport, and protesters who believed the rights of black South Africans outweighed Kiwis' right to watch the rugby. One hundred and fifty thousand protesters took to the streets over the 56 days of the tour and over two thousand of these were arrested. The total cost of policing the tour was over \$24 million dollars. Today the wounds of '81 have healed, and apartheid is gone from South Africa; but has New Zealand lost its sporting conscience? We continue to play sports against states accused of human rights abuses, such as Fiji and Israel. *Critic's Joe Stockman* looks back at the tour, and the state of NZ's contemporary sporting relationships.

1981

By 1981 South Africa had become an international pariah for its continuing policy of apartheid, the deliberate denial of civil rights to black South Africans through a system of legal racial segregation. In 1977 the Gleneagles agreement had pledged Commonwealth nations to discourage sporting contact with South Africa. Most nations followed their commitment; Australian Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser even refused to allow the South Africans to refuel in Australia, forcing them to travel to NZ the long way round. However, NZ Prime Minister Rob Muldoon refused to allow politics to enter the sporting world. Although he stated that he was against the tour, he deferred the decision to the NZ Rugby Union.

The Union went ahead with the tour, and violent clashes erupted between protesters, police, and rugby fans. New Zealanders were shocked by the scenes of violence that erupted on their own streets. By the time the tour reached Rugby Park in Hamilton, the protestors had taken control of the tour. Four hundred protestors stormed the pitch and stopped the game. Veteran tour protester John Minto describes occupying the field as "one of those intense experiences of extreme excitement and extreme terror, because we had the crowds chanting 'kill, kill, kill' and 'we want rugby'". The presence of the protestors - and the threat of a Cessna aircraft piloted by an anti-tour protester crashing into the stands - forced the then Minister of Police Bob Walton to cancel the match. Chilling violence erupted outside the grounds as the disappointed rugby fans attacked the protestors. Minto says "It was just bloody mayhem. I got hit by a can of beer as I left the ground. I was knocked unconscious on the field and ended up with some stitches, but that was nothing compared to what happened to other people. We had to run a gauntlet... lots of people got quite nasty injuries leaving the ground".

It was not in vain. Future South African president Nelson Mandela, at the time imprisoned on Robin Island, described hearing that the game had been cancelled as "as if the sun had come out". If there was any impact from the tour, it was surely the solidarity and support that the anti-apartheid movement in South Africa felt from the protests in New Zealand.

As the tour progressed, more and more police were required to police the protests. The Springboks were forced to sleep under the grandstand at Athletic Park in Wellington the night before the game to ensure that they would make it to the pitch. Their victory the next day to level the series was described as one of the greatest feats in rugby history. By the time the tour arrived in Auckland for its final match, the deciding test at Eden Park, the scene had been set for an almighty confrontation between police and protestors. Manning the impromptu barriers of shipping containers and barbed wire were more than 2000 police officers: half of the total NZ police force, led by the specially trained, and especially brutal, Red Squad.

The protestors had come prepared for battle. Protective padding was piled on, motorcycle helmets and mouth-guards provided protection from the violent blows of the police batons, and timber shields protected the protestors as they drove forward against the police lines. Politics department lecturer Dr Brian Roper, a second year student at Canterbury during the tour, was heavily involved in protest action there. He believes that as the tour had progressed toward this final

confrontation, and the reaction by the police became increasingly violent, the make-up of the protesters changed. "By the end of the tour you had a lot of young unemployed working class people who were very unhappy about a broad range of different social and economic issues as well as the issues that were involved in the tour... fewer liberal members of the middle class turned up to those protests and more alienated unemployed young people turned up."

As the battle commenced both on and off the field, it became clear that the police had the measure of the protestors, and that they would not make it onto the pitch. However, protestor Marx Jones circled the ground in a Cessna, dropping one pound bags of flour onto the field, eventually felling All Black prop Gary Knight. When the referee asked both captains if they wished to continue, the South African skipper replied "Of course", before drolly adding "Don't you have a bloody Air Force in New Zealand?"

By the end of the game the scene outside the stadium had been reduced to anarchy. Dr Roper notes that "There were a lot of young people who had had negative experiences with the police, and it became, to some extent, an opportunity for utu against the

cops". Running battles erupted as police chased protestors and were met with flying rocks and bottles. Dozens of protestors and police were injured and over two hundred arrests were made. Within hours of their series defeat, the South Africans had boarded their plane and headed home, leaving New Zealand with an almighty hangover.

Over the 56 days of the tour, 150,000 people had protested in over 200 demonstrations, in 28 different centres around New Zealand. All police leave had been cancelled and officers were required to work 12 hour shifts to maintain law and order. The entire Air Force had been seconded to transport the police from game to game around the country. All up, policing the tour cost the New Zealand government \$24 million dollars in today's money.

Ten years later the apartheid system was falling apart in South Africa. No one is claiming that the NZ protests against the tour were the catalyst for this; but conversations with black civil rights leaders in South Africa, including Nelson Mandela, have shown that the protests gave them an amazing feeling of solidarity and support.



WITHIN HOURS OF THEIR SERIES DEFEAT, THE SOUTH AFRICANS HAD BOARDED THEIR PLANE AND HEADED HOME, LEAVING NEW ZEALAND WITH AN ALMIGHTY HANGOVER



Photographed by Ian Mackley for the Evening Post. The Dominion Post Collection, Alexander Turnbull Library. Ref #: EP-Ethics-Demonstrations-1981 Springbok Tour-02

that is an enormous psychological blow.”

Pe'er maintains that “I am not the government of Israel and I not representing Israel in politics. I am a tennis player and that’s what I represent now”. However Minto doesn’t buy her argument. “In theory she’s not representing her state, but in practice she is. She is listed on the draw as an Israeli tennis player. She carries Israeli sporting hopes with her. Israelis see her as representing her country just as we see Michael Campbell representing NZ in golf, even though he’s a professional”.

Despite the protests, New Zealanders have failed to rally around Minto in opposition to sporting contact with Israel. There has been for decades a conception of Israel as the ‘good guys,’ surrounded by the sweaty Arab hordes who want to drive them into the sea. There is even an immediate belief that any protest against Israel’s actions is anti-Semitic. Even New Zealand’s liberal media labels Minto’s protests as anti-Israeli, a perversion of their real focus, the horrific and sustained human rights abuses that have occurred under Israel’s continued occupation of the West Bank and the embargo of Gaza.

Minto believes that the view of Israel as victim is changing, and that more people are beginning to view Palestinians as the victims of Israeli repression: “Now people see Israel as the aggressor. There are three things that I think have changed it. First was the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 2006, secondly was the invasion of Gaza at the end of 2008, and then there was the attack on the Mavi Marmara last year. Those three things have increased public awareness that it is not the Palestinians that are the problem; it is the Israelis who occupy Palestinians territory”.

**OF ALL THE BOYCOTTS
YOU CAN EVER PLACE
ON A COUNTRY, THE
MOST IMPORTANT IS
SPORT... BECAUSE THE
WHOLE COUNTRY VIEWS
ITSELF THROUGH ITS
SPORTSPEOPLE**

When asked whether New Zealanders should be instigating sporting boycotts against other states, for example Fiji, Minto passes the decision to the Fijians themselves: “If there is a call from Fiji, a concerted call from people struggling for democracy, saying hey, look guys, we want real pressure put on this regime and we think that a sports boycott is the way to do this, then we should support protests against the Fijian team during the World Cup.”

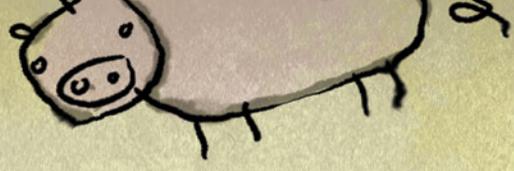
The question of the separation of sports and politics is vexing. Sporting contact can play a role in decreasing tension and increasing communication between opposing groups. And maybe sportspeople should be separated from their nationality, and have the right to compete freely throughout the world. But if we have to weigh the cost of denying an Israeli the right to play tennis or denying a Palestinian their basic human rights, surely we must decide that sport is the more suitable sacrifice.

Check out the full interviews with John Minto and Dr Brian Roper at critic.co.nz.

2011 Today, New Zealand maintains no sporting boycotts or embargoes on any other nation (though since the 2006 coup in Fiji, New Zealand has maintained a ban on members of the Fijian military or their families travelling to New Zealand, which has impacted a limited number of individual Fijian sports people). But John Minto, who has gone on to found a group called Global Peace and Justice Auckland, believes that New Zealand should ban sporting contact with states that continue to commit human rights abuses. Following a call by over one hundred and seventy Palestinian organisations for the world to place a boycott on Israel, Minto protested in Auckland against Israeli tennis player Shahar Pe'er’s inclusion in the ASB Tennis Classic. Says Minto “They’re [the Palestinians] not asking us to send guns; they’re saying please put pressure on from the outside through boycotts. And I think we should respond to it. And of all the boycotts you can ever place on a country, the most important is sport... because the whole country views itself through its sportspeople, and if they are locked out of international competition

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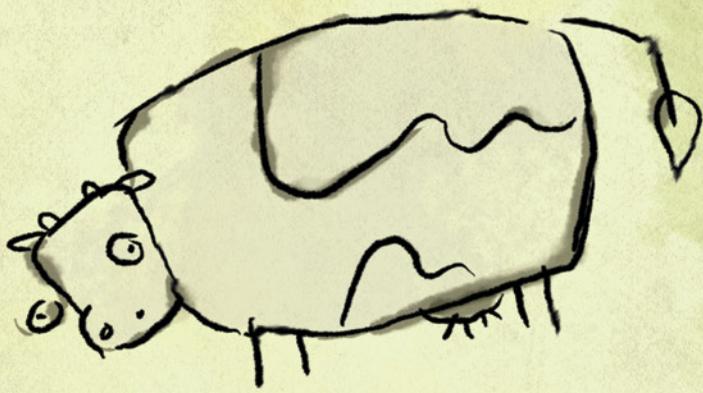
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NOT ALL PAPERS CREATED EQUAL

by Charlotte Greenfield



We all know it. There are some papers that are easy and some that are hard. You may have been warned to steer clear of the legendary POLS101 if you value your grade point average, or that Biochem will endanger the mental health and social life of every first year Health Sci. As one professor commented upon overhearing another student praising my decision to change from one Arts paper to another, “the true course approval.” Far be it from *Critic* to meddle with this comprehensive and established system, so we decided to switch the focus to the university. Is our honourable institution aware of discrepancies in paper quality and difficulty and what do they do about it?

We can start at the beginning, at the birth of a paper. Papers can be brought into being as part of a new degree programme or can be added to an existing one. First an academic or academics within the department to which the paper will belong discuss it with their Head of Department (HOD). It will then go through a departmental process to the relevant division panel – Science, Health Science, Commerce or Humanities - followed by a central university committee, the Board of Undergraduate Studies (or the Board of Graduate Studies if it’s a post-grad paper). The prospective paper then strays outside the university walls to the Committee on University Academic Programme, a national body made up of representatives from competing New Zealand universities.

Professor Kerry Shephard from Otago’s Higher Education Development Centre (HEDC) is one of the many people involved in this process. “We start off with an academic using their professional skills, experience - their footprint - within the discipline in order to make

a judgment...then it goes through the peer review process.” What are the questions being asked? “They would be thinking about what content it should have in it. Where does it fit within the degree programme? What was wrong with the last paper, for example, or, if it’s a totally new programme, why would they need this sort of area of content? At the same time, they’ve got to think about the level at which that content is addressed. That’s particularly obvious... in areas where things build on one another. You can’t study some concepts in chemistry unless you know about molecular structure and about valency and things like that.”

Once the paper has reached the students, the university keeps an eye on papers through regular evaluations facilitated by the HEDC. Of course, the most obvious evaluating is ad hoc; our lecturers have a pretty good view from their podiums and are not immune from distinguishing covert texting and Facebook-checking students from the bright-eyed students on the edge of their seats. To corroborate this, there is the feedback from course representatives and the student perception forms you’ll be used to your teacher awkwardly distributing to you before leaving the classroom at the end of each semester. Some are teaching evaluations, which reach only the teacher involved, while others are evaluations of the course as a whole, which are given to a much larger group of people within the relevant department.

According to Shephard, students are not always the best evaluators of their courses. “All too often the teachers ask the students about the paper in terms of how difficult was it? Was it at the right level? Was the content right? Some aspects of that we shouldn’t be asking the

students, we should be asking international experts, our peers, members of the academic community, but not the students, because that's what they're here to learn." And that's who they ask. The HEDC encourages peer reviews to be undertaken by other academics, HoDs and external experts brought in by departments to sit in on papers and reflect on how they're going. External advisors are also used in adjudicating on the assessment process and in doing so often evaluate the role of the course as a whole.

And then there's what could be for students something of a holy grail of paper evaluation, the Grade Comparison reports. The HEDC compiles these by looking at your results across 100, 200 and 300 level papers. It identifies in each paper the percentage of students who receive 5% higher or lower than their average grade at that level. Any paper in which more than 25% of students receive a higher or lower grade is identified as a 'stand-out' paper.

This analysis is then distributed to HoDs who can then do with it as they see fit, although in doing so Shephard tells them, "please keep this confidential. Please do not use it to enable or encourage students to choose the paper that's going to be easiest to pass, that's not what it's for. That's just using the data for the wrong purpose. If it's used for the right paper I think it's great data, but in the wrong hands it's not constructive."

The 'correct purpose' apparently is as a tool for self-evaluation by various departments, who themselves might be able to pinpoint the reasons for any dramatic, or not so dramatic, inconsistencies in results. Not everyone agrees with the usefulness of the Grade Comparison reports. The last one was circulated in 2008 and while the respondees to a survey on it mostly found it useful, the majority of HoDs didn't respond at all. "I just throw them in the bin," says Mark Henaghan, Dean of Law. He prefers a less bureaucratic, "external auditing" approach. "As head of department, you don't need forms and reports. We're never going to be perfect, but things keep ticking along. You know when teaching is good or bad because you communicate with students."

Critic has nothing against a bit of bureaucracy, but wondered whether

"I just throw them in the bin," says Mark Henaghan

the university should really be sitting on the information it is collecting. After all, it is our grades and feedback the evaluation techniques are based on, and it is the quality of our education that they are assessing. Shephard's response to whether students should have access to this information was "Yes and no. What

I recommend, and what I think most of my colleagues in HEDC recommend, is the first lecture of a new course, the lecturer says how they've changed the course in relation to the feedback that they've had before...I know it doesn't happen in some parts of the university and I suspect there are some parts of the university where the lecturers just bin everything, but that's human nature...we call [telling students the outcomes of evaluations] closing the loop and it's something that HEDC feels very strongly about." But not when it comes to the Grade Comparison Report. "I think [it] is a really interesting instrument but there is always the danger that it

will be used for the wrong purpose. I cannot help the fact that different papers develop reputations, that's going to happen, but we don't have to add data that supports that reputation, that for example says the average pass rate for that paper is X and the average pass rate for that paper is Y. There's always the danger that will force all the students to go to X or Y, and then it becomes even more difficult for the HoD to support the continuation of Y and yet the profession needs Y."

It's worth asking what this all means for our education, and we don't need to rely on specific evaluation outcomes to discuss this. Papers that have a reputation for being hard or easy may have that reputation for a number of reasons. It could be a problem that needs to be addressed. "It might be that the intended learning outcomes were just too ambitious," says Shephard. "The level of the course could have been set too high for the students.

It might have been that we'd chosen the wrong prerequisites so the students were bright enough but not experienced enough in the right way. It could be that the teacher was absolutely awful and another teacher would have been able to get all the students to pass." Or vice versa for the 'easy' papers.

But other factors could be involved. Certain Theatre or Maori Studies papers may be seen as 'easy', but the passion and motivation of the types of students likely to take such papers may make result in better performance. Going the other way, a paper may simply be hard because the content is always going to be hard for most people. Mark Henaghan points out that all law papers require an understanding of the facts of the relevant cases, so areas of law that have facts that we encounter every day, such as family law, are going to be easier for most people than getting their heads around in the facts involved in a Secured Transactions paper.

Tony Zaharic, the co-ordinator of BIOC192, describes some of the factors that lead to this paper's reputation; "first, biochemistry is a difficult discipline. Second, though I would argue that physics and chemistry are more difficult, most first year students have been exposed to PHSI and CHEM at high school and thus are already familiar with the language of the discipline. One of the hardest aspects of BIOC is becoming familiar with the language of the discipline, for which there is no real world framework, and it takes time for the students (with our help) to build the real world analogies and links to BIOC-specific language that make any discipline easier to understand...Finally, I think there is an element of self-perpetuating myth. If second year and above students tell first year students that the paper is difficult, they come in with preconceived ideas." Nevertheless, "the feedback we get from class representatives is that BIOC 192 overall is one of their favourite papers".

Perhaps this isn't surprising. "Hard and easy are just perceptions and if you just want to pick all the papers you perceive as easy for your entire degree, then why are you here?" asks Henaghan. "You can make a paper by how much you engage with it, how much you participate in it. Or you can just become part of a degree machine."

I think there is an element of self-perpetuating myth

Pilling:

The Diary of a Lab Rat



I'm no prostitute, but I did sell my body. In light of recent tales in the Sex Issue, I think I could have done worse, but I'll leave that up to you.

No, pharmaceuticals is where it's at. Dunedin has a good little industry going for it, for once an industry not of the chocolate or dishwasher variety. I was involved in a trial for a tablet and capsule form of a drug called Esomeprazole, a Proton Pump Inhibitor (PPI) used in the treatment of conditions associated with too much stomach acid. Think Losec.

The process of getting oneself onto one of these money-making machines is very simple. Register for email updates about upcoming trials and turn up to a reading of the contract when required. In between there will be a pre-blood test, medical evaluation, urine drug testing, and for the ladies, a few pregnancy tests.

While waiting for my health check, I meet a new friend. We are now BFFs. I highly recommend this as it will make the hours spent getting your blood drained in the lumpy hospital beds simply fly by. Good chat will do that. Plus when you faint in that final hour, there is someone

Short of some stomach growling and a bit of silent flatulence, there were no side effects

to carry your bags down to the shuttle.

Walking into the clinical site on a Friday night for the first of two weekend excursions, I have my laptop, some headphones and a few books. I am in control. This is important. They may be using your blood to manage stomach

secretions, but you're using them for coin, unlimited internet (if you get onto the network before the limit fills up) and a warm, though very uncomfortable, sleep.

The "clinical site" turns out to be nothing more than 30 beds in a room. It's like *Big Brother*. Down the corridor, there are the usual amenities of some bathrooms and a TV room. There are 15 boys and 13 girls that I can count from my bed – all students. Everyone has laptops (the gamers even brought a TV and games console) and most are wearing designer, yet comfy, get-ups. I can't help but think that if we really needed \$600 our parents would give/loan it to us. But that comes with baggage. This is just needles. Eleven o'clock is lights out, but I rebel and continue to watch *No Strings Attached*. Great watch.

There are two digital clocks on the walls that flash the time as it changes every second. I got to know them pretty well that night as I tossed and turned in my lumpy bedset. Fell asleep at approximately 2.45.08 to the sweet sound of vibrating soft palates. I was expecting some snoring from the boys, but the sheer variety on offer was

impressive. I even made up names for them. There were some elephant trumpeteers - think that sound the animal makes when they spray water over themselves – and then some more. Ape, nay gorilla-like growls, short in quantity, also cut the sleeping silence like a blunt, Stone Age tool. Mad respect to the sleepwalkers who expressed concern for their boys throughout the night, at one point asking, "Are you alright, bro?"

We are woken at 6.40am to have a last drink of water before our cannulas are inserted. Cannulas are little instruments that allow the blood technicians free access to your veins. I couldn't watch them put them in, but I can honestly say they don't hurt too much as long as you have good veins. If you don't, you're farked.

Goal for today: fill 24 x 8ml vials of my blood over 14 hours. Leave triumphantly at 22:00. Oh, but for those hours in between.

It is 8:05:32 when the first person pulls out after having consumed the capsule (tablet form next week). One of the gamers in the corner, he says he forgot that he had to go and pick his mum up from the airport. Gamers – 0. Non-gamers – 1.

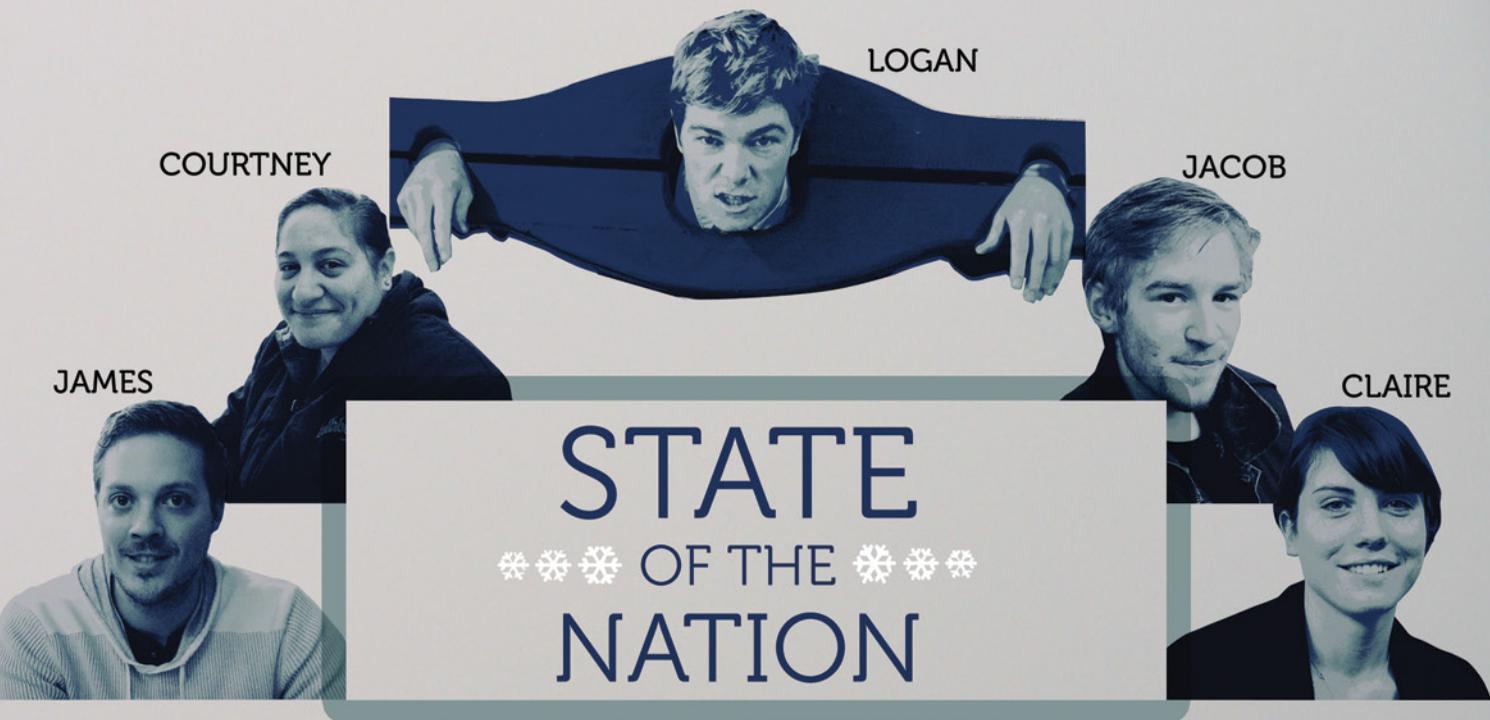
By 10am, I am feeling the effects of the drug and in true Vitamin C-shelving form, my leg starts to shake. Totes got the real deal here. Find it hard to focus on my readings, so opt to sleep off the "buzz". Just kidding, short of some stomach growling and a bit of silent flatulence, there were no side effects. This is lucky considering that side effects at other drug trials have included extreme vomiting, sleeping the whole time, psychotic episodes and, in the testing of a certain anti-dementia drug, a whole lot of nostalgia for childhood experiences and the rapid recollection of information that had been studied that day.

The little issue of enforced fasting should also be noted. From the time you enter the facility until 1pm the next day, you are not allowed to eat anything. Needless to say 1pm and 6pm (the feeding times) are the highlights of the day. If you don't like a hearty roast, opt for the vego. Meat and four veg can come over a little heavy sometimes. Top notch apple pie, ice cream and custard combo though!

Blood continues to be drained, but the rate slows down. By 8 o'clock that night, it's down to two hourly intervals, as opposed to the quarter-hourly you start off with. Then we're outta there. That's one weekend down, one to go.

As it turns out, everything runs according to plan the next week right down to the Shepherd's Pie they serve for dinner. That's control for you. Of course, I am leaving out the failed cannula insertions, the hot water bottles and the fainting but you don't need to know about that. All you need to know is on Monday, me got paid.

– Annie Inamouse



IF YOU NEEDED 18 EASY CREDITS, WHAT SUBJECT WOULD YOU TAKE?

Logan: POLS 403. *Courtney:* Chemistry or Physics. *Jacob:* MUSI 232- Music Technology *James:* MAOR 110 *Claire:* BSNS 104

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SPORTING CONTACT WITH NATIONS THAT COMMIT HUMAN RIGHTS ABUSES?

Logan: No means no, and it's not OK ever. *Courtney:* Power to the people! *Jacob:* I'd say the sporting world and politics have no correlation. *James:* I don't think a sports team has anything to do with politics. *Claire:* I'm against it, because association with them isn't condoning it but it's turning a blind eye...

HOW COMFORTABLE WOULD PENGUINS BE IN THE WARMTH OF YOUR ROOM?

Logan: They'd be like pig and shit. *Courtney:* VERY! *Jacob:* They'd be delighted! *James:* They'd be pretty comfortable! *Claire:* I keep my oil heater on so... quite warm.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF GST ON FOOD?

Logan: I quite like eating, so the cheaper the better!
Courtney: Cancel it or I'd starve! *Jacob:* If I could get pies cheaper it'd be great! *James:* I don't think getting rid of GST on fruit and veg would have much of an impact because there are too many variables. *Claire:* I'm on the fence. It should be taken off healthy foods, so that it's cheaper for the poor. Obesity is a big problem.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF NIPPLE PIERCINGS?

Logan: I just prefer a couple of crocodile clips. *Courtney:* I have two!
Jacob: I wish I could have three, one for each nipple... *James:* They're a bit random, certainly not something I'd be interested in!
Claire: They're gross, the idea of them getting torn is unbearable!



Opinion



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30 Agenda Gap, ODT Watch | **31** Sex and... Lent, Pissed Off White Woman
32 Down the Foreign Food Aisle, Just a Thought



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 Pokémon are better than pets". *John* argues the affirmative while *Sue* argues the negative.

Affirmative

I never used to run home from school to see my dog. No, it was to see Pikachu thunderbolt team rocket for the gazillionth time. Pokémon made/makes so many people happy and encourages good moral standards and compassion in the younger generation, such as when we watch Pokémon do battle on television. It could only be better if Pokémon were real and we got to choose which one we wanted to start our Poke Adventure within the real world.

In comparison to normal pets (cats/dogs and whatnot), Pokémon are clearly superior. Why? Several reasons (well, three). Firstly, the coolness factor; an Arcaine is a superstar, it creates fire storms and will protect you to the death, a dog will only do one of those. Cats are evil, but even their evilness cannot amount to the slick talking Meowth. Turning to goldfish, this is a no brainer; a goldfish does nothing and is about as useless as a can without a can-opener. At least a Magicarp turns into a raging dragon type! When looking for a pet to love and care for, coolness needs to be looked at. Normal pets are just a bit lame. Indeed, they are probably just a little cooler than Digimon, and that's pretty lame. When I look for a pet I want one who, when it's cold, can light a fire or who, when I want to annoy someone, can thunderbolt them in a super-effective way. Only a Pokémon could be so cool.

Secondly, intelligence: for anyone who has seen the Pokémon series, it becomes quite clear that Pokémon are devilishly intelligent. They not only understand what you say, but they respond in turn. Their only barrier is speech (unless you happen to have a Meowth or Mewtwo). Pokémon actively communicate not only with their own species but with all Pokémon AND with their trainers – pretty cool. Another thing a usual pet cannot do.

Thirdly: money making. In the world that we live in, we have specific laws in place to protect animals from violence, ergo banning dog fighting. In the case of Pokémon, this does not apply. They naturally battle each other, it's the way that they grow and prosper. The trainers of these Pokémon have great money-making methods in front of them, they need to care for their Pokémon and in turn the Pokémon battles (as it wants to) and both the Pokémon and the trainer benefit. This will also have the added benefit of stopping animal fights as Pokémon fights would be where all the cool kids go.

There we go, several clear reasons why Pokémon are better than normal pets.

– *John*

Negative

When casting one's mind to the relatives merits, virtue or value of two classes, categories or concepts, what must principally take primary place within the personal perusal and promulgation of the present problem is the reality, actuality, state of being and existence of each category.

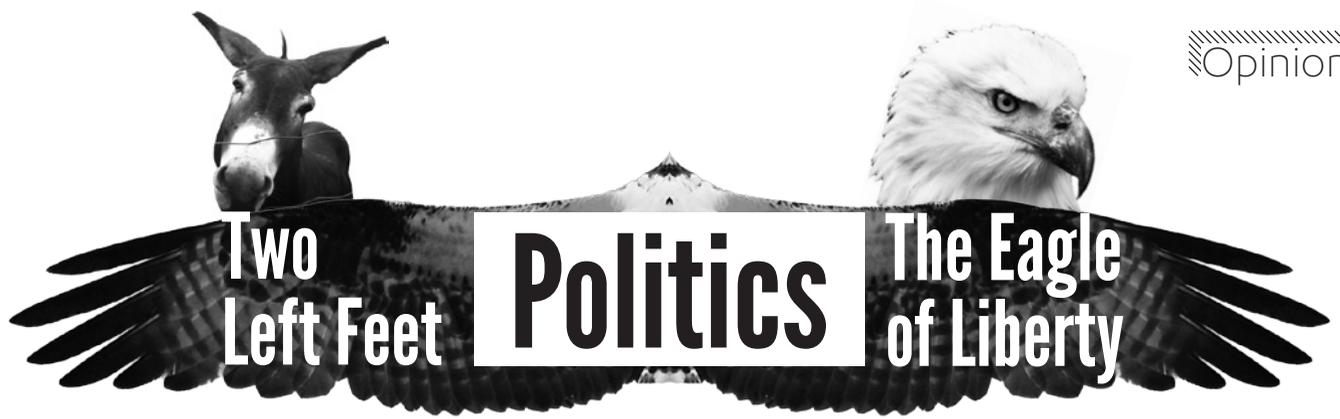
While Pokémon's Pikachu perches prominently in the proud pictures of children's TV sets, pleasant, personable and purring pets have the advantage of being real. They exist outside of the regal realm of imagination. You can ride a parrot, play "fetch" with a horse and teach your dog to mimic a few witty phrases, but Pokémon lie beyond interaction. In actual fact, they just lie. They are not real.

What's more, they have bad values. Never do you see a Pokémon perambulating along to OUDS to partake in some intelligent debate. Lacking in ostentatious displays of voracious verbose vocalisation, they instead choose to settle their disagreements with vicious violence. When our children are being exposed to animated animals who choose violence as a first resort in the settling of even trivial disputes, we surely inculcate a negative and careless attitude in the minds of the youth.

Bringing this debate to what must be the primary stakeholders in any discussion of national importance, let's look at the excesses to which pets surpass Pokémon in relation to the students of Otago. Pokémon have no place in scarfie life. They can't guzzle beer, pass a rugby ball, sit exams, gaze with envy at the gates of Selwyn, or vote for Logan Edgar. Pets, on the other hand (or paw), have great value. A dog can clean food scraps off the floor, a cat can eliminate your mouse problem, a parrot can be a great aid for revision, and pigs have been proven to feel right at home on Castle Street.

To end with further agonizing alliteration, all analysis and accurate assessment about the actual value of pets versus Pokémon must purely, plainly and powerfully fall in fair favour of pets. Pets exist, and as such they can give real value. They do not engage in reckless violence, and can provide great value to the lives of the average Dunedin student. Pets are plainly preferable to Pokémon. I rest my case.

– *Sue*



I wouldn't be much of a lefty columnist if I didn't discuss *The Spirit Level* at some point. *The Spirit Level*, by Richard Wilkinson and Kate Pickett, documents the beneficial effects of social equality and finds that among wealthy nations, the more equal ones typically outperform the less equal ones in almost 30 quality of life indicators. These include various measurements of health, education, crime, social mobility and community life. The book had the beneficial effect of pissing off a whole bunch of rightwingers, and should be part of any lefty's arsenal. Here is a handy guide to its most common criticisms and rejoinders:

1. *The Spirit Level only demonstrates correlation, not causation.* This is true, however Wilkinson and Pickett never claimed that social equality directly causes the benefits observed, so this criticism is a straw man. Consistent findings of correlation, while not evidence of causation, are at least evidence of some sort of relationship.

2. *Some of the correlations found in The Spirit Level are weak, bordering on statistically insignificant.* Stronger correlations have been found elsewhere for almost all of the relationships examined. The authors' aim was to replicate these findings using data from organisations like the WHO, the UN and the World Bank. Their findings show that these relationships hold up, and point readers towards the other studies.

3. *Wilkinson and Pickett's methodology is flawed because they do not exclude outliers when calculating correlations.* It is true that in some cases the authors do not exclude outliers; however, this doesn't actually affect their results. When all outliers are excluded on the graphs in question, the correlations remain and in some cases are strengthened.

4. *Although The Spirit Level shows that more equal societies tend to do better generally, they only do better for poor to upper-middle class citizens, not the rich.* This argument misses the point. There are three main rightwing arguments justifying inequality: that inequality benefits society generally, that inequality is justified because the free market sorts people according to merit, and that inequality is justified if it arises without anyone's rights being breached. *The Spirit Level* refutes the first of these – it was never designed to refute the second or third.

5. *The Spirit Level cherry-picks countries to support its findings, and on studies of non-arbitrary selections the findings disappear.* In fact, none of these alternative studies have been peer-reviewed. They have been published by sources such as the Taxpayers' Alliance (rightwing thinktank), the Cato Institute (rightwing thinktank) and Policy Exchange (ooh, rightwing thinktank). Wilkinson and Pickett's findings, on the other hand, have been replicated literally hundreds of times in peer-reviewed sources.

Now go forth and kick some Tory arse.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle on "Poverty" in New Zealand

Those sneaky socialists are up to their usual tricks. Their latest scam involves the absurd claim that one in four NZ children lives in poverty, and that this calls for more socialism (even though socialism is what gets people into poverty in the first place). To manufacture this "one-in-four" statistic, the socialists have mangled the term "poverty" into a twisted wreck that bears little resemblance to its original, useful meaning. Well the Eagle has some stats that can't be questioned – 100% of socialists are idiots.

When you think of poverty, you probably think of starving children in Africa. And you're right – Africa is genuinely afflicted with poverty. "Poverty" is a useful descriptive term that refers to people not having the basic needs for survival, such as food and shelter. The World Bank regards people as in poverty if they earn less than US\$2 per day. Maybe the DPB-bludger with two children living on \$580 per week doesn't have it so bad. Given that WINZ classifies a TV as an "essential item" and offers special dole payments for the poor impoverished souls deprived of this basic human necessity, it's safe to say New Zealand has little or no true poverty. And as third world nations develop their economies, global poverty will eventually be eliminated altogether.

But when socialists talk about "poverty", they are misusing the term to serve their own sinister agenda. The "one in four kids" crackpots used a *relative* measure of poverty, defined as anyone earning less than 60% of the median wage. You might be able to afford a swimming pool and Sky TV, but if you earn less than the threshold, you're still in "poverty" according to the socialists. Furthermore, since wages are constantly rising in capitalist nations, the median wage is always increasing. Under this absurd relative standard, "poverty" can never be eradicated unless communism, or something similar, is implemented, crushing all wages close to the median.

And that's exactly what the socialists want. They know perfectly well that there is no true poverty in NZ. They're just using the word "poverty" because saying "OMG, some people are living in poverty!" sounds way more serious than "OMG, some people earn less than others!" Socialists absolutely hate the fact that hardworking, creative people earn more than unskilled or lazy people. They would rather have everyone dragged down to \$10,000 a year together than have half the eaglets earning \$1 million and half earning \$5 million. Is there any less attractive ideology than the politics of envy?

Moral of the story – ignore the socialists when they talk about "poverty". Better yet, ignore them altogether.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle



THE AGENDA GAP

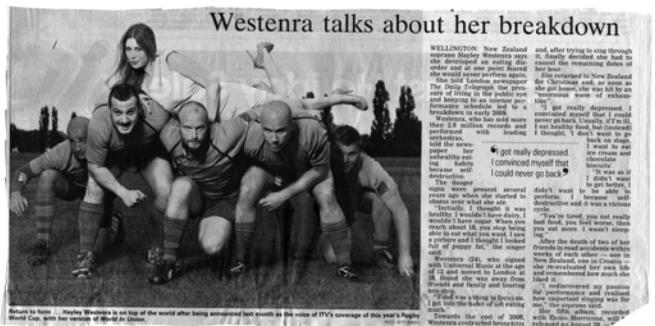
It's been an eventful few weeks for the ODT, with snow pictures and rugby keeping them on their toes.

Unfortunately, it wasn't all sledding and snowmen – according to the front page of Tuesday's paper, some parents (read: one, who refused to be named) were annoyed at schools for not opening despite the snow. Said parent believed schools should have opened "not for normal classes, but for movie day, music, indoor sports, craft, study, dance or stories". Sounds like SOMEONE doesn't want to be cooped up with her kids for too long.



In the realm of rugby, ODT put together a celebratory stadium special. It was a whopping 14 pages, which, notably, is 13 pages longer than ODT's 'World' section. Turns out (unsurprisingly) the stadium isn't actually that exciting. They really had to bulk it out, even including fun "did you know?" facts that are sure to become talking points/entertain children, such as "a total of 609 foundation piles were drilled into the ground to support the stadium". We use the term "fun" quite loosely. There were also remarkable/propaganda statements, such as "the net economic benefit of the stadium to Dunedin and Otago has been estimated to be about \$24 million a year".

Not one to miss out on dabbling in gossip, ODT wrote a very exciting article on page 3 about grey-power darling Hayley Westenra's eating disorder. Just when you thought ODT was going all *Women's Weekly* on yo' ass, they brought the article back in true ODT style with a lovely pic of Westenra "on top of the world", or at least, on top of some rather old-looking rugby players. Love that stuff.



Last but not least, ODT made a big shout out to their "vigilant" readers, who "helped reunite Dunedin man Peter Skelly with his work van". They may write ranty letters about rubbish collection and the denigration of society, but it seems ODT readers are an alright lot after all.

Turns out John Key was listening to the dissent in the UK, but for all the wrong reasons, as evidenced by his jumping on board the youth-bashing bandwagon. There's no easier political target than those who can't vote you out, after all. To hide the fact that you have done nothing to create jobs in three years, and have made it harder for the unemployed to upskill themselves, Get Tough On Bludgers. Tell them you will decide how they can spend their "taxpayer money", and that they will no longer be able to spend it on luxuries they aren't legally able to purchase in the first place, and the whole country will think you are "doing something about it".

The cost of such a system far outweighs any fiscal benefit to the Crown, unless of course the real plan is to roll out such controls of beneficiaries' spending habits across the board, i.e.; all unemployed workers, Working For Families recipients, sickness beneficiaries, recipients of student loans and allowances (although the almighty liquor lobby would make sure the last of these measures never came to fruition).

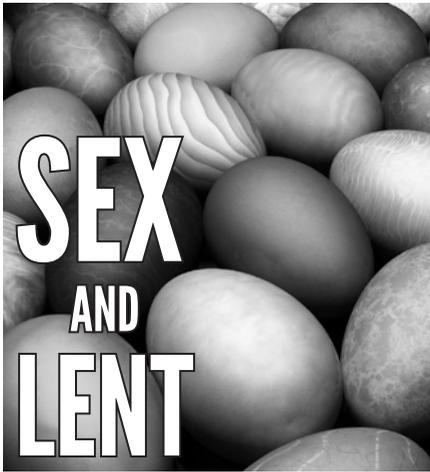
The irony has been noted that many in attendance at the National Party Conference – in raptures over Key's new plan – draw down on taxpayer-funded superannuation. This makes them beneficiaries, too, but they are apparently the "deserving" beneficiaries, beneficiaries whose entitlements make-up the last sacred cow of New Zealand politics, not those chain-smoking, hoodie-wearing high school drop out bums.

Regardless of how many 16 & 17 year old kids tell you they want to leave home, most would reluctantly leave those support networks behind, and those that do end up on the Independent Youth Benefit are often doing so to escape some pretty dark domestic situations. This isn't a lifestyle choice, and from personal experience I can tell you it is really hard to get them to give this benefit to you. Attacking the most vulnerable in our social welfare system is beneficiary-bashing at its most insipid.

The only thing old conservatives fear more than change is youth, particularly the lazy youth of today who don't know they have it so easy and have never had to go to war. Old conservatives have an amazing capacity to forget that they were ever young, lucky youths with free education, healthcare and other luxuries they have spent the rest of their lives denying to those whose only crime was being born too late.

Like the failed Military Boot Camps they once bragged about, the first stage of John Key's social welfare policy has absolutely nothing to do with helping solve our youth unemployment problem, and everything to do with playing to the perverse crime-and-punishment mentality of our Tory heartland. Who needs constructive answers to complex problems when old fashioned dog-whistling will do?

– Aaron Hawkins



As of late, Dunedin has become a toxic soup of rhinovirii. I am effectively starring in an all-new particularly depraved porno with the tentative working title *One Girl, A Shitload of Tissues and Oceans of Free-Flowing Nasal Mucus*. Ergo, the last few weeks have been something of a dry spell. There is nothing sexy about snot. No one wants to fuck someone whose last recorded clear enunciation of the letter 'M' was sometime in mid-July.

What, then, to write about in lieu of any actual sexual intercourse with man or woman?



Hey you. Yeah, you. Do you know me? Would you actually recognise me if I walked passed you on the street, sat beside you in a lecture or drunkenly asked you for the time? My guess is that you probably wouldn't (but hi to those that would! You're cool! Unless you're that dick I don't like). But if you knew me, you'd know I can be pretty good value. Except recently, I've been highly doubting this. What's pissing me of this week? That's right, my fine self.

Have you ever had that moment where you say or do something, and as soon as the moment has passed, you're mentally punching yourself in the face for being such an idiot? THIS IS MY DAILY LIFE. When I wake up in the morning, I expect to offend at least three people with copious amounts of swearing and unintentional racism before it even hits lunch.

I have a terrible case of foot-in-mouth disease (not to be confused with foot and mouth disease, an infectious viral disease that affects cows and other cloven-footed animals), in that my inner filter likes to

The answer came to me during a 2am viewing of Charles Stanley. As Charles implored me to "open the Bible" so we could "look for the answers together", I gazed at the plump sexually-frustrated heifers populating his studio audience and knew that it was time. I would eschew masturbation for a month for Lent. Setting aside the trite details that Lent was several months ago and I consider religion abhorrent, it seemed like a fabulous experiment. After all, how hard could it be?

Day 1 – Well, this isn't so bad.

Day 2 – Masochistic as ever, I decide to watch *Layer Cake* in bed. When I reach the scene in which Daniel Craig and Sienna Miller nearly have sex, I am forced to quit VLC, open Chrome and google "how to stop masturbating". The Church of Latter-Day Saints' helpful website recommends I wear a cross around my neck at all times. I envisage myself as a Snooki-type figure wearing a beaded cross paired with an Ed Hardy trucker cap and spandex labia-baring minidress and feel too nauseated to attempt jerking off. Not a bad tip.

Day 10 – I return home from uni to discover

that my free-range eggs have mysteriously disappeared. I grind my molars together and grimly enquire as to the eggs' whereabouts. My flatmates deny eating them but I know they actually spent the last few hours in their rooms wanking nonstop and periodically refuelling with delicious poached eggs and avocado on wholegrain toast.

Day 20 – My life is falling apart. Once I happily saw the world through a myopically nymphomaniacal lens and slept soundly each night dreaming of elaborate bukkake scenarios. Post-abstinence, I sleep for three hours a night. My skin has taken on a sickly grey tinge. Unable to concentrate during lectures, I drum my fingernails on my desk and tap my feet incessantly. I have become a toxic font of Fox News-level irrational hatred for my peers and my environs. Perhaps Glenn Beck never wanks either?

Day 27 – Only 3 more days! Should be easy. I've made it this far, after all.

Day 28 – It doesn't count if it's your left hand, right?

– **Mrs John Wilmont**

fuck off at the most inappropriate times. If there's an awkward silence, I'll feel uncomfortable and blurt out words like "penis" and "boobies" in hopes of dispelling the discomfort. (It doesn't work.) Or I'll forget the loudness of my voice, like I did when I was 14 and thought I was whispering when I told the teacher to "suck my dick". Unfortunately I can't do a thing about it; my grandma proved it was genetic when she told me on my seventeenth birthday that she'd quite like to try party pills, in an effort to seem cool.

I've always been pretty laid back and I thought that was an asset. Some bitch doesn't like me? Who gives a shit? Won't you be hungover tomorrow? Who gives a shit? You know you're probably going to hell right? Who gives a shit? But lately my passive attitude has been working against me. You can't miss a whole week of lectures! Who gives a shit? Are you really going to wear that top four days in a row? Who gives a shit? Aren't you afraid you're going to amount to nothing and end up a lonely, crazy cat lady? Who gives a shit?

This is not to say that I hate myself, because that's not the case at all! I'm not some emo kid who likes to write sad songs on a shitty guitar and burns themselves with cigarettes. I can rap like a black person, my hair is as silky as Simba's mane and I'm always willing to be a taxi bitch. So all in all, I do have some pretty redeeming qualities, it just seems they've taken a vacation for the time being.

So my dear readers, hopefully the Chloe we all know and love comes back soon. In the meantime? Don't let yourself piss you off. Otherwise I might have to write about it. And no one wants to read that.

– **Chloe Adams**



Down the Foreign Food Aisle

La morena Chiles serranos

\$3.59 for a 100g tin.

¡Hola! This week we're getting spicy with **pickled serrano peppers** from Mexico, the land of corn and drug cartels. These fiery numbers are hot enough to shock a westernised palate, but without leaving you reaching for litres of water. (Well, maybe a glass. Or two.) The

small green peppers are wonderfully soft, bursting with lip-tingling heat, and are a fresh alternative to dried chillies, chilli flakes or powder. They rest in a light brine tinged with vinegar and spices, with tiny slices of carrot – utilize these in cooking as they have soaked up all the wonderful flavours. Once opened, refrigeration is required, but until then these piquant beauties are well worth having in the cupboard. I'm so excited about these that I've provided two recipes. Double the fun.

9/10

CHICKEN TAQUITOS for four

My food enthusiast flatmate made these for dinner recently and eagerly added the serrano peppers at my request. Alongside the chicken and creamy cheeses, the chillies provide a welcome heat. Use spring roll pastry instead of more traditional tortillas for perfectly crunchy taquitos.

Mix two to three cups of shredded, cooked chicken (equivalent to around five boneless chicken thighs) with half a 250g tub of softened cream cheese. Add three finely sliced spring onions, two finely chopped garlic cloves, one diced tomato, one cup of grated

cheese, smoked paprika, ground coriander seeds and as many sliced serrano chillies as you can handle. Spoon the filling over squares of spring roll pastry and roll up tightly. Place on a lightly greased baking tray, spread with the remaining cream cheese and bake at 200°C for around 15 minutes, or until golden brown.

EL CHEAPO ENCHILADAS for two

Heat a little oil in a pan over a low heat. Add three cloves of finely chopped garlic and four roughly sliced serrano peppers, cooking until garlic is soft but not brown. Add a tin of whole peeled tomatoes, roughly chopped and including the juice; a tin of red kidney beans in a tomato/salsa base and plenty of cracked pepper. Heat over a medium temperature until hot. Microwave six tortillas for 20 seconds each so that they can be rolled up without breaking. Place several generous tablespoons of the mixture onto a tortilla and roll up tightly. Place in a baking dish. Spread remaining sauce over the enchiladas and sprinkle with grated cheese or dot with cream cheese. Bake at 220°C for around 10 minutes, or until the cheese is melted.



How to rediscover your childhood

We all yearn for that time in our lives when things were simpler. A big decision was whether to pick the red or green crayon. Days were spent in sandpits and nights were spent trying to prolong bedtime. I know you want it back, I do too. But how do you bring back those glory days? Well...

It's about recapturing the innocence and happiness of childhood. Put away the books and wander into the kitchen; there's no need to buy flash equipment to start a band. Just empty the cupboards of pots and pans, get hold of some wooden spoons and start drumming. Remember those days; drumming away, oblivious to other goings-on? The simple times of having everything just appear before you and going about your drumming in blissful ignorance of the hardships of the world. Re-discover that feeling. Release your inner drummer.

Discussing this column with others, I found that most people

remembered how good TV was when they were younger, compared to the drivel to be found on afternoon TV these days. So why not plunge back into your childhood with your favourite shows? Instead of obsessing over who the father is on *Jeremy Kyle*, why not immerse yourself in the antics of Ed, Edd and Eddy? Life's a lot simpler when not watching the shallow end of the gene pool arguing over a child who's already starting life on the back foot. That's just depressing.

Instead of leading your life by the 'gym-tan-laundry' mantra of *Jersey Shore*, why not return to living by the old Disney-defined parameters? The fantastical ideas of hope, wonderment and magic will surely leave you in a much better frame of mind than the competitiveness of those twats on *Jersey Shore*. Bring back the days when the opposite sex had little control of our daily lives. Embrace all that is innocent and let all the chaos of image-centred social lives disappear.

Embrace your need to calm down before bedtime. Don't buckle in the face of scorn, have a warm glass of milk to relax you. Don't shy away from the bedtime rituals you had as a child. If you want to return to the years of no stress and heaps of energy, then you've got to return to the nighttime rituals of those days too. It will make a difference, there's no doubt about that.

We'd all be a lot happier if the simplicity of childhood could return to our lives. If we let go of what society has confined us to, if we embrace our softer, less conscious side and let ourselves go, surely we would live much more fulfilling lives. But it's just a thought.

– **Lyle Skipsey**

Review



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40 Performance | **41** Food | **42** Games

Lauren Kate

THE NEW STEPHANIE MEYER?

I met Lauren Kate with low expectations. A quick google and perusal of Wikipedia produced multiple parallels between her work and *Twilight*, the vampire series that has inexplicably reached demigod status in the world of teenage literature. Kate is from Texas, the state of cowboys, dust and George W. Bush. I was pleasantly surprised to find her to be a lovely and genuine woman who was noticeably lacking the southern drawl I had expected. She is intelligent and articulate, citing Virginia Woolf and William Faulkner among her influences and exudes a love of literature that shapes the way she writes. The *Fallen* series was inspired by biblical narratives and follows a cursed romance; Daniel – an angel – chooses his love for the mortal Luce over heaven. Daniel is immortal, but Luce is not. She dies, again and again, and in every life she falls for Daniel once more. The transcendent nature of love is an interesting concept that has been explored before, if not in this particular way. *Passion*, the latest book (and the only one I've read) follows Luce as she travels backwards through time and her past lives, trying to understand the curse and how to break it. The Magic Schoolbus-esque journey through such a wide range of settings complete with fun historical facts prompted me to ask what kind of research was involved in such a book.

Kate explained, "My preferred method was literary research, so a lot of the settings are plucked from favourite novels of mine, and eras in which I found there to be a lot of novels that I really loved ...There's a chapter in Milan that is heavily inspired by Hemmingway's *Farewell to Arms*, there's a chapter in Moscow that's inspired by *The Master and Margarita* by Bulgakov. I knew that this was going to be a really historical novel, and it kind of made me really nervous at the outset, and the easiest way for me to get into the research was to tie it to books."

Her diplomatic response to my question about the comparisons to *Twilight* suggested that I wasn't the first interviewer to take this approach: "I think that my publishers seized on the comparison because it's a very handy thing to do for sales and marketing reasons. I have never felt particularly close to those books ... I read *Twilight* after I wrote *Fallen* because my agent told me this is what you've got to contend with – the 600 pound gorilla in the room"

She went on to express her appreciation to Stephanie Meyer's for creating a generation of readers who want to read what Lauren wants to write. Aware of the impressionability of her audience and the importance of her character 'Luce' as a role model, Kate is careful to send the right messages, while staying true to the occasionally unpleasant realities of relationships.



"I certainly consider it and I think that Luce considers it all the time – part of her character is the struggle with a gut feeling that this attraction runs deeper than she can recognise. [In *Torment*] there are a lot of complications in their relationship, she has a lot of resistance to the way she's being treated and she's trying to work through these conflicting emotions throughout the book. I think by the end of *Passion* she's really come to terms with how powerful this relationship really is. But it was a process for her, and I think it was important for her to go through this stage of infatuation without explanation, which I think is where you get some of the *Twilight* criticisms – that's got to be a step, and a lot of good love stories have that step, but then there's a growing process."

While influenced by great literary works, *Passion* is far from a masterpiece. It is an easy, engaging read, but is most likely better appreciated as intended; the third book in a series. I cringed at some of the cheesier lines, but get the feeling that ten years ago I would have been one of the hundreds of teenage girls waiting eagerly for the next instalment. I may have outgrown teenage romance novels, but I look forward to seeing what Lauren Kate has planned for her next series.

– Sarah Maessen

THE NUDGE ACOUSTIC SHOW
WITH FRASER ROSS, MATT LANGLEY, JULIAN TEMPLE + TIM MCCARTNEY

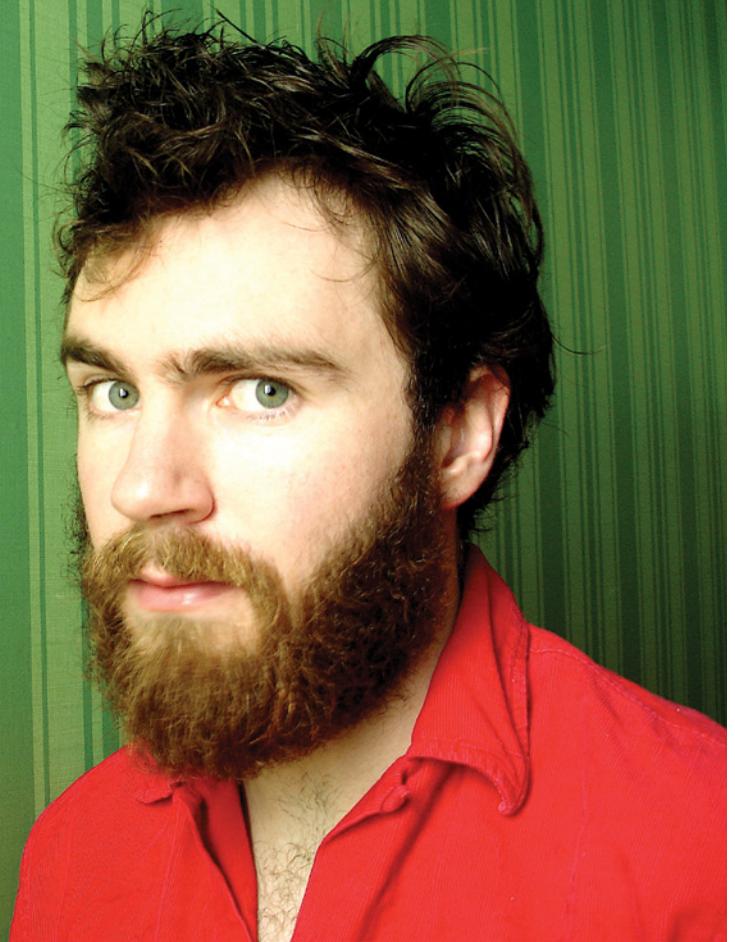
TUESDAY AUGUST 23 - 7PM START - THE GOOD OIL
\$5 WITH 91CARD, \$10 WITHOUT

the good oil 91 FM

Liam Finn

w/ *The Drab Doo-Riffs*

Thursday August 11 – ReFuel, Dunedin



Fresh from releasing the awaited follow up to 2008's treasured *I'll Be Lightning*, it was a typically energised and affable Liam Finn who appeared onstage to celebrate the release of *FOMO* last Thursday night. With his new material simultaneously showing growth, maturity, and a realisation of the value of restraint, it was oddly fitting that Finn's audience was significantly non-student, filled with those financially stable enough to brave the steep \$45 door sales. While it wasn't exactly a Pink Floyd tribute concert, the influx of balding males at a spritely 8pm certainly wasn't the usual Re:Fuel experience.

Unfortunately for many who attended, as the venue reached capacity, it became near impossible for most to see the diminutive Finn and his band, featuring brother Elroy on drums, frequent collaborator Eliza-Jane Barnes on vocals and percussion and Jol Mulholland on bass duties. Thankfully, Finn's natural charisma shone through as he opened with the familiar "Better to Be" and "Second Chance". Previously relying on a clever manipulation of loops in his one-man-band incarnation, with a competent accompaniment solidifying each song, Finn was free to let loose both instrumentally and vocally.

With the crowd warmed up, Finn changed pace, turning to his new *FOMO* material. Whether due to lack of exposure or lack of enthusiasm, the material seemed to fall slightly flat - lacking the casual abandon of "I'll Be Lightning". With looped piano leading the gentle pop of "Real Late", Finn began to literally bounce, the crowd grooving with him, smiles plastered on faces.

After an hour or more of consummate performance and musicianship, and a pseudo encore of "just four more songs" the night drew to close with a rousing crowd-assisted "Gather to the Chapel". Whether a fan or biased reviewer, it's hard to fault a performer who delivers live in the same manner as Liam Finn. After all, this was the *FOMO* tour. I'm afraid you missed out.



Allegedly, you will either love *Gantz* or hate it. My experience of the film was certainly consistent with this principle. And hint: I didn't love it.

Let me make one thing clear: I am not opposed to films based on comic books. *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World* and *Kick-Ass* were both great – designed for people with the attention span of a carrot, perhaps, but highly entertaining nonetheless. My objection to *Gantz* is thus based not on principle but rather on its utterly inept execution.

The premise sounds fun: people die and are resurrected by a mysterious black orb. In return for the opportunity to permanently return to life, they must battle aliens until they earn 100 video game-style "points" for their efforts. Cue exuberant, outlandish action sequences, right? Wrong. Though wielding devastating guns which can destroy, well, anything, the characters are bizarrely reluctant to actually fire them, and elect to merely point them ineffectually at various menacingly advancing, highly lethal aliens. These highly lethal aliens are also abruptly forgotten about in the middle of fight scenes, presumably standing patiently out of shot while characters engage in long, emotional conversations.

That there is only one action sequence that doesn't suck (though it couldn't be described as "good" either) would be the kiss of death for any action film. Unfortunately, *Gantz* digs its grave even deeper. There are tacked-on, sickeningly melodramatic subplots which exist solely to (clumsily) show the characters' "reasons" for wanting their lives back. Not only is this a stupid cliché, it would only work if we cared about these characters – which, given that they are paper-thin, witless and moronic, we don't. In fact, in the film's only truly effective scene, we are made to feel far more sympathy for a baby alien with two lines of dialogue (both of which are "take my onion") and five minutes of screen-time than we feel for any human being.

The translating is also poor: characters regularly accuse each other of being "hypocrites" when that word really doesn't apply. And there are gaping plot holes: between their tedious fights, the protagonists are able to return to their normal lives as if nothing had happened, despite having suffered highly public, fatal accidents.

I wish I hadn't wasted \$11.50 on *Gantz*. Then again, maybe I'm a "hypocrite" (see what I mean?).

– Sam McChesney     



Before you stop reading because you think this film looks like it's only for crazy feminists, wait! It's not. *Miss Representation* is a film that every person in the world should watch. An exploration of the impact of the negative portrayal and objectification of women by the media, *Miss Representation* is a very powerful documentary. While primarily focusing on women and the media, the film also exposes the utter perverseness of the media's influence on society and the effects of the media on everyone, irrespective of gender.

The documentary examines the mainstream media's influence on women's mindsets through interviews with women in politics, the media and a group of extremely insightful teenagers, as well presenting mind-boggling statistics through well-crafted infographics.

As one high school student featured in the film sagely put it, "There's no appreciation for women intellectuals. It's all about the body, not about the brain." Women must contend with the Achilles' heel of their appearance; even if you have the brain *and* the body, you still can't win. The film showed at least three clips of male news presenters referring to Sarah Palin as "prime masturbation material", robbing her of any dignity in their eyes. Obama is pretty good looking, but would he ever be characterised as an object for the universal female wank bank? Probably not.

Ahh! So many problems! So depressing! In one way, I felt shocked and disillusioned watching *Miss Representation*. However, the most valuable defence against the power of the media is being aware of the messages they are trying to push, while at the same time being able to ignore them. We perpetuate negativity towards women by criticising ourselves and others, rather than being encouraging and supporting. Women are severely underrepresented in mainstream media channels – the lenses that women are viewed through are mostly in the hands of men. This is something we can change. We need to be more positive about women, and we need more women in the media to put a stop to the garbage being pumped out day after day.

To end on a positive/inspiring note, I will use the words of Katie Couric, CBS News Anchor: "The media can be an instrument of change, it can awaken people and change minds. It depends on who is piloting the plane."

We are hoping that *Miss Representation* will come to Dunedin cinemas post-Film Festival, but in the meantime, watch the trailer! Just search the film title on youtube.

– Sarah Baillie    



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



Glee: The 3D Concert Movie was possibly the best 90 minutes of my life. As its somewhat unimaginative title suggests, the movie was not actually a feature-length *Glee* episode (glepisode?), but was in fact a 3D film version of the *Glee* stage show which recently toured, alas not making it this side of the equator. Basically, the movie consisted of stage versions of all those *Glee* classics, from Santana's ode-to-Amy-Winehouse *Valerie*, featuring some frickin' fantastic dancing by Britney and Mike Chang, and the Warblers in full Dalton Academy getup, making audience members faint with their hypnotising harmonies.

Even if you aren't a gleek, the movie provides a high level of entertainment simply in the form of crowd shots alone. Naturally, there were plenty of screaming teenagers, a surprising number of middle-aged men (sans children) and even a few corporate thirty-something guys who emitted a creepy cheer when Britney S. Pears came out in her bikini-esque Britney costume.

Now I'm not usually a big fan of this newfangled 3D technology, but seeing the *Glee* cast right there in front of you was quite the experience. For one thing, it made Britney's 'Britney' routine that much more boobalicious. As one fellow-moviegoer noted, the 3D made it feel "like Blaine was singing directly to me". And he was, oh yes he was.

The concert tracks were broken up with some interviews of audience members whose lives had truly been changed for the better by *Glee*. One, a self-described Cheerio and "little person" (read: dwarf), learnt through *Glee* to accept her short stature, and even got a date of "normal height" for her school prom. Win! Another, who was obsessed to the point of concern with Britney, uses *Glee* to help deal with her recently-diagnosed Asperger's. But the gleek who stole the show was 5-ish year-old "Mini Warbler" Kellen Sarmiento (Youtube it. Now.) who performed possibly the most adorable rendition of *Teenage Dream* ever to pass human lips, in a miniature blazer with a tie almost as tall as himself, complete with dance moves.

In summary, this movie was a religious experience, and pretty much anyone with a soul will enjoy it. Guys, do not feel like you'll be emasculated by this film: my two male companions "fucking loved it", though they admittedly didn't want to be named.

– Phoebe Harrop     

Larry Crowne is Tom Hanks' sophomore attempt at writing and directing a film. Sitting a little uncomfortably between drama and comedy, it isn't entirely sure of itself, but it is otherwise enjoyable and relatively easy viewing.

Larry (Hanks) is a middle-aged long retired Navy cook (or 'culinary specialist' as he likes to say), working as a nine-time Employee-of-the-month at U-mart until he is 'downsized'. Larry never went to college, which limits his potential within the company. Consequently, Larry's neighbour Avery (Sy Richardson) suggests he enrolls at community college. Cue the introduction of a series of quirky characters: Mercedes Tainot (Julia Roberts), a jaded, verging on alcoholic lecturer uninspired by her public speaking class, and the weirdly funny economics professor (George Takei).

The storyline begins to truly blossom with the arrival of the vivacious twenty-something Talia (Gugu Mbatha-Raw), who enlists Larry into her scooter gang, feng-shui's his apartment and revamps his entire wardrobe. You may be cringing at the possibility of a completely gross potential relationship between Talia and our protagonist, but fortunately the friendship remains platonic. The same, however, cannot be said about the student-teacher relationship of Larry and Mercedes.

The film is littered with supporting roles that help to shake up Larry's life and add hilarity. We have fellow college students who are equally unintelligent and enthusiastic, as well as a bank manager played by Hanks' real-life wife, and Roberts and Hanks deliver slightly subdued performances which gives these more minor players to a chance to really shine (although, it is pretty difficult to see past Roberts' winning smile and Hanks' adorability).

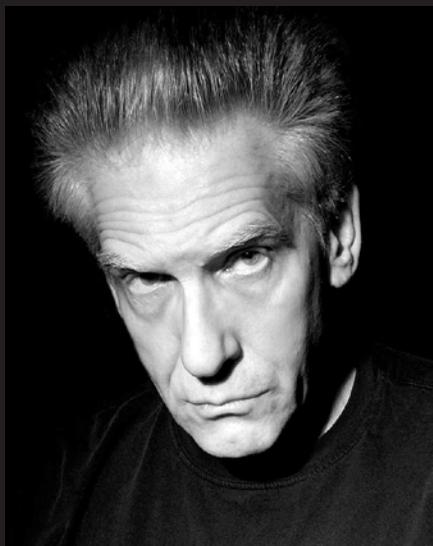
If you are expecting to see Tom Hanks in a performance like *Forrest Gump* or Julia Roberts in *Erin Brokovich* then you are going to be highly disappointed. But if you revel in what this film is truly supposed to be – a happy-go-lucky, nothing serious, bit of fun, erring on mid-life crisis film – then you might just enjoy it. Admittedly, the easy laughs override any potential solid drama but then again it would have been a rather bleak storyline minus the wit. It isn't the film of the century, nor is it particularly life-changing but it's a nice, heart-warming watch.

– Julia Sandston     



LONGEST LEGROOM
LARGEST SEATS





David Cronenberg

DIRECTOR PROFILE

David Cronenberg is a Canadian-born director who began a career in film in 1969. His early years were marked by a series of low-budget sci-fi horrors which jolted his name into the public mind. Cronenberg's work continues to seamlessly mutate and fill the gaps in our subconscious. His pictures examine the edges of human physiology and psychology. Exploitation film, body horror, venereal horror or whatever you want to call it; like a disease, it gets under the skin and metastasises.

Cronenberg achieved a cult following with his early film, *Scanners* (1981). Pre-formed ideas of the body and infection began to surface, however low-production values show through and the outcome is unsatisfying if you've already been exposed to his more recent work. Two years later, Cronenberg pushed the envelope further with *Videodrome* (1983). A sleazy television producer, Max Renn, is at the centre of a perverse series of events/hallucinations. Despite Max's moral ambivalence, Cronenberg intentionally made the character into someone whose responses are likely to mirror those of the viewer in the same environment. In one particularly unnerving scene, a man on the TV stares through the screen and speaks directly to Max as he slips into hyperreality. Cronenberg here explores the concepts of media theorist Marshall McLuhan ("the television screen is the retina of the mind's eye"), positing reality as a self-constructed concept rather than an absolute given.

From here, Cronenberg might have entered the world of seminal pop cinema with script offers including *Top Gun* and *The Truman Show*. Instead, he decided to remake the horror classic *The Fly* (1986). The film traces the degeneration of Brundlefly, a man who becomes genetically fused with a fly following a botched teleportation experiment. Brundlefly undergoes a compressed existence, a brilliant metaphor for ageing and the eventual succumbing to disease. Jeff Goldblum acts with harrowing intensity, introducing a previously unseen emotional dimension to Cronenberg's films.

Naked Lunch (1991), an adaptation of William S Burroughs' "unfilmable" novel, is as much an introspective meditation on the writing process as it is a mind fuck. Cronenberg followed this up with another masterpiece, *eXistenZ* (1999). Wrought with Cartesian skepticism, it reflects on atheism and the director's obsession with the body as the primary site of human existence. After exhausting themes involving consciousness, Cronenberg moved towards realism. From subverting small-town values of *History of Violence* (2005) to the intimate depiction of violence in *Eastern Promises* (2007), Cronenberg maintains an innovative ability to disturb and distort his audience's perceptions.

– *Theo Kay*

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES STREET

Kluster Fuck: Nathan Forbes. *Ant Scarer*. Sam Ovens

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY 24B MORAY PLACE

Play Off: Edith Amituanai, Scott Eady, James Oram

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY 5 DOWLING STREET

Billy Apple: The Bruce & Denny Show

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

Fractus: Jeena Shin, *Radiant Matter Part II*: Dane Mitchell, *Nollywood*:

Pieter Hugo, *Spirit of Ewe*: Sarah Lucas, *Pathway to the sea-Aramo-ana*: Ralph Hotere & Bill Culbert

HOCKEN GALLERY CNR ANZAC AVE & PARRY STREET

Zero to Infinity: Ralph Hotere

MODAKS GEORGE STREET

Awoken in the Ether: Deano Shirriffs, James Bellaney, Chris Crooked Spoke, Veronica Brett, Rory Macmurdo, Nada Crofskey-Rayner, Shipsey Caldwell, Nimue Dingemans, Haleia Dingemans

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

Loop: Rob Cloughley & Prudence Edge

TEMPLE GALLERY MORAY PLACE

Resisting Africa: Victoria Bell



ART & MUSIC

*The Dowling Street Project,
a two-day exhibition, August 13 & 14*

Featuring: Anya Sinclair, Craig Freeborn, Dominique Papoutsou, Emma Johansson, Flynn Morris-Clarke, Mishca Rhys-Hill, Sally Hill and Sally Shephard

The recent two-day exhibition at the Dowling Street Project featured painting, photography, sculpture and music. The often under-utilised gallery space was warm with both energy and a bustling array of different artistic practices: at one point two of the musicians performed wearing sculptures by Mischa Rhys-Hill that had previously been hanging on the wall.

One felt immediately drawn to the paintings of Craig Freeborn. Freeborn's *Figure on Table* (2011) features a headless - presumably male - figure with his arms tied behind his back and then blanketed by roughly dispersed paint, revealing sporadic shards of 'pop' colour. Texturally solid, the work communicates both psychological intensity and an absorbing atmospheric darkness. Freeborn's work is a dialogue between order and chaos, and the physical and the emotional. In *The Inevitable Shoot* (2011), he presents another headless figure, although this time the figure is obviously female. Freeborn has assaulted the canvas with paint using a range of techniques including splattering and dripping, with the trickling red paint resembling spilt blood. The more figurative and psychological elements of Freeborn's works are reminiscent of Seraphine Pick, and the more chaotic, rhythmic properties of

his work are similar to techniques employed by Dunedin painter Anya Sinclair, who also showed in this exhibition.

Flynn Morris-Clarke's beautiful paintings captivated one's eye through the incredibly layered and glossy application of oil paint. His two works - both referred to as *Untitled* (2011) - depict Clarke dressed in drag, modelling himself upon Andy Warhol's drag queen muse, Candy Darling. Both works explore the notion of masculinity, subverting the idea of a 'fixed' gendered identity and resonating with a post-Warholian conception of 'self'.

Emma Johansson's strange yet adorable sculpture creatures in *Plypps* (2011) and *Plypps Journey* (2011) were characterised by a soft playfulness that enabled them to be easily engaged with. *Plypps* consisted of small otherworldly creatures congregating upon surfaces made by Johansson. *Plypps Journey* presents these same creatures on a journey, campfire and all. Johansson's animations were also adorable, reminiscent of many anime productions from Studio Ghibli, most notably *My Neighbour Totoro*.

— Hana 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



2 be S-Pacific

Directed by Nylla Ah-Kuoi Tamati

Best. Welcome. EVER! The whole cast cheered each audience member inside as they clapped along to music that I'm pretty sure was part of the soundtrack for *Sione's Wedding*. Which, as we all know, is good music. Not only does it make me feel like a cool person, it also reminds me of that hot guy in the movie, y'know, the one that's a bit of a man-whore.

The best way to describe this production would be 'down-to-earth and inclusive'. The mixture of cultures on stage reflected the mixture of cultures in the audience. Everybody seemed to really enjoy themselves. The audience seemed to love it, and there was generous laughter from all sides of the room. It was a fantastic buzz to be a part of.

Selecting the funniest and most meaningful scenes from *Fresh off the Boat* (Oscar Kightly & Simon Small), *Bare* (Toa Fraser), and *Frangipani Perfume* (Makeita Urale), this production was not only hilarious but also brought up some much needed social commentary about living as a Pacific Island New Zealander.

A minimalist set transformed the space, displaying an innovative use of Allen Hall; this time the stage was actually used. There was also some very impressive lighting design with blue lights that looked like the Pacific Ocean waves. I won't ask where Tamati found two spare toilet seats, but let's hope there's still somewhere to sit in the Allen Hall ladies.

It was great to see some new talent on the Allen Hall stage. There are some comic gems in Dunedin and James Davidson and Mary Atatai certainly hold some talent in that regard. Kudos also goes to Miriam Noonan for her monologue; she seemed to channel some certain individual Theatre Studies lecturers. And as for Ben Blakely; if there was an Oscar for Best Impersonation of a Wigg, yes, he would win.

Well done to Nylla and the team. This was a fantastic production and I hope we can see some more Fale Aitu in future.

– Kathryn Hurst



Avenue Q

Fortune Theatre

It's R13 kids!

Avenue Q is one of the longest running shows on Broadway, winning three Tony Awards. It was also a huge hit on London's West End and the Fortune Theatre's production marks the first time it will be presented on local soil, by locals!

Often billed as "Sesame Street for adults", this brilliant musical ingeniously combines people, puppets and music, tackling rather wholesome subjects such as dating, racism, internet porn, binge drinking, being gay and finding your purpose in life.

Avenue Q reaches out to a generation that believes achievement in any endeavour can, and will, happen overnight (yup that's us!), the irony being that the cast of crazy characters find it difficult to get started, or indeed even achieve anything at all.

Performed by a talented cast of actors and singers with the help of some furry puppet friends, this show is guaranteed to be hilarious. For sneak-peak previews befriend Fortune Theatre on Facebook or even befriend the sultry 'Lucy Queue'. See you there!



Everyday Gourmet

Location: 466 George Street, down the road from Rob Roy

Prices: Flat White: \$4.20, Long Black: \$3.20, Mocha: \$4.70

Why I came here: A friend and I felt the need for a coffee to get through our Friday morning lectures and decided to venture towards George St

Atmosphere: Cute, homely and European

Service: Polite and friendly

Food: Each visit I struggle to refrain myself from the almond croissants (\$4.50) on the counter – SO good! There's a vast array of cakes and confectionary as well as plenty of savouries to choose from.

Overall: I love Everyday Gourmet!

Walking in, you can't help but be distracted by the little details that seem to make Everyday Gourmet one of the best cafes in Dunedin, whether it's the assortment of specialty jars and jams on the left hand side of the store, the little red blankets provided for cold outdoor patrons, or the French music that resonates throughout the cafe. The coffee was delicious, sweet and authentic and the place was buzzing with people of all age groups conversing together. If I can recommend one thing, it would be to bring your mum or grandma here. She will love the delicatessen-like aspect of the cafe and marvel at the imported indulgences. Feeling daring? Try one of the specialty hot chocolates which come in flavours such as chilli and crème brûlée.

– Pippa Schaffler



Chicken Tonight?

You may have noticed that the vast majority of recipes this year in *Critic* have been vegetarian. This is for two reasons: 1) meat is expensive and we are povo and 2) the food editor and 90% of the contributors live meat-free and vege-plenty.

This week, as a break from tradition, we've got some non-vegetarian (specifically chicken) recipes for you. Not only are they super tasty, they happen to be relatively inexpensive; currently,

chicken is cheaper than tomatoes.

The following recipes contain shredded chicken which is easily available in the deli section (it's regularly on special too) and is less finicky than cooking chicken from raw. You could also use leftover roast chicken. The pasta bake is really easy to mix together after a long day and the pita bread recipe is tasty for a picnic or similar around exam time when the sun is finally out again.

CHICKEN AND CHEESE PASTA

500g pasta (*rigatoni is the best as the sauce bursts out of it*)

Dolmio Pasta bake sauce, three cheeses

1-2 cups of milk

Shredded chicken (*can be from the deli or leftover roast*)

Pour the uncooked pasta into a 3L ovenproof dish and scatter the chicken over this. Spread the sauce over the top and then fill the jar with the milk and shake it up so it picks up all the sauce left on the side of the jar. Pour this over the other ingredients and stir all up well. Add more milk or water to make the bake saucier. Bake in the oven covered for 30 mins at 180°C and then uncovered for 20 mins. You may have to check if the pasta is cooked through. If it still needs some cooking, cover it and cook for a further 10 or so minutes. Be careful not to overcook though as the bake will dry out. NB: ignore the instructions on the side of the jar, this works too.

Serves 4-5

CHICKEN CHICKPEA PITAS

1 can chickpeas, drained and rinsed

1 can corn

1 courgette, sliced in half and half again, cooked

1 chicken breast, cooked and shredded (*or 400g of deli chicken*)

10 black olives, sliced and pitted

Pita bread, lettuce and mayonnaise to serve

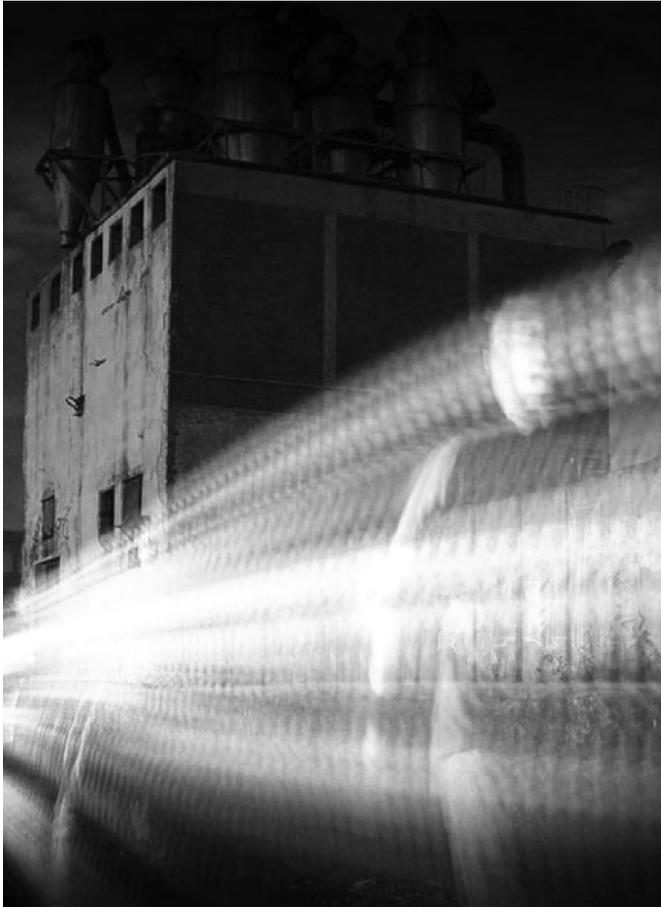
Combine the chickpeas, corn, courgette and chicken in a bowl and season well. Fold in the black olives and mayonnaise. Toast the pitas (can be done in the oven to get them all done at the same time) and place them on the table with the lettuce for people to make their own.

– Susie Kriebel

Trauma



Platforms: OS X, PC, Linux



There's a looming sense of effort in *Trauma*. Not the good kind. The strained kind: "Come on guys. We've got to be evocative. We've just got to. Otherwise what will happen? I don't know. Jeez guys. Jeez." It's not appealing when a game shamelessly begs for the "art" prefix. And it's even worse when a game conducts such begging by using touchstones lifted near-entirely from other media. So much potential rests in interactivity and player choice. Why move the story forward in a little movie? Why not just make a short film at that point? Why not just wear a scarf indoors and write an indy song and accompany yourself on the autoharp?

With *Trauma*, it's the photography. *Trauma* plays like *Google Street View: The Game*. Each level is constructed from a series of photographs stitched together, and you click an adjacent area of the screen to pan over to a new view. Initially, this struck me as an economical level creation technique for an independent studio. I'll mention now that in the game you are making your way through the voice-overed dreams of a car crash recoverer. It kind of feels - especially if you squint - like the half-agency you have when you are dreaming. But, very quickly it just gets cumbersome, as cumbersome as navigating down a googled Dunedin road.

As a game I'm afraid *Trauma* fails. You're effectively playing through one of those Eye Spy books looking for old-style Polaroids that have been clumsily photoshopped into the environment. The girl will reveal, in delicate soliloquy, something or other about her past whenever you stumble upon something. Occasionally you will draw symbols on the screen with the mouse to interact in a more specific way. But that's a relatively small part of the game compared to the Polaroid hunting. The point is that the game never requires thought or decision making. Everything about it, from the weirdly overexposed blurred people in the photos, to the close up shots of a generic girl-face in the cutscenes, are forever out of reach of your control.



later, the screen will literally go completely pitch black to load another little cutscene. Don't do that. Seriously. You created such a great sense of momentum between the motion blur and the rumbling controller and the way the Hispanic protagonist whose name I can't remember's hair moving as we dived from that helicopter. There was absolutely no need to show him latching onto the dead guy and taking the code thing. That could have occurred seamlessly from the third person point of view we were already in. He could have clumsily bumped into him. That would have been absolutely peachy. Anything's better than a several second load time.

Released in early 2010, *Just Cause 2* isn't much of a cult game. Or a classic. But when it succeeds, it's utterly spectacular because it responds to the player's experimentation. You have unlimited parachutes, and paired

with unlimited arm-mounted ludicrously overpowered grappling hook capabilities, that's the greatest gift one might ever receive. Want to tie a hot air balloon to a truck and drive through town destroying power poles and police officers with the swollen canopy? Just go ahead. Tie that motorbike to that jet and swing from the belly of a plane like an off-road ET.

Actually, in retrospect, don't do either of those things simply because I suggested them. A few seconds on Youtube will show that you'll probably be able to accomplish your own goal in one way or another. *Just Cause 2* is not a classic. As I said, the structured parts of the game are quite bad. But as the proverbial sandbox that allows you to build wonderfully intricate castles of silica crystals? It's a real achievement.

You resent the presence of a story from the opening picosecond of *Just Cause 2*. It's the bland characters and the plot about some dictator who's all bad and such that are responsible initially for this reaction. But a few seconds

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.

Charlie Sheen

As much as I'd love to say the night ended with me covered in blood, standing in the middle of South D, screaming to my seemingly unconscious date "WE'VE GOT TO GO, NOW!", it didn't end that way.

However, maybe I should backtrack to the beginning. As the night started, I was genuinely nervous. I first decided to sign up to Summer Lovin' as a whim. Why not? I figured I would die alone with 48 cats regardless, so it was worth a story to tell the grandkids. And by grandkids, I mean my 48 cats. After all, I was newly single and newly set on being a heartless, soulless harpy - I figured a shot at "finding my Romeo" would be worth it. I mean, worst comes to worst I still had a voucher for drinks, and as an Otago student I can't say no to that.

My date was absolutely lovely. He was tall, funny, really nice, brown, and shockingly, wearing shoes. Coincidentally, he also put up with a LOT of my casual racism, which he took in good stride and had good retorts too. We chased through a few shakers in true Summer Lovin' fashion, had some good yarns, and eventually included my friends into our group, leaving my date to be suddenly surrounded by four attractive females and lots of booze. Lucky bloke!

We even moved to another bar afterwards, and ended up claiming a booth and being joined by lovely middle aged fishermen and farmers. And by "lovely", I mean suddenly sleazy towards my girlfriends and far more racist than myself, actually obscuring my date from the door as he tried to enter the bar after us.

But we did have a lot of good laughs, and got on great one-on-one-and with a group of my friends. All in all, an awesome first blind date and a good Tuesday night in general, even if it didn't end up in a crime scene in the most scenic place in the South Island.

Coke

After battling the snowstorm, I awaited the arrival of my date as I stood at the bar, munching on a pack of Milk Duds in attempt to ease the nerves. I looked around the establishment to see if anybody was waiting but I could only see two twins sitting by themselves who seemed to be glancing over at me. At this point I thought *Critic* had really treated me so I took the opportunity to allow my imagination run wild and developed a minor sweat.

But before I got too carried away, my date rolled up and the classic 'hello' was exchanged. (It was at this time... I knew shit just got heavy.) She was very gentle on the eye, and her good looks were accompanied by a sassy foreign accent. However, I'm not so sure the feeling was mutual. She took a good minute to look me up and down before giving me a possibly forced smile. Being of native descent, I sensed vibes and she felt obliged comment on the fact that I was wearing shoes. Racist international bitch.

However, once the tequila and shakers began to surge, it turned out she was lovely and all awkwardness and tensions were relieved. We indulged in sociable chat about plotting a friendly murder scandal in South D, our favourite music, and our current *Call of Duty* and *Halo 3* rankings.

The night chugged along rapidly, and during that time some of my date's flatmates 'coincidentally' just happened to appear in the booth next to us, so we decided to boost to another bar. While ordering drinks, a group of middle-aged scumbags thought they would try their luck with my date, one keen candidate attempting to persuade her by showing off the top three inches of his fat sweaty ass crack. Another tried to impress her by giving us the lowdown of where he had been in the world, and finally the last dude - codenamed Sick Fuckin' Rat - who had let a few of his teeth go on vacation, pulled out all the stops by attempting to sing a soulful melody. (Yes kids, there are some pretty sick bastards out there).

After some abuse was thrown around, we decided to cut a track home. No numbers were exchanged but both addresses were made known plus a sneaky Facey add; nice. Night ended well, thanks *Critic* and Toast for all the free piss.

POETRY



You and me
Me ampersand you
Ample sand the beach has.

Like grains of sand we stand amongst a mass:
gritty.

It's funny to think we were all once
sturdy, grey, singular.

You should remember
Straight line
And
Twist
Crossover

Linked.

And now we are but one in millions.

— Brad Watson

&

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



April

Top: Witchery. Cardigan: Mum's wardrobe.
Skirt: Altered from a vintage dress. Shoes: Doc Martens.
Scarf: From overseas. Bag: Handmade



Seymore (Left)

Coat: Stacks

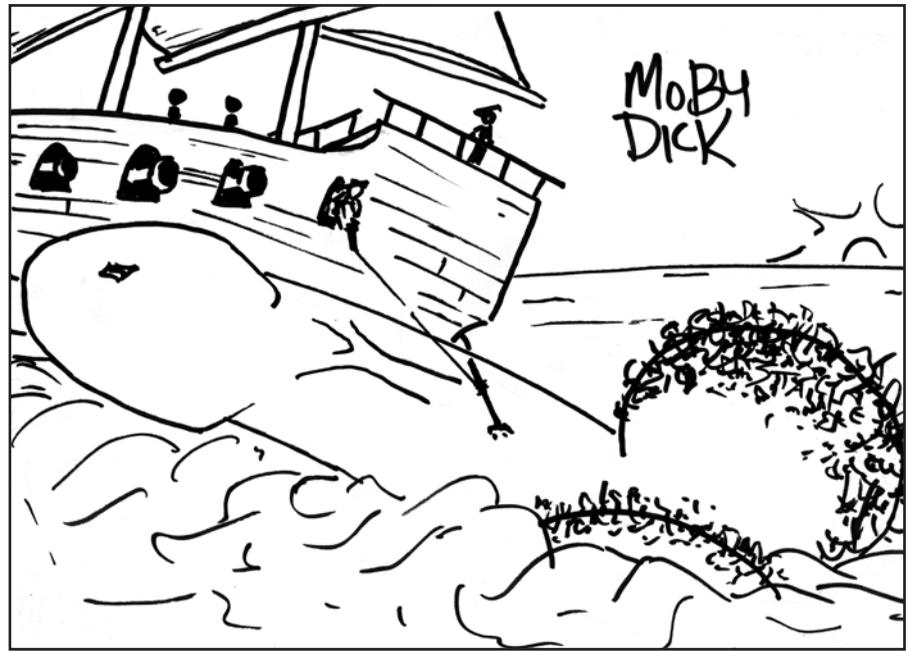
Mana (Right)

Boots: Mum bought. Scarf: Nana made



Antics by Stephen Gillan

Penis Envy by Regan McManus



THE SHED

By Spencer Hall & Damian Smith



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 either Batman, Catlady, Ex-man, Land Lord, Soundman, Huge Yakman or Baron Hawkins, 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!

Spockian Philosophies by Toki Wilson



Beards by Brent Willis and Spencer Hall



Te Roopu Māori forgot to send a column in this week, so here is an adorable photo of a kitten instead.

Yes, this kitten is wearing mittens. What of it?



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Kia Ora Scarfies and Scarfesses,

How's about that weather aye? I'm sure you North Island yokels have been up at the window in awe like puppy dogs watching the stuff. For me however, as a keen Southland man, I was not amused by the snow. I'm usually in contact with it annually and the novelty wears off pretty quick when you're a rural bastard and have to pick up dead lambies... (Sad face). Nevertheless, I still had a 'wee' go at writing my name.

Have you heard through the grapevine about Rhythm and Vines? The R&V Origins gig in the town hall hasn't yet gone off (as we go to print) but I'm hoping when it does go off it goes off like an epileptic at a strobe light convention (I can say that coz I used to get them when I was little). The first-line up for R&V 2011 has just dropped too and it looks like a delightful time with Pendulum, Calvin Harris, Netsky and Six60 - may have to venture up to the less fortunate island myself for a gander at the choice of the chosen.

I'm still rrrreeeaallllyy farked off about this VSM thing. In my eyes there is no valid argument supporting it. It takes the power and the voice from students and shifts it over to the University and the Government. You, the student, will be the one being stung in the back pocket as there will still be a need for the services we provide - and do you think your mate the Uni will just slap it on their tab for cheapz? The University has told the government that VSM will cost students more and it has already been shown by Auckland's increase in welfare levies over the last few years!

On the horizon of yours truly is me getting knuckle deep in some cultural hoo haaaa. This Thursday (25th Aug) I'm doing stand-up comedy at Re-fuel. It's my first time but i'd quite like my first time to be with you ;-)

Secondly, I will be entering an art piece into the Art Week Student Exhibition (you should too) so stay tuned. My inspiration will be coming from a politician that I don't like much...

Stay classy San Dunedo
Love yas,
from El Presidente

**MOVIE TICKETS
ONLY \$10**
from OUSA Main Office



Election Dates are Go

Dates are set for the OUSA Elections (and most probably a super Referendum), so get thinking about whether you'd be keen to be the next President or if you'd like to get involved and be an OUSA Executive representative, then keep an eye out and get yourself nominated from the 19th of September!



HAVE YOUR SAY

OUSA | Elections

Art Week

Art Week is coming up in September and it is going to be RAD. Each Art Week we hold a Student Art Exhibition, so get painting/drawing/ making so you can sell and display your work. Go to www.ousa.org.nz for more information or contact kitty.events@ousa.org.nz. Entries close Thur 15th September.



STUDENT ART EXHIBITION

Show and sell your work! Download the entry form from www.ousa.org.nz

Congrats!

Congratulations to Jacob and Kyle who posted this photo of their snow day and won tickets to Rhythm and Vines Origins! Like OUSA on facebook - we give away free stuff ALL THE TIME. Like, every week... pretty much.





PRESENTS

FLY·MY·PRETTIES

IV



FILMED & RECORDED LIVE

NEW CONCEPT, NEW CAST

Don't miss this re-imagined show with a 16-strong cast and original boundary-pushing visuals from renowned contemporary artist Flox

DUNEDIN	29 OCT THE REGENT THEATRE
CHRISTCHURCH	30,31 OCT GEO-DOME, HAGLEY PARK
AUCKLAND	10,11,12 NOV THE MERCURY THEATRE
WELLINGTON	19 NOV ST JAMES THEATRE

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