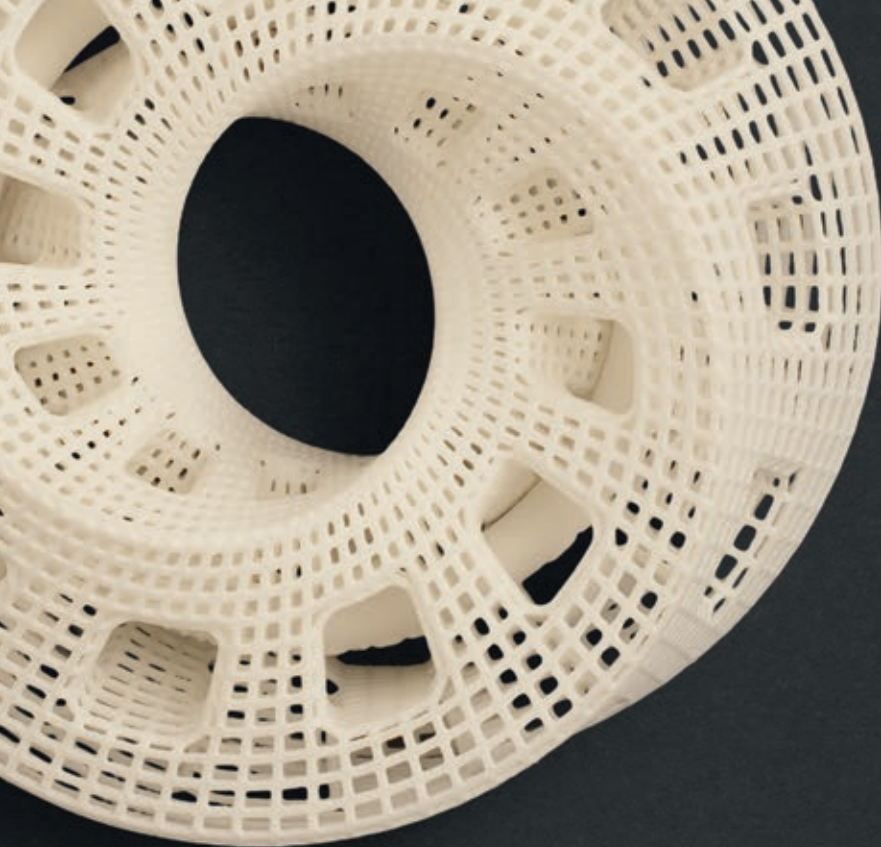


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Issue 19 | August 06, 2012 | critic.co.nz

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HHEY FIRST YEARS, HOW YOU DOING? I HOPE you're really enjoying your hall of residence. And geez, I bet you are really really excited about going flatting next year. I fondly remember my first flatting experience: the politics of trying to get a group of friends together to head out flat hunting, and then actually having to find a flat. Perhaps you'll go for Castle or Hyde if you want to be in the thick of the action. Or you could go for the more gentle air of the hillside streets. Wherever you're looking, you will endlessly piss off second, third and fourth years as you continually knock on doors asking to have a look around right in the middle of Shortland Street/CGW.

Once you're finally flatting there are a few things that will be truly memorable parts of your flatting experience. You'll probably end up shagging a flatmate at some point. This will go one of two ways: you will either never speak again, destined to awkwardly avoid each other in the lounge and hallway, or you'll have a guaranteed source of emotion-free sex for the rest of semester. The latter is highly unlikely. I've managed to sleep with flatmates in all but my current flat, and to be honest it never really worked out that well. But shit, at least I got to have sex.

And of course there are Red Cards, which have to be one of the greatest parts of flatting: demanding that your flatmates join you in some ridiculous, usually alcohol-based activity at the time and place of your choosing, dress up as you wish, and perform any challenge that you desire. Red Cards are the authentic Scarfie team building activity.

And you will, undoubtedly, get unbelievably pissed off at one of your flatmates at some point. Whether it's a minor infraction like stealing your

last Toffee Pop or something more serious, like leaving the heat pump running full steam over the mid-year break, you will really want to get them back. I suggest having sex in their bed while they're away at law camp.

But usually, in the end the petty nature of their crimes will become obvious and you'll let them back into the fold. Or more likely, you'll do something far worse and be forced to forgive them. By the end of second year I was hardly on speaking terms with one of my flatmates. Yet by the end of fourth year we were best friends, even though I once "borrowed" (read: stole) some money off him. And an indeterminate number of years later, even though we're in different countries, we're still good mates.

Good luck. Fuck you're going to have fun.

– JOE STOCKMAN

I've managed to sleep with flatmates in all but my current flat, and to be honest it never really worked out that well. But shit, at least I got to have sex.



NEW DRUGS REGIME DUNNE

By ZANE POCKOCK

ASSOCIATE HEALTH MINISTER PETER DUNNE is crafting a new legal high law which will be introduced to Parliament later this year and is expected to be in force by the middle of next year. Once passed, the new law will immediately criminalise all psychoactive substances, including synthetic cannabinoids and party pills, until distributors and producers can prove their safety. Distressing as this may seem, Dunne predicts that by 2014 the new measures will in fact put products similar to Kronik back on the shelf at Willowbank.

For the time being, the Temporary Class Drug Notices, which have been used to specifically designate 28 substances as illegal in the

past year, will roll over until the permanent law comes in. This leaves no window of opportunity to exploit for the makers of Kronik, who booted up production again in anticipation of the notices expiring.

Until now, substances could only be made illegal if proven harmful. The incoming law flips this on its head – all psychoactive substances will be illegal until proven safe.

A new regulator responsible for issuing approvals will be set up within the Ministry of Health. Companies wishing to sell psychoactive products will have to approach this regulator "with scientific data similar to that which is required for the assessment of new medicines," Dunne said. This includes toxicology data and results from human clinical trials.

The cost of the approval process for any single substance is estimated to be in the range of \$1 million to \$2 million, and the process will take between one and two years to complete. The costs to the NZ Government of the new regime are unknown and are currently being assessed, with a report expected to be provided to cabinet in early October.

Ross Bell, executive director of the New Zealand Drug Foundation, told the *New Zealand Herald* that the proposal is "twenty-second century thinking" and poses very serious questions for society. "What happens when someone invents [the substance] that gets you the high you want, is completely non-addictive... and is safe to drive on," he ponders. "Is there anything wrong with that?"

MAVERICK PROFESSOR THREATENS TO ASSEMBLE ECO-ARMY

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

GOVERNMENT-OWNED FARMING CORPORATION Landcorp and the Department of Conservation are at loggerheads over the potential threat of wilding (it's a real word, look it up) Douglas-fir trees spreading onto conservation land.

Landcorp planted 189ha of Douglas-fir trees on Waipori Station near Dunedin in July 2012. Emeritus Professor and conservationist Sir Alan Mark, of the University of Otago's Department of Botany, has made headlines after suggesting to Landcorp that he will assemble an army of activists to eradicate the seedlings from the 189ha block. Prof Mark says that Douglas-fir trees are "known to produce massive wind seed", and therefore the block threatens important tussock

land reserves in the Te Papanui Conservation Park and the Stoney Creek Scenic Reserve.

Prof Mark's comments have left the Forest Owners' Association (FOA) "dismayed". FOA Environment Committee Chair Peter Weir remarked in a press release: "It's one thing for the Professor to be a passionate advocate for environmental causes. It's quite another to threaten vigilante action and to incite trespass."

Critic spoke with Prof Mark, who said it is "an insult to our efforts to contain wilding" that Landcorp would plant a 189ha Douglas-fir forest right up against prime conservation land known to be vulnerable to wilding seeds.

Landcorp's own consultants had "assessed the wilding threat as serious", and had sought specialist advice on how to prevent a spread from occurring. However, Prof Mark said that

Landcorp's plan for a 250m-wide buffer zone planted with Ponderosa pines would have "no beneficial effect" with regard to controlling the wilding, especially given that the site itself was "highly exposed to strong winds".

While the FOA pointed out that the forest is part of Landcorp's endeavours to offset carbon emissions in light of the \$13 million bill they could face under climate change rules, Prof Mark stressed the need for a further analysis by Landcorp to assess the actual offset the forest would provide, given the falling value of carbon.

Prof Mark maintained that he would still "seriously consider" assembling his eco-army, although he was also calling for the removal of the seedlings in an open letter to Minister of State-Owned Enterprises Tony Ryall.

MAYOR TELLS OIL AND GAS INDUSTRY TO FRACK OFF

BY JOSIE ADAMS

ON JULY 24, THE DCC VOTED 7-6 TO JOIN THE call for a moratorium on fracking, making it the fifth local authority to do so. Following the decision, the ODT reported a "fracture" in the relationship between Mayor Dave Cull and his Council and Dunedin-based National MP Michael Woodhouse, which on investigation turned out to just be a bad pun.

"Fracking" is a method of releasing natural gases and petroleum by pumping pressurised fluid into rock. It is of concern to environmentalists, and humans generally, due to the possibility of toxins contaminating groundwater, and has so far been banned in France, Bulgaria and South Africa. The NZ government is currently investigating the practice, and the proposed moratorium would halt new fracking in NZ until the investigation is complete.

Mayor Cull told the NZ Herald that the call for a moratorium "made no judgment" about the safety or merits of fracking and offshore drilling, and only urged for a precautionary approach until the investigation results are known.

When Critic asked Woodhouse about his views, he made it clear that his misgivings are not about the call for a moratorium but rather its motives. He acknowledged the inextricable link between the "no fracking" and "no drilling" campaigns, and questioned the Council's decision given that there was no fracking planned in Otago. Woodhouse sees the DCC's request for a moratorium as an attempt to quash the oil and gas business in Otago before it establishes itself. "As long as risks can be managed, and as long as the world continues to rely on fossil fuel, we'd be crazy not to make the most of it." Woodhouse also expressed concern over the possibility of the Timaru or Invercargill councils taking advantage of the DCC's reluctance to become involved with the oil and gas business.

When asked whether or not he had any criticism of Mayor Cull's part in the action, Woodhouse said he had no problems specifically with Cull, but emphasised that "leadership needs to speak with one voice." However, Woodhouse denied that there was any tension between the two, and revealed that he had met the Mayor for an amicable lunch date just the other day.



This is Fracked



JOYCE AND HAYNE GET TOGETHER ON POSTGRADS

BY WALTER PLINGE

CRITIC HAS FINALLY MADE SENSE OF THE changes to postgraduate access to the student allowance scheme, which will prevent all postgraduate students from receiving the allowance. Following a meeting between University of Otago Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne and Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce, Professor Hayne said the University was "reassured" that postgrads would still be able to access the same level of financial support.

Otago's Deputy Vice-Chancellor for Research and Enterprise, Professor Richard Blaikie, said in a statement that the University will continue to monitor the new arrangements and how they will affect the choices of postgrad students. Blaikie stated: "Following the Vice-Chancellor's discussion with the Minister, we have been given some reassurance that accommodation supplements and other special-circumstances benefits available through

the student loans scheme will, in many cases, result in access to similar levels of funding to support living costs."

While postgrads will be forced to borrow the majority of their funding, the Ministry has finally told Critic that postgrads will still be able to access the Accommodation Supplement, bringing the total cash available to them in line with their current funding under the Student Allowance scheme. A spokeswoman for Joyce said that most students will be able to access a similar level of living costs support, and that "in a situation where a student currently receives a Student Allowance and an Accommodation Benefit [sic], under the change they will very likely be eligible to borrow from the interest-free student loan scheme for their living costs, and receive an Accommodation Supplement. This will offer most students a similar level of living costs support."

However, students over the age of 24 will suffer a \$32 per week reduction in the funding available to them, as they currently receive a

higher allowance than younger students.

OUSA Admin Vice-President Jono Rowe spoke out against the changes, telling Critic, "Postgraduate workloads are significant and OUSA would be concerned at any measure that forced postgraduate students to go out and take on additional employment to make up this shortfall. This could elongate postgraduate study, reduce the quality of research being conducted, and in some cases may force some students out of postgraduate study altogether."

In 2013, it is projected that 5,140 students across the country will be affected by the two major student allowance changes: the 200-week limit and the removal of postgraduate eligibility. In 2011, 506 Otago postgrad students were receiving the student allowance.

While Critic was unable to confirm that Hayne and Joyce did in fact undertake a tandem bike ride during their time together, it couldn't have hurt Joyce any.

CANTERBURY UNI STAFF "QUAKING WITH FEAR"

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

THE UNIVERSITY OF CANTERBURY IS SET TO cut staff numbers by 150 over the next three years in an attempt to prevent its debt, which is currently at \$50 million, from spiralling out of control.

Canterbury is in dire financial straits as the true financial toll of the earthquake becomes apparent. The University's 10-year financial forecast predicts that debt will reach \$118 million by 2021. They will lose \$38 million this year, and will not return to surplus until 2017.

The heavy losses were partially caused by the fact that student enrolment at the University

dropped 25% from 2010 to 2011. While the decline in 2012 was only 2%, it will be some time before the University returns to its pre-earthquake enrolment levels.

Canterbury Vice-Chancellor Rod Carr suggested that the reduction in staff numbers would be achieved through a combination of retirements, cutting casual and fixed-term staff, and leaving some vacant positions unfilled. Staff numbers are expected to be reduced by 50 per year over the next three years.

Tertiary Education Union branch co-president at Otago University Dr Brent Lovelock told Critic that it was "inappropriate" for him to comment at this stage, given that there were "150

staff with their heads on the chopping block". However, he hopes "that all the staff work to persuade the University that it's a crazy idea. It's the last thing Canterbury as a region needs."

TEU national president Sandra Grey also criticised the University's decision, saying: "Piling more and more work onto fewer people is not sustainable, and will not lead to the quality education Cantabrians deserve, no matter how hard staff work."

Lovelock agreed, arguing that "redundancies is the last option they should be looking at". He suggested that as an alternative way of reducing debt, "senior management could take a salary cut".

ACC TELLS INJURED STUDENTS TO "MAN UP" AND "WALK IT OFF"

BY MARGOT TAYLOR

ACADEMIC SUPPORT FOR STUDENTS ON ACC is set to change significantly. Spokespeople for the government-run accident compensation scheme have stated that the \$6 million budgeted annually for children and young people who require assistance to participate in education could be better targeted to "achieve greater value for money".

Under the old scheme, students with short-term injuries such as broken arms received funding for note-takers, one-on-one tutoring, and alternative assessment and examination arrangements. Under the new scheme, these services will no longer be automatically made available to students with short-term injuries.

ACC defended its decision to the ODT, saying: "Students with less serious injuries and shorter-term needs could generally arrange other appropriate solutions, such as borrowing notes, seeking extra time to complete essays, or applying for a non-exam-based grade." On the other side of the debate, Achieve, the National Post-Secondary Education Disability Network, argues that ACC's new policy will have detrimental effects on students and "only small savings will be made".

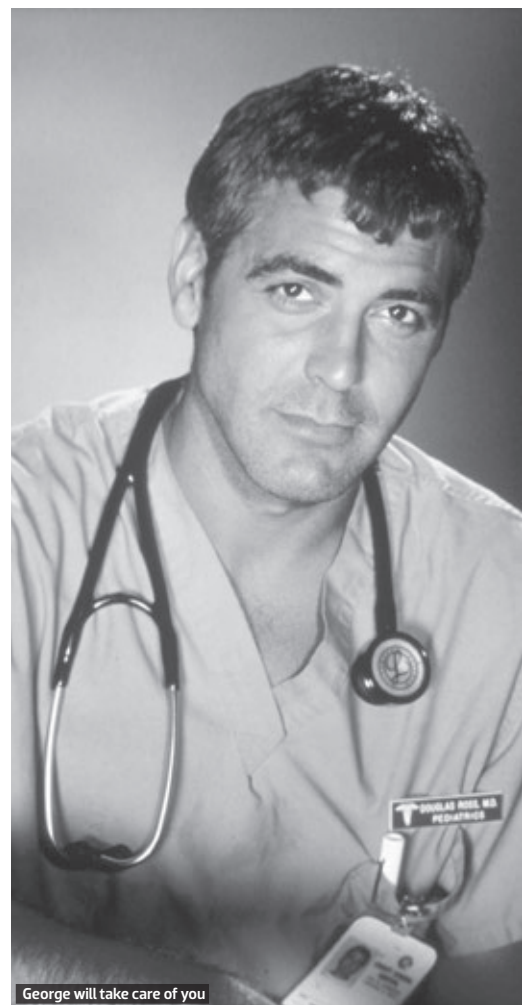
A string of refusals by ACC for students with non-permanent injuries has been reported in universities across New Zealand. Donna-Rose

McKay, head of service at Otago University Disability Information and Support, says that her organisation has "a limited pool of funding available", and should they lose the funding from ACC for students with temporary or short-term injuries it might not be possible to provide the same level of services. This could lead to injured students withdrawing from or failing papers due to not receiving the learning support they need, and could also have "an impact on their opportunities for entry into competitive entry courses".

In 2011, 71 University of Otago students were involved with Disability Information and Support after sustaining short-term injuries. 26 of those students applied for ACC funding, and only one application was declined.

Although the new changes essentially free ACC from having to commit to any assistance for students with temporary injuries, ACC has stressed that assistance will be considered on a "case-by-case basis" that will take into account each student's personal circumstances.

Otago student Ben Loughrey-Webb commented to Critic that the changes will be detrimental for students, and that there should also be concern about the fact that ACC case managers will hold more power. "I think worst of all it means the ACC case managers are freed from doing anything to actually help students. God knows they don't need any more help being difficult."



CALVES "SLAUGHTERED LIKE CATTLE"

By CALLUM FREDRIC

A MERCILESS ATTACK ON FOUR CALVES ON A farm north of Dunedin has left the farm's owners and their stock gutted.

The attack occurred on June 19 between 10:30am and 5pm at a farm in Seacliff, roughly 30km north of Dunedin. *Critic* spoke to Constable Jon-Paul Tremain, who said that three calves were killed. A fourth calf was impaled by two crossbow bolts, "one lodged in its neck and one lodged through its ear", but has since "recovered".

Each calf was killed in a way more grisly than the last. "One animal has died as a result of a wound to its stomach or lower abdomen." A second calf was beheaded, presumably with a hunting knife. Constable Tremain suggests that the decapitation was in preparation for carrying the animal away, but for whatever reason the killers left the carcass in the paddock.

A third calf had been butchered on site and had its meat taken – "All that was left at the scene was its internal organs". For sensitive readers, *Critic* recommends simply picturing this as a plate of offal.

Constable Tremain, describing the motives of the criminals, resisted *Critic's* cynical attempts to manufacture an exciting headline: "I wouldn't describe it as a thrill kill, no. They've stolen meat. My first hunch tells me that they've gone there to pinch some beef, maybe for a 21st or a wedding or some kind of event."

However, Constable Tremain says the use of a crossbow indicates that the criminals are "a wee bit amateurish. If someone was intent on stealing meat, and they were going out to a rural location to do it, taking a crossbow to do that job is a really ineffective tool to use to try and bring an animal down."

Furthermore, "the animals that were targeted were dairy cows, about 10 months old,

and they just don't make good eating because there's not much meat you can glean from them."

"In saying that, they've managed to take one beast away and leave behind its offal, and they have slaughtered another one, so they've got some knowledge as to how to slaughter an animal."

Ultimately, the offenders may have had dual motives: "Maybe they went there to pinch some meat, but at the same time they've gone there for a bit of fun. I really need to speak to the offenders to ascertain just where the crossbow fits into all of this."

The owners of the cows have offered a \$5000 reward for information that leads to the successful prosecution of the crossbowmen.

speculates that the operators of local meat delivery website Meatmail.co.nz, overwhelmed by recent demand, killed the cows in a desperate attempt to fill a large order from a meat-crazed Castle Street flat.

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AIR NZ REMOVES GPS

PASSES SAVINGS ON TO CONSUMERS

By BELLA MACDONALD

AIR NEW ZEALAND HAS FINALLY REALISED THAT DUNEDIN HAS SOME tourism opportunities, and has announced fare reductions of 11 – 41% for regional routes, which will save travellers on the Auckland to Dunedin route \$14 per trip.

The fare reductions, which will apply to flights after September 1 2012, are linked to Air New Zealand's \$1.24 billion investment in 14 more 171-seater A320 aircraft to replace the current 133-seater Boeing 737 fleet. Air New Zealand revealed that it was taking "an aggressive new approach to fill the 320,000 additional seats per year. The price reductions are to stimulate demand to fill those seats."

Air New Zealand's announcement came shortly after trusted Australian airline company Jetstar, also known as Shitstar, revealed that they would sell 120 domestic flights at the price of \$12 each for every medal the New Zealand Olympic team brought home. Critic thinks this is a great deal, considering that most Jetstar flights cost over \$50 and arrival at your final destination is not always included.

The introduction of the Auckland to Dunedin Jetstar route in July 2011 broke Air New Zealand's monopoly. Air New Zealand did not comment on whether their latest fare reduction was an attempt to compete with Jetstar's lower prices. Poker-faced, Jetstar said "we welcome competition. Ultimately, increased competition benefits our customers."

Air NZ's reduction in airfares will see the previously \$93 Auckland to Dunedin route reduced to \$79 as of September. At the time of print, Jetstar's cheapest Auckland to Dunedin fare in September was just \$59.

Overall, Air New Zealand cheap fares have seen reductions of 14 – 29%, while Flexi Plus fares have seen 11 – 41% reductions. Air New Zealand astounded Critic's economics department by stating that "fare reduction percentages are determined based on a combination of cost and demand."

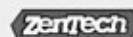
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GIRLS GET DOWN AND DERBY

ROLLER DERBY IS THE MARMITE OF SPORTS: you either love it or you don't. There are no half-measures when it comes to roller derby. Those who love it are obsessed with it. It takes over their lives and the lives of their families. People who don't really couldn't give a shit.

I'm not ashamed to say that I'm in the second group. I know exactly what roller derby is about. I've seen it played and it's not

for me. In trying to be both sexy and sporty, it never really succeeds at being either.

Still, roller derby seems to be gaining a bit of a foothold in Dunedin. The "Mid-Winter Brawl" was timed to coincide with Re-Orientation, and by all accounts was a great success. We asked Pina Collider, OrKazzMic, Referend Bear and Bitter Fluff to teach us more about roller derby.

For people who don't know, what is roller derby?

Pina Collider: Roller derby is a sport played on quad skates on a roughly oval-shaped track. Up to five players from each team are on the track at any one time. One player, the "jammer", who can be identified by a star on her helmet, scores points for her team by passing members of the other team known as blockers.

How much of Roller Derby is aesthetic and how much is athletic?

Bitter Fluff: I think the initial appeal for crowds, and for at least some of the people who get involved, is aesthetic. But once you see a jam, or participate, the athleticism takes over. Our league members train on skates at least two to three times per week. You need to be incredibly fit to skate for an hour.

Referend Bear: It's athletic, but not afraid to keep the fun of the aesthetic. Rollers have nothing to prove to anyone but each other. If they want to do it with assumed names and themed outfits, well, ESPN can take it or leave it.

What is your favourite part of the sport? Why do you play?

OrKazzMic: My favourite part of the sport is lining up on the jammer line, feeling the uncontrollable adrenaline running through my

veins, knowing that I have some hungry strong women out there who want to take me down. I'm strict with my training, and I train hard mentally and physically. There's nothing like arriving on bout day knowing you have done everything possible for the challenge ahead.

Referend Bear: The speed, the chaos, the people. The range of people involved is incredible, and the quality stellar.

What do you say to people who dismiss the sport as "dykes on wheels"? Is this a common misconception?

Pina Collider: People can be very closed-minded. I think a lot of guys can be intimidated by a group of girls who can do something incredibly physical that they can't do. I don't get offended by that kind of thing, because I know what roller derby truly is. I'd rather be playing a sport I love with amazing people.

OrKazzMic: Haha awesome. Well, I've slapped the ass of every girl in my team, and I haven't had any girl-on-girl offers yet! Anyway, the most-visited porn section on the internet is "lesbian" so if this was the case I would see this as another positive for our sport...who cares, anything goes.

What role does sexuality play in Roller Derby?

Bitter Fluff: It's one of our drawcards – we know we look good! We don't need to pretend we don't. Some of us wear booty shorts, some wear skirts, some wear stubbies. Everyone is comfortable in what they wear, and it's functional. I think the confidence we show is the sexiest thing.

Referend Bear: Roller girls have seized control of sex in the game, and get to determine how they use it and to what degree. That said, I guarantee that anybody who shows up to look at the booty shorts and stockings will be screaming at the hits and strategic play by the end of the bout. I sure as hell know I was.

Pina Collider: There's no denying that roller derby is a sexy sport. A bunch of fit girls on wheels doing what they do best is always going to draw a crowd. I think we live in an amazing time when girls can look good and feel good, while showing off what we train so hard for.

How can people get involved?

Referend Bear: Come to Freshmeat (rookie training), or contact us via our website or Facebook (facebook.com/dunedinderby) and we will find a place for you. All are welcome, though gents trolling will be quickly shown the door.



GREG GOES TO THE NEW ZEALAND SPORTS HALL OF FAME

BY GREG HALL

SOMETHING NEW ON YOUR SPORTING PAGES this week. For a change of pace, Critic sent the bravest and most hirsute reporter we could find on the most dangerous assignment we could dream up. Faux-Geordie reporter Greg Hall was instructed to stake out the New Zealand Sports Hall of Fame, examine some exhibits, chat to the locals, and report back to his superiors. Here's what he came up with.

Upstairs in that big, pretty building with trains is the New Zealand Sports Hall of Fame. The Hall was established in Dunedin in 1999 by esteemed author and former Scarfie Ron Palenski. Critic sent me to visit Ron because fan favourite Gus Gawn got his head stuck in a doorframe and no amount of petroleum jelly could set him free. I had thoughtfully brought Ron a muffin but he wasn't there, so my list of questions sadly went to waste. I wasn't about to let the same fate befall the muffin, so I ate it even though the cute little old lady at the desk said I couldn't. I ate the muffin because I'm an Instagramming hipster journo and I don't play by the rules. I walked into the first exhibit and nearly dropped my muffin as

a radio started blaring at me about some rugby game from ages ago. I calmed down and started listening to it, but then didn't anymore because I found a button which said "push for the smell of New Zealand rugby". I pushed it. It pumped out the smell of Deepheat. I freaked out and started worrying about someone sneaking up on me with a broom handle.

I was the only person in the Sports Hall of Fame, and with all the old clothing and hidden radios shouting at me at odd intervals it was a strange experience. The information and the props were pretty well done. It was interesting seeing old clothes from past athletes and a cricket box of Sir Richard Hadlee's with motivational quotes in it. This proves that even cool people like knobby stuff like that. And before you ask, yes, he is cool. Why? Because he had a moustache.

There are currently 171 inductees, from the obvious rugby union stalwarts like Fred Allen and Sean Fitzpatrick to wood chopper Ned Shewry and sheep shearer Godfrey Bowen, though I'm not sure if these are actually sports. Inductions

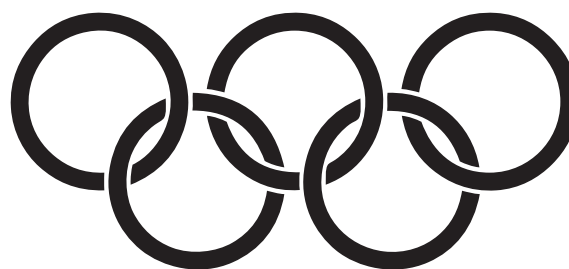
take place every two years, and nominations can be made by anyone. The old lady at the desk asked me politely to ask the editor John Stockman (I think she meant Joe) if he would please stop nominating himself, as trying to look like a Coronation Street character isn't a sport and probably never will be. She also said to stop sliding Polaroids of Howie in with the nominations.

I enjoyed the Sports Hall of Fame, in a speaking-to-a-Jehovah's-Witness-for-a-laugh kinda way. You're probably only going to be in Dunedin for a short while and its only \$3 entry, so go check it out and learn some sporting history. I did, and look at me now.

P.S. check out www.squarefootball.net for original football articles and Greg Hall on tap. What more could you want.

P.S.S. The New Zealand Sports Hall of Fame is housed in the historic Dunedin train station. It is open 7 days a week from 10am till 4pm, and is well worth a visit. Everyone is welcome. Entry is \$3.

News IN Briefs



Q U O T E S F R O M *The Olympics*

www.mydailynews.com/sports

Their slideshows of the hottest Olympic athletes will leave your self-esteem in tatters.

www.telegraph.co.uk

The interactive schedule on its Olympics page will increase your procrastination efficiency 300%.

www.google.com

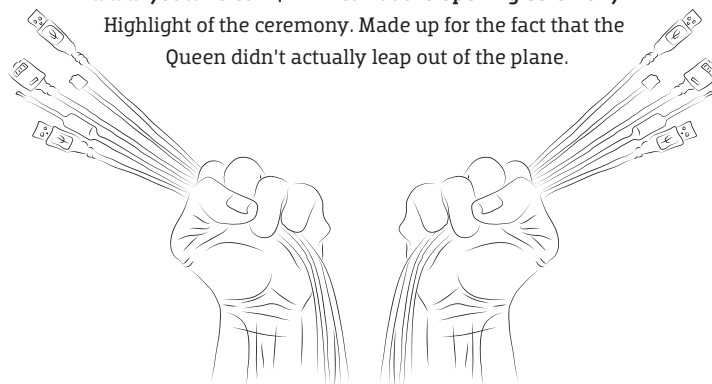
Gives you an easy medal count to look at on the side of the homepage.

www.businessinsider.com/london-olympics-gambling-2012-7

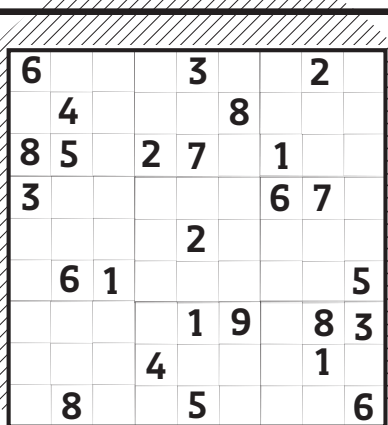
Have a look at all the weird Olympic bets, e.g. "London Mayor Boris Johnson will accidentally light his hair on fire with the Olympic torch".

www.youtube.com | "Mr Bean at the Opening Ceremony"

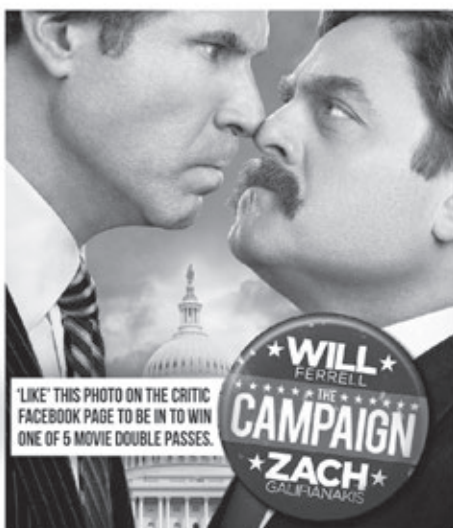
Highlight of the ceremony. Made up for the fact that the Queen didn't actually leap out of the plane.



BEST OF THE *Web*



Puzzle Time



"For the first time in Olympic history every country has female competitors – acknowledgement that women can ride more than a menstrual cycle."

Australian author Kathy Lette

"I have always had a dream to take part in an Olympic Games, and losing my leg didn't change anything."

Natalie du Toit

"People always say I'm a legend, but I'm not. Not until I've defended my Olympic titles. That's when I've decided I'll be a legend."

Usain Bolt

"I just had bad, bad, bad diarrhoea. Once I had one movement, I was done."

Kiwi cyclist Greg Henderson

THE FIRST OLYMPIC RECORD WAS BROKEN BY SOUTH KOREAN ARCHER IM DONG-HYUN. HE IS legally blind. Im scored 699 with his 72 arrows, meaning he only dropped 21 points out of a possible 720.

A SPECTATOR WAS ARRESTED DURING THE MEN'S CYCLING ROAD RACE AFTER HE STRAYED onto the course. The 54-year-old made it three-quarters of the way around the course before being arrested.

Olympic News



THE FIRST DOPING SCANDAL OF THE GAMES OCCURRED LAST SATURDAY WHEN AN ALBANIAN weightlifter failed a drug test. Hysen Pulaku tested positive for the steroid stanozolol and is now, unsurprisingly, out of the Games.

APPROXIMATELY 150,000 CONDOMS HAVE BEEN DISTRIBUTED AT THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE IN AN attempt to accommodate the infamous extracurricular activities. We think breeding at the Olympics should actually be encouraged. If Olympians aren't allowed to breed, then who is?

PIERRE DE COUBERTIN, THE LATE FOUNDER OF THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPIC COMMITTEE [IOC], decided to send his heart to the site of ancient Olympia in Greece, where it is kept in a monument. The rest of him is buried in Lausanne, Switzerland.



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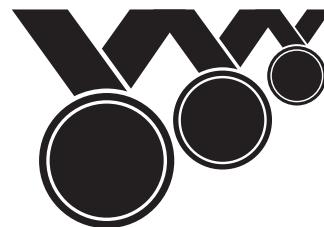
Facts AND Figures



Past Olympic events include: tug of war, live pigeon shooting, underwater swimming, rope climb, and motor boating.

1904

At the 1904 Games in St. Louis, gold replaced silver as the medal awarded for first place.



65% of Americans would risk dying in 10 years if they were guaranteed an Olympic gold medal.

The last Olympic gold medals that were made **entirely out of gold** were awarded in 1912.

A close-up profile of a person's face, wearing glasses, smoking a cigarette. The cigarette is lit, with smoke rising from the tip. The background is a dark, blue-toned image with streaks of light, resembling a night sky or a space-themed setting. The title 'SHIT'S GETTING KRONIC' is overlaid in large, white, bold letters. The word 'KRONIC' is significantly larger than 'SHIT'S GETTING'.

SHIT'S GETTING KRONIC

By **ZANE POCOCK**

PETER DUNNE IS AT IT AGAIN. AFTER RECEIVING A LESS THAN SATISFACTORY DO from his Kronic-tripping hairstylist, he has apparently put the final nail in the coffin of "dangerous" synthetic drugs, with a new policy designed to deal with syntheic drugs like Kronic. This policy will explicitly ban the sale of party pills and synthetic cannabinoids, allowing a select few to be legalised in due course. But why? What, exactly, are these "synthetic cannabinoids"? And what does the minister in charge actually think of his own policy?

LAB WEED

So-called "synthetic cannabinoids" are artificially-produced substances which mimic the structure and functions of THC, the active chemical in marijuana. The substances are developed in laboratories, then sprayed on plant matter and sold as artificial cannabis. Brands include K2, Spice, and Kronik, which rose to fame among most Otago students (and presumably the rest of the country) last year. But following usage-caused health issues, 28 such substances were systematically outlawed one-by-one by Peter Dunne under our current law, which requires substances to be explicitly proven "unsafe" before they are criminalised. And the Government just can't keep up with the emergence of new ones.

The effects of synthetic cannabinoids are implicit in the name: they're like pot. Symptoms include anxiety, dramatically increased heart rate, abdominal pain, nausea, and vomiting. There have been many synthetic cannabinoid-induced hospitalisations, and one bad trip that resulted in death.

This is why these drugs been outlawed as best as our lawmakers can. "The new law means the game of 'catch-up' with the legal highs industry will be over once and for all," Dunne says. "I have been driving this for a considerable time. None of these products will come to market if they have not been proven safe... Quite simply they will now have to do what any manufacturer of any product that is consumed or ingested already has to do – make sure it is safe." After approval, substances will likely be subject to retail restrictions including a minimum purchase age, fees, and restrictions on the types of premises where they can be sold.

“Dunne assures that “the legal status of cannabis will not change... because the regime will only cover new psychoactive substances. But what distinguishes substances that can be proved safe and legalised under the new regime from those that were outlawed 37 years ago?”

The Temporary Class Drug Notices led to an instant 75% fall in the number of emergency call incidents caused by synthetic cannabis products, according to National Poisons Centre data. So let's be reasonable here: that's a pretty good mandate.

THE REGIME IS DUNNE

With this law, Dunne largely succeeds in finding a middle ground between his beliefs and what he knows is political feasible. Although he is a known supporter of complete prohibition, he also understands the risk of an emerging black market. As such, the regulations will be rigorous but not rigid. Reflecting that some substances will become legal, he says that "in the end these are pharmacologically active substances, and there is always some degree of risk in taking such products because people can have varying reactions to them." As such, approved substances will be labelled "low-risk", "to avoid implying that they will be entirely safe". Everyone will no doubt be wondering whether the regulations will be so strict that everything will be banned, but Dunne assures that "legislation should not be used to restrict behaviour that cannot be proved to be harmful. Products that meet the approval criteria will be approved."

However, upon closer inspection of the regime, definitions become increasingly grey. Dunne assures that "the legal status of cannabis will not change... because the regime will only cover new psychoactive substances that are not already classified under the Misuse of Drugs Act 1975." But what distinguishes substances that can be proved safe and legalised under the new regime from those that were outlawed 37 years ago?

When asked whether we're legalising drugs, Dunne gives a resounding "no". This is just confusing. How, exactly, does one define a drug? His escape route from this inevitable black hole of contention is just as confusing. Dunne simply states that "this regime will provide stronger controls over psychoactive substances", but to explicitly label a psychoactive substance "legal" is to legalise a drug.

Yes, what I'm about to say comes up time and again, but there's a reason for that. Alcohol is not safe. Weed, arguably, is. So, what's going on? It appears New Zealand will be one of the first countries in the world to have a Government-approved legal high industry. It puts us at the forefront of

a radical and overdue rethinking of world drug policy, thanks – surprisingly – to Mr Dunne. But if we're going to revise our drug laws and social policies, let's do it properly.

FLATTING 101

BY LAUREN WOOTTON

IT'S THAT TIME OF YEAR AGAIN – EVERY KNOCK AT THE door is another group of students hoping to look around “really quick” to see what is up for grabs. Going flatting is a rite of passage for students, signifying a new independence away from parents or the swipe card-dominated 10pm Quiet Time of hall life. For students who have done it all before, it's a chance to start afresh with a new house and new people or keep up tradition and re-sign for another year of awesomeness. But the world of rent, flatmates, and near-poverty can be daunting, especially when the list of things to think about keeps getting longer.

So, you're either about to pop your flatting cherry or you've done it all before and are ready for round two (or three, or maybe even six or seven). You've got a posse that you're happy to spend the next year with, and you're out door-knocking like the Avon lady up and down Leith, Hyde, Castle, and Clyde, because that's the best place to live in Dunedin, right? Well... maybe. But maybe not. There are a few vital steps that you need to take before you throw the flat-warming party that you've been looking forward to since your last NCEA exam.

STEP 01:

FLATMATES

There are two golden rules to flatting: choose your flatmates carefully; and don't screw the crew. Caryl O'Connor and Laura Drake from the Dunedin Community Law Centre, and Campus Cop Max Holt agree, that who you live with is the most important part of flatting (they were less sure about the shagging). Tales of incompatibility, flatmates participating in illegal activity (from selling illegal substances to housing inappropriate guests), inter-flatmate burglary, and all-round shit times are common traps for inexperienced flatties. And loved-up couples aren't immune. Choosing to live with your significant other or a new couple shouldn't be a rushed

decision. Remember, you are going to see every side of your flatmates, from PMS insanity to hangovers, exam stress, or OCD clean-freakiness (the next time you tell me to scrub the toilet with a toothbrush, I'm going to use yours). So if you've already said yes to that friend with a spewy tendency and a habit of getting rip-roaringly drunk twice a week, you might want to think again.

STEP 02:

LOCATION

As good as rolling out of bed and into a lecture sounds, there are pros and cons to every location. Scarfie central is closer to Uni but it's also more expensive and popular, and if concentrating on study when there's a party next door isn't manageable it might not be for you. Also, there is a higher chance you're going to get burgled in the student area. Max Holt says that criminals tend to target North D, and safety is a very important issue.

On the other hand, a 15-minute walk to class might seem a bit shit but if quiet nights are the difference between passing and failing it's something you should consider. Also, Caryl from the Law Centre says it's important to look for “insulation, heating and sun. Things can look pretty sweet in summer, but there are some places in Dunedin in winter that never see the sun.” If your Nana can't knit and you don't have many blankets, this is something you really need to think about.

REMEMBER, YOU ARE GOING
TO SEE EVERY SIDE OF YOUR
FLATMATES, FROM PMS INSANITY
TO HANGOVERS, EXAM STRESS,
OR OCD CLEAN-FREAKINESS //

STEP 03:

BONDAGE, RENT AND CASH MONIES

No, I'm not talking Fifty Shades of Grey-ish riding crops and blindfolds – though that bondage sounds like a whole new kind of fun, amirite ladies? I'm talking about the various sums of money that you have to fork out before you get to walk through the front door of your new flat.

Caryl and Laura say that you'll usually pay a bond of two weeks' rent plus two in advance, which is the maximum number of weeks in advance a landlord can charge. As long as you don't do anything stupid, you should get that back. Laura stresses that you need to be there on move-in day when the landlord does the initial inspection, so you all agree on the condition of the flat beforehand. If in doubt, take photos of any damage before moving in for evidence if needed. The bond is basically the landlord's insurance policy. If you ruin the flat or break something that they have to fix, this money pays for it – it's so you can't fuck shit up and skip town. So unless you want to miss out on getting this back at the end of the tenancy, look after your flat.

Rent varies depending on location, living conditions, and number of flatmates. When looking at rent prices, Caryl and Laura say you need to be absolutely clear what is included – the advertised price is usually base rent, and you pay for power and phone/internet on top. Don't fall into the trap of thinking it's all included. Check your lease agreement (more on that later), and talk to the landlord so you know exactly what you're paying for.

Which brings me to the cash monies. You can pay rent into one account or all pay separately; it's up to you. Usually one flatmate is in charge of the finances – they set up a flat account, you pay all the expenses into it, and they make sure rent and bills are paid on time. Two beautiful words will save any flatmate from awkward confrontations and passive-aggressive notes: automatic payment. Set one of these babies up, and you will never have an issue. Just make sure the dates are right.

The final thing you need to think about is food. Are you eating together, separately, or both? Usually flats set up a roster for meals and share the cost of basic ingredients – you might put \$20 – 30 into the account per week for dinners and essentials like bread, milk, toilet paper, and cleaning stuff. Don't buy shit you don't need: flat ice cream, nutella, basil pesto? There's always going to be someone who misses out and gets mad, so buy these things separately and put your name on them.

STEP 04:

SIGN ON THE LINE

Dunedin leases for students are usually fixed-term, meaning you pay rent from the start of January to the end of December and there's nothing you can do about it. Caryl and Laura say this is why you need to be careful when you pick who you live with. You're legally stuck with them, and it's not easy to get out. Caryl says that the biggest hassle people have is trying to get out of a fixed term lease. "They are responsible for the payment of the rent – whether or not they actually stay in the house – until the end of that fixed term, unless they can get off the lease with the landlord's consent, or find a replacement, or apply to the tenancy tribunal to get a reduction in the fixed term to get them out – but that's really difficult to get." It's important to make sure you know what you're getting into when you sign on the dotted line.

Any lease that everyone signs makes all flatmates "joint and severally liable". You're responsible for not only yourself and all the other flatmates, but everyone invited onto the property (and Hyde St Keg Party is no exception). Caryl says that a few years ago "one flatmate was left alone while their friends went skiing for the weekend. They were pretty annoyed about it, so they decided to have a party. \$30,000 worth of damage later, the flatmate was on a flight to Australia never to return and the other flatmates had to front up. And there was nothing they could do because they were signed up to the lease." Moral of the story? Avoid bankruptcy by taking the whole flat up the mountain for the weekend, not just one or two.

STEP 05:

INSURANCE AND FLAT
SAFETY

Insure, insure, insure. Caryl and Laura say this is vital. It covers you if you leave your hair straighteners on and they burn down your room and your neighbour's room too, and at around \$5 a week it's something you can afford to have. But you might as well be throwing that money down the toilet with last night's Diesels if you don't lock your doors and windows. Campus Cop Max Holt says, "when burglaries occur, the first thing the insurance company asks is where the point of entry was, and I have to say: 'Well, they walked straight in the front door!'" It's simple: if you haven't locked your front door and the door to your room, and your shit gets stolen, you won't be insured.

But Holt says it doesn't end with locking your doors. You also need to close your windows and curtains. 88% of burglaries happen in the daytime – it takes a special kind of criminal to break into your house at night. Closing your curtains not only stops would-be burglars from window shopping, it's also a matter of safety. Criminal activity, especially in the student area, is not just limited to burglaries. Holt says there are a number of perverts just looking for an opportunity to catch a gorgeous young thing undressing in front of her window. There aren't many things worse than a dirty pair of eyes watching you from behind the rhododendron bush.

But Holt does offer some peace of mind. He says Campus Watch are constantly on the lookout for signs of suspicious activity, and over the past few years their efforts have contributed to a drop in crime in the student area. "It's a University initiative that they need full marks for. What they're doing is a wonderful thing." He also says that the police use sophisticated tracking technology to locate stolen gadgets from smart phones to laptops, and recover them nearly every time.

STEP 06:

WHEN SHIT HITS THE FAN

Everyone's seen the infamous roof collapse video from Hyde St 2012. As funny as it was, it's not something you want to happen to you. Yannik, a member of the flat, says: "we rang the landlord straight away, and he sent someone around. He had a look at what had happened and why, to try and determine what we could do next. We couldn't do anything on the day, but in the short term it was cold, so we got up there and propped it up so the rain drained away." In the long term, they got off pretty lightly – because they had the video, and no one from their flat had been on any roofs that day, it was covered under the landlord's insurance. Essentially, the people on the roof were invited onto the property by the flatmates, and were therefore their responsibility. So the boys of 22 Hyde were lucky. They managed to have an awesome day, keep their bond, and avoid any long-term debt.

Caryl and Laura say this isn't always the case, but when things go wrong there are options. The Community Law Centre is free, as is SOULS Tenancy Service, which is run by law students. This is the fastest and easiest way to find out your rights and responsibilities. There's only one thing you should never do: stop paying rent.

When done right, flatting is awesome. There's no authority figure to tell you what to do, and you get to throw parties and plan red cards. Arguably, the best part is going home in the holidays and appreciating a full fridge, mould-free bathroom, and a Mum-cooked meal. But even when shit hits the fan, with good flatties and a decent attitude you'll be sweet. Don't be put off. As long as you know what you're getting in for, you'd have to be pretty unlucky to end up with a hole in the [insert vital part of house here] and an empty bank account.



NEED A DOLLAR

BY KATIE KENNY

Tacked to the wall above my desk is a note from my sister Charlotte:

"Don't spend all your \$\$\$! xox".

Her warning is not a joke, or even an exaggeration. My ever-sensible sister has been my ready-cash rescuer and my financial conscience all too often.

We all have our wallet-opening weaknesses, right? Perhaps you can't resist the latest gadget, concert tickets, junk food, clothes, shoes, sports gear, bags, books, or – as in my case – anything that catches your whimsical fancy. More specifically (and unfortunately for my bank account), I have a tendency towards frivolity, a weakness for hard-backs, and an insatiable appetite for takeaway cappuccinos.

For most students, \$172.51 per week is the maximum amount they're able to borrow from StudyLink to cover their living expenses. According to StudyLink's "reality budget check", estimated basic weekly living costs are \$367.70. The Department of Building and Housing indicates that the average rent for a five-bedroom flat in North Dunedin is \$121.60 per room per week. Add to this the compulsory costs of furniture, electricity, internet, and groceries, and there's little left in the pockets of most scarfies. Extra leisure or emergency expenses often further unravel our already tightly-strung purses.

Regardless of financial flippancies, how on earth are scarfies getting by day-to-day despite this blatant discrepancy between income and living costs? OUSA President Logan Edgar put forward some suggestions.

MAKING ENDS MEET

Clearly \$172 isn't enough for students to actually "live" off, but how are we expected to compensate without making weekly SOS calls to Mum and Dad? Logan says it's a "case-by-case" scenario. "You have some scarfies who like to live pretty rough, and keep it on the cheap. But for postgraduate students, who've had their allowance cut in the recent budget changes, although they might also have scholarships, it's probably now very hard for them to cover expenses. I think, overall, \$172 is probably the minimum, the absolute minimum, that you could get away with."

Extra income is therefore a must for most students. Whether this is from family support, a scholarship, or part-time work, it's almost essential for keeping on top of one's finances. Logan agrees that, "if you want to keep [your accounts] topped up, you need to work. The good thing is that, yeah it's working, but if you're an accounting student, for example, and wanting to make it into one of the big firms like KPMG, PricewaterhouseCoopers, Ernst and Young, Deloitte... well, they won't hire graduates without work experience. If you're working as well as studying and socialising, you're balancing all this stuff. It shows a bit of consciousness around the burden of your finances, it shows some accountability. I think every student should look at working while they're studying. Not just for financial gain, but for experience as well."

Not only does casual employment benefit students, but it's a way of contributing to the wider Dunedin community. If you're looking for a job, Student Job Search should be your first stop. Logan says that most scarfies "probably have their own little

money saving tips". He suggests that students "spend wisely, but don't compromise health. I'd really like to see more consideration around healthy living for students, and trying to raise living quality. It's like those lads that flatted on Castle Street, who just ate two-minute noodles all year... and they got scurvy! It's not the smartest thing to do."

Politically, OUSA is working on revoking the changes to post-graduate allowances. Logan and his team are planning a public letter to the Government, "to promote and raise awareness about the issue. We're hoping to get it from the national body, NZUSA, then get the other student associations to promote it." The plan is to convince the politicians "that it's a really unpopular move – like we saw when they tried to increase class size – and make them realise that it's not worth losing our votes."

KEEPING TRACK

Even with supplementary work income as per Logan's advice, I'm often living from paycheck to paycheck. I'm pretty sure I learnt in Physics191 that, by some natural law, whatever I earn will be spent. My parents and my dear sister never cease to wonder where my money goes. When I pause to consider, I'm left wondering too. Keeping track of income and expenditure is a simple and effective way to target potential opportunities to cut costs, even if you only do it for a short time.

For a week I trialled the "money diary" method, and documented all of my transactions in pursuit of budget enlightenment. My goal was to discover where dollars were being wasted, so I didn't include unavoidable and regular payments such as rent, electricity, internet, shared meals, and course fees.

NB: Unfortunately for my fiscal reputation, this diary coincided with "pay week", which made it even more difficult to curb unnecessary spending. Food for thought, regardless.

DAY ONE:

\$2.50: Fundraiser chocolate bar. Poor start, I know, but at least I'm being honest.

DAY TWO:

\$6: Coffee and a chocolate chip cookie. Hmm, this appears to be doubling as a food diary. How embarrassing!

DAY THREE:

\$24.50: Course reader.

\$34.44: Supermarket (toothpaste, body wash, laundry powder, moisturiser, four-pack chewing gum).

\$4.50: Coffee.

\$22: Dessert and drinks.

DAY FOUR:

('Tis with trepidation that I check my account this evening... Brekkie in town developed into window shopping which inevitably led to shopping of the money-spending kind. No major damage ensued, but some would no doubt shun my indulgence):

\$10: Coffee and a muffin.

\$18: Hosiery.

\$20: Birthday present (happy birthday Tristan).

\$49.90: Scarf.

DAY FIVE:

\$8: Confectionary.

DAY SIX:

\$8.50: Coffees.

DAY SEVEN:

\$4.00: Coffee.

\$6.50: Sushi.

WEEK'S TOTAL EXPENDITURE: \$218.80

Truthfully, after reading the final figure, this entire section was pulled from this article. After contemplating the required word quota it was reluctantly reinserted. Retrospectively, this was a bad week of spending. No doubt I'll regret it as I survive on limited post-payday funds for one more week.

Let's briefly examine my shameful spending, and pinpoint some areas of repeated weakness.

01. Coffee. In one week, I spent \$25.50 on coffee. Perhaps this isn't too much of a problem, because "coffee" as a social activity is much cheaper than alternatives, like movies, meals, and alcoholic drinks. However, many cups were purchased solitarily, and it's probably a good idea to cut back on the caffeine as well as its associated costs.
02. Miscellaneous "snacks" including (most prominently) confectionary.
03. General unnecessariness?

Thankfully, various part-time jobs allow me to live (relatively) comfortably, and I won't pretend that my parents aren't there to cover for me when I mess it all up on occasion(s). But what if I wasn't so lucky? What if my expenses were unavoidably steeper? Where should one go for help?

OUSA: STUDENT SUPPORT

The majority of students are living off limited and often seasonal incomes, without savings, and accumulating thousands of dollars of debt every year. For these reasons, and for personal peace of mind, budgeting is important. It's important to learn money management skills now to ensure financial stability while we're studying and beyond.

Here's where OUSA can help out. They have trained, student-friendly budget advisors available at the Student Support Centre (behind Clubs and Socs on Ethyl Benjamin Place). Check out their website for tips such as a "\$50 Shopping List" and a week's worth of inexpensive recipes for hungry students. Simple, cheap, and full of carbs... perfect for the stereotypical culinarily-challenged scarfie.

If you get to the point where even everyday expenses are too much – if you're struggling to find money to buy food, for example – then don't be afraid to reach out for help. There are plenty of financial escape routes out there, and many students are already making the most of initiatives such as the food bank, \$3 lunches, and even the StudyLink Special Needs Grant (<http://www.studylink.govt.nz/financing-study/extra-help/extra-help-with-emergencies.html>).

Matt Tucker, manager of OUSA Student Support, says that many students at Otago, particularly those without parental financial support, are really struggling to keep up with living costs. "When I look at student allowances, the amount of money [available through StudyLink] is getting less and less in 'real' terms." Despite this, he says few students come

seeking budgeting advice, "but they'll come for a food parcel, for whatever reason. Most students are already doing the things that they need to do to save money... shared cooking, shared buying, shared renting. Multiple dwellings and dividing costs bring down living expenses." He encourages students to spend smartly, not just frugally. "Go to the Farmers' Market to buy fresh vegetables, go to Jeff's on Campus each day and buy fresh fruit. Plus we're here, and students are welcome to come and chat to us about budgeting advice if they're having trouble. There are things they can access at StudyLink, or even with us, there may be services which could assist them."

So, what's the catch with the free food situation? According to Matt, there isn't any. "You know, we don't question students when they come for food parcels. Our food packs aren't so valuable that students would be likely to take advantage of the system. I think that if you're going to offer a personal service like this, people are less likely to be fraudulent. However, if you keep using our service, we'll want you to have budgeting advice. But we don't have a lot of people who are repeat users, which kind of suggests that it's a one-off thing and then students are fine afterwards."

With the flat hunting season well underway, many students will be wondering how to make ends meet with ever-increasing rent prices. Matt is sympathetic, but urges students to realise that with supply exceeding demand, we're in a position of power. "I honestly don't think that accommodation supplements, government allowances, or StudyLink living expenses are going to keep up with student living for much longer. All I can say is that there are more flats than there are students in Dunedin, and it's up to students to put the pressure on the landlords."

CREATIVE CASH

As students, we're renowned for finding ways to reduce daily costs. Dunedin does cater for our thriftiness through scarfie discounts, loyalty cards, and lots of second-hand stores. Make life a little easier for yourself by taking advantage of these savings whenever possible. Check out student association-funded facilities like Student Job Search and OUSA Student Support. It's important to remember that untouched money won't go mouldy, and you'll be glad it's there if you're suddenly hit with an unexpected cost – whether it's a visit to the Urgent Doctor, a hefty mid-winter power bill, or even a little piece of happiness that you spot in a shop on a rainy afternoon...

THE THREE WORST FLATMATES

BY MADDY PHILLIPPS

EXISTENTIALIST PHILOSOPHER JEAN-PAUL SARTRE FAMOUSLY CONCLUDED THAT HELL IS OTHER people. As my degree stretches into its fifth year, I am convinced that Sartre's relentlessly bleak view of humanity was developed after an episode of time travel in which he spent half a decade flatting in Dunedin. The hell of other people is intensified a million times over when you're forced to cohabit with several of them in housing that your average Brazilian favela resident would probably consider a downgrade.

After extensive exposure to many variations on the awful flatmate theme, I have finally settled on the three worst flatmate species of all time. The process of creating this list was a taxing one, which reminded me of the hideous emotional rollercoaster ride that is an STI check/pap smear at Family Planning. Fortunately, though, the act of completing the list and realising that I no longer live with any of these people triggered the familiar warm rush of dopamine and relief that always comes with the news that I've successfully evaded pregnancy and venereal disease for another year. Happy days.



THE EATING DISORDERED FLATMATE

IF YOU GENUINELY BELIEVE THAT YOUR FLATMATES' NUTRITIONAL habits don't affect you, congratulations. You have clearly never endured the bizarre dietary fixations, passive aggression and general psychoses of the eating-disordered flatmate. In second year, I lived with a largeish girl, who was odd but tolerable, until just after Easter. Who knows what dire event befell her on the family's Waikato farm that mid-semester break (my bet is that she arose at 4am one day to help her dad with the milking, and in the low light he mistook her bulk for a cow and attempted to hook her up to the milking machine), but by the time she returned to Dunedin she was pure EDF.

Things happened quickly. Her desktop background, once a photo of her at her sister's wedding looking like a sundried tomato savoury muffin, vacuum-packed into pink satin, became a giant number 70 — her "UGW", or Ultimate Goal Weight. When we went to the supermarket as a flat she would head straight for the Ready Meals aisle and purchase only seven Weight Watchers Tomato Soups, one for each day of the week, then sprint past the confectionery at Usain Bolt-like speeds. She declared that she was "allergic to chocolate" and subsequently started to produce chocolate-y baked goods obsessively at all hours, which she would then force-feed to the rest of the flat in an attempt to fatten us up, presumably

to capitalise on the "best house in the worst street" principle. Yet if I consumed anything more carbolicious than a carrot stick she would glare at me, snakelike, as if I were stealing antiretrovirals from African AIDS orphans instead of enjoying a delicious piece of Burgen wholemeal toast.

The puzzling thing was that despite these efforts she wasn't really losing weight. All became clear one fateful July night. I was sitting in the lounge with the three non-EDF flatmates, whispering an anecdote of how the previous night she burst into my room with a mixing bowl of chocolate ganache and forced me to lick the spatula, when she burst into the lounge — forehead glistening, pupils dilated, eyes glazed over, wrist dripping blood. She looked exactly like a junkie who'd missed the vein and hit an artery instead, except fatter. Turns out she had been secretly binging at night, eating entire blocks of own brand supermarket cheese. That night, things reached an epic crescendo. Alone in her room with her beloved Budget Tasty 1kg, her fingers became so slippery with cheese-sweat that her iron grip on the cheese slicer slipped and she lacerated her hand. We had to take her to A & E, where she received five stitches.

It was the best day of the year.

THE POOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

FLATMATE

FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR I WAS CURSED WITH A SWEATY, OVER-weight, Holden-belt-buckle-wearing PPHF who hailed from Southland but smelled like Africa — Lynx Africa, that is. Without ever having applied Lynx Africa. Which is the most damning condemnation of a person's smell I can think of. Top notes of Kapiti Kikorangi blue cheese intermingled with a musky base of stale Zinger Burger, occasionally giving way to a sudden horrific mid-note of New Delhi slum. In darker moments I wondered if I should dismember his body, distil his weapons-grade stinkonium, bottle it and auction it off to whichever North African dictatorship would pay the highest price to finally take down NATO with the dirtiest of dirty bombs.

The rest of the flatmates would spend hours speculating as to the precise source of the stench. It was widely agreed that while his diet of Ultimate Burgers from Willowbank, chain-smoking, and failure to do anything with his life other than play WoW in his room were clearly contributing factors, they couldn't fully explain the odour that clung to him like, well, a bad smell. We tried to drop hints. Once, I had to drive him to the doctor. I opened every window in the car for fear of meeting an end worthy of Schindler's List. That was the weekend it snowed. He seemed not to notice. I wondered if his BO was creating a sort of localised Greenhouse Effect.

Finally, the irresistible offer of a free Family Size jar of Best Foods got him talking. It emerged that he showered only three times per week. Soap, shampoo, deodorant and toothpaste were concepts as foreign to him as a world outside of Dunedin and Invercargill.

I didn't understand then. I don't understand now. Why WOULDN'T you shower? Showers are really, really nice. Not only do they wash spilled Old Mout from your clavicles and dried cum from your hair, they wake you up, relax you, and offer at least a couple of minutes of guaranteed Not Being Cold Time every day. Surely even the bogan-est of Invers bogan is capable of appreciating the comforting scent of Palmolive Milk and Honey body wash, or the mouth-tingling, plaque-destroying freshness of Colgate Triple Action? In this wonderful age of consumer-centric innovations courtesy of Colgate-Palmolive Incorporated, the PPHF is viler than ever.



THE POWER-DRUNK FLATMATE

ROUNDING OUT THE HOLY TRIFECTA OF FOUL FLATMATES IS the most common hellish cohabitant – the PDF. This uniquely vile species usually grew up on a sheep or dairy farm, and is therefore accustomed to being a stingy, joyless, whining cunt. The PDF monitors those naughty indulgences like Heating and Hot Water and Meeting WHO Minimum Living Standards with grim Gestapo-like efficiency. Also like the Gestapo, the PDF cultivates a system of informants within the flat, attempting to weed out anyone who might be hiding a Jewish family or a small oil heater behind a bookcase. It is speculated that the process of freezing and thawing that the flatmates must undergo as they attend centrally-heated university then return home to their deep-freeze of a flat each day is in fact a sadistic Joseph Mengele-like experiment on the part of the PDF. The ultimate aim of the PDF is to find a Final Solution to the Power Problem, possibly involving moving into a concentration camp-style flat where everyone sleeps in a bunkroom and toils over a coal oven in shifts.

A \$3 increase in the power bill from July to August will spark calls for Flat Meetings in which the PDF will state calmly yet sadistically that from now on heat pump usage will be restricted to hungover Sundays, personal heaters are not to be used in bedrooms, and a \$2 charge will apply to anyone with the nerve to even consider using the dryer, despite the fact that the other rules have made the house so cold that freshly washed clothing would develop a thick crust of mould, vegetation and sentient life before it even came close to airdrying.

I vividly recall arriving home from uni last year to discover that every available surface was covered with pastel-coloured Post-It notes, courtesy of the resident PDF. On my light switch: "Turn Me Off When You Leave Room." On the front door: "Shut Me When You Go." On my bar heater: "\$1 per hour." On the dryer: "\$2 per session. THIS MEANS YOU MADDY." \$1 per hour? \$2 per session? What the fuck was this, a Tajikistani brothel? I guess the thing to remember in these situations is that Hitler, perhaps the most power-drunk man in history, committed suicide in an underground bunker and Churchill, who you know would've cranked the heat pump right up to 30 degrees, won the war and died a national hero. But sadly, thoughts like that warm only the heart.





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.

BRITTANY

WELL, I KNEW I WAS OFF TO A GOOD START WHEN I RECEIVED AN EMAIL from the Critic editor informing me that my Kiwi flatmate had nominated me to do a blind date. After bursting out into laughter and discussing it with my trusty flatmates, we came to a group consensus that this experience would be either pretty fun, or really awkward—but either way, there would be plenty of stories. Plus, I'm American, so if nothing else at least it would be acultural experience?

Having no idea how these things work, I arrived at Metro a little early and approached the bar to see if my date had arrived yet. Sure enough, as soon as I received the menus my date was standing directly 10 centimeters behind me—little unexpected, but I was happy not to be alone. I introduced myself and we headed to a table in the back to do the whole meet and greet bit. Then, all of the sudden, I see two of my flatmates wander in and sit at the bar. As soon as I make eye contact I try my best to hold back my laughter, but my date probably thought I was having a convulsion of some kind.

Anyways.... we continued our conversation and it was pretty... interesting. After discussing various Olympic sports and places to visit in New Zealand, as well as around the world, I began to run out of topics and I felt like I was constantly asking him questions. I probably came off like I was interrogating him and after I noticed that he had gone through two full dinner waters and two sodas I decided to stop asking questions. But then things got quiet.... and there were some awkward pauses, but the food was great and I think we both enjoyed our time together. He lived the complete opposite direction of me, so I walked with him to the bus stop on George Street and gave him my number so that we could keep in touch.

Overall, he was a really sweet guy and I am so glad I got to meet him. Though I would like to let my flatmates know that I am done with any more dating plans they have in store for me.

Oh, and you Critic boys are pretty cute. Call me anytime ;)

TANE

DUNEDIN PUT ON A STUNNING EVENING (A RARE EVENT) ON THE NIGHT OF my blind date. I arrived at Metro with a sense of intrigue and curiosity about who I was going to meet. It was a pleasant surprise to meet **** and after a warm greeting we made our way to our table. It was a nice candle lit table and the restaurant had an air of ambience. **** proved to be excellent company; she had a warm engaging smile and a lovely American accent.

After introductions we ordered fries and the conversation flowed.

I discovered that she is studying biochemistry, biology and philosophy and some med papers (a very smart lady indeed!). She proves to be an accomplished athlete across a range of disciplines. I learnt that she plays tennis, can bend it like Beckham in soccer, runs cross country in 40°C heat and is accomplished at Just Dance on the Wii. It was a real bonus to talk to someone who appreciates sport as much as I do. While eating fries we were bemused by the strange sport of handball, (it definitely belongs in the Olympics). I took great delight in explaining the rules of squash and our national sport rugby (particularly the backwards pass). It turns out we like similar music, both of us appreciate John Lennon, Elvis and some of the funkier dance tracks on the Wii console.

**** hails from San Diego (a considerably warmer place than Dunedin) and this was the first time she had left North America. Her impressions of New Zealand were fascinating to me. From an American perspective Aotearoa is a land of stunning natural beauty, friendly people, great pubs, and some of the most expensive shopping in the Asia-Pacific rim, (travel tip: buy duty free). **** who is an adventurous sort wants to explore this great country of ours. One of the items on her bucket list is the ball-shrinkingly scary Ben Nevis bungy jump. It gives me chills to imagine falling 134 metres for 8.6 seconds she's a brave lady.

After having had dinner and sharing dessert we departed Metro. We talked a little more about rugby and exchanged numbers. I want to give my appreciation to ****, she is an outstanding lady, Metro for the great food and Critic for putting up an awesome evening!



EBONY ENVY

By Creepy Uncle Sam

GLENN BECK DROVE SADLY HOME, A GREAT WEIGHT ON HIS CHEST. THIS WEIGHT was a symptom not of Beck's high cholesterol, but of the President's refusal to appear on Beck's radio show. No matter – by morning the weight would be gone, swallowed into his torso by the raging beast of righteousness that lurked therein. Beck changed into his nightwear – off came the jacket, the cufflinks, the shirt. Not for him Bill O'Reilly's Kevlar jacket; instead, Mormon undergarments protected the beating heart of American values. Beck drifted off to sleep ...

Beck was at his desk. Obama had finally agreed to join him, and sat opposite, looking decidedly threatening. Beck surveyed him with a beady eye, and found Ann Coulter's words rushing back into his head, followed closely by Ann Coulter's legs. "Out, damned legs!" Beck cursed to himself, heatedly shuffling his papers. But Ann was right – Obama wasn't very black after all; in fact, Republican blacks were almost certainly blacker. This must be what makes Obama angry all the time, Beck concluded: Ebony envy.

"Mr President," Beck began politely, though he believed the title stolen, "thank you for joining me. You seem to have quelled the debate over your birthplace by releasing your birth certificate, though obviously it is worth pointing out that the certificate was released through your office and therefore is probably a forgery. Nonetheless, concerns remain about your religion. Can you prove that you're not a Muslim?"

"No, I can't," said Obama, crestfallen. "You've got me there. Allahu Akbar."

Pressing his advantage, Beck cried triumphantly: "Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party of the United States?"

"No," Obama thundered, "they wouldn't have me. I was 'too progressive!'"

At this, Obama seemed to erupt and fill the studio, morphing into some hideous socialist bat-creature with fangs and taxes and gay marriage, breathing fire from every orifice. Beck picked up a leg from the newly-splintered desk. Wielding the hard wood with relish, he plunged it deep into the demon-President's swarthy nether regions. Obama exploded into a burst of hellfire.

When the smoke cleared, Beck found his surroundings had changed. No more the slightly dingy radio studio; Beck was back at his show on Fox, the audience cheering madly as Obama's discarded human skin slid down the inscrutable blackboard that Beck had missed so much. He was back, baby. He was back.

Beck awoke. As the fleeting scraps of his dream fled his mind's tiny crevices, the memory of journalistic relevance faded slowly into emptiness.



FUCKWITS IN THE TIME OF CHOLERA

By Brittany Mann

I HAVE A FRIEND WHO HAS DONE SOME WORK FOR THE UN. DESPITE NEVER HAVING been employed by anyone even remotely worthy of mention, I nevertheless like to pipe up when she mentions it, usually in the form of a snobby comment along the lines of: "But how can you sleep at night knowing you've sold your soul to the most bureaucratised mutual wank-fest on the planet?" If I'm feeling particularly ... left-wing ... I'll launch into a tirade along the lines of the following:

Following Haiti's earthquake in 2010, the country was flooded with humanitarian workers, all meant to be doing no harm and some good. What ended up happening is that UN peacekeepers from Nepal introduced cholera to Haiti for the first time in over 100 years. The epidemic has killed 7,442 and sickened 580,974. This year over 200,000 more people can expect to be infected by not one but two strains of cholera that have now evolved in Haiti.

Saying someone "introduced cholera" is a nice way of saying some fuckwit shat in the water supply that ran through one of the tent cities thousands of Haitians now call home *posteo quako*. Initially Doctors Without Borders and the Cuban medical brigades were dealing with over 80% of cases, despite the fact that Haiti had more humanitarian workers than any other country at that time. The UN first refused to acknowledge there was an epidemic and then refused to acknowledge it was its own fault.

A vaccination programme has been introduced this year – although not by the UN, I hasten to add. World health authorities initially opposed it, supposedly worried about cost, safety, and the possibility that Haitians might not understand the concept of a vaccine. Then the Haitian government refused it, worried people might not vote it back in if they had to pick and choose who would be part of the "pilot project". The oral vaccine now approved is the cheapest on the market and will be given to all of 1% of the population.

Needless to say, this is not enough. Even the US recognises this: last month, 104 members of the House of Representatives have managed to rise above their usual pathological narcissism long enough to send a letter to the American ambassador to the UN, asking her to pressure the organisation into doing more to solve the problem it created. This entails providing clean water and basic sanitation, i.e. human rights you and I take for granted. On that note, I promise this is going to be the last toilet-related column for a while, lest a trend emerges that would be worrisome if one were a Freudian.



WORDS PEOPLE HAVE CALLED ME, WORDS I'VE CALLED MYSELF

By Dame La di Da

IN THIS COLUMN I THOUGHT I'D GIVE MYSELF SOME SPACE TO REPLY TO WORDS people have called me, and I suspect many other queer/trans folks too. These are words some of us internalise and begin to use to describe ourselves. I am writing this column because often I haven't been able to respond when someone has used these words against me, or I haven't been in a space where I can see why it is important that I don't use them against myself.

"I CAN'T DEAL WITH THIS. YOU'RE TOO EMOTIONAL."

Guilty as charged. Often I find people say things like this when they want to excuse themselves from engaging deeply with an issue, or someone's experience of pain arising from an issue. They also use it to shut down people whose responses are deemed "too emotional". This is a strategy that has often been used to shut down women and people of colour. For example: yes, I might be pissed off at being treated like shit and want to talk about this, and yes, it might be an emotional conversation.

"CALM DOWN, YOU'RE OVERREACTING."

Similar to the above. Why is it my responsibility to be calm? A better question would be: why you are so uncomfortable with me being angry or upset? What does this expectation for cool, calm dialogue conceal? Who does it privilege?

"YOU'RE SO PC."

Every time I hear this one I automatically reframe the sentence in my head as: "I authorise myself not to be mindful about how what I say and how I say it impacts on others." This rhetorical strategy is insidious. It loops any opposition back to silence, which will of course be automatically delegitimised because it is PC.

"YOU'RE DISGUSTING."

This reveals more about the speaker than the person being addressed.

"YOU'RE SUCH A KILL-JOY."

This is one of my personal faves. If I am a killjoy simply for pointing out that one person's version of happiness doesn't actually make me happy at all, or actively depends on my silence or oppression, then I am happy to own that! I am deeply suspicious of the ways in which expectations to be HAPPY all the time suffocate opposition and keep current power arrangements in place.



A DARK NIGHT

By Lukas Clark-Memler

"WHEN PEOPLE ASK IF FIREARMS ARE TOO ACCESSIBLE IN AMERICA, THEY MIGHT AS WELL ASK IF RELIGION AND SPEECH ARE TOO FREE." – Senator Larry Craig

The nightmarish massacre in Colorado has spurred media pundits across the world to question the future of the cinema. Opinions vary, but a number of "solutions" have been proposed to prevent any future theatre-based violence: midnight premieres may cease to exist, metal detectors will likely be installed, costumes could very well be prohibited... The cinema may be given the post-9/11 "airport security" treatment.

Does art reflect society, or society reflect art? The oft-debated question has been thrust back into the spotlight by James Holmes' unspeakable acts. Both sides have hard statistics and empirical evidence to support their stance. But I'm not here to throw percentages at you, or tell you that there's almost 300 million firearms owned by civilians in the USA, a country with a population of 311 million. I don't have the column space for a statistical debate. What I would like to do is defend not only one of the best blockbusters in recent history, but the glorious institution that is the cinema.

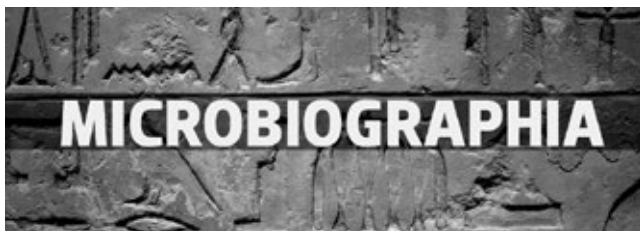
Yes, there are weapons in *The Dark Knight Rises* and *Holmes* was allegedly inspired by Heath Ledger's inimitable Joker, but it seems clear that the shooting had nothing specifically to do with Batman's epic finale. We can't blame the movies. And it sure as hell isn't the fault of Christopher Nolan or Bruce Wayne. If society did reflect the cinema that accurately, then there'd be a whole lot more billionaires running around in black spandex.

While the event was tragic, putting Draconian restrictions on movie theatres and movies alike would be a huge step backward in cultural evolution. The question shouldn't be "How can we censor cinematic violence?" but instead "How can we make it more difficult for Americans to buy guns?" It's the weapons doing the killing, not the movies, and as long as American gun laws are as ridiculous as North Dunedin's liquor ban we can expect more violence.

Fuck the right to bear arms. Americans lost that "privilege" decades ago. In the weekend following the Aurora shooting, gun sales in Colorado skyrocketed. People want guns to protect themselves against people with guns. Oh the irony.

Films will likely become more violent, reflecting an increasingly violent populace. Cinema security and media censorship is a cowardly solution to a bigger problem. Only by changing the Second Amendment and decreasing firearm availability can there be any hope for a more peaceful cinema.

For the record, Hans Zimmer's score to *TDKR* is mind-blowingly epic.



ÉVARISTE GALOIS ROCKSTAR MATHEMATICIAN

By Toby Newberry

30 MAY 1832. PARIS AT DAWN. TWO MEN STAND BACK-TO-BACK, LOADED PISTOLS at their sides. With the nervous precision found only in those facing their own mortality, they begin to walk apart. One of the men is unknown to history, and the reasons for the duel are also lost. What we know is that this man survives. The other man, Évariste Galois, is shot and killed. In a letter written late the previous night, Galois outlined his mathematical ideas. In the words of Hermann Weyl, German mathematical maestro and theoretical physicist: "This letter, if judged by the novelty and profundity of ideas it contains, is perhaps the most substantial piece of writing in the whole literature of mankind." Galois was only 20 years old.

What circumstance might be blamed for Galois' untimely death? What could bring a young man of such intellectual promise to the precipice of existence at such a tender age? Although the true reasons for his death remain unclear, it is apparent that Galois was a man of complex and powerful passions. In a letter written five days before the duel, Galois alludes to a broken love affair. Some suggest his unknown opponent was a romantic rival. Others believe the duel to be politically motivated – France at the time was in political turmoil, and Galois was anything but a nonpartisan spectator. However he arrived at that fateful day, there is enough of note in the politics, mathematics, and romanticism of Évariste Galois to satisfy any budding historian.

Galois was born in a French village in 1811. His father was mayor from 1814, and his mother educated him at home. Though he entered institutional schooling at age 12, Galois quickly grew bored with his studies. Instead, he spent his time reading mathematics textbooks and the like (I suppose he was an unusual teenager). For the mathematicians, physicists, and educated laypeople among you, I'll note that he was reading the original papers of Lagrange by 15.

At 17 Galois attempted the entrance exam for the most prestigious mathematical academy in France, and was turned down. Apparently his failure was due to insufficient explanation in the oral component of the exam. The following year, he attempted entrance once more and was again turned down. Though Galois' ability is undisputed, legend holds that he found the exercise proposed by the examiner offensively simple. As a result, he stormed out. Touchy.

I'm now perilously close to my word-limit. Galois' mathematical writings culminated in what is now known as Galois Theory. His anti-royalist political stance led to him being arrested twice and imprisoned for six months. No more words. He's really cool, look him up.



FRESH

By Francisco Hernandez

NOW THIS IS THE STORY ALL ABOUT HOW

My gay marriage views got flipped, turned upside down
And I'd like to take a minute just sit right there
I'll tell you how I came to advocate a position that's fair.
In rural Philippines I was born and raised,
Observing Catholicism was how I spent most of my days
Praying, kneeling and obeying God was all cool
And volunteering for human crucifixion for ma' school
Didn't trust the gays, thought they were no good
Thought they'd make trouble in my neighbourhood
When I saw some guys kiss, I'd get so scared
Was an advocate for a position that was unfair
Used to think gays were evil and not okay
My views on gay marriage? Obviously nay
But we moved to New Zealand, left with a ticket
That's when I began to leave my homophobia and kick it.
All-boys school, yo this is bad
Lots of guys, just kissin' in class
But they tell the bullies to take a hike
Hmmmm, they might be alright.
But wait I hear they're dirty, sinful and all that
I was still kinda old fashioned, kinda old hat
But I don't really care so
I guess civil unions are ok there
I was advocating for a position that was more fair.
Well, high school finished and when I got out
Went to Otago cuz I wanted to get a world class education and act out
It was in here that I met
A real beauty here
She made me feel really dear
Things ended when she came out as queer
But our friendship stayed fresh and I wasn't bitter
I was happy when she found a great girl – that's rare
Then I thought 'they should be allowed to marry – that's quite fair'
I pulled up and regret all the hate
To old me I say "yo homes smell ya later"
I looked at the mirror
I was finally there
Supporter of marriage equality – it's only fair.



TIM'S BIG ADVENTURE

By Shane at Checker-Out St Flat

THE COLUMN WAS DUE LAST NIGHT, AND NO ONE WAS PARTICULARLY MOTIVATED to write anything. Only four weeks into the ordeal it seemed we had already run out of zucchini, masturbation stories, and blatant VICE rip-offs. Surprisingly, however, this led to us writing said column the way we first imagined it: sitting down to dinner and chatting about sex. Or so we thought.

Louise had made her famous bolognese (there's always one in the flat) and Tim was nowhere to be seen (presumably late home from his lab). Louise and I sat down at the pre-arranged time (yeah, we're dorks. Get over it) and started talking while we waited for Tim.

After a few moments of heavy silence, it was Louise who started the pondering with an all-too-clichéd "Where do you think Tim is?"

"He's probably banging Nina fucking stupid after their disaster week-end," I speculated. "Half the reason couples fight is for the make-up sex."

"Bullshit!" ... "True." ... "Nah."

"Does that count as a fight?"

"Fuck off."

You see, Tim and Nina had been away on a debating camp. They fought about anything and everything, and on their return their relationship was a bigger mess than a Vegas hooker's vagina.

The breaking point? At 3am on Sunday morning, the inflatable mattress they were sleeping on in the car popped, jolting them both out of their innocent synthetic cannabinoid-induced slumber.

"They totally popped it fucking," Louise speculated.

"For sure, but the question remains: who the fuck inflates a mattress inside a car?"

Car sex seems like a great idea. The only thing that's stopped me from indulging already is my lack of a driver's license. But trust Tim to inflate a fucking mattress.

The other reason for the cooling-off of the relationship was the spillage of "something" in the (borrowed) car, which necessitated spending most of the last day cleaning.

"I didn't think he'd have it in him to make such a mess," I said.

"Fuck, everyone knows you either take it in the cunt or swallow in those situations," Louise exclaimed.

"Sounds ideal. If only he knew what he qualified for."

Silence.

"I bet you they're fucking like rabbits right now," I said.

"I'm sure some labs can finish this late?"

We finished dinner just as the text came through. "Hey! Sorry! I'm going to stay at Nina's tonight! Sorry for not letting you know sooner!!!" Yeah. We know what's up. And for the record, Tim, you brought this upon yourself.



MASS DEBATERS

By Holly Walker

THE SYSTEM FOR DEBATING MEMBERS' BILLS IN PARLIAMENT HAS BEEN IN THE spotlight lately. Last week, three opposition members' bills passed their first readings in Parliament – a rare occurrence – and a couple of exciting new ones were drawn from the ballot, including Louisa Wall's Marriage Equality Bill, which has generated lots of hot air already.

People are often surprised to hear how Parliament chooses which members' bills get to be debated. The infamous "ballot" is really a biscuit tin with a bunch of numbers in it, each of which corresponds to a bill in the name of an MP. Interested spectators troop down to the Tables Office and watch while the biscuit tin is shaken up and numbers drawn out. Each MP can put one bill into the ballot each time.

Members' bills can be a pain for the Government, particularly if Parliament chooses to support something that is not Government policy. We saw this last week when Sue Moroney's Paid Parental Leave extension bill and David Clark's "Mondayisation" bill passed their first readings, despite National voting against them.

Some, like the Marriage Equality Bill, are treated as conscience votes, so MPs can make up their own minds about how they vote. Even though the Marriage Equality Bill is in the name of a Labour MP, there is no guarantee that every Labour MP will vote for it. The Greens are the only party that has guaranteed that every MP will vote for marriage equality. For us, it's not a conscience issue – it's a human rights issue.

And then you get some members' bills that are just all round awesome. I'm delighted to report that my Lobbying Disclosure Bill passed its first reading with unanimous support from all parties last week. This bill would require paid lobbyists to file quarterly returns disclosing who they have lobbied and what about. They would also be required to comply with a code of conduct.

Lobbying is an important part of the political process, but it's currently completely unregulated. My bill would bring a measure of transparency to the process of political lobbying, and in doing so help to improve the reputation of Parliament and political decision-making. The public has a right to know who is lobbying MPs and what about. Sunlight really is the best disinfectant. As a new MP, I'm stoked to have the opportunity to see a member's bill through Parliament so early in my Parliamentary career.



DRUGGED UP PEDO'S

By Alice O'Connell

PETER DUNNE IS WORKING ON DRUG LEGISLATION, WHICH THE ODT HAS REPORTED on with its usual hilarity:

Kronic for sale again in 2014
— a Dunne deal

Conversely, it missed a prime pun opportunity with its coverage of the woman who was hit by a car on Moray Place:

Woman hit by car

They failed to report that she was "bowled over" with emotional support in the days following her accident.

It hasn't all been drugs and car crashes. The ODT has been on paedophile watch too:

Man seen hiding at playground prompts warning

Senior Sergeant Tania Baron said the man was described as a grey-haired Caucasian in his 50s, who wore glasses and often a leather jacket.

Despite being a near perfect description of Critic Editor Joe Stockman, Stockman is adamant that he was merely that was politely asking the kids to get off of his favourite swing.



SELECTED POEMS

By Piupiu-Maya Turei

BOI

my boy wears my heart
on black thread around his neck

and its just a symbol -

if it breaks, he still has me

MATH LOV

kicking buckets under

the table, and

falling in love

and falling over

into daisies.

U+ME

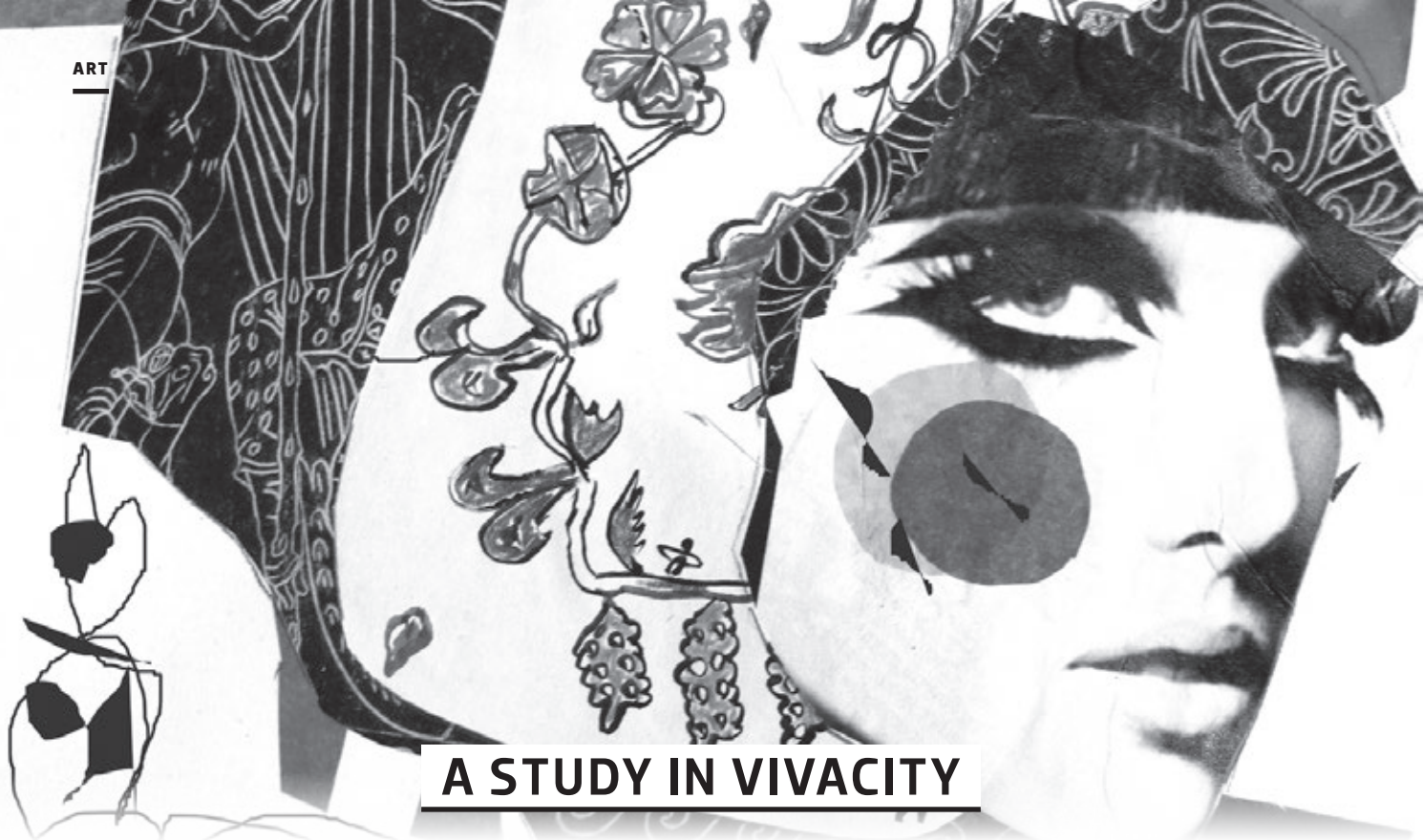
don't set the hounds on me

i'm just knocking you can see

how wonderful this could be

you and me, oh

you and me.



A STUDY IN VIVACITY

SENSORY OVERLOAD IS THE FIRST THING THAT comes to mind when you first encounter Micci Cohan's stunning collage artworks. There's so much going on in each piece that looking at them can be a jarring and overwhelming experience. Sizzling colours practically pop off the page, energetic squiggles and swooping lines crisscross erratically in space, and pouty limpid-eyed women drape their limbs artfully over one another amid a veritable trove of juxtaposing textures and patterns. After the chaos of the first glance calms, it becomes easier to appreciate the unique beauty of each piece. Though Cohan's works are united by the aforementioned stylistic tropes, each piece subtly and intuitively conveys a different emotional experience. Her 2010 collage *Mystica* emphasises beauty and femininity, evoking a sense of sweet, girlish nostalgia through the softly coiling patterns and brightly flowered vines that surround the head of the female figure. The 2011 work *Summoning the Kindred*, on the other hand, has much darker undertones despite its

cheery colour palette. The beady watchful eyes and forbidding stances of the curiously masked figures hint at an unknown intent that fills the viewer with a sense of apprehension.

Cohan, a born-and-bred New York painter and graphic artist, left Parsons School of Design with a Bachelor of Fine Arts in 1987. She has been exhibiting her work professionally for 25 years. Whether the subject matter is a female figure, a still life, or a landscape, Cohan's technical artistic ability shines through in her wonderfully expressive painting style, her eye for colour (which, though gaudy, is never garishly so), and her penchant for depicting forms both abstractly and concretely in the same image. The lively, compelling nature of her paintings and collages has earned her much acclaim and resulted in many commissions of her artworks, select exhibitions in a variety of New York art galleries, and even her own jewellery line. Several of the jewellery pieces have obvious connections to Cohan's paintings. Not only do they utilise a wide range of hard and

soft materials in bright, vivid tones, their unique designs align them perfectly with their larger, flatter, and slightly-less-wearable counterparts (though if you want to try a painting on for size – lame pun fully intended – don't let me stop you).

Above all, it's the vibrant sensuality of the works that make them so special. The world as portrayed through Cohan's eyes is enchanting, alluring, flamboyant, loud, and seductive. A beautifully colourful realm of wild blossoms and bright lights wholly envelops the viewer. Cohan's fascination with the female face and form dominates many of her artworks, particularly her more recent pieces, many of which feature enigmatically beautiful, curiously elusive women portrayed against ambiguous, abstract urban and rural backgrounds. Each brushstroke expresses a passionate intensity, making Cohan's works crackle with energy and almost appear to come alive.

Micci Cohan's Artwork Online
www.miccicohan.net



ZINEFEST 2012

GLUE GALLERY – 26 STAFFORD ST
FRIDAY AUGUST 10TH 5PM–9PM
& SATURDAY AUGUST 11TH 10AM–6PM

BY JOSEF ALTON

THE ZINE MINUS THE MAG: THE UBIQUITOUS, TRASHY, PRETTY, TINY TAILORED TREASURE OF WORDS, SITTING RIGHT UNDERNEATH THE NOSE ON YOU.

ZINES. THEY'RE IN CAFES, PUBS, BOUTIQUES, and dairies. You may even find one folded up on a McDonald's table, stained with grease, crumbs wedged in between its hand-creased pages. They're eclectic, artistic, highly visual, and often arrhythmic in design. One zine's photocopy quality or another's hand stitched binding and thick leaves suggest that no two are alike, and you should grab one when you see one. "That's the nature of a zine," says Kari Schmidt, editor of Otago Polytechnic's Gyro magazine. "You'll find it, and enjoy it, but will most likely never see it again."

I sat down with Kari to discuss Dunedin's second annual Zinefest, and to find out what makes a zine unique. "Zines are great," Kari explains, "because they are such a D.I.Y. thing, there aren't any standards. A zine can be terrible by conventional standards, but exactly what you want it to be. The point is to make and share something with the public and feel free to do so." With preconditions, standards, and expectations out the window, I wonder what value a zine has outside of the mind of its creator. "When people

are creative they want to share what they have made," Kari says. "Sure, groups with common interests form communities and those communities can appear exclusive, but there is always a desire to connect."

The desire to use art to bring the Dunedin community together is what drove Scott Muir of Dunedinmusic.com and Dave Stydom, editor

testimony to the festival's powerful ethos and busy schedule of activities.

Zinefest has expanded into a two-day event, kicking off on Friday August 10 at Glue Gallery. The opening will have a mass launch of zines created by local publishers, guest speakers, and live local music. Saturday's schedule features three workshops focussed on comic books, bookbinding, and zine theory and design. In addition, there will be a community market place filled with stalls exchanging food and art, and of course workstations bulging with supplies and materials to create your own zine.

When I asked what a zine should be about, Kari responded: "Anything from reviews to commentary. It can be about porridge, weird science, stingrays, or whatever." That is the beauty of the zine. It doesn't have to please advertisers, the lowest common denominator, or anyone else. The zine promotes free expression. "That's what Zinefest is about. It's a chance for people who care about zines or writing or art to come together and make the experience real." Real? "Zines aim not to cater to a popular market, but to be interesting and artistic."

What's "real" about Zinefest is that it's for anyone with an interest to create. That's a good enough reason for me to check it out. Much like a zine itself, Zinefest could be a gem that you'll most likely never see again if ignored. It's right underneath your nose. Grab it! I'll see you there.



of INK, to push for the sophomore appearance of Zinefest. Their inclusion of Spencer Hall from the Dunedin Comic Collective, Glue Gallery proprietor Kelley O'Shea and Schmidt herself forged the quintet responsible for the seamless orchestration of an event that promises to be as informative as it will be entertaining. "You can see that this is a collaboration and a community project," Kari says proudly. Receiving City Council's Creative Communities funding is

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LATE BLOOMERS

Directed by Julie Gavras

LATE BLOOMERS CHRONICLES THE LIVES OF Mary (Isabella Rossellini) and Adam (William Hurt), who have been married for 30 years. A series of life events and an episode of memory loss prompt retired teacher Mary to undergo a medical exam, which in turn stimulates a lot of contemplation about her upcoming sixtieth birthday. This life reassessment happens alongside husband Adam buying a large-buttoned telephone specifically designed for the elderly, and it isn't long till Mary's reaction to her own aging leads her to become so aggravated that she eventually drives Adam out of their home. Adam then undergoes

his own "mid-life" crisis, involving wearing hoodies and flirting tastelessly with one of his young coworkers.

Late Bloomers has its moments, but overall just comes across as an awkward journey into old age. There are some decent swings at society's general attitude towards aging, but the jokes fall far short of actual laugh-out-loud humour. The film comes across as slightly dreary and dry at times. The scenes are muddled at points, and are backed by an awkward musical score that doesn't fit the intended mood.

Ultimately, the movie was unmemorable and would probably not be of interest to anyone

who is not a fan of the two main actors or hasn't given the concept of aging much thought. The underlying themes are of some interest, but essentially Late Bloomers was dull and lacked any real spark. It might be of relevance to men or women of a certain age who have pondered the philosophical consequences of getting older, but doesn't hold much significance for those under 50. All in all, it came across as a poor man's version of It's Complicated.

By Taryn Dryfhout



FILM FEST PREVIEWS



BARBARA

Director: Christian Petzold

BARBARA IS SET IN THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC Republic, informally known as East Germany, during the 1980s. Barbara (Nina Hoss), a doctor working in Berlin, has been banished to a countryside hospital after she expressed her wish to leave the GDR. In this hospital she works under chief physician André Reiser (Ronald Zehrfeld), who is advised by the Stasi (the secret police of East Germany) to approach Barbara and watch over her.

At first Barbara isolates herself from her fellow workers but over time she grows closer to them, especially André, and proves herself to be both an intelligent and empathetic doctor. However, unbeknownst to her colleagues Barbara has a West German lover with whom she is preparing to escape to Denmark via the Baltic

Sea. Eventually Barbara has to choose between fulfilling her dreams of escaping to Denmark and staying behind in East Germany to pursue her career as a doctor and her flourishing relationship with André.

Barbara is neither compelling nor innovative, but I don't think it tries to be. Instead, the film stitches together good acting, excellent cinematography of a windy, charming countryside, and a simple, interesting narrative into a carefully crafted quilt, perfect for wrapping up in on a rainy afternoon.

Screening at the Regent Theatre on Thursday 9 August at 6.15pm and at Rialto Cinemas Friday 10 August at 8.30pm.

By Loulou Callister-Baker



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

CHASING ICE

Director: Jeff Orlowski

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER James Balog was a climate change skeptic before he saw for himself the immense recession of glaciers he had photographed on separate occasions. This moment of realisation led Balog to set up the extensive "extreme ice survey" (EIS) project, placing high quality time-lapse cameras near 22 different glaciers in remote locations to capture their extraordinary decline over several years. The EIS depicts glaciers receding hundreds of metres in short spaces of time. We witness a section of the Greenland ice sheet the size of Manhattan completely cave in on itself – this is nature

self-destructing like you have never seen before.

But of course, it's not nature itself that is creating the conditions for this destruction. It is humankind. When Balog comes to terms with the fact that we are all responsible for the melting Arctic, his mission becomes letting the world know. We are taken on an exciting and perilous journey as he and his team scale ice-faces and cliffs in Iceland, Greenland, and Alaska in order to find the perfect spot for the delicate, laboriously installed camera equipment.

The camerawork in this movie is like nothing I have ever seen before. It captures the scale and beauty of the Arctic in a very intimate way.

We are privy to a viewing of glaciers in remote areas that will never look the same again, and the disintegration of ice that has been in place for millennia. The raw photographic evidence that Balog presents makes climate change as real as it can get before it comes tapping at our own front door.

Screening at Rialto Cinemas on Tuesday August 14 at 6.15pm at 8pm, and Wednesday August 15 at 2pm.

By Sarah Baillie

MARINA ABRAMOVIĆ: THE ARTIST IS PRESENT

Director: Matthew Akers

THE NEW YORK-BASED, SERBIAN-BORN performer Marina Abramović is one of the most important artists of the second half of the twentieth century. Since Abramović's career began in the 1970s she has continued to use performance art to enthrall, shock, seduce, and explore the possibilities of the mind.

The Artist Is Present is a feature-length documentary which explores Abramović's life in full. The central storyline follows Abramović's preparation for, and performance in, her show at the Museum of Modern Art – the biggest

exhibition of performance art in MoMA's history. As part of the exhibition Abramović performed "The Artist is Present", an almost 737-hour silent piece in which she sat still in the museum's atrium while members of the public took turns sitting in front of her. Many were brought to tears as they stared into Abramović's eyes. Her exploration of the relationship between performer and audience reaches a level that resonates deeply within all that witness it.

This film documents the life of one of the most compelling artists of our time. On watching,

the distinction between the real world and art blurs rapidly. The only thing stopping us from descending into chaos is Abramović's hypnotic, life-changing gaze.

Screening at Rialto Cinemas on Thursday August 9 at 8.15pm, on Saturday August 11 at 3.30pm and on Monday August 13 at 1.30pm, preceded by the short film In Safe Hands.

By Loulou Callister-Baker

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THE GRAND DUKE

AFTER 11 LONG YEARS OF "THE REALLY Authentic Gilbert and Sullivan Performance Trust" presenting the famous works in Dunedin, they are winding things up with the big finale work *The Grand Duke*.

W S Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan began writing their comedic operas in the late nineteenth century, and have enjoyed continued international success decades after their deaths. Their witty and playful masterpieces directly influenced the development of musical theatre. The plays' success even led to the building of the famous Savoy Theatre of London's West End in 1881, specially crafted to host the operas. And what a long way these operas have come since then: from the West End to little old Dunedin.

It has been a 12-year-long plan for the Trust, who aimed to put all 13 works on in chronological order for the pleasure of the public. So far the Gilbert and Sullivan shows have been on at the Mayfair Theatre every year since October 2001, but it has not been an easy road. Operas are notorious for being a ton of hard work, with complicated scripts, musical scores and dances. With the added pressure of remaining true to the time period and style, it is no easy feat for the Trust, particularly in such a small town! But every year they become better and better, and have really made a name for themselves in our fair city, using predominantly local performers and directors. These productions are recognised as being a lot of hard work. The cast put lots of time and effort into rehearsals for the majority of the year. The rich costumes and sets make it

a complete presentation that brings old school comedy back into our lives.

The Grand Duke has the same strong satirical themes and comedic switching of social norms as other G&S works. The opera's fictional setting made it easier to comment on contemporary society, and offered more room to poke fun at the upper classes. The plot involves a troupe of actors gaining political power after the leading comedian duels the Grand Duke and, in a strange turn of events, wins. It seems jokes about actors getting nowhere in life have really stood the test of time. Classic.

You can see *The Grand Duke* on 7, 9 and 10 August at the Mayfair Theatre.



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OSCURA

Developer: MTV | Platforms: Android | Genre: Platformer



IN **OSCURA** YOU PLAY, IN ESTABLISHED platform-game tradition, as a small mammalian everyman who plies a noble trade. Not a bandicoot plumber, I'm afraid, but a non-specific rodentish creature who attends to the lighthouse on a fantastical island. One day the bulb is shattered, unleashing shadowy demonic creatures onto the shore. It's up to you to gather together all the light fragments and restore a peaceful glow to your home.

The themes of light and shadow, pretty standard nowadays, are extremely welcome on a handheld platform. *Oscura* is blatantly inspired by *Limbo*, but the use of one colour (or lack of it) to render all the pitch-black apparitions that stalk you is as resource-friendly as it is evocative. A tangle of gnarly horns on a simple stumpy body rendered in black is much scarier than any pixelated, colourful fanged beast

could be. *Oscura* is illuminated from behind by a tinted green or red glow (unlike *Limbo*'s simple blacks and whites), and everything looks like a shadow play studded with the occasional red, cycloptic eye.

Oscura is fairly successful at implementing basic platform game mechanics on a touch screen. Touching anywhere on the right-hand side of the screen causes your cretin to start accelerating in that direction, tapping on the left causes it to jump or double-jump. Travelling left is thankfully also possible by swapping around these instructions. Winged and horned foes must be avoided, as well as the necessary spike pits and comically large industrial cogs. *Oscura* certainly functions, but in a platform game precision is everything. I wouldn't go so far as to say that the controls are frustrating, because they work and the game is fun, but a tangible

feeling of suboptimal-ness lingers in the back of your mind for most of the game.

The level design is pretty great. Certain foes gain frightening momentum, and being able to gain ground quickly and escape their clutches by a hair's breadth is always satisfying. Timing is important, and the levels are slightly easier than they would be in a title with a gamepad. Developers from MTV (strange, right?) do their best to make up for the touch controls.

At only 12 shortish levels, *Oscura* is a bit light on content. Sure, each level can be re-platformed again in an attempt to gain four stars' worth of points, but speed runs are the context in which fine-tuning really is important. If you're trying to get a perfect run of every level then you really will miss proper button controls.

OTAGO GLOBAL (Student Exchange Programme)

Time	Monday 6 August	Tuesday 7 August	Wednesday 8 August	Thursday 9 August	Friday 10 August
10am	UK & IRELAND	USA	SOUTH AMERICA	CENTRAL EUROPE & SCANDINAVIA	ASIA
11am	CENTRAL EUROPE & SCANDINAVIA	CANADA	UK & IRELAND	WESTERN EUROPE	TRAVEL & VISA HELP (hosted by STA Travel)
12pm	EXCHANGE SEMINARS	EXCHANGE SEMINARS	EXCHANGE SEMINARS	EXCHANGE SEMINARS	EXCHANGE SEMINARS
2pm	WESTERN EUROPE	ASIA	USA	CANADA	
3pm			TRAVEL & VISA HELP (hosted by STA Travel)		

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ALWAYS READ THE LABEL

YES, NEW ZEALAND HAS SOME PRETTY amazing music, but we have some pretty amazing music labels floating around as well — some in plain sight, some a little better hidden. Most geographically relevant to our cold little enclave of Dunedin would be the revered Flying Nun Records, the original home of The Chills, The Clean, 3D's, Chris Knox, Dead C and The Verlaines. As you may be aware, all of these bands are older, experienced bands and musicians who are not all making music (at least in those particular outfits) anymore, but they shaped our little country's music industry into something different and respectable. To appropriate the old sporting cliché that I'm sure is going to get brought out for the Olympics, they helped NZ punch above its weight.

So what record label is our generation's best chance at seminal bands? Where is our Flying Nun? Well, I have a few ideas.

I'm going to make a very obvious and overused comparison that is sure to piss off a lovely young Auckland man, but I'm sure he'll forgive me. Muzai Records have been referred to as "the new Flying Nun". Benji Jackson, one of the big boss men at the independent label, shies away from the comparison, but he does acknowledge the similarities — a flood of disparate, noisy and not-so-noisy releases with a penchant for DIY recording and attitude characterise both labels. Muzai has released a bevy of great recordings from A Distant City, Dunedin's favourite band Idiot Prayer, and juggernaut Auckland band

God Bows To Math. This is the label for you to check out if you're into raw emotional power and don't mind the odd scratchy recording. I would be remiss not to mention Muzai's new powerhouse Ipswich, who are currently in the throes of promotion releases and a tour, including a massive Dunedin show, for their debut album *Baby Factory*. If the album follows the blueprint of their live shows it will be a mixture of angst, anger, witty song names, and genuinely nice young guys with lots of ambition.

Not in the mood for a sonic assault on your ears? Maybe you want to try the lighter side of excellent song writing and releases. I would recommend a serving of Lil' Chief Records with maybe a dash of Papaiti Records on the side. Lil' Chief Records produce indie pop releases that really get my giggle juices flowing. Consistently musically interesting and lyrically intelligent, Lil' Chief will continue to release fantastic music. While "B Your Boy" by Voom takes the cake over every single Little Pictures song as my favourite, it is Lil' Chief's recent releases that have been making huge splashes here and overseas. Notables include every cheeky lyric lover's favourite new band The Eversons and their unbelievably witty debut album *Summer Feeling*, along with heavy hitters Princess Chelsea and Pikachunes. At the time of writing Princess Chelsea's "Cigarette Duet" has had 4,247,166 views, which is a ridiculous and completely deserved number. While most of the Lil' Chief material is available to stream somewhere, if you like owning excellent music for free check out Papaiti Records, a

collection of releases and bootlegs available all for free download. The home of the fantastically renowned ginger Wellington musician Lontalius, it has a bunch of super cool rare bootlegs and musical gems that will appeal to your pop sensibilities.

One of the bigger and more exciting labels of the moment is Arch Hill Records, an established, smartly run label with an extremely good ear for bands and an enviable artist roster. Street Chant, Beach Pigs, Family Cactus, The Transistors, The Bats, Ghost Wave, and others make up a smorgasbord of some of my and many New Zealanders' favourite bands, with Street Chant drawing almost universal praise for its efforts on the recording and live front. Arch Hill has a varied but polished, energetic, and often frenetic sound, and has been collecting bands known for their excellence on stage as much as the actual strength of their song writing. Examples include perennial gig destroyers The Transistors and Beach Pigs, who recently took a leaf out of Dunedin's very own Alizarin Lizards tour book and completed a hectic national tour of their own around the small and large towns of New Zealand.

We don't just have strength in bands here, we have strength in industry as well. Independent dudes making independent music for the independent soul. Whether you're salty, malty or just into whatever, these palaces of sonic creation have something for you.

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WHOLE MUSHROOM AND HAM TART

THE INSPIRATION FOR THIS SAVOURY TART CAME FROM A GORGEOUS AUCKLAND café called Little and Friday, which sadly is no more than a welcome daydream when I'm in Dunedin. So when I venture to the humid north a trip to Little and Friday is always on the cards. My first true love was the dizzyingly cheesy caramelised onion and feta tart, which is encased in a buttery-soft, wonderfully crumbly pastry that melts in your mouth. I've since branched out to the rural French classic Quiche Lorraine, which is equally tantalising. Don't even get me started on the cakes. Oh, the cakes! Meticulously decorated hazelnut and chocolate Baci cakes stand alongside a mind-boggling selection of other sweet treats. Little and Friday's donuts are famed, their cone-shaped lamingtons defy the rectangular prism convention, and their coffee is hot and strong. On my last visit my eating companion wisely selected a galette generously covered with whole roast tomatoes still on the vine! A galette is a rustic tart, with some recipes calling for sour cream or butter in the pastry dough. Because I get very busy doing important things like eating pineapple lumps in bed, I've opted for store-bought pastry sheets. Working with the idea of keeping vegetables whole, I've switched tomatoes for wide portobello mushrooms. Shaved ham adds smokiness and omits the need for salt.

INGREDIENTS

1 pre-rolled flaky puff pastry sheet, defrosted
8 large portobello mushrooms
8 cloves garlic, whole and unpeeled
3 tbs olive oil
3 tsp dried sweet basil
1/2 tsp rock salt, or regular salt
3 tbs onion marmalade / relish
200g shaved ham, preferably unbroken pieces
3/4 cup grated edam / a sharper cheddar / crumbled feta

METHOD

01 | Preheat the oven to 200°C. Place the mushrooms in a baking dish stem-side up. Place a clove of garlic on each mushroom. Cover with the olive oil, rock salt, and dried sweet basil (dried thyme or oregano would also work well). Bake for 10 — 15 minutes, or until soft and juicy.

02 | Lay a sheet of greaseproof baking paper on a large oven tray and place the pastry on it. Fold all four edges inwards, pressing down to eliminate air bubbles, to create a 3cm frame around the outside.

03 | Spread the onion marmalade over the pastry. Layer the shaved ham on top, folding each piece like an accordion, and repeat to cover the entire sheet of pastry except the edges.

04 | Carefully transfer the mushrooms onto the tart, keeping the garlic in place. Sprinkle the cheese on top. If you place it in clusters beside the mushrooms, it will melt into heavenly pools of cheese. Mmmm.

05 | Bake the tart for about 20 minutes, or until golden brown and puffed up around the edges. Gently squeeze the now-soft garlic from its case onto each of the mushrooms. Allow to cool slightly before slicing.



University Book Shop

LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

DUM DUM DUM

Dear Law Faculty of University of Otago

I'd never want a University of Otago-graduated lawyer defending me! Honestly, I received my law degree from some shoddy, web-based university. I achieved my degree in two months because I received credit for 'Prior Learning' (I've been in jail a few times admittedly after defending myself) and the degree cost me only NZ\$569 (incl gst). My point is, even I know the difference between 'retort' and 'retard' and yet one of your university's would-be lawyers whose even written legal opinions doesn't. Your law degree and hence students from that faculty are a joke! I have sent a copy of Retort/Retard's correspondence to that shoddy, web-based university who will be using it as a case study in stupidity - Even they know better! I'm so pleased I didn't get my law degree from your university.

Regards

Ima Veri Stu Pid (but not as stupid as your law students) Esq.

ANGRY FAG

Dear Dame La Dida

Ugh. Please stop calling us "fags". For many of us that word comes with scars that run deep. I get that you want to reclaim it, but that only works if you use it to describe yourself or others that already self-identify as faggots.

But to use it in the pejorative, as you've done here ("apologetic fag-next-door") and in your first column ("white fags and dykes") makes you no better than the arseholes you decried in your last column, shouting "faggot"

and driving away. In fact, it negates your last column.

A quick audit of the column shows that the majority of the times they used faggot, or some variation thereof, was in the negative; used as a pejorative while criticising the "gaystream".

La Dida, I get that you want to reclaim the word, and verbal reclamation is something I support wholeheartedly. But when more than half the instances of your use of the term is negative makes it in absolutely no way about "love, and playfulness"; it makes it downright insulting.

When you plainly state "my approach is more confrontational, less apologetic... I don't care if some people are offended," [emphasis mine] you don't get to shy away from the repercussions of that offence.

Hugs, etc

Richard

FAGGY RETORT

Dear Richard,

I know that this column is read by people who inhabit vastly different queer and gay worlds, so speaking across them with a word like fag was bound to stir feeling. I apologise to anyone who may have been upset. I should have stated more explicitly how I am using it.

Yes, fag does have a collective, and for me personal, history of pain. It has been used against men who love men, or men whose gender expression does not align with social expectations.

However, alongside this negative history sits another. Fag is also a term of self and collective identification, and a term that has been re-appropriated. Fag, deployed in this way, has a history stretching back further than Stonewall. Often it's used to create room for gay identities that do not disavow, or denigrate femininity or receptivity. Fag, as I (and many others) use it, connects to this campy archive of usage by delicate queens and swishy divas. A gay identity which is against normalness.

I would like to clarify: I am emphatically not using it as a pejorative against gay men. For me, it is a term of identity, endearment and radical potential.

Dame La Dida

FUCKING PISSED MATE?

Dear Logan

Just read your Critic column for today and I am a little worried about your drinking. Your statements which imply that unless you are in the A&E or are throwing up then you don't have a drinking problem sound to me like text-book alcoholic excuse making. I think many students share your views, and that alcoholism is a real issue on your campus. The sort of activity you think of as normal, outside your little bubble, would be seen as a serious drinking problem.

There are AA meetings held in various locations throughout Dunedin if anyone need someone to talk to.

Best of luck,

Martin.

FUCK EYED

G'day Marty,

Thanks mate, I think you're fairly spot on. One of the inconveniences for me when battling away with alcoholism is when I say that "OUSA wants to curve harm-related drinking" because I get experts turn around and go "well even one drop of alcohol is in fact harmful," in this instance it's hard to strike up a balance. For some of us, especially those just leaving home, our time here at University should be about testing our limits and coming out better individuals for it. One of the lessons we should learn is not to rely on booze to get through life, and instead learn how to use it best to help us have a good time. But mate, you know what my drug of choice is? It's love mate, love.

Have a good time Scarfie Marty, can I call you Marty?

Cheers Marty,

Logz

YOU SHOULD SEE THE ADULT VERSION

Dear Critic,

Bloody top notch job on filming Hyde St. Keg Party. Watching it was 18 minutes well spent. Keep up the good work!

C J

NOTICES

PUBLIC PERFORMANCE FUNDING

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


HIROSHIMA SURVIVORS SPEAK: NEVER AGAIN!"

You are warmly invited to hear two elderly Hiroshima Atomic Bomb Survivors Speak in Dunedin. August 10th Friday 4-6PM. Venue:

Commerce Building 2.03, University of Otago (includes a PEACE AND ART EXHIBITION)

PEACE VIGIL

"Never Again: A ceremony to commemorate the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki 67 years ago" August 11th (Saturday) 12-1pm. Venue: Around the Otago Museum Peace Pole, Otago Museum Reserve

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KIA ORA WHĀNAU

TIME HAS FLOWN BY SO FAST. IT APPEARS IT'S that time of the year when a lot of the freshers are out being annoying and knocking on doors. As an older student, I feel it is my duty to share some of my experiences when looking for a flat.

Some key considerations include rent, location, gender ratio, number of flatmates, flatting with couples, students, workers siblings... the list goes on.

I have always flatted within five minutes from either Central Library or St David's Lecture Theatre, with four people max (mostly all girl flats), and all were my friends. Rent prices ranged from \$87.50 to \$100 per week, in addition to the normal food, power, phone, and internet bills.

But there has been trouble in paradise. Yeah, there's the normal flat dramas – lazy people, people who are unreliable with payments (but always have money for alcohol, still puzzles me) – but this year was the first time I've ever had to move out and look for a flat mid-way through the year. Dramas escalated to a whole new level.

So after the dreaded physical labour of moving flats during the break, I have now moved into a six-bedroom flat. At the moment there are three girls and two boys, and we're still looking for another person (if anyone's keen...). Luckily I knew one of the boys quite well, but he's hardly been around, so the ice has been broken with yarns over drinks and telly. I no longer feel like a random... it's only awkward if you make it awkward.

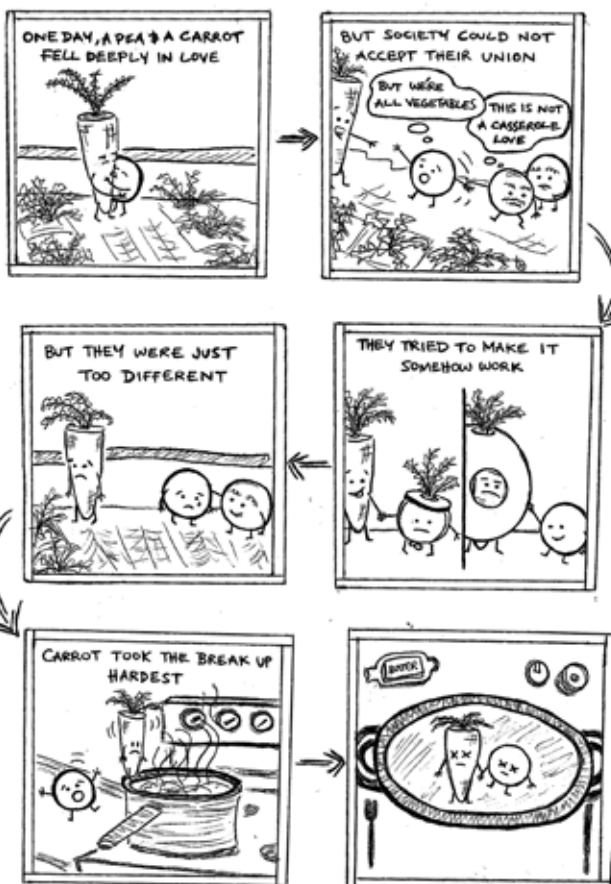
All in all, my final thoughts on flatting: it's a bit hit or miss, makes and breaks friendships, and you learn things about yourself and of people, but all these life experiences build up and prepare you for the big wide world – and after spending a crappy year (or half-year) in the Coro St flats, it can only get better!

Time is ticking by and the year almost near its end, so get those heads in those books koutou.

Lisa xx

P.S All those interested in whare whare (Housie) come along to Te Tumu, Wednesday 8 August at 6pm. \$10 per person and prizes galore.

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What's going on at Clubs and Socs?



Common Room

Study, chill, have a cuppa, watch some Olympics, get a little warm, gossip, mingle or heat up your food. It's up to you. Free of charge of course! Available 9am – 4pm daily in the Otago Room at the OUSA Clubs and Societies Centre!

Course of the Week: Cheese Making!

Who cut the cheese?

Cheese Making; In this course you will be introduced to cheese making ingredients, processes and production. You will make (and of course take home) and taste various types of cheese including Camembert, extravagant Quark, mouth-watering Ricotta and golden Haloumi!



New Event: Acupuncture Experience

For the first time ever Clubs and Socs will be hosting a 5 Element Acupuncture Experience. Held on Friday September 21st from 6:30pm – 9:30pm. At only \$30.00 with your student ID you're in for a bargain (private acupuncture sessions cost anywhere from \$60 – \$120!!!!!! wowza)



OUSA Tournaments

Xbox Fiend? Grab a mate and sign up for our 2 V 2 Call of Duty Modern, Warfare 3 tourney. Cash prizes! Fame! Trolling! Why not? On a side note; good luck to all those entered in the Chess Tournament due to start this Wednesday.



Extra First Aid streams!

Due to hot demand we have created a fifth stream for first aid. We are also looking into setting up more streams for Parkour, French language and Aikido so get in touch if you're keen.

Join a course or find out more info at ousa.org.nz/recreation/ or pop in and see us 84 Albany Street!

For more info about OUSA's Recreation Courses and Facilities go to ousa.org.nz/recreation/



LOGAN RANTS...

I don't believe in imaginary people in the sky or an afterlife or anything other than the cold hard fact that when I die that's it – lights out. That said I'm going to try to get through this column by not offending anyone but I am going to stick to this week's topic of faith. My belief is my own and I'll keep it to myself, because when you've got such a fantastic belief like the one I have, I want to keep it all to myself. In this respect I wish everyone were like me.

I guess the reason that my view of religion is a tad more skewed in to the pessimists camp is because I hate watching the nut job religious extremists out there going flat stick trying to kill each other. All the wars over the years, well too many of them have been faith based. I think religion does serve a very useful purpose in today's society, I just wonder if the vast amount of good outweighs that bad at times. By the good I refer to the likes of World aid conglomerates, harm-minimisation groups, orphanages, volunteer networks and all the great groups out there making a difference. They're all fantastic services and we are SO lucky to have such concerned and selfless people working for a common good to help clean up after the shit storms. But I just wish all religion focussed on this and being nice to others, instead of getting rid of people who don't believe what they believe (like them gays, leave them gays alone!). I do get the religious thing and I think it comes down to dealing with death. If you've ever lost a loved one you'll know the pain you experience, and it's so much easier to just believe that this won't be the last time you'll see them. Fair enough, it's a great way to deal with grief, and a great way to think that when you move on you won't be alone. But for me that just doesn't work. I suppose that so far in our lives we haven't been put in to any of the war like circumstances our previous generations and even other parts of the world are currently facing, so maybe I've just never had the need for religion. There's an old war quote that goes "there are no atheists in fox-holes" and I think it's spot on.

Disclaimer: These are just my personal views and I wrote about them because I've been writing about liquor bans, student welfare and student politics for over a year now and wanted to be creative. Soz for any offence.

Yours faithfully,

Logan

Ps. How about the Olympics?

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