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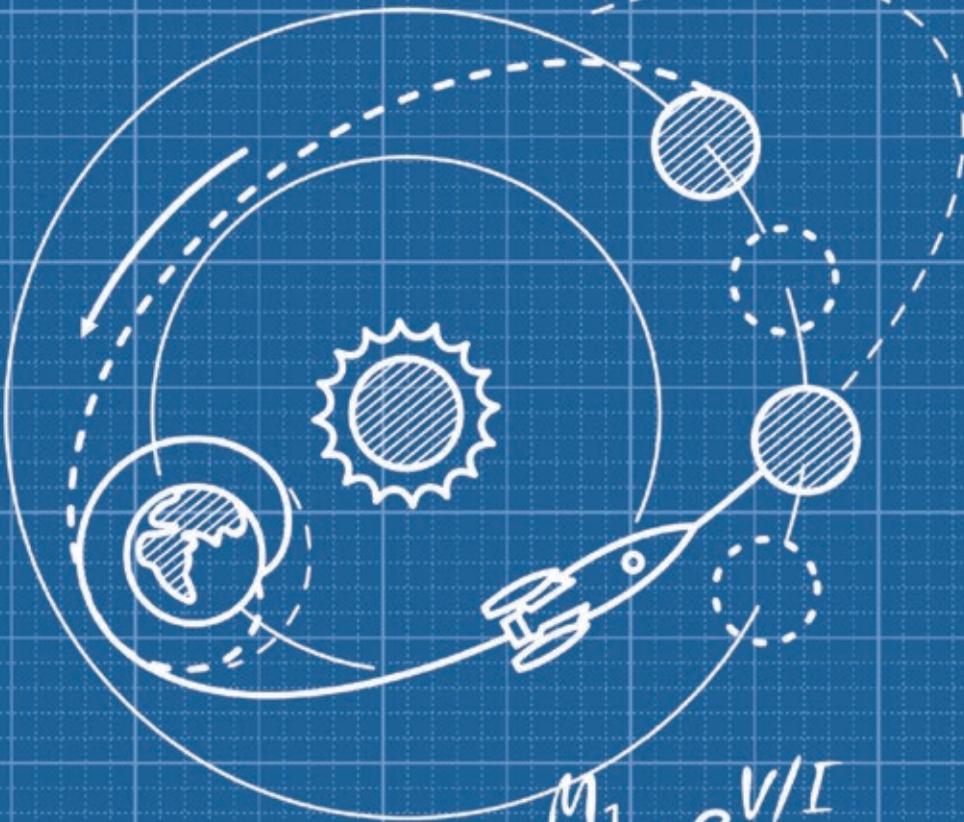
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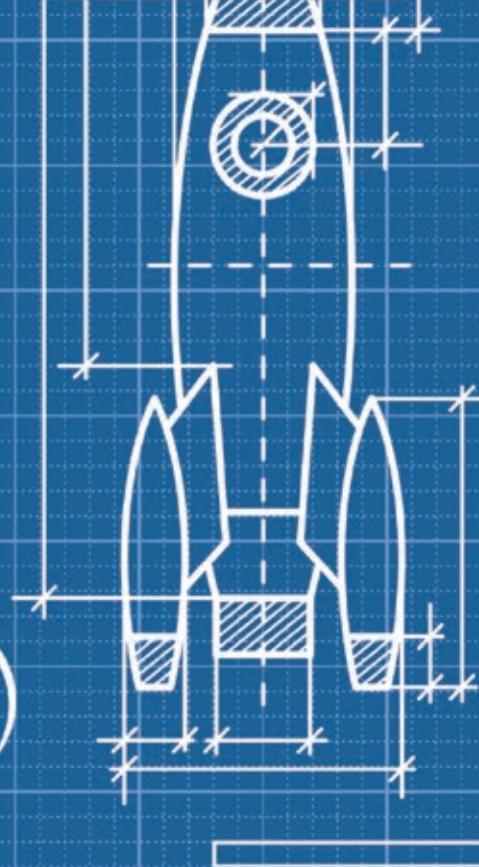
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LETTERS

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IN MY FIRST DRAFT OF THIS WEEK'S EDITORIAL I REFERRED TO MYSELF AS A writer, and I quickly became stuck on the idea. Was it really okay to refer to myself as a writer when I am only just getting started in my career? I know that I want to be a writer, a journalist. But what is the threshold that you pass over to go from aspiring to actual. When is the dream realised?

The source of my reflection was an ideas piece written by Andrew Katz in Time magazine. Following the death of Armando Montano, a 22-year old journalist in Mexico who was found dead at the bottom of an elevator shaft, Katz lamented that the memories of those who died young were too often reflected upon in relation to their aspirations or promise, rather than the very real achievements of their too short lives.

It is a valid critique, and something that's worth thinking about. There is an attitude held by far too many that young people exist in some strange kind of limbo: waiting to start their lives properly, when they graduate, when they marry, when they have the dream job, the house, the family. The reality is that we are using up what little living we have right here and now. And what we do, and what we try to do, is important. Life is a limited resource and it's quickly running out.

"The reality is that we are using up what little living we have right here and now. What we do, and what we try to do, is important. Life is a limited resource and it's quickly running out."

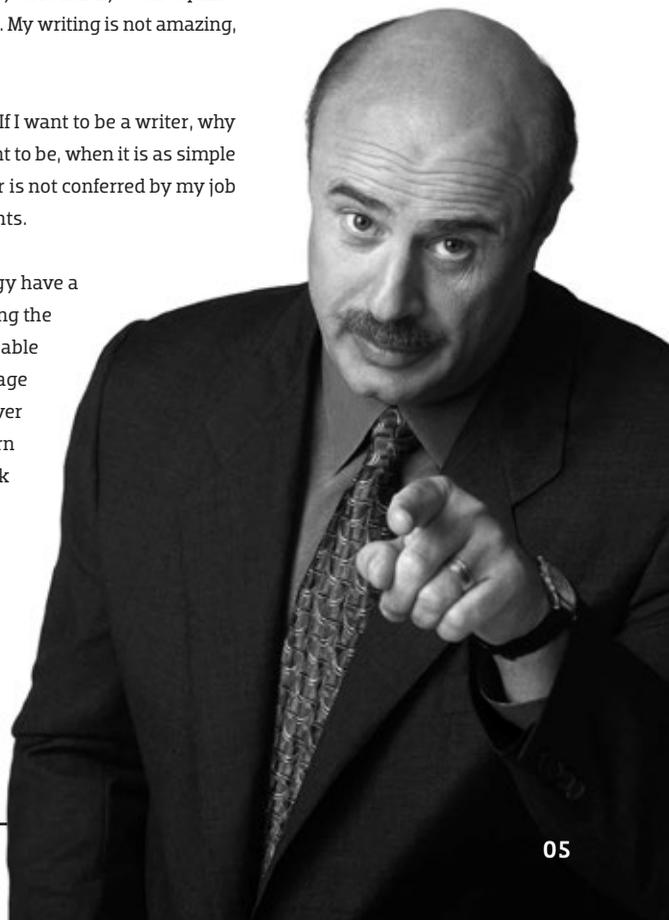
On further reflection, it became clear that the hesitance to call myself a writer was based in part on that typically Kiwi attitude of not wanting to be seen to be making too much of myself. Not wanting people to look at my meagre achievements and think "Writer? Mate, you're hardly even capable of crafting a legible text message." Which is true. My writing is not amazing, and it's a daily struggle to make it better.

But eventually, you just have to bite the bullet. If I want to be a writer, why would I spend another day not being what I want to be, when it is as simple as telling myself that I am. My status as a writer is not conferred by my job or my portfolio, it is what I tell myself that counts.

These semi-sincere insights and pop psychology have a purpose. We so often feel incapable of completing the challenges that we set for ourselves. I feel incapable on a daily basis. But we should screw our courage to the sticking place and simply go for it. Whatever it is that you want to be, journalist, scientist, porn star, or politician, don't dream about it, don't talk about it, just be it.

Lecture over.

- JOE STOCKMAN





UNI BLASTS CRITICISM

By GERARD BARBALICH

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO HAS BEEN CALLED OUT FOR "KILLING CASTLE Street", and has responded with a water-blaster.

A presumably scarfie protester painted the message "You can kill Castle Street, but you can't kill culture" on the walls of Leith below the Clocktower building during the exam period last month.

On Tuesday June 19 the University quickly acted to remove the message from its prominent location. Graeme Mackie, a University of Otago property services worker, was lowered to the site in the bucket of a large crane and dispatched the lettering via a water-blaster. Critic's investigations revealed that the cost of hiring such a crane would be around \$1450 for a day of graffiti-blasting fun. The University failed to respond to Critic's request to confirm this figure by the time we went to print last Thursday.

OUSA President Logan Edgar advised frustrated students to express their

opinions constructively through appropriate channels such as OUSA or Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne. "The words are pretty bang on," Edgar told Critic, "but I don't think the avenue they took for saying them is so bang on."

Edgar cited the liquor ban as an example of attempts to "kill" Scarfie culture. "I don't think it's the Uni killing it, but the campus is always a good place to get across anything you want aired."

Edgar listed a number of other ways for students to address their concerns about Scarfie culture that do not involve the risk from being forcibly removed from it by the University's Disciplinary Board. "The VC is a very reasonable person so rock in there, write opinion pieces to the ODT, write a letter to Critic, talk to OUSA, start a guerrilla marketing campaign that isn't permanent."

The "very reasonable VC" is currently jetsetting overseas so was unable to answer Critic's queries on whether either Castle Street or Scarfie culture are indeed being killed.

WE FUCKED UP

Critic, as you may have noticed, doesn't always get it right. In our last issue we made some big mistakes in our "'Cheeky darkies' better represented – Paul Holmes heartbroken" article. We incorrectly identified the position of Director of Maori development as a new position, when it has in fact existed for several years. We also want to apologise for the headline failing to link its attempt at satire and wit to anything actually in the article. Soz if you were offended.

FRESHERS FUNDAMENTALLY MISUNDERSTAND LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND

CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

CRITIC HAS RECEIVED REPORTS OF FIRST YEARS already signing up for flats, marking the start of the great annual student flat hunt.

Further investigation revealed that this year's spectacle pales in comparison to previous years. "Now's not 'early'," a member of staff from the University of Otago Accommodation Office told Critic. "Last year it started in April."

While the Accommodation Office had heard of leases being signed for flats "in key areas", such as Castle Street, the experience of property management companies Critic spoke to suggests there has been a cooling off in the early demand for student flats. Most companies have signed up few new flats so far, although some tenants have re-signed their leases to continue

living in the same flats next year.

Despite a recent survey showing that 60% of New Zealand landlords have increased rent in the past year, Dunedin students have a strong incentive to hold off signing their tenancy agreements for 2013, with the number of available properties outstripping the number of flat-seeking students. A representative from one property management company told Critic, that in contrast to national rent increases, some Dunedin rent prices are going down. "With the drop in student numbers, landlords would prefer to have them rented rather than sitting there."

OUSA President Logan Edgar has urged students to hold off signing up for flats, citing economic analysis informed by his B- grade in BSNS104. "Supply has caught up with and exceeded demand. There's no reason why you should be

signing for overly expensive flats. Definitely wait, it stresses landlords out. If my economics is serving me correctly, rent prices should then go down."

The University Accommodation Office shared this sentiment, saying they tell students to "wait until you don't have any doubt about what your plans are. Take the time to figure out who you'll be flatting with and to properly check out the flats. The biggest things we see every year are not problems with flats, but inter-tenant problems. Make sure you're not just in 'honeymoon mode' when you pick your flatmates." It may be hard to understand right now, but Critic would like to gently remind first years that your new willowy BFF, who may or may not have thrown up last night's hall lasagna to avoid the dreaded fresher five, may not turn out to be your flatting soulmate.

PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS TAKE PLACES IN REST OF WORLD

OTAGO FIRES MARKETING DEPT

By MARIA MUTAHI

THE UNIVERSITY HAS EXPERIENCED A DIP IN student numbers, leading to "caution" in its current financial outlook.

Full-time enrolments have dropped from 19,661 in 2010 to a forecasted 19,370 this year. The University's director of planning and funding, David Thomson, said the drop is in accordance with the cycles normally experienced by the university, which usually consist of two- to three-year blocks of lowered student enrolment rates sandwiched between 10- to 12-year periods of growth.

The current dip can be partially attributed to the tightening of the requirements to enter university, as well as a decline in the number of international students choosing to study in New Zealand. This drop in enrolments, in addition to an expected \$1.063 million decrease in

performance based research funding (PBRF), has left the University with an "uncertain" financial outlook, according to Otago's financial services director Grant McKenzie.

David Thomson justified the University's tightened enrolment policies, which have led to less students enrolling, saying the focus on quality would eventually boost the University's reputation and attract more students.

In the meantime the total operating budgets of all academic departments have been reduced by 1%, amounting to a \$2.6 million cut. Instead of making cutbacks now academic departments have elected to dip into money budgeted in previous years but not spent, taking \$9.39 million from the University's "carry forward" balance. At this point Critic suffered numerical overload and instead decided to wildly speculate that library books, internet access, and the privilege of using the Link as a thoroughfare will have to

be monetized in a kind of libertarian paradise created to save the University from bankruptcy.

However, a source with access to the Clocktower's financial operations told Critic that this is not the case. "All that normal stuff affecting students will be fine. Instead have a think about the thing that's costing the University the most – staff salaries. If there are cuts, that's where things are going to be cut." The source continued, "Academics are transient, so they could up and leave if they can get more money elsewhere. But it looks like that won't actually happen. Staff will be pretty relaxed in the meantime because they know they've been taken care of in other years." Apparently "taken care of" in the academic world means regular annual raises, which may explain the yearly fee rises that you have probably spent the last few years ignoring while letting Studylink pick up the tab.

IT'S ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL OFFICER! AGAIN!

BY WALTER PLINGE

YOU MIGHT REMEMBER FLEXING YOUR DEMOCRATIC MUSCLES AT THE END of last semester. The results are in, with all questions put forward by OUSA in its annual referendum being passed with healthy majorities and a newly minted International Officer joining the OUSA executive.

Third year Pharmacy student Yee Min Chua (Min) defeated the ever-present threat of No Confidence with 120 votes to 25. Min was previously involved in planning international student events through the International Student Council, and is already throwing herself into helping to organise the upcoming Cultural Night and International Food Festival. Min says that so far she has found everyone on the executive "really helpful and supportive".

While parts of the referenda must be asked each year by the exec to fulfil their legal obligations (Critic is fairly sure that no one cares if Price-WaterhouseCoopers are reappointed as auditors for the Otago University Students' Association for 2012), other questions seem to have provided OUSA with a mandate to lobby on some of the more vexing issues of our time on behalf of the student body.

There was strong support for motions that OUSA oppose the proposed DCC liquor ban, and that OUSA maintain its independent voice in the face of the new funding agreement with the University. It was also passed once again that OUSA should oppose the Education (Freedom of Association)

Amendment Act 2011 (better known as VSM), and that the Association should continue to seek a return to universal student membership.

Of more interest was the passing of the question submitted by student group Generation Zero that OUSA should "actively support prioritising the transition to a carbon neutral University". This was the first time that OUSA has been formally asked to contemplate such an issue.

Edgar was particularly happy that Generation Zero pushed for a question to be included, as he believes that it increased the overall response rate. Said Edgar, "We're in the process of putting a new heating system into Clubs and Socs, so we're going to make sure it's energy efficient. And our energy consultant is going to give us a carbon footprint for OUSA so we know what we're working with. It's good to get groups like [Gen Zero] involved, motivated, doing what they love, and getting students out and voting."



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Should the Otago University Students' Association support a constructive alternative to the proposed liquor ban in North Dunedin?

79%
YES

Should the Otago University Students' Association actively support prioritising the transition to a carbon neutral University?

89%
YES

Should the Otago University Students' Association affirm its continued support for universal student membership, and call for the immediate repeal of the Education (Freedom of Association) Amendment Act.

83%
YES

Should the Otago University Students' Association affirm its status as an independent voice for students from the University and direct the Executive to behave as such for the duration of any service level agreement with the University?"

92%
YES

HARLENE'S BIRTHDAY BOY

BY CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

OUSA PRESIDENT LOGAN EDGAR RECEIVED a birthday visit at his flat from University Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne, sparking concern (really just from Critic) over whether OUSA and the University are getting a little too close.

Edgar explained to Critic that the visit was prompted after Edgar was invited to the Vice-Chancellor's residence at the Lodge, a "very nice" property near Port Chalmers owned by the University to house its Vice-Chancellors in luxury. Edgar decided to reciprocate the hospitality and invited Hayne to dinner at his flat, "Bonnie Doon".

On 24 June Hayne and her husband Mike arrived at Bonnie Doon for a roast dinner cooked by the President. "A few beers were had", and

Hayne surprised Edgar with a chocolate birthday cake complete with a miniature icing figurine of the student president sporting an "I heart OUSA" t-shirt. The gathering, which included OUSA Vice-President Jono Rowe, proceeded to blow out Edgar's 21 candles after singing him happy birthday. Edgar called the cake and the song "one of the nicer things anyone's done for me in quite a long time." When queried on the previous nicest event he had experienced, Edgar replied, "That's between me and my girlfriend."

In an attempt at serious journalism, Critic grilled Edgar on whether the gathering was a metaphor for the OUSA and the University becoming too friendly to safeguard the student association's supposed independence. "Probably. But I don't really care, the cake was mean."

"In all seriousness, if there's ever any serious issues, we'll take a stand. If it's a student

issue I care enough about or am made to care about by students telling me, we'll do something about it and Harlene knows that." Edgar cited the liquor ban, which OUSA opposes and the University supports, as a clear example of OUSA's independence.

Edgar vehemently denied that he would be getting into bed with the university any time soon, despite a minor crush on the Vice-Chancellor. "It's a little bit of a crush, but I definitely wouldn't cut Mike's [Hayne's husband] lunch, because he's a GC." Edgar claims his crush will have little effect on his role as the independent voice of students, citing his similar crush on Act MP Heather Roy last year as an example of his ability to refuse to let love sway him from his cause. "Mention the Heather Roy thing. I might have a thing for women in power, but that doesn't mean I'll do whatever Act says."

ELDERLY FORGET CHILDREN'S NAMES, REMEMBER TO HATE EDGAR

BY CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

THE DEBATE OVER WHETHER STUDENTS ACTUALLY care about asset sales has continued, with NZUSA halfheartedly withdrawing its support from the Keep Our Assets Campaign, OUSA maintaining its neutrality, and Grey Power accusing OUSA of failing to properly communicate with its members.

In May the New Zealand Union of Students Associations (NZUSA) announced its support for the Keep Our Assets Campaign, which included the launch of a petition for a Citizens Initiated Referendum on the issue. Representatives of individual student associations, including OUSA President Logan Edgar, were quick to criticise NZUSA for taking a stance on a political issue with no mandate from its members.

NZUSA confirmed to Critic last Thursday

that it has withdrawn its support for the Keep Our Assets Campaign in regard to its desired outcome of keeping our assets. However, NZUSA continues to support the Keep Our Assets' referendum, saying it is "good for the political process."

OUSA has maintained its refusal to take a stance on the issue, despite a media blunder last semester when it was reported that Logan Edgar said that OUSA wanted to invest in power company shares, implying that OUSA supported asset sales. Edgar has since clarified that his comments were taken out of context. "They were satire...We're like a neutron on asset sales – neutral," Edgar clarified to Critic after the media debacle.

Jo Millar, the President of Dunedin Grey Power, one of the major groups behind the Keep Our Assets Campaign, remains unimpressed by

Edgar's protestations of neutrality. "I'm disappointed that they [members of the OUSA executive] couldn't see beyond personal beliefs. It's like me [sic], they have to operate on majorities. Were [the student population] asked about it? I know of students who were not. OUSA should have employed better communication to find out whether students were interested."

Edgar responded that OUSA generally waits for members to come to it to express strong opinions on any issues that aren't directly related to education. "We use Critic and referendums and Facebook to communicate with members and there wasn't really anything raised. On Facebook, whenever we ask something, it usually goes viral. It didn't on asset sales."

On 16 June 1000 – 2000 marchers participated in a Dunedin protest against asset sales organised by Grey Power. Jo Millar told Critic that, while many Polytech students were involved, "whether there were university students involved I just couldn't say." Edgar expressed similar uncertainty as to the level of student involvement in the protest. "I meant to check, but I got held up in Stilettoes,"



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OI, SYRIA, FUCKING STOP IT!

WALTER PLINGE

THE 47TH OTAGO FOREIGN POLICY SCHOOL took place over the uni holidays, with the ongoing conflict in Syria at the forefront of the conference's discussions. The three-day conference at St Margaret's is an opportunity for New Zealand and international experts to meet with government officials and analysts to discuss the pressing international issues of the day. This year the theme was "The Middle East Unfolding: Dreams and Drama in the Early Twenty-First Century?"

The Director of the School and HOD of Politics at Otago, Professor Bill Harris, is an expert on Middle Eastern affairs. He said that the prospects for peace in Syria were bleak: "It is a fight

to the finish. Forget about Western notions of 'conflict resolution'. The regime is doomed but retains great capability, and there is a way to go – something like Nazi Germany in late 1943."

Syria has been gripped by protests and conflict that is now universally acknowledged as a civil war. It is estimated that at least 10,000 civilians have died in the conflict, and the peacekeeping efforts of the UN, led by ex-Secretary General Kofi Annan, have met with less success than an Aquinas kid trying to pull at a UniCol mixer.

Students are welcome to attend the school, and often assist as volunteers. Leander Schulz, an Otago Politics student who volunteered during the event, said that the discussion was complex and delved deeply into the individual aspects of

the different conflicts in the Arab world. "What struck me was how non-PC a lot of the talks were. You got a real sense of what was going on. I think this would have been really useful for diplomats. There were a lot of people from MFAT [Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade] in the audience," said Schulz.

Schulz was a committed Bill Harris fangirl by the end of the weekend, saying, "Bill Harris was my hero in the way he pushed and tried to drive the point home to the people from MFAT how awful the atrocities are in Syria and how you need to actually take action. How one hit on the power of the president is all the situation needs."

Critic, being a glass-half-full kind of publication, speculates that President Assad will have taken note of the conclusions of the weekend's discussions and will shortly be packing his bags for a retirement spent in exile in Saudi Arabia.

MOSGIEL: IT'S A GAS

MARGOT TAYLOR

IN A TRAGIC EXAMPLE OF THE LIMITED ENTERTAINMENT activities on offer for Mosgiel teenagers, two young Mosgielians (as Critic likes to call them) are in induced comas after the gas bottle they were huffing from was ignited by a heater last Monday.

The two teens, aged 17 and 18, received devastating injuries, including internal burning of the airways. Fire Service East Otago assistant area commander Trevor Tilyard commented on the condition of one of the teenagers, "If he ever

fully recovers, he is going to spend months and months, if not years, to recover, and the other young man is in for a long rehabilitation as well."

Neighbours of the house owned by the father of one of the boys reported hearing significant explosions and seeing flames coming from the property. The force of the explosion shattered windows, displaced the roof, and damaged a car parked outside the property.

The incident has created further debate surrounding what can be done to stop young people from "huffing" toxic substances. There have been 30 huffing-related deaths in New Zealand in the

last 11 years.

Police have been unable to speak to either of the teenagers involved as a result of their critical conditions. The father of one of the boys told FairFax Media, "It is just one hour at a time, a wait-and-see game. His burns are quite serious. There will be a lot of surgery, years of it I think."

Senior Sergeant Gavin Briggs explained that "this incident highlights the extreme dangers of handling LPG and other related products. Tragically, this incident has had terrible consequences for the two young men involved." Briggs also stressed that "the message is simple: gas is an extremely dangerous and risky substance to play around with. Don't do it." Critic wholeheartedly agrees, stick to weed kids.

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CRITIC'S REQUISITE STUDENTS-ARE-NOT-ALL-DRUNKEN-IDIOTS STORY

By IVY RUTO

IN A BLATANT ATTEMPT TO FLESH OUT THEIR CVs, TWO OTAGO STUDENTS HAVE set up a free tutoring service for students in mid-to low-decile Dunedin high schools.

Under the arrangement Otago students tutor for one hour per week in NCEA subjects they studied at high school or university. Organisers (and FYI, Critic contributors) Alice McRae and Georgina Klein set up the scheme in February, with tutoring taking place at Queen's High School in South Dunedin last semester.

Denying that the move was simply to impress future employers and med school entry boards, McRae told Critic, "We were both really interested in getting more involved in volunteer work, and decided we wanted to set something up in Dunedin that was easy for people to get involved with." They found that other volunteer groups often required training or payment from volunteers, "so we decided to set up something ourselves. High school tutoring seemed like an obvious choice, since the people we

would be getting involved are studying at a higher level and have done NCEA before."

35 high school students have so far signed up for the programme. Tutoring ranges from one-on-one attention to study groups of five, depending on the needs of students. Tutors are put in contact with teachers of the subject they are tutoring to get an idea of their students' abilities and what they have been focusing on in class.

Queen's High School Assistant Principal Barbara Agnew said the tutoring was "very successful. The kids have thoroughly enjoyed it and are hoping it continues."

The organisers have also meet with Otago University Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne, who has expressed support for the scheme and has suggested official University recognition of the students' efforts.

For those lacking community involvement in their lives, 28 tutors are needed for Semester Two. Those wishing to be involved can email alice.m.mcrae@gmail.com with the days they are available to tutor and the subjects they are interested in tutoring.

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WHAT DOES SONNY BILL WILLIAMS WANT?

STRAIGHT AFTER WINNING A WORLD CUP AND killing it for the Chiefs this year Sonny Bill Williams might be quitting New Zealand rugby, at least for now. He's been pretty damn good at everything he's tried, but what does Sonny Bill want to look back on when he retires from sport? What does Sonny Bill want full stop?

Is it Money?

Does he just want to earn as much money as possible while he still can? Sonny Bill's earning potential relies almost entirely on his athletic prowess. In the physical contact sports in which Sonny Bill makes money, the window for serious earning is miniscule. It is extremely rare for a boxer, rugby, or league player to have any serious earning potential after their 35th birthday. Anyone older than 28 is considered to be in decline. Sonny Bill turns 27 on August 3. If Sonny Bill thinks that the best way to secure his financial future is to get paid handsomely by a Japanese club side and then sign with the Sydney Roosters for a massive salary, good on him. He should also take into account earnings from endorsements. In American sports, big stars don't mind going to a mediocre team if it is in a "big market city" where the endorsement deals are oh-so-lucrative. Think Carmelo Anthony playing for the New York Knicks, or even David Beckham to the LA Galaxy. Sydney is a "big market city". Hamilton is not.

Is it Titles?

Maybe Sonny Bill is all about the trinkets. He already has a Rugby World Cup winners' medal, an NRL title and – somehow – the New Zealand Heavyweight Title. Maybe he's satisfied with that. Or maybe Sonny Bill isn't going to be happy till he wins a Rugby League World Cup as well. And he probably wouldn't mind having a go at State of Origin either, if they'll let him. Sonny Bill's boxing career always sat awkwardly with the NZRU. They let him do it, but it was definitely appeasement. As Neville Chamberlain knows, appeasement is a slippery slope. It makes absolutely no sense for the NZRU to allow one of their most valuable assets to risk injury pretending to be a boxer. If Sonny Bill signs for an NRL club he will make sure there is a clause in there that lets him box whenever he wants.

Is it Fame?

Maybe Sonny Bill just wants to be loved. Sonny Bill the rugby player is an interesting proposition. Kids love him. Women love him. Casual rugby fans love him. People who really follow the game? Not so much. If you weren't paying close attention you could easily have missed the time when Sonny Bill sold out his old team, the Canterbury Bulldogs. Yes, the team who gave him his first contract as a teenager and then broke the bank to pay him enough to keep him once he became a star. He repaid them by walking out mid-season in 2008 to take up a

lucrative deal to play rugby for Toulon in France. He still had three-and-a-half years left on his Bulldogs contract. Money Bill, anyone? Sydney league fans don't forget that kind of thing too easily. In New Zealand, Sonny Bill is a big fish in a small pond. In Sydney, he will be a loathed fish in a fish bowl full of sharks all wanting their piece. Yes, he'll be ridiculously famous, but it's probably not going to be much fun.

Does he even know what he wants?

Sonny Bill's manager Khoder Nasser is the least trustworthy person of all time. I would rather sign the deed of my house to Brian Tamaki than enter into a contract with Khoder Nasser. Nasser's stable also includes Anthony "The Man" Mundine and marsupial/first five-eighth Quade Cooper. Mundine's mouth wrote far more cheques than his fists could ever cash, and Quade played his own game of contract roulette before playing woefully at the 2011 World Cup then mercifully getting injured. Khoder Nasser is an incredible figure – greasy, bearded, a ruthless negotiator, and prone to wearing tracky dacks to business meetings. Nasser has somehow gained the unquestioned loyalty of three of Australasia's most talented athletes while being universally mistrusted by the rest of the world. Suspicion will always linger that what Sonny Bill ends up doing won't be his decision at all.

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WOO! SPORTS!

FOR CRITIC ISSUE 15 OF 2012 I HAVE COMPILED TEN REASONS I'M EXCITED ABOUT SPORTS IN SECOND semester. Semester One was okay I guess, but Semester Two is offering up an absolute smorgasbord of sexy sporting action to watch both locally and on the telly. So, in no particular order, here are some things to get excited about. Except for the Olympics, which is obviously number one.

10 Uni Snow Games (Aug 26 – 31) – Students from Otago will take on and probably beat students from across the country in a variety of steezy pursuits. Events include Giant Slalom, Half Pipe, Gravity X, Parallel Slalom, Slope Style, Big Air and Cross Country Skiing. Held in Wanaka across three venues – Treble Cone, Cardrona, and Snow Farm. This event is not just about winning. It's also about having fun in the snow and getting on the piss. It's not too late to enter, and you don't even need to be very good.

09 Super XV Playoffs (Jul 20 – Aug 4) – While the Highlanders will spend another year watching the Super XV playoffs from the couch, the business end of the competition is still going to be exciting. At least two and probably three NZ teams will be involved. You know the Crusaders are going to be close to the top. Can the Chiefs carry on their great form into the knockout games? The one thing that could stand in their way is the possibility of sudden death games in South Africa, which is probably too much for either team to handle.

08 The Tour de France (Jun 30 – Jul 22) – Lance Armstrong is a drug cheat (allegedly). This year none of them are drug cheats, or some of them are drug cheats, or all of them are drug cheats. Who knows? Who cares? Someone's going to win, someone's going to get busted with a skinful of horse urine, and hundreds of thousands of people will write something in chalk on the road in order for their message to get less than a second of camera time. Plus it's the only time you get to say the word "peloton" without looking like a moron.

07 The Melbourne Cup (Nov 6) – Wingatui race course holds its own Melbourne Cup festival on the big day. There is a student tent to shield the horrific drunkenness from the sensitive grown ups, although they can hardly talk – last year I saw a real estate agent piss her pants. The actual race is shown on the big screens. A great excuse to wear your best dress and then fall in the mud.

6 Club Sports (ongoing) – Rugby, football, netball, hockey, and a few others all have their knockout stages coming up. The rugby final will probably be at the stadium, so there's an excuse to go.

05 Canterbury Sports Exchange (Sept 8 – 9) – Just like those high school inter-schools which got you a day off school all those times. The University of Otago debating, football, hockey, netball, rugby, Ultimate Frisbee, and volleyball clubs are all sending their respective teams. This year it's in Christchurch, so pack your earthquake shoes.

04 American Sports (NFL kickoff Sept 5, World Series Game One Oct 24) – Timed perfectly to distract you from exam preparation. Wile away those spring afternoons watching enormous men smash the hell out of each other, or alternately smashing the hell out of a small white ball.

03 The inaugural "Rugby Championships" (Aug 18 – Oct 7) – This year Argentina has been added. Whether that makes the old Tri-Nations better or just longer is for you to decide. Argentina will be hard to beat at home, but I can't see them as title contenders for at least 5 years.

02 Blues & Golds Awards (Oct 4) – University of Otago Blues and Golds are the highest honours OUSA can present to students who have excelled in Sport, Arts, Culture, or Services to these activities. Nominations close 4pm Friday 27 July 2012.

01 The Olympics (Jul 27 – Aug 12) – I don't need to tell you what the Olympics is.

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News IN Briefs



QUOTES FROM *David Hasselhoff*

Youtube | Guy on a buffalo

This brilliant three-part video is taken from what may be the weirdest movie ever. A guy on a buffalo (if you didn't already guess) saving the world, protecting buffalo and trampling bad guys. All to a catchy tune that you'll never get out of your head.

stuffwhitepeoplelike.com

A "scientific approach to highlight and explain stuff white people like". Hilarious, you'll realise just how white you really are.

lochnessmonster.co.uk

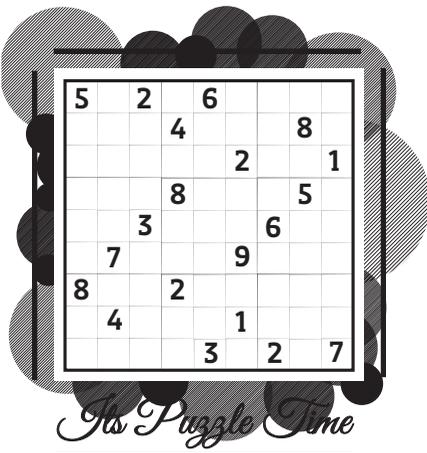
Dedicated to telling the world that that Loch Ness monster exists. Whether you get your giggles from the paint document cover photo or the Dalai Lama "encounter" with Nessie, it's a great for a laugh.

Youtube | Brokeback Twilight

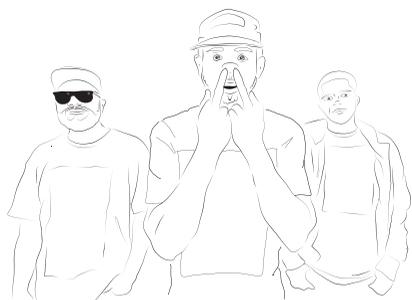
An alternative take on the Twilight saga, which to be honest could only get better. Brings a Brokeback Mountain twist to the poignant love story. You're guaranteed to like this more than the original.



BEST OF THE *Web*



It's Puzzle Time



HOME BREW SPEAKEASY

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AT THE CRITIC PAGE BEFORE JULY 20 TO BE INTO WIN
HOME BREW'S SPEAKEASY TOUR. FRIDAY JULY 27TH AT SAMMY'S

"I find it a bit sad that there is no photo of me hanging on the walls in the Berlin Museum"

"I try to let the ladies gravitate towards me so it doesn't look like I'm trying to jump into bed with them"

"Before long, I'll have my own channel – I'll be like Barney"

"There are many dying children out there whose last wish is to meet me"

"Baywatch has enriched and, in many cases, helped save lives"

World Watch

USA | A TRY-HARD THIEF IN BROCKTON, Massachusetts, was caught with his head stuck under the door of the store he tried to rob. A video clip shows him saying, when caught 8 hours later, that he "was just trying to fix the door". He yelled at the owner while he was still stuck splayed on the floor. Wow.

SCOTLAND | A LECTURER HAS BEEN FOUND TO BE THE "GRANDFATHER OF EVERYONE IN BRITAIN". Ian Kinnaird, 72, is directly related to the first woman on earth. Thanks to his 190,000-year-old great-great-[etc]-grandmother, he hails from the real "Garden of Eden".



PHILIPPINES | THE NEWLY CROWNED "LONGEST CROC IN CAPTIVITY" HAS GIVEN ITS HOMETOWN reason to celebrate. Guinness says Lolong measures 6.17 metres, and weighs more than a tonne. The croc has made the small Bunawan town proud, scared, and a little more famous than it was previously.

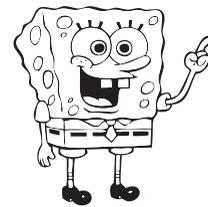
INVERCARGILL | THE MOST EXPENSIVE COFFEE IN THE WORLD, MADE FROM ANIMAL DROPPINGS, IS being made by a New Zealand-based company. The "luwak" coffee sells for around NZ\$63 a cup and is made from the beans of coffee berries that the civet, a feral cat-like animal in Indonesia, has eaten.



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Facts AND Figures



SpongeBob SquarePants has worked at the Krusty Krab for over **31 years**

ROME

There is a city called Rome on every continent



Humans share about 50% of our DNA with bananas



Before 1800, shoes for the left and right foot were the same

The Godfather

Every time an orange appears in The Godfather someone dies



GET (RE) ORIENTATED

OUSA and Radio One have teamed up again to bring you a huge line-up for this year's Re-Orientation. Here's what you can hit up over the next week:

WEDNESDAY

- SHE'S SO RAD -

CLUBS DAY

Clubs and Socs Centre, 10am – 3pm (and it's FREE!)

Clubs Day is back! Head on down to the Clubs and Societies Centre at 84 Albany Street to check out all the different things on offer for you to get amongst this semester.

RADIO ONE & CONVERSE PRESENT: LADYHAWKE, SHE'S SO RAD AND TWO CARTOONS

Union Hall, 8pm. \$25 student.

- TWO CARTOONS -

"We sound like smiles and melodies and forests of flowers in the sun... with two dudes."

Local boys Brad Craig and Isaac McFarlane make up this awesome duo who have made it onto news feeds everywhere after they represented dirty Dunedin on FOUR's "Decent Exposure".

Good to see some local guys at Re-0. How'd you get the gig?

"I'm pretty sure they just asked us... I think they gave it to the band that tweets the most."

One place in Dunedin you think everyone should know about?

"Mou Bar. It's fucking awesome. Two Cartoons has DJ'd there three times now... but it's funny because everyone thinks "Two Cartoons!" and then we just play really heavy dubstep."



Auckland band She's So Rad have been out travelling the world supporting Ladyhawke on her album release tour. The trio, which features duo vocals, guitar, bass and synthesizer with electronic drums and midi sequencing, say the idea behind their sound is that "all the sounds, even though programmed, are still organic, live and allude to the vibe of 90s shoegaze/alt music". In 2011 they released their first album In Circles, which "drift[s] between gorgeously bruised, camouflaged pop songs coated with layers of washed out guitars and effects, and purposefully lo-fi gear that at times alludes to golden era hip hop while sounding modern enough to be tagged chillwave... both economic and profoundly satisfying." Confused? After Wednesday night, it will all make sense.



- LADYHAWKE -

Ladyhawke, aka Pip Brown, is one of the biggest acts Dunedin has seen in quite a while. She released her latest album Anxiety on 25 May, and has been overseas in the UK touring and promoting it for the past six months.

Hi ya Pip. Tell us about Anxiety.

"I tried to start writing straight after I finished touring – I'd been on the road for about two years – but I was just too tired, I couldn't focus on anything. So I took a bit of time off and then started around mid-2010. I didn't really have a clear set idea in mind, I just knew I didn't want it to sound like the first record – I wanted it to be its own thing. It's still pop and still a Ladyhawke album, but I didn't want to repeat myself. One thing I did know was what I wanted the guitars to sound like, and I knew the specific guitar pedals I wanted to use and all that sort of stuff, and I just went from there and experimented and jammed until I had written a song that I was happy with and then I knew that would set the tone for the rest of the record."

What can we expect from the new show?

"I like it to not sound like a carbon copy of the record... it's always a bit rockier than the album is. Even when I play material from the first album."

THURSDAY

CARNIVAL ON CAMPUS/MARKET DAY

OUSA Courtyard, 10am – 4pm. FREE rides.

Unleash your inner child and bring on the sugar high at Carnival on Campus. Free rides, live music, and heaps of stuff for you to spend your allowance on for the week.

INTERNATIONAL FOOD FESTIVAL

OUSA Courtyard, 6 – 9pm. Tokens from OUSA Main Office from June 9.

A cheeky wee sample of food from around the world made for you by students from other countries. Whether you're about to go on your big OE and want to check out the cuisine first, or it's a long way off and you want to experience it from home, this is an opportunity to get yourself a cheap feed, with nothing over \$5.

FRIDAY

COMEDY NIGHT: PAUL EGO & HEATH FRANKLIN'S CHOPPER READ

Forsyth Barr, 8pm. \$12 student.

- PAUL EGO -

Best known for his weekly stint on 7 Days (and the voice of Pak N Save's stick figure), Paul Ego has been popping up in New Zealand comedy in a big way recently.

Do you have any advice for the students down here?

"Cut the crusts off your sandwiches. Don't go for the whole "don't cut them off and then don't eat them", cut them off as soon as they're made, and then you can actually freeze them and turn them into some sort of baton, for the next time the police come round and tell you to get back inside. And you can beat them with a bread baton."

Who would win in a drunken bar fight between John Key and Tim Shadbolt?

"Tim Shadbolt, easily. Without a doubt. I think even if he didn't win through sheer force of punches, he could unleash his laugh like banshees do – you know banshees out at sea? Kind of awawaowoa (mimics Tim's laugh) and I think it would possibly burst John's eardrums, or at least shatter some glass which will fly across the bar and sever one of John's femoral arteries. Tim's got a lot of weapons to draw on there."



- CHOPPER READ -

Heath Franklin's Chopper Read is that comedian with the aviators and the funny mo with a penchant for saying "harden the fuck up" (voted #7 catchphrase of all time in 2009). You've probably seen him on YouTube, he's been on 7 Days, and he's a bit of an Aussie hero. But what you might not know about Chopper is that he's based on a real life dude – an Australian ex-criminal named Mark "Chopper" Read who spent only 13 months (not consecutively) out of prison between the ages of 20 – 38, and had his ears chopped off in prison by another inmate.

Heath Franklin's character is based on this ex-convict, and appeared at the NZ Comedy Festival in 2009 with his show "Harden the Fuck Up, New Zealand!" which basically took the piss out of New Zealand from an Aussie point of view. He's pretty funny, and even though every second word is some variant of 'fuck', he's definitely worth your Re-0 Friday night.

SATURDAY

KORA, LEFT OR RIGHT & DUDSTOWN SOUNDSYSTEM

Union Hall, 8pm. \$30 student.

- DUDSTOWN SOUNDSYSTEM -

Fresh from their appearance at O-Week, DudstOWN Soundsystem are back and bringing a few new things to the table. I spoke to one of their main men on the mic, MC Beau.

What have you got for us that's different to O-Week?

"Tracks from my EP – I've got an EP coming out the week after Re-0 – and we'll also have DJ Shan with us from DudstOWN Soundsystem. He didn't play at O-Week but he's a bit of a legendary dude – it's always good to have him on board and he knows how to rock a party."

Self-description

"As a rapper I'm definitely into more lyrics side of things, but I have to be careful that I don't focus on that too much and make sure the music is enjoyable for all types of people not just the super hip-hop kind of dudes, so I guess that's one aspect of me as an artist."



- LEFT OR RIGHT -

Dunedin locals Left or Right have had a hectic few months promoting their brand new album, *Buzzy*, released on May 14. They played at Sammy's on June 2 as part of their album release tour, and are back at Union Hall for Re-0.

How would you boys describe yourselves?

A genre bending psychedelic rock band that splices reggae flavours and chunky riffs into our song-writing.

Who are your musical influences?

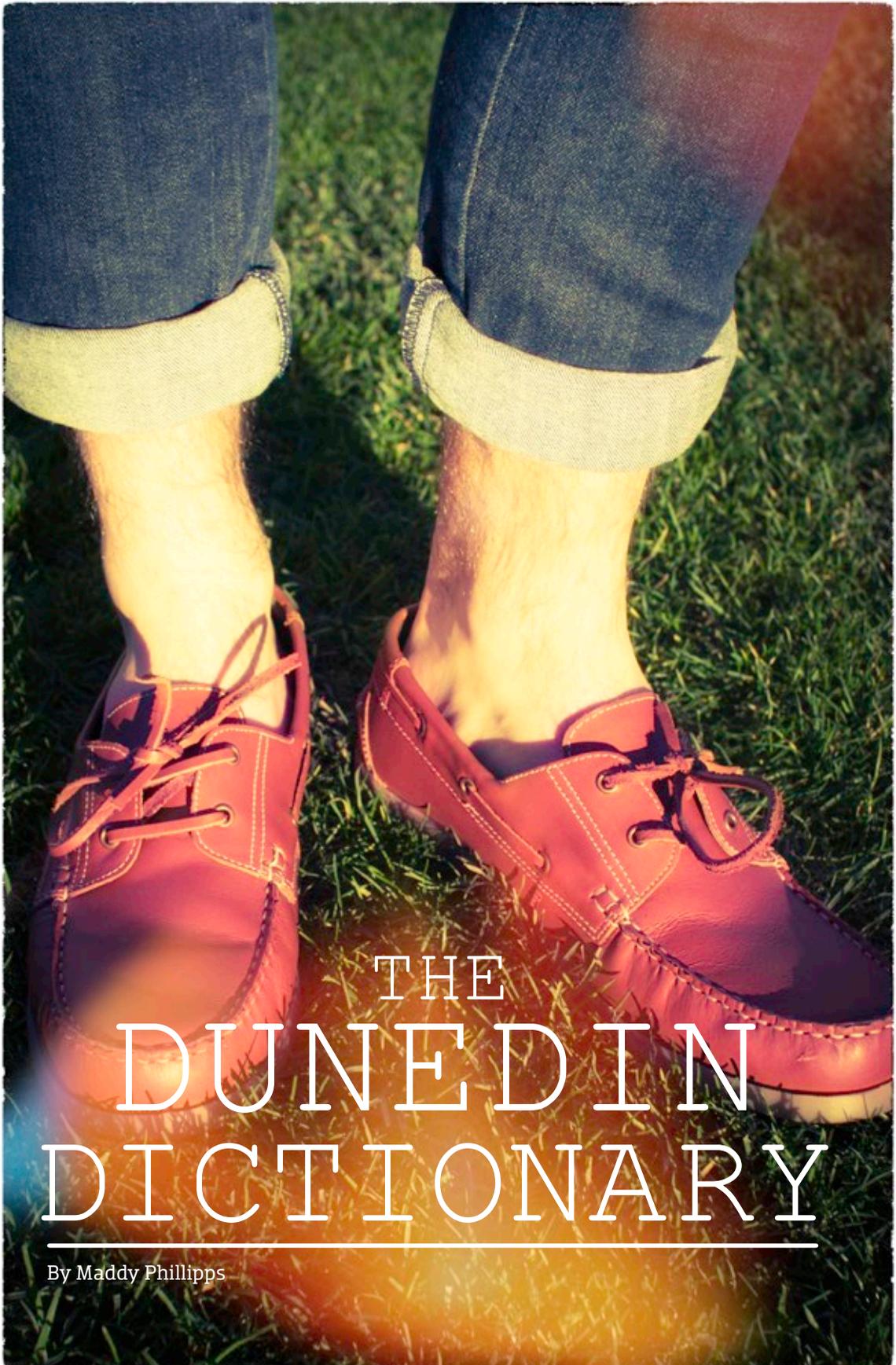
"We are huge fans of a lot of legendary 60s and 70s bands like The Beatles, Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin, Pink Floyd, Black Sabbath, Hendrix, Marley – heaps of stuff. We're also really into watching sports. Sport and musicians aren't supposed to go together but we love our sport. Southland Stags, NZ Warriors, Blackcaps, love it all."

- KORA -

This is one New Zealand band that doesn't disappoint. As the Re-0 finale, they promise to break in the new venue in a seriously big way. Fresh from their overseas tour, they're about to release their first album since 2007. Despite the trademark vocals, *Dreamlife*, the second single, is a little bit unexpected (my one-word description? PacMan). This show is going to be awesome. It promises to showcase their old stuff and a whole lot of their new stuff, all packaged with their trademark sound. If you've never heard of Kora, but can imagine some kind of dubstep/reggae/rock/dub and roots hybrid similar to most of the Kiwi dub and roots/electronica scene (plus their own unique mix of vocals), then this is the gig for you.



Tickets to all Re-0 events are available from the Critic Facebook Page, Dash Tickets or the OUSA Office.



THE
DUNEDIN
DICTIONARY

By Maddy Phillipps

The only thing worse than hearing people casually fling around trendy words and phrases you've never heard of is realising you're so out of touch you still use the word "trendy". Luckily, help is at hand in this blatant Urban Dictionary ripoff, which handily explains a few of the terms you might have heard in the Link/at the lib/on the 'book/at the Cook.

BREEZY ANKLES (*noun*)

The decision to include Breezy Ankles in this dictionary was not a decision taken lightly. Breezy Ankles is no fleeting trend. Breezy Ankles is a way of life.

Whenever the endless self-gratification of a law degree becomes too much to bear, Breezy Ankles is there, reminding you that sometimes the difference between a B+ and an A- is a mere four inches of exposed Achilles tendon.

Whenever the depressingly predictability of your Wellington private school -> BA -> minimum-wage-hospo-job-in-Melbs career trajectory overwhelms you, Breezy Ankles is there, the chilly sou'wester gently rear-ranging your leg hair, reminding you of the volatility of the winds of life.

When we roll up our beige chinos just so, it shows that we are not bound by the stuffy principles of Weather Appropriate Dressing and Selecting Pants That Don't Make Your Legs Look As Disproportionately Short As a Basset Hound's. When we eschew a sock layer between our tender foot-skin and desert boots, we silently assert our disdain for the mainstream's refusal to suffer constant blisters in pursuit of aesthetic perfection. Breezy Ankles is a quiet fuck-you to Harlene Hayne/Logan Edgar/Joe Stockman. It is a powerful stand against the government who dared to take away the student allowance which covers our Slick Willy's tab. It is our riposte to those who accuse the modern student of political apathy. It is our fashion YOLO.

Yesterday an overweight Caversham bogan shed her Supre tank top and got a brand new tramp stamp. The tattoo was not of the Chinese characters for "courage". Nor was it an anaemic butterfly or a miscellaneous Celtic symbol. It was something truly seminal. Etched over her stretch marks in loopy cursive was a phrase which translates as "seize the day". No, not "Carpe Diem". The tattoo said, simply, "Breezy Ankles".

"Those ankles are looking pretty breezy today, but I think they could be breezier, you know?"

"I don't know, I'm already showing three inches..."

"There's a minimum four inches of bare fibula required to go above eighth floor Richardson now."

"FIVE INCHES IT IS."

CUNT

1 (*interjection*)

In this most pure of forms, "cunt" is Dunedin's answer to the more traditional filler words "um", "ah", "hm", "like", and "yeah".

2 (*noun*)

Paradoxically, a guy. Can be used alone or to add emphasis to virtually any preceding adjective, but especially "mad", "good", "sick", "rude", and "shit". "Good cunt" was historically shortened to GC, but this is no longer recommended because someone might think you were actually speaking positively about The GC, a social faux pas from which you might never recover.

3 (*CUNTY, adj*)

Difficult, painful, convoluted. Presumably derived from the difficulty of getting laid anywhere other than Dunedin, where a root is never more than a bottle of Corbans away.

"So are you shit cunts gonna pay me for your pingaz soon?"

"Yeah no worries, tomorrow bro, Studylink is being cuntly."

"Good cunt."

MALTY (*adj*)

also **MALT**, **MALTSTER** (*noun*)

Contraction of "mainstream alty", but particularly appropriate because malty is to salty as Milo is to hot chocolate: bland and inauthentic. Usually from Auckland and studying Law or Commerce, the maltster is drawn to the cult of Breezy Ankles with the same propensity and amorous delight with which mares are drawn to raging stallion boners. Except the malty estrous cycle is never-ending and the only cure is rolling up those jeans ever further. Chunky knitwear, Keds, suede desert boots, boat shoes, and condom hats are popular unisex complements to the malty look. The fresh, neutral malty colour palette combines burgundy, mustard, navy, beige, grey and camel with silver or gunmetal accents. On sunny days Wayfarers are de rigueur, although girls may experiment with circular Karen Walker (for the rich Aucklanders) or Le Specs (for the less rich non-Aucklanders) frames.

Musically the maltster is probably into old school hip-hop and something along the lines of Edward Sharpe or perhaps the Magnetic Zeros or Peter Bjorn and John, although debate rages over whether the latter is malty only in Wellington and full-blown salty further south. Dubstep and electro were both briefly malty but have ultimately ended up in Monkey Bar purgatory.

In a stunning paradigm shift in the scarfie blueprint, now virtually every Otago student who is neither truly salty nor a diehard codehead occupies the No Mans' Land of Malt, which is to the cult of Breezy Ankles as Rome is to Catholicism or Topeka, Kansas is to the Westboro Baptist Church. God Hates Warm Ankles, y'all.

NB: All malties believe themselves to be salty.

"How's second year law going?"

"I saw two blondes in topknots cuffing each other's jeans during Contract yesterday. They sort of caressed each other's ankles. It was hot."

"Mmmmm. Maltster porn."

MONG (*noun, verb*)

also **MONGINESS** (*noun*), **MONGY** (*adj*)

Deeply inappropriate and totally offensive but incredibly useful term indicating general uselessness and incoherence; usually a result of excess consumption of pingaz, weed or SoGos. Pre-11pm staggy chat seamlessly transitions into monging in the small hours and the following day. Bong is usually followed by mong.

"What are you up to today bro?"

"Fucking nothing ay, pretty mongy, waiting for green. You?"

"Just monging out in front of Nigella Express. Dirty slut."

RAT ASSED (*adj*)

So MONGED you would probably try to WAX a UNICOL GIRL if she briefly made eye contact with you across the Monkey Bar D floor and mouthed "Call me maybe".

"Jack was absolutely rat assed last night. Heard he went home with some chick from Waverly, shat the bed then snuck out at midnight wearing her brother's jeans. Not sure what he found more traumatic, the shirt or wearing bootleg pants."

SALTY (*adj*)

also **SALT**, **SALTSTER** (*adj*)

Contraction of "so alty". Where the maltster merely aspires towards alternative credentials, the saltster is the genuine article. This rare creature is endemic to Wellington. Occasionally one hears whispers on the wind of truly salty Aucklanders or Dunedinites, but such tales are thought to be apocryphal.

Saltsters are Dunedin's trendsetters. They are a bit like the brown rats which ultimately brought the Black Death from the fringes to the European masses, except they disseminate cultural plagues as opposed to the bubonic kind. Although anyone who was forced to suffer through the topknot trend of 2011 would probably disagree with that minor point of difference. Also like the plague rat, the saltster's preferred hangouts are rubbish skips (as the gritty urban backdrop for arty photo shoots), opshops (to gather dusty scraps of polyester perfect for nesting), and the kitchen (to pursue pipe dream of professional food blogging).

The only salty degrees are Arts, Music, and Design. There are no exceptions. Salts have been known to fail papers if any lectures, tutorials and exams take place in the pit of malty depravity that is the Commerce Building.

Unlike the maltster, there is no definitive salty ensemble, but saltsters are still easy to identify. Simply look for the person who appears to have slathered their naked body in superglue then taken a casual stroll through a Bolivian shanty town. Hair is unbrushed and asymmetric. On men, facial scruff is mandatory.

When they aren't lamenting their 2011 MacBook Pro's lack of retina display and Instagramming photos of their rustic home baking, the saltster mainlines weird ambient trip-hop and the Smiths. If pressed they would describe their music taste/clothing/lifestyle as "eclectic", a word which here means "pretentious as fuck".

Salts never describe themselves as such. To suggest that they belong to any wider social group is bad enough, but to suggest that their complex individual eclecticism can be summed up in a single word is to rub you-know-what in the wounds.

"So, have you fucked Josh yet?"

"Yes. And you were so wrong about him. He's definitely salty, not just malty."

"Babe. That's like saying someone's got full-blown AIDS instead of just HIV."

STAGGY (adj)

Short for stagnant. Basically the social/career/life equivalent of that hideous destitute period between lunch and dinner when all seems bleak and grey. Most often used in the phrase "staggy chat", which can be applied to any level of pinging, greened-out, drunk, circlejerky or just plain bad chat. Also useful to describe hungover days, cold days, and generally lazy days. So, basically every day in North Dunedin.

"Fuck we've been staggy lately. Might go to Unipol."

"It's raining."

"Pass the bong."

UNICOL GIRL (noun)

A syphilitic amorphous blob of congealed semen.

"Hey, was that a Unicol girl?"

"Nah, just a soggy biscuit."

WAX (verb)

To fuck someone. Derived from the way a woman's vagina lubricates a man's penis in the manner of a bogan wielding TurtleWax and a chummy.

"Yeh bol, Sam was waxing Jess the whole time you two were going out. Didn't want to tell you because I was kinda hoping to have a wax as well."

INTERESTING THINGS

FOR INTERESTING PEOPLE

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BEFORE GETTING STARTED, I MUST ADMIT THAT, AS A FOURTH-YEAR POLITICS STUDENT, ASSESSING the National Party's second term in government for my first feature is like a dream come true. A sad dream (and a confession likely to diminish my chances of getting laid for a while), but a dream nonetheless.

But politics is important, goddammit. With the never-ending economic "crisis", partial asset sales, and cuts in public services, namely education, National's agenda is beginning to affect everybody. It is important that we start to pay attention.

I caught up with a Dunedin MP from each of the leading political parties – Michael Woodhouse of National, David Clark of Labour, and Metiria Turei, co-leader of the Green Party – to shed some light on the state of our nation.

THE NATION

By Michael Neilson

A BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR NATIONAL?

National currently sits at a 45.8% approval rating in the polls, their lowest result since the November elections. If an election were held today, a Labour-Green-Mana coalition could potentially form a government if they were able to convince the Maori Party to change sides.

Michael Woodhouse is not fazed. He believes National's second term is in fact going "very, very well." Woodhouse argues that National "is delivering on the things we campaigned on...fiscal policy and economic growth, partial float of state assets, the welfare reform agenda, and the dairy industry reform."

So is the National government really in a strong position? According to Dr. Bryce Edwards, a lecturer in politics at Otago, "No, I think the government is in a really weak position at the moment... we are just seeing so much political mismanagement from the Prime Minister and cabinet ministers. I think the tide has really turned." Unsurprisingly, Clark and Turei agree. Says Clark, "The mood is changing. It is vastly different to what it was six months ago. It started with the teapot tape, the ACC scandal, Sky City, education, and the constant asset sales issues." Metiria Turei believes there is an increasing disconnect between National's media spin and what they are actually doing. "The government keeps saying nice things, and doing the complete opposite."

PARTIAL ASSET SALES/FLOAT DEBACLE

Leading up to the November 2011 election National campaigned on an economic growth strategy that included the "partial sale" of certain state assets. There is much debate as to whether the sales will actually help our economy and whether the assets will stay in New Zealand hands. While National has never looked like backing down, public opposition is mounting. Labour, the Green Party, New Zealand First, and Mana are working together to gather signatures for a referendum.

Parliament passed legislation enabling the sales by a one-vote majority on June 26, and Woodhouse believes the campaign is going well. "We started talking about it in February 2011...it is a piece of a broader fiscal and economic policy that we see as important." Citing the election result as their mandate, National is looking to have the Mighty River power company sold before the year is out. Woodhouse emphasises that a referendum on the matter will not sway National's ambitions.

Clark and Turei disagree. Clark believes a referendum will ensure National's demise, and sees asset sales as indicative of National's divisive agenda. "It will be of interest to National's support base...but doesn't seem to be of interest to most New Zealanders, middle New Zealanders who miss out." Turei is just as opposed, and believes that "we need to keep those state assets in NZ hands for economic and environmental reasons".

IS ECONOMIC GROWTH EVERYTHING?

Ever since that mother of all economic crises came along, politicians seem to want to talk about nothing other than economics and growth.

Woodhouse is no different. He believes that "the economic growth agenda is the single most important thing facing the government at the moment." He emphasises that we need to get our economy back into surplus and boost the "Crown coffers" quickly so that we can "fund retirement, healthcare, education, and all of those other things we see as universal rights".

Unsurprisingly, Clark is critical of the government's economic agenda. He claims that people are actually poorer since National came to office. While National is incredibly optimistic about their "vision" for New Zealand, Clark believes they have "no real plan" to achieve it.

An often-overlooked issue is inequality. According to an OECD report released in December last year, inequality in New Zealand has grown faster than in any other developed country since the 1980s. With over 300,000 New Zealand children living in relative poverty, it seems ridiculous that the Government is not paying the issue more attention. Clark cites the tax cuts of 2010 as a major factor in the increasing inequality. "Some people in the really top bracket are better off, but most middle New Zealanders are not."

"The economic growth agenda is the single most important thing facing the government at the moment"



Turei agrees. She believes that "National has a very narrow sense of what economic growth is. The Greens understand the economy through the lens of economic development, and that means investing in people."

Turei further argues that the government should be creating more green jobs. "There is an enormous global market in renewable and sustainable technology – that is where the globe is moving."

WE DON'T NEED NO EDUCATION, OR SO WE'RE TOLD...

A typical student would struggle to call National a friend. Following the latest budget, which included cuts to allowance entitlement and higher loan repayment rates, Minister of Finance Bill English quipped that students "should count themselves lucky that they've still got interest free loans and get on with it... Get your training finished and get a job and start contributing."

Woodhouse agrees. While there have been some "nips and tucks to entitlement", he believes that we still have "one of the most generous tertiary education support networks in the world."

Obviously Woodhouse has forgotten that tertiary education was free and there was a universal allowance in New Zealand up until 1990, a period in which many of today's politicians received their education. I wonder how he'd survive on \$171 a week of "survival costs" in the high-quality housing of Castle Street.

RED-GREEN TO THE RESCUE!

David Clark, who was Head of Selwyn College before entering Parliament, believes the education cuts are "sending the signal that you are really only going to get to uni if you are wealthy and you have the privilege of having educated parents."

Labour and the Greens ultimately support universal allowances, although Clark offers the vague caveat "as we can afford it". The Greens go further, opposing student loans altogether: "People are being forced to pay for what is a public good." Not content with slashing tertiary education funding, National have attempted to cut teacher numbers in public schools, arguing it would not affect the quality of education. A red-faced John Key had to eat his words after previously being quoted as saying that he sends his children to private schools because "they have smaller class sizes".

“They’ve taken us backwards but not too far backwards, and in 2014 a Robertson- and Cunliffe-led Labour will rise like the phoenix to take the country into a new, enlightened age of social democracy.”



Turei disagrees with National's education cuts across the board. She believes that ultimately National "are treating quality education like a privilege... There is an argument for greater public investment in education at every level, because we know it is good for our families and our economy to have a highly educated population." The cuts and the recent closure of TVNZ 7 make it easy to argue that a highly educated population is not part of National's "brighter future".

OUR DEAR LEADER

Prime Minister John Key's uniquely "low-key" (sorry) personality and his ever-present smile played a large part in National's rise to power. Edwards argues that "despite being the \$55 million man, [Key] was seen as someone who understood everyday people, who was down-to-earth." Yet National's current decline is largely attributed to Key's increasing disconnect with the public. As he tries to hobnob with the Queen and other heads of government, he is starting to appear more like a typically arrogant politician. Edwards believes the public is more impressed by images of him in his shorts having a beer at a barbeque, which says a lot about New Zealand culture as a whole.

But despite all those cringe-worthy moments where Key seems to reinvent the English language with new words like "Troaty", there are some moments that really make us proud to be New Zealanders. I don't think any leader in the history of New Zealand has been quite as courageous as Dear John. Sure, David Lange sent the Americans and their nuclear warships packing, but that's nothing on attempting a three-way handshake in front of millions worldwide after the Rugby World Cup final.

A SLIPPERY SLOPE TO 2014

For National, the road to the 2014 elections is not looking too clear. Increasingly divisive issues like asset sales are hurting National's popularity. John Key's never-ending smile is beginning to fade, and so too are National's chances of re-election in 2014.

Law and politics student/tutor Sam McChesney believes that "this National government is basically a placeholder while Labour sorts its shit out. They've taken us backwards but not too far backwards, and in 2014 a Robertson- and Cunliffe-led Labour will rise like the phoenix to take the country into a new, enlightened age of social democracy." Fresher Ally Harper is more blunt: "Obviously John Key doesn't understand we can't drink money: frack is wack."

There has been an obvious change in political mood of late in Aotearoa, and people are starting to realise that John Key's vision of a brighter future is yet another right-wing delusion. Judging by the increasing amount of political activism, with the student-led "blockade the budget" in Auckland, the ongoing "Save TVNZ 7" campaign, and the growing opposition to "Partial Asset Sales", there is definitely growing discontent.

From the people I've spoken with, I get a sense that the process for change is in good hands. There is no reason why the future can't be "bright" – we're just going to need the "John the Visionary" to step aside.

ME LOVE YOU LONG TIME

Critic's blind date column has been running for a while now. We've all got some good laughs out of it, and at least a few people have scored themselves a night of romance. But here at Critic we feel that it's time that we stepped it up a notch. The date is now at Little India to add a little more spice. But that's not all; each week our blind daters will have an extra challenge to deal with, which they won't be told about until they arrive for their date. If you want in on the action, email critic@critic.co.nz with your details.

LEO

WITH A RECENTLY ACQUIRED FREE PASS TO A BLIND DATE IT WAS EMPHATIC THAT it should be dished out to our friend Uncle Gary. Ol' Gary has hit a bit of a dry spot with the tottie. Plus recently drying off for the season with the intention "no more booze for you Uncle Gaza". Gary seemed rather enthusiastic about the experience, receiving texts early one morning: "Uncle Keithy, can I really go on this blind date?"

- Yes Uncle Gary.

It was settled. We waited outside the rendezvous point of the date making sure he turned up. Nerves hit the poor sod, in came the texts of freak out. In reply reassuring texts of his mana were sent. Finally Uncle Gary arrived, with fear itself on his handsome unshaven mug.

We followed in five mins later, with sound recording equipment attached. Fetishising a notion of making a concrete sound piece of Uncle Gary on a blind date in an Indian Restaurant, alas the acoustics didn't allow.

Trying to keep in character yet being amused by the chastely voyeur sight of the despairing face of Uncle Gary at his seat with his potential paramour. Politely digesting whatever pleasantries one dribbles on a blind date with seedy creature eyes emerging from the night, yet reassuring like a womb. We were aroused. At that note we left, musing over the situation that our dear Uncle Gary was in. We were off into our comfy beds.

Then came the texts ... Apparently Uncle Gary had fallen off the wagon.

"It's all because of this blind date. I'm drunk" Once again, reassuringly texts were sent in reply. With a reminder that a report was to be written in the morning about his outing.

"Can't do the writing. Broke my arm ***** her in Little India." Uncle Gary replied.

- Okay then, what have you got to say about the date? "She was a fat funny boiling hose beast dressed in a garbage sack." Do you want to be quoted on that? "My balls are shriveled up forever after that nightmare frightmare date from hell. You can quote me on that one."

KATE

I ARRIVED AT LITTLE INDIA, AND APPROACHED THE STAFF TO TELL THEM THAT I was there for the blind date. They seated me next to a group of about 12 people so it was really loud, I waited, 7.00pm hit, then 7.05pm, I was getting a bit more nervous as time went on... finally at 7.15pm a casually dressed guy came into the restaurant and the wait staff indicated towards my table.

He came over and introduced himself, and said I have a bottle of wine! Cool... he sat down and, we started talking. I asked him what he does he replied ... "Musician". In my head I thought Ohhhk... that means you're unemployed ... Oh well, each to their own. He looked a lot older than I was, and then I was informed that he had a five year old son. I tried to keep the chatter up, asking what his interests were, and if he went to university. He didn't. I finally came to the awkward conclusion that he wasn't the one that was meant to be on the date. He later informed me that indeed he wasn't and that his friend was, but he had chickened out.

We ordered our food, and after him plying me with a few glasses of wine, to his one, I started having an alright time. We found that we had some friends in common, and just continued to talk about music. I was feeling that the blind date was going better than it had at the start.

We finished our meal, he didn't really eat his food claiming he didn't have an appetite, and it seemed he was just interested in plying me with more alcohol. I told him I had work the next day, so we left Little India around 8.20pm. We got outside, to my surprise he then informed me that his friend that was meant to go on the date was actually in Little India as well that night, maybe trying to make things awkward. I thought that was really creepy and told him he had really weird friends. Guys these days need to grow some balls! And then I walked off. Thanks Critic for the free feed, and to the staff at Little India, the meal was great!



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Dunedin Public Art Gallery
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| AUCKLAND | Thursday 26 July
Pullman Auckland (formally Hyatt)
Cnr Princes St & Waterloo Quadrant |



ROBERT HOOKE – BRITISH POLYMATH / PETER PAN'S NEMESIS*

By Toby Newberry

HEY PERSON READING CRITIC, HERE'S YOUR FIRST TASTE OF MICROBIOGRAPHIA: awesome people you should have heard of but might not have. Each week I'll profile a different historical bad-ass, letting you know why they deserve wider acclaim and, on occasion, why they currently languish in obscurity. My selections are probably going to be biased in a couple of ways. I'm thinking Europeans with philosophical or scientific achievements are likely to be over-represented. This isn't personal, it's just that I happen to know more about said people than, say, Chinese athletes. Anyways, I'll do my best. Our first subject is Robert Hooke, a European scientist.

The mid-17th century was a turbulent time for England. In 1666, the Devil's year, outbreaks of plague caused the closure of Cambridge University. In September that same year, the Great Fire destroyed much of London. Amidst such turmoil, Robert Hooke rose to prominence. Through his various scientific achievements, Hooke became head of the Royal Society and established himself as one of Europe's leading minds. This was no mean feat considering his contemporaries included Gottfried Leibniz and Isaac Newton.

Although Hooke's interests were diverse, his biggest achievement was probably in the field of microscopy (ironically, this was also his smallest achievement). He spent a lot of time tinkering around with microscopes and drawing the stuff he saw. These collected drawings became *Micrographia*, the first scientific bestseller (hey look! It's like the title! I see what I did there) It was in *Micrographia* that Hooke coined the term "cell". This, as it turns out, is probably his best-known achievement. Health Scis basically have a course named by him.

Hooke's accomplishments don't stop there. He was the architect of various iconic London buildings (Bedlam, St Paul's). What's more, he conducted important work on memory, gravitation, and astronomy. In fact, considering the breadth and substance of his achievements, it seems odd that he's not better known. Historians have called Hooke "England's Leonardo" – but everyone knows who Leonardo is. Most people who've heard of Hooke only know him through high-school physics (Hooke's law). So what happened? How does such an accomplished man, so prominent in his time, come to wallow in relative obscurity?

The answer (gasp!) is through the dastardly machinations of one Sir Isaac Newton. That's right, the famous guy with the apple and gravity who, it turns out, was a bit of a dick. Newton had beef with Hooke about gravitation. Hooke published some work on this before Newton, then accused him of pilfering ideas. So when Hooke died, Newton did his best to conceal his achievements. This included the destruction of all known portraits. Harsh.

*Not actually true; that was Captain James Hook.



STUDY MUMMIES

By Taryn Dryfhout

THINK UNIVERSITY IS TOUGH? TRY STUDYING WHILE RAISING KIDS, DESPITE THE complete absence of any support for "study mummies".

When I was growing up, it was common for mothers and working adults to go to night classes at uni. That allowed people who couldn't give up their employment or their children to get an education. Where have these night classes gone? I'm not talking about heading to the local high school every Wednesday evening where you learn to cook Thai food. I'm talking formal education, happening outside the 9 – 5 workday. Parents have enough pressures without trying to make daytime lectures. With no night classes, the only option left for those of us trying to achieve academically is day-care, which brings me to my next beef.

The University website boasts that it has four centres available for children of students and staff. Sounds super, except I am told the staff's children make up most of the numbers, leaving few spaces for the children of students. Childcare is a rare commodity now, and the fact that students who are already struggling with money, workload, and family life can't even get this just adds to the frustration. Why bother to offer childcare as a service to students if it's almost impossible for students to utilise it? Having been on the waiting list for a year, I got a call from the centre saying that they had a full-time spot. They could accommodate the childcare needs of one of my children. What about the other two?

In my experience, there is also very little support from lecturers. As child-care was almost impossible to get in my first year, I asked my mother to watch the kids while I attended lectures. She could look after them for me, but only while I was at lectures. It looked like things might work out until I went to one of my first classes, where the teacher informed me that everyone had to attend tutorials. After having calmly explained to three other lecturers why I couldn't make tutorials, I approached this teacher to do the same. Long story short, she was not so understanding, and I received a substantial grade reduction for failing to attend tutorials.

Isn't it for the benefit of the whole country that us stay-at-home mums get out there and educate ourselves, so that when our children go to school we can go to work? All we need is support for working twice as hard as single students with half the amount of spare time. We aren't looking for a free ride through uni. All we ask is that each day does not contain some colossal obstruction to our studying goals!



SAYING NO

By La di Da

"So, I ALWAYS THOUGHT QUEER WAS A NASTY WORD." THE WELL-MEANING middle-aged cis-woman leans in, her head cocked to the left. "Can you explain it to me? What do you mean by queer?" She has a kind face, and her body language indicates she wants to listen. Often as a queer activist/educator I feel a pull, a responsibility, to spend time talking things through with people like her.

But today I don't. Sandwich in my hand, I am yet to eat my lunch. The room is crowded with people yarning, and I am tired after a day at a conference. Also, this question bores me. I must have answered it 458 times this year alone. I say, "Hey, cool you're interested, sounds like you need to do some reading about it. I'm off-duty at the moment, but there are heaps of resources if you Google it". I sip my tea and watch her face shift. I can see she is confused that I haven't complied, hurt that I haven't answered her seemingly simple question. She is possibly wondering why I am so mean and probably thinking I should be grateful that she's asked me about a topic I am obviously invested in. She thought she was doing the right thing.

A similar thing happened last week when I was contacted by a reporter and asked for comment. In spite of my ego, I said no. I said no because the story they wanted to tell and the story I wanted to tell were really different, and I didn't trust they'd use my words appropriately.

Even the most generous educators need to be selective about where they invest their energy. Personally, I'm trying not to get drawn into conversations that will be a lot of hard work and offer little in return. Why should I go through the hassle of educating you if I am not especially invested in our relationship? Sweet pea, please don't mistake me for Wikipedia. I need to eat my lunch just like everyone else. And in advising this woman to do some research, I have already done half the work. Maybe when she has read something she can come back and we can have a more reciprocal and respectful conversation.

Being picky about where I invest my energy is something I am learning to do. I think it is important to choose when to say "no", "not today", "not now", and "maybe later once you have done some work of your own".



ANOTHER MANIFESTO

By Lukas Clark-Memler

I'VE OWNED A KINDLE FOR THE LAST FIVE MONTHS. FOR THE FIRST THREE, IT never left its box. Then, in a moment of acute guilt and procrastination, I decided to open the thing up and give it a test drive. I loaded a few novels on and made a real effort at using it in lieu of the traditional book. Frankly, it didn't do it for me. Despite the convenience and sophistication of having an entire library of texts on a handheld machine, my Kindle is back in its cardboard prison.

I consider myself a tech savvy guy. I keep up to date with the latest gadgets, and, ashamedly, I'm a sucker for Apple's manipulative marketing. But new isn't always better. Give me a pock-marked, coffee-stained, paper-back novel over the cold efficiency of Amazon's Kindle any day.

Same goes for online media. The place of the physical publication in contemporary society is staggeringly precarious. The exponential growth of the online publishing world threatens the very existence of print media, much in the same way that digital music is savagely destroying physical CD sales. While technological evolution and innovation is inevitable, sometimes life moves a little too fast.

The world of music criticism has also been pushed in a disconcertingly digital-age direction. The influential music magazine *Spin* announced at the end of last year that they planned to completely eschew conventional music journalism in favour of Twitter-inspired reviews, limited to only 140 characters. This is writing for our ADHD-afflicted epoch. Welcome to the future.

With my new column, *For The Record*, I offer you my unabashedly biased take on today's music scene. I'm not here to criticise or patronise, I just want to share beautiful sounds with you – aural treats that you might otherwise have missed.

It is tragic how much music we miss in our busy day-to-day lives and how much we simply are unaware of. More tragic still is the fact that most of the music that we do come into contact with is made by machines, with the sole intention of commercial gain. But every so often an artist comes along and dazzles; an album unites a generation; a song spawns an uprising. The revolution will not be televised, but it sure as hell will have a soundtrack.

Oh and for the record, if you need a little sonic something to get you through the hot, filthy, delirious mess that is *Re-O Week*, try a blast of *Killer Mike's* latest finger-lickin' good release, *R.A.P Music*. Turn the volume up, crank standout track "Big Beast", and go nuclear.



THE QUASI-TOTALITARIAN INSIPID DISAPPOINTMENT MACHINE

By Creepy Uncle Sam

WELCOME TO CRITIC'S MOST REDUNDANT NEW COLUMN: A WEEKLY UPDATE ON the United States Presidential election. Redundant, because over the next few months you will have so much Decision 2012 dumped on your head you'll feel like German zookeeper Friedrich Riesfeldt, who, having administered 22 doses of animal laxative to his constipated elephant Stefan, strayed too close to the plugged-up pachyderm's derriere and was buried alive. To stretch the metaphor to breaking point, my role in this story is like that of Brigitte the antelope handler and amateur scatologist, who stood by and analysed the poo as it cascaded downward.

Anyway. One factor more than any other ensures that this will be the most omnipresent election ever. Namely a case called Citizens United v. Federal Electoral Commission, which effectively removed donation and spending limits on political campaigning. The candidates (through their proxies, called "super PACs") are free to spend as much as they like, and rumour has it Barack Obama is on track to accumulate the world's first \$1bn election war chest.

So it's a pity the two candidates (no, Ron Paul doesn't count) are so utterly uninspiring. Obama has fallen a long way from his shiny hope-y poster Jesus persona of 2008, and now is merely the world's most politically correct quasi-totalitarian insipid disappointment machine. The extent of Obama's drift to the right was reflected in the Republican nomination race. The race was largely an attempt to articulate a coherent position to the right of Obama, and – surprise! – all the inhabitants of this ideological Mordor turned out to be completely insane.

Mitt Romney, on the other hand, suffers from what I like to call John Key Syndrome – he's a fantastically wealthy man with no real beliefs or policy, making it difficult to see why he's running for office at all. Maybe he wants the cool house. Maybe he wants to be on the new \$1,000 note when inflation gets really bad. Maybe he's just a cold, power-hungry robot. Maybe we'll never know.

In a nutshell, this election is the best possible advertisement for not having elections. It will literally make you hate freedom, and you will wish you never hear the word "Obamacare" again (but rest assured, you will).

So yes, I'm already a jaded, cynical wreck, but at least by the end of the semester I'll have you as company.



SEX AND DEATH IN CHINA

By Brittany Mann

THIS COLUMN WAS INSPIRED BY CONVERSATIONS WITH FRIENDS (PARTICULARLY med students) who have time and again proved to be woefully ignorant of the earth-shattering events that regularly unfold just beyond our borders.

I am no current affairs expert. I am not a policy analyst or an investigative journalist. All of the information in these columns is freely available online. But for those disinclined to venture into the "World" section of the New York Times or the Guardian, I humbly offer up some snippy snippets of happenings happening next door in our global village. If all that you take away from reading this column is a vague sentiment of "Christ, how awful, I never knew", well, I'll be thrilled.

This week's scandal involves sex and death in China. In early June Chinese mother Feng Jianmei refused to pay a US \$6,300 fine for becoming pregnant with her second child. She was kidnapped and beaten by "family planning" authorities, and her labour was forcibly induced, resulting in the death of her seven-month-old foetus.

Graphic photos of Feng in a hospital bed next to her dead baby went viral on the internet (Google if you dare). Unusually, the Chinese government made local authorities offer her an apology and compensation. However, Feng's husband has since been beaten and harassed when he tried to go to lawyers and the media. At the time of writing, Feng was being held under guard in hospital.

The one child policy is the Chinese government's solution to population control. Living standards are rising, people are living longer, and the environment and infrastructure cannot withstand the pressure. Ironically, the reason living standards are rising is the explosive economic growth that is fuelled by China's gigantic labour force.

Ultimately, the one child policy might prove to be more trouble than it's worth. Each child will soon have to single-handedly support two parents and four grandparents. Also, population growth will soon begin to level off, resulting in a smaller labour force whose members will be less disposable, and will therefore have to be paid more.

There is lots of talk about China's "rise" and America's parallel decline, but China might just prove to be its own worst enemy. In the meantime, how many more Feng Jianmeis will there be? It's a safe bet that this is not the first time this has happened, and nor will it be the last.

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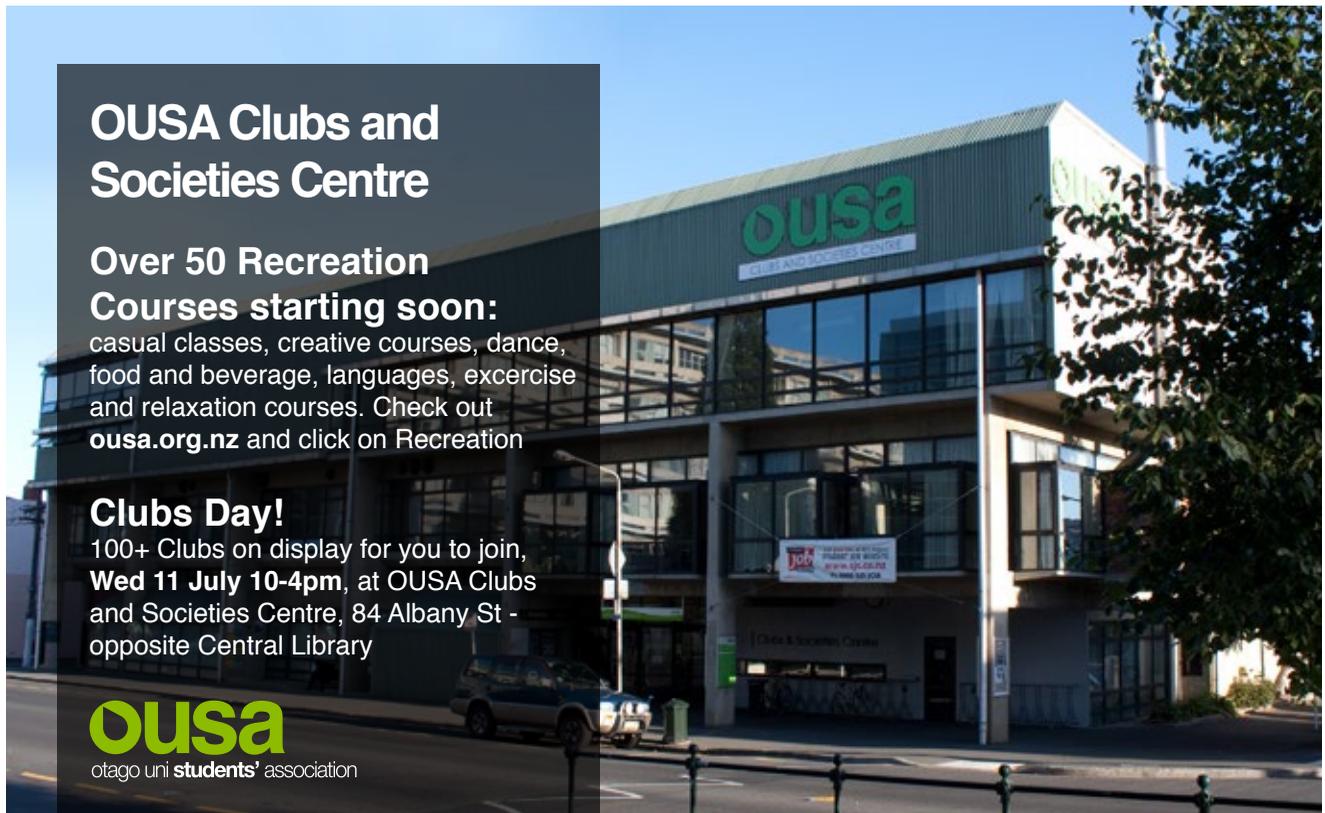
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DO WE HAVE TO TALK ABOUT IT?

By Louise from Checker-out St Flat

WHEN I FIRST MET TIM HE TURNED UP AT THE FLAT WITH AN ICE-CREAM CONTAINER filled with caramel slice and a collection of faded pink luggage from his "sister". My flatmate Shane told me that Tim reeked of virgin, which apparently smells like velvet corduroys. This made me wonder three things simultaneously. How did Shane know what corduroy smelled like? Why the fuck was I flating with someone who sniffed virgins and had a curious twitch? And did my sexual status have a particular odor?

Things like the sexual scent of your potential flatmates are not always the first details you might consider when moving in with strangers, but perhaps they should be. Sex reveals all. Or, as my flatmates taught me, "it's the thing you can thank for the fun slippery ride down your mum's vagina." Yeah, that bundle of hilarity came from Shane.

But if Shane could sniff and tell so well, he should have realised that the problem for me when it comes to sex is that although I can write as dirtily as the next Erika Leonard, talking about it is another kettle of lubricated dildos [Insert chaste story of girl who grew up in a convent]. The Bible has countless scenes of earth-shattering sex. You just need to Dan Brown those tales and discover the mystery, or Google it. In the end, I have learned that I'm an inherently private person, but flating has taught me that it's okay to both be private and talk about sex. Don't tell me that I sound like a retired minx of a Grandmother trying to be subtle to the bus driver about getting party-roached 20 years ago. I'm just being real. And you know how this happened? Talking about sex with the flat during dinner.

It all started out on a Friday night, when we sat around the table in the lounge, eating sausage and the innuendos that came along with it. Candlelight reflected from Shane's wine glass as he held it to his lips. We watched as Tim took a sausage up to his mouth. His lips encircled the end, which was dripping with rich red sauce. He masticated hard as his throat lubricated with saliva. Then, around that hard wooden table, the conversation got dirty. And so, like the pubescent fapper of a magazine it is, Critic came wanking along, sweaty for a flash of the topics we discussed.

My flat's column may be hard to deep-throat, but you might find you like the taste.

We learned to talk about sex, and fuck it was good.



WELCOME TO PARLIAMENT!

By Holly Walker

BEING CRITIC EDITOR WAS GREAT PREPARATION FOR BEING AN MP. I LEARNED how to put in long nights, manage staff, and be zen about a constantly overflowing inbox. Also, how to do a proper keg stand. That's less relevant now.

Now, I get to "give back" to Critic by writing a column about life in Parliament. This is the first one. To be honest, I get plenty out of this too (i.e. a free political soapbox), but I promise to keep things at least mildly entertaining.

Fans of *The West Wing* (SO realistic) will know about "taking out the trash", when officials release unpalatable news when no-one is likely to hear it. That's what the Government did last Friday afternoon – before the school holidays, no less – when it released background documents from Budget 2012 into a big black void. Just in case you missed it, I wanted to share Treasury's advice about student loan repayment rates.

As you may know, depending on how far ahead you've thought, you'll have to start paying your loan back when you start working. Once you earn over \$19,000 (less than the full-time equivalent of the minimum wage) you'll automatically have 10% of your income deducted. With the changes in the Budget, this will go up to 12%. I think this is shit.

12% is a lot for someone working in retail or hospo while looking for their dream job. It's also a lot for someone further down the track, in a more dream-like job, but trying to save for a house or support a family. It interacts poorly with policies like Kiwisaver and Working for Families, so that for many people it actually creates a disincentive to earn more.

When the announcement was made, I proposed a progressive repayment rate (you pay more when you can actually afford to, as your income increases) as an alternative way to achieve the Government's goals without unfairly targeting new grads and young families. It was therefore nice to see this supported by Treasury in its advice to Ministers about the change. They called the change "poorly targeted", warned that it could be a disincentive to earn more, and suggested that more analysis was needed. Only two days before the Budget, the Government was still deciding whether to increase the rate to 11% or 12%. Clearly a well-considered policy.

Still, Treasury's advice on this rubbish policy went out with the rest of the trash on Friday, and with that dealt with, Parliament went into recess for two weeks. The confusing circular halls of the Beehive are strangely deserted. Select committees have briefly ceased arguing about whether they need a tea trolley in their meetings. A reporter wore some disco pants, and we all checked out her arse.

Welcome to Parliament!



LOL

By Alice O'Connell

DON'T WORRY – WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, THE ODT WAS ALL OVER THE CRITICAL issues affecting Dunedinites and those further afield. As ever, it delivered informative and insightful reporting.

For instance, it was able to help Jenny from Brockville, who encountered dire trouble with her electric kettle. Her public appeal for help made Page Two:

Water bitter —
can you help?

Rest assured though, a huge influx of handy tips and tricks was received.

It's the jug, Jenny,
not the water

It's the jug, Jenny.

Meanwhile, in Porirua, a racial slur at an Under 11s rugby match resulted in a punch-up between parents and coaches.

"These incidents are are very
rare in Porirua."

You sure about that?

Chefs try to take the awful out of offal

This piece on the Wall Street Mall's offal food science demonstration, where deer pizzle (a penis based soup apparently) was on offer, exemplifies the ODT's talent for sophisticated wordplay. Michelle Whittaker commented:

Michelle Whittaker said the
consomme looked "disturbing"
and she did not like "the idea of
drinking penis".

And finally, from the ODT's extensive racism files:

Rice nice, tourism boss says

Way to win over those Asians ODT.



MR. FISH & MRS. FISH

By Brad Watson

You sit there
(Can you call it sitting?)
staring inquisitively out.
Is it true about your
memory?
That sucks

Actually, you suck.
No actually, you do:
I've seen you
sucking up all the water
Calling it breathing.
We breathe too you know,
but do you see us
sucking?

Actually, what do
you see? Inside out not
outside in?
Do you remember?
Do you prefer watching,
or being watched?

Actually, I think
to be watched is more exciting:
someone must like
you praise
you to watch
you. Funny though.
I don't really like
you

You just sit there
(Yes, I've decided you can sit)
staring inquisitively out
sucking all the air
out of your room

I don't know how
you put up with him:
sitting and sucking
while you, well, you
are great:
sucking while sitting

Did you marry him
for his gold?
The Treasure Chest
outside your artificial
coral home?
A plastic jungle:
it's nice.

Oh, is it not
a money thing? More
a looks thing?
He is gold, being a gold-
fish and all

Do you ever wonder
what goes on outside
your glass prism?
You probably can't even
remember can you?
You're all caught
up in the moment!

I still don't know
why you put up
with him: sitting and
sucking.
If you ask me,
he's more orange than
gold



BRAVE ABANDONS PIXAR'S USUAL BROMANCE formula for the mystical realm of teenage angst. Set in ye olde Scotland, the story follows Princess Merida, voiced by Kelly Macdonald, and her glorious ginger hair*, as she attempts to break free from her royal destiny. The proverbial free spirit, Merida refuses to be chained by matrimony, which causes all sorts of animated upheaval. A bit of wholesome family fun for the flat, if you're into that.

The film is ridiculously good looking, but disappointingly 3D doesn't actually make the scenery real. The limited cast supports the mother-daughter vibe of the film. The voice work of Kelly Macdonald, Billy Connolly, and Emma Thompson was joyful. Can I purchase an accent at The Scottish Shop please? Worthy of mention was the lack of a traditional Prince Charming [insert Feminist Fist Pump here]. It is seriously refreshing to see a strong, independent

red-haired princess who don't need no man.

The plot of Brave has the potential to frustrate. An unexpected twist cements it as a "family film", limiting its appeal. Instead of a traditional villain, Merida must fight the internal sins of pride and selfishness. This is inspiring. And boring.

Brave almost hits its target. Although an average story can be overlooked when the characters and animation is Pixar pretty, the film won't make your brain explode. Brave is better than most kids' entertainment, but it's not Toy Story. Watch with as much pseudo-Scottish pride as you can muster from the streets of Dunedin.

*Please note I did not use the word 'feisty' to describe a red headed character. Please send journalistic awards to the Critic office.

By Ella Borrie



RIDLEY SCOTT DIRECTED THE VERY FIRST ALIEN film way back in 1979. Thirty-three years on, the franchise really needed him back. After six installments, each slightly but noticeably worse than the last, most fans probably expected the seventh to be Alien vs. Dead Horse. What we get is more like 2001: A Freudian Nightmare.

The setup is fairly generic sci-fi fare. A geriatric squillionaire hires a collection of stock characters to follow some sort of star map that some archaeologists found in a cave. For some reason, the geriatric squillionaire is Guy Pierce, in prosthetics. I have no idea why or how that happened ("Okay, we have to cast the role of Really Really Old Guy, any thoughts?" "Um...Guy Pierce in prosthetics?") Slightly more predictably, a large proportion of this expensively assembled team is very stupid and lacking in basic survival instincts.

It is worth pointing out that Prometheus is nothing like Alien. Instead, Prometheus shares a great many themes with 2001: A Space Odyssey (creation, religion, a morally suspect robot).

The direct homage to 2001 starts at the film's very first shot. Furthermore, part of what made Alien such an effective horror film was the unsettling sexual imagery, which was subtle enough to work at a mostly subconscious level. Prometheus, though, shoves it right in your face, from womb-ships to penis-monsters and giant, tentacled vaginas. One scene in particular – you'll know it when you see it – was one of the most squirm-inducing things I've seen on film.

Don't get me wrong: Prometheus is a good sci-fi flick, with great special effects, occasionally witty dialogue, and two excellent lead performances from Michael Fassbender (the aforementioned morally suspect robot) and Noomi Rapace. But given the film's ambition, this is damning with faint praise. Unfortunately, it's just nowhere near as good as it tries to be.

By Kathleen Hanna



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

TORTOISE IN LOVE

Director: Guy Browning



TORTOISE IN LOVE IS THE STORY OF ONE MAN'S very very slow pursuit of love. Tom is a gardener, and can discuss in detail the reproductive functions of hundreds of plant species, but is dumbfounded when it comes to talking to women. He finds himself in some cringe-inducing situations while trying to express his affection for Anya, the Swedish au pair of the manor they work for. The film was made with the assistance of the residents of Kingston Bagpuize, a village in Oxfordshire, England, and as a result the notion of community is at the heart of this film. The entire village is involved in Tom's

pursuit of Anya over the course of two summers, offering advice and constructive feedback to aid him in his trials and tribulations with love.

I really enjoyed this film. It's simple and fun, perfect for a lazy Sunday afternoon or a night with your mum. I was the only person under 50 in the audience at the screening I attended, but I believe the rest of the audience thoroughly enjoyed it, as they were highly vocal in their praise. The line they found the funniest was "If he thinks he's miserable now, wait until he's married!", which was a bit unsettling. Nevertheless, I recommend this film, especially if you enjoyed

films like *The Full Monty* or *Calendar Girls*.

If you're not yet convinced, I'll leave you with this – the guy who plays Tom (the actor's name is Tom Mitchelson) looks just like a young Hugh Grant, before he went sleazy in a bad way. He is glorious, so watch the film and admire him for all 84 minutes, if that's what floats your boat.

By Georgia Rose



SANDERS' SNOW WHITE AND THE HUNTSMAN IS a darker and more badass portrayal than other recent takes (*Mirror Mirror*) on this Brothers Grimm fairytale.

Charlize Theron is brilliant in the role of sexy Queen Ravenna. She swans around in amazing gowns constructed of bird skulls and feathers, while nourishing herself on hearts. When her golden ringwraith-like mirror informs her that in fact she is not the fairest of them all, she decides she must have Snow White's heart to ensure her supremacy and immortality.

As Snow White, Kristen Stewart does not have much dialogue. This actually works in her favour, allowing her to flaunt her infamous lack of obvious emotion. Snow White's life isn't exactly the cheeriest, especially given that she spends most of the film doing her best to keep her heart to herself. There really isn't much time to engage in merry discussions or explore happier facial expressions. At the beginning of the film she is shocked when the Huntsman describes how to stab someone in the heart,

withdrawing only after catching a glimmer of their soul in their eyes. However, by the end, she is exercising this skill very well indeed.

There ends up being a bit of a love triangle involving Snow White, the Huntsman, and Snow White's childhood friend-cum-knight, William. It is refreshing, however, that this part of the story is not really indulged, as realistically they have enough shit to deal with without getting all lovey-dovey.

Visually this film is pretty rad, the very much alive dark forest in particular. The story's development, however, is quite rushed, and as a result the characters are somewhat undeveloped. But hell, witnessing the Queen crawling out of a pool of dead ravens and seeing Snow White getting amongst the action was good enough for me!

By Sam Allen



SNOW WHITE AND THE HUNTSMAN

Director: Rupert Sanders

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THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY

BY PATRICIA HIGHSMITH

TOM RIPLEY JUST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH. HIS Aunt Dottie told him so. Dottie raised him, so she should know. Tom's parents drowned when he was a child. On a hot summer's day when he was 12, in the middle of a bumper-to-bumper traffic jam, Dottie told Tom to fill up a thermos with ice water at a filling station. While on his errand the traffic jam broke. Dottie moved with it, refusing to wait for young Tom, driving as fast as she could. He struggled to catch up. When he did, tears streamed down his face. "He's a sissy! He's a sissy from the ground up, just like his father!" Dottie said to her friend in the passenger seat. Tom Ripley was good for nothing.

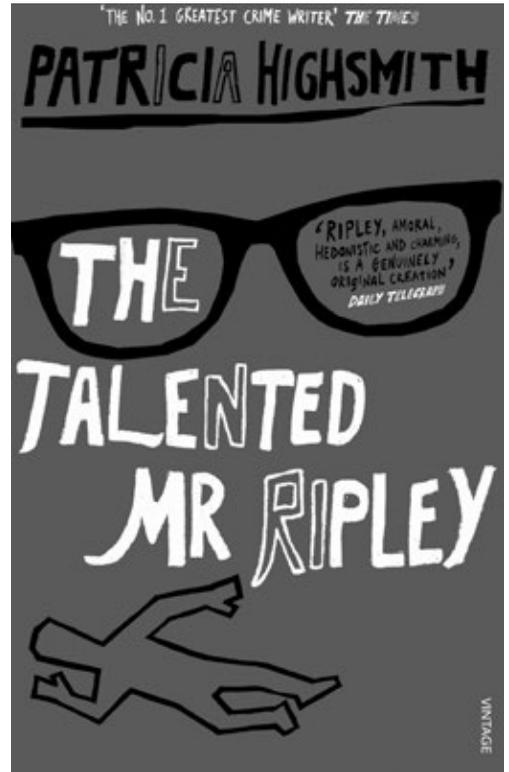
As a twentysomething living in New York City, *The Talented Mr. Ripley* (1955) scrapes to get by. He engages in petty cons, learning to make the most of opportunities when they present themselves. Herbert Greenleaf, the affluent owner of a shipbuilding company, approaches Tom with an offer of an all expenses-paid trip to Italy to convince his son, Dickie Greenleaf, to return home. Herbert is under the impression that his son was close to Tom, when in fact they had only met once. But Tom knows what Mr Greenleaf wants to hear, and he can supply the words, the gestures and the smiles necessary to become whoever he needs to be. Tom feels like a second son, and finally good for something.

Tom arrives in the small town of Mongibello and is immediately envious of Dickie Greenleaf. Dickie has a trust fund, a beautiful house, and a boat. He is good looking and personable. He is everything Tom will never be. Tom wants to be just like Dickie. He needs Dickie to like him, to love him.

The Talented Mr. Ripley is much more than a crime novel. Patricia Highsmith's first person narrative is a window into the mind of a psychopathic chameleon. Tom is smart enough to keep track of his lies, and disturbingly cool tempered enough to always put on a smile and say whatever is necessary to escape capture. Ripley's sick brilliance is displayed flawlessly. The narrative weaves through his thought processes with such vivid detail that the reader wonders how troubled the author must be to have executed such a macabre and consistent character sketch.

The believability of Ripley's character generates genuine fear in the reader. The decay of Ripley's grip on his friendship with Dickie coalesces with his paranoia of losing face. Dickie's friend Marge and his own experience of walking in on Tom wearing his clothing and acting like him finally convince him that there is something deeply wrong with Tom Ripley. Dickie humours Tom with a weekend trip to San Remo, and Tom talks him into a boat ride. On the ocean, Tom beats Dickie to death with an oar. The coldly unemotional description of the scene makes the brutal killing appear truly through the eyes of Tom. Just for a second, the reader becomes him – totally void of feeling.

This is where the madness begins. Tom becomes Dickie. He takes his clothes, masters his mannerisms, and corresponds with his family and friends through letters. Tom has fond memories of his adventures with Dickie; that he took Dickie's life is inconsequential. That he must



continue to kill and lie is necessary. What hurts him, what he fears more than anything else, is to be Tom Ripley again. The thought of putting on his old clothes and his timid facial expressions is a last resort that inevitably becomes a reality

Mr. Ripley is more than just talented. He has luck on his side. He evades the police, and convinces Marge and everyone else that Dickie killed himself. He deflects his implication in Dickie's disappearance and the other murders by being open, forthright, and eager to please. Appearing honest can get you much in life. Mr. Ripley got almost everything he wanted.

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ORDINARY BUT NOT



EVEN IF YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT NEW Zealand art, the name Frances Hodgkins probably rings a bell, and with good reason. Born in Dunedin in 1869, Hodgkins rose to fame in the early twentieth century, experimenting with an expressive painting style à la Matisse during her time in France and Britain. Today she is considered one of New Zealand's most prestigious artists, as evidenced by the fellowship in her name at the University of Otago, which was established in 1962 and has been awarded to such notable artists as Ralph Hotere, Grahame Sydney, Shane Cotton and most recently Kushana Bush (whose exhibition *All Things To All Men* I reviewed earlier this year).

The expressive painting style that Hodgkins developed while living abroad propelled her into the spotlight, and it's not difficult to see why. The Dunedin Public Art Gallery's exhibition *Kaleidoscope* displays works from this time in Hodgkins' life, emphasising how her style became much more unique and defined in her mid-late painting career. Hodgkins' forte was still lifes and portraits, which subject matter-wise is fairly run-of-the-mill, but her uniquely ambiguous rendering of shapes and forms

breathes life into her artwork. In her landscapes, although typical objects may not be immediately identifiable, the at times confused merging of foreground and background through the blended figures of sky, tree and houses truly draws the eye, compelling the viewer to attempt to make sense of what each painting is saying. Though Hodgkins' landscapes portray ordinary scenes such as rural farms, city streets, and seaside views, her passionate brushwork crackles with liveliness, expressing an emotional state rather than a simple physical perspective. The everyday is infused with colour and vivacity. Feeling – positive, negative and everything in between – is removed from the abstract and becomes literal through Hodgkins' magic touch.

Hodgkins' portraits are similarly treated, and again the subject matter is made all the more powerful because of it, perhaps simply because there is something inherently haunting and thrilling about contemplating humanity through art. Faces are blurred, sometimes seemingly in motion. Bodies lack a perfectly defined physical outline, sometimes fading into the background, other times aligning through gradients of colour with figures beside them.

Looking harder or longer doesn't necessarily reveal any more clear-cut details. Indeed, the more you stare, the vaguer everything seems. It's not that different to how we go through everyday life, to be honest. Some things are in focus, sure, but it's easy to forget the part our peripheral vision constantly plays, quietly adding depth and detail to our world without our full attention. Hodgkins' portraits are a whirl of muted neutral tones (generally with one flash of vivid colour), large smudged strokes, light shadows, and loose scribbly outlines that somehow manage to define forms while at the same time merging them.

Like I said, it's not difficult to see why Hodgkins is lauded as one of our most influential painters. Her inspired use of colour, as well as those stunningly expressive forms and shapes, make one itch to pick up a paintbrush and start experimenting. If only creating a masterpiece was as easy as that!

Frances Hodgkins "Kaleidoscope"
Dunedin Public Art Gallery
28 April–28 October



THE VIBRATOR PLAY

In the Next Room (or The Vibrator Play)

Written by: Sarah Ruhl

Directed by: Lara Macgregor

Cast: Claire Dougan, Hilary Halba, Anna Henare, Nic Kyle, Chelsea McEwan Millar, Conrad Newport, and Jason Whyte

WHEN A PLAY MAKES SUCH OVERT REFERENCE TO THINGS OF A SEXUAL nature you expect one of two things: an informative and squirm-inducing lecture, or something bordering on farcical and vulgar. The Fortune's latest production was neither, and I was pleasantly and repeatedly surprised throughout. In the dawn of the electrical age, Dr. Givings, a clever but emotionally switched-off man, treats his patients for hysteria with his most recent invention, the electric vibrator.

There's an underlying irony and sadness to the doctor's unknowing pleasuring of women while his wife remains unsatisfied and lonely. The narrative layers are so subtly introduced that by the end it comes as a shock that you've become personally invested in every character.

The humour derives from the characters' outdated ideas and lack of knowledge of female sexuality. Ruhl cleverly intertwines our era with theirs – characters believe they're living the modern life, leaving you laughing at their idea of modernity.

The subtle comedy keeps you laughing throughout, punctuated by "operating theatre" scenes where Dougan masters the delicate balance between subtle and ridiculous, and brings great joy to the audience with her variety of facial expressions. It is a wonder that the theatre nurse Halba manages to keep a straight face, as some sounds created are outright hilarious. Each character develops beautifully throughout the show, becoming a new person before your very eyes. The cast is out of this world. Special mention must go to Chelsea McEwan Millar, who leads the show and does a breathtaking job in her first professional production ever.

The set and props are marvellously rich in colour and true to the era, an impressive achievement. The ability to show two rooms at once instills a sort of god-like complex in the audience. You're the only one who can see everything going on behind the locked doors, along with knowledge of the future that the characters don't have. The mix of electrical lighting and candlelight was beautiful, and the costumes were glorious.

There is little I can find wrong with In The Next Room. I felt like I was

transported to another world, and often forgot I was watching a performance. I don't want to give too much away, as I urge all to see the play, but whoever was in charge of the snow – yes snow! – is amazing. Programming this piece in winter was a very smart move, as the audience nods along with characters describing the freezing yet sunny winter days.

In The Next Room, or the Vibrator Play is the best piece of theatre I have seen for a very long time. It is a triumph for the Fortune this year. It is rare to see such a complete and sharp performance, particularly on opening night. Every aspect, from the set and lighting to the acting and costumes, stunned me. It is obvious that it is a work of love and passion that has been worked on tirelessly. I have fallen in love with every aspect of this play, and encourage everyone to see it. I guarantee you will laugh, cry, and laugh some more.



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DRAGONS DOGMA

PLATFORMS: PS3 & XBOX360 | GENRE: RPG

HERE, FOR YOU TO PERUSE AT YOUR LEISURE, is a typical session of Dragon's Dogma: "Wolves are sensitive to fire. Wolves don't like being burned. If you attack a wolf with some kind of incendiary spell or burning arrow it will do extra damage. They hunt in large groups and also hate fire. Goblins hate ice and – this is important, mind – also fire. Set the wolf on fire."

You play as the Arisen, any old citizen of the woodland-, castle wall- and impassable bluff-covered fantasy realm of Gransys. Character customisation is detailed and doesn't discriminate. I pushed the "age" slider until it strained against the right hand side of the menu, and quested as an octogenarian whose spine was riddled with arthritis after a career of manual corn-ploughing.

Shortly after the game begins, a colossal dragon bears down on a humble fishing village. You decide to attack it, and your still-beating heart is promptly plucked from your chest cavity and devoured by the creature. The sight

of the organ on the tip of a single obsidian claw is, unfortunately, the most entertaining part of the entire tale. From that point on the story is inconsequential, and is delivered in a pseudo-old timey dialect. Every NPC seems to wile away their days thinking of excuses to use the word "aught".

It's fair to say that you come to Dragon's Dogma for the combat, and the combat, thankfully, is arguably more sophisticated than any other RPG. Giants, chimeras, griffins and even dragons can be found in otherwise featureless forest clearings. Stumbling across them (at least once you are at a high enough level to take them on) is a treat. Every huge enemy can be scaled, Legolas-style, and a blade cruelly driven into its weak point. It's never easy. A chimera's snake tail will cover its weak spots until you cut it off, and a giant has armour plates strapped to its ankles.

The roughly person-sized enemies are just as varied. Wolves will grab you and your pawns in their jaws when you're knocked down. Lizard people are much easier to deal with once you

have circled behind them and cut off their tails.

The rag-tag party building system in the game is clever. You pick one main ally, or "pawn", at the start of the game, and deck her or him out with abilities and equipment as the story progresses. The rest of the party can be rounded out either with strangers you meet in town or (and here's the cool part) with the pawns of other players who own the game. The pawns themselves are deliberately bland. They are a race of beings that exist only to sycophantically serve the player and stroke the Arisen's ego. Pawn dialogue is painfully repetitive. Mostly it's advice: "wolves hate fire", "there are monsters in the wilderness", "look, a tree!".

With such great core mechanics, it's a shame that Dragon's Dogma seems to go out of its way to be frustrating. Not only are the quests, the pawns, the quest givers and the environment quite uninteresting, there's also no fast travel to speak of unless you deign to pay gross amounts in game currency. This makes some sense in a game like Morrowind, where the world is unique, but Gransys is a collection of tediously typical woodlands and dank caves.

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OH, HEY THERE

HELLO. MY NAME IS ISAAC. I AM THE NEW Critic Music editor. I like cheese and crackers, Mario Ballotelli, jelly tip ice creams, the customer service at the Link dairy, and BYO Japanese. And I love music. Well, most types of music anyway. I probably won't be writing about freeform jazz or country music. And while I do like hip hop, I admit my tastes in this area are questionable. So I will be calling on the help of some of my very talented wordsmith friends to help out along the way with their ideas on the many areas I may be lacking in. Maybe.

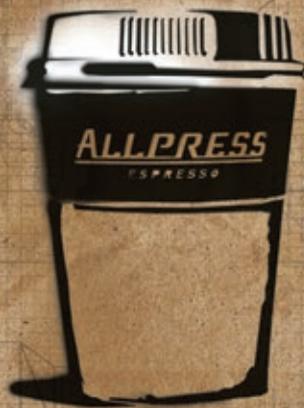
I would never call myself a nationalist. While I enjoy being a Kiwi and living in this country, I will never understand local patriotism. It just seems a bit misplaced to me, like we lose perspective of how small our country is and how comparatively insignificant we are on the world stage. That is, until it comes to New Zealand music. It is my strong belief that not only do we have a strong group of local and national musicians who are pushing the boundaries and doing interesting and different things, but we also have a large amount of people and groups doing the same old stuff but just as well as the celebrated names overseas. I'm going to focus my attention on the latter as much as I can.

Why shouldn't it be celebrated? As a nation, we have had a breakthrough year with music. Post-Mint Chicks, Ruban Neilson has taken North America by storm with his psychedelic guitar virtuoso project Unknown Mortal Orchestra, sending industry eyes over to our fair land for more talent. Kimbra has featured on a number one song in the US while also releasing her own fantastic solo album. Homebrew have been turning the music industry upside down, debuting at number one in the NZ album charts and holding a 48-hour release party at a Shooters bar in Auckland, while only ever doing things they actually want to do. I bet stereotypical record label man fell off his seat at that one.

Locally, it's been going off. Alizarin Lizard play some of the cleverest and catchiest songs going. Left Or Right hit the New Zealand charts singing about losing tennis balls, and performed with one of the most killer monster stage setups I have seen for a long time while organising and executing a music festival out of their own backyard. Opposite Sex crafted what is to me the perfect pop song, "La Rat", and got British attention for it. DJ Dhalsim got 10K for recording and video production. The ragtag and venomously excellent A Distant City essentially won

everything there is to win in this town, and the big hitters Ink Mathematics and Cult Disney continue to systematically blow people away at every gig. That list may be a bit alternative-heavy, but even if your taste in music is a bit more Monkey Bar there are local heroes out there for you. And Zowie battles Ruby Frost for the crown of NZ popstar princess.

The point is New Zealand is great place to be a band, or be a fan of music. And even if for you music is just background noise, there is something for you to hear. Listen to Radio One, especially to the funky Finn beats on Friday midday. It truly is your music station, and you will be surprised how much of their music you will like. And if you like a band, tell them, like them, follow them, help them out a nyway you can. I assure you, it's one of the greatest things you can do for a musician.



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ALLPRESS
ESPRESSO

PULLED PORK

THIS HEADY, STICKY, AND RICH SLOW COOKED pork has been trending in the food world for some time now, and for good reason. Throw it together at midday and it will be ready to devour by dinnertime. This recipe is a cheat's version, which I have adapted from a blog called "The Londoner". Full of novelty, there are three key ingredients: pork shoulder, barbecue sauce, and Coca Cola. So it doesn't scream "healthy", but it sure screams "delicious". Pork shoulder is a cheap cut of meat. I picked out a beauty of a piece for just \$7.99 per kilo. Even if you're not a

massive fan of this particular beast, you might just find that mounds of incredibly tender meat laced with the warming flavours of chili and cinnamon on soft white bread will change your opinion. Given its richness, ensure that you pair it with something tangy. I find that sliced gherkins and chargrilled capsicum, available from the supermarket deli, cut through the fattiness perfectly. If you're not a pickle person try finely grated carrot, shredded iceberg lettuce, and a squirt of sweet chili sauce.

INGREDIENTS

- 1 – 1.5 kg pork shoulder
- 1 regular-sized bottle or carton barbecue sauce
- 1 litre Coca Cola (approx)
- 3 whole dried chillies, or 5 tbs chilli sauce
- 3 tsp ground cinnamon or smoked paprika
- 6 soft bread rolls
- 1 small jar gherkins, drained and sliced
- 6 slices chargrilled capsicum

METHOD

- 01** Place the pork shoulder in a large pot, preferably cast iron, though any will do. A slow cooker can also be used – just skip step three. Pour over the barbecue sauce. For a smaller pork shoulder (around 1kg), use about 3/4 of the barbecue sauce. For a larger pork shoulder, tip the entire bottle or carton in.
- 02** Pour over enough Coca Cola to cover the pork entirely. Give it a swirl and add a few chillies or some chilli sauce and your choice of cinnamon

or smoked paprika.

- 03** Turn the element up high and bring the mixture to a gentle boil.
- 04** Cover the pot, reduce to the lowest heat possible and cook for at least six hours.
- 05** Ladle most of the liquid from the pot and place in a bowl. Set aside. Drain the pork and any remaining liquid through a colander. Place the pork on a chopping board and, moving two forks in an alternating crisscross motion, finely shred the meat.

- 06** Place the meat back in the pot over a low heat and add a few ladlefuls (or more) of the reserved liquid so that it remains juicy until you are ready to serve it.
- 07** Slice the bread rolls in half horizontally and place a generous scoop of pulled pork on top, followed by the gherkin slices and chargrilled capsicum. Gobble up quick smart without cutlery.

 \$15



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Next Room
or the vibrator play*

30 June - 28 July
Written by
Sarah Ruhl
Directed by Lara Macgregor

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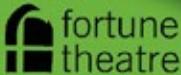
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University Book Shop

LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

YES, NO, YES, AND OF COURSE

Dear critic

Do you squirt?
Can i *** on your tits?
Do you like my **** up ya?
Can i shove it up your ***?

What slut in their right mind has given Dunedin boys the impression that we enjoy these words during a harmless one night stand?

After long hours of study and drinking we just want a pleasurable stress relief- not a fucking commentary, scarfie fuckwit style.

Men of Dunedin SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND SPEND MORE TIME ON YOUR PERFORMANCE THAN DIRTY TALK.

Regards
iwishiwadeaf

PROBS DON'T READ ODT

I'm really tired reading about how fed up landlords are with events such as Hyde St in the ODT. Honestly, if they don't want parties that compromise they state of their properties, they should at least have the same passion when it comes to keeping them in a liveable condition. Student flats shouldn't mean second rate flats. The fact that I pay top dollar for a room with windows that don't have any qualities to promote insulation in such a climate is unacceptable.

NO WORRIES

Dear Critic,

I want to thank you for publishing articles on depression and suicide. I suffered from debilitating depression for a lot of my teenage years and was often hospitalised and sectioned for it for long stretches. Depression is a serious illness and seems almost impossible for a non-sufferer to imagine. I remember the emotional distress and despair that nothing helped. People seem to get depressed for a vast amount of different reasons, but I think that since we're naturally inclined to seek closeness with other people, relationships seem to be a key area of distress and also a place to heal and find yourself again. I encourage sufferers to share their experiences and find people to make them feel good about themselves and the world again.

Megan Woodman

YES HE'S COOL AY

Dear Critic,

Of all the capitalists in this university, you had to pick student life to write the Tory Templar? It's 2012, there's not enough room in the economy for a medi-eval mindset. I used to like your right-winged column. Please find someone else.

Chelsea

I STILL DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT IT RIGHT

To guy leaving tap on Water doesn't grow on trees Trees grow on water

Sincerely yours

IN YOUR FACE!

Dear, person concerned for the volunteers. I would like to back the opinion of OUSA. They are an awesome group to volunteer for, and the rewards (though not monetary) are actually awesome. I was the guy on the door every night for Battle of the Bands because I chose to do it. I mean, sure it would have been nice to be publicly appreciated, but I can't exactly complain about what I did get. They gave me free V, free pizza, free entry, and a damn fun Friday night.

All they ask for in return is that I help them out a bit with running the till or (for other events) looking after all the hilarious drunk people at the shows, making sure they're having a good night. Plus I get to meet all the awesome people who also volunteer (and run security). So really it's not too much of a sacrifice :) Plus, as sad as it sounds, I really didn't have anything better to do on a Friday night.

Cheers, that BotB volunteer.

SHAME BRENT!

Dear Editor

I read with interest, and some surprise, the comments by Brent Lovelock suggesting that PBRF has had an adverse impact on the contribution academic staff are making in the area of community service.

I am not sure on what empirical evidence he bases this claim. Presumably his evidence base does not include Otago's annual assessment of its academic staff involvement in community service, which we have carried out since 1997, well before the advent of PBRF.

This assessment involves a short survey completed by a randomly selected group of Otago academics each year, and delves quite deeply into the scope and nature of service undertaken. It shows a striking stability over the past 15 years in both the percentage of staff who devote time to community service in any year (typically 90-95% of respondents), and in the average percentage of time devoted to service (typically in the range of 7 to 8% of their time in any given year).

Indeed, if anything, what one sees over time is a small increase in both the time devoted to service: between 1997 and 2001 (pre-PBRF era) our survey found survey respondents spent an average of 7.3% of their time. Over the last five years (2007-2011), the average time spend has been 7.8%.

I should add that the results of this survey are no secret; they are referenced quite specifically in our university Annual Report.

Regards

Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne



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OH SUE ...

Hey Shakey Legs,

Body envy gets you nowhere.. Raise your desk and stand as you work, swing them back and forth, ditch the supermarket trolley and the car, lie down and make big circles with them, and for other bits, isolate floppy bits and clench and unclench, as in Calisthenics. A good body is a habit, not a gift. There is a whole lot of stuff you can look up once you stop worrying everyone else and focus on what to do with your own life; find the part of you not chained to your Ipad.

And Logan, you couldn't catch a cougar looking that seedy anyway. Do some weights for godsake.

Yours faithfully,
Sue Heap

NUH, WE LIKE THE LAZY DRUNK ONES

Your recent article on exchange students did nothing but persist the image we have here that kiwis get from TV and "students" like these. Some of us are here for Otago's prestigious research reputation, which many probably don't even notice because they're too

busy getting wasted on Castle Street. Not to mention you missed out on some key aspects of NZ; the beautiful wilderness, the expansive national parks, the fact that you can drive from the coast to the mountains in under 5 hours. Next time, try to interview some intelligent people instead of those who make Americans look like lazy, drunk, good-for-nothings which most TV here doesn't help with either. This is a fantastic place to be with great academic and life opportunities for those of us not so keen on the American "culture" portrayed by your article.

NOTICES

INSPIRING STORIES FILM COMP

\$1000 is up for grabs as the overall prize for the Inspiring Stories Film Competition thanks to NZFACT. Theme: Young Kiwis Making a difference. Film Duration: 4-8 minutes or under 4 minutes. Deadline: July 31st. Check out www.inspiringstories.org.nz for more information.

SCIENCE BALL

The Black and Gold Science Ball will be held on the 27th of July at the Otago Museum.

You get a complementary beverage (alcoholic/non-alcoholic) with further subsidised drinks and nibbles. Tickets are sold at OUSA main office for \$40 for members and \$45 for non-members. All students are welcome!

BABY!

OUSA are delighted to welcome our new baby Tama Taitahu to the family. Congratulations and Arohanui to Kitty Brown and her husband.

CAMPUS GREENS RE ORI

Welcome back students. Pop into clubs day and say hello and join us on our construction mission during market day. Don't miss the Inside Child Poverty documentary screening hosted by Green MP Holly Walker at Evison Lounge, Clubs and Socs, Friday July 13th, 7:30 pm - see you there!

ART IN LAW VIII

The Faculty of Law, and the Otago Polytechnic Art School, presents the Textiles Collection. An introduction to the transformation of so-called traditional feminine crafts, a quiet revolution in the art world for many years now. The works will exhibited in the Faculty from 16 July - 30 November.

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Book your 21st by 23rd July and receive \$100 off your tab!
July, August and September only

THE MP IS IN

David Clark will be available to talk to you at OUSA Clubs and Socs building this **Wednesday 11th July. Midday-1pm.**

Labour NZ

office 32 Albany Street (next to the Captain Cook)
phone 474 1973
email david.clark@parliament.govt.nz www.facebook.com/DavidClarkforDunedinNorth
www.davidclark.org.nz
twitter @DavidClarkNZ

Authorised by Dr David Clark, Parliament Buildings, Wellington

VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COLUMN

I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE – I LOVE THE TV programme *The Middle*. It accurately captures the heart of Midwestern America, the place where I spent my childhood and attended university. In a recent episode, the Heck family was searching for an inspirational alternative to their traditional Sunday church service. At the invitation of a friend, they attended an African American Baptist church where the minister described his bedside vigil with a parishioner. As the man lay dying, the minister asked him, "Did you get your business done?"

This episode made me think about the students at Otago. Unfortunately, you're only here for a short period of time. Whether you are an undergraduate or a PhD student, at some point you will get your degree, move on, and take on all of the responsibilities of adult life. For a few magical years, however, you have the opportunity to bask in the glory of a world class education while at the same time living in a city that is dominated by like-minded young

people. Before this Camelot period of your life comes to an end, I encourage you to "get your business done".

So what does this mean? Obviously, your primary "business" at Otago is to be a student. As you embark on this new semester, ask yourself if you are making the most of your learning opportunities. If you could redo Semester One, what would you do differently? Attend class more regularly? Study harder? Get your research organised? I encourage you to use the wisdom of hindsight to make your "student business" the best that it can be.

Your other important "business" at Otago involves all the other things that are shaping the person you will become. You should ask yourself if you are the best friend, flat mate, or team mate that you can be. Have you taken the opportunity to get fit, learn to cook, or volunteer your time? Have you discovered a new passion or found a cause worth fighting for? If the answer to any of these questions is "no" then it is well and truly

time for you to "get your business done".

One of the best parts of my job is that I have the opportunity to host alumni functions all over the world. At each one, I meet hundreds and hundreds of people who, like you, relished their time at Otago. They all have remarkable stories to tell me about what they learned, who they met, and what they accomplished here. But many of them also tell me that if they had to do it all over again, they would make better use of the wide range of opportunities that Otago has to offer. I am extremely empathetic with this point of view. It is exactly how I feel about my own university experience.

For each of you, the clock is ticking. When I meet you at an alumni function in years to come, what will you say when I ask "Did you get your business done?"

by Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne



University College is looking for RESIDENTIAL ASSISTANTS FOR 2013

Applying to become an RA is a great way to develop your personal skills and do some CV Building. It also helps pay the rent! In return we ask for your time each semester to help in the running of the College.

Open Night 7pm 26 July
Mark Parker Seminar Room University College

Pick up an application pack from College Reception or contact Bob Cochrane Deputy Master Ph 479 5990
Email bob.cochrane@otago.ac.nz

Closing date for applications
3 August 2012

UCO1700



PACIFIC WELCOME

SEMESTER TWO

Thursday 12th July, 5.00pm
Pacific Islands Centre

Welcome to New & Returning Students

- **Congratulations!**
(If you did well last semester)
- **Get over it! Focus!**
(If you didn't do so well)
- **C'mon we must really talk!**
(If you did really badly)

**Come let's celebrate, talk
and support one another**

We look forward to seeing you here

Your Team at the Pacific Islands Centre

Please RSVP for catering purposes:
479 8278 / 021 279 8278 / pacific@otago.ac.nz

Otago
Pacific Islands Centre

1 Westbank, Off Clyde St (opposite Commerce)
www.otago.ac.nz/pacific



OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre – New Courses!

Enrollments for semester two rec courses are now open! Along with the old favs we have some exciting new ones so come in and see us at 84 Albany Street or pop online at ousa.org.nz for more info.



New Courses:

Parkour/Free Running,
Aerial Silk Aerobics, Aikido,
Argentine Tango, Art on the
Wild Side, Astanga Vinyasa
Yoga, French Language,
Healthy Cooking,
Vegetarian Cooking, and
Learn to Swim.

Reminder: Clubs Day!

Don't forget that this Wednesday OUSA Clubs n Socs hosts CLUBS DAY! Check out the vast range of epic clubs we have on offer, whether you wanna tramp your way around the island or join your favourite political party we've got it all.

10am-3pm OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre, 84 Albany Street.



Clubs Day!
Wed 11 July, 10am-
3pm: For a taste of
the OUSA Clubs on
offer.

Lost Property Sale!

All those items which were once loved and now lost are up for grabs **this Thursday** from the OUSA Main Office. Items that have not been claimed in AGES are yours to browse and all proceeds go to Otago Community Hospice. Make sure you come check it out, and if you've lost something around campus do pop in and ask us if it's been handed in!

OUSA Market Day

This Thursday is your chance to cruise around the link courtyard to see what's on offer from local suppliers and students! There's also the OUSA Student Support team answering your questions about flatting or just about anything that's troubling you. The Going Digital team will be there handing out goodies and letting you know how to prepare your flat and how best to ask your landlord to sort your flat out for the change next year.



LOGAN SAYS...

Welcome back to tropical Dunedin,

I trust you had a pleasant holiday break; I treated myself to a week in Rarotonga. It's a hard life- but somebody's got to do it. It wasn't all titty tassels and lollipops though, it got as cold 25 degrees Celsius over there, I don't know how I did it. But I did. Returning to -7 at Dunedin airport was the pits.

Meanwhile the OUSA team have been pushing on. We've sussed out a sweet wee Re-Orientation week line-up for you to splendour in and we've been pushing on with exciting projects like the Clubs and Socs redevelopment. Re-Ori is going to be a ripper, my favourite is going to be watching Chopper Reid and Paul Ego perform at the Stadium just like we had Dai Henwood in Ori. Fuck yea!

'Walking over to a mates place to watch the footy on a Saturday with an open stubbie is Scarfie Culture'. There hasn't been a riot in years, it's harder to get into this Uni than it's ever been and nobody wants to get booted out: A select team of mine from OUSA have been working closely with the DCC and other key stakeholders in trying to get them to see that the proposed Liquor ban is nonsense. We had OUSA Vice-President Jono Rowe speak to our submission at a recent hearing, he did great. Our chances of getting the thing thrown out have been greatly enhanced by the news that the submission review panel will now seek to engage in a series of meetings with us to better understand what we believe the ban would mean and in light of all impracticalities.

YOLO,

L

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