

THE POLITICS ISSUE

Issue 27 – 10th October 2011



Winston Peters Interview | Critic investigates political groups on campus
Tea Time at the Milton Hilton | Interviews with OUSA presidential candidates



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
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Looking for love in all the wrong places

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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
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V20 Ventures - Male Mania!
I, Love
Simple Plan Music video
Time freeze
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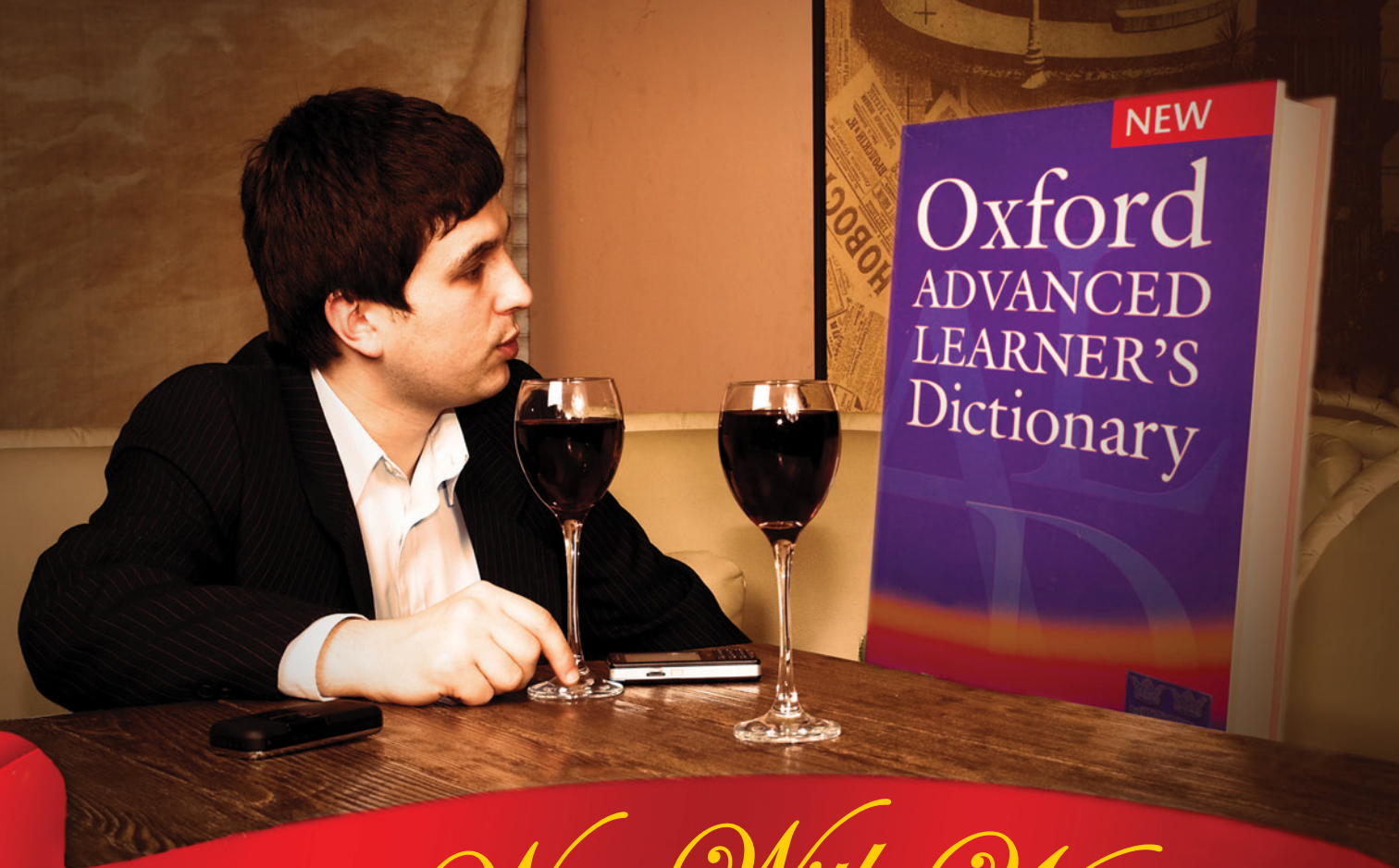
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contents

THE POLITICS ISSUE

Issue 27 – 10th October 2011

Editorial	5	
Letters to the Editor	6	
Notices	7	
Snippets	8	
News	10	
Interrogating the Candidates	16	<i>Aimee Gulliver has a chat with the two boys in line for the OUSA President throne</i>
Tea Time at the Milton Hilton	18	<i>Phoebe Harrop discovers there's more to prisons than gang bangs and dodgy deals.</i>
Profile: Garth Badger	21	
The Opposite of Apathy	22	<i>Love 'em or hate 'em, the political groups on Campus are a fascinating breed.</i>
The Ring Master	26	<i>Joe Stockman talks to the irrepressible Winston Peters</i>
State of the Nation	29	
Opinion	31	
Review	37	<i>Games, Art, Theatre, Music, Books, Food, Film</i>
Pick of the Mothras	46	<i>We review the best of the bunch.</i>
Summer Lovin'	47	
Poetry	48	
Comics	49	
OUSA page	51	



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.

A black and white photograph of a glass mug filled with beer and a thick head of foam, sitting on a wooden surface. The mug is a classic shape with a handle on the left. The beer is dark, and the foam is very thick and white, overflowing slightly from the top. The mug is placed on a dark, rectangular coaster. The background is a wooden table with visible grain and texture. The lighting is soft, creating a warm and inviting atmosphere.

Me, I'm one of those odd folks who actually enjoys politics. I wish my interest were entirely due to principled ideals, but like most other Nineties children, I have a terribly short attention span and crave drama. While politics may be the home of ranting and droning, it's also a realm filled with colourful characters, including king of Grey Power himself, Winston Peters (who we've interviewed on page 26 this week). Closer to home, we also have a fair slew of campus personalities, including International Socialist James Gluck, NORML's Abe Grey, and *Critic's* very own Eagle (most of these are mentioned in our feature delving into the terrifying/hilarious world of politics on campus).

While these characters make politics a little more palatable, sadly it's our obsession with drama that leads to piss-poor politics coverage and politicians who are more about personality than substance. Our desire for scandal pushes stories about Dan Carter's groin to the forefront of the news, and shoves stories about carbon emissions to the back. It causes us to vote for people on the basis of their looks, their beer-drinking companionship or their proficiency at baby-sitting/child-rearing rather than any competency they may or may not have.

John Key is the epitome of the personality politician. He's affable, likes Brooke Fraser, and has a son who engages in recreational planking. It's hard not to draw links between Key and current OUSA president Logan Edgar, who recently compared himself to Nelson Mandela and has been known to publically discuss his scabies. He's up against Den Benson-Guiu for the role of 2012 OUSA President, and while Benson-Guiu may be less of a salt-of-the-earth funny man, he certainly has some great, well-articulated ideas. So, I suppose the question is, will you vote for a beer-drinking companion or a policy maker? Regardless of what you decide, be sure to get to the booths/Internet and vote.

This week's issue is our second to last issue of the year, so we hope you enjoy it. If you've been bottling up a letter for the past year, this week is your last chance to show us your love/hate/rantiness. They're due Thursday 4pm. We're expecting big things.

Have a great last week of semester.

Julia

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

LOST CAUSE.

Dear News Team

Thank you for kindly responding to my question of what a SoGo actually is. I have another one: Where exactly is this "Blackboard" that all of my lecture slides are supposedly stuck to?

It's all the students are talking about.

From An Ignorant Fresher

P.S

After reading your life changing response I made sure to quit my summer job at my uncle's bungy jump operating firm and now plan to spend the upcoming summer helpfully poking the more hesitant jumpers with sticks.

THIS IS WHY ARISTOTLE WASN'T A PENGUIN

Dear Critic,

Since it is illegal to ride your bike on campus lest you hurt someone, but it is seeming fine to drive a car wherever you like, does that make cyclists more dangerous than cars to pedestrians?

The logical Penguin

PAPARAZZI

To the dude who slipped over on the stairs in the link then looked around to see if no one was looking.

I saw that

Regards,

Nice boat shoes

OUCHIES

Dear Comic Guy

Ever since you have taken over being the editor for the comics, they have sucked more than having a major in tourism or a BA (which you most likely do). Your humour is equal to that of a 5 year old with down syndrome, and the quality of the comics you choose look as though they have been drawn by said 5 year old. I'm sorry 'the shed' and 'gary', have horrible art work and are not funny, and comics about penis puns are only funny to year 7's that have not had sex education. The only good comic is antics

(which you didn't even have in at first); people are going to have more of a laugh reading peanuts in the ODT. Either get a better sense of humour (and better comics) or retire with whatever merits you have as an editor, and get someone with a better sense of taste.

I would gladly get better comics in a matter of seconds if need be.

Yours Sincerely

Your best friend, the plush tiger who talks to you.

Dear 2-dimensional douchebag,

To quote *The Big Lebowski*, "That's just like.. your opinion.. man", and one that I don't abide. What makes you such an expert on humour, taste and comics? I find it interesting that you write in to a free magazine complaining about the comics section, insulting myself, the comic artists, children with down's syndrome and people with BAs and majors in tourism, without actually giving any insight into what you consider better taste or humour.

One of Critic's primary functions is as a platform for emerging journalists, editors, reviewers etc. to see their work in print and improve their skills. The content of the comics page is all local and done on a weekly basis by people that don't get paid. I'd like to see you get "better" comics every week within these criteria. As much as I hold contempt for people like you, I also pity you for being so petty, aggressive and narrow-minded. But if you want to have a proper discussion/crash course in aesthetics/explain to me what you think is funny/doesn't suck, without the pathetic anonymity, come to the exhibition opening at None Gallery, 5.30pm Thursday 13th that some of the other cartoonists and I are exhibiting in. There will be a beer waiting for you and art for you to misunderstand.

Yours sincerely,

Spencer Hall (Comics Editor)

I'M GOOD THANKS

Dear Editor of Critic and Critic Readers!

Firstly Editor of Critic, how are you? I don't think we've seen each other face to face since 2005.

Moving on. This week I'm hoping to find one (hopefully) Critic Reader (or someone who knows him). This particular individual was involved in an incident in town on the 25th of August.

In a rather silly drunken haze, this I'm sure normally upstanding Dunedin citizen, thought it would be a great idea to grab my friend while she was riding her bike. This unfortunately resulted in my friend falling off her bike and breaking her ankle. Which kind of really sucks.

So we would love to afford this poor individual, who must currently be racked with guilt the opportu-

nity to apologise in person!

We look forward to hearing from you, on

dinpe486@otago.ac.nz

Kind Regards,

Matemateanga!

EAGLE REACHES A CENTENIUM

Dear readers of The Eagle,

I come bearing news of a great milestone. Last week, The Eagle used the word "socialist" or variant thereof (i.e. "socialists", "socialism") for the 100th time in Critic this year. This is a truly outstanding achievement in the field of polemics. I would like to warmly shake The Eagle's wing/talon, and lead us all in squawking his praises.

I can only hope that despite the destruction of The Eagle's natural habitat through the unfettered growth of capitalist industry, he is not reduced to eating roadkill or moving to the city to sell his tail feather on a street corner for smack.

Yours admiringly,

The Pelican of Having-Too-Much-Spare-Time

ODT TEACHES STUDENT HOW TO USE GOOGLE SEARCH= GOOD DEED FOR THE YEAR.

Dear ODT Editor

I am the student who was last week told to go and perform a "simple google search" for the front page article highlighting the "unrest" at the 2009 Blossom Festival, following my evaluation that the coverage was bias given the treatment of the Undie 500 riots that year. Asides from the mildly condescending "simple google search" comment and your own phrasing of the blossom festival "unrest" compared to student "riots", I did indeed conduct the simple google search for the article that you highlighted. While I know Critic cannot print screenshots of searches in the letter to the editors column, I have attached to this letter screenshots of my searches. Not only does a "simple google search" of the exact title of the article you mentioned not bring back the article, it somewhat ironically returns an article on the Undie 500 chastising students. Feeling that this may be because of googles filter I then searched for the article with the date in the search on google and then consequently in the ODT websites "search" function. All screenshots have been forwarded to Critic and I can assure you none of them contain the article you mentioned. In comparison a search of the term "Undie 500" will return numerous articles written by your paper both on google and your own websites search function. So once again I have three questions, is google broken? Is the article even available online? and how is the ODT not bias if I have



WHO'S YOUR FAVE?

VOTE IN THE OUSA ELECTION & REFERENDA, 10-13 OCTOBER

WWW.OUSA.ORG.NZ  Otago University Students' Association

YOUR SAY



to look this hard to find an article not about student "unrest"?

yours sincerely
Matthew Anderson

Dear Matthew

I'm sorry you are experiencing difficulties accessing the article. I used "blossom festival arrests 2009" as my initial Google search term and the article came up as the number one result. Using "blossom festival 80 arrests" and "blossom festival fringes arrests" produced the same result. Alternatively, the link is: <http://www.odt.co.nz/your-town/alexandra/75655/80-arrests-fringes-family-festival>

Yours faithfully
Murray Kirkness
Editor
Otago Daily Times

TOUGH AS SHIT

Dear cyclist,

harden up. I've been barefoot the entire year (including during the snow) and have had a grand total of 3 cuts on my feet. It's really not that bad.

Regards Scooter Guy.

WE DO IT FOR YOUR READING PLEASURE

Dear Critic,

I LOVE that you don't proof read letters!

The reason being, I ADORE that pissed off whinger "A. Student. Who studies." who, as well as being possibly the most dull person this side of Mosgiel, has obviously never gotten around to studying how to actually write! Gosh I do enjoy that these people exist!

I quote: "Great design buddy, really nailed the ___" blah. What is a design buddy? A friend to lay out your documents for you? I sure would appreciate one of those! Almost as much as you would appreciate a correctly-placed comma!

Item two: "...open plan mezzanine really opens out the acoustics...". I simply cherish, revere, and esteem that you spelled mezzanine correctly! Or maybe you just did your finance homework recently! Well, you fabulous person, try investing in a thesaurus as well as a textbook next year! Because overuse of four-letter words is not always restricted to Saturday night on castle street.

There is more, but I will stick to three, as it is a lovely number for a list and also I need to go study, as I, too, am a student.

Number three. You abuse commas. (I will let

you off with a warning; commas are beautiful, poetic pauses in prose, but you are just misguided. fine.) You tragically, have never heard of a hyphen. (Understandable. They look a little like misguided minus signs and, realistically, if you took anything else away from your writing, I do not believe you would have enough left for a twitter to Hemmingway.) But please, for the love of a monotheistic pantheon of self-indulgent patriarchalism, leave the commas alone. They serve very. Very. Simple, understandable, useful, basic purposes in communication.

To conclude; you're an idiot.
Yours, ironically,
a probable hipster.
(abbreviated, I could be here all day).

CRITIC VERY MISUNDERSTOOD

Dear Critic,

As a member of the queer community I am offended that you chose to associate us with ACT on Campus. How about replacing that line with "ACT on Campus should get the fuck away (from our funding)...?"

Yours,
A Lesbian

Dear A Lesbian,

Alas, it appears you have misunderstood our "postmodern cubist poetry". The line, "ACT on Campus very gay" refers to ACT on Campus' jubilation and high spirits when VSM passed, rather than an association with homosexuals.

Sorry for any confusion,
Critic

ANTI LOGAN #1

Dear Critic,

I was saddened to see that there were no women running for exec positions other than the post grad position which doesn't really count. Looks like ousa next year will be a man's world. And also, there were two uncontested positions and 4 positions out of 8 that only had one candidate... What a beauty of an election.

Unfortunately, it doesn't stop there. It is very likely that another Edgar will be joining the ousa boardroom. One "puppy" was enough, but next year with two, it will be hard not steeping in poo.

Perhaps, ironically VSM will not be the cause of the deterioration of OUSA but students themselves for not giving a "sh*t" about ousa and the services they run.

Otago students have a reputation of only appre-

ciating things once they are gone, with the most recent being Gardies.

Wake up, Scarfies!
Yours sincerely,
OUSA lover

ANTI LOGAN #2

Dear Critic

Does Logan Edgar have brain damage, a god complex, or is he just a total and utter moron? Because looking at his election campaign poster (only the best leaders lock themselves up) as I sit her at Lex's coffee corner, Edgar is either comparing himself to Nelson Mandela (and then he needs a history lesson, Mr Mandela did not lock himself up) or he is implying he is a better leader than Mandela. If so I have to ask how often Logan was (and possibly still is) dropped on his head? I more appropriate line would have been "Only the best leaders get themselves locked up". Which I am all for. I will vote for Logan if he gets locked up for as long as Mr Mandela! I promise.

Slan agat
Dr Gar Gar

Dear... Gaga?

You don't need a PhD to understand when a man is taking the piss. Maybe you're just angry...have you recently had a Bad Romance?

To me Nelson Mandela is a world symbol of peace and absolutely one of the greatest men of all time.

The poster was not suggesting he chose to sit in prison; it was just a bit of a laugh.

You know, ROFL, LMAO, LOL.
One of those ones.
Try it some time,
Vote Edgar

HOW EMBARRASSING

Hi Critic,

I was looking at the flags in the commerce building the other day and noticed they are almost all up backwards!!!!

If you look at the New Zealand and Australian ones for example when turned horizontal the Union Jack should be in the top left corner and the stars on the right, but if you turned these ones 90degrees to the right they are the opposite!!


This is terrible and an embarrassment to our country with all these foreigners in town for the world cup!

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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Basti Menkes rates the Top Ten Celebrities Who Should Get Into Politics.

- 01. Jon Stewart** – familiar, socialist, satirical - and Jewish.
- 02. Stephen Colbert** – if Stewart gets assassinated by Fox News, Colbert could assume his position pretty easily.
- 03. Ricky Gervais** – The hilarious, boundary-pushing atheist leader we need. Like, now.
- 04. Karl Pilkington** – Truly prophetic, round-headed seer of visions.
- 05. Thom Yorke** – If he refuses to do a world tour based on carbon emissions, he must care about the planet quite a lot. Vote Yorke!
- 06. Bono** – An Irish musician who really loves Africa.
- 07. Bob Geldof** – Another Irish musician who really loves Africa.
- 08. Hugh Grant** – Slick, suave and surprisingly informed about the issue of privacy in the modern world. Who'da thought?
- 09. Kim Hill** – Probably the coolest chick in New Zealand. Wait, no, she is.
- 10. Nigella Lawson** – The “queen of food porn” has politics in her blood, as well as chocolate cake.



SURPRISE VISITOR

Labour Party Leader Phil Goff will gracing our Campus this Wednesday 12th October. Come along to the Union Lawn at 11.45, when he will be doing an open air public meeting and taking questions from all interested parties.

Ambitious

A Floridian man was arrested for causing a drunken disturbance, booked and released a few hours later, then promptly tried to break into several cars parked directly outside the jail he had just been released from.

The man apparently told authorities that he was going to the parking lot to wait for someone to come pick him up. When his ride didn't show promptly enough, the man became bored and decided to take matters into his own hands, forcing police to re-arrest him on attempted theft charges.

According to media sources, the man told the arresting officers that he hoped they wouldn't get mad at him for trying to break into the cars. Lol.



Pwned

A 46-year-old American father was arrested after strangling a 13-year-old boy who killed his character in the online game *Call of Duty 3*.

The man lost his rag after the child pwned his character in the shooting game and then added insult to injury by “calling him a name”. Luckily the man knew where the little reprobate lived, so he decided to drive over to

and exact some real world revenge in the form of a good old-fashioned strangling.

Unfortunately the authorities were unimpressed by the man's excuse for why he was choking the life out of a child, and promptly arrested him. At least he has probably put an end to the kid's desire to waste his afternoons playing computer games.

13,016

votes secured by the Bill & Ben party in the 2008 Election

50

John Key's estimated wealth in millions of NZD

30

age at which George W Bush was arrested for drink driving



Firefighters in the clear

Firefighters who allowed their fire engine to be used in two different hardcore porn movies have escaped disciplinary action, after authorities determined that the statute of limitations for punishment meant that they could not be charged.

The fire engine was used as a backdrop in one movie, while in the other a porn actress climbed aboard the rig, repeatedly exposed herself, and commented "look at this fire truck...isn't it nice?"

The movies are available on two of the largest pay-to-view porn sites in the world, although *Critic* could not locate either on the popular free XXX site Porn Hub.



Poor customer service

A pizza delivery man called the cops on a stoner he was delivering pizza to, which smacks of hypocrisy since it is well known that people who are high are the foundation of the entire pizza industry's profitability.

The driver purportedly tried to justify the move on the grounds that he was "concerned for the safety of a child" he saw at the address when he was dropping off the pizza. When the cops rolled up, however, they discovered that the man had a permit for the medicinal marijuana, and he was allowed to get back to watching David Attenborough nature documentaries whilst munching on his delicious food.



The Good

Longitudinal Graduate Survey

Aside from being a fully paid up member of the hypocrites' society, having ignored 99% of emails relating to whatever this is, it seems like a pretty cool thing to be a part of. Go fill in the survey, stop the email harassment, and bask in the narcissism.

The Bad

Lift

Lift is the Tori Spelling of the soft-drink world. Repulsive, no matter which way you package it, and probably only in the vending machine 'cos its daddy's in the business. You can imagine my disgust the other day when I inserted the great sum of \$1.50 into a vending machine on campus, opting for a classy 'Mother', and out popped a 'Lift Plus', which is only marginally more palatable than the original yellow beverage. A humorous conversation with the folks at Coca Cola ensued. The point being, um, Lift is nasty..

The Aesthetically Displeasing

Stress

Abandoning normal clothing in favour of your Canterbury trackies, eating your feelings and touching your greasy face. Mmm. Damn sexy round here come exam time.

— Kate Macey

4

NZ Politicians
have had
gastric band
operations

14

floors in the
Beehive, 10
above the
ground, 4 below

393,000

John
Key's
salary
in NZD

Fuel Up for the Exam Period!!

**FRANKLY SANDWICHES
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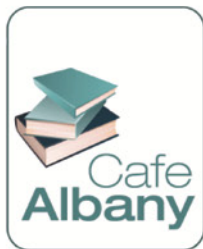
frankly

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FRANKLY SANDWICHES
ARE LOCATED ON THE
GROUND FLOOR ISB LINK,
OPEN 7 DAYS**

Annual measure of student apathy this week



Presidential candidate Logan Edgar is depicted here mid-sharn, much to the amusement of Daniel Benson-Guiu

Voting opens for the OUSA Elections for the 2012 Executive this Monday October 10 at 9am, and runs until 4pm on Thursday October 13.

Incumbent President Logan Edgar has been running an aggressive campaign, with posters around campus and a Youtube video featuring endorsements from various politicians and celebrities, including one from porn king Steve Crow. Challenger Dan Benson-Guiu has stayed away from posterage, preferring to campaign face-to-face.

However, some individual has been tearing Edgar's posters down, with Edgar describing the person destroying his posters as "a dog, a subversive, the kind of person that pistol-whips your Grandmother then steals her knitting money and spends it shooting up nutmeg in a darkened alley while fellingating a sheep."

An eyewitness described the individual as a "hipster".

Returning Officer Jonathan Rowe told *Critic* that the campaigns are running smoothly, with the candidates "just getting out there and doing their own thing." At the time of going to print, no serious formal complaints had been lodged against any of the candidates.

However, *Critic* understands that a formal complaint is to be filed against incumbent President Logan Edgar for breaching the election rules by using his OUSA office for campaigning purposes.

The process for making a formal complaint is available to any candidate or member of OUSA. Complaints must be made to the Returning Officer, who will investigate the alleged breach of the election rules and decide appropriate action based on the seriousness of the breach. Penalties for breaches of the rules range from having votes deducted from the candidate's overall total, to disqualification in more serious situations.

In 2008, the independent election arbitrator disqualified the initial winner of the Presidential election, commerce student Jo Moore, after she exceeded spending limits and ran voting stations offering beer to students.

Following the closing of the voting polls, the election results will be announced any-time from 5.15pm on October 13 in the Gazebo Lounge. Full results will also be available on the OUSA website later in the evening.

— Aimee Gulliver

Another mind-blowing referendum

Students can hardly contain themselves

Critic was literally frothing when they found out the details of the upcoming OUSA referendum, and undoubtedly the rest of our readers are equally hot and bothered about getting their sticky little fingers on the scoop.

Aware, however, that many students find OUSA, and particularly the OUSA constitution, about as exciting as a group of octogenarian Norwegian grandmothers masturbating in a sauna, senior management dispatched reporter Lozz Holding to cover the piece in a Scarfie accessible manner.

Writing in the third person, Holding speculated that the assignment was punishment for throwing a tantrum during a meeting in the Staff Club after the barista refused to make him an iced chocolate. Speaking to *Critic*, *Critic* editor Julia Hollingsworth confirmed that the story was punitive in nature.

In terms of the referendum, students will be asked to vote on whether the OUSA levies should be set to \$0 or not. Basically if you vote 'yes', signing up to OUSA will be free next year. If you vote 'no', you are suggesting the executive should go back to the drawing board on this one. Quite what alternative would satisfy someone who votes 'no' is difficult to imagine. Perhaps you want to be paid to be a member? Hey, if you don't ask, you don't get.

The next question asks whether the proposed 2012 budget should be accepted in its entirety. You can find details of the budget on the OUSA website, alternatively check out the literally mind-blowingly delicious infographic on page 15 of last week's *Critic*. By voting 'yes', you will be signifying that OUSA should use this budget. By voting 'no', you will be forcing the Executive to sit through several more painstaking hours of meetings. Lol.

The final vote that will undoubtedly get your panties soggy with decision-making excitement is whether the current constitution should be revoked and substituted with the amended one. Seeing as how almost two people have read the constitution, *Critic* has summarised the changes for your enjoyment. The new version will remove the building levy; reduce the colleges and communications officer's job to just colleges rep; tidy up the voting process; introduce more frequent Student General Meetings (SGMs) and ensure all membership regulations align with the VSM legislation. Exciting stuff.

The student forum at which the above motions were discussed was held on Thursday October 6. A whopping eight people turned up to the forum, including the Exec members themselves and Joe Stockman, who chaired the event. The person counting the attendees was also included in the count. That shit is complicated.

– Lozz Holding

Deloitte not so expensive after all. Apparently.

After months of speculation, OUSA have finally released the price paid for the controversial Deloitte review undertaken in June this year.

The review, which recommended selling Radio One and making the Communications Manager redundant, neither of which have been accepted, cost \$36,000. This cost does not include the price OUSA paid to have an OUSA General Manager seconded from Deloitte for

In addition to revealing the cost, OUSA released a memo with a fairly vague "slightly redacted Executive Summary and the Summary scope of engagement in Deloitte". The background section noted that OUSA is in a very strong position from a financial perspective, with net assets of \$13.8 million.

The memo also stated that the agreed scope of the review was to obtain an understanding of OUSA's goals, review activities to determine 'core services', review assets, understand the impact of VSM, understand the existing organisational structure, and review the negotiations with the University concerning VSM. The memo did not contain any specifics of the review's findings.

The memo was released seemingly spontaneously at a student forum last Thursday. When questioned about why the cost had taken so long to be made public, OUSA President Logan Edgar was not forthcoming.

– Staff Reporter



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SJS closes up shop forever

OUSA to the rescue

Student Job Search's (SJS) decision to close their Dunedin offices, and lack of fully functional website has forced OUSA to step in to provide SJS Connect Kiosks.

Two weeks ago, SJS closed their Dunedin office once and for all, with the intention to operate out of its centralised Wellington offices. However, in an unfortunate twist of fate, the website on which many students once relied to apply for jobs will not be operating properly until December. As such, students are only able to peruse jobs online, and must apply for jobs by calling the Wellington office.

To ease the transition to an online and call based service, OUSA are providing SJS Connect Kiosks around campus, each complete with a laptop and phone. As tempting as the Kiosks may be for some casual Facebooking, they are intended to enable students to browse jobs online, and then free call SJS. The Kiosks are to be located at the OUSA Reception, and the Clubs and Socs Reception.

OUSA Welfare Officer Shonelle Eastwood noted that the service was important, and was positive that SJS would continue to be the easiest and best place for students to get jobs once the improved website was completed. She added "We spotted that the change-over period might cause some issue for our members. So we've stepped in early to make sure they've still got easy access to the SJS service".

On average, SJS's Dunedin office had 300 students visiting each week.

– Staff Reporter



**Study
suggests
lazy drunks
do not
outperform
diligent
nerds**
*Everyone deeply
surprised.*

A recent study has crushed the age-old myth that binge drinking and afternoon classes are the most effective method of achieving excellent grades at university.

The research, conducted by two psychologists at St Lawrence University in America, studied the habits of 253 students and found that those who attended earlier classes achieved better grades compared to those who attended later classes.

The study made more groundbreaking discoveries, finding that those who attended later classes also tended to consume more alcohol and stayed up late "discovering their inner demons".

Critic decided to investigate further by attending both an early and late Health Sci lecture to compare attendees on completely unscientific grounds like whether they looked smart or not.

Unsurprisingly *Critic* was late to the 9am lecture. Disturbingly, even at this early hour St David's was completely filled to the brim

with eager first years, and a heady mixture of learning and intellectual curiosity filled the air. Unfortunately this did not mix well with the pseudo-hangover this reporter was nursing.

Much to *Critic's* disgust, the 4pm lecture was barely half full, with most of the attendees appearing to be ugly and stupid looking. Apart from one girl dancing, there was no atmosphere in the later lecture, leaving *Critic* wondering what we had done to deserve the punishment of being surrounded by such boring creatures.

Critic concluded after this detailed study that the American psychologists were probably right. *Critic* has now offered to join them in establishing a global partnership dedicated to cutting edge research on the difference between successful students and the kind of lazy slops that study Tourism.

– Lozz Holding

University culls Portuguese



The University of Otago will halt the teaching of 100 level papers in Portuguese in 2012, after perennially low enrolment figures meant that teaching the subject had become financially untenable.

Portuguese papers have been offered at the University since 2003 through the Department of Languages and Culture, but the subject has never proved popular. Figures provided by the University showed that the seven papers offered in the subject had a total enrolment of just 11 Equivalent Fulltime Students (EFTS). The average enrolment in papers had declined to just 1.25 EFTS from the already meagre levels of 2.55 EFTS.

The 1.25 EFTS figure suggests that the average paper was attracting around 9-10 students. In a practical sense this means that Portuguese is an incredibly expensive option to offer to students, since the fixed costs of offering papers would have been spread across very few students, even at the 100 level.

Whilst the department said that the decision to cut the 100 level papers, and thus effectively end the programme for the immediate future, was not purely financial, it did acknowledge that this was a “significant consideration”. The papers in Portuguese had received funding from non-University sources, but the lack of students meant that even with this external funding, the papers were still requiring significant subsidy from the department and the Division of Humanities. It added that the enrolments in the subject had been “disappointingly low” across the life of the programme.

In response to a question on whether the cuts would force students wishing to study the subject to attend other institutions, the department stated that they “have seen no evidence that any students come to Otago specifically because of Portuguese.”

The department stated that papers would continue to be offered at 200 and 300 levels to allow students currently pursuing a qualification in Portuguese to finish their studies.

The halting of the programme neatly encapsulates the dichotomy facing administrators when dealing with smaller programmes. Whilst many papers with low enrolments are valuable additions to the academic teachings of the University, it is often difficult to justify the high relative cost per student of providing papers with tiny enrolments, especially when the fees charged are generally identical to those paid by the huge classes of first year health science, law and commerce students.

– Gregor Whyte

YOUR SAY



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IN THE OUSA ELECTION & REFERENDA, 10 – 13 OCTOBER

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Otago University Students' Association





It was the best of times, it was the worst of times...

As anticipated as *Next Top Model*, OUSA's next top flat was announced last week, recognising both the good and the bad of student living experiences.

The best flat was 543/5 George Street, which OUSA Welfare Officer Shonelle Eastwood described as "a great quality flat". She said it was "run by a group of students that were devoted to being great flatmates to each other, and also looking after their flat". By contrast, the winner of worst flat was 49 Brown Street, which featured in local hit movie *Scarflies*. Eastwood noted that it "wasn't let down by tenants but rather by being allowed to fall into disrepair".

Among the other awards were Greenest Flat (8A Beconsfield Road), Best Landlord (120/5 London Street) and Worst Tenants (402 Leith Street). Both flats received supermarket vouchers, while the worst flat winner scored a bonus commercial clean.

– **Julia Hollingsworth**

PMS a myth

According to a new University of Otago psychiatric study, the effects of PMS on women's moods may be exaggerated.

Based on data collected from 76 women, the study found that a woman's mood doesn't change substantially during the pre-menstrual phase (when PMS should theoretically occur), and any mood changes usually occur during menstruation itself.

The study was conducted at the Wellington clinical school of University of Otago by Sarah Romans, who said that we make too much of PMS. "Don't automatically think when a woman is moody that she is having her period". She noted that influences on mood were more likely to be to do with external factors such as stress, physical health and social support, which could be felt by men as well.

– **Staff Reporter**

Otago gooder at finances stuff

The University of Otago leads the university education sector in New Zealand in fiscal responsibility, maintaining the lowest debt-to-equity levels of all the country's universities.

Otago managed a debt-to-equity level of just 14.1%, with the Auckland University of Technology University having the worst level at 45.1%. The report also showed that Otago achieved by far the highest net cash flow per Equivalent Fulltime Student (EFTS), managing \$4670 per EFTS. By contrast, the nearest institution, the University of Auckland, achieved just \$3460 per EFTS.

Otago also achieved high income per EFTS, and the second highest operating surplus.

– **Gregor Whyte**



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execrable

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

Critic greatly appreciated the brevity of last week's meeting, especially in light of the fact that this week's meeting is apparently cancelled due to lack of business to discuss. That's either efficiency of the highest order, or total and utter laziness, depending on your view of the current Exec's work ethic.

The Exec meeting with the Academic Audit Panel caused a bit of controversy when Katie informed the rest of the crew that the Panel only wanted to meet with her, Logan and Shonelle. Francisco decided that this was a move of blatant racism, as they were only "taking all the white people." Sarah was quick to point out that she is white and didn't get picked, only to realise soon afterwards that she has in fact got a bit of Maori in her. Obviously very in touch with her heritage

is that one.

Debate about the state of the squash courts took up a decent portion of the extremely short meeting, with the resident expert on all such matters, a woman named Debbie, coming in to have a chat to the Exec about it. It was a good thing she did as well, since no one else present seemed to have any of the required information to make any sort of intelligent decision about things. Like the Mojos dilemma, where the Exec were plagued by indecision for a good few weeks, the Exec were very reluctant to make a definitive call on the matter until they sort out their negotiations with the University about what services they are to contract out in the VSM environment.

Unfortunately for fans of the game, the

courts may not last a few more weeks, with Logan proclaiming, upon examination of the photos, "she's looking a bit like Christchurch here actually." Apparently the courts were last plastered about 10 years ago, and the patches they put on about two months ago haven't held up too well.

Thomas, conference calling in all the way from the Shaky City itself, confirmed all of *Critic's* suspicions about the jelly-wrestling kinkiness of postgrads, when he claimed to be using an email address along the lines of *postgrad@orgy.co.nz*. Logan wisely told him that the best course was "denial, it's not just a river in Africa you know." Turns out Logan IS "smart as fuck"; that's an absolute cracker of a pun in our book.

— **Aimee Gulliver**

(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

It is with great sadness that I come to you in this, the last "Chronicles of Castle"; what a year it's been. Before we get to nostalgic, this week's news. Last weekend saw a constant stream of people heading to the hospital to be stitched up due to glass cuts. It also saw one poor guy get DIC on a scooter. It was a classic case of unfortunate timing as people had been cruising the streets and flat hallways on the weapon all night. Poor Donkey (an affectionate nickname I can only assume refers to him having a massive dick) jumped on for a quick hoon, and as he took off (not really, just pattering along) the pigs came around the corner and 'Donkey' was arrested and charged.

Initiations continue as power tripping second years make scared first years do disgusting stuff 'to gain a place in a flat'. Naked guys giving each other disgusting haircuts and

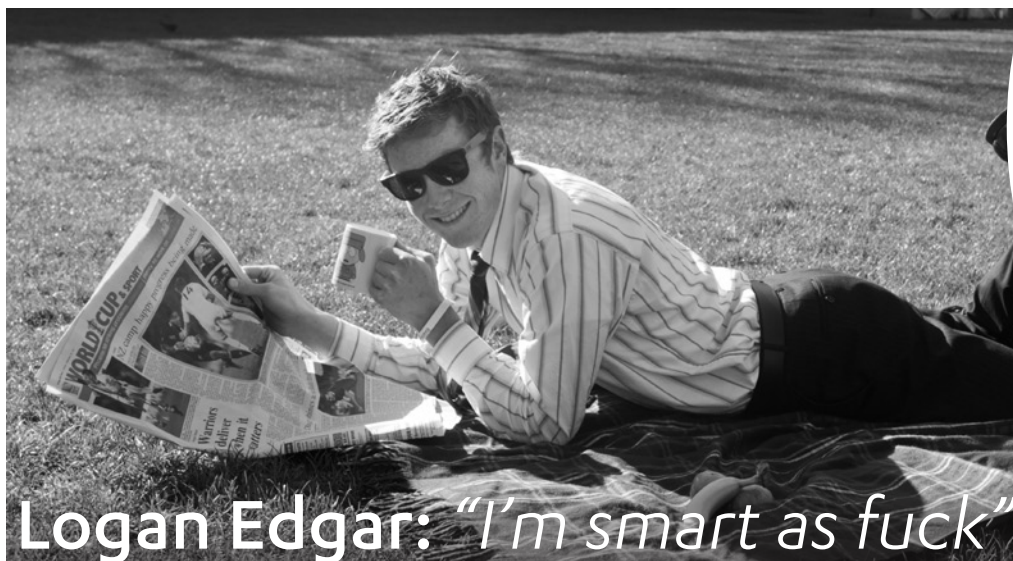
even more disgusting pelicans has become an almost daily occurrence.

A couple of Thursdays ago was the scene of a lock-in that caused carnage. Sand, trees and graffiti filled the flat as almost two hundred people flocked to the Gaybox. Alcohol consumption happened at pace, in quick succession the plot was lost (and is still missing) and destruction ensued. It started with inter-room warfare as the South D cats fought the Jungle dwellers. The wall between these two rooms was simply knocked down so that the fighting wasn't interrupted by any annoying gib board. The destruction bug then passed through the rest of the house as windows, walls and people were destroyed. A great night that left a few battle scars in the flat, just so we don't forget about the evening anytime soon.

Castle Street is still Castle Street. Gardies or not, scarves or not, it is the still the home to

second years who are keen to get amongst it. It's where people realise that drunk words are often sober thoughts. It's where people learn what their limits are, as alcohol and substance abuse reach new levels. Everyone over-cooks it at some point, whether you wake up on a random's couch or spew on a little kid at the rugby; we've all been there. This is when you find out who your real mates are, whether they're carrying you home or bringing you that glass of water in the morning. Finally, thanks to all you GC's who've said you like what I do and fuck all dem haterz. And thanks to my flatmates for putting up with my shit. Have a great day everybody.

— **Sam Reynolds**



THE CANDID OUSA Pre Election

Logan Edgar: *"I'm smart as fuck"*

Where are you from?

I originate from the thriving Southern metropolis of Manapouri which is nestled firmly in the bosom of the majestic Fiordland National Park.

Age?

20

Why do you want to be President?

I know OUSA and VSM better than they know themselves. I've spent the last 5 months preparing for a VSM Environment in 2012. With me as President of OUSA it will survive and prosper. I want to safe-guard and future-proof your students' association for future scarfie generations to enjoy. This is going to involve securing smart service levy agreements with the University. These negotiations have already started rolling and I would like to be here to ensure the outcome of them is what is best for the entire student body.

In saying that, I know as well as any old scarfie that we like to live in the here and now. So I am definitely keen to enhance the student experience for this year's scarfies. The opportunity for fresh events makes my imagination run wilder than Joseph Fritz at a family reunion.

What qualities and experience would you bring to the role?

I bring a previous 5 months in the role as President in which time I have learnt things that only time in office can give you. This includes understanding how all of OUSA's assets fit together and the strong relationships with OUSA both internally and externally. With my simple scarfie roots I also have an inherent understanding of what events, support and changes students need from their association.

What is your biggest weakness?

Heroin.

Who is your political hero?

Nelson Mandela is definitely an inspiration to me. I only lasted 2 days in prison and he lasted 27 years! Heck, the man is definitely a hero.

How are you going to deal with OUSA in the VSM environment?

I know exactly what OUSA will look like should a large number of funding scenarios play out and even though no one can say for

certain what OUSA will end up looking like the dear sweet scarfies of this great city can sleep soundly knowing that someone with informed vision is leading and nurturing their students' association

How do you rate your performance this year?

In my very biased opinion I've done a fantastic job.....Honest.....Ask your mum ;)

What is the biggest lesson you've learnt in the last 5 months as Pres?

If they've been awarded a knighthood they are not 'fair game'.

Are you worried about fee increases and proposals to limit entry to University?

I have always opposed increases to student fees. An educated nation is a strong nation and if lowering Uni entry means more kiwis are getting education then that is positive. But, I mean, how hard is NCEA really.... I got UE for fuck sakes.

What are your ideas to increase student involvement and engagement in OUSA?

It's time to tap into the great source of creativity, culture and MAD-ness that is the student population of Dunedin, and develop new events to enhance the student experience. Our unique city is full of opportunities to do some next level shit ay! My vision is sick gigs not only for Orientation but throughout both semesters of study.

What would you do if you were a woman for a day?

Play with my tits for a good 9 hours..... and after that go experience how the other half live.

What do you want to do when you grow up?

To quote the great Kanye West "Till I die I'm a fucking boss"

If Hollywood made a movie about your life, who would play you?

Denzel Washington

If you won the lotto, what would you do with the money?

Put it on the warriors!

THE DATES Presidential in 2011

Dan Benson-Guiu: *The Contender*

Where are you from?

Half-English, half-Catalan but I went to Logan Park High School in Dunedin.

How old are you?

19

What are you studying?

Philosophy, Politics and Communication Studies.

Why do you want to be President?

I wouldn't go for President if I didn't think I could do the job. I think that OUSA has to be much more informative, I think giving more of a voice to students is very important and I fancy democracy quite a bit, so I think I can bring that forward with more representation.

What qualities and experience would you bring to the role?

In terms of communication and talking to people, I've been working at Radio One since November 2009, and that shows that I'm not scared of talking, bringing those issues to the fore. I'm quite friendly most of the time. Through the radio I have contacted many people from high positions across the country, and I'm not scared of talking to people like Roger Douglas, despite the fact I despise him.

Do you think you are at a disadvantage running for President when you haven't been involved in the Executive before?

Definitely. It's a disadvantage running against Logan, because everyone knows who Logan is. But I guess I just have to prove that I can do it. I know I can do it because I've followed OUSA politics for quite a while.

Do you think Logan has done a good job this year?

Yeah, as I said in the debate the other day, when I first met Logan I thought he'd be quite a douchebag, but after talking to him in the first interview we had on the radio I discovered he was really, really keen to do the job. He's done as good of a job as he can do, but I think I can bring it forward a bit more.

How are you going to deal with OUSA in the VSM environment?

Even if VSM hadn't gone through, OUSA should have been much more informative as to things that happen in the Executive, and things that would be problematic for students. OUSA needs to be more involved with student problems such as housing, students who are having problems with Studylink. So it's showing that you're the association that

represents them, and in a sense take the job for them as well. I think we should definitely look at the assets and services such as the Aquatics Centre and the Rowing Club. We should have students decide whether we continue to fund it as much as we are, or not. And the same goes for other services which would be on the line.

Who is your political hero?

Gandhi, because he knew everything that there was to know in terms of law and that sort of thing, but he never had any barriers with the people he was actually interested in.

How would you deal with the proposed fee increases to University students?

I'd definitely get protests going, I think the protests should involve students from all over the place, not just from Dunedin but a national movement. The more people you have, the less likely the government is to bring these changes about. The more expensive university gets, the less accessible it is, and I think everyone has the right to an education.

What are your ideas to increase student involvement and engagement in OUSA?

There should be more surveys of what we should have, also have people just walking around asking what the problems with OUSA are. I think there should be a place on the internet where students could anonymously post any problem they have had at university. There should be weekly student general meetings which are unbinding, but are a forum for discussion for students so everyone has an opportunity to discuss their issues.

What would you do if you were a woman for a day?

I guess I'd go put some makeup on, put on a nice dress, and just go on a spree – do whatever I wanted, just enjoy it.

What do you want to do when you grow up?

When I'm big, I'd like to be a journalist.

If Hollywood made a movie about your life, who would play you?

I'd be old and wise, and Sean Connery would be the person to play me.

If you won the lotto, what would you do with the money?

Give it to poor people in Africa... I haven't seen my mum in quite a while, she lives in Spain, so I'd get her a ticket to come here, and buy her a house if she wanted to stay.



Scott

Tea time at the Milton Hilton

by Phoebe Harrop

The Otago Corrections Facility at Milburn, otherwise known as the Milton Hilton (so named for its underfloor heating, en suites, flashy gymnasium, basketball court and full-size rugby field), is the closest prison to Dunedin city, housing up to 485 low to medium security men.

There's something more than a little bit intriguing about prisons. First of all, some of the best movies of all time concern prisons: *The Shawshank Redemption*, *The Green Mile*, *Kala Pani* (haven't heard of it? Neither had I, until I discovered that it got half a star on prisonmovies.net; it's described as "one man's earnest pursuit of his long lost, adulterous, alleged murderer father". With singing, apparently). But what's a real life prison like, such as our very own local, the Milton Hilton? Is there singing? Is there soap-dropping? Will we ever know?

Never fear, dear readers, some among us are regular visitors to the Milburn Corrections Facility, and more than just acquainted with some of its inmates.

Libby Fraser, Tom English, and Georgie Fulford are the kind of everyday heroes who make you want to do something a tad more meaningful with the extra minutes in your day. Busy students themselves, they volunteer regularly for Vinnies, a student branch of the worldwide organisation St Vincent de Paul (named after an 18th-century Catholic priest who was dedicated to serving the poor, and by all accounts had an excellent goatee). Vinnies are young people who help those less fortunate than themselves, in any number of ways. The student group here in Dunedin was started only two years ago, but has slowly expanded to undertake many diverse projects from operating a night shelter, helping out with hospital chaplaincy, and running an opshop, to making veggie parcels for those who can't afford enough food, making rest home visits, and, as of next year, helping a community in Sri Lanka.

Last year, Vinnies also started up a prison-visit programme: once a week, volunteers make the hour-ish trip down to Milton to hang out with the inmates. These visits are part of the prison's wider rehabilitation and reintegration programme. Says Georgie, "We as volunteers are quite valuable in that sense, because the prisoners don't see us as guards or anything. We're giving up our time to go in there, show an interest in their lives, and meet their spiritual needs." Don't worry though, this

ain't no Student Life. Libby says "it's a broad, spiritual service", and the emphasis tends to be on common compassionate values, rather than the strictly Christian side of things.

Although the prison only houses low and middle security prisoners, it's not exactly a summer camp. When volunteers arrive, they sign in, take off their shoes and anything metallic, leave all their possessions at the entrance and are escorted to the facility's "spiritual centre", equipped with safety buttons (think St. John lifelink alarm and that distressing television ad where the elderly lady smashes her favourite mug on the kitchen floor). Georgie says, "It's a privilege for the men to be [in the spiritual centre]...There are no guards, no cameras. There are men [coming to the sessions] who are on 23-hour lockdown basically, so to have contact with people from the outside world is special."

On a typical visit, the men (who've been behaving well enough to have the privilege) and the volunteers join in a Bible reading and reflection, with some accompanying beats: "[The inmates] provide the music: that's a privilege too, to be in the prison band. They all negotiate as to who can be in the band. It's all based on respect. One guy snuck guitar strings [out of practice] in his socks and he was kicked out of the band."

Then there's tea time and chat for around half an hour or so. Tom says, "That's the bit they get the most value out of, they just enjoy having a yarn."

Making polite conversation with criminals not your cup of tea ('scuse the pun)? For starters, Libby points out that you can't exactly make small talk like "oh, so, what did you get up to today?", and as a result, conversations tend to go straight into really deep issues – like, says Georgie,

You can't exactly make small talk like "oh, so, what did you get up to today?"

talking about the wife and children that the men haven't seen for years.

Tom says, "You'd think they would be curious about what's happening in the outside world, but they're not. It doesn't really occur to them to ask about what's happening outside because they've got this insulated world where it doesn't really matter what happens outside. They'll talk about what they're doing, sport, their job or if they're studying."

The men are also insatiably curious about the volunteers themselves, says Libby. "They want to know where you're from, what you're studying... It can be difficult sometimes to give those sorts of details. You want it to be personal and you don't want to withhold information, but you want to kind of direct it so that they are talking more than you."

Luckily, they're often keen to talk about themselves too. Many of the lower-security prisoners are involved in working on nearby farms (fencing, milking cows and the like), helping out in the prison kitchen or engaged in study by correspondence. One inmate was studying towards his commercial pilot's licence while inside – quite a sneaky way to get around paying study fees, really.

Putting aside all talk of cups of tea and spiritual healing, do the volunteers ever feel unsafe? Georgie says, "no, not unsafe. It's just really interesting to see the way in which they approach you [as a woman]. Last time, I went up to this guy who was massive and staunch – he looked like Jake the Muss from *Once Were Warriors*: tats everywhere, strong build. I introduced myself and said that I hadn't seen him at any of the services, and just sort of thanked him for his participation in the discussion. As I was talking to him, all of his responses were really short and he was looking a bit shifty the whole time. After a couple of minutes he said 'you've probably noticed I find it difficult to give you eye contact. I just find it really hard – I haven't spoken to a woman in so many years'".

"That was quite a frank admission", says Tom.

In the prison setting, with their matching tracksuits, the volunteers find that many of them prove to be surprisingly jolly and approachable types

Says Libby, "it's given me a whole new outlook. Obviously when you're in there you still have to be aware of your surroundings – they are there for a reason – but I feel quite safe."

The question it has raised, for all three volunteers, is what can be done to stop more men ending up inside? "How can we take a preventative

Given the seething cauldron of testosterone that is a 500-strong male-only population, female volunteers have to be conservative in the way they dress: "High-necked tops, nothing too short. No bright red or blue, or anything else that might signify gang affiliations."

In general, it might be that if some of the prisoners were walking down George Street in their gang regalia, you could be more than a little alarmed. But in the prison setting, with their matching tracksuits, the volunteers find that many of them prove to be surprisingly jolly and approachable types.

approach to avoid [the men] from getting there in the first place? That's a really difficult question, because it start off right from birth as to how these guys have been raised. I think for a lot of them, they haven't really experienced love, or trust or respect before." – Georgie.

Tom says "It's softened my approach on what should happen to [convicted criminals]. You realise that it's not like you or I going off and committing a crime, knowing what's right or wrong and having the choice... You get the impression that for a lot of these guys, they have grown up in a society or community in which committing crimes and going to prison isn't a choice... They're sort of a product of their environment and the way they're raised... There must be a better way.

It's pretty ridiculous to take away someone's rights to move freely."

The other problem? Prison breeds criminals. Says Georgie, "They're in there, and they're actually learning lots of skills from the other inmates.... Half the time, [prison] isn't addressing the root problem."

One thing all three have taken away from their experiences at Milton so far is that there is no typical prisoner. All of the inmates have come from different circumstances, and backgrounds. Their roads to prison are unique. Of her ongoing involvement, Georgie says "I almost feel like I get more out of it than they do. When you walk away, I don't know, I'm buzzing. It's an incredible feeling having sort of shared experiences with these guys."

They have grown up in a society or community in which committing crimes and going to prison isn't a choice

If that makes you want to get involved too, Georgie, Libby and Tom encourage you: "don't hold back". You can get in touch with Georgie, who organises the Vinnies prisons visits, at volunteer.prison@gmail.com or with Vinnies in general at svdp.student@gmail.com.

Alternatively, Tom English is in the process of setting up a volunteer programme through SOULS (the Society of Otago University Law Students) to make similar visits to the Vinnies crew, perhaps focusing on helping inmates with their academic needs, or running quizzes and the like. "My feeling is that SOULS should be more outward-looking... Given the resources that we've got, it seems like we should be offering a bit more to the community than just sort of sucking it all up [in our social events]... I think it's also really important for law students to see [the prison], instead of just reading about crimes... Knowing the characters involved is something different."

Of course, if you want to get involved you'll have to send a few forms off, show that you don't have criminal convictions yourself, and declare if you know anyone in prison, then undergo a half-day training session in which you get clued up on prison protocol and the like. But it's worth it:

"It's quite a powerful thing once you get involved. I imagine I'll want to be involved as long as I'm capable." – Tom.

Garth Badger

For those of you who don't immediately recognise the name, Garth Badger is a New Zealand photographer. Specialising in the area of fashion photography, Badger has taken the scene by storm since embarking on this career path four and a half years ago. His images are now featured in *Remix* magazine and he has taken a shine to making short films for many of the major fashion labels in Auckland, with World and Kathryn Wilson being among the most recent additions to his repertoire. Badger, however, was not always so artistically inclined. As he tells **Georgie Fenwicke**, he originally trained as a bee-keeper and it wasn't until he was about 24 or 25 that he picked up his first camera.



Of late, you have been working with a number of different media – movies, film, 3D technology – why the need?

I think the reason I enjoy what I do is the fact that I can mix it up. What I am finding is the more I shoot video, the better my stills become. Each different medium deepens your knowledge of the other. I think it means that you can draw on aspects of one and use them in another.

What do you like about each medium?

Obviously, I started out with still imagery and I think it is the creation side of it. I am far more interested in creating a scenario or a setup than capturing documentary style. I quite enjoy the fact that everything about a photograph that I take has been through my decision and my doing. Then, moving into video I found everything I loved about film, it moves and something happens. Video is basically composition which is exactly the same as film but it's an issue of moving movement into that equation which, creatively, I find very exciting.

The use of light in your photographs is quite stunning, what do you try to achieve?

What I found with light [is that] I go through phases where you develop a new technique or you find something a bit new that bring something different to your work, and you tend to use that for a certain amount of time. For me, it's important to almost create work in batches; I don't want anything to seem like a one-off.

By taking an idea and developing it through, does it allow you to fully explore the technique?

Yeah, it does. You find the more you use anything, the better it becomes. Everything is tested first in little projects for a start and a lot of those things never see the light of day. Often I'll do tests with a model or a friend or just go out and do these little camera jests just to start perfecting it before you start showing everyone what you have done.

I think these days, we live in a generation where everybody is starting to upload onto the internet, onto Facebook or onto their blog, every last photograph they have ever taken. There is no refining of their work, there is no editing. It is almost like everyone wants to show everything they have ever done and I think it is really important that you show

the cream of the crop, that only the very best of your work should be shown, not every last test you did of your mum's friends and all that.

You've spent a bit of time in Canada I understand, what did you do there?

I was a bee-keeper. I hadn't actually picked up a camera until I was about 24-25. I had trained and worked as a bee-keeper until then. It wasn't until I moved to Canada that I picked up a camera and started shooting.

So how did you get into it so late?

I was travelling and I wanted to have better photographic memories than the ones I was taking and I realised at that point that I had no idea, I was taking terrible photos. I thought I'd like to buy a proper camera and learn. So that's exactly what I did. I had never considered it as a career; it was more of a hobby originally. But it wasn't long before it developed into an obsession where I just thought "I could take this better". I remember thinking other people are photographers, so there is absolutely no reason why I couldn't do it as well. I just had this blind devotion to it.

Then, you got in touch with Jackie Meiring and Steve Chilli and went from there?

Yeah, well I also did an internship in New York which was quite handy. I went to New York for a short internship for several months. I was in the East Village working with a guy called Nicholas Wagner, who is well received in the fashion photographer over there. I learned a few of the industry ins and outs there, before realising it was time to come back.

Now four and a half years into it, would you replicate that path again?

Would I go back and train? No, not at all. If there is anything I should have trained for, it's business. The photography side, I mean, I use a lot of assistants for it who are studying and some that aren't, but really there is not a lot of difference to be honest. It's the business side of the business that is difficult. As photographers, we want to work creatively and all the accounting and businessy things are not what you think of when you become a photographer.



International Socialists

**Staff and
Students**

Unite!

The OPPOSITE *of* APATHY

The world of politics is as foreign a land to the puffer-wearing, dubstep-blaring, STD-sharing scarfie as the Close Reserve section in the library. More than one in four under-25s aren't enrolled to vote, and the electoral turnout is undoubtedly lower. The numbers at recent student protests have been abysmal and the hardened few have been reduced to such vain stunts as attempting to chase John Key around Dunedin in a car whilst waving signs out the window. **Jimmy Tait-Jamieson** and **Jack Montgomerie** resolved to leave the hedonistic milieu of Castle St and descend into the underworld of student politics where a few hardy souls persist in their quest for freedom, justice and a cushy job in policy analysis.

Part-time radicals

Our descent into Hades was steep. Our first meeting was with the most militant group on campus: the infamous International Socialist Organisation (ISO). We arrived at Clubs 'n' Socs to find a disparate bunch standing around a table of dusty, moth-eaten Marxist texts. Over his cup of tea, Derwin Smith - who professes a desire to burn down "arch-parasite" John Key's mansion and "appropriate all his shit" - explained the inevitable collapse of capitalism. ISO's strategy is to wait in the wings for this violent revolution to occur. There's no fixed date yet, but the Arab Spring, financial meltdown and global warming all suggest that the storming of the Beehive might not be far off. We left with a copy of the *Socialist Review*; a steal at \$2.

If it wasn't for a certain pungent fog surrounding their members, you could barely tell Otago NORML (National Organisation for Marijuana

Legalisation) from the ISO. NORML are another group heavy on banners, homemade signs and anti-corporate rhetoric. Despite the lazy stoner stereotype, the group points out that they've been actively protesting cannabis prohibition for seven years, meeting twice a week to smoke dope on Union lawn.

The protest we attended was interrupted by a sudden shower. With boy-scout aplomb, several red-eyed individuals set about trying to put up the sides of the gazebo they'd earlier erected. The whole team pitched in and all appeared to be going swimmingly until some bright spark noted that the canvas was inside out. The episode proved fitting; it seems the group muddles along with lots of enthusiasm but no clear plan. One curly-haired member who'd joined NORML to control his "ever-expanding consciousness" after doing "a lot of 'shrooms" thought only a cultural revolution (in the manner of the ISO) could "free the weed." Others were happy to seek law reform. They voiced support for



The innocent face of student activism: these babyfaced youngins were seen smoking up a storm at last Wednesday's 4:20 protest. When approached by the *Critic* photographer, one 'protester' was heard to say to another "Hey mate, look real baked for the *Critic* bro!", resulting in substantial amounts of giggling. True rebellion.

the Aotearoa Legalise Cannabis Party, and even ACT's libertarian ideas. We suggest it's only a matter of time before we see Don Brash taking up on Union lawn. Despite their inconsistencies, the group displays an admirable sense of generosity. No other group offered us illicit drugs.

Party hacks in khaki slacks

Not every group is so radical. On OUSA Market Day, we got to see a more mellow, presentable side of the campus political circus. The sun was out, pamphlets were circulating, petitions were being signed and Michael Woodhouse, the local National candidate, was hovering awkwardly around the Young Nats as we approached. This was clearly the opposite end of the political spectrum, characterised by polo shirts, number-three haircuts and an urgent lack of oestrogen. The only protesting you'll see here is individual submissions to select committees. But it's not all politics. Callum Fredric, the local Chair, explained that social events loom large on the Young Nats calendar. The 75th anniversary ball had just been, featuring John Key, Jenny Shipley and the cheerily-named Party President, Peter Goodfellow. Perhaps due to the generous open bar, details were sketchy though we can confirm there was no quick-step

DESPITE THEIR INCONSISTENCIES, THE GROUP DISPLAYS AN ADMIRABLE SENSE OF GENEROSITY. NO OTHER GROUP OFFERED US ILLICIT DRUGS.

with Key. Despite the lack of dancing, it sounded like a good night, but as a Young Labour member later quipped, "How can a social event be good if it's all guys?"

Tagging alongside the stall was local ACT on Campus member, John Brinsley-Pirie. John objected to

being called "a little segment of our party" by a blazer-wearing Young Nat but his solitary presence suggests otherwise. While it's been tough since the golden days of ex-president and comic genius Rick Giles,

owner of an argument "so powerful it's not necessary to talk about it" (tinyurl.com/yfmbcxa), AoC is still going strong. John was involved in the headline-grabbing distribution of free double-downs ("600 calories of liberty") and Wellington member, Peter "Pants" McCaffrey, regularly denounces Logan Edgar's opposition to VSM in fiery press releases. On the matter of his alleged nickname, John confessed he'd never seen Peter in shorts, even on the really hot days.

Across the asphalt lurked long-haired hippie Bert Holmes of Campus Greens. He manned a small stall stacked with second-hand CD-ROMs, old paperbacks and pro-cannabis t-shirts, described as "sick as" by one passing Commerce student. Campus Greens have recently moved into the local electorate branch where they are better able to revolutionise the "democratised state paradigm". This has come at the expense of social activities. We spoke to an ex-member, Mahoney Turnbull, of summer camps at Jeanette's, laughter yoga at the marae ("shit it's good, it gives your abs a real good workout") and trips to the Catlins to "just plant some trees and chill." Now it appears all that Otago Campus Greens do is gather in Room 6 of Clubs 'n' Socs to watch TVNZ 7's *Backbenches* and yell at the TV.

Labour's love lost

But where was Young Labour in all of this? Once described as the most active political group in the country, the Dunedin North branch of Young Labour has dwindled to a handful of active members. Two ex-members refused to be named, but were happy to discuss the tragic downfall. They claimed the group imploded after the local Labour candidate, David Clark, used "party strings and party bullshit" to cripple Simon Wilson's campaign for the safe Dunedin North seat. "He broke our hearts, man," one opined.

We eventually made contact with the current president, Karen Heine, who confirmed that "people involved in his campaign basically called us and said Simon didn't have a chance and we should buckle and get

behind the popular option which was David.” Heine now professes full loyalty to Clark. We asked David whether he could confirm this; “No I can’t. I don’t know anything about that.” He insisted that “it was a fair

THERE IS [SIC]
DEFINITELY
POLITICS IN
A POLITICAL
ORGANISATION

and just process” but is aware “that one or two people felt disappointed after Simon’s non-selection.”

In-fighting isn’t just a Labour issue. Following a botched attempt to convince their ISO comrades of the benefits of principled non-violent action, Dan Benson-Gui

and several of his peace-loving fellow travellers formed the Organisation for Global Non-Violent Action (OGNA). At their screening of *Ghandi* on World Peace Day, we chatted to Dan while a girl in a batik skirt set out a cake stand of “Catalan sponge-cake; vegan, gluten-free peanut butter biscuits; and semolina nut yum-yums.” Dan told us he still gets along with ISO heavyweight James Gluck well enough to co-host a politics radio show; “We’re all about compassion.” He did, however, manage a

chuckle at the ISO’s endorsement of the Mana Party. As David Clark told us, “there is [sic] definitely politics in a political organisation.”

Save the planet, buy the t-shirt

The Moving Planet Day at Dunedin North Intermediate, filled with peace, love and toe rings, was the perfect antidote to the cynical world of power politics. Amongst the ‘I Pity the Fossil Fool’ t-shirts, Students for Environmental Action (SEA) had set up a table where they were instructing future ‘guerrilla gardeners’ on the perfect ratio of a seed bomb (5 parts dirt, 3 parts clay, 1 part seed). Grass verges beware.

Bombs aside, co-president Tarsh Turner says SEA is hardly radical. They enjoy festivals, potluck dinners, and breaking ground in their newly acquired community garden opposite Unipol. Are they just a bunch of hippies? The dreadlocked, anklet-wearing matriarch of SEA insists they aren’t, but admits, “I’m probably living the stereotype right now.”

New kid on the block Generation Zero is harder to place. Spokesperson Louis Chambers, looking dapper in a three-piece suit, explains: “Nobody’s quite sure where we fit in and so we’ve sort of stepped beyond some of those traditional rivalries, which I think is a good thing. I think our message is more constructive, like not just bitching about stuff for its own sake but doing it because we think that we can paint a vision of where we want things to go.” Their vision is zero net emissions by 2050 and they’ve been proactive organising public meetings, including one where Michael Woodhouse renounced his love for lignite. Their ability to tread the tightrope of political neutrality, achieve results and attract members makes Generation Zero a group to watch.

Bleak prospects

Had our journey been worthwhile? While there seems to be an opportunity for strong, non-partisan, single-issue groups to make a difference, do the “mainstream” parliamentary youth wings have any influence? We put the question to politics lecturer Professor Chris Rudd. “Zilch,” he reckoned.

They can, however, be useful sounding boards for future policies, and fertile breeding grounds for power-hungry Pols students eager to avoid a life working for IRD, WINZ or McDs. Youth wings provide valuable apprenticeships into the world of committee meetings, policy discussions and brutal backstabbing. Helen Clark, Phil Goff and Simon Bridges all started their political career in the youth wings and odds are we met a future MP (or Commissar, in Derwin’s case) in our interviews. One Young Labour member was less optimistic. She bemoaned that “those with ambition have no talent, and those with talent have no ambition,” her Young Nat friend adding, “and those with both are in business.”

Student politics may be a different world, but it’s hard to imagine campus life being as colourful and diverse without the poorly designed monochrome posters, the smell of weed on a Friday afternoon, and the earnest correspondence in this esteemed publication. To reference Roger Waters: shine on, you crazy diamonds.



Pictured at a recent ISO organised VSM protest, Green MP Gareth Hughes appears just as comfortable with bonfires as he is with acronyms. *Critic* suggests the Greens make this official, and appoint everybody’s favourite chipmunk the first spokesperson for pyromaniacs.



THE RING MASTER

Before sitting down with **Joe Stockman**, Winston Peters stole a cheeky smoke. It had been a busy morning of interviews and public appearances – probably nothing by his old standards – but he nonetheless seemed to enjoy taking a moment, offering quiet hellos to students whose eyes revealed their recognition of him, and staring down into the Leith to spot the salmon running by.

Peters remains one of New Zealand's greatest political actors. He has a tumultuous relationship with the media, was expelled from the National Party, and has time and again played king maker in the MMP post-election shuffle. He has left an indelible mark on the political face of the nation. However, his decision to once again seek election has left people asking questions: is Peters playing out the final act of this long and illustrious political career, or is he staging the greatest comeback of the MMP era, destined once again to make the choice between Labour and National in the formation of a new government?

Spend the day with him, and you will quickly see his determination, not only win, but to win on his own terms. And it would be a brave man that would bet against him.

BACK IN THE HOOD

To look at Peters now, you would almost never believe that his entry to politics began with a land dispute in his native Northland. Peters the lawyer represented a mix of Maori and Pakeha landowners, against the then Labour government's attempts to nationalise the coastline (and you thought that the foreshore and sea bed was a new issue). It was during this battle that Peters decided to enter politics; "I was always interested [in politics], but it became cataclysmic when I realised that [politicians] had all the power and could do what they liked".

"I was always interested [in politics], but it became cataclysmic when I realised that [politicians] had all the power and could do what they liked"

His first taste of politics was an unhappy time within the National Party. While he was elevated to the National front benches (the members of the party with issue portfolios) by October 1991, Prime Minister Bolger sacked Peters from Cabinet. He was finally ejected from National completely in 1993. Peters formed NZ First just prior to the 1993 election, and entered parliament again as a party leader along with Tau Henare.

GOTTA BE, MMP

In 1996, MMP took NZ politics by storm.

NZ First won 17 seats, and entered into six weeks of negotiations with both Labour and National to form a coalition government. Speculation was rife that NZ First would partner with Labour; it is believed that many voters backed NZ First with just such an expectation. In fact, as Peters recalls, the national media were referring to Helen Clark as "The Prime Minister in Waiting". Peters refutes the idea that he had any intention to go with Labour; "Our belief has always been that



you can only decide what to do when the people have spoken first, and we've stuck with that all these years".

Talks with Labour broke down after the other essential cog in any Labour-NZ First coalition deal, the Alliance, made it clear that they would not deal with NZ First. The NZ First caucus decided that there was no longer any choice but to form a coalition with National. Says Peters, "Despite what people may think, the biggest coercive pressure on you after an election is that every country needs a government... so you really got caught sometimes with a poisoned chalice, trying to make the most of it."

THE BIG DOG

Peters exacted a heavy price from National for his support. He was appointed Deputy Prime Minister, and the position of Treasurer, senior to the Finance Minister, was created solely to accommodate him. However, even with such a weighty title Peters could do nothing to hold the coalition together, after Jenny Shipley rolled Bolger in an internal coup to become NZ's first female Prime Minister. Peters and Shipley never saw eye to eye, as she challenged the terms of the coalition agreement. It's clear that Peters has little love for the Ship; "She did it all for personal reasons. This woman has no ideology, is not right, and just goes to prove the 'Peter Principle', that you keep rising up the ladder until you reach your level of incompetence."

In 1999 Labour and the Alliance, along with support from the Greens, finally came to power. NZ First had lost 12 seats and entered into a period of malaise. It wasn't until the 2005 election that Peters again held the balance of power, and Labour and NZ First finally went into a formal agreement. In a controversial move, Peters was made Minister of Foreign Affairs, but did not receive a seat inside cabinet. Says Peters, "I thought the job was very worthwhile, and that I could make serious changes to our appearance abroad. It doesn't hurt to be a Polynesian in

Polynesia, you know."

Throughout the Labour-NZ First coalition, his relationship with the Labour caucus remained testy, as Peters sought to maintain his general independence from the government.

THE END?

In the 2009 election, Peters finally lost his Tauranga seat, and with NZ First dropping below the 5 percent threshold, he was out of office for the first time in decades. However, his passion for politics continues to run strong; "I believe in politics. In a very ironic aspect of it, you can do so much damage, but it's one of the few jobs where you can do so much good for people ... Democracy has a romance and glamour about it that is worth striving for; it keeps me interested. I do not think it's about personal power or egregious self-interest. I could have been a lot of things a lot quicker and faster, but I never did and I don't intend to ... At least I can walk into a damn room of people, and whatever they think of me, I certainly get their respect. Jenny Shipley does not, and others do not either. It's not whether they like you, but whether you get a glint of recognition in their eye as you pass them in the street, and that's worth something, you know."

Or only just begun?

It is a hard road to get elected from outside of parliament. You lack the baubles of office, the free publicity, and the chance to challenge the government on the floor of the house. Peters doesn't seem to care. He's slowly, ever so slowly, pushing up both his party vote, and his share of the preferred Prime Minister's rankings. Thirty percent of New Zealanders would like to see him back in government. If he can turn even a small proportion of that into votes, Peters may be back doing what he has done so many times before, holding the balance of power in the post-election scramble.

STATE OF THE NATION

Hellena

Lauren

Ruby

Chris

Susan



Who is your favorite political character on campus?

Lauren: Francisco Bartkus Hernandez.
 Ruby: Logz.
 Chris: David Clark.
 Hellena: Logan Edgar.
 Susan: No one.

Who's worse, philosophy or politics students; and why?

Lauren: Philosophy students, you can never win an argument with them.
 Ruby: Philosophy, politics runs in the family.
 Chris: Philosophy, because of Nigel Jameson.
 Hellena: Philosophy, too serious.
 Susan: Politics students, big egos.

What law would you enact?

Lauren: Civics education.
 Ruby: Universal student allowance.
 Chris: Drinking age to 25.
 Hellena: No liquor ban.
 Susan: Ban jeggings.

Why aren't you running for the OUSA Exec?

Lauren: I'm a busy Hons student.
 Ruby: It takes too much time.
 Chris: Too busy running for SOULS.
 Hellena: The what?
 Susan: I have better things to do.

Shoot, shag, or marry: Winston Peters, Don Brash, Russel Norman?

Lauren: Shag Winston, shoot Brash, marry Russel.
 Ruby: Shoot Brash, shag Russel, marry Peters.
 Chris: Shoot Brash, shag Russel, marry Winston.
 Hellena: Shoot Winston, shag Brash, marry Russel.
 Susan: Shoot Brash, shag Winston, marry Russel.

Theology from Otago



Food for Thought



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BIBS 121	Interpreting the New Testament
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CHTH 111	Doing Theology
CHTH 203/303	Christianity in New Zealand
CHTH 211/311	Christology
HEBR 131	Introductory Biblical Hebrew I
PASX 206/306	Studies in Chaplaincy

Semester 2

BIBS 112	Interpreting the Old Testament
BIBX 216/316	Women in Biblical Texts
CHTH 131	God and Ethics in the Modern World
CHTH 202/302	Modern Christianity
CHTH 215/315	Humanity and Creation
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AFFIRMATIVE

MMP leads to a quagmire of bureaucracy and inefficiency; it is time for it to go. FPP by comparison is a sleek and efficient representing machine.

FPP works by electing MPs based on electorate seats only. This means that each individual MP is directly accountable to the particular region that they were voted in by. By receiving an individual mandate from the people, rather than a promotion up the list by your party, the responsibility is to the people and not the party.

Under MMP, we see MPs religiously clinging to party principles and very rarely crossing the floor against their parties. The reason this doesn't happen is because roughly half the MPs in parliament rely on continued good will from the party hierarchy for their jobs. The party vote is not a good way to hold governments responsible either. A party is very unlikely to be voted against because of a stance on a single issue. This is quite clear in NZ; even though we have MMP there are only ever two parties who are going to form a government. Minor parties have very little sway; they are forced to become more radical in order to differentiate themselves from the major parties. Because of this, they are inherently more unstable and less effective at representing their voters. A vote for a minor party is worse than a wasted vote, it is a destructive one.

Comparatively, under FPP the MP's job is secured by their electorate. The electorate select candidates while the party only really gets to choose who gets into cabinet. This means that MPs are more likely to look to the people they represent on a majority of issues, even if it doesn't conform to the party line. An example of this is when Obama introduced the Obamacare bill and needed cross-party support. In this example, Republican politicians crossed the floor to support the bill, even though the Republican Party remains religiously opposed to it. Furthermore, in Britain MPs are elected who publically disagree with the leadership and direction of the party, reflecting the views of the people they represent.

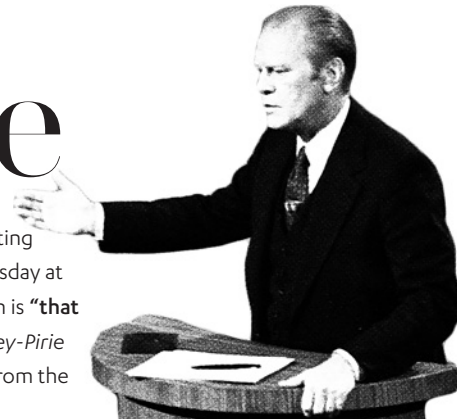
Turning to the idea of representation, a key argument against FPP is that it does not allow smaller parties to get involved; look at the Lib Dems in Britain or the Greens in Australia. This argument is partially mitigated by the way in which there is more accountability from the people on issues under FPP. Furthermore there are still incentives for these individual MPs to cater to the issues which appeal to many people; no MP wants to hedge their bets in winning only 50.1% of the vote. So there is still an incentive for them to try to represent a wide plethora of issues.

MMP has not led to more effective governments, or more accountable ones. FPP succeeds at representing people and has done so successfully around the world for over one hundred years. It is time for NZ to grow up and go back to its roots.

— John Brinsley-Pirie

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 New Zealand should get rid of MMP". John Brinsley-Pirie argues the affirmative while Ben Loughrey-Webb from the Campaign for MMP group argues the negative.



NEGATIVE

MMP is the best electoral system available to us in the upcoming referendum. Its most popular rival, FPP, is the worst. MMP outstrips FPP in terms of proportionality, accountability and representation.

First, I should get the mechanical aspect of MMP out of the way. MMP is a proportional system. The amount of seats your party receives after an election is proportional to the amount of votes it received. So, if National gains 51% of the vote, it receives 51% of the seats. Under FPP, the amount of seats a party receives is a lottery. In 1978 and 1981, National received fewer votes than Labour and yet gained a majority of seats because of the disproportionality of FPP. No party has received 50% of the vote since 1951, yet every winning party has received a majority of seats, meaning NZ was ruled by a minority for decades. This is not possible under MMP – to govern NZ, a single party or coalition must receive over 50% of the vote.

Accountability of political parties is greatly increased under MMP. There is a far greater range of parties in our parliament than pre-MMP. In our current parliament, we have Mana, the Greens, Labour, United Future, Maori Party, National, and ACT. Previously, there were just the three: Labour, National, and Social Credit (who would only get a few seats). Under which system are our politicians more accountable? MMP offers choice, so if you don't think a party is performing you can vote for a party that is not on the opposite end of the ideological scale. FPP, however, only offers you National, Labour, or a protest vote (Social Credit filled that role). It is even worse if you are in a "safe" electorate, as neither party has any real incentive to focus on your issues as gaining the seat is considered a formality. MMP is vastly superior.

John's anti-MMP arguments are flimsy. MPs will not cross the floor if we return to FPP. We had FPP for decades, and MPs did not cross the floor because of the strong party discipline which is fundamental to our politics. His comparison to the US is dishonest, as crossing the floor is part of their political culture due to their loose party discipline. As is his comparison to the Greens in Australia, who are elected to the Senate via a proportional system (STV). His talk of the Liberal Democrats is useful, however. The left-wing parties (Lib Dems and Labour) gained 52% of the overall vote in the UK election – but were unable to gain the numbers to govern because of the disproportionality of FPP. So, all of the examples he provided incorrect. There seems little in the way of quality anti-MMP arguments.

In November we face a choice. Do we vote for a system which has provided strong and accountable government with an accurate representation of the views of New Zealanders, or a system which suppresses minority view-points, and leads to a Labour-National duopoly?

— Ben Loughrey-Webb



Every political ideology buttresses itself with a set of perspectives on the world. By the end of my first year at university, I was a Marxist. By the end of my second, I wasn't. Having abandoned the Marxist agenda, I also abandoned many Marxist perspectives. Unlike Marxists, I no longer romanticise the working class nor demonise the wealthy. Not only is this dishonest, it misses the point – choosing to fight for a disadvantaged group doesn't mean you have to belong to them or feel a personal affinity for them. This is why the language of "class warfare" – from both the right and the left – is unhelpful: it assumes that political persuasions can't cross class divides, that the wealthy are "bourgeois" and any affluent socialists are merely "self-flagellators". But one's political leanings should not simply be a projection of one's class or self-interest. They are moral commitments. Treating morality as a flexible tool, a mere means to an end, is a sign of psychopathy, not "intelligence".

Where I am still a quasi-Marxist, though, is in my materialist view of the world. By "materialist" I don't mean that I'm obsessed with bling, but that I see world events and trends as driven primarily by economic forces. Ideas can change society, but they will not take root unless economic conditions allow them to. For instance, only those with education, a certain degree of wealth, and the ability to participate in markets have ever enjoyed effective democratic rights. Furthermore, history's most radical social changes have been brought about by technological breakthroughs rather than ideas. Humanity's most important revelations were not "I think, therefore I am" and $E=mc^2$, but the inventions of the plough (which allowed humans to settle) and the steam engine (which ushered in industrial capitalism).

Technology has the potential to profoundly improve the human condition. We currently face a (very broad) choice between capitalism and socialism; however, both ideologies involve coercive principles, and therefore neither is "ideal". Both require coercive principles because resources are scarce and people have limited generosity. If technology manages to alleviate scarcity, this would mean less coercion and more freedom. Both genetic engineering and advanced robotics hold promise in this respect. The former offers us the prospect of super-crops to eliminate world hunger and vaccines to eliminate disease; the latter the prospect of freedom from the need to labour. Both, however, present significant moral challenges. For those who believe in the existence of the soul, genetic engineering may involve "playing God" and messing with the natural order. For those who see humans as simply highly sophisticated biological machines, the creation of artificial intelligence throws up equally significant issues. Are these machines "people"? What rights do they have? And what are our duties as their creators?

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle vs. the Media Vultures

It's metaphor time, eaglets. Think of National and ACT as the lions and leopards of liberty, fighting on the open plains against the hyenas and jackals of socialism (Labour and the Greens). The media are vultures circling above, watching the battle and screeching daily updates to the unintelligent masses (wilbebeests). Now the wilbebeest public don't really care what each side is fighting for, unless it directly affects them. Wilbebeests are simple creatures, and find the uppity political animals boring. The wilbebeests just want to be entertained by seeing bloodshed, and the media vultures are only too happy to provide.

The media vultures circle over the political animals, waiting for a sign of injury. Goff, the leader of the Labour hyenas, suffers a minor scratch, and the vultures immediately swoop in to rip and tear at the wound, while the wilbebeests roar with sadistic delight at the sheer entertainment value. Meanwhile, other vultures group together to systematically attack the limping ACT leopards, who have, as in the great battles of 2005 and 2008, been written off as easy prey.

Let's pause the metaphor there. The media have crucified Goff from the moment he became Labour leader, perhaps sensing weakness, or perhaps hoping to make up for nine years of disgraceful media bias towards Helen Clark's ruinous reign. The media's favourite meme is that Goff is a bumbling, hopeless and uncharismatic politician. But was he always like that, or did the media's constant mockery and derision become a self-fulfilling prophecy?

When it comes to ACT, the media vultures have personal motive to go for the kill. Most journalists (up to 80%) are semi-socialist, and while they can (just) tolerate the more moderate National, they actively work to undermine ACT. Example: In 2010, the NZ Herald's Editorial urged politicians to "*Bring debate on drug use into the open*". Yet when ACT leader Don Brash suggested that marijuana should be decriminalised, the Herald labelled him "*misguided and desperate*". If ACT founded a shelter for abandoned kittens, the media would spin it in a negative light.

The NZ media is dumbed-down to appeal to ignorant wilbebeests, not intelligent eaglets. The Eagle's advice: start getting your political news from political blogs. You know where you stand with bloggers' political leanings, unlike with journalists who claim to be 'neutral'. And blogs actually discuss policy arguments. The Eagle recommends three liberal blogs (Kiwiblog, Cactus Kate, Whaleoil), and for the most interesting and least vomit-inducing socialist blog, read Chris Trotter.

Oh, and the Eagle needs to nip in the bud any suggestion of creating a state-owned media corporation. This isn't Soviet Russia, people.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle



Oh *ODT*, if anyone can take a minor tragedy and blow it out of all proportion, it's you. Apparently there was another earthquake that no one felt last week, because it happened in Dan Carter's pants.

The Southbridge community took the news hard. Local rugby club captain Gary McGregor said Carter's injury had "hit us like another earthquake".

Club manager Chris McMillan, who knew the Carter family

You might think that the death of 181 people is worse than a man hurting his groin, but not according to the *ODT*. Sure, we're less likely to win without D.C. Sure it sucks. But did your house literally fall down? No? Then it is not the fucking same.

Carter wasn't front-page material all week though. On Tuesday he missed out to \$40,000 worth of missing sheep.

Ewes worth \$40,000 stolen

With 100,000 Aussies, Welshmen, Scots and Irish wandering around NZ at the moment, I'm guessing those lucky ladies won't be surfacing any time soon.

Of course, we weren't all worried about Dan Carter. Some of us were just plain pissy about our beloved *Coro Street* being moved to 5.30pm, to be replaced by bloody *MasterChef*! Never fear, *ODT* was on standby to provide some very helpful tips for getting over your *Coro* blues.

How to get over the 'Coro Street' blues

Apparently, now you can tape *Coro* at 5.30pm, and at 7.30pm, just watch the tape AND SAVE AT LEAST SIX MINS BY FASTFORDING THROUGH THE ADS! Truly lifesaving tips, except for, ah, who the fuck has a VCR anymore? And even if your nan does have one, she probably can't work the bloody thing.

'Tindallgate'

No, Mike Tindall isn't out of the news yet. Yes, we are still fascinated that the Queen's granddaughter is sharing her crook-nosed man with another women. Apparently, the jezebel/mysterious blonde is so torn up that her parents had to fly in from Britain to support her. More gossip than a hairdressers, that *ODT*.

THE AGENDA GAP

With the threat of VSM looming, the OUSA has become well aware of how out of touch it is with the student population, and even those of us who champion the virtues of universal membership agree that work needs to be done in this area. In a by-election where less than one in five of its members voted, a joke candidate (by his own admission) was elected President. Since then, Logan Somers-Edgar has tried valiantly to become a political figure, but has done little more than stage himself a couple of photo ops and pitch OUSA to its membership as the Scarfie Party. The foot in mouth disease, lack of real policy and laddish anti-intellectualism positions him as the self-styled bastard child of John Key and Marc Ellis. "Since gaining power I have been the most politically active president in the last ten years", he boasts. I hate to be the one to break the bad news, but the caricatured scarfie as anti-VSM messiah routine failed, and apart from that, there has been nothing.

In a leader, it is sad. For an organisation to then adopt that persona as its last ditch effort to become relevant reeks of parental desperation. OUSA only communicates to its membership, and to the broader community, through Facebook. If you are outside of the Zuckerberg Factory, the OUSA don't believe you are worth talking to. "Just imagine the state of *Critic* if there was a new leader with the personality of Helen Clark" writes Edgar in support of his re-election. His lack of self-awareness is rivalled only by the lack of awareness he has for the organisation he supposedly leads.

This is the President who is too scared to tell you how much of your money the OUSA wasted on their Deloitte report, tell you what was recommended, or which recommendations were acted on in case you might think it was a gross misuse of student funds (a sentiment I wholeheartedly agree with). This is a President who will run his mouth and hide behind the catch-all 'scarfies aren't P.C and neither am I' schtick. Scarfies may not be, but the President's primary role is to represent the student body to a broader society, who are: the University of Otago, the DCC, the landlords, business people and ratepayers of Dunedin. He should be repairing burnt bridges between town and gown, rather than growing ever more insular inside Otago University Students' Association.

There is a place for the Clown Prince of Student Politics, but the Presidency is not it. There is no use having the support of all the scarfies on campus if you lack the vocabulary, political insight, temperament or skills to do anything with that support once you have it. More dangerous still, the Edgars have dynastic ambitions this year. There are plenty of reasons to urge you to vote, but more seriously still, I would think long and hard about voting for anyone in, or nominated/endorsed by, The Edgar Family Brand.

— Aaron Hawkins



I am not scared of all that much. I generally enjoy pursuits that might result in a violent death, particularly mountaineering and auto-asphyxiation (Well, not really. I only ever did it once when my flatmate walked in on me and an exhalation of breath would have been a giveaway more obvious than a non-inbred person at the Mosgiel Tavern). Yet the thought of logging into nzdating.com again fills me with a sense of mortal terror the likes of which I have only previously experienced during an unfortunate incident with tramadol and whiskey.

The concept of arranging sexual liaisons online is theoretically flawless. One can refine the field via handy categories like height and location. For example, anyone from the Waikato can be immediately eliminated on the basis of bestiality's continued illegality in this country.

Unfortunately, however, most profiles employ the same wild hyperbole that characterises Act Party statements on the crime rate. Finally I found a use for the interpretive powers I have honed over years of not attending law lectures and cramming for two weeks a year using other people's notes. "Older" means "old". "Average" means "below average". "European" means "pasty white trash". "Throbbing" means "flaccid". "Professional" means "failed School C in 1977".

Then there are the messages. They come staggeringly fast, just like the losers who send them. While I agree with respectfulfun3 that there is no orgasm like the one that comes after you've been dominated and teased, I generally prefer my teasers/dominators/orgasm-begetters to both have a BMI of less than 35 and not be on superannuation. Maximus6969 suggested that at the sight of his "bugle" my "sweet pussy mound" would start to swell. It was a kind thought but brass instruments have never really caused increased blood flow to my genitalia. Letsgettothepoint gauged my extracurricular interests slightly better with an offer of amateur poetry. Unfortunately his attempts indicated a liking for the musical stylings of David Guetta:

*im guna make u swet
im guna get u wet
a nite u wont forget*

Things got worse. Sportyaklguy wanted to know if I was into "dirty bastards with with [sic] cocks". Kiwiherekapiti wanted me to join him in his lonely room at the Manukau Motel. Everyone seemed to want to have a go at "fucking [my] hot wet pussi good hunni."

Needless to say, I was unwilling to attempt any actual meetings, even if they were to take place in the salubrious surrounds of the Manukau Motel. I left nzdating a broken woman: my "pussi" was resolutely dry, my grammatical sensibilities gravely offended and my faith in middle New Zealand humanity so utterly destroyed that I feared I could never again stop to have coffee at that nice little place in Cheviot en route to Picton.

— Mrs John Wilmot

There is a lot of water out there
ARE YOU READY FOR IT??

NAUT101

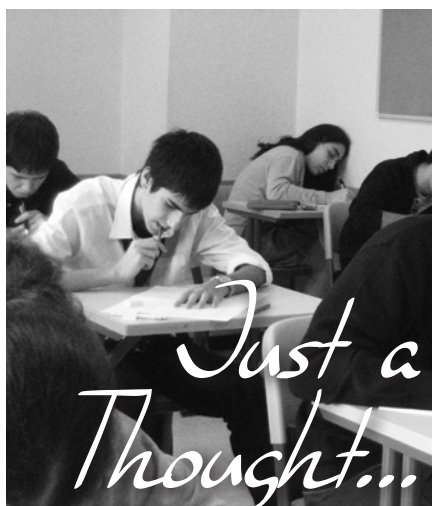
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How to Survive Exams

The academic year is now winding down and lecturers are twisting their evil moustaches in cruel anticipation of deciding what does and doesn't count as 'valuable retained information'. I don't think this is the time or place for a wicked ideological argument on the value or lack-thereof of formal exams. Rather I think my time is better served in giving a few kind

words of wisdom on how to survive the vilest of institutions, so you can leave for summer with your nerves still firmly intact.

First things first; don't make things harder than they already are. Don't think about life after exams. Some say in prison the biggest challenge is thinking about how long you are in for. So if your mind is thinking of long, romantic summers on the beach, or weeks without having to read and re-read books written by people who must have an extra boring gland inserted in there somewhere, then you are going to struggle to live through this. Just keep your head down and hope that you emerge minty fresh and unharmed on the other side of the tunnel.

You may think that your whole future lives and dies by whether you get into your chosen course, but the unfortunate odds are that you're unlikely to get in. Same with the guy next to you, the girl next to him and the annoying guy down the front. They all probably won't get in. That's life, it's harsh and if you're going to learn anything at uni, that's

it. But don't worry, many people failed uni and went on to do great things. But then again many people who failed now sniff glue and eat their own earwax so, you know, it could go either way. The point is, while you should take exams seriously, don't get stressed out. In the end it's stress that leads to you stuffing up your answers, not your booze-addled brain.

My father always says it's about balance, but I usually don't recognise its importance almost always to my detriment. Hibernating in those brick and glass monsters 24/7 is a terrible idea and will end up hurting you in the long run. A relaxed body usually means a focused mind, so if you want to not just survive but destroy exam season then a balanced lifestyle is key.

So chin up, knuckle down and try to get through these rough few weeks. Life is waiting for you on the other side with a comforting shoulder, a cold beer and supple hands covered in lotion. After all, you've just survived exams and the great powers-that-be are only too happy to reward you. It's just a thought.

— Lyle Skipsey



ACHVA HALVA

\$1.99 for a 70g bar

A traditional confectionary of sorts served from the Middle East through to Eastern Europe, halva comes in many varieties. I picked up two flavours of the kind made with sesame seeds - vanilla and 'marble'. No marbles within, merely a piss-poor attempt at a chocolate swirl. Though a keen fan of sesame oil (great for dressings) and toasted sesame seeds (the perfect addition to salads or steak), I was greatly disappointed by this supposed delicacy. The sesame flavour is phenomenally overpowering, and any sweetness afforded by the glucose syrup and sugar contained within is masked by an unpleasantly strong aftertaste. 'Marble' really let me down - the cocoa fails to convey any real chocolate taste. Meanwhile the vanilla-flavoured halva is

equally lacking in flavor, as the sesame seeds let your tastebuds know who's boss. My late night sugar craving was not appeased when I tore open the packets. They smell nice, but that's where the fun ends. I'll be sticking to sesame seeds for savoury dishes and hummus. This is in no way a sufficient substitute for a chocolate bar.

2/10

NESTLE WALNUT WHIP

\$2.49 for one (35g)

Tear open the emerald blue packet of this confection and discover the edible version of what appears to be a miniature sandcastle. A walnut precariously rests atop the sweet mound, the outside of which is a thick layer of creamy milk chocolate. Bite into this charming treat and, as the package dictates, "lose yourself in a walnut whip". Obviously you can't literally lose yourself in it, though I think being lost in a mass of vanilla fondant cream wouldn't exactly be unfortunate (you know, when you were little, and thought people lived in the sky and genuinely sat on clouds which were actually edible marshmallows. Perhaps that was just me. I was an imaginative child). Held within is a sweet, fluffy, whipped mallow that lends itself perfectly to the crunch of the walnut and crack of the chocolate. The entire time I was eating it (which wasn't very long at all), all I was imagining was Stewie Griffin drawling on about "cool w-hip". Great episode of *Family Guy*. Great whip, Nestle. Pricey, for its measly 35g, but certainly more fun than your everyday rectangular prism of a chocolate bar.

7/10

— Ines Shennan

Review



38 Games | 39 Art | 40 Performance
41 Music | 42 Books | 43 Food | 44 Film

Burnout CRASH!

Platforms: *Xbox 360, PS3*



Speed limits mean that cars don't matter. It's harsh, I know, but that's the truth. It doesn't matter if your car is a V13 with big-ol' fuel injected cutoffs and chrome plated rods (oh yeah), it will stagnate and slowly die, never able to achieve its design goals. Owning a fast car is like keeping a flamingo in a shoe-box. Its healthy pink-glow will fade and its legs will break and deform unless you pump it full of chimeric hormones.

That is the strength of *Burnout's* crash-mode: destroying a love that people are wrong for even appreciating, the sight of brushed panels

crumpling and waxed paint flaking like so much cheap-strudel. \$13,994. A specific price, a real price, would float off the top of the wrecked car and sum with all the other values.

With *Burnout CRASH!*, the feeling is not recreated. It's a bird's eye view of a street full of generic stylised vehicles. Vague, cheap people movers. Every one seems to be valued in multiples of ten grand. These cars do not have soul. Normally, I value compelling game mechanics over visual fidelity. But in this case, crash mode has a such a specific appeal that it's very hard to get excited about this brand of mindless destruction.

Really, the mechanics are better. The 2D plane flattens out, quite literally, a great deal of the chaos theory inherent in the subtle construct of the interactive pile up. Carnage can spill

into the realm of the pedestrian, passing the footpath and collapsing shopping malls. It is a strategic decision, pursuing that angle and a few four-doors may well slip through.

But that just never seemed like the point. The sheer volume of random tries required for one good crash, the capitalism sown into that idea, is what made old *Burnout* so enjoyable. I don't know, maybe I'm just bitter because I failed my restricted.



Worms: Ultimate Mayhem

Platforms: *Xbox 360, PS3, PC*



"Ultimate mayhem?", you say. How can this incarnation of *Worms* possibly be the apotheosis of anarchy when it has only been rated E10+ by the ESRB? *Worms: Ultimate Mayhem* might be a misnomer but it's still *Worms* (albeit 3D *Worms*) and it is still fun.

The sheep launcher might be my favourite part of the *Worms'* armory. Not just because it's a gun that shoots sheep which baa and run back and forth before exploding, but because the sheep are actually

mini worm-sized sheep. The concrete donkey is an objectively lesser weapon as it crashes down through the core of a level, even with its insane destructive capabilities, because it is closer to the size of an actual donkey. All your favourites including sheep, super-sheep, mad cow and the holy hand grenade have made their proud return.

Sigh. *Worms* was better in 2D. It was hard enough, even in cross-sectional compost land, to arc projectiles in the right place under the influence of wind. Imagine playing a turn-based multiplayer game of *Halo*, but you can only use the grenades and their behaviour changes with the weather.

Worms is fun in the same way that killing a pet chicken is difficult. Remember naming entire teams of worms and

assigning them some funny accent to speak with? It is possible to read so much minutia in to a team composed entire of "butt" synonyms. As is the techie, while Gluteus is the precocious, bright eyed youngster who is a touch headstrong. Thankfully, *Ultimate Mayhem* piles on the personality quite thickly, with accessories ranging from classical worm facial hair to piratey hands for the eponymous invertebrates.



Samin Son – *Hammer Piece*

None Gallery, 24 Stafford Street



It is difficult to articulate the sense of anguish and pain reflected in Samin Son's *Hammer piece*. I felt as though I were submerged inside Son's subconscious, as if no words would be adequate to describe how such an intense experience affected me.

As though he were possessed, Son moved jaggedly across the gallery space, sonically and chaotically releasing a distorted self-portrait. Son is a Korean-born, Wellington-based artist who is currently completing his BFA at Massey University. He has previously

performed this piece at Russian Frost Farmers gallery in Wellington. The performance is, however, site specific, its continuing evolution dependent upon the space in which it is performed.

Hammer piece contains fragments of dialogue and contorted physicality drawn from Son's compulsory military service in the Korean army. Employing both a hammer and a blunt metal object, *Hammer piece* involved a gestural attack of the installation space, as Son remoulded, destroyed, adjusted and

added objects to the space. Son's endurance, coupled with his haunting physicality and shards of dialogue echoing through the space, created an experience which was altogether unsettling, yet completely absorbing and intimate.

Although improvised, there was a sense of control engrained within Son's frighteningly sporadic and aggressive movements. Alongside fellow musician Max Trevor, Son created an eerie soundscape, which further drew the viewer's eye into the distraught spatial environment. Perhaps the most poignant and tenacious moment during the performance was the artist's interaction with a cage, which effectively conveyed the feeling of being trapped by obligation, being without choice and forced to repress all feeling. Son's vacant, child-like gaze conveyed horrific brutality. This sense of vulnerability left one wanting to comfort Son, before he further destroyed the space surrounding him.

Hammer piece made me feel continuously on edge; I wanted to look away, yet I remained magnetically glued to the figures moving around me. The threat of being injured crossed my mind several times, yet I could not move.

– Hana Aoake

NONE GALLERY 24 STAFFORD STREET

M'asshole Douchechump Retrospective exhibition: Spencer Hall, Tomas Richards, Damian Smith & Veronica Brett

GLUE GALLERY 26 STAFFORD STREET

It could've been beautiful: Jessica Kitto

DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART RIEGO STREET

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

RICE AND BEANS 127 STUART STREET

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

BLUE OYSTER ART PROJECT SPACE 24B MORAY PLACE

The rituals of control: Emma Febvre-Richards, Frank, blue oyster project space: Jenny Gillam, Geodesic sound helmets: Cara-Ann Simpson

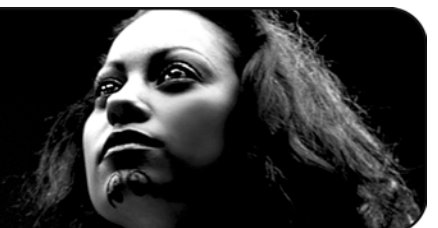
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY OCTAGON

Fractus: Jeena Shin *Spirit of Ewe:* Sarah Lucas *Back in Black:* NZ artists *Pathway to the sea-Aaramoana:* Bill Culbert & Ralph Hotere *The Presure of sunlight falling:* Fiona Pardington *Gymnauseum:* Jane Venis



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.



Date Cups

I cannot take credit for these. Much to everyone's delight, one of my flatmates has recently taken it upon himself to become a baking king. This is a significant turn around from previous years where his aversion to following recipes led to some strange kitchen concoctions. Most memorably; pasta à la banana. But he's a changed man! And while his decision to embrace recipes and instruction-following in general makes for somewhat less entertaining meal times, it does mean that our house often smells like cake and all things delicious and sugary. I'm not convinced the phase will last, so who knows, we could be eating fruit pasta again in no time.

These date cups are a modification of a recipe in the *Edmonds Cookery Book*. If your flat is anything like ours, I'm sure you have at least three copies of this seminal text. Because convention is not something my flatmate enjoys or aspires to, and because he couldn't find a baking tin, he decided instead to use a muffin tray to make wee pastry cups filled with caramelly datey goodness. Talk about Kiwi ingenuity. If you like dates, and you like butter (who doesn't like butter?), you will love these. They remind me of those delicious Christmas mince pies my Granny makes every year, but with dates.



FILLING

1 cup of chopped dates
 1 cup of water
 1 tbsp brown sugar
 1 tsp of butter
 2 tsp cocoa
 ¼ tsp vanilla essence

BASE

125 grams of butter
 Half a cup of sugar
 1 egg
 1 ¾ cups of plain flour
 1 tsp of baking powder

FILLING

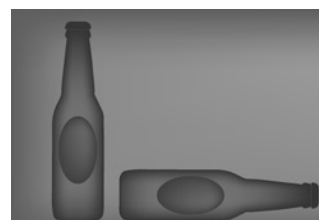
Put dates in a saucepan. Add water, sugar, butter and cocoa. Cook gently over a low heat until a paste-like consistency is reached. Add vanilla and cool.

BASE

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Sift flour and baking powder together. Mix into creamed mixture. Press out the mixture into muffin tins. Place the date filling inside the cups and bake at 180 degrees for 30 mins.

If you prefer to make date fingers, the recipe says you should roll out half the base mixture into a 20cm square baking tin. Spread out the date filling. Roll out the rest of the base mix on a piece of waxed paper and place on top of the dates. Bake for half an hour and then slice it up into bits.

Edmonds also helpfully suggests that for those not enthusiastic about dates, other dried fruits such as apricots or sultanas could work in their place.



BOTTLE
 BUY BACK

Thur Oct 13, 12 pm, OUSA LAWN
 10c PER GLASS BOTTLE
 *100 BOTTLE LIMIT



Otago University Students' Association



The Hunter Mastodon

After hitting their commercial and creative stride with 2009's celestial *Crack the Skye*, American heavy metal outfit Mastodon return with their most vanilla album to date.

Felicetously titled *The Hunter*, this back-to-basics approach to their very own progressive sludge style seems deliberate and calculated, if not illogical. It's certainly headstrong, and very much a Mastodon album (salivary opener 'Black Tongue' confirms this tenfold), but when inevitably compared to its revered predecessor, *The Hunter* can't help but feel unfocused, small-scale, and far too riff-oriented.

Stripping away the dense arrangements and sweeping mythology of the last couple of albums may be considered streamlining by some, but to me, those momentous, Floydian atmospheres are what segregated Mastodon from the appalling modern metal scene and actually made them memorable.

Furthermore, providing the opening track for the *Aqua Teen Hunger Force* movie seems to have had a delayed effect; here Mastodon is a much goofier band, as reflected in *The Hunter*'s infamously ridiculous cover art and track titles such as 'Stargasm', 'Bedazzled Fingernails' and 'Octopus Has No Friends' (no, really).

Their shark-like fretwork and rolling drum-fills are as good as ever, but without the aether of *Crack the Skye* or the gargantuan chomp of voracious classics like *Remission* and *Leviathan*, it becomes hard to distinguish this incarnation of Mastodon from other radio-friendly 'metal' bands. Check out single 'Curl of the Burl', a lukewarm and toothless redux of *Blood Mountain* highlight 'Colony of Birchmen', for a representative taste.

Fans of bloodboiling and mosaic metal, you will be disappointed. Fans of microwaved sludge-rock or strangled farts, you're probably in for a treat.

— **Basti Menkes**     



Boredom, You Conqueror Ink Mathematics

Dunedin isn't exactly short on fine purveyors of the sonically heavy. Hell, Made in China, Soulseller and Mountaineater can all be downright punishing, while this year's battle of the bands winners' A.F.F.C.O might be the sludgiest and angriest band in the entire country. It is into this robust, tight community that Ink Mathematic's debut EP *Boredom, You Conqueror* enters - bringing with it a refreshing group of new musical influences and a polish not often embraced.

While much of the established Dunedin 'heavy' scene sounds as if it was raised on the classics of Zeppelin, Sabbath and Staley, Ink Mathematics bring a more refined sound to five tracks contained here. Not to say this isn't an EP of hard rugged riffs and expected roughness: 'Jack Be Nimble' with its swaying rhythm and buzzing breakdown is a fittingly rocking opener, all roaring guitar and wonderfully smashing cymbals. Its mundane lyrics making me feel somehow powerful yet infinitely juvenile as I attempt to scream along.

But Ink Mathematics always maintain their composure, a testament to the professional modern rock record. Centerpiece 'Country Living' is sadly the EP's low point, its bluesy riff too unresponsive and restrained for even its aggressive outro to revive it, while its length of means it becomes repetitious.

Thankfully, 'Joys' and 'Diastema' with their late-nineties 'General Electric' style supercharged guitars are powerful closers, the slickness of Matthew Hoffman's voice, even with his megaphone distortion, bringing a touch of class to the climatic head-banging finale of 'Diastema'.

A solid platform which, I'm sure, will please established fans, yet still leaves potential for growth.



VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT

mon 10/9 **ReFuel: Refuel Unplugged: Open Mic Night**
Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. Performers welcome.

tue 11/9 **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**
Gold coin entry from 8pm. Bring your horn!

wed 12/9 **De Lusso: DJ Jimmy Fresh hosts Internationals**
Reggae, dancehall, R&B and hip hop. Free entry.

thur 13/9 **De Lusso: DJ Pippin**
Electro, hip hop, club bangers and mashups. Free entry.

fri 6/8 **Refuel: Radio One Presents: Tommy Ill - 'Birdbath' Single Release Tour**
\$10 on the door, or only \$8 with 91CARD.

Urban Factory: Reuben Stone
w./ Brazaman and DJ Reach on the Slinky Spring Tour.

sat 7/8 **Bennu/XII Below: Monkey Killer Records Third Birthday**
3.30pm to 7.30pm with Mountaineater, Idiot Prayer, Conray & Kilmog. Presales \$10 from underthedar.co.nz with free sampler download. \$15 on the door / \$10 with 91card.



1
91FM

see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz

Incredibly Hot Sex With Hideous People

Bryce Galloway



I think the first port of call for this review is to point out that this book is not about sex (apart from the occasional reference) or hideous people (as far as the sparse photographs show). It is an abridged collection of the first 37 issues of Bryce Galloway's fan-zine. Generally my experience of zines is picking up the occasional copy and browsing through before moving on and probably never seeing another issue.

While most zines disappear on

recycling day, *Incredibly Hot Sex With Hideous People* is now immortalised in softback. Bryce 'straddles the music and art community' and as such is generally an interesting guy, combining both elements of the musician who doesn't want to grow up and the artist who doesn't want to grow up to his publication.

The book format allows the layperson – and not just devoted family and friends and the occasional collector – to peruse the zine from its conception to its current state in one reading. This is particularly interesting given the metacognitive nature of the zine, with Bryce admitting openly both in the zine and in person that this work has been his vehicle for various goals at various points in its lifespan. It began as a way of promoting his band, grew into his Master of Fine Arts project, and seemed to serve at times as an outlet for angst and bitterness.

The formative years are relatively lighthearted, with postcards and pictures and \$1 album reviews. Bryce is witty and astute, and his

contributors equally so. The book begins its reluctant transition to relative maturity with a diary account of antenatal classes, leading up to a relatively detailed description of his de facto partner's "bloody gapping vagina [sic]" following the difficult birth of their first daughter. This account erased any influence my lecturer may have had on me hours previously in attempting to encourage the class to Have Babies Now while we're young.

We begin to learn more about our narrator and his fears and hypocrisies. 'Cool' DJ becomes dad, graduate, and mortgagee before our very eyes. He alternately resists and embraces the change. We follow his first steps into parenthood and sympathise with his frustration at his Master's supervisors as the zine becomes progressively more reflective and diaryesque. He recounts disconcerting experiences with people he barely knew who had read his zine and approached him on the street. I'm unsurprised after reading a detailed account of what was wrong with his sphincter. The depth and disclosure of his entries left me with the feeling that Bryce and I were old friends. Coming across an issue on its own may have been a different matter. Within the context of the book, it is not strange to read incredibly personal information about someone. Finding some pages in a café spouting the same level of intimacy might feel odd, even slightly perverse. But this is a large part of what makes it what it is.

Content-wise, you wouldn't be surprised to find the same thing on a blog or Facebook post that slightly oversteps the boundaries of too much information. It's the printing and photocopying and strategic placement in your path that makes it something more. We are saturated with information about others if we bother to look for it, so it is the stuff that presents itself to us that will capture a loyal following.



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AE053d

27th Terrain: *The Co-ordinates of Home*

BI-CULTURAL THEATRE CLASS

27th Terrain: the Co-ordinates of Home was a devised piece by the Bi-Cultural Theatre class. I enjoyed myself a lot. Sometimes I didn't quite understand it, but I definitely had a good time. Personally I think that devised theatre is best created by a small team – this way the ideas that form are cohesive. 27th Terrain felt disconnected from itself. There was a storyline that (sort of) flowed in a narrative format, but I left the theatre confused. It wasn't that the ideas or the execution were bad, it was more that there was too much happening in a way that wasn't very clearly expressed. One of the images that I loved within the piece was when Kelsey and Katene lay on the floor, slotted together, with his head on her shoulder, and her head on his. This wonderfully represented the love the two characters had for each other, as well as being a nice way to tie the very strong beginning of the play to the central storyline.

I also really liked it when Wun (Sui Fe) and Lapid were rockstars: "I don't like the blue sky, it makes me cry". It was a nice light-hearted part of the play that was a welcome break from the confusing moments of

tension, like when the mother died in childbirth. It took me a couple of minutes and the whole umbrella sequence to figure that one out. The ferns were nice. I felt that the projection let down the Doctor Lovewell scenes – why not have a real actor playing the character himself? It felt rushed and didn't add to the performance. I would have liked to see someone really playing to the girls. It was a funny part of the play, but it could have been a highlight if there was that element of human interaction.

With the cast and crew totalling 39 people (which freaks me out a bit – that's a lot of people and creative input), they were able to successfully fill the whole space, and although it seemed crowded at points, Halba, McCallum and Tamati did well to give everyone their fifteen minutes. Although I didn't understand the whole thing, I definitely enjoyed it.

– *Maya Turei*



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Shark Night 3D revolves around a group of college kids who decide to spend a weekend at their friend Sara's lake house. What starts out as a fun trip takes a turn for the worse. When the star football player stumbles from the salt-water lake with his arm torn off, the party mood quickly evaporates. Assuming the injury was caused by a freak wake-boarding accident, the group realises that they have to get him to a hospital on the other side of the lake, and fast. But as they set out in a tiny speedboat, the college friends discover the lake is populated by hundreds of massive, flesh-eating sharks! As they face one grisly death after another, Sara and the others struggle desperately to fend off the sharks and reach the safety of dry land. Well, that's it for the plot.

Let me just come out right now and say that this movie was absolutely fun to watch. The film can be grouped under the 'so bad it's good' category. Don't get me wrong; the acting was uninspired, the setting was predictable, and the

CGI was horrible, but the one thing that made the whole 90 or so minutes so entertaining were the implausible situations that the characters went through. It's reassuring to know that if you lose an arm in a giant lake, it can easily be found by swimming into the water without any equipment. Or, that after acquiring the severed arm, it's easy to spot the bloodthirsty shark and out-swim it. Let me remind you, this is the same shark that can outrun a speedboat.

The one mistake that the writers/director made was trying to make the mood of this movie too serious. If they had made it into more of a comedy with lots of gore, then maybe, just maybe, it would have been better. I would only recommend this movie if you have become tired of procrastinating on Facebook and have a few bucks to waste. Let's admit it, stalking that chick from Saturday night on Facebook does get a little boring.

– **Rana Saad Jehadad** 🎬 🎬 🎬 🎬 🎬



It's a movie dear to the hearts of Gen Y-ers everywhere. For a time, if there was an occasion that required a group of children to shut up and be quiet, it was the movie that fit the brief; if there was a need for a new song to update the school assembly song sheet, it would be from the soundtrack. Perhaps it wouldn't be too much of a stretch to say that *The Lion King* is the movie of the Nineties child. Hell, I collected the bloody magazine.

Seventeen years after its first release, *The Lion King* is back once more, this time with the magic of 3D. I was among those in their late teens and early twenties who rode the wave of nostalgia to the cinema, excited about seeing Simba frolicking once more with Pumbaa and Timon.

And I wasn't disappointed. I'm certainly no Disney-o-phile, but the story had lost none of its magic, the witty jokes appeared to have only got more ingenious. Jokes that would have flown right over my head as a tender four year old finally made sense. I still loved Simba and Nala's friendship/flirting/wild sexy

time and I still got teary when Mufasa died (although, at least I managed to sit it out. My friend's toilet break suspiciously coincided with Mufasa's fateful tumble). I laughed with the hyenas, I swooned over Scar (apparently I have developed a penchant for bad boys since my childhood), I got very philosophical with mention of "circle of life" and "the kings of the past".

But, when it came down to it, did the 3D really add anything? In truth, I barely noticed the difference. Sure, feathers blowing past Rafiki came fractionally closer, and arguably the elephant graveyard seemed slightly further afield. But really, the 3D was just a feeble advertising gimmick, and an embarrassingly successful one at that, to hook us Gen Y-ers back into the Disney profit machine. It didn't ruin anything, but it certainly didn't better anything either.

The Lion King will forever be the movie of our childhood, but it doesn't need the 3D effects to make it magical.

– **Julia Hollingsworth** 🎬 🎬 🎬 🎬 🎬



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

DIRECTOR PROFILE

Quentin Tarantino

There are very few directors who can claim the accolades of an Academy Award, Golden Globe, BAFTA and the Palme d'Or as well as multiple Emmy and Grammy nominations. When you add in the extra details that this one particular director is also a high school drop out with an IQ of 160 the list becomes but a single name: Quentin Tarantino.

He first exploded onto the movie scene at Sundance in 1992 with *Reservoir Dogs*, a film that immediately garnered him a die-hard fan base and transformed him virtually overnight into an icon of the Nineties. *Reservoir Dogs* established Tarantino's particularly unique style of story telling, which includes non-linear story lines, profuse profanity, pop cultural references and obsessive and gratuitous use of violence. *Empire* magazine named *Reservoir Dogs* as the "greatest independent film ever made" and saw Wes Craven (director of *Scream*) walk out during one torture scene, because it was so unnervingly real.

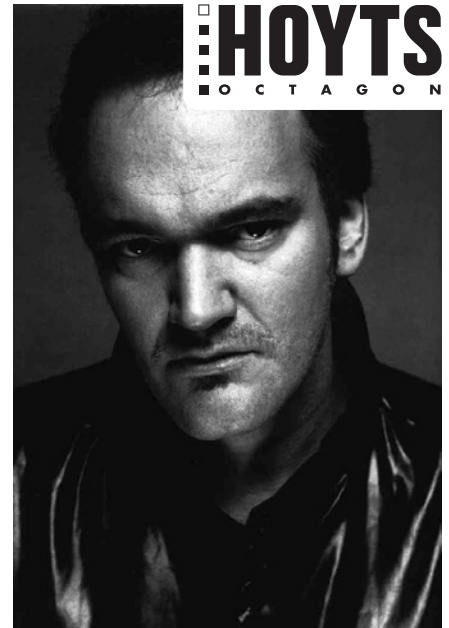
Tarantino's next film, *Pulp Fiction*, not only revitalised John Travolta's ailing acting career, but was also nominated for seven Oscars, of which it won one for Best Original screenplay, which Tarantino co-wrote with Roger Avary. Despite being modestly budgeted at only \$8.5 million, the film grossed more than \$200 million worldwide and became an immediate cult hit, with critics rating Tarantino as one of America's greatest directors. *Pulp* also saw the immortalisation of conversations that dealt with seemingly mundane trivia, such as what

Whoppers are called in France and the hidden agenda behind foot massages. These heavily dialogue driven scenes are now a hallmark of a Tarantino production.

Tarantino's next venture, *Jackie Brown*, paid homage to 1970's blaxploitation films, and though it wasn't as successful or popular as *Reservoir* or *Pulp* had been, it received largely positive reviews from critics and revitalised the careers of Pam Grier and Robert Forster. *Jackie Brown* received some heavy criticism from director Spike Lee, who accused Tarantino of being infatuated with the racial epithet "nigger". Tarantino responded that he had the right to construct whatever characters he wished and the use of the word was in context.

From *Jackie Brown*, Quentin went on a six-year hiatus, only to emerge with his back-to-back Kung Fu epics *Kill Bill Volume 1 & 2*. Originally scheduled for just a single film, once the running time was realised at over four hours it was decided to split the films in two. The film centres on the female assassin known as "The Bride", who after being left for dead by her former partners in crime, sets out to seek revenge on her old posse and ultimately kill Bill, the head of the Deadly Viper Assassination Squad, of which she was a member.

In 2009, Tarantino released his most successful film to date, *Inglorious Basterds*, which followed the fictitious "Basterds", a group of Jewish guerrillas deployed behind enemy



lines to strike fear into the hearts of German soldiers. With the tag-line "you haven't seen war until you've seen it through the eyes of Quentin Tarantino", the film starred Hollywood heartthrob Brad Pitt, who reportedly agreed to do the film after talking to Tarantino over five bottles of wine and a "smoking device of some sorts" at his French countryside home. Tarantino's new film, *Django Unchained*, is currently in pre-production and follows the story of an escaped slave who sets out to hunt down the man who has taken his wife hostage. Though there was much speculation about who would play various characters, it was recently confirmed that the film stars Leonardo DiCaprio, Jamie Foxx, Samuel L Jackson and Christoph Waltz. The film is to be released on December 25, 2012.

— Tom Ainge-Roy

Film Society Preview

CAREFUL WITH THOSE KIDS (short film collection)

This collection of recent NZ shorts features Kiwi kids who get up to no good in amusing and disturbing ways. With the award-winning hilarity of *The Six Dollar Fifty Man* and the Hitchcockian precision of the ever-suspenseful *Careful* series, these films are an entertaining watch.

When: Wednesday October 12, 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.

Casual admission will be possible, in exchange for a small donation

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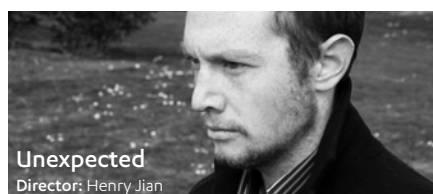
Pick of the Mothras

Every year, a brave few enter their amateur films into the OUSA Mothras, seeking fame, glory, and prestigious Mothra awards. All of the films will be screened between October 11 and 14 at the Church Cinema, Dundas St, but for now, we present our pick of the bunch.



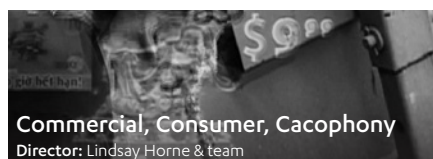
Tues Oct 11 and Thurs Oct 12, 6.30pm and 8.30pm. Length: 7 minutes

It's a little kooky, a little ridiculous, but *Looking for Love* is also pretty funny. Four flatmates decked out in the typical scarfie uniform of shorts, wife beaters and jandals welcome you, their newest flat mate, into the fold by demonstrating the finer aspects of their flat life. They perform a pseudo-coordinated dance to Katy Perry while wearing lei leis. They demonstrate their extreme tag-team cooking, which is comically messy. They go fishing for downstairs' flatmates, play outdoor rugby. All in all, it's a scarfie tale of bro-camaraderie.



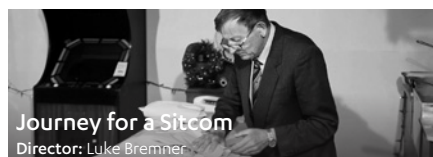
Tues Oct 11 and Thurs Oct 12, 6.30pm and 8.30pm. Length: 3 minutes, 30 seconds

The most professional and disquieting of the films being screened, *Unexpected* is certainly, well, unexpected. Beautifully filmed, the film was carried by its heart-wrenching acting, particularly that of Irwin, rather than by the concept itself. The team knew the benefit of keeping it simple, and the actors barely moved from their idyllic park bench. Featuring painful close ups, *Unexpected* keeps the viewer thoroughly absorbed from start to finish.



Wed Oct 10 and Fri Oct 12, 6.30pm and 8.30pm. Length: 4 minutes

Rather than creating a narrative, *Commercial* is a grunge collage art piece, combining blaring infomercials with neon and Youtube videos. The line between advertising and common life blurs. Consumerism and products are compared to vomit; both are detritus, both are waste. Colours and images reach a climax, leaving the viewer uncomfortable and overwhelmed.



Wed Oct 10 and Fri Oct 12, 6.30pm and 8.30pm. Length: 6 minutes

A sweet documentary following the story of Luke and Kirk, two Kiwi guys who decided to start up a sitcom about a fish'n'chip shop. *Journey* peered into the set and followed the sitcom's story from conception to completion. Featuring awkward humour and kitsch kiwiana, *Journey* is an endearing watch.



Tues Oct 11 and Thurs Oct 12, 6.30pm and 8.30pm. Length: 7 minutes

The musical stand out of the Mothras, *Do You Wanna* had the swoons, the lols and the musical prowess. Set in the Valley, one young lad falls in love with a cute girl at a record store, and seeks advice from his flatmates on how to win her over. There are beautiful juxtapositions; the metalhead flatmate screams about feeding the ducks, the catholic girl raps about making her cum everywhere, and the fabulously gay flatmate sings Broadway and tap dances. Of course. The awful flatmate was the stand out for me.



Tues Oct 11 and Thurs Oct 12, 6.30pm and 8.30pm. Length: 4 minutes, 38 seconds

Yet another mash-up of images and animations, this felt like a drum and bass music video. Full of American symbolism, warheads, politicians and mention of oil, *Contra* could have been yet another film about the hypocrisy of America, etc etc. Instead, *Contra*'s message was slightly more hidden; stop oil drilling in Otago. As well as being political, *Contra* would double as a great watch while on the illicit substance of your choice.



Tues Oct 11 and Thurs Oct 12, 6.30pm and 8.30pm. Length: 7 minutes

Set in a bunker, complete with terrorists and hostages, *Trapped* is a funny story of a kidnapping that goes awry. It emerges that the terrorists have their hostage, an unidentified NZ MP captive, with the intention of furthering animal rights. This leads to such scripting gems as "We're just scrawny white boys who believe in chickens" and "I'm just in it for the chicks". Silly, stressful, and perhaps not all that unlikely.

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.

Jack

With bar tab in hand, flatmate's shirt on and a giggling group of female mates watching, I entered Toast Bar not knowing what to expect, but hoping that I wouldn't be dating a) a bitch or b) a dude. With my nerves under control thanks to a few beverages, I was cool, calm and collected, and sat down and ordered a beer. My date for the night arrived shortly after, anything but cool, calm and collected. Practically running into the bar, she introduced herself at a million words a minute. I immediately missed what her name was – always a good start.

Turns out we had heaps in common though and conversation flowed easily, especially as we worked our way through the bar tab; the usual shakers and shots. Turns out we both had been to Japan so it seemed logical that after Toast we would head to Vivace. Stumbling into Vivace, the place was pumping; some sort of OGHS seventh form event I believe.

Needless to say I was in my element, and within no time we were crooning to the young'uns. As the only male in the room apart from the big boss dog bartender, the stats were in my favour, though he was doing pretty well for himself pashing at least two between serving up bodyshots of soju. By midnight shit was getting crazy – like one of Snoop's videos I was up on stage laying down the hits while the crowd got naked, with clothes dropping left right and centre. At this stage I noticed at the back of the room my date leaving through the door with the bartender – good shit! With just me, two dozen half-naked women and an open bar, things were looking good. From here on things are a bit of blur, but its safe to say that not a single one of the girls there left unsatisfied.

When I awoke the next morning to a small Asian women poking me with a broom while I slept on the bar, I gave myself a hi-five as I surveyed the sleeping honeys around me. After quickly satisfying the cleaner, I got myself dressed and set off on a glorious walk of shame. Cheers to *Critic* for setting me up with the most epic night of my life as well as a new itchy rash.

Rose

When I signed up for Summer Lovin' I was expecting to have a week or two to amp myself up for said lovin' - if they even contacted me at all. What I actually got was a paltry six hours to mentally and physically prepare myself for a blind date with a guy who would undoubtedly be a) a fresher, b) legless, or c) both. What I actually got was a lovely, tall fourth year who had only had one or two beers beforehand to take the edge off, which I couldn't fault him for because I'd done the same. After my beer and much internal debate, I decided to fly solo and not get my friends/flatmates to hold my hand through the date (unlike most of the pussies who have taken up this challenge previously). I was glad to see he'd done the same, though we both got the inevitable friend texts demanding to know if the person was a fuggo or not. We had a really great conversation, some highlights being him telling me about pashing every girl in his seventh form year, his homebrewing of what I can only assume is moonshine and realising we'd been in the same city in Japan on an exchange in the same year. There were good laughs and yummy shakers, thanks Toast. Seriously, the apple crumble one is like drinking a pie.

After Toast, the night really began. My date's brilliant idea was to take me to karaoke, so off to Vivache we went. The less-than-cranking venue (read: empty venue) and the bemused bartender made for a really awkward time of us shooting soju (which essentially tasted like Kristov), duetting 3 Doors Down's "Kryptonite" and his brilliant party song; Enrique Iglesias' "Hero". He seemed extremely disappointed when it wasn't the techno remix but he soldiered on through the soulful ballad.

Unfortunately, I had to leave early because 50 metric shit tonnes of assignment awaited my loving touch, but all-in-all the date was great fun and an excellent procrastination tool! We were conspiring to fool all the lovely readers of *Critic* and fabricate some bullshit about hookers and such, but instead the truth of a (shock, horror!) successful blind date comes out. But just so everybody isn't too disappointed, my date and I definitely see a trip to Lucky 7 and all the fine establishments south of the Octagon in our future.

POETRY

It's an Epolemic

I'm a racist, a chauvinist
A homophobe too;
An extremely pissed extremist
I bleed my blood blue.

I'm a tree hugger, a communist
A feminist with a beard;
The only truly united unionist
I'm red until I'm dead.

I win some, I lose some
I'm neither here nor there;
Two and a half kids middle income
What's fair is fair.

I'm a fair dinkum kiwi
I live in the land with out fear
Some of my best mates are Maoris
A hard day's work and a cold beer.

I vote Labour, I vote National
They'll sort 'em out up there
I'm a tax paying battler,
And I'm fantastically sincere.

– *Dan Luoni*

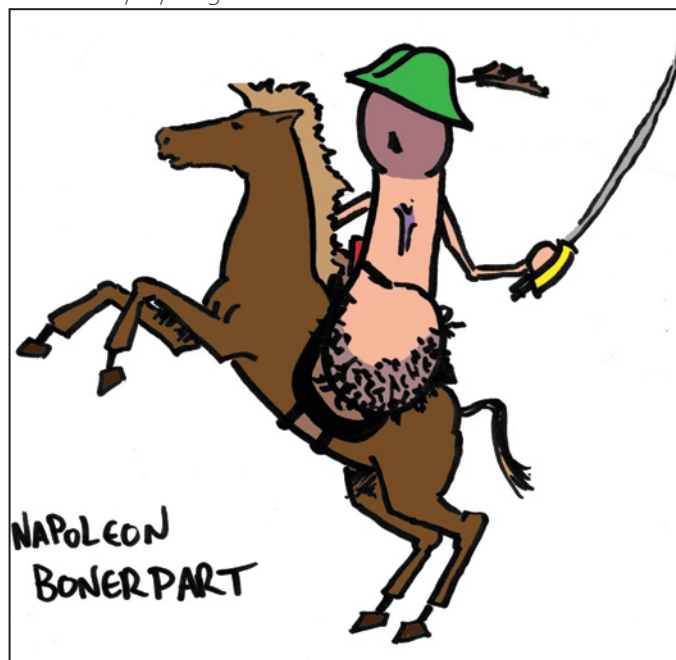


Antics by Stephen Gillan

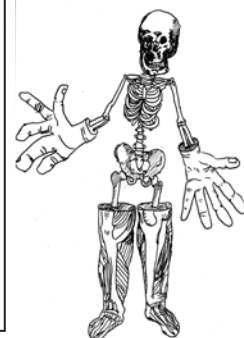


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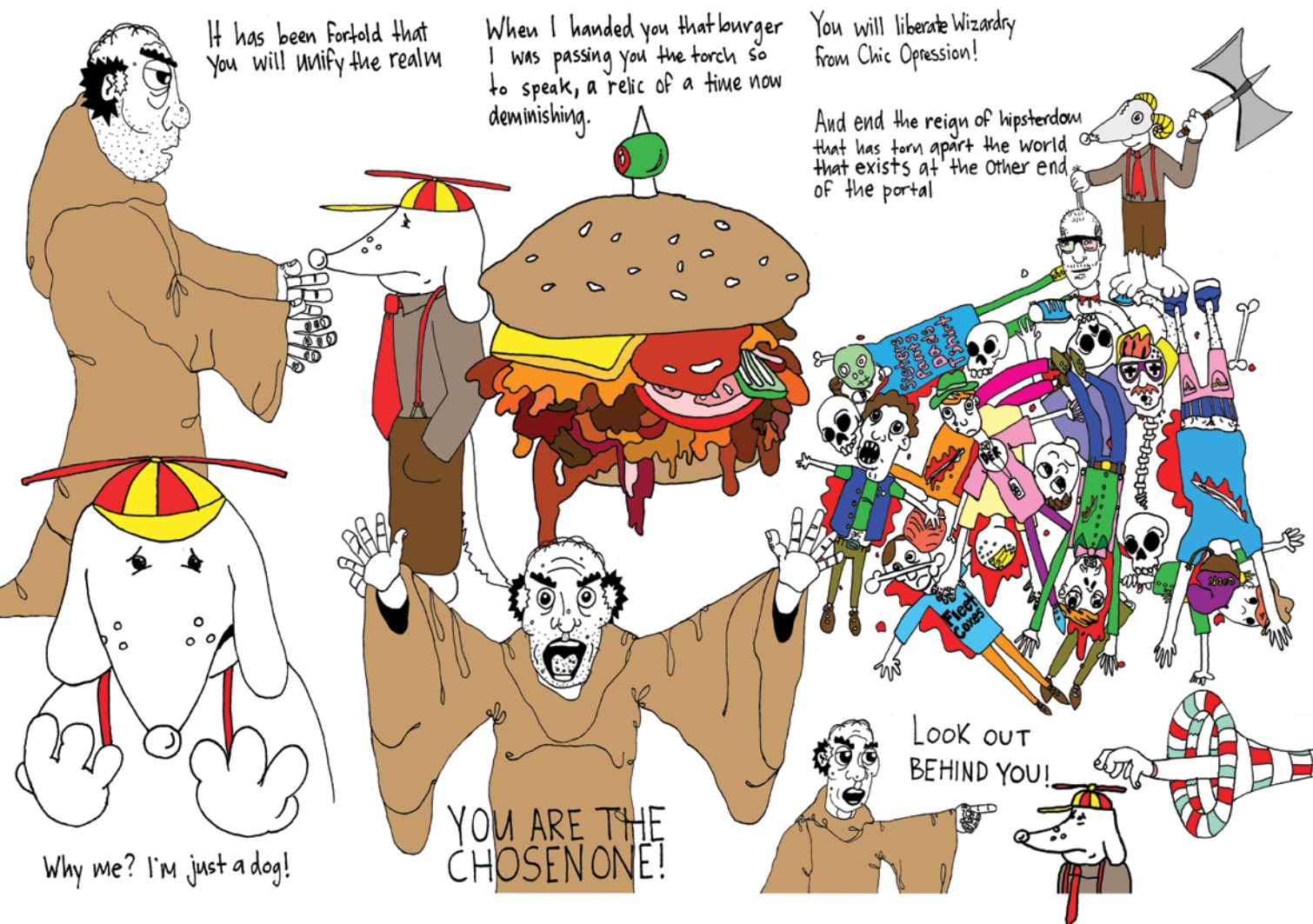
Penis Envy by Regan McManus



Just a little plug here for the "M'asshole Douchechump Retrospective Exhibition" that a few members of the Dunedin Comic Collective are exhibiting work in. The exhibition opening is at 5.30 on Thursday October 13th at None Gallery on Stafford st and it runs until the following wednesday.



The Shed by Spencer Hall and Damian Smith



Competition Winner Katia Shennan



Gary by Cody Knox



Kia ora whanau,

Here is the second to last *Critic* column for the year 2011, and what a year it has been.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for everything that you have contributed to Te Roopu Maori this year. We literally would not be an organisation without the help and support that Maori taura that are enrolled at the University of Otago provide. Thank you to those of you that have supported us, whether it be through sports, Kapa Haka, social events, being members on our sub-committee, or actively partaking as a Maori student. It has been a busy year as always, with the emphasis being on providing support and services to Maori taura, therefore I thank you all for being a part of it.

As this year comes to an end, we will see the rise of a brand spanking new Te Rito Committee. We had a lot of interest in these roles which was awesome to see. So I'd like to congratulate the following people: Lisa Pohatu (Tumuaki), Courtney Heke-McColgan (Kaitiaki Putea), Awhina Wakefield (Kaituhi), Ihakara Dentice, Marama Kainamu-Wheeler and Tihema Nicol (Nga Kaiwhakahaere). I'm sure you will all bring very good insight into Te Rito next year as we face a huge adjustment in terms of VSM. I myself have certainly enjoyed being on Te Rito, as it gave me the opportunity to be able to give back to Maori students. My support will always be available for those who were successful enough to lead our taura prosperously.

Beards #6 & 7 by Tim Player and Liam Anderson



Competition



For the chance to appear on next week's comics page and win The Dunedin Comic Collective's new zine "PIG", redraw this picture, put it (with your name and contact details) in one of the "DCC" boxes at Critic, the University Bookshop or Radio One. Entries close Wednesday October 12th



TE ROOPU MĀORI

I want to also remind you all that the AGM hui will be held this Monday (tonight) at 5pm at the Te Roopu Maori Whare. A kai will also be provided so make sure you come along and voice any concerns, issues and strategically discuss our hopes and plans for next year. So don't forget. Monday October 10, 5pm @ Te Roopu Maori Whare! See you all there!

Lastly, as the final week sweeps by and exams crawl in, I want to wish you all the very best. Piss poor preparation = piss poor performance! So make sure you go out there, study hard and SMASH those exams! Then you can have a nice long summer reaping the rewards of success. Those of you that are in your final year, absolutely awesome work and I'll be seeing you at graduation. Those of you that aren't, make sure you go hard and come back with a nice clear relaxed mind. Work hard, play hard!

Good luck! Mauri ora!

Ariana Te Wake and Rimutere Wharakura

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Small blocks: 39cm x 33cm x 14cm – only \$5
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Payable at Clubs and Socs reception. Strictly while stocks last. Sandra at Clubs and Socs also has some free blocks that are partially worked on.

Bottle Buy Back @ 2011's LAST Market Day



Subsidise your flat shop this week and bring in your excess bottles and cans and suss yourself out up to \$10 bucks per person for 100 bottles or cans. It'll be running from 12am-2pm on the OUSA Lawn.

Want to work at Orientation 2012?

We're making Orientation truly special next year, and if you'd like to be one of the lucky ones in the know, and get your foot in the door with some experience in event management then get in touch about one of these positions:

- Artist Management
- Fresher Competition Organisers x2
- Volunteer Co-ordinator
- Tent City Supervisor
- MC

It's a chance to work hard and have fun learning from an experienced team, get a little bit of extra cash to kick your year off, and put your stamp on Orientation to make 2012 the best!

Email kitty.events@ousa.org.nz



Next Top Flat Winners

Shout to the OUSA Next Top Flat entrants!

Best Flat

543/5 George Street – Clean, efficient and fantastic flatties.

Worst Flat

49 Brown Street – Boarded up doors, holes in the wall and that random pole holding up the 2nd floor...eek.

Greenest Flat

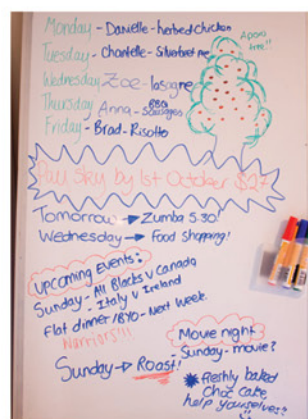
8A Beaconsfield Road – Earthy delight.

Best Landlord

120/5 London Street – Great tenants supported by a sweet landlord.

Below Par Tenants

402 Leith Street – Pig of the year.



Voting!!!

Get out and let us know who YOU think should be running the place next year! We've got people rocking round with tablets to vote on as well as The Link polling booth. Score yourself a chocolate fish at a booth or vote online at ousa.org.nz. Have your say!

PICK YOUR REPRESENTATIVES
VOTE IN THE OUSA ELECTION & REFERENDA
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YOUR SAY



With BNZ FlatPack you're sorted, no matter who your flatmates are.

Getting BNZ's FlatPack is like having at least one responsible flatmate. BNZ Smart Money¹ and MyMoney accounts help you manage your flat's finances while insurance² protects your stuff from people like your flatty's accident prone boyfriend.

BE IN TO WIN A WEEK'S FREE RENT!

Sign up for FlatPack before 30 March 2012 with at least two MyMoney or Smart Money accounts and two insurance policies among you and your flatmates, and go in the draw to win your flat a week's FREE rent!

- **BNZ Otago University,**
58 Albany Street, Dunedin
- **03 467 7301**
- **bnz_university_of_otago@bnz.co.nz**
- **bnz.co.nz**



¹ Account opening criteria apply. Full details, Standard Terms and Conditions Disclosure Statement and our current Qualifying Financial Entity Disclosure Statement may be obtained from any BNZ store or on our website bnz.co.nz. Smart Money is the account designed for under 30's. ² LifeCare and EasyCover are underwritten by BNZ Life Insurance Limited ("BNZ Life"). PremierCare is available through Bank of New Zealand (BNZ) and is underwritten by the insurer, IAG New Zealand Limited, a member of the Insurance Council of New Zealand Inc. LifeCare, EasyCover and PremierCare are not an obligation of Bank of New Zealand. The obligations of BNZ Life are not guaranteed by its related companies, including National Australia Bank Limited and Bank of New Zealand, or any other parties. Bank of New Zealand arranges LifeCare, EasyCover and PremierCare as an agent for BNZ Life and IAG respectively and receives commission on any policies it arranges. Cover is subject to the terms, conditions and exclusions contained in the insurance policy documents and conditions apply to the acceptance of all policies. Special restrictions apply to PremierCare Contents Insurance where there are 5 or more flatmates. Only available from BNZ Otago University.