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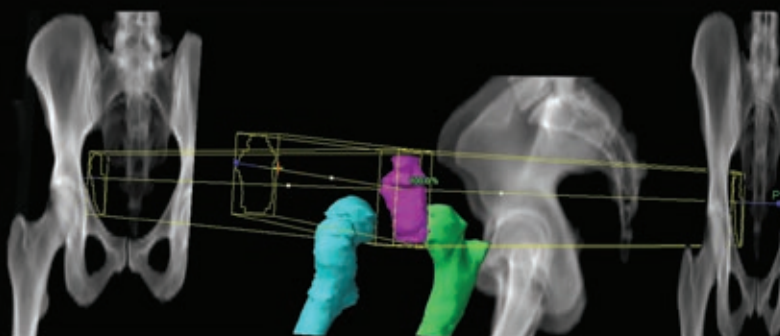
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Otago med student Hannah Linkhorn was the top Christmas Cookies seller for 2011 and, with three campaigns under her belt, she's pretty sold on the benefits. "I love the prospect of earning good money over six weeks and having the rest of the summer free. There are not many other summer jobs where you can travel over the summer and still come back to university with more money than you had in November," she says.

The Christmas Cookies campaign hot-houses a new generation of young entrepreneurs, offering valuable experience in sales and marketing, distribution, inventory management and accounting. For Hannah, the biggest gain was confidence.

"The independence and responsibility of running your own business is a unique experience. It is not a regular summer job of apple picking, data entry or shop-keeping; this is a job where the energy and hours you put in actually count to your pay at the end. You have to approach thousands of strangers and make them your customers. The only successful way to do this is to smile and have confidence," Hannah says.

The job can be all consuming and involves lots of hard work and awesome challenges – balanced of course by the money and experience. "Christmas Cookies are also one of the easiest products to sell because they are a respected iconic brand which everyone loves to indulge in. And customers like to know they are helping a young student fund their studies," Hannah says.

Hannah's experience reflects the Christmas Cookies' theory of evolution whereby students get a cool summer job, earn heaps of money and look forward to future success! "The people you meet often lead to further opportunities. People see you in your element and often try to persuade you to work for them!" Hannah says.



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THERE WERE THREE ISSUES IN THE MEDIA THIS WEEK THAT GOT ME THINKING ABOUT THE LIMITS of free speech, and the difference between offending and harming someone.

01 | The Auckland University Students' Association asked their members to vote on whether to exclude the group Pro Life after they distributed anti-abortion material on campus.

02 | Daniel Tosh, the comedian from Tosh.0, was widely lambasted in the media for suggesting that it would be funny if a women heckler in his audience "got raped by, like, five guys, right now."

03 | Well known blogger Elyse Anders accused a couple of harassment after they approached her at the end of a conference and passed her a card suggesting that she may enjoy joining them for a sexual experience.

Okay, so there is a lot, lot more context to each of these stories (and I highly recommend that you jump on the web and read up about them if you're interested). But the basic question underlying each of these situations is the same: What are you allowed to say to people? Are you allowed to offend random strangers? Or is that harassment, or worse, truly harmful to the other person?

The short answer is that you should be allowed to say whatever the hell you want. And conversely, you should be allowed to choose to ignore what people are saying with impunity.

Let's look at the AUSA example. People were offended by their anti-abortion message. They tried to argue that the message that Pro Life was spreading was harmful, if not downright dangerous, in that it contained incorrect medical information (which is pretty dubious). I guess my response to that would be, "Who the fuck is relying on anti-abortion pamphlets for their medical advice?" In fact, the pamphlet actually called for those thinking about abortion to speak to their doctors, and stated that doctors must provide accurate information. I cannot help but conclude that the underlying reason for the opposition to Pro Life's pamphlet is that people were opposed to what they had to say. They were opposed to an anti-abortion message being propagated on campus.

And this brings us to the point. If you think, for one second, that it is okay to judge what someone else is saying, and declare that since you think it is wrong, they should not be allowed to say it, YOU'RE A FUCKING IDIOT! (I've always wanted to say that in an editorial, though I'm guessing I'm not winning a Pulitzer for this one...)

There is a distinct, and important, difference between being offended by someone and having him or her cause you harm. If I stop you in the street, and suggest to you that abortion is murder, I have not harmed you in any way. You can choose to deal with this information, or misinformation, however you want. And if you are offended, well, tough luck sunshine.

Free speech is pointless if you are not allowed to offend people while exercising it. People used to be (hell, they still are) offended by the ideas of homosexuality, Black civil rights, and universal suffrage. Basically every advance that has been made, ever, was won, in part, due to free speech. And if you turn around and say, "Well, we've won this right, and now you're not allowed to speak against it," then you really don't get it.

Voltaire may never have said it, but Hall definitely got it right when she paraphrased him: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

- JOE STOCKMAN



LOCAL MOTEL OWNER TALKS TRASH

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

ACCUSATIONS WERE THROWN AROUND LAST week that University of Otago students are "living like pigs" and turning Dunedin into a "third world" city, following a problem with drunken students repeatedly knocking over rubbish bins put out for early collection. Alhambra Oaks Motor Lodge owner-operator Alan Kennedy voiced his concerns to the Otago Daily Times about the resulting unkempt state of the city, and called for the Dunedin City Council and Campus Watch to clean up the mess.

Critic spoke with Mr Kennedy, who said that while the litter situation was not affecting his business, it was affecting people's impressions of Dunedin. Many patrons at the Motor Lodge had remarked on the sight. "Today it might be fine, but next week it might not."

DCC Solid Waste Manager Ian Featherston told the ODT that the problem with keeping rubbish off the streets is not isolated to the student area, but is a citywide problem. He confirmed Mr Kennedy's suggestion that keeping rubbish off the street until collection would "make life a lot easier".

Critic wondered whether putting your wheelie bin out on Sunday, rather than disturbing the essential Monday morning sleep-in, really risked falling victim to mischief by students. Mr Kennedy assured us it did. "[Students are] definitely around on Sunday. Just because it's Sunday doesn't mean they have to stay at home in bed. I see students walking to the mall on Sundays all the time."

The University and Campus Watch are working

closely with the DCC to address the issue. A University spokesperson stated that distributing flyers, providing extra blue recycling bins for flats with surplus bottles, notifying the DCC when bins were overturned, and arranging skips at various student areas all helped to keep the problem in check. The spokesperson also remarked that "senior members of each Campus Watch team are warranted Litter Control Officers and they do have the power to issue fines."

Notably, the ODT article was published at the tail-end of Re-O Week, when student rubbish outflow was expected to be at its peak due to the overflow of a week's worth of empty liquor containers. The Critic Policy Team plans to propose to the DCC that a citywide rubbish-bin ban be instated in place of the citywide liquor ban, in order to tidily deal with two problems at once.

STUDENTS CELEBRATE CHRISTCHURCH HERITAGE BY RECREATING EARTHQUAKE

BY ZANE POCKOCK

INVESTIGATIONS ARE UNDERWAY INTO THE COLLAPSE of the floor of the University of Canterbury's new \$2.5 million temporary events centre, which opened in April after the University's student bar was damaged by the February 2011 earthquake.

The incident occurred after some intense moshing early in Savage's first song during a Re-Orientation Week event, entitled "The Perfect Storm", on Friday July 13. Although the 900-strong crowd was much less than the venue's capacity of 1400, Canterbury's attendance significantly outstripped that of OUSA's events, which was a lot lower.

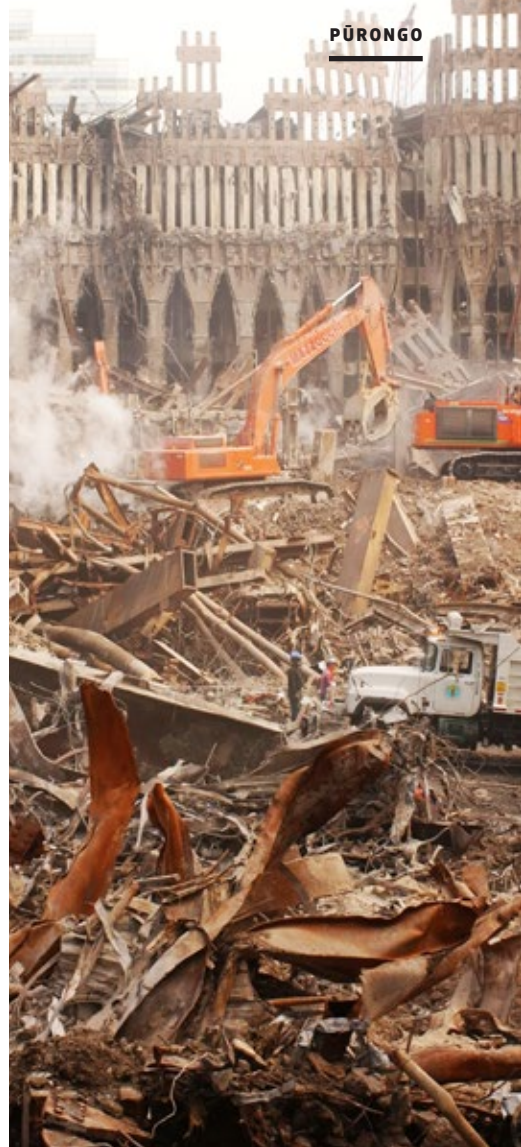
Governmental health and safety inspectors from the Labour Group of the Business, Innovation and Employment Ministry have launched a full investigation into the incident. Although no one was injured, such an investigation is only launched when someone is killed, seriously harmed, or has a serious "near-miss" in the workplace.

The Ministry is unable to comment while the

investigation is under way, but their website states that the aim of the investigation is to identify why it happened and what could have been done to prevent it. University of Canterbury spokesman John MacDonald confirmed that the University commissioned structural engineers to investigate, but would not comment on whether the University will be seeking compensation from the companies involved.

The Ministry also has the power to prosecute, which may be a reason why all parties involved in the construction, from architecture firm Warren and Mahoney to head contractors Image Construction, are attempting to shift the blame.

An editorial in Christchurch newspaper The Press speculates that the collapse is "likely to be the result of human error, but it is unlikely to be sheeted home, such is the confusion about liability for building failures in general." The editorial went on to say that although the floor collapse was serious, "its implications for the Christchurch rebuild are even more worrying. If this can happen to a building designed and constructed after the main earthquakes, what confidence can we have in the safety of similar buildings?"



CASTLE STREET RESIDENTS FAIL AT KEG PARTY, LIFE IN GENERAL

BY MARGOT TAYLOR

DESPITE THE FRENZIED ANTI-ALCOHOL sentiment swirling around political circles, the annual Castle Street Keg Party contradicted the assumption that all students are alcohol-guzzling machines. Although more than 2,300 people indicated on Facebook that they would be attending the event, which was held on Saturday July 14, general consensus is that the "keg party" ended up being a few quiet ones rather than the fist-pumping event that had been hoped for.

In the weeks leading up to the party there

were indications that the event would be a desperado night full of bogans from out of town. One event organiser encouraged people to turn up, because "most years the Castle Street Keg Party is a flop. But cunts need to stop being dry cunts and make it happen". Alas, these motivational words went unheeded. One student who did attend the event told Critic: "It was pretty dull. Everybody stayed inside their respective flats and not a lot happened."

The Castle Street Keg Party does have some history of ruckus behaviour: five students were arrested at the 2010 keg party after starting couch fires. Nowadays, however, the Castle

Street Keg Party can best be described as the poor man's Hyde Street.

While Castle Street was nothing to rave about, OUSA's Re-0 Week events were generally successful in getting the student atmosphere back up and running. Although attendance was poor for both the Ladyhawke and Kora gigs, they provided an opportunity for students to see the revamped Union up close. In contrast to past years, this year's Re-0 Week attendees were generally well behaved, which goes to show that students can in fact consume alcohol without burning rotting couches and ending up in the Proctor's office.

DELUDED, TALENTLESS LOSERS HAVE DREAMS CRUSHED

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

NORTH DUNEDIN'S TALENT, AND SOUTH DUNEDIN'S LACK THEREOF, WERE on show at the Regent Theatre as the Dunedin leg of the second round of New Zealand's Got Talent auditions was held on the 14 and 15 July.

Dunedin's preliminary round of auditions was held on 2 and 3 May at Otago Boys' High School. After the second round the talent pool has been whittled down significantly, with around 60 people from the Dunedin auditions making it through to the next stage.

Aimee Lynch, a Production Coordinator at Imagination TV, described Dunedin's talent pool as "pretty strong. We were definitely not short of variety in Dunedin." One memorable act included two boys eating hamburgers while upside down, standing on their heads. A 91-year-old singer made it through to the next round, while a father and son playing the spoons as a musical instrument were not so lucky.

One female contestant sang while wearing a Japanese Lolita sailor outfit, and despite being criticised as "weird" by the judges she made it through to the next round. Other contestants included a fire breather, several dance troupes, and a voice impersonator. As always there was a huge excess of singers, with an estimated 60% of contestants opting to sing, placing the show at risk of becoming just another NZ Idol clone.

The crowd's favourite contestant was a "lovely little basset hound called Dougal", who performed under the stage name "The Howling Hound". Speaking to Critic, Dougal said that if he wins, he intends to use the \$100,000 prize money to "impress the bitches".



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LECTURERS FOLLOW SHEENS' EXAMPLE, TAKE UP WINNING

BY JOSIE ADAMS

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO LECTURERS DOCTOR Rhiannon Braund, Associate Professor Steve Dawson, and Associate Professor Anthony Robins have won the three annual University Teaching Awards awarded by Otago. These awards recognise an "outstanding ability to teach", and are generally awarded to those willing to experiment with their teaching methods. Dr Braund and Associate Prof. Robins also received recognition at a national awards ceremony.

Dr Braund, of the School of Pharmacy, was "overwhelmed". Accepting her award, she attributed her achievement to her passion for her chosen field: "I want the best for the profession and for the students." Dr Braund went on to win the Prime Minister's Supreme Award at the national Tertiary Teaching Excellence

Awards ceremony held on Tuesday July 17. Otago Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne described Dr Braund's achievement as "well-deserved" and her teaching ability as "world-class".

Assoc. Prof. Dawson, of the Department of Marine Science, called the award a "wonderful honour". He pointed to Otago's dual focus on both research and teaching quality as his recipe for success: "The best universities must strive for a balance." In his speech he spoke of how his teaching was all about engaging students, as all great teachers have done: "The more I can capture their imagination, the more they will learn." Prof. Gary Wilson, Head of the Department of Marine Science, stated that Assoc. Prof. Dawson embodied Otago's reputation as the top research university in the country: "At all levels of his teaching he draws directly on his research experience."

Assoc. Prof. Robins, a Computer Science

lecturer, is a leading researcher in the field of Computer Science Education. He told the crowd that it may be his area of expertise that pushes him to be so good at teaching – computer science evolves so quickly that he is "forced to innovate whether I like it or not." Assoc. Prof. Robins also came away with recognition from the Tertiary Teaching Excellence Awards ceremony, winning an award for sustained excellence in tertiary teaching.

The deserving recipients receive \$7500, to be used to support learning and teaching. Both Dr Braund and Assoc. Prof. Robins received national awards to the tune of \$30,000 and \$20,000 respectively. The three winners all took time to praise their colleagues, insisting that there are many other talented teachers at Otago and that the trio are "only the tip of the iceberg".

UNIVERSITY UNVEILS UNION USURPER, UGANDA UTTERLY UNAFFECTED

BY MARGOT TAYLOR

THE REDEVELOPMENT OF THE UNION BUILDING, which cost \$5.7 million and began in December 2011, is finally complete. The downstairs area of the Union has been revamped and given a colourful and relaxing feel, but the most significant change is the construction of a completely new upstairs mezzanine.

As well as being home to the Womens' Room and the University Chaplains' offices, the mezzanine lounge area is filled with booths, tables, and comfy coloured cubes for students to

kill time, study, or have a well-deserved coffee. OUSA President Logan Edgar told Critic he is very happy with the revamped union, which will also help to fill the ever-increasing demand for student study spaces.

There was a general consensus among students that the new union is comfortable, with a café-like atmosphere. However, one student expressed reservations about the constant stream of 90s pop music emanating from the new TV screen in the downstairs area.

Although much has been added to the new Union, a noticeable missing feature is Lex the

coffee man, who has permanently moved to the library entranceway. Speaking to Critic, Lex described his new location as "great", but added a trademark snarky comment about the new Union, saying it looks as if it has been "pulled out of the 60s and put in the 70s."

The revamped Union played a key role in Re-O Week events, with both the Ladyhawke and Kora gigs being held in Union Hall. This will undoubtedly result in a Scarfie-style christening of the new area.

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MAORI COUNCIL THIRSTY

BY DANIEL BENSON-GUIU

PRIME MINISTER JOHN KEY'S STATEMENT THAT the government might "ignore" what the Waitangi Tribunal has to say about water rights and asset sales has caused tensions in Parliament and the Maori community.

The Waitangi Tribunal is currently hearing an urgent case by the Maori Council, which is attempting to claim rights to freshwater and geothermal resources. Members of the Maori Council argue that the planned partial sale of Mighty River Power, which operates both hydroelectric and geothermal power stations, would breach the principles of the Treaty of Waitangi. The Tribunal may recommend that the government suspend the sale, which is currently scheduled to take place in September, until Maori rights to water resources have been decided.

Mr Key sparked controversy by stating: "Even if the Waitangi Tribunal found that Maori hold interests in water, the Government would not have to accept the decision." David

Clark, Labour MP for Dunedin North, said Key's comments were "divisive" and "disrespectful". Green MP David Clendon said the government was "trampling" over the Waitangi Tribunal, and that it was "disappointing" that after a 1987 court decision that acknowledged Maori have particular rights, "the Council is again obliged to seek a re-statement of those rights".

The Maori Party, currently in coalition with National, appears the most displeased with Key's comments. All three Maori Party MPs have voiced their concerns, and have been urged by the Maori Council and Mana to cancel their coalition agreement. In a meeting held on Wednesday July 18 the two parties agreed to continue to discuss the issue.

Jacinta Ruru of Otago's Faculty of Law said Key showed "arrogance" and was acting "as if the government does own the water", which contrasts with Key's recent comments that "no one owns water". The National Government acknowledged in a 2009 Cabinet paper that Maori water claims were unresolved.

The legal questions about rights and

property make the situation a complex one. Ms Ruru said water is a taonga (treasure) according to the Waitangi Tribunal, and that "recognition is important [for iwi], but some iwi want ownership". She says this "ownership" would follow tikanga Maori (Maori custom), and therefore be "non-exclusive". Ruru says that once Mighty River Power was sold, the profits would shift from public to private hands, which goes against Maori ideas of ownership.

Another concern is that the uncertainty caused by the ongoing dispute could result in lower returns from the Mighty River Power sale, as buyers would not feel confident purchasing shares in an asset that was clouded by controversy. Counsel for the Crown conceded this point during the Waitangi Tribunal hearing. Green Party co-leader Russel Norman says that the government should not proceed with the sale until the controversy is resolved.

The government has repeatedly stated it hopes to raise between \$5 – 7 billion from the sales and, for now, still hopes to put 49 percent of Mighty River Power up for sale in September.

A VISIT FROM THE CHUNDER BUNNY

BY BELLA MACDONALD

PAIN WAS NOT THE ONLY THING BEING SPLATTERED around on Tuesday July 10, as a 20-year-old female student was found unconscious and covered in her own vomit after attending the Illuminate Paint Party at the Edgar Centre.

The near-hypothermic girl was found by Police at around 1.30am on the Wednesday morning after the alcohol-fuelled party. An article printed in the ODT on July 12 stated that the girl involved admitted that she had drunk "way too much" wine and cider at a student flat before the event, and could not remember the

incident.

The discovery of the girl was the only major incident of the evening, but it has sparked discussion about the introduction of a detox centre to deal with drunks instead of locking them up in a police cell, which is considered by many to be a waste of police resources.

The event was organised by a private group. However, OUSA President Logan Edgar hoped that in future event organisers would hold the Paint Party closer to University premises for safety reasons. "If I were a predator, I'd just roll past and chuck them in my black van. But I'm not a predator."

The incident also raises issues surrounding

the Dunedin City Council's liquor ban proposal. Edgar emphasised the fact that incidents like these are not going to be prevented by banning the consumption of alcohol in public spaces. "The liquor ban is not going to change anything. It happens everywhere, even in Courtenay Place in Wellington. Young people are just getting fucked, basically."

Critic spoke with a student who was supportive of the detox centre proposal, saying "it would certainly make me feel safer to know that if I did somehow end up in such a terrible state, there would be somewhere for me to go that wasn't a police cell. We're not all criminals."



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AT LAST! OUSA IS INCOMPLETE AGAIN!

BY ZANE POCOCK

OUSA IS HOLDING YET ANOTHER BY-ELECTION, for the position of Post-Graduate Officer, following the departure of Victoria Koszowski.

Critic speculates that Victoria valiantly resigned after hearing murmurs that students were disappointed they hadn't had enough opportunities to vote this year.

Post-grads can vote, by electronic means only, from Tuesday July 24 at 9am. Voting closes on July 26 at 4pm. Forms and information can be found at OUSA reception. Only postgraduate students are eligible to vote.

Results will be announced on Critic's Facebook page, the OUSA website, on the front door of the OUSA office, and through Critic and Radio One any time from 4.20pm on July 26.

The Returning Officer for these elections will be Sophie Riley, who is responsible for overseeing the campaigning and voting.

HERE IS YOUR CANDIDATE – MARIA POZZA

"The role of the OUSA postgraduate representative is not to be taken lightly. It involves representing a dynamic group of individuals who make up the richness of the Postgraduate Community. It involves the utilisation of diplomatic, organisational, and motivational skills. The ability to listen, advocate, and represent is a key element of this role. Whoever takes on this important role will become the representative of this community and their interests, responsible to both OUSA and the Postgraduate Community. As a PhD candidate and a member of both OUSA and the Postgraduate Community, it would be both a pleasure and a privilege to utilise my diplomatic, organisational and motivational skills to represent our collective interests. I look forward to listening to and advocating for your concerns and representing the OUSA Postgraduate community."



AUSA ATTEMPTS TO ABORT STUDENT GROUP

BY ZANE POCOCK

A MOTION THAT "THE PRO-LIFE CLUB BE DISAFFILIATED FOR PROPAGATING harmful misinformation" has been voted against 227-125 by members of the Auckland University Student Association (AUSA) at a Special General Meeting on Wednesday July 18.

Following an anonymous complaint made to AUSA, the executive spoke extensively amongst themselves on whether to uphold the proposed disaffiliation, before deciding to put it up to an SGM.

The Association's affiliated feminist group alleged on Facebook that "Pro-Life Auckland has continued to distribute misleading information in regards to abortion" and that "the latest pamphlet they dropped at major universities around NZ contained harmful information for women who may be pregnant."

Advocates for the motion to disaffiliate the club displayed particular offence on Facebook to Pro-Life Auckland implying that abortions can be deadly following the first and only death of an Australian woman undergoing medical abortion, but did not mention the number of women who die while actually giving birth.

Conversely, opponents of the motion maintain that even if the pamphlet was distasteful, freedom of speech is about defending unpopular and unpleasant opinions. Blogger David Farrar pointed out that if distributing pamphlets that may skew people's views is a reason for disaffiliation, then Labour, National and Green groups should also face the axe.

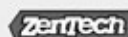
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CADEN SHIELDS

ANOTHER AWESOME OTAGO ATHLETE YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T HEARD OF YET



CADEN SHIELDS MIGHT NOT BE AT the Olympic level just yet but it seems he's on the fast track.

The Dunedin-raised physiotherapy student has recently returned from a scholarship at Purdue University in Indiana, where he competed for the "Boilermakers" in long-distance running events and found his niche in the cross-country.

After following in the educational footsteps of Nick Willis, New Zealand's most successful runner in recent years, Caden has set his sights on taking his running to the next level. With a US college running apprenticeship under his belt, not to mention a world-class education, he could be our next great white hope.

College life in the US is very different to New Zealand. What kind of differences did you notice?

"I was fortunate to be at a university with the academic and athletic reputation that Purdue has. It is a university of 40,000 students,

and boasts alumni like Neil Armstrong, Drew Brees, Etwan Moore, and John Wooden. Both academic and athletic performance expectations are very high. Life on campus is 24/7. There is a lot going on with sports and social events. Purdue has many sororities and fraternities. Weekends are great, with thousands of students tailgating before football games in the fall which creates a great buzz around campus. It really is quite exciting."

College athletes can be the "big dogs on campus", NCAA sports are huge, and the big 10 is a prestigious conference. How was life as a student athlete at a big school?

"The standout basketball players and football players are living legends on campus, especially if they are good enough to make the pro ranks. They are still given a lot of respect by the student population and generally left alone. These guys faced a lot of pressure during the season, especially if they lost a big game and had to attend class the next day. I was given a lot of benefits as a student athlete, such as being able to register for classes before the rest of the student body so I could get the class schedule I wanted to fit around training. People took an interest in what I did, so if I performed well it was quite common for strangers to congratulate me while walking through campus. I even had one guy come to my dorm room the day after I won a race to congratulate me (not sure how he knew where I lived)."

What was the highlight of your college running career?

"Making the NCAA cross-country championships, first Purdue male runner since 1987."

Was it tough to balance training and study?

"We were on the road racing every two weeks, so a lot of the time it was about getting the work done during the week so we wouldn't have to worry about it on the weekend. Purdue works you extremely hard in the classroom, so in reality I didn't do much except run and study. Making sure you got enough sleep and ate well was the real challenge, but it taught me a lot about balance in life."

Nick Willis is probably the most famous example of a New Zealander running in the American college system. Have you had much to do with him?

"Nick is a very personable guy. He is the athlete that every NZ distance runner looks up to. He's a class act. Nick is very supportive of everyone who attends US colleges, and he looks out for each of us. I was surprised when I first talked to him in the States – he knew who I was, and even offered for me to come stay at his house in Ann Arbor and take me out to dinner. It really shows how great he is, and I would love to achieve a fraction of what he has in his career".

What are your plans for continuing running now that you're back in NZ?

"I am back with my old coach and ultimately trying to get to a level where I can represent NZ on the world stage. I have suffered some serious injuries in the last year, so am really trying to get back to where I was when I ran my best at Purdue."



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SEXUALITY IN SPORTS: WHY ARE THERE SO FEW GAY ATHLETES?

I HAVE TO ADMIT THAT I WAS A LITTLE NERVOUS writing this article. Not because of what people will think, but because I am certain that I am bound to offend someone in some way. I am mindful that there might be a bit of a "poking your uneducated nose into something that doesn't really concern you" element. Still, I'm going to have a go anyway, because I think sexuality in sport is a relevant and interesting topic. Feel free to have a go at me – that's what the Facebook page is for anyway.

In my opinion I shouldn't really be writing this article, because it shouldn't be a point of interest. Sexuality has nothing to do with sports. Yes, sports are usually divided along gender lines, but who you want to have sex with after the game isn't really important. The big question, then, is why are there so few openly homosexual athletes? Why is it such big news when one finally ventures fearfully from the closet, usually long after their relevance to the sport they played has faded?

You'll be relieved to know that Wikipedia has a comprehensive list of prominent athletes who are openly homosexual or transgender. They also have a list abruptly titled "Jews in Sports". Wikipedia really is a bigot's paradise, but I digress. The point is, the "homosexual or transgender" list is disappointingly short.

The general consensus is that professional athletes don't come out while they are still competing because it would jeopardise their career. Why take the risk? Why would anyone potentially jeopardise their earning potential if they didn't have to? This is understandable, but a disappointing reflection of modern society. On the other side of the coin, we have the undeniable fact that suppressing your sexuality for a long period of time can't be good for your mental health, athlete or not. A successful sports career can last well into your thirties. That's a long time to either keep your true feelings bottled up.

So, are we becoming more open to the idea that athletes can be gay? Take the London Olympics as a litmus test. There are nine openly gay athletes competing this year. That's one less than in Beijing, and two less than in Athens. We are getting into a murky statistical area here, but

it seems that in the last decade it hasn't become noticeably more acceptable for athletes to be open about their sexuality. In most parts of the world the LGBT community has probably become at least a bit more accepted in that time, but apparently not by the majority of the sporting public. If even 1% of all athletes at the Olympics are not heterosexual (a conservative estimate), then there are actually 126 LGBT athletes at the Games. That means that 99% of gay athletes aren't comfortable with coming out (I know the maths isn't exactly right, but you get the point).

But what about a little closer to home? There are definitely some closeted professional rugby players in this country. There have probably even been some gay All Blacks. It is a shame that they felt they needed to keep the fact a secret, but I really can't blame them.

It's a real shame that more athletes don't feel comfortable enough to come out, particularly in a country that prides itself on its liberal attitudes. I feel like sport may end up being one of the last areas of life that remains at least mostly homophobic. As a sports fan, I find that extremely embarrassing.



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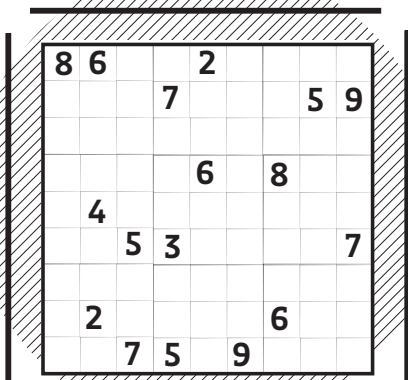
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News IN Briefs



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Q U O T E S F R O M *Robin Williams*

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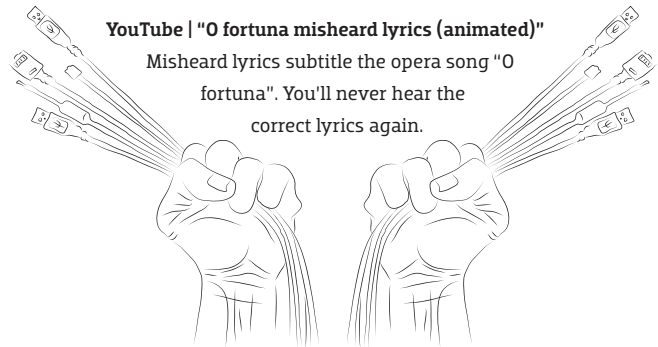
You can finally find out what your babies with Heath Ledger would have looked like!

YouTube | "Golden loves guitar"

Cute dog video. Just watch.

YouTube | "O fortuna misheard lyrics (animated)"

Misheard lyrics subtitle the opera song "O fortuna". You'll never hear the correct lyrics again.



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"Ah yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning 'to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet'

"Do you think God gets stoned? I think so. Look at the platypus."

"I like my wine like my women - ready to pass out."

"See, the problem is that God gives men a brain and a penis, and only enough blood to run one at a time."

World Watch

OREGON | USA | TWO MEN TRYING TO FLY LAWN CHAIRS TIED TO 350 HELIUM BALLOONS HAVE BEEN forced to abort their flight due to bad weather. The men were trying to set a world record for the longest two-man cluster balloon flight.

UK | A PAIR OF IDENTICAL TWINS IN THE UK HAVE GRADUATED FROM THE SAME UNIVERSITY AFTER both getting the same mark in the same course. They will start their internship at the same law firm next year.



INDIA | IN AN ATTEMPT TO BRING RAIN TO HIS VILLAGE AN INDIAN MAN HAS MARRIED A FROG. THE two were joined in holy Hindu matrimony in a lavish wedding last Thursday. Thousands turned up to the ceremony, but there has been no word on the rain yet.

AUSTRALIA | A NURSE ATTENDING A MEDICAL EMERGENCY IN NORTHERN TERRITORY HAD TO TAKE cover when the patient he was trying to help expressed his displeasure tribal violence-style, throwing spears at him then smashing the headlights and windows of the ambulance.



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Facts AND Figures



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testify

It is theorised that the word "testify" was derived from the ancient Roman custom of men holding their testicles with their right hands before giving testimony in court.



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same size for our entire
lives, but our nose and
ears never stop growing



When a honey bee
climaxes, his testicles
explode and he dies



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TE WIKI O TE REO



HEI AHA TE NUI, TE ITI RĀNEI

GIANNA LEONI



AI KI TĒTAHI ATIKARA NĀ TE NATIONAL GEO-
graphic Society "Disappearing Languages",
i ngaro tētahi reo taketake ia rua wiki. Ā te
tau 2100, neke atu i te 7,000 o ngā reo o te ao
ka ngaro. Kāore anō ētahi o ēnei kia hopukina
e tētahi mihini hopu reo. Kua tata te ngaro
mō ake tonu.

I ngā marama kua hipa, tōku waimarie hoki ki te tutaki, ki
te whakarongo hoki ki ngā tāngata taketake nō ētahi atu
whenua o te ao. Ko te mea tino whakaohoreke ki ahau, ko
te kaha ake o te reo Māori i ētahi atu reo taketake o te ao.

I mua i te taenga mai o ngā tau iwi ki Aotearoa, ko ngā reo
ā-iwi ngā reo anake o ngā tāngata whenua o Aotearoa. He
āhua pai ētahi āhuatanga o te reo Ingarihi mō ngā tangata
whenua, arā, i taea te mahi hokohoko, te ako hangarau hou.
Kāore i whakamōhiotia e rātou ngā tukunga iho o tēnei mahi.
I ngā tau 1900 te reo Māori tīmata ai ki te whakaiti iho, ā,
i whakapiki ake te reo Ingarihi. Heoi, i te ngahurutanga
1970–1979, i whakarerekē tēnei, i tīmata ētahi tāngata ki te
whawhai mō te reo Māori. I te ngahurutanga i whai ake, i
whakatū ngā kura reo Māori hei whakapiki i te reo Māori. I
whakatū te ture hei whakamana ā-ture te reo Māori (ā, ehara
te reo Ingarihi i te reo ā-ture, ko te reo ā-waha noa). I muri
ake i ēnei, i whakatūria Te Māngai Pāho me te Whakaata
Māori. Kei te whakanui hoki tātou i te wiki o te reo Māori.

Ko te mea hirahira o ēnei momo whakahaumanutanga, ko
te Tiriti o Waitangi. Kāore e kore, he take rangirua te Tiriti
mō Aotearoa. Engari, i whakaako au, ko te Tiriti te take i taea
ai e tātou te whawhai mō te whakatipuranga o te reo Māori.

Hei tauira: kei te whenua o te Hononga o Amerika, tokomaha
ngā iwi taketake. Ahakoa ka whakarōpūtia rātou e te kāwa-
natanga, he tino rerekē ngā iwi ki ētahi atu iwi o te whenua.
Arā, mō tētahi tangata, nō ngā iwi e rua – kei te noho ēnei
iwi i ngā taha o tētahi awa, engari, kāore e taea e ngā iwi

te kōrero o rātou ake reo taketake ki te iwi atu – he rerekē
rawa ngā reo. Engari, ki Aotearoa, ahakoa he rerekē ngā reo
ā-iwi, i te nuinga o te wā, ka taea e ētahi atu iwi te mārara.

Ko te rahi o te whenua tētahi mea rerekē hoki o te Hononga
o Amerika ki Aotearoa, ko tētahi mea uaua hoki mō rātou.
Kei te whai tērā whenua i ngā ture ā-whenua, me ngā
ture ā-rohe, nō reira, he tino uaua rawa ki te whawhai mō
te whakaaetanga o te mana o ngā reo. He ture mō ētahi
iwi taketake, mō o rātou reo i ētahi rohe, engari, ehara
mō te whenua katoa rite ki Aotearoa. Ki Aotearoa, nā te
whakatūranga o te Tiriti o Waitangi i taea ai te whawhai
mō te mana o te reo Māori. He 'taonga' te reo Māori, nō reira,
kei a tātou te rangatiratanga ki te whakamahi i te reo Māori.

Ināianei, ka titiro ētahi atu iwi taketake ki ngā momo
whakahaumanu o te reo Māori. Ki Hawai'i, ka whakatū ētahi
kura reo taketake mō ngā tamariki kia ako i tō rātou reo. Ka
pīrangī ētahi iwi taketake ki te tae atu ki te taumata o te reo
Māori ki Aotearoa.

Ahakoa he pai ake ētahi o ngā āhuatanga o te reo Māori i
ētahi atu whenua, he maha ngā mahi e toe ana. Tau kē te
wiki o te reo Māori ki te whakanuia te reo, engari, mō ētahi
tāngata, ko tēnei te wiki anake e kōrero ana, e whakamahi
ana rātou i te reo Māori. I te mutunga o te wiki, i ngaro anō,
i huna anō, te reo Māori. Ko te whakamāoritanga o te reo
Māori tōku tino wawata. Mai i te kura ki te umanga, mai i
te kāinga, ki te kāwanatanga, ki te hāpori hoki. Āe, he mahi
uaua tēnei, engari kaua e wareware e pā ana ki ētahi atu
iwi taketake nā rātou i tino tata ki te ngaro i o rātou reo.
Mō ētahi reo taketake, ka kōrero ngā kaumātua anake. Me
haere tonu tātou ki te whakamahi, ki te whakaako, ki te
tautoko i te reo. Hei aha te nui, te iti rānei – me tarai tātou
ki te whakamahia te reo!

HE TŪRUA HAKATŪPATO

KAWITI JACK WAETFORD

Ka tū mokemoke ahau i te Wao-nui-a-Tane.

Kei hea rā te tangi o ngā manu, kei hea rā?

Kei hea rā te kiki, te kakā

O te hunga iti o te Wao-Nui?

Kei hea rā...

I AHAU E RIRIPI HAERE ANA KI ROTO I TE NGAHERE; E ĀIO ANA ki te rongo i te koekoe a tūi, te ketekete a kākā, te tīoioi a kūkū; te hakangū i te hā e āwhio ake ana i a Tāne-mahuta me āna tini mokopuna; ka tūpono kite ahau i ētahi atārangi e whitirua mai ana.

Ka hakatata atu ahau. Hūkeke pai ahau ki te kite ake i tētahi pīki tinana. Ko tōna mātotorutanga ake he hope pioioi, ā, he kakī whēnekeneneke. I tōna tahataha e kūpapa mai ana, ko tētahi manu ātaahua, nikaka nei te tae o wōna parirau. Ko ōna ngutu, e whātero mai ana, ā, kua kiritea te ate o wōna awe.

Tēnā koe, e Moa. Tēnā koe, e Huia.

Kua roa mātou e noho pōhara ana i te taiao, e noho mokemoke ana ki a kōrua. Tēnā, hakamārama mai ki te mokopuna nei, he aha i mahue mai ai mātou i a kōrua? He aha te moa me te huia i mate ai?

E te mokopuna o ōu tūpuna, tāria ake te nuku o te ao kua noho hakaaraara māua ki roto i a koe. Tēnā, hoki muri mai ki te wā o ōu tūpuna, ki muri noa mai i te taketakenga o tō ira tangata. I te korekoretanga mai o te ao, arā te kāhui manu e rērere hua ana; i noho haumarua a Moa mā ki ngā

awaawa, ki nga korahatanga o te muri waho. Nā Rongo rāua ko Haumia-tiketike mātou i atawhai ki ā rāua hua maha.

Auē taukiri ē! Tau mai rā ngā hau mātaotao a Tāwhiri-mātea; ngā kuru koikoi wera a Maru iwi; inā te mangungu a Tū, nāna te whiu a ngā maikuku o Mahuika! I reira mātou i hinga, ko wō mātou whēua i ngahoro noa ki te puhi o te hau hei toketokenga kai!

"E te tupuna Huia, kua hakatairan-gatia koe e taku iwi hei tohu tupua, hei pare ariki. Nō konēi koe i hakangau e te mano tātanga hei tikitiki mō tōna mātenga. Koirā tēnei i mate ai koe?"

He uri koe, e te mokopuna, nō te awe tāpara. Nā tōna tete koi i rere ai taku toto i hīpokina ai ki te whenua e kīa nei ko tō tūranga ūkaipo. Nā reira e te mokopuna, tukua te puehu o te riri kia takataka e ngā tapuwae o te wā. Anō me te kete kāinga e riringi ana ki ngā pari, rukea te ngārara o te hakapehapeha me te tauapo hei oranga mo ōku tātai heke o muri nei.

E te tupuna Huia, kua hakatairangatia koe e taku iwi hei tohu tupua, hei pare ariki. Nō konēi koe i hakangau e te mano tātanga hei tikitiki mō tōna mātenga. Koirā tēnei i mate ai koe?

E te mokopuna o ōu tūpuna, kua kakati te tangi o te aumangea i te rirohanga atu o te tōtara i tere rā ki te moana.

Ko tā namata wā, i te wā o ōu tūpuna, te pūtahitanga mai o taku mate. I tukua nei ahau hei parehuia, te marereko o te pakanga e tohu ana i ōu tino rangatira. Erangi, ka eke tini rawa haere te hiahia ki ōku kura, anō me te taenga mai o te Pākeha, te ngarara i takahikahi noatia te tapu o tēnei tikanga hakaaro i waenganui i a māua. I reira mātou i hinga. He kohikohinga kiri mōkai i ngaro noa ki ngā hau e whā, hei hohonu pēpepe.

'He ao te rangi ka uhia, he huruhuru te manu ka rere.' Kei hea rā taku korowai mahana, kua huhutitia wōku kura. Nā, ka pū ake a Urukārearea, te hau makariri nō te tai tawhiti, ka puhi, ka tuhawiri taku tinana, pāpaku mai, kua mate rā ahau.

Nā reira e te mokopuna o ōu tūpuna, hikina tēnei taki nō tua hakarere hei tohu hakatūpato mō ngā haukino o tōu rā. Kia waiho tārewa ake au i tēnei hei motu kai tāwhara mō te whakaaro: "E tū i te tū a te uru Kahikātea". Mā te paihere o ngā pakiaka ki a rātou anō, ka piri tahi, ka noho tahi. Mei kore e pēnei a Māori i tōna reo, ka pēnā hoki i a Huia rāua ko Moa, mate waiwaiā atu!

Uhi, wero, tau mai te mauri. Ko te toki kia eke, eke panuku, eke Tangaroa. Haumi ē, hui ē, tāiki ē!

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What is Beauty?

By Katie Kenny

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, – that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

— John Keats, “Ode on a Grecian Urn”

YOU'RE LIKELY THINKING, QUITE RIGHTLY, “OH, HOW TYPICAL for Katie to be given a brief on beauty and to employ poetry...” However, before you condemn my predictably semantic-based stance, let's take a moment to appreciate Keats' influence on our contemporary notions of beauty. His transcendental depiction of beauty represents timeless ideals of pure aesthetics. Perhaps more so than any other English Romantic-era poetry, these lines have lived on in contemporary quotations since their creation in 1819.

Why is this? Well, I'm still a significant portion of a dissertation away from figuring that out, but what's immediately obvious is that humans have a seemingly innate attraction to beautiful things. Empirical studies show that infants as young as two months in age prefer to look at faces that adults find attractive. How is this related to poetry? Well, no poet of the Western World is more connected to notions of beauty than Keats: “His sense of beauty has been well called a disease.” Somehow, this combination of beauties – the Romantic poet, the sensuous poem, the beauty-truth maxim – has provided the lines with enough allure to ensure their relevance well into the twenty-first century.

The earliest uses of the word beauty in written English date back to the thirteenth

and early fourteenth centuries, and almost exclusively refer to women. This isn't as sexist or as surprising as it sounds. Remember that most of the writers back then were men who liked women, and the women they called beautiful were objects of their most intense desire. For almost as long as the word has existed, beauty has been associated with females, and particularly with the female form.

“Historians have argued that had Cleopatra's nose been half an inch longer neither Julius Caesar nor Mark Anthony would have fallen in love with her.”

Throughout the history of Western art, the female nude is the most frequent subject, with the exceptions of Jesus and Mary. An examination of the nude in art reveals a constant, if sometimes subtle, shift in the ideal of bodily beauty. As art historian Kenneth Clark defined it, “The nude is the naked body clothed in culture.”

Cultural mechanisms have transformed perceptions of body perfection, dictating shape and proportion by artificially changing the body's silhouette, and sometimes physically altering its natural structure: “Fashion's great seduction is its mutability,” wrote Harold Koda, Curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Through the artifice of apparel, characteristics can be altered to adhere to the accepted ideals, according to trends of the time.

If Keats thought that beauty is truth, then the cosmetic industry surely disagrees. Beauty in the sense of cosmetics and coiffure devotes itself to the art of concealment, disguise, manufacture. From catwalks and celebrities, through filtered lenses of the media, to the impressionable public...

the so-called beauty industry is marketed to compel desire. Still, although our vanity may have reached new heights, outstanding physical attractiveness is

no new societal advantage. Historians have argued that had Cleopatra's nose been half an inch longer neither Julius Caesar nor Mark Anthony would have fallen in love with her. Physical beauty has long been treated as an advantageous quality or possession comparable to power, intelligence, strength, education, or family. Commercialisation, therefore, is inevitable.

Entire historical eras were shaped and are remembered by their interpretations of beauty. Perceptions of longed-for looks have changed throughout time and across cultures. Indeed, according to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the preference for a long neck is "perhaps the only corporeal aesthetic that is universally shared". The history of the chest is "as much about its suppression as it is about its augmentation", and no zone of a woman's (or in fact a man's – google "Mr Pearl, Corset Portrait") body has been "more subject to visual and physical adjustment than the waist". Fashion clearly reveals our human impulse to bring the body closer to some artistic, Keatsian ideal.

In the first decade of the 1900s, mannequins were rendered with fleshy shoulders and arms, not too different in effect from an Ingres odalisque (those Romantic-era portraits of curvy concubines). However, the 1920s were attended by an emerging cult of slenderness. The sudden shift to thinness alarmed even French fashion designer Paul Poiret, who famously declared: "Formerly women were architectural, like the prows of ships, and very beautiful. Now they resemble little under-nourished telegraph clerks." Even throughout the predominant "flapper" fashions of linear silhouettes, collarbones and knobby knees were still features of malnourishment and pre-pubescence rather than female attractiveness. For that attitudinal transition, the 1930s are to blame. That decade squared shoulders and articulated ribcages. The subsequent post-war female ideal had a fuller bust, but a more pinched-in waist. Bottoms were flat, but hips were emphasised and padded. By the 1960s, androgyny was in, as were aspirations of youth and thinness. More than ever before, contemporary fashion focussed on body-shape as well as adorning clothing.

Unfortunately, this means that present day trends are not only emptying the wallets of impressionable young girls, but also persuading them to empty their stomachs. A recent article in the Otago Daily Times referred to the education conference address of Dr Helen Wright, head of a private girls' school in Wiltshire. Wright said the cover of Zoo magazine, featuring US reality TV star Kim Kardashian beneath the title "Officially your hottest women in the

“Present day trends are not only emptying the wallets of impressionable young girls, but also persuading them to empty their stomachs.”

world", represented "almost everything that is wrong with Western society". Due to the mainstream media "diet of empty celebrity and superficiality... [teenagers] are under a huge amount of pressure, buffeted by these images and messages." To mitigate the problem, schools are encouraging parents to "place emphasis on personal attributes such as personality, achievements, skills and outlook on life," and to refrain from "placing emphasis on physical aspects such as prettiness, likeness to celebrities, or thinness." Wright's argument addresses what is evidently a massive problem for today's younger generations, according to statistics on eating disorders, body dissatisfaction, and social pressures. However, this issue too often becomes an attack on the phenomenon of beauty, rather than superficiality, shallowness, and over-sexualisation, which are the real perpetrators. To say that beauty encapsulates emptiness, and that it's involved in the decline of Western civilisation, is to neglect the real meaning of the word. So what is it?

In *The Beauty Trap* by Nancy C. Baker, we're encouraged to "redefine beauty for ourselves so that it includes far more than perfect features, artfully enhanced make-up, hairstyling and clothing... a truly beautiful woman makes the best of her physical assets but, more importantly, she also radiates a personal quality that is attractive. Unlike the woman with a gorgeous face and body who is obsessed with herself, [the] ideally beautiful woman exudes concern for others, as well as intelligence, enthusiasm, humor, and self-confidence. There are all qualities we can cultivate in ourselves, and they're qualities that will last a lifetime." Baker's notion is indeed a sensible solution for promoting women's confidence (and men's, of course). However, it's riddled with semantic subterfuge. She's confusing and combining different definitions of beauty, and the complex-fuelled judgment of "self-obsessed" girls is a major feminist faux pas.

The idea of beauty is too often muddled by our failure to distinguish it from fashion and aspects of personality. "Clothing maketh the man", and so on. Of all human attributes, the one over which there is most dishonesty and manipulation is physical appearance. Is this because

it's a sensitive topic, or simply because it's an indefinable concept? Grooming and self-presentation, simulations of beauty, are often incorrectly interpreted as true beauty. Then again, people like Baker harp on about some kind of "internal beauty", thus propounding the idea that beauty must be associated with some kind of goodness. Moral beauty is passed off as physical beauty, or a physically beautiful but unlikeable person is denied the attributes of beauty. "Personality beauty", as popularised by Plato and the Christian Church, is very different to aesthetic-based notions of "physical beauty", yet both terms are commonly confused and used interchangeably.

It's all part of that classic triad — the values of truth, goodness, and beauty. To mix beauty with goodness, or even with truth (all eyes on Keats), is to mess with the angles of the primordial triangle. Beauty as an aesthetic experience is not always derived from positivity and pleasure. Beauty has an insane side, an unclean side, as perhaps one would expect, since it is something that people make with the world. It is created in the cooperation between a beholder and an object. Beauty is skin-deep, internal, lasts forever, fleeting, intrinsic, extrinsic, average, deviation, embellishment, economy, ontology: Ockham's Razor. Don't ask what it is because nobody really knows. Get a better vocabulary, and blame something else for the world's problems.

*For an exceptionally exquisite definition, consult the works of Oscar Wilde (a self-confessed and universally acclaimed aestheticist):

“Beauty is a form of Genius, is higher indeed than Genius, as it needs no explanation.”

THE ANNUAL CRITIC

SEX

BY MADDY PHILLIPPS

Personal development guru Tony Robbins is famous for breathlessly rhapsodising to lumpen Wal-Mart shelf-stackers that the fastest route to career success and satisfaction is to find something you love doing, and make it your job. I spend most of my time lying in bed with the curtains drawn jerking off to Redtube's lesbian section, so when the chance arose to do a paid review of sex toys for Critic I realised that I had an unmissable opportunity on in my hands. It seems unlikely that Tony had getting paid to masturbate in mind when he devised his Once In a Lifetime Date With Destiny® seminar, but I feel that wanking is no less authentic a path to self-actualisation than incorporating Power Virtues into your life, or whatever. Anyway, paradoxically, my method probably still makes you less of a wanker.

Even though my career has apparently reached an all-time high, unfortunately I can't say the same for my vagina. I tested out a range of toys, from basic vibrators, to more specialised models, to a few things requiring a partner. Some were excellent, some were disappointing, and some are guaranteed to kill a boner, or lady-boner, faster than watching Home And A Lay (Fist You Each Day), starring Colleen Smart and Alf Stewart.

FETISH LOVER'S FANTASY KIT

I love a good whip, handcuff, and mask, so I had high hopes for the Fetish Lover's Fantasy Kit. Such high hopes, in fact, that I brought it to a booty call/partying/snowboarding weekend in Queenstown, a concept of such fabulousness that anything less than the best fetish gear would not suffice.

This is much, much less than the best fetish gear. This is to the best fetish gear as playing Skyrim is to actually having a social life. The mini flogger was the cheapest-looking and-feeling piece of tat I have ever seen. There was no satisfying smack, just the sad sound of cheap vinyl trying and failing to penetrate thin air. When my Queenstown Booty Call (henceforth known as QBT) hit me with it, the only way I could tell he was whipping me was from the lingering stench of synthetic textile.

The handcuffs fared slightly better – despite the prominent "Made In China" label, they did at least function as intended. According to a cop who was also staying with us, they were "an ok set of cuffs, but definitely more 'Castle St rioter' than 'Palmerston North P fiend'." The mask looked like something you'd buy for \$4.99 at the airport Whitcoulls along with noise-cancelling headphones when you notice an unpleasantly high proportion of screaming toddlers in the departure lounge. Economy class air travel = not sexy.

3/10



TOY

REVIEW

SCREAMING O VIBRATING COCK RING

I have major problems with the whole concept of a vibrating cock ring, and this did absolutely nothing to change my mind. If you're being fucked any faster than pure Sting the vibrating bit bangs painfully into your clit, yet it isn't really in contact with your clit consistently enough to offer an orgasm. QBT described the cock ring as "The Office-level uncomfortable", which is understandable — I wouldn't want the equivalent of a Woolworths Snuggles Ponytail Elastic restricting blood flow out of my sexual organs either. "Screaming O Vibrating Cock Ring" was not a total misnomer, though. It may not have offered any Os, but there was a lot of pained screaming when QBT tried to finger me in a dark corner of Subculture the following evening (don't judge) — pretty sure I sustained some serious clitoral bruising. This is the Chris Brown of sex toys. Stay far, far away.

0/10

SCREAMING O GLOW BULLET

For me, the clitmus test of any bullet vibrator is how it compares to the undisputed saviour of covert teenage wanks — the Oral-B Professional Care 5000 Triumph. Until I encountered the

Screaming O, I was yet to find a clit-only vibrator that surpassed the Oral-B's unique pulsating-oscillating-rotating technology. The Glow Bullet admittedly doesn't remove up to ten times as much plaque as a manual toothbrush, but the vibrations are really, really, strong, which is almost as awesome. It's marketed as "discreet", so I tested it out while driving to Queenstown. I started the test in Cromwell. I ended the test in Cromwell. It takes about 45 seconds to drive through Cromwell. Enough said. Except that those real fruit icecreams you can get there taste particularly good after an orgasm.

9/10

INTIMATE DARES CARD GAME

I took this "risque card game" to Queenstown, hoping that it might indeed "open the door to hours of naughty, sexy fun with your lovers and friends!" I brought out the game at 5pm on Saturday, which is much less awkward than it sounds as by that point several of the 15 or so people staying in the house were already doing lines off an ancient copy of NZ House & Garden.

I am unsure what the rules of the game were, because someone ripped the bit of paper up to snort rails with almost immediately. However, it became instantly clear that this game was unplayable. There are two decks of cards, a normal deck and the "Dare cards".

SAMPLE DARES:

- "Go out the front door naked, and do a 10-second Irish jig."
- "Dry hump any other player for 30 seconds."
- "If you have balls, impersonate a brain with them."
- "Get naked and do 10 jumping jacks."
- "Shave your pubes in front of all the players."
- "Wield your penis in front of you like a sword."
- "Use your boobs like puppets and have them talk to each other."

I don't know what the makers of this game consider "naughty, sexy fun", but in my world nude calisthenics and Irish jigs are not "naughty, sexy fun". In fact, I would go so far as to say that traditional Celtic dance and exercise are the antithesis of "naughty, sexy fun". Still, I can't argue with the general promise of hours of entertainment; the cards were ridiculed aloud almost constantly for the rest of the weekend.

9/10

for sheer entertainment value.

EVOLVED SWEET EMBRACE MULTIPLE GIRTH G SPOT MASSAGER

I am a big fan of penises. Yes, they're inherently ridiculous, but they are still a more important part of my life than The Simpsons, which is saying a lot because I snap-judge everyone I meet on their ability to appreciate and deploy a good Simpsons' quote. Well, turns out the human wang could stand to be even more inherently ridiculous, because despite its abstract appearance the Sweet Embrace vibrator is fucking insane.

Initially, I wasn't sure quite what to make of it. In appearance it is pleasingly Jeff Koons, but when you turn it on you can hear the batteries rattling around inside, which didn't immediately inspire confidence — no one wants to wank with the sex toy version of Lana Del Rey. Still, intrigued by the post-modern vibes (sorry) and claims of waterproofness, I decided to invite the Sweet Embrace to my next shower. I started with the smaller end then progressed to the girthier end, which is sort of like the ultimate combination of a dick that hits just the right spot and nimble G-spot stroking fingers. I came way before the hot water ran out, which in my ancient flat is liable to happen in less than five minutes. Can't recommend this highly enough. It's perfectly, um, cromulent.

10/10

EVOLVED LOVE N BATH

When the manager at Peaches and Cream gave this to me, she said she had selected a smaller model of rabbit-style vibe because she thought it would be "less intimidating to students". My heart immediately sank. I am a student. I am not intimidated by a large

penis. Admittedly I tend more towards the ooh-it's-Saturday-who-can-I-blow? than the pure-as-the-driven-snow, but judging by post-BYO scenes from Copa to the Craic I'm not the only one.

To be fair, as far as the classic rabbit-style vibrator goes, this ticks most of the boxes — nice strong vibrations, designer colour "Sugar Purple", dual motors, three different speeds —except it fundamentally failed to tick MY box because they took all these unarguably brilliant features and fucked everything up by making the stupid thing COMPACT. Who wants a COMPACT penis substitute?? It's not a Ford fucking Focus. It's meant to get you off, not get you into a tight parallel park in Ponsonby.

I wish I could be more positive about this toy, because it's purple and pretty and waterproof and clearly very well-made, but for God's sake, I already lie enough to real men about the adequacy of their dick size. I don't want to have to lie to an ELECTRONIC DEVICE. The whole POINT of a vibrator is that it compensates for all of the penile/digital/oral inadequacies of a real sexual partner, and the point of THIS vibrator is lost both on and in me.

5/10

ASSORTED LUBRICANTS

JO silicone and non-silicone lubes - Both were silky smooth and non-irritating. Highly recommend; much better option than Pantene or Flora Pro-Activ.

8/10

Frolic specialty toy lubricant - super-lubricating so you only need a little, and light enough that it's unlikely to dirty your sheets. Washing your sheets post-coitus is one thing, but needing to do laundry after over-zealous masturbation? That's just depressing.

10/10

Hot Pink warming lubricant for women - an OK basic lube, but pretty sure the only warmth it conducted came from my own fingers.

6/10

A big thanks to Peaches & Cream, Dunedin's friendliest and best-stocked adult shop, for generously providing the toys for this feature.

Address: 112 St Andrew St

Hours: Sun/Mon/Tue/Wed 10am-6pm, Thu/Fri/Sat 10am-9pm.

Phone: 03 477 1005

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 Metro to add a little more spice. If you want in on the action, email critic@critic.co.nz with your details.

HARRY

THINGS STARTED OFF WELL AT LEAST. THE CHAT WAS FLOWING QUITE FREELY and we talked about a wide range of subjects. We started off with the usual questions and decided to tell each other our most embarrassing stories in order to further break the ice. Her stories were quite boring and unremarkable. I guessed that because she is a student in Dunedin, she must really have some huge adventures but wasn't telling me about them in order to maintain an air of class. As our bar tab dried up she said she wanted to go somewhere else. I was surprised at this because we had Metro pretty much to ourselves, plus a roaring fire, so I asked her where she would like to go and she said "your place".

Okay.

While walking back I decided I should learn from my previous mistakes by reading between the lines and being prepared for any eventuality (once I walked a girl home after town and she asked me to come in and have a coffee, I said "no thanks, coffee at this hour would keep me up all night" – what a mare). I remembered I had no condoms so I developed a scheme where I would pop into the 2-4 under the pretence of buying a milkshake and put them in my pocket. When I was sure she was out of eyesight I engaged in Operation Rubber Shield and as the condoms were on the counter I saw her looking over my shoulder seeing what I was buying. Awkward. I went outside but she wasn't there. I turned around and saw her in the far corner of the store frantically sending a text. Definitely sending out an S.O.S. to friends. I didn't know how the evening was going to unfold but I now knew what wasn't going to happen. We continued to my flat and as we were both sitting on my bed I thought to myself there are only two things to do in my flat: eat and be cold. The fridge was empty so that kind of narrowed things down. I asked her what she wanted to do and realised by the way she blushed this question was more ominous and suggestive than originally intended. Fucking hell brain, and I wonder why I'm single. She promptly said she needed go back home and that was the end of a mostly enjoyable night.

SALLY

THE NIGHT BEGAN WITH THE USUAL FEW DRINKS AT THE FLAT, GETTING WARMED up for the night ahead. Boy if only I had known what I was getting myself in to. Arriving at Metro, the barmaid pointed me in his direction. He wasn't bad looking, but he definitely wasn't the Johnny Depp I'd been dreaming of for the past week. The same old yarns were spun, where we came from, what we studied, then a few deeper conversations about families and where we were headed in the future. Looking across the table at him did not get me as wet as a BA's tears when they can't get a job. The lame "when did you fall down from heaven" line also didn't help the chance of wet weather.

Luckily the talk flowed easily enough and by the time the food arrived it was off to the loo to send the flatties a quick sneaky text update. I was quizzed on how big I reckoned his junk was and from what I had seen, I sent back "too small for my liking!!!!" After spending a good ten minutes texting the girls, I went to leave the loo, only to manage to successfully lock myself in the Metro toilets. So banging on the door I waited for the (luckily downstairs) builders to come and rescue me from my toilet prison.

Back I returned to the hot seat. I demolished my delicious pizza only to have him steal some of my savoury snack, claiming that his five cheeses was disgusting. Five cheeses on one pizza!? Of course it's going to be bad and I hate sharing food, that was his first mistake. With the food gone, we sidled along to the bar and got some drinks. Being a Southern girl, it wasn't a good sign for me when my date was drinking more girly drinks than I was. Gin and tonic? Vodka and orange? Bring a man a Speights any day over that shit. The bar tab disappeared pretty quickly and we headed off back to his. I briefly met his flatmates before he shut his door angrily at me when I said it was late and I was heading home. Who knew going back to a guy's place meant you were obliged to sleep with him. Some classy girls do still exist in Dunedin although we are a rare breed. He ruined any second chance with me by doing that, but I do hope he gives my number to his hot flatmate.



A NON-CONFUSING GUIDE TO DEMOCRACY

By Creepy Unlce Sam

MANY THINGS IN LIFE ARE CONFUSING AND ESOTERIC — RUGBY, WINE REVIEWS, the word "esoteric". So that the US election (and, by extension, this column) doesn't become one of those, let me clarify a few things:

New Zealand has a democratic system where the government is elected by the people and the Queen decides who the government is. We have an elected legislature and appointed ministers, but ministers are chosen by the government, which is the group that can win votes in the legislature. Government ministers are in charge of the executive, and the legislature makes laws which bind the executive (which is called the rule of law), but the ministers are in charge of the government and the government controls the legislature, so really the ministers are in charge of everything.

We have a unicameral legislature, which means that only one photographer is allowed in the press gallery, which is upstairs in the House of Parliament where the legislature makes laws, even though the government actually makes laws in the Beehive. Ministers meet in the Beehive and select new laws out of a Cabinet, and then whip people until the legislature passes them.

The situation is slightly more confusing in the US. The President is elected by the Electoral College, which is elected by the states, but in different ways, and this makes some states better than others. The President is in charge of the executive and the legislature makes laws that bind the executive, except when the laws are unconstitutional, which is decided by federal courts.

Federal court judges are politicians pretending to be impartial, and they're appointed by the President and the Senate, which is the upper house of the legislature, which is bicameral, which sounds like a cough medicine, but isn't. The lower house is called the House of Representatives, although the Senate is also technically a house of representatives, just not the House of Representatives (because it's less representative). Americans aren't as good at whipping as New Zealanders, which is funny because you'd think they'd have had lots of practice, and this makes it harder for the President to control everything.

In New Zealand we elect our representatives by voting for which party we choose to represent us. In the US you just vote for the person who has the most ads on TV, which is certainly easier but some people don't like it. There is also a lot of gerrymandering, which is where Gerry is less popular than Mandy but he wins anyway because he's better at geography. I hope you get it now.



FEMINICIDIO

By Brittany Mann

THE 90S ENJOY A SPECIAL PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF GENERATION Y, AND Y wouldn't they? It was the decade of chatter rings, Pokémon, Saved by the Bell, and skirts worn over pants. But for the people of Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, it was the decade they became famous for the veritable tidal wave of violence that left mass graves dotted across the state of Chihuahua like the diamantes on Paris Hilton's iPhone.

It's fair to say that writing about mass graves in Mexico is a bit like writing about penguins in Antarctica or UMAT tutoring advertisements in St. Dave's — they've become just another part of the landscape. But the peculiar thing about Juarez is that although both genders have found themselves the victims of (largely drug-related) caps-being-popped-in-asses, women have been murdered at a far greater rate than men. It would seem that this was for no other reason than their extra X chromosome. Even more sinister is the fact that these slaughtered women generally share a similar appearance and demographic — dark, slim, young, and impoverished.

Today, violence in Juarez has declined overall, and the media looks instead to cover the drug wars that rage along the border of the Americas both North and South. But large numbers of these women are still ending up six feet under. Recent media reports state that there have already been more women killed in Juarez in 2012 than in any year of the so-called "femicide" era that began in 1993. And that's saying something: since then there had been over 4000 feminicides, and at least an additional 400 women have been reported missing.

At the beginning of this year, a new mass grave was uncovered. Its contents were girls, fitting that now familiar description, who had been dead for two to three years. Clearly, the *feminicidio* rages on. Yet despite a great deal of pressure from other countries, Mexican authorities don't seem that pumped to investigate, much less prosecute, anyone (images of a sweaty, moustache-twirling detective napping at his desk beneath a vast sombrero come to mind). In fact, this new discovery barely made headlines, such is the normality of these gruesome sites to Juarez locals. A lawyer who works with victims' families believes that "the authorities, they don't want to see the truth... Life here just has so little value."

Shivers, it's all a bit heavy, innit? Not to worry. It could be worse. It could be much worse. It could be Venezuela.



DEAR DAME LA DIDA

By Dame La di Da

"I'M GAY, AND THINK YOUR COLUMN IS CRAP. COULDN'T YOU JUST WRITE about something more positive, like Neil Patrick Harris? I'll give you a gay reading list if you want. You focus on making well-meaning people feel guilty, and complain too much. I don't think guilt is a particularly effective approach for creating change. Cheers, *Irked*"

Darling *Irked*,
Thanks for your message.

To begin with, this is emphatically not an LGBT column. It's a queer column. And not queer as in the composite for sexuality/gender diverse communities, but queer as in against normal. I'm not that interested in NPH – I think boring stuff like that gets enough airtime already. If you want to read a gay column, why don't you write it?
I will pass on the reading list, thanks.

I think there are many ways to bring about change. In the past, LGBT communities have often focused on Pride. While Pride has its uses, it has also resulted in lots of ugly corporate, assimilationist, GAYS AND LEZS ARE MODEL CITIZENS TOO! kind of crap. I don't do that.

My approach is more confrontational, less apologetic. It's not that I can't fit in, it's that I don't want to. I'm a one-of-a-kind kinda gal. I don't care if some people are offended, or put off, or – goddess-forbid – challenged by what I say. They can kiss my glittery ass.

I do love causing a bit of guilt among straights, cis-folks, and white middle-class gays and lesbians, but I actually prefer causing a whole lot of shame. I want privileged homos and heteros to get their knickers in a knot because I think that some of the things I write about are shameful and need to change. I think shame is a really powerful tool for creating social change, whether it is a "Shame on you!" kind of thing or a slower "Ugh, shame, my bad, I got that wrong".

Often I am encouraged by mainstream cis-gays and lesbians not to complain, not to make a scene, not to exist. Often I think these people are so busy focussing on trying to be the affable, apologetic fag-next-door that they fail to engage in some much needed resistance.

P.S. *Irked* baby, I have a book for you too. It is called *Why Are Faggots So Afraid Of Faggots?*

— **XOX H.R.H DAME LA DIDA.**



SHIA LABEOUF'S PENIS

By Lukas Clark-Memler

NOW THAT I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, LET'S TALK ABOUT MUSIC VIDEOS. WHEN THE Buggles penned the perennial jukebox favourite "Video Killed the Radio Star", it's unlikely they realised just how right they were. While it's been almost forty years since the one-hit wonder ushered in a new era of television (yes, it was the first music video aired on MTV, don't talk about the irony, we get it), the central ethos of the song still rings true: music videos create stars and kill artists. I don't need to explain to you the power of a slick, high-budget video, and what it can do for a song of zero artistic or musical value. Everyone already knows this.

The celebrated filmmaker Jean-Luc Godard famously said that "All you need for a movie is a gun and a girl." This accurately describes most contemporary music video production, except guns are often substituted with cars, because you can't alienate the young ones watching. But I'm not here to condemn our society's predilection for females, weaponry, and vehicles. In fact, I'd like to turn your attention towards a recent *high-art* trend in music videos.

There's been a distinct backlash against the sexploitation and gloss of mainstream videos; that was all so early 2000s. Musicians are finally realising that music videos are a powerful platform that can unite the senses, transcend the aural, and ultimately lead to a more profound musical experience. With his generation-defining *pièce de résistance*, "Runaway", His Holiness Kanye West signalled an end to the hedonism and misogyny of the typical rap video. In 2012, we have a similarly bold artistic statement from the hauntingly bizarre Icelandic "post-rock" outfit Sigur Rós.

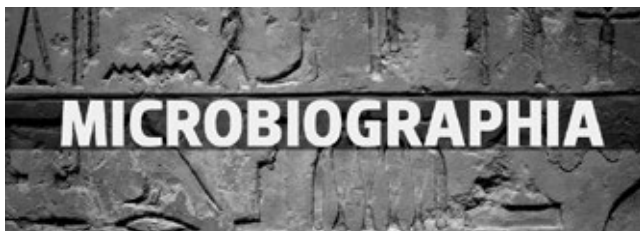
With the release of their sophomore album *Ágætis byrjun* in 1999, Sigur Rós broke through to the mainstream. Within a year of the record's release, their songs were being featured in major motion pictures and they were opening for bands like Radiohead.

Don't let its name fool you. *Ágætis byrjun* is one of the best and most original albums of the last decade. This is saying a lot for a record that features a made-up language. Seriously, it's not Icelandic, it's an invented dialect with an entirely fabricated vocabulary. But it's beautiful, oh so beautiful.

Sigur Rós released their sixth studio album, *Valtari*, earlier this year to critical acclaim. The *Valtari Mystery Film Experiment* is an unprecedented project that sees the band offer a number of filmmakers full creative control to direct visual accompaniment for each of the record's tracks. The director is able to bring his or her entirely subjective take on the lush music and in doing so, can create a personal and authentic music video, perhaps better referred to as a "music film".

Yes, the latest video in the *Mystery Film* oeuvre does indeed strip Shia LaBeouf all the way down in a brutal depiction of addiction and desire.

For the record, it's the best acting he's ever done.



ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE – SUCCESSFUL NATURALIST AND HAPLESS SEAFARER

By Toby Newberry

IN THE LATE 19TH CENTURY, ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE INDEPENDENTLY PRODUCED a theory of evolution equivalent to Darwin's, while also developing ecological ideas that have striking relevance today. Not bad for a working class boy with eight siblings.

Wallace grew up in Britain in a state of Dickensian poverty (think Oliver). Throughout his teen years he worked in construction, but tough economic climes eventually left him unemployed. At 25, Wallace set off for Brazil to make his fortune. His plan was to collect natural history specimens which he could sell back in Britain. At this he proved remarkably talented. In four years, Wallace had enough to set him up for life. So, with a cargo consisting largely of beetles and birds, he set off for home.

Disaster struck. One month into the trip, the captain reported a fire in the cargo hold. Realising that many of his specimens were preserved in oil, Wallace barely had time to jump into a lifeboat before the ship exploded (ok, so it probably just burned up). Adrift in the middle of the ocean, his fortune sunk or incinerated, things looked bleak. Fortunately, Wallace and the other survivors were rescued by a passing brig. Unfortunately, the brig's supplies were exhausted. Wallace and the hapless sailors made their way onwards on a diet of rats. Alas, their woes were not over — the ship was hit by a tempest just outside the English Channel. Half-starved, destitute, on a half-sunk ship, Alfred Russel Wallace made his triumphant return to London.

Not one to be put out, Wallace soon embarked on a collecting trip to the East Indies. This time fortune favoured him, and he was able to sell the specimens collected over the next eight years to obtain financial stability. It was during this time that Wallace developed his biological theories. In a flash of inspiration, he conceived the mechanism by which species are formed. Though he didn't call it natural selection, the paper that Wallace produced was remarkably similar to Darwin's (then unpublished, though largely completed). Indeed, when Darwin read Wallace's, before publication, he commented to a friend that "[Wallace] could not have made a better short abstract [for Darwin's own work]!" The two works were announced simultaneously (how cute).

While Darwin went on to focus on ever smaller facets of life (his last work was on earthworms), Wallace took a broader view. He considered the Earth a "a wonderful piece of machinery", whose various parts weave together into the fabric of life. With this in mind, he opposed the "criminal apathy" behind smoke-belching factories. Fast-forward one hundred years: them smoke-belchers still be belching smoke.



TE WIKI EVERY WEEK

By Red and Starry Eyed

THE SIGNS ON DOORS AND THE CASUAL "KIA ORA" ALL POINT TO TE WIKI O TE Reo Māori. The weather will tell us we live in Otepoti, and news presenters will wish us a nice "ka kite" after the bulletin, but we should all wonder why we are doing this. Is one week of a few Māori terms really enough? And what is it for, anyway?

Us Kiwis often tell ourselves we are pioneers of indigenous-colonist relations, but talking to Māori here at Otago I perceived a latent frustration at the state of Te Reo. It is a feeling that I share, even as a newcomer [to NZ???]. Aotearoa has the potential to become a bilingual country, but first everyone must embrace Te Reo. If we want to understand Māori culture — what it means to have rangatiratanga or mana, or the differences between Iwi — we must learn the language these concepts are tied into. Even simple ideas like land and ownership can easily be muddled by mistranslations.

New Zealand Race Commissioner Joris de Bres has started a viral campaign to make New Zealand fully bilingual by 2040. The "Tokohatia" campaign is full of messages of support, but New Zealand still has a language problem. We are not bilingual until we can happily switch from one language to another or use Te Reo in the most mundane of circumstances. It's not hard to achieve. Other nations across the world have managed to bring languages back onto the streets through measures such as bilingual signposting, official usage, and education.

However, new initiatives to push the language easily turn divisive. Last week it was decided that courts would have to make announcements in English and Māori. Those who say it's a waste of money prove the extent of racism and prejudice against the tangata whenua. Why can't a whole case be brought in Māori, or Samoan for that matter?

New Zealand is not a Western country. Aotearoa is a Pacific nation, and we are its whāngai.

Government incentives and grassroots campaigns can reinvigorate Māori, a language that was once given a death sentence. Today's Māori youth are more radical, and more committed to maintaining their taonga. Language and culture are part of our core identity. They are what make us different. Te wiki will one day be every week, but before that I'm going to need to learn some.



THEY JUST HAD SEX

By Louise at Checker-out St Flat

FRIDAY NIGHT HAD COME AGAIN, AND AS THE FLAT SAT DOWN TOGETHER THERE was another person at the dinner table. She had slightly tanned skin and round doe eyes that whispered "No one realises this but I'm wet right now" every time they blinked. But we noticed all right — how could we not? Many planets and stars and Buddhas must have aligned that night, because Tim had brought a girl home. We all knew too well what his pristine comb-over meant.

The next morning, I borrowed Shane's voice recorder and slipped into Tim's room to get a play-by-play of the events.

Me: So the walls were shaking last night. I assume you two banged?

Tim: "WTF."

Nina: *screams*

I hunt down some weed and we all-out relax and the interview continues.

How did you begin?

Tim: "We went back to my room and I pulled out some leftover Vodka Cruisers. Then we made out and some above-the-waist groping followed."

Nina: "I had met Tim at Fever the night before. We were both dancing on the pole together and he pretended it was his dick. He seemed cute. By the time we were in a bedroom alone together, things flowed naturally. If you know what I mean..."

Yeah, I get you. So what next? When did you get naked?

Nina: "Well Tim wanted to turn off the lights first before we took our clothes off. He said it was because of a scar. Actually he had a very small penis! But it's okay, I'm studying Human Biology and size doesn't matter."

Tim: "Haha. She's just kidding."

Nina: "No, not really."

Tim: "Yeah you are."

Nina: "No. I'm not. Without your hands involved, it felt like a sausage flying through a corridor."

Tim: *Coughs* "Anyway, once the lights were off because of the scar on my back, we started getting at it straight away. I like to do a bit of Spring cleaning with my tongue first for a smooth ride. Then I popped myself in, starting off the sex missionary style. Nina came really fast."

What about you?

Tim: "Nina said she could come three times in a row if she had to so we kept going. That was pretty hot. We were using a condom but I find it hard to come when I'm wearing one because it's like pissing into a pool then swimming in it. I don't know. Nina was pretty happy to finish me off with her mouth."

Nina: "Yeah, I used to practice with a carrot to lower my gag-reflex."

Wow. When Tim finished did you swallow or spit?

Nina: I swallowed then Tim and I kissed again and it was great."



KEEPING IT SCARFIE

By Holly Walker

I SPENT SOME QUALITY TIME IN DUNEDIN LAST WEEK.

After screening 'Inside Child Poverty' to a small but dedicated audience at Clubs and Socs (kudos to those who voluntarily chose to spend their Friday night with me in the Evison Lounge), I hung around for the weekend to revisit some old haunts: Poppa's Pizza, the farmers' market, Inch Bar, and Crusty Corner (for some reason, all my best Dunedin memories are food- and drink-related).

Of course, I pored over *Critic* for signs that it had gone downhill since "my day", but was forced to conclude that the puns in the headlines were just as bad, the slightly superior editorial voice (no doubt masking some crippling insecurity) was intact, and my 2012 counterpart had even featured on *Close Up*, for a much better reason than me.

I may have presided over *Critic*'s most infamous scandal and had an issue banned, but I never made the cover of *Newsweek*. Like, actually made it. Congrats team.

The only gripe from my sojourn in the deep south is reserved for OUSA. What the heck is up with trying to derail NZUSA's support of the Keep Our Assets campaign?

I know students' associations haven't always been the most relevant, but getting behind this campaign is a perfect opportunity for students' associations to be more relevant, not less.

Not only do are asset sales opposed by the majority of New Zealanders, they will have a disproportionate impact on younger generations (i.e. the majority of students' association members), so it's an easy cause to excite young people about. When I've been out collecting signatures, almost every person under 30 I've approached has signed the petition.

What's more, collecting signatures offers a unique opportunity to connect one-on-one with students. Every signature means a personal interaction with someone. If OUSA went collecting on campus, that's thousands of opportunities to introduce people to OUSA.

In the VSM era, that's gold.

OUSA's decision to remain "neutral" on asset sales is a missed opportunity, but the call to use this "neutrality" to undermine NZUSA's membership of the organising coalition is worse.

Involvement in a campaign for a referendum that will succeed (we're on track to collect the required signatures in record time) would portray students in a positive light, and help dispel the same old negative tropes that pigeonhole them in the eyes of mainstream New Zealand.

Instead, NZUSA's involvement in the campaign is wavering, thanks to a weird and short-sighted stance by OUSA. It's a wasted opportunity and a great shame. Time for a rethink!



ALL GONE TO POT

By Alice Hope O'Connell

THE ODT WAS ALL OVER DRUGS THIS WEEK AFTER THE NATIONAL STATISTICS FOR a police drug haul were released. The student body can rest assured:

Police were not targeting people who smoked joints or bought tinies,

This propensity resulted in a number of animals being admitted to a veterinary clinic after ingesting hash cookies, shrooms, and other tasty treats left lying about the house:

"If you're stoned and lying around on the couch and you leave your biscuits out, then they're going to eat them."

Nice one.

Another exceptional display of journalistic finesse in the ODT's coverage of Cadbury Week's Jaffa Race down Baldwin Street:

PAMPLONA may have the running of the bulls.
But Dunedin has the running of the balls.

Fuck. Stop!

Finally, the ODT implored us to extend our deepest sympathies to poor Selwyn Grave. Due to the new tobacco laws effective from this Monday, he is being forced to remove "Tobacconist" from his store sign.

I was tempted to change it to 'tobogganist', but I thought I might get in trouble."



FRIEND

By Hone Tuwhare

Do you remember
that wild stretch of land
with the lone tree guarding the point
from the sharp-tongued sea?
The fort we built out of branches
wrenched from the tree
is dead wood now.
The air that was thick with the whirr of
toetoe spear succumbs at last to the grey gull's wheel.

Oyster-studded roots
of the mangrove yield no finer feast
of silver-bellied eels, and sea-snails
cooked in a rusty can.

Allow me to mend the broken ends
of shared days:

but I wanted to say
that the tree we climbed
that gave food and drink
to youthful dreams, is no more.
Pursed to the lips her fine-edged
leaves made whistle - now stamp
no silken tracery on the cracked
clay floor.

Friend,
in this drear
dreamless time I clasp
your hand if only to reassure
that all our jewelled fantasies were
real and wore splendid rags.

Perhaps the tree
will strike fresh roots again:
give soothing shade to a hurt and
troubled world.

OFF THE WALL

WORLD OF WEARABLE ART UP CLOSE

BY TARYN DRYFHOUT

THE SPECIAL EXHIBITIONS GALLERY OF THE Otago Museum is filled with colour, textiles, and ultraviolet light. It is being inhabited by the World of Wearable Art exhibition, otherwise known as "WOW".

WOW is a breathtaking demonstration of the imagination, originality, and ingenuity of the designers who took part in the internationally renowned World of Wearable Art Awards Show, held in Wellington each year. Organised over 18 months, the exhibition showcases a diverse range of full costumes, as well as a line of "bizarre bras" which were handpicked by Dame Suzie and Sir Richard Taylor of Weta Workshop. Many different styles, eras and influences come together in this eclectic collection.

When you enter the exhibition you are immediately immersed in a heaven-like passageway of sheer fabrics and classical portraiture. Moving through the display you enter the "world" of wearable arts, which is organised according to the awards each ensemble received. The opening pieces are bright and colourful, and incorporate background paintings as part of their display. This makes for great variety, and adds a layer of interest beyond the artistry of the fabric itself. The pieces incorporate dozens of different mediums, including wool sacks, sterling silver, corrugated iron, old suitcases, and roofing materials. Even dead budgies make their debut in the "Budgerigar Brassiere" — artist Emily Valentine Bullock fashioned her pet budgies into this bra when they passed away. Further into the exhibition is a UV-lit room, which showcases the nuances of these UV-specific designs.

The highlight of the collection is "Lady Curiosity" by Fifi Colston, which weaves Victoriana into an old-time circus theme. Full of gothic imagery, Colston's costume gives the impression of a tattooed lady, complete with nipple piercings. The sight of the outfit is intoxicating, and is complemented by the functional shelf built into the lady's backside. Other noteworthy, albeit disturbing, outfits include one that was modelled on the praying mantis, and one that was influenced by the reptilian process of shedding skin. The most mind-blowing element of the entire exhibition is not the composition of the art itself, but the imagination that went into the creation of it.

The exhibition also incorporates video screens with snippets of the WOW awards as well as interviews with the designers of the pieces, which allow for some audience interaction as you move through each section of the show. The variety of pieces is so broad that there is something to interest everyone. The kids will love the ultraviolet room with its floating head, as well as "Horridus" who resembles a medieval knight in full armour, and "Persephone's Descent", which I could swear is a costume from Lord of The Rings. For those interested in pop culture, there are pieces that would put Lady Gaga's stylist to shame, masks that look as though they were worn by the killers in *Scream*, and fascinators that would rival those worn at the royal wedding. The exhibition also pays tribute to New Zealand culture in the pieces "Harakeke", "Rattle Your Dags", and "Into the Blue", all of which showcase Kiwi culture in wearable form.

The exhibition runs until October 28.



IMAGES

Lady of The Wood, David Walker, United States
Firebird, Susan Holmes, Auckland
Rattle Your Dags, Paula Coulthard & Ursula Dixon, Auckland

TED

Director: Seth MacFarlane

FROM THE CREATOR OF TV COMEDIES SUCH AS Family Guy and American Dad, Seth MacFarlane (who also voices the main character of Ted) brings us this crude, rude and hilariously indecent film about a young boy who wishes for his teddy bear to come to life. His dream comes true, and the film flashes forward 27-years. John (Mark Wahlberg) is an adult, and his bear Ted is now preventing his long-term relationship from progressing. John's girlfriend (Mila Kunis) is urging him to separate from Ted in order to move forward, and this predicament shapes the rest of the movie.

Ted is a typical coming-of-age film, but interspersed amongst the major elements of the storyline are sex, drugs, and fart jokes that will keep you howling with laughter. The film is R13, as I was informed when I rocked up to the sweets counter with my four-year-old in tow. It takes the piss out of every conceivable sexual, religious, and racial stereotype. For this reason it should be avoided by those who are easily offended! If you can stomach Little Britain, and can endure a scene with an angelic-looking teddy bear explicitly humping supermarket checkout equipment, then you will be able to tolerate this film.

The animation was outstanding, but some parts of the film felt a little disjointed, and there was a significant lull in the middle where the storyline became slightly directionless. Because the bear was "born" in the 1980s, the movie is packed with pop culture references and would be of particular enjoyment to children of the 80s (anyone remember Flash Gordon?). A few average parts, but all in all a good laugh.

By Taryn Dryfhout

A ROYAL AFFAIR
(EN KONGELIG AFFÆRE)

Director: Nikolaj Arcel

AT FIRST GLANCE A ROYAL AFFAIR SCREAMS "royal historical drama", with all the sumptuous costumes, distractingly elaborate sets, stilted dialogue and wooden acting (paradoxically, often by the British acting elite) that the genre entails. Maybe it's the Danish twist, but A Royal Affair somehow managed to bypass all that. Except for the costumes, which are adequately sumptuous.

The plot is fairly standard. Beautiful princess is betrothed to foreign king. All is set for Caroline Mathilde to live happily ever after, until the king in question turns out to be crueler, more sexually depraved, and generally odder than anticipated. Luckily, a stoic physician and man of the enlightenment, Dr Struensee, arrives at court to treat the increasingly mad king and sleep with his increasingly depressed wife. Various radical laws are passed under the influence of the forward-thinking doctor, complicated allegiances are made between political factions at court, and the Danish people begin to revolt for reasons that

are not fully explained.

At the heart of this chaos lies the love triangle between the three protagonists, which holds the film firm amidst a quickly unraveling plot. With Struensee required to be a shrewd political actor, down to earth doctor, man of the revolution, doting carer to the king and lover to the queen, Mads Mikkelsen is at times spread too thinly to fairly showcase his acting talent. This failure is more than made up for by Mikkel Boe Følsgaard and Alicia Vikander, who manage to pull off compelling dramatic characters by playing them with focussed understatement. While this film is not perfect – the story does lose momentum in a myriad of plot points towards the end – if you're a fan of historical dramas, or want to watch one of the best of them, A Royal Affair is a film well worth seeing.

By Charlotte Greenfield

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UNDEFEATED

Directors: Daniel Lindsay, T.J. Martin

A "SPORTS DOCUMENTARY" WHICH IS ABOUT much, much more than sport, *Undeclared* is a heartwarming story of personal relationships, struggles, and American football. Before coach Bill Courtney arrived at Manassas high school, their football team had been on a losing streak for as long as anyone could remember. A public school in an impoverished area of Memphis, Tennessee, Manassas lacks the financial resources to put into their football programme. However, Coach Courtney proves that financial resources

are not what makes a football team great. Rather, greatness is a product of discipline, character, and dedication. Courtney's philosophy is that if a team is made up of men with these traits, they will succeed, and not just through pure athletic talent.

Undeclared follows the team through their sixth season with Courtney. And his football-osophy seems to have worked — the team is actually winning some games, although members of the team are facing other problems off the field. Chavis has just been released from a youth penitentiary and is dealing with anger management issues, OC is a strong candidate for

college football scholarships but is dealing with the academic side of life, and Money is a bright student uncertain about his future because of financial constraints. Courtney, a no-nonsense blokey type, becomes just as invested in the future of these young men as he is in the team's success, and acts as a father figure and mentor.

Despite having almost zero interest in football or sport in general, I can't recommend the film enough. The cinematography team even manage to make the barbaric American sport look almost beautiful.

15th, 18th, 19th August - Rialto Cinema

SHADOW DANCER

Director: James Marsh

B RITISH SPY THRILLER *SHADOW DANCER* HAS JUST the right amount of thrill, a good sprinkling of snooping, and not too much dramatic music, eavesdropping, or complicated spy networks. Collette, a young mother and member of a family heavily embroiled in the IRA, gets caught dropping a bomb in the London tube and is given an ultimatum. The offer: report weekly to the MIS about the goings-on in the IRA, or be handed over to the police with a dossier of evidence implicating her in the terrorist group. She chooses the spy option (sorry, a few spoilers in this review) and tries her best to not get caught by the nasty/creepy male members of the IRA, who seem to have no qualms about getting rid of anyone standing in their way.

Shadow Dancer is very clever in its juggling of family relationships, political undertones, and

the interaction between spy and spymaster. While not too hard to follow (unlike *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* — recently released spy movie/clusterf**k), the film takes unexpected turns, and there are some total "shit, didn't see that coming" moments. The film depicts the 1990s-era IRA doing some pretty ruthless stuff and looking like the bad guys, which I know might be a slightly skewed representation of the conflict between the Irish and the British around this time. Admittedly there is a bit of a gap in my historical knowledge in this area, so if you're in the same boat you might want to check out some Irish history before you see the film (wassup Wikipedia).

If you're keen for something exciting, engaging or are just a sucker for crime, thriller, or action movies, check out this film!

1st & 7th August - Regent Theatre



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A LAND MORE KIND THAN HOME

BY WILEY CASH

Reviewed by Lucy Hunter

A NEW PASTOR ARRIVES IN A SMALL-TOWN North Carolina, covers the windows of his church with newspaper, and puts a sign outside which reads Mark 16:17-18 – that's the bit about speaking in tongues and daring snakes to bite you in the name of God. He leads services of faith healing, snake-wielding, and poison drinking, which go well until an old woman is bitten, killed, and dumped in her garden so it looks like an accident. The sheriff sees nothing suspicious. Like many super-villains, Pastor Carson Chambliss has an amazing old injury: a shrivelled-up pink hand, which turns out to be a burn scar extending up his arm and over most of his body. Chambliss happily leads his church for a further fifteen years, until he and his congregation accidentally suffocate a mute boy during a faith healing service.

The story is told from the perspective of three very normal, nice characters who do not attend the church: Adelaine, an old lady who saw the snake kill the woman and starts her own Sunday school to get the children out of the church, a Sheriff who already knows all of the secrets from Chambliss's past, and a nine-year-old boy so naïve he has no idea what his mother could be doing with a strange man in her bedroom which is making the bed creak. There are bucket-loads of banal descriptions of everyday life, interactions between spouses and siblings, and insipid religious philosophising.

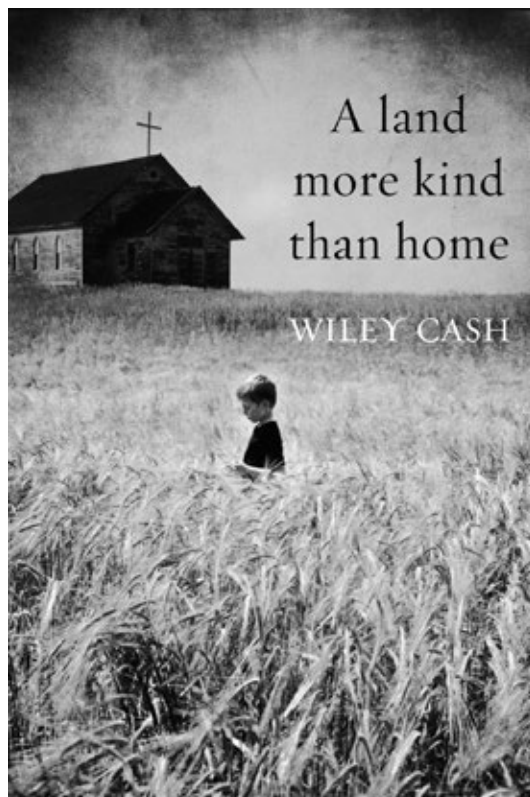
The main problem I had with this book is that despite its grotesquely interesting subject it is very, very boring. When I chose the book I did not want to read about a woman who was raised by an aunt with a photographic memory, or a boy getting to know his estranged grandfather, or the sheriff's son dying in an accident at work.

I read this book for one reason – to see inside a freaky snake church. The newspapers on the church windows seem to keep out not only the prying eyes of those outside the congregation, but those of the author (and reader) too. After the promising scene at the beginning when the old woman is killed, we do not see inside the church or hear from anybody who attends it. There are many delicate and terrifying psychological issues needing investigation which the author seems too squeamish to deal with. I wanted to know how good people could be made to kill a healthy boy, how a manslaughter witnessed by dozens of people could be kept quiet for fifteen years, why people turn a blind eye to unsavoury things if there is religion involved, and how the psychopathic pastor had such a strong hold over his congregation. I wanted to know what the people felt when they handle the snakes, the fear and the excitement and bliss of cheating death. I wanted to know whether their faith was strengthened by drinking poison. I wanted an insight into delusion and ecstasy, a freak-show of double-thinking, terror, brainwashing, absolution, and evangelical bigotry. But there is no quality dialogue from anybody involved in the church or the killing – not the pastor, not the boy's mother, and not the men who killed him. It is not even made clear how the boy died.


I don't know if the publisher even bothered reading this book, because the blurb is inaccurate. The only highlights I can think


of are a woman dreaming about eating fried chicken while Jesus follows her, and a man burning his own barn down because someone said the devil ran into it. Maybe I'm a horrible person. I was expecting Vernon God Little set in a faith-healing church. Instead, I got Adelaine saying this to the Sheriff: "The story he wanted was the story of Christopher inside that church, and that was a story I just couldn't give him." Thirty pages of bog-standard childhood memories follow.

I hope that at some point in my life I will read an excellent book about a snake church. This was definitely not it.



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DISHONOURED - PREVIEW

Platform: Xbox 360, PS3, PC | Developer: Arkane Studios | Genre: Stealth, Action

WHY CAN MY TELEPATHY GRANT MOMENTUM to granite boulders and dead people, but not living ones? Why can my fireballs ignite moist fleshy alien-scum, but not the wooden floorboards beneath them? Why, video games?

Dishonoured, shown at this year's E3, is compelling because everything — every bizarre magical ichor and ratcheting death device at your disposal — works as you would expect it to. You play as a master assassin in a steam-punk world, his natural skills and clever gadgets lightly dusted with fairly typical demonic powers. Everything, from the "phut" of wrist-mounted crossbow bolts to the clockwork strutting of long legged guard-bots to magical wind-blasts that send enemies off balconies, screams "cool". The degree to which Dishonoured taps into my idea of graceful badassery is very nearly creepy.

One ability lets you poltergeist your way into the consciousness of any living being and control their actions. Skittering rats let you sneak through little tunnels, as do fish. You can control any guard no matter how burly or well armed, any of your contracts and any world leader — the only issue is proximity. Play-testers even worked out how to survive falls from any height by jacking into the mind of a bystander at ground level. Developer Arkane Studios could have removed this unintended byproduct, but they chose not to. Why would you? Player experimentation is to be rewarded.

The level shown at E3 was deliciously stylish: a brothel meshing wushu ornaments and curved blades with Victorian steam-baths and military swashbuckling. It's vibrant and littered with flowers and elegant costumes. The characters, too, have the merest hint of the cartoony about them — think Bioshock, which reduces

the steepness of the uncanny valley without sacrificing your immersion in a gritty locale. It is certainly gritty; besides being creatively violent you can skip between the richly decked-out interior locations and the dank, depressingly featureless street level in an instant.

Sure, it's what they all say, but Dishonoured promises to allow you multiple paths to the completion of a level. The brothel level lets you "encourage" a horrifying sauna-related accident to claim one target in such a way that it never appears anyone was after them. Or, of course, you can murder every person in the building. You can even pay off the right people and force the targets to slave for their lives in the mines that they own. Dishonoured is a "stealth-assassin" game that allows you to be a pacifist. That's impressive.

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BY TOM TREMEWAN

SHOT TO OUR OLDS FOR BRINGING US INTO existence, Avondale and Otahuhu for raising us, our girls for loving us even when it's not dole day, the bros for helping us not kill ourselves on those Sunday mornings and you cunts for buying this bullshit. Fuck the Prime Minister. Fuck the law force. Fuck God. Shot to our dealer. Don't do drugs."

The liner notes that accompany Home Brew's self-titled debut double album reveal just how special this album is. It signals a shift from writing music about having a great time smashing piss and gobbling pingers towards a more politically inclined and earnest performance from the effervescent tight-knit group. Tom tackles these weighty issues lyrically, resulting in Homebrew's most polished work to date.

The Auckland trio, comprised of Tom Scott (Scotch), Haz Hauvi (Hazbeats), and Lui Gumaka (Silk), have opened their doors to let their supremely talented circle of friends collaborate

with them on the album. Christoph El Truento (who produced @peace) weaves his atmospheric spaced-out beats through Haz's soulful boom-bap instrumentals, while pumped-up funkier jaunts from Dandruff Dicky, Ben Jamin, and SiRes mingle with brilliant baselines provided by Chip Matthews (of Opensouls royalty).

The first half of the album is known as the "Light Side", mimicking the come up of a good rail. The second half represents the "Dark Side" — the comedown. Tom and co-conspirators Lui Tuiasau, Lucky Lance, Matt Crawley, Tourettes, Hollie Smith, Tyna Keelan, and the absolutely outstanding Esther Stephens draw themes from a wide spectrum of everyday life experiences. "Easy Street", "The Benefit", and the self-explanatory "Yellow Snot Funk" laugh about partying and its associated woes, while "Basketball Court" and "Radio" reminisce about childhood innocence and confusion.

Home Brew have received a slew of media attention for representing their subculture on

a national platform. More often than not, they are portrayed negatively to court controversy or to sell papers (Fuck the Media!). Consequently, they've amassed a hugely loyal and deeply respectful fan base across Aotearoa, and from what I keep getting told are becoming vastly popular across the ditch too. Streuth! Home Brew transcend socially disparate cliques. There is something here for everyone, whether hip hop head, hipster, metal head, or mathalete. You'd be hard pressed not to find at least a handful of Brew songs that are painfully relevant to you right now.

However, Home Brew is no grandiose attempt to make the band the top dogs of the rap game. That's just incidental. Home Brew speak about social realities that affect everyone, and consequently connect with people on a level that is not normally associated with the insidiously "aspirational" celebrity culture that riddles popular music these days. This might be why Home Brew are so feared by commercial

media outlets and the upper class, and why they have been credited with reinvigorating the hip hop scene in Aotearoa.

But can we dub Home Brew "popular" yet? After being shortlisted for the 2010 NZMA Critics' Choice Award and self-promoting through viral videos and social media, Home Brew made the first rap/hip hop album to reach the #1 top-selling album spot on the official New Zealand music charts since Scribe's The Crusader in 2003. Now that's some serious food for thought. They've since holidayed for 11 weeks in the NZ Top 40 chart, and last week were #1 again. "Daytura", the Hayden Dick-produced single from the album featuring Lucky Lance of Team Dynamite and Lui Tuiasau of @peace, has been nominated for an APRA Silver Scroll award. Whether they like it or not, Home Brew have reached the mainstream. In Tom's typically self-deprecating words, "I've always tried so hard to make the industry hate us and now we're Number 1... I guess I even failed at that."

After half a decade of releasing sterling EP after sterling EP online for free (check out homebrew.bandcamp.com for some homework), Home Brew have really stepped it up again for one of the most anticipated album releases I can remember. The work is truly introspective, socially conscious, and of course, mephedrone-soaked gold. It is an instant classic. I was privileged enough to attend their 48-hour album release party at Shooter's Tavern up in Auckland last May, and let me tell you, whether you're a hip-hop purist or simply like to party like hellfire and eat your face off, the six-piece live performance at Sammy's on the Friday 27th this month will be one of the best gigs of the year. So I'll see you there, and maybe we'll share a laugh about turning all our StudyLink paychecks into yellow snot funk. "Don't do drugs."

CHEAT'S CARBONARA

FROM A YOUNG AGE I WAS MESMERISED BY SPAGHETTI CARBONARA. MY mother is in no way Italian, but she had a knack for producing the most lip-smacking bowls of pasta, overflowing with everything from olives, capers, and feta to the tongue-tickling saltiness of anchovies. It has remained a favourite staple post-childhood. However, said mother frequently retold the tale of "the nuns" who would force-feed her milk during her kindergarten days as part of a government initiative (the free milk, not the nuns). This emotionally scarring childhood memory led to a dislike for cow's milk and cream. As a result, dishes with overly creamy sauces barely featured on the dinner table at home, so the appearance of carbonara on restaurant menus made my eyes glaze over and my stomach rumble. I would greedily order a large plateful, intoxicated by the thought

of rich spaghetti laden with bacon. Mouthful after mouthful, the steaming plate before me became more and more of a challenge as the heavy sauce weighed down my stomach. I'm not knocking traditional carbonara with its cream-, egg- and parmesan- based sauce. It is nothing short of satisfying, and I've never left a plate unfinished. However, despite the glory of the classic, a lighter version is sometimes the more attractive option. So here it is — my own version of carbonara, for when I don't have time for an egg-, cream- and parmesan- induced food coma. Made with sour cream and loaded with garlic, it is a feistier, tangier version that can be prepared in well under half an hour. Make the sauce while the pasta cooks, then pile the lot into a large serving dish, plonk a pair a tongs on top, and let everyone help themselves.

INGREDIENTS

500g dried spaghetti
4 tbs olive oil
10 rashers shoulder or middle bacon, finely chopped
6 cloves garlic, peeled and finely chopped
500g light sour cream
3/4 cup liquid chicken stock
Freshly ground black pepper

METHOD

- 01** | Fill a large pot with water. Add a pinch of salt and a splash of oil. Bring to the boil then add the spaghetti. Cook for 8 — 10 minutes, or until firm to the bite.
- 02** | Meanwhile, heat the olive oil over medium heat in a deep, wide pan. Add the bacon and garlic and cook for 5 — 8 minutes, stirring frequently, until the bacon is cooked through and the edges begin to crisp.
- 03** | Add the sour cream and chicken stock to the

- pan and stir vigorously until the sauce is smooth and the bacon is incorporated. Turn the heat up slightly to bring the mixture to a gentle simmer. Cook for a few minutes, stirring occasionally, until the sauce thickens.
- 04** | Drain the spaghetti and return to the pot, off the heat. Toss the sauce through to evenly coat the pasta. Finish with plenty of freshly ground pepper.
 - 05** | Serve this hot, glorious mass of carbohydrates immediately.



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WE'RE ALL ABOUT EQUAL OPPORTUNITY

Dear Critic,

As Gus Gawn's former High School principal, I want to express my admiration for the way he has overcome his "special circumstances" to land a job at your magazine. It is wonderful that you make an effort to hire people with borderline illiteracy, especially in a workplace which lives and dies by the written word. A big congratulations to the people who take on the Herculean task of editing his work every week, which as I understand it consists entirely of simple geometric shapes, strange drawings (often containing deviant sexual imagery involving dolphins), and nonsensical yet incredibly detailed plans for a triangular rugby field.

Our school prides itself on inclusiveness, and while he never quite mastered the five times-table, Gus's perseverance in the face of enormous adversity was an inspiration to us all, and earned him the nickname Gus "Give it a Go" Gawn. Go get 'em, Gus!

Sincerely,
Genevieve Maxwell
Principal, Parkview Special Needs High School

YEAH, WE'RE BAD AT LIFE

I was both shocked and mortified at the reading of critics news in briefs page to find that some editor, likely in a moment of drunken sobriety, failed to recognise a few fairly obvious spelling and grammar errors.

I'm not one to usually complain at grammar mistakes, they happen, but a he being printed in the middle of a line and the word "currently" written 3 times in a sentence with seemingly no understanding of where it truly belonged was shocking and belies a disregard for basic grammar.

And lets not mention the crown jewel of this exposition of dyslexia with teh classic sentence "This year an estimated 5,000,000 Chinese will visit ski resorts News around the world"

Truly brilliant critic, you lack of basic editorial prowess has me wondering whether Howie was the one signing off the final issue that went to print.

Sincerely,
WTF are you doing.

YEAH BUT MOST OF YOU ARE ...

Dear Critic,
Please stop ripping in to Unicol for having slutty girls, not all of us are raging whores like you seem to imply each week.

Sincerely,
Unicol gurl xoxo

PAPER LOLS

Dear ITS Cunt,
I took 4 pieces of paper from the St David printer. You lost your shit and attempted to take the paper off me. Based on curent paper prices my 4 pieces of paper equates to a cost of 4 cents. When I pay thousands of dollars in fees each semester i think its fair to say its fine to take a few sheets every now and again. So get fucked. Get a life and get laid.
Onya.

WE'RE NOT SHAGGING, WE'RE JUST GOOD FRIENDS

Hey Dr Joe,

Liked your July 09 editorial. Thought provoking stuff. In fact it got me to thinking how similar in theme is was to the VC's column in the same edition. It's just wonderful how the two of you awakened simultaneously to such similar thoughts albeit come at from different directions. Anyways ... keep up the good work sharing those column inches with such fascinating contributors.

An avid reader

THE MORE YOU KNOW

To last week's letter of the week: Laymen are the ones that use feet and inches, dressmakers centimetres, and educated ubermenschen use metres and standard SI prefixes (kilo-, milli- etc).

ps yeah the new union entrance reminds me of that simpsons ep where they build Flanders a new house, you know the one

Regards,
Mad About Units

PERVERT

To whom it may concern at Unipol,

What is up with the frosted glass in the cardio room? We beg of you to kindly replace the floor-to-ceiling windows with tinted see-through glass. Why would we want to stare at a cloudy grey wall when we could be watching the Highlanders train at Logan Park? We need as much motivation as possible when working on our fitness. The current setup is slightly depressing.

Thank you for your consideration.

Yours sincerely,

#ConsideringLesMills

Funding for Student Performances

Funding of up to \$1500 per project is available to help University students and staff fund public performances (e.g. comedy, dance, theatre, film, music) that wouldn't happen without this support.

Closing date for applications to the Division of Humanities Performing Arts Fund: 20 August 2012

For more info go to: www.otago.ac.nz/humanities/perfartsfund or email: jane.gregory@otago.ac.nz

ANTI-HATER GETS HATE ON = IRONY

Dear Critic,

How to deal with haters? Dunedin is already a small enough place.. n its worst with narrow minded people who opens their foul mouth bad-mouthing people. Get a life. You are fucking pathetic. Don't you have anything else better to do than bad-mouthing? Oh you know what? Go get yourself some toothpaste n listerine. Cant afford it? Fuck off. You are just one pathetic, lifeless, insecured bitch.

Regards,
Anti-haters

IF YOU BUILD IT, THEY WILL COME

Dear Joe Stockman

Critic really should get an app. I want to browse Critic on my iphone and/or ipad as soon as it is released. It would really increase your brand presence in your selected target segment. I know a guy who can cut you a great deal.

cheers
The incredible egg

THE FOLLOWING IS THE UNEDITED CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN AN ANONYMOUS LETTER WRITER AND CRITIC.

Anon: Dear Sir,

As a first-year law student I am appalled by this University's hypocritical policy which condemns racism but provides the pacific community with their own meeting house. Where is

my meeting house, Sir? Every day I walk past their 'whare' on my way to the Law Library and am bombarded by their pseudo-cultish chanting while they twang away on their indigenous instruments. What are they doing in there anyway?

I have written legal opinions on this issue before and implore OUSA to make a stand against this blatant misuse of University funding.

Faithfully yours,
Anonymous

Critic: Hi ****

While I am happy to publish your letter, due to the controversial nature of its argument I will only publish it if you are willing to put your name to it. Please let me know by 5pm today if you would like me to do so.

Cheers,
Joe

Anon: Hi Joe,

I'm not publishing my full name. Your loss, it has to be said. Honestly I think you're standing in the way of free speech.

Critic: Oh dear,

Free speech is the ability to stand in a public place, or print in a public magazine, and espouse on your thoughts and beliefs. It is not the ability to belittle and tear down that which you don't understand from behind a blanket of anonymity.

You're an idiot. (And believe it or not, you're the first person I've said that to all year). Please don't read Critic anymore.

Yours,
Joe

Anon: But I'm not an idiot

Critic: As evidenced by your witty retort to my criticisms.

Anon: Retort??

Don't you mean retard?

Learn to spell before you become editor of the criticisms

Critic: I think you pretty much summed it up with that last email mate. Good chatting.

PĀNUI

ALCOHOL DEBATE

"Is there a need for alcohol law reform? A split purchasing age? An attack on Scarfie life? Come along to Castle 1 Weds 25th July 7.30pm to hear top student debaters and a guest panel argue the key issues. Find out how the law change will affect YOU!"

FILM SOCIETY PREVIEW

Rachel

(Simone Bitton | France | 2009)

This intelligent, layered documentary puts the Gaza Strip death of American peace activist Rachel Corrie in the context of a new generation Singers

Do you sing? The Southern Consort of Voices welcomes new members, especially tenors and basses. You don't have to be a trained singer. For more information: www.southernconsort.org.nz or email our Director, Daniel Kelly director@southernconsort.org.nz



TE ROOPU MĀORI

TE WIKI O TE REO MĀORI

TĒNĀ KOUTOU KATOĀ NGĀ TAUIRA O TE WHARE WĀNANGA O OTAGO. KO tēnei te wiki o te reo Māori. Kia Kaha koutou ki te korero te reo Māori ki ō hoa, ki ō kaiako ki ngā tangata katoa. He kaupapa whakahirahira tēnei, Nō reira karawhuia!

This week is Te Wiki O Te Reo. **Arohatia te Reo** is the theme for Māori Language Week, which means to cherish the language. We encourage all to find a way to express how you can use, honour, speak and show some love for the language of our country. Here are a few basic phrases to get you going, try and say at least one phrase a day so we can all work together to strengthen our beautiful language.

Mōrena/ ata mārie	Good Morning
Kei te pēhea koe?	How are you?
Ka nui te ora	I'm great
I pēhea tō rā?	How was your day?
Pai mārika taku rā	I had a great day
Ka kite āno	See you again
Ka rawe te kōrero Māori	Gee speaking Māori is good fun.

There are Te Wiki O Te Reo events happening around Uni so get amongst, to name a few we have ...

Monday 23rd: An open lecture in which Dr Poia Rewi will be giving a kōrero on the past, present and future prospects of Te Reo Māori. Barclay theatre (Museum) at 5:30pm.

Wednesday 25th: There is a tautohetohe (debate) in the moot court "Your not Māori if you can't speak Māori" Moot Court Richardson Building 5:30pm.

Friday 27th: Fundraiser Hypnotist show \$15 a ticket to raise funds for our national conference that we are hosting at the end of August. Tickets sold at OUSA and Te Roopū Māori.

Saturday 28th: Christchurch band Merchants of Flow will be playing at Urban Factory \$5 a ticket.

Any queries email teroopu.maori@otago.ac.nz or come into our whare 523 Castle Street.

Finally, I would like to thank all those that attended Te Hokai, the Māori Ball in the weekend. It was a very memorable event and enjoyed by all. Rocking to the 1950s juke box tracks, then getting pumped up to go to town from the beats of Dj "Disco Stu". A heartfelt thank you to second year taura Tawini White for spearheading this event and making it very much a success.

Get amongst Te Wiki and look out for the hangi's at the union the cockle, mussell baguettes and the seafood chowder at Franklys.

Whakanuia Te Reo Māori

Mauri Ora whānau

—LISA X

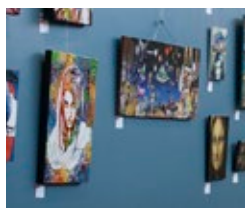


Recreation Courses & Tournaments filling fast!



Closing soon we've got art on the wild side, belly dancing, capoeira and kendo. Also don't forget about our Call of Duty Modern Warfare, pool, and chess tournaments! Claim your fame and pull in some mula why not?! Head online to ousa.org.nz/recreation/ before you miss out or pop into the OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre.

ART week – Exhibitors needed!



We're keen to have you showing off and selling your great art at our OUSA Student Art Exhibition and Sale! Every year it's a big event and a lot of top notch student art gets sold. If you're keen to sell your ware or find out more info check out ousa.org.nz/events/art-week/

OUSA Future DJ – \$900 in prizes!



If you fancy yourself as a mean DJ but no one knows about your skills, get your name out there and put yourself in the running for OUSA Future DJ. First prize is \$500 and you'll get your own Pint Night to show off at as well as all the glory. You just need a 15 min set and to enter here ousa.org.nz/events/future-dj/ before 27 July.

Nominations Open for Blues and Golds Awards!



University of Otago Blues and Golds are the highest honours OUSA can present to students who have excelled in Sport, Arts, Culture or Services to these activities. Nominate your mate/club/society/mentor/team mate/director/GC now! Nominations are now open, but this is your last week to get them in. You have until 4pm Friday 27 July 2012 before they close. Get more info and nomination forms from ousa.org.nz or email cdo@ousa.org.nz.

Postgrads: Vote!



Voting in the by-election for Postgraduate Rep will be open online from 9 am 24 July – 4pm 26 July at ousa.org.nz



LOGAN DEMANDS...

The Executive have just landed on our final strategy for when it comes to drinking and students:

"OUSA recognises and supports measures to limit excessively harmful drinking which result in some students placing themselves in situations whereby their personal safety is in acute danger. OUSA supports solutions that approach the problem from a basis that recognises students collectively as an integral stakeholder in tackling the problem and individually as holding the same rights and privileges as any New Zealand citizen".

To this this end we do not support the DCC's proposed Liquor Ban for North Dunedin. OUSA's first meeting with the panel set up to consider the proposed liquor ban and then make a recommendation to City Council will be this Tuesday. We're taking a 4-pronged approach in terms of alternatives to the ban and they sound like this:

1. We support a collective strategy to clean up and improve living standards and housing in the North End. It has been proven all around the world that people who live in quality environments don't trash the place. This notion is supported by the University.
2. We support a public glass ban in the North Dunedin area. Keeping the broken glass off the streets is good for the whole community. This also ties into our first point. Plus less glass means better use of the big ol' wheelie skid bins we've got for plastic and cardboard.
3. We support greater measures to facilitate students environmental focus. We know student are conscious of the environment, it's great – so let's play to this strength. More recycling bins, more information to students about how to be environmentally friendly and in overall holistic approach to this. We've seen greater demand for this type of approach with increasing support for groups such as Generation Zero on campus and we want to help represent that. This again ties into our first and second points.
4. We support more bars and events in North Dunedin. Getting students into safe, social environments like bars (or gigs at the stadium) which are regulated environments that help teach people that you don't have to be fucked to have a great time with mates. We also need these bars and their managers to make sure the people aren't being served if they're too far gone, and if they are that they're looked after not just ditched out onto the street. But that is an issue for the DCC and liquor licensing to sort out.

Have a good time, look after your mates. Boom goes the dynamite. That's how babies are made.

Logan Edgar

Student Prez. Dubstep enthusiast.



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Grade: **A**

A

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