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EDITOR

JOE STOCKMAN

ART

SAM CLARK

DANIEL ALEXANDER

SAM STUTCH?

EMILY HLAVAC GREEN

WORDS

CALLUM FREDRIC

MADDY PHILLIPPS

MICHAEL NEILSON

LAUREN WOOTTON

SAM VALENTINE

GUS GAWN

INES SHENNAN

ISAAC MCFARLANE

TOBY HILLS

BRONWYN WALLACE

BEAUREY CHAN

JOSEF ALTON

SARAH BAILLIE

CLAUDIA HERRON

JOSIE ADAMS

MARGOT TAYLOR

BELLA MCDONALD

ALICE MCRAE

GEORGINA KLEIN

HOLLY WALKER

SAM MCCHESEY

BRITTANY MANN

LUKAS CLARK-MEMLER

JAMIE BURFORD

TOBY NEWBERRY

MAEVE JONES

LUCY HUNTER

ASHLEA MUSTON

DAN BENSON-GUIU

TARYN DRYFHOUT

GREG HALL

JUANA DIESING

P.O. Box 1436, Dunedin

(03) 479 5335

critic@critic.co.nz

critic.co.nz

FOR AD SALES CONTACT:

planetmedia.co.nz

sales@planetmedia.co.nz

critic.co.nz

Critic

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Sam Valentine exercises, depilates and moisturises his way to a more gorgeous self – because he's worth it

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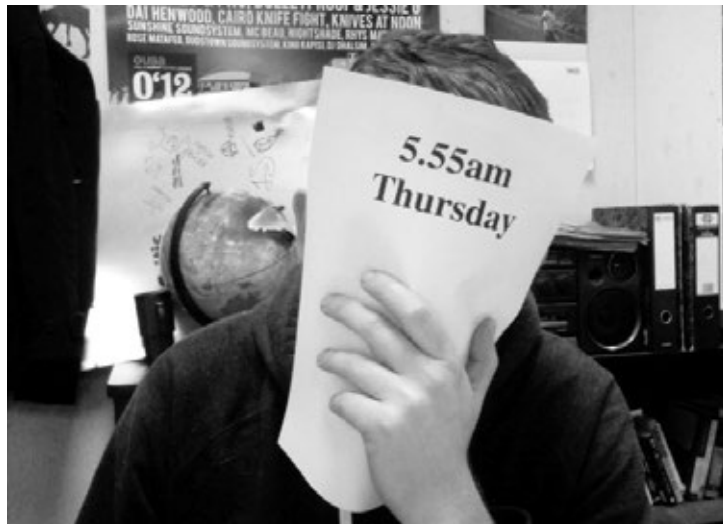
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Wow. This week's issue of Critic is the 24hr issue. We started work on it at 6am last Wednesday, and we're just now about to send it off to print at 6am on Thursday morning. All of the content and design has been completed within 24hrs. Needless to say, we're all pretty exhausted.

As far as I'm aware, this has never been done before. A lot of people asked, why? Why the hell are you doing this? It wasn't easy to provide an answer. I don't have a great answer. The idea popped into my head, and I wanted to see if we could do it. We wanted to take on the challenge and do something a bit different. We've made 24 Critics this year, and this seemed like an opportunity to mix it up.

Really, I was interested in what the result was going to be. Was it all going to turn to shit? Would the quality of the writing plummet? Would we all just end up lying on the floor in the foetal position? Or would the pressure really bring the best out of people? Would we reach new heights of creativity and insight?

Interestingly, people really turned it on. The writing was impressive – there were less errors, the grammar was better than usual, there were even less typos. Maybe the pressure of banging things out in 24hrs brought the best out in people. Or maybe they just felt sorry for the editing team, since we weren't sleeping for 24hrs, and wanted to make sure their work was as good as possible.

The greatest thing that came out of it for me was the atmosphere in the office. I love that magazines are collective endeavours. No one can achieve anything alone, and all of the moving parts have to come together to make it work. However, the advent of the Internet means that most people don't come into the office to work on Critic anymore. People are isolated from the experience by the screen in front of them. They type away at home, or hidden away in the library, and simply email their copy in.

We all know that group projects at Uni are pretty much the worst thing ever, but there is something satisfying about achieving something as a group that you actually want to be a part of, that can't be replicated otherwise.

We're living through the age of individualism, and largely I'm okay with that. We're now much less constrained by social mores and customs in how we live our lives. However, we lose something when we lose community – when we lose the need and ability to do things together as a group. We all know that group projects at Uni are pretty much the worst thing ever, but there is something satisfying about achieving something as a group that you actually want to be a part of, that can't be replicated otherwise.

Thanks guys. You made it awesome.

– JOE STOCKMAN



CALLUM BLOWS LOAD OVER BREWS

By CALLUM FREDRIC

EMERSON'S HAS REAFFIRMED ITS STATUS AS Dunedin's premier brewery after ten of its finest brews were honoured at the Sutton Group Brewers' Guild of NZ Awards 2012.

The Regional Best Bitter won the trophy and a gold medal in the British Ale Styles category, with silver medals going to Emerson's JP 2012 Belgian beer, as well as two limited release Brewer's Reserve beers, Grace Jones and Brownville Brown, in their respective categories.

Emerson's Brewery was started by Richard Emerson himself in 1992, at a small property at the south end of Grange Street. Three years later he moved across the road to a larger site, carrying his two 1,250L tanks by hand. In 2005, his beers had become so popular that he once again had to move to bigger premises, so he took his beloved original tanks to the current Wickcliffe Street brewery, east of the railway line.

Now, 20 years since Emerson's was founded, the brewery has four 10,000L tanks and numerous smaller tanks, and brews between 10,000–20,000L of beer each week. Two more 10,000L tanks will be added if Emerson can find room in his already packed brewery.

New Zealand's craft brewery scene has taken off over the past five years, but it was a different story back in 1992. Emerson was

warned that 90% of microbreweries shut down within five years of starting: "So when I got to the five-year mark, I didn't really have a plan for what to do next. I just kept on brewing."

Nowadays, people looking to enter the craft beer market face different challenges – Emerson notes the difficulty for microbrewers in terms of marketing and growing their brand when they only have the capacity to produce 20,000L per year. "Some of them will struggle. But it's still possible for small breweries to expand and prosper."

Emerson says the Dunedin craft beer market "is much less crowded than Christchurch", although there are several local brands. He shares some interesting local beer trivia: "The McDuff's brewery was paid by Fox to change its name because it sounded similar to Duff".

Emerson poured a couple of pints of Brownville Brown to allow Critic's expert beer panel to assess whether it deserved its silver medal. It did. Rich brown in colour, packed full of hops, striking the perfect balance between light and dark, sweet and tart, this is the sort of beer you could drink all day.

Two brand new Emerson's beers will be released over the next few weeks. Bird Dog India Ale is the cousin of the highly popular 1812 Pale Ale, but even stronger and hoppier. Emerson explains that the new brew is based on

the beers transported on ships sailing between England and India – only strong, hoppy beers could survive the trip unspoiled. The name, as with many of Emerson's brews, comes from a Dunedin band. Bird Dog is a "malty" beer in every sense of the word.

In October, Emerson's is releasing a limited edition batch of Bull's Head Troopers Stout, which was inspired by a beer that was popular with soldiers who were about to ship overseas to fight in WWI. The patriotic beverage will be sold at Otago and Southland RSAs, as well as at the brewery shop.

As with every summer, a new batch of Weissbeer will be unleashed, with a slight twist – this will be the first year the delicious cloudy, sweet wheat beer will be available on tap.

Emerson's is still expanding, with Welling-ton and Auckland proving particularly lucrative markets. But there are no plans to expand across the Tasman any time soon. Richard's policy is to avoid overreaching too quickly: "We always look to keep our existing customers and clients happy first." He already has a large waiting list of bars that want to stock Emerson's beer, but his number one priority is to ensure enough beer is available to supply his current customers, as well as keeping consistency of taste year by year.

ALLIGATOR ATTACKS TERRORISE DUNEDIN

BY JOSIE ADAMS

THERE IS A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING UNDERBELLY to Edinburgh's progeny that we are only just discovering. This week, in news from Dunedin FL, we reveal the insider's scoop on the alligator attacks that have been terrorising the city. Like its Celtic namesake, the alleys of the city have become a hushed-up den of murder and the homeless. *Critic* investigated the reports of a beast in the depths of Dunedin.

A Dunedin homeless woman's body was found, three days dead, in a canal, her right arm missing. Local authorities have ruled out a homicide, noting that the "upper body trauma" was caused by alligator bites. A medical examiner admitted the possibility that an alligator "did play some part in the victim's death"; the

victim's brother-in-law suggested drug use may have been a factor.

Is this just another victim in a small string of alligator-related deaths? Was it the drugs, and the alligator was just snacking? Or did the drugs allow her to see into a spirit world, where she was torn asunder by ghostly spectres? Local rumours certainly hint at a supernatural awakening in town. In the past month, there have not only been ghost sightings at bus stops and in houses, but UFO prevalence has also increased, the most common type being "a cloaked triangle ship with orbs nearby".

Some argue that a sinister human purpose is behind the attacks: the area has seen killer alligator attacks before. During World War II, the 1st Amphibian Tractor Battalion was pieced together by the Food Machinery Corporation

based on a design by Donald Roebling, whose "Alligator" was a civilian rescue vehicle designed to operate in the same swampy areas that are now claiming the lives of Dunedin's homeless. This man-made reptilian went on to balance out the real deal's kill count, with Lieutenant General Alexander A. Vandegrift writing in 1944, "Our success in the bitter fighting at Tarawa was due in a considerable measure to the magnificent performance of the amphibian tractor." Is this invention now being used to purge Dunedin of its unsavoury citizens?

According to Robert Gruen, long time Alligatoridae-carer, alligators are psychologically inclined to only attack animals smaller than themselves. *Critic* advises all people smaller than about 10 feet to take care near murky bodies of water.

COUNCILLOR APOLOGISES FOR CALLING HERSELF OLD, BLAMES SENILITY

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

AGE CONCERN OTAGO HAS CONDEMNED TWO Dunedin City Councillors for their self-deprecatingly calling themselves "old farts" and "old fellas". The comments, which were made by Councillors Fliss Butcher and Richard Thomson during a full council meeting on Monday, were interpreted as offensive to the geriatric population of Dunedin.

Critic spoke with Councillor Thomson, who remarked that the ODT had misreported the context of the comments, saying the fateful words were spoken while he was speaking in favour of the council's proposed energy strategy, rather than during discussions about Dunedin's 150th anniversary celebrations. His comment

during the meeting was that while some "old fellas" may not see the energy strategy as very important, the younger generations have a better perspective on its usefulness.

While Councillor Butcher apologised for the comments, Councillor Thomson said it was "stupid" that his comments were condemned as ageist, because the term "old" has no negative connotations, and is actually considered to be synonymous with wise. "The comments were intended as slightly humorous ... people are entitled to refer to themselves in any way they want."

Critic spoke with Age Concern Executive Officer Susan Davidson, who had previously expressed her disapproval of the situation in a strongly worded letter to the ODT. Davidson said

that the language used by the councillors was "unacceptable" and that the comments could be viewed as "characterising all people" of a certain age in a certain way.

When asked whether she considered that the comments could be considered appropriate given that the councillors were referring to themselves rather than the general elderly population, Davidson still condemned the comments as ageist. "Using labels in a self-inclusive way can be degrading... [we] need to take care not to do that."

She earlier suggested that although ageist slurs were subjective, that was "all the more reason to be careful". That's some good old-fashioned advice.

PHYSICS PENALISES KICKERS' CONVERSION RATES

BY BELLA MACDONALD

DUNEDIN'S FORSYTH BARR STADIUM IS TRANSFORMING into the House of Pain for rugby goal-kickers, after a series of feeble goal-kicking attempts from world-class athletes have left players embarrassed and pointing fingers in all directions.

During the test match between the Springboks and All Blacks on Saturday September 15, Springboks kicker Moryne Steyn fell victim to the stadium's quirks. Steyn, who previously held the world record for 41 consecutive successful kicks, only managed to get a pitiful one out of five kicks between the posts.

Wellington scientist Brian Wilkins has suggested that there could be a scientific explanation for Steyn's dismal performance

in the roofed stadium. Wilkins has studied the way cricket balls swerve in the air and believes that the still air in the stadium can change the spin of the ball, causing it to go in an undesired direction.

His theory is based on the lateral Magnus/Robins force, which according to Critic's best mate Wikipedia is the phenomenon "whereby a spinning object flying in a fluid creates a whirlpool of fluid around itself, and experiences a force perpendicular to the line of motion."

"Still air encourages aerodynamic effects that become accentuated," explained Wilkins. "Any kick where it's not fair and square is going to lead to trouble."

He also suggested that kickers who come in from the side need to change their method if they want to get their balls between the posts.

"It's entirely about skill these days."

Other pundits have suggested that Steyn's shit kicks could be caused by a multitude of other reasons. Ex-All Black Tony Brown told TVNZ that "it could be an age issue", and other experts say it could be the recent change of ball. However, as the old proverb says, a good workman never blames his tools.

Local rugby player Hayden Parker has proved that it is possible to perform under a roof. During the club final he made a 47-metre drop-goal on the final whistle to take the win. On Tuesday September 18, Parker successfully kicked 10 from 11 attempts at goal. This naturally leads to suggestions that the poorly-performing out-of-towners are just looking for something to blame other than their lack of skills and inability to adapt to different playing environments.

HOUSE PRICES IN FREEFALL, SELL! SELL! SELL!

BY MARGOT TAYLOR

FIGURES RELEASED BY THE REAL ESTATE Institute of New Zealand show that over the last year Dunedin house prices have seen the largest fall of all major cities in the country.

In August 2011 the median house price in Dunedin was \$260,000. As of August 2012, a significant \$20,000 has been knocked off the average price. Not only Dunedin Central prices have dropped; there have been similar falls in house prices in Queenstown and the hotspot of Balclutha. Perhaps due to the price drop, the number of houses sold has remained steady and houses are taking less time to sell.

It is important to note that there is some fluctuation each month, with July 2012 recording

a median sell price of \$254,000. The website landlords.co.nz noted that as of July 2012, Dunedin house values were 3.8% up on the same time in 2011, but house values were still at 4.0% below the 2007 peak.

Although the current trend in low house prices is good news for those hoping to pop their house-buying cherries, real estate agents are using pessimistic and unintentionally punny words such as "flat" to describe the situation.

An indication of the dire state of the Dunedin property market lies in the belief expressed by property valuer Tim Gibson that Mosgiel is a "good suburban area" that is extremely popular for house hunters. Critic speculates that this goes beyond mere commercial puffery into the territory of downright misleading conduct. Gibson then confirmed what was already clear

from his over-enthusiasm for Mosgiel: "There continues to be a shortage of good properties on the market."

Other main centers in New Zealand such as Auckland are continuing to experience rapid increases in house values.

Despite Dunedin showing that it is a city where buyers can get more bang for their buck, the city is no exception to the nationwide trend towards having more active home buyers, an increase in first home buyers and increased investor activity.

Due to the worth, or lack thereof, of Dunedin properties, it would seem logical that student rent should be lowered to reflect the property market. Landlords would likely reply to any such suggestions that hell will freeze over before they lower student rent.

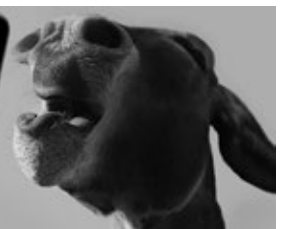


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FRAUDSTER GAMBLES ON FREEDOM, LOSES

The Graham Pettitt story has already become a number one Bollywood hit

By CLAUDIA HERRON

NAME SUPPRESSION HAS BEEN LIFTED FOR THE FORMER UNIVERSITY OF Otago accounts manager who admitted to stealing almost \$240,000 from the University over seven years. Graeme "Petty Cash" Pettitt has pleaded guilty to eight charges of accessing the university's electronic accounting system between March 2005 and March 2012, and is now remanded in custody until sentencing on October 23.

The police summary of facts says Pettitt used a fictitious creditor called Hadaad Syndicate to make 72 fraudulent payments to himself, totalling \$238,846.61. The dollar values of the payments were irregular, ranging from \$645 to \$9982.01, and the payments were made systematically, usually monthly or every second month.

When interviewed by Police, Pettitt said that he started taking money from a control account with \$100,000 in it, which no one knew about. As well as invoicing various university departments for postage they had already been charged for, he also created a fake journal to transfer money into a suspense account from which he paid the fictitious creditor.

Anne Stevens, Counsel for Pettitt, has said that Pettitt is being treated for a gambling addiction, and has given up his superannuation and put his house on the market in an attempt to service the debt toward the University. However, Judge Stephen Coyle remarked that the suggestion that home detention would be an appropriate penalty would be a "quantum leap" given that the sum stolen was in excess of \$200,000. There was a distinct possibility of imprisonment and Judge Coyle was satisfied that bail was not necessary to assist the sale of Pettitt's home.

The University declined to comment until sentencing on October 23, "because the matter is before the courts".

Pettitt remarked that he was embarrassed about what he had done after admitting to police that he took the money to service his own gambling debts. However, *Critic* suspects that he was taking the money to buy a solid gold lawn bowls ball for the Men's National Championship Singles in 2011. Sadly, Pettitt was eliminated in the first round, proving that his

form on the green is about as good as his form on the red and black of the Roulette table.

Critic's extensive Googling revealed that Pettitt may have been running a few other scams on the side that he is yet to face justice for. The anti-spam website "Project Honey Pot" has a record of a suspicious email sent from Pettitt's University address (graeme.pettitt@stonebow.otago.ac.nz). The "from" column reads "Intercourse" and the subject is "Blood flow to the penis". Seems legit.

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HERE ARE YOUR CANDIDATES

IT IS OUSA ELECTION TIME. THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO DECIDE WHO'S GOING TO RUN YOUR STUDENTS' association throughout 2013. These guys are going to be controlling how over \$3million dollars of your levies are spent, as well as setting the long term direction for the association. So get out and learn about the candidates, decide who you support and make sure you vote. Voting opens this Monday at 9am and closes on Thursday September 27 at 4pm. Check out Critic next week to see the results. For the blurbs and interviews for the Presidential candidates turn to pages 16-17.

FINANCE AND SERVICES OFFICER



LUCY GAUDIN

Hello fellow scarfies. For those of you who enjoy the BYO scene, you may recognise me as the poor waitress at India Gardens who you may have mooned or amused with your drunken antics. After doing my tenure on Hyde Street this year, I feel I'm now scarfy enough to join the ranks of OUSA and give the boys a little bit of hell. Why should you vote for me?

As a third year accountancy student, I feel I will bring plenty of knowledge and skills to the position of Finance and Services Officer. For the past year I have had experience working with small clubs and societies through my volunteer work at Dunedin Community Accounting. This summer I will be undertaking an internship at one of the Big 4 accountancy firms which will give me some real world experience to bring to the position. I am looking forward to the challenge of stepping up and becoming more involved but to do that I need you to vote. So please, vote Lucy, especially those of you who have vomited at your BYO and left me to clean it up! I think you owe me.

ADMINISTRATIVE VICE PRESIDENT



MAT JORDAN

Hi guys, I'm a 4th year student, trying a bit of Law, Psychology, and Management. I believe I have the skills and drive to represent students and ensure your hard work gets the best degree possible. With the time I have spent on two OUSA committees, I believe I can assist OUSA to a sustainable future, working closely with the president and a new executive.

I believe that I can assist OUSA to a sustainable future, working closely with whoever is elected president and the executive. My goals are to improve student representation with all education matters. I have the experience

to do this at OUSA, University, and National levels. This includes lobbying the government against issues such as the proposed Student Allowance changes, and keeping the University honest with decisions affecting us. The quality of university internet is a big issue with students. This network constantly underperforms and this affects our ability to access and use information. This will impact your degree one way, or the other. If you elect me, I will do my best to make sure we get the most bang for our buck. Vote Mat Jordan for better broadband, representation, better grades, and a better OUSA.

ZAC GAWN

See Zac's blurb on page 17

COLLEGES OFFICER



PIPPA BENSON

Hello everyone, my name is Pippa. I am a former member of the Colleges Committee in 2011, and I am hoping to return to the Committee as Colleges Officer for next year. Having been a fresher at UniCol, I have firsthand knowledge of what it's like to be a resident, and the kinds of challenges that residents in colleges face. I will also be integrated into

residential life once more as I return to UniCol next year as a Residential Assistant. My previous experience of living in a residence will give me the ability to hit the ground running next year with the policies below.

If elected, I will:

- Work to bring more interhall competitions
- Provide more support for students in halls
- Integrate not in hall first years into OUSA better
- Work to develop a framework for engaging with foundation year students
- Work to bring the voices of residents to those running the halls

I hope to be given the chance to make a difference next year. Vote Pippa for Colleges Officer.

CAMPAIGNS OFFICER



RUBY ANN SYCAMORE-SMITH

Otago University, well known for our couch burning student life and freezing in your flat with a tin of baked beans.

That's all good for shits and giggles, but what if we focused more on becoming the university that was well known for its unbelievable events? The university where

everyone is actively involved and eager to make a difference!

I'm Ruby Sycamore-Smith and in my second year of my B.A degree, majoring in Communications and Minor in marketing. I'm focused, determined and passionate about making Otago University that much better.

As your campaign officer I plan to drive not only for an incredible O-week, but more events where you as the students feel free to have your say and also to become more excited and involved about the many groups and activities that OUSA has to offer.

I also want to push Critic T.V. next year. Having some experience in broadcasting already, I think that this is an amazing outlet that we students can use to promote our own ideas or just tell everyone about what's important.

Vote Ruby, for an unforgettable 2013.

RECREATION OFFICER



BLAKE LUFF

Blake is my name recreation at otago is my game! For 2012 I have been the OUSA recreation officer on the executive. I have a proven track record and feel I still have a lot to offer the OUSA and otago community. Utilizing my skills from a physical education degree I feel I am the right person to steer OUSAs recreation in the right direction for another year.

Cheers, Blake

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS OFFICER



KAMIL SAIFUDDIN

Kia Ora. Apa Khabar

My name is Kamil Ebrahim Saifuddin. I am fondly known as Kam (Cam) or Kamil. I am from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Currently I am in my 3rd year studying a Bachelor of Arts in Philosophy, Politics and Economics and a Bachelor of Commerce in International Business. Previously I was once the President of Hayward College Student Association and was

also recently the President of the Otago Malaysian Students' Association.

I have a passion in art, fashion and architecture. And I intend to showcase this through the delivery of my work. Having a vast experience and involvement with the international student community gives me the advantage of knowing their needs. I aspire to represent the voice of all international students and I believe this can be accomplished with me being the International Student Officer.

I believe in the notion that no matter what you look like or where you come from, you can make it if you try. "I always wanted to be somebody but I realise that I need to be more specific". Henceforth, I am running for the International Student Officer post.

Vote for me! Xoxo

EDUCATION OFFICER



JORDAN TAYLOR

Kia Ora,

I'm Jordan and I'm running for Education. I believe the most important issue for Education is the ability for students to receive equal access to it - particularly for disadvantaged and minority students.

For international students, there are issues such as the lack of payment for health professional students taking part in the trainee internship programme despite the fact that they do equal work to kiwi students.

For Pacific and Maori students, there are cultural and socio-economic issues that prevent all Maori and Pacific children from achieving their full potential.

The changes to the loans and allowances scheme unfairly disadvantage medical students, parents and postgraduates. OUSA must proactively work to stop any further attacks and reverse the current changes.

Finally, I'd like to work on cost-of-living and quality-of-life issues such as the price of food on campus and better housing.

I am currently the Pacific Island Rep on the Welfare committee. Through this role I have learnt how to deal with managing budgets, organising campaigns and events and how to represent my constituents forcefully at a political level. This year, I fought to have an autonomous Pacific Committee with broad representation.

For a fresh perspective and commitment on issues that matter to students. Vote Jordan for Education.

MAT JORDAN

See Mat's blurb previous page.

DAN STRIDE

See Dan's blurb on page 17.

WELFARE OFFICER

FRANCISCO HERNANDEZ

See Fran's blurbs on page 16.

I'M GUNNA BREAK YOUR FACE

BY GREG HALL

AFTER THE LAST INCIDENT REGARDING A certain Gus Gawn (Sports Editor and world renowned yonker) and the NZ Breakers, the powers that be at Critic decided to send their most popular reporter to the pre-season game against the Wollongong Hawks. The Critic security team signed off on this straight away, saying "the likelihood of Greg Hall getting abused in such a way that Gus Gawn was is highly unlikely, as Mr Hall is probably the nicest and most favourably regarded character we have ever met."

A sellout crowd at the Lion Foundation Arena saw the place pumping to chants of DE-FENCE and other cliché basketball bombinates. The actual attendance is unknown, but I looked around and it was more than I could count in my head. Also, the people kept moving around, which made it even more difficult.

At the end of the first half, the Breakers were down by 7 points to the side from "The Gong", mostly down to the 100% shooting of Hawks

Number 10 Larry Davidson (no relation to Harley, I asked). Not only was his shooting impeccable, he had a lovely beard and was sporting a skull bandeezy, which made him my favourite. Halftime saw the emergence of the Promosports cheerleaders. One claimed to be the girlfriend of one of the other guys at the media table, though I am not sure if this is true as I saw him giving the eye to Tom Abercrombie.

It was a well-fought affair throughout. In the second quarter, CJ Bruton went down like he got shot by a sniper in the rafters. Rumours flew around the arena that he was auditioning for a future rendition of Hamlet, but these were soon quashed as he didn't take part in the remainder of the game. Bruton could be seen sitting on the bench upset, either because his sternum hurt or because Dillon Boucher said that "anyone who doesn't watch *Breaking Bad* is an idiot", and CJ does not watch *Breaking Bad*.

The game ended in dramatic fashion, with the Hawks holding on to a 64-61 victory, despite the Breakers having 2 possessions at the end but missing both 3-point attempts, leading

to chants of "Bring back Pero". I didn't join in, as I know Mike Pero and he's very happy with his mortgage company. Also, I'm not sure if he even played basketball, or that he's good in the clutch. Paul Lawrence (RadioLive) wasn't happy with the refereeing, stating: "They are having too much impact on the game, blowing their whistle every time the ball is contested." He said more, but I stopped listening and drew a picture of a cat.

Mika Vukona was disappointed with the team's performance. He said that even after the win in Christchurch there were still things that the team as a whole needed to improve on, but unfortunately they were not able to do that. Mika disagreed with Mr Lawrence, and when asked whether he thought the referees played a big part in the outcome of the game, he said, "Na never, it's always the players, ya know. Players always get distracted by the referees. We needed to speed up our offence, and we didn't get our defence going." The NZ Breakers will be looking to top the NBL Championship again this season, starting with their first game on 5 October in Auckland.

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AE053d

COLLEGES OFFICER ORGANISES COLLEGE SPORTS FOR COLLEGES

BY JUANA DIESING

AQUINAS SCORED A LATE GOAL TO SNATCH THE OVERALL TROPHY FROM Arana last Wednesday, marking the end of the inaugural inter-College Soccer Trophy. Eight Colleges contested the first-ever competition, with all matches played under lights on Wednesday evenings at Logan Park.

Aquinas was an early competition favourite, although a late surge in the points round by Arana meant the final was never a certainty. In the first round of play-off matches, top seed Aquinas faced fourth-placed team UniFlats, winning convincingly to secure a spot against Arana, who beat Carrington in the other top-four match. In the first round of bottom-four play-offs, a strong Studholme side that was unlucky not to make it into the top four outclassed Toroa, while UniCol defeated Hayward, leaving them to play Toroa the following week.

In the final week of games, Hayward defeated Toroa, and Studholme beat UniCol in the bottom four play-off matches. The competition for third and fourth between UniFlats and Carrington, two very consistent teams, was always going to be close, and the match ended in a draw, resulting in a penalty shoot-out. Carrington came out on top, with UniFlats missing two penalties. The battle for first and second between Aquinas and Arana looked to be heading in the same direction until Aquinas proved their skill with a perfectly executed free-kick, resulting from a late Arana foul that almost looked to be in the box. Aquinas held onto the lead through a tense final 10 minutes to win the competition.

I want to thank everyone for showing up week-in, week-out, regardless of the weather, with a full team. The skill level and sportsmanship displayed was outstanding. I thoroughly enjoyed working with all of you to organise a very successful weekly inter-college soccer competition that will hopefully continue for many years to come.



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News IN Briefs

QUOTES FROM John Key

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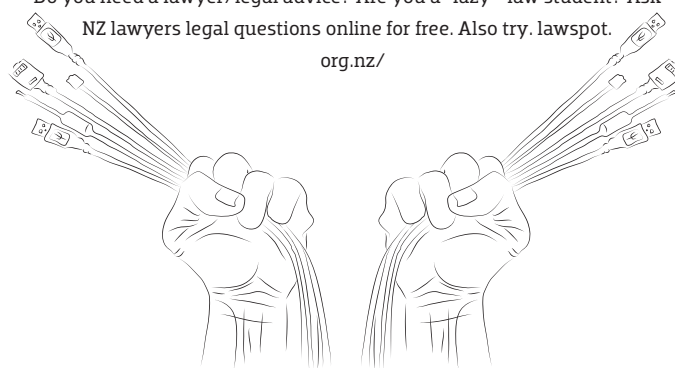
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Puzzle Time

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Yvonne Todd
Wall of Seahorse

On Maori views of water rights:
"There are kind of more positions than Lady Gaga's got outfits."

"The Planet Key would be a lovely place to live! It would be beautifully governed, golf courses would be plentiful, people would have plenty of holidays to enjoy their time, and what a wonderful place it would be."

"The good news is that I was having dinner with Ngati Porou, as opposed to their neighbouring iwi which is Tuhoë, in which case I would have been dinner, which wouldn't have been quite so attractive."

"So anyway, President Clinton..." Key said before bowing his head, smiling. He then continued: "Secretary Clinton... close..."

World Watch

NEW YORK: | KAZUHIRO WATANABE, A FASHION DESIGNER FROM TOKYO, SHOWED OFF HIS 1.13 metre-high hairdo this week. Guinness World Records says it is the tallest Mohawk in the world. Two hours, one can of gel, and three cans of hairspray are required to make it stand upright.

DENMARK: | TWO ELEPHANTS IN COPENHAGEN ESCAPED FROM THE CIRCUS, WALKING DOWN A street packed with rush hour traffic. They strolled down the multi-lane road for 200 metres linking trunks until their trainer caught them.



TARANAKI: | THIS SMALL NEW ZEALAND TOWN HOSTED ITS FIRST EVER "DOGGY STYLE WEDDING" this week. As the name suggests, this canine wedding was the classiest of the season. Taranaki pulled out all the stops for love birds Bella and Mebo, with dog cupcakes, diamond studded collars and a honeymoon at the Kaponga Hotel.



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Facts AND Figures



Religious web-sites are more likely to give your computer viruses than porn websites.



Neil Armstrong missed the application deadline for the Apollo program by a week, but a friend slipped his application into the pile.

Niagara Falls completely froze in 1911



Dick Lick Spring

There is a town named "Dick Lick Springs" in Arkansas, USA.

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Who wants to be an OUSA PRESIDENT?

THANK GOD FOR TERM LIMITS AY. LOGAN EDGAR CAN'T RUN AGAIN, leaving the position of OUSA President wide open. And the scarfies are lining up to replace him. Unfortunately they're all ugly as sin, and to make it worse, all dudes. Seriously where the ladies at? But you can't win them all right? So it's time to get to know the candidates. Like it or not one of these guys will be representing you as an Otago student to the rest of the nation. We gave each of the candidates 100 words to describe themselves, then sat them down with News Editor Callum Fredric to the get down to the truth. Make sure you get out and vote. After all, voting is sexy, and greatly increases your chances of getting laid. Read the candidates full blurbs at critic.co.nz/2451



FRANCISCO HERNANDEZ

BLURB: Politics should be about making a difference. As OUSA Welfare Officer, these are some areas that I've made a difference this year: - Collected nearly 5000 signatures to stop the liquor ban - bought in cheap food through \$3 Dinner - Successfully lobbied the uni for more campus recycling - Secured funding for

satellite campuses. As OUSA President, these are the things I want to focus on for next year: - Better housing - Improve Studylink - \$3 Dinner, \$2 Coffee, \$1 Breakfast - Lignite-Free campus - Doing what students want. **INTERVIEW:** Francisco is a 4th year student studying for a Masters of Entrepreneurship, after graduating with a BA(Hons) in Politics. He hails from a tiny village in the Philippines. "It was more scarfie than Dunedin because there was no running water, there was a well in the ground we had to get water out of."

After serving as Welfare Officer for two years, as well as two unsuccessful bids for President, Fran believes he's finally ready to make the step up. "I've made a difference this year and I'd like to keep making a difference". He cites several achievements he's been involved with, including the campaign against the liquor ban, support for Otago students studying in Christchurch and Wellington, the \$3 dinners program, and negotiating funding from the University.

Fran's three main policies are: 1) More engagement with students in the local community. 2) Affordable food on campus - he intends to deal with this via the continuation of \$3 dinners, as well as \$2 coffees and \$1 breakfasts. 3) Better flats for students - he aims to start an OUSA-run website "Rateourflats.co.nz" to tackle this issue.

If he was faced with a political issue not directly relevant to students, such as asset sales, Fran would proactively take the issue to students in a referendum.



RYAN EDGAR

BLURB: Hey, Ryan Edgar here, I'm taking a shot at the top, and I need your help to get there. I always said I wouldn't run for President, because didn't want to be 'that guy' trying to be the next Logan Edgar, but after long contemplation I thought fuck it, we're different people, and as president I could make some big waves.

Short and sweet: I promise to preserve the best of Scarfie culture, initiate an informational overhaul of the association and finally to investigate the purchase of a student owned bar; imagine drinking a crunchy jug of Cook brew knowing that cash is coming back to you!

INTERVIEW: Ryan is a 2nd student from Te Anau, studying Psychology and Commerce, and majoring in Finance. He looks very similar to Christian Bale.

Ryan did not originally intend to run for President after his brother Logan finished: "I always said I wouldn't, because I didn't want to be seen as the next Logan. But now I'm the only one who's not trying to be the next Logan. I think I could do a lot of good in this position."

His three main policies are: 1) Preserving the best parts of student culture, such as keg parties and the ability to drink outside one's flat. 2) Giving OUSA an informational overhaul - "50% of students have very little knowledge of what OUSA does, and 30% don't even know what Clubs & Socs is, which is our biggest asset. 3) Buying and running the Cook or Refuel.

Ryan would not look to take OUSA in an overtly political direction: "There's enough diversity in the students that we really should remain as neutral as possible unless given an agenda to do so. With asset sales, I don't think enough students give a shit. But if a referendum said otherwise, I'd support that result."



CALEB WICKS

BLURB: I am but a simple boy who found myself wanting to become OUSA president at 20 years of age. This fateful event occurred on 31 November 1976 thanks to my time machine. I was lost in the Himalayas whence I came across a nest of dragons; thrice I tamed the toughest dragons in the land so they taught me the

ancient methods of leadership, courage and respect. Missing my home, I clicked my heels three times and yelled "there's no place like Dunedin!" Now I wish to fulfil my destiny and rise to the challenge of OUSA King.

INTERVIEW: Caleb is a 3rd year student studying for a BA, majoring in Politics and Philosophy. He comes from North East Valley in Dunedin.

Caleb has been involved with OUSA for seven years, since the age of

13. For the last four years, he has worked at Clubs & Socs, Radio One, and contributed articles to Critic. Even his mother has been involved with OUSA. He jokes: "It's a family tradition. It was inevitable that we would eventually take over and make a bid for power."

He is running for President because "not much has been happening at OUSA in the last year. I saw who was running – Dan Stride, Fran – people who have been in there before and are not willing to do anything. I've been living in Dunedin so long that I know a bit about it."

His three main policies are: 1) Keeping the Hyde Street Keg Party going. 2) Making OUSA more politically active, including on issues that aren't directly related to students, like asset sales. 3) Moving towards a sustainable campus, although he notes "Getting rid of lignite might increase costs for students in halls, so it would be good to see what options we have."

He is concerned about changes to student loan repayment rates and student allowances, as well as the negative feelings towards students shown by local businesses. He wants to improve the image of students. "Give your ticks to Caleb Wicks".



DANIEL STRIDE

BLURB: Having extensive Executive experience, institutional knowledge, and a record of getting stuff done, I want to see OUSA more active in dealing with cuts to student loans and allowances. Together with keeping student reps on University Council, it is the biggest issue students face, and one where OUSA cannot

afford to remain passive. I also believe in preserving the best of scarfie culture, doing something about cold, damp flats, and encouraging recycling through the restoration of bottle buy-backs. OUSA has the potential to do so much, if only it put its mind to it. Vote Dan for President.

INTERVIEW: Daniel has lived in Dunedin for about a decade. Having completed a double honours degree in history and maths, he is now in his 3rd year of a law degree.

He is running for President "because I believe OUSA has challenges ahead of it, and I have the experience, dedication and determination to do something about it." He has served over two years on the exec, and points to achievements such as helping to save the Community Law Centre in 2009. He has extensive knowledge of OUSA's constitution and policies.

Daniel is concerned about the availability of student loans and allowances, and says OUSA has been "weak" in not protesting against the government's changes, for example when Education Minister Hekia Parata gave an interview outside the clock tower this year.

His three main policies are to have a more active OUSA, to preserve scarfie culture and oppose the liquor ban, and to restore science and health science representation to the executive "to make it reflect the student population".

Daniel wants to take OUSA in a more political direction. "OUSA shouldn't be involved with purely student issues. Asset sales is an important issue for the community, OUSA should have an opinion on it."

He says the Presidency is a tough role, with 60 hour working weeks. "It's not about gimmicks and unrealistic promises, it's about getting things done."



ZACK GAWN

INTERVIEW: Zac is a 3rd year student from Wellington, studying toward a BA, and majoring in Philosophy, Politics and Economics.

He is running for President because of "student political apathy". He says "the position the current OUSA exec have taken by not actively opposing or supporting supposed non-student issues is weak. Students are in a position of privilege, which OUSA is squandering by not utilising the voice we have."

His three main policies are: Increasing student involvement, continuing the fight against the liquor ban and other threats to scarfie culture, and supporting Green MP Holly Walker's work in implementing minimum rental standards.

Zac would actively take political issues to students. He believes that the media has unfairly maligned asset sales – "NZ needs to sell some assets to continue funding education, hospitals ..." – and that students would support asset sales if they had enough information. On the other hand, he is concerned about increasing university fees. In both cases, he would poll students and support the result "so long as the students were well-educated on the issue".

Zac enjoys the Otago culture: "That's why I came down here. We can't let the uni or DCC erode that culture."



SAM SINCLAIR

BLURB: Some of you may know me as Simple Sam, others may know me as the Creepy Janitor from Unipol, and a select few may even recognise me as the 'Gay Butler'. But now, ladies and gentlemen, the time has come for me to assume the position as OUSA president. I plan on handling the presidential responsibilities

in the same fashion as I would as a janitor. Clean. No fuss. Simply roll up my sleeves and get stuck in. Vote for Sam Sinclair coz 63% of the time, I get the job done, every time.

INTERVIEW: Sam is a 2nd year student from Clinton, South Otago, studying PhysEd. He aims to be a teacher once he graduates.

He is running for president because he is a "people person", and has been involved with his high school's exec in the past. "I thought 'why not take it to the next level and give this a crack'."

Sam's three main policies are: 1) Preserving Otago culture, such as the Hyde Street keg party. 2) Introducing more inter-faculty events and competitions to encourage bonding between people studying for different degrees. 3) More hall activities and events, especially dramas and musicals, which would be "a great way for first years to make friends."

He would not take OUSA in a politically active direction. "I'm not sure students need to get too involved in asset sales, we should try to steer clear of that and focus on internal things."

He says the biggest issue facing students is that the University could withdraw its funding for OUSA at any time. If elected, he would host a "big blowout demonstration" of OUSA's recreational services, which would persuade the University to continue funding OUSA.



I'LL THINK OF A TITLE TOMORROW ...

(SOMETHING META PERHAPS)

BY MICHAEL NEILSON

"I never put off till tomorrow what I can possibly do – the day after tomorrow."

– Oscar Wilde

For some, writing a feature article in one day might be daunting. But I would rather it were always this way. As a fourth-year with admittedly unhealthy study habits, my brain has become so accustomed to cramming essays the night before they're due that I need to feel like there is a knife pressing against my neck to even begin to write. But at the same time, one small thing constantly lurks in the background: procrastination. Unlike for Oscar Wilde, we have no tomorrow here at Critic, and if there is one thing that may stop us from completing our quest to complete an issue in 24 hours, it is the evil of procrastination. And so, in keeping with the "24 hour" theme, I thought, why not write about it?

As students, I think we can all agree that procrastination is a bastard. It is something that affects us all, whether we like it or not. We feel it as it drags us away from our crucial assignment to check Facebook. We see it outside, as the sun stays out longer than 10 minutes on the day before our essay is due. And we smell it in the food court, drawing us in for a snack. Yes, procrastination affects us all. It is like a virus, and as the end of the academic year draws near, as assignments start to build up, and as exam pressure begins to increase, so too the procrastination virus begins to conquer our minds.

History is littered with warnings about the consequences of procrastination, and fittingly, writers have a lot to say. Charles Dickens once quipped: "My advice is to never do tomorrow what you can do today. Procrastination is the thief of time." And a surprisingly serious Hunter S Thompson warned, "A man who procrastinates in his choosing will inevitably have his choice made for him by circumstance."

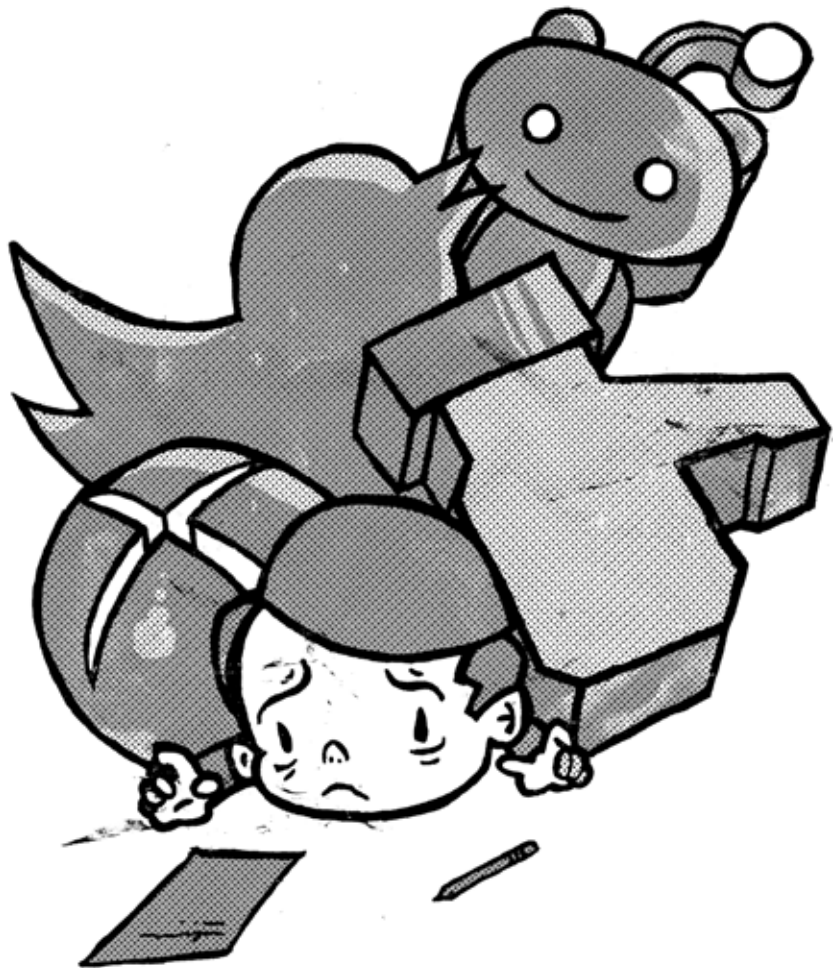
Procrastination is where you replace high-priority tasks, i.e. a university assignment, with tasks of low-priority, i.e. a Facebook status update. Importantly, while procrastinating you derive some sort of enjoyment from the low-priority task, and consequently put off finishing the high-priority task. It is not a recent phenomenon, and some psychologists go as far as calling it the "ancient nemesis" of humans, arguing that it parallels human civilization and "may" have originated 2.5 million years ago.

Crossing cultural bounds, a Spanish proverb holds, "Tomorrow is often the busiest day of the week", or as any traveller will recall, "En la mañana, en la mañana." And some funny guy once said, "Procrastination is like masturbation. At first it feels good, but in the end you're only screwing yourself." And for some, they are one and the same.

ARE YOU INFECTED?

Let's set the scene. It's Friday night, and your friends are all heading out for a big one, but you have an assignment, worth a solid 30% of your grade, due on Monday. Your preparation is adequate at best, and will require a solid three days and nights work. Do you a) crack right into it – get it out of the way so you can enjoy things after you've finished, b) head out with your mates – get a night on the piss out of the way and be good to go tomorrow, or c) settle into a night of Facebook, Twitter, YouTube, and, oh, a few notes at some stage.

Out of the bunch of students I spoke to for this article, it became extremely clear that those who fall into category a) are about as rare as two pandas having sex. It seems the majority of students are either b) or c), or a combination of the two. Not one person declared himself or herself free of the procrastination virus, and each joked nervously about their incredible abilities to do anything but university work.



Seamus, an economics major, and Evan, a law/commerce major, both admit to being heavily infected with procrastination. They cite Facebook, Twitter, and YouTube as their preferred forms of procrastination – and if they're at home Xbox will take precedence over the pending essay on legal history. Evan says that "In the end I'll get the work done, but I can't work until the panic sets in – unless there's pressure to get it done. Seamus adds, "Until the heat comes on."

Even honours students struggle with procrastination. Tom, an English student currently battling to finish his dissertation, describes himself as a "hardcore" procrastinator. He says he does things that are "semi-productive", and in doing so allows himself to "justify" his procrastination. "You convince yourself it's good and worthwhile." As an honours student myself, I can definitely relate. With my dissertation due in only three weeks, procrastination has become my life. But after watching back-to-back

episodes of It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia over the last few days, I think it might be time to get back into it. Maybe.

Indulging in delicious snacks is a prime form of procrastination for both Emma, a psychology/history student, and Hannah, a law/classics student. Emma adds that she tends to find pursuits she would normally find less attractive, like fitness or cleaning her room, much more attractive when the prospect of finishing an assignment looms in the background.

They both agree that Facebook and the Internet have made it incredibly easy to procrastinate. "Facebook's a biggie – you don't even have to move, it's so easy," says Hannah. She also loves "mutual procrastination", where you procrastinate with somebody, and as a result diminish the "guilty" feeling you get from not doing your work. I'll let your mind wander now.

Judging from the atmosphere in the Critic office as I write this article, clearly these guys are not alone. We only have 24 hours to get this issue finished, yet the air is thick with procrastination. With the number of people on Facebook, watching, ahem, "online videos", and tucking into various foods and drinks, it is clear procrastination is rife amongst the student population.

The comforting thing about procrastination is that we all seem to do it. My rickety study performed on Union Lawn may not be the most trustworthy measure, however a quick search in Google Scholar for "procrastination studies" will return numerous positive correlations between students and procrastination. Trust me, you are not alone.

I'LL HAVE A LINE OF THAT PLEASE

From a psychoanalytical point of view, according to Sigmund Freud's "pleasure principle", procrastination is like a drug. Humans tend to seek out pleasurable activities and avoid suffering, or pain. Delaying a pending task till a later date is enjoyable, so we associate pleasure with the action. If procrastination is a drug, then it is definitely the ecstasy of the study world. It is a respite from all the chaos and uncertainties that come with studying and beginning an essay. During those minutes/hours/days that you spend putting off your work, you experience a sense of pure joy.

Emma, a psychology student I referred to earlier, also shared some thoughts on this phenomenon. She refers to it as "instant reward preference" – we choose short-term rewards, such as watching TV, over long-term rewards, such as the benefits of attaining a high grade and a degree.

Procrastination is that voice that creeps into your head as you make a subconscious decision to watch yet another episode of *Mad Men*, rather than start on that second paragraph. That voice that whispers, "Just one more... it's OK, you have plenty of time... just watch ONE MORE..."

But then the second voice creeps in seconds after the episode has ended, this time yelling in your ear as you wake up to the clear reality that you are nowhere near finished. Your heart starts racing and you start freaking the fuck out, before a calm voice whispers, "Just one more episode, go on", and you begin to relax again, slipping back into the sheer ecstasy of procrastination land.

WE SHOULDN'T JOKE – IT'S A REAL DISEASE!

While procrastination can be a source of laughter amongst friends, it can be a devastating and ultimately destructive habit to get into. Sure, in the short-term it feels good to put off doing that assignment, to watch some video clips, check Facebook, or go for a run, but in the long-term, it could affect your grade, and ultimately your degree.

Dr Jacques van der Meer, of the University of Otago College of Education, argues that procrastination occurs "when you don't have the motivation to do what you know you should". He says it is a vicious cycle, as the most difficult part is getting started, which becomes increasingly difficult the longer you put it off. Then self-doubt kicks in, and it becomes harder and harder to get into the game.

Dr Van der Meer believes that beating procrastination is directly linked to developing proper study habits. He says the best way to go about it is to incorporate the "rewards system" discussed earlier. Instead of "cramming" and studying for hours on end, he says that you should break it up into little "chunks". Start with chunks of 20 minutes. After the 20 minutes is up, spend up to five minutes doing something enjoyable, like Facebook, as your reward, before doing another chunk.

Dr Van der Meer argues that our brains are more effective and retain more information when studying for short periods. It is also good to mix up the information, rather than focussing on one topic for hours on end. If you can keep this practice up your brain will begin to associate pleasure with the study "chunk", and it will become much easier to focus.

So, jokes aside, with all sorts of assignments due over the next few weeks, and potentially life-changing exams taking place in less than two months for some, the next wee while is going to be very stressful to say the least. Dr van der Meer says that if you are finding the stress a little too much to handle, feel free to go and speak to the lovely people at the Student Learning Centre. They can help you with study routines, essay writing, and exam preparation. But otherwise, good luck over the next few months. There is nothing more difficult than knuckling down as the sun starts to shine. I am praying for rain over the next two months. I beg you to join me.

MAKE ME MANSOME:

PUSHING THE LIMITS OF SELF-IMPROVEMENT

By Sam Valentine

I n today's society, there's an entire micro-economy dedicated to self-improvement. Whether it's weight loss, hair removal, or beautification, an array of uplifting rhetoric and often excruciating services exist to further humanity's quest for actualization, improvement, and ultimately happiness.

Historically, of course, this is nothing new. For centuries, humanity has been trimming, flexing, thinking, and suffering in the name of beauty and betterment.

The dawn of the Industrial Age changed everything. By the Edwardian era, improvement and cosmetics became a commercial industry. Mass publishing saw mass profits, and mass profits saw mass messages.

Television, print, and of course the Internet are now saturated with instructions directed at both sexes. Do this, shave this, use Clearasil, you pimply teen!

But what if physical improvement were taken to the extreme? With Critic's 24 hour issue in mind, how much could one man transform in a day? With rather reckless abandon, and with my idol Christopher Hitchens firmly in the front of my mind, I threw caution to the wind and submitted myself to the will of Joe Stockman for my first Critic feature of 2012. His agenda included a personal trainer, a wax, and a facial – three stages of weight loss, hair removal, and beautification. This is what happens when you pick feature topics at 6am.

Would I be happy? Would I suddenly fall in love with Tony Robbins and become a better person? Or would I end up a mostly hairless mess of failed dreams, shivering on the Critic couch while clutching my copy of Personal Power?

Step one was the gym

Firstly, I feel I should provide a caveat/a brief self-examination of your author, who is at the peak physical age of 20 years old. Until this piece, I had never set foot inside a gym with the intention of doing exercise. In a brief poll of the Critic office, I was lovingly described as both "a wimp" and a "stereotypical 98-pound weakling". I am not a manly man. Scientifically, I am an ectomorph (Wikipedia that, yo). I am lanky, skinny, and about as far from the masculine ideal as one can be. I'm the type of person who decides "I don't have time to watch this three-minute YouTube video" and then proceeds to mindlessly browse the Internet for the next three hours. Would this session be the end of me?

I'll unleash your self ...

Entering Les Mills, I was greeted by a scrawl on the wall urging me to "unleash yourself". I was quickly given a release form to waive any liabilities following "harm or injury", which I assumed was about to be delivered by a personal trainer for my introductory course. At this stage, panic set in as I began to imagine the hulking mass of man and taut flesh that would be ordering my slight-frame around for the next hour. When he arrived, I was not disappointed. Muscles rippling under his tight shirt, his name was Tiger.

As we warmed up on the cross trainer – an experience somewhere between a bouncy castle and moonwalking – I asked Tiger about his usual male clientele.

"They're usually a pretty big mixture. Overweight people who want to lose weight, and skinny guys who want to bulk up."

"Like me?"

"Usually not as skinny."

I was feeling in fine form as we moved upstairs to begin the real work, my University years of sloth, gluttony and general self-destruction seemingly inconsequential to my overall fitness. Little did I know that in less than 45 minutes I would be doubled over in the Les Mills bathrooms dry heaving, as Tiger tenderly rubbed my back. My first obstacle was the TRX Suspension Bands and my own body weight. Easy.

As I jumped repeatedly onto a box carrying a 10kg bag, Tiger was oh-so assuring with familiar gym-speak.

"You're doing so well!"

"What strong leg muscles!"

"Just one more rep!"

Within half an hour, things started to go seriously downhill. Not being an athlete, I can only imagine that this was the infamous "wall". Of course, not wanting to embarrass myself, I pushed through. Retrospectively, I made a mistake.

"I wouldn't consider myself a particularly vain man, but I've always maintained a strange sense of pride in my leg hair. Attending a single-sex school, my dark coverage was my only vestige of masculinity in the macho P.E. changing room."

After pushing a 35kg sled back and forth across the gym carpet, my head started to spin. My throat was drier than a nun's tit (of course I hadn't brought a drink bottle). All I felt was burning lactic acid. The dietary regret, the wonderful endorphins, it was all too much.

What followed was one of the most dignified walks I've ever made, Tiger trailing behind me.

I entered the bathroom.

As I threw up, Tiger gently patted me on the back.

"It's okay. That was super hardcore of you."

What a gentleman. To be fair though, my biceps did look fantastic in the mirror.

To Rip, You Have to Grip

I wouldn't consider myself a particularly vain man, but I've always maintained a strange sense of pride in my leg hair. Attending a single-sex school, my dark coverage was my only vestige of masculinity in the macho P.E. changing room. It was nothing special of course, but you take what you're given in these situations.

As I entered Why Not Hair and Body? for my leg wax, I signed my second injury release form of the day. I'm really not paid enough for this.

For those not in the know, here's what happens. I was instructed to strip my lower half and assume the position.

With reassuring commentary, my lower half was covered with talcum powder designed to provide separation between the leg and the wax.

I found small talk difficult under such personal conditions (imagine not wearing pants during a haircut), but as a ruthlessly professional Critic reporter, I felt it my duty to exchange some pleasantries. All the while, the jackhammers from the Lone Star construction next door provided our soundtrack.

"So what kind of men come here?"

"Mostly athletic types."

"How does this compare to the infamous back, sack and crack?"

"This is definitely up there. Legs can be terrible."

The liquid hot wax was then lathered over: a warm, smoothing burn. So far, so good.

"I hope you've taken Panadol. Are you sure you're ready?" I was asked politely.

"Ummmm, what?"

And with that, strips of my precious hairs, that were once attached, were torn away. Not once, but many, many, many times over.

Leg waxing isn't as painful as many of the males reading this article might have been led to believe. In fact, many

aspects could be described as pleasant, in an S&M-ish kind of way.

The yelps and profanity began to occur more frequently as we moved towards the back of the upper leg. As my flesh received its mild trauma, I tried to discover the secret to preventing the dreaded re-growth and ingrown hairs.

"You should just make sure you stay away from tight clothing for a while."

I looked worriedly at Horrors-esque denim jeans on the floor beside me. I guess this is why hipster dudes don't wax?

With my legs now as smooth as my permanent babyface, I ventured back to the office to show off my completely hairless legs and shimmering Dunedin tan. Take it from me, if you're a dude looking for a unique conversation starter, "I just waxed my legs today" is totally ace.

Getting facilised

The facial mask was saved for last, a final treat and reward if you will. In a cruel twist of fate, however, I found it to be the most disconcerting and unusual experience of the day.

With my legs still smarting with hundreds of pimple-sized lumps and itching in a manner anyone who has had hair trapped in clothing after a haircut will know all too well, I ripped open the cheap Chinese packet of invigorating facemask Joe had bought me.

The smell was awful. The instructions had warned me that "colours may vary", and the creamy beige mess I squeezed in my palm was certainly nothing like the watermelon green I had been hoping for.

As I applied the paste it began to harden, fast. I felt like I had looked Medusa in the eyes: I was turning to stone. This is what Botox must be like. Critic's photographer instructed me to smile. I couldn't.

Facial folklore informed me I was meant to spend the next 15 minutes relaxing with cucumbers across my eyes. I couldn't wait that long. This wasn't cleansing, this was facial ready-crete. I kept thinking of the Lone Star jack-hammers, as I longed to break free.

"With my legs still smarting with hundreds of pimple-sized lumps and itching in a manner anyone who has had hair trapped in clothing after a haircut will know all too well, I ripped open the cheap Chinese packet of invigorating facemask Joe had bought me."

Of course, I still wanted to remain objective. It was time for the final Critic office poll.

"How's my skin?"

"You look radiant, Sam. Clean and fresh."

Well, there's a result I guess? To be perfectly honest, the ultra-clean porcelain doll vibe wasn't really my bag. I got a McChicken Combo on the way back and ended up rubbing the ice cold drink on my face. DAT FEEL, BRO.

Conclusion

So what have I really learned about male self-improvement in the last nine hours? All in all, this entire idea was probably as logical as shaving my legs to improve my appearance.

But was I happier? Had I reached the top of Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs, the all-important self-actualization?

Of course fucking not.



S

X



BY LAUREN WOOTTON

"Here's the difference between boys and girls: boys fuck things up, girls are fucked up."

- Louis C.K.

Everybody knows there are a few fundamental differences between boys and girls. But what might seem like minor anatomical dissimilarities can become a monumental chasm in the bedroom. Lauren Wootton investigates the differences between boys and girls when it comes to sex, and finds out whether there's something in our biology that explains it all.

ME TARZAN, YOU JANE

Men are superior to women in every single way. They're faster, stronger, more intelligent, and sex is always better for them. Always. That's why most countries are run by men, God is always referred to as "he", and all of the candidates for next year's OUSA President are male. Men are just better.

I love men. I love everything about them. From their manly chests to their post-workout pheromones, there is nothing about boys that I don't like. Well, except for a few things when it comes to the bedroom. I don't mean to be facetious, but the difference between boys and girls is pretty damn obvious. Two words: penis and vajayjay. But there's more to it than just anatomy. Boys and girls think, act, and feel completely differently. We evolved differently to fulfill different roles – especially when it comes to sex.

ME SO HORNY

Admit it girls, we get horny. Scientifically speaking, there's a week or two in every month that girls want it all day every day, every which way we can. Now take that week, and imagine feeling that way all the time. Welcome to the life of a male. That's why they watch so much porn.

I consider myself lucky that I made it through 21 years without ever watching porn. When I revealed this to my Critic colleagues during today's 24-hour issue, they decided this transgression had to be rectified immediately, and sat me down in front of one chick sucking off four dudes. Yup, my boss made me watch porn in the office. Let me tell you, it was not a gentle introduction. I threw up in my mouth a little (and I wasn't even the first feature writer to do that today). But according to some recent research at the University of Groningen in the Netherlands, that's probably because I wasn't turned on to begin with. Apparently, the reason we

"The male sexual software ... is instantly aroused by any single cue. The male brain is turned on by deep décolletage or sashaying hips or the whisper of a sultry voice..."

don't find sex gross when we're doing it is because arousal makes us more open to the sights, smells and sounds that sex entails. Let's be honest, there's usually nothing particularly appetising about a mouthful of someone else's genitals, but if you're turned on enough then some cheeky cunnilingus isn't out of the question.

BLOOD RUSH TO THE HEAD

Which brings me to the question of arousal. What is it that floats your boat? Tickles your fancy? When I say foreplay, do you gasp with both sets of lips and quickly spread 'em? Getting sufficiently wet is vital for an enjoyable experience all round, and the ability to walk properly the next day. For some people, your stock-standard anal fisting is all that is required for effective lubrication. But for others, it takes a little bit more than the usual to get their juices flowing. American neuroscientists Dr. Ogi Ogas and Dr. Sai Gaddam analysed the differences between male and female sexual preferences in their book *A Billion Wicked Thoughts*. They say men are more predisposed to have fetishes, because "The male sexual software ... is instantly aroused by any single cue. The male brain is turned on by deep décolletage or sashaying hips or the whisper of a sultry voice... Though for most men [arousal] can be triggered by any one of

a variety of sexual cues, for some men, one specific cue is essential. This necessary cue is a fetish." In contrast, ladies need multiple cues all at once to get their sexy on. That's why men are more likely to develop a fetish – because they find one thing that really turns them on, then can't get turned on by anything else.

Some fetishes are weird, though. I watched a documentary on 20/20 called *My Big Fat Fetish*, which was all about women who got themselves so ridiculously fat that they were nearly bed-ridden, all in the name of turning guys with weird fetishes on. These

women call themselves "gainers", and they attract "feeders" – dudes who really get off on force-feeding women food. They have cult-like feeding sessions, where they tie the women up and feed them through a funnel not unlike a beer bong. The huge women even get paid for "squashing", where they basically sit on guys and wobble their copious mounds of flesh. Yumm.

But that's pretty extreme. More common (and surprisingly normal) fetishes include feet, belly-buttons, or fingers in buttocks. And it's not just men who fall victim to these sexual quirks. Women are also prone to getting a bit excited over one thing, although these are more commonly body parts like chests, jaws, or big penises.

Some people's fetishes are even as tame as different positions. If a girl turns around and waves her gorgeous derriere in your face, you're not going to hesitate to spread her legs and fuck her like a bitch. And then there's the switch unbearable – where you change positions, and it just feels so damn good it's unbearable. Sometimes, a little switcheroo is all that's needed for everyone to have a happy ending.

CUM CATCHERS

There's another reason why boys and girls are different when it comes to sex – the end result. Biologically, men are trying to spread their seed, and women are trying to get fertilised. In the short-term, however, boys aren't really worried about much more than cumming inside someone. On the other hand, for girls, climaxing can sometimes be only a bonus. They want the emotional connection, the "oh my gosh this guy thinks I'm hot even though I'm having a fat day" type of experience. We're talking the epitome of self-esteem boosting: the realization you can make a guy cum just with your body, which you hate on the best of days. And right there, I've revealed the secret to getting a girl to sleep with you – make her feel good about herself. Plus, everyone knows how hard it is for a boy to fake it. It's do-able (see: put

on condom, wiggle around and moan a bit, pull off condom before she notices), but it's far less believable than the well-practiced contortions of a lady's fake squirt, and arguably, guys can never tell anyway.

SPOONED

The other thing about girls and sex is the cuddling. Gone are the days of the "tap and gap" – nowadays boys are expected to hang round for a post-coital kiss and snuggle (provided her mouth hasn't been elsewhere). There's some scientific evidence around

"So boys, if dozing off post-fuck is a tendency of yours, don't be surprised if you wake up with a ring on your finger."

this idea too – women are more attracted to men who feel tired straight after sour creaming the taco, because it means they're going to hang around. In evolutionary terms, it's evidence of primeval "pair bonding" – that human

tendency to mate with one person long term. If the male is going to get sleepy instead of gapping it, he's going to be around to help raise and provide for the potential offspring. So boys, if dozing off post-fuck is a tendency of yours, don't be surprised if you wake up with a ring on your finger.

In case you haven't worked it out, I'm female. I can't speak for the men of the species. But luckily for me, I've spent the past 24 hours in the Critic office with a couple of lovely young males who were more than happy to expose me to porn and explain why it's so exciting for them. I don't know if I've ever encountered so many different ways of saying "orgasm", or talked so intimately about my sex life with anyone else – to those of you listening on the live feed, keep it to yourselves please. When I got up at 5am this morning, I never thought I'd end the day having completed a life milestone – seeing my first real porno – or that I'd spend the majority of the next 24 hours discussing sex. But hey, sex is something pretty much everyone does. And I know what you're thinking – "Seriously Lauren? You've never watched porn?" Well, I've got news for you. I may never have watched porn, but Callum Fredric has never chewed chewing gum. You tell me which is more fucked up.



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 with your details.

STEVE'O

I WAS EXCITED ABOUT THE IDEA OF A BLIND DATE AS I HAD NEVER BEEN ON ONE before, so I was stoked when I received an email from Joe saying there was a space, but apparently there was going to be a twist for this blind date. The twist was that the date was going to be streamed live out of the Critic office, and the whole Critic team were going to be listening in while they made the mag. Jeepers, talk about adding to the pressure! It all started with a gorgeous blonde wearing a tight blue blouse walking in and saying "Hi" in her extremely sexual husky voice, perhaps love at first sight? But this was not to be, as she was part of the Critic team and not my date for this evening.

Around five minutes later my actual date arrived, a pretty Physiotherapy student. Yeah, I can work with that! Unfortunately she was not drinking, so Howie was probably going to be the only pussy I would be touching that evening. Special thanks must go out to the Critic listener who was requesting the roman tic playlist for the evening; it defiantly did set the mood. After finishing our food and waving goodbye to the fans on webcam, it was time to head off to Metro and have a good go at finishing a \$70 bar tab.

I had another go at convincing my date that she should drink, and could stay at mine to avoid drunk driving home, as the bar tab was too much for one man who had already had a bottle of wine. The chat was going really smooth until my phone started ringing. It was my friendly gay neighbour ringing to say that he'd had some beers if I "wanted to come over for a drink later ;) ". As flattered as I was, I was having too much of a good time to even consider leaving. We did not talk about anything too scandalous, but she did this real cute thing where she touched my hand and told me about all of the bones in my hand. It was a big change for me, as this was the first time I had been into Metro semi-sober, and the first date I had been on in a long time. All in all it was a fantastic night out, with great dessert at Metro. Will have to see where it leads.

MATILDA

SO, I SIGNED MYSELF UP FOR THIS BLIND DATE. I FIGURED I HAD NOTHING TO LOSE, and at worst, free food to gain. Given the fact I was borrowing my flatmate's car, I decided to skip the seemingly traditional pre-date drinks, and so I showed up stone-cold sober. Probably not the best idea, since the date was "a little bit different"... What did I get myself into?

Turns out our date was being broadcast on the web, so to those who were watching, hope you enjoyed the stalking! And thanks for the comment about my rack, haha. I was glad to see my date was not a dud. He was actually pretty cute, and really nice. So thanks for that, Critic.

We had takeout in the Critic office in front of the webcam, while we awkwardly talked for a bit with all the Critic staff eavesdropping on us. They played all sorts of romantic songs in an attempt to "set the mood". Eventually we ditched our 30 internet stalkers to go down to Metro for dessert and a few drinks. As we wandered to Metro we ran into one of my friends, who ironically had the same name as my date.

Then the real interesting and not awkward conversation started. We covered every topic from kayaking, to flatmates, the length of my finger nails, anatomy, sex toys, drinking games, injuries, skiing vs snowboarding, and how many people we had told we were going on a blind date. Turns out we were both being pretty quiet about the date. Not a hard thing to do though, since we both got about 12 hrs warning.

The dessert at Metro was pretty good. We considered trying to drink our way through all the bar tab, but the necessity for me to be sober to drive the car home and the fact that we both had relatively early mornings meant we decided not to make it too late. I am writing this at 12.15am, because I have been given a 4am deadline.

When we had exhausted pretty much every topic possible, he walked me back to my car and that was pretty much the end of the night. So sorry Critic, I don't have a juicy sex story to tell you, but I do have his number, and who knows. I think there's potential. We will see.



CRACKED CRITIC'S LIST OF ARBITRARY LENGTH ON SOMETHING RANDOM!!

By Creepy Uncle Sam

YOU KNOW WHY CRACKED STILL EXISTS? BECAUSE LISTS ARE FUN AND EASY, that's why. So here's a compilation of the 17 best quotes of the election campaign so far:

17. "I love the women's movement – especially when walking behind it." – Rush Limbaugh, responding to accusations of sexism.
16. "Who let the dogs out? Who, who." – Mitt Romney, while hanging out with black kids.
15. "Polls are for strippers and cross-country skiers." – Sarah Palin.
14. "I'm not familiar precisely with what I said, but I'll stand by what I said, whatever it was." – Mitt Romney sticks to his guns.
13. "We will never have the elite, smart people on our side." – Rick Santorum.
12. "A mere forty years ago, beach volleyball was just beginning. No bureaucrat would have invented it, and that's what freedom is all about." – Newt Gingrich, the political philosopher.
11. "I love this state. The trees are the right height." – Mitt Romney in Michigan.
10. "The Middle East is obviously an issue that has plagued the region for centuries." – Barack Obama.
9. "I think if we give Glenn Beck the numbers, he can solve this [the national debt]." – Michelle Bachmann.
8. "Corporations are people, my friend." – Mitt Romney.
7. "The reforms we seek would bring greater competition, choice, savings and inefficiencies to our health care system." – Barack Obama.
6. "I have two grandchildren – Maggie is 11, Robert is 9. I am convinced that if we do not decisively win the struggle over the nature of America, by the time they're my age they will be in a secular atheist country, potentially one dominated by radical Islamists and with no understanding of what it once meant to be an American." – Newt Gingrich, keeping the fear of secular Islamist atheists alive.
5. "I like being able to fire people who provide services to me." – Mitt Romney on his idea of fun.
4. "Folks, I can tell you I've known eight presidents, three of them intimately." – Joe Biden.
3. "I believe in an America where millions of Americans believe in an America that's the America millions of Americans believe in. That's the America I love." – Mitt Romney.
2. "A third of all the young people in America are not in America today because of abortion." – Rick Santorum on America's Invisible Children infestation.
1. "My mother believed and my father believed that if I wanted to be president of the United States, I could be, I could be Vice President!" – Joe Biden on the American Dream.



CZECHS GIVING SCARFIES A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY

By Brittany Mann

I SAW A GROUP OF PEOPLE DOING A TAG-TEAM KEG STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE Cumberland/Dundas intersection on Saturday, while the Cumberland lights were red. It pretty much made my life. If you were one of those brave, carefree whippersnappers and you're reading this, well, I take my hat off to you. I have neither the weight-to-strength ratio nor the drinking prowess to ever be able to gracefully pull that kind of thing off. You're twice the man I'll ever be.

But even the most hardened liver, Scarfie or otherwise, may have met its match with the methanol-tainted spirits that have recently resulted in death and prohibition in the Czech Republic.

The Czech Republic is a small country in Central Europe snuggled in between Poland, Germany, Austria and Slovakia. No strangers to booze that'll put hair on yer chest, the Czechs have the world's second-largest rate of hard liquor consumption. Bootlegged moonshine has been a problem in Czech Republic since the dawn of time – 25% of its liquor market is illicit – but the government generally isn't too worried about this, due to the cheekily close relationship between bootleggers and local authorities.

But now, the sale of alcohol over 20% has been banned for the foreseeable future, and the Poles also have stopped imports and sales of Czech alcohol. The ban is expected to damage the already fragile Czech economy, due to loss of liquor taxes and revenue for the hospitality industry. Bars in the Czech republic have already reported 50% downturns in patronage since the country was gripped by what I will term "methanol terror".

The prohibition follows the recent death of 20 Czechs. Many more have been blinded and brain damaged by the poisoned spirits. As little as 10ml of pure methanol can cause blindness, and the median lethal dose is 100ml. Slovaks have also fallen prey to Czech-made alcohol. 23 people have been arrested over what seems to be an unintentional but unfortunate by-product of moonshiners trying to make a quick buck, generally at the expensive of poor Czechs (really, is there any other kind?).

Victims of methanol poisoning are being treated with the Norwegian-created drug fomepizole (honestly, is there anything Nordic people can't do?), which in true Scandinavian style is expensive yet effective at ridding the body of methanol, which is normally used as anti-freeze, a solvent, a fuel, and in the production of biodiesel.

The closest I will probably ever get to ingesting a poisonous substance without realising it is when I accidentally brushed my teeth with straight vodka at R&V one time. But maybe it's just that methanol-tainted booze has yet to really take off in New Zealand. In the meantime, let us continue to poison ourselves the good old-fashioned way: with the overconsumption of ethanol.



A DAY IN THE LIFE....

By Dame La di Da

- 6.45 AM** Wake up. Shit. Face creased from sleeping on top of Foucault.
- 7.00 AM** Look at face in mirror. Cleanse. Scrub. Tone. Moisturise. Eye cream. Foundation. Ahhhhhhhhhhh no concealer! Eyebrow pencil. Sunblock. Perfume. Hair product. Perfume. Try on wig. Take off wig. Try on wig with beret. Take off wig and beret. Dither over choice of scarf. Settle on bright red.
- 10.00 AM** Brunch with q-fam. Bitch about monogamy. Notice all present are couples. Order too many coffees. Entire table flirts with baristashamelessly.
- 12.00 PM** Go to a movie. Traumatized by flashbacks of Meryl Streep as Thatcher, especially in sex scenes. Notice the rest of the audience are 60-year-olds in dyads. Can't turn off feminist and queer cultural studies training. Loathe movie as a result. But also kind of like it. Feel bad about this. Buy popcorn and icecream on way out.
- 3.00 PM** Drop by my dad's work. "Bro'd", "chiefed" and "mated" by engineers. Awkward.com. Feel mixture of regret and satisfaction in choice to wear lavender coloured trousers. He asks me to help to lift a "sample". Feel strong, but so not masc. Nervous I might sweat, and then have to go home and change clothes.
- 7.30 PM** Watch Border Patrol. Spot flamboyant gay tourist who is heading for gay cruise ship. Torn over whether his hot pink luggage is awesome or not. Discover repressed fetish for customs officials.
- 11.00 PM** Continue tryst with Foucault in bed. He whispers me sweet nothings: "I don't feel that it is necessary to know exactly what I am. The main interest in life and work is to become someone else that you were not in the beginning."



THURSDAY NIGHT

By Lukas Clark-Memler

I'VE ALWAYS LIKED THURSDAYS. A DISTASTE FOR MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, AND Wednesdays really doesn't have to be explained; Rebecca Black has forever ruined Friday for me; Saturday is all about anticipation, and the day itself is generally lost in the buildup to "the night"; Sunday Bloody Sunday is a day of raging headaches, fatty foods, and a profound sense of dread that another week has gone by and you've essentially accomplished nothing, and that essay you were going to "knock out" has, strangely, not written itself.

Thursdays, on the other hand, are great. You're over the hump, the prospect of the weekend puts a spring in your step and, in Dunedin at least, it's the best day of the week for live music.

This particular Thursday night starts off like so many others. In preparation for a birthday BYO, the girls doll themselves up with too much foundation and lipstick, and the guys button up their shirts all the way, because that's what you do these days and it doesn't matter that it's uncomfortable and doesn't actually make sense because shirts are only supposed to be buttoned all the way up when you're wearing a tie.

But I digress. En route to an Indian restaurant we stop at a liquor store and select the cheapest bottle of wine available. Ten dollars later, I find myself ordering a curry and sipping a glass of glorified grape juice.

Our party of 20 drinks fast and erratically, and laughs at everything. Glasses are filled and refilled, emptied and spilled. Before dinner is finished there's vomit on the bathroom floor.

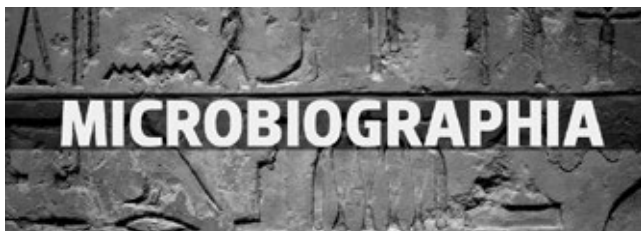
And then there's the music. We arrive at ReFuel 30 minutes after the gig's advertised start-time, but are still 30 minutes too early. We mill around the bar and consider playing pool, but don't.

At this point in the night, a girl from our group sprays a bathroom stall with Korma-colored vomit, while onstage Dinosaur Sanctuary attempts to inject some life into an inanimate audience.

Two Cartoons play next, and the fuzz-pop duo thoroughly entertain the slowly-growing crowd. Now for the main attraction – Clap Clap Riot enter stage right, and immediately launch into a sweaty and frenetic set.

Suddenly ReFuel isn't empty, and the audience is jumping along to the Auckland quartet's euphoric dance-rock. The band finish up with a cover of The Clash's "White Riot", and as the music swells, as the crowd charges onto the stage, as my friend Lucy successfully seduces one half of Two Cartoons, Thursday night turns into Friday morning.

For the record, Clap Clap Riot recently released their debut LP, *Counting Spins*. I'd strongly suggest you get yourself a copy.



THE RISE AND FALL OF HESHEN – PART ONE

By Toby Newberry

HESHEN WAS A CORRUPT CHINESE OFFICIAL WHO LIVED DURING THE SECOND HALF of the 18th century. Corrupt officials, one might think, are a dime a dozen. What separates Heshen from the pack is his remarkable success. Though estimates are conflicting, it is believed that when he died aged 48, Heshen's wealth exceeded the 18th-century equivalent of US\$42 billion. Highlights from his treasury include: 1200 jade charms, 24 highly decorative solid gold beds, 550 fox hides, 7000 sets of fine clothing (for all four seasons), and 600 women in his harem. Some quick calculations give us an idea of Heshen's lifestyle: it looks like he switched beds twice a month, each bed slept 25 girls from his harem, and each girl was equipped with 2 jade charms and 92% of a fox hide. Meanwhile, Heshen changed clothes 19 times per day. Sound like your kind of life? Fear not, here's "Heshen's guide to amassing inappropriately large stashes of treasure".

Step one: be clever and good-looking. As a young man, Heshen is reported to have been an excellent student. Plus, he was hot. Or rather, he was noted for his smooth, fair skin and luscious red lips. As a result of these talents, Heshen was able to gain employ in the Forbidden City as an imperial bodyguard.

Step two: get insanely lucky. When the Qianlong emperor was young, before Heshen's birth, he had an encounter that would shape the rest of his life. Being a roguish young lad, the emperor burst in on an imperial concubine (who had been putting on make-up), hoping to surprise her. Alas, his skills were too awesome – she was so shocked that she lashed out and hit him. Since hitting the emperor is generally frowned upon, the concubine was promptly demoted. Consumed with shame and regret, she hung herself. Now, the emperor was understandably a bit cut up about this. In fact, he marked her corpse with his blood so that he could recognise her in the next life and make amends.

How does all this relate to Heshen? Well, the emperor first took note of him because he resembled the concubine. What's more, he had a red birthmark on his neck, just where the emperor had marked the her with his blood. To cap it off, he was born on the day that she died. Convinced he was a reincarnation of her spirit, the emperor bestowed gift after gift on the lucky chap. Among these gifts were numerous official appointments – many of them dealing with finances. This concludes the rise of Heshen. Tune in next week for his dramatic, bone-chilling fall.



THE INNOCENCE OF MUSLIMS

By D F Benson-Guiu

YOU MAY HAVE HEARD THAT THE ISLAMIC WORLD HAS BEEN SET ALIGHT AGAIN, but this time, not by a revolution – a truly crap movie has upset Islam, and I urge anyone with an eye for Z-grade films to watch *Innocence of Muslims*. The film whatever you want to call it mocks the Prophet Mohammed, calling him a murderer and a rapist. It also says the Quran is a mix of "false verses" from the Torah and the New Testament.

One would think a short and shoddy YouTube video was just, well, a YouTube video. Well, no. It is full of so many filming no-nos that it is probably one of the worst videos ever created. It literally took me half an hour to find, because I thought the videos I kept stumbling upon were terrible compilations made by a goat. It is that amateur, with crap acting, dubbed quotes, terrible transitions, and the echo of bad theatre.

However, there hasn't been so much furore over a vid since #Kony2012, so maybe we should pay attention to it. It has led to the death of 11 people, after all, including an American ambassador. Many of the protesters have taken heed of the wacky remarks by fundamentalist clerics, and even in Sydney there was a sign which read "Behead all those who insult the prophet". Protesters from Jakarta to Paris blame the US for the video.

Sadly, I feel compelled to defend the "land of the free": the clip was not made by the US, it is only a product of the crap education system they have.

Some in the left have said the video has not caused the renewed tensions. They are wrong. Yes, there are many other issues in the Middle East which could have brought people out onto the streets, but this time it is pure and mindless fanaticism.

The film shows, for the second time this year, just how influential the media can be. But why should we get angry at a clip made by someone whose intention is to make us angry?

Yes, the director is a) crap and b) an intolerant American bigot, but there are these rather awesome things called freedom of speech and freedom of expression. No, the latter is not throwing a rock at thy neighbour, but when this does happen, as the clashes with police in Sydney attest, we should also look at the response of the police and the way they [mis] handled the demonstration.



ON CAMPUS NOOKIE

By Checker-Out St Flat

THE PLAN FOR THIS WEEK WAS TO DO A SEX POSITION REVIEW AND DETAILS OF how I got a blowjob in Bill English's bathroom, but Joe's dictatorial order that every measly word of this week had to be researched and written from within the *Critic* office would have made at least the position review mega awkward. As much as we like to bare all for literature in our mansion on the hill, we didn't want to punish Howie's innocent eyes with another dose of graphic nudity.

So instead, Sex at the Dinner Table is turning into Sex at Otago Uni.

In the haze of exhausted feature writers, pizza, and Red Bull, pretty much everyone in the office was willing to share their stories.

There was general acceptance that during the day the best place would be the group study rooms in one of the many libraries around campus. What about the windows you say? No problem! Simply put up an "occupied" sign and move around the tables and chairs to create a love nest in the corner. Hey presto, coitus achieved! One notable political reporter did confess to having to stop the lifts in Richardson for a cheeky tug with the gf, although group consensus was that he didn't have to stop the lift. Instead, he just finished between floors two and seven.

In contrast to the relative ease of banging during the day, the group agreed that at night the true problem emerges, with closed libraries and lifts not running. What is a good scarfie to do when you pull a hot dude/chick in Monkey, and have no intentions of showing them where you live, but have an itch that only a drunk stranger can scratch?

In terms of foliage, we are truly blessed with many trees and bushes around the river that offer plenty of privacy and opportunity for those who are keen on a short trek and don't mind the mud. A near-perfect solution if one is sober enough to avoid falling into the Leith, but drunk enough not to notice the cold. Then there's the 24-hour computer labs in Arts/Burns, but more often than not they are full of insomniac Health Scis panicking about BIOC192.

It was Joe who reminded us that those lucky enough to be doing Commerce have 24-hour access to various parts of the Commerce building. Perfect! All those random rooms on the 2nd and 3rd floors, plus closets, toilets, and stairwells galore! For the adventurous student with space issues, it almost makes taking BSNS106 for the third time worthwhile. Seriously – amortising the \$600 cost of the paper over the year is just over \$10 a week for a safe shagging spot.



OLD BOYS' CLUB

By Holly Walker

AS I WRITE THIS, IT IS 119 YEARS TO THE DAY SINCE NEW ZEALAND BECAME THE first country in the world to recognise women's right to vote. Thanks Kate Sheppard. Heart you.

New Zealanders are rightly proud that we were the first to do this. Smug, even. And fair enough; it's awesome.

It is worth bearing in mind, however, that our world-leading stance on suffrage was as much to do with a desire to advance the cause of alcohol prohibition and to embarrass Richard Seddon as it was to do with enlightened egalitarianism and gender equality. For more details, see Dr Mike Stevens in the History Department, who will be happy to tell you more.

It's also worth noting that it took until 1919 for women to be granted the corresponding right to stand for office, and until 1933 for a woman to actually be elected to Parliament. She was Elizabeth McCombs.

From then until the mid 1980s, we never had more than 5 or 6 woman MPs in Parliament at any given time. Given that I find Parliament to be a bit of an old boys' club in 2012, I can only imagine what it was like for those women.

The big change came in 1996, with the introduction of MMP. Immediately, women's representation in Parliament rocketed to around 30 percent. That it has resulted in more women in Parliament is one of the great things about MMP.

However, the percentage of women in Parliament has effectively plateaued since 1996. In the (current) 50th Parliament, there are 39 of us, or 32 percent. How to overcome this plateau is a matter of some considerable concern to me (because I am very earnest about these things).

Are high-calibre female candidates put off standing for Parliament by its old boys' club reputation? Or by the more procedural challenges like the late nights (Parliament sits until 10pm), the travel for MPs based out of Wellington, and the crazy workload?

It's a chicken and egg thing: changing the blokey old boys' club nature of Parliament will produce more woman MPs, but we need more woman MPs to change the blokey old boys' club nature of Parliament.

Ultimately I think we need some pretty fundamental structural changes, not just to Parliament's processes, but also in the way we value and support women in our communities.

In the meantime, those of us in here right now will keep fighting the good fight. It would be wicked to have some more awesome ladies in here to join us.



24 HOURS OF ODT

By Staff Reporter

IN HONOUR OF THE 24HR ISSUE, WE TOOK ALL OF THIS WEEK'S ODT WATCH OUT of Wednesday's issue. You might worry that one day's worth of ODT isn't enough to make an entire ODT Watch. Oh, how wrong you would be ...

You've all heard the saying "What happens in Milton, stays in Milton", right? No? Really? Man, the shit that has gone down in that town. But if there is a centre of hedonism and debauchery in Milton, it's got to be the community hall:

"The best part were the hilarious stories. Whatever happened in Milton, happened in that hall."

Oh, and it's spring. And we all know that spring means cheese! What, you didn't know that? Get yo cheese on, fool.

Spring into
CHEESE

BREAKING NEWS! It's not only brown people that break the law!

White charged with vandalism, public intoxication

In reality TV news, this poor lady was pretty disgusted with the Ridges. Unfortunately, we are missing the point. I wonder how she knew?

Why, why, why did our television channels all turn down my reality show proposal? It would have been reality with a capital R. (Yes, I know Ridge has a capital R, but you are missing the point.)

And lastly, in Royal Watch, Charles and Camilla miss Dunedin, but not enough to actually come here. Nice one.

Royals
missing
Dunedin



ANYONE

By Walter Plinge

Her name was Elizabeth
She wore glasses and cashmere
We held hands by fireside and teased about childish things
It was raining, and quick.

Her name was Ashlee
She sat next to me in white dresses
We walked without speaking around mountaintop monasteries
in flaming summer heat
She stuck to me like pollen
We held hands and knew we wouldn't be together

Her name was Robyn
We met through lost love remembered
We smiled with surprise, for we weren't for each other

Her name was Sanna
We talked on couches after parties and kissed on sidewalks
She left me, and I cried on the shoulder of strangers while they came

Her name was unimportant
We didn't speak
She showered and left by dawn streetlight
I smoked a cigarette and wrote this for her



FTL - REVIEW

PLATFORMS: OSX, PC, LINUX | DEVELOPER: SUBSET GAMES | GENRE: ROGUELIKE, STRATEGY

★★★★★

IN A QUANTUM INSTANT, A SINGLE BROADSIDE TORPEDO SLIPS THROUGH THE rickety space-cruiser's momentarily downed shields, and ignites the oxygen recirculator. Immediately, the grizzled captain shuts down the blast doors and opens the ship's port and stern airlocks, evacuating the gaseous contents from most of the hold in an attempt to quell the ever-spreading blaze. It works, but the non-functional pump that should be keeping the crew breathing clean air is trapped on the other side of an isolated interstellar frigate that contains no air at all.

One crewmember – I named him after a semi-close personal friend (I'm in the captain's swivel-chair, obviously), is ordered to make repairs on the unit. He proudly takes up the challenge, and a deep breath, stepping through the blast doors into the vacuum. It is a suicide mission either way. Even if he repairs the wretched machine before he suffocates, the room he stands inside will be refilled long after his brain tissue begins to decay.

He dies a hero, allowing the wounded vessel to deliver its vital plans to the federation.

Such is the nature of FTL, a procedurally generated rogue-like that allows you to act out all your favourite Star-BLANK, or if you're classy, Firefly fantasies. It's awfully important to constantly scream "reroute the power from X to X" inside your head. A good captain must decide whether it's more valuable to have functioning shields to deflect laser blasts, or super-juicy engines to evade cursed shield-ignoring torpedoes at any moment.

None of your onboard systems or subsystems is unimportant. In fact,

all are vital in exceedingly common, and frustrating, situations. Without a functioning door-control it's impossible to remotely shut off the ship's soft innards to the chilling space-cold. If a cruel boarding party had crashed the ship's most mundane system, then the above anecdote about the SS Critic would have ended very differently.

FTL is brutally hard. Saving your game is impossible. Every play-through, every journey across the stars, is its own unique story with a unique sequence of events. Ships you meet can be tremendously kind and gift you with extremely rare weapons and a tonne of scrap, which functions as both currency and experience. Most often they are mean old pirates, megalomaniacal rebels or a socially confused, or easily offended, alien race.

It remains tremendously satisfying. There certainly are unfair moments, when your clunky junk is assaulted by some kind of class-F destroyer frigate in an early part of the game. Every time I failed, though, I felt like I'd learned something – something little or something big. It's this sense of genuine progress, I think, that makes FTL insanely addictive. It is a complex, but immaculately balanced collection of game mechanics that I almost can't find fault with.

There is space-method to get out of any given space-scenario. A player must appreciate the right time to go into warp-speed and jump away from a threatening foe. In case such a scenario comes up, they must keep an eye on their fuel reserves. In FTL, (It stands for faster-than-light if you're curious) you must know when to hold them, when to fold them, and, most importantly, know when to walk away.

ENGAGE

with
...the Matrix



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JUST KEEP SWIMMING, JUST KEEP SWIMMING

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT TENTACLES THAT freak me out. Sea creatures in general are scary: sharks, jellyfish (Finding Nemo has a lot to answer for), flesh-eating piranhas, and so on – the whole lot are evil harbingers of doom as far as I'm concerned. But while Deep Sea Dis-comedusae features some of these creepy crawlies (creepy swimmies?), the effect is interesting rather than terrifying, perhaps because I wasn't in actual proximity to any carnivorous fanged fishes.

The sea theme is prominent across the entire exhibition, but the variety of mediums Prujean and Wedde use results in a textured and innovative visual display. The sound of rushing water, courtesy of Wedde's turbine, chest and dive video titled "Biomorphic artifact #1", produces a highly visceral underwater atmosphere. Miniature video interfaces sit beside sculptures reposing on the floor and suspended from the wall, with the odd painting thrown in for good measure. While it would have been easy for these paintings to be obscured by the sculptures, which are initially more attention-grabbing due to their three-dimensionality, they hold their own via lively colour palettes and curious subject-matters. Curious, because while they certainly depict underwater scenes, they do so through a unique process of defamiliarisation. "Oil Lamps and Moby Dick" is intriguingly self-explanatory: it depicts a giant whale emerging out of the sea, surrounded by multiple long-stemmed oil lamps bobbing in the water. Why? I have no idea, but it looks pretty damn awesome.

Another pretty damn awesome work is "The Node of Inaccessibility". It appears to depict a giant blue egg-shaped object from a distance, but

approach the painting and you witness hundreds of tiny boats and ships moving busily over the surface of the so-called egg. That several of these ships are actually falling off the curved edges recalls the Middle Ages-era assumption that if you travelled too far by sea you would literally fall off the edge of the world. Thus, the egg comes to signify a parallel earth – one without a land mass, completely covered by water. I'll correct my earlier sentiment, and say that this is one terrifying aspect of the exhibition.

Another memorable piece is the "Call of Cthulhu" ceiling display. I say display, but what I actually mean is REMOTE-CONTROLLED TENTACLES. Okay, not really remote-controlled, but they do wave alarmingly in your face thanks to some kind of electronic contraption. With the sloshing sounds of the water soundtracking the exhibition, they too contribute to a surprisingly realistic underwater effect. Meanwhile, the "Escape the Greyness" sculpture is perhaps the most whimsically delightful artwork of the exhibition, depicting an intriguing semblance of seaweed draped over a rock with a combination of plastic milk bottles, silicone, cement, and LED lights.

Possibly one of the most original exhibitions I've reviewed this year, Deep Sea Dis-comedusae presents the viewer with a familiar theme and inverts this familiarity in a simultaneously surprising and compelling way. Whether you love sea creatures or recoil from them like yours truly, it's definitely worth a look-in.

DEEP SEA DIS-COMEDUSAE (Hayden Prujean & Carlos Wedde)
Blue Oyster Gallery 29 August – 29 September 2012

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ON THE ROAD

DIRECTOR: WALTER SALLES

Reviewed By D F Benson-Guiu



THIS ADAPTATION OF JACK KEROUAC'S NOVEL immerses us in a time period that is short but alive with change. It is the postwar era, and we are introduced to a small group of budding writers who are part of a culture which, as a whole, seems lively and creative. Sal Paradise (Sam Riley) is not feeling it though. He is

frustrated at the success and inspiration of his friends while he struggles with the half-written manuscript of a novel. Upon being introduced to Dean Moriarty (Garrett Hedlund), Sal becomes fascinated with his lifestyle. His carefree attitude and seeming success pulls Sal into a friendship that takes Dean, himself, and many others on a drug-enhanced adventure through the United States and Mexico.

The audience takes a back seat – sadly often with Kirsten Stewart – as we watch the ideas and conventions of the time break and evolve in ways that still make us raise an eyebrow now. *On The Road* feels like an adventure for the viewer, who will undoubtedly walk out

with the realisation that they have not only watched a beautiful film, but have also taken in some of the ideas.

Early on in the film, Sal is asked where he is going. "Just going," with enough for a pint of whiskey, he says. While "on the road" Sal finds his inspiration, but also finds stories, friendships, and the heart of the United States.

The film is a must-watch for any wannabe hitchhiker or traveller. It shows the simple and sometimes serendipitous interactions of people travelling through the beautiful hills, mountains, and back roads of the United States in search of what Dean calls "it".

What is "it"? Well, that's for you to decide.



HYSTERIA

DIRECTOR: TANYA WEXLER

Reviewed By Ashlea Muston



HYSTERIA, SET IN LONDON IN THE 1880S, follows the story of the ever-spirited young Doctor Mortimer Granville prior to his discovery of the vibrator and its medical benefits. Mortimer (Hugh Dancy) continually seeks betterment in the medical profession, and is enamoured with the breakthrough science of germ theory, much to the dismay of his stuffy old employers.

A sudden realisation that he is not finding stimulation in his work, nor room to try new methods, leads Mortimer to the door of Dr Dalrymple, the owner of a private women's practice. Dalrymple introduces Mortimer to the problem of "hysteria" among a client base of upper-middle class housewives. In truth, the women are simply sexually frustrated, and the "treatment" that the Doctor and his new assistant (Mortimer) provide is clitoral stimulation.

Although the film is set in the 1880s, its subject matter forces a certain modernity to shine through in its treatment of characters. Maggie Gyllenhaal plays the outspoken Charlotte Dalrymple, the eldest daughter of Dr Dalrymple,

and later the unexpected love interest of Mortimer. A beacon of women's rights, humanitarianism and forward thinking, Charlotte is initially portrayed as a crazy person, an exception to how women "should be", and Dr Dalrymple is profusely embarrassed by her. However, she is an audience favourite for her audacity, refreshing candidness, and way of thinking that modern citizens can more easily relate to.

Hysteria more than fulfils its role as an entertaining insight into the intricacies of the female orgasm. This film does not attempt to be anything but light, bright and humorous, which is evident in its witty, honest portrayal of the history of vaginal pleasure.



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



YOUR SISTER'S SISTER

DIRECTOR: LYNN SHELTON

Reviewed By Taryn Dryfhout



I'M NOT SURE IF YOUR SISTER'S SISTER IS A romantic comedy or not, but whatever its classification, it's a great watch. The film opens with Jack (Mark Duplass) struggling to recover from the loss of his brother, and making

an ass of himself at a subsequent memorial party. His best friend Iris (current "It girl" Emily Blunt) lets him stay at her family's reclusive country house to reflect and pull himself together. When he arrives, he finds Iris' older sister Hannah (Rosemarie DeWitt), who is recovering from her abrupt breakup with her long-term girlfriend, and what starts as an evening of ranting and tequila between the two of them quickly becomes a one-night stand. The next morning is full of chaos and cover-up, as Iris' arrival to the house prompts Jack and Hannah to try to hide their illicit night together.

If none of this is gripping you, then wait and see what Hannah's motives were for bedding

Jack. I won't give away the twist, but it's a goodie! Just to add to the clumsiness of the situation, Jack and Iris are madly in love with each other, but neither has admitted it to the other. The film suddenly becomes a twisted love triangle, with Jack set between two sisters.

The whole movie is set within the lake house, and basically revolves around the one thing that happens – the awkward, blink-or-you'll-miss-it sex scene. I think what I liked the best about this movie was the unconventional male lead, who is not muscular, tanned, or charming, but instead realistic and thoughtful. A great watch, with a cliffhanger ending!

THE ROOM (2003)

DIRECTOR: TOMMY WISEAU

Reviewed By Sam McChesney

IT WAS A QUESTION OF DEFINING IMPORTANCE. For decades, the debate raged. What was the worst film of all time? The contenders came from far and wide – Plan 9 From Outer Space, Robot Monster, Santa Claus Conquers the Martians, Troll 2, Zombie! vs. Mardi Gras, Howard the Duck, Battlefield Earth. With their wooden acting, clichéd scripts and wonky designs, they did battle. Critics and film buffs turned on each other; families were torn apart; strife was everywhere.

Then, in 2003, *The Room* emerged, blinking, slurring its words, saying "oh hi" to victory as

it eviscerated all pretenders, chopping each mercilessly down with a football thrown from point-blank range. Transfixed audiences, united in horror and schadenfreude, squirming through horrifically awkward sex scenes, sides aching with mirth, spoke with one voice. Enough with this meaningless bickering, they said, for we have just seen the worst thing ever caught on camera. Nothing can surpass the sheer, all-round ineptitude of what just unfolded. Possibly nothing ever will. Peace broke out.

So-bad-they're-good films have traditionally been a niche pursuit. Like a stingy chocolate chip biscuit, rare moments of unbelievable, laugh-out-loud cinematic ineptitude are scattered seductively through a turgid backdrop of doughy incompetence. The bad-film enthusiast had to work for his kicks. But Tommy Wiseau, *The Room*'s cheerfully narcissistic producer,

director, writer, star and publicist, gave the world a deluxe, marshmallow Tim-Tam of a stinker, every scene laced with sweet hilarity, a tasty treat for all to enjoy. This noisome Nirvana took the underground bad-film movement and turned it pop, searing it into the public consciousness, a visceral portrait of the nadir of human talent.

If you haven't seen *The Room*, you are missing out on a vital artefact of modern Western civilisation. Your life will have a hole in it, a hole in the shape of a truly bizarre vanity project with such ridiculous characters, godawful acting, and random, nonsensical dialogue (anyway, how's your sex life?) that it must truly be seen to be believed.

Watch *The Room*. You owe it to yourself.

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MONSIEUR LINH AND HIS CHILD

PHILIPPE CLAUDEL

REVIEWED BY LUCY HUNTER

MONSIEUR LINH IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO knows his name, because everybody who used to know it is dead. He arrives by ship from an unnamed country in Indo-China to France, clutching a small suitcase of meagre possessions, and his new-born granddaughter, Sang diu, who weighs less than the suitcase. His wife died when his son was a baby, and his son and daughter-in-law were killed by a mine as they worked. Their swaddled child lay next to her doll, whose head was blown off in the explosion. Nothing matters to him now but his little girl. He escaped so that she could escape too. He eats because she needs him to eat. He chews up food and feeds it to her, and it dribbles down the side of her mouth.

Monsieur Linh is scared by the new city. The cars and the crowds of indifferent people rushing around the streets frighten him. At a refugee detention centre, he is teased and ignored by children and adults. Women from his country laugh at how he looks after his baby. He can't stand the cold. The case-workers convince him to go for walks for the sake of his health. On his first walk, a woman with an unpleasant face bumps into him then yells at him, and he can't make her understand that he is sorry. A park with cages full of animals and a merry-go-round lurks creepily in the background.

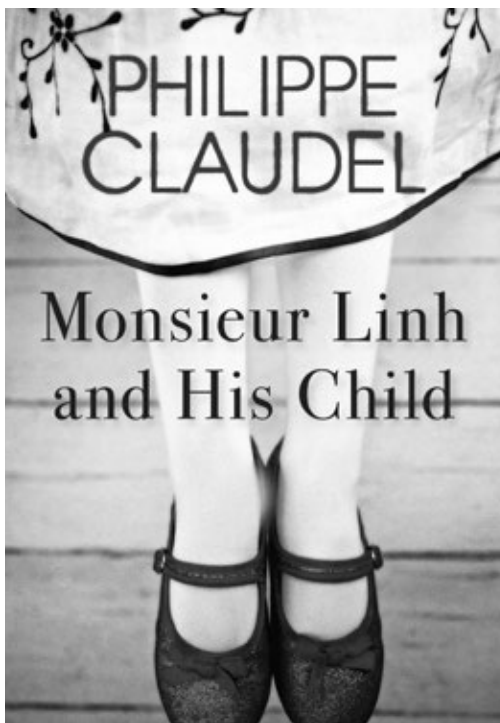
But Monsieur Linh makes friends with the recently widowed Monsieur Bark. He is desperately lonely, and spends a lot of time sitting on a park bench. The men

can't understand each other, but bond over chain smoking (don't read this book if you are giving up) and sympathetic patience. They go to the harbour and Monsieur Linh tells his friend about his village, his family, and a story about a mad woman who scolded the sea, saying "There you are, you see, I've found you at last, I told you I would, it's pointless trying to hide now!" He laughs. The Frenchman tells his friend about his youth as a soldier in Monsieur Linh's country. He set fire to houses and watched screaming children run. The flimsy houses burned like paper. He cries and cries while Monsieur Linh pats his shoulder, not understanding a word.

The baby girl sits quietly between them. The soldier and survivor find comfort for their guilt, loneliness and grief through the kind gestures of friendship, where an understanding of each other's words may not have been helpful in exorcising the unspeakable horrors they have both lived through.


Dream sequences create a world which seems more real than the grey, indifferent city surrounding the characters. At first village life is romanticised. Monsieur Linh imagines his village, where he and Monsieur Bark can understand one another perfectly, and live happily together eating food with Monsieur Linh's happy family. He describes the colours, smells, and sounds with childish happiness. But just when the book is in danger of getting too sentimental and sappy, social workers intervene and move Monsieur Linh and his child to another place, so that he can't find his friend. His treatment is a reminder of the assumptions it is easy to make about the elderly, the poor and the homeless, and the cruelty that can come out of good intentions. But Monsieur Linh's determination to be back with his French friend brings about a reunion and a surprising, satisfying plot twist.

The initially irritating, patronising depiction of a naïve foreigner bewildered in a western city turns out to be that of a man in possession of a "disturbing and innocent simplicity". Atrocities are described in simple prose with a deceptive sweetness which hides a harrowing secret. But this is predominantly a story about love, and the need to care for others giving desperate people the ability to keep living.



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AMERICAN ANGELS

WHAT A WEEK! ART EXHIBITIONS IN THE LINK AND FREE COFFEE OUT on the lawn – aah, what a cultured University we all attend. In sticking with the 24-hour time frame, it's hardly a panic to find something to write about for this issue, as dear old Allen hall will always have something for us there. Thanks Allen Hall.

Heading the bill at Lunchtime Theatre this week is the award-winning *Angels In America*. Never heard of it? Shame on you! Set in '80s America at the height of the AIDS epidemic, the play orbits around multiple characters' lives, weaving in and out of one another. Like *Love Actually* but way better – with three-dimensional characters and stuff. Yeah, I went there.

Tony Kushner's piece is rife with political and social commentaries of the time, with the multiple layers often paralleling historical events. With a piece this dense and with a running time of approximately seven hours – yeah, I know – it's obvious it will have to be cut down for a lunchtime slot.

Director Heidi Geissler, a fourth-year theatre student, is taking the piece on for her honours year, and has adapted the play into a compilation of scenes revolving around one of the main characters, Harper. Harper is described as "sex-starved," "pill-popping" and "a Mormon" (all of which are true). Geissler has managed to take a huge piece of theatre work and weave this one, fragmented story into a solid and coherent performance.

You'd almost forget it was part of a larger piece. Featuring other characters, such as Harper's husband and multiple hallucinations, we see the Valium addict fall in and out of reality. Played by Abby Howells, Harper is brought to life in a truthful and innocent manner; as an audience we are made to feel connected to her despite her bizarre circumstance. Luke Agnew, Daniel Goodwin and Ben Blakely also feature in the piece, giving stellar performances, nailing the accents and looking great in drag.

As an honours student, obviously a lot of work goes in to these pieces, along with a lot of sweat and a lot of tears. So it's only fair that you come along and appreciate all of the hard work that's gone in to the piece! It's also one of those plays that people who like to seem intelligent talk about, so you could go and then casually mention that you've seen it and "really enjoyed the social commentary and really felt for housewives of the time," and maybe, if you're feeling cheeky, pretend you've seen the seven-hour version and impress all those big shots and act all cultured. That's what it's about.

I highly recommend you all come along for a bit of magic in your lunch hour. Or if you're a busy med student there is also an evening performance on Thursday at 7:30pm. Score! Catering to the masses! And at only \$3 a ticket – why not?

PLANET MEDIA

THE CRITIC

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WHY DUBSTEP ISN'T SHIT

DUBSTEP GETS A BAD RAP, AND TO BE FAIR, it does deserve a lot of it. But dubstep is not total shit. There is some wonderfully interesting, energetic, face-meltingly beautiful dubstep created out there in a truly global scene, facilitated by the same thing that made it so hated – the Internet. Yes, I am biased. Ever since hearing "Innocence" by Nero for the first time – my first experience of Dubstep, which awkwardly occurred at The Cook – I have been obsessed with the genre, and really all Electronic Dance Music (EDM). There's just something about the pretty melody mixed with the ugly energy. But even though I am constantly immersed in dubstep, I still have a sense of perspective on what's good or bad.

Dubstep was a genre born in a very different age – the age of the Internet. Once the music was distorted from the minimal dub-heavy roots of Skream, Hijack, Benga and co into the energetic and warped thug of Rusko, and then disseminated out into the interwebs, the rules were abolished. Accessibility is a gift as well as a curse. New Zealanders could listen, and be part of, a movement started back in the Motherland. Quality control was removed – record labels were its gatekeepers, but they were easily and quickly circumnavigated as YouTube lovingly opened its arms. For the first time, a genre didn't

have any preconceptions of greatness. There was no canon of excellent music, no past precedent with which to judge the quality. Around the world, great dubstep was being heard and then drowned out by the oceans of filthy stinking crap. And so we learned to hate it.

That's ok, you didn't know any better. You heard that one song, it went wub wub and made screeching noises, and the bogans on your street loved it like they loved Megadeth (that's a lie. No one likes Megadeth, not even Dave Mustaine). I can forgive you. While there are still innumerable "artists" making awful bedroom crap, it's not like the early days anymore, I promise. Quality control has resumed, new labels have risen up, and even better, artists are making the best music that some styles have ever seen. There is now a canon for all flavours and tastes within the genre, from noise porn to blip-heavy brostep on Skism's "Never Say Die", skank, stoner, silly vibes on Flux Pavilion's "Circus" records and the eclectic, hipster sounds of Skrillex's own OWSLA. Amateurs are still posting to YouTube and spamming Twitter and Facebook, but now that there are accepted avenues of quality maybe dubstep can retrieve some of its deserved respect.

Nowadays, dubstep is almost as varied as a real genre. While it evolves and slowly regains

its credibility, some artists have made smaller changes while also making big leaps for the genre. Benga, one of the "originals" from Croydon, was part of the first dubstep super-group "Magnetic Man", along with Skream and Artwork. He crossed over into the mainstream with "Perfect Stranger" and "I Need Air", bringing atmospheric, melodic, and most importantly musical dubstep to the masses. Now he is taking another leap into the commercial world with "Pour Your Love". An earworm of a song, it features the requirement for any charting electronic song at the moment, a soaring catchy female vocal, before sliding into Benga's signature two-time beat and relaxed synths, forcing the listener to bounce up and down. Continuing vocals through entire songs has been a coup, moving the genre from drop-to-verse formats into the more accessible intro-verse-chorus of the traditional radio song.

Accessibility is key, but as dubstep has proved, it can also be a killer. Only six years later has dubstep finally begun to rebuild its respect, gain plaudits, and actually become musically respectable. Because there are a lot of us idiots, and when we are given the opportunity to add to culture like we could with dubstep, we will ruin it over and over, until the gates are put back in. Control is awful – but it's necessarily awful.



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CHICKEN CAESAR SALAD

By Maeve Jones

CAEAR SALAD OFTEN EMPHASISES THE HEAVY, CREAMY DRESSING, WHICH is more often than not over-processed and ruins a perfectly good salad. For me it is all about the croutons. Croutons are a delicious and convenient way to use bread that is past its prime. Most cultures in the world have some creative use for stale bread – in Spain it's blended with ripe tomatoes to make Gazpacho, in France it's soaked in an egg mixture and fried to make the world-famous French toast. In England

they make bread and butter pudding, and in New York they feed it to the birds in Central Park. Here in little old Dunedin I like to chop it up, smother it in olive oil, and fry it in fragrant herbs. These rustic croutons are then combined with crunchy, lightly dressed lettuce, avocado, and coriander, creating a scrumptious twist on the classic Caesar salad. This recipe also adds chicken to make a satisfying dinner, and uses an adaptation of Jamie Oliver's lighter Caesar dressing to keep it healthy and fresh.

INGREDIENTS:

SALAD:

400g chicken breast
2 eggs
1 iceberg lettuce
A handful of coriander
1 avocado
100g shaved parmesan

CROUTONS:

Half a loaf of bread
3 tbs olive oil
1 tbs dried mixed herbs

DRESSING:

1/3 cup plain yoghurt
2 tbs olive oil
2 tsp Worcestershire sauce
1 tbs grated parmesan
1 small garlic clove, peeled and minced
Juice of half a lemon
Salt and pepper

METHOD

01 Brown the chicken breasts in a hot pan, then place in an oven dish and bake until cooked through at 200°C (about 20 minutes).

02 While the chicken is cooking, bring a pot of water to the boil and cook the eggs for four minutes. This should leave the yolks slightly runny, so they can help to dress the salad. Set aside to cool.

03 Cut the bread into pieces of a desired size. I do mine quite small, about 1cm-wide squares. Heat a tablespoon of the oil in a large pan and add the bread. Cover evenly with the remaining oil and the herbs. Turn these consistently in the pan (to avoid burning) for about five minutes, or until they are crispy and golden.





04 Wash and dry the lettuce and tear it into manageable pieces.

05 Whisk all the ingredients for the dressing with a fork until well combined. Pour the dressing into a bowl with the lettuce and toss until evenly covered.

06 Chop the coriander and avocado, and add to the bowl.

07 Shred the chicken with a knife and fork, then add this to the salad with the croutons.

08 Peel the eggs, then cut them into quarters over the salad in case the yolks spill. Sprinkle over the shaved Parmesan. Toss and serve.

  \$16  



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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.

I AM, PENG WU!

I am Peng Wu a student of Otago Uni.

I just want to let your know that Critic is real outstanding! I really enjoy it. It is far better than any Mags I have read, BTW I read a lot.

After I leave NZ I am going to miss Critic.

Thank you.

Cheers.

CAREFUL, I'M PRETTY SURE THAT'S JESUS

Dear Critic

There's these kinda bum/homeless like guys - 2 of them, that are ALWAYS in the library and tend to sit in the vicinity of the elevators on level one. I usually see them reading dictionaries or sleeping with a pile of books around them. Who are they?!

FEMINAZI DEFENDS FEMINISTS/NAZIS

Dear Scout via Critic

After reading your letter to the editor complaining about you being mistaken as a supporter of the Slutwalk, I am rather annoyed. You were there and its perfectly reasonable for them to think that you were part of it. Trolling a Slutwalk is not what people do and now you kinda look like an idiot for complaining. Also your use of Feminazi. . . really? That's pathetic. Cause Women demanding equal pay and control of their own lives and bodies is comparable to starting a world war and the Genocide of millions of Jews. . . Suuuuuure

From a Feminist

HATER

Hi there,

I notice in your recent film review, you gave two stars to Moonrise Kingdom. That would be fine if you had any real criticisms. You talk of vintage tints, Dr. Seuss novels, and nonsensical plots. With all due respect, do you know anything about Wes Anderson? It's a legitimate question -- if you did have any idea, we might have expected some reference to any of his other films.

I suggest you watch (in no particular order) Rushmore, The Life Aquatic With Steve Zissou, and The Darjeeling Limited, and The Royal Tenenbaums. He does have a distinct way of directing his films, but this is what makes him great. It's fine if you have no desire to learn anything about him, but in this case please stop eating free Critic movie tickets and let someone better do the reviewing.

Peace and love,

Nick

PS: The ending was great. Everything that was promised and built to was delivered. I don't know what she's talking about, and I suspect neither does she. Go see the film. Edward Norton wearing shorts is really great.

HATED

Dear Nick,

Thank you for your response to my review. It's always nice to know that people read the writing that I work so hard on, even if they then feel moved to rip it to shreds. Unfortunately, I have had the experience of sitting through some of Anderson's other movies - each one was two hours of my life that I will never get back. Obviously with all art forms, these things are subjective. I respect your opinion, and hope that you will reciprocate this gesture. Good luck with exams and have a great summer!

Taryn

OL'DENNIS AY

Dear whoever writes the News in Briefs page,

Last issue, you claimed that 200 trillion texts are received each day in America. A quick Google search reveals that you got the number from FARK.com, which sounds like a very

reputable source.

But let's crunch the numbers. America has 311 million people. So you're saying the average American receives 640,000 texts per day? Boy, you'd really have to make sure you had your phone on silent during movies and lectures. In order to check all of those texts, the average Yank would be reading 7 texts per second (assuming he doesn't stop to eat or sleep, ever.) Given that the world population is 7 billion, the average world citizen would be sending 28,000 texts to the US per day. Yes, even Mongolian goat-herders living in remote villages with no telecommunications would be sending a text every three seconds.

I'll leave it at that.

Dennis "Numeracy" Larson

CRITIC'S GETTING OUT OF THE VENDING MACHINE BUSINESS

Dear Critic

This is just a rant to the dumb vending machines in Robertson... F^&* YOU!!!! F!@# YOU 20 times over!!! I go there to begin some serious study for the first time this semester and finally having coin-age in my wallet for the first time this year; all pumped up for a long night of productive study, to have the dumb thing take my precious \$2.50 and not give me my Lift Plus. There goes my study for the night, thanks heaps vending machine. And cbf calling some number, so yeah I hate you.

Sincerely,

cbf

GOOD TIMES

Dear Critic

Remember when we used to go fishing down by the old watering hole? Man those were the times. We'd fish for hours and just talk about nothing. Passing the time waiting for fish and enjoying the sun on our faces.

It seems years now since those days. I wonder what happened to us since then? We're not the same, either of us. Maybe it was when you ran that guy down with your car and just kept on driving.

LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Thursday at 5pm. Send letters to critic@critic.co.nz, post them to PO Box 1436, Dunedin, or drop into the Critic office. All letters must include full contact details, even if you don't want these printed. Letters of a serious nature directly addressing a specific person or group will not be published under a pseudonym, except in extraordinary circumstances negotiated with the Editor. Critic reserves the right to edit, abridge or decline letters without explanation. We don't fix the spelling or grammar in letters. If a writer looks stupid, it's because they are.

STUDY? IN THE LIBRARY? LOL.

Dear Union Management

Surely you could find a better place for a noisy speed dating function than a study area, where people are studying? I mean, there's a food court that's empty downstairs, and a big hall also, yet you gave permission for it to be in a study area? What were you thinking? I mean, clearly speed dating is more important than people studying, right? Oh, and the wonderfully rude lady who just states "we got permission, you can go elsewhere if the noise is too much." No, how about you go elsewhere, like not a study area!

Yours

Annoyed studious person.

WE GAVE THE VOUCHER TO ORPHAN TURTLES

Dear Critic

I'm kinda pissed off by your choice of 'letter of the week'. Last week Logan Edgar makes an offensive and (as he himself points out) ignorant

comment regarding an item of religious dress. This week he rightly apologizes for it and you reward him with a \$30 gift voucher??? Where is the logic in that? Let's at least hope that he puts the voucher to good use and buys a book with which to educate himself on different cultures and traditions.

Yours

An Indignant Student

NOTICES

FILM SOCIETY PREVIEW

Afternoon (Nachmittag)

(Angela Schanelec | Germany | 2007)

Schanelec taps into the existentialism of Antonioni and the post-modernism of Godard to present an acutely original take on Anton Chekov's *The Seagull*. Here, the setting is modern Germany, in a lakeside holiday house where actress Irene, her son, and her brother have withdrawn from the outside world.

Wednesday 26 September at 7.30 pm in the Red Lecture Theatre, Great King Street, across

the road from the emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital.

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

CIRCULATION FESTIVAL

8-11 NOVEMBER – Circulation is the most widely known fire arts and circus skills festival in New Zealand. This festival will be exploding into action with "The greatest show on earth"; workshops, feasting, bonfires, live music, dj's, open mic. "renegade" shows, circus shows and party nights. Check www.circulation.co.nz for more info

COVER CREDIT

A really special thanks to Emily Hlavac Green and her assistant Alex Lovell-Smith from A&E Studio for this week's cover.

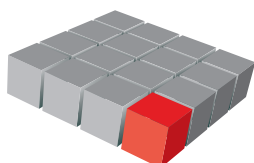
Model: Allisha Dunn-O'Brien.

Make up: Tammuz Downie sd

Assisted by Sam Clark & Sam Valentine

And Howie.

Meow.



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TE ROOPU MĀORI ELECTIONS

JOSÉ MARIA DE EÇA DE QUEIROZ SAID THAT "Politicians and diapers should be changed frequently, and for the same reason."

Thank you to all those who turned up to the SGM, and for providing some constructive feedback to the proposed changes within the management system of Te Rito. Hopefully you are reading this before 5PM TUESDAY 25 SEPTEMBER, when nominations close for the seven positions available. Below is a summary of each position.

TUMUAKI (PRESIDENT). Act as Mangai for Te Roopū; represent Te Roopū as a delegate of Te Mana Akonga and an ex officio on OUSA; establish a transparent relationship with Kapa Haka signatories and tutors; set policies; plan strategically; and maintain a good working relationship with Te Huka Matauraka.

TUMUAKI TUARUA (VICE PRESIDENT) This new position will liaise with all divisional roopū on campus, facilitate the running and organisation of Te Huinga Taurā, facilitate the running and organisation of events during Orientation week,

and be acting Tumuaki in the absence of the Tumuaki.

KAITIAKI PUTEA (TREASURER) will oversee the financial records of Te Roopū, and give monthly oral and written reports to a Hui a Te Rito as to the financial position of Te Roopū.

THERE ARE FOUR GENERAL POSITIONS WHO HAVE BEEN GIVEN SPECIFIC ROLES:

- 1. Communications Officer:** Establish a relationship to liaise and engage with the Halls of residents regarding services and events provided Te Roopū, facilitate the advertising and marketing (and promotion) of services and events, write up bi-semester newsletter to send out to all Te Roopū Māori students
- 2. Welfare and recreation officer:** Be responsible for the organisation of the social sports teams to be entered into the UNIPOL competition, organise inter-divisional Roopū sports events Māori, liaise and assist Māori Centre with their "Kai during Exams" initiative, and ensure that there is kai (healthy) provided at the whare.

3. Events/Socials: Be responsible in planning and executing Te Hokai (Ball) plan Re Orientation week and facilitate the running and organisation of Te Huinga Taurā.

4. Culture and Education: Facilitate the running and organisation of events during Te Wiki o Te Reo (Māori Language Week), facilitate the running and organisation of events during Matariki, facilitate study retreats during the exam and study period.

Another significant change was the implementation of hiring a secretary for sustainability and institutional knowledge who will take on the role around administration etc.

If you're into student politics, then get amongst. Don't be one of those hoha people who moan, help make a difference.

VOTING OPENS OCTOBER 1 from Maori Centre, OUSA and another venue to be confirmed.

LISA XX



PACIFIC VOICES IX POSTGRADUATE RESEARCH SYMPOSIUM

Hutton Theatre
Ground Floor, Otago Museum
Thursday 27 September 2012
8.30am-5.00pm

Come and support our Pacific Postgraduate students as they present their studies. You can come and go as you please during the day. There will be lots of interesting information and knowledge to be shared and discussed.

Everyone Welcome.

Please check our website for the latest programme:
www.otago.ac.nz/pacific or ring 03 479 8278



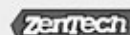
VOLUNTEERS REQUIRED

We are seeking volunteers for clinical comparison studies of market brand-leading drugs alongside generic formulations of those drugs.
If you fit this criteria:

- ✓ Male or Female, between 18-55 years
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All participants will be remunerated for their time and inconvenience

Please contact us at:
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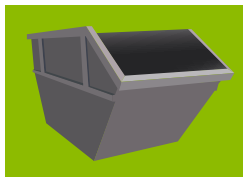


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Extra Rubbish, Recycling and Skip Days!



Hey don't forget to throw your sh!t out at the end of the year. The DCC and the Proctor will be running end of year skips and extra rubbish and recycling collections, so keep an eye out on the OUSA facebook page for all the details right here snurl.com/skipdays

It's all free and we've even got the people to call if you wanna donate, they'll even pick it up for FREE!

Is your flat cold and damp?



OUSA is holding it's Flattening week soon and we're keen to find a few flats that are having troubles with the cold and damp! It's been a whole winter now so I'm sure you know if your flat or your mates flat is rubbish. Get in touch with Angus at campaigns@ousa.org.nz so we can keep you informed! We're also looking for Epic flats and great landlords so keep an eye out, we'll have some great prizes!

Tournaments!

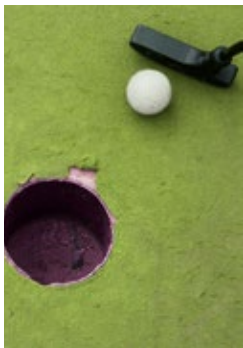


The 2012 OUSA Laser Tag Tournament will be held at the wonderful Laser Force venue using state of the art electronic equipment. So if you're into; space age battle suits, bright red laser beams, a high tech multi-level arena, mysterious fog, amping music and prize money (who isn't?!) then enter!!

When? September 30th

Time? 5:00 – 6:00pm

How much money can you win? \$200 first place \$75.00 second \$50.00 third. Boom!



The 2012 OUSA Mini Golf Tournament is an individual player (mixed sex) tournament. It will be held at Laser Force on their fantastic Otago Gold Rush themed 12 hole golf course. When? September 30th Time? 5:00 – 6:00pm How much money can you win? \$200 first place \$75.00 second \$50.00 third.

To register for either or both of these tournaments head online to ousa.org.nz/recreation/

LOGAN SAYS



Hey guys,

Things have been hot'in up around OUSA as we rush to pull the association through to the year's end. There are budgets and plans being written, a smorgasbord

of services being worked through, and we've already started organising O-week 2013. And then of course there are the OUSA Elections.

If you take something away from reading this column today I hope it will be this; If you see a candidate in this election that you want to win then please vote. If you think he/she would do the job well and you'd be proud to have them represent you then don't be the one to lose the election for them. Elections have been tight in the past. If your 'preferred candidate' loses it by one vote then it's ALL your fault!!! Plus you'll miss out on possibly winning movie tickets, a Samsung Galaxy Tab 2, and you defs missed out on chocolate fish.

In other news, the DCC have recently engaged the city to help them construct the Social Wellbeing Strategy for the Dunedin. OUSA submitted on your behalf. Basically what we said was that there needs to be an overall holistic approach to how the city as a whole treats students, and that we students want to be recognised as an integral part of Dunedin. So in real terms we asked for: A) Fairer controls on the city, which was all about getting students to vote in the city elections therefore giving us power. And B) Better infrastructure and areas in the North End - why do we play on the streets? Um.. Because there are fuck all pubs near us that we can afford, fuck all parks and the fuckin landlords don't give us backyards, instead they add on another room. It would not be tolerated in any other part of this city!

Chur,

Logan.

ps. Vote in the OUSA Election and Referendum at voting.ousa.org.nz



DON'T LET AN ASS REPRESENT YOU

VOTE TO WIN!

IN THE OUSA ELECTION & REFERENDUM

Who's gonna run OUSA?

Tell us who YOU think represents you in the Executive election!

What do you think about same sex marriage? Are you keen for asset sales?

Tell us in the referendum!

VOTE NOW and you're in to win a Samsung Galaxy Tab 2 & Rialto movie passes!

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ousa elections
otago uni students' association