

2011 Careers Fair

Tuesday 10 May

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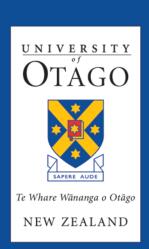
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Critic - Te Arohi

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Four ridiculous things that sparked wars
 Wars can start over the darndest things. Our picks range from a stray dog to a golden stool.

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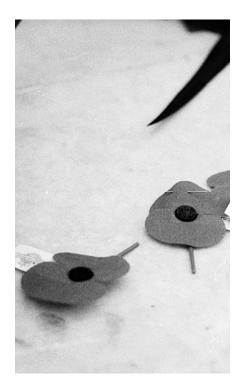
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Since U Been Gone



Welcome back to the second half of the semester. I hope you had a wonderful break. We sure did.

The one down side to the public holidays are, of course, that on your days off you can't necessarily do the things you might have wanted to do. I, for instance, wanted to catch up on my banking and visit my local chain stores. Obviously foregoing a few hours of consumerism is a reasonable price to pay to ensure that New Zealanders are entitled to sufficient holidays. My real gripe, however, is that it's impossible to buy alcohol on Good Friday. This isn't some "I'm a scarfie and this is an affront to my human right to drink" kind of rant. Rather, it seems that prohibiting the sale of alcohol on a certain day, presumably because it's a Christian holiday, is an anachronistic measure that deserves to be left in the times when New Zealand wasn't the secular, multicultural nation it is today. It's the principle of it really.

But while some of us may have been on a break, there's been no rest for the wicked elsewhere. Namely, the politicians, who have been acting out their very own *Jersey Shore*-style reality show, complete with scandal and backstabbing. The year began, as you surely know, with the Darren Hughes sex scandal; while our legal system may hold dear the "innocent until proven guilty" mantra, the burden of evidence seems to be reversed in the eyes of the media. Next thing you know, an alleged coup was brewing within the Labour Party ranks, although the change of leadership never quite came to pass. Then last week Hone Harawira announced he was launching his own party: the Mana Party (although the name seems subject to change, with "the Real Maori Party" and "Aotearoa" among the alternatives). Finally, in a move that seemed almost too crazy to be true, Don Brash ousted the nimble Rodney Hyde to become the leader of the ACT party (this after making infantile threats about starting his own extremist party- The Real ACT Party perhaps? - if he didn't get his way).

For an election that was looking to be a big old bore, things are actually getting quite interesting. Although the latest TV3 poll put National at achieving just short of 60% of the vote, it's possible that ACT's change of leadership and the establishment of a new party (Mana or otherwise) will impact on the polls. Perhaps ACT will hijack National's voters, perhaps ACT voters will flee from Brash to the relative safety of National. In short, what was once black and white (or rather, blue and red) may become a little more colourful.

The changes also bring some pretty amazing characters to the forefront of New Zealand politics. Brash, the star of Hager's *Hollow Men*, is back, the same Brash who wouldn't comment on whether he would enter into coalition with the Maori party. Oh, but don't worry. Brash assures us he's not racist. Brash's new party colleague, the turncoat Hilary Calvert, is similarly talented at giving interviews. In an interview with *ODT* last year, Calvert didn't seem to know whether she had a criminal conviction, if she'd belonged to other political parties, or how much she'd spent in Parliament. Hopefully she's got those niggly wee facts sorted now.

This week's issue is our "War" issue, which thankfully is a theme that few of us have had first hand experience of. Read our feature on what Anzac Day means to our generation (page 20), the effects war has had on the environment (page 24), or a brief rundown on the bizarre things that have started wars in the past (page 18). As always, we hope you enjoy this issue.

Merry second half of the semester,

Julia Hollingsworth



Letter of the Week

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



WE CONCUR

Dear Critic

Thanks for your great summary of the plus-size modelling industry. I do, however, think it interesting that, despite celebrating those of us with 'tits and ass', this issue failed to use a single image of a plus-size model (although don't get me wrong, I loved the cartoon pic of the voluptuous red-hed with rugby-player legs). I just think that what better way to a promote a healthy body image and add to the promotion of fuller-figures on the runway then to include images of these body-types?

Here's to industry change! Teri Higgins

Dear Teri,

You are absolutely right- there was a dissapointing lack of plus size models in our fashion issue, due largely to the sheer abundance of smaller sized models. In an ideal world, we would have liked to have included a range of body shapes- indeed, if the opportunity arises in the future, we will endevour to do so.

Thanks for your letter, and I'm glad you enjoyed the feature.

Cheers,
Julia Hollingsworth

CRITIC AIN'T A DATING SERVICE BRO

Desperately seeking Belle.

You were at the Catlins Music Festival on Sunday night. You said you were doing third year political sciences and volunteer work. You were dark and beautiful and widely travelled. I teased that you were an army brat. But you had a much more interesting story than that. I'd love to hook up for a coffee and chat. Please text me on O21 *** ******.

Nigel

Ed: If you're the lucky Belle, contact us and we'll hook you up.

COKED UP STUDENTS

So the price of milk, approximately \$3.50 - \$4.00 per 2L bottle, and how often do you see it on special when you go for your flat shop? NEVER!

How about coke then? \$2.50 - \$3.00 per 2.25L

bottle and it is always on special. Sometimes it is 3 bottles for \$5.00. So what do we do? Buy coke as it is cheaper. Now, I'm not blaming dairy farmers as they have a hard job and they do a lot for New Zealand's economy, so who are left? John Key and Fonterra.

John Key: You could easily take all the tax including the 15% GST off out milk and then you may save money on the free dentist bills for under 18 year olds. The price of milk is ridiculous compared to the price of coke, and you expect us to pay for it? Broke students that get you're crap loan average \$160 per week cannot afford it.

Fonterra: You could easily make the milk cheaper by selling it to the supermarkets and where-ever else cheaper. But you won't cause the middle man has to have his nice Ferrari in his garage.

Milk-less coffee

THNX 4 DA HISTORY LESSON

Dear Critic,

I am shocked about the historical knowledge, orthography, and the racist and sexist comments which are presented to me in your letters' section; and about your selection. You say "Critic reserves the right to edit, abridge, or decline letters", but you still publish a letter which uses stereotypical nonsense and starts with "Dear Jews", or a letter which implies that Germany is still fascist. I wish to clarify: Germany is a democratic state with a strong Green Party and the actual eagle is not a symbol of nationalism: a) The third largest state in Germany, Baden-Württemberg (over twice the population of New Zealand), will have a green Minister-President, since the last election established a green-red government. b) When transferring the power of the Roman Empire to Francia, Charlemagne also took the aquila, the eagle symbol of the Roman Army. This symbol of Jupiter was thought to represent a universal order. It also stands for an united Europe which is reflected in the European credo unitas in varietate. In addition, the Reichsadler of the Third Reich looks very different to older eagle symbols and the actual symbol of Germany. Please think before you print.

Sincerely,

Thomas Köntges

Dear Thomas,

We are very sorry to have caused offence. Allowing such racist language in our letters page was a terrible oversight, one which we will ensure does not happen again.

Yours sincerely, Julia Hollingsworth

KNUCKLE SANDWICH

Dear "Stingy"

I am not sure why you are at university. Sure, making food on campus affordable to students has some credibility as a discussion point, but do you have to use racist language to do so? Perhaps you should learn how to use appropriate language, apply basic grammar rules and make your own sandwiches.

Yours, Perplexed

TRACKPANTS = THE BEST CONTRACEP-TION

RE: The Lads

Dear Luke MacKeen McYarn

Canterbury track pants and Kathmandu puffer jackets don't get you laid. You know what does? Sockless boat shoes, jeans (rolled up, obviously) and tees-to-the-knees-tees. The best part of this new fashion trend you so outwardly detest is the freed up drawer space my socks once occupied – which is now predominantly used for condoms (on the account of all the sex I'm having). Yes Luke, I am one of the lads and I'm proud of it. Judging by your judgement you sound like an 'old boy' who can't let go of the 'old days', hence the current criticism of us 'young bucks' getting ladies you seem to feel entitled to. I will be proudly ankle-skuxing all winter, and no my ankles will not be cold, because the ladies as well as the bottom of my to-the-toestees will be keeping them warm – even during the coldest of southerlies.

Cheer up and move on... (and if you really need the help I can toss you one of my slampieces.)

Warmest regards of the most-kindest sort, Buzzn' out

Epic offer, but getting too many pumps as is - cheers to my Canterbury pants. Your letter was just as predicted; like ankle-skuxing and sockless-boat-shoe-wearing - poorly presented and queefy. Shame you can't skax without stooping. 72% of females polled at uni find ankle-skuxing "unattractive" and 74% prefer boat shoes with socks. "All the sex" you claim must be with 2s and 3s. Young bucks on yuk fucks! Warm yourself this winter with a hot-minger-bottle, roll your jeans down clown and quit sceneing the stink-feet-steezing. Fark I rate garlic. Ziz out.

Luke MacLean-McMahon

TRU LUV

Hey there Critic and/or readers of Critic,
I just read the Summer Lovin' column and the
girl on the date, Anna-Nicole Smith, sounds like the
most lovely girl in the world.

Some guys might think that being the kill-you-



in-your-sleep-and-marry-your-corpse-so-we-canbe-together-forever type stalkers is a huge turn off but in my case, they're the best kind.

Too many girls are abandoning their bfs to be with a new person for the sake of it, which is just so terrible.

Wish I was as lucky as that guy, Not A Stalker Myself.

BUT WE WANNA BE VICE

Dear Critic.

Most of the time, Critic is a reasonably bangin' read. But why an issue devoted to fucking fashion?! One fashion column is more than enough. No students I know in Dunedin give a toss about the fashion industry or the iD show besides snobby little pussies and bitches with too much of Daddy's money (of which there are admittedly quite a few). There's nothing sophisticated or stylish about a bunch of pretentious idiots standing around jerking each other off, while trying REALLY hard to appear as sophisticated and stylish as possible. There are too many fashion rags out there to avoid already without Critic adding more trash to the pile. Sort it out and print some real articles.

And while you're at it, ditch the gimmicky themed issue shit. It's boring, it's limiting, and no you are not Vice.

Cheers to Lozz for his sweet contributions. Howard Moon.

THE WAR ISSUE: YOUR WISH IS OUR COMMAND

Dear critic,

I am a man and as a man I found it hard to pick up this weeks issue without my testicles crawling into myself a little bit. I mean come on the "fashion issue" I thought I was about to pick up a copy of womans weekly. I'm hoping for a much more manorientated issue after Easter maybe something like the "Boobs issue" or the "things that make big explosions issue" or better yet "the porn issue."

Yours sincerely Logan

H8RS GON H8: THE RERUN

Dear Fagle

I thought I would provide you with some non-socialist/greenie criticism for a change. You, like a number of members of the Act party, are hypocrites. Your position on crime makes no sense whatsoever from a liberal point of view. You claim that we need to put people in prison to punish them for infringing on other's liberty. The problem with this position is that it inherently recognises one person's liberty as more important than another's. For instance the dissident minority who speaks out against another. These people are punished by the courts for their slander or hate speech, but in reality they are just exercising their right to freedom of expression. The law must decide whose liberty is more important. Who makes this decision? Parliament (ie majority infringing individual's liberty) Judges (ie one individual deciding who wins).

Please stop being a conservative, who likes freedom only when it fits your view of how the world should work.

Hating on hypocrites (regardless of political leaning)

Dear imbecile.

You need to brush up on Liberty101 before daring to disrespect the Eagle again. Oh, and 'hate speech' is not a crime in a liberal world.

The Eagle

CRITIC A LITTLE CONFUSED

Dear Critic,

Simply a) please don't compare yourself to the ODT. We all know that the ODT is absolutely wonderful and informative. Such a dedicated piece of shit that could knock out people with the sheer amount of rubbish engulfed in its way-too-many pages. (For you Chemists, the ODT can undergo an exothermic reaction in an oxygen-rich environ-

ment, namely combustion, and yield more value than actually reading it.)

Anyway, b) how about some music reviews that don't orientate around NZ music or hip-hop or rap or some other twisted "new-generation auto-tuning"? Like decent rock. Or metal. On behalf of many Asian HSFY students, we'd love it if you mentioned something about this genre in Critic, not that we see much of this genre anywhere at all. Older music would be greatly appreciated too (looking between 1930-1980ish).

Cheers,

Asian but still chillin'.



LETTERS POLICY

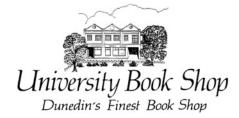
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Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Wednesday at 5pm. Send letters to critic@critic.co.nz, post them to PO Box 1436, Dunedin, or drop into the *Critic* office. All letters must include full contact details, even if you don't want these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

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Obviously times of war allow for development in weaponry, but surprisingly, many other useful feats of engineering can be created. Critic rates the top ten every-day inventions to have come from war.

- O1 Teflon. Developed during WWII, it was once considered a military secret. Now it's found covering numerous pieces of kitchen-ware.
- **02** Tampons. Funnily enough, they were originally used to plug bullet wounds.
- **03** The Slinky. Invented entirely by accident while developing springs to support sensitive equipment on naval ships.
- **04** Silly Puddy. Discovered in an attempt to find a synthetic substitute for rubber.
- **05** The PC. Invented as a machine to break enemy codes.
- 06 The aerosol spray can. Originally designed to kill malaria carring mosquitos during WWII.
- 07 Microwave. The effect of microwaves melting food was discovered while working on war technology.
- 08 Orange Juice. Frozen orange juice concentrate was developed due to concern about soldiers getting scurvy during WWII.
- **09** Penicillin. Used to cure the soldiers of infections.
- 10 The Frisbee. Using knowledge from the airforce, Walter "Fred" Morrison was able to invent a flying toy far superior to the previously popular pie pan.



Fuck the other animals: the lemurs need saving

Richard Branson has decided to devote an entire Caribbean island to a bunch of ringtailed lemurs. Branson plans to turn 124-acre Moskito island, a tropical getaway he happens to own, into a reserve for the threatened primate.

The lemurs aren't native to Moskito island and are to be brought over from Madagascar, where logging has threatened their habitat. Conservation experts have described lemurs as "agile, dextrous, aggressive, omnivorous

animals" which could be "detrimental" to other wildlife on the island. Obviously the experts are just being superficial and the lemurs are actually great little guys that deserve their own island.

Branson has promised to be careful and introduce them slowly. He is also confident that should the lemurs wreak havoc on the island, they "hate swimming" and won't be able to get to other islands. Thank fuck for that.

Eggs and ham

Dr Seuss's famous children's book *Green Eggs and Ham* was written as the result of a wager with his editor at Random House, Bennett Cerf. After writing *The Cat in the Hat* in 1955 using only 223 words, Dr. Seuss bet his publisher that he could write a book using only 50 words.

Published on August 12, 1960, *Green Eggs* and *Ham* went on to become the fourth-bestselling English language children's book

of all time and used exactly 50 different words. Out of the 50 words, 49 were one-syllable words, with only "anywhere" extending into the multi-syllable range.

Seuss collected on the wager in 1960 and was a whole \$50 better off for his troubles. Should have invested that money in lemurs. Richard Branson loves lemurs and he has heaps of money.

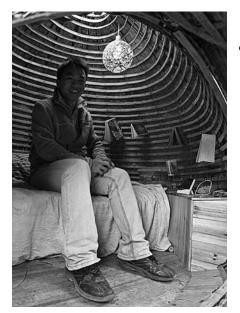
84

generals executed by Hitler in WW2 14

people killed when a US bomber accidentally flew into the Empire State Building in 1945

38

minutes; the shortest war on record, fought between Zanzibar and England in 1896



Just egg, no ham

Architect Dai Haifei decided that with housing in China being so cramped and expensive, he would abandon the entire notion and live in an egg he built on the footpath. The 6-foot-high structure cost him \$1,000 to build and is made of bamboo strips, wood chippings, sack bags, and grass seed that's expected to grow in the spring. The sides pull up for ease of cleaning and the egg is also solar powered.

And you thought the gimp room in your Castle St flat was small.



Snippets page sponsored by Domino's Pizza



A blog for both the fashion-minded and the elitist sympathiser, fakekarl.com is written from the perspective of a rather talented Karl Lagerfeld impersonator. For those who don't know, Karl Lagerfeld is a noted fashion designer, but don't let mention of the "f" word put you off if you're not that way inclined: this blog is more about brilliant rants than anything style related.

Karl, along with his equally talented posse Diana Vreeland and Yves Saint Lauren, pen hilarious posts about the poor little fashionable rich man's plight in the real world. Topics range from the banal (the wonders of email attachments or losing one's favourite pencil) to the more serious (how to put a stop to the trend of wasting money on coffins). It's rarely acceptable to use the word "bourgeoisie" in such abundance, but Karl pulls it off with panache.

There's little else to say except that reading this blog is a must. To convince you once and for all, we leave you with this guip from Karl (fake Karl that is): "only the poor have sexual intercourse; the rich make love".



Money well spent

A jury in Washington State, USA, has acquitted a man of stealing a 99 cent hot dog. The jury took less than five minutes to find defendant John Richardson not quilty of stealing the hotdog when he was shopping at the local grocery store.

Richardson had apparently eaten the hotdog while shopping but had forgotten to

pay for it at the checkout when he finished his weekly shop. The overzealous store owners then called the police who arrested Richardson and charged him with theft.

Commentators estimated that the hotdog trial consumed several thousand times the price of the snack in costs to the state.

800

million US dollars revenue from North American and European World of Warcraft users

1938

the year Hitler was named Time Magazine Man of the Year



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Otago catches up with AUT

The University of Otago has moved to standardise its Honours degree system, moving to the "3+1 model" currently used by other universities nationwide. The move comes after a University working party recommended the change, which is intended to substantially improve the administrative aspect of Honours degrees at Otago.

The new system involves students taking three years of an ordinary degree, followed by an Honours postgraduate year, as opposed to the four-year "cohesive" Honours degree currently offered by many departments. The final year will be worth 120 points, and will include a research project worth at least 30 points.

The University is set to implement this change in 2013. It had hoped to do so in 2012 but the timeline was too tight, Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Academic and International) Professor Vernon Squire told *Critic*.

Otago is the last of New Zealand's eight universities to introduce an Honours postgraduate year. This revelation baffled *Critic*, as AUT is an accredited New Zealand university, and being more backwards than them is frankly inconceivable. Indeed, being behind AUT in an egg and spoon race would be embarrassing enough; those idiots call themselves the Auckland University of Technology University, for fuck's sake.

As noted, under the current system some departments offer a four-year Honours degree system, where selected students are picked out early on in their study and complete an extra year of study for an Honours degree, while other departments already use the 3+1 system. Squire says that the 3+1 model will allow for "late-bloomers" to undertake an Honours degree, which seems very sensible considering the strain that first year puts on a lot of students' studies, not to mention livers.

The change will also assist the retention of Bachelor's students who would otherwise have moved to another university in order to complete a one-year Honours degree. Another benefit is attracting Bachelor's students from other universities who wish to undertake a one-year Honours degree at Otago, Squire says.

Squire also anticipates that the change will allow students to go an exchange much more easily during their bachelor's degree, something which it is currently difficult for many Honours students to do. Students may also undertake part time study for the first three years of their study prior to the one-year Honours degree, and minoring in subjects will be made possible.

The University Senate has also asked for the point value of the papers in the Honours year to be standardised across divisions to allow students to take papers across multiple departments more easily.

Students in law, PE, and surveying are unaffected by the changes as students already take four years to complete an ordinary degree in each of the disciplines. Honours students in these subjects will still be able to complete their degrees in four years.

- Aimee Gulliver



Dunedin to transform from cold shithole into busy, cold shithole

The month of May in Dunedin is characterised by graduating students descending on the city in droves for the three graduation weekends. Restaurants, accommodation and flights are booked months in advance to ensure the availability of each element of graduates' last weekend of scarfie debauchery.

All graduation ceremonies are held at the Dunedin Town Hall, following an informal procession down George St organised by OUSA.

The first graduation weekend in 2011 is May 7, where degrees and diplomas in Applied Science, Consumer and Applied Sciences, Physical Education, Science and Surveying are awarded. The University is expecting 467 students to graduate in person and 106 in absentia for this ceremony. The following weekend see qualifications awarded in Commerce, Tourism and Law, with 457 students expected to graduate in person and 60 in absentia. Arts, Education, Music, Teaching, and Health Sciences degrees are awarded in the final weekend, May 21. 333 students are graduating in person at this ceremony in 2011, and 261 in absentia.

When taking part in a graduation ceremony, graduates need to look the part. Regalia can be hired from the Federation of Graduate Women and will set most students back \$60; \$30 for a gown, and \$15 each for a hood and a cap. Students graduating with double degrees have to choose which hood to wear for the ceremony but may rent the second one for photographic purposes for an extra \$15. Nice of them to offer a bulk discount.

Flights to return to Dunedin for the weekend are often expensive and need to be booked well in advance to ensure availability. Graduating student Matthew Gale booked flights to Dunedin in September last year, with the round trip from Auckland costing \$220 nearly nine months in advance. As *Critic* went to print, a flight from Auckland to Dunedin on the same Friday was priced at \$256, with the returning flight on Sunday costing \$394 – a whopping \$650 round trip for the weekend, excluding any of the other costs involved.

Restaurants in Dunedin also get booked well in advance of the event, as graduation dinners are hosted across the city often on both the Friday and Saturday night of the weekend. Top local restaurant Plato told *Critic* that diners often booked up to a year in advance, with the restaurant completely booked out more than six months ago for the

May graduations. A staff member also told *Critic* that "it is crazy" during the graduations in both May and December.

At the other end of the dining spectrum The Asian stated that it did not notice any difference in patronage during graduation season. When asked if any special menu was offered for graduation, a staff member replied that "we are open to anything the customer might want to order".

Immediately after the graduation ceremony, a reception is held in marquees set up in Harrop Street next to the Town Hall. Following a posh, or not so posh, feed at one of Dunedin's eateries, many graduates of the May 14 weekend head to the Grad Party at Sammy's Entertainment Venue.

The 2011 event features a line up of Optimus Gryme ft. MC Beau/Cool Kids Club/Home Brew/Chaos in the CBD/Sound Forge. Tickets for the party have been available since April 1 through 1-night.co.nz, Quest, OUSA and SOULS at early bird prices of \$40, or \$45 for the second release of tickets. On April 22, Wilder Promotions reported that online tickets had "unexpectedly sold out," and 1-night.co.nz released their final allocation of tickets for sale.

- Aimee Gulliver





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Student loans to remain interest free. Students to remain OTP.

The government has announced that significant changes to the student loan scheme will be included in the Budget of May 19. However, Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce confirmed that student loans will remain interest free for those students residing in the country.

Among the changes to the scheme will be a restriction on loans for students over the age of 55 and for trainee pilots, and a new ability for the entire loan balance to be recalled for those debtors who ignore requests to make repayments.

Students aged over 55 would be restricted to loans for course fees only, and trainee pilots also face having their entitlements restricted. The move is apparently predicated on the high percentage of borrowers over 55 who fail to pay back their loan balance, and the small number of pilot trainees who secure employment in the aviation field.

The changes form part of a long term overhaul of the entire student loan scheme, which began last year with the introduction of limits on the number of years students could borrow for, an increase in administrative fees charged to students and tougher measures to deal with students who have failed a large proportion of their courses.

The signalled changes have drawn fire from the Labour Party and the Greens but have been widely lauded in the mainstream press. Some commentators have called for more radical changes, particularly with regards to adding interest to loan balances.

Currently for each dollar loaned out, the government recovers only 55 cents. The changes scheduled for this budget are estimated to raise that recovery rate by about 2 cents per dollar.

These changes occur as the government has recently intensified its focus on collecting outstanding debt from overseas borrowers, especially those residing in Australia. Overseas borrowers represent only 15% of all those with student loan debt, but currently account for 55% of the total overdue balance. Debt collectors have been contracted to chase up errant borrowers in Australia, with similar tactics slated to be employed in Britain in the near future.

When asked about how much the government was looking to trim from the student loan bill, Joyce stated in an interview that "we're looking for several hundred million dollars and we think we can get that over a four or five year period, and what we'll do is we'll put some of it back into tertiary [education]".

The increased chatter around the student loan system has lead some to questions about whether the loans will remain interest free in the near future. Around 600,000 New Zealanders have a student loan, meaning any move to add interest would be a politically fraught venture in an election year. However, the volume of changes made to the student loan scheme suggest that the latest initiatives will not be the last to the system, and the spectre of student loans at commercial interest rates has certainly not been dissipated by the government's commitment to trimming the books.

- Gregor Whyte



Critic reports on the OUSA Exec reports

Once every quarter, each OUSA Executive member produces a report detailing what they've achieved in the hope that their report will be passed and they will earn their honorarium. Our designated OUSA reporter had the unenviable task of reading each of the reports in their long-winded entirety. Luckily, we've summarised the reports and attributed a performance rating to each exec member just for you. Bliss.



Katie Reid

Education Officer

EduCom seems to have been Katie's key focus for the quarter. Happily it is now "fully operational" and has had two meetings so far. Katie says she has been unable to find a student representative from every department for this, and has wisely decided that having 52 representatives at each meeting would be "less than useful," (read: logistical nightmare.) She describes her "benevolent dictator theory" in that the management of EduCom will likely be more time consuming that simply going to meetings. *Critic* would like all appointed divisional representatives forewarned of what they may have gotten themselves in for should the "benevolent" bit drop out of this.

Goals for the second quarter include increasing the exposure and prestige of the teaching awards, and sorting out handover documents so that "whomever ends up being Education Officer in 2012 is not greeted with the mess that I arrived to find". Katie softens the blow by saying she means no disrespect to the past Education Officer, a close friend of hers (read: no offence, but you were shit at your job?).





Harriet Geoghegan

President

Harriet has been working her 40+ hours a week to ensure an adequate level of consultation between all relevant bodies and the Executive, and says that with VSM still looming there is a huge amount of work going on in the background so that the Executive can be presented with options and scenarios when the Bill goes through.

She also reports that OUSA policies are being looked at holistically to further enhance their processes and professionalism and to ensure consistency. *Critic* recommends having a squiz at the Constitution first.

Harriet has been promoting OUSA services and events to a number of clubs and groups, both within the University and the wider community, to raise the profile of OUSA among students and to communicate with them about important issues that require representation.

VSM contingency planning, increased communication and engagement with students, and increased operational efficiency are among El Presidenta's goals for the coming quarter. The first step of the latter is the Planet Media review, *Critic* is awaiting the outcome with baited breath.





Francisco

Colleges and Communications

Francisco describes himself as having been "narrowly elected by 9 votes on the basis of my promise to the peasants and workers of OUSA," which has *Critic* mildly confused – calling your constituents peasants probably isn't your greatest move despite the accurate assessment of the povo levels in North Dunedin. Despite this, Francisco seems to have been doing some good work at the residential colleges, liaising with them to promote OUSA's role to the ickle first years.

As a member of PolCom, Francisco attempted to create a "Facebook policy" which he said was "crushed with ruthlessness" - ouch. A new policy is in the pipelines, a collaborative effort with Mr. Policy himself, Dan Stride. He also collected for the Capping Charity, and described this volunteering as "help[ing] hold buckets during the sad Christchurch earthquake." In the event of a Dunedin earthquake, make sure you get under a table or doorway Francisco; holding a bucket won't do you much good.

A goal for the future is setting up a Free Box/Room in OUSA. Settle down UniCol boys, the only free box you'll be getting lives down the hall from you. *Critic,* on the other hand, is hoping to find some Old Mout in the Free Box.









Brad Russell

Administrative Vice President

Brad describes himself as the first Vice President since "Hanson's smash hit 'MMMbop' was in the charts". Not a comparison we would have picked, but fair play. His role seems to involve a lot of presidential support and liaising with other Exec members as to their progress, or any other issues that may arise. Brad has been involved in a lot of general Executive duties as well as dealing with matters arising directly under his portfolio. He details the time he spent ten minutes working at the OUSA front desk filling in as "intense, the phone was ringing, people were looking for their property, people were handing in lost property, I had no idea what was going on." Rest assured your levies are in good hands, students; these people work well under pressure.

Critic would like to note that when getting someone else to proofread your report, it's probably a good idea to delete their notes in the text. Just sayin'.





Dan Stride

Finance and Services Officer

Dan describes the first quarter of his third year on the Exec as marked by "a profound sense of gloom," attributed to, among other things, the VSM Bill which is continuing its progress through the parliamentary process. He has been working on investigating the feasibility of alternative revenue streams, and at the Flat Non-Spring Clean campaign he delighted in telling students that the bags of mysterious white power (baking soda) were OUSA's attempt to boost its commercial income. Desperate times, desperate measures.

He has also been checking invoices scrupulously, noting that a recent Trade Aid invoice was out by two cents. Don't spend it all at once, OUSA. Dan has also drafted policies on the imposition of behaviour standards for Executive members and the clarification of communication guidelines, which will be taken to the Policy Committee for approval. He also reports having fun this quarter "clipping the wings" of a certain eagle... Critic will leave that one open for interpretation.



Dan Beck

Campaigns and Initiative Portfolio

Dan's main campaigns for the quarter have included the OUSA Flat Non-Spring Clean and the OUSA Fair Trade Easter Egg Hunt. Due to a bit of a mare the Easter Egg Hunt was held three weeks before actual Easter weekend (it was printed on the handbook as the same date as last year and it was deemed too much trouble to change). Dan gratefully notes the help from other Exec members for things like "pouring vinegar into bottles," which leads *Critic* to wonder who cleans their flat with vinegar and baking soda?! Last time we checked that made one of those volcanoes that you explode at primary school...

Goals for the second quarter include the raising of enrolment levels among students for the general election and raising awareness of VSM and the uncertain future of OUSA.



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Sarah van Ballekom

Recreation

Sarah has spent her first quarter on the Exec promoting and encouraging student participation in clubs, societies and recreation. She has also been sending out a monthly Clubs and Societies newsletter to promote the clubs to each other and to increase awareness of other groups operating on campus.

As part of her portfolio she has been assisting in the affiliation of all clubs and societies. So far this has only involved the Shikokai Karate Club, although the Lawn Bowls Club and the Physical Education Maori Students Association are also going through the affiliation process at the moment.

All Executive members are also required to undertake a certain amount of community service each quarter, which Sarah has been doing at the Community Law Centre – on occasion even filling in at short notice. How nice.



JOINING FEE



Art

International

Art was acting as the interim International Students Officer for the first quarter and was therefore employed by OUSA as opposed to being elected. He has since been elected to the role in the April by-election.

In the first quarter the International Cultural Council has hosted "countless number of events", mainly to meet and greet each association. Art also helped host the International Welcoming Dinner during O Week for both new and old international students to come along and get to know each other.

Art's goals moving forward include making the International Cultural Council more diverse and making sure that OUSA will be able to function even if VSM is introduced.





Shonelle Eastwood

Welfare Officer

With this being Shonelle's second year on the Exec, she reports being stoked to have not spent the first quarter "wandering around like a deer in the headlights". So far she has held two Welfare Committee meetings, although these have yet to solidly address any welfare matters, with both meetings covering mostly introductory matters. Kind of like those datehole introductory lectures that Uni puts on at the start of every year, we guess. The Committee has however appointed representatives for women, disabilities and distance.

Shonelle also seems to have been maintaining a lot of welfare-related relationships on campus, with Student Support Centre, Queer Support, Student Services and Student Health all getting a mention in her report.

Goals for the future include Exam Specials, Women's Week, Maori Language Week, Queer Events, and Dunedin's Next Top Flat. We would like to suggest Dunedin's Next Top Office, Critic is an absolute fucking shoo-in.





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Law Study Released

Timaru's finest export, University of Otago Law Facult Professor Mark Henaghan, has said that more can be done to reduce delays in processing civil cases through the court system.

Professor Henaghan, Dr Saskia Righarts and Rachel Laing have recently authored a preliminary study on civil case progression times which reported that despite signs of increased efficiency in the courts, some cases took an average of 608 days to resolve.

Henaghan said that in some instances, excessive time was being spent on "discovery" – where pertinent facts or documents must be disclosed to the opposing party in a civil suit. He described it as "ridiculous" that some parties could "drip feed" documents over an extended period of time, delaying the whole process. New York State requires disclosure within five weeks for fraud cases and strong sanctions are imposed on those who are too slow to respond, said Henaghan.

- Aimee Gulliver

NZ Pair place third in international law competition

University of Otago law students Nic Blumsky-Gibbs and Sean Conway gained third place in an international client consultation contest in the Netherlands earlier this month. The duo entered the contest's final with a perfect score. Ultimately the competition was won by a team from Jamaica, with an Australian team taking the second prize. The competition tested the teams' ability to interview and advise clients on their options for legal action.

The Otago pair were chosen to represent New Zealand after winning a national client consultation contest. Both Blumsky-Gibbs and Conway attributed their success to good teamwork and much interviewing practice with coach Selene Mize, who is a senior lecturer at Otago's Law Faculty.

- Lozz Holding

Otago film selected for festival

A controversial film by University of Otago student James Muir has been selected to screen in the London International Documentary Festival in May. River Dog is an environmental documentary that follows Muir's father's battle to stop farmers grazing stock on the Pahaoa riverbed in the Wairarapa. The film has raised controversy and South Wairarapa district councillor Julie Riddell threatened Muir and the Paramount Theatre in Wellington with defamation proceedings if the film was screened. Muir dismissed the legal threats as just threats and explained that "the issue being raised is not one of personal grievance towards any one farmer. The issue being raised is about the protection and care of our fresh water".

River Dog has also been nominated for five awards at the Reel Earth International Film Festival including best short film, best New Zealand film, best emerging film-maker, best New Zealand film-maker and best cinematography.

Lozz Holding

execs. |19'zek, eg-| > noun informal an executive: top execs. ORIGIN late 19th cent.: abbreviation. | 'ekskrologo|| > adjective extremely bad | or unpleasant: execrable cheap wine.

Last Exec meeting saw a change of scene for the meeting's location. With the Capping Show practicing in the boardroom, *Critic* and the Exec relocated to the OUSA office, behind the desk where you all hand in lost property and the like. This had the added bonus of having couches as seating, so if anyone else would like the boardroom for any reason on Tuesdays at 5.15pm, go for your life. Depressingly, the shift to the new location was by far the most exciting thing to have happened in an Exec meeting for a considerable period of time.

Ex-Executive member Imogen Roth was at the meeting to present her Returning Officers' Report. *Critic* was initially alarmed by her presence - the last time ex-Execcies turned up it was for a lengthy ranty complaining session - but luckily she was there on business. Imogen's report on the April by-election detailed recommendations for future elections, including informing candidates of the opportunity to submit a photo and blurb to run in *Critic*. She also recommended that in future efforts should be made to take the voting system to the voter, noting the success of the Abbey College and Postgrad Coffee Hour voting booths.

Shit got good, however, when the Exec was asked to consider a

motion diverting \$100 of student funds towards a wreath for ANZAC Day to be laid at the Dawn Parade by a couple of Execcies. Seems simple enough, but things got awkward when Thomas, the new Postgrad Rep, objected to this on the grounds that he didn't think OUSA should be associated with war. The rest of the Exec quickly jumped to the defence of the idea, informing their German colleague that the idea wasn't to celebrate war, but instead to remember and honour those who had died. *Critic* meanwhile sat in the corner revelling in the delicious irony of the debate whilst watching *that* episode of Fawlty Towers on our iPod. Good times.

The vote got taken and the motion was passed with Thomas still abstaining from the foliage-based war mongering. Other Executive members also signed up to do street collections for the RSA outside the Rob Roy, with the purpose clearly being to help themselves to one of the corner shop's famous ice-creams with the proceeds (just joking, rofl, Imao etc).

– Aimee Gulliver



(HRONI(LES OF (ASTLE

Most people headed home for Easter, leaving Castle Street as hollow and empty as the social life of a Health Sci student. Luckily for us there was enough muppet behaviour before Easter to keep us going.

This story happened a while ago but it's worth the retelling as one poor fellow had a drug taking experience to tell the grandchildren. The dumb-ass in question had heard all about this new craze of "shelving" (if you don't know what shelving is, see Trent from Punchy/John Hopoate/finger in bum). Not thinking ahead, he had an extra spicy vindaloo curry earlier that evening to make sure he had the energy for a big night rinsing and, as your imagination will already have told you, the vindaloo didn't do wonders for his stomach. When the time came to do the deed, the vindaloo had started working against him. Not wanting to give up, he kept on pushing but it just wasn't working and at the half-way point he made the call to back out. This is where the story gets messy as the would-be shelver didn't want to waste his treat. He snorted half and swallowed the other half.

A familiar high school mistress has returned to Castle in spectacular fashion, this time stepping in to be the meat in a special sandwich as she let two boys park the beef bus in tuna town. Apparently she wasn't satisfied by only one, so his mate generously stepped in to help a friend in need. The two boys serviced her and we will wait in nervous anticipation to see what/who she does next.

At the other end of the scale, desperate times call for desperate

measures as one flat got innovative with the card system (i.e. red card, green card) and introduced the concept of pink cards. When a pink card is pulled, all flat members must at least get a pash to ensure they are not responsible for cleaning up the flat on Sunday. If someone by some miracle manages to "bury the boner", then they are entitled to purchase a cyclone on the flatcard, a just reward for a hard night's work at Monkey Bar.

We look forward to the return of Castle Street residents, as by now the leftovers are struggling to find activities like a ginger kid struggles to find friends. Well, maybe they aren't struggling that hard for activities but nonetheless with lock-ins and parties planned for next week we have quite a bit to be excited for.

- Sam Reynolds





DUMB ARSES OF THE WEEK

After an absence of far too long, a whole eight issues in fact, *Critic* is proud to once again bring you Proctology. *Critic*'s first meeting with the Proctor was a nervy affair. After getting used to the familiar sight of TailGunner Joe, the Proctor was instantly suspicious of a new face, especially one sent by a magazine filled with subversive types. Nevertheless, after an exhaustive background check (he wrote down our name on a rather formal looking pad of paper), *Critic* was cleared to hear all about just how naughty some students have been this year.

Golf is a beautiful game; so much so that Mark Twain once commented that the pastime was "a good walk spoiled". One aspiring young scholar had clearly been paying attention in English, as he decided to cut out the more tedious walking element of the sport by simply firing the golf balls off of his balcony. However, one minor flaw in his plan was the inconsiderate placement of a neighbouring house fairly directly in the path of his drive.

After breaking a couple of windows, and we imagine losing a little bit of neighbourly goodwill, the gentleman decided that the only thing likely to be received better than a golf ball through the window was a steady stream of fireworks aimed at the neighbours themselves. The Proctor cautions that both suburban golf and hitting people with fireworks are likely to end in a trip to his office at a minimum.

Another charming young man (we noticed a predominant theme of young and male in the Proctor's stories) got on the wrong side of a Dunedin cab driver the other night. After overtaking the cab at considerable speed and running a red light, the youth was probably not expecting that the cabbie would follow him and attempt a citizen's reprimand. Undeterred, however, the errant insurance risk laughed at the cabbie, turned, and walked away - right into the arms of Campus Watch.

On a more public warning note, the Proctor once again begs all students to lock their doors and windows when they leave their flats. Of all the burglaries of student flats this year, only a quarter involved forced entry, meaning in most cases the thief simply strolled into the chosen flat, picked up all available electronic goods and toddled down to their local fence. At least make them work to fund that P habit.

- Gregor Whyte

FOUR RIDICULOUS THAT

SPARKED WARS

by Josh Hercus



A PIG

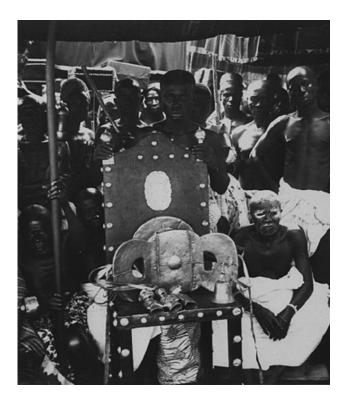
After the American Revolution, things between the Americans and British were a little bit tender. San Juan Island, situated between Vancouver Island (British Columbia) and Washington State, was right in the middle of a boundary claim between the two sides. Basically, a small number of Americans and employees of the Hudson Bay (a massive British trading company) both occupied the land and things got a bit testy when one of the pigs, who was owned by an Irishman employed by Hudson Bay, was shot by one of the Americans for rummaging through his garden. The American offered to pay for the pig but the Irishman demanded more.

Things got heated. The British went to arrest the American but he called for military aid. Fearing they'd lose the island, the British sent a few warships. Finally, there was a bit of a showdown between half a dozen British warships and several thousand troops against a dozen American cannons with around 500 troops. No shots were fired, however, and it was later agreed that they both would have joint occupation of the land. No doubt this was celebrated over some tea, crumpets and bacon butties.

A GOLDEN STOOL

Throughout history, the British are well known for not giving a flying fuck about the customs and traditions of natives. Back in 1900 an African state called the Ashanti Empire had a sacred golden stool that essentially embodied the spirit of nation as a whole (including both everyone dead and yet to be born) and, most importantly for the British, contained the authority of the chief. A few years before, the Ashanti king had been exiled, leaving them without a chief. Naturally, the British governor of the region rocked up to the capital and informed them that since their lands were ruled by the Queen, they should go and get that stool so he could plant his arse on it and have a jolly good show.

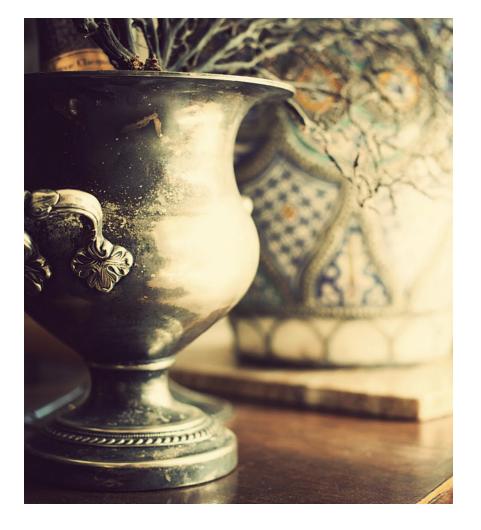
This went down with the locals about as well as Ke\$ha's music goes down with anyone who isn't missing a few chromosomes. The locals brutally attacked the British, who got quite smacked up and had to retreat to a fort which was then besieged by a force of 12,000 pissed-off locals for about three months. The British finally brought in some more troops and a bit of artillery, thereby breaking the siege. As punishment, the British then went on to fuck the place up, destroying towns, murdering villagers and "liberating" land. But even after all that, the British still didn't manage to sit on that stool.



A STRAY DOG

In 1925, relations between Greece and Bulgaria were explosive due to Bulgaria breaking away and all. Both had been weakened after the First World War and there was an awkward ceasefire between the two. That's until a sentry dog broke away from one of the Greek soldiers to cross the border into Bulgaria. Frantically, the soldier chased the dog only to be shot by Bulgarian border guards. Thus began "The War of the Stray Dog". Another conflict followed, resulting in around fifty deaths. Just when everyone thought that an all-out war was going to burst out, the League of Nations (old-school UN) stepped in and resolved the problem. No one knows what happened to the dog. Critic speculates that it probably lived on to help contribute to the beginning of WWII.





ALCOHOL

Sultan Selim II, also known as "Selim the Drunkard", was leader of the Ottoman Empire around 500 years ago. His two favourite things were drinking and writing some epic poetry about his presumably epic drinking. Also, according to Wikipedia, "Selim II became the first Sultan devoid of active military interest and willing to abandon power to his ministers, provided he was left free to pursue his orgies and debauches". Sounds like a quiet night in Dunners.

At some point they started running out of wine. Legend has it that one of Selim's friends suggested that they invade Cyprus to get some more commandaria, a damn good famous wine at the time that's still made today. This is basically like your friend suggesting to you to go to Countdown and gun down everyone, then set fire to the place, just to get some more goon. Selim II, possibly saying "yeah, I could kill for a glass of wine", then gave the green light to invade Cyprus, causing around 20,000 locals to be slaughtered and triggering a series of other conflicts with enormous casualties. Was it worth it? You be the judge.



Breaking By Siobhan Downes

My first experience of an Anzac Day dawn service was cold, wet, and about the only time I'd ever been up early enough for the McDonald's breakfast menu. Suffice to say it was the thought of hotcakes rather than heroes of war that had gotten me out of bed that morning.

Anzac Day had always seemed like an anachronism. In our comfortable twenty-first century world, we play *Medal of Honour* and *Modern Warfare* on our PlayStations. We watch distant conflicts being broadcast on TV from the safety of our living rooms. War is generally a non-existent threat in our everyday lives. Yet Anzac Day somehow remains relevant. As I stood in the Queen's Gardens on the morning of April 25, the "Anzac spirit" of 1915 swept over me and I actually found myself caught up in the atmosphere. The floodlit cenotaph, kept guard by the ghostly silhouettes of soldiers. The sombre silence, broken by the sudden shock of the rifle volleys. The haunting tones of "The Last Post", and the reciting of those immortal words, *Lest We Forget*. It is nearly one hundred years since the first Anzac Day service was held. So much has changed since then – but we have never forgotten.

After so many years, why does Anzac Day remain so significant to New Zealanders? George Davis of the History Department has recently addressed this question this question in his 2009 PhD, exploring the changing meanings of Anzac Day throughout the twentieth century. "It's one of the 'landmark' days," he says, "It's a significant day in New Zealand's history, a date that people have looked back at and ascribed issues of national identity to. It's also a day where military service can be given due respect."

One of these changes is the increasing presence of young people at Anzac Day services. It is an observable fact that baffles the media. "More young people honour the Anzacs", and "Young and old present at Anzac Day" are splashed across the headlines each year. There is confusion, even suspicion; why are young people taking time out of their busy alcohol-fuelled, couch-burning schedules to attend Anzac Day? What is their hidden agenda? Davis thinks we deserve more credit than that. "I think there are not many occasions which allow young people to participate in an issue of community spirit. Deep within themselves, I think young people innately recognise that which is important and good."

Davis uses the work of the Student Volunteer Army following the Canterbury Earthquake as an example. "It is just amazing that about 18,000 students picked up shovels and helped clean up their city. This to me indicates that young people enjoy doing tough things together – tough things, awkward things, things that sometimes give them blisters. What else can young people get up to? Anzac Day provides another opportunity in the year where they can go along with friends and join in something that is quite different from their everyday lives."

This sentiment hauntingly echoes that of the many young people who volunteered for World War I in the first place. They wanted to "get up to something" - go on an OE, an adventure – something they believed would be one of the most exciting events in their lives. It just so happened that their event was one of the most deadly and destructive events of the twentieth century. Davis suggests that one reason why young people are ever present at Anzac Day ceremonies is because

Features **Breaking Dawn**



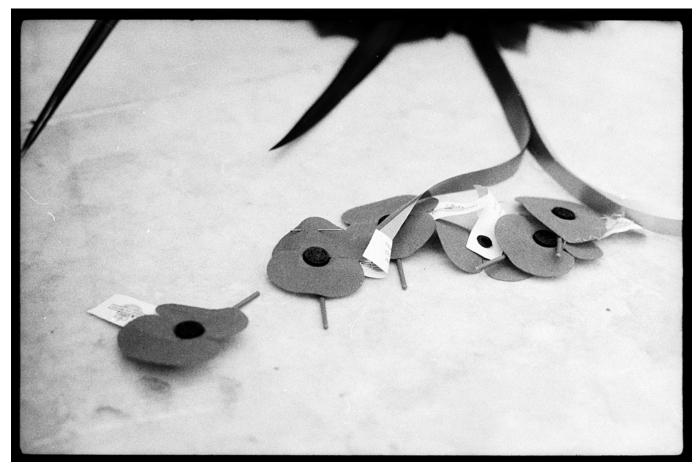
we appreciate the fact that many of the people who lost their lives were just like us. "Around the university here, there are many memorial plaques dedicated to those who served and lost their lives. I think younger people are becoming more aware of that. You begin to realise that a lot of these people were in the same age group as you are — many of them were just in their twenties."

History lecturer Professor Tom Brooking recognises the genuine interest that students have in Anzac Day, and offers a paper on the topic, "Anzac and its legacy: New Zealand and the First World War". He thinks a reason for Anzac Day's resurgence in popularity is time and distance from the wars. "My generation went off it, because we got so sick of having World War II rammed down our throats. It was all over the place, and that's what we rebelled against. When I started teaching New Zealand history in 1978, hardly anyone wanted to do anything on the First World War. Then when I introduced the course in the late 1990s, there was a big interest. There was a sea change there – something happened."

One significant thing that happened, Professor Brooking argues, was an increase in visual representation of World Wars I and II. "There have been a lot of good documentaries, and films. Maori TV has done a big push on this stuff. There have been Australian movies as well, like [Peter Weir's] *Gallipoli*, then the Anzac TV series. Continually, interest is being re-digged." Davis agrees, "I think the images of the past have a big impact on young people. You see all these images of soldiers gathering for war, taking part in conflict, and burying their mates. To vivify this, you go to Anzac Day ceremonies."

Some of us will even attend the Anzac Day services at Gallipoli. Since 1990, tens of thousands of young Australians and New Zealanders have made the pilgrimage to Turkey each year as part of their big OE, which has naturally increased interest in the subject. "The involvement of the Turks and the ability to travel overseas has become a huge modifying factor," argues Davis. "Yes, the fact that you might be able to go and 'do Anzac' in Turkey," concurs Professor Brooking. "There's been a big growth of genealogy and family history in New Zealand, so suddenly people discover they've got somebody buried in all these places, and then on their OE they want to go and check it out. I'm sure most young Kiwis do that." Says Davis, "Young people go to Gallipoli wearing flags draped over their shoulders. It's great fun. It's a big party occasion in Turkey, and young New Zealanders are aware they are welcome there."

Unfortunately, Anzac Day has turned into such a "party occasion" at Gallipoli that a recent Lonely Planet travel guide has advised young Kiwis and Australians to stay away. As Anzac Day has moved into modern times, it seems to have not escaped the modern value of commercialism. "In Turkey, with all the vendors selling souvenirs, has commercialisation intervened in Anzac Day? Well, yes, it has," states Davis. In 2005, a road upgrade on Anzac Cove to accommodate tourist numbers created huge controversy, when it was said to have



disturbed the bones of soldiers buried beneath the soil. On the actual event of Anzac Day in that same year, organisers at Gallipoli were criticised for playing a rock concert style programme on large video screens in the hours before the dawn service, including the Bee Gees' song 'Stayin' Alive'. Afterwards, the area was left strewn with rubbish, infuriating Returned Services associations. Many believe that such events are an insult to Anzac Day, and that it should be restored to its traditional format.

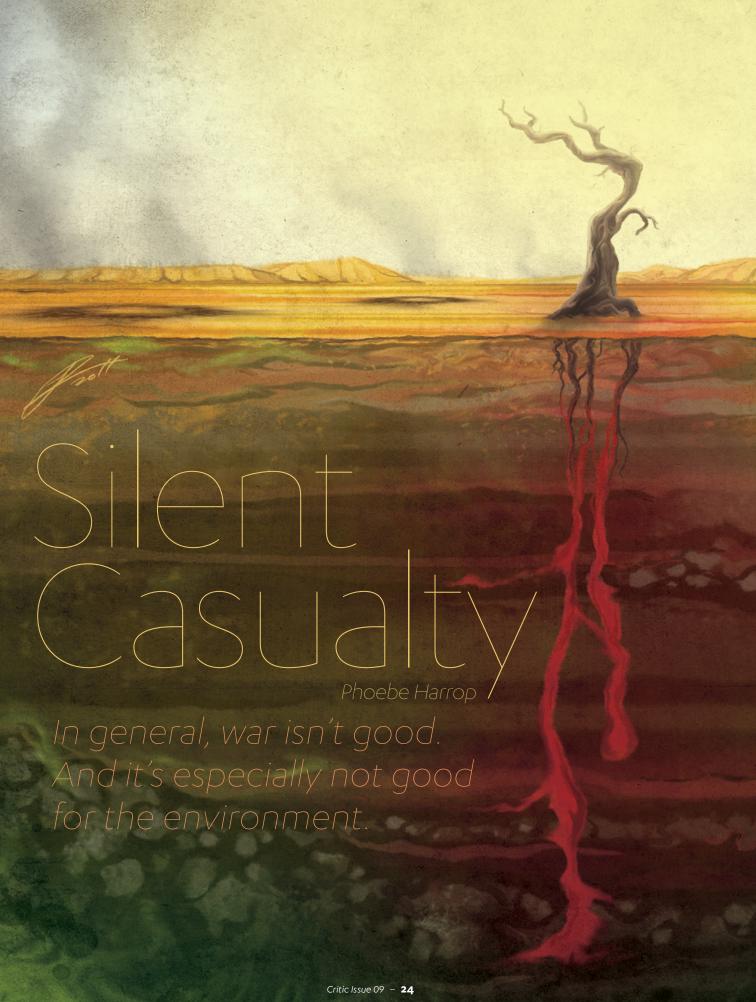
But Davis believes that this would be missing the point. Perhaps the greatest threat to Anzac Day is apathy, which was a problem for the traditional Anzac Day, when it was monopolised by the military. "It was under a cloud in the 1960s and 1970s, when most university students during this time associated Anzac Day with a certain brand of aggressive militarism," notes Davis. The good thing about modern Anzac Day, he argues, is its inclusive quality, "where the civic society has taken it over. The military may still run it, but civic society has adopted it more. It doesn't separate soldierly from civic – it mixes them together."

The most important thing we should take away from Anzac Day? "In war, everybody suffers. Nobody benefits from it." Davis believes the fact that young Kiwis and young Turks can nowadays stand side by side with no animosity is also a crucial message. "We've moved on to know that not only can we respect the service of our military personnel, but now

we can respect the part that was played by the enemy. What we share is a mutual interest in commemoration."

In our modern world, are we capable of showing the respect required of Anzac Day? "I think this generation of young New Zealanders is eminently capable of showing that. We have a generation of young people who are generous and have strong spiritual values. You'll find if you shake them enough – they believe in some very strong things, and they know what is good. If tragedy occurs, they will step up to the mark."

I guiltily mentioned to Mr. Davis my fondness for the less than traditional post-dawn service Macca's breakfast. Was it inappropriate – honouring the military, then having a McMuffin? Was I committing Anzac sacrilege? "Should young people go to McDonald's after Anzac Day?" he pondered. "Why not? It's one of the freedoms that has been created by the people whom we are respecting."



he environment?" I hear you say. "What about the innocent victims, the countless civilian lives lost to bloodshed, the ghastly conditions, the hate, the fear, the violence? I mean, sure, no one wants the environment to suffer, but surely it's the cost of human life lost in war that really turns the proverbial stomach of mankind?"

I'm not about to argue that the atrocities suffered by people at the hands of the merciless war machine are unimportant. It's no surprise

that our condemnation of warfare centres on loss of life – after all, we are only human and it is something of ourselves that we see in those helpless victims. But the generally human-centric focus of war reportage can skip over the very real harm that war has on the environment. This isn't just a save-the-whales Greenpeace plea. The effects of warfare are far-reaching and the long-term effects in particular give us all reason to worry.

First things first, a sombre and poignant poem.

"We will live in the death smog for a while, breathing the dust of the dead, the 3 thousand or so who turn to smoke, as the giant ashtray in Lower Manhattan continues to give up ghosts. The dead are in us now, locked in our chests, staining our lungs, polluting our bloodstreams. And though we cover our faces with flag sand other pieces of cloth to filter the air, the spirits of the dead aren't fooled by our masks."

– Lawrence Swan

This haunting response to the 9/11 terrorist attacks was written only a few weeks after the fact, in October 2001. Swan chooses to focus not on the atrocities that he has witnessed, the outrage of the American people, the rage percolating within them like some bad filter coffee. Instead he has put pen to paper and produced an environmentally enlightened poem. If only the "staining our lungs/polluting our bloodstreams" was a paradigm of poetic licence. Unfortunately, though the studies wouldn't have even yet begun when this verse was born, the long-lasting environmental impact of 9/11 has since become all too clear.

Let's start with an entrée of igneous jet fuel, care of two aircraft. Around 90,000 litres of it, in fact. Then, onto the main course: a whopping great part of the towers' structure consisted of that dastardly deliverer of lung cancer, asbestos. Good. Throw in a few buckets of Americium-241, the radioactive isotope in the buildings' hundreds of

smoke detectors; some mercury light bulbs for a bit of zing; the constituent parts of 50,000 computers, well crushed and finely chopped; and voilá, *bon appetit*. For dessert, an ongoing and heady concoction of dioxin and polychlorinated biphenyls at record levels will be served, as the rubble at Ground Zero continues to burn.

I wish I were making this all up. In fact, Dr Marjorie Clarke, an environmental scientist from the City University of New York, described the emissions as "equivalent to dozens of asbestos factories, incinerators

and crematoria - as well as a volcano". Wake me up when September ends.

And, let it not be forgotten, this was the product of one day of warfare. If we consider what events that fateful day sparked, namely a still-ongoing conflict in Afghanistan and Iraq, things start to get downright depressing.

Of course, nothing gets the job done like a nuclear weapon. The atomic bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki by American forces in 1945 have their own chilling environmental legacy. Let me walk you through what happens when an atomic bomb descends from the skies. First of all, there is a blinding light and a giant wave of heat which cause any dry and flammable materials nearby to combust. Any human or other living creature (except perhaps cockroaches) within a kilometre of the explosion dies instantly. Buildings collapse, water lines break and fires are left burning for lack of water. Sometimes there's a firestorm, killing anyone who miraculously survived the initial explosion. And then the radiation sickness kicks in, lingering for some

years. Radioactive sand might clog waterways, polluting any available drinking water. In Hiroshima, the impact of the bombing was noticeable within a 10km radius of the city.

The unhappy statistics are endless. In the Middle East there always seems to be some argument going on, usually over oil. Sometimes the precious black stuff gets burnt in the process. In the Gulf War, Iraqi forces fleeing Kuwait set fire to their oil stores. This caused smog formation and acid rain; a soot layer was deposited in the desert and on plants, which suffocated. It took nine months to extinguish the fires.

Throughout the twentieth century and on into the twenty-first, the environment in much of the world has been subjected to some serious abuse at the hands of warring humans. So what's being done about it? Sure, there's an international criminal court for genocide, but what about ecocide?

Silent Casualty

Arie Afriansyah, a lecturer from the University of Indonesia's Faculty of Law, is in the final year of his PhD at Otago and is grappling with that very question. His dissertation focuses on what international legal sanctions exist for breaches of environmental law in times of war.

There are in fact four bodies of international law that lend protection to the environment: international humanitarian law (IHL), international criminal law (ICL), human rights law (HRL), and international environmental law itself (IEL).

The first, IHL, is a set of laws that seeks to regulate war and armed conflict for humanitarian reasons. IHL focuses on the protection of civilians (or those no longer involved in the conflict) and restrictions on the means and methods of warfare. However IHL, and many more laws from the other areas mentioned, apply to only a limited extent where internal tensions or armed conflict are concerned. This raises problems as more and more internal conflicts are arising, compared to the international wars that characterised the twentieth century and around which IHL was developed. Unfortunately, a recent United

Nations report acknowledged that "internal conflicts are the most strongly linked to the environment". While states are still obliged to conform to international standards, it is the responsibility of the state itself to enforce environmental law on its warring factions.

Afriansyah points out that any existing sanctions for environmental damage have so far been applied inconsistently and unpredictably. There is one singular example of a state being openly punished for its naughtiness: Iraq was made to pay for its environmental indiscretions during the Gulf War which took place in the early 1990s. And, not only that, but it also had to atone for the transgressions of the opposing Coalition, which included US forces. Afriansyah suggests that if Iraq had been the victor in that war, it is highly likely that no environmental sanctions would have been imposed on the Coalition because Iraq started the war, by invading Kuqait illegally to begin with. And besides: a) the USA has that handy little power to veto any United Nations Security Council recommendations it doesn't like; and b) everyone wants to be BFF with the USA.

So it seems that it is not the heinousness of the atrocities that determines whether states should make good for their misdemeanours, but rather whether they were victorious (or not) and their relationship with the other members of the UN, in particular Uncle Sam and his permanent Security Council member buddies.

At present, investigations into the environmental and wider humanitarian impact of a conflict can only be conducted by the UN if the warring states agree to it. That's the first thing that should change, says Afriansyah, who would instead advocate an obligatory investiga-

tion and report by the UN after each conflict. Even then, he acknowledges, the report may not necessarily prompt any penalty, especially if one of the parties involved happens to have a power of veto.

Professor Judy Bennett of Otago's Department of History points out that while the environment is often war's silent victim, there can be some unexpected interactions between warring forces and their surroundings. For example, in the Western Pacific during World War II, thousands of Allied troops, unprepared for the topical climes, were incapacitated by malaria. This germ warfare did the job nicely for the Japanese. In the American Civil War, the Northern forces used the environment for psychological warfare: they tore down fences and buildings, stole livestock, and left the landscape so alien that Southerners felt their environment had turned against them.

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and more "

Another almost bizarre example is the strip of no man's land (called the "demilitarised zone", or DMZ) between North and South Korea, which has turned into a veritable bio-haven for species, some of which were once thought to have been extinct from the Korean peninsula. Rare birds such as Manchurian cranes and Siberian herons stop by in the DMZ on their migratory route. Unfortunately (and ironically) this sanctuary is only safe as long as North and South Korea keep up their squabble.

Despite this happy example, Bennett makes it clear that warfare is getting worse for the environment. As weapons become more effective and destructive, the environment suffers more and more. For example, the nuclear weapons tested in the South Pacific after WWII – in a time of peace – were bigger than the bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the annoying tendency of radioactive isotopes to hang around means displaced islanders are left unable to live on their ancestral home almost sixty years on from the testing.

Living in peace and harmony sounds great, but unfortunately things aren't that simple. We humans are slow to learn from our mistakes. And it is not only us, and our fellow inhabitants of earth, who suffer. The environment does too. The UN may be frustratingly toothless in enforcing international environmental standards but at least there are people like Arie Afriansyah hoping to change that.



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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 "war can never be justified". Jack Montgomerie argues the affirmative while Rebecca Gates argues the negative.



Affirmative

War is wrong. Wars of aggression, liberation and self-defence cannot be justified. That wars of aggression are wrong is without contention. State-organised murder and maiming to oppress or steal have no moral justification. Such wars are inherently wrong.

What then of "wars of liberation"? These wars are not necessarily inherently wrong, for their goals are initially admirable. However, wars of liberation are wrong because they contradict themselves. Despite a belief that humans are equally endowed with inviolable rights and a desire to see them upheld, wars of liberation seek to violate their oppressors' rights, in the apparent belief that their oppressors are less reasonable, less human and less deserving of compassion than they. If we truly believe that everyone is equally human, we cannot rightly fight others to make ourselves free.

Moreover, such wars never truly liberate. Whether initiated from without, as in Iraq, or from within, as in Cuba, wars of liberation end up violating the rights of their chosen people. As we see today in the Middle East, the non-violent resistance of the Syrian people is a tool of liberation feared far more by tyrants than the guns and knives of the Libyan rebels.

Wars of self-defence are wrong because they destroy the very thing which they seek to protect. If we fight to protect a society which cares equally for its citizens, we destroy those values by diverting resources to build war machines. If we fight to protect a society based on democratic principles and the rule of law, we destroy it with conscription of labour, martial laws and internment camps. If we fight to protect a gentle society, we destroy it by militarising our culture and legitimating violence as a means of solving problems. As well as doing immense physical damage, wars inevitably mar a nation's soul.

All types of war incur another victim which is never party to the conflict. The environment always suffers as the result of war. The fires, pollution, deforestation and poaching which accompany wars cause not only further human privation but also bring suffering for innocent animals with whom the combatants have no quarrel.

All kinds of war are wrong. Wars of aggression are wrong just as a thief or murderer is wrong. Wars of liberation and self-defence are wrong because in seeking to advance or defend their ideals, they inevitably abandon them. All wars constitute an unprovoked attack on the environment. War can never be justified.

– Jack Montgomerie

Negative

War is ugly. It is dirty, bloody, expensive and scary. There is nothing glorious about dying as a soldier. But these things don't mean that war can never be justified.

The affirmative side of the house has based his argument around two key ideas: that war is detrimental to human rights and that waging war damages a society's ideals.

This "rights" idea can be condensed to "we should never engage in a war because war always violates peoples rights". A noble sentiment, but an ignorant one. Once we get to the point were war is being considered, rights are already being disregarded left, right and centre. We need to look at the degree to which each course of action would violate the rights of people. If the harm caused by a war is less then that caused by not doing anything, then war is not only right but required.

Oppressors have rights. But so do the citizens under the oppressors. Basic maths proves that more rights of more people will be protected by removing oppressors. Haiti isn't perfect, but thanks to the Haitian Revolution, people cannot be property anymore.

If we believe everyone is equally human, then we work to make this a world where everyone is treated as equally human, even if this requires the occasional war.

So the rights of dictators are not enough to stop the rights of citizens from being protected. What then about this principled idea? That we should not engage in war, even in self-defence, because it can damage societal value? I'm sorry, but this is bullshit. When you fight to defend your way of life from an invading army, you are not ignoring the principles of that way of life, but showing everybody just how much you love them and that you are willing to die in their defence. Also, I take exception with the affirmative's examples. Under his argument, it is only wrong for peaceful democratic societies to go to war. If a society values aggression, physical superiority and has a "might is right" mentality, then it would be perfectly okay for them to invade, because it would sync with their ideals.

Finally, yeah, wars suck for the environment. You know what else sucks for the environment? Peace. There is a noticeable lack of warfare in central USA, but pollution means you will still get all your minerals in one breath.

Is war messy and painful? Yes. Can it ever be justified? As I have just shown you, yes, yes it can.

- Rebecca Gates

DIATRIBE

It wouldn't be a New Zealand public holiday without the obligatory reports on the dead, maimed and general carnage on our roads. Death, destruction, cars, explosions and sometimes alcohol; it's everything we love in our media all wrapped up into one nice little news nugget, ready for nationwide consumption. It's simply cheap, sensationalist journalism for the proles.

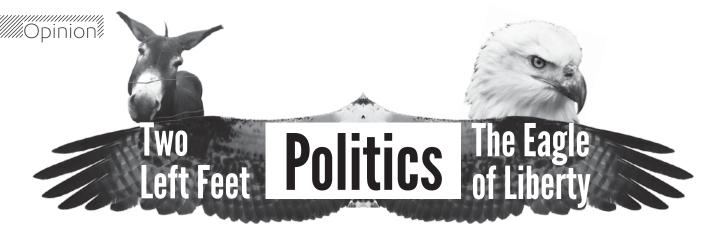
The reality is, it's just such an easy news item to report on. Everybody drives, people are always going to die, the road toll is always going to increase and all the information you need is provided in New Zealand Police media releases. It's national disaster porn on tap! Get some half-witted reporter to write "the [insert holiday name here] holiday road toll [insert your choice of 'now stands at', 'has risen to' or 'climbs to'] [insert number]" and you're half way home. All that's left is an unnecessarily detailed discussion of the accident itself, a quick word by any old Police Superintendent (whoever can be found in five minutes) and some throwaway statement from the New Zealand Police (e.g. "Police are reminding motorists to take care, drive to the conditions and have extra patience when on the road this weekend"). Our stuff.co.nz news feeds chug along, the thirty second gap before the TV news ad break is filled and we all stop being homophobic and racist long enough to satisfy our disaster porn addictions.

As for the so called reporting itself, what is the public relevance of a statement like "[a] man was flung from his bike at the corner of Victoria St and Karo Dr in central Wellington about 5.55pm yesterday after a collision with a car"? What is one supposed to do with such information? Gasp and exclaim "Oh gosh" and somehow make the world a safer place? It is only the close family and friends of those involved who deserve such intimate knowledge, should they request it. While I may have smiled at John from down the road from time to time, do I really need to know the mechanics and exact timing of his unfortunate collision with a late Nineties model BMW whilst riding his 250cc Kawasaki?

I realise that it is a lost cause asking for Stuff.co.nz to employ some discretion and taste, but for other organisations that claim to employ professional journalists, there is no excuse for lazy reporting. It's not as if there's any shortage of national or international news to go around. We still don't even know the distance of the spacing between the pearls on Kate Middleton's wedding dress!

- Adrian Green

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 by 4pm Wednesday.



Conspiracy theories are overrated. They don't even make good cinema. Moreover, any whiff of a conspiracy and everybody whips out that trusty old trope, the dreaded "-gate" suffix, which can single-handedly destroy careers. Tropegate! For any given conspiracy theory, chances are that the truth is much more boring. Boringgate! As stated in the famous dictum Occam's Razor, the simplest theory (the one which makes the least number of new assumptions) is almost always correct.

Consider the debate over whether global warming is anthropogenic (man-made) or not. Anthropogenicdebategate! Essentially, the argument against anthropogenic global warming boils down to the claim that the overwhelming scientific consensus in support of the theory is the product of a conspiracy among climate scientists to secure funding for themselves (oh, and because these scientists are socialists. Obviously. Socialismgate!). Believe it or not, this is actually the official position of the ACT Party. What a bunch of fucking morons free-thinking individuals. Esteemed scientist Rodney Hide is of the opinion "that the entire climate change/global warming hypothesis is a hoax, that the data and the hypothesis do not hold together, that Al Gore is a phoney and a fraud on this issue, and that the emissions trading scheme is a worldwide scam and swindle." Cuntqate!

Applying Occam's Razor to this situation is easy. The conspiracy theory position requires us to posit a highly coordinated, disciplined and intergenerational fraud of which there is no evidence, driven by a particular political motive of which there is also no evidence. Lack-of-evidencegate! The alternative to this position involves the (admittedly huge) leap of logic that the scientists are probably right about the science. You know, seeing as they're scientists and all. Doing-one's-job-properlygate!

Of course, the sceptical position doesn't depend entirely on the conspiracy theory. That would be pretty weak, even for the political right. They also point to a token group of sceptical scientists to back up their position and bitch about the media being "biased" if the sceptical position isn't treated equally to the affirmative one, despite the obvious qualitative differences between the two positions. Biasgate! Clearly, the mere presence of scientific scepticism does not indicate a genuine scientific disagreement about anthropogenic global warming. In purely market terms, there is a large demand for scientific scepticism due to the massive vested interests behind the sceptical position. Thus it was inevitable that some of the more mercenary scientists would step forward and furnish their assistance (for a token fee of course). Accordingly, most recognised sceptical scientists are employed by big business and rightwing thinktanks, positions which almost certainly earn them more money than whatever funding their opponents have "conspired" to secure. Ironygate!

See-you-next-weekgate!

- Sam McChesney

The Eagle vs Unions

Unions are like the horse and cart; outdated, woefully inefficient, and leaving a trail of befoulment in their wake. From lazy labour unions to wasteful student unions to the anti-trade fortress of the European Union, unions have harmed liberty for hundreds of years. As usual, it's up to the Eagle to chase these ancient relics into retirement, and you can bet there won't be a redundancy payout.

Unions were born as the illegitimate child of the price-fixing guilds of medieval Europe. Like their deadbeat guild-dads, unions spend most of their time plotting how to expand their power and protect their turf. For example, in 2010, the NZ Firefighters' Union tried to ban volunteer firefighters, who were "stealing their work". Unions demand perks, higher wages, and legal privileges for the members of their cartels, at the expense of everyone else. Back in the day, workers ran the unions and "class struggle" was the buzzword. Nowadays, unions are run by upper-class professional "organisers" like Andrew Little. But the unions are in denial; they still sing songs like "Solidarity Forever" and "The Red Flag" from the glory days of Soviet Russia, and call each other "comrade". There is indeed a class struggle; between unionists and people too classy to embarrass themselves in this way.

Unions demand "one-size-fits-all" socialist employment laws, which not only hurt the economy but actually make life worse for workers. Thanks to unions, people are banned from working on Easter Sunday, even if they're offered triple wages. Thanks to unions, great teachers are paid no more than useless teachers. Bad teachers can't be sacked either; it's practically impossible to fire useless staff in NZ.

Union membership has declined from 43% of the workforce in 1985 to 17% in 2008. So it might seem there's not much meat left for the Eagle to feast on. But unions are still big beasts; NZ's "Big Four" unions have a combined income of \$56 million per year (compared to \$28 million for the four largest business groups). These big unions give money to Labour in exchange for special new laws and privileges for unions, who now have powers no other groups in NZ could dream of. Look at employment contracts; if an employer suddenly decides he wants to reduce wages, too bad, he can't breach the contract. Yet unionists regularly go on strike in breach of their contracts, holding employers to ransom. Why are unions exempted from the "you signed it, deal with it" rule? The Eagle of Liberty will not tolerate favouritism of one group above others. The next time the Eagle sees a union on strike there will be severe consequences.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

The Eagle





If you fancy yourself a bit of an art buff, aren't scared by a bit of weird, but aren't into being stuck inside in galleries, Barcelona is the place for you. It's dripping in art, scattered with oddities and will put you out of your comfort zone, even if you followed my earlier advice and have new, more risqué comfort zones (saggy boobs in New Cal have nothing on this place).

Some things in Barcelona are just so horrific that they're unmissable. A work of art himself, the "Elephant Man" takes advantage of the law unique to Barcelona stating that the only clothing you're legally obliged to wear in public is footwear. At first sight, you might think that this heavy old man is wearing Speedos, but you'd be mistaken: that's a tattoo. His cheeks are the ears, which connect to a face and eyes which frame an elephant's "trunk", if you catch my drift. Stare enough and

he'll do a delightful little dance.

Less delightful for the gents are the pickpockets. Gals need to be careful, but guys will often be assaulted by small groups of thieves: one or more will steal your shit while you're distracted by the other one, who's grabbing your junk.

Don't avoid the streets of Barcelona though, they're lots of fun. Gaudí is Barcelona's main art-man and there's a mass of his funky, out-of-this-world architecture around. Go to his park and you'll have your mind blown by the tile-art – he deliberately assembled thousands of shattered tiles to create bulbous monstrosities. On the other side of town, dozens of architects have worked on, died, and left his Sagrada Familia unfinished (he did the same), and you can join the mesmerised mob outside gaping at it.

Picasso had some good times in Barcelona as well and one of his most beloved works is supposedly based on the prostitutes who took his virginity in Trippy Square. Where/what is Trippy Square? It's officially called "George Orwell Square", but due to the mass of druggies, and the trippy statue in its centre, it was unofficially renamed. Don't go there at night, bad things happen.

Barcelona is no stranger to art galleries with strange displays – e.g. erotic Japanese prints involving seafood – and is pretty cheeky about art too – e.g. adorning churches with cherubs performing indecent acts. There's too much art to fit into this article, so you'll really have to see Barcelona for yourself!

- Bridget Gilchrist



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

Picture this scenario. You're sitting in one of your classes, casually writing down notes. You need to fart. Badly. That's okay though because you think you can keep it silent. You let loose, but the relief only lasts a nanosecond because unfortunately you followed

through. You have sharted (for those who are uneducated, shit + fart = shart). This is one awkward situation you need to know how to survive, because shart sticks. Not just because it's poo, but because no one will ever, EVER let you live it down. But I am here to help you once again!

If you ever find yourself in the disastrous situation of sharting your pants, you will have to use the tried and true method of lying.

Once people realise that that god-awful smell is emanating from the poo in your pants, you have no chance of escaping the shame they throw upon you. So your only hope is to make people think you haven't shat your pants. If people ask what the fuck that smell is, blame it on the weird kid watching Japanese cartoons on his laptop. Try and look like you didn't just ruin your underwear. Walk out of the lecture like nothing has happened, even if you squelch as you walk. It will be worth it when no one remembers you as "The Poo Kid".

But if the severity of the shart is too much to contain with lying, you will be forced to take evasive action. Run away from people as quickly as you can. There's no need to worry about concealment; if your shart is this bad, people probably already know about the shit. You must proceed to your home immediately. If you're walking, talk the back streets to avoid humiliation. If you're lucky enough to have a car, line the seats with plastic bags and wind down all of the windows. Once you're home, place all of your poo clothes in a plastic bag. Set this on fire. Go have a shower and clean yourself up. Then set the shower on fire.

But if you've got a bit more chutzpah (that's Yiddish for balls), you could just take the whole situation like a (wo)man. Here's a little background story for you folks. I have a friend who is known as Shart. For reals. Even though she doesn't act like it, she LOVES her nickname. Turn the whole incident around and make it work for you! Yeah you just shat your pants, you're so hardcore you do stuff like that for fun. People will see you in a completely different light.

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

- Chloe Adams





On Tampons And Pads

What really riles me is that tampons and pads, clearly necessities in a woman's life, are neither free nor subsidised. Instead they are classed as "luxury items", along with scented rubbish bags, magazines and spaghetti and thus also not exempt from GST.

True, a lot of the items that women use aren't total necessities. Make-up is fun, face wash and moisturiser are great and deodorant is helpful, but you can live without them. What is the alternative to using pads and tampons? I've heard of a few. The "moon cup" is a reusable silicone cup around two inches long that is inserted into the vagina and collects period blood. Women have also been known to use sponges. But practically and realistically, the vast majority of women don't use these reusable and cheaper alternatives and neither would they want to. Hell, a lot of women don't feel comfortable using tampons; you can't expect them to want to stick a sponge or cupping device inside themselves.

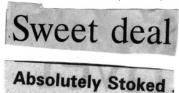
Pads and tampons aren't ridiculously expensive, although obviously for poorer women or students they are more difficult to afford. A woman uses three tampons a day at the very least and if a period lasts for seven days that equates to 21 tampons or pads. At around \$7 per box of 16 tampons and around that much again for pads, for most women pads and tampons are more of a nuisance than an economic hindrance. But as a necessity they should at the very least be subsidised or exempt from tax. If a female has to start paying for her own feminine hygiene products at the age of 18, and menstruates until she is 45, that's 27 years worth of menstruation. Say they use only one pack of tampons per period (usually it's more) - that's \$2268 that they will spend on feminine hygiene products in their lifetime. When you add that together for all women in New Zealand, that's a lot of money that the female gender is spending on what is essentially a health product that the male gender by and large doesn't have to worry about paying for at all. Doctors also either can't or won't give tampons away for free, nor do they sell them in bulk at a subsidised price like condoms. Why not?

While I'm on the subject, why do we all share this common disgust over menstruation? We shouldn't be ashamed by it and yet women don't really feel like they can discuss it with their male counterparts at all. Even buying tampons and pads at the supermarket feels awkward. Okay, granted we don't all want to drink our own period blood a la Germaine Greer (well, it is just blood, after all). But menstruation is totally natural, a health issue more than anything else. The idea that a period is dirty or contaminating was one of the manifestations of a patriarchal society. Yes, patriarchy isn't totally obsolete yet, but surely at least this social taboo is by now totally archaic?

- Kari Schmidt



In an attempt to get more students on side, or perhaps to broaden their audience beyond the grey army, *ODT* has been shunning more established words in favour of scarfie-style colloquialisms.



ODT have even introduced a new campus-centric article, in this instance revolving around the library. The author found fault with the library, expressing concern that the ground floor was called the ground floor and not level one. Oh dear. If the poor author got out more, she'd soon find this was true of every other bloody building in the country.

Sometimes, especially around the holiday season, it's hard to find material with which to fill your pages but *ODT* has stooped to a new low. Rather than talking about flutes made of plastic pipes and rubbish collecting, *ODT* is now rather self indulgently reporting on their own staff members. *Critic* is especially taken with their use of quotation marks around *ODT*, as if admitting that the "*ODT*" isn't a "real" publication.

>Wanaka 'ODT' reporter appointed

The past week also included the worst heading *Critic* has seen in a wee while. It was worse than the time *ODT* headed an article about a ship sinking with "that sinking feeling". *ODT* introduced a review of the alien flick *Paul* with the so-awful-it-barely-makes-sense-hit:

Take me to your comedy

LOL! It's a play on the well known alien catchphrase "take me to your leader"! ROFL!

But while these examples are bewildering, none can compare with a certain Easter related letter.

Easter

AS we enter into a busy Easter weekend break, people ought to spare a thought for the reason for the celebration. It is after all the greatest love story ever told.

Lance Enright Lawrence

Riiiignt. Screw komeo and Juliet, a man going to nang out with his father is way more of a love story. Thanks for the update bro.





As someone with a vast back catalogue of bizarre sexual experiences upon which to reminisce, I suspect tertiary study is a significantly less boring/irksome experience for me than for that indisputably virginal girl in my German class who wears flared sneans daily, paired with a jaunty beret on days of a particularly festive character. While her daydream material is presumably limited to the new season Asics line, I can squirm in my seat as I let my mind wander to my most twisted encounters involving the part of my body currently ensconced on that uncomfortable Burns plastic chair.

The thing is, we do so much with our asses – sitting, shitting, shelving – that it is only sensible to add fucking to the repertoire. The ass is a glorious-one stop shop, effectively the Willowbank of the human body. However, like Willowbank, anal can be very very good (fried chicken) or very very bad (Ultimate Burger). The chief difference between the

two is lube. I don't care how Lilliputian the dick in question is or how turned on you are; for God's sake use lube. About four times as much as you think you'll need. My personal favourite is something called "Wet Stuffff" which I stole from my brother's bedside drawer during my last year of high school and never gave back, however in a pinch I am quite partial to Durex Play. For the record, neither margarine nor shampoo are effective substitutes. There are few sensations on earth quite as painful and bizarre as watching a luxurious mango and papaya-scented lather form in and around one's asshole. Not that I, you know, speak from personal experience or anything.

Normally I laugh in the face of sex advice which includes the phrase "take it slow" but when it comes to the ass it actually is best to take it slow. Not as slow as a PE student's cognition, but still pretty slow. Think fingers first.

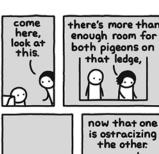
Anyway. While heeding the lube and speed creed is important, my number one piece of anal advice is this: get over yourself and just take it up the ass sometime, because it is actually insanely mind-blowingly awesome and if you're not doing it you're missing out. It's a great feeling – kind of like a hyper-sexualised version of the intensely pleasurable fullness you get after an evening at India Gardens. Having said that, I cannot emphasise strongly enough that there is absolutely no worse time for anal than after a meal at India Gardens. Particularly if you like your curries hot.

- Mrs John Wilmot









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man.



























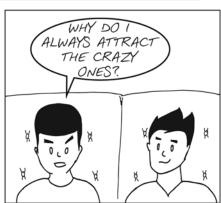
Pictures for Sad Children by John Cambell http://www.picturesforsadchildren.com/

MY WORST BEST MATES

WHERE'S MY TROLLFACE?

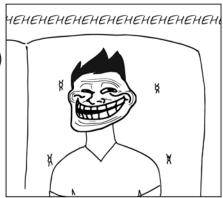












State of the Nation

brought to you by

dream a little FlyBuiss





In your opinion, what would justify starting war?

Did you attend an Anzac day memorial service?

Louise: No Luke: No Jesse: No Dennis: No Chloe: No

Louise: Conflict Luke: Politics Jesse: It would have to be something pretty serious Dennis: a huge injustice Chloe: Bad stuff happening to a lot of people who don't deserve it

If you could reduce the cost of one thing you buy, what would it be?
Louise: Petrol Luke: Milk Jesse: Food Dennis: Petrol Chloe: Chocolate

What do you think about the Copyright (Infringing File Sharing) Amendment Bill?

Louise: For some things, it's fair enough, for other things it's over the top Luke: Not too bothered, mostly just buy my movies coz I have a 3D TV Jesse: I get the idea, I just don't think it works Dennis: It's pretty hard to enforce Chloe: That's dumb, you should be allowed to. I guess it's bad for NZ stuff, but American stuff doesn't matter that much.

Should Don Brash take over from Rodney Hyde as leader of the ACT party?

Louise: I don't know, I'm not much of a politics person Luke: Yeah, I spose. Jesse: Yes Dennis: I don't have an opinion Chloe: No way, he's horrible



Summer Joyns brought to you by:

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.

Prince William

Due to extremely good planning by *Critic*, Toast was not open when I arrived there. Finding it difficult to drunkenly stand, I sat down on a nearby bench. I saw a girl try to open the door and assumed she must be my date. I was about to get up out of my seat on the park bench when a bearded man in his thirties began chatting up my date. I was about to go over there and fight both of them when the bearded man walked off, probably intimidated by me. I went over to my date. Luckily for her, she was fucking hot! (Exclamation mark!) Otherwise I was gonna vomit on myself and run away. I'd already vomited on the bench a few minutes ago, and was not afraid to do so again.

After this we went to The Bog, where my date got me a mystery shot. One of the ingredients was obviously Frangelico because I'm allergic to hazelnuts. My oesophagus started to constrict, and breathing became difficult. She did nothing but stare at me blankly so I went to the toilet and took some antihistamines. Because I had been drinking, the antihistamines were not as effective as intended, and I went into mild anaphylactic shock. I waited in the toilet till the symptoms died down, to find my date hitting on an Irish man, believing him to be Liam Neeson, upon my return.

Upon leaving The Bog, two guys of uncertain sexuality began hitting on us both, grabbing both of our butts on an alarmingly regular basis. Most of what they said was incoherent, although one of them said this about his friend; "I'm not gay, but if this guy asked me to, I would fuck him".

After this we went to Di Lusso, where the bartender Andy gave us free drinks. He was an awesome guy. I'm not gay, but if he had asked me to I would have fucked him, in a totally platonic way. We continued drinking here, watching a very horny fish hump a piece of wood in the fish tank; she wiped what I hope was chocolate onto the fish tank glass. I then went to the toilet and when I got back my date was nowhere to be seen. I walked home and had a massive cry into my pillow. Luckily it was 4am so my flatmates couldn't hear me.

Kate Middleton

Fuck *Critic*. A lot of the articles aren't even good...I couldn't think of anything more insulting to say, okay? But seriously, they didn't even know that Toast would not be open the day I was going on my "date". What a failure.

I was about to go home when I was apprehended by a strange bearded man. This was not my date. But the guy sitting lonesome outside Toast, sitting because he was too drunk to stand up, was my date. It was uncertain as to whether or not the pile of vomit on the sidewalk nearby was his. Signs pointed towards yes. I was about to bolt for the hills but my curiosity and the bottle of wine I had just downed made me ask if he was "waiting for anyone?"

We scampered off to Alibi and with no free bar tab, we got drunk slowly and expensively. Cheers *Critic*.

I got him a drink at The Bog, not knowing what it was but apparently he was too lightweight to handle it. He went bright red, and his face swelled up and made him look a little like Popeye. I didn't want to say anything - thank God he fled to the toilet. He gave the impression of being very drunk so I took him for a walk and some fresh air; he seemed to think I was going to ditch him for the creepy guy claiming to be Liam Neeson or the guys who were hitting on me...and him.

I wanted to play a game of pool so we voyaged to the Baaa which was by coincidence closed AND also just a few doors from his flat. So I called a taxi and we went to the Octagon. He became very talkative when we got to Di Lusso. He even confessed that if the date had gone wrong he was going to pull out his pre-made bag of icing sugar and pretend to be a cocaine addict.

The bartender Andy was awesome. He even sympathised that we didn't get our bar tab at Toast and gave us a drink each on the house. By the way Andy, I'm sorry for griming your fish tank with fingerprints. My drunken date then went to the toilet, came back, checked the wrong booth while looking for me, walked outside and did not return...?

It's alright though, I got his last name. (Facebook stalker).





Art | **39** Film; The Room, Rio, Oceans, Paul, Cult Film **42** Music; Easter Weekender

 Books; The Essayist, Cartoon Movement | **45** Performance; God of Carnage Fashion | **47** Food; Foccacia, Allpress Espresso Games; Portal 2, Mortal Kombat

The Detainment Of Ai Weiwei

Since April 3⁻ Chinese artist and activist Ai Weiwei has been detained by the Chinese authorities for "economic crimes". Given his international fame and robust charisma he seemed inviolable, but perhaps that was the point of detaining him: to stamp out the idea that any individual is greater than the law of the state. Weiwei has enjoyed considerable success for both his political stances and his intimate art installations. His *Sunflower Seeds* (2010) installation at the Tate Modern investigated the geo-politics of cultural and political exchange. The work consists of 100 million porcelain sunflower seeds, each identical and yet individual. To begin with, viewers could walk amongst the installation but they can no longer do so as the dust produced from the work poses a health and safety risk. Like the viewer walking over the plains of sunflower seeds, squashing the seeds as they go, the Chinese government has squashed Ai Weiwei's right to speak freely as an artist.

There are two perspectives in evaluating this; the current political climate in China and the Western media and governments' treatment of the situation. It is difficult to succinctly decide who is right and who is wrong, and additionally, if I'm on the side of the Ai Weiwei "camp" or whether I am simply disgusted with media portrayal of Weiwei's detainment. When an artist and their work are extremely political, I think it is essential for them to have absolute freedom of expression so Weiwei's detainment upsets me immensely. Due to heavy censorship within China, it is difficult to evaluate to what extent his human rights have been violated. Similarly the fact that Weiwei lives and works in a country which limits its citizens access to the internet, and which holds a monopoly over media coverage, contributes to the problem of his work being relatively unknown within China. This can be linked to the broader issue of censorship, a problem that the Chinese government needs to amend. As Weiwei put it in a feature in the Guardian, "China is a nation that still has very limited freedom of speech and access to information and which does not have public elections for its own leaders or an independent judicial system. When you have strict censorship of the internet, young students cannot receive a full education. Their view of the world is imbalanced. There can be no true discussion of the issues".

However, Western media coverage of Weiwei's detainment is disproportionate to the current situation of ordinary people of China. Weiwei is high profile because he is outspoken and well-connected outside of China; most of the ordinary people inside China do not know who Weiwei is or know anything about his work. He has taken it upon himself to speak for them. The average person living in China would prefer to see progressive change and the emergence of pragmatic policies, which is not as dramatic as the kind of government changes Weiwei envisions. This is evident by the gradual way in which China is increasingly becoming "westernised" by means of rapid industrial and technological development. This is due largely to the economic reforms (centralised economic planning) in China in the 1980s. Previously Weiwei has called for immediate changes through Western interference.

The current media fixation upon Weiwei is not because he represents a Chinese ideal, but because he represents our ideal of what the average Chinese dissident should be. Ai Weiwei's detainment is not as black and white as the media coverage bandwagon is portraying.



A GALLERY 393 PRINCES ST

Soil: Sharon Singer

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY 24B MORAY PLACE

Boy love dummy heart: Angela Lyon. Indigo blues: Ana Terry and Don Hunter. Nervous system: Ben Pearce

BRETT MCDOWELL GALLERY 5 DOWLING STREET

The heat of winter: Michael Harrison

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY 30 THE OCTAGON

The first city in history: Fiona Amunsden. Seat assignment: Nina Katchadourian. Te Putahitanga a Rehua: Reuben Paterson. Hauaga (arrivals): John Pule. Black watercolour 2010: Simon Morris. A la mode: Early 19th century fashion plates. Jenna Shin in fractus: Talk, 3pm Sunday May 8.

DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY RIEGO ST

MFA examination exhibition: Col Fay

GALLERY DE NOVO 101 STUART ST

Feathers, wheels and things: Vanessa Paton-Myers and Don Myers

HOCKEN GALLERY 90 ANZAC AVE

Honey in the rock: Joanna Langford

TEMPLE GALLERY 29 MORAY PLACE

As it is on earth: Peter Nicholls

Correction: In issue 7, the drugs issue, we inadvertently neglected to credit the image accompanying the review of "April Fools Day". The lovely photo of the Dowling St project was taken by Sam Foley. We apologise for our mistake.

World Cinema Showcase

The World Cinema Showcase begins on the 5th May 2011, and runs until 18th May. As always, there's a stunning range of films with over 30 screening during the fortnight at Rialto. Unfortunately, each film screens only a few times, so be sure to check out the full timetable online so as not to miss any of the movie action. Critic's very own Film Editor Sarah Baillie has compiled a list of the ten must-see movies for this year's World Cinema Showcase, spanning themes from fashion and art, to horror and Facebook. It looks set to be a good 'un.

Bill Cunningham New York: "We all get dressed for Bill," says Anna Wintour. Bill is an 82-year old fashion photographer. Enough said? Sat 7 May, 2.30pm; Sat 8 May, 2.00pm; Mon 9 May, 12.30pm

Uncle Boonmee Who Can Recall His Past

Lives: Won the Palme D'or (best feature film) at Cannes last year. Must be good. *Fri 6 May, 3.45pm; Sun 8 May, 3.45pm*

William S. Burroughs: Infamous writer/junkie/bad-ass old man Bill Burroughs rules. This documentary rules too. *Fri 13 May, 7.00pm; Mon 16 May, 8.30pm*

Kaboom: Prophetic nightmares + telepathic witches + creepy animal masks + world-dominating doomsday cults + lots of sex = AWESOME. Wed 11 May, 4.30pm; Wed 11 May, 8.45pm

L'amour Fou: A tribute to the life and work of Yves Saint Laurent, shared by Pierre Bergé, his lover/business partner of 40 years. *Sat 14 May, 5.15pm; Tue 17 May, 12.15pm*

Potiche: Catherine Deneuve, a fabulous but neglected housewife, takes over running

her husband's company temporarily. Hilarity ensues. *Thu 5 May, 815pm; Fri 6 May, 11.30pm; Sun 8 May, 6.15pm*

We Are What We Are: A family of Mexican cannibals loses their main hunter-gatherer. Looks fucking weird/awesome. Mon 16 May, 4.15pm; Wed 18 May, 8.15pm

Catfish: Looks super scandalous. An online Facebook relationship turned wacko. *Fri* 6 *May*, 8.30pm; *Mon* 9 *May*, 4.30pm

Waste Land: A New York artist travels to Brazil to work on a recycled garbage art project.

Cool. *Thu 5 May, 6.15pm; Fri 6 May, 1.45pm* **Waiting For Superman:** A controversial

exposé of the disintegration of the American public education system. Sat 7 May, 4.30pm; Tue 10 May, 4.15pm



Just like most video nasties, *The Last House on the Left* didn't deserve to be banned for thirty odd years in the UK or wherever. It's a fantastic piece of low budget horror filmmaking in which raw production

values add gritty realism to a tale of rape and revenge. Roger Ebert wasn't wrong when he defended its artistic value; Craven's directorial debut supports a fine script, makes clever use of montage, there are some natural performances and some hammy ones which only add to the style, and there's a typically early Seventies folk rock soundtrack. Pseudomusic videos are one of my favourite parts of late Sixties/early Seventies counter-culture filmmaking, and are often the most interesting aspect of horror/exploitation outings.

The rape scenes aren't pleasant but are dealt with in a way that never revels in the cruelty and humiliation of the act. It's not far from Bergman, *Virgin Spring* being the direct inspiration for the script, and it abounds with references to other films of a similar theme such as *A Clockwork Orange* (listen out for "Singing in the Rain"), which has long been hailed as a masterpiece. That brings us back to the age-old question, why is one art and

the other trash? But we'll leave that debate for some other time.

If you can forgive the film's sometimes slow pace, and frequently z-grade production values, then you'll be rewarded with a smart and inventive thriller. The film's ending in particular makes the harrowing ride worthwhile as the unremorseful parents of victim Mari, having discoveredtheir guests to be their daughter's murderers, evoke their unremorseful revenge on the criminals. The scene plays out like a graphically violent version of *Home Alone*, as the father goes all Vietnam on their asses. Shotguns, chainsaws and bloody blow jobs sound out the finely executed finale in this most pivotal of early Seventies American exploitation cinema.

- Hamish Gavin

Film Society Preview - Le Doulos (The Finger Man)

Director: Jean-Pierre Melville

Melville's most influential film, this hard-boiled crime classic stars

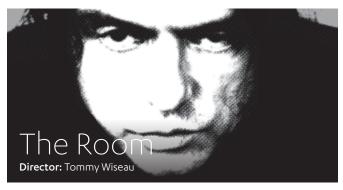
Jean-Paul Belmondo, who may or may not be a police informant.

"Terrific performances, and equally terrific camerawork...conjure up a rivetingly treacherous, twilight world." – Time Out Magazine

When: 7.30pm, Wednesday May 4

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.

Review **Film** Editor Sarah Baillie



Move over Troll 2 and Plan 9 from Outer Space: The Room is the pinnacle of the so-bad-it's-funny film. Tommy Wiseau is credited with starring in, directing, writing, producing and executive producing the film, although he's barely done any of them well enough to count. This film could be one of the most entertaining things you'll ever see, especially as the whole thing is deadly serious (its original tag-line was "can you ever really trust anyone?").

The first half hour is dominated so completely by abysmal dialogue and bad sex scenes it would be porn if it had a chance of turning anyone on. We get the outline of the film's "plot": Johnny (Wiseau) is going to marry his girlfriend Lisa, but she doesn't love him and is sleeping with Mark, who we know is Johnny's best friend because we are told so at every possible opportunity. The rest of the film is an assortment of vaguely related scenes in which we find out that Lisa's mum has breast cancer, Tommy's friend Denny is in trouble with a drug-dealer (both of these things are mentioned briefly and then dropped), Johnny is having a birthday party, and that women are inherently evil.

True to its title, virtually every scene takes place in the same room or on a roof in an unexplained location, all linked together by endless stock footage of San Francisco. The acting is universally appalling, but no one come close to matching Wiseau. He is mostly expressionless and incoherent, although he occasionally breaks into sudden emotion for a sentence or two. His out-of-place foreign accent makes all of his lines funny, especially when he is greeting people with a loud "Oh hai!"

What truly makes the film consistently funny from one scene to next is the dialogue, which varies between unbelievable statements ("Did you know that chocolate is the symbol of love?") and equally implausible reactions ("You're tearing me apart, Lisa!"). If something is obvious, someone has to ask what's going on, and every time someone leaves a scene, they first announce that they "have to go now". It's essentially laughter from start to finish, as somehow the hilarious lack of quality is maintained for the full 90 minutes. Don't miss it.

The Room is screening at Rialto this Friday night.

– Alec Dawson





I opened the heavy door to the room where the sound of the commercial world was coming from. I then edged my way past rows of velvet red seats. Once I sat down, I realised there were three people in front of me. It looked like a mother with curly blonde hair sitting in between her two children. There was no one else in the room. The idea of a mother sneaking her children out of school on a Friday afternoon to watch a film is like sipping hot tea in bed when it's raining outside. It's lovely. I guess *Rio* was a suitable compliment to this charming scene.

Rio follows the story of an awkward (and rare) Spix's Macaw (Jesse Eisenberg) who was abducted from the Rio forest but "fell off the truck" and ended up in the loving and obsessive hands of a granny-glasses-wearing child. They grow up together and run a bookstore in Moose Lake, Minnesota. They end up in Rio de Janeiro because the domesticated Spix Macaw has to mate with the wild female Macaw (Anne Hathaway) in order to save their species from extinction. There are poachers and orphan kids, transvestites and dentist-by-day-hooker-by-night characters that teach us a LOT about Rio. The kids wouldn't understand.

The absolute best aspect of *Rio* was that Jemaine Clement was the voice actor for ex-show bird Nigel, the evil cockatoo. It was a throughand-through Jemaine character with delicious lines (and even a semi-FOTC song number). I wish the film had been about Nigel.

The movie crew behind *Rio* really haven't advanced far from when they made *Ice Age. Rio* follows a similar story of terrible one-liners (the ones kids LOVE), utopic societal morals, gangster rap by married-with-kids men and those cringe-inducing happy endings, but that is EXACTLY what a family film needs. The super alternatives who smoke cigarettes in huddled circles (looking like sticks on fire) discussing Plato probably would pretend to hate it, but we've all gone to this type of film and walked out smiling. Then we'd go get ice-cream.

- Loulou Callister-Baker





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







Attenborough must be rolling in his...oh wait, he's still alive. In that case, may he never ever, ever see Disney Nature's most recent. release Oceans; it will surely send him to an early grave.

Attempting to be a contemplative film about the unseen beauties of our oceans whilst highlighting the fragility of the ecosystems they inhabit, Oceans fails on all fronts. The moment you hear that sickly sweet croon of Pierce Brosnan dripping from the speakers you know it's off to very bad start. If anyone has seen The Simpsons episode where Brosnan does the voice of the Simpsons' automated house, that is the kind of feeling

you get. He's watching you, he wants you, get out! Now mash that creepy drawl together with a dreadful script that likens sea worms to a "dazzling underwater ballet" and you should be getting an idea of what kind of abomination this film is. Quite honestly, this film is the most sure-fire way of killing the life in our oceans; I'm predicting mass underwater suicides for most sea creatures by the end of the year. If scientists are looking for the cause, look no further.

Not only did the film makers (and an outrageous number of contributors) manage to diminish what should have been spectacular footage into cheap shots of jumping dolphins,

but they also draped over the top an entirely inappropriate soundtrack. With the exception of the ribbon eel (very cool), I had seen every animal, and, it felt like, every shot this movie had to offer. Ever seen baby turtles being hatched on a beach and dash to freedom whilst being swooped on by birds? Ever seen a blue whale leap out of the water and crash back down again, accompanied by a big fucking brass band?

If you like nature documentaries, as I most certainly do, watch David Attenborough's Planet Earth, a truly amazing series. Oh, and incidentally you actually learn something in the process. Oceans offers nothing whatsoever in educational value and makes the audience feel like a four year old child post-lobotomy.

P.S. Really fucking irritating crowd.

- Tom Ainge-Roy





Paul is the newest brainchild of genius comic duo Simon Pegg and Nick Frost, the all-round awesome guys behind the classics Shaun of the Dead and Hot Fuzz. This time, Frost and Pegg play British sci-fi nerds Clive and Graeme who are on a road trip around the United States' UFO "hotspots" in one of those

sweet American RVs. That probably would have been enough hilarity alone considering the pair's comedic prowess, but add in a very close and extended encounter with alien/ fugitive Paul (voiced by Seth Rogan), lots of Saturday Night Live stars thrown in the mix (plus Sigourney Weaver?!) and you have the recipe for another quotable classic.

It's been almost 30 years since E.T. (can you believe it?) and the market has definitely been wide open for another friendly alien to touch our hearts with a glowing finger. Paul is definitely Frost and Pegg's modern answer to fill the gaping void E.T. left us with when he flew away into the stars. Paul is E.T. if E.T. said the "c" word, and had testicles and a pack-aday smoking habit.

The amount of fun this movie must have been to shoot clearly shows through in the end result, as the dynamics between the cast are excellent and the comedic timing is impeccable. I loved the mash-up of British and American humor and found myself llolal-ing (literally laughing out loud a lot). Unfortunately, as buddy comedies often do, Paul suffered from a small amount of sap and a large amount of predictability. That said, it was very watchable and very re-watchable although I maybe-probably-definitely still like Shaun of the Dead better. Still, go and see it. If you like Frost and Pegg, you will love it.

- Nell O'Dwyer-Strang



LONGEST LEGROOM LARGEST SEATS





Photo by Austen Kingsbury – shesaidphoto.com

Critic reviews the Easter Weekender

Warning, warning, warning; the monotonous sounds of MC Beau bounce across a wave of moving bodies, all swaying in time to the rhythmic wop wop of Nero's beat. The crowd only stops moving for a split second to catch the Foreign Beggars MC as he jumps off a speaker; once he's back on stage the shoulder-dropping, pupil-popping beats continue.

This was the scene at Union Hall as the last night of the three gig event that was the Easter Weekender came to a close. It was an event that brought some of the biggest names in dubstep, drum & bass, electro and hip-hop to Dunedin, and *Critic* sent me along to see how it all went down.

The first weekend of doom brought Danny Byrd to the stage at Urban Factory on April 9. We arrived at Urban to see a long line stretching down the street as a result of a broken ticket scanner; judging by the state of some creatures, it wasn't the only long line they'd been involved in that night. At all of the gigs it was very evident that we are still well and truly in the midst of the ecstasy generation; dubstep music and drugs go hand in hand like Charlie Sheen and his crack pipe. However, we were there for the music.

There were no big names on before Danny Byrd but the DJs that were on did a good job getting the crowd moving. Danny Byrd came to the stage at two o'clock; with hits like "Tonight" and "Ill behavior" he had the potential to get the crowd raging, given they were already chewing their faces off in excitement. However, he only played for an hour and gave us only small tastes of his hits which was disappointing, especially considering people paid pretty good money to see him. In saying that, what he did play was great with his new songs getting the packed crowd going. The after party at the break was a nice warm down after the sweat and intensity of Urban Factory, plus the DJ there thrashed the dubstep to keep the creatures charging.

B-Complex and The Upbeats were next on the agenda at Urban Factory, playing on April 16, but unfortunately this author wasn't able to make it to the event. After a hard battle to find people who could actually remember most of their night, I managed to find a few reliable sources who gave me the run down on how it went. With a smaller crowd than at Danny Byrd, there was potential for more breathing space as The Upbeats and B-Complex laid down some vicious tunes. From almost all reports, B-Complex were insane with the majority of people even saying that they were better than Danny Byrd. We'll catch him next time he's in Dunedin.

The two Urban Factory gigs were nice teaser events before the real deal on Wednesday April 19 at Union Hall. The night's line-up included Trolley-Snatcha, Foreign Beggars, Skrillex and Nero, giving dubstep fans fair reason to be aroused especially as Union Hall has much more shredding space than Urban Factory. We got there just in time to see Trolley-Snatcha spinning some grimy beats, getting the crowd nice and sweaty before Foreign Beggars. It had been questionable whether Foreign Beggars' style would fit into the dubstep-dominated line-up, but they nailed it. Their mix of hip-hop and dubstep with an upbeat tempo was just what the crowd needed. They even played their hit song "Contact" which was just what everyone was asking for, making it a hard ask for Nero and Skrillex to try and top this.

As we saw with Danny Byrd, and as we were about to see with Nero and Skrillex, they didn't play many of their big songs, instead choosing to play new music and other artists' music and giving us only tastes of their big songs. This was a bit disappointing but what they did play was smoother than a two year old's ass and dirtier than the guy grabbing it, so made up for it.

Skrillex is more alternative than a Wellington kid doing a BA in Philosophy, his half-shaved head and emo attire topping off his raging music. As one true Skrillex fan said, "The last time America dropped

something this heavy, Japan blew up". An exaggeration obviously, but he was amazing.

Nero should have blown the roof off Union Hall, with the amount of awards they have won and the reputation they have for being one of the biggest dubstep artists in the world. Unfortunately they didn't blow the roof, and if it wasn't for the Foreign Beggars MC keeping everyone hyped up, then they would have almost been a bigger failure than the rap album by Mike "The Situation". The music they played was alright but the crowd would have appreciated more of the songs they actually knew

All in all it was a good event, but it could have been a great event. The timing of the final gig around Easter break was far from ideal and Urban Factory doesn't handle the packed crowds as well as Union Hall does. Acts like Foreign Beggars and Skrillex were great to see live and more than lived up to expectations, but we expected more from bigger names like Nero. We look forward to the bigger and better Easter Weekender next year. In the meantime: keep rinsing.

- Sam Reynolds



The Essayist



essayist.tumblr.com thedocumentarian.tumblr.com

A lot of the writing on the internet is trash. There are only so many lists (cracked. com) or poorly written blogs (shit you come across in Stumble) you can read before you start craving a well-written article. It's like wanting some fruit after binging on McD's for a couple of days. But if you look underneath the right rocks, you can find gold. Enter The Essayist. This blog has quickly become my favourite website.

The Essayist is a collection of essays from around the internet, covering a wide range of material. These range from Avatar as a racist fantasy (fuck that movie, right?), to a pretty crazy story of British espionage in WWII. There are essays penned by Tina Fey, the guy that wrote Arrested Development, Steve Albini and a whole lot of David Foster Wallace. Hell they've even got some Hunter S Thompson. One of my personal favourites is the interview with Kenneth Tong, a misogynistic sociopath. If you don't know who that is, trust me it's a good thing. He is an advocate of "controlled anorexia", and one of the biggest pieces of shit ever. Do I need to say more?

Sister site The Documentarian is worth checking out too. It's pretty much the same as The Essayist but with documentaries. I

have spent way too many hours watching it through bloodshot, hazy eyes. And c'mon, how many times do you need to re-watch Tim and Eric, or Always Sunny? American Movie, The Fog of War, Small Town Ecstasy and God's Angry Man are all essential viewing. There are plenty of little oddities there too. Welcome to Spivey's Corner: A National Hollerin' Contest and Heavy Metal Parking Lot are both hilarious. I recommend this site be enjoyed with a couple of cones and a nice fat L.

As much as I am gushing over The Essayist, not all of the articles are tens. Steve Albini's article about the music industry is pretty biased, although I suppose it does show what can happen if you approach the music industry too naively. And as much as I hate Avatar, Return of the Natives: Avatar Is a Racist Fantasy is not well structured, even though there are some good points. But hey, it is a collection of different writings from different authors from all over the internet, there are bound to be a couple which don't quite match the quality of the others.

The Essayist and The Documentarian are very good, I'd recommend both.

- Steve French



Cartoon Movement



www.cartoonmovement.com

Another website you should take a look at if your bag is already too heavy to be dragging a book around is *Cartoon Movement*. It describes itself as "the internet's #1 publishing platform for high quality political cartoons and comic journalism".

The "newsroom" is a public forum where one can submit comics/cartoons and vote on other people's ideas to determine what gets published on the site. The cartoons weren't really my thing, but the comics are worth a look. I have never really come across this journalistic style before and found it to be quite intriguing. Some provide heartfelt glimpses into the unfamiliar: "Afghan Life"

contrasts life in a Third World warzone with the comforts of the US, and "The Waiting Room" follows Iraqi refugees in Syria in watercolour. They provide an interesting way to find out what's going on around the world. The format allows the journalist to provide a more personal view of events, leading to a less formal but just as informative "article" as one you would find in a newspaper. These are paid journalists, so the quality is high.

Unfortunately there are not actually many comics published on the site as of yet, but as the site seems to be relatively new and also quite popular, hopefully this will change soon.

– Sarah Maessen





God Of Carnage

Written by Yasmina Reza, translated by Christopher Hampton, directed by Lara MacGregor Starring Claire Dougan, John Glass, Barbara Power and Phil Vaughan April 29 - May 21 at the Fortune Theatre

Staged around the world to rave reviews and with a spate of awards under its belt, comedy God of Carnage, is a must see in this year's Fortune Theatre line up.

Two affluent Parisian couples meet to discuss a playground incident between their sons, an incident in which one poor boy ended up taking a stick to the face. The meeting starts civilly but slowly the facade of gentility crumbles and the evening digresses into a mud-slinging, playground-esque battle like no other.

Directed by the Fortune's brand spanking new Artistic Director Lara MacGregor, God of Carnage is bound to be fantastic. In MacGregor's own words, "these characters are a gift for any actor and we have the perfect cast for this ensemble comedy. With all four characters together for the full ninety minutes, sparks will fly on stage." I am especially looking forward to seeing local actress Barbara Powe grace the Fortune stage. I am expecting superb acting, exquisite directing, stellar sets and buckets of laughs. So go see it and tell me if I'm wrong.

Coming Up at Allen Hall Theatre

Fight the Fat – written by Arthur Meek, directed by Lisa Warrington

A satirical look and funding, fees and fighting the fat by one of NZ's funniest writers/ comedians. Staring Hilary Halba and Ben Blakely, directed by Lisa Warrington, bound to be good. Go see.

Shared Agendas – Annual Theatre, Music and Dance Department Collaboration

A chance for you to experience free-form performance at its unpredictable best. Last year there was nudity; it was freaky. Not for the faint-hearted.

My First Attempt – A devised work from the Theatre As Is

Another installment from Jimmy Currin and the Theatre As Is, I believe this one might have dance in it. Currin's work is always great, provocative and aesthetically stimulating. Currin and team won "Best Theatre" at the Fringe awards. Must see.

The Zoo Story - written by Albert Albee, directed by Joel Rees

"Sometimes a person has to go a very long distance out of his way to come back a short distance correctly." Staring two of AHT's hottest male talents, Joel Rees and Lyndon Katene, and directed Rees, it's gotta be good.

Voyager Seven – devised by the THEA152 Technology class S1 2011

Devised by Semester One's THEA152 Tech class, these LTTs are often quite a multisensory experience. Be prepared to get involved.



Cadbury World is a Chocolate experience guaranteed to evoke all of the senses.

See how some of your favourite Cadbury chocolates are made, sample a range of products, then finish it all off at the chocolate fall, where you will see one ton of melted chocolate drop before your eyes!

The Cadbury World Tour is a must do for every student.



Voucher Expires December 2011

r entitles the bearer to 10% off the ticket price of a Full Factory or Shortened Tour.



Literary lust and the Blue Oyster buzz

We fashionistas are still ever so slightly affected by overtures of the iD high, which means glorious insights of "the week that was" are still steamrolling along. This week Eloise Callister-Baker shares the down low on the über cool fashion-meets-photography Blue Oyster gig while

Libby Fraser dishes the dirt on some licentious linguistic fashion. Babes and books. Who would have thought? Bravo Dunedin Public Library, you saucy minx.

GEEK to Chic - a la Modern Miss

There was rather intriguing about the idea of a fashion show involving real librarians dressed in vintage clothing. It was a treat on a wet windy night. Around sixty people who were obviously friends and supporters of the librarians were seated around the makeshift catwalk with our complimentary Lipton Iced Teas in anticipation of a very entertaining show. I wasn't sure what to expect, but I hoped it would showcase some of the cool gear that Modern Miss, situated on Moray Place along from Rialto Cinema, has to offer.

The first "geek" was dressed in a Seventies disco-style flared jumpsuit, the next in an elegant Eighties power-suit. Then came a few Fifties style dresses on very self-conscious and uncomfortable middle-aged librarians. Most smiled and walked with confidence, waving at their husbands in the front row, but some clearly couldn't wait to get out of there. One babe-ish afro haired young thing in a wine-coloured evening jumpsuit looked nothing like a librarian. Perhaps they just slotted a real model in to keep the audience on their toes. The most shocking, and slightly disturbing, moment was an only slightly geeky male librarian in some vintage Speedos. Children in the audience giggled.

It was all over in about twenty minutes and I was a tad let down. There were a few nice evening gowns but not the exciting display I had hoped for. In short, a very entertaining concept and a rather random way to finish the day. Aspiring models may want to try the Dunedin City Library for their big break. You might just get spotted.

Felicitaciones to the lovely Misses Ines Shennan and Melissa Letica for their Madame Hawke competition style submissions which will be going to print in forthcoming editions. A couple of these beauties are still up for grabs so flick me a blurb about anything you fancy and score a jem of a journal! fashion@critic.co.nz

Fashion comes to Blue Oyster

ID fashion week, held in Dunedin every year, is an event which pulls together the different style tribes in appreciation of styles, designers and this fluid concept which is fashion. Unfortunately because of that foreverpresent education entity called university, I could only attend a few events during the weekend, one of which was the fashion photography discussion held on Sunday at the small and hip Blue Oyster Gallery.

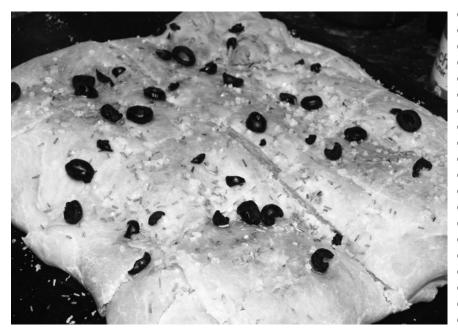
A four-person panel consisting of Simon Swale, Max Oettli, Emily Godthorpe and Emily Hlavac Green chatted amongst themselves and to the audience for a fairly casual but interesting hour or so. To the right of their table a fashion photography slideshow had been set up to which they referred to throughout and which provided the audience with a visual base. We saw iconic images of Kate Moss's very early days, grand images from different issues of Vogue and even some historical photos. The panel discussed the meanings these images carried both at the time they were created and for a contemporary audience, and also how a photoshoot's narrative story is constructed. The discussion made clear just how broad the topic "fashion photography" really is.

In the audience were some terrifyingly educated people as well as those people who obviously had very pent-up views on art and were anxious to release them, hence the occasional "what is YOUR definition of art?" question My eyes rolled, rolled, rolled. Nevertheless I loved this format as it's both accessible and educational. References were made to *The September Issue*, the brilliant Sixties film *Blow-Up* (a must-see for anyone interested in photography/fashion/art films), famous photographers and the "well-known" figures of the New Zealand art world.

The sugary Lipton Ice Tea (which was a giveaway) perked up the mood, but after the discussion my friends and I were decidedly concerned about the lack of discussion about the model's role in fashion photography. It's impossible to have a focused one-hour talk on such a HUGE topic (especially one that trips over ideas about the subconscious, philosophy and everything transparent). Despite this, the panel discussion was an interesting and compact bite of what must have been a wonderful ID fashion week.



Foccacia



There's something very satisfying about making bread from scratch. Getting dough under your fingernails is totally worth the hassle. The last time I did this was in February during the post-earthquake bread shortages. I was kneading for Christchurch, sort of. This week I decided to make some foccacia for a potluck my flat was hosting. Salty, olivey, Italiany; definitely a winner.

You will need:

Lots of flour. (The recipe I used suggested 2 and 3/4 cups; I have no idea what they were smoking when they wrote that because that's definitely not enough. I lost count, but I think I used about 5 cups.)

1 and 1/4 cups warm water

1 tablespoon salt

1 tablespoon active dry yeast (this stuff will last longer if you store it in the fridge)

1 teaspoon sugar

3 tablespoons olive oil (rice bran oil or "budget cooking oil" would work too) Top with coarse sea salt, rosemary and olives

Preheat oven to 190 degrees.

In a bowl sift 3 cups of flour, salt, yeast and sugar. Add water and 1 tablespoon of oil. Mix until doughy. Then sprinkle some flour on your bench and knead dough until smooth and springy. If you skimp on the kneading, the bread won't be as light so put your back into

it. This is when you add all that extra flour. In a clean bowl, pour 2 tablespoons of oil and then roll dough around in it until covered. Leave to rise for 30 minutes.

When dough has risen, stretch it out onto a greased baking tray. You want it to be quite a bit thicker than a pizza. Sprinkle sea salt and rosemary and sliced olives generously over the dough. Another idea is to press chucks of tomato into the surface of the bread; these will blister deliciously into a bed of salt and rosemary. Yum. Bake for 30 minutes or so – until it's golden and sounds hollow when you tap it.

As an olive fiend, my general inclination is always "nothing but kalamata". There is something criminal about de-pipping an olive, unless the de-pipper intends to replace the pip with a piece of feta, pimento or a garlic clove. Unfortunately, Uncle John only gives this olive fiend \$160 a week so I have had to compromise. In this case, compromise arrives in the form of Pam's Spanish Pitted Olives. At \$1.79 that's definitely doable. And baked into bread, the difference is barely noticeable.

Serve by itself or as part of a magnificent table spread with guacamole, corn chips, green salad, pasta salad, stuffed capsicum, roast lamb, custard tart, ambrosia and apple pie. Pot lucks are the best.

– Niki Lomax



Allpress Espresso

12 Emily Siedeberg Place – just beside the BNZ

Prices: Flat White: \$4.00, Long Black: not offered on menu, Mocha: \$4.50

Why I came here: A friend and I were on our way to Ombrellos but changed our minds when we saw all the people outside Allpress.

Atmosphere: Modern, cool and sophisticated. Service: Prompt and helpful. They chatted about the place and talked us through all the items on the menu.

Food: A wide selection of Mediterraneaninspired savouries and your usual sweet temptations. I had the salami, tomato and feta Schiacciata which was tasty and filling.

Overall: What a find! If you have yet to stumble upon Allpress Espresso, I highly recommend it. Upon entering, my friend and I were struck by the giant glass wall dividing the cafe in half. The cafe itself is situated on one side of this great divide and patrons can observe the coffee being produced and packaged in the factory on the other. The concept appeals to me – as you sit there drinking your coffee, you can't help but love how Allpress clearly has nothing to hide. On that note, I'm going to make a huge call here and say that the coffee was quite possibly one of the best I've had in all my years in Dunedin. Perfect foam to liquid ratio and served in substantially sized mugs. Despite being a new addition to Dunedin - the waitress told me they were approximately a month old – Allpress was packed to capacity when we were there, with an eclectic mix of clientele. The only disappointment? If you come here, be prepared to perch on bar stools instead of settling into a laidback lounger. Regardless, I was pleasantly surprised by Allpress Espresso and will definitely be returning.

- Pippa Schaffler

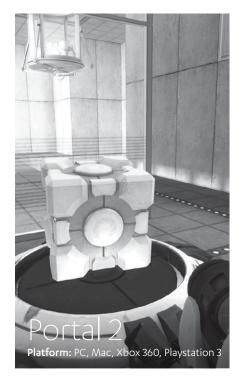








Review **Games**, Editor Toby Hills



I can feel it, like ten-thousand drummers marching in a cool valley miles from my ajar bedroom window. An amazonian torrent of internet memes. So many memes. But to focus on the individual moments *Valve* has created in *Portal 2* would be to ignore so much. It would be to ignore the mind-bending procession of ingenious puzzles linked by a superficially simple core mechanic.

It's an absolute crime to discount how genius it is for a game like *Portal 2* to be so immaculately paced. Somehow, *Valve* makes a puzzle game feel like a *Call of Duty* style adrenaline action game, then a *Day of the Tentacle* style quirky, hilarious, adventure, and it even contains emotional character moments reminiscent of the best parts of *Half Life 2*. The perfect writing makes it impossible to ignore the believable arcs of said characters, and let me tell you, *Extras'* Steven Merchant hits his character, the spherical

robot Wheatley, out of the fucking park. Portal 2 is here, and with it Valve has created what might be the greatest story-driven linear videogame of all time.

Portal's core mechanic is almost cool enough to carry a game on its very own, while remaining simple. You place an orange portal, a blue portal, and pass between the two. The puzzles are intuitive enough to make you experience fluid progress at some points, and ruminating IQ tests whenever Valve wants you to experience a different emotion. Puzzles are not there for their own sake, they are there as an aid to storytelling, which might be why Portal 2 is so remarkable. The game even offers a fully-fledged, separate cooperative mode in which two players each control a lovable bumbling robot to come up with even greater puzzles.

MAMAM

Some fool somewhere said that videogames couldn't possibly get any more violent. That's exactly what they said at the beginning of the twentieth century and look where we ended up. Despite the series being as old as I am, Mortal Kombat hasn't yet exhausted its creative saw-tooth, and includes brutal manoeuvres that reveal the underlying bones and organs and show in detail how anatomy is deformed when, for example, two spikes rupture your opponent's eye sockets. You can watch violent films, you can play alone, but fictional violence only becomes truly satisfying when it's happening to friends that you cherish and admire.

Past series iterations are accused of getting a little too much mileage out of that cheap phenomenon of violence, and falling behind their fighting game brethren mechanically, so I'm pleased to say that the 2011 version is fluid, balanced and strategic. Getting back to

basics, you never stray from a 2D plane and form a large, but not overwhelming, variety of combos with simple button and direction presses. I'd never gotten into a fighting game before, but *Mortal Kombat* has converted me with a depth that belies its aesthetics, in a context that's simple enough not to detract from the raw style that the series is known for.

Mortal Kombat has problems, but they are the kind of hair tussling, boys-will-be-boys problems that pervade the industry and either completely bug me or leave me utterly apathetic depending on the minutes past the hour. The female character designs are, you know, incredibly offensive and the irrelevant narrative stumbles into the so-bad-it's-good realm with laughable writing and voice-acting. But we all know that the story is a charade, don't we? It's an excuse to beat someone half a dozen times with their own leg.







Stuart White

The Legal Services Bill is now law. On April 11, 2011 it passed through the final hurdle of New Zealand's legislative process, the granting of royal assent by our Governor General, Sir Anand Satyanand. The act

Do you believe that the right to choose your own counsel should exist for Category One and Two charges?

I don't think there is a right to choose your own counsel, and that is because what the agency needs to focus on is that there is a fair allocation of cases supported by legal aid across the lawyers that are available and competent to do so. Therefore, a rotation of the sort that we have recently introduced enables that fairer allocation of cases. One of the key benefits of this is that it helps the court process, because previously some lawyers were taking on more work than they were able to cope with.

How have you ensured that the people who use your services are informed of the changes?

It is quite difficult to reach the client base of the LSA because they are people who require a lawyer and who usually can't afford one. We have been able to inform those people primarily through the media. In some areas we have done active promotion of the changes, particularly in South Auckland where they were likely to have greatest effect.

Traditionally, clients demonstrated their satisfaction with their feet, going back to those lawyers who served them well. How is the LSA measuring satisfaction in a system that now allocates cases to lawyers?

I guess the only basis on which we can determine whether the system is working satisfactorily is by the level of complaints we receive. We don't currently have an active customer survey approach to determine satisfaction

Did you agree with the points outlined in Dame Margaret Bazley's report on the LSA?

Rather than commit to my own personal views about it, this was a report that was accepted in full by the Minister and cabinet, so therefore the LSA has been tasked to work with and in conjunction with the Ministry of Justice in response to those changes. Dame Margaret's report was very comprehensive, she visited almost every court site in the country and talked to groups of lawyers and community law centres.

How has the LSA addressed Dame Margaret's concerns about lawyers who were "rorting" the system?

The most significant change we have made is to more actively follow up complaints about lawyers. Previously, the agency had not resourced this area properly; most complaints were dealt with at a local level. The agency has established a centralised complaints management service and we have put some extra staff into it.

How many complaints have been made since the changes went through?

I can't tell you that actually. There is quite a significant number of complaints.

aims to provide legal services to those with insufficient means, and to deliver these services in the most efficient and effective means possible. However, it takes away the right to choose your legal counsel for low category criminal charges if you are in need of financial assistance, despite the fact that such assistance is in many cases a loan. In March, **Georgie Fenwicke** talked to the General Manager of the Legal Services Agency, Stuart White.

Do you think it has been a successful measure?

I think it has been a very successful measure. I think it has been acknowledged by people who complain that it is encouraging to know that their complaint is going to be taken seriously and it is going to be followed up on.

Was the system in need of review?

Yes, clearly it had reached a point where the growth in the spending on legal aid was such that it was unaffordable, particularly in the current economic climate, but even without the financial situation that the government currently faces, it was becoming an unaffordable system.

What impact has the movement of the LSA to under the umbrella of the Ministry of Justice had on the operation of services provided by the organisation?

The LSA will come under the responsibility of a legal services commissioner who will have statutory independence in terms of supporting the public defence service in terms of decisions around the granting legal aid. Decision making will be independent from the Minister or Secretary for Justice. There will be some synergies from being part of a larger organisation and from corporate functions and, as time goes by, potentially better integration at a regional level.

Do you think the changes have delivered what Simon Power aimed to achieve in a higher quality service?

They will. It's early days; we've made early steps to do that by improving our audit systems and our complaints management systems. What will actually make the difference is the introduction of a quality management system that comes in with the new legislation. This will require all legal aid providers to be approved under a new set of criteria, and contracts with legal aid providers in the future will contain some very specific practice standards.

What is the average amount of time it takes for your organisation to process a legal aid application?

Well, it depends on the jurisdiction, but 95% of the time, criminal applications are processed within 24 hours. 95% of family applications are processed within five days, so we generally stick to those time frames.

Many legal aid payments come in the form of a loan, what consumer rights do those who sign the contract have?

Whether you are looking at this as a loan or not does not make any difference to the way in which we assign the case.

Tēnā koutou!

We are Te Roopu Whai Pūtake, the Maori Law Students' association here at the University of Otago. Our membership is comprised of every law student at Otago who is registered as being Māori. We have an executive of seven members who run Whai Pūtake. For 2011 they are:

President

Bianca Hewitson (Ngati Kahungunu ki Wairarapa, Ngati Porou) Studying: LLB/BA (Economics, Politics)

Administrative Vice-Presidents

Stacey O'Neill (Ngāpuhi)

Studying: LLB/BA (Māori Studies, Politics)

Grant Rewi (Ngai Tahu, Ngati Kahungunu ki Wairoa, Kati Mamoe)

Studying: LLB/BSc (Psychology)

Treasurer

Deinda Stanway (Ngati Porou)

Studying: LLB/BCom

SOULS Representative

Katy McGinity (Ngati Rangitihi)

Studying: LLB

General Representatives

Susannah Bull (Ngai Tahu)

Studying: LLB/BA (Music, Spanish)

Renata Davis (Kai Tahu, Kati Mamoe, Waitaha)

Studying: LLB/BA (Politics, Māori Studies)



TE ROOPU MĀORI

Throughout the year we run various academic and social events to benefit our members. These include the provision of tutorials, a series of academic lectures and social events during Te Wiki o Te Ture (Māori Legal Issues Week), and other social events such as barbeques and dessert nights for our members. We also provide support and advocacy to Māori students in need.

The theme for this year's Te Wiki o Te Ture is: "Kā pū te ruha? The new place of indigenous rights and customs in the law". Te Wiki will be running early next term and promises an action-packed week full of speakers, social events such as a comedy moot, and the Māori graduation ceremony. The week is open to the public, so keep an eye out around campus for more details – we would love to see you at our events!

If you're a Māori law student, we'd love to hear from you! Email us: whai.putake@otago.ac.nz, find us on Facebook (Te Roopu Whai Putake), or failing that, come and see us in our 8th floor Richardson office, 8.C.11 (which we share with SOULS).

Ngā mihi nui!







Uni Squash Club Nights

This Friday, the legendary Otago Uni Squash Club is having their first club night back after the break. Come along, meet the crew, finish the fridge and the sause-rolls, and even play some squash. It's free to pop along

and play at clubs nights and if you like it, membership is cheap as chips.

Friday 6th May, 6pm. The OUSA squash courts are located behind the PE school, follow the signs from Union Street West.

Nom nom nom!

Our Malaysian students' association (OMSA) and the Brunei students association are running a Food Festival night at Clubs and Socs Evison Lounge this Saturday. Come sample a range of Malaysian delicacies and desert supplied by the Brunei students. Guaranteed to be tasty, save yourself some Saturday cooking and come try something new and exciting!

Saturday 7th May, 11:30am - 2:00pm, Evison Lounge, upstairs Clubs and Socs.



Lost Property

If you've lost your USB, your keys or even a scooter, pop on into OUSA reception to let us know and we'll search our collection. It's always worth a try, and if the Police don't have it, we probably do! We always

try to get in contact if it's named but it's best to pop in and ask or report it at ousa.org.nz/support/lost-property/





PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Hey All,

I hope you've all had a relaxing break, welcome back to the beginning of winter!

Although there were some interesting accusations printed in the last issue of Critic, I'd just like to point out that we are actually doing a huge amount of work to plan for the unfortunate inevitability of VSM. We have seen pretty clearly from other voluntary associations that the rate of paid signup is very low so we will have to look for funding from elsewhere to provide our services. Any deal we make with any external funder/sponsor has to remain confidential until it is finalised, and the real difficulty we face is that we can't fully answer any questions around what our end result (i.e. what services we will have or what changes we will make) until we know exactly how much income we have secured. As part of our planning for VSM, we are reviewing all of our operations to ensure they are running efficiently and provide the best, most relevant services to students as possible, and how they can survive when VSM comes in.

In relation to the editorial of the last issue of Critic, potential changes were mentioned as a result of the review of Planet Media (i.e. Critic, Radio one). Currently OUSA funds Planet Media as a completely separate company, despite owning 100% of it and subsidising its operations. The independent review of the company was specifically directed to assess whether this is a sensible financial arrangement with VSM coming in. There is a recommendation to merge the company back in to OUSA based on a number of ways to make it run more efficiently as a stronger organisation, allow staff to work together on projects across the organization, and to run Critic and Radio 1 as a subsidised service rather than a company in deficit. Even though Critic prints a lot of negative and often subjective things about OUSA, we have absolutely no intention of taking away Critic and all of its contributors' rights to do so. There is a charter between OUSA and Critic that protects their right to editorial freedom and there are no moves to take that away. We also have no intention of altering Critic or Radio 1's brands. Any change is purely to run all of our services better and to ensure their continuation in a voluntary membership environment. I know that these changes are pretty big, and we want to make sure they are well considered. So if you have any thoughts on the matter I would really love it if you could get in touch this week and I will make sure they are considered before the Executive vote on any changes.

Enjoy the crunch half of the semester, keep warm in the library, and keep an eye out on our Facebook for news, comps and what's going on around campus.

Harriet Geoghegan

Ps. Well done to those who competed at Uni Games!



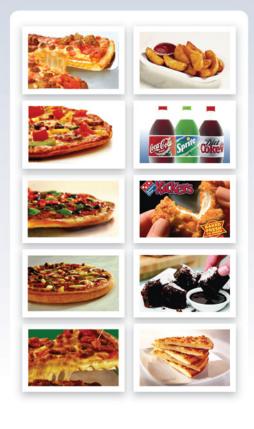








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