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Critic

Issue 27 | October 8, 2012 | critic.co.nz

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EDITOR JOE ART SAM DANIEL SAM WORDS CALLUM MADDY MICHAEL KATIE LAUREN ZANE Gus INES ISAAC Тову BRONWYN BEAUREY JOSEF SARAH TASH CLAUDIA JOSIE Bella MARGOT ALICE GEORGINA SAM SAM BRITTANY LUKAS JAMIE Тову TARYN VIMAL LULU PIUPIU-MAYA

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UCK AY. THIS IS IT, THE LAST CRITIC **OF THE YEAR. THIS PLACE** has a strange effect on you. It's high-stress, amazingly fun, and always, even to the end, completely seat of your pants. You turn up having no idea how to do the job, you leave having no idea how you did it.

I think, I hope, that's it's been a pretty good year for Critic. All of the magazines got picked up each week, we managed to avoid getting into any serious trouble, and we took out Best Publication overall at the annual Aoteoroa Student Press Awards. I hope that you guys enjoyed reading/wiping your ass with it. Thanks.

Looking ahead to next year, our current News Editor Callum Fredric has been named as the big boss dog. I'm sure that Callum is going to do a great job. I'm also sure that Callum is going to fuck up and stick his foot in it epically. I can't wait to sit back and watch. But seriously mate, you're going to be great, enjoy it.

I know it's trite, but there really are some people that need to be thanked, if you're not here to see your name in print you can go ahead and stop reading now:

Thanks to each of the designers who have played a part in making Critic look amazing this year – Andrew Jacombs, Daniel Alexander, Sam Stu"T"ch, Tom Garden, Lucinda McConnon, and a special thanks to Sam "Clarky" Clark. Couldn't have done it without you bro.

Thanks to Howie. I know you're a cat, and that you only use Critic to shit on. But you're a pretty fucking cool cat. Enjoy your summer in Southland, and good luck flatting with those young Nats next year.

Thanks to Sam McChesney and Maddy Phillipps for providing Critic with at least a modicum of correct grammar throughout the year. Thanks to our feature writers, Katie, Lauren, Michael, "This place has a strange effect on you. It's high-stress, amazingly fun, and always, even to the end, completely seat of your pants. You turn up having no idea how to do the job, you leave having no idea how you did it. "

Zane, and Maddy, for their hard work every week. Thanks to our news team, led by Charlotte Greenfield and later Callum, sports provocateur Gus Gawn, and our lovely dedicated interns. Thanks to our section editors and our columnists, and thanks of course to each and every volunteer. Even if you only wrote one small thing for Critic, your contribution is hugely appreciated. You're all amazing. Oh and Jesus, I should probably thank Jesus. Thanks Jesus.

Lastly I want to thank our cleaner Angela. Your bright smile lightened the darkest print nights.

Vacuum Angela,

Vacuum.

- FOR THE LAST TIME, JOE STOCKMAN.

MADDY PHILLIPPS HIGHLY COMMENDED AT STUDENT PRESS AWARDS

By Bella Macdonald

RITIC IS ONCE AGAIN BATHING IN THE NECTAR of success after taking out Best Student Publication at the annual Aotearoa Student Press Association (APSA) awards in Wellington on September 28.

Otago's student mag raked in the top prizes of Best Student Publication, Best Editorial, Best Series and Best Website after the year long reign of Editor Joe Stockman, proving that his age and deteriorating physical condition has been no barrier.

When asked if he was pleased with the

results, Stockman said, "Look, it's not like we set out to win these awards, we set out to win all of the awards, and these are the only ones the bastards would give us. We didn't even win hottest Editor. I mean, that's not actually an award," said Stockman. I presumed once they saw me walk in the door they'd just give it to me."

The Best Series award was won by Callum Frederic's "Treaty Gate", "Two Hours with Louis Crimp" and Lauren Wootton's "Is the Treaty Dead?" Critic also came a nail-biting second in several other awards. Frederic placed second for Best Paid News whilst Critic intern and mailroom assistant Claudia Herron came in second for Best Unpaid News. Maddy Phillips was highly commended in the hotly contested Best Feature Writer award.

In the fiercely competitive student publication industry, Critic has a strong history, taking out Best Publication at the APSA's in 2005, 2006, 2008, 2010 and 2012. Bookies are taking bets now on Fredric's chances of breaking the bi-annual curse.

Despite leading Critic to Best Student Publication and himself winning Best Editorial Writer, Stockman's days in the industry seem to be numbered. "This is the last I'm having to do with student media," said Stockman. "I'm going into PR."

CRIMINALS KILL EACH OTHER, CRIME RATE DROPS

By Bella Macdonald

The W ZEALAND POLICE ARE GIVING THEMselves a big pat on the back after statistics released show that reported crime in New Zealand has reduced, despite a significant increase in the number of murders.

NZ police revealed a 5.2% decrease in national reported crime in their release of the national crime statistics. However, the national number of murders increased by 26.5% from 34 to 43 murders.

Southern District police announced that reported crime in Dunedin-Clutha decreased by 11.6% from 2011, resulting in only 9685 offences in the year to 30 June 2012. Otago Rural and Southland also saw reductions in reported crime of 14.1% and 8.9% respectively, contributing to Southern Districts 11.2% overall reduction. Surprisingly, Canterbury's crime rate dropped the most out of any province at 11.7%.

The only south island province to go against the trend was Tasman with an increase of 1.5%. Critic speculates this may be in relation to the 54.2% increase in sexual assault and related offences in the area. Auckland also joined this bucking trend by increasing reported crime by 5.4%.

Overall, the National figures for reported crime reduced by 5.2%, making New Zealand a 'Safer place to live' with only 394,522 crimes reported. A NZ Herald poll asked viewers if this made them feel safer, however, 64% of the respondents said "not really." In Dunedin Clutha, disorderly behavior offences dropped 21.2% (270 fewer offences), which according to police is due to their "proactive approach to policing, especially in the central city." Dunedin Clutha Area Commander, Inspector Greg Sparrow said, "the majority of assaults were fuelled by alcohol." It was also stated in the release that Police had been taking "a low tolerance approach to alcohol-related offending."

Students response to the reduction in Crime in the Dunedin Clutha area didn't make them feel any safer. One law student told Critic, "It doesn't count for shit. There's so much more unreported crime going on that it's probably only reduced because we're all too lazy to report it." Another commerce student said he "didn't feel safer cause I live in South D."

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IDEA STOLEN FROM FRANCE HAILED AS "AUDACIOUS"

By Claudia Herron

HE PUBLIC TRUST BUILDING HOSTED A LAVISH AWARDS CEREMONY FOR the 2012 Audacious student business plan competition, in which Ryan Everton took out the top honour with his sustainable plastic cup. Everton received \$8,000 to put toward his company Globelet, which aims to reduce waste in New Zealand.

Critic spoke to Everton, a third year law student, following his win. He remarked that Globelet was "trying to make a difference", a goal he is already confident about achieving given that "so many people are behind it". Impressively, Everton has already secured a one-year supply contract with Forsyth Barr Stadium, which took effect in August, as well as a commission with an Australian client.

When asked where the idea came from, Everton told Critic that sustainable plastic cups have already proven successful internationally, and have "been used in France for about the last five years". After deciding there was a market for it in NZ and sourcing a local manufacturer and recycler, Everton initiated production, and after 6 months of hard work, he has welcomed the win that is "finally paying off". Though we don't want to criticise Everton's success and determination, Critic wonders whether importing a well-es-tablished idea from overseas qualifies as an "audacious" business plan.

To celebrate his success, Everton is currently taking a seven-day tour around the country to plan Globelet's introduction to the backpacker market. Already in discussions with Nomads Backpackers in Queenstown and Auckland, backpackers will receive a Globelet on arrival accompanied by a mobile phone app that allows the user to locate the closest reliable tap water sources.

Second place in the competition was awarded to David Booth and Harrison Uffindell for their subscription-based meat delivery service, Meatmail. The company already has 86 customers in Dunedin, with plans to extend their meat supply to Christchurch and Palmerston North. Third place went to Kevin Smith (Otago University) of Sgt Apples cider with his inexpensive single serve cider in a can.

As well as naming a "Top 15" list recognising the hard work and achievements of those competing in the program, a number of special prizes were also awarded. Tom Maguire (Otago Polytechnic) was awarded best design for his Soft-Hit Hand Guard, William Austin Maccabee (Otago Polytechnic) was awarded Best Small Business for his arborist business A1 Tree Care, Eleanor Parker (Otago University) was awarded best Social Entrepreneurship for Plastication, a closed-loop recycling plan for New Zealand, and Carl Crawford, Fiorenzo Rutschmann and Daniel Hampton (Otago Polytechnic) were awarded Best Technology for AquaFORCE, an aquarium data recording application.

Keynote speaker, Haydon Breese of Myth website branding and design, remarked that "no one will love your business as much as you", an apt phrase for most Audacious competitors with the exception of Meatmail, whose meat delivery service undeniably makes getting a bit of meat in your mouth easier than grooming your prey in the pit at Monkey Bar.



AFFIRMATIVE ACTION POLICY LEADS TO SELECTION OF RIGHT-WING EDITOR

By DENNIS LARSON

HE POLITICAL NEUTRALITY AND GENERAL quality of Critic magazine are in jeopardy after radical right-wing activist and suspected larcenist Callum Fredric was selected as Critic Editor for 2013.

Fredric's political bias is ingrained in the very follicles of his hair, which he has partially dyed blue. In a further crime against fashion, the blue patch is in the shape of a C, which he claims stands for Critic, but blatantly stands for Callum. This Huey Dewey and Louie level of sophistication aptly foreshadows the tone and content that readers can expect from the magazine in 2013.

The first innocent creature to fall victim to the sociopathic policies of the new Editor is beloved

office cat Howie Staples, who is to be "adopted out or just put to sleep". When asked what he had against felines, Fredric said: "They're only one step ahead of poor people in terms of moral worth, so there's no place for him here."

The genesis of Fredric's fear of New Zealand's lower classes can be traced back to his time at primary school, where he was ruthlessly bullied by street-savvy hustlers: "I grew up on the mean streets of Wadestown, so I know what it's like to live on the edge."

Inevitably, Fredric's latent, implausible yeaming for "street cred" led him to overcompensate by legally acquiring the title of "Lord" through buying a one square metre piece of land on an old Scottish feudal estate. Although he has submitted every article this year under the name of "Lord Callum Fredric", no one respects him or his laughable title, and the term has been removed each time along with his customary grammatical and factual errors.

Upon being offered the position, Fredric received a congratulatory phonecall from Prime Minister John Key, who said he was "looking forward to using Critic as a National Party mouthpiece in 2013". Indeed, Fredric has sought legal advice on how to most easily fulfil minimal duties of journalistic balance, and says that a loophole in the law will allow him to satisfy this simply by publishing heavily edited letters to the editor that contain incidental criticism of the Government.

Fredric has recently come out of the closet as the writer of the infamous "Eagle of Liberty" column, but says he doesn't want "filthy, filthy socialists" to feel like they can't come and have a beer with him.

MUHAMMAD ZARIQ FARHAN BIN MOHD HANIF WINS GOLD AWARD

CATEGORY: OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO TROPHY ENGRAVING INDUSTRY

By Gus Gawn

USA HAS PRESENTED THE ANNUAL OTAGO Blues and Golds awards to the top athletes and cultural stars of the University of Otago.

This is the 105th year in which the Blues have been awarded to students who have achieved to a high level in their chosen sport. The Golds Awards, which are in their 11th year, recognise clubs, societies and individuals that have excelled at cultural endeavours at Otago. This year's awards were hosted by the Mayor of Central Otago and Chairman of Sport Otago, Tony Lepper.

The University of Otago Rowing Club took out Sports Club of the year, an award that

recognises excellence in the administration of a club, club activity, and promotion of OUSA. Fresher Andrew Whyte won Sportsman of the Year after ending the season as New Zealand's top 400m runner. Andrew had a very successful season, representing New Zealand at many overseas meets, including the World Junior Championships.

Dual International Suzie Bates was selected as both Sportswoman of the year and Maori Sportsperson of the year. Suzie is a key member of both the Tall Ferns basketball team and White Ferns cricket team, and is the captain of the latter, currently leading her team at the World T20 in Sri Lanka. Sam French (Hockey), Sarah Laurenson (Squash), and Brendan O'Niell (Kayak Racing) were also acknowledged for their Outstanding Contribution to Sport at Otago.

Gold Awards for excellence in cultural pursuits were awarded to Grace (Eun Byeol) Park (Music, Voice Performance), Kawiti Jack Waeford (Music, Voice Performance), Louis Brown (Public Relations), and Alexander Michael Wilson (Music, Voice Performance).

The Indian Students' Association took out the highly coveted Society of the Year award, while Kana Imuta (Music, Taiko Drumming), Julien Van Mellaerts (Singing, Piano, French Horn), Miriam Noonan (Theatre, Acting), and Muhammad Zariq Farhan bin Mohd Hanif (Dance, Singing) were recognised for their outstanding contribution to Art and Culture.

For a full list of Blue and Gold Award recipients, visit www.critic.co.nz.

"YOUR DEGREE IS FUCKING USELESS" - NZ HERALD

By ZANE POCOCK

The APRIME EXAMPLE OF HOW THE NEW ZEALAND Herald has gone tabloid, they claimed last week that an international report shows that "New Zealand university degrees are the most worthless in the developed world".

The OECD report showed that the life-long value of a New Zealand man's tertiary education was a mere \$63,000 and a woman's \$38,000. This compares to the value of an American tertiary qualification, which comes in at \$395,000.

However, the reporter, who Critic speculates graduated from the Southern Institute of Journalism, failed to account for the fact that the figures included all tertiary qualifications, not just University degrees. The OECD report specifically separates tertiary education into two groups: "Group A" which is University Degrees, and "Group B" which is mostly comprised of Polytechnics. The poor figures come from a combination of these two groups.

Among those who have a New Zealand

University Degree, there is in fact an earnings gain of 46% over those with just NCEA Level 3, which is higher than the oft-aspired-to Scandinavian countries of Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

Professor Jacqueline Rowarth of Waikato University's management school told The Herald that students are "sold a crock by people telling them to follow their passion. We fund an awful lot of peculiar courses."

Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce (who The Herald informatively points out has a zoology degree), said that the Government wanted other qualifications to have their fees either greatly decreased or wiped, with there being no income premium for these students to repay a student loan.

Labour MP Louisa Wall said "the concern I have is the reality of people who get an MA or a PhD going overseas where they are remunerated and valued better."

Kim Campbell, head of the Employers and Manufacturers Association, agrees that big companies overseas pay a vast amount more for top employees. He pointed out that while in New Zealand you can climb to about ten times the entrylevel pay rate, it isn't uncommon to get 200 times that overseas. Critic wonders where these \$7 million dollar/year jobs are exactly.

THE UNIVERSITY OF

New Zealand has the seventh highest rate of those who have attained tertiary education in the OECD. Coincidentally, our tertiary education fees are also the seventh highest.

In related news, Ministry of Social Development figures released to the ODT show that 8.74% of the 49,222 people currently on the dole have either a professional qualification or degree.

The figure is down from the 9.61% rate at the peak of the recession in 2010, but as the ODT points out, it is in fact likely to be higher due to Christchurch Earthquake-related unemployment being excluded.

Paula Bennett, Minister of Social Development, told The ODT that it was "a bumpy road out of the recession," and it is for this reason that the welfare system exists.



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IT'S A HARD KNOCK LIFE

ANKA //

By Margot Taylor

PROPOSED REFURBISHMENT OF THE 116 year old Dunedin Prison will provide the opportunity for people to see the inside of a cell without having to be arrested.

The former prison was bought by the Dunedin Charitable Trust in June for a mere \$20,000. The prison was last home to criminals in 2007 and since then the Scotland Yard inspired building has been sitting vacant.

The trust hopes that the former prison will become a significant part of Dunedin's historic precinct due to its location across from the Toitu Settlers Museum and the Allied Press building. English heritage adviser Sir Neil Cossons has called the building's historical worth "outstanding".

The initial hopes for the old lockup include plans to have tours of the cells which will be lead by historians, a space for business offices and a courtyard café which will be open to the public not just those on a tour. The idea that Critic found most exciting involves having a bar in one of the spaces. There seems to be no limit to the potential of the old jail considering the large space within the building which housed up to 75 prisoners at a time.

Small group tours of the building will contribute to the \$2.6 million needed to begin the proposed work. Critic jumped the gun and had a look around the building before the tours open for the public next weekend. For a donation people will be able to wander amongst the cells of a prison that looks like it has been frozen in time. Despite not being used since 2007, half empty bottles of Jack Daniels still sit in the warden's cupboard, the kitchen whiteboard informs us that Mr. Jack is gluten intolerant, and you will even be able to see family man David Bain's former cell.

The tours will be run by ex-guards who are reportedly still very fond of the old prison. Tours can be booked at www.dunedinprison.co.nz and it is hoped that refurbishments will begin in just over a year.

OTAGO BECOMES CHEEKIER, DARKER

By Claudia Herron

HE NUMBER OF MAORI STUDENTS ENROLLED at the University of Otago has increased by 23% over the last five years, although research has shown that Maori from poorer socio-economic areas are still under-represented in all professional programs relating to health sciences.

Otago Health Sciences Pro-Vice-Chancellor Professor Peter Crampton, who undertook the research, remarked that Health Science faculties in both Otago and other international universities "struggle to achieve a balance of students that reflect the ethnic and socio-economic realties they will serve as health professionals."

Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne addressed the issue at the annual National Conference of Maori Educators and Students. In her address, she noted the support offered within the University, such as the tutorials, peer learning, and counselling offered by the Maori Centre, as well as the Te Kahika Transition Programme. The programme encourages Maori contemplating first-year health science to undertake a one-year foundation programme to develop the skills they might not have picked up in the course of their lower-decile high school education.

Hayne remarked that the program has seen the number of Maori health science students more than double, and helps Maori students "by giving them a leg up", after which they can "compete with everyone else and on their own merits."

Hayne further maintained that every increase in Maori enrolment "makes a huge amount of difference", and emphasised the importance of "embedding and normalising all things Maori in everyday university life." She acknowledged that the University has strong cultural links with Te Runanga o Ngai Tahu through a Memorandum of Understanding, as well as maintaining links with iwi from the "north of the North Island to the very bottom of the south."

Critic spoke with Te Roopu President Lisa Pohatu, who commended the support systems the University has in place as having contributed to the increase in enrolment. "Having more Maori students who have chosen this pathway to better the lives of themselves, their whanua, hapu and iwi is great for all Maori people."

1600 Maori students are currently enrolled at Otago, making up 8.7% of the domestic roll, which is proportionally higher than the figure for Auckland University. 350 Maori students graduated from Otago last year, of which 90 graduated with postgraduate qualifications.

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By Josephine Adams

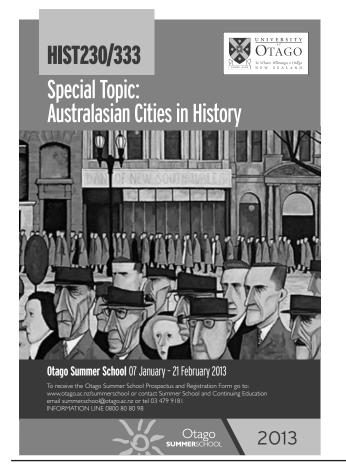
HE YEAR IS COMING TO AN END, AND SO IS the career of one of the country's foremost stars in student journalism: Howie Staples. During his illustrious career at Critic, which spanned a single year, Howie had his own column, graced the cover, recovered from a narcotics addiction, fooled some into thinking him human, and even received the odd piece of hate mail – all the signs of a true star. Now, however, it is time for him to move on.

With ol' man Stockman leaving the city, Howie has had to farewell the *Critic* office and find new slaves/family. He's found sanctuary in the home of student Anna Goble and her flatmates, who appear to be completely enamoured with the ginger stud. When asked about her enthusiasm for the move, Goble feared she would "go off on a tangent about my love of Howie". Her cover photo on Facebook already features him. But will this all be a bit too much for Howie the independent bachelor? "I can't blame them for worshipping me," he humbly told Critic. "If they get too overbearing I'll just shit everywhere. That always gets me alone time."

Known for his untamable spirit and nonchalant air, Howie has garnered legions of adoring fans. But every balla has their share of haters. An uncanny number of people who worked with him were allergic; he seemed to specifically target allergy victims, resulting in "about 70% of the office" developing symptoms in his presence. Incoming editor Callum Fredric hypothesises that he "stores allergens in his fur. He has so much fur." Howie is, indeed, one well-endowed cat.

NEWS

Despite his chilled attitude, Howie has stuck with the Critic crew through thick and thin. He was there for the 24-hour issue, partook in the initial stages of the Bar Safety Review, and forgave quickly when he was locked inside strange offices overnight. He made his presence felt in the wider community in a way no other staff member could: by being one hot pussy. When asked if he was sad about leaving the Uni, Howie put on a brave face: "No cage can hold me. I mean, I'll still catch the fans around, maybe I'll even let them touch me." We wish Howie, Anna and co all the best in their new home.





STUDENTS ELECT STUDENTS TO THE STUDENT SEATS OF SAID STUDENTS' UNI'S COUNCIL

T'S BEEN A FULL WEEK SINCE WE HAD A STUDENT-BASED ELECTION ROUND these parts – far too long, in Critic's opinion. So for your voting pleasure, we present the Student Elections to the University Council. The Council is the governing body of the Uni, so it's pretty important that there are students on there representing us. Voting starts at 9am on Monday October 8, and closes at 3pm on October 10. And without further ado, here are your candidates:



CALEB WICKS

I am Caleb Wicks, a third-year Philosophy and Politics student. If elected to the University Council, I will ensure that the University treats all students fairly and that the aims of the Council are upheld. I believe that I will be able to ensure that all students are treated fairly through my experience dealing with many

different students in my position at Clubs and Societies, and through my experiences in other countries including Saudi Arabia, Indonesia, and parts of Europe.

An issue that is faced by the University Council every year is rising fee costs. As a representative of the students, I will vote against the rise in fees and other issues that I feel are important to the students. I will always be available for students to talk to about their issues.



LOGAN EDGAR

Degree: BCom, Double Major, Finance and Marketing.

Gidday Stranger,

I'm Logan Edgar the current OUSA President. I'm without doubt the most experienced student on this campus to be the voice of Otago University students around the Council

table. With this potentially being my third term on the University Council, I would love it if you'd give me the chance to serve you one last time.

I've been the only student on this campus for the last two years who has worked full-time, focussing solely on representing you, the Otago student body. It's what I've been paid to do, and it's what I do well. I've been your Council rep alongside Jono Rowe since 2011. We make an awesome duo, and we're good mates. We go in prepared and informed on every agenda item. Together we have earned the respect of our fellow Council members, and we have the confidence to express how students really feel.

My time on University Council has taught me that to be effective in the position, you need three pivotal attributes: Respect, Relationships, and Confidence. I've got all three, and I hope I've also got your vote.

Sincerely, Logan Edgar



ASHLEA MUSTON

Degree: Studying towards a BA, English major

As a student who has been immersed in many aspects of the student experience, I feel well-equipped to stand as a candidate for the University of Otago Council for 2013. I am currently studying Film & Media and English, and have been involved in a wide range of envi-

ronmental groups, sporting groups, and activist organisations on and off campus. This has allowed me to gain experience in council and committee meeting situations and learn how best to communicate ideas. I believe I am in touch with the wants and needs of a diverse range of students, and am passionate about relating this knowledge to and upholding these values within the Council. I am excited about pushing for a sustainable, innovative campus and maintaining the lowest possible fees for students. I also hope to convey to the members of the Council the significance of student culture and what this means for the wider educational experience of Otago students.



FRANCISCO HERNANDEZ

Degrees: BA(Hons)(Otago 2011); Studying towards a Masters in Entrepreneurship Other relevant information: OUSA President Elect 2013

It's vital for me as the OUSA President for 2013 to be on the University Council next year to represent your views and make a difference

for you. Vote Francisco for University Council.

Politics should be about making a difference.

As OUSA Welfare Officer, these are some areas that I have made a difference in this year:

- · Collected nearly 5000 signatures to stall the liquor ban
- · Delivered cheap food through \$3 Dinners
- · Successfully lobbied the University for more campus recycling
- · Secured funding for Satellite Campuses

As your University Council Representative next year, here's what I'll work for:

- · Stopping the Liquor Ban
- · Better Flats
- No Fee Rises
- · Cheaper Food on Campus
- · Carbon-Neutral Campus
- Doing what students want
- · Continued support for Satellite Campuses

Help me keep making a difference for you. Vote Francisco for University Council.



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A TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH JOSH KRONFELD

T 'M A TRY-HARD WRITER, SO I'LL START WITH A QUOTE: "IT'S TRUE WHAT THEY say, you should never meet your heroes, you'll only be disappointed." (Father Dougal McGuire). Father Dougal is an idiot. Meeting your heroes is great.

When I fell in love with rugby Josh Kronfeld was the best player in the world at the position that I wanted to play. I wanted to grow up to be Josh Kronfeld. He was great. He was a vital part of one of the best ever All Black teams, the 1996 Incomparables. Kronfeld not only did all the dirty work, he always seemed to pop up right on Jonah's shoulder to grab the glory pass when the big man finally got brought down.

Last week I was lucky enough to have a half hour to chat to my hero about being a scarfie, an All Black, a B-Grade celebrity, and a general top bloke.

You studied in Dunedin twice, once before you were an All Black and then again after. How did the two times compare?

Well obviously they were very different scenarios. The first time I could just misbehave whenever I felt like it. I've always been focussed when I'm studying, but the second time I was at Uni for a reason, and my focus was a little bit better.

It was quite funny going back as a 33-year-old. I went to more 21sts than



I've been to in my entire life. People would try to make me do keg stands. It's not like I couldn't still do it, but I didn't need to do that shit anymore.

You have carved yourself out a niche as a TV personality. It probably started with Celebrity Treasure Island, how did that come about?

I said no and I said no and I said no and in the end it was the fact that they offered me enough money. It surprised me actually how much I enjoyed it, especially the first one. Being chucked on an island that was absolutely stunning with a whole lot of other really top blokes, sitting around the fire talking shit. I loved it. We also had beautiful women parading around in practically nothing for 16 days. We only did about 2 hours' work a day.

AND DANCING WITH THE STARS?

My partner really loved the show, and she said, "can you do it?" so you've got to do what you've got to do. I had an amazing dance partner who was an amazing woman to get to know. It was quite a discovery to find out how much I enjoyed dancing.

You have a reputation for being outspoken, like the time you called Paul Henry a dickhead on live TV or the time you shot down Richie McCaw. Is that just what you are like or is it a conscious decision to try speak your mind?

I don't think I've said anything outrageous, and I haven't said anything that I wouldn't say to the people face to face. For whatever reason people thought that I said Richie McCaw was a bad player, but I never said that. I've always said that Richie McCaw is one of the greatest to ever play the position. At the time Richie was playing with an injury but still doing incredibly well. I never said that he was playing badly. That's just how it was reported, and that's frustrating.

How did your outspoken personality go down during your time in the All Blacks?

It was an environment where senior players pretty much ruled the roost. They spoke their mind on a regular basis. If they told you were playing like fucking shit you were probably playing like shit, and that's how they would say it to you. In today's game you could never say something like that because the player would sulk or be upset or think that you hated him. I still think it's worthwhile speaking your mind sometimes.

You came from what many would consider a golden era of Scarfiedom championed mostly by Marc Ellis, what does the future hold for students in Dunedin?

So much has changed now. We used to misbehave, and when things got a bit wayward the police would just give you a rap round the knuckles. If anything got damaged it would just need to be fixed by the next day.

Now, you instantly go through the court systems, get fined, and end up with a criminal record. I can remember a couple of boys were being a bit too cheeky, so they just got a smack (from the police). That would never happen nowadays. They would probably end up in court with some stupid fine on their record.

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QUOTES FROM



"Let's cut to the quick. Despite the euphemistic deceit about "resources" and the "Crown", what these parasites seek is for hard-struggling Kiwi workers to give them money without them having to work for it. It's that simple. They're a disgrace, not only to Maori but to the human race."

Youtube: DJ MAMA scratch duet A French Bulldog shows off his DJ skills

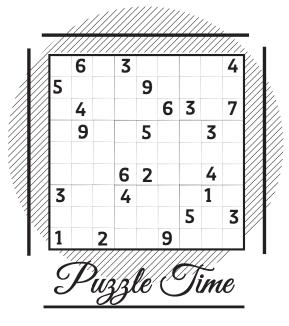
Google Maps : Apo Island Pano Collects Google maps goes underwater

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Youtube: Kitty Corliss "Grinding the Crack" A cat re-enacts Jeb Corliss' "grinding the crack"

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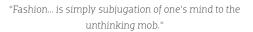


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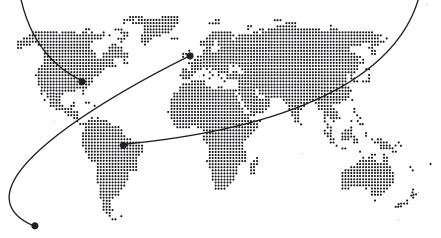
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On NZ Fashion Week – "fashion-following leads to self-scarring tattoos, an absolute giveaway of a non-independent mind. It's fashion-following for male underclasses worldwide to adopt as role models the West's biggest failures, American black males; 50 per cent of those aged 20 to 30 are in prison."

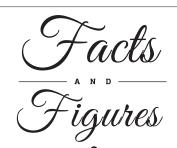
World Watch

USA | A SCRUBS MUSICAL IS IN DEVELOPMENT! NOT QUITE SURE HOW THIS WILL GO DOWN, BUT the show's creator Bill Lawrence assures us it is "Not a joke. Broadway – going for it."

BRAZIL AS IF BRAZILIANS WEREN'T HOT ENOUGH ALREADY. THEY ARE NOW PREPARING TO HOST a "Miss Bum Bum" pageant, a nationwide contest to find the best bum in the country. It is something the women pretend to be uninterested in and the men shamelessly wish they could judge. Hold out for the final in November.



UK | A 32-YEAR-OLD WOMAN WOKE UP FROM A COMA THINKING SHE WAS STILL A TEEN. SHE had collapsed due to a blood cot in her brain and lost all memory of her husband and children. She had to get to know them from scratch, telling her husband she loved him for the "first time" at Christmas.





All Las Vegas casinos have no clocks or windows so people don't know if it's night or day



There is an ATM in the Emirates Palace in Abu Dhabi that gives out gold bars instead of cash



Elvis Presley got a C in his 8th grade music class

The only countries that do not sell Coca Cola are North Korea and Cuba



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17

Design | Sam Stuchbury | Contributors | Georgina Klein | Alice McRae

The Little Scarfie Who Could



HEN HARRIET GEOGHEGAN MYSTERIOUSLY resigned as OUSA President in the middle of 2011 (Critic has always suspected it was following a failed illicit affair with a fellow execie, or possibly some sort of Dan Stride-Francisco Hernandez-related love triangle), no one thought that the self-proclaimed Scarfie candidate Logan Edgar would win the upcoming by-election. He'd never sat on the exec, had no experience beyond his year and a half of Commerce, and had no serious policies. His case to the voter was that a vote for him would be funny. The election was supposed to be a cakewalk for one of the three sitting exec members.

It wasn't to be. Logan engaged Facebook and a demographic that had until then ignored OUSA and student politics to romp home with nearly as many votes as all the other candidates combined. The students had spoken, and they wanted a Scarfie.

But it wasn't going to be an easy ride for Logan. The Voluntary Student Membership (VSM) legislation before Parliament threatened to strip students' associations of their entire funding. If the legislation passed (as it did), there was no guarantee that OUSA would exist in 2012. Logan's greatest challenge, and in the end his greatest achievement, was signing a funding agreement (Service Level Agreement, or SLA) with the University that in effect made OUSA a contractor of the University, tasked with providing services and representation to students. It was this SLA, and the relationship with new Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne, rather than Logan's Scarfie larrikinism, that came to define his term.

Critic editor **Joe Stockman** busted out his feature-writing quill for one last interview with Logan, to discuss his time in charge and the legacy he's leaving behind.

J: End of an era, how does it feel?

L: To be honest, it's a wee bit heart wrenching. I've got a lot of gratitude towards those who have stood by me and helped me. I am sad to see it go, but I know it's the right time. It's definitely quite hard, and it's going to get harder.

J: Bit happy to have the pressure off?

L: Yeah, really excited about that. I really need to thank my flatmates from the last two years, cause fuck bro, I must

critic.co.nz

have been so horrible to live with. I just haven't had time to do anything. It's been the toughest time in my life, but it's also been the best, for sure.

I think about times when – especially in the first two months – every voicemail in my inbox was abusive. It was just constant shit everyday, from the exec, from randoms, it was tough. It's definitely prepared me for life a bit better.

J: Looking back to your first day on the job, did you think that this is what it would be like?

L: No. I didn't think it would be as tough as it has been. There have definitely been more downs than I thought there would have been. But the positive stuff has outweighed the bad tenfold.

It's been like speed dating on steroids in terms of the people that I've met. You meet such a wide range of people, all the time, and that is something that I'm going to miss, when I fall back to just my good mates, I'm not going to be meeting all of these awesome people."

J: You've still got your directorship with Upstart?

L: Yeah, I've still got Upstart to stay on with. There have been some pretty cool opportunities that have gone along with that.

J: How many more years of study have you got?

L: Probably two more years after this. Then I'm not really sure. Maybe a graduate job with a professional services company or something like that. Working here, I definitely learned that I couldn't stand working with incompetent people. I could not stand to work for some cunt who's incompetent.

J: What do you think has changed most about OUSA since you turned up?

L: I think the services are better, they seem to be more approachable. There are little changes happening all the time – like DJs at market day. I've tried to take the focus away from the little events to the larger ones that get more people. We could do a whole lot of little events, but they're not the ones that people remember. So catering to the majority more often has been a bit of a push from me.

J: Do you think that the politics has gone out of OUSA?

L: Yeah, to a degree. I think there is a bit of a line between a really political exec and an exec that is inefficient and incapable, and I think that gets confused a lot. You might look at AUSA and think they're real political, but they just waste all of their money bickering around the exec meetings.

I always say to my exec that we need to walk out of exec meetings feeling like OUSA is actually better off for having the meeting, otherwise there was no point having it. I would certainly welcome some more political stuff. We do have some last protests planned. I can't reveal them yet, but they're real good.

I think that's something that you need to be careful of as OUSA President, that you don't get bogged down in the management stuff.

J: How do you think the position of President has changed?

L: You almost need an elected CEO to do the management stuff, or a chairperson of something. It's so much more now than just that traditional political student president role. It is quite difficult to manage it all. But I'm sure that Fran will do it fine.

J: Where do you see OUSA in ten years?

L: Hopefully growing and becoming increasingly relevant. I know that I haven't implemented some of the stuff I wanted to. If I'd had another year, things that are in the pipes now would be up and running. Like options with bars, and capital development. It shouldn't be long till I can kind of sit back and watch as it all unfolds. Which will be really cool.

J: You changed student body elections in a big way, tapping into the Scarfie voter demographic. Do you think that's a positive change?

L: I think it's good to get people voting generally, that's what I campaigned on, saying "this is the one time you need to pay attention and vote". I did go for the more casual all-rounder Scarfie vote, and I think that's positive because it's more representative of who our student body is. I'd love to see 100% voter turnout, and that's a big recommendation from me. Even if we have to spend that extra few grand to get students voting, that's how we measure our legitimacy in my view.

J: What do you think of Fran's plans to bring back some of the minority reps?

L: This exec, and the exec from last year were of the view that they weren't needed, and that we had everything under control, in that boards when they get bigger get a bit unmanageable. But that is one of the great things about OUSA, you can campaign on these values, and you can fully implement them once you're in there. You are fully given the keys to just run the place, you can actually make a difference based on your values.

J: What would you say was your biggest success?

L: It would have to be transitioning to voluntary membership, and finally signing that SLA with the University. That negotiation went all summer, and I had to manage that. And I'm very grateful for how that all turned out. That negotiation was a huge life lesson.

J: Now that you've lived under VSM for a year, would you still want to get rid of it?

L: That's a bloody good question, and I haven't thought about it for a while. If I were to make a recommendation on a case-by-case basis, some of the student associations out there really were rubbish, and they've probably saved some students from paying money to an association that is irrelevant. But a case like OUSA, I think it was extremely irresponsible what the government did. We provide all the infrastructure in the North end that provides non-drinking based options. But the Government was just not interested in talking.

J: Do you think you'll end up back in politics one day?

L: Yeah, one day I'm really keen to. I've just enjoyed it so much. Just getting listened to, young people don't get listened to these days, and that bugs me. I don't like career politicians. If you're going to be a politician it's important that you've got an axe to grind and an agenda to push. But I also want to get some life experience first. You know, do what John Key's done, go and do some Forex trading and negotiations and the ways of the world, or make like David Shearer and work at the UN.

J: If you could give Fran one piece of advice?

L: I think relationships are absolutely key. If you don't have relationships with people you're fucked from the offset. Meet with people and get to know them on a personal basis. Then cherish the people around you. The time goes very quickly, and hopefully at the end of it you've got friends for life.

The Scarfie with the golden tongue has certainly dropped some clangers in his time.

Here are Critic's top ten Logan Edgar Quotes.

10. "If I were an animal I'd be a house cat. They're so chilled. You look at their food and it's yuck, but they think it's yum. That'd be awesome."

9. "Vote Logan Edgar for President. It'll be funny."

8. "Ooo lunchtime meetings are fun, we can sit here and eat our sammies."

7. "I've been busier than a one-armed brick-layer in Baghdad this week."

6. "Could someone else do the against/abstentions/ carried bit for me? I need to do wees."

5. "I would never sleep with a student, I'm far too professional."

4. "Ow, I just had a stabbing pain in my prostate. I think it was the apple juice."

3. "I know what students want, I'm not stupid, I'm smart as fuck and I will do what is right. Thanks LOL"

2. "[This guy's] a dog, a subversive, the kind of person that pistol-whips your Grandmother then steals her knitting money and spends it shooting up nutmeg in a dark alley while fellating a sheep."

1. To Sir Roger Douglas: "Get fucked you dinosaur. Just trying to give yourself a legacy because you know you're getting too old. You should actually debate the Bill with Pete or Grant... you'd get torn to shreds. Cunt."

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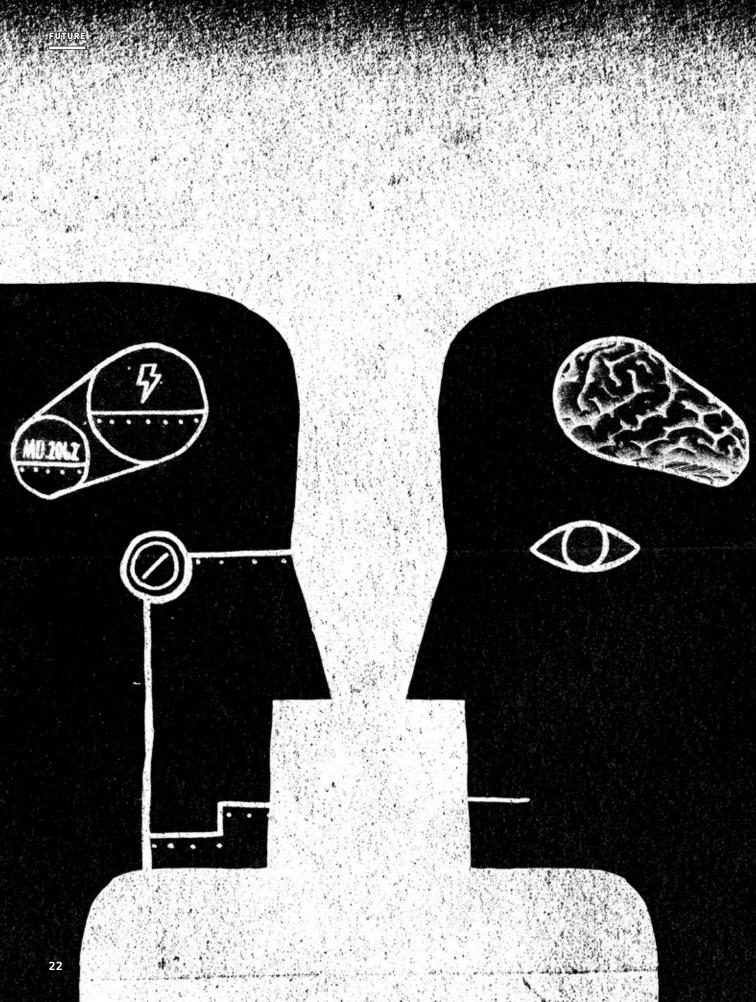
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THE FUTURE FREAKS ME OUT

VER THE NEXT 20 YEARS, A LOT IS SET TO CHANGE IN THE WORLD OF technology. Electric cars will drive themselves, robots will interact with us better than humans do, and augmented reality (the interaction between computer-generated sensory input and our visible reality) will become commonplace. Chief News Reporter **Zane Pocock** takes a look at some of the cool shit that could appear in the near future, assuming we get through 2013, the Zombie Apocalypse, and a few Raptures.

3D PRINTING

As the DVD piracy ads go, "You wouldn't steal a car"... but you probably would if you could download one. And soon you may very well be able to do so. 3D printing, as the name suggests, is a technology that can manufacture three-dimensional physical objects in plastic and metal right from your desktop, through the printing of material layers. The well-known illegal download haven The Pirate Bay already has a section entitled "Physibles", which hosts a whole heap of pirated 3D files you can use to print off patented "things". If you ever played Warhammer or bought Barbies as a kid, you can see that the business models of plastic toy manufacturers are essentially fucked. It's safe to assume that the moment good-quality 3D printers are cheap enough, every family will have one. If you buy one for your children one Christmas, you'd never buy toys again. As such, it will be important going forward that product manufacturers learn from the mistakes of the music industry and work out a commercial model based on advertising and subscriptions as early in this development as possible, so that skilled creators are still creating the very items you want to print.

On a more practical and economically positive note, we can look to the world's production centres. America, for example, has long received internal criticism for losing all its manufacturing industry to China – just look at the "designed in California, made in China" labels on Apple products. But if these companies could manufacture goods without much expenditure on human labour (except for some human "machine managers"), the attraction of manufacturing on-site would be huge. The jobs this has the potential to create could very well put the world on the path to fixing struggling economies. On top of this, the carbon cost of freighting goods to end consumers would also be drastically reduced by the technology. With other positives in the pipeline including printing your own drugs, printing live organs to be transplanted, or printing off the sexy parts of your celebrity crush, this is one of the most deservedly hyped-up potential technologies of the near future.

THE AUTONOMOUS MECHANICAL WORLD

Another emergent technology creating a lot of noise in the mechanical world is Artificial Intelligence, which is a branch of computer science aiming to make machines humanly intelligent. This includes everything from computer programs capable of conversing with you to completely autonomous warrior robots that could wage their own little war without external input.

"ZANE, THIS IS SPACE-AGE BULLSHITTING SPECULATION. GROW UP AND EVANGELISE SOMETHING ELSE."

"WHO'S TO SAY THAT INTELLIGENT ROBOTS WON'T SIMPLY STICK TO THEIR ASSIGNED TASKS AND FREE UP OUR TIME FOR ENDLESS DRINKING AND DEBAUCHERY? SURELY, SURELY THEY'LL ALWAYS HAVE A BIG RED "KILL" BUTTON, RIGHT?"

I can hear the doubt in your thoughts. I can hear you saying, "Zane, this is space-age bullshitting speculation. Grow up and evangelise something else." But you're tragically wrong. Not only are there already hundreds of self-driving cars shooting around California in a phenomenal Google experiment (laws have even been passed to allow such driverless cars), but thus far they have a lower crash rate than human drivers, and you can even take a free online course, taught by Google's project coordinator Sebastian Thrun, which teaches you how to program your own one. More on that point next.

As awesome as this all seems, it's scary to think that the combination of AI and 3D printing could very well result in a self-replicating and autonomous population of robots. Think about that for a while. We will probably be able to produce something capable of this in less than ten years. Where technology was once about command and control, it is fast becoming much more about relationships. But this isn't all that terrible. Google, for example, is now an extension of our minds, freeing them up for more important things. Who's to say that intelligent robots won't simply stick to their assigned tasks and free up our time for endless drinking and debauchery? Surely, surely they'll always have a big red "kill" button, right? Supposedly we can also look forward to the advent of "mind-uploading" – where our minds control and exist in a robot body – but I have doubts. And on a related note for the philosophers amongst us: we could quite feasibly be "living" inside a complex, realistic computer simulation right now that some God-like figure developed. Fuck me...

CLOUD LEARNING

The future of education is undergoing drastic technological change, too. As society heads ever further towards qualifications-for-qualifications'-sake, frustrations have been mounting over the supposed unimportance of learning. In fact, we are possibly the last generation to attend a physical university with the sole purpose of gaining a degree. Campuses will still likely survive for the purposes of students wanting to live just as the students of our generation did, and for research purposes, but will be very different places due to the already-exponential rise of online education. A lot of us have probably heard of Khan Academy, which started off teaching high

school-level classes in short YouTube videos. Heck, we're the right generation to have been potentially been assigned one of these videos to go over for Year 10 Maths homework. But why does this incredibly practical, learn-at-your-own-pace educational structure disappear once we get to University? Health Scis taking CELS191 would've got their hopes up that the University would make use of the technology already available to them by podcasting lectures and producing guided learning modules, only to be brought back down to earth by the realisation that, for now, tertiary education institutions wallow in a pool of stone-age incompetence and exclusivity. But it doesn't have to be this way.

Last year Stanford University staged a huge educational experiment. For free, it allowed hundreds of thousands of international students to view the exact same classes and complete the exact same assignments as the fortune-paying physical students in three of its most popular courses. Your humble reporter completed and passed them all, and it's utterly unbelievable that these courses, which were challenging but presented in an easier-to-use format, were free, while our university courses cost hundreds a pop for inferior content. Understandably, following this experiment, which was going full-throttle exactly a year ago, competitors (if they can be called that) have been popping up left, right and centre. Udacity, an offshoot of these original classes, offers papers predominantly in Computer Science. Their leading competitor, Coursera, offers courses in everything from Biology & Life Sciences to Economics & Finance and the usual array of Humanities, from various different universities. MIT has even jumped on the bandwagon with the much-anticipated "MITx", and if you want a walk-through way of learning to code, then Code Academy is brilliant and free. What's more, most of these open-content institutions are even looking at offering a full and legitimate degree for the small fee of a few hundred dollars. The courses themselves will remain free you will only need to purchase this "proof" of study if you feel it's as important as the act of learning.

#THIRDWORLDPROBLEMS

I admit you can apply the #firstworldproblems tag to any of the issues I've mentioned so far. And sure, it's totally relevant. But let's not forget how applicable future technologies will be to the developing world, too. Free online courses and the decreasing cost of digital technology could very well educate the developing world. 3D printed drugs are destined to fight illnesses that are identified with "lab on a chip" technology running through an iPhone app, applied by do-gooders who need not even be qualified. And what's brilliant is that a number of NGOs have already started doing these things, which certainly reinstates a bit of faith in the first world.

On the negative side, the advance of robotics makes war easier, like when autonomous drones are able to wipe out villages. And perhaps the most important area to focus our attention on is global warming. As promising as various policies are, we're not making too much headway. The effects of global warming will wipe out crops in the third world and "sink" small islands, posing the single biggest threat to the world in the coming decades. Going forward, it will be important that the futurist world has its finger on the pulse of balance at all times.

Remarkable as it may seem, almost all of the most important technologies will feel vital when we get them. Look at the iPhone. Just over five years ago, nothing like it had ever existed. It was seriously fucking futuristic. Touch screens had only just arrived, and the definition of a smartphone was a Blackberry – "smart" because it was capable of email. Nowadays, it feels like I'm in the Stone Age because I don't have one. I even compensate by having an iPod Touch for the vital apps. So get excited, pay attention to the promises of the future, and make the most of them. Keep them in mind when choosing your career (journalism isn't looking too brilliant for me), and maybe even put some of your student loan into shares (check out Apple). Cool shit will happen.

New Zealanders of the Year



Bromance Of The Year

Harlene Hayne and Logan Edgar

ARLENE HAYNE AND LOGAN EDGAR, BFFLS. As the only two people who would deign to let me interview them, I thought they should be given the privilege of telling you about their awesome friendship themselves.

How does it feel to be selected as Bromance of the Year?

L: What an honour!

H: Assuming that the term is being used in the appropriate context, I think it's fantastic! It signals what we have been trying to achieve with a relationship between OUSA and the University.

Harlene, how would you describe Logan in 5 words or less?

- H: Energetic, bright, ambitious, politically savvy.
- L: Ooh, politically savvy. YES.

What's the most memorable thing you've done together this year?

H: I think Orientation was really memorable. It was a great example of the University and OUSA working together. Logan took me around all the events and explained to me what was going on and whether they were good or not... Logan's directorship at UpStart was also really memorable for me...

L: Orientation, ANZAC Day, having Harlene's family over to the flat for dinner... it was quite good to just watch the rugby and spin yarns.

Any words of wisdom for students out there?

L: One of the things that George Benwell told me is that when you go for a job interview, and say, your marks haven't gone that well... make sure that when you get there, lay out the transcript and say "this is where I had other stuff on, and this is where I applied myself" so that they understand where you're learning and where you applied yourself.

H: I would strongly encourage students to put their head down for this last little bit. It's like everyone's been participating in this big race that's been going on the semester, and you don't wanna trip right before you get to the finish and cheat yourself out of the outcome you really wanted. So even if it feels like you need inspiration, or can't do another all-nighter in the library, at the end of the day, when you cross that finish line, you'll feel better for it.

Pussy of the Year Homie Staples

DVOCATING FOR GINGERS EVERYWHERE. HOWIE can usually be found annoying the fruit stall guy under the Critic office or making daring attempts to cross Cumberland Street when the man isn't green. He's the reason the Critic office always smells a bit funky, and why you should never wear anything that attracts hair when you're going in for a chat.

A fashionable feline, Howie has an array of outfits he can utilise on a daily basis. From his dapper white scarf to his business-casual "Uncle Howie" shirt-and-tie combo, he can always be relied upon to look good. And his affinity for bags always provides solid entertainment on his Facebook page (look him up: Howie Staples). Hopefully it doesn't one day lead to asphyxiation due to lack of supervision.



But the best thing about Howie is that he's always keen for a decent belly scratch. He can always be relied upon to roll over and offer himself up, only to then grab your hand unsuspectingly and unleash a torrent of teeth and claws. To quote one Critic designer last week, "Actually, he hasn't scratched me for a while! My cuts have nearly healed."

When approached for an interview about his success as Pussy of the Year, he didn't have a whole lot to say. Okay, let's not beat around the bush, he's a cat. He meows. That's it.

Cunt of the Year Steven Doyce

EW ZEALAND'S ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT Minister is a bit of a dick. Firstly, I personally don't like him because he won't take interviews from the media. What better way to confirm that you're a dick than not talking to anyone to prove otherwise? Besides, I really just wanted to see if he would cement his reputation in an interview environment.

Two words that every student either loves or loves to hate: Student Allowance. Some of us can get them, some of us can't. Sometimes, they're the only thing that feeds us each week (or funds our BYOs). Well, guess what? If you want to stay at uni past undergrad, you're going to be poor as shit with a big loan. I mean, why would the Government want students with higher qualifications than just a degree? They aren't going to enhance our country in any way. They're probably just gonna go live in Australia anyway.

And even if they DID decide to stay, let's make it harder for them to pay off their student loan. Let's stop matching 10% of any really decent payment they make, just so they



really understand what the real world is like. And while we're at it, we might as well take away their representation on councils so that they can't fight back and tell us we're wrong.

Yeah, Steven Joyce. Definitely not a GC.



Criminal Of The Year

Ewen McDonald

HIS ONE HAS BEEN BREWING FOR A WHILE. IT WAS the crime that shocked the nation. Scott Guy, young dad and Fielding farmer, shot dead in his driveway on a dark July morning in 2010. No suspects, no obvious motives, nowhere for investigators to begin.



Celebrity of the Year Samie Ridge

AIME RIDGE DOESN'T TAKE MEDIA INTERVIEWS IF they are going to tease or ridicule her in any way. Apparently after Dom from The Edge made fun of her in a skit about her and Sonny Bill Williams, she and her mum Sally refused to go on that show for interviews ever again. Bitchy.

So when I received a phone call that Jaime was sick in bed and unavailable for an interview (even though I promised not to ridicule!), I wasn't that surprised. I guess that means I can ridicule all I like. For nine months it was all the media could talk about – New Zealand's very own murder mystery. Then Ewen MacDonald, Guy's brother-in-law, was arrested and charged with his murder.

Then the photos started to appear: his awesome tagging job, his smile as he carried the coffin into the church; things started to look pretty dark for Ewen MacDonald.

But in July of this year, despite all the damning evidence against him, he was found not guilty of the murder of his brother-in-law. Sure, he did some other crap that got him put away, but he might be out by Christmas. So who did it? Well, there aren't any other suspects. What does that tell you?

Ewen MacDonald. Criminal of the Year. Why? Because no one knows whether or not he did it, but once he was found innocent it sure looked like he'd gotten away with murder. Too bad I couldn't interview him from jail. I was dying to ask.

Jaime Ridge rose to fame this year as the daughter of interior designer/TV presenter Sally Ridge and ex-rugby player Matthew Ridge (now separated). She's 18, at uni, and pretty much New Zealand's answer to Kim Kardashian: she's famous for being famous.

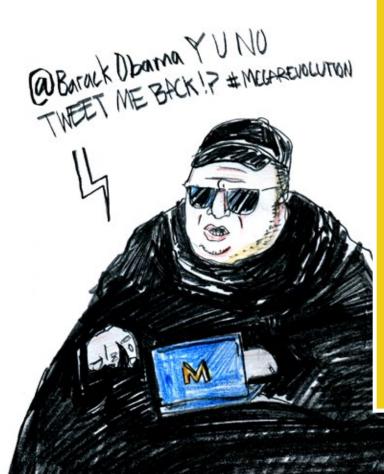
If there is any rite of passage for a celebrity with no actual reason for being famous, it's the celebrity boxing match. Any excuse to get down to the hot pants and punch some other gorgeous babe for charity has got to look good on your CV, right? And who better to go up against than another reality TV star, well-known The GC auntie Rosanna Arkle. If there's one thing New Zealanders love more than The Ridges, it's the phenomenal waste of money that is The GC. So pitting two (very sexy) main characters off against each other was definitely a good idea. And with her victory, Jaime Ridge sky-rocketed to "most talked about 18-year-old in New Zealand" status.

It's a shame there's a high chance that her Celebrity of the Year status is likely to be short-lived. It was reported last week that with a drop of over 80,000 viewers in its short three-week airtime, Jaime's TV show The Ridges is facing a different time slot or complete axing before its next episode. Jaime, enjoy it while you can.

New Zealander of the Year (overall) Kim Dotcom

IM DOTCOM IS THE MAN. FIRSTLY, WHAT A COOL, original, unique name. Especially since he's the multi-millionaire owner of ex-awesome-as-shit illegal file sharing site MegaUpload. Did you know he even owns his own URL? Kim.com. Google it.

You're probably saying, "Hey, he's not a New Zealander! Isn't he German-Swedish?" Well let me tell you, this is a topic that has come under much debate since he was



arrested in in January in his rented multi-million dollar Coatesville mansion – the most expensive house in New Zealand. Apparently his file-sharing website Mega Upload (which was shut down at the same time he was arrested) has cost the international entertainment industry over \$500 million, and is going to cost the New Zealand population even more now that he has had a massive lawsuit launched against him.

So here's the deal. He's eligible for New Zealander of the Year because he's a permanent resident. Apparently, if you contribute buttloads of money into the economy (for example, by funding a \$600k fireworks display over Auckland Harbour back in 2010) you get fast-tracked. It pays to be a millionaire. Literally.

But Kim Dotcom is New Zealander of the Year because he managed to get away with operating MegaUpload for seven years before he was caught, and ALSO got away with sneakily living under our noses without most of the New Zealand population's knowledge. Let's be honest, he's hard to miss. At 6'6" and 130kg, he's a major contributor to the obesity epidemic that grips our country. He's actually been named one of the world's "largest tech entrepreneurs", and until his arrest was ranked world number one in Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3 (he dropped to second place three days after his arrest). Apparently in order to maintain this title, he spent over 707 hours playing the game. That's probably why he's so fat.

But the number one reason that Kim Dotcom is the man is because when his twin girls were born at the start of this year, he joked that their placentas should be sent to forensics for testing "just in case they had pirate DNA". Get it? Because he's an internet pirate. LOL.

ME LOVE YOU LONG TIME

Well shit kids, it's been a good ride, but this is the last Critic Blind Date of the year. We've got some people laid, had some very popular lesbian shenanigans, and created some of North Ds most awakward moments of 2012. To end things with a bang we had six guys and six girls speed date, and if they picked each other at the end, they won the bar tab. And lastly, a massive thanks to Metro for their support. They're totes classy.

BOYZ

I ORIGINALLY OPTED TO GO ON THIS BLIND DATE FOR A BIT OF CHAT AND TO NECK a few brewskis, but more importantly to find the love of my life. The butter to my bread. The wizard to my stick. I didn't expect what actually happened at all though.

To make the night a wee bit more thrilling, I pre-loaded with some Flame, and by the moment I stepped into Metro I was in a good mood. My mate Millsy dropped me off, but we were a bit late due to a traffic jam. I knew there was a twist, but was slightly relieved to hear that 5 other guys and me would be speed dating with a flat of 6 girls. More girls, you see. The girls were quite hot actually; I was pretty keen for a root. After meeting the girls, we had to choose the one we wanted to date and also win the bar tab, which was something I was very keen on doing. The last girl and I had been eye-fucking all night, plus she seemed like a good bitch, so she was my choice. I was her choice too!!! Us plus two others received the bar tab, but we shared it between the group to make the night better.

It actually got pretty loose after that, everyone started getting juiced and before you know it one of the girls has pashed two of the guys, making them one of the hundreds of North Dunedin boys who has got with her. We then went to the Cook to partake in usual Cook antics; jugs, durries, dancing, and more durries. I particularly enjoyed hearing about the girls' sexual experiences, they seemed, um, experienced. The girls had been hinting that we should go back to their flat for some more beers, which is exactly what we did. Who would have thought I would wind up staying the night! (skukky ae?). We had begun pashing on the way back from the Cook on a car, and went with it when she said I could stay the night there. We had a few yarns, did some jousting, and the rest I'll keep to myself (yeye).

The morning was pretty awkward, but we wound up exchanging numbers, and I just Facebook messaged her saying "where?" All in all, I had an epic time, and would like to thank you Critic for the opportunity. Who knows, maybe she will be the love of my life ;) Get up the Stags and the Versus.

GURLZ

WE BEGAN THE NIGHT WITH NICKI MINAJ'S ROUTINE BOTTLE, SIP, BOTTLE, GUZZLE, preparing for what the evening had in store. Tonight our flat would be speed dating six of Dunedin's finest! What the lads didn't know was that we would be taking on the personas of un-dateable females. The aim was NightmareDates101. We had: the feminist (in costume), the daydreamer giving creepy compliments, the desperate PDA chick uncontrollably giggling, the chick who's not over her ex and disagrees with everything, the chick who dates guys by a checklist, and the chick reciting poetry with an accent, who has a blotchy fake-tanned "nutella" face.

We observed the lads as they came in. One of the plonkers was wearing sunglasses on his head – apparently he forgot they were there. This "plonker" then went on to dig himself into a bigger hole by claiming he was third year law, which we later find out was his definition of repeating first year three times. We went around the world in a night with a valiant and dapper Scotsman, "little America" in a suit with an Irish accent, the OUSA President, a dreamy musician, and a Castle St local with a moustache. We picked who we would date, then those who had picked each other shared the bar tab.

We may never fully comprehend the unusual things that occurred over the next few hours. We made it to The Cook, where the night began to spiral out of control. Eight jugs down we all had a dance with a partner, starting a sex pit that looked something like a steamy scene out of Dirty Dancing, until some P fiend decided to join in. One lucky flatmate got with half the dates (peer pressure pash), including getting down and dirty in true "Frangnam" style (at the speed date itself). She will now only be referred to as the "First Lady". The chat got weirder as "never have I ever" revealed questionable things about the lads. Turns out we had the Scottish version of Chris Angel: Mindfreak on our hands. We moved the party to our flat where "nekk" level was reached.

All we know is that numbers and a great amount of saliva were exchanged. We've heard the Scotsman's a decent pash. It's likely we will be passing "SEX?" notes to the lads in the library in the near future.





GUNFIGHT AT W.T.F. CORRAL

By Creepy Uncle Sam

I HAVE ONLY ONCE WATCHED A US DAYTIME TALKSHOW. IN MY DEFENCE, I WAS severely incapacitated at the time. Rachael Ray, or whatever the fuck it was, proved a suitably bizarre experience: for instance, the audience would cheer madly whenever the host said the word "bacon". Funnily enough, the dulcet sounds of meat frenzy were less than welcome to this grimly hungover vegetarian (fine, pescetarian – it still counts, okay?), and I am in no hurry to repeat the experience.

The US media is weird. US politics is also weird. And these two facts are closely related. The media is weird because it's so big, with such a vast array of choices. People have the option of listening only to the media outlets that conform to their existing views, and from there, they are often sucked into an echo chamber that spirals them out towards the far limits of sanity to reside in any number of remote nutbag constellations, constellations so far from each other that reasoned conversation between their inhabitants simply breaks down.

If you're a Democrat, it's easy to believe that Republicans are evil if you never sit down and talk to any of them, and vice versa. As a result, US politics largely consists of combatants shouting at each other across a gaping chasm where logic once stood. In place of reasoned debate, we see a series of ritualistic postures and long-winded, meaningless platitudes. Candidates are elected primarily for their ability to invoke a set of symbolic buzzwords whose emotive appeal has lingered long after any real meaning has gone.

As politics has degenerated into pantomime, traditional journalism has been spattered about the room like a crazy person's shit. Yet reassembling the faecal matter of public consensus has come from an unlikely source – comedy. Comedy draws people to forums they wouldn't ordinarily visit, and while there, they can listen to viewpoints they wouldn't otherwise consider. This is why, bizarrely enough, Jon Stewart is consistently rated the most trusted figure in the US media.

So whatever happens, don't expect it to make sense. While it's possible to frame the election in logical terms, this is an incidental, even eccentric pursuit, like mining Teletubbies for hidden meaning. What you can expect, though, is one hell of a show. Fox has unleashed its armada of crumbling grey suits and gormless Palinesque bints to take down the forces of reason. Keith Olbermann will pop up sporadically like a sullen, bitter meerkat. Stewart will debate Bill O'Reilly on October 6 – track it down online. And Obama will debate Romney on October 16 and 22.

Just sit back and enjoy it – after all, the world's probably screwed either way.

A DEADLY PROGNOSIS FOR THE DEMIGODS NEXT DOOR

By Brittany Mann

FOR MANY, IF NOT MOST (GOING BY THE SHEER NUMBER OF BRIGHT-EYED, ROSYcheeked freshers in the first flush of academic fervour), med school is something of a holy grail. But in reality, to milk the biblical metaphor, this cup can be very difficult to bear, to the point of sacrificing one's own life.

In fact, this deified institution belies a disturbing truth: the rate of suicide ideation and suicide has been shown to be higher, and the mental quality of life substantially lower, in medical students than in an age-matched population. Up to a quarter of med students suffer from depression, more than half may be experiencing burnout, and over 10% may be harbouring thoughts of suicide.

The stats are from 2008, and were first published in various American medical journals. Having once somewhat dubiously dated a house surgeon, I can attest first-hand to the general melancholy the job seems to engender as a matter of course. But unlike many jobs where things get better after initial speed wobbles, for many med school graduates things only get worse.

The suicide rate among male physicians is more than 40% higher than among men in the American general population. For female physicians, it's ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY PER CENT HIGHER. Theories as to what is behind this phenomenon include the social isolation of medical education, training and practice; the tendency for doctors to be highly critical of themselves and to blame themselves for their own illnesses; and, with regards to the particularly high suicide rate among female doctors, workplace harassment.

Ironies about these stats abound. Despite, as health professionals, having greater understanding of symptoms and better access to care, doctors are more likely to cope by resorting to dysfunctional behaviors like excessive drinking and are less likely to receive the right care.

An increased awareness of the problem has led to student wellness programs and confidential mental health services being offered by more and more medical schools. But while med students are being encouraged to seek help and support for their "issues", there tend to be few if any institutional structures that mitigate the negative professional and social effects of actually doing so.

The infamous competition for post-grad positions and the glaring lack of accountability that allows for doctors to be open and honest about their snafus means that burn-out and stress can seriously compromise the health of doctors as well as their patients.

The perception of infallibility is actively created and perpetuated by teaching institutions and professional environments themselves: it's just one big cycle of everyone buying into the same lie. Despite their best efforts to convince us otherwise, doctors are as human as the rest of us.

critic.co.nz



Ka utua te katoa o õu utu akoranga, ka whiwhi hoki i te \$30,000 mõ ia tau e ako ana koe. Tono mai mõ tētahi Karahipi Panoni Mahi. Haere ki TeachNZ.govt.nz, waea atu rānei ki 0800 165 225 mõ ētahi atu kõrero.

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Te Kāwanatanga o Aotearoa





FOR THE RECORD

GRATITUDE

By Dame La di Da

I'M SURE MANY OF US HAVE NOTICED THAT QUEER COLUMNS OFTEN PLUMB archives of feeling which include anger, sadness or pride, or some combo of these. Which is fair enough, I think, since queer/trans people have lots to be angry, sad, and proud about. However, for this column I thought I'd lead with a different kind of feeling: gratitude.

I want to single out awesome people who make my (queer) life possible.

First, I wanted to say thanks to the visibly queer people who make the streets safer for me to walk on every day. Often I feel like I stick out, so it can be hard to walk past a group of bored teenagers or drunk students. That's why it's awesome to have others who queer public space just by being there; the gyrls with shaved heads and pierced noses, the bois with super tight jeans, cravats and lip gloss, the genderqueers and androgynous folks who make people look twice, the gay boys holding hands, the butches in hot boots. Not only do I feel a sense of safety in numbers, you are also generally hotter than anyone else.

Thanks to all the volunteers in the queer/trans community in Dunedin and NZ wide. The organisers of parties, the people who work in the community or as online bloggers and activists, the educators. Thank you to the folks who run youth groups, or open up their homes and let people in. I am grateful that people in queer and trans communities volunteer so often, and I know sometimes the thank yous can be slow in coming.

Thanks to allies. Our hetero and cis-gendered friends, family, and lovers. The self-identified fag-hags, trans-hags, and les-bros: thanks for standing up for us, so we don't have to defend ourselves ad nauseam. Thanks for thinking about hetero/cis sexism. Thanks for calling other people out on their dumb shit so I don't have to. Thanks to the staff on campus who have joined the Otago University Queer Friendly Staff Network. Thanks to accepting Christians, Muslims, and people of other faiths who make it possible for queer/trans folk to continue our spiritual practices. Most of all, thanks for getting that sometimes many of us do talk about queer stuff a lot, and thanks for understanding that we do it because many of us don't get a fair go.

And thanks to Critic – for creating space for queer and trans issues this year. <3 La Dida xxoxxx!

FOR THE RECORD, I FEEL A STRONG SENSE OF PRESSURE WITH THIS PARTICULAR column, my final one of the year. I want to find just the right words to end with. I want this conclusion to be satisfying. It's hard to believe the year is almost at its close, and that we'll soon be free from the confines of academia – free from 2 am essay epiphanies; free from a diet of grease, liquor, and caffeine; free from sleeping in lecture halls and losing ourselves on the internet. Free from all the things that define university life...

EPILOGUE

By Lukas Clark-Memler

I remain at a loss for words. I'm exhausted. I've forgotten what it feels like to be fully rested. October feels far too early to make a "Best of 2012" list, but then again, maybe it isn't. Maybe I should talk about music, and what I've enjoyed listening to this year: the music that's heightened my senses, punctuated my sprawling nights, carried me through periods of endless grey clouds, and hinted at blue skies ahead. Music has certainly helped me cope with all the hours spent hunched over a desk, slowly forgetting about my past and gradually losing sight of my future.

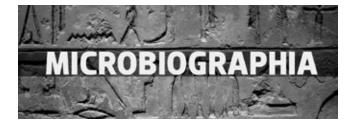
The gun slingin' outlaw Killer Mike put a spring in my step and wild ideas in my head, and provided a sweaty soundtrack to many a sweaty night. Cooling off a little bit, The Tallest Man on Earth filled my room with masterworks of jangly guitars and poetic spirit; his record There's No Leaving Now is among the best released this year.

Sometimes I take myself too seriously: I use long words, drink green tea, and self-consciously wear tweed. Luckily I have Odd Future around to remind me that life is really just one big fucking goof. The OF Tape Vol. 2 has a lot of things going for it: it's chockfull of hilarious and seriously good hip hop, Earl is back, and the music video for rap epic "Oldie" is one of the best of 2012.

Atmosphere is important to me. And three albums in particular offered a distinct and wholly unique mood: Beach House's Bloom, Grimes' Visions and Poliça's Give You the Ghost. Warped, hazy and rapturous, these albums painted a surrealist soundscape on my aural canvas. Far out, man...

I don't know whether this column will be around next year, but I want to thank you all for your company. It's been fun hanging out, and chatting about all things audio.

Have a loose and lax summer: read a good book, watch a classic movie, listen to jazz. Enjoy the sun, the beach, and that sweet-smelling ocean breeze. See you in the soundwaves.



SUBUTAI - MONGOLIAN MILITARY GENIUS

By Toby Newberry

AT ITS PEAK IN THE 13TH CENTURY, THE MONGOL EMPIRE COVERED 16% OF THE Earth's total land area. That's more than twice the size of the USA, or around 90 times the size of New Zealand. It is the largest empire in human history. Subutai was a Mongolian general, serving first under Genghis Khan and then his son, Ogedai. During his long career he directed at least sixty campaigns, conquered 32 nations, and overran more territory than any commander in history. Sun Tzu eat your heart out.

Subutai was of common birth, and little is know about his early years. At 17, his father took him to serve the Great Khan. Thanks to the meritocratic structure of the Mongolian military, he was able to attain the rank of general within a decade. One assumes this rapid rise was due to Subutai's flair for military strategy, a hypothesis that is borne out by subsequent evidence.

The role of commander in the Mongolian army differed somewhat from western ideals. Instead of giving the lads a rousing speech and then leading the charge (Aragorn style), Mongolian generals prided themselves on tactical brilliance and the ability to control diverse squadrons of men. At this, Subutai was something of a prodigy. He would set himself up on a high point overlooking the battlefield, then direct his troops – often miles apart – using flags. This enabled him to engineer ingenious and versatile battle-maneuvers – he could adapt on the fly to any changes in weather or enemy strategy.

Subutai was also known for his ability to incorporate new or under-utilised techniques into his battle plans. He pioneered the use of artillery outside of siege warfare, and relied much more on spies than many earlier commanders. Often Subutai would have been gaining intelligence on a given people a year or more before he made his move. This knack for adapting his army proved invaluable in the Mongolian campaigns. The armies lived off the land, so were able to travel with remarkable speed. This meant new peoples were constantly being conquered. Subutai was able to utilies the unique skills and technologies of these people, turning his armies into multi-faceted engines of swift and complex destruction.

Such was his mastery of war, that in 1241 Subutai found himself on the edge of the Holy Roman Empire. Seeing no reason to stop, he began plans for a large-scale invasion of what is now Austria, Germany, Italy, Spain and France. It was only a quirk of circumstance – the death of Ogedai Khan – that prevented the invasion from going ahead. Who knows how history would read if not for that.



APATHY FOR THE DEVIL

By Ethan Rodgers

I'VE NEVER VOTED IN THE OUSA ELECTIONS BEFORE, I DIDN'T VOTE IN THE LAST one, and I am not alone. "Why?" you ask. "What about democracy and students' rights and StudyLink and our ability to freely write chalk messages on the asphalt?" I don't know what the answer is. Perhaps it's because I like to reserve my democratic right not to give a shit. Perhaps it's because I have syphilis and have lost the use of my arms. But perhaps it's because OUSA has no real power.

Y'see, kids, at the end of the day OUSA is a union, like the NZEI or the PPTA or the USSR. The great power unions have always wielded is the threat of strike action. If Mr. Next-President (It will be mister, won't it? There are no chicks running right? Jesus, feminists what happened?) was to call a student strike in protest of varsity fees or something, how many students would take up the cause? I predict somewhere in the vicinity of: "precisely dick" to quote a famous alien killer. And thus, poof, there goes all OUSA's power.

Politics is, at the end of the cliché-spewing day, a popularity contest; and student politics are an unpopular popularity contest. There are too many assholes like me for it to "work" in the way national politics "work". It doesn't help people's perceptions when the candidates and OUSA are aiming way too high in their aspirations and it comes across like promises intentionally constructed to be broken (and to get whoever elected).

I skim read the pledges of the candidates in Critic, and boy did they restore my faith in politics. A more sustainable campus, hell yes, but...uh...how? Fixing the standard of flats? With what, the OUSA fortune? Or do you plan to capitalise on the legendary relationship between students and landlords and call in a favour from the NZPIF? Faster internet, I can't say I disagree with that one, but if the university hasn't noticed how rat-ass their internet is by now, chances are they will stick to the "Fuck you" line when the issue is brought to them.

One inane, recurring idea was "A more politically active OUSA". This isn't the 60s. The best student protests can hope for nowadays is to cause congestion and get on the lunchtime traffic report. Remember when the last president (whose name escapes me at this time) locked himself in some sort of giant chicken coup in protest of VSM. Damn that was effective.

Isaac Newton, the philosopher-prince of 17th century physics, once said: "If I have seen further it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." Well, the only way the incoming Pres is going to see further is if he stands on his tippy-toes.



FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS (AND NOT THE GOVERNMENT LOAN KIND)

By Louise at Checker-Out St Flat

AT THIS POINT IN THE YEAR, DINNER-TIME CONVERSATION HAS BEEN REPLACED by the sound of highlighters moving across course materials. It's exam season, and the air is pregnant with chaste frustration. Or so I thought. On our final Friday writing up this column, I would have never guessed that we had something to discuss. However, on an excursion to Tim's room the night before, I was surprised. Unlike the time I had walked in on him and his robotic drone with a wig and whirling dildos, this time Tim wanted to discuss the ins and outs of casual sex and whether it can really stay "casual". Although not as endearing as our other escapades, it is certainly a relevant topic as students get in their last one night stands before heading back to their hometowns.

The broad definition of casual sex is basically sex outside an intimate relationship. It can be anything from sex with a friend to sex with a person you have almost zero history with. On the one hand, casual sex can be seen as an experience or an endorsement of an exciting and presumably carefree orgasm. However, casual sex can't always be as Hollywood-immaculate as Mila Kunis and Justin Timberlake's vanilla exploits in Friends with Benefits. There are obviously a few things that you should and should not do with casual sex. Don't ever forget to use protection (this is for girls AND guys), because you don't want unwelcome guests like Mr STD or Mrs Fetus. Also, downing two bottles of red wine before hand is always going to turn out sloppy. But also consider why you want it. Sex can't always stitch together an emotional wound that a past relationship has left behind. On a side note – sex alone will NEVER seal the relationship deal, contrary to the beliefs of 1 in 2 Cosmo readers.

We have such a poor education about the different physiological, psychological, and anatomical aspects of sex that sex almost instinctively bombards us with anxiety-ridden thoughts about ethics, morality, and Nick Jonas. Turning to porn is not much help either, with its portrayal of exaggerated and extremely generalised sex. What sex actually means, what it involves, and when you have it is completely up to you and your (consenting) partner. On an additional note, being an expert at making one person come does not mean you will be an expert with the next person you get down with - communication is essential, and you'd be an unsexy loser not to ask what feels good.

Alas, Sex at the Dinner Table has reached the final climax in its penetrating existence as a column. We hope you enjoyed the ride.



[[WORKING GIRL]]

By Piupiu-Maya Turei

send me your kisses, and send me your love i'll post mine back to you no matter what.

manila envelopes circulate the floor, telling all the secretaries how office politics can not eclipse our love, how post it notes stuck to the fridge mean nothing to us.

it's like riding in a lift for the rest of my life. i'll never give you my resignation, instead i'll give you my hand.



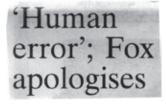
TOTES IMPARTIAL JOURNALISM

By Dame Callum Fredric

This week in ODT Watch, the ODT continues its totes-impartial-journalism campaign against the new brand of synthetic cannabis, K2. The ODT's neutral interviewer resisted the urge to ask leading, emotive questions to get the answers he wanted:

As a father, does it concern you these products are legal? Absolutely.

Meanwhile, a sentient fox has apologised for the incompetence of his humanoid colleagues. [Human error, fox apologises.] Talking of animals, the ODT isn't the only newspaper guilty of using this ridiculous stylistic convention:



Bull terrier destroyed

Apparently a whole heap of people were destroyed in the Vietnam War too.

The ODT commissioned a digital imaging company to simulate what outgoing Critic Editor Joe Stockman will look like in 10 years' time, given his already advanced age. This was the result:



Finally, the ODT gives youngsters some useful life advice.

THE safest car trip is the one never taken. Getting young people to embrace this message is what Prof Hank Weiss calls a "paradigm shift"

It's a good first step. But Professor Weiss doesn't go far enough – the safest trip outside the house is the one never taken. The outside world is full of lightning and sharks and shit. Why take a needless risk by leaving the safety of the home?



...I MUST GET MY COLUMN IN ON TIME...

By Holly Wa;ler

I must get my column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. I must get his column in on time. I must get my column in on time. :)





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NY EXCUSE FOR A GOOD TIME

W YEAR'S EVE IS AN IMPORTANT TIME FOR A LOT OF US – THE FINAL goodbye to a year of triumphs or failures, and the ushering in of new beginnings. Well, either that or a black hole in your memory from Dec 27 till Jan 2. Often the soundtrack to this haze of hedonism is provided by one of many festivals around the country offering an array of locations, genres, or artists – or at least the illusion of a variety of artists, as I realised when researching this article. The Upbeats are playing at three separate festivals. Hospital Records artists Charli 2na, Andy C, Shapeshifter, Dub FX, Andy C, Black

Sun Empire, and De La Soul are all playing at least two separate festivals over the three days. We can excuse that though – it takes a while to travel to our little island, and you might as well make the trip worth it. There are a whole bunch of artists at only one or the other though, and picking the right place to spend that (un)forgettable weekend can be a tough choice musically. So instead of looking back and doing some lame "best of 2012" list that I'm sure someone else will do, let's look forward and find somewhere to dance together, all right? At least it will be a good enough excuse for what you're paying.

RNV

The stalwart behemoth of the NZ New Year's circuit, RNV is heading into its 10th year in the vines. To be fair, a lot of punters will head to RNV this year just for its reputation, but there is music there as well. Unfortunately, the first line up wasn't mind blowing. There were some massive acts, but I got the feeling this line up was an exercise in nostalgia, with another Netsky set, although live this time, being the main example. The big-name, flavourof-the-moment electronic acts, Knife Party and Chase & Status, are there for the bros, along with the ever-popular summer vibes of the Hospital Records boys, but props for staying away from Skrillex. The Presets? Meh. Tame Impala will be making a play for the psychedelic jam crowd, and were the most surprising act I saw on the line up. The second line up hasn't been announced, but I'm sure the organisers will prove me completely wrong, with some big names coming up and drawing in the crowd that we all assume is going to be there anyway.

RNA

The new little brother of RNV has one major drawback — it's not over NY night. But hey, the South Island is going to take what it is given, right? Lacking money and based in Dunedin still? Go to this. SBTRKT will blow your mind, UMO will satisfy the alternative band kids, Opiuo will also raise the roof, and the rest is just more of the same. But it's better than your Uncle Jack's farm just out of Timaru.

LA DE DA

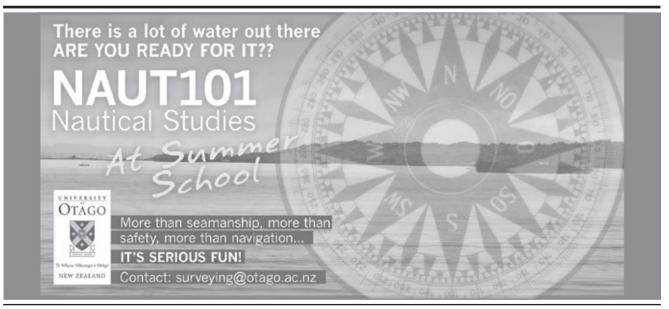
This is more of an urban/roots festival; one to skank out at. The slightly better version of Six60 will be there of course, along with David Dallas and Ladi6. UK bass music gets a look-in, with international heavyweight DJ and RAM label boss Andy C making an appearance along with his hit-andmiss signees Delta Heavy. De La Soul is a real coup for New Zealand and they are probably the biggest drawcard on this bill, but they aren't exclusive to La De Da and will feature at Coro Gold as well. This one is awkward for me. It's an amalgamation that doesn't really work in the face of its competitors. Northern Bass does electronic better. Coro Gold does roots better, and also has De La Soul. Go to this if you live in Masterton.

NORTHERN BASS

Sticks to one main genre and does it well. I'm impressed by this line-up. Andy C features again for what I assume will be a mind-blowing countdown set, propped up by Wilkinson, NZ heavyweights The Upbeats, and the grooves of Black Sun Empire, Distance, and Concord Dawn. If you like electronic music and dislike the RNV crowds, this should be your jam.

CORO GOLD

The other festival stealing La De Da's thunder, this is the place to forget your roots to a soundtrack of roots. It ticks all the boxes. Obligatory Shapeshifter set? Tick. Hip hop flavour of the month? HomeBrew, tick. Fat Freddy's Drop there as well? Of course. Better surrounding acts to see De La Soul with? Yes.



CIVILIZATION V: GODS AND KINGS

THE AVERAGE AND A DESCRIPTION OF PERSONS AND A DESCRIPTION OF A DESCRIPTIO

Developer: Firaxis | Platform: PC, OSX | Genre: Turn Based Strategy

By VIMAL PATEL

GAMES

005'S CIVILIZATION IV WAS A WHOLESOME game to give to your offspring. Combat, though it was very possible, was rarely an optimal method to achieve a successful, wide reaching collection of cities. IV was a game that promoted agriculture, enlightenment and diplomacy, a game that, after its patch cycle and all of its expansions were released, was an immaculate spider's web of game mechanics that always felt like it was smarter than you. In 2010 Civilization V was released. It was recently updated through the Gods and Kings expansion, and although it's still smart, it lacks that same feeling of utter perfection. Combat has received a serious revamping, and becomes extremely appealing. If you want to play as Ghandi and engage in a post-modern version of the Cold War with Montezuma of the Aztecs, then Civ V is for you.

The basic idea remains the same. Start off with a single city, and build more. Civilization V reins in your dreams of a sprawling empire somewhat, discouraging the building of too many cities by pumping up the "unhappiness" of your populace more quickly – and unhappy people, as the French revolution has taught us, are a bitch to rule. Cities can be fortified with buildings which provide passive bonuses, units that contribute your ever-massing forces, and wonders, providing better, more interesting bonuses but that can only be built once in the entire game-world.

It's a tangible change from Civ IV. It used to be that Joan of Arc's vast network of interlinked settlements was as powerful as it was impressive looking. In Civ V, Ghandi's singular juggernaut Mumbai can be just as effective. It might be less viscerally satisfying, and it's hard to think of a terribly good justification for it. However, Civ V's upgrades to combat and hexagonal tiles (seriously, continents actually resemble landmasses rather than weird square blocks) make it impossible to return to Civ IV. The exercise of stacking as many units as you could onto a single tile in some sort of bizarre human pyramid has been replaced with the tactical placement of units on a tile each. This change, in addition to adding ranged units, takes what was the worst element of Civ IV and transforms it into the strength of Civ V – engaging in the wanton destruction of other civilisations' cities is now possibly the most entertaining way of playing. Archers finally function like actual archers; they have range, and

need not be placed immediately adjacent to a pack of vicious elephant warriors.

The Gods and Kings expansion adds two discrete elements into the game: one is richly integrated into the mechanics of core Civilization, while the other is merely an exercise in ticking a couple of boxes. Espionage, while fun in theory, boils down to gaining a new spy in every age, secretly shipping them off to a city, and "stealing" a technology dozens of turns later. Religion adds a whole heap of new elements to play. Not only could you found a brand new religion, "Criticism" perhaps, and win the game through sheer piety, it's also possible for a religion to enhance other methods of victory. A blood-soaked bible that is the foundation of your civilization's culture adds, as you would expect, military bonuses to your forces.

Gods and Kings adds to what was already a great game, and although the total package is not quite as mechanically perfect as Civ IV, it's still engrossing and addictive as ever. The improvements along with the stunning graphics and UI make it a pleasure to play, and you'll find yourself up at three in the morning in a radioactively fueled diplomatic standoff between Ghandi and Catherine the Great. Just one more turn...

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TEX MEX BEEF

ET ME TELL YOU ABOUT A DESSERT-RELATED REVELATION I HAD some years ago. You take an overflowing handful of fresh strawberries, hull them, halve them, and place them into a bowl. Next, grab your nearby spice grinder, conveniently filled with black peppercorns. Crack the pepper over the strawberries. Then avidly consume these pepper-laden strawberries. Though it sounds strange, it tastes phenomenal, all sweet and hot and tart. Jumping on the idea of unusual pairings, this week's

recipe plays on the seemingly unusual combination of chocolate and beef. Tender rump steak soaks up the rich, sweet flavours of the mouthwatering cooking liquid, and a small quantity of cocoa powder offers extra warmth, along with the exotic smokiness of chipotle sauce and smoked paprika. With this, Critic wraps up for 2012. So next time you're considering what to do in the kitchen, play around with your flavourings. Never assume that an ingredient only belongs in a certain category of cooking. Get inventive. Throw your spices around. Trust your instincts. Add a pinch of sugar to tomato-based sauces. Don't be afraid to pair citrus fruits with otherwise savoury couscous, finely sliced pears with a tangy cheese, or chocolate with red meat. Speaking of chocolate, do try the varieties with chilli, lime, and sea salt. If just one Critic recipe this year has sparked your curiosity, then I consider our job done. A huge thank you goes out to the wonderful Maeve Jones for her steady stream of contributions. Survive the exam season like a champion and enjoy your summer –wherever you may be, and whatever delicacies may be eating.

Bon appetit!

INGREDIENTS

4 tbs canola or rice bran oil 600g rump steak, cut into large chunks 1 red onion, cut into 8 wedges 4 tsp ground cumin 2 tsp smoked paprika 3 tsp cocoa powder 4 tbs tomato puree 4 tbs chipotle sauce (find it in the international aisle alongside the taco kits) 300ml liquid chicken stock (made up from powder) 250g sour cream 2 spring onions, finely sliced Handful of fresh coriander, roughly chopped **D1**Heat 1 tablespoon of the oil in a deep pan over a medium heat. Add the meat and cook for one minute to brown it. Remove the meat from the pan and set aside.

O2 Add the remaining oil to the pan, then add the onion and cook for five minutes, stirring frequently, until soft.

O3 Add the cumin, smoked paprika and cocoa powder to the pan. Cook for one minute, stirring. Add the

METHOD

tomato puree, chipotle sauce and chicken stock. Stir well to combine. Give it a taste and add more chipotle sauce or spices if you wish.

04 Return the meat to the pan and simmer, uncovered, for 30 minutes.

O 5 Serve the Tex Mex as is, on top of steamed rice, or with corn chips. Top with spring onions, coriander and a generous blob of sour cream.

HIST107 - New Zealand in the World, 1350-2000



What just happened? Find out in HIST107

Semester One, 2013

Want to write for Critic?

Want to make coffee and photocopy documents?

We need volunteers to cover Music, Film, Theatre, Literature, Sport, News, Culture, Science,Fashion, Food, Video Games, Sex, and Art.

You can write reviews or be a Section Editor. You can join the News Team as an intern, and have an affair with the President of the (O)USA. You can take photos, draw things, write poetry — we're a student magazine, no idea is too crazy. Except Johno's. Your idea was messed up dude.

Got a great idea for a regular column? Let's talk. Want to contribute a comic so we don't have to publish 10-month-old Hagar the Horrible strips? Flick us an email. Got an idea for any kind of feature, article or content? Get in touch.

Volunteering for Critic is a great way to get your foot in the door. Our 2013 Editor started as an unpaid columnist in 2011. And his column was usually written in crayon.

Email critic@critic.co.nz with your thoughts and we'll sort it from there. Do it. YOLO.

THE CRITIC

08 October 2012

CRITIC WANTS YOU TO BE PART OF THE TEAM IN 2013 : Applications are now open for the following part time positions:



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SUB EDITOR: The sub editor is in charge of grammer and speling, so that Critic doesn't read like this ad. 12hrs per week.

ONLINE CONTENT MANAGER: The online content manager is responsible for the updating and management of the Critic website, and managing Critic's social media: 10-15hrs per week.

DESIGNER: Make Critic pretty and shit. Pretty pictures, photos, illustrations and of course, info-graphics! Full Time.



Pop into the office for a job description or email critic@critic.co.nz with your application by 4pm 12th of October. Applications should include a cover letter, C.V. and short examples of your writing.

A REVIEW, AN OUTRO; A COMEDY: **MELVILLE'S BARTLEBY**

HERMAN MELVILLE

REVIEWED BY JOSEF ALTON

T WAS ON A FINE DAY IN NEW YORK CITY THAT THE tall and lanky young man entered the chambers of an elderly Wall Street lawyer and undertook the job as a legal scrivener (legal copyist). The lawyer's chambers were on the second story of a building that sat in the shade of its neighboring buildings. The windows of the legal office faced dark brick walls. The only natural light that could be said to enter the old lawyer's chamber came from a skylight outside the office's front door.

Bartleby was a quiet worker — painfully so. However, his work was good and legible. He worked at a small desk in the corner of the office and kept pace with his work better than either of the other scriveners in the office, who were both eccentric and could only put in a half day of work before losing their tempers or staining their work with blotches of ink.

One day, without looking up from his desk, the old lawyer held out a piece of work that he wished Bartleby to copy. When he demanded that Bartleby do the work, the young man politely replied, "I'd prefer not to." The old lawyer was taken aback; it had possibly been years since anyone had even mumbled the word "no" to him. This refusal threw the lawyer into a fit and he asked why, but Bartleby said that he preferred not to give him an answer.

The next day, the lawyer asked Bartleby to do something else for him, but again the strange young man replied, "I'd prefer not to" before walking back to his desk. As time wore on, Bartleby did less and less. The old lawyer used sympathy, anger, anything to make the young man work, but soon Bartleby did not do any work at all. He would stare out the window, at the black brick, as if he were looking out onto an ocean, or some other captivating vista. He was asked to leave, but he preferred not to, and stayed.

The lawyer came in one weekend and found Bartleby in the office. He said that this would just not do. Bartleby was kicked out, but he lay on the doorstep to the office, below the skylight, and waited there, as if to die, like there was nowhere else to go. Out of pity the old man let him back in, but shortly afterwards he moved offices and left poor Bartleby alone in the empty chamber

he could be someone else's problem now, the old man thought.

But soon he heard that the new tenant of the chamber was to have Bartleby arrested. The old man pleaded with Bartleby to leave, to come with him, to go anywhere to avoid arrest for trespassing. "I'd prefer not to." Bartleby responded.

In prison he refused to eat. He did not exercise. The old man paid the grub-master to make sure that Bartleby was fed he paid handsomely for this, but to no avail; Bartleby looked awful. And the last time the old lawyer saw the scrivener, he was a wasted body, crouched and on his side beside a giant brick wall used to keep the city safe from its criminals a wall not too dissimilar from that which stood outside the window of the lawyer's old legal chambers.

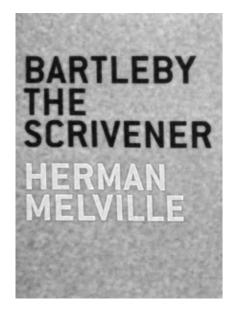
Bartleby died.

At the end of the story, it is made known by

the narrator that Bartleby used to be a subordinate clerk in the Department of Dead Letters in Washington DC, where he was suddenly moved by a change in administration. "For by the cart-load they are annually burned. Sometimes from out the folded paper the pale clerk takes a ring: — the finger it was meant for, perhaps, moulders in the grave; a bank-note sent in swiftest charity: — he whom it would relieve, nor eats nor hungers any more; pardon for those who died despairing; hope for those who died unhoping; good tidings for those who died stifled by unrelieved calamities. On errands of life, these letters speed to death.

Ah Bartleby! Ah Humanity!"

Smile and nod and the job market will accept you with open arms, class of 2012.





Books Editor | Josef Alton | books@critic.co.nz

SIR FRANK BRANGWYN: CAPTAIN WINTERBOTTOM AND THE BILLIARD ROOM OF HORTON HOUSE

Dunedin Public Art Gallery | Exhbition closes Sunday 26 May

N.C.

S. CAN

By Taryn Dryfhout

HEN YOU ENTER THE NEW EXHIBITION at the Dunedin Public Art Gallery, the enormous pool table that monopolises a large floor area in the centre of the room grabs your attention. The exhibition is "Sir Frank Brangwyn: Captain Winterbottom and the Billiard Room of Horton House", and it is this billiard room that the exhibition endeavours to recreate.

Sir Frank William Brangwyn (1867 –1956) was an Anglo-Welsh artist – a painter, water colourist, engraver, and illustrator extraordinaire. The exhibition strives to display Brangwyn's many artistic talents, and depicts a range of his styles and textures in an attempt to showcase the breadth of his work. The exhibition also emphasises to the viewers Brangwyn's attention to detail and the specificity of his artworks.

The exhibition has been curated by the Gallery as part of the 2012 Otago Festival of the Arts, and contains many of the artist's works, with the addition of his magnificent large-scale murals and a range of period furniture in order to reconstruct the memory of the famous billiard room at Horton House. The house was based in Northhamptonshire, England but has since been demolished. The village in which the house once stood is now called "Horton" (not to be confused with the one that "hears a who").

The exhibition flows well, with the billiards table in the centre of the enormous murals which frame the back half of the room. The pieces are grouped together, exhibiting several different mediums, including watercolours, oil on canvas, etchings, and lithographs. Among the artworks are antique furniture pieces that not only complement the era of the exhibition, but also add great visual interest to the arrangement of the exhibition as a whole.

What lets the exhibition down is the lighting, which comes across as too harsh, reflecting off the large murals and giving them a glossy quality which makes them hard to view. Paintings of such a high calibre should not be reminiscent of a bald man's head under bright stage lights. However, despite this, the wall murals are beautiful. Their soft colour and striking detail give them an arresting quality that grabs attention and is aesthetically attractive. The murals are stunning, and they can't help but pull focus and demand attention. Whether deliberate or coincidental, they are the stars of the exhibition and their companion artworks merely supporting actors. The whole exhibition is worth going to for these pieces alone.

What is appealing about the exhibition as a whole is the broad range of elements included in it. Brangwyn's subjects are varied – people, landscapes, buildings, as well as the assortment of mediums that come together in this collection. Brangwyn's pieces have the kind of inconsistency that you don't always find with artists, and each piece brings with it a unique sense of character that is exclusive to that particular piece. The variety that the display showcases is remarkable, and this certainly adds to the appeal.

The exhibition includes a snooker demonstration by Adam Marlow (the number one ranked poll champion in New Zealand) and Sam Chin (New Zealand Master's Champion) on Sunday 21 October, and there will be tours for those who are blind, partially sighted, deaf or hearing impaired.



Art Editor | Beaurey Chan | art@critic.co.nz

THEA152 PRESENTS VOYAGER X: BABY FOREST ANIMAL EMPORIUM

Allen Hall | 1pm, Thursday 11 and Friday 12 October | Tickets \$3 students, \$5 public.

G ET A BUNCH OF 30 OVERLY DRAMATIC, SCHEMing theatre students together and tell them to create a show that uses a stage in new and innovative way. Ready, set, go – you've got Voyager. Tell them they can take any idea, any theme, any over-the-top, ridiculously outlandish, and extravagantly impossible show and they simply come up with a Baby Forest Animal Emporium. Now, you've got Voyager X.

20

Voyager is a project that found its roots in the Theatre Studies department five years ago, as a new and innovative way for students to showcase their newly acquired skills in THEA152 – Theatre Technology. Using lights, sounds, costumes, and set, the class works together to find a way to keep tradition standing.

This year's class knew they were on to a winner when they sat down and brainstormed ideas for their performance. After approximately two seconds of thought, someone blurted out those four words: Baby Forest Animal Emporium. It was fate. Everyone was instantly on board, there was no Plan B, this shit was happening. Thus, they set about creating the best damn Voyager the world has ever known – or so they say.

Suffice to say, you can expect a lot more from Voyager X than the name suggests. While everyone loves a good fuzzy duckling exhibition, the class had other ideas. More ideas were added and things got more and more out of hand, so ridiculous that before you could say squirrel, they had themselves a shocking twist. What is that twist, you ask? Come see for yourself...

That's right, folks. Give the slightly psycho kids of THEA152 a chance and they're going to do something utterly outrageous. Classic Theatre students. The tenth in the Voyager series promises to be a mind-blowing, unreal assault on the senses; a lavish and ridiculously overthe-top yet incredibly shocking example of what a bit of enthusiasm and a hideous scheme to lure innocent victims in by the promise of an Animal Emporium can do. Prepare to be amazed, shocked, and terrified. Expect the completely unexpected. Do not trust anyone.

The evil geniuses behind the whole operation have done a marvellous job of keeping the true agenda of the Emporium under close wraps, but that doesn't mean there haven't been rats among them. The corseted freaks lurking around campus might have something to do with it, maybe have a word next time you spot one. Then decide if you're brave enough to come along. By chance, if you do decide to put on your big boy boots and rock up to Allen Hall sporting your best "come at me bro" attitude, shit goes down on Thursday 11 of October at 1pm. For the ultra brave, it happens all over again on Friday 12 of October.

Something wicked this way comes...

HUNT233





Nutrition and Health: Concepts and Controversies Discover whether 'you are what you eat'! Get a better understanding of:

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WHERE DO WE GO NOW DIRECTOR: NADINE LABAKI

Reviewed By Taryn Dryfhout

WW ITHE STARRING ROLE PLAYED BY THE director herself, this movie was bound to be a little odd. Where Do We Go Now is set in a fictional village in Lebanon, where Christians and Muslims are living in harmony, oblivious to the war-torn nature of their relationship outside of their own community.

LOOPER (2012) DIRECTOR: RIAN JOHNSON

Reviewed By Callum Fredric $\checkmark \checkmark \checkmark \checkmark$

The YEAR 2044, THERE ARE NO FLYING CARS. Admittedly, there are motorbikes that hover, but they're totes unreliable. Most people drive the same cars as in 2012. And realistically, that's what the future is going to be like. How much have cars actually changed since the 1950s? Likewise, antihero Joe dresses like a guy from the 1950s, with slicked back hair and a leather jacket with a tie, because 2044's trendy movies are bringing back the retro.

Another thing they don't have in 2044 is time travel. That was invented 30 years later, but immediately banned by meddlesome government bureaucrats. The only people who use time travel are criminal gangs looking to dump corpses where they will never be found – the past.

. C O

This little bubble has been preserved by the women of the village, who have worked together to keep out radios, televisions, internet, or any other media, in an attempt to keep the men unaware of the fact that Christians and Muslims are not living as content neighbours in all parts of Lebanon. The story is told from the point of view of the women, who go to great lengths to keep their husbands in the dark about their country's true political situation. Some of their antics are very reminiscent of Desperate Housewives, as they fake religious miracles, utilise drugs in their cooking, and even employ exotic dancers to try to distract their husbands.

Joe is a "looper" – his job is to wait at designated drop-zones for unfortunate peeps to arrive from the future, and execute them. Eventually, every looper will receive the unwelcome gift of his future self, who must be shot. The downside is that this looper will now know he only has 30 years to live. The upside is that his future self will have died with dozens of gold bars strapped to his back. As Joe says: "Enjoy the next 30 years!" The cardinal sin for a looper is to "let your loop run", which causes a giant clusterfuck and is generally a bad idea.

Since I come from the future, I know what happens at the end of the movie, but I'm not going to spoil it for you. Should you go watch it? If you're even remotely interested in sci-fi, yes. There's action, graphic violence, constant twists, and complicated time travel plots that make you scratch your head but still understand what's going on.

There were only two things that grated with me. Firstly, the movie was a little slow-paced at times. Secondly, and more jarringly, the way What is really nice about the film is its ability to make light of something that is always taken so seriously. Although the film is a bit chaotic and messy at times, its quirkiness is very amusing, and the themes within it, though often serious ones, are all in good fun. Though its premise is based on war, it has a "rom-com" type quality to it, and even incorporates musical numbers at times. I'm a bit lost as to why Where Do We Go Now did so well at the Toronto International Film Festival (taking out the "People's Choice" award), but if you are looking for light weekend entertainment, and you can live with subtitles, then you could do worse than this film.

Joe went from ruthless self-interested killerfor-hire to selfless hero in the period of roughly three days was totally unrealistic.

That said, the movie was very entertaining, and I was absorbed and fascinated throughout. Definitely worth watching. Gotta put on my shades, cos the future's so bright.



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

8 ! (|)

HOYTS



HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA DIRECTOR: GENNDY TARTAKOVSKY

Reviewed By Lulu Sandston $\overbrace{}^{\mathcal{N}} \, \overbrace{}^{\mathcal{N}} \, \overbrace{}^{\mathcal{N}} \, \overbrace{}^{\mathcal{N}}$

THE TRANSVIVANIA IS BASED ON THE CONCEPT THAT HUMANS ARE the perpetrators of scariness and monsters are the victims. The Hotel, built by Dracula (Adam Sandler), is a sanctuary for monsters, a place where they don't have to hide in the shadows and can indulge all their eccentricities.

For Dracula's daughter Mavis' (Selena Gomez) 118th birthday, all the monsters are convening at the hotel to celebrate the occasion. The classics are present: Frankenstein, the Mummy, the Werewolf, the Invisible Man, and some less-classic characters like Zombie Beethoven. Unfortunately a human manages to slip through the doors, and has the potential to totally ruin the party by stealing Mavis' heart.

The film is carried by the dry humour typical of chief writer Sacha Baron Cohen, and although the film is G-rated there is a scattering of "adult jokes". The animation itself is sort of hipster-retro, with muted colours and not-so-life-like cartoons. We even splashed out and went to the 3D version. Which was cool if you like that kind of thing, but admittedly I don't really get 3D, it's a bit of a rip off and doesn't really add anything. Although a monster did fly at us in the opening credits and I squealed a little.

The highlights were Dracula screaming in agony when listening to Party Rock Anthem and lamenting the representation of his kind in the Twilight series. All round, it is a bit of a giggle. Well, at least my flatmate and I and the guy sitting behind us (his girlfriend was not so impressed) had a giggle. It is no Lion King, but it is a good-quality, wholesome children's movie. Maybe take a child with you, or at least an immature date.

MEN LIKE US DIRECTOR: CHRIS BANKS

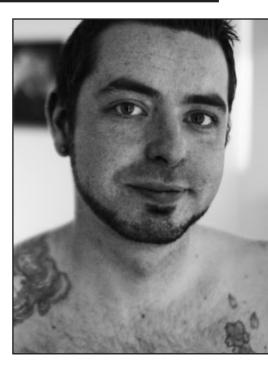
Reviewed By Taryn Dryfhout $\swarrow \ \swarrow \ \swarrow \ \checkmark \ \checkmark \ \checkmark \ \checkmark$

HERE IS NO WAY I CAN DO THIS GREAT FILM justice in a 300-word review. The opening sequence of Men Like Us illustrates the abundance of heterosexual images found in Western culture and sets the scene for nine men's stories to be told, most of which begin with the way in which they were raised to believe that homosexuality was a choice, and a negative one at that.

The men range in age from early 20s to late 70s and come from all walks of life and areas of the country, all united in their struggle to come to terms with what it means to be gay in 21st century New Zealand. The diversity of the interviewees is what makes for such a great watch. The group of men includes a Maori, a Catholic priest, a Chinese immigrant, and a speed-skating Olympian, who come together to discuss issues such as body image and masculinity, school bullying, suicide and bereavement, HIV, drugs, and religion.

What makes the documentary so great is how unassuming it is. There are no stereotypes, expectations, or labels. It is just an honest look at what it is like to live in New Zealand schools, sports, churches, and towns as a gay man. The film doesn't "do anything" to showcase the men's homosexuality, but just invites you into their lives to reveal the struggles they have had and the issues that gay men face every day.

Hopefully Men like Us will be seen by a wider audience than just the gay community. Given the recent same-sex marriage legislation in Parliament, perhaps more people will choose to watch this candid film.



PLANE

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LETTER OF THE WEEK

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

NOT CONSENSUAL SEX!

Dear Critic,

I hear that OUSA President elect Francisco Hernandez suggested that he'd like to get himself a little presidential pussy. How dare he suggest that he might enjoy consensual sex with a female, I find that disgusting. I know for a fact that no woman anywhere ever wanted to have sex with anyone, and to suggest other wise is misogynistic. If a woman was to suggest that she might enjoy a little cock, well we would all just be disgusted wouldn't we. The sexual revolution wasn't supposed to free people from the shackles of sexual restraint, and it definitely wasn't about allowing people to have casual sex without needing to be tied into institutionally constructed relationships.

We didn't burn our bras for people to go around fucking each other.

Yours

Dry Cunt

DOBRA SMASH!

Hi Critic,

Thanks for being a rad mag this year. We all got over the paper change eventually. I know that when it came down to it, I certainly enjoyed its exoticly smooth texture much more than the old stuff.

Was just wondering, though, before you pull the curtains on what has, without fail, usually been a moderately enjoyable publication, what are those delicious typefaces you've been using? The one you use for the body text in particular rocks my serifs, but the one you use for the titles is also a sweet, sweet read.

Monsieur Fontophile

LOL GARY

Yo Critic,

You're reporting about the American Presidential candidates, but where's the mention of Gary Johnson, or any of the other 3 candidates who are also running. There's 6 people running for president, not just two!!!

And I'd have you know that if you were to look at the politics at any of the other candidates, you'd find that American politicians aren't all batshit fucking crazy like Mitt Romney and Barack Obama.

– American

I CAN HAZ MONIES?

Dear Critic,

I genuinely thought your advertisement for a critic subscription was a piss take. Its like a drunk homeless person begging for change, pathetic but endearing.

Cheers,

Ryan

SHAWWTAY!

Dear rob roy shawwtay, u a ten.

As of the 29th your tally was quite modest, but I could help you add some more.

I know we agreed that we had good headwear, but lets be honest,

they would both look better on your bedroom floor.

I would happily give you a hokey pokey and you can make mescream whenever you want.

XX

#blueballs

XKCWHO?

I just read your magazine and, while inferior to Wellington's magnificent 'Salient', it proved to be a good read!

I was, however, disappointed to see that you print comics from xkcd without any form of attribution. There's attribution for other comics—do you hate Randall Monroe, or just his use of the Creative Commons Attribution license?

See you at the ASPAs babez, Hector the Hustler

WHO ARE YOU? WHO WHO? WHO WHO?

Dear Critic,

Someone wrote in a fortnight ago asking who that middle-aged guy who always hangs out on the 1st floor of the central library near the east stairwell. Since no explanation was offered, I ask the same question. Who is this guy? I have studied at Otago for 3 years and he is in that exact same place whenever I'm in the library. He wears glasses and a cheesecutter hat and looks kind of homeless. He always has a massive stack of books beside him and is ALWAYS reading a dictionary. What does he study? Is he even a student here? Why does he read a dictionary for several hours every day? I know I could just ask him, but that takes away the mystery and harmful speculation.

Does anyone know who this guy is? Curious George

WHO PENG GU? WHO WHO? WHO WHO?

Dear Mr Peng Gu,

Would you please tell everyone who sends you letters to CHANGE your address because I am sick of all these Greenpeace letters. Are you that guy who turns up at the library at 7am every morning who knows? Because if you are I know who you are.

From an annoyed 2nd year.

CHUR BO

Critic,

chur for all the choice reads

A POEM, KIND OF ...

Butterfly James fishing brothers Timmy and his sunny, a little better, part went good afternoon. Rape the little Timmy Timmy! James knows. Timmy food, sin and gesture and one or some criminal's death. It was blood, Timmy. Hanging floppy, sphincter broken, Timmy flutter and fall. Was devastated. By James K

RUBBISH!

Dear Critic,

After the last few weeks of rubbish movie review, It has pained me too much to sit there and read crap without saying anything. Not all the movie reviews have been bad but some have really stuck out and made the reviewer look stupid.

Some poor fool gave Moonrise kingdom only a 2 star rating for an amazing film which got a standing applause in film festivals all over the world, the only reason they gave it the 2 stars was they didn't understand a simple film. This week two little boys review gave it less stars than bloody

critic.co.nz

Madagascar 3, a kids film!!!

There reason for this was they didn't have southland accent "r's" in a film, and they didn't like the script, it's based on a book and the accent thing isn't a make or break from a great kiwi film. I could go on like an old man but this is long enough for now. Please fix this for next year, it makes it better if they know films and not kill them off.

Thanks,

The annoyed reader

NOT FOR CURRY MUNCHERS

Dear Critic,

I just wanted to thank you for publishing such a fantastic bundle of free paper every week. However, could you possibly use softer paper next year? This year's has been rather harsh on my buttocks.

Yours Sincerely,

Hot Curry Fan

SHIT YARN

Hey Critic,

I think you should award me letter of the week cos there is a book I really want. Also, I did a shit while drunk in my flatmate's room last Saturday night.

Ponder that. Natasha

THE WALRUS OF SPORTS

Dear Gus Gawn,

You are to sport what Mark Sainsbury is to interviewing. You have set sports journalism back 50 years, back to the days when covering a club rugby game, watched by 10 people including a lonely old man whose desperate craving for human company drove him to pay for and provide oranges to the players at half-time, just for a fleeting "thanks mate" from a few of the players.

With a few exceptions, your articles have been the worst of the year. Ripping on the Breakers? Real original, bro. Sucking up to Mark Richardson in an interview, then stabbing him in the back via email because you're too cowardly to do it to his face? Classy. Your attempted foray into politics? Enough to make Critic readers despair at the mental capacity of the average voter.

Fuck you, and if there is a God, I hope he damns you and everyone you have associated with, shaken hands with, or had a mutual facebook friend with, for all eternity.

Sincerely,

Dennis Larson

OH HAI!

Hey Critic,

It's been fun.

Fuck you for winning.

Congratulations for winning.

You're really good—except for the notable deficit of triangles in your rag. Joe, you were way cooler than we thought you

would be. Big ups. Keep it crass-y.

Love,

\$alient xo

FUCK I'LL MISS THEM

Hey Critic

ODT watch last week was funny enough to make me laugh/snort, disturbing the rest of my

ANTH106 class who were watching a video on the preservation of ancient bodies. Thanks for the lols and making Monday morning tutorials bearable. Will miss you over summer!

Gushy Fresher xo

EXAM FUCKED

Hey Critic,

That moment when you realise that you are absolutely fucked for exams?

Yep, just had it.

Kind Regards,

Law Student

NOTICES

PUBLIC SEMINAR:

Br Edy Rosariyanto "The human rights and environmental situation in West Papua" Thurs Oct 4, 12pm, Commerce 2.21.

Br Edy is Programme Coordinator of the Franciscan office for Justice, Peace and the Integrity of Creation. He will speak of his experiences working with indigenous West Papuan communities and the environment and cultural challenges posed by logging and large-scale palm oil plantations.

WEEK OF PRAYER FOR WORLD PEACE

14th-21st October 2012 – Annual Dunedin Community Interfaith Peace gathering. People of all faiths are warmly invited to attend. Thursday 18th October 7.30–8.30pm followed by supper. Venue: Friends Meeting House 15 Park Street Dunedin.

Applications for study in 2013 are now open.

You can apply online from www.otago.ac.nz/study/enrolment or via your e:Vision student portal.

For 2013 submitting your application is a two part process where you first select the programme you intend to study and then confirm the specific papers you wish to take.



TUMUAKI O TE ROOPŪ MĀORI 2012!

END OF THE YEAR

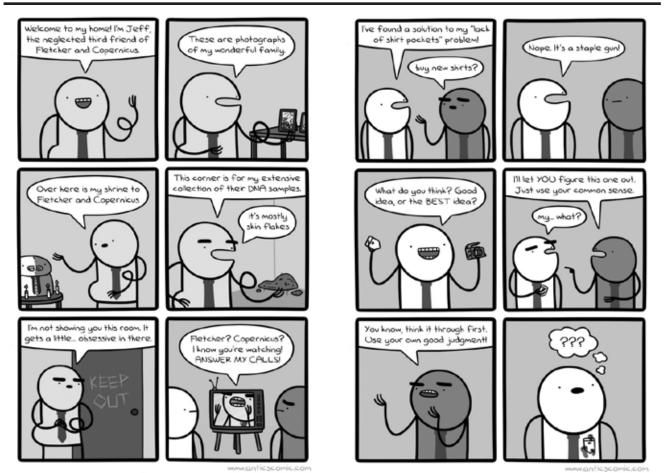
IME HAS PASSED BY SO FAST AND THAT THE YEAR IS ENDING. WHAT A journey it has been. The role of Tumuaki has had its ups and downs, and this year it has been a challenge to balance my study, work, and TRM duties. People can warn you about the workload and the level of commitment, but reality does not kick in until you are actually on the job. I have learnt about the different dynamics of leadership and working with a team. One measure of leadership is how you face a situation which conflicts with your own morals and beliefs, which is a challenge that I have had to face head-on. The results were not always in my favour, but it is all a learning curve.

Tumuaki has had a huge impact on me in so many ways. There have been times where I have regretted being tumuaki, and although dwelling on the negatives is easier then appreciating and acknowledging the positives, no plan is perfect and it is expected that there will be bumps in the road. Overall I have loved being immersed in TRM and leading the Māori students this year, but I do look forward to playing a background role next year and supporting those who are crazy yet passionate enough to take on these roles. As this is my last column, I would like to take the opportunity to thank particular groups and individuals. Firstly, to Te Rito: what a year we have had! Collectively we have set the benchmark high, and I have no doubt that next year we will continue to improve! Thanks also to members of the Māori Centre for your ongoing support, and of course Te Roopū Māori. Without Te Roopū Māori we are nothing. I would encourage members to be more vocal, as no whakaaro is stupid.

A few individuals have endured frequent ear bashing and allowed me to vent to them throughout the year. Marina Hetaraka, Hayz Aspinall, my girl Mariana Te Pou from *879* FLX hehe, and last but not least to my brother Rocky Pohatu, all our meals that we had together and you lending me your ears as well as giving me advice, uh huh you know what it is... (P.S I love you)

Good luck with exams, and have a great summer. It has been an honour to represent you all as Tumuaki o Te Roopū Māori 2012!

Mauri Ora Mai Lisa xx





The OUSA Page Everything OUSA, every Monday

What's worrying during exam study?



The OUSA Student Support Centre on Ethel Benjamin Place has all the help you need to reduce those worries during exams, pop in and see them for:

FREE Exam breakfasts: They're back again from the 15th-19th of October, free breakie from 9am-10.30am out front of the

Student Support Centre!

Food Bank: Feeling short of cash? Come in and pick up a parcel! No questions asked first time round :-)

Lecturers issues: Have an issue with a lecturer? Getting especially worried now exams are coming up? Come see us for independent, confidential advocacy.

Flat Advice: Decided to hold off on searching for flats until after the Castle St rush? (Good on you!) Come see us for some flat advice.

Budget Advice: If you need some help sorting out your finances for the summer, stop in and see the OUSA Budget

Advisors, we're friendly and non-judgemental! We'll help you get your finances down on paper so you get an idea of the big picture.

Gay? Lesbian? Bi? Dunno? OUSA Queer Support is here for you. A free and confidential service to help answer those questions you might be asking. Just give us an email at q.support@ousa.org.nz or ph/txt 021474636

Thank You!



OUSA Clubs and Societies would like to say a BIG THANK YOU to all our amazing tutors who have helped run courses this year! You're amazing and we appreciate all your hard work :-)

OUSA brings you **bilds' day** for students with families Thur 11th Oct 10am-3pm, OUSA Lawn Bouncy Castle, Miniature Ponies and Sled Dogs - Lots of free funt



LOGAN SAYS

To those who've stood by me,

It is here, my last critic column as the OUSA President. As I sit at this desk of mine in my office that is soon to

be Fran's desk, inside Fran's office, I feel a great sense of gratitude to all of you special people in my life that have helped me get to where I am today. You've stood by me for the last two terms as OUSA President and I fucking love you for it.

It's been the toughest exam of my life but it's also been by far the greatest. Firstly I want to thank my great friend Lozz Holding for not giving me the option of not running. I want to also thank my flat mates of both this year and last, they truly made it all possible when things were unmanageable for me.

Thanks to the team here at OUSA, in particular I want to thank Donna Jones, Darel Hall, Tim Couch, Jono Rowe, Zina Vandervis and of course Alasdair Johnson. They all played counselling roles for me from time to time and I wouldn't have made it through this term without them. Lovely people and friends for life!

An amazing test of your true friends is when you can be so busy with life that you almost never see them but when you do it's like the time has never passed, I'm very fortunate to have friends that fit this bill. Special thanks to my old hometown mate Jim Robins, a very good man and always there for me.

Thanks to my brother for continuing to grow up with me and for standing by me on the Exec.

Lastly thank you so much to all of the students who have for two long years entrusted me to be their representative, the Scarfies are my family.

Signing off,

Logan Edgar,

Scarfie.





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