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7.45-8.00am	8.00-8.15am	8.45am
9.30-9.45am	9.45-10.00am	10.30am
12.45-1.00pm	1.00-1.15pm	1.45pm
2.45-3.00pm	3.00-3.15pm	3.45pm
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Critic

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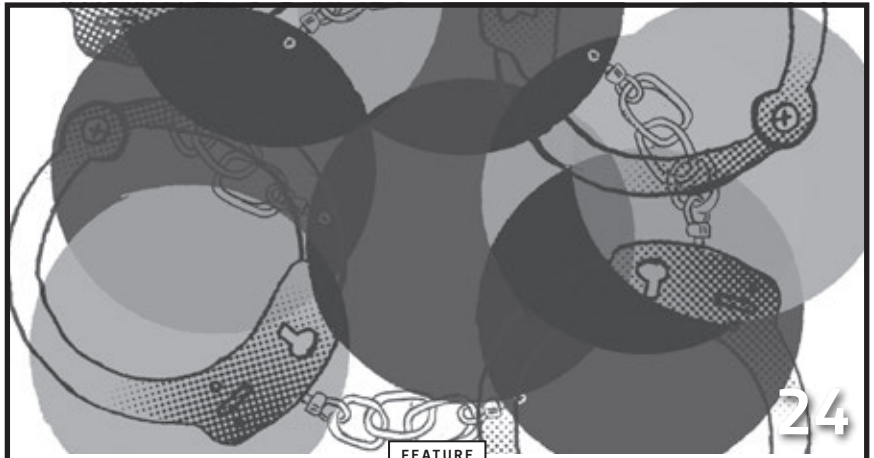
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Restorative justice is a victim-centric process in which victims meet with their offenders to discuss the crime and its effects. Brittany Mann interviewed three facilitators, as well as an offender and a victim, about their experiences of the process.



08 | Fran Makes \$300 on iPredict

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Domo Arigato Bitches

SO HERE'S THE LAST ISSUE OF THE YEAR! Oh golly gosh, I have so many people to thank!

I'd like to thank my mum and dad, for raising me to be the editor I am today. They were so proud when I delayed entering the workforce to take on an eternally Google-able, man-child job involving prodigious uses of the words "fuck" and "cunt." They assured me that the weekly, concerned phonecalls from my grandmother did wonders for my dad's blood pressure.

I'd like to thank Zane "Lothario" Pocock for his handsomeness and intimate knowledge of Dunedin's dating scene. Though we're never quite sure what he's listening to when he disappears behind his earphones and blocks out all the insults we hurl at him, I'm sure it's something predictably bro-y, like dubstep ringtone remixes or play-by-play analyses of Jonah Lomu's greatest tries.

Zane will be a brilliant editor next year, and assured me that *Critic* will definitely step up its attempts to pander to the mainstream. "I

probably won't turn *Critic* into an abstract art project discernible only to me and my circle of friends, all of whom I flat with," he said. "Probably not, anyway."

I'd like to thank Jesus, for giving me the inner strength to succeed. Thank you baby Jesus, for your service to this country.

I'd like to thank our fantastic designers, Sam Clark and Dan Blackball, who somehow knew what I meant whenever I looked over their shoulders and told them to "make it more thingy" or "boop it." In exchange, I let Dan wear the same pants every day and Clarky photoshop his face everywhere, so on balance I think they're happy.

Thank you also to Sarah Macindoe, Brittany Mann and Maddy Phillipps, for making *Critic* the most error-free student publication this side of the Leith. All year I was flooded with congratulatory emails praising our correct semicolon use, our abandonment of the em-dash, and our forward-thinking adoption of the Oxford comma.

Thank you to our ace news sleuths Claudia Herron and Bella Macdonald, and our interns Jamie Breen, Josie Cochrane, Jack Montgomerie and Thomas Raethel, for their dedicated couch-burning and *ODT*-baiting coverage. Thanks also to our feature writers Brittany, Maddy, Loulou Callister-Baker and Ines Shennan. Without you, many students would have made it through Monday morning lectures undistracted.

Thanks also to Alex Lovell-Smith. Face it, Alex, you work for *Critic*.

Finally, thank you to our great volunteers, including but not limited to Baz Macdonald, Basti Menkes, Rosie Howells, Tristan Keillor, Charlotte Doyle, Josef Alton, Lucy Hunter, Raquel Moss, Kirsty Dunn, Guy McCallum, "Dr" Nick Erskine, Elsie Jacobson, Hannah Twigg, Bryony Leeke, Jessica Bromell, Campbell Ecklein, Elsie Stone, Phoebe Harrop, Josie Adams, M and G, Jacobin, Gus Gawn, Jonny Mahon-Heap and Jess Cole. You suckers are willing to work for free. That's cool.

- SAM MCCHESENEY



University Book Shop

LETTER OF THE WEEK

The letter of the week wins a \$25 book voucher from the University Book Shop.

Oh, you guys again

Dear Callum

Congratulations on making it through the year without any major hiccups, staffing changes, or legal issues whatsoever. Failient admires your commitment to informing Dunedin students of things to do and the history of Dunedin week in and week out – you're almost as good as the *Otago Daily Times*.

Thanks so much for all the infotainment you've provided us with. We wish you well in your future endeavours in covering the greatest issue facing tertiary students in Dunedin: whether or not they get another bar.

Love, your No.1 frienemy,
[ITALICS: Salient]

Blind Bitches

Dear Critic

What is it with the girls in the Love is Blind column always being bitches? I mean, the occasional one has a good time but it seems that every week they come in expecting a bad time. The guy's all hopeful and cheerful and then the chick's like Well that sucked, He was boring, I felt threatened, etc. Not only do they expect disappointment, they always, always have their friends on standby to 'rescue' them from the 'bad' date, when really they're the one making it awkward.

Look, I'm just saying. Those girls are really letting the side down.

Yours,
A girl who actually enjoys dates.

It's obviously Harlene's fault

Dear Critic,

Which member of Otago University staff is responsible for university internet?

I want to rip out their testicles/ovaries/relevant gene-carrying receptacles for the good of humanity. Not wishing to receive the legal consequences for the aforementioned actions, I will have to suffice with multiple, strongly worded emails of a truculent nature, sent out in the brief, intermittent periods of available connection.

Yours proactively,
Peeved Peevington of Peevingshire

Cool

Dear Critic,

The whole grid was made by public workers with public money and run by public workers with public money for a long time. Suddenly letting more than 2mil per week go to only a few lucky people who have enough money to buy shares is bizarre capitalism. As we all put work (aka: money for public servants) into the company, in a capitalist society we would have all got a cut of the profit.

Privatising just cut one company with one boss into several companies with several bosses, adding to unneeded and expensive bureaucracy. That is why the cost increased. National cut rear line staff in police, army and conservation that needed to be there, but since its' best friends are now at the "public" electricity trough, it has bad feelings about the opposition plans to cut the (truly unneeded) fat off the electricity companies.

Yatagan tank

Unconfident weak reflexes

Dear Ruby,

I just watched your campaign video and I think I just threw up a little bit in the back of my throat.

You could have at least got someone who is good at singing to sing for you as you are obviously doing a really bad job of lip syncing.

Sincerely,
No Confidence

Brother-zoned?

Dear Critic,

I would like to talk to *Critic* and its readers about something I have a mild intellectual curiosity in; the so-called 'friendzone'.

I'll start (as so many promising arguments do) with feminism. Now, when you get conversations about the man-hating nazi types, the usual thing you'll hear is that they aren't "real" feminists, because "real" feminism is about equality, and anybody who doesn't want equality isn't "really" a feminist.

So why can't the same be applied to the friendzone? It's common to hear the "not a real feminist" suggestion, but whenever the friendzone comes up, all you'll hear is "male privilege", "sexism", "entitled man-children", "women aren't machines that you put in kindness and get out sex", and so on. Why does nobody suggest that maybe the entitled man-children (of which there are, undoubtedly, many) aren't "really" friendzoned, because "real" friendzoning is about having strong feelings that aren't reciprocated, and reasonable or unreasonable, man or woman, feminist, feminazi, douchebag or otherwise, that situation sucks.

Why is it so damn common to hear about "real" feminists, but nobody ever bothers to consider "real" friendzoning?

Personally, I have a tendency to get "brother-zoned", but I won't complain because, actually, I rather like it.

Sincerely,
The Rogue Philosopher [abridged]

Warning: this letter may elicit salivation

Dear fellow library-goers,

We have thoroughly enjoyed sitting alongside you this semester as you make your way through the drudgery of assignments whilst enjoying your garlic-scented ravioli.

There's nothing more charming than hearing the saliva make its way around your mouth as you suck on a piece of milk chocolate like an infant.

When you enjoy your rice crackers – it's not just you! Trying to get our academia on, we are forced to hear your eager crunching. BBQ? Seaweed? Salt and Vinegar? We might not work out the flavour, but boy, can we hear how fresh they are!

Please continue to loudly scoff your

sandwich, as we imagine what kind of fillings such an obnoxious person would indulge in.

We all know that a crunchy apple beats a floury one. Thanks for bringing your crisp piece of fruit to the library so that we know the super-market stocks are worth spending our money on. Without your provision of loud fruit, we never would have worked this out for ourselves.

TL;DR: Please leave the library for even 10 minutes to eat your lunch. We love food but we don't need to hear you consuming it.

Politely yours and glaring,
The Silent Majority

Abstaining is a right

Dear Critic

Who do I complain to around here about the referenda? But please don't tell me because then I will feel obliged to write another letter or whatever. So, sorry, but it's going to be because I'm too lazy to actually find out.

I don't like how we can only give yes or no answers. Often I don't know anything about the topics we are voting on, and the view details button is usually lacking in information, and heavily focuses on the pros. I always feel like they are trying to make me vote yes for everything. There was actually a link for the budget this year, which was great! However you had to download it, and ain't nobody got time fo' dat.

It also sucks that we have to vote on every question. You aren't allowed to miss one out, you either have to answer all or none. Therefore I usually end up picking yes, like a good little sheep. Surely there should be an abstain from answering option. Can someone please fix this?

Sincerely,
Graduating this year anyway so I don't even care

Wait, a LACK of complaints?

Dear Critic,

I feel there has been a lack of complaints regarding the state of the University's internet situation. As a 4th year, it seems so long ago that I could come home to Arana in the middle of the day and successfully load multiple videos from Redtube, Youporn and Zootube... lol. These were some of the most satisfying wanks I've ever had, due to no 'loading' issues. I'm not going to get into the fact that these websites are now blocked and all first year lads are now blue balled, frustrated and relying on the wank bank in order to get off. My issue is that now during peak study time the speed is so atrocious, I can't even load a pdf file to work on an assignment.

With everyone now having smartphones, I'd assume there is a much higher use of data, even with the porn blockage. Why the FUCK does the University not upgrade? Most would agree that internet is one of the most important tools required by a student. With the ridiculous fees we pay, this isn't justifiable. Obviously internet alone isn't enough to dissuade students from studying at Otago and as a result, there's no incentive for the Uni to sort their shit.

Otago, plz

Donald Reid is crying big Donald Reid tears

Dear Donald Reid,

I'm sorry that you think I hated your paper. The truth is it just wasn't my personal taste of subject. However, I actually really enjoyed your teaching style and you as a lecturer, which almost made the subject bearable for me.

I enjoy you as a person and will continue to smile at you warmly across the campus which really isn't as creepy as it sounds.

From,
Isaac
x

NOTICES

Southern Choir Music Director

Applications are invited for the position of Music Director of the Southern Youth

Choir for 2014. The purpose of the position is to train the Southern Youth Choir in rehearsals and to conduct the Choir's performances of which there are approximately three each year. Members of the Choir, who are aged between 16 and 25, rehearse and perform during the university academic year.

Applications, together with the names of at least two referees able to comment on the applicant's character and appropriate skills, should be forwarded by 5pm 18 October 2013 to Bruce Aitken, Chairperson, Southern Youth Choir, 504 Queens Drive, Belleknowes, Dunedin 9016, from whom a full position description may be obtained. Otago

University Hockey Club Inc Notice of AGM 2013

The AGM will be held at 3pm, Saturday 12 October at the McMillan Hockey Centre.
See ouhc.co.nz for more information.

CORRECTION

In the article "Masters by Coursework on the Rise," published in issue 25, *Critic* incorrectly referred to Professor Philip Nel as an Associate Professor. Also, while MIntSt were denied access to the University common room, they were never denied access to the Politics Common Room.

LETTERS POLICY

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



Welcome
to Hell
students...

CALL 0800 666 111



Ruby

Sycamore-Smith

2014 OUSA PRESIDENT

FRAN MAKES \$300 ON IPREDICT

OUTGOING PRESIDENT STEALS RUBY'S THUNDER BY ZANE POCKOCK

RUBY SYCAMORE-SMITH HAS WON THE ELECTION for OUSA President in 2014 with 49.86 per cent of the vote. Her closest rival, Zac Gawn, won 34.35 per cent, with Jordan Watts a distant third on 10.42 per cent.

The election saw OUSA's largest voter turnout "in a generation." 5,193 votes were cast, representing 25 per cent of OUSA members.

Other winners included Ryan Edgar in the Administrative Vice-President position, Jordan Taylor as Education Officer, Nali Lee as Welfare Officer, Hamish Barker as Campaigns Officer, and Henri Faulkner as Recreation Officer.

Nick Tenci, Kurt Purdon, Kamil Saifuddin and Brydie Ockwell won their respective positions of Finance Officer, Postgraduate Officer, International Officer, and Colleges Officer unopposed. The 2014 President of Te Roopu Maori, who sits on the OUSA Executive, will be Mariana Te Pou.

Sycamore-Smith succumbed to a bout of tears when her victory was confirmed, but perhaps emotions clouded her short-term memory when *Critic* enquired who she was most looking forward to working with in 2014. Erroneously believing that Campaigns Officer hopeful Jarred

Griffiths had won his race, Sycamore-Smith said that she and Jarred "worked very closely on the campaign together, so I'm excited to work with him."

Sycamore-Smith proved less enthusiastic about her campaign video, a reworking of Miley Cyrus' "Wrecking Ball." "I got more dislikes than likes, which is pretty cheeky ... but I think it was good in the sense that I really put myself out there and showed everyone how much I really wanted to be the president of OUSA. Getting my face out of there is pretty important."

Outgoing President Francisco Hernandez was expecting to make about \$300 from the Sycamore-Smith iPredict stocks he owned, having "put a lot of eggs in this basket."

With Gawn losing by such a significant margin, Hernandez felt that "we did see the limitations of the Scarfie vote. You can't run on a double Scarfie ticket and expect to win anymore. You need a little bit more diversity on your ticket."

Ryan Edgar, elected Administrative Vice-President by a 21.13 per cent margin over his closest rival Paul Hunt, was on Gawn's Scarfie ticket, along with Barker, who won by a tiny 0.55 per cent margin over Griffiths.

Edgar certainly had mixed feelings over Sycamore-Smith's win, initially only admitting, "I'm looking forward to working with Ruby. I'm looking forward to liking her again." However, as the first celebratory drink started to process, he let out his true feelings. "I've always really liked Ruby ... I really like her ... Ruby is great ... I know she'll do a really good job." We get it, Ryan. There might be future inter-OUSA relations.

2014 Welfare Officer Nali Lee was "already pissed" when *Critic* spoke to her. She felt that her campaign video, which featured her deep-throating a condom-clad banana, won her the election. She literally squealed at the thought of holding her position, and launched into an epic monologue when asked how she expected to celebrate.

"Dude, I'm fucking already pissed man! Dude. Can you not see my face? I've got the Asian blush on! Well, it is quarter to four right now [it was actually quarter to five], I'm going to keep drinking, I'm going to pass out at 4:30 [she had already missed her scheduled pass-out time], I'm going to wake myself up at 7:30 and I'm going to the OCOM ball to drink the \$4 cocktails."

The 2014 Executive will receive training from the current executive before taking control of the 124-year-old organisation from 1 January 2014.



SYCAMORE-SMITH COASTS TO VICTORY DESPITE VIDEO GAFFE

OPINION BY SAM MCCHESENEY



WITH THE ZAC GAWN TICKET VICTORIOUS in two out of three contested positions, the outcome of the OUSA Presidential election can largely be seen as a personal endorsement of Ruby Sycamore-Smith. The election also saw the rise of iPredict and the resurgence of feminism, and cemented the importance of campaign videos.

In a largely clean and well-fought race, the broad consensus throughout had Sycamore-Smith as favourite, with momentum swinging back towards Gawn in the last few days. In reality, though, nobody had any idea who would win, and the only certainty was that Jordan Watts – an outsider who ran a largely muted campaign and did not even show up to the results announcement – would finish third.

On the whole, Gawn ran a much better campaign than Sycamore-Smith. He stayed on message and, despite taking several knocks over the course of the campaign, he remained restrained and mature in dealing with his critics. The main blemish was a disastrous candidates' debate in which he was steamrollered by Sycamore-Smith.

Sycamore-Smith campaigned hard on the ground, but unlike Gawn, she never really had to prove herself. She entered the race with *Critic's* endorsement, the support of most OUSA insiders, and strong backing from female voters.

Indeed, Sycamore-Smith's campaign, which relied heavily on support from campus feminists, saw feminism exert more influence on OUSA elections than at any other time since the 90s. "I'm just thrilled to be a demographic seen as worth pandering to," Golda Matthias commented after yet another Facebook post by the Sycamore-Smith ticket was thrust upon the Dunedin Feminist Discussion Group.

Even so, Sycamore-Smith's attempt to position herself as the grownup in the room and the thinking Scarfie's President almost backfired spectacularly, after she released a campaign video that riffed on Miley Cyrus' "Wrecking Ball." The video, in which Sycamore-Smith lip-synched sloppily to some off-key singing, writhed around in lollipops, removed items of clothing, and made a laughable attempt to imbibe directly from a goon, was described by viewers as "one of the most cringeworthy things I have ever seen," not to mention "about three minutes too long."

Whereas Sycamore-Smith's video came across as desperate, Gawn's – featuring Logan Edgar, gratuitous male nudity, and Gawn skulling two bottles of wine – was effortlessly Scarfie. Meanwhile, Nali Lee won the Welfare Officer position after releasing a ten-second clip in which she deep-throated a banana. Politics.

The election also saw rampant insider

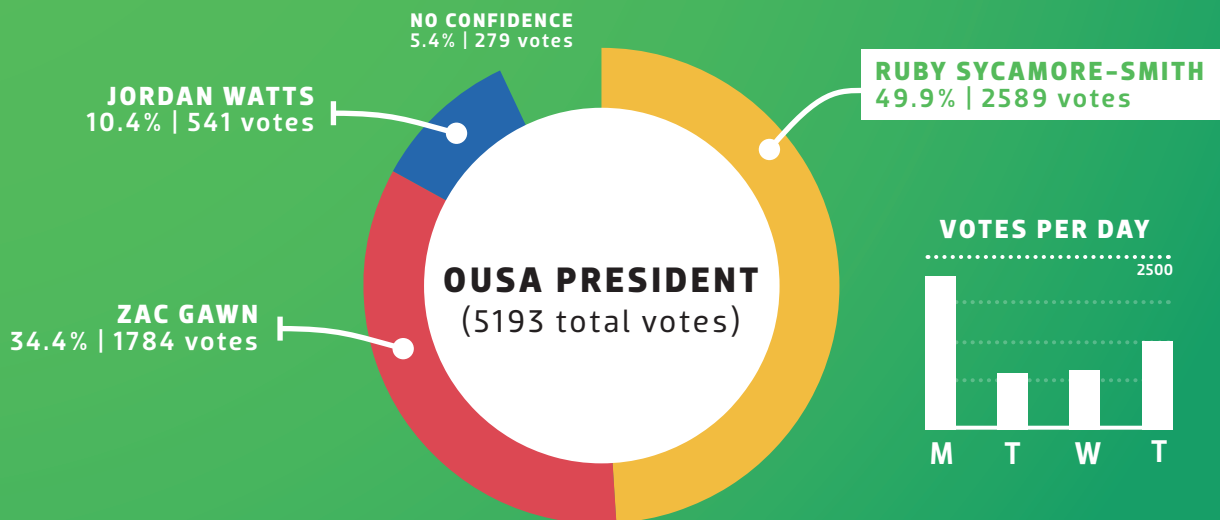
trading as election stock were, for the first time, traded on iPredict; at various times in the race, Sycamore-Smith and Gawn's stock even reached the top of the site's "most-traded" list. Most of the trading came from OUSA insiders, with Hernandez for one winning \$300 after placing large bets on Sycamore-Smith.

Returning Officer Tom Harries reported few issues. Sycamore-Smith was ordered to remove a photo from Facebook that breached election rules, and Gawn was investigated after promising beer to students who shared his campaign photo. Both candidates were also warned about their conduct during lectures, with several lecturers complaining of lengthy disruptions by candidates distributing flyers and speechifying.

Fran was unable to restrain himself, and published a series of ridiculously long "analyses" of the candidates during the elections. The analyses were heavily biased in favour of Fran's close friend and 2012 campaign partner Jordan Taylor (Education Officer) and against frequent critic Dan Stride (Recreation Officer), and were accompanied by a somewhat disingenuous disclaimer to the effect that Fran did not, in fact, endorse any of the candidates. Stride complained to Harries about the posts, but Harries held that under a rule change last year, members of the Executive were allowed to endorse candidates.

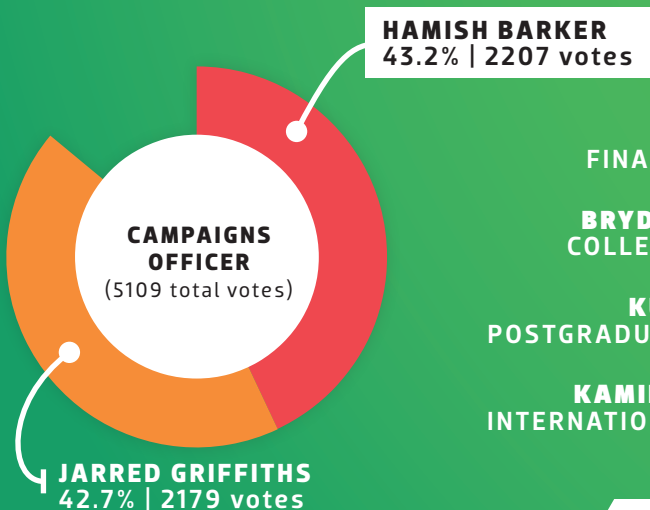
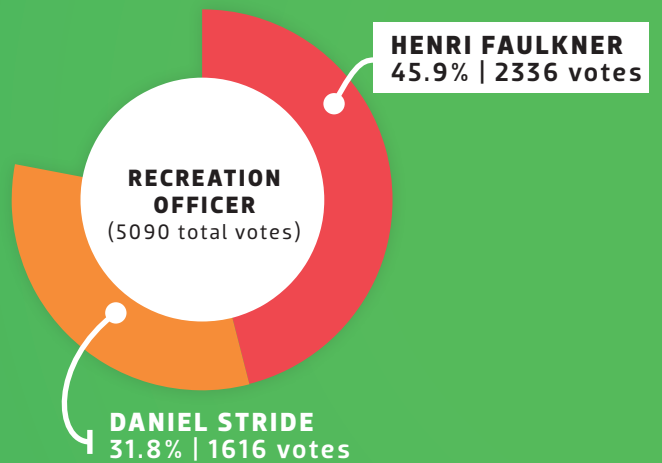
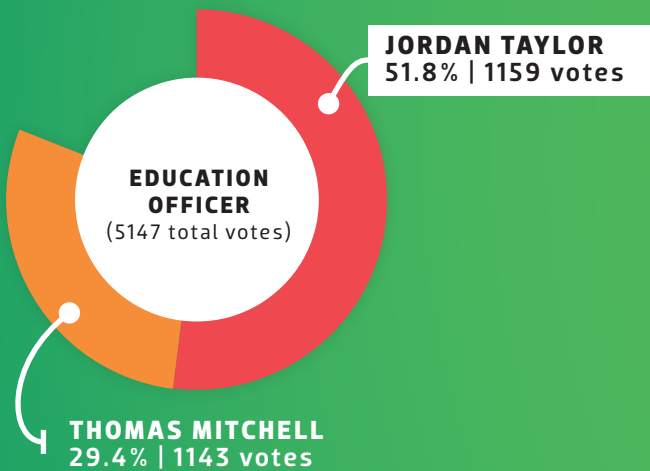
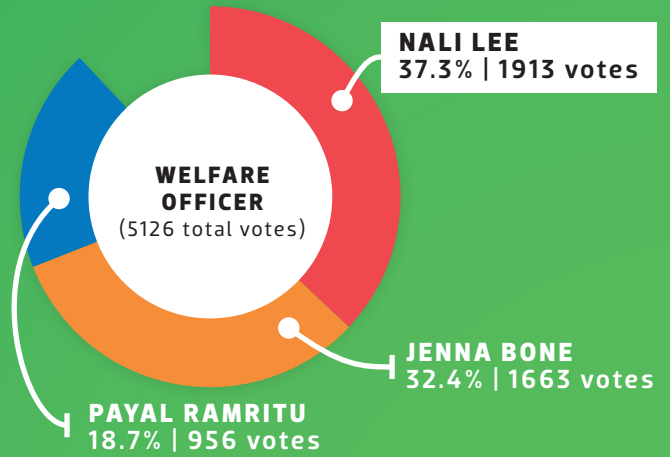
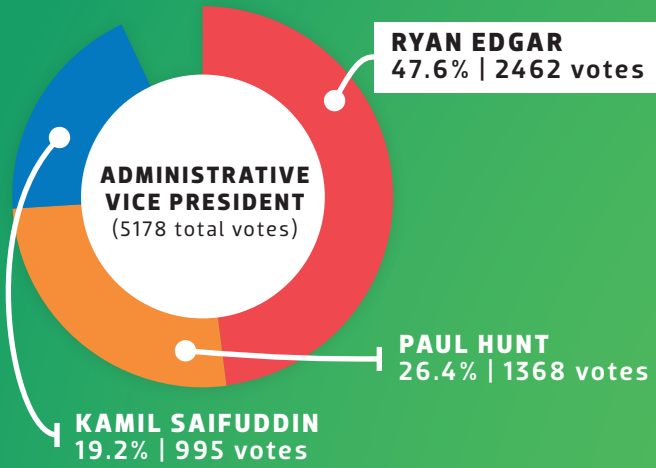


PRESIDENTIAL RESULTS





ELECTION RESULTS



Total Voters: 5193





2014 OUSA EXECUTIVE



Ruby Sycamore-Smith
PRESIDENT



Mariana Te Pou
**TE ROOPU MAORI
TUMUAKI (PRESIDENT)**



Ryan Edgar
ADMIN VP



Nick Tenci
FINANCE



Nali Lee
WELFARE



Jordan Taylor
EDUCATION



Brydie Ockwell
COLLEGES



Hamish Barker
CAMPAIGNS



Henri Faulkner
RECREATION



Kurt Purdon
POSTGRADUATE



Kamil Saifuddin
INTERNATIONAL

REFERENDUM RESULTS

(PERCENTAGE OF VOTERS ANSWERING YES)

80.3% Should the 2014 OUSA Budget be accepted in its entirety?

86.4% Should the Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) continue its membership of New Zealand Union of Student Associations (NZUSA) if it implements reforms that enhance its campaigning capacity?

86.3% Should the Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) support the decriminalisation of abortion and support the pregnant person's right to choose?

62.5% Should the Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) adopt a Single Transferable Voting system for its elections?



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Otago's Already Shit Ranking Artificially Propped Up by Foreigners

BY JOSIE COCHRANE

THE TIMES HIGHER EDUCATION WORLD University Rankings have placed the University of Otago 226-250th worldwide, the same ranking as 2012 but below the 2011 ranking of 201-250th.

Auckland University placed 164th which, despite being down three places on 2012, still made it the mostly highly ranked university in New Zealand. Victoria University of Wellington also slipped down the ranks, dropping down a bracket from 251-275 to 276-300. The University of Canterbury and the University of Waikato were both placed 301-350th. Otago University is now ranked tenth in the Oceania region.

Otago placed 91st for clinical, pre-clinical and health subjects, while Auckland placed 72nd in the same area. Victoria and Auckland also gained positions in the top 100 for Arts and Humanities.

Professor Vernon Squire, University of Otago Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Academic), had little to say about Otago's shit performance. "It is pleasing that Otago has maintained its place in the 226-250 band," he told *Critic*. That was all.

Using different methodology, the QS World University rankings for 2013 placed Otago at 155th worldwide.

Phil Baty, rankings editor of *Times Higher Education*, said that "institutions ranked outside of the top 200 are not given an exact position, as differences in performance at the lower end of the tables are slight."

Times Higher Education employs 13 separate performance indicators, making them the "only global university performance tables to judge research-led universities across all the core missions of the modern global university – research, teaching, knowledge transfer and international activity." The multitude of performance indicators "provides the most comprehensive and balanced comparisons, which are trusted by students, academics, university leaders, industry and governments."

Teaching 24.6%

International Outlook 84.8%

Industry Income 37.6%

Research 26.9%

Citations 56.9%

Universities are excluded from the rankings if they do not teach undergraduates, if they teach only a single narrow subject, or if their research output amounted to fewer than 1,000 articles between 2006 and 2010 (or 200 a year).

The performance indicators are grouped into five areas, each contributing to an overall ranking score:

- > Teaching (30 per cent): This area assesses the learning environment of the institution, and is based on an analysis of the staff-to-student ratio, the number of PhD and undergraduate degrees awarded, the caliber of the academic staff and the results of a reputation survey.
- > Research (30 per cent): This analyses the volume and reputation of research published by the institution, and the income received from that research.
- > Citation impact (30 per cent): This measures the normalised average citations per paper. 50 million citations from 12,000 carefully selected academic journals and 6 million papers are analysed over a six year window (2007-2012).

> International outlook (7.5 per cent): Ratios are calculated for the number of international students and staff in comparison to total staff and students, as well as the number of scholarly papers involving international co-authors. Otago received 84.8 per cent in this area.

> Industry income (2.5 per cent): A measurement of knowledge transfer and innovation.

Otago had low ratings in teaching and research (volume, income and reputation), but scored exceptionally well in one of the least important areas – international outlook. On a slightly more positive note, the high citations score means that the research we do produce is circulating well.

For the third year in a row, California Institute of Technology came in first overall, with Harvard and Oxford Universities placing joint second.

THE WORLD UNIVERSITY RANKINGS TOP 300

Critic "Borrows" Story From Salient. Thanks, Suckers.

BY CHRIS MACINTYRE, SALIENT



CONCERNS FROM KEY GROUPS WERE IGNORED as the Government introduced their border arrest scheme for student loan defaulters earlier this year, the details of which remain unknown.

Documents obtained by Salient under the Official Information Act show that there was limited consultation with stakeholders before the policy was announced, that Police concerns were not addressed, and that the Inland Revenue Department (IRD) did not believe such a measure was necessary. In addition, a submission from the Legislation Advisory Committee for greater transparency was ignored in favour of secrecy over exactly who would be subject to arrest under the policy.

Border arrests were announced as part of the 2013 Budget in an effort to improve repayments from overseas-based borrowers and "[increase] personal responsibility for debt repayment." Under the policy, borrowers in "serious default" who returned to New Zealand would not be able to leave the country unless they organised repayments. Failure to do so would result in an arrest warrant being released.

The scheme would affect "a small number" of borrowers, though it is unclear exactly how many this is as the IRD have not made public the criteria for "serious default." There are 101,095 overseas-based based borrowers, who form the majority of all borrowers with overdue repayments.

The Regulatory Impact Statement (RIS) of 22 March – three months before the announcement – states that the border arrest policy "will have a significant impact on those affected," could be challenged under the New Zealand Bill of Rights

Act (1990) for impeding freedom of movement, and "may discourage overseas-based borrowers from returning to New Zealand." The IRD also add that "if passport restrictions were to be introduced ... this measure might be sufficient," and border arrests would not be necessary. Despite these concerns with the policy, consultation with stakeholders has not taken place.

"Limited time was available for consultation. We did not consult with sector groups due to the budget-sensitive nature of the proposals," the RIS reads.

The Police raised a number of concerns, citing negative "operational and reputational impacts" on Police. They suggested that border arrests would make Police look like IRD debt collection agents, and added that border arrests would be too difficult given the nature of airports. Police would have to find the defaulter in busy departure lounges, often with no photo ID supplied, a task that raised further concerns relating to delaying planes and creating undue extra costs on airlines.

"Police note that no cost benefit analysis, including the impact on their parties such as airports, has been concluded," the statement read, adding that the Police already have 37,000 outstanding arrest warrants and therefore that student loan arrest warrants would not merit a high priority.

The IRD have refused to release the exact threshold for "serious default," and therefore it remains unclear exactly who will be able to be arrested under the policy. A Policy Report from 26 July reveals IRD fears that borrowers may repay to just below the threshold for arrest, or that people who know they are not going to be arrested will not contact the IRD to arrange repayments.

"To publicise specific criteria would undermine the effectiveness of the border sanctions policy by ... enabling borrowers to circumvent the criteria [and] weakening the deterrent effect of the policy," states the report, released two months after the border arrest policy was announced.

This secrecy persists despite the concerns of the Legislation Advisory Committee (LAC), who requested "more detailed criteria ... to provide more certain limits as to who may be caught by the definition" in their submission on the Student Loan Scheme Amendment Bill (No 2). The LAC hold that the current ambiguity does not provide sufficient guidance to Government departments about when it would be acceptable to share personal information about borrowers. The Policy Advice Division of IRD and the Treasury declined the LAC's request that further information be released.

Under the legislation, failing to respond to the IRD, providing incorrect details to the IRD or continuing to default after contact has been made by the IRD will be grounds for arrest. To get an arrest warrant, intent to not repay debt must be proven. Documents relating to the border arrest scheme suggest that the definition of intent has been broadened from other similar legislation, like the Child Support Act, to make arrest warrants easier to obtain.

The exact cost of the border arrest policy is unclear. It is estimated to cost \$600,000 to implement, but this figure excludes the extra costs imposed on Courts and Police, who are responsible for managing the arrest warrants. The expected value of the border arrests policy was listed as "unavailable" in a document circulated just months before the budget.



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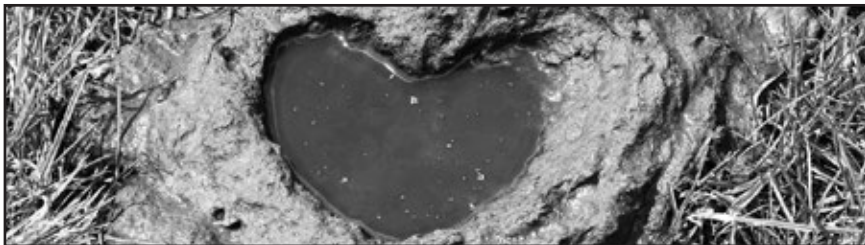
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NZUSA Given Yet Another Reprieve

BY THOMAS RAETHEL

THE NEW ZEALAND UNION OF STUDENTS' Associations' (NZUSA) future is secure, after both OUSA and the Victoria University of Wellington Students' Association (VUWSA) decided to remain members of the ailing national body.

The two organisations, which each pay an annual NZUSA membership levy of \$45,000, continued their membership on the condition that NZUSA implement significant reforms.

NZUSA has come under fire this year due to a perceived lack of political campaigning. OUSA President Francisco Hernandez, VUWSA President Rory McCourt, and Auckland University Students' Association (AUSA) President Daniel Haines collectively issued a statement to NZUSA on 22 August, threatening withdrawal if reforms were not passed. The referenda at OUSA and VUWSA were effectively a vote on the body's continued existence, with the two associations responsible for around a third of NZUSA's overall funding.

OUSA's motion to remain part of the organisation passed overwhelmingly, with 86.39 per cent supporting continued membership. VUWSA's margin of support was less extreme, with 62.72 per cent in favour of continued membership.

OUSA's referendum was fraught with procedural difficulties, and the question was altered shortly before it was put to the student body. The initial wording of the question was rejected by OUSA's honorary solicitor on the grounds that it precluded a simple "yes" or "no" answer.

When this composition was rejected, OUSA President Francisco Hernandez hastily assembled the question that was included the referendum (despite being submitted after the set deadline): "Should the Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) continue its membership of

the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA) if it implements reforms that enhance its campaigning capacity?"

In addition to the inherent bias toward "yes" answers in referenda, the question itself was criticised as leading, with one observer describing it as "a fucking joke." Hernandez is known to favour continued membership, and originally intended to formulate the question along the lines of "should OUSA remain in NZUSA in order to play a leadership role in reforming the organisation to be a strong national voice for students?"

NZUSA's continued existence would suit Hernandez well – he plans to run for NZUSA President in 2014 if he fails in his current bid for a seat on the Dunedin City Council.

Visibly gleeful after the referendum results were released, Hernandez was quick to blow his own trumpet. "It's a ringing mandate for continuing to stay in NZUSA," he said. "I'm not surprised at all. I think the reforms I have proposed were endorsed by the student population by a ringing margin and I look forward to working with NZUSA."

Hernandez earlier voiced support for the endangered organisation. Citing a number of difficulties facing New Zealand students, he made it clear that he believed in NZUSA's ability to respond to them satisfactorily, despite the total lack of evidence for such a view.

"Now is not the time to abandon a national student voice at a time when many students are hurting due to government allowance restrictions, increases in the cost of living, and suffering in cold damp flats," he said.

NZUSA President Pete Hodkinson has not met with Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce in over 18 months.

How a Jacobin Ends.

OPINION BY JACOBIN

IF YOU HAVE READ ANY OF MY COLUMNS, I HOPE you enjoyed them. I hope you felt personally addressed by them. I imagine you as I wish you to be: happy and constantly learning.

As for me ... well, the revolutionary is a doomed man. Robespierre, the original Jacobin, was guillotined by his followers. Trotsky suffered an icepick to the back of the head whilst in exile. Huey P. Newton was shot with a pistol after leaving a crackhouse in Oakland. Only six people attended Thomas Paine's funeral, despite his pamphlets being hailed as the sword of the American Revolution.

I love – and desperately hate – my upper-middle class origins and authority. I am graduating debt-free, and yet everywhere I see chains. I am graduating with a law degree, but there are so many laws worth breaking. I love learning and academia, but hate the University and intellectualism.

By this stage, you may be wondering whether I am crazy. I have wondered this too. After getting a few professional opinions, however, it turns out I am sane. The society around me is crazy, and I am just a part of it.

New Zealand society is as backwards as the landscape is beautiful. Isolation and complacency dominate in a world of pending climate turmoil and outrageous inequality. The privilege of backwardness, however – and yes, such a privilege exists – compels our adoption of whatever idea happens to be "ready" at the time, skipping over any intermediate stages.

It has been a long time since New Zealanders themselves advanced. Instead, we beta-test. Whether it be EFTPOS, neoliberal policy, or Google's "Loon," we are not simply safe and willing subjects, but are seemingly proud of being subjects.

No revolution is predictable, just as the best strikes are always wildcats. Something entirely exceptional, independent of me or any group, will bring catastrophe to our doors. The masses do not initiate the catastrophe with some social project in mind, only the sharp feeling they cannot endure the old system. I cannot stand it already.

Fran and Ruby in Most Pre-Determined Election Ever

HOT ON THE HEELS OF THE USUAL FANFARE created by the OUSA election comes the University Council elections, giving students one more chance to select who will represent them in the ever-exciting realm of student politics. The University Council is the governing body of the University and, among other things, determines policies as well as prepares and adopts a charter for the University. There are two seats available, and two candidates running for election. Critic wonders who will get in ...

Francisco Hernandez

Kia Ora

I'm Francisco Hernandez, OUSA President 2013 and current University of Otago Council member. I'm standing for re-election for the Uni Council and would appreciate your vote.

During my term on the University Council, I've gotten a lot of stuff done. I'm a proven leader with a track record of change, including drafting housing warrant-of-fitness legislation, securing improvements to Dunedin's bus service – such as the trial tertiary student discount – and leading the campaign to stop the North Dunedin

Liquor Ban in favour of constructive alternatives.

I've fought hard for you on the Otago University Council this year. I will keep fighting for you.

If elected, I'll use my experience to guide the new OUSA President so that she can get the stuff she wants done. I will also continue my work on upgrading Dunedin's housing stock, enhancing campus sustainability, improving the Satellite campus experience, strengthening ties between the city/university/polytechnic, and lobbying for improvements in Dunedin's public transport through better buses and safer cycleways.

I know times are tough for students, so I'll keep working to restrain fee rises.

Vote Francisco Hernandez to get strong representation, fresh vision and proven leadership on the University of Otago Council.

Ruby Sycamore-Smith

Kia Ora,

I'm Ruby, and I am running for the University of Otago Council. First and foremost I would like to

point out that I am passionate about everything I do – I sink my teeth into every situation and always give 110 per cent. I'm a third-year student studying communications and marketing, and I'm going to ensure that you get the year that you deserve! I will be an excellent student representative on the Council and make sure that the student voice is heard!

I will make sure that all students will get the most out of their time at Otago.

As your current Welfare Officer I've:

- > Delivered free breakfasts and five dollar meals.
- > Secured \$10,000 in funding from the Ministry of Social Development to promote healthy relationships.
- > Successfully advocated for making the Queer Support Position full time.
- > Led OUSA's stress-free exam efforts including establishing a puppy room!
- > Led negotiations with the University over establishing a student pub on campus.

My record as your Welfare Officer has been impressive, and with me on University Council you can expect more.

Expect more. Vote Ruby for University Council.

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Cool Research Bro. Here, Have 800k

BY CLAUDIA HERRON

MINISTER OF EDUCATION STEVEN JOYCE LAST week announced the 10 recipients of this year's Rutherford Discovery Fellowship. Two Otago University researchers were among those acknowledged.

The Fellowship rewards New Zealand's top early- to mid-career researchers with a funding package worth \$800,000 over five years. The funding allows them "to undertake important research that will be valuable for New Zealand's future," Mr Joyce explained.

Among the recipients were Otago's Dr Angela Wanhalla, for her research on "Marriage: The Politics of Private Life in New Zealand," and Dr Suetonia Palmer, of the University's Christchurch Campus, for her research on "Improving evidence for decision-makers in chronic kidney disease."

"The Fellowships will help attract and retain our most talented early-career researchers

and encourage their career development in this country," said Joyce.

Dr Wanhalla said that receiving the grant served to "reinforce what [I am] doing in terms of research," and that it is also an "honour for the [Humanities] department." She noted that having her research acknowledged by the Fellowship will "help elevate history to the sciences level," and will allow her to widen the scope of her research on marriage and "do something of a grander vision." Dr Wanhalla said she hopes in the future to look into how "marriage opens up the window to wider social issues," including how we historicise these issues.

Critic also spoke with recipient Dr Palmer, who described the award as a "life-changing event." She said that the Fellowship helps to put research back on the centre stage and will allow her to give her undivided attention to her

research, something she describes as a "unique and unexpected opportunity." Dr Palmer described herself as "an information specialist" and hopes to use "next generation" methods of data gathering to "challenge the status quo in medical practice and improve health."

"The Rutherford awards are a genuinely visionary idea to keep New Zealand researchers in New Zealand for the period in their working lives when they are setting up research networks, teams and new ideas," Dr Palmer said.

With the aim of developing and fostering future leaders in the broader New Zealand science sector, the competitive Fellowship is available to researchers within three to eight years of completing their PhD. The fellowship was established in 2010 and now boasts 40 fellows, with this number expected to rise to 50 by 2014.

Hernandez Loses His Shit

BY ZANE POCOCK

OUTGOING OUSA PRESIDENT FRANCISCO Hernandez has expressed outrage at the Government's decision to reduce the maximum size of university and wananga governing councils from 20 members to 12. Tertiary Education Minister Steven Joyce announced the decision in his Review of the Legislative Settings for University Governance last week.

Joyce reasoned that the lower membership numbers would strengthen such institutions' governance capabilities and enable them to remain internationally competitive. Hernandez, however, thought differently.

"The government is attacking student representation on university councils," he said.

"This report has the whiff of an all-nighter

pulled to crank out a forgotten piece of assessment. This isn't even a C- job. It is an anemic, anonymous, 11-page document that compares poorly with the comprehensive Review of Tertiary Education Governance conducted ... for Governance of the University of Canberra in 2003," Hernandez continued.

"The New Zealand tertiary education system, under current governance arrangements, has produced more qualifications and graduates than ever before. Or so announced the Minister yesterday. It is difficult to reconcile the 'we're doing a great job' story line with the 'the governance of universities needs to change' story line."

Tertiary Education Union national secretary, Sharn Riggs, felt similarly, but said the

announcement was no surprise. "The minister has been keen on turning universities into businesses with no links to their communities for some time now. His view is that increased productivity and profitability in the ITP sector, where similar changes were made two years ago, has nothing to do with the efforts of staff and other stakeholders but is the result of stripping out the representative structures on the councils."

"The Minister's speech to tertiary education leaders this morning mentioned the word 'society' just once," Riggs said. "Tertiary education has many benefits, not just the economic ones."

The Ministry of Education is coordinating consultation over the proposed changes. Public submissions close on 12 November.

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Critic wants wordsmiths, designers, grammar Nazis and miscellaneous creative types to join the team in 2014.

Applications are now open for the following positions:

News editor: The news editor is Critic's second-in-command, and is responsible for coordinating, writing and editing Critic's news. 12 hours per week.

Chief reporter: Chase down Critic's biggest scoops, write high-quality investigative news pieces and be available to produce articles at short notice. 8 hours per week.

Feature writer: Conduct research and interviews, and produce feature-length articles on a range of topics. Up to four positions available. 6 hours per week.

Sub-editor: Proofread all of Critic's content and make sure we don't look like idiots. 12 hours per week.

Designers: Make Critic pretty! Layout, photography, illustrations, infographics and ad design. Mac knowledge and Adobe InDesign familiarity are essential. Two positions available. Up to 40 hours per week.

Online content editor: Responsible for updating and managing Critic's website. Adobe Photoshop knowledge highly preferable. 8 hours per week.

Swing by the Critic office, see the OUSA Secretary or email critic@critic.co.nz for a job description. Send in your applications to critic@critic.co.nz by 4pm Monday 14 October. Applications should include a C.V., cover letter and short portfolio.

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The Preachings of a Liberal

OPINION BY GUY MCCALLUM

SINCE THIS IS MY LAST YEAR AT UNIVERSITY, and my last column for Critic, it seems fitting to use this space to impart some of the wisdom that I have obtained over the years. This wisdom is the end product of my various achievements – and numerous disappointments – first as a Christian, and a socialist, and now as an atheist, a libertarian, and a gay man.

Nothing has changed since the first post: I still love liberty. For in an environment of liberty, thoughtful people are released from the shackles of convention and are forced not only to contemplate, but also to pursue, the good life. Here are six life lessons such an environment has taught me:

1. Don't take advantage of someone's ignorance; be honest. Deceit is undoubtedly expedient in certain situations, but love and meaningful accomplishments are built on foundations of trust. For that reason, treat

your own trust as sacred and revocable. Walk away from abuse.

2. Exercise your own judgement, but do not lean blindly on your own opinion. Remember that your judgement will only ever be as good as the information you have and know you can trust.

3. Let every decision you make sustain or invigorate your creative potential, or inspire creativity in others. The creation of goods and services helps people. Free markets will not automatically take care of such requirements, and the state sure as hell won't get it right.

4. Trade. Do not take without giving or, at the very least, offering something in return. Of course we sometimes get stuck and need help, so by all means ask, but always be ready to give back.

5. Do no harm, speak up for the downtrodden, and stand in solidarity with your fellow humans. This one always got me in trouble at school, and I have never looked back in regret.

6. Think about things. Don't just take my word for it – or anyone else's, for that matter. And while you may believe you are at the centre of everything, take a moment to remind yourself that you live on a giant ball of iron whizzing through a crowded cosmos.

Congratulations to this year's graduands. Having experienced some of the real world myself, I realise that all of this – as is the case with any advice – will be easy to forget, and will be subject to exceptions. That is why we must always practice thinking about the major things, as well as the minor.

Thanks for reading!

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Tall, White Male Selected as 2014 Critic Editor in Shocking Upset

BY IRRELEVANT IRVINE

IT'S THIRD TIME LUCKY FOR CRITIC'S RESIDENT ladder-climber Zane Pocock, who has been named *Critic* editor for 2014.

"Fuck that took a while," Pocock sighed when told the news. He has since been spotted standing at the OUSA balcony for hours on end, staring longingly and with just a hint of pride over the students he expects to mislead next year.

Pocock started his epic and brutal quest to reach the top as a film reviewer in first year. However, he has now admitted that "there were a few shaky rungs that I discovered as I tried to increase the pace too much.

"Pulling one out from under this year's first Editor was certainly a risky move. If he fell the wrong way it could have wiped me out, too."

Fears have been raised that, at 21, Pocock is far too young for a job where the last three managers have been ageing man-children. It is understood that his desire to prove himself at the top of *Critic*'s ranks comes out of a tortured self-consciousness

that, in his youthfulness, he can't grow proper facial hair, a claim Pocock fervently denies. "Sometimes I need to shave!" he retorted. Still on his learner's, Pocock even has a mullet in his drivers' licence photo. Which says it all, really.

Pocock is also understood to be an ardent left-wing liberal, with his Facebook friend list having halved following his rants about the 2011 election outcome. This has concerned many who foolishly see *Critic* as holding a lot of influence over how students will vote in an election year. However, because these political beliefs are in the public sphere, Pocock believes his selection has given him a mandate to pretend the right wing doesn't exist.

"It's just quid pro quo, really. If John Key thinks he has a mandate to sell our assets, then I have a mandate to ... wait, who are we talking about?"

With a high level of interest in contemporary art, Pocock is also promising that most content next year will be wanky, convoluted and confusing. "But it will look really interesting," he assures us.



Another Wonderful Year Ends

BY JOSIE COCHRANE

Unwanted visitor terrifying

NO, THE QUEEN WASN'T TALKING ABOUT JOHN Key's visit. The article is about wasps being accidentally introduced into New Zealand for no purpose whatsoever, much like tofu.

Students make easy targets

Funnily enough, the *ODT* isn't referring to its own reporting. The title actually

refers to Dunedin's latest string of burglaries.

Bombs in Baghdad

In breaking news ... a bomb went off in Baghdad! It is an issue that has rarely troubled Iraq's capital, so *Critic* is ever so proud that our local rag is undertaking such courageous and timely reporting.

'Westie' claims \$33m

The self-proclaimed "westie" won \$33 million from a lucky second division win. It was a "Must Be Won" draw so the winnings roll down to the next division. He went to the gym prior to collecting his cash monies, just in case his Powerball winnings distracted him from his exercise.

In more useful and up-to-date studies discussed by the *ODT*, it is revealed that sleeping is, in fact, easier when you don't text back the midnight booty call.

Texting will not help you sleep



Too Much Pussy in North Dunedin

BY BELLA MACDONALD

PUSSY SWAPPING IS THE NEXT BIG THING TO hit North Dunedin. An initiative is underway to deal with the rising number of stray cats in the student quarters.

SPCA Executive Officer Sophie McSkimming said the Society "hopes to have a Facebook page for Cat Swapping by the end of the week."

Students will be able to post a picture of their cat on the page in the hopes of permanently rehoming it or finding someone who wants to take care of it temporarily over the summer.

After receiving a number of complaints about the increasing cat population, DCC Councillor Kate Wilson began working with OUSA and the SPCA to take action. "The University area was acknowledged as an area with a large population change at the year's end that sometimes resulted in cats being deserted," Wilson said.

With students accumulating feline flatmates over the University year, there are surplus cats that are not taken out of North Dunedin for the holidays, causing an increase in the population of pussies in Dunedin.

Wilson believed that the problem lay in "stray cats being 'adopted' by students, fed, and being healthy enough to breed, [resulting in] numbers growing."

The SPCA is currently inundated with cats, and is well over their capacity. The Cat Swapping initiative aims to reduce the number of cats in North Dunedin by encouraging flats that wish to adopt a cat to find one on the cat swap site rather than acquiring a new one.

Another initiative has also been put in place to get a de-sexing bus up and running in Dunedin in the hope of preventing cats from breeding like

rabbits. The SPCA is funding the bus, which aims to de-sex 300 cats and 50 dogs for free over a period of three weeks in December.

Female cats at the SPCA will also be adopted for \$65, half the usual price, from 4-10 October. Free pamper packs have been donated by local businesses for the SPCA to give to adopters.

Wilson stated that she "[doesn't] encourage or discourage students having cats ... I encourage students to be responsible, spay their cats, keep rubbish covered and stored well to reduce scavenging of strays. And if you find cats and want to deal with them consider seeking advice from the SPCA."

McSkimming noted that the SPCA does not currently adopt out to anybody living in North Dunedin.

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BEST OF THE WEB

constituteproject.org

The world's constitutions, easily presented here for you to read, search and compare.

critic.co.nz/nsatroll

There is now a browser plugin that adds NSA-trolling keywords to the URLs you load.

orteil.dashnet.org/cookieclicker/

Can you handle the cookies?

critic.co.nz/teenscreenfilm

This 17-minute film, set entirely on a teen's computer screen, is incredible.

terriblerealestateagentphotos.com

A collection of terrible photographs from real estate agents.

vogue.co.uk

Type the Konami Code (up, up, down, down, left, right, left, right, B, A) on the Vogue homepage and then press A repeatedly. This is possibly the best web Easter egg we've seen.

critic.co.nz/bootlegtoys

The wild world of bootleg toys.

critic.co.nz/wealthinequ

An incredible infographic-rich look at wealth inequality in America.

NEWS IN BRIEFS

THANKS TO ZANE POCOCK, SAM CLARK, DANIEL ALEXANDER, SAM MCCHESENEY, LUCY GAUDIN AND TRISTAN KEILLOR FOR THIS YEAR'S NEWS IN BRIEFS

WORLD WATCH

HUMANI LODGE, ZIMBABWE. | A man found that a 2.5 meter-long crocodile had spent the night under his bed. Critic points out that he was inches away from becoming breakfast in bed.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. | A man has been imprisoned for 10 months after hurling bacon into Edinburgh's Central Mosque. He had also wrapped the door handles with bacon.

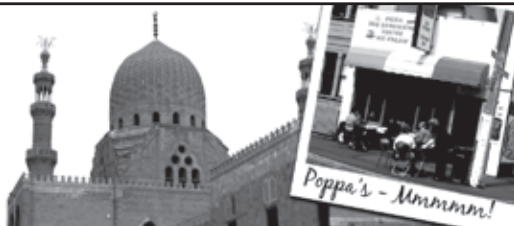


PAKISTAN. | A small island has emerged off the Southern coast of Pakistan after a 7.7 magnitude earthquake.



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7-13 October

BY JESSICA BROMELL

THIS WEEK, "THE MORE THINGS CHANGE" comes to its inevitable end. History, meanwhile, does not.

12 October, 1216: King John of England, best known for sealing the Magna Carta, ran into trouble on a journey and lost the Crown Jewels in a swamp. He'd been out fighting the barons and the French, and in the face of a stalemate decided to go home. His luck then got worse; he lost a lot of his baggage on the way, and also contracted dysentery (which led to his death a few days later). The Crown Jewels of the UK are now protected by armed guards.

8 October, 1818: Padded boxing gloves were first worn, most likely to protect the fighters' hands. While this must have seemed a positive step forward for the sport, boxing gloves also have the unfortunate side effect of making it easier to cause one's opponent serious brain damage by allowing people to deliver stronger hits to the head without injuring their hands. They're known to decrease the frequency of superficial facial injuries, though, so at least your skin will likely remain unbroken while your brain rattles around in your skull.

10 October, 1935: A United Airlines plane blew up, and the incident became the first proven case of aircraft sabotage. The explosion was shown to have been caused by a

deliberately placed device in the baggage compartment. The evidence initially confused investigators: their first suspicions were that one of the gasoline tanks has exploded, but their trust in human goodness was to be cruelly broken. Interestingly, no suspects were ever identified.

10 October, 1965: A map was presented at Yale University that was supposed to change the worldview of every historian: it was evidence that Vikings had reached North America before Columbus. It was allegedly made around 1440, shows unprecedented geographical knowledge, and is almost certainly a fake. This was pretty obvious to many scholars (the script and ink composition just don't match up with the map's supposed fifteenth century origins). There's been heated scientific debate about the thing, and at this point Yale has just decided not to comment on its authenticity.

9 October, 1992: A 12 kilogram meteorite fragment landed in a driveway in New York and destroyed a parked car. This was probably quite distressing for the car's owner, until she sold the crushed car for over thirty times the amount she'd bought it for. It's pretty impressive what people will pay for something after a 4.4 billion-year-old hunk of space rock has landed on it.

FACTS & FIGURES



The number one interest among serial killers is pornography. Do you watch porn?

17

The number of countries in the world without rivers.



Barnacles have an inflatable penis measuring up to 50 times the length of their bodies.

Relative to body length, this gives the barnacle the longest penis in the animal kingdom.

facebook®

30 million

Profiles on Facebook belonging to dead people.



Tiny bugs, closely related to spiders, live in the pores of over 60 per cent of people. At night they crawl about your face to mate.

SUDOKU: Puzzle 6899864 - for Jenna Bone

	7			6				
9							4	1
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RESTORATIVE JUSTICE IN DUNEDIN

BY BRITTANY MANN

Restorative justice is a victim-centric process in which victims meet with their offenders to discuss the crime and its effects. Brittany Mann interviewed three facilitators, as well as an offender and a victim, about their experiences of the process. What she heard were stories of communities being put back together again, one piece at a time.

IT WAS A SUMMERY DAY AT THE END OF January – the kind for which Dunedin is not generally famed, but which nevertheless feature in a disproportionate number of Instagrams. It was around 4:30pm and Xanthe* was driving three friends to the beach. Andersons Bay Road was lined bumper-to-bumper with cars – either it was rush hour, or the rest of Dunedin was headed there, too.

She was in the right-hand lane. The traffic on her left had stopped, but Xanthe was looking ahead to the roundabout and didn't notice. Nor did she notice a man step onto the pedestrian crossing she was approaching. He was looking the other way and didn't see her, either. Xanthe wasn't speeding and she certainly wasn't driving under the influence. She had never even had a crash before. However, despite slamming on her brakes and swerving, she couldn't stop in time, and clipped the man's foot with her tyre. As he lay screaming on the side of the road with what would turn out to be a fractured foot, Xanthe found herself in a position she never dreamt she would be in: having committed a criminal offense.

Xanthe was distraught about the accident. "It was very unintentional," she explained. "Causing anyone bodily harm goes against everything I believe in, so doing it even accidentally sort of makes you question whether you're a bad person." She was charged in court with careless driving causing injury, to which she pled guilty. Her licence was suspended, and she would eventually be ordered to pay the victim, Matthew*, who has an intellectual disability, \$1,000 in damages, plus court fees.

Xanthe also requested to meet with Matthew and his family. To her relief, they agreed, and the restorative justice process was set in motion.

Erica* and Shane* are both PhD candidates at Otago University. They are also restorative justice facilitators, and, conveniently for me, Shane's thesis happens to be on this very topic.

He explains: "our understanding of justice finds its context primarily in relationships. Restorative justice processes have taken place throughout history in most indigenous cultures and across many traditions, but in our Western democratic tradition, the primary vehicle of justice is a state-centred court process."

"Restorative justice processes have taken place throughout history in most indigenous cultures and across many traditions, but in our Western democratic tradition, the primary vehicle of justice is a state-centred court process."

But these systems we have constructed for ourselves can actually preclude us from expressing our humanity in times of crisis. Shane offers a moving example of this, in which a man was seriously injured when a girl backed into him with her car. Like Xanthe, the girl was not allowed to talk to the victim, despite feeling dreadful and desperately wanting to apologise. For his part, the victim had kids of his own and "really wanted the girl to feel okay." Shane says that at the conference, before any words were spoken, the first thing the victim did was embrace the offender. "He just wanted to say, 'look, I recognise that this was an accident, and I don't want this to negatively change the course of your life.'" Even more amazing was what happened next: "at the end of the conference, the victim said to his offender, 'I know you've got a sentencing coming up in a few days, and I want to be there with you, standing side by side.'"

In this way, restorative justice transforms our traditional justice process by putting the victim at the centre and giving them a voice: they can tell the offender how they have been affected and have a say in how the harm should be repaired. Though restorative justice services in New

Zealand are delivered by a range of providers, and thus differ slightly in practice from region to region, the underlying ethos remains the same: to create a space where healing and understanding can happen – on both sides.

Sometimes this is through forgiveness and reconciliation. Sometimes it is through being reassured that the offender did not specifically target their victim. It might even be through being able to ask a question to which only the offender knows the answer. Indeed, Erica had a very sad case in which the widow of a man who had been killed in an accident wanted only to know whether her husband had died right away. "Once she'd heard that, you could see that something changed for her. It wasn't a blaming thing. It was just a question."

The Ministry of Justice tender for restorative justice in Dunedin is held by Anglican Family Care, a group with 12 rigorously trained volunteers who act as facilitators. The process begins with a guilty plea – an essential prerequisite for restorative justice – and normally takes place in the three or so weeks between the offender's initial court appearance and sentencing. Referrals can come from various sources, and once a referral is received Josie Dolan, coordinator of Restorative Justice Otago, assigns two facilitators to the case. One is the leader, and the other plays a transcribing and consultative role. They first contact the victim via mail, and then follow up with a telephone call. Unfortunately, only one in four cases moves past this point.

Though she says that she is always disappointed when victims decline, Josie considers the voluntary nature of the restorative justice process to be one of its strengths, because "it keeps the power with the victim." Offenders tend to be more interested in participating than victims, because they get credit for doing so. However, while the judge has to take the subsequent report into consideration when deciding a sentence, it is in no way binding. Indeed, it is a mistake to see offenders taking part in the restorative justice process as simply "looking for brownie

points in front of the judge." "It's only one part of a sentencing package," Josie explains. "It's not a magic wand, it's not for everybody, and it doesn't eliminate the need for prison."

“Some of these offenders think it’s going to be easy, but they’ve never had to apologise to someone they’ve harmed before.”

Nor is restorative justice the "soft option." "Some of these offenders think it's going to be easy, but they've never had to apologise to someone they've harmed before," says Josie. "They're a little embarrassed when they realise how difficult this is, and often they will tell you it was much harder than standing in court before the judge." She continues: "in court, the conversation happens between the lawyer and the judge – the offender doesn't have to say anything. But here, you're standing here alone. And while you might have had the power while you were assaulting someone, or going through someone's possessions, or taking someone's car, you're in a very different position when you're being held accountable for that behaviour."

If both parties agree, the facilitators meet with each of them separately for a pre-conference, at which what will happen and what the parties plan to say to each other is discussed. Both are encouraged to write things down, because there is a good chance nerves will result in them drawing mental blanks on the day. If the facilitators feel that the offender is not genuinely remorseful or willing to take responsibility, or the parties have vastly divergent understandings of what happened, then the conference will not go ahead. After all, Josie explains, "we're not mediators and we're not lawyers."

The offender is encouraged to come up with suggestions as to how they can put things right and, for their part, the victim is asked to think about

what they want out of the meeting. Perhaps surprisingly, a prison sentence is rarely on their list. Monetary reparations are sometimes called for, but according to Erica, more often than not all the victim wants is an explanation of why they were targeted, a sincere apology and the offender's reassurance that he or she will not do it again.

On the day of the conference, the facilitators arrive at a neutral venue, arrange the seating and greet the parties separately. Normally, the victim and their support people will arrive first, and depending on the parties' wishes a karakia or a prayer may be said to initiate proceedings. A summary of facts is read out and each party is asked to present their narrative of events leading up to, and following, the crime. Often the victim wants the offender to speak first, and the conversation goes from there. When all that needs to be said has been, the support people on both sides are invited to share their perceptions of how the crime has affected the parties.

Anger and frustration are allowed. So is silence.

Interrupting, however, is not. The facilitators, though not part of the conversation per se, are there to keep things on track, suggest breaks, and even stop proceedings if re-victimisation seems likely. While a certain degree of re-traumatisation is perhaps inevitable in some cases, the benefits of going through the restorative justice process seem to vastly outweigh any costs: in Dunedin, 84 per cent of victims say they are happy they participated.

Indeed, it is a testament to the process that, within hours of posting requests for interviewees online, both a victim and an offender had contacted me, willing to share their stories with a complete stranger. But when you hear what happened with Xanthe and Matthew, it's not hard to understand why she considers restorative justice such a valuable process. She and her

boyfriend met with Matthew, his parents and his carer. Xanthe wanted to apologise, and wanted them to understand that she "really had felt ... I mean the word 'guilty' doesn't even cover it ... It had affected me very much, and I still thought about him every day."

"I was very, very nervous," she recounted. "They wanted me to start, so I said 'thank you so much for meeting with me, it really means a lot.' Then I said my thing and made it really clear that it had been a complete accident and it was completely my fault, and I took responsibility for my actions in being careless. And I was very sorry." Because of Matthew's disability, Xanthe was advised to keep her piece clear and concise. When she had finished, Matthew's mother told her how hard Matthew being incapacitated in a wheelchair

had been for them all. Though she was honest and didn't "sugarcoat" anything, Matthew's mother was very forgiving. "They were really pleased that I'd accepted responsibility for what I'd done," Xanthe said. "But they didn't necessarily blame me for being a bad person."

"For Xanthe, restorative justice helped turn an awful experience for everyone involved into one with an incredibly positive outcome: friendship."

Matthew then explained to Xanthe that while he had made some "cool new friends" in hospital, he had missed his friends at his job. It was at that point that Matthew proclaimed he was glad he'd made new friends – Xanthe and her boyfriend. "Then we hugged, which was really cool, and we high-fived lots," she said. "I was sitting there absolutely dying inside because I did not think it was going to go this well. Then he said he hoped he hadn't injured my car, which shows what a lovely guy he is. I just have so much respect for him. He's really, really cool."

Xanthe and her boyfriend have since been to an afternoon tea at Matthew's house. She took baking, and he showed her his computer games. For Xanthe, restorative justice helped turn an awful experience for everyone involved into one with an incredibly positive outcome: friendship. Obviously, this almost fairytale-like ending is not exactly typical of the restorative justice

"The offender told Sienna he had cut out the newspaper article about the accident and kept it in his wallet. When he showed her it, the newsprint had been worn away from being handled so often."

process. But that is not to say that other outcomes – namely closure – do not impact people's lives in an equally powerful way.

When I met Sienna*, she arrived on crutches. She was recovering from her latest major surgery – the ninth of 16 surgical procedures she has undergone since a drunk driver failed to stop at a stop sign and T-boned her car. Emergency services had to cut her out of the vehicle; the steering wheel had crushed her leg and her neck was broken.

The offender was her age and was found to be seven times over the legal blood alcohol limit. Sienna did not attend any of his court appearances: following two months in hospital, she spent six months in the Spinal Unit at Burwood Hospital in Christchurch, learning how to walk again.

Unlike Xanthe's, Sienna's restorative justice conference therefore took place after the offender was convicted of dangerous driving and ordered to pay Sienna \$9,000 in damages (which, despite ACC, paled in comparison to the overall financial cost exacted by her accident). He was also disqualified from driving and was given a "huge" number of community service hours.

For weeks before the conference, Sienna was plagued by second thoughts. She even cancelled the meeting several times. "I was pretty nervous about the whole thing," she said. "I wasn't quite sure what to expect, so I went for worst-case scenario times, like, three. I had images of yelling and crying, and I was expecting to get really mad, because I hadn't yet. I had been told that it might hit me when I actually saw him."

Sienna said that on the day, "when he first came in, he asked if it was okay to shake my hand, which was fine." The offender had written a five-page letter, and gave Sienna a copy before reading it out to her. It was only four months after the accident, and Sienna was still wheelchair-bound and had no feeling in her left leg. "He kept stopping and looking at me, and would just start crying."

In contrast, Sienna was dry-eyed throughout. "He said he was really, really sorry for the whole incident," she said. "He said he wished he could take it back; he wasn't intentionally trying to hurt anyone, he'd been foolish and stupid, and he wished someone had stopped him, but he wasn't blaming anyone but himself. He said he didn't want me to forgive him and that he wanted to make it up to me, even though he knew he couldn't." The offender told Sienna he had cut out the newspaper article about the accident and kept it in his wallet. When he showed her it, the newsprint had been worn away from being handled so often.

Though she had been asked to tell the offender how the accident had affected her, Sienna found that when the time came, she "didn't need to do that. He already knew." When he asked about her injuries, she gave a detailed description, and the significance of her words was not lost on him: at the time of her accident, the offender had been a medical student. Upon his conviction, he had been asked to leave the programme.

When the support people were brought into the room, the offender's father told Sienna that the trial was the first time he'd ever been ashamed of one of his children. His mother said that they had lost friends and had been called bad parents.

Then she asked Sienna why her parents were not in attendance (she had brought a friend along instead). Sienna explained they had been against the idea when she initially raised it with them and, to this day, they have no idea that she went through with it.

So why did she? "In my mind, I rationalised it by thinking, 'everyone makes mistakes,'" Sienna explained. "His was kind of a big one, but I was willing to hear what he had to say. Hearing his apology made me realise I wasn't the only victim. You get this idea that there's a car accident and someone's drunk so it's blatantly their fault and the other person is this poor victim. And you get this giant label slapped across your forehead, and everyone is so much more upset that you're hurt because you were hit by a drunk driver, not because you fell down the stairs or were drunk and tripped over. The whole process made me realise how hard it is on the offender as well. I kind of felt like there was a lack of support for him."

That was almost three years ago, but Sienna recalled that, at the end of the meeting, the offender asked if he could keep in contact with her. "I said I would prefer not to and that I thought it probably wouldn't be the best thing for him. I thought he should move on." Sienna told the offender that, "I didn't want it to be something that he was still thinking about in 20 years' time." Indeed, despite his earlier remark, she told him that she forgave him. "I was basically like, I'm going to be fine."



PROLE LIFE

BY JACK MONTGOMERIE

SHORT OF CASH AND FACING A DREARY JOB MARKET, JACK MONTGOMERIE PUT HIS BA(HONS) TO GOOD USE AND TOOK ON A SERIES OF MENIAL FACTORY JOBS. FROM SHAFT-MASTERING, TO SORTING THE CRACKERS FROM THE SHITTIES, JACK FACED A CRASH COURSE IN HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

"It'll only be a few months," I assured my Mum.

"I'll stay in Dunedin – there's bound to be more jobs than in Wairarapa."

HAVING PASSED MY FINAL PAPERS, AND WITH nothing to do until my departure for a TESOL gig in mid-September, the winter stretched out ahead of me.

As I scanned TradeMe Jobs and *Otago Daily Times* classifieds, however, my heart sank. Any illusions of holding a cushy (or even bearable) office job were discarded alongside the rejection emails that trickled depressingly back into my inbox. I realised the humbling truth: unable to commit to a job for more than a few months, my painstakingly accumulated skills and education had all the market value of a dropped pie. I was, in effect, a prole, a pleb, or one of those countless other names my classmates had used to casually insult the people who did the jobs we were all too good for.

For the first time, I made a rent payment that was not covered by StudyLink's wonderful weekly transfers. Seeing how this decimated my bank account, I reluctantly shuffled into the WINZ offices on St. Andrew Street. The depressing, open-plan office brimmed with "work brokers" and copies of the in-house magazine, *Rise*. Its cheery pages told stories of wise case-managers successfully sending teen mums out of the nursery and into call centres. When I learnt of the three-week stand down period for a benefit, I fled. WINZ's vague promise of jam tomorrow was not worth the enormous stigma of becoming a beneficiary.

The wolf was now truly at my door. Money making-schemes rushed feverishly through my mind. Cannabis would require too great a capital investment, not to mention too much waiting until maturity. Psychology experiments were insufficiently numerous to keep me going. Finally I accepted my fate, and headed to one of Dunedin's temporary labour agencies,

Select Recruitment. Their promises of hard work, long hours and poor working conditions were strangely comforting.

Following the recruiter's advice, I headed out to buy steel-capped boots. As much as I would have loved to buy organic vegan iguana-skin boots made by artisanally-trained FARC rebels raising money for breast cancer survivors, my meagre funds compelled me to head to the Warehouse, where a lonely man sat on the shoe-trying bench.

Seeing the boots, he asked me where I would be working. "Maybe the Gregg's factory," I replied, recalling the recruiter's list of employers willing to accept whatever unskilled hands the agency could provide them. "Then tell Rob Finch, if you see him, that Chris says hi." I told him I would, and then hurried to aisle 14 where a special announcement over the shop's loudspeakers informed me that there would be a free giveaway. There, in the style of a religious revivalist, a travelling saleswoman gave a sermon to a hushed

crowd about how her ever-sharp knife would save us from the trials of filleting fish, slicing tomatoes and cutting hammers. A squat Maori lady and a tall man with a limp were one of many to receive this serrated sacrament. I left with a complementary potato peeler, not knowing that the pair would be my future workmates.

"AS THE 'SHAFT-MASTER,' MY FIELD OF VISION BECAME EVEN MORE SOLIPSISTIC. STARING AT THE STAINLESS STEEL APPENDAGE ON THE WORKBENCH, I WATCHED MY SURGEON-LIKE REFLECTION DISAPPEAR SEVERAL TIMES PER MINUTE UNDER THE UPENDED BAGS. THIS, I IMAGINED, RESEMBLED THE FINAL VISTA OF THOSE WHO DIE WHEN THEIR ORGANS ARE HARVESTED."

My first assignment was indeed the Gregg's factory. After donning a hairnet, dustcoat and gloves, and inserting earplugs that rendered most people incomprehensible, I was shown how to use the heat-sealing machine. At the start of our little production line, two tempo workers scooped coffee into plastic packets of Gregg's "Red Ribbon Roast." A full time worker weighed it. I then picked up the bag from the table where it was placed, pressed a pedal to heat-seal the bag, and passed it to another worker who marked its "best before" date. I then repeated the process thousands of times for an entire week.

With the earplugs in, the factory quickly became a very solitary place, despite our constant teamwork, and my mind wandered easily. I quickly learned that developing a rhythm would be necessary if I was to keep pace with Sosefina, who weighed the bags before placing them onto the small metal table. Fortunately, "the Bosch" – a large, noisy machine that performed a mechanical process similar to our manual one – provided me with a suitable tempo.

One day I arrived to find that our team had been moved upstairs, to a warm, airy room full of tanks. The process was the same, but the sound was not. Without the Bosch's regular clanking to keep time, I had to improvise lest the bags pile up. "Steve Gutenberg, Steve Gutenberg," I chanted in my head, and this seemed to do the trick. While the *Mighty Ducks* star's name had just the right number of syllables to pick up, turn, seal and pass on the packets, it clearly had a greater significance. I was, I realised, not like Steve but rather like Johannes Gutenberg, with my crude version of a printing press.

The message I left on the little coffee bags read, "I am vacuum-packed and delicious." Like most things that are printed, this was totally fictitious. The bags were half full of air, and Gregg's coffee tastes disgusting. Its only buyers, I suspect, are those possessing a faint, vestigial chauvinism that tells them to "buy Kiwi made." Such a mantra appeared all the more ironic after I entered the break-room one morning to find the factory's engineers peering into a little plastic bag in which they had trapped a cricket. It had apparently hitched a ride from Vietnam, where the factory's coffee beans are grown. They had named him George (after the royal baby) and were urging him to "eat some yoghurt, it's right in front of you," as I returned to the factory floor.

Our team of five (two scoopers, one weigher, one sealer and one boxer) was suddenly reduced to four as our production line became more automated. A machine now poured coffee powder from a long pipe, eliminating the clouds of dust that manual scooping created and, to my delight, the coffee-clogged nostrils I had consequently endured. However, the stamper satisfaction of sealing bags was therefore replaced by a new role: opening the packets by pushing them headfirst onto a metallic knob. As the "shaft-master," my field of vision became even more solipsistic. Staring at the stainless steel appendage on the workbench, I watched my surgeon-like reflection disappear several times per minute under the upended bags. This, I imagined, resembled the final vista of those who die when their organs are harvested.

Distressing though that thought was, my simple task was soon made more stressful as it came under the gaze of the efficiency-seekers. Glenys, the big boss of the factory, borrowed my wrist-watch one Wednesday. Counting the number of packets we produced per minute, she pointed in my direction and told her off-sider Diane, "we'll get rid of that one after a few days." By Friday, my brief sojourn at Gregg's had come to an end, and Select's Amanda sent me a smiley face-infested text message asking if I'd "like to be on call tomorrow" for a variety of one-off jobs.

Being on call has a purgatorial quality to it. Unable to plan for the day (or the night) ahead, I floated about, performing mundane household tasks as I waited for the phone to ring. It seldom did. When I was finally called up, however, I was in for a treat. A conference for GPs was to be held, and able hands were needed to erect the accompanying stalls. Heavy though the work was, constructing the fake little market in the Edgar Centre afforded me a glimpse at some of the strangest advertisements I've ever seen. Somewhere, an acid-addled "Creative" had been paid to produce the following advertisements. Compared to the factory's dust and drudgery, this was the closest I got to a cultural experience during my months of prole life.



Early one Sunday morning, I was called in to work at Mainland Poultry's Zeagold plant in Waikouaiti. Donning, once again, white workwear and a hairnet, I was placed in front of a conveyor belt by Sheryl, my affable supervisor. The belt began to move, and from behind a steel wall came hundreds of eggs. "The crackers go in this one," Sheryl instructed, placing a fractured shell into a cardboard tray. "The commercials go here," she said, popping a poop-smearing egg into another, "and the shitties go into this one." There

have never been eggs as unappetising as those in the third tray. I later learned that they were made into a household brand of pavlovas. The slightly dirty eggs went to commercial kitchens, and "the crackers" were broken into buckets and sent to McDonald's and Cookie Time to be made into scrambled eggs and biscuits respectively.

A quarter of a million eggs passed across that belt daily, although they soon began to resemble stones. To break out of this lucid hallucination, I attempted to strike up conversation with my colleagues. Shona, a self-described *Critic*-lover ("it's got heaps of swear words"), told me tales of race-fights in the Australian abattoirs where she used to work. "There was this car-park," she enthused, "and all the Aussies would gang up on the Maoris and the Filipinos." Shona hid from the fisticuffs, in both the chiller and her growing alcohol dependency, which resulted in her eventual sacking.

Other belt partners included Wiremu, a moko'd nose flautist who provided the soundtrack to Vincent Ward's later works, and Huia, who became frustrated with another machinist's failure to crack the "crackers." "Look at all these eggs, son," she exclaimed, "look at these fucking mountains!" As my workmates' names suggest, Sir Tipene O'Regan's prediction that "in 20 years, New Zealand will have a brown proletariat" seems to be coming to early fruition.

My passable performance led me to be promoted to the position of "pallet wrapper" in

"SHONA, A SELF-DESCRIBED *CRITIC*-LOVER ('IT'S GOT HEAPS OF SWEAR WORDS'), TOLD ME TALES OF RACE-FIGHTS IN THE AUSTRALIAN ABATTOIRS WHERE SHE USED TO WORK. 'THERE WAS THIS CAR-PARK,' SHE ENTHUSED, 'AND ALL THE AUSSIES WOULD GANG UP ON THE MAORIS AND THE FILIPINOS.'"



Later, in a Hong Kong supermarket, Jack encountered the very eggs he had graded

"UNLIKE THE WORKERS THEMSELVES, MANY OF WHOM WERE DOOMED TO EKE OUT AN EXISTENCE IN THE SOCIAL PRISON THAT IS WAIKOUAITI, THE EGGS WERE SHIPPED TO SEVERAL EXOTIC LOCATIONS, INCLUDING SINGAPORE, HONG KONG AND TAHITI."

the storeroom. This job was significantly more challenging, consisting of processing order slips and wrapping boxes of cartons of eggs in plastic film using the fantastic "spinnny" machine. It wove a wonderful web of glad-wrap around the eggs, while I filled out order slips and placed "FRAGILE" stickers on the outside. Charlie, a recession-ruined former property investor, had warned me of the job's pace while he graded eggs. "I only lasted a day there," he said glumly. "They said I was slowing them down."

Certainly, keeping pace with the entire factory's output was challenging. The upside of the job was finding out where all of these eggs were going. Unlike the workers themselves, many of whom were doomed to eke out an existence in the social prison that is Waikouaiti, the eggs were shipped to several exotic locations, including Singapore, Hong Kong and Tahiti. "I fucking hate this place," one worker confided in me, and I suggested that she hide in the middle of an export pallet to await her shipment to some foreign shore.

I sometimes wondered whether the workers had, like me, found themselves in the job by fate, or had made some God-awful series of choices that had trapped them there. Answers were consistently tenuous. Harry had broken his foot while enjoying a post-town feed of fish and chips and lost his temporary job at the port as a consequence. Ted, who had escaped the Nazis as a child, was getting back to work after a head injury. Jordan was saving money and even hoped to buy my second hand scooter when I left, but a sudden bill broke the deal for him. In all manner of ways, it seemed, we were cursed to work our whole lives through.

It would be easy to read this story and remind oneself how lucky one is, or to chuckle at the absurd, mundane and miserable lives of others. However, I challenge the reader to imagine themselves in such an uncomfortable position and wonder if this is the "God's own country" their ancestors sought to build.

New Zealander of the Year

BY ZANE POCOCK AND LOULOU CALLISTER-BAKER

There is a medium to strong chance that if you're currently residing in New Zealand, you know some New Zealanders. Hell, you may even be a New Zealander yourself! If either is true – congratulations! There aren't many New Zealanders in this world, but the New Zealanders that do exist are odd, awkward creatures who are constantly torn between fearing the world and attempting to rule it. Each year a handful of New Zealanders accomplish one of these goals to such an impressive degree that it deserves to be recognised. Not too recognised, though, or other New Zealanders will ostracise them – the inevitable result of the nation's affliction with Tall Poppy Syndrome.



Smallest Poppy – John Key

TRYING ETERNALLY TO PROVE THAT HE'S JUST one of the #lads, the only thing John Key proved this year is that he loses all semblance of intelligence and resorts to indignant (and usually fabricated) playground tell-tale tactics when faced with an opponent who's basically better than him in every possible sense. New Zealand's favourite new criminal mastermind/ philanthropist/ fuck-the-system antihero Kim Dotcom was the tall poppy chosen to humiliate John Key this year.

The topic in question was the controversial GCSB bill. Key successfully altered the law to retrospectively make his illegal spying on Kim Dotcom legal – after all, you can't beat a bigger opponent if you don't know all their moves. The debates that followed saw Key initially try to limit the time Dotcom had to talk, but inevitably give in to the big teddy bear. He has since lashed

out at Dotcom's political ambitions, calling his potential party the "No Hope Party." Now, now. That's no way to fight, Mr. Key.

In unrelated news, which serves once more to highlight Key's small-town mindset, London's *Daily Telegraph* quite rightly pointed out that the "galloping colonial clot" that is our Prime Minister was "nuclear pink with pleasure" at being photographed in the Queen's private sitting room.

"Well, I think there are two main points here," Key said to *Critic* when given his award. "I'm chuffed, of course. There aren't many awards that are given to people in the tireless role I currently fill. But more importantly, I think this shows the progress my Government has made. Taking on the bigger guys and being prepared to have a toys-out when necessary is something New Zealanders struggle with. I'm a much smaller poppy than Cunliffe would ever be. Say, it's a bloody good day! Do you want to come over to my mansion for a celebratory barbie and a brewski? #lads #KiwiSummerStunner #JustANormalGuy."



Interview of the Year – Francisco Hernandez on *Firstline*

PERHAPS THE BIGGEST FAUX-PAS/CLUSTER-fuck of the year was OUSA President Francisco Hernandez's disastrous interview with Rachel Smalley on TV3's *Firstline* about the closure of the Cook, which resulted in all Otago students, whether Scarfie or not, face-palming in unison.

Abysmal from the get-go, Hernandez started the interview by all but forgetting to exchange

"Critic was particularly envious of Smalley for beating all our efforts to conduct Fran's worst interview, but we've consigned ourselves to the fact and take our hats off to her."

standard introductory pleasantries, and babbled incoherently through all of his responses. Our humble, media-inept leader was successful in one aspect, though: he somehow pulled off body language that was simultaneously rigid and nonchalant by not smiling at all and doing his best to impersonate some sort of statue.

To be fair, he only lost his train of thought once ("and to answer your second question ... wait, what was your second question again?") but it was a doozy. *Critic* was particularly envious of Smalley for beating all our efforts to conduct Fran's worst interview, but we've consigned ourselves to the fact and take our hats off to her.

The climax? Well, that would have to be the moment when Hernandez agreed that the Cook was in need of demolition. You could hear the gasps from North Dunedin all the way up the East Coast.



Criminal of the Year – America's Cup Referees

CRITIC DOESN'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT SPORTS – we got rid of those pages as soon as we possibly could this year – but, alas, we must represent the majority in this Scarfie land of ours and agree, fundamentally, that the referees at the America's Cup Regatta were cheats, arseholes, incompetent, and, most significantly, the biggest criminals New Zealand has ever seen. Oh, except for that referee at the Rugby World Cup a few years ago ...

We've heard that they, like, robbed us of victory and stuff like that. Meanies.

Celebrity of the Year – Lorde

SHE HAS BEEN CONGRATULATED BY INTERNATIONAL celebrities like Grimes for topping Billboard's alternative music chart (the first female artist to do so in years). She had the self-control to turn down the opportunity to open for Katy Perry on a world tour, and she also topped her English class in 2012. But perhaps her greatest accomplishment so far is being crowned Critic's "Celebrity of the Year." Lorde, or Ella Yelich-O'Connor, is an internationally renowned celebrity who is still not old enough to legally drink alcohol, vote or buy cigarettes in New Zealand.

Lorde was expected to release a covers album at age twelve. Instead she released *The Love Club EP* – and later her debut album *Pure Heroine* – in a desire to do her own thing. It's hard to imagine a more determined, inspiring and together 16-year-old.

Indeed, some have found it so hard to believe that they have stumbled over the line into the realm of criticism. Simon Sweetman, writing a review of Lorde's music on *Off the Tracks*, went as far as to describe Lorde as "hype transliterated" whose parents "gave up their daughter" to Universal. He also believed there to still be "some final twist in the manipulation."



Fish of the Year – Snapper

YOU KNOW WHAT SMELLS FISHY? FISH. THEY really do have a certain smell about them! One particular fish that has expelled an impressively strong smell this year is the snapper. The snapper is a New Zealand band, a convenient way to use the bus system in Wellington, a fish, and John Key's replacement for the word "children" in the phrase "what about the children" during the GCSB commotion.

The only thing more slippery than David Shearer's rapid slide to irrelevance was the pair of snapper he held up during parliamentary debate only weeks before his resignation. These fish ignited more debate in our fair country than Kiwis' privacy flying out of the window, and were included in tweets as trivial as Maurice Williamson's calling for a "Snapper Election" after Shearer's resignation. Very clever, Mr. Williamson. Very clever.

When we told a representative of the snapper fish about its achievement, it looked at us with its bulging eyes but didn't say anything. Either this fish just likes to keep us guessing or plucking it out of the water to tell it the news made it breathless. You naughty fish out of water – get back to school!

New Zealander of the Year – Stephanie Key



When an interviewer asked John Key to comment on his daughter's art he (actually) replied, "I told her to eat her food, not play with it. But oh well – she's got sushi all over her."

SHE UNLOCKED OUR HEARTS WHEN WE HAD given up on the Keys altogether. She has achieved so much while baring, well, almost as much. And yet there remains minimal coverage, so to speak, of Critic's New Zealander of the Year.

Earlier this year, Prime Minister John Key's daughter Stephanie Key created headlines when her daring photography portfolio was posted and shared across the Internet. The photos were part of an assignment for her course at the famous

Paris College of Art, and showed her posing, often naked, with an interesting range of objects (including an octopus) covering her breasts and vagina.

If Steffi Key were any old student, and not the Prime Minister's daughter, perhaps she wouldn't have received *Critic's* prestigious award. However, this was not the case. Key's ambition was, in its own way, a huge "fuck-you" to one of New Zealand's most important people, and she manifested that ambition through the medium of art.

When an interviewer asked John Key to comment on his daughter's art he (actually) replied, "I told her to eat her food, not play with it. But oh well – she's got sushi all over her." All Steffi Key has to do to keep the Prime Minister of New Zealand on his toes is lie down. She is the most laid back person, and is unashamedly deserving of this title.



FROM URINE CAKE TO MODERN JURY: TRIALS THROUGH THE AGES

BY INES SHENNAN

Ines Shennan looks at the various ways humans have established guilt over the ages, be it feeding supposed witches cake or encouraging dastardly defendants to pluck stones from hot oil. It makes our well known modern day jury trial seem beyond reproach – but is it really all it's cracked up to be?

"Crime doesn't pay."

THIS STATEMENT STRIKES AT THE CORE of our justice system: commit a wrong, and justice will be served (although whether or not that is always the case is up for debate, particularly given the embedded assumptions within our criminal system of what "criminality" and "justice" are). What this feature hopes to unpack is our longstanding fascination with accountability for crime, or the trialing of the accused. As it turns out, we used to do some pretty weird stuff back in the day. Hindsight really is an enlightening thing.

Switch on the television news, ruffle up a newspaper or open your web browser and crime-related stories are quick to pop up. They command a special kind of attention, blending feelings of contempt with those of morbid fascination. Criminal activity may not be glamorous, but that hasn't stopped it from being presented as such. The climax of this simmering collection is one of the most dearly loved mainstays of our criminal system: the jury trial.

However, the jury trial is not the beginning, the end and everything in between. Centuries ago there were numerous methods employed by those standing in judgement of others, often physically startling and devoid of logic. We'll take a dive into these curious methods of proving guilt (or, contrary to our present presumption, proving innocence) and compare them with our current system. We're no longer barbaric – we have stopped forcing the accused to walk over hot coals, for instance –but is our present jury trial system the best it could be?

The term "trial by ordeal" sounds daunting in and of itself, but doesn't even begin to accurately convey the extent of the barbarity involved. A form that emerged in late antiquity and the early Medieval period, trial by ordeal encompassed a range of practices that attempted to determine the committer of a crime. In some cases, guilt was assumed, and it was up to the accused party to prove their innocence. Ordeals of fire and water were physically intensive, whilst the ordeal of ingestion was psychologically-driven and required an oath from the accused.

The ordeal of ingestion relied on superstition and the sense of importance attached to solemn oaths to convince someone who "knew" themselves to be guilty of a crime to confess. If they failed to do so, they were taunted with the threat of succumbing to the wrath of divine intervention (with the promise of death in the near future) or choking on food such as dry bread.

It's a shame that in this pre-Medieval age, no-one thought to toss the bread over a fire and make some croutons (the ideal way to salvage stale bread). But we'll let it slide; the only thing that could salvage your reputation (and likely your life) in these cases had a distinctly religious flavour, and if you were a believer – and guilty – then you were in for a rough ride. Still, we should probably give "trial by ingestion" some credit for embracing the presumption of innocence.

Less willing to embrace such a presumption, however, were the ordeals of fire and water: forcing the accused to prove their innocence by way of a physically gruelling challenge. You could think of it rather like a Medieval Bear Grylls risking severe blistering or the possibility of drowning – although in this case, the accused's very

liberty was at stake and there was no lucrative media franchise hungrily exploiting their carefully executed steps.

Ordeals of fire required a casual saunter across red-hot irons or other metal instruments. Now I'm no science major, but I did pay enough attention in school to know that metal conducts heat very well, and that if you get it nice and hot under a flame it's probably not something you'd like to come into contact with your skin. If you were a

criminal suspect back in the day, though, that was tough – you had to get those tootsies out and take a stroll. Either you'd come out unharmed (innocent), or harmed, in which case your bubbling, blistering feet would be left for several days before being tended to. If they healed well, that was taken to be proof of innocence. If they appeared a festering mess, on the other hand, that was the end of the road for you. (Too bad if you have a condition that made your skin particularly susceptible to infection; that would point straight to your clear lack of morality. Sorry 'bout that.)

I don't know about you, but ever since watching Titanic something about large, flat bodies of cold water has scared me. During Henry II's reign, the "trial by water" was legally established as the appropriate method for evaluating the suspected guilt of serious offenders (such as murderers or robbers).

This was no simple swimming exercise. Instead, the feet and hands were bound, and the accused was rolled into, or held beneath, bodies of cold water such as a fast-running stream. Sometimes they were even placed in a barrel or weighted down. Analysis of the result – which, simply, was either death or survival – varied. In some cases, survival indicated innocence (well done, you passed the test, your Post Traumatic Stress is not our problem) while sinking confirmed guilt. In later periods, however (such as the infamous witch-hunting centuries) floating could indicate witchcraft. Apparently, the ability to float had something to do with the devil. Too bad if you're innocent – you might not be deemed a witch,

but in preserving your reputation you booked yourself a one-way ticket to the riverbed.

Let's delve a little deeper into the stuff about the witches. The witch-hunts, most prevalent in the early Modern period, highlight the extent to which mass panic about a perceived threat can escalate out of control. In this case, the perceived threat was that posed by Satanic witches to Christianity in Europe (and some colonies).

The Salem Witch Trials in the late seventeenth century, despite bearing some resemblance to modern-day "trials," were far from fastidious in their treatment of the accused, invoking all kinds of strange rituals to prove they had a witch on their hands that was capable of all kinds of malarkey. Those suspected of witchin' around may have found themselves subjected to a "touch test," in which they were blindfolded and forced to place their hands on one of their supposed

victims who, conveniently, was suffering from a fit. If the fit stopped, then it was accepted that the accused must have been the one to cause it in the first place (by means of a "venom" passing through their hands and into the victim). Imagine if that same logic were applied today! Physiotherapists, podiatrists and proctologists could be collectively known as witches of the body, feet and ... I'll leave the rest up to you.

In other parts, feeding a dog a cake made with the urine of an alleged witch's victims would supposedly identify the witch by causing her to cry out in pain. So there we go: before we had teacakes we had wee cakes for the wild witches. It's worth noting that witch-hunts are a continuing phenomenon. For example, Human Rights Watch notes that "witchcraft" remains a criminal offence in Saudi Arabia, for which there have been prosecutions as late as 2011. (It is dubious, however, whether such prosecutions are the result of genuinely held fears of sorcery, or are merely a means of political oppression.)

We're now pretty much up to speed with the twenty-first century. New Zealand's present-day adversarial system (which is also used in many other common law countries) has the effect of pitting one side against the other. In the case of a criminal hearing, that means the accused against the state. By way of comparison, an inquisitorial system (such as is used in France) sees an instructing judge, or law enforcement figures, taking an active role in discerning the "true" facts of the case.

Our system still harnesses that "fact-finding" idea (the judge is the finder of law and, if the case warrants a jury, takes on the fact finding role), but it marks a clearer division between the two parties (i.e., the prosecution and the defence, if it's a criminal hearing) who present the evidence and the impartial judge who makes judgments as to its admissibility before evaluating it or allowing

it to go to the jury.

"FEEDING A DOG A CAKE MADE WITH THE URINE OF AN ALLEGED WITCH'S VICTIMS WOULD SUPPOSEDLY IDENTIFY THE WITCH BY CAUSING HER TO CRY OUT IN PAIN."

Some might argue that the state today has an "easier" job, what with the immense resources it commands. However,

states also bear the burden of proof; that is, they must prove that the accused is guilty beyond reasonable doubt, rather than the accused having to prove their innocence. (There are exceptions to this, however, where irrefutable and refutable presumptions exist. For instance, blood alcohol testing is assumed to be accurate, and possession of specific quantities of illicit drugs is presumed to establish guilt. Such cases are the exception rather than the rule, though, and are not simply "free passes" for the prosecution.)

Then there is the "buying your way out" type of argument, hinged upon the premise that some of the most experienced and articulate trial lawyers have a knack for getting people "off the hook." Perhaps there's a grain of truth to this – a more experienced lawyer with an affinity for oral persuasion may well have the technical and theatrical experience to present arguments to the jury that a less-experienced lawyer with a less persuasive tone would fail to pull off. Some of New Zealand's most high profile

criminal prosecutors and defence lawyers have a commanding charm about them. Many have gained a cult-like status as masters of their field, and rightly so.

However the notion that you can always buy your way out if you have enough money is not necessarily the case. There are always other factors at play, including the "risk" that a jury simply doesn't like the accused. This does not mean that the jury has some God-given right to deliver a guilty verdict; but given that New Zealand deeply protects the privacy of what happens behind the jury room door, and the inherent "humanness" of jury members, there is always the chance that the jury will see things a certain way and feel happy moulding the evidence to fit with their expectations.

Speaking with Law Faculty Dean Mark Henaghan, it doesn't take long to uncover his take on our contemporary jury system, in its adversarial context. "I love the jury," Henaghan blurts out. He believes it should be "seen as a really important public function rather than an irritant," and is confident that, for the most part, jurors take their role "very seriously." Recognising inherent human biases, he points out that it's preferable to have 12 people deciding on someone's fate than one lone judge, because this allows for a "range of perspectives, [which] one person can never have." He notes that "no human decision making can be perfect" – a reality that supports the idea of employing a wider spread of opinions in the shaping of a final verdict.

What about a jury's ability to be influenced by an accused's outward appearance and demeanour? Henaghan is quick to respond that juries are swayed by "everything" – everything that happens in a courtroom (such as the way the various advocates present their cases) can impact the outcome of a trial, not just the jury's impression of the defendant.

HENAGHAN IS QUICK TO RESPOND THAT JURIES ARE SWAYED BY "EVERYTHING" – EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENS IN A COURTROOM (SUCH AS THE WAY THE VARIOUS ADVOCATES PRESENT THEIR CASES) CAN IMPACT THE OUTCOME OF A TRIAL, NOT JUST THE JURY'S IMPRESSION OF THE DEFENDANT.

It comes back to an essential part of being human, with Henaghan pointing out that people are swayed by the entirety of their surroundings. As such, while a jury might harbour feelings of favour or suspicion towards someone on the stand, such feels are inextricably tied up in the fact that jurors are human, something that is also true of judges. Neither could we rely on technology to come to a verdict, says Henaghan, because human emotion is part of the trial process. He freely admits that sometimes juries "apply their own sense of mercy," but insists that this is "not a bad thing."

Henaghan believes that the adversarial system, just like the jury system, is well-suited. He points out that "both sides get a full go," just as both sides' witnesses are "tested by cross-examination," with trial lawyers incredibly well-prepared to argue their side. An inquisitorial system is "more dangerous" in the way it puts "all power in the judge's hands" and assumes that somehow the truth will magically appear, when in reality it is "very hard to reconstruct what happened."

Whilst Henaghan feels comfortable praising our present arrangements, he admits that "when you pull it all down, no system's perfect." In terms of trying to make the system better, Henaghan suggests that more preemptive education – perhaps at the high-school level – about the jury system

could benefit society by reinforcing its importance as a civic duty. Further, he emphasises the need to supply the jury system with adequate resources – such as financial and emotional support for the jurors themselves – when dealing with serious crimes.

A jury trial is a trial by peers or, as Henaghan excitedly exclaims, "democracy in action." It brings a (arguably) more human element into a legal process dominated by those with legal training or caught up in law enforcement, and is a staple of our criminal justice system. While the system has recently been caught up in a raft of changes (such as increasing the possible minimum imprisonment term to two years if one is to elect a jury trial), its existence remains intact.

Yes, it does rely on 12 people deciding an accused person's fate, and in some cases a single judge may well be in a better position to evaluate the situation – in fraud cases with excessive documentation, for example. Additionally, whilst 12 people will have preconceived notions of "right" and "wrong" that they cannot logically separate from their decision-making, such a system remains safer than one in which District Court or High Court judges make unilateral decisions.

For that reason, it's admirable that we still make a jury by our peers a right under the Bill of Rights. Despite its inherently human flaws, this is also the system's key strength. It is a far better way to evaluate the strength of a criminal charge than relying on superstition, outlandish physical tests or a fear of witchcraft.



Love is Blind

CRITIC'S INFAMOUS BLIND DATE COLUMN BRINGS YOU WEEKLY SHUTDOWNS, HILARIOUSLY mismatched pairs, and the occasional hookup. Each week, we lure two singletons and ply them with alcohol and food (in that order), then wait for their reports to arrive in our inbox. If this sounds like you, email news@critic.co.nz or FB message us. But be warned – if you dine on the free food and dash without sending us a write-up, a Critic writer will write one under your name. And that won't end well for you.

Brandon

WENT INTO THE DATE EXPECTING VERY LITTLE – THE SELECTION POOL OF openly gay people in Dunedin who would sign up for this date must be tiny, so to be honest I thought my man would be a disappointment. To make things worse, I was also half expecting my date to be someone I already knew. Fortunately for me, neither of these fears came true. And to cut to the chase – spoiler alert – we got together at the end of the night.

Good looking, but shy and reserved at first, my date turned out to be a really interesting and creative guy, which was hugely attractive to me from the outset. I got worried that I was being too bashful and visibly excited so I tried to tone it down a notch every now and then, but overall I basically just had the best night.

Over the course of dinner we discussed various creative pursuits and our degrees (he was a Media student), and I popped out to get two more bottles of wine halfway through as we had finished the *Critic*-supplied ones. To be fair, I might even say it was the best date I've been on. I can't think of a better one, and the fact that none of my other dates have been as memorable probably indicates that they weren't as good.

We decided to semi-drunkenly make our way to a bar to continue the fun and I decided, heck, I'll start dropping some hints. I was in the mood. At first I didn't think it was working – his shyness had come back slightly which was a real down buzz. So I backed off once again and continued just having our conversation. Much to my surprise, he reciprocated on what I promised myself would be the last attempt at taking the night further. Even more surprising was that my date was the one to ask me back to his place. No crap about it being for a drink, just a simple "wanna come back to mine tonight?" How refreshing.

Thanks *Critic* for a great date. It polished the year off nicely.

Brandon

I'M NOT GOING TO HIDE BEHIND ANY PRETENSE OF "MY FLATMATES SIGNED ME up for this date." In absolute honesty, I've had a romantically dry year and it seemed like a really good idea considering the heteronormativity of fucking Tinder. I was hoping to meet someone special and this made me quite nervous as I headed to the Critic office to meet my date and pick up the wine.

Being gay and all, this comment may seem strange to a large percentage of *Critic* readers – but my date was so gay! I normally struggle with the dramatic, over-the-top "LOOK I'M GAY!" sorta guys so I knew this would be an interesting date.

I strolled to the restaurant; he skipped. I ate my meal; he gestured and moaned. I went for a mid-dinner piss; he "excused" himself to "freshen up." However, I actually found it quite fun after the first few wines kicked in.

Needless to say, the food was delicious and the wine was dreadful – it also turned out that my date was a bit of a wine snob and talked about that for a while. Surprisingly, he had a way of carrying conversation that meant I didn't find this even remotely boring – in fact, I became quite interested and promised myself that I'd improve my wine knowledge in the future.

As the night progressed, I found my date more and more attractive. We basically never stopped talking and, although it gets hazy, I'm pretty sure we were starting to make plans for various adventures and projects we may embark on together with summer just around the corner.

As seems to have happened quite a lot on these dates recently, we headed out for a drink after dinner to continue conversation. Initially, I was unsure whether we were heading in the direction of "relationship potential" or just "good friendship." Cuddling up to me, my date made the answer to this rather obvious – at least for the night. My flat was the residence of choice, and although I won't go into details, I got exactly what I had hoped for.

WINGS FOR EVERY TASTE.



THE TASTE OF
BLUEBERRY, LIME OR CRANBERRY.
THE EFFECT OF RED BULL.



Let Us End With Some Porn

THERE IS A DEEPLY-FELT ANXIETY, SHARED BY many girls, about the need for a "perfect" vagina. For many, this necessitates spending 50 dollars on a bra or bikini wax (that will last less than a fortnight) in the hope of fulfilling the desires – or even expectations – of their male counterparts.

Much of this is the result of pornography. Pornography has hijacked our mental images in many strange, and often-overlooked, ways. Consequently, the art world is beginning to explicitly tackle porn in an attempt to raise awareness about its influence on social relationships in the twenty-first century – such as our obsession with hairlessness – and force the topic into the conversation spotlight.

In 2006, *The Guardian* published an article contending that artworks with pornographic themes were no longer shocking. The central argument was essentially "oh, porn is so mainstream. Move on, 'art'; it's time to head back to the studio. Your obsession with porn is starting to get boring."

Why, then, were Ed Templeton's photos of teenagers kissing only exhibited last year? Why do pictures of – and even references to – vaginas continue to be the subject of such disgusted and dismissive reactions? Think about Terry Richardson's collaboration with Miley Cyrus. Porn has subtly infiltrated our communities, and is making its presence felt through societal attitudes (and, as David Cameron has realised recently, through supposedly "cleared" Internet histories). And yet people continue to be shocked by it. A frank, open discussion about

pornography is desperately called for, and art is playing a key role in sparking one.

There is a strong connection between porn and art. Many artworks borrow from, or exploit, pornographic imagery. However, exhibitions explicitly about porn seem to be few and far between. A couple of weeks ago, my mother and I casually attended the opening of *A Different View: Artists Address Pornography* at the University of Auckland's Gus Fisher gallery.

Showcasing the work of 20 New Zealand artists, including Yvonne Todd, Reuben Paterson, John Pule and Dunedin's very own Kushana Bush, the exhibition aims to reignite public debate around the pervasiveness of mainstream pornography in a society with a "prevailing atmosphere of tolerance and silence."

Debate was certainly ignited. Within 10 minutes, I found myself gesturing to Rohan Weallans' painted, bejewelled and exposed female genitals and saying to Donough McWhannell (wife of Peter McWhallen, and subject of many of his paintings), "aren't all these vaginas fantastic?" Her response: "oh I know! They make me just wanna ... [waggles tongue]." The entire exchange, it must be remembered, took place within a beautiful white marble building on Shortland Street, in a room packed with people wearing expensive shoes and drinking pinot noir. The way art sparks conversation is truly a beautiful thing.

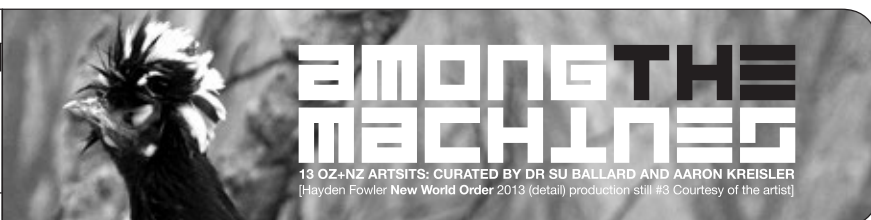
Highly varied, the exhibition remarkably lacked any particular bias – the overarching tone was not strikingly feminist, misogynistic

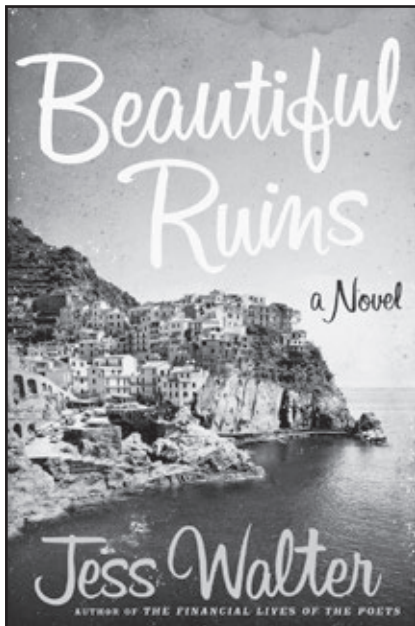
or homophobic. It also managed to address a number of important socio-political issues (and certainly challenged conservative conceptions of modesty) without pointedly attempting to categorise porn.

By showcasing these works, Auckland University is engaging with one of a number of artistic projects aiming to lift the public taboo regarding pornography and move it out of the realm of art that is purely about asserting one's right to freedom of expression.

Much of the art on display does not slam porn as being "bad" or "damaging." Instead, it pointedly questions porn's trickle-on effects, which can sometimes border on the disturbing. Check out, for example, *The Great Wall of Vagina*, which confronts the audience with 400 plaster casts of female genitalia. Alternatively, try makelovenot-porn.net. This is a forum in which people can submit their own "love" videos in celebration of the wonder of sex, and aims to demonstrate how little porn is representative of reality. It's definitely NSFW, but it redefines sex as something that should be openly celebrated.

After the opening, porn was the topic of conversation in my family. I'm proud of them for not seeing the topic as something to be avoided but rather questioned and openly discussed, and for recognising that it is a major – albeit hidden – factor in shaping our society's values and perspectives. Art is penetrating the wall of social delusion when it comes to porn, and is helping us to celebrate sex for the wonderful thing it is.





Beautiful Ruins

By Jess Walter

REVIEWED BY FEBY IDRUS

"Beautiful Ruins proves to be a genuine page-turner, with its unexpected-yet-realistic plot developments, beautifully well-written, and filled with so much heart?"

BEAUTIFUL RUINS OPENS WITH ITS HERO, Pasquale, first laying eyes on the sumptuously beautiful Dee Moray, an American actress who comes to Pasquale's tiny Italian village by boat, borne across the Mediterranean like a Botticelli Venus. You then cut to Hollywood 40 years later, to a bored studio executive checking her Blackberry whilst lying beside her loser boyfriend, and realise that Beautiful Ruins, Jess Walter's sixth novel, may not be the sweeping love story its opening seems to promise.

You would be right. Despite the romance of the opening scene, Beautiful Ruins actually becomes a fast-moving story about celebrity, fame, love, and doing the right thing. Every romantic movie you've ever seen has taught you that Pasquale and Dee will end up together, and yet Walter eschews that path most travelled in favour of following these two people through their very real, non-clichéd, mistake-ridden lives.

Walter builds narrative tension by jumping from Pasquale and Dee's first encounter in the 1960s (during which Dee has a bit part in that famous Liz Taylor flop *Cleopatra*), to the present-day Hollywood, where an aged Pasquale is trying to find her. These two parallel storylines are intercut with excerpts from other fictional texts, like the first chapter of an autobiographical novel written by one of the secondary characters and a movie pitch from an over-eager, over-confident writer.

But amidst all this artful jumping backward and forward in time, and from story to text to story, Walter still manages to anchor his complex plot around very real characters who deal with difficult dilemmas in relatable ways. Despite my initial scepticism and misgivings about the first few Hollywood scenes (the lives of the glossy Hollywood set have never much interested me), I found myself falling for this book. And how could you not, when Beautiful Ruins proves to

be a genuine page-turner, with its unexpected-yet-realistic plot developments, beautifully well-written, and filled with so much heart?

What appealed to me the most was that Beautiful Ruins bears out something that one of the secondary characters says: "stories are people. I'm a story; you're a story." Walter treats every character as if this is absolutely true. All the characters feel real, because they each have their own story and own lives. But no one's story turns out quite the way you expect; in every case, their life turns out to be just like your life – a shambles, and beautiful because of it. All this makes Beautiful Ruins a warm, generous, surprising, funny and engaging book.

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Critic wants wordsmiths, designers, grammar Nazis and miscellaneous creative types to join the team in 2014.

Applications are now open for the following positions:

News editor: The news editor is Critic's second-in-command, and is responsible for coordinating, writing and editing Critic's news. 12 hours per week.

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Feature writer: Conduct research and interviews, and produce feature-length articles on a range of topics. Up to four positions available. 6 hours per week.

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Alexandra Blossom Festival

BY PHOEBE HARROP

THE ALEXANDRA BLOSSOM FESTIVAL, AN annual springtime kaleidoscope of small-town New Zealand goodness, is a Dunedin bucket list must-do escape. Held at the end of each September, when Central Otago's blossoms are in full vernal splendour, the Festival is stretched over several weeks but culminates in a Saturday parade down the town's main street.

Anyone who is anyone (just everyone really) is involved. Local businesses festoon their shop windows with crepe paper blossoms. Schools, foundations and sponsors enter great 4WD-drawn floats, thematically decorated and topped by a local Blossom Queen candidate doing her best regal wave. Every pipe band south of Ashburton makes an appearance, competing for an annual cup. Local gymnastic lasses cartwheel down the road. The Police are out in force, trying to stamp out the under-age drinking (mostly by Gorons who make the annual jaunt a rite of passage) and catch those who have indulged in too much Bengel Gold cider at the Showgrounds. Kids eat those mini donuts, or fluorescent shaved ice, then throw it all up

after a turn on the fairground rides. The Blossom Queen candidates, after weeks of community luncheons, photo shoots and public appearances, are finally judged, with the Queen and Princess crowned in the afternoon.

The Blossom Festival is a big deal in Alexandra. The blokes at Contact Energy's Clyde Dam were folding crepe-paper flowers on their smokos for weeks. On game day, everyone is up at dawn to put the finishing touches on the all-important float. This year, unprecedented controversy erupted when Life is Precious created a float – a giant, nut-brown replica of a 12-week old foetus cradled in two rather creepy giant hands – and the Festival was forced to impose its first-ever ban on an entry. Not the time or place, sorry.

There's the Round-the-Clock race on Friday night, where anything goes: relay teams consist of Labradors, horses, mountain-bikers and runners who forge the Clyde river, zip up the thyme-covered hill and scramble down the lunar landscape rock-face for everlasting community glory. On Saturday is the opening night of that

year's musical. This year it's *The Buddy Holly Story*, featuring the dashing local optometrist, Hunter Hill, as the main man.

There are two art exhibitions, a display of quilts, a bowls tournament and even a drag race. You can buy scarves or stone bake-ware, and drink beer or great coffee. You'll meet new people and watch friends catch up who haven't seen each other since the last Blossy. It's heart-warming stuff. Enjoy.

Get there: by car or by bus. Alex is around two and a half hours' drive from Dunedin. Stop in Roxburgh for a Jimmy's pie on the way.

Do: stay the weekend and get into the Blossy spirit.

Don't: forget your sunscreen. Summer starts early in Central.

Eat: at the Festival – anything made by local deli The Fridge. Otherwise, eat at the Courthouse café.

The Best Offer

4.5/5

Director: Giuseppe Tornatore

REVIEWED BY ROSIE HOWELLS

THIS FILM COULD NOT BE MORE APPROPRIATELY named – it is literally *The Best Offer* at Rialto this week, the *Rekordelig* on a shelf full of Scrumpty. Geoffrey Rush stars as the wealthy, brilliant and just-a-bit-sad auctioneer Virgil Oldman, who becomes entangled in the mystery and intrigue surrounding Claire Ibbeston (Sylvia Hoeks), the reclusive heir to a house full of incredible antiques. As Virgil values the inherited antiques for sale, he gradually discovers pieces of what he believes to be an extremely valuable machine, making him care more about the house, and his client, than is appropriate.

Rush is at the top of his game, and it's fantastic to see him stretching his legs after the theatrics of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* series. (Unfortunately, he's signed on for the fifth instalment. Gotta pay for the indoor swimming pool somehow.) Virgil is a complex combination of



lonely, hateful and sweet, with Rush touching on all elements of his character to full effect. Donald Sutherland and Hoeks shine as supporting actors, but I'm afraid Jim Sturgess' character could have been played by anyone, even if he did look very nice in his little knitted jumpers.

Apart from the truly excellent script, it is the film's tone that sets it apart as something special. Throughout the whole viewing I felt kind of scared, and I'm not even sure what I was scared of as it certainly isn't a thriller. *The Best Offer* transports you to a Gothic, romantic world where anything could happen, and almost

everything does.

Unfortunately, director Giuseppe Tornatore seemed to make it a personal challenge to include as much "meaning" as possible, and the film is bursting with metaphors, motifs and clearly emphasised themes – it would make a perfect film study for sixth-form English. Consequently, you may find that you've predicted the ending halfway through. That's okay, though, because the ending is really freaking awesome! *The Best Offer* makes you feel funny in your belly, which to me is extremely high praise for a film, though less so for a restaurant.

Rush

4/5

Director: Ron Howard

REVIEWED BY LYLE SKIPSEY



RUSH, STARRING CHRIS HEMSWORTH AND Daniel Brühl, chronicles the intense rivalry between drivers James Hunt and Niki Lauda. The film covers the early stages of the rivalry, but is mainly focused on the 1976 Formula One World Championship. Far more than just a story about sport, screenwriter Peter Morgan (of *Frost/Nixon* fame) has crafted a clever character study that explores the different ways of coping with pressure and approaching death.

The dedicated, strict Lauda (Brühl) starts off as the villain, but while he initially appears serious and boring, his is the best character arc of the film. His deep desire to win creates a sound basis from which Morgan is able to deconstruct his character.

Brühl gives the most outstanding performance of the movie, displaying just the right balance between an emotionless workaholic and a man who realises that there is more to life than racing. It is no surprise that the major plot turn in the movie signals its change from a so-so thrill fest to an emotionally relevant biopic. Much of this success is down to Brühl and Morgan's dedication

to representing Lauda truthfully.

Hemsworth's Hunt, on the other hand, is nothing more than a racing playboy who is more interested in proving a point than achieving any kind of greatness. Unfortunately, his character is nowhere near as well-written as Lauda's. Even so, the film's value lies in watching the two main actors battle with each other, and is reminiscent of Morgan's previous work on *Frost/Nixon*, even if Rush is not as brilliantly composed.

The racing scenes are electric and lend the film a thrilling immediacy that will have even the most anti-petrol-head feeling that rush. Each close call between life and death is jarring to the perfect degree.

Above all, Rush's greatest achievement is bringing a human side to what seems to be an incredibly technical home for the adrenaline junky. Whether the movie will have the same effect away from the big screen remains to be seen, but that shouldn't stop you from giving it a go.



One Direction: This Is Us

3/5

Director: Morgan Spurlock

WRITTEN BY TAMARAH SCOTT

ONE DIRECTION: THIS IS US EXPLORES OBSESSION. Society seems to crave celebrities that seem attainable, or somehow normal, just like us. "The American Dream" has been twisted into an obsession with being famous.

We have seen other films produced about the lives of mainstream singers such as Justin Beiber and Katy Perry. People swear that watching these movies will make you fall in love with

their celebrity subjects. The One Direction movie, like the others, follows the same basic narrative.

We gain an all-access pass to One Direction's BIGGEST tour yet! We gain insight into Niall, Zayn, Liam, Harry and Louis' humble origins! We watch as they go on to play to stadiums packed with sixty thousand pubescent girls, all while learning about their personalities and quirks! I take it that Niall is the nice one while Zayn is ever-mysterious. They hate being famous, but are eternally gracious to their fans. The myth is that they are down-to-earth, humble boys that accidentally stumbled upon fame in X-Factor.

The truth is that they are moulds of a perfectly manicured pop-culture, milked for purely capitalist gains. I found it mildly interesting to see what an exhausting life these boys live. It seems that they are totally exploited by the massive record labels, and constantly expected to be

creative, producing a never-ending stream of drivel to satisfy the hungry masses.

In one scene, I genuinely felt sorry for the guys. They got 10 minutes' sleep before being forced awake to record songs for their new album. How is that even possible? It's hardly conducive to quality workmanship, and does nothing to encourage creativity and innovation. No wonder they simply regurgitate someone else's pre-written lyrics. I also found it horrible that they only got two days off in two-year tour. Sure, they get to buy their parents houses, but they probably hardly know them anymore.

I enjoyed watching this film, if only because it seemed to honestly reflect on the way that pop stars have increasingly becoming idolised objects that are run into the ground for the sake of a few bucks. No wonder they end up drug-ridden train wrecks.



The Warriors

Director: Walter Hill

CULT FILM BY BAZ MACDONALD

HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE POINT OF GANGS. Violently defending an area of land that is not yours to begin with strikes me as rather absurd. While Walter Hill's 1979 cult classic The Warriors doesn't convince me of gangs' validity, I doubt that a cooler vision of the concept has ever been created.

This cult action masterpiece tells the story of a New York City dominated by hundreds of different gangs. However, these are not the gangs we know. There are no Bloods or Crips to be seen; instead, these gangs are all fabulously stylised ... and themed. (For example, The Baseball Furies all dress in baseball uniforms and paint variations of sports makeup on their faces as they beat the crap out of people with baseball bats.) The story follows a small but growing gang from Coney Island, The Warriors, as they attend a meeting called by the most powerful gang in New York, the Gramercy Riffs.

The Warriors doesn't live on in the hearts and

minds of its fans because of its emotions or character depth, but rather because of its all-encompassing and ever present stylisation. Every element of Hill's film oozes with a distinct style that acts as both a pastiche and parody of 1970s American culture.

Aside from each gang's clear idiosyncrasies, there is also the stilted and unnatural manner of speaking. Although it takes a moment to adjust to, this speaking style lends itself to some of the most magnificent speeches in cinematic history. The speech delivered by Cyrus, leader of the Gramercy Riffs, is probably my favourite of all time. Watch it once and you will want to add the phrase "CAN YOU DIG IT?" to the end of any proposition.

Walter Hill has had a hand in creating many cinematic hits, including the Alien saga. For many, however, The Warriors remains his greatest achievement. This is a film that, through its vibrant and distinct style, tells an age-old tale in a truly unique way.

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Beetroot Chocolate Cake

THIS CAKE IS GORGEOUS. IT COMES OUT A RICH cocoa-burgundy colour, has a moist but light texture, and tastes great – it's not too sweet. If, however, you want to up the ante on the sugar count, I'd ice the top (adding a little berry jam to regular icing makes a nice change and turns it a lovely pink colour), or you could always split the cake and fill it with jam and cream. And if anyone catches you with a face full of its deliciousness you can always be like, "well, it's got beetroot in it and therefore counts as one of my five-plus a day requirements." That, my friends, is what "winning at life" looks like. Enjoy!

Ingredients:

- > ¼ cup desiccated coconut
- > 400g beetroot
- > 160g dark chocolate
- > 3 free range eggs
- > 400g caster sugar
- > 200ml cooking oil
- > 2 tsp vanilla essence
- > 2 tbsp berry or plum jam
- > 150g plain flour
- > 2 tbsp cocoa
- > 2 tsp baking powder
- > ½ tsp salt
- > Icing sugar

Method:

1. Preheat the oven to 180°C. Grease a round cake tin with a little butter and then sprinkle the coconut on the greased surfaces to make a thin coat. Shake out any excess coconut.
2. Cut the stalks and bottoms off the beetroot and boil for about half an hour until it becomes tender. Remove from the heat and leave for 15 minutes. Then finely grate the beetroot while it is still warm and set aside.
3. Break the chocolate up into squares, place in a bowl, and melt by sitting the bowl in hot water. In a separate bowl, whisk the eggs and sugar together. Then add the beetroot, melted chocolate, vanilla essence and oil, and mix.
4. Add the flour, baking powder and salt and stir to combine. Finally stir the jam through the mixture and pour into the tin.
5. Bake for approximately 45 minutes and then check how much more cooking time is needed by inserting a knife into the centre – if it comes out clean it is ready; if not, keep checking at ten-minute intervals until it does. If the top is getting a little cracked and dark, cover with tin foil to ensure it doesn't burn or dry out too much.
6. When it is ready, leave it in the tin for 20 minutes or so before turning onto a cooling rack. Serve slightly warm with a dusting of icing sugar and some plain unsweetened yoghurt. Beet that! (I will not apologise for that. It had to be done.)



Governor's Café

BY M & G

GHAS ALWAYS ASSUMED THAT GOVERNOR'S, located on George Street opposite Knox Church, is some sort of Jamaican eatery that sells goats' cheese curry. In fact, Governor's is a brunch-centered café open seven days a week.

After being fucked over by daylight saving, M and G headed to Gov's for a pick-me-up. G ordered a long macchiato and M a triple shot latte, and they ventured upstairs to a table, feeling as though they were intruding in someone's home.

The café was bustling, and there was a 20-minute wait on food. M was therefore forced to get a dry chicken bagel from the cabinet.

G's macchiato was a little over-extracted, with none of the great flavour promised by the ghetto-fab-sounding "Roasted Addiqtion" beans. She left feeling as though she should have got a triple shot long black, as her long mach didn't quite cut it.

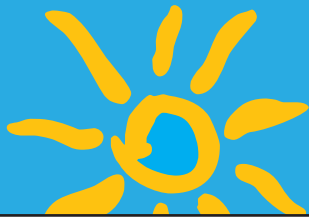
Gov's is popular, but is a little over priced. Even though the number of patrons with shoulder tattoos and facial piercings is slightly overwhelming, Governor's manages to make ends meet by selling good ol' eggs bene at the same price as more up-market cafés, like Ironic. Trust us: nobody wants to pay almost \$20 to sit on a wooden bench and eat overpriced eggs whilst surrounded by dirty hippies!

The upstairs area, which is usually less crowded, is a bit grotty. Although M's strong latte was pretty good, the overall feel of Governor's was a bit sticky, and everything was a bit over priced for how povo it felt.

If you want to pay a bit extra to feel a bit grungy, then this is the place for you. The coffee is decent and isn't ultra expensive, but much else here kind of misses the mark.

3/5

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Scribblenauts Unmasked: A DC Comics Adventure

8.5/10

Developed by 5th Cell
Published by Warner Bros Interactive
Platforms: Wii U, 3DS, PC

AS A GAMING ADVOCATE IT IS MY JOB TO POINT out that games can have a variety of positive effects on gamers, including the development of cognitive skills. I wholeheartedly believe that this is true, particularly for young gamers.

However, it has been a long time since I was young enough to feel the developmental effects of such games. I clearly remember games like *Where in the World Is Carmen Sandiego?* and *Pyjama Sam* teaching me invaluable skills in areas such as geography, maths, writing and critical thinking. Now on the cusp of finishing my postgraduate studies, I was sure that the thrill of learning from games was well and truly behind me. That was until I started playing *Scribblenauts*, however.

Scribblenauts is a puzzle series in which Maxwell and his sister Lily are able to interact with the world around them using a magical notebook. This allows Maxwell to add adjectives to the objects and people around him, as well as conjuring up items and characters. 5th Cell uses this mechanic in a variety of ingenious puzzles and situations that challenge gamers to think outside of the square and to expand their vocabulary.

It's a concept you would expect to involve a

steep learning curve. However, the easy puzzles feel as natural as breathing, making it seem as though our minds are specifically designed for this kind of problem-solving. For example, if Max is walking along a path and encounters a boulder blocking his progress, you simply click on the boulder and add the adjective "floating" to make it a floating boulder.

The concept is easy to engage with, but more complicated challenges force players to think creatively in order to come up with solutions. As well as encouraging critical thinking, these games expand players' vocabularies – you are only allowed to use a word once in any particular area or you suffer a penalty.

The latest game in the series has now been released: *Scribblenauts Unmasked*. This game combines *Scribblenauts'* patented gameplay with the DC comic universe in what is perhaps the most amazing licensing deal since *Star Wars Lego*. In this latest adventure, Maxwell and Lily transport themselves into the world of the DC comic books to find out who the greatest hero is. But their arrival also precipitates the arrival of Starites, which is what Maxwell uses to power his magical notebook. The villains of the DC universe try to use the Starites for their own nefarious ends, so Maxwell and Lily must team up with the

heroes to put a stop to their evil deeds.

This new concept does not diminish the gameplay at all, but rather affords it a fun new way in which to approach problems: you now look through the superhero lens! For example, one mission sees you trying to protect Superman as he battles a Lex Luthor with Kryptonian powers. The problem here is that Lex and Superman are now both vulnerable to the same substance: Kryptonite. As such, you must first conjure up a protective lead suit for Superman before conjuring up some Kryptonite to defeat Lex.

The game includes a seemingly infinite number of objects, characters and adjective variations, as well as a variety of DC locations such as Gotham City, Metropolis and Oa. 5th Cell brags that the game has over 2000 characters and that they have included almost every character from the DC universe, from stars such as Batman and Superman to the most obscure villains, heroes and nobodies imaginable – including oddities such as Matter-Eater Lad.

While we are now perhaps too old to learn writing and maths skills from *Pyjama Sam*, there is no limit to the alternative ways in which we can challenge ourselves to think, and *Scribblenauts Unmasked* will help you to develop such critical thinking skills no matter your age or intelligence. On top of this, *Scribblenauts Unmasked* offers you the opportunity to engage with some ridiculously fun and productive gameplay in what is perhaps the most awesome universe ever constructed.

Though the semester is over and this is the year's final issue of *Critic*, this holiday season is one of the busiest the gaming industry has ever seen. I will be continuing to write, so you can keep up to date with *Critic's* gaming reviews and coverage of the next generation at critic.co.nz/culture/subcategory/games/ over the summer.



LORDE
PURE
HEROINE

Lorde

Pure Heroine

4.5/5

The precocious pop star delivers on the hype, and then some.

NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES I HEAR THE Lorde story, it never fails to amaze me.

In 2008, Ella Yelich-O'Connor was just another North Shore 12-year-old. After a video of her singing at a school talent show made its way to Universal Records scout Scott Maclachlan, she was signed to the label and put on development. A long search for the right song-writing partner finally united Ella with Joel Little, with whom she has stuck ever since. The duo then wrote and recorded *The Love Club EP*, a set of five songs that Ella uploaded onto the Internet under the name "Lorde."

That was in November last year. In just ten months, Lorde has gone from being a Year 11 student at Takapuna Grammar to one of the most celebrated and talked-about pop musicians in the world today. Her single "Royals" has arguably been the most ubiquitous song of 2013, soaring to the top of the charts around the globe and even reaching number one on the *Billboard* Alternative Songs chart. The last time a female solo artist achieved that, Ella wasn't even born.

But chances are you know this story already. You've heard "Royals" and "Tennis Court" on the radio. You've seen the tweets that Emma

Watson, Steve Carell and Moby posted about her. You're aware that she's (gasp) only sixteen. The reason I remind you of all this is simply to put her debut album, the cheekily-named *Pure Heroine*, into perspective.

Lorde released a hugely successful and promising EP and gained celebrity status overnight as a result. To stay upon her throne, she needed to prove to the world that getting there wasn't a fluke. She had to repeat the charms of her first body of work, or else watch in horror as the hype around her quickly deflates and her fifteen minutes of fame comes to an abrupt end.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, you can stop holding your breath. Break out your headphones and that champagne, because *Pure Heroine* is a stunning album.

Like "Royals" before it, *Pure Heroine's* greatest strength is how greatly it contrasts with the rest of modern pop music. Sonically, *Pure Heroine* continues the darker, more experimental note *The Love Club* ended on with "Biting Down." Indeed, its sparse compositions and brooding electronics put it more in line with the likes of James Blake and In Rainbows-era Radiohead than Nicki Minaj. It boasts a feline sense of

restraint, seeking to hypnotise you with its melodies rather than knock you over the head with them. Though the songs themselves can lack a little bite, they are given teeth by Lorde's razor-sharp lyrics and her ever-improving voice.

Lyricaly, Lorde continues to cleverly explore and subvert the world around her, shifting her criticisms of opulence to the clichés of contemporary pop ("Team") and the fetishisation of violence ("Glory and Gore"). At points *Pure Heroine* becomes autobiographical, with Ella delving into the surrealism of her sudden fame whilst simultaneously longing for simpler times. This is a topic many pop artists struggle to touch on without sounding soppy or conceited, and yet Lorde does it with staggering sincerity. Any other 16-year-old crooning the line "it feels so scary getting old" would sound embarrassing, and yet when Lorde does so on "Ribs" you'll be blinking back tears.

In the face of her ravishing production and engrossing lyrics, Lorde's voice remains her greatest asset. She sings with a unique emotional hue and intensity on each track: on "400 Lux" she is confident and velveteen; on "Buzzcut Season" hopeful and ethereal; and on "Glory and Gore" cynical and aggressive. It is this highly personal and diverse instrument of hers, now more than ever, that distinguishes each track. She continues to electronically experiment with her voice in exciting ways, such as pitch-bending it down to an androgynous growl in "Tennis Court" and "Team" and colourfully harmonising with herself in "Buzzcut Season" and the glorious "White Teeth Teens."

Pure Heroine doesn't just meet expectations; it decimates them. In the 10 short months since the release of her EP, Lorde has written and recorded an astounding debut album, with nary a weak track or whiff of feeling rushed. So consistently does Lorde fire on all cylinders, I would struggle to choose a highlight among these 10 fantastic songs.

There are lots of paths Lorde didn't take with *Pure Heroine* that I'd love to see her go down, but that can wait until her next album. Right now we are blessed with a rock-solid debut from a young and extremely talented Kiwi, a debut that feels like the beginning rather than the end, a harbinger of more wonderful things to come. For a young pop star, that is a rare thing indeed.



MGMT

MGMT

BY LISA CRAWLEY 2/5

It's a strange journey overall, with unexpected and rocky beginnings leading into a somewhat hazy attempt to find their true sound.

AS SOMEONE WHO'S FOLLOWED MGMT PERIPHERALLY for a while, I had high expectations for their latest album. I expected a new slick experience, a return to the clever and commercially viable pop of their first album *Oracular Spectacular*. After their brief foray into self-indulgence on their sophomore, *Congratulations*, I had hoped they would go back to the groovy beats of tracks like "Kids" and "Electric Feel." But with their self-titled third album, they did exactly what I didn't expect.

MGMT begins, as I was surprised to discover, with a strange, spacey number titled "Alien Days" – a song that is more atmospheric and experimental than any song of theirs so far. The singer, Andrew Van Wyngarden, says that the sound is "as if a parasitic alien is in your head, controlling things." This is fairly accurate, though the song does go on a little long considering the small amount of actual content it contains.

"Alien Days" segues into the similarly psychedelic "Cool Song No.2," with its series of dreamy verses about petals and spiritual connections: "glimmering like a precious stone, maybe we shared a dream, for twenty nights in a row." This prose would be easy to pass off as sandal-wearing hippie jargon, but something about it feels genuine.

The album continues along these lines; sparse, lo-fi, and almost a little bit Animal Collective. If you were one of the over-a-million people who bought and grooved to their first album in 2007, you'll find yourself craving some real beats, of which there are, strangely, none. There is a

vague emptiness to the music that just cannot be explained, as if something is simply not there.

However, if you are one of the more elite (probably vintage-wearing) 300,000 who bought their second album in 2010 and felt slightly smug as you appreciated what you viewed as MGMT's choice to maintain integrity in the face of corporate pop-loving scum, then this is your area.

There is a little throwback to their former sound on track nine ("Plenty of Girls in the Sea"), which is the first song on the album to really echo a bit of their old grooviness. The last song, "An Orphan of Fortune," could also almost fit on their debut. But overall they've surprised us all, instead of running back to their legions of dance-party-loving fans, they've continued with the trend they started with *Congratulations*, and kept playing the psychedelic experimental smorgasbord that I suspect they've wanted to all along.

So it's a strange journey overall, with unexpected and rocky beginnings leading into a somewhat hazy attempt to find their true sound, then what in the end seems to be a throwback to what they once were. Pull the rug out from under the listener, then draw them into the psychedelic madness; except they fell short at the point of actually drawing me in. MGMT have stopped going for mass appeal and started trying to "weed out" the fans who appreciate their new sound (that verb may or may not be a reference to what the band were probably smoking when they made this almost too-spacey album). To be honest, I don't like it at all and I'm not going to listen to it. But you've gotta respect their integrity.

1 RADIO ONE 91FM EVENT GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 9TH OCTOBER

Queens | Queens Got Talent. 8pm.

ReFuel | Geysers and Panther Claw
Free entry from 9pm.

THURSDAY 10TH OCTOBER

Chick's Hotel | The Entire Alphabet -
Entrance EP Release. w./ For The Quail
and Space, Bats Attack! 9pm doors.

FRIDAY 11TH OCTOBER

Chick's Hotel | Lisa Crawley - 'All In My
Head' Album Release Show. w./ special
guest Hana Fahy. Tickets available from
undertheradar.co.nz. Chick's Magic Bus
leaves Countdown at 8.30pm, uni library
at 8.35, and is free to ride w./ your 2013
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Edgar Centre | Flume. w./ local
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available from dashtickets.co.nz.

Carousel Lounge Bar | Nixon / FMC
Free entry, music from 11pm.

Musos' Club | Warsaw. 8pm.

SATURDAY 19TH OCTOBER

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MGMT BY MGMT
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"It's a strange journey overall, with unexpected and rocky beginnings." (2/5)

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2013'S BEST ALBUMS

2 013 HAS SEEN SOME FANTASTIC RELEASES IN the music world, from sonic veterans returning to the game after a long absence to new artists making waves with their impressive debuts. To celebrate another great year for music, Basti Menkes gives you his favourite albums and songs released this year.

1 Jon Hopkins – *Immunity*

I'd have to scan back several years to find an album that struck me as being as beautiful and downright perfect as Jon Hopkin's *Immunity*. From the opening glitches of "We Disappear" to the final sighing piano chords of "Immunity," this is an hour of organic and intimate electronica. Beats, basslines and piano notes wrap

around one another with stunning precision, painting pictures as vivid as they are emotional. If you are going to pick up just one album from 2013, make it this one.

Recommended tracks: "Open Eye Signal," "Form By Firelight"



2 Sigur Rós – *Kveikur*

After making celestial, nature-documentary-ready post-rock for nigh on two decades, where were Sigur Rós to go next? After treading water somewhat with their oceanic sixth LP *Valtari*, people began to conclude that Iceland's biggest band had run out of steam. Cue *Kveikur*, their stunning and surprisingly dark seventh album. By throwing some blacker, heavier ingredients against

their customary heavenly sounds, they brought tension and excitement back to their music. The near-perfect *Kveikur* is one the best albums Sigur Rós have made, and among the year's finest records.

Recommended tracks: "Brennisteinn," "Rafstraumur"



3 My Bloody Valentine – *m b v*

Of all the musical comebacks we saw this year, My Bloody Valentine comes out on top as the most anticipated, and the most satisfying. Though it lacks the turbulence and the genre-defining spark of *Loveless*, *m b v* is ultimately a more personal LP. By reeling in

the guitars somewhat and incorporating a wider array of influences, the shoegazers made what I would call their most beautiful album.

Recommended tracks: "Only Tomorrow," "In Another Way"



4 Daft Punk – *Random Access Memories*

After the sterile and disappointing *Human After All*, Daft Punk returned in 2013 with *Random Access Memories*, a space opera of an album consisting of nostalgic funk, shimmering prog and retro electronica. By recruiting some of their musical heroes of the past (Nile Rodgers, Paul Williams) and the present (Julian Casablancas, Panda Bear), Daft Punk made a timeless LP that feels

simultaneously backward- and forward-looking. Though it lacks the adrenalin of their more electronic work, *Random Access Memories* makes up for that in its diversity and sonic flawlessness.

Recommended tracks: "Lose Yourself To Dance," "Doin' It Right"

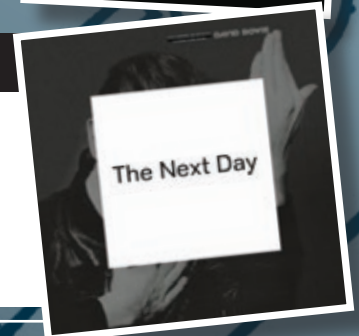


5 David Bowie – *The Next Day*

Nobody expected David Bowie's twenty-fourth studio album to be anything special. Expectations ranged from passable at best to cringeworthy at worst. But as we all discovered, *The Next Day* is among the 66-year-old's finest bodies of work, a tour de force of thrilling art rock and melancholic emotion. Retrospective without being

mawkish, autobiographical without being narcissistic, dark without being dreary, *The Next Day* is, quite frankly, a masterpiece.


Recommended tracks: "You Feel So Lonely You Could Die," "Valentine's Day"



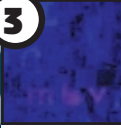
2013'S BEST TRACKS


1 **Sigur Rós**
Brennisteinn

The opening number of the Icelanders' gothic and gorgeous seventh LP *Kveikur* is a masterpiece of the juxtaposition of light and darkness. Trembling with volcanic basslines and glimmering with Jónsi's peerless falsetto, "Brennisteinn" is the finest song both of Sigur Rós' career and of 2013.


2 **Jon Hopkins**
Open Eye Signal

Unfurling as slowly and gracefully as a rose, this deep house juggernaut is the year's most thrilling electronic track. Its quicksilver bassline and meticulous beats weave around each other for eight minutes of pure ecstasy. Hats off, Hopkins.


3 **My Bloody Valentine**
In Another Way


The climax of My Bloody Valentine's comeback album *m b v* is a narcotised rollercoaster of breakneck drums, seraphic vocals and serpentine guitar lines. The melody that kicks off at 1:25 is the year's longest hook, and one of its most sublime.


4 **Boards Of Canada**
New Seeds


Of all the tracks to love on BoC's recent *Tomorrow's Harvest*, none is as spellbinding as "New Seeds." Fluttering guitars. Eerie synths. Glacial keyboards. Six minutes of total electronic bliss.


5 **How To Destroy Angels**
Welcome Oblivion


Holy mother of bass. "Welcome Oblivion" is a sci-fi anthem of industrial sounds delivered with dubstep aggression. Mariqueen Maandig shifts effortlessly between futuristic banshees and cool-voiced nymph.


6 **My Bloody Valentine**
Only Tomorrow


The elysian "Only Tomorrow" is yet another testament to Kevin Shields' ability to make beauty out of noise, serenity out of chaos, grace out of heaviness, and melody out of a fucking racket.


7 **Boards Of Canada**
Nothing Is Real


BoC have spent a career conjuring songs of retro-analogue-polaroid beauty, yet few ache with the gorgeous nostalgia of "Nothing Is Real." Its swirling synthline says but one thing: home.


8 **Atoms For Peace**
Amok

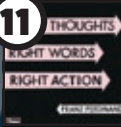
The title track from Atoms For Peace's debut is the sound of beats skipping like stones over an ocean of Thom Yorke's vocals and piano chords, before building to a sensational climax.


9 **Lorde**
Pure Heroine
White Teeth Teens


Though every song on *Pure Heroine* is superb, the enchanting melody and razor-sharp message of "White Teeth Teens" distinguish it as Lorde's finest track so far.


10 **Daft Punk feat. Panda Bear**
Doin' It Right


The most electronic moment on *Random Access Memories* proved the most captivating. "Doin' It Right" is a late-night hymn of spiralling robotic voices and Panda Bear's iconic cuckoo calls.


11 **Franz Ferdinand**
Right Action


Everything we love about Franz Ferdinand – the punch, the flair, the sexiness, the Talking Heads obsession – condensed into a glorious three-minute blast of glam rock.


12 **Atoms For Peace**
Reverse Running


Stuttering beats and forlorn guitars dance around one of Thom Yorke's most beautiful and unforgettable vocal deliveries ever.


13 **David Bowie**
The Next Day
You Feel So Lonely You Could Die

The dramatic penultimate track on *The Next Day* comes complete with a choir, string section and marching band to reinforce the song's epic melody and sense of doom.


14 **Akron/Family**
No-Room

An agile math rock groove gradually swells into a plateau of guitar feedback and chants from Easter Island heads. The opening track of *Sub Verses* is colossal, sun-baked and ancient.


15 **Kanye West**
Black Skinhead

Dystopian bass pulses? Thundering industrial beats? Sounds like Kanye discovered Death Grips! Credit where credit's due; "Black Skinhead" is violent, visceral and addictive.



PBF Gamblin Man

Nick Gurwitch keeps this comic and films at pbfcomics.com

ASP

En Garden

Wes and Tony keep more comics and shorts online at amazingsuperpowers.com



by wes & tony

<http://amazingsuperpowers.com>



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Te Whare Wānanga o Ōtago

NEW ZEALAND



Endings, Elephants and Empathy

BY "DR" NICK ERSKINE

AS DR JOHN DORIAN ONCE SAID, "ENDINGS are never easy ... We all want to believe that what we do is very important, that people hang on to our every word, that they care what we think." This quote kick-started my imagination, and I bawled like a little bitch. While reasserting my masculinity by eating steaks and punching grizzly bears, I found myself thinking: how should I end Dr. Nick?

Should I bookend things by returning to the "find a good GP" advice from Issue 1? Should I tackle a big, dramatic topic like euthanasia or abortion? Should I finally write that column about horses and thrush? Or should I just chew through my word count with *Scrubs* quotes and rhetorical questions (as I currently seem to be doing)? Ultimately, I decided to finish by addressing elephants in the room.

For years, doctors didn't ask depressed patients whether they had thought about committing suicide because they were worried it would promote it; as if it would be the first time the patient considered taking such an action. It took some very large, very expensive studies to teach them that it's actually okay to ask about sensitive issues.

If you don't understand somebody's point of view on a big, dramatic issue like euthanasia or abortion, then why not ask? Ask in an appropriate way at an appropriate time, of course, but actually talk about the subject instead of dancing around it. The tension, bigotry and offence that accompany many sensitive issues often stem from an easily fixed lack of understanding.

Healthcare workers get comfortable talking about sensitive issues because they're repeatedly exposed to them. But empathy and insight aren't limited to doctors and nurses. Tertiary education is all about maturing, learning and developing the skills required to be a self-regulating leader of society. So while you're taking your place in the world, ask somebody about theirs.

Bye everybody!



Can You Trust Your Own Memory?

BY HANNAH TWIGG

EVER WISHED YOU COULD JUST IMPLANT MEMORIES into your head? You could chuck in a memory of having read your entire textbook for class without actually doing the reading. Well, guess what: scientists have managed to put false memories into a mouse's brain!

The breakthrough was made possible by an awesome technique called optogenetics. Optogenetics involves inserting the gene for a light-sensitive protein into specific neurons in the mouse's brain, allowing you to use different types of light to activate certain types of brain cells.

This sounds crazy, I know. How can light turn on brain cells? What scientists do is put a special protein – a channelrhopsin – on the surface of the brain cells they want to activate. This protein responds to light, causing the brain cells to fire electrical charges and thus communicate with one another. Consequently, scientists are able to make a mouse remember whatever it is that those brain cells normally remember, on cue!

One group introduced a special gene into the brain of a mouse that is only turned on when a certain brain cell is active. When this special gene is activated, it switches on the gene for channelrhodopsin. This means if this brain cell is active, the mouse will produce channelrhodopsins, ultimately resulting in a brain cell that can be turned on with a flick of the switch.

But wait – if turning on a brain cell makes the cell produce the channelrhodopsin protein, wouldn't this process happen in all cells, all the time? Clearly, there's one more piece of the puzzle to explore. Scientists made sure that brain cells could only make the channelrhodopsin when the mouse was not being fed a particular drug. When the mouse is taken off the drug, all the brain cells that turn on normally are labelled with the channelrhodopsin, allowing scientists to turn them on at will!

This is how it works: firstly, the scientists took the mouse off the drug. They then put the mouse into a brand new, never-before-seen environment. Consequently, every brain cell that was switched on when in this particular environment (and is thus responsible for remembering this particular environment) was labelled with channelrhodopsin. The scientists then put the mouse back on the drug, ensuring that no more brain cells were activated.

Once this was accomplished, the (poor) mouse was administered a small electric shock at the same time as the required wavelength of light was fired, forcing the mouse to associate its memory of that particular environment with the sensation of being shocked.

Typically, when a mouse is shocked it will freeze like a deer in the headlights. Scientists use this to test memory all the time. The idea is that when a mouse is returned to the environment it associates with the shock experience, it will freeze in anticipation. Not this time, however.

This time, the scientists put the mouse into the first environment – the one in which they labelled the brain cells involved in remembering being there. And, just as it would when put in the "shock box," the mouse froze, despite never having been shocked in that environment.

The scientists, in other words, had succeeded in creating a false memory. By activating the brain cells involved in remembering that new environment, turning on the light and giving the mouse a shock, all at the same time, these memories "overlapped," resulting in the mouse associating the new environment with the memory of the shock. Crazy!

Ok, so it's not quite like implanting the memory of reading your textbook into your brain before your final exam. But it's amazing to see what we can do with science, bitches!



Behind the Meme

REMEMBER YOUR HORRIBLE HIGH SCHOOL class photograph? Or the embarrassing childhood picture that your Mum posted to her Facebook? (Thanks, Mum.) What happens when the Internet gets hold of those photos and, based on that one photograph, assigns you a personality? Do you roll with it? Exploit it? Or do you try to reclaim your identity?

Let's think, for a moment, about the people (or animals) behind the meme. Grumpy Cat is, according to her humans, a happy little kitty. Bad Luck Brian is in fact quite lucky, having once won an Xbox and a Playstation in the same fortnight. Overly Attached Girlfriend's personality bears more resemblance to Good Girl Gina, the Internet's unattainably cool, sexy and laid-back girlfriend. Hipster with a Typewriter is just trying to make an honest buck. Sadly though, Scumbag Steve seems to be a scumbag in real life. How do these meme stars reconcile their personalities with the online persona that has been bestowed on them?

Hipster with a Typewriter's case is a study in what not to do if you suddenly become a meme. Several months ago, a photograph appeared on Reddit's front page. It showed a pale, skinny guy, dressed like your garden-variety hipster and tapping away at a vintage typewriter ... at a park. What a douchebag hipster, right? What the fuck, man ... does he think he's too good for a MacBook now? A fucking typewriter – are you serious?

Actually, the guy was just trying to earn a buck. In a recent op-ed at theawl.com, C. D. Hermelin explained himself. On nice summer days he takes his typewriter to parks in New York and writes stories for passers-by in exchange for a few dollars. This is a charming and novel idea, but the photograph unfortunately cropped out Hermelin's sign and money-box. It was captioned, "You're not a real hipster until you take your typewriter to the park." Hermelin wasn't prepared for the chaos that hit him when the Internet latched on to his photograph and projected all their seething hipster-hate upon him.

"I ... felt thrown when I was presented with an image of myself that I couldn't control," Hermelin

stated in his op-ed. So what can you do? How can you regain control? Hermelin tried to explain his story-writing pursuit on Reddit, and received a few apologies. His photograph is still making the rounds on the Internet, though, without the necessary context. Though he tried to ignore it, the negative attention and threats of violence impacted him deeply and concerned his family.

Others have taken a more light-hearted approach to addressing their meme-status. Overly Attached Girlfriend (her real name is Laina Walker) embraced her alter-ego and even has a YouTube channel featuring Overly Attached Girlfriend. A photograph of her staring creepily into the camera and looking intensely fixated is usually accompanied by phrases such as "I wish I could cut a hole in you and live inside your stomach so we would never have to be apart." Her status on the Internet, plus her good humour and personality, has even helped her to gain some success as a television presenter.

Bad Luck Brian (his real name is Kyle) has similarly embraced his meme status with good humour, collaborating with Walker to produce an "Overly Attached Girlfriend meets Bad Luck Brian" video and subsequently launching his own YouTube channel. He's not as ill-fated as the meme would have us think, but Kyle seems to have embraced the idea that there is a little Bad Luck Brian in all of us, and sometimes it's good just to laugh about it.

Anyway, back to your terrible childhood photograph or dorky high school class photo. In the unlikely event that the Internet does get hold of it and dubs you "Bad Perm Stacey" or "Overly Enthusiastic Owen," you have some options. If your meme is popular, milk that fucker for all it's worth – play the game, say the line, and watch the adoration (and, probably, money) roll in. If not, deny, deny, deny. Refuse to admit that it is you. Do not read the comments and do not engage. Either way, just remember that your fame came from an unlikely fluke and will probably be gone again just as quickly. After all, the Internet has a short attention span. Ain't nobody got time for old memes.

APP OF THE WEEK



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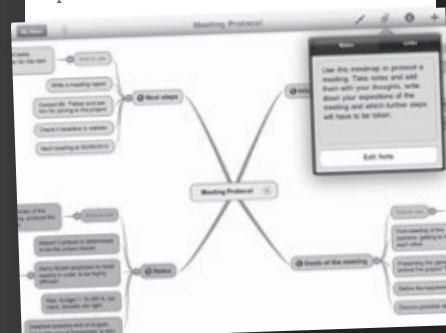
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IN THE HAZE OF INFORMATION OVERLOAD that is study week, it's easy to be overwhelmed by all the shit you're meant to know. Sometimes, putting it into order in a way that makes sense to you can help to soothe the hysteria. Time to make your Year 9 English teacher proud and create some sweet mind-maps.

If you love mind-maps but hate paper, Mindmeister is the app for you. Use Mindmeister to create digital mind-maps on your computer or tablet – you could structure potential exam essays, map out notes on a particular topic, or procrastinate by brainstorming ideas for your OE when you finally get out of this joint.

You can share your mind-maps with friends and they can edit them if you allow it. Either way, like your Year 9 English teacher said, failing to plan is planning to fail, so don't plan to fail. Use Mindmeister, conserve paper, access it anywhere, and pass that exam.





Francisco Hernandez

Lame Duck President

BY SAM MCCHESENEY

O USA PRESIDENT FRANCISCO HERNANDEZ will soon leave the association after three years on the Executive. In that time he has revolutionised student politics, producing groundbreaking campaign videos ("Frangnam Style"), conducting "ironically terrible" interviews

on national television (TV3's *Firstline*), and pioneering sharp new fashion trends (trousers tucked into socks). Critic editor Sam McChesney caught up with Fran for one last, emotional interview. Beforehand, Fran promised that he would "stock up on tissues. For the tears that is."

Sam: So, the end of an era.

Fran: It's not the end of an era. I think you can just see me as a continuation of the Logan Edgar era, because I was a Scarfie like him.

Umm ...

No, I'm kidding. I'm quite different from Logan.

In what way?

In every way. I'm the complete fucking opposite. He's white, I'm brown. He was a Scarfie, I'm a nerd.

So you're about to start your lame-duck period. Any big plans?

Just quacking pointlessly in my office. If I get elected to the DCC I'm planning to cut my term short; there's no point stuffing around here when I've got a new president potentially ready to take over. So I will go early if I get elected to the DCC, probably a month early.

What would you say is your greatest achievement as president?

That's like asking me who my favourite son is.

You don't have any sons. Are you saying you have no achievements?

It's a metaphor. My children are the taonga that I pass on to the next generation. You know?

I think my biggest achievement was probably ... I don't know, what would you say my biggest achievement is?

Probably succession planning, leaving a strong field of presidential candidates behind.

Yeah, grooming the next generation of leadership. That was all planned.

I dunno, I think my biggest achievement was probably the Memorandum of Understanding with the Dunedin City Council. That's the first such agreement between a students' association and a local body. There isn't anything like that anywhere else in the world, and I was the first to get it done. Second biggest achievement is probably the tertiary student bus discount. People have been trying to do that for ages; I'm the one who got it done. Cheap food on campus,

people have been whining about it for ages. Mine was the Exec that got it done. I think overall my Exec has been quite progressive and visionary about getting stuff done, whereas other people just piss and moan and complain about it.

What was your biggest fuck-up this year?

Probably the governance review. I fucking hated that. Governance reviews are like the graveyard of student politicians. ... They're useful, and they tell you some important things, but the process of actually doing is extremely painful. It's like getting circumcised without anaesthesia, and I've done that, so I know. I actually have, and it's a similar sort of ... you can't see what's going on, you know it's painful, and you're supposed to have drugs to keep you sedated but it's not working properly.

“Governance reviews are like the graveyard of student politicians. ... They're useful, and they tell you some important things, but the process of actually doing is extremely painful. It's like getting circumcised without anaesthesia, and I've done that, so I know.”

This is making me really uncomfortable, so let's move on to the next question. How many OUSA sex scandals have there been under your watch?

None. I haven't had sex while I've been President. I can't think of anyone who's had sex this year. With each other, that is. On the Executive.

Who is the most interesting person to insult you this year and what did they say about you?

There was that guy who called me "Hitler" Hernandez earlier in the year because he couldn't buy a ticket to Netsky. Okay, officially not allowing people to buy tickets to a popular Belgian act is like committing genocide against six million Jews.

OUSA election stock has been hitting the top of iPredict's most-traded list. How would you rank this in the canon of great OUSA moments?

It's probably the best thing that's ever happened – after all the things that I've done. It's given us profile all over the country, and it's given us the chance to engage in rampant insider speculation. Why do you think I do all those Facebook posts, Sam? Because I'm bored? No, it's because I have stocks on iPredict. Every time I do one of those posts the market moves in the direction I want it to move. I don't just do it because I'm bored, I do it because I'm getting money out of it. Who do you think asked iPredict to put those stocks there? Why do you think that person asked for those stocks to be placed there?

This is all on the record.

I'm taking the piss, by the way. That's also on the record, so you have to print that.

Interviews can be abridged. How long do you think it will be until you end up on the back bench of a Labour opposition?

Well, I think you have to consider the fact that I'm focused on serving my constituents. I don't have any other plans other than to be a good councillor if I do get elected, or be a good NZUSA president if I get that job, or be a good priest I become a priest.

I'm not the sort of person who, like, goes along with a plan, you know, just wanting to be a back-bench MP. It's not like that; I just want to serve the people. I'm not just using the positions I've gained as some sort of ladder to advance myself. That would be wrong. But by 2020 would be my guess, if I were that sort of person. Which I'm not.

Shoot, shag, or marry – Logan Edgar, Zac Gawn, Ryan Edgar?

I'd probably shag Ryan. I'd shoot Zac. I'd marry Logan, because Logan and I have a constructive partnership. I'm most familiar with him and I understand him the most as a person. Ryan is probably the most attractive out of all of them. I'm not gay, but objectively speaking, he is the most attractive out of the three of them. And I'd shoot Zac because I have iPredict stock and I'm betting against him, so if he dies that stock gets voided and Ruby gets elected. It's nothing personal, it's just money.

LA DE DA PRESENTS

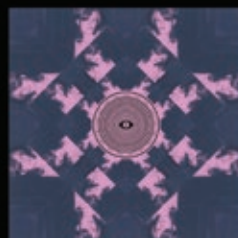
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ALBUM OUT NOW!

Thanks for an epic year!

Keep an eye out for the 2014 Orientation line up!

Strapped for cash?

The OUSA Recreation Centre are looking for talented tutors to teach in the 2014 recreation programme. If you have a specific qualification or talent then we want to hear from you.

For more information email michaela@ousa.org.nz

OUSA Recreation Exam Specials!

Half price casual squash court hire for students from Mon 14th Oct until Friday 25th October – just \$2.50 for a one hour session. Contact the Recreation Centre to book 479 5960

Need a sauna? Two for price of one saunas for students from Monday 14th Oct until Friday 25th October (two students for \$4). This will apply to 'open' sessions only not to private saunas.

The Centre's last day of opening will be Friday 25th October due to the renovations.

Last Week to Vote in the Local Body Elections!

Do you need a special vote?!

The hard working team down at the DCC have helped get the returning officer all set up to help you get voting in the local body elections. If you haven't enrolled OR if your papers haven't turned up then get your A into G and get a special voting pack sorted out by phoning 477 4000 and asking for the special votes desk. **Final voting is 12th October.**

\$12 Airport Shuttles!

Keep your eyes peeled for the www.studentshuttles.co.nz launch! We'll be running OUSA Airport Shuttles from October 11th – November 11th from two pick up points; in the North East Valley and from outside the OUSA main office on the one way. All bookings must be done online!

Need some mental relief?

OUSA is helping out with Mental health awareness week. Check out the events we have going on:

- **Mental Illness and You;** a talk by frontline mental health practitioners Jodie Black & Grant Ritchie. 4pm Thursday 10th – Burns 2

- **PUPPY ROOM;** Thursday 10th – Limited space so email welfare@ousa.org.nz if you want to book a "Spot"

- **Info Stall & FREE HUGS;** All day Thursday, OUSA Market Day

- **Fun Run for Mental Health;** gold coin donation, spot prizes, free BBQ! 10.30am, Saturday 12th – Ravensborne cycleway

President's Column

It's sayonara from me folks!

This is my last column of the year. Riding off into the sunset of either the Dunedin City Council, New Zealand Union of Students' Associations or entering a seminary to become a priest or perhaps visiting WINZ to join the 'jobseekers benefit' line.

It has been my highest honour and my most fondest privilege to serve the student body.

I won't be remembered as the most charismatic OUSA President.

Or the most scarfie.

Or the most popular.

Or even the most competent or intelligent.

I don't care about that.

What I do care about is that the things that I've accomplished carry on, especially, the Memorandum of Understanding with the Dunedin City Council, \$12 Airport Shuttles, \$5 Dinners and Free breakfasts.

I ran for OUSA President because I had a clear vision of what I wanted to promote and what I wanted the OUSA to become.

I wanted an OUSA that was relevant, engaged, and provided whatever support students wanted and needed.

We got part-way there but there's still a while to go. I wish whoever my predecessor is the best of luck in dealing with the challenges and opportunities ahead.

I want to thank all the OUSA staff and executives who helped me get there. Special thanks to AJ and Luci who helped make me sound and look good, and Donna Jones and Darel Hall for being there to support me through my three years of student politics. I would run out of space to thank everyone, but I really appreciate all the OUSA staff who are the heart and soul of this organisation.

Finally, a fond thank you to you the student body. I am who I am today because of you. You've changed my life and helped me become the person I am today. Wherever I go in life, it's because those 9 people who were the difference between me getting on the executive all the way back in 2010.

Your vote does count people. Make sure to have your say in this year's DCC elections by popping along to the DCC Offices next to the Dunedin City Libraries. You've got until this Friday 11th of October to get it sorted. Check out Critic's guide of who the most student friendly candidates are, and make sure that you get the city you want by having YOUR voice heard.

It's been real guys and gals, thank you.



Francisco Hernandez,

Your OUSA President and Future Dunedin City Councillor/NZUSA President/Seminararian/Unemployed/McDonalds Worker.

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Te Whare Wānanga o Otago
NEW ZEALAND

COMPUTER SCIENCE OPENS THE DOOR TO YOUR FUTURE

“I’m really grateful I studied computer science at Otago, as it gave me a solid grounding in algorithms, databases and coding and it taught me principles I use in my work every day.”

*Anar Khan: Bioinformatics
Computer Science graduate*

Anar’s aversion to lab work during a Biochemistry degree spurred her to get into Bioinformatics. She undertook a Diploma for Graduates in Computer Science then did a MSc (Biotechnology) degree based in the Computer Science Department. Before finishing her MSc she was approached by AgResearch and since then has been working as a bioinformatician at Invermay in Mosgiel

**Like Anar, you too can open the door
to an amazing career.**

