

A young man and woman are shown in a close embrace, about to kiss. The woman has long blonde hair and is wearing a bright blue off-the-shoulder top. The man has brown hair and is wearing a white tank top with the word "Critic" printed on it. They are surrounded by a crowd of people at what appears to be a music festival or outdoor event. The background is slightly out of focus, showing other attendees and structures.

THE ISSUE THAT HAD NO THEME

Issue 05 – 28th March 2017

Critic Goes to Hyde St | The Changing Art of Journalism
Why You Should Never Pull a Duckface | Revolutions in the Middle East
News, Reviews, Opinions.



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Critic – Te Arohi

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Critic is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA). Disclaimer: the views presented within this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor, Planet Media, or OUSA. Press Council: people with a complaint against a newspaper should first complain in writing to the Editor and then, if not satisfied with the response, complain to the Press Council. Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary, PO Box 10-879 The Terrace, Wellington.



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i <3 print media



This week's issue is unfortunately themeless. Despite persistent attempts on my part to convince the *Critic* team that "moneyz" was a good theme idea, it fell flat.

Me: " 'Moneyz' is such a funny theme idea!"

Everyone else in the world: "But what does it mean?"

Me: "It's funny, ok?"

No one else agreed. So, as a result of this hostile reception, "moneyz" was smudged off the whiteboard, to be replaced with nothing. Nevertheless, our themeless issue has some interesting content.

Josh Hercus warns against the rock bottom of all photo poses: the duckface (page 18). Joe Stockman summarises the recent revolutions in the Middle East (page 24). We attend the annual Hyde Street keg party, and give a full run down (pages 10, 11, 13 and 18). Charlotte Greenfield discusses the role of journalists in a world where news is freely and quickly available from the Internet (page 20).

From my own media-centric point of view, the role of journalism in the Internet-era is fascinating. What became evident during the recent Christchurch earthquake was that, try as they might, news websites couldn't keep up with the lightening speed Twitter updates from within Christchurch itself. In short, the public is now able to access fuck-loads of up-to-date information from around the globe without the cost of a subscription (and without the concern that the information is in some way compromised by the media outlet being editorially beholden to someone else). Newspapers are constantly on the backfoot, and I'm not just referring to the *ODT*.

All of this leads to the question that's often voiced amongst Internet-news-site addicts: why do we even need print media any more? Can't we just read news on the Internet and like, save trees and stuff?

NO WAY, KEEP PRINT MEDIA PLZ. Aside from the intolerably harsh glare a computer screen gives off, print media can be something the fast paced Internet media can't. It's concise. Because there's only so much a magazine or newspaper can fit, the editor is forced to pick and choose. As a result, while the Internet can become a bewildering maze inundated with information overload, print media has narrowed things down to the most important/interesting/least factually incorrect. Quality over quantity, people.

Dazed and Confused's publisher Jefferson Hack has an interesting idea on the subject: "You click, you take, you share, you file [on the web] but the magazine is this collected memory, this souvenir of the culture that's moving fast in front of us. So that's how I see it changing. Magazines won't disappear, they'll even become more important in some ways." Cool man.

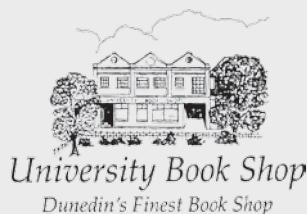
But back to *Critic*. In a publication aimed at a group of people who are perpetually on the Internet, what on earth is *Critic* for? Entertainment during dull lectures. Providing a forum for angry strangers to hate on one another. Information about vaguely important stuff. And of course, *Critic* is, as its name suggests, the critic of the university, OUSA and the DCC, among others. It's a tough job, but someone's got to do it.

Stay classy,

Julia Hollingsworth

Letter of the Week

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



DIDN'T YOU GUYZ MEET ONLINE OR SOMETHING???

Why is OUSA afraid of my wife?

To: Critic editor:

On Monday, The Critic came out with an incorrect and one sided article, implicating my wife as some kind of bully. Later that day Scott Muir stopped my wife in the hallway by her PhD office to ask her why radio one DJ Aaron Hawkins had the guy who used to stalk my wife, Abe Gray, on his show ranting and raving about her bullying him in 2008, when he was banned from being around her. She's possibly made "history" by being the first and only member of OUSA (that we know of) to be "blocked from commenting" on the OUSA facebook page. I can't think of clearer bullying tactics than an organisation (OUSA) using every arm of its media power to falsely accuse someone of something. But why?

From the perspective of our family, we can't understand this all-out attack on my wife, Margi MacMurdo-Reading, who in our view, and that of many post grads, has bent over backwards for the past 3 years to serve the postgraduate community of OUSA because OUSA has been so historically slack about doing anything for postgrads. She was elected as their OUSA representative for two years, and then last year she spent hours running the catering (of course, with Travis and his approval) for the Gazebo Friday nights, even when Travis was gone for 5 weeks. Why? Because the postgrad community asked her to. Maybe, my wife is passionately outspoken, but it is always against injustices to the under-represented in the community who love her for it.

OUSA, could you be the bully, not my wife?

Mark Reading

HATERS GON' HATE

I was walking to school the other day when I noticed a merry area skinhead. I realized, despite having just woken up, that a large confederate flag patch adorned his oversized leather jacket. I don't really know what to think about that bit of anachronism. I half-hope it's just a product of ignorance, because the last thing this world needs is nazi-hipsters.

Thanks,
John

THE EAGLE VS STATISTICS

Dear Eagle

Could you please illuminate us with the source of your statistics?

Yours Sincerely,
Charlotte Greenfield

Dear Charlotte,

The Eagle's words are like nuggets of gold, and are limited to 450 per week. Every column, the Eagle faces a dilemma more tragic than "Sophie's Choice" in deciding which words to cut. Although desirable, long source citations would waste a huge chunk of the Eagle's already limited space. But rest assured – every statistic comes with the noble Eagle's personal seal of approval.

The Eagle

[Editor: See page 32 for a more in depth response to The Eagle's 4th column]

CAT FIGHT

Dear Critic/ The F-Word's Kari Schmidt,

So, about "The F-Word"...is this meant to be a feminist column, or a pseudo-feminist column masquerading as a feminist column in an attempt to mislead people about what feminism actually is? It reads more like the latter.

Firstly, Kari says that contemporary feminists are subscribing to "an irrelevant and/or ineffective doctrine". I'll tell the people I know whose feminism informs their activist work that they should probably stop campaigning for abortion law reform, fair treatment of women in the workplace and to stop domestic violence: obviously contemporary feminism (which is concerned with all those things) is irrelevant. The idea that it is ineffective shows ignorance about the gains being made by contemporary feminists.

Secondly, Kari perpetuates this idea that man-hating feminists are something other than extremely rare. Valerie Solanas, while an excellent example to support the idea that all feminists must hate men, is not typical of feminism in general. Feminists realize that sexism affects men too, and because they (gasp!) **don't** hate men, they want to stop men being hurt through sexism. I know plenty of feminists who hate specific male individuals, but none who hate all men full stop.

Yours angrily,

A contemporary Feminist.

Dear A Contemporary Feminist,

Thank you for your response.

I stated that feminism may be "an irrelevant and/or ineffective doctrine." I did not say that it is. I believe in what feminism has done and what it is trying to do, but so many people deride feminism today that it begs the question - does a doctrine have any legitimacy if so few people:

- a) understand it
- b) sympathise with it.

Most people, at least in New Zealand, believe men and women should be treated equally thus many see feminism as having ostensibly been achieved, failing to grasp that, in reality, men and women simply are not equal yet in many ways, both obvious and subtle. So feminism is seen as redundant and unnecessary. Clearly a new impetus is required to reveal to people that disparities between the genders do still exist, that we should definitely be concerned about. If feminism is redundant it is not because what it is seeking to achieve is irrelevant but because the way in which it is trying to do it is now ineffective. We need to put aside our preconceived notions and get past language. Maybe this will require disregarding the word 'feminism', as very little can seemingly be achieved if we continue to use this oppositional and divisive term. I think what we need is open dialogue that includes both genders (feminism = feminine = only one gender), is flexible, creative and non-judgemental. A rational approach that looks at the facts. I never said that all feminists are men-hating or that a majority of them are. But the fact is, men-hating feminists do exist.

Yours sincerely,

Kari

MEMORIAL

Dear Critic

Just wanted to say thank-you for the obituary to Rhys Brookbanks in Issue 4 of Critic which simply and beautifully expressed the huge talent we have lost with the passing of Rhys in the devastating earthquake. Sadly, those present and past students of Otago University lost in the earthquake, 3 of whom you identify in your article on page 15, will collectively leave quite a gap in the spirit of the University. I am wondering/hoping that there is a tribute or a memorial set up on sight to honour our victims of the earthquake, a reminder that there was a little bit of us all lost on February 22 2011.

Sincerely

Erica Newlands

TOO SWEET

As a closet pedant I wish to correct Liz Benny's fact failure. George V had four sons. No.1, David, became Edward VII. Sadly his lust for another post-menopausal woman was greater than his desire to serve his country. No.2, Albert, Duke of York, succeeded him, as George VI. Them's the facts! I was sad to see what I considered a very fair film criticism damned with faint praise.

Sandy Wicken

PS Your No3. Critic has two exceptionally fine articles, congrats to Charlotte Greenfield and Georgie Fenwicke.

PSYCHO TATTOO H8A

Re: Editorial #3.

Madam.

My deepest condolences at this time of loss. Losing one's common sense is tough, but I'm sure you'll always remember your happy days together. A tattoo is a desperate grasp at permanence in a world where the fleeting should be savoured and then farewelled. If the motivation for the tattoo was special enough

to occasion the disfigurement then one assumes it can be remembered within, and be shared instead of simply broadcast. No, I have not heard of "live and let live".

Regards,

Matthew.

Dear Matthew,

I fail to see how a photo-shopped tattoo is either a grasp at permanence, or the fatal blow to my common sense. I think you'll find the tattoo can be easily erased with a simple "Control" + "X". Further, even if I had chosen to "disfigure" myself with a skull tattoo, I'm not sure how this would be any of your business.

Sincerely,

Julia Hollingsworth

GRAFFITI ANARCHY

Dear David Darker,

I am the girl who writes on the wall, and I am pleased to hear your thoughts on this matter. Thank you for your letter.

I do wonder though, is the graffiti also removed from the walls of the male toilets? I have heard many rumours about the wonderful graffiti that can be found there, and it truly would be a shame if that too was being removed. On the other hand, if the girls' graffiti is being removed, but the males' isn't, I do find that rather unfair.

Who is your employer? Property services? Although I suppose they too are employed by someone.

This won't be the last you hear from me, David. I'll think of something...

Sincerely, The Scribbler.

Notices

FEMALE FOOTBALL PLAYERS WANTED!

The University Football Club is looking for new players for its women's football teams. We have a premier women's team, a senior women's team and a social women's team. If you'd like to play, contact Luke on varsityfc@gmail.com.

BY ELECTION – OUSA POST GRADUATE REP AND INTERNATIONAL STUDENT OFFICER

Nominations open 9am March 24 and close 4pm March 31. By-election will be held by electronic means 9am April 4 and close 4pm April 7. For further information go to www.ousa.org.nz

PLANET MEDIA REVIEW

To evaluate the effectiveness and efficiency of Radio One, Critic and the Sales unit. Terms of reference available at: <http://ousa.org.nz/events-and-recreation/get-involved/ousa-reviews/>. Further information from: donna@ousa.org.nz. Submissions: To the Secretary OUSA, P.O. Box 1436 Dunedin, or by email to donna@ousa.org.nz by 4pm, Wednesday April 6 2011, marked "Confidential: Planet Media Review". To make an oral submission to the Review Panel, please include this in your written submission.

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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Grand-MILF?

A 92-year old woman has been arrested after unloading a clip into the hose next door, allegedly because her 53-year old neighbour refused to give her a kiss.

The nutty pensioner apparently developed feelings for her neighbour after he helped her take her trash out, and when he refused her advances she resorted to a tried and true American tradition: the handgun. Several bullets entered the house, one narrowly missing the neighbour's head. Not only did she shoot up the house, she also put a couple of rounds in the man's new car for good measure.

The woman remains in custody.



It's a well-known fact that lots of animals are gross and/or scary. It was an unpleasant, yet not hugely difficult, task to find the top ten most disturbing animals. So, in no particular order:

- 01** – Chinese salamander. Looks like a flattened slimy internal organ. Dislike.
- 02** – Purple frog. This creature was only discovered in 2003 as it spends all its time underground. It also looks like a putrid liver.
- 03** – Aye-aye. If you were scared of rats or mice, this freaky vampire rodent may be too much to handle.
- 04** – Axolotl. By far the most frightening creature in your neighbourhood pet store.
- 05** – Double-headed lizard. Is its tail its head? Is its head its tail? All we know is that the bloody creature could bite from any angle.
- 06** – Hairy frog. Discovered in 2008, this frog breaks its own bones to produce claws when threatened. Self harmer.
- 07** – Mexican neotenic mole salamander. Looks like a Pokemon but scarier.
- 08** – Zombie caterpillars. A particularly manipulative variety of wasp develops within a caterpillar and uses the poor caterpillar as its zombie bodyguard. Freaks.
- 09** – Naked mole rat. Looks impossibly like a penis.
- 10** – Solar powered slug. This particular variety of slug (which are pretty bad to start with) can live on only sunlight for up to a year.



How about a warning?

The Assistant Manager of a well-known pizza chain found himself out on his arse after having a few "issues" on a rostered shift in early December last year. The report into his termination says that he came to work intoxicated "on an unknown substance possibly of hallucinogenic nature," referred to customers as "bovine and porcine," and told a complaining customer to "go straddle a narwhale you chlorinated gene pool".

The employee was removed from customer service and put in the pizza cutting area, where he wrote messages to customers concerning "pi." He further lost the plot when he could only recite "pi" to the forty-sixth digit and was sent home. Funnily enough, he wasn't rostered on for any more shifts after what can only be referred to as "that incident".

47

percentage of Christians who say that porn is a problem in their home.

2000_{BC}

the year in which the first known contraception was used: crocodile dung.

Snippets page
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Every penny counts

A woman who was involved in a car accident was found to be in possession of more than just poor driving skills, after a cavity search revealed she was packing a hefty fifty bags of heroin. Fifty bags is a lot, even when divided between two different "containers".

Stranger than that, however, is that the woman had also concealed \$51.22 up there. Exactly. *Critic* would be intensely interested to know what she was saving up for, or if the money was there so that she could make change for customers.

Excuses

A 14-year old American boy sparked a police investigation when he claimed that he'd been grazed by a bullet which had passed close enough to him to rip his pants and cut his knee.

In fact, the cheeky youngster had merely fallen over and ripped his pants, but had concocted the outlandish story to avoid punishment. What type of family environment drives a child to claim they were the victim of a drive-by to cover up for ripping their shorts we don't know. But we speculate it's probably scary. Very scary.

Goon Appreciation Day

Never one to miss out on an opportunity to drink more Country Red, *Critic* is proud to announce that Goon Appreciation day is this week, on Wednesday 30th. According to our source, the reputable *Frankie* magazine, the day was originally held to commemorate the day cask wine inventor Thomas Angrove died. Angrove patented the design way back in 1965, with the handy tap function being added by Penfolds Wine in 1967.

Revellers tend to gather at picnics with their cardboard wine in tow and indulge in a round of Good of Fortune. Perhaps the Hyde Street Goon party should have been scheduled to coincide with the international holiday.

As Angrove would surely have said, "let the goon times roll".

It's all very well using your *101 Ways with Mince* recipe book night after night, or, worse still, specialising in numerous variations on chile con carne, but sometimes it's worth trying something a little different. Enter: some of the best food blogs of all time.

The first is www.101cookbooks.com, written by the talented Heidi Swanson, who just so happens to be a glowing blonde health food goddess. Using freaky things like tempeh and quinoa, Heidi creates vegetarian delights that could turn even the most steak-loving-creature into a carrot-chewing-freak.

The second is hungryandfrozen.blogspot.com, by an adorable Wellington girl who shares with her adoring readers her love of vintage tablecloths, music and, most importantly, food. Everything she makes looks simultaneously easy and delicious, the perfect marriage for a food blog. Best of all, she is a nigellalawsonophile.

Not only do food blogs provide the compulsory recipes, they also provide pretty pictures in the form of food porn. In short, food blogs are the best and most inoffensive way of working up an appetite.

CORRECTION:

In the article entitled "Postgrads flinging shit like it's 2009 Toga" in Issue four, *Critic* made some factual inaccuracies. Margi MacMurdo-Reading's term was from 2008-2009, and Kate Amore was a Postgrad Rep candidate, not the elected Postgrad rep.

In addition, it was not *Critic's* intention to infer that the "network of postgraduate students" mentioned in paragraph two was connected with The Facebook group "Otago University Postgraduates". *Critic* apologises for any distress this ambiguity may have caused.

70

percentage
of giraffe
sex that is
same-sex.

1679_{AD}

first recorded instance
of a man quitting
smoking. He died one
month later.

Apparently police not stoked about babysitting thousands of drunks. Who could have guessed?

The annual Hyde Street keg party that took place on Saturday March 19 has been criticised, with local police and fire officials arguing the event should not be held in 2012.

The event, which has been a highlight on many students' calendars for years, is now facing an uphill battle to see a return in 2012. The day was marred by reports of multiple fires, fights and alcohol-related-hospitalisations.

A total of 55 arrests were made throughout Dunedin on Saturday and on Sunday morning, 18 of those were students and seven of those were made at Hyde Street. All arrests at Hyde Street were for disorder-type offences or breaches of the liquor ban.

Many students are blaming out-of-towners and those who attended the rugby, rather than the Hyde Street event, for the abnormally high number of arrests.

Police Inspector Alastair Dickie told *Critic* that the event was a negative stain on the city's reputation and should be cancelled.

"This event is a big draw on emergency service personnel with police basically acting as babysitters, their mere presence preventing a serious escalation in negative behaviour I venture to suggest. Otago University and the city have gained a very negative reputation from drunken student antics which have turned into a culture now past its use-by date."

Dickie did, however, state that in general the behaviour of students was better than in previous years.

"The attitudes generally were very good; a lot of happy drunks and when we emptied the street there was good compliance, and that is the way it should be as students are supposedly intelligent and responsible citizens. Unfortunately some let the side down and caused serious damage to the reputation of the city and university."

In contrast, most students who attended the party had a different take on events. Many Hyde Street residents had been seen out earlier in the week decorating their flats with murals, banners and props in line with their chosen themes.

Several students commented that the amount of effort and creativity that went into almost all of the flats on the street was outstanding. Hyde Street residents also told *Critic* that it felt like a great bonding of their community, with everyone helping to try and put on the best event possible.

Critic spoke to some of the local businesses to hear what they had to say about the annual event. Leith Street Superliquor's manager said they were overrun by demand in their store. They also confirmed that the Hyde Street party is their most profitable day of the year "by far", despite having to close at 5.30pm.

Local café and bar Eureka closed for the day but opened up their outside area and held a barbeque for party-goers. A Eureka employee stated that they didn't have a single problem with the event and were looking forward to having more on offer next year.

On Sunday Hyde Street residents were awoken at 7am by Campus Watch and informed they must assist in cleaning up the street. The DCC supplied skips and once the street had been swept by midday, it looked far better than it did before the event. Nearly all residents were out sweeping and collecting rubbish off the street all through the morning.

Whether or not the event goes ahead next year remains uncertain and much debate will no doubt ensue. However, at the time of *Critic* going to press, 1200 people had already confirmed their attendance at the 2012 event on Facebook. 2800 people are also ready to attend the inaugural "Hyde Street Goon Party", set to take place in the Second Semester.

– Lozz Holding



Rape Crisis is Still Needed - and we need you!

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“A lot of the fire service are ex-students and all of them have been through the same ‘party-era’ of their lives that a lot of us find ourselves

– Lozz Holding

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Labour whip Darren Hughes faces allegations

Labour MP Darren Hughes last Wednesday stood down from his parliamentary responsibilities after it emerged police were investigating a sexual complaint laid by an 18-year old male Victoria University student. Mr Hughes has categorically denied any wrongdoing.

Hughes, the senior whip and Education spokesman for the Labour Party, was stood down by party leader Phil Goff after the allegations became public.

Police stated that they were investigating a complaint made by an 18-year old relating to an alleged incident in the early hours of the morning of March 2 at the home of Labour Deputy Leader Annette King, where Hughes stays when in Wellington.

Earlier that night Hughes had been a guest speaker at a Victoria University celebrity debate held as part of its Orientation Week events. After the debate Hughes, the complainant, and several others went out drinking at several Wellington bars, including Matterhorn and The Establishment.

Hughes then took the complainant back to King's house where the incident was alleged to have occurred around 2am in the morning. Some sources have reported that the complainant ran from the house and flagged down a police car.

The allegations have derailed the career of Hughes, a highly regarded young MP pegged by many as a rising star in the Labour Party.

They have also cast doubts on the leadership of Goff, as it emerged that he knew of the allegations two weeks before they became public knowledge. However, Goff strongly defended his handling of the issue.

"When I first heard about the complaint that had been lodged against Darren Hughes, I made a judgment that it would be unhelpful for me to go public on that information."

"Firstly, it would not help a police inquiry that was taking place, because there'd be a storm of controversy around it. Secondly, it would not help Darren Hughes himself, who is innocent until prove guilty and thirdly it would not help the complainant.

"I think that was the right judgment to make."

The NZ Herald reported that the complainant was a "high achiever" who had been a Youth MP and competed in debating whilst at a "prominent boys college". He is reported to have moved to Wellington to attend university.

As *Critic* went to print, further details of the incident were still coming to light.

– **Gregor Whyte**

Carnage/Carnal Report

For those students who have better things to do than dress up like a pregnant nun and try to drink their age in standard drinks, Saturday March 19 was just another day. But for the rest of us, it was one of the social highlights of the year.

The amount of creativity that went into decorating Hyde Street for the annual keg race was enough to make you smile. Indeed, it was enough to make one girl shit her pants and coma out in a closet inside "The Slaughterhouse" flat.

She may have been feeling a bit awkward the next day but nowhere near as sore as one pair of lovebirds whose rendezvous took a turn for the worse. While making sweet, sweet jelly babies on the roof of the pirate-themed Chum Bucket, they were asked politely by local police to relocate their coital activities to a less hazardous place. God knows why, but the idiotic male tried to do the dash and in the process managed to collapse the corrugated iron beneath him.

While the male escaped relatively unharmed, the female was whipped off to A+E for stitches. It is not confirmed whereabouts on her body the injuries were sustained, but debate has arisen within the Chum Bucket as to whether they were to the face or to a place that *Critic* dare not mention.

Though when you think about it, if you put in excess of 2000 alcohol-enraged young adults in a small space, there's bound to be hanky panky. That may explain why so many tales told by Hyde Street residents involve the act of mating. One group of young scarfies are

now without their 42" plasma TV after two costumed lovers lost control mid-root and smashed into it. One must question why the boys had such a luxury in their flat to begin with, but we at *Critic* hope it was the result of an effective use of course-related costs.

The "Flintstones" flat at the south end of the street were fortunate to escape such losses but were still left bewildered by what was taking place within their flat's walls. Alarmed resident Logan Edgar had nothing to say when a fellow partygoer ran up to him screaming, "Mate, there's a big purple dinosaur having sex on your bed!" Despite being an avid dinosaur fan, Logan had no time to enjoy what was on offer, as at that moment his flat's garage roof suddenly caved in.

Eyewitness reports claim that over twenty people were on the rusty roof when it collapsed, falling three metres into the garage beneath: "People heard it at the end of the street, there was a mushroom cloud and people screaming everywhere". Amazingly, no serious injuries were reported other than a cut-up arm. "Fuck, someone could've died. What a great yarn that would've been."

— **Lozz Holding**

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Riding in cars with students

The Dunedin City Council has plans to stop students from abusing the scarfie ride-share scheme, involving a takedown* of anyone caught breaking its rules.

The scheme allows those students attending either the University of Otago or Otago Polytechnic living in a certain zone of Dunedin to share a ride into North Dunedin with friends or flatmates and use priority parking as a bonus. The rideshare scheme has previously been free, but this year a \$50 annual fee has been introduced to cover the cost of running the scheme. Each person, upon payment of the \$50 at the DCC Customer Services agency, receives a token to use in the parking scheme. At least two tokens must be displayed inside the windscreen of the car to indicate that two people have commuted into university.

The DCC received reports in February this year that the rideshare scheme was subject to significant abuse, at which point council-lors voted to restrict the scheme to students only and to apply the annual fee.

Recent surveys have indicated that 41% of people parking in the priority rideshare spaces only have one person in the car. Needless to say, this isn't ridesharing as imaginary friends don't count.

Fifth-year law student Brooke White is a big advocate of Rideshare, using it on a daily basis with her flatmates, but says she often sees people "Lone Ranger-ing" to university in their cars while still using priority parking spaces. White agrees wholeheartedly with the survey results indicating abuse of the system, saying "probably even more

than 41% of users are abusers, if I'm being honest. I am so sick of people spoiling all the good things that the council tries to do for us students."

From Tuesday, parking officers will be policing the scheme closely. The Rideshare website contains the explicit warning that anyone caught abusing the scheme will have their permit revoked and be banned from participating in the scheme.

The \$50 annual fee paid by users of the scheme is to cover the costs of the extra policing, rather than having it run at ratepayers' expense.

The Rideshare website indicates a desire to increase the number of parking spaces available to users of the scheme, but says that the council cannot extend the scheme with the current problems being experienced. Abuses of the system are to be addressed before any expansion of the scheme.

As *Critic* went to print, only 186 tokens had been sold so far to be used in the 153 available priority parking spaces. 1000 are available every academic year exclusively to students. To check your eligibility for Rideshare, go to <http://www.dunedinrideshare.co.nz/>

– Aimee Gulliver

**Takedown sounds a lot more badass than the actual "crackdown" the DCC has planned, so we wrote it our way.*

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Meager's feelings hurt: either stupid Exec member or maverick genius to blame

A blog authored by former OUSA Executive member James Meager has received disparaging comments from an author claiming to have access to the Postgraduate email account within OUSA.

Meager's blog, "Mydeology", is described by the author as "where reasonable people disagree". In a March 20 post entitled "Crumbling student empire continues to crumble", Meager blogs about the downfalls of OUSA and shares his first formal complaint to the association. At length.

Meager's main concerns involve the treatment of OUSA members, both in relation to the OUSA Facebook page and the Postgraduate Committee.

The following comment appeared on the post: "James, why don't you just set up your own Voluntary Organisation for gazebo [sic] lovers and then you can keep the problems of this irrelevant vocal minority to yourselves". The comment came from someone calling themselves "Postgrad", registering their email address on the blog as postgrad@ousa.org.nz.

Current Executive member Francisco Hernandez noted that "this could totally be someone just using [the address] to stir shit", adding "I could post claim[ing] to be 'John Key' and post under his moniker and use his email... to claim to be him". You could indeed, but *Critic* speculates that not many people would believe that the Prime Minister has enough spare time on his hands to go around commenting on blogs about our students' association, riveting as OUSA and its squabbles are.

After the comment was posted, a screenshot of this was posted on the OUSA Facebook page and a bunch of individuals began to attempt to trace the IP address of who made the comment. Hardcore tech shit yo.

With the recent controversy in the postgrad community, including the resignation of Postgraduate Representative Stephanie Ruddock, and issues over the Gazebo Lounge functions, speculation is rife as to the identity of the author of the comment.

Meager told *Critic* that it was likely to be either "someone within OUSA who is very stupid, or someone external to OUSA who is very, very smart to take advantage of the situation and further undermine the association" at a time when OUSA is already receiving criticism over censorship issues on its Facebook page.

Former OUSA President Simon Wilson commented on the Facebook post: "this isn't the kind of disagreement which has attracted a lot of outside attention. There can't be all that many people who would even consider posting a response". Student Support Manager Matt Tucker confirmed in the same thread that the Postgraduate email account is disabled and IP traces seem to be able to prove that the source of the comment is a home address.

Meager's response to the issue has been to change the commenting settings on the blog "so that now a user can only comment through a verified avenue". He comments further down the thread that as someone unverified "with knowledge of the Postgrad issue and knowledge of the Postgrad email wrote a disparaging comment towards the Postgrad group", the administrators of the blog have "acted swiftly and promptly to alter the settings and ensure that, if somebody is posting without authorisation of an email address, they can no longer do so. If OUSA showed such responsiveness to their members, they wouldn't be crumbling as they are, leaving them open for another association to take student mandate".

Ouch.

Critic would just love to know what Lex has to say on the matter. This story has conspiracy theory AND politics – all the elements of a great rant over a flat white.

– Aimee Gulliver

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Successful Scholar

First-year University of Otago student Will Coleman has been awarded the prestigious Sir Douglas Myers scholarship for 2011. The scholarship is worth \$100,000 per annum and covers four years of study at Cambridge University.

The former King's College Head Boy achieved the highest mark in the world for French language, and first in New Zealand for History in the 2009 Cambridge International AS examinations.

Coleman was offered a full scholarship to study at Auckland University but turned it down to study in Otago.

Coleman will read for the Modern and Medieval Languages Tripos, along with Politics and History, and will stay at Gonville and Caius

College at Cambridge.

Coleman told the ODT that before he leaves in September he will spend his time enjoying university life and doing papers "just for fun, stuff that I'm interested in".

— **Andrew Oliver**

Canterbury Students Flee

The University of Canterbury has announced a new exchange opportunity which will allow 42 senior students to study for a term at the University of Oxford. There will be places for 32 honours students and 10 postgraduates students from arts, humanities, social sciences or law. The term will commence after Easter.

University of Canterbury Vice-Chancellor Professor Ian Town was delighted to announce

details of the exchange programme.

"Immediately after news of the 22 February earthquake reached the UK, the Vice-Chancellor Professor Hamilton contacted us to see if Oxford could be of help, with the result that these fully funded places for UC students were offered by the University of Oxford and its colleges." Town thanked Hamilton and his Oxford colleagues for their generosity and strong support.

In addition to full college membership, residential accommodation, and waived fees, students chosen for the exchange will be given a special scholarship of \$2000 by the University of Canterbury to cover international travel, taxes and insurance.

— **Staff Reporter**

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(H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

St Patty's Day started early; six before six, wine before nine and goon before noon meant Castle Street was utter carnage. An afternoon stroll down Castle was as dangerous as trimming your pubes when drunk. Records, wheelie bins and printers were all being thrown at people on the street, with Campus Watch being the number one target. As usual, Campus Watch were kept busy by the typical bottle throwing and roof jumping, resulting in many residents being booked in for a coffee with the proctor on Friday morning.

The day started well, but by mid-afternoon people were getting pretty sloppy, the ante had been upped from drinking and throwing stuff to fighting and spewing on each other. As day turned to night the survivors began to

climb roofs and burn shit. One poor chap fell off a dollhouse roof and came away with an injury you wouldn't expect after falling off a roof; he managed to break his nose but there was debate as to whether his nose was already broken before he left the roof. Rumour has it he was punched in the face by a girl. Apparently he was a bit horny after being on the booze all day and had a crack at a good-looking girl from Southland (yes, there are good looking girls from Southland; think of Slutney) but she obviously wasn't too impressed with his game and decked the unfortunate boy. So don't believe his yarn about breaking his nose when he hit the ground.

Other than Patty's Day it was obviously a very quiet week on Castle, as demonstrated

by the great excitement caused by a day's good weather meaning people could dry their washing. Another cause of concern was the fact that the dairy sold out of Cyclones, which was almost as bad as when Monkey Bar ran out of tequila. Late in the week an extremely pungent wheelie bin turned up outside the dairy. It is rumoured that the bin contains Dale, the missing Kune Kune pig. Supposedly she was hit by a car on her way to the liquor store and the driver simply threw her into the nearest bin. Even though people did their best to cremate Dale, she is still giving Castle Street an aroma to match Joan the Butcher's undies after she had Thai green curry and waddled up Baldwin Street. RIP Dale.

– Sam Reynolds

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 bowled in a teeny tiny bit late to the Exec meeting last week and was shocked to find they had started without us. Obviously having *Critic* there isn't as special to them as it is to us... *sob*

Moving right along, it didn't seem like we had missed much until Stephanie Ruddock (the now former Postgraduate Representative) walked in to speak to the Exec about her resignation. She spoke of having received "harassing communications" and said she "wasn't paid enough to get threatening messages". OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan said that the individuals concerned have been spoken to and that the university – including the Proctor – is aware of the complaints.

It is against the Code of Conduct and the ethical behaviour policy to harass other students and Harriet remarked that there are "some people you just can't control, especially

when they're external to the organisation". A motion was passed to thank Stephanie for her work at Postgrad Rep, and she was sent on her way with Harriet telling her to "enjoy your life free of OUSA". *Critic* certainly endorses this excellent decision to get out quickly.

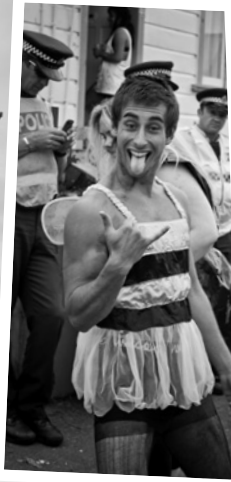
The Exec was asked to do some fundraising at the weekend for the Red Cross Christchurch earthquake appeal. The Otago Museum had been in touch as they were holding an event on their front lawn, however they didn't take too kindly to Harriet's suggestion of Exec members standing with collection buckets, claiming the Exec could "come up with something better than that". Harriet in turn didn't take too kindly to this suggestion and told the Museum to "woah, easy tiger". Kinky.

The suggestion of a "Dunk your Exec" stall, similar to that of the school fairs of *Critic's* childhood, provoked a long silence.

There wasn't much of a response to this until Francisco, the Clubs and Communications Rep, chimed in with an "I'm keen... can we keep our clothes on?" *Critic* noted the odd order in which that came about; first he was keen, then he checked nakedness wouldn't be part of the equation. But hey, we're not here to judge. Luckily, Harriet clarified "I wasn't thinking anything to do with nudity," for which *Critic* is eternally grateful – especially when Brad, Administration Vice-President, decided he was keen too. *Critic* would be forced to stab our own eyes out if clothes went AWOL during this frivolity.

Apparently one of the Highlanders was meant to be taking part as well, as long as he wasn't deterred by a few of our favourite Execs joining in – with or without their clothes.

– Aimee Gulliver



Critic goes to **HYDE ST**

'Where's Wally' lookalikes, Disney characters, Aborigines, 'heavenly' angels and white trash; Critic captured the revellers in all their dirty drunken glory at the annual Hyde Street keg party.







extra,
Extra,

read all about it.

With the rise of twitter and blogspot, it seems every man and his dog can be a pseudo-journalist. **Charlotte Greenfield** discusses the changing landscape of news media, and finds that although the specifics may have changed, journalism is just as important as ever.

Try telling someone you want to be a journalist. In my experience the most common response is “but journalism is dying.” As much as *Critic* hopes this isn’t true (we need our pay cheques, goddammit), it’s hard to deny journalism is changing. “Dying” might be a bit harsh though.

The relationship between technology and journalism is demonstrating the extent and rate at which the replication of information can take place. “News”, whether it’s a catastrophe, an idea, or the revelation that the Beckhams’ fourth baby is a girl, can be picked up, spread around, dissected and commented on at an unprecedented rate on news websites, radio, TV, blogs, Facebook, YouTube and Twitter before being translated into word of mouth, the oldest news source of all. Of course, this process has been taking place for a while now, but widespread use of the Internet has meant it is happening on a much larger scale in terms of both the amount of people involved and the areas they cover. The news you read might originate from Dunedin, Auckland, London, New York, Doha, Mumbai or a combination of them all.

This proliferation of keyboards throughout the world is also changing the type of people writing our news. We are seeing the rise of the amateur alongside the so-called professional through blogging, social networking and even on the traditional news services by online “commenting”. Instead of a political analyst it’s the “graduate[s] with no

future” in an oppressive regime that “have access to social media that allow them to express themselves in defiance of corporately owned media and censorship”, according to *Guardian* commentator Paul Mason. This phenomenon is happening across the board of topics previously tackled by traditional media. Joining *Vogue* as the fashion bible is the considerably more cost-friendly option *The Sartorialist*, which has been selected as one of *Time Magazine*’s top 100 design influencers and the *Observer*’s top 50 most powerful blogs. Instead of tuning into Radio New Zealand National or even a news website updated regularly throughout the day, *Washington Post* journalist Paul Farhi says “for raw-speed and eye-witness accounts, it’s now virtually impossible for the mainstream media to keep pace with the likes of Twitter”.

The focus in this relationship between media and technology is switching to new technology, but what is often missed is the interaction between the two. The new Internet-based commentary responds to the traditionally print-based analysis, while the experts and the commentators with experience and credentials are analysing and acknowledging their peers in the world of blogging. It’s a relationship that resembles the model of checks and balances in democracy.

The thing about democracy, as put by another journalist, legendary sports writer Art Spander, “is that it gives every voter the chance to

do something stupid". The new form of "journalism" encompasses a lot of voices with a lot to say, and not all of them are going to possess the reflection and intelligence that we wish for in good journalism. The inundation of information, analysis and opinions and assessing the source and quality of the same feels never-ending. It can fast become overwhelming.

Erin Everhart of journalism blog *Journalistics* frames it slightly differently. She sees social media, including blogs, as a "tool rather than an

action taken. And if used properly by the right people, that tool can be used to spread journalistic content". That tool, and the technology that accompanies it, may be the nourisher of traditional journalism, just as much as it is prophesised to be its destroyer. Google, Apple and Amazon are beginning to unveil new platforms to pay for journalistic content in digital form. This would include newspapers and magazines that can be read either online or through devices such as Kindles, iPads and smartphones, in a similar manner to eReaders. Getting people to read news digitally won't be hard; they already do and news' shorter length lends it more naturally to this format than literature. Getting people to pay for it is another story.

However, *Journalistics* blogger Jeremy Porter maintains that this time it might actually work. "I think these new devices dramatically change consumption habits. I'm much more likely to subscribe to content on a Kindle or an iPad because it's cool". The key difference is the ability to subscribe in an organised manner to multiple sources at once. "Amazon, Apple and Google each now have a payment platform that simplifies digital content subscriptions for publishers and consumers alike...at a price of course."

Blogs, YouTube, Twitter and Facebook of course remain free, but they do so for a reason. Journalists are paid to play a certain

role. The archetypal journalist is an objective bystander, or at least a semi-objective one, whereas bloggers can subvert this role. It is acceptable, though not required, for a blogger to write in the first person, to state how they feel as well as how they think, to personalize the process of reporting. It can be helpful to know a writer's agenda, but equally the lack of objective standard can encourage certain people to indulge their agenda too much, to stop questioning except along set lines that match their worldview. Jefferson Hack, the co-founder

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of arts magazine *Dazed and Confused*, puts it like this: “both things [the amateur and the professional] are really relevant, and both things should sit side by side and you can choose. You can decide which voice you want to listen to, you can decide how you want to mix those voices and give yourself a broader, expanded viewpoint”.

We may need this watchdog element if some of the charges levelled against traditional journalism are true. All the talk of modern technology makes it feel as though the problems within journalism are a new phenomenon. But even in 1923 Bruce Bliven, the editor of the *New York Globe*, voiced concerns over the standard of journalism. “The public is always asking about newspaper morals. But equally as important as newspaper morals is newspaper intelligence. And both of them are changing drastically, dangerously, because of the mechanical process”. Prominent journalists, such as Nick Davies and John Pilger, are today echoing this alarm. Ironically, it is the prophetic comments such as Bliven’s that show us what good journalism is really about, that is, as T.D. Allman put it, it “not only gets the facts right, it gets the meaning of events right” and thus “stands the test of time”.

According to the Media Standards Trust, a group aimed at exposing the flaws of modern media, most articles published in mainstream newspapers would not stand the test of a quick double check, let alone eternity. They have created a search engine to help identify what is dubbed as “churnalism”, the “lifting” - in other words copying and pasting - of large amounts of text from a source with no background checks. More often than not, that source is a press release from a PR company whose aim is far from journalistic accuracy. To prove their point, the Media Standards Groups created a fake press release detailing their new invention, a “chastity garter” that sent a text message

to the wearer’s boyfriend if she became sexually excited. The press release was sent to a news agency and quickly ended up as the most read story in *The Mail* before being picked up by media around the world from Malta to America. The Media Standards Trust claims at least 54% of news are derived from press releases and Nick Davies maintains that highly regarded newspapers including the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and the *Guardian* are not exempt from churnalism (so we’re not holding out much hope for the ODT).

It takes time and money to investigate a story and both resources are lacking in the media so churnalism has quickly risen to take its place. With these factors, it seems inevitable that journalism will fail. But Kathryn Shulz argues in *Time* magazine that failure, including in reporting, is not as serious as you might think so long as it is “not as often or gravely as we currently do”. Instead she claims the focus should be on the fact that “our mistakes have specific causes, and we could develop specific tools to prevent them. The one question we are most obliged to ask — of our sources and of ourselves — is ‘how do you know?’” This skepticism might not solve all the problems of journalism but “the point is to get better, not just better at being right but better at being wrong”.

Readers too need to ask that same question and take their preferred news source with a grain of salt. Another *Time* magazine writer, Roger Rosenblatt, sees it like this; “everyone is a journalist, seeking the knowledge of the times in order to grasp the character of the world, to survive in the world, perhaps to move it”. It’s the new forms of journalism, the blogs and social media, that may allow us to do so.

DUCKFACE, BEGONE.

*A Public Service
Announcement
by Josh Hercus*

There are many, many problems in the world. We have uprisings and corruption. We have climate change and natural disasters. We have war and mass starvation. However there is one problem that needs to be addressed immediately. A problem that has spread like a plague and is threatening civilisation. I'm talking about "duckface".



What is "duckface"?

Duckface, sometimes known as "fish lips" but better known as "that fucking annoying pouting thing some girls do when posing for a photo", is when a female (and less commonly, males) move their lips so that it resembles a duck's beak. The heinous pouting is then immortalised via photography. Its ability to kill arousal rivals that of Suzanne Paul's voice. The origins of duckface aren't known but it's possible that it's a warped form of a French gesture called a "moue", which dictionary.com describes as "a pouting expression used to convey annoyance or distaste". Coincidentally, that's exactly what my face looks like right now as I write this article.

Where does duckface occur?

Everywhere. Duckface is commonly found in MySpace photos and some Facebook photos. More often than not, it is found in group photos where the person only has a fraction of a second to decide how to pose. Rather than doing something normal and flattering like smiling, they mould their face into an abomination. Duckface also goes hand in hand with those self-take high angle photos that people take to make themselves look ~~sexual and mysterious~~ not as fat and ugly. Sadly, there is no place you can hide.

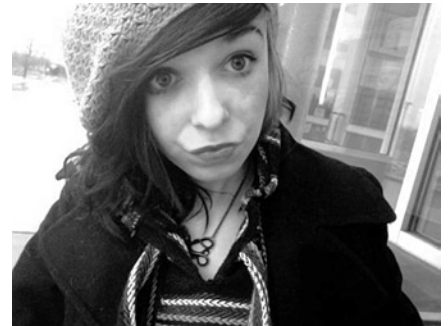
Who does it affect?

Duckface mainly occurs in females with low self-esteem and attention seekers. Unfortunately it can also affect hot girls, who ruin their natural good looks by trying to replicate a trout's face and thus evolve into what is known as a "slapper trout". Other repeat offenders include everyone from *Jersey Shore*, Pamela Anderson, Lindsay Lohan, Batman, J.Lo, Zoolander and Angelina Jolie. Everyone knows at least one person in their circle of friends who tries to pull a sneaky duckface every now and then. Maybe that person is you!

Why would anyone do this?

In the wild, many animals can change their shape and appearance in an attempt to distract or ward off predators. A chameleon changes its colour, an octopus squirts ink, and hipsters use pretentiousness and poor taste in music and hairstyles. Some argue that people use duckface as a defensive technique to ensure that the duckfacer never has any sort of sexual/romantic contact





whatsoever, as they ward off males and females alike. They point to the fact that no one would ever want to hook up with, let alone touch, someone who is intentionally trying to look like a goldfish that's had six shots of Botox in its face. Others argue that it is a misguided attempt to "look prettier". However, this is an obnoxious argument because the only way pulling a duckface could improve your looks is if you had some unfortunate incident that involved the destruction of your face. Even then, it's difficult to see how duckface can improve anything because it just looks so stupid.

Unfortunate duckface mistakes

Sometimes a duckface can occur completely by accident. While unacceptable, these can be tolerated. Circumstances where this can occur include photos while chewing, speaking and sucking on something sour. These instances should be treated the same way North Korea treats any negative information: hide and/or destroy the evidence and deny it ever happened. That's why Kim Jong Il's approval rating is 110%. Because he has never pulled a duckface.

How to prevent duckfacing

If you are prone to duckfacing there are several things you could try. How about smiling? Just try it. However, the true ability to prevent duckface lies in the power of the camera person. When you're taking the photo and someone is pulling a duckface, just stop and say "hold on a minute, you've got something on your face". When they spend a minute looking for it, vehemently inform them that there was some sort of bird-like beak on their face and that they need to cut that shit out immediately. For the entrepreneurs out there, there may even be a niche market for contraptions that are placed on one's face to prevent one from pulling a duckface. Although, I think that's called a gag. Or maybe even a digital camera programme that autocorrects duckfaces into smiles. You would be forever known as the person who cured duckface!

Now that you are armed with this knowledge, never, ever pull a duckface again.





طالعه قندرمی

While we grumble about cold flats and our ever-growing student loans, some people have like, *real* problems. **Joe Stockman** gives us a brief run-down on the protests and revolutions that have rocked the Middle East of late.

Fuck this shit, I'm lighting myself on fire

Way back in December 2010, while future freshers waited patiently for useless NCEA results, and the rest of us prayed for twelve weeks of living with the olds to come to an end, something big was happening. Something really big. In Tunisia - a country that, admit it, you had maybe kind of heard of once - 26-year old Mohamed Bouazizi made a drastic decision. Sick of years of harassment by local officials over his tiny street-side vegetable cart, Bouazizi sat down in front of city hall, doused himself in lighter fluid, and set himself, and the Arab world, on fire.

Funerals often double as acts of protest in the Arab world, and the protests that followed Mohamed's funeral were brutally repressed by the Tunisian police. But the tide of public opinion had turned. The protestors took over the streets and civil disobedience and protest rocked the capital city of Tunis. Hundreds were killed as the state security forces attempted to smash the rebellion. After twenty-eight days of protest, and twenty-three years after he came to power, Tunisian dictator Ben Ali was on a flight to Saudi Arabia. The Tunisian people had fought for and won their freedom. The Arab world was beginning to revolt.

Thirty years loyal service and this is how you repay me?

The protests that rocked Tunisia spread to Egypt on January 25. Tens of thousands took to the streets to protest against police brutality, corruption, unemployment, and the thirty year reign of President Hosni Mubarak.

Considered the centre of the Arab world (as opposed to Saudi Arabia, the centre of the Muslim world), Egypt experienced weeks of peaceful protest. Fittingly centred in Tahrir, or Revolution Square, hundreds of thousands of mainly young Egyptians, in part organised through Facebook and Twitter, demanded free, fair, and democratic elections. Most amazingly of all the protests remained largely peaceful (though three hundred were killed in sporadic violence). The army, rather than defending the regime, sided with the protestors, defending them from the hated secret police and Mubarak's hired thugs.

Like deluded dictators the world over, Mubarak believed that he alone knew what was best for his people, his "sons and daughters" as he called them. The army, however, knew his time was up. Only the February 11, only twenty-four hours after declaring that he would stay in power, Mubarak was gone and 82 million Egyptians were free for the first time in their lives. Within days the protests had spread to Jordan, Syria, Bahrain, Yemen and even Saudi Arabia.

Poor little Bahrain and one crazy mofo

In scenes reminiscent of the Soviet invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, Bahrain, the tiny emirate to the east of Saudi Arabia, invited Saudi security forces in to assist in crushing the protest movement there. However thanks to the craziest mofo in the whole Arab world, attention has moved from Bahrain to one bad ass mother fucker, Moammar Gaddafi.

Gaddafi has been the Arab world's resident crazy mofo for over forty years. Living in an old school bedouin tent, and surrounded by his hand-picked female bodyguards, he has been kicking up trouble since Jim Flynn was an undergrad. When protests broke out in Libya, Gaddafi rushed to crush them as brutally and quickly as possible. The Libyan protestors defended themselves, seizing weapons from army bases in the eastern town of Benghazi, and attacking across the desert towards the capital Tripoli. Tribal based Libya is a different kettle of fish entirely to Egypt: Gaddafi retains the support of his tribal unit and his violent attacks on the eastern rebels forced them back into their eastern Benghazi strong hold.

Barak O-bomber

But wait, it's the West to the rescue! When it became obvious that Gaddafi was about to get all Slobodan Milosoveic on Benghazi, the United Nations passed a resolution authorising any necessary measures to protect the civilian population. Barack Obama finally got to have a war of his very own! Supported by the French, British and the Arab league, the Americans attacked Libyan forces threatening to take Benghazi, and destroyed Libyan air defence platforms throughout the country. While everyone loves a good bombing campaign and hours of watching CNN repeat itself, concerns about civilian deaths, and how

it can possibly end with out invading Libya have left Peace and Conflict Studies kids wringing their hands.

I'd rather live at St Margs

So what the heck are these crazy Arabs protesting against? Since the British and French gave up their colonies in the Arab world, none of the Arab states had ever become a democracy. Some, like Egypt, experienced military coups which overthrew the royalty only to enter into years of military dictatorship. Others, like Bahrain, which would soon be gripped by its own protests, remained under the yoke of the ruling royal families.

Today most of the Arab dictators are in their late seventies or early eighties while 50% of Egyptians are under twenty-five. Hundreds of thousands of young people, especially men, were unhappy, unemployed and, due to a law restricting marriage to men with jobs, desperately in need of a root. Food prices were going through the roof and the government really didn't care.

These secular rulers had spent years telling their people that they didn't need to have elections; they were Muslims and God had chosen leaders for them. Also, due to an attitude of "Insha'Allah", or let the will of God be done, if your place in life sucks, that was Gods decision, and who the heck are you to tell Allah he got it wrong?!? If the people still got pissed off, then the Arab dictators always had a trump card, the one thing they could always pull out of the bag to take the pressure off themselves: blame it all on Israel! It's not my fault you have no job, no car, no wife, live with your parents and have only seen tits in National Geographic, it's the fault of those bloody imperialist Israelis!



By directing the anger of their people towards those cheeky Israelis, they could deflect it from themselves and continue in their dictatorial ways. And the West (that's us) had been quite happy with this whole state of affairs. For years the only threat to the leadership of these Arab dictatorships was Islamist organisations like the Muslim Brotherhood, scary and secretive organisations whose secretive scariness was only heightened by the fact that they were (OMG!!) Muslims!! Proper Muslims, not like the secular dictators that we had learned to love. Concerned that a religious takeover of the Middle East, à la Iran, would see the world's oil supplies dry up and US hegemony come to a grinding halt, we happily supported the dictators while meekly calling for democratic reforms.

Onwards to Democracy?

While everyone would love it if the Arab world could live under democracy, eat hummus and drink tea all day, democracy is still a long way away. There has yet to be a real revolution in Egypt; so far a military coup has replaced the leadership of the dictatorship. Tunisia is still rocked by protests, Bahrain is being crushed, and Libya bombed. The real revolutions will be the free and fair elections of functioning governments, something that has never happened before in the Arab world, and which still seems a long way away.

But we can hope. The Egyptians held a referendum last week to reform their constitution prior to more general elections. And though cruise missiles and bombs continue to drop on Libya, and Saudi soldiers are still sitting in the centre of Bahrain, signs are looking up for the Arab world. Maybe.

"Like" this page to overthrow brutal dictatorship

So yay for Facebook and Twitter right? They, like, totally overthrew those dictators. Well, actually no. Social media played a minor role in organising some levels of the revolts (just as newspapers, a new medium at the time, helped organise the 1848 revolutions in Europe). In reality it was Al Jazeera, the Arab satellite news channel, that people turned to to find out what was happening on the streets of Tunis and in Tahrir square. Everyone (literally everyone) watches Al Jazeera in the Middle East, whereas only 17% of Egyptians have access to the internet. With such low access the role that social media has to play in revolutions is still unclear. Using Facebook or Twitter requires a lot of trust that the person you are talking to is real: in 2010 the Sudanese government set up a fake Facebook page for a protest, and then arrested everyone who turned up. The reality is that while social media may have a role to play in the future, for now it is probably best left to organising Hyde Street, and showing everyone how munted your flatmates got at your red card.



One Beep



Vinny Jeet, Steve Ward, Kayo Lakadia and Chanyeol Yoo are 'One Beep', the team that is connecting the developing world to the Internet one radio at a time (at 1kBs, may I add). For the past year and a half, the four engineering students from the University of Auckland have balanced their studies with their full-time role of developing their concept and company on the world stage. But less from me and more from them; Vinny explains it better than I can.

You are one of four representing the University of Auckland at the Microsoft Imagine Cup, can you explain to our readers what your concept is?

Well, the aim of the competition was to use technology to solve the world's biggest issues. Illiteracy is one of the biggest problems at the moment and we think that if you can educate a population, they can solve their own problems. We wanted to add value to something that is already being done. We found out about the One Laptop Per Child initiative and the Intel PC Initiative, which were both investing quite a lot of money sending laptops to remote regions all around the world. But the biggest problem that comes when you send a laptop out is disconnectivity. How do you send files to these laptops?

That's when we went about creating a solution which was as independent as possible and which required minimum infrastructure with things that were already there. That's how One Beep came about. AM radio coverage covers the whole world. If AM is everywhere, how can we connect computers using AM? The solution is that you can now convert digital files into sound using a simple cable. Every radio has a headphone jack, so you connect that to the microphone of the laptop, then sound gets transferred from the radio to the laptop and you can convert the sound back to the file.

What were the main challenges?

The major challenges were not only to do with software management, because we were all final year Engineering students. In terms of software development, we don't have a background in radio we had to do a lot of background reading and talk to the professors. We had to manage our time very well.

How is the process of exporting this technology going?

Because the Imagine Cup is a worldwide platform, we got a lot of interest at the end of last year. We have been contacted by twelve different governments about how we can incorporate the radio infrastructure. The US State Department got in touch with us; they want to try and use One Beep technology to get information to mobile phones through their remote learning systems, as many mobile phones now have radios in them.

Where is it operating at the moment?

Right now, we have finished some of the preliminary trials in New Zealand and Australia. Again, we are continuously developing the software so we have not released a formal version of it. We will do that in the next two months, but we have conducted surveys in the Solomon Islands, East Timor and Peru.

How have the trials gone?

The trials in New Zealand and Australia have gone very well. We transmitted it about four hundred kilometres and were able to receive a file and the trials were much the same in Australia. But each country is different and we have to design the programme to work according to the terrain.

Are you all working on this full time now?

Yes, we are working on this full time plus we have entered the Imagine Cup this year because we have a new idea as well.

Can you elaborate or is it top secret?

This is called One Buzz. It is an early warning system for malaria using satellite images and mobile phones to predict malaria before it hits. We are using satellite images to find dirty water so we can process images and make digital maps of high-risk areas and we can also look for moisture in vegetation and biospheres. We had meetings with the National Institute of Malaria Research, the third largest malaria researching firm in the world, and we have set up a strategic partnership with them in India.

Quickfire:

Who is the person, alive or dead, who you would like to sit next to at dinner? Albert Einstein: Megan Fox.

Apple or Microsoft? You are putting me on the spot, I like a mixture of both. I use a Windows phone, but I have a Mac laptop.

Red bull or V? Red Bull.

Next travel destination? Dubai

21 or Poker? Poker

For more information, hit up www.onebeep.org or www.georgiefenwicke.wordpress.com for the full interview.

Opinion



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DIATRIBE

Being an elected student representative is pretty hard yakka. Especially so in a year where the National government appears hell-bent on destroying Students' Associations with the Voluntary Student Membership bill (VSM), in collaboration with ACT. So when I encounter claims like those made by columnist the Eagle (see issue 4), I feel the need to launch into a good old-fashioned rant.

Where to begin? First, contrary to the claims made by the Eagle, VSM won't mean you'll have an extra \$190 next year: you'll still pay, it'll just be to the university rather than OUSA and you'll have zero say in how it is spent. Try telling the university you don't like their Welfare and Recreation levy.

Then there's the old "the AA isn't compulsory" line. I could bring up the fact that OUSA's membership policy isn't compulsory (it's actually a put-out universal system with referenda provisions), but I'll content myself with this; if you don't want to join OUSA, don't study at Otago. Go to Auckland. Or Australia. I would have thought that the Eagle, as an ostensible defender of freedom would have been aghast at the government meddling with freedom of contract (surely the university has the right to offer a package deal, which just so happens to include membership of the Students' Association?).

But it is the Eagle's "OUSA budget numbers" where one truly enters a fact-free zone. Indeed, if there were any justice in the world, those numbers would be the focus of an "epic-fail"-themed lolcatz image. But since there is no justice in the world, I'll have to content myself with ranting about their (in)accuracy.

OUSA's "administration costs" aren't \$800,000 and 40% of the budget. Our administration costs (which includes the wages of the hardworking staff who keep this organisation running) total \$537,000 (22% of the operational budget). Oh, and Student Support provides services for students suffering from harassment, discrimination, flattening difficulties and various other problems.

Then there are the Eagle's claims about Te Roopu (aka "the exclusive Maori Club"). Te Roopu ain't a club, it's a separate body funded by the levies of Maori students. Non-Maori students contribute exactly \$0 towards it. As for what OUSA gives "all other clubs combined", our expenditure on Recreation services totals \$585,905, with a further \$50,000 being set aside for club grants on top of that. One wonders whether the pro-VSMers at February's Clubs Day appreciated the irony that the only reason the Clubs Day took place was because of that evil universal membership system.

Nor does OUSA give money to socialist organisations (unless, perhaps, the Tramping Club is socialist according to the Eagle?). It does, however, pour \$172,000 into Planet Media (Critic's parent company). As a staunch believer in freedom of speech, I've got no problem at all with the Eagle (or anyone else) bashing OUSA expenditure in a publication propped up by OUSA expenditure; I just wish that he'd get his facts right first. It might help Mr Eagle from looking so, well, birdbrained in future.

– **Dan Stride**

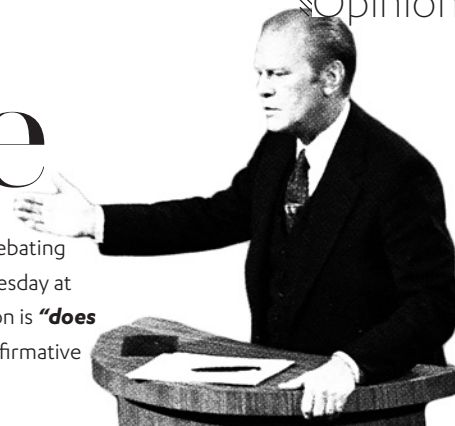
OUSA Finance and Services Officer

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



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 **"does money buy happiness?"** Bry Jones argues the affirmative while Jack Montgomerie argues the negative.



Affirmative

Pink Floyd had it right when they said "get a good job with more pay and then you'll be okay". It is a happy thought that happiness is distinct from the evils of money, that utility is not simply dictated by fiscal comfort but, put bluntly, it just isn't true.

Cash is an addiction; we need it, it drives us, it fuels nearly all human endeavour. Why else are we here at university sacrificing the primes of our lives, if not to be better placed among our peers to get a job once we leave? Moreover, ask yourself what your dreams are. To travel? To have a big family? To own your own island? Well friends, keep working, because you need some serious money for all these pipe dreams. As much as we like to think of ourselves as autonomous people, living in a free nation – a free world even – it is not the case. We are all controlled by money more than it bears thinking about.

However, in fairness, we can experience happiness without money. Much of what one sees and feels is free; love, the beauty of the sunrise, the joy of laughter, and other clichéd, yet painfully accurate, sentiments. It is these apparently more viable and wholesome sources of happiness that the negative will try to champion. However, rather than such things being omnipresent throughout all our lives, they are contingent on a certain degree of financial comfort. It is hard to claim, without sounding undeniably ridiculous, that a starving and destitute peasant from Mogadishu is happy simply because they *could* experience these things as we can. It seems, at least in the affirmative's opinion, far more realistic that these impoverished folk will be thinking about their next meal and surviving the night, rather than appreciating the beauty of the Somali coastline.

It would be equally impotent to suggest, however, that these experiences are *only* available to the comfortable among us (of course the Indian orphan can find love, or the Soweto beggar can appreciate the sunrise) but the fact merely remains that without food, shelter and other basic necessities they will not be as happy as they could be in a New York penthouse apartment. New Zealanders, along with the majority of the Western world, have the ability to appreciate the intangibles that the globe offers in abundance. However, we are only able to do so because we live in comfort; the ease in which we live enables us to focus on things that those less lucky cannot.

It is a sad conclusion to come to but unfortunately it is a necessary one - one can appreciate some things without money, but *with* money euphoria is within reach.

– Bry Jones

Negative

Money can, to an extent, establish material preconditions which are conducive to happiness. However, true happiness comes from our mental rather than material circumstances.

Let's start with what we know about money. Even if you're not a BCom, you probably know that money can be used to buy things. We like money for the things it can get us. Even currency collectors, who appreciate the beauty of money, are to an extent interested in the value of their rare coins and notes. So if money were able to buy happiness, it would be as a result of the things it can get us. So the moot really is "can things alone make us truly happy?" Arguably, some material preconditions are necessary for happiness. It's hard to be happy when your stomach, wardrobe (if you have one) and cheque account are empty. In that sense, money can make us less unhappy.

It does not follow, however, that more material items mean more happiness. Your mental health, what you do with your time and how you perceive your situation each affect your happiness at least as much as the conditions in which you live. Money is only part of these conditions. Research consistently shows that high earners are only marginally happier than people on lower incomes. If money really bought happiness, that scale would be linear not logarithmic, the Bahrainis (who have roughly the same GDP per capita as New Zealand) wouldn't be in the streets and the kids on Jersey Shore (who have everything they could want) wouldn't end up yelling at each other "I'm just trying to have fun!"

In fact, although money can make it easier for us to enjoy the important things in life, the hedonistic treadmill it puts us on can make it more difficult to experience pleasure. Quoidbach et al (2010) observed that showing people a picture of money made them less likely to appear to enjoy eating a piece of chocolate. Granted, you need money for chocolate, but money itself isn't what makes us happy.

The truth is that we need much more than money to make us happy. We're social animals and we need good relationships with those around us. Money can't buy that; just ask Colonel Gaddafi. We need self-respect and a healthy state of mind. Money can't buy that either; just ask Charlie Sheen. To be truly happy, we need to feel free. That's something money can't buy.

– Jack Montgomerie



Two Left Feet Politics The Eagle of Liberty

Greetings. Today I'd like to introduce you to one of my favourite hobbies: hating on libertarians.

Libertarianism holds that individual freedom is paramount. The state is the greatest threat to freedom in society and therefore must be as limited as possible. What laws there are must be directed towards upholding the rights of citizens, and it is not permissible for the state to sacrifice the freedom of some for the benefit of others (such as by pesky employment laws) because people are responsible for their own lives. And because the free market will always create the best outcomes, a welfare state is unnecessary! How convenient!

A little birdie may have told you that freedom consists of being left alone to do as you please, provided that you don't interfere with anybody else's freedom. With all due respect to said birdie's eyesight, it seems somewhat lacking in brainpower. Being left alone to do as you please is certainly a good thing if you're rich and can therefore afford to do as you please. However, if all your practical options are rubbish then your "freedom" is pretty meaningless. You can live under the freest market in the world, but if as a result you work seventy hours a week and barely earn enough to get by because setting a minimum wage is, like, so tyrannical, then all this "freedom" isn't really helping. True liberty requires empowerment, not just autonomy. People who are poor or discriminated against lack the empowerment that wealth or social standing provides. They therefore need help from the state to ameliorate what would otherwise be a profoundly unfair situation.

Besides, individual freedom is *not* paramount. Plenty of acts which are the free choice of the parties involved have more serious knock-on effects which harm society as a whole. Discrimination, bribery and unsafe working conditions (to name but three) are all practices which, in a libertarian's view, are fully within the rights of the individual. Yet banning (or at least limiting) such practices is necessary in any truly civilised society.

The peddling of paranoid delusions about the oppressive role of the state is misconceived, at least in a democratic country. Instead of donning tin-foil hats and screaming about the perils of socialism, libertarians need to wake up to the facts. The single biggest impact on freedom is not the state but a person's own socioeconomic circumstances. One's freedom is capable of being affected by both political *and* economic forces, yet libertarians would only rein in the former.

On a completely unrelated note, I'd just like to point out that eagles frequently kill their younger siblings. That is all.

– Sam McChesney

The Eagle exposes the Green Party nutters

When you think of the Green Party, you probably think of eccentric yet loveable tree-huggers. When the Eagle thinks of the Green Party, aside from feeling physically ill, he thinks of a ragtag bunch of Maori separatists, radical socialists, and rent-a-mob protestors who want to send the world back to the Stone Age. As usual, the Eagle is the one who has it right. The Green Party are "watermelons" – green on the outside, but red (socialist) on the inside. It's time the Eagle pecked through the green façade to expose to his outraged flock the seedy underbelly.

When was the last time the Greens actually focused on the environment? They want to raise income tax and create three brand new taxes. They are obsessed with the Treaty of Waitangi, referring to it in every one of their policies, even where it's clearly not relevant. And don't forget bans – from banning those nasty foreigners from owning land in NZ, to banning casinos, to banning advertising for alcohol and "unhealthy food", the Greens are number one when it comes to controlling peoples' lives. This instinctive "ban" reflex has embarrassed the Greens before, when MP Sue Kedgley brainlessly demanded a ban on the terrible chemical "dihydrogen monoxide" (water).

Considering their supposed love of the environment, the Greens are remarkably ignorant about NZ's history. Sounding like a quote straight out of *Avatar*, Catherine Delahunty rambles, "Pakeha have a choice, obsess about getting on the Rich List or take the opportunity to stand behind the indigenous protectors of planet earth". Now the Eagle isn't judging, as life was tougher back in the day, but early Maori society was **not** eco-friendly. Aside from driving the moa and the Eagle's glorious cousin, the giant Haast Eagle, into extinction, Maori tribes systematically burned entire forests to the ground.

The economy, like the clarity of a THC-free mind, is something the Greens will never understand. They hate unemployment, yet want to increase dole payments and raise the minimum wage to \$15, which would increase unemployment hugely. But the Greens always want to have things both ways. Green MPs claim solidarity with the "working-class" while pocketing \$180,000+ salaries and ripping off taxpayers by renting their own property back to themselves and claiming the rent as parliamentary expenses.

The magnanimous Eagle offers a deal to the Green nutters. Stick to environmentalism and you will be spared the inevitable political annihilation that comes from crossing the Eagle of Liberty. If you ignore this warning and continue promoting socialism, banning things, and attacking liberty, you will go the same way as the Alliance Party. They were full of socialist nutters too.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

– The Eagle



The Amazon Rainforest? The Arctic Circle? Fuck that, you'll never go to either. It's more important to know how to survive the awkwardness of everyday life. Just call me Bear Grylls, without the penis.

Smelly people. They reek like poo well past its use-by date and they offend your nose with their pungent scent that has you asking "what the fuck just died in here?" You know those people, the ones that smell ALL THE TIME. It's almost impossible to interact with them, when from ten feet away they make a Chinese fish

market smell like a flowery meadow. But you can't straight up tell them they have a horrible stench, as you will probably burst into flames from the sheer awkwardness. So what do you do? Well my lovelies, I am here once again to save the day.

For all you non-HSFY kids, your sense of smell is mediated by specialised cells in your nasal cavity. Which, in simple terms, means you smell with your nose (DUH). So what do you have to do? Block that shit up! If you can cut off your sense of smell then surely you will be able to interact with stinky people. Anything can be used as nose plugs to block out that putrid stench – tissues, tampons, your sweater, even your fingers! Shoving crap up your nose may lead to suspicion, but the excuse "I get really bad nosebleeds" works every time.

But if you're a bit more hardcore, or just squirm at the idea of things up your nose, there's only one solution. You have to become a smelly person, and out-stench them like it's a competition. If you pong more than they do, it will most definitely cover up their terrible

fragrance. And who doesn't enjoy their own aroma? Especially when you smell like strawberries like me. But now it is your task to make yourself smell bad enough to make even a long drop throw up. Roll yourself in excrement? Have a garlic bath? Be creative and mix it up! Why not cover yourself in vomit AND an obese man's sweat? Your options are endless.

Although just like pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases, prevention really is your best option. Be vigilant and make sure you never have to confront a smelly person. Train your nose to possess dog-like senses; you'll be able to smell them a mile away and then you can run like fuck in the other direction. Or build a machine to pick up smells that equal a "dad fart" or worse so you can be alerted to the offending person. Be a stench soldier and keep up the good fight!

Good luck my friend. Use this knowledge wisely and keep the awkwardness out of your life. Because the world doesn't need anymore turtles.

- **Chloe Adams**



I've been with my high school sweetheart for five years now, but six months ago we were separated when we went to different universities. We decided to stay together but when she came down to visit, she confessed she cheated on me in O-Week. I was so upset that I drank excessively and vomited everywhere. How do I get the dried vomit out of the carpet?

The carpet is the least of your worries but, okay, we'll deal with that. You could build a time machine (there is currently a DeLorean

for sale on eBay by delorean121983), go back in time and make sure your liquor-induced bodily secretions are directed towards a much more appropriate receptacle. May I suggest the garden, a toilet, or the lap of the girl who caused you to get into such a state?

While we're still working under the pretence of time travel as a possibility, you could also go back and learn to handle your piss. Or (my preferred option) use your pathetic sob story for pity sex and slam some bitches!

I understand, however, that the mental capacity required and cost of sourcing parts will likely rule out time travel as an option for someone both on a student's budget and too stupid to see this one coming.

Alternatively you can try soda water; the effervescent action of the carbonated bubbles will help to lift the vomit from the weave of the carpet. Don't cheap out though, for best results you need best bubbles. Budget won't cut it. I recommend Schweppes as one of the bubbliest, and the soda with a twist of lemon might just help the smell. Use a new bottle

too. There is no point using the bottle left open on the bench from the night before. You may as well use tap water. Remember: best bubbles, best results.

If that doesn't work, a rug doctor will fix almost any carpet sin. You can hire them from most supermarkets and from Mitre 10. Prices range from \$39.99 for four hours to \$59.99 for twenty-four hours (you'll also need \$20 for bond). The good thing about a rug doctor is that it is a lot easier to use than a time machine.

Have a problem you need help solving? Email it to us at critic@critic.co.nz. We'll help you out.



Once again, *ODT* was bursting with brilliant puns galore this week. Many people get so accustomed to the beasties that they cease to notice them, but here at *Critic* we'll never become desensitised to bad punnage. So without further ado, here's our pick of the rather awful bunch.

This one is talking about *ballet* lessons. LOL.

Pointes from an expert

This one is about an *art* auction. ROFL.

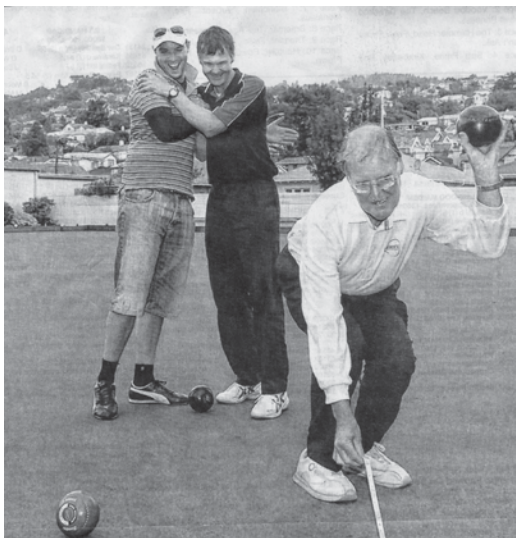
Auction canvasses strong community support

Something else that has been pestering *Critic* for a few weeks now is the strange wording of the horoscope section.

YOU BORN TODAY

You might have thought we were upset by the far-fetched claims of psychic understanding, but that's old hat. Instead, in true grammar-Nazi style, we wonder why *ODT* didn't word this in a, well, grammatically correct way. Is it a colloquially blunt question, i.e. "you born today?" If not, *Critic* wonders why they couldn't add in an "if" and a "were" or, better still, cut the "you" altogether. Anything would be better than their current "translated from a foreign language into English" feel.

But all in all, it's been a quiet week for *ODT* watching. As a result, we felt it was our duty to republish this stunnah from the Bowling Championships. The smiling faces, the concentration, the positioning of their bodies – there's nothing about this photo that isn't utterly brilliant.



It is now a mere four days till that venerable outpouring of invariably sophisticated humour that is April Fools' Day. In keeping with the jocular spirit of the occasion, I offer a selection of gags, hoaxes and general tomfoolery that are sure to just slay your partner, leaving them in helpless paroxysms of laughter and warmer for your form than John Key is for Liz Hurley. Poking holes in condoms is so last year.

- This one is for all the lovely ladies out there who will be menstruating on April 1. Head straight to the holy trinity of Malbas, Metro and Monkey. Pick up an unsuspecting young fresher (extra points for any combination of the following: Canterbury brand clothing, "hilarious" facial hair, rat's tail). After a brief boogie to the flawless mixing and track selection of the bar's resident DJ, head to his hall (not your flat – this will get messy), be his teacher and show him the ropes. He'll see a side of love he's never known, especially when you flick on the lights. At this point, burst into tears and pretend to be a virgin. Don't worry, the sex won't be too bad – blood is nature's lubricant.
- Persuade partner to give you a blowjob. Pretend you're a while off coming, then surprise her by blowing your load in her face. Make sure a healthy amount of jizz gets caked in her hair for extra brownie points!
- Alternately, put it in her ass when she's not expecting it. Not just for April Fools – girls love surprises and will find this little practical joke totes hilarious on any day of the year!
- Insist on not using a condom. During post-coital cuddles, casually remark upon the surprising manageability of genital warts.

A final disclaimer: I understand that each Monday a fresh box of *Critic* appears in multiple locations around the university, including the Sci Lib. Therefore there are likely many virile young men reading this column who may not have the opportunity to engage in contact, sexual or otherwise, with members of the opposite sex in order to execute the above pranks correctly. Therefore, I offer these very special members of our close-knit Otago community a uniquely hilarious ruse that they ought to be able to carry out with minimal thought and preparation, given the amount of practice they are likely to have had:

- Pretend own hand is swimsuit model's vagina.

– Mrs John Wilmot



ON PORN

As my neighbouring columnist will tell you, it's no secret that sex is a big deal. Hence why so many of us dabble in porn, or at least have had a porn phase at some time in our lives. Having traditionally been created for the benefit of men, many feminists throughout history (see Andrea Dworkin) have thus seen porn as a male-centric industry that debilitates women, and it's not a secret that a lot of porn involves violent sexual acts, often featuring the domination and degradation of women. Now, one would think this would lead to increased instances of rape and abuse committed against the female sex. To an extent I'm sure this is so. But that's like saying gaming causes people to go out and shoot up their high schools. As much as I hate gaming, that's a cop out. Such drastic acts of abuse are bound to stem from minds that are already pretty sick to begin with.

So how else could porn be "bad" or detrimental to equality? The problem, I think, is the unanticipated side effects of our contemporary obsession with the carnal act as related via audio-visual stimulation. By

flooding us with extreme imagery and scenes, porn desensitises us to the real thing. Where once sex was an inaccessible forbidden fruit to many, it is now readily available, all the time. With increasing technology and globalisation we're the generation of instant gratification. But with all the benefits of technology, we forget the value of yearning and mystery, how crazy good something is if we don't have access to it all the time and have to wait for it.

The mere fact of porn doesn't equate to inequality – the men in porn are prostituting their bodies just as much as the women and, additionally, the fact is that just as some men like to be dominated by women, so do some women like to be dominated by men. So long as the pornographic market caters to all tastes (and I'm sure it does), there shouldn't be a problem. The problem lies in how desensitised we get through constant interaction with porn to the point that we a) don't value the opposite gender as much as we could and, b) we just don't enjoy sex as much as we could. The artificial scenes, perfectly manicured bikini lines, bizarre boob jobs and genital piercings shouldn't be the standard by which the actual warmth of a human body is measured. And yet whenever we have sex we're always subtly referencing something that isn't, and never will be, real, detracting from the sexual act itself. As porn exposes us to ever crazier sexual acts and bodies manicured to perfection (especially in the case of women), porn becomes so far removed from reality that the real thing can't compete and we lose our libidos in the process. Which is a shame really, because sex is awesome. We should do it justice.

– **Kari Schmidt**



Amsterdam

New Zealand holds the world title for the most stoners per capita. This information comes from our competition; Amsterdam: home of the sex-supermarket and marijuana museum. While there are many other places I think would be more beneficial to visit in

Europe, most young travellers want to go there. Fair enough.

Since the formation of the European Union, it has become ridiculously easy to smuggle things from one European country to another. Because smoking/consuming and carrying weed is legal in Amsterdam, all parties involved want it to stay there. The city is therefore a haven for most stoners. The most beloved stoner in Amsterdam is probably the cat who has lived his whole (unusually long) life in a coffee shop, inhaling smoke and being patted to his heart's content. He is the happiest-looking cat you will ever meet and you can learn a lot about living from him.

If you're a bit wary of – or new to – marijuana culture, there are two things you should know; downtown Amsterdam is incredibly safe and the worst you're likely to come across is a pickpocket, and the mooncakes take about an hour to hit so don't get cocky and eat two within an hour. With this in mind, head to the red light district instead. Don't be put off by the overweight grandmas at the entrance, the

further along you go, the hotter (and more expensive) they get. Taking photos, or trying to, will result in verbal abuse and you may be attacked by at least one semi-naked woman.

There is, of course, more to Amsterdam than these oh-so-stereotypical things. The bike culture is massive and impressive, with cyclists dominating anything that can be cycled on, plus they have a really cool tradition of throwing bikes into the canal (it's your own fault if you don't lock your bike to something), fishing them out a year later, fixing them up and reselling them. The architecture is pretty amazing too, and impossible to miss. They've literally squeezed as many houses on the canal front as possible, the narrowest of which being less than two metres wide! This means your bed will probably be at the top of a steep, rickety staircase – maybe it's best to float home in a bubble after all.

– **Bridget Gilchrist**

Summer Lovin'

brought to you by:
TOAST

In a city where romance consists of drunkenly holding hands while walking home, and dates are a post-town pre-root Big Mac, it seems dating, at least in the American television sense, is dead. 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 vibez, 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.

Seal

I was both stoked and curious about the idea of blind date when I read the *Critic* during O-week. I figured experimental stuff is interesting and it may be one of my highlights as a scarfie. I was thinking: meet this blind date plus \$50 bar tab at Toast, what could go wrong?

Let the date begin!

It was my first time in Toast and it's a trendy place, the setting simply radiates warmth. I realised I was the only customer there, and my social intuition was telling me to make friends with the bartenders.

My date showed up and cautiously looked around for another anxious face. She was tall, cute, and had ginger hair, and was dressed in black skirt and top, so aesthetically she was pleasant. I was actually nervous wreck. I gathered myself and hugged her instead of giving an awkward handshake to break the ice. We both started to laugh because we both hate handshakes.

I have a reputation for palm reading and she was excited when I offered her a free consultation. She loved every minute of it 'till her aggressive side emerged once I told her about an interesting line on her palm, which coincidentally is associated with mental disorder. Ooops. The drinks we ordered were truly amazing (Vodka, Rum, Gin, Tequila and more) which made me a bit tipsy. I was joking about her trying to get me drunk and take advantage of me.

Somehow we managed to skip those boring interview questions and shared heaps of our adventurous/wild experiences. What was even stranger was we both went to the Cumberland Hall in first year but we never met each other somehow. Ok, I blame HSFY.

The night went so fast and it was already 12. I insisted on walking her home in a bubbling and half-drunk state. I had a blast of a night with my date and digits were exchanged in the end.

Heidi

I decided to take the plunge and go on a critic blind date. I did this for two main reasons; one for hilarity, and the other for the free booze of course.

I arrived a few minutes fashionably late to greet my date who was the only other person there apart from the bartender. I am always unsure of how to greet someone, as I just don't like handshakes because they feel way too formal. However, I thought that I should behave like a normal person and do the whole handshake greeting. I was pleasantly surprised when he informed me that he hated handshaking so we skipped that one.

We got talking and found out all the usual things about each other like where we are originally from and what we study. It was interesting to watch him try and guess what I studied. Apparently I definitely don't look like I study commerce. Yeah, bonus, I don't look like I'm stupid.

Dunedin is incredibly small; we found out that went to the same hall in the same year, although we both had never seen each other before. We chatted and laughed about double rainbows and he even read my palm. Apparently I have a new line. Not a love or life line, but a retard line.

He seemed to be a popular man as a large group entered Toast and he seemed to know them all. Two drunken men crashed our date and processed to slap and fondle each other. I was amused so I didn't really mind. We managed to leave the other two lovers alone and left into the cold night.

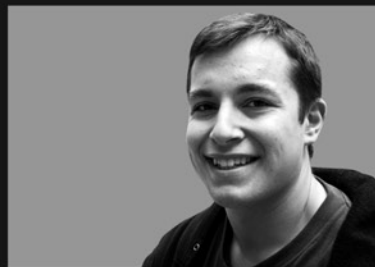
He did the gentlemanly thing and walked me home even though I live up the top of a large hill in a dodgy neighborhood. It was a good night with a happy ending ...



SIALA



MITCHELL



JOHN



STATE OF THE NATION



NATASHA



DAN

**Did you attend Hyde Street?
What did you dress up as?**

Natasha: Yes, dressed as Tinkerbell

Dan: I didn't attend Hyde Street. Went to the rugby and it was too late

Mitchell: Yes, a cowboy

John: No, I was working at Café Albany so I was dressed in Uniform

Siala: I did attend, I went as a crusader knight

Do you still read newspapers or magazines, or do keep up to date with news via the internet?

Natasha: I don't do either

Dan: All the time with everything. I'm a freak

Mitchell: We have the ODT

John: Both

Siala: Definitely via the internet

What would it take for New Zealand students to protest?

Natasha: Putting interest on student loans

Dan: Close down the library in exam weeks

Mitchell: The lack of sweet as student deals in Dunedin

John: Something actually bad happening

Siala: Money

Has the UN made the right decision sanctioning bombing in Libya?

Natasha: I don't know

Dan: No, they didn't respect the African league's decision and I think they shouldn't have gone

Mitchell: No

John: Absolutely, decreed by international law to stop a tyrant killing his people

Siala: I'm gonna go with yes

If you could highlight one important issue to the world, what would it be?

Natasha: High school students who try on makeup at the pharmacy I work at

Dan: Free Tibet!

Mitchell: Poor insulation in student flats

John: The International Socialists growing militancy as they lose membership

Siala: Hoki's hot brother

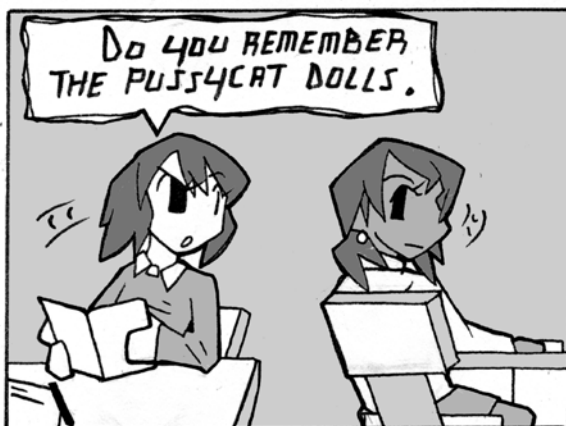


Pictures for Sad Children by John Campbell <http://www.picturesforsadchildren.com/>



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Review



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52 Food; *Cheater's Cheesecake, Banoffee Pie* | **46 Games;** *Atom Zombie Smasher*



Idiot Prayer

After only a short year of existence, Dunedin trio Idiot Prayer are set to add their considerable sonic weight to the cities musical landscape. Comprising effortlessly punishing drummer Sam Brookland, bassman David 'Local' Ager and vocalist/frontman Tim 'Tiddy' Smith, the group's boundary pushing, expansive post rock noise is certainly a sound to behold. In preparation for the unveiling of their debut EP *Falconer* and their subsequent national tour, **Sam Valentine** exchanged emails with Mr. Ager to find out about the groups labour of love.

First off, how are things in Idiot Prayer land?

Our land is reasonably fertile at the moment. There are some pretty sweet shows coming up (including the tour and Feastock) and I think we're all pretty stoked with the EP as a whole. It does feel like we're kinda restarting again this year after having to put things on hold for the second half of last year while Tim [Idiot Prayer front man] was overseas, but signs have been positive.

Next week, you'll be releasing your debut EP 'Falconer' through a joint effort by [Auckland Independent label] Muzai and [the Dunedin based vinyl only] Monkey Killer Records. Talk me through your EP development process from recording to production

The recording was a relatively short process, over the course of two separate weekends in April and June of 2010. Something like sixteen songs were recorded with Rob Falconer (better known as the drumming dynamo from Operation Rolling Thunder) and he mixed the songs we thought would make a cool set into a cohesive EP. Damn he's made a sweet job too.

The actual process of doing a physical release is generally a long one, mainly for reasons of maintaining sonic integrity. So that's taken quite a while too...a year after the first recording session we'll have something to hold that we're pretty proud of.

Dave, obviously as the owner of Monkey Killer Records, your love for vinyl is greater than most. How much will it mean when you get to hold those first few pressings for yourself?

The whole package is going to be pretty damned sweet. If you're

going to have a labour of love like a record label, then the opportunity to release something you've been involved in so personally is like a labour of...lust? No, that's not right. A labour of passion? No, that doesn't sound right either. Anyway, it'll feel like a shitload of money sitting in yet another box of records in my cupboard that I kinda wish I could get back, but will be extra proud to have had a hand in creating.

Describe the sound of your EP to someone who has never heard you before?

Shellac vs High Dependency Unit.

As a band, what do you expect to achieve from your North Island shows?

I'd hope that we get a few interested people to the shows, and hopefully sell some of the CDs Muzai is getting made for us. We really can't expect much, being a Dunedin band on our first out of town trip.

The state of Dunedin music is in...?

Dunedin music is in such a good state in terms of quality of bands and potential. As well as that we have a really good swag of the other things required to make a scene work; amazing sound engineers; lighting engineers; photographers; and good bastards who help people out due to pure enthusiasm. With better access to national exposure Dunedin would be so sweet right now.

Idiot Prayer begin their national tour Wednesday 31st March at Re:Fuel with support from John White and Thundercub.

The Upbeats Live with Jess Chambers

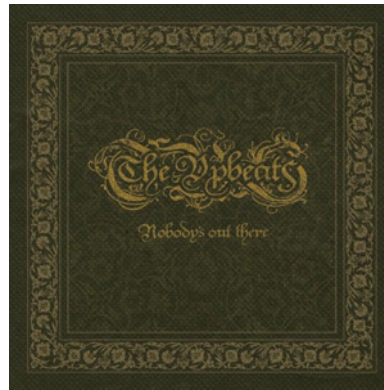
March 19th 2011, Urban Factory

Within the annals of drum and bass, the Upbeats have carved out their own niche. A curious mix of everything from neurofunk to dubstep, the pair often defy expectations. From their initial success in 2004 with their self-titled debut recording, they have progressed to a far more complex sound. Their sophomore (and high-concept) album *Nobody's Out There* demonstrated their skill as producers and its horror-inspired follow up *Big Skeleton* took them in a new thematic direction.

This time around they brought their live show to Dunedin. Playing at Urban Factory on March 19, the duo were joined onstage by vocalist Jess Chambers as well as former Londoner MC LowQui and fellow DJ and producer Trei for a live rendition of tracks from their last two albums.

Perhaps it's the fact they always get behind the decks as a team, but the Upbeats almost always manage to display a manic energy in their performance. This live incarnation, freed from the confines of pre-recorded material, didn't disappoint. Heavy with synth pads, filtered guitar and a willingness to improvise, the Upbeats live is a worthwhile experience, serving as a demonstration of musical maturity and that the producer team are able to stand on their own in a live environment.

There has always been a curious dialectic operating within the Kiwiana 2.0 and digital-driven medium that is much of the drum and



bass produced in this country. Everything which dimly lit night-clubs aren't still permeates the sound: *Nobody's Out There* featured a lush shimmering density that can only come from our forested homeland. Perhaps in a genre so often accused of being bland and samey, it's an effort to become a distinctive entity separate from the digi-grunge of the UK sound.

So pumping out of speaker systems backed by visuals of the stunning New Zealand landscape, we see the collision of night-club and something far more tribal. "Thinking Cap", played as a first encore, has this signature embedded in its minimalist drum-line and fore-fronted vocals. Regrettably missing from the set-list was the oppressively heavy "Tonka" which always puts me in mind of the forest fire from *Bambi*, all the little critters bolting frantically from that oppressive synth-line.

All in all the Upbeats are worth a second listen, whether live or recorded.

— Callum Valentine

VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



wed
30/3

Sammy's: Digital Mystikz (Mala & Coki) UK Dubstep
with ill Figz (chch) b2b Grind (AK), Hype;as!?!k b2b Jash,
Espionage b2b Aural Tendencies
ReFuel: Idiot Prayer national tour
with John White and Thundercub. Free entry

thur
31/3

Pop Bar: Nixon & Nui
Breaks & Electro

fri
1/4

Sammy's: Radio One Presents:
An Emerald City & The Checks
Tiger Beer, Jagermeister & Radio One Present An Emerald
City on The Fourth Album Release Tour with The Checks &
Alizarin Lizard. \$25 on the door or \$20 w/ 91CARD

Pop Bar: DJ Dhalsim
Party jams

sat
2/4

Sammy's: Radio One & Groove Guide Present
The Little Bushman Album Release Tour
with special guest Nudge. \$20 + bf with your 91card
(only available on physical tickets from Cosmic
Corner). \$25 without

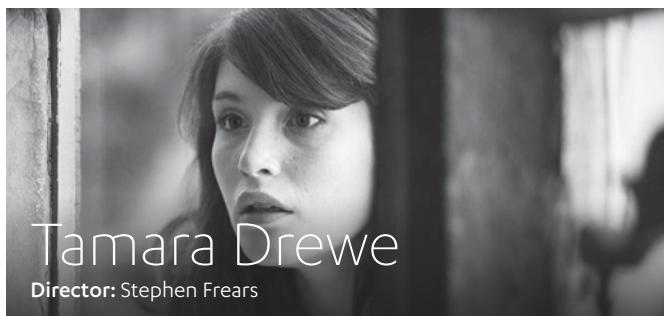
Pop Bar: Mike Greer
House

To include a Dunedin gig or event for on-air & online listing on
the Radio One Playtime Report,
call the Radio One Office 479-5834, 9am - 5pm

1
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see the full gig guide at r1.co.nz





Tamara Drewe is pretty sweet. The story seems predictable, but then leads you on until you think it's all sussed before surprising you with something totally unpredictable. It is wonderfully silly and heart-warmingly sickening in the best possible way.

Dealing as the film does with numerous story lines, director Stephen Frears does a good job tying together various characters, sketching a comprehensive tale with multiple strands which weave together to create a film that is colourful and witty. The plot is quite hard to explain, purely because it is about how the arrival back of Tamara Drewe (Gemma Arterton) to her old hometown changes the lives of seven people drastically. But, in a nutshell; some people get together, some people break up, there's a cattle stampede and Beth (the long-suffering housewife of the film) stands in the sponge-cake mix.

Set in fictional Ewedown, a town in northern England, the people in this film have small-town syndrome. Everybody knows everybody and they're all tangled up in each other's lives. The setting is nice. I especially liked the rolling green hills, the cows and the accents. It's a mid-afternoon-with-a-cup-of-tea kind of film. Maybe not one you would want to take your grandmother to (there's sex! You don't see it, but the noises are noisy), but it's definitely first date material.

It has the most perfect depiction of a musician I have ever seen; Tamara's love interest, Ben, is fantastic! The seduction of Tamara was probably one of the most beautiful things I've ever seen. Frears is able to juggle all of the story lines and all of the action and still make the film coherent. It probably won't change your life, but it's a nice, self-contained film that encapsulates the trials and tribulations of people in rural England.

There's also a great sense of community within the film. The actors and crew clearly had a lot fun making this film, and this comes through with vigour. The acting was a little off sometimes but overall this is a surprisingly satisfying, "feel good" film. It's definitely a "rom-com", but probably the only one I've ever thought was actually any good. Forget *Love Actually* and *Bridget Jones's Diary* - *Tamara Drewe* beats them both.

– Maya Turei



Jaume Collet-Serra's action-thriller *Unknown* is similar in feel to Pierre Morel's 2008 film, *Taken*, except with a great deal more mystery thrown in. Liam Neeson stars as Martin Harris, who, after being involved in a freak accident, wakes up from a coma to find that his wife doesn't recognise him and another man is masquerading as him. No one believes his story and strange men in SUVs are trying to kill him. Thus begins the excitement as Harris frantically tries to get to the bottom of it all.

As always, Neeson delivers a stunning performance, portraying with excellent conviction the confusion, the anguish and the anger that Harris feels. Even when the film begins to stray into blockbuster territory, Neeson's characteristically honest style of acting still shines through. Diane Kruger is good as Harris' de facto sidekick, even though the role doesn't really suit her. The film has an excellent supporting cast and the fact that the actors are unfamiliar only serves to add to the mystique, and German actor Bruno Ganz does an excellent job of injecting some subtle humour into an otherwise humourless film.

The best thing about the film was its sense of pace. From start to finish, the film had me enthralled; there was never a dull moment. The suspense is so mystifying and the action so engaging that I felt really drawn into the film. Collet-Serra does a nice job of achieving this effect through some innovative cinematography, while the score drives the film without being too obtrusive, pushing the tension higher and higher without you even realising it's there.

Unfortunately the film is somewhat lacking with respect to plot. Up to the reveal the plot is flawless, yet after the twist (which, to be honest, I found rather clichéd) the film strays into the territory of the Hollywood blockbuster. The climactic scenes very much resemble a run-of-the-mill American action flick. Thankfully, Neeson's acting remains constant and this pulls the viewer through to the final resolution of the film, which nicely exhibits the character development of the two leads.

Despite the unoriginal climax, the gripping suspense, intense action, creative cinematography and great acting all work together to make *Unknown* a non-stop thrill ride and the best action-thriller I've seen in a long time.

– Matt Chapman



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



Never Let Me Go

Director: Mark Romanek

It may look like an ordinary British romance, but don't let this fool you; *Never Let Me Go* is a film about clones. Based on the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, *Never Let Me Go* unfolds in a world that seems familiar but isn't quite our own. The human race is living through an alternative version of the twentieth century where cloning isn't just a possibility, it's the cold, hard reality. Clones, commonly known as "donors", are stripped of vital organs before they're thirty, providing "original" humans with replacement parts. The average human lifespan is one hundred years but the donors have almost no rights and are electronically monitored. There is no escape. Enjoying a few short years before their organs mature, the clones are herded into boarding schools for their own protection.

Kathy (Carey Mulligan), Ruth (Keira Knightley) and Tommy (Andrew Garfield) all attend one such school. The three could hardly be called friends – Kathy's a bit of a loner, Tommy is ridiculed and Ruth is queen bee – but they find themselves drawn together in an awkward, tender triangle. There can be no happy ending for the companions. When thrown together in the outside world, the young adults are forced to deal with the very human problems of sex, jealousy and regret, all the while speeding closer to their fate.

Despite the bleak story, this is a visually stunning film. There has been serious attention given to lighting and the shots of architecture are in themselves almost worth the admission price. On top of this, the acting is beyond superb. Carey Mulligan is, as usual, Oscar-worthy, and Andrew Garfield will truly break your heart. Even Keira Knightley is surprisingly tolerable – she seems to have found a fitting role as the bitch-goddess Ruth. What impressed me most, however, was the sophistication of the actors who play child versions of Kathy, Ruth and Tommy. These kids are no cheese-ball Olsen Twins. They are the real deal.

Raising harrowing questions about humanity, art and love, *Never Let Me Go* is one of those films you really should see at the theatre. Not only is the visual beauty amplified by the big screen, but the cinema is dark enough to hide those tears I can guarantee you will shed.

– Lauren Hayes



Blue Valentine

Director: Derek Cianfrance

Blue Valentine documents the heart-breaking story of every married couple's worst fear: falling out of love. Dean (Ryan Gosling) and Cindy (Michelle Williams) meet when they are young and carefree. Six years on, their marriage is falling apart and they are driving each other crazy.

Despite what it might sound like, this film is not just about a grumpy married couple. It is a tragic but beautiful depiction of the degeneration of a perfectly happy relationship into a dysfunctional nightmare, a situation perhaps all too familiar to many people. The scenes from the beginning of Dean and Cindy's affair could easily have been pulled from a Nineties romantic comedy. When they meet, Dean is a slightly aimless high-school dropout but he is sweet, caring and can play the ukulele. Cindy is drop-dead gorgeous, smart and hoping to get into medical school. They make a super cute couple. Alas, *Blue Valentine* is the perfect illustration of the maxim "good things don't last forever".

The saddest thing about this film is that neither party is completely at fault. There has been no infidelity, no abuse, nothing out of the ordinary. Marriage just isn't all they thought it was cracked up to be. Although sweet and loving, Dean is still immature and not quite able to deal with the expectations of married life, while Cindy is stressed, frustrated and under pressure at work. Their constant bickering and lack of communication leads to a total breakdown in their relationship, which Cianfrance presents with devastating rawness. Williams and Gosling both deliver incredibly mature and affecting performances in these emotionally demanding roles.

Blue Valentine is also excellent on an artistic level. The visual representation of the two phases of Dean and Cindy's relationship is very effective: grainy, Polaroid-like images reflect the initial bliss and light-heartedness of the relationship, while the bleak reality of the couple's breakdown is encapsulated in the stark, dull cinematography of the latter part of the film. The soundtrack is largely made up of *Grizzly Bear* songs and even includes a couple of Ryan Gosling originals – cool, huh?

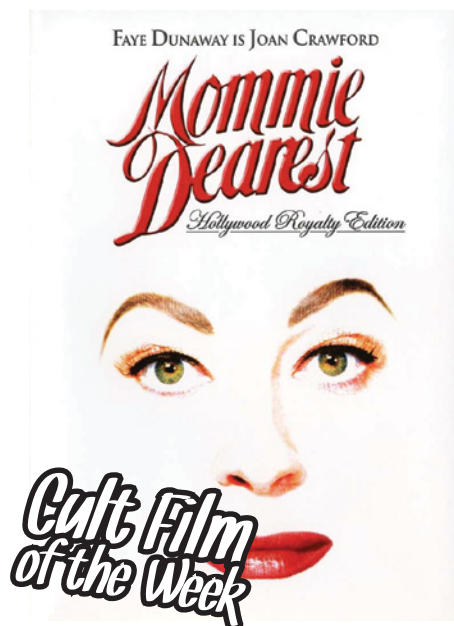
WARNING: it's probably not a good idea to go to this film with your boyfriend/girlfriend/crush. It is not a date film. Seriously, it will probably make you want to break up with each other. That said, do go and see it, just not with someone who you might potentially want to marry.

– Sarah Baillie



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Based on the book of the same name by Christina Crawford, *Mommie Dearest* depicts the bizarre life of Joan Crawford as her daughter saw it. The film begins with a typical morning for Joan Crawford. After a 4am wake-up call, it's off to the bathroom for a thorough face scrubbing with scalding hot water before dowsing her face in ice-cold water to close those pesky pores. Her beauty regime is not the only thing that Joan is obsessed about; cleaning in general seems to be her bag, that and having those around her follow her every word to the letter, meaning the maid gets a bit of a talking to when the house isn't 100% spotless.

Joan's career isn't what it used to be, and with several unsuccessful pregnancy attempts, our Joan is in a bit of a slump. It's not long though, before Joan becomes the proud adopted mother of Christina and, later in the film, young Christopher. With enough money to splash around, Joan provides Christina with a lot of attention and the very fine things in life. However it isn't easy being daughter to Miss Crawford and Christina is always held up

to her mother's seemingly unattainable high standards. She is locked in the pool house, has her hair cut off, is beaten with a clothes hanger, and is forced to scrub the bathroom all for failing to behave as Joan would like.

The film tries to chronicle various ups and downs in Joan's career and be, like, dramatic and shit, but this isn't what the movie is about. While you're watching it, all you want to see is Joan go mental, man! Yes, it is over the top but that's what makes it hilarious and why it's a cult classic. The most memorable scene is of course the wire hanger scene, which has become something of legend. Dunaway makes a remarkable physical transformation into Joan Crawford, though it's unfortunate that, as a normally good actor, she wasn't able to rein in her performance. However, like I said before, if it was a well made film with you know, good acting etc, then it wouldn't be as popular as it is. So my advice would be to not view the film as a docu-drama, but just sit back and enjoy the ride.

– Ben Blakely

Mommie Dearest (1981)

Director: Frank Perry

Cast: Faye Dunaway, Mara Hobel, Diana Scarvid

Dunedin Film Society Preview

When: Tuesday April 29, 7.30pm

Where: The Church Cinema, located next to The Church Restaurant, 50 Dundas Street, North Dunedin.

Journey in Italy

Dir: Roberto Rossellini

A trip to Italy opens up long-festering emotional wounds for a seemingly happy couple (Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders) in Rossellini's fascinating film, long acclaimed as the key link between Italian neo-realism and the modernist, subjective cinema of the early sixties.

A GALLERY, 393 PRINCES STREET

Paper works: Phillip James Frost

THE ARTISTS' ROOM, LEVEL 1, 2 DOWLING ST

Repertoire: Steven Martyn-Welch

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY, 24B MORAY PLACE

The fullness of empty pockets: Colleen Altagracia, *Arytipidal:* Andy Leleisi'uao, *At once we are rootless and harbouring, floating on an inland sea (I am from here):* Clare Fleming

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY, 5 DOWLING STREET

An alternative history: Ben Cauchi

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY, OCTAGON

Portraits: Frances Hodgkins, *Pretty Vacant*, *John Ward Knox*, *Cut Collective*, *Pieces of eight*, *Fieldwork:* Eugene Hansen and Andy Thompson, *Hauaga (Arrivals):* John Pule, *Beloved:* Works from the DPAG, *Black watercolour, 2010:* Simon Morris, *The first city in history:* Fiona Amundsen, *Te Putahitanga o Rehua:* Reuben Paterson, *A la mode:* Early 19th Century fashion plates from the collection. Art documentary *Marcus Gheeraerts II*

DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART, RIEGO STREET

MFA examination exhibition: Desi Liversage

HOCKEN LIBRARY, ANZAC AVE

Honey in the rock: Joanna Langford

LAW FACULTY, RICHARDSON BUILDING, 8TH FLOOR

James Bellaney

MILFORD GALLERY, 18 DOWLING STREET

Various distances apart: Gary Currin, *On location:* Christine Thacker

MONUMENTAL GALLERY, 7 ANZAC AVE

Doppelganger: Nichola Jackson

RICE AND BEANS GALLERY, LEVEL 2, 127 LOWER STUART STREET

Venn diagram with tears and onion: Violet Fagan

TANGENTE CAFÉ, MORAY PLACE

From the mountains to the sea: Cheryl & Deano Shirriffs

TEMPLE GALLERY, 29 MORAY PLACE

The pampered rose: Diana Smilie

The Branch presents *Half*



Photo credit: Matt Brown

George Street, Friday, March 18, 2011

Dunedin collective The Branch's one-night-only exhibition/performance *Half* was a five-star feast for the senses. The Branch is a collective of eight young artists, musicians and filmmakers and this was their third collaborative project. Upon first entry into the space, the viewer encountered a "usual" way of presenting work, that of framed photographs mounted on a wall. Pacing into the second part of the space, however, one uncovered an array of interactive, sporadic and planned performances and creations. Emily Hlavac-Green's exploration of multi-dimensional technology consisted of two computers facing each other and what was being transmitted was also being recorded. The computers were integrated within the space and were put on a feedback loop whilst lights flickered as music played. Highlights included the work of Max Bellamy, Samdrub Dawa's impromptu *Toys* and Alex Lovell-Smith's illustrative performance.

Colleen Altagracia, *The emptiness of full pockets, The Blue Oyster,* Tuesday, March 22, 2011

The sombre white walls of the Blue Oyster further added to Altagracia's performance of *The emptiness of full pockets* last Tuesday. Performers stood completely still as persons dressed in contamination suits filled their pockets with a chemical liquid which, dependent on your body temperature, would expand and harden. I stared with a sense of abandon at a crowd of amused faces as my pockets were filled with S-FOAM 130, a casting solution. A sense of vulnerability tickles your spine as you feel this strange sticky solution bursting through the seams of your pockets and solidifying. There were many different variations of the foam and the way in which it grew, some of which resembled milk, others resembling candle wax. The result of this performance was the appearance of these beautiful "filled" pockets on pieces of clothing.

Desi Liversage, Bloodlines and Bloodstains,

Dunedin School of Art. (It's super close to campus. Another reason to procrastinate!)

Desi Liversage uses the medium of textiles to express and expose the darker colonial heritage of South Africa during the second Boer war. This installation was inspired by Liversage's grandmother's experiences as a child in a concentration camp and Liversage also references her own cultural identity by rendering the stories passed down to her (through her great-grandmother) on intricately made quilts.





Mates and Lovers

Fabulous Arts Aotearoa (Wellington)
Directed and written by Ronald Trifero

Mates and Lovers (inspired by the book *Mates and Lovers: A History of Gay New Zealand* by Chris Brickell, a lecturer in Gender Studies at the University of Otago), invites us to ponder how the past speaks to the present through the medium of the theatrical stage play. Much could be said here about the history of homosexuality in New Zealand - the stories, the lives, the activism and the tears undoubtedly shed - but for this review I will focus on the play's aesthetics.

This production of *Mates and Lovers* exuded a very rough-and-ready aesthetic. Like the erotic adventures of many in "the Domain" or up on Mt. Vic, this production was rough, earthy and essential. Two chairs and simple costumes were all this production required to vividly evoke an innumerable number of characters, locations and encounters. The actors, Leary and Taurima, embodied each and every character with utter dedication and compassion, their bodies moved fluidly and easily over each other both clothed and unclothed, and they possessed both grace and power throughout the choreographed sequences.

Claiming the cover image of the book *Mates and Lovers* as his inspiration, Nelson recreated this image throughout the narrative, the circumstances behind the image evolving as the play moved chronologically towards today. This was a quaint and simple device used to great effect, my only qualm being that our final two visitations from Toby and Ben propelled us through the latest decade of homosexual history with such haste it almost trivialised the issues of civil unions and gay adoption. Granted, these issues could be seen as minor in comparison to the struggles of homosexuals up until 1986 (the year in which homosexuality was finally decriminalised) but they do represent the ongoing struggle of homosexuals for equal rights and acceptance within New Zealand society.

All in all this was a stunning piece of theatre; the production was rough-and-ready, yes, but this aesthetic worked perfectly with the narrative. I simply cannot imagine this play working any other way. I just wish I had the space to say more.

– Jen Aitken



Hullapolloi

Footnote Dance Company (Wellington)

This beautiful and unsettling collaboration between Footnote Dance Company, Jo Randerson and Kate McIntosh dissected the child-like and self-conscious dynamics of a group. The figures, covered from head-to-toe in different coloured lycra bodysuits, participated in an hour-long playground palaver; playing, following rules, breaking rules, reforming and comprehending the politics of life as a collective body.

The piece portrayed the naive, child-like negotiations of the group as they tried to assert control over their bodies, each other and the space around them. Swarming, surging, floating and leaping, the group coughed their way through a series of games, exiting the stage and then entering to play again.

Strewn around the periphery of the stage were piles of paper-products; newspapers, egg trays, cups, cardboard tubes and a roll of blank newsprint. Each item was commandeered by the group, and competition for ownership and control of these commodities swung from innocent interaction to sinister domination.

The game changed and there were new rules. The group dissected and ruptured as individual traits were revealed. Once you were out of the group there was no hope of return. The performers morphed their figures, shoving paper-products into their costumes, growing outwards and upwards and transforming before our very eyes. Chaos ensued, a war broke out and all that was left was a wasteland of destruction.

What was glorious about *Hullapolloi* was that you could not take your eyes off the performers. Like watching small children playing, each figure had their own personality quirks and each was identifiable amongst the collective aura. The minute negotiations of every action and thought were visible. The music was equally striking; it had a personality all of its own, possessing qualities of both the group and each individual figure, and both drove the performers and reflected their presence and energy.

Hullapolloi was stunning. Provoking yet familiar, I cannot praise this work enough. Thank you.

– Jen Aitken





Love You Approximately

The Clinic (Christchurch)

Love You Approximately (with the really cute tagline “a virtual love story”) was all about long distance relationships. The play consisted of two characters using Skype, Facebook and phone calls to grow and nurture their budding relationship. Pere lived in Spain, and Imogen in Christchurch, and *Love You Approximately* explored their developing love and how we, in this growing technological age, experience “intimacy without proximity”.

The story line wasn’t revolutionary or particularly exciting, but the way the play was produced and performed was pretty wicked. The actors rehearsed using webcams and have never actually met in real life, but you couldn’t tell. The play had an interesting dynamic because one actor was on the stage, while the others were videoed beforehand and projected onto the screens that made up the set. Imogen (Lara Fischel-Chisholm) was on-stage, talking to the projections and reacting with them. It was exciting to see how director Julieanne Eason was able to successfully integrate the videos into the play.

There were two things I have beef with. First, the Fortune Theatre Studio space is not easy to perform on as the shape of the stage is a bit wack. Granted, this isn’t *Love You Approximately*’s fault but I’m just saying. However, I did find it offensive when the only physically present actor had her back to me for extended periods of time. I mean, really? Did she always have to look at the screen? I could see Pere’s face brilliantly, but I missed a lot of her smiles and “in-love” eyes, which made me sad. Second, the breaks in between the scenes were a bit too long and blackouts lasted for about half a minute. These qualms aside, the play was very interesting. It is daring to rely so much on technology and projection but *Love You Approximately* made it work. Kudos.

– Maya Turei



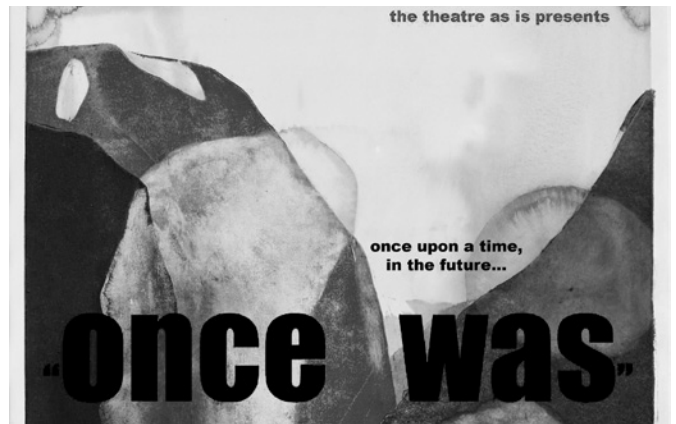
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Once Was

The Theatre As Is (Dunedin)

By Jimmy Currin and Dell McLeod assisted by Richard Huberriero

Once Was is presented in a cosy upstairs space, with chairs or couches as seating options. The stage space has the lighting exposed and is bare except for one chair and two layers of mesh that is hung to cover the back corner.

The two skilled actors take you through four different realms, changing seamlessly from one character to the next. They begin as an old couple, reminiscing about earlier times, but a central hanging light only slightly illuminates their bodies, allowing the actors to manipulate the mood as they move in and out of it.

They then move to being two highly paranoid people at a meeting, when outside there is some sort of apocalypse taking place. One actor even changes characters while they are having the conversation. Moving on, they are two actors, discussing the play and how they want to perform different characters, with Dell McLeod changing brilliantly and believably into different characters all during the same scene.

The play ends beautifully with the two actors moving behind the mesh, allowing one to only see their silhouettes. They have become children again and talk to each other about dragons and fairies. But it’s not done in a clichéd way. This performance takes you through different stages of life, but does so in a disjointed way so you don’t really realise that’s what it was about until the end. The actors create new believable realities in a matter of seconds and take the audience on an interesting journey through different psychological states and stages in life.

– Lauren Enright





One Day – David Nicholls

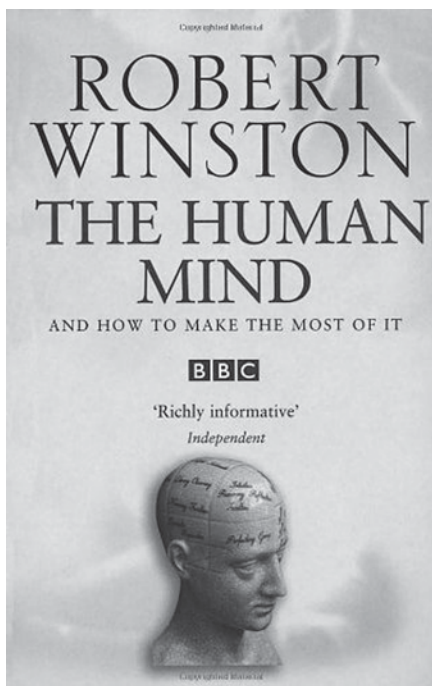
The relationship between Dexter Mayhew and Emma Morley begins the way many do in the fine institution we call university: an attempted hook-up following a drunken party. It's the 80s, the two have just graduated, and the future seems full of promise. We follow the ups and downs of their romance over two decades, each chapter describing the state of affairs on the 15th of July, St Swithin's Day, each year. Sometimes they are together, sometimes apart, and sometimes at bitter odds with one another, but always they are in each others' thoughts, each gradually coming to recognise the significance of the other to their happiness and sense of fulfilment.

This is the third book authored by David Nicholls. His writing style can be described as combining elements that have made a success of other British authors; the glibness that characterises Nick Hornby's work combined with the melancholy and poignancy of Ian McEwan's. Nicholls' central characters are realistic; full of foibles, self-deprecating

humour, and pretensions, they are both likeable and irritating in turn, but ever relatable.

The storyline is wistful, on occasion to the point of being depressing, but despite this it is an enjoyable read with a few important life-lessons to impart. Far from being a fantastical and contrived thriller, *One Day* is impressive in its ability to captivate the reader's interest in events and emotions that are, to put it plainly, commonplace. It reflects the 'everyman experience', and illustrates how happiness can be delayed by giving into one's fears of looking foolish in the eyes of others or of making oneself vulnerable by expressing feelings openly. Yet Nicholls refrains from patronising his readers with the morals of his story or from conveying any airs of philosophical superiority. After reading his latest novel, I'm eager to go back and read his earlier works, *Starter for Ten* and *The Understudy*, to see whether he has refined and developed his craft.

– Eve Hermansson



The Human Mind – Robert Winston

The Human Mind captivates the reader with the characteristically informative, entertaining and fascinating style Robert Winston has become renowned for. The moustachioed presenter of the TV series "The Human Body" this time focuses on a more specific - and arguably the most important - part of our anatomy: the brain.

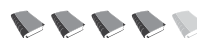
The book provides an introduction to a veritable plethora of psychological topics, from sleepwalking to optical illusions, in an easily accessible way. No psychology or science background is required, but the content is in-depth and wide enough for even a widely read student to find something new and surprising.

It begins with a historical overview of how the field of psychology developed before going onto a brief overview of the anatomy involved (i.e. the parts of the brain). Winston then carries on with more detailed description and exploration of psychological phenomena.

His extensive experience in the medical field and propensity for carrying out research simply for interest makes for an engaging read, full of charming and quirky anecdotes alongside thoroughly researched studies.

The book's subtitle – "and how to make the most of it" – outlines an underlying theme of the book; that understanding how we work can let us know how we can work better. There is discussion of how we can break old habits and create newer, healthier ones. The chapter that focuses on intelligence reveals "tricks" to keep one's brain in shape through the inevitable detriments of old age. You can find out how to use alcohol to its full potential – increase the enzymes that will help your brain grow without damaging those parts of the brainstem that we need to function normally. Scientise your Saturday night with a gem of wisdom from the Winston archives.

– Sarah Maessen





Jenny

Studies: Law and English
Shoes: Melbourne- Sidewalk Soul
Skirt: Country Road
Top: Sass and Bide
Jacket: Jason Brunsdon
Bag: Country Road

Sam

Studies: Gender and Society
Shoes: Modern Miss
Shirt: Glassons
Cardi: op-shop
Brooch: Modern Miss
Sunnies: Mum's from the 80's
Bag: op-shop
Best buy of late: \$1 earrings
 from Market Day
Fav shop: Butterflies
Style icon: Alexa Chung

Zoe

Works: at Mojo
Skirt: Butterflies
Hat: op-shop
Shoes: Trade me

Louis

Studies: Law and Politics
Shoes: Good as Gold
Jeans: second-hand
T-shirt: Alcoholic-Well
Best Purchase: paratrooper
 jacket by KowTow
Style icon: Jack Johnson
Disliking: jean shorts with tights
 and denim shorts with pockets
 hanging out
Dunedin needs more: cool
 events like the upcoming rail jam

Potluck Desserts

Potlucks are invariably a good time. Booze, banter and fuckloads of food. Sometimes, however, figuring out what to contribute can be a tricky business - what will impress and be delicious, yet also be quick and not extravagant? In an attempt to solve this dilemma, here are a couple of suggestions for quick desserts that are always impressive and super delicious. I have used both these recipes at potluck/BBQs and both have been hits. Neither requires any cooking and if you are reasonably good at crushing biscuits, they shouldn't take more than 30 mins a piece to make.

CHEATER'S CHEESECAKE

250g packet of Ginger Nut biscuits, or Vanilla Wine biscuits
200g butter
Tub of cheesecake filling
Cup of fresh fruit e.g. raspberries OR tin of apricots/peaches/whatever you fancy

This recipe is a definite winner. Super fast, implausibly easy and very tasty. I feel quite guilty about it actually. There have been at least two potlucks where I have taken along this cheesecake and soaked up the praise, all the while keeping a guilty secret; I have never actually made a cheesecake entirely from scratch in my life. It all seems a bit daunting. Instead this cheesecake is made using pre made cheesecake filling. But seriously, not only is it super yum and much easier, it's also cheaper than buying all the ingredients you would need to make it from scratch!

So, first of all, crush the packet of biscuits to make the base. I recommend a potato masher or rolling pin as a tool for this job. Last time I made this I tried to use my Magic Bullet to whizz them to oblivion (in three seconds!) but ended up breaking the Magic Bullet. Needless to say this was an enormous tragedy that delayed proceedings for about fifteen mins while I attempted to superglue it back together...it never fully recovered. Anyway, crush the biscuits; if you are using Wine Biscuits, maybe add a little ginger or cinnamon to the mix. Then add the 200g of melted butter, or more if needed. Using a round quiche dish (or whatever else is handy and quiche-dish-like) press the base mixture into place and put it in the fridge while you do the next bit.

Take the tub of filling (which costs about \$8 and sits near the cream cheese in the supermarket) and empty it onto a microwave-proof bowl. Yes, it looks like a freaky congealed blob but don't panic. Put it in the microwave for a few minutes until it's soft and less congealed-looking. Then add the fresh fruit, or drain the tin of apricots or whatever you have, and mix through. I would recommend chopping the fruit into small pieces first. Take the base out of the fridge, fill with the cream cheese/ fruit mixture and refrigerate for 2-3 hours.

Seriously; it's super delicious, looks really pretty and will make you popular.

BANOFFEE PIE

250g packet of Ginger Nut biscuits
200g butter
1 can of Highlander Caramel
2 bananas, reasonably ripe
150mls fresh cream
A wee bit of chocolate to grate over the top

Equally easy and delicious, and just as likely to increase popularity. It's a recipe I got from my granny, although to call it a recipe is a bit of a stretch. It's more a composition.

Firstly, make a base exactly as for the cheesecake (Ginger Nuts **highly** recommended). Pour (scoop) caramel into a bowl and mix with half the cream in order to create a beautifully smooth consistency. Smother pre-chilled biscuit base with caramel mixture. Next is a layer of sliced banana, followed by the remainder of the cream, whipped. Be careful not to do what I did and whip the cream with a whisk on the couch while watching the news - I accidentally made butter. Most unfortunate. Lastly, sprinkle grated chocolate over the pie. Mmmmmm. Good.



Correction: In issue 04, we inadvertently attributed the Chilli Bean Roast recipe to the wrong person. In fact, the recipe was contributed by the brilliant Johanna Tonnon. Sorry Johanna, and thanks for your great recipe!

Atom Zombie Smasher



Platforms: PC, OS X, LINUX



You can't help it; the gut reaction to guts being forcibly removed by a stumbling horde of on-screen undead will always be "what would I do in this situation?" *Atom Zombie Smasher* lets you answer that question, not as an individual deciding between the supermarket or the hardware store, but as a suit-wearing bureaucrat in city hall selecting who lives, and who doesn't, on a needs-of-the-many basis. Sometimes you have to use an insignificant group as zombie-nip so a larger one can safely get to the chopper without being infected. Sometimes you just have to.

The population of Neuvo's Aires, represented by groups of yellow squares, seem to be even less cognisant than the characters from *REC* (seriously, you give up at the point when you effectively have Dumbledore-level invisibility?). A single violet square among their creamy yellow ranks will zombify a large group in a horrifying split second. I'd be irritated by a crowd's inability to dispatch a single walking corpse if it didn't keep the game balanced mechanically and make it feel appropriately frantic. Each two-minute territory you evacuate really feels like a quarantined zone of a virulent virus.

I did say "evacuate" by the way. Assessing the three words in the game's title: the first is redundant (because everything is made of atoms, except for things like irony and electrons), the second is accurate and the third is misleading. *Atom Zombie Smasher* is, unexpectedly, not about empowering you to stomp, guilt-free, upon hordes of enemies. It's about disempowering you, in the sense that you will only ever kill a fraction of the total zombies, who will immediately be replaced ten-fold in a torrent, the undead will almost always infect

the majority of the population and you only ever escape by the skin of your chattering teeth, forcing your helicopter to leave while there are still lonesome looking yellow bricks in the fray.

You're never completely helpless of course and the game's RPG and strategy mechanics give you plenty of room to exercise your delicious brain. Each territory you take over gives you new mercenaries with abilities that range from attracting zombies, to sniping from high-rises, to taking to the ghettos with gas masks and assault rifles. You can also rescue scientists who can be used to research new technologies in the war on flesh-eating souls of the damned. As you use said mercenaries and tech, you gain experience points allowing you to upgrade. On the next level outside the main gameplay is a *Risk*-style territory control and you gain victory points depending on which districts you control.

The game is not perfect. You might have to wrestle with the tutorial for a while and restart your game a few times before you get a good run, and you can always ask for more depth with these sorts of games (I want to be able to shut down bridges, choose where to quarantine, drop supplies etc.) but *Atom Zombie Smasher* is an addictive and stylish effort from BLEND0 Games. Download it; you can never have too many pieces of zombie-flavoured media.

Ko Whakataha me Turoto nga maunga
 Ko Waitangi me Te puna wai o puketapu nga awa
 Ko Ngatokimatawhaorua te waka
 Ko Tauwhara me Ngawha nga Marae
 Ko Ngaitawake ki te tuawhenua me Ngatirangi nga hapu
 Ko Ngapuhi nui tonu te iwi

Ko wai au?
 Ko Keistin Yenu Anihana Woodman ahau



TE ROOPU MĀORI

Tena koutou katoa.

My name is Keistin Woodman and I come from the most beautiful place in New Zealand, the Bay of Islands. I'm a third year Physiotherapy student and love learning about how the human body works, and how to fix it when it's not working properly. I'm also one of the brand spanking new members of Te Rito. My portfolio is Communications rep, so my job is to keep in contact with all the different Maori roopu around campus, such as the Te Roopu Whai Putake (Law), PEMA (PE) and Nga Mokai O Nga Whetu (Dentistry).

So Te Roopu Maori this year: we have been pretty quiet so far and just letting you guys ease into your studies. It's so awesome to see some new faces at Kapa Haka and a big aroha out to Kelly Ann, our new tutor,

for army styles and for getting us through a waiata with words and actions in ONE HOUR. So if you're keen to get involved come along to the ground floor at Te Tumu on Monday nights at 7pm SHARP. It's a mean way to meet some new people and also take part in one of the great taonga of the Maori people, the art of Kapa Haka. Also sports teams are going super cool. Thanks to all the kids for joining in and repping the Maori on campus.

Feel free to drop in to the whare and have a cup of tea or to use the computers. We have some neat study rooms you can also use.

Chur

MY WORST BEST MATES

COULD I GET MY EYEBROWS BACK...?



Like <http://on.fb.me/mwbmcomic>

#05

Congrats Med Students!

A huge congratulations to the medical students who got well-deserved recognition in the Otago Daily Times last week (page 2, 23/3/11). Great work stepping in and helping out in Christchurch, it's awesome to see our students getting credit for their hard work in such a difficult time.

Wine Tasting – Tuesday March 29th

OUSA Clubs and Societies is running another one of their famous wine tasting evenings. The night is guaranteed to introduce you to a selection of affordable and tasty wines, as well as how best to sample and understand the varieties available. Geoff, the host and local winemaker ensures the evening is a crack up and selects the perfect cheeses to go along with the wine journey as well! OUSA Member price is \$36, come into OUSA Clubs and Socs to sign up.

ICC Minterntional Fair – Saturday April 2nd, OUSA Lawn

The International Cultural Club of the University of Otago is coming together for an afternoon to bring you a mini culture festival! Experience 14 different showcasing thier specialty goods and services. There will also be fundraiser food for sale, will all profits donated to the Red Cross' Japan and Christchurch Earthquake appeals. More info snurl.com/yumfair

Uni Games

Become a fan of the Unigames TEAM OTAGO crew on facebook to track their results, and show your support for our team who are the current holders of the Gold Shield! Good luck, train hard! Check out their kit for sale and Like them here snurl.com/teamotago

Easter Egg Hunt

Fairtrade Freebies, No Fooling Around this April 1st
The annual Fairtrade Easter Egg Hunt will be held this week Friday! No it's not an Aprils fools joke, the deal is for real and so is the CHOCOLATE... find a sneaky Easter egg token around campus, bring it into OUSA between 12 and 2pm and we'll hook you up with a Fairtrade Chocolate treat!



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Hi Everyone,

I hope you are having a magical semester so far. We still have loads of awesome things going on at the OUSA like the Fair Trade Easter Egg Hunt on April the 1st! Check out ousa.org.nz and follow us on Facebook (snurl.com/fbousa) for the details and location hints this week, and you can score yourself some tasty free Easter treats.

Nominations are open for the Postgrad and International Representatives on the OUSA Executive. If you have some bright ideas, enthusiasm and love free food (student politics is all about the snacks, as one friend used to say) pop in to the OUSA and fill out a nomination form! Voting will be on the 4th – 7th of April on our website.

We are still so thankful for all our wonderful volunteers who have helped out at the Christchurch Embassy. It is downsizing and relocating from the 31st of March but the OUSA, with the Dunedin Community are still providing loads of support for anyone affected by the Christchurch or Japan Earthquakes. If you're feeling like you need someone to talk to get in contact with the lovely staff at the OUSA Student Support Centre help@ousa.org.nz.

For now, have a great week, and hunt yourself some treats!

Harriet Geoghegan

President

Otago University Students' Association

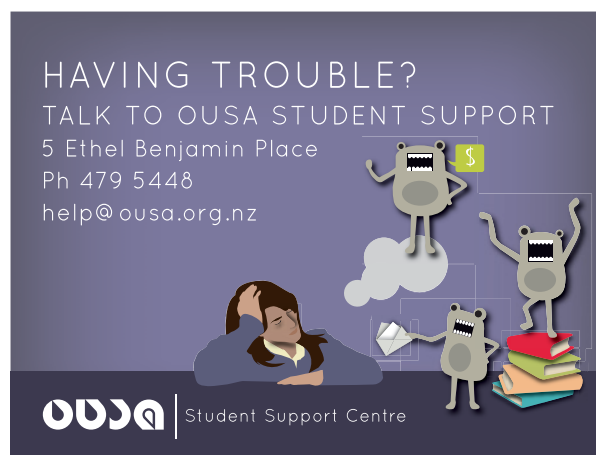


OUSA FAIRTRADE

EASTER EGG HUNT

FRI 1 APRIL

Find egg tokens on campus and exchange them for chocolate at the OUSA Caravan between 12 & 2pm



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