

THE "SUMMER" ISSUE

Issue 01 – 28th Feb 2011



Tips for surviving first year

Interview with the PM

Jim Flynn & the Torchlight List

The news stories you missed



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Critic is a member of the Aotearoa Student Press Association (ASPA). Disclaimer: the views presented within this publication do not necessarily represent the views of the Editor, Planet Media, or OUSA. Press Council: people with a complaint against a newspaper should first complain in writing to the Editor and then, if not satisfied with the response, complain to the Press Council. Complaints should be addressed to the Secretary, PO Box 10-879 The Terrace, Wellington.

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oh hi there



I'm Julia, the editor of Critic for 2011. Welcome to issue one, the "summer" issue.

Critic is the student magazine of Otago University, and was established way back in 1925 as a way to keep the uni in check. Since then, Critic has widened its scope, and now attempts to prevent the uni, OUSA, ODT and other pockets of corruption from pulling the wool over students' eyes. When that gets too hard, Critic falls back on the lowest forms of wit: sarcasm and liberal use of "cunt" and "fuck".

This issue fulfils its expletive quota, but also makes some pretty good reading (or at least, we like to think it does). Charlotte Greenfield interviews notoriously intelligent Jim Flynn about his latest book and the importance of literature (pg 28). Phoebe Harrop updates you on the most important (read: most interesting) news stories that happened over summer (pg 26), and Josh Hercus offers some helpful advice to wide-eyed freshers trying to find their footing in scarfie-land (pg 20).

Keep reading, and you'll find an all new line-up of columnists (pg 33 onwards), discussing topics that are almost exclusively sex, drugs and politics. Oops.

In our review section, Sam Valentine reviews the Melvins (pg 44), Niki Lomax makes brownies (pg 54), Jen Aitken goes to *The Wonder of Sex* (page 52), and Alec Dawson offers his take on the much discussed *Black Swan* (pg 47). A super cool newcomer to the review section is our fashion page (pg 53) edited by the lovely Mahoney Turnbull, featuring stylish students and trends to watch (or avoid as the case may be).

It seems impossible to finish without noting the tragic earthquake that occurred in Christchurch last week. As easy as it was to dismiss Key's lipping claim that the event was likely to be New Zealand's "darkest day", perhaps he was right after all (more on Key on page 22). From our safe distance 5 hours away, it seems impossible that friends and family are really struggling for water and are still without electricity. Without getting all sentimental on yo' ass, the outpouring of support has been really amazing, and on page 12, we cover the ways you too can help the victims of the earthquake.

Despite the positive support, the media coverage often verged on what one person aptly termed "disaster porn". Cameras followed traumatised and bloody survivors as they sought a moment of solitude. Interviews were conducted with people so shaken they were barely aware of where they were, let alone what they were saying. Microphones were thrust into the faces of officials, demanding a body count. And then, once the media's lust for blood was satisfied, suddenly all anyone wanted to know was whether the earthquake would affect the Rugby World Cup. That FUCKING world cup.

Anyway, we hope you all enjoy this issue. Comments, criticism, complements- send them our way!

Have a great first week of semester,

Julia Hollingsworth

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Letter of the Week

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



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WHERE THE FUCK IS MGMT?

Dear Critic,

Why is Orientation such a pile of banal, pandering, tragic balls?

While it may be true that nobody likes freshers except freshers themselves (we were all there once, I'm not judging), their poor little impressionable brains still deserve something more than the repetitive strains of Kora and Kids of 88 to carry them through their first and formative days.

The true tragedy though: is there worse to come? A cursory survey of the history of O'weeks reveals a downward trend which, if it continues, is frightening indeed. The time to act, then, is nigh. So make some noise, have a bitch, write a letter, post a note, find someone who knows someone who knows someone who *might* listen and maybe, just *maybe*, we won't all feel the need to eat our own eyeballs next year when the line-up is announced.

My advice in the meantime? Go buy your Radio One 91Card; support the people who actually bring you some digestible musical sustenance.

Signed,

"Converse 'indie' party?" Are you shitting me?

IT'S THE START OF SOMETHING NEW

Dear Critic,

I have some news. Today I saw James Gluck at Clubs Day. I almost didn't recognise him, HE GOT A HAIRCUT. What can I say? R.I.P. to James Gluck's luscious locks but perhaps this is the start of a new chapter for the International Socialists. Is a haircut revolution beginning?

Yours truly,

Observant POLS Student

TERRIFYING. LOL.

To the public,

It appears the notorious male scarfie has yet again undergone a widespread and coordinated evolution. The past week has seen an invasion of

'E'-popping, faux-hipster scarfies, sporting low collar singlets/tees with drop-crotch jeans. Supplementary fashion items have included oversized caps (worn backwards or at an angle), faux-vintage black leather satchels, gold/silver chain necklaces and unbuttoned red plaid shirts.

Fortunately for the public, their movements are repetitive and predictable and thus are easily avoidable. They have already been swarming around Di Lusso and Metro bars by the Octagon as well as frequenting Velvet Burger and Slick Willy's on George Street. Note: anywhere with overpriced drinks and thumping bass on a Thursday, Friday or Saturday night is unsafe.

You have been warned,

Stefan

CUTE.

A sweaty poem

You see me baby,

Workin' my arms,

You see me baby,

Excreting my charms.

You always make me show my ID,

You pretend you don't recognise me,

I know what we have got is something great,

The way you look at me when I drop my weight.

I spend all day looking at my reflection,

I can't look at you or I'll get an erection,

I think about you while I bicep curl,

You're the one, Unipol Desk Girl.

From blue singlet guy

Notices

UNI HOCKEY CLUB TRIALS

Sat March 5, at the turf on Harbour Terrace. Women 2-4 p.m., Men 4-6 p.m. Get there early.

WELCOMING CHURCH SERVICE

Weds March 2, 7 p.m., in the University Union common room. All students are warmly invited to this gathering. For further info, contact Josh Eyre at 027 555 3766 or Greg Hughson (University Chaplain) at 479 8497. Organised by Otago Combined Christian Groups www.otagoccc.co.nz

FELLOWSHIP, PRAYER AND HOLY COMMUNION

Fri March 4, 1.00 p.m. - 1.30 p.m. (and every Friday) in the Upper Room Chaplaincy Lounge, upstairs in the University Union building. All welcome. Further info, contact Greg Hughson (see notice above).

HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR FRINGE?

Volunteer for the Dunedin Fringe Festival (March 17 to 27). We have roles in front of house, event assistance, promotions, admin and hospitality to suit your skills, preferences and availability. All we need is you! Expressions of interest and questions to Katie: volunteer@dunedinfringe.org.nz, phone: 03 477 3350 or come to our information session Thursday March 3, 5.30 p.m. @ Allen Hall Theatre.

CALL FOR APPLICATIONS: DIVISION OF HUMANITIES PERFORMING ARTS FUND.

The Performing Arts Fund is aimed at fostering performance-based initiatives in the Arts by members of the University of Otago. For further info go to www.otago.ac.nz/humanities/policies or email: jane.gregory@otago.ac.nz. Closing date: 11 March 2011.

LETTERS POLICY

Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Wednesday 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.

Hard Life

The venom of the Brazilian wandering spider – also known as the banana spider – may be in demand for those weary Unicol boys after a big O-week getting to know their female hall-mates.

Humans bitten by the spider experience symptoms including priapism, a condition in which the penis is continually erect. The erection apparently lasts for hours, but is very painful. The spider’s bite can also cause a loss of muscle control, difficulty breathing, and death if not treated; those are less funny.

It’s apparently rare to die from being bitten by the massive creature though, and according to scientists, its venom may prove a valuable asset when it comes to treating erectile dysfunction in men. Move over Viagra...



Crack Report

Arnott’s Poppy and Sesame are like eating a cloud, but with a crunch. Needless to say, it would be a hail cloud, but one we all liked and stared at in wonder like a child with their tiny nose pressed against a sliding door. So far, these crackers are the best (though they are the first ones we’ve reviewed).

For years, poppies have been highly prized for many reasons. We all know how they help you party and these babies bring the party to your mouth. Add to that the plain Jane aspect of the sesame seeds, and you’re right in the thick of experiencing a librarian gone bad...and it tastes good.

There’s a good amount of poppy seed on them, but in case you’re retarded or a little desperate, we’re sorry to inform you that you won’t buzz out on them.

We recommend mixing them with a slice of Edam, and eating them upside down to improve salt and tongue contact. You can also eat them by themselves if you like the taste, or you’re obese. They’re not so good with Marmite although a spot of peanut butter is quite nice.

Unfortunately, these crackers don’t rate so highly on the stale test so keep the packet closed to get the full hit.

– Munchbox



Virile

An Indian man with thirty-nine wives has gone on record saying that he wouldn’t mind teeing up another lucky lady to bring his tally up to a nice round forty.

The man, who lives with his wives and their ninety-four offspring in a one hundred room mansion in a remote part of the Indian northeast, is part of a polygamist sect called the Chana. The family burns through 100 kilograms of rice a day, and the wives apparently take turns cooking, whilst the daughters clean the house. The men, meanwhile, do manly stuff like farming.

The patriarch was quoted as saying he had once married ten women in the space of a year and that he considers himself “lucky”. Critic speculates this is because he has a lot of sex.

Wassup

Critic asked Marc Ellis, arguably the most successful ex-scarfie, about his summer, his fav bands and what he loves to do while in little old Dunedin.

Hi, my name is Marc Ellis, **and I’m** trying to earn a crust. **In my spare time I like to kick back** with my wife and daughter and hang with mates and family. **This summer, I have gone to** Opito Bay on the East Coast, **eaten** crayfish, paua, scallops and snapper, **and seen** the sunset and waves crash. **I tell people my favourite band is** Katchafire, **although my guilty musical pleasure is** the Jewish Elvis – Neil Diamond. **My New Year’s resolution is** to make as much time for family as possible. **When I’m hanging in Dunedin, my favourite thing to do** is catch up with old friends and have a Poppa’s pizza and a cold Speights on tap.



10 percentage of the Russian government’s income that comes from the sale of vodka.

14 the number of hours gorillas sleep per day. About the same as the average Commerce student.

34 percentage of Anglican Priests that could name all Ten Commandments in a recent survey.

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Critic Arbitrarily Decides O-Week was Crap. Writes Article to that Effect.

The 2011 Orientation week has been a much reduced affair, with many students commenting that it has been perhaps the most subdued in recent memory.

The Christchurch earthquake has put a significant dampener on the week, especially given the large number of Otago students who originally hailed from the Canterbury region. In addition, the absence of both the traditional Toga Parade and 'Gardies' pub have left the week noticeably absent of scarfie misadventure. The cancellation of the Hall Sports Day further contributed to a slow week, and also left organisers pondering what to do with 3000 spare sausages. (*Critic* understands that a group of UniCol females volunteered to dispose of them.)

Despite these setbacks, however, the local bars seemed busy during the 'goldmine' week where all students, fresh back from their summer jobs, are keen to go 'Donald Trump' on the piss. Starter's Bar, along with new kid on the block, Malbas, hosted beer-pong tournaments as well as jelly wrestling and wet T-shirt contests in an attempt to attract the punters.

Critic went to print before the rugby game at Carisbrook on Friday night, but it is fairly safe to assume that a new generation of students will have learnt what a massive shithole the stadium is and how far it is to walk if you've missed the bus. *Critic* speculates that few students who watched the game remember what the score was and that some lucky UniCol lass probably became intimately acquainted with a second string Highlander.

In more academically related news, campus was overrun on Monday and Tuesday as scholars of all shapes and sizes attempted to complete their course approval forms. Many students who assumed this would be a simple process had their dreams shattered as they were sent back to collect a further indecipherable red scribble from a lecturer who had failed to initial some minor and unimportant change.

Apparently OUSA also ran some events. We didn't attend.

– **Lozz Holding**

Gangbang? Or Clusterfuck?

Former gang members have received assistance from the Dunedin City Council (DCC) to lease a flat situated in the student area on Dundas St.

Dunedin Mayor Dave Cull has confirmed that he helped arrange for the tenants – ex-Black Power members – to lease the council flat until May this year. Cull's decision to help the tenants, and his personal involvement in the matter, was criticised in a DCC public forum on February 9.

Property manager Tim Calder, the owner of a neighbouring flat, voiced his concerns at the forum that ex-gang members and their associates should not be living among students. He claimed that the move undermined the university's reputation and had prevented him from re-tenanting the neighbouring student flat. Tenants who had lived in the property last year had indicated they would stay on for 2011, but Calder claims they pulled out of the lease because of the new neighbours.

After the forum, Mayor Cull said that the tenancy had safeguards around it. He described the group as "some guys who have decided to

change their lifestyle and rehabilitate themselves with their families." Former mayor Peter Chin had previously mentored the tenants, a role which Cull had taken on upon being elected mayor last year. The flat is to serve as a "temporary new home at short notice to maintain their stability," according to Cull, as the tenants had been forced to leave their last flat when the landlord required it for personal use. The arrangement is temporary and the tenants will be out in May.

OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan assured *Critic* that the situation is well under control and the tenancy agreement likely to prevent any potential problems arising. Geoghegan urges students who may have concerns to contact OUSA, the Proctor or Campus Watch.

The Chairman of the Public Forum, Councilor Paul Hudson, said that Calder's concerns are to be investigated by staff.

– **Aimee Gulliver**

Students Swap Six Packs for Shovels to Help Earthquake Relief

Students from around the country have responded overwhelmingly to the destruction wrought by the February 22 Christchurch earthquake.

Members of the public are being urged not to travel to Christchurch but to instead donate money to the Red Cross that they otherwise would spend on travel. This is firstly as a safety precaution but also because Christchurch rescue volunteers are already using local resources to full capacity. Donations to the Red Cross can be made to volunteers with donation buckets around campus, the Examinations Office, or directly online at www.redcross.org.nz.

The University of Canterbury Students' Association (UCSA) has reignited the UC Student Volunteer Army that was heavily involved in the clean up after the September 4 earthquake. Last year students who whelped with shoveling and labour work provided valuable relief to troubled residents. Clearing rubble, debris and mess left over from liquefaction around residential areas made a tremendous difference to the overall clean up of the original quake.

This year, the Student Army is back into action already, sending out 500 students with shovels, wheelbarrows, gloves and raincoats to get to work. The UCSA is asking those that missed out on labouring spots to lend their support via the donation of money or resources such as tools, food and drinking water to both residents and student volunteers.

The UC Student Volunteer Fund is taking donations via the Te Wai Pounamu Foundation account: 03 1354 02386 86 (registered charity cc41918). Students are also encouraged to send an e-mail to studentvolunteerarmy@gmail.com so they can keep track of donations, or to let them know of any other way you can help.

Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) along with the Society of Otago University Law Students (SOULS) have been making it easy for students to donate to collectors around campus. Donations will be used to help send food and resources up to Christchurch as well as going directly to the Red Cross. At the time of print, it is advised that nobody travels to Christchurch. However, those who would like to sign up to volunteer can fill out the form at: <http://ousahelp.wufoo.com/forms/earthquake-relief-dunedin-volunteers> and will be informed what needs doing and how to help.

OUSA are sending vans and a truck with supplies up to the Garden City to help the UC Student Volunteer Army. They are also lending a caravan to Westpac to be used as temporary accommodation or a mobile banking unit.

Additionally OUSA's services are always available to students needing support. Anyone who is distressed is advised to go to either the Student Support Centre at 5 Ethel Benjamin Place behind the Clubs and Socs building or the Chaplaincy team.

– *Lozz Holding*

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Semester 2, 2011

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Te Tumu: School of Māori, Pacific & Indigenous Studies
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A christchurch building after last Tuesday's earthquake.

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Neil Collins: the man, the myth, the legend



Collins' treasured pic with superstar Johnny Cash. Courtesy of the ODT.

Earlier in the month the Otago Daily Times (ODT) ran a story stating that Dunedin City Councillor Neil Collins is "in a class of his own" when it comes to knowing big names in the entertainment industry. We liked the story so much we decided to write our own.

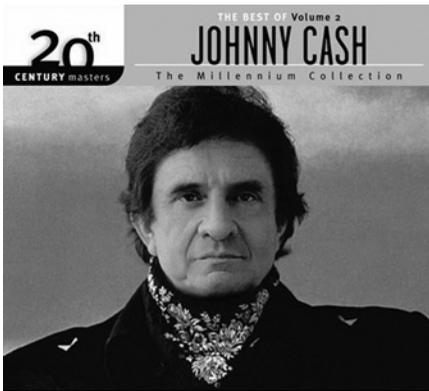
The esteemed publication detailed Collins' very memorable meetings with music legend Johnny Cash and included a "prized photo" provided by Collins of one such occasion. The photo in question bears more than a passing resemblance to the album cover of *The Best of Johnny Cash, Volume 2, Millennium Edition*, with the addition of Councillor Collins to the right of the star. Either that, or the picture with Collins was so fantastic that Cash decided to use it for the album cover and our own Councillor didn't quite make the cut...

Critic got in touch with Collins, who says he has "a hundred stories like that" and "a lot of them concern driving people back and forward from the airport."

Collins told the ODT that he was introduced to Cash as "a deejay from Noo Zealand", and that the experience made him think of how most people must feel when "meeting the Queen or the President". In an amazing coincidence this reporter has her own 'prized photo' of a meeting with the Queen and the President, see opposite.

Critic isn't sure whether Collins has a "prized photo" of each of the "hundreds" of celebrities he has met during his career as a radio and television broadcaster, but would at least like to commend him on his photoshopping skills.

– Aimee Gulliver



Strangely familiar CD cover, Johnny Cash's *Best of, Volume 2*.



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LUNA



Critic's very own news reporter Amy Gulliver on a chance meeting with the Queen and Barack Obama outside the cook. Gulliver says this sort of occurrence happens often. In fact, just last week, Gulliver says she met Justin Timberlake at Metro.

"I work with molecular biologists on research projects needing lots of computational data analysis. We try to discover features of DNA sequences which influence the phenotype of an organism – for example, whether a plant is beneficial to grazing animals."

Anar Khan, Computer Science graduate

Before finishing her MSc Anar was approached by AgResearch and since then she has worked as a bioinformatician at Invermay in Mosgiel.



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Alcohol Reform Bill

The Alcohol Reform Bill has entered the Select Committee phase, with over 650 written submissions to the Justice and Electoral Committee.

The Bill is the legislative response to the Law Commission report, *Alcohol in our Lives: Curbing the Harm*. It seeks to significantly amend the law governing the sale and consumption of alcohol in New Zealand, with several of the proposed changes likely to affect students and Dunedin alcohol vendors.

The most significant change mooted is increasing the purchase age to twenty for off-licence alcohol vendors, while maintaining the age limit of eighteen for on-licence sales. If passed into law this would effectively bar most first years from being able to purchase alcohol for consumption in the university colleges.

It would, however, likely benefit local pubs and bars, many of which have been struggling to survive. Last year the Gardens Tavern was sold to the University of Otago; prior to the sale the pub's owner stated that the current culture of binge drinking before going out to bars had made the Tavern unprofitable. The owners of the Captain Cook Tavern, meanwhile, adopted a cover charge on some nights of the week, saying that only around one in eight of those entering the pub were purchasing a drink.

Other changes proposed by the Bill are the adoption of national closing times for off and on licences. Off-licences would be restricted to selling alcohol between 7 a.m. and 11 p.m., whilst on-licences would only be allowed to be open between 8 a.m. and 4 a.m.

In presenting the Bill for its first reading in Parliament, Justice Minister Simon Power described the previous law change which reduced the drinking age to eighteen as a failed attempt to introduce a moderate 'European style' drinking culture. He stated that the Bill "zeroes in on alcohol-related harm, crime, disorder, and public health problems, especially where our young people are concerned".

Progressive Leader Jim Anderton, however, slammed the Bill, stating "the only reason I will vote for the Alcohol Reform Bill to be referred to a select committee is so that the government can experience the public's outrage at the abject weakness of its cringing approach to one of New Zealand's most significant social and economic problems and the damage that alcohol abuse causes to New Zealand and New Zealanders".

– *Gregor Whyte*

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There's lots more information regarding Student Health on our website www.otago.ac.nz/studenthealth/

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 Wednesday: 9.30am - 6.00pm. Friday: 8.30am - 5.00pm.
 During non-semester, we close at 5.00pm daily.



New Vice-Chancellor Announced

Deputy Vice-Chancellor Professor Harlene Hayne is to replace Sir Professor David Skegg as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Otago. Professor Hayne, a noted psychology researcher, will become the first female Vice-Chancellor of a New Zealand university when she takes over the role in July.

Professor Hayne studied for her BA at Colorado College in 1983 and then received her MS (1985) and PhD (1988) from Rutgers University in New Jersey. In 1992 she immigrated to New Zealand where she joined the University of Otago as a lecturer. She was appointed a professor in 2002.

– Gregor Whyte

Toastmasters

The Scarfies Speechcraft Club is offering students the opportunity to improve their speaking skills and develop their leadership experience in 2011, for periods of ten weeks each semester.

A demonstration meeting is being held in Room 101, 665 Cumberland St on March

8 from 5-7 p.m., and the starting date for the Semester One programme is March 15. Further information is available at www.toastmasters.org.nz.

– Aimee Gulliver

An Exec Member Got Laid

Critic this week can exclusively report that it has been offered a detailed breakdown of the sexual performance of a member of the 2011 OUSA Executive.

A disgruntled former lover offered the scoop to Critic for a mere \$20, and assured us that it would be worth every penny. The mole told Critic that the report would include a full examination of the relative strengths and weaknesses of the Execcie, coverage of positions, pet names, and weird sexual deviancies.

Critic declined to buy the report, however we speculate that speculation about the identity of the Exec member will be rife. To be honest, we were just surprised that any of the Exec have had sex.

– Staff Reporter

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Bouncing off the Halls

This last week has marked the influx of 2011's freshers. Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, this lot stand out like a sore thumb as they wander aimlessly around campus in the clean, expensive clothes that mummy bought them before they left the nest. The annual rash of deliciously awkward conversation can also be heard ringing throughout all twelve of the colleges: "Hi, what's your name?" "Oh, whereabouts are you from?" "Ashburton...how interesting" "What are you studying?" "Tourism aye. That makes a lot of sense".

The awkwardness has apparently not lasted long in Knox, however, where stunned second year students have been getting more than they bargained for when waking first years early in the morning for inductions. Eyewitness reports state that first year dorms have seen what can only be described as 'vigorous intra-floor mating'.

Indeed, nudity has not been restricted to the bedrooms. One second year Knoxian stole the show when he obliged the Monkey Bar DJ's request to remove his clothes. He then proceeded to 'make-out' with a fortunate female as the stunned onlookers could do little more than gawk at this incredible display of courtship.

One poor Selwyn girl may be feeling a bit uneasy following recent events that took place inside her room. Unlike in Knox, this involved her room being intruded by someone of the same gender. The alleged sleep-walking offender may have been struggling to 'orientate' her way around Dunedin when she mistook the victim's room for the floor's bathroom. The sloppy offender proceeded to drop her daks and use the victim's defenceless office chair as a toilet. I hope she washed her hands.

Somewhere in the foothills of the Himalayas the Aquinas kids have been mostly behaving themselves. The same cannot be said for their guests. One visiting member of the public decided that the hall's aesthetics did not meet an acceptable standard. Showing considerable prowess, this mad snake attempted his own redecoration work on the hall's exterior, projectile vomiting all over the outside of Aquinas while hanging out the second floor. Although the gentleman stressed that the hall had no need to thank him, they felt they had to and sent him on his way with a shiny new trespass order. There's just no pleasing some people.

– **Lozz Holding**

(CHRONICLES OF CASTLE

Even though O-week has not yet started, pre O-week has seen plenty of action on Castle Street, with the typical abuse of flats, livers and police well underway. The main focus, however, has been renovations and so this week *Chronicles of Castle* takes on a flat-makeover theme.

With first year flatters getting a bit excited now that they are away from the watchful eyes of mummy and daddy or the fun sponges in the halls, couch fires have been abundant. One particular six-man flat has already 'got beef' with each other: after a bit too much bourbon, one of the flatmates went ahead with renovations without consulting the others. The television, Grandma's coffee table, and numerous windows were just a few of the items destroyed. Another flatmate,

who wasn't too pleased about his grandma's coffee table being broken, turned up halfway through the rampage, went all Sonny Bill and knocked the troublesome tyrant out.

Another flat engaged in the age-old Dunedin game of 'fire pussy', which involves the flatmates sitting in a room in their flat (normally the lounge) and lighting a fire on the ground or preferably carpet. It then becomes a battle of egos, with the first flatmate to attempt to put out the fire branded 'fire pussy'. This particular flat were obviously a stubborn bunch as they managed to destroy half of their lounge and keep their egos intact, as it was the fire brigade who finally put out the fire. When asked by the police how the fire started, one simple flatmate, who has obviously had too much smoke inhalation

in his time, said, "I was just stubbing out my doobie and the next thing half the lounge was on fire". A rematch has been scheduled later in the year to settle the bickering over who is the dreaded 'fire pussy'.

On a smaller and less expensive scale, another flat decided to paint the walls and do a little recarpeting. However, being on a tight budget, they were forced to improvise. Playing tennis with light bulbs and spraying the walls with chocolate milk has given the flat a musty aroma, which isn't exactly helped by the Dunedin sun.

Most Castle Street residents arrive in the next couple of days and, with a stunning lineup of flat parties in O-week, be ready for more carnage on Castle.

– **Sam Reynolds**

Your Exec – Who They Are and What They Do

Critic knows that none of you, with the possible exception of the actual people on it, know what the Otago University Students' Association (OUSA) Executive does, so we've decided to quickly break down for you what they do.

The OUSA is run by an executive made up of ten elected representatives. Each representative has two sides to their role; governing OUSA as an organization and managing their individual portfolio. The portfolios of 2011's newly structured Executive range from Education to Recreation. Many of the positions are also significantly supported by committees, for example the remnants of the Women's Representative and Queer Representative under the former Executive structure are now looked after by specific committee members under the Welfare Representative.

The Executive is also responsible for communication with the university on behalf of students. Members of the Executive sit on many university committees to represent students' views.

The running of events such as Orientation and supporting Clubs and Socs are also the responsibility of the OUSA Executive.

President Harriet Geoghegan urges students with anything to discuss to "check the website and contact an Exec member, we'd love to hear from you".

Your 2011 OUSA is:

- President:** Harriet Geoghegan
- Administrative VP:** Brad Russel
- Finance and Services Officer:** Daniel Stride
- Welfare Officer:** Shonelle Eastwood
- Education Officer:** Katherine Reid
- International:** MIA
- Post Graduate Rep:** AWOL
- Campaigns:** Dan Beck
- Recreation:** Sarah Van Ballekom
- Colleges and Communications:** Francisco Hernandez

In a tenuously connected aside, *Critic* will meanwhile be anxiously awaiting the inevitable fireworks between Geoghegan and Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride. However, since nothing of note has happened yet we are entertaining ourselves with some tabloid-style speculative journalism. The pair have a considerable back history, with bitterness possibly lingering over the presidential race last year, where Geoghegan cruised to a victory over Stride but Stride secured the FSO role over a candidate backed by Geoghegan. Some observers have put the stained relationship between the two down to latent sexual tension, an allegation which *Critic* judiciously chooses not to investigate.

– Aimee Gulliver



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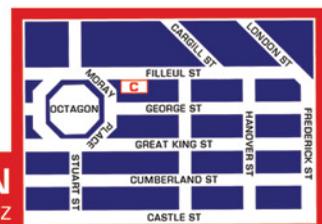
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Most Freshers look like confused puppies as they wander eagerly through campus, giggling loudly about getting OTP and the guy on their floor they pashed last night. It's the point when freshers still think that their law degree will make them successful, rather than drain their soul, and that doing Health Sci will make them a doctor. Here at *Critic*, we know it's tough moving to a new place, especially when everything's a Southern Gold Haze and you get fed dinner at 5 p.m. Luckily, strangely coherent ex-scarfie **Josh Hercus** answers all the questions you need to know to help you survive in the hall and beyond.

Q: *What is there to do around here?*

A: Drink, have sex and Facebook stalk. You're in Dunedin, not Disneyland.

Q: *Is the workload going to be super hard in first year?*

A: No. Unless you're doing a limited entry course. First year isn't going to be like NCEA where you can re-sit your critical assessment of *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* as many times as you like. That being said, as long as you're not too stupid/lazy, first year shouldn't cause you that many issues.

Q: *What is up with the weather here? It changes five times a day!*

A: The weather in Dunedin changes faster than Tiger Woods changes sexual partners. It's just as sneaky as he is too. In the morning you'll go to a lecture with the sun shining and not a cloud in the sky. When

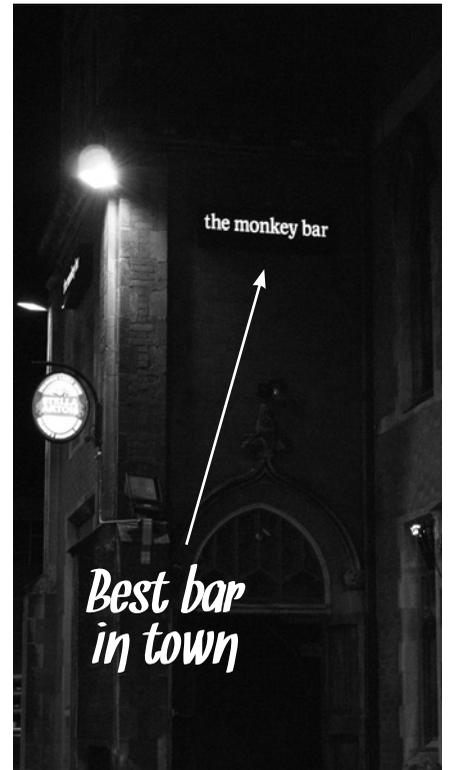
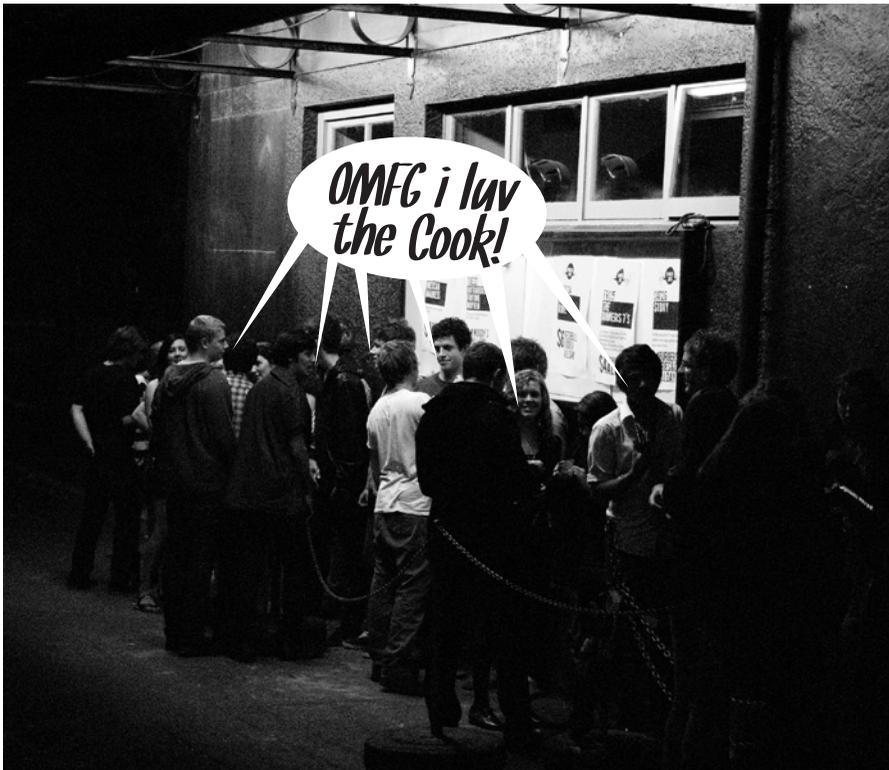
you emerge an hour later, you'll be greeted with more precipitation than a fatty in a sauna. Get used to it since this is the 'good' weather before winter hits...

Q: *Is it ok to sleep with people from my hall?*

A: Of course! Screwing the crew is a bit more risky in a flatting situation but if you're in a hall go nuts. Let alcohol act as social lubricant and sleep with as many people as you can – it's the New Zealand way. Godspeed sex beast!

Q: *Where are some good places to go in town?*

A: Because you're new here, I'll let you in on a little secret. Monkey Bar and the Captain Cook Tavern are by far the best bars in Dunedin! As a fresher, you have no reason whatsoever to venture any further out than Monkey Bar. They're just that good. If anyone tells you to go to the Octagon, don't have a bar of it. It's a trick all the older students tell the freshers.



Q: *Why am I so annoying?*

A: That's a fantastic question. It can probably be attributed to your juvenile ignorance of most things, your inability to handle your alcohol in any shape or form and your disposition towards talking about mindless boring shit as loudly as possible. Others argue that it's just your stupid little dorky faces.

Q: *What is the 'Fresher Five'?*

A: It's a slang term for how much fatter you're going to get. In kilograms of course. There's no way to stop it. The combination of intense drinking, large portions of hall food and no mummy or daddy to keep you in line means it is inevitable that you're going to put on some pudge. Embrace it! After all – it just means that there's more of you to love, right?

Q: *Where do I go to burn couches/have a casual riot?*

A: You've arrived a bit late for that, young delinquent. The Undie 500 is long gone and trying to burn a couch will get you rapidly kicked out of uni. If you wanted to come to uni just to have a riot, might I suggest you enrol in the University of Cairo. They have regular stone throwing competitions and mass group sing-a-longs. I think there's, like, a revolution or something going on too?

Q: *How do I become a scarfie?*

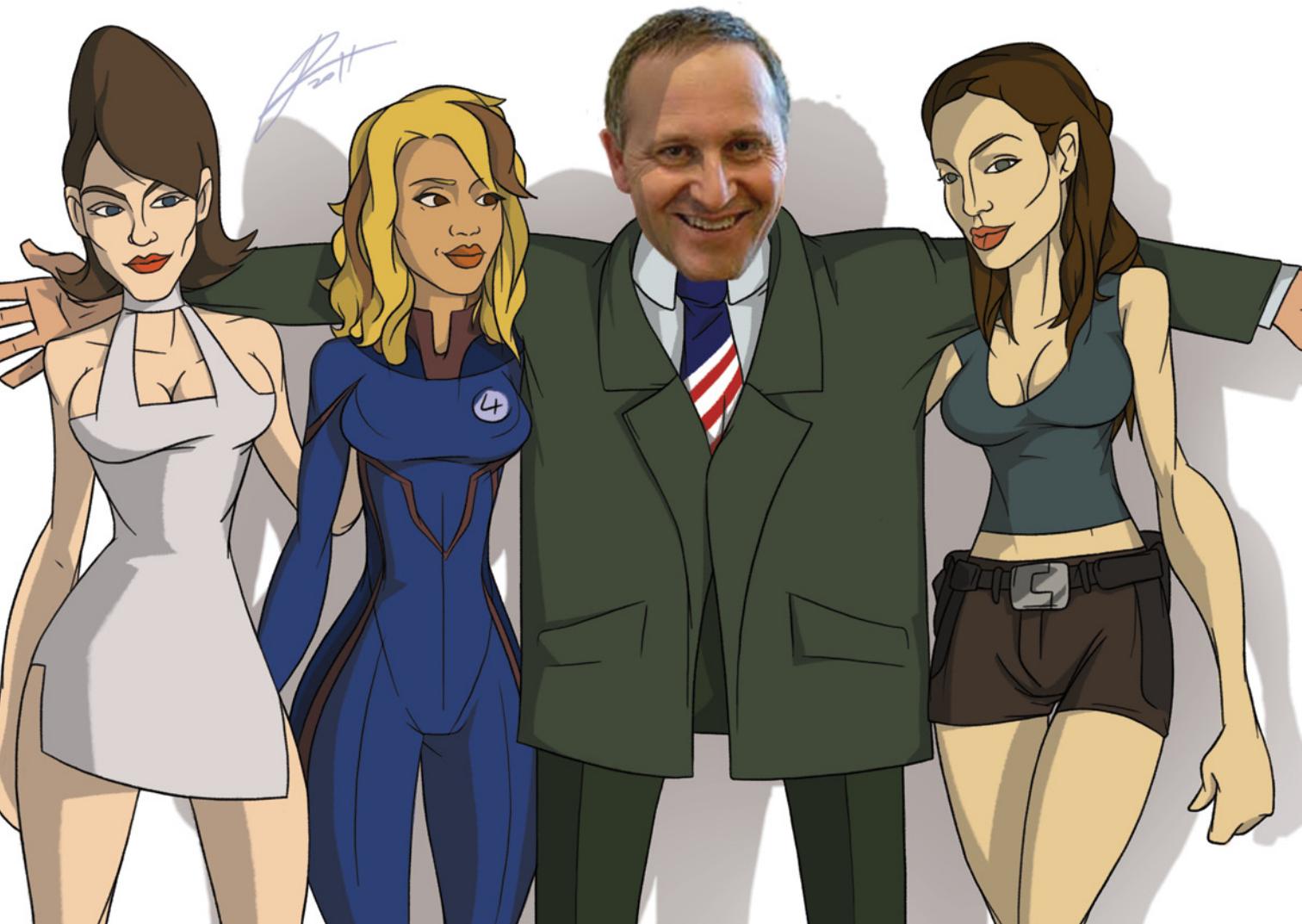
A: The dress code is stubbies, jandals and a wife-beater shirt. But being a scarfie isn't just an image – it's a way of life. You want to study something useless, like marketing, and make sure you don't get higher than a C because you have far more important things to

do. Like drinking a shitload of piss! When I say 'a shitload of piss', I mean, even more than grandpa drinks on Christmas day. Drink it as fast as humanly possible and always remember to yell like it's an emergency when you talk, cause fuck it, needing another beer is an emergency, right? To top it off you need to cause as much damage as possible. Just absolutely fuck the place up and smash your bottles everywhere. Most importantly, sleep with as many members of the opposite sex as you can.

Q: *What should I do if I get homesick?*

A: Harden the fuck up you pussy! Rather than crying in your room and singing about your feelings, why don't you go out and get wasted and find yourself some raunchy lady-friend? It doesn't matter if you're a girl, go and try something new!

IT'S WHAT
he
Didn't
say



Recently, **Georgie Fenwicke** was set the ambitious task of interrogating John Key on his leadership style, election plans and policies for students. Key turned out to be as evasive as any head of state should be, and thus what follows is compelling both for what he actually said, and what he carefully left out.

It's what John Key didn't say when I interviewed him two weeks ago that reveals the most about our Prime Minister's leadership style and hold on political power. Truth be told, I didn't *speak* to him at all, his jam-packed schedule being what it was in January meant that there was little time for an interview with me. Instead, I submitted questions by email and received a written reply some time later. The answers, as you will note, have largely been said and read before, but do take heed:

this in itself is a telling sign that the man with a plan is on track to put the election in the can.

Now well into February, the National Party is firmly in control of the political narrative. Like a good affirmative debating team, they have defined the moot, outlined the agenda and left the negating team(s) with nothing but the details to discuss among themselves.

In his Statement to Parliament, Key outlined two goals: "we will build the foundations for a stronger economy and build better results from the public services New Zealanders rely on". He stressed the harsh economic conditions in which we now operate and the need for a fundamental shift in the way we operate financially on both a personal and national level. Introducing mixed public-private ownership structures into State Owned Enterprises, increasing exports, building infrastructure and reducing the costs of doing business are all essential to a stronger economy; while better results from the public sector will be achieved under Bauhaus's minimalist dictum – less is more.

An increased focus on vulnerable children is being undertaken alongside sweeping changes/cuts to welfare reform in the areas of education, housing, health and law and order. In much the same vein that Key was able to push the New Zealand First Party onto Labour's negotiation table, the National Party will place greater "trust" and onus on the public and the public service while limiting the resources they have to live with.

Like a good affirmative debating team, they have defined the moot, outlined the agenda and left the negating team(s) with nothing but the details to discuss among themselves.

Undoubtedly, Key and his National government will win out over the other parties at the November 26 elections, but why? Their ideas are nothing we haven't heard before; indeed many policies mirror Ruth Richardson's 1990/1 budget. In the "mother of all budgets", Richardson continued Labour's controversial economic policy with the further sale of SOE's,

the cutting of benefits and the introduction of student loans. I have it on Key's personal authority, however, that, "the government remains committed to interest-free student loans."

Key may be a new gun, but it is important to remember the party is largely made up of National Party stalwarts. Nevertheless, he is their fearsome leader and he has a plan. Indeed, when asked what impact "having a plan" had in achieving his own childhood dream of becoming Prime Minister, he replied, "I'm probably like a lot of people in that I find motivation in setting goals and working towards them...I believe it's

really important to have the self-discipline to work towards what you aspire to be, or want to achieve.”

As life imitates art, so too does National Party policy reflect Key's personal polemic. As a rather liberal, centre-right politician, he situates himself as a bipartisan man of the people: “what drives me is implementing ideas which will work for New Zealanders – I'm not beholden to a certain ideology.” But how much of this is true? Certainly he is not a typical professional politician, having told the *New Zealand Herald* in January that he would be unlikely return to parliament if the National Party was not re-elected. He explained this saying, “I'm not a negative person and a lot of Opposition is negative. I also believe New Zealanders want me here to make a contribution, and the best place for me to do that is as Prime Minister.” That said, the connection between his own vision for New Zealand and the strategy being implemented by the current government is inseparable. Efficiency, the economy and its continuing future are his focal points.

“I want to contribute to a successful New Zealand. To me, that means ensuring every New Zealander has the best start in life and the opportunities to achieve their potential”. It's here that the National Party dictum of personal responsibility mixes with Key's own practicality. He observes that while free and equal, New Zealand society is not wholly equitable. There are some whose needs are greater than others, but only by targeted action towards the youth of New Zealand can an effective sea change be achieved. In economic terms, adults are the sunken costs of New Zealand society, the retrospective or past costs that have already been incurred and cannot be recovered. Certainly, that's not to say they won't and don't contribute but they are too entrenched in their own job security or welfare payments to commit to changing their lifestyles in any major way. Being on a benefit is a lifestyle choice, just as is running your own business and it has been said “if one budgets properly, one can pay one's bills”. The onus of personal responsibility is on the older generation; National has undertaken to remodel the environment in which the young will grow up. In the past three years, for instance, there has been a move away from funding adult education programmes towards early childhood initiatives. Tellingly, the funding for universities has been capped and entry made competitive.

“If New Zealand is going to capitalise on opportunities, we need to make sure New Zealanders are well-equipped to prosper in the global marketplace...That's why we're investing in early childhood education to get more preschoolers into education at a young age, and introducing National Standards”. Personal accountability, no matter

what background one comes from, is the end-game, and increasing funding to services that advance the young the means of attaining that goal. Even though Key admits that “everyone has a different definition of power”, he says “I think if you're in a position of power, it's vital you scrutinise your decisions and hold yourself accountable to extremely high standards”.

“I'm not a negative person and a lot of Opposition is negative. I also believe New Zealanders want me here to make a contribution, and the best place for me to do that is as Prime Minister.”

Unlike Helen Clark who micromanaged her way through four terms in power knowing everything and anything about each cabinet portfolio, Key is more content to oversee. Think of the delegation of *The Hobbit* negotiations to Economic Development Minister Gerry Brownlee or the speed with which Rodney Hide forced through the plans to combine the Auckland councils into one big Supercity. “Get it done and get it done now” is Key's mantra, we have other things to do. In this, he is thinking long term. “I don't think the main issue is going to be a shortage of capital in the future but more where this capital is invested and whether New Zealanders can save more of it themselves”.

One path to New Zealand's future success lies in innovation. When asked what areas particularly excite him, Key replied “at the moment, I'm particularly interested in the projects being co-funded through the government's Primary Growth Partnership. One of the projects is a partnership with Silver Fern Farms, PGG Wrightson and Landcorp Farming to transform the meat sector, from genetics through to processing and market analysis”. Key also points to the Global Research Alliance, launched last year, as central to reducing our environmental footprint. Equally, “the future for New Zealand lies in exporting more.” Free trade negotiations with America, Russia, India and South Korea are underway at the moment in the hope that the positive returns of the 2008 China FTA can be reproduced with similar partnerships.

John Key is a man who prefers Weetbix over Nutrigrain, but will not say whether he favours the All Blacks or the All Whites - “never pick between children!”. His favourite author is John Grisham and his most admired New Zealand Business person, Graham Hart.

According to Key, the currency to watch over the next decade is the Chinese yuan. In all likelihood, he is the man who will continue to lead New Zealand through a second term of the National government as they continue on their path to reduce the budget deficit, reform the justice system and come to an arrangement regarding the foreshore and seabed legislation. Going into election year, however, begs the question: as the orchestrator of National Party policy, can and does Key take advice or is it largely his own vision being implemented? How much time does he actually spend at his Helensville electorate? What about the leaky homes? And perhaps most importantly, where are the jobs?

“Get it done and get it done now” is Key's mantra.



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I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER...

A is for **Apocalypse Now in Australia:** summer saw floods, cyclones, drought and horrendous cricket performances form a dark cloud over the Lucky Country. You might earn a bit more across the ditch, but with Mother Nature venting her wrath there in numerous creative ways, it hardly seems worth it.



D is for **Diet Doesn't Matter:** Catherine Reddock has reached the ripe old age of one hundred on a diet of a daily cheeseburger from the Matamata Maccas. Catherine, affectionately known as Cat, has enjoyed a cheeseburger and hot chocolate for lunch every day since 1988. She follows up her Saturday lunch with a trip to the TAB.



I is for **Insufferable twat, Justin Bieber:** Not content with being a mere teen idol, Bieber has taken it upon himself to educate the masses on the horrors of abortion. According to Beibz, abortion is "like killing a baby". Ok, VIRGIN.

J is for **John Key:** not only does he fancy Liz Hurley and mince down the runway like a drag queen; www.stuff.co.nz also revealed that Uncle John is afraid of mice and calls his wife Bing Bing. See page 22 for more details.

K is for **Kate Middleton:** Kate and Wills finally got engaged after giving *Woman's Weekly* eight years of front-page speculation fodder. Get your souvenir tea towels now in time for the April wedding.

E is for **Election:** November 26th, in case you didn't know.

G is for **Granny Patrol:** hitting headlines this summer was a brazen British grandmother who foiled a robbery attempt at her local jewellers by clobbering the would-be thieves with her shopping bag.

L is for **Love-bite:** in January a forty-four year-old Maori woman was so severely hickeyed that she suffered a minor stroke. OMG, *Twilight* is real.

B is for **Beatles Studies:** ditch the BCom and do something really, really useful: this summer the first student graduated in Beatles Studies from Liverpool Hope University. No doubt she's twisting and shouting about it.

C is for **Climate Change:** as most people know, with the exception of several people in my Year 11 English class, while 'tis summer in Aotearoa, the northern hemisphere experiences winter. And what a winter it has been: at one point all fifty states in America were hit by snow. There were blizzards in Chicago and snow-choked runways meant Londoners were subjected to extensive delays and stale mince pies. The scapegoat of choice? Climate change of course.

F is for **Fish on Flesh:** in a bold and unexpected move, the African National Congress party of South Africa recently declared that eating sushi off the body of a model is politically incorrect, as well as "defamatory, insensitive and undermining of woman's integrity". Thank goodness that's been cleared up.

H is for Hone Harawira: going too far, ending up in tears and polarising Maori party supporters.



M is for **Mile-High Club:** Air New Zealand's newest plane to fly this summer has one very snugly feature: a 'sky couch' enabling two spooning lovebirds to lie down at 30,000 feet for the price of three economy class seats. Mile-High Club membership rates are set to soar.

If the extent of your summer current events knowledge came from: a) doing the occasional Stuff quiz; b) checking the Facebook statuses of your socially-conscious friends; or c) reading the ODT; then this alphabet of Important Summer Happenings, compiled by news-savvy **Phoebe Harrop**, will bring you up to speed.

N is for **New Year's Honours**: worthy recipients included the Dame Alison Holst, the mother of New Zealand cookery, soccer gurus Ryan Nelsen and Ricki Herbert, and our very own answer to Tiger Woods, Sir Bob Charles.

O is for **Otago Peninsula**: which somehow made it into CNN's top ten places to propose on Valentine's Day. Apparently the mating wildlife inspire romance.



S is for **Superbowl**: won by the Green Bay Packers. More notably though, Christina Aguilera had her life's most embarrassing moment when she screwed up the national anthem in front of a record 111 million viewers. Awkward.

U is for **Uppercut**: an Australian man was attacked by a crocodile while swimming at a Queensland holiday spot. He managed to evade life-threatening injuries by delivering a swift uppercut to the croc's snout. New national hero?



V is for **Visual Impairment**: this summer Paul the Octopus was replaced in the hearts of the world by another German critter, Heidi the cross-eyed opossum. She has 277,000 more Facebook friends than Phil Goff, which says it all really.

W is for **Whitehouse**: the Naked Cowboy, a New York busker who dresses only in a hat and underwear, announced last year that he plans to contest the 2012 US Presidential race. He will stand as a Republican candidate and might just trump Sarah Palin in the party-humiliation stakes. Maybe.

P is for **Piping Pensioner**: "I was in all faith trying to blow... but for whatever reason it wasn't working for me." So said a Hawkes Bay pensioner, who successfully convinced a District Court Judge that the years he had spent playing the bagpipes prevented him from being able to complete a breath test when pulled over by police.

Q is for **the Queen's Grand-daughter**: Zara Phillips, who is engaged to English rugby player Mike Tindall (Kate's ring is bigger).

R is for **Rioting in Egypt**: after serious riots in Cairo, President Mubarak finally admitted defeat and stepped down. More importantly, Frank Bunce ex-All-Black-therefore-New-Zealand-celebrity was briefly caught up in the drama before making it safely to London.

T is for **Transexual**: a new Thai airline has begun hiring transsexual 'ladyboys' as air hostesses. One new employee, who was crowned Thailand's most beautiful transvestite in 2007, said she felt they would need to work harder than other airline staff to prove themselves.

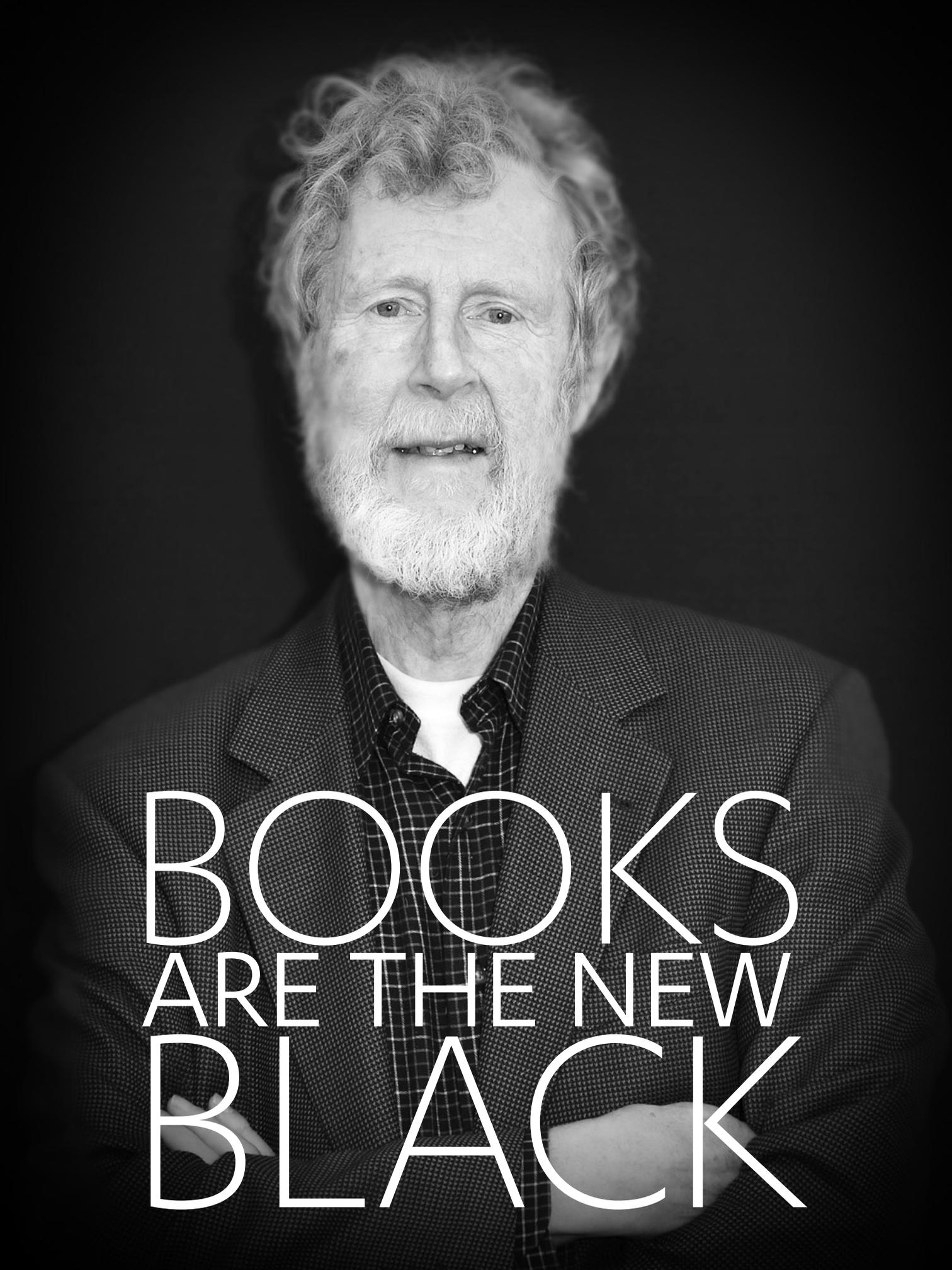


X is for **Xmas mayhem**: actually there wasn't any, but you try finding interesting news with x-related keywords.

Y is for **You were born this way**: don't be a drag, just be a queen.



Z is for **Zimbabwe**: in the run up to this year's elections, researchers in Zimbabwe discovered that around one third of registered voters are dead, while others are recorded as up to 120 years old. Obviously democracy is alive and well.



BOOKS
ARE THE NEW
BLACK

The demise of the hard copy book has been predicted by technophiles since the birth of the personal computer. After all, with surf the channel and youtube at our fingertips, who has the time to struggle through *Jane Eyre*, or, god forbid, Tolkein? **Charlotte Greenfield** talked to Politics lecturer turned literature promulgator Jim Flynn about his new book *The Torchlight List*, and why he thinks students should still read the classics.

Today we speak of iPods, digital TV, Google, Wikipedia and Toy Story 3D. There is an influx of new technology in the world and the new is beginning to jostle with the old. Groucho Marx said of television, "I find [it] to be very educating. Every time somebody turns on the set, I go in the other room and read a book." Admirable as this may sound, for most us television does not have the same effect. Add to it the babble of the internet, video games, films and radio and you might begin to wonder where this leaves literature.

Jim Flynn became concerned about this twenty years ago. "I gave a question on a POLS 101 final: 'give me Plato's theory of tyranny and apply to a twentieth century tyrant.' Only about one in ten of the students could even name a twentieth century tyrant."

Not even Hitler? "Not Hitler, not Stalin. A few could but sometimes they were fuzzy. They would put Stalin in Germany or Hitler in Italy. They were really at sea and I thought this has to stop."

So he wrote *The Torchlight List*, a book about other books, two hundred pieces of literature that he thinks you should seriously consider reading. As well as being the former head of Politics at Otago University, Flynn is considered a world expert on intelligence, and in particular on IQ tests. But the purpose of this book is not to raise your IQ. When asked by parents how to raise their children's IQs, Flynn's response is that "they should not aim at anything so trivial."

Nor is his agenda that of an English literature course. "Do they take every line and textually analyze it? Well I can't imagine anything that would kill your interest in English literature more than going line by line and saying some people think this refers to his cousin but other people think this refers to his sister and besides that it's just a metaphor for the futility of women trying to make their way in a man's world. By the time you're finished with the damn thing, you hate the book."

Literature can be a work of art, literature can make you smarter and literature can entertain you, but none of these are the sole aim of Flynn's list. "It had to have a dual criteria. A few things were too good to leave out, particularly comic novels. I say: read this, you just have to enjoy it, it may not educate you much...so every now and then I couldn't resist the temptation." Conversely he will happily admit that sometimes a novel included on the list "is not a great book. Sometimes they will be just too valuable in terms of their social insight. I couldn't star them. I would only star something that was very good or better and some of them were only pretty good." But his overarching intention is "to educate through literature."

Flynn talks of books as "windows on the world", a beautiful idea. With the proliferation of the internet, television and film, we have more options for viewing the world than ever. It may be natural that people read less because it is no longer the only vehicle to gain that view.

Flynn acknowledges that forms other than literature can indeed provide an insight on human-kind. “The arts can do it, though I despair of getting students to take an interest in visual arts from most parts of the world. I do mention some films [on the list]. But it’s surprising with how many students I know, the minute [a film] has subtitles, off it goes so again they are only getting a western perspective [on the world].”

As for video games, “probably some of them would help you become a London taxi driver, but I don’t think it’s important to play a game in which the purpose is to kill as many gnomes as you can in the minimum amount of time. And if we talk about the internet, it’s no good unless you know the questions to ask. If you know how to ask the internet about the Nigerian civil war, that will help, but if you don’t know what ever happened [in the first place], how are you going to ask it to bring up stuff on the Nigerian civil war?”

Flynn concludes that “certainly if you’re already educated, film, the internet, music, these things can be immensely useful, but I really think it’s easier to start that education with reading.”

It may be an easier starting point, but reading too has its limitations. In the literary tradition a ‘good book’ is usually one written by a European or an American or, if the author is not of that nationality will nonetheless have forsaken their national language for English. This is changing of course, but it is debatable whether it is changing fast enough to provide a comprehensive worldview.

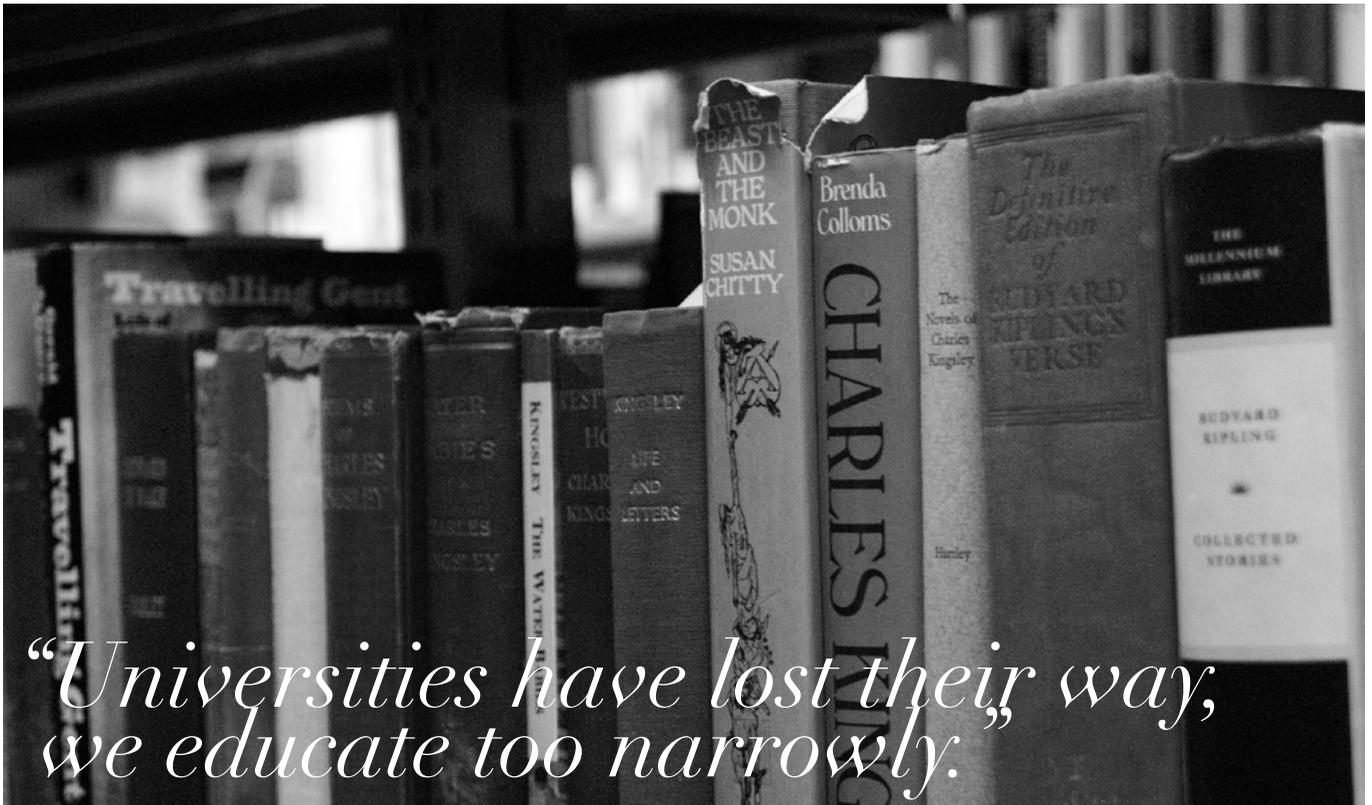
“Two thirds of people in the Sudan are illiterate so they’re not going to write a novel that looks at the Sudan from their perspective, it can’t be done”, says Flynn. “And of the third that are literate, very few of them would have the style and the time to write a novel and even fewer would get an international audience, as someone would need to think it was worth translating. So it’s hopeless to think of literature as a poll-taker sample.”

But something is always better than nothing and Flynn doesn’t think such issues undermine the value of reading widely. “This [list] is to get you started. What I try to do here is to tantalize so that people will follow it up. If five novels give you a fascination for tropical Africa, then you’ll really start to study it...But there’s no chance you’re going to be interested if you’re totally ignorant. And at least you will not be running around saying, ‘well these people are too congenitally stupid to ever develop a civilization’”.

“This [list] is to get you started. What I try to do here is to tantalise so that people will follow it up.”

Women too are underrepresented as writers. Only about twenty-five out of the two hundred directors and authors on the list are female. Before I had the chance to point out this imbalance, Flynn commented, “why don’t you ask me why there aren’t more women authors?” So I ask him. “It’s mainly because I’m a child of my culture. It’s interesting isn’t it. People don’t think that persecution has consequences. If women are not given a full place in society, they are excluded from achievement...It’s not that I had any desire to boycott female novelists. But...the people who were the movers and shakers at the time...tended to be male. The last thing I would do is put in a second-rate novel as a ‘great novel by women’ because that’s counter-productive.”

What is a great novel, whether written by a man or a woman, a New Zealander or an African? Flynn thinks there are two elements. “In my opinion the characters are painted so vividly that you can’t help but be drawn to their fate. That’s the first thing. And secondly, beauty of style.”

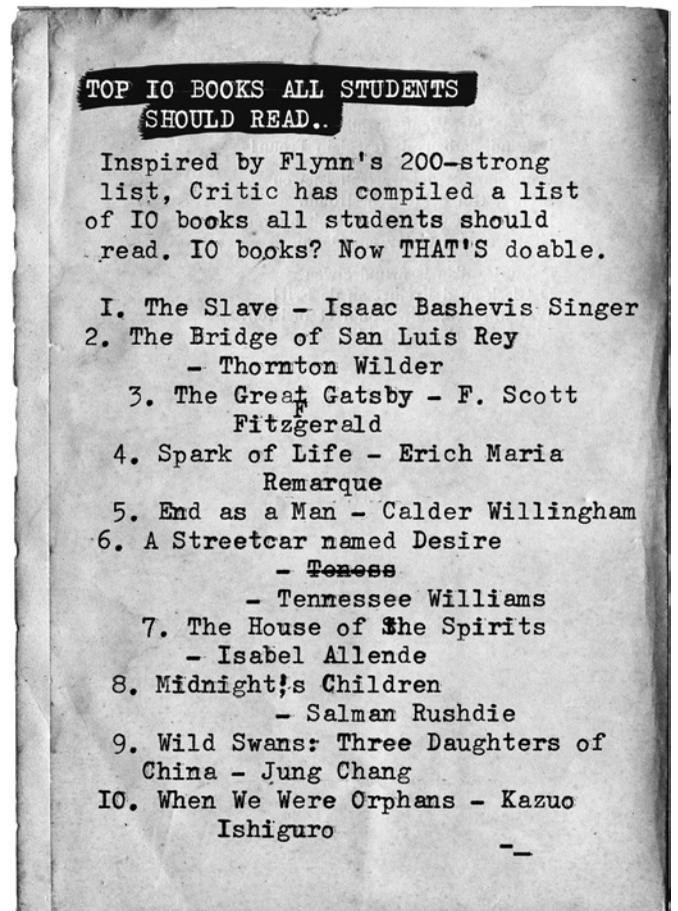


“Universities have lost their way, we educate too narrowly.”

To find such books was a shared journey for Flynn who, as a child, would get recommendations from friends, his father and teachers he respected. “Finally you start finding your own way because you know which authors are a waste of time and which...are worth reading everything they’ve ever written, like Huxley and Singer and Remarque.”

For people who were never encouraged to read widely it may be an uphill battle and going to university alone is not enough. “Universities have lost their way, we educate too narrowly.” Flynn has written *The Torchlight List* as much for those who have no inclination to read outside of their assigned textbook list as those who do not have a textbook list at all. “Though they should read judiciously. They shouldn’t start with *War and Peace*. I tell them five books to start with [these are included in *Critic’s* top ten]. Start with those and then if you loved one of them, read their other stuff and then you’ll be on your way.” Are people really able to cultivate a love of reading if they have never had one before? “I’ve no idea,” says Flynn, “but they’ll never know unless they try.”

Why should they close their laptops, turn off the TV, put down their Wii controllers and try? “The way to control the world is not through entering a fantasy world where control is artificial. It’s becoming a liberated human being who understands the real world and can at least critically examine it. You can’t influence the world unless you’re a liberated person. If you’re a captive of the world, just a captive of your place and time and narrow group, you’re stopped before you start.” Whether you use an iPad, a Kindle, a website or a paperback to do so, Flynn’s list is a good place to start the journey.



TOP 10 BOOKS ALL STUDENTS SHOULD READ..

Inspired by Flynn's 200-strong list, *Critic* has compiled a list of 10 books all students should read. 10 books? Now THAT'S doable.

1. The Slave - Isaac Bashevis Singer
2. The Bridge of San Luis Rey - Thornton Wilder
3. The Great Gatsby - F. Scott Fitzgerald
4. Spark of Life - Erich Maria Remarque
5. End as a Man - Calder Willingham
6. A Streetcar named Desire - Tennessee Williams
7. The House of the Spirits - Isabel Allende
8. Midnight's Children - Salman Rushdie
9. Wild Swans: Three Daughters of China - Jung Chang
10. When We Were Orphans - Kazuo Ishiguro

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What's your name? _____

Are you a bloke? Yes/ No

What's your age? Underage/ Regular age

What's your favourite drink? Pepsi/ Coke/ Milk

Have you ever stage-managed a beard and

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Which gangs are you already affiliated with?

The Mafia/ Rotary/ Scarfie/ Destiny's Church/
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society/ Capulets/ Montagues/ Other

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reviews/ Art reviews/ Music reviews/ Food reviews
or recipes/ Game reviews/ Theatre reviews/ Fashion
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Have you written stuff before? Yes/No

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Those of you who are more than usually onto it (i.e.; read more on a daily basis than the four headlines at Stuff.co.nz, the first eighteen slides of your marketing lecture, and eight impressively banal Facebook comments detailing how totally lol-worthy your friend's flatmates "epic" night at Metro was last weekend) may have noted a terrifying trend emerging recently: the concept of "fat acceptance".

Whenever I happen to be wandering up North East Valley, carefully giving a wide berth to various interestingly attired non-animal product consumers and expensively tattooed younger women accompanied by numerous offspring, I always notice a large-ish sign advertising apparel in "Sizes 16 +, clothing for real women!" I take great offence to this because; one, it's printed in Comic Sans; two, in what way are larger women any more real than smaller ones? If reality were proportional to size, sandflies would probably not exist. But, they do! Logic wins again.

I digress.

The politically-correct wet-dream that "fat is beautiful" is just SO lovely! As long as you don't examine it too closely. I agree that society's notion of what is classified as fat is massively whacked, I agree that greater pressure is placed on women than on men to conform to this concept of an acceptable weight, and I agree that negative pressure brought to bear on fat people can cause them huge amounts of mental stress and can therefore be completely counterproductive to their maintaining a healthy weight. But I DO NOT agree that being fat is acceptable!

We are constantly entreated into sedentary activities and eating food in amounts we cannot deal with (not necessarily shit food – just too much food). No matter how much we justify, analyse or attempt to explain things away, the fact remains that for the last million years* our bodies have been conditioned for running around, carrying shit places, digging up fern roots and strangling small inoffensive mammals to continue the mundane business of existence. Part of the reason behind the nascent supremacy of creationism over evolution is that evolution just takes so fucking long! Chances are we could eventually adapt to develop some super-extreme chair-sitting, grease-eating skills, but unless God pulls another six-dayer, who the fuck is going to stick around?

It's not just the fat on the outside, it's the fat on the inside that's worrisome, choking up your internal organs and hyping the fuck out of all your systems. It's not really that beautiful to have an impaired liver. It's less than sexy when your confused testicles or ovaries start spazzing out on the sex hormones and you grow little breasts or have to start shaving above the armpits.

It's a dangerous environment, this obesogenic one we live in. But you know what? Survival always been dangerous; the only difference is now the threat is less tigers and starvation and more bacon and Playstation.

– *Subtlety Grant.*

*Reference; me. Fuck off.

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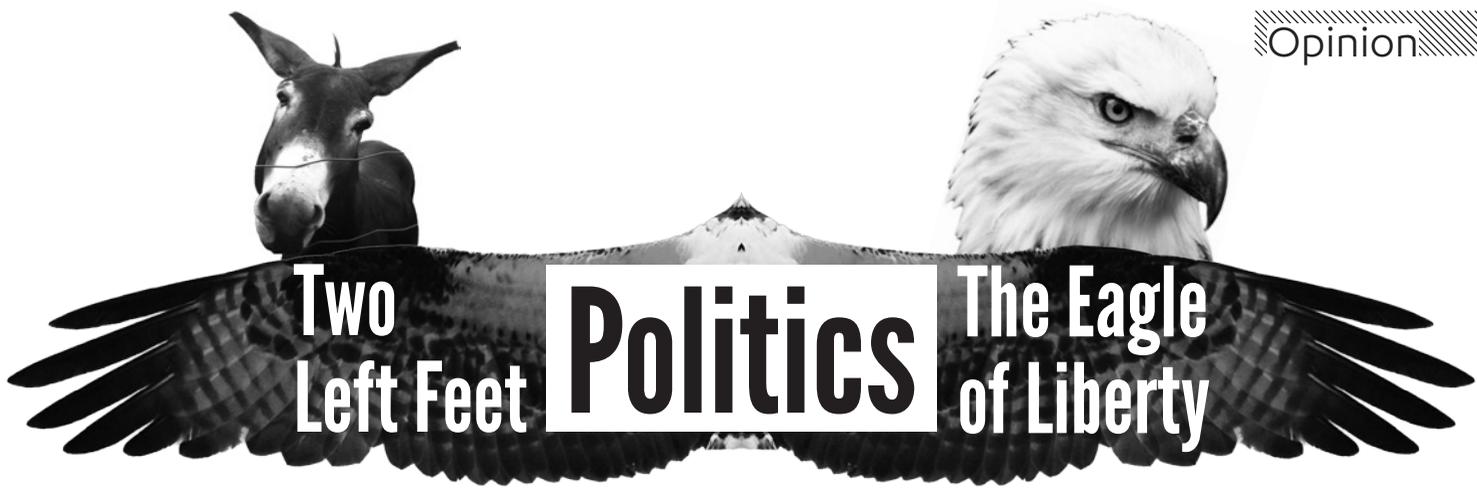
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Two Left Feet Politics The Eagle of Liberty

Some of you will identify as liberals, moderates or conservatives, some as left-wing, centrist, or right-wing. However, many people wield political terminology without truly understanding it, and the most common error is to treat “liberal” and “left-wing”, and conversely “conservative” and “right-wing”, as synonymous. “Liberal”, “moderate” and “conservative” refer to social views (how much the state should regulate individuals’ personal lives) and “left-wing”, “centrist” and “right-wing” refer to economic views (how much the state should regulate the economy). So instead of two poles of political ideology, there are actually four: right-wing conservatism, right-wing liberalism or libertarianism, old-school communism and anarcho-syndicalism. Probably the most famous exponents of each are Augusto Pinochet, Ayn Rand, Joseph Stalin and Noam Chomsky.

Typically these poles are separated by differing views on freedom, welfare and morality. On a social scale, liberals argue that the state should be secular. Restrictions on personal freedom should ideally be limited to those that are socially necessary or self-evident (e.g. not killing someone), and actions that affect only oneself should not be the subject of state intervention. Conservatives argue that the state should give direct effect to moral principles, and that paternalism (restricting an individual’s freedom for that individual’s own good – for instance, banning drugs) is permissible, even desirable.

On an economic scale, right-wingers argue that free-market capitalism is the most efficient system and thus the most beneficial to society as a whole; moreover, minimal state intervention in the market maximises individual freedom. Left-wingers argue that economic efficiency is a poor measure of social benefit for numerous reasons. They also dispute the right-wing concept of freedom, and argue that people cannot be genuinely free if none of their options in life are good ones.

Understanding these distinctions is vital to discovering where your own political convictions lie. While I am no commie, I identify strongly with liberal, left-wing arguments. In this column I plan to discuss specific issues such as the environment, gay marriage, and drugs, as well as more general topics such as equality. Finally, many people like to sagely remark that “socialism doesn’t work.” While these people typically don’t know what socialism actually is, and back their three-word argument up by nothing more than either stroking their chin and nodding solemnly, or jumping around wide-eyed pointing manically, they’re actually right (they just don’t know why). So to keep these and other anti-socialist whinge merchants happy, at some point I’ll also go over the main flaws with socialism. However, whatever its practical flaws, socialism is far more morally desirable than capitalism. That the latter is the only system that really works is one of life’s tragic ironies.

– Sam McChesney

“The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants” – Thomas Jefferson

The Eagle welcomes his new flock of eaglets to Otago. For the next forty weeks, you will be taught by the very best – the Eagle has a PhD in freedom. The time will eventually come for the eaglets to be thrown from the nest, so that they too can fly free. But until then, consider yourselves taken under the Eagle’s wing. The Eagle guarantees that by the end of 2011 each and every one of you will love liberty so much that it might even fill the gaping void left by the cold indifference of your father.

Let’s get a few things clear before your first lesson. ‘Liberty’ is being left alone to do what you want, *so long as you don’t harm other people*. Eagles love liberty – nothing can be freer than the Eagle as he soars above Dunedin. But as the Eagle casts a powerful eye over his territory, he sees stagnation, social restriction and mediocrity – the telltale signs of socialism. ‘Socialism’, advocated by the Labour Party, promotes government control over every aspect of life. Want to take on an extra flatmate to save money? You can’t, socialists have banned it. Want to take party pills to keep you dancing in O-Week? You cant! The only pill you’ll be swallowing is that of bitter resentment towards meddling Marxists. Want to sue the guy who ran over you with his car? Thanks to yet more socialist stupidity, your only recourse is to ring his doorbell and run. The Eagle has had enough of socialists trying to control peoples’ lives. It’s time to stop those who want to force everyone to be the same. It’s time to embrace individuality and difference. This is the year that Otago students will stand up and say – “give me liberty, or give me death!”

Now for some life advice from the Eagle. Make full use of your liberty in 2011 and you will have an amazing year. Seek novel experiences, try new things, get out there and push the boundaries! Your years at university are the freest of your life so take advantage of your freedom. Don’t listen to the socialists when they tell you to cut down tall poppies and embrace mediocrity – be the very best you can be, take pride in everything you do, and make the most of opportunities. Do this, and you will make the Eagle proud – and most importantly, you will develop a love for liberty that will take you to new heights.

You are the wind beneath my wings,
– *The Eagle*



Let's get out of this Country

Welcome to Dunedin! Now that you're in the home of couch-burning, library-dwelling (one of few ways to keep warm) and Rob Roy, it's time to start wishing you weren't here. Let's go to Berlin.

I'm a bad person when I'm in Berlin. I neglect the tonnes of meaningful and signifi-

cant sights-to-see that you practically stumble over as soon as you get there: you can absorb most of that stuff while doing other things, or you can do a free walking tour and learn as much about history as you want. The best way to spend your time in Berlin is in the dark. Add some music, some strobe lights and you're there.

Of course you can't go straight to the clubs. In summer it's quite pleasant out, so you'll need a beer or six to cool you down, and in winter you might need a two euro bottle of wine to warm you up. Enjoy fresh air during this time; you won't be getting much once you leave your hostel/apartment/park bench. If possible, do some "Vorglühen" [pre-drinking] with real Germans – they'll stay up the longest and take you to the best clubs.

There are two major downers to worry about once you leave home. You'll have to pay to go to the toilet and you'll have to pay to get into most clubs. The first problem can be avoided by running into the nearest Maccas or being sneaky and/or aggressive, the second one can be remedied either by being a flirty girl or being sneaky and/or aggressive. The

up-sides to Berlin go on and on. If you're into music, I guarantee there'll be a place where you can listen to exactly what you want and love. If not, you'll be surrounded by sweaty, smokey people who are getting carried away by the music and will probably take you with them. The drinks are cheap, the floors surprisingly un-sticky and the people open-minded and happy.

Then comes hometime. You should stink of smoke by now – it will take one to four days to get the smell out of your hair – and hopefully you'll be slightly delirious from the general atmosphere and lack of sleep (only sadsacks go home before 5 a.m.). This time is possibly the best of all. You must go to the nearest kiosk and buy yourself a döner. I don't care if that was supposed to be your train money – you can ride for free but you can't experience the blissful post-döner satisfaction in any other way. Eat it, love it, then head home to recover before tonight.

– *Bridget Gilchrist*

The Amazon Rainforest? The Arctic Circle? Chances are you'll never go to either place. More important is knowing how to survive the awkwardness of everyday life. Just call me Bear Grylls, without the penis.

Awkwardness. It affects nine out of ten people. It usually strikes without warning, leaving a small part of the victim dead inside. You'll be happily watching television or innocently walk into a room when suddenly your parents start puckering up and playing tonsil hockey like it's 2012. And it's horrifically awkward for you.

No one likes the thought of old people making out. Unfortunately, they do it anyway, so let me help you survive. Distractions are always good in a situation like this. Nothing kills the mood faster than an irritating stunt that says "stop sucking face and look at me". Can you vomit on command? This would be an opportune moment. Bursting into tears is another useful tool. Your mother will rush to your aide, and if you're a girl it will make your father feel exceptionally awkward, or indeed question your sexuality if you're a boy.

It may seem like an excessive option right now, but if you're faced with the horror of your parents making mouth babies in front of you, you can always gouge your eyes out. It may hurt like fuck and leave you permanently blinded, but at least you'll never witness such a monstrosity ever again, thereby making it all worthwhile.

The next solution might seem aimed more at you freaky science kids, but the thought of never again having to see your parents hooking up like horny first years should be motivation enough for even the P.E. kids to strive for the impossible. If you don't have parents you can't see them making out, right? All you need is a flux capacitor plus some other nerdy shit and you can build yourself a time machine. Once this is done, you go back in time, make sure your parents stay the fuck away from each other and hey presto! No more awkwardness for you.

Your last option is pretty extreme. If you cut off your parents' lips, they will never be able to kiss again. Simple logic. This course of action, however, isn't for the faint hearted as you will



probably go to jail for it.

Of course, if you ever have the terrible misfortune of witnessing your parents doing more than just sucking face (i.e.; making monkey) then you have no other option but to kill yourself. Sorry.

Good luck my friend. Use this knowledge wisely and keep the awkwardness out of your life. Because the world doesn't need any more turtles.

– *Chloe Adams*



Bust Magazine 2004: PJ Harvey stated that she didn't "think about [feminism]...it doesn't cross my mind...I don't see that there's any need to be aware of being a woman in this business. It... seems a waste of time."

We are living in a post-feminist world. The first and second feminist waves have come and gone, and, in the "developed" world at least, it's generally accepted that men and women should be treated as equals. Women can vote, get an education and ostensibly have the same opportunities as men. Hence so many people vehemently oppose feminism and think feminists are "just a bunch of bitches who didn't get any when they were younger, who then tried to become lesbians, still didn't get any and now they're pissed off at the world and want everybody to be as unhappy as they are." On the surface of it, many feel that feminism has more or less achieved its goals and the rest is overkill.

In that same *Bust* interview, Harvey also stated that she doesn't "offer [support] specifically to women; I offer it to people who write music. That's a lot of men." That men dominate the music industry seems to Harvey pure coincidence rather than conscious or subconscious anti-women prejudices and assumptions. Maybe she's right. Maybe after thousands of years of oppression, we've reached a point where men and women essentially have equality of opportunity and where total equality between the genders will evolve naturally now that the avenues through which it can do so have been opened (e.g. education). In other words, women just need time to catch up.

On the other hand, maybe equality can never be fully realised until we consciously recognise our prejudices and the actual disparities between the genders. This may require active promotion of women's rights. There are a lot of anti-women attitudes in our society that are often so subconscious and automatic that neither men nor women recognise them as such, and yet they do immense damage to women.

This column is about whether or not men and women are valued equally in our society and, if not, whether feminism is the legitimate answer to this. It's not a dirty word. It was once an entirely revolutionary and necessary philosophy to which it would have been ridiculous not to subscribe. But is it still relevant today? Or do we need to conceive things differently now? The aim of this column is to explore this topic, discover the alternatives and to look beyond our preconceived notions, whatever they may be. And maybe by the end we can find a position somewhere between the feminism of the male-hating, period-blood-drinking, all-sex-is-rape variety and the complete disregard for the doctrine which so many blindly exhibit.

Welcome to the 'f' word.

— *Kari Schmidt*

As usual, it's been a dry summer of reporting for the ODT, broken only by frequent bad news stories. Additionally, the lack of student antics to provide story fodder meant the paper had to fall back on the age-old trick of expanding ranty letters into actual news articles.

Case in point: on Saturday 12 February, ODT reported on a new threat to the peace of Dunedin - vigilante seagulls that had been terrorising locals. According to one runner who bore the brunt of the birds' wrath, "one came at me from the front and the other from the back....it was an orchestrated attack." Another runner referred to the terrorising seagulls as a "renegade pair".

However, more concerning than a seagull takeover was the ODT's desperate attempt to deceive students into subscribing to the paper, before commencing its usual barrage of student hate for the year. With uncharacteristic friendliness, it proclaimed "Welcome back scarves" on Monday's front page.

The icing on the cake, though, was the cringe worthy Student Guide. And they tried SO HARD. The thing was full of strange headlines that said nothing.

Squash . . . says it all really!

And headlines composed of words that only a mother who was "young once" could come up with.

**Rent a book — grow a tree
(and save some dosh)!**

The ODT went above and beyond, and even made friends with some first years who like to do rubbish. Nice.





Ever since my mercifully brief tenure as a horny but unattractive teenager with braces whose only form of sexual release was an Oral-B Professional Care SmartSeries 4000, I have considered myself an adamant supporter of a woman's right to choose. Not abortion-wise – I say about about about, God knows the last thing the world needs is another “gifted” white middle-class child draining the planet of resources better directed towards the assassination of all members/supporters of the Act Party. No, instead I refer to a woman's right to rent out her vaginal canal to willing punters for a fee.

Coincidentally, for a number of moons (pun intended – since becoming a daily ODT reader I have become quite the connoisseur of staggeringly lame wordplay), an entrepreneurial sibling of mine was the owner-operator of New Zealand's largest and supposedly classiest fuck-for-funds venue.

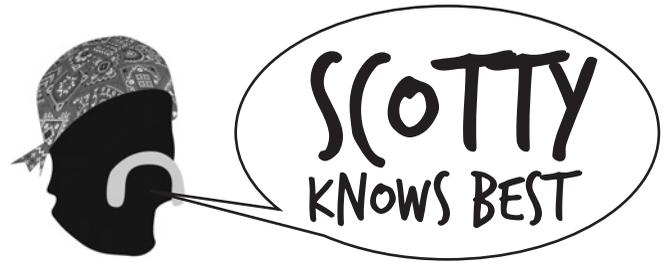
The brothel itself was tacky but pleasant – big, opulent, just off K Road. The entrance was flanked with large Ionic columns, à la the White House (the Auckland strip club as opposed to the US presidential residence. Although frankly the latter probably sees more unsavoury deeds occurring on a daily basis). There was a well-stocked bar and well-stocked back room filled with the fug of stale cigarette smoke and vaginas-on-legs to cater to the client's every desire and provide a premium experience like no other.

Such was the idea, anyway. The vaginas only catered to the client's every desire if the client's desire happened to be shaved pudenda surrounded by varying quantities of pallid South Auckland flesh, propped up on Perspex platforms and topped off with a face embodying the term “minger”.

Aesthetic issues aside, my problem with the brothel was simple – the girls were, to coin a phrase, fucked. Essentially overgrown children, they couldn't stick to the strict schedule of a stripping career so were forced to settle for the more flexible hours of whoredom. Once my brother went into his office only to find one of the girls reclining naked with a P pipe in one hand and a dildo in the other. Another time he heard that a prostitute had been charging the punters an extra \$50 for bareback sex, so he took her to the doctor. Her crotch was covered in weeping pus-filled sores and the test results confirmed that she had virtually every STI it was possible to have, including HIV.

All of which is just yucky. Ultimately it was a sad realization that something I once idealized as the epitome of an economy-driven, moral relativist Western society is, at the end of the day, mostly as yucky as the Metro toilets. Which is to say, very VERY yucky indeed.

– Mrs John Wilmot



As a drunken prank I thought it would be funny to put pinholes in my flatmate's condoms. His girlfriend got pregnant and it wasn't funny. He thought that because they had been using protection that she must have been cheating and has since broken up with her. I want to tell him, but I don't want to drop myself in it. What do I do?

Are you really that thick? In what reality did you think this would have a funny ending? Forget pregnancy! This could have been so much worse; HIV, gonorrhoea, chlamydia and a whole range of other sexually transmitted infections. Those are problems you can't solve with a bottle of gin, hot bath and/or rusty coat hanger.

You have two options. You could man up, take some responsibility and come clean about the whole thing. Or, since you don't strike me as the taking-responsibility type, do you remember *Friends*?

Friends was a hit sitcom in the 90s and early 2000s that through constant reruns has refused to die. Running throughout the show was the on-again-off-again relationship of Ross and Rachel. You can learn many things from Ross and Rachel. The importance of defining 'a break'; that getting your wedding vows wrong is bad, but getting your future wife's name wrong is worse; that Vegas, alcohol and permanent marker don't mix; and, most relevant in your case, that condoms are only 97% effective, as per Season 08 Episode 03.

This is your 'out'. That little tidbit is not only 'TV true', but also verified by scientific fact. Your high school health teacher was telling the truth when he or she said: 'the only way to be 100% sure you won't get a girl pregnant is abstinence'. Well, that and doing her in the arse.

Remind your flatmate of this fact. If Ross and Rachel got caught out by the inadequacy of their birth control, then maybe that happened to him as well. You could even show him the episode. Play on his ego as well, it always helps. Sure it's only a 3% chance, but with 'strong swimmers' like his it's no surprise that he got a girl knocked up, even with Little Johnny all wrapped up.

You need to introduce only enough doubt to get him to consider that condom failure is a possibility. A paternity test will do the rest, as long as she wasn't actually cheating.

Have a problem you need help solving? Email to us at critic@critic.co.nz. We'll help you out.





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Summer Lovin'



Dunedin is a backward land where relationships are generally formed (if at all) from one or a combination of the following; blurry bar encounters, screwing the crew, or screwing your friend. Said one wise scarfie; "This is Dunedin. All we do is stalk them on Facebook and get them drunk." Generally, the only kind of blind date Dunedinites partake in is of the blind drunk bonk variety.

The thing is, *Friends* and *Sex in the City*, among others, have lead us to believe that there's more out there. If these shows have some semblance of fact, people elsewhere actually DATE. And by date, we mean *talking* over a drink, coffee, dinner or other consumable, rather than falling into each other while wasted and mashing mouths and other orifices. Just to clarify, a post town-Big Mac is NOT a date.

In other places, people who are sitting in Coffee shops get chatted up by pretty strangers and go out for dinner. In other places, people can date willy-nilly without being afraid of falling into a stale two-year

commitment. In other places, people are so busy dating, they have to discuss being monogamous. At least, that's what TV tells us. In short, our romance free sub-culture makes us wonder if dating in Dunedin is at all possible.

Enter Critic's newest feature: "Summer Lovin' ". In Summer Lovin', *Critic* sets up two lucky students on a blind date (courtesy of the lovely people at Toast), complete with a bar tab and positive vibez. The only catch: the love birds each divulge all the salacious details of their date in a short snappy article after the fact.

If you want to have the chance to meet your very own Romeo or Juliet, or at the least, to get some free booze and some *Critic* space, email us your age/gender/interests/sexual orientation at critic@critic.co.nz.

Illustration: Loulou Callister-Baker

bunch of fives

the walk of shame edition

Early last week during O week, Rosie patrolled the streets of Studentville in search of hungover scarfies with beans to spill. This is the state of the nation.



Chris and Bryn

Do you remember last night? **Yes**

Did you get lucky? **No**

John Key's comments about Liz Hurley and Jessica Alba - GC or inappropriate for a PM? **GC**

Do you have any advice to help Freshers survive their first year?

We are first years, but we reckon every night is like Saturday night in Wellington

Where would you most like to move: Egypt, Christchurch or Brisbane? **Brisbane**



Chloe

Do you remember last night? **Yes**

Did you get lucky? ...

John Key's comments about Liz Hurley and Jessica Alba - GC or inappropriate for a PM? **GC**

Do you have any advice to help Freshers survive their first year?

Stop pretending you know what you're doing

Where would you most like to move: Egypt, Christchurch or Brisbane? **Egypt**



Luke

Do you remember last night? **Briefly**

Did you get lucky? **No**

John Key's comments about Liz Hurley and Jessica Alba - GC or inappropriate for a PM? **GC**

Do you have any advice to help Freshers survive their first year?

I'm a first year so I'm still learning

Where would you most like to move: Egypt, Christchurch or Brisbane? **Brisbane**



Cass

Do you remember last night? **Yes**

[Interviewer forgot to ask if she got lucky last night]

John Key's comments about Liz Hurley and Jessica Alba - GC or inappropriate for a PM? **GC**

Do you have any advice to help Freshers survive their first year?

Make the most of your first year, have fun, and don't be one of the Health Scis who sits in their room studying and not making friends

Where would you most like to move: Egypt, Christchurch or Brisbane? **Brisbane**



Hannah

Do you remember last night? **Yes**

Did you get lucky? **No**

John Key's comments about Liz Hurley and Jessica Alba - GC or inappropriate for a PM?

GC, I met him in Korea and he was so hard not to like. He joked with me about rioting and burning couches

Do you have any advice to help Freshers survive their first year?

Get really tight with the people on your floor

Where would you most like to move: Egypt, Christchurch or Brisbane? **Egypt**

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Review



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53 Fashion | **54** Food; *Brownies*

Kanye West - *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy*

“Hey Pitchfork, I’mma let you finish but...”



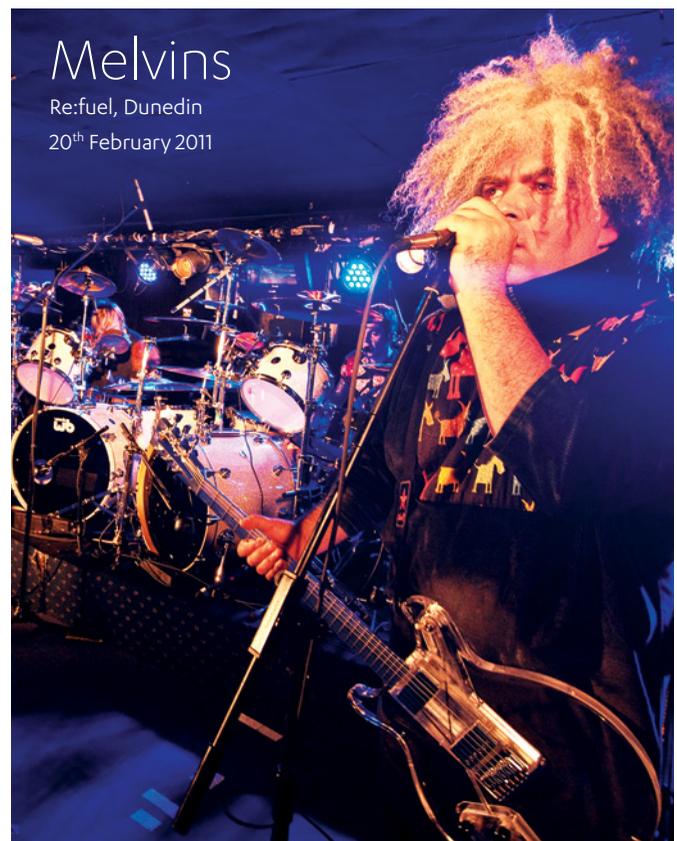
Probably the most (over) hyped album of 2010, Kanye West's opus *My Beautiful Dark Twisted Fantasy* (MBDTF) certainly deserves a post-prowar review. Drawing on the narcissism and bragging of his previous album, *MBDTF* takes Kanye's musical direction into territory only his ego could handle. Beginning with the indisputably huge 'Dark Fantasy', West's primary talent as an arranger and producer quickly becomes apparent. Choral voices blend with hip-hop beats and clever samples. Finding bravery in his own bravado, West seems fearless, throwing his music and his voice – and arguably hip-hop itself – into territory previously unknown to him. Easily West's most self-aware and focused record, *MBDTF* cover topics so far removed from normality that he appears legitimately larger than life. On 'Power', Yeezy frames himself as the consummate twentieth-first century schizoid man; a calculated, emotionally distant and cold individual, power and fame now defining his life rather than contributing to it.

Displaying invincibility and vulnerability in equal measure, West's self-awareness reaches its peak on album centerpiece 'Runaway'. Toasting to 'the douchebags' as a metaphor for his own self-image, Kanye manages to turn his personal nature into an epic-rallying cry. Telling listeners 'you've been putting up with my shit for way too long', a mixture of agreement and pity surrounds the track, West's façade both building and disintegrating before us. Finally justifying his ego with talent, Kanye has expertly produced an album of introspection and uncomfortable honesty. On a scale that may never be reached again, West's fantasy is dark, twisted but truly beautiful.

With the audience like black-t-shirt-wearing, leather-clad moths to the proverbial flame, Re:Fuel seemed close to capacity as the Melvins took the stage. The oddly placed Sunday timeslot seemed to have deterred few. It was as if the crowd were sending a message: Dunedin can support quality international acts. The band opened with the superb "The Water Glass" from their latest record *The Bride Screamed*, the track's almost bizarre call and response acapella vocals providing their fans with a rousing rallying call.

From then on the Melvins were pure unadulterated class. Showing their years of experience, the band tore into material spanning their career with dense, heavy precision. With the bands' dual drummers (one left handed, one right) in complete, seemingly impossible, unison and providing one of the best visual performances this reviewer has ever seen, they delivered a consummate performance. The sheer nature of their music and line-up simply enveloping Re:Fuel's main room, the brutal music crushing in volume and weight. The punishing rhythm section allowing the sludgy riffs of guitarist Buzz Osbourne to work the crowd into one frenzied mass, the constant repetitious pace of their music a perfect fit for head-banging. As the night came to its end, sweat was literally dripping from the ceiling and all departed satisfied.

More of this Dunedin! Much, much more.



Radiohead – *The King of Limbs*

Nearly three and a half years after their masterpiece *In Rainbows*, Radiohead return with *The King of Limbs*, which can only be described as a challenging album. With the first few listens reaping little reward, it would be safe to describe this release as one for the Radiohead devotees. In the album's initial tracks it is clear that the five-piece have reverted back to the electronic orchestration of the *Kid A/Amesiac* era, though as the album progresses it becomes evident that there are many dimensions beyond this.

Opener 'Bloom' is a difficult start, mixing swirling ambience, piano trills and stunted beats. However, what is detrimental to the piece is the lack of development, which spans over five minutes but offers little of what similarly lengthy tracks 'National Anthem' or 'Life in a Glass House'

brains – *constant love forever*

"give me highbrow, or give me death"

With the long awaited *constant love forever*, ex-Dunedin trio brains should silence all 'the haters'. Recorded in surprisingly fitting spacious high fidelity, a masterful ear for melody slowly reveals itself across the ten tracks. Removing the almost excessive distortion of previous recording, songs like "Tall Poppies" are instantly catchy, with brains' rhythm section providing a loose but perfectly driving base as the guitar scratches atop. With most tracks clocking in at sub-three minutes, each incites repeated listen. One of the albums' many highlights, 'Everybody Get Desperate', blasts past the listener in a blur of repetition

have done on earlier albums. This meandering vibe filters throughout the album, though the calibre of the band is such that periodical monophony is tolerable. Yorke reaffirms his mastery of melody on album hooks 'Little by Little' and the astoundingly great 'Lotus Flower', the latter very much the pinnacle of the release. From this track onwards the album changes significantly, with relaxed, thickly-reverbed ballads 'Codex', 'Give Up the Ghost' and 'Seperator' reflecting an aesthetic contrary to initial impressions. In short, *TKOL* offers an expansive variety of what Radiohead can offer. Clocking in at thirty-seven minutes with only eight tracks, many may feel a little disappointed, especially given the prolonged wait between albums. Nevertheless this is another amazing release and as with all Radiohead albums it is essential to re-listen and review.



and cutting guitar. Vocalist Matthew 'McMatthew' McAuley's talent for angst-laden one-liners shines throughout when he delivers the sadly relatable gem "I don't like you, I just wanna fuck your friends" on 'Everybody Get Desperate'. However, album stand-out is easily the slower paced 'I Think I Love You'. Asserting itself as a near 'genre pinnacle', it fuses beauty and rage in equal measure. In what could probably be described as the album's 'poppiest' moment, the track's instrumental sections are breathtaking, heavily reverbed guitar cut by desperate cries from McAuley. It's an album of stunning cohesion, power and beauty. As McMatthew himself would say 'haters s my d'.



1
91FM

RADIO ONE PLAYTIME REPORT

tue 1/2 **Mou Very: Art Tuesday with Fuschia Gash**
Exhib by Deano Shirriffs from 3pm. Fuschia Gash 7- 9pm
Sammys: Lorn (U.S Dubstep)
Local support CVS, Loom + more

wed 2/3 **Carey's Bay Hotel: Chanteuses & Shotgun**
Lauren Thomson & Tami Neilson
Chicks Hotel: Faye Blais (CAN) & The April Maze (AUS)
Wallet Full of Words Tour
Urban Factory: Nightshade Live NZ Tour
Feat. Espionage, Woosh, MC Beau, DDog, K+LAB, MC CYPHER, HYPE; ASFUK \$10 + bf / G.A \$15 + bf

thur 3/3 **Sammys: The Doyleys, OPC, Mr. Biscuits & Queen Annes**
Revenge \$5 on the door, from 9pm
Urban Factory: The Potbelleez with Knives at Noon & Haszari (Cartoon Beats)

fri 4/3 **Sammys: Dubclash National Dubstep DJ Comp**
w/Fear, 50 CAL, HGZ, Calibrate, Hypnotoad, Churburgers, Ingredients, Sgt Sid
The Cook: Thundercub + Alizarin Lizard w/ Left Or Right DJ set 9pm \$10 After Party t@ 3 Fea Street.

sat 5/3 **Sammys: Cyrus (U.K Dubstep)**
with Syrus B2B DVS, Woosh, Aural Tendencies & Dubclash Winner.
Refuel: It's Not Real Rebooted
Haszari, SoNic Smith, Stranger Danger. Lighting & lasers by Sumosystem Live visuals. The legendary rave returns, now monthly at Refuel. Innovative DJs with a live element. Techno / Electro / Muntstep.

To include a Dunedin gig or event for on-air and online listing on the Radio One Playtime Report, call the Radio One Office 479-5834, 9am-5pm

See the full gig guide at r1.co.nz



127 Hours

Director: **Danny Boyle**

Hoyts, Rialto

How far would you go to survive when you have no hope left? Such is the question that director Danny Boyle raises with his latest film, *127 Hours*. Boyle, best known for directing *Slumdog Millionaire*, chronicles the true-life ordeal of climber Aron Ralston, casting James Franco in the lead slot. Ralston became trapped in a canyon in the wilderness of Utah for one hundred and twenty seven hours after a boulder fell on top of him while climbing, permanently trapping his arm underneath. Trapped, alone, and with no hope of rescue, the film details Ralston's fight for survival.

Contrary to what one might imagine, the film is not simply one hundred minutes of Ralston sitting in a canyon but instead covers his life immediately prior to, as well as just after, his eventual escape. The canyon scenes are well balanced by the copious amount of flashbacks and visions of Ralston's past and future, which serve not only to retain viewer interest but also to portray Ralston's slow slip into delirium.

Franco is excellent in the role and lends a real sense of honesty to the film, with his portrayal of the raw anguish, sober tenderness and surreal deliriousness that Ralston experienced as he realised he was unlikely to survive his ordeal. However, Boyle's directorial style is occasionally somewhat confusing; while his constant use of extreme close-ups creates an appropriately unsettling feel, the unusual interjections of music combined with the weird pseudo-art-house feel of many of the flashbacks left the viewer wondering where he was going.

Though no summer blockbuster and some may consider it drawn out, with its raw emotion, gut-wrenching suspense, and captivatingly brutal final scene, *127 Hours* is a triumphant account of human survival that is well worth a watch.

– **Matt Chapman**



The Fighter

Director: **David O. Russell**

Hoyts, Rialto

I went to see *The Fighter* knowing only that it was a boxing film, that Mark Wahlberg and Christian Bale were its stars, and that it was a nominee for an Oscar for Best Picture. Other than that, I had no idea what to expect. So as I watched the understated story of Wahlberg's C-list boxer trying to achieve the success of which he is capable - despite his disruptive family and low self-esteem - it was with great surprise that I found myself enjoying it so much.

The Fighter stands out for me from the other Oscar nominees because it is unassuming, and really in touch with its characters. Wahlberg and Bale give excellent performances as two boxing brothers and it's obvious that they tried as hard as they could to faithfully represent the real people behind them. This faithfulness, which spreads to all aspects of a film, is what makes *The Fighter* so endearing and in large part a portrait of lower-class America. Although the story is not particularly surprising, and the film towards the end shies away from some of the core conflicts between Wahlberg's boxer and his chaotic family, it is so good-hearted and understanding towards its characters that such weaknesses seem insignificant.

Furthermore, *The Fighter* is also just a lot of fun to watch. There are sad moments, funny moments, sexy, thoughtful and exciting moments. It captured me from the very beginning and kept me engaged right through to the end. Everyone else in the cinema seemed to be enjoying themselves too, and I left the film feeling really satisfied. Finally, if I had to take a girl I liked to any one film from the 2011 Oscars' ten Best Picture nominees, it would be *The Fighter*. Really, is there any higher praise than that?

– **Mike Jensen**



Dunedin Film Society Preview

The Dunedin Film Society is a non-profit organisation which screens classic, experimental and world cinema. It's cheap to join (only \$55 for 26 screenings for students, less than \$2.50 per film) and membership includes benefits such as discounts at other cinemas – even lower than student prices! Check out the website for further details: <http://www.dunedinfilmsociety.inzight.co.nz/>

LET THE RIGHT ONE IN

First Screening: Tuesday, March 1st at 7:30pm in The Church Cinema (next to The Church Restaurant, 50 Dundas Street, North Dunedin).

Dir: Tomas Alfredson (Sweden, 2008)

A strikingly original vampire movie set one winter during the 1980s at a Swedish junior high school. Oskar's wish for a friend seems to be granted when he meets Eli, a pale young girl who only comes out at night.

"Very smart, very sweet, very sick and very special indeed." – *Cinematical*



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Black Swan

Director: **Darren Aronofsky**
Hoyts, Rialto

Darren Aronofsky, who set back the drug consumption of a generation by several years with *Requiem for a Dream*, has now turned his camera on ballet in *Black Swan*. Aronofsky certainly did enough to convince me, with my limited knowledge of the art form, that there's something seriously messed up with putting dozens of young women on a quest for perfection into a physically and emotionally demanding environment. Early on, we see Nina's (Natalie Portman) inevitable anorexia dismissed in a single shot of her feet while she throws up in a toilet. It's just part of her daily routine and she has much bigger issues. She's just been picked to play the Swan Queen in the most famous ballet of all (*Swan Lake*), but instead of being her triumph, this becomes a nightmare as the director insists she must change from the innocent mummy's girl to evil seductress, not just on stage but in real life. When Lily (Mila Kunis) starts appearing everywhere, becoming the real life black swan flying in to steal her dreams, Nina gets caught up in her own *Swan Lake*-inspired paranoia.

It's a role basically written for Portman and she responds with a flawless performance, with Kunis a great foil as her would-be friend and nemesis. Guys be warned: the much talked about sexual tension between the two goes hand-in-hand with Nina's descent into self-destruction. This can be hard to watch at times, with the brutal treatment of fingers and nails being particularly nasty. The ending may not surprise those familiar with *Swan Lake*, although at many points in the film I was genuinely wondering what was real or fake and where the film was going to take us next. *Black Swan* isn't really for ballet fans or those looking for two hot girls making out. It's a twisted thrill ride, and it's very good.

– Alec Dawson



Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill! (1965)

Directed by Russ Meyer

Starring: Tura Satana, Haji,

Lori Williams & Susan Bernard

Speed, sex and violence are the cornerstones of any blockbuster today as they're sweet tools to sell shit. Russ Meyer was well practiced at this combo long before the likes of Tarantino made their careers out of the triple threat. Nowhere is his skill more evident than in one of his most celebrated films: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to violence, the word and the act"

This introduction promises a lot and the film does not fail to deliver. Three go-go dancers - Bille, Rosie and Varla - hit the road in their race-cars and head into the desert where they come across a young "All-American" couple, Linda and Tommy. Varla (the group's busty, hard-ass leader) thinks Tommy needs to race something other than his stopwatch and duly challenges him to race. After all, she doesn't beat clocks, she beats people!

It soon becomes clear that these girls aren't to be messed with. The race ends with Varla breaking Tommy's back and killing him with her bare hands. There's also Tommy's whiny girlfriend Linda to deal with who, from this moment onwards, doesn't stop crying hysterically and generally being a pain in the arse. She gets promptly gagged and bound. Stopping at a gas station, the girls hear about a crippled man in a wheelchair who has a stash of cash somewhere on his ranch. Seeing an opportunity to exploit the man and his dim-witted son Vegetable, the girls make their way to the ranch and introduce themselves. The muscular Vegetable and the old man's other son, Kirk, predictably fall prey to the charms of Varla and Billie, but not Rosie who - SPOILER ALERT - is actually in love with Varla. Scandal! The race for the cash intensifies, leaving only two characters alive at the end of the film.

FPIKIK! will appeal to those who enjoy a mix of violence, sexual innuendo, big breasts, campy dialogue, and some good ole' fashioned pre-Spice Girls girl power. There aren't any flashy effects (this is 1965 remember) but there is enough action and suspense to keep you watching. John Waters described *FPIKIK!* as the best film ever made: I'd certainly put it in my top five. A must-see for any film buff.

– Benjamin Blakely

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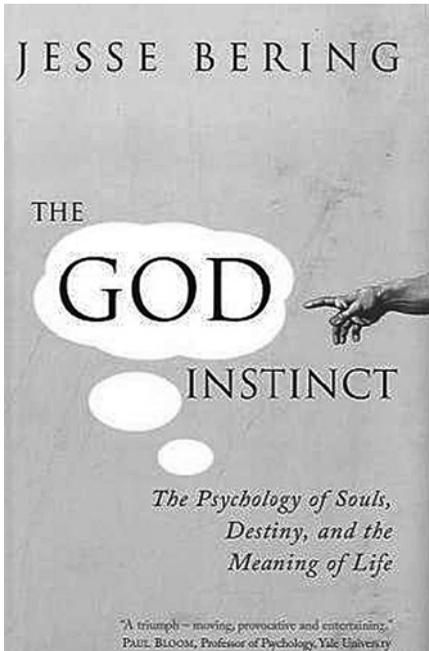
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Title: The God Instinct
Author: Jesse Bering
Publisher: Nicholas Brealey



“God (and others like Him) evolved in human minds as an ‘adaptive illusion’, one that directly helped our ancestors solve the unique problem of human gossip.”

Thus runs the central thesis of Jesse Bering’s debut book, *The God Instinct*. It is – let me nail my colours to the mast – a great book in various ways, written with characteristic wit by a talented experimentalist and science populariser: Jesse’s research publications are classics in the nascent field of science of religion, and his *Scientific American* column – *Bering in Mind* – is probably the sexiest psychology digest in the world. True to form, *The God Instinct* is both erudite and endearing. Jesse draws from both academic research and autobiographical reminiscences, masterfully merging data from psychological experiments and personal experiences to make his case. And it’s not an easy case to make; even among the overwhelmingly secular scholars in the field, *The God Instinct* presents a minority report with its evolutionary adaptationism and emphatic atheism. That Jesse is so persuasive is a testament to his rhetorical prowess. My highest praise for this book is that, whether right or wrong, it’s interesting. In grinding his theoretical and ideological axes, Jesse is sticking his neck out. It’s a bold, laudable move for a young scientist writing his first book. Kudos, Jesse.

The God Instinct culminates in the claim that belief in ‘a morally-invested, reactive Other’ were selected for in evolution. In other words, our ancestors who believed in God were more likely to produce offspring than the ones who didn’t and this belief in God is somehow passed down the generations. Finally, Jesse throws caution to the wind, audaciously asserting that this adaptationist account of “the God instinct” is unavoidable, given the logic of evolution and the current evidence. God, Jesse contends, is surplus to requirements when it comes to explaining biological and psychological facts.

At this point, Jesse’s confidence is misplaced; there is nothing unavoidable about his conclusion. Like most evolutionary psychological theories Jesse’s is massively unsupported by data. Jesse might be right or wrong about God’s non-existence, but it doesn’t flow logically out of his science. As it stands, Jesse’s theory is interesting and promising, but not yet quite persuasive.

I’d been looking forward to *The God Instinct* for a while now, having first read draft chapters around this time last year. When it finally arrived in my pigeonhole, I read it excitedly in one sitting and was pleased to discover that it was just as clever as I’d hoped. Doctoral research and its associated tasks can get old fast, even if the research topic is juicy. So, Jesse’s book came at an opportune time for me, as I enter the final stretch of my PhD. candidacy after what feels like a very long two and a half years. His creative theories raise all kinds of empirical and philosophical questions, and I’m excited at the prospect of attempting to answer them. Now, go buy the book. And if it inspires you to join us in our research endeavours, I’d love to hear from you.

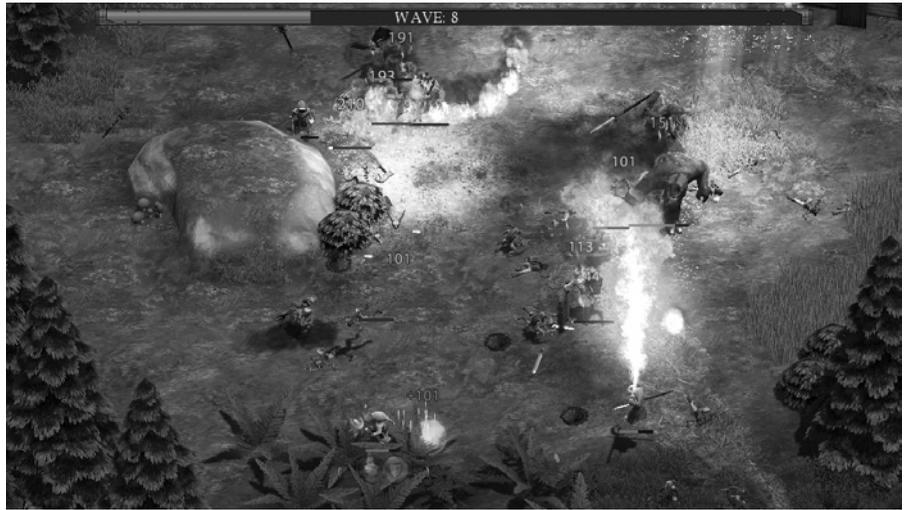
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Magicka



In *Magicka*, Arrowhead Game Studios have constructed a game where magic feels as powerful as it should, where an exploding magma ball behaves exactly as you would expect it to, yet within an incredibly balanced, robust system of game mechanics. Energy beams shift with slow weight, feeling like barely-contained pandemonium even as their speed makes them less mechanically effective. Crossed rays of magic from different casters explode, in a satisfying *Iron Man 2*-meets-Voldemort sort of way. It combines eight raw elements into a myriad of spell effects. Fire and water create steam, steam and water create rain, steam and arcane create a beam of steamy death that causes your enemies to swell and explode from the belly outwards while making them a bit damp. Steam, arcane and lightning create a steaming death-beam full of bolts of electricity, damaging damp enemies more severely and so on.

Although inspired by games like *World of Warcraft*, *Magicka* isn't an RPG. You won't find level-gaining, side-quests or loot in your travels. Grinding or gold farming to improve your character's spell-weave is impossible in *Magicka*. Instead your brightly-robed little wizard's life depends on your ability to make strategic choices and pseudo touch-type skilfully. Mastering mechanics seems a nobler goal to me than maintaining players' interest by rewarding them with an XP/magic item puppy treat every five seconds.

Magicka's 'story' (ostensibly based in Norse mythology, though full of the same goblins and trolls as every fantasy tale) is generic, but whimsical and self-conscious. Well-trodden fantasy is normally my least favourite thing, but *Magicka* gets away with it by embracing mechanics and affectionately referencing other games and pieces of nerd culture. It's not *Watchmen* level genre deconstruction or even *South Park* satire but the clumsy references to *300* and *The Holy Grail* become so heavy handed as to become endearing.

My experiences with the game were mostly smooth but it has a reputation for technical unreliability, including characters falling through the map and walking off cliffs in uncontrolled cut-scenes. Personally though, bugs I experienced were outside of gameplay. Often I had to alt-tab out of the game because of a locked-up menu. It would also stutter, slowing down to a few frames each second contrary to low specifications. I assumed this was due to me running the game on a not-particularly beefy Macbook, but apparently it persists even on powerful systems.

Magicka costs \$10 US on the *Steam* digital distribution service which, with the current exchange rate, is a great price for fundless students. If it sounds like your cup of tea I'd recommend downloading it straight away on the Otago network. Except you can't because *Steam* doesn't work with the current proxy. Someone sort that out. Right now.



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Hello and welcome back to all to Dunedin students. I implore you to discover and engage with the unique cultural environment that Dunedin has to offer.

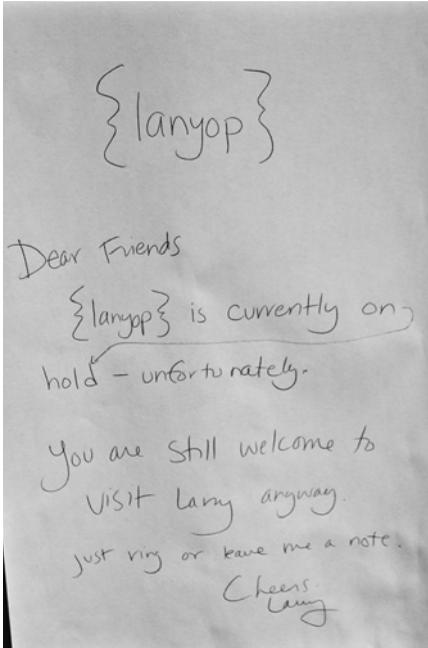
The Death of Lanyop

Earlier this year, the Tenancy Tribunal ruled that artist Larry Matthews could not open his small art gallery {Lagniappe} Lanyop to the public until a settlement was made with the building's former landlord, an occurrence that is both frustrating and outrageous.

{Lagniappe} Lanyop takes its name from a French-Cajun word meaning 'a little something extra for nothing'. The gallery space (also Matthews' residence) is situated behind Mou bar on George Street. This building is in a state of disrepair, with the property's management failing to address Matthews' concerns.

Given permission to paint one of his rooms, Matthews then painted the room black and place art inside it. Since opening, Lanyop has, predominantly by word of mouth, become a renowned way in which to experience art. Only operating when the sun was down, it emphasised intimacy by displaying works by candlelight and encouraging an interactive and multi-sensory environment, making it one of the best galleries I have ever been to. I love Lanyop because, directed by the sound of Matthews playing his piano, I am entering into someone's house and have the opportunity to view art that has been made purely for the love of creation.

The way in which Matthews has been treated seems incomprehensible and unjust. Essentially he is not allowed to invite people into his house. I don't understand how this could be legal and feel it's disgusting that the callous bureaucratic Tenancy Tribunal could let something like this happen. It's as if the arts community is continually overlooked, not given the support it needs to survive. However, whatever the fate of Lanyop, with the recent openings of *A Gallery* and *Rice and Beans* gallery spaces, it is hoped that such incidents will not reoccur.



Exhibitions this week:

A GALLERY, 393 Princes Street

We will all burn in hell - Matt Wilson, Sam Ovens, Merrin Sinclair, Lewis Stanley, Denzil Funraiser and Jay Hutchinson.

BLUE OYSTER GALLERY, 24b Moray Place

Interfaces - Molly Samsell, *Anisotropy* - Alexandra Kennedy, 4:00am
Tondo Rondo - Catherine Hodson and Antoinette Wood

BRETT MCDOWELL, 1 Dowling Street

Four new works - Martin Thompson

DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY, 30 The Octagon

Portraits - Frances Hogdkins, *Pretty vacant*, *John Ward Knox*, *Cut Collective*, *Pieces of eight*, *Fieldwork* - Eugene Hansen and Andy Thompson, *Black watercolour, 2010* - Simon Morris, *A La Mode* - Early nineteenth century plates from the collection.

MILFORD GALLERY, 18 Dowling Street

Status update - Mark Blake, *Large Works*

MODAKS CAFE, 337 George Street

Still love - Lomo McSquirrels, Jessie Robertson and Bromwyn Wallace.

NONE GALLERY, 24 Stafford Street

On the edge of the alphabet - Emma Chalmers

RICE AND BEANS, 2nd floor, 127 Lower Stuart Street.

Lux Lux Lux - Gabrielle Arturo



Hi! I'm Jen and I'll be your performance editor for the year. There are lots of exciting things coming up in 2011; lunchtime theatre on campus, Dunedin's Fringe Festival, numerous Anti-Social Tap comedy events and an exciting season of contemporary work in the pipelines at Dunedin's professional theatre, The Fortune Theatre. There's also a strange gurgling emerging from Dunedin's newest theatre, The Space As Is.

Theatre is interesting! Theatre is great! If you've never been to the theatre, you should go. I dare you. Watch this space for theatre related activity in Dunedin.

The Wonder of Sex

Written by **Patrick Barlow**

Directed by **Lisa Warrington**

Staring Phil Grieve and Keith Adams



The Wonder of Sex spans the 'sexual' history of the last 2000 years, coincidentally the combined age of the audience at tonight's performance, few though they were. Thankfully, *The Wonder of Sex* was not really about sex but instead an annoyingly anachronistic jumble of historical events that may or may not have included sexual encounters.

Desmond Olivier Dingle (Grieve) and Raymond Box (Adams), the sole members of 'The National Theatre of Paeroa', presented a series of "illustrative vignettes" to the audience, the subjects of which ranged from King Henry VIII to Rasputin to Sigmund Freud. As an introduction to the play Grieve's character warned the audience that we might experience "extreme anxiety and acute distress". Unfortunately the warning came a little too late.

Highlights included Adams' rendition of Beyonce's 'Single Ladies' dance and Suzanne Paul's 'Venice' voiceover, which had me in tears multiple times. Unfortunately the timing seemed a bit off and the actors a little unfocused. Granted, news of Christchurch's latest earthquake had just broken and the audience was petite at best.

The two actors attacked the script with gusto and oomph and my commendations go out to them both. Having thoroughly enjoyed *The Thirty Nine Steps* I was excited to see another of Barlow's works on the Fortune stage, but the comedy in *The Wonder of Sex* was not as clever and not as subtle. The comedy was written so obviously into the script that it left the director the task of 'one-upping' the writing. However, the show did have numerous good moments, often resulting from the actors themselves trying to dredge some sense from the props, costumes, characters and sets strewn around the space.

The Wonder of Sex is worth a look-in if you like slapstick and prop-comedy. The actors worked hard and clearly have fun in their roles. Laughs were had by all and that was the point. So I guess it was a success. The Fortune Theatre has an exciting programme scheduled for 2011 so definitely watch this space.



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Fashion comes to Dunedin

Dunedin could be coming dangerously close to breeding an uber-dark design aesthetic, a blueprint for conformist culture and generations of sinister scarves. Nom*D. Need I say more? This year's autumn-winter collection? *Danse Macabre*. How very Antwerpian of you, Margi Robertson. Taking us back to a medieval world where life is fragile and under threat from the Black Death, war, pestilence and famine. Good God. Is it any wonder our fashion compass seems irrevocably pointed towards the deep, dark south? Granted, Otago does kind of have a reputation to live up to, what with the Dunedin gothic sound and all, but couldn't we have a bit of Himalayan-hippie-meets-colonial-grande-dandy-hyper-floral? Yeah, that's what I'm talking about.

It has taken an insanely long time for Fashion to become a regular column in *Critic*, but no longer do we, students of probably the most dark, damp and isolated university in the world, have to languish in the shadows, completely unenlightened about one of life's greatest joys. F.A.S.H.I.O.N. Thanks to you guys, *Critic* is going to crank out fabulous weekly insights into the world of style and everything this wild town we reside in has to offer in the way of *haute couture* (hah!). We'll have student style shots, uber-revealing interviews with everyone and anyone, designer updates, trend watch and various scintillating weekly specimens on the fashion page.

So bombard me with all things fashion, be they beautiful or beastly. Looks that work, looks that don't. Flatmates who rock and trends to mock. Brutality at its finest. Imperfection is wonderful. And so is summer. Make two-zero-one-one a bloody beautiful one. fashion@critic.co.nz



Yes Please

Socks and sandals

Once the territory of embarrassing fathers and European tourists, socks and shoes have made quite the come back. Pair over-the-knee socks with wedges or chunky patterned socks with clogs to harness schoolgirl chic.

Rihanna's outfits in "Only Girl (In The World)"

Crop tops, soft knits, headbands, floaty maxis and knee high sheers - Rihanna's outfits are a one-stop shop for every great trend this summer. One word of warning: crop top does not equal belly button top. Unless, of course, you're Rumi of Fashion Toast.

iD fashion show

WE CAN'T WAIT. New Zealand favs Company of Strangers, Lou and Ash, Nom*D and twenty-seven names will be shown alongside vintage Dior, Chanel and Versace. Tickets are still available through Ticket Direct.

Eff off

Man cleavage

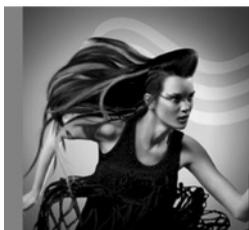
The new low-cut tee trend means acres of flat chest are on display, often with a sprinkling of chest hair. Sadly for the proud wearers of said trend, the effect is less rock 'n' roll and more disturbing white trash man from the 70s. You're not Elvis Presley, man, nor should you aim to be.

Gratuitously complicated nouveau-gladiator sandals

It's summer, so don't wear a fuckload of zips, ties, and elastic strips on your feet. Nouveau-gladiator sandals are the worst offenders since gladiator sandals came onto the scene, and look like Julius Caesar robbed a haberdashery shop.

Grey marl trackies

These Warehouse numbers appear to be immortal; season after season, misguided first years don the beastly things, perhaps as a cover for the impending fresher five they are about to gain. Leave your aesthetically displeasing trackies at home people. Invest in a floaty dress instead.



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This being my fourth year in this fair southern city, I am well acquainted with the inadequacies of the student diet. It's fair to say that in the last three years I have consumed my body weight several times over in toast and pasta. Toast for breakfast, toast for lunch, pasta - usually covered in some variety of canned tomatoes and mixed herbs, maybe even with some frozen mixed vegetables thrown in for colour - for dinner. Pretty appetising, huh?

Well, NO MORE I say.

As students we really do eat the foulest shit. Weird shit too. Dare I mention the time I ate nothing but spinach and salad dressing for two days (not one of my better ideas)? Or that time one of my flatmates presented us with a very memorable cabbage-mashed-potato-pine-apple concoction? It might have been passable if the pineapple hadn't been off. The same flatmate was later responsible for a citrus-ginger pasta dish which I swear I can still taste in my nightmares.

This year, however, will be different. No more *mei goreng*. No more cornflakes for dinner. Goodbye mixed vegetables. Goodbye budget wheatmeal. And good riddance.

In an attempt to determine if it is possible to cook decent, interesting meals without interfering with the goon budget, this year, the *Critic* food page will be bringing you recipes and suggestions which meet three criteria; quick, cheap and not toast.

However, I should also say now that I suffer from what is generally acknowledged to be an unhealthy obsession with Nigella Lawson. Accordingly, there will also be room in *Critic* this year for decadence and indulgence. And so, to start the year and wish you all a happy hungover and new semester, I bring you what is seriously the most delicious brownie recipe in the world.



Fudgy Chocolate Brownies

This recipe, which I have adapted slightly, was given to me by a girl at work, but originally comes from Annabel Langbein, *Anyone Can Bake* (2010).

- 225g butter
- 200g dark chocolate
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 1 tsp vanilla essence
- 1 self raising flour (makes it the perfect cakey/fudgy consistency. YUM.)
- ½ cup cocoa

Oven at 180°C. Line a 30cm x 20cm tin (or whatever) with baking paper.

Melt butter, add chocolate and stir over low heat until chocolate is melted too. Mix in eggs one at a time (use some vegetable oil in place of an egg if you don't have four), beating well after each addition. Stir in vanilla, then sift in flour and cocoa. MIX. (You could also add some chopped nuts or chunks of white chocolate. Serious brownies.)

Place in tin and bake for 35-45 mins or until set. Leave it to cool. (Tricky, I know.) Dust with icing sugar. EAT ENTIRE TRAY IN ONE GO.

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Let's sort it out!



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Kerbside Collection: Alternate Weeks



YELLOW WEEK

Recycle all paper and cardboard, rigid plastics 1-7, tins and cans.

A full list is on the inside lid of your wheelie bin.



BLUE WEEK

Glass

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“You’re Under Arrest”

Some Do’s and Don’ts according to Stephen and Sally at David Polson Lawyers

You’re cruising down Castle st with your mates, few beers under your belt, looking good and feeling bullet-proof. Not sure who put that wheelie bin in front of you, but hey – jump in! Afterall, why walk when you have wheels? Not sure who put that car in front of you either... or who put that dent in the car...who put that fist into the car owner.... And who put that angry cop in front of you ? And what do you mean I’m under arrest!!

DO...

- Lose the attitude (like, immediately...). It’s not helping here.
- Ask the Police Officer for ID (especially if they’re a plain clothes cop).
- Give the police your details when they ask for them.
- Ring a lawyer ASAP– you have the right to do that in private and without delay. Free lawyers are available 24/7 through the Police Detention Legal Assistance Scheme (or call us!).
- Think carefully about your answers to police questions - they will be evidence against you.
- Just answer the questions honestly, and say nothing more (if you have more info you think might assist the police, and it still seems like a good idea to offer that particular brand of assistance when you’re sober, do it then - preferably after you’ve taken legal advice...)
- Also ring a parent, or a responsible friend or family member ASAP so that they know where you are.
- Don’t get involved if one of your mates gets arrested – ring a lawyer for them, or their family.

DON’T...

- Go psycho or be a smart arse.
- Lie – you’re not as clever as you think you are (especially when you’re drunk...), and lies = higher penalties come sentencing day.
- Try and sort the situation alone – nobody makes good decisions when they’re drunk and/or stressed and/or have just been arrested. Get help!
- If you get to Court and still haven’t seen a lawyer, you don’t have to see the Duty Solicitor and plead guilty just to get it over and done with. Ask for an adjournment, and go get some considered legal advice (now is not the time to go for the budget option – kids ask your parents first!).

ALSO GOOD TO KNOW...

- You don’t have to give the Police your details unless you are arrested, you’re driving/ biking, you’re in a pub and the police think you’re under age, or if the Police think you’re a truant.
- Once you’re arrested (but not before) you must give the Police fingerprints and blood samples upon request. If you’re arrested as a suspect on a charge that is serious enough to be tried by a jury, and the Police reason

ably believe DNA evidence will prove your involvement, you’ll have to give the Police a blood or buccal (mouth swab).

- If you’re over 17 and drunk or appear to be on drugs, the Police can take you home, or to a detox centre, or can hold you in custody for up to 12 hours until you can look after yourself.
- A CONVICTION IS SERIOUS ! It can prevent you from attaining some professional qualifications, limit your job opportunities, and stop you from travelling to and/or working in certain countries.

Getting into trouble with the Police can also get you into trouble with the University. You can be disciplined, which can involve being suspended from your course or required to leave the University. Basically, hasty, ill-informed decisions made now can cause major problems for you later on. We can deal with the Police and the University for you, advise you fully on all your options and recommend the best (not just the quickest!) ones, and make sure that you get the best possible outcome in Court. We’re highly experienced, and here to help, so give us a call.

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FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:

The Administrator Faculty of Law University of Otago
Tel 479 8854 Email law@otago.ac.nz

Nga mihi kia koutou. Nau mai haere mai ki Otepoti, ki Te Whare Wananga o Otakou. Kia koutou nga taurira hou, nau mai haere nai ki to turanga hou, to kainga.

Ko wai matou Te Roopu Maori? Ko matou tetahi whanau taurira i roto i te whare wananga. Nō konei, no kora tātou koutou ēngari ki konei he whānau kotahi tātou i raro i te Mana Māori, te Māoritanga me te mātauranga Māori. Na koutou, ka tū tātou Te Roopu Māori.



TE ROOPU MĀORI

Hey Guys,

Welcome to Dunedin, and welcome to the University of Otago. For many of you this is the start of an important journey, and I wish you the very best. I hope that you have all had an awesome Orientation and are geared up and raring to go with the first official week of lectures.

Te Roopu Māori is the Māori Students Association which is run by Māori students for Māori students. Our main aims are to support Māori students in their transition from secondary school to tertiary education, and to continue to support Māori students throughout their time at the University of Otago. As well as providing support, we endeavour to represent Māori students' interests within the University and to promote whanaungatanga on campus.

As mentioned before, many of you are starting a new journey, likewise Te Roopu Māori is undertaking new beginnings. We have officially relocated to the new whare at 523 Castle Street, where we share the building with the Māori Centre. Through this new whare, we hope to bring new life and new beginnings into Te Roopu Māori, with

new physical surroundings, a relatively new executive, and new ideas as to how we can further promote whanaungatanga on campus. This building will be used for tutorials, as well as a new computer suite. There are also study spaces available for both undergraduate and postgraduate students to use, with the Te Roopu Māori offices located at the back of the building.

This year's Te Rito are; Ariana Te Wake – Tumuaki (President), Courtney Heke-McColgan – Kaitiaki Putea (Treasurer), Rimutere Wharakura – Kaituhi (Secretary), Lisa Pohatu – Kaiwhakahaere (General), Rewiri Newton – Kaiwhakahaere (General), Keistin Woodman – Kaiwhakahaere (General).

Please feel free to come in and see us at anytime. I look forward to meeting you and to seeing what 2011 has in store for us.

Nga mihi,

– Ariana Te Waka

MY WORST BEST MATES



BY CHRISTOPHER ONG

#1



TUTORIALS 2011



OUSA Student Support Centre runs tutorials for first year students who are not living in residential colleges. Tutorials are offered for first year health science (CELS191, HUBS191, CHEM191, PHSI191) and Law (LAWS101) papers. The tutorials will run throughout the semester as a series of 10 tutorials for each paper. There will also be special Examination Preparation sessions for each paper closer to exam time. Details about the OUSA tutorials, including prices, times, dates and enrolment forms are available at

www.ousa.org.nz

Students can also contact the OUSA Student Support Centre: support@ousa.org.nz, 479 5449, 5 Ethel Benjamin Pl.



PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

Welcome and Welcome back!

I hope you are all well refreshed after the summer break, and to those of you who continued on with summer school or studentship, good on you!

The Christchurch earthquake is a disaster that will keep affecting us for a long time to come, from supplies to accommodation. Our hearts go out to our students who are hurting at the moment, please get in touch with our Student Support Centre, Student Health or the Chaplaincy team if you want to talk or need some help. OUSA has a volunteer sign up for people who are keen to help out in Dunedin. Volunteers are needed to help with both the influx of people coming in to Dunedin, our street appeal for the Red Cross and soon for manpower up in Christchurch. If you can spare some time to help out head to ousa.org.nz or our facebook page to sign up. We will be in touch as the need becomes clearer and as groups who need assistance approach us.

On a brighter note, we also have the chance for you to win up to \$5000 in our Win Your Fees Back competition. Just jump onto our website by midnight 4th March and fill in your details to go into the draw for this awesome prize. Two minutes could save you one year!

If you have any questions or want to get in touch, our Facebook page is a great place to ask and you're always welcome to pop in to our offices and chat to our staff who will hook you up or point you in the right direction. I'm also available to talk about anything at all – just email president@ousa.org.nz.

Much love and have a great year at Otago University!

Harriet Geoghegan
OUSA President

Don't be a stranger...

Email: president@ousa.org.nz

Follow Harriet on Twitter: [HarrietGeo](https://twitter.com/HarrietGeo)



ENTER NOW!
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Entries close March 4

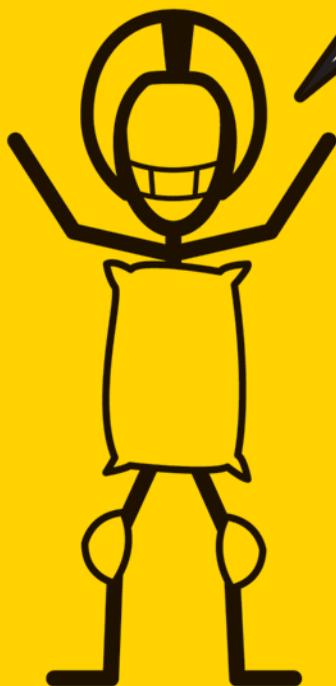


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