



THE SPORTS ISSUE

Issue 22 - 05th September 2011

Yet another Rugby World Cup feature | *Critic* gets fit
A to Z of pretty much every weird sport in the world | Twenty Seven Names interview
David Cunliffe, leftie darling | RWC street closures | News, Opinions, Reviews

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GIVEAWAYS

Tune in to Breakfast & Drive this week to work out how you could score tickets to RHYTHM & VINES + truckloads of the freshest albums and more up for the score.

Critic – Te Arohi

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

Editor:

Julia Hollingsworth

Designer:

Andrew Jacombs

News Editor:

Gregor Whyte

News Reporters:

Aimee Gulliver,
Lozz Holding

Sub Editor:

Lisa McGonigle

Feature Writers:

Charlotte Greenfield,
Phoebe Harrop,
Siobhan Downes,
Joe Stockman

Ad Designer:

Karl Mayhew

Feature Illustrator:

Tom Garden

Music Editor:

Sam Valentine

Film Editor:

Sarah Baillie

Books Editor:

Sarah Maessen

Performance Editor:

Jen Aitken

Food Editor:

Niki Lomax

Games Editor:

Toby Hills

Art Editor:

Hana Aoake

Poetry Editor:

Tash Smillie

Comics Editor:

Spencer Hall

**And a whole heap of
lovely volunteers****Advertising:**

Kate Kidson,
Tim Couch, Dave Eley,
Logan Valentine

For Ad sales contact:

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

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Mad props to old mate Aimee for being such a sport for the cover shoot this week. We promise next time there'll be less mud.



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

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I PREFER GINGER SPICE



For the sake of the sports issue, I could pretend to be a fitness fanatic who enjoys moving my limbs in various uncomfortable ways, often with a multitude of screaming onlookers. Instead, I'll just come clean. The thought of playing sport makes my blood crawl, makes my knee tremble, and makes me yearn for a very cold pint.

It's not for lack of trying. Well, perhaps it is, but it's not as if I haven't at least attempted some sporting pursuits. All in all, I've played an edifying eight sports, from hockey to cricket, badminton to flipperball, netball to swimming, tennis to squash. Briefly I took up fencing, I once ran (and didn't quite finish- I was "helping my friend") a cross-country race. I was pretty hopeless at all of them, or at best, marginally adequate.

The peak of my sporting career was winning best bowler of my cricket team, circa age 11. From that point on, things went horribly downhill. I was unable to get over the high jump even when it practically rested on the gym mat, all my jewellery was confiscated and subsequently lost by my terrifying P.E. teacher, and "social sport" became the hellish cherry on top of already awkward family or social gatherings. (Side note: social sport is never "social". It's just as competitive, aggressive and intense as normal sport except you don't have to wear a uniform and you're compelled to enjoy it. If I wanted to hang out socially, we would probably consume some sort of food or beverage, we wouldn't be wearing shin pads, and we would be breathing normally.)

Recently, partly in honour of the sports issue, I decided to cast caution to the wind and try Bikram Yoga. My flatmate, a Bikram survivor who is significantly fitter than me, described the experience as "hell on earth". I failed to heed his warning, and nervously went along anyway, sporting a black eye to add to my new "active" look. While his description was somewhat hyperbolic, there was something strangely disconcerting about becoming what was in essence a human fountain. Bizarrely, although I remember fleetingly believing I was going to die, post-Bikram, I'm left with a relatively fond memory of the experience. I'm convinced that the endorphins that enable people to forget the pain of childbirth are similarly in effect post-Bikram. (You can read more about Bikram and other exercise regimes on page 26.)

This may come as a shock to all you sports lovers, but despite my professed hatred of all things sport-related, I am still a real person. Although there is a popularly held belief in New Zealand that the sporting-inadequate are somehow inferior; to these people, I say "fuck it, I'm happy having only partially developed muscles". While you put on clothes that wouldn't be out of place at Postie-plus and sweat on yourself and others, I'm quite happy hanging out with my friends and eating lots of cheese, thank you very much.

Yours sportingly,

Julia Hollingsworth

LETTER OF THE WEEK

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



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OPTION A, COMING RIGHT UP

Dear Critic.

I nearly peed myself multiple times during this week's edition* (note apostrophe please, woman** who writes on wall of sci lib bathrooms).

Please, either

- distribute small incontinence pads with subsequent editions,
- cease to be as amusing or
- get me the fuck out of postgrad immediately before my brain implodes.

Ms Pathetic (BSc).

*It was mostly the statistics. Dear god I love statistics. Please, more statistics.

**Or womanly-identified idiot. Honestly, transvest as much as you like, just don't fucking abuse my fave language. Gender-unspecific swear.

FASHION REPORT

Dear Girls of Otago Uni,

- Topknots are kinda goofy sorry.
- And that look with the collared shirts buttoned all the way to the top is just weird.
- But thanks for ditching that boring supre flower skirt + black/white sack top thing you all were crazy about last year.
- Really digging the capes, cloaks and natural earthy greens/reds/browns.

6.5/10

Yours sincerely,

A representative sample of the guys of Otago Uni.

NAUGHTY FASHIONISTAS

Dear Critic,

I know this letter is a bit late in coming, but someone needed to say it. Why are there Slick Willy's stickers on the Peace Pole? Slick's, was it you? If it was, would you have put a sticker on a cenotaph? If you wouldn't've, what's the difference? Critic, please investigate. Better yet, Anonymous Stickerer, please reply.

Sincerely,

Jack Montgomerie.

HUMAN SPRINKLER

Dear Mrs John Wilmot,

Female here who can squirt like a fountain, wanna know? Email me back and no you can not release my info but if you want more info...

Emma

LATE NIGHTS + MCDONALDS = MORE MAKEUP

Dear late-to-class types,

Why? I do find it irritating (especially you, Mr. Squeaky Vinyl Jacket), but I'm more interested in what holds you up, and why there seems to be so much of it this semester. Please explain.

Yours Nosily,

a crotchety third-year

FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS

Dear Critic,

I love the IT people here, but could they please get rid of the time out feature on the student mail? I can't even write a 2 minute email without having to log in to send it.

Lots of love, web slug.

THE WAR CONTINUES

Dear Eagle,

1. My anti-VSM petition last year (the one with ~3000 signatures) was not online. It was a paper version, with ten names a page. Photocopying on campus is a wee bit pricey, but let me assure you that it did not cost \$2.5 million to run. So perhaps you and your aerie just needed to get a bit more active in organising the referendum-calling petition, rather than relying on diktats from central government to change OUSA's membership structure.

2. The debate isn't whether a gym named Unipol will exist under VSM. The debate is whether there will be a free-to-use, majority-student-owned gym under VSM. They are two very different issues, so kindly stop pretending that they are identical.

Thanks,

Daniel Stride

KINETIC LEARNERS

Dear Critic,

Typically when someone comes up to you with a huge grin on their face after being at the library all morning (if anyone actually does this) you would assume that some productive study has occurred, they finally understand a concept or they have scoped out the next hottie in the library as study "eye candy". But in the case of this health science first year student, scoping out the next hottie was followed through with clinical thoroughness. Perhaps these two otago students were attempting to jump ahead in the HUBS192 course and get a hands on experience, as the best way to learn is

through practical application, especially so for the specific human reproduction module yet to come. A wee reminder of the story of the birds and the bees. Lets just say that one of the many study rooms around campus has well and truly lost its study room virginity. Makes my productive morning seem a little bit dull in comparison.

Anonymous

OOPSY DOOPSY, OUR BAD

Hey,

Just wanted to say that the free box is not the "brainchild" of Francisco Hernandez, that actually it was my partner John Bellville and I (Golda Matthias) who came up with the idea and brought it to EnviroCom. Fran's a cool cat, and I'm sure if you ask him he will confirm this.

Thanks,

Where the Credit is Due

NO LOVIN' FO' LOGAN #1

Yo Logan,

Unlike yourself when calling Roger Douglas a cunt on Facebook, some of us maintain a distinction between our personal and public capacities. If I wanted to insult you as "Kim Hannah, VP of Act on Campus Otago", I would have done so and used my full name. In an effort to make it obvious that I was insulting you from my heart rather than the group of us, I used a different one.

Thus, I'd appreciate you directing your comments straight back to me instead of the group I was not purporting to represent in my last letter to the editor.

Chur

Kim Berly

P.S. Loved your reply. I thought you were pretty cute too til you opened your mouth. Maybe yo momma thinks you're gorgeous because she cooks a lot in an effort to keep you chewing instead of talking?

Kim,

Apologies for dropping the 'Act on Campus' bomb. I forgot that your lovely wee club is working very hard to restore its credibility.

Oh and by the way, If we're are speaking in personal capacity, I'm sure I could give you something to chew on ;) ... how about 1.1% of the party vote.

Good on ya,

OUSA President

OLD MAN SWITZERLAND JOINS THE DEBATE

Re: Act on Campus deputy president Kim Hannah's argument that OUSA has betrayed its political impartiality by protesting VSM. Speaking objectively

of course, OUSA hasn't acted partisan in any way, it has simply protested against the empirical fact that Act and National intend to pass a Bill which will drastically reduce the funding base of student unions. Simply opposing a policy initiative by specific political parties does amount to an inherent bias against said parties. OUSA is clearly justified in voicing its opposition to proposed legislation which threatens its very existence, or at the very least would reduce its functionality.

And now for my personal opinion: fuck off you right wing cunt.

Kind regards,

The Reasonable Objective Bystander

NO LOVIN' FO' LOGAN #2

Dear Mr OUSA President,

I'm sorry what? What?

You think "politics are stupid"? If you truly thought that wouldn't you have NOT run for president and let someone who thinks the POLITICS of Presidency are aces do the job?

Your childish antics are getting on my nerves, have been for a while (though to be fair, what could we possibly expect from someone who encouraged people to vote for him by drawing an egg on the pavement) and if you really think "politics are stupid" perhaps you should leave the job to someone with a little more maturity and respect for the position they hold.

Yours truly,

Miffed voter.

PS: I didn't vote for you.

Dear Mad Miffed,

Don't get me wrong I love my job and take every facet of it very seriously. I probably should have been more specific than just "politics are stupid". However, there is no greater example of the sort of petty politics I must now regularly face up to than to read the letter to the editor from Kim Berly on this page.

P.S. It's Okay- enough smart people who wanted to make a positive change did.

Logan Edgar

OUSA President

WHERE DA FUX DA CLEANERS AT?

Dear Critic

I'm getting progressively disgusted at the environment around me. On a big red chair of the library both gaps between arms and cushion are completely stuffed with rubbish. In the ISB a table in front of me had the dried up residues of several different foods. I don't know if anyone is employed to clean up these spaces or if it's just our fate as students to have to deal with mess because a few of us are lazy pigs.

One place people are paid to clean up is the toilets (library/link, female) but I have seen a real decline in standards here. At 8am you would expect the toilets to be clean and fresh for a new day yet on lifting the toilet lids it's not uncommon to find faeces stuck to the inside of the bowl. This morning one of the basins was also covered in gunk. Worse still, I've had to avoid the first cubicle in the ground floor of the library because, for many weeks, there

have been faeces stuck to the wall. Each time I went in there I would be reminded why I shouldn't have and hoped in vain that it would get cleaned up soon. Where has the attention for detail gone??

Regards,

Cringing

NOTICES

SALSA BOOTCAMP

Salsa Bootcamp! Learn to dance Salsa in ONE DAY. Saturday 24th September in Dunedin! No partner required! World Class Instructors. For more info call Alfonso 021 064 8458 or check out www.salsamoves.co.nz. You'll be dancing by the end of the day guaranteed!

ENTRIES FOR FILM SCRIPTS

Short Film Otago is now calling for scripts for its 2012 round of production. Entries are open to anyone living in, or with a strong connection to Otago, and can be anything from fully-finished to a one-page outline. Entries will close on Fri 28 October, 2011. For more info, go to the website www.sfo.org.nz, email contact@sfo.org.nz, or call Doug Lilly on 027 520 8851.

LETTERS POLICY

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

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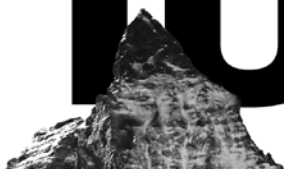
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TOP 10



Critic intern Basti Menkes investigates the Top 10 Most Dangerous Sports Ever. Success in these activities is measured by NOT dying.

- 01 Cave Diving** – all the dangers of normal diving, but in an underground cave containing stalactites, wild animals and ice still thawing out from the Ice Age.
- 02 BASE Jumping** – pretty much hurling yourself from a very, very high place.
- 03 High Altitude Climbing** – for every six successful climbs of Mt Everest, there is one new corpse.
- 04 Big-Wave Riding** – also known as “tsunami-surfing.” Yeah, really stupid.
- 05 Motorcycle Racing** – collide into a friend at 160mph!
- 06 Heli-skiing** – leaping out of a helicopter onto untouched, serene, avalanche-prone mountains.
- 07 Cheerleading** – believe it or not, standing on the side of testosterone-crazy football games results in 20,000 female injuries a year.
- 08 Bull Riding** – fuck off 1800 pounds of living beef (usually via tasering or constricting its genitals), and then attempt to straddle it.
- 09 Bull Running (“encierro”)** – now let that bull and all its mates chase you down the main street.
- 10 Street lugging** – whizzing down a steep hill (perhaps Baldwin St?) on an elongated skateboard with no brakes or method of slowing down.

Impartial

A juror in a Texan trial got in a little hot water after he tried to ‘friend’ the trial’s defendant on Facebook.

The 22 year-old man apparently liked the look of the female defendant he was supposed to be judging and figured he would chance his arm with a cheeky Facebook flirt. Clearly the man figured that after a stretch in prison the woman would probably be quite keen for a game of hide-the-sausage with

one of the people who helped put her there, and acted fast to make sure he could lay some solid groundwork ahead of the release date. Now that is playing the long game.

This plan was going swimmingly until the ungrateful defendant ratted him out the authorities within hours of receiving his friend request. Unfortunately the judge took a dim view of the man’s tactical manoeuvres and dismissed him from the jury before slapping him with four contempt of court charges. In the end though he just got a couple of days doing community service, while the object of his lust presumably got some credit from the judge.

Win Win Win!!!

Final Destination 5 (3D) is a gore-filled horror in which one man’s premonition saves a group of coworkers from a terrifying suspension bridge collapse. But this group of unsuspecting souls was never supposed to survive and, in a terrifying race against time, the ill-fated group frantically try to avoid death.

Final Destination 5 (3D) is coming to cinemas on September 1st, and Warner Bros. Pictures and *Critic* are giving you the chance to win 1 of 3 double passes to the film. To be in to win, tell us your biggest fear. Send entries in to critic@critic.co.nz with the subject line “Final Destination 5”.

Rated: R16 – CONTAINS VIOLENCE
www.finaldestination5movie.co.nz



PRESIDENTIAL PRATTERINGS

THE LOGAN EDGARISM OF THE WEEK

[on Heather Roy]

“We’re sort of like Romeo and Juliet, you know”



1823

year rugby was invented by William Webb Ellis.

59

hole in ones achieved by Norman Manley in his lifetime.

3430

distance of 2011 Tour de France in kilometres



Bad day at the potential office

A woman headed to a job interview in Scottsdale, Arizona was reasonably surprised to find her two potential employers shot dead on the front patio of their home.

The woman, who would rather not be named, turned up to the home of the late couple, where she was applying to become

their “professional assistant”, and was greeted by their pale corpses at the front door. She subsequently flipped, rang 911, and has most likely been in therapy ever since. Police are currently investigating this as a double homicide.

Apparently she didn’t get the job.

Shifty kids

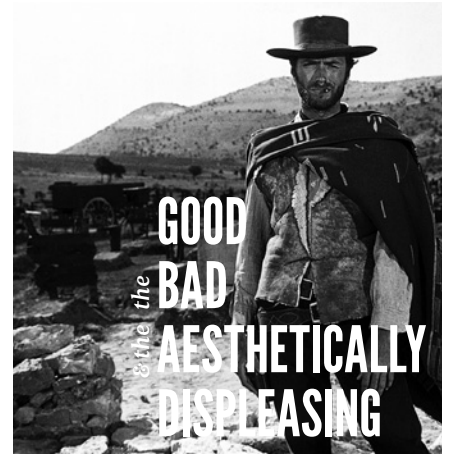
An 11 year-old boy made one of those impossible half-time prize shots in an exhibition game of ice hockey, but now stands to lose the prize after it was discovered that the child taking the shot was actually the identical twin brother of the kid supposed to be missing the impossibly small goal from the impossibly far distance.

The kid whose name was called out had apparently gone outside at half-time, so pops sent in the (presumably more coordinated) twin to take the shot, which he promptly slotted for a cool US\$50K. However in a move more sloppy than commendable, Dad then told the event organisers that he had swindled them, and it is now unlikely that the family will see any cash, as the insurers still have to process and approve the prize claim. And everybody knows that insurers love a good technicality that saves them money.

Trouser Snakes

An Arizonian man was arrested recently after police found footage of him stuffing several baby snakes into his shorts at a pet store. 22-year-old Eric Fiegel was caught on CCTV stealing several handfuls of baby albino boa constrictors at the reptilian pet store in Mesa, which he subsequently he exited without paying for his newfound friends.

He then apparently traveled to another pet store and swapped some of the snakes for \$175 and a large reptile tank. An eyewitness, perhaps one of the snakes, obtained his license plate number and doxxed him in. Police are now attempting to question him on his motivation and arrange for legal support, but sadly they don’t speak sufficient parseltongue.



The Good

Cake Pops

According to my extensive internet research, these wee treaties are the shiz. And by that, I mean extremely popular with Kansas moms who believe in home-schooling but not in evolution. You know, the kind of people who go by some variant of the username “Ben’sMomLovesJesus&Baking384” and have incorporated quotes about ‘happiness’, ‘love’ and ‘dreaming’ into their decorating schemes. I cannot fathom why you need to put balls of cake onto sticks, but I am a fan of anything increasing my girth. Cake Pops it is then.

The Bad

Karen Walker pendants

Nothing against the designs per se, although do I feel like KW’s minions use some sort of random clip-art generator to invent them; “Hmmm I found a picture of a robot/hobo girl/severed hand holding a pearl, I think we can work with this”. But OMG LOL FYI WTF CSI-Miami. You have the same pendant as me!? And her. And her. And her. Point made. When every second person is wearing one, it’s time for a change.

The Aesthetically Displeasing

Shane Warne

His transition to resembling a newly-waxed vagina is almost complete.

– Kate Macey

54.5

average speed in km/ph held for 24.5km by Greg LeMond in 1989 Tour de France time trial

336

dimples on a golf ball

130

boxing knockouts by Archie Moore in his career.

Dominos Without Plan For Road Closures. *Stoners panic.*

Not content with making blatantly untrue statements like "RWC 2011 is the third largest sporting event in the world", the Dunedin City Council (DCC) have also decided that scarfies having access to their hovels during the Rugby World Cup is of little importance, and have consequently decided to close the roads without telling anyone about it.

Butts Rd (around Logan Park), Harbour Terrace, Forth St, Clyde St, Union St East, St. Davids St, Leith St South, Hyde St, Grange St, Ethel Benjamin Pl and Frederick St, as well as parts of Stuart St and Anzac Dr, will all be off limits for vehicles while games are on at the Forsyth Barr Stadium.

Cars will be able to get out of the areas, but entry will be restricted three hours prior to each game until two hours after the last whistle.

The idea behind this plan, formulated by the almighty powers that are the DCC, is to make access to the stadium safer for pedestrians and to reduce congestion.

However the team at *Critic* have found major potential problems that could result from these closures.

One issue will be that helpless students who live in the quarantined zone will be unable to reach their houses. Due to the high demand for parking around the city the five or six students in Dunedin who own cars will be unlikely to find parks any closer to their flats than behind the Pak'n'Save in South Dunedin.

Another logistical issue was raised by *Critic*'s astute news team when scarfie reporter Lozz Holding realised that helpless scarfies would be unable to order delivery pizzas during the road closures.

In the quest to provide scarfies with a solution to this serious problem, *Critic* contacted Dominos North Dunedin to get information about

their contingency plan to meet the matter at hand. Unfortunately the staff member was unaware of the road closures and was completely unprepared for the drilling of questions they received.

Hell Pizza was the most promising establishment, explaining that they were aware of the closures and planned to meet customers at the nearest boundary of the closure.

Critic was unable to understand the Pizza Hut employee who tried to outline their plan to deliver pizzas in the cordoned off areas, and settled for simply ordering some pizza online instead. *Critic* staff were split on whether the pepperoni tasted like fish or not.

– **Lozz Holding**



Map courtesy of DCC

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Rich Students Go Play In Expensive Snow

Poor Students Freeze In Dunedin Hovels



Photo by Sam Lynch

Over 100 University of Otago snow-bunnies flocked to the slopes of Wanaka last week to take part in the 2011 University Winter Games.

The week-long event provided the brightly-coloured boarders and skiers with an opportunity to get their hands on some medals, as well as the Michael Forrestal Memorial Shield for the winning University.

Otago University went into the event defending the shield from last year, and started their campaign strongly by winning 2 out of 4 events in the Giant Slalom competition at Treble Cone.

This was followed by another impressive haul of gold medals by Otago students in the Half Pipe and Gravity X events held at Cadrona on Monday. Marc Andri Riedi won the Men's Snowboard Halfpipe, while Hannah James won the Women's Ski Halfpipe. Charlotte Newbold won the Women's Gravity X Ski Cross and Sam Burton the Men's Gravity X Boarder Cross.

Firm snow made the course tough for competitors in the Parallel Slalom event on Wednesday. Charlotte Newbold won the Women's ski event, while Marc Andri Riedi continued his dominance of the Men's board events by taking out the gold in that event, and in the Slopestyle event.

As *Critic* went to print, athletes were completing day 4, which included the Slope Style event at Treble Cone. Friday played host to the Skull Candy Big Air event, also held at Treble Cone

The Games were rounded up with Cross-Country skiing held at the Snow Farm on Saturday, before presentations and the closing function at Mint Bar.

Unfortunately full results for the games were not available before *Critic* went to print.

— Lozz Holding



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Calvert Turns to Bridget Jones's Diary and a Tub of Ice Cream

Local ACT Party MP Hilary Calvert has been dumped from the party list for November's election, less than a year after entering Parliament.

Calvert is notably absent from the list of candidates released by the party. There are conflicting accounts surrounding the reasons for this, although party deputy leader John Boscawen has indicated that it was Calvert's decision not to seek re-election. Calvert conflicted this report, saying her name was on the ballot of candidates that went out to the membership, and she understood that the party board "wanted a new look team."

Calvert switched sides in the leadership struggle of the ACT Party earlier this year, supporting Dr Don Brash when he rolled MP Rodney Hide for the position. Despite this, Calvert says she is not bitter about the party's decision to dump her from the list.

"ACT is a party of principle, and Don can be expected to do what he sees as in the best interests of good government providing choice, personal responsibility and the provision of a framework for each of us to carry out our own hopes and dreams, rather than the Government taking on our lives."

Calvert has been acting in the role of party whip for ACT, which seems conveniently kinky considering her ownership of the building in Dunedin which houses La Maison, a massage parlour. After the November election, Calvert intends to "travel more while I think about my next adventure." speculates that this 'adventure' is likely to involve the installation of a slide at La Maison, to compete with the legendary offering of rival parlour Lucky Sevens.

With Calvert gone, media focus has centred on the vacant No 3 position on the party's list. Esteemed Dunedin publication the ODT

has speculated that with Calvert gone from the party, the no.3 position seems likely to be held for a woman. The next highest woman on the list is Kath McCabe, at number nine. With ACT's current dismal polling the party is likely to only have three MPs in Parliament after the election, so the number three spot is of some importance.

Calvert expressed concern about the lack of high-ranking females in the ACT Party, saying that "part of the issue ACT has is that providing greater diversity, and experience and bringing younger people on board is difficult for parties with fewer MPs. It is also difficult for smaller parties to have a good geographical cover."

Dr Brash has said the position was being held for someone who had the unanimous support of the board, and had strong credentials for the role, but was not in a position to confirm availability. The person concerned was not currently an MP.

It is understood that the person likely to fill the position is former party president Catherine Isaac, whose availability depends on the health of her husband, Business Roundtable executive director Roger Kerr, who is battling cancer.

Calvert replaced disgraced MP David Garrett after it was revealed he had once stolen the identity of a dead baby to obtain a false passport. *Critic* has googled David Garrett, and found he looks nothing like a dead baby, so his plan had obvious flaws from the start. Attempts to get a new Video Ezy membership using the identity of the infamous Studholme baby failed in a similarly miserable fashion, as apparently we look nothing like a dead infant in a plastic bag.

— Aimee Gulliver

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National MP Grows a Heart

Blossoming romance with Green Party to follow

A local National Party MP has spoken out against lignite mining, a stance that controversially runs against the National party line.

At a Generation Zero panel discussion held before mid-semester break, National MP Michael Woodhouse was asked whether or not lignite mining should go ahead, to which he replied emphatically, “no”.

However, previously at an Otago University Vote Chat, Woodhouse had professed to be strongly in favour of offshore drilling and lignite mining in Southland. Woodhouse had stated “I do not believe there is a mutual exclusivity between sustainability and benefiting from our natural resources”.

Woodhouse’s public stand comes as somewhat of a shock, given John Key’s recent statement purporting to support lignite mining. “At the moment companies like Solid Energy are growth companies and we want them to expand in areas like lignite conversion.”

Members of environmental youth movement Generation Zero had met with Woodhouse earlier that day. Although at their meeting Woodhouse did not openly condemn lignite mining, he did say that he had read a report on

lignite mining by Jan Wright, the Parliamentary Commissioner that had “shocked” him.

Generation Zero Co-Leader Josh Pemberton said he was “really stoked” about Woodhouse’s change of heart. Although he didn’t see Woodhouse’s change of heart as “spontaneous” or entirely due to the work Generation Zero, he thought the change was based on awareness of how important youth think climate change is. He further noted that Generation Zero’s ultimate aim was to tell politicians that young people will vote for politicians who look after the environment.

Woodhouse was unable to be reached for comment about the situation or the reaction of other National party members to his comments.

Lignite, which is a form of low-grade coal, is economically valuable as it can be converted to diesel. According to the Parliamentary Commissioner for the Environment, the development of one lignite-to-diesel plant of the size currently being talked about would increase New Zealand’s 2020 emissions by 20% in excess of that mandated by the Kyoto protocol.

– Julia Hollingsworth

Woman’s skull not crushed in perfectly safe Dunedin shopping mall

A woman was not even slightly injured after not being hit by falling fibre dust at popular Dunedin shopping mall The Meridian, despite receiving what a witness described as a “negligible sized piece of plastic on her table”.

Critic’s journalistic panties were quickly moistened last Thursday, September 1st, after an excitable student informed *Critic* that a woman had been hit in the head and killed by falling masonry in the Meridian food court. Rushing to beat the *ODT* to the story *Critic* concocted numerous sensationalist headlines to cover all possible permutations of fast food the woman might have been eating when she suffered the fatal blow.

However *Critic’s* dream of running the headline “All she wanted was a wanton!” was shattered, after a call to the Meridian revealed that the entire story was an exaggeration of epic proportions.

The Meridian authorities told *Critic* that in reality a contractor had scraped the roof whilst carrying a ladder on an escalator, in the process dislodging a small piece of polystyrene, which fell on the woman’s table while she was enjoying lunch. The woman was not even injured a little bit, and was in fact the winner on the day, as she was offered a free meal of her choice to compensate her for the slightly startling experience.

Critic could not confirm what type of food court wares the woman had been snacking on when the incident occurred, but did discover that the contractor responsible for the slop-up had been “banned from carrying ladders”. How this ban would affect the man’s future employment options was unclear, although sources within *Critic* speculated that the ban would probably not be as much of a career limiting factor as killing someone on the job.

– Gregor Whyte

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WORKING ADVENTURES WORLDWIDE



"Joke candidate" does stand-up comedy

Proving he is every bit the Renaissance man, OUSA President Logan Edgar has branched out from competitive cycling, narrowly passing 100-level BSNS papers, and running a moderate-sized organisation into the ground, and has now entered the lucrative world of stand-up comedy.

On Thursday August 25th Edgar took the stage at Re:fuel and wowed the crowd with tales drawn from his diverse experiences as President. Edgar discussed the infamous 'dinosaur-cunt-gate', about which he noted, "as a good rule of thumb, don't fucking have a go at anyone who has been knighted". About ACT MP Heather Roy, Edgar said "she gets wee pressy's engine running, I'll tell you that".

Most memorably, Edgar recounted losing his "P plates" in a foursome, the night after winning the presidential election. Edgar claims that he seduced two ladies at McDonalds by suggesting that they come "back to the White House". Once at Edgar's place of residence one of the girls requested that Edgar sign various parts of her body. Edgar, who claims he used to be an "innocent Southern boy", says he then found himself in the "Oval Office" with the two girls and his "best mate Big Red", which led, inevitably, to sexual exploration.

When asked whether he would participate in stand up again, Edgar responded with an emphatic "sure am!!!"

— **Julia Hollingsworth**

Otago gooder than other unis at stuff

The University of Otago has again topped the Tertiary Education Commission (TEC) table for course completion rates.

The University managed a 75% completion rate for degree level courses, and an 87% completion rate for all courses, topping New Zealand Universities on both measures. Meanwhile Otago Polytechnic

was rated top among Polytechnics for completion of degree level courses with a 75% completion rate, and also managed a 78% completion rate for degree level courses, good for 5th equal.

The results for the University are identical to the last TEC table on completion indicators, and Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne told the ODT that the University's placing was "further confirmation" of Otago's reputation as a leading institution.

— **Staff Reporter**

Tidy boxes better than messy boxes

The one-week trial of the 'Free Box', pioneered by OUSA Communications and Colleges Representative Francisco Hernandez, was judged an overwhelming success by OUSA Communications and Colleges Representative Francisco Hernandez.

Hernandez told *Critic* that the box was used by "lots of people" and that he has "put out lots of books each day and people had taken those books and put other books back too". When asked whether the box was likely to continue Hernandez said that the issue would be considered at the next Exec Meeting, but stated that he would "very surprised if they didn't vote to continue it".

OUSA President Logan Edgar swung his influential voice behind the continuance of the initiative, telling *Critic* "the President is keen to keep it going as long as it is kept tidy. There's nothing like a tidy box."

— **Gregor Whyte**

PROCTOLOGY

DUMB ARSES OF THE WEEK

All was pretty quiet on the Western Front last week, with the majority of students away for the holidays, and out of the Proctor's hair.

Continuing on last Proctology's animal theme, a girl apparently discovered a large rat in the Central Library that was acting very friendly, as far as vermin go anyway. The Proctor told us the rat would happily cuddle around the necks of anyone who was willing to have a gander. This had *Critic* questioning how desperate the leftovers at Central are for a bit of sensual touching if they're turning to a rat to do the job for them. Really, if they are that keen to be groped by a lower form of life, they could just head down to Monkey Bar on any given Saturday, and realistically both options probably have a similar risk profile in terms of catching a nasty disease.

The gregarious rat was eventually evicted from the library and taken to the Campus Watch office for a bit of an outing, while the SPCA was called to come collect it. After this the girl who found the rat went to see the Proctor and decided she was set on keeping it as a pet, so it now has a new home to shit all over, which is just lovely in *Critic's* book. If anyone has lost a pet rat, go and see the Proctor. Be warned though, you are probably in line for a lecture on responsible parenting

In non-animal news Campus Watch has caught a well-known thief lurking around the Robertson Library area. The Proctor told us that theft is going to become a larger problem with the Rugby World Cup coming so he is urging students to be vigilant. Professional thieves reportedly flock to crowds like flies to

Somalian babies, so keep an eye on your stuff if you are attending any games/unauthorised street parties.


Additionally any students intending to go to a RWC game in Dunedin need to be aware of the dress code requirements for getting into the Stadium. No shit, there are actual rules. While they don't involve a collared shirt and tie, people will be turned away from the venue if they're wearing any brand logo that is not affiliated with one of the event sponsors. So if you were thinking of wearing one of those fetching Speights onesies, think again, and perhaps go for the more neutral sperm-looking painter's outfit. It will probably help pull you a UniCol girl as well; they love sperm.

— Aimee Gulliver

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VOTE CHAT

David Cunliffe

Leading into the November election, politics lecturer Bryce Edwards is hosting New Zealand politicians each Friday at noon. Last Friday, Labour's Finance spokesperson David Cunliffe spoke with Edwards about his Masters at Harvard, his thoughts on Phil Goff, and his liberal street cred.



Ah, Mr Cunliffe. You made the lefties feel all warm and happy that someone in Labour was able to connect with a room full of people. And while Cunliffe may one day be the man to challenge John Key cheesy grin for cheesy grin, for now he's a Phil Goff man. Sorry lefties. Cunliffe might be your man next time round. But just not right now.

Cunliffe is a Canterbury boy at heart. Coming from a family "with no spare change", Cunliffe's father was a pastor in the Anglican Church, (seems to be a running theme for the Labour Party), and Mum stayed home to look after the kids. He spent a season working in a shearing gang before heading down to Otago Uni in '83. Cunliffe was active in student life; he played for the Varsity Golds' Rugby team, and enjoyed a tippie at Gardies and the Cook. Asked if he'd like to return to an old haunt for a cheeky drink, Cunliffe quipped about the passing of the Gardens Tavern, "What happened to the Historic Places Trust when you need it?" Cunliffe even met his future wife whilst at Otago, and sold his 185cc dirt bike to pay for their engagement ring (what a romantic bugger).

After trying to cram politics, economics and law into a measly four years, he still managed to walk out of uni with an A average, (C's may get degrees, but they don't get jobs). He then joined the Ministry of Foreign Affairs through their graduate programme, and spent an action-packed few years between Canberra, Washington, and overseeing an aid programme in the South Pacific. Taking a break from the government payroll, Cunliffe sold up his 'shack' in Wellington, and with a couple of fancy endowments backing him up - he was a Fulbright Scholar, and recipient of the Kennedy Memorial Fellowship - spent a casual year at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard, studying for a Masters in Public Administration (one should note that this trifecta is the academic equivalent of winning a golf masters).

Cunliffe described his most important achievement at Harvard as "making numbers my friend ... which is essential in my current job." He spent time in the private sector after finishing his Masters, working

for Auckland-based consultancy firm the Boston Group. He entered parliament in 1999, winning the Titirangi seat in Auckland, and served as a Minister in Clark's Labour government.

Cunliffe is widely thought to hold leadership ambitions. But his support for now is 100% behind Goff, and he sounded an unlikely candidate for the top job. "Why would you wish that on a dog?" was his response to being asked the 'Prime Minister' question. He puts Goff's lack of popularity down to the difficulty of his role as leader of the opposition; "I think you have to separate the person from the job. You are the front person, upon whom the guns of a very large army are pointed ... There is a taxpayer-funded spin machine, which ... is directed at creating a persona around Phil that is not who he really is."

When questioned on his social liberal street cred, Cunliffe seemed to angle down the middle of the road (maybe it's the Anglican in him - get it?). He's happy with abortion law as it is, wouldn't change the law on marijuana, and is perfectly happy with civil unions. If you're looking for his left wing side, you're going to have to look to his economic policies; raising the minimum wage to \$15 per hour within one year and axing tax on the first \$5000 earned (students can expect to pocket about \$700 p/a from that alone). But it's the threatened sale of SOEs (State Owned Enterprises) that really got him going: "The big contest of ideas [in this election] is that the current government, egged on by ACT, is going to sell out your future ... National is trying to ride the persona of John Key". Which sounds a lot kinkier than it probably is...

Cunliffe came across as calm and connected to his audience; a big change from his other challenger for the Labour reins, David Parker. However, he did smart a bit at questions from right wing members of the audience, and seemed deep down to have a penchant for policy wonkery. No doubt Cunliffe is around for the long haul, but will he be driving the economy or the Labour Party after the November election?

– **Joe Stockman**

Twenty Seven Names

At the beginning of the year, *Critic* spoke to the designers of Twenty-Seven Names, Anjali Stewart and Rachel Easting, when they showed at iD Dunedin Fashion week. Last week, they exhibited their winter collection on the national stage at what has become New Zealand's premier industry event, New Zealand Fashion Week. Going without a principle sponsor for the past two years, the week's organisers have announced that the future of the event is threatened. **Georgie Fenwicke** spoke to Easting and Stewart the morning after their show about the effect the loss would have on their brand and more.



How much sleep have you had this week?

Heaps of sleep. We are pretty hard out when it comes to food and sleep. I think maybe I had about five hours.

Critic spoke to you at the beginning of the year during Dunedin Fashion Week, how has life been since then?

It's been really busy. This year has seen Fashion Week move forward a whole month from the end of September to the end of August. It has been quite difficult to push everything forward so dramatically because we drop our summer collection in the last week of August and we drop our winter [collection] at the same time now. It has been a big challenge.

The organisers obviously brought Fashion Week forward in light of the World Cup, have you noticed increased interest due to the upcoming event?

No. I think there have been a couple of buyers who have been able to come over because the timing hasn't clashed but the delegates list is a lot smaller than usual.

Really, why is that?

It's New York Fashion Week at the moment or next [this] week so it's hard to get people over here and a lot of big designers such as Nom*D aren't showing this year.

The organiser of NZ Fashion Week has come out and said that the future of the event is in jeopardy if they don't get any more funding, what effect has this had on the development of your label?

It has been huge for us, really massive. It's a way to let as many New Zealanders know about the brand, to put your work in front of buyers and media who would otherwise not know about you.

What can we expect to see in your collection this year?

The show we did last night was Winter 2012. We have done a lot of handprinted silks. They are all very hand detailed, for example we have got a print with peace signs and camellias and a hand-painted silk stripe, a lot of silk georgettes, and a lot of luxe fabrics with matt finishes. What else? We have trademark blazers and blouses.

What was the inspiration behind the collection?

Basically, what we wanted to do for the exhibition was to create a room with the print the garment was made in, so it was a trick of the eye. All the

prints we have used this season were the backdrops for the shoots. We wanted to create a 3D portrait. For the last five seasons, we have done a series of portraits to campaign the range. This year, that is also what we did and Rachel did some drawings. That is how we showcased the range this year.

I am always interested to see how designers juxtapose music against their collections. What music did you play at your show?

I made a three hour tracklist with my brother in the end. We had Big K.R.I.T., Beastie Boys, Big Boi, Outkast, Tupac, that sort of thing.

Working in a pair with Rachel, does it complicate things?

It makes it awesome. Everything is shared to a degree. Rachel and I have known each other since we were nine years old. If a situation comes up, we have always got each others' backs. We definitely clash about some design decisions but it all get ironed out when the range is done.

By the look of your blog, you have been on a bit of trip. Where did you go?

In 2009, we won the Air New Zealand Export Award and we got sponsored to go over to Europe. We started working with ASOS and this is our second season working with the buyers. At the same time we had a bit of a holiday and went to Rome and Berlin and Amsterdam and stuff like that. It was really awesome.

Did you just say you are working with ASOS?

Yes, we are stocked online. Last year, they took winter [collection] and this year, they have taken on our summer collection. It is awesome, but you can never count your chickens with things like that. We have to wait and see but I want it to be a long term thing.

How is it working out so far?

It is working out really well. They have only had the range for a short amount of time but we have got really good feedback so it is going well.

What are your plans for the rest of 2011?

We are kind of a month ahead at the moment so we have time to take stock and decide what to do. We want to do something massive for summer, but we haven't decided at what capacity. We are currently at the design stage but we are thinking quite seriously about the Japanese market. We have decided to take it one market at a time at this stage.

Post



WARNING:

The Following Contains Rugby

Some of you will be giddy as a school girl over the arrival of the Rugby World Cup. The rest of you will be burying your head in your textbooks waiting for the whole bloody thing to be over so New Zealand can stop being a one dimensional man cave. The ever-considerate *Joe Stockman* has put together a little something for both sides. For rugby lovers, a rundown of the four pools and what you can expect in the coming seven weeks. For rugby haters, we give you ten reasons you should still love the Rugby World Cup.

For the Haters

Ten Reasons Haters Should Love The World Cup

1. We're probably going to lose. Again.

We suck at Rugby World Cups. Consistently the greatest rugby team in the world throughout the rest of rugby calendar, we haven't managed to lift the William Webb Ellis since the first time anybody bothered to get rucked for it, way back in 1987. Sure, we look good now. Sure, we're hotter than that rash your flatmate gave you, but if anyone can fuck it all up when it all looks so promising, it's us.

2. The boys are hot

So this only appeals to about 60% of you, but let's face it, there some stunners in international rugby. And not only do you have the Kiwi boys to look at, but professional sportsmen from all over the world will be walking Dunedin's streets. Sportsmen from Ireland, Argentina, Italy, England... you want it, the Rugby World Cup's got it..

3. Sonny Bill Williams is a Muslim

While I fully support Sonny and his newfound faith, (though I have to question fasting before a rugby test), this is a great opportunity to throw one in the faces of the dyed-in-the-wool, masochistic, racist, fuckwit rugby fans you all hate. Grow out your beard, or don your burqa, and every time Sonny Bill hits the line, scream out your best "Allahu akbar!" Guaranteed hilarity will ensue.

4. Gambling

Betting away your course related costs on rugby games is clearly what Studylink intended. But don't waste your money trying to collect the measly \$1.50 the All Blacks are paying to win. Get creative. Romania is paying \$10,000 to take out the cup. Long odds, for sure, but chuck a cheeky fiver down, and if they take pull it off, no more student loan! If really long odds aren't your style, *Critic* suggests beating on Italy to come second in Pool C. The deciding game is being played at our very own stadium between the Irish and the Italians, and it's sure to be a cracker of a game.

5. Playing Liquor Ban Tag

A sweeping liquor ban has been put in place over almost all of North Dunedin. The cops say that it's to stop bottles getting into the stadium, and drunken behaviour on the streets, but we all know that it's really so they can play tag. Grab yourself a So-Go, and walk up to the nearest of Dunedin's finest. Crack it under his nose, and yell as loud as you can "Tag, you're it!" Now get yourself back to private property as fast your little second year legs can carry you. (Note: being on private property in no way prevents the police from arresting you for previously breaching the ban, so *Critic* also suggests the use of elaborate disguises and escape routes)



Image copyright ODT / NZPA

Of course, if you can't outdrink them, you can always take them back to your flat for some good old-fashioned North D hospitality

6. Photo bombing

Up to 15,000 tourists will be passing through Dunedin during the tournament, all wanting to take home lovely photographic memories of their time in our fair city. Mess with them all, and photo bomb the shit out of their holiday snaps. Get creative. Photo bomb with your friends, photo bomb in the nude, photo bomb wearing a John Key mask...

7. Wear body paint

Fuck buying a jersey from those corporate bigwigs Adidas. Buy a cheap bucket of black paint and support the All Blacks the way God intended, au naturel. And not only the AB's but other sides too. Not sure who to support in the England vs Georgia game? Mix it up and paint one half white and the other side, ah, what fucking colour is Georgia?

8. Outdrink a tourist

Dunedin has been blessed with some of the heaviest drinking rugby fans in the world. England's Barmy Army will be here in force,

and combined with fans from Ireland, Argentina and Georgia, Dunedin's bars and clubs will be humming. And while, of course, you will be studying for exams, take an evening off, head into the Octy, and outdrink one of those hard-drinking wannabes. Of course, if you can't outdrink them, you can always take them back to your flat for some good old-fashioned North D hospitality.

9. If we lose, John Key will suffer

Serious scientific research has shown that incumbent politicians suffer when their countries fail at sporting events. If we lose, expect Johnny boy to come down a few notches. Of course, if you like the Key, then you'll probably be enjoying the World Cup anyway.

10. It will all be over soon

It only takes seven weekends, and you'll be studying for exams the whole time anyway. Even better, it will be at least twenty four years till we have to host another one!

For the Lovers

It all kicks off at Eden Park on September 9 with the All Blacks taking on Tonga. First and second from each pool will progress through to the quarter finals. If the RWC have their seeding right, it should be New Zealand versus England, and Australia versus South Africa battling out the semi-finals. The Final will be played on Sunday October 23 at Eden Park.

Pool A

NZ, France, Tonga, Canada, Japan

The All Blacks are looking great heading into the World Cup, even if Ted did leave Isaia Toeava in there. However, the All Blacks have been the top ranked team heading into every World Cup since 1987, and that's how long it's been since we won the bloody thing. Can they finally break the voodoo on home soil? The ABs' World Cup bogey team, France, will be fighting out the All Blacks for top spot in this pool. Forget that they've been playing sloppy rugby of late. The only thing the French love more than blowing up protest vessels is beating the ABs at the World Cup. The ABs play France on September 24 at Eden Park.

Pool B

Argentina, England, Scotland, Georgia, Romania.

England should have this pool in the bag. Jonny Wilkinson is back for the English to once again lead them to RWC glory, but you can never write off the Argentines and their massive scrum. Wilkinson had a stunning 1,169 days out injured after winning the cup for England in 2003, yet he's still going head-to-head with Dan Carter to be top point scorer of all time. Look out for Jonny's drop kick if England comes up against the All Blacks in the semi-finals. Scotland and Argentina are pretty even and it should be a tight battle for second place.

Pool C

Australia, Ireland, Italy, Russia, USA

Australia's lead in to the world cup has been bizarre. James O'Connor got pissed and missed the team photo; Captain Rocky Elsom got dumped by the Kiwi coach of the Aussies, Robbie Deans, the day of the team announcement, and there are even rumours of a dust up between teammates at a bar in Paris. However they are still the number two team in the world, and should comfortably take out the pool. Look out for the September 15 clash between Cold War superpowers Russia and the USA, in New Plymouth. The other game to watch will be Ireland versus Italy at Otago stadium on October 2, which should decide second place. With two of the more passionate fan bases, it should be quite a spectacle.

Pool D

South Africa, Wales, Fiji, Samoa, Namibia.

The South Africans should walk away with this pool. Their team is the most capped in South African history (you get a 'cap' every time you play for your country). However no one loves their rugby more than the all-singing, all-dancing Welsh. They have taken the South Africans close in their last two matches, so look for a big battle on September 11 in Wellington. Fiji and Samoa should put on an entertaining battle of hard-hitting, running rugby, while minnows Namibia can hopefully do more than just make up the numbers.



What Not to Miss

TEAM MOST LIKELY TO BE STRUCK DOWN BY THE RUGBY GODS:

England. The Poms have the cheek of wearing black, in New Zealand! Surely the rugby gods will not allow such insolence; and a fate worse than a quarter finals knock out awaits those galling bloody Brits.

TEAM MOST LIKELY TO CAUSE THE BIGGEST UPSET:

Fiji or Wales. There could be a serious battle for first place in pool D if South Africa has a bad game against either the Welsh or the Fijians.

MUST SEE GAME OF THE TOURNAMENT:

All Blacks versus France: September 24th at Eden Park. The French love getting up over the boys in Black at the World Cup; if they pull it off again, the All Blacks campaign will be in disarray. Look out for some flamboyant creative rugby and some big second half pressure from the French.

CRITIC'S RWC FINAL PREDICTION:

All Blacks 26, Australia 14.



OF WEIRD SPORTS & SPORTS EVENTS

Maybe you were always the last picked for teams at school. Maybe you (shh, not too loudly) hate rugby. Maybe you've never quite found your athletic niche. Never fear! **Phoebe Harrop** has compiled an alphabet of unusual sports and sports events is here to match-make even the most unusual individual with their destined sporting pursuit. Just remember: go hard or go home.

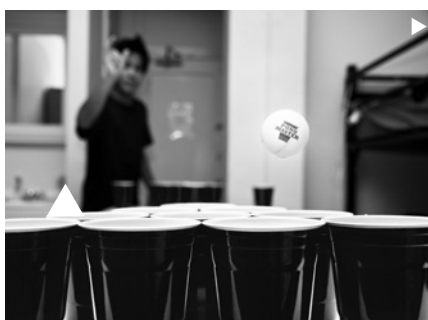
A is for **Apple Race**: with minimal physical exertion/skill required, this is Rotary fundraising innovation at its best. Hundreds of presold apples are released into some river in Tasmania, and “race” a full 300m downstream to the finish line.



E is for **Elephant Polo**: it’s like horse polo, but on elephants! Not quite as fast-paced and exciting, but much more exotic. And it’s even more of a team sport: each elephant has two riders, one being a “professional handler” and the other responsible for actually hitting the ball thing. Web research suggests that this sport is alive and well in New Zealand.



F is for **Finnish Sauna Olympics**: it was hot, sweaty, and more than a little homosexually suggestive: multiple naked men trying to outwit, outplay and outlast each other at 110 degrees celcius. I write in the past-tense because, unfortunately, the competition was brought to an end last year after a finalist died and another came close to death. Practice yourself at one of OUSA’s very own clothing optional sauna sessions.



B is for **Beerpong**: a scarfie favourite and fond Law Camp memory for many, we’re all familiar with this heady combination of ping pong and cheap piss. Competitors bounce balls across a table with the aim of landing the ball in one of the ten or so cups of beer at the other end. Rules vary, but most versions ensure the players end up gettin’ slizzered.

C is for **Chess-Boxing**: a combination

of boxing, that badass sport of backstreet alleys, and chess, that erudite game played best by cardigan-wearing Russians and nightmare-inducingly enshrined in the final chapters of *Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone*. In chess boxing, these two formidable pursuits are unified with rounds alternating between four-minute speed chess games and two-minute boxing bouts. Checkmate or KO wins the game.



D is for **Dwarf-Tossing**: this sport comes in two variants of equal political incorrectness: the throwing of a small person dressed in velcro against a velcro wall, and a simple throw-that-midget-as-far-as-you-can competition. Apparently they use squishy mats for the latter, luckily.



G is for **Gloucester Cheese-**

rolling: crazy English people chase cheese down a hill (not realising they can buy it for 10 quid or so at their local Tesco). And 15,000 people go along to watch. That’s pretty much it. A (marginally) healthier alternative to the Cadbury Jaffa race down Baldwin Street perhaps?



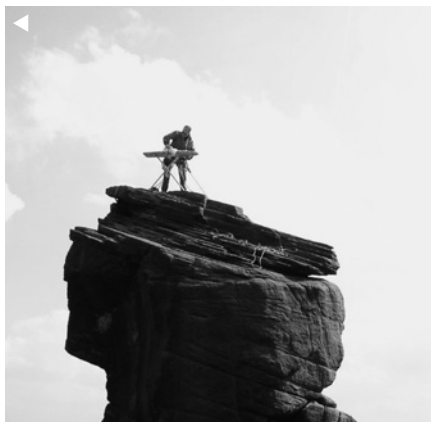
H is for **Horse vs Man Marathon**:

you might think that pitting human beings against horses would be a fairly one-sided competition. But every July in Wales (where else?), that’s exactly what happens. And sometimes people even win! Okay, twice in the competition’s thirty-year history. But still! That’s impressive!



Features A to Z of Weird Sports & Sports Events

Is for **Ironing...**
Extreme Ironing, that is: this “sport” is self-proclaimedly “exciting, challenging and dangerous”. Competitors aim to iron while mountain climbing, water skiing, skydiving etc. The sport’s organisers describe it as “the latest danger sport that combines the thrills of an extreme outdoor activity with the satisfaction of a well-pressed shirt.” Their mothers must be so proud.



Kis for **Kabbadi:** the national sport of Bangladesh that’s pretty much a game of Seaweed involving men in tight pants. Teams send “raiders” across the opposite team, with the aim being to tag as many opponents as possible before returning to the home half. While in enemy territory, the raider must continually chant “kabbadi” to prove he’s holding his breath. Even Australia has a national team, but having never won a world championship, this may be the one sport they’re not actually that good at.

Lis for **Lawn-mower Racing:** invented by some poor English blokes who couldn’t afford to get into motor-racing with cars, this event has taken off. It even sports (pun intended) its own video game: *Lawnmower Racing Mania 2007*.



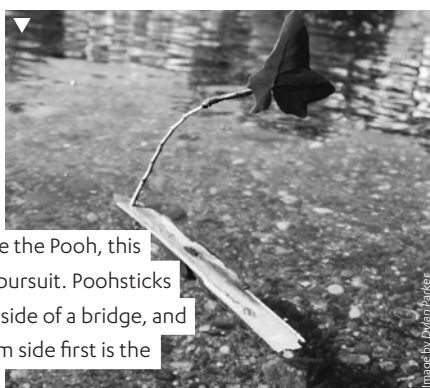
Nis for **Nude Sports:** a hark back to the original Olympics (in which all athletes competed naked), modern nude sports are surprisingly common around our own fair Dunedin, notably at the annual Nude Rugby International match held at Logan Park, or on Castle Street on an average Saturday night.



Ois for **Oil Wrestling:** the name says it all really. Like mud wrestling, or jelly wrestling, but somewhat more...sensual.



Pis for **Poohsticks:** the official sport of Winnie the Pooh, this was never going to be a particularly athletic pursuit. Poohsticks involves dropping a stick from the upstream side of a bridge, and the person whose stick makes it to the downstream side first is the winner. Often, this person is a small child.



Jis for **Juggling:** jogging + juggling = the ultimate in circus athletics. Heard of Owen Morse? Neither had I. He holds the Guinness World Record for jogging 100 metres while juggling 5 balls, in only 13.8 seconds. The current world best time for a juggling marathon is 2:50:09, achieved by Canadian Michal Kapral in September, 2000.



Mis for **Mud Snorkeling:** another bizarre event dreamt up by the Welsh that sees competitors swim 120 yards in smelly, muddy, bog, with no traditional swimming strokes allowed.



Qis for **Quoits:** according to the United States Quoit Association (I didn’t know “quoiting” was a word either), this sport has its origins in Ancient Greece, where poor people who couldn’t afford discs would get their kicks by competing to throw horseshoes over a distant target. A riotously popular version of the sport, which by now involved rings rather than horseshoes, was banned by two English kings because it was diverting too much attention away from archery and had a “seedy character”.

Ris for **Redneck Games**: every year in East Dublin, Georgia, self-proclaimed rednecks gather to compete in such games as toilet seat throwing, hubcap hurling and mud pit belly flopping. The trophy? A crushed beer can mounted on a plaque.



Image by Jasepalli

Vis for **Varpa**:

Varpa is to the Swedes

what petanque is to the French. It is the most important sport played on the Swedish island of Gotland, and indeed only played on the island of Gotland.



Image by Hanna Karas

Xis for **X-treme Limbo Skating**: a hit among flexible Indians, this sport involves the seemingly impossible task of roller skating under cars. Requiring strength, balance and an ounce of crazy, this is not your average Saturday morning sport. Alarmingly, a six-year-old boy - Aniket Chindak - holds the unofficial world record for limbo-skating under 57 cars in a row.



Image by Will Merrydith



Image by Migue77

Yis for **yoyo**: we all remember the 1990s comeback of the yoyo, sparked by a "techincal renaissance" in yoyo building materials, making it even easier to walk that dog. But competitive yoyo-ing didn't die with the new millennium and is in fact still alive and well. Yoyo competitions normally consists of two parts, a set of compulsory tricks and freestyle, with points scored for each.

Sis for **Sumo-suit Athletics**: participants dress up in fat-suits of sumo wrestler proportions then compete, not in sumo wrestling itself, but intriguingly in standard Olympic athletic events such as 100m sprint, hurdles, long jump etc.



Image by Jason Laporte

Tis for **toe-wrestling**: again, fairly self-explanatory. Every July, the fiercest, most formidable toes in England take each other on for the title of World Champion Toe Wrestler. No hands, or sobriety, allowed.



Image by Adrian Ikon

Wis for **Wife-carrying Championships**:

in Finland every year, men compete to complete an obstacle course in the quickest time while carrying their wives. In fact, the woman need not be the man's wife, and can be "his own, the neighbour's, or one found further afield", but must be at least 17 years old. Regulations state there must be two dry obstacles and one wet, and that all the women must be at least 49 kg. And what prize does the winner get for his troubles? His wife's weight in beer.



Image by Meeboulman



Zis for **Zorb**: just one of a host of activities that await you in Rotorua, the Zorb is a Kiwi invention that involves rolling down a hill in a giant plastic ball, making one feel more or less like a human hamster.



Image by Canbasa



Workin' Up Sweat

by Charlotte Greenfield

WHEN I WAS TOLD THAT MY NEXT ARTICLE was reviewing various forms of exercise, visions of sweat, short shorts and Powerade flashed before my eyes, quickly followed by the burning question: why? Or more specifically, why me? "It's like Bridget Jones," said the editor, "Bridget Jones does sport."

If you are of the sporting persuasion, keep reading only if you get sadistic pleasure out of hearing about unfit people suffer. If you, like me, are the type of person whose flatmates have genuine concern for their health when they announce they're going for a run, then read on to find out what would happen if you were to join the ranks of those who undertake regular physical exertion.

The first trick is to turn up. This may sound easy, but it is even easier to not do when faced with the temptation of the wide array of sedentary pursuits on offer or the realisation that you forgot to put your socks (or, at a stretch, your hairdryer) in your gym bag. If you can overcome these obstacles, the peer pressure of your fellow exercisers and the authoritarian nature of your instructor will do the rest.

So I turned up to Moana Pool for Aqua Zumba (\$5.60 for students). Not content at merely pointing out that this is the usual Latin cardio dance class, with the addition of a swimming pool, the poster describes this class as the "Zumba pool party". Now, I don't know what pool parties you go to, but my version of a party does not involve ten or fifteen women

trying to caper around in sync while onlookers, mostly of the male and speedo-clad variety, stop to watch and smirk on their way past. Aqua Zumba also achieved the impressive feat of being the only exercise I've ever experienced in which I was consistently cold (and I once played football in a Wisconsin winter). As much as it saddened me to admit it, the aqua is the problem in Aqua Zumba. The official line is that it provides more resistance, but as each dance move slowly propelled me floundering across our closed-off portion of the pool, I couldn't help thinking this would work a lot better without the water. Which is of course what non-aqua Zumba is for.

For my next two classes I headed to Les Mills (classes are free with membership, \$20 without membership, but if you ask around, an awful lot of people seem to have free guest passes or special deals). BodyPump is a cross between aerobics and weight lifting. Typical of exercise classes, this combination allows something like weight training, which usually requires training and specialisation, to be jazzed up and dumbed down. The result is a funner, easier version of the original. Although not that easy. I opted for lower weights on my bar, something I was thankful for after five minutes of lifting it up and down above my head. However it is a little demoralising when a woman twice your age and half your size is carrying out the same actions with 10kgs to your 2kgs.

The other highlight of exercise classes, I learnt during Pump, is instructors. These people are like the voice of reason in your head, but a lot more toned. I began to speculate how



Critic feature writer Charlotte Greenfield (left), and editor Julia Hollingsworth (right) display a fundamental misunderstanding of the sport of boxing during a recent trip to Unipol. The trip was especially noteworthy for Hollingsworth, who is rarely seen outside of *Critic's* ivory towers, instead preferring to lead a hermit like existence, living off scraps of food from the OUSA fridge.

Two experienced runners, one of whom claimed to me that he “likes running better than orgasms”, allowed me to trail them on a 45 minute run through the Botanic Gardens

productive I would become in all areas of life if I had that constant voice, not unlike that of an unrelenting auctioneer, booming: “Okay, this going to hurt, this is going to be hard. But you are going to make it. Push yourself. Push. Push. Push harder. You can do it.” Even better was when the instructor became inspired by the music we were pumping to. “Yes, we are on the edge of glory and I’m hanging on that moment with you.” He ended with insight above and beyond the duty of a gym instructor, commenting philosophically during the warm-down to Beyoncé’s ‘If I Were a Boy’, “you know, it’s not always the man’s fault.”

But if it is, you can always head to Impact Boxing, which I would highly recommend to anyone who bears any resentment towards an annoying flatmate, an ex-girlfriend/boyfriend or any bureaucratic body of their choice (my personal pick is IRD). After an hour and a half of punching a bag in different combinations of left hand, right hand, hook and jab, you will feel all tension in your life boxed away. The crunches, sit-ups and press ups done at regular intervals in between did, at times, give me the impression that I was about to die, but the upside is that once back at the punching bag, you get regular breaks taking turns to hold the bag for your partner when it is their turn to punch. This part gets oddly intimate with the strange impression that you are in some way connected by a hug to your partner while they simultaneously punch you. One of my partners had the encouraging tendency to tell me “keep going, you can do, pace yourself, just thirty more seconds”, which was fantastic, but left me a little confused as to whether I was to repeat the motivational speech back to her when it was her turn.

I needed something as a counterpoint to group exercise. While gyms and pools are one of the glories of modern civilisation, the most primordial form of physical activity has got to be running. I had not run since my glory days of coming third in cross country at the age of ten, so I was interested to see whether my body was still physically capable of this eleven years later. Two experienced runners, one of whom claimed to me that he “likes running better than orgasms”, allowed me to trail them on a 45 minute run through the Botanic Gardens and back to Clubs and Socs to the haven of the free and very highly pressurised showers. Running is considerably

cheaper than exercise classes and does not require you to go anywhere special (well it does, but the going somewhere is the exercise), however if you are not an experienced runner I would convince someone who is to accompany you in order to make sure you are well aware of the difference between running and walking and to ensure you don't lapse into the latter. This is particularly important in terms of hills, which I personally find I cannot run up unless chased, so make sure you find someone who has a predatory streak.

The anticipation of the next class had me waking up, literally, in the middle of the night with a sense of imminent doom. Whenever I spoke to anyone who had encountered Bikram yoga they gave me a look of intense pity and told me stories of dehydration, fainting, vomiting and general torture. Before the class I refrained from eating for two hours, sculled two bottles of water and said a last goodbye to my friends and family. If I was going down, I was taking *Critic's* editor with me, so we agreed to meet outside the Bikram yoga studios on St Andrew's St. This didn't get off to a good start when each of us failed to recognize the other in sports attire. We eventually were united, paid for our class (causal classes are \$20, but \$10 on a Sunday evening) and, gulping, drew back the door to the 40 degree room. With windows to the corridor outside and mirrors against the opposite wall so that you could watch yourself looking progressively more like a beetroot, the room was a little like the goldfish bowl from hell.

There seems to be some controversy in the yoga and fitness worlds as to whether practicing yoga at 20 degrees hotter than usual (or 30 degrees if you live in Dunedin) is really a great idea. Once I had accepted the fact that my hard-earned body fluids would stream out of every inch of my skin, I found Bikram yoga more enjoyable than normal yoga. I am an impatient soul and Bikram yoga poses are held for a much shorter amount of time than in regular yoga classes. It also had the added benefit of an almost naked instructor whose instructions were a lot more vigorous than the average chilled out yogi. However, I was not such a fan of his advice that "if it hurts, do it more", nor his refusal to allow one girl to leave. People are allowed to lie down and take a break if it all gets too much and the second half was interspersed with regular and much needed rests (or *savasana* to use the Yogi lingo). Far from throwing up or fainting, I was surprisingly upbeat after class, even managing to down a beer and run half the way home and Bikram yoga was the only exercise tried that didn't leave my muscles sore the next day.

Not so for pole dancing, by far the hardest class undertaken. A beginner's class at Vertical Aerial Class Studio costs \$20, well worth it if you are looking for a cool party trick or an intense amount of pain. Anyone with a background in gymnastics or acrobatics is at a distinct advantage, but alas I have neither and, as I quickly learnt, my childhood jungle gym



Charlotte has a *Baywatch* moment as she contemplates how to avoid further exercise

Before the class I refrained from eating for two hours, sculled two bottles of water and said a last goodbye to my friends and family

abilities are long behind me. As well as the sheer strength required to lift your body even a few centimetres off the ground with your arms at a sideways angle, you also need a distinct lack of fear. You might fall and it might hurt, but if you bear this in mind you don't stand a chance of getting off the ground and just bang ungracefully into the pole, a position I became painfully acquainted with. Contrary to what you might think, learning the technique of the art lacked any sexual element, that is, until the instructor told my friend, "I want to see your box." And she wasn't talking about the punching bag kind.

Despite nursing some nasty bruises and sore muscles, *Critic's* exercise regime has managed to convince me that exercise is not all bad. It's a bit like S&M: it may hurt, but you just keep wanting to go back for more.

Opinion



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DIATRIBE

VSM is almost universally reviled among the student body. Recent protests brought thousands of students together against what they perceived as a threat to two closely-held treasures: their political rights and OUSA's extensive services. The protestors are fighting to protect the benefits and privileges that they receive from a coercively-funded student organisation at the expense of students who never asked for OUSA's services.

Consider the following long-winded and unlikely analogy. Emerson's brewery is a treasure for Dunedin. They brew some of the best beer in the country and have consistently pushed the boundaries of brewing. They also invest heavily in the promotion of Dunedin's cultural events (in exchange, of course, for advertising). I, personally, would be devastated if Emerson's disappeared. I would have to drink crappier beer, and a local icon would vanish. Let's imagine that Emerson's actually starts to lose market share. They are about to join the casualty list of the recession. The recession cuts deeply into the pockets of every consumer to the point that an Emerson's Pilsner is a luxury reserved only for a few rich folks. Richard Emerson hits on a bright idea to save the business. He will set up an organisation (let's call it EUSA - the Emerson's United Survivalists Association), which will compel each and every beer drinker to "donate" \$30 to EUSA. Once Emerson has the membership of all of Dunedin's beer drinkers, he gives to every member: Two free Pilsners per year, 24 hour access to Richard Emerson's hot tub, and the right to vote on the style of Emerson's next brew.

Incredibly enough, 99% members *love* this new arrangement. They get two delicious beers, plus a hot tub, plus the right to collectively determine how Emerson's should brew in future. But that leaves 1% of members who prefer Speight's, and would have preferred to spend that \$30 on Speight's Old Dark and Grain Waves. Furthermore, the 1% don't like hot tubs and they think that Emerson's is for pretentious wanker academics, and so the last thing they want is a vote on what the next Emerson's brew will be. They want nothing to do with Emerson's at all. They visit Richard Emerson to plead their case. They tell Richard how unhappy they are with the way that he forces them to hand over their money, since they receive no benefit whatsoever from the system. They don't want the beers, the hot tub or the vote. Richard tells them that they're free to leave whenever they want to, but (and this is what *OUSA actually does!*) he will not refund their \$30.

Understandably, the 1% are outraged. They are all compelled to pay EUSA just to supply Emerson's fans with free beer, hot

tubs and political representation, and yet they get nothing they want in return. They wonder whether it is even legal for Richard Emerson to treat them this way. He is, after all, just a businessman trying to protect his own interests. What right does he have to coerce the consumer, just to ensure the survival of his own business? The disgruntled 1% start a political ball rolling to stop Richard Emerson from compulsorily acquiring members for EUSA. But when the enthusiastic 99% hear of this, they protest in the streets and shout at the top of their lungs that the 1% are trying to destroy their political rights and take away their beer and hot tubs. In reality, the rights were taken from the 1% when EUSA was formed, for it was at that moment that the 1% were compelled to pay for goods they never asked for, and were refused the right to get their money back.

The analogy is clear. There is a strong vested interest on the part of 99% of students to oppose VSM. If VSM kicks in, they all lose their beer and hot tubs, since these can only be supplied via coercive funding (or, as it is called in the vernacular, *thievery*). However, it must be said that if VSM kicks in, they will retain their voting rights so long as they join a voluntary version of OUSA. Just as in the Emerson's case, the 99% of students who enjoy the spoils of OUSA do not give a damn about obtaining the consent of the 1%, since the benefits of coercing that 1% are so great. Indeed, I have no doubt that OUSA *will* be economically crippled as a result of VSM, just as Confederate farmers were economically crippled after the abolition of slavery. Of course, such systems are simply unfair, and whatever the benefits are to those in charge, they are made possible only by coercing others. So yeah, consent's a bitch.

I would like to see the disestablishment of compulsory union membership simply on the grounds that it violates the consent of some minority (however tiny) of students. But much more than that, I want VSM protestors to stop painting their grievances such an altruistic hue. To hell with your pity party! At least, acknowledge the real reason for your protest. It is not the fact that your "rights" have been violated (for you are, of course, violating the rights of the unwilling 1%), it is not the fact that 'the student body, as a whole, benefits' (because, again, there are some students who don't want the services you provide them with). It is plainly and simply the fact that you enjoy the beer and hot tubs, and won't let civil libertarian hurdles like the violation of informed consent stand in your way.

– Tiddy Smith

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



AFFIRMATIVE

Q: What do Jesus, Mohammad, Buddha, Desmond Tutu, Pastor Niemöller and Óscar Romero have in common? A: They were all religious figures who fought for freedom, justice and equality in their own times and in their own ways.

The cult and hysteria of anti-religiosity has reached fever pitch in the modern era. Religion, many assert, is a spent and evil force, responsible for the deaths of thousands and thousands, nay millions or even billions of people. But this is a selective reading of the facts. I want to argue two broad things in this article: (1) religion as a social phenomenon improves social conditions by improving social cohesion and (2) religion has tended to be a progressive force for making the world a better place.

Whatever the factual basis of religion or gods or God or Jesus or whatever higher power, it is indisputable that religion has generally tended to improve the social cohesion of societies that have adopted it. The transition from the rule of force, where the strong ruled over the weak by force of arms, was only possible because of the social structures and hierarchies of religion made possible the creation of a new type of legitimacy – that is, one that did not just rest on the strength of arms. The concepts of ‘good’ and ‘evil’ and ‘right’ and ‘wrong’ derive from religious concepts. Before the ‘invention’ of religion, disputes were settled by force – the beating of fist against fist, stick against stick, flint against flint, with the victor declared righteous by the virtue of survival, and the defeated slain.

Religion has tended to be a progressive force in human history. As well as being the key to the transition from the rule of force to the rule of law, there are also specific causes that religion and religious movements were responsible for progressing. Jesus preached the gospel of love, tolerance and sharing at a time when the Roman Empire quashed rebellions by the practice of extermination. Mohammad fought the first war to liberate slaves from captivity, Buddha abandoned a life of excess and wealth to practice and preach a life of asceticism. To use more modern examples, Desmond Tutu fought against apartheid in South Africa, Pastor Niemöller fought against the Nazis, and Óscar Romero fought against the imposed policies of neoliberalism.

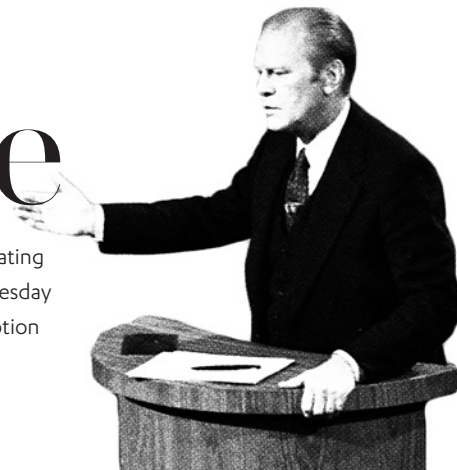
This is not to deny that religion has not had some pretty horrific things done in its name – I do not wish to downplay any of this. But overall, religion is a force for good in the world, important for cohesion and progress, and a world without it would be one where lives are nasty, brutish and short.

– **Francisco Hernandez**

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 religion is a force for good in the world”*.

Francisco Hernandez argues the affirmative, and **Keegan Burrow** argues the negative.



NEGATIVE

Religion has three key downfalls- us and them, belief and a lack of change. Religion itself has the ability to do one of two things. On the positive side, it can aid in the improvement of the world through teaching morals and ideals. Conversely, religion also has an innate ability to prevent relations and to alienate people.

This is because all religions have two key aspects; first, and most problematically, an us-and-them mentality. No matter what good a religion does, there is the underlying belief that the intent is salvation. On an individual level, most religions’ intentions are both good and noble. By giving rules by which a person can live, they not only provide sound and strong rules but often provide a clear analysis of the rules in question. However, an issue arises when we begin to apply those rules to large groups of the population – the world, for example. In this situation, often individuals attempt to ‘save people’, whether they are believers or non believers. This can cause some good effects, but on the whole, attempts to ‘save people’ have led to numerous deaths, by disease such as chicken pox in the Pacific or Africa, or by warring, such as during the Crusades.

The next problem for religion is how it teaches us to think; it thrives on belief not truth. This is a problem because it encourages an ideal not of truth and testing but of existence by sheer willpower. This can be linked into further problems such as the war in Afghanistan. Neither side can test the extent to which it are winning, but each still believe that they are winning so neither will give up nor negotiate.

The final point on religion is that religion tends not to change, but instead merely splits from an existing one. This means that relics of old times still exist, and as a result, issues are created for those living in modern times. When you are in a dwindling population, it is key to not only incentivise but ensure breeding, but this is not so in the modern world as we are coming to the extent of the world’s resources. Thus, while religious teachings may be appropriate for past times, they’re often no longer appropriate for the modern era.

No one expects the Spanish Inquisition- and even less the comfortable chair.

– **Keegan Burrow**

Two
Left Feet

Politics

The Eagle
of Liberty

Twenty years ago, the left would have been applauding the intervention in Libya. Applauding quietly of course, because twenty years ago the left was taking one hell of a kicking, but applauding nonetheless. Now though, all we seem to hear from leftish publications like the *Guardian*, *Huffington Post* and the *New Statesman* is a sort of impotent grumbling, inaudible but for the words “interference”, “mission creep” and “oil”. I was shocked. I had a street party planned and everything, but had to call it off – partly because I posted it on Facebook and apparently these days that’s “inciting a riot” and I’d get four years, but mostly because all my lefty friends were sitting inside watching *Fahrenheit 9/11* and cutting themselves. What the fuck happened, people?

The left is often accused of excessive optimism. At some point, this optimism applied to humanitarian intervention. The left would always stand behind their “brothers and sisters” (or, if you were *really* left, “comrades”) in their struggle against oppression – if only by smoking pot, holding signs and boycotting hygiene. Now, however, the attitude of the left has seemingly become one of hardened cynicism, and there’s nary a joint in sight.

The left’s opposition to Western interventions has several rationales. The democratic credentials of such interventions are doubtful – Western powers have just as often supported dictatorships as they have democracies. The motives involved are often suspect, since “humanitarian crises” seem to hold little interest unless Western strategic interests (usually oil-related) are involved. Finally, the interventions are susceptible to “mission creep”, often resulting in full-scale war and the propping up of a new puppet regime.

Questions can certainly be asked of the Libyan rebels’ ability to set up a stable democratic government. But is anyone seriously arguing that Gaddafi was a better option? And while there has undoubtedly been mission creep in Libya by NATO, this can be seen as a series of entirely logical steps beginning with the decision to protect Libyan citizens from being slaughtered. Once this decision had been made, and it became clear that Gaddafi wasn’t going to cease his attacks on the rebels, regime change became the best way to prevent drawn-out civil war and massive bloodshed. Significantly, this has been achieved without Western ground troops. There have also been no overtures towards Libya’s oil – while oil was probably relevant to the decision to intervene, the aim was merely to ensure stability of supply, which keeps global prices down.

Yes, the intervention has been backed primarily by David Cameron and Nicolas Sarkozy, and – shock horror – they’re from rightwing parties! But who cares? It’s time to give credit where credit’s due. This means accepting that – for once – the Tories and NATO have done something right; and that Gaddafi is an evil cunt that Libya, and the world, is far better off without. In this case, the ends justify the means.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle Targets Avian Voters

Only three months until the election, darling eaglets. While the Eagle normally prefers to educate readers on liberal policy issues, it won’t hurt to comment on political campaign strategies just this once. Here’s the Eagle’s guide to the target voter markets for each political party.

NATIONAL AND ACT

1) Aspirational voters. Younger voters in their twenties and thirties who currently have low incomes but big dreams for the future, and want to build a New Zealand in which hard work is rewarded rather than taxed into oblivion.

2) Decent, hardworking, law-abiding people. Voters who are sick of rampant welfare bludging, tennis courts for prisoners, and South Aucklanders being paid to have eight children to five different fathers.

3) Voters who want the government out of people’s lives. Labour is all about the nanny state, while the Greens take authoritarian to a whole new level, banning anything that moves. National and ACT allow adults to make their own choices.

4) Rich people? A common myth is that National and ACT are only popular with wealthy people frustrated with high taxes. But in NZ, the richest 10% of people pay 76% of net income tax. Most of National’s support comes from regular middle-class people in the lower tax brackets.

LABOUR AND GREENS

1) Criminals-in-prison. Formerly the most reliable voting bloc for the socialist scourges, NZ’s roughly 8000 criminals have finally lost the right to cast an inevitable vote for soft sentences and heated floors.

2) Welfare bludgers. There are 113,000 solo parents on the DPB, 56,000 people on the dole, and 58,000 on the sickness benefit (though some are legitimately ill). For perspective, the Green Party received 158,000 votes last election.

3) Unionists. Unions have a symbiotic relationship with socialist parties. Labour receives millions of dollars of funding (and tens of thousands of votes) from the big unions.

4) “Chardonnay Socialists”. These people are wealthy and live in nice neighbourhoods, but consider themselves in touch with the lower classes, despite never really interacting with them. Due to an inferiority complex regarding their ethnicity, their wealth, and their culture, they vote for huge taxes as a form of self-flagellation.

MAORI PARTY

1) The Maori Elite. The Maori Party are supported by the multi-billion dollar corporations formerly known as ‘iwi’ and those who benefit from their riches. This only translates to 2.4% of NZ’s vote, or 1 in 6 Maori voters.

2) Hardcore racists. Thankfully this is not a very large voting bloc. You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle



When you're feeling down in the dumps over the cold (or just over the rather depressing nature of this little "city" we call home), take a moment to read the ODT's letter page. For a city of such a small size, we certainly have our fair share of crazies per capita.

Take for instance this letter, about dealing with "larrikins" (a "larrikin", for those who don't know, is someone who mocks authority and disregards norms of propriety).

I WAS watching the behaviour of the young larrikins on TV in New Zealand and Britain, and was disgusted at their behaviour. I think the Government should bring back conscription, band them all into the army, and let the sergeant majors sort them out. I know Mr John Key will say we can't afford to do that. Well, who is going to be responsible for all the damage, stealing and assaults that the riffraff have caused? They should be given brooms and be made to tidy up the rubble and litter they have left behind. Going to jail won't worry them, because they will get three meals a day and a bed to sleep in.

Good idea, Mrs Ferguson of South Dunedin, who apparently watches more than her fair share of shocking reality TV programmes/mistakes teen-focused dramas for representations of real life. We'll conscript everyone into the army and send them to boot camp. Funny, that sounds strangely reminiscent of a certain (unsuccessful) plan John Key had for dealing with delinquents way back in 2008. Strange, very strange indeed.

Another thoughtful soul, a Mr Johnstone, is concerned that politicians may have their feelings hurt by how they are caricatured in the papers.

This often strikes me as a type of bullying, like giving someone a nickname. It is mean-hearted, and unworthy. But what I really don't like is the fact that they are always ugly. I don't like looking at ugly. Is it a fair go to represent actual people in this way, on an ongoing basis?

It becomes apparent that caring Johnstone had an ulterior motive. He just really wants to see more lookers in the ODT. Perhaps, in that case, he shouldn't dwell too long on the politics pages.

In their Celebrating 150 years page last week, ODT had a rather interesting little clip about the death of Hitler entitled "Hitler dead, war goes on". The news came from the German Home Service, who said;

"Our Fuhrer fell at his battle post in the Reich Chancellery in Berlin, fighting to his last breath against Bolshevism".

Oopsy daisy. ODT: getting facts wrong since aages ago. (So as not to look too stupid, ODT included a clip from the following day, when it turned out old Hitler hadn't fallen "at his battle post", but rather had committed suicide).

THE AGENDA GAP

On Monday August 29 I posted the following to Logan Edgar, Brad Russell, Shonelle Eastwood, Katie Reid, Deloitte consultant (and acting OUSA General Manager) Sara Elliott, and Communications employee Alasdair Johnston. As of this column going to print only the organisation's spokesperson had replied. For months I have waited for people to ask these questions. The decision not to follow these up more fiercely by Critic has been disappointing, but somewhat understandable given how they are hamstrung to some degree by the lack of financial security offered them by their bosses. The threat of extinction. Those with mortgages don't go on strike. This is one of the most critical junctures in the organisation's history, and will largely shape the form and scope of it for a long time to come. These decisions are being made as we speak by the current OUSA Executive, and nobody is making them talk about it. There isn't even a current Finance & Services Officer! The one person elected by the membership specifically to assist with financial issues simply hasn't been replaced!

Ahem.

"To Whom It May Concern

As a part time student – and therefore a member of the Otago University Students' Association – I have a few concerns about the OUSA Structural Review, most importantly concerning the cost and findings of that review. Given that the primary function was to investigate the expenditure and allocated funding of the organisation's myriad assets and services, it seems appropriate that the cost of this review by consultancy firm Deloitte be made public.

Asides from the benefits transparency would bring (an informed membership is less likely to be an alienated one, and therefore more likely to voluntarily associate with the OUSA in a VSM environment), I think it is particularly pertinent with OUSA Elections coming up soon. Members of the OUSA Executive responsible for signing off on contracting Deloitte to conduct the internal review will no doubt be standing for office again, and the students/voters deserve to know what these candidates have been prepared to do with their members money. This is also an important ideological question: what kind of organisation contracts out its management decisions to a private consultancy firm?

We have heard much in the public sphere about the recommendation to sell Radio One, and the fact that recommendation was overturned upon further consideration. What other proposals were made by Deloitte? Have any of them been adopted (at the same time as the rejection of the proposal to sell Radio One)? At what point are students going to have the opportunity to see what was proposed for the future of their organisation, and whether those proposals were adopted without consulting the membership? As a member, it concerns me that decisions as far-reaching as selling off assets and contracting out services can be made by the Executive of a democratic organisation without open discussions with the students who fund it."

– Aaron Hawkins



Barnaby Weir



Anna Coddington



Amiria Grenell

1

What's the worst thing about the Rugby World Cup?

Amiria Grenell: Haven't watched a rugby game in my life. Sorry!

Anna Coddington: That I live a few streets away from Eden Park and there are going to be noooo parks on my street. And also the fact that I have no interest in rugby whatsoever.

Flip Grater: Drunken Brits in Auckland.

Nigel 'Capt Hammonhead' Patterson: Increased Beer prices and potential increase of domestic violence!

Barnaby Weir: Potentially losing.

2

If you were going to invent a sport, what would it be like?

Amiria Grenell: Musically sporty

Anna Coddington: Years ago me and my old flatmates did invent a sport, actually. You put a pizza box on the ground and then threw darts at it from a distance. But you had to throw them a certain way (hold the end and toss upwards) which made it tricky. It was good to kill 15 minutes, or 30 mins if drinking beer simultaneously.

Flip Grater: A lot like sleeping.

Nigel 'Capt Hammonhead' Patterson: Something I could be good at, that didn't last all day, and could be played in windy Wellington.

Barnaby Weir: A combination of football, cricket and bob sledding.

3

What's the best excuse to get out of PE class at school?

Amiria Grenell: Orchestra rehearsal.

Anna Coddington: I tried them all. Laziest kid ever. Usually I settled for just doing what I was told but putting in minimum effort.

Flip Grater: If the PE teacher is male, 'women's problems' works every time without question. If the teacher is female she'll see right through that shit.

Nigel 'Capt Hammonhead' Patterson: Music lesson

Barnaby Weir: The only PE i do is Public Enemy.

4

What would be a good nickname for the new Dunedin stadium?

Amiria Grenell: Dunstad.

Anna Coddington: Terry.

Flip Grater: Innies.

Nigel 'Capt Hammonhead' Patterson: Flattop.

Barnaby Weir: The Lunchbox

5

Who would you pick first to be on your dodgeball team; Colin Mathura Jefferies or Sara Tetro?

Amiria Grenell: Colin Mathura Jefferies

Anna Coddington: If I wanted to win- Sara. If I wanted to have fun and laugh at someone- Colin. I'd like to have them both. And that photographer dude too.

Flip Grater: Colin Mathura Jefferies.

Nigel 'Capt Hammonhead' Patterson: Toughie don't know who either of them are- sorry Colin and Sara.

Barnaby Weir: Lomu

STATE OF THE NATION THE SPORTS ISSUE

Critic put our sports-related questions to five members of **Fly My Pretties**, a collaboration of New Zealand musicians who will be playing in Dunedin at the end of October.



YEO'S ICE LEMON TEA

\$1.23 for a 300ml can

This Malaysian beverage is just one from a range of iced teas and exotic drinks (including varieties of chrysanthemum, winter melon, sugar cane and lychee). It is non-carbonated and has the perfect amount of sweetness. The lemon flavour is subtle, its tang masked by the tea extract, and the mild taste of chamomile lingers. Yeo's is refreshing and light, unlike other brands of iced tea which are too syrupy and sugary. Drink on its own, or try it as a mixer with vodka and soda as an alternative to your usual classy Saturday night goon.

7/10

POCARI SWEAT

\$1.93 for a 245ml can

It had me at the name. Of Japanese origin, this ion supply drink is manufactured by Otsuka Pharmaceutical Co., and contains no ingredients listed in English on the can. Despite heightened suspicions that I was about to drink some drug experiment gone wrong, I purchased it anyway. Gotta live on the edge. Turns out I was sucked in by some amusing packaging as this electrolyte replacement is nothing more than vaguely sweet, with its supposed grapefruit flavour barely noticeable. Pocari Sweat is not only ideal to drink during sports and physical labour but "also following a hot bath" as per the can recommendations. If only baths were commonplace in our rundown student flats; one can only dream. Great if you're thirsty, but hardly a tastebud teaser. Take a can along to Unipol to show your mates how cultured you are.

5/10

CHERRY COCA COLA

\$2.29 for a 330ml can

I'm fizzing over this one. I've always been unable to place what it is about the taste of Coke that makes it so distinctive. Consuming this variety partly resolves that all-consuming dilemma in that at least you can recognise one flavour; however, it is that of artificial cherry (common in candy) that some find so cloyingly sweet. Entirely unlike the real thing, you'll either love it or hate it. Considering you're drinking a cocktail of artificial flavourings anyway, you may as well embrace the synthetic lab-made flavour that pairs so well with one of the world's most established soft drinks. Bottled in the UK.

8/10 for faux cherry lovers, **2/10** for the faux cherry haters.



A How to Guide for the Rugby World Cup

Unless you've been living under a blanket of old beer cans and mould for last few months, you've probably realised that the Rugby World Cup is just around the corner. Gary Lineker once said that football was a simple game where twenty two men kick a ball around for ninety minutes, and at the end the Germans win. Using this analogy, the Rugby World Cup is a simple tournament and at the semi-finals the All Blacks choke. So bunker down with a cold one and get ready to survive Rugby World Cup 2011.

Not everyone is a rugby fan, and after all if you put all your happiness into the chance of the rugby going right, well, we know the All Blacks' World Cup reputation. So why not embrace all that takes place on the field? Getting into the spirit of the World Cup will not only mean that you will ensure people remember New Zealand fondly, but who knows who you could meet? A night of drinking could turn into free accommodation for that OE you are going to take.

This is the perfect option to free up some cash flow too. Struggling with the upcoming spend on bonds and having a little fit at the idea of no beer money for a couple of weeks? Well, the solution to all your cash flow problems could be just around the corner. The tournament presents the perfect opportunity to sublet. Got a space under the stairs? A body could surely fit there, or even better encourage them to make their way into your nice warm bed to avoid the cold, damp mess that is Dunedin.

Hand in hand with this sound economic decision is avoiding betting the house or the girlfriend on an All Blacks' win, a South African try or an Australian avoiding the bar. The last thing you need to be remembering from this World Cup is how you trebled your student loan on a bet with a shady character named Bubba who just can't wait to break a few knuckles. Sport can be wonderfully unpredictable, but some things you just know are going to happen, and so stick with the safe bets if you have a gambling addiction-itch you need to scratch.

The next two months are going to be great, so be prepared to come away from the tournament with only good memories, good mates and good money. And, hey, if none of this happens for you, you may just meet the man or woman or your dreams while they're down here, and grab an EU passport while you're at it. Now that's what I call success. It's just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



Among the many mysteries of life - including puffer jackets' continued popularity despite the fact that they make everyone look like affluent middle-class slugs - is the sheer predictability of someone's sexual nous based on their age and profession (or lack thereof). For example, on the weekend just been I slept with a builder. Looking over my sexual history of the last twelve months, builders have been my Number One profession of choice to blow/bang/receive a consensual beating from. Electricians have also featured heavily, followed by charming yet soulless married/LTR-bound late-twenties ex-Otago-BCom-students. Despite the fact that I am surrounded by them constantly and only put in occasional token lecture appearances to perve uninterrupted at their sexy broad backs for fifty-minute periods, outside the realms of fantasy, current University of Otago students have become something of a sexual *bête noir* for me. Consistently underskilled and underendowed, their performance is disappointing across the board.

Why is this? Are the pale puffer-jacketed middle classes simply inbreed- ing within the Grammar zone until their offspring are rendered ignorant

and borderline impotent? If so, then why do these same offspring seem to grow up to be more than adequate in the bedroom?

There are two possible conclusions here. First, all those stories about soy and testosterone may well be true, and overconsumption of parentally-encouraged So Good throughout adolescence has led to a build-up of oestrogen in our young males which requires three to five solid years of nonstop Velvet Burger and SoGo consumption to flush out, at which point they emerge phoenix-like from the ashes of sexual inadequacy with diamond-hard erections and Chopin-esque manual dexterity.

The second conclusion (which is probably preferable because I really like So Good Chocolate Bliss and would like it to remain a treasured product in the Sanitarium Health Food Stable) is that it's a simple maturity issue. Honestly, more experience just equals better sex. Of course, you can take my approach and pack some people's lifetime partner quotas into a couple of years, which certainly improves matters, but beyond that there seems to be something about working full-time which encourages an overall spirit of sexual adventure in a person. Both the corporate cubicle oppression of an office 9-to-5 and the depression associated with knowing that you are going to spend the rest of your life repairing joinery and removing asbestos build massive frustration throughout the workday. Happily, this frustration can often be released via lengthy periods of, say, being stood on with heels and spanked with a riding crop. Who says capitalism doesn't work?

— Mrs John Wilmot



From: Steven Starsgard
Subject: Fish Pen

"Catch that marlin with the Pen Fishing Rod!" Seriously, this is the biggest load of bullshit since unsliced bread. I bought one of these a couple of weeks ago and attempted to use it in the Hutt River to catch trout. After a very, very long time, a fish finally bit, but the fucker stole my Fish Pen in a matter of seconds. Supposedly "You borrowed it, caught a fish, and [it] gives back the beautiful gadget." Well guess what? The fish I caught didn't give back the beautiful gadget, it fucking swam off with it! I doubt this piece of crap could even catch a tadpole, let alone a marlin.

From: sales@asseenontv.net.nz
Subject: RE: Fish Pen

Next time you should buy it off us rather

then buy it from someone else and complain to us about it

Thanks

As seen on TV

From: Steven Starsgard
Subject: RE: Fish Pen
Hi,

So you're saying if I buy the Fish Pen from you instead of from "someone else", it will magically transform from a useless device that won't allow me to catch anything except a cold into some super marlin catching device? Why does it matter where I bought it from, whether it's from you or one of your wholesalers? It doesn't. There won't be a "next time" because the rod isn't good for anything except imaginary lightsabre fights, that's if you haven't already lost the rod to a moderate sized fish. Good day, and hopefully the next thing you make isn't a conceptual defecation.

Steven.

From: sales@asseenontv.net.nz
Subject: RE: Fish Pen

Don't think you seem to undertand [sic]. Unless you buy direct from us you are buying a cheap Chinese knockoff. It might have our

logo on it but unless sold from one of our authorised retailers its [sic] rubbish

From: Steven Starsgard
Subject: RE: Fish Pen

It was from the As Seen On TV shop in Wellington. They wouldn't allow me to return it, they said "you haven't got the product with you, how can you prove it's faulty?"

From: sales@asseenontv.net.nz
Subject: RE: Fish Pen

We don't have a shop in Wellington

From: Steven Starsgard
Subject: RE: Fish Pen

Yes there is. I went there. It's even on google maps: <http://www.zoomin.co.nz/map/nz/wellington/pipitea/thorndon+quay/163/-adman+as+seen+on+tv/>

From: sales@asseenontv.net.nz
To: 'Steven Starsgard'

Either you've got a time machine, or you're full of shit, that store closed down six years ago, and they weren't selling them there at that time. Look in the White Pages and you'll see that it doesn't exist.

Review



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Making pizza from scratch



On my grocery round last weekend, I almost puked when the cashier announced that the three capsicums I wanted to buy cost \$17. What the hell? Capsicums are now more expensive than meat?! How am I supposed to be healthy and eat more vegetables when it's cheaper to stuff my face with fried chicken?!

In rebellion against this idiocy, I made myself a big fat meat-lovers pizza. With that, I am proud to share with you the best homemade pizza base recipe, ever. Yes, you can make your own pizza base, it's cheap and easy. All it takes is a bit of time and patience.

Don't worry, you will be perfectly free to stalk someone on Facebook/ work on your assignment which is due tomorrow/go on a crazy bidding war on Trade Me while you wait!

TO MAKE THE PIZZA BASE (MAKES 2 PIZZAS):

Pizza base takes about an hour, so some planning is needed. Incidentally, this is around the same amount of time that it takes to get pizza delivered. In a large mixing bowl, mix 1 1/3 cups of lukewarm water and 2 1/4 teaspoons of yeast. Make sure the water is not too hot or else you will kill the yeast and the dough will not rise. Pour in 3 cups of flour, 2 tbsp olive oil and 1 1/2 tsp salt. Mix with slightly floured hands until they are semi-sticking together.

Then place the ball of dough on a clean, floured surface and knead for about 4 minutes. Making an effort to do this will make all the difference to the pizza bases' texture (think soft, pillowy dough). It might help to think of it as a pre-dinner workout. If the dough gets too sticky, add flour in small batches until it is smooth. Not too much though or it gets dry and crackly.

Place the dough in a well-oiled bowl and cover with Glad Wrap. Leave until it doubles in size (this will take about an hour).

When the dough is ready, preheat the oven to 200C. Halve the dough and roll each piece into a flat circle and place on a lined baking tray. Make sure it's quite flat because when you bake it, it expands quite a bit.

Top with toppings of your choice, you could use cream cheese or tomato paste as base for the pizza. Here are some suggestions for you:

OPTION ONE

Base: Mix a tub of cream cheese, parsley, lemon juice, salt and pepper, garlic.

Topping: Salmon, spinach, red onions, capers and shower with shredded mozzarella or cheddar.

OPTION TWO

Base: Tomato paste or sauce.

Topping: Bacon or chicken, cherry tomatoes, olives, mushrooms, pineapple pieces and then a layer of shredded mozzarella or cheddar.

Bake for 15 to 20 minutes.

I have given you two types of toppings that you can try, but it is by no means restrictive. You can top it with anything you please. Well, maybe not capsicums.

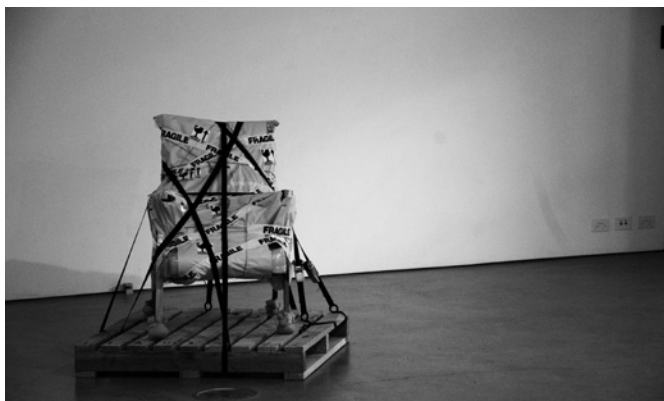
— **Sharin Shaik**

PS: Look out for salmon scraps that New World sells for cheap!

Suture Self

23rd Aug-2nd Sep, Dunedin
School of Art Gallery

Curated by **Victoria Bell** and featuring works by **Jenny Bain, Michele Beevers, Victoria Bell, Neil Emmerson, Tenille Lategan, Simone Montgomery & Karen Taiaroa**



Suture Self is an exhibition featuring the work of staff, recent graduates and a current masters student from the Dunedin School of Art. Curated by Victoria Bell, Suture Self features works that incorporate stitch-based works and examine the relationship between art and medicine, with stitch and fabric providing the literal threads entwining the two together.

A highlight of the exhibition was Michele Beever's exquisite *The Anatomy Lesson - Horse and Rider, after Stubbs*. Beever has created two stunningly beautiful knitted sculptures of the skeletal remains of a human and an upright skeleton of a horse leaning down as though it were about to crush the remains of the human body below. *The Anatomy Lesson - Horse and Rider, after Stubbs* examines the relationship between death and knitting. Focusing upon the way in which knitting protects, this work is formulated around the human experience

with textiles, from being wrapped in cloth as a new born baby to being encased with cloth upon death. The works contain an element of fragility, as though these dry white bones have been reassembled in a mourning ritual.

Containing the same unnerving dynamism one would liken to a snake is Simone Montgomery's *101 Reasons to Shop*. As it silently slithers across the gallery space, Montgomery's work captures the viewer's gaze into a hypnotic constriction. Consisting of unremarkable materials such as recycled plastic bags and clear plastic, Montgomery has transformed the seemingly ordinary into an incredibly beautiful transparent and textural sculpture. Appearing almost like a spinal cord or perhaps a treacherous snake lulling it's victim into a false sense of security, before crippling the compulsive purchaser in financial burden. In terms of materiality the exaggerated familiarity of *101 Reasons to Shop* consolidates the divide between body and fabric and body and form. Montgomery tactfully probes a deeper consciousness, by examining both the environmental strain and ethical implications our consumerist driven society breeds.

Neil Emmerson's *Gay on Demand*, from the *The Glass Closet* series (2009), comprises of a wardrobe filled with different 'gender' identities. Emmerson's works highlight the way in which we perform our identities partially through the act of dressing. *Gay on Demand* consists of a range of almost apocalyptic suits arranged on makeshift metal frames. It is as though Emmerson intended the viewer to experience the act of trying on these different suits to experience a different identity and understand how each suit harbours protective qualities. Emmerson communicates both a destabilisation of a constructed 'gender' identity and also considers connotations associated with gay experience in the public realm. In particular he explores the way in which the protective nature of dressing has seemingly become a necessity to everyday life.

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES STREET

Not afraid: Simon Attwooll

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, *Spirit of Ewe*: Sarah Lucas, *Pathway to the sea* -

Aramoana: Ralph Hotere & Bill Culbert

GLUE GALLERY 26 STAFFORD STREET

Heaven and earth, golden heart, ritual womb: James Robinson

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

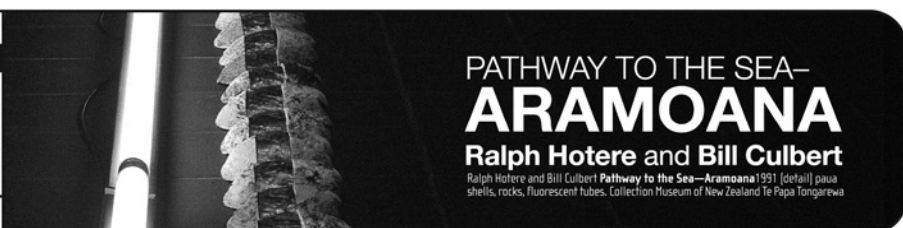
Ross Gray

TEMPLE GALLERY MORAY PLACE

Resisting Africa: Victoria Bell

RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART STREET

Matthew George Richard Ward & Elle Loui August



The Best of the Best New Zealand Poems

Edited by Bill Manhire & Damien Wilkins



New Zealand certainly has its fair share of great poets – the works of James K Baxter, Hone Tuwhare, Sam Hunt, and Brian Turner are known by many. In *The Best of the Best*, the reader is exposed to over sixty different NZ poets, many of them contemporary and reflecting on modern as well as timeless issues.

As a collection of the best poems from the online anthology “Best New Zealand Poems”, editors Bill Manhire and Damien Wilkins have done a superb job bringing together a full range of Kiwi literary talent. I personally enjoy reading poetry, but I am a picky reader – I shy away from books that appear to be solid tomes of just one author’s works. That said, I’m also wary of the smaller volumes. Like many other readers, poetry is an intensely personal experience. While the poem in question may be of significant importance and value to the writer, what the reader (aka me) takes out of it can be something else entirely.

And that is where the beauty of an anthology like *The Best of the Best* is revealed. We are

given a sprinkling of poems from all walks of life, in all styles of writing about all topics, from both male and female poets, young and old, European, Maori and other ethnicities.

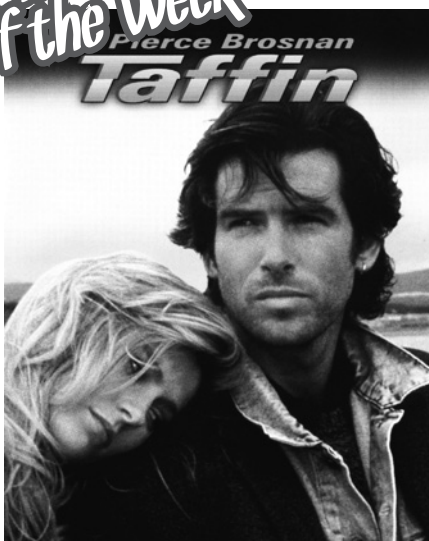
The student reader, maybe recalling their own Year 13 experiences, will enjoy ‘University Open Day’ by James Brown, “*Some paragraphs described Mr Smith / as ‘warm’, others as ‘cold’. / The psychologists beamed cleverly*”. Those with pets will feel the loss of Mary Creswell’s golden lab and its touching burial at sea in ‘Golden Weather (Cook Strait)’, while one of my favourites was the delightful (yet slightly gross!) ‘Shoeman in Love’ by Anna Livesey.

Overall, a recommended purchase to carry in your bag if you are traveling this summer or just to put next to your bed or sofa, flicking open from time to time and seeing where the *crème de la crème* of NZ poets will take you with their verse.

– **Stefan Fairweather**



Cult Film
of the Week



Taffin (1988)

Director: Francis Megahy

Cast: Pierce Brosnan, Ray McAnally,
Alison Doody

Taffin resided in relative obscurity until early this year when the *Adam & Joe Show* unearthed what has since become an internet meme – Pierce Brosnan, as the title character Taffin, screaming: “Then maybe you shouldn’t be living heeeeeere!” This line is hilarious and fun to reenact yourself while at home or in public. But I needed more; surely a movie that produced such comic gold would be worth a look in? And look in I did.

Set in a small town in Ireland, the film is aesthetically similar to an episode of *Agatha Christie* or *Poirot*, combined with the environmental consciousness of a Steven Segal movie. For, you see, a chemical company want to set up shop in Taffin’s little village, but the locals want no chemical plant in their backyard. With peaceful protest and law-abiding resulting in sweet FA, the locals (of which there appear to be about six) enlist the help of renegade Taffin, who is willing to do some arm twisting/breaking for the right amount of money.

The “action” of this wee action film isn’t that flashy, and starts off with a bit of a whiz-bang punch up that seems mostly forced, a bit rigid and mostly dubbed which I, as a general rule, find quite funny. Then there’s a shoot out or two but again, pretty tame. Even if the film isn’t as action packed as the flame-covered poster might have you believe, it does have a couple of explosions to keep you interested.

Like I mentioned before, the film reminds one of an Agatha Christie murder mystery and plays out in much the same way, gently rolling along. As such it’s perfect for a lazy Sunday with a nice hot cuppa.

– **Ben Blakely**



Love Story

Director: Florian Habicht

There's a point in Florian Habicht's *Love Story* where he faces the camera and confesses 'I fall in love so often.' Not quite explaining, not quite apologising. 'It happens all the time,' he sighs. The fatalism is no surprise. He has handed responsibility for his film's story over to a cavalcade of punks, drunks, grade-schoolers, pensioners, teens, psychics and drag queens. His hapless, ever-shifting love is palpable, as he records their answers to the question 'What should happen next?'

Habicht and his Russian muse Masha Yakavenko are making a film – or are they falling in love? The set pieces that emerge from his tender interrogation of New Yorkers' love lives are deranged and wonderful: impotence, a car crash, hermaphroditism, all intrude as the story is invented – dictated by the kind of strangers only New York can provide, saying the first thing that comes into their heads. Habicht and Yakavenko's rendering of this saga is exquisite, somehow conjuring a living, breathing relationship from these vox pop directions.

It comes from all sides. Broiling in the NY heat, Habicht sits in his bath, ringing random numbers for advice. A Texan advises him to pursue his infatuation, while a few minutes later, the tarot reader tells him to keep his defences up. A stockbroker orders him to 'play it shy'. What actually happens? The guerrilla documentary style of *Kaikohe Demolition* and *Rubbings From a Live Man* meets the maximalist fiction of *Woodenhead* and spawns a not-quite-documentary that feels bizarrely fresh.

I realised I had been holding my breath for a young New Zealander to make a film this clever. Shot entirely in NY – by a German-born Kiwi – it was the standout entry from New Zealand in the 2011 International Film Festival, and a gloriously successful experiment. Having managed to license a score by the likes of Ennio Morricone and Nino Rota, the soundtrack is sumptuous and potent, imparting a touch of emotional velvet to the film's more erratic seams.

Love Story wears its logic lightly, always returning to its spontaneous premise as it winds itself into a charmingly neurotic confusion that seems to speak for the plight of lovers everywhere. A peon to the people on New York's streets, an absurdist rom-com, a flawless comic subversion; I'm not sure what *Love Story* is. Possibly genius.

– Henry Feltham     



The Trip

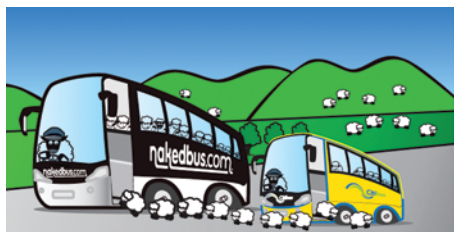
Director: Michael Winterbottom

Anyone who sat through the end credits of Michael Winterbottom's film within a film *Tristram Shandy: a Cock and Bull Story* was aptly rewarded with the side-splitting comedic brilliance of Steve Coogan and Rob Brydon's sparred and improvised impersonations of popular celebrities. *The Trip* is the latest offering from Winterbottom and sees the reprise of Coogan and Brydon playing loosely-based versions of themselves. Coogan is the narcissistic, pretentious and tormented artist matched against Brydon's optimistic and charmingly contented soul. Together the two men embark on a week-long road trip across the stunningly-captured rural north of England. The purpose of the trip is to eat great food while reviewing a selection of fine English restaurants for the UK's *Observer*. Along the way, the largely improvised banter-cum-bickering includes hilarious impersonations of actors such as Michael Caine, Al Pacino, Woody Allen, and Billy Connolly. Watch out also for Brydon's own imagined character 'Small Angry Man in a Box' for an example of rare inexplicable comic genius.

As is the theme with road trip films, you expect the characters to partake in philosophical musings along the way. Coogan is indeed a troubled-man, torn between the life he has and the one he could have if certain choices are made. In contrast, Brydon is ridiculously happy with his lot and if truth be known would rather be at home with his wife and new baby. The journey certainly tests their friendship and prompts both to ponder, question, and affirm what is important to them. As the mood moves swiftly from light to dark, some of this soul-searching can seem so close to the bone that it may leave audiences wondering how much of this is art imitating life. Especially where Coogan is concerned, it is plausible to question how much truth may be in the narrative.

The Trip is an enormously funny and heartfelt film about the journey of a friendship. Throughout the film, the audience is aware that Coogan ultimately has a potentially life-changing decision to make. At the film's conclusion, we are reminded that it is not about arriving at your destination that matters so much as the journey that you take to get there.

– Jane Ross     



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How I Ended This Summer

Director: Shinsuke Sato

A prizewinner at both the Berlin and London film festivals, *How I Ended This Summer* is set and shot amongst the remoteness of the Arctic Circle. Amongst this breath taking landscape, two meteorologists operate a weather station, gathering detailed hourly readings for transmission across a crackly radio which is their only link to the outside world.

Sergei, the gruff senior of the duo, takes his work very seriously but his new partner, Pavel, is young and flighty, only on the island to write a college essay titled 'How I Ended this Summer.' It is apparent that they are both to monitor radioactivity of some description, but it's unclear what lies buried there or what they are to do should the readings spike. Without any particular reason or motivation, Pavel keeps to himself an urgent message that comes through the radio involving the possibility of Sergei's family being dead. For reasons we're left to infer, he never lets Sergei know until we have been forced through two thirds of a film where one character is afraid of his own shadow, and the other is purely oblivious to the situation.

Thank God Pavel finally spills his secret and the film escalates to a thrilling climax as, like a desperate trapped animal, he flees, scrambling down craggy slopes, splashing through the icy waters around the shoreline, whimpering and cursing, and nearly freezing to death. In Pavel's mind, he and Sergei play the game of hunter and prey. Subtle brooding contorts into fear as the realisation hits him that there is no judicial impasse at the end of the world. 'Men have gone mad out here', Sergei tells Pavel at the beginning of the film, demonstrating to him the holes in their grimy house as proof.

The plot may sound exciting but its glacial pace is torturous. Just imagining what it would be like to live in such a place is terribly bleak and enough to put anyone off. However, to give it something, the cinematography and sound design offer a light at the end of the tunnel for being nothing short of superb. Add a stray polar bear and a political allegory and it has the potential for some to consider it great.

– Eve Duckworth     



Billy T – Te Movie

Director: Ian Mune

Billy T – Te Movie is awesome. Ian Mune does a wonderful job of exploring Billy T James as an icon and most importantly, as a person. It was really interesting to watch the difference between his on-stage and off-stage personae develop. A New Zealand documentary, the film is really easy to watch, and has some wicked remastered footage. Billy T was really funny. He's a rascal! Totally un-PC, he was the personification of cheeky New Zealand humour. Mune takes this element of Billy T. James' performance and integrates it into the film and the whole thing has a slightly offbeat feel to it.

Billy T – Te Movie achieved the perfect balance between James' personal life and his professional career. The remastered footage of his skits, as well as some of the old interviews with him, are brilliant. The cartoons that demonstrate the high points and low points of James' life are a definite highlight – they hit the sweet spot of giving the viewer a chance to relax rather than watching people for 89 minutes.

The quality of the film is amazing, The shots are well composed, the focusing of the camera is fantastic, and the way each interviewee is placed (and what with) explains so much more than the two line caption that accompanies them. It is wonderfully artistic in its creation.

Watching the film, it became really apparent how much James has influenced our culture. There are parts of the film where you could very easily see the link between performers like *The Naked Samoans*, Taika Waititi, and Billy T. As a Maori comedian, Billy T was a big player in normalising race. By using his humor to draw attention to race and racism, he altered the way people conceived of it. He effectively relaxed the public about the issue of skin colour by joking about it, and I think that it is something we probably need to revisit now to gain perspective.

I thoroughly enjoyed this film – so much so it's almost obscene. I highly recommend it to anyone and everyone. It's easily watchable, it's really funny and pretty moving as well. I triple dare you to go – it'll be good fun I promise!

– Maya Turei     

Film Society Preview

When: Wednesday September 7, 7.30 pm.

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

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

Ernst Lubitsch in Berlin

Director: Robert Fischer

A documentary about Lubitsch's early career in Berlin, featuring rare film clips, photographs, and newsreel footage, along with interviews with Lubitsch's daughter, current German comedy directors, and noted film historians, tracing the genesis of the famous 'Lubitsch touch'.

Wugazi – 13 Chambers

In the post-Dangermouse era, where the Beatles met Jay-Z and created history in the process, the rap/rock mash-up has been a mixture of occasional high peaks, and diminishing returns. For every triumph of introduction and re-imagination (*The Grey Album*), there have been hundreds of poorly conceived and executed efforts by numerous imitators (*The Slack Album*).

However, the creation of Cecil Otter and Swiss Andy from hip-hop crew Doomtree Wugazi's *13 Chambers* (a fusion of the iconic Wu-Tang Clan and Fugazi) is a refreshing and precise take, reminding the listener what was so great about the genre to begin with. Although the vocals are mostly all familiar cuts, under these new circumstances the Clan sounds more assertive and authoritative than ever. Opening with 'Sleep Rules Everything Around Me' a melodic and mournful sample bestows an almost surprising emotional weight to the cash driven rhymes of the Wu Classic 'C.R.E.A.M.'. On 'Ghetto Afterthought', a Beatles piano drives a swaggering, head nodding beat that matches the vocal aerobatics of a classic Ol' Dirty Bastard verse featuring excerpts from his infamous stage interruption at the 1998 Grammy Awards ("Wu-Tang is for the children!").

While not every track blends as smoothly, the spiky punk foundation of 'Forensic Shimmy' and 'Slow Like That' fits the Wu-Tang's "like it raw" mantra perfectly. Easily more than the sum of its parts, it adds the reputation of two already seminal acts.

– Sam Valentine     

13 Chambers is available for free download at wugazi.com

Nevernudes – Cereal EP

After experiencing the Nevernudes' *First EP* back in late 2009, I stared at my iTunes, somewhat unconvinced. Their abrasive and darkened delivery was quite discouraging, especially to my conventional-music-adoring ears, and left the idea of a second listen seem fairly daunting. However, to my surprise the next few weeks were punctured with frequent recollections of their beguiling dissonant hooks. In revisiting the EP, I quickly realised the charm of the album's complex and incessantly melodic compositions.

The *Cereal EP* follows their first full-length release *Creepy Crawlies*, released last year, which was an underrated masterpiece, bursting with a newfound sophistication while retaining the resonance of youth-orientated turbulence. In comparison, the *Cereal EP* is more or less another fresh batch of jarring, noise-soaked pop tunes. With the exception of an arguably clearer and more confident delivery, there is little to separate the album's sonic qualities from its predecessor. However, the vitality, diversity and development of all the Nevernudes' songs leave monotony a distant afterthought.

'Spooky Toys', the band's most admirable attempt at avoiding their confrontational aesthetic, is the best start for any inquisitive, virgin listener. However, all tracks drive home unique and enchanting melodies, propelled by the ingenious interweave of scathing guitars and infallible kits. Lyrically speaking, the *Cereal EP* is heavily laden with insight, reflection and a healthy dose of scorn. With numerable moments of poignancy and acuity I fully implore all to sample this gem of the burgeoning Auckland scene. For those of you who typically aren't willing to meet the music halfway, this is a worthy step outside the 91.8 bubble. Do it!

– Richard Ley-Hamilton     

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

mon 5/9 **ReFuel: Refuel Unplugged: Open Mic Night**
w/ Katherine K S. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm.

tue 6/9 **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**
Dunedin's premiere jazz jam night. \$2 entry from 8pm.
Bring your horn!

wed 7/9 **Di Lusso: DJ Jimmy Fresh**
Reggae, dancehall, R'n'B and hip hop. Free entry.
ReFuel: Twist of Fate, Cult Disney, and Man Sweat
Free from 9pm.

thur 8/9 **Di Lusso: DJ Pippin**
Electro, hip hop, club bangers and mashups. Free entry.
Urban Factory: The Phoenix Foundation
Plus The Thomas Oliver Band and The Sunley Band. Free entry.

fri 9/8 **ReFuel: Alphabethead's World Of The Weird Tour**
For the very first time on a single stage, turntable legend Alphabethead joins beatmaker supreme Scratch 22 and the one and only Jay Roacher.
Local support from Thundercub & Mr Aaron Hawkins.

Di Lusso: Dal Boy
Hip hop and mash ups. Free entry.

sat 10/8 **ReFuel: Family Cactus - 'Spirit Lights' Tour**
Tickets from underthedar.co.nz. 8pm doors.

Copa: iMC presents: Duds City Stars MC Battle
ft. performances by iMC, S.A.I.D., Jigz, Ridge Jagers, Young Pretty, Sativa. \$10 entry and \$500 top prize. 10pm doors.

XII Below: Ink Mathematics 'Boredom, You Conqueror' EP Release
w/ Osmium, Cult Disney and The Altar Vendetta. \$10 on the door, \$20 entry + EP, EPs \$15 inside. 10pm doors.

Urban Factory: The Chills with Robert Scott, John White, and Two Cartoons
\$30.00 presales, student presales \$15.00 from www.utr.co.nz. 9pm doors.



1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



Blocks That Matter

Platforms: PC, OS X



Choice. That, fundamentally, is the purpose of interactivity. 2000's *Deus Ex* opens with a simple choice made by the player on an understated wharf on Liberty Island. The rickety wood panels are rendered in graphics that were archaic even when the game was released, but their juxtaposition with the patrolling chicken-legged mech is unsettling even so. If the player's decision rewards him with a hefty sniper rifle, then protagonist JC Denton will remark that he wishes to "pick them off from a distance." His response, even if it might not quite fit with the player's internal thoughts, reflects back upon you nevertheless.

But gosh. Doesn't every game do that? The contrived moral choice has to have become as typical a back-of-the-box bullet point as "Blast them with a dozen different weapon classes!" *Deus Ex*'s strength is not that it somehow glimpsed, however momentarily, through the obsidian curtain and involved the strategic decisions of the player in a way that every subsequent game ignored. The strength is that the game is astonishingly clever in roughly

Computers, even laptops, are bulky and cumbersome. You need to wrestle with the lid, then patiently wait as the internal programming of 'the hive from 2005' trips over itself, straining to open its own operating system. That's the problem with *Blocks That Matter*. After that rigmarole I feel like I need something hearty. You would never sit down at a dinner table to have a lonely aniseed wheel. And aniseed wheels are ludicrously delicious.

If *Blocks That Matter* were an iOS game then it would be a fantastic one. There is no reason why the tech would be a hurdle. You play as a tiny cuboid robot who can destroy a select few cuboid cubes in each level by jumping underneath them *Mario*-style, or by drilling through them from the side. Different blocks, as one might expect, have different properties. Sand needs to be supported from below by another block, as does obsidian (though the solid black blocks are impermeable to your drill), while wood and stone are quite happy to float in mid-air. After your premeditated destruction has concluded, it's time to build your own 2d block combinations. Difficulty emerges from the restriction of only being able to build in groups of four blocks.

And there are loads of little levels based on reaching the end of maze with those tools. Some are really hard, some are really easy, and any time you find the solution to a difficult puzzle, it is satisfying. But it's too simple to occupy my whole attention. If I've opened my computer, I've got Youtube sitting right there. I've got Facebook. What I want is to open the game in a handful of seconds – from my pocket – when the subtly correct mood strikes me, have one or two goes at one or two levels, and then shove my iPod Touch back down into the sea of receipts and brutal house keys that are responsible for its degenerated touch-screen.

eight-hundred different ways and is crafted at every turn such that your input always remains dynamic and satisfying. The moral choices are never black-and-white, they ask you to differentiate between terrorists and freedom fighters, and ask whether an ideological dark-age is worse than an actual one.

Even today the level design is breathtaking. It's hard enough to craft a linear path through a series of corridors, littered with dozens of locked and barred doors – each impossible gate symbolises a decision the player was never allowed to make. But it's a whole other kind of challenge to create a series of intertwining paths with their own strengths and weaknesses. Paths which the player can leap between at will, ignore completely, or embrace with a stubborn single-mindedness. Whether you use words, or guns, or non-lethal guns, or computer-hacking skills, or (most impressively) a combination to achieve your goals, *Deus Ex* leaves you with the feeling that you came up with the solution on your own.




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Avenue Q is a simple coming-of-age parable about finding your purpose in life - oh, and it is also a Broadway musical. Marketed as *Sesame Street* for adults, *Avenue Q* is pretty much just that: cheerful (and not so cheerful) puppets and people interact, discovering how to deal with life and all those tricky life-lessons we would really rather learn through osmosis.

I can't deny that people really are dynamic to watch. As much as I want to watch the puppets I do find myself drawn to the puppeteers. This isn't a bad thing. The puppets are fantastic and the way the operators are able to make them move and interact with each other, and the other human characters, is extraordinary.

Remember this show is R13, and let me just say the puppet sex is

hysterical. What makes it even more hilarious is the way the actors have to engage in a game of 'Twister' to enable this multiple-position sexual encounter possible. Kelly Hocking and Douglas do wonderfully in their roles. Both taking on two major parts, their energy doesn't wane and they hold the audience in the palms of their hands right to the very end.

All in all *Avenue Q* is a hysterical night out. Have a couple of drinks at the bar then head to the theatre and you might just realise that yes, you are just a little bit racist, and yes, it does suck to be you, and yes, it is ok to be gay. And after all is said and done, the moral of this story is: no matter what happens in your life, everything really is ok, if 'only for now.'

– **Jen Aitken** ★★★★★

Woyzeck

Georg Büchner translated by **John Macken-dric**; directed by **Anna Parsons** and **Aaron Mayes**; starring **Joel Rees**, **Dianne Pulham**, **Sam Irwin**, **Jacob McDowell**, **Lockie Scott**

When I saw that *Woyzeck* was in the Lunch-time Theatre programme the word that came to mind was "ambitious", not that I had much to base that on to be honest. All I knew about *Woyzeck* was that it was something of a classic, and those are notoriously hard to stage. That and one of my favourite playwrights Sarah Kane, was a huge fan of Büchner. So in I bounded to Allen Hall, equal parts excited and apprehensive.

Rees was well cast as the main character Woyzeck, a soldier struggling to deal with his involvement in war, the faithfulness of his partner and the effects of a medical

experiment. I enjoyed Pulham in the role of the aforementioned partner, a somewhat cruel character who bullies Woyzeck, but who is hard to completely condemn especially after she also becomes a victim of brutality.

All of the cast are very capable actors, but I feel like they needed stronger direction with this piece. There were moments with the cast appeared to be just rattling off the script without giving it the weight and understanding that it deserved.

It seemed to me the actors should be clearer about the characters they were playing. For instance McDowell's character needed to be stronger and more commanding; he occupied an awkward middle ground between jovial and menacing. Likewise Scott, as the rival to Rees' character, needed to have a bit more of a commanding presence.

The production on the whole was well-paced, and the transitions from scene to scene were mostly seamless. There were a few moments however when the action had reached a climax that the actors had not quite yet managed to anticipate. This included the rape scene between Scott and Pulham, which seemed to come out of the blue without enough build up.

On the whole the cast and crew should be commended for not being afraid to bring *Woyzeck* to the Allen Hall stage and making a solid attempt in doing so. The crux of an excellent production was there; it just needed a bit more attention, time and tweaking to make it really shine.

– **Ben Blackface** ★★★★★

Summer Lovin'

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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.

Isla Fisher

I didn't expect to spend my Wednesday night at a bar I've never heard of waiting for a stranger on a blind date. But then again, I guess there's a first for everything.

Wednesday was an abhorrent night to go out. It rained the minute I stepped out of the house, resulting in my cursing every living deity there was for the culmination of wet clothes and damp hair. I arrived at Toast promptly on time and then realised that unless my date was getting on into his 50's, he wasn't there (oh joy). I amused myself by ordering a drink as soon as I got to the bar and idly contemplating the death of my friend who had convinced me to agree to this (text messages containing death threats may or may not have been exchanged). My date finally arrived shortly after, wet and late (two things that I am not a fan of), and we adjourned to a nearby booth. He asked if I'd been waiting long and apologized; I lied and said it was fine (it wasn't).

Talk was fairly easy to achieve with a few glasses of liquid courage on hand, and before we knew it we'd broached topics that probably shouldn't be discussed whilst drinking. We ambled through the basic 'get-to-know-you' questions (favourite movies/artists/hobbies) and I discovered that (surprise surprise) he was semi-intelligent (shocking how hard it is to find a guy like that). I was impressed; until I found out he was a fresher (yeah, not so impressed anymore). His classification from then on was 'friend-zone'.

Eventually (a few hours later) we got to a point where the conversation was starting to die and I was craving a real drink (there's only so much satisfaction you can get from a cocktail). He floundered a bit in the awkward silence so I did what any decent girl would have done in that situation, dragged him to the bar and promptly ordered some shots. At some point we hit our tab dead on. My date offered to pay for the next round of shots, proving to me that chivalry isn't as dead as I'd thought it was. Shots and shots later, my date decided that he'd probably had enough (self-control in regards to alcohol, who would have thought that it actually existed in men), and we agreed to leave.

It was cold when we left and ambled slowly through the Octagon, down George. He kept offering me his jacket and I kept refusing (when I say 'no' I do actually mean it). Being the ever-perfect gentleman, he walked me all the way home (near Rob Roy so it wasn't too far) and hugged me before bidding me adieu.

And that, my friends, is the end :)

Sacha Baron Cohen

I had never been on a blind date before so last night was a bit of an experience. I started off feeling quite confident, but then nervousness struck when our friendly editors at *Critic* asked me what my plan was. I decided to develop a plan, complete with backup, which was to be myself. It then occurred to me that I didn't actually have a plan so being myself was beginning to look better by the minute. I left for Toast later than I should have, and then just as I past the Gardens it started pouring down with rain, until I was drenched with cold, damp, precipitation.

Feeling, and probably looking, a bit like a drowned rat, I turned up late only to find my fair date had already bought herself a drink – I felt even worse for being late as I was the one with the bar tab. Unsure how to introduce myself, I took the safe approach and assuming she was probably my date, said very loudly to the bartender that I had a voucher from *Critic* to share with my blind date. She then approached and introduced herself to me, and I to her. I got a drink and as she already had one we sat down and started the conversation. We started off the way one usually starts a conversation with a student, asking about uni, what they're studying, that sort of stuff. Before we knew it we were onto controversial topics such as politics, religion and classical reading; solving all the world's problems, one drink at a time.

In a bathroom break, I devised a backup line, something to say if the conversation stopped and we were left sitting there awkwardly. This line was 'so, do you play any sport?' A bit later on, we struck an awkward spot, neither of us was talking. 'Ah ha!' I thought, 'I can use my backup line,' but then I realised I'd only just used it. I immediately regretted not thinking up a backup backup line. Thankfully she broke the silence by pronouncing it awkward.

We proceeded to the bar, where we had various shots. I took my first tequila shot with my date having to talk me through what to do. After several more shots, we took a final one and saluted the bartenders (my boys Scotty and Jamie) and left.

POETRY

One Way of Looking at Nihilism

If a blackbird's song contains beautiful inflections and beautiful innuendoes, will you say "ah, but what is beauty?"

If a poem is about a blackbird's song, will you dismiss it, or risk the time to listen?

If a poem is about a poem about a blackbird's song will you call it cleverer?

If a poem about a poem about a blackbird's song mirrors the lyricism of said birdsong, what then?
(This one doesn't)

If a poem about a poem about a blackbird's song becomes self-aware, erases all articles punctuation lyricism leaving only snow no sure eye to see no living moving thing better

If poem about poem about blackbird's song attempts minimalism to point of erasing all above interrogate whiteness of blackbird absence

If poem about poem about blackbird's song interrogating absolute white reduce song to flat tone of flat line all notes plucked and deconstructed no time all time

If wanted deafness if wanted nothing to mean anything would still want

If pattern emerges in static's fizz
flatten like (insert fresh image here)

If white noise induces images in mind

If field of snow screen's hissing square
sheet on clothesline ribbon ticker-tape

If shadow of pesky bwackbird cast on sheet
crosses to and fro causes indecipherable mood
must accuse self of unreliable projection

If still movement kill again

If noble accents creep in with lucid inescapable rhythms
abort mission turn rifle on self

– *Adamanthus Ballsac*

bit of a
LOSER?

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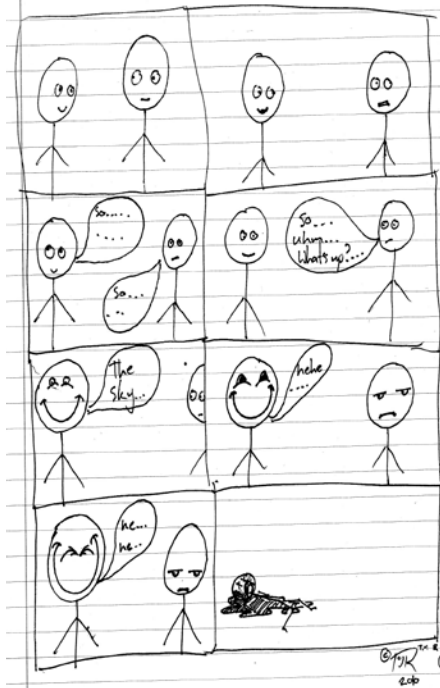
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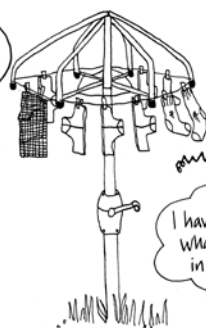
Antics by Stephen Gillan



For the Comics Section Detractors



Beards#2 by James Collins



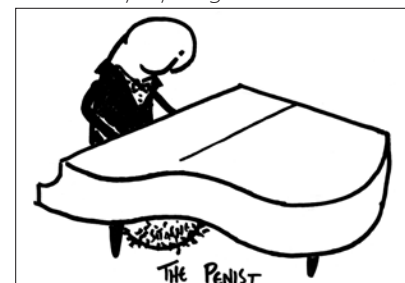
I have to know what goes on in there!



Gary: Twins by Cody Knox



Penis Envy by Regan McManus



Spockian Philosophies by Toki Wilson



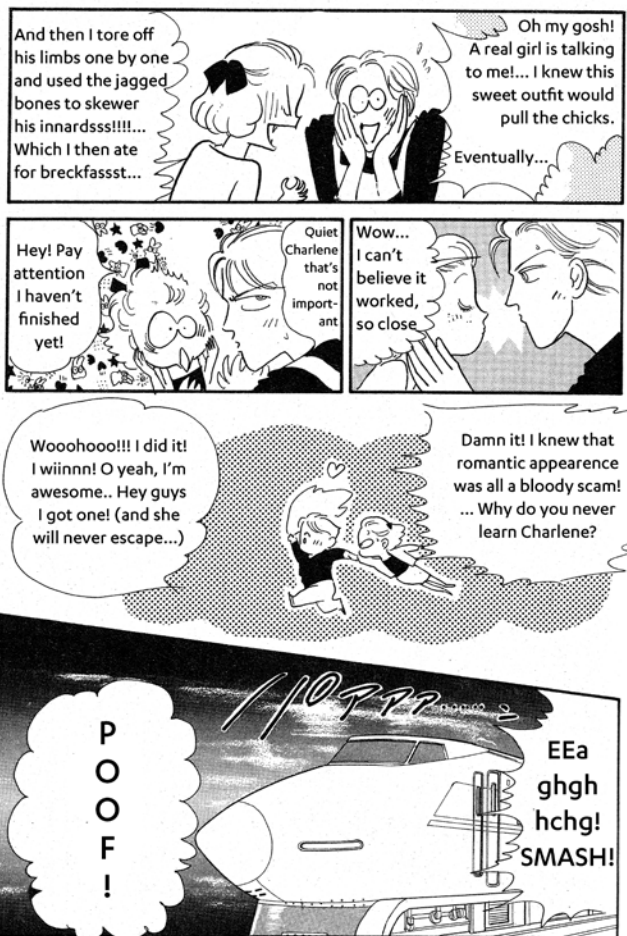
Kia ora koutou,

Welcome back to the final term for 2011. First of all, arohamai whanau for the last issue where I forgot to send in a column for TRM, but chur *Critic* for the sweet picture of the cat.

As I write this column, I am currently awaiting parakuihi in the beautiful Nga Tapuwae wharekai. A group of 30 tauira and I are in Tamaki makaurau for Te Huinga Tauira 2011 (National Maori Students Conference). Even though we have only just began our trip away there have already been many highlights; having sing-alongs during the flight up, the awesome hospitality from Nga Tapuwae (hope to see some of the kids come down to Otago University in the next few years), and being able to actually feel the warmth of the sun which is inevitable as soon as you head north from Dunnas.

The conference officially starts today where we will be involved in political discussion about issues concerning Maori tauira, with input from current Maori MPs. There will be manu korero and kapa haka competitions, and there will also be the opportunity for tauira to show off their 'x-factor' with a bit of Maori-oke. I will give you all an exclusive look into the 'haps' of huinga next week, and let you in on the stars of

Competition Winner: Tom Richards



TE ROOPU MĀORI

our trip. I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you that have contributed to our fundraising efforts, we would not have been able to get to Auckland with 30 Maori tauira without it, so a massive CHUR out to you all.

One another note, nominations for Te Rito are open on the **Monday 19th September**, so if you guys are thinking of running, come in and see the current Te Rito members to get the low down on what's involved.

Again I would like to give a huge mihi out to the whanau at Nga Tapuwae...you guys are awesome!

Nga mihi kia koutou,
Ari



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Oh hello... I didn't see you there

Okay and cue awkward opening sharn about the recent atmospheric conditions.....

How's about those bloody cracker days we've had over the last couple weeks, felt a hell of a lot like summer didn't it. I love how a bit of the ol U.V transforms this town in to Miami, Florida quicker than you can say Mela-bloody-noma. The neighbours on Hyde St were out playing some street cricket with the trusty wheely bin in place of the wickets, I went out and purchased a new pair of jandals (yes, not thongs), got the washing hung out and ventured down to the Rob Roy for a sly learner cone (baby cone... don't hate) and then had it on Union Lawn with some fresher mates (they're people too) under the rays and watched as the students (Shawdys) passed by in their summery outfits- very cute. I even managed to fit in a wee bike ride which is something I've been neglecting since having the massive feed of OUSA on my plate (nom nom nom). I'm going to give your ears a break this week and not harp on about how fucking terrible VSM is and that the National Party continue to support it and it looks like it will come in as legislation for next year (Arrggghhh - FML..... F 'all our' L's). Okay unintended rant over.

We started the Free Box last week (yea yea cue inappropriate puns) and would it be great to get some feedback on whether or not you found it cool or shit. If it's what the people want then it's what the people shall have me thinks!

I did some stand up comedy last Thursday night at Re-Fuel bar which went well. It's going to become a monthly thing down there... It's a good change of pace from just pounding back diesels and hitting the Fever club and as me and my friend Aaron Murphy think it's good to be a little bit cultured sometimes being the academic scarifie bastards we are.

Righto I'm starting up my weekly shout out. Drum roll please..... And the inaugural 'how the fuck are ya?' goes to my friends at Selwyn College! Thanks for reading.

Warm Regards,
Logan Edgar

Politicians on Campus

Want to understand the world of politics a bit more? Hear it from the horse's mouth when political figures from around the country come to speak at the Vote Chat politics talks every Friday. Annette King, Gareth Hughes, Hone Harawira, you name them and Vote Chat will probably feature them... get your election info sorted this year and find out more info at snurl.com/votechat

FREE BOX?

The OUSA Free Box is open for business, so if you're after some sweet new old stuff then check it out from 9am-5pm, Monday to Friday. Everything is up for grabs (except the clothes rack and that precious box) so feel free to grab what you like or even swap something you'd like to pass on!

Courses!

If you're keen to learn anything from Dancing to Cooking (or maybe even learn the Ukulele and Russian to impress your future missus?) check out the great line up of student-discounted courses available from OUSA Clubs and Societies! They've got a HUGE range of courses (as well as fabulous clubs) on offer so pop on in or check out the website to see what's on offer via snurl.com/courseme

Arty? Get Exhibited!

The OUSA Art Week is just a couple of weeks away and it's YOUR chance to get your work exhibited. It's just \$15 to enter (or \$10 with your 91 card) and last year we had over 3500 people through the Student Art Exhibition in upstairs Link, plus plenty of our students got a little bit of ca\$h moneyz for their pieces. So if you'd like to get your work seen and sold find out all the info from snurl.com/artweek



Artist & Author Speed Dating

Looking for someone special?

If you are an artist looking for an aspiring author to document your work, or if you're an author wanting to match your words to an inspiring artist, then get in touch with kitty.events@ousa.org.nz and get your name down for the Artist - Author Speed Dating night held during OUSA Art Week. Spaces are limited and the night's already looking popular so get in touch and find out how to secure your place.



Tune in to R1's Thursday Drive from 4pm to hear the latest OUSA news and some killer tunes!



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