



ITALY

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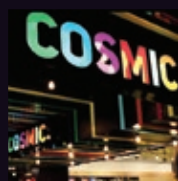
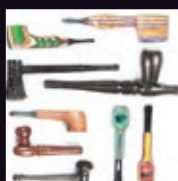
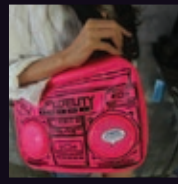
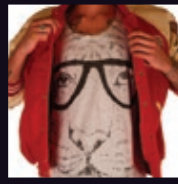
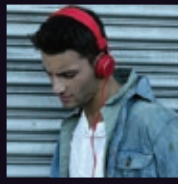
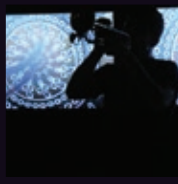
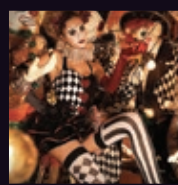
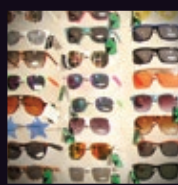
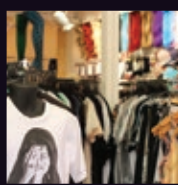
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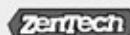
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**"We sleep safe in our beds because rough men stand ready in the night to visit violence on those who would do us harm."**

– George Orwell

A country in central Asia is wracked with violence. The police and army are attacked in the streets, and the rebels, funded with profits from narcotics, have sanctuary in a neighbouring country where they can resupply and regroup.

The rebels want to turn the country into a theocracy. Anyone who disagrees with their understanding of faith runs the risk of being executed by the religious police. They ban television and music. Men must wear beards, and women must not be seen in public. Girls are banned from attending school, and those who dare have acid thrown in their face. At football games, the only acceptable cheer is "God is great". Women accused of adultery are executed before kickoff, either by beheading or being shot with an AK47.

The state is weak and corrupt. Central government can hardly control the capital, let alone the regions. Large parts of the country are unsafe even for the police to enter, and the army is riddled with rebel infiltrators. The state has failed.

The international community decides that they cannot allow this to continue. That the injustice that the people face from the rebels is unacceptable. That despite the risks they will intervene in this civil war to back up the government and protect the population.

Often war and violence are the only answer to such a problem. Evil should be defended against, and that requires brave young people to place their own lives at risk. To stand on a wall with a gun and say no. No, you will not prevent this young girl from attending school. You will not execute this woman for adultery. You will not enslave this population to your chosen faith.

Okay, so you've expertly deduced that I'm talking about the war in Afghanistan, and you've noticed that I've left out some pretty important points, like, the international community invaded specifically to take down a terror group. But the situation in Afghanistan is what it is today, regardless of how we got there in the first place.

**No, you will not prevent this young girl from attending school. You will not execute this woman for adultery. You will not enslave this population to your chosen faith.**

The question that we should ask when we lose our soldiers — not tragically, but bravely in a firefight against those that wish to re-enslave Afghanistan's women and children — is: how many Afghan lives is a Kiwi life worth? If we could save 100 Afghan children through the death of one Kiwi, would that be okay?

I don't know. I don't know how many New Zealanders we are willing to lose to make the lives of Afghans better. Many, maybe most, people would say none. But we are all responsible in part for what's happening in Afghanistan. And if we leave before the Afghans are able to defend themselves, to defend some basic form of democracy, however imperfect, then we will have allowed evil to prevail, and the dead, ours and theirs, will have died in vain.

– JOE STOCKMAN





## BOY RACERS ENGAGE IN ANTISOCIAL BEHAVIOUR

BY MARGOT TAYLOR

**O**N FRIDAY AUGUST 24 A LARGE CONTINGENT of boy racers took to the roads surrounding Dunedin. There were a reported 1000 "hooligans" in 400 cars participating in Dunedin's "Big Cruise". While many claimed that the event would be an opportunity for young car enthusiasts to show that they are merely people who like cars and socialising, the event ultimately proved that bogan cars attract bogan behaviour.

The cruise began on the outskirts of Dunedin and ended in the famously quiet and conservative township of Mosgiel. Dunedin Area Road Policing manager Senior Sergeant Phil McDouall told media, "A strong police presence meant that these people (drivers) were not able to undertake any dangerous driving manoeuvres or do any damage in the area."

However, the night did not pass without a few notable incidents. At 1.30am a serious crash occurred on Castle St, involving one car from the cruise and a car belonging to a drunken member of the public. The drunk driver reportedly lost control of his car when he swerved to miss pedestrians crossing the street. His car then

collided into another car and flipped several times before catching on fire due to a punctured petrol tank. Senior Sergeant Steve Aitken said, "It's phenomenally lucky no-one was killed. It's meaningless destruction", not to mention totally badass. The driver of the flaming car fled the scene, but was later located by the police dog squad. Breath testing found him to have twice the legal limit of alcohol in his system.

A further 22 cars participating in the cruise were ordered off the road by police due to various issues with adjustments that had been made. Despite these incidents, the night was considered to have generally gone well in terms of driver behaviour. The Dunedin police have said that the lack of further problems during the night was due to a series of checkpoints throughout the city to catch drunk and dangerous drivers.

While the "Big Cruise" went better than planned, staff from the Dunedin brothel La Maison have complained of abusive behavior from the so called "car enthusiasts" towards the brothel staff. La Maison director Teena Ingersoll told reporters that due to abusive behaviour from boy racers she had made "a horrendous amount of 111 calls, probably every weekend for the last eight years". The abuse ranged from discarding

the contents of a sanitary disposal unit from a nearby public toilet in the business' car park to urinating on the building. Ms Ingersoll also reported that "some (boy racers) even have the brass to come upstairs and they ask the most disgusting questions... I wouldn't even want to be quoted to tell you what they say."

A meeting between the DCC and Dunedin police regarding the abuse was held last week. The meeting resulted in changes including the erection of a liquor ban sign near the brothel, a notice reminding motorists that unauthorised vehicles would be towed, and the Queens Gardens public toilet being locked at night.

La Maison staff say they are pleased that the council has acknowledged the issue. However, Ingersoll said that she did not believe that the changes would stop the "out of control" behaviour. DCC councillor Kevin Thompson had a more optimistic view of what the changes could achieve, while also suggesting that the boy racers appeared to be predominantly from outside of Dunedin and as a result they may not know about the city's liquor ban, despite their obvious close acquaintance with Dunedin's ladies of the night.



## PARLIAMENT GETS FABULOUS!

BY ZANE POCKOCK AND CALLUM FREDRIC

**L** ABOUT MP LOUISA WALL'S MARRIAGE Amendment Bill, which aims to legalise gay marriage, passed its first reading in a landslide 80–40 conscience vote on the night of August 29.

The vote drew a packed public gallery at Parliament, and with many tuned into Parliament TV social media outlets went haywire after the announcement of the vote, with a passion very rarely expressed by students on any issue other than alcohol.

Wall told Parliament that "there is no reasonable ground on which the state should deny any citizen the right to enter the institution of marriage if he or she chooses. That is not the process of inclusion."

While National's Dunedin-based MP Michael Woodhouse voted against the bill, Labour MP for Dunedin North David Clark voted in favour, stating: "The strongest support for marriage equality that I have experienced has come from the age group most likely to be engaging in marriage in the future. It is for those people who will be inheriting and carrying

forward the institution of marriage that I am supporting the bill."

Kiwiblog's David Farrar produced a detailed vote-breakdown, pointing to some interesting outcomes. NZ First was the only party to vote exclusively against the bill, while all the other minor parties voted exclusively for it. Labour had only three members slyly vote against, and National was surprisingly even-split with 30 for and 29 against. In a fairly significant turnaround, John Banks and Lockwood Smith voted in favour of gay marriage after voting against decriminalising homosexual behaviour in 1986.

It is important to remember that this vote was simply for the bill to pass its first reading. The next steps in the process will involve consideration by a select committee, followed by two other Parliamentary votes, before the bill is passed into law. It is possible that some MPs will change their votes. The final vote, assuming there is one, will be held within the next six to twelve months.

The NZ First Party is already suffering a fallout from its decision to be the only party to whip its MPs to oppose the bill, on the grounds that issues of "public morality" should be put

to the public in a referendum rather than dealt with in Parliament. Otago student Beau Murrah and at least five other young NZF members have pledged to quit the party in the wake of the decision, which they regard as a betrayal. Murrah stated: "Morale is very low. The vast majority of the youth wing supports same sex marriage. The youth wing is as good as dead, and some people who were interested in the candidates college to stand for NZF are not interested any more."

Murrah was not the only one to be bitterly disappointed with NZF's decision to vote against the gay marriage bill; NZ First MP Denis O'Rourke was visibly upset at having to vote against the bill.

Murrah also fired a few parting shots at the NZ First Party, describing a culture of "incompetence, bullying, and intimidation" within the party. "I joined the party because I supported a lot of their economic policy, but when you get in there it's an incompetent, shadowy circus." Murrah says a young solo father who worked for NZF's Dunedin South committee was cut off from the party after being outed as gay.



## SPEIGHT'S BREWERY TO INCREASE PRODUCTION OF MEDIOCRE BEER

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

**A** MAJOR RE-DEVELOPMENT OF SPEIGHT'S Rattray Street Brewery will enable the brewing of over 24 million litres of beer per year for thirsty scarfies. Lion Breweries has been granted resource consent for the next stage of the \$29 million re-development following completion of the first stage back in May, including the relocation of the Maltego Plant from Christchurch.

The multi-stage project will take 18 months to complete, and will consist of the installation of a new 150hl brew house, a multi-purpose tank farm, and upgrades to the boilers and CO2 collection facilities, as well as new sales and operations offices.

The new and improved brewery will

primarily produce Speight's Gold Medal Ale, Speight's Summit, and Mac's Gold. Once the re-development is complete the number of full-time staff at the brewery will increase from 11 to 27.

While the re-development has further cemented Speight's iconic presence in Dunedin, the Otago Daily Times reported concerns that the recent increase in production after the Christchurch earthquakes had also caused an increase in smoke coming from the factory's boilers. Lion communications manager Judy Walter stated that Speight's were working closely with the Otago Regional Council and DCC to address this issue. A feasibility study to commission fuel alternatives is to be conducted, with a final decision expected in mid-September. "Speight's is committed to ensuring that

our emissions [are] responsibly aligned with the community's expectations... and that our re-development plans meet these changing requirements."

Heritage advocates also expressed concerns that the public was not consulted on the consent process, especially as some people consider the brewery an important heritage building. Walter reinforced that Lion had "followed the Council's consent process in full from beginning to end", and that the Council had confirmed that a public consultation was not required given that it was a "non-notifiable consent". Walter also said that the plans had been significantly amended throughout the process to preserve the historic site and to ensure that the plan is both "practical and sympathetic to its surrounds".

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# FARMERS HATE THE YOUNG

BY JOSIE ADAMS

**O**N 18 AUGUST STUDENT ANTI-CLIMATE change group Generation Zero was brutally suppressed by The Man in response to their latest publicity stunt, a "bus" of recycled cardboard containing some of the organisation's members, which travelled around Dunedin calling for the Government to invest in smart transport.

The "bus" began its journey at the farmer's market at 10am, but it ran into an early roadblock when the activists were kicked out by the organiser for "advertising without permission". Undeterred, the bus wound its informative way around the Octagon and along George Street before heading into the Meridian

Mall. On reaching the food court the bus and its passengers were escorted out by security, who determined that Generation Zero had not received permission to spread their message.

Despite this setback, Gen Zero spokesperson Harriet Leadbetter said that the group's message was well-received by most members of the public: "We were overwhelmed by the support, and it seems that this is an issue that people are aware of and which some people had very strong views on." Even Meridian security showed an interest: "We gave the security guard escorting us out a run-down on the importance of investing in smart transport, and he seemed pretty impressed."

Generation Zero pulled the "bus" stunt as part of their 50/50 campaign, which calls for the

Government to "move towards a 50/50 funding split between roads and highways and smart transport options". These options include buses, cycleways, walkways, and rail systems.

The group says this change need not divert much funding away from road maintenance and the like. Generation Zero has calculated a number of potential improvements that could be made to public transport with less than a quarter of the "roads of national significance" budget of \$13 billion. According to Leadbetter, the Dunedin public seemed to be on board with the cause. "Some people were surprised at the amount of money, and quite a few asked what they could do to help."

## ALCOHOL GETS ITS REFORM ON, BUT NOT REALLY.

BY WALTER PLINGE

**A**FTER MONTHS OF DEBATE, RESEARCH, AND WHATEVER ELSE IT IS THAT Members of Parliament do, they finally dealt with New Zealand's binge drinking culture by making absolutely no changes at all.

In the first effort to create change by changing nothing at all Justice Minister Judith Collins announced the Government would cancel its moves to restrict ready to drink (RTD) beverages from containing more than 6% alcohol content. The move follows intense lobbying from the liquor industry, showing that National is more than willing to change their policies when there is clear evidence that their financial supporters object to it.

Following this, the Alcohol Reform bill's suggestion of raising the drinking age to 20 was defeated in a conscience vote, where each member is allowed to vote according to their own beliefs rather than following the party line. The vote was unique in that three options were presented to Parliament: keep it at 18, raise it to 20, or split it to 18 for bars and 20 for off-licenses.

In the first vote the split age option was removed as it received the lowest level of support. Finally, the option of keeping it at 18 was passed with 68 votes to 53.

According to Green MP Holly Walker, who spoke against raising the age, in the late 1990s 80% of 14- to 18-year-olds were recorded as alcohol drinkers, but that had now fallen to only 32%. Walker argued that raising the drinking age would fool Parliament into thinking it had dealt with New Zealand's binge drinking issue, when in reality 92% of problem drinkers were over the age of 20.

The other aspects of the bill, which will come up for debate when Parliament next sits in late September, aim to reduce the availability of alcohol, and quite possibly raise the price of alcohol to reduce access for poor people, as we all know that it's only poor people who have issues with alcohol.





## HOMO-HATERS HORRIFIED BY HUMANITARIAN HUBRIS

By CALLUM FREDRIC

**A**UGUST WAS NOT A GOOD MONTH FOR FAMILY First.

The lobby group's mensis horribilis began with the Family First-affiliated "Protect Marriage" website, which opposes gay marriage, being blocked as a "hate site" by the Dunedin City Council's automated web filter.

Family First spokesman Bob McCroskie was not impressed, telling *Critic*: "When you've got two websites, one arguing for and one arguing against, and they selectively ban one of them, then I would suggest that's a little bit desperate. I've written to the mayor but he hasn't had the decency to respond."

DCC spokesperson Graham McKerracher responded to *Critic* that "We just employ an American company that looks after our filter for us. We don't normally ask our company to unblock sites unless they're work related, so we will not be asking them to unblock the site. It's not about us picking on any particular person."

Mr McKerracher checked a few other

websites on *Critic*'s request, and confirmed that the National Front website was blocked while the Workers Party site was not. He declined to check the Right Wing Resistance blog, possibly concerned about his internet history log.

The next blow was when the internet address "familyfirst.co.nz" was bought by Wellington man Hamish Gowenlock and redirected to the Marriage Equality website. Although Family First's actual website ends in ".org.nz", Gowenlock's cheeky move gained a lot of publicity on Facebook and Twitter.

August 30 was a particularly distressing day for those who believe in Protect Marriage's pithy tagline ("One Man. One Woman. That's Marriage.") As well as the gay marriage bill passing its first reading in Parliament, Labour MP Jacinda Ardern's Care of Children Law Reform Bill, which aims to legalise same-sex adoption, was drawn out of the member's ballot.

McCroskie says Family First is "absolutely" continuing its campaign against the gay marriage bill, and will also be opposing Ardern's bill: "I don't think as a society we should

intentionally set a child up for fatherlessness or [to be] without a mother."

Political commentator David Farrar, who supports same-sex adoption, nonetheless criticised Ardern's bill back in May, describing it as "basically little more than a legislative request for the Government to do something", which would "probably delay any actual law reform for four or more years".

If Ardern's bill passes, which would not be for about 12 months, the Law Commission will spend 12 months drafting new legislation relating to the care of children. The government would be required to introduce this legislation without amendment, but would never be required to actually hold a first reading. Even if the government of the day did schedule a timely first reading, it would still have to go through the full legislative process once again.

Furthermore, Farrar says the bill "doesn't specify a single policy principle. It gives no direction to the Law Commission as to what should be in the bill... [not] even that the bill should not discriminate against same-sex relationships."

## LET THEM SMOKE POT!

By ZANE POCKOCK

**D**ATA FROM THE "DUNEDIN STUDY" HAS SHOWN that under-18s who regularly smoke marijuana are at risk of permanently reducing their IQ. The same dip doesn't occur in those who become frequent users after 18, supporting previous research which has suggested that marijuana is particularly harmful for the developing brain.

Those dependent on marijuana from a young age saw an average decline of eight IQ

points between the ages of 13 and 38, the two ages at which IQ was tested in the University of Otago's ongoing longitudinal study, which followed a group of 1,037 children from birth between 1972 and 1973.

The people defined as dependent on cannabis during youth were those who smoked pot more than once a week before the age of 18, and this accounted for approximately 5% of the study group. Giving up the habit did not reverse the effects.

Dr Simon Adamson of the Otago University

National Addiction Centre emphasised that "the results... suggest adult onset regular cannabis use does not lead to cognitive decline," and that this should inform policy makers. *Critic* speculates he is referring to the idea of legalisation with an age restriction of 18, something many lobbyists are calling for following the findings. Importantly, the study was able to account for IQs which were low before cannabis dependency occurred. The study also showed that the decline was not simply related to cannabis users being less educated.

*Critic* proposes that this newsflash explains the "stoner" image, but reminds readers that correlation does not imply causation.



# SKIERS AND SNOWBOARDERS SKI AND SNOWBOARD IN SNOW

By BELLA MACDONALD

**W**ITH WINTER IN FULL FLIGHT, AROUND 100 STUDENTS FROM NEW Zealand universities gathered to shred up Wanaka for the 2012 University Snow Games, held from August 26 — 31.

The winter games have been held annually since 1945, making this the 67th year of competition. With the 2013 World University games being held in Italy next year, a chance to perform on the world stage is also at stake for competitors. Perfect weather and snow conditions in Wanaka contributed to the 2012 event's success.

The Michael Forrestal Shield, awarded to the university with the most points, has been won by Otago for the last eight years, and the scarfies were hoping to make it nine as Critic went to print on Thursday night. However, University Sport Executive Director Peter McDonald warned before the competition began that "Otago could be pushed this year and we're expecting a week of fun, competition and some good healthy campus rivalry."

Katie Logan started off Otago's flurry of success on day one, taking out the Female Snowboard Giant Slalom title, while Mikey Austin came second in the Female Ski GS. Day two saw another Otago victory, with Marc Andri Riedi winning the Male Snowboard Skills Slalom event.

On day three, the multi-talented Riedi continued his success with a win in the Male Snowboard Gravity Cross event, which involves "fast and technical racing", as well as the Male Snowboard Halfpipe event. Mikey Austin also gained further honours by winning the Female Ski Halfpipe event and placing second in the Female Gravity Cross. Otago's Henry Schikker and Katie Logan picked up third place in the Male Ski and Female Snowboard Gravity Cross events.

On day four, up against some fierce southern competition, the Otago men "threw down" some moves that led Arran Stewart to first and Jack Harker to second place in the Male Ski Big Air. Stewart also came second in the Male Ski Slopestyle competition, while Riedi placed third in the Male Snowboard Big Air.

In the women's events, Mikey Austin won both the Ski Big Air and Ski Slopestyle. In the latter event, Otago's Nata De Leeuw placed second.

Day five was comparatively quiet for Otago with just one placing. Despite the competition being in its 67th year, the biathlon, a team event

combining cross country skiing and laser shooting, was introduced for the first time in 2012, and proved "hugely popular". As well as the biathlon, Snow Farm played host to the separate Cross Country skiing event, in which Otago's James Webster came third.

Speaking about day five, McDonald stated: "It's all new to a lot of the competitors, so while it's a fairly social day on the Uni Snow Games schedule, it's also one of the most entertaining days and it's awesome to see so many people giving the events a go and really enjoying it too."



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UO02706

## SIGNS OF LIFE IN OTAGO RUGBY

**T**HE OTAGO RUGBY UNION HAS BEEN CHEWED UP AND SHAT OUT THIS OFF SEASON. For a while it looked like they might not even be able to afford a team, let alone win any games. But with the ITM Cup already underway and an exciting win against Northland, things are looking up. Critic asked injured student Razorback and six-fingered Waimo Keiran Moffat about what it's like to train with Gordon Tietjens, the all-conquering Taieri Eels, and how the Otago team is looking from the inside.

**Earlier this year you made the New Zealand Sevens training squad — tell us about Gordon Tietjens.**

I was just stoked to be given the opportunity. The training camp was held at Mt Maungani in January, after the national Sevens tournament in Queenstown. The camp was mainly training, with the last day consisting of trials. I was a little nervous as I had heard some pretty horrendous stories about "mental" testing. I learned heaps. I am fairly new to Sevens, so I took the opportunity to soak up as much as I could. I learnt what it takes to be a part of Gordon Tietjens' sides and what he expects from players.

**Do you see Sevens as a possible career path?**

Yeah, for sure, especially with the inclusion of Sevens in the Rio 2016 Olympics. This year I was given the opportunity to play in the UK and Europe, in the UK super series for the Templars (a Barbarians-type invitational team).

**Whats the secret to the Eels' success of late?**

I would put it down to friendships on and off the field. When we weren't on the field we were socialising off it. There is a strong bond between the players. It also helps to have a superstar to knock the nut over from 47m on full-time.

**You were selected for the Otago ITM squad, but you're injured at the moment — how much involvement have you had with the squad?**

Yeah, I broke my foot in the final. It was pretty bad timing, but it's all part of playing a contact sport. I am heavily involved with the team, and I'm hopeful to be back in a few weeks, so it is essential for me to be up to speed.

**The ORFU's money problems are widely known. Have their finances had a noticeable effect on how the team operate?**

Yeah, it was tough times for a while. We're still feeling the effects as a team and as a union. I really believe it has brought the team closer together — we share a bond. The majority of us are local players who feel a strong connection to Otago and the people here. You can't buy passion, and that's what the team brings this year.

**Do you think the fact that Otago is relying on local talent this year is an advantage or disadvantage?**

It was a move by the ITM coaches to let Otago players play in club season, including the final. The community and club rugby has become a strong focus for the union. Clubs are starting to reap the rewards of developing home-grown talent that fans can relate to. I think the two Japanese players added this year are a real point of difference. They are very likable guys and fit in really well.

**ITM Cup always throws up a few bolters — who from the Otago squad is going to surprise a few**

**people this year?**

I wouldn't be surprised to see a few more Otago players in the Highlanders next season. One young gun that comes to mind is Tama Tuirangi. He is young, explosive, and very exciting. I wouldn't be surprised to see him go all the way.

**Is Otago really on track to getting back to being a competitive union, or are they still way off?**

I think it will take a number of years for Otago become a superpower in NZ, but it is achievable. It's still early days to regain financial stability. However, there are people who are extremely motivated to ensure Otago becomes the proud union it once was. The pride is already back in the team, and this will hopefully help the fans get along and support us.

**What are your goals for the rest of the year, both as a team and personally?**

The team wants to win each and every game. This is achievable if we keep building like we have. After ITM cup I'll change back to Sevens mode, with possible tournaments in Singapore and Dubai. These will help me build up to nationals, and hopefully push for a spot in Tietjens' squad. Also, big thanks to my supervisor Jackie Hunter for being so understanding with my lack of work on my thesis this year. He is the athlete I model myself on.



## LOOK FOR YOUR NAME IN THIS CLUB RUGBY FINALS WRAP

**A**N EXTRAVAGANZA OF CLUB CODE AT UNIVERSITY Oval wrapped up the local competitions two weekends ago. Southern took on Dunedin in both the Prem 2 and Prem Colts finals, held on a sun-soaked but slippery uni oval pitch. It was a remarkable achievement that the Dunedin club's teams qualified for the three highest-level finals in Dunedin club footy. Unfortunately, they were only able to claim one crown.

The Dunedin Prem 2s dominated their final for large periods, but were only able to squeeze out a tense 19-12 victory. When the Dunedin pack got quick ball they were able to make inroads through one-off runners. Blindside Aaron Clark ran particularly strongly all game,

and props Chris Beeby and Chubba Scott showed surprising creativity with ball in hand. However, for all Dunedin's attacks they could only manage one try. In the end it came down to Dunedin winger Sep Masoe landing more penalties than Southern's Johnny Smith. Both backlines struggled to get anything going, but Southern especially lacked any cutting edge from Kevin Marfell and Kona Feaunati in mid-field.

The Premier Colts final was all about the enormous Southern forward pack, who didn't really give their Dunedin counterparts a chance. Dunedin didn't help themselves by turning the ball over far too easily at times, leading to most of Southern's points in their 26-12 victory. Dunedin winger Blake Ponton looked intriguing

as he ran out (he was the biggest man on the field and the chunkiest winger I've ever seen), but proved to be completely ineffective, turning the ball over whenever he was called on to hit it up, getting caught out of position regularly, complaining to the referee, and generally looking off the pace. Mercifully he was hooked at half time before his opposite Marc Minnaar could do any more damage. Despite a 14-point deficit with 10 minutes to go, Dunedin pounded away at the Southern line but couldn't score even when Southern had a man in the bin for repeated infringement. The Southern loose forward trio of Ben Carpenter, Ben Lawrence, and Charles Elton probably made the difference on the day.

# THE LOUNGE

DUNEDIN'S NEWEST ENTERTAINMENT VENUE

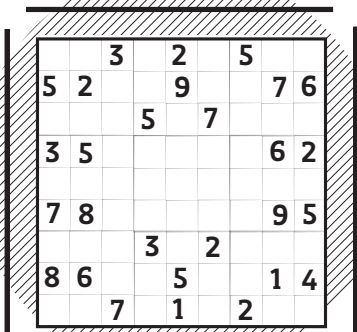
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# News IN Briefs



*Puzzle Time*



'Like' this image on the Critic Facebook page to be in to win one of five double passes to 'The Expendables 2'

## F A M O U S L A S T W O R D S

[iwastesomuchtime.com](http://iwastesomuchtime.com) | Helpful house hacks

This website may actually save you time. Solve daily hassles like filling up containers too big for the sink, taking keys off key rings, and untying knots in supermarket bags.

YouTube | Neil Young Sings "Fresh Prince of Bel-Air"

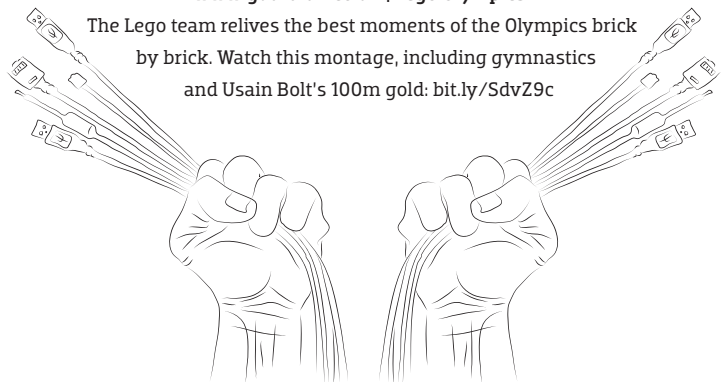
One of comedian Jimmy Fallon's finest. If you're unsure who Fallon is, think Ted from "How I Met Your Mother".

YouTube | Flight of the Conchords | "Feel Inside" (and stuff like that)

The duo seeks inspiration from kids for their new song. "Feel Inside" was written to raise money for Cure Kids NZ. Good to see humour and a good/sad cause combined. Watch the video, buy the song.

[www.guardian.co.uk](http://www.guardian.co.uk) | Lego Olympics

The Lego team relives the best moments of the Olympics brick by brick. Watch this montage, including gymnastics and Usain Bolt's 100m gold: [bit.ly/SdvZ9c](http://bit.ly/SdvZ9c)



## BEST OF THE Web



"I should have never switched from Scotch to Martinis."

**Humphrey Bogart**

"Don't let it end like this. Tell them I said something."

**Pancho Villa**

"Doctor, do you think it could have been the sausage?"

**Paul Claudel**

"Last words are for fools who haven't said enough."

**Karl Marx**

"Stopped."

**British surgeon Joseph Henry Green, after  
checking his own pulse**

## World Watch

**USA | EVERY GIRL'S WORST NIGHTMARE: AN AMERICAN WOMAN WAS FOUND DEAD IN HER PHOENIX home, alone except for her 50 cats. Unsurprisingly, she was a hoarder. Police say she died of natural causes. If only she'd met the lady on George St with a pram filled with 30 (rough guess) Chihuahuas.**

**USA | A PENNSYLVANIAN WOMAN BLAMED A CHARGE OF THEFT ON HER NON-EXISTENT TWIN.** This is a trick that (hopefully) most tweens wouldn't dare attempt. Police found no records of the twin, and relatives confirmed her fictional status.



**SOUTH AFRICA | A HIPPO, CHASED AWAY FROM HIS HERD AT A GAME RESERVE, TRIED TO RELAX** in a lodge's swimming pool. We're thinking he's a rebel and planned the chase. Anyway, he's not such a cool dude now. He got stuck. He picked a dud pool with ample space to frolic but no steps for a speedy exit. It took sedation and a crane to get him out.

**NEPAL | WHEN A COBRA BIT A NEPALI MAN, HE SOUGHT REVENGE, BITING THE REPTILE TO DEATH.** The 55-year-old understandably claimed that "I bit it with my teeth because I was angry." He was treated for the bite and is now doing ok.

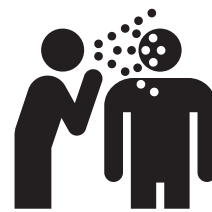


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## Facts AND Figures



You can stop a sneeze by pressing your tongue to the roof of your mouth.



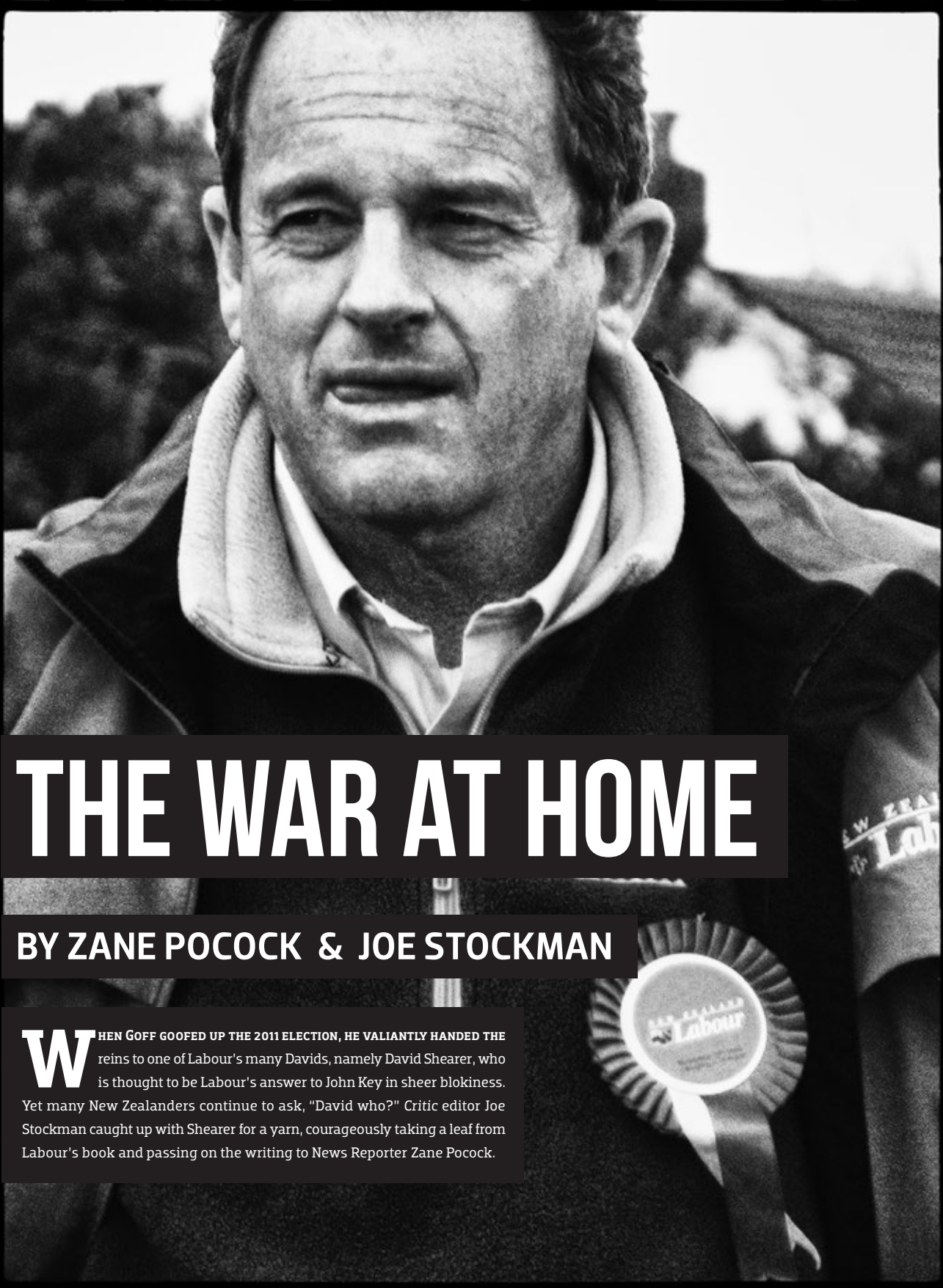
The first known contraceptive was crocodile dung, used by the Ancient Egyptians in 2000 BC.



More children die annually from diarrheal diseases than AIDS and malaria combined. Bill Gates wants to reinvent the toilet to prevent this.



Blueberries are one of the only naturally blue foods.



# THE WAR AT HOME

BY ZANE POCOCK & JOE STOCKMAN

**W**HEN GOFF GOOFED UP THE 2011 ELECTION, HE VALIANTLY HANDED THE reins to one of Labour's many Davids, namely David Shearer, who is thought to be Labour's answer to John Key in sheer blokieness. Yet many New Zealanders continue to ask, "David who?" Critic editor Joe Stockman caught up with Shearer for a yarn, courageously taking a leaf from Labour's book and passing on the writing to News Reporter Zane Pocock.



## AWAY

Shearer was born in 1957. His professional life began with a BSc in Resource Management at the University of Auckland. Like many young New Zealanders, he travelled overseas a lot. One such adventure to Africa "had a pretty profound effect on me in terms of seeing people who were starving... I felt that's what I wanted to do in my life," says Shearer. Returning to New Zealand, he took up a teaching post before completing an MSc(Hons) at the University of Canterbury, studying the economics of development. It was while writing this thesis that Shearer became interested in Maori non-development and the problems Maori were having with decision-making. "If decisions were being made against them all the time in terms of allowing them to get off the mark, it meant that they weren't getting ahead as they should be [sic]."

Trying to break into the international development scene, Shearer wrote "to literally every agency [he] could think of" until he finally got a gig with Save The Children and subsequently went to Sri Lanka as Assistant Director. He later became the head of Save The Children humanitarian effort in the war zone of northern and eastern Sri Lanka, carrying out work in health, education, and water reconstruction while operating in a rebel-held area and "crossing the front line constantly". After a couple of years Shearer had established himself as someone who could operate in conflict zones. This ability, combined with a passion for helping people up when they're at "their absolute worst possible conditions", really helped "carry [him] through".

Shearer's CV reads like a 20-year history of conflict around the world, which he says is the result of both searching out roles and being headhunted for his experience. "I was interested in it. There was a place where you could make a real difference and see that. Somalia, for example: while we were there they had a very bad famine alongside the war. At any one time we'd have 30,000 kids in our feeding program, and they literally had to be starving in order to get onto our program... There's at least 30,000 kids in Somalia who are alive today as a result of our program, so when you look back at that you feel like you've achieved something. Those kids are probably running around with guns now, but..." Rwanda was next; Shearer was part of a team

who reunited 2,500 lost kids with their parents.

Shearer finally left the war zones to work at a London-based thinktank for world conflicts, travelling back and forth between London and New Zealand. Feeling more and more strongly that New Zealand was heading in the wrong direction, he renewed old connections with the Labour Party and worked as a foreign affairs advisor for Phil Goff before heading overseas again to work for the UN after he failed to win the Whangarei seat in 2002. This stint in the UN saw him working in Afghanistan, Jerusalem, and Lebanon, before heading to Iraq in 2007.

## AND HOME

Understandably, Shearer has an opinion on New Zealand's involvement in Afghanistan, particularly considering the recent targeting of New Zealand's PRT. "I think what we need to be really sure about is our exit date. First we need to set that, and then we need to work backwards from that and ask how we best achieve that." He maintains the importance of a good hand-over to the Afghan authorities, as it gives them the best chance of getting ahead, but is also conscious that we have

to hit a withdrawal date in the safest way possible.

"But what I don't think we should be doing is talking about our tactics publicly," he says. "Going after Muhammad-whatever who's the bomb-maker, if I was him I'd know 'Oh, they're coming after me'.

When I've worked away, we've had very strict instructions not to talk about that outside of where we are. So what we need to do is have a plan, work to it, and make the operational decisions to do that as safe as possible."

Shearer is staunch on the topic of post-graduate access to allowances and student loan excesses. "There are a couple of things we're particularly hot on," he says. "One is that after four years it doesn't make any sense that your money runs out. We need the best graduates, and they need to be staying here in NZ. The other thing is the post-doctoral research posts that have been cut, and that's nuts. I actually don't think that Wayne Matt, when he brought the cut in that policy,

recognised what he'd done, and the government doesn't have the sense to reverse it. There's no pathway for people to keep doing research when they finish their PhD, so they go overseas after New Zealand has spent tens of thousands on them. And we've got no way of bringing them back when they've gone off to be post-doctoral fellows. It's unbelievably short-sighted."

Shearer also maintains that Labour's four big policies will remain into the next election. These include pro-growth tax reform, which incorporates a capital gains tax and R&D tax credits, a change to superannuation eligibility age, a change in monetary policy which will reduce volatility in our foreign exchange rate, and a savings policy involving compulsory savings. The latter "will enable us to have big capital markets like Australia's got. Those four things will all make big macro changes to the economic policy across the board that National won't touch. Yet if you ask a bunch of economists for one thing bigger than these four, you very rarely get a hand up. The one that you most frequently get is the idea of getting rid of interest-free student loans, and that's just not on the table."

"THERE'S AT LEAST 30,000 KIDS IN SOMALIA WHO ARE ALIVE TODAY AS A RESULT OF OUR PROGRAM, SO WHEN YOU LOOK BACK AT THAT YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'VE ACHIEVED SOMETHING. THOSE KIDS ARE PROBABLY RUNNING AROUND WITH GUNS NOW."

On leadership and the future, Shearer is pretty straight-up. "The leader of the opposition is a pretty tough gig, frankly. For us there have been some big challenges, but we're keeping our eyes on the big prize, which is 2014." He also works hard to maintain some semblance of a balanced family and personal life, going to movies and having dinners out on the weekends. "I try to get home for dinner as much as possible, and I surf in the summer time when I can. We've got a bit of land up in Northland that we head to in the summer, and I have an old car which I've been renovating for the last 16 years. It soaks up money and doesn't seem to get any better, but I drive it around as much as I can." You can't help but wonder if that was that a metaphor.

# ITCHY FEET



**AFTER THREE, FOUR, OR MORE YEARS AT UNIVERSITY, MOST STUDENTS** are pretty keen to get overseas as soon as possible. Whether it's going on exchange, heading to London for the big OE, or backpacking in Southeast Asia, the drive to travel is an innate part of the Kiwi psyche. Well-travelled ol' man **Joe Stockman** searches his Alzheimers-addled memory for some tips for getting the most out of life on the road.

## ON THE ROAD

The earliest book that I can remember reading was a children's encyclopaedia which had a very basic map of the world. I pored over that map, dreaming about the amazing and exotic people who must live in all of these incredible places. Even as a very young child I was filled with the desire to travel in order to meet these people and see for myself what the rest of the world was like. Once I finally left New Zealand, each new country I went to only fed my travel addiction. Over four years of working and travelling overseas I racked up 50-odd countries and four continents.

Not everything about travel is great. Spewing your ring out in a dingy Khao San Road backpackers quickly loses its romance, as do 18-hour bus rides on third world roads. But the rewards are huge, and unless you're a truly heartless bastard you'll come back changed by the people you've met and the sights you've seen.

The following information is pretty widely available on the internet, but is also loosely based on my own experiences

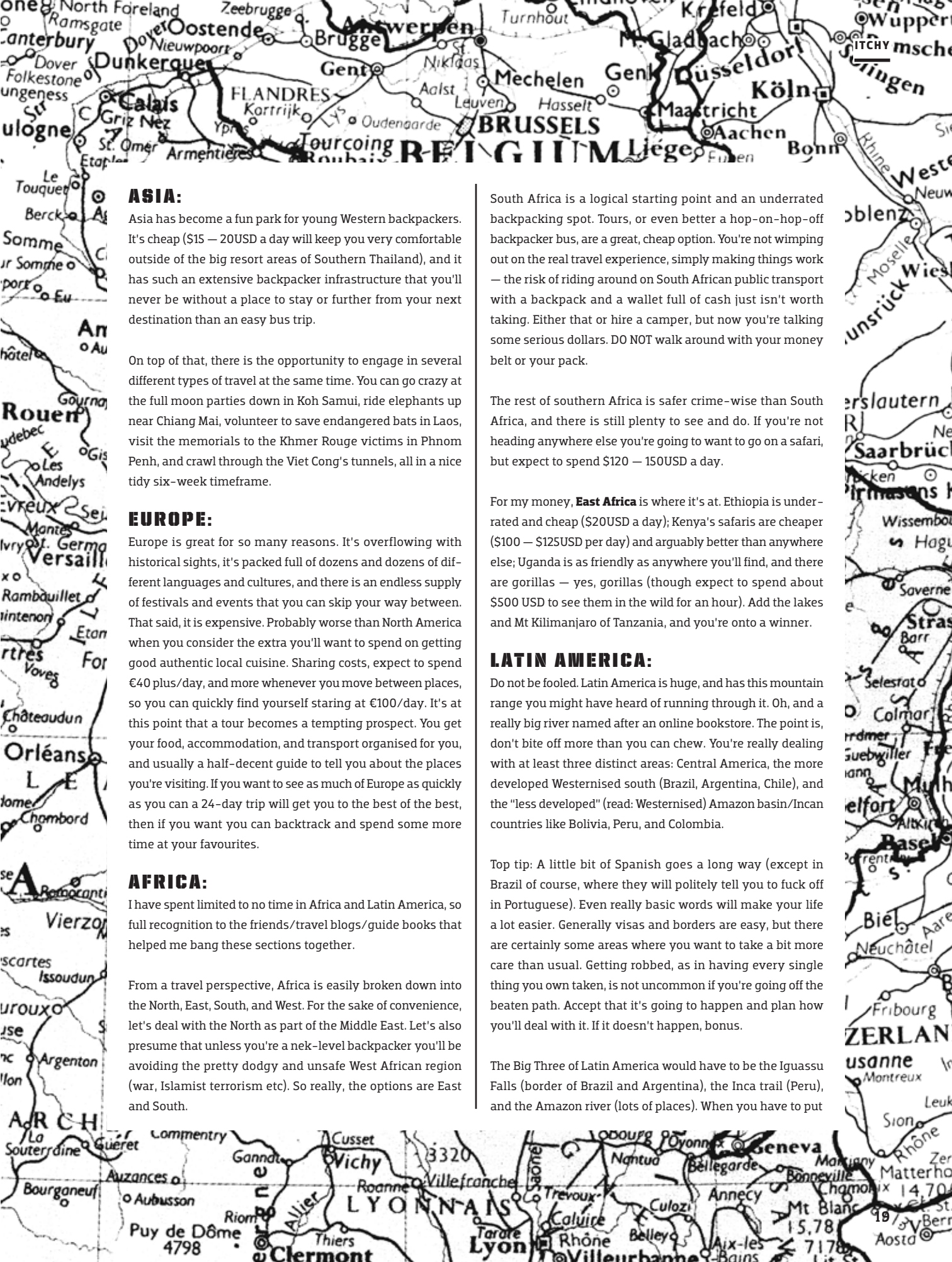
and stories swapped with other backpackers on the road. If you're looking for more info, head to [www.travelindependent.info](http://www.travelindependent.info). She's a great wee website packed full of useful guidance.

## WHERE TO GO?

This is either the hardest or the easiest question. If you've always wanted to see the canals of Venice and can't think of anything more fantastic, then you're set. If, on the other hand, you're more in love with the idea of adventure and travel generally and can't decide amongst the ridiculously plentiful options where exactly you want to go first, then you're going to have to make some choices.

There are two restrictions to keep in mind: cost and time. If you had unlimited money and unlimited time, then you could go everywhere that your heart desired. But the reality for most of us is that we have perhaps a few months before we're due back at uni, or at that grad job, and will be funding our trips with the limited coin that we managed not to piss away during semester. Here is a really rough breakdown of the different parts of the world you could target.





## ASIA:

Asia has become a fun park for young Western backpackers. It's cheap (\$15 — 20USD a day will keep you very comfortable outside of the big resort areas of Southern Thailand), and it has such an extensive backpacker infrastructure that you'll never be without a place to stay or further from your next destination than an easy bus trip.

On top of that, there is the opportunity to engage in several different types of travel at the same time. You can go crazy at the full moon parties down in Koh Samui, ride elephants up near Chiang Mai, volunteer to save endangered bats in Laos, visit the memorials to the Khmer Rouge victims in Phnom Penh, and crawl through the Viet Cong's tunnels, all in a nice tidy six-week timeframe.

## EUROPE:

Europe is great for so many reasons. It's overflowing with historical sights, it's packed full of dozens and dozens of different languages and cultures, and there is an endless supply of festivals and events that you can skip your way between. That said, it is expensive. Probably worse than North America when you consider the extra you'll want to spend on getting good authentic local cuisine. Sharing costs, expect to spend €40 plus/day, and more whenever you move between places, so you can quickly find yourself staring at €100/day. It's at this point that a tour becomes a tempting prospect. You get your food, accommodation, and transport organised for you, and usually a half-decent guide to tell you about the places you're visiting. If you want to see as much of Europe as quickly as you can a 24-day trip will get you to the best of the best, then if you want you can backtrack and spend some more time at your favourites.

## AFRICA:

I have spent limited to no time in Africa and Latin America, so full recognition to the friends/travel blogs/guide books that helped me bang these sections together.

From a travel perspective, Africa is easily broken down into the North, East, South, and West. For the sake of convenience, let's deal with the North as part of the Middle East. Let's also presume that unless you're a nek-level backpacker you'll be avoiding the pretty dodgy and unsafe West African region (war, Islamist terrorism etc). So really, the options are East and South.

South Africa is a logical starting point and an underrated backpacking spot. Tours, or even better a hop-on-hop-off backpacker bus, are a great, cheap option. You're not wimping out on the real travel experience, simply making things work — the risk of riding around on South African public transport with a backpack and a wallet full of cash just isn't worth taking. Either that or hire a camper, but now you're talking some serious dollars. DO NOT walk around with your money belt or your pack.

The rest of southern Africa is safer crime-wise than South Africa, and there is still plenty to see and do. If you're not heading anywhere else you're going to want to go on a safari, but expect to spend \$120 — 150USD a day.

For my money, **East Africa** is where it's at. Ethiopia is underrated and cheap (\$20USD a day); Kenya's safaris are cheaper (\$100 — \$125USD per day) and arguably better than anywhere else; Uganda is as friendly as anywhere you'll find, and there are gorillas — yes, gorillas (though expect to spend about \$500 USD to see them in the wild for an hour). Add the lakes and Mt Kilimanjaro of Tanzania, and you're onto a winner.

## LATIN AMERICA:

Do not be fooled. Latin America is huge, and has this mountain range you might have heard of running through it. Oh, and a really big river named after an online bookstore. The point is, don't bite off more than you can chew. You're really dealing with at least three distinct areas: Central America, the more developed Westernised south (Brazil, Argentina, Chile), and the "less developed" (read: Westernised) Amazon basin/Incan countries like Bolivia, Peru, and Colombia.

Top tip: A little bit of Spanish goes a long way (except in Brazil of course, where they will politely tell you to fuck off in Portuguese). Even really basic words will make your life a lot easier. Generally visas and borders are easy, but there are certainly some areas where you want to take a bit more care than usual. Getting robbed, as in having every single thing you own taken, is not uncommon if you're going off the beaten path. Accept that it's going to happen and plan how you'll deal with it. If it doesn't happen, bonus.

The Big Three of Latin America would have to be the Iguassu Falls (border of Brazil and Argentina), the Inca trail (Peru), and the Amazon river (lots of places). When you have to put



cities like Rio outside of the top three, you know you're onto a winner. Flights in and out aren't cheap, and your daily spend can get up to around \$50USD. But for most people, it's an unbeatable experience.

### THE MIDDLE EAST:

Bombs! And terrorists! Terrorists with great big bombs! But not really. The Middle East is roughly as safe as anywhere else in the world, and while some hot spots like Syria should probably be avoided at the moment, you're really not going to run into any serious trouble, and generally the level of crime is lower than in Africa or Asia (probably due to the very serious punishments for minor crimes).

Most of the Middle East is Muslim, and they are generally very hospitable hosts. Sure, they may not be keen on America's foreign policy, but they're hardly going to blame all Westerners for that. You can expect the average person to know a lot more about the state of affairs in the world than you could in any Western country.

Turkey is a real highlight — taking the ferry across Istanbul harbour to watch the sun set on Europe is pretty cool. Israel and even Palestine are great spots to travel through, and really very safe though undoubtedly more expensive than other countries (for Israel you're looking at \$45USD a day, for everywhere else, around \$30USD). It's important to remember that Israel is usually best done last, as some states still won't let you in if you have an Israeli passport stamp...

Iran is supposed to have the friendliest people in the world, while Egypt has, you know, those pyramid things. If you're a bit cautious about Middle Eastern travel, try out Turkey first. If you feel comfortable, just keep going.

## OTHER STUFF TO KEEP IN MIND

### CASH MONEY

Travel is expensive, with the biggest outlay for Kiwis those initial flights to get off these little islands and all the way to another hemisphere. **Round the world** airfares can be very good value, and with the ability to travel overland through some sections and then pick up the flights again they're a great option. The only restriction is that most of them require your trip to be completed within 12 months (some are now up to 18). So they're not ideal if you're doing a seriously long trip. You'll often get told to buy an **ISIC** card, but truth is they're pretty useless. The only decent discount you get is at the Louvre, but they can get you good discounts on flights. If you need it for the flight discount, get it and take it with you just in case. Your Otago ID will not be accepted anywhere, so don't bother taking it.

Do not carry **cash**. Obviously, you'll need to carry a couple of day's worth, maybe even as much as a week's, but do not set out with bundles of notes, and don't fuck around with travellers' cheques. Search around for a good credit card with a low fee for international transactions, and load up a bank travel card with the currency you're going to use the most. Then keep all of these in different places. That way, if/when you get robbed you've lost a piece of plastic instead of, well, everything. Save the international contact number for your card provider along with your card numbers in your email account, so if you do get mugged all you need to do is access your email to be able to cancel the card and organise getting a new one.



**“There is nothing worse than the arrogant Westerner who shrugs these people off, who complains because the food is different, who bitches about the language barrier, or who gets angry about their flight being delayed by an hour.”**

**Travel insurance** is 100% essential but is simultaneously one of the biggest rip-offs in the travel industry. The commission on insurance is 40%, so make sure to barter if you are buying it from a travel agent. If you're buying flights or a tour from them as well you can definitely get the cost down by as much as 25%.

That said, you don't want to cheap out on insurance. If you tear yourself up overseas, medical care and evacuation back to NZ can cost upwards of \$250,000. As one poor Kiwi found out recently in Thailand, most insurance policies don't cover you to ride a motorbike, either as the driver or passenger. Motorbikes are a common method of transport around Asia, so you probably want a policy that will cover you for this.

**Pack light.** The old adage "lay out everything that you're planning on taking, then halve it and take twice as much money" is basically true. Having too much stuff is a nightmare, and being able to walk lightly and easily down to the train or bus station is fantastic. Do you really need serious tramping boots if you're really just going for a few light treks? Do you really need a sleeping bag if you're going through Asia in summer? Do you really need a second pair of jeans? I'll admit that I travel very, very light. If my bag weighs more than 6kg, something's got to go. That said, I usually stick to more tropical climes (even then, always have a good fleece, aircon can get cranked so high on some buses/trains that you'd think you were back in your second year flat in July).

Take a good pair of waking shoes or cross trainers and a pair of jandals. Only take two pairs of socks, and wash them then dry them out at the end of each day that you use them. Be careful about doing too much walking in your jandals, you can blow out your arches.

The number one rule with packing is that basically every single thing that you may decide you need once you're out there can be bought on the road.

## **SOLO? OR TEAMS?**

It really depends what you want out of your trip. If you're off to a tropical paradise to sit on the beach and suck back buckets of gin and juice, then sure, take as many of your friends as possible. But if you're heading off the beaten track and want to find out something about foreign cultures, or yourself for that matter, then travelling solo can have some big benefits. I would suggest that the number one rule is that just because you're mates with someone doesn't necessarily mean that you two will be good travel companions. Similar to getting along with your flatties or your significant other, how you deal with money, tidiness, adherence to the plan, and arguments are the traits where you want your personalities to line up. If you're an easy-with-your-money free spirit who is quite happy to change plans at the last minute, don't head off with an introverted, money-conscious guy who spent six months planning out the itinerary to the nth degree.

## **VACINATIONS AND HEALTH**

If you're heading to the third world you need to vaccinate against a raft of different infections and viruses. Some of these require multiple shots over long time frames, so get onto this early. If you're heading somewhere malarial you'll need a prophylaxis. All of this stuff can add up to hundreds of dollars before you've even left, so budget for it.

## **SHIT HITS THE FAN**

Stuff goes wrong when you travel, from explosive diarrhoea to cancelled flights to getting kidnapped by local militias. The thing to remember is that you are crazy lucky to be able to afford to travel in the first place. The intrigued locals you meet on the road are fascinated by you partly because they could never afford to leave their homes and go and see the rest of the world just because it was interesting. There is nothing worse than the arrogant Westerner who shrugs these people off, who complains because the food is different, who bitches about the language barrier, or who gets angry about their flight being delayed by an hour. In the final telling of your trip the worst bits will become the best bits, because you learned the most and had an actual experience. Just enjoy it.

# *Chasing the Blue Dragon*

BY MICHAEL NEILSON

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*A glimpse into the unique life of the travelling surfer, who scours the globe in pursuit of the ultimate fix.*

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**I'M GUESSING THAT MOST OF YOU HAVE EITHER** already travelled or can't wait to kiss your degree goodbye and boost off to some faraway corner of the globe. For surfers, the same rules apply. And for student surfers, the rules apply twice over.

As a surfer, the prospect of a trip has you absolutely foaming at the prospect of running away from your studies, getting buck-wild, and surfing your brains out — and, if you're lucky, getting barrelled off your tits — every single day. It's kind of like going backpacking and getting laid every day, except as a surfer you get double the opportunity. Going on a surf trip is a magical experience.

To clarify, "getting barrelled" is when the surfer is positioned under the lip of the wave and inside the "tube", or "barrel". It is a euphoric experience to say the least, hence the dirty sexual references.

To properly understand why surfers will travel thousands of kilometres around the world in search of the perfect wave, you need to understand the rush of surfing amazing waves and getting barrelled. You get one perfect wave and you're constantly out in the water, trying to recapture that feeling. I think of surfing as a form of drug addiction. I can't go a week without surfing, and if I do, you'll certainly know about it.

It's the same with surf trips. Every surfer nurtures dreams of waves around the world, and constantly thinks about where they can travel next to get their "fix". Travelling surfers tend to fall into two categories: "P addict" surfers and "acid-tripping" surfers.

### *Light Bulbs and Big Waves*

The "P addicts" of the surf world are the top surfers, the guys who absolutely rip waves to shreds. These guys live for the thrill of riding big, perfect, barreling waves. If they're out of the water for more than a few days, or the waves have been

crap, you'll want to stay away from them — far, far away. For these surfers, surf trips are all about seeking out the ultimate waves to feed their addiction. Otago student and self-confessed "P addict" surfer Sam Hawke explains: "You live for that adrenaline fix that you have no control over."

The lucky ones who have made it are living the high life. These are the pro surfers you see in magazines and DVDs. They're like the supermodels of the surf world — they're flown to the best breaks in the world to enjoy an unlimited supply of their favourite drug, and all they have to do is surf and look pretty.

Those who haven't quite made it are stuck with the crazy addiction but have no funds to support it. Hawke is in a dangerous limbo. He has some support from sponsors, but has to fund a lot of his travels himself. He says that many of his less-fortunate mates will stretch their dollars by living in squalor overseas, or live like shit here to save cash so they can head to Bali for a few weeks to get their "fix".

Hawke's been hit hard by the surfing addiction. He chases waves most other surfers would never dream of surfing. He gained recognition from the surfing world in 2010 after surfing a monster wave at Teahupoo, in Tahiti. Teahupoo is no ordinary wave, breaking onto a jagged coral reef in waist-deep water, and at around 25 foot high Hawke's wave was the largest ever ridden at the spot. He "got well and truly pumped. — I broke my nose again [he had had surgery on it just days before] and nearly drowned."

Surfing amazing waves makes people like Hawke feel on top of the world, but can also put them in some pretty hairy situations. "It could make all your dreams a reality, and at the same time your worst nightmares may come true," says Hawke. For him, that includes being washed into the cliffs at Jaws (a famous big-wave spot in Hawaii), getting slammed onto the reef at Teahupoo, and being lost for eight hours in two feet of snow down in the Catlins, after being washed up on the rocks in 30-foot surf. He explains that after those experiences, "you swear to never touch the shit again. Yet next week it's happening again, and you're jumping on a plane again."



*"Next minute we stop off and pick up Owen Wilson and Woody Harrelson!" The two actors hung out in the boat getting pissed while Hawke and the others surfed giant waves all afternoon."*

For Hawke, surf travel is about making his mark on the world by chasing big waves and barrels. But it's not all about the surfing. "It's about the adventure, the last-minute flights, shuffling the money around, borrowing and begging when the sponsors won't pay, getting in the car or onto the plane and being on your way to somewhere completely different to everyone else's everyday lives."

He's definitely got his fair share of crazy stories from life on the road. One in particular involves a crazy trip to Hawaii, where he and a few Kiwi mates were staying with a rather well-off friend. They were heading out to surf 30-foot waves at Jaws (as you do) when their mate decided to pick up a few more mates. "Next minute we stop off and pick up Owen Wilson and Woody Harrelson!" The two actors hung out in the boat getting pissed while Hawke and the others surfed giant waves all afternoon. Later on they got into the drinks, and "we ended up playing naked paintball roulette... I got to shoot Owen, it was great." From there things progressed to a night of Hawaiian-style debauchery. I'll let your scarfie minds fill in the blanks.

### *Olas, Chicas Bonitas y Cocaína*

During my own three-month surf trip to Central America I was fortunate enough to experience amazing waves, pretty girls, and a little bit of coke, and learn just enough Spanish to do it.

For the "acid-tripping" surfer, surf trips are exactly that, a "trip". This type of surfer is addicted to the excitement of exploring the unknown. The waves play a large part, but it's more about the whole experience — the culture, the people, and the environment. The idea is to pick a spot on the map, grab a board, strap on a backpack, and prepare for the ride. As a self-confessed "acid-tripping" surfer, to my 19-year-old mind Mexico seemed like a great first trip. It had it all:

great waves, warmth, cheap tequila, and Mexican food. My Mum focussed more on the drugs, guns, and kidnappings. I neglected to tell her that they were all part of the attraction — well, one of the three anyway.

One of the most awesome places on Earth to be a young surfer is Puerto Escondido. Getting barrelled is kind of like doing a line of coke, though in Puerto you don't need to choose between one or the other. Puerto is a small Mexican village with a beach that produces some of the world's best barrels. It sits right over the equator, so the weather is super warm and the water is a moderate 32°C (probably warmer than a North D shower).

The main beach, "Playa Zicatela", is littered with bars and cafes. Fortunately it sees plenty of backpackers, so the heavy concentration of arrogant Americans is diluted by travellers from every corner of the globe, as well as wealthy Mexican "chicas" down from Mexico City for their beach holidays.

The beauty of the "acid-tripping" approach is that you never have any idea what you're getting yourself into. My original plan was to stick to Mexico, but the longer I was there, the more I learned about all of the places down the coast.

I ended up travelling and surfing my way through Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. I spent a few weeks getting lost in each country, and I got to see ancient Mayan Temples, volcanoes, and waterfalls, and of course surf in all kinds of crazy spots.

### *Indonesia: God's Gift to Surfers*

For surfers, Indonesia (Indo) is Jerusalem. It is the Holy Land, and surfers from all nationalities, "P-addicts" and "acid-trippers" alike, descend on her shores to collectively worship her perfect barrelling curves. Indo is the greatest place to surf on the planet. It is an archipelago of over 18,000 islands, with

water you'd happily bathe in and an abundance of swell.

The most famous island is Bali. At its worst, Bali represents many of the worst aspects of Western tourism: exploitation, drunken rowdiness, and complete disregard for different cultures. But that doesn't mean you can't still smash a couple of Bintang (local beers), slurp down a "milkshake", and let the night take you to any corner of the globe your sweet Kiwi accent can muster.

In the daytime, you can surf with the packs in Bali's world-class yet incredibly crowded surf. But if you get sick of that (most will in two days), you can pick a boat and an island and boost off to your slice of paradise. But depending on the depth of your wallet, you may be in for a bit of an adventure. A good friend of mine, Dan Picot, finished his degree at Otago last year. This year he had one thing on his mind: surfing in Indo. Picot's an interesting type of surfer. I'd call him a hybrid of the "P addict" and "acid-tripping" surfers. I asked him if he had any crazy Indo stories, and he delivered.

Picot and a few people he met over there decided to head out to a remote surf spot on an outer island, but they ran into a bit of trouble on the way there. As anyone who has travelled in Bali will know, the cops aren't exactly the most law-abiding. Picot ran into three different policemen on the way out, and after bribing each one of them to let him go he was sent back to Bali for the night to sort out his papers. He couldn't afford any more bribes, so the next day he boosted through the checkpoints, and after a short police chase and a ferry ride he arrived at the wave of his dreams. After all that effort he bailed on his second wave and the reef shredded his back like a cheese grater. Picot was out of the water for two weeks. Not long after, he told me, "My routine now involves every second person gawking at my war wounds and keeping the mozzies away from the buffet breakfast on my back." Just a few days ago, I received this message from him: "Been sailing around some islands north of the Mentawais for the

*"Been sailing around some islands north of the Mentawais for the last eight days on the most marginal vessel ever to cruise the Indian Ocean. No GPS, no flares, no toilet, no VHF."*

last eight days on the most marginal vessel ever to cruise the Indian Ocean. No GPS, no flares, no toilet, no VHF. Mechanical breakdowns on this fishing boat are as consistent as the waves. We have got sick waves very day!"

I think these stories sum up the life of the travelling surfer. You don't know what you are getting yourself into, and

it's definitely not always easy. But you come out of every trip way stronger and more experienced than when you went in. And it's these moments that show you what life is all about.

### *The Come Down*

Coming back to little old New Zealand after any OE can be an intense comedown. But Dunedin is not the worst place in the world for a surfer to end up. Hawke says, "There are excellent waves around, and even though it's cold and there's seals and sharks and shit, we have some of the best coastline in the world."

I agree. There are not many places in the world where you can score a world-class wave with just a few mates any day of the week. We have got it so good in New Zealand, and it took me months of backpacking around the world to realise it.

But in saying that, if there's anything to take away from this article, it is this: travel. Hawke urges people to step out of their comfort zones and explore the world: "The adventures and the people you meet can't be found by sitting all day in the library, you just have to get out there and be a part of it."

And if it so happens you're a surfer, I suggest you pick some far-off spot on the map, book a ticket, slip it under your tongue, and prepare for the ride.





# The Four Most Intolerable Travel Companions

by Maddy Phillipps

**T**HIRD WORLD TRAVEL IS TOUGH. THOSE PESKY crippled and starving locals are constantly hanging around making you feel bad about spending what they'd make in a month on a totally necessary supply of hash and a bottle of "Real's" whiskey. Not to mention the nerve of their assumption that Western women are collectively "loose" and always ready for sex, even though I have slept with a mere 12 people this year and only had, like, two threesomes! God. And don't even get me started on those tuk-tuk drivers who try to overcharge you by 20 cents in a pathetic attempt to feed four generations of their family back in the slums!

But even worse than the locals are the other travellers (you must always refer to your fellow backpackers as "travellers", NEVER "tourists". Westerners often find that their biggest problem while travelling, after the lack of decent pizza, is getting people to recognise them as the intrepid travellers they are instead of, you know, tourists whose concept of "broadening their horizons" involves eating exactly the same food as they would at home then whining about it). Whether you travel alone and pick up friends along the way, or start off with the same incredibly dull group of petite malty blonde girls you've been, like, super-tight with since first year, you'll inevitably experience moments of pure rage at your travel companions. Here are the four travel companions most likely to make you pull a "reverse Anders Breivik".



## The Inept Hagglers

The "Schmidt Sting Pain Index" rates the pain of various insect stings from 1 (Sweat bee: "a tiny spark has singed a single hair on your arm") to 6 (Bullet ant: "like fire—walking over flaming charcoal with a 3-inch rusty nail grinding into your heel"). The levels of rip-off you encounter as a Westerner in a third world country can be rated on a similar sting scale: 1 for the same price the locals would pay, 6 for the rip-off to end all rip-offs. If your travel companion shoots for either of those extremes, odds are you're in for either a very unpleasant or a very expensive time.

Some travellers attempt to haggle their way down to a 1. These are the people who will share a room with you "to cut costs", leave before dawn, then pretend they "forgot" to pay their share when you inevitably catch up with them further along the tourist trail. These are the people who will force the chai wallah (tea seller) to pour their earthenware cup of milky chai back into the pot if he dares to charge them five rupees instead of four. These are the people who take every swindled rupee/rupiah/dong so personally they think the locals have a personal vendetta against them, when actually the truth is that everyone, everywhere has a vendetta against them because they are simply a wanker.

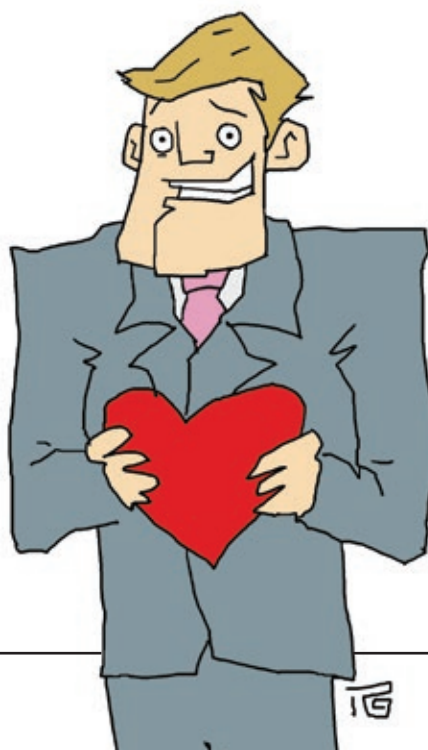
On the flipside, other travellers never haggle at all and will pay the very first (ridiculously inflated) price offered to them. I travelled with one such German girl for a week (it would have been a day, but she proved to be like the herpes simplex virus: easy to catch, hard to get rid of, and constantly popping up at inconvenient times). She was extremely annoying — partly because her super-silky, naturally platinum-blond hair seemed to be unaffected by the humidity and was a constant reminder of the halo of dark-rooted frizz atop my head, but mainly because she was too pathetic to even attempt haggling yet persisted in dragging me into one pashmina/parachute pant store after another. One day, we were in the shop of a particularly zealous tout. He brought us pashmina after pashmina, each apparently woven of the hair from increasingly obscure body parts of increasingly youthful goats. After 15 minutes the tout's sales presentation reached its peak. While draping me in grey wool, he said in hushed, reverent tones: "This is from the Adam's apple underfur on neck of newborn baby goat!" I said, "So I suppose the next one will be woven from the freshly shaved fur of female newborn goats' perineums, the price

justified by magical remnants of placenta still clinging to the cashmere?" The tout said, "Yes madam, perineum. Very good pashmina. I bring you now." The German girl promptly paid about ten times the actual price for a poor-quality pashmina infused with the "essence of perineum", and suggested I buy one too: "for if we buy two, it will be even cheaper!"

I backed slowly out of the pashmina shop and hopped on the first bus out of the city. I have subsequently dubbed the German girl "Goatse".

## The Lovestruck American

As a Kiwi woman, I find the concepts of "dating, love and romance" and "men actually being nice to you" unnerving at best and terrifying at worst. So there is really no more intolerable travel companion than a man from a less emotionally stunted nation attempting to apply said principles on me. While in Nepal last year I spent a couple of weeks living with Trevor, a 30-year-old American who felt a desperate need to "get out of the rat race" and fled his high-flying life as a Noo Yawk stockbroker to retire to a Nepalese lakeside mansion. Initially I thought it was a mutually beneficial relationship for both parties — he gave me free accommodation and paid for all my food, drugs, and laundry, and I occasionally let him finger me as he furrowed his brow in concentration. It was a



no-brainer, really. I was broke, he was rich, and he probably had other characteristics as a human being but did I mention that he was rich? Unfortunately, ultimately, this failed to compensate for the endless stream of idiocy pouring from his chiselled all-American jaw. Choice quotes included "I'm so open to new experiences" and "Just ride the river". At one point he told me, "You know Madeleine, back in my hometown in Kansas, people would find you very beautiful." As a big fan of "People of Walmart", I couldn't help but feel that this was a rather backhanded compliment.

It soon became apparent that Trevor would not be content until I agreed to live permanently with him as a sort of concubine. He started writing me love letters telling me that I was the first "really genuine person" he'd met in a long time (which is probably the biggest error of judgment since Jesus decided Judas would make a super-loyal friend and confidante), and returning home to the mansion with heart-shaped cakes from the local bakery. Feeling that things were moving rather too quickly, I decided to appeal to Trevor's sense of logic. I waved my cankles in his face and calmly explained that, really, he didn't want to spend a lifetime with a pair of legs that incapable of pulling off ankle straps. He gazed at me tenderly, grazed his lips against my stubby left cankle, and said, "You're beautiful, inside and out."

Later that night, Trevor left the house to stock up on hash and shrooms. I packed my bags and fled for the Indian border. Some might say it was an over-reaction; I considered myself a legitimate asylum seeker.

## The Danish Water Buffalo

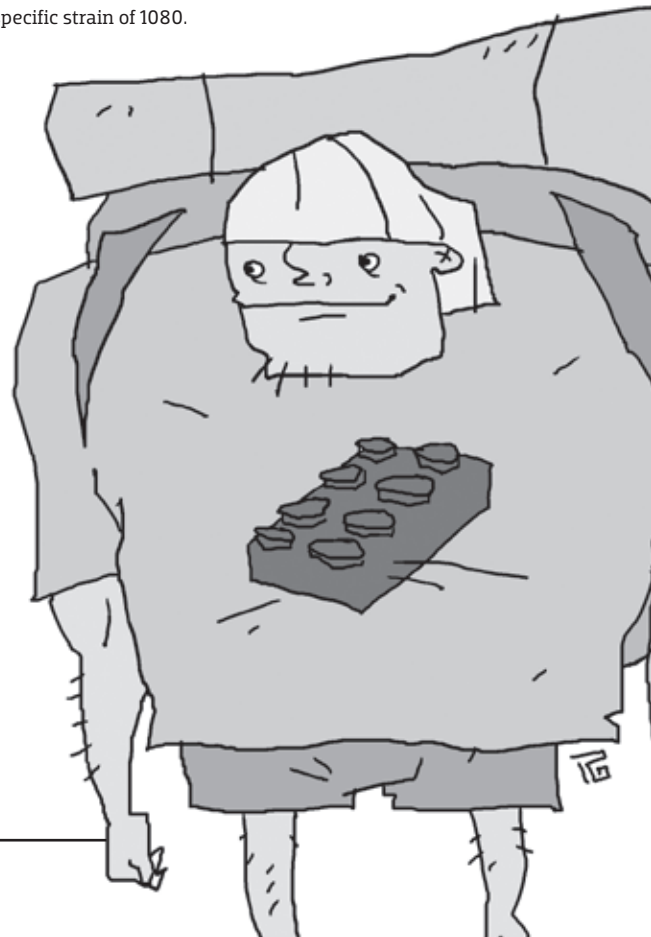
The Danish Water Buffalo is a rare species. In fact, I know of only one confirmed sighting of this uniquely unpleasant creature, yet mysteriously the DWB fails to appear on the IUCN Critically Endangered Red List, cruelly excluded from its rightful place between the Chinese Giant Salamander and the Iberian Lynx. There is a good reason for this: anyone who has encountered the DWB awaits its imminent extinction with unabashed glee.

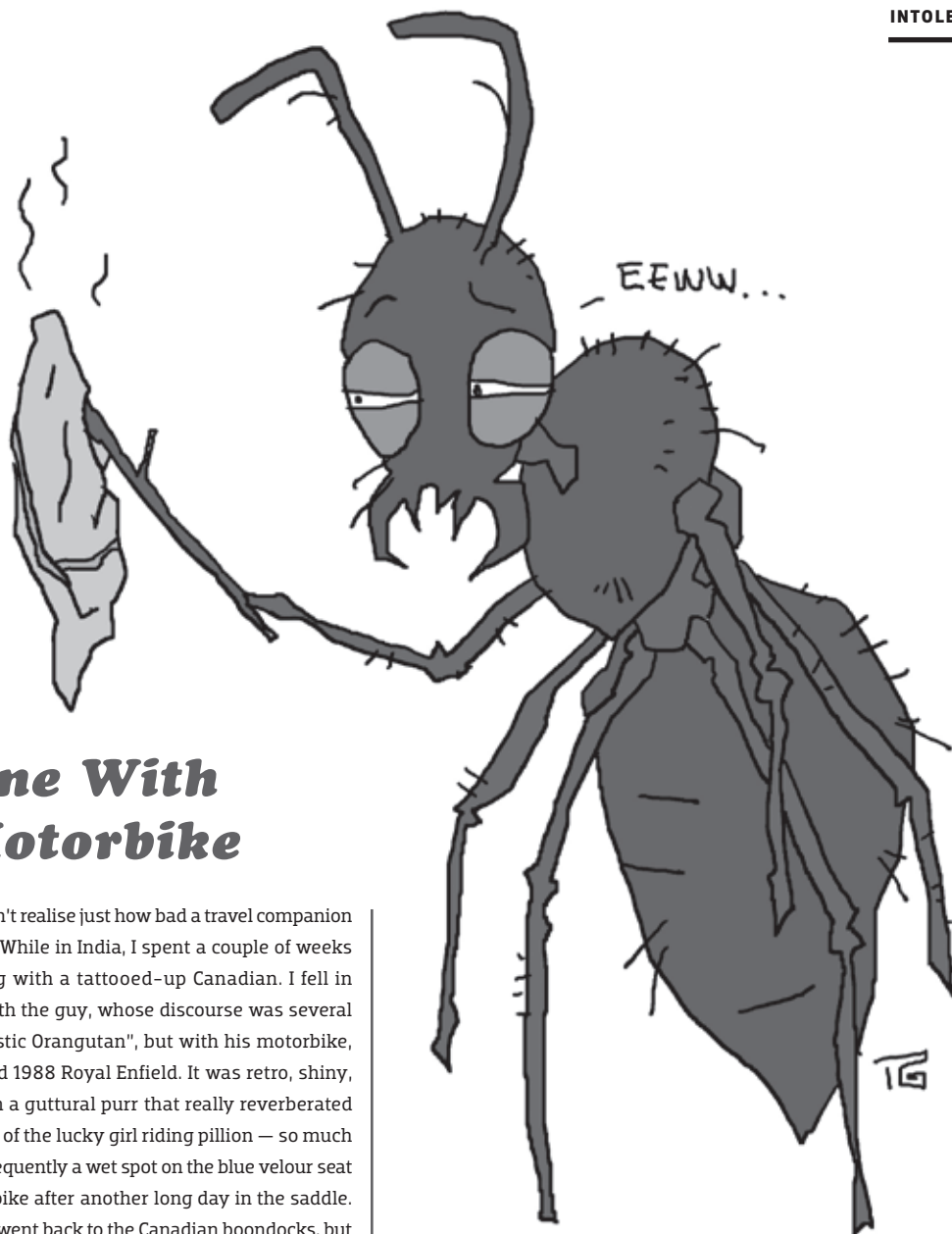
I know this because last November I spent 36 terrifying hours with the last wild DWB. I had just crossed the Nepal-India

border, and had to take a bus to the nearest train station. A Danish "girl" took the same bus. The inverted commas are not an error; it quickly became apparent that this was in fact the last known Danish Water Buffalo, inexplicably roaming the plains of South Asia.

I ended up sharing an ostensibly two-person seat with the DWB. Its massive sweaty bulk occupied 7/8 of the seat, leaving me clinging helplessly to a 10cm<sup>2</sup> patch of frayed vinyl which I flew off whenever the bus hit a bump, which was about every 10 seconds. The creature told me of its amorous adventures with a Nepalese local, in far too much detail. Knowing the diminutive size of most Nepalese males, I was shocked the poor man hadn't been smothered by the endless cascade of pallid, dimpled flesh pouring from its frame.

When we arrived at our destination, I was unable to find a single room anywhere in the city and was forced to share a room and bed with the water buffalo, who snored and ground its mandibles throughout the night. At one point it rolled over completely, its sagging udders pushing me off the bed and directly onto a cockroach nest. I decided I preferred the cockroaches' company and spent the rest of the night wide awake on the floor, wondering how soon I could change to a BSc and commence development of a new Danish Water Buffalo-specific strain of 1080.





## The One With The Motorbike

Sometimes, you don't realise just how bad a travel companion is until they leave. While in India, I spent a couple of weeks motorcycle touring with a tattooed-up Canadian. I fell in love hard — not with the guy, whose discourse was several levels below "Autistic Orangutan", but with his motorbike, a faithfully restored 1988 Royal Enfield. It was retro, shiny, and gorgeous, with a guttural purr that really reverberated through the clitoris of the lucky girl riding pillion — so much so that there was frequently a wet spot on the blue velour seat when I got off the bike after another long day in the saddle. Eventually the guy went back to the Canadian boondocks, but the combination of several hours per day spent on what was effectively the world's biggest vibrator and tropical heat had the unfortunate after-effect of an unpleasant case of thrush. A few days after the Canadian's departure, I was lying prostrate beneath the ceiling fan in my Goan beach shack when I noticed movement within the large pile of dirty clothes in a corner. My first thought was that the acid from 36 hours prior had not entirely worn off yet, but the walls seemed to be free of concentric patterns, so with some trepidation I ventured closer. As I probed, I realised with horror that the entire pile of clothes was alive with red ants. I couldn't work out why they had descended upon my laundry until I reached the underwear at the bottom of the pile.

The ants were feasting on my crusted-up vaginal discharge with all the crazed aggression of chummed-up great whites. It was like Shark Week, but with more legs. Normally I am a person of slightly above-average disgustingness, but this took the (yeasty) cake. It is nearly a year since that day, and I still suffer from such a debilitating fear of ants, thrush, and Canadians that half my student allowance goes towards Black Flag bug spray and Healthy Vagina Probiotics, and I fear I may never be able to book that snowboarding trip to the feather-light powder of British Columbia.





## 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 putting 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.

### SONNY

THE EVENING CAME ON WITH A STORM OF X-RATED DIALOGUE AND COCKY remarks to the flatmates along with the swift choppage of half a doz park lanes like any self-respecting male would consume pre-date. After rocking up to Metro and getting acquainted with the GC on the bar I patiently began to chop back gin and tonics. After about half an hour and another four drinks, my buddy went back to the kitchen only to let me know the date's on tomorrow. Fuck I'm slick. Time for a quiet masty and some beauty sleep. Feeling good, bit more chillaxed as a I rock into Metro, second time lucky, lo and behold there's a chicky having a yarn and grabbing a drink from my mate from the night before. Cheers Critic, good dress sense, casual, cool, good figure from what I can deduce through multiple layers, probably wearing some nice black lacy panties but who knows could be anything. Rock in for the casual how's it going handshake, hug, kiss on the cheek, flowing smoothly, grab a drink and rock down by the fire, nice and romantic. Start off with the casual 20 questions, so you're from Invercargill aye you know everyone from Invercargill talks like pirates, probably not the best icebreaker. Soon enough I'm sharing my life story, hopes, aspirations, trying to slip in the occasional question in between... So we decide to share a pizza (gluten-free for the lady -> gentleman) and just as it gets to the table I pull a slick as fuck line "We should get our first kiss out of the way, so it doesn't hang over the evening," only to be shot down like an Indian at Monkey Bar with the old "Are you kidding? I can't tell if you're serious" haha yes... After that we pawned the pizza, which was fucking delicious and by now I'm thinking probably the only meat I'll have in my mouth tonight. Conversation carried on, got a few laughs out and had a bit of banter, soon enough her texting at the table became more frenetic as she explained her flatmate got cheated on. I started getting a bit concerned, which was justified as within 10 minutes her flatmate arrived to pick her up. We exchanged numbers, did the old hug/kiss on the cheek and she apologised for gapping. I'm a trusting bloke so I'll take her word for it. I had a good time, would like to see her again potentially for more than an hour, got a lift home just in time for the latest Georgie Shore, booya. A bit mystified and subtle blue balls. Cheers Critic!

### SALLY

I LEFT AFTER AN HOUR. AM I A HORRIBLE PERSON? BEAR WITH ME AS I RECALL my first and probably last blind date. I arrived at Metro at 7pm sharp and ordered the first of many vodkas. I cannot be sure if this is the reason for why (in my mind) things slid downhill so swiftly. First impressions were not distasteful. He seemed friendly enough and was more than eager to go in for a cuddle, which was happily accepted (affection from a male had become foreign to me).

Once we sat down and started talking he started to reveal his true colours. He had a very distinctive laugh, adding a "haha-na" after the majority of his sentences, especially when making comments that referred to his impressively extensive dating history. On multiple occasions my date referred to himself as a "balla".

I found his choice of beverage, gin and tonic, to be very questionable. As a Southland girl surrounded by do-bros and (God forbid) barrel 51s, a gin and tonic would usually result to a jab in the family jewels. After much talk (mostly revolving around him) the pizza finally arrived, and just as I was about to reach for a slice he stopped me to ask a question that he obviously hoped would get him a ticket to the goods. "Should we just get the first kiss out of the way before eating?" I laughed, thinking he was joking. Sadly he was not. Sorry buddy, had to shoot you down point blank with that one. I like to save PDA for the sickening sexually curious freshers in the Monkey chlamydia pit. No shocker that the conversation continued with him informing me of his "original" big plans to move to Australia and earn the big bucks in the mines (you and the rest of New Zealand). Using his fortune, game, and pilot's licence he plans to whisk some lucky ladies away for finger-banging weekends in Bali.

By this point I had drunk enough to drown a small cat and his arrogance had become too much to bear. I planned an escape route involving a distraught flatmate and her cheating boyfriend. I apologised for my rude table manner regarding the obvious texting but I simply could not ignore the situation. Minutes later I got the fateful text of arrival and I was out the door. We did exchange numbers, as I am not a total heartbreaker. Thanks for the drinks mate, and no offence but you were not the anticipated Prince Charming. Thank you Critic and Metro for the drinks, pizza and the unforgettable experience.



## QUEERING INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT

By Dame La di Da

**THIS WEEK I WAS PLEASED TO SEE JONAH LOMU ON MY TV SCREEN RAISING** awareness about the Live Below the Line campaign, which seeks to raise awareness about the experiences of the approximately 1.4 billion people worldwide who live in extreme poverty. The New Zealand equivalent of the extreme poverty line is about \$2.25/day — less than an average cup of coffee. With this campaign fresh in my mind, this week I thought I would consider the place of sex, sexuality, and gender minority people in the developmental imagination.

But first it is important to clarify that even broad concepts like "sex, sexuality and gender" are not necessarily identical across cultures — the SSG framework works for many people in the global North, but not necessarily everywhere else. It is also important to point out that culturally-specific identities like, for example *kathoei* or *tom/dee* in Thailand, are not simply reducible to their English language translations of trans-woman and lesbian. They have their own histories and meanings.

Much of my development experience has involved researching the experiences of sex, sexuality, and gender minority development workers in Thailand. Similar to New Zealand, in Thailand much of the funding for sex, sexuality, and gender minorities is earmarked for sexual health promotion. While sexual health, particularly the prevention of HIV/AIDS, as well as the treatment and care of people who are HIV+ is incredibly important, it is not the only issue that these communities have identified as important for their development.

The development practitioners I spoke with in Thailand were tired of the gaze of the development industry being so firmly fixed on their genitals. They were more interested in holistic approaches to development that placed emphasis on their community's wellbeing. People I spoke with called for development donors and policymakers to address important legal issues, such as human rights protection and marriage equality. They noted the importance of projects like community building, anti-discrimination campaigns, and efforts to address negative social family and self-perception. Wider health concerns were also identified, including addiction, mental health, and transition-related care.

Sex, sexuality, and gender minority people have needs that are complex and culturally located. For my money, any queering of development must go beyond simply programming "LGBT" into the development lexicon and rolling it out along with other mainstream indicators. The development industry must ask fundamental questions about who they imagine is being "developed" and why some types of wellbeing have been privileged over others.



## SOUND OF THE CINEMA

By Lukas Clark-Memler

**MUSIC AND MOVIES ARE A GREAT PAIR — SOME MIGHT EVEN SAY THEY GO** together like cocaine and waffles. While film scores and musicals are the most obvious spawn of this relationship, I'd like to turn your attention towards the technique referred to in industry-speak as "needle dropping": when a score is interrupted with popular music.

Because I'm in a generous mood, I've compiled a list of what I personally believe to be the 5 Greatest Contemporary Needle Drops in Cinema. Essentially, these are songs that are perfectly matched to movie scenes. There are hundreds of fantastic music moments in film, and this modern selection is merely the tip of the iceberg.

A few rules I followed while compiling the list were: all songs had to be established before the movie, no Oscar-winning songs, and nothing by Celine Dion. Let's go...

**BOB DYLAN, "THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'", IN WATCHMEN (2009)**

Zack Snyder's graphic-novel adaptation boasts one of the greatest credit sequences of all time. Over the course of the three-minute song we witness pivotal events in American history: JFK is shot, nukes are stockpiled, wars are fought and protested, heroes live and die. It's history disguised as art, and as poignant as it is beautiful.

**STEALERS WHEEL, "STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU", IN RESERVOIR DOGS (1992)**

*Reservoir Dogs* introduced the world to Tarantino and his aesthetic of stylised violence. Set to the upbeat, country-tinged "Stuck in the Middle With You", the film's infamous "ear cutting" scene will forever be imbedded into our cultural consciousness.

**HALL & OATES, "YOU MAKE MY DREAMS", IN (500) DAYS OF SUMMER (2009)**

Come on, you know you loved this scene. Everything is over-the-top and oh so cheesy, but the Hall & Oates classic perfectly captures the romantic conquest. From the Han Solo reflection to the choreographed dance to the animated bird, it's all one big ridiculously happy sequence.

**ELTON JOHN, "TINY DANCER", IN ALMOST FAMOUS (2000)**

This is perhaps the single greatest musical moment in film, and proves that music really does have the power to heal all wounds. Never before in the history of cinema has a director so perfectly captured a mood of redemption, forgiveness, and progress. Sure, it's a little sentimental and sappy, but even the most cold-hearted cynic can't help but sing along to Elton John's piano ballad.

**EVERY SINGLE SONG BY THE ROLLING STONES SET TO A SLOW-MOTION SEQUENCE IN WES ANDERSON'S FILMOGRAPHY**

Enough said...



## WHILE YOU WERE AWAY...

By Creepy Uncle Sam

THE WIRES HAVE BEEN ABUZZ OVER THE LAST TWO WEEKS, WITH A SERIES OF headlines in the vein of "Old White Republican Man in Misogyny Shocker!" Rep. Paul Akin and his groundbreaking gynaecological theory (which, in case you missed it, was that in cases of "legitimate rape" a woman's ovaries shut down, preventing conception) have been threatening to steal attention from Mitt Romney, much to Romney's annoyance. Still, Mitt hasn't exactly thrived under the spotlight – as soon as people started noticing him again, he went all Donald Trump and referenced the "Birther" conspiracy about Obama being foreign-born.

Meanwhile, The Associated Press reports that Romney has embarked on a secret data-mining exercise to identify untapped, wealthy Republican donors, a process that sounds rather like the political equivalent of logging into Pro Evolution Soccer, stacking your lowly Grimsby Town team with a bunch of elite South American wunderkinds and belting your way to the Johnstone's Paint Trophy on the lowest difficulty setting with a series of 27-0 scorelines. Sure, there's still some work involved. But where's the sense of achievement?

The Republican and Democratic National Conventions – which are basically glorified ceremonial circle-jerks, a quaint holdover from the days before TV and social media – are in full swing. Obama has been trying his darndest to make the DNC as diverse as possible, for which he has been roundly mocked. The Republicans refused to stoop to such blatant political pandering, and have broadcast their convention in 3D. At the RNC, a number of Ron Paul (remember him?) delegates were controversially barred. Republican bigwigs had scrambled to pass rule changes designed to stop the convention resembling anything like a serious political event, blocking leftfield candidates and their supporters from "hijacking" proceedings. Needless to say, Paul's supporters were none too pleased. Dummies were spat. Birds were flipped. Fuck-you were fuck-you'd.

In romantic news, the Indianapolis Star reports that Mitt Romney is aiming to "woo Hispanics," possibly by hiring a mariachi band, or partnering each of the US's 50.5 million Hispanics in some sort of fierce, sexually-charged tango. Meanwhile, Politico observes that Romney is stepping up his attempts to "court women," this time using "overt overtures." Time will tell what these "overtures" entail – some might envision the clammy, diseased fumbblings of a Thursday night in Dunedin, but my money is on the more sophisticated methods of the male bowerbird, which attracts females by building a large structure and decorating this structure with sticks and brightly-coloured objects such as flowers, rifle shells and pieces of plastic and glass.



## INDONESIA: CREATIVELY TORTURING WEST PAPUANS SINCE 1969

By Brittany Mann

THIS WEEK'S COLUMN IS ABOUT WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A FRANKENCONFLICT (A word I made up just now). The details read like Auschwitz, Nanking, and Srebrenica rolled into one. Without further ado, I'll let you in on this dirty secret going down in our own backyard.

West Papua is in the western half of Papua New Guinea. It was a Dutch colony until 1969, when Indonesia officially took control, and promptly restricted freedom of movement and punished any vague expressions of separatist sentiment with torture or death.

In the 1970s the Indonesian military became increasingly violent towards the West Papuan independence movement. There are stories of Indonesian soldiers publicly shooting a pregnant woman, then cutting out and dissecting the foetus while the woman's sister was raped and killed. Another story tells of 30 men being forced into their boats and being pushed overboard with concrete blocks tied around their necks. Yet another story tells of soldiers disembowelling villagers and filling their bodies with stones, cabbages and leaves – can I get a "WTF", please?

Indonesian occupation of West Papua continues today. People suspected of being "separatists" are arbitrarily arrested, held without charge, forced to sign confessions, tortured, and imprisoned for extremely long periods, often just for raising the West Papuan flag.

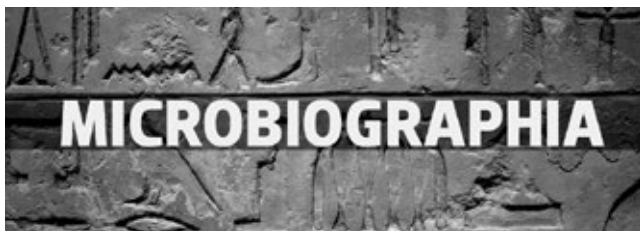
To add insult to injury, Indonesian authorities are earning billions by allowing companies such as the American corporation Freeport to mine the absolute shit out of West Papua. Freeport actually directly funds the Indonesian military with US dollars by paying them to oversee the mines.

Between 100,000 and 400,000 West Papuans have died since Indonesia took control. The original population was only 800,000. Disturbingly, Indonesia is gradually deploying an additional 15,000 troops into the area, which, conveniently, journalists and researchers are banned from.

To paraphrase Kevin Clements (the closest Otago University will ever come to having its very own Albus Dumbledore), we should care about the West Papuans because they've survived for a very long time on very little, and given the imminent demise of the environment/Life As We Know It we probably stand to learn a thing or two from the poor fuckers.

But more than that, when I learned this all I could think of was how the Nazis/Japanese/KKK/Serbs/interahamwe did the same stuff (with the possible exception of the cabbage thing) to Jews/Koreans/blacks/Bosnians/Tutsis, after which the world solemnly declared "Never Again". The invisibility of the West Papuan tragedy is probably the greatest obstacle to its resolution. If the aforementioned violence is anything to go by, it seems to take a certain level of media coverage of massacres and mass graves for such issues to be taken sufficiently seriously by people who have the power to do something about them.





## CHRISTOPHE ROCAN COURT GENTLEMAN THIEF

By Toby Newberry

TODAY WE FOCUS LESS ON THE "HISTORICAL" SIDE OF THE COLUMN AND MORE ON the "lesser-known/interesting" side. Christophe Rocancourt, still alive today, is a real-life gentleman thief. He spent most of the last 40 years swindling rich Americans out of their riches.

Rocancourt was born in France, the son of a drunken layabout and a prostitute. At age five he was handed over to an orphanage, where he spent most of his childhood. In his late teens, Rocancourt ran away to seek his fortune in Paris. It didn't take him long to find it.

By faking the deed to a property then "selling" the property he didn't own, Rocancourt netted himself a cool US\$1.4 million. This was his first major con in what was to be a life of impressive conmanship. Having thus lined his pockets, he traveled to Los Angeles in search of further fruit ripe for the pluckin'. Over the next 20-odd years, Rocancourt lived a double-life of crime and subterfuge, a deadly game of shadows, smoke and mirrors, cloak and daggers — you get the idea. By presenting himself as a movie producer, venture capitalist or former boxing champion, Rocancourt persuaded many of LA's rich and famous to invest in his baffling schemes. Although unverified, he estimated to Dateline NBC that these cons made him at least US\$40 million. Not too shabby at all.

As well as shamelessly fleecing the rich and famous, Rocancourt fully immersed himself in their lifestyle. He married Playboy model Pia Reyes, with whom he had a son named Zeus. While still married he lived for six months with a different Playboy model, Rhonda Rydell, who was unaware of the marriage. For a while he even lived with Mickey Rourke (not a Playboy model). When he returned to Paris after his marriage fell through, he took up with Sonia Rolland, a former Miss France.

But things weren't all Playboy models and casual millions. Rocancourt has faced a string of legal battles since the late 90s. In 2002 he pleaded guilty to charges of theft, grand larceny, smuggling, bribery, and fraud. He was fined \$9 million and sentenced to 5 years' imprisonment. In case you're running the numbers and thinking that this seems a reasonable price for 40 mil and roughly 20 years of living the high-life, I should stress that the 40 mil was an unsubstantiated claim, and that these days everyone thinks this guy is a dick. Don't do it man, it's not worth it. Also, don't do drugs.



## SLUTS GET THEIR WALK ON

By Rape Crisis Dunedin

SLUTWALK ORIGINATED IN 2011 IN TORONTO WHEN A POLICE OFFICER TOLD A group of women that if they didn't want to get raped they should avoid dressing like "sluts". SlutWalk was a response to the attitudes expressed by this officer and the culture which blames survivors and excuse perpetrators.

SlutWalk is about appealing the rape culture in which we live. A culture which condones, trivialises, and perpetuates sexual violence.

SlutWalk is about protesting the way this rape culture is institutionalised in our criminal justice system. Research shows that police officers still make judgments about what "kind" of women get raped and subsequently only 9% of all rapes are reported, 42% are prosecuted, and 13% are convicted.

SlutWalk is about crying out against a culture where 1 in 4 women, 1 in 20 men, 1 in 3 girls, and 1 in 6 boys will experience some form of rape or sexual abuse in their lifetime, but will not have access to adequate support services.

SlutWalk is about standing up against a culture which excuses rapists and blames victims by labelling them as "sluts".

SlutWalk is about speaking out against a culture where "slut" is used to police, degrade, and stigmatise women's bodies, behavior, appearance, and sexualities.

SlutWalk is about contesting patriarchal constructions of female sexuality which hold that women are responsible for managing their risk of victimisation and that active female sexuality invites violence.

SlutWalk is about questioning patriarchal constructions of male sexuality which depict men as aggressive, out of control, and violent. SlutWalk is about believing that men are more than that.

SlutWalk is about saying no matter how much, how little, or what kind of sex we have, women have the right to consent to sex, to wear what they want, and to be safe.

Slutwalk is about resisting a culture which tells women that their bodies and sexualities are equivalent to their value and worth as individuals.

SlutWalk is about creating a culture that is free from rape and violence.

SlutWalk is about knowing that together we are powerful and that we can create change.

"Ehara taku toa i Te toa taki tahi engari he toa taki tini taku toa"

My strength is not of mine alone but that of the multitude.



## THE CLITORIS IS NOT A DINOSAUR

By Louise Checker-Out St Flat

THE FLAT WAS EMPTY LAST FRIDAY, AS MY OTHER FLATMATES BOTH DECIDED TO go away for the weekend. My vagina and I were left alone for some quality time. However, after some serious sexual pondering, I started to think less about the practical and more about the theory of what it takes to pleasure a girl, and the terrible guidance of Year 9 Health class that led to five years of doing it wrong.

Unlike the pubescent boys who watched male-centric porn on Redtube, I think my misconception of how a girl can do herself was born from school rumours and inadequate teaching. I heard about a girl from a private school up the road who got herself off with carrots stolen from her parents' fridge. There was another girl who placed her cellphone up her vagina at a party and asked people to call her. Cellphones aren't just for communicating, obviously. Health class was no better — all we ever did was practice putting condoms on wooden blocks because the school supply of polystyrene penises had broken. Sex was made to sound like a chore. Orgasms sounded like death traps which inevitably led to underage pregnancy and echoing warnings from Admiral Ackbar. But never fear — after all these years I have finally found the clitoris, and you can too.

The clitoris is the primary means for a woman to achieve sexual pleasure, as the vagina itself has significantly fewer nerve endings. Ms Clitoris (I actually had a teacher with a very similar name in school) is located at the point where the labia (lips of the vagina) meet at the top of the vagina. Get stimulated and feel around for it. When a woman is sexually aroused, the clitoris fills with blood and the many condensed nerve endings become even more sensitive. Enough stimulation of the clitoris can result in an orgasm. Woo! For male readers, think of the clitoris as your penis' equivalent in its capacity for sexual stimulation — that's equality at its sexiest. Basically, if the woman's clitoris is not getting (correctly) stimulated during sex, you're probably not doing it right and that's a case of being plain old misinformed. You don't want to be like the fractional proportion of Americans who still think Mitt Romney is the fucking man, do you?

So in sifting through the top-rated clips on Redtube in search for answers about female orgasm, I didn't quite find them. What I did find, however, was a world where extensive knowledge of the anatomy exists but for "social reasons" this girl cum-worthy information is still yet to be widely disseminated.



## GETTING WINSTONED

By Holly Walker

I RECENTLY SURVIVED A LIVE INTERVIEW ON MORNING REPORT, HEAD-TO-HEAD with Winston Peters. I figure that has to be some kind of political rite of passage.

The topic was MMP and how to improve it. When 58% of New Zealanders voted to keep MMP, we triggered a review of the system. Over 4,500 people submitted, and the Electoral Commission has recommended several changes, including abolishing the one electorate seat threshold (which allows parties with one electorate seat to bring in list MPs even if they don't meet the party vote threshold), and lowering the party vote threshold from 5% to 4%.

Mr Peters and I, along with the overwhelming majority of submitters, agreed that it's time to get rid of the one seat rule. It effectively means that voters in some electorates (like Ohariu and Epsom) have a greater say over the make-up of Parliament and the Government than the rest of us, and that's just not fair. It has to go.

Where Mr Peters and I disagreed was about lowering the 5% party vote threshold. He thinks it should stay at 5% to prevent a proliferation of crazy small parties getting into Parliament and messing everything up (I'm paraphrasing, just).

He might have a point if we got rid of the threshold altogether, but dropping it by one percent won't have the destabilising impact Mr Peters fears. In fact, the Electoral Commission crunched the numbers in its report, and found that in the history of MMP there have only been three instances in which parties got between 4% and 5% of the party vote — and TWO OF THEM WERE NEW ZEALAND FIRST.

Admittedly the other was the Christian Coalition in 1996, which is pretty scary, but those results hardly suggest a 4% threshold would spell the end of stable government in New Zealand.

I was able to make this point during the interview because I had read the report, and I'm sorry to say I was rather smug about it ("if you'd actually read the report, Mr Peters..."). But here's the thing: the only reason I had read it was that I just happened to have completed a speed reading course the previous day, and used my new-found skills (900 words a minute!) to whip through it that night.

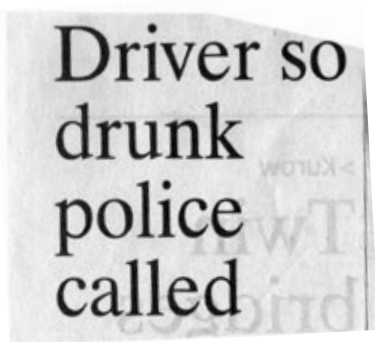
So, it seems only fair that I conclude by saying: I can totally recommend Write Limited's Advanced Reading Intensive 1 day seminar ([www.write.co.nz](http://www.write.co.nz)). \$495 and worth every cent.



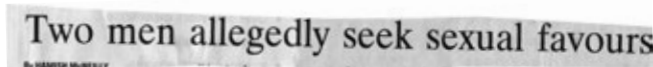
## SEX SELLS

By Walter Plinge

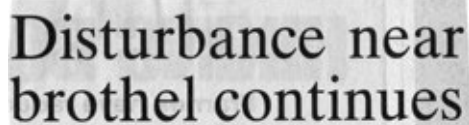
YOU PROBABLY DON'T REALISE JUST HOW GOOD THE ODT IS. IN FACT, IT'S SO GOOD that it's been nominated (again) for Newspaper of the Year at the upcoming New Zealand Media Awards. But there's more — it's been nominated for the "Young readers" category. That's right — the ODT, the oldest, whitest, most conservative newspaper in the country, has apparently secured their relevance to kids with stories like these:



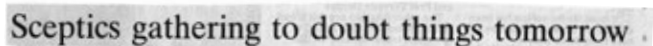
As opposed to when a driver is just drunk enough that you shouldn't call the cops, but should simply give them a pie and V and send them on their way.



The great thing about this is that they weren't. According to the article which followed this headline, these two guys were trying to rape little boys by getting them in their car. Which is kind of like a sexual favour, but not really, ODT. Not really.



Continuing in the sexual vein, there have been a number of "disturbances" near Dunedin's La Maison brothel. Tragic, really — the last thing you want when you've put down your hard earned cash to spend the evening with one of South D's finest is boy racers doing burnouts outside the window.



Yeah, cause that's what skeptics do. They professionally doubt things. But it's even better when you do it in groups.



## BASE INSTINCT

By Dan Luoni

A poem is an animal.  
You can love an animal too much,  
Like when my brother hugged  
His kindergarten hamster  
Too hard.

When you love it too much  
It dies.  
You squeeze out the  
Eyes and blood and shit and soul,  
And then you are covered  
In shit and blood and you have a dead animal.  
And that is weird.

I mean, feed it  
And pat it and  
Take it for walks and that.  
But remember who's boss.  
Don't let it on the couch,  
Make sure it doesn't bark at strangers.  
Not easy.

Here, this explains it.  
You buy a puppy to impress girls.  
So you get laid.  
You don't buy it to fuck!

That about sums it up.



## THE BOURNE LEGACY

DIRECTOR: TONY GILROY

Reviewed By Sam McChesney



**S**HOULD I EVEN BE COMPARING THIS TO THE first three Bourne films? It has no Matt Damon, a completely different supporting cast, and a new director (although Tony Gilroy was screenwriter for the original trilogy). The plot has nothing to do with the search for identity which animated the first three. Instead it's something about genes and viruses and pills,

and follows Aaron Cross, another CIA hitman from Bourne's... peer group?

But yes, of course I should. Because it may be a Bourne film in name only, but that's the point – they used the name to sell tickets, knowing full well that the name would demand a certain pedigree. All the more so because, for better or worse, the Bourne films changed action cinema: nowadays, explosions are passé, action sequences need to have a point, and heroes are required to be dark and haunted. Just look at James Bond and Batman.

While Gilroy does his best to ape previous director Paul Greengrass' style, the overall effect was slightly disorienting: the same, but different. Definitely worse, but for reasons I couldn't quite pinpoint. I've since realised that it's a number of small things. I'm aware that this realisation

isn't particularly original, but then again, neither is the film. The lead (Jeremy Renner) is just less compelling than Damon, and Cross' story less primal, more science-geeky and isolated. Connecting with Cross was also harder: because Jason Bourne had amnesia, the audience knew just as much as him and no less; it was clear what he wanted and why. By contrast, during *Legacy* I often felt left behind. Large sections feature Renner simply motoring robotically along, his motivations totally opaque.

There are also some quite obvious problems – the CIA subplot didn't really go anywhere; the "master versus student" trope was shoehorned in to absolutely no effect; and the climactic action sequence is basically recycled from *The Bourne Ultimatum*. The film also ends rather abruptly, like this review.



## TAKE THIS WALTZ

DIRECTOR: SARAH POLLEY

Reviewed By Taryn Dryfhout



**I**N A WORLD FULL OF TACKY ROM-COMS AND second-rate vampire movies, *Take This Waltz* is a breath of fresh air.

The film centres around Margot (Michelle Williams) and her relationships. A travel writer, Margot is growing restless in life and in her marriage of five years to Lou (Seth Rogen), a chef and cookbook writer. Margot's chance encounter with a tall, dark, and handsome stranger (Luke Kirby) prompts her to re-evaluate the life of quiet desperation that she has been living, and their instant chemistry soon turns into a serious infatuation. Though nothing is actually "wrong" with Margot's marriage, it is clear that it has become stale and static, and their living

situation has regressed into more of a flatting situation than a marriage.

The fact that I was the only person in the theatre for the entire duration of the film did not put me off. Although very little actually happens, I couldn't help but stick it out to see what the outcome was going to be in this awkward love triangle. There are a few clumsy lines and cringe-worthy scenes, but these are more than made up for by the complexity of the characters and plot.

The film is not short of full frontal nudity (with such a rockin' body, it's hard to believe that Michelle Williams has had a baby!) and graphic sex scenes – in fact, they are so explicit that it wouldn't surprise me if the cast wasn't "acting" at all. The chemistry between Margot and her love interest is convincing, and it is this compelling attraction that makes the movie such a success. I have been mentally contemplating the many facets of this film ever since I saw it, and would highly recommend it for this reason alone.



# I WISH

DIRECTOR: HIROKAZU KOREEDA

By Andrew Oliver



**I** WISH IS A JOYFUL AND INSPIRING JOURNEY INTO the wonders, concerns, and childhood imaginations of two young Japanese brothers on a mission to reunite their broken family. Real-life brothers Koki and Ohshiro Maeda effortlessly play onscreen brothers Koichi and Ryunosuke, under the guidance of widely acclaimed director Hirokazu Koreeda.

The storyline follows the completion of a

new Japanese bullet train, the brothers' parents' recent divorce, and their subsequent separation to two different cities at opposite ends of Japan. Koichi heads to a small town in the south with his mother and grandparents, while Ryunosuke is forced to move to the far north with his out-of-work, struggling-musician father. One day, Koichi overhears an urban legend that if someone makes a wish at the exact time the north and south bullet trains pass each other, the wish will instantly come true. Koichi tells his brother, and they quickly hatch a plan to reunite their parents by travelling to the point where the two trains will meet and wishing to be a family again.

The film is lifted by the natural chemistry between the two brothers, and is brilliant in its

authenticity and simplicity. The brothers' friends eagerly join in on their quest with wishes of their own, and the adults who help them along the way encourage the children's dreams, adding to the buoyant sensation of hope that builds throughout the film. *I Wish* is a light and tender film that takes its time to deliver but is well worth the wait. Interestingly, the film is more or less entirely a publicity stunt funded by the company behind the new bullet train route and was taken to Koreeda as a promotional idea with a very different plotline. Koreeda accepted the project, and through his own rewrite and direction managed to turn a glorified advertisement into a genuine and thoughtful tale of youth and magic.

# CHEERFUL WEATHER FOR A WEDDING

DIRECTOR: DONALD RICE

Reviewed By Emma Scammell



**C**HEERFUL WEATHER FOR A WEDDING IS, ironically, not that cheerful at all. The film follows the painstakingly dull Dolly (Felicity Jones), who on her wedding day realises that she is entering a loveless marriage orchestrated by her overly possessive mother.

In the lead-up to the wedding Dolly's house is a hub of activity as tetchy relatives await her arrival. The film continuously cuts from Dolly swigging on a bottle of rum in her bedroom to the living room, rife with ex-lovers, makeshift bombs, and examples of her life to come.

The actual wedding itself does not feature,

and it is only the post-wedding photos that hint that vows have been exchanged. The most cheerful part of the film is the flashbacks that tell the story of Dolly's pre-marital life, specifically her whirlwind summer romance with ex-lover Joseph. Dolly enjoys a summer of happiness and contentment until Joseph shatters the mood with the announcement he is leaving. However, this is not before the couple have one last tryst in the family glasshouse, only to be caught by Dolly's disapproving mother. Dolly's passionate summer with Joseph is a stark contrast to her current marriage, creating a foreboding sense that although she is moving to the other side of the world with her new husband her love for Joseph still lingers.

In my opinion, dry English humour is the best kind. However, in this case I found that even though the film was a comedy I couldn't muster up a single laugh. The film had all the comedic potential, but couldn't quite deliver. I put this down to the fact that the humour was directed at a significantly older audience, which was reaffirmed by the constant giggles from the group of middle-aged women sitting behind me.





## DARLING, LET'S GO TO THE BALLET!

**L**AST WEEK THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND BALLET GRACED OUR TOWN WITH their TOWER Season of Cinderella, a classic story brought to life by a talented and delightful company. The creative spin on the timeless rags-to-riches love story brought a breath of fresh air to the Regent stage. Every aspect of the performance was a marvel to behold. The colours of the beautiful costumes followed the story's emotional trajectory, complementing every move the dancers made. The huge set pieces helped cement Cinderella as a grandiose theatre production. Particularly stunning was Cinderella's fairy godmother, who slowly descended from the rafters on an elegant bench swing. The classic ballet format of three acts with intervals can easily be boring, particularly for the kids at the matinee performance, but this production kept the whole audience in their seats throughout the intervals, eagerly anticipating the next installment. Christopher Hampson's choreography was out of this world; both the solo pieces and the group work were exquisite.

I was in complete awe of the ugly stepsisters — the colourful characters got plenty of laughs from the audience, particularly the ditzzy sister who managed to simultaneously look like she couldn't dance and pull off extreme

moves and splits. Despite the lack of dialogue, the character work was phenomenal. Each role was well formed and believable, making every scene enjoyable. As a confirmed theatre nerd, I thought the best element of the production was the lighting. I couldn't find fault in any other areas of the performance, but the lighting really stood out. Sidelights beautifully illuminated the dancers' bodies as they moved around the stage, which was decked out with simple but classy set pieces.

My favourite scene was the dreamlike fairy godmother sequence. A huge tree spanned the back of the stage, champagne-hued flowers dangling from its branches, while the moon was depicted as a giant, marbled-pink flowerhead. I struggled to keep my mouth shut as I gawped at the beauty. I don't think I've ever been so moved by a ballet before, particularly one that tells such a well-known story. I hope that the performance inspired the children twirling around the aisles in their dance gear to grow up and become ballerinas themselves. I wonder how many will end up on the stage? One thing's for sure, Cinderella certainly made me rethink my degree.

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## WHAT IS MUSIC?

**M**USIC MEANS SO MANY DIFFERENT THINGS to so many different people. But it can also be produced in so many different forms for so many different reasons. More specifically, it can basically be split up into live music and recorded music. It should be simple, right? Make great sounds with your instrument by yourself or with others, and if people like that then just stick a microphone somewhere on your laptop and get famous, biatch. Unfortunately, that doesn't really work anymore. The masses have become uniform in their borderline obsession with stagnant, formulaic, and coldly manufactured songs, but the flipside of this is an unwitting savviness of production and recording methods.

Because the canon of popular music has been losing its variation in song writing for a while, it has entrenched the idea of the "proper" way a recorded song should sound to us: full, robotically perfect, loud. Statistically, music isn't just getting blander; it's all getting louder, a whole lot louder. That uniformity has led to the perception that no matter how amazing the song is, if it doesn't "sound" as good/clear/loud as another song, it's worse. There is an expectation, solidified by years of banal popular music, of how a song should sound or be recorded. This is fine, I can accept that. I admit that I am not

enamoured with sound production in any way. It's laborious and dreadfully boring, and for me it's just a means to an end so people can listen to my music without me being in the room playing for them. Even I have my limits, though. No matter what type of music it is, production needs to be accessible enough for people to enjoy the songs in the first place. For example, Daniel Johnston is one of my favourite songwriters of all time. He can be childish yet harrowingly sad and painfully accurate with simple technique and an eccentric voice, yet I can only listen to a few songs at a time due to the recordings being the musical equivalent of a person dragging the claws of a hissing cat down a chalkboard being played through a distortion pedal down the far end of tunnel as child pokes you in the face asking you if you are there yet when clearly you only just left the house. It's the worst kind of torture. So I get it. But no matter how hard the recordings try to kick my soul in its balls, they are fantastic songs, in spite of the production. "The Story Of An Artist" will always affect me immensely. But if Daniel Johnston wrote a club banger tomorrow, the recording quality would kill any chance of success. It would be a bad song in the mind of the masses. But if Rihanna sang the same song with David Guetta on a beach pretending to DJ even though his mixer

is clearly not even plugged in, the kids would froth that shit.

I could perhaps accept that bad production should be equated to a bad song, but only if everyone who held that opinion had tried to record something themselves. When you hear a song live, you listen as much with your heart as you do with your ears. You feel the swell lift you up, tug you through emotions, and hold you on a string — at least, you do if the artist is any good. When you hear a recorded song recorded, you listen less with your heart and more with your brain. And to create something that people listen to with their brains demands even more brains. There's not just one microphone in a room with a band. There is a microphone for every piece on the drum kit, two on the snare, up to four on just one amp and more microphones just sitting in the middle of the room. It's crazy, and they still have to be mixed to sound good together, and that's not even thinking about all the extra vocals, added guitars, kazooos, and the challenge of playing all of it correctly. Rihanna does it perfectly, but she can also afford to. Not every musician has her money or her team of production brains, but many of them have amazing songs, and nothing should take that away from them.

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# FIFTY SHADES OF GREY

BY E. L. JAMES

REVIEWED BY: HARRIET HUGHES

**A**T FIRST, REVIEWING *FIFTY SHADES OF GREY* was a bit exciting. I've never read an erotic novel before, so immediately thought OMG where are the dirty bits. However it wasn't long before an unpleasant relationship started to develop between this book and I.

Meet Anastasia Steele. She is 21 and has never had sex, never had an orgasm, never ever been drunk, and only has one friend. I don't really know what she actually does... She reads classic novels? I think that's it. What I do know is that *Fifty Shades* is anything but a classic. It's like *Twilight: Cougar Edition*, with raunchier passages, equally poor writing, and regrettably without the supernatural component.

Ana and her only friend Kate have been living together for four years, yet their relationship seems forced and unnatural. Ana hesitates to tell her roommate anything for fear she will interrogate her or embarrass her later. James is unsuccessful in her portrayal of "young folk", and seems to imply that female relationships consist primarily of wariness of the other's big mouth.

How does James aim to capture the female imagination? Christian Grey, a wealthy young entrepreneur, proposes a relationship in the form of a contract — it's certain, states clear terms, and provides reassurance that Ana will be his only woman. It also means that any sexual conduct is heavily pre-meditated. The entire narrative builds around Christian's promise to introduce Ana to his "Red Room of Pain" (to be read in the voice of B.A. from *The A-Team*). Basically he blindfolds her and they have sex to choral music (cougars start creaming now).

So why does James have to ejaculate

her fantasies all over literature? Why don't these readers just watch porn with a bit of a story line? It would certainly be more time-efficient than reading 500 pages at a cost of \$29.99. Supposedly underlying this book's promotion is the taboo of women watching porn, but for me this isn't the real issue. The real issue is that this uninspired shit is a bestseller!

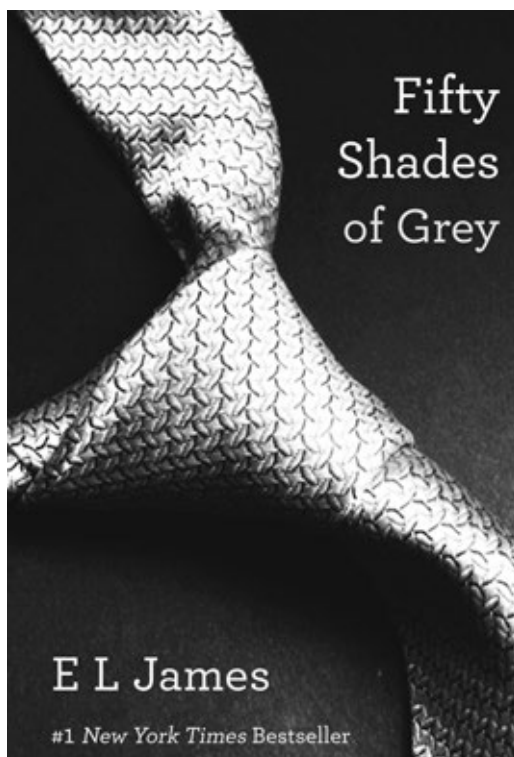
I don't know what's more depressing: the fact that women are being made to feel they shouldn't watch porn, or the fact that they are reading shit literature. Maybe Ana will perk up with a self-empowering comeback, but so far I'm pretty sure this series is bent on casually undermining equality in male-female relationships. Anything feminist literature ever achieved is being bulldozed by Christian's erection

"springing from his boxer briefs".

Ana has zero independence; Christian proposes to buy her everything and even controls what she eats. The book treats female masturbation as more outrageous than a man pulling out a woman's tampon and fucking her (this happens). Ana falls in love with Christian because of his money and good looks. I quote: "In hindsight, the beatings weren't that bad." She comes to the conclusion that he cares because he gives her tea, buys her a MacBook Pro, and literally stalks her across the country. On weekends he ties her up and tickles her with stuff. Christian barely speaks, except to say things like "I'm fifty shades of fucked up", which doesn't even make sense, and that's what the title is based on.


James refers endlessly to Ana's "subconscious", which I assume means her conscience? There is also reference to Ana's "inner goddess" and "inner slut". These are described as two little people living inside Ana's head. It starts off as a kind of cute angel/devil thing, or perhaps an example of a bad writer struggling to express her characters' feelings. Later, however, Ana starts to seem a bit mental. She refers to her subconscious hiding behind a couch, dancing, and wearing a hula skirt and glasses: "Kate gazes at me with pursed lips and narrowed eyes, rather like my subconscious — all she needs are the half-moon specs." Oh E. L. James, your imagination knows no limits!

So there's going to be a movie. The big question is casting: who do we want to see dominated and fucked in the mouth? Emma Watson is a favourite. Still, I just thought humanity was deeper than this. Yet so far this book has sold enough copies for everyone in New Zealand to own at least eight. Well, congratulations E. L. James — you're a millionaire.



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## TIK TOK

OTAGO MUSEUM | TILL NOVEMBER 25

**T**HE FIRST THING I HEARD UPON ENTERING THIS exhibition was "This is freaky!" (uttered by a young girl of about five or so, who was there with her mother). The second thing, which immediately followed the first, was "What the fuck is this?" (which earned the teenage speaker a dirty glare from the mother). Suffice to say I was more than a little intrigued, and perhaps a touch concerned – feelings which were immediately justified when I discovered what awaited me in *Bodytok Quintet*.

The name of the exhibition alone puzzled me. I wasn't sure what to expect, although I did know that it comprised five interactive screens, so at least the "quintet" part made sense. "Bodytok", though, required some kind of context, and everything fell into place when I walked into the dark Museum space. The exhibition features bodies. And noises.

Basically, what happens is this: each screen features a clip of a person, generally a close-up of their face, which moves in slow motion as you watch from a distance. Approach the screen, however, and the screen activates.

The clip begins playing at normal speed, and depicts people doing some pretty odd shit. One unruly-haired man started making peculiar clicking noises with his mouth; another with ginger locks moved his arm vigorously up and down, resulting in a squeaky fart-like noise; yet another brunette woman opened her mouth wider and wider and emitted the most terrifying half-squawk, half-scream I have ever heard. Reactions to these spectacles varied. Some, like the aforementioned young girl, were both curious and excited. Others, like the potty-mouthed teenager, were clearly repelled and confused. As for me, I jumped back in shock at one, burst into undignified giggles at another, and just stared, vaguely creeped out, at the woman who smiled slyly while producing a peculiar whistling noise. As I meandered from screen to screen, I couldn't help but wonder: why were my reactions so extreme? Why did my emotions veer from cramp-inducing laughter to complete and utter terror within 30 seconds?

The exhibition explores, as you've probably guessed, the human body, and the often unexplored capabilities we have for making sound.

"The human body is the first instrument", boldly proclaimed the wall of text that accompanied the exhibition, and the range of complex gurgles and snorts and squeaks that echoed across the space made it evident why. We are so accustomed to communicating through coherent speech that there's a primal intensity present in the sounds we make that tend to fly under the radar. *Bodytok Quintet* prompts viewers to view their musical capabilities in a whole new light and emphasises the way in which rhythm is an inherent part of human nature.

The special dynamic that exists between the viewer and the artworks highlights this particularly well. The onscreen performer becomes a unique artist, wielding an instrument that belongs solely to them in an intensely personal manner that deeply engages the viewer. Whether you, like me, find the idea refreshing and innovative, or think it's simply too peculiar for your tastes, pop along to the Museum. At the very least, it'll give you a laugh. Or make you scream. Either way, it's all very interesting.



Yvonne Todd  
Wall of Seahorse



# DARKSIDERS II

DEVELOPER: VIGIL GAMES | PLATFORM: PS3, XBOX 360 | GENRE: ACTION-ADVENTURE, RPG, PUZZLER



**D**ARKSIDERS II IS THE THE AMAZING SPIDER-Man of the video game world: endlessly derivative, and pretty unnecessary, but undeniably effective nonetheless. It is an action-adventure, beat-em-up puzzle game with RPG and platform elements – a pick'n'mix of fundamental mechanics that everyone finds somewhat fun.

You play as Death, a fusion of the horse-riding and reaping interpretations of that ultimate mortal fear. He wears a Jason Voorhees-style hockey mask and speaks in a rock-polisher timbre just like every male game protagonist ever. The apocalyptic dressage rider sets out on a quest to, paradoxically, reverse the extinction of humanity and prove his brother War (from the first game) innocent of said crime. It's a convoluted tale, packed with semi-demi-gods and quasi-pseudo-god-demons and a big powerful council of some kind. The tale is all about hand-wavy magic legislation, but it serves its purpose as a way to get Death to fancy Zelda-style temples and fight monsters much larger than he. It can feel epic at times too, just as long as you listen to the voice acting itself rather than the corny dialogue it carries.

Most of the game is spent fetching, or possibly activating, a variety of artifacts in vast ancient architectural wonders. Puzzles are never frustratingly difficult. Never are they

easy to the point that they feel like a chore either, but there are never any "aah, I see!" moments. Darksiders II has temples that are just tough enough to be consistently satisfying and fun, but nothing more. New puzzle solving tools, such as pilot-able mechs with extendable chain arms, are often utilised, but you will still find yourself rolling large balls and exploding spiky bombs throughout the game.

Even the seemingly insignificant details seem to invoke a powerful sense of déjà vu. The horse you use to traverse the game's vast and rich overworld has discrete stamina "bits", rather than a continuous stamina bar. Using one up in exchange for a brief boost reminded me immediately of Epona's tasty carrots. Something about Death's subtle caress of walls as he runs across them instantly made me remember Prince of Persia. You heal when you level up, often after slaying a vast gothic enemy who drops gold in half a dozen inconvenient piles. Conventions like restoring health at important milestones and finding gold on quadrupeds that have no way of carrying it are clearly not unique to Diablo, but the way that certain moments in Darksiders are staged seem to scream "SCHTAY A WHILE AND LICHSTEN" at a deafening volume. It isn't necessarily a bad thing – it ensures that the entire game works well and feels cohesive. It's just... interesting.

Combat is fun and fluid. Death has two of his trademark scythes, miniaturised and duel-wielded as a fast basic weapon. His alternate weapon might be heavier and slower like an axe or hammer, or lightning-quick and vicious like a clawed glove. My combat strategies tended to involve fleeing backwards in such a way that all my foes were forced to follow me in a tight group. There is a sense, again, that perhaps enemy variety leaves a little to be desired. Then again, it never really gets boring. Death gains experience which can be spent on new necromantic or combat powers.

Every facet of Darksiders II functions well, but none of it does anything new. You can collect loot, mountains of the stuff. Even if, in the end, all you actually do is decide whether "67 – 96" is a better number than "71 – 92", it is still satisfying. There are some mild platforming sections too – Death shimmies across ledges and clings to pillars. I must stress that nothing feels like an afterthought. Nothing feels tossed in to tick a box. Nothing is broken and nothing is frustrating. However, nothing is new. There are no "wow" moments. Darksiders II is one huge "Yep, that was kinda fun" moment, but there's something to be said for that. As an academic exercise, at the very least, this is a game that shows you how to construct a cohesive whole.

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# COCONUT CHICKEN

**M**Y MOTHER WOULD OFTEN QUIP THAT "NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF invention". I vehemently hated this phrase when I was younger, mostly because it meant things weren't going my way and a novel solution was needed. That old idiom came to mind one evening when my pantry was bereft of spices and I was unwilling (read: too poor) to stock up on the numerous seasonings I thought were necessary for a desperately craved curry. Instead, I embraced the magic spice that is garam masala: a wicked combination of cardamon, cloves, cinnamon, fennel,

cumin, ginger, black pepper, ground coriander seeds, nutmeg and cayenne pepper — all in one pack! Though it's often added in the later stages of cooking to retain its flavour, I pounced on its complexity and used it to coat meat, along with salt and sugar. Rice noodles bulk out the dish, and fresh coriander and lime cut through the creaminess. Throw in a handful of frozen beans in the final five minutes for an extra pop of colour. So here it is, sitting comfortably between the extremes of a soup and a curry: my sinus-cleansing necessity-is-the-mother-of-invention coconut chicken.

## INGREDIENTS

8 — 10 tsp garam masala  
4 — 6 tsp salt  
4 — 8 tsp white sugar  
300 — 500g chicken tenderloins or breast  
200g dried wide rice noodles  
2 tsp rice bran or canola oil  
1 can light coconut milk  
1 cup liquid chicken stock (from powder)  
1/2 tsp turmeric  
1 medium red onion, halved and finely sliced  
1 — 2 fresh red chillis, finely sliced  
2 limes, sliced into wedges  
Handful of fresh coriander, very roughly chopped

## METHOD

**01** Combine the garam masala, salt, and white sugar. Play around with the quantities until you strike the desired balance between spicy, salty, and sweet. Chop the chicken into 5cm-long chunks and toss through the spice mix until well coated.

**02** Heat the oil in a large non-stick frypan over a medium heat. Add the chicken and cook for five minutes, stirring frequently.

**03** Meanwhile, fill a large pot with water and bring to the boil. Add the rice noodles. Cook until tender, drain and rinse with cold water to prevent them sticking.

**04** Add the coconut milk, chicken stock and turmeric to the chicken. Stir well to combine. Add the red onion, keeping a little aside to use as a garnish. Turn the heat up until the liquid is almost boiling, then reduce the heat to a gentle simmer. Cook for 10 — 15 minutes, until the chicken is cooked through. Taste it as you go and more garam masala if needed.

**05** Just before serving, add half the chillis to the pan. Divide the rice noodles between four bowls. Top with the coconut chicken, the reserved red onion and chillis, coriander, and a few lime wedges.



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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.

### ZOMBIES!

Why do I fantasize about the zombie apocalypse every day? It's because the real world is boring. "Bro, want to go out to that new club tonight?" No, that's boring, bro. "Want to see a picture of my wife and son?" No, they're boring. "Every six seconds a child..." Boring. I'm not saying they aren't important, I'm just saying I want it to be ok to travel around on a motorcycle, blasting people in the face with a crossbow. And I have faith that nature will select for a brain-controlling parasite that doesn't just make you get more cats. To prepare against slow zombies I've been training at the local retirement home. It helps you get used to the smell of dead flesh, though instead of your brains they want your company. For fast zombies I find a young man wearing a snapback (for a sports franchise he's probably never heard of) and run off with it. For medium zombies, I first make sure he's lowriding his 'skinny chinos'.

Any other zombie survivalists (Undeadheads) that would like to train with me can contact me via this email: [pirirpirisource@gmail.com](mailto:pirirpirisource@gmail.com)

Piri

### BABY JESUS

Hi Joe,

How good is summer gona be. I wrote a poem thinking about it.

bouys and gouys doing douys,

and pingas with a finger up the ringer.

Shawtys for shooorrt. Buzzy and steezy, alty and malt.

Ciders getin' sideways, baby jesus with a stiffy.

Josh

### ALL WORK AND NO PLAY...

God is blue (unproven speculation). If god were false he would be red (silly assumption). So god must exist to be blue (conclusion base speculation and silly assumptions).

Unless you find evidence the bible was true until something change world from 3000 years old to >1 billion years old (or that atoms decayed faster in the old days), bible < world. Add god make more complexity and more questions.

Whether people are good or bad, they should believe fact not lie. I like to think some fictional characters are real somehow, but the difference to religion is no one lies to me fictional characters are real, or threatens me with hell for not believing them. I still trust fact over my awesome characters.

Do not respect unproven belief that causes true believers to rage murder when non-believers exercise their choice to draw Mohammed. Factual non-believers should not be respected while nonfactual believers should be apologised to for their imaginary hurt? Zionist Jews really do what to kill all heathens because the old testament says so (I used to think HAMAS was lying, but they're not).

M3 stone bell

### THAT'S IGNANT

To the Editor

While I thought Get Your Faith On went a long way to exposing your ignorance, your response to one of this week's letters does it even better. Is there anything in the letter you head "Zionists are Zionistic" that suggests that all or some of these five authors are Zionists? No. Zionism, Judaism, and the politics of Israel are separate issues. Islam and terrorism are also not synonymous, although you allowed the printing of an image stating that the publication of a picture of the prophet Muhammed would get you blown up (and shit). Confounding issues like these goes no way to informing, enlightening, or to bringing peace. Then again, ignorance rarely does. I expect more of an editor, even if he is moonlighting as a features writer.

Sincerely Yours,

Katherine Cummins

### JUDY 1.0

First of all, I would like to say that Walter whatever his name is shouldn't write an article he does not know facts about. The article is very offensive to my people and my country.

We are not cannibals and we do not have any cannibalistic highland tribes. In fact our people do not live in the highlands. The article is total bullshit and a defamation of my country! And where the hell did the writer get the information that Judy Bailey was killed? I checked on the news she never went to the Solomon Islands! The writer should get his facts straight before writing such articles. The article is NOT FUNNY! That is just low and shitty as journalism. Goes to show what a STUPID NARROW MINDED person he is. I am sorry for my choice of words but this is really something Critic and the writer should be ashamed of; putting out false information.

Thank you!

### JUDY 2.0

Is this article about killing Judy Bailey in Solomon the Ultimate truth? Did you get any evidence whatsoever in this matter before publishing your article in the media? What the hell is going on in your mind. You really deface, eject wrong image to our nation, Solomon Islands. If you can't find news elsewhere why not publish your own story, instead give false allegation to our sovereign nation.

better stop this idiot practice..

### JUDY 3.0

Hi Critic,

It is one thing writing a genuine news article humourously, or even in bad taste, but is entirely another to completely fabricate one. The Judy Bailey story from this week's issue is pointless - it is not funny and serves no purpose. Don't waste my time and every other student's time writing this rubbish to fill in the pages of the magazine we are forced to pay for. Now I don't know what to trust in this publication. At least it has full colour pictures though, because there are some really great pictures.

Yours,

Student

### JUDY 4.0

Dear Editor,

I found your story on Judy Bailey's death in the Solomon Islands very disturbing. You should have done proper research on the story that was carried out in the Critic recently. If this is the sort of story that your magazine loves to publish in your paper, then sadly, you lack professionalism in your writings. The fact is that NZ's so-called mother has not been killed in the Solomon



Islands. She might have been killed somewhere in the Pacific but not the Solomon Islands. The two natives holding what is supposed to be Judy Bailey's photographs are not Solomon Islanders. They looked so much like Vanuatu men.

I think Solomon Islanders need an apology here.

## YEAH SHE'S A BITCH

Dear Ms Killjoy

Isn't it nice that you got to publish your opinion about hating critic. They're probably sorry they offended you. But I doubt you're sorry that you offended me with your attack on their Free Speech. Today we live in a world where this fundamental human right is under attack to the extent where congressmen in America are trying to pass legislation to protect their own first ammendment. If you're offended so easily by people expressing thoughts and the like i suggest you move to a country like Iran where speaking out gets you killed

Sincerely

The Hawk

(no relation to The Eagle of yesteryear)

## SAY THANK YOU

I would like to say a big thank you to OUSA / the OUSA grant process for their sponsorship for my recent sporting event. Also a big thank you must go to my club, the Arthur Barnett's Small Bore Rifle Club for their sponsorship and support. Over the weekend of August 18th and 19th I was in Nelson competing in the South Island Women's team in the North Island V's South island event. Sadly the South Island was beaten by the North in a nail biting finish but I was selected into the New Zealand Woman's team. We competed against England on the 19th. It has been a dream of mine to make the New

Zealand team since I took up my sport in 2004. I could not have made it there and back without the support of my family, my club, the East Otago association and OUSA. THANK YOU!

Charlotte

## NOTICES

### VEGUCATED – FREE SCREENING!

Otago Student Animal Law Defence Fund and Students for Environmental Action Otago are hosting a FREE screening of 'Vegucated' on Wednesday 5th September at 6.30pm in the Evision Lounge (Clubs and Societies Building). In a comedic sociological experiment, Vegucated follows three meat lovers who agree to adopt a vegan diet for six weeks.

### ISLAM AWARENESS WEEK

Mon 3rd – Sun 9th September 2012

**Monday:** Lecture: "Islam, Science & Medicine"

**Tuesday & Wednesday:** OUSA Lunches

**Thursday:** Union Hall Exhibition, BBQ

**Friday:** Interfaith Dialogue: "The Concept of God"

**Saturday:** Mosque Open Day, BBQ, Lecture: "Islam 101"

**Sunday:** Mosque Open Day, Food Fest, Lecture: "Islam & Global Peace"

### DUNEDIN ABRAHAMIC INTERFAITH GROUP & OTAGO TERTIARY CHAPLAINCY

"Words, concepts, deeds. Peace as a way of living." Rabbi Adi Cohen – Wellington Progressive Jewish Congregation. Monday 3 September 2012 5.30pm. St David Lecture Theatre, followed by supper together. All welcome. Information: Greg Hughson 479 8497

## SCITELL

SCITELL brings you three leading scientists delivering rapid-fire, illuminating, 18-minute talks. Prof Harlene Hayne, "Alcohol and the Developing Brain or, Why My Vice-Chancellor Cares if I Drink Too Much"; Mike Joy New Zealand's 100% pure clean- green delusion"; Christine Jasoni: "Keeping Mum: Does our mother's health during pregnancy affect our well- being?". September 10th, 7:00pm Castle 1 lecture theatre.

## ORGANIC BEER FESTIVAL

SEA Otago is hosting the 8th annual Organic Festival on Saturday the 15th of September at St. Martin's Hall on Northumberland Street. Entry is only \$5 and includes a free beverage of your choice (limited to first 300). Taste a range of seventeen New Zealand crafted organic beers from five different breweries and enjoy sweet tunes from a line up of five fantastic local bands. Check us out on Facebook 'Organic Festival 2012'.

## FILM SOCIETY PREVIEW

**The Strength of Water**

(Armagan Ballantyne | N.Z. | 2009)

The arrival of a stranger to the remote Hokianga precipitates a terrible accident and young twins Kimi and Melody must learn to live apart.

Wednesday 5 September at 7.30 pm in the Red Lecture Theatre, Great King Street.

Casual admission will be possible in exchange for a small donation.

## POLITICAL PINT NIGHT

At Mou Very, George St from 7pm, Monday 10 September. A forum to discuss and debate. Presentations and rants welcome. Contact politicalpintnight@gmail.com"



www.xkcd.com



www.xkcd.com

# DUNEDIN'S HEBREW HOOD

**T**HE BOTTOM OF NEW ZEALAND'S SOUTH Island is not the first place that springs to mind when you think of Jews, but Dunedin has been home to some familiar and not-so-familiar Jewish names. In the 1800s, Bendix Hallenstein moved from Germany to Dunedin. Finding it hard to source quality menswear from overseas, he set up what was to become the national chain that now bears his name. Unfortunately his original "It's good to be a Jew" slogan was not the most successful marketing tool, and eventually "It's good to be a guy" was coined to help sell nose-slimming outfits.

Not only astute businessmen succeeded in Otago. Ethel Benjamin was born to a Jewish family, and after attending Otago University became New Zealand's first female lawyer. At the same time, Emily Siedeberg, who was born to a Jewish father, was the first female graduate of Otago University Medical School. To this day,

Jewish students help to make up the cohort of doctors and lawyers graduating from the University. Someone has to uphold the stereotypes!

Jewish life is not all sex, drugs, and Torah scrolls! In addition to the traditional kosher dietary guidelines and the requirement to wear a kippah on your head, Judaism also advocates for "tikun olam": fixing the world. Charity is encouraged, and increasingly environmentalism is seen as an ideal expression of our shared responsibility to repair the planet. Judaism also has a high regard for human life. The Talmud (rabbinic analysis of the Hebrew Bible) states that to save one life is as if one had saved the entire world. Now that's value for money! These principles serve as a guide to Jewish life, and highlight similarities between Judaism and other world religions.

The Jewish holiday of Purim is characterised by the tradition of dressing up and getting so drunk that you cannot tell good from evil, in a festival

reminiscent of Dunedin's iconic Hyde Street Keg Party. It could even be said that the scarfie fondness for setting furniture on fire is similar to Hanukkah, a celebration of the miracle that occurred when one day's oil supply fuelled the candles in a Jerusalem temple for eight days. Perhaps I have exaggerated Judaism's influence on scarfie culture, but the Jewish legacy is very apparent in Dunedin, from the founder of the local newspaper to notable community members. A small Jewish community remains here, using the southernmost synagogue in the world, and a Jewish students' group on campus was recently established. So the next time you see a Jew, be sure to say "Heey brooo!"

**Matthew Shrimpton**  
Jewish Students Association

Jewish students or students with questions are encouraged to contact [jewishstudentsotago@gmail.com](mailto:jewishstudentsotago@gmail.com)

## THEM'S THE FACTS



## FOREBODING



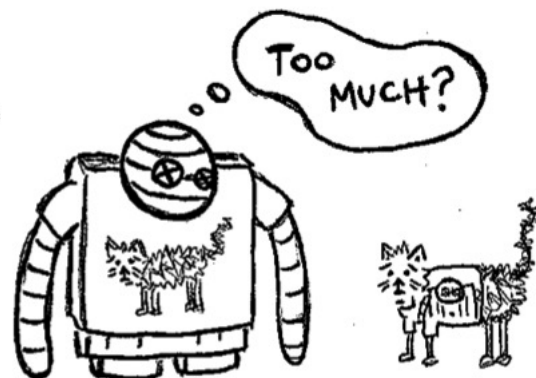
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## R&A Soundcheck – Early Birds SOLD OUT!

Rusko, Benga, P-Money and local support, it's going to a big night to cap off our year of parties. Make sure you get your ticket asap! \$3 off if you buy from OUSA Main Office .



## Second Round Recreation Courses



The second round of recreation courses are due to start this week and next. Cooking, Languages, Exercise, Music, Sport, Dance and so much more. You name it we've got it. Head online to [ousa.org.nz/recreation/](http://ousa.org.nz/recreation/) or come in to see us at 84 Albany Street for more info.

## Tournament Chaos



There are still spaces up for grabs in our Xbox, Laser Tag, Pool and Mini Golf tournaments. With first place earning a whopping \$200 second \$75 and third \$50 why not? Email [michaela@ousa.org.nz](mailto:michaela@ousa.org.nz)

## Art Week – Exhibitors Needed!



If you're a little bit arty and want to show off and sell your art, make sure you've got yourself signed up for our Student Art Exhibition and Sale by the 7th of September. It's well worth it and we love helping you get noticed! Check out [ousa.org.nz/events/art-week/](http://ousa.org.nz/events/art-week/) for all the info. Come on, you can do it xo



## LOGAN'S SAYS

G'day there,

In a few months time my reign of terror will be over and a new president and his/her executive will stand up to sail the good ship HMNZS OUSA. So this is my ten cents for why one of those people who steps up, finds a position they fancy, runs a campaign for it and wins should be you.

Whilst I was recently trotting nomadically around the less travelled parts of China and Tibet I bumped into a village elder. He took me in as his young apprentice and taught me the ways of his people. It was remarkable how accepting he was of me. Our differences in culture and background were no barrier to the old man's kind hearted teachings. One thing he said that will always stick in my mind wherever I go in life was a phrase; YOLO. Which stood for; You Only Live Once. An extraordinary piece of wisdom.

Being Prez has been the best thing I've ever done. The people I've met and friends I've made, the responsibility and the real life lessons I've learnt, it's all been phenomenal. I always tell people that this job has taught me far more than any degree ever could. The doors it's opened and will continue to open for me are ones that I couldn't be more thankful for. Overnight I became the man in charge of a multi-million dollar organisation. In the business world the list of skills that I'll transfer over into my next profession is endless. But this job isn't limited to just commerce kids. All it takes is a genuine person who has a tinge of empathy and is a good common sense thinker, if that's you then you're perfect for it. All too often our generation has decided that it's cool not to care about stuff and to be apathetic. Fuck that. Grow a pair (ladies too) and swim back against the current.

Go on,

Logan Edgar

OUSA President.

## YEAH OTAGO UNI SNOW GAMES TEAM!

Good job flying the flag lads and ladies from Team Otago, we hope you had good one!

Otago Student Marc Andri Riedi taking out Gold in the Skills Slalom last week.  
Photo Credit: Lynelle Munns







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