

# THE DRUGS ISSUE

Issue 07 – 11<sup>th</sup> April 2011



CRACK

Smart Drugs | Fighting Against Addiction | History of Drugs  
Critic goes Gonzo | Dr. David Clark | News, Reviews, Opinions.



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A1530

# h8in on da h8rs



If I have one drug-related pet peeve, it's when people casually but not so casually bring up drugs *constantly* in conversation. You'll be discussing something uncontroversial like tractors, or the weather, when next thing you know, the un-subtle drug taker drops their drug consumption habits into the conversation with poorly faked nonchalance. You'll be talking about your recent essay, and the un-subtle drug taker will hijack the conversation, and begin talking emphatically about how WASTED they were, and how they were "far too high" to even *begin* the essay. You nod along, because that's what social etiquette tells us is required, but inside, you weigh up escape route options and fantasise about telling old un-subtle drug taker to shut up.

Some people take drugs; each to their own. But, in my book at least, constant drug references aren't going to make me like a person more. If anything, the un-subtle drug takers of the world make me wonder if there's much going on beneath their bawdy boastful exterior. I'd rather talk about Britney's new song, or analyse the science of photosynthesis than have to talk about last night when they were "so high" or laugh about their stupid story of when they "were totally tripping while watching TV" for the umpteenth time.

That said, I'm not a huge fan of the drug fascists either. The drug fascists are equally vocal about their abrasive and rather narrow minded opinions. "I can't believe you got STONED", they'll exclaim to distant acquaintances who have recently shared a joint. "That is SO IMMORAL. Getting stoned is SO BAD FOR YOU". And with that, they'll snootily desert the poor acquaintance to get "completely maggot" with their other drug fascist friends. They might break their wrist, or sleep with their boyfriend's best friend, but it's OKAY because alcohol isn't "immoral". It's reasoning like this that makes me question the strength of the NCEA system.

Given my apparent dislike of a few people, we have tried hard to make sure we cover a range of views. We look at previous uses of modern drugs (pg 18). We discuss legal weed v illegal weed (page 23) and the increasing prevalence of people using smart drugs to help them study (pg 30). A somewhat crazy volunteer tries various highs and reports back on his experiences (page 24). We report on drug addiction in New Zealand and the services that are provided to help addicts (page 20). In short, we don't care whether you take or don't take drugs (although of course, *Critic* doesn't condone illegal behaviour and stuff). Treat this as an interesting read, rather than as a how-to guide.

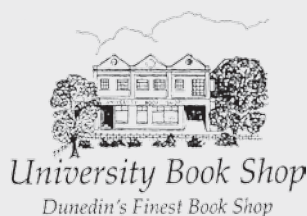
We hope you enjoy this issue!

Stay classy,

**Julia Hollingsworth**

## Letter of the Week

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



### CELEB WARFARE

Dear Britney (of Britney and Justin),

I would usually sugar coat the follow expletives I'm about to use and would never actually aim them at an individual in a published piece of writing, but this is an extenuating circumstance: you're a narcissistic bitch. While you complain that your date had nothing more to add to your conversation than some "pathetic bleatings", the majority of your Critic article outlined the alcohol you consumed throughout the evening. Fascinating. You are, in fact, so boring that you found several hours in your day to deliberate on an outfit. Do you have nothing better to do with yourself than gaze longingly at your reflection in the mirror? Of course your date wasn't up to your standards; he wasn't you and you will only ever be in love with yourself. Perhaps this is why the dating scene in Dunedin is so poor. Boys are terrified they'll run into the likes of you so they won't talk to any girls in general. To sum up my letter, fuck you Britney.

Sincerely,

Rachel (of Rachel and Ross)

### WE <3 FREE SPEECH. HEAPS.

Dear Critic,

The University has, from time to time, invited me to participate in a number of Departmental Reviews (The Dept. of Graduate Research Services comes to mind as my most recent) so I was seriously thinking of writing a submission to OUSA in reponse to their call for submissions for their review of Planet Media, ie the cool folks in advertising, Radio One, and you guys. So, being a pesky postgrad and all, I began with the "Terms of reference" for submissions. It mentioned something called "OUSA's STRATEGIC PLAN" because apparently one of the expectations of Planet Media's involvement in OUSA has to do with being in sync with "OUSA's STRATEGIC PLAN". Well, a 30 minute tour around OUSA's convoluted webpage yielded me nothing.

According to policy wonk and all around gadfly James Meager of "mydeology" blog fame, this is because there is no strategic plan- not one you can read or print out anywhere, anyway. I was going to ask OUSA about where to find it on their handy

Facebook page, but I have the distinction of being the one and only dues paying member of this organisation banned from commenting or asking questions on OUSA's Facebook page, so again, I was SOL. (I've tried emailing various people at OUSA- "NO REPLY", so never mind trying that again). So I thought I'd try looking at the latest version of OUSA's CONSTITUTION, but even as a second year PhD student, it was far too confusing and haphazardly worded ( lots of BOLD UNDERLINED PROCLAMATIONS HOWEVER) for it to resemble anything other than post surgical bio-waste. So I am sorry, but my valuable contribution to the review process cannot occur because of the many roadblocks placed in the way of my free speech. In short: What I was going to say was, I love Tim Couch and ALL of the advertising and design crew at Planet Media. I Love Jamie Green and all but a few of the DJ's at radio one, and I don't like it when the morning DJ invites his pals to diss me on the radio without inviting me to diss right back. Finally, I was going to say that Critic has improved greatly this year by installing an editor with both a heart and a brain for a change, well done you and PS your covers are superb.

Unfortunately, how or if any of you are following "OUSA's STRATEGIC PLAN", and adhering to OUSA's CONSTITUTION will forever remain a complete and utter mystery.

From, the gal you love to point the finger at:

Margi MacMurdo-Reading

**Note:** OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan tells us that the strategic plan can be accessed the same way as the minutes or agenda of an exec meeting on the OUSA website. She also notes that people are welcome to simply email OUSA and ask for the strategic plan.

### FEMINISM STILL IMPORTANT BRO

Dear Eagle,

This is probably one of many letters you will get this week in regards to your last column but I felt like I had to have my say. As a female, I can't walk alone at night because i'd be "asking" to be raped, i'm not taken as seriously as my male counterparts in academia, in a lot of places I don't have full control over my own reproductive rights. I put up with sexual comments on the street, am discriminated against because it's assumed I will run off and have a baby, then am looked down upon when I tell people I don't want children. Feminism isn't just about getting economic and legal equality for men and women, it's about equality and fairness in all aspects of life. I'm sure you won't care about any of the letters you get this week but I believe feminism is still relevant and necessary in 2011.

- Anon

### INTENSE

Re: Bouncing off the halls

Dear Scarfies,

Last week, a woman was raped. LOL! Jesus Christ just typing that made me retch. Stop calling it "pulling a red card" and start calling it what it really is: An excuse for drunken fuckheads to behave in ways most normal people consider about as appealing as licking a dead dog's cock. I'm disgusted to even share the same piece of land as these yeast-infected cum monkeys.

Wishing that you all would ingest broken glass and die hemorrhaging from your asshole,

Spider Jerusalem.

Dear Spider,

Firstly I feel it necessary to explain that said woman was not raped. She willingly fucked two guys in one night. Secondly, I struggle to see how having a giggle over drunken people's comical activities is morally worse than wishing for mass death via anal haemorrhaging.

However I am happy to see that Bouncing off the Halls is provoking reasoned discourse with our engaged readership.

Keep it Scarfie,

Lozz Holding

### UM, AWKWARD.

Dear the Critic

Being new to the University I have found myself picking up, reading, and enjoying a few copies of the critic. However, I was shocked to find that in the top ten a blindingly obvious error had been made. Firstly, you seem to have invented an animal called the Axelotyle. You then later name the Mexican neotenic mole salamander. Might I be correct in assuming the first was actually and Axolotl? Which is a Mexican neotenic mole salamander? Apart from the mix up and bad spelling, you then proceed to falsely advertise your top ten when it is clearly a top 9. I hope not to see such blundering errors in future reading.

Regards,

A concerned zoology student

### KAPOW

Dear Eagle,

I would offer congratulations on writing a coherent thoughtful column this week. However you didn't so I wont.

Greenie

p.s. Don't smoke the green, I live it. But I imagine smoking a joint and hanging out on a couch would be a more productive use of my time than reading your column.

## AWESOME AWESOME OMG AWESOME

To the awesomely awesome anonymous person who found my phone and then delivered it to my letterbox 5 days after I had lost it. I thank you very much. You are the most awesome of awesomeness. I know it's a crappy phone, but it was (and still is thanks to you) my crappy phone. Plus now I don't have to get a new one. I owe you an ice-cream (Rob Roy's of course).

Thanks evry muchly,

*The very happy person whose phone you found.*

## SARCASM ALERT

Dear Critic,

I greatly enjoy the eagle's column. The eagle comes across like the sort of person you could sit down and have a beer with, unlike the Others who are PC gone mad. I would definitely vote for this person should they run for public office.

Cheers,

*People actually vote like this. We are fucked.*

## OOH SNAP

Dear Justin,

Perhaps you should've ignored your sisters advice.

Regards,

DCCXXII

## RIGHT. WE'LL GET RIGHT ONTO THAT.

On Sunday, 3rd of April, the cops came out in force to support the apartheid regim of Israel. A protest gathered against Reuven Rivlin – who helped create laws that continue to oppress the Palestinian people today, and admits to the practise of ethnic clensing - coming to speak in NZ, outside the Israeli embassy. Despite being on a public street, the cops came at the behest of the embassy to herd and force the protestors onto the other side of the road. These protestors had broken no laws, were just trying to speak up for an oppressed people. This is just another part of the continual erosion of people's democratic rights, from confiscating megaphones, to the terrorism raids of 2007. This letter is a wake up call to those of you who are content to think you don't need to fight for basic democratic rights. You do.

James Gluck

International Socialist Organisation

## EACH TO THEIR OWN

Bridget,

After raising my hopes that while overseas you actually visited some interesting places and did some interesting things – kind of, you crushed them last week with your drivel on Melbourne. You effectively said, go to Melbourne you can get a \$5 Hare Krishna lunch or got to some other restaurants, one of which is Burger King. You can get a \$3 lunch across the road from Uni, save yourself the \$400 trans-tasman fare! Then you made an even more ridiculous statement, 'St Kilda is a beautiful Australian beach', WTF?! Have you even been there? Or had you lost the power of sight on the day you visited? The beach itself there is great, if you judge greatness by your chances of stepping on a used needle. The water is even more enjoyable, looking and being about as clean as the Avon river post earthquake.

Kindest regards

Luke G

Dear Luke,

*Average city, average article. Duh.*

Yours,

Bridget

## LETTERS POLICY

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



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# TOP TEN

This week, *Critic* lists the top 10 drug fiend celebrities. One thing's for sure; fame hasn't improved their common sense.

- 01 Charlie Sheen.** It wouldn't be a drug issue without mention of a person who says things as memorable as "the run I was on made Sinatra, Flynn, Jagger, Richards, all of them look like droopy-eyed, armless children".
- 02 Mick Jagger.** One glance at his face tells you far too much about his earlier pastimes.
- 03 Macaulay Culkin.** Once the adorable star of *Home Alone* and *Home Alone 2*, Culkin was arrested in 2004 for possession of 17 grams of marijuana and prescription drug Xanax. Luckily for Culkin, he just batted his sunken eyes and got off with a spot of drug counselling.
- 04 Lindsay Lohan.** Bitch parties hard. Some would say too hard.
- 05 George Harrison.** Harrison was arrested along with his soon-to-be wife on his wedding day in 1969 on charges of marijuana possession. Intense.
- 06 Matthew McConaughey.** In 1999, police responded to a noise complaint in the early hours of the morning to find McConaughey naked and playing the bongos. Unsurprisingly, they also found marijuana but charges were later dropped. He was still fined \$50 for the noise violation though.
- 07 Paris Hilton.** Despite numerous sticky drug situations, including being found in possession of a high street hand bag containing cocaine, Hilton has narrowly avoided drug convictions altogether. It's still a little suspicious.
- 08 Amy Winehouse.** The poor old thing probably should be made to go to rehab.
- 09 Bob Marley.** Despite the seemingly obvious associations between Marley and weed, he was only arrested once in 1977 for marijuana possession.
- 10 Pete Doherty.** The male face of heroin chic.

## Next Ulysses?

The Bulwer-Lytton prize is awarded annually for the worst first sentence of a novel published in the preceding year. Such is the glamour of the award that contestants have been known to craft deliberately bad opening lines.

Molly Ringle took the 2010 prize with this gem: "For the first month of Ricardo

and Felicity's affair, they greeted one another at every stolen rendezvous with a kiss; a lengthy, ravenous kiss, Ricardo lapping and sucking at Felicity's mouth as if she were a giant cage-mouthed water bottle and he were the world's thirstiest gerbil". Lucky Felicity.



## Hitler house approves

Continuing our recent theme of stories connected to the most famous fascist Austrian midget of the twentieth century (Adolf Hitler, in case you're no history buff), we bring you the story of an Austrian cake company with some rather "interesting" designs.

The bakery, located in the Austrian village of Maria Enzersdorf, has a cake catalogue featuring several items of highly questionable taste which bear images connected to the Nazi regime.

One cake that particularly caught our eye has a disembodied hand performing the Nazi salute as its centrepiece, with flags and Stormtrooper helmets completing the confectinary masterpiece. Clearly perfect for the tiddler's next birthday party; after all there's nothing like getting a little history lesson in after they've played pass-the-swastika.

0.4

million babies  
born addicted  
to cocaine each  
year in the US

0.7

percent of  
the world's  
population drunk  
at any one time

55.1

percent of all  
US prisoners  
in prison for  
drug offences



# Master Chef

An American master thief/chef was apprehended when attempting a career-defining heist. The Louisville "Budgie-Smuggler" (name clearly concocted by *Critic* to make this story take up more space) attempted to rob a local grocery store of two kilograms of chicken by sticking the poultry down the front of his shorts and sauntering

through the checkout.

Unfortunately the man's pants fell down around his ankles while he attempted to make his escape, foiling the otherwise infallible plan. Police also found two packets of M&Ms in the man's pockets: *Critic* advises that roast chicken with M&M stuffing is not as delicious as it sounds.



PC Tools have recently conducted a survey of New Zealand's back up habits. The survey yielded some pretty shocking results. It appears that nearly half of all Kiwis don't back up their precious information. Most surprising of all, despite being the most digitally savvy, those under the age of 25 are the least likely to back up their files. Of those under 25 who were surveyed, 48% "just never got around to it" while 18% didn't see a real risk of losing anything.

In an attempt to rectify this, PC Tools have launched a new Simple Back Up Suite which ensures automatic backups to an external hard drive. This week, *Critic* and PC Tools are giving away five copies of Simple Back Up Suite. To go into the draw to win a copy, email us at [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz).

## Bizarre Drug Facts

- The US Declaration of Independence was written on hemp paper.
- The combined wealth of the top five pharmaceutical companies outweighs the GNP of sub-Saharan Africa.
- Paracetamol is toxic when you have been consuming alcohol. Stick to the blue Powerade and pie.
- Chocolate contains the same chemical, phenylethylamine, that your brain produces when you fall in love. Sweet.



Some days, it seems as if everything has gone wrong, and every ridiculous bad thing that could possibly happen, well, happens. It's on days like these that you wonder if you've stepped into a movie or, conversely, whether you'll be approached by reality-TV producers wanting to take inspiration from your life.

Enter Hyperbole and a Half (<http://hyperboleandahalf.blogspot.com>), which documents the hilarious day-to-day events that happen to creator Allie Brosh. As the name suggests, Allie utilises her hyperbolic story telling ability and couples it with child-like drawings created using Paintbrush (the Mac equivalent of MS Paint).

Many stories are based on Allie's child-self, who is portrayed as precocious and hyperactive and strangely tadpole-esque. Allie's dogs, one of which is simple minded, the other who is neurotic with low self-esteem, also feature regularly. All in all, Hyperbole and a Half makes for a hilarious way to procrastinate.

1830<sub>s</sub>

era in which ketchup was sold as a medicine

802<sub>million</sub>

US dollars. The average cost of developing a new prescription drug.

# Bonus Bonds suspected of taking tainted money

To mark the “drugs” issue, *Critic* sent a reporter into the field to delve into the student drug trade. We found that Dunedin is a relatively pricey and difficult place to obtain most drugs, with drugs like ecstasy and acid far less accessible and more expensive than in other major New Zealand centres.

To facilitate our investigations we spoke to sources knowledgeable about the drug scene in the city. It appears that most students selling drugs in Dunedin are small-scale dealers, with most selling simply to supplement their student loans or allowances in order to meet living costs.

Marijuana is apparently by far the most popular substance among students, although we were told that there had been a considerable increase in the popularity of tabs of acid and ecstasy for events and concerts.

The latter substances are, however, difficult to get hold of, with considerable gluts in supply throughout the year and large fluctuations in price. Sources told *Critic* that most ecstasy was sourced from Auckland dealers, with acid being brought in from Auckland and also imported from overseas.

These substances’ volatile supply and often poor quality meant that profits for student dealers were generally low. *Critic* was told that most dealers selling these products made minimal profit, with some receiving practically nothing above retaining a portion of their stock for personal use.

Marijuana remained the easiest drug to get hold of and the most profitable to sell. An “O-bag” of 30 grams could be bought for \$300 and on-sold in one gram tinnies for \$20 each, netting a profit of \$300 on each bag sold. One source reported that a casual dealer might sell a bag a week if he was well known.

However, most small-scale student dealers were not making enough to support an extravagant lifestyle, with many simply selling instead of working a part-time job. One source did report that he had heard of one dealer who invested their profits from each sale in Bonus Bonds.

The fact that most students dealing drugs seemed to be doing so in order to support themselves has again called into question the level of government support available to full-time students.

With a maximum borrowing entitlement of only \$170 a week, almost all students *Critic* talked to said that they had to find money from external sources simply to pay their fixed weekly living expenses.

One student, who requested to remain anonymous, said, “my rent, basic food and utilities add up to nearly \$200 a week. This means the student loan doesn’t cover my day-to-day living costs in the best case scenario. If I have to go the doctor, or if any other unexpected costs arise, that simply adds to the weekly deficit. I have a normal part-time job but I can definitely understand why some students would be tempted to deal to get by, or put a little money away.”

– *Staff Reporter*



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# Polytech plans move to trimester system

The Otago Polytechnic is considering extending its academic year from two semesters to three trimesters. Instead of the current 32-week year split into two semesters, there would be three 14-week trimesters.

Under the proposed model, classes would begin mid-January and run through to the end of November. At the moment semesters are 16 weeks long, beginning mid-February and finishing around the end of October. The change would mean students would spend less time studying, reducing the amount spent on rent and living cost, and could move onto the job market sooner.

Speaking to the *Otago Daily Times*, Polytechnic chief executive officer Phil Ker pointed out that the change would mean students could complete four-year degrees in three years, and three-year degrees in two. Meanwhile a one-year certificate would take only eight months to finish.

If the plan is approved Otago would be the first polytechnic in the country to have such a system, the closest currently offered being an unofficial third summer school term run by the Wellington Institute of Technology.

With Polytech already running at the maximum domestic enrolment cap, the move would not increase enrolment numbers of New Zealand students. However, the three trimester system is being touted as a key move in attracting more international students to the institution. International students reportedly stated that a shorter overall study duration was a key consideration in selecting which institution to study at.

Domestic enrolments are currently capped at 3208 funded full-time places. Polytech can also opt to take on an extra 96 non-funded domestic students. Having already reached its 2011 funding cap for domestic

students, the Polytech is looking at having to cut second semester enrolments by up to 40% if additional funding is denied by the state.

The extra income earned from an increase in the international student roll under the new system would allow the Polytech to take on more students without funding. At the moment there is no limit on the number of international students the Polytech can accept.

Ker was quick to emphasise to the *ODT* that the trimester system was as much about addressing staff workloads as it was about attracting new students. Under the proposed scheme, staff would teach two of three semesters, with the third being allocated to "non - classroom activities".

Ker also pointed out that students would likely be required to do more self-directed learning due to a possible reduction in contact hours.

Reaction to the scheme has so far been mixed. Otago Polytechnic Students' Association president Michelle Fidow told the *ODT* that, depending on the trimester dates, the proposed system could spell trouble for students who are parents, as Polytech holidays may no longer coincide with school term breaks.

One Polytech student studying massage therapy was enthusiastic at the thought of being able to graduate sooner, but disliked the possibility of having to undertake more self-directed learning and was concerned about not being able to work a full five months over the summer.

— *Teuila Fuatai*



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# Omg moar Exec members.

## Critic is, omg, liek, so happy!

The happy family that is the OUSA Executive has gained two new members after a by-election was successfully held last week.

Art Kiojarunchitt has been elected as the International Student Officer and Thomas Koentges has been elected as the Postgraduate Representative for the remainder of 2011.

Kiojarunchitt has served on the Executive representing international students for the past two years. He chose not to run for the position again during the 2011 Executive elections as he was not expecting to return to Otago. Running unopposed, Kiojarunchitt received 64 votes, with 10 votes recorded for no confidence and 28 votes abstaining from voting.

*Critic* is unsure as to why anyone would subject themselves to the voting process only to have it recorded that they don't want to vote. Clearly, the 28 international students who abstained from voting have too much time on their hands. *Critic* suggests that these students make a visit to local holiday destination Mosgiel to use up some of their time.

Of the election, Kiojarunchitt says that "it would have been more interesting with competition" but he is still "happy to get the position officially".

Meanwhile the position of Postgraduate Representative has been filled by Thomas Koentges, a 30-year old German. Koentges received 83 votes, exactly half the amount of the total votes cast in the election for the position. Again, another 14 dimwits voted, but chose to abstain once they were at the crucial decision making process. The other candidates in the election, Ely Rodrigues and Brent (Bert) Holmes, received

32 and 24 votes respectively. That sneaky devil "no confidence" also crept in there, garnering a total of 13 votes.

Colleges and Communications Representative Francisco Hernandez told *Critic* that "votes are up on last year a bit". (*Critic* suspects things were very dire indeed last year if this is in fact the case). Hernandez had implemented a polling booth in Abbey College, the postgraduate residence, and wanted to do the same in other colleges but "there weren't enough international students to justify this. We will try harder for the next election". *Critic* is left wondering exactly which election exactly he is talking about, and whether another by-election is brewing. (Speculation is an addiction, once you start it's hard to stop).

President Harriet Geoghegan is "glad we have filled the positions and now have a Postgraduate Representative and an International Student Officer". She says she is "really looking forward to working with both Art and Thomas for the rest of the year, particularly Art as he has done a lot of hard work already for OUSA".

A source of *Critic's*, who wishes to remain anonymous, is part of both the international and postgraduate communities. She tells us she is "thrilled beyond words that a sector of the student body which has for too long been denied representation, has now, only now, finally regained a voice".

*Critic* would like to let Thomas know, as he may be unaware of meeting etiquette, that it is his turn to bring baking to the next Exec meeting, and we like afghans.

— Aimee Gulliver

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# Tragic death of community-involved student



As reported last week, University of Otago student and regular *Critic* contributor Scott Ridley was tragically killed on March 31, when his car collided head-on with a truck and trailer unit in heavy fog near Hampden.

Scott was heavily involved in the community in a number of ways, particularly around the University and OUSA. At Radio One, Scott had been a key contributor for over three years, and station manager Sean Norling describes Scott as “always happy, always on point, always smiling”. Losing Scott, he said, was “such a shock... in a word, he’s irreplaceable”.

Scott was also working at the Waitaki District Council as their communications and policy support officer at the time of his death. His workmates there have been “left devastated” by the loss of a popular member of their team, council chief executive Michael Ross said.

OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan was a close friend of Scott’s, and describes him as “a huge support person for me... Scotty was my best friend.” She spoke of the selflessness Scott had always displayed, spending hours helping out with OUSA things, as a Queer Peer Supporter, on the OCOM Executive, and volunteering for Radio One and *Critic*. Geoghegan describes Scott as “a wonderful person to talk to and get advice from...everyone that worked with him loved him”.

This sentiment is shared by former *Critic* editor Ben Thomson, who worked closely with Scott in the news team in 2009. In the second half of the year, Scott “led *Critic*’s coverage of the Undie 500 and its aftermath and did an absolutely stellar job; you could never have asked for better”.

“He had all the makings of a great reporter, and was so committed and passionate about his work – really going the extra mile for us all the time. Scott was a really talented guy who had such a promising future, he made a great addition to our team and we all loved having him around,” Thomson said.

Scott’s funeral was held on Monday 4<sup>th</sup> April at St Patrick’s Basilica in Oamaru.

The driver of the truck, Anthony Lyn (Tony) Smith, was also killed in the collision. Mr Smith, who died at the scene, was married with children and grandchildren.

– Aimee Gulliver

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  - Olive tomato capers and spinach
  - Fume lardons & fungi (Spicy bacon & mushroom)
- \* Pasta (Fettuccini)
  - Ragu - Slowly braised lamb in rich tomato sauce
  - Carbonara - Creamy sauce with bacon & parmesan
  - Fungi - Wild mushrooms finished with truffle oil
  - Marinara - Clam linguine in a rich chive cream
  - Puttanesca - Tomato based, with capers & olives

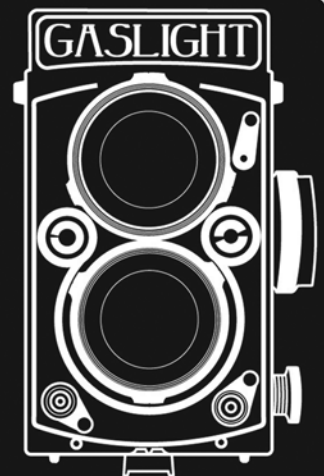
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# Polytech Library re-billed as plain Robertson.

*People shitty about that, and also at terrible pun in this title.*

Otago Polytechnic deputy chief executive Robin Day said that the name change of the Robertson Library (formerly the Bill Robertson Library) last year has made some of the staff at the institution unhappy.

The University of Otago, who own the library, made the decision to change the name. However, some Polytech staff feel they should have been consulted about the change, as the library was originally half-owned by the Polytech and was named after the former head of the Polytech's School of Engineering.

The University spent \$10 million upgrading and expanding the library last year, and in the process decided to drop "Bill" from the title.

According to the *Otago Daily Times*, University Vice-Chancellor Sir Prof David Skegg telephoned Polytech chief executive Phil Ker to ask for his views on the change. Ker told the *ODT* that the change "did not seem to feature as something which would trigger spending time and energy on", although he now admits he "may have misread the sentiments of staff".

Polytech council chairwoman Kathy Grant believes that the Polytech - now only a user of the library rather than part owner - should not protest the University's decision.

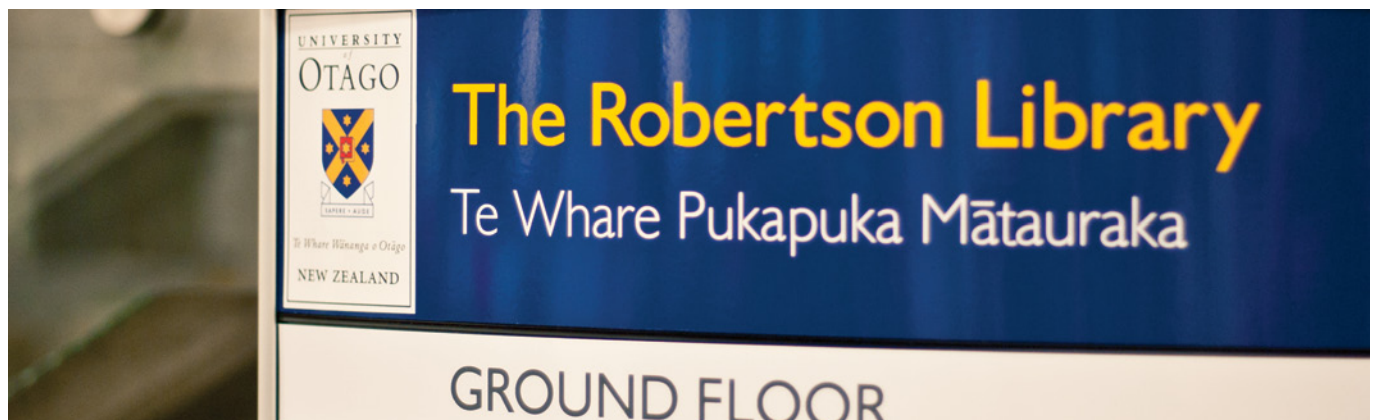
The Polytechnic swapped its share in the library for a University contribution to its Manaaki student centre in Harbour Terrace some years ago.

– Lauren Enright



## Stride shits on government/ takes novelty Easter photo.

The above photo shows OUSA Finance and Services Officer doing one of two things. The first explanation is that Stride is attempting to take a comical photo to promote OUSA's Fairtrade Easter Egg Hunt. The second is that Stride is in John Key's Beehive office taking a dump on the carpet to protest the Government's support of the VSM bill. You decide.



# Weatherston appeals murder conviction.



Clayton Weatherston during last years trial. Image courtesy of the ODT

Convicted murderer Clayton Weatherston has appealed his conviction in the Court of Appeal. The three judges on the Court of Appeal have reserved their decision until later in the year.

The 34 year old former University of Otago tutor was sentenced to a minimum of 18 years in prison two years ago for the murder of his ex-girlfriend Sophie Elliott, whom he stabbed more than 200 times in her parents' home in 2008.

Weatherston argued at his trial that Elliott provoked him into killing her, and that the trigger for the attack was Elliott lunging at him with a pair of scissors.

This controversial defence of provocation was rejected by the jury and later repealed by the government. Part of the objection to the provocation defence was the impression that it put the victim on trial. The defence was only a partial one in the criminal justice system, and could have the effect of reducing a charge of murder to that of manslaughter if accepted by the jury.

In his appeal, Weatherston is arguing that he did not get a fair trial because his provocation defence was debated in the media before the jury reached their verdict. Weatherston's lawyer, Robert Lithgow, said that "It was impossible for someone to get a fair hearing when the defence they were using was being publicly attacked".

In focusing on the effect that the media had on the trial, Lithgow criticised the deputy president of the Law Commission, Warren Young, for giving a television interview about the provocation defence while the trial continued.

The Crown says that while the timing of the media coverage was unfortunate, it was not about Weatherston's case specifically. Deputy Solicitor-General Cameron Mander said that public debate

about provocation was limited to the legal principles while the trial continued. Young had not mentioned the Weatherston case in his television interview.

During the five-week trial in the Christchurch High Court, the jury was instructed to ignore all media coverage of the case. Mander said that no sound basis existed to think that the jury did not apply the law as Justice Potter had directed them to.

Weatherston's lawyers have also asked the Court of Appeal to accept into evidence a transcript of a confidential speech made by trial judge Justice Judith Potter. In the speech to senior judges in January, Justice Potter said that television coverage of Weatherston's defence appalled the public, and that throughout the trial the public grew to despise him and had sympathy only for his victim. Justice Potter further acknowledged the huge impact the news media had on the trial.

University of Otago Faculty of Law Professor Kevin Dawkins told *Critic*, "Media criticism of the defence of provocation is only relevant to the issue in whether the appellant received a fair trial, the right to which is guaranteed by the New Zealand Bill of Rights Act 1990. The appellant is also appealing against the trial judge's misdirections on law, which is a ground recognised under the Crimes Act 1961. It would be improper for me to express an opinion on the grounds of appeal pending the Court of Appeal's judgment."

Dawkins also said that, as the trial pre-dated the abolition of provocation on December 8 2009, if the Court of Appeal were to order a retrial, the partial defence of provocation would remain available to Weatherston.

Sophie Elliott's family was in court to hear the appeal last week, sitting across the aisle from Weatherston's parents.

– Aimee Gulliver



## Prostate screening

The results of a long-term Swedish trial, recently published in the British Medical Journal, may suggest that prostate screening is causing more harm than good, according to University of Otago Associate Professor Brian Cox.

The research showed that even long-term screening did not significantly reduce mortality rates of prostate cancer. Prof Cox believes New Zealand men not presenting with symptoms of prostate cancer should not be tested, and suggests that over-diagnosis is the greater danger, since surgical and radiotherapy treatments to remove prostate cancer often result in impotence and incontinence.

Prof Cox also called for limiting those able to perform the test to urologists, oncologists, and surgeons. He told the *Otago Daily Times* that "it is hoped that in the future a suitable test will be found...unfortunately we are not there yet".

– Andrew Oliver

## Green Party plays April Fools' joke on media. Critic fooled.

The Green Party kicked off April by announcing a hip-hop tour of New Zealand universities. The tour is designed to raise awareness of environmental and social justice issues among students in a cool way that youths will totally dig.

Green MP and Party youth spokesman Gareth Hughes said in a press release that "we are always keen to find new ways to reach out to people not involved in politics and we think a hip hop tour is a great way to connect with a younger audience".

The tour by the group, who call themselves Massive Salad, will involve a slew of Green MPs, most of whom have adopted cool rap names in order to ingratiate themselves with the "Guns and Hoes (of either gender)" obsessed generation of BCom students that constitute the majority of university students in this godforsaken country.

Surely the standout effort among the MPs is Hughes moniker, "MC G-Roar". The "G" is understood to refer to Hughes' first name (Gareth). Inventive.

The tour kicked off at Victoria University on April 1. It is unclear when Massive Salad plan to play the Union in Dunedin.

– Gregor Whyte

## Students fuck themselves by being too good

The Hyde St Keg Party cleanup was such a success that similar initiatives could be extended to other parts of the student area in the future.

The cleanup consisted of students being woken up at 9am by council workers to clean up the street after the annual street party. However the *Otago Daily Times* reported that most residents of the street had already started the cleanup prior to the 9am deadline, and the council was impressed by the results of the initiative. The success of the cleanup has raised the possibility that residents of notoriously messy student streets, Castle St being the epitome, will follow suit.

*Critic* highly anticipates seeing Castle St residents being woken at 9am after a huge Saturday to clean.

– Staff Reporter

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# BOUNCING OFF THE HALLS



In the wake of the recent Health Sci CELS191 terms test, worth a life-threatening 20%, freshers have somehow conspired to be exponentially more annoying than usual. The mass march from St. David's to Castle has become an even more hazardous obstacle for the rest of the student population, as the horde moves closer to running pace in a pathetic attempt to maximise study time.

Many Arana Health Sci scholars will be filing for compassionate consideration, after hall residents have claimed that they are being distracted by a ghost residing in the elevator. Eyewitness reports state that the "being" whispers to those riding the elevator. Especially frequent victims appear to be stoners and pissheads.

While many pundits will dismiss such rumours as outrageous, residents of one of

the college's flats say a supernatural being is the only rational explanation for the phenomenon occurring on their lawn. On more than one occasion, large deposits of human faeces have turned up uninvited on the poor first-year group's garden. In an impressive display of flawless logic, the authorities have placed the flat on alcohol ban. Unsurprisingly the poos have not subsided.

Many of the delightful stories offered to you in this outstanding feature are vulgar, and indeed frequently involve feral accounts of sexual activities. For a change of scenery, this next story is a touching one about the first rush of love and the inevitable heartbreak associated with first-year relationships. One highly intoxicated individual thought he had met the woman of his dreams when he stumbled across a lost dog in town (read: actual

canine, not slutty UniCol swamp-donkey from Malbas).

Feeling romantic, and a tad aroused, the boy escorted the mutt to the 2-4 and bought a box of wedges to share at the top of the Knox Church stairs. As well as food, the inebriated gentleman even offered his new acquaintance his jacket for warmth. But, in a blurry haze of lust and goon, the man slipped and tumbled down the stairs, landing in a puddle of third year's piss. Dazed and bruised, the man raised out his arm in search for his new lover's assistance, only to see the bitch still gorging herself on wedges. Unfortunately this is not the first case of caring freshers only being used for their salty bits.

Be careful out there.

– **Lozz Holding**

## (H)RONICLES OF (A)STLE

It's been a week of internal flat dramas down here on Castle. The first incident stems back to O Week when one smelly little shit took a cool three hundy cash out on the flatcard. He invested the three hundred in disco biscuits unbeknownst to his flatmates, who were left wondering why they couldn't afford food when should have been more than enough on the card. However, it was O Week so chances are they were pissed and didn't take too much notice. Last Sunday, however, the flat sat down to sort out the accounts and backtracked through their statements to see where this food money had "disappeared" to. When it was revealed that the three hundy had been blown on nose candy, shit hit the fan. Needless to say, there is now a room available on Castle if anyone is interested.

Earlier that day a Sunday session combined

with a quick skate to the fish and chip shop turned nasty. Two boozed up flatmates managed to share the board all the way to Cumberland Street and back; it was only when they arrived back outside the flat that things went wrong. The front rider didn't quite nail the dismount and penguin-dived into the side of a parked car. The car happened to be a 2001 Subaru Impreza WRX Sti version 7 owned by his bogan flatmate. The skater boy managed to put a big dent in a door using his head, an impressive feat but not necessarily magical for the relationship between the culprit and his flatmate. After a team hug, a blaze and 700 bucks of course related costs, the ordeal has been smoothed over.

April Fools' Day was as disappointing as the toilet paper in the St David's Lecture Theatre (one ply, feels like sandpaper) as people

were too hung over to cause mischief. In other news, one lucky couple deserves credit for incorporating a skateboard into their lovemaking, a commendable feat that gives new meaning to the phrases "night riding" and "shredding it". Otherwise most of the romance going on consists of people drunkenly going gardening (digging up old roots); it's the easy fallback option. Fortunately the layer of paint on Castle Street still spices things up as it's caking the road like make-up on an Auckland girl's face.

– **Sam Reynolds**

# Sia Insane Old-School Uses Of Drugs

Everything has a history. **Josh Hercus** looks at some of the past uses for modern day drugs



## Children's soothing syrups

When you used to get sick, what did your parents give you? I bet it was some sort of lolly-water antibiotic thing or that Robitussin crap. Had you been around in the early 1900s, your terrible twos would have been all that more terrible with the cocktail of narcotics that they used to give children. An article published in 1910 in the *New York Times* stated that the "soothers" often contained "morphin sulphate, chloroform, morphine hydrochloride, codeine, heroin, powdered opium, cannabis indica," as well as combinations of the lot. To put that into perspective, that's like taking the equivalent of 0.01mgs of Charlie Sheen.

## Cough syrups

While children had it quite bad, don't think that adults missed out. From 1898 to 1910 heroin was marketed as a cough suppressant under the original name of "Heroin". No, seriously – that's where the name comes from. Not only that but it was meant to be the non-addictive morphine replacement that claimed to cure morphine addiction. The good thing was that it was apparently true to its name – heroin can suppress coughing quite well. However, on the bad side, it was much more addictive than morphine and fucks you up something chronic. I'd rather try to cure my cough by eating something from Tokyo Garden.



## A decent mixer

Laudanum made its first appearance over 500 years ago. It's basically opium mixed with alcohol. Back then alcohol wasn't quite as "refined" as we have it now, so just imagine squeezing out everything in a bar mat after a busy night, adding crack to it, then drinking it. Yeah, that's pretty much how it tasted as well. It was used to treat anything from a cold to various heart diseases, and even diarrhoea. It was cheaper than a bottle of gin and wasn't taxed because it was a "medicine". The strangest part is that to this day it's still used as a treatment.

## Giggle party

Most of you know that nitrous oxide is used in a wide range of things, from anaesthetics to speeding up cars. But it's better known as "laughing gas" and back in the mid-1800s they had parties dedicated to the stuff. The posters advertising these parties got straight to the point. For extra effect, read these in a posh English accent "The effect of the gas is to make those who include it, either laugh, sing, dance, speak or fight according to the leading trait of their character." It then goes on to say "the Gas will be administered only to gentlemen of the first respectability. The object is to make the entertainment in every respect, a genteel affair". If getting high and fighting/laughing was a "genteel affair", then what would they call being indecent? At the very least, this teaches us how to write a Facebook event invite with a bit of decorum.



## Truth serum

During WWII, the US formed the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), which was the predecessor of the CIA. They developed a truth serum that was basically just concentrated THC from weed. It was surprisingly effective, causing the subject "to be loquacious and free in his impartation of information", which sounds even more impressive if you don't know what loquacious means. They tried out their serum on a New York crime lord's enforcer, Del Gracio, by giving him a cigarette laced with the THC. He then proceeded to spill the beans about the logistics of their massive heroin operation. Naturally, the OSS increased the dose but this time Gracio ended up coma-ing out for two hours. No doubt he woke up with a craving for five Happy Meals and three bags of Twisties.



## Mind control

A few years later the CIA raised the stakes. Project MK-ULTRA was an illegal CIA-run project that ran between the 50s and 60s as an attempt to find out which substances can alter the mind and body both positively and negatively, presumably to find some sort of über-drug to fight the Commies. Some assert that the CIA were having a crack at mind control. The participants were given mainly LSD but a wide variety of other drugs were also used. The creepiest part is that most of the participants didn't even know they were ingesting the drugs. The CIA would casually go down to brothels, prisons and hospitals and secretly give people some drugs and just see what would happen. Thousands were involved and it's thought that around \$10 million US was pumped into the project, which was a lot of money back then. A few deaths have been associated with the project but no one will ever know the true count because most of the documents were destroyed by the CIA in 1973.





# Getting Above *the* Influence

*by Siobhan Downes*

The homeless bum, shooting up with a dirty needle in a dark alleyway. The street-walking prostitute, snorting cocaine between each fuck. The old man with blood-shot eyes, staggering along the street and swigging from a bottle in a brown paper bag. Our perceptions of addiction are tainted by stereotypes based on class and race. It's easier to dismiss the issue if we paint it as a small but unsightly stain on society. But according to the National Committee for Addiction Treatment, 3.5% of New Zealanders suffer from serious drug abuse and addiction each year. That's more than 150,000 of us. Drug abuse and addiction are New Zealand's dirty little secrets.

When we think of drug addiction, most of us immediately think of the "Class A" illicit substances we frequently hear about in the media: heroin, cocaine, LSD – all the "big names". New Zealand media has particularly taken to bombarding the public with reports on "the war on 'P'", or methamphetamine; the drug commonly associated with gangs, clan labs and serious crime. Yet although meth is indeed a particularly addictive drug, and although its presence is certainly felt in society, it and other "Class A" drugs lag far behind New Zealand's three main weaknesses. New Zealand's drug problem actually lies in nicotine, alcohol, and cannabis. Almost a quarter of us are smokers, and are most likely addicted to nicotine, says the Ministry of Health. According to the Alcohol Advisory Council, Alcoholics Anonymous holds over 400 meetings in New Zealand every week, with another quarter of New Zealanders identifying as binge drinkers. Cannabis is third in terms of drug abuse, with New Zealand having the ninth highest cannabis consumption level in the world, and a small number of these consumers will be suffering from addiction to the drug.

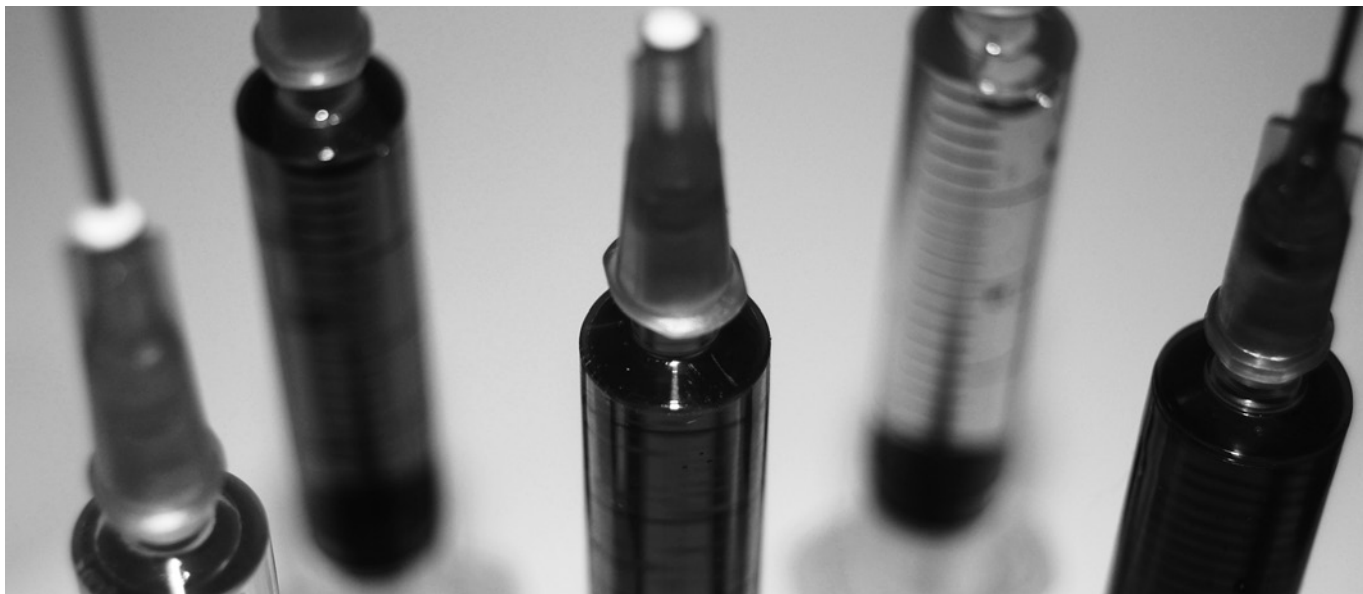
Abovethetheinfluence.com explains the basic science behind how we become addicted. "All drugs of abuse directly or indirectly target the brain's reward system by flooding the circuit with dopamine. Dopamine is a neurotransmitter present in regions of the brain that regulate movement, emotion, cognition, motivation, and feelings of pleasure. The overstimulation of this system, which rewards our natural behaviours, produces the euphoric effects sought by people who abuse drugs and teaches them to repeat the behaviour." In order for our brains to become over-stimulated, first we must undergo what Doug Sellman, Christchurch-based University of Otago professor and director of the National Addiction Centre described in a *New Zealand Listener* article as an "addiction apprenticeship". This involves a pattern of behaviour being established, a pattern in which we constantly misuse and abuse a particular drug, build up tolerance for it and, ultimately, become entirely dependent on it.

“Our society actively encourages people to abuse drugs”

I spoke with Mark Chignell, Clinical Group Leader of Counselling, and Chrissy Griffiths, Nurse Specialist Health Education and Alcohol, both from Student Health, about drug addiction among students. "We don't see too many addictions, because they [students with addictions] don't last at university," explained Mark. "It's more or less impossible to maintain an academic pass rate and be addicted to drugs." What they do see is a lot of evidence of drug abuse and misuse, the implications of which are just as serious, as part of that "addiction apprenticeship". "Sometimes there's a very fine line between abuse and addiction," explained Mark. "I often hear 'I don't take it everyday, I don't drink everyday', but there's a fine line between that and 'I have something every second day, or every weekend'". Chrissy, whose primary focus is alcohol abuse, sees a similar pattern. "You see there is a history of [the person] using alcohol in a way that they are always drunk, wasted, or out of it...they have become dependent on it as a coping strategy. Sometimes, they will express cravings. And that's when we start to get into the addiction side that becomes unmanageable."

It's easy to label drug abusers and addicts as "weak" or "stupid". But the problem does not generally start with the individual. Our society actively encourages people to abuse drugs, through peer pressure, targeted marketing, and an attitude that normalises such behaviour. Mark and Chrissy have observed this in the university setting. "The desire to fit in – it's huge," says Mark, "if in order to fit in you have to drink excessively, and take drugs on top of that, you will." Chrissy concurred; "We've got 'initiations' here where young people have to drink so many standard drinks and then walk over broken glass. And they do it. Lovely, intelligent people feel pressured to do it." Chrissy also notes that lower socio-economic groups are more susceptible to drug and alcohol abuse, mainly because their vulnerability is particularly preyed on. "[Companies] make everything accessible, available, and just around the corner. We've got fifty liquor outlets in the kilometre density of the university, and this is classified as a lower socio-economic area." Society is also good at spreading the wrong information – cannabis is "soft", "common", "safe". These are dangerous misconceptions, explains Chrissy. "Today's cannabis is not 'soft'. Compared with that of the 1960s and 1970s, it's a much stronger drug. These drugs are not made by pharmacists; they're not measured out – they put anything in there."

Student Health is always on guard to help to students struggling with drug abuse and misuse, whether they're aware of it or not. Many students use the service for alcohol and or drug related injuries – Mark noted that, on the Monday after Hyde Street, "a substantial number



presented with physical injuries.” If Student Health believes the student may have an abuse problem, they will ask that student layers of questions about their alcohol and drug use, and offer completely non-judgmental support. Chrissy described the process; “If the student acknowledges the issue, they will go through to myself. They get offered five free sessions where we can really work with that issue. We work with a model that looks at goal setting, and lifestyle changes – how to be in touch with their feelings again.” After consultation and assessment, if there is concern that the student is in fact suffering from an addiction, the student will be instead referred to a community provider who specialises in addiction treatment. “There are lots of services and private counsellors,” says Chrissy, “but not enough – our society is thin on the ground of supporting people, really.”

Perhaps one of the main obstacles in seeking help for drug abuse or addiction lies in New Zealand’s outdated drug laws. New Zealand’s Misuse of Drugs Act dates back to 1975, and while the Act has remained relatively stagnant, society has changed dramatically. The executive director of the New Zealand Drug Foundation, Ross Bell, discussed this problem on the blog, Pundit. “Drugs have changed, New Zealanders’ appetites for drugs have changed, and our knowledge about the most effective ways to reduce drug harm has advanced.” For those in favour of updating the law, the discourse comes down to this argument – should we be making criminals of people suffering from drug abuse and addiction, or should we be supporting them through drug education and treatment? Many point to the example of Portugal, which in 2001 became the first country in Europe to decriminalise drug possession. The idea was that drug users would trade prison sentences for therapy sessions. Positive results of the law change could be almost immediately observed – HIV infections as a result of sharing needles dropped, and numbers of drug abusers and addicts seeking treatment increased dramatically. If we look at Portugal’s success, it seems that the key to solving New Zealand’s drug problem is not in intimidating and repressive laws, but in openly accepting that drug abuse and addiction is a reality, and in turn, making it ok to seek help.

While our drug laws may seem counterproductive in helping drug abusers and addicts, in other ways New Zealand is making a conscious effort, through initiatives such as the Needle Exchange Programme. The Programme, founded in 1987, has 200 outlets around New Zealand under its belt - including special organisations, pharmacies and clinics - that allow injecting drug users to swap their old needles and syringes for new ones. The users do not only receive new, clean needles, but also educational material, advice, and a safe point of contact should they choose to reach out for help. The benefits of the Programme have been remarkable – it is estimated that its activities have played a large part in decreasing needle sharing and subsequently HIV and hepatitis risks among users. Charles Henderson, the national manager of the Programme in 2009, described it as “the most successful needle exchange programme in the world”. It’s all about reducing harm, he said – “Supplying clean needles is as sensible and necessary as making sure motorbike riders wear helmets and people in cars wear seatbelts. We do it because it reduces harm and benefits society as a whole, not just drug users.”

Regardless of what is available, there is always going to be a stigma attached to seeking help. “I think it’s embedded in individuals; people think they can manage themselves, or they’ll ‘get over it’”, Chrissy from Student Health suggested. “This is especially true in young, Kiwi guys.” When it comes to drug abuse and addiction, it’s hard to just “get over it”, but, with the right help and support, it’s possible to get above it.

Students are urged to remember that you don’t have to be an alcoholic or drug addict to get support. Call Student Health on 0800 479 821, and ask for a consultation with Mark Chignell or Chrissy Griffiths. Alternatively, pop into Student Health at the Corner of Walsh and Albany Streets.

# Fake or real?

**George Harrison** discusses the pros and cons of weed and its legal counterparts

## Availability and risk

To those of us who have often struggled to find real weed, fake weed of the “puff”, “illusion” and “chronic” varieties have been a revelation. Well, that’s putting it a bit strongly. But it’s definitely been useful. Clearly the availability of legal weed is one factor weighing strongly in its favour. When once one had to go through at least four degrees of separation before any legitimate marijuana would materialise, now all you need to do is drop into Cosmic Corner or the Willowbank, hand over your \$20-\$25 (yes, some varieties are even cheaper than your average Dunedin tinny!), and you’re sorted. So it’s easy to get and the risk is next to nothing. Conversely, part of the whole appeal of weed is the fact that it is illegal and subversive and that you can’t get it at a moment’s notice. The whole “will we get it, won’t we get it?” is part of the experience, as is the fact that you’re doing something officially deemed “naughty”. In this respect weed has a particular history that the legalised highs lack. Jimi Hendrix and the Beatles didn’t smoke puff. They were about alternative culture and mind expansion. In this respect many feel that legal highs lack the history, culture and authenticity of the real ganja.

## Consistent legislating?

Although sold as “incense”, legal highs are essentially a derivative of weed and one questions whether the fact of their being legal is consistent legislating, especially considering the fact that their effects are relatively similar to those of marijuana. However, it’s actually not that easy to ban these products. Again, they aren’t sold as a drug. They also do not come under the legal definition of a drug, per the Misuse of Drugs Act 1975. Their exact chemical structure has not yet been determined and clearly it is impossible to ban something you can’t define. Parliament can’t simply illegalise these products under their brand names – the companies who produce them will just change the name. And if they ban the particular structure, a marginally different structure can be developed with essentially the same effects, but that does not fall under the definition.

Regardless of what the government makes illegal, weed will continue to be consumed, thus funding New Zealand’s gangs. I would argue that legalisation, or at least decriminalization, is the realistic response to this state of affairs. Per the *Recent Trends in New Zealand Drug Use Survey 2007*, black market weed currently has an estimated annual dollar turnover of \$131-\$190 million. Small business could profit from legalisation, money would also not be wasted on the detection and prosecution of offenders and the government could reap the benefits via taxation. The hypocrisy of legalising alcohol but not marijuana is also notable. Alcohol is often closely associated with violence (the Police National Alcohol Assessment found that at least a third of recorded violent offences in 2007/08 were committed under the influence of alcohol) and can be far more dangerous for the user than weed –

cannabis is not physically addictive in the same way as alcohol is and I don’t know of anyone who’s ever blacked out from smoking a joint. What is also interesting is that the fact that weed is illegal hasn’t actually amounted to a significant deterrence in usage. In fact, compared to the Netherlands where pot is actually legal, New Zealand has a higher rate of cannabis use (according to the NORML website).

## Effects

Both weed and fake weed can give you a good buzz and their effects vary from person to person. However, on the whole, fake weed is way harsher to smoke and although intensely fun for about 20-60 minutes, leads to a feeling of total lethargy far more quickly than real weed. So it really depends on the kind of high you’re wanting. Real weed is definitely a more mellow buzz and the effects last for a lot longer (up to eight hours). But if you want some crazy intensity the legal highs are the superior alternative. Just watch out for that paranoid edge.

## Natural vs. artificial

When Bob Marley talked about the herb revealing you to yourself, he was not referring to a chemical derivative thereof. The “natural” aspect of weed (assuming it hasn’t been laced with P or rat poison, as per Dunedin drug lore) is one of its appealing characteristics, and not just because of its cultural associations. One wonders at the negative health effects of these legal highs. Although smoking a joint is about as bad for you as smoking five cigarettes (unless you use a vaporiser), the fact that a lot of the legal highs state that they are “not for human consumption” is worrying to say the least. Their acrid, plastic taste also contributes to this sensation of artificiality. Whether the legal highs are substantively worse for you than legitimate marijuana, or whether it’s just a matter of how they feel, real weed is definitely superior in this respect.

## So which trumps?

To be honest, it really depends on what you’re looking for. Pure marijuana is way less harsh, lasts longer and doesn’t give you the fear or that feeling of utter exhaustion so easily or quickly as fake weed does. The fact that fake weed made me immune to the effects of real weed after only a few weeks of semi-regular usage was also kind of worrying. However, it is more intense, technically by the book and easy to get. Alternatively you could mix the two together. Actually, I haven’t tried that yet...

**Disclaimer:** *Critic and Planet Media do not promote illegal drug use. See page 22 for details on agencies where people can seek help if they are concerned about drug issues.*



# FEAR AND LOATHING IN NORTH EAST VALLEY

By Dr. Z

When *Critic* decided they needed a first-person account on the effects of the legal highs found around Dunedin for their upcoming “Drug” issue, I volunteered for the task immediately. As an aspiring investigative journalist I was keen for any opportunity to, well, investigate.

By the time the details were finalized, it was already late Wednesday afternoon and I had only one week to get through all the “drugs” and record their effects as they happened. Unfortunately I had a paper due Friday morning which I had yet to begin, so that, of course, came first. While some excellent writing has been done on drugs - Robert Louis Stevenson reportedly wrote *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* on a six day cocaine binge - I didn’t have any drugs yet, and certainly no cocaine, so I finished my paper as fast as I could, albeit chemically unaided, and was stocking up on “high” supplies by late Friday morning.

I had nine 10mg pills Ritalin. The cough syrup and nutmeg were easy enough to come by; Gregg’s Nutmeg from New World, cough syrup containing the active ingredient *dextromethorphan* from the neigh-

bouring pharmacy and Funk That supplied Kronik and Salvia. Mulberries proved difficult, as apparently they need to be unripe, white berries to produce their rumoured hallucinatory effects. I asked around and got nothing but queer looks. Eventually I got some dried mulberries from the health food store which apparently would do the trick in extremely large quantities.

It was now Friday afternoon and I was stocked up and planning to run the gauntlet in one wild weekend, hoping to finish everything off by Monday morning. After a little Wiki research on each of my target substances, I decided to start with the nutmeg as I believed it would have the mildest effect and be a good way to ease into things. Well, that was the plan anyway.

This is my story.

## FRIDAY

*After much research, the doses of the substances consumed were the most commonly suggested amounts for a substantial yet “safe” high for an 80kg male. The following is transcribed from a notebook I carried with me all weekend or from recordings I took on my phone.*

- 2:30pm** I just mixed 25 grams of Gregg’s powdered nutmeg into two chocolate milkshakes and have drunk both. Nutmeg tastes like sand. Not sure what to expect. Watching TV.
- 3:30pm** Might be feeling something, not sure, no real difference, feeling very anxious.
- 4:15pm** Something is indeed happening, tingly skin, my skin is warm, feeling butterflies in my stomach. Quite a pleasant buzz.
- 6:00pm** Bad stomach pain, ridiculous gas, strobe light effect whenever I move my eyes, feeling nice though, very dry mouth, fluttery heartbeat. Watching TV, can’t focus on anything or think, very similar to being quite stoned.
- 9:00pm** Terrible stomach pain, really bad. There are haloes on the lights and auras and shimmering outlines on everything. Things look translucent. My skin is red and flushed and I’m hot. Walking from room to room feels like an epic journey, definitely constipated also. Very confusing feeling, can’t remember one minute to the next.

**11:00pm** Want to sleep, feel like I could sleep if my mouth wasn't so dry, my heartbeat is really loud in my ears, I'm actually quite fucked up, not getting any better. Keep hearing phone ringing but it's not.

## SATURDAY

**8:30am** Terrible night's sleep, very twitchy, still feeling quite weird, munted, feeling very rough. Stomach pains have gone, thank God. Lights still have haloes and I'm thinking about throwing up to get rid of any leftover nutmeg, surprisingly potent shit, still hearing phone ringing.

**10:00am** 20mg of Ritalin crushed and snorted and a few coffees, feeling much better about things in general though the nutmeg is still very much present and fogging my head. Ritalin hurts to snort, but no immediate effect.

**10:30am** Decide to walk down to the park, but first snort one more Ritalin, feeling better. Put on a jacket and shoes and feeling a bit cold, might just be cold. Maybe this is just the Ritalin talking but I want another Ritalin. One more, then I'm off to the park. Crush, snort, ouch.

**11:00am** Feeling quite paranoid walking down the road but good to be in fresh air, Ritalin definitely has picked me up, wide awake now, and mouth still dry, feels like I've eaten toilet paper. Nutmeg has definitely given me an insane headache though, still hard to focus, probably only holding it together because of the Ritalin. Aborting park mission, heading home to get more Ritalin.

**2:30pm** At home sitting on porch waiting for text, decide to try Salvia. Roll up pathetic joint of what looks like hundred year old crappy bush-weed, not sure what to expect, haven't tried this before, I've heard lots of different things but one two three and away we go.

**2:45pm** HOLY MOTHERFUCKER!!! Insane instant tripping feeling, like a lot of nitrous oxide, feel like I was surrounded by whirring helicopters and there was a crowd of people talking around me and laughing but there is nobody here. Tin can-like ringing in my ears. Really insane feeling, very short lived though, really intense, sharply detailed, strange, actual hallucinations. This stuff cannot be good for you. I'm very surprised at how potent this stuff is and you can just buy it at the store. Maybe I had too much in one go? Wow.

**3:00pm** Taking a break for a moment, having a beer and a shower to recharge. Make toast but can't eat it, mouth is still really dry. Nutmeggy sick feeling still lurking around. Mysterious phone only ringing when I listen for it.

**4:00pm** Feeling rather down, a bit depressed, feel like I've wasted my Friday and Saturday, still can't communicate well on the phone.

**4:30pm** All is well, pretty tweaked on Ritalin, good feeling, amped, where were we? Kronik, this is also a first for me. I pack one cone full of Pineapple Express and light that bad boy up. Tastes like ass. Makes me cough, not overly impressed.

**4:35pm** Pretty fucked up actually, very much like weed almost. Maybe it's the leftover nutmeg or some residual Salvia or the toxic levels of Ritalin I've been shovelling up my nose but I'm actually quite stoned-ish. I fuck around on the guitar trying to decide if it's a high like weed or not, I think it is, I think in fact I'm wasted. Still constipated. Over all I have to say Kronik gets a thumbs up, goes nicely with another Ritalin.

"Maybe  
this is  
just the  
Ritalin  
talking  
but I  
want  
another  
Ritalin"

"felt  
even  
worse  
than  
the  
time  
I had  
meningitis"

SUNDAY

6:00pm

Have watched BBC Ocean documentary and eaten some noodles, Kronik was not too bad but is long gone now, feeling tired and bored. Decide to get this over with and knock back a 250ml bottle of cough syrup in one gnarly gulp; quickly wash it down with apple juice.

*Note: This is officially the end of the journal entries, the rest is described as it is best remembered, which is not very well.*

7-8pm? –  
3-4am?...ish

At first there was a brief sensation of euphoria, like an E or a LSD trip coming on, followed quickly by very real and intense confusion of where I was, who I was and what I was doing. My heart was pounding and I felt like my veins were going to burst. I was slipping in and out of strange dream-scape visual distortions; things looked the wrong size in relation to each other. The TV remote, for instance, looked like a microscopic child's toy and was impossible to operate. The presenters on the TV news seemed frightening and somehow aware of my presence. There was an extreme sense of loss of self-control and impending doom, and a sensation as though I'd become lost inside my head. At one point I was a polar bear walking through endless snow following a small yellow bird and was utterly convinced that if I couldn't catch up to the bird that I would never wake up. It was all very disturbing shit. I spent most the night pacing back and forth trying to remember to breath. The very best way I can describe the feeling is like having a stroke.

8:00am

I was done. Totally toasted, brain damaged for sure. I'd barely slept and felt incredibly fragile and spent, emotionally depleted and hollow, very zombie like. The cough syrup was quite possibly the worst thing I'd ever done to myself. I couldn't stop trembling and I felt even worse than the time I had meningitis. There was just absolutely no way in hell I had it left in me to try a party pill, legal or not, I was convinced I would die.

12:00pm

The last of the Ritalin and half a dozen beers later and I was feeling on top of the world again somehow, deranged and twisted beyond repair but actually upbeat and alive again, a little drunk but that was okay. Now to mulberry or not to mulberry, that was the question. I eyed the flaky berries and my stomach turned in disgust; the world could go on wondering, my bowels had only just started to show signs of life again and I couldn't take the chance of another day without a poo. It was officially over I decided, from Friday afternoon to Sunday afternoon I had ploughed through 48 hours of absurd self-destruction, chemical abuse and an array of introspective nightmares. But what had I learned, I mused, what had I learned?

Well, for one, nutmeg is one nasty motherfucker and will make you feel like the walking dead for DAYS, not to mention the constipation. What are my final verdicts?

**Nutmeg** = not worth it.

**Cough syrup (DXM)** = Stroke.

**Salvia** = incredibly strange, might try it again someday.

**Kronik** = not the real thing, but does the job in a pinch.

**Ritalin** = don't plan on getting any sleep.

Disclaimer: Ritalin is a B class drug, and it is illegal to possess or use Ritalin unless prescribed by a doctor. Cough Syrup containing dextromethorphan can react with Selective Serotonin Reuptake Inhibitors causing people to die. Exceeding the recommended dose of any medication can be extremely dangerous. Selling or supplying medications which are prescribed can constitute a criminal offence, as

well as being dangerous.

Even legal highs can make a user unwell, and *Critic* cautions readers to be responsible and seek medical help if need be. *Critic* and Planet Media in no way endorse breaking the law or consuming illegal substances. The opinions expressed within this article are those of the author and not of *Critic* or Planet Media.

# AROUND THE

## Drug Tourist

Travelling is one of life's greatest joys. However, for many the intrepid explorer, cheap and available ways to elevate that joy well beyond the body's already soaring levels of dopamine and serotonin remains a primary reason for the journey in the first place. On that note, the Bill Bryson of drug tourism brings you this handy guide.

### Amazon

Ayahuasca, a hallucinogenic plant mixture that has been taken by Amazon Indians for centuries, has started to become something of a tourist attraction. However, it isn't one for the party crowd. It produces intense hallucinations, bowel movements worse than the gastro you got from Bolivian street food, and what many have described as a "near death experience" – which allegedly helps to cure psychological, emotional and physical problems.

### La Paz

The world's first cocaine bar, Route 36, is infamous across the hostels of South America, and you would have to avoid every other tourist in the continent to avoid hearing about it. As opposed to lowering rates in Colombia, Bolivian cocaine production is on the rise and nowhere is more evident than in La Paz. For a max of \$30 a gram (depending how evident your bum bag is), the waiters at Route 36 will provide you with all you need for a coke-filled night...or week.

### Buenos Aires

With arguably one of the best nightlife scenes in the world, Buenos Aires is not a city for the light-hearted. Most clubs are only worth showing up to after 2am, and with little reason to leave before the sun has risen, a quick "pick me up" is on the agenda of many.

This being South America, cocaine is easy to obtain and won't break the bank. If you are a large and confident male, a large percentage of the city's taxi drivers will be your new best friend. However, for those who aren't too eager to risk it with unsure sources, an easily available and 99% risk free (unconfirmed) option lies in waiting outside the old Milhouse Hostel. Mario, a jolly, fat, Santa-esque taxi driver is there every evening. Although you may pay more going through him (\$30 a gram), and your gram may be a little short, the convenience and guarantee that he'll have exactly what you want makes this a pretty desirable option.

# THE WORLD

## Tourism

### London

One is unlikely to travel to London for the drugs themselves, however due to an unquestionably decent late night scene, the quest for drugs is on the priority list for many. Ecstasy has fallen out of favour in recent years and in its place mephedrone has found its niche. Cocaine is easy enough to obtain in most nightclubs at roughly \$100 a gram, and E retails at a measly \$10 a pill, although the percentage of MDMA will be more than a little questionable.

### Laos

Opium, marijuana and yaba (speed pills) are easy to come by, and CHEAP. The best way to go about it is to arrange a local guide to take you on a trek to one of the hill villages, away from the risk of encountering officials, although this is easier done in Thailand. Laos, newer to the tourist market, has a multitude of seedy opium dens where for no more than a couple of dollars you can enjoy the tranquility of sewer-like surroundings and blissful, spaced out tranquility.

### Amsterdam

A sneaky Google of “drug tourism” will bring you countless articles on the infamous red light district of the Netherlands’ cosmopolitan capital. Despite the city’s many other charms, the thrill of getting stoned within the boundaries of the law no doubt helps to pull in the roughly 2 million tourists every year.

Where? Unless you enjoy the company of frat house jocks, oiled up European men or those wearing bum bags, sneaks and wrestling with maps, I’d recommend avoiding the red light district. You can find good quality marijuana in any of the city-wide coffeeshops for \$15-\$30 per gram. Hash brownie, aka “space cakes”, are available for about \$10 and are deceptively potent – I personally was convinced I was Indiana Jones for nothing short of four hours.

Marijuana not your cup of tea? Unless you have local friends who are in the know, the harder drugs are not easy to come by and the chance of being ripped off far outweighs the potential benefit, although ecstasy can be found easily enough in the larger nightclubs for about \$20 a pill.

**Disclaimer:** Drug use in many countries is illegal, and penalties can be far harsher than those in New Zealand. Being a tourist won’t save you from the wrath of the law, and the New Zealand embassy cannot intervene in the legal processes of a foreign country if a New Zealand citizen runs into trouble. Readers should also remember that travel insurance will be voided if mishaps occur as a result of illegal drug use. Critic in no way endorses breaking the law and cautions students to be careful in their travels.

It will be a few more weeks before most university students experience the soul-crushing pressure pot that is the examinations period. Scarfies typically labour through this time with the “tried and true” methods: multiple doses of V or Red Bull will be ingested, coffee addictions will be converted into a pill-popping habit with caffeine tablets, and a semester’s worth of study will be packed into all-night cramming sessions. However, there will be an odd few who take an extra step and use nootropics, colloquially known as “smart drugs”, pharmaceuticals and medications used off-label to boost concentration and memory.

Extensive smart drug usage hasn’t been observed in New Zealand to the extent of the phenomenon in American or British educational institutions; in some US universities, up to a quarter of students are reportedly using smart drugs. Studies about New Zealand drug use suggest that we’re more focused on recreational drugs; shockingly, we *really* like alcohol. Even one of the most commonly used smart drugs, Ritalin, is used for recreational purposes, crushed and snorted, known as “poor man’s speed”.

Abbey - not her real name - details her experience with Ritalin. “When I was under its influence, I felt like I *needed* to do something. I was talking non-stop and my brain was racing. I just *had* to do something. Your body just wouldn’t give you an option.”

A quick internet search unveils an underground culture of smart drug users, who advise each other on a various number of topics, from the best combinations of nootropics from which to gain the greatest benefits, anecdotal and personal accounts of smart drug experiences, to detailed information on the biological mechanisms and processes that the drugs affect. So do these smart drugs actually work?

“All of the commonly used nootropics - Ritalin, Adderall, Modafinil – are psychostimulants - they act on pathways in the brain associated with attention, reward and wakefulness,” Kristin Hillman of Otago University’s Department of Psychology explains. They work, “much in the same way as recognised illicit drugs like cocaine and P.”

Extensive anecdotal evidence and short-term small-scale studies have suggested that they do indeed increase cognitive function. Ritalin has been shown to improve working memory and attention. Modafinil, used to treat the sleep disorder narcolepsy, has been used by the military in several countries to keep troops awake for combat. It is also rising in popularity amongst shift workers, such as long-haul drivers and doctors, where fatigue is a critical issue. It has been described as the truest ‘smart drug’ in the sense of the term.

Given that, should healthy people be taking them?

Although healthy individuals may experience increased wakefulness and alertness, Kristin adds that “this is often accompanied by anxiety, irritability and jitters, which obviously hamper effective concentration.” Kristin strongly advises against smart drug use: “They are prescription drugs for a reason; they can have serious physiological side effects (e.g. heart attack and stroke) and there is a significant potential for psychological addictions and/or co-dependent addictions to develop.”

Most short-term studies have primarily focused on their intended users (e.g. people with Parkinson’s or Alzheimer’s disease), although more studies on off-label use are starting to appear, with increasing

# INTELLIGENCE ON DEMAND



recognition from researchers and clinicians. No long-term studies have been conducted on the continual ingestion of smart drugs for healthy individuals, and Kristin anticipates “we could see serious health consequences down the road in response to long-term, off-label use of these drugs.”

Some argue that there are some ethical and moral issues involved in smart drug use. It has been compared to steroid use and doping in competitive sports, and therefore some consider it a form of cheating and an unfair advantage. Caffeinated drinks and pills are readily available, so too are the options to have adequate sleep, regular exercise, healthy nutrition - all known to improve cognitive function. Smart drugs, though, are not easily available in a legal and financial sense, especially in New Zealand where students are more likely to spend money on broadband, SkyTV, condoms, junk food and regular alcohol. Regular smart drug use appears limited to those well funded and connected.

The most effective smart drugs are prescription pharmaceuticals, so require a doctor’s permission; it’s illegal to have them otherwise. Without a helpful doctor or friend, the best bet is to obtain them from dodgy unreliable online pharmacies in unregulated countries at inflated prices, and hope they don’t instead ship extra-strength Viagra or laxatives instead. You would also need remarkable luck to evade New Zealand customs.

No doubt, the promise of breathtaking intelligence in a pill is seductive, and to be able to perform at one’s maximum mental capacity is definitely appealing. However, all drugs and medicines come with possible risks and complications, and one pill will not make anyone become Einstein instantly. With or without smart drugs, students and, by extension, everyone else still need to do the hard work to excel, no matter what shortcuts one takes.

– **Christopher Ong**

# Opinion

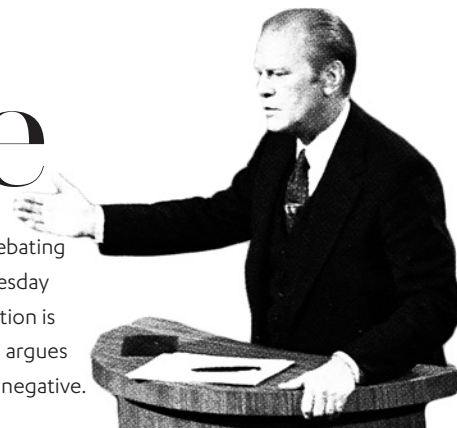


- 32** Debatable | **33** Diatribe  
**34** Two Left Feet, The Eagle of Liberty  
**35** Man vs Awkward, Let's get out of this country  
**36** ODT Watch, The F Word | **37** Sex and... Drugs  
**39** State of the Nation  
**40** Summer Lovin'



# Debatable

Debatable is written by the Otago University Debating Society, which meets for social debating every Tuesday at 7pm in the Commerce Building. This week's motion is **"that we should legalise all drugs"**. **Keiran Bunn** argues the affirmative while **Thomas Mitchell** argues the negative.



## Affirmative

Illegal drugs can be loosely broken into two categories: those which do minimal harm, for example marijuana, and those that do a lot of harm, like amphetamines or heroine. Both of these groups of drugs should be legalized, but for very different reasons.

First, let's examine the "softer" drugs, the most obvious of which is marijuana. These drugs are harmful, with detrimental effects, when taken in excess. However these effects are comparable to those of alcohol and tobacco. So why should we let people take something that is actively harmful to their health? The reason is simple yet fundamental: they enjoy it. It is entirely possible for people to make a rational decision to take drugs, weighing up the health cost to yourself against your enjoyment, as is often done with fast food. It should be remembered that "enjoyment" is not trivial; enjoyment makes your life worth living.

Now to the question of "hard" drugs like P or cocaine; why should these hideous chemicals be legal? This time the answer is not quite as simple. We have to look to the actual effects of the current ban. It is undeniable that some people choose to take these drugs, happily flouting the law. Would more people do this if it were legal? The answer is probably yes, but not very many. The reason most people don't take heroine is not that it is illegal: many people break driving laws or take "softer" drugs. The reason most people don't take heroine is that it has the potential to utterly destroy your life. These people, hopefully you and me, still would not take heroine if it were legal. The people who currently take "hard" drugs are often right at the bottom of our social ladder, and need our help more than anyone. However, the law blocks us from doing this.

Finally, both the "soft" and "hard" drugs currently guarantee huge revenues for gangs. All of this money that could be channeled into helping people with drug addictions or into drug education is now buying guns. Furthermore, without any regulation people who care nothing for the death of their users, only for profit, can mix these drugs with toxins.

The ban on some drugs is simply hypocritical when alcohol and cigarettes are considered. On others the ban is well intentioned but, far from preventing the damage they can cause, it simply magnifies the effects of these drugs, both on the individuals who we currently cannot help and by funding the gangs who are all too happy to fill the niche market we have created.

– Keiran Bunn

## Negative

The main arguments for the legalisation of drugs are that each individual should have the right to choose what they put in their body as long as they are willing to deal with the consequences of their actions. It's sort of like how your friendly neighborhood liquor store will be happy to sell you four crates of Sogos because it isn't his problem how you consume them, but yours. You are free to drink them in moderation or all at once, and consequently pass out in the Leith, because it is you who has to deal with the potential personal harm, death or, in the best case, a date with the Proctor. Right?

Well, not so much. Can I walk down the street naked? Can I say whatever I like? (If you said "yes" to that, try yelling "hijack" on a plane and let me know what happens). The point is that we can't actually do whatever we want with our bodies. The government has - and should have - the ability to restrict some of our actions when the benefits of doing so are overwhelmingly favorable.

When Antonie Dixon decided to play *Kill Bill* while fucked on meth, it ended with him katana-ing off the arms of two women and shooting a guy with a submachine gun. If this is the so-called "intended" result of meth, imagine the consequences if one were able to pick up the goods at your corner Foursquare?

A recent NZ Police study found that the hard drugs methamphetamine and cocaine cause \$1.1 million and \$403,000 of social harm per respective kilogram consumed. These results will be the same under any alternative model as it is likely the existing suppliers of drugs will continue to supply under legalisation. Gangs and drug pushers will now be free to sell as much as they want because they already have the mechanisms for supply and obviously don't care about any of the social ills they might be causing. Only now their business would be without any risk of imprisonment or consequence.

In my last minute research for this article I came across a quote from American conservative William Bennet, a strong believer in the harm of drugs. I think it sums up pretty well the choice we have when it comes to the drug policy of tomorrow.

*"Imagine if, in the darkest days of 1940, Winston Churchill had rallied the West by saying, 'This war looks hopeless, and besides, it will cost too much. Hitler can't be that bad. Let's surrender and see what happens.' That is essentially what we hear from the legalisers."*

– Thomas Mitchell

**Correction:** Last week, we inadvertently swapped the names of the debateable writers. John Brinsley-Pirie argued the affirmative, while Nancy El-Gamel argued the negative.

The background of the page is a collage of New Zealand banknotes. Visible denominations include a \$50 note (purple and blue), a \$20 note (green), and a \$10 note (blue). The notes are partially overlapping and show various details like the Governor's signature, the Reserve Bank of New Zealand logo, and architectural illustrations.

# DIATRIBE

If you are a student in New Zealand there exists a magic number. Or, rather, two magic numbers. If you live at home this number is \$82,953.82, or if you are away from home the number is \$89,936.68. Congratulations if your combined parental income is less than this! It means that you have just gained \$167.83 of student allowance for every week at university and, to make your grand prize even better, you'll get another \$38 dollars accommodation benefit each week. Yes, that is \$205.83 that the government will give you for free.

However, if your parents earn more than this figure and you are under twenty-four, then sorry, the best that the government will give you is a loan of \$169.51 per week. So you cannot even borrow as much money as those on the other side of the threshold, let alone get it for free. How does the current system account for the discrepancy between one person is on the maximum student loan and another on the maximum allowance and benefit?

How is this acceptable in the capitalist democracy that we live in? Simply because some parents earn more, the government expects them to support their children to the tune of \$205.83 a week? How many parents are going to do that? Especially those with multiple children at university. Instead, the current system of loans and allowances leaves the children of parents who earn slightly more with a tougher university experience, as they have both less to spend on food/warmth/flats and end up leaving university with a much larger student loan. This ultimately makes their lives harder with a larger debt hanging over their heads.

Given this inequality, if the government wants to raise more money to pay for the Christchurch earthquake, you would assume that they would look at making changes to the free money they are giving away. Think again; they are talking about putting interest back on student loans. This means that those who already have a larger loan will in fact be more disadvantaged.

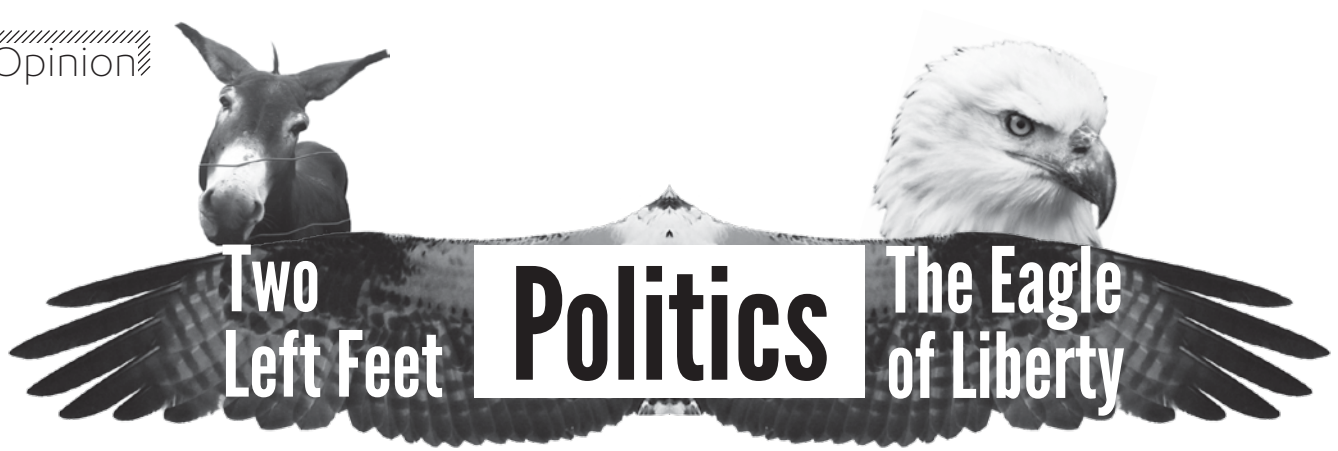
I am not completely one-eyed, and accept that some people with less money would have some trouble if they had only \$160 odd to live on a week, but why does this make them eligible to receive so much free money (incidentally they can receive it for a maximum of two hundred weeks, so that's \$41,166 for free). Would it not be fairer to allow those who are more disadvantaged to be able to borrow more money rather than just give them government handouts?

So if you are a student and have won the lucky prize of the student allowance and the accommodation benefit, congratulations, enjoy having a better university experience and a better life with less debt.

And for the rest of you, tough luck.

— Richard Kennedy

*Want to get your angry 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](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz) by 4pm Wednesday.*



A famous philosopher once wrote that it is never permissible to ban private acts – that is, acts which only affect the individual in question. This argument, which is essentially based on individual freedom, has often been invoked to support the legalisation of drugs. After all, what could be more private than a decision about what to place in one's body?

However, this freedom-based argument only works to an extent. Greater freedom to take drugs could lead to a greater prevalence of drug addiction, which robs people of their freedom. Moreover, many drugs make people aggressive. In this state they may commit crimes, violating the freedom and bodily integrity of others. Therefore banning certain drugs may actually protect individual freedom. Furthermore, if people pay taxes and have access to public healthcare, then taking a drug which harms the individual's health and reduces their productivity may not be a purely private decision. It may impose a greater burden on the healthcare system and reduce that individual's ability to contribute towards society.

Nevertheless, legalisation of many drugs can be strongly supported on economic grounds. There is a high cost involved in policing illegal drugs. How high depends on the demand for the drug in question and the importance that the state attaches to suppressing its sale. High demand for a drug will also tend to make its trade a lucrative one, and banning drugs places these lucrative trades in the hands of gangs. If gangs flourish, this increases violent crime and harms communities, typically poorer ones. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in Mexico. The huge demand for cocaine in the United States has massively enriched Mexican drug barons, who have become powerful enough to carry out what is effectively a civil war against the Mexican government.

All drugs create some social cost, even fairly innocuous drugs like marijuana. If they are legalised, they will become cheaper and more accessible, greatly increasing this social cost. But this is outweighed by a plethora of other factors. Legalisation removes the cost of enforcement. It takes the trade out of the hands of criminals and into the hands of tax-paying citizens. The drug itself can also be taxed, and this acts as both a deterrent to its use and a way of paying for the social costs it creates.

Let me be clear that I do not support legalisation of all drugs. Drugs which make people aggressive and are highly harmful and addictive (for instance P), should be banned. Generally though, if there is high demand for a harmful drug, it is much more desirable to simply keep it legal, tax it to the eyeballs, and make sure people are properly informed about its effects.

– Sam McChesney

## ***The Eagle on Drugs...***

...defending liberty with three times the intensity. Seriously though, drug prohibition is an insult to liberty, and the Eagle will not allow it to continue. Snivelling socialists have absolutely no right to tell people what they can do with their own bodies, yet Labour banned party pills, which were possibly the most harmless drug ever created. This “nanny knows best” control of people's choices makes the Eagle fly into a murderous rage far beyond that which pure methamphetamine could produce.

Upholding liberty is reason enough to legalise all drugs, but for bonus points the Eagle will set out the practical benefits of legalisation. First up, illegal drugs are manufactured in very dodgy conditions. Quality is not guaranteed, and drugs are frequently mixed with rat poison to save costs. If drugs were legal, they would be manufactured by reputable companies, who would provide labels explaining the ingredients used, as well as what dose to take; taking drugs would be a lot safer.

Drug legalisation would also lead to a more informed flock. The current “Drugs are bad, m'kay?” drug education programme is a disgrace. 13-year-old eaglets are indoctrinated by government scare campaigns into believing their organs will implode if they take an ecstasy pill. Later, the 18-year-old fledglings realise they were lied to, and amidst their feelings of betrayal they begin to wonder whether drugs are actually risky at all. This can lead the fledglings to hurt themselves through reckless, uninformed experimentation. Legalised drugs would lead to better science, better information, and more informed choices.

Now for Q&A with the Eagle:

**Q:** *Will drug legalisation cost the health system heaps?*

**A:** Only if NZ retains the idiotic “no fault” health system where careful people pay the same amount as reckless people.

**Q:** *Don't drugs cause other people to get hurt, not just the user?*

**A:** No. Most drugs make the user feel happy rather than violent. A few drugs (like P) are associated with violence, but anyone who used such drugs irresponsibly and committed violence would be severely punished.

**Q:** *If I want drugs to be legalised, should I vote for the Green Party?*

**A:** Sweet merciful Sky-God, NO. The Greens are socialists, not liberals. They only want to legalise pot because most of their members spend their lives stoned out of their minds, rather than for any philosophical reasons. Look at their attitude towards alcohol – the Greens would ban it if they had their way.

**Q:** *Won't everyone start doing drugs 24/7?*

**A:** No. Most eaglets have turned down drugs in their lives, or taken drugs without developing a habit. It's all about moderation and personal choice.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

– The Eagle



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

A little while back, a potentially dreadful time of year passed us by, one where people have a somewhat legitimate excuse to be an asshole. "Do you want to go out with me?" "ZOMFG YESSSSSS!!!!!!!" "Joke, April Fools!" "Oh...". You can't get more awkies than that. April Fools' Day is an occasion rife with opportunities for you to be made uncomfortable, embarrassed and downright humiliated.

There aren't many things more awkward than being made to look like a dick on April 1. I know my advice is a tad bit late, but now you have a whole year to prepare yourself ahead of next April Fools!

The probability that some cockbag will try to pull a prank on you on April Fools' Day is extremely high. You have to be prepared. And the most obvious fact in your arsenal is that April Fools is on April 1. So convince the fucker it isn't April 1! Lie like you've never lied before! They don't believe you? Change the date on your watch, phone, anything with a date, and bask in the satisfaction of their embarrassment and confusion. Even get a few friends in on the lie and the prank-wanker will doubt himself for the rest of their life, and never try to fool you again.

Although if you're a bit more adventurous, your best bet is to fight fire with fire, prank with prank. Get to them before they have a chance to get to you! Devise such a magnificent prank that it crushes their soul and leaves them knowing never to fuck with you again. But what prank to pull? You can't just go with

the ancient and overused ones like a whoopee cushion or something equally as lame; you have to think up a joke that will put the motherfucking fear of God in them! You must go to extreme lengths. Stage a kidnapping, make them think they've murdered someone, trick them into bum sex! And once you've succeeded in your master plan, make sure they never live it down.

But if you're not very imaginative and/or a pussy, you will have to make sure you miss April Fools altogether. You will need to lock yourself in a room with no windows, no television, no internet access and no contact with the outside (sounds like the room of a HSFY student to me). There's no way you'll be fooled on April 1! But if you're too lazy to indulge in semi-hibernation, which I assume you are, just get blisteringly shitfaced and you'll be unaware of pranks for the whole day. Easy as!

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

— **Chloe Adams**



## London

Regardless of how long you spend away from home (and where), I can guarantee that every good honest Kiwi will suffer from cravings for home comforts at some stage or another. Meat pies, for one, are incredibly rare in most parts of the world; and one is also often hard-done-by to find a bit of modest shame. Both of these originate in England, fortunately, so London is a great stopover if you want to find a slice of home in a very worldly environment.

A tourist's key to surviving in London is knowing how to survive in London. Unfortunately, this means you'll have to either wander around the maze of Monopoly streets downtown to find your pie, or you'll have to know someone well enough to ask them where to find said pie. Actually, before asking them, you'll have to see if they're even into pies, because they may be as clueless as you.

However, the location of pies isn't (for most people) the most pressing survival knowledge. If it were, there would probably be more advertisements about pies around the streets, which are instead plastered in posters about taxis. No ordinary taxis though: dodgy black

ones, which lure people in and eat them. Not literally, but people get killed, so watch out for that one. One thing you don't need to hunt around to find is the source of Kiwi modesty and social distance. Sure, we're not too bad, but we're no Brazilians, and the blame goes directly to the English: they politely queue to get in buses, their staircases have "keep right" signs to avoid the awkwardness of getting in someone else's way and they will shy away from a hand shake (no wonder they don't get along with the cheek-kissing French). Your safest bet is to meet up with one of the tens of thousands of Kiwis living in London who will show you the ropes.

London is a phenomenal place for Kiwi culture – there are just that many of us there. Plan your trip carefully and you may go to your first ever (fun, non-serious) Waitangi Day party. Away from the background of sheep and protests, Kiwis get together in masses to celebrate what is referred to as "New Zealand Day", taking advantage of something home definitely doesn't have to offer.

— **Bridget Gilchrist**



This week, ODT has updated their page 2 in what *Critic* assumes is an attempt to be more “fun”. The page is comprised of; a “super quiz”, with questions seemingly arbitrarily ranked “beginners”, “intermediate” or “expert”, a profile on some semi-relevant faction or person, and, the crowning jewel of the page, a column entitled “The wash”. This is a face you will see every morning.



Mr Cannan began his first column last Monday by pondering what his column was about, which is a fairly useful thing for the columnist to know. After a 300 word-ish warbly rant, in which Cannan noted that the column was “not just some prize from the boss for good attendance” and included one paragraph that was entirely comprised of a website address, Cannan eventually concluded the following:

Which leads me back to the start and an answer to my own question about what this column is all about. That's simple. It's about you, the reader.

Apparently, after all that, it's simple. Unfortunately, despite its simplicity, *Critic* is still fairly confused about the point of the column. Apparently we're going to “have a conversation” each day, Cannan and *Critic*. The logistics of said conversation are still being worked out, but *Critic* can't wait.

On Tuesday, page 2 got even better. Introducing a new segment “Campus life”, ODT managed to photograph a 3-armed man eating \$3 lunch from a skateboard. It sounds unrealistic, but that's the kind of phenomenal thing the investigative journalists at the ODT are able to discover on a daily basis.



Just jokes. ODT photoshopped him like that to be “creative”.



## ON WOMEN IN THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

Some facts.\* In the Solomon Islands, two in every three women between the ages of 15 to 49 have been abused by their partner. 55% of women had been forced into sex against their will. In Papua New Guinea, 67% of wives have experienced domestic violence. 60% of men interviewed by Amnesty International reported having participated in gang rape at least once. In Samoa, 85% of the women who have been physically abused by their partner have never asked for any formal help. 86% of these women stated this was because they thought the abuse was normal or not serious enough to warrant help.

Women are often treated as property in the Pacific Islands. Per “custom”, women and girls in the Pacific Islands are sold off. This is also a large part of the reason for the culture of silence surrounding sexual abuse, as it is seen to devalue the monetary value of the girl and shame her family, rather than the perpetrator. There are also low levels of sex education for girls and if a girl spends any time with a male she is not related to, she is often seen to be “asking for it”. The counselling services available in many of these countries are also insufficient. Instead of teaching people to respect women and their rights, and providing women with alternatives to remaining with their abusers, they teach women how to be more obedient wives. The laws regarding violence and sexual abuse are also not adequately enforced by the police and legal institutions.

Women in the Pacific do not simply happily accept these practices as their customs and culture. As stated in the United Nations Report, *Violence Against the Girl Child in the Pacific Islands Region*, “adolescent girls often suffer severe emotional distress over tensions between personal aspirations and the customary social expectations of them.”

Clearly more concrete and specific measures are also required; actual enforcement of the laws, more adequate counselling services, better education for girls and women regarding their health and their rights, better reporting and interaction with the UN and further legislative changes, among other things. But creating awareness in New Zealand surrounding these issues is important. Making Pacific Island leaders and women of the Pacific aware that there is a different way to live, and that New Zealanders are informed and do not accept this inaction, is a necessary part of the impetus for change. We do not condone violence against women in New Zealand and we should show both Pacific Island leaders and the women of the Pacific Islands that we will not accept it in our neighbouring countries either.

If you want to write a letter protesting the Pacific Island leaders' inaction, you can contact Amnesty International at Otago at [amnesty.otago@gmail.com](mailto:amnesty.otago@gmail.com)

– Kari Schmidt

\* Sourced from Amnesty International



Since the dawn of time, sex and drugs have gone together like religion and mental retardation. Please enjoy this handy guide to selecting mind-altering substances for your next fuckfest/wankfest.

**Coke** – Ah, cocaine. The crème de la crème of sex drugs; giver of life, heavy gold jewellery and machine guns, saviour of anyone who needs a little extra confidence boost to proposition that icy Nordic blonde in the corner. Like all great things, coke is a study in contrasts of the highest order: simultaneously a great equalizer (for who can resist a line if offered? And once said line has been consumed, who can resist an interested party's advances in their intense yet fleeting state of arousal?) and deeply undemocratic (the price of coke in this country is so prohibitive that only a select few can afford to indulge. A key reason why I intend to flee Aotearoa's shores the moment I am liberated from the tyranny of Ninth Floor Richardson). Stark. Poetic. Magnetic. Beautiful. Far too beautiful for the unnecessarily verbose

prose of this passage, actually. Rating: Ten nosebleeds out of ten.

**Mephedrone/cafeine/assorted adulterants/pill filler** – meh. I

considered referring to this unknown cocktail of crap as MDMA but that would be even more cruelly misleading than this hot guy I went home with last year who had a Cheerio-sized penis and wanted me to stay at his flat for the entire following day to play a wholesome game of backyard cricket after making me pancakes. Shudder. Like Mr. Backyard Cricket, those cute little pills may look good but after about five minutes they will render you an empty void of dissatisfaction. One dilated pupil out of ten and SERIOUSLY DO I LOOK LIKE THE SORT OF GIRL WHO PLAYS CASUAL BACKYARD CRICKET WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE WORLD?

**LSD** – Last time I took acid I gave a friend a blow job in the middle of a Nelson street, so clearly there is potential. But the time before that I lay immobile on a sofa feeling oddly akin to a plate of mashed potatoes. Rating withheld until further research can be conducted.

**P** – turns normal people into total fucking kinky freaks, which is cool but the people you're likely to be hitting the pipe with are unfortunately not the people you want to see in total-fucking-kinky-freak mode. Imagine your average South Dunedin denizen naked and toting a whip and you get the idea. Rating: zero samurai swords out of ten for putting that image in my head and therefore making it impossible for me to ever enter Pak'N'Save again without feeling physically ill. Goodbye, New Zealand's lowest food prices and best wide aisle policy. You will be sorely missed.

– Mrs John Wilmot



# David Clark



Introducing **Dr David Clark**, the next Labour Party candidate for Dunedin North. Taking over from Pete Hodgson, his is a face you will probably become quite familiar with come November. For, together with the Rugby World Cup, 2011 is also an election year. Originally from Auckland but having lived in Dunedin for eleven years (on and off), Clark is strongly tied to the community here. With quite an interesting background - he's got a PhD in existentialist philosophy/theology - he worked as a Presbyterian minister for a couple of years and now spends his time as warden of Selwyn. He can fill you in from here.

## ***What is your background Dr Clark? Where do you come from?***

After my PhD, I went straight to the Treasury and in the Treasury I worked in family, Maori and youth policy. Then I went and worked on tertiary education policy. I was on a project with three or four other people who were sent away for nine months to redesign the tertiary education sector in a blue skies project. You've got \$10 billion to spend and it's up to you to decide how you would spend it.

## ***In saying that, what makes you the best person for the job?***

I'd like to think it's the set of values that I have. I like to describe these as core Labour values; a concern for those who are less well off and making sure that everyone has a fair go. One of the reasons why I am getting involved in politics is because I am really concerned with the growing gap between rich and poor. I want to see that gap narrowed and I want to see those people lifted up.

## ***What key policies would you like to see implemented to achieve these goals?***

The Labour Party has signalled that they will make the first \$5000 you earn a tax-free zone. I think this is an excellent policy and over time I would like to see that increased. It's a way of ensuring that everyone has some income protected. I guess anything that National is threatening to roll back right now, like Working for Families and interest-free loans. If you know your history, you will know that generally under Labour things get better for students and for people from more difficult backgrounds. Under National, things tend to get worse for those people. It is simple history.

## ***The Labour Party caucus were in Dunedin last week, what is your opinion of the Darren Hughes affair?***

I think, unfortunately, it has presented quite a distraction to the media and to the party as a whole. It is one of those things, particularly where Darren is concerned, where justice needs to take its course.

## ***What was your personal opinion of the Foreshore and Seabed legislation?***

I think it's going to block up our court system. I think Maori are going to be angry when they realise that it's a situation where some have a legitimate grievance and they will have to queue up again. That

is essentially what is being made to happen. I don't know that they'll be particularly happy. I think it has been steered away from decent public debate so even people on the right of politics who are more reactionary are stirred up as well. The Act Party, who would claim to be a property rights party, have taken a non-property rights stance on it. There is a bit of mess going on there and my real fear is that it is not an enduring solution. I think they should have taken a longer time to get it right.

## ***As the second largest centre in the South Island, what do you see as the effects that the recent earthquake in Christchurch will have on Dunedin?***

I think there are some real positives in terms of community building, in terms of the silver lining. It is a long, hard road for the Christchurch people. There are going to be wider social consequences which I think are going to be really unfortunate for our country, but I also think that there will be some small benefits in terms of businesses relocating here and we have seen some evidence for that. We have seen some connections being made that will hopefully be good for Christchurch and Dunedin in the longer term.

## ***As a general comment about the Labour Party going forward this year, what needs to happen come election day?***

MMP makes anything possible. It is going to be an uphill battle. John Key has proven to be a very popular prime minister, but we have seen times when he said that living on a benefit was a lifestyle choice. People are beginning to become a little more impatient, I think, they want to see real runs on the board and they are feeling the effects of prices running faster than wages and that's being happening for a while. People are feeling the crunch. I think in an election cycle it happens; people give them a period of grace and we are just starting to see a bit more impatience that the government has not moved to make the economy a more viable prospect. More than that, National hasn't presented a vision of how it should be. People are willing to endure hardship if they can see a vision at the end of it and I don't think John Key has presented that vision.

*Interviewed by Georgie Fenwicke*

# State of the Nation

the drugs edition



Riley



Georgie



William



Bodie



Alicia

## Should marijuana be legal?

**RILEY:** Yes, but only if people really know what they are doing **GEORGIE:** No, I don't think things should be legal that aren't good for you **WILLIAM:** No, because there's potential for analogues of it to be helpful **BODIE:** It's fair for it to be legal if alcohol is legal **ALICIA:** Definitely, because it makes you so chilled

## Weirdest story you know involving drugs?

**RILEY:** An acquaintance grew a giant weed plant six foot high – and then disposed of it **GEORGIE:** I had a coffee once and was buzzing for ages **WILLIAM:** A friend deposited a pill 50 metres from a policeman **BODIE:** My friend thought she was a mushroom after taking magic mushrooms **ALICIA:** A mate of mine managed to climb up a massive domain pine tree and put a cone on it

## Palmerston North was recently ridiculed on Close Up. Where do you think is the worst place in New Zealand?

**RILEY:** Mosgiel's definitely up there **GEORGIE:** ## Hazlett Street, Clyde **WILLIAM:** Oamaru, longest town in New Zealand **BODIE:** Auckland **ALICIA:** Most places in New Zealand

## Should there be harsh punishments for drink drivers?

**RILEY:** Yes, it kills people, it should be that simple **GEORGIE:** Yes, def, you're taking other people's lives in your hands **WILLIAM:** What they have at the moment is suitable **BODIE:** Yes, because they are not just dangers to themselves but dangers to others **ALICIA:** Yeah, it's such a hazard to other drivers on the road

## Who would you rather party with: Marilyn Monroe, Jimi Hendrix, John Belushi or Lindsay Lohan?

**RILEY:** Marilyn Monroe, she's kinda classy **GEORGIE:** Lindsay Lohan, I don't want to party with a dead person **WILLIAM:** John Belushi, we can go cruising in his Blues Brothers car **BODIE:** Jimi Hendrix **ALICIA:** Jimi Hendrix because his music is so cool

# 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](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz).

## Kurt

I like alcohol, and I like women. So when the opportunity came up for a free bar tab, and a date with a woman I couldn't say no. After discussing escape strategies/having mates on SOS standby I headed off to Toast. The bartender was a bit of a GC, telling me about the previous people who had done it. He informed me that the girl the week before had been a model, which I was gutted I had missed out on. But he also said she was a real bitch and the ginger was a nice guy so don't be too gutted champ. When my date walked in she looked pretty cute, but to be fair it was kind of dark. She was from Christchurch, lived in North East Valley and studied sociology, which usually isn't a good start but she seemed nice and was easy to talk to (helped by the shakers/doubles etc). The bartender, sensing an increase in awkward silences, gave us both very, very heavy gin and tonic doubles which really kicked the night off.

After finishing the bar tab we continued to Craic where the alcohol really started kicking in. I was really quite drunk, and trying to hold an intelligent conversation was becoming a harder and harder task. I had to hold myself back from my usual town one-liners such as "Gis a hoon" and "mine or yours tonight?" because she didn't seem like my typical Monkey Bar girl. The Bog was our final stop where we went through a couple of jugs and were entertained by a Scottish beat-boxing rapper. I was keen to keep going, but she wanted to go home so I asked her to walk me back to mine (no way was I walking her back to NEV). Not wanting to give up a "ride on the magic pony", I pulled out my trustworthy Brimstone moves and we ended up hooking up on the way back to mine. When she decided to "cum" inside to call a taxi, I thought I must be in. Expecting her to make a beeline straight for my room, I was surprised when all she did was head to the lounge and call a taxi. My flatmates, hearing a girl's voice, came out shirtless and decided to come for a look/participate in some lunch cutting. However, after a brief stay at the flat, she decided to meet her taxi and, being the gentleman I am, I decided to walk her the 200m to where she was meeting it. We exchanged numbers before she left and, deflated, I went home to watch some Pirates and finish the night on a high.

## Courtney

Lucky me, getting to go on a date on what has been undoubtedly the coldest night yet (seriously guys, SUMMER lovin'?). The frigid conditions made selecting an outfit especially difficult; how can a girl manage to pull off a sexy-yet-not-trying-to-look-like-she's-trying-to-be-sexy outfit when masked with a puffer jacket?

Good thing about Toast on a Tuesday; it's pretty obvious who your date is (a good looking blonde, lucky me!). Immediately it strikes me we have something in common, both of us being compulsive nervous chatterers. We blurted and shotted our way through our bar tab in about twenty minutes tops and ordered two gin and tonics. IMPORTANT TO NOTE: TOAST GIN AND TONICS ARE TOXIC! We both reminisced about being young and fresh and getting alcohol poisoning. Oh the salad days.

After finishing up our toxic G&Ts (seriously, I think they were straight gin), we barhopped to the Craic for a couple of pints and captivating discussion about the political state of America, unionism and Kim Jon-Il on a horse. I think we scared the lovely bar lady a bit with our "fuck the tea party!" and our "fuck the privatisation of ACC!" I love a guy who can talk dirty...

We then hopped along to the Bog for what was undoubtedly the awesomest thing of the night. I was pretty disappointed to see it was open mike night. This quickly changed when a Scottish beat-boxer managed to beat -box his way through what seemed like a twenty minute medley of songs. A-MAZING. And, finally, after realising exactly how late it was and exactly how much we'd had to drink, my courteous date walked me to a taxi. There was no way I was walking home in the freezing weather. All in all, *Critic* I take my hat off to you for a wicked date, setting me up with a wicked guy and introducing me to Toast G&Ts. xx

# Review



**42** Film; *The Names of Love, Battle: Los Angeles, Red Riding Hood, Cult Film*

**44** Art; *April Fools Day* | **46** Music; *Bass Drum of Death, Panda Bear, Burial*

**48** Books; *The Yiddish Policeman's Union, Blood Safari*

**49** Fashion | **49** Theatre; *Forty Hour Theatre* | **51** Food; *Moroccan Carrot Soup*

**52** Games; *Dino Run, Planescape: Torment*



## The Names of Love

Director: Michel Leclerc

*The Names of Love (Le Nom des Gens)* is a story of how people can bridge opposite sides of the political spectrum through human relationships. Sara Forestier plays Baya, a French girl with an Algerian father. She was brought up by her mother to have left wing views, and she systematically converts right wing conservatives by sleeping with them.

She meets Arthur Martin (Jacques Gamblin), a forty-something Jewish veterinarian, who is a Jospin supporter (Jospin is a moderately left wing French politician). Baya and Arthur fall in love, and teach each other different things about life. He is conservative in his relationships with people, and she teaches him to come out of his shell and connect with his parents emotionally. Through their interactions, she realises that people's political views don't define them and that the left wing can also produce fascists.

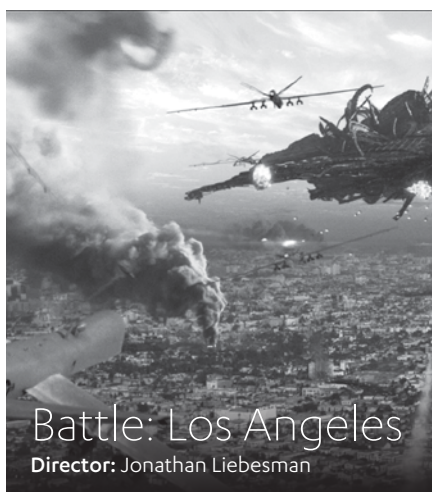
In one scene, where both sets of parents are having dinner with the couple, Baya's mother and Arthur's father get into a heated argument about nuclear power. This altercation is diffused by Arthur deliberately breaking the coffee machine, so that both fix-it dads become distracted and ultimately end up bonding while fixing it. These sorts of scenes

give the film complexity and let the audience see past politics into human relationships.

Nevertheless, the film is slightly disappointing. The film presents Baya as a prostitute who was molested as a child, but never goes into the complexities of child abuse or prostitution. This overlooking of important social issues is also reflected in a particularly disturbing scene where Baya, who has only briefly met Arthur's mother once, massages her shoulders and tells her that her Jewish parents who were killed in the Holocaust "would have been proud of her." Such patronising conduct seems to be glorified in the film.

The film was charming and insightful at times, but also tended to run into cliché. Nonetheless, overall it's a good story and worth going to see.

– Lauren Enright



## Battle: Los Angeles

Director: Jonathan Liebesman

It's a challenge to fit the many cinematic faux pas and clichés that *Battle: Los Angeles* exhibits into 350 words, but I'll give it my best shot...with a vengeance.

*Battle: Los Angeles* tells the story of a squad of Marines who are sent to recover a group of civilians from the front lines of an alien invasion that has come to claim

earth's natural resources. Within this rather basic concept are many personal tales that, rather than deepening our understanding of characters, only serve to draw away from the main story line and further lengthen an already lengthy movie.

Expect the following action movie clichés, in no particular order: war-weary lieutenant out for one last mission before retirement, soon-to-be father and inexperienced soldier given his first platoon of Marines, young hillbilly yet to see action but quick to ask stupid questions and get himself into trouble, psychologically scarred Marine, soldier with grudge against commanding officer who led his elder brother into battle and death, solo father with young child who is told to be a man, constant saluting to American flag, female soldier who has to step up once the fight started, numerous low angle shots of Marines backlit by setting sun, attractive middle-aged women who forms bond with lead man, incredibly extended sequences

of "leave me here, I will not leave you, leave me here, no man left behind!" You get the picture.

When the clichés are coupled with an abominable script, hand-held camera throughout the entire movie (presumably to add realism, but only serving to induce sea sickness), the atrocious and entirely over the top score, unbelievably cheesy dialogue and poor acting for the majority of the film, there is little that saves *Battle: Los Angeles*. That said, it is an action movie and never for one moment tries to be anything else.

As long as you dramatically lower your expectations you should rather enjoy this movie, because in the end it's just a big scrap between aliens and humans. Relax and let yourself laugh when you're watching the film and all will be well. If you have some spare change it's one way to spend an afternoon. And yes, the black man dies first.

– Tom Ainge-Roy



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



## Red Riding Hood

Director: Catherine Hardwicke

This movie provides the perfect platform on which to rant about everything Hollywood. It's hard to believe this piece of shit was directed by the same person who gave birth to *Lords Of Dogtown*, but her more recent disaster (yup, *Twilight*) is a much more obvious influence. Lo-and-behold, the protagonist girl is found torn between two guys, and there's a fucking werewolf in the middle of it all. Basically the wolf goes nom nom nom, the village goes hunting for it, and it turns out to be someone related to Valerie (nope, I didn't know the name of the protagonist until now either). And in the middle of all this, Gary Oldman gets to torture a retarded boy inside a giant metal torture elephant.

Honestly, if you were disappointed by Tim Burton's attempt at *Alice In Wonderland*, this will bend you over and hit you on the ass with a spatula for expecting Hollywood directors with such an awesome palette (a fairy tale with the potential to be disturbing) to actually make the most of it. Like Burton's attempt, *Red Riding Hood* gets off the start line then stalls.

The set was almost cool but very plastic and Disneyland-esque.

Somehow Hardwicke managed to complicate the plot by adding Freudian psychology, with Valerie's sister accidentally falling in love with her half-brother. 'Cause it turns out her Mum cheated and stuff. In essence it's just a failed teenage girl heart-throb movie.

Never before have I seen such shit acting, and if you've ever seen *Letters To Juliet* or *Mamma Mia*, it's very hard to take Amanda Seyfried seriously. To make matters worse, one of the guys she fancies looks like a zombie.

A huge fact I can't get over is that THE BUDGET WAS 42 MILLION DOLLARS! Seriously, rather than torturing us you could have saved a lot of World Vision children for that sort of money.

In a short attempt at being positive: I admit there were beautiful shots, but only as the credits rolled at the end. And the hood looks fucking cool.

But fuck me, I give up. It made *Twilight* look good.

– Zane Pocock



## Film Society Preview

When: 7.30pm, Wednesday April 13

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

See <http://dunedinfilmsociety.inzight.co.nz> for membership info.

## Tibet: Cry of the Snow Lion

Dir: Tom Peosay

"An impeccably made, often moving account of the captive nation Tibet, forcibly annexed by China more than 50 years ago...Peosay's film functions as both a breathtaking travelogue and a political provocation." – *New York Times*

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## Reefer Madness (1936)

**Director:** Louis Gasnier

**Starring:** Dorothy Short, Kenneth Craig, Lillian Miles, Dave O'Brien, Thelma White

A green menace is silently attacking the youth of 1930's America. It's name...marihuana! Yes, it was a different world back then. You could spell marihuana with an h and even the smallest of tokens could send you over the edge, man! You'd do all sorts of freaky shit like run people over and shoot people and not even remember!!!

At least that's what the makers of this wee film would have you believe. Financed by a church group under the original title of *Tell Your Children*, *Reefer Madness* was made for parents to warn them that weed was bad, and that their kids should not have it! No way, no how. What actually happened is that no one really watched it in the Thirties and nothing really happened until this gem was rediscovered in the Seventies and everyone realised how hilarious the whole thing was.

The film opens at a school meeting with the principal educating all the parents about the dangers of marihuana and proceeds to tell the story of how the drug destroyed the lives

of some young-uns. The plot isn't necessarily important but basically involves the corruption of some young high school students who are seduced into the drug world by dope peddlers. Their downfall is remarkably quick and over the top. What helps with this is the terrible acting and "special effects". My personal favourite is the gunshot wound.

The film is very funny, but does drag a bit despite running just over an hour. It's got all you could want in a film though: sex, drugs and some pretty frantic piano playing.

– Ben Blakely

### A GALLERY, 393 PRINCES STREET

*Jealous:* Sara Aspinall and Anne Mieke Ytsma

### THE ARTISTS' ROOM, LEVEL 1, 2 DOWLING ST

*Life spirit:* Llew Summers & Emma Milburn

### 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

*Seat assignment:* Nina Katchadourian, *Portraits:* Frances Hodgkins, *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 19<sup>th</sup> Century fashion plates from the collection. *Chinese Film Season (Saturday, April 16 to Sunday, April 17) Talk: Dr Peter Simpson on John Pule (3pm, Sunday, April 17)*

### DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART, RIEGO STREET

*Rekha Rana: MFA Examination exhibition*

### LAW FACULTY, RICHARDSON BUILDING, 8TH FLOOR

James Bellaney

### LURE CONTEMPORARY JEWELLERY GALLERY, 130 STUART STREET

*Goldfinger:* Various

### MILFORD GALLERY, 18 DOWLING STREET

*Material motives:* Various

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

*6% forced unemployment, stops wages rising. Fakes job competition:* Laura Shepherd and Tao Wells

### TANGENTE CAFÉ, MORAY PLACE

*From the mountains to the sea:* Cheryl & Deano Shirriffs

### TEMPLE GALLERY, 29 MORAY PLACE

Peter Nicholls

# April Fools Day

Resident Artists | Dowling St project

After walking up such an enormous staircase, excited about what lay inside, I found myself leaving filled with disappointment. Gazing across any group show rarely makes me feel as though I have just been defibrillated. However, upon leaving I had barely any reaction to the work, other than feeling it was aesthetically tolerable and rather banal.

This isn't to say that these artists are not extremely talented, they truly are; I just wanted or, rather, expected more. Sam Foley and Craig Freeborn's video installation *Green belt boy racer (Queens Drive and beyond)* induced initial repulsion from the use of music by AC/DC, emphasising the vulgarity of boy racer culture. It consisted of a video shot from a driver's point of view, occasionally verging on being out of control. The work attempted to create a highly interactive experience, yet it unfortunately lacked the intimacy necessary to create that kind of connection with the viewer.

With a dummy's arms limping from the second storey, followed by a splatter of pieces of tape resembling gushing spew, Freeborn's *Pukeihontas* installation was refreshingly humorous. However, Freeborn's painting *The Waiting Room* inscribed technical inconsistencies, such as tonal and compositional errors, although I appreciated his light-hearted playfulness and the obvious skill demonstrated in both works.

Painter Jo Robertson's *Puriri Moth* (2010) and *Eyes* (2010) were the strongest aspects of the show. Robertson's paintings express a duality between emotional intensity and carefully rendered skill. Both works register as being extremely feminine and personal, as well as being entrenched in textural dynamism and exuding a playful lightness. Stylistically both convey elements of chiaroscuro.

Anya Sinclair's *Giverny Gold* (2010) catapulted one's gaze through a thick forest of distorted blues and violets to a mysterious figure. Sinclair's picture delicately balanced innocence with an indescribable sense of uneasiness. However, the brain faltered to a blank upon seeing the rather novice "cut and paste" works by Sinclair and Aaron Hawkins.

I encountered a similar experience upon encountering Alan Ibel's sculptures, which appeared trite and without substance. In comparison to his sculptures, Ibel's illustrations - particularly *After The Rain* and *Still life* - were perfection in their simplistically ordinary observations. The juxtaposition between the moving and stilted image investigated in Sacha Lauchlan's *Triptych* presented the spectator with a sense of maternal fragility. The work is beautiful and encased within a religious context; the body of Christ and the body of the believer. Appearing as though they were witness to a murder, Sally Anne Shepherd's works proved to be a haunting addition to the exhibition.

The Dowling Street project is another space designed to circumvent the structures of public and private galleries, merely by the fact that it is an artist-run space. It is one of a growing number of spaces appearing and evolving in Dunedin. The *April Fool's* show undervalues the creativity and immense skill many of the resident exhibiting artists have. Hopefully the next show they have will evince an output of works of higher calibre.



## Bass Drum of Death – *GB City*



In the running for both the best and worst band name of all time, Mississippi two-piece Bass Drum of Death (BDOD) fuse garage and pop in a haze of stoned energetic brilliance on their debut album *GB City*.

Fitting both the musical and social aesthetics of the current American garage revival “movement” (i.e. they smoke weed and use Twitter), and recorded in a characteristically low fidelity (the entire album was recorded with one microphone), BDOD stay raw throughout *GB City*. Undeniably “pop” hooks are layered in distortion, low-end floor tom and fuzz. Adding a heavier dose of blues to the usual surf punk palette, tracks like ‘Get Found’, ‘Velvet Itch’ and ‘High School Roaches’ delight in the repetition of their simple and dirty melodies.

Drawing upon obvious influences from the Black Rebel Motorcycle Club and peers such as Jeff the Brotherhood, it would be somewhat accurate (and far too easy) to brush this off as simply another middle class American attempt to cover “Louie, Louie”. Regardless, this is both the flaw and brilliance of BDOD. Bare, dirty and played with total passion and conviction, this is a band truly in love with rock’n’roll. With The Ronettes influenced “Spare Room” providing the only hint of a ballad, *GB City* is chaotically excellent from start to finish.

Preach the faith. I love you, Bass Drum of Death.

– Sam Valentine



Over the last decade Panda Bear has made quite the name for himself in the independent music scene. Between his work with Animal Collective and his solo albums *Young Prayer* (2004) and the critically acclaimed *Person Pitch* (2007), he has covered pop, noise, ambient and everything in between. With such a prolific background, and the hype built around singles from *Tomboy*, it’s impossible not to have high expectations.

*Tomboy* opens with the second single released from the album, “You can count on me”. This short, heavily layered and laid-back song is a great introduction to the album. Typical of Panda’s songs, the lyrics are simple and revolve around his family, seemingly about his newborn child. Strong, pounding hip-hop/dub drums work as the base for the following songs “Tomboy” and “Slow motion”, focused around strong rhythmic guitar strumming and delay-drenched vocals. Tracks

like “Surfer’s hymn” and “Last night at the jetty” allow Panda Bear to re-use his famous Beach Boys-esque vocal melodies which (with the lack of multi-tracking) his live bootlegs were deprived of. In the tracks “Drone” and “Scheherazade”, Panda Bear manages to work in echoing vocals over the heavy synth and pianos - a trait that is typically left out of drone songs. However, the album seems to trail off towards the end with the last few songs lacking structure and direction. And while “Benfica” is a perfect end to the album, I can’t help but think many listeners will have lost interest by this point.

If you were to approach *Tomboy* as a standard pop/rock album, it would probably blow most people away. However as Panda’s last album was so groundbreaking, this just seems a little weaker in comparison.

– Sam Valentine



## Panda Bear – *Tomboy*



# Burial – *Street Halo*



Last month Burial, Four Tet and Thom Yorke released their incredible collaboration and, to be honest, I thought nothing would beat it in 2011. But a few weeks ago it was announced that Burial would be releasing new material and, lo and behold, I was proven wrong! The new 12" *Street Halo* (or EP, as Hyperdub calls it) starts off with a rather un-Burial like 4/4 beat with almost Four Tet like drums. But Burial still manages to pull off his amazing and surprisingly "singable" vocal samples. This song is an amazing opener to the EP, even though it still feels pretty average compared to Burial's previous work. The best thing about this song is the short vocal snippet near the end. I still have no idea how he can be this good at vocals.

that make Burial's music so great. Once again, haunting vocal samples come in and out. "Nobody loves me"; machine-like sounds in the background...how can he be this good? And then there's "Stolen Dog" which blew my mind. That synth! I'm not sure how he did it, but I'm pretty sure he didn't do it in that Audacity-like software he used for his first album. The melody is perfect with the mood of the song, and pretty much the mood of all of his previous work.

Since when has weird background noise sounded so beautiful? Even more haunting vocal samples. How does he do it? How can he be so good? I don't think we'll ever know.

– **Eddie Johnston**



"NYC", the second track of the EP, is arguably one of his best songs. It's easy to hear the 'traditional' lo-fi, off tempo drum sounds

## VOID CLOTHING PLAYTIME REPORT



- mon 11/4** **ReFuel: Open Mic Night w/ Cult Disney and Tono**  
Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. Instruments provided. All welcome.
- tue 12/4** **ReFuel: Jazz In The Pocket**  
Dunedin's premiere jazz jam night. Gold coin entry from 8.30pm. All welcome, bring your horn.
- wed 13/4** **Di Lusso: Internationals w/ DJ JIMMY FRESH**  
Reggae/hip-hop  
**ReFuel: Knives At Noon, Arcacend and Matt Langley**  
Free entry
- thur 14/4** **Di Lusso: Lucky Breaks HIP HOP Thursdays w/ DJ FRACTURE**  
**ReFuel: Sherpa South Island Tour**  
w/ John White, Idiot Prayer & Mr. Biscuits. \$10 from 9pm.  
**Pop Bar: Sound Forge**  
D'n'B
- fri 15/4** **Di Lusso: DJ GAMBLE (Truth)**  
Dubstep  
**Pop Bar: JGA & Contra**  
Electro/D'n'B  
**Sammy's: TRIAGE (USA)**  
w/ Soulware (live), Olie Bassweight, Espionage, Ruffstep.  
Presales \$15+bf from Cosmic Corner / \$20 door from 10pm

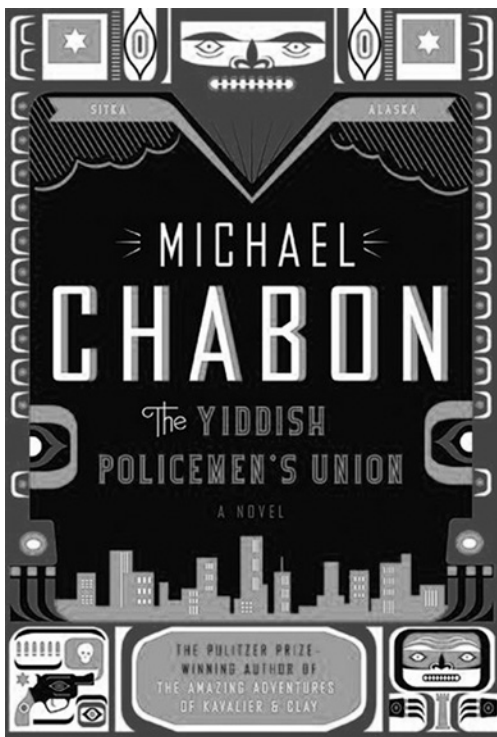
- sat 16/4** **Di Lusso: DJ JIMI FRESH**  
Reggae/hip-hop  
**Urban Factory: Easter Weekender Taster 2: The Upbeats with MC Lowqui**  
Support from B-Complex (Slovakia).  
Info and tickets at [easterweekender.com](http://easterweekender.com)  
**Fea St: Feastock 2011**  
Feat. Mountaineater, Left Or Right, Thundercub, Alizarin Lizard, Idiot Prayer, Oleh, Cult Disney, Ash and the Matadors, Fea St Hustle, Operation Rolling Thunder. Tickets via [feastock@gmail.com](mailto:feastock@gmail.com)  
**Pop Bar: Nixon & Nui**  
Disco house/electro  
**Chicks Hotel: The Chicks Project**  
All ages, 1-3pm. Angela from the Shrubbery, The Suds, As Chaos Falls, Bullet Bill. No alcohol. Entry by koha. Bus from Cumberland Street (bus stand 4) leaves at 12.30 and gets to port right on time!  
**ReFuel: The Official Feastock Afterparty**  
Featuring The Julian Temple Band, Tono and The Finance Company, and Soulseller.  
\$10 from 9:30 or free for Feastock '11 ticketholders.

### FUTURE GIGS

**23/4 Catlins River Festival:** Woodstock Lodge, The Catlins w/ Knives at Noon, Left Or Right, The Nomad + King Kapisi, Budspells, Organikismness, MC Beau, Nudge, Julian Temple Band, JungleFari and loads more.

see the full gig guide at [r1.co.nz](http://r1.co.nz)



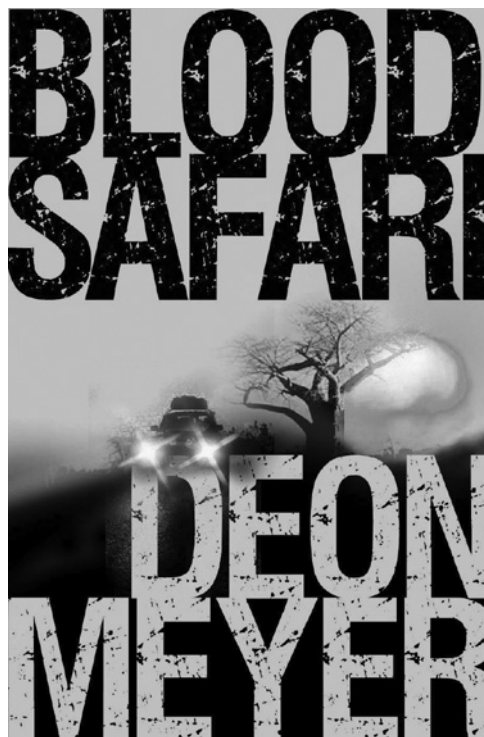


## The Yiddish Policemen's Union – *Michael Chabon*

*The Yiddish Policemen's Union* is a great tongue-in-cheek book about two homicide detectives who set out to solve a rather interesting murder. Meyer Landsman, homicide detective #1, is a recently divorced, scrawny alcoholic who doesn't sleep. He lives in a rat-infested, heroin-addict-filled hotel, and the "yid" - the subject of their murder investigation - was shot in a room in Landsman's hotel, arm tied off for another dose. Their investigation leads the detectives on a wild yid chase through underground passages, the mansion of an obese Jewish Mafia leader and, of all places, to a seedy chess club. To complicate matters, the Jewish Mafia are out to get Landsman as he's the only homicide detective to ever put a member of their tight-knit group in jail. The murder investigation is set within the cold boundaries of Sitka, Alaska where, in an alternative world history, a Jewish "safe haven" has been established since the end of WWII. The Jewish people and the Native Americans of the area, the Tingleits, have a terse relationship and Berko Shemets, Landsman's partner, is half-Jewish-half-Tingleit, which causes no end of problems. To top it all off, Landsman's new boss is his fiery red-haired ex wife, Bina.

Berko and Landsman combine their smarts, their shockingly cool wit in the face of danger and a ready supply of alcohol and cigarettes to try to find the murderer. This book is full of twists and turns, and some of the funniest black humour I have read in a long time. It is another excellent novel by Pulitzer Prize-winner Michael Chabon.

– Leah Hamilton



## Blood Safari – *Deon Meyer*

Deon Meyer is apparently "the best crime writer in South Africa" according to the review on the back of this book. Set in the "lowveld" near Kruger National Park in South Africa, *Blood Safari* is about a woman named Emma who is looking for her brother who supposedly died twenty years beforehand. After seeing a man on a TV news report named Cobie DeVilliers, Emma becomes convinced that he is her dead brother Jacobus. She investigates his whereabouts and then hires a bodyguard named Lemmer to protect her after she is attacked in her home. Together they travel to rural South Africa in search of her brother, and come up against many challenges along the way from people who do not want them to know the truth.

If you're able to look past the rather ominous title of this South African crime drama, you'll find an easy to read book, though not overly entertaining. I feel that it lacks depth and is predictable, though on a positive note it was full of action and, well, blood and safari animals. It also had some rather interesting commentary on the power struggles within post-apartheid South African society.

If you honestly have nothing else to read, then pick this up. But if I were you, I'd give *Blood Safari* a miss and pick up your course readers instead – you'll get much more out of them than you will this book.

– Ilka Fedor



## Gaiety at the House of G and a bit of Lonely love

'Twas Wednesday the 6<sup>th</sup> and iD Fashion Week was truly in full swing. As part of the Starlight Shopping, a regular feature of iD week, various shops released some sweet deals for locals to delight in. The iD theme for the House of G (aka Glassons) was presumably “woodland chic”. Excited girls darted around the displays which were overflowing with bountiful wicker baskets of organic hand plucked apples (thanks to a certain prolific tree in Wingatui), pretty jars of preserves and other treats and titanic amounts of Lipton’s Iced Tea. The 20% off all new season winter stock offered just enough style stimuli to drag rain weary Dunedinites into the light of the Starlight Shopping extravaganza. Suave gentlemen at the door greeted the ladies with copious quantities of tea. Multitasking mayhem ensued with munching apples, sipping tea, hunting for *the* size, skirting round the DJ throwing some sweet tunes at the crowd and actually scoring one of the sought after changing rooms. So, a rather successful night all round.

But that's not all that Dunedin was offering fashion savvy young

things. Along the road on St Andrew's St, there was some serious Lonely-loving going down at Aart - previously located on London St, but man, the new premise is a total industrial-exposed-historic-brick-interior-of-the-moment winner. Belle Bird, Lonely Hearts and Always Sometimes Anytime presented "Freedom", a projector based photographic project by Sara Orme. Thanks to some sweet sponsorship by Stolen Rum and The Supernatural, the boys from Moon Bar were able to serve up some divine drinks for the style set well into the night whilst waiters from the restaurant next door flitted round with canapés and tarty goodies. The gorgeous Lonely Hearts PR chic who'd zoomed down from Auckland confirmed that the "must have" piece for this winter is the shearling jacket. Coming in at an easy \$760, it shouldn't break the budget too much. What's more, divided between a flat of five girls, it's only a mere \$152 each. The shearling collective is on its way. Make haste to Belle Bird. Praise the Lord for Fashion Week.

– Mahoney Turnbull



**Studying:** Health Sciences  
**Shoes:** her sister's  
**Pants:** asos.com  
**Top:** opshop  
**Accessories:** all from Diva  
**Style Icon:** Alexa Chung  
**Favorite Shop:** Diva



**Studying:** Health Sciences  
**Shoes:** Dr. Marten's  
**Skirt:** asos.com  
**Top:** Jay Jays  
**Bangle:** from India  
**Necklace:** Equip  
**Style Icon:** Sienna Miller  
**Favorite Shop:** asos.com

***Yes please***

*Hippy hair*

In short; long, soft and natural. Channel the Seventies even more by wearing your flowing locks in a centre part. Think Rumi of Fashion Toast, or Yoko Ono in her early days.

### Sheer shirts

Sheer is good in all its forms, assuming, of course, that it's not on a middle-aged woman. Sheer shirts combat any possibility that they could be misinterpreted as skanky by being dutifully preppy.

Velvet

Both practical for winter and an effective way of channelling Nineties vibez, velvet is our all round fave fabric at the moment. Pants, blazers, dresses, hats; you name it, it looks good in velvet.

*Eff off*

*Richard Simmons and his Air NZ video*

There is so much wrong with this video. Aqua, sequins and middle-aged people wearing Supré inspired outfits. Didn't Simmons think about the children?

*Black ties on black shirts*

Typically, the style makes men look like a tacky waiter or a barbershop singer. Most offenders mistakenly believe it makes them look “smart”.

### Puffer Jackets

This perennial fashion crime is becoming more prevalent thanks to the dip in temperature. However, the new combination of a “town” dress with a puffer jacket is a little terrifying.

## Forty Hour Theatre

This week's Lunchtime Theatre marked the birth of what will hopefully become an Allen Hall Theatre tradition; the Forty Hour Theatre competition. Submissions and proposals were called for and two winners were chosen; their challenge was to make a 15-20 minute piece of

theatre in only forty hours! With the assistance of Theatre Manager Martyn Roberts and a very understanding technical team, Luke Agnew, Maya Turei and Bronwyn Wallace scripted, mounted and performed their pieces of theatre within a forty hour period. Being

part of the team that proposed this idea at the end of last year I was quietly sceptical about how it would all go but holy shit it was an extraordinary success. The two pieces, *Lonely Hearts* and *She Walks in Beauty*, were fantastic and surprisingly complementary.

*Lonely Hearts* took the modern day activity of chatting online and revealed, hilariously, the reality behind a chat between a 17 year old schoolgirl and a "19" year old boy (aka a 43 year old man who lives with his mum and is on the dole). Simple concept executed simply, all was perfect. As the audience we saw the two characters tapping away on their laptops dictating to us what they were typing. To compliment this rather static image, the stage manager walked between the two, filming them as the image was fed live onto a screen behind them. Through this convention, we got a sneaky look at the images of "themselves" they were uploading for each other (Robert Pattinson for the boy and Britney Spears for the girl).

This piece was fairly seamlessly put together in forty hours. It didn't rely on complicated stage actions or scripting and allowed for a reasonable amount of improvisation. The actors achieved their task perfectly. They were amusing to watch, mostly without even trying, and the simple act of reading typed dialogue was hilarious in itself. With plenty of experience under his belt, I expected nothing less from Luke Agnew, aka "Ninja-lover".

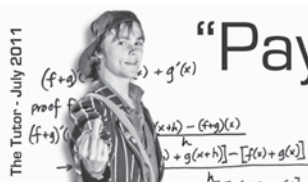


Two girls enter into a relationship with each other. One is bisexual, the other a religious heterosexual. But love is love and they have it for each other, so what do you do?

The staging for this piece was simple but thoughtful. The girls stood facing the audience, talking to us from their perspective but never explicitly stating that they are in relationship with each other. That fact we have to figure out for ourselves.

For two first year students to produce a piece of work this polished and professional in only forty hours is amazing. Where Wallace and Turei will go from here I do not know, the sky is the limit for these two ladies. They acted with total conviction and in only minutes I was totally sucked in by them. Their story was real, it was grounded and gritty and I couldn't tear myself away.

Top marks all round, can't wait to see these girls' names in lights!



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## Moroccan Carrot Soup

There is nothing greater than soup. Okay, a bold claim perhaps, but soup on a dismal grey Dunedin evening in our “character-rich” but ultimately freezing flat is pretty satisfying. A favoured technique to increase our core body temperature is to lock ourselves in the kitchen (which is also our lounge, thus relatively small in size) and embrace the warmth from the oven as we cook. The great thing about this soup, like many stove-top meals, is that the cook can stand above it and receive a nutrient-rich steam facial whilst appreciating all the fragrant aromas released from its many spices. It’s easy, cheap, and requires little in the way of cooking implements other than a stick blender. If you don’t have one of those, then use a food processor or, failing that, take to it with a potato masher for a more rustic looking outcome. I found the recipe on [asweetspoonful.com](http://asweetspoonful.com) and have adapted it slightly, though not radically.

A few generous slugs of olive oil  
 1 tablespoon fennel seeds  
 1–2 teaspoons ground cumin  
 4 garlic cloves, peeled and finely chopped  
 8 carrots, sliced 1cm thick  
 3 medium potatoes, peeled and diced  
 1 apple – Braeburn or Granny Smith – peeled, cored and diced  
 Half a white onion, peeled and roughly chopped  
 4–5 cups chicken or vegetable stock  
 5 tablespoons long grain white rice  
 2 teaspoons ground coriander seeds  
 2–3 teaspoons curry powder (I use Vencat, look for the red & yellow pots)

Heat the olive oil over a low to medium heat in a large pot. I use a cast iron pot because they have this fantastic weight about them and hold the heat well, but any large pot will do. Add the fennel seeds, cumin and garlic, frying for a minute or so. This is where things start to smell pretty heavenly, provided you don’t burn the garlic. As the garlic starts to turn golden, add the carrots, potatoes, apple and onion. Cook over a medium heat for five to six minutes allowing to soften, stirring well and adding more olive oil if needed. Add the stock (I added 4 cups at this point, then a further cup about 15 minutes later), rice, ground coriander seeds and curry powder. Bring to the boil, then reduce the heat, put the lid on and simmer until the vegetables are soft - about 35 minutes. Then blend into sunny oblivion. I cannot stress enough the importance of tasting the broth as it cooks - add more olive oil or any of the spices as appeal to your tastebuds. If your stock is too salty for your liking, substitute a cup or so of boiling water. Again - taste as you go! Doing so as the flavours develop is humbly gratifying.

Goats’ milk feta crumbled generously on top adds a pleasant tang. Alternatively, try grated parmesan, or chopped fresh coriander. A wholegrain roll on the side, slightly warmed, is also highly recommended.

Serves 6

– *Innes Sheehan*



## Dino Run

Platforms: MAC, PC, LINUX



The Nameless One's golden armour is not inexplicably polished to a mirrored-sheen. He does not ride into battle on a small but plucky caramel-coloured mare, trading blows with troll-bandits to heroically save the spice-merchant. He certainly does not go on rodent-killing errands for a series of identical jolly barkeeps in a series of identically comfy medieval European-style hamlets. The protagonist of 1999's *Planescape: Torment* awakens, stinking of embalming fluid, every inch of grey skin, from his grease-matted black hair to his stained rusty loin-rags, littered with ragged scars and tattoos.

An immortal in Sigil, the City of Doors, you awaken in a morgue surrounded by grizzly embalmed bodies and the undead who tend to them. Out of desperation, many Sigil residents sign their bodies over to postmortem labour. Perhaps you were destined for that; you can't remember because your memories vanish every time you are reborn. In the Nineties, the amnesia trope was not quite as hokey as it is today, and in *Planescape: Torment* it is used extremely effectively. You spend emotional and beautiful moments learning about the grizzly crimes of your former selves, and deciding whether or not to follow a new path.

*Torment's* dialogue contains 800,000 incredibly well chosen words. Don't worry - you don't need to read of all them, the game made branching conversations into an art before the majority of RPG designers knew what they were. It's clear that Black Isle Studios intimately understood the design of their game. Maybe what I appreciate most is that they understood that the combat wasn't a strength of the game. It would have been so easy to wrestle with it, making it an incredibly frustrating blemish; instead the simplistic encounters are usually easy, your immortality makes it difficult to fail, and it becomes a fun little change of pace.

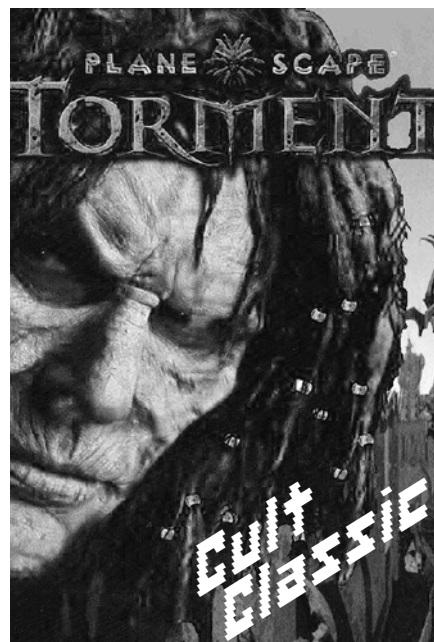
\$10 US on [www.gog.com](http://www.gog.com). Go, children.

Subtitled "Escape Extinction", here is a short list of the paleontological inaccuracies in *Dino Run*: #1 Contrary to the lush pasture Pixeljam has created, there was no grass in the late Cretaceous period. #2 Tyrannosaurus rex and triceratops were not contemporary, in fact paleontologists recently confirmed that triceratops was simply a juvenile torosaurus. #3 Due to the thrust-to-weight ratio, not to mention aerodynamic issues, a pterodactyl could not lift an entire velociraptor (a vicious beast with a coat of bright feathers), even for a short period. That being said, I appreciate the fundamental claim of *Dino Run*; that dinosaur fossils were not magicked into the ground 6000 years ago to test our faith.

Dinosaurs are totally the coolest. If you're like me, you'll die the first time you see an ankylosaurus. Perhaps the greatest way to honour the legacy of such magnificent creatures is an arcade-y, primary coloured, almost 8-bit sidescrolling videogame in which you play as a velociraptor running from a meteorite maelstrom.

Get past the fact that cold-blooded non-avian terrible lizards were actually killed by the low temperatures from dust blocking out sunlight, and you find a game with surprisingly subtle gameplay mechanics and production values. Unlike *Mario*-style platformers, which have distinct balconies to leap between, *Dino Run* requires you to judge the appropriate time to jump on a continuous undulating plane. It becomes a little more complex when you're assaulted by everything from meteor fragments to flaming mini-pterosaurs. It almost become a cliché to say it about indie games, but the 16-bit soundtrack is surprisingly cool too.

I feel like \$3 US is too much money though.

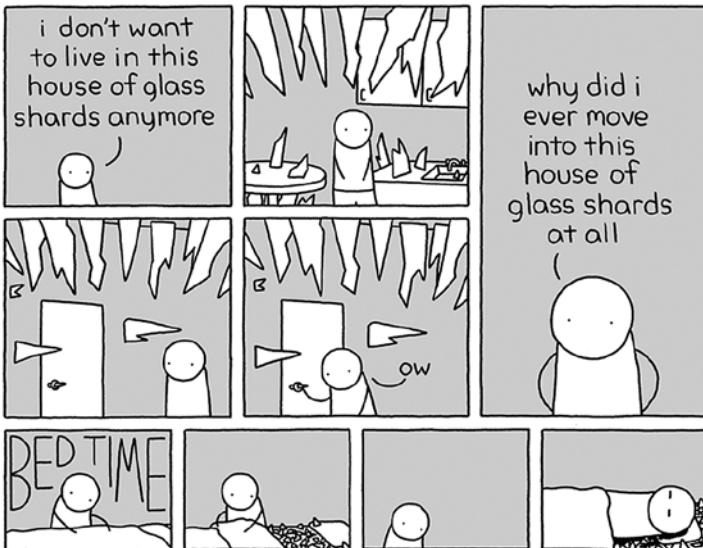


## Planescape: Torment

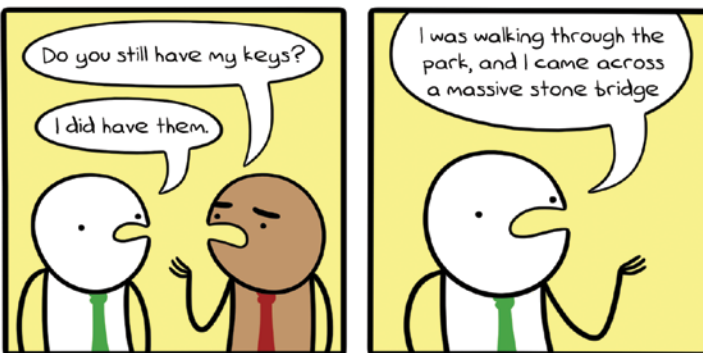
Platforms: LINUX



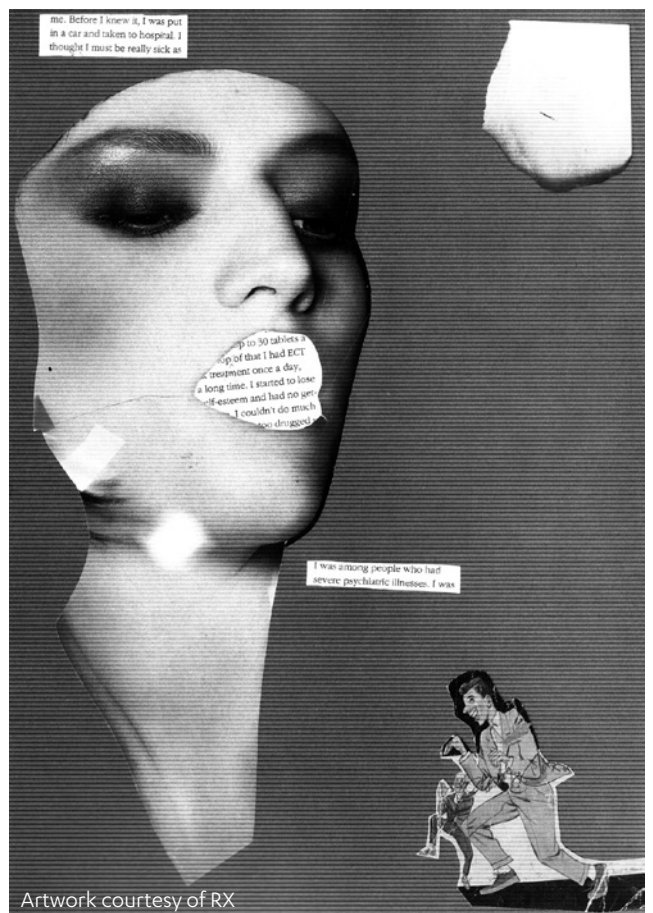
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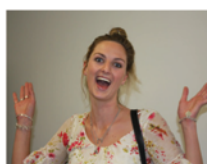
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## A Night at the Oscars

– Get out your number ones! Saturday 16th April

A Night at the Oscars brings the feel of the Oscars experience to Dunedin. Whether you're a big deal or a little known local celebrity come along to the Victoria Hotel and join the International crew from all over! The night includes prizes for best dressed (and more), games, a DJ cranking and a selection of pocket friendly drinks as well as a fine buffet dinner. Join us for a night at the Oscars, at the Victoria Hotel. Tickets are only \$40 from the OUSA main office.

## Bike Love Day! Tues 12th April

Crazy FREE rides will be absolutely free all day in the OUSA Courtyard on a range of whacky bikes to try your skills out on! There's also FREE bike tune-ups, thanks to OUSA's illustrious Stuie (between 12-30-3pm) and Free Bike powered Banana Smoothie's sponsored by Hintons, Vita Soy and the Campus Greens.

The DCC will also be giving away some free bike lights...so bring your bike down and celebrate alternative transport, constructive exercise and a healthy environment.

## Market Day is this Thursday

OUSA Queer support will be there promoting **Pink Shirt Day**. Say no to Bullying by wearing a pink shirt on the 14th of April to show that bullying is NOT OK and won't be tolerated in NZ. OUSA's Queer Support will also have a stall on market day where they'll be giving out cupcakes with pink icing. Anyone is welcome!

### Bottle Buy Back – You make cents... lol

From 10 - 11 during market day OUSA will be swapping glass bottles and aluminium cans for cash! Each one will snag you 10 cents and you can bring in up to 100, so you could easily score yourself a nice crisp tenner for being a green goodie. The Exec will be outside OUSA and they'll make sure you get your cash!

And as usual, all the ladies will be there with their vintage goods and winter woollies!



**Delectably Swiss** - Swiss Cooking with cooking columnist and Hospitality lecturer. OUSA and OPSA members: \$74.00 for 3 Thursday sessions starting May 12th.



**First Aid** – Red Cross prepare you for immediate First Aid requirements All the topics and skills you need for the workplace and day to day life. Courses are NZQA credited. Streams run as two Sunday sessions, from 8th or 22nd of May.



**Tribal Belly Dancing** - Discover, or learn more about, the fascinating and contrary nature of belly dance, a dance form that is both ancient, and modern; primal, and influenced by fashion.

This costs just \$26 for OUSA and OPSA members, starting May 4th for 5 sessions of Belly good dancing!



**Knitting for Novices** – Missed out on learning this trendy craft on your Granny's knee?

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