

THE DUNEDIN ISSUE

Issue 26 – 03rd October 2011



VSM finally passes | OUSA election extravaganza
The other side to Dunedin | How to deal with the 'real world'
Dai Henwood | OUSA budget excitement
More news that you can shake a stick at

SECTION ZERO
- PRESENTS -

2011/12

LADEDA

FESTIVAL

**NEW YEAR'S EVE
MARTINBOROUGH**

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LULLABY LANE - DEC 30

LA DE DA - DEC 31

**GZA (WU TANG CLAN)
PHAROAE MONCH**

**SIX60 DUB FX
FAT FREDDY'S DROP**

**RAHZEL JEAN GRAE
MT EDEN DUBSTEP
OPTIMUS GRYME**

**KORA STATE OF MIND LIVE
DONAVON FRANKENREITER**

**KIDS OF 88 ZOWIE
KIDZ IN SPACE
COMPUTERS WANT ME DEAD**

**SKISM THE UPBEATS -w MC LOWQUI-
KATCHAFIRE SOLA ROSA**

**CHASING SHADOWS ROKSONIX
ZOMBOY KOAN SOUND
B-COMPLEX OPIUO
TRUTH TREI**

**BLUE KING BROWN
DODGE & FUSKI
IVA LAMKUM
CONCORD DAWN**

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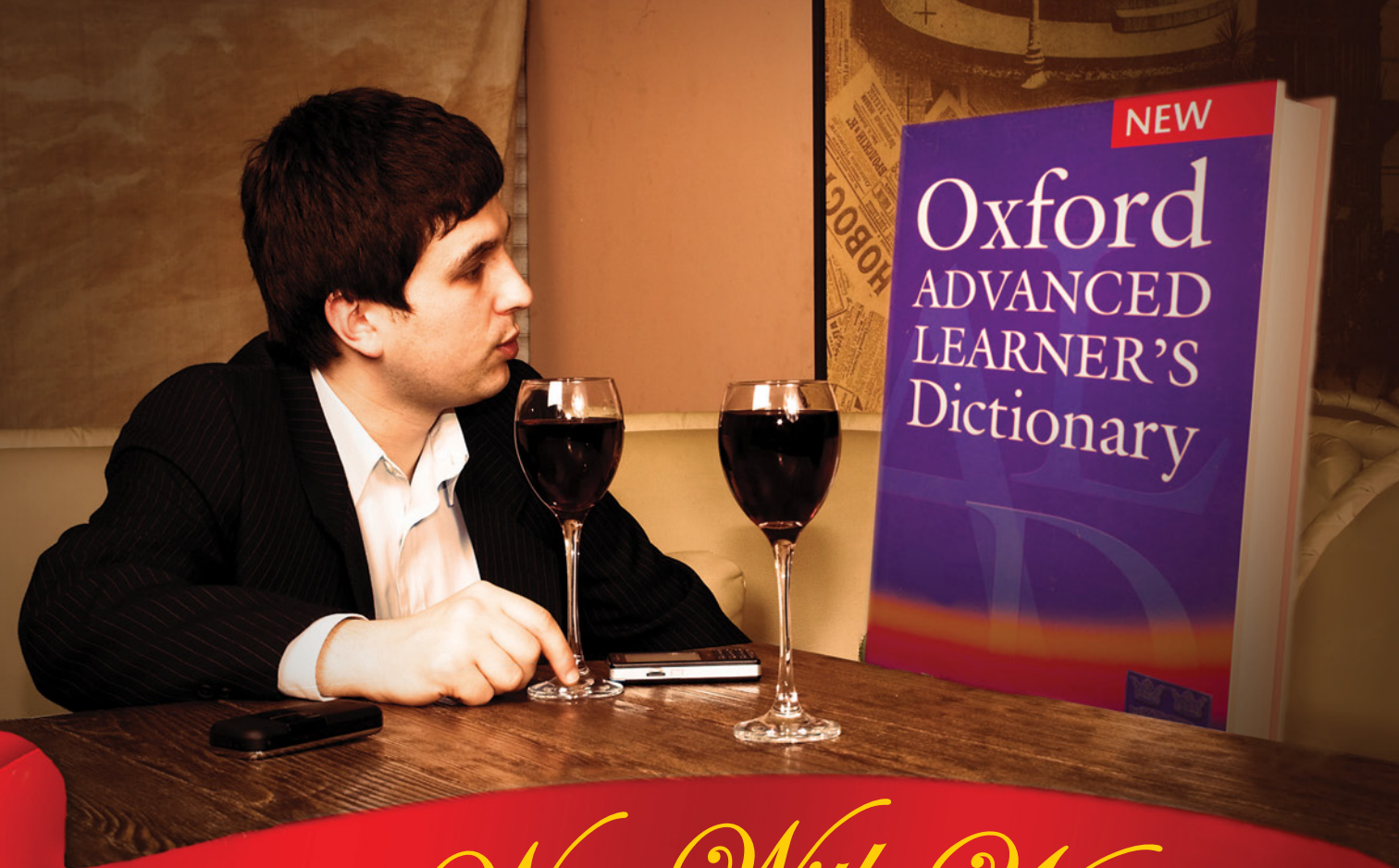
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Got a Way With Words?

Critic wants you baby...

*We need a new crew of wordsmiths and creative types to fill our aching pages
The following paid and volunteer positions are now open for 2012*

Sub-Editor: 12hrs paid p/w

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.

News Editor: 10hrs paid p/w

Are you addicted to being in the know? We need a quality writer to lead our news team in covering local, national, and international news, writing up news stories, and interviewing newsmakers.

Politics Reporter: 8hrs paid 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.

Sports Reporter: 5hrs paid 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.

Feature Writers: 5hrs paid 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.

Ad-Designer: 15-20hrs paid 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.

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 or work.

We also need volunteers to cover Music, Movies, Theatre, Literature, Sport, News, Culture, Science, Food, Gaming, Art, Sex, to write Columns and Features, and to take photos and make pretty pictures... No need to send a C.V, just flick an email to critic@critic.co.nz and we'll be in touch.

Julia Hollingsworth

LETTER OF THE WEEK

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



University Book Shop
Dunedin's Finest Book Shop

THIS MAN SHOULD RUN THE COUNTRY. OR AT LEAST THE WORLD CUP

Dear RWC organisers,

I recently attended my first ever rugby match (England vs. Romania) and I have two comments to make. Firstly, I'm all for keeping the top line to a minimum but is it really necessary, when a 5 year old child in the crowd catches an official RWC 2011 ball, to force him to give it back? I mean, the taxpayer did fork out \$310 million for this tournament, surely a \$40 ball to make some kid's day amazing isn't such a big deal?

Secondly, the actual game of rugby on show was about as exciting to watch as a Harry Potter movie without Hermione, I am writing to thank the kind gentleman that ran onto the field in English supporter kit and evaded overweight security guards for a couple of minutes. I have heard that he will be facing several thousand dollars in fines, a ban from the stadium and potentially a criminal record. I am merely making a suggestion, but perhaps he should instead be rewarded and given a seat in parliament?

Yours Lovingly
Noel

BEING A FRESHER AT OTAGO 101

Dear Critic,

I confess that I am not one who claims to know everything. Though I occasionally pretend that I do. This is necessary at certain times. Particularly during media classes, where I'm adamant that everyone else is secretly as baffled by the subject of semiotics as I am. But they won't admit it, and instead pretend to know what the hell is going on. Actually, I've pretended to know for quite some time about certain university student things, but I've given up now, and recently I've put my dignity on the line to ask a bunch of friends: what IS a SO GO? None of them knew what I was talking about, and so answers I got varied from "a brand of rice crackers?" to "a place in Korea or something." So, if I have just enough money to buy a SO GO...should I be super excited or seriously concerned?

Yours,
An Ignorant Fresher

Dear Fresher,

Thanks for informing us you do not know what a SoGo is. Unfortunately this crucial piece of information comes about 20 issues too late, and you probably haven't understood most of the news section this year, particularly because of our tendency to calculate most monetary figures in terms of the

quantity of SoGos this money could purchase.

We hope that your tendency to have no-fucking idea what the fuck is going on will not overly limit your success in life to the point that you will have to switch to a Tourism degree and then end up hanging yourself from the Kawarau bridge after working as a bungy operator well into your mid 40s.

For the record SoGo refers to Southern Gold, an upmarket, expensive, and delicious beer available from your local purveyor of fine ales and spirits.

Kind Regards,
News Team

YAY US!

Dear Joe Stockman,

Your article on the situation in Somalia was an excellent piece of the potentials of student journalism. You have tackled an issue which even the mainstream media has been rather quiet about. We must never forget the plight of fellow human beings in Somalia. While we can always switch off the television or radio, throw away the newspaper or close an Internet browser, these Somalians cannot escape from their grim reality. So the world must do more to alleviate their plight. I commend your work and hope Critic keeps it up in the following years. We need more stories like this.

Cheers,
Andrew Lim

DON'T GET IT TWISTED

Dear Chloe,

Just wondering what it is, exactly, which makes the iPhone "100 times less gay" than the iPad? Is it the iPhone's overt sexual preference for its opposite gender? Its staunch hetero nature? Or the fact that you're continuing a prejudice against homosexuality with the use of such words to express your opinion of the things you don't like, thus continuing the discrimination of homosexuals?

Just curiously,
An accepting heterosexual.

ODT WATCH SPAWNS MORE WATCHERS

Dear ODT

I, like many students, am a rare, if ever, reader of your publication. There is a general view that at best the ODT is irrelevant to students and at worst, is plain bias against them. I always tried to defend this and said that you were simply giving your readers what they asked for and most students are not buying papers anyway.

This was until yesterday. On the 26th of September an article entitled "friendliness up, arrests well down" commented upon the level of arrests being significantly decreased from previous years. What caught my eye was the 80 arrests in 2009. This number seemed familiar and upon closer inspection is indeed the exact number of people arrested during the now infamous "Undie 500" riots. A quick search of the online archive of the ODT notes that not a single article was written in the year of 2009 about the misbehaviour at the Blossom Festival. In contrast Undie 500 headlines included "Castle Street burns again" along with comments from the police minister and our nations prime minister

labeling the event "madness". Mayor Peter Chin at the time was quoted as being "riled" (ODT, Monday 14th September 2009), was Alexandra's mayor at the time not equally "riled"? Indeed based off the figures provided in your paper the Undie 500 has never had more arrests than the Blossom Festival and it has definitely never received the same kind of coverage that the Undie 500 event caused. There are three questions I would like answered. First, why is the coverage so sensationalised? Second, why should a city, in which 17% of the cities GDP (ODT, 19th September 2009) is from the university, have a newspaper that represents that group in such a negative light? Finally, what on earth is going on at the Blossom Festival?

Yours Sincerely,
Matthew Anderson
University of Otago Student.

Dear Matthew,

The ODT did indeed publish stories about unrest at the 2009 Blossom Festival, including a front page item on September 28 of that year headlined "80 arrests as police confine drunk youths to fringes of family festival". The article details that about half the arrests were for breaching liquor bans in Alexandra, Clyde and Cromwell, the rest mostly for disorderly and offensive behaviour. A simple Google search will confirm this.

Yours faithfully
Murray Kirkness
Editor
Otago Daily Times

LOCAL HERO FIGHTS FOR RIGHTS. AWKWARDLY CAPES ARE NOW BEING WORN BY LAW GIRLS EVERYWHERE.

Dear Critic,

it is saddening to see you h8in' on your local superhero again. Red Riding Hood the 6th most screwed up fictional character? Does this cape look fictional to you? Or, for that matter, bovvered? The only thing fictional here is the ridiculous fairytale that you are buying into. All I did was go through the woods with my friend Wolf to bring Nana some cakes and to help her with her puffer jacket infestation. Some of Kathmandu's ninjas ambush us, Woodsman saves us, and then Kathmandu's PR feckers decide to play on the rampant speciesism of the masses and pin it all on Wolfe! As journalists, you ought to be ashamed of your investigative laziness!

Love,
Red Riding Hood (a.k.a. Capegirl)

P.S. Those untoward knaves at Kathmandu are always trying to get their wicked hands on my wonderful cape because of its puffer-repelling qualities. Also, I think they've bribed a bunch of lawyers not to help me prosecute because when I told someone at the Community Law Centre about it they just laughed! Make yourself useful and investigate that!

P.P.S. Kudos and mad respect to Woodsman for his support (particularly his letter to Critic). :-)

YUCKY FPP SMELLS REAL BAD #1

Dear Eagle,

In regards to your attack on proportional representation, you are advocating the political mess which characterizes modern American politics. Look at the USA, their two-party system has led to a situation where there is little policy differences between the Democrats and Republicans. The problems with FPTP is that it strengthens the grip of major parties and excludes minority voices (women, ethnic minorities, alternative political ideas). Now, I admit there are flaws with MMP particularly the obese size of electorate seats. However, there is also a need for some proportional representation. If you want a balance between stable government and proportional representation, vote for Supplementary Member. There will be more electorate seats but enough proportional representation to ensure checks and balances.

Cheers,

Andrew Lim

YUCKY FPP SMELLS REAL BAD #2

Dear Mr. Eagle,

Your commitment to freedom is surely incompatible with your disdain for proportional representation. Just because a person is 'wrong' does not mean they should be denied representation. Denial of such a freedom undermines the very foundation of our democracy. I personally find the BNP abhorrent, but I do not think the prospect of holocaust-denying racists gaining representation in the House of Commons should not prevent the United Kingdom adopting a PR system. Similarly, if you were to ever win a seat in New Zealand's parliament, I would be inclined to oppose you and everything you stand for, rather than the system allowed you to be there.

Sincerely,

MMP ftw.

YUCKY FPP SMELLS REAL BAD #3

Dear Eagle,

Normally I find myself swooning at your articles, but not this day. If you don't like majority parliaments, don't vote FPP. MMP means more proportionality, more parties represented, more views expressed. Sounds like a democracy. Parties like National and Labour must work with minor parties to make law. Conversely, under FPP it is pretty much always majority rule where one party dictates. Proportionality limits the power of major parties

while FPP enhances them. Vote MMP to temper the majority and make people work together.

The Penguin of Proportionality.

ENDORSED BY THE CAN MAN. AND IF THE CAN MAN CAN...

Cut feet suck! Glass all over the road sucks! Flat tyres.....PISS ME OFF! When I cycle into Uni I not only have to watch the traffic but I also have to dodge the glass that has been shattered enthusiastically across the road from the night before.

Beer is one of the cheapest alcoholic drinks so consequently students drink a lot of it. Luckily almost all beer that students buy also come in cans. More street sweepers are not the answer as what they are doing is simply 'sweeping the problem under the rug'. A DCC bylaw could have all stores in the North Dunedin area sell beer only in cans. It's cheaper than its bottled counterparts, it fits in the recycle bin easier so you can drink more and you won't break your back lugging out a full blue recycling bin. Breweries will soon catch on to the fact that they need alternative packaging to sell in the student area and will jump on the bandwagon.

Until this is done I will continually look forward to the flat tire that could be awaiting me when I return to my bike to ride home.

Yours

Cyclist having a whinge

BCOM HATE FEST

Dear Marketing,

No, you are the new Tourism.

Love,

Economics

UNIVERSITY FOR UNIVERSITY-ING

Dearest Critic

Am I alone in my irritation at the number of times this year that the link has been closed off to students? It is bad enough that it is jam packed with overpriced shops during the day. Bad enough that the clever clogs architect who designed it thought that real walls were for losers. Great design buddy, really nailed the functionality/aesthetic mix on the head. The open plan mezzanine style really opens up the acoustics, well done.

Am I the only one who wonders if the revenue generated is heading toward the university providing a suitable area for students to study? The library is crowded, noisy and wholly inadequate already without noisy events blocking students access to

parts of it and polluting the rest with noise.

Is it ok for a live band to sound check for an hour, a piper to wail and the sound of that band along with hundreds of voices to crash through the walls of the link and vibrate the books on the shelves in the library?

I understand that the university needs to host events, I realise that my exorbitant fees and the government subsidies are not sufficient to line the university coffers. I get that, but if the university priority is not to provide an area for students to study then what is the universities priority?

If we need an event centre then build an event centre but build a decent area for students to study first.

Never mind. At least the internet access is fast and reliable.

With fury,

A. Student. Who studies.

NOTICES

ZUMBA

ZUMBA FITNESS at Alhambra Rugby Club Rooms (595 Great King St). Zumba is on every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at 6pm. The classes are \$4.00 for students and \$6.00 for non-students. Suitable for all abilities, come join the party! www.facebook.com/emilyzumba or 0276971409

OTAGO UNIVERSITY FREESTYLE SPORTS CLUB AGM

Keen to get involved in the Otago University Freestyle Sports Club (OUFSC) next year? We cater for skiers, snowboarders, surfers, and skaters and have won Club of the Year three times in a row. Woo hoo! Come along to our AGM on Wednesday Oct 5 at 6pm in the Clubs and Socs building to find out more, or even get yourself elected to next year's Exec if you're super keen.

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



ODT's letter page has international flavour

The ODT has started importing angry old people from England, after a local shortage left the newspaper facing a dire shortage of irrationally irate letters to use as filler.

One of the most successful imports is the team of Martin and Joy Sykes, an English couple who wrote a letter brilliantly identifying the problems facing Dunedin as mostly consisting of the "unruly behaviour of the students", who live an existence consisting of "broken bottles in the streets and clearly squalid housing".

Nobody at the ODT seemed to appreciate the irony of publishing a whiny letter about broken bottles from English people, just a little while after the English had a whole lot of rioting in which they burnt down half of their cities.

Sources unsympathetic to the merits of the ODT as quality print journalism speculated that the Sykes were destined for bigger things at the publication, with one commentator saying he "expected they would be given a column any day now."

We come from a pretty cool place, awash with talent and fame. Basti Menkes rates the Top 10 Dunedin Celebrities

- 01 David Gray** – the main character in *Out of the Blue*, which is a movie about surfing, isn't it?
- 02 Speedy** – champion speed walker
- 03 Fifi** – "pith off, I should've been number one"
- 04 Joan Butcher** – watch her haka on YouTube for proof
- 05 Danyon Loader** – a record-breaking Dunedin swimmer, who was conceived in Timaru (in any of its 20,000 motels)
- 06 Peter Chin** – had his big break starring in the "Spray and Walk Away" ads
- 07 Happy Clappy Man** – rRevered musician
- 08 Thomas Bracken** – the astounding wordsmith who wrote 'God Defend New Zealand'
- 09 Michael Cullen** – Dunedin breeds super smart finance ministers
- 10 Ethel Benjamin** – The first female lawyer in New Zealand. Big ups for equality.



Dun dun. Dun dun. Dun dun dun dun dun DUN DUN DUNNNN DUNNNNNNNN...

Ignoring shark-warning signs is usually a good idea, but when it isn't, it's a really bad idea. Indeed, a British man who went swimming at a beach in Cape Town, South Africa on Wednesday found this out the hard way.

After ignoring the shark flag that had been flying for the previous 90 minutes, the man entered the water and was duly attacked by a Great White shark 50m offshore, which happily claimed chunks of both of his legs as a delicious pre-seal appetiser. Somehow the man made it back to shore, where a heroic bystander dragged him from the water.

The man was found with his right leg chewed off above the knee and his left leg chewed off below the knee, barely conscious. He was sedated on-scene by paramedics, who stabilised him in a critical condition and then airlifted him to Constantiaberg Medi-Clinic. While this was going on, a spectator handily filmed a video of the shark still lurking in the water so the man would have something to remember the experience by, apart from his stumps, that is.

According to visitors to the beach, the shark is still there.

1900

the year until which Dunedin was the most populated city in NZ

17

percentage of Dunedin's GDP attributable to the University of Otago

7

cost of Dunedin's Chinese Garden in millions of dollars



Too committed

A former University of Auckland student who came down to Dunedin for Re-O Week this year, and loved it so much that he stayed, has compounded his poor decision-making by having 'SCARFIE' tattooed on the inside of his lip.

'James' reportedly decided to get the tattoo whilst drunk, and then surprisingly

followed through with the idea when he sobered up.

In related news, the Tourism department is rumoured to be excited about adding James to its ranks next year, with pundits telling *Critic* that since James can spell "scarfie" correctly, he might well be the smartest Tourism recruit in the last forty years.

PRESIDENTIAL PRATTERINGS

THE LOGAN EDGARISM OF THE WEEK

"Oh no, that's not scabies, that's just a rash I have"



Kone?

An ice-cream shop in America suffered an unexpected drop in sales after an employee was sent to stand on a street corner in a novelty cone suit that bore an unfortunate resemblance to a Klu Klux Klan outfit.

Rumours starting flying around the town of Ocala that the shop owners were Klan supporters, which led to a precipitous drop in business. The Puerto Rican owners of the store told media that they had never actually heard of the Klan prior to the unfortunate marketing effort, but the costume had now been scrapped.

Critic's research failed to turn up any Klan chapter that requires an outfit with hundreds and thousands on the top.



The Good

Fairtrade Chocolate

Huge fan of chocolate, so much so that I regularly freeze blocks of the stuff in order to enforce some self-control (not as much self-control as not buying it, mind). For anyone thinking of trying such a crafty trick, do not bother, it does not work, many are the days when a whole family block is consumed. But dear friends, not all chocolate is made equal. Some is made from the blood and sweat of enslaved African children. Some (Fairtrade stuff) is made from sunshine, finding a nice dress on sale, and catching the bus on time. Buy that stuff.

The Bad

Colin McCohen Paintings

I use the word 'paintings' rather liberally here. Anyone paying good coin for what appear to be reproductions of my primary school classroom blackboards baffles me. In the great words of Wikipedia, "he liked to use black and white." Indeed, Wiki, indeed.

The Aesthetically Displeasing

Rumer Willis

Living proof that a sexy Demi Moore and a sexy Bruce Willis do not make for sexy offspringlets. Somehow such sexy DNA combined to produce someone bearing more than a passing resemblance to Voldermort. The miracle of life and all that. Madness.

— Kate Macey

36,632

popula-
tion of
Dunedin,
Florida

1912

year the Hanover
Street Baptist Church
(now Monkey Bar)
was completed

0.00175% of students get fired up

Government unmoved

A very small crowd of student protestors gathered on the Union Lawn at noon on Monday September 26, as part of a co-ordinated national day of protest against VSM. Otago protestors, backed by OUSA and OPSA, were also protesting against future fee increases, and the cutting of courses and staff at the University and Polytechnic.

The protestors chanted slogans and burnt an effigy as part of the demonstration, but overall the tone of the protest was muted, with the tiny attendance meaning that the protest failed to engage, or draw in, passing students.

Organisers had previously told *Critic* that they hoped for between 200-300 students to attend, but *Critic* counted a peak crowd of just 35, meaning that a mere 0.00175% of the enrolled student body took part in the protest.

One of the organizers, Dan Benson-Guiu, told *Critic* that some of the organisers were disappointed with the turnout, but stated that he put the crowd at around 60 in number. He blamed poor publicity for the low turnout.

The highpoint of the protest was undoubtedly the effigy burning, although it took protestors several attempts to get the figure to catch fire. *Critic* suggests that in future, organisers delegate burning duties to a Libyan rebel; from what we've seen on the BBC, their flags always seem to go up nicely on the first attempt.

The disappointing turnout at the Otago event contrasted with the explosive protest at Auckland University, where one arrest was made after approximately 300 student protestors occupied the top floor of the Owen G Glenn building, which houses the University's business school. Student sources claimed that a peak crowd of 500 protestors gathered in the student's association quad, before a group of 300 marched to occupy the marquee University building.

The arrest of a protestor, Marcus Coverdale, for trespassing motivated some students to continue the protest outside the Auckland Central Police



Station, although the *New Zealand Herald* reported that the crowd dispersed peacefully at around 7.30pm, with protestors heading to town "for refreshments".

In a press release, Auckland University Students' Association (AUSA) President Joe McCrory said, "What we are seeing is a student led movement against Government attacks on students – Heather Roy's voluntary student membership bill, scheduled for third reading this week, and Steven Joyce's crackdown on student services levies that will see students worse off".

In spite of the success of the first AUSA event, a second protest at Auckland, organised to coincide with the third reading of the VSM bill on Wednesday September 28, failed to attract much student support. *The Herald* reported that a mere 20 students turned up to the second event, with an effigy going unlit as attendees milled around eating sausages.

Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce had no sympathy for protestors, pointing out that tertiary students paid only around a quarter of the true cost of their education, and telling the *New Zealand Herald* that students should "keep their heads down".

– Gregor Whyte

VSM passage inspires postmodern Cubist poetry

*VSM here to stay,
Students no longer need to pay,
ACT on Campus very gay,
Dinosaur-cunt shouts hooray?*

The Education (Freedom of Association) Amendment Bill, colloquially known as the VSM bill, finally passed its third reading in Parliament last Wednesday September 28, ushering in a new chapter in the history of New Zealand's student's associations.

The bill easily passed its final reading, with National and United Future joining ACT to push through the Heather Roy's bill, despite widespread opposition to the legislation from student activists.

The final reading of the bill attracted a small protest outside Parliament, with MPs from Labour, the Greens, and the Maori Party joining students from Victoria University on the steps of the Parliament building.

However, neither the protest nor appeals from student leaders managed to sway National from supporting the bill, which means that from January 1 2012, membership of student associations will be voluntary. This will have the effect of slashing the revenues of most student associations, with most associations currently relying heavily on student levies for funding.

Predictably, student leaders reacted with dismay, with media releases rolling in from all

corners of the country decrying the result.

New Zealand Union of Students' Associations Co-President David Do slammed the bill. "Tonight's vote symbolises the real disdain this Government has for students. In reality, National has shown none of their supposed pragmatism. Instead, National has chosen to enable the extreme ideology of a discredited fringe political party. By ignoring the overwhelming opposition, arguments, and evidence, National have shown their real colours".

Whilst most student organisations were complaining about the bill's passage, ACT on Campus welcomed "a future of more representative and accountable students' associations for future generations". Dr Brash tweeted "students rush the streets holding members of the liberators @ActOnCampus aloft on their shoulders and chanting @petermcc's name #VSM".

– Gregor Whyte

Presidential candidates debate the numbers

Yes they were maths-debating

The OUSA election trail kicked off last week, with a lacklustre attendance at the Presidential debate, and a number of nominations that is laughably low, even by Otago's usual poor standard.

This year there are only two candidates for the role of OUSA president: newcomer Dan Benson-Guiu, and incumbent king Logan Edgar. The third presidential nominee, first year student James Butler, dropped out of the race early last week, stating that he was "unable to run this year".

At the time of print, campaigning was thin on the ground, bar a poster depicting Edgar beside Nelson Mandela, with the caption "only the best leaders lock themselves up". Things were not that much better in the online realm, where the "Dan Benson-Guiu for President of OUSA" Facebook page has 52 likes, while Edgar's Facebook page, which was originally established for the presidential elections in June, has 718 likes.

Around 50 showed up to the presidential debate last week to interrogate Benson-Guiu and Edgar. Benson-Guiu spoke of his commitment to communicating with students via better utilisation of OUSA's media arms and weekly SGMs. He embraced the idea of OUSA becoming more politically active. Edgar, meanwhile, noted that although he "didn't know shit 6 months ago", he is now experienced, and attempted to win students over with his snappy pimp/1930s paper boy ensemble.

Both candidates refused to engage in backstabbing, and were actually fairly amicable towards each other- uncharacteristic for an OUSA debate. Benson-Guiu commented that Edgar had done a great job, while noting that he could do better himself. Edgar said that Benson-Guiu seemed a "nice enough guy", although claimed that he seemed to be pushing a bit of a socialist agenda. Both seemed to love student allowances, and Edgar commented that he wouldn't be able to get his usual "cracking marks" if he had to get a part time job.

The real highlights of the evening involved a question asking Benson-Guiu and Edgar to choose between puppies and kittens, to which both responded "puppies". However Edgar added the caveat that he would kill his Rottweiler puppy at age two when it ceased to be cute.

Edgar's attempt to bring Benson-Guiu down a peg by targeting his degree choice, "we need a president who is good at the business side of things, not just philosophy", somewhat backfired when an audience member questioned whether he could adequately represent all students, regardless of their degree. Edgar cavalierly responded "Yeah, course I can".

According to an unscientific *Critic* poll, Edgar was the winner, gaining 19 votes before the debate and 14 after. By comparison, Benson-Guiu won 10 before and 8 after. "No Confidence" remained consistent at 3 votes, and the one vote for "Logan's Suspendors" shifted to "Logan's white shoes" by the end.

The other positions attracted a similarly low level of interest, with only ten people nominated to contest eight of the Exec positions. Notably, of the ten, only one is a woman. OUSA Secretary Donna Jones says the number of nominees is "very low...significantly lower than in previous years". She wasn't sure of the reason, but thought there was a possibility that it could be because of the publicity of VSM. In the election for the 2011 Exec, there were 22 nominations; for the 2010 Exec, 40 nominations; and for the 2008 Exec, there were 37 nominations.

The forum for the non-presidential candidates also attracted a less than impressive crowd of around 30. Five of the ten candidates were nominated by Logan Edgar, including Edgar's younger brother Ryan. Another of Logan's friends, Blake Luff, who donned a bright pink suit and fake tan for the occasion, is running for Recreation Portfolio Executive Officer.

— Julia Hollingsworth

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During Art Week a few weeks ago, UniPrint ran a competition to find the best of the best of student photography. Our favs of the bunch are below.



Oliver



Randall



Eloise Callister-Baker



Nan-Kyung

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AE053d

Critic wins Big

Critic took home the largest number of awards at this year's Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA) awards, held in Wellington on September 24, gaining five first place awards, and narrowly missing out on the major award for 'Best Publication'.

The awards ceremony, which honours the best of student media from the country's 14 student publications, was held at Victoria University's Milk and Honey cafe, and *Critic* sent a contingent of five to the awards.

Critic swept the substantive content awards for journalistic writing, and also had a number of second and third place finishes in other categories, but ultimately placed second equal for the top prize with *Magneto*, behind Victoria's *Salient* magazine. Judges described *Salient* as "witty, intensely self-involved in a rather endearingly self-deprecatory way". Only one point separated the top three publications in a category where two of the three judges were ex-*Salient* editors. *Salient*'s only other first place finish was in the 'Best Cartoon' category. Suspicious, but we ain't bitter.

Feature writer Charlotte Greenfield took out the award for 'Best Feature Writer', while 'Dr Z', otherwise known as Andrew Oliver won 'Best Feature' for his feature 'Fear and Loathing in Northeast Valley'. The judges noted that Greenfield's writing had the ability to be locally relevant, even when it wasn't about local issues.

Volunteer writer Teuila Fuatai won the 'Best News Writer (Unpaid)' award, beating out a stiff field in a highly competitive category. Meanwhile News Editor Gregor Whyte won in the 'Best News Writer (Paid)' category, with judge Graeme Baker commenting that his "writing style would easily fit into the pages of the Herald". Aimee Gulliver, Gregor Whyte and Joe Stockman won the 'Best Education Series' category for a series on the effects of VSM on student associations, which judge Nicola Kean described as "engaging and interesting, full of dirt and scandal". This completed a clean-sweep of the news and features awards.

In a controversial call, *Critic*'s Mrs John Wilmot finished second in the 'Best Columnist' category, losing to the guest column of professional journalist David Farrier, which appears in Auckland magazine *Craccum*.

Critic's designer Andrew Jacombs placed in two categories, coming second in 'Best Cover' and third in 'Best Original Photography'. However, an incident where Jacombs exposed himself to a hotel maid detracted from his otherwise stellar performance.

Stephan Gillan took third place in the 'Best Cartoonist' category for his Antics comic, Tom Ainge-Roy got third in 'Best Reviewer', while Gregor Whyte also had the second best entry in the 'Best Headline' category.

— Staff Reporter

BMW-driving meth head threatens students with bat after unrelated driver toots lightly at his terrible parking

Critic short on snappy titles this week

Two University of Otago students had the fright of their lives last Tuesday, when a man chased them in his car before following them into a driveway and menacing them with a baseball bat.

The incident started when the suspect was trying to park his "reasonably nice BMW" on a one-way street. Another vehicle tooted its horn lightly at the man, who mistakenly attributed the noise to the car containing the two girls driving home from their flat shop.

Presumably outraged at the thought of a woman criticising his dismal attempts at parallel parking, the man set off on a chase to catch the girls' car.

According to an eye-witness, the man pulled up alongside the girls and pulled out a baseball bat, waving it out the window theatrically. Realising they may in fact be in danger, the girls pulled into a nearby driveway and ran into the nearest flat. The man parked his car and followed the girls down the driveway, looking in the window of each flat in an attempt to sniff them out. Meanwhile the students wisely locked themselves in the bathroom of the flat into which they had run.

The man then proceeded to patrol the block in his car, waiting for the girls to emerge. Fortunately, a flat across the road had seen the events unfold and called the police. Armed with the suspect's number plate, police were able to find and arrest the man outside KFC. The man reportedly cooperated with police when he was apprehended.

The man is heading to court on Tuesday, and *Critic* understands he will be charged with 'possession of a dangerous weapon'.

One of the victims spoke to *Critic*, stating that she had no idea what led the man to overreact so badly. "It wasn't even us that tooted, we were laughing at the fact he thought it was us, which must have pushed him over the edge". "It's crazy, he had a nice car and looked relatively normal, so he must have been having a really bad day."

Critic speculates that the suspect was either on a serious rush of crystal meth, or was simply a Tourism lecturer that had lost the plot after several hours of attempting to make sense of the illiterate drivel handed in by his students.

— Staff Reporter

Student Art Exhibition a Success

The OUSA Student Art Exhibition and Sale is being hailed as a great success, after luminaries like OUSA President Logan Edgar were among the purchasers of student art.

The People's Choice awards, sponsored by the University Book Shop and Art Zone, were decided after the event had run its course, with first place going to 'Listopad I' by Warren Forster. Second place was shared by the vaguely titled, 'Untitled' by Lindsey Horne, and Jon Thom for his 'collection' (*Critic* is incompetently unsure whether 'his collection' is the title of a single work, or actually refers to a collection of pieces).

Meanwhile Franky Alice Strachan won the Curators' Choice award.

— Staff Reporter

OUSA cuts down on coke and hookers in light of VSM

Lucky Sevens to go bust?

The OUSA Executive has put the 2012 budget to notice, ahead of a referendum timed to coincide with the OUSA Elections, in which students will vote on whether to pass the budget.

Following the successful third reading of the VSM Bill in Parliament last week, the budget reflects the possible environment within which the association will operate next year. In light of the Education (Freedom of Association) Amendment Bill (VSM) becoming legislation as of January 1 2012, the OUSA Executive has opted not to set a levy.

The rationale behind this appears to be to get as many students as possible to sign up to the association, as the enactment of the Bill means that students will no longer automatically become members of OUSA upon enrolment at university. The accompanying notes to the budget also explain that the zero levy is being instituted "in order to maintain services to all students."

The level of services that can be provided in a VSM environment will be significantly reduced from the status quo. The budget represents "a pared down OUSA with net expenditure at the average of the surplus of the last two full years of operation."

There have been major cuts across the board, with reductions being particularly noticeable in Events, the Sports and Society Grants, Te Roopu Maori, and Planet Media Dunedin Limited.

The cut to Events will require "more volunteers, and there is the risk of a lesser quality event," according to OUSA General Manager Darel Hall.

Two areas that face only small cuts in expenditure are the Student Support Centre and the Elections line. OUSA President Logan Edgar said that the lesser cuts to Student Support Centre and Elections reflect the importance of those services to the association, which will continue to run at their full capacity in 2012.

Executive Honoraria has taken a total decrease of \$48,500. The 2012 President will be paid \$4,000 less than the amount Edgar received this year, with compensation for 2012 set at \$12.50 an hour, on the basis of 40 hours a week.

Critic's commitment to investigative journalism led the publication to determine that this level of pay flouts the prescribed minimum hourly wage rate of \$13 an hour set by Her Majesty's Government, effectively meaning OUSA is instituting slave labour in 2012.

The budget has been put to notice prior to the finalisation of negotiations with the University regarding the possibility of a contract for services. If a service agreement is reached, there is the possibility that the University may charge students their own levies, something that occurred at the University of Auckland when that institution adopted the voluntary membership model after a referendum in 1999.

– **Aimee Gulliver**

Voting on the referendum and election will be held between October 10-13 October. You can vote online at ousa.org.nz



ODT headlines hit new lows. Stats on the up though.

The *ODT* managed to title a story about a University of Otago statistics lecturer being elected the head of the International Association for Statistical Education with the unbelievably stupid headline, "New President knows statistics". Did they think it was a possibility that he wouldn't?

The terrible title somewhat detracted from the otherwise laudable achievement of Otago staff member John Harraway being elected to the prestigious position at the head of the international body. Harraway, a senior lecturer in the mathematics and statistics department at Otago, will head the 400-member strong organisation, whose main function is to promote, support and improve statistical education throughout the world. New Zealand is regarded as a world leader in the development of statistics curricula and

software in schools.

Last year Harraway received a University of Otago award for teaching excellence.

– **Teuila Fuatai**

Best of a bad bunch

Entries have flooded in for OUSA's second annual Next Top Flat competition, with the majority of entries aiming to lose. Judging took place last week, and the winning, losing and greenest flats will be announced today. The idea of the competition, aside from giving students free stuff, is to promote better flat conditions. "There's a wide variety of flats out there in Dunedin, and with a surplus of accommodation, students need not put up with a sub-standard flat. We encourage those with a great landlord, cool flatmates and a quality flat to show how great flatting in Dunedin can be", OUSA Welfare Officer Shonelle Eastwood stated.

Those with an abysmal landlord, uncool flatmates, and a sub-quality flat may be consoled by the thought that the worst flat will win five hours of commercial cleaning. Meanwhile, the best flat will receive a \$150 flat shop from New World, and greenest flat will bag some unidentified treats from Taste Nature Organic Shop. On top of this, nominees received the delight of a visit from the guest judges. Green MP Gareth Hughes, Deputy Mayor of Dunedin Chris Staynes and Head of the University's Accommodation Office Adele Evans spent last Monday venturing into all manner of student environments, including one flat which proudly claimed to have slaughtered a pig in their front yard.

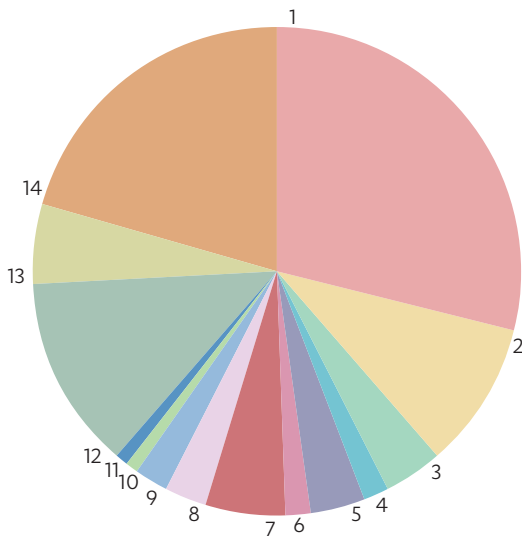
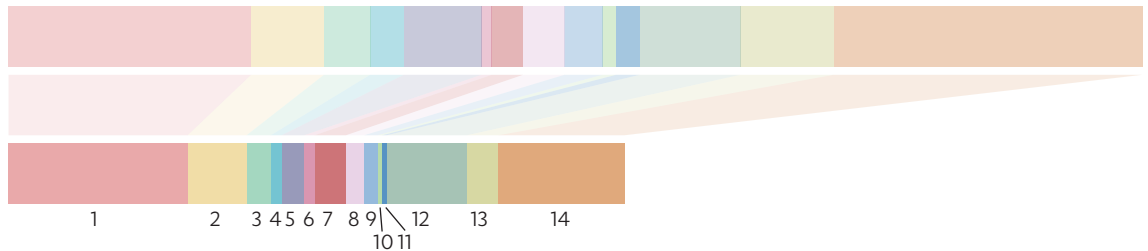
– **Charlotte Greenfield**

2011 Budget

\$2,508,962 total

2012 Budget

\$1,362,395 total



- 1. Administration
- 2. Marketing and Communications
- 3. Exec honoraria
- 4. Exec operational expenses
- 5. Radio One and Critic
- 6. Student Job Search
- 7. University Union
- 8. NZUSA
- 9. Te Roopu
- 10. Satellite campus support
- 11. Grants and donations
- 12. Student Support Centre
- 13. Events
- 14. Recreation

TOTAL

2012 BUDGET	%	2011 BUDGET	%
396,550	29.0 %	537,000	21.4 %
130,000	9.5 %	161,000	6.4 %
53,500	3.9 %	102,000	4.0 %
24,000	1.8 %	74,450	3.0 %
50,000	3.7 %	172,000	6.9 %
22,500	1.7 %	22,500	1.0 %
70,000	5.1 %	70,000	2.8 %
40,000	2.9 %	90,939	3.6 %
30,000	2.2 %	84,650	3.4 %
10,000	0.7 %	29,689	1.2 %
10,000	0.7 %	52,500	2.1 %
177,000	13.0 %	222,250	8.9 %
69,510	5.1 %	206,450	8.2 %
279,335	20.5 %	683,534	27.2 %
1,362,395		2,508,962	

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Bouncing off the Halls

This edition of “Bouncing off the Halls” was supposed to appear in next week’s *Critic*, but at short notice senior management sent us out into the field to see what we could find, and they weren’t disappointed.

Kicking things off, we were told that a little while ago some eager little UniColian snagged himself a lady friend in town, and took her back to his pathetic excuse for a room in order to fertilise her eggs with his friendly sea monkeys. The cheeky little juvenile got so excited about letting his little fellas out of the tank that he decided to take one of his fingers on an exploratory trip in to the interior of the forbidden forest, in order to maximise her pleasure.

Not particularly thrilled about having a three-inch replica of the ‘haka peep show’ inserted in her rectum, the infuriated specimen decided an ‘eye for an eye’ was the appropriate disciplinary measure, and

proceeded to dig her fingernail into his prostate. Reports indicate that every resident on the floor awoke to the ensuing howling.

Stupidity is an affliction rampant among first years, with only chlamydia more common among the denizens of the colleges. However, it appears this disease has now spread to second years, with worrying implications for the future of humanity. It is possible that the source of the outbreak is the emerging tradition on Castle Street, where second years host inductions for the first years moving into their flats next year.

Six easily misled girls from UniCol were inducted recently, in front of a decent sized crowd of onlookers. The girls had to compete against each other in several challenges, with the chugging of a bottle of vino quickly followed by shuttle runs and durry races, and bonus rounds of shotgunning included as a crowd pleaser. Sculling powdered milk

was also on the list, but due to the presence of mould the girls were given the option to remove their tops instead. In true UniCol fashion, the girls had their mammary glands out before the hosts had even finished explaining the change to the schedule.

The participants were also offered additional points for vomiting on each other, and at the conclusion of the challenges the winner had one slit shaved into her eyebrow, with each progressive position receiving an additional slit. The unfortunate who placed last lost the whole eyebrow, while one slippery character managed to escape before receiving her punishment. The public are being requested to pass on any information as to the whereabouts of this individual to *Critic* or the residents of Castle Street so that her induction can be completed.

– **Lazz Holding**

execrable

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

At an Exec meeting that briefly threatened to leave the realms of interminable boredom, the Exec finally passed the 2012 OUSA Budget. The savvy Exec had recommended two different budgets, since at the time of the meeting the VSM bill still hadn’t been passed. The next day it passed, meaning all the work put into the “non-VSM” budget was effectively a giant waste of time. Kind of like the Executive as a whole, some would say.

Moving on to more interesting items, the third quarter Executive reports were passed at the meeting, which kicked off with Katie’s request that the person whose report was being discussed leave the room at the time, purportedly to allow for a more ‘open discussion’. This proved endlessly entertaining, as upon each Exec member’s departure from the room the rest of the team had the option to descend into a barrage of bitching about

the person. A short summary of their overall efficacy is that the female Exec members are doing an absolutely top job, while certain male Exec members range from the merely useless to the fully-blown incompetent.

Despite concerns about some Execcies’ performance being comparable to the bedroom prowess of a first year male from Cumberland after two trays of SoGos, no one seemed prepared to pick up the balls to move a motion that any particular member have their honorarium deducted. Very cosy. Francisco then expressed concerns about the process of chewing people out when they weren’t in the room, but Katie responded that she was happy to do so, and had in the past simply said the same things to the offender’s face anyway.

After that little awkward moment, the appearance of chocolate from Logan’s bag

was a welcome sight. The full lycra suit sported by Mr President was another matter entirely. He had apparently just come back from a ‘ride’, so *Critic* is speculating that the stained and frayed couch in his office must be getting more of a workout than usual these days. Unfortunately the identity of the Monica Lewinsky with the spandex fetish is still unknown.

Whoever he has his eye on, *Critic* understands that thankfully Katie is escaping his predatory advances. She informed the meeting that Logan was the only Exec member to have thrown up on her this year, a fact which she didn’t seem all that pleased about. Sarah astutely pointed out that at least it was vomit, and not some other bodily fluids that Logan had sprayed her with.

– **Aimee Gulliver**

OUSA ELECTIONS SPECIAL

More OUSA politics than your wildest nightmares

In the spirit of informed decision making, Critic asked all ten of our candidates (who are vying for eight of the ten exec positions on offer) to tell us why we should give them our vote. There are two uncontested positions, namely the International Students Portfolio Executive Officer and the Campaigns Portfolio Executive Officer, which means that there will be some empty seats in next year's boardroom. You can vote online from 10th - 13th Oct.

PRESIDENT



Daniel F. Benson-Guiu

Nominated by: Jefferson Kinghorn,

Seconded by: Rebecca Bradley

Since 1890, OUSA has provided representation, services and entertainment to students. If VSM goes through, all these will be threatened.

Regardless of VSM, however, the President and the Executive of OUSA have to prove OUSA is still important and relevant to students, especially in the current climate of apathy. The Exec as a whole will have to prove it can lead the student body with vision, for the benefit of the whole.

To do so I plan to lead an executive that will be more transparent and informative. Part of the reason for apathy is a lack of information. By using its communication arms more effectively, as well as social media, OUSA will be able to reach more students and this way be more representative and democratic.

OUSA has to start addressing real issues such as high fees, departmental and staff cuts and terrible living conditions. This is my goal.

ADMINISTRATIVE VICE PRESIDENT



Art Kojarunchitt

Nominated by: Logan Edgar,

Seconded by: Francisco Hernandez

In 2012, VSM is coming to OUSA. OUSA need someone with experience to be able to help this organisation though this. I think I am the best candidate for OUSA Admin VP, to help OUSA settle into a voluntary membership environment. I have been on the exec for 3 years now as the International Students Representative, putting on lots of different events and improving the student experience for international experience during these three years. I am confident that I have learned a lot and am ready to step up to use that experience to help OUSA settle into this new environment. My experience and integrity will serve OUSA well in the future.

FINANCE AND SERVICES OFFICER



Logan Edgar

Nominated by: Angus McDonald,

Seconded by: Lozz Holding

Kia Ora, Serious yarn time guys, gather round.

For the past six months I have been your OUSA President thanks to a grand showing of some serious Scarfie power in the polls. Big up yourself. You may now know that I am up for re-election for 2012 and heck, I would really love your vote. Since gaining power I have been the most politically active president in the last ten years, shown through the likes of my protesting the shit out of this VSM thing. You need a president who isn't going to have to spend the first six months learning what "VSM" stands for. Most importantly, you need a president who you can relate to and who is genuinely interested in what is best for all students and as president will do his all to make this happen. You need Edgar. I beg you to support one of your own, bless your beautiful sweet gorgeous souls. Heck, I would sharn the arse end out of these other show pony candidates any day. Just imagine the state of *Critic* if there was a new leader with the personality of Helen Clark. There would be no more stand up and presidential pratterings would have the chat quality of *Shortland Street's* script, and that show is fucking shit.



Ryan Edgar

Nominated by: Logan Edgar,

Seconded by: Lozz Holding

Hello fellow students, good to see you. My name's Ryan Edgar and it would be my honour to represent you as the OUSA finance and services officer. "Hey, is that Logan's brother?" Yes, he and I did share a womb (not simultaneously, I'm his younger brother). I believe I would be the right candidate for this position as I am an enthusiastic commerce and psychology student who enjoys actively meeting, interacting and cooperating with others. I understand what students want, which isn't always a quiet night in studying and playing internet backgammon with a 40-year old from the Ukraine. If you see me around come have a yarn and I'll explain why I believe I am the right candidate for the job. So please, vote Ryan, not just because I'm Logan's brother; but for what I can bring to the OUSA...Or if you really want; just because I'm Logan's brother. Cheers!



Dan Stride

*Nominated by: Nicky Thomas,
Seconded by: Angela Loosli*

Kia Ora. OUSA faces some tough challenges next year should the despicable VSM Bill become law: it will need someone who knows how the administrative machine works, and how to keep the place functioning on a week-to-week basis. Having two and a half years Executive experience, both as Clubs Representative and as Finance and Services Officer, I know my way around policy (I've written a fair amount of it), the Constitution, and the Budget, and am under no illusions as to the difficulty of the road ahead. In particular, a number of things need to happen: OUSA needs to achieve a sustainable level of spending (the interest off our cash reserves is our lifeblood under VSM), restore Executive oversight of Committee lines to ensure quality of expenditure and accountability, and remember that OUSA is a Students' Association, not a business. Vote Dan for competence: this election is too damn important.

EDUCATION OFFICER



Aaspreet Boparai

Nominated by: Logan Edgar, Seconded by: Lozz Holding

Hi, I am Aaspreet Boparai, and I am the candidate for Education Officer 2012. I am sure that our aims coincide - we are all here to obtain education that will teach us how to make the world a slightly better place. If you empower me with your trust, we will start from solving local problems and making our university a little better place. I will ensure that any issues you have are taken forward to be dealt with as I will be representing you on many university committees including University Senate, Summer School, Board of Undergraduate Studies and many more. I will speak on behalf of YOU to explain YOUR issues/concerns and/or suggest ideas for improvement as well as discuss strategic, high-level issues related to academic requirements of the programs. I possess excellent verbal and written communication skills, organizational and planning skills, reasoning and problem solving skills, interpersonal skills, and most importantly the commitment to participate in meetings to represent YOU and devoting time towards this role. A vote for Aaspreet, is a vote for YOU!

WELFARE OFFICER



Francisco Hernandez

Nominated by: Logan Edgar Seconded by: Art Kojarunchitt

Hello. My name is Francisco Hernandez. I'm running for welfare... Prepare to vote.

I've been with the exec for a year now, working hard for students. This year I helped start

up the Free Box, which is nearly as cool as the name sounds. You put stuff in the box you don't want, and take out stuff you do, brilliant! Like you, I'm pissed about the state of the internet at uni and I'll continue OUSA's lobbying to get them to fix it ASAP. I'm ready to work without training wheels next year to help students with lots more cool ideas, like 'flatbook', a way for you to suss out what flats are like before you sign on the line. So if you want someone who knows the ropes, who's been in the trenches all year working for you, and keen to keep working - Vote Fran for Welfare. (fran4ousa.blogspot.com)



Caleb Wicks

*Nominated by: Sundance Deighton-O' Flynn,
Seconded by: Daniel Benson-Guiu*

A wise man once said, "With great power comes great responsibility". If entrusted with the power of Welfare Officer, I will proudly bear the responsibility of Otago student welfare. I've been involved with OUSA for many years, and during this time I've developed firm relationships within the organisation, and Student Support Centre. As a new candidate, I haven't been tainted by the routines of the committee, so I can bring a fresh outlook and new ideas into the Exec. If I am elected as Welfare Officer, I will provide fair support to all students, including all of the minority groups. I will work with the Accommodation department to improve their website, and ensure that all flat star-ratings are accurate, along with arranging monthly meetings open to students to enable them to seek legal advice. Vote for new ideas! Vote for your welfare! Vote for Caleb Wicks!

POST GRADUATE STUDENTS PORTFOLIO EXECUTIVE OFFICER



Victoria Koszowski

Nominated by: Tim Bowen, Seconded by: Francisco Hernandez

Before coming to the University of Otago in 2011, I worked in the pharmaceutical industry as a pharmacovigilance policy writer. I received my Masters in Bioethics from the University of Pennsylvania, where I was awarded a Global Health Fellowship. This fellowship took me to Ghana, Africa, where I worked for the Ministry of Health. Additionally, I interviewed children with sickle cell disease, their family members, and physicians at the Korle Bu Teaching Hospital in Kumasi. This experience sparked my interest in Global Health. Currently, I am at the University of Otago, working toward my PhD in Bioethics. I believe that the postgraduate community is generally under-represented. As the Postgraduate Students Representative, my focus will be on bringing together postgraduate students in an effort to share information (e.g., promotion of peer groups, networking, advocacy, support, etc.) and ultimately create a more cohesive and engaged postgraduate community.

Note: Victoria failed to pop by the office to have her photo taken. After some judicious facebook stalking, we decided she looked like a bit like Minnie Driver.

RECREATION PORTFOLIO EXECUTIVE OFFICER



Daniel F Benson-Guiu

Nominated: James Gluck,

Seconded: Sundance Deighton O'Flynn

As Recreations Officer I plan to continue Sarah's work in creating more interaction amongst the clubs and socs on campus. To do so I will continue the idea of the clubs newsletter, which is sent out to promote and inform clubs and socs users of the range of options.

I will also be available to solve any issues the clubs may have. With the number of clubs around, it is sometimes difficult to accommodate to them all, it will be my task to liaise with the university to find more space.

I have personally been a part of several clubs on campus. It is important for the Recreations Officer to advertise events on campus and the spread of activities one can possibly join in on. To promote clubs as best as possible, I will also try to get clubs to have more of a say in *Critic* and Radio One.



Blake Luff

Nominated by: Logan Edgar,

Seconded by: Scott Thomas

My name is Blake Luff, and I'm a 3rd year Physical Education student. I originate from the bussling Central Otago township of Alexandra so I have a strong sense of Otago pride. My

sporting interests lie in multisport and adventure racing but I am passionate about most sports and activities, including the arts and culture. I feel that I would be a great asset to OUSA as I am not afraid of putting my opinion forward (hey, I tried to buy Gardies!!!) and putting in the hard yakka to get the end result. With VSM imminent I feel a large part of the job would be to retain the current level of services to the students. :)

COLLEGES & COMMUNICATION PORTFOLIO




Ryan Edgar

Nominated by: Logan Edgar,

Seconded by: Alec Sanders

Holy Christmas! Who is that handsome looking stud running for finance and services officer? I'd give him a go if you know what I mean (give him a go at being finance and services officer that is).

Ryan Edgar here, just to clear things up, I am running for both Colleges and Communications and Finances and Services officer as both are positions I am very interested in and would be passionate about, so don't be shy about voting for both if you decide to make your way to the polls, chur! I am currently living in a hall this year so I can relate to college residents and I know what they want. Let's be honest; college residents don't want to be represented by some bald 63 year old who smells of gravy he spilt on woolen jumper at lunch time, they need someone who is friendly, relatable to, approachable and outgoing. Your support would be huge. Cheeeeeeers!





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James Meager

*Internet Conspiracist,
2010 OUSA Finance and Services Officer*

Last Wednesday, Parliament passed Heather Roy's voluntary student membership legislation, which some are saying will spell certain doom for students' associations.

Several hours prior, a small crowd of people at the OUSA Presidential Debate witnessed the real reason why some associations might fail.

Stumbling through an hour and a quarter of part-vapid emptiness/part-comedy routine, the two presidential candidates (Logan Edgar and Daniel Benson) failed to put forward a single substantive policy or programme to help OUSA through its inevitable drop in funding.

In fact, both committed to a maximum OUSA membership fee of \$0, a position which will ensure that income must come solely from commercial or contractual arrangements.

So at a time where student executives should be finalising plans to ensure they thrive in 2012, it appears that the most these two could produce was that the University Book Shop should either continue to make profits and pay a dividend (Logan) or cease profiteering and reduce book prices for students (Daniel).

What service level agreements would they aim to sign with the University? Dunno.

Will OUSA remain a part of Unipol, at a potential cost of \$1million (at last look)? Good question.

What will they do about the Aquatic Centre, the Yacht Club, and the Squash Courts (all buildings which are owned by OUSA, but are on leasehold land)? Maybe that's for next time.

What about their part-ownership of and levy to the University Union Limited, which doubles as rent? The heavily damaged Mojos building? The Clubs and Societies building? The Student Support Centre?

We'll never know. What we do know is this:

There is no plan. No matter who you vote for, there is no plan. And if there is a plan, it's being kept very, very, very well hidden, like some sort of #bryceedwardsconspiracy.

It is sad. OUSA has total equity approaching \$14million, with around \$4million of that sitting in short-term deposits in several bank accounts.

You might say it's too big to fail. You could put a monkey in charge and it would still go on. Well, you've been given your choice of monkeys.

Perhaps this will help you decide. One monkey thinks disgraced former Executive Officer (now running for election again) Dan Stride is a "great guy" who made a mistake, and shit happens.

The other doesn't. He's the one with the ratty. Choose him, and while you're at it, choose his brother too.

Their Tv

Critic sent the Creme-da-la-Creme of OUSA

The Eagle

Columnist of the Eagle of Liberty

It was with a sense of elation that the Eagle soared into the OUSA President's Debate. Last time, the debate was between four potential dictators keen to rule over their forcibly imprisoned flock. This time, the two new candidates were battling it out to be the President of the new *voluntary* OUSA. So much more legit.

The loveable Logan Edgar, looking dapper in a striped shirt and suspenders, played the 'experience' card, and made a few jokes at Dan's expense to put him on the back foot. Logan wants to move OUSA in a more politically neutral direction, somewhat abandoning the socialist activism that has plagued the organization over the last few decades. He gets a black mark from the Eagle for opposing voluntary student membership, but his roguish charm and the fact that he doesn't have a poster of Helen Clark in his room makes him the Eagle's candidate of choice.

Dan B-G comes across as genuine and competent, and would certainly work hard if he were elected President. He took the debate seriously, and discussed his plans for OUSA, such as holding weekly student meetings and creating a Minorities Rep (at this point the Eagle struggled to contain his sharp beak). Dan thinks Logan has done a "great job" so far, but that OUSA should be more active in protesting against the government with regards to various socialist causes. To quote Dan on universal student allowances, "students should get money from the government for free." Oh dear. Dan was also questioned about his involvement with the International Socialists: he was a member for 17 months before being kicked out for not advocating violence.

For Finance and Services Officer, vote Ryan Edgar. The Eagle has never met him, and doesn't know anything about him. But he's got to be better than disgraced former officer Dan "Young Labour" Stride. Incidentally, Logan took a stand against Stride running again, saying he "should have got the message and done something else". But Dan B-G believes Stride to be "great guy" who made a mistake. Wrong answer.

The Eagle is disappointed to see that yet another Young Labour lackey, Francisco Hernandez, is running for some position or other. Don't vote for him, eaglets. OUSA needs to be purged of the Young Labour virus killing it from the inside.

Enjoy your new voluntary OUSA,

The Eagle

vo Cents

political pundits along to the presidential forum



Joe Stockman

Critic Feature writer, washed up political hack, Jelly-Bean aficionado, and puppy hater

Politics is an art as old as Socrates, a science as ancient as Jim Flynn. We pundits have some very technical ways of divining the underlying motivations and ideology of politicians: polling, focus groups, and political modeling, but in the end none of that really matters. The important thing is to ask the potential pols two simple questions. 1) Which do you prefer, puppies or kittens? And 2) which Jelly-Bean do you choose not to eat?

Seriously, this is all you need to know to break down the id, the ego and the super-ego of these political operatives, to understand their deepest desires, to break open their promises and examine the gooey sugary centre.

You see, Logan, told us that he loves puppies, ergo, he hates kittens. Do you really want a kitten hater as president? Logan's hatred of kittens is truly concerning; it underlines his unresolved issues with his parents, his deep-seated attachment to sexual misadventure, and his desire to see the world in Lycra and shaven legs.

Dan also hates on kittens. But he's a socialist. His hatred of kittens is due to their refusal to accept the constraints of puppy-like uniformity. Kittens are individuals, they refuse to work to any political ideology. Like Brad Pitt in *Fight Club*, kittens challenge the world by napping in the face of your social justice causes. Dan can't accept the independence of kittens, especially kittens in multi-coloured mittens.

And what about the Jelly-Beans? Dan is especially concerning in his attitude towards the humble sugared bean, that divining rod of politics. Refusing to cast out the offending black bean, and its insipid aniseed, Dan would eat all the jelly-beans as a whole, ignoring the beauty and majesty of each individual bean. Do you really want to watch a man eat Jelly-Beans like that all year?

Logan wouldn't eat the black Jelly-Bean at all. He'd cast it aside, putting it on the edges of the society, leaving it uneaten, unfulfilled, a failure of a bean that never achieved its purpose of assaulting a man's mouth with its extravagant ineptitude.

So who should kitten lovers and black Jelly-Bean defenders support in this battle of puppy lovers? How can we choose between these two extremes? There is one more question we can ask, to clear up any ambiguity. Balls in or balls out, boys?

Sam McChesney

Columnist of Two Left Feet

Most OUSA Presidential debates are inherently pointless, and go on at least eight times too long. This one was no different. It was attended by the usual gaggle of busybodies, highly intense politics students practicing their skills as attack journalists, and those who, like me, somehow got sucked into the OUSA vortex of doom and

Just.

Can't.

Escape.

The debate was bleakly nihilistic, its participants resembling mindless automatons. Young Nats clumped together on the right-hand side of the room, like conservative moss. Socialists got indignant for no real reason. Two people debated over which of them should get to quixotically sacrifice a year of their degree to preside over a task about as meaningful as that of Sisyphus. People alternately asked them about jellybeans, and attacked their immaturity. And now we vote on which candidate we liked the most. It was like a surrealist film-maker's wet dream.

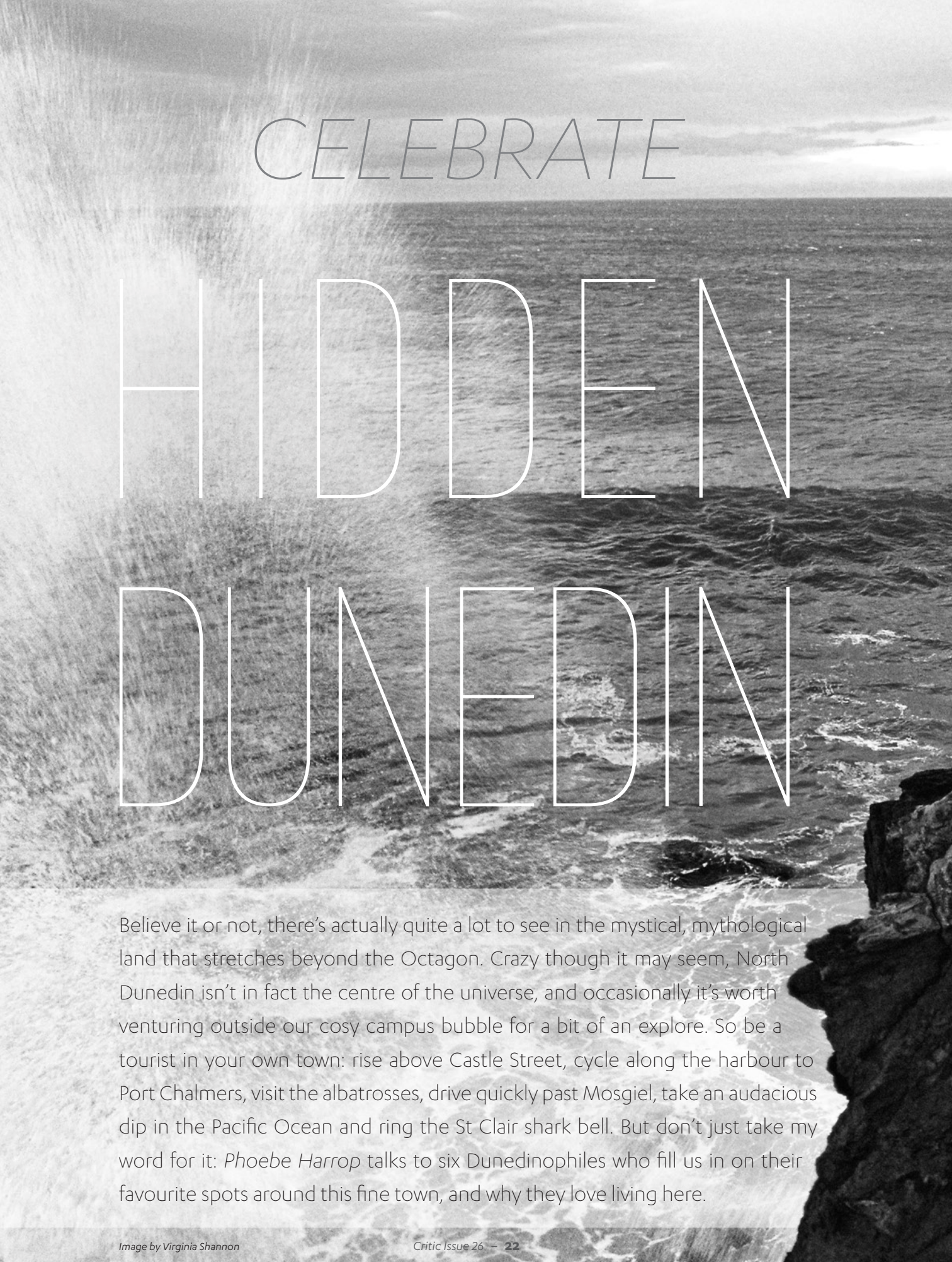
Anyway.

After the last Presidential debate, I wrote that Logan's "greatest skill appears to be repeating what the person before him had said, but slowly and with worse diction" and that "it's hard to want any of these candidates to run again for 2012." Well, since then I have gladly eaten my words. Logan has been outstanding in his first five months. If the biggest problem facing OUSA is student apathy, then we need a charismatic scarfie leader who can connect with scarfie students, and Logan is that leader.

In a way, then, the debate couldn't have gone worse. Last time, Logan was, um, unorthodox. But that is part of his shtick, as we have since learned. He's the guy who locks himself in cages and calls Knights of the Realm "dinosaur cunt". Today he cloaked his natural glory (not a euphemism) with a sheen of bland technocratic evasiveness, coming across less like the old Logan and more like those he handily defeated five months ago. I can only assume the executive has rubbed off on him (again, not a euphemism). His "fresh face" has gone ever so slightly stale.

All the same, Logan is a sure thing, and rightly so. Dan seems nice (and philosophical). But Logan knows the job (and can clearly do it), and is bankable and practical. A big part of the President's role next year will be convincing freshers to join OUSA, and Logan's entertainment factor will be far more valuable than Dan's polite idealism.

Fuck I'm tired.



CELEBRATE HIDDEN DUNEDIN

Believe it or not, there's actually quite a lot to see in the mystical, mythological land that stretches beyond the Octagon. Crazy though it may seem, North Dunedin isn't in fact the centre of the universe, and occasionally it's worth venturing outside our cosy campus bubble for a bit of an explore. So be a tourist in your own town: rise above Castle Street, cycle along the harbour to Port Chalmers, visit the albatrosses, drive quickly past Mosgiel, take an audacious dip in the Pacific Ocean and ring the St Clair shark bell. But don't just take my word for it: *Phoebe Harrop* talks to six Dunedinophiles who fill us in on their favourite spots around this fine town, and why they love living here.



MARK HENAGHAN

DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF LAW

I've been living here since 1972 when I came as a student, and I've stayed ever since. Since university fees back then were paid by the government, and I worked at the Freezing Works in Pareora in the holidays, my partner (now my wife) and I were able to buy a house at St Kilda straight out of university. Now I live down the beach at St Clair.

My absolute favourite spot in Dunedin is a little patch on St Clair beach. Not down by the esplanade, because there's just too many people there. There's a little walkway off the street by the tennis court on Victoria Road, and it's about three or four hundred meters up the beach from those pylons that stick out of the water. It's quite wild, it's got the lupins behind it, sand dunes, and it's just natural. You can see way down to Lawyer's Head, you can see out to sea. It feels like you're miles away from any city - it feels like you're way down at Aramoana or something, but it's only ten minutes from the city. It's only a few minutes from my house, and yet I feel like I'm miles away from everywhere, in that patch of beach. Some days I've been there and I've been the only one on the beach, there's been driving rain and it's freezing cold; other days it's just tranquil and blue and beautiful. It's like life; it's constantly changing, constantly different. You're on the edge of the world. It's a nice feeling.

PHIL

DOC'S COFFEE HOUSE

I'm Dunedin born and raised, but I spent eight years in Auckland. I love that [Dunedin] is close to everything. The thing I loved about Auckland is the same thing that I despised about it: it has that big-city mentality, life is so fast all the time, and you can't breathe. Dunedin gives you a chance to take half a step back and appreciate everything that's around you. There's the beach five minutes away, you've got national parks two hours away.... Beautiful areas of New Zealand that you don't realise are there... It's country that you can't explain to anyone who hasn't been there. Dunedin is the gateway city to those areas.

You go to Sandfly Bay and there might be two other people there, and you're like 'whoa it's busy today - one other carload of people made it out'. And it's one of the most beautiful beaches in the country. Whale Bay was the closest thing I could find up north, and there'd be 300 people there some days. It's different.

Larnach Castle is one of those beautiful spots that residents just don't go - it's a shame that it's marketed as one of those 'come to Dunedin!' places. There are a lot of things like that in Dunedin that locals miss out on, like Olveston, Glenfalloch Gardens.... I love Aramoana as well.



LOUIS CHAMBERS

STUDENT AND GENERATION ZERO LEADER

I'm just coming to the end of my fourth year in Dunedin. I've done a reasonably standard student-flatting journey - lived at Knox first year, then moved out to North D, flatting on Dundas Street. In third year I did things a bit differently and was a Kiwi Host, living with internationals on Castle Street. This year I'm up on Queen, near the Night and Day.

I love how close Dunedin is to incredible outdoor spots. Some of the most beautiful beaches in New Zealand, amazing surfing spots, only a few hours to Wanaka and Queenstown, and great walking, running or mountain biking up Cargill and Signal Hill. The Organ Pipes are incredible. They're rock formations up the back of Mt Cargill. They look like organ pipes in a church and you can climb up them and get an epic view looking North to Moeraki and inland to the mountains. You can get there by driving up North East Valley and then veering right up on the hill at the end. There's a gravel car park on the left about 2km after you start ascending out of North East Valley.

Lawyer's Head is a pretty cool spot too. If you head out to St Kilda and then walk along the road or the beach to the east, heading away from St Clair, you get to a big rocky outcrop by the golf course. That's Lawyer's Head. If you adventure out on to the edge of Lawyer's Head, you get a great view looking down the coast to Tomahawk and Smalls. Plus, on big swell days, the waves crash on to the rocks and soak you from head to toe.

Obviously Long Beach deserves a mention - beautiful beach, cool cliffs towering over you, and a huge cave at the end. Take some beers, a bit of firewood, some sleeping bags, a good crew and spend the night there. Epic stargazing and some cool little caves to spend the night in. There are even rock climbing routes on up the cliffs if you're keen. Just make sure you clean up after yourselves when you're done.



CELEBRATE HIDDEN DUNEDIN

There's actually an organisation whose name and objective – Celebrate Hidden Dunedin – aims to show Dunedin's visitors and residents alike another side of the city. As one of its creators, Keren, explains, there are two sides to the Celebrate Hidden Dunedin project. Launched to coincide with the Rugby World Cup, the organisation has been running events to show rugby-mad tourists what else Dunedin can offer besides a fancy-schmancy stadium.

"Cuisine at St Clair" kicked the programme off, with local cafes, restaurants, and street performers turning the esplanade into a jolly sea-side carnival. Another event saw students collaborate with their drink of choice – not to get wasted on Hyde Street, but rather to showcase the brewing brilliance of the university, polytech and Emerson's in "The Science of Beer".

Another event, the "Baldwin Street Gut-buster", has been (so I'm told) the subject

of international media interest, with various divisions for students, masters and other crazy people who think it's fun to sprint up the world's steepest street.

Not to be left behind, Dunedin's music scene put on quite the event, with the Chills and the Verlaines – bands that were massive for students in the early 1990s, reforming; much to the delight of ex-students coming back to watch the rugby and relive the student experience from their cushy hotels.

Celebrate Hidden Dunedin is not just about these World Cup-related happenings though. The organisation aims to promote "secret spots" around Dunedin, grouped loosely into the categories of food & wine, outdoor, entertainment and shopping. The thinking behind this project is simple: "we've got the most amazing backyard on our doorstep... When I was a student I didn't [explore], the life revolved around the student area or going away to Central [Otago] for skiing... There are just so many things to see and do. From heading out to the bays out towards the Peninsula, or if you're into mountain biking and the outdoors, there's a whole lot more than when I was a student. There's an opportunity for people to get out, and hopefully Celebrate Hidden Dunedin gives students an opportunity to learn a bit more [about the city they live in]."



ELZA JENKINS

NEW ZEALAND'S NEXT TOP MODEL CONTESTANT (CYCLE 2)

My twin sister Nellie and I were born and raised in little Dunedin. We both agree it has been an awesome place to grow up in. Nellie and I love living in Dunedin because it's a creative, caring community. It's a place that makes you thrive for more. It's a starting-out city which keeps you grounded but yet you want to leave for bigger and better things.

Dunedin has some great wee places; we love the town belt which has all these secret tracks which lead to an open area for awesome picnics where you can look out all over Dunedin. There are so many beautiful beaches that no one knows about like Murderers Beach, Alan's Beach - anywhere along the Peninsula is ideal. Our aunty and uncle own a house on Saddle Hill which has a spa and bar and which is very secluded. You feel like you're in another country when you're there.

KEREN OEY

CELEBRATE HIDDEN DUNEDIN

I've lived in Dunedin for 4 years, but I grew up in Mosgiel. I'm all about the views. Every morning I love this: when you come down Drivers' Road and you come around the corner and you see the harbor, that's my favourite.

CHRIS GREEN

DIRECTOR, CELEBRATE HIDDEN DUNEDIN

I studied in Dunedin in the early 1990s, and returned to live here eight years ago. My favourite spot is St Clair beach: wee kids can walk up and down, play scrag, have races, write things in the sand. During winter we can wander down there, grab a hot chocolate and watch the surf smack into the esplanade wall.



WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD:

It's not as bad as you think

Ah student life, you lazy, sexy, poorly planned beast of thing. Part of the beauty of the uni experience is that its time is limited. The glory days of Sogos and nights at the Monkey Bar will all eventually come to an end, and you will take on that oh-so-sought-after mantle of “graduate”. You may be there right now, gearing up for your last ever set of university exams. Or maybe you’re a fresh faced, STI-ravaged first year, thinking your days of puffer jackets and two-minute noodles will never end. Regardless, it’s time to start thinking about life after uni. *Critic’s* **Joe Stockman** looks into the process of morphing from student to real person.

The Good Life

Oh to be a real person! To be a graduate! Yep, that’s what I truly yearn to be. Graduates have money; they have suits and cars, expense accounts and Friday night drinks; they have weekends free from part-time jobs and group assignments. Surely graduate life is the life for me! But how on earth do you turn three years of barely passed papers and weekday hangovers into an actual job?

Basically, you need to think of your university education as a commodity. Most of us are borrowing cheap monies from the government to buy ourselves a lovely piece of paper from Otago Uni that says we’re really, really, smart and stuff. And with that magical bit of paper, employers will flock to our doors and beg us to come and work for them, right? Well, no. The bit of paper is an important investment, but you’re going to need a whole lot more than that.

Foot in Door, not Foot in Mouth

Jackie Dean and Robyn Bridges work at the Career Development Centre, the Uni’s answer to helping you turn that degree into a saleable commodity. And they say you need transferable skills. “Everything you do in life can help you develop transferable skills; you want to build a backpack of transferable skills that go with your degree, and that you can sell to a future employer”, say Jackie and Robyn, “And there isn’t anything that you could do that isn’t a type of transferable skill.”

So what are transferable skills? They’re your selling points to employers. The little things that make you stand out from the crowd and get you the job: things like communication skills, working with budgets, having clear and concise writing, basic Microsoft Office skills; anything that isn’t your degree that makes you a more desirable employee. And of course, there is that that bugbear of all grads looking for a job: experience.



Experience wanted, needed, preferred or necessary is the nail in the confidence of many a job-seeking graduate. How the hell are you supposed to have relevant experience when you've only just entered the job market? The answer is that you get experience in the same place that you pick up most of your transferable skills: part time jobs, volunteering in the community, going on student exchange, leading a club or society, or the increasingly common option of a summer internship. The trick is that once you've got these experiences, you have to sell them as relevant to the employer. Done a bit of travel? You have experience interacting with different cultures. Managed the flat bank account? You're experienced managing a budget. Worked a summer job as a retail assistant? You have relevant industry experience. Get it?

Do anything that you can to make yourself stand out from the crowd: pick up a minor in finance; pick up a second language; do Hons; get a Master's degree even. You should keep adding to your skill sets and experiences, but only to the point where it doesn't mess with your grades; grades still come first. And if your grades aren't that shit hot, it's not too late. Employers will be happy seeing that your grades got better over your time at uni.

The Process

So you've been accepted for an interview, congrats! But you ain't done yet; the C.V process is

really just about weeding out the truly unsuitable applicants. The interview is where you really start to sell yourself. So let's lay down some really basic ground rules.

Wear a suit: If you're a girl, then dress 'corporate'. Don't worry if the interviewer is wearing a polo, they've already got a job. You need to fit the dress code of the company. Obviously, if you're working in construction, a suit won't be required, but for most grad positions, it's a must.

Do some research: You should know not just about the company that you are applying for, but about the relevant industry or field as well. Few grads are going to walk into their dream job; many will be working in an industry that they originally know very little about. Bone up, or look like an idiot.

Be polite: To everyone, every single time you interact with anyone, in anyway related to the interview. From the person at the front desk to your fellow applicants, manners are a must. The interviewer isn't just rating your employability; they are probably going to have to work with you too. They want to know that you're not a total tool, and that you can work well with others.

*Within a few short years
you will have that coveted
mantle of 'experienced'
that employers so
desperately look for.*



Ask questions: your interviewer is going to ask you if you have any questions, and if you want to stand out, you should have some good ones prepared. Ask about how they promote in their company; ask about their environmental policies; ask about the state of the industry in general; BUT, don't ask about money.

Getting Paid

Some people get away with asking about the remuneration package in the first interview, and of course if the interviewers bring it up, then you're free to talk about it. But as a general rule, if you're not sure, don't ask about money until you get a job offer. And remember, an offer is just an offer. Employers will understand that you are applying for a number of different jobs, and that theirs may not be your number one choice. The most important thing is to be transparent and honest. Tell them your situation; they will usually be fine with it. And if they do start pushing you to choose, ask yourself "do you really want to be working for these people?"

Many employers will ask what you think you're worth salary wise; a dastardly little fucker of a question really. But feel free to throw it back at them. Ask what the industry average is, and then put forward a sum. Don't feel pressured into making a stupid amount up, way too low, or far too high, and then thinking you're stuck with your initial offer. As a ballpark, most grads will be pulling down \$40k in their first year. Some of the law grads amongst you will be in the \$50-60k range, as will the exceptional finance grads. Geologists have got it made, pulling in over \$100k in Australia, but the lifestyle may leave a little to be desired.

And remember, it's not all about money. In fact, your initial salary is probably the least of your worries if you are working for a large company.

What you really want to know about is your potential salary at the end of your first year, and how the company manages professional development. You might think that your training and learning days are over once you leave uni, but nowadays, your training will continue till the day you retire. If the company doesn't have a robust training programme, or a serious intent to train you up and promote you through the company, you may want to keep looking.

If you're really hot shit, then you may even get companies throwing signing bonuses your way: clothing allowances; relocation costs; gym memberships and health care programmes are all some of the non-salary perks you can look for.

Be gentle: it's my first time

Possibly the most important thing to remember is this: it's only your first job! Maybe it's not the dream job you always wanted, or maybe it is. Regardless, you will change position, company, industry, and often direction all together in the forty odd years ahead of you in the rat race. This first job is just a start. From here you get to build the career that you really want. Employers understand that you will want to move around. They expect young people to want head off overseas and get more experience; if you're good, you may even have a job waiting for you when you get back. Don't be afraid of accepting something short of the dream. Within a few short years you will have that coveted mantle of 'experienced' that employers so desperately look for. Not only that, but you'll have a better idea of what the dream actually looks like.

So good luck. Study hard; and go in and see Jackie, Robyn and the team at the Careers Development Centre. But most importantly, go grab a goon, and skip Friday afternoon while you still can.

Dai Henwood

Dai Henwood's stocky 5'5 frame and familiar face feature often on our television sets, streaming in every Friday night on *7 Days*. Henwood is a member of the "new wave" of New Zealand comedy. He started out in Wellington before migrating to the big smoke and then overseas where he cut his teeth with the big boys in Melbourne, Edinburgh, Montreal and Tokyo. Having returned to these shores a few years ago, he is being kept busy by a number of interesting projects, acting included. But, as he tells **Georgie Fenwicke**, he just needs to find time for that final episode of *Entourage*.



Are you finding that the RWC is providing you with some good material for future shows?

Sort of, although the Rugby World Cup doesn't really extend itself necessarily to perfect comedy and I suppose I don't have much sports material in my shows. But hopefully, there'll be some stuff that comes along when we start filming *7 Days* which starts this week. All the debacle about Auckland's handling of the opening ceremony will come into question.

Talking about comedy in New Zealand, the scene has changed quite dramatically in the last 5 -10 years. What do you think the main catalyst has been for its rise?

I would say comedians travelling overseas, because I know when I started out it was very much run by what would be now the old score: Mike King, John Gilmore and that. But full credit to them because the audiences loved them. But then the younger guys like myself and Ben Hurley and Rhys Darby, we all made a point of travelling and touring our festival shows overseas in Melbourne, Edinburgh. We all ended up living and working successfully in Britain for a while. So by doing that, you were always performing around people who were better than you which I think is something you should always do whether in sport or on the stage.

You mentioned going to Melbourne and Edinburgh which are two of the world capitals of comedy. How was it cutting your teeth over there?

Good, hard. Something everyone needs to experience. It's not that you go on stage and everyone loves you and so forth, you go on stage and it is very hard and cut-throat. You have great gigs, but then you have appalling gigs. Maybe not so much as people are booing or anything, but you go out there and there are only three people in the audience. The big thing about performing overseas is you discover whether you are actually going to continue doing it. You find out you have to have a thick skin and you have to work at it. Basically, performing overseas cements your will to do it or to give up. I stayed there and I suppose I enjoyed the challenge. I found I performed better under pressure.

What were you doing in Nelson last week?

In Nelson, I was filming a kid's movie. I was filming a kid's movie called *Kiwi Flyer* which is about the Nelson trolley derby. It was with Tandi Wright who was on *Shortland Street* and other things, and Vince Martin of *Beaurepaires* fame. So that was awesome for me because the best thing in life is diversifying so you are never bored of one thing and it was nice to do some acting. Back in the day I used to be on *Xena* and *The Tribe* and all of that - all those classic New Zealand slash American shows. I really enjoy acting and I was playing a geeky school teacher so it was something completely different for me.

So what is Vince Martin like? I'm intrigued.

He is a jazz singer who lives in New York. He is quite the opposite of what you would think. You know the *Beaurepaires* guy is the Aussie dude, but he hasn't driven a car in fourteen years. We heard him bang out a couple of numbers and he certainly does have a good set of tonsils.

Which numbers?

Well, he did a version of "New York, New York", "Nelson, Nelson". He was a lovely guy, because I grew up with those ads, they've been on for like 25 years. I would never have guessed when I seven years old and watching those ads that I would be doing a kid's movie with Vince Martin in Nelson.

There is a nice symmetry to that isn't there. Does he wear a toupée?

No, that's all real. I thought that as well, but it's all the real deal. He has been rocking that same hairdo for a while.

You have said your favourite films are Point Break, Anchorman, Goodfellas, Pump up the Volume, Delirious – what's your favourite line from one of these films?

Oh, that's a tough one because you've got all different genres in there. Every line in *Goodfellas* is my favourite. But my favourite line would probably be, "You look mighty cute in them jeans" from Eddie Murphy's *Delirious* and anyone who knows that line knows exactly where it goes.

Opinion



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AFFIRMATIVE

Okay, so there's this thing called human traits of imperfection, and then there's the right of a consumer not to be misled by sleazy advertising. Product endorsement by celebrities has become another marketing stunt for the lazy un-innovative who made it through a Marketing degree at uni, landed a job with a big marketing budget and unfortunately can't come up with any advertising ideas of their own. Tragic cliché of a marketing student.

First, we put a famous person in his/her typical Nike gear with his/her Calvin Klein cologne. And then overly impressionable consumers see this advertisement, instinctively draw the connection between this gorgeous successful person and said brand, and then take it upon ourselves to also consume these products in an attempt to connect ourselves with that fantastic craving within us all - fame.

Let's say this famous gorgeous creature was someone like Tiger Woods; here is where the human imperfection comes into play. He then f*cks up massively and this brand has collapsed. Product endorsement by celebrities is falsely luring consumers into buying products based on a sleazy celebrity's pre-scandal-leaks rep. And one can only imagine the distress after naively purchasing a pre-sleaze scandal product; that feeling of utter betrayal. Quite frankly, celebrity endorsement simply has to be banned. Consumers deserve the right not to be misled by a crack fiend "has been" with the sex drive of a paedophile. When the celebrity cheats, they cheat on us, and that is not a risk that any consumer should be subject to.

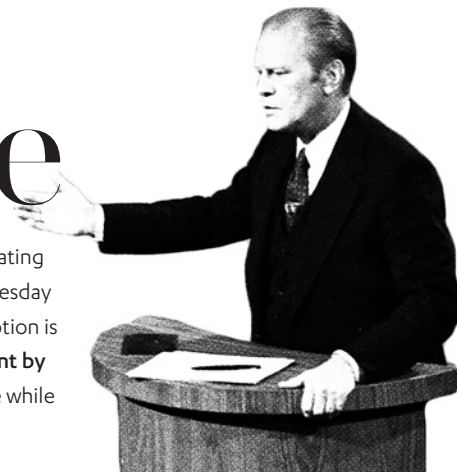
Secondly, let's take the recent resurgence of All Black involvement in advertising on TV. I am going to be the first to say this; sometimes it's better if certain role models keep their mouths shut. In this case, celebrity endorsement for products can actually result in a complete destruction of said celebrity's reputation. The "wow, he totally struggled to say a whole two sentences in a row" thing is a totally game blower for our young hopeful Kiwis aspiring to one day wear that black jersey. It's better our celebrities stay where their talents lie (i.e. the rugby field), and a captain with an ounce of charisma is carefully selected to do any public speaking so we are all blissfully unaware of the other players' inability to string sentences together, and the dreams of our young carry on.

It is simply clear that product endorsement by celebrities creates more betrayal, misleads consumers into purchases they don't need, and leads them into realisations that destroy their dreams. In addition, it presents marketing majors with an easy way out in terms of advertising ideas. Celebrity endorsement of products should definitely be banned. It's clearly time for a change. And soon to be Marketing grads; get stoned and come up with something great that doesn't involve Katy Perry. I dare ya.

— **Maddie Harris**

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 this house would ban product endorsement by celebrities". *Maddie Harris* argues the affirmative while *Kate Rouch* argues the negative.



NEGATIVE

There aren't any good reasons to ban celebrity endorsement of products – although there are a myriad of poor reasons. Mr Fix-It Power's legislation targets misleading statements, regardless of who speaks them. The fact is that people can separate a product from a person, and realise that just because a celebrity is paid to speak lines, it doesn't make the product any better. What it's more likely to do is give us all a bit of a laugh.

Let me explain. What this debate is really about is the Richard Long-Hanover Finance type situation. The message to take from this isn't that celebrities shouldn't endorse products. The proposed legislation said that, "anyone who makes a misleading statement in a product disclosure statement or advertisement is liable for a fine of up to \$1m dollars". That means if Mary-Joe Bloggs off the street appears on the telly and says, "Oh yes, Clearajam, it made all my acne go away in two seconds," but neglects to say "oh and it also burnt my face off" will be up for it. It also means if Sonny-Bill Jane says it, he's up for it too. This is good because endorsers will inquire whether the product does what the script says it does before accepting the deal.

But what about those celebrities? Assuming they aren't saying misleading things, but just lying about other people's houses pretending to be heat pumps (Daniel Carter), which is the definitive mark of a face-melting babe, what's the point? The point is that despite the best attempts of teacher campaigns telling us how atrociously our third-best-in-world education system is failing everyone, the New Zealand public is not stupid. We can tell that pretty-boy Carter is reading lines making money off Daikin, just as we can tell that Drew Barrymore was born with it, and it has nothing to do with Maybelline or their new vibrating gyrating mascara-wonder 3000X.

The 'so-what?' of this argument goes something like this: everyone is liable if they tell lies to the public, celebrity or not. People will take more care to make sure the company isn't lying to them about what their product can do before signing contracts. Companies will realise their lying wolf-act will cost them, and that we're smart enough to see through it even if they try it on. So there.

— **Kate Rouch**



Since we're nearing the end of the year, allow me to mop up a few nagging issues that I could never string out to full column-length.

The Nazis were not socialists.

Presumably those who think that the "National Socialists" (as they called themselves) were actually socialists also think that the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (aka. North Korea) is actually democratic, that Fox News really does provide a "fair and balanced" perspective (but only for foxes), and that the *New Zealand Herald* is actually a guy with a coat of arms and a trumpet who challenges other countries to duels. The Nazis were "state capitalists": they simply nationalised certain industries and did little to promote socialist aims like welfare and equality. But even so, this is an "argument ad Hitlerum" which misses the point – the Nazis weren't evil because of their economic policies, whatever these happened to have been or not been.

People don't leave New Zealand because they're "taxed too much".

Forgive me for having passed Year 12 Maths, but I fail to see how New Zealand's top income tax rate of 33% causes people to move to Australia (where it is 45%) and Britain (50%). Not to mention Sweden (~75%). People leave because New Zealand is a small and fairly boring country, and living here offers few opportunities for travel and adventure. Solving the problem doesn't involve bribing people to stay; it involves giving them something to come back to. The problem is that expats are staying away. They're staying away because the policies of the last four governments (and Helen Clark's government is not an exception, merely the least egregious offender) have been a disaster, creating a large underclass and fostering a culture of greed. If I could leave today, I would – by lunchtime, even.

You can't justify inequality on the grounds that the rich are more "deserving".

The idea that all inequalities are based on merit assumes that there is perfect social mobility, such that having a less privileged upbringing is no barrier to future success. However, it has been demonstrated many times – and is pretty bloody obvious – that *more* inequality means *less* social mobility. So if you want inequalities to truly be based on merit, you need policies that level the playing field. These include a 100% inheritance tax (or at least realistic measures to achieve the same effect), guaranteed access to quality education, and benefits and social safety nets for those with underprivileged upbringings. If these look suspiciously like leftwing policies, it's because they are.

There is talent in the Labour Party.

We just don't get to see it much, because they're all under fifty. Stalin had a point – sometimes you just really need a good purge.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle Sings the Praises of Capitalism

Capitalism is arguably humanity's greatest triumph. An economic system where everyone gets exactly what they deserve – no more, no less. The only real challenge to capitalism came from the monstrous doctrine of communism, but in 1989 the Berlin Wall fell to release the eaglets of Eastern Europe from their socialist cage, while capitalism remains stronger than ever. Unless magical pixies start creating goods and services from thin air (as theorised at the 2011 Green Party Economic Forum), it's hard to imagine a better system than capitalism for ensuring that hard work is rewarded and prosperity grows. Capitalism is the wind that propels humanity upwards, allowing them to soar to new heights despite not being blessed with the wings of an eagle.

Capitalism is inspirational. John Key's story is well-known, but still inspiring. Raised by his mother in a low-income household, he worked long hours and eventually became a millionaire. Only a truly mean-spirited person would begrudge JK his wealth. Thanks to capitalism, you have the opportunity to reach for the stars, to achieve your dreams – all it takes is the right attitude.

The intricate workings of capitalism are poetic and beautiful. Without the need for any government intervention in the economy, the "invisible hand" automatically steers everything into place. Discovered by Adam Smith, the founder of the modern science of economics, the invisible hand is a free market mechanism that makes peoples' self-interested actions, such as trading goods and services, intertwine to form a whole that benefits everyone. The Eagle's motto: just sit back and let the invisible hand work its magic.

Capitalism liberates people from oppression by socialist governments who want to control peoples' lives. In a capitalist system, you don't have to apply for permission to start a small business – you just go ahead and do it. If the government harasses people by enforcing high taxes, regulations and red tape, the invisible hand gives the government an automatic bitch-slap in the form of increased unemployment, lower productivity, and thus lower tax revenue. If you want an idea of how much socialists fear a spanking from the invisible hand, here's a quote from socialist academic Charles Lindblom: "As for the ubiquity of punishment, its swiftness and severity, there is nothing like it elsewhere in the social system." That's right, socialists. Meddle too much in peoples' economic lives and watch your country's economy falter and your government's popularity fall.

The invisible hand also backhands people who hold irrational prejudices. If an employer refuses to hire a smart guy because he's African, that employer's screwing over his own business. Satisfying, right? That's the invisible hand.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle



It's the Rugby World Cup, and most of us are starting to get a little tired of the nation's favourite game. Even the *ODT*, who were once professing their undying love for the stadium and the stadium's grass and the tractors building the stadium, seem to be tiring of rugby and have moved onto more pressing matters. Like ARE ZARA AND MIKE GOING TO DIVORCE COZ WE SAW HIM TALKING TO A BLONDE GIRL ONCE SO THEY'RE PROBABLY SHAGGING OMG.

Last Friday, *ODT* got all Women's Weekly on yo' ass, and, like the rest of the New Zealand media, began drooling over visiting celebs Zara Phillips and Mike Tindall. They got up at the crack of dawn to take blurry paparazzi picks of Zara and make up witty/salacious titles.

Zara's here . . . Mike's got the baggage

OOH BURN. After blasting the scandal on the front page, they then tried to be all cavalier about the ongoing media scrum. On Saturday, Zara and co had dropped back to page 4. The tone changed, and the angle became more "oh wow, look how silly the media are, lol I can't believe they're following around unassuming celebs and taking pictures of random diners by accident".



Hilariously, though, despite their protestations otherwise, *ODT* blatantly still cared. To get the scoop on how ridiculous the media scrum was, *ODT* had joined the media scrum (they just didn't get a very good position). Moreover, they finished the article with a heart-warming piece of information:

To eat, the pair had an anti-pasto, Zara taking hers with a Central Otago white wine and Mike opting for a coffee.

But enough of all that nonsense. *ODT* also made some sporting puns. This one was our favourite. It's about was about a story about playing rugby back when black and white photos weren't a choice:

Back in the good old plays

THE AGENDA GAP

Ten days ago, I was fortunate enough to be invited onto a current affairs panel discussion called The Public Square, hosted by the Centre for Theology & Public Issues, one of the University's many over-achieving and under-appreciated resources. Bless them, they're still defending the ancient academic tradition of knowledge for knowledge's sake!

This being an election year in New Zealand, the first question was doubly pertinent, critiquing the performance of our government and at the same time raising questions about why nobody has asked these questions for the past two and a half years. Soaring ahead in the polls they may be, but is the National Government worthy of such high praise?

I would suggest not, and the reasons are glaringly obvious. What they are good at doing is succeeding in polls, in pumping out the photo-op, soundbite friendly churnalism our news media desires, and whose dotage they receive in return. John Key's strident anti-intellectualism – playing up to the homophobia or racism of Mainstream New Zealand, for example – strikes a chord with those who strangely desire their leaders be their equals, rather than exemplary in their field.

In the middle of the worst recession since Noah, we are being governed by a party whose ideologies caused the mess we are in in the first place, and whose only solution seems to be throwing a bunch more money at their failed ideologies and hoping it works out. It is a common refrain that The Communist Experiment failed, but everywhere we look it is becoming harder and harder for the hardline neoliberals to ignore the fact that – at the other end of the spectrum – The Free Market Experiment has failed, too, spectacularly, and the sooner we admit that the better. The country is hurting, and we need ideas.

Tory parties, sadly, are not visionary parties. Job creation is to come about by cutting the safety net of our welfare state, or selling out our sovereignty to Hollywood in the form of dodgy labour and copyright legislation. Anyone enjoying their Nine Day Fortnight? Scariest of all, the most damaging policies of The Key Regime won't come into effect until after they are well off the pollsters radar. The myopic sale of assets that they have planned? Nothing more than a short-term cash grab to leave us in long-term poverty. Remember how it failed in the 80s & 90s? What have the Nats done to assure you it will turn out differently, apart from smiling, waving and garbled platitudes about rugby?

We are about to destroy our primary education system by implementing a system every other country to trial it has run screaming from. Today John Key's face beamed out at me from a Mt Eden fence and declared he was Building A Brighter Future. If that future is a failed education system, a bankrupt treasury and a planet left in tatters to appease our agricultural sector, it is a future I could do without.

– Aaron Hawkins



Dutch bakery – Stroopie

\$5.10 for 252g (8 pack).

These **Dutch syrup waffles** are an indulgent treat perhaps better suited to dessert than breakfast. Not that I'm one to talk, having the inclination to eat ice-cream, ambrosia or cake for breakfast on occasion. Unlike the fluffy, leavened waffles hailing from the States that I am typically accustomed to, 'stroopwafels' are entirely different. Two circular layers of thin, slightly crisp batter surrounds an inner layer of chewy, creamy toffee. Made in Holland, they are thought to have first been invented in the early 19th century.

An inviting honey scent greets you when opening the packet, and baby, it only gets better. Dunk 'em in tea or coffee like you would

a biscuit, warm in the microwave, or eat straight out of the packet. Pleasantly sweet, almost nutty, they don't have a stand-out flavour. But let me assure you, they are really, very good. Neither crunchy like a biscuit nor spongy like a cake, they have a texture that sits somewhere in the middle. I've adapted the Italian recipe tiramisu which traditionally uses mascarpone and ladyfingers. Try it if you dare, it's hard to stop at one mouthful.

8/10

STROOPWAFEL TIRAMISU

For two (or one if you're greedy and/or exceptionally hungry)

- 1 cup black coffee
- 6 stroopies
- 250g honey flavoured Greek yoghurt
- Grated chocolate, or cocoa

Brew coffee as you normally would, or prepare a cup of the sacrilegious instant coffee. Either will do, but fork out for a decent blend if you have a plunger or other coffee brewing instrument. Pour the coffee into a bowl and soak the waffles, one-by-one, ensuring that they are completely immersed in the liquid. Allow about 30 seconds to a minute per waffle; you want the caramel to soften from the heat of the coffee without the outer batter disintegrating. Cut waffles in half and layer in a small dish with the yoghurt, dusting each layer with grated chocolate or cocoa. Try Lindt dark orange chocolate for a subtle citrus kick. Chill in the fridge for a few hours, then serve. I ate it for breakfast. Badass.

– Ines Shennan



A Guy's Guide to Surviving Girls

Not that girls need to be survived, but everyone knows the old adage, 'men are from Mars and women are from Venus'. Sometimes that seems to be a cruel understatement; it should be 'men are from one galaxy and women are from another galaxy all the way

over there'. I don't know many guys who can claim to know what goes through a woman's mind more than half the time. We are up the creek without a paddle and, though I am just as lost as my fellow man, I'm going to try to bring a rescue raft.

So you are lost, confused, grumpy even? If you look back over the events that led you here, I almost guarantee you will at some point come across this one mistake: you tried to understand. That was a terrible idea. It's a blunder that could leave you stranded without survival gear and without hope. You see us men, we are simple creatures, we don't do emotional baggage (that much), we don't do complex political games in our day-to-day interactions. We just barely manage *doing* to be honest. Just don't bother fooling yourself into thinking you understand her; you probably don't and if you try, you will probably hurt yourself. You can't do it on your own; you need reinforcements.

Do you ever leave those conversations with girls without any knowledge of what was actually said? Ever wish it was just as easy as deciding whether anyone can beat South Africa

(unlikely) or if Australia will ever be good at any sport ever again (I hope not)? What you need is an interpreter, a commentator for your conversation game. So find yourself a girl who is bro bi-proxy and get her to teach you the language. It might help reduce the number of hours you take to discern the content of that encounter and leave more time for various other male activities.

If you ever wondered what they mean by 'relationships take work', you probably didn't think it meant that the males were working just to understand what the hell was going on. Understanding girls is like learning to play a very loud, often temperamental but in the end wonderful instrument. It takes a lot of practice, it takes sucking for a long time (get your minds out of the gutter, this is PG stuff), but eventually you become a pro. Once you're there and have got that handicap down to scratch, you are ready to survive. That is until you don't put the laundry away, forget your anniversary or ignore her while watching rugby: then you're dead. But at least you died with some knowledge. It's just a thought.

– Lyle Skipsey



I love jizz. Like, I really love it. If Charlie's started making an Honest Semen Smoothie, which they really should because the complex flavour profile and supple mouthfeel would really complement a refreshing apple base, I would totally buy it. Once I had a dream where you could buy little probiotic shots of cum in the refrigerated section of the supermarket. It was awesome.

Generally, then, when it comes to cum I am all over it - or more correctly, it is all over me - like a koala on eucalyptus. However, as with all bodily fluids, there is a right way and a wrong way to go about its expulsion. There are three distinct groups of men and women in the Axis of Spunk-related Evil:

First: The Elnett Group, aka the Hairsprayers. These men seem gravely unaware that upon contact with human hair, semen miraculously transforms into a substance equal in viscosity and adhesiveness to chewing gum *sans* the sinus-clearing minty freshness of a nice piece of Eclipse Ice. At my mother's birthday brunch last year I arrived late

after a debauched evening with the owner of a penis which, while structurally sound, was the equal of post-affair exposure Tiger Woods in its inability to accurately aim its wood. She observed that I had gum in my hair and recommended an application of aioli from my grandmother's bowl of kumara fries. My brother curled his lip in disgust and said, "That's not gum." As a heavy silence descended on the table, the waitress arrived with my gourmet cinnamon porridge overlaid with two long slices of banana and garnished with a dollop of whipped cream. I smiled weakly.

Second: the non-kissers. I am by no means the Hans Landa of inter-sexual cognition (the entirety of my Hindenburgian romantic history being a case in point) but you don't give as many blow jobs as I do without realising that men who won't kiss you afterwards are generally Shane Cortese-level paragons of douchebaggery. No, tasting your own cum does not make you gay. Nor, for that matter, does tasting someone else's cum. You know what makes you gay? Um, nothing, except for, you know, wanting to screw other men exclusively.

Third: the non-swallowers. Seriously, just get the fuck over yourself and swallow. It's really not that bad. Goes down well with fava beans and a nice Chianti.

Together, these radicals are a force more insidious than the love child of Michele Bachmann and Shane Cortese. Personally, I dream of the day when a hard-headed politico finally opens a Guantanamo-style sex-ed-cum-detention centre in the Chatham Islands. Without such hawkish action I fear we may never triumph in the War on Ejaculatory Error.

— *Mrs John Wilmot*



Hi,

The can for Pineapple Pieces really needs a revamp. The can edges are dangerously sharp once opened. I cut my finger while trying to finger out a particularly resilient piece of pineapple. However, I did not notice this cut until after I had served the Hawaiian pizzas I made to my flatmates. I was bleeding a moderate amount for a finger wound, but I didn't notice cause I'm hard. It was brought to my attention when one of my flatmates noticed a spot of blood on one of the pieces of pineapple. As you can imagine this has caused a lot of trouble. They assume because I get around that I'll have AIDS or hepatitis or stuff that you really only get from raw dogging it. I always use condoms, but they're making me get the tests anyway and also getting them themselves. How does Pams propose to

rectify this situation that arose due to product flaws?

Cheers,
Steven

Hello Steven,

We are disappointed to learn that the pineapple pieces are sharp and caused an injury. Please accept our apologies. May I have the barcode, batch number on the lid or bottom of the can, the store where you purchased the product from and please complete your address. When I have received this information, I will pass your complaint on to the manufacturer and store. We will also replace the tin.

Kind regards
Customer Services

What? No. The pineapple pieces themselves aren't sharp, how would I cut myself on a soft piece of tinned pineapple? That is nonsensical.

I cut myself on the thin ring of metal that is on the inside of the can, positioned at the top of the can and exposed when you open the can's pull top. It is quite sharp. The barcode

number was 9-415077-037315. There were also obviously a whole lot of bars on the barcode as well, but I have no idea which font will allow me to type out barcodes accurately. Replace the tin? Is this all that Pams is willing to do? If Pams is willing to send something a little better than the same tin of pineapple pieces that cut my finger?

Inconvenienced customer,
Steven

Hello Steven

Thanks for the response. My apologies for the oversight of the cause of the injury. The tear tabs are tested rigidly by the manufacturer, however I will pass on your complaint. I have also passed your complaint on to our quality manager. Meantime I will send a Pak 'n Save voucher so you may return to the store to purchase goods of your choice.

Kind regards
Customer Services

I can send you a webcam photo of the small cut on my finger if you don't believe me.

Review



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Chalet Girl | **44** Art; *Simon Attwool* | **45** Music; *Gary Numan*

Quiche



With uni getting more stressful by the day (seriously - nervous breakdown imminent), a meal that takes 20 mins to throw together and another 30 mins or so to cook sounds ideal. Making a quiche is really easy. It requires minimal preparation and then you pretty much just throw it in the oven and walk away. An episode of *QI* later, it will be all ready to go! Excellent.

This is another great recipe that can use almost anything you have in your fridge.

INGREDIENTS

1 sheet of flaky pastry

Vegetables – whatever you have.

*Suggestions: pumpkin/courgette/broccoli/
spinach/silver beet/tomato/capsicum/
olive/mushroom/onion/asparagus/leek*

5 eggs

Large splash of milk

Salt/pepper

Cheese (feta is always a good idea)

We buy frozen sheets of pastry at our house because making it seems far too much effort. They don't take that long to thaw, and if you forget to think ahead, you can microwave one for a few seconds. Careful to not over do it though.

Grease a flan tin/pie dish. Roll the pastry a little so it's stretchy and use it to line the dish. Gently push it into the sides making sure there are no air bubbles. Use a knife to slice the base of the pastry a couple of times – this way the quiche won't puff up from the bottom while cooking.

Put whatever veges you are using on top of the pastry. Handy tip for pumpkin: if you slice it reasonably thin you don't need to pre-cook it. However, if you're really keen on roast pumpkin, big pre-roasted hunks work wonderfully. If you have left over roast vegetables, chopping them up and putting them in your quiche is a great way to use them.

The quiche in the picture was made with pumpkin, courgette, fresh silver beet, red onion and feta. (I watched the *QI* episode on Germany while it baked; Stephen Fry is so cool.) For meat-eaters: bacon is a good idea, as is ham. Salami or sliced sausage would work too.

In a bowl, whisk the eggs together, along with a large dollop of milk. Add salt and pepper. Pour your egg mixture over the vegetables, making sure that all of them have been covered. Sprinkle a little cheese on top.

Leave in the oven for about half an hour until golden brown, and then serve with salad if you're lucky enough to have salad resources lying around the place.



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Bumpy Road

Platforms: iOS



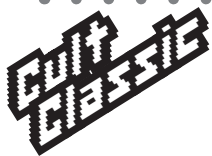
A sweetly *Up*-style elderly couple are taking a Sunday drive. They lounge with the top down, a delicate autumn sun warming the brim of his top hat and the dome of her bonnet. Totally oblivious, are they, to the destruction taking place around their little blue people mover. As the street cracks and twists beneath them and they are buffeted backwards and forwards, they reminisce, I can only imagine, about

character-building times of bomb-sirens and the subtle romance of fresh baguettes.

Bumpy Road perpetuates archaic senile stereotypes in a relentlessly adorable context. As a wave of cobbled street heads along the screen, it makes a series of honky-tonk clips in an ascending scale. As day turns to night, the street is bathed in shadow, and the stunningly drawn metropolitan backgrounds are seen in an entirely new light. There are windmills. Signs pointing to “Simogo”, whatever that is. And it’s all wrapped up in utterly charming accordion music. It really is joyous, and it’s in the palm of your \$1.29 spending hand.

Just when you thought all the input methods that work really well for the touch screen have come and gone, up sidles *Bumpy Road* to prove you incorrect. You operate the game, not by something as clumsy as moving the car with your finger, but by moving the world around it. The player smudges their finger across the bottom of the screen, and deforms the road into a mobile speed-bump that can be used either to push the clattery wee car around the place or pop it up onto a higher platform. It works wonderfully.

The number of power-ups, bonus levels and play modes stitch the detail onto an already intricate tea-cozy.



Dungeons and Dragons

Platforms: *Literally any flatish surface*

Remember when it was alright to pretend? The time, way back, when a semi-snapped green stick was a luxurious imagination stimulant? Those days, for most of us, are now long gone. For whatever reason, pretending to be a Beetleborg is no longer awesome. And I think that is a shame.

The answer lies on the twenty faces of a polyhedral die, on the rubber grime and pencil shavings on a grayed sheet covered in attributes and weapon names. A party of players pick from a variety of different roles, be it fighter, cleric, thief or wizard – it’s all very fellowship – and solve a series of fantastical problems set out by a dungeon master, by combining a nuanced combat system with a pile of non-combat skills that can be mixed and matched in whichever way is vaguely conceivable.

The great thing about *Dungeons and Dragons* is that there are just enough rules to scaffold everything, to keep the dire-wolves of shame and embarrassment at bay. A character with a high arcane skill who comes across a talking spell-book would be foolish not to try and communicate with it.

The idea that *Dungeons and Dragons* is somehow anti-social is mega-double-triple-dumb. I’d quite like to talk to chums as we play cricket on the green, but they are on the other side of the field. That’s the trouble with athletic people. Too much running away.

This is why books work, it’s why minimalist comics and animation are effective. It’s why the uncanny valley is so very uncanny. The more we can read into an experience, the richer it tends to be.



Karma Comedian & ImproNoir

Trubie-Dylan Smith, Abby Howells, Tegan McKegg, Malcolm Morrison, Jerome Cousins, Megan Grinlinton, Matthew Robinson.

Anyone who has ever been to a comedy event with me will know I have the token loud laugh, which is something I've learnt to embrace over the years. Why not laugh your guts out when you've been served up such a great comedy evening - such as the one last Friday, brought to you by AntiSocial Tap?

It was a great deal; a \$15 ticket to see Auckland-based comedian Stella Graham at XII Below, grab a couple of drinks and then skip on up to the Fortune for a bit of Late Night Impro. Graham's 'Karma Comedian' was a great concept for a show; she would tell us stories from her life and we would have to decide whether she would go to heaven or hell, with a nominated God figure making the final call. It was a clever way of having the audience constantly interacting and always keeping them on their toes.

Graham was welcoming and often made conversation with audience members and smoothly weaved their stories in with hers. There were a nice variety of stories, from her childhood in England, to moving out to Auckland to escape a crazy ex-boyfriend. As a born and bred English kid, I did enjoy the jokes at the English's expense, I must admit. For such a good deal it was surprising how small the crowd was, making

it reasonably difficult for Graham at times, but she handled it well and pulled off a great show. This was a great event for AntiSocial Tap, to have their name on, with particular kudos for getting a comedian from Auckland down here. It's good to know people don't forget about us all the time!

After a short stroll through town and a quick look at the rugby, it was time to head up to the Fortune Theatre, new home to Improsaurus. The theme this week was ImproNoir, a great choice that went down well with a particularly full Studio audience. The story developed beautifully and was jam packed with great witty one-liners and a few characters all called 'Jones.' It's always good to see the performers feeding off the crowd's energy and having a good time. This edition was perhaps my joint favourite, along with the Time Travel edition, and I particularly enjoyed the attention to detail with every character having cigarettes, well, spacemen sticks, but that just made it cooler.

Overall, it was a fantastic evening out. With fresh talent and loud laughs, you can't go wrong really. A big well done to AntiSocial Tap for organising it and I hope to see more comedy combos like this in the future!



The Truth Game WORLD PREMIERE DRAMA

Written by **Simon Cunliffe**, Directed by **Lara Macgregor**, Featuring: **Greg Johnson, Peter Hayden, Phil Vaughan, Michele Amas, Anna Henare** and **Kathleen Burns**

Opening October 7 and running until October 29 *The Truth Game* tells the story of a hard-working journalist: "Frank Stone knows a story when he sees one and doesn't much care who he offends or what he has to go to get it". The hard-bitten editor-in-waiting returns from an extended break to discover change is afoot at *The Advocate*. He soon discovers that everything he has worked for during his distinguished career is under threat, including his own future, and his relationships with those closest to him.

As Frank pursues the one big story that might crown his career and earn him the editorship of *The Advocate*, he is forced to confront the demons of his past and the colliding demands

of his professional and personal lives. *The Truth Game* is a fast-paced contemporary drama about ambition, love, loyalty and betrayal - seen through the prism of a world in flux: a world in which all the rules of the old newspaper world are under siege by new media and the changing mores of a fast encroaching digital age. With tickets only \$20 for students, you have no excuse not to head along and support the Fortune Theatre. Go on, book now!

ReStore
Cnr of Gorden & Vogel Street, Dunedin
Phone: (03) 477 3500

Got old Stuff? You name it, we want it!
We'll pick it up for FREE
Call us to arrange a time today!

The Fat Years – Chan Koonchung

Translated from Chinese
by Michael S. Duke

Two years in the future, in China, things are afoot. A month has been forgotten. Luckily we are protagonised by Old Chen, one of those writers who doesn't write. And he ends up trying to solve the mystery, not because he is becoming the hard-boiled detective he thinks of himself as, but because he's after some woman he had a semi for years ago. He is joined by his much more admirable acquaintance, Fang Caodi, one of the very few people who remember those 28 days, sort of.

Old Chen is a real dick. He's always cutting people off when they're telling their tales and having to dab his eyes because he's feeling weepy. Anyway, it all works out for him and he finds the girl and declares his love in this disgusting sequence that gets played out on a blog with all the "Netizens" cheering them on. I think the story was trying to be savvy but the characters were a short walk apart at the time and no one anywhere spends hours doing this;

"I suffer from clinical depression," she wrote.

"I know. I'll take care of you," he fired back.

'My body is decrepit beyond repair.'

'I'm proof of your beauty.'


Oh no, I have just told you all the story up to the epilogue and things that are on the back of the cover haven't even happened yet. They need to KIDNAP a high-ranking official and force him to REVEAL ALL so they can ROCK THE WORLD; lucky for you the epilogue is huge, taking up nearly a third of the pages in this enthralling "notorious thriller."

The drama is fleshed out drastically with countless monologues from Old Chen and the other fairly unrelated characters, which apart from a few insights into Chinese modern history are a real fucking chore to read. Pages upon pages detailing fictional political strategies or just informing us how very well China is doing in this new age (so so great, they now own everything and you can get lychee-flavoured drinks at Starbucks).

All these musings appear to be the point of this book and of course got it banned in China for being too real. According to the

surrounding commentary, this vision of the near future is kind of happening. I enjoyed the contrast with other dystopian fantasies; instead of Big Brother there was a perfectly reasonable sounding five-point plan outlined by the Communist party.

This novel is translated from Chinese but not into English. At least not good English. You expect small Chinese-isms like everyone being referred to as "Big sister" or "Uncle", but a lot of it came across very lacklustre and weak. Also without warning the book flits between first, third and – on a couple of occasions – second person. It's just weird, and it's not meant to be.

In the 'translators note', Michael Duke attempts to justify the lengthy epilogue/monologue that makes up the core of the book; "Some readers may regard this as tedious... they would be mistaken." So yeah. Shit book. Maybe if you're interested enough in China to have read all this review, just go on our unpoliced internet sites and read about Tiananmen Square or something. 



SCREENINGS

11-14 October
8.30 pm
The Church Cinema
50 Dundas St

Tickets \$3, available
from OUSA Main
Office or on the door.

www.ousa.org.nz

Tuesday

Homeless Dad
Trapped in a Cage
Sunshine's Pajama Party
Lemons
Winning at Uni
Roulette
Contra
Do you wanna go out with me
V20 Ventures - Food Frivolities
Unexpected
Egg Salad
Looking for love in all the wrong places

Thursday

Homeless Dad
Trapped in a Cage
Sunshine's Pajama Party
Lemons
Winning at Uni
Roulette
Contra
Do you wanna go out with me
V20 Ventures - Food Frivolities
Unexpected
Egg Salad
Looking for love in all the wrong places

Wednesday

V20 Ventures - Fabulous Fashion of Aotearoa
Hold This While We Go For A Walk
V20 Ventures - Loquacious Language
V20 Ventures - Male Mania!
I, Love
Simple Plan Music video
Time freeze
Consumer-Producer
WITCHHUNTERS
Plenty more fish
Journey for a sitcom

Friday

V20 Ventures - Fabulous Fashion of Aotearoa
Hold This While We Go For A Walk
V20 Ventures - Loquacious Language
V20 Ventures - Male Mania!
I, Love
Simple Plan Music video
Time freeze
Consumer-Producer
WITCHHUNTERS
Plenty more fish
Journey for a sitcom



Friends with Benefits

Director: Will Gluck

If you're someone who loves the occasional film that can be ingested passively – a comfortably familiar storyline, light comedy, attractive people, pretty set-ups and, of course, lots of romance-y stuff, even some sex – then *Friends with Benefits* is the film for you.

Yes, yes, it is exactly the same premise as this year's *No Strings Attached*. If you aren't familiar, both films centre around a guy and a girl who find each other attractive but for various reasons can't be bothered with a relationship, so decide to keep it no more than physical. But – agh, complications! Feelings arise!

Here's the flimsy plot: Justin Timberlake – aka Dylan – is moving to New York from LA for a new job at GQ. And GQ's Executive Recruiter turns out to be the gorgeous Mila Kunis (I mean, Jamie). They've both got 'emotional issues', they're both gorgeous, and sex inevitably comes up. But neither of them want commitment or feelings involved; so they say.

A lot of sex ensues. It's almost liberating how blasé the film is about it; even sodomy gets a mention (but they keep it R-rated, folks). The two leads have fantastic chemistry, meaning that even the most potentially awkward scenes are both sexy and hilarious.

The characterisation is weak – Justin Timberlake's cockiness renders his 'nerdy' character completely unbelievable, and likewise Mila Kunis' confident charm thwarts her attempts to play the damaged, needy girl. But why do we care? They're so fun to watch, particularly when Justin reveals his inner musician, at one point breaking into "Jump" by Kriss Kross.

To be honest, the comedy and sex are the best bits of the movie. All the emotional stuff, the family issues, insecurity, loneliness, etc., isn't so good at hitting the mark. It's all a bit saccharine, particularly the finale: think an epically orchestrated flash-dance and lots of crying.

This well-used storyline might seem implausible. As if, when involved in a purely sexual relationship with Mila Kunis, a real guy would screw it up by falling in love with her. But did you know that, according to research, men fall in love more often and more deeply than women? Perhaps *Friends with Benefits* and the many other films of its ilk can teach us something about the realities of romance.

– Nicole Phillipson     



Win Win

Director: Tom McCarthy

Strong performances from the entire cast anchor Tom McCarthy's *Win Win* and are no doubt what's responsible for its overall good reviews and 94% 'fresh' rating on Rotten Tomatoes. While I can't really say anything bad about it, Paul Giamatti's all too familiar style is beginning to weigh down a touch on my enjoyment of the films he stars in.

Giamatti plays Mike Flaherty, a lawyer with a struggling practice who is also coach for the dismal high school wrestling team (Giamatti to the core, right?). When a client in the early stages of dementia is declared unfit to make his own decisions, Mike becomes his legal guardian in return for a monthly cheque and promptly puts him in an elderly care home. Along comes Kyle (newcomer Alex Shaffer), the old man's grandson, to live with him and all of sudden Mike finds himself stuck with an unexpected problem which, surprise surprise, has unintended benefits. The boy turns out to be a champion wrestler and provides the shot in the arm the team needs to succeed. Along the way Mike must deal with a growing conscience about the situation with Kyle's

grandfather, which is made all the more difficult by the sudden arrival of Kyle's mum, fresh out of rehab.

In all honesty, this is a very well made film. The characters are genuine and carry a sense of a beleaguered reality that is sorely missed in many films, while the script provides the comedic relief necessary to still enjoy something pitched so close to real life. It manages to avoid coughing up the staged emotional twists that we've come to expect from many films and does so with finesse and poise that is fast becoming a trademark for director Tom McCarthy. While I loved McCarthy's previous films, *The Station Agent* and *The Visitor*, I merely enjoyed *Win Win*. Even now I feel unfair giving it such a lack lustre appraisal but there was something almost formulaic in the story of the film that just didn't quite gel with me.

In all fairness though, it is a film written and directed by a very talented man and grounded with excellent and believable performances. But would I see it again? Not a chance.

– Tom Ainge-Roy     



Little White Lies

Director: Guillaume Canet

Nothing, but nothing, will stand between the French middle classes and their hols, though a bunch of friends do pause for thought when their friend is left in a coma after a motorbike spill in Paris.

Guillaume Canet's 2010 French film *Little White Lies* begins with an outstanding long take of a man driving home on his motorcycle in the early hours of the morning. After crossing light after light, he is horrendously side swept by a speeding truck. Despite his critical condition, his circle of friends choose to go off for their usual summer holiday together and so ensues a tangled, interweaving web of relationships and the slow unfolding of confusion, confession and unexpected revelations.

This is a fairly cliché reunion movie where a group gather for a vacation to eat, drink, confess, let blood, and drag skeletons out of cupboards. The absence of Ludo – the injured friend – weighs on each character significantly, triggering reflections on morality and life choices. All harbour secrets and insecurities, 'little white lies' which slowly emerge as the holiday progresses accompanied to a classic soundtracks that includes tracks from Creedence Clearwater Revival, David Bowie and Janis Joplin.

But pretending your girlfriend hasn't dumped you? Or that your best friend didn't confess to having homosexual feelings towards you? Or convincing yourself that it's okay to go to the seaside for a few weeks while your friend lies on death's door in hospital? A lie is a lie, and whether it's white, black or a pale shade of grey, the truth will come out in the end; or so Canet's film suggests.

The moral of the story is a good one and the outbursts of raw emotion are great, even hilarious at times, with tears, fist-fighting, boating mishaps and smashed crockery. As you would expect, it is very French with lingering gazes aplenty. But overall, this is an effort to watch. The truths don't always ring true, the characters become increasingly unlikeable the more we come to know them, and it cruises along at snail pace. Canet builds to an overwhelming emotional blow-out but, sadly, delivers over-reaching melodrama.

– Eve Duckworth



Film Society Preview

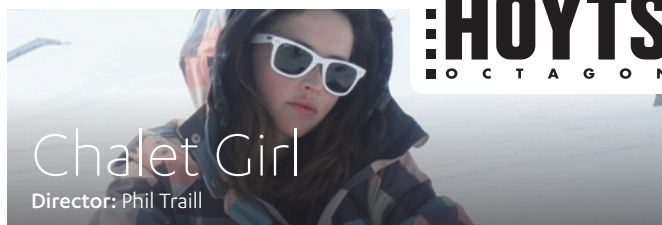
When: Wednesday 5 October, 7:30 pm

Where: Red Lecture Theatre, located near the side entrance of the Scott building, across the road from the Emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital on Great King Street.

THE COLOUR OF POMEGRANATES

Director: Sergei Paradjanov (USSR, 1969)

This extraordinary film traces the life of the 18th-century Armenian poet Sayat Nova ("The King of Song") through a series of painterly images that have been strung together to form tableaux corresponding to moments of his life. "The result is a stream of religious, poetic and local iconography which has an arcane and astonishing beauty." – 2009 *Time Out Film Guide*



Chalet Girl

Director: Phil Trill

This story is a clichéd gem. Kim (Felicity Jones) is a washed up pro skateboarder who spends her time working to support her lazy yet loving father at the local fast food joint. After a casual but 'fateful' discussion with a co-worker, Kim interviews for and scores a job as, wait for it, a 'chalet girl'. Suddenly Kim is swapping chips for caviar and finds herself in the Austrian Alps, working at an aristocratic family's winter lodge.

Enter a cast who are probably the only reason why this movie did not go straight to DVD. Kim finds herself working alongside a blond bimbo for a family led by *Love Actually* star Bill Nighy and Brooke Shields. It's refreshing to see *Gossip Girl*'s Chuck Bass (Ed Westwick) in a 'nice guy' role and without the American accent as the son of the family. *One Tree Hill*'s Sophia Bush also makes an appearance too as Chuck Bass' fiancée.

So while Kim struggles to serve the family during the nights, she spends her days learning to snowboard and before long her ski resort friends are helping her train for the snowboarding competition at the end of the season. Predictably Kim and Chuck Bass get close, despite the fiancée and disapproval and apparent hatred of Brooke Shields' character.

This movie was unbelievably predictable and trashy. However, as a personal lover of a good chick flick every now and then, I must admit I enjoyed it. The ski and snowboarding shots in Austria made me desperately want to travel and a part of me couldn't wait to get back on my skis.

If you're looking for something to blob out in front of which doesn't require much mental capacity, then this is your movie. The plot is conventional, the writing corny and the premise rather unrealistic. My recommendation? Wait till *Chalet Girl* comes out on DVD, have a girls' night and swoon over Chuck Bass.

– Pippa Schaffler



Simon Attwool – *Not Afraid*



Image courtesy of A Gallery

With cascading light dancing into the space, a series of paintings with slices of glitter and flamboyantly coloured paint radiate across the desolate gallery floor. Simon Attwool is a graduate of the Dunedin School of Art and is currently based in Melbourne. *Not Afraid* features eight paintings and an untitled inflatable sculpture that curls around a corner into the centre of the gallery floor.

The inflatable sculpture is a floor work in which a cast of the artist's face appears to float amongst a cluster of plastic clouds stained with fragments of white paint. It seems to be a self-portrait; when it inflates, the artist's face suffocates around the plastic clouds. The process of creation is prevalent throughout each energetic and chaotic assemblage.

Shot in the park (Cop 'R' Tops) Part A is a painting with a screen-printed image of a female policewoman submerged in aphoristically and aggressively applied paint in a range of bold colours, with flicks of metallic glitter reflecting out of the picture plain. Appearing more like a collage than a painting, it correlates with another painting in the exhibition *Shot in the park (Cops 'R' Tops) Part B*. The

series is a response to the recent shooting of an eleven-year old boy in Melbourne, at the hands of four policemen.

Attwool uses a selection of familiar materials to explore how we digest contemporary culture. The collages both engage the viewer's roving eye and consume the gallery space. Each work is marked by a sense of chaotic ambiguity, with repeated themes resonating throughout, such as triangles, American iconography (for example, money and past presidents) and a strong use of piles of glitter. The use of familiar images from contemporary culture creates a strange and dislocated space.

Some psychic meandering presents the triangular all seeing eye, with which Attwool seems to be referencing Freemasonry, with a human figure visible beneath the array of heavy paint and screen-printed imagery. The organised mess of each work makes it difficult for the viewer to focus on one specific point within, with the titles also scrawled on the bottom of each work, in a manner similar to that of Dunedin painter Phillip James Frost.

NONE GALLERY 24 STAFFORD STREET

Samin Son: *Hammer Piece*

GLUE GALLERY 26 STAFFORD STREET

James Robinson: *Heaven & Earth, golden heart, ritual womb*

DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY RIEGO STREET

Fiona Gillmore (with Amelia Holmes) presents: *John Ward Knox Light Wave*

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY 24B MORAY PLACE

Cara Ann Simpson: *Geodesic Sound Helmets*, Emma Febvre-Richards: *The Rituals of Control*, Jenny Gillam: *Frank, Blue Oyster Project Space*

A GALLERY 393 PRINCES STREET

Simon Attwool: *Not Afraid*

RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART STREET

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

BELLAMY'S GALLERY 495 PORTOBELLO ROAD

Max Bellamy, Manu Berry, Pauline Bellamy

THE ANTEROOM 29 WICKCLIFFE TERRACE, PORT CHALMERS

Secret Lives: James Robinson, Michael Morely, Bob Scott, Tania Robinson, Katie Molloy, Nathan Thomson, Hector Hazard, Jimmy Cooper and Issac Leuchs

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

Fractus: Jeena Shin, *Spirit of Ewe*: Sarah Lucas, *The French Connection*, *Back in Black*: NZ artists, *Pathway to the Sea-Aramoana*: Bill Culbert and Ralph Hotere, *The Pressure of Sunlight falling*: Fiona Pardington

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY 5 DOWLING STREET

Bushman/Folk artist: Dick Lyne



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.



Gary Numan – *Dead Son Rising*



Salvaged from the cutting-room floor, this collection of previously unfinished songs continues in a similar vein to Numan's 2006 anthemic opus *Jagged*, and thanks to collaborator/programmer extraordinaire Ade Fenton, Gary's atheistic industrial sound he established

circa 1994 is embellished with more dark, dirty synth than ever before.

Things kick off in true Numan style with opener "Resurrection", a stuttering, slow-burning instrumental full of electronic blips, static and deep human breathing. This storm of futuristic noise swells and whirrs shapelessly until the arrival of evenly spaced, shit-your-pants-heavy pillars of distorted synth, which slam into the mix with all the scale, urgency and force that Trent Reznor could ever conjure. A wordless female vocal, synthetic and faintly Eastern in sound, begins to cast broad golden strokes on the horizon, recalling *Mezzanine*-era Massive Attack and escorting this song to a more-than-satisfying finale. Although not that representative of the album musically, this intro is undoubtedly a highlight.

Its final computerized splutters fade directly into successor "Big Noise Transmission", the perfect electro-industrial ying to "Resurrection"'s brooding yang. Originally titled *Captured Underground Noise Transmission* (but altered last-minute to avoid an unfortunate acronym), its muddy, bombastic beats, harsh whispers, yelping Numan chorus and scorching KMFD-style riffs appear throughout the rest of the album considerably, showcasing the sizzling, streamlined

sound Gary is currently going for.

Dead Son Rising largely takes place in the same damp, concrete, barely-lit underground complex that Nine Inch Nails and Skinny Puppy once occupied, but it does wander off to some other exotic sonic locations. Album zenith and title track (almost) "Dead Sun Rising" sees Gary standing amidst the burning remains of a building, surrounded by effervescent synth muck and crooning over a perfect, pounding trip-hop beat. His voice and lyrics are mesmerizing, and despite there being no real chorus (merely verse after haunting verse), this might just be the best thing he's ever done. Furthermore, "We Are The Lost" is a dissonant Arabian nightmare, an oasis at midnight infested with vicious snares and humming fridge-like ambience. And yes, Gary continues to stress his religious orientation throughout, with lyrics like "I've seen gods bleeding" and a song entitled "When The Sky Bleeds, He Will Come" (unless that track is autobiographical, who knows?).

Due to the circumstances in which *Dead Son* was born, there is a slight air of incoherency as it hovers along, but like Radiohead's *Amnesiac* (which had a similar conception), it is much tighter than it should be. There is not a weak moment on here, but I'd have to conclude that the eerier, subtler tracks like the lamenting "Dead Sun Rising", the ghostly piano ballad "Not The Love We Dream Of" and the subterranean verses of "When The Sky Bleeds, He Will Come" get under my skin more than the chugging industrial rock of "Big Noise Transmission" or lead single "The Fall". Still, those tracks are certainly solid, especially in the case of "The Fall", with its swelling fuzzy guitar intro, addictive chorus and sadomasochistic, percussive *smacks* in shameless NIN-style.

All in all, Gary Numan has struck gold with *Dead Son Rising*. His darker sound has finally been perfected, and despite now looking like Adam Lambert's granddad, he is truly in top form. Check out this album with haste, and keep an eye out for his 21st(!) full-length next year, *Splinter*. I really can't wait.

– Basti Menkes     

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

mon
3/9

ReFuel: Refuel Unplugged: Open Mic Night
w./ Mama Yeve. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. Performers welcome.

tue
4/9

ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket
Gold coin entry from 8pm. Bring your horn!

wed
5/9

None Gallery: Altmusic NZ presents C Spencer Yeh (US)
Supported by Gate and Lee Noyes/Radio Cegeste – prolific multi-instrumentalist improviser. 8.30pm, \$10

Urban Factory: La De D'n'B
Black Sun Empire w./ Sound Forge, FSOD, and DJ Woosh. \$20 + bf presales from 1-night.co.nz.

fri
6/8

Modaks: Modaks Mix Tape Sessions
w./ Frickey, Aural Tendencies, Kid Contra, and Psykosis from 7pm.

Urban Factory: Red Bull Thre3Style Taster
Featuring Scratch 22, Alphabethead, DJ Spell and CXL w./ special guest & master of ceremony: PDIG555 (Shapeshifter). \$5 presales from 1-Night.co.nz and Cosmic Corner. \$10 on door from 9.30pm.

sat
7/8

XII Below: Optimus Gryme
New Zealand's Dubstep Don returns, with support from Espionage, Dirty Ol' Knights & More. Tickets a ridiculous \$10 + bf from 1-night.co.nz or Quest on George Street.



1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE PLACE IN DUNEDIN?

Georgie: I like heaps of places, I have no favourite spot.

Margot: Aramoana because of Ralph Hotere.

Malia: There is no favourite place in Dunedin!

Saiful: Tunnel Beach.

Holly: Portobello.

WHICH OF THE HOLY TRINITY OF THE ALL BLACKS (KAHUI, SBW, CARTER) WOULD YOU RATHER SCORE?

Georgie: I'd rather score by myself.

Margot: Graham Henry

Malia: I prefer league players.

Saiful: Sonny Bill Williams

Holly: None, I don't follow rugby but I'll hear about it when we win.

ARE YOU STILL FEELING JET-LAGGED FROM DAYLIGHT SAVINGS?

Georgie: I didn't feel it, but it's nice having light in the evening!

Margot: I walked home from work at 7 with light, it's great!

Malia: I now have one more hour to drive my car because it's only got one headlight!

Saiful: Nah not really, I was confused the first day but it's all G!

Holly: A bit!

STATE OF THE NATION

WHAT'S YOUR STUDY DRUG OF CHOICE?

Georgie: Caffeine, and it's nice to have a cigarette but I don't tend to.

Margot: Caffeine, Cocaine, sleeping pills, dayturin...

Malia: Water because I cannot afford much else!

Saiful: Caffeine to stay awake!

Holly: Chocolate, so many it's hard to choose which though!

DO YOU THINK IT'S A PROBLEM THAT UNIVERSITIES INCREASE FEES EVERY YEAR?

Georgie: Yeah we should pay tax for it. It's good to get people into uni, we're investing now and getting the reward later.

Margot: No it's fantastic, I love paying for my fees (sarcasm)

Malia: Studylink pays!

Saiful: Education is a necessity, they shouldn't increase fees too much.

Holly: I'd like to know where the money for my fees will be going to.



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.

Marge

I have only read a Summer Lovin' article once before, and I remember laughing to myself thinking I would never do that. Imagine my surprise when my best friend waltzes into my room on a Monday night, announcing gleefully that she had signed me up for Summer Lovin' and that I had a date the following night. So despite my protests, I was forced to dress up and told to put in a genuine effort with my date. I was very nervous on my walk to Toast. Once I got there, I looked around for my date. I decided to wait for ten minutes.

Six guys walked into a bar and glanced at me. I had a sneaking suspicion one of them was going to be my date. One of them came up to me and explained my date was nervous, and his friends had come up with the idea of speed dating, and letting me choose. I had to talk to each guy for three minutes. I suggested they got me something strong to drink. It was a strange experience introducing myself six times and asking them the same questions. They were all very nice guys. I enjoyed talking to them. Number 4, as it turns out, was supposed to be my date. I talked to him for a while. I really found him very interesting, but I felt that he would make a good friend. At the end of the speed dating the boys lined up and asked me to choose. I ended up choosing Number 6, who I felt more of an attraction to. I informed Number 1 that he was my friend's type, and that they would get along great. The other boys left, and I was left with Number 6 and Number 1. We finished the bar tab and headed into the Octagon to meet up with my friend.

Number 1 and my friend hit it right off. I found out that Number 6 was a nephew of my high school principal which was a mark against him in my books. However, I discovered through his conversations with my friend that he had traveled overseas quite a bit and he was well informed about the world at large, which was a refreshing change. I also discovered that Number 1 was one of my high school classmate's siblings. The boys bought me and my friend some drinks. Unfortunately, I wasn't feeling well and had taken a swig of medicine before I came out, so the alcohol went straight to my head. Pity my medicine wasn't very effective. We ended up at Number 6's place to play some pool, at which point I informed him that I had only ever played pool once in my life. He then commenced teaching me the finer points of the game. We ended the night on a good note, but I doubt that I will see him again.

Homer

"Just don't creep her out." Clearly the person handing over the bar tab was a dating rookie; not only do women like creepy, they can't get enough of it. With this in mind our evening was set and convention cast aside for our revolutionary tactic; Dirtbag Speed Dating.

Rather than uncomfortable conversation with one male, this lucky lady was gifted the opportunity to repeat those magical first minutes of awkward sexual tension six times, culminating in a bachelorette style brutal cull of the suitors not up to standard. A lucky bachelorette she was, with a doctor, dolphin trainer, beekeeper, pilot, pseudo celebrity and army private, literally about to ship out for Timor. Flawless.

Beers drunk, batting order ascertained and ground rules finalised, regardless of the looks of the date, if you were the stud selected you were committed to the writhing end. In a flying V we arrived at Toast chock full of grit, a stony silence in the air. It was game time, goggles on, chocks away last one back's a homo, hurrah! We scanned for the evening's entertainment and nestled away in a booth alone, like the last lamb at the abattoir, was our Pakistani Princess, fair trembling from our entrance.

So six rounds of the normal beginning banalities, kicked off each time by her seemingly unpronounceable name, for our culturally limited vocabulary anyway. Quickly dubbed after a commonly down the hatch shot, we were away, shit banter bouncing off this box-shaped bar. Bulls to the wall, she drew her aim and let fire, each horrible man dropping until I was standing alone, victorious pulverizing ring in the air.

A quick stint of shots at I.B.s gratefully accompanied by the soundtracks of *Titanic* and *The Lion King*, it was time to get animalistic on this shit. So back to the lair, where Prince was pumping and so was I. After an attempt at backdoor banditry, accidental I swear, it was purple rain time.

Isn't technology a wonderful tool? I really don't think I could have retold this verbally, my tongue being tied and all. So thanks dear *Critic*, you had me dreaming of Cadbury's. Yum.

POETRY

Analysis

That pad you scrawl on sometimes
Just in case
The words I speak
Say more than my face.

Its Escher-print cover;
Figures intertwined
Moulded together in a patchwork design.

I often ponder the importance of the words
Of my words
Of your words
Are they spoken to fill in the blanks
Or just to fill in the 50mins before time is up?

By The Moon
You are up beside the moon
Where the stars do shine upon the mottled Earth
And grant wishes time and time again
As darkness descends.

– Megan Woodman



HANNAH

Studying: Health Sci, **Shoes:** Opshop in Wanaka,
Pants: Wanaka recycling centre, **Top:** Opshop in Ponsonby,
Cardigan: Glassons, **Bag:** Opshop in Tauranga,
Fashion Icon: Mum and Lykke Li, **Favorite Shop:** Purple Rain,
Summer item of desire: A cool playsuit



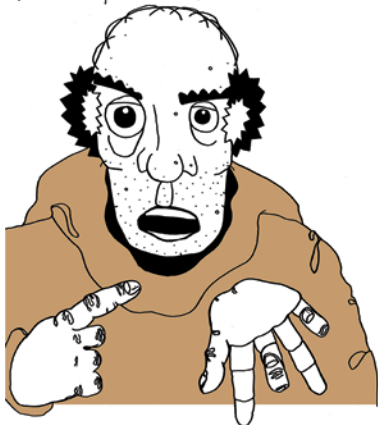
LILY

Studying: Neuroscience
Hat: ASOS, **Shoes:** Levi's Recycled Denim Chucks, **Jumpsuit:** Bershka in France, **Top:** Surf and Gear,
Fashion Icon: Peaches Geldoff, **Favorite Shop:** Purple Rain, **Summer item of desire:** Harem Pants

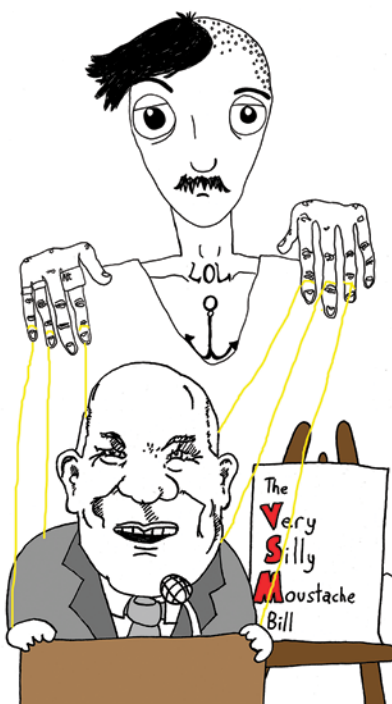


The Shed by Spencer Hall & Damian Smith

Hipsters are always pursuing the latest trend and are so bent on showing their ability to "pull off" (haha pull off) any style that they feel others wouldn't dare to, the more outlandish the fashion, the more high brow points they feel they have



But this philosophy had some unusual side effects. In the pursuit of the most farout and ironic fashion and lifestyle, the hipsters came full circle and decided that the ultimate in being "alternative" consisted of emulating the "un-alternative" or Normal.



The Status Quo became the new stomping ground for the hipsters.

They sought to take the roles of the wizards, the ultimate face of facelessness. The tradesmen and everyday workers of the realm.



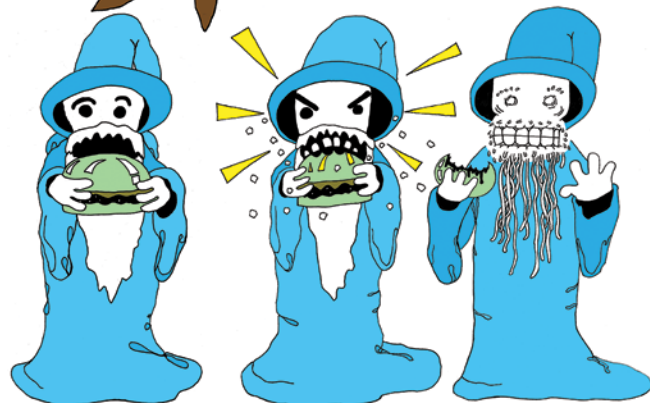
Hipsters became the all controlling puppet masters of their beaurocratic parents manipulating them to bend societies structures to fit their chic agenda.

Their attempt to undermine the Wizards so they could take on their roles started with an assault on their primary source of sustenance, the Burger.

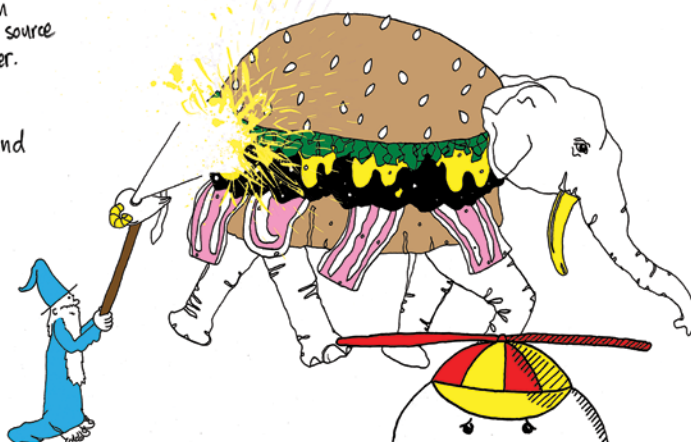
Burgers appear in the wild in abundance



Burgers were replaced by a crass and lackluster soy alternative



But the Soy Burgers had catastrophic effects resulting in beard loss



Why are you telling me this?



Antics by Stephen Gillan



www.anticscomic.com

Gary by Cody Knox



Kia ora koutou,

This is just a quick panui today to remind all our beautiful taura about our Te Rito 2012 elections!

We had our nominees hui last night which was very exciting considering the high calibre of applicants this year. These nominees will have been campaigning hard so get amongst. Voting opens 9am Monday October 3 and closes Thursday October 6 at 4pm. This year voting will take place by paper ballot, with two locations around Uni.

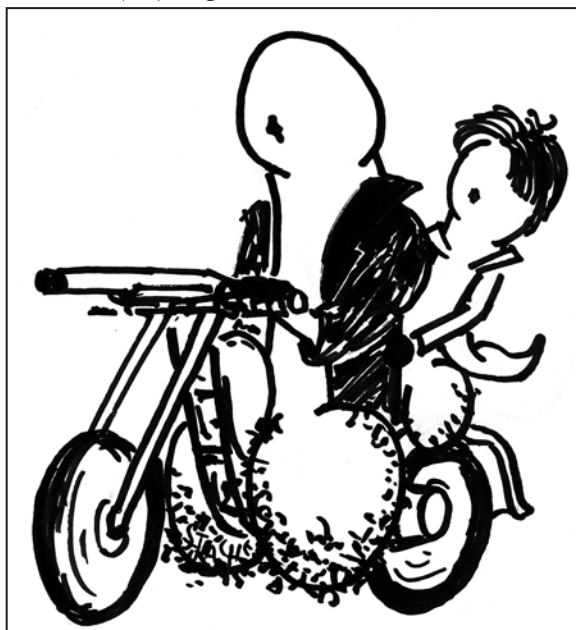
In the Maori Centre outside Tammi Karas office.

In the OUSA office

Please ensure that you bring your Student ID when you go to vote as this is verification that you belong to Te Roopu Maori.

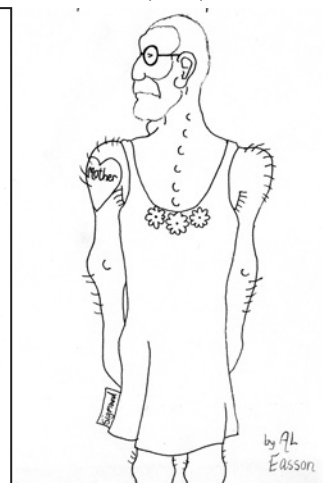
Successful applicants will then be introduced to Te Roopu Maori at our Annual Group Meeting, which is being held on Monday October 10 at 5pm. The meeting will also cover the announcement of the 2012 Te Roopu Maori budget, a few constitutional changes and any other general business. If you have any issues you would like to be bought up at the meeting, please make submissions to teroopu.maori@otago.ac.nz. So pencil these dates in your diary, we would love to see you there. Whether or not you are a frequent user of TRM services, it will

Penis Envy by Regan McManus

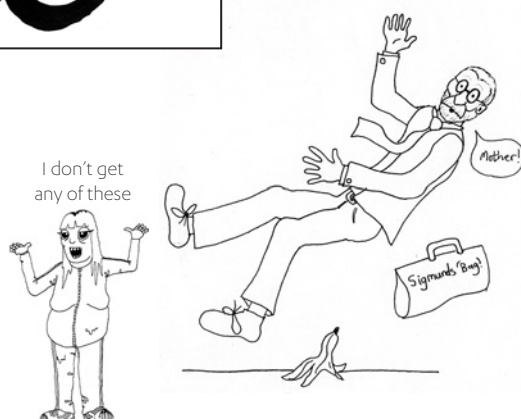


"The Sperminator"

Freudian Slips by Al Easson



by Al Easson



TE ROOPU MĀORI

still be beneficial to hear your input.

I've got a few more words so I found a joke:

A man walking down the beach saw a Maori walking round with one shoe on. He approached him and asked: "Lost a shoe?". Maori: "Nah I found one". And the moral of this story? The glass is half full; think positive, people.

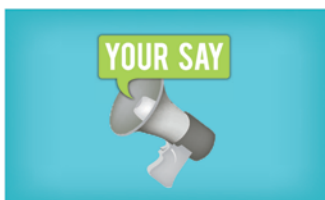
Until next time, enjoy getting your black on.

Ka kite,

Courtney Heke-McColgan



OUSA 2012 voting next week!



Voting for the OUSA elections starts next week from the 10th to the 13th of October. Read the blurbs earlier on in Critic and check out the details of the referendum on the OUSA website via <http://snurl.com/voteousa>

DRAG QUEEN?

This Friday the Great Southern Drag off will show off our 'best' Drag performers, with hilarity surely to be a mark of the night and maybe even a future star born! There will be lip syncing, dancing and maybe even some singing so come check out the sack-tion at XII Below from 7pm this Friday, then stick around for Parfait!



Teaching Awards for Loose Lecturers...

The OUSA Teaching Awards have been extended until this Friday! Give your favourite lecturer an imaginary Hi-5 and vote for them. Awards from students go a long way toward helping getting your lecturer recognised at the national level so give a lil back at <http://snurl.com/teachme>



VSM

The Voluntary Student Membership bill has passed. We will keep you up to date with how this will affect OUSA. Thank you so much for all your support. ❤️

Kereru on Campus

Have you seen our little friends up the tree just outside the Critic offices? We have two Kereru, our native Wood Pigeon, nesting up there. They apparently sit for about 28 days, and then they stay in the nest for about 40 before fluttering into the wild! Keep an eye out on the OUSA facebook page for updates... cute.



MASSIVE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

SIX60

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TOWN HALL
DUNEDIN

TICKETS FROM WWW.SIX60.CO.NZ & WWW.TICKETDIRECT.CO.NZ (0800 224 224)



THE DEBUT ALBUM
IN STORES OCT 10

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