



Issue 16 | July 16, 2012 | [critic.co.nz](http://critic.co.nz)



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# skinny

# Mobile.

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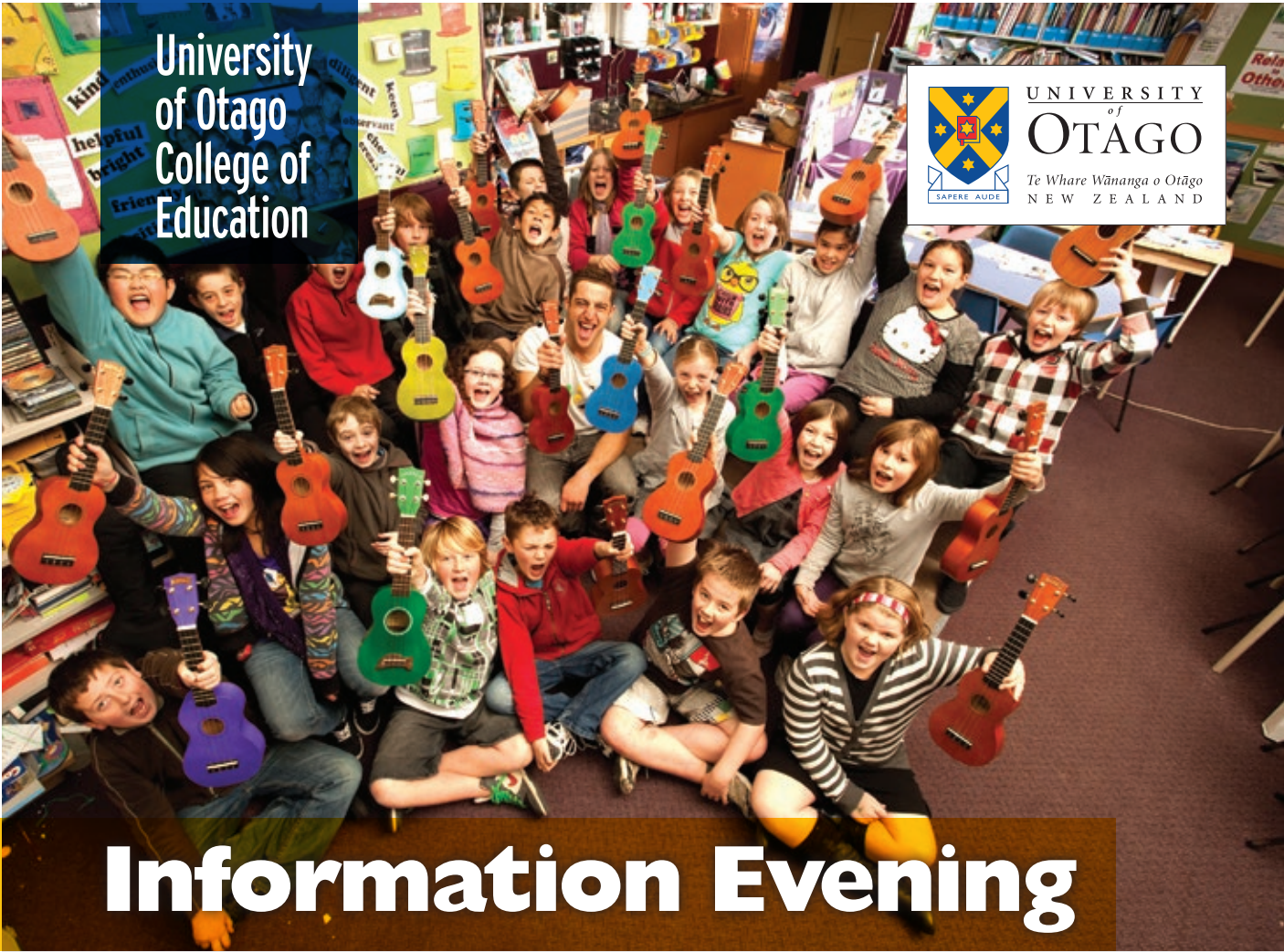
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**I**T SEEMS VERY 1930S TO BE HAVING A DEBATE ABOUT ALCOHOL, BUT here we are. Parliament is looking at legislation to up the drinking age, the University is going further and further in its efforts to reign in student drinking, and the city council continues to consider the proposed North Dunedin liquor ban.

At the heart of the current debate is what controls the government, or any other organisation, should be able to place on an adult person's right to drink alcohol. Possibly the strangest thing about alcohol is its legality when there are other, arguably much less harmful drugs that are outlawed. But society has made a call that the benefits of alcohol are greater than its harms.

At 18 you're old enough to marry, have children, buy a house, or go to war. It seems inconsistent to say that you cannot also access the same intoxicant that every other adult in New Zealand is allowed to buy.

But maybe we do need training wheels while we are effectively learning how to use a drug. The split drinking age, which would allow 18-year-olds to buy alcohol in a bar but would restrict them from buying booze at an off license till they were 20, seems to be the most logical way to go. Allow 18-year-olds to drink in what is at least a semi-supervised space and hopefully they will learn healthy drinking habits.

The part of the equation that we often forget as students is that it is not only 18-year-olds that are harmed by youth drinking. The "real" drinking age is the age at which young people can access alcohol. An 18-year-old is more likely to illegally buy alcohol for a 14-year-old than a 20-year-old is. If the off license age goes up to 20 the real drinking age should go up as well, reducing alcohol harm to the very young.

**At 18 you're old enough to marry, have children, buy a house, or go to war. It seems inconsistent to say that you cannot also access the same intoxicant that every other adult in New Zealand is allowed to buy.**

While Parliament's changes will affect everyone, the changes and attitude of Otago Uni will have very specific effects on scarfies, and personally I've got big concerns about their direction. When the head of the group that Otago has established to implement new alcohol policies publicly states that there is no healthy level of drinking and that all drinking is risky, it seems impossible that there will be a considered approach. This is an extreme position to hold, and one that is contravened by a huge body of research.

In loco parentis is the idea that an organisation has a legal responsibility to take on the responsibilities of a person's parents when they are under their care. Before the social revolutions of the 1960s universities took on the role of parents. They segregated the sexes, enforced curfews, and had an iron grasp on drinking. I believe that we are facing an informal return to an in loco parentis attitude at Otago. Maybe we're okay with that, maybe we're not, but it's a conversation that we should be involved in.

**- JOE STOCKMAN**





# RE-O PUTS RIO TO SHAME

DUNEDIN CONFIRMED AS WORLD PARTY CAPITAL

By JOSIE ADAMS

**R**E-ORIENTATION KICKED OFF ON WEDNESDAY and ended on Saturday, with a stellar line-up running throughout the week. Ladyhawke, Kora, and the comedy night with Paul Ego and Chopper Reed were predicted to be the big hits, while OUSA's Clubs Day, Market Day and International Food Festival provided students with a busy schedule for the first few days.

Wednesday was Clubs Day at the OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre. Only the most eager clubs set up before lunchtime, meaning that at 11am the Centre was basically a political thoroughfare. Young Labour, Free Tibet, the International Socialists, and the Greens on Campus were set up in prime glaring position opposite the Young Nats, who cunningly hid Young Labour's sign from view, forcing their red rivals to relocate

upstairs. The Centre filled up in the afternoon, with well-known clubs like UniQ, Student Life and the Debating Society present along with sports clubs such as Ultimate Frisbee.

Ladyhawke played on Wednesday evening, along with She's So Rad and Two Cartoons. The small crowd of around 250 people was less than that hoped for by OUSA, though they believe this is likely due to a large number of students blowing their funds on the non-OUSA paint party on Tuesday. Dunedin boys Two Cartoons have found a few more fans after impressing with their sunshine-, happiness- and rainbows-filled set. She's So Rad, who have found success as Ladyhawke's world tour support act, were grunge/electro/'90s shoegaze enough for the altier members of the crowd but still poppy enough to be enjoyed by those of us who are not connoisseurs of the salt. Ladyhawke aka Pip Brown was

superb despite not having the massive crowd she's probably used to, playing songs both new and old – a reminder that, actually, she's been doing this for a while and is pretty good at it.

Thursday night was a foodie's fantasy. The International Food Festival featured the cuisine of fifteen different countries in rows of stalls and lines that were confusing enough to make the whole experience seem authentically foreign. The line for tokens was mercifully small, the prices were low, and the stomachs were satisfied. When asked for comment, most attendees simply gestured to full mouths they were attempting to smile through.

As Critic went to print on Thursday night, OUSA staff were predicting that Kora and the comedy night would be the wildest of the week's events.



# \$24 FOR A DOZEN, \$16 FOR A BOTTLE OF WINE, WORLD WILL INDEED END IN 2012.

BY ZANE POCKOCK

**T**HE ALCOHOL REFORM BILL CONTINUES ITS PROGRESS THROUGH PARLIAMENT, BUT although parties agree on the importance of the bill, debate persists regarding the exact details of the proposed changes currently before the Justice and Electoral Committee. The hot topics of the day are a proposed minimum price per standard drink, increasing the power of local authorities to control liquor licencing, and potential changes to the drinking age, for which the "split age" appears the most likely outcome.

Labour's Justice Spokesperson Charles Chauvel has recently revived Labour's 2010 policy of enforcing a minimum price of \$2 per standard drink, but his party is quickly moving to distance themselves, labelling it "Chauvel Policy". To further confuse the matter, Lianne Dalziel, Labour's Spokesperson on Alcohol Issues, who outlined her party's policy during the bill's first reading in 2010, explicitly stated that "we should set a minimum price that would prevent wine from being sold for less than \$2 for a standard drink." However, she has since claimed that this was just an example, not policy.

Associate Health Minister Peter Dunne argued on 3 News that Labour's proposed minimum pricing is "elitist and ridiculous", because while some people will no longer be able to afford a bottle of wine at all, "chardonnay socialists who can pay \$25-\$30 a bottle will still be able to get their wine". He also "doubts [the bill] will make much difference" and "favours retaining a flat 18 years as the minimum purchase age".

Meanwhile, Prime Minister John Key was sceptical about the idea of a minimum alcohol price. On July 3, Mr Key told The Herald that "what typically happens [with a minimum alcohol price] is people move down the quality curve and still get access to alcohol."

Labour's David Clark, MP for Dunedin North, told Critic: "It's really unfortunate that the government has ruled out the two big levers there are to effect social change, which are pricing and marketing." Although he agrees that age is an important factor and personally believes in the split age scheme, "it's a pretty weak lever."

Clark approves of the fact that the proposed bill "gives councils more power over distribution choices." In North Dunedin he has observed that "pre-loading is where the issue is. In terms of local alcohol issues, it's cheap alcohol stock with distributors who don't have to bear the consequences of people drinking heavily – they take the money and usher them out the door." Pubs, on the other hand, face fines and falling profits thanks to these "pre-loaders", despite their efforts to "actually look after people" and provide a "safe environment to teach people to drink more responsibly".

Coalition members the Maori Party have also called for minimum pricing, and with alcohol-related harm reportedly costing NZ \$4.4 billion a year, it's a debate we can't afford to fuck up.



JOHN KEY GETS OTP



# CRITIC DESIGNERS SUCCEED IN LAND OF THE FREE

## NEWS EDITOR FORCED TO WRITE FAWNING ARTICLE

By CALLUM FREDRIC

**C**RITIC'S SUPERIORITY OVER OTHER STUDENT magazines has received further confirmation after three Critic employees were commissioned to design the cover for a recent issue of Newsweek, a US magazine with a readership of 13.2 million.

The design is based on the cover of Critic's 14th issue, which depicts a man clutching his head and screaming while his face fractures. The Critic cover, which represented depression and mental illness, was featured on Dutch blog Coverjunkie.com, where it was spotted by Newsweek, who then asked the Critic team to recreate the image with a female model.

The new image, which took the Critic team roughly 40 hours to perfect, provided the cover image for the July 16 issue of Newsweek, which discusses the link between internet addiction and mental illness. The designers were Sam Stuch, Sam Clark, and Joe Stockman.

The success of the cover has received significant media attention, with Stockman and Clark appearing on TVI's Close Up on Wednesday July 11 to be interviewed by Mark "The Walrus" Sainsbury. An internet poll conducted during the show revealed that 85% of viewers agreed that Stockman and Clark "brought great dishonour to Critic and their country as a whole", while the 15% of dissenting votes were disqualified as they all came from the IP address of Stuch's mother.

The designers' success has inevitably gone to their heads, with Stuch revealing that his true surname is the more aristocratic-sounding "Stuchbury", Clark spending his earnings from the cover on a diamond-encrusted photo of himself with the caption "Bigger than Jesus", and Stockman using his fifteen minutes of fame as an excuse to add hundreds of people on Facebook in a futile and rather sad attempt to appear popular.



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## HOWIE'S EXCELLENT ADVENTURE

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

**A** CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY SENT CRITIC'S resident cat Howie Staples on a trip down memory lane after a concerned member of the public mistook the cat for a stray and deposited him at the SPCA.

A "crazy mofo" spotted Howie on Monday July 12 during a regular jaunt to the Otago Museum, and abducted him. Critic Editor Joe Stockman, who has legal responsibility for the feline, was informed of the incident when SPCA staff rang to confirm the catnapping. A

traumatised but physically unharmed Howie was returned to the Critic office the same day.

Critic News Reporter Zane Pocock is believed to have been the catalyst for Howie's odyssey, having encouraged Howie to eat glue out of a bucket. As a recovering solvent abuser, Howie had little resistance to the intoxicating effects of the glue. He stumbled to the Castle Building, where he was spotted "tripping balls". Pocock expressed remorse for the incident, saying "It's our Monday morning routine... I never expected it would end like this".

Howie, suspected to be of the Maine Coon

breed, was not impressed by the accusations of being a stray. He took to Facebook to vent his anger at his incarceration, saying "Do I look black to you?" – a demonstration of lingering prejudices from his time in the mixed-breed SPCA enclosure.

It remains unclear whether Howie will continue to further his cultural knowledge at the Otago Museum, as well as exactly what horrors he was subjected to while at his old stomping ground. However, it is clear that those looking for flea-infested pussy may now look further afield than the chambres d'Unicol.

## WE SHOULD JUST ACCEPT IT, WE'RE ALL PISSHEADS

BY DAN BENSON-GUIU

**T**HE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO HAS SET UP A NEW group that could see the University, famous for good scholarship over a couple of beers, change its policy towards alcohol. The AIG aims to change the drinking culture in Dunedin by focussing on drinking in flats, student halls, and first year initiation ceremonies. However, questions are being raised about the group's anti-student drinking rhetoric.

The Alcohol Implementation Group (AIG) is headed by Professor Jennie Connor, who has made a number of anti-alcohol comments in the past. On Monday July 9, Professor Connor was quoted in the ODT saying that the University should "dismantle the notion" that drinking forms part of a student way of life. Meanwhile, Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne stated in the

most recent edition of Otago Magazine that "it is now possible to purchase alcohol in more than 400 places within walking distance of the University". OUSA President Logan Edgar disagreed, estimating the real figure to be around 190.

The AIG forms part of the University's purported new drive to create alcohol policy that will "moderate, not eliminate" student drinking. However, the language used by the AIG has caused concern to Edgar, who said the group should "be careful with what they're saying" if they want OUSA to publish communications on behalf of the group. Jono Rowe, OUSA's representative to the first group meeting held in May, is also somewhat concerned about the group, although he said OUSA "recognises and supports measures to limit harmful drinking".

Edgar said that OUSA shares some views with the AIG and have engaged in some

"cooperation". He said that OUSA has been working with the University on policy in the last year to improve the drinking culture, including pushing for a glass ban on Hyde Street. However, Edgar believes it would be detrimental for the AIG to crack down on student pubs, saying pubs and events provide a regulated environment where students can have fun.

Professor Connor was hesitant to speak with Critic before the next meeting of the AIG. When finally reached for comment she stated that "there is no healthy level of drinking... there is less risky drinking and more risky drinking but it is not good for your health." However, Professor Connor claimed that the intention of the group is not to end student drinking – instead, the group aims to change the environment which leads to alcohol related harm.



# THE EXEC REPORTS

## CRITIC PRETENDS TO CARE

Every quarter your student execies have to hand in a report saying what they've been doing for the last three months. If they don't, or if the exec decides they've done a shite job, then they don't get paid their measly honorariums. Critic had to read each and every report then sit through an excruciatingly long exec meeting where they all patted each other on the back for a job well done, so that we could report back to you on exactly what your exec have been up to. We also decided that giving out star ratings was a bit passé, so we've given out hugs instead, up to a maximum of five. Exec members can claim their hugs from either Critic editor Joe Stockman, or Critic cat-in-chief Howie Staples. It's your choice, guys.



### LOGAN EDGAR OUSA PRESIDENT (IN LATE)

Edgar completely changed the presidential paradigm when he took over as OUSA President half way through last year. The larrikin Scarfie was in charge of the big show. With no OUSA experience it was a steep learning curve for the young fella, and he sure put his foot in a few dinosaur cunts along the way. Nowadays, he's totes professional. He sits on numerous boards, bangs out interviews for the nation's media with alarming regularity. I don't anyone could really aruge he's not doing a good job (even if you disagree with his politics).

But Logan, no hugs for you mate. Not only was this report handed in late, but every exec report you've ever submitted has been late. Talk about leading from the front.

**Zero Hugs**



### JONO ROWE ADMIN VICE PRESIDENT

Oh Jono! You and your baby face and cute blue eyes. In another life, at another time, you and Critic could have got down, Jono. Anyway... Jono, the poor bastard, has been re-reading the minutes from every single exec meeting from the last two years in an effort to review OUSA's policies and suggest where changes might be needed in the future. If anyone ever needed a hug it's this poor guy. Plus he's cute.

**Five Hugs**



### ANGUS MCDONALD CAMPAIGNS OFFICER

Angus is in charge of organising OUSA's campaigns. You remember, right? All those campaigns that OUSA has run over the past three months? Okay, so Angus has probably had a slow start to heading up OUSA's campaigns. He's sitting on boards and committees that he's supposed to, doing enough to get by, but he's not really leading the charge. Critic is sure he can do better. He has, however, taken some important steps in both "Liaison" and "Relationship Management" with Te Roopu, which will no doubt result in better-lubricated experiences for both organisations in the future.

**Two Hugs and a high five**



### AASPREET BOPARAI EDUCATION OFFICER

Aaspreet provides some much need racial diversity to the exec (okay, Fran is Filipino). Aaspreet holds the education portfolio, and the tertiary education sector sure has been going through some turbulent times with the National Government cutting all sorts of funding and allowances. There were murmurs around the exec table that Aaspreet hasn't been taking enough initiative in his portfolio, but Critic suspects that Logan's management (as opposed to leadership) approach to the exec may have sucked some of the initiative out of exec members. It was also suggested that Aaspreet could be available around the office a bit more. He took the criticisms on the chin, was in the office by 9am the next day, and is keen to do better.

**Two and a Half Hugs**



### FRANCISCO HERNANDEZ WELFARE OFFICER

Fran is an ideas man. Not all of them are good, and many of them are controversial, but all of them are interesting. Fran's problem is following through – it's been years since he first brought up the idea of a "Flatbook" that people could check to suss out the quality of Dunedin's flats. Fran's \$3 dinners, \$1 breakfasts, and free shop are all ideas that have hit the exec table but are yet to hit the ground. Fran is a likely candidate for President at the end of the year. A few actual programmes brought into existence might increase his chances.

**Three Hugs**



### LISA POHATU TUMUAKI, TE ROOPU (MAORI STUDENTS ASSOCIATION PRESIDENT)

Lisa is both a member of the OUSA executive and the Tumuaiki (President) of the Maori Students Association. When first elected, Lisa had to deal with the threat of Voluntary Student Membership and the associated possible funding cuts. As with Logan, a lot of Lisa's time is taken up with leading Te Roopu generally. However, props to Lisa for sticking her hand up to sit on more committees and attend more meetings despite the grimace of pain that passes across her face as she agrees.

**Four Hugs**



## RYAN EDGAR FINANCE OFFICER

Believe it or not, Ryan Edgar is the clown of the Exec, a real achievement considering he sits alongside his older (and shorter) brother. Ryan's report reads like a bit of a checklist: "Here's what my job description says I should do, and boy did I ever do it." But he is that guy who's always around to help, always asking what needs doing. And he took one for the team when Critic desperately needed someone at the last second for the blind date.

**Four Hugs**



## JUANA DIESING COLLEGES OFFICER

Juana is German. We're not judging her for that, being German is fine, but you have to keep it in the back of your head when you're talking to her, don't you: "This person is German, be on guard." Anyway, Juana is the Colleges Rep, so even though she is a Masters student she spends most of her time skux-ing onto freshers and, you know, representing them and shit. She's been mostly working outside of the office, getting into the darkest corners of the colleges and halls and teaching freshers about budgeting and flating and stuff. Pretty good work all in all.

**Three Hugs and a long meaningful stare into the eyes**



## YEE MIN CHUA INTERNATIONAL OFFICER

Shit girl! Min has hit the ground running (but not literally, she only has one leg (not literally, she just hurt one of them)). Before she even joined the executive she was president of the International Cultural Council, so she's pretty down with the international goings on. Min is clearly full of potential, but Critic has no doubt that the endless meetings and paperwork of OUSA life will break her eventually.

**Min doesn't get any hugs for her performance, as she's only just started her work. But she hurt her leg, so she gets one sympathy hug.**



## BLAKE LUFF RECREATION OFFICER

Luffy, as he's known around the traps at OUSA, has been a busy boy. Clubs and Socs, which is the largest area in his portfolio, has been spending cash money on pimping itself up a bit, and Luffy's been leading the charge. He sits on a ton of different committees too, and is generally a GC. Luffy might be Critic's favourite, especially when he broodingly sits in the office and plays his guitar. Oh, and he bought a new van. Top work.

**Four Hugs and a wristy.**

# CARNIES TRICK OUSA WITH GYPSY MAGIC

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

**S**TUDENTS EAGER TO RISK THEIR LIVES ON THE dilapidated ferris wheel that traditionally graces Re-Orientation's carnival day on campus had to put down their ACC forms on Thursday, as the carnival and associated carnies never showed up.

According to rumours heard by Critic, OUSA has been well and truly duped by the cunning carnies for the second year running. The carnival in 2011's Re-O Week was cancelled due to bad weather, but it is rumoured that not only did the carnies receive their deposit back, they were also paid in full despite not having to provide services, on the condition that they return for the 2012 Re-O Week. Yet despite being scheduled to arrive on Tuesday, the carnies never arrived, and apparently were not able to return calls due to a

lack of access to rudimentary telecommunications technology.

Attempts to obtain further comment from OUSA were met with a rigid, unyielding stonewall worthy of Hadrian himself. Because of this, it is unclear how much truth there is to the rumours, nor how much money OUSA has lost in the carnival debacles of the last few years.

Critic can only speculate why the carnival never arrived – perhaps local authorities became aware that the ring-toss game is impossible to win, or perhaps the carnies all succumbed to the vitamin deficiencies that are the sad but inevitable result of a diet consisting solely of candy floss and popcorn. If there's one thing that can be learned from the sorry saga, it's that you can never trust a carnie.







## LONDON – A SENSIBLE BUT BORING OLYMPICS?

BY GUS GAWN

**U**NFORTUNATELY, FOR MOST CITIES THAT WIN THE right to host the Summer Olympic Games the blessing quickly becomes a curse. Enormous sporting organisations such as the IOC, FIFA, and the IRD operate by farming out the risk to the host countries while keeping all the goodies for themselves. The host city swallows almost all the costs of hosting the games, but most of the profits, including things like TV rights and sponsorship deals, are hogged by the IOC.

It works like this. The city that wins the bidding process is usually the one that can offer the most enticing bid to the voting delegates. That means promises of fancy stadiums, upgraded infrastructure, and years of work. The IOC comes in, has a fun time running their Olympics for a month or so, and leaves. The host city is left with expensive specialised sport facilities or stadiums so vast that they can't be made financially viable even if they do host popular sports.

Athens hosted the Olympics in 2004. By all accounts they did a good job. The stadiums were magnificent. There were no major incidents. Everything went well. The "Dream Games" cost Athens €27 billion to host. Greece probably

wouldn't mind getting that back round about now. The Athens Olympics' legacy? The Greeks have no money, but boy do they have a spiffy softball stadium. When you Google "Greek Softball" the first 10 results are all about teams from New York. It's safe to say the Athenian softball stadium isn't getting much use these days.

The canny Brits saw what happened to Athens and other Olympic host cities and thought "We aren't going to let that happen to us!" They claim London 2012 to be the first "truly sustainable Olympic Games".

The London 2012 organisers have taken the most sensible approach to venue management of any Olympics ever. London already has heaps of world-class facilities, so rather than building new ones or upgrading them they are just going with what they've got. Wimbledon, Lords, Wembley Arena, and Stadium will all do nicely, thank you very much. Some of the cycling is even being held at Brands Hatch, a motor racing circuit. Nearly all of the purpose built venues will be completely dismantled, downsized, or relocated after the games. The hockey, basketball and water polo stadiums will all be completely dismantled and the pieces used at various places around the country. The 15,000-seat basketball

stadium will be shipped to Rio De Janeiro for use in 2016.

The cost cutting has even extended to the main Olympic stadium, usually the jewel in any Olympic crown. The upper structure is mostly made out of recycled tubing, and the total amount of steel used is 10% of that used to construct the "Birds' Nest Stadium" in Beijing. After the Games the upper decks will be removed, cutting the capacity from 80,000 to 60,000. The stadium will probably then be leased to either West Ham or Tottenham football clubs, although they are currently stuck in a long legal battle about who will get to use it. The Athletes' Village will be integrated into the surrounding Stratford area, and is predicted to be a really nice estate on which to breed chavs and rioters.

London 2012 may not end up being the most spectacular or memorable Olympics, but in typical British fashion the Games look like they are going to be the most sensible in history. It's a bit of shame that we miss out on all the ridiculous decadence and showmanship, but in 10 years' time I think London ratepayers will be glad we did. On the plus side, Danny Boyle is doing the opening ceremony. I vote Spud from Trainspotting to light the Olympic torch.

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# A REVIEW OF THE HIGHLANDERS' SEASON

By GUS GAWN

## Best player: Aaron Smith

Went from being underrated backup to best halfback in the country in the space of about six weeks. A rapid pass, good decision making, and an improving running game. Critic's favourite Highlander is now everyone's favourite Highlander.

## Best Win: Highlanders 27-24 Crusaders

The win against the Cheetahs in South Africa was a very strange game, which included uncharacteristically enterprising back play and a huge second half comeback. Ben Smith was ridiculously good. But, for sheer drama, I'm going to go for the Week Two win against the Crusaders. The farce with stadium clock made it the game that never ended. Most importantly, the Highlanders clung on and won over the superporters in the new stadium. And for a while the Highlanders were the hottest ticket in town.

## Worst Loss: Crusaders 51-18 Highlanders

At that point the Highlanders still had a big

chance to make the playoffs, but then on a freezing Christchurch night they ran into an unstoppable force. Pretty much spelled the end of the season for the Highlanders, who didn't win another game.

## What went right?

The defence was really good for most of the season. The Highlanders of 2012 showed the ability to grind out games against stronger opposition and somehow come away with the win. The Highlanders were one of the few teams who still throw heaps of numbers into the counter ruck, and it worked. They got a lot of turnovers, and hardly any teams were able to get quick ball against them.

## What went wrong?

Injuries. You're not going to get very far on your fourth-string First Five. John Hardie had two outstanding games then was gone for the season. The spin-it-wide-but-keep-possession game plan combined with the physical defensive style probably caused most of the injury problems. It also left the Highlanders wide open to the

counterattack, which some teams took brutal advantage of. It was a strategy that succeeded in keeping them competitive, but was never going to win the competition.

## The Crowds?

When the Zoo was open for business it was a hit. There was some bleating about it being too loud and a bit naughty, but that's just socially deficient old cranks whining to the ODT. Average crowd attendance was almost double that of last year, which proves what a shithole Carisbrook was. To keep the crowds coming back the Highlanders are going to need to become real contenders, or attendance will slowly slip back under the 10,000-a-game mark.

## Next Season?

Jamie Joseph is back, so many of the imports he recruited will do likewise. The Highlanders have a strong enough squad now to make the playoffs. They just need a bit more luck with injuries and a First Five who can play for the whole season. Things are looking up – we could have a legitimate rugby team in Dunedin if we aren't careful.

## ARANA COLLEGE IS PUTTING THE CALL OUT FOR SUBWARDENS FOR 2013

The Arana College Subwarden information evening is on Wednesday the 18th of July at 7pm in the Arana College Main Common Room. Come along and find out about what the job is about, the application process, ask questions and pick up an application form.

For more information email  
patrick.chong@otago.ac.nz



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# News IN Briefs



Q U O T E S F R O M

## Tom Cruise

[whatshouldwecallme.tumblr.com/](http://whatshouldwecallme.tumblr.com/)

This site describes daily mistakes and worries with accompanying gifs. Reminds you you're not the only one - e.g. mindless clapping with "when my only single friend gets a boyfriend."

[surisburnbook.tumblr.com/](http://surisburnbook.tumblr.com/)

A mock celeb blog by "Suri Cruise". Fantastic. Highlight this week was a photo of Suri and Katie swimming, captioned "let freedom ring."

YouTube | Autistic Artist

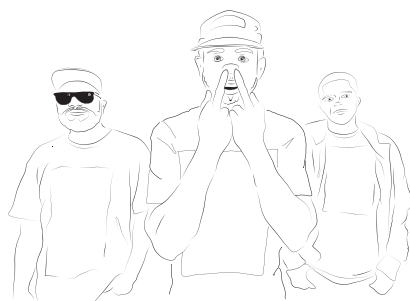
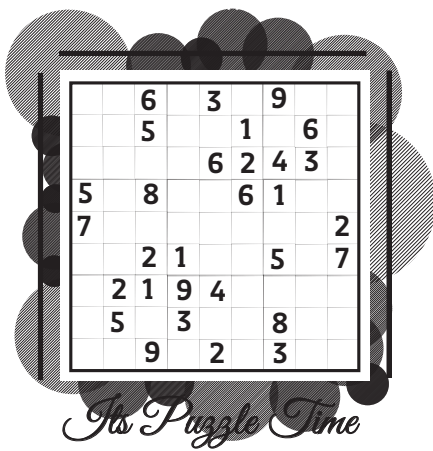
After one helicopter ride over Rome, Steven, dubbed "living camera," draws a detailed 5-and-a-half yard panoramic picture of the city centre from memory.

Jaime Ridge's Twitter

"Recovery xx" @sallyridge: Yum char with my girl @Jaim-eRidge24x" Good to see.



## BEST OF THE Web



## HOME BREW SPEAKEASY

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JUMP ON FACEBOOK AND LIKE THIS IMAGE  
AT THE CRITIC PAGE BEFORE JULY 20 TO BE INTO WIN  
HOME BREW'S SPEAKEASY TOUR. FRIDAY JULY 27TH AT SAMMY'S

"Some people, well, if they don't like Scientology, well, then, fuck you.  
Really. Fuck you. Period."

"Being a Scientologist, when you drive past an accident, it's not like anyone else, it's, you drive past, you know you have to do something about it. You know you are the only one who can really help. That's what drives me."

"We [scientologists] are the authorities on getting people off drugs. We are the authorities on the mind. We are the authorities on improving conditions."

"I love kids. I was a kid myself, once."

## World Watch

**BRAZIL | IN A FLASH OF BRILLIANCE, A BRAZILIAN COLLEGE STUDENT FAKED HER OWN KIDNAPPING** as an excuse for not handing in an end of year university project. The 22 year old alleged she was abducted last week by three men, tied up and held for 24 hours before being released. <sup>he</sup> She has since admitted she lied because she didn't want to upset her mum.

**INDONESIA: | 15-YEAR-OLD ORANG-UTAN TORI HAS BEEN SMOKING CIGARETTES AT AN INDONESIAN** zoo for the last 10 years and is about to quit. Tori mimics human behaviour, smoking lit cigarettes when visitors throw them into her cage. She will be moved to a small island away from the public to go cold turkey.



**DUBLIN | WHEN PATCH THE DOG WANDERED ONTO A TRAIN TO DUBLIN IT TOOK THE POWER OF TWITTER** to bring him home. Irish rail sent a "lost dog!" tweet with a photo attachment of Patch after he arrived in Dublin on a train from Kilcock, an hour away. After more than 500 re-tweets in 32 minutes the owner saw the photo.

**WASHINGTON | 21-YEAR-OLD BENJAMIN SICKLES WAS ARRESTED AFTER HE BROKE INTO A SUBWAY** restaurant and stole nine bags of chips after he couldn't open the cash register. Officers followed a trail of chip bags to Sickles, who was taken into custody. Stupid man should've taken the cookies.



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## Facts AND Figures



The lighter was invented before  
the match



There are more currently more  
US\$100 bills in Russia currently than  
there are in the United States

## Chimps

Chimps are the only animals that can  
recognise themselves in the mirror



Newborn babies are given to the  
wrong mother in hospitals 12 times a  
day worldwide

10 years ago only 500 people in China  
could ski. This year an estimated  
5,000,000 Chinese will visit ski resorts

News around the world:



**BEER!**

**A**s someone who's all too familiar with the epic nights of a student and spent the prior night sinking piss at a work function, going Gonzo for a feature on beer didn't seem like a great concept, but my trepidation was brief. I had forgotten that real beer need not be associated with slabs of SoGos and tacky voms. You see, speed wobbles and an incurable hangover simply aren't the point. A new approach to beer and its consumption is needed, particularly in Dunedin; a new approach that goes beyond just getting pissed. Besides, I was in Wellington, which is making a name for itself as the craft beer capital of New Zealand. So I and a small group of enthusiasts set out to sample the syrup which has become the envy of Aotearoa's beer-drinking many.

# BEER. GLORIOUS BEER

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BY ZANE POCKOCK

## A BRIEF HISTORY LESSON

Our first and, as it turned out, only port of call was an establishment called Hashigo Zake. Japanese for "Pub Crawl", or literally "Liquor Ladder", their beer selection is exceptionally diverse. And with the slogan "no crap on tap", you've got to trust them. The place is hidden underground, with the entrance down a small alleyway. Yet despite the dungeon-like location, Hashigo Zake is incredibly welcoming, and tracking down the proprietor Dominic Kelly for a yarn about craft beer and its history is an easy task.

Said to be as old as civilisation itself, beer most likely emerged simultaneously and accidentally in several ancient cultures due to the fermentation of bread. Critic can only assume this was discovered when a 5-year-old Egyptian kid became intoxicated while eating his packed lunch. Humanity understandably pounced upon this gem and developed it into the nectar what we love today. More important in the saga, however, is the recent development of craft beers.

Dominic says the "craft" label emerged in the 1980s, when "brewing in most countries had degenerated to a state where almost every brewing company that had ever existed had been consolidated into a tiny number — just two in New Zealand." The remaining companies saved money by eliminating stylistic diversity from their product ranges. Products were distinguished by their branding, rather than by the beers' merits. "Capitalism at its worst," as Dominic puts it.

This trend was most apparent in New Zealand and the US. Even Australia had Coopers, a big brewery that was family-owned and had interesting, distinctive products. And although traditional brewing countries like the UK, Belgium, and Germany had a lot of consolidation and corporate giants, plenty of traditional breweries survived.

Craft brewing emerged in the US as a reaction to this "disastrous trend". Dominic says a similar movement came about here to combat the exclusion of small breweries from bars by DB and Lion Nathan. Despite the movement not reaching the same momentum here as in the US, Dominic believes that "we're in the middle of dramatic improvement in the craft beers being brewed here. If only the hospitality industry played its part."

## THE RIGHT PRESCRIPTION

Hashigo Zake has helped breathe new life into New Zealand's stagnant beer industry. Dominic had the idea of starting an authentic craft beer bar for a long time, but only began planning Hashigo Zake when he decided he didn't want to keep working in IT. "At the time I was working for an investment bank in Tokyo, and I borrowed a lot of ideas from bars there such as Popeye (Tokyo's most famous beer bar). Before leaving I managed to make many of the contacts that have let us start importing some amazing beer that wasn't available in New Zealand before. I also heard the expression Hashigo Zake used there when I was on a pub crawl. I left Tokyo in 2009, came back to Wellington, and started looking for a location. I found a cocktail bar on the market in a location that met almost all our requirements, and we opened in time for Beervana 2009."

**"BREWING IN MOST COUNTRIES HAD DEGENERATED TO A STATE WHERE ALMOST EVERY BREWING COMPANY THAT HAD EVER EXISTED HAD BEEN CONSOLIDATED INTO A TINY NUMBER — JUST TWO IN NEW ZEALAND."**



## WHERE IS THE LOVE?

As our group enjoyed our third pint, an 8-Wired IPA, I suddenly realised that although I personally love beer, it's difficult to pinpoint exactly why. And what better tool to deal with questions of love and humanity than science? So we invited Dominic back for another round. Beer drinkers really are knowledgeable sorts...

Dominic reckons that beer is appealing on many levels. "A typical, well-made ale will first offer a variety of enjoyable aromas from hops, which themselves come in hundreds of varieties. Esters created during fermentation may then offer sweet, fruity or vegetal early flavours, will have pleasing carbonation, will progress through a variety of flavours imparted by hops, malt and yeast, before finishing with a satisfying bitterness that terminates any sweetness left from the sugars that might still be present."

Enough science? Well, the easiest part to understand is that "after working your way through a glass, there is the bonus of a nice buzz," says Dominic.

Different experiences will be generated by each of beer's diverse styles. Beer's moderate levels of alcohol and carbonation also make it refreshing in a way that soft drinks, with their cloying sweetness, can never be. Plus, bitterness can be bracing and a little energising, "especially as an after work tonic."

What's more, the strongest type of craft beers, "sipping beers" like Barley Wine and Imperial Stout, "can be every bit as satisfying to a jaded palate as brandy or whisky," says Dom.

**"DIFFERENT EXPERIENCES WILL BE GENERATED BY EACH OF BEER'S DIVERSE STYLES. BEER'S MODERATE LEVELS OF ALCOHOL AND CARBONATION ALSO MAKE IT REFRESHING IN A WAY THAT SOFT DRINKS, WITH THEIR CLOYING SWEETNESS, CAN NEVER BE. PLUS, BITTERNESS CAN BE BRACING AND A LITTLE ENERGISING. "ESPECIALLY AS AN AFTER WORK TONIC."**

## THE HOLY GRAIL – CHOOSE YOUR VESSEL WISELY

One of the world's current great debates is regarding the future of the humble pint glass. I find little more satisfying than cradling a pint at the pub, yet technically it's not a great drinking vessel. "They're certainly poor at concentrating aromas," Dominic says. "And at 568 mls, an imperial pint is far too large for serving a strong beer in. At 474 mls, a US pint is a little more realistic. But there is something comforting about wrapping your hand around a sturdy pint glass, especially the US style that is made with thicker glass." In general, if you want to thoroughly deconstruct what you're tasting, a curved glass with space above the beer is going to help. In fact, a true enthusiast should have a different glass for almost every beer they enjoy, and the only faux pas worse than drinking from the bottle is the metallic taste of aluminium can.

## YEAH RIGHT!

For too long, the likes of Speights and Tui have permitted men a certain form of institutionalised sexism. Advertisements which objectify and commodify women are par for the course. Hyper-sexualised barmaids (never barmen, of course) bend over for the coldest beer at the back of the fridge, submitting to the archetypal hard-working, rugby-playing New Zealand bloke. Dominic rightly goes so far as to say that this branding actively discourages women from drinking the product. It's a myth that beer is a man's drink, but decades of sexist advertising has

succeeded in telling women not to drink it. As Dominic says, "the fact that people agonise over this issue is proof that we've got a long, long way to go to undo the damage caused by the warped marketing of the big breweries."

One beauty of craft beer is that it "doesn't really have a stereotypical drinker." Although Dominic doesn't survey his customers, he knows that Hashigo Zake doesn't get the kind of homogenised clientele that a bar might get when they define themselves with a gimmicky theme. "We may well have a more diverse clientele than any other bar in Wellington."

## FEELING THE BUZZ

This craft beer circuit can certainly have its effect on you that goes beyond the usual dizziness. After a week of visiting Hashigo Zake every evening, my wallet was decidedly thinner due to the \$12 price tag on a pint. I also joined the Society Of Beer Advocates (SOBA), which gets you discounts at top quality establishments such as Hashigo Zake, organises events, and even has online forums where beer snobs can vent their fury at anything distasteful.

But would I rather have one really great brew or a slab of crap? The choice is obvious. The craft beer habit is incredibly contagious.



# WHAT THE DRUNK?

**O**n any given night of the week scarfies and their friends go out to play, and nine times out of ten their sport of choice is drinking. Getting booze is easy, and getting drunk is even easier. But why does alcohol make us feel so good (and then oh-so-bad)? And what is it actually doing to us?

By Lauren Wootton

**P**rofessor Jennie Connor, the HOD for Preventive and Social Medicine at Otago, researches the health effects of alcohol and the impact of alcohol on sexual behaviour. She says it's all about our BAC, or Blood Alcohol Concentration. "Alcohol crosses the 'blood-brain barrier' very quickly and has a direct toxic effect on the brain, which causes the feelings of intoxication. How drunk you are is determined by how much alcohol is in your blood (and therefore your brain). The BAC depends on how fast you are drinking." So the more you drink, the more alcohol is in your blood, and the more effects you begin to feel. BAC is affected by all kinds of stuff. If you're very fat, very skinny, overly muscly, damn hungry, or female, you're going to get drunk quicker. Alcohol sensitivity also depends on things like your ethnicity, genes and how good your liver is, as well as how often you drink.

Basically, your liver can only break down so much alcohol per hour. That's where the wee standard drink pictures on your can of Cindy's come in: the liver needs one hour to break down every standard drink. Your BAC rises when you drink more than your liver can handle. Alcohol is a poison. Since your body can only process so much poison per hour, the more alcohol you put in, the more poisoned you become.

But regardless of how quickly you get drunk, we all know what happens when that BAC starts to creep up. Your Scarfie Alter Egos arrive and begin to cause trouble.

## TOO MUCH INFORMATION SCARFIE

Though a game of "I have never" might be a great way to break down some social barriers, you may not be so happy the next day that you told everyone in the Cook that you pissed your bed until you were 12-years old. But as you start getting drunk, you start to share too much information. Professor Connor says that when your BAC gets between 10 — 50 micrograms per 100ml of blood, you start to feel relaxed and good about yourself. You're also going to lose your inhibitions. Where's The Line, an online tool used to train bartenders to identify the different stages of intoxication, describes this as the "happy phase". Apparently this loss of inhibitions is "what people are striving for as they take those first drinks." But as your BAC starts creeping up over 60, and "I Have Never" turns into an all-out see-who-can-tell-the-grossest-story session, you're already well equipped for a next-day "holy shit did I actually say that" moral hangover.



## SLUT-DANCE SCARFIE

For some people, this one is a whole lot of fun. Nothing is sexier than a sloppy-drunk girl hitching up her boob tube while gyrating into some dude's crotch, or some wasted guy getting all up in your grill. At this point, Connor says your BAC is hitting 60-100, and you're feeling pleasure, a numbing of feelings, and experiencing a little less coordination than usual. You don't care what anyone thinks, you're going to dance like the sexy minx you are and NO ONE will be able to resist you.

This is the point where you're feeling drunk, but good drunk, and it's usually the ideal level to stay at. But soon you're probably not going to notice if everyone is having a good old laugh at your expense. Especially if your drunken dance moves aren't appreciated by the girlfriend of that guy you're grinding on.

"Nothing is sexier than a sloppy-drunk girl hitching up her boob tube while gyrating into some dude's crotch"

## MONEYBAGS SCARFIE

"Me? Drunk? Never! Let's get some shots... oh you've got no money? All good, I'll shout you one bro." After our feelings go a bit numb and we lose a few inhibitions, out comes Moneybags Scarfie. It's okay, you don't need to eat this week anyway. There are two variations on this alter-ego: the one with the money who is just drunk enough to think he's sober, and the one without their EFTPOS card and an all too well-practiced way of forgetting to pay you back ("yeah bro, my pay goes through tomorrow!"). This is usually followed by what Where's The Line calls the "loud stage" – when the drinker "begins to enter a place when they will experience regrets the next day". Add that to the moral hangover brought on by TMI and Slut-dance Scarfie, and you're cooking up a nice wee toilet bowl of regret.

## BEST FRIEND SCARFIE

"This guy!? I LOVE this guy!" Suddenly, everyone is your best friend (probably thanks to Moneybags). According to Professor Connor, when your BAC hits the 100 mark, you're going to experience emotional arousal, and your reasoning and depth perception are going to stumble out the window. You love everyone, even if you only met them five minutes ago. By now, you're probably out of money, but that's okay because you've got all these new friends and you're going to be friends forever and have parties together and sure you can move into the spare room in our flat, we can even add each other on Facebook.





## BAD DECISION SCARFIE

This is my all-time favourite alter ego, known by Where's The Line as the "Swaying and Slurring" stage. With a BAC of anywhere from 110 (mood swings, anger, sadness, mania, and slurred speech) to 300 (aggression, depression, reduced sensations, and lack of balance), this Scarfie appears in many forms. Acts could range from swinging the first punch or texting that psycho ex to lighting a fire, getting naked at McDonalds, or taking home that gorgeous girl giving you eyes from across the bar, even though she looked like a rabid dog about three drinks ago. The Scarfie who gets lucky with this girl on a Thursday night is often lured dangerously quickly into STI-riddled, accidental pregnancy territory by statements like "it's okay I'm on the pill". Let's not forget, the girl's Bad Decision Alter Ego is probably out to play as well. Connor says that "heavy drinking increases unsafe sexual behaviour, and consequent STIs and pregnancies, as well as the emotional and psychological burden." Not only that, but the leading cause of death in young people in New Zealand is injury, and the leading cause of injury is alcohol. Picking up a pattern here?

## COMA SCARFIE

The "Falling Over Drunk" stage. Once your BAC goes over 300, you're getting into dangerous territory. Your motor skills are gone, you're spewing your ring out, and you're not too far away from being put to bed with a bucket and declared "coma-d". You're probably going to cry, wet yourself, go in and out of consciousness, and you might even go into a real coma. There is a very real risk of dying from alcohol poisoning or choking to death on your own vomit. No one wants to be that kid who had a real bright future until they drank themselves to death. It's a shit time for your family, your mates, the doctors who tried to save you, and everyone else involved. YOLO, right? Better make sure you actually get to live.

"Once your BAC goes over 300, you're getting into dangerous territory. Your motor skills are gone, you're spewing your ring out, and you're not too far away from being put to bed with a bucket and declared "coma-d"

## WHAT THEN?

But that's just the here-and-now effects. Professor Connor says it's difficult for young people to fully appreciate the long-term effects of heavy drinking. "There is a perception that you drink heavily for a period of time when young and there is no effect on the rest of your life. This will be true for some people. For others there is a range of possibilities." Connor says that people who drink heavily at Uni will often fail or drop out, and that drinking heavily when you're young makes drinking problems in later life more likely. She also emphasises that injuries are pretty common, and sometimes people die. Just because you think it won't happen to you doesn't mean it won't.

But unlike me, not everyone brings their alter-egos out to play when they've had a couple of drinks. There are a lot of Scarfies out there who can drink till their BAC hits about 100 and keep it there by having only one or two per hour. But for those of us with a lower tolerance, lack of self-control, or messy combination of the two, Thursday and Saturday nights are frequently followed by a morning spent telling the toilet about all the things you said or did last night. Sometimes the moral hangover is worse than the physical one. As your body tries to expel the excess poison from your system, sometimes out of more than one orifice, it's all you can do to curl up in a ball on the bathroom floor and pray one of your new "friends" brings you some Velvet Burger. And let's not forget those terrible moments when memories from last night resurface with a sickening jolt of realisation and shame.

Let's face it, everyone has those nights that haunt them for days afterwards. It's the stuff of 21st speeches, YouTube videos, and stories for the Scarfie Chronicles. The only thing more embarrassing than an old school friend telling you they "heard you had a bit of a rager the other night" even though they weren't there is when you're at Squiddy's on a Monday innocently getting a scoop of chips and you're approached by someone you've never seen before in your life, but they've met you, and did you want to catch up for that drink you promised the other night? You can only hope your old friend TMI Scarfie didn't tell them about the chick with the herpes. Maybe it's time you started leaving your Scarfie Alter Egos at home.

## SELWYN COLLEGE RESIDENTIAL SCHOLARSHIPS FOR SUB WARDENS AND SENIOR RESIDENTS

We are looking for Sub Wardens and Senior Residents for our College in 2013. You must have a sound academic record and great leadership and organisational skills.

An Information Session for all intending applicants will be held in the College's Senior Common Room at 7pm on Friday, 20th July. Please email the Warden, Dr Neil Rodgers, to reserve a place ([warden.selwyn@otago.ac.nz](mailto:warden.selwyn@otago.ac.nz)).



Application forms and scholarship information sheets are available from the office at 560 Castle Street or online at [www.selwyn.ac.nz](http://www.selwyn.ac.nz).  
The closing date is Monday, 6th August 2012.



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# IT IS HOW WE'RE DRINKING

**I**s student drinking really a problem? Aren't we just young people having a good time, getting a bit loose with our mates, and enjoying ourselves while we still can? Katie Kenny takes a look at the damage that can be caused when we go a bit too far with the booze.

By Katie Kenny





A

ACCORDING TO THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH, NINE OUT OF TEN Kiwis aged 16 — 64 have consumed an alcoholic beverage in the past year. Three in five of us consumed more than the recommended guidelines in a single drinking session at least once last year, while one in six adults has "a potentially hazardous drinking pattern".

That sounds pretty serious, doesn't it? "A potentially hazardous drinking pattern." Hmm, seriously vague wording, that's for sure. This undeniably concerning yet frustratingly hazy statistic is typical of New Zealand's attitude towards alcohol issues. We all know that it's a problem, but whose problem is it exactly?

Not ours, proclaim school staff and the parents of teenagers, despite reports indicating that up to 70% of secondary students consume alcohol. Not ours, cry the middle-aged cohort of casual-beers-after-work types who are the "biggest drinkers in New Zealand" according to last week's ODT. Not ours, cry the twenty-somethings who can't remember where they were last night, let alone how many standards they had.

One group remains silent as the grave: the 600 — 1000 Kiwis who die each year from alcohol-related causes. Of course, some are repetitive binge drinkers, some are alcoholics, and some are long-term sufferers of alcohol-related diseases. But some, says Professor Mike Ardagh, are students like you and me. They are students with no alcoholic tendencies or genetic or social predispositions to alcoholism. They're just young adults who go out on a Thursday or Friday or Saturday night, misjudge what they're drinking, and die.

**"That level of control is very difficult. Drunkenness isn't a linear process, it's not always proportional to the amount that you drink. It's like filling a glass... you keep pouring, and it's fine, but then, when you get to the top, it very suddenly makes a mess."**

M

MIKE ARDAGH IS A PROFESSOR OF EMERGENCY MEDICINE, and has been working in the Emergency medicine for "twenty or so years now". He also works for the Ministry of Health on ED standards, is an active researcher, and lectures at the University of Otago School of Medicine.

His dual role as doctor and teacher means that he is privy to the extremes of student behaviour. He deals with both responsible, motivated learners and the extremely inebriated who stumble into the waiting room late at night.

According to Ardagh, "One of the problems we see with students is that they're ignorant when dealing with alcohol, particularly the younger ones." He explains that this is perhaps due to their lack of experience ("not that you should attempt to train yourself") and an inability to differentiate between moderate and excessive consumption. "That level of control is very difficult. Drunkenness isn't a linear process, it's not always proportional to the amount that you drink. It's like filling a glass... you keep pouring, and it's fine, but then, when you get to the top, it very suddenly makes a mess. It's so hard to tell where that point is, and it changes day to day, depending on how tired you are, how much you've eaten, whether you've had a sleeping pill, and so on."

Ardagh explains that most drunk students arriving at the ED conform to one of two stereotypes. "There are people who are plain drunk. So drunk that they can't maintain themselves, can't keep their own airway open. Females usually form the majority of this group, mostly due to physiological reasons. The more common group that we see are those who have injured themselves while drunk. That's actually mostly blokes. They might have tripped over and cut themselves, fallen off their bikes, or been involved in a fight."

After treatment, most drunkards are on their way home before they've even sobered up. Ardagh explains that "unless it's extreme, most people will be discharged before morning. In some hospitals, they may be tucked up in bed and staff will keep an eye on them until morning... If the patient is kept overnight, then that provides an opportunity for a brief intervention — some discussion about

“Dunedin has been renowned as a student city and therefore a party destination for far longer than any of us have been around. However, Professor Ardagh admits that intoxicated admissions at ED are becoming more serious. So what’s gone wrong?”

their drinking, how dangerous it was, how close they came to serious harm. Very often, there's incredible ignorance about the state they were in. Those who go home straight away don't get that intervention. The message of danger isn't getting through to them." In these situations, educational responsibility tends to be picked up by the University and residential colleges. So are these colleges doing their job?

It seems that at least in part, the Scarfie drinking culture is learnt at the halls and colleges of residence that so many first years attend. Initiation ceremonies that involve drinking to the point of vomiting, and constant peer pressure to drink heavily, undoubtedly create unhealthy drinking habits in first years that they will carry through their time at university.

Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne has taken a hard line on this peer pressure, and is pushing for an end to "initiation" traditions. At the start of the year Knox College underwent a number of changes which were designed to reduce alcohol related harm, and specifically targeted initiation ceremonies. The challenge for halls and college is when first years head out to flats and bars, and are no longer constrained by the in house rules.

Many halls and colleges will intervene if a student comes home particularly drunk, requiring them to attend a Student Health counselling session, and often placing them on a temporary alcohol ban. And if you are ever found by Campus Watch in such a state that you might hurt yourself, you'll find yourself reporting to the Vice-Chancellors office for a one on one chat.

T

**HERE'S THAT WORD AGAIN: IGNORANCE. SURELY IGNORANCE** isn't a generational issue. Dunedin has been renowned as a student city and therefore a party destination for far longer than any of us have been around. However, Professor Ardagh admits that intoxicated admissions at ED are becoming more serious. So what's gone wrong?





“This means that people who are genuinely nice tend to be pleasant when they’re drunk. People who are dickheads tend to be even bigger dickheads when they’re drunk. There’s a high proportion of those who can control the fact that they’re idiots when they’re sober, but can’t when they’re drunk. They tend to be very disruptive in hospital.”

Ardagh suggests that the shift can be attributed to changes to three main alcohol-related factors: purchase age, availability, and price. “The big difference back then was that the [drinking age] was 20, and the main drink was 4% beer. Even though the intent was similar, the consumption was similar, the opportunity for real self-harm was considerably less. It was a different kind of drinking.”

He asserts that many students arriving at the ED aren't that far from death. “There's very often incredible ignorance among students about the states they get themselves into. Many have limited or at least distorted memories of their drinking experiences, so there's this perception that it's a relatively benign thing to do. Even people who are informed have a sense of denial: 'Oh, it will never happen to me'.”

**A**LCOHOL LAW REFORM IS CURRENTLY ON THE POLITICAL agenda, with the NZ Law Commission having undertaken an extensive review of our liquor laws from 2009 – 2010. This prompted an Alcohol Reform Bill which aims to mitigate the issues of age, availability, and price. Education is also important, of course, but is hardly aided by the current social environment of peer pressure-prone students combined with sweet-tasting and inexpensive alcohol.

Not only are inebriated students a danger to themselves, but they're also causing strife amidst our hospital systems. In a survey presented by the New Zealand Medical Journal last year, health professionals described dealing with a range of abuse from intoxicated admissions, and also an increased workload due to patients failing to comply with treatment.

Professor Ardagh says that most students aren't intentionally problematic, but “one thing about alcohol is that it tends to strip away social constraints. This means that people who are genuinely nice tend to be pleasant when they’re drunk. People who are dickheads tend to be even bigger dickheads when they’re drunk.

There's a high proportion of those who can control the fact that they're idiots when they're sober, but can't when they're drunk. They tend to be very disruptive in hospital.”

However, Ardagh doesn't want to deter students from seeking help if they're seriously in trouble, and says it's always heartening to see “friends looking out for each other”.

**D**EALING WITH STUDENT BINGE DRINKING IS DIFFICULT PARTLY because of the complexity of defining the problem. Alcohol abuse is defined as the intentionally harmful use of alcohol, yet most cases of students' gross intoxication are simply mishaps fuelled by ignorance. How, then, should we define the drinking habits of bingeing students?

Certainly some students consistently drink to excess despite recurrent social and legal problems as a result of their behaviour. In these cases, serious educational and disciplinary intervention is required.

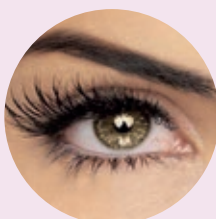
Fewer students still might be classified as alcohol dependent – they may be unable to socialise at events which don't involve drinking, find themselves having to drink increasing amounts due to a developed tolerance, and frequently crave alcohol. This is alcoholism, and is an illness which requires external, professional help.

**W**E KNOW THAT MOST STUDENTS DON'T DRINK WITH HARMFUL intentions, or because they're alcoholics. Most students simply don't consider the real dangers of alcohol. Perhaps they just don't have anything better to do with their spare time (in which case I'm sure Red Frogs would gladly welcome new volunteers). Although Professor Ardagh and University staff admit that the situation is gradually improving, Stewart likens students' attitudes to drinking to those of toddlers playing with matches: “Unfortunately, some kids just don't learn until they burn themselves.”



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## 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. If you want in on the action, email [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz) with your details.

### TOM

**I** ARRIVED AT LITTLE INDIA INTRIGUED AT WHAT KIND OF SPECIES CRITIC HAD lined up for me. I approached the bar staff, and was seated at a table. After a little flirting with the waitress, who looked like she was DTF, I spotted a brunette entering the restaurant. On first glance I thought this girl would be your typical prude, law student, so it was no surprise when I realised in a drunken epiphany just minutes into the date we had already resorted to talking about economic policies implemented by the National Party.

However that's where the shit chat stopped, and it wasn't long until our conversation had turned to two main subjects: Drugs and Sex. We ate dinner and it wasn't long until I had a new friend, who shared a common "liberal" approach to life with me. Being the sharing person I am suggested we share a joint in the octagon, and it wasn't long after this until we had split a pill, smoked another joint, and had more drinks. The date was going swimmingly, and it was only 9.30pm. The night was young, however what was I to do? Go home and get on the piss with the flat and ditch her, or be the Gentleman and ask her what she wanted to do?

I decided to ask her what she wanted to do and without hesitation my new friend told me she wanted to go and do some baking. Back out our flat we continued to do more baking than Jo Segar on a Sunday afternoon. Suddenly she began to green out more than the Hulk himself. Luckily one of my noble flat mates offered a seat on his lap, if she wasn't keen for mine. I am bad man. I had corrupted daddy's little girl, this girl had some of the hungriest nostrils that I had ever seen!

Critic what a night you provided me with, it was great thanks very much! Not bad selection of my date either she had good chat for a girl. Thanks for the trip to first base, bit gutted that you were too green to hit a homer. I dozed off, however was disturbed when the girl was complaining that her heart was racing, and she couldn't sleep. After reassuring her she would be fine she was just feeling the side effects of the pills, she passed out! What a good bitch and what a fantastic night thank you!

### KATIE

**S** EVEN PM: I'M OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO LITTLE INDIA AND HAVE JUST NERVOUSLY swilled a whole can of Smirnoff Guarana to get me through what awaits me inside. I ask myself why in God's name I agreed to do this. Well, you only live once and I'm always down for trying new things in life. My message to Scarfies: Screw your inhibitions, get out there and meet new people, you never know where it might lead...

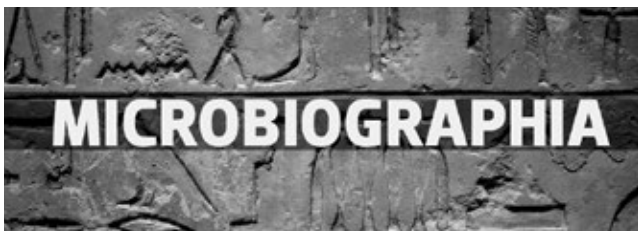
I'm ushered to the table. There I find Ryan Gosling's secret twin, a witty and articulate specimen with blonde tousled hair. Pretty soon I discover commerce boy is in fact commerce bad-boy. He asks me what my thoughts are on drugs, which leads to an enlightening debate about the legalisation of marijuana. I ask him the generic question, 'so, what's the craziest shit you've done as a scarfie?' It leads to a random story about a walk of shame and running away from the cops. Before you know it the wine is all gone and we're getting on like an Iraqi house on fire.

But what to do now the date is over? The night is still young. Bad boy whisks me off to a secret garden where we discover an interesting white powdery substance someone has left lying on a wheelie bin. My memory gets pretty hazy after that but I remember seeing sparkly lights and diamonds everywhere. We head to a bar and after a few cocktails are feeling very happy indeed. I start to zone out and the bartender gets a bit worried, so we shoot off back to bad boy's place.

I meet the flatties who are a fine bunch of lads. They are in the middle of a red card which involves doing something to the neighbours. Bad boy and I escape to his bedroom, but the flatties gatecrash. Suddenly we are all fooling around in the bedroom, jumping up and down on bad boy's bed gleefully like little children who've drunk a glass of sugar for breakfast.

I feel my pulse and it's racing faster than Phar Lap. I'm freaking out. Bad boy chivalrously fetches me water. It's impossible to sleep when I'm this buzzed so I escape into the night in time for my 9am lecture. Thanks for an amazing night Critic, I met a special guy who brought out my wild side. Who knows, we might stay "friends."





## HYPATIA EGYPTIAN PHILOSOPHER AND TOTAL BABE

By Toby Newberry

SO THE COLUMN THIS WEEK IS ABOUT MY NEW HISTORICAL CRUSH, HYPATIA. Having a crush like this might seem kinda pointless given that she died more than a thousand years ago, but I'm banking on time-machines being invented pretty soon. Courting Hypatia will be number three on the to-do list, right after I kill Hitler and ride a dinosaur.

Hypatia lived in Alexandria around 400 AD. She worked at the Great Library, which, if you don't already know, was pretty much the coolest place ever, in a slightly nerdy Indiana Jones kind of way. The library housed hundreds of thousands of scrolls, with works of science and philosophy as well as plays and poetry. These weren't just any old scrolls, either. They were said to contain over one hundred plays by Sophocles, the great Athenian playwright. Of these, only seven survive completely today. One of those seven is Oedipus Rex. It's like if Shakespeare's only surviving plays were Coriolanus and A Winter's Tale — think what we'd have lost.

But enough scrolls; this is supposed to be a column about people. Hypatia was educated in Athens, before returning to Egypt to work at the library. There she taught astronomy, philosophy, and mathematics. Her position of authority was uncommon for women at the time, but contemporary historiographer Scholasticus noted that men felt at ease under her tuition, "on account of her extraordinary dignity and virtue". It probably helped that by all accounts she was a total babe. Indeed, Hypatia was said to reject all of her many suitors. Knowing the male psyche, this probably increased her perceived hotness.

Although Hypatia's gender didn't stop her getting a sweet job, it has made it tough for historians to figure out which works were hers. At the time, it was very rare for women to be credited as the authors of scientific or philosophical texts. This is a shame, since her achievements are reputed to "far surpass all the philosophers of her own time" (Scholasticus again). Still, according to Wikipedia she was the first historically noted woman in mathematics. I guess that's something.

The Alexandria of Hypatia's time simmered with political unrest (so much has changed). The Governor, Orestes, had concerns about the Bishop, Cyril. Christianity's popularity was growing, and Orestes felt that the increasing influence of the Bishop was undermining his rule. Violent scuffles broke out between the religious groups. Orestes was known to seek Hypatia's counsel, giving the Christians cause to loathe her. She was accused of witchcraft and godlessness, and ultimately murdered by a mob of Christian zealots. Haters gon' hate.



## I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU. IT'S AS IF YOU DON'T LIKE YOURSELF

By Margi MacMurdo-Reading

I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS FOR STUDENTS WHO TAKE SUCH AN IMPASSIONED STANCE regarding their "right to drink", especially on the public streets. Why is altering your consciousness with any intoxicant and being an unreal version of yourself such a desperate desire? Why is legal access to guzzling alcohol on the public streets so important to some people? Why is becoming intoxicated to the point of puking, having sex with strangers, passing out and clogging the Emergency room with your bad-decision injuries considered by some of you important enough to be "important"?

I used to drink and party. I get that being an idiot temporarily is part of learning how to be a grown up. I quit drinking altogether after years of tending bar in Chicago and Cleveland. After repeatedly witnessing perfectly nice people in their natural state become less intelligent, more violent, and in general, increasingly dickish within an hour, it became painfully obvious to me that alcohol is basically just people poison. A little won't kill you, but the amount a lot of you are putting away is rapidly destroying your brain cells. How much stupider can you afford to be, after all? These are the questions people smart enough to get into university should be asking themselves.

By the way, drinking openly on the streets in public is not globally "normal", statistically speaking. Wikipedia says "In New Zealand and Japan, public drinking and public intoxication are legal". Wowee!! Singled out for greatness! However, getting tanked in public as an acceptable and normal way of life seems to be true only in tiny island nations. Australia? NOPE. Canada? No way, eh? Scotland? NAY. Spain? NO. England? Sure! Where they also have babies at 13! Only three cities in the USA; Memphis, New Orleans, and Las Vegas, allow open liquor containers on the public streets but only on certain streets – like the Las Vegas strip and the Jazz Quarter in New Orleans.

Over the years, students have chosen to drink openly on the streets, throw bottles, wander into traffic blind drunk, urinate on private property and in general cause extensive damage and mayhem more than they have chosen to privately drink responsibly. There are an embarrassing percentage of students who freely admit they come to Otago mostly because it is such a publicly notorious party school. Lame.

Hey – I'm no stranger to past partying; I used to ingest every mind-altering substance thrown my way. It took a team of Guardian Angels working 'round the clock to keep me alive. Honestly? The whole time it felt like slumming, because I knew I was better than that, and I think you are too.



## WHO KNEW?

By Dame La di Da

**RECENT LIFE EXPERIENCES HAVE TAUGHT ME SOMETHING INTERESTING:** Christchurch is the progressive centre of the South. It seems wherever I go these days Christchurchians go out of their way to welcome my return to our fair city with my favourite nom de slur: faggot.

This word is routinely huffed at me from speeding cars as I am walking alone at night, or even more delightfully out of an ugly Holden rolling past as my partner and I hold hands at the traffic lights, on his birthday. It often comes out slowly, like the speaker savours having my rude word all over his tongue (I say his, as I am yet to be addressed in this way in public by a woman).

I am doing something right. Obviously my faggotry is flaming.

There are two things I notice when people yell homophobic shit at me. The first I notice in myself. It is a feeling of fear mixed with defiance. I often respond by blowing kisses or giving the fingers, or both, if my partner doesn't stop me. Yet inside I am shaken that my quiet Sunday stroll through the central city has been interrupted. I am afraid. What if they turn around and come back for us? My lover has had a full bottle of beer thrown at him in the past...

I also notice the witnesses. The people who watch this verbal assault and act as though nothing happened. It is as if their day has not been affected one bit by our shared experience. Not once have I had a person wander over to check in about how I am feeling, or comment that the haters are douchebags.

Often the cars are moving so fast that I can't see their registration number (they're so tough they have to speed away). But if you get a chance I suggest you note it down (this message is not only for queerbos, but everyone). The Police are interested in hearing about people being threatened, harassed or intimidated. Even if they don't press charges, a phone call to the owner of the car might stop them doing it again.

The thing is, I really like the word faggot. Not when it is spat at me by homophobes, but as a word I own and use for myself. The bestest thing, that makes me warm and gooey, is that when these dicks yell "faggot" at me they don't know how right they are.

Yours with unrepentant faggalicious excess,



## QUEER OCEAN

By Lukas Clark-Memler

**"TODAY IS A BIG DAY FOR HIP HOP,"** SAID DEF JAM CO-FOUNDER AND HIP HOP heavyweight Russell Simmons, talking about Frank Ocean recently proclaiming his bisexuality. In a poetically intimate Tumblr post, the Odd Future member and saccharine crooner revealed that his first love was a man. Cue the internet machine exploding with articles like "Frank Is Gay" and "Is This The End Of Hip Hop's Homophobia?"

Before we get any further, I want to confess that I'm a dedicated OFWGKTA fan. I believe that Tyler, The Creator's debauched, demented and demonic Goblin was one of the best records of 2011. It's as shrewd a social critique as hip hop does, and while it isn't always easy to consume, the naked and hypnotic intensity of Tyler's music overshadows any questionable lyrical content.

But I digress. Ocean's musings are not going to change hip hop or stop the homophobia that plagues both the industry and mainstream "street" culture. In fact, I'd go as far as to say that Frank's frankness (yes I went there) is nothing more than a marketing ploy intended to boost album sales.

I'm in no way belittling Ocean's honesty. It's not easy to admit this kind of thing in our suffocatingly heterosexual society, let alone in the hyper-masculine world of hip hop. But it was a dubious and surely pre-meditated move.

Ocean's major label debut Channel Orange will be released tomorrow, a mere two weeks after his "astonishing confession". According to Google Trends, in the days following Ocean's post his search hits nearly tripled. And that's not to mention the exposure from international newspapers, magazines and websites. The media loves a bit of homoeroticism.

In my humble opinion it was Tyler, The Creator who offered the most sincere response to the "game-changing" news: "My Big Brother Finally Fucking Did That. Proud Of That Nigga Cause I Know That Shit Is Difficult."

In a classic example of his scatological sensitivity, Tyler first acknowledges Ocean's move and then awkwardly diffuses the severity of the matter in an oddly metaphysical way. Tyler's been viciously criticised for misogynistic lyrics, and the counter-argument has always been "well, Syd The Kid is an out lesbian." Now Odd Future fans can add Frank Ocean's ostensible bisexuality to their justification for Tyler's offensiveness.

For the record, I don't think it matters in the slightest who Ocean chooses to shack up with. The guy is a fantastic singer who has managed to breathe new life into contemporary R&B. An artist shouldn't be judged on their sexuality, but they shouldn't try to capitalise on or exploit it either. So while Ocean's note was indeed honest, its promotional undertones corrupt the authenticity of the message.



## THE VEEP STAKES

By Creepy Uncle Sam

**THE CURRENT ORTHODOXY WHEN PICKING A VICE PRESIDENTIAL RUNNING MATE** is to choose somebody who complements the candidate and appeals to different demographics. For instance, Obama is young, black, and eloquent, so he chose Joe Biden, an old white guy who accidentally says "fuck" at press conferences. With the Republican nomination all but sewn up, the next big question is who Mitt Romney will pick as his running mate. Although it's possible the announcement will already have been made by the time this column goes to print, here is my appraisal of the main candidates.

**Michelle Bachmann.** The same logic that got Sarah Palin the role in 2008 would apply to Bachmann. She's a woman, and a favourite of the rightwing Tea Party movement – groups with which Romney has been unpopular. She's also photogenic and full of apple-pie rhetoric. However, she's too ambitious to accept being number two, she's even crazier than Palin, and there's too much bad blood left over from the nomination race where she was Romney's rival. VP rating: 4/10.

**Maureen "Moe" Tucker.** Believe it or not, the former Velvet Underground drummer is a card-carrying member of the Tea Party. She isn't hot like Bachmann, and has taken a lot of drugs in her time, but she would definitely appeal to the youth and hippy demographics. Though she's unlikely to run run run for office, she might be beginning to see the light. VP rating: 7/10.

**Apu Nahasapeemapetilon.** A charismatic small-business owner and all-round nice guy, Apu would also bring some much-needed racial diversity to the Republican Party. But unfortunately he's a bit two-dimensional, and his arranged marriage, coupled with Romney's Mormonism, probably wouldn't go down well with the family-values crowd. VP rating: 5.5/10.

**Claireece "Precious" Jones.** Young, black, female, and a mother, thereby killing four birds with one utterly callous stone. Better-adjusted than your average Republican politician, Precious is also popular with the media, with a 91% "Fresh" rating on Rotten Tomatoes. USA Today claimed that "it's hard to be unmoved by Precious' determination", and critics have praised her realism and message of hope. VP rating: 8.5/10.

**Richard Whiteman.** Screw diversity. "Rich" to his friends, Whiteman is vintage GOP. He has more guns than a Schwarzenegger convention, his successful Louisiana cotton business has been in the family for generations, and he's a strident advocate of family values. Besides, all that business with the young Guatemalan chap has probably blown over by now. VP rating: 10/10.



## FREE WEES PLEASE

By Brittany Mann

**ON A RECENT DRIVE TO CHRISTCHURCH I STOPPED TO USE A PUBLIC LOO.** In the gathering dusk, the cinderblock building looked so foreboding that I seriously considered leaving a Hansel-and-Gretel-style trail from my car, all the better for the police to find my dismembered remains when I met my demise in a manner similar to that of a character from *Saw*.

While I survived nature's call unscathed, there are millions of women in India who cannot say the same (segue for the win, right?). Anyone who has seen *Slumdog Millionaire* will be aware that India has a rather alarming sanitation problem. In a bizarre twist of modernity, in 2010 more Indians had access to a cellphone than to a toilet.

However, while Indian men can relieve themselves willy-nilly any time or place without fear of assault, ridicule, or losing their balance and weeing on their knickers/shoes/selves, Indian women do not enjoy such freedom. Indeed, rural womenfolk often begin their day weeing in fields en masse, giving a new, sinister meaning to "piss-up".

In cities like Mumbai, both men and women depend on public loos that make said State Highway toilet look like the Prefects bathroom in the fourth *Harry Potter* book.

Ironically, there are significantly less public loos available to women. Like something out of an as-yet unwritten dystopian feminist novel, those that are available are guarded by men who require payment per pee, although men can widdle away in urinals free of charge.

The toilet tax does not go towards their upkeep. Factor in poverty, the infamous "Delhi belly" phenomenon, and sheer inconvenience, and you have yourself a scandal that has promoted a "Right To Pee" campaign on the subcontinent. Oh, the things we take for granted!

India was recently named the worst of the 19 top economies in which to possess tits and vag. Sex-selective abortion, the dowry system, bride burnings, and acid attacks are all sobering hallmarks of what it means to be a woman in India. But let's be honest, in New Zealand we find it extremely difficult to comprehend a woman leaping onto her dead husband's funeral pyre.

But everyone — Jew, Gentile, black, white — knows the primal desperation of needing to take a slash. In the West, we go out of their way to make the excretory experience as meaningful as possible. Our loo is adorned with a nude calendar, a *Where's Wally?* poster, and pictures of Kiri Te Kanawa. You can even buy toilet golf. We will likely never know the injustice of having to pay to piss and crap in a reeking hellhole of despair. And thank God for that — I need to lower my handicap.





## MASTURBATION

By Shane from Checker-out St Flat

**THE STUPIDEST OF THE LAST REMAINING SOCIAL TABOOS IS MASTURBATION.** Paedophilia, necrophilia and bestiality are understandably discouraged, but having a fap or a fiddle? Everyone does it. Sticky seats in the Celebrity Squares of the library? Flushed students emerging from a hot lecture with Tony Zaharic on meiosis? Let that slow-fuck your mind as you walk around campus. However, it's hard to grasp (haw haw) the concept that your flatmate may relieve themselves in your communal shower. Which is why we've decided that it should really become a dinnertime conversation.

The other day at the flat, I was waiting for my shower and noticed that Louise was taking quite a while, the water stream making intermittent contact with body, floor, body, floor. "Oh God," I thought, "If she's washing her hair..." But when she finally emerged with a hot-dayum glow, the showerhead was left hanging in her wake. Vivid images of the steaming stream pummelling her snatch invaded my mind as I went about my perfectly innocent rub-a-dub, struggling to contain a certain envy that women have such easy access to a tool which makes redundant the trick of sitting on your hand so it feels like someone else is doing the work...

Which leads me to Tim. 30-minute showers and a tub full of short-and-curlies? We're not fucking stupid. But you can see why: water easing the friction, added calm from the hot sauna environment, the shower noise to cover up the blatancy which deaf people must really struggle to work out. Doing it in the shower is a step up from the old sock and hand manoeuvre. There's a reason why our resident web guru is up in Wellington at the national mass debating championships. You see, guys are quite jealous that girls have the uncanny ability to guerrilla-masturbate. I mean, how difficult would it be for a guy to jerk off in the back of an anatomy lecture? Not only can the fairer sex pass it off as "having an itch", but there's also no mess to clean up later, just a finger-length of sticky residue. I guess it's just really fucking convenient to whack one off where there'll be no evidence.

So, fuck it. Do it in the shower, but remember two things: the noise gets amplified, and clean the gunk up afterwards. And as Woody Allen said, "Don't knock masturbation. It's sex with someone you love."



## RECESS

By Holly Walker

**PARLIAMENT IS IN RECESS FOR TWO WEEKS. THIS IS WHEN MPs "CONNECT WITH** their constituents", "engage with the public", "get out and about" and other cheesy euphemisms for kissing babies, cutting ribbons, and holding poorly-attended events.

I live in the Hutt South electorate, and I try to keep as "active" and "engaged" as possible in my local area. I can often be found in Go Bang Espresso on Jackson Street in Petone, for example. People also see me doing my shopping in my green mini at Pak n Save, plus there are fun things to do like visit local businesses and organisations, speaking engagements, and best of all, school concerts. Kids rule.

Still, one good thing about being a list MP is that I don't **ONLY** have to hang out in the Hutt during recess weeks. (That last sentence should not in any way be interpreted as me dissing the Hutt. I would never do that.)

But because I have a "national constituency", I also get to travel during recess weeks and connect with people all over the country. Right now, I'm in Napier, holding a film screening of the documentary Inside Child Poverty.

This is something I've been doing all over the country. It's a great format. The documentary, by Bryan Bruce, is a powerful, but pleasantly concise 45 minute expose of just how bad we've let things get for our kids. It puts a challenge to politicians to work together to do something about it. It's clear, succinct, very well made, and Bryan has very kindly agreed to let me screen it around the country. I introduce it, we watch it, have a cup of tea, and a bit of a discussion. Usually the audience have solved all our problems by the end of the night.

The screenings are not party-political events. I talk a bit about green party policy, but not much. Rather, people talk to me about the local dynamics of the child poverty issue in their cities or towns. The issues, while similar nationwide, have local nuances, and the solutions (when we finally get politicians to agree to them), will have to be similarly nuanced. For me as the Green Party spokesperson on children, it's a great opportunity to improve my understanding of local issues, so that I'm better informed when speaking in Parliament or contributing to policy development.

It's also a great way to see the country. I'm in Napier today, Hamilton tomorrow, and Dunedin on Friday. Last Friday that is. In spectacularly poor timing (and poor planning on my part; I should have written this last week), this column will come out two days after I've been in Dunedin screening this film. I hope you made it.



## BREAKING THE FOURTH WALL

By Alice O'Connell

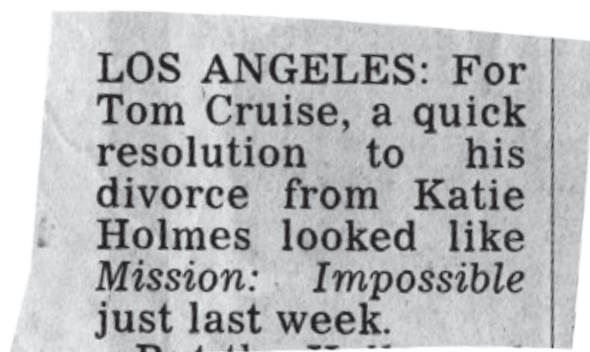
IT WAS A BIG WEEK FOR THE ONGOING LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN CRITIC AND THE ODT. For the first time, at least in living memory, Critic got mentioned on the front cover, followed up a story about our Newsweek cover on page three. And not only did they mention us, but we got the full ODT pun treatment. Thanks guys.

**'Critic' cover becomes a screaming success**

Robbie Burns got shat all over this week, by both Dunedin's pigeons and the ODT pun machine. Sorry Robbie.

### What can be done about Robbie 'Poo Head' Burns?

It wasn't all local coverage though. They made sure to take time to sum up the recent quickie divorce between Tom and Katie. Aaand yip, it's pun time!



And lastly, the ODT really wants you to go out and achieve your dreams, whatever they might be. Just don't set goals – as we all know, goals lead to an early grave.

**Experiment in goal setting ends in death**



## THE LAST SONG OF JIMMY STRONG

By Dan Luoni

Sliding into the dark room  
 From the last bite of night air  
 Jimmy Strong stared through the gloom  
 And took account of all that was queer.  
 Taking a seat and accepting a drink  
 He asked permission, "Allowed to think?"  
 "Who among you, he asked his congregation,  
 Can claim to know the soul of this nation  
 As I?  
 As I who have tasted her beauties  
 Beside bubbling brooks under the  
 Meek smile of the crescent moon.  
 As I who have taken tea with tumours  
 In her parched innards, and found  
 In the flood common ground.  
 As I who have vanquished  
 Her Taniwha  
 On slow stretches of cataract mornings.  
 I who have run through the tangles  
 Of her hair,  
 Both celebrated and unseen.  
 I who have endured her tempers  
 With the resigned love  
 Of a grandsire.  
 I who have beheld her in humour  
 And revelled the private joke  
 Of her protruding tongue.  
 Who have negotiated her compacts  
 And seen them kept under  
 Both want and wantonness.  
 Have stood in the pre-dawn mourning  
 Of her proudly borne illness,  
 And honoured the strength of ignorance.  
 Claim to know what no  
 man before me could say;  
 My country cries today..  
 And as Jimmy Strong nodded  
 Over the dregs of his song,  
 The congregation turned  
 And the barman crossed the border.  
 "Off to bed now Jimmy.  
 You've been too long  
 on the milk and honey.  
 And if you want to talk about sorrow,  
 We'll have a chat about your tab tomorrow."

# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Director: Mark Webb

**T**HE LAST FILM TELLING THE STORY OF SPIDER-Man's beginnings was made only ten years ago. Since then, the huge success of the Batman and Avengers franchises, as well as the subversions of the genre through films such as The Incredibles and Kick-Ass, have developed a whole new set of expectations around superhero movies. As a result, this film feels like less of a reboot than an upgrade to match the style of the contemporary superhero. This version of Spider-Man touches on many of the same plot points as the original: the irresistible core fable, where Peter Parker's failure to stop a thief leads to a life-defining personal tragedy; the spider

bite and struggle to deal with the transformation that takes place; and finally the need to face the personal consequences of being a hero. The differences are subtle. Peter's character is wiser, the style is darker, and there are more mysteries left unsolved.

Though The Amazing Spider-Man isn't entirely original, mostly due to the need to retell the same story as before (although the inclusion of a countdown timer is less excusable), it makes up for it with virtually everything else, starting with leads Andrew Garfield and Emma Stone, who do a great job of giving their characters depth and bringing chemistry to their on-screen

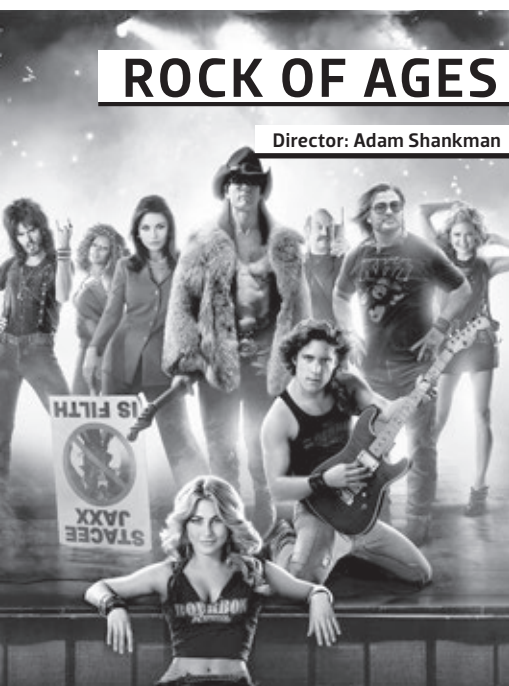
relationship. The human story and action set-pieces are skillfully woven together in a way that gives the fight scenes the compelling necessity that distinguishes really good action films, and there are some great moments of humour to top it off. What we get is a more clever, more self-aware and more 3D Spider-Man than before. The world is the same and the same events are happening, we're just experiencing them in a very different (and very entertaining) way.

By Alec Dawson



# ROCK OF AGES

Director: Adam Shankman



**R**OCK OF AGES IS A MUSICAL ADAPTED FROM A popular Broadway show, set amidst the turbulent atmosphere of sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll in the 1980s. The film follows small-town girl Sherrie (Julianne Hough) and aspiring rock star Drew (Diego Boneta), both wannabe singers lured in by the seductive Miami strip who find themselves working at the rockers' iconic stomping ground, The Bourbon.

At The Bourbon we meet an unlikely mashup of celebrities. Alec Baldwin plays retired groupie Dennis, and the quirky Russell Brand plays his loyal homosexual sidekick, Lonny. Prior to seeing Rock of Ages, no prospect was more disturbing than Tom Cruise donning skin tight leather pants and an overtly sexual disposition. However, in a pleasant surprise, Cruise completely immerses himself into the role of the legendary figure Stacee Jaxx. Cruise does justice

to the likes of Def Leppard, Poison and Bon Jovi by completely transforming himself from a dried-up Scientologist to a rock'n'roll god. I can't say I didn't love it when Cruise re-enacted the legendary "Pour Some Sugar on Me", complete with the classic rockstar knee slide.

Rock of Ages not only features an A-list cast, it also draws on the most recognised songs in rock — a refreshing revival of a genre that appears to be dead in today's pop-obsessed culture. Although not a rock'n'roll groupie myself, I still thoroughly enjoyed Rock of Ages and its upbeat take on "real" music. The real test will be whether Def Leppard and Poison kids of the 80s warm to it.

By Emma Scammell





# INTERVIEW WITH BILL GOSDEN

**C**CRITIC FILM REVIEWER JANE ROSS CAUGHT UP with Bill Gosden, Dunedin-born Director of the New Zealand International Film Festival, for a quick chat about his lifetime love of film and what to expect from this year's NZIFF.

**Critic: So from where I'm sitting I think you probably have one of the coolest jobs in the world. Does it feel like that?**

**Bill:** Haha! It does and it doesn't – some aspects of it are fairly gruelling but there are times when I have to pinch myself that anybody's paying me to do what I do. No job's perfect but mine's a lot more fun than many jobs I know of.

**C: How did you enter into your career in film?**

**B:** After I graduated I had no clear idea about what I wanted to do but I thought it would be something to do with journalism, and I ended up applying for a job at the Wellington Film Society. That became a job at the Wellington Film Festival and I just stayed there. This is my 29th festival – I was 12 years old when I started.

**C: So you're here now to launch the 2012 NZIFF in Dunedin. How do you decide what goes into the programme?**

**B:** We try to keep the programme as broad as possible, as it has to appeal to many different groups. I think the most obvious expression of that is always in the music programme. So this year you've got a documentary about Bob Marley, a Neil Young concert movie, the McGarrigle sisters tribute concert, and there's the LCD Soundsystem movie. So extrapolate from that the number of different audiences we hope to cater to in any different realm.

**C: Do you have any top recommendations from this year's programme?**

**B:** One film that I really love is called *Viva las Antipodas!* – Long Live the Antipodes. It's a rhapsodic nature documentary. The filmmaker has matched four pairs of antipodal places in the world and cuts back and fourth between them. The visual quality of the film is like nothing you've ever seen on screen before.

**C: What can you recommend from the Cannes Film Festival prize winners?**

**B:** I've seen the Ken Loach film *The Angels' Share* which is really funny, and *Beasts of the Southern Wild* which won the prize for the Best First Film and it also won the big prize at Sundance this year. It's an extraordinary film, and very hard to describe. It's like an explosion of energy from Louisiana. The central character of the film is a 6 year old girl – she's riveting, and she's kind of leading her people away from the floodwaters. There's a very specific reference to global warming in this. It's an amazing film.

**C: Sounds great! I also really look forward to seeing what's in the programme from our New Zealand filmmakers, especially the documentaries.**

**B:** Well, you are in luck this year – there's quite a few. *Tatarakihi*, which Gaylene Preston has produced, is filmed by Maori filmmaker Paora Joseph. It's about kids from Parihaka who come on a hikoi down to Dunedin in the footsteps of their forebears who were all prisoners in the 1880s and were transported from Taranaki down to Dunedin where they built a lot of the infrastructure here. A lot of it was slave labour and they were imprisoned in caves down in Anderson's Bay. Dunedin figures large in this film.

**C:** Wow, that's definitely one to see!

The 36th Dunedin International Film Festival runs from 26 July – 19 August. Visit [nzff.co.nz](http://nzff.co.nz) to check out the programme. Also, keep an eye on Critic for upcoming sneak peaks, reviews and some great giveaways!



Photo Courtesy Rebecca McMillan

## FILM SOCIETY PREVIEW

### NENNETTE

(Nicolas Philibert | France | 2010)

**BORN IN THE JUNGLES OF BORNEO, NÉNETTE IS A** 40-year-old orangutan – and the oldest (and most beloved) inhabitant at the Ménagerie du Jardin des Plantes in Paris. Documentarian Philibert's film is a captivating study of an

enigmatic animal and our relationship to her. "Remarkable." – Sight & Sound

**Wednesday 18 July at 7:30 pm** in the Red Lecture Theatre, Great King Street, across the road from the emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital.

# THE HUT BUILDER

BY LAURENCE FEARNLEY

REVIEWED BY FEBY IDRUS

**I**T'S FAIR TO DESCRIBE DUNEDIN AUTHOR Laurence Fearnley's novel *The Hut Builder* as a portrait of the artist as a young Kiwi man. A character study rendered in luscious prose, *The Hut Builder* follows central character Boden Black from his early years as a 1940s rural Canterbury with a love of poetry and the MacKenzie country through to his career as a young would-be mountaineer and finally a celebrated poet. For Boden, the beauty of place and the beauty of poetry are intertwined. The former almost always inspires the latter. It's these twin forces that shape both Boden's fictional life and Fearnley's book.

*The Hut Builder* reads like a memoir written by a poet whose name you should know but have forgotten, and who, near the end of his life, is looking back at the beginning of it and picking out those crucial events that led him to where he is now. It helps that several real-life historical figures pop up in the book, including Edmund Hillary, his conscientious objector brother Rex, and Charles Brasch. Fearnley's powerfully realistic and poetic descriptions of the Mackenzie Country and the Southern Alps amplify this impression. The prose is often almost ecstatic with Boden's (and Fearnley's) love of the great New Zealand outdoors. The image of Boden standing atop Mount Cook grabs ahold of you as you read:

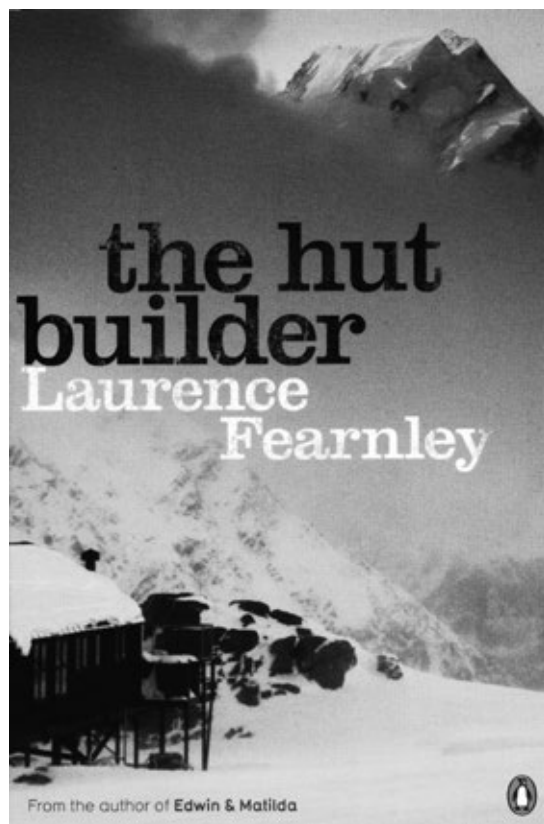
"It truly seemed as if the whole country was laid out below me, as if I had risen above the land [...] I scanned the valleys, settling on the glaciers of the Tasman and the Hooker and following them down, marking each transition—from green-white ice, to moraine, to blue-grey river. In time even the river became a shimmering lake and

then, far away, beyond the yellow-brown plains, my eyes searched out a paler blue haze—the east coast and the sea itself. The Pacific Ocean. I turned away, lowered my eyes to the snow at my feet and then faced southwest, and there, close by, below the dark, bush-clad hills was the Tasman Sea, a long ribbon of surf defining the coast [...] I was conscious of standing on a ribbon of land defined either side by a vast, limitless ocean."

What really anchors the book, and will decide whether you warm to it or not, is Boden himself. Boden resembles a typically unemotive, taciturn, undemonstrative Kiwi bloke far more than a stereotypical poet. Throughout the book his often slightly staid, stifled manner often frustrates. Even though you are inside his head listening in on his thoughts and feelings you still feel a little at arms' length. This sense of being somehow evaded by the central character is compounded by the fact that most of the time it feels like nothing is happening. The lack of traditional plot means that it really is best to go into this novel appreciating it as a character portrait, albeit of a character who is forever holding himself back—from his parents, from his girlfriend, and from you, the reader. But does a novel really need an obvious plot complete with car crashes, dastardly villains, and young lovers running through airports in the third act? And do you have


to like a character in order to like a book?

After reading *The Hut Builder*, I can conclude that the answer to both questions is no. Even though Boden is not instantly likeable and the plot is minimal, I still found myself totally absorbed. And that's thanks to Fearnley's skill at pulling you into the world of *The Hut Builder*, whether that means a frozen Alpine pass, or 1950s Christchurch, or the mind of a fictional poet described and voiced so realistically he annoys you, as only real people (and characters written by very, very good writers) can.



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# PING VERSUS PONG

**Y**es, this is a review of an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. No, I have not recently (or ever) been to New York (don't remind me, I'll just get depressed). But while procrastinating writing my dissertation this week, I discovered the wonderful realm of online exhibitions. As amazing as Dunedin exhibitions are, it is nice to take a little artistic vacation into the virtual international art world.

Alighiero Boetti is deep. Seriously deep. His artwork, a colourful assortment of embroideries, sculptures, drawings and collages, represents a lively fascination and engagement with political warfare, mixed media, Italian culture, and philosophical underpinnings. The Game Plan exhibition illustrates the way in which Boetti favours opposing or differing pairs, often in order to highlight the significant contrast between the two concepts. His embroidered work "Mappa", for example, both traces both the symbolic passage of time through its many recreations and visually portrays physical space through its depiction of the countries of the world. Experimentation with philosophical ideals, subject matters, and tools and materials lend Boetti's work a charming air of multiplicity, eccentricity and vibrance. His most detailed and complex embroidered artworks like "Mappa" contrast with his minimalist drawings, the majority of which were created with only frottage (not the dirty kind) and light pencil work.

In MOMA's online exhibition Boetti's works are displayed alongside one another in a highly aesthetically pleasing and visually dynamic manner. The eye of the viewer traces a path from sculpture to sculpture and tapestry to tapestry. You'd think that a collection of forty or so images on one webpage would be visually overwhelming. Surprisingly, it isn't. Each work feeds off and leads into another, creating a comprehensive visual encyclopedia of Boetti's idiosyncrasies.

An untitled collage at the top of the exhibition is made of seemingly mundane materials — plexiglass, cork, fabric, metal, and the ink of a ballpoint pen — that express Boetti's insistence on building artworks from everyday, ordinary resources in order to create a new sculptural language. It's an approach that aligns perfectly with Boetti's own words, featured at the top of the exhibition: "First of all I prefer thought. This is the basic thing. I really think manual skill is secondary... It's taking things from reality. Everything, however small and humble, always has a beginning and stems from reality."

Another example of Boetti's signature style is the enigmatic "Manifesto". It features a list of young Italian artists from the 60s grouped according to differing visual symbols. Boetti claimed the symbols had significant meanings, but if they did he certainly never revealed them. It has been retrospectively concluded that Boetti most likely intended that the symbols remained a puzzle, prompting viewers to resist the urge to categorize these artists, and emphasizing Boetti's interest in order and disorder. Often wordplay in his artwork expresses this very trope. Seemingly strange and incomplete arrangements of phrases and letters are produced through Boetti's experimentation with meaning and understanding.

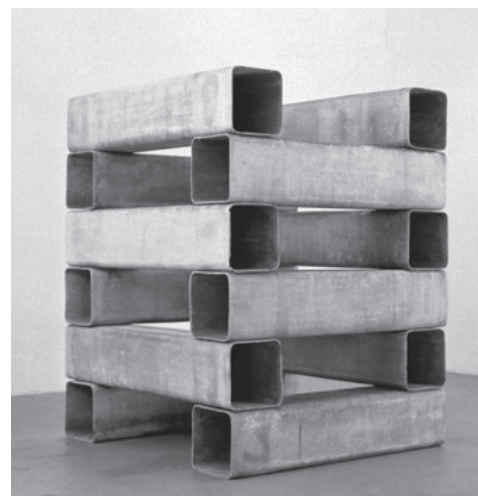
Take a break from Facebook, because everyone needs one of those, and have a browse through Boetti's intriguing world. You've got an all-access pass straight from the comfort of your bed, living room or university library.

## Game Plan

by Alighiero Boetti

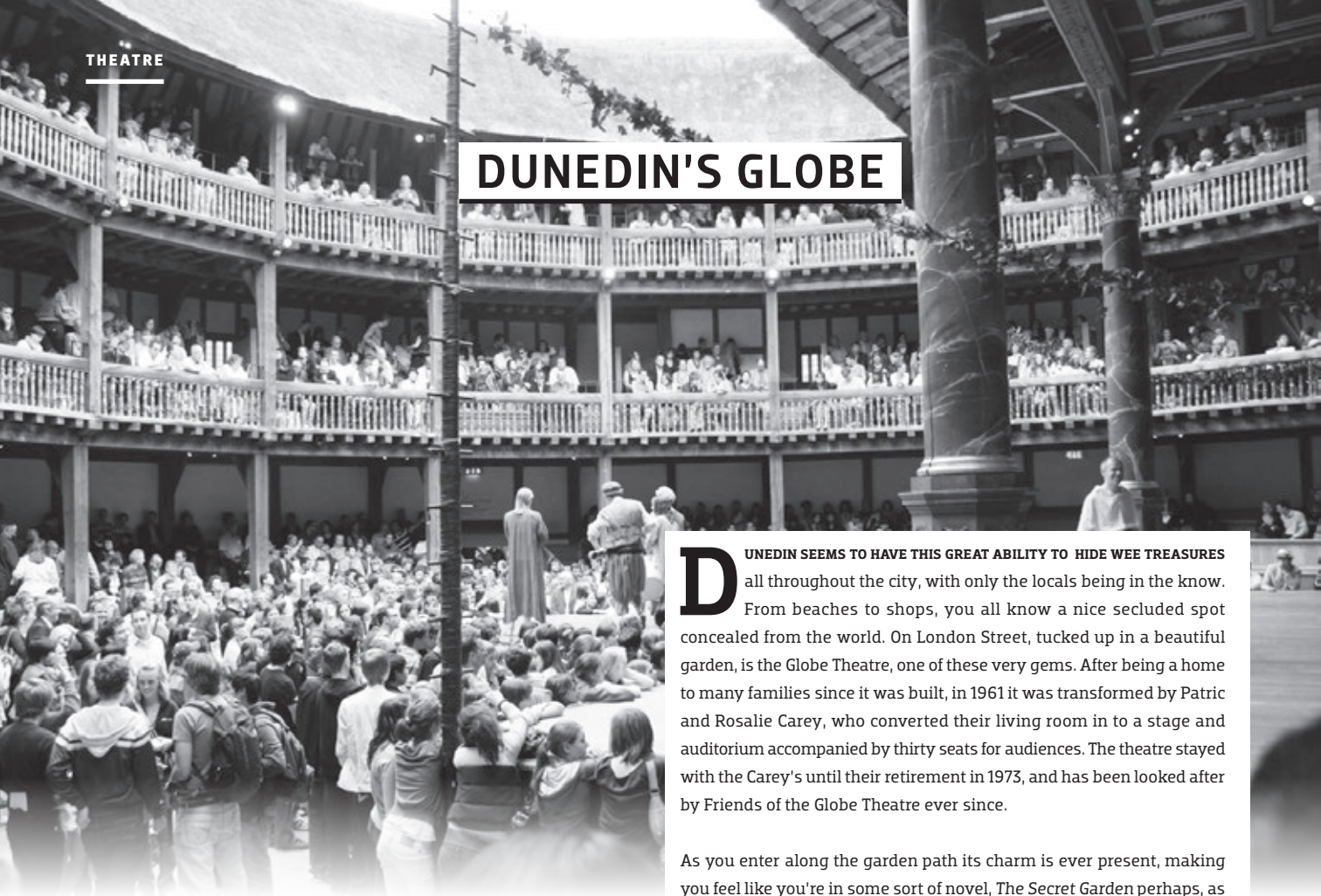
Museum of Modern Art Online Exhibition

[www.bit.ly/L5gSLL](http://www.bit.ly/L5gSLL)





## DUNEDIN'S GLOBE



**D**UNEDIN SEEMS TO HAVE THIS GREAT ABILITY TO HIDE WEE TREASURES all throughout the city, with only the locals being in the know. From beaches to shops, you all know a nice secluded spot concealed from the world. On London Street, tucked up in a beautiful garden, is the Globe Theatre, one of these very gems. After being a home to many families since it was built, in 1961 it was transformed by Patric and Rosalie Carey, who converted their living room in to a stage and auditorium accompanied by thirty seats for audiences. The theatre stayed with the Carey's until their retirement in 1973, and has been looked after by Friends of the Globe Theatre ever since.

As you enter along the garden path its charm is ever present, making you feel like you're in some sort of novel, *The Secret Garden* perhaps, as statues decorate the lawn by the roses. It's all very quaint, the idea of a home turned in to a theatre. It makes things such as bathroom access an outside trip to where the toilets were originally built, leaving cast and crew to prepare in a dining room and costumes kept in upstairs bedrooms. It's gives the now eighty seat playhouse, a very strong character which aids every performance and gives the audience something you can't find elsewhere. Particularly in Dunedin, it's a unique experience that adds to a great sweet night out.

The Globe has had a rich history since it's opening, including being the first theatre in Australasia to put on Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. For a small theatre in a small town, that's a grand and prestigious achievement! In recent years the Globe has slowed down in its productions, focusing more on creating amateur theatre to a high standard. Though it's known predominantly for its period drama and Shakespearean classics, the Globe this year has taken on a few more modern pieces including the last production, *Lovepuke*, directed by Emma Feather Shaw which went down a storm starring young talent fresh to the stage. The latest production *Winkie* is a tale of a "man-child", forty years old, but due to his learning disabilities, has a mind of a four year old. Written by the director of the recent *Carluccio* and the *Queen of Hearts*, Nigel Ensor also directs this piece with a five-man cast, some familiar Globe faces and some not so familiar, including Millie Lovelock, a first time performer at the theatre. Having opened on the 12th July to good reviews it is still open until 22nd July, for only \$15 per student. Take a night off and waltz on up London Street to have a watch, that'll keep you warm. Hooray!



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# RESISTANCE: BURNING SKIES

PLATFORMS: PSVita | GENRE: FPS



REVIEW BY ROBERT HILL

**T**HE PSVITA IS HERE, AND THE GAME THAT GETS the title of "First FPS on a dual-stick portable device" is Resistance: Burning Skies. However, those who already have the Vita (and I doubt many of you do) might want to give this one a miss.

Story-wise, there is a lot to be desired. Burning Skies is set between the first and second Resistance PS3 titles, portraying the Chimera invasion of the US. You play as Tom Riley, a firefighter in 1950s New York, whose desperation to save his wife and daughter from the Chimera drives him to take part in the resistance. Though this seems like it would make for a strong narrative, only the beginning and end stood out to me. Tom is a stale, undeveloped character. He barely talks, and shows very little emotion. Other characters in the game aren't too interesting and serve only to fill video game stereotypes — including the love interest, which is weird when you consider Tom's marriage.

Controls? They're pretty good, making appropriate use of the two analogue sticks.

Burning Skies delivers a great on-the-move emulation of a console FPS, thanks in no small part to the Vita. View control and the cover system work as well you'd expect from a console title, which is amazing for a portable game. The touch controls are great as well. You can use the front screen for secondary ammo shots and throwing grenades, which doesn't seem too gimmicky. On the other hand, the rear touch panel does get a tad annoying. You use it to control sprinting by double tapping the back. This is very gimmicky, and at times a little frustrating because I haven't adjusted my grip from PSP to Vita. Since you can actually use one of the directional buttons on the device to sprint, the control feature might as well not have been added to the touch panel. That would have saved me a few WTF moments.

One very irritating aspect of the game is the cutscenes. These occur between every chapter of the game, which is pretty standard, but they are riddled with problems. First off, the cutscenes artefact. Quite noticeably, too. This would be bearable if you didn't have to watch them every time you started the game. That's

right: every time you load a save, you have to watch the previous cutscene. Though this is helpful in refreshing you on the story so far, it takes a couple of minutes to get through. Considering this is a portable game, it's bordering on insanity. Simply adding the ability to skip would have made this far less of a hassle. Everything else graphics-wise is pretty good for a portable game. The Vita has a great screen, but Resistance doesn't take full advantage of it. Having said that, I doubt Resistance would be as good on any other portable.

I couldn't play the multiplayer because of some connection issues, but from what I've heard I didn't miss out on much. All in all Resistance: Burning Skies is a good portable shooter that shows off what dual-sticks on a handheld device can do. If it weren't for those frustrating cutscenes I might be a little more sympathetic towards its other shortcomings. The game does show the foundations of a bridge between console and portable gaming though. Don't go running to the Meridian to buy it, but if you want a Vita and are a fan of shooters, think about the bundle offer.



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## SEXUALITY IN MUSIC

**“WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHEREVER YOU ARE . . I’M STARTING TO THINK WE’RE** a lot alike. Human beings spinning on blackness. All wanting to be seen, touched, heard, paid attention to.” When I think of Odd Future, I think of #swag, chants of “free earl” (I think it worked?) and some more swag, never enough swag, or hashtags. I don’t think of statements of romantic and endearingly genuine homosexual summer love. I doubt many would. Yet that’s precisely what Odd Future star Frank Ocean did in a superbly written and deeply personal message posted on his personal tumblr page. “4 summers ago, I met somebody. I was 19 years old. He was too. We spent that summer, and the summer after, together. Every day almost. And on the days we were together, time would glide.” I applaud his statement as many other media types have, throwing around the word “brave” and making intellectual sounds about culture and change within the hip hop community. But I think they are missing the point, and I’m left with two questions.

Firstly, why is this a big deal? The topics of culture and change are obviously the answer, but doesn’t it seem sad to you that in this day and age, the stating of sexual preference by a musician is cause for so much discussion? I do.

And second, what does gay Wellington man Calum Bennachie think about this recent development? He is the man whose letter to Big Day Out organisers eventually led to the dropping of Odd Future for the 2012 bill for “homophobic lyrics and culture”. Among other things, Bennachie claimed that an Odd Future set would lead to a greater increase of STIs contracted by the LGBT community. No really, it’s in the letter. This is despite the fact that at the time Odd Future already contained one “out” lesbian, Syd the Kid — and now Frank Ocean as well. Like any “wolf pack”, the crew is as tight as it is rad. They must surely have all known, accepted and still loved Frank. I mean, he’s still in the crew. Hip hop is art. Art is conceptual. Odd Future understand this. Their lyrics aren’t based in reality. Their lyrics

aren’t commands to their loyal army. As Tyler, the Creator says in his 2011’s *Goblin*, “Ok, you guys caught me... I’m not a fuckin’ rapist, or a serial killer... I lied.” Odd Future’s aim is to shock. Their lyrics are their weapon of choice, and the sexuality in their music is a means to an end.

It’s not a music thing. It’s a society thing, and it’s not just the perpetrators but the enablers as well. And, ashamedly, I have been one of those. For those sad people who have not heard of Dunedin duo MANtHyNG, I pity you. They make electro pop bangers, delivered on a saucy dish of increasingly naked man. For me, they are equivalent to that friend you have who you only see every now or then, but when you do party with them, you clock the *Game of Life* on Level Epic. They are two openly gay and wonderful men, two guys who have that enviable trait of knowing exactly who they are and being comfortable in their own skin. This is at every gig apart from one, where I stood in a crowd while a group of guys stood behind me yelling “faggot” until MANtHyNG decided to cut their set short and pack up. I didn’t say anything, I didn’t do anything, but I should have. I’m sorry Stan and Steve.

So why do some parts of society view overt homosexuality in music as offensive but teenage hypersexuality as acceptable? Carly Rae Jespen is handing out her number to strangers, J Biebs is becoming that edgy boy all the girls want to domesticate after promising they were his babies, and One Direction are being all around fantastic, spawning surprisingly good Dunedin-based greasy offshoots. And if you haven’t seen the South Park episode on the Jonas Brothers and their purity rings, you have a hole in your life that you desperately need to fill. The point is, sex sells — as long as it’s straight sex being sold to young girls with their parent’s money. But maybe in the future we’ll look back at the turning point when a young man named Frank told the world how felt, became a “free man”, and proved that music doesn’t have a preference.



## TOTALLY BOSS STEAK SAMMIES

**W**ITH MORE GRUNT THAN A HUMBLE HAM SANDWICH BUT REQUIRING little in the way of preparation, these steak sammies will quell that gnawing hunger. Flash-fried schnitzel simply flavoured with garlic and salt is the foundation of this stomach satisfier. It's ideal because it's relatively cheap and cooks quickly. Eye fillet cooked medium-rare and sliced would be my first choice, but let's face it, meat that sells at over \$30 per kilo is an unrealistic extravagance. For me, living in a five-person flat sees everyone take their share of the evening cooking.

The exception is Dunedin's OTP nights, namely Thursday and Saturday. I'll freely admit that I'll more often than not choose to curl up with a steaming mug of tea and a block of macadamia chocolate and peruse food blogs on said OTP evenings rather than braving the cold and actually socialising. Point is, if no one feels like cooking a full meal on a Saturday night, these are perfect to whip up individually and provide a good foundation for a boozy evening if that's how the night unfolds. Uncomplicated and thoroughly satisfying, mate.

### INGREDIENTS

- 1 tsp rice bran or canola oil
- 1 piece beef schnitzel
- Salt
- 1 clove garlic
- 1/4 red onion, sliced
- 2 thick slices white or soy and linseed bread
- 4 slices cheese, such as a sharp cheddar
- 4 slices tinned beetroot
- Small handful mixed greens
- Liberal squirt of aioli, or tomato relish

### METHOD

**01** | Heat the oil in a preferably non-stick frypan until very hot.

**02** | Meanwhile, peel the garlic clove and slice in half horizontally. Rub the cut side of the garlic over both sides of the schnitzel. Sprinkle the schnitzel with a small pinch of salt. Fry for 11/2 minutes each side, pressing down gently with a fish slice to prevent it curling at the sides. If you'd rather have red onion that is soft and slightly subdued in flavour in your monster sandwich, then add it to the pan before you cook the steak.

Otherwise slice it finely and use it fresh for extra bite.

**03** | Toast the bread as you cook the steak.

**04** | Between your slices of toasted bread, layer the cooked schnitzel, cheese, beetroot, red onion, and mixed greens. Finish it off with a squirt of aioli (for garlic lovers) or tomato relish. Carefully slice in half diagonally for that wanky café feel.

Makes one totally boss steak sammie. Increase quantities to feed as many hungry scarfies as necessary.



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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.

### 5.7 MILLION LATER ...

Dear Critic,

Who the fuck designed that munted new union court area or whatever the gunt it's called? It's bullshit, 5million hucker and anyone over the height of 6ft 2 is unable to fit through it. Those in the region of 5'11+ also face the discomfort of having their hair flattened by the ceiling while strolling through it. I find this discrimination absolutely unacceptable and demand that OUSA now hosts a above-average-height-fest wine and cheese party for those who exceed 6ft or 183cm in layman's terms. It's bad enough for us tall males that toilets are designed so low to the ground.. Even at my peak sobriety, the level of skill required to not piss all over the seat/floor is unattainable, no matter how much jelqing I do in order to lengthen my peenie.

Please send Howie to spray all over that racist new building or I'll do it myself,

Regards, On my rags

### BLINKY MCBLINKINSON

Dear Joe

How much did you get for it? eh? eh? eh? I bought a "steak dinner" the other day for \$4.50 from a brothel in South Dunedin, granted, the sauce consisted of blended black pepper corns, mushrooms and tiny shavings of labia but it was a good deal. On the other hand a Wagyu steak

will cost you US\$2800 and you don't even get any genitalia with that.

Stop being so damn evasive, and Sam, stop blinking on the telly.

### PADDY IS BEAUTIFUL

Hi Joe

Can I just say how glad i was when i noticed that the politics page was absent from Critic issue 15. That page used to really give me the shits. Has anyone noticed that most politicians are social retards with enormous personality disorders? Where does that put people who write about politics?

Good riddance.

p.s. has anyone noticed how frightening it is when Patrick Gower appears on the TV. That guy is terrifying.

Signed,

The guy who was videotaping under Library desks

### FRAN SUCKS UP

Dear Critic,

I wrote this letter to thank a number of people who made OUSA's Re-O Week the best in the country (but then again I would say that wouldn't I?.) First of all a warm thank you to all of our fantastic staff and volunteers for making O-week run smoothly. Whether you sold tickets or ran a food stall, your contribution was very valuable. Second of all I'd like to give special thanks to Food Not Bombs for preparing a lovely soup meal for students for free at Clubs Day at such short notice. Thank you to our wonderful OUSA staff for ensuring a successful Re-O week. And last, but not least thank you to the vast majority of students who enjoyed a safe and incident free Re-O week. If anyone has any suggestions on how to improve Re-O week – particularly the safety aspect – please don't hesitate to suggest ideas to me at welfare@ousa.org.nz

Warm Regards,

Fran

## MEN ARE FROM MARS, WOMAN HAVE NO PENIS

Hi Critic,

What is the deal with the difference between men and women? Seriously, that shit is wack. Men absolutely WILL NOT do any housework, and don't expect them to ask for directions! And would it kill them to leave the toilet seat down? As for their thinking, let's just say it all happens below the waist.

But women aren't exactly blameless either. Talk about gossip! And one thing men are innocent of is being obsessed with shoes – that's woman territory. Believing in horoscopes is just illogical (unless you're a Leo), but women are totally emotional and only think via emotions. It's said that the number 12 makes a woman feel a certain way, and that's how they identify particular numbers. To a man, the only time the number 12 matters is when they're buying a box of beer!

I don't know why God designed us this way, but He moves in mysterious ways. Talking of "He", since God's a man I guess he doesn't know how to express his emotions. That's probably why he's smiting people all the time, and over-reacting to a bit of hanky-panky in Sodom and Gomorrah. He wants to show people he cares, but doesn't know any other way than physical violence and intimidation.

Anyway, that's something to think about. Next week I might write in about TV dinners, for real, what is with those things?

Sincerely,

Norman McStandard

### TROLL LA LOL LOL LOL

Dear Everyone/Anyone

What is the most epic troll one could pull at University? Someone propose something epic but actually achievable and safe and Ill do it.

Kind regards,

The Kingfish



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## WE KNOW, WE JUST DON'T CARE

Dear Editor,

I am surprised you still allow former Politic reporter Calum Fredric to contribute to the magazine. I thought you all knew what happened.....

Signed, Jim Maruai

## SURE YOU CAN

My Dear Joe,

May I enrich the local argot with some old school pearls, such as dorks, dicks, dweebs, dickwacks, dickwits, fuckwits and drongos, hardassed tighttassed, corny, shitfaced, idiot, horsefaced, bitches, sifting, grouse. Cheers!

Sue Heap

## NOTICES

### ZUMBA FITNESS AT MONKEY BAR!

As well as our Monday & Wednesday 6pm class at Alhambra rugby rooms we are adding 2 new super fun party classes at Monkey bar! Zumba at Monkey bar every Tuesday at 7pm and Thursday at 6pm starting 17th July. it will be like being on a night out but you will get a work out! For more info check out [emily1.zumba.com](http://emily1.zumba.com)

### POST GRADUATE OFFICER BY ELECTION

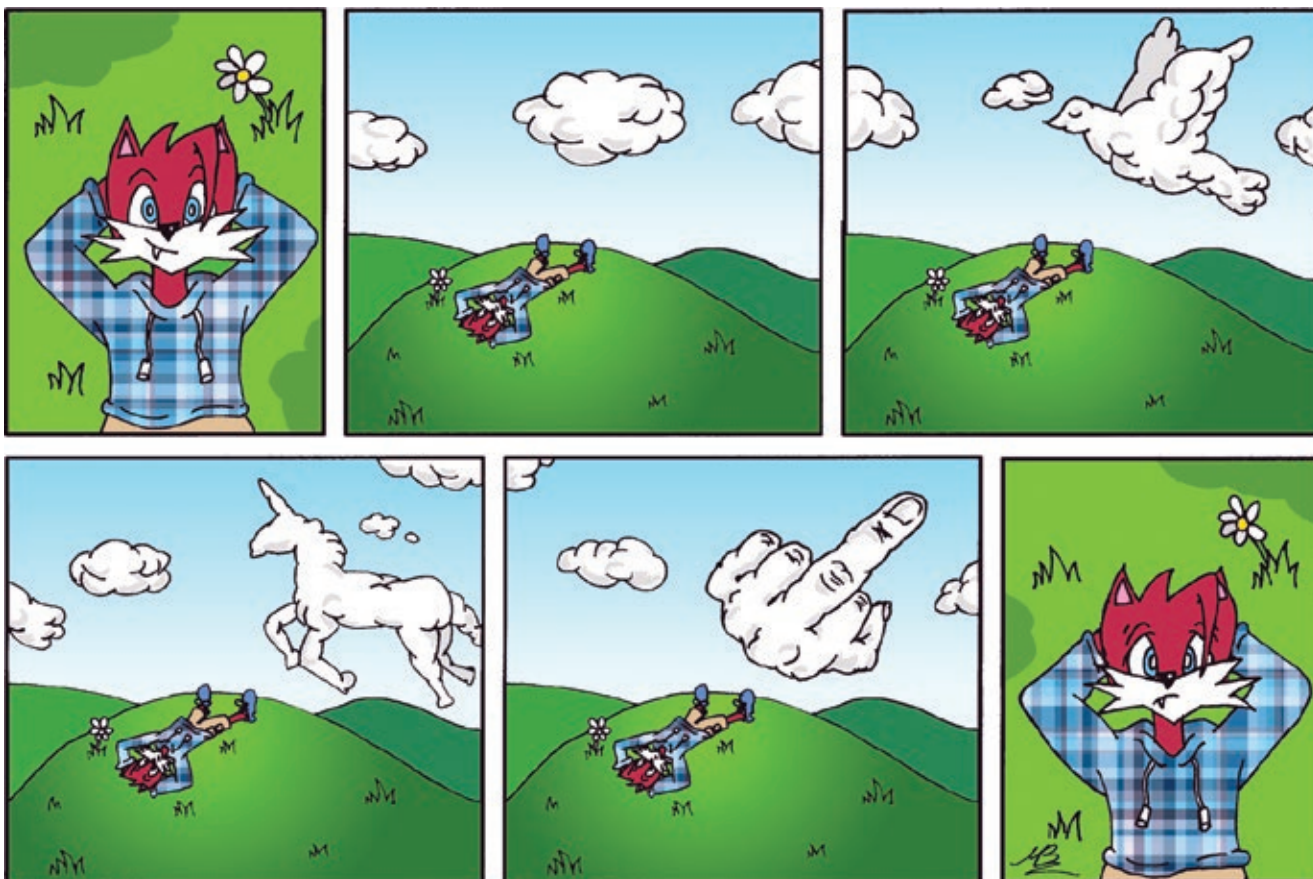
Nominations open for this position on 17 July at 9am and close 19 July at 4pm. Polling/Voting will be by electronic means only on 24 July starting at 9am and closing on 26 July at

4pm. Only Post Graduate Students can vote for the Post Graduate Portfolio. Forms and information on our website or at OUSA Reception.

### SNOW!

When the University's activities are affected by snow a general statement will appear on the University website's homepage, the Current Students page, the University's Facebook page <http://www.facebook.com/otagouniversity> and tweeted on its Twitter account <http://www.twitter.com/otago>

It will refer students to Blackboard for information about lectures and other teaching activities. Students are advised to check Blackboard periodically throughout the day for any updates relating to the postponement or cancellation of particular lectures or activities.



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# CHAPLAIN CHAT

## ... JUST BEING NATURAL

**D**UNEDIN IS A PRETTY SPECIAL PLACE, AND for many of us it will hold a lot of memories both now and when we are away from it. This time of year is about returning to lil' ol' Dunedin after a break away for the holidays, and after all that time of family, and probably a little more warmth, it can sometimes be a little hard on the system returning here. But boy, ain't University life fun!!! And all located here in this marvellous setting of ol' Dunedin town. So this morning, as I sat wrapped in wool, sipping on a steaming cup of loose leaf tea and watching the sun rise over Cargill's shoulder, I heard the sound of a Bellbird in the broadleaf out front and realised that sometimes returning means coming a little more 'back to nature' for us all. Both back to our own true natures, where we find

ourselves delightfully 'at home' with ourselves, and also the incredible nature that surrounds our southern city. Sometimes the two can be indeed complimentary. The Bellbird sang with delight on this pure azure morning, and the countryside, bush and beaches beckoned for me to take a walk amongst it all. For those of you without cars, even a stroll through the Botanic Gardens, and a quiet sit somewhere to just 'be', and to just 'think' a while, away from the bustle and hustle of life is an option. But it really is a much-needed thing in our busy world to simply sit back and soak up life, and RELAX alone for a little while, to set aside time to just 'be' and think, and at the very least to simply re-group. Quite often we are our own best company if we allow it, and time out is a precious thing in busy flats, and

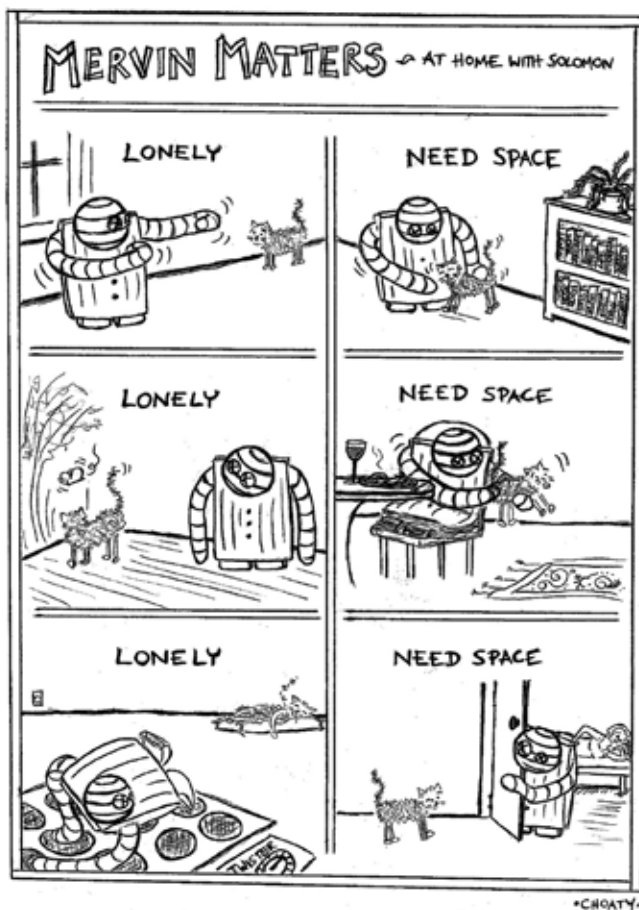
the hustle of party going and assignments, but man, it is just so good, to be 'out there' alone in Nature just drinking it up (perhaps not necessarily lager, but the experience). Fresh air, Nature, alone time, and a walk are under estimated... and incredibly good for us. We often forget what is on our back doorstep, perhaps this time as we return, we can spend a little more time in the beautiful backyard we call New Zealand. I mean, God, it's a good place to be!!!

"...the world will be saved by beauty!" Fyodor Dostoevsky

PAUL ARMSTRONG

OTAGO TERTIARY CHAPLAINCY TEAM

[WWW.OTAGO.AC.NZ/CHAPLAIN](http://WWW.OTAGO.AC.NZ/CHAPLAIN)



## Want to do a cool course?

Brand spanking new courses: Learn to Swim, Cheese Making (oooo yea) and Acupuncture and Acupressure. Go to [ousa.org.nz/recreation/](http://ousa.org.nz/recreation/) to enrol.

## Future DJ competition!

Bit of a bedroom DJ skux? Why don't you get yourself a quick set sorted and give the OUSA Future DJ a shot. It's a night where each DJ gets 15 minutes to show off their skills, scratches and probs heaps of flange... Give is a shot and show us ya best mix and you could be the next OUSA Future DJ of Dunedin! Enter here [ousa.org.nz/events/future-dj/](http://ousa.org.nz/events/future-dj/)

### Prize List!

1st Prize – \$500 cash, gig at Pint Night in October

2nd Prize – \$300 cash

3rd Prize – \$100 cash



## Post Graduate Officer By Election

Nominations open for this position on 17 July at 9am and close 19 July at 4pm. Polling/Voting will be by electronic means only on 24 July starting at 9am and closing on 26 July at 4pm.

Only Post Graduate Students can vote for the Post Graduate Portfolio. Forms and information available at [ousa.org.nz](http://ousa.org.nz) or at OUSA Reception.



## LOGAN SAYS...

Good morning,

I trust you endured a pleasant Re-Oweek and didn't get too steamed up and if you did then I hope that it has worn off!

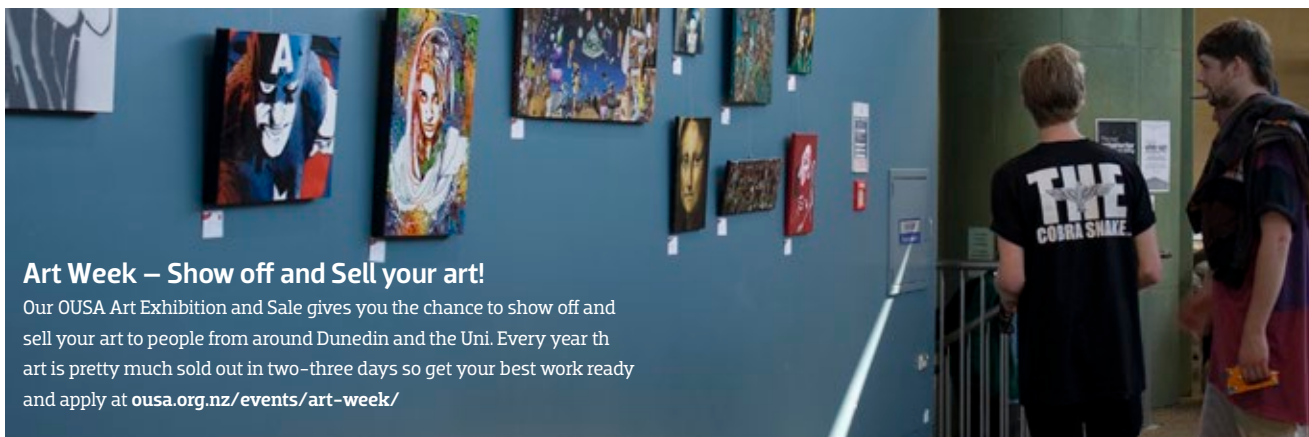
First huge sentence complete now let's discuss flat bonds; the money you give to your landlord at the start of the year (usually around \$200) for he or she to use as collateral should you fuck the place. If unclaimed at the end of the year then this money doesn't just go into their back pocket because it's not theirs, it's yours! The money goes into a bank account and at present within that account is \$300,000 of unclaimed North Dunedin Scarfies bonds. That's a shit-ton of money so if you're one of these people with the money outstanding (like I am) then get in touch with your landlord and get it back. It only takes a signature and your own bank account number.

Next: Student loans and allowance changes. My biggest waa about all this hoo-haa is at the margin for our Postgrad Students (medschoolers too yeah). So Steven Joyce (Minister of Tertiary Education) has said "Oh well diddly dum that's all honky doodley peachy pie because they can put it on their student loans". Wrong because the maximum you can put on this loan is \$170 a week where as with the allowance scheme available to them they used to be able to access \$240. Minister Joyce believes that Postgrad's studies bring them a lot of personal financial gain and has sighted this as a reason for the allowance cancellation. Now that's fine by me Steve and I'm going to be reasonable about this. If they earn all this personal financial gains you speak of after they finish up, why not let them borrow up to \$240??? You know the wee buggers are going to be able to pay it back fast once they finish their research. National be Rational I say.

Anyway I'm going to keep fighting the good fight on this front,

All the best,

L



## Art Week – Show off and Sell your art!

Our OUSA Art Exhibition and Sale gives you the chance to show off and sell your art to people from around Dunedin and the Uni. Every year th art is pretty much sold out in two-three days so get your best work ready and apply at [ousa.org.nz/events/art-week/](http://ousa.org.nz/events/art-week/)



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