

**Issue 21**

August 20, 2012

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## GUEST EDITORIAL

**H**OWDY PEOPLE, CALLUM THE NEWS EDITOR HERE WITH A GUEST EDITORIAL. You may remember me from such educational articles as "The Cumberland Ghost" and "Margaret Mahy: She Dead". Through a combination of Joe's sloth and my desire for a propaganda vehicle, I'm writing the editorial this week.

Let's talk politics. Specifically, I want to draw your attention to the latest buzzwords that are currently in vogue among politicians and their spin doctors. The current crop of buzzwords make Whanau Ora's mission statement, the former gold standard of utter meaninglessness, look like an oasis of clear, minimalist prose.

The worst buzzwords by far are the deceptive duo of "dialogue" and "conversation". When a politician says he/she wants to "start the conversation" or "open dialogue" on a political issue, they have as little genuine interest in conversation as someone stuck in an elevator with a member of Student

Life. You want to "start a conversation" on becoming a republic? No, you're a committed republican and all the king's horses wouldn't be able to change your mind. Man up and say so.

Next up, "discrimination" is not an inherently bad thing. To discriminate is simply to distinguish and choose between two criteria. People discriminate when deciding what classes to take, who to drink with, and in the government's case, who should pay the taxes and to whom they should be dished out. Most of the time, discrimination is perfectly legit – it's only a problem when done on illogical grounds such as race or sexual orientation. So when the government pulls the plug on student allowances or cracks down on long-term DPB dependency, damn right it's discriminatory – that's the whole point.

There are some words that should never be used within ten words of "economy". Think of this paragraph as a restraining order against a bunch of uninvited, creepy and delusional words that are perpetually harassing an innocent and useful descriptive term. Serial offenders include "smart", "modern", "high-tech", and "knowledge". Flat taxes lead to greater economic growth but also more inequality – so are flat taxes "smart"? Sir Roger Douglas and Professor Jim Flynn, both undoubtedly smart people, would give different answers here, because economic management is primarily based on values, not objective "best practice".

Talking of "modern", there are few things more clichéd in the modern age than criticising policies as "tired old ideas from the past" and claiming to not be bound to a particular ideology. Ideologies are based on values, not science, so can never become "outdated" and "obsolete" like the VCR. And in reality, the two ideological poles of socialism and free-market capitalism, as well as a compromise between them, have all had their day in the sun at some stage. Parties that smugly claim to offer an entirely new, as-yet-untested ideology are as delusional as people who believe they've invented perpetual motion.

If this editorial contributes to even one of these terms being purged from the political lexicon, I'll be happy. But really, I just want to start the conversation.

– CALLUM FREDRIC

**"The current crop of buzzwords make Whanau Ora's mission statement, the former gold standard of utter meaninglessness, look like an oasis of clear, minimalist prose."**



# ORANGE ELECTION GUY DEMANDS CHANGE, HUMAN FLESH

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

**T**HE ELECTORAL COMMISSION HAS RELEASED a draft proposal paper on changes to the MMP electoral system. The paper contains several recommendations that, if implemented, could dramatically alter the battleground for the 2014 election and beyond.

The two most significant recommendations are that the party vote threshold for entering Parliament should be reduced from 5% to 4%, and that parties who win an electorate seat but fail to reach the party vote threshold should no longer be allowed to bring in additional list MPs.

The Commission also recommended abolishing the provision for overhang seats, thus limiting Parliament to 120 MPs. Currently there are 121 MPs in Parliament, while the previous Parliamentary term had 122 MPs.

The Commission recommended keeping

the status quo in several other areas, such as MPs being allowed to stand both in an electorate and on a party list, parties having full authority to determine their own list rankings as they choose, and list MPs being allowed to run in by-elections.

Labour and the Greens are supportive of the Commission's recommendations, while ACT are opposed. NZ First does not want the threshold to be lowered to 4%, even though it would make it easier for them to get into Parliament in 2014. National is yet to decide.

Political parties have a strong history of supporting whichever electoral system is most advantageous to them. But there are differing opinions on whether the proposed changes would favour National or Labour. ACT and the Mana Party would, barring a huge increase in popularity, be unable to cross the party vote threshold and thus would be limited to one

electorate MP each. NZ First would have an easier path to Parliament, which would likely benefit Labour, but the Conservatives, who polled 2.65% in 2011, would have a much higher chance of reaching the lowered threshold, providing a potential ally for National.

Any changes to the electoral system have traditionally been implemented only with bi-partisan support from both National and Labour, as these changes can dramatically alter the playing field for elections. Any changes the parties do agree on will likely be implemented before the 2014 election.

The Commission was specifically forbidden from considering any changes to the number of MPs in Parliament, or to the Maori seats. However, these issues are not taboo for the Constitutional Advisory Panel, which is due to report to Parliament in September 2013.



# JUDY BAILEY KILLED IN SOLOMON ISLANDS

Local villagers mourn Bailey's passing

By WALTER PLINGE

**C**RITIC HAS HEARD FROM THEIR REPORTER ON the ground in Honiara that Judy Bailey, the "mother of the nation", has been killed while filming her latest series "Judy Bailey's Solomon Islands", the follow up to the successful "Judy Bailey's Australia".

It is understood that Bailey was visiting a cannibalistic highland tribe when she was attacked, possibly after taking a happy snap of a phallic wooden fertility idol on her iPhone.

News of Bailey's death has been slow to

reach New Zealand, probably due to the poor lines of communication between Honiara and the remote backwaters of the Solomons. Her cameraman has turned up in a local hospital with stories of the attack, though his ranting and gibberish have so far provided no clues as the whereabouts of the rest of the film crew.

The New Zealand Government has so far refused to comment on the attack, however it is understood that John Key broke down in tears at the news, and promised a swift military response to recover the body. When told that she had likely been cooked into some form of

delicious local curry and eaten by the village, Key said it reminded him of his days on the ol' foreign exchange trading floor. He then insisted that he would be unable to attend any public memorial for Bailey, as he had a bake-off to attend, despite the fact that the funeral date has not yet been set.

Bailey rose to fame in New Zealand as a reporter and then anchor of TVNZ's nightly 6pm news programme. Her position as mother of the nation, while only titular, has left New Zealand feeling orphaned following on as it does from the the death of Sir Edmund Hillary.



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# DUNEDIN HAS "A BIT OF A PEEPING PROBLEM"

BY BELLA MACDONALD

**D**UNEDIN POLICE HAVE ADVISED THE UNIVERSITY to amend its internet porn ban after six reported sightings of sexually frustrated Peeping Toms masturbating outside bedroom windows at a number of Dunedin flats.

Since the year began, six offences of "peeping or peering" have been reported to the police. All of the incidents occurred in the area bordered by Clyde Street, Great King Street, Frederick Street, and Albany Street. Multiple other sightings have remained unreported.

A "Peeping Jack" involves masturbating while watching a person, usually female, undress or shower through a window. It is of concern to Police and Campus Watch, as it can lead to more serious offences such as theft and rape. "It's a precursor type of thing," warns Campus Cop Max Holt. "It's an insight into what they're thinking, it takes a lot to creep about." If offenders are caught, they can face up to three months' imprisonment.

"If you see someone masturbating, call the police. Offenders leave all sorts of evidence," stated Holt. Critic was unsure which bodily fluid Holt was referring to, but was reassured that saliva, fingerprints, and face prints are commonly found on windows.

Holt warned that offenders might not be the stereotypical creepy old men; they could also be students. Concern has risen amongst Critic staff members as one detailed description was "male, Caucasian European, 6 foot tall with a pot belly, wearing a dark striped hoodie, in his late 20s or early 30s", perfectly matching the appearance of Critic Editor Joe Stockman.

Another offender was described as male with hair in a short ponytail, 6 foot 2 inches, wearing orange shorts and a black t-shirt.

Holt says that students are easy targets due to a relaxed approach to security and privacy. He added, "The victims are younger – obviously better to look at." Simple yet effective precautions include taking the time to fully close curtains etc, especially while showering.



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## NUCLEAR RADIATION GIVES SURVIVORS ORATORY SUPERPOWERS

By JOSIE ADAMS

**O**N FRIDAY THE 10TH, DUNEDIN WAS HONOURED to play host to two survivors of the infamous Hiroshima bombing. Shigeko Niimoto Sasamori, 80, and Michimasa Hirata, 77, were children – thirteen and nine, respectively – when the U.S. dropped the atomic bomb "Little Boy" onto the Japanese city Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945. The two survivors were here travelling on a tour commemorating the 67th anniversary of the bombing, sharing their horrific stories with the hope of pushing toward abolition of nuclear weapons.

On Friday, Ms Sasamori and Mr Hirata shared their personal recollections with a packed lecture theatre, bringing a tear to the eye of even the toughest of attendees. The charismatic Ms Sasamori had all eyes on her as she retold the

exact moment she saw the bomb fall from the plane, and the "unexplainable" force that knocked her off her feet. She suffered third-degree burns on 25% of her body, and vividly recalls seeing other burned victims lying dead in the city's many water troughs; "It was just like hell."

Mr Hirata focussed on the after-effects of the A-bomb rather than the day itself: The continuity of effects generations later, the diseases, and the stigma faced by survivors due to fears about radiation. He urged the crowd not to "be afraid excessively; understand." In recalling the damage done in Japan on that one day, he reminded us of the current state of nuclear armament: "You can imagine 17,000 nuclear weapons can easily extinguish the Earth."

A peace vigil was held at the International Peace Pole at the Otago Museum Reserve the

next day, where the same speakers told their stories and pressed their cause once again. Despite the many years that have passed since that day, the two remember it more clearly than perhaps any of their other memories, and will continue to spread their message "as long as [they] live".

Kevin Clements, the University of Otago National Centre for Peace and Conflict Studies director, reiterated that New Zealand has been "resting on its laurels" as far as nuclear policy goes. However, he was determined not to end on a pessimistic note – Friday included pieces of art commemorating the day and the Hibakusha (A-bomb survivors), and Saturday had a performance by the "O-Taiko" drumming club to remind us of "all that makes life worthwhile."

## MID-SEMESTER CRIME ROUNDUP

### BECAUSE CRIME DOESN'T TAKE A VACATION

By CALLUM FREDRIC

**A**SERIAL BURGLAR FROM CHRISTCHURCH HAD a pretty sweet routine going – drive down to Dunedin for a couple of days, saunter into student flats through an unlocked door or window, steal laptops and other goodies, then head back up the highway to safety. But his luck ran out on Saturday August 11 when a woman, in the middle of a conversation with police, spotted the man and identified him as having been in her backyard on the day her house was burgled.

Police are unsure whether the man, who has so far been accused of six burglaries, is also one

of the peeping toms terrorising North Dunedin. The peepers have been doing the dirty deed in the same part of town as the Christchurch-based burglar, in the area around Great King and Grange Streets. However, the peeping toms have been described as over 6 feet tall, potentially ruling out the more diminutive burglar as a suspect.

An Otago Polytechnic student did his institution's reputation no favours when he turned himself in to police in response to a report of a jacket being stolen from Unipol, only to hand over a different stolen jacket from the one the police were looking for. The man has now been charged for both thefts, and won't be able to bulk

up in preparation for his time in the slammer due to being banned from Unipol.

Reported fashion crimes are down 35% from the previous 12-month period, with the zero-tolerance policy towards black puffer jackets finally starting to sink in. These encouraging stats have also been attributed to the "broken windows" policy, which aims to deter minor offences, such as wearing a dress shirt that comes with a tie sewn to the collar, before they inevitably lead to full-blown crimes against aesthetics.

Finally, the Proctor wistfully lamented the abolition of the offence of "attempted suicide" after a group of students surfed the Leith while it was in flood.

# SOULS

## LAW STUDENTS SELL SOULS FOR CV PADDING

BY ZANE POCKOCK

**S**OULS – THE SOCIETY OF OTAGO UNIVERSITY LAW STUDENTS – IS HOLDING its Annual General Meeting this Monday August 20, followed by elections for the ten volunteer members of the 2013 Student Executive. The AGM will run from 11am to 5pm in the 8th Floor Common Room of the Richardson Building, and will feature a President's Report, a presentation of the Treasurer's Financial Statement, and votes on constitutional matters. One law student described this six-hour AGM as "one hour of routine procedural matters followed by a five-hour circle-jerk".

SOULS is an incorporated society and a registered charity under the Charities Act, although Critic wonders how loose the definition of "charity" must be to include hundreds of future corporates. The SOULS constitution sets out nine listed objectives for the society. In short, these objectives are to: protect students, organise activities, produce a publication, organise competitions, encourage students to participate in inter-university competitions, involve students legally in the community, facilitate contact between staff and students, and cooperate with the Law Faculty and OUSA.

Dean of Law, Professor Mark Henaghan, told Critic that "SOULS is a very vibrant, active law student society. The work SOULS does makes a huge difference to the life of the Law Faculty. SOULS is involved in every aspect of life in the Law Faculty – educational, mentoring, careers, competitions, social and community outreach. We have been very fortunate to have strong, committed, imaginative leaders in SOULS over the years and we hope for the same in this year's election."

A second year law student, who wishes to remain anonymous, speculated that the sole purpose of SOULS is to get people drunk, with the notorious second year Law Camp being defined by alcohol, and tickets to the recent Law Ball coming with six free drinks. Just how SOULS has slipped under the political correctness radar of contemporary times leaves Critic baffled and wishing that OUSA could steal SOULS' notes.

As Critic went to print, promotional candidate pages were appearing all over Facebook. Alongside prolific use of the word "chat" in a meaningless and cringeworthy context, a few gems of our nation's future courtrooms stuck out like a non-Karen Walker wearer entering Richardson alongside her top-knotted peers. One particular hopeful compared himself to Belarusian shot-putters, promised to streak at a sports event next year, and used the age-old line "if you are going to throw away your vote, please throw it away to me". Fortunately, one of the more intelligent campaigners promised that her "first course of action is to ban the use of 'chat' as a noun."

The process by which the reigning SOULS exec passes the baton to

their successors is as steeped in tradition as the legal system itself. Custom dictates that one person will be tacitly approved for each position by the current exec. Any candidate who runs in opposition to one of these anointed candidates will be met with disapproval and/or ostracism from the law student fraternity. To be fair, the 2012 SOULS elections appear to have at least temporarily bucked this incestuous tradition, with not a single candidate running for a position unopposed.

The SOULS exec is somewhat bloated, with ten exec members representing just 800 students. The ten positions being contested, and the candidates running in the elections, are as follows:

### PRESIDENT:

Emma Haggas, Tom Latimour, Andrew Row

### VICE-PRESIDENT:

Edward Bowie, Sam Davison

### TREASURER:

Chris McKegg, George Milne, Mikayla Zandstra

### EDUCATION AND WELFARE REPRESENTATIVE:

Georgia Angus, Sam Kember

### SPORTS REPRESENTATIVE:

Angus Grayson, Sam Sygrove

### PUBLICATIONS REPRESENTATIVE:

Caleb Grove, Sarah Reese, Lulu Sandston, Sam Teppett

### SOCIAL REPRESENTATIVES (X2):

Lucy Brittain, Lizzie Christmas, Sophie Craig, James Lansdowne

### COMPETITIONS REPRESENTATIVE (X2):

Ella Collis, Alex Low, Nicolette Luke, Jonny Mahon-Heap, Derek McLachlan, Yasmin Olsen

Each of these positions provides valuable CV-padding for the successful candidate, and given SOULS' high exec-to-student ratio, the level of effort required throughout the year is similar to that expended on the average assignment for which plussage applies.

Unlike in previous years, it would be misleading to say that there is absolutely no point in voting, so Critic will stop short of saying this outright. Good luck, and may the candidate with the greatest number of facebook friends win!

# UNIVERSITY EXPLORES SUBCONSCIOUS UNDERCURRENTS OF RELIGION

NEXT UP: WHY THE POPE'S HAT LOOKS LIKE A PENIS

BY CHARLOTTE GREENFIELD

**A** RECENT STUDY AT OTAGO'S DEPARTMENT of Psychology suggests that the fear of death subconsciously makes us more religious.

Among atheists, thoughts of death correlate with an increased receptivity to religious belief at an unconscious level and growing scepticism at a conscious level. For theists, religious belief appears to strengthen at both conscious and unconscious levels.

Proving that even the most cynical scarfies can be compelled towards godliness in the face of impending doom, 265 students took part in three studies in which they were randomly assigned to either "death priming" or control groups. Those in the death priming

group participated in cheerful activities such as thinking about their own deaths, while the control group got to watch TV.

The study was co-authored by Associate Professor Jamin Halberstadt, postdoctoral research fellow Matthias Bluemke and PhD student Jonathan Jong, who has since moved on to the University of Oxford. The findings from the three experiments will be published in the *Journal of Experimental Psychology*.

To study the unconscious beliefs of participants, the authors used techniques including measuring the speed at which participants could affirm or deny the existence of God and other religious entities. After being primed by thoughts of death, religious participants were faster to press a button to affirm God's existence, but non-religious participants were slower to

press a button denying God's existence.

Associate Professor Halberstadt says the results fit with the theory that fear of death prompts people to defend their own worldview, regardless of whether it is a religious or non-religious one.

"These findings may help solve part of the puzzle of why religion is such a persistent and pervasive feature of society. Fear of death is a near-universal human experience and religious beliefs are suspected to play an important psychological role in warding off this anxiety. As we now show, these beliefs operate at both a conscious and unconscious level, allowing even avowed atheists to unconsciously take advantage of them."

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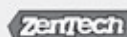
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## WHAT IF NADZEYA OSTAPCHUK IS INNOCENT?

**W**E KNEW IT ALL ALONG, DIDN'T WE? THAT HIDEOUS she-beast from the wilds of Belarus could never beat "our Val" without cheating. They're all cheats over there, aren't they? Bloody communists. She looks like a man! She's a filthy cheat! Ban her for life! And so on.

It seems like everything just fell into place nicely for New Zealand at the London Olympics. The medals kept coming; we got the most golds since, well, ever; the rowers tore it up. It even turns out that the one disappointment, Valerie Adams' silver medal, was caused by a dirty cheating Belarusian shot-putter wearing a hair helmet. Everyone has been quick to jump on Ostapchuk after her failed drug tests, and why wouldn't we? She looks like an evil Soviet villain from an Eighties Bond movie, she's from a country that we can't locate on a map, she's probably a Communist, and she might even be a man.

But wait one goddamn second. What if, as Ostapchuk says, this is all a huge misunderstanding? Stranger things have happened. Unlikeable as she is, there is something in the Ostapchuk tale that makes me wonder what the real story is.

### THE BLACKMAIL THEORY

The former coach of the Belarusian athletics team has been arrested for extorting money by threatening to cause – yes – positive drug tests. That sounds like a really good scam to pull if you hold a position of power over athletes. The thing they are most scared of is a doping charge. Maybe, just maybe, everything started to unravel and he went through with the plan.

### THE STEROID FOUND

Reinforcing this theory is the substance found in Ostapchuk's system. Metenolone is an old-school anabolic steroid which is

very easy to test for. I get the feeling that Belarus knows a thing or two about juicing up their athletes. Why would they choose a drug that could be so easily detected? Why didn't she just use HGH like everyone else? New Zealand experts agree that something doesn't add up.

### CRAZY EXCUSES WORK

Athletes have successfully avoided drugs charges by using crazy excuses. Richard Gasquet apparently tested positive for cocaine because he pashed a coke fiend at a nightclub. Five Mexican soccer players got off clenbuterol charges because they said they ate "tainted meat" (that didn't work for Alberto Contador, though). Blackmail and sabotage? Sure, why not.

### WE DON'T KNOW WHAT GOES ON IN BELARUS

Belarus is an ex-Soviet bloc country. We don't know what pressures and politics Ostapchuk has to deal with. It's not hard to believe that there might be a bit of a "win at all costs" attitude left over from the Cold War era of Soviet athletes. It has been reported that the KGB are now involved in the corruption case involving Ostapchuk's old coach. Things get very murky in that part of the world.

Even after all this, it seems likely that Ostapchuk is guilty of doping one way or another, and won't be seeing that gold medal again any time soon. The two main points I wanted to bring up were that first, something about Ostapchuk's story cast a bit of doubt in my mind, and second, it pissed me off a little bit that a lot of people said "I knew it" and "I told you so" when the news broke. OK, we can all go back to congratulating Valerie Adams and making funny comments about how Ostapchuk looks like a man now.



# FIVE SPORTS WRITERS WORTH READING

**T**HE THING ABOUT SPORTS WRITING IS THAT THERE'S A SHITLOAD OF IT OUT THERE, and most of it is complete garbage. I call it "down the pub syndrome". In the past, semi-literate sports hogs would reserve their moronic ramblings for down the pub. Not anymore. There are enough "user content" sports sites out there that any old Mexted who wants to spit bile about Sonny Bill can easily get his hastily arranged scribbings published in a sports blog (or student magazine).

HERE ARE FIVE SPORTS WRITERS WHO ARE ACTUALLY WORTH READING:

## MARTIN SAMUEL

Samuel tackles the big issues in British sport at the Daily Mail. He mostly talks about football, but he'll offer his definitive opinion on whatever comes up. In 2008 he received his own "big money transfer" from The Times, and is now one of the best-paid sports journalists in the world, with a reported base salary in excess of £400,000. Samuel never sits on the fence. He's so forthright that he's almost a caricature of an opinionated columnist, but is nevertheless an entertaining read when he gets an oversexed and underperforming footballer in his sights.

**READ HIM ON:** [Dailymail.co.uk](http://Dailymail.co.uk), which is also your #1 site for Kim Kardashian sightings and TOWIE minge.

## SPIRO ZAVOS

I am less a fan of Zavos himself than I am a fan of his website, "The Roar". If you want to read an Australian perspective on anything at all, "The Roar" is the place to go. "The Roar" publishes both professional commentators and (edited) user-generated content, making the site's content particularly prolific. The most interesting parts are usually the writers' opinions on New Zealand sport, especially the Warriors and Sonny

Bill. Zavos is probably the most accomplished writer on the site, but I prefer some of his less restrained contemporaries.

**READ HIM ON:** [theroar.com.au](http://theroar.com.au). Get involved in an argument in the comments section.

## HAYDEN MEIKLE

Hayden Meikle is the sports editor at our beloved ODT. The ODT cops plenty of shit around the Critic office, and for good reason. The newspaper is terrible. Have you ever read "The Wash" or "Memory Lane"? That shit is so dire it makes you actually want to read D-Scene. The one redeeming feature is Hayden Meikle's "Back Page" in the weekend sports section. The national and international sports news snippets with a local-yokel flavour are the perfect accompaniment to a drizzly Saturday morning.

**READ HIM ON:** A Saturday morning, with a cup of tea and a mild hangover.

## GREG HALL

If sports writers were film stars, Greg Hall would be Don Cheadle. Hall has plugged away in the background for years without ever getting the A-List recognition his luscious prose deserves.

Hall blurs the line between hipster, nerd, and jock, and is a convincing facsimile of all three. He inexplicably idolises Morrissey – quoting ballsack Joey Barton. If you haven't heard of Greg Hall yet, you will very soon. This kid's going all the way to the top.

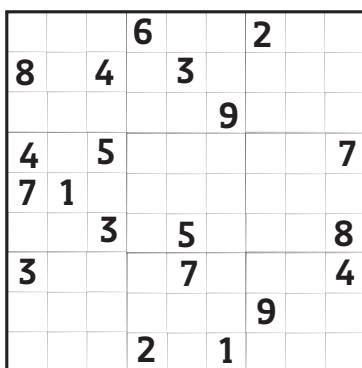
**READ HIM ON:** [squarefootball.net](http://squarefootball.net) and [whatculture.com](http://whatculture.com), nestled in amongst the unreadable comic book reviews.

## BILL SIMMONS

The original American "sports guy", Bill Simmons pioneered sports writing from the fan's perspective. His lengthy sports columns combine pop culture, unashamed sports nerdiness, and lucid opinion with his standard helping of wide-eyed glee. But that doesn't mean he's afraid to take his idols down a peg or two if required – Simmons has one of the most acidic tongues in the business. When you read Bill Simmons, you get the impression that he is a man delighted to be doing what he does. His newest project [grantland.com](http://grantland.com) is a sports nerd's wet dream.

**READ HIM ON:** [Grantland.com](http://Grantland.com), it's really good.

# News IN Briefs



## Puzzle Time



Q U O T E S F R O M

# Fifty Shades of Grey

[www.mckaylaisnotimpressed.tumblr.com](http://www.mckaylaisnotimpressed.tumblr.com)

U.S. gymnast McKayla Maroney's dissatisfaction with her silver medal has gone viral, with her screwed-up face lending itself well to a series of entertaining memes.

[www.torchlight-list.tumblr.com](http://www.torchlight-list.tumblr.com)

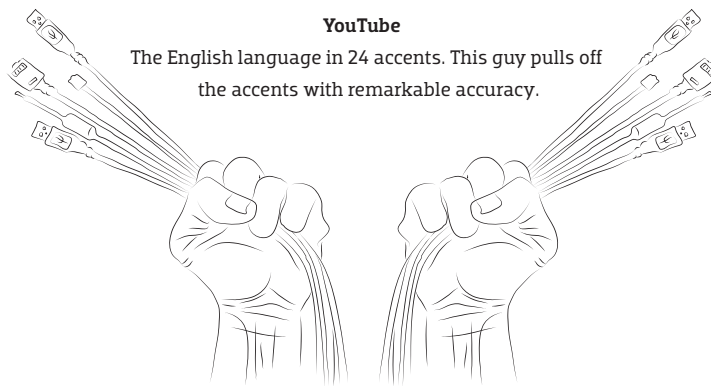
Follow a blogger's attempt to read all 200 books in University of Otago lecturer Jim Flynn's "Torchlight List".

[www.huffingtonpost.com](http://www.huffingtonpost.com)

The world's smallest siblings are starring in a reality show named "Big Tiny". Guinness World Records' smallest siblings in the world, aged 21 and 23, are a mere 37 and 28 inches tall. The video of them supermarket shopping is adorable.

YouTube

The English language in 24 accents. This guy pulls off the accents with remarkable accuracy.



# BEST OF THE Web



"He's my very own Christian Grey-flavoured popsicle. I suck harder and harder"

(On oysters) "It slips down my throat, all seawater, salt, the sharp tang of citrus, and fleshiness...ooh. I lick my lips"

"Why do some people like cheese and other people hate it? Do you like cheese?"

"I'm a quivering, moist mess. I squirm in my seat"

"Christian follows with two sharp thrusts, and he freezes, pouring himself into me"

## World Watch

**USA | UTAH | A DYING MAN CONFESSED EVERYTHING IN HIS OWN OBITUARY. THE LETTER, WHERE he admits to not actually doing the PhD held to his name and to stealing a safe in 1971, has gone viral.**

**ROME | A DRUNKEN MAN FELL ASLEEP ON A BAGGAGE BELT, PASSING THROUGH THE SCANNER whilst still holding his beer. The image now joins other "Wild X-Rays" to be found at [www.huffingtonpost.com](http://www.huffingtonpost.com)**



**CHINA | WHEN A WOMAN WENT TO HOSPITAL COMPLAINING OF AN ITCHY EAR, DOCTORS REALISED a spider had been living in her ear canal for the past 5 days.**

**GERMANY | SECRET PAPERS SUGGEST THAT THE NAZIS PLANNED TO BLOW CHURCHILL UP WITH chocolate. However, British Agents tipped off M15, foiling the plan and saving the Allies' war effort.**



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## Facts AND Figures



In ancient Egypt people shaved their eyebrows as a sign of mourning when their cats died

## PAUL MC CARTNEY

Paul McCartney charged £1 for performing at the Olympic Opening Ceremony



The colder the room you sleep in, the more likely you are to have a bad dream



In 1945 a rooster called Mike lived for 18 months without a head

# JIMMY BOY

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

**E**STEEMED MORAL PHILOSOPHER AND HISTORIAN EMERITUS PROFESSOR JAMES R FLYNN HAS A STAGGERING BREADTH of knowledge in fields of philosophy, psychology, and politics, on topics ranging from human ideals to race, class, and IQ. After a near 30-year reign as Head of the Politics Department at the University of Otago, a profile in *Scientific American*, the world's premiere magazine of scientific discovery and technology innovation, and a stint in Parliament as an Alliance candidate for North Dunedin in 1993 and 1996, Prof. Flynn is one of the University's most deservedly celebrated staff members.

In a corner of Prof. Flynn's office is a corner shelf dedicated to books penned by the man himself, as well as an armful of those by other philosophers who credit contributions made by Prof. Flynn. That collection is set to increase with the publication of four more books penned by Prof. Flynn this year alone. His latest offering, *Are We Getting Smarter? Rising IQ in the 21st Century*, seeks to make sense of our rising IQs and what this means for our intelligence, our minds, and society in general.

The last century has seen huge gains in IQ test scores. Prof. Flynn documented the trend, named the Flynn effect, of substantial and continuous increases in intelligence test scores since the onset of testing. According to Flynn, "Everyone is interested in intelligence. Everyone wants to make their child more intelligent. Everyone wants to know why we are more intelligent today than we were 50 years ago."

Prof. Flynn believes that we are actually no brighter than the humans of 100 years ago. Rather, it is the comparatively science-driven contemporary world that has changed the way we assess reality. "We have scientific spectacles, and [our ancestors] had utilitarian ones. They were fixated on concrete reality. We live in a world of symbols that are removed from reality, of separate realities and visual images; all sorts of things that didn't exist then."

Flynn's latest book identifies how our minds have evolved over the last century to deal with a world well removed from that of people in 1900. Our ancestors categorized the world and were unwilling to take the hypothetical seriously, while today's population classifies the world and uses logic in hypothetical situations. "We have to remember that in 1900 the average person saw only representational photographs and numbers. If you were to pose them a question like, 'What do dogs and rabbits have in common?' they will say, 'You use dogs to hunt rabbits.' That is, they would give a utilitarian answer. You would say they are both mammals. That is, you classify the world as a prerequisite to understanding it."

Prof. Flynn's retention of statistics and narratives from his past research explains how he can publish one book after another so rapidly. In our interview he shed some light on the complexities of the research chronicled in *Are We Getting Smarter?*, and how the data informs concepts of gender, race, and human development. Of particular interest was that university samples of the IQ of men and women revealed women to be two or three points below men. For example, if a girl and a boy of 17 both had an IQ of 100, the girl would receive better marks. As a result, more women with an IQ of 100 will qualify for university, meaning the male university community will be more intellectually elite. But

Prof. Flynn regards this as advantageous to women: "Boys are more rebellious – they miss class, they hand in homework late... Young women are acquiring better skills at school not because they are brighter, but as a matter of temperament. They take discipline better."

The book also touches on Prof. Flynn's research into IQ data, which has revealed that the growth of inward-looking teenage subculture has meant a reduction in vocabulary gains for school children. While today's teenagers are able to understand the active vocabulary of their parents, their 1950s counterparts were able to both understand and mimic it. Prof. Flynn reveals that in 1950 the word teenager didn't exist, and teenagers and children were passed off as small adults. "Most teenagers wanted to become adults as quickly as possible to get the prerogatives of adulthood, namely an independent income, a car, privacy and sex. Today, teenagers have all these without being wage earners ... teenagehood has become a sort of blessed state, often to be extended by kids up until their 30s." However, Prof. Flynn assures us that this is not a permanent state, and that IQ tests allow us to diagnose social tendencies that might otherwise be overlooked. Interestingly, he remarked that only a fifth of the vocabulary lapse is made up at University, and it is not until students enter the workforce and are forced to deal with adult clientele that a full vocabulary is developed.

Prof. Flynn observes that the book is of interest not just to psychologists, but to the general public. However, it is a different beast to his recent trilogy, which reflects Flynn's personal dissatisfaction with

modern education. The trilogy, comprised of *The Torchlight List*, *Fate & Philosophy: A Journey Through Life's Great Questions*, and *How To Improve Your Mind: Twenty Keys To Unlock the Modern World*, reflects Prof. Flynn's mission to change how we think about the modern world, our place in it, and our moral choices. "I would like to think that those three books collectively mean young people, even young people not at university, can give themselves a proper education rather than just know how to do conveyancing, or know how to interpret Spanish drama, or know the narrow subject they learned at university."

Prof. Flynn's palpable and inspirational passion for his research and books has won international recognition from scholars. After reading Prof. Flynn's book *How To Improve Your Mind*, Harvard College Professor Steven Harvard said that had it been available when Harvard reformed its curriculum it would have done a great deal of good. It appears that Prof. Flynn's contribution to intelligence trends will live on for many years to come, not only in the "Flynn Effect" but also in the many books he has penned or contributed to.

"WE LIVE IN A WORLD  
OF SYMBOLS THAT ARE  
REMOVED FROM REALITY.  
OF SEPARATE REALITIES  
AND VISUAL IMAGES: ALL  
SORTS OF THINGS THAT  
DIDN'T EXIST THEN."





## *The Children of Parihaka*

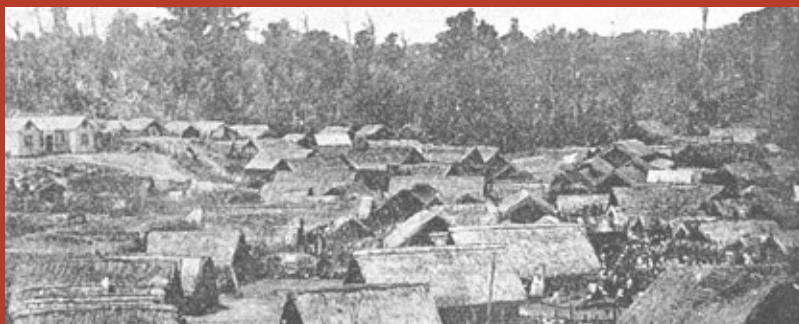
By Katie Kenny

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**T**HE NEW ZEALAND FILM FESTIVAL SCREENING OF *TATARAKIHI: The Children of Parihaka*, directed by Paora Te Oti Takarangi Joseph, left me feeling seriously ignorant of Dunedin's local history.

You see, I had no idea that the streets upon which we walk daily – High Street, Stuart Street, the tellingly-named suburb of Maori Hill, as well as the foundations of our University – were built by men from Parihaka, Taranaki (the name translates as "dancing on the cliff").

---



In the 1860s, the people of the Maori settlement at Parihaka engaged in a peace protest against colonial confiscation of their land. As punishment, they were transported south as slaves, incarcerated in the caves of Andersons Bay, and forced into manual labour. Much of the original infrastructure of many New Zealand cities, including Dunedin, was built by these prisoners. The plight of Parihaka's people is now considered one of the worst breaches of civil and human rights ever committed in New Zealand.

You've heard of Mahatma Gandhi, right? Apparently, Gandhi was inspired by the teachings of Parihaka leaders Te Whiti o Rongomai and his uncle Tohu Kākahi. Gandhi's descendants, as well as those of Daisaku Ikeda and Martin Luther King Jr, continue to have a relationship with the Parihaka community, in what has become an ongoing global peace cooperative forum. Te Whiti and Tohu are now lauded worldwide as champions of passive resistance.

"Go, put your hands to the plough. Look not back. If any come with guns and swords, be not afraid. If they smite you, smite not in return. If they rend you, be not discouraged. Another will take up the good work. If evil thoughts fill the minds of the settlers, and they flee from their farms to the town as in the war of old, enter not you into their houses, touch not their goods nor their cattle. My eye is over all." (Te Whiti to his ploughmen, June 1879)

The troubles in Taranaki began way back in the early 1840s, when English migrants from Great Britain bought inland bush country from Taranaki and Ngati Awa tribes and six ships

from the Plymouth Company arrived to settle it. Between 1841 and 1843 around 1,000 settlers built New Plymouth. By 1859, however, the migrants wanted more land. They cast their eyes north-west, to a village named Warea — the home of Te Whiti and Tohu. At the time, there were more British troops in New Zealand than in any other country in the world. During what is now known as "the murderous Te Karopotinga o Taranaki" (the slaughtering of the people and the encirclement of Taranaki), Warea was seized, and around 200 Maori women, children, and elderly men fled down the coast.



The displaced villagers were vulnerable, outnumbered, and exhausted. Te Whiti and Tohu led their people into the shelter of small hillocks just south of Mt Taranaki, 55km south-west of New Plymouth. "Put down your weapons!" Te Whiti told them. "From this time forward, we will live without them. In peace shall we settle here, for good and forever, and we will call our new kainga Parihaka."

Te Whiti and Tohu set themselves up as negotiators for the return of other lands in Taranaki that had been confiscated without proper legal basis.

The leaders decided that, although there would certainly be future struggles with the Pakeha, the Maori would engage only in passive resistance. By the 1880s, Parihaka had become a sort of Maori "Parliament"; a diplomatic precinct for Maoridom. Therefore, it posed a great threat to Pakeha progress in Aotearoa.

By 1870, Parihaka was the largest Maori village in the country. Meanwhile, British Major-General Chute descended with his forces from Whanganui to the Taranaki Bight, slaughtering



warriors and civilians, and destroying villages and crops. The Nelson Examiner reported that "There were no prisoners made in these late engagements...as General Chute does not care to encumber himself with such costly luxuries." Despite the turmoil, Parihaka managed to avoid any violence.

In 1879, European settlers advanced on the Parihaka village. Te Whiti sent out his people, adorned with white albatross feathers, to obstruct the European surveys and plough the confiscated land. Arrests were made for resistance, yet with the imprisonment of each new ploughing team, another took their place. The Native Minister John Bryce described Parihaka as "that headquarters of fanaticism and disaffection". Parliament passed legislation which enabled the Government to hold the non-violent protesters indefinitely and without trial. As a result, hundreds of men and youths were exiled to South Island prisons, including Dunedin Gaol, sentenced for shillings' worth of damage, and punished with hard labour. Numerous men died serving their sentence and were buried namelessly in paupers' graves. As the resistance at Parihaka continued, so did the punishment.

Eventually, Native Affairs Minister William Rolleston signed a proclamation to invade Parihaka on 5 November 1881. An army of almost 1600 soldiers bombarded the village at dawn, only to be greeted by children who skipped, sang, and offered

them food as adult villagers sat on the marae. The Riot Act was read (the Suppression of Rebellion Act 1863 defined Maori fighting for their land as rebels), and Whiti and Tohu were taken away to trail.

Many Parihaka inhabitants were expelled and dispersed throughout Taranaki without food or shelter, and the remaining residents were issued with government orders to control their movements. It took the troops two weeks to flatten the

village houses, and two months to destroy the crops and kill the livestock. Wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of the prisoners followed them south, hoping to assist their loved ones. These women often lived in poverty, and many died during their exile. A 1996 Waitangi Tribunal report summarised the events: "A vibrant and productive Maori community was destroyed, and total State control of all matters Maori, with full power over the Maori social order, was sought."

~

*"The first edition of the New Zealand Government's Descriptive Atlas of New Zealand, published in 1959, went as far as to expunge Parihaka entirely and overprint it with a Pakeha name."*

~



Written records have since succeeded in erasing Parihaka from our national history. In Witi Ihimaera's novel *The Parihaka Women*, he admits that "Up until the mid-1960s, there was very little mention of Parihaka at all: G.W. Rusden's *History of New Zealand* (1883), James Cowan's *The New Zealand Wars* (1923), and then 30 years of virtual silence until Dick Scott's booklet, *The Parihaka Story* (1954), and Bernard Gadd's 1996 article, in the *Journal of the Polynesian Society*." Ihimaera goes on to express anger over the suppression of past events: "With some disgust I record that the first edition of the New Zealand Government's *Descriptive Atlas of New Zealand*, published in 1959, went as far as to expunge Parihaka entirely and overprint it with a Pakeha name... I wouldn't be surprised, therefore, if you haven't heard of Parihaka or its remarkable history." Paora Joseph agrees, and says that "Growing up, I wasn't really aware of our history here in New Zealand, let alone my own [Maori] culture." Both author and filmmaker have attempted to draw public attention to the injustice via a new tactic: the amalgamation of narrative and non-fiction.

Paora's film tells the story of a 2006 hekoi, a "journey of memory," taken by a group of Parihaka children who spent almost two weeks travelling by bus from Parihaka to Wellington, and then around the South Island. Wellington War Memorial, Addington Jail, and Ripapa Island in Lyttleton Harbour were key stops on the two-week bus journey to the caves at Andersons Bay in Dunedin.

The group of about 30 children, aged 5 — 12, attend Te Kura Kaupapa o Tamarongo school in the South Taranaki town of Opunake. They were accompanied by parents and teachers, including Ngaperā Moeahu, Maata Wharehoka, and senior spokesman (Whaikorero) Rukutai Watene, as well as Paora, as they followed in the footsteps of their great-great grandfathers.

Though artwork, poetry, song, archival images, animation, and footage shot by the children themselves, the film provides an entertaining and eye-opening retelling of our history. The film, described as "sombre and enriching", premiered in Wellington on 28 July, and screenings since then have consistently sold out. In response to popular demand, the Rialto is replaying the film at 7.15pm on August 20.

Paora is humble about the film's success, and is pleased that the public are interacting with the story: "All you really want in terms of storytelling is to promote discussion. Then people will go away and read about it more, and become more involved, and make links with their own stories." He emphasises that, as a nation, we've got a lot to learn from each other, and that the art of storytelling is not just to tell one story, "but to give people permission to find out their own story. What I've wanted to do in this instance is [give] the children a voice."

When asked if he'll continue making films (he also practices as a clinical psychologist), Paora is eager, yet wary. "I'd love to make more films. One of the difficulties, particularly with this film, is raising the funds. This was made on a budget of \$35,000 — \$40,000, but the real cost was \$250,000... What I would like to do is just make films, to be able

to do that financially, because I have got some other stories that I'd like to tell. It's just a matter of having the time and the finance to do it."

~  
*"The story of Parihaka, and the kaupapa of nonviolent action articulated by Te Whiti and Tohu, has endured as a beacon of peace amongst conflict."*  
 ~

On that note, check out the crowd-gathering website [www.pozible.com](http://www.pozible.com), and search for "Parihaka". Paora and his team would appreciate any donation.

Meanwhile, sort out some tickets for the final Dunedin screening this month (Paora has already said that the film won't come out as a DVD). Whether you're already educated about the history of Parihaka or as naïve as I was, it's well worth \$12.50 and 65 minutes of your life.

As Dunedin residents (even if only transiently), I believe that we're obliged to learn at least a little about our local history. The story of Parihaka, and the kaupapa of nonviolent action articulated by Te Whiti and Tohu, has endured as a beacon of peace amongst conflict. Unfortunately, I believed that those stories belonged to past generations, and to people and politics that I couldn't identify with. Now I realise that like any sentimental item handed down the generations, these stories are part of our inheritance, and they belong to us. With a bit of creative vision and aesthetic appreciation, people like Paora demonstrate how history, though often sad and hurtful, can be retold in ways that engage an entire nation, regardless of ancestry.



# BURSTING THE BUBBLE OF THE CLEAN GREEN MYTH

BY JORDAN MAYNARD



**A** S A CANADIAN EXCHANGE STUDENT, I HAVE the impression that pride in New Zealand's farming history is ingrained in every Kiwi outside of Auckland. But what exactly do you Southerners have to be proud of? Is New Zealand's clean green agricultural image real, or just a marketing façade to separate you from the mass-produced meat of North America?

To try and figure out what Kiwis really thought about their own agricultural produce, I stopped people on the street – like an evangelising Christian – to ask,

**"Why do you buy Made in NZ?"**

The respondents fell into two groups: those Kiwis who thought of NZ made as ANZAC biscuits, Pavlova, bangers n' mash, and Tim Tams; and the morally motivated vegetarians and regular Saturday market-goers.

If you're in the first group, you buy food sporting the "Made in NZ" label (when it's conveniently priced), and it makes you feel like you're giving a fist bump to your gumboot-clad countrymen. You feed on what you think is good Kiwi kai: lamb, Rob Roy ice cream, and Speights. You have a gut feeling that food from America and China "isn't good", and associate imported food with lower quality, poorly-treated animals, chemicals, or other non-specific, unsubstantiated ideas. Oh, and you think vegetarians and vegans are pasty-faced animal lovers. Or, as one bloke told me: "Vegetarians are like Muslims. But vegans are like the Taliban! It's just unpatriotic. You live in a country whose primary industry is agriculture."



Personally, I have always fit into the second category — the holier-than-thou dutiful market goer/vegetarian/person who tells anyone who'll listen that they "only buy cage-free organic at Countdown". But this group can't automatically claim the moral high ground.

I have been a vegetarian most of my life, and as a Category Two, I used to think I was Buddhist monk-level holy. But since my arrival in the land of 30 million sheep, I have worked on a few farms, and my mind has been blown by what really happens in your "green" agricultural industry. I no longer identify as a vegetarian. I now realise that we blindly buy into a completely false image of green agriculture.

## FARM LIFE

This is the true story of my first day working at an "animal welfare-approved" farm. I was out for a long bike ride when I came across a sign on the side of the road:

**BACON FOR SALE  
FARM EGGS, \$4/doz**

Like any good Category Two would, I thought, "Great! Fresh food, from a local farm! Family-run! Hens and pigs are probably out back in a big field! And \$4 for free range! This is the type of food production that I want to support!"

I rode up the driveway and knocked on the door. Paul (names changed so I don't get lynched) met me. He seemed like a stereotypical Kiwi farmer — rugby jersey, gumboots, strange accent. I explained to him that I was a biology student looking for some work before my classes started up at uni. He brusquely told me to come back on Tuesday at 7am. "Tuesday's pig shipment day."

On Tuesday morning I arrived, already sweaty from a long bike ride up the hill to the farm. We got right to work, and immediately my preconceptions about NZ farming were destroyed. We started in the farrowing barn, stooping as we made our way through narrow, cold, cement passageways. As we passed cement rooms filled with screaming pigs, I started to wish I had brought earplugs.

Looking down into the first farrowing crate, I was excited to see seven tiny, unbearably cute piglets lying next to their immobile mother. One piebald baby with its umbilical cord still intact was lying on its side. Purple intestines protruded out from a wound in its belly. My fellow farm labourer, Benjamin, explained the mother had bitten the piglet in the stress of her first farrowing. "What do we do with it?" I asked, thinking that maybe we would call a vet. WHACK! Benjamin casually smashed its head against the cold wall and dropped it onto the floor, where it started to twitch in a spreading pool of blood. My illusions about the beauty of Kiwi farming were as soundly smashed as the poor piglet's skull.

I worked on another pig farm located on the top of a hill, where they used all the shit from the indoor pig farm to fertilise the sheep pastures, which is a good use of resources if it's done properly. Each day we rode our ATVs down the dodgy hillside to move the gravity fed sprinkler system, which sprayed shit like a fire hose from

the barn's septic tanks above. However, there were streams running through the pastures, which led to a beautiful estuary, a yellow-eyed penguin colony, and finally ran out through a public beach and into the ocean. Shit. Literally.

I worked on yet another pig farm a few weeks after this. The pigs at this farm were living the Kiwi high life. Marauding packs of piglets caused havoc in the kitchen vegetable patch because they had free run of the whole section. This farmer raised animals with empathy, knowledge, and a respect for the local community. Canadians think of Kiwis as tough, capable, honest folk, who at 12 years old spend nights out by themselves during lambing season armed only with a flashlight, thread, and needle, tirelessly suturing torn vaginas. This is the Kiwi heritage you should be proud of. And these are the entrepreneurial small farmers we need to support. As the quote goes, "You should choose your farmer with as much care as your doctor, lawyer, or pastor."

**"I HAVE WORKED ON A FEW FARMS, AND MY MIND HAS BEEN BLOWN BY WHAT REALLY HAPPENS IN YOUR "GREEN" AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY. I NO LONGER IDENTIFY AS A VEGETARIAN. I NOW REALISE THAT WE BLINDLY BUY INTO A COMPLETELY FALSE IMAGE OF GREEN AGRICULTURE."**



"I know I look good, but please don't eat me ..."

## THE CANADIAN KIWI DREAM

Canadians see New Zealand as a rugged, pristine country. My preconceptions were not disappointed when I first arrived. Where I'm from, you can't walk down to the beach and collect paua, cockles, and muscles for dinner, because the ocean is too polluted. I'm amazed that here I can bike out to the Peninsula to collect my legal limit of 50 cockles per day.

If the food is cheap and it's got a NZ label, or we get it from a friendly farmer at the market, most of us don't ask any questions. But just because we're poor students doesn't mean we can justify eating shit, unethical food. Bizarrely, in both New Zealand and Canada intensively farmed meat and veggies are the norm, and organic and free-range food is marketed as something fancy for the elite. Paul, the pig farmer, justified his production methods as "providing cheap meat so people can afford it". Cheap meat is a false economy. How many Kiwis are sick from kwashiorkor, a disease characterised by the distended belly of protein deficient children in Africa? No, kiwis are dying of gastrointestinal cancers and being too fat, one of the causes of which is eating too much meat and not enough veggies. FYI, New Zealand is the seventh fattest nation in the world.

So, spend a little more on a little less food that you are proud to eat. Don't feel guilty buying organic, and don't feel obnoxious asking questions. Coming to New Zealand, the biggest culture shock for me was how straight up Kiwis are.

**"DID YOU SCORE LAST NIGHT?"  
WOULDN'T BE AN UNCOMMON  
QUESTION FROM SOMEONE I HAD  
JUST MET. BUT YOU PUSSY-FOOT  
AROUND WHEN IT COMES TO  
FINDING OUT ABOUT THE FOOD  
YOU'RE ABOUT TO BUY.**

"Did you score last night?" wouldn't be an uncommon question from someone I had just met. But you pussy-foot around when it comes to finding out about the food you're about to buy. "So... where ya from?" It sounds like a feeble pick up line, but it's the most common question vendors get asked at the market, and usually that's where the questioning ends. Yet when it comes to non-food related activities, when it comes to allowing someone else's foreign object to enter our body most of us are pretty picky (freshers excluded). So next time you're at the farmers' market, be a little more Kiwi! "Do you keep your hens in cages?" "Do you dock your pigs tails?" "Have you ever been fined for environmental pollution?" Ask the tough questions.

Have you heard of the Paradox of Choice Experiment? It's a theory that the more choices we have, the less satisfied we are with what we end up choosing – think sexual partners, clothes, food (ever notice how delicious food tastes on a tramping trip when you have nothing else to eat?)... Make it easier on yourself and make buying good food a priority, even though you'll have less money to spend on plastic novelty streamers for your next couch burning.

I was drawn to New Zealand for its world-renowned biodiversity. However the reality is that 80% of New Zealand is farmed, planted, or built on. I realise now that conservation doesn't happen "out there" in DOC parks. It starts in pastures, plantations, and piggeries. So treat yourself to some expensive meat, less often, and cut back on the cheap crap. You'll be healthier, and you'll be voting for the vision of New Zealand that Canada and the rest of the world idealise.

# TWO HOURS WITH LOUIS CRIMP

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE OUTSPOKEN AND OFTEN OFFENSIVE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE ABOUT LIFE, CATS, MAORI CULTURE, AND SEX AGAINST TREES.

BY CALLUM FREDRIC

**W**HEN I FIRST CAME UP WITH THE IDEA OF INTERVIEWING Louis Crimp, I had a very simple agenda – to get as many outrageous quotes as possible. The Invercargill multi-millionaire scandalised the nation back in May when he made a series of sweeping generalisations, such as "All the white New Zealanders I've spoken to don't like the Maoris". He followed this up with an interview with 3 News in which he famously asked the reporter whether she had ever had sex up against a tree. It would be crazy not to tap into this goldmine of controversy, so I set up an interview and drove south to meet Mr Crimp at his Invercargill home.

Early in the interview, Mr Crimp inadvertently foreshadowed his own demise. "My thing on television was five minutes and they interviewed me for three quarters of an hour. But they just put the stupid things in... they picked out the words that would be controversial on TV. I was a sucker, I didn't know that sort of thing... Am I on tape now?"

Little did he know that the exact same thing was happening all over again. It was one of many points in the interview where it was difficult not to sympathise with Mr Crimp – he trusts people too easily. On the other hand, his tendency to cause controversy may not be entirely accidental: "You don't get any publicity by saying nice clever things."

## THE CONTROVERSIAL SIDE

Despite his reputation for highly provocative comments, it took nearly 20 minutes for Mr Crimp to drop the first bombshell. He

began the interview by making fairly standard Don Brash-era arguments: "Maori shouldn't have special privileges. They're equal to us. We're all New Zealanders." But it was only a matter of time before I got my first fix of controversy, with the Crimp version of pre-European NZ history that you probably won't find in the Penguin History of New Zealand:

"The Maori culture before the white man came, they were Stone Age people. Each tribe used to be at war with the next tribe, and if they beat one tribe they'd kill all the males in it, and eat them. And I've got it somewhere that the females, they'd put them in a separate stockade, and they drove spikes through their feet so they couldn't run away, and they kept them there to have sex with until they're ready to be eaten. So they're sort of like a deep freeze for food and sex."

Ah, those were the days. Mr Crimp followed up by saying that although Maori in Invercargill are "anglicised" and "part of our community", Maori people in South Auckland are "still savages, on welfare or in jail". A few years ago, he came up with a plan for making some cash off the people who shared these views, by setting up an all-white retirement village in Invercargill to lure people down from South Auckland. "I couldn't proclaim it being white, but somehow or another I would say that it was a predominant Anglo-Saxon society, you know." But he couldn't secure the land, and the plan fell through.

Mr Crimp's prejudice and suspicion towards Maori people is partly based on a string of unfortunate personal experiences: "I've had many Maoris work for me and every one of them has stolen from me or cheated on me. Even some of the Maoris who I [thought were] my friends."







Te Reo is Mr Crimp's kryptonite. His aversion to the language is strong enough for him to pay for his five-year-old granddaughter to attend a private school in a failed attempt to shield her from having to learn it. He also cancelled his long-running subscription to the Southland Times after they included a single Maori word in their crossword.

I asked Mr Crimp if there were any Maori people he liked in Invercargill. "Oh yes, a [Maori] friend of mine used to train racehorses for me." Back in the day, "the Maoris, as far as I was concerned, they were treated as equals. I was proud of them in a way, because of the song that they had during the war." He broke into song:

"Maori battalion march to victory / Maori battalion staunch and true / Maori battalion come to glory / Take the honour of the people with you / And we'll march march march to the

enemy / And we'll fight right to the end!" Showing some emotion, Mr Crimp continued: "This is the bit that gets me: For God, for king, and for country... AU - E! Ake, ake, kia kaha e!"

We were making progress. Mr Crimp had said something positive about Maori people. But soon he reverted back to attack mode: "They say they were first here, but they weren't first here. There were other tribes, the Morioris – the Maoris ate what they could of

them and sent the rest of them away. And then they invaded where they sent them to and ate them all up there too."

Mr Crimp is considering donating \$100,000 to John Ansell's new "Treatygate" campaign, revealed in Critic last week, which aims to make NZ a "colourblind state". He is concerned that the Constitutional Advisory Panel, which is due to report to Parliament in September 2013, will recommend a "partnership between the Maoris and New Zealanders", which Mr Crimp describes as "apartheid and separatism".

I ask him what he thinks are the causes behind Maori crime and welfare statistics. According to Mr Crimp, truancy is the problem. "Those Maori kids in North Auckland, Whangarei, they don't go to school. The girls go and get pregnant and they're on welfare for the rest of their lives, and the boys can't get a job because they haven't been to school, so they go into drugs and thievery."

What would he do to fix this? "Yeah, that's a good question."

## THE SYMPATHETIC SIDE

It's easy to think of Louis Crimp as a cartoon villain, or in my case, as a controversy-generating machine to extract some hilarious quotes from and then set aside. After Crimp's comments in May, political commentator Chris Trotter was scathing: "Louis Crimp could have come straight from central casting. His narrow face, those pinched features: all the Invercargill businessman needed to complete the quintessential redneck ensemble was a greasy pair of denim overalls and a shotgun."

But people are not cartoon characters. No one is pure good or pure evil. Even the most controversial and divisive individuals inevitably have a sympathetic side. Mr Crimp's glare, which was mocked so mercilessly by Trotter, was not an attempt to stare down the photographer. "I can't smile properly because my face is petrified, it doesn't move, it's paralysed because I had cancer. I can only smile with one side. So I've just got a grimace."

Mr Crimp has made millions through his various property ventures, and has gained many supporters in Invercargill for his charitable donations, including over \$1 million each to the SPCA and the St John Ambulance Service. In an attempt to see the other side of Louis Crimp, I asked him about his reasons for these donations.

Mr Crimp's philanthropy began when his lawyer told him he should "get out and spend" his millions before he died. But this was no easy task. Mr Crimp says that from an early age he has been forced to "watch [his] pennies" — "I was the oldest boy in Southland who had a paper run, at the age of 16, because we were poor, my family." Having visited his house, I can confirm that Mr Crimp is not prone to extravagant spending — while he lives in a large house, his furniture is old-fashioned, and his TV is smaller than you'd find in most student flats.

After his lawyer's comments, Mr Crimp "started dishing it out to people I think who needed it." He was attracted to the SPCA, "because most of their work is done by volunteers. It's the same with the St John ambulance...Yeah, there's a lot of people who do some good in this world without pay."

He adopted his cat Scruffy from the Invercargill SPCA shelter, choosing her because she looked "skinny and miserable" and had been at the shelter longer than all the other cats. "So I bought her. [Talking to Scruffy]: Didn't I? I bought you there and then. I called her Scruffy because she was scruffy. You were scruffy then, weren't you Scruffy?" It's hard to think of someone as a complete villain when they're talking lovingly to their cat, although perhaps Dr Evil would beg to differ.

"THE GIRLS GO AND GET PREGNANT AND THEY'RE ON WELFARE FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES, AND THE BOYS CAN'T GET A JOB BECAUSE THEY HAVEN'T BEEN TO SCHOOL, SO THEY GO INTO DRUGS AND THIEVERY."

Mr Crimp's generous side is forced to sit next to his habit of saying incredibly offensive things. One of Mr Crimp's stories demonstrates this duality. He lends "money out to poor suffering people sometimes" at a special low-interest rate. He loaned \$7000 to a Maori woman who needed a lung cancer operation, but it turned out "it was all bullshit, she wasn't sick at all". Mr Crimp was understandably aggrieved, but does himself no favours whatsoever by describing the woman as "just a cheat, a big black Maori cheat".

After that comment, he relented a little: "She's had a pretty rough life... Yeah I'm feeling sorry for her already, she hasn't got a job, she's got a boyfriend who beats the hell out of her, she hasn't got any money, oh God."

Interviewing Mr Crimp made me think of Levi Hawkins, aka the "Nek Minnit" guy. He's a real, multi-faceted human being, yet we all essentially know him as an amusing dancing bear, a sideshow. When he gets approached on the street, people ask him to say his catchphrase. By seeking out Louis Crimp solely for the purpose of getting outrageous quotes, I was guilty of the same dehumanisation. On the other hand, some of the quotes are pretty damn funny. It's a difficult balancing act.

## THE LIBERATED SIDE

I asked Mr Crimp about his views on gay marriage, secretly hoping for some more controversy-laden denouncements. But his prejudices against Maori don't seem to extend to the rainbow community. "I couldn't care less. If Sir Elton John can work it, and write beautiful songs and stuff..." He paused. "Are you a fruit?"

I mentally searched through my encyclopedia of 1950s slang, past "buffoon (medical diagnosis)" and "colour, person of", and realise he's asking whether I'm gay. "No." "Neither am I." As if to underscore his acceptance of all different lifestyles, Crimp continued: "I got a nephew that is, and he's a nice guy, he's tall dark and handsome, and clever. I remember I was with him one time over in a pub here, and I said to him: 'That woman second from the end on the pokie machines, she's a hooker.' 'Oh, go and get her out uncle, we'll fuck her.' I said, 'Oh I thought you were a fruit?' He says 'Yeah but... both ways,' he said."

"WE WERE GOING THROUGH A PLACE IN THE PARK WHERE A FRIEND OF MINE TOOK A HOOKER ONE TIME, AND THE GRASS WAS WET, SO THEY HAD SEX AGAINST A TREE." SO THE TOPIC JUST KIND OF CAME UP ORGANICALLY."

Mr Crimp told me he has been divorced for 15 years, and noted that "now people don't get married, they just have partners." He then demonstrated his trademark tact and diplomacy with a series of questions. "Have you got a partner?" Yep. "How long have you had her?" Three years. "Oh. Does she want to get married?" Yeah, eventually. "Do you want to marry her?" Yeah, maybe in a few years. "But not at the moment." No, not right now. I'm too young. "So you don't love her. You just use her for shagging practice."

Indeed, Louis, indeed. Maybe I should have followed the "have you ever had sex against a tree" reporter's example and refused to answer personal questions. But then this article would have one less amusing outburst. Talking of the flora/fornication debacle, Crimp explained that it was all just a misunderstanding: "We were going through a place in the park where a friend of mine took a hooker one time, and the grass was wet, so they had sex against a tree." So the topic just kind of came up organically.

## CRIMPIN' CONCLUSION

Crimp's Maori counterpart, Hone Harawira, is known for making outrageous generalisations about a particular race, yet interacting normally with people of that race in person. I get the feeling Crimp is similar. It's like the way Otago students can make harsh generalisations ("Anyone who votes for John Key is a moron"/"Socialists are the spawn of Satan") and yet have close friends from across the political spectrum. But Mr Crimp is old enough that he should have outgrown the youthful tendency to make hugely exaggerated political statements. Overall, the 79-year-old Crimp gives the impression that he has unfinished business, and that he just doesn't care what people think about him any more. "I want to wind things up and piss off, retire, you know. And if I could do something for Invercargill, that's get rid of the ILT (Invercargill Licensing Trust). And if I could do something for NZ, [it would be to] have the Maoris be just like ... all New Zealanders."

Mr Crimp's views are controversial and his way of expressing them is often highly offensive. And some of his stories are pretty out there. But there is a genuine person behind the quotes and the political views, with flaws and virtues just like everyone else. Learning something so profound almost made up for having to stay in Invercargill overnight. Almost.





## ME LOVE YOU LONG TIME

None of you read this anyway. It's just that little weird standfirst bit above the action below. But anyway ... The Blind Date has been at Metro bar for the last few weeks, and it sounds like they've been puttin on quite a show. Great feed, good drinks, excellent service etc etc. If you want in on the action, email [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz) with your details. This week, Critic set up four lucky punters on a double date.

### ROSS AND CHANDLER

**D**DOUBLE THE ALLOWED EXPENSE FOR PISS, DOUBLE THE BOX GAPS TO GAZE upon, double the chances of getting thee old tip wet, potench sneaky wristy or even a sly gobby. Double date, how ya goin! Great day to celebrate really, free beers, free food and that sneaky fuckin Belarussian Ostapchuk got sussed out for being half a man or (Jake from 2 and a half men).

The boy's were in fine form after downing the 7th speights stubby at the flat. Before we got ready to roll out, we got fresh to death yo. Contemplating rocking shneans to combat the shitty weather and its abundance of puddles, we thought practically and threw down a jeans and shirt.

As the fine gentlemen we are, we rocked up to Metro early to slay the bar tab and wait in advance to 'escort' the ladies to our table. During the wait, the contingents of people passing by were predominantly males. My gluts feared the onset of an attack by the same gender. Perhaps we had been set up on a double date with bum pirates? I prayed for my anal virginity to be safe. Unfortunately the plan of attack was unsuccessful. The sheelas were half an hour late, and the bottle in our hands prevented us from pulling a chair out.

Finally they came in through the door. Smoking hot, sizzling a real sight for sore eyes. God I could have made love to them right then and there on the dinner table, left and would have slept like a baby that night. The aroma was as good as the big man himself must of felt blowing his load all over mother Mary while she was roofied that one time at bandcamp. I stared up their curves, delusion was setting in and our mouth's were watering. We thought to ourselves fuck it and went straight in with a full fist getting cheese everywhere. Not even a womans book club reading of 50 shades of grey followed by a screening of magic mike could describe the pleasure, lust and connection that we felt in that moment...The pizza's were absolutely divine.

As for the girls they were great company too, offering some good chat and were a lovely compliment to the already spectacular food and overall the night was a great time enjoyed by all. But truly jokes aside thank you girls for putting up with us and being great sports. We have to thank the Critic and Metro for the opportunity to take part in their blind dating services we couldn't have done it without you. Chur to the chur cousins.

### RACHEL AND MONICA

**A**FTER A COUPLE OF GINS WE MADE OUR WAY TO WHERE WE THOUGHT OUR dates would be! However this old mother cupboard and her fucking cupboard forgot that we were heading to metro not malbas, so we sprinted off towards metro in hope that our dates hadn't drained all the bar tab on booze and food.

After having a meet and greet we got some drinks and some delicious pizza. We got through all the usual chit chat about bla bla bla. I wandered downstairs in hope of trying to knick some unattended bottles, but all I saw was the other guys bum as I watched him peeing. I'll tell you it was the highlight of my night so far. I realized that I had left my friend unattended upstairs and was hoping that she would not scare the man away. Thankfully she had managed to control herself.

Feeling a very drunk we decided to head off to the little Mexican restaurant which was unfortunately closed. But we ended up playing games with two boxes on the way to McDonalds....those boys were rough and dirty, they pushed me down and would not get off! wink wink. Hands up skirts and all sorts! After a bit of hanky panky old McDonald had a farm. We pushed them round in little prams and then they got punished for being naughty boys. We eventually got some yummy food to crave our drunk hunger.

Wanting to go a little bit further we headed back to the skanky parts of octy, where we went and played some naughty games in the dark corners of the cinema. Laughing and giggling we randomly started dancing in the moonlight and in the rain!

Soaking wet in every place possible ;) we cuddled in the day and night and got caught on camera! Holding hands we drifted on over to the Craic were we proceeded to get more wine, but the boys declined! Maybe we were too gone, but we didn't care.

My friend was in a frisky mood and her hands were on everyones legs. Blimey even I was surprised! We were in no hurry to end the night but we let them drop us off as we had declined their invitation to the rape dungeon with that bloody C\*\*T alf Stewart.

Thanks Critic and Metro for an interesting night! Some good food and free booze! What up



## OKAY, SO HE WASN'T ON MY LIST. SHUT UP.

By Creepy Uncle Sam

LAST SATURDAY, ROMNEY CONFIRMED PAUL RYAN, A 42-YEAR-OLD WISCONSIN congressman, as his Vice-Presidential running mate. Various US hacks immediately churned out a series of useless factoids: naming Ryan the "most conservative" VP candidate ever, obsessing over his ideological debt to libertarian banshee Ayn Rand, and estimating that Ryan will net Romney 1,231 more votes in Wisconsin and increase his electoral college vote by 0.1% (personally, I think it'll be 1,316 and 0.098% but hey, I'm a maverick).

First off, measuring candidates in terms of how "conservative" or "liberal" they are is misleading. These measurements define "conservative" and "liberal" policies based on which political party – Republican or Democrat – they are traditionally associated with. In reality, there are more than two political ideologies. Because Ryan is more libertarian than conservative, he loses "conservative points" on areas like gay marriage, to which he has given qualified support, and foreign policy, on which he has been quite vague. He is not the "most conservative" VP candidate ever – that's Dick Cheney – but he is by far the most economically right-wing. An emerging Republican ideologue and policy wonk, he drafted the party's vetoed congressional budget that would have slashed income tax for the rich, removed capital gains and interest tax, and passed the costs onto the lower and middle classes through tax hikes and welfare cuts. Under this budget, Mitt Romney would have paid 0.82% tax. Which says it all, really.

Apparently, in his youth Ryan, like innumerable other maladjusted teenagers with delusions of grandeur, became inspired by Ayn Rand's uplifting message about how shit poor people are. Still, this was decades ago, and Ayn Rand is often just a lazy tag that gets slapped on anyone with libertarian leanings. In Ryan's case, it doesn't really fit. Ryan is a staunch Catholic and extremely pro-life, two positions of which Rand was sneeringly contemptuous. He articulates his views not with the Rand-inspired harping common among US libertarians, but with the sort of dry righteous drivel and empty community-oriented rhetoric that recalls David Cameron's chimeric "big society." Basically he's a bit of a boring fucker, glisteningly bland, numbingly sleek, Ebenezer Scrooge driving a brand new, spec'd-up Toyota Corolla at 6km/h over the speed limit while C-3PO leans over from the passenger seat and gently fellates him.

So why Ryan? He won't boost Romney's meagre support among women, minorities or moderates; but he will shore up the conservative Republican vote and help secure donations from the super-rich. His selection means Romney almost certainly won't win unless something goes wrong with the economy; but in that not-implausible event, having Ryan on board will significantly boost Romney's chances. Picking him is therefore a high-stakes game. Will it work?

Meh, probs not.



## TIBET IS BURNING

By Brittany Mann

THREE WEEKS AGO I ATTENDED MY FIRST-EVER PROTEST, ORGANISED BY THE Organisation for Global Nonviolent Action (OGNA) on campus. I figured it'd be rude not to go, given that my academic raison d'être is ostensibly nonviolence. Also, as I'm in the twilight years of my university career, it was about time my hitherto dormant inner political activist was unleashed.

We were protesting China's occupation and repression of Tibet, a wee region in the Himalayas snuggled between China and Nepal that is famous for yaks, Mt. Everest, and the Dalai Lama. Tibet declared independence in 1913, but since the 1950s China has ignored this and continues to rape and pillage Tibet with reckless abandon.

Shit things China has done to Tibet include destroying monasteries and temples, stationing nuclear missiles and dumping Chinese nuclear waste there, forced late-term abortions and sterilisation of Tibetan women, imprisoning at least 4000 and exiling over 175,000 Tibetans, and of course, committing good old-fashioned genocide before Hotel Rwanda made the word fashionable.

The campaign for Tibetan independence has been around for ages, and because of this has become a bit passé. But recently Tibet has returned to the spotlight due to the large number of Tibetan monks who have self-immolated (set themselves on fire) in protest of the Chinese occupation.

Most of the monks were our age or even younger, and many hold China directly responsible for their deaths. Since 2009 around 50 Tibetan monks have self-immolated, and almost all of these events have occurred within the last year or so. The image of the burning monk has become a gruesome hallmark of the "Free Tibet" movement.

Back to the protest. A question you may reasonably ask is: what are students in a country that's practically falling off the bottom of the globe trying to prove with their exasperating but lovable hijinks? For me, it was about standing shoulder to shoulder with people who I will never meet but whose lives suck, in the hope that my acknowledgment of their suffering will give them the strength to keep fighting for their freedom.

My Instagram of the protest prompted my Indian friend to say he knows heaps of Tibetans "who would be stoked to know Kiwis get behind them". If giving up an hour of my time on a Friday afternoon to make an embarrassing spectacle of myself shows Tibetans there are a few people out there who have neither forgotten nor forsaken them, then I am more than happy to do it. What's more, the people who saw us that day can choose not to care about Tibet, and that's okay. But at least now they cannot claim they never knew there was an issue.



## IT FEELS LIKE IT'S BEEN A ROUGH FEW WEEKS

By Dame La di Da

FROM THE MOMENT LOUISA WALL'S MARRIAGE EQUALITY BILL POPPED UP ON Facebook, I began preparing myself for the worst. The first thought that elbowed its way into my consciousness was not a celebratory "Oh yay, marriage – finally!", it was a defensive "Shit, how ugly is the debate going to be?"

That defensive feeling has lingered as the weeks have dragged on. Perhaps this is attached to my personal ambivalence towards marriage, and my discomfort that some queer people speak as if this is the final frontier of queer liberation. Or maybe I am defensive because I can clearly remember the horrors of the Civil Union debate in 2005, the Enough is Enough march, the hurtfulness of overheard conversations at university and on the bus, and the rise in intimidation on the streets that often mirrors the violent rhetoric of politicians and conservative pressure groups. It is probably a combination of these two factors.

I've also been thinking about the impact of this negative rhetoric. Some people in our communities can be negatively affected by the unhelpful or hateful discourse of the "defend marriage" brigade. No matter how you feel about the cause, if you or any of your friends are feeling yuck after watching the news about it, I feel like it is OK to say, "I need to disengage, I can't watch any more of this." Personally, I have done exactly this. For me, this has meant a careful strategy of news consumption – I have gone on a media diet, and only choose to read/watch news that doesn't give equal weighting to people who refuse to engage in the conversation respectfully. People like Colin Craig, whose contempt for people like me is fairly obvious. It is like any conversation: there has to be mutual respect for it to work.

I hope the bill passes, and that then we can look forward to really interesting conversations about the kind of change that is needed to ensure the equality, dignity and liberation of all queer and trans folks in New Zealand. I was pleased to see The Queer Avengers opening up beyondmarriage.org.nz. I'd love to begin talking about issues that are more central to my life as a (gender)queer person, like safety from bullying in schools, or targeted campaigns to address concerns like alcohol abuse, mental illness, or homelessness in our communities.



## BLOOMING CONFESSIONS

By Lukas Clark-Memler

I WILL BEGIN WITH A CONFESSION, PERHAPS EVEN A BLOOMING ONE. I CAME UP with the title of this column long before I sat down, tired and aching after a particularly gruelling and ultimately pointless economics tutorial, and wrote the piece. I often do that — dream up a title first, that is, not waste time listening to an un-ironic celebration of laissez-faire capitalism. I believe that titles are an essential part of any art, and are far too often misused. I understand that by brutally judging titles, and of course covers, I am potentially missing out on some wonderful, albeit poorly-branded, work. But a man's got to stick to his morals, no matter how shallow they are.

Before I begin the article proper, I would like to sincerely apologise for my lack of actual music recommendations. While I certainly enjoy sitting in front of my laptop at four in the morning wired on over-the-counter speed and sickly sweet mochaccinos, rambling on about things that seem meaningful on an early morning high but fare much worse in the cruel light of day, I must acknowledge the fact that my columns have done little to improve or increase your musical library. That all ends now. It's only 11:30 at night, and I haven't had a No-Doz or a coffee since yesterday. Bring on the music.

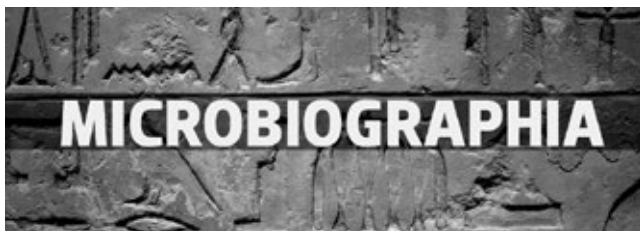
Back to my love of appropriate titling... In the past few months, I've encountered two records that are so well-titled I almost want to write fan-mail. Almost. Beach House's fourth studio album is called *Bloom*, and while I would hate to write something as cringe-worthy as "the Baltimore dream-pop duo have really bloomed over the course of their eight-year career", I might be tempted to make a flower reference and conjure a Technicolour image of a poppy spreading its petals.

*Bloom* is moonlight music. It's for midnight people and insomniacs, who need a burst of phosphorescent ecstasy even more than they need to sleep. To call *Bloom* beautiful would be like describing Monet's "Water Lilies" as pretty: a gross, frankly insulting understatement.

Twin Shadow's sophomore recording *Confess* is as brash as *Bloom* is subtle, but it couldn't be better titled. The album is an intimate and self-reflective affair, yet at the same time an unabashed tribute to Eighties hedonism and exaggeration. Blast the album in your car while exceeding the speed limit. It don't get no better than this.

For the record, both 'Bloom' and 'Confess' are among the top albums released this year and deserve your full attention. I plead that you experience them in full: start-to-finish, no skipping, no pausing. You'll thank me later.





## HILDEGARD OF BINGEN MEDIEVAL GERMAN VISIONARY

By Toby Newberry

**TODAY WE PAY A VISIT TO MEDIEVAL GERMANY\***: A LAND OF KINGS, NUNS, AND rampant mysticism. Resident there for most of the Twelfth Century was Hildegard of Bingen. She was, among other things, a musician, healer, writer, and mystic.

The tenth child of a minor noble, Hildegard was given over to the church at a tender age (could be eight, sources are dubious). She was then enclosed in a convent for something like 24 years. I'm gonna repeat for emphasis: twenty-four years. To put that in perspective – you are most likely younger than 24. This means that she spent more than your entire life just chillin' in a convent. As far as I can work out, she spent the better part of this time chanting, learning to read, and subsequently reading. Disclaimer: I probably haven't worked much out (soz to all the peeps who specialise in medieval history). After her enclosure ended, Hildegard proceeded with her monastic lifestyle, though she presumably got out and about a little more. She was elected "magistra" of her group of nuns (some kind of leadership role), and wrote various theological treatises and stuff. Cool.

So, that's the overarching life story. Time for some interesting details. From the age of three, Hildegard claimed to experience divine visions. These persisted throughout her life, including such highlights as the "shade of the living light", the "blossom of the celestial Zion" and God telling her to write down all her visions (handy for me). While some may doubt the verity of Hildegard's divine inspiration, it did have a notable impact on feminist historians. At the time, as was the case for an embarrassingly large proportion of recorded history, men kind of ignored female scholarship. But Hildegard could claim that her ideas came directly from God. As a result, they were taken seriously by her male contemporaries. That meant she got to correspond with kings, queens, popes, bishops and many other notable types.

The content of that correspondence was widely varied, perhaps because the breadth of human knowledge hadn't been organised into neat subject areas at that time. Hildegard's diverse writings include works on herbal medicine, original musical compositions and her own invented language. Actually, a bunch of her work is written in that invented language, making translation something of an issue. These days, much is made of her musical ideas. She is credited with writing the first morality play (in song), plus influencing the origin of opera. Both of these claims are pretty suspect, but the point is, she wrote songs good. The end.

\*Authors note: "Germany" didn't really exist as a nation. Let's not be nit-picky.



## ZOMBIE OBSESSION

By Caleb Wicks

**IN CASE YOU MISSED THE MEMO, ZOMBIES ARE THE NEW BIG THING.** THEY HAVE appeared in fiction, movies, games, poetry, and a few of my sexual fantasies. Screw werewolves, vampires, and fairies who claim they are vampires (that means you Eddy Cullen you sparkly bastard!). Zombies are the new wet dream of the younger generation. What I want to know is, why? What do we find so interesting and romantic about a reanimated corpse that wants to eat humans?

I could rant about how our obsession with zombies reflects humanity's general apathy towards everything from politics to the fact that millions of small African children are dying while you are reading this article. But if zombie movies were really about apathy, that would mean that the heroes of these movies would be the same as politicians who successfully fought against apathy, or who managed to escape this disease of non-caring, but let's be honest – whoever heard of politicians as heroes? The idea is more ridiculous than the time someone tried to attack the palace of Qatar and didn't know where it was.

Maybe our obsession with zombies reflects our deep-seated worry about what it is to be human. They force us to ask ourselves, "At what point did the thing trying to eat my face off stop being my girlfriend and start being the walking dead?" The answer to this question has become increasingly blurred with the emergence of Cloud 9, a drug which makes you want to chew the faces off homeless people in buses, which sounds like a bit of a buzzkill. But again, this just doesn't make much sense to me. I, for one, don't stay awake at night worrying about at what point it is ok to kill my best mate when he turns into a zombie. I'm sorry bro, but if you try to take a bite out of me, I'm going to shoot to kill.

In my opinion, the real reason we are so obsessed with the idea of zombies is that secretly we all want to bust out a massive fuck-off gun and mow some zombies down like pro-immigration types in Norway (too soon?), without the rest of the world thinking we are terrible people.



## CROTCH PREOCCUPATION

By Checker-Out St Flat

AGAIN, WE FOUND OURSELVES AROUND THE DINNER TABLE. THIS TIME, NINA WAS treating us to spaghetti carbonara and hearty servings of wine and gossip.

I noticed Shane seemed a bit preoccupied with his crotch. Every few minutes his hand would venture down there, then he'd make a quick visit to the bathroom.

I wasn't the only one who noticed. Nina flicked me a look which i'm pretty sure meant "Herpes?", and Louise was getting ever more frustrated. She finally turned to Nina to explain what was up.

"So," Louise began hesitantly, "have you ever, um, broken a man's penis?"

I shot a shocked look at Shane, who looked both embarrassed and in serious pain. At this point I wasn't sure whether the pain was due to his broken manhood or the mere concept of his broken manhood.

Louise responded to Nina's confused stare with an elaborate story about how the previous night she was really turned on, but Shane was busy with Critic and uni work. Louise's desperation finally got the better of her, and she jumped Shane on his return from class the night before. Louise was keen for a night of hardcore but, much to her disappointment, could only get Shane to agree to a quickie.

"Shane mentioned he had noticed blood, but we thought it was from my period. It wasn't until we were finished that we realised the blood was inside the condom, not out."

Nina burst out into drunken giggles, soon followed by Louise, who couldn't contain her amusement at her boyfriend's ripped member.

Shane promptly stormed out, so I turned to Louise and exclaimed, "What did you do to him?!"

"His foreskin just ripped a little. It'll heal fine, I'm sure."

"How much did you rip, dude?!" I yelled towards the bathroom.

"I don't want to talk about it!" Shane screamed as his voice jumped up a couple of octaves.

"Oh Shane! Hunny! It's not too bad. Maybe it'll scar, and you can boast that it's a war wound!!" said Louise.

She turned to Nina and sighed. "He's really sensitive about it."

I was wondering quite how Louise could expect Shane not to be sensitive about it. She broke his PENIS! It takes the term "broken man" to a whole new level.

"Is it possible he didn't lube you up enough?" Nina asked Louise. "I mean, did he even manage to cum?"

"He said he did, but there was so much blood I couldn't really tell," Louise shrugged, unconcerned.

All I could do was hope Shane was okay. I couldn't imagine anything more embarrassing than a condom full of spunky blood, but I wasn't about to storm into the bathroom with a Band-Aid either.



## PARLIAMENTARY PISS HEADS

By Holly Walker

STUDENTS AND MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON: EVERYONE knows they have a drinking problem.

It's not uncommon to hear rumours of "legendary" escapades float along the corridors of power, involving past and present national figures, excessive alcohol consumption, extra-marital relations, the Speaker's chair (don't ask), fisticuffs, and other hijinks.

With the House sitting until 10pm two nights per week, many MPs entertain each other in their offices to pass the time until the bells ring and they can go home. Not, I hasten to add, that this happens in the Green Party, where we are more likely to chain ourselves to our desks and desperately try to clear the never-ending backlog of emails that beckons in our nightmares. The only time I've joined my colleagues in a tippie on a school night was to mark the chaotic final episode of Back Benches and the demise of TVNZ7 with a wee dram.

Nevertheless, the annual Press Gallery Christmas Party, at which the journalists put on the booze and the MPs show up and misbehave in a sort of concrete bunker out the back of the Beehive, has to be seen to be believed. It's not, in all honesty, that different from what goes on in some of Dunedin's seedier flats and drinking establishments. The irony is that these are the people who will soon make a decision about the alcohol purchase age, based on their strongly-held convictions about the damage that alcohol-related harm causes ordinary New Zealanders.

But I digress.

Thus far my Parliamentary career has involved very few alcohol-related hijinks, but I can see how a wee tippie at the end of a stressful day could quickly develop into a rather harmful habit.

So, after half a year in the job I've decided to "check" my relationship with alcohol by giving it up for the month of August, and blogging about it as part of the Hello Sunday Morning project. Two weeks in and I must say the effects have been pleasing — more energy, more exercise, better sleep, fewer headaches — even though I could murder an Emerson's Pilsner right about now.

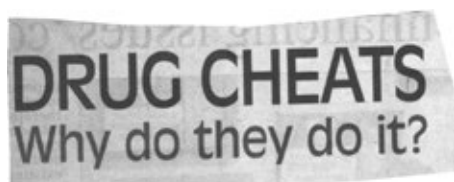
One or two of my Parliamentary colleagues could probably do with a similar challenge. And let's be honest, so could one or two Dunedin students. I recommend it. [www.hellosundaymorning.co.nz](http://www.hellosundaymorning.co.nz)



## WHY DO THEY DO IT?

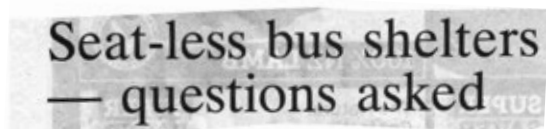
By Walter Plinge

IF YOU REALLY NEED THE "DANGERS" OF EUTHANASIA EXPLAINED TO YOU BEFORE you try it out, you're probably failing to understand the general concept:



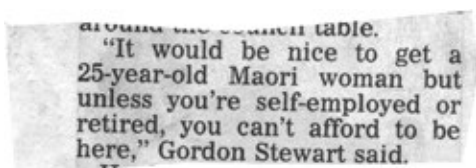
The ODT put this right next to an image of Ostapchuk wearing her gold medal. I think that might be the motivation right there, guys.

Furthering their general misunderstanding of all things sports, the ODT completely misunderstood the value of pace in a speed bowler:



That's right, the ODT asks the hard questions.

And just to round things off nicely, Gordon Stewart from the Otago Regional Council took some time out of his day to tell the ODT about his ideal Friday night:



## RECOLLECTION REFRACTION ATTRITION

By rx

ACTION DEVOTION ADDICTION  
EXPECTATION REJECTION REFLECTION  
INTROSPECTION INACTION APPARITION  
ATTRACTION INFATUATION INTENTION

DETERMINATION INTRODUCTION DECEPTION  
NOTION OPTION PROPOSITION  
NEGOTIATION INVITATION SEDUCTION  
POSITION FUNCTION MOTION

JUNCTION VIOLATION FRICTION  
EXPLOITATION ERECTION PROTRACTION  
ERUPTION INFECTION EXHAUSTION  
CONTRACTION RECEPTION GENERATION

INSEMINATION CONCEPTION CREATION  
EXAMINATION CONDITION REACTION  
EMOTION SITUATION ABROGATION  
EXTORTION MEDICATION ABORTION



## EX, WAI & ZEE

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART ONLINE EXHIBITION

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**I**T WAS PRETTY MUCH INEVITABLE THAT THIS exhibition would interest me, considering that it deals with two of my favourite topics: language (hello, English major) and art (hello, editor of what section again?). On a very basic level, it might appear that words and images are rather dissimilar modes of communication. While we use both to convey information in our everyday lives, they function quite differently: words paint a picture figuratively, images literally. *Ecstatic Alphabets/Heaps of Language* is a collection of artworks that seeks to disrupt this very convention, forcing us to cast aside our deeply ingrained presumptions of how these

two mediums co-exist and interact. Words and images accompany each other in anything from advertisements to storybooks to newspapers and magazines, but it isn't often they combine with a whole new dialectical significance. And yet this is exactly what *Ecstatic Alphabets* does.

The exhibition brings together artworks from a wide range of international artists, divided into historical and contemporary groups. The historical pieces explore the fascination with language that developed in Europe in the twentieth century, examining how artists and poets began to experiment with using language in an increasingly visual manner.

Random words, abrupt sentences and oddly fragmented phrases intersect in space, arranged and ordered in seemingly bizarre ways. This prompts us to question exactly how we make sense through language: how literary history has dictated our modes of understanding and interpreting words and their meanings. Filippo Tommaso Marinetti's *Vive la France* features his signature phrase "zang tumb tuuuuuuuuuuum"



repeated in varying sizes and styles across the canvas, layered across and over one another in complex formations. The dizzying pattern the viewer's eye follows across the artwork invokes the onomatopoeic nature of the peculiar phrase, emphasising its verbal and visual qualities.

The contemporary collection of pieces for the exhibition continues to discover new horizons in word and picture play — "language is boldly cut off from literature, received meanings, and, in some cases, the duties of communication altogether." Contemporary artists experimenting with language and art increasingly utilise sculpture, collage, and print to create new

expressions of dual meaning. The fascinating artwork *Found Fount: Wild Asters* by Paul Elliman is an ongoing project that aims to create a system for explaining the world (much in the way words do) using objects already present in the world. At first glance, Elliman's artwork does not so much resemble art or language as it does an arbitrary assortment of pieces of jewelry. However, the collection of rhinestones, lucite,

silver and other materials actually constitute a kind of font, where no "letter" or character is used more than once. The work urges us to reconsider our use of language by offering a font is that doesn't invoke our own familiar

alphabet but is nevertheless a system of visual communication.

Apart from the whole deep-thinking, reconfiguration-of-all-our-notions side of it, the exhibition itself is highly visually stimulating, with a lot of works that are simply fun to look at and encourage us to ponder the playful interplay of words and pictures. One of my favourites from the entire collection is Tauba Auerbach's *How to Spell the Alphabet*, which simply spells the alphabet phonetically from A — Z. Wonder if my lecturers would object to me sneaking in a cheeky "dubblyew" instead of "W" in an essay? I'll keep you posted.



# THE ART OF FIELDING

By Chad Harbach

REVIEWED BY JOSEF ALTON

**T**HE ART OF FIELDING READS LIKE A WICKED change-up. The pages flip fast as the narrative creeps closer to the plate, but as the crux of the novel draws near it's difficult to judge the arch the themes arrive on. Is Chad Harbach's debut novel about baseball or a University campus? Has he revamped Jonathan Franzen's brand of psychological realism found in *The Corrections*, or does his accessible page-turner border on young adult fiction? Is the title a metaphor? Is it another application of Buddhist pedagogy to western pastimes in an attempt at an enlightening read? Is it a gay novel?

All valid questions. The power of the change-up is deception; a good pitcher knows what the batter wants. A great novelist is a master of invoking empathy. Harbach achieves this connection with the reader through carefully developing emotional complexity in his characters. Their vulnerability is genuine. They feel the gravity of modern day predicaments, and struggle to make sense of their individual validity when unclipped from their crutch, be it a university, a team, or a husband. They keep going despite the staggering weight of failure. Much like Samuel Beckett's ending line to *Unnamable* — "you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on" — the characters scrape through the story, just as we drag ourselves through our daily lives.

Henry Skrimshander steps to the plate.

The "scrawny novelty of a shortstop" didn't have a hope of playing college ball until Mike Schwartz, a heavy-drinking jock with a bad knee, scouts him after a baseball game during summer break. Schwartz witnesses perfection in motion: "The kid glided in front of the first grounder, accepted the ball into his glove with a lazy grace, pivoted, and threw to first... his motion was languid, the ball seemed to explode off his fingertips..." By fall Skrimshander is enrolled at Westish, a fictional University located "in the crook of the baseball glove that is Wisconsin".

Henry's perfection jostles with the cast of heroes who live on campus with him. His roommate Owen Dunne introduces himself to Henry with an ironic "I'll be your gay mulatto roommate." The lonely and aging president of the college, Guert Affenlight, straight before he lays eyes on "the beautiful Owen", begins a secretive love affair with the young student. The affair drastically reduces the amount of attention Affenlight allots to his daughter, Pella, who has just moved back home after leaving her husband. The sturdy support that Mike Schwartz offers Henry is crushed when he fails to gain admission to law school. With his future compromised, Schwartz turns his attention to Pella rather than support Henry, who is assured a bright future. However, when Henry makes a mistake on the field, Harbach finds his opening and brilliantly weaves the personal relationships of his characters around Henry's struggle to


perform under pressure.

Perfection as an attainable goal to strive for is severely questioned in the novel. Performing in the competitive "real world" exposes the fears of Henry's supporting cast, but also shows their advantages over him. The exchange of the perfectionist's quest to find worth outside of statistical brilliance, and the struggle of the flawed, injured or marginalised to stay on their feet in a time of transition and/or crisis, unite the heroes to metaphorically express the duality of a baseball team: a group under one banner that must possess the particular skill sets required to perform the tasks that define their individual positions for the good of the team. We empathise with the characters because they symbolise the juxtaposition between the individual self and the self as a social being.

When the crux arrives and the themes finally begin to solidify amongst the jubilation of a Westish Harpooner's tournament victory, the narrator laments: "If Henry were here, Henry's joy would be total, his holy-fool dancing would put the Buddha's to shame, but Henry wasn't here. He hadn't pushed through that one last barrier, his fear of succeeding, beyond which the world lay totally open to him." Harbach's captivating, charming and deeply sensitive novel avoids the myriad clichés of the typical baseball story to create something much deeper and more timeless.

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## PASSAGES

Allen Hall | August 22 – 25 at 7:30pm | \$10 for students.

**I**N THE PAST FEW YEARS, ALLEN HALL THEATRE HAS MADE A NAME FOR ITSELF in the verbatim theatre world. Hilary Halba and Stuart Young have championed this contemporary theatre form in Otago, recently showcasing a trilogy of incredibly touching works: *Gathered in Confidence*, *Hush*, and *Be / Longing*. This year's 400-level Documentary Theatre class, one that is only offered every four or five years, brings their latest creation to the stage. *Passages* tells the story of a variety of people, from children to parents, reflecting on moments of transition in their lives: "We just said, 'Tell us about a right of passage in your life,' and people have just come up with so many different things." I met with some of the actors in the piece, Alayne Dick, Jakub Green, and Olivia Kelsey, to discuss the ins and outs of this refreshing new genre, and the challenges they faced in performing something so original.

"It is a very new form [of theatre]. I think the earliest official documentary theatre only came out in the sixties, and that's not what we're doing now. We're using iPods and you have to memorise everything they say and how they say it. Every mannerism, you have to do it perfectly," Green says.

On those people who don't understand why one would choose theatre over film, Kelsey explains: "I personally love [film] documentaries, and I didn't really know much about documentary theatre. I think when you get to 300-level theatre you've studied a lot of Stanislavski, you've studied a lot of Chekhov, and they kind of morph in to one type of acting, whereas this is almost completely contradictory. It's completely technical, which is something we haven't really explored before with theatre."

Green agrees: "Collecting information and thinking of a topic is similar to doing a film, but when it comes to acting documentary theatre, it's very different to acting out any other type of theatre, because things that you are previously taught about getting in touch with the emotion of your characters, spontaneity, improvisation, are not things that apply at all, or certainly not to our type of documentary theatre."

This style of acting is vastly different to "normal" acting. Kelsey comments, "You press play. That's how you get in to the character. It's an incredibly draining rehearsal process. Everything is incredibly specific, like where is this finger in relation to the other one? Personally, I can't do it for more than 20 minutes because I get too drained." Preparation for the production has been lengthy, starting in February, so it's no wonder it's exhausting. "Sometimes it's easy to get pedantic, but then other times it's like Chinese water torture, and it's really hard to put up with it for too long."

However, Kelsey assures us there's a rewarding side to it as well. "I've seen it a million times, but every time we watch it it's still interesting to me and I still laugh at the bits that are funny. Even though it's very technical it still has the power to affect us. You're playing with peoples' lives. It's not a character that's been written by a playwright, that's an actual person. And you've got to be careful." It's an understandable concern, but I'm certain this talented group of actors will put on a tasteful and entertaining piece of theatre for us to enjoy. How will verbatim theatre progress at Otago? Watch this space!

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# BALDUR'S GATE I AND II: ENHANCED EDITIONS

Developer: Overhaul Games (Bioware) | Genre: Role-playing | Platforms: PC, iPad, OSX, Android (tablets)

**B**ALDUR'S GATE: ENHANCED EDITION IS A satisfactorily vague title for a massive overhaul. It's an obvious attempt to smooth out all the lumpy bumps between the two games and two expansions that are the project's constituent parts. Re-jigging developers Overhaul Games are marrying the free-roaming wilderness areas from the original game with the vibrant creativity and dramatic interactions of incredibly likable characters from its sequel. Even on the game's official website, very few mentions are made of where the vast number of alterations and enhancements will be found in the context of the saga. This is an edition of the 12-year-old saga of games that aims to be as smooth as the iPad screens that will be running it in September.

A Nineties audience more used to *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* must have appreciated the first *Baldur's Gate*, which made the rigmarole of *Advanced Dungeons and Dragons* die-rolls and character development accessible to a contemporary audience. The game world is a mosaic

of wilderness areas, which must be traversed to reach a civilised area. There is a sense of discovery, the kind that games like *Skyrim* are entirely made up of, that comes from striding off the beaten path and finding a happy fisherman or an angry giant bug.

The second game is remarkable for artistic reasons. Playing modern blockbuster RPGs, think *Skyrim*, tends to be associated with a wealth of recycled assets. For instance, a quest might begin: "Oh my, I'm being embezzled by thieves, you'd better go retrieve my anti-embezzlement goat-horn from a barrow full of draugr." Or: "My word, I'm deeply in love with the goat herder's daughter. Could you go retrieve my goat-horn-of-love from a rickety barrow full of draugr?" It's understandable – in these fully realised 3D worlds, a single unique room is incredibly resource intensive. In *Baldur's Gate II*, creating a new room was an afternoon's work. The 2D levels are all hand-painted. The entirety of all four games is effectively one gigantic, richly detailed canvas. Every stroke of every

brush is evocative. It's an economical way to design a game, because your imagination does all of the work – rendering each speck of dust on a tavern's bench top and every shadow cast by an iridescent crystal – so the game's engine doesn't need to.

Each of *Baldur's Gate II*'s enormous dungeons is unique and fully realised. The prison that opens the game is, superficially, very typical – it's an actual dungeon after all, fully decked out with rusty shackles and icy cobble. But after exploring it further, melancholy subtleties start to emerge. Beautiful rooms reveal an element of the antagonist's character. The whole game is integrated – it's not just combat sections partitioned away from storytelling bits by a shadowy entrance to a cave. Puzzles are there for a narrative or character-building reason.

At least three new characters are being added with their accompanying quest lines (12 hours of content at least), as well as original quest lines and over 400 small modifications to tighten up the interface and the combat.



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## TONE DEAF

By TOM TREMEWAN

**I** DON'T PLAY ANY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. I'M uncoordinated, have short arms, and despise sucking at something I don't have an inherent knack for. Basically, I can't get over my fear of failing at something I love so much. This is one aspect of me, and one aspect of my relationship with music. Another aspect of it is that I am going deaf. It's a cruel irony for sure, but it's my own fault. Music sounds better loud.

While I'm very self-conscious about these two things, thinking about them makes me wonder what qualifies me to soap-box my passion of music to others. The fact is, I don't necessarily have a qualification any more than your average person on the street listening to their iPod does, other than the fact that I've been listening to music for a very, very long time. But haven't we all? I don't want to be all preachy and pretentious because there's enough of that going around, so I endeavour to earnestly portray what music means to me. Before writing this piece, I was given a rough guideline of what to say. Write about your love of music, they said. It'll be fun, they said. Therein lies the rub. I've been humming and hawing about what needs to be said, but it's my fear of not doing it justice, my fear of failing, that cripples me with anxiety that it won't be as good as I think it needs to be. 750

words isn't nearly enough space to write about why the 22,000-odd songs that fill my laptop mean so much to me.

I like to think that my vast music collection shows I'm a person who is aurally versatile; that my taste and preferences are in a perpetual state of learning and revision. I'm wise enough to know that there are different strokes for different folks, and you should never bag on someone because they love a genre of music you hate. No one is too cool; there's always a right time and place. When I purchased Justice's † in 2007, I was repulsed by 90% of the tracks on the album. Interestingly enough, it's now my favorite record of all time. I was 17 then, now I'm 22.

We've all been emotionally charged, angst-ridden teenagers, and no doubt we've all had moments of pious derision when we see someone bobbing along with their headphones, thinking what an asshole they look like. I've teared up in poignant moments in a Wes Anderson film when Sigur Rós is playing in the background, but I've also waited angrily at train stations listening to Queens of the Stone Age, glaring at old people while truly believing that they didn't "get it". I'm also certain we've all been frenzied and wild-eyed at gigs at 5am, when The Chemical Brothers are blaring with an intensity that makes you feel like your brain is leaking out of your ears and your heart will

explode.

It's hard to capture the essence of these moments, to elaborate upon them to express how they made you feel in the right context so that others will nod enthusiastically, telling you with a huge grin, "Fucking aye man, that's it!" Music is emotionally charged, dammit!

It's often said that those who can, do; those who can't, teach. This is especially pertinent to me. Since I can't express my passion with a kick and snare, I cheerily head to Radio One twice a week to host shows and spin music that makes me feel happy and that I think listeners will enjoy. This is my way of expressing myself in the manner most befitting to me. Additionally, every Tuesday I drag a fat sack of vinyl down to Refuel for the open deck night, which is hosted by the Fat Controller's Club. I can't mix — I'm no Tiesto, and I don't have the stage presence of Skrillex — but this is irrelevant. These nights are always fantastic, and provide me with the opportunity to get over my performance anxiety and play music for music's sake, to do what I love to do alongside the super-friendly crowd of music enthusiasts that I've connected with over the shared love of musical expression and the smiles that brings. The best part is that there's not a shred of pretense to be found. Coming from someone as self-conscious as I am, that means a whole lot.

# BRAISED LEEKS WITH SWEET LENTILS AND GRAVY

**L**EEKS ARE PHENOMENALLY CHEAP AT THE moment, and are a great flavour base for meals. Typically I would slice the whites into rounds and add them to risotto or pasta. This recipe, from spectacular food blog *Sprouted Kitchen*, honours the otherwise humble vegetable and makes them the protagonist of the dish. Buttery leeks are paired with sweet, tangy lentils, crunchy breadcrumbs, and a gravy whisked up from the cooking liquid.

## INGREDIENTS

25g butter  
4 tbs extra virgin olive oil  
½ tsp salt  
3 leeks  
1½ cups liquid beef stock  
½ cup water  
2 cups brown lentils  
½ tsp salt  
3 tbs extra virgin olive oil  
1 – 3 tbs rice wine vinegar  
Small handful soft brown sugar  
Freshly ground black pepper  
1 tbs butter, melted  
1 tbs white flour  
1/3 cup panko crumbs, or regular breadcrumbs, lightly toasted  
Small handful of roughly chopped fresh coriander, basil or parsley (optional)

## METHOD

**01** Remove the green parts from the leeks, and slice the tough part of the bottoms off. Slice the leeks in half lengthwise and rinse with cold water to remove any dirt.

**02** Melt the first measure of butter, olive oil, and salt together in a large, deep frypan. Add the leeks, cut side down, and cook until golden brown. Turn over and cook until the other side is golden brown. Pour over the beef stock and water. Adjust the heat if necessary to allow the liquid to come to a gentle boil, then partially cover and reduce to a gentle simmer. Cook the leeks for 20 – 30 minutes, or until soft.

**03** Meanwhile, place the lentils in a large saucepan and cover with 3 cups of water and the second measure of salt. Bring to the boil and cook until just soft. If the water evaporates while the lentils are still hard, add a little more water. If there is any water left in the pot when the lentils reach the desired texture, simply turn the heat up and cook the excess water off. I like my lentils with some bite to them. Do whatever works for you.

**04** Heat the second measure of olive oil in a large, deep frypan. Add the lentils and cook over a high heat for one minute, stirring occasionally. Add a small measure of the rice wine vinegar – say, one tablespoon – and the soft brown sugar. Stir for a further minute or two over the heat, adding more rice vinegar until its tanginess is balanced with the sweetness from the sugar.

**05** Mix the flour into the second measure of melted butter. Remove the leeks from the pan and transfer them to serving plates. Whisk the flour mixture into the cooking liquid from the leeks. Turn the heat up and stir constantly until you have a delicious, thick gravy. Add salt and pepper to taste.

**06** Place the lentils on top of the leeks. Pour the gravy over, followed by the breadcrumbs and fresh herbs.

**Serves five people for around \$12.**



# THE CAMPAIGN

Director: Jay Roach

**T**HE CAMPAIGN PITS WILL FARRELL AGAINST Zach Galifianakis in a vulgar, violent, and ferocious political satire that will leave Will Farrell fans laughing out loud for an one-and-a-half hours straight, and everyone else disgusted and disturbed.

Will Farrell is Cam Brady, the slimy, long-unopposed congressman of the 14th District of North Carolina. Leading into the upcoming election an obscene phone call to the wrong person sees his approval ratings drop drastically, and high-powered business owners the Mitch Brothers (John Lithgow and Dan Akroyd) rush in with a puppet candidate of their own,

Marty Higgins (Galifianakis), to challenge him. Higgins is the naïve and effeminate director of the local tourism center, and is putty in the hands of the devious Mitch brothers and their brilliant campaign manager Tom Wattle (Dylan McDermott). The stage is set for two over-the-top smear campaigns, which are both hilarious and scarily realistic at the same time.

The Campaign brazenly humiliates real-life politicians through thinly veiled analogies. Though it never really makes a point or sends any relevant messages, it does, in its own warped way, put a spotlight on the current corporate interest-driven nature of politics.

The film is far funnier than Ferrell's *Tal-ladega Nights* but never reaches *Old School* or *Anchorman* levels. Ferrell is the same as always, and Galifianakis is actually very funny and does a great job developing the character of eccentric Marty Higgins. If you've seen either of these guys in a movie before, you'll know what to expect from *The Campaign*. Keep your expectations around the level of *The Hangover* or *Blades of Glory* and you won't be disappointed.

By Andrew Oliver



# LE CHEF

Director: Daniel Cohen

**F**RENCH COMEDY *LE CHEF* FOLLOWS THE struggles of veteran chef Alexandre (Jean Reno) and his second in command Jacky (Michael Youn) as they try to juggle home life with their love of cooking. This tricky situation is further exacerbated by the interfering son of Alexandre's retired business partner trying to shut down their restaurant.

I have to admit that I didn't expect much when I went to see this film, and to be honest, I wasn't blown away. *Le Chef's* storyline was average at best, and reminded me quite a bit of *Ratatouille* and *The Mighty Ducks*. The film's strengths lay in its its portrayal of the characters and the subtle build-up of humour throughout.

Halfway through the film things started

to get extremely weird, as though the director had spontaneously dropped a couple of tabs of acid. The chefs got really into a new style of food, "molecular gastronomy", involving mixing liquid nitrogen into food and breaking down duck into cubes which tasted like raspberry. It was all a bit too Willy Wonka's *Chocolate Factory* for me.

I enjoyed this film, but it's not something I'll be watching again anytime soon — once was enough. Definitely check out *Le Chef* if you are a fan of cooking, or you just want to watch an enjoyable movie.

By Caleb Wicks



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



# ABRAHAM LINCOLN: VAMPIRE HUNTER

DIRECTOR: TIMUR BEKMAMBETOV

**A**BRAHAM LINCOLN: VAMPIRE HUNTER unsurprisingly revolves around Abraham Lincoln, the 16th president of the United States. During his childhood Lincoln witnesses the death of his mother at the hands of a vampire. Nine years later, he makes the acquaintance of a man named Henry Sturgess. Henry makes a deal with Abe: he will teach him all he needs to know about vampire extermination if Abe promises not to seek vengeance for his mother's death.

Armed with a silver plated axe (surprisingly useful) and the knowledge he gains from his mentor, Lincoln relocates to Springfield, where he works as a store clerk by day and hunts vampires by night. Many years later he becomes the president of the US, leaving his vampire-hunting days behind until he finds out that the Confederate forces have enlisted the help of vampires to help them defeat the Union. To stop Civil War-era

America from being taken over by the walking dead, he embarks on a secret mission to defeat them.

I went into this movie with mixed emotions. Abraham Lincoln, arguably the greatest American president, leading a secret life as a vampire hunter? Really? However, this movie delivers exactly what you would expect from its title. It's a ridiculous and over-the-top action/horror flick. The action scenes were very well done, and the CGI was entertaining to say the least. I highly recommend watching the film in 3D — the last action scene alone is worth paying the extra cash. If you do end up seeing the film, don't expect any historical accuracy. Just watch in amazement as Abraham Lincoln decapitates vampires for the good of the nation.

By Rana Saad Jehandad



# STEP UP 4: MIAMI HEAT

DIRECTOR: SCOTT SPEER

**I**N THE FOURTH INSTALLMENT OF THE STEP UP franchise, we find ourselves in Miami (which means lots of bikinis and bleached hair). We meet Emily, the daughter of a wealthy property shark (Hollywood veteran Peter Gallagher), who falls for Ryan, a guy from the wrong side of the tracks. Shockingly, Ryan has also got a bit of thing for Emily, whose father is soon to bowl down a whole community to put up a strip mall. Budding romance aside, this is primarily a dance film with a backdrop of protest and demonstration against corporate greed and consumerism.

Emily joins a somewhat anarchical dance group called "The Mob" who stage large-scale stunts in public places. The Mob soon takes on a political agenda and their dances become political statements, voicing concerns similar to those of the Occupy movement. The romantic undertones leave a lot to be desired, and are a far

cry from the starry-eyed chemistry of Channing Tatum and Jenna Dewan in the first film. However, the dancing is not lacking in sauciness, and at times borders on R-rated.

The movie isn't heavy or emotionally draining, and what it lacks in dialogue and plot it certainly makes up for in dance numbers. It is rather obvious that the actors involved were picked for their dancing rather than their dramatic abilities. However, if you're looking for a couple of hours of light entertainment with maximal dancing and minimal storyline, you will definitely enjoy this film. If you don't like dance movies, it goes without saying that you should sit this one out.

By Taryn Dryfhout



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University Book Shop

## LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

### WATCH OUT

Watch out

I'm sick of these 'Campus Watch' posers trying to replace me. Everyone knows there is only one true campus watch.

Sincerely, The Clock Tower

### ALWAYS FOR THE LULZ

Dear Joe,

Critic, of course, has the right to freedom of expression just as we have the right to critique crap editorial practices (i.e. our freedom of expression). Zane Pockocks 'news summary' of the debate around the usage of the word faggot did not cover any of the substantive criticisms made towards the latter and tried to hand-wave it off as "facilitating debate for the lulz".

I don't think anyone objects to the word faggot or fag appearing in print as we object to a pseudonymous columnist getting to describe specific people as faggots (See: "Straight Up" – Issue 17). You should require the columnist to attach their real name to their writings if they are going to use such words against specific people like you demand others do when they write in letters. I presume you would demand this condition if a columnist was going to describe someone as a "Self-hating Maori" or "Slut afraid of other sluts" along the lines of "Faggot afraid of faggots". If they cannot attach their name to it you say: "You will have to edit out the contentious phrase directed at X unless you can attach your name to it".

Kind regards,

Beau Murrah

### PROBS A SEX DUNGEON

Dear Otago University,

What the f\*@k is that sound in St Daves study area? It is drilling into my brain. Please put could you spare a portion of your \$26 million surplus and fix it.

Yours sincerely,

Queen of Castle.

### WE CALL HER "BAD ATTITUDE" HERRON

The Editor,

I was disappointed with the attitude in the article by Claudia Herron in Critic, Issue 19 of 6 August 2012. Professor Sir Alan Mark has merely responded with civic responsibility, in being prepared to protect our native flora and fauna in important tussockland reserves in the Te Papanui Conservation Park and the Stoney Creek Scenic Reserve. That the planting of pines and fir trees on Waipori Station will likely seed wilding pines into protected flora and fauna reserves is a truly shocking situation, the more so that it is perpetrated by a Government State owned Enterprise.

[abridged by Ed]

At the present time when human-caused biodiversity decline is possibly the world's gravest long-term problem, everyone in New Zealand should be doing his and her best to protect, in perpetuity, all that is left of our native flora and fauna. Otago University students should surely at least support efforts to protect local wild places and Otago's flora and fauna reserves.

Yours sincerely,

Anthony Harris

### PAKEHA'S GOT YOUR BACK

As a pākehā woman, I want to express my staunch opposition to the "Colourblind"/ "Treatygate" campaign featuring in last weeks Critic. The concept of 'colour blindness' would only make sense in a society where structural racism and cultural imperialism have ceased to exist. Aotearoa is a long way from that. Colonisation is not something that 'happened' which Māori should 'get over and move on from'. We are a settler colony which means the colonisers stayed, and we continue to dominate. The 'normal' way of organising social, political and economic life in Aotearoa is not neutral; it is profoundly based on European/pākehā culture, values, and world view. Pākehā people's ways of seeing and being in the world are given higher value therefore they enjoy countless advantages, helping hands and benefits-of-doubts everyday in society;

both official and unofficial. It takes a conscious effort to see one's own privilege, this goes for gender, sexuality, class, ethnicity, ability and other forms of social inequality. Privilege can be invisible to those who have it. Pākehā who think legislation aimed at supporting Māori people, their culture, land and resource rights give Māori an 'unfair advantage' are blind to their own privilege. Tino rangatiratanga, ake ake ake.

Bell

### ZIONISTS ARE ZIONISTIC

Hi Joe

We were disappointed to read the generalizations made about Israel in your 'Get Your Faith On' article. Unfortunately there are several groups (half a brain or otherwise) who argue that Israel should not be allowed to exist, notably Hamas: the governing body of the Gaza Strip. Their doctrine is not just rhetoric but reality in the form of rocket fire that peppers Southern Israel on a regular basis.

To assume that all Orthodox Jews advocate for the stealing of Palestinian land is discouraging and incorrect to say the least. Israel's actions may not always be perfect but cannot be examined without also mentioning the terrorism condoned by Palestinian leadership, historical aggression from neighbouring countries and the fact that Israel is one of the most democratic countries in the Middle East.

The conflict between Israel and her neighbours has complex historical, religious and political roots. Your sweeping and simplistic generalizations with an apologetic disclaimer spread misinformation and undermine peace efforts.

Cheers

Matthew Shrimpton, Omri Moyal, Ben Isaacs, Amy Smith & Shoshannah Samson

### STOCKMAN RESPONDS

Dear Matthew and Co,

Thanks for taking the time to write in, it is always appreciated when people engage. I don't usually respond to letters as editor, but since you wrote to me as a feature writer, I'll give it a nudge:

Why do otherwise intelligent young Jewish people feel that it is okay to describe Israel's illegal and immoral colonisation of the West Bank as "imperfect", and the actions of those who fight against Israel as "terrorism"? Why do you bundle the threat from Iran and Hamas (a real

threat no doubt), as an excuse for Israel's current crimes. Can you even bring yourself to say that? To acknowledge that these aren't imperfections, but war crimes? If you think times are tough for Israel, try being Palestinian.

Yours,  
Joe Stockman

## YEAH, THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN

Hi Joe,

I've read the article published in the Critic volume 20 and was shocked. Yes, the article is light and it is ok to make some jokes about religion and religious groups but within reason. The main issues I find with this article are: It's inaccurate, misleading and at some points simply false. It is imbalanced, for some odd reason Judaism is lucky to get all the dirty jokes while Christianity and Islam stay quite clean. It talks about Israel claiming to be about religion. It shows signs of anti-semitism and anti-zionism.

I appreciate that it's an opinion piece however there must be some good taste limits that you apply to the articles published in the Critic. This article goes far beyond any imaginable good taste boundary. This is simply an anti Israel, anti Judaism opinion piece disguised in an article about religion. As a representative of Jewish students around NZ I take offence to this article and I know for a fact that other students do to.

I would appreciate a written apology from the author.

Kind regards,  
**Rotem Hochman**

President, The Australasian Union Of Jewish Students (AUJS) New Zealand

## LOOK FOR THE SIGNS

To anyone who saw the sign, I'm the culprit and here's the reason:

Walking around Dunedin you always see rubbish on the ground. I've learned that it stems from our consumer ways: we don't give a crap about the packaging once we're done with the product; if something breaks we just throw it out and get a new one; out of sight, out of mind... and all that. You know what I'm talking about - it's how we live.

The problem is that our planet can't breakdown all of this unnatural waste. We're disrupting its systems and that's no good if we want to keep living here. It's hippy but it's true.

We really need to take another look at the ways of life we just accept.

Most of us already put recycling into the big yellow bins. That's good but the problem is too intense for such rational solution alone. I think it becomes a question of creativity: Can we moderate that which we produce initially? Maybe use your own cup to get a coffee... Can we turn the trash we produce into treasure? 'The garbage warrior' does it on YouTube. I tried with the sign. It disappeared.

Maybe it was rubbish,  
**Tom**

## SHE SO CRAZY

Dear Critic

I'm upset by the way that Dame La Di Da has been attacked by certain readers of Critic. I'm sure that the word "fag" isn't the real problem here, but the wider issues La Di Da discusses each week. She has said before that she's not an "LGBT" columnist, but a "Queer" columnist; she defines the two as being very different. She never tries to regurgitate popular LGBT ideals, but calls for alternatives. With "marriage equality" saturating every media outlet, I'm always happy to read someone challenge such approaches to queer identity which, as a queer student, I personally find at odds with my own goals and wishes. I'm sick of the "homo-normative" approach. I want some confrontation. It seems Dame La Di Da is the only one willing to do that. And I'm glad you support her in it Critic.

Dame La Di Da, I hope you take this recent backlash as a sign of success. The hostility which has met your writing only shows that you're getting your point across, and being provocative, as you should be. I look forward to reading your future columns.

**A Queer Student**

## JUST BACK AWAY SLOWLY...

Kia Ora 5th year,

An Auckland fresher pissed me off when she said that she will grow taller than me. My hair was covered with hot red powder after a street Party. With a pair of classy jandals, I went to gym to chill out. I ran and ran and my body was hotter than Unicol sluts.

A frisky 5th year gave me a hand. Your groan voice freaks me out. I am not a condemned criminal, and you are not a judge. Teasing people is your forth, cos you are from the 8th floor. Major in pol means I am not a retard. Saying bitchy

thing behind junior back is what your milky senior always does.

You always look at the floor, cos you want to play with your balls. You use a hood to cover your head, make me want to cum on your hair. Although you broke my tender little heart, I will not bring this to court. To compensate my loss, you can put your Kiwi sausage into my Chinese muffin.

Yours truly,  
**Naughty Haughty scarfie**

## NOTICES

### ZUMBA

"Zumba Fitness classes are on at the Alhambra Rugby club rooms every Monday and Wednesday at 6pm! \$4 per session for students, \$6 otherwise. They are also on at Monkey Bar Tuesdays 7pm and Thursdays 6pm \$5 for students, \$6 otherwise. These classes are super fun and a good work out! Everyone welcome!"

### THE POLYTECH MADE STUFF!

Story, Senses, Style is a free, interactive exhibition designed, curated and produced by Bachelor of Design students at Otago Polytechnic. It showcases interior, product, communication and fashion design to inspire those interested in the creative industries.

22-24 August, 9.00am-4.30pm, Otago Polytechnic, H Block, Levels 3-5, Cnr Forth and Union Streets

### INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGES WEEK

20 - 24 August. The Dept. of Languages & Cultures celebrate the diversity of languages used in Xinlín and throughout the mundo. Get amongst an excitant array of ibento with multimedia library displays, lunchtime radio and a quiz night on Thursday 5pm - everyone bem-vindos! Updates on FB.



# KIA ORA WHĀNAU

**W**ITH THE MID-SEMESTER BREAK FAST approaching, most of us will use the time off to make a dent in that pile of assignments or get ahead on those exams. However, this mid-semester break we have approximately 50 Te Roopū Māori students hosting 200+ Māori students for the national Māori student conference, Te Huinga Tauira, from August 30 to September 2.

Te Huinga Tauira offers Māori tertiary students throughout New Zealand a safe forum to discuss and debate current issues important to Māori students. It is an opportunity for Māori students to nurture and maintain their cultural identity, to access social and support networks outside of their institutions, and to participate in various activities.

Our speakers at Te Huinga include Heather Te Au-Skipworth and Missy Mackey, who are the founders and organisers of Iron Māori. Iron Māori is an initiative which encourages Māori

to participate in sport and physical activity, promotes good health and wellbeing amongst Māori, and helps competitors to maintain active and nutritionally-balanced lifestyles.

We also have Donna Matahaere-Atariki, the current Executive Director of Arai Te Uru Whare Hauora in Dunedin. This is an independent community-based provider of integrated health, education and social services. Arai Te Uru Whare Hauora offers support for whānau to realise their potential by promoting healthy life choices and quality outcomes. Our keynote speaker is the legendary Moana Jackson, who will be speaking about constitutional transformation and also doing a workshop on that kaupapa.

Other workshops will include Traditional Māori Games and a Whakatauki/whakatauki workshop, involving discussion of Māori proverbs/sayings. This may include both traditional and more modern proverbs that encompass a range of topics relating to wellbeing. Kāi Tahu

Whānau ki Ōtepoti History Kāi Tahu representative, Tahu Pōtiki, will discuss the history of Kāi Tahu Whānau ki Ōtepoti. The Ōtepoti Tour will follow the footsteps of political prisoners from Taranaki who were sent to Dunedin between 1860 and 1880.

It has been 11 years since Te Roopu Maori last hosted Te Huinga Tauira, and the organisation of such an event has offered us valuable insight into the general running of an organisation, event management, and overall group dynamics.

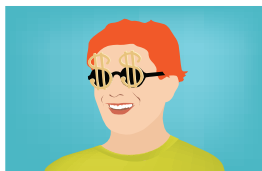
I would personally like to thank two people who have played a pivotal role in the facilitating of Te Huinga Tauira. Rimutere Wharakura and Samantha Jackson have been indispensable in organising Te Huinga Tauira, and I very much look forward to September 3!

Mauri Ora mai whānau,  
Lisa x





## CAN OUSA HELP YOU?



Apply for an OUSA Grant and tell us why you, or your affiliated club deserves to be rewarded with some cold hard cash!! With only 2 Grant Rounds left for 2012, the time to apply is NOW. The fifth round closes 4pm Thursday 23rd August. Make an appointment with the Clubs Development Officer by emailing [cdo@ousa.org.nz](mailto:cdo@ousa.org.nz) or for further information check out [ousa.org.nz/grants/](http://ousa.org.nz/grants/)

## Art Week – Exhibit and sell YOUR art!



The OUSA Art Week just keeps getting bigger and better – and this year is set to be no exception! Our Student Art Exhibition and Sale is an opportunity for all students from all interests to actively participate in the arts, and it gives you the chance to show off and even sell

your work! Applications are open now from the OUSA website [ousa.org.nz/art-week/](http://ousa.org.nz/art-week/)

## \$650 up for grabs in the Laser Tag and Mini Golf Tournaments!



Both tournatrons will run from 5:00 – 6:00pm on September 30th at LaserForce down on Frederick St. The registration fee is \$5 for one tournament or \$7 for both, register at OUSA Clubs and Socs or email [michaela@ousa.org.nz](mailto:michaela@ousa.org.nz)

The prize money for each tournament is \$200 for first place \$75 for 2nd and \$50 for third.

## Looking at a Flat? How does it RATE?



The flat STARS rating system is an initiative to make sure a flat is up to scratch. The DCC, Otago Uni, OP and even lil ol' OUSA have had a hand in it to make sure flats are checked out and are up to scratch. So if you're looking for a flat, check out STARS and make sure you've got all the info and aren't suckered into a shit one. You don't need to pay through the roof if in fact the roof is leaking... take

the time to find a flat properly and if you don't like them JUST WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR! Seriously there's heaps of flats so save a months rent. Check it out [www.housingstars.co.nz/](http://www.housingstars.co.nz/)



## LOGAN'S BACK

Commercialisation.

So what I'm going to try teach you about this week is why the Government like Universities and to a lesser degree (no pun intended) Polytechs.

I guess the first point to make about graduates of Universities is that we make Good Citizens. We go on to be the countries movers and shakers, trend setters and leaders of industry. The post-nominal letters that sit after our names once we've graduated (BSc, BCom, BA...etc) mean that we collectively as a group sit in the higher tax bracket and any money that the tax payer does contribute towards our degree we return tenfold in GDP, GST and exports etc.

The commercialisation and intellectual property stuff. Have you ever looked at that big flashy building by St. Davids and wondered what the fuck is in there? It's more than just good coffee, it also houses Otago Innovations Limited or 'Oil' for short. Oil is the commercialisation arm of the University. Oil's catch phrase is "Realising the commercialisation potential for research discoveries". Basically if you're at Otago doing research and you make a great breakthrough in your work they'll provide you with the incubator support to protect the Intellectual Property of your work so no one else can nick your idea. They'll also help you get your idea ready for market. The Government like this sort of shit because the stuff that comes out of Oil mean more jobs, export opportunities and economic growth for good old NZ.

Upstart is another incubator similar to Oil, it too looks to help ideas become realities. Upstart runs the Audacious business competitions which you should defs get your ideas into. I've just become a director of Upstart. So that was my shameless plug for commercialisation at Otago. So get a bit of No.8 Kiwi Ingenuity in ya!

P.S. Next month are OUSA Executive Elections where one of you Scarfies will take over my job for 2013, so give it a think and give it a shot by standing for a position!

Happy hunting,

Logan

## Clubs and Socs \$3 Dinners this week:

84 Albany Street, Dunedin

20th August 2012 from 6–8PM

21st August 2012 from 6–8PM

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