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critic

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UO03118

Election of Student Members of the University of Otago Council



An election for TWO members to be elected by the Students of the University of Otago to the University Council, will be held on Friday 20 April 2012 at 3.00pm.

Nominations of candidates for the election, which must be endorsed with the candidate's consent, close with the Returning Officer at 3.00pm on Wednesday 28 March 2012.

Nomination forms and further information may be obtained from the Returning Officer
University of Otago Council Elections
Tel: (03) 479 8250
Email: registrar@otago.ac.nz.

The roll for the Students will close on Friday 30 March 2012, at 5.00pm.

Jan A Flood
RETURNING OFFICER

UO02538



AS YOUNG, WELL-EDUCATED PEOPLE, WE OFTEN FEEL A DEEP DESIRE TO TRY AND make positive change in the world. We appreciate the unique privilege of being born in a peaceful, developed country, being well educated and enjoying social and economic success. We hope that we can do something to really make a difference.

But what happens when that desire is hijacked by a brilliantly executed but very vague social media campaign to raise public awareness, produced by a seriously questionable so-called charity?

If you haven't heard about Kony2012 yet, you're probably not overly engaged with social media. The campaign aims to make Joseph Kony, the leader of the Lords Resistance Army, "famous" (though I'm sure they meant infamous) in 2012, to place public pressure on the US government to keep their 100 special forces soldiers involved in the hunt to capture him, so that he can be tried by the International Criminal Court for his various crimes against humanity.

At first glance, there seems to be no major issue with this. Why not run a campaign to try and help capture a wanted war criminal, a man wanted for the abduction of thousands of child soldiers? The problem lies with the organisation Invisible Children, and the people behind it.

Founded by filmmaker Jason Russell, Invisible Children is a charity with some serious questions hanging over it. Only 31% of their fundraising is spent on charitable programs. The rest is spent on funding Russell's filmmaking endeavours. For comparison, UNICEF spends over 90% of its funding on programmes. The money that it does spend goes in part towards rehabilitation programmes for ex-child soldiers, but much is channelled towards the Ugandan Army and the Sudan People's Liberation Army, two organisations accused of rape and looting.

I can understand the desire of people to make change in the world. And I can see value in facing up to the reality of social injustice where and when it occurs. However, the Kony2012 campaign is not a realistic chance to change the world for the better. In fact, I doubt that a single person's life will be changed for the better through this campaign, except probably the three filmmakers who are promoting their own careers on the back of their so-called charity.

I can understand, and even to an extent admire, the passion of the young people wrapped up in the social media hype around Kony2012. But clicking "share" on Facebook isn't any way to change the world. This slacktivism is simply a way to make yourself feel like you have made a difference, without having to get off your arse, or donate either your time or your money. There are real issues of social justice in your own backyard that you could be working towards changing in a hundred small ways every day, but people are more attracted by the artifice of taking part in a large manufactured social movement.

That's a picture of Russell and his filmmaking buddies in Africa. I might be wrong, but I don't remember ever seeing Bono with a grenade launcher.

— JOE STOCKMAN

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Edgar: "OUSA loses its Mojo"

CLAUDIA HERRON

LAST TUESDAY SAW THE LONG-OVERDUE DEMOLITION OF OUSA BUILDING MOJO'S Hall, after over a year of inactivity in deciding what to do with the weather-damaged site. OUSA finally sold the condemned property for above market value to a land developer, who then instigated its demolition to make way for student housing.

Mojo's Hall had in the past been used in conjunction with Clubs and Socs, holding an array of events from Ceroc Dancing to housing a temporary Daktory (cannabis dispensary) as part of a rally to reform cannabis laws during the Canna Bus Armistice Tour in 2010. However, Dunedin's ferocious weather stole Mojo's mojo earlier last year, when a storm severely impaired its structural integrity, putting an end to these antics.

Residents from a neighbouring property were home at the time of the demolition and experienced a shower of debris over their flat. The female residents described the demolition workers as "typical Southlanders who didn't care that shit was falling on our house". However, in their defense, one demo dude did venture over afterwards to check for any

broken windows. When the girls replied that there had remarkably been no window-related damage, the "typical Southlander" remarked "what a bonus". Obviously a job well done.

When asked why it took so long to make a decision over the fate of the site, OUSA President Logan Edgar remarked that any final decision was delayed, as OUSA was dealing with the spectre of VSM, which threatened to cut OUSA funding. Edgar also remarked that many other options for the site were considered. "OUSA ummed and ahed about it a bit, debating whether or not to use the site as a scarfie-themed Disneyland with beer bongs and rollercoasters". Evidently, Edgar's aspirations of being the posterboy of such an amusement park are now on hold.

Whilst writing this story *Critic* was very aware that many current students probably never went to Mojo's. To completely debunk our theory *Critic* spoke with one student who, in a moment of sobriety, waded through her SoGo stained memory and paid homage to an "eclectic wee place" with tropical-themed paintings directly smeared onto its walls. Edgar meanwhile admitted to holding onto a brick from Mojo's as a keepsake. What a sap.



University kills 25,000 primitive animals during research

MARGOT TAYLOR

25,000 ANIMALS DIED IN UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO RESEARCH AND TEACHING projects between 2009 and 2010. This number is expected to increase significantly, as statistics from 2011 are yet to be released.

A recent *Otago Daily Times* article pushed the issue into the public sphere when it published figures showing that in just two years, departments within the University had used an estimated 53,334 animals for the purposes of teaching and research. Additionally, it was revealed that the survival rate of these animals in 2009 was 62%, while in 2010 it was a mere 16%.

A veritable Noah's Ark of animals including pigeons, reptiles, possums and fish are used to conduct the research and teaching activities. A University spokesperson stated that the "knowledge gained from animal-based studies helps scientists better understand how the body works, and hence there are major benefits to be gained for the welfare and wellbeing of both animals and humans."

The Animal Welfare Act 1999 governs the use of animals in research and teaching, and also controls testing. The University was quick to stress however that they do not conduct tests on animals. The Act has "very strict" guidelines, and the University employs a fulltime lab veterinarian to oversee the treatment of the animals that are used. In addition the University told *Critic* that "animals used in research must go through a

rigorous approval process with the University Animal Ethics Committee. This Committee also strictly controls and monitors the research."

Despite the University's emphasis that animals are only used if it has been determined that non-animal options are not viable, animal rights groups such as SAFE argue that this excuse is neither acceptable nor truthful. Dunedin SAFE members told *Critic* that although the number of animals killed during research and teaching purposes did not surprise them, they are "outraged" that the use of animals for these purposes is still occurring at all.

Campaigns director for SAFE Hans Kriek said SAFE was calling for a national moratorium on the use of animals in New Zealand for research. The group also indicated that they believed the reason why 2011 statistics were yet to be released was because they may show that animal deaths in research and teaching purposes had further increased between 2010 and 2011.

Kriek further challenged the use of animals for research and teaching purposes saying, "If there is nothing wrong with animal research stand up and be proud of it".

SAFE indicated that they would be issuing a press release on the issue to create further public discussion and awareness about the use of animals in research, not only at Otago University but also at all tertiary institutions throughout the country.

Hyde and seek

Note: also the name of slightly depressing song by artist Imogen Heap.

GUS GAWN

OUSA PRESIDENT LOGAN EDGAR HAS LASHED OUT at claims by the Otago Daily Times's Rosie Manins that the Hyde Street Keg Party has been "marred by disorder" in previous years. The comments from Edgar came as he clinched a significant political victory, securing the future of the keg party after having the Dunedin City Council agree to let the event run if glass bottles were banned.

When questioned about Manins's inflammatory article Logan told *Critic* "that's such a fucking yarn, last year there was like one fight. Any trouble usually starts well after the event has actually finished." Surprisingly, Edgar's view on Manins's claims actually seem to be backed by the evidence, with Manins's ODT colleague Eileen Goodwin reporting that last year's party had a "very good atmosphere".

Under Edgar's leadership OUSA has taken

a more active role in the organising of the event this year, with the association providing a sausage sizzle, First Aid tent and portaloos for the street party.

University of Otago Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne has also pledged to donate 100 more sausages than Dunedin Mayor Dave Cull, in a sort of strange "I love my students more than you love my students" game of one-upmanship. Logan, Harlene and Dave intend to tour the party giving out awards for best-dressed, least-drunk and tidiest house, among other things.

The total glass ban for this year's party is being welcomed as a brilliant initiative by those charged with cleaning up the mess. However despite the ban Edgar is still recommending that partygoers wear "sturdy footwear, follow the lab rule". *Critic* is not entirely sure what this means. Edgar also added that anyone caught disobeying the glass ban will be told to "fuck off", and that "if you didn't know about the glass

ban you obviously don't have friends on Hyde Street and probably shouldn't be there".

In more upbeat news about the annual event, this year's house themes include "911 Emergency", "Mile High" and "Hyde Street Shore" (you know, like Jersey Shore but Hyde Street). Edgar intends to attend the "Hyde Street Shore" and expects this year to be smooth sailing, with "200% more fun and 80% less injuries" than last year.

When *Critic* asked if OUSA were planning on spreading their tentacles and organising other formerly-student-arranged shindigs they replied, "No, Hyde Street is the only one we're doing, we don't really care about the Castle Street one." However, *Critic* speculates that people might care more about the Castle Street Keg Party if they had the opportunity to win awesome prizes from local dignitaries. Something to think about.

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Sun sets on ODT's news section

GREGOR WHYTE

THE OTAGO DAILY TIMES WAS SO DELIGHTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE SUN in the Dunedin skyline last week that they put an article to that effect as the lead story on their website.

The short article was entitled "Strange excitement as sun appears above Dunedin", and did not state who authored it. Notably, the majority of the article was simply inane Twitter comments from various insignificant people around Dunedin, an approach indicative of the quality journalism the ODT is known for.

Commentators have opined that the article is a sign that the local paper has finally given up pretending to engage in real journalism, and will from now exclusively report on things that are blatantly obvious to everyone, using tweets, Facebook status updates, and YouTube video comments to fill the greater part of its pages.

To find out what the ODT's loyal readership thought about the article, Critic took a trip to the nearest rest home. Doris, a longtime ODT reader, told Critic that she thought the article was helpful as "my eyes are going quite bad and sometimes it's difficult to tell if that bright shiny thing above me is the Sun, or that light that my children tell me not to go into when I

have one of my frequent heart attacks."

Mavis, another loyal ODT fan, told Critic that she was very excited about the new commitment to weather-related journalism, since "weather is mostly the only thing I talk about these days." However Mavis was less impressed when she learnt that the article only appeared online, stating that she didn't "much like that internet thingy."

Students were less impressed by the ODT's plummeting standards, with, one first-year health science student telling Critic, "it almost makes you look adequate by comparison. Although I'm suspicious as to whether some of your quotes actually come from real people."

Critic, always keen to jump on bandwagons, is now upping production of its own terrible weather-related content in order to compete with the ODT. Current plans include a regular article covering the presence and/or absence of the Moon, and a full-page feature listing the average daily temperature for all Nigerian villages with fewer than 1000 residents.

We are seeking volunteers, preferably with a background in experimental physics or molecular biology, to help create this content. If you would like to be considered please send a CV and cover letter to news@critic.co.nz.


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Dunedin "100% Likely" to Suffer Catastrophic Earthquake by 2012

Headline is blatant lie. Fear sells.

CALLUM FREDRIC

THE UNIVERSITY IS SPENDING \$50M TO UPGRADE ITS BUILDINGS OVER THE NEXT seven years, in order to reduce the buildings' vulnerability to earthquakes.

A top-secret forum, off-limits to students and the media, was held last Tuesday March 6 in the College of Education Auditorium, in order to discuss plans for assessing and strengthening University buildings. Due to the forbidden fruit effect, *Critic's* interest was high. Unfortunately an attempt by Editor Joe Stockman to sneak in disguised as the Vice-Chancellor did not succeed.

An initial assessment of 80 buildings has already been carried out, and seven buildings have so far undergone more detailed assessments: Cumberland College, the Lindo Ferguson Building, the Scott Building, Staff Club, the Arts Building (a.k.a. Burns), Geology (a.k.a. Quad) and the Clocktower Building.

The Scott Building was deemed to be "earthquake-prone", and will be prioritised for strengthening. The Clocktower's assessment is not yet complete, but the building is deemed "not likely to be earthquake-prone".

However, the University has its own set of "seismic guidelines", which

demand a higher standard than that required by the Building Act 2004, and thus several of the buildings will be upgraded anyway. The work will be scheduled during university holidays to minimise disruption to students.

The Social Darwinist Society has expressed its disappointment that Cumberland College was upgraded over the summer and is no longer considered "earthquake-prone". The Society was further disheartened to hear that the College will receive further upgrades over the next two years to reduce the risk to the future leaders of our society.

The next eight buildings in line for a detailed assessment are Arana College, Car-

ington College, Zoology Building, School of Surveying Building, Property Services Building, Marama Hall, Archway Buildings and the Professorial Houses by the Leith. *Critic* can only imagine the chaos that would occur in Archway in the event of an earthquake, given that trained explorers have starved to death while trying to find a way out of its labyrinthine passages.

The Alpine Fault is the fault line closest to Dunedin, but is far enough away that a 2009 earthquake that measured at magnitude 7.8 at its source in the alps did no damage to Dunedin, although the city moved 10 millimetres to the west during the quake.

Critic considered following the tradition of Wellington's *Dominion Post*, which responds to slow news days by manufacturing fear-mongering stories about earthquakes. The tried-and-true method involves talking to a Professor of Geology and asking him/her whether there is even a remote possibility of a catastrophic earthquake occurring in the next few years. The Professor will inevitably answer that there is always at least a small possibility. The headline will be along the lines of "WELLINGTON AT RISK OF CATASTROPHIC EARTHQUAKE – DISTINGUISHED PROFESSOR".

Critic is too classy to resort to such tactics in order to sell magazines. Especially because we give them away for free.

University Entices Students With Stolen Gym

Also offers candy and ride home

GUS GAWN

THE OTAGO UNIVERSITY HAS STILL NOT HAD TO PAY for the University Plaza building located in front of the stadium, despite using it since the start of the year.

The Unipol recreation complex has been open since mid-January and has had massive numbers of students from the University and Polytech through its doors to take part in sporting activities and marvel at its vomit-green walls.

However, the University is yet to pay its share of the Stadium and Plaza complex because the ultimate cost of the project still

hasn't been finalised. As mentioned in last week's *Critic*, the Dunedin City Council has brought in expensive accounting firm Price-waterhouseCoopers to find out how much the big white lunch box actually cost.

Critic understands that the University's services housed at the Plaza are in no danger of being discontinued.

The University entered into a "cost-sharing mechanism" with Dunedin Venues Management Ltd and the Carisbrook Stadium Trust before construction on the Forsyth Barr stadium commenced. When we last checked the Stadium costs had ballooned to over \$200 million.

These events have got Stop The Stadium

campaigner Bev Butler even more riled up than she already was. Butler is now calling for a full review of the Stadium project.

An interesting parallel can be drawn between the zeal with which the University chases down any outstanding fees from students, and the lax attitude with which it has gone about paying for its shiny new toy. Maybe the University should be locked out of Blackboard and have its exam results withheld until its bills are paid.

Critic approached a Unipol user to find out her views on the situation. "As long as the gym is still here so I can shift tin and smash protein shakes I don't care who pays for it".



NZUSA loves flogging dead horses

Critic a little turned on

BELLA MACDONALD

THE NEW ZEALAND UNION OF STUDENTS ASSOCIATIONS (NZUSA) has realised students are incurring debt in order to study, and have issued a press release to warn everyone about the situation, a mere 20 years after the student loan scheme was launched.

In a press release dated March 6 2012, NZUSA revealed concerns about the multi-billion dollar debt students have racked up over the course of the scheme, and the effects this debt mountain is having on New Zealand's university graduates, leading with the shocking revelation that many students are "faced with accruing significant debt in order to learn."

NZUSA President Pete Hodgkinson believes that the current loan scheme is dangerous to New Zealand's economy, and unfair on students. "No other group faces an expectation that they borrow to meet basic living costs while they are not fully in paid work."

Critic spoke to Hodgkinson, who advised new students to "choose your course carefully, as jumping between courses can be costly." Hodgkinson further pleaded for students "to think about the employment market for the chosen field they are wanting to go into." Perhaps speaking from past experience?

He added that before students entered tertiary education, "it is important they think about the amount of debt they want to accrue and how they might manage that pretention." Efforts to understand what he meant by pretention were unsuccessful.

In a marked divergence from reality, the NZUSA media release also suggested that the student allowance should be granted to all students. Whilst this would be hugely beneficial to some students, it seems a pipedream considering the already tight financial situation of the current Government. That is, of course, unless the NZUSA is able to fund the extra allowances themselves, perhaps through an incredibly successful sausage sizzle.

The press release also implied that students have a right to free education, despite evidence existing that shows that a university degree confers a huge lifetime earnings advantage for graduates (even Tourism graduates), which is worth getting in debt for.

As Critic went to print the total student debt ticker on the NZUSA website, a feature we found almost as exciting as watching the jackpot at the Bog's pokies, had just reached \$12,183,241,932.00.

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News in Briefs



FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO PROCTOR HAD TO SPEAK TO 169 STUDENTS OVER their behaviour during O-Week festivities, with eight of these reprobates being sufficiently naughty to have their case file sent up to the Provost office.

So far, of the 169 students spoken to by the Proctor, 26 have been fined, 17 have received community service, and seven have been forced to make a donation to the Food Bank. One unique individual has been made to pay for the damage he caused. We wonder what he did to be so special?

However these children should be thankful that at least they escaped the notice of the Provost, a legendary figure in tertiary discipline and often the last official a student will see at the University before they find themselves permanently on the dole.

— GREGOR WHYTE

AUCKLAND STUDENTS BACK THE WHARFIES. WHARFIES STOKED?

THE AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION (AUSA) HAS UNANIMOUSLY voted to support the Maritime Union of New Zealand in its dispute with the Ports of Auckland.

The wharfies, a group of industrious workers, are rumoured to be absolutely stoked to have gained the support of a bunch of pretentious arts students who study things like the philosophy of time or the sociology of emotions, along with the backing of a cohort of whiny law students who will, completely unasked, offer their half-baked legal opinions on topics they don't understand.

One source deep inside the striking worker's camp told *Critic* that he was looking forward to connecting with the students over tea and crumpets, and relished the opportunity to discuss Heidegger's approach to aesthetics and the recent decision of the Supreme Court in *Hamed v The Queen*.

— STAFF REPORTER

CRITIC ENTERS THIRD YEAR OF THREATENED LEGAL ACTION

THE FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY UNION JAMES LANGMAN is still sending *Critic* emails threatening the magazine with legal action in an attempt to get *Critic* to take a brief off the pdf hosting website issuu.com, despite it being posted back in 2010.

Apparently Langman is employing a legal team with the bite of a pack of savage newborn kittens, as *Critic* is still yet to receive a single document of even a pseudo-legal nature to scare us into complying. In fact Langman has only succeeded in provoking us to reprint the article, which will probably prompt a fresh round of threats.

In 2010 Langman, the then President-elect of the Oxford University Union faced calls to resign after his behaviour led to him leaving a prestigious summer internship with multinational firm Morgan Stanley. Langman was caught asking the firm's online help program "Where is a good strip club?" and "Where's the nearest porn shop?"

The gaffe followed an embarrassing incident days earlier at a seminar where Langman appeared to suggest that Morgan Stanley could not be called a meritocracy as they allowed women into senior positions.

— STAFF REPORTER

NOMINATIONS FOR 4 OUSA EXECUTIVE POSITIONS ARE OPEN



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Get nominated! Get paid (a little), get great experience, and make a difference for your student peers.

Nominations close 4pm, Thur 15 March
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ousa elections

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Scarfie Chronicles

JOSIE ADAMS

AFTER SETTTLING DOWN TO NURSE THEIR HEADS after O-Week, the Scarfies are now back in the game. In a highly exciting turn of events, a Dunedin flatwarming was shut down recently, for reasons we shall hopefully glean from TV in a couple of months. That's right, Police 10/7 visited the student ghetto. Speculation is rampant as to what the flat in question was doing to merit such glamorous attention, but Critic's money is on burning things.

We're hoping these troublemakers aren't the same crew that won the Speights competition, because if so they're hogging all the media attention. This lucky flat won a \$1500 bar tab and the chance to fly in five friends for dinner at the Brewery. We're sure they're very grateful to be given this opportunity to forgive and forget, because apparently they've been "eyebrowsing"

each other a little too much.

For those who don't know, "eyebrowsing" is a great trick you can pull after someone says they'll do something without meaning it. For example, if your flattie nonchalantly mentions how they're so angry they're going to take a shit in someone's room, you can triumphantly scream "eyebrows!". This means they either have to do it, or have an eyebrow shaved off. This is pretty much what happened in the Speights flat, when an out-of-towner was eyebrowed into taking a dump in one of the flatmate's rooms. The victimised flattie was then "tricked" into shitting in everyone else's rooms, presumably because after the first time it was still pretty hilarious. For the record this is the same guy who shat in that girl's room in UniCol last year. He has a problem.

Speaking of problems, several flats have been the recipients of diagnosis from their

new med student flatties keen to impart their wisdom. One common theme is budding doctors diagnosing the majority of their flatmates with alcohol dependency. Indeed one guy, after finding out he'd scored 36/40 on the test, triumphantly screamed "I almost won!". Another flat found that they were riddled with substance dependence, binge-eating problems and even a case of hypersexuality disorder.

Such is the extent of the degeneracy in the ghetto that alcohol abuse has even spread to the animal kingdom. In one flat the pet mouse somehow got drunk, and was subsequently found dead. The flatties then barbequed the rodent and spread its ashes on the wall. Why not?

Moving away from the booze and into the bedroom, a couple over at UniCol have had a shower sex-tape made of them. Their parents will be so proud when they see it on YouPorn.

NEW MENU

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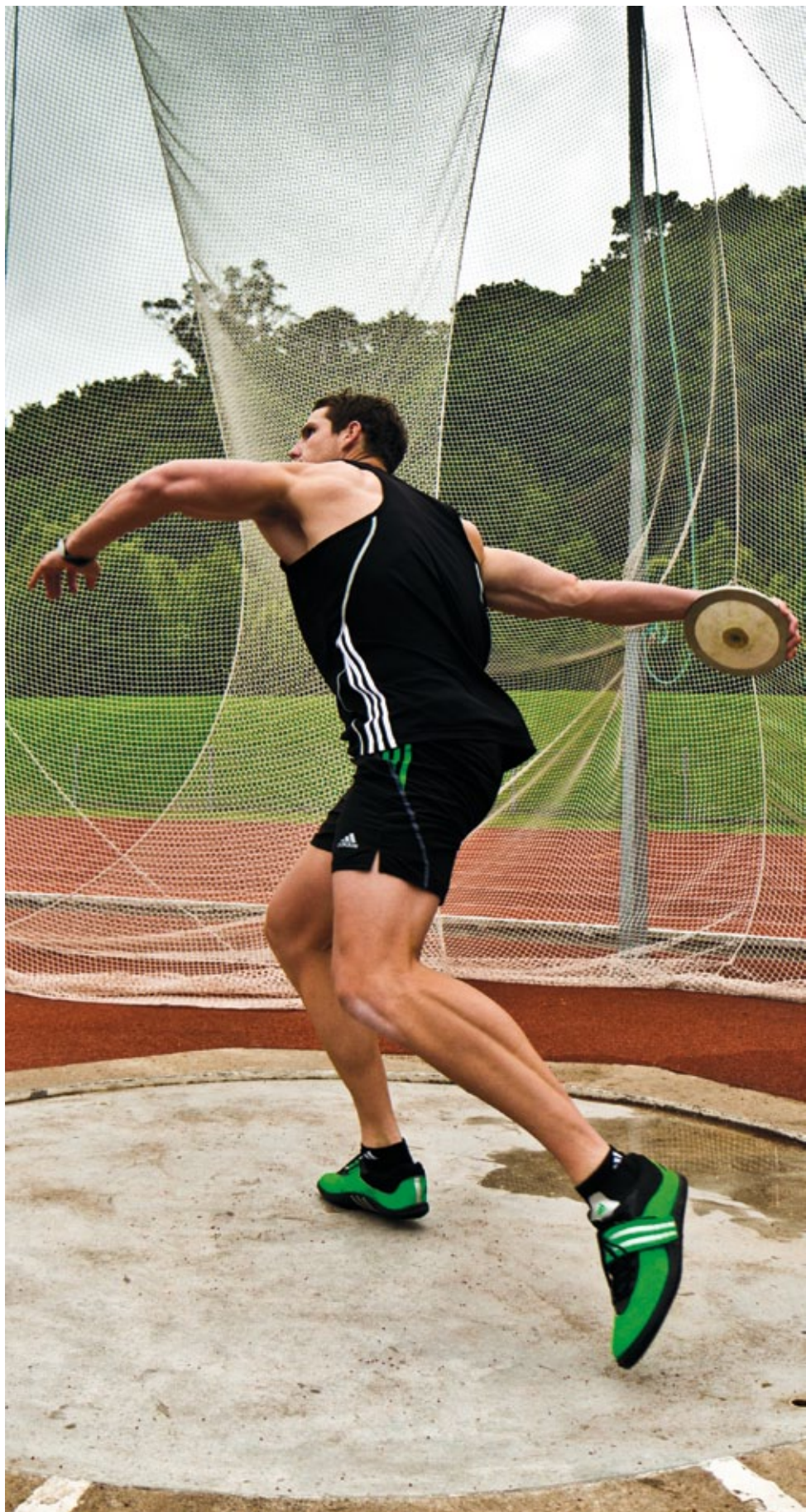
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Summer School | Non Semester

Monday to Friday 7:30am to 4pm
Weekends 9am - 4pm



UO02515



Tall guy is good at Frisbee, also Discus

MARSHALL HALL IS PROBABLY THE BEST DUNEDIN ATHLETE YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD OF. MOST PEOPLE WOULD HAVE NOTICED HIM AROUND UNI (HE'S 6'10" and massive) and thought, "who the fuck is that tall guy? I bet he's good at basketball." You would be right (NZ U18 rep), but he's even better at throwing a discus. In fact, he's a three-time New Zealand and two-time Oceania Champion.

Marshall has been tossing the disc since he was 10 years old and training seriously since he was 18. He is currently affiliated with the Taieri Athletics Club and is coached, alongside an impressive squad of throwers, by Raylene Bates. Most successful discus throwers are huge men, but Marshall stands tall even amongst some of the biggest.

This year is a big one for Marshall, as he prepares to chase Commonwealth Games (Glasgow 2014) and Olympic (Rio 2016) medals. He's got a big schedule in Europe coming up, and has been competing regularly in Australia over the summer. He's coming off some injuries, but his big levers combined with speed in the circle mean he's capable of peeling off some massive, world-class throws. It just needs to all come together at the right time. His best throws would have put him amongst the medals at the Delhi Commonwealth Games, and that is his goal for Glasgow 2014.

Gus Gawn conducted a Facebook interview again (he's too short to do face-to-face) to find out what's going on down at the Caledonian ground.

WHAT'S THE BIGGEST EVENT YOU HAVE COMPETED IN?

The Olympic Trials in Melbourne last weekend (March 3). I came fifth. It was a good result considering the torrential rain. I've competed in a few big meets in the USA against plenty of world-class athletes.

WHAT DO YOU DO AT OTAGO UNI?

I've finished a BA in Psychology and Marketing and now I'm doing postgraduate studies in Social Work. I want to make a life out of throwing a discus, but I'd also love to work with children, somewhere like Starship Hospital.

WHAT'S THE BEST PART/WORST PART ABOUT AN INTERNATIONAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET?

It's a huge mental game. It's hard to forget about other competitors and their previous performances. You have to stay focused on what you are there to do and not worry about anyone else. There are always a lot of cameras and huge crowds. Sometimes it's daunting, but pretty cool at the same time. Some countries have bugs and other things. I once got bitten in the groin by a ten-inch centipede while I was asleep.

WHICH COUNTRY HAS THE WEIRDEST ATHLETES?

The American guys are pretty crazy. They always yell and grunt before they throw. It's more of a "who has the most testosterone" comp.

HOW FAR DO YOU THINK YOU COULD THROW?

I'm capable of some big performances, I've consistently been throwing 57-plus in training and I had a 59m throw in Las Vegas last year.

WHAT ARE YOUR LONG-TERM GOALS?

My first major goal is to medal at the 2014 Commonwealth Games in Glasgow. The next step is the 2016 Olympic Games in Rio De Janeiro. I'm in the Rio 2016 High Performance squad so the journey towards the games has begun.

IS LIVING IN DUNEDIN GOOD OR BAD FOR YOUR TRAINING?

It's ideal at the moment. We have a brand new High Performance Sport NZ gym on the side of the stadium that is world class and offers everything we need. I've got a top coach, great facilities and a great support network. Who wants to be somewhere like Auckland anyway!?

HAVE YOU EVER HIT SOMEONE WITH A DISCUS?

No. That would be messy. I've competed with a long jumper who has been hit in the back by a Javelin, turns out he doesn't like to talk about it.

"I once got bitten in the groin by a ten-inch centipede while I was asleep"

HOW GOOD DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD BE AT HUNTING WITH A BOOMERANG?

Not bad I reckon. I'm quite handy with a Frisbee. I don't know that it'd come back though.

WHAT KIND OF SUPPORT DO YOU GET FROM THE UNIVERSITY? THE GOVERNMENT, SPORT OTAGO ETC? WHAT SPONSORSHIPS DO YOU HAVE?

I'm sponsored by Adidas so I get hooked up pretty well with gear. I was on a Prime Minister's Athlete scholarship and I also get Skeggs Grants.

CAN YOU MAKE A LIVING TOSSING THE DISCUS?

You can and I hope to. I've made some pretty decent prize money in competitions so far.

DO YOU HAVE A GF?

Yeah, Lucy, she's great. **G**

RED AND STARRY EYED

ON THE URUWERA TRIALS

GET RED-Y FOR A PIECE OF ADVICE: DO NOT TRUST THE GOVERNMENT. NOT JUST John Key's, don't trust Labour either. Currently in court four "terrorists" are being tried for being the supposed ringleaders of a group planning war against the police and government.

The case goes back to 2007, when 300 police detained 17 "terrorists" and seized four guns. Yep, that's right, four guns. I do not know if the 17 people were holding the four guns at the same time while prancing around playing role-playing games. But right from the start the media helped to portray them as a threat and are still doing so now.

The case is ridiculous, and you should watch the doco Operation 8 to see it with your own eyes. Heavily armed police raided homes from Christchurch to Auckland and detained the 17, along with a whole host of harmless hippies. Personal items were seized as evidence including jackets, zippo lighters and ecology pamphlets, even though they were irrelevant to the case. And the detained then had to take part in a prolonged court process that ended up lasting over four years! Talk about justice differed is justice denied. The legal costs involved have seen many of them put second mortgages on their houses or lose their jobs.

The case involving the 17 ended last year. The police were found to have used illegal means to obtain evidence, while other evidence was outright fabricated.

The group "Rama" – meaning "enlightenment" in Māori – were allegedly planning an "IRA-style war on New Zealand". Ironically, one of the houses searched held yoga classes, so maybe they were seeking enlightenment, but I doubt there was anything more serious going on.

If the group were in fact planning "war", I'd be worried if the NZ Army couldn't defend us from 20-odd people with four guns. This is in fact a cover. The 17, and the four "ringleaders" still on trial, were leftist union organisers, anarchists, revolutionary socialists and Māori nationalists, such as Tame Iti.

The Clark and Key governments have let the farce continue, and are thereby suppressing dissent and alternative viewpoints. They are encouraging fear and conformity, and they have pushed through laws that allow police to tap your conversations and read your emails. Moreover, if you have non-conformist leanings, it seems that you may not have the same rights as your average Joe.

We can either decide to trust the government, become sheep, let it control our thinking and reduce our wages and rights, or we can question it, protest and become aware – maybe even enlightened.

"No, Winston, no," the government says.

— RED AND STARRY-EYED

Spec

Rich White Men Battle to Evict Black Guy

SAM MCCHESENEY

THE RACE FOR THE REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION DRAGS hilariously on. Actually, given that at the time of writing Mitt Romney has just won in the key state of Ohio, the race may actually be over by the time this issue of *Critic* gets published. In that case, don't think of this blurb as obsolete, even though it probably is. Think of it as an enlightening window into an unenlightened age and, instead of reading on, reflect on the fleeting nature of temporal phenomena and the essential relativity of time and space.

Either that or the four staid, loopy white stiffos who are continuing with their Quixotic quest to beat each other to a pulp so that Obama doesn't have to – in which case *Critic* will strain its newfound penchant for refreshingly contemporary journalism by reporting on events that, though as-yet-unrealized, may well be hitting the wires just as you open this magazine. Events like Mitt Romney flip-flopping, Ron Paul being scarily consistent (I think he might actually be a robot), Newt Gingrich blaming the "media elite" and Rick Santorum acting like some sort of Freudian lube/poo cocktail.

In case you've been living under a rock – or somewhere else that isn't, you know, Bizarro World – over the past few months the four candidates have been entertaining liberals everywhere by engaging in a headlong race for the hearts and minds of the lowest common denominator – a denominator that, if the candidates' campaign strategies are anything to go by, is in serious need of therapy. The rules of the game seem to be that the candidate who is most overtly misogynistic, sanctimonious, xenophobic, jingoistic and hypocritical wins.

Enter the four remaining candidates. First, there's Romney, the world's richest chameleon, worth \$250million USD, but paying only 15% tax. On a recent trip to a NASCAR race to show that he was down with the folks (and to mitigate the bad press after talking about how

four staid, loopy white stiffos who are continuing with their Quixotic quest to beat each other to a pulp

trum—

The Tory
Templar

his wife owned "two Cadillacs" – itself an attempt to mitigate bad press after having voted against a bailout that ultimately saved Michigan's auto industry), Romney was asked if he followed the sport. "Not as closely as some of the most ardent fans," he replied. "But I have some friends who are NASCAR team owners."

Next up, Gingrich, who claims to have been Ronald Regan's BFF, based largely on a picture of him drinking tea with the visibly uncomfortable then-President. A charming man with a penchant for trading in seriously ill wives for younger, healthier models, Gingrich's star has inexplicably waned over recent weeks.

Santorum's surname has been near ruined by an internet meme

"But I have some friends who are NASCAR team owners"

popularising it as denoting "the frothy mixture of lube and fecal matter that is sometimes the byproduct of anal sex" but he remains popular for his "socially conservative" (i.e. bigoted in every conceivable way) views. He has compared homosexual sex to bestiality, and during a debate promised, if elected, to "nuke Iran".

Finally, there is Paul, whose support seems largely limited to YouTube comments sections (polling has, after all, identified viewers of "Go! Bwaaah!" as a key swing demographic). Paul inspires new levels of mouth-foaming, pants-jizzing fervour among his acolytes primarily because he is a politician who is consistent, rather than consistently crazy, and because he is capable of articulating this consistency when Fox News pundits and Republican debate moderators give him the opportunity (which they never do).

So far the contest has been fought between Romney and "anti-Romney" – a position that exists because Romney is one of the most gaffe-prone, incompetent and unlikable frontrunners in the history of, well, competitive stuff. His appeal is based solely on the fact that he's the candidate most likely to beat Obama – a selling point which, the longer this freak-show of a nomination process continues, looks increasingly moot. Nevertheless, no anti-Romney has lasted. The role has been performed at various times by Michele Bachmann, Rick Perry and Herman Cain (all of whom were hilarious but have, sadly, pulled out); Sarah Palin and Donald Trump (both of whom never ran, but toyed with the idea); and Gingrich. Santorum currently occupies the post, and the frothy former Senator is the last realistic contender (though if YouTube views were votes, Paul would have won already). And yes, a world in which Santorum could be a realistic contender for anything other than electro-shock therapy is one scary-as-fuck world. **G**

ON THE URUWERA TRIALS

NEW ZEALAND'S OWN TERROR TRIALS HAVE STARTED. THEY BEGAN WITH A MINI version of Survivor which saw the suspects whittled down to the "real bad guys". And now resident "rent-a-protestor" John Minto has got on board. If the Templar had a dollar for every half-arse cause John got on board with he'd be able to retire.

Minto reckons the actions of the police promote a climate of fear. Surely having gun-wielding maniacs trying to get their own nation would be pretty terrifying in itself.

Tuhoe want their own sub-nation? The Templar just doesn't get it. If you want the benefits of being part of NZ, then you should commit to living within the ideals of NZ, and that means unity.

Whilst those Americans have liberal gun laws where you can run around with any sort of weapon you want, that is not the case here. We have different rules here, and such actions completely disregard the longstanding traditions and social conventions of this country. We will never be able to foster a one-community, one-culture tradition if anyone can so publicly flaunt our laws.

Let's ask ourselves a wholly simple question. Had this group been Al-Qaeda rather than Tuhoi, would this even be an issue? I think not. Clearly a group which planned to use a campaign of violence to get what they want is childish, criminal and damn-near barbaric. It doesn't matter what they want, they broke the laws of this country and should be punished. Any method the police used to stop such crime and ensure such punishment is fine by me.

The lawyers representing the remaining accused claim that police were up to their old tricks by recording them in their balaclavas waving weapons around and running about with Molotov Cocktails. Can we tolerate behaviour that is so against New Zealand's culture purely because it involves the issue of indigenous sovereignty? The Templar thinks not. In fact the issue of social injustice in this country will never be solved if the downtrodden take to rising up like a bunch of cartoon Marxists every time they don't get quite the leg up they want.

The Templar gives the New Zealand police a pat on the back for their tactics, cheeky though they were. Everyone has the right to bear arms but no one has the right to flip the bird at this country's long standing ideals. Tuhoe need to work with the system to create one functioning community rather than try to create multiple dysfunctional ones.

— THE TORY TEMPLAR

An Evening with Mr Walker (no relation)



WHEN A MAN IS ABLE TO MAKE A FEATURE-LENGTH FILM FOR \$150, you know that there is a serious amount of enthusiasm involved. Critic sat down with now-Dunedin-based digital filmmaker Campbell Walker to get a quick lesson in passion.

Campbell Walker, whose first film *Uncomfortable Comfortable* premiered in the New Zealand Film Festival in 1999, is a man making movies on the cheap, seemingly simply for the love of it.

The Wellington-bred Walker describes *Uncomfortable Comfortable*, which will be screened this week by the Dunedin Film Society, as "being about what happens when a relationship is finishing." He thought he was making a grim film but at the end of the first screening, he realised that he had inadvertently made a comedy. "Everybody laughed. At different points and in different ways; when people saw things they could relate to through their own experiences, they would break into laughter of recognition. In Kiwi culture, we have an awkwardness around relationships so people look to find it funny."

Walker is fascinated by the way New Zealanders communicate, and by the things that don't get said during our most intimate moments. "The quiet, intimate relationships we have aren't talked about. The way we don't articulate our emotions around these things. It's about how it's important we try to."

The impact of *Uncomfortable Comfortable* has been influential on the lives of some (one woman, upon meeting Walker, informed him that she dumped her boyfriend after seeing the film) and on the Film Industry in New Zealand. "Some people saw it as a threat, and we were a threat to the Film Industry, as we were making these films very cheaply."

Making a film that is not directed at a particular target audience allows the director's interests to be portrayed. "I make the kinds of films that I would like to see, that I think other people I know would like to see." He certainly isn't targeting the same audience as the multi-million dollar productions of commercial films, such as Peter Jackson's *Lord of the Rings*. Walker cannot hide his contempt for the slave-driver fashion of Jackson's directing technique, or for the egotism of James Cameron. Walker definitely does not need feel the need to reach large audiences or make a lot of money.

In Walker's current project, where the total cost was \$150, he admits, "about half of that was spent on booze." Not being commercially-based means that Walker has the ability to get a basic camera, organise some actors and use his own home for most of his filming. "I would never make a \$10m film, or \$1m film. \$100,000 would let me do everything I would want to do."

After its initial success at its premier film festival, *Uncomfortable Comfortable* was given a \$5000 grant to complete the post-production. "They didn't think we'd get it finished with \$5000, we didn't think we could finish it with \$5000 but we did." Walker's ability to complete films under such tight budgets reflects his enormous passion and knowledge for film.

As a Victoria University Graduate in Film and Film Theory in a theatre and film context, Walker has a penchant for reflecting the theory of film in his work. He is critical of the NZ film education system. "If you study filmmaking in New Zealand, you are learning how to make films for money in an industrial and commercial process."

Even as a digital filmmaker, Walker believes that traditional techniques still have a place in developing a film. His scenes often run for 40 minutes or more without a break. He challenges the viewer to engage with the scene and realise for themselves what is important and where to pay attention.

Having lived in Dunedin for a year, Walker is still discovering what life is like in Dunedin, so his latest film should reflect this. "It's an outsider's view of Dunedin but kind of an insider's view," stated Walker, as confusing as that is. Hopefully it won't take four years to produce like some of his other work, but it is sure to relate to many Dunedin-ites. **G**

UNCOMFORTABLE COMFORTABLE (1999) WILL BE SHOWN BY THE DUNEDIN Film Society, **Wednesday 14 March at 7:30 pm** in the **Red Lecture Theatre**, Great King Street, across the road from the emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital. Casual admission for a small donation.

Campbell Walker will attend the Dunedin Film Society's exclusive local screening and be available for a question and answer session afterwards.

Holly Walker

Green star on the horizon

Holly Walker, the second-youngest MP in Parliament, is widely regarded as one of the Green Party's future stars. Political Reporter Callum Fredric met up with her for an organic lemonade and a chat about her experiences as Critic Editor, Rhodes Scholar, and first-term MP.



YOUR EARLY LIFE STORY GIVES JOHN KEY A RUN FOR HIS MONEY...

Yeah I guess it's relevant to why I've ended up in politics. My mum found herself on her own with me when I was a baby, and she had the support of the welfare state in the proud NZ tradition. So I feel very strongly about maintaining those things for children growing up now.

SO YOU GREW UP IN LOWER HUTT BEFORE MOVING DOWN TO DUNEDIN...

Yeah, I was here for five years, four as a student and one as Critic Editor. I did combined Honours [English and Politics] and eventually went on to study Development Studies at a Masters level when I went to Oxford.

I went to Carrington in my first year which was fantastic. The best flat I lived in was on Cargill Street, it was a great all-girl, vegetarian, feminist collective.

BACK IN 2005 WHEN YOU WERE EDITOR OF CRITIC, YOU PUBLISHED A SATIRICAL HOW-TO GUIDE TO DRUG RAPE. THE ARTICLE CAUSED A LOT OF CONTROVERSY AND THAT WEEK'S CRITIC WAS EVENTUALLY BANNED. THOUGHTS ON THIS, AND THE ROLE OF STUDENT MEDIA IN 2012?

I kind of agreed with the reasoning about why it was a problematic article, but I think it probably shouldn't have been banned. It is better to err on the side of freedom but with a really strong understanding of the responsibility that comes along with that. I've since come to think that if I had been the survivor of rape and I had read that article, I would have been extremely re-traumatised...

I've said that I think it was a mistake to publish that particular article the way that we did, but that doesn't mean student media shouldn't be in the business of pushing boundaries and breaking taboos. I just think it's really important to have a defensible purpose.

NORTH DUNEDIN STREET DRINKING BAN – SUPPORT OR OPPOSE?

To a certain extent I endorse the University's approach towards alcohol because there is a huge binge drinking culture here and throughout NZ which is pretty harmful. Having said that, I'm not sure I endorse the punitive approach that has been taken, and it is a significant curtailing of students' freedoms and lifestyle ...

It might be that we don't need the liquor ban, but that there are other things we can do that involve wider societal changes, like restricting alcohol advertising, raising the price, looking at opening hours, things that restrict availability, rather than slapping a ban in one place. The Green Party's consistent that we shouldn't be raising the drinking age to 20 – those binge-drinking harms are not just a student problem, they're actually all ages, but probably more visible in a student centre because

students do drink outdoors, and the harms manifest themselves in fires and riots. So we don't support scapegoating young people for a problem that's actually endemic to the whole population.

HYDE STREET KEG PARTY – YAY OR NAY?

Even as a student I tended to steer clear of those types of events. They can actually make it quite an unsafe, offputting and dangerous environment for a large numbers of other students. We need to make sure the campus is safe for all students, not just those who are drunk, rowdy and confident enough to take over the streets.

WHAT'S YOUR PERSONAL POSITION ON LIBERALISING DRUGS?

The Green Party have always been in favour of decriminalisation of marijuana, and our whole approach to alcohol and drugs is about harm minimisation, actually looking at evidence about the harms and how we can use government regulation to minimise them.

KNOX COLLEGE IS CONSIDERING BANNING SOME OF ITS OLDEST TRADITIONS...

I actually quite support some of the moves away from elitism. There's been a significant minority of students who really enjoyed what Knox offered in terms of its traditional initiations and things like that, but quite a significant minority have found it incredibly affronting, unwelcoming and unsafe.

HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION: WHICH SOCIETY WOULD YOU PREFER, ONE WHERE EVERYONE EARNS \$50,000 PER YEAR, OR ONE WHERE HALF THE PEOPLE EARN \$70,000 AND THE OTHER HALF EARN \$300,000?

I'd prefer the society where everybody earned \$50,000, because all the research I've seen about income inequality suggests that the smaller those gaps are, the better we all do. Equality of income for me absolutely trumps [higher incomes but more inequality].

WHAT ABOUT \$50,000 FOR EVERYONE VERSUS \$200,000 FOR HALF AND \$500,000 FOR THE OTHER HALF?

It's about relativity. When we talk about poverty in NZ we're talking about relative poverty, because even children who live in the poorest homes in NZ would not be necessarily in abject poverty if they were living in developing countries. It's all relative. But that doesn't mean the harms associated with it for those children are any less. So I think it doesn't really matter how many zeros are on the end of the numbers, it's about how we can close the gaps across the board. **Q**

Feature

**BY KATIE
KENNY**

Facebook. FB. FBI. Coincidence?

Not at all, claim many satirical publications and conspiracy theorists. Zuckerberg's \$50 billion operation is often associated with modern-day "Big Brother-is-watching-you" anxieties, yet many students are too humble (or perhaps too naïve) to consider the potential repercussions of their online profile. Even if you think your page is inconsequential, how important is it to take measures to stay cyber-safe in cyberspace?

BIG BROTHER?

TO GAIN A LITTLE CONTEXT HERE, LET'S PAUSE TO CONSIDER HOW MUCH FACEBOOK actually knows about its users. Of course, certain basic details are required for sign-up: Name, age, gender, contact information, friends. Users might also provide hometown, relationship status, workplace, family members, hobbies and interests, photographs, and possibly current GPS location. People publish their feelings, "likes", opinions, and they message or chat with other Facebook users. They may even "Facebook stalk" other users, potential employees, ex-partners, lecturers, the person next door, some long-lost fill-in-the-blank.

Well, so what? The frequency of Facebook lexicon has normalised the social network experience for much of the student population, and many don't think twice before revealing their lives online. Most users would argue that typical profile information is nothing more than what they would share with a friend. That may be true, but FB isn't your BFF. Unlike your close mates, Facebook doesn't forget anything, ever. Facebook will never lie to the law for you. And, most annoyingly, Facebook is a gossipier. Approximately 840 million subscribers are happy to share their information. But do these people truly realise the extent and the consequences of their online sharing?

When you use a website such as Facebook, every word that you type, every link that you click, plus your browser and computer information – which can often uniquely identify you – is stored. This information forms a sort of profile about you, and this profile can be passed on to

third-party advertisers, which is why these ads seem to follow you throughout cyberspace.

Should users be concerned by this semi-invasion of personal privacy? Generally, the storage of such information is only concerning when it's released without consent. That's why Facebook asserts that any personal data passed on to third-parties is entirely anonymous, and that's why personal privacy settings are available for individuals to monitor. However, it's not always safe to assume that a websites' privacy policies are hole-proof. Austrian student Max Schrems recently challenged Zuckerberg's

"If you're not paying for it, you are the product, not the consumer"

protection of users' data, and has since provoked further improvements regarding subscriber anonymity and personal consent.

SCHREMS SCREAMS FOR CHANGE

SCHREMS, A 24 YEAR-OLD LAW STUDENT, WAS BEWILDERED TO RECEIVE 1,222 files of personal data after he formally requested a copy of his details from the world's largest social network (his Facebook account was only a year old). As expected, the report contained his current profile details. But concerning it also contained a large amount of unexpected personal information obviously retained by Facebook, information such as time and date of internet activity, time and content of sent and received messages, and records of every link "liked" or posted, every person "poked" or "friended". Facebook had archived friend requests, email addresses, employment details and GPS locations, amongst other data – much of which Schrems had "deleted".

Schrems's experience inspired him to form an activist group, called Europe vs. Facebook. The organisation's aim is to increase transparency on Facebook, and thus allow users to be more informed about their online experience. The Europe vs. Facebook website lists four main objectives:

TRANSPARENCY: Currently, it is almost impossible for the user to really know what happens to his or her personal data when using Facebook.

OPT-IN INSTEAD OF OPT-OUT: Facebook claims that all users have consented to the use of their personal data, yet Facebook is an "opt-out" system. This means that unless users change their preset privacy settings, most personal data will be visible without restrictions.

DECIDE YOURSELF: Only the individual users

should be able to consent to the use of his or her data. Currently, other users can "tag" individuals without that individual's consent.

DATA MINIMISATION: Facebook currently offers no sufficient way of deleting old junk data. Even if an individual deletes his or her account, Facebook will keep some of the personal information.

POLICY PROGRESS

MANY OF THE CURRENT CHANGES WITHIN FACEBOOK'S PRIVACY POLICY ARE DUE to the Europe vs. Facebook movement. Just last month, Facebook announced an agreement with the Federal Trade Commission (the regulatory oversight agency in the United States) to aid users' control over privacy and sharing. Europe vs. Facebook has tightened and clarified laws set out by the US-EU Safe Harbour Framework, which is basically collaboration between the United States and Europe about collection and storage of personal data. The equivalent oversight agency for countries outside of the United States and Canada is the Irish Data Protection Commissioner (DPC). Therefore, the internationality of Facebook means that Schrems's efforts have ricocheted from Austria throughout the Western world.

Despite these improvements to Facebook's privacy policies, we must keep in mind that Facebook is not the a free service, it is a business. Facebook is a profit-seeking company, as one insightful commentator put it "If you're not paying for it, you are the product, not the consumer." Thus, "sharing" will always be Facebook's agenda.

THE LOCAL LOW-DOWN

ANDREW FERGUSON, THE DEPUTY PROCTOR AT THE UNI, HAS DEALT FIRST-HAND with students' negative Facebook experiences, and is baffled by students'



Taking a rare break from his tireless impersonation of 16th century philosopher Niccolò Machiavelli, Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg here tries to convince people his company isn't the pure distillation of amorality by posing with an adorable puppy. Cute.

willingness to share. He likens Facebook to "... putting your life on a public notice board. How much do you really want to share?" Not only does Ferguson's comparison highlight the pretentiousness of public display of personal details, but also the vulnerability associated with exposure.

"We've dealt with a number of issues in which people have abused others through Facebook. It's becoming more and more of a problem. People have the ability to abuse others in front of a wider audience and with less consent." Due to Facebook's "tagging" features, users are able to associate other users with photos and posts without consent. "There are very few controls [to restrict abuse]."

Before blaming Facebook, however, we must remember that using it is a personal choice. No one is forced to create an account, and users need to be responsible for their own information. Extending Ferguson's metaphor, Facebook is simply the notice board.

Ferguson iterated that the University takes Facebook abuse very seriously, "Our Ethical Behavioural Policy covers media like this. If a student feels like someone is insulting them, then they can come to us and we will deal with that."

Obviously, the simplest and safest defence against Facebook bullying is to not subscribe. For many students, however, abstinence is not a realistic option. Facebook is a great way to keep in touch with friends and family, as well as an effort-free medium for communicating ideas, requests, invites

and much more, to many people simultaneously. With this in mind, Ferguson urges students to be "very careful" about what they divulge to the "public arena" that is cyberspace.

"Even after you think you've deleted something, people may have copied your data ... People should be aware that there are predators trolling through Facebook, looking at photos and names. Don't ever share anything confidential."

"There are students here who will need to change their name down the track [for safety reasons]. I don't understand why they feel the need to share so much online."

STAY SMART, STAY SAFE

KEEP IN MIND THAT, REGARDLESS OF PRIVACY SETTINGS, a subpoena doesn't need to add you as a friend before a judge can pull your profile content. I'm sure that many readers are sitting smugly in the knowledge that they've restricted



the privacy on their Facebook account. A) It's important to check your privacy settings regularly to ensure the protection of your personal information, but B) Remember that privacy settings mean nada when the police are involved.

Every year, some students seem to think that it's funny to post photos of themselves dancing around burning couches and getting up to other similarly illegal antics. However, Ferguson has a warning: "The University

In fact, material uploaded onto Facebook is never really the user's property. Even if your page is available to "friends only", your data could be copied, saved, and distributed without your consent and even without your knowledge.

does look at those sites and give information to us." The public nature of social media makes it simple for police to exploit these avenues of information without a warrant or court order. Online personal information – if requested as part of a legal investigation – is no longer the user's property.

In fact, material uploaded onto Facebook is never really the user's property. Even if your page is available to "friends only", your data could be copied, saved, and distributed (by a "friend") without your consent and even without your knowledge.

The second-best solution to abstinence, therefore, would be modesty. Post with the knowledge that what you're uploading may be available for public consumption in many years to come. Stay humble, yes, but don't be naïve. As for the conspiracy theorists, well, let's not get too excited about the potentials of mass population surveillance. Frequent status updates are annoying, but they're not going to send us to hell in a handbasket. **✎**



The Annual Crutik Fush'N'Chup Review

Boasting chicken salt and grease, they were thick-cut, soft and hot as if they were straight out of the fryer

Willowbank

CHIPS \$3.60 FISH \$3.30

Upon reaching Willowbank we were so eager to sink our teeth into plentiful greasy fish and chips that it seemed possible we had set our standards too high. A warmer housed stacks of chips and fried chicken with a deep brown, cracked batter, beneath a lurid yellow light. We had to order fish specially, though what we were presented with a few minutes later was hardly what one would call "special". Unless of course you dig a tasteless, oversized, crumbed fish finger. Fellow reviewers called it "foul" and "very odd". Though we were ripped off on the "fish" side of things (if you could even call it that), the chips were glorious. Boasting chicken salt and grease, they were thick-cut, soft and hot as if they were straight out of the fryer. Willowbank also offer scoops of gravy on your chips for just 60c. Go there for chips alone, but don't bother with the poorly-crumbed portion of sea creature; stick with the chicken.

Golden Sun

CHIPS \$1.20 FISH \$1.80

The woman at Golden Sun yelled at me to buy their chips, instead of their (notably better) competitor's, when she spied us heading next door after parking in her carpark. So we followed her instructions and were fairly unimpressed. The chips lacked any kind of feel-good grease factor, though they were pretty standard for your usual takeaway. The fish was about as interesting as a Saturday night spent at St Margaret's, encased in an unpleasantly doughy batter lacking that desirable crisp factor. A picnic bench sat somberly outside with a few pathetic seagulls roaming around for scraps. One of the team noted that Golden Sun probably makes their money from the hungover locals who are too impatient to wait in the queue at Mei Wah. I'd agree with that.

Mei Wah

CHIPS \$1.50 FISH \$1.90

Mei Wah is a popular deep fried haunt that delivered with its fleshy, well-battered fish, but let us down in the chip stakes. What we anticipated to be a crowd favourite was ultimately mediocre due to the dry and unevenly salted chips. Pop along for a piece of fish and a pineapple fritter (my personal favourite), but don't expect the chips to wow you. Sufficiently satisfying, but no more.

“After a run of the good, the bad, and the downright ugly, we went ahead and optimistically ordered chips

The 24


CHIPS \$2.90 FISH \$2.90

The 24 we frequented is nestled at the bottom of Park and Regent Streets, one of the most infuriating intersections in North Dunedin. We were privy to a shocking example of Food Warmer Failure whereby the chips left a bitter aftertaste in our mouths, and had turned an off-putting, speckled brown. The fish was practically swimming in a dull and oily batter (see what I did there?). We took joy in spitting the chips into the nearby rubbish bin, with comments of “these chips are not okay”, “good God” and “fuck that” echoing loud and clear. It is incredibly disappointing that a convenience store cannot provide its locale with a decent spread of fish and chips. These guys need to change their frying oil. Eat at your own risk.

WINNER !!!

Squiddies

CHIPS \$2.60 FISH \$1.90

The Flying Squid, or “Squiddies” as it is affectionately known, was our final stop, but a welcome one at that. After a run of the good, the bad, and the downright ugly, we went ahead and optimistically ordered chips – both fatties and skinnies – and a few pieces of their standard fish. The skinnies were a let-down, but seeing as I personally find skinnies to be the dregs of the takeaway chip world, we'll let it slide. The fatties on the other hand were a solid effort, nicely greasy and consistently soft. The fish is pretty good value for \$1.90, with a crisp batter. Their hot dogs are superb at just \$1.90 also, with batter coating the entire stick. Cheers, Squiddies, for redeeming the humble art of fish and chippery. 

The Now-Annual Critic Icecream Review

— Ines Shennan

THE 24

SUPPLIER: Streets

The Ambrosia was a let-down, despite its abundant marshmallows. Only nine flavours were on show, and the icecream held a consistency a little too icy. The Caramel Ripple, despite lacking that coveted creaminess, still shone through flavour-wise.

Customer service: After some prompting, Russell really opened up as a "caramel man" in recommending his personal favourite. He even went so far as to say that if he had two cakes at home, he would pick the caramel (this guy really knows what he wants.) He was also correct in predicting the Highlander's win over the Crusaders. Definitely the best yarn of the day.

WILLOWBANK

SUPPLIER: Tip Top

The selection is phenomenal, with 20 flavours available. From the usual pickings of boysenberry, vanilla and hokey pokey to the more adventurous Caramel Fudge, Orange Chocolate Chip and Mocha, you'd be hard pressed to find something you didn't like. Opting for a scoop each of Candyfloss and Lime Swirl, I was impressed with the super-creamy consistency and vibrant colours.

CUSTOMER SERVICE: Friendly, though we had to push for conversation. We were informed that Gold Rush was the most popular flavour.

CAMPUS WONDERFUL

SUPPLIER: Tip Top

The icecream was good, though the range of flavours, at just six, was abysmal. I opted for Gold Rush following the advice of the guy at Willowbank, and was sorely disappointed. Though the icecream was perfectly firm, the flavour was just plain boring, and too sweet.

CUSTOMER SERVICE: The young lass who served us was eager to please upon finding out we were conducting one of the most esteemed food reviews on the planet. Upon inquiring about the sign which proclaimed "no milkshakes or icecreams at lunchtime", we were told that this was around the hour of 12:30pm each

day, because it simply gets too busy. Welcoming service, unimaginative icecream.

DUNDAS CORNER DAIRY – RUNNER-UP

SUPPLIER: Tip Top

Again, Tip Top makes its place known in the arena of scooped ice cream, with a consistently creamy serving. Unlike the tubs of boysenberry icecream, which tend to have a few rogue streaks of the purple stuff roaming among a sea of white, my scoop was positively laced with luscious boysenberry ripple. The usual culprits of Goody Gum Drops and Cookies & Cream made an appearance in the freezer, with a few other flavours thrown into the mix.

On your birthday, with I.D. as proof, you can get a "deluxe 5 step icecream" for just \$1. David eagerly motioned what would be a carefully-balanced five scoop icecream. We were blown away just thinking about this engineering feat.

Walking down Dundas Street, my complete lack of co-ordination/ability to function as a normal human being resulted in me dropping the icecream on the footpath. I would have been incredibly upset had I not already consumed so much of the frosty treat, and counted this mishap as a blessing.

CUSTOMER SERVICE: David and Julie placed a marshmallow heart atop of the biggest two scoops of ice-cream I've ever seen. Aside from being an adorably cute couple, your service is just tops, with a smile to finish.

ROB ROY – WINNER !

SUPPLIER: Much Moore

Famous for its oversized icecreams and long queues, the Rob Roy was a crowd-pleaser. The standard was set with their indulgent scoops from Much Moore. The rich, fudge-rippled Choc Mudd flavour was a celebration of the humble peanut slab, and after some foraging around, a plentiful supply of coloured jubes was unearthed among the virescent Goody Gum Drops.

CUSTOMER SERVICE: Helpful, chatty and a fast scooper. **G**



Food Bill

The Politics of Getting a Feed

THE VANS ARRIVE NEXT TO THE RAILWAY STATION early; before dawn farmers are already setting up the tables in their usual spots. They chat to their neighbours before the first customers arrive. A variety of products can be found across the stalls, from Vegetables, cakes, and Grandma's jam, to homemade cheeses. The hustle and bustle of the next few hours will bring the station back to its heyday, when Dunedin was the gold-plated gem of New Zealand. Now the only trains that run are scarce and touristy. The rise in popularity of Farmers' Markets across the country is giving something back to the local economy. However, the Kiwi trend of buying local could be under threat though. Farmers' Markets, sausage sizzles and community gardens could all suffer under the government's new Food Bill. One lady selling vegetables says she is "concerned". The vendor next to her fears "the cost of maintenance will go up the roof". Meanwhile the management of the Market say the 5000-odd buyers shouldn't feel worried, as "it won't affect individual vendors".

Farmers and small-scale traders across the country hardly have time to read a 365-page bill. Some, who have been dubbed conspiracy theorists, claim the Food Bill has an Orwellian tinge. Under the guise of safety, they say it will actually lead to a degradation of our freedoms and increased control.

In early December the *Otago Daily Times* ran the headline "Police Arrest Pensioner Found Supplying Carrots". The article claimed that the Bill would revoke our right to grow food, becoming "a government-authorised privilege". Other media outlets also demonstrated the growing concern citizens had. In a Campbell Live interview, former Green MP Sue Kedgley stated that exchanges with neighbours would also have to comply with the vague provisions of the Bill. She said the Bill "could end up discouraging healthy food choice".

POLITICIANS GET POLITICAL

THE BILL "SEEKS TO PROVIDE AN EFFICIENT, RISK-based regulatory regime that places a primary duty on persons trading in food to ensure that



what is sold is safe and suitable". According to the New Zealand Food Safety Authority, food-borne illnesses cost \$162 million a year to the economy.

Farmers' Marketeers though believe it will increase costs. Some people think it would lead to an end of small-scale trade altogether and others are more concerned with an ulterior motive: the Bill would give unnecessary rights to Food Safety Officers (FSOs), who will be able to search private properties and get rid of small-scale competition.

Kate Wilkinson, Minister of Food Safety, rubbishes the claims, saying it won't "in any way affect people's right to grow food and to then exchange, sell or trade it". She labels the denouncers as either misinformed or scaremongers. According to the Minister, the Bill will simplify 30-year-old legislation and will minimise the risk to public health. During the first reading in Parliament, the majority of parties supported the Bill, but just a few months later National could lose its support.

David Clark, Labour MP for Dunedin North, says his party "won't give final support to the Bill". Though the old act "needs updating", the Labour Party wants to avoid "unnecessary red tape" and "protect local growers and small businesses". The same goes for sausage sizzle

Farmers' Markets, sausage sizzles and community gardens could all suffer under the government's new Food Bill

and cake stands; Clark doesn't want to see these jeopardized by new legislation. Steffan Browning, Safe Food spokesperson for the Green Party, fears the new regulations could increase costs. The Green Party is keen for geographical exemptions, which would be more environmentally friendly and would encourage local food consumption. Browning doesn't believe the "issues" arise from local growers; instead the

spread of diseases such as E-coli or campylobacter originate in bigger industries that manufacture more elaborate products – particularly the meat industry. Damien O'Connor, Labour spokesperson for Food Safety, says Parliament agrees that the commercial storage of chicken in particular has to be improved.

Phil Bremer, professor at the University of Otago's Food Science department, says larger industries already self-regulate. In order to compete, big companies such as Tesco or Walmart hire third-party auditors. The International Socialist Organisation (ISO) in Dunedin points out that the Bill won't do any-

This will cut hundreds of jobs and put food safety in the hands of private companies

thing about the fat, sugar or additive levels in food. Browning also warns that under the Bill in its current form, OUSA as a students' association would not be allowed to hold sausage sizzles without red tape being fried in the process.

I PROMISE NOT TO MENTION MONSANTO ...

THE GOVERNMENT WAS QUICK TO TAKE OUT A clause that said seed-sharing would become illegal. Facebook groups and the New Zealand Food Security website soon picked up on the "slip-up" that would have benefited giant agribusiness and fertiliser corporations. The Bill is not just a new version of an old act, it follows the guidelines of the Codex Alimentarius, a set of food regulations pushed by the World Trade Organisation. According to Winsome Parnell, nutrition policy expert at the University of Otago, the Codex aims to create better environments for trade by setting equivalent regulations throughout the world. The Bill seems to be set up for large producers trading by international standards, so the measures will push local traders to stand by hitherto unprecedented regulations. Steffan Browning says there should be geographical exemptions to encourage local producers in their own markets.

THE PRIVATE FOOD POLICE

ADDING TO THE AMBIGUITY OF THE BILL IS SECTION

243, which allows the Minister of Agriculture and Forestry to appoint Food Safety Officers who don't work for the State. A spokesman from the Federated Farmers says the "powers of FSOs will be no different now than before". However, the fact that the private sector can contract them as well could lead to "conflicts of interest". FSOs contracted for private interests will have the same functions as those employed by the state. They will have the right to search premises without a search warrant and to seize and dispose of food if they "reasonably believe" somebody may not be complying with the Act. This could go against the New Zealand's Bill of Rights, which protects against unreasonable search and seizure.

David Clarke points out that private FSOs are an example of the ongoing push for privatisation by the National government. This will cut hundreds of jobs and put food safety in the hands of private companies. The Government says FSOs shall act

in "good faith", otherwise they can be sued. What is "good faith" though? The answer may well be subjective, so it could end up as your word against theirs in court. For the ISO, the best FSOs would be the workers themselves. They say empowered and educated workers will know the best working conditions, as a democratically-owned production system would be able to choose better than police enforcements.

MESS WITH MY SAUSAGE, AND YOU MESS WITH ME

OUSA'S SAUSAGE SIZZLES WILL ONLY BE ACCEPTED

after piles of bureaucracy. The fact that non-charitable organisations will be subject to this is a type of censorship, especially for the less powerful organisations. But to make it worse, the Bill would give the Minister of Agriculture and Forestry rights to create particular exemptions and change whole clauses altogether. So while it is possible to foresee an exemption for OUSA's wedge of paperwork, we are much more likely to see the Food Act taking away rights from such organisations. We all know the National Government isn't that keen on student associations! For our "security", the government will be able to strip rights from small-scale farmers as soon as one accident occurs. Potentially, they will also be able to barge into student flats to seize homebrew or barbecues. These unprecedented rights given to the ministry allow it to change the whole Act to suit some interests, whenever it feels like it. Agribusiness, with their massive lobbying budgets, could gain rights to work more effectively in New Zealand and then use FSOs to further their own goals.

Though the government calls them loonies, when it comes to this bill, conspiracy theorists could be right. It is the combination of the Food Bill's vague premises and overarching powers that make it dangerous in the first place.

As of March 1 an online petition opposing the bill has received almost 42,000 signatures. If you disagree with the Food Bill, sign the petition at petitiononline.co.nz. **✉**



Grow Hops in Your Flat

Hops is the plant that is used to flavour beer. Hops is also the closest relative of the cannabis plant, and many of the techniques developed for growing cannabis indoors can be applied to the hops plant. Using the instructions below you will be able to grow your own hops plant in your flat and save money by not having to spend money on your favourite intoxicating substance.

WHAT YOU WILL NEED

HIGH INTENSITY DISCHARGE (HID) GROW LAMP

Comes in "metal halide", "high pressure sodium" or "LED", but most important is that it is an HID and not just a run-of-the-mill lightbulb or fluorescent tube as these will not produce enough light to allow the flowers of the plant which contain the flavour chemicals to mature properly. The staff at Switched On Gardener (SOG) are very experienced in helping choose an HID.

SECURE AREA IN WHICH TO GROW

Indoor growing with an HID will produce lots of excess light, heat, humidity and odour. You need to find a place where these by-products will be safely contained and masked from random visitors or passers-by, otherwise people might get the wrong idea that you are growing cannabis which could be awkward. A well-ventilated wardrobe that keeps out light when shut should do the job, and you can attach a "carbon filter" to the ventilation exhaust to control odour (also available from SOG).

POTS TO PUT THE PLANTS IN AND POTTING SOIL TO FILL THEM

This is straightforward, but remember that the pots must fit inside the growing area, and they will need some sort of tray under them to catch the water that runs out. Also the pots will need to be large enough. A rule of thumb is roughly 4 litres of soil for every foot of the plant's final height, so think about how tall your plants will be at the end (see below*). Any old potting mix will do, but remember that you get out what you put in, so an expensive potting mix can sometimes be worthwhile. Also you can mix in things like "perlite", sand and "vermiculite" to make the soil fluffier and hold more water, and/or things like horse, sheep and seabird manure to add nutrients (but don't overdo it, sometimes less is more).

WATER AND FERTILISER

You will need two different types of fertiliser as the hops plant, like its cannabis cousin, has two distinct phases of growth (see below*). Fertiliser comes with three numbers on the front (e.g. 1-5-1) representing N-P-K (Nitrogen, Phosphorus and Potassium). Early in the plant's life you will need a fertiliser with high nitrogen (bigger first number) for growth. Later, when the plant starts producing flowers, you will need a "flower and fruit" fertiliser with higher phosphorus and potassium (bigger second and third numbers). Both types can be found at any garden centre, and SOG has an even wider range.

AN APPLIANCE TIMER TO PLUG THE LIGHT INTO

AN OSCILLATING PEDESTAL FAN

IMPORTANT FACT

Hops, like cannabis, has separate male and female plants, but only the female flowers produce the flavourful chemicals that are sought after, so you only want to grow female plants. This can be achieved by getting known female plants from a friend or shop, or by simply removing males grown from seed once they show their sex (see below*).

You need to find a place where these by-products will be safely contained and masked from random visitors or passers-by, otherwise people might get the wrong idea that you are growing cannabis which could be awkward

START

Germinate a seed and grow it on a sunny windowsill until the plant is about 10-15cm, or alternatively get an already-growing plant. Mix your soil if you are adding anything to it and then fill the pots and plant your plants in the soil. Place the potted plants on the trays in the growing area.

ALL THE IMPORTANT SHIT

There are two stages of growth, vegetative and flowering. Flowering is induced by a change in the length of day. When the plants receive less than 12 hours of light in a day they begin to flower, and depending on the variety of hops they take about 8 weeks from the beginning of flowering to finish maturing. Use the appliance timer to keep the light on for 18 hours/day in the first few weeks of the plant's growth. When you decide it is time to start flowering, simply change the timer to keep the light on for 11 hours/day. Keep in mind that the plants generally double their height during the flowering period so a good way to decide when to switch the light cycle is when they are half the height you want them to be at the end, or alternatively 8 weeks before you want to harvest them. About two weeks after switching the light cycle the plants will start to show their flowers indicating which sex they are; this is the time to cut down any male plants. You will know female plants because their flowers are made up of a cluster of sticky little hairs, the flowers of male plants first appear as little pods or balls and open up to reveal a traditional flower shape with five petals and pollen bearing anthers. Cut the males down when the flowers are still balls and the pollen hasn't been released yet. ☑



Me Love You Long Time

Dunedin is renowned for many things, but its dating scene is not one of them. Getting boozed and pashing people on the dance floor is hardly anyone's idea of romance, so Critic wants to sort you out. Every week we're sending two loveless loners on a blind date to Tokyo Gardens (with a bottle of wine to ease things along of course) to see if we can make some sparks fly. If you want in on the action, email critic@critic.co.nz.

JOSEPHINE

WHEN I APPLIED TO GO ON THIS DATE I WAS HALF A BOTTLE OF VODKA DEEP. MY reasoning was that to go through with the date I would need to be in a similar state. Following this logic, I turned up at Tokyo Gardens fairly sozzled but still standing. My date, I was pleased to note, was a cutie. We discussed all the usual introductory topics, and the waitress had to come to our table four times before we were ready to order because we were so engrossed in conversation. A great start!

I didn't manage to eat very much of my teriyaki chicken because by this stage the concept of chopsticks was pretty much beyond my comprehension. After the meal we thought it would be a good idea to move on to the neighbouring Bog. It was still unnervingly light outside, and I was stumbling along George Street generally making a fool of myself. Nothing new there.

Like the gentleman he is, my date paid for all our drinks. We had our first kiss in the Bog at a table in front of the stage, tasting of cider and smacking of class. Unfortunately, from here the night gets quite hazy. We bought some pizza and wandered back to my house, where I taught him about the Kardashians while he looked suitably bored. When quizzed by my flatmates about my behaviour at the date, he told them I was "smooth as a mango lassi". Hereby my new favourite simile of all time, and probably one of the main reasons I insisted we retire to my bedroom. I won't go into detail about what happened next ... suffice to say, I am sitting here in my international marketing lecture completely exhausted and looking like shit.

My flatmate just reminded me that in the middle of the night I ran into her in the bathroom and asked her if the man in my bed was the same man I went on a date with. Thank you very much Sauvignon Blanc.

Anyway, he left this morning and went straight to a lecture, while I went out and got a mince and cheese pie to nurse my hangover. With a second date already arranged, I'd consider this a roaring success.

Remember kids, spooning always leads to forking.

Thanks Critic! xosexo

NAPOLOEON

ARRIVING SLIGHTLY EARLY AFTER HAVING SOME CONFUSION BETWEEN TOKYO Garden and Tokyo House I finally got seated at the correct restaurant while the staff all grinned and giggled at me like spectators at the zoo. To take the edge off I decided to have a wee line of Ritalin in the bathroom and crack open the bottle of wine that Critic so kindly supplied me with.

When my date arrived I was pretty pleased, she was both aesthetically pleasing and easy to talk to. We survived the few moments of awkward questions while the Ritalin and wine started to take hold, and then the banter began to flow freely. Over dinner my date casually mentioned her 15-year-old sister's breasts; this prompted a conversation regarding appropriate date conversations, as I had been well prepared by my flatmates not to say anything too crass. I think I did all right, I'm pretty sure I didn't even drop a C-bomb.

From there we moved on to The Bog, where we launched into the ciders and had a sneaky pash. Off to the toilet for my final line of Ritalin before we made an exit. Then we just "happened" to bump into her flatmates at the delicious Pizza place and she berated me for not eating my crusts before it was home time. We briefly discussed which location we should go; her place won because it meant not walking up any mammoth hills. However, I did have to walk down an alleyway that would have been a prime location for her to stash my mutilated corpse.

Upon arrival I sat in the lounge with her and her flatmates as we watched the Kardashians and discussed my secret vice (fantasy fiction) before popping into the bathroom for a tactical vom and some chewing gum. After that things kind of all happened very suddenly. Everyone went to bed, the lights and television were switched off, I was shown into a bedroom and we were discussing my red underwear. Her phone went off about 40 times during coitus, and I realised that the cocktail of alcohol and Ritalin was not conducive to good sex moves so I relied on cunnilingus to carry me through the first couple of times. Then waking up this morning we swapped numbers and I went to class feeling absolutely exhausted as I hadn't had much sleep at all.



Hello again young science buffs! This week's column is coming at you from Otago Uni's very own Physics Department, where PhD candidate Ken Hughes has been doing some scintillating research on Antarctic sea ice. Specifically, Ken has been constructing a computer simulation of how sea ice is formed in the Ross Sea – the part of Antarctica which is under the supervision and protection of New Zealand (yes, we have our own slice of Antarctica).

To begin with, what you have to appreciate is that the sea ice is not the same as the ice shelf. The ice shelf is mainly fresh water (given that seawater tends to reject a lot of its salt when it freezes) and is most likely what you picture when you think of Antarctica. Sea ice is frozen seawater too, but has higher salt levels, so it also has a lower freezing point. The Ross Ice Shelf is like a novelty-sized ice-cube in the seawater: It keeps the surrounding water very cold, but because this water has a lower freezing point, it doesn't freeze and forms what is known as super-cooled water.

At the bottom of the ice-shelf, there is a slightly melted layer called Ice Shelf Water (ISW). ISW adds freshwater to the mix, which lowers the density of the seawater. As a result it rises up along the inclined Ice Shelf, gathers momentum and "shoots off" into the open ocean, forming ice crystals and often more sea ice. In essence, this is how the Ice Shelf affects sea ice formation.

In November and December of 2011, Ken trekked down to Antarctica and spent a good month hauling around this sea ice, drilling holes and taking measurements of water temperature, salinity, and ice thickness. Astonishingly, Ken found that the ice shelf was able to produce supercooled water as far as 20km away from its edge. That's one BIG ice-cube!

Now that Ken is back from the Antarctic and warmed up, he is in the process of combining his measurements with a previous model of ice-shelf ocean interaction, a model which uses some fancy math to replicate the physical ocean environment.

Although the model is not entirely complete, by the end of the year Ken should have enough info to reliably model sea ice formation, which is a step further in understanding the dynamic systems of the awesome Antarctic.

— ROBBIE MASTERS

UNCLE HOWIE



Hey Howie,

So there's this really hot chick on my floor. In fact she is just across the hall from me. We're great friends and get on really well. I'd love to hook up with her, but I'm not sure if I can handle the awkward morning after experience. I'd be pretty gutted if she came home with someone else to be honest. What the hell should I do?

Sup mate,

If you really like this girl, go for it – don't let her be the one that got away. A really pretty girl in Dunedin is hard to come by and it sounds like you've found a diamond in the rough. I am not totally sure what you're implying by "awkward experiences", but if you're referring to the exaggerated morning-after stories that circulate in halls don't fret, as they're often untrue. Step it up mate and give it a crack. As Mark Twain put it, "ten years from now you will be more disappointed by the people you haven't done than by the ones you have."

God Speed,

Dear Howie,

Last Saturday I had a night out with the girls. We headed to the Cook and soon enough we were creeping around the dance floor. I found a nice young man from UniCol and I decided to take him back to my flat. After some not-so-subtle hints I decided to attempt to give him a good time. There was, however, one problem – he was as soft as a sponge. I was down there for what seemed like hours before I gave up. How long should a girl attempt to tame a man's junk before it's time to throw in the towel?

Hi buddy,

I probably wouldn't stay down there too long – if he hasn't got a cocksicle after a few minutes, it's probably not going to happen. At the end of the day it's not an erotic experience and it's not going anywhere. I can imagine the act of sucking on a limp phallus is not the most dignified way to finish your night out with the girls, nor is the most exultant thing for your gentleman. In future maybe test the water with some hand relief just to check his soldier's still standing.

Keep it up!

HOWIE

(email howie at critic@critic.co.nz)



OH THAT'S IT. (CRACKS KNUCKLES, REMOVES RINGS). I'M MAD.

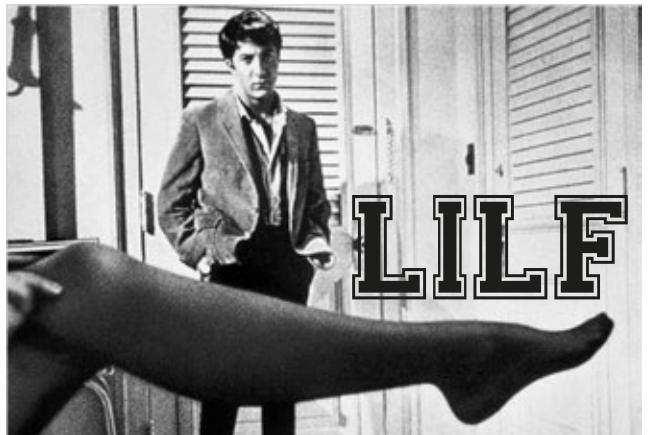
This piece is in solidarity with the Wellington based group the Queer Avengers who protested outside the Dominion Post Wellington offices last week. Their protest was organised in response to an article "Why I feel for the kids of ego-trippers" written by columnist Rosemary McLeod. I know, I know. Haters gonna hate. But I expected more of Rosemary, she has ice cool hair and collects vintage linen. I thought she would be a total (trans) fag hag and up with all of this stuff. But alas, no.

Boiling down the article is an exercise in meanness and ignorance directed toward trans people. McLeod herself admits she is a "bit lost" in this territory. Next time she wanders into queer/trans issues, I suggest she brings a map, or at least consults a local. Throughout her article, McLeod continually imprisons the masculinity of the trans man she peaks of (who has just given birth) within quote marks. That is rude, and mean. I do not want to give her shitty article a profile it doesn't deserve, but I will respond to some of the most offensive parts to stop the rot her article spreads.

1. The most obvious stuff. A trans man is someone who was assigned female at birth and has since transitioned. He may have surgery, or undergo hormone treatments, or not. He may start playing rugby or become a ballerino, or not. He may be queer or straight, or bi, or asexual, or any other sexual orientation.
2. It is not OK to purposefully use incorrect pronouns for a transman. The correct pronoun is he not he/she. Most reasonable people can work out that you refer to people in the ways in which they want to be seen in the world.
3. It is not OK to speak about a trans persons genitals as a "penis thingy".
4. It is not OK to tell someone what their gender identity really is, as if you could ever know this better than they do themselves.
5. It is not OK to assume that when transmen give birth they are simply doing so to become famous. Shocking as it may seem some queers and trans folk simply want to reproduce. Our fertility is really none of your business.

I have lots of insults I have been storing up to spit at you Rosemary. But I have decided not to print them. I will end this article with grace and dignity – something you denied the trans folk in your article.

«3 LA DI DA



"It is a truth universally acknowledged, that an English lecturer in possession of a good student must be in want of a naughty schoolgirl encounter ..."

THE OLD ADAGE OF NOT JUDGING A BOOK BY ITS COVER WENT OUT THE WINDOW the first time I met the good Dr. Rogers.

As our eyes locked across the room I knew that I wanted to be your Elizabeth and you, my Mr. Darcy. As I absorbed the nuances of your tender American accent, and studied the way your nose hairs glistened in the Castle C lights, all I could do was mentally calculate the ways in which I might convince you that I needed your private tuition, in the hope that you might grade my work on a more intimate basis. Perhaps my starry-eyed gazes were overwhelming, or perhaps you were too shy to read between the lines. Your lectures were delivered with passion and zeal. Nothing less could be expected from a man as smart as a whip (a whip would not be out of the question).

When I visited your office, the fervent tension was almost too much to bear. I confess that, if you had asked, I would have let you read me like an open book, right there on that antique chair of yours. A quick removal of my dust cover and this hardback could have been yours in a heartbeat. Never have I craved extra-curricular activity as much as I did sitting through your lectures. Each hour went by like a minute, as I fidgeted and squirmed, wondering if your ah "balls" were as elegant as the ones that Mr. Bingley threw at Netherfield.

I only hope that this piece of work does not undermine your acknowledgment of my deep respect for the beautifully literary work of art that you are. My only hope is that our relationship may go beyond English, and blossom into an education of a more extensive nature. In true Jane Austen style, it is only right that I explicitly declare myself, so as to avoid any confusion. In lieu of this, I demand only that "You must allow me to tell you how ardently I admire and love you."

PS: I found a diagram of the "Comma-sutra" and I thought that in the interest of proper grammaticism, you and I might be able to explore it together ...

— **TEACHER'S PET**

(email your lilf love letter to critic@critic.co.nz)



The weather has been pretty shite recently, and the ODT is all over it. When the sun did turn up for a few minutes, the ODT online (that's right, they have a website), waxed seriously lyrical over its arrival.

Strange excitement as sun appears above Dunedin

Home » News » Dunedin

Tue, 6 Mar 2012

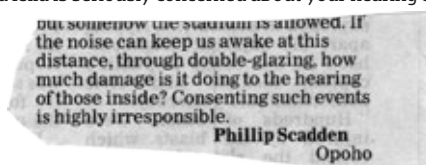
News: Dunedin

After David Bain's retrial and acquittal it turns out that we can't pay him out for killing his family anymore, cause, you know ... he didn't do it. So the ODT has gone back to just paying him out about his ears.

Now, this really doesn't need anything from me:



The ODT is also a great way for the local community to have their say, and this old fella is seriously concerned about your hearing after O-Week:



And lastly, from the regions, scarfies aren't the only people getting loose in Otago.



THE BIG LEBOWSKI (1998)

DIRECTOR: Joel and Ethan Coen

All The Dude ever wanted was his rug back.

When Jeff "The Dude" Lebowski (Jeff Bridges) is mistaken for an indebted millionaire of same name, and his rug is thusly micturated upon by a porn baron's enforcer, he embarks on an epic quest to obtain, you know, adequate recompense for his loss. After all, that rug really tied the room together. And this guy peed on it.

The Dude is aided – well, sort of – by his friends and bowling partners Walter Sobchak (John Goodman), a civil liberties-touting, quasi-fascist Jewish convert; and Donnie Kerabatsos (Steve Buscemi), whose only discernible trait is an ability to draw Walter's ire. Before long, the three are drawn into a complicated kidnapping plot and The Dude must navigate between the demands of the millionaire Lebowski and his feminist daughter Maude (Julianne Moore), who likes to paint while strapped naked to a harness.

There are so many classic moments in *The Big Lebowski*: The hairnet-wearing, pelvis-thrusting, paedophile bowler called Jesus. The scene in which three German nihilists break into The Dude's house wielding a cricket bat and a marmot, and threaten to cut off his Johnson. The taxi driver who loves The Eagles. The Dude's attempt to brace his door.

Ultimately, however, *The Big Lebowski* is most memorable for the character of The Dude, who is modelled on various washed-up members of the 60s radical movement. A shambling ex-hippy whose slacker lifestyle has inspired an online religion ("Dudeism"), The Dude's deepest desires and tripped-out psyche are navigated most prominently in a pair of utterly brilliant surrealist dream sequences.

Though beloved by the substance-impaired, *The Big Lebowski* is far more than just a stoner comedy. Beneath the bizarre characters and The Dude's White Russian- and marijuana-imposed cranial fog, the Chandleresque plot is tightly and skilfully constructed. The film is still hilarious and gripping in a state of full sobriety, even if this is a state that The Dude himself, thanks to those ubiquitous White Russians, never quite achieves.

— SAM MCCHESENEY



Bioshock Infinite

IN THE AFTERMATH OF ITS FIRST TRAILER, A FRIEND OF MINE DESCRIBED Bioshock Infinite's setting as predictable. "It's like Pokemon: You've got the water ones, and then the fire guy, and then poison and then fucking Gastly and Gengar and shit."

Truthfully, a city in the sky is likely to be the first absurdly impractical architectural style that springs to mind after Rapture's pressurised bathyspheres in the first Bioshock. Even the briefest suggestion, however, that *Infinite* might be predictable or generic chokes at every turn. You play as Booker DeWitt, a charming agent with soft hands who is dropped onto one of the city-in-the-cloud's many balloon platforms tasked with tracking down a lady named Elizabeth. She can fundamentally shatter reality by bringing vast objects, even living things, in and out of reality.

Bioshock told a story to the player that had already taken place, but in *Infinite*, DeWitt is the cause and solution to many of Columbia's (The Art Nouveau blimp-town) problems. From the first person perspective the player will witness real, non-violent NPCs (non-player characters) going about their day-to-day lives. This is by no means groundbreaking, but the first Bioshock kept from shattering suspension-of-disbelief by keeping the player totally alone (save for voiceover) throughout. One can't help but wonder if *Infinite* will have the same level of realism as the first game.

Infinite attempts to take real advantage of its setting. Using a steam-punk contraption, Booker can strap himself to roller coaster-like rails and accelerate violently to other levels of the city as the battle rages on around him. This is a non-linear web of rails that add a whole level of strategy to taking down the intelligent enemies who will tail you on the rails and try to cut you off.

You play as Booker DeWitt, a charming agent with soft hands who is dropped onto one of the city-in-the-cloud's many balloon platforms tasked with tracking down a lady named Elizabeth

Chief among these foes is Songbird, a multi-ton metallic canary that pursues the players much like the Big Sister in Bioshock 2. Elizabeth has a history with this nefarious hulk, as it served as her jailer, guardian and only friend. She is, at once, terrified beyond all else of being recaptured by it, and distraught about the idea of it coming to any harm.

Look to late 2012 for Bioshock Infinite – based on the pedigree of the developer this is sure to be sophisticated and meticulously crafted. **■**

Butter Chicken

Ah, the classic Kiwi curry. Carefully-balanced spices, not too much chilli and a devilishly rich sauce. Don't get me wrong – I'm all for a wickedly hot lamb vindaloo, or an extra-spicy tikka masala, but sometimes a mild curry is all you need to settle yourself into a quite-content food coma. The butter- and cream-based sauce makes this popular dish particularly indulgent, so warn your arteries in advance. Easy to prepare, you'll find that cooking the rice is the most challenging part. And I promise you, even that is not a complicated task.

INGREDIENTS

2 cups long grain rice
1/2 tsp each of powdered ginger, chilli, turmeric, cinnamon, garam masala, salt
450g chicken breast, cubed
25g butter
1 brown onion, peeled and finely diced
4 cloves garlic, peeled and crushed
2 to 4 TBS tomato paste
1 cup cream

Place rice in a large pot, and top with three cups of cold water. Bring to the boil, stirring occasionally. Once boiling, turn the heat right down, put a lid on top and simmer for 12-14 minutes. Take off the heat, and leave covered for five minutes. Pop a dried bay leaf in the pot when cooking for a subtle aroma, or squeeze a little lime juice over the cooked rice to

add a delicate citrus tang.

Meanwhile, make your flavour base. Combine the ginger, chilli, turmeric, cinnamon, garam masala and salt in a bowl. Add more chilli if you prefer a bit more heat (remember that this is a typically milder curry which accounts for easily-startled Western tastebuds). Toss this mixture through the chicken, coating evenly.

In a wide saucepan, melt the butter over a medium heat. Add the onion and garlic, cooking for two minutes.

Add the chicken to the pan, cook a further five minutes, stirring frequently. Finally, add the tomato paste and cream, stirring to create an even consistency, and cook a final five minutes. Try adding only a few tablespoons of tomato paste initially, and add more as your palate requires.

Serve the chicken over the rice. Finely-sliced spring onions and mung bean sprouts make a fresh, crunchy garnish.

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The Creation of Lana Del Rey

HOW DO WE TALK ABOUT LANA DEL REY? WE SEEM TO FOCUS ON HER Angelina Jolie-like lips, her glamorous '50s vibe, and authenticity – well, authenticity comes up a lot whenever the sultry sex symbol is deconstructed. At this point it's pretty much pointless to write about Del Rey's music. So much has been said about the 25-year-old singer – a ridiculous amount of newsprint has been dedicated to attempts to "expose" Lana as a "phony". But adopting an alternate persona in today's music industry is not a new thing; in fact it's about as old as the industry itself.

One of the greatest songwriters of all time was essentially full of shit. On Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell once said: "Bob is not authentic at all. He's a plagiarist ... his name and voice are fake. Everything about Bob is a deception."

So why do we have no problem accepting Dylan's Woody Guthrie-inspired sham? And why do we all seem to take Lana Del Rey's reinvention as a personal insult? Talent does seem to have a lot to do with it. Or lack thereof ...

When Dylan sings, he breathes an authentic air of truth over lyrical content that may not itself be entirely truthful. The guy is a master artist. But when Ms. Del Rey sings live, shit just gets awkward. If her infamous American debut performance on *Saturday Night Live* has taught us anything, it's to not judge an artist based on the strength of two previously-recorded tracks.

By now we all know Lana Del Rey's (birth name Elizabeth Grant) "real" story. She was not raised in a trailer park by hippies, she does not write most of her music, and her lips are most certainly not real (come on, nobody was buying it). The truth? Her father is an Internet millionaire, who ensured his progeny had the assistance of the best managers and producers in the business.

Lizzy Grant hit the New York open-mic scene in the early noughties. She failed. So Daddy stepped in and did a little makeover. Grant moved to London and changed her name to Lana Del Rey (a fusion of Hollywood glamour star Lana Turner and the mid-sized family car, the Ford Del Rey). And the thing about reinventions is that they sometimes work. Sex sells. And the

smoky Lana Del Rey experienced a success unknown to the "honest" Lizzy Grant. Styled after Melissa George in David Lynch's *Mulholland Drive*, Del Rey oozed old-Hollywood charm. Guys wanted her; girls wanted to be her.

In an age where Beyoncé and Adele preach staunch independence and female empowerment, Lana's fifties-housewife act and codependent lyricism caused controversy. When Del Rey cries "You went out every night/ And baby that's alright/ I told you that no matter what you did/ I'd be by your side", we can't help but cringe.

The release of Lana's debut recording *Born To Die* confirmed everyone's suspicion that despite the artfully poignant clip for "Video Games" and the smoldering torch-song that is "Blue Jeans", her gimmick was limited and her talent even more so. And so we find ourselves back to the initial question: Is authenticity important? If the artist makes it clear that they are using an alter-ego to try out a new sound (see Sasha Fierce or Ziggy Stardust), or a supplementary persona to create a certain artistic aesthetic (Katy Perry's Candy Land pinup girl or Ke\$ha's drunk glitter-queen) the audience is happy to suspend their disbelief and supports the change. But when an artist makes every effort to pull the wool over the public's eyes and manufacture an authenticity, we're not interested in their spoon-fed bullshit.

If we found out that Biggie never sold drugs, or Jay-Z came from wealth, we wouldn't take them seriously. Genuine tales of hardship and poverty are what make the two hip-hop heavyweights so intriguing. Same goes for Lana Del Rey. When we discovered her "authenticity" was just another aspect of her career that was constructed by a multinational corporate label, we lost interest.

The reason we are so angered by Lana Del Rey's deception is that we so wanted to believe such an artist could exist: Aesthetically perfect and soulfully sincere. So easily were we won over by her charm that we didn't even consider the fact that she was too good to be true. We were fooled.

— LUKAS CLARK-MEMLER



Na-na-na-na-na- na-na -na BATMAN Ryan Adams

UPON TAKING THE STAGE AT THE REGENT THEATRE, RYAN ADAMS THANKED THE audience. "I'm excited to share my feelings with you," he revealed. And share his feelings he did – starting with a slow, gentle rendition of "Oh My Sweet Carolina" from 2000's classic *Heartbreaker*, before taking us on a lengthy amble through his extensive back catalogue. There was the expected emphasis on songs from last year's *Ashes & Fire*, but with a generous helping of older material, including a version of "16 Days", from his former band Whiskeytown.

Unlike his last visit to New Zealand, Adams performed without a backing band. He was alone on stage, with only guitar, piano and harmonica for company, and as a result the 20-odd songs he played were completely stripped back. Gone were the organ and power chords from "New York, New York"; instead we just had Adams on piano and softly-sung vocals, his back to a crowd who clung on to every word. Much of the time he performed seated. The focus was on his voice and lyrics and, given his skill as a songwriter, it was perfect.

Yet Adams's opening statement about sharing his feelings had been delivered in a sarcastic manner, without any enthusiasm. In many ways, this set the tone for the night. Adams is aware of his reputation for churlishness, and he played up to it. He introduced "Dear Chicago" as "a

summertime song, for listening to when in a speed boat or riding a dune buggy" – deliberately ironic, because the song is anything but. It is a painful account of lost love, where the narrator, upon finding himself alone, reveals "Nothing breathes here in the cold/Nothing moves or even smiles/I've been thinking some of suicide".

Although at first funny, the novelty of Adams's self-awareness of the sombre nature of his music began to wear off as the evening progressed. Throughout the concert the songs were to be punctuated with comments and stories that suggested that he wasn't taking himself, the crowd, or his music, seriously. At times, his self-deprecation threatened to become the main act and detract from the music. It becomes hard to believe in the pain and sorrow which are so delicately and skilfully woven into songs you are hearing performed, when the artist has just told you that he feigns these emotions when singing to you by imagining he has suffered gruesome sporting injuries.

A low point for me was in "Sylvia Plath", a slow number on piano, where Adams broke out of character mid-song – twice – to take the

piss out of the audience and then his songwriting. Was it a charade, an act? If you bought into the images and feelings his lyrics conjure up, was the joke really on you?

I had these doubts, and I resented them, but eventually they were rendered trivial by how good each individual song was. In "Come Pick Me Up", Adams sings: "When you're walking downtown, do you wish I was there, do you wish it was me/With the windows clear, and the mannequins' eyes, do they all look like mine?" Even if Adams had to keep telling us, truthfully or not, that he was just acting when he embraced the loneliness and longing captured in these words, I just stopped caring. It ceased to matter to me whether Adams was thinking of a broken leg or a broken heart while he sang.

And to be fair, a lot of the time Adams's humour was spot-on. Whether it was pretending he was so sick of his own music that he was actually listening to an album by Journey on in-ear headphones while singing, or performing the hilarious improvised "Mr. Cat", the crowd bought into most of his jokes. He got kudos from the Dunedin crowd by covering The Verlaines, too. I don't have the man figured out but, in the end, the music was good enough that he could have got away with a lot worse.

— JOSH PEMBERTON

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ALL CINEMAS FULLY LICENSED
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GEORGE CLOONEY'S NEW FILM *THE IDES OF MARCH* tells us something we probably already knew: That the experience of running an American political campaign is damaging for both one's heart and soul. In an atmosphere heavily dripping with betrayal it is easy from the outset to be drawn in amongst the final days of the Democratic primary campaign unfolding in the key state of Ohio. Ryan Gosling takes the lead role as Stephen Meyers, the idealistic second-in-command to Governor Mike Morris's (George Clooney) campaign. Meyers is unique among those surrounding him in that he is a true believer in Morris's plan for the country. However, as the story develops, he is forced to recognise that he has mistaken the charm-boy governor's blunt talk for idealism.

Primarily following Meyer's introduction to dirty politics, the story plays out with everyone fighting to save themselves, their careers and their ambitions, trapped by human weakness

rather than being persuaded by superior arguments or circumstances. This is particularly apparent in Meyers as he falls victim to anger and pride. To spice it up a bit there is also of course a brief romance in the form of Molly, a 20-year-old intern who screams "trouble" at first glance.

The film can't be faulted for much – the acting is superb, the writing consistently dramatic and it never strays from scandalous. Gosling's lead performance is fantastic, depicting a young idealist on the point of turning sour and an important scene involving a power play-off between Gosling and Clooney is dark and brilliant. For those who follow politics, this is a must-see for its portrayal of the many kinds of melodramatic events that crop up in all US elections, but most importantly for its brutal demonstration of the action of the strong upon the weak.

— EVE DUCKWORTH

THIS FILM IS A BEAUTIFUL AND EXPLICIT depiction of a taboo subject in the same league as *Requiem for a Dream*. But of all films it most reminded me of American *Psycho*, except the damage is far more hidden and self-inflicted. Michael Fassbender is brilliant as Brandon, who appears to be a regular (if distant) New York yuppie, masking a fierce sex addiction and a complete refusal to emotionally connect with women. He would have some kind of miserable harmony in his life if it wasn't for his sister Sissy (Carey Mulligan), who turns up in his apartment with nowhere else to go, demanding his love and care.

The acting is magnificent. Fassbender's expressions perfectly give the sense of a man who feels trapped in a life he knows is wrong. Mulligan's fragile performance is the perfect foil, providing the personality to fill the spaces left by Brandon's blankness. Between them they

seem to carry the film, but simmering along with them is a quietly terrific plot, with a truly compelling finale.

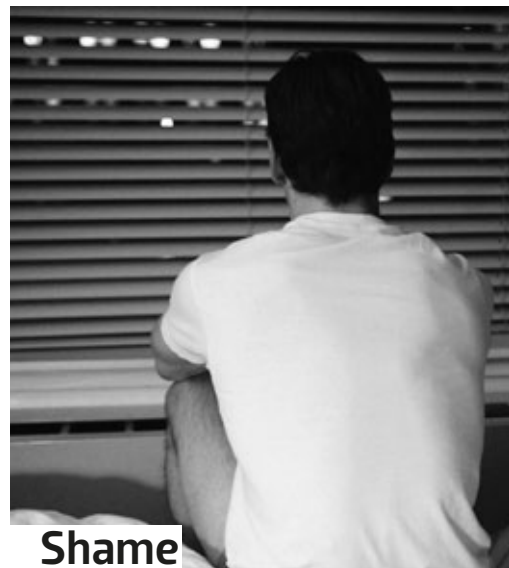
More than anything else, the film lingers. The camera lingers with Brandon's eyes on women in the train, Mulligan's voice lingers on the notes of "New York, New York," and ultimately it leaves a lingering power. This often makes the film difficult to watch (I squirmed in my seat during a very awkward date scene), but it also gives it the honesty the characters need. References to child abuse and the treatment of sex in contemporary society are drawn out of the characters' interactions in an unforced manner, which makes for a compelling reflection on how people come to suffer emotional problems, and how they affect their ability to live normal social lives. I'd be surprised if a more emotionally powerful film is released this year.

— ALEC DAWSON



The Ides of March

DIRECTOR: George Clooney



Shame

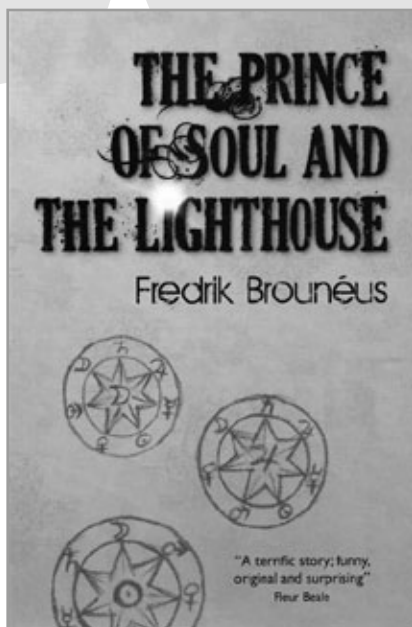
DIRECTOR: Steve McQueen

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The Prince of Soul and the Lighthouse

Fredrik Brounéus



IF YOU ARE NOT ALARMED BY THE ORANGE COLOUR of the book-face, perhaps it is the Crouching-Tiger-Hidden-Dragon font that ought to be questioned. Superficiality aside, this fantasy-epic essentially involves the following storyline: Boy pines over exotic girl. Boy sings to girl. Boy has trouble sleeping and must save the world with, of course, said girl. As you might gather, I personally found the initial setting rather vomit-worthy. What was once intended to be a short horror story according to the Swedish author, Fredrik Brounéus, (naturally, the comical Swedish Nazi-zombie horror *Dead Snow* comes to mind; however, I digress ...) soon developed into the comic sci-fi that it is today. Perhaps this explains the somewhat-cuddly beginnings that fall short of the tale's more exciting body.

Aside from the nauseating soap opera that is 18 year old George Larson's life, the story soon finds its feet when our protagonist friend encounters his undead grandfather and a Tibetan monk. While the young lad questions life, death and how to awkwardly formulate a sentence and pose it to the opposite sex, the wannabe musician, or "Prince of Soul", is made aware that he was Issac Newton in a previous life. Naturally, he is plagued by his previous intelligence and therefore George and his motley crew head off on a *Lord of the Rings*-esque quest

around the South Island in attempt to save the world from catastrophe.

Despite one's initial cynical disposition, Brounéus does, however, portray a wonderfully accurate picture of New Zealand adolescence. The author beautifully crafts the trials and tribulations of modern-day teenage angst, religion, and a dash of philosophical thought with contemporary references to YouTube and so forth. Furthermore, the Dunedin resident clearly demonstrates a genuine understanding of the hormone-fuelled 18-year-old voice by way of running dialogue, while introducing a clever use of footnoting as a formatting medium. Indeed, our protagonist friend is both witty and embarrassingly naïve, in an endearing *The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole* sort of way.

The Prince of Soul and the Lighthouse is sure to get the kids going. Who needs to decide where one's loyalties lie if you can encompass an entire spectrum of geek-worthy classics? Add a little Frodo Baggins, a big dose of *Triwizard-Tournament* gallivanting and of course the integral Edward/Bella pash-bonanza, and you are sure to have a fun read. This tale is quirky, lovable and the best sort of escapism for those who wish to hide away from the Dunedin weather.

— SASHA BORISSENKO



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From Stubbies & SoGos to Rosé and Berets

BET DUNEDIN'S NOT THE FIRST PLACE YOU'D THINK of if someone said "arts and cultural capital of New Zealand". It's not particularly surprising, considering our scarfie reputation seems to almost overwhelmingly overshadow any other image linked to the city so well known for its large body of partying students. And yet, there's so much more happening under the radar; so much that seeks to portray Dunedin in a different light, to bring to the surface other aspects of the city that deserve to be acknowledged and championed – and the burgeoning arts and cultural scene is exactly one of these things.

The Transforming Dunedin arts symposium, coordinated by the Dunedin City Council's Arts & Culture Working Group, forged ahead over the first weekend of March, starting with the official launch at the Dunedin Public Art Gallery on March 2 and followed by the main day of workshops and speakers on Saturday. Amid wine-swilling arts enthusiasts adorned in an impressive array of hats (fedoras, berets and bowler hats left, right and center – what else would you expect to see at an arts symposium?), a welcoming waiata was sung before the speakers of the night took to the podium. The line-up was impressive, as were the overarching sentiments; the symposium was organized to not only promote and increase awareness and understanding of arts and



Due to a rare organisational mixup, Critic found itself without imagery for this week's art page. Slurring and gesturing wildly, Critic editor Joe Stockman yelled across the office: "Just fuckin' google art or some shit, no one will know the difference". The above picture is the result of google image searching 'Performance Art'. Critic can neither confirm nor deny whether this is indeed Art, mainly due to being utter philistines, but google has served us pretty well in the past, so we're just going to go ahead and assume it is.

culture in Dunedin generally, but also to implement a comprehensive arts strategy that would actively turn "a bold and creative new vision" for the city into reality.

Prominent members of the Arts & Cultural Working Group Elizabeth Caldwell and Alan Baddock, alongside Waitakere City's arts strategy leader Naomi McCleary, passionately extolled the virtues of a place already so rich in arts and culture, but affirmed the need for so much more: A cultural hub and creative center that would enrich and strengthen Dunedin, as a city and as a people. Caldwell and Baddock both acknowledged the hefty challenge involved in attempting to transform such an idea into a concrete strategy, but determined that through "shared visions and priorities" the community and council of the city working together could bring about great change in the way that arts and culture are valued in Dunedin.

McCleary, already a practiced arts strategy leader, supported this conclusion fully, emphasizing how her own experience has taught her that arts are an essential and central component

of civilized life, that impacts upon the quality of living in cities. It's something that should "increasingly be on the radar of local governments", as art is invariably tied in to the complex process of creating a city's heart and center. McCleary alluded to the student demographic here, explaining how while accessing the youth voice is one of the biggest challenges and excitements in developing an assertive arts strategy, it is also vital in the practice of building a rapport between the artists, community and council.

The launch ended with more wine (yay), hors d'oeuvres and inevitably, a pun (make Dunedin the heART of your place – cue tumultuous applause and a quiet groan from yours truly), and milling around the crowd revealed a good assortment of attendees: The mayor himself and the lead singer of Dunedin band The Verlaines made an appearance, as well as various arts lecturers and science communication post-grad students. All in all it was a highly successful night, though the fish risotto balls left a bit to be desired.

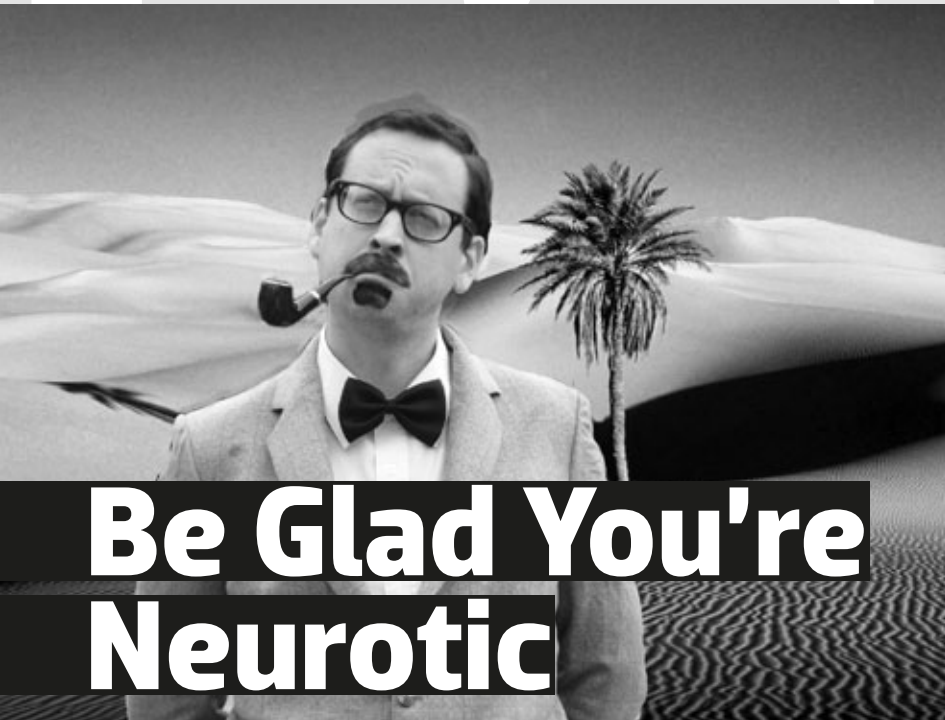


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Boys from the Black Stuff



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BE GLAD YOU'RE NEUROTIC IS A ONE-MAN SHOW

based on Louis Edward Bisch's self-help book, which Phil Braithwaite chanced upon in an op shop for fifty cents. For the past five years he has been putting together the show, taking Bisch's very serious statements and turning them into humorous observations, often reflecting on things rather close to home as he journeys through his own life trying to figure it all out. What does it mean to be neurotic? Why are there so many cases of it in the modern world? What does the word even mean?

Braithwaite is travelling to Dunedin after performing the show at the Wellington Fringe Festival for a week, so we will be treated to a beautifully fine-tuned performance. If you're intrigued and would like some answers, go along to the Globe Theatre – see if you yourself could perhaps be neurotic! Tickets are available on the door and also from dashtickets.co.nz with a special deal for students, so go get diagnosed from the doctor himself. The 9 p.m. shows are on March 15–17. Don't miss out!

Be | Longing

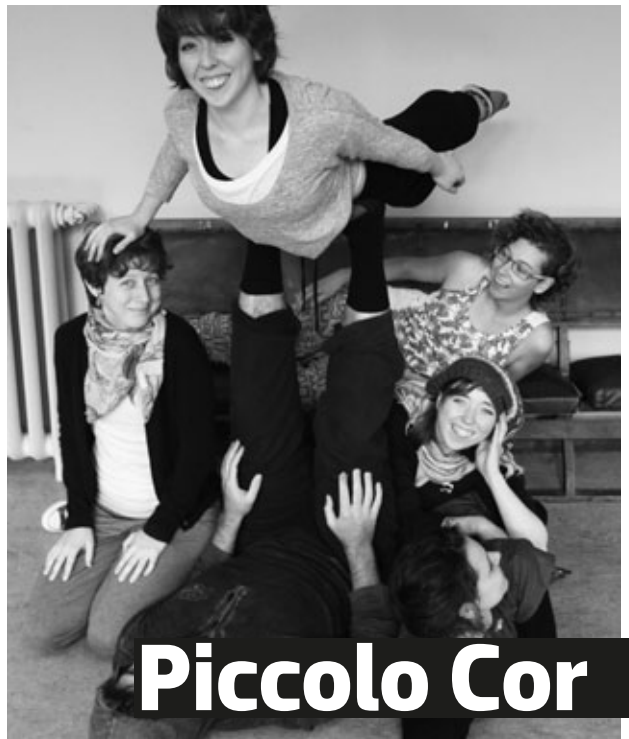
BE | LONGING WAS A PIECE OF DOCUMENTARY THEATRE PRESENTED through the Theatre Studies department here at Otago. Documentary theatre involves the actors working without a script. People are interviewed, on whatever subject matter the directors decide, and actors completely replicate the interview videos, including accents and body language.

Be | Longing is the final installment in Stuart Young and Hilary Halba's three-part series. The play consisted of stories from immigrants and Kiwi ex-pats and gave a beautiful insight into people's lives that you could never see elsewhere as they explored what it means to belong.

The set up was so unlike "usual" theatre. For the array of characters on stage there were no costume changes, no wings in which to hide, no elaborate sets. From the moment the doors opened the cast greeted us, walked around and seemed quite relaxed. We drew on a map of the world where we felt we "belonged" and took our seats. A live feed of the map was being filmed from above and fed through one of the two projectors, which made up the backdrop.

It never failed to impress me how smoothly people transitioned from a Dutch immigrant to an obnoxious Kiwi woman without losing a second of believability. You completely believe that this middle-aged male is actually a 14-year-old Iraqi boy.

It's hard to sit and write about this show, as it's difficult to explain all of the different components and how great they all were. All I can say is that I felt honoured to be allowed into these people's lives and so glad to hear even a small piece of their story. Kudos Allen Hall!



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PICCOLO COR IS A TOUCHING PERFORMANCE THAT TELLS STORIES OF VULNERABILITY, connection and belonging through both dance and theatre. It is devised by a team of performers from a variety of backgrounds, including dancers flown in especially from Australia for the festival. The Noonan sisters lead the way in this devised piece, directing the cast on a journey that has challenged and extended the skills in the group. Catch the show at the Mary Hopewell Theatre at 7:30pm on March 15th, 17th and 18th. And only \$10 per student ticket!



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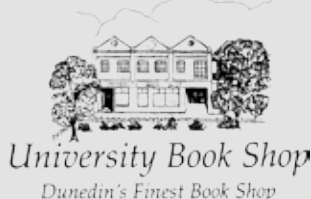
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LETTER OF THE WEEK

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



RUB TUMMY 3X, THEN I BITE

Dear Critic

Yesterday when i ascended the stairs to apply for a hosting gig at Radio 1 that damn ginger cat scratched the shit out of my hand. I was only trying to give his a tummy a tickle and he lost his shit and tried to rip my hand off. I have a large gash that has become infected and may require surgery. This has affected my income as i am a successful hand model but ACC will not cover my loss of earnings because "that cat isn't cute enough to play with anyway".

If you put \$100,000 in this bank account before the weekend this won't become a legal issue. 02-2556-675698-06. I do 2nd year law and know a thing or two about criminal injury. See you in court Mo-Fo

DO YOU MEAN EDGAR?

Dear Critic,

Study at Otago is not just about the degree, it's about the experience.

But our experience is being threatened because the 1% takes the experience too far. We all know there is a problem but only a "stick-ing plaster" (Logan Elliot Critic 01 P11) has been suggested by the Uni and DCC. Our leaders in parliament, Woodhouse and Clark don't think this is going to "change a lot" (Michael Woodhouse Critic 01 P18).

We're twenty thousand plus of the brightest minds in the country, surely we who study beside the 1% can find a solution to stop "in the future The Man's going to be tougher on students." (Logan Elliot Critic 01 P6)

Come on Logan, as our fearless leader, instead of signing a petition against some else's solution; channel the minds of the 99% to come up with a Scarfie solution that will actually work!

Josh

BIBLE LOLS

Dear Templar,

As a combo of archaic right wing political party and relic of a militaristic Christian order you must be busy but I hope you will take some time off to get fucked up with this mind-knowledge. Firstly, your use of the phrase "un-born child" (attaching personhood to the embryo) is a wiley ass trick pulled by "forced-birthers" to disguise the fact that for roughly the first 7 weeks your "un-born child" is a ball of cells with a fucking tail!

Secondly, women having multiple abortions "like getting a mole removed". Really? I ain't no doctor and don't get up in vaginas quite as often as I'd like but I'm sure that someone removing tissue mass from one's sideways smile could never become an easy procedure/decision for any woman.

When you say "in cases most horrid" the word you want is RAPE.

Abortion after rape is punishing "an unborn child [embryo]?" OK instead let's punish a living human by forcing her to birth a child she is not ready to raise?

Finally abstinence, from your title I take it that you look to bronze age Jewish literature for your moral compass; check out Matthew and you'll find some lady called Mary who:

- 1) practiced abstinence
 - 2) got pregnant
- Kind Regards
Fin the Human

HUMANS LOVE CAT

Dear Critic

We like Howie.

One humanities postgrad office desk

SPORT! GRRR!

Dear Critic

Why is there more sports in this years critic and why is it at the start? My flatmates and I agree that more space should be dedicated to the arts, theatre and quality independent music than boring old mainstream sports. All it's been so far is rugby and cricket, its like being at a fucking all-boys school in the 80's. Also, though you do have an outstanding culture section, its tucked away down the back where no one can be bothered finding it. Bring that forward, get rid of the sports and you will end up with a better quality of reader guaranteed. Your sports reporter's, "I write how an idiot speaks" style has put student writing back 25 years at least.

His articles are what i imagine it to be like to have a conversation with someone at the hideous Baa bar or worse, Starters, though I have never been to either. Reading Critic should be like visiting an underground club to do keta-mine and see an electro band, not like heading down to a school hall to listen to a shitty band play Dragon covers.

Less Starters, more XII Below.

signed

yeah i do a BA, so what

GET YOU'RE GRAMMER WRITE

Dear Critic,

What the hell is with all the colons followed by semi colons: This is not correct usage. It's weird, confusing, American, and unfamiliar to most of us kiwi readers - it's certainly an abomination to those of us who read the Guardian style guide for fun and enjoy Oatmeal comics. Please sort it out. It's kind of embarrassing.

Also, 'gyday' - who has ever spelt it like that?

Yours sincerely,

Grammar Nazi

Facile rejoinder

Dear Grammar Nazi,

I assume you mean "colons followed by capital letters". If so, I disagree: [T]his sort of confusing, American practice is entirely appropriate, just like prison rape. America is a great nation, the home of jazz music, Western films, institutionalised brainwashing, and sustained abuse of the world's greatest language. Did I say institutionalised? I meant institutionalized.

A ham-fisted amalgamation of different styles of English and a "pioneering" approach to spelling (believe me, within 200 years "gyday" will be standard) is what makes Critic such a great publication. That, and jokes about the COC. When you are 222, you will look back and say "thank you, Critic. Also, thank you, incredible advances in medicine."

I am also shocked that a Grammar Nazi like you would advocate the Guardian style guide. Not only would that sordid rag's woolly liberal tendencies surely be anathema to an upstanding fascist like yourself, but the "Grauniad", as it is popularly known, is infamous for its kindergarten-esque standard of proofreading.

Yours Nazistically,

Sam McChesney

Critic sub-editor

THE V.C MADE US DO IT

Dear Critic,

Welcome back for 2012. We have missed your action photos and entertaining prose over the summer. But Critic V.2012 feels a little different to me? What has happened to the nice slim glossy magazine of old? Please tell me this isn't an attempt to be all green and "down wiv da kids", by printing on some trendy recycled paper washed in the tears of displaced polar bears? Or at attempt to double the printing budget, now that you're funded by generous donations from the University's new Vice Chancellor, under the "But you promised me VSM Aunty Heather!" regime?

A Climate Realist

LOZZENGE HATER

Lozz,

You write like an eight year old who has just learnt to spell swear words. I am amazed you have a column. Your last attempt at being funny, I'm afraid to say, was a complete failure. Stop trying to impress freshers, it's a little pathetic don't you think? If you must, just go back to Unicol and be that "cool" RA guy. You would be really good at it.

Sincerely,

Gabe Abdale-Weir

P.S: No one cares how hung over you are. I'm sure you would qualify for that disability grant regardless.

Lozz drunkenly responds:

Dear Gabe,

I confess that I was hurt by your letter and started to write a response littered with swear words, but unfortunately I couldn't quite get into the swing of things due to being incredibly distracted by your name. For some reason I just don't like it.

Many of the comments at www.behindthename.com/name/gabriel/comments agree with me that there is something a little off about your name. Here is a balanced selection of their comments on the name Gabriel:

- I really dislike this name, I think it sounds very feminine and dorky. I think the child would be teased. -jazzi
- Gabriel does nothing for me. I find it to be rather blah-sounding, and a little pretentious. -Miss Natla
- This name is much too effeminate for a boy. I mean, just add two letters and you

get Gabrielle! It's also very pretentious and prissy sounding. I would think any boy with this name would be teased mercilessly. -

Anonymous User

Now that I have that off my chest I hope you and I can be friends and that you enjoy next week's column.

Love, Lozz

BOOK FUCKERS

Dear "Clubs and Skux",

It is true, as you said in your last column, that we "flick the bean to Bronte". In fact, any volume of literature can be utilised as a refreshing and wide-functioning sex toy for both partners. If you would like a tutorial please don't hesitate to get in touch.

...Flicking pages rhythmically,

A Lit Club Maiden.

CRAB-MAN ENJOYS CRITIC

Regarding last weeks 'me love you long time' and 'How To:' article.

I am writing to express my appreciation for the article published last week. I have spent my life living underground with crab people and therefore have no appropriate grasp on how to act in social situations. I enjoyed the article and it showed me how to act in a situation should I ever find myself lucky enough to be accompanying an inebriated female. As I am easily influenced by everything I read, have no sense of morality, and cannot understand satire at all.

Yours truly

A fictional character used to depict how some weird-o fanatics think that actual people think.

HUMOUR COMES AROUND AGAIN

Dear Critic,

So I drinking a tray of So Go's with a UniCol tourism chick on my dick who i met at monkey on the STD riddled d floor. Come on guys, the lols are getting a bit predictable. Change it up, toilet humour is the new black.

Love Brenda.

WELLINGTON LOLS

Dear Critic,

Your paper is very nice this year. Perhaps if you send us enough copies we can twink them out and print Salient over the top. Good paper, better content. LOL!!!!

Love Salient

NOTICES

KNITTING CLUB

The North East Valley Knitting Squad meets on Wednesday afternoons at St David's Cafe to have a chat and a laugh, drink coffee and sometimes we even knit! Knitters, crocheters and other fibre artists of all skill levels are welcome. Beginners very welcome.

Facebook: NEV Knitting Squad / knitting@northeastvalley.org

ZEN MEDITATION

Beginners introduction and exploration of Zen meditation with a Zen teacher in the Diamond Sangha lineage. Tuesday evenings 7:00 to 8:30 pm, 37 James St. NEV. Starts 13 March. For further information call Glenn 473 6356 or Jim at 473 8359 – <http://dunedinzen.wordpress.com>

NUDE SWIM SESSION AT PHYSIO POOL

Sunday 25 March from 5-6 p.m. Contact Orchard Sun Club on 476-3875 for further details

Referees Wanted

Want the best seat in the house? Want to be right there in the thick of the action without the injuries? Then we want you! Become an Otago Rugby Referee, it will open up opportunities both locally and further afield. Contact James Grubb cdo@ousa.org.nz or 021-280-4332 today. Be part of the action

SOUTH DUNEDIN FESTIVAL DAY

Performers, stalls, food, Steampunk Exhibition, Google/Raygun making, activities for the kids plus exhibitions from Otago Polytechnic Students on King Edward Street. Gasworks will be in full steam. 17 March, 10am to 2pm, at the Gasworks, 20 Braemar St, South Dunedin

Te Roopu Māori



KIA ORA TE WHANAU, O TE ROOPU MĀORI.

Ki te kahore he whakakitenga ka ngaro te iwi
Without foresight or vision the people will be lost.

The Mission Statement of Te Rito is: "Te Rito will establish an environment within the University of Otago that recognises - Taha, tinana, wairua, hinengaro, and whanau as paramount. Te Rito shall remain an advocate for the 'recruitment, retention and results' of all Māori Students at the University". That whakatauki above lays some foundation for Te Rito. Through the organisation of various events and advocating for the needs of Māori taura by Māori taura

by being the voice on various boards across all divisions, we move one step forward in the right direction.

For 2012 your elected Te Rito is

TUMUAKI (PRESIDENT): Lisa Pohatu, Ngati Kahungunu me Ngai Tahu

KAITIAKI PUTEA (TREASURER): Courtney Heke-McColgan, Kai Tahu me Nga Puhi

KAITUHI (SECRETARY): Awhi Wakefield, Ngati Apa

KAIWHAKAHAERES (GENERAL): Kara Puketapu-Dentice, Ngai Tuhoe me Te Ati Awa

MARAMA KAINAMU-WHEELER: Nga Puhi

TIHEMA NICOL: Ngati Tuwharetoa me Ngati Whatua me Nga Puhi

Keeping with our whakatuaki, throughout O-Week we had two very dedicated taura Heramaahina Eketone and Waiariki Parata Taiapa (to which we are forever grateful for their artistic vision) over see and guide many taura on creating a massive mahi toi (art work) to hang in our whare. The mahi toi is not merely a piece of art, it is a symbol of who we are as Māori students of the University of Otago, where ever we may come from and where we may go. This

piece represents all the elements of a journey, whether that passage takes on board failure, struggle, perseverance, it is clear that without these building blocks we will not succeed in our greatest desires. Therefore, take what you want from this mahi toi as you do from life, recognise that you cannot change the past but can always change the pathways of your own future.

Come on in and have a look, it's a pretty mean piece of art work, that quite a number of taura contributed to.

Just a few panui to end

Tuesday 13th March is the Māori Commerce Students Meet and Greet down in the Room 207 in the Atrium

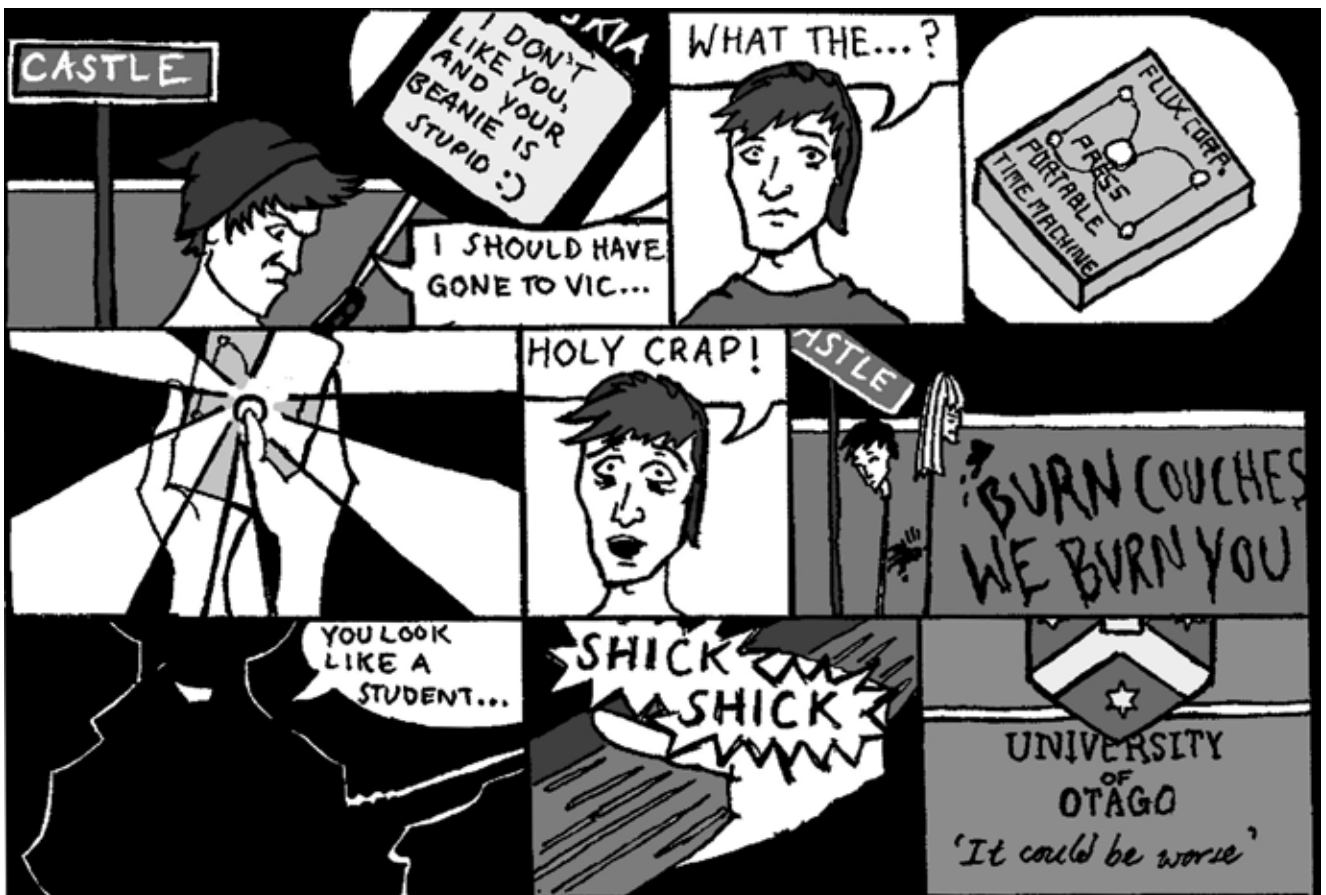
Friday 16th March is the Māori Science Students Hui at Te Roopu Māori Whare.

Monday 19th March at 5:30pm is the SGM, where there will be discussion on the new budget as well as constitutional amendments, we will also be having Hangi so come along and have your say.

Nga Mihi Nui whanau

Lisa Pohatu

Nightmare on Castle – Ryan Benic



Having issues with your Landlord or your flatties?



passiveaggressivenotes.com

OUSA Student Support is the place to go, whether you need advice about a doggy landlord or if your flatties need mediating. Pop in for free advice. Open 9 – 4.30pm, Mon–Fri, 5 Ethel Benjamin Pl, behind the OUSA Clubs & Societies centre, or phone 03 479 5448.



LOGAN SAYS...

Hey Gang,

One big number item for Logz to inform you lot of this week,

Last week I spent an afternoon going door to door down Hyde St. I informed students of a little party that is set to take place on their street on the 24th of the month (surprise). I wanted to do this because there were many uncertainties of what the Hyde St Keg Parties fate would be after all the Dunedin City Council's recent chat about a Liquor Ban. After a few early pre-O-Week meetings about this between myself, police, and the proctor's office it was decided that if OUSA could come to the table and 'facilitate' the day then the event could happen in the same capacity as 2011. 'Facilitate' what does this mean I hear you ask? Well simply we are supplying; A BBQ (Fuck yea free grub with sight of your Student ID), Porta-Loos (Oh mean no one's going to poo in my flats backyard), First Aid (Just in case), Putting in a road closure on both Hyde St but also Albany St (Fucking Legitbro!!!). As well as sorting a 6pm closing time and organising the assistance of other volunteer groups to supply water, ice blocks (NOM NOM NOM), etc.

Okay.... But I wanted to go one step further and make the event sustainable for the future. A TOTAL GLASS BAN on the day in my eyes is the step we need to take to keep this fucking ripper of an event on the Scarfie calendar for years to come. In the last few years the emergency room at the hospital was full to boiling point with students who had simply stood on one of the hundred broken bottles that littered the street that day (and that is not good enough guys). I hope that with a glass ban in place we aren't going to see the same resistance in 2013 about the event because emergency services are going to be relaxed about the risks and practicalities. Now you've been warned of the ban so no excuses everyone, tell your mates, GET OFF THE GLASS!

So at the Executive Meeting last week the OUSA Executive set aside decent budget to make it happen and instructed OUSA staff to help make it happen. Please don't fuck it up for yourselves.

P.s. I will brief you guys again next week on the events latest developments

Both Nervously and Trustingly Yours,

Logan Edgar

XOXOXOXOXO

UNIGAMES – way cooler than University Games!*

Think you're any good at Badminton, Basketball, T20 Cricket, Debating, Football, Lawn Bowls, Netball, Touch or Sevens Rugby, Volleyball or Ultimate Frisbee? Want to represent Team Otago in this year's UniGames in Wellington over Mid-Semester Break? Email James on cdo@ousa.org.nz or pop into the Clubs and Societies Centre down from Poppas Pizza on Albany St and we can get you on the road to greatness!

*FYI they're the same thing.

WINE WINE WINE!



The OUSA Clubs and Societies centre have some sweet courses coming up; Wine Making will give you the skills to make your very own wine (handy hint, don't try rhubarb wine) and our very famous and ever popular Wine Tasting evening with the HILARIOUS Geoff Weston gives you a night wine flavours all matched

with delicious cheeses. It's a night guaranteed to crack you up, fill you up (with food and knowledge) and warm you up.

Pop on in for more info at 84 Albany Street, or phone 03 479 5960. Open 9am – 10.30pm Mon – Fri and 10.am – 8.30pm Sat and Sun.

Liquor Ban...or something that works!

The Executive has decided to continue with thier campaign to oppose the proposed extension of the Liquor Ban in North Dunedin. We will be putting petitions at OUSA's reception areas; OUSA Main Office, Clubs and Socs, and the Student Support Centre. Pop on in if you want to support us and find an alternative that works rather than just a liquor ban!



The Gym for Women

FREE – To Join

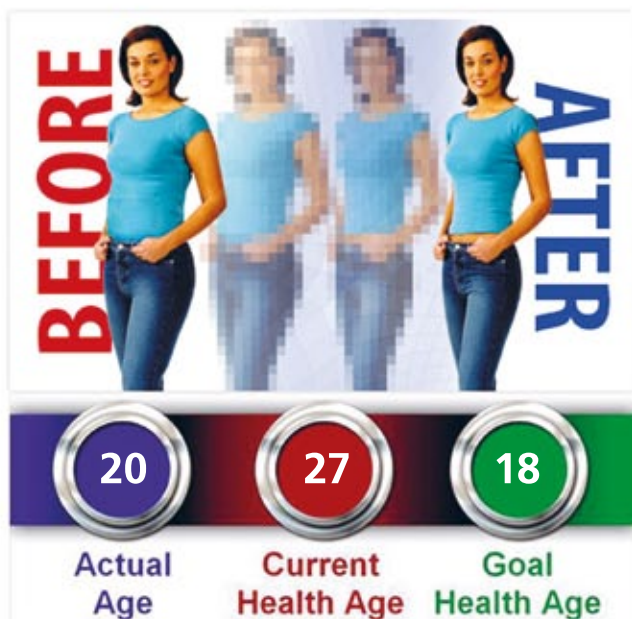
FREE – No Payments until April 2012

FREE – Workout Pack

FREE – Visual Fitness Planner Session

*conditions apply

TAKE ACTION NOW AS STRICTLY LIMITED TO THE FIRST 50 PEOPLE



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