

THE WORDS ISSUE

Issue 25 – 26th September 2011



Shakespeares on Campus | The demise of print media | Famine in Somalia, Round 2
Interview with Manu Tuilagi | News, Reviews, Opinions

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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

Moral Compass:

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:

Bronwyn Wallace

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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So Many Words,
So Little Space



I barely need to say it, but the written word can be incredibly powerful. The old adage “the pen is mightier than the sword” isn’t just a pithy aphorism, it’s pretty spot on.

Last week, the power of words was used for bad, as a few stories/blatant scaremongering about New Zealand sex education sparked up a public outcry. The charge was led by *New Zealand Herald's* Elizabeth Binning, who seems to have talked to every parent whose child has ever had a sub-par teacher, as well as a 17 year old pregnant girl who thinks that sex education encouraged her to have sex (she later conceded that the alcohol and the boy in question were more at fault). One columnist, Gareth George, really went all out, discussing how sex education devalued sex, taking no account of “the emotional and spiritual dimensions of the sex act, the means by which two [people], a man and a woman, can become one flesh”. He raved on and on about various examples of poor education, and concluded that the current birds and the bees talks are “utterly evil”. Unsurprisingly, after being exposed to shocking stories, only 29% of *Herald* readers felt sex education was “giving kids the information they needed”.

The whole “scandal” reeks of American abstinence clubs, chastity rings and Michelle Bachmann. It’s worrying, not only because the scaremongering could force sex ed to be more conservative, but also because it contains thinly veiled homophobia. Accuse me of being naive or far too liberal all you want, but I don’t think it’s a problem that children are taught that sex is fine as long as there’s consent. I don’t think it’s a problem that kids know about anal and oral sex, or about how to put on condoms, and unlike Gareth George, I don’t think it’s horrific that children are asked to imagine the world as predominantly homosexual. I’m not going to pretend to be some sort of child psychologist, but these exercises seem like relatively good ways to encourage kids to think of sex as healthy, to think of consent as important, and to think of being homosexual as not all that bad after all.

And, despite what the media and public have argued, our high teen pregnancy statistics don't necessarily mean that the current sex education isn't working. A number of factors are going to contribute to a teen's sexual choices above and beyond sex education, from parents' opinions to friends to societal trends. So looks like we win this round, mainstream media.

Thankfully, words are not only put to use in the misleading-ramblings of conservative journalists who happen to have platforms via which to voice their views. There's also literature, which, as an ex-student librarian and an avid reader of Roald Dahl, I'm quite into. (Being a student librarian is more of a glamour job than you might expect. Special perks included getting three extra books out, and the opportunity to duraseal books all year round. Brilliant). This week, we present the creative writing of three talented students. There were lots of submissions, but due to space constraints, we could only print a select few. Sorry if you weren't published, and thanks for your work!

Hope you enjoy your read,

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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NO YOU ARE

Dear Critic,
You're the new Tourism.
Love,
Marketing

CRITIC COUNSELLING SERVICE

Dear CRITIC,

I am writing to express my inner angst and rage.

My therapist told me that writing could be a very positive outlet for me, and encouraged me to write as much as possible to help tame the inner conflicts that eat at my very soul and often cause me to break down and communicate my feelings about the meaning of life through impromptu street theatre performed only in No Exit roads under the cover of darkness whilst dressed in a cunning disguise.

I feel the writing is really helping and is a very positive influence on me. I have only performed the street theatre twice this week, and once it was in a one way road wearing my

own clothes which hardly counts at all really.

Re-gaurds,
Theatre student

LETTER ABOUT WHAT CONSITUTES ART: TICK

Dear Critic

I was disappointed to read 'Scary Art Galleries' today, which was particularly unenlightening and condescending. The writer informed us that if we didn't like postmodern art, it was definitely due to our insecurities, rather than a lack of skill, talent or insight on behalf of the artist. How kind that she should inform us that we have lack of knowledge and understanding, and are in reality 'intimidated' by modern art. A camera may take a far more realistic image than a painting, but a well painted portrait of a person will express their character far better than a photograph. As far as art being visual philosophy, if it is unable to communicate its philosophy to the viewer, it is hardly worth having the title of philosophy. You are hardly opening yourself up to a new way of thinking when you enter a space to see art that conforms perfectly with the current and fashionable university teachings. Postmodern art is the twenty-first century's emperor's new clothes, and the writer of the article the perfect tailor.

Kind Regards
Lauren Enright

Dear Lauren,

I seriously don't understand why people can't just write inquisitive letters to Critic, instigate discussion, instead of having a bitchfest and resorting to personal insults. It's so easy to rag on something, a work of art or a piece of writing, to be the critic on the sidelines who doesn't put themselves into any danger or take a risk through actually creating something and putting it into the public forum. Perhaps if you provide me with some specific examples of this 'art in emperor's clothing', explicate your argument that a 'well painted portrait of a person will express their character far better than a photograph' and/or tell me more about the 'current and fashionable university teachings' you speak of, then we can actually have a fruitful discussion about Post-Modern Art. I never pretended that these questions weren't massive and complex, that questions of quality don't factor into the equation. But insecurity and close-mindedness exist in art-viewing, that is indisputable fact and that was what I was speaking to. If you really want me to get into the WHOLE Post-Modern discussion you're going to need to give me a bit more than one page of Critic, from which a large piece of my writing had to be cut already due to space restrictions. Oh btw, most philosophical texts are illegible to the average reader. Fuck, I never realised Kant was so redundant!

Lovingly yours,
Kari Schmidt

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Dearest Critic

I'm an incredibly poor English student who can't afford one of my textbooks. So this is me shamelessly begging. Make this the letter of the week. I'll pay you back by continuing to leech of the government as I try to complete a degree that will make me the smartest trolley boy at Pak n Save. So help a brother out.

Yours Desperately

Jordan

EGO STROKING WILL GET YOU EVERYWHERE

Dear Critic,

You're really pretty this year. Your covers a cool and font choices impeccable.

Your designer is doing a great job. :)

Sincerely,

Aesthetically pleased.

KEEN FOR A LITTLE PRESIDENTIAL LOVING

Dear Critic,

Every week I find it hard to believe the bad publicity the OUSA President Logan Edgar gets. The guy is doing an amazing job and it is the opinionated minority who says otherwise repeatedly (it is always the same douche bags). He has been the best student leader we have ever had. Every student knows who he is and what OUSA is now about. He unites the student body.

A secret admirer

AIRBOURNE ATTACK

Dear Josh and/or Jessica (don't bother hiding your identity, the Eagle knows all),

David Round was not a member of the

Bluegreens when the mining proposals were discussed, so he can't speak with any authority on what consultation took place. In fact, there was significant consultation - some of the Bluegreens weren't happy, but that's politics. And in the end, the mining was cancelled anyway.

National is the party that actually passed the ETS, while Labour's faulty calculations saddled the country with a \$500m Kyoto liability. Meanwhile, the Greens... passed an anti-smacking bill. Make up your own mind about which party walks the walk on environmentalism.

The Eagle

I SEE WHAT U DID THERE

I hear you are lacking in letters this week:

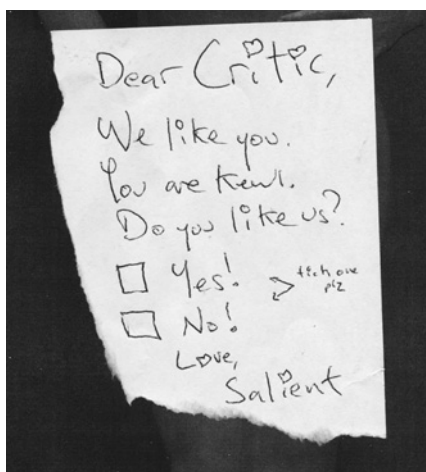
Its ok I can spare a few:

a b c d e f

Hope thats enough to get you through until next week!

Mason

LOVE IS ALL AROUND US



NOTICES

PROTEST

Come to the Union Lawn this Monday September 26 at 12pm to demonstrate against VSM. Left-wing and radical groups across the country will be rallying to show students' opposition to the bill.

Demands from OUSA and OPSA include freezing fee rises for 2012, stopping departmental cutbacks and a resounding NO to VSM!

JEWISH POT LUCK

Calling all Jewish students...

Rosh Hashana pot luck dinner on

Wednesday September 28 at 6pm.

Email jewishstudentsotago@gmail.com for location.

See you there!

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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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TOP 10



Basti Menkes rates the Top 10 Most Screwed-Up Fictional Characters

- 01 *Baba Yaga*** – began the convention for all children's stories to have a terrifying, child-eating old baddie.
- 02 *Pennywise the Dancing Clown*** – Stephen King's supernatural clown who fits the above description.
- 03 *Gollum*** – a schizophrenic, anorexic ex-hobbit who is obsessed with Frodo Baggin's jewellery.
- 04 *Belle (Beauty & the Beast)*** – she suffers from a serious case of Stockholm syndrome, and is in love with a large hairy dude. Semi-bestiality.
- 05 *Alice (in Wonderland)*** – yep. Drugs.
- 06 *Red Riding Hood*** – risked her life travelling through wolf-infested woods to deliver cakes to her gran.
- 07 *Red Riding Hood's grandma*** – there's a wolf on the loose for God's sake, pay for a fucking taxi.
- 08 *Roger (Lord of the Flies)*** – seriously, leave him to his own devices and he starts crushing fat kids with rocks.
- 09 *Snow White*** – an insecure hot chick who ran away to live with seven bearded midgets. As you do.
- 10 *Eeyore*** – dude, seriously. Cheer up.

Sloppy

A group of college students at the University of Pennsylvania who complained about the failure of their professor to turn up to class got an interesting response: 'he dead'.

The 75-year old professor of political science who was supposed to take the paper had in fact passed away several months before, without anyone in the university thinking to cancel the class. University authorities neatly underplayed the incident as an 'oversight', but unfortunately bloggers and commentators still eviscerated the political science department over its failure to notice that a paper was scheduled to be taught by a corpse. And not even a very fresh corpse at that.



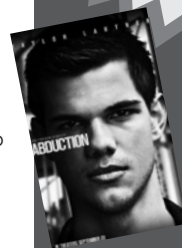
Money for lack of sex

A man from Nice in southern France has to pay his wife €10,000 in damages for "failing to fulfill her sexual needs for 21 years." 51-year-old Jean-Louis B. refused to service his now ex-wife for their entire marriage, and now he must make up for it with moolah, says section 215 of France's civil code (which states married couples agree to a "shared communal life").

Jean-Louis argued that he was often tired, and that health complications prevented him from getting his sex on, but the presiding judge shook his righteous head and stated: "a sexual relationship between husband and wife is the expression of affection they have for each other, and in this case it was absent".

The wife should have headed down to the Monkey Bar if she was lacking loving; that place is a veritable haven of sexual deviancy.

Win Win Win!!!



Abduction is an action-thriller directed by John Singleton.

For his whole life, Nathan Harper (Taylor Lautner) has had an uneasy feeling that

he's been living someone else's life. When he stumbles upon an image of himself as a little boy on a missing person's website, all of his fears come true.

Abduction is in cinemas on September 29, and *Critic*, along with Roadshow Films and OUSA, are giving you the chance to win one of two double passes. To be in to win, email your fav celeb who you wouldn't mind be abducted by to critic@critic.co.nz

www.abductionmovie.co.nz

RATED M - CONTAINS VIOLENCE AND OFFENSIVE LANGUAGE

7.3

million pounds sterling spent on the most expensive book ever sold (John James Audubon's *Birds of America*).

2060

year Sir Isaac Newton predicted the world will end.

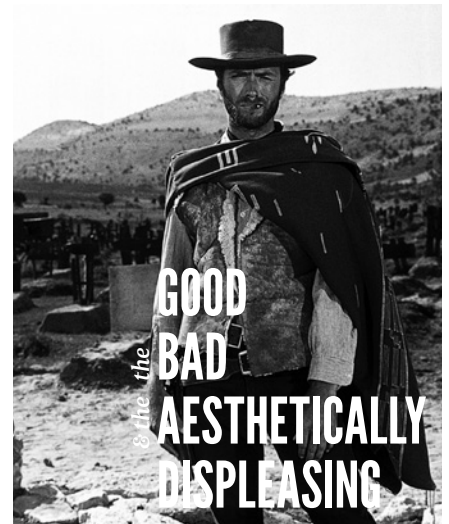


It's official: gingers not wanted

The world's largest sperm bank has struck another blow against the self-esteem of the redheaded community, after officially announcing that it will no longer accept semen from redheads.

The bank of spunk said that the decision was made due to the "low demand" for donations from redheads. The only nation in which there was significant demand for ginger sperm was Ireland, the bank stated.

The fact that even those desperate for a child are now refusing ginger sperm is being widely accepted as conclusive proof that redheads will be an endangered species within the next few generations. *Critic* greatly looks forward to going to the zoo in 40 years and throwing sandwiches into the ginger enclosure.



The Good

Making New Year's Plans Early

Yes, you will feel like a dick, organising what you will be doing a good 95 days from now, but if you do not, you will end up in a paddock with a box of warm white goon, a goat, some ready salted chips (no dip), and a gaggle of persons who are as similarly crap at life as you. Guaranteed.

The Bad

Brad Pitt

Whilst the man can make many a young lady's 'snatch' tingle, he really should keep that precious mouth of his firmly shut and not 'babel' about his ex-wife (See what I did there, eh, eh. Gross). Firmly Team Aniston, it pains me to read his insensitive comments about his "dull" marriage to said woman. Talk about rubbing Himalayan Pink Salt on the wound.

The Aesthetically Displeasing

Donald Trump

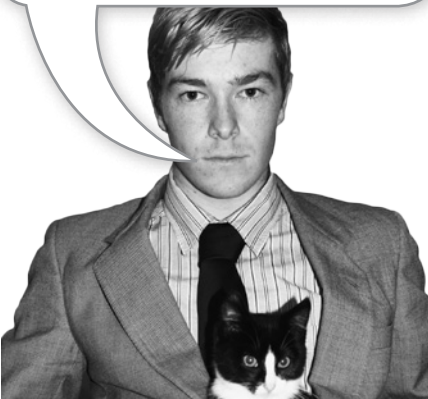
I hate this man. I hate his candyfloss-textured hair and I hate his meddling in American politics. You are loathsome. May you too be stuck in a paddock with ready salted chips and no dip. May you stand on a thousand Lego pieces. May you wake up in the morning to find no milk in the fridge. GRRR.

— *Kate Macey*

PRESIDENTIAL PRATTERINGS

THE LOGAN EDGARISM OF THE WEEK

"OUSA is a big toy. It's fucking fun to play with"



There's always one

Photographer Malcolm Brenner is set to release a new book, entitled *Wet Goddess*, which documents his nine-month sexual relationship with a dolphin in 1970. No, really.

Ruby, a dolphin who was living in captivity, is portrayed as the aggressor in these underwater liaisons, with Brenner claiming that she merely used him to satisfy her womanly needs whilst alone in her watery prison. This love affair apparently ended when Brenner left for college, with Ruby dying shortly after.

Brenner suggests in this ludicrous publication that she "probably died of a broken heart". Yeh.

25,000

books burnt by the German Students Association on May 10, 1933.

45

letters in the longest word in the dictionary, Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanoconiosis.

Vic Uni takes more moneyz

Government to *blame*



Victoria University Vice-Chancellor Pat Walsh smiles benignly in this lovely stock photo. Always a fan of rampant speculation, Critic proposes that Pat's hair seems a bit too bushy for a man of his age. Taking tips from a certain Australian cricketer are we Mr Walsh?

The Victoria University Council voted last week to increase fees for 2012 by 4%, meaning student loans will take a further beating.

The motion was unopposed, barring Victoria University Wellington Student Association (VUWSA) President Seamus Brady and University Council Rep Conrad Reyners, who voted against the fee increase. Both spoke at length about the burden that continual fee increases place on students, and stressed that increased fees could act as a deterrent to tertiary study.

"I feel it is imperative when we set fees that we are reminded of the impact that our decision will have on the lives of both students now and on our society in the future," Reyners said. "The current funding system is unsustainable and any solution must come from government. It's about time this university and others around the country took a firmer line and vocally reminded the government about the importance of funding students and the sector appropriately".

However, Victoria University insists that the increase was necessary due to the financial constraints as a result of reduced government funding for tertiary education.

"We make this recommendation with reluctance, but within the context of government funding we have no other choice," Vice-Chancellor Pat Walsh said.

The fee increase came as no surprise, as gradual fee increases at Victoria have led to an overall increase of 100 percent since 1997. A number of Vic students protested against raising fees at a recent We Are the University protest.

However, not all students were opposed to the increase. Act on Campus President Peter McCaffrey commented on *Salient's* Facebook wall "I'm disappointed that our student representatives are voting against quality education and in favour of cheap and nasty education".

The government allows universities to increase fees by a maximum of 4% per annum, exclusive of GST. Last year, Otago University increased tuition fees by 6.3% including a 2.3% rise due to GST rises, which was the maximum increase the University could make. Previous to 2010, the tuition fees increased by around 5% per annum.

Otago University fees will be set in November this year.

— Julia Hollingsworth, with reporting by Stella Blake-Kelly and Molly McCarthy (*Salient*)

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Scheme providing slave labour for old people in peril

The threat of VSM has claimed another victim, with the Student Life 'Scarfie Card' volunteer programme in jeopardy as it struggles to find financial backing.

The Scarfie Card concept was created by Student Life Director Aaron Thompson, with the scheme intended to help build bridges between students and city residents, while also providing a healthy alternative to excessive student drinking. The scheme allows students to volunteer to help other members of the community with chores or manual labour in return for points, which can then be exchanged for rewards via the Scarfie Card website.

Thompson ran a pilot programme earlier in the year involving two residential colleges, and students living in Castle St flats. The *ODT* reported that the initial trial targeted 728 students, with 170 registering for the scheme. Sixty of those that registered actually performed volunteer work.

However, despite the success of the trial, funding to expand the scheme has been difficult to obtain. Speaking to the *ODT*, Thompson stated that the scheme would cost \$102,000 annually. Thompson said that prior to the spectre of VSM he had hoped to receive \$25,000 from

the DCC, \$25,000 from the University, \$20,000 from a lottery grant, \$10,000 from OUSA and \$2000 from the Community Organisation Grants Scheme.

However, with both the DCC and OUSA facing their own financial woes, the odds of receiving the necessary funding to continue the scheme is unlikely. OUSA is facing potentially massive expenditure cuts in a VSM environment next year, while the DCC recently confirmed that it faces an annual \$8 million shortfall in dividend payments from its subsidiary companies.

Critic speculates that forking out \$50,000 on a big black cock in the Octagon probably hasn't helped the situation either.

Thompson felt the lack of support from local organisations was a massive shame, claiming that, "to lose the scheme simply consigns students back to their ghetto... where they are destined to repeat another year of alcohol-fuelled recreation."

Critic failed to see what was wrong with another year of fun at Monkey Bar, but then again we are traditionalists.

— **Lozz Holding**

.....

PLANET MEDIA

THE CRITIC

26 SEPTEMBER 2011

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Got mad crazy editing skills? Do you correct people's apostrophes on Facebook? We need a grammar god to edit our content and protect our high writing standards.

SPORTS REPORTER

5HRS P/W Does watching sport make you yearn to express yourself in print? Combine your passion for both writing and sport by covering Otago related sports events, interviewing prominent Otago sportspeople, and writing up our weekly sports wrap.

POLITICS REPORTER

8HRS P/W Does the left-right spectrum get you all excited? Do you secretly yearn for Duncan Garner? You could write about the Otago and New Zealand political scene, interview politicians, and break political news.

AD-DESIGNER

15-20HRS P/W Got an eye for design? We need a creative and expressive person to design ads for all our publications. You must have excellent design credentials, knowledge of print production, and experience with Photoshop, Illustrator and Adobe InDesign.

FEATURE WRITERS

5HRS P/W Fancy getting in depth and in detail? Know the difference between the active and passive voice? If you've got the writing skills to pay the bills, you could write feature stories for us about a range of issues.



Pop into the office for a job description or email critic@critic.co.nz with your application by 4pm Friday the 14th of October. Applications should include a cover letter, C.V. and short examples of your writing.

Critic arbitrarily blames fresher five for national obesity crisis

A recent study conducted by the University of Otago has confirmed New Zealand as the second fattest country among OECD nations. A quick scan of the campus confirmed the confirmation, with *Critic* finding a whole of lot students on campus suffering the effects of a diet grounded in Southern Gold and McDonald's.

Unfortunately, despite the heroic efforts of Dunedin students in packing on the pounds, New Zealand was still pipped for the gold medal by defending champions the United States of America.

The survey, commissioned by the Ministry of Health, found that 65 percent of New Zealand adults were classed as overweight, with 28 percent of the population being classed as obese. By contrast in 1977 only 44 percent of the population was overweight, with a mere 10 percent obese.

Critic spoke to students and asked if they had noticed an increase in the number of chubby people around Dunedin.

"I haven't actually seen that many fat people in North Dunedin, but around the rest of the country it's really bad" was the response of one female Commerce student.

"I think it's disgusting," commented a particularly disgruntled Politics student. "Not just to look at but that people think it is okay to treat their bodies in that way. I personally think that positive body image has been taken

too far. So many girls are overweight yet they are surrounded by all these messages in magazines that tell them they are 'normal'. It just makes me sad to think about the implications on their life and their future health."

Critic was lucky enough to meet an 'obese' person on campus to balance that vehement outburst with a more reasoned view. "I have a BMI of 32, even though it's mostly muscle. The system of measuring it is pretty fucked up," said an Alhambra rugby representative.

Critic also unscientifically polled a selection of Otago graduates on whether the habits learnt as students had continued on into professional life. One grad told *Critic* that they had, and that he was "only getting sloppier."

"When you combine 60 hours a week behind a desk with institutionalised binge drinking every moment you aren't at work, things only go one way. I had to buy new suit pants last week to fight my overflowing gut."

Meanwhile *Critic's* senior management, fearful of the impending tsunami of fiscal responsibility that is VSM, has been feverishly investigating various commercial opportunities based on selling our patented 'Double Down diet' as a cure to the obesity crisis.

— *Lozz Holding*

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AE053d

execrable

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

Arriving five minutes late meant that *Critic* missed the entire Budget discussion for the night. This got *Critic's* night off on a very positive note, as this revelation thankfully torpedoed the Editor's directive that we write a detailed and 'interesting' story on the budget and its implications. Whoop.

Postgrad Rep Thomas was present at the meeting via the Exec's latest technological toy, a much-needed conference phone. Whilst the phone represented an improvement on the previously failed attempts at Skyping, the rattling around on the other end of the line led to Logan's astute observation that "it sounds like Thomas is in the bath." Hot.

Bohemianly, Logan has decided to become an art collector, after he saw a piece at the OUSA Art Week that "caught his eye." The artwork is of "two chicks hooking up"; an image that Logan feels really expresses his

commitment to sexual diversity.

In between trips to local galleries, Logan also plans to attend a television interview that Heather Roy is giving and stand there with tape over his mouth. Katie's concerns that ripping the tape off his mouth could also rip off his dirty moustache alarmed Logan, who wants Heather "to be intimidated by my moustache." Sarah's request that Logan present himself as "an intelligent young man" was met by the lyrical assurance, "no worries, I'm smart as fuck."

The impending presence of Winston Peters on campus prompted Logan to spend the better part of the meeting elaborating on "the best idea for a red card ever". His plan involved making his flatmates dress up as old people and taking them along to VoteChat with Winston. Last we heard the unsuspecting flatmates were going to be given "tits down

to their knees," along with talcum powder, walking frames, and other aging devices. The idea was that the unexpected presence of so many of his key supporters at a campus event would have Winston frothing at the gash, with the expectation being that he would spend 98% of the student event outlining policies that only applied to the over 65s.

In response to Logan's plan, Francisco requested that OUSA provide Winston with a megaphone for the meeting; the oldies are often a bit hard of hearing after all. In a sign of the belt-tightening that has struck the Exec in recent times, they refused to waive the \$20 bond for the megaphone, although Logan generously stated that Winston's Gold Card would be an acceptable alternative deposit.

– **Aimee Gulliver**

Bouncing off the Halls

This time of year is an important milestone for the 2011 batch of freshers. Their clothes have accumulated a year's worth of living below the poverty line, they have developed a semi-respectable tolerance for SoGos, and most of them have realised they aren't getting into Med with a 55% average. In response to this development of a basic level of Scarfieness, the rest of us normal folk are no longer infuriated by their general presence, and in a few months it will be their turn to hurl abuse and faeces at the next generation of first years.

This week's fossicking amongst the halls found that Ball season is still on, and a large proportion of male hall residents are viewing these events as a fantastic opportunity to find a female inebriated enough to mistake them for Dan Carter/Justin Bieber. According to a traumatised staff member at a local suit hire shop, some Selwyn fresher handed back his suit with copious amount of dried semen

around the crotch area. Undoubtedly, this marginal specimen would love to claim he got lucky with a female on the dance floor, but realistically it's likely the soiled garment was merely a by-product of a quiet night alone with a load of Postie Plus flyers.

In more reassuring news, *Critic* can confirm that the number eight wire mentality is still alive and well in Dunedin. One creative, and apparently slightly mentally challenged, fresher thought it would be exciting to shit into the bowl through a tube constructed of used toilet paper rolls. After reportedly spending the best part of an hour building the contraption, the undomesticated delinquent squatted over the toilet in preparation for his moment of glory. Unfortunately the invention failed miserably, resulting in a large quantity of faeces piling up on the bathroom floor. Thankfully, however, the mess was cleaned up in a hygienic fashion, and the clogged

tube was thoughtfully placed in the common room bin as a warning to others not to try the same thing.

Meanwhile, a collection of Arana students returned from polishing off ten kegs in a forest and decided it would be 'pretty crack-up' to start a food fight at dinner. After being sent outside, one student didn't quite get the message, and continued hurling bits of undercooked schnitzel at his comrades. The student is now undergoing community service in the hall kitchen as a punishment for wasting a perfectly good meal that could have been reheated, and re-served, a week later. They can't feed you on \$7 a day if you throw away the leftovers, you know.

– **Lozz Holding**



Police arrest Mandela-wannabe on campus.

Police arrested a man on campus on Wednesday September 21 after he reportedly returned to the University after being trespassed earlier in the day. The man in question was hanging around the NORML 4/20 when he was accosted by police, though it is not clear if he had any ties to the group.

The man did not appear to resist arrest, though from our ivory towers, *Critic* observed him yelling "freedom" loudly as he was led away by the police.

Desiring freedom is fairly universal while handcuffed by police officers, and as such, it was not possible to divine if the words had any deeper meaning.

– Staff Reporter

Researchers awarded for outstanding research. Makes sense.

Six University of Otago academics have been presented with research awards for their early career achievements.

Dr James Crowley, of the Chemistry department has received acknowledgment for his research in self-assembly, molecular recognition and the development of molecular machines.

Dr Peter Fineran, a microbiology and immunology expert has his published findings about bacterial gene regulation and virus interaction in several leading international journals and received recognition for this.

Dr Dione Healey from the Psychology department received recognition for her research in ADHD and presented her findings to MPs in Parliament.

Dr Shinichi Nakagawa of the Zoology department studies behavioural sciences and evolutionary biology. He was recently named Otago University Students' Association 2010 new supervisor of the year.

Dr Clare Strachan (Pharmacy) analyses medicine formulations to ensure the release of drugs from them improves therapeutic response.

Dr Shieak Tzeng, who works at the Otago Medical school campus in Wellington has pioneered research linking blood pressure and cerebral blood flow control mechanisms for stroke treatments.

Each award is accompanied by a \$5000 grant for research and scholarly development.

– Lozz Holding

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VOTE CHAT:

THE QUEEN OF THE TWEETS

CLARE CURRAN

*Leading into the November election, politics lecturer Bryce Edwards is hosting New Zealand politicians each Friday at Noon. Last Friday, Labour MP co-leader **Claire Curran** talked about her emotions, her love of Twitter and Facebook and the state of journalism in New Zealand.*



Clare Curran is a bit of a renegade. Earlier this year, she was kicked out of parliament for wearing a Highlander's jersey (not the most savvy of fashion choices). Then came a blogosphere storm in a teacup after Curran criticised left voters for being so harsh on Labour. But despite all the drama that seems to constantly swirl around the newly crowned "Queen of Twitter", she came across as passionate, considered and insightful in the latest instalment of Vote Chat.

Curran was born into a family where politics was often discussed over the dinner table, and soon became interested in justice and injustice. She attributes her political involvement to her genes, specifically her "rebel Irish blood", and while she never meant to get into politics, she felt that it was almost something she couldn't help doing. Curran went on to study Anthropology and History at our very own Otago University, where she was lectured by ex-Finance Minister Michael Cullen.

Unlike her A-plus toting Labour party colleague David Cunliffe, Curran claims she was a "pretty unremarkable student", instead becoming a "student of life", with a passion for learning new stuff and a fascination for what makes us human. She worked at Robbie Burns, drank at the Cook, and was "a little bit" into the band scene.

After her honours year at Vic, Curran spent four years as a journalist, sidestepping journalism school. Journalists aren't usually seen as the most moral of characters, especially in light of the British hacking scandal. Curran, by contrast, believes that politicians are human beings too, and as such, their personal lives should be out of bounds. She thinks that politicians are held to a level of public scrutiny that no one else in society is. The oft-held media attitude that all politicians are liars makes things hard for both the politicians and the journalists (although Curran insists that most politicians are genuine people who hold really strong beliefs on things).

On the topic of alcohol, Curran is quick to dismiss moves to raise the drinking age. She is, however, pretty bothered by how drinking behaviour has been shaped into a young person issue, rather than an issue that affects all of society. Instead of raising the drinking age, Curran believes that communities need to take responsibility, the price

of alcohol needs to be considered (and possibly raised) and the percentage of alcohol tax could be increased. When Edwards tried to draw Curran on whether this would negatively impact on her low-income constituents, she dismissed the idea that alcohol needs to stay low cost like milk (for instance), saying "I don't consider alcohol a staple food".

Curran is almost as socially liberal as they come; she's pro legalising marijuana for medicinal purposes, she's pro gay-marriage, and to top it all off, she's an agnostic (although her Catholic background sometimes causes her to let slip the odd "Hail Mary"). Predictably, an audience member asked Curran whether she'd smoked pot, to which Curran, again rather predictably, replied "yes". Edwards attempted to cash in on the salacious question, asking whether Curran drank recreationally (answer: yes, sort of. She likes a glass of wine, and occasionally a small whisky).

Curran sees gay marriage as a human rights issue rather than a political issue. That said, she maintains that the state shouldn't interfere with religions, so while gay marriage should be legal, it should be the church's prerogative who they'll marry. And while civil unions don't go far enough, she doesn't see civil unions as a cop out, as they show us evolving as a society and becoming more mature.

New Zealand is notoriously politically apathetic, and to combat this, Curran is all for having civics education at school, and encouraging activism at a young age. She thinks people are distrustful of politicians, although social media is a way to have more direct contact, something Curran herself is at the forefront of. Dubbed "the Queen of Twitter" by Edwards, Curran is a prolific tweeter and Facebook updater, as well as the woman behind the Labour Red Alert blog, often posting statuses that are on the more emotional side of the spectrum. But Curran, who says she engages with social media because she "likes communicating", says expressing oneself through 140 characters is risky business (perhaps that's why National doesn't try it), and requires a lot of discipline. While, Curran tries to have an opinion on most things, she notes, "I'm not always right". And, although journalists may suggest otherwise, "it's okay to acknowledge that your views change over time".



Manu Tuilagi

Code. It's on everyone's lips at the moment. How well did the Irish take down the Australians last week? Why can't the English completely convince the crowds that they've won the game? Will the All Blacks have stepped up to the plate over the weekend? What is not at question, however, is how well the teams around the country are doing promoting the sport at the grassroots level. Since arriving in Dunedin, the English have been to Christchurch, done a hospital visit and when **Georgie Fenwicke** met the English centre and wing, Manu Tuilagi, they were schooling the First XV of Otago Boys in a few passing drills. Only twenty-years old, Tuilagi has been compared to Lomu since rising through the English leagues. What you might not know about him is that he rates O'Driscoll as his toughest opponent (granted, after Saturday) and he actually likes heights.

How did you rate the Otago Boys First XV today?

Really good stuff there.

Did you pick up any tips?

Absolutely. They have a different style of play to where I'm from.

How are you enjoying Dunedin so far?

Not too bad.

The student population treating you well from the stands?

Yeah, the crowds are amazing. At both games. It was quite surprising; there were a lot of Georgians last night.

You have been compared to Jonah Lomu throughout this tournament; his strength was seen in his power and speed, have you tried to build on these skills?

Jonah Lomu was my idol; he is the absolute star of this game. For me, I just try to be the best I can be.

In terms of your preparation before the game, do you go through a particular routine?

I wake up pretty late. If it is a late game, I have a bit of a lie in. And then I have my meal about three hours before the game so I don't throw up on the field.

Are you looking forward to playing the Romanian side this week?

I am really looking forward to it. It was a tough game last night but we got the win and I got a try which was good.

Did you get to watch the Australia-Ireland game on Saturday?

I did, the Irish boys came out firing which was great to see.

Speaking about competition, your brother is playing for Samoa and was unfortunately beaten by the Welsh the other day. How has it been competing with family in the RWC?

It's hard luck that they lost out. I always talk to my family and with my brothers, but my brothers always chuck a bit of banter my way. But at the end of the day, it is just rugby.

Every player is confronted by the reality and possibility of injury, how do you overcome it?

Sometimes it's unlucky; you are just in the wrong place at the wrong time. One of our players has gone home already after one game with a shoulder injury. It proves how privileged you are to be fit and be playing. I got an injury on my hamstring and I was out for two months and it was absolutely horrible, very frustrating.

Graham Henry has come out and said that the strategy in the All Blacks camp is to take the competition as a whole instead of one game at a time. What is the mentality of the English team at the moment?

I think it is just taking it day-by-day, game-by-game. You don't really want to look too far ahead because you're missing the right here and now. It's just taking it day-by-day and getting a win and to perform.

Are they giving you a bit of time off to explore Dunedin and its surrounds?

Yeah, definitely. After training, if you haven't got anything on you can have the evening to go out and do whatever you want which is good. We have a day off once a week.

And you're finding things to do okay?

Last week was really fun in Queenstown.

You headed white water rafting I understand?

We went jet boating and up in the helicopter where we saw some amazing views. We didn't get a chance to do a bungee jump.

Would you rather bungee jump or sky dive?

I would do both.

You're not scared of heights?

I am scared of heights, but I would like the experience. I always give things a go.

Would there be anyone in the English side who wouldn't be as keen?

There are a few boys. Lewis Moody, Ben Youngs and Courtney Lawes, and Jonny. Enough said about that.

The Confessional

The Confessional
I've come to the conclusion
That all poets
Must be guilty of something
Because poetry
Is in itself
An act of confession.
Confession of the sins
Risen from the
Gutters and alleys
Of the heart,
The mind
And the prick.
It is a cleaning act.
A desperate plea
For forgiveness
With the vague hope
It will be heard.
Poetry is confession.
And our penance is
Waking up the next day
And pretending to live
As if we've
Found redemption
In the eyes of one
Who cannot see.

– Tim A. Rou

Conquer Love

I tried to conquer love
In the ridicule of silence
Where I had lost too many battles
With my other favourite addictions.
But your divine eyes
In their gentle reluctance
Are one drink
That I just can't finish.
Abstinence has never been
My favourite pastime
And you're in all the lines
On history's coffee table
In the moon's constant struggle
With inevitable darkness
On the lips of every suicidal businessman
Who's fallen off the ladder.
You'll be there to applaud
When I'm rid of my demons
So clean and sensible
Small talk and awkward smiles
Tea with no sugar
General fucking politeness
Absence, where there was conflict
All because you decided
Not to pull me off the wagon.

– Tim A. Rou



The Bohemian Girls, at Twenty

Dressed in their thrift store finery,
They laugh and sip tea and talk of a charity
That they all volunteer at in their limited spare time
Then they aren't working. I'm
Surprised that they don't burn out at
Both ends – they're involved in everything and
Then they have their cocktails and their frock
Sales and all those peaceful protests and, of
Course, not to mention, all that casual sex.

Tonight, there's a show, and they're all
(except the Asian) going to go, even though
It's a Monday and it's nearing exams. The
Band is something local, underground, and
Sarah's fucking the vocalist, which, apparently,
Is a huge deal, because Sarah's a real prude,
Normally. But, says Lolita, laughing,
Can you really blame her,
With a boring old name like Sarah? She's
Bound to be frigid. And Sarah, she
Smiles, quite uninjured – it must be a running
Joke they have, a sort of shibboleth
Of the group.

They begin to leave, Sarah scooping her
Artistic battered books and falling slightly
Behind the rest. As she disappears in her
Patchwork dress, I smell her perfume,
Lingering like violets in the
Room where I still sit.

They always, those girls,
Make me feel so inadequate.

– Lauren Hayes

FAKIE

by Siobhan Milner

“WELL, YOU WANT TO MAKE THE MOST OF HIGH tide, don’t you?”, Anton gestured in the direction of the beach out the sliding doors.

“Yeah, but it’s been a while since I’ve been out in the surf,” the taller of the two mumbled back, cradling an aching head in his hands.

Anton laughed at Nicky. “Come on, man, the sea breeze will clear your head, bring your vision back, you’ll forget you ever even drank anything!”

The mere mention of drinking made Nicky feel sick to his stomach, and he supposed that time spent in a place that was free of clouds and full of waves probably shouldn’t be wasted feeling sorry for himself. Even so, the illness, pain and general unwanted toxins that had invaded his body really weren’t doing him any wonders. But the sight of the surf out the windows was leaving his partner in crime itching to get out in the sun, so he had no choice but to pick his heavy body up and head down to the beach.

Nicky threw rocks into the violent waves as hard as he could just to vent some of his frustration. “I swear, her parents must be millionaires or something, did you see the size of the place last night?” Anton carried on, blissfully unaware of the fact that Nicky couldn’t care less how big the house had been.

The locals knew how to throw parties, and this was one of the few that had actually been in a house rather than on a beach or at bar.

“Yep. Maybe,” Nicky replied shortly, heaving the next rock as hard as he could, narrowly missing a passing gull.

Anton finally noticed that something was up when the bird squawked indignantly. “Come on, man, you’re not dead. So what if she rejected you? You still had a sweet night, right?”

Nicky remembered playing Ultimate Frisbee on the beach before they all headed up; the girl laughed with him when she tripped and pushed him to the ground. That sealed his fate for the night; with a body like that against you once, you do whatever you can to have it happen again.

He wasn’t long out of college, but Nicky still had the mind of a pubescent teenaged boy, and the girl did nothing to help combat that. He still ticked in the same way; lying in bed at night thinking about this hotel maid turning up in his room in an outfit a lot less covering, a lot more French.

What Anton didn’t realise was that Nicky didn’t receive the cold shoulder the night before. She’d been as interested as he could have hoped for, with a lightning bolt flash in her eyes that he seldom saw in any woman’s. He couldn’t have predicted a better response to his intoxicated

approaches if she’d been paid to do it. He’d been a stones throw away from spending the night with her when he noticed. Where there’s smoke, there’s fire, and he really should have sounded the alarm bells a lot earlier.

Nicky watched the waves begin peacefully in the distance, swell to breaking point, then crush any poor swimmer that happened to be in its path. The air was hot and humid, and he needed to stop thinking. “Bro, let’s just surf, alright?”

Anton’s face lit up, “Alright, finally! The surfing season only lasts so long, you know!”

After a couple of hours of riding the waves, they brought themselves back in to block up again, as their antipodean skin wasn’t quite used to so much sunlight.

“So why’d she say no?” Anton asked, shaking his dirty blonde hair dry, “She not into white guys?”

Sick of hearing about ‘her,’ this set him off. “For fuck’s sake, man, she didn’t turn me down!” the second the words came out of his mouth, he regretted it, and instantly redirected his gaze back towards the waves. His dirty blonde partner in crime looked as though he’d just been told that his friend had day-tripped to Everest the day prior. A lone cloud passed overhead, and Nicky continued looking out as his friend tried to figure out what the hell he was talking about.

“But... You came downstairs out of her room with a face like a thunderstorm,” Anton reasoned, scratching the back of his head. Nicky sighed and began to explain, “Like I said, she didn’t turn me down. She just turned out to have a few more secrets that I’d hoped for.”

His friend’s expression implored him for answers, so Nicky continued, “She was keen, really keen... But then I put my hand up her dress and...” he trailed off.

Anton’s jaw dropped and his capacity for listening had run out, “No fucking way. She wasn’t- No way!” Anton looked like his eyes were about to pop out of his skull.

Nicky’s face reddened a little more, and a few more clouds began to roll in. They were, after all, there only two weeks before the wet season was due to begin.

“Mate, please tell me she isn’t!” His friend obviously wasn’t satisfied with any vague references to last night’s encounter.

“She is! She fucking is!” Nicky spat back in anger, his stomach churning again, “She’s a fucking dude!”

Anton’s eyes widened, and for a second there was silence- until it was broken by his hysterical laughter. Nicky threw the biggest rock he could into the waves while his friend rolled around on the sand.



The Printed Word: RIP?

By Phoebe Harrop

The future of print media always comes down to the ultimate question; why pay to have in your hand what you can get free with your mouse? When we're inundated with information from all ends of the interweb, why would we bother parting with our hard-earned cash for the same information in paper version? Or, to use a close-to-home hypothetical: would you pay for Critic if you could read the exact same stuff online?

The cheerily named *newspaperdeathwatch.com* thinks that print media is goneburger. With its website masthead modelled on a daily newspaper – cheeky – this site describes itself as “chronicling the decline of newspapers and the rebirth of journalism”. The website’s creator Paul Gillan claims he’s not *enjoying* the newspaper’s demise (he describes himself as a “newspaper junkie from way back” – whatever that means) but rather that he has borne witness to incontrovertible “tectonic shifts that are taking place in the media world, changes that will ultimately destroy 95% of American major metropolitan newspapers”.

That’s a big percentage. He’s bluffing, right? Well, ah, um, maybe not. In 2009 alone, 105 American newspapers closed their doors, with the print sector losing 24,500 jobs in the same period. Of course, the upshoot of that has been an exponential jump in online news jobs and readership. But if people don’t pay for what they read online, how do these websites survive?

In some ways, online publications are much sounder beasts than their read-it-at-the-table-over-Weetbix, stuff-it-in-your-damp-soccer-boots counterparts: they are free to publish, they don’t use any nasty poisonous inks, and they don’t require paper. That’s good, because we love trees. Online newspapers still survive the way they always have – by selling advertising space for lotsa money – only now, the ads are all animated and jumping across your screen irritatingly when you’re trying to do today’s stuff.co.nz quiz. Alternatively, if you’re of the money-grabbing Rupert Murdoch class of newspaper magnates, you can make people pay good money to read online editions: the *Times* now charges readers \$15 for a four-week subscription to its online news – that same news that readers had been getting absolutely gratis until March.

The Wall Street Journal has also successfully begun to make money from an online subscription system; although its ability to do so is arguably made possible by its elite readership, who know what they want and can have the Wall Street salaries to pay for it. And then you have stellar sites such as www.odt.co.nz, which piggybacks off its physical print version. That’s just dandy as long as the *ODT* has its local silver-haired newspaper-reading stalwarts (who haven’t operated The Interweb in their lives) but once that generation passes on and the computer literate under-70-year-olds of this town realise that the online *ODT* is no better than the real version, there will literally be no one to read it in either incarnation. And then New Zealand’s oldest surviving daily newspaper will be no more. And a new fuel will have to be sought for Castle St’s furniture fires.



Image copyright Marion Doss

Paul Gillan claims that print media has done its dash: “the economic foundation of these media scions is badly broken. The high fixed cost of print publishing makes the major metro newspaper business model unsustainable in a world that increasingly wants information to be free.” Now I’m all for a free and frank exchange of information, but still, nevertheless, however, maybe, just maybe, there’s something a bit nice about picking up that soggy *ODT*, peeling apart the pages of so-called “News” to reach the best bit of all (“Regions”, obviously). It’s possible that newspapers hold such a special place in the heart of the nation that we’ll never be quite satisfied with reading our news online.

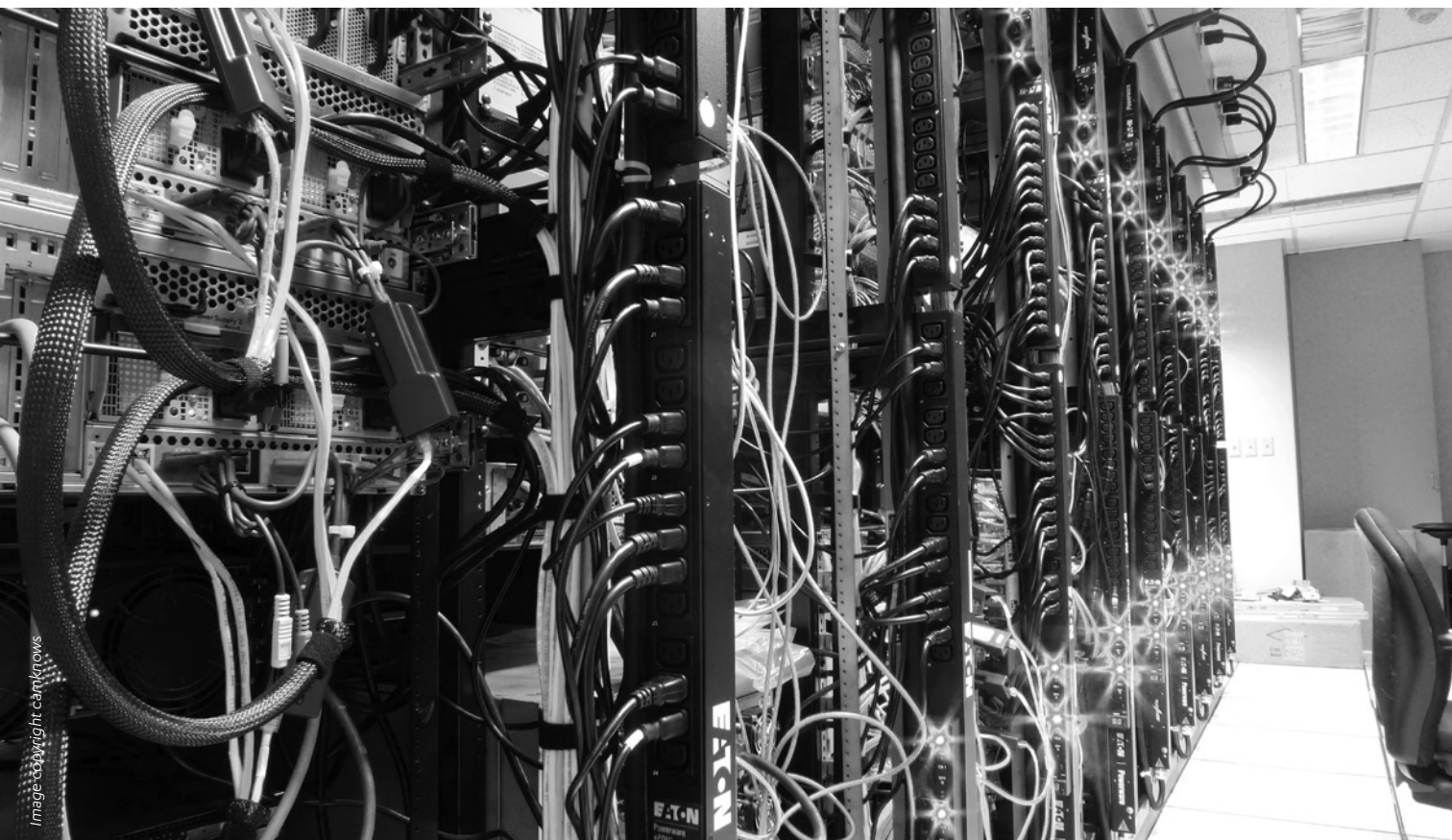
They might be more specialist, they might have a smaller, more elite readership, but chances are that in some shape or form they will survive.”

Dr Geoff Craig, of Otago’s Department of Media, Film and Communication, agrees: “While newspapers are in a lot of difficulty now, particularly in the United States where we’ve seen a number of closures of prominent media newspapers over the last year or so, I think that it will be a while before they die out completely because of their advantages: their portability, their ease of access, that kind of thing. While traditional spaces and times of reading newspapers have changed with the decline of mass public transport, I think it’s still the case that newspapers will survive.

They might be more specialist, they might have a smaller, more elite readership, but chances are that in some shape or form they will survive.” As Dr. Nigel Jamieson will tell you in *LAWS101* (should you have the privilege), the medium is the message. So what will this shift from print to web media do to the content of our news? Craig says “you engage with the text in different ways because of the characteristics of the medium ... Obviously [online media] does facilitate an easier, quicker, scanning of text, but people scan newspapers as well. They read headlines, they read the lead paragraph, and they move on. But online media perhaps facilitates that scanning better.” Craig also points out that “the great thing about online media is that if people want to investigate a topic in more depth, hyperlinks [etc] can take you to other sources of information in a way that even print media, for all its depth of information, can’t match.”

If the way we read online media is different to its printed cousin, a change in journalistic approach is also required. Craig agrees: “As there is convergence in media, there is convergence in journalistic practice, so you have to be able to write for a newspaper, do an online version and, increasingly, some kind of broadcast version as well. That kind of multi-skilling is now a generic requirement for journalists.” Of course, there are plenty of publications which simply copy and paste articles intended for physical print onto their webpage (*cough* *Critic*), but as the internet-based audience becomes more discerning, that may change.

The idea that we may have to pay for our online news – à la the *Times*, or the *Wall Street Journal* – could mean a couple of things. In reaction,



people may opt for free but potentially inaccurate or lower-quality news. But Craig says that this isn't necessarily the blanket response: "What we have seen is a lot of the most frequently-visited online news sites are those fed by existing news organisations. Why? Because they are deemed to be more trustworthy in many ways... And also more comprehensive because they have the financial resources to provide a broad range of stories and in-depth coverage."

The history of the introduction of a new communication medium means that the old communication medium doesn't die out, it changes

The flipside of this is that we may get greater diversity of information. Rather than relying on New Zealand's current Australian-controlled Fairfax/APN-dominated print news media to feed us whichever stories it deems fit, we have access to a world of opinions and coverage. "Online news media ... does, in some way, challenge the increasing concentration of media ownership that we've seen throughout the whole of the twentieth and into the twenty-first century. But there's still a hierarchy of news media."

There's also the small matter of e-Books, which for similar reasons – of convenience, tree-hugging (but don't mention the e-waste) and

cost – are sure to become more and more popular. Will the desire to hold a weighty tome in your hands, see how many pages are left, scribble in the margins and use that naff bookmark with your name embossed on it (which your grandma gave you for your eleventh birthday) ever ebb away enough that we'll say The End to the printed book? After all, you can't exactly judge an e-book by its two-million-pixels-per-square-inch cover. While the advent of the e-book has certainly threatened the sales of traditional books, e-books are unlikely to herald the end of the printed word. Craig says: "The history of the introduction of a new communication medium means that the old communication medium doesn't die out, it changes. So when television came in, people said 'oh, radio will die'. Radio didn't die: it changed, it transformed, and it negotiated the relationship between itself and television. And I think the same thing will happen with books and e-books ... Whether [something] is an e-book or a printed book will depend on the kind of text that it's dealing with."

So while the web has begun to leave its indelible, internetty mark on the way we access news media and literature, it is unlikely to fully wipe out print media just yet. For there is something romantic about old fashioned printed-words-on-a-page, something deeply satisfying about turning over each leaf; that clicking on a webpage (which could be *bbc.co.uk* one minute, *Red Tube* the next) just doesn't provide. And besides, what would y'all do without *Critic* now, hmm?

A close-up photograph of a woman's hand gently holding the head of a severely malnourished young child. The child's face is emaciated, with visible ribs and a large, open mouth. The child is wearing a white headscarf with a colorful floral pattern. The woman is wearing a light-colored sleeve. In the background, other people are visible, including a person in a yellow and orange striped shirt and a person in a red and white patterned shirt. The setting appears to be a camp for Internally Displaced Persons (IDPs) in Mogadishu.

Somalia 2.0

A woman holds her severely malnourished young child in a camp for Internally Displaced Persons (IDPs) in Mogadishu. Photo by Stuart Price, UN Photo



What happens when climate change, civil war, and Islamist terrorism collide?

Drought has destroyed crops over the entire Horn of Africa, where over 12 million people are now threatened by famine. In Southern Somalia, where the Islamist group al-Shabaab is in control, nearly 3 million people are facing starvation. The United States has refused to work with any group that deals with al-Shabaab, effectively cutting off aid to this desolated region. The result is the worst famine to hit Africa in over 50-years. This perfect storm has shown up the international community's ability to deal with humanitarian crisis. *Critic's* **Joe Stockman** looks into the causes and effects of yet another famine in Africa.

Famine in Africa

The rains first failed in October last year; again in April, they never came. The Horn of Africa, made up of Somalia, Ethiopia, Uganda, Kenya, Djibouti, Eritrea and Southern Sudan, is a volatile region. Whereas the rains used to come biannually, they now come only every second year. When they do come, they wash away the soil, leaving nothing. An area the size of Texas has

become desert in fifty years. According to the UN, over 12 million people are threatened with starvation, displacement and malnutrition.

This drought is a one in sixty year event. Even if the rains come now, there will be no harvest until 2012. Millions will require aid over the coming years. But drought is only the condition, and not the cause, of famine. The US and Australia have both suffered droughts in recent years, yet obesity still reigns supreme in both. Famine is about climate change destroying the land that subsistence farmers rely on. It is about



Somali men carry a severely malnourished child to the headquarters of the African Union Mission in Somalia (AMISOM) for emergency medical treatment. Photo by Stuart Price, UN Photos

the price of food rising 270% a year in a land already gripped by poverty. And it is about war and conflict, which make the distribution of aid nearly impossible.

It was thought that this would never happen again in Africa. It is sixty years since there was a famine in Europe, thirty since the last in Asia. Since the devastating Ethiopian famine in the 1980s, in which hundreds of thousands died, a famine early warning system has been established. Massive warehouses have stockpiled food supplies, and criteria for famine were established, designed to trigger an international response: 2 deaths per 10,000 people in a day, or 4 per day if they're children, and acute child malnutrition exceeding 30% of the population. In some areas of Somalia, the child malnutrition rate is now over 50%. Even the economists have modelled famine relief. The price of intervention skyrockets the longer we wait: if a child is given food aid before there are malnourished, it costs around \$7 to get them back to a healthy weight. Once they are starving, it costs \$24. A cruelly detached way to discuss a starving child, but one at least that international leaders should understand.

Why?

So what went wrong? How was this drought allowed to cause such a devastating famine? For their part, the UN was too slow declaring this a famine, afraid of asking the debt-riddled West for aid. In a sign of the times, Brazil has pledged twice the financial assistance of France and Germany combined. Making matters worse, Western aid agencies aren't reaching the needy, while outlandishly claiming that they are. Even Oxfam claimed to be reaching hundreds of thousands of starving Somalis, when in fact it has no presence delivering food aid in Somalia (they do work in the camps refugee camps outside of Somalia).

There is no shortage of food in the world. The Institute for Food and Development Policy estimates that there is enough, even of basic staples, to provide every single person with 3500 calories per day; far exceeding the daily minimum. The problem lies in distribution, and in protecting subsistence farmers when their crops fail, or when conflict drives them from their land. In other secure areas, aid is being delivered and distributed. But in Southern Somalia, where an estimated 750,000 people may starve to death in the next year, no aid is getting through. What is so different about Somalia that its people must die?

Somalia: 1991

In 1991, the communist regime of Mohamed Siad Barre collapsed, and Somali descended into a brutal, clan based, civil war. Clan rivalries over resources, which in the past would have been fought with spears and arrows, were now decided with AK-47s and RPGs. By early 1992, 300,000 were dead in the famine caused by the conflict, and the United Nations finally decided to act. Followed in to Somalia by US forces, they attempted to create a secure environment in which food and medical aid could be distributed. The tragedy of the 'Black Hawk Down' incident in the capital Mogadishu, and the related death of twenty-three Pakistani peacekeepers in the weeks earlier, saw the UN abandon Somalia, leaving the country to its fate.

For the nearly twenty years since, Somalia has been without a central government, and has become one of the poorest and most lawless places on the planet. A regular of 'failed state' lists, Southern Somalia is ruled by a loose association of Islamist groups known as al-Shabaab (the Youth). Comparable to the Taliban, they seek the creation of an Islamic sheikdom in Somalia, and the installation of their own interpretation of strict Sharia Law (Sharia law is the traditional, fundamentalist style of strict Islamic punishments, for instance, beheadings, amputations, and stonings).

Somalia 2.0

Today Somalia remains at war. Fighting between al-Shabaab and the Transitional Federal Government (the internationally recognised government in Somalia) makes food distribution in Southern Somalia nearly impossible. Since the U.S. declared al-Shabaab a terrorist organisation (they have carried out, and continue to carry out, acts of international terrorism) they refuse to fund organisations that have any contact with al-Shabaab. With al-Shabaab controlling the roads, and demanding tolls from aid convoys, this makes distribution impossible. For their part, al Shabaab steals food aid to provide it to their own fighters; in 2010, they expelled the UN World Food Program (WFP), accusing it of acting as a U.S. proxy. All of this, on top of the desperate violence and insecurity that plagues the country: in the two years before the WFP was ejected, 14 of their staff were killed.

Today there are an estimated 500,000 internal refugees in Mogadishu,

Making matters worse, Western aid agencies aren't reaching the needy, while outlandishly claiming that they are



A Somali woman holds a malnourished child, waiting for medical assistance from the African Union Mission in Somalia. Photo by Stuart Price, UN Photos

the capital of Somalia. And despite al-Shabaab recently retreating from Mogadishu, in the face of heavy fighting, so far no food aid has been distributed in the capital. In those parts of the country where al-Shabaab continue to rule, they refuse access to most agencies, even the Muslim aid group Red Crescent.

There are no easy solutions to the problems in Somalia. Strong central government is needed, but it cannot be backed up by white soldiers with helicopters and gunships. Al-Shabaab has launched terror attacks across Africa, and since 2010 has given up denying links to al Qaeda. The U.S. continues to carry out counter terror operations in Somalia – targeted killings of terrorist operatives by drones, cruise missiles and helicopter gunships. But their efforts are not aimed at ending the violence; their goal is to contain the killing within Somalia. For many Somalis, the only option is to pick up their few possessions and start walking.

Dadaab

Dadaab is the world's largest refugee camp. Set up in northern Kenya for refugees of the 1991 Somalia civil war, it originally housed just over 45,000 people. Since the famine broke out last year, 1300 people arrive at Dadaab, on average, each day (there were 40,000 arrivals last June alone). The population has swelled to nearly 300,000. Many of the young adults were born in the camp, and have lived their entire lives there.

The refugees must walk to Dadaab, a journey that on average takes 23 days. Scrounging for food and water, they arrive with the stories of their dead: family members who died on the arduous journey. Many children, orphaned, arrive in large groups, banded together in an effort to survive. Once there, people are given basic staples, and sent to the edge of the camp to await registration. It can take weeks waiting in the 40 degree

heat before the lifesaving ration card is given out.

The camp operates on a meagre budget of \$33million USD a year (\$110 per year, per refugee). The camp is run by the major international aid agencies, and staffed largely by Kenyans. The refugees have set up business and schools within the camp; there is no longer any hope of returning to their homes. Off the coast of Somalia, dozens of international war ships patrol the coast, defending shipping lines from piracy. The annual cost to run each individual warship is twice that spent on running the camp.

What can you do?

We're poor students, right, what the heck can we do to cure starvation in far-off Africa? More than you might think. Just \$100 can keep a family of six alive for two more weeks. If you want to help, it's really not that hard. Pull the most boring Red Card ever, Monopoly night at the flat, with Tim Tams and tea. And whatever the flat would have spent on alcohol, donate it instead to the Red Cross, Oxfam, or TEAR Fund. Or go to Monkey and get your shuffle on again. It's your choice.

For more information or to make a donation, visit the following sites:

<http://www.oxfam.org.nz/> – **Horn of Africa Appeal**

<http://www.redcross.org.nz/donate> – **East Africa Crisis Appeal**

<http://www.tearfund.org.nz/> – **Horn of Africa Food Crisis**

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COURTNEY



DANIEL



SARAH



JOE

JOHNTY



What do you think the future of the ODT will be?

Johnnty: I personally hate the ODT, but it will find a way to carry on.

Joe: It'll fail. It needs better reporting to keep going.

Daniel: It'll become more commercialised and capitalised. It's what's needed in the current climate.

Courtney: It will become more easily accessible and it'll give more options to readers.

Sarah: In the lining of my wastepaper basket.

When was the last time you read a book for fun? What was it?

Johnnty: Mid-semester break, *Owls Don't Cry* by Janet Frame.

Joe: A month before I started uni... I can't remember... Salman Rushdie?

Daniel: Just about a year ago; *Leonardo the First Scientist*.

Courtney: I'm reading one at the moment, it's about Bear Grylls.

Sarah: In the Mid-semester break. *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac. Re-read it actually...

How many RWC games does New Zealand have left?

Johnnty: 4 games, a loss at semis.

Joe: 2, hopefully.

Daniel: 5 games, they'll win!

Courtney: They're going to win!

Sarah: 2, won't pass the pool.

What do you think of sex ed. in New Zealand?

Johnnty: Pretty good from what I've experienced, I think it should be more of a family matter though.

Joe: I got it in the UK instead.

Daniel: It's been desensitized and taken away from the family. The responsibility shouldn't be in the school's hands, but parents should be taught better.

Courtney: Better than other places.

Sarah: Having it on the agenda makes it seem as if sex is a taboo when it shouldn't be.

Who, alive or dead, should be OUSA's next president?

Johnnty: Oscar Wilde.

Joe: Daniel Benson-Gui

Daniel: The Messiah.

Courtney: Bear Grylls.

Sarah: Helen Clarke.



AFFIRMATIVE

The works of Shakespeare are old, dry and incomprehensible to most people today. It doesn't really matter how much of a genius he was and how entertaining the works are supposed to be, if you can't actually read them without extensive explanatory notes or a teacher to help you, their importance is never going to be greater than the realm of a few English professors and independent theatre groups. He was great for a while but culture has, inevitably, moved on.

The Harry Potter novels are, by contrast, an international phenomenon. Both adults and children have been caught up in the story for over a decade, only concluding with the last film this year. That's actually about the same length of time as Shakespeare's best days, and realistically Shakespeare didn't write more than seven or eight great plays anyway (no one cares about *A Comedy of Errors* or *Measure for Measure*, for good reason). They've actually reminded the world how to read, how to imagine, and are possibly the greatest example of escapist fiction ever written, as they ingeniously take everything that's boring about our lives and make them interesting, by showing us a magical world that supposedly simmers below the surface of everything. Shakespeare didn't actually change theatre or people's attitudes to anything, he just did a good job of giving people what they wanted at the time.

I'm not going to deny Shakespeare has some literary merit. But that doesn't mean Harry Potter doesn't. The books actually act as a fairly clever parody of the real world. Class, the exclusive English school system, and the British government all get swiped at throughout the series. Best of all, the sense of hidden danger that could come back to threaten everything we stand for that permeates the series actually captures the zeitgeist of the last decade very well. And if you want to say it has a repetitive narrative structure, remember that Shakespeare's plays have entirely predictable storylines, virtually always borrowed from somewhere else – he focused on clever language because that's what people wanted at the time. Now, readers want magic and a few good twists in the plot. That's what Harry Potter gives them.

The length of the Harry Potter saga also gives it the ability to go into further detail. It has developed into a truly epic story that encapsulates a tale of good and evil, and all the complexities of both those things, in a way that makes it comparable to the great epics by Dickens, Tolstoy, and Ayn Rand. But ultimately, it is relevant to people now, easy to understand in its message, and those are things that Shakespeare just cannot be.

—Alec Dawson

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 Harry Potter is more important than Shakespeare*"

Alec Dawson argues the affirmative while **Emma Bowman** argues the negative.



NEGATIVE

Harry Potter is, as we all know, pretty good. The plot is great and at some stage in our childhoods we probably all were secretly wishing we could go to Hogwarts. But its influence should not be overrated. When compared to the great bard himself, it becomes clear that Shakespeare's works continue to be more important, even four centuries after their creation.

The plays of William Shakespeare have contributed more to English language than any other works, actually shaping the future direction that not just literature, but also language in general, took and adding many new words to what is now everyday vocabulary. Shakespeare's contribution includes such words as 'assassin', 'obscene', 'champion', 'blanket' and 'undress'. The best the Potter series has contributed is probably 'quidditch', and it's not exactly a versatile word. Harry Potter conforms to modern language rather than reinventing it as Shakespeare did – how unadventurous. Also, without continuing popularity throughout this time, this would never have happened. It must not be forgotten that Shakespeare's work are not a torture we as humanity suffer, but a work of entertaining fiction that humanity has chosen to keep alive because of its entertainment, escapism and important messages.

More Shakespeare plays have been performed than those of any other playwright. Then when you take into account that they have been being performed since the 1590s, you've got a common cultural influence that has pervaded persistently throughout centuries and continues to today. And look into the content of these plays and you'll find the message is still very relevant. Times change, people's desires and motives do as well. By engaging with a text that forces you to think about the meaning, the message gets across. Reading Harry Potter is about as mindless as reading *Thomas the Tank Engine* and for a light, easy read that doesn't require thinking, is just perfect. Any important messages get lost in the middle, so to really learn something important about the world, pick up the Shakespeare.

On a final point, and one that conclusively proves Shakespeare's importance, how many quotes do you know from Harry Potter? How many one-liners, on the other hand, do we have to thank William Shakespeare for? Answer – a lot. 'To be or not to be, that is the question', 'this above all; to thine own self be true' and (to be said to particularly horrible people) 'boils and plagues plaster you over'. Maybe if Harry had said that last one to Malfoy it might have shut him up a bit sooner.

— Emma Bowman



Last week, I promised you some examples of how market socialism could work better than free-market capitalism. Breathe once more, people, for the moment has come!

The basic point is that workers, in addition to earning wages, should have some rights of profit and control in the companies that they work for. For instance, this could be achieved by giving workers shares, or the equivalent of shares, and giving workers and workers' collectives the right of first refusal over the stakes of other major shareholders.

Example one: if those who labour on a productive asset were allowed to share in the company's dividends, they would have a greater incentive to work hard and encourage hard work in their colleagues. Anybody who has worked a minimum-wage job in a supermarket or department store will know the kinds of incentives workers there currently enjoy. If somebody had an incentive to work hard, rather than merely *appear* to work hard, it is logical to suppose that they would be more productive. Similarly, workers currently have no incentive to get their colleagues to work hard, since their colleagues' levels of productivity have no real impact on them. Under market socialism, this would change.

Example two: the environment is a commons, which everybody enjoys equal access to. Destruction of the commons through pollution is able to occur because the incentives involved are lopsided – company directors who make the decision to pollute then reap most of the profits from doing so, and these profits outweigh the personal benefit that the decision-maker gains from having a healthy environment. If profits were distributed among a wider group of actors, the cost-benefit analysis for each actor is more likely to come down on the side of the environment. Allowing a wider group of actors to share in profits and make decisions about how productive assets are used is therefore likely to benefit the environment.

Example three: a high concentration of wealth in the hands of an economic elite increases the likelihood that the government will become captured by lobbyists and vested interests. If and when this happens, the government will enact laws which favour special interests rather than laws which benefit the economy as a whole. A more egalitarian society, which market socialism would achieve, should therefore result in more responsible and democratic government.

And for all you pissed-off rightwingers out there, here's some food for thought: under this system, markets would be less regulated and taxation would be flatter. Furthermore, given that workers would have a direct stake in the company's bottom line, unions would no longer oppose relaxing employment laws to make it easier to fire unproductive freeloaders. The only drawback as far as you're concerned is that, no, you probably won't get a private jet. Boo fucking hoo.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle Votes Against MMP

It's tough being an eaglet sometimes. In the November election, the usual two ticks for liberty won't be enough. You'll also have to vote in the electoral referendum, to decide whether to keep MMP or ship it back to Germany along with another overrated import, the pretzel. Step 1: Vote to get rid of MMP. Step 2: Choose a favourite electoral system from the four other options. But MMP is like a cockroach; it takes several referenda to kill it off once and for all. Even if 51% of voters vote to scrap MMP, another referendum will be held in 2014 to decide between MMP and the most popular system from the 2011 vote. Don't worry, the Eagle's not here to describe the boring details of the five electoral systems. You can find that info online. The Eagle's here to implore eaglets to **Vote for Change**.

MMP is the most proportional system. The party with the highest % of votes will get the most seats in Parliament. But that's not necessarily a good thing. In Jamaica, 96% of people want gay relationships to remain illegal. In 1999, the majority of NZers voted for socialist parties. The majority is not always right, so majority-rules systems like MMP are flawed. No system is perfect; in the end, the only thing that matters is which system brings the most liberty. MMP clearly favours the socialist parties, which is why Labour, the Greens, and the "Big 8" Unions have registered to spend up to \$300,000 promoting MMP. They're not doing this out of charity; Labour and their socialist comrades are simply investing some cash now to protect their advantage into the future.

So eaglets should vote to scrap MMP. But what's the best system to replace it with? The Eagle is leaning towards First Past the Post (FPP), a tried and true system with a long history in NZ, Britain, and Canada. In FPP, the party who wins the most electorates wins the election. This usually leads to single-party governments, and minor parties tend to die out because they can't win electorate seats. Again, this is not a bad thing – ACT is the only non-socialist minor party, and they would gladly martyr themselves to eliminate the Greens. Also, minor parties hold governments to ransom, as Winston Peters repeatedly proved. The only real downside of FPP is that there would be 12 race-based seats instead of 7, unless someone manned up and abolished them.

If you vote against MMP now, you've got three full years to decide between MMP and the alternative. If you don't vote for change now, you're denying yourself that future option.

Yours liberally,

The Eagle



The Big Black Cock was still a hot topic of conversation in the *ODT* last week, featuring in many a ranty letter to the editor/ poorly conceived opinion piece. In related news, *ODT* jumped on the national media's scaremongering bandwagon, condemning the current sex education in NZ schools. One 12-year old boy came home "upset about what had happened during one of the lessons at his all-boy school", which, let's be honest, can often be a reaction to finding out the intricacies of anatomy.

More concerningly, the sex-ed story seemed to have bizarrely racist undertones.

One said her 14-year-old daughter came home on Tuesday saying "she had been applying yucky and sticky condoms to a plastic black penis".

Was it really necessary to mention that the dildo was black? Was the mother in question trying to imply that the colour made the whole event somehow more shocking or outrageous? Would all sex ed problems disappear if only peachy-nude dildos were allowed through the school gates?

Of course, if there's one arena where black is perfectly acceptable, that's rugby. And rugby, along with dicks, was another news-maker this week, making for some rather wonderful human interest stories (and on the front page, no less).

First up, the love story of an English couple who married at Twickenham. There really were some beautiful moments:

FIRST they fell in love with rugby, then they fell in love with each other.

Alex, the male half, gave some insight into what a man really wants.

He was also aware he could quite possibly have found many New Zealand males' perfect woman. "You have no idea. We don't watch soppy movies. Emma drinks beer. "She's amazing."

Another story to hit the big time was one of a little old lady in an old people's home who spontaneously does the haka. It's possible the story was supposed to be an uplifting one of courage and success despite physical difficulties, but instead it read more like a rather public piss-take of a senile, Zimmer-frame reliant 94-year old.

"I'm going to fall over soon," she confessed with a chuckle, after pushing away her walking frame to show off her party piece. "I learned the haka off the TV. It belongs to the Maoris and the All Blacks, doesn't it," she said. "I like the All Blacks. They're full of life. I think the All Blacks are definitely going to win the cup."

"She's totally deaf, and last Friday we had a party for the start of the World Cup. She was saying: 'Whose birthday is it? Why are we having black balloons for a birthday? What's going on?'" Ms Hamilton said. "But she got up to speed pretty quickly. As soon as the haka started, she stood up, kicked aside her walking frame, and away she went. We just laughed and laughed. It was so funny. We were speechless."



I was fourteen when I got my first iPod. It was pink, magical and bricky as all hell, and I didn't think I could ever love any electrical device as much as I loved this one. Many iPods, laptops and other various Apple products later, it turns out I was wrong. But there's one piece of electronic equipment that those cheeky Yanks have brought out recently that has me wondering where it all went wrong. What's pissing me off this week? That's right, it's the latest crapvention (that's a crap invention) from Apple, the item that is about as useful as a third tit and reduces anyone who owns it to a complete ballbag; the iPad.

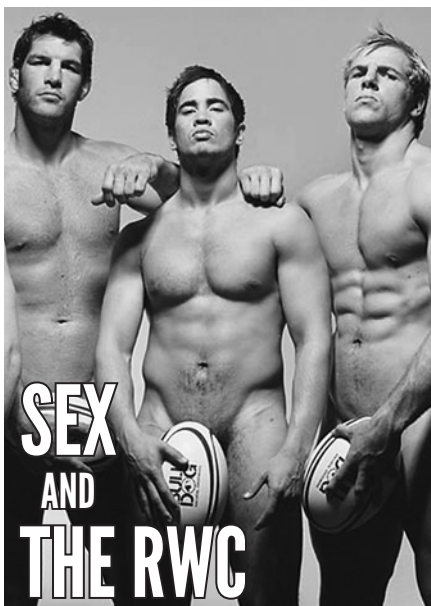
Clearly I have nothing against Apple products, but the iPad really takes the biscuit when it comes to worthless pieces of shit. And I think the ridiculousness of its name really sums it up. It's named after a women's sanitary product, for fuck's sake. Do they really think the word iPad generates thoughts of technological progress and prowess into the minds of society? No, it produces horrifying images of maxipads, monthly visits from Aunt Flow and some poor soul playing with that shit. They may as well have called it the iTampon, or the iAdult Diaper.

And when I spend hundreds of dollars, I like to get my money's worth. What does the iPad have to offer? A touch screen, cool! What else? Um, that's about it. Can you play CDs on it? Nope, it doesn't have a CD drive! What about stuff from your flash drive? Not a chance bitch, it doesn't have a USB drive either! Christ, what does it have? Oh snap, you can read books on it. Which would be awesome if there weren't these things called libraries. But it has accessories though, right? Like an attachable keyboard so you can type. I have an accessory for that too, it's called a fucking laptop.

I can almost hear the uproar from those posers that call themselves iPad fans. "But the iPad has so many apps, it's touch screen, it's on the forefront of technology!", they'll yell, or post anonymously on the internet because they're pussies. Well I'm sorry douches, but there is already a product on the market that does all that plus a shitload more. It's called an iPhone. It's cheaper, actually useful and is 100 times less gay.

So to all those people out there thinking of purchasing an iPad, stop and think for a minute. Would you rather spend 800 big ones on a giant piece of plastic crap, or on a nice wee laptop that will serve you well for the next couple of years? Would you rather be a normal human being, or some cockhead with fake glasses and an inflated yet unjustified sense of importance just because you own an iPad? Because remember, the only thing iPads are good for is using them to bash people who own them in the head.

— **Chloe Adams**



I would never claim to be a “glass half full” sort of person. Generally I associate a positive outlook on life with Asics sneakers worn to social functions, casual fleece attire of the “Berghaus” brand and, most horrifyingly of all, religion. However, a couple of weeks ago I had sex/hung out for the entirety of Sunday with a simultaneously hot, funny and lovely guy, and

it was - and I can hardly bear to use this most insipid of adjectives - nice. Wholesome, even. Presuming your definition of wholesome involves a guy going down on you for a full half an hour before fucking in every conceivable position in full view of the neighbours. Which mine does.

Anyway, I fully intended to omit the incident from this column, generally preferring to chronicle my more bizarre and hideous sexual misadventures in an attempt to get some quality schadenfreude happening. But a chance meeting with a sort-of friend at Pequeno on Friday convinced me that in fact people do occasionally like to hear about nice (there it is again, ugh) things happening to other people, at least when it involves people who are fatter/uglier than them. How else to explain the consistent public interest in the love life of the hideous conflation of equine proboscis and varicose veins that is Sarah Jessica Parker?

But I digress. A builder (as per) from Christchurch, S was crashing on our couch post-England v Argentina. Conveniently, it is but five metres of hallway from the couch to

my bed, presuming one avoids the patches of Budget cat food that are indelibly smooched into the salt-and-pepper shag pile carpet. Having successfully navigated the hallway, we collapsed onto the bed in a mess of intertwined limbs, Cafe Patron and mephedrone. I asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted me to dominate him. I grinned and said I could probably work with that.

As of that night, I don't know what's wrong with me. Maybe it was the stale rugby ball-shaped cookie tasting only of dust and trans fats that I ate half of on my last Air New Zealand flight, but I seem to have a hitherto unknown interest in rugby. Not only that, but I might kinda sorta want to see S again. Hopefully it's just that all the earthquake coverage has got to me and I feel morally obligated to offer a Christchurch citizen unlimited BJ's to ease the tedium of liquefaction cleanup. But I think I might actually, um, have a crush. Not to mention oddly strong opinions on the All Blacks' dire need to sustain the conversion from stable to destructive deeper into the Rugby World Cup. Fuck.

— **Mrs John Wilmot**

(CHRONICLES OF CASTLE

Tourists have been flooding to Castle Street like gypsies to a second hand store as they've heard a visit to Castle Street on a sunny day is similar to a visit to the zoo. With robo-tripping and red cards almost a daily event, they are certainly getting a good performance. Some have been getting more than they bargained for as the new craze of campervan jumping seems to be taking off.

In driving-related matters, people continue to have fucking mares driving on the piss, writing off cars and getting DIC. Stop it. On the topic of DIC, one of the more outrageous red cards took place last week. The flatmate who pulled the red card got all the boys pretty hammered then gave them three options; either sit in the lounge and shit yourself, jump in the wagon and drive through the nearest police check point, or if you didn't feel like

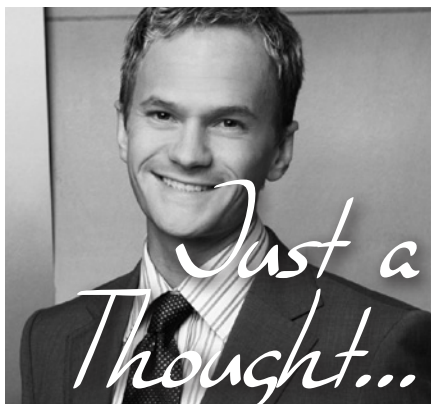
indulging in either of these two enticing options then you were evicted from the flat for a week. Ruthless cunts.

Initiations for the incoming freshers have begun, giving residents a well-deserved break from watching code. Saturday's events involving the 2012 complex crew were certainly a spectacle. No 6 had a rough day, standing on the fence in front of a reasonable audience he gave a rendition of the national anthem so arousing that he barred up (got a stiffy). He was left standing on the fence red faced with a semi-hard dick. Unfortunately he made the claim to have 'smashed a pack of durries' in one night. The self-proclaimed durry king was then given the challenge of taking down a twenty-pack of Holiday Red in under an hour. To gain 'mad respect from the boys', No 6 then drank the bong water and just to top off

a fantastic day, a paintball gun then appeared which unfortunately offloaded a shot in No 6's neck. The shot temporarily dropped the wee tacker, which caused a brief period of concern for the gunman, but they were soon relieved when the kid got back on his feet.

Financial issues are as annoying as Barbara Dreaver's lisp, and the permanent state of financial crisis across North Dunedin has deteriorated rapidly in the past few weeks. Course related costs are long gone and any remnants of savings and tax returns were pissed away during Re-O. These financial issues are a slight handbrake on proceedings but wine goons are here for times of year like these. That's all for now, but until next time enjoy the sunshine.

— **Sam Reynolds**



How to fight your fears (coward style)

I've never been one for crowds, or people I don't know. In fact, if you know me, you might argue I've never been one for much, at least not these days. Still there comes a time in every young person's life where you've got to get up and face your fears; it's about being an adult and making it on your own.

There will always be those people out there who do and those who don't. There's that one

guy in every group who is always keen to blow shit up, climb roofs, steal shopping trolleys and set fire to stuff. You want to attach yourself to these sorts of people. Things always happen when you're around them. They help you to take that first step into the unknown. They're the Mr Miyagi to your Karate Kid, the God to your Moses, they'll lift you up where you belong (pretty sure that's love but I'm taking artistic licence).

Before you can change your life, you have to change your attitude. Attitude is what makes people so insanely outgoing. If you're looking to live life more on the wild side, you've got to get a new approach. Think of things in a 'well, you never know what might happen' sort of way. That bungee jump could lead to a lifelong love of adrenaline sports, and that social event you didn't used to go to? Well, you could meet the love of your life/night there.

If you can't change your inside, then perhaps the outside will do. Go on, suit up. I hear you'd be amazed what a confident appearance

does for one's confidence. You might feel a lot better once you look better. It's good for some guys, those annoying ones with all the money, and all the women. Some say it's not fulfilling but my guess is that's just jealousy.

If you've tried all that and you still can't shake the coward's cape, then try for a different one. I saw this thing on 20/20 about real-life superheroes. These guys put on weird cloaks, go out and 'fight crime'. Hey, it's crazy but they've obviously got balls to get mocked by everyone they see and occasionally get the shit beaten out of them. They've got that alternate persona allowing them to be that person they never thought they'd be.

In the end, whatever gets you over the line is what counts. Whether you dress up, change your approach or just simply change your look, it could turn you into a new man. Or you could stay in your house; after all it likes you, it's warm and it's not that scary once you lock your doors. It's just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



Down the Foreign Food Aisle

AL-RABIH MÉLASSE DE GRENADE

\$9.99 for a 300ml bottle.

I have always been drawn to the curious fruit that is the pomegranate; hard, shiny, red and similar in appearance to an apple - from the outside at least. Carve it open and you are greeted with an abundance of ruby, jewel-like seeds held together in a maze of white pith. Seen as a great source of antioxidants and vitamins, many claim benefits from the juice, which can be found at supermarkets and food stores.

Having tried both fresh pomegranates and the distinctive juice with fervour, I was delighted to discover this Lebanese **pomegranate molasses**, made from the boiled down juice of the fruit, plus water and sugar. With a consistency slightly thicker than liquid honey, and a sweetness offset by a sharp tang, I found myself conjuring up ideas for marinades. Heavily fruity, comparable to a punchy grape flavour, this deep purple-brown syrup cuts through the richness of the ever delectable pork rind. If you're not a pork eater (though I managed

to see my self-proclaimed pork hatin' flatmate devour a full plate), try the marinade for chicken drumsticks, or courgettes (sliced lengthwise, then grilled). Stir a spoon through potato salad, creamy pastas, or any dish that requests a bit more depth and bite. Pricey, but worth every cent. There's nothing quite like it.

10/10

STICKY POMEGRANATE PORK CHOPS

- 5 shallots
- Soft brown sugar
- Pomegranate molasses
- Olive oil
- Cracked black pepper
- 4-6 pork chops

Peel and finely slice the shallots. Heat a little olive oil in a non-stick pan, add the shallots and a small handful of soft brown sugar. Cook over a low-medium heat until soft and caramelized. Meanwhile, mix the pomegranate molasses with olive oil in a (roughly) 2:1 ratio. I used about half the bottle of the molasses; trust your instincts. To this, fold in the cooked shallots and freshly cracked black pepper to taste. Coat both sides of the chops with the marinade, pack tightly in an ovenproof dish and pour the remaining marinade over the chops. Bake at 160°C for 20-25 minutes each side, basting with the cooking juices when you turn them. To finish, switch the oven to grill at 220°C and give each side a further few minutes, until brown and bubbling. Heat the remaining liquid on the stovetop over a medium heat for five minutes to reduce. Serve the chops on a bed of couscous, rice, or mashed kumara, and drizzle the reduction on top.

– Ines Shennan

Review



38 Games; *Gears of War 3* | **39** Performance; *Smorgasbo(a)rd*
40 Music; *Cults*, Lontalius | **41** Books; *Forming*, Vol I
42 Film; *The Change Up*, *Jane Eyre*, *Fire in Babylon*, *The Holy Roller*, Cult Film
45 Art; *Art Vs Rugby* | **46** Food; *Cookies*



I am in a cop. Look on, helplessly, as in an uninspired slapstick episode I clumsily tumble out of it.

Because *Gears of War 3*, to the chainsaw-etched letter, is exactly as good as one would expect. Now that ain't a criticism, the game is improved in all the ways a fan might hope for. Players who enjoyed the cover-based combat - mechanics as solid as the liberally scattered chest-high walls they require - will enjoy said crouching even more than they did the first two times. On the other hand, if you have problems with the fundamentals of this series, you might want to look somewhere else.

Example: I could argue, to the point of frenzy, that the tank-like movement of Marcus Fenix and his ripped bros, heavenly for shifting between cover, does not lend itself to the gargantuan monster set pieces. No matter how incredible the creature looks in this version of Unreal 3.5 (and they do look great, there is an unmistakable bump in graphical fidelity), no matter how uniquely conceived and immaculately balanced the different weapons you use are, the sense remains that you are kind of just vaguely shooting the 'imulsion' affected glowing organ of the foe and noncommittally dodge rolling to the left.

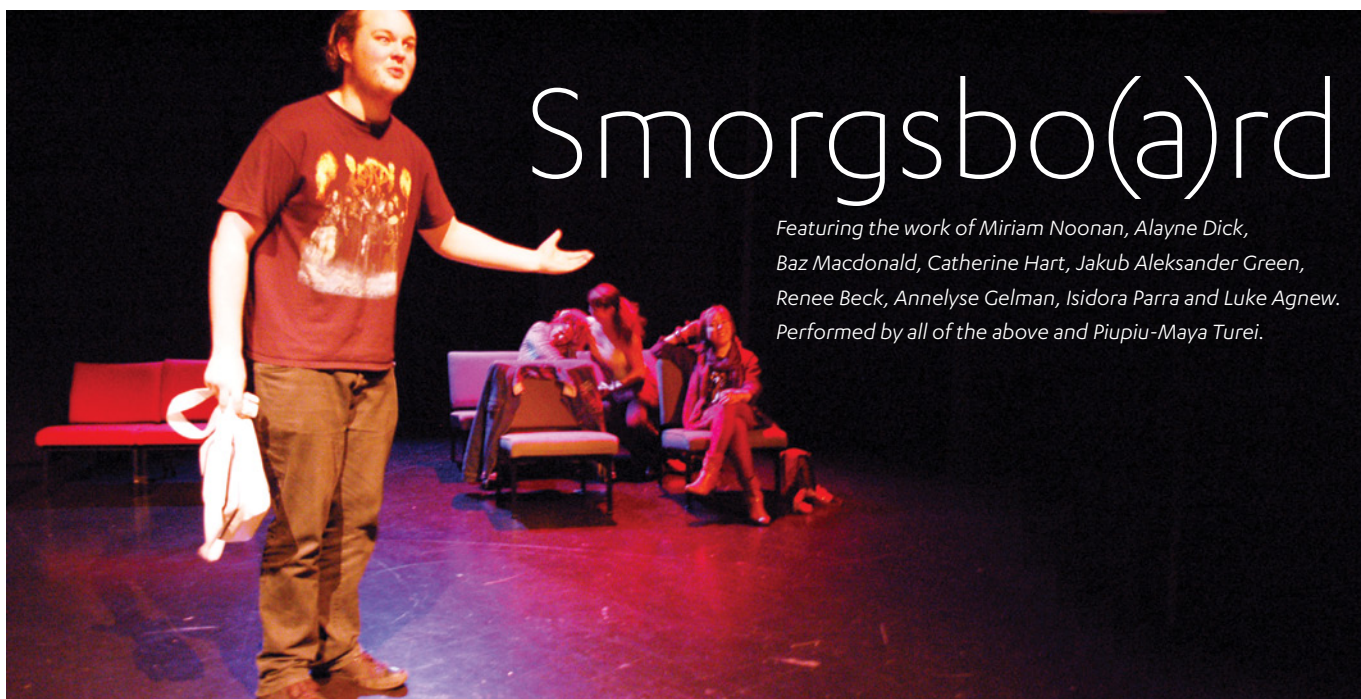
There is similar issue with the competitive multiplayer, because success in adversarial *Gears of War* necessitates outmanoeuvring your opponent (human enemies won't pop up into your crosshairs like clockwork) - exactly the kind of *Halo*-style erratic, jumpy gameplay that Epic Games were always rebelling against. That's a battle I would lose immediately, though, because the multiplayer format has proven to have an extraordinary degree of both popularity and staying power. Who am I to say that it's wrong to enjoy competition that's mostly about roly-poly shotgunning? The developer has embraced it heartily with a new sawed-off version.

But boy, *Gears*' gooey core mechanics are still top notch. Cliff Bleszinski, design director for Epic Games, remarks in the manual for the first *Gears* that he was playing paintball when he realised that FPS games made no sense. In *Gears 3* the intense, heads-down-guns-up feeling he sought is more acute than ever. The sheer number of events occurring on screen at any one time is near overwhelming. Four player coop is a necessity to fight off the huge number of explode-y lambent enemies that are dumped on top of the locust varieties in number two. Encounters have an unmatched satisfying density, with the potential for so many different munitions flying for every direction that you feel entrenched.

Even the story is a little better. Going into the third game expecting a narrative similar to its predecessors - that is, a fairly decent excuse for combat scenarios, a Michael Bay movie than works better than any Michael Bay movie because games are a million times better at that stuff than movies are - it is pretty successful. It's paced well, switching between sets of bro-characters who see one scenario from a couple of angles. It's not *Memento*, but it is well done. Main characters Marcus and Dom are pretty boring, but returning supporters Baird the disgruntled mechanic and Cole the famous 'baller' have a couple of lines that are a little endearing.

Two modes cap off the experience and, yeah, they are both extremely well polished. A new addition is beast mode, allowing you to take control of the locust foes and take out the excessively muscular man-men. Horde (the wave based test-your-skill single map portion) now has light RPG mechanics, asking a team of five to do a little business management when it comes to purchasing reinforcements. It's pure gooey centre. And it works.





Smorgsbo(a)rd

Featuring the work of Miriam Noonan, Alayne Dick, Baz Macdonald, Catherine Hart, Jakub Aleksander Green, Renee Beck, Annelyse Gelman, Isidora Parra and Luke Agnew. Performed by all of the above and Piupiu-Maya Turei.

This week's Lunchtime Theatre featured the THEA241 playwriting students' most recent work, entitled *Smorgasbo(a)rd*, a very fitting title for the variety of stories showcased by the students. The programme defined the work as "a tasty plate of contemporary performance" which took us from Central Otago to a Melbourne tram, all telling a story of a journey in one way or another.

Though it was a little rough around the edges and seemed to lack rehearsal time, overall it was incredibly enjoyable. It's not often that you get to experience such fresh writing, particularly from students. The pieces all flowed together well, with similar themes tying them nicely. All focused on young souls out in the world, often out of their depth; such as in Noonan's *The Kindness of Strangers*, showing a fresh faced girl lost in the city, accepting the fact that she's destined to be lost forever and become a bum before a kind stranger approaches her to tell her, "You're the most beautiful woman in the world."

All of these pieces had such sweet, memorable moments, which were particularly enhanced by the staging and lighting. *Lordi, Lordi, Lord* featured a great image when the young man had finally managed to woo a stunning young tourist into 'going for a nightcap' with him. The lights then flashed up on his car, showing his frozen mother – beaming of course – and his frozen sisters mid-scuffle. The cringe moment was sealed nicely when all actors came alive at the exact moment his stunner waltzed off in the opposite direction.

Though the stage area was large and not always used by the actors, it was interesting to see the space used differently and it was needed to aid the smooth transitions and not make the space seem cluttered. It also added to the feeling of overwhelming emptiness in moments such as Agnew's *Another Night on the 109*, where he stood in the bitter cold for forty minutes, alone. Particular congratulations to Staniland, the lighting designer, who created a fantastic feeling of unease in Beck's *Cole Street* and Gelman's *Red, White, Blue* with a rather convincing police light effect. Overall it was an enjoyable performance and I would love to see more original student work on the LTT stage!

APOLOGY:

In last's week issue, we neglected to print the author of the *Read Aloud* review. The review was written by Maya Turei. Sorry!

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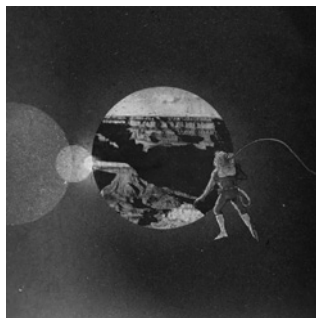
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Lontalius Bounces

I can't exactly remember how I filled my time when I was fourteen. However, if I'm brutally honest, I'm pretty sure it revolved around jelling my piss fringe haircut and generally getting up to sweet fuck

all. Thankfully, however, the drudgery of my teenage years is not being repeated by all of today's youth, particularly, in the case of one Eddie Johnston.

Wellington-based Johnston - aka Lontalius - at the same tender age of fourteen has just released his second EP for Wanganui/Wellington independent label Papati Records, in a year which has also seen him open for Liam Finn on his *FOMO* album release tour. With his vocal and songwriting maturity strongly belying his age, contained within the exquisitely packaged *Bounces* EP are four cohesive tracks which showcase an artist already possessing a developed sense of 'sound'.

Entirely built upon vocals, guitar and Casiotone drums, Lontalius' simple formula allows Johnston's wonderfully droning voice to carry the melody, a heavily reverbed guitar providing a lush yet delicate base. On opener 'Wanderer', Johnston could be sleep-talking as a circular guitar pattern rotates alongside his nonchalant dream-like voice, the ever-present propulsion of his Casiotone bouncing behind beneath the surface. The following 'Tidal Waves' (although a cover) fits *Bounces*' sonic template with ease, the aggression of its original purveyors (Auckland's Wilberforces) mellowed to suit Johnston's downbeat timbre.

With the EP having a running time of less than fifteen minutes, closing number ballad-styled 'Twin' still sounds fresh, the Radiohead-style sense of emotional detachment furthering the music's inherent mood. While an album of such similar material may prove tiresome, this EP only adds to a young artist's already large promise. Eddie Johnston: you are quite possibly the coolest teenager I know.



Cults Cults

Existing on the same diet of Sixties girl groups, sunny Californian melodies and pop charm as the likes of Tennis and Wavves, Cults' debut album is a decidedly mixed affair. With early internet single

"Go Outside" showcasing an addictive sing-along chorus and soulfully sweet organ melody, and in the process of creating the all-important 'hype', *Cults* (the record) seems formulaic and underdeveloped in comparison. While the inclusion of "Go Outside" clearly offers some strength, as one delves deeper into the record, flaws begin to show, with innocence proving Cults' major strength and weakness.

"You Know What I Mean", a classic pop-ballad, is a highlight. Its pre-chorus builds, and its brevity and lilting melody soothes the listener like a lullaby.

"Most Wanted" sees vocalist Madeline Follin sounding like a cheesy *Sesame Street* character, her whining melody tossed atop a repetitive guitar figure, the track juvenily bland. Fifteen minutes in and the tracks begin to blur into a wash-wall of reverb. Although most of these tracks are not necessarily 'bad', their inability to distinguish themselves or hold attention is surely a flaw. A perfect example of the twenty-first century hype record – all talk and no substance. If you're looking for the perfect summer record, try Guards instead.



VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

mon 26/9 **ReFuel: Refuel Unplugged: Open Mic Night**
with Mr S. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. Performers welcome.

Chicks Hotel: Bluestone
Classy blues for you to peruse... 9pm.

tue 27/9 **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**
Gold coin entry from 8pm. Bring your horn!

wed 28/9 **ReFuel: The Plasterers and Opposite Sex**
Free entry from 9pm.

fri 23/8 **Refuel: Alizarin Lizard**
\$10 from 9pm.

XII Below: Onefest 2011 w./ Home Brew
Free entry with your 91CARD. \$30 door sales, if available. 9pm doors.

sat 24/8 **Refuel: Mirikachinist and guests**
Metal. \$10 from 9pm.

XII Below: Onefest 2011 w./ Lawrence Arabia
Free entry with your 91CARD. Preferential entry to 91card holders. \$30 door sales, if available. 9pm doors.



1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz

Forming, Vol I – Jesse Moynihan



Forming, Vol I begins with the alien god Mithras' arrival on Earth, where he finds early humans settling into life in the land of Atlantis and teaches them in the ways of land cultivation and mining, before meeting a woman named Gaia who bears the Mark of the Elements on her face, and they have seven children together (two of whom are actually Noah's, whom Gaia has had a long affair with)

as the narrative zaps into their future, where Mithras is complaining about the "bullshit behaviour" of his kids, most of whom are struggling with their left-wing views whilst being oppressed under their father's dictatorship. Meanwhile, Mithras is being hunted by Serapis, a transgendered police assassin, who wants to take Mithras back to their planet, but accidentally impregnates Eve and – ah, you know what? It doesn't even matter. It's a total mess.

It's the sort of story that can only really be described breathlessly in one or two sentences, because anyone who is not the kind of person who will get their jollies from *Forming* will have tuned out at the words "alien god".

Jesse Moynihan has been publishing *Forming* as a weekly webcomic for the last two years, and *Forming, Vol I* compiles its first 75 pages into a gorgeous book bound in pink cloth with silver metallic ink. I had never heard of Moynihan until *Forming* was passed to me for review, but it makes a lot of sense that he is a writer and artist for the endlessly creative "children's" show *Adventure Time*. *Forming* shares *Adventure Time*'s manic lust for ideas, and similarly tosses them out before it's even begun to explore them. This means

that *Forming* is simultaneously disorienting and stimulating; even if it's not as deep or clever as it thinks it is, it's certainly not lacking in creativity.

Some might find *Forming* hilarious, but mainly if you find the idea of great powerful aliens and supreme beings saying "fuck" all the time hilarious. There are some more quietly clever comic scenes as well though. I enjoyed the scene of the dying man who is trying to face his existential crisis whilst a severed head is yelling at him to get ready to be eaten by worms. In another scene, Noah's wife becomes deranged when Noah insists that he can't come down off his pillar because he's right on the verge of a revelation, when he's really just desperate to prove to himself that building the pillar wasn't a waste of time. There's a constant feeling that *Forming* wants to be a parody of a creation story, but every time it begins to feel as though Moynihan might pull out a satirical knife, the plot spins off in another direction entirely. At a time when the "laugh-through-your-anger" style of *South Park*'s satire is wearing a bit thin, Moynihan's lack of proselytising and reliance on pure entertainment actually strikes as *Forming*'s greatest strength.

– Johnny Panadol

CRITIC'S TOP READS

These days, reading books is a dying hobby. In honour of the words issue, and in an attempt to turn everyone into a Matilda, the Critic team have compiled a list of their favourite books of all time that everyone, everywhere should immediately check out of the library.

The Catcher in the Rye by J.D. Salinger

"Holden Caulfield is teenage angst personified" – Lisa, Sub Editor

Middlesex by Jeffrey Eugenides

"The wonderfully vivid story of a hermaphrodite – this really sticks with you".
– Julia, Editor

The World according to Garp by John Irving

"Disturbing, tragic and yet strangely addictive" – Julia, Editor

Captain Correlli's Mandolin by Louis de Bernières

"A moving tale of love, loss and redemption" – Gregor, News Editor

The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald

"Beautifully written" – Sarah, Film Editor

The Secret History by Donna Tartt

"The ultimate page turner; university setting, murder, incest... all great reasons to love this book" – Niki, Food Editor

1984 by George Orwell

"A political philosophy nerd's wet dream"
– Julia, Editor

The Portrait of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde

"Pretty much every sentence is a quotable quote" – Julia, Editor

Goosebumps: Brain Juice by R. L. Stein

"When it's lights out time, I get under the sheets and read it with a torch"
– Lozz, News Reporter

Rain by Kirsty Gunn

"Short but perfectly formed" – Julia, Editor



Fire in Babylon

Director: Stevan Riley

Fire in Babylon is a gripping story about the West Indian cricket team's ascent to the top of world cricket, having once been mocked as "calypso cricketers". This exuberant and Rastafarian flavoured documentary is more than just a cricket film, with bigger issues transcending the sport in a time when racism tried to keep down this collection of tiny Caribbean islands.

The movie begins in Australia 1975, where the players were treated to chants of "Lillee Lillee, Lillee; Kill, Kill, Kill" as they entered the pitch, before Dennis Lillee sent an onslaught of near 150km/h bouncers down to batsmen wearing no noggin protection (save for a pair of sunglasses – UV protection clearly important). The West Indians, forced to tolerate some serious and shameless racism from the opposition, set out to fight fire with fire against their white colonial superiors. By finding themselves a four man pace unit that has not since been bettered in world cricket, they earned

the collective nickname "the four horsemen of the apocalypse". With Viv Richards, one of the most fearless and destructive batsman ever seen, this team adopted an aggressive approach to what had previously been thought of as a civil, even pretentious contest. From the period of 1974 – 1991 they enjoyed a 15-year run as undefeated champions.

Director Stevan Riley filters the sport through the prism of black power and Rastafarianism, showing an era when the world was going through the hardest times of racism. This is evident from the following year's tour of England, when they were taunted by England's South African-born captain Tony Greig's comment: "Once you get on top of a West Indian team you can really make them grovel." The hint of Afrikaans in his accent only rubbed salt in the wounds of a team sensitive to its heritage of slavery.

The tension thickened when the team was invited to participate in a tournament in South Africa. This transpired during the reign of the Apartheid regime, so they had to decide whether to enter the country in defiance of international sanctions in return for a big payday. When re-living this series, it even made the great Viv Richards teary-eyed talking about his refusal to join the South African rebel tours.

Drawing on other interviews with charismatic players such as their inspirational captain, Clive Lloyd, and the great fast bowler Michael Holding, the movie is not so much triumphant as it is upbeat. It shows the inspirational struggle for black equality shot with a warmth and energy and appreciation of humour that is wholly fitting. *Fire in Babylon* couldn't be a more appropriate tribute to the ideal of one love.

– Nick Hornstein



HAPPY-GO-LUCKY

Director: Mike Leigh

This captivating comedy revolves around Poppy, an irrepressibly cheerful primary school teacher played by Sally Hawkins. "Leigh and his actors work mysterious magic...This is a movie about hitting the

Film Society Preview

groove of everyday life and, nearly miraculously, getting music out of it." – Salon.

When: 7.30 Wednesday 28 September

Where: The Church Cinema, 50 Dundas St



**ALL CINEMAS FULLY LICENSED
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 WINE OR BEER WITH THE FILM**



This movie redefines the term 'borderline'. Potty humour becomes straight-up poop and a little bit of skin becomes straight up boob; old boob. This movie is hilarious; just don't go and see it with your parents.

Two men, Mitch and Dave (played by Ryan Reynolds and Jason Bateman), get on the turpentine one night and have the inevitable team pee onto a public monument. Their monument of choice is a magic fountain. The two make a pity wish saying that they want the other's life and boom, switcheroo. So the plot isn't big on reality or anything but who cares? It's still funny.

Fairly predictable hijinx ensue and the shit hits the man (you'll see what I did there). Mitch is a bum with almost no life and Dave is a massive over-achiever with a perfect life so the two don't deal well with the other's world.

It's a good movie but it really is pretty painful in parts. Not in the Ricky Gervais painful kind of way, more like the mass murder painful kind of way. The humour is super crude and Reynolds drops a record number of f-bombs throughout the movie. There is poo flung, babies trying to put hands in blenders, thumbs in bums and even a naked pregnant lady. I repeat, do not go see this movie with your parents, grandparents, sensitive types, anyone innocent or religious, or just about anyone to be honest.

In the end, the movie manages, despite crossing the line by a long way for nearly two hours, to come back and slot into a fairly cookie-cutter plot. It's almost generic. No, actually, it is generic. American movies in particular seem to be all feel-good of late and this is no exception. I won't ruin it but don't go along expecting to be surprised.

All up it's a hilarious movie. Both Reynolds and Bateman are on form and you can go along expecting to see their particular brands of humour in full form. Just be aware that you'll also be offended and probably disgusted more than once. The movie isn't anything special and it's probably more of a "rent it" than "go to the movies" kind of film.

— Gareth Barton     

To begin, the tone set for this adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's famous novel was absolutely pitch perfect. Although it is easy to assume that making a period film should be a fairly simple task, things often go awry when 19th century language meets 21st century audience expectations. Cary Fukunaga's *Jane Eyre*, however, has been masterfully put together and those of you familiar with the novel will no doubt find yourselves pleasantly surprised at the film's close adherence to story line and dialogue, but most impressively the spot on casting.

Mia Wasikowska plays Brontë's immortal Jane Eyre, in all her stony glory, and whilst it wouldn't be accurate to say she shines (anyone familiar with the tale's bleak, sometimes oppressive, overtones will understand), Wasikowska does remain true to Brontë's creation. Michael Fassbender (Magneto from *X-Men Origins*) delivers his lines with what feels like an eerily familiar bite and certainly does justice to the character of Mr. Rochester (or so I'm told by a five-time Jane Eyre enthusiast). Judi Dench does what Judi Dench does best, namely, play a character we all imagine is very much like Judi Dench in real life; need I say more?

The cinematography is stunning – all sorrowful English moors which have you expecting the hound of Baskerville to leap out at any moment. The outdoor sets did at times remind me of a slightly corny fairy tale, which is only reinforced by Wasikowska's incredibly pale complexion that just screams Little Red Riding Hood. But once dialogue is introduced to any of the scenes, these notions of cheap Hollywood gimmicks are immediately dismissed and the audience can appreciate the splendour that the English language once luxuriated in.

Having some knowledge of the story line did nothing to diminish the enjoyment I felt when watching the movie. I can only imagine those uninitiated into Brontë's world have all the more to look forward to, particularly the surprise twists that make you say "Oh now I understand", but I'll say no more. *Jane Eyre* is well worth a trip to the cinema; the language is of a long lost eloquence, the casting sublime and the scenery intoxicating. If you're into all of the above just take my word, you'll love it.

— Tom Ainge-Roy     

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The Holy Roller



A quick run down: A shepherd without a flock, Pastor Luke struggles to attract a single congregant to his rural services. Moving to the city in search of work, he stumbles across feisty musician, Kate, and her brother, Simon, a debt-ridden nightclub owner whom he revives from a near-fatal overdose. Simon is inspired by this 'miracle' to transform his nightclub into a church, using Luke as its preacher. With some musical assistance from Kate, the church flourishes, fulfilling Luke's dream of cleaning up the streets and making a real difference to the community. But some of the city's denizens are not so pleased with the dwindling levels of vice on the streets. Bowing to underworld pressure, Simon must betray Luke, delivering him into the hands of arch-crime boss, Mr Rothchild. Now, Pastor Luke will face his ultimate test.

The Holy Roller is lead actor Angus Benfield's brainchild and looks set to delight audiences here and abroad. Benfield's story is an uplifting moral fable with both screenwriter and director alike comparing to a degree of "Shawshank"-esque remuneration. Otago's own Patrick

Gillies (*Offensive Behaviour*, *Huhu Attack!*) directs, promising an engaging, entertaining and hopefully touching experience. As a self-described "dirty heathen", Gillies had no problems in collaborating with Benfield on a film about a religious character. "Just because George Lucas made Star Wars, it doesn't mean he has to believe in The Force". Benfield emphasizes that, regardless of his background, it was always his intention to make a film with mainstream audience appeal: "We wanted to walk that line, we wanted to make a film that wasn't going to be one-sided ... We wanted it to be enjoyable to someone who believes or doesn't believe ... you can still get something out of this film."

The Holy Roller is an independently-funded film shot entirely in Christchurch. Producer Ken Robinson explains that one of the film's big challenges was to create high production values on a low budget. It's the first New Zealand film to be shot with the state-of-the-art 4K RED ONE camera. The film also bravely steps away from production line clichés of Kiwi identity in film and aims at a more universal level. Strict cultural mandates meant *The Holy Roller* was to receive no funding, giving the filmmakers the autonomy to carry out the film with fidelity. Despite being shunned by funding bodies, the movie has had no trouble in gaining international distribution with a North American release planned for early 2012. In light of the recent tragic events in Christchurch, and the full effect felt by the entire production team, the filmmakers decided it appropriate to add a dedication to the earthquake victims and rescue workers at the end of the movie.

With its strong connections to Dunedin, don't miss this absolute caper. Check it out, it's screening at Rialto Cinemas now.

– **Theo Kay**

**Cult Film
of the Week**



I had an air of smugness about me before I watched the film, having seen my fair share of late 70s/early 80s horror movies. I knew it would be enjoyable, but probably not very scary. After all, as a twenty something in the era of torture porn and badly remade horrors, it had been a long time since I had been engrossed and unnerved by a film. But I was pleasantly surprised by what *The Evil Dead* had to offer. Immediately the action and suspense of the film begins, none of this "let's tit around for half an hour with preposition" bullshit. You know that everyone apart from one lone survivor is going to die; the less spent needlessly talking about them the better. The plot is beautifully simplistic. Our team head into the woods to stay in a cabin for a getaway. As the day wears on and eventually becomes night, the team begin to hear strange noises in the surrounding woods. In due course, they discover a bunch of demon-researching paraphernalia left by

a professor who we assume must have previously lived in the cabin. Amongst the goods is a tape recording of the professor reading from the *Book of the Dead*. The group play the tape and the demons are released and begin to search for new bodies to call home. Right from the beginning the film drew me in with its creation of an unsettling atmosphere in the woods and, best of all, the film maintained this atmosphere throughout. Maybe it was the bottle or so of V and lack of food that I'd had during the day, but I was quite unnerved by the whole thing. Of course the film was made cheaply (for around \$400,000) so the effects are crude, but there is no skimping on the blood and gore, of which there is more than enough to create the desired effect. With two sequels, a musical, comics, and a bollocks remake in the works, *The Evil Dead* is a franchise worth getting into.

– **Ben Blakely**

Directed/Written by Sami Raimi

Starring: Bruce Campbell, Ellen Sandweiss, Betsy Baker, Hal Delrich, Sarah York



Art VS Rugby: Play off

EDITH AMITUANAI, SCOTT EADY & JAMES ORAM
Blue Oyster Art Project Space

Art Vs Rugby: Play off engages with society's expectations of and assumptions about rugby teams, in particular New Zealand's fixation upon the All Blacks.

Scott Eady's *Pillars* series features black Corinthian plinths on fluted columns and arranged in a basic rugby formation. Each pillar reaches to the ceiling, as though struggling to support both the pillar's structural integrity and the nation's hopes of World Cup glory. Due to the use of the highly decorative and quite feminine plinths, Eady may also be subtly subverting the typical displays of masculinity often associated with Rugby Union. The work interrogates and undermines the pressures associated with being a rugby player, in particular how the media project

rugby players as 'pillars of society'. The reality of their situation, on the other hand, is represented by the off-centre nature of the columns, which calls in to question the media's artificial presentation of, indeed obsession with, the All Blacks.

Juxtaposed against these imposing columns is Eady and Allan Cox's photographic series *When I grow up* (2011). These somewhat cheesy photographs feature children dressed in the All Blacks new uniform. The innocent gaze of each child is particularly poignant given the proximity these images have to the 'pillars of society', with the columns conveying a sense of history, representing as they do as rugby players who have made their 'mark' on their sport. The children's overtly masculine

stances seemingly allude to a wish to be an All Black one day and thereby make their own mark on the game.

Auckland photographer Edith Amituanai's two photographs *Kirby* and *Finn McCarthy* (2010) feature two rugby players standing on an empty sports field after the whistle has gone. Amituanai reveals the way in which sport is interwoven within the fabric of these two players' lives, who are presented as individuals free from the constraints of the team environment, with no expectations for them to behave in a particularly masculine manner. Amituanai has delicately rendered each player with a sense of intimacy. Each image reveals slight physical effeminacies and presents each individual with a fleeting gaze, as though this was a mere snippet of their everyday lives.

A highlight of the show is James Oram's *Untitled* (2010), a video installation depicting two overtly male hands in a sensuous grasp. The video follows a loop and is mesmerising, as well as being quite humorous. Oram is a Christchurch-based sculptor whose confronting work challenges the viewer's ideals of masculinity. The clasping of the hands is tender and evokes a homoeroticism often joked about in relation to Rugby Union. *Untitled* may appear to be a simple loop of two men grasping hands, but it also playfully subverts typical notions of with masculinity.

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES STREET

Not afraid: Simon Attwooll

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY 24B MORAY PLACE

Play off: Edith Amituanai, Scott Eady, James Oram

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

Fractus: Jeena Shin, *Spirit of Ewe*: Sarah Lucas, *Pathway to the sea-Aramoana*: Ralph Hotere & Bill Culbert, *Back in Black*: NZ artists, *The Pressure of sunlight falling*: Fiona Pardington

GLUE GALLERY 26 STAFFORD STREET

Heaven and earth, golden heart, ritual womb: James Robinson, *Sheep-o*: Jai Hall

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

OCTAGON

Haka Peep Show: Rachael Rakena

RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART STREET

Not the kind of person I'm looking for: Armstrong Vaughan



BACKinBLACK

Modern & Contemporary NZ Art This exhibition incorporates a selection of works by some of New Zealand's most recognised and notable artists from the late twentieth century to the present, including: Len Lye, Colin McCahon, Ralph Hotere, Lisa Reihana and Stephen Bambury. This selection of artworks attempts to grapple with a number of existential concerns, cultural situations and political topics that have arisen over the recent past.



Where food & fiction meet

By Deborah Hemming

of lecarousel.blogspot.com

Too cool for school; they wear sunglasses, clunky boots (worn and torn and newly bought), blazers and army jackets, rumpled shirts with crooked collars; their buttons are done right to the top; their dresses are long and swingy and floral and pretty; every shade of pastel; every faded hue; combed-over hair; yellow-ribboned pony tails; little boys and little girls (in size ten shoes) walk the streets like they own them.

And maybe they do; a grid of anti-business business; vintage shops, record stores; cafés and restos unnamed and anonymous; “I’ll

meet you down there.” “Where?” “That place on the corner. It has a blue door.” They lounge about, cigarettes flopping, Moleskines open, fancy coffees steaming; they act to be and we watch with skepticism. Do they believe it? We certainly don’t.

Their fancy cookies try harder than them; that café on the corner; a dick of a waiter; “I’ll have a cookie, please.” Eye roll. “What variety?” Pause; the obvious; “Chocolate chip”; a knowing sneer; an unknowing (unknown) customer; all part of the performance that makes this place a place; chocolate chip cookies are not just chocolate chip cookies in this part of town.

Browned Butter and Toasted Coconut Chocolate Chip Cookies (makes 2 dozen)

Despite the over-the-top concept, these cookies are delicious. The extras (browned butter, toasted coconut) are subtle enough that they don’t detract from the simplistic beauty of a classic chocolate chip cookie. Instead, they make these cookies just that much better. Make them. Eat them. Maybe put ice cream between two of them.

1 cup unsalted butter; browned to about ¾ cup
1 cup granulated sugar
¾ cup brown sugar
1 tbsp pure vanilla extract
2 ½ cups all-purpose flour
¾ tsp baking soda
½ tsp salt
1 large egg
1 large egg yolk
¼ cup toasted unsweetened coconut (I might add more next time; I like coconut)
1 cup dark chocolate (either chopped or in chip form)

Preheat oven to 180 degrees C

Toast coconut in a pan for 5 minutes or until evenly golden brown.

Melt and brown butter over medium heat; butter will crackle and foam and then

become fragrant and amber. Remove from heat and pour into a separate bowl to prevent overcooking.

Sift flour, salt and baking soda in medium bowl.

Measure sugars into electric mixer bowl fitted with paddle attachment. Once butter is cooled to warm (not hot), combine butter and sugar (will be grainy when combined).

Add egg and egg yolk and mix to blend. Add vanilla and mix.

Turn mixer to low speed and add flour mixture until just combined. Remove bowl from mixer stand and fold in chocolate and coconut.

Drop in heaping tablespoons onto a baking sheet lined with parchment paper.

Bake for 10 minutes; cool on pan for 5; remove and allow to cool completely on wire rack.



Strictly Coffee

137 Frederick St; the big red building

Prices: Flat White: \$4, Long Black: \$3.50,

Mocha: \$4.50

Why I came here: My flatmate had been raving about Strictly Coffee for over a year and, after much insistence, I thought it was time I paid a visit.

Atmosphere: A retro, industrial vibe. We liked the music which sounded like we were in the middle of a game of laser force.

Service: Very smiley! The barista boomed a greeting at us as we walked in, and the cashier was very friendly.

Food: My friend and I opted to share an exotic looking brownie and an oatly biscuit. The brownie was delicious and very rich (however, I’d still go to Eureka if that’s what you’re in the mood for) and the oat biscuit tasted like a tasty mini-carrot cake.

Overall: Despite my doubts, I was pleasantly surprised by Strictly Coffee. Our initial delight originated from the heat that enveloped us as we escaped the Dunedin chill as we passed through the doors. The coffee was delicious with lots of foam. As I’ve mentioned before, I always find a cafe that is a busy a promising sign, and Strictly Coffee was no exception. We floundered around initially, contemplating whether we would be able to get a seat before a charming bearded individual offered us his table. The only downside? Just like Allpress, you are forced to perch on barstools instead of reclining into a lounge and despite the glossy big windows, the view of Frederick St is hardly worth writing home about. I recommend that if you come to Strictly Coffee, come for takeaway. However, I’m dying to visit their Bath St and Albion Place stores; they look funky, much bigger and boast the same delicious coffee.

– Pippa Schaffler



[Lecarousel.blogspot.com](http://lecarousel.blogspot.com) is the brainchild of writer and food lover Deborah Hemming.

‘Carousel is where food marries fiction; where food and literature make art of each other.’

Check out her blog for other delightful literary and culinary treats.

Summer Lovin'

brought to you by:
TOAST

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

Monica

I had RWC fever and I had it baddddddd. I wanted to snag myself a juicy codehead for the night. Someone I could really sink my teeth into, preferably a first or second year. As I entered Toast I breathed a sigh of relief which quickly turned to pleasure. Dis guy was fyyynne! Thank fuck I had Gym-tan-brazzed.

We started with some fruity shakers and the mood was set. He was a Med student. And enrolled in the army; dayummmmm. Dr Dreamy crossed with Rambo. I was purring on the inside. He was marriage-material and I knew I couldn't screw things up. When the waiter quietly warned me my date had been playing with his peeny under the table, I thanked my lucky stars and knew I was in. So what if he was a little perverted? He had really nice shoes.

The conversation flowed and we had several things in common including really shit cellphones, a love of Masterchef and a hatred of cats (he is allergic to them and I find them untrustworthy). I could really see myself settling down with this guy. When he confessed to a bout of vegetarianism in his early teens I swooned - nothing gets me randier than a guy with a cause. I told quite a few good jokes and was pleased he found these funny but wondered why his laugh was like a girl hyena. He did this hyena laugh five times over the course of the night. He told me this meant I had hit the jackpot and was doing well.

After a couple of hours of flirting and footsies, we were joined by his flatmates. They were both in suits and drinking martinis. It was cute my date needed a support network and it made me feel boss dawg that I had been lone rangering it. Being the social butterfly I am, I charmed them both. This week I am taking one of them shopping for a vibrator so he can spice up his sex life with his long term-girlfriend. Fuuuck I'm a good bitch.

After politely declining their persistent requests to go to Lucky7 and try out the plunge pool, and my suggestion of Stilettos was rejected, we went to McDonald's. When I thought things couldn't get any better, my date bought me a sundae. Large. I was in love.

All in all, a perfect blind date – Dr Steamy was an absolute champ and the drinks were tasty. Thanks *Critic*!

Chandler

It was the afternoon of my blind date and I had only one question on my mind after reading the latest *Critic*. Was I going to get an absolute grenade and have a shit time? Or was I going to get a sassy, DTF fresher? It was a real gamble and I was nervous. My flatmate was signed up a few weeks earlier but sulked/bitched his way out, making me determined to go through with it. I sacked up and had a shower, followed by a few brews before gapping to Toast.

I had picked up the bar tab so arrived at Toast early and Scott the GC bartender sorted me with a few beers. Being the only patron, it was pretty obvious my date had finally arrived when a little blue-eyed blonde cutie strolled in and introduced herself. We occupied a booth and got to know each other over a lime shaker, her choice. We had a lot in common including a shared hatred of Sun, the obnoxious, fat ginger off Masterchef, and after a bit of banter followed by more Masterchef chat the tab had dried up.

My date confessed she knew the bartender so went up for more drinks. He told her not to be such a cheap b*!#h and buy some drinks, so we got a couple more rounds. This was just the beginning and their snarky banter escalated for the rest of the date with me caught in the middle. By this point I was getting pretty tipsy and the conversation started to get a bit deeper, moving on to anal and vibrators (sounds kinky I know). We then spent some time debating whether or not one of the hermaphrodite-looking patrons was in fact a man or a woman (it was really hard to tell). In the end we decided she was a woman and continued our date.

Suddenly, two of my flatmates appeared in Toast and got a drink, pleading ignorant to our presence, before they joined us at our booth and we tossed up the plunge pool at Lucky7. However, we were gutted when my date would not oblige. Who doesn't want to chat to half-naked hookers in a spa? We left Toast about midnight before a late night Maccas feed and then I dropped my date home.

Cheers to *Critic* and Toast for a mean night. My date was a stunner and awesome company.

POETRY

I am all at once afraid,
uncertain, awkward
and shaking. Are you?
Are you? I must avoid
eye contact. You
make me nervous

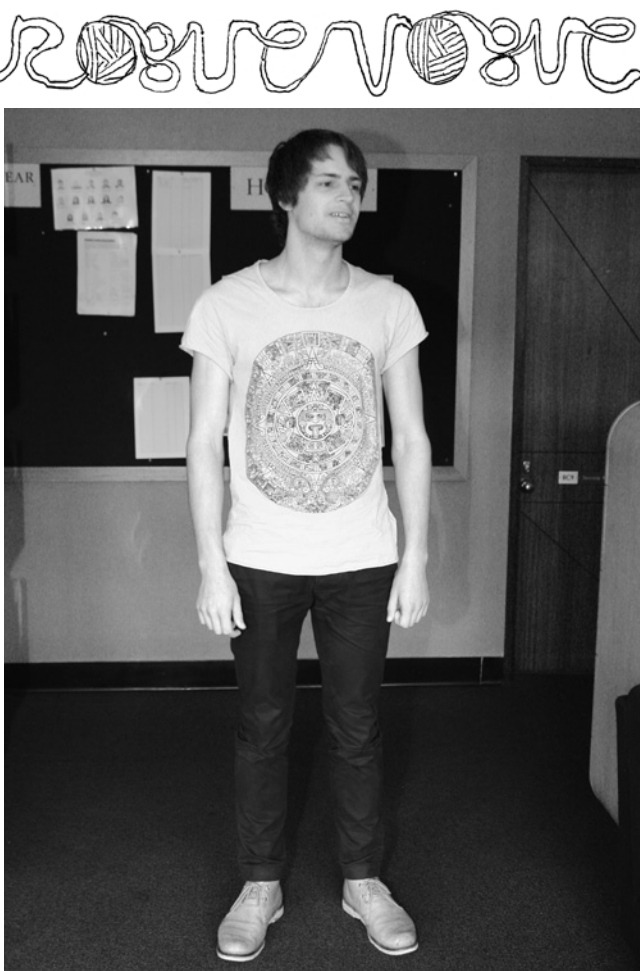
I want to live in the folds of your skin,
Touch your bones.
Explore you,
Find undiscovered parts of your body.
Stare forever in the blankness of your eyes.
Dare to look you in the eye.
Divulge my unconscious self,
That no one sees.
Tell my secrets to you.
You frighten me.
You excite me.
You are fireworks in my eyes.
Your existence has opened new parts of me,
Old parts that lay dormant are revitalised.
I just want to look at you.
You intrigue me more than anything I've ever known.
I'm drunk with rounds of lust.
I'm floating.

— Hana Aoake



Jimmy

Studying: Law, Boots: Timberland, Jeans: nn.ov
Most treasured item of clothing: dive gear



Rachel

Studying: Law, Fashion inspiration: Katherine is Awesome, Skirt: H&M
Boots: I Love Paris, Must have for the summer: the new boat shoes at Ruby



The Shed by Spencer Hall and Damian Smith

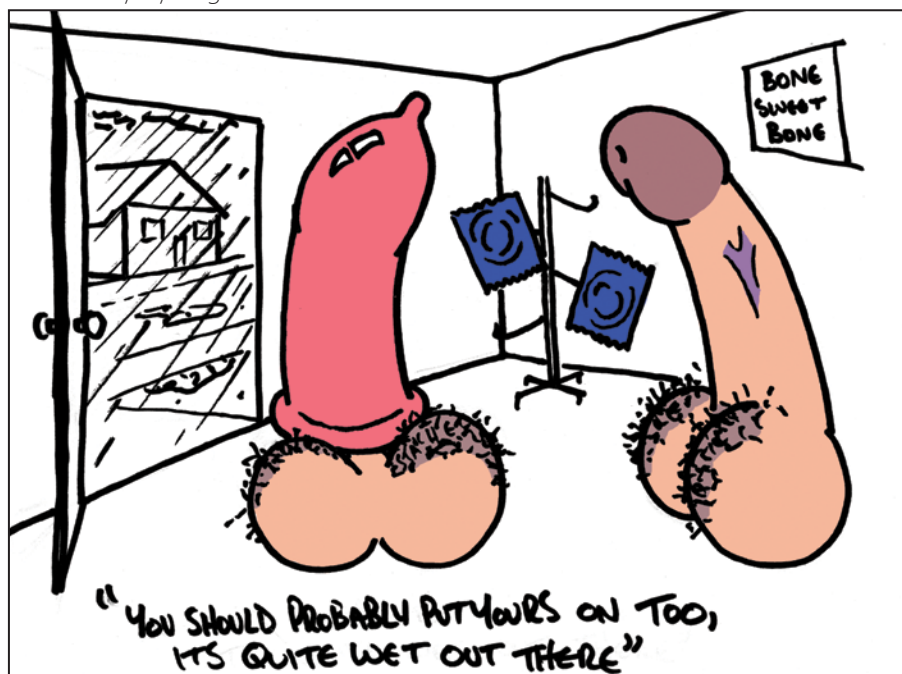


If this comic seems like Deja Vu, don't fret, it's not a glitch in the matrix, just a reprint because some of it got cut off last week

Antics by Stephen Gillan



Penis Envy by Regan McManus



Competition

For the chance to win our new zine "PIG", fill out this comic, cut it out and put it (with your name and contact details) in the "DCC" boxes at Critic or Radio One



Beards #5 by Regan McManus and Liam Anderson

In Last Week's Episode: Beards were in Jeopardy from some clippers



Kia ora whanau,

So the hot topic of this week's column is elections! With campaign week upon us, it is time for all of you to step up and show us what you have got, and what direction you would wish to take if elected into Te Rito for 2012.

For all those that are not running, it is your job to ask the hard questions and see what the candidates could offer to Te Rito and ultimately Te Roopu Maori. We are going to have a candidates hui on WEDNESDAY, 5pm at the whare, where the candidates can give a wee motivational speech, and the Maori student body can ask the nitty, gritty questions. There will be light kai provided so come along and see what these cats are made of.

In other news, Te Roopu Maori's Annual General Meeting will be held at the whare on Monday October 10 starting at 5pm. As always there will be a feed put on for you guys. It is highly important that you all make it as we will be talking about the budget for 2012, so if you want to have a say about what we do with Maori student money, then nau mai, haere mai whanau, we all get to have an input into this.

Also if you would like to make any submissions for the budget, then come in and see us during office hours, or flick an email to teroopu.maori@otago.ac.nz. All budget correspondence is to go through this email with a subject heading of Budget 2012. Once we have collated any submissions that come through, we will present a final draft to you five



TE ROOPU MĀORI

working days before the AGM, and that will be then presented again at the AGM for the Maori student collective to vote on. So it is important that if you have any questions or queries you get to the AGM or get in touch with Te Rito ASAP.

On another note, Inter-roopu sports day was held on the weekend, with the divisional roopu competing in netball and dodgeball against each other, and if the chat on the Facebook event page is anything to go by, then no doubt there was some fierce competition amongst the roopu. We'll announce the prize winners in next week's column so watch this space whanau.

Hope you are all starting to hit the libs, exams are just around the corner people!

Peace

Ari

Need funding? Last chance!

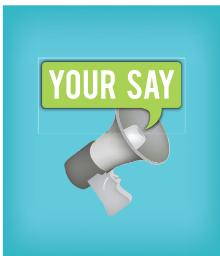
Apply for an OUSA Grant today. OUSA helps Clubs and students by providing grants. There are 6 Grant Rounds annually. The sixth round closes 4pm Thurs September 29th.

Make an appointment with the Assistant Clubs Development Officer TODAY! cdoassistant@ousa.org.nz <<mailto:cdoassistant@ousa.org.nz>>

Check out <http://snurl.com/moneyz> for more info.



Election & Referendum Date Change... Chur Vsm



Due to the way we've had to suss out constitutional changes we've put back the elections by a week. Hey it just means the candidates will get a bit more time to show you how great they'd be (and convince you to vote for them).

Keep an eye out for candidates on campus, keep an ear to the OUSA Drive show on Radio One 91fm and check out the forums

for more info.

See ousa.org.nz/your-executive/elections/ and our facebook page for updates.

BIT OF A BENDER?



Clubs and Socs has Yoga for the commitment phobes with their casual attendance, as well as those who are keen to lock in a number of session for cheaps. Check out the bottom of the page here for more info <http://snurl.com/cheapyoga>

Streams:

Mondays and Thursdays 7-9pm

Wednesdays 12-1pm

Fee:

(per session) \$4 OUSA & OPSA members and \$6 Others

Concession card option:

Purchase 10 classes and receive two extra classes free

\$40 OUSA & OPSA members (12 classes)

\$60 Others (12 classes)

OUSA Forum

6 October at 1pm

Main Common Room

On the agenda...

- OUSA proposed levies for 2012
- OUSA proposed budget for 2012
- OUSA Constitutional Amendments
- OUSA Deloitte Review
- General Business

Onefest '11

Don't miss Radio One's annual party - or should I say *parties!*

This Friday and Saturday Radio One is putting on 2 gigs, both FREE with your 91 Card. If you don't have one, buy one this week for only \$10 - coz door sales will be \$30. 91 cards are available from Radio One, OUSA Main Office, Cosmic Corner or www.r1.co.nz. Best 10 bucks you'll ever spend to see HOME BREW (Friday) and LAWRENCE ARABIA (Saturday) with great local support acts both nights.



1
91 FM

ONEFEST '11

HOME BREW
FRI 30 SEPT
W/ DUDSTOWN SOUNDSYSTEM
DJ SHAN, DJ SUBSTANCE (AKL)
DJ DEFINITE & MC CHOPPER WEED
SOUNDCLASH SOUNDSYSTEM
JUNGLEFARI, DAVE BOOGIE, MAXDADE

LAWRENCE ARABIA
SAT 01 OCT
W/ EDWARD GAINS & THE HUMAN REMAINS
A.J SHARMA

91 CARD

FREE WITH YOUR 91CARD, \$30 WITHOUT
91CARDS ONLY \$10 - SO BUY ONE... DUR.
AVAILABLE FROM RADIO ONE, R1.CO.NZ & COSMIC CORNER

TWELVE BELOW 12 MORAY PLACE, 9PM

VOIC Red Bull

Student Skip Days are Coming!

Keep an eye out... on our facebook page for info

