

# THE FACEBOOK ISSUE

Issue 02 – 07th March 2011





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## Critic – Te Arohi

PO Box 1436, Dunedin  
(03) 479 5335  
critic@critic.co.nz  
www.critic.co.nz

### Editor:

Julia Hollingsworth

### Designer:

Andrew Jacombs

### Ad Designer:

Kathryn Gilbertson

### News Editor:

Gregor Whyte

### News Reporters:

Aimee Gulliver,  
Lozz Holding

### Feature Writers:

Charlotte Greenfield,  
Josh Hercus  
Phoebe Harrop,  
Siobhan Downes

### Sub Editor:

Lisa McGonile

### Feature Illustrator:

Tom Garden

### Music Editor:

Sam Valentine

### Film Editor:

Sarah Baillie

### Books Editor:

Sarah Maessen

### Theatre Editor:

Jen Aitken

### Food Editor:

Niki Lomax

### Games Editor:

Toby Hills

### Fashion Editor:

Mahoney Turnbull

### Art Editor:

Hana Aoake

### And a whole heap of lovely volunteers

Planet Media

(03) 479 5361

kate@planetmedia.co.nz

www.planetmedia.co.nz

### Advertising:

Kate Kidson,

Tim Couch, Dave Eley,

Logan Valentine

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# Face. Book.



Facebook is a strange old beast. Nowadays, Facebook is essentially a form of socially acceptable stalking. According to our incredibly scientific poll (see Bunch of Fives, page 39), 3/5 students Facebook stalk often. Before Facebook, eavesdropping was frowned upon, and following an acquaintance's activities too closely would result in one being strongly rebuked. Poking people, certainly people who you'd never met before, could get you locked up.

But Facebook has changed the rules, at least, some of them. At some point, saying "Oh, I saw on Facebook that you went to the movies with Chelsea" in conversation became normal, rather than a freaky form of social deviancy. At some point, there became a noted difference between being "Facebook friends", and being "real friends", prompting a new set of Facebook social etiquette to emerge. This week, Siobhain Downes discusses Facebook and its various facets (page 26).

As well as harbouring petty stalkers, Facebook allows the most socially awkward/ objectively boring people to corner their "friends" and inundate them with more boring facts than they'd ever get away with in person. Constant status updates, constant likes of everything from "sleeping" to "that awkward moment when your friend wasn't hacked he just likes dick" (the latter is liked by an astonishing 94,506 'hilarious' people). Josh Hercus 'psychoanalyses' the seven worst Facebook types on page 24.

My favourite Facebook-related entertainment is the career Facebooker. Nuevo bloggers if you will. They average thirteen posts a day, are known for their casual-cool wit that belies the hours spent perfecting their word order. Example: "How can the world end in 2012, when I have a yoghurt that expires in 2013?"

The strange thing is, while Facebook can be great for inviting hundreds to your party and keeping in touch with friends from afar, I still kind of hate it. Sometimes, I like to think back nostalgically to the times when "using the internet" meant playing on neopets or hotmailing my friends chain emails, warning them not to neglect to forward the email OR ELSE they would be unlikely to ever fall in love and their parents would disown them and their hair would fall out. Despite reflexively going on Facebook every few minutes, I'm constantly bored with it. Facebook is democracy at its very worst: EVERYONE gets an equal voice, and everyone's expressing their voice all over the fucking place. More on the downsides of democracy in Two Left Feet, page 34.

ANYWAY, it's not all about the Facebooking. In this issue, we review O Week, of both the OUSA and Urban Factory variety. Despite the grumbles in the background about the line-up, OUSA didn't fare too badly. Check out our official O Week review on page 18. We continue our earthquake coverage on page 10, 11, 14 and lastly on 38, where Georgie Fenwick interviews Sam Johnson of the "student army".

Hope you're having a great second week,

***Julia Hollingsworth***

## Letter of the Week

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



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### OUSAs EVENTS: HOW EMBARRASMENT

Dear Critic,

I would like to concur heartily with the writer of last week's "Letter of the Week". While O Week was surely a blurry mess of Double Brown and one-night stands for some students on campus, those of us who aren't enthused by burnt couch carcasses were left with a dismal and depressing state of affairs. The fact Kora couldn't perform because of the earthquake was a real tragedy, but it was also a tragedy that Kora were headlining O Week in the first place. Someone needs to give OUSA a Groove Guide. Seriously. With so many incredible acts on this side of the world for the Southern Hemisphere festival season, surely OUSA could have got someone awesome to play?? Everywhere else managed. Crappest. Lineup. Ever. Oh, and it rained.

Signed,

Just Wanna Party.

### FRESHERS NOT HOUSE TRAINED.

To whoever took a shit on our lawn during O Week,

We would like to express our disgust and aggravation regarding your appalling act. Could you please come back for it as we have enough of our own shit lying around and we feel that you will be able to find a better use for it than we will? Didn't your mother ever teach you how to dig a hole? I hope you found somewhere to wash your hands afterwards.

Regards,

Severely Shitted Off.

P.S. if you don't come back for it I have heard that DNA tests are revealing.

### HOOKERS HAVE HIGH JOB SATISFACTION

Just a wee comment on the disenchanting column re: the sex industry in *SEX and Money*. A brothel conducted with unclean, drug-abusing working girls is actually a rarity, despite popular opinion. Unfortunately how a brothel is run comes down to management, but in general (in Dunedin at least) brothels have drug- and alcohol-free policies, and have close ties with the Prostitutes Collective, ensuring regular sexual health checks are undertaken.

It is an unfortunate reality that sometimes a working girl will offer bareback sex in exchange for a fee, which not only affects the business of other working girls who will not offer that service but, as shown by this column, brings down the reputation of the sex industry as a whole. If this is discovered in a brothel, the general consensus is that the girl will be dismissed without notice. Quite often many girls do choose to charge extra for things like anal sex and oral sex performed on her, for up to and around \$200. That is normal. Bareback is not.

You will find that girls in the Dunedin sex industry are mainly students and young single mothers. Many of them even genuinely enjoy what they do. Don't discount the entire industry based on one poorly run establishment.

Ex-Whore

Dear Ex-Whore,

*Not only did my brother's brothel have drug- and alcohol-free policies, he worked closely with the Prostitute's Collective and took the girls to drug counselling, then dismissed them if their drug abuse continued - which it inevitably did. Once they were dismissed, any new recruits generally devolved into the same behaviour in less time than your average john takes to ejaculate. Perhaps things are different in the particularly white middle-class enclave of Dunedin, but even the best-run, most enduring brothels in Auckland, like Femme Fatale, have an incredibly high turnover of girls, many of whom are, let's face it, hitting the pipe on the reg. There's no doubt that the measures you have mentioned have helped clean up the industry and improve working conditions for the girls -*

*but show me a hooker who's truly happy with what she does and I'll show you a charisma coach for Phil Goff.*

- Mrs. John Wilmot

### FISH HUMAN HYBRID NOT ATTRACTIVE TO SOME

Dear Dude Who Designed This Year's O Week Poster (Who Is Blatantly The Same Dude Who Did Last Year's Poster),

Wh- Mermaids? What is this. I don't even. from,

*This Is Why We Should Bring Themed O Weeks Back 'Cause I Don't Want No Motherfucking Mermaids On No Motherfucking Poster Come On Man They Weren't Even Hot*

### WHY DON'T YOU JUST MARRY THE INTERNET THEN

Dear Critic,

I found the article about Flynn's latest book incredibly dismissive of the value of the Internet as a source of information. Don't get me wrong, I love books, but I just think that some of the points made were a bit misleading. How do I go about finding out about the Nigerian civil war on the Internet? I google "Nigerian Civil War", read the Wikipedia article, and get a great overview, which will let me know which questions to ask. How do I know which book in the library will be the best one? The Internet is always available; I can read an article while somebody else is. I can find out about currently happening events or conflicts for which there will be no books published for months and probably no good ones for years or decades. As Flynn points out, not everybody has the time and opportunity to write a book or can get published, but far more people are able to publish a blog, which Google can even translate for us.

Kind regards,

Sophie Rivers

### BLAH SUMMER SCHOOL BLAH BLAH

I enjoyed Summer School as a relief from the long queues and crowds, holiday boredom and a great time for mature students to mix. It's great that the long awaited and refurbished Robertson Library is finally open,



complete with computer access for both university and polytech students.

Still, there are some areas that need some polishing. The OUSA microwaves in the Link are dirty and unreliable. Their interiors are covered in grime and they don't heat things up very well. For the sake of students and staff, shouldn't they be cleaned regularly or even upgraded? Another issue that itches me are the notice boards being cluttered up with posters and advertisements passed their used by date. Come on, posters passed their used by date should be taken down and how about the rule of one poster per noticeboard so that there's space for everyone.

Now, I am grateful for the friendship and opportunities offered at Otago University but there are some things that could be polished.

Yours,  
Summer Schooler

## WARM FUZZIES

Dear Critic,

I would like to thank everyone that has been involved in relief efforts for Christchurch since the Earthquake. In particular, Nic Twaddle and Josh Eyre for kicking off the 'keep them going' initiative, all of the organizers and volunteers that got the 17,000+ lunches in to the truck, Northern Southern Transport for getting them there, Alasdair Johnston for getting the first lot to Christchurch in time for the volunteers, everyone who donated money, goods or time to help with the lunches, the Christchurch Embassy down at the Railway Station and at various events around town, all those who are organising fundraisers, UCSA and the UC Volunteer Army for their AMAZING efforts up in Christchurch, the University of Otago for being so supportive of Christchurch students who are displaced, and the team at OUSA who have been putting in the hours to help do all that we can. You are all making a huge difference to those affected by the Earthquake and make me really proud to be a kiwi!

Thanks again,  
Harriet Geoghegan  
OUSA President

## MIXED REVIEW

Dear critic,

I would like to send these brickbats and boquets.

### Buquetes:

Everyone who's volunteered at the Christchurch Embassy  
OUSA Events people for a successful o-week  
The UC student volunteer army  
Julia from Critic for making the font size bigger

### Brickbats:

Bill English who is considering putting back student free interest loans  
Phil Goff for going to a devastated earthquake area, posing for photo ops and then leaving without talking to the residents.  
Regards,  
Anonymous

## JEALOUS

Bridget Gilchrist,

If you described the most exciting and interesting moments of your trip please stay at home next time and save yourself the 2000ish dollars that it took to get you there, or at least don't share them with us :)

P.S. the smiley face was supposed to make that seem nicer but yeah...

Luke Gardener

## POETRY ROX

H2go water bottle  
macbook  
kathmandu black down jacket  
t-shirt with attitude  
secretly missing the Shore  
Signed,  
HSFY

# Notices

### SWEDISH

- Evening course in the Swedish Language for beginners and intermediate students: Monday evenings 6.30pm- 8.00pm, starting April 4, 2011 in Castle A. Course is free to students but a fee of \$25 for the year covers the cost of photocopying course material. Details from Ted Nye, ted.nye@stonebow.otago.ac.nz.

### NEED MONEY???

- Apply for an OUSA Grant. OUSA helps clubs and students by providing grants. There are six grant rounds annually. First round closes Thursday March 14 at 4pm. Check out [www.ousa.org.nz/home/deals/grants](http://www.ousa.org.nz/home/deals/grants).

### UNI RUGBY LEAGUE

- Full year rugby league season starting in April, with change to play rep footy at end of the comp. No league experience required, just the desire to learn the game! Trainings 6 pm Tues and Thurs at Harbour Terrace (By hockey turf). Text Ben 027 21 77 603.

### NZ BLOOD UNIVERSITY COLLECT

- The Gazebo Room, Union Building
- Tuesday March 15, 12.00pm – 4.30pm
- Wednesday March 16, 10.00am – 3.00pm
- Please book your appointment now at [www.nzblood.co.nz](http://www.nzblood.co.nz) or phone 0800GIVEBLOOD to avoid a long wait. Remember to eat and drink before you come and bring ID with you.

### TABLE TENNIS

- Enrolments are now open for the eleventh annual Table Tennis Tournament. Play! Meet other people! Defeat them! Win money! Enrolments close Monday March 14 2011 at 5pm. Enrol now at Clubs and Societies, 84 Albany St Dunedin, ph: 03 479 5960 or email [clubsandsocieties@ousa.org.nz](mailto:clubsandsocieties@ousa.org.nz).

## LETTERS POLICY

- Letters should be 200 words or less. Deadline is Wednesday at 5pm. Send letters to [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto: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.



## Arnott's Vita-Weat Sesame and Poppy Seed

Sometimes you eat a food and imagine where its ingredients are grown. Eating these crackers, I'd prefer not to know where the ingredients are grown as once again we have poppy seeds and I don't want to go to Afghanistan...unless Ross Kemp is there. As for sesame seeds, I don't even know what plant they come from; Mum never had a sesame tree and I don't have the Internet sitting next to me so I can't ask him. Yeah I reckon the Internet is a "him". If God is a woman, the Internet is totes a guy.

This cracker is a little bit plainer and less salty than last week's cracker so the upside down method doesn't work here. But as Boxmunch (my sidekick) identified, on a feminine tongue it tastes a bit sweeter. Not as good as those crackers you used to get on Air NZ though.

They certainly dominate the stale test, which is surprising for something claiming to be 100% natural. Wholegrain goodness means they need a bit more cooking to bring out the flavour so we suggest re-baking them or alternatively baking yourself first. This will certainly help matters as yet again the buzz-out factor from these crackers was zero. Disappointing.

Of course, we're not into naturism so we prefer to cover it up with cheese. Blue is a great addition to help with the lack of salt. The same goes for any peanut butter other than Kraft. The crackers are a bit round; they need to keep the square thing going 'cause no one cuts cheese into round pieces. INEFFICIENT!

Musical serving suggestion would have to be Marky & S.P.Y, "Mystic Sunset", if it ever gets released and if it's ever sunny again. Also add blue cheese, a nice redhead and a red wine.

– Munchbox

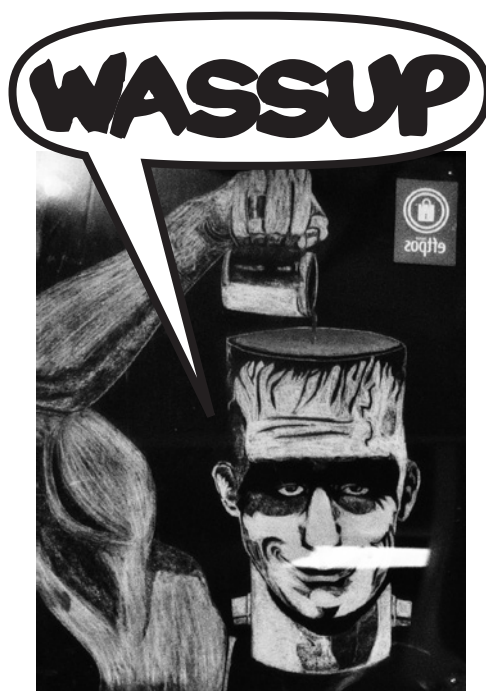


## Master Plan

An American pizza parlour owner has been arrested after bumbling a plan to infest rival pizza places with hordes of mice.

The scheming pizza maker was busted after entering the toilets of a competitor with a suspicious bag and leaving empty-handed. Police found an abandoned bag of mice, footprints on the toilet seat and signs that the roof tile had been tampered with. At another pizza parlour they found five mice in the trash, still safely ensconced in their bag.

The fact that after two attempts the perpetrator failed to actually release a single mouse in either establishment suggests that perhaps he should rethink his methods of disrupting the competition.



Each week, we interview interesting people around town. This week, we interviewed Lex of Lex's Espresso, the man behind what is generally considered to be the best coffee on campus.

**Hi Lex. How long have you been doing this coffee thing?**

May '93. No, '94. Seventeen years this May.

**And how long has this sign been around?**

Same year, I know.

**Awesome.**

Innit!

**How many cups of coffee do you drink a day?**

Three.

**That's keeping the number down.**

Too right. I'm over it. It's over my skin, under my nails, in my hair.

**What's the strangest thing that's ever happened on the job?**

Oh God. I don't know. Nothing really strange has happened, no.

**No strange customers? What's the strangest customer you've had?**

Yeah, probably this guy from the West Coast. He smoked his pipe, had a big beard.

**Was this in the days when it was legal to smoke inside?**

Yeah, yeah. Those were the days when the weirdos were around. It's changed, it's calmed down. I've had a few strange ones. I get those people because I'm stuck, they come and befriend me. I can't move. So they'll sit there for hours. You get those people. Mosgiel man, yeah he was a classic. Had no licence, 30-year old man, lived at home with his mum. Nice guy. I get a few lost souls befriending me but I can't go anywhere eh.

**What would you be doing if you weren't a barista?**

That's a good question. Probably an electrician.

**Well that's it.**

Alright!

**7** the time in seconds former Australian Prime Minister Bob Hawke took to finish a yard glass.

**158** the number of verses in the Greek national anthem.

**20<sub>kg</sub>** the amount of lipstick the average woman eats during her lifetime. Double that if you do Marketing. Slut.





## Spruced Up

A mobster on trial in New York borrowed the presiding judge's tie after prison guards refused to let him have one.

The gangster, nicknamed "Vinny Gorgeous" and known for his sartorial elegance, was allowed a "suit, socks and shoes" for his trial. Jail officials took this order so literally that they denied Vinny a tie. The judge, noting Vinny's discomfort, offered to lend the Bonnano family associate his own tie, even suggesting he keep it for the remainder of the trial.

Vinny faces a raft of charges including murder and racketeering. But he looks good.

## TOP 10



Top ten most popular celebrities of the moment:

(judged by their number of Facebook friends, of course)

1. Eminem- 29,447,660
2. Michael Jackson- 29,391,092
3. Lady Gaga - 29,204,275
4. Rihanna - 25,858,786
5. Linkin Park - 23,721,755
6. Justin Bieber -22,286,182
7. Megan Fox - 21,123,959
8. Vin Diesel - 20,923,902
9. Christiano Ronaldo - 20,790,793
10. Lil' Wayne -20,648,674

(Close behind:

Barack Obama -18,505,210

Taylor Swift 18,119,856

Beyonce - 16,561,166

God - 990,473)

Note: Numbers as of the time Critic went to print. Subject to change.

## Bacon

Two farmers were killed, and a third hospitalised with serious injuries after the men attempted to kill a pig with a homemade stun gun during a traditional Hungarian pre-Christmas slaughter.

One farmer fatally electrocuted himself with the device during an unsuccessful attempt to knock out the pig. The elderly owner of the pig was so alarmed by the tragedy unfolding before his eyes that he suffered a heart attack and died. The third farmer tried to come to the rescue of the first farmer by pulling the plug out of the socket. He received a shock but survived.

The pig came to no harm that day.



Fact: the amount of exclamation marks on your Facebook page is in inverse proportion to your year of study. Have you ever been on a fresher's Facebook? Those little fountains of youth are just so. Keen. For. Life. While a third year might poignantly release a Sunday status as "So. Hung", leaving it to the reader to decipher what they will, a fresher's post-Saturday night update bashes you in the eyeballs, maiming you with its extreme specificity and *joie de vivre*; 'OMFG damn those double blacks!! Frickin luv Monkey tho!!', interspersed with many a LOL and/or ROFL and flourished with smiley faces for good measure.

If your brain craves a rest after this caps lock explosion, please stroll on over to the blog of the week: Cute Asian Stuff (<http://cuteasianstuff.tumblr.com>). This blog title leaves little to the imagination i.e; it is literally just photos of stuff that is a) cute and b) Asian. But it is escapism at its best - sushi that looks like a panda! Chubby Asian babies in onesies! And at the very least, it will offer your retinas relief from those obnoxious Sunday updates.

## Fav Tunez



Electrelane's Saturday is a jangly song from their 2007 album "No Shouts, No Calls". It's a moody wee number, but somehow, in true Electrelane style, the song manages to be both terrible tragic and sort of uplifting. Yeah, it's not exactly recent, but things this good never grow old.

0.9%

The highest blood-alcohol concentration on record. The feat was achieved by a Latvian man found dead on the road. Not from the alcohol, however, he'd been hit by a car.

600

the number of cows used to produce a full season's worth of NFL footballs.

# Two Otago University Students Missing Following Christchurch Earthquake

As *Critic* went to press, two University of Otago students have been declared missing by the Red Cross and police.

The *Otago Daily Times* reported that Sisi Xin, 28, a Dietetics student based in Christchurch, and her friend Didem Yaman, 31, a Political Science PhD student based in Dunedin, have both been missing since the 6.3 Earthquake struck at 12.51pm on Tuesday February 22. They were last seen in the suburb of Avonside at about 11.30am on the day of the quake, heading towards the central city. The two are part of an ever-changing list of the missing which has hovered around the 240-person mark over the last few days.

Speaking to the *ODT*, Student Services Director Mr David Richardson said, "The University is deeply concerned about the welfare of two of our students who have been reported as missing after the earthquake. University staff are liaising closely with police and the students' family and friends to provide them with as much support and assistance as possible at this difficult time".



Vice-Chancellor Sir Professor David Skegg also released a statement saying "I am aware that some staff and students at all of our campuses will be very concerned about family members or fellow students who are missing or seriously affected in Christchurch. I would like to offer my personal sympathy, as well as an assurance that the University will do everything possible to support you".

– **Lozz Holding**





# University of Canterbury Students Try to Jump Ship

The earthquake has caused the University of Canterbury serious problems as they struggle to restore educational facilities to 20,000 enrolled students.

Recently rumours have been floating around that the University may not open until second semester. However Canterbury Vice Chancellor Rod Carr dismissed such talk, releasing a statement on March 2 saying that there would be a "progressive re-start" of teaching beginning on the March 14. Carr stated "I continue to see no reason why we cannot deliver a full academic programme of teaching in 2011". The progressive re-start is being organised by each of the Pro-Vice Chancellors and a detailed schedule is due to be released today.

The biggest problem involved with the re-start is the wellbeing of teaching staff. Many have lost loved ones, are still struggling without homes, or are living without water and electricity. Another problem Carr pointed to was the fact that many staff and students may not want to return to high-rise buildings again. The University's plan of attack is to build a high-tech structure known as the "Oval Village". The structure, to be built within the University Oval, is due to be completed in around eight weeks and will provide facilities for lectures, seminars and study groups, as well as open-plan offices for staff.

In an attempt to make-do without all its original facilities, the University also intends to retro-fit each course by changing the number of lectures and assignments in each paper. On top of this, online components will be added to courses and video-produced lectures will be utilised.

Despite the University's efforts to get things promptly underway, many students have been trying to transfer to other institutions. International students are being encouraged to transfer to other cities, with Dunedin set to receive its share. At time of print the University of Otago had already accepted

enrolments from over fifty internationals, both single-semester exchange students and full-degree candidates.

Those relocating to Dunedin are being streamlined into their courses, with many enrolments being accelerated so that students can sort out accommodation and resume their studies as quickly as possible. University of Otago Pro-Vice Chancellor Professor Sarah Todd said in a media release that the University is working with Accommodation Services and Immigration New Zealand to streamline the settling-in process.

According to New Zealand Union of Students' Associations (NZUSA) co-president Max Hardy, hundreds of domestic students are also trying to transfer to alternative tertiary institutions.

The University of Otago announced in a statement on March 3 that it would welcome all Canterbury domestic students who wished to transfer, the only stipulation being that they complete at least one semester at Otago.

The statement added that "the University of Otago Dunedin information and call centre will remain open over the weekend to take enquiries from earthquake-affected students. As well as providing enrolment advice and accommodation and pastoral support, Otago will make transitional arrangements so that transferring students are not required to pay Otago fees until they have completed withdrawals and received refunds from their previous institution".

Universities New Zealand chairman Derek McCormack said that "students and their families can be assured that the universities are working together with government agencies to explore all possible avenues to make sure that students will have continuity of study during this difficult time".

— Lazz Holding



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# NZUSA commissions report. Discovers students are poor. Everyone shocked.

*Critic* finally got around to reading the New Zealand Union of Students' Associations' (NZUSA) report on student income and expenditure, imaginatively titled "Income & Expenditure Survey 2010 – Summary of key findings".

The report is based on a Colmar Brunton survey of approximately 2850 students from campuses around the country and has shocked many with its novel and frankly unbelievable finding that students are, for the most part, really poor.

The survey found that students had higher average student debt, higher living expenses, and significantly reduced income when compared to students in 2007. Indeed 58 percent of students reported that they were stressed about their financial situation and 70 percent were of the belief that fees were too high.

The tendency of students accumulating more and more debt to fund their studies was also captured by the report. Average student debt of those surveyed was now \$15,558, with the proportion of students having 'low debt' (classed as less than \$2000) falling from 26 percent to 19 percent.

Most students saw the evil of student debt as limiting their ability to purchase a home after finishing study and affecting the timing of when they will travel overseas. Additionally 37 percent stated that the loan would affect their decision to have children.

One positive to come out of the report was that students were still managing to find \$30 a week to spend on entertainment. A scientific analysis of this data by *Critic* indicated that this equates to just fewer than 28 cans of Southern Gold. Disturbingly, however, the average student wastes a whopping \$50 per week buying food, throwing away the chance to purchase another 46 cans and gain all their vital nutrients in liquid form.

NZUSA meanwhile will no doubt be utilising the statistics thrown up by this report to concoct some high quality press releases bemoaning the fate of students. *Critic*, however, speculates that they may find it a little hard to actually relate to the plight of the impoverished student, especially given that the rent on their Lampton Quay office is probably a tad more than the \$142 a week the average student shells out for a roof over their head.

– Gregor Whyte



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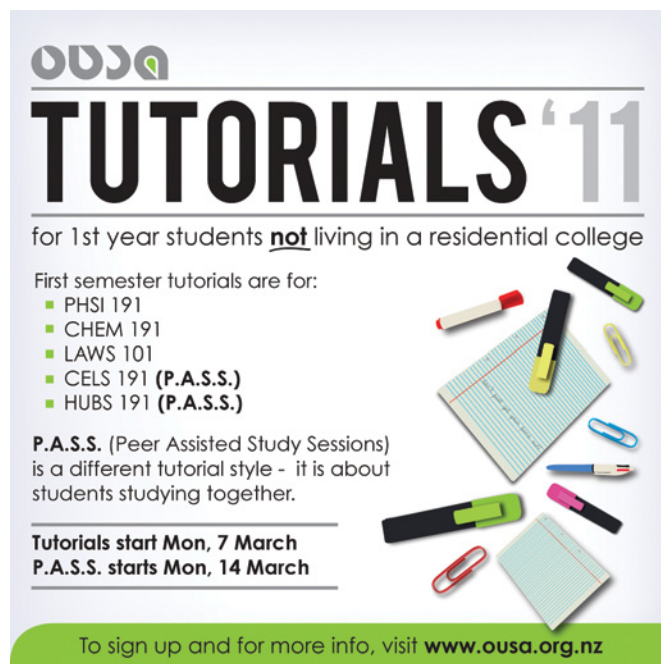
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# Earthquake causes cancellation of census

Statistics Minister Maurice Williamson and Government Statistician Geoff Bascand announced jointly on the 25th February that the census would not be held this year.

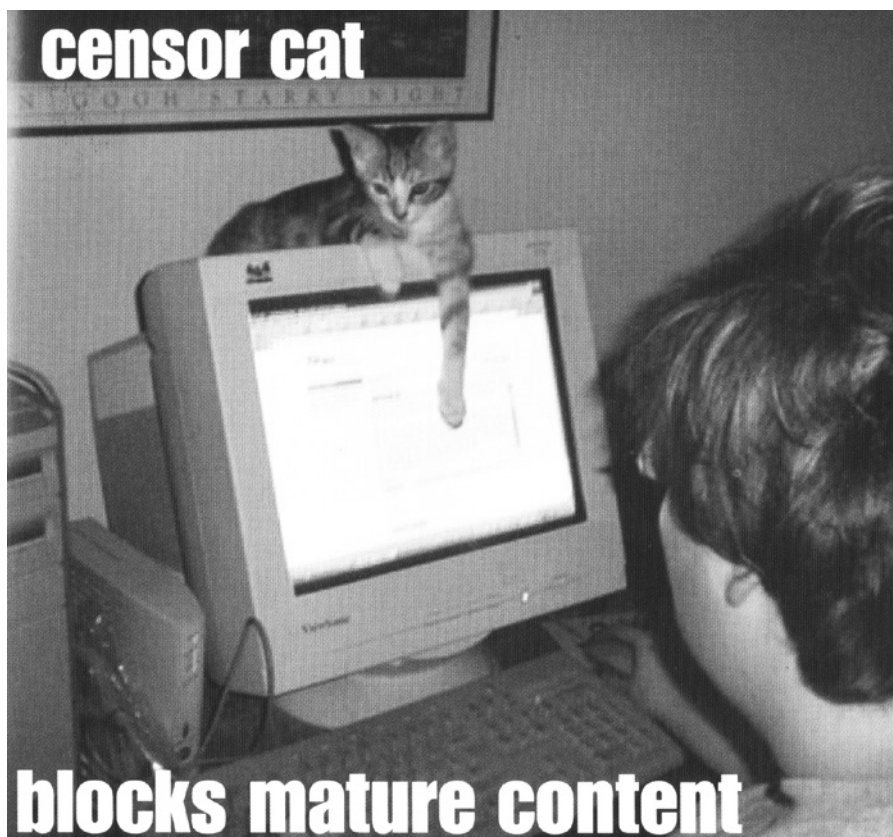
Bascand said census operations in Christchurch had been badly damaged by the quake, and he was not confident the census could successfully take place.

"My decision is based on my serious reservation about our capacity to maintain delivery and collection of forms. I have concern at the accuracy of the data we will be able to collect given the tragedy's effect on people's lives, not just in Canterbury but wider," he said.

Later in the day Mr Bascand was able to confirm that census collectors would be paid for the work they would have done through to the end of their contracts. This was a relief for many university students who had been employed for the census.

2011 is the third time the census has been cancelled. The other two were in 1931 for the Depression and in 1941 during World War II.

– *Sophie Yeoman (Salient)*



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The Dunedin community has established a Christchurch “Embassy” at the Railway Station to welcome anyone needing a place to go outside of earthquake-stricken Christchurch.

The “Christchurch Embassy” Facebook group describes itself as “the first port of call” where people from Christchurch can go “for somewhere to relax, have a cup of tea, talk to social agencies, sort out accommodation, and most importantly be welcomed to Dunedin for as long as they need and be given ongoing support”.

The Embassy is a centre where people can drop in anytime to talk to support people from community organizations for information about what assistance is available in the weeks following the earthquake. Social workers are on hand to advise people of their options for vital services like accommodation for the duration of their stay in Dunedin.

## Christchurch Embassy at the Dunedin Railway Station

The Embassy is also working in conjunction with the Dunedin Civil Defence Welfare Centre to provide WINZ and Housing New Zealand services for those who require them.

Volunteers from the Otago University Students’ Association (OUSA) are assisting community groups at the Embassy and, as the official coordinator of volunteers, OUSA is “really stoked to have had so many people put their names forward”.

In a press release the Dunedin Embassy Committee added that “OUSA has also offered the use of their Clubs and Societies location for Christchurch residents needing showers, and has spaces for NON-PERISHABLE food donations to be sent to Christchurch”.

The Embassy was open 24 hours a day for the first two days of operation, and on Thursday March 3 reduced its operating hours to 7am-10pm. The need for the centre is going to be continually assessed, and anyone interested in volunteering can register at <http://ousahelp.wufoo.com/forms/earthquake-relief-dunedin-volunteers/#public> or by emailing OUSA President Harriet Geoghegan at [president@ousa.org.nz](mailto:president@ousa.org.nz).

Free baking, tea, coffee and juice are constantly on hand down there, and *Critic* would really recommend getting involved for this factor alone (warm fuzzies added bonus).

– Aimee Gulliver



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# Stride threatens government. Critic unsurprised. Geoghegan next?

OUSA Finance and Services Officer Dan Stride has brazenly informed Her Majesty's Government that they have left him with no option but to destroy them, after the Education and Science Select Committee inconsiderately ignored his submission (along with that of a few thousand others) opposing the Bill advocating Voluntary Student Membership (VSM).

The Education (Freedom of Association) Amendment Bill will have its third reading in April this year. The purpose of the Bill is to uphold students' rights to freedom of association by ensuring that no student is compelled to join a student association.

OUSA has strenuously opposed the Bill from the beginning, claiming that VSM will cripple vital services provided to students by the Association. In his capacity as an OUSA officer, Stride wrote to the Minister for Arts, Culture and Heritage Chris Finlayson in October 2010 about the likely implications of the Bill.

Minister for Tertiary Education Steven Joyce responded (as the Bill falls within his area of responsibility), saying that "voluntary students' association membership is consistent with National Party philosophy" and that if the Bill passes into law, "students will soon be able to choose whether or not to join a students' association based on the value they would gain from membership".

Joyce also said in his letter to Stride that "no convincing new arguments were presented in support of retaining compulsory student association membership" when the Select Committee received submissions. This went down like a cup of cold sick with Stride, one of the submitters to the Select Committee. In his response to Joyce, Stride says he "might as well not have bothered", calling the process a "sham."

In the same letter Stride accuses the Government of having no "sense of respect for democracy", and says that, "appealing to reason and pragmatism has been a futile endeavour...with regards to this legislation."

However Stride saved the good stuff for the end, setting the 2011 General Election alight with a threat that no doubt has the Government shaking in its boots; "if your Government is going to destroy students' associations, we have absolutely nothing to lose by taking you with us".

Somewhat cryptically, Stride followed this threat with a claim that "by the time we will have finished with you, you will *envy* Lockwood Smith". *Critic* was unable to decode the meaning of this threat, but notes that when replying to Joyce, Stride also quotes Albert Einstein's definition of insanity: "repeating the same thing over and over again and expecting a different result". Perhaps an alternative definition might be: "minor student association functionary threatening popular first-term government with destruction".

— Aimee Gulliver



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## Critic Hijacked

Some copies of last week's *Critic* had a sticker attached to the cover advertising the company BookRenter.co.nz. This was done as an act of "guerrilla advertising" by the company without *Critic's* knowledge. *Critic* did not receive payment for this and does not in any way endorse the company or its product.

Prior to getting lawyered up, *Critic* contacted BookRenter to complain about the infringement. BookRenter apologised for the stickering, saying that it had not been planned and that a staff member had acted without company approval.

– Staff Reporter

## Former University A player makes Japanese squad

Former University A lock Justin Ives has been named in the provisional 41-man strong Japanese World Cup squad coached by former All Black John Kirwan.

Ives, who was born in Dunedin and went to Taieri College, went to Japan for an initial six-week period in 2007 to play for the Sanyo team. Ives was then offered a permanent contract in 2008. After spending three years in the country Ives qualified to play for Japan.

The squad will be reduced to 30 for the Asian Five Nations tournament in April and May, with a further selection made for the Pacific Nations Cup in July. Ives will know if he makes the Japanese World Cup squad in late August.

– Anthony Riseley

## Cash Money for Uni

The development of a medical healing gel by University of Otago researchers has led to significant financial rewards for the University.

Produced in a joint research project with the University of Adelaide and Wellington-based company Robinson Squidgel, the "healing gel" aids in the post-operative recovery of sinus surgery patients. Leading medical technology company Medtronic bought the patent to the gel in a deal which has been cited as one of the most important commercial deals ever entered into by the University.

Speaking to the *Otago Daily Times*, Deputy Vice-Chancellor Professor Hayne noted the significance of the deal, which "demonstrates the high calibre of the science conducted at Otago".

– Teuila Fuatai

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## 53 Seconds is Ages for Some Guys

Typically shit Dunedin weather conditions meant a smaller than normal turnout for the annual "Bezzett Jewellers Clocktower Race", held at noon on the Tuesday of O Week. Competitors lined up to try and beat the midday charms and take overall honours on the day.

The men's race was tighter than an Auckland hipster's jeans, with defending champion Chris McLean pipping American exchange student David Blumer by the tip of his foreskin over the final metres of the dash. Frances Riley was the first woman across the line and went home with the glory and a nice prize from Bezzett Jewellers.

**Men's 1<sup>st</sup>:** Chris McLean (53.1 sec)

**Women's 1<sup>st</sup>:** Frances Riley (66.0 sec)

### Records

**Men:** Todd Mansfield (48.14 sec – 2008)

**Women:** Sonja Bowe (56.70 sec – 1997)

– Lozz Holding

## OUSA "Earthquake Support Open Day"

OUSA will be holding an "Earthquake Support Open Day" in the OUSA meeting room between 9-5 today, Monday March 7. Additionally at 3pm there will be an afternoon tea for students and staff to get together and share their experiences of the earthquake.

The open day aims to offer support to students who are upset or distressed about the tragedy and an opportunity for students to express themselves. Student support staff will be on hand to listen and advise.

– Staff Reporter

# Bouncing off the Halls

O Week is a merry week for freshers and prowling second years alike. First year students have to make important decisions for themselves now, like who they hate in their hall and which girls on their floor have the best cans. The little darlings are getting involved in the Otago lifestyle and are starting to “find their place in the world” and that jazz.

Well, one Cumberland soldier already has. This man single-handedly earned 150 respect points and scarfie immortality after showing a half-full Carisbrook his walnut during the Highlanders rugby game. Now there is a man who knows how to use his diversion to the fullest.

Speaking of dicks, no one likes Arana. Even people from Arana don't like other people from Arana. I'd bet my left eyebrow more people at Otago Uni know the words to “Fuck Arana” than to the National anthem. That

said, all credit to one Arana-dwelling first year who stood up to an impolite second year. The aforementioned fresher didn't appreciate the drunken abuse frothing from the second year's gob so proceeded to knock the chump out quicker than Charlie Sheen putting away an eight-ball of coke. Worryingly this is not the only reported case of Arana freshers fighting back. You've been warned: shout at them from a safe distance like everyone else, you idiot.

Another fresher didn't fare quite so well after attending a token second-year Castle Street party. Despite the hosts putting on a veritable feast of ear-splitting dubstep for her to listen to, this girl had an itch that couldn't be satisfied by dull and repetitive music alone. What better way to fill the void, so to speak, than a game of hide the sausage? After undoubtedly the three most romantic minutes of this girl's life, she was

left with a serious problem on her hands; how to get to A+E for stitches to put her meat wallet back together. Bet the phone call home to mum and dad was awkward.

As this whole column has revolved around genitalia it seems appropriate to finish off with an account from UniCol. One furious, potentially bourbon-enraged, young man was sick of the girl down his hall not sleeping with him so he cannily slapped his package neatly across her laptop. The dirty beggar then took a photo and left it for the unassuming female to find. I highly doubt she took much offence; it was probably far more appetising than any meal she's had in her college so far.

– **Lozz Holding**

## (H)RONICLES OF (C)ASTLE

With the residents of Castle Street well and truly settled in there are dramas a-plenty.

Wednesday night was the scene of one the bigger Castle Street parties, with fun times and messy beds all round. In a typical case of “freshness”, one young fresh coma-ed on the couch in the middle of the buzz-out room for a solid five hours. When he finally awoke from his slumber he asked for directions to the viaduct, thinking he was still in Auckland. Earlier in the week, a change of seasons brought happy times to Stan Walker's life as someone ticked his little black box.

There has been a disturbing increase in the number of relationships (i.e; when a boy and girl get jiggy with it sober) happening on Castle. However, high levels of intoxication have meant people have been ‘playing up’. One poor girl was driving down Castle, giving her parents the grand tour, when they saw an idiot running up and down the street

naked. Aforementioned idiot was acting as a traffic controller so he stopped the vehicle. On approaching the passenger window, he realised that the car he was about to put his big dog up against contained his girlfriend and potential in-laws. So as not to be rude he shook hands with the father, who made a comment on the day's temperature then told the boy to “shove off” and never go near his daughter again. The parents went straight to Unicol and signed their daughter up to be an RA, just to be absolutely sure her social life is limited and doesn't include interactions with the Clevedon Cowboys.

Celebs such as Streetbiker Tommy have been spotted at Castle Street gatherings, coming to soak up the atmosphere and fire the party. Speaking of firing up, Campus Watch managed to burn one poor resident's car as they mistakenly believed pushing a burning a couch into a parked car would help

extinguish the flames. The car started to crack and sizzle. Luckily it, and everyone around, came out relatively unscathed. Thumbs up Campus Watch.

With jelly-wrestling scheduled for the weekend and more freshers finding their way down to Castle every day, I'm sure there will be gossip and bitching to match *The Hills* next week. We are currently playing host to many UC and Lincoln students and we will do our best to show them a good time. In the meantime our thoughts are with Christchurch.

– **Sam Reynolds**





# O WEEK

OU.SA v.s. Urban Factory



Each year, *Critic* conducts a review of OUSA's O Week - the highlights, the spew-y lowlights, the great bands and the bands that sparked hateful scarfie chants. This year, however, we did things a little differently. For a while now Dunedin bars have been offering up "alternative" OWeeks, often featuring events that involve freshers getting wet, such as jelly wrestling and foam parties. But this year Urban Factory went above and beyond, snapping up big acts that played at O Weeks across the country.

We sent charming first year **CHARLOTTE DOYLE** to review OUSA's O Week, and talented fifth year **GEORGI HAMPTON** to Urban Factory's offering. While we make no claims as to the scientific accuracy of this experiment, the results are fairly interesting. It appears that, MGMT or no MGMT, OUSA's O Week never fails to keep the freshers happy, while Urban Factory's impressive bands were not the be-all-and-end-all in the making a great O Week.

# OUSA

If I were to use one word to describe O Week, it would be 'intense'. It has been by far one of the most *intense* weeks that I can remember (or at least remember most of). For a start there's getting used to the idea that this tiny room with its unfamiliar hard pillow, blank walls and interesting coloured curtains is yours for the rest of the year. Then there's meeting the people you're going to be living with - do you wait for your neighbour to make the move or do you go over and do the door knocking, hand shaking and "hey there" thing yourself? These 'firsts' were something we fretted over for months before even making it to student-dominated city. How do you start a conversation with someone you've never met? With hundreds of people? What are the opening lines? What if there's no one you're compatible with? What if the temptation to go and sit in your room by yourself is *that* overpowering? What if you make no friends? Upon arriving there were, of course, the three questions...What's your name? Where you from? What are you studying? (That last question shouldn't even count, there's a 50% chance your guess of Health Sci is right.) And it turns out everyone was in the same boat. So after people found their temporary niche...the partying began.

As a high school student, O Week is something you've heard about for years. Whether it's snippets from that older sibling who doesn't tell you the finer details for risk of potentially damaging your delicate high school ears or from that older sibling who only *thinks* they know what they're talking about and provides you with biased second-hand information. Of course the toga party was a given, who wouldn't know about that particular rave?

When the OUSA package arrived in the mail it was a relief to realise that the events ran more along the lines of concerts. Concerts I can handle. Forced orientation rituals maybe not. Pranks - this was exactly why Knox seemed like a bad idea. But every newbie to Dunedin has to admit in their deeper soul that they were nervous about O Week. More than one person expressed their inner concerns about creating the right first impression. Making friends, sitting with someone in the dining hall at dinner, peer pressure to party, not having enough alcohol to party, not having enough money to buy the alcohol to party or purely not being old enough to legally party at all, aka the fateful 17 year olds. Life's tough for a fresher, huh?

The comedy show was a good way to start off a week like this in terms of building up anticipation. The line for the 9.30 session was, in a word: pissed, in more ways than one. It was also very long until those with passes realised they could jump the queue. Good decision making on their part, and a demonstration of the advantage of reading the fine print of the O Week (that is, paying the little extra makes your week a lot easier). The last session was hilarious. As one comedian put it, the session at 6.00pm earned mild claps, the session at 8.30pm was a little bit more enthusiastic, even with some laughter, but the last session was THE most excitable audience ever, apparently. "You guys would just cheer for anything wouldn't you? WOOO A ROCK! WAAARHAAHAH! A ROCK! WOOO! PUNCTUATION!! SYNTAX! WOO!!!" was Steve Wrigley's interpretation of the crowd. Note to comedians; use an audience's drunken state to your advantage. It makes you that much funnier.

The hypnotist show was just as, if not more, hilarious with vibrating seats and ballet dancers. At the time we were convinced it was real



## OUZA SCORECARD

**Bands:** 2/5, needed more crowd pullers  
**Vibe:** 4/5 (at toga party)  
**Fun factor:** 5/5 at beginning of week 3/5 by Saturday  
**Drinks:** I was one of the sad few with an R17 wristband  
**Fresher presence:** high  
**Spew presence:** surprisingly medium but the sheer mass of what we did see was impressive  
**Popularity:** Depends....  
**Use of scarfie chants:** low. The only one I heard was along the lines of "fuck Arana", very passionately chanted as well  
**Price:** \$140-160  
**Bouncers:** there were bouncers?  
**Critic's overall rating:** 8.95/10

but now we're not so sure. When they were "told" to fall in love with whoever was next to them "guy or girl, gay or straight...just do it", one of them repeatedly came back to the same girl sitting two rows in front of us, either genuine love or an entertaining flaw in the plan.

And then there was the toga party. At one point during the night somebody said, "if you think about it, this is the most ridiculous gathering of people I've ever seen. We're wearing sheets for fucks sake!" A fair point. Maybe that's what makes it so crazy - the sheer privilege of wearing a \$2 sheet has gone to people's heads. This is the event that comes to everybody's mind when O Week is mentioned, alongside couch-burning of course. It's the night that sells out halfway through the day before and ends with photos in the paper the day after. It was also probably the best event of the week with a hyped-up crazy atmosphere induced by a ridiculous amount of people squashed in one space. It surprising not more togas came off with the amount of moshing that was going on. Note to self; do not mosh in a group of guys that are about twice your size or next to hooking up couples. It's gross. Past midnight we walked home in our unravelling creations to yells of "hey freshers!!! Take. It. Off!"

By the end of the week the concerts had blurred together and by the time Saturday night rocked on up people favoured town over Ladi 6, Minuit and Dj Rehka. When we arrived less than 100 people were there. Whether it was from a lack of interest or lack of energy it's hard to tell but they probably just weren't big enough names...like MGMT. However, as someone put it, at least they came on stage. Kids of 88 did have potential. Sadly, some technical issues and the fact that it took them a little too long to come on stage meant the majority of people

left, dragging the atmosphere with them. From that night Computers Want Me Dead were the most interesting despite the booing crowd. "Indie" was an interesting choice of title for the night, though it could be a reflection of how "indie" has become the new "mainstream".

There was also the rugby about which all I heard was that it was a long walk home. Who won?

The Christchurch earthquake needs to be mentioned. To those who experienced it or have family who experienced it; what a hellish experience and we all hope that it will never happen again. It's a bit disturbing to think so many people, especially people to whom many of us are very close, were going through a traumatic time while trivial issues such as how to shape a toga and whether or not you were old enough to go to town were on many of our minds. However I don't think the TVs in hostel common rooms were turned off the news once during that week and the support will keep on mounting.

The morning after O Week, the charred remains of a barbeque (meat included) were stinking up Clyde St. THE most disgusting smell to experience that early in the morning. Just those Dunedin students, right? The night before we'd been offered leftover "chups" in an empty bread packet by a bulky guy in a spaghetti strapped black dress. Too tight and inside out I might add. But it's the way to meet people during O Week. Crazy, drunken, intense O Week. By the end people were getting tired. Staying out every night doubled with all these new people, tripled with an entirely new environment is exhausting. Let the lectures and study begin...yeah right.



# URBAN FACTORY

Anyone who has studied in Otago for at least a year is sure to have observed the historic Orientation posters that adorn the walls of Poppa's Pizza, food for the eyes while you wait for food for the stomach. And it doesn't take too much looking to come to a realisation about a trend of Orientation over the years. I'll break it down for you: they're getting shitter. To start, the posters are less original – gone are the witty "movie" posters, replaced with boring colours and simple block letters. We can continue to bemoan the unoriginality of OUSA's design staff behind "O'11", but to quote the old scarfie ads it would be best to just "get over it". However, when this unoriginality spreads over into the O Week line up, just getting over it no longer remains an option.

To say the OUSA O Week line up was uninspiring is being, well, kind. Granted, there are always going to be some unhappy folk, but for the first time in five years there was absolutely nothing I wanted to attend. Previous years I've seen the likes of the Mint Chicks (twice) and Liam Finn, among others. This year nothing jumped out. With VSM upon us, one might think that the onus would be on OUSA to really show the students what they will miss. Clearly, OUSA disagreed.

So then we say hello to the other player on the scene: Urban Factory. The guys at Urban Factory had put together an O-week line up all of their own and a much more satisfactory one at that. There were a

couple of excellent nights, and a couple that could've been better, but this place has potential if they play their cards right.

Monday night was a supreme let down. The event was called "Essential" and featured Dick Johnston, James Ashwin and more. While I am not quite in the know about electro DJs, my accompanying friend is and was extremely disappointed the DJs never actually played. The Facebook event said the night started at 9pm. We turned up at 9.30pm and the bouncer told us we were "a bit early", which made us feel a bit awkward. In fact, the whole vibe was awkward. We had an awkward drink and the manager asked us if they were made well so I guess it is my duty to report that yes, they were made well. As well made as a glass of Coke can be.

Even though the bar was empty – I'm not exaggerating at all, the staff outnumbered us – it is clear that Urban Factory has a lot of potential. For one thing it is giant and has a pretty good set up with the stage and bar being close together but not too close, leaving enough room for both dancing and not dancing, just "appreciating". There is also a room with couches and tables for those who not that into the music, and an outside area to the front. We left on Monday night after our 9.30pm drink, but came back twice and the DJs still hadn't started. At 12.30am we gave up, refusing to believe the bouncer who told us they "were definitely gonna play", and went home.

After the devastating earthquake in Christchurch on Tuesday, *Critic* didn't feel like partying too much and was unable to attend. However, we heard from the manager of Urban Factory that there were "at least





## URBAN FACTORY SCORECARD

**Bands: 4/5** An excellent range, and the bands that did play put on fantastic shows. Took one point off for Monday night's disappointment.

**Vibe: 4/5**

**Fun factor: 5/5** We definitely had fun. We're pretty proud to be key instigators of the dancing to Avalanche City.

**Drinks: 5/5** "well made", a good selection of spirits. A wedge of lemon in a plain glass of Coke is a nice touch.

**Fresher presence: Low.** Maybe they couldn't find it.

**Spew presence: Low.** None actually inside Urban Factory although we did see a girl spewing in a gutter outside on the way home on Friday.

**Popularity: 3/5** – De la Soul and Concord Dawn pulled the biggest crowds. Monday night was empty.

**Use of scarfie chants: Low**

**Price:** Student prices ranging from \$10 to \$38 for De la Soul

**Bouncers: 5/5** – really friendly!

**Critic's overall rating: 7.5/10**

600 people there" partying to Concord Dawn, State of Mind, Bullet-proof and others. Urban Factory was apparently packed until the wee hours. Word on the street is that we missed a pretty epic night!

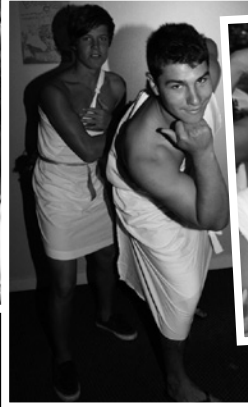
Before you stop reading this article and write off Urban Factory completely, I've got to tell you that Wednesday night was awesome. The event on Wednesday, "Blues, Brews and BBQs", apparently started at 11am. I headed along much later, about 9pm, with a group of ex-flatmates, and we had an excellent night. In the evening Avalanche City played, as well as Knives at Noon. Despite the late start, Avalanche City were awesome. If you don't recognise the name, an excerpt of their song "Love Love Love" features as the TV2 theme tune. Their set was the perfect mix of songs to dance to and songs to just listen to. It is worth mentioning the multi-talented Romelli Rodriguez, who played the drum, accordion and violin beautifully over the course of the set. Knives at Noon were a different vibe, but also excellent as always. Urban Factory didn't have a huge crowd, but that suited the atmosphere and meant everyone had space to dance without, for example, copping a sweaty elbow to the face. There was even a "celebrity" appearance from one of the twins off *New Zealand's Next Top Model* (we're sorry, we still aren't sure which one). OUSA definitely missed out on Avalanche City.

Friday night was most definitely the highlight of week. Urban Factory hosted the De la Soul is Dead anniversary tour – 20 years since the release of the band's second studio album. Urban Factory was suitably packed, and as much as Wednesday night hadn't been hot and sweaty, Friday night was the opposite. You couldn't help but get involved, with pretty much the entire bar responding to "put your hands up, put your hands up". It's the first time I've seen De la Soul live, and their innovation and skill really increased my respect for the hip-hop genre. It is also worth mentioning the opening act, the boys from Dudstown

Recordings, who did a fantastic job of "warming the crowd up" for De la Soul. The beats were familiar yet interesting and set the scene for an impeccable night!

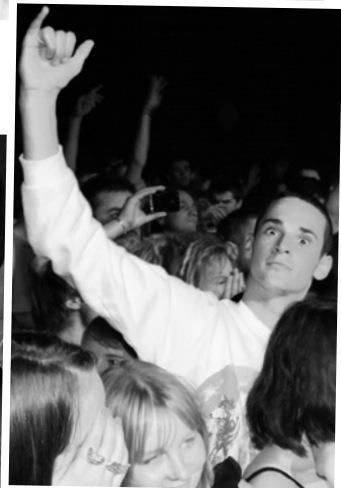
Saturday night was supposed to be the full Salmonella Dub nine-piece line-up, which has been postponed to Saturday March 5. *Critic* was pretty excited about the gig and appropriately disappointed when one of the bouncers said "oh yeah, they're moved to next week so we don't know who's playing now". So instead, *Critic* checked out the fresher population in the Octagon (huge!) and through a series of unfortunate events did not end up at Urban Factory on Saturday. We are pretty damn excited about this coming Saturday though.

All in all, O Week at Urban Factory had some fantastic moments, accompanied by some not so fantastic moments. However these not-so-fantastic moments were reasonably minor and didn't detract from the awesomeness of Wednesday and Friday nights. While I'm not a bar owner myself and probably can't offer the best advice, I thought that with better organisation and more advertising (some copy editing on their Facebook events wouldn't go amiss either), Urban Factory O Week could've been a lot bigger. To give them some credit, they were competing with OUSA who pre-sells O Week passes to unsuspecting first years before they even arrive in Dunedin, let alone realise that there are other (read: better) options. We didn't see many first years at the events at Urban Factory, although that might've been because the lure of the Monkey Bar or Malbas was too strong. You never do want to grind to "Teenage Dream" on people you don't know quite as much as when you are first year and born in the '90s. We didn't mind that much. Urban Factory has loads of potential, especially if they keep on hosting such a good range of bands making great music.



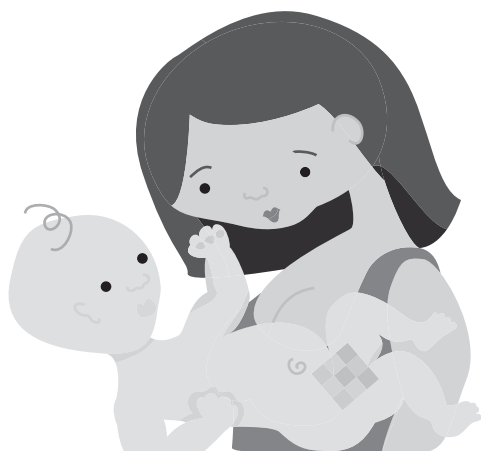
## Spotted Around O Week

Pics By Austen Kingsbury & April Chiu





# Seven irritating 'friend' types on Facebook



## The Excited Young Parent

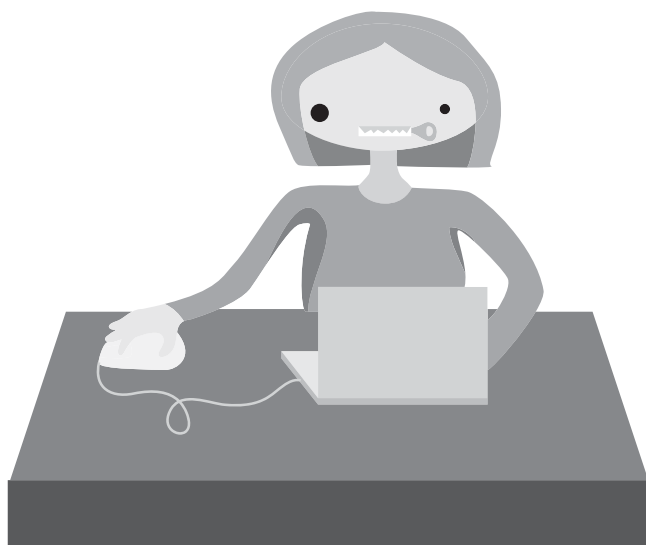
*Known for: having recently had a child and sharing every moment of it via Facebook*

### What they think they're doing:

I love my child so much and clearly everyone should too! He/she is so cute that I'm going to put up a million pictures of them on Facebook for all to see. I'm gonna let the world know what it's like to be a young mum, one status update at a time!

### How they look to everyone else:

LOOK AT MY REPRODUCTIVE ABILITIES! LOOK AT THEM!!! My attempt to use the cutest photo of my baby as a profile picture has backfired because, unlike me, most people don't think it's cute but rather creepy and awkward.



## The Trapper

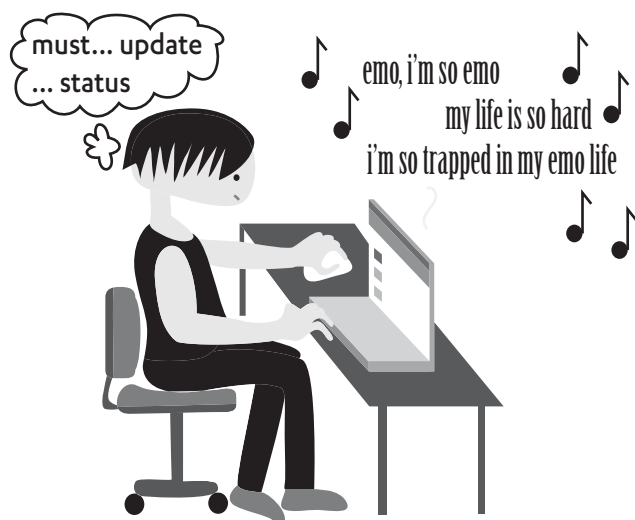
*Known for: spending every waking hour on Facebook chat and constantly wanting to talk to you until the end of time*

### What they think they're doing:

I spend more time on Facebook chat than I do sleeping and I love talking to everyone! I will talk to everyone and anyone cause it's just so easy on Facebook. I don't understand why some people don't go on Facebook chat – it's the best part!

### How they look to everyone else:

I am the reason why people don't go on Facebook chat. I lock people into conversations the second they log on and have no ability whatsoever to recognise when the conversation has ended and will drag it out for as long as possible, not allowing my victim to escape. Ironically, my online chatting frenzy is not replicated in real life, where I can only hold the most awkward of conversations that are the definition of brevity.



## The Poet

*Known for: long-winded and ambiguous status updates that make them look emo*

### What they think they're doing:

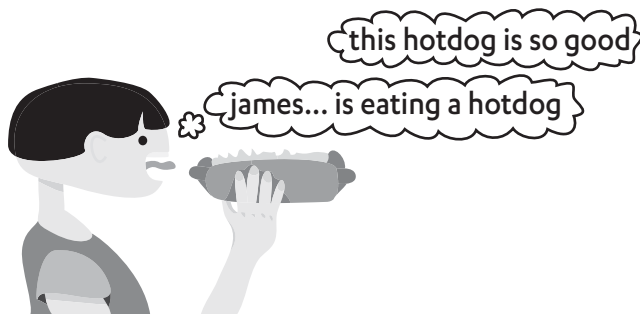
My deep and meaningful post is a gateway to my darkened soul. This depressing song I'm listening to right now is the catalyst for this insightful, cryptic post which I hope one particular person reads. The ambiguity of this Facebook status is reflective of my disconsolate feelings.

### How they look to everyone else:

I'm trying to be mysterious and arty but have successfully made myself look like a complete goober. I lack the sufficient communication skills to directly say what I want to a specific person and have to use terrible song lyrics to create an awkward, annoyingly ambiguous status update. I'm the down buzz of Facebook.



LOL OMG LIKE LOL



Illustrations by Josie Brough

## The Liker

*Known for: 'liking' everything and anything*

### What they think they're doing:

I'm really bored so I'm just gonna like all this stuff cause it's just so funny! While I'm at it, I'll drop super subtle hints about what I like and don't like so that I don't have to confront anyone!

### How they look to everyone else:

I'm a passive aggressive fourteen-year-old girl who likes nothing more than to clog up my friends' Facebook feeds with mindless, unfunny one liners. I lack personality so I make up for it by 'liking' thousands of ridiculous statements in a bold attempt to show people that I have some character. I am the very essence of why Bebo crashed and burned.

## The Activist

*Known for: being extremely politically active, but usually only on Facebook*

### What they think they're doing:

I'm exercising my right as a proactive global citizen to inform my peers about the events around the world that concern us all. We can all make a difference if we sign petitions together and get involved!

### How they look to everyone else:

SPAM SPAM SPAM SPAM!! THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING \*insert unsubstantiated claim\* AND IF WE SIGN THIS PETITION WE CAN STOP THEM!! SPAM SPAM SPAM SPAM LISTEN TO MY RADICAL POLITICAL BELIEFS BECAUSE I'M MORE INFORMED THAN YOU BECAUSE I SAW ZEITGEIST ONCE AND IF YOU DISAGREE WITH IT THEN YOU'RE AN IDIOT! GOD DAMN IT I'M USING CAPS LOCK SO LISTEN TO ME! SPAM SPAM SPAM SPAM.

## The Mundane Status Updater

*Known for: updating their status with even the most trivial and boring of information*

### What they think they're doing:

I'm keeping a record of my life and letting all my friends know what I'm up to. Technology is great these days!

### How they look to everyone else:

I have an incredibly boring life and a strong urge to share that with anyone who will even remotely listen.

## The Commenter

*Known for: being similar to the liker but has to comment on absolutely everything, no matter how awkward and uncalled for this is*

### What they think they're doing:

I'm a free spirit who loves to have my say about everything! Facebook is about connecting with friends and that's exactly what I'm doing!

### How they look to everyone else:

I am the pestilence of Facebook. I weaken the notion of freedom of speech. I am the group that creates 90% of Facebook's trash. Unfortunately, I've never quite grasped the concept of 'if you've got nothing good to say, don't say anything at all'.

# FACE

As of 2011, over 500 million of us are living our lives within the cornflower-blue-and-white themed webpages of Facebook. For most of 2010, Facebook surpassed Google as the most visited website. We're over searching porn, celebrities and LOLcats. We'd rather search each other; our friends, families, lovers, ex-lovers, colleagues, teachers and even pets. They can all be found on Facebook. It's not called 'social' networking for nothing, with the average user, according to official statistics, having 130 'friends'. But can our activities on Facebook really be described as 'social interaction'? Just how much has Facebook superpoked its way into our world? **SIOBHAN DOWNES** investigates the face-off between Facebook and the Real World.

## ***Social Me, Me, Me-dia***

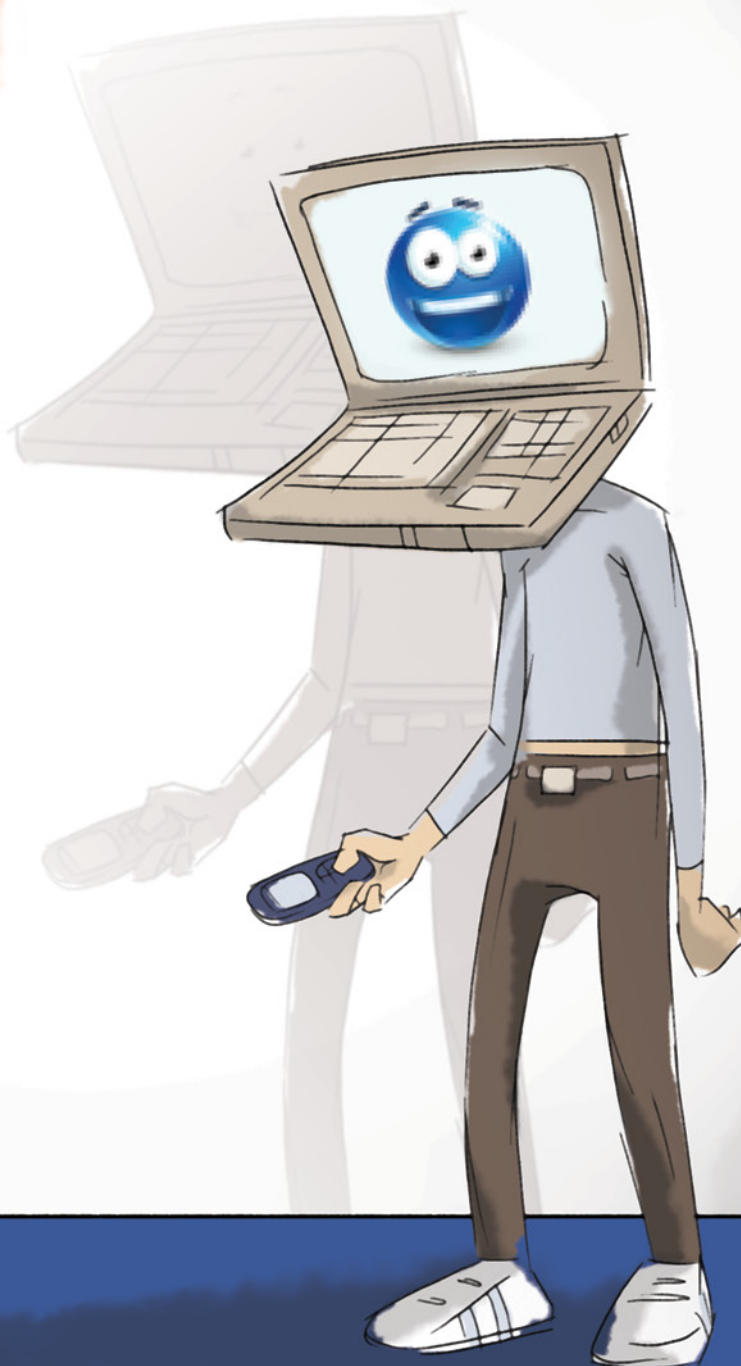
The first thing that any critic of social media will tell you is that Facebook breeds narcissism. How many times a day do you feel the need to update your status, detailing the precise number of squats you did at the gym, that amazing cheesecake you made, or how many A's you got in your exams? Probably at least three times, with the average user creating ninety pieces of content a month. Part of what makes Facebook so addictive is that you can reveal 'what's on your mind' at any time without having to wait to be given an excuse to do so. It's the Real World equivalent of a painfully one-sided conversation – think about that friend who only ever talks about themselves – yet Facebook makes this type of interaction perfectly normal and acceptable. The Psychology Department in Canada's York University recently did a survey on the phenomenon of Facebook narcissism. The survey used Facebook members' profiles as evidence. With the Facebook profile, users are able to craft a carefully manipulated, idealised, designer version of themselves. They select their favourite bands, movies, novels and hobbies. They proclaim their career, sexuality and religion. They can even be as pretentious as to say 'who inspires them'. In the Real

World, revealing all this information would at least necessitate an actual conversation. On Facebook, it is simply compiled into a convenient list of images and text; everything that you want people to know about the Facebook version of you is there in blue and white. Who cares if it's not exactly true that you're a part-time underwear model who loves puppies and North Korean politics? No one's going to ask questions, they're too busy working on their own profiles. Facebook: putting the 'I' in 'Generation Y'.

## ***It's Complicated***

Declaring that you are 'In a Relationship' on Facebook has acquired a similar status to the Real World scenario of obtaining a marriage certificate. You both say 'I do' (or, you know, click 'accept'), it's publicly documented and then you are congratulated by your peers. But the Facebook relationship status has, to some people, become the be-all and end-all of acknowledging a romance. In many cases it is directly interfering in our Real World relationships. A look at Yahoo answers reveals that 'how do I get my boyfriend to change his relationship status on Facebook?' is a frequent concern. Take a walk through the Octagon

# VALUE



*Proff*





after school on a Friday and you'll hear smug 14 year olds informing their friends, 'we're dating now – it's Facebook official.' It's not just the wee nippers who deem Facebook to be the omnipresent authority on love. Adult newlyweds have been known to take the time out of their wedding receptions to whip out laptops and iPhones to change their relationship status to 'married', just in case anyone slyly checking their Facebook mobiles under the table had forgotten. Perhaps most notable of all, however, is the dreaded romantic transition from 'in a Relationship' to 'single'. Once upon a time, in the Real World, heartbreak could be doled out via a single, private text message. Or even face to face, for the more noble players. Our new break-up medium of choice is public humiliation at its most awkward, with nosy 'friends' being able to offer their condolences by sharing words of wisdom. (For some poignant examples, see the opposite page).

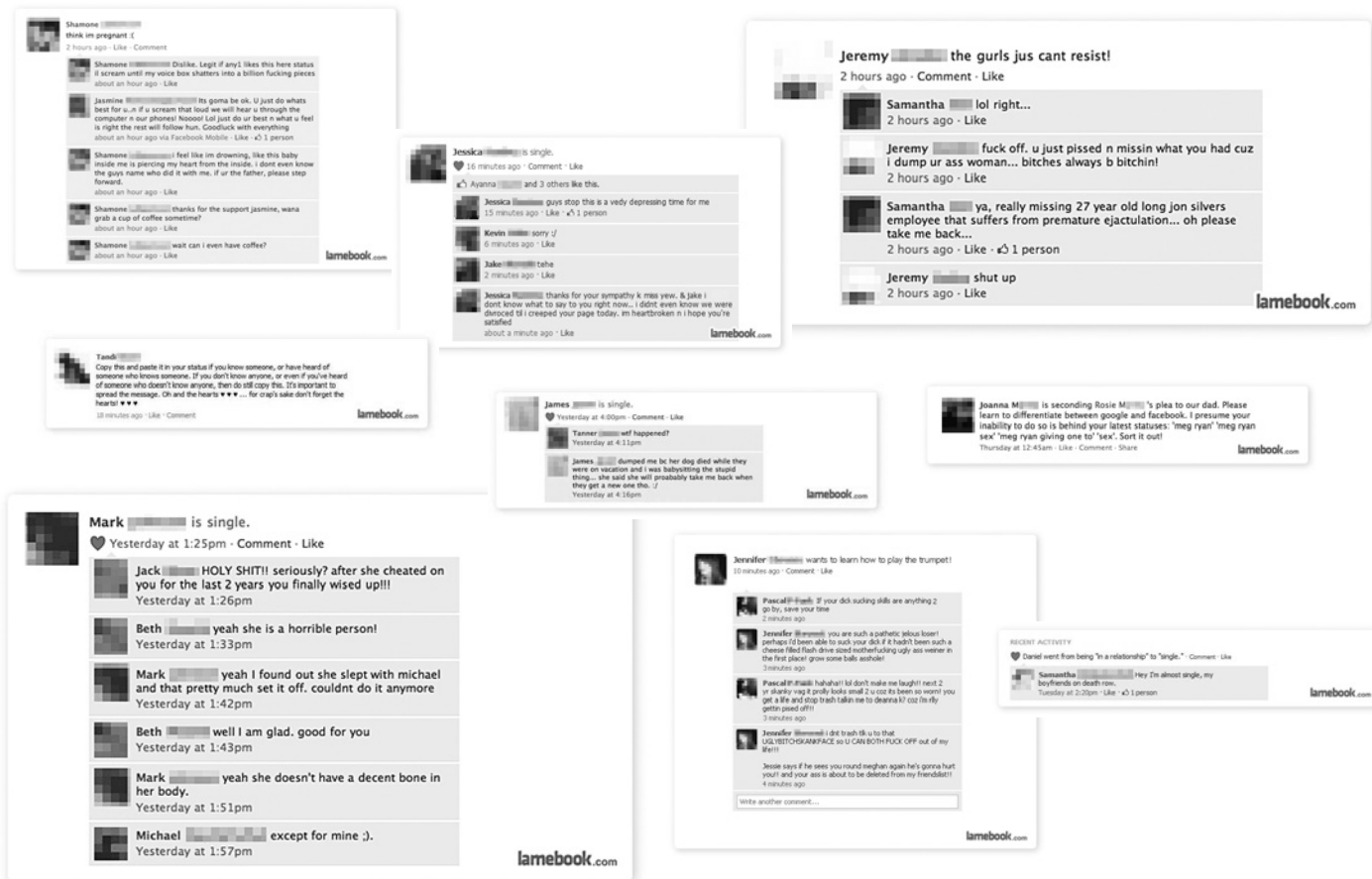
### ***I'm CEO...Bitch***

While Facebook creator Mark Zuckerberg's business cards might have brandished these immortal words, it is unlikely that your own Real World boss is quite so liberal. But we still find the courage to complain about them online, Facebook-stalk them, and even add them as 'friends'. The boundaries surrounding professional relationships on Facebook are becoming increasingly blurry. In the Real World, it is relatively simple to keep our personal lives separate from our professional ones. But as S Craig Watkins, an associate professor of media at the University of Texas said, 'Facebook brings all our different networks and social scenes together.' And while you may have no

qualms about airing your digital dirty laundry for all your online friends to see, what appears on your page can be the difference between keeping a job and getting fired. An extreme case was that of the British Chief of the Secret Intelligence Service, Sir John Sawers, whose wife took it upon herself to update her Facebook revealing top-secret details of her husband's line of work. There was also incriminating photographic evidence of the spy holidaying in his Speedos. Luckily, the British government was able to take the information down from Lady Sawers' page, making sure that from then on her Facebook was for her eyes only and Sir John was free to die another day. For us minimum wage slaves, however, the consequences of posting inappropriate comments about our Real World workplaces or bosses have inspired the coining of the term 'Facebook Fired'. Your information on Facebook can even prevent you from being able to land a job in the first place, with employers using your page as a background check of your maturity and suitability for the position. Something to consider before you 'like' the page 'she's about as innocent as a nun doing squats in a cucumber field'.

### ***Lawl. Facebook and the Law.***

So, you've jacked up your Facebook page with all the privacy settings you can get your paws on so that your nana won't see that tagged photo of you in which you're naked with your toga twisted around your ankles. But even with these settings in place, in the Real World, your figurative ass is still not covered. Facebook's privacy policy states that it will readily disclose any information you share— whether 'private' or not — should it be required by law. In the United States, divorce lawyers are



cashing in on this, using evidence found on Facebook in the custody courts. Evidence that Mommy was on Farmville when she was supposed to be picking up the kids from school. Evidence that Daddy has been in correspondence with a special Facebook friend named Crystal Cream-cheeks. Although this type of 'Facebook evidence' has yet to be used extensively in New Zealand, the potential is still there and Facebook is still managing to find a place in our legal system. As of 2009 in New Zealand, court papers can be legally served by delivering them through a person's Facebook messages, when other methods of contact fail. If you think all this is a bit of an extreme breach of privacy, consider what it's like in nations where democracy is more fragile. In Nigeria, a man was recently jailed for defamation after using his Facebook status to put a curse on a local political figure. Even though Facebook may give the façade of universal freedom of speech, there is no escaping Real World law. Luckily for us here in NZ, we have the freedom to declare on our status that John Key is a slimy little git, should we so choose.

## Wall to Wall

Facebook has provided us with yet another device to add to our long list of communication media. While the Facebook wall has commonly been used for sharing Keyboard Cat videos and fart jokes among friends, in recent times it has come to represent so much more. The humble Facebook wall can now pride itself on being a rallying point for international protest and revolution, a virtual billboard for world issues. It is changing the way the world communicates. Take the recent revolution in Egypt, for example. The people used Facebook 'wall posts'

to organise protests around the nation, fuelling the fire to a movement that eventually toppled Hosni Mubarak's corrupt government. Many have since emphasised the role that the Internet and social media play in liberating societies, with one grateful Egyptian father even naming his newborn daughter 'Facebook'. And even as little Facebook faces a lifetime of relentless bullying and ridicule, her website namesake will continue to claim its role in the promotion of global peace and love. A feature of the website, Peace on Facebook, promulgates the ideal that Facebook promotes peace in the Real World by 'building technology that helps people better understand each other'. The webpage tracks the number of friend connections made between people of different geographic locations, religions and political viewpoints, such as Israelis and Palestinians, Christians and atheists, and conservatives and liberals. But before Facebook gives itself a congratulatory pat on the back and starts preparing its Miss World 2011 acceptance speech, one blogger's recent words need to be taken into account: "It is people, not things, that are the tools of revolution". And at the end of the day, Facebook is nothing but a thing. (With the exception of the one person in the Real World whose name is actually Facebook.)





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# 2011 CAPPING SHOW AUDITIONS

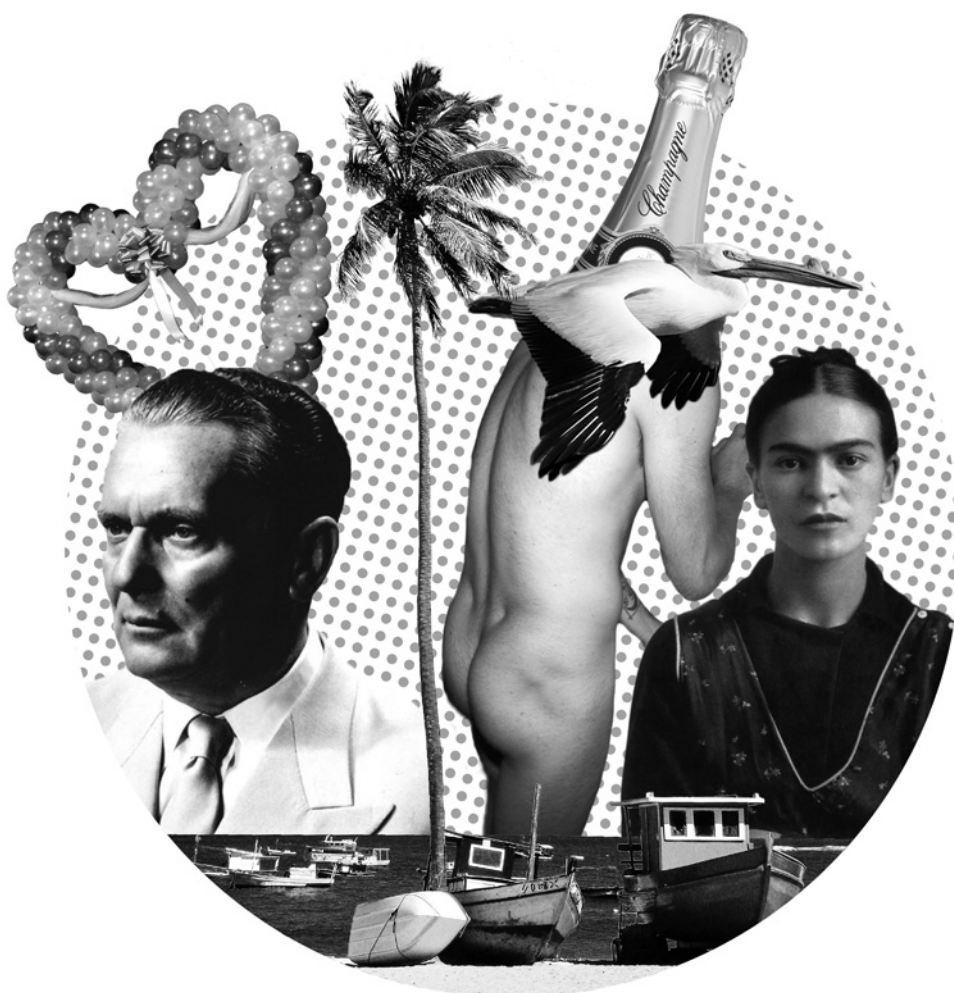
Mon 7th, Tues 8th & Wed 9th MARCH  
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# Opinion



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# DIATRIBE

Aside from the generic “pulling ourselves up by the bootstraps” shtick, people generally characterise New Zealanders by their penchant for whining. Yet, according to the Human Development Index 2010, we are the country with the third best living standards in the world. We’re lucky enough to have food, water and shelter, the opportunity to work and get an education and *still* we bitch and moan. But as Bread, the 1960s-70s rock band from Los Angeles, California, so wisely put it in their 1969 self-titled album, human beings can’t live on bread and water alone. Once we’ve satisfied our carnal needs we want *meaning* in our lives and we spend our time and energy trying to find it. Whether it’s the environment, anorexia or religion, in the “developed world” we’re all trying to find something to believe in. Our tendency to whine, aside from being a cultural trait, is a manifestation of both not having achieved this and viewing our contentment as something over which we have no control.

This is where Abraham Maslow comes in. Psychologists tend to study aberrations in the human brain. Maslow instead analysed the brains of “self-actualised people”, the happiest 1% of people, and the brains of such accomplished individuals as Albert Einstein and Eleanor Roosevelt. Maslow’s eight ways to self-actualise are as follows:

1. Experience things fully, vividly, selflessly. Throw yourself into experiencing something, let it totally absorb you.
2. Life is an ongoing process of choosing between safety (out of fear and the need for defence) and risk (for the sake of progress and growth): Make the growth choice a dozen times a day.
3. Let the self emerge. Try to shut out external pointers as to what you should think, feel, say and so on, and instead let your experience enable you to say what you truly feel.
4. When in doubt, be honest. Take responsibility.
5. Listen to your own tastes. Be prepared to be unpopular.
6. Use your intelligence, work to do well the things you want to do, no matter how insignificant they seem to be.
7. Make peak experiencing more likely: get rid of illusions and false notions. Learn what you are good at and what your potential is.
8. Find out who you are, what you are, what you like and don’t like, what is good and what is bad for you, where you are going, what your mission is. Opening up to yourself in this way means identifying your defence mechanisms and then finding the courage to “give them up.”

Aside from attempting to self-actualise, it would also benefit us to realise that happiness is a matter of perspective. Life isn’t intrinsically bad or good. It’s what you make it. Yes, everyone gets depressed; it’s the nature of being alive and of hormonal and chemical impulses occurring in our bodies all the time. But unless you’re actually clinically depressed, happiness is mostly a matter of perspective and that’s the mistake most people make. They don’t see happiness as a choice. Happiness and joy are seen as things that happen to you, rather than conditions you determine. Yes, there’s a reason why we feel we sometimes can’t control our emotions; they can be powerful as hell and we feel them for a reason. But no matter how intense an emotion may be, it is ultimately by its very nature a temporary thing. Happiness is about realising this, being rational about your emotions without repressing them.

We all need to whine from time to time. Constant whining, however, not only bores others but reveals one’s lack of ability to take responsibility for one’s own life and happiness. Ultimately the world isn’t going to cater to all your needs and tastes. The world couldn’t care less. And you’re only making yourself feel like shit in the process.

– Kari Schmidt

# DEBATABLE

Debatable is written by the Otago University Debating Society, which meets every Tuesday at 7pm in the Commerce building for social debating. This week the motion is 'whether Facebook should be allowed to sell your personal information to third parties'. **Hana Cadzow** argues the affirmative while **Louis Chambers** argues the negative.

## Hana:

At first the idea of Facebook being able to sell your private information to third parties seems alarming but, after a few deep breaths and a little help from our friend Google, a couple of things become clear. Firstly, every time you access the Internet, browse online for a product or even swipe a credit card, you leave behind a massive digital footprint. Big marketing firms already use many tools to build files on you. Subscribe to any newspapers, magazines or online mailing lists? They'll already know about it. Ever looked at a product online and seen ads for it pop up soon after? That's not a coincidence, that's "retargeting". Companies tag your computer with a snippet of code so you're served follow-up ads for the product. Retailers also on-sell data from credit card transactions, giving those big marketing meanies a better idea of what you're likely to purchase online. At the end of the day very little of what we think is private actually is, and Facebook is no different. Already complex privacy settings and a general passiveness about protecting our privacy online mean that many profiles are wide open for anyone who looks. At the very least, this could provide an openness between Facebook and its users about what is being done with their info.

That's not the only benefit though. When you're on Facebook you will be subjected to ads. Often these ads are boring and irrelevant. With the information gathered from Facebook, selling private data ads can be tailored to be relevant, useful and interesting to you. In addition to this, Facebook's ability to sell information enables them to continue providing all the Facebooky goodness for free. In addition to being able to charge for the information given, Facebook can also charge more for advertising space to audiences who are more likely to be receptive and responsive to their adverts. Ads are already present on Facebook and will likely always be, so we may as well have ones that are relevant to us.

Finally, I think it is worth considering exactly what we are so worried about being found out. Our brand preferences and favourite label colour are hardly deep-cutting personal secrets. It is essentially a conversation. Advertisers are trying to talk to us, to tell us about all these exciting things they have that we might be interested in. Why not, at no real cost to our privacy, talk back to them? Focus the conversation on what we want and enjoy the benefits of Facebook being more catered to individuals than ever before.



## Louis:

Does it scare you that Facebook can and does sell your private information to third parties?

Facebook's current settings allow the ads you click and the pages you like to be communicated to third parties. And that's just the beginning. Last year, it emerged that many applications (including the popular Farm Town) had been selling Facebook user IDs and other highly personal information to marketing firms. While Facebook clamped down on this, there has been discussion about Facebook officially embracing this tactic in the future.

This allows Facebook to make a huge amount of money off its users. You might say that Facebook is a business with the right to do this. The problem is that Facebook doesn't tell its users how it raises money. When I walk in to buy a new cell phone, I am told up front how much that cell phone will cost me. Everyone knows that Facebook makes its money from advertising, but rarely do people realise that this is done by Facebook specifically passing on information about your online activities to advertisers.

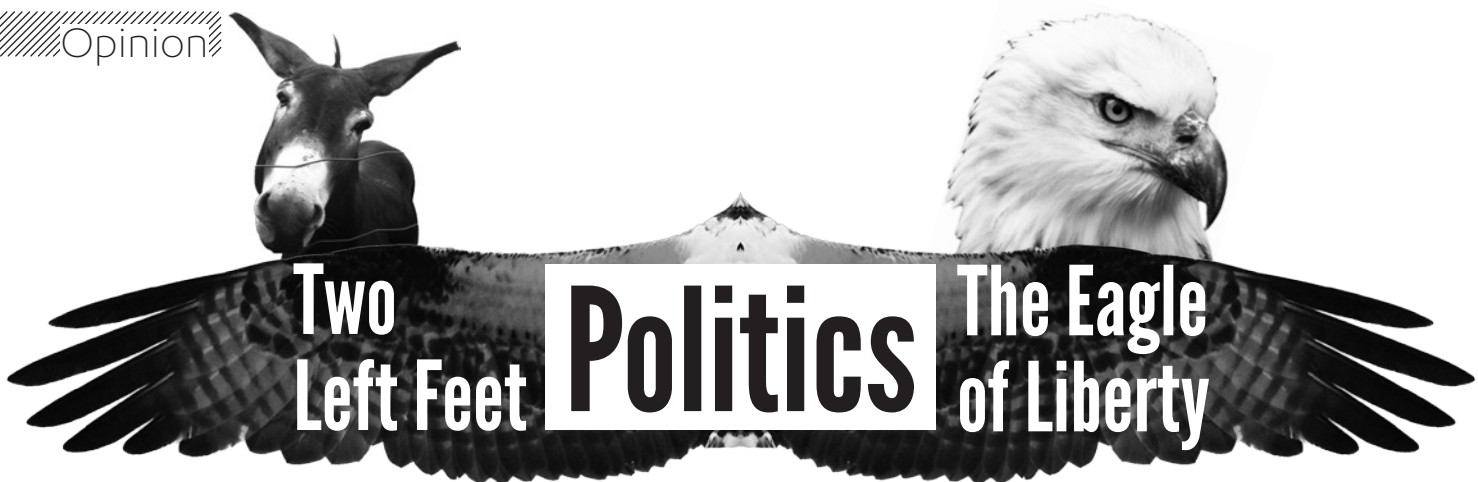
Worse, Facebook privacy settings presume you want to share your information. If you want to protect your information, you have to change those settings yourself. And what happens every time Facebook "updates" its platform? The privacy settings are reset to the liberal defaults that serve Facebook's commercial interests.

So, Facebook is dishonest. But it's not just the dishonesty. Giving advertisers this information has huge consequences. Hana would have you believe that information merely allows advertisers to target products to people who want them. No. Modern marketing's main aim is making you think you want something. The more personal information marketers have, the greater their ability to shape our desires. This is why companies pay for our information. It allows them to convince you to buy what you never wanted. Hana suggests that this happens anyway but this isn't an argument for allowing it to continue. Plus, the intimate personal details Facebook can share about us are on another level.

If all this consumer protection talk is boring you, what about Hitler, Stalin and totalitarianism? The mark of oppressive regimes has been their ability to monitor and punish individuals using their private information. If Facebook shares information wider and wider, then this information is more likely to fall into the hands of others. In turn, this leaves that information and your life open for exploitation.

So, for the sake of democracy and freedom to choose what we want, go and change your Facebook privacy settings before it's too late.





# Two Left Feet Politics The Eagle of Liberty

There is certainly such a thing as too much democracy. In most cases, particularly in specialised areas, there will be individuals or groups who are far more qualified to make important decisions than a simple majority. For instance, the administration of justice is best performed by judges rather than voters and the economy is (for the most part) best shaped by the forces of supply and demand. This is why direct democracy works poorly. In fact, democracy is basically a safeguard which, in an ideal world, would not exist.

The point of democracy is to prevent those in power from acting autocratically or unreasonably; in effect, democracy is only necessary because of the weakness of human nature and the corrupting influence of power. Nevertheless, history teaches us that these problems are both perennial and largely unsolvable. In particular, the twentieth century has laid to rest the idea that a 'benevolent dictator' can be relied on to solve society's problems.

Democracy provides a necessary incentive for those in power to act in society's best interests. But for democracy to be truly effective, society must know where its interests truly lie. If people are largely ignorant about political matters then they can easily be manipulated into endorsing all kinds of things. For instance, they can end up believing that policies which serve the rich by privatising public services and widening the income gap are in the interests of society as a whole. They can believe that a 35.5% tax rate for top income earners is high. They can believe that people on the benefit are bludgers, that success is created entirely by merit, and that climate change doesn't exist.

In a democratic battle, the bottom-feeders are too often key. To get elected one must sway the drop-kicks, the evolutionary cul-de-sacs who vote yet care more about grunting at sports channels whilst scratching their genitalia. A person who is politically apathetic or simplistic can easily be sucked into false beliefs or swung by facile slogans like "it's the economy, stupid" (which famously won an election) or "my rights end where another's begin."

The problem for the left is that it has largely proved impossible to reduce social democratic ideology into bumper-sticker form. This is an unfortunate side-effect of operating in the real world. We are left with a choice between dumbing down our message and attempting to educate. Obviously I favour the latter approach but getting people to learn is difficult if they don't care enough. The best idea I've come up with so far is to put political questions on the underside of Tui caps. Thoughts?

– Sam McChesney

## On Alcohol Law Reform

What is the deal with socialists constantly trying to control peoples' lives? The fun police, led by Young Labour and their liberty-hating comrades, want to tell people when and where they are allowed to put alcohol into their own bodies. No entry to bars after 2:00 a.m., a 50% tax hike on alcohol – cheers Young Labour, sounds like a fun night out. Did they think the Eagle wouldn't spot this latest attack on liberty? They thought wrongly. The Eagle's sharp eyes will spot a single comma being added to legislation if that comma would make New Zealand less liberal.

Our socialist aunts and uncles say they want to *protect people from themselves* by cracking down on alcohol. By that logic, the government should ban cars, sleeping pills, and snowboards, all of which can be hazardous if not used sensibly. But they don't because, despite what socialists believe, adult human beings are perfectly capable of looking after themselves; they're not drooling, slack-jawed peasants who need the firm guiding hand of the State to live "proper" lives. The Eagle *will not tolerate* his beloved flock being told what they can and can't put in their own bodies. And don't even try to mention the cost to the health system. Just don't go there. Socialists can't set up a health system that charges no fees to people who have wrecked their bodies through stupidity and then use their own flawed system to justify banning things. That's like importing piranhas and using them to justify a ban on swimming.

The only legitimate reason for making laws is to protect life, liberty and property from harm by *other people*. Alcohol laws protect none of the above. Contrary to the propaganda circulated by the fun police, alcohol does not *cause* harm to others any more than baseball bats *cause* harm to others. *People* cause harm to others by choosing, drunken or not, to grab something and propel it towards something else. Much like caffeine, anger, or excitement, alcohol alters your emotions and inclinations while leaving you fully in control and responsible for your own actions. 99% of people drink alcohol responsibly with no problems whatsoever. The other 1% attempt to use alcohol as a scapegoat for their criminal behaviour – unlike the Eagle, this excuse doesn't fly.

Reasonable people have argued that authoritarian alcohol laws aren't the solution and that drinking culture is the real problem. They may well be right. But guess what? The Eagle doesn't care. No direct harm to others means no attack on liberty. End of story. The Eagle will not rest until each and every member of his flock soars free.

You are the wind beneath my wings,

– The Eagle



The weather has been pretty average for this time of year and shit is getting just a bit too serious in Aotearoa for my liking. We all need to spend some time on a nice, peaceful tropical island. We don't want to get too relaxed though, so let's go to New Caledonia.

All up it's a pretty provocative place in spite of the laid-back, tropical-holiday feel into which you are lulled by the heat and nudity. From the moment you step out of the plane and feel your jeans suction to your legs in the humidity, you will be put through a variety of potentially unpleasant feelings. Not even as a tourist can you miss the cultural

diversity and flamboyant French culture. In fact, the latter has only escalated since the Frenchies left France and explored a previously unknown freedom of identity allowed to them by their riches.

The first provocative image to strike you will either be a topless (albeit incredibly tanned) grandma walking along the beach or the juxtaposition of a corrugated iron shack beside a big, white mansion. If you don't know what the division of classes in society looks like, New Caledonia is where you'll find it. The dirt-poor native families cram as many as ten people into a miniscule shack which barely has a roof, while those who got sick of life in France and brought their fortunes to the island enjoy mansions, swimming pools and trips to the races in fancy hats. The rich bicker about unrespectable crime rates; the poor steal (incredibly delicious and fresh) bread to survive. And their Kiwi visitor's MP3 player. Don't ask for it back – they have guns.

If you find this all a bit much, you can work your way through the delightfully contrasted population on the mainland and take a boat to the Phare Amédée: a little island with a little white lighthouse south of Noumea. The country's unofficial national animal can be found there slithering along the white sandy beaches, and you can partake in a delicious tropical feast cooked by large men in grass skirts as well as any number of other touristic, island-styles activities. Any thoughts of conflict on the mainland become hazy memories as the island sucks your stress away. There will be coconuts, sunshine and irresponsibility – so be sure to bring your bikini bod.

– *Bridget Gilchrist*

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## On Abortion

In countries such as America, extreme anti-abortionists go much further than the guy who carries an “Abortion kills children” sign outside Dunedin hospital. From bombing abortion clinics to killing doctors who facilitate abortion, it is a form of scaremongering that justifies itself via religion, thus negating all rational debate.

Of course, for most women abortion is traumatic; it goes against our evolutionary instincts. We feel that we are killing off some form of life and something that is essentially a part of ourselves. But for a number of weeks after insemination we are not talking about life as we know it but, rather, the potential for life. A foetus doesn’t have the same legal rights as a human being. It can’t exist outside of the womb as an independent entity, thus it is parasitic. As such, a balance has to be struck between the life on which the foetus feeds and the foetus itself. The pro-choice lobby recognises that women are not simply incubators for life but have the right to decide what happens to their bodies and, consequently, their lives.

Whether or not a woman chooses to adopt the infant out, the psychological, physical, economic and reputational consequences of carrying a pregnancy to term are massive. Where a woman chooses abortion as her preferred method of contraception, we have less sympathy. But should a woman really have to pay such a massive price for forgetting to take the pill, or for otherwise defunct contraception? And what if the child is a product of rape, over which she had no control? Mother Theresa once said abortion is the greatest threat to world peace. For such people no middle ground exists. But in their vitriolic assertion of ‘the right to life’ they fail to remember the lives and rights of women. As George Carlin once stated: “extreme anti-abortionists are not pro-life, they are anti-women”.

To get an abortion in New Zealand two doctors have to testify to your mental instability. In practice, though, anyone can get one. The current law is thus a fiction. It should recognise what legalizing abortion is really about; respecting the lives and rights of both foetus and woman. In New Zealand, at least, we are on the right path. But in the vast majority of countries this is far from the case. If reaching gender-equality today isn’t about revolution but about simply recognising the disparities that still exist between the genders in order to eliminate them, abortion is a good place to start. Our bodies are obviously fundamental to our lives. Only when men and women have equal rights regarding their bodies can we truly be called equals.

– Kari Schmidt



As with most media outlets, *ODT* last week was predominantly earthquake focussed, complete with photo diaries of various memorial meetings across the country. We never thought we’d say this, but *ODT* coverage was actually okay.

Something that was less okay, however, was *ODT*’s signature use of strange or inappropriate puns within headlines. So, because it’s the start of the year and some of you may not have been exposed to all that is *ODT*, we’ve assembled a few for you.

There were the usual “witty” offerings:

**Bad patch for clothing retailer**

LOL! The clothing retailer is PUMPKIN PATCH and they’re, like, not doing well! Geddit?

**Brief showers bliss for weathered Cantabrians**

LMAO!!! They had showers in a bathroom but sometimes you can also get showers from the *weather*!!!

Our pick of the bunch was a presumably inadvertent slip, whereby a brief regarding plumbers and drainlayers offering their services to Christchurch suddenly became an unlikely double entendre.

**Plugging the gap**

Given it’s early in the year, *Critic* would like to alert readers to the unsung hero of *ODT*, a Mr Gordon Parry. Parry, 91, has been a journalist for 50 years, and now has regular Tuesday feature “Memory Lane”, which captures beautifully the nonsensical ramblings of a senior citizen. Last week, Parry regaled us all with a delightful tale of his first ride in a fire engine. He claims the firetruck was heading in the same direction as him, so he hitched a ride, “and loved every minute of it”. He goes on to talk about the Volunteer Fire Brigade, and technological advancements in the fire fighting field.



Yeah, it’s that good every week. Our theory is, Parry has some dirt on the *ODT* Editor, and they just can’t get rid of him.





Last January I was contentedly reclining on the filthy toilet floor of an infamous Berlin club chatting about sex with a gay full-body-tattooed, skinhead minimal-techno-DJ I had just met. My new friend asked me if I thought sex and love could co-exist. In a sudden rush of mental clarity (possibly the result of some recently consumed cocaine), I replied that they could, but only in that I loved sex. Then we railed some K, at which point conversation

ceased and we just stared into each other's glassy dilated pupils. It was chill.

Anyway. As I write this I am stone-cold sober – except for a 20mg Ritalin SR, but that doesn't count because it's strictly un-recreational – but I firmly believe that my statement still stands, for the following reasons:

- 1 Sex is cool.
- 2 Most people - even those who are so incapable of comprehending the concept of cool that they think extolling the virtues of a "wobbly-as bassline...totally Mt Eden style bro" whilst clad in a beanie and oversized T-shirt is cool - can appreciate that sex is, in fact, pretty cool.
- 3 So, when we're fucking someone and think we love them, the only thing we actually love about them is the appendage/orifice they are renting out to us (hopefully not for a fee).
- 4 However, when the passion inevitably disappears faster than a boner in the presence of Sarah Jessica Parker and the relationship is headed towards the repellent "comfort zone", love kicks in!
- 5 So when you think you love the person,

you love the sex. And when you really love the person, there is no sex. For proof, see: family (Well perhaps not if your last name is Fritzl).

- 6 And therein lies the, ahem, rub. Love, at the end of the day, is about comfort; knowing someone will be there to reassure you that you're not fat. Sex also assures you that you're not fat but the assurance feels a lot more genuine when it's in the form of a peen filling your vageen. Well, hopefully. There is, after all, no accounting for size.
- 7 Frankly, I know which way I'd rather be reassured of my relative un-corpulence.

So there you go. Sex and love, as disparate as fat chicks and hot sex. Which is to say, kind of but not really, because once I was watching an auspiciously titled "Lesbian Strap-on Fuckfest" porno on Redtube and this fat chick joined in and her tits were kind of a turn-on. Huh. Now I'm confused. I need a Ritz top-up. Not to mention some totally intense brostep to, like, blast away all this love shit with some fucking insane basslines.

– Mrs John Wilmot



***I've just moved into a new flat only to find out that one of my flatmates isn't that fond of clothes. The first night I thought it was just drunk boys being boys. But since then he's just been wandering around the flat, cooking, watching TV etc all naked! It's starting to make me quite uncomfortable. What do I do?***

What you should do depends on what you want to achieve. You haven't been clear: is the issue his nudity? Or are you trying to overcome your own prissy protestant discomfort?

Maybe a local naturists group could help

you overcome your inhibitions. You can find their details quite easily online. There are naturists' weekends, holiday retreats, even trail bike rides. Although how that works with a bike seat is beyond me. Even if the naturists can't change your mind, the site of fatties and grey pubes may desensitise you.

Not for you? Maybe art is the answer. Nude portraits have been a painter's mainstay for centuries. The naked body even permeates modern art. Photographer Spencer Tunick is world renowned for the way he transforms naked masses into art. Tunick's work commonly features crowds of naked volunteers posing to create works of art at some of the world's most famous locations.

Or is it too much of a stretch for you to connect your flatmate rocking out with his cock out to art, beauty and the natural form? In that case you'll need to get your flatmate clothed. There is always the direct "oi, put some clothes on" approach. If that doesn't work, look towards his "manhood" and snigger. Invite the girls round to point and laugh. Be aware, however, that you may be implant-

ing self-consciousness and body issues. Are you willing to be responsible for potential psychological damage to your flat mate?

If not you could take the "ice queen" approach. Turn into the frigid bitch who won't let her flat use heating for fear of the power bill. Dunedin will get cold soon enough and your naked flatmate will be forced to give in to clothing for fear of shrinkage. No self-respecting male would risk the possibility that when the frost hits his balls may retract so far they'll never drop down again.

If after that, you can't beat him and still can't bear to join him then maybe you could cut your losses and make a buck. Sell his naked image or start a webcam site. Don't worry if your flatmate isn't "traditionally attractive", there is a market for everything in web porn.

*Have a problem you need help solving? Email it to us at [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz). We'll help you out.*



# Sam Johnson

On a normal day, Sam Johnson is a Canterbury University student majoring in Law and Political Science. Unleash a natural disaster onto his city, however, and Sam becomes one of the co-ordinators of the army of student volunteers working tirelessly to restore Christchurch to its former glory. Each suburb takes around two days to clean up and scrub down as over 1000 young people descend with shovels and wheelbarrows to clear streets and houses of the devastation caused by the earthquake on February 22. **Georgie Fenwick** caught up with Sam last week while he was in Shirley where the troops were muckin' in hard.

## *How is it all going up there today?*

It is really good today. We have about 1100 people today, the numbers are just about perfect. At the moment, we have two very different systems that we are running and the first one is called "Mass Deployment". We take twenty-two buses out each day to the suburbs.

The other part is called "GeoOP". It is a programme that we have designed and incorporated into a business model that was already up and running. If you go to [www.sva.org.nz](http://www.sva.org.nz), you click either "I want to help" or "I need help". That takes you through to the next level and if you want help you enter your name, address, details and what you would like to happen. It works really well.

## *Did you get that up and running last year?*

Yes we did. At the very end of the project we had people emailing in and registering their requests. We used it for the last two days but not to the same extent at this time round.

## *How have you been received by the community this time around?*

We have had the most amazing donations of food and money and equipment and product. The reaction from the community has just been overwhelming. I have had quite a few people on the phone crying. The guys on the street are really seeing the impact they're making. I think that's really good, I think it's really important for young people to get out into the community to see what a difference that a little bit of your time can make.

## *What was your personal experience of the quake?*

Ironically, I was at an Emergency Management Conference in Wellington. The worst thing was I was there with every other Civil Defence person in the country. We joked that morning about how it would be funny if there was a big disaster and we were all in the same room.

## *Oh dear, who made that joke?*

The Minister of Civil Defence and the speaker and the next speaker. All three of them made some sort of little crack at it. Then we were all standing around having lunch and I was talking to a GeoNet consultant who updates their Facebook and is in charge of the internet. Then suddenly everyone's pagers went off and they started rushing round. The Civil Defence manager from Christchurch who I had been sitting next to all morning said, "there has been another big quake in Christchurch" and ran out of the room with his briefcase. We stood around for a few minutes thinking, "oh, it won't be a big one" and then everything started to get urgent and someone got a text on her phone saying it was 6.3 and she was like "fuck, double fuck". It was a whole new quake.

I went to the airport and couldn't get on a flight so I stormed in with my pass for the Emergency Management conference and pretended I was a Civil Defence person and got a seat on a Hercules. But then I decided I to put myself on a plane to Blenheim and I ended up driving down with some reporters. We got here about half past three in the morning. The next day we started to get all the plans into place, figuring out what we wanted to do and how to make it work.

## *How were the lunches received?*

Amazingly. That's been the best part, making sure everyone gets fed and everyone gets a free lunch. The support we are getting from Dunedin and Wellington and everywhere else is just amazing!

## *Will you be continuing on for much longer?*

We will have to see at the end of the week but I think we will be largely wrapped up by next week.



## **The Dunedin Taxis flash your flat number competition!**

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# bunch of fives

## the walk of shame edition

Early one morning last week, Rosie patrolled the streets of Studentville in search of friendly students with an opinion.



**JOE**

1. Are you on the walk of shame? **No**
2. Craziest O-Week Story? **It's been about 2 years since I went to O-Week**
3. How often do you stalk people on Facebook? **That's a very good question, but probably never**
4. What do you think about the black power presence on Dundas? **Honestly hadn't noticed**
5. Which would you rather be the main character in: 127 hours, Black Swan or Inception? **Black Swan's about ballet so not so keen. Inception**



**DOMINIC**

1. Are you on the walk of shame? **No**
2. Craziest O-Week Story? **There were a lot of first years going past our flat very, very excited about the cook. With good reason I must add!**
3. How often do you stalk people on Facebook? **Daily**
4. What do you think about the black power presence on Dundas? **Need more of it. Keep those guys in line**
5. Which would you rather be the main character in: 127 hours, Black Swan or Inception? **Inception**



**SOPHIE +  
HAYLEY**

1. Are you on the walk of shame? **No**
2. Craziest O-Week Story? **We don't have any**
3. How often do you stalk people on Facebook? **All the time – last night**
4. What do you think about the black power presence on Dundas? **It's legit. A bit of entertainment**
5. Which would you rather be the main character in: 127 hours, Black Swan or Inception? **Totally 127 Hours**



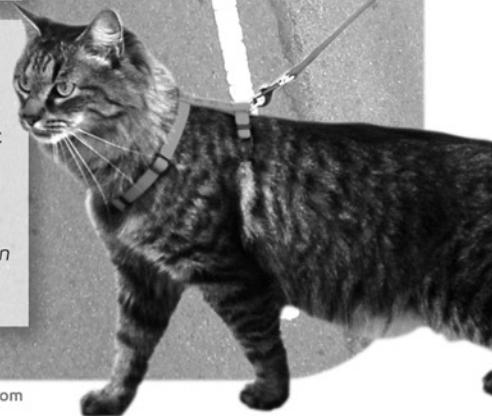
**BRYLEY**

1. Are you on the walk of shame? **No**
2. Craziest O-Week Story? **No can't think of any. What happened on O-Week?**
3. How often do you stalk people on Facebook? **When I'm bored**
4. What do you think about the black power presence on Dundas? **Didn't know there was one! That's kind of scary. Not good**
5. Which would you rather be the main character in: 127 hours, Black Swan or Inception? **Probably Inception because I get to live**



**RACHEL**

1. Are you on the walk of shame? **No**
2. Craziest O-Week Story? **One of my friends had an argument every single night with her boyfriend**
3. How often do you stalk people on Facebook? **Not that often I haven't been on Facebook in ages!**
4. What do you think about the black power presence on Dundas? **The what? That's terrible!**
5. Which would you rather be the main character in: 127 hours, Black Swan or Inception? **I've only seen Inception but I love Inception so I'm going to say Inception**





# Summer Lovin'

In a city where romance consists of drunkenly holding hands while walking home and dates are a post-town pre-root Big Mac, it seems dating, at least in the American television sense, is dead.

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, in an attempt to prove that Dunedinites can date. 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 the chance to meet your very own Romeo or Juliet, or at least to get some free booze and *Critic* space, email your age/gender/interests/cell number/sexual orientation to [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz).

## Brad

I like the idea of dating. But with New Zealand being a giant agar plate for boozy chlamydia transmission, I never really had the chance to go on a proper date. When I saw that *Critic* was giving away free booze hooking people up on blind dates, I figuratively jumped at the chance! A few emails later, I was on track to meet a strange girl for drinks. I had no idea what I was getting myself into, so I asked my flatmates for advice:

"Bro – straight up – ask her to fuck."

"Turn up in stubbies and a singlet, and refuse to talk about anything but rugby."

"Piss her off so she leaves, then spend the bar tab on yourself!"

Unfortunately my date was in charge of the bar tab voucher so I was forced to be civil. She arrived a few minutes after me (I lost the struggle to be the "fashionably late" person). She was cute, so I gave her a quick hug and we went to order some drinks.

Our first was a cocktail that the bartender described as "a bit girly", so I moved us to a corner booth where I could hide with my flacid beverage. Turns out, blind dates are not as awkward as you might think. We managed to avoid any embarrassing prolonged silences and got to know each other a bit. I felt like the date was going well so I chose to forgo my backup plan (loudly dropping my guts and blaming it on her) and we went for a game of pool.

Being the gentleman I am, I "let her win" and we headed home. I managed to get her number, but the all-important end of night kiss was just out of reach... maybe next time?

## Angelina

Wow bazaar here it is, the first of the Summer Lovin' columns, get excited ya'll.

Wednesday night hits, and after drowning a few glasses of liquid courage it was off to the Octy (classy huh?) to find my "lone boy". Seeing as how there were only about six people in the bar, four of whom were middle-aged females and one being the bartender, finding my date wasn't such a tricky task.

And would you know it, but we had so much in COMMON! We're both from Christchurch! Like, I know, right!? Freaking Christchurch, it was only five minutes into the date when we discovered the first connection.

Toast, by the way, if you've never bothered to jam on your tramping boots and backpack and trek over on a Saturday night, is actually quite cool. Bartender Jamie invented us some delicio drinks which had me believing we were all great buddies by the time we came to leave (probably not such an accurate memory now that I think about it).

So after strolling through the Octyo and discussing the usual blind date stuff, ya know; if asthma is sexy or not, the ridiculous potency of Eclipse Mints, and how cool it would be to be able to do an ollie (shiiz I'm great at small chat) Guy Date plucked up the courage to challenge me to pool. Pity for him pool is in my realm baby! Nah actually I'm el shito but he let me win most of the games. Cute.

And so you creepos who are only reading this to hear some crazy-ass sex stories, sorry to disappoint but this date got about as saucy as an empty can of Watties.

Guy Date's friend who's my friends older brother who went to school with me and WE'RE ALL FROM CHRISTCHURCH, came and picked us up and, after an awkwardo U-turn when he realised we would both be sleeping solo tonight, dropped me off at the safety of my seven-girl flat. A request for my number, a promise to stalk me up on Facebook (whaazaa?! ) and wouldyaknowit, Summer Lovin' was OVAH.

Boom. Cheers *Critic*, blind dating is off the bucket list.

# Review



## 42 Fashion

**46 Film;** *Love Birds, In a Better World, The King's Speech, Winter's Bone, Cult Film*

**44 Music;** *Deerhoof, Disasteradio, Gil Scott Heron & Jamie xx*

**48 Books;** *Dunedin Mag Review* | **49 Art**

**52 Performance;** *Anti-Social Tap, Wilson Dixon*

**51 Food;** *Fritters* | **50 Games;** *The Blocks Cometh*

So we've started. 2-0-1-1. Two millennia, one decade and a year. What artistic promise this year holds in its hot little numericals! 11...just like a pair of svelte students strutting down that street we call Castle. And a great wee number when reversed. Nevele. A municipality in eastern Belgium. Bet you didn't know that. In fact, you're going to be hearing a lot more about Belgium in the coming months, and not due to an infatuation with the dark stuff (mmm). No, it's the super sexy Antwerp Six which are the concern of this page, Ann Demeulemester, Dirk Bikkembergs and Dries Van Noten among the notables. But enough of the dark stuff. Dandy ladies were all on show this week, frolicking in the sun that finally gave us reason to reveal our deliciously tanned pins and rage the super dooper summer silhouette...with a fair bit of flashing in between. Nothing like a naughty Norwester to rouse the boys. And these four girlies are nothing short of arousing.



**Alice:**



**Rach:**



**Grace:**



**Kitty:**

**Why I'm at Uni:** Law / Pols  
**Boots** – Butterflies, Dunedin  
**Skirt** – altered Glassons  
**Shirt** – H&M London  
**Sunnies** – Prada  
**Bag** – Country Road  
**Jewellery** – childhood charm & Karen Walker earrings  
**Best buy over summer** – white loafers from Ultra in Wellington  
**Fashion inspiration** – the novel ability to wear summer clothes in Dunedin.

**Why I'm at Uni:** Law / Pols  
**Boots** – Platypus, Sydney  
**Dress** – AgentyNinetyNine  
**Shorts** – Glassons tights ripped off  
**Leather pouch** – Paddington Market, Sydney. Perfect for keys & guitar picks if you're a cool muso  
**Satchel** – Queen St Market, Melbourne  
**Sunnies** – Briscoes  
**Best buy over summer** – pouches!  
**Fashion inspiration** – kids around campus, Dunedin streets, Melbourne, Wellington

**Why I'm at the Polytech:** Fashion  
**Shoes** – Andrea Biani  
**Jeans** – op shop  
**Shirt** – this Monday's market day  
**Necklaces** – crystals from Yaks & Yetties + Heti's, ChCh and Grandmother  
**Bag** – stolen from my sister a la Kiwi Disposals  
**Fashion inspiration** – all my male friends  
**Fav Fashion designer** – Kenzo  
**Best buy over summer** – green cable-knit sweater from ASOS White range

**Why I was at Uni:** Art History / Pols / Theatre grad  
**Boots** – Trade Me  
**Dress** – from Grace  
**Shirt** – Mum's, Canterbury label  
**Brooch** – trinket box from Granny  
**Blazer** – Butterflies  
**Sunnies and sunglass chain** – Mum's also  
**Rings** – Mum & Crazy Anne's (South Dunedin)  
**Stockings** – found in the fruit bowl at Grace's flat  
**Best buy over summer** – my leather rucksack from TradeMe Dunedin needs more...COLOUR!





## Love Birds

Director: Paul Murphy

*Love Birds* continues the recent New Zealand trend of lighthearted genre films. Since *Sione's Wedding* we've had *No.2*, *Boy*, Paul Murphy's *Second Hand Wedding* and now *Love Birds*, also directed by Murphy. Starring Rhys Darby and Sally Hawkins, *Love Birds* is a generic romantic comedy that borrows elements from many of those other films (such as the musical fantasy sequences found in *Boy*, though here with Queen instead of MJ) but has enough charm and genuine New Zealand humour to make it worth parting with your money for.

Doug is a regular New Zealand male, content with his job, friends and life, but who finds himself single after his long-term girlfriend leaves him for failing to live up to her expectations. By coincidence (or fate), an injured duck enters his life, which leads him to meet Sally. Although the two are romantically compatible, they must surmount many obstacles and learn many lessons before they can find happiness together. We all know how romantic comedy works so I don't need to explain much more - there are no massive deviations from the formula here. Even if the film is predictable, Rhys Darby's charismatic comedy and the often-amusing script make the film worthwhile.

While not the deepest of films, *Love Birds* is highly enjoyable and would perfectly complement a night out with your special someone. If you're not lucky enough to have a special someone, you'll most likely still find something to enjoy, as long as you're into ducks, Queen and having a laugh. I just hope that if our national cinema is to continue down this lighthearted route, we won't abandon our dark and damaged cinema of old.

– Hamish Gavin



## In A Better World

Director: Susanne Bier

Danish drama *In a Better World* won both the Academy Award and Golden Globe this year for Best Foreign Language Film. With the action divided between small-town Denmark and an African refugee camp, it follows the lives of two children, Christian (William Jøhnk Nielsen) and Elias (Markus Rygaard), and those of their parents. Christian's mother is dead, Elias' parents are divorced; they both feel alone. When Christian moves to Elias' school, he viciously attacks Elias' bully and is rewarded with Elias' loyalty.

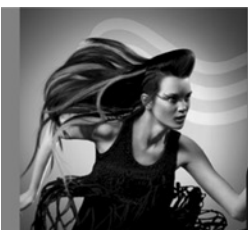
The bully is the first of three adversaries the boys and their parents come up against. The second is a murderer at the refugee camp where Elias' father Anton (Mikael Persbrandt) works as a doctor. The third, who becomes central to the film, is a thug who hits Elias' father in front of the two boys.

Is it always wrong, Bier asks, to take an eye for an eye? Anton's justification for being a pacifist seems less and less convincing to both himself and the children as they are brought face-to-face with the evil running rampant throughout society. But it is Christian, consumed by grief for his mother, who begins a brutal retribution, convincing Elias to join him.

The story's particular attraction is that the film's protagonists are children, with masterful acting by the two young stars. Elias and even more so Christian who are forced to behave like adults, bearing equal weight as their parents, and having to come up with answers to the questions that have been thrust at them all, adult and children alike.

You will end up caring for the two boys as much as their own parents do, and caring just as strongly about the troubling questions that the film raises. Watch it; it's challenging, moving and ultimately uplifting.

– Nicole Phillipson



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So yeah, *The King's Speech* won Oscars for Best Picture, Director, Actor and Screenplay at the Academy Awards last week; I guess it deserves a mention in the hallowed pages of *Critic*. Not just another “historical drama” (a genre which can be boring), the film follows the personal struggles and triumph of Prince Albert during a tumultuous time for the House of Windsor.

In an award-winning performance, Colin Firth plays Prince Albert – an introverted, nervous man who suffers from a terrible stutter. Being often required to speak publicly as part of his royal duties is a source of immense frustration and embarrassment for the Prince. Desperate to put an end to his impediment, and having found no success with royally appointed “medical experts”, Albert seeks treatment from Australian speech therapist Lionel Logue (Geoffrey Rush) who with his “unorthodox” methods makes a surprising impression on the future King. The two form a rather interesting relationship and Logue becomes indispensable to Albert as he ascends to the throne (thus becoming King George VI) in the midst of a constitutional crisis.

The beautiful period sets and costumes, and well-crafted script, are highlights of the film but it is the brilliant acting that makes *The King's Speech* so remarkable. Colin Firth channels the stoic, vulnerable Prince Albert in his usual dashing style, and does so excellently. In a departure from her recent darker roles, Helena Bonham-Carter is fabulous as Albert's wife Elizabeth and pulls off the Queen's English impeccably, while Rush's droll character provides comic relief in an otherwise quite serious film.

If the bunch of Oscars under this film's proverbial belt isn't enough to convince you to see *The King's Speech*, I can also personally recommend it. An engaging, emotionally intense film, it is fully deserving of its prize haul and well worth a visit to the cinema.

– Sarah Baillie



## Dunedin Film Society Preview

Wednesday March 9, 7.30 pm

Red Lecture Theatre, located near the side entrance of the Scott building (across the road from the Emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital on Great King Street)

See <http://dunedinfilmsociety.inight.co.nz> for membership info



*Winter's Bone* isn't by any stretch of the imagination a feel-good movie. That said, those of you who can stomach the ceaselessly grey skies, endlessly bleak atmosphere and uncomfortable realism of an American South steeped in meth addiction are in for a real treat.

*Winter's Bone* centers on 17-year old Ree (Jennifer Lawrence), a teenager struggling to raise her two younger siblings in the depressing, poverty stricken Ozark Mountains. With no help from a catatonic mother, the task falls upon Ree to track down her meth dealing father, who has offered up the family house as bond, and present him at court or else forfeit what little they have to call a home. The journey takes her into the seamy underbelly of the meth trade plaguing rural America and subjects her to the violence of people who are willing to go to any lengths in order to thwart her search and save their own skin.

Despite the overwhelmingly gloomy atmosphere of the film, it is hard not to enjoy a picture that captures you so entirely in the telling of its story. The acting is spot on and the cast superb. Director Debra Granik has handled this film with extreme care and stopped it riding off the rails and becoming yet another bleak but ultimately forgettable tale. You get the feeling that the narrative told is only a microcosm of a much larger problem. I highly recommend seeing the film.

– Tom Ainge-Roy



## THE NEW WORLD

Dir: Terrence Malick

A historical adventure film inspired by historical figures Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. This account of the meeting between European and native cultures in 17th-century America provides a dazzling demonstration of the giant screen's capacity to celebrate the splendour of the natural world.



Harold is a young man, perhaps late teens/early twenties. He enjoys staging suicide attempts and going to funerals. Maude is seventy-nine, she enjoys stealing cars, collecting and making art-works and going to funerals. What a match!

Harold has an obsession with death. He comes from a privileged background but this comes with a price; an overbearing mother. He regularly attempts to kill himself in order to scare his mother. Throughout the course of the movie Harold is shot, set on fire, drowns, hangs himself, has his hand cut off and slits his wrists. Maude has an obsession with life. She wants to get the most out of it and seizes every opportunity that comes hurtling her way.

After meeting at complete stranger's funeral, the pair start to hang out. As you might expect, Maude has a bucket load of crazy old lady wisdom to impart to Harold. They go on picnics to the dump, replant trees that have been imprisoned in the city, get into trouble with the law and eventually fall in love. Awww how romantic!

While this is going on, Harold's overbearing (but hilarious and very FASHION) mother decides that her son needs to settle down and get married. She begins interviewing prospective brides, all of whom fall victim to a Harold suicide attempt.

As Harold and Maude's relationship deepens (yes, there is the sex), there is an expected backlash from his mother, uncle and psychiatrist, all of whom tell him he's sick.

With a perfectly mellow soundtrack by Cat Stevens, the film has a very chilled vibe which makes it ideal for a lazy Sunday watch. With many a hilarious line, it could be likened to romantic comedy but is far more than that, the humour being dark and subtle and the story heart-warming but not too sappy.

— Ben Blakely

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*Tuesday*  
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 **healthy**

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 **FRIDGE**

*Thursday*  
Large Pizza \$6.00

 **FRIDGE**

*Friday*  
Packaged Meals & Salads 2 for 1

The Food Court is located in the University Union Building  
open 11.30am - 2pm, Monday - Friday.



## Gil Scott Heron & Jamie xx – *We're New Here*

Following a period of personal and legal trouble over his drug addiction, living jazz-soul legend Gil Scott Heron released his first album of original material in sixteen years with the excellent *I'm New Here* in 2010. Gaining critical acclaim for its exploration of contemporary electronic music and deep introspective lyrics, the album hinted at a triumphant comeback. On *We're New Here*, this contemporary template is pushed to its extreme with British based remix artist and producer Jamie xx of mercury prize winning "The XX" taking Heron's original source vocals and providing his own heavily dubstep-influenced music beds. While the fusion of these two styles may at first seem illogical, it quickly becomes apparent that the dense, wobbly dance/dubstep rhythms make a fantastic base for Heron's extremely personal tales of love and desperation. On "Running" the minimalist, percussive production is reminiscent of The XX's own work, with Jamie using a distorted drum machine to full effect and the track's hip-hop style fitting perfectly with Heron's spoken-word poetry. Tracks in which Heron's voice is not the sole focus prove just as enjoyable. On "My Cloud", samples and loops crash into each other, Heron's voice buried in layers and hiss, acting as another instrument. The melodic template of the track is widened, making it a modern-day easy listening track with a twist. Bringing Gil Scott Heron fully into the contemporary age, Jamie xx has successfully managed to keep the integrity of both artists intact. Dynamic and full of heart, congratulations Mr. Heron: your comeback is complete.



## Deerhoof – *Deerhoof vs. Evil*

Remember being a teenager? No one could tell you what to do. You refused to clean your room while screaming Rage Against the Machine lyrics as loudly as you possibly could. This is the sound of Deerhoof's new album. From the child-adorned cover to the free candy included in the press release (omg thanks!), *Deerhoof vs. Evil* bursts forth with typical angst-y energy and a sense of freedom and potential only the young can provide. Opening with the enjoyable if slightly meandering "Qui Dorm, Només Soma", things really hit their stride with "Behold a Marvel in the Darkness". Matching its inquisitive title, the track's duel guitars probe through space as vocalist Satomi Matsuzaki asks the extremely adolescent question, "what is this thing called love?". Experimentation has always been the norm for Deerhoof and it is no different here. Switching instruments, arrangements and styles with ease, the unfamiliar manner in which Deerhoof deliver their sugar-coated hooks binds the album together. However, as one would expect on their eleventh studio album Deerhoof begin to sound a bit too much like previous efforts, slowly losing impact across the course of the record. While still joyous, *Deerhoof vs. Evil* is decidedly not pertinent listening.



1

91FM

# RADIO ONE PLAYTIME REPORT

mon

7/3

**ReFuel: Open Mic Night**  
8.30pm kick off. ALL WELCOME. We have guitars, keys, & other assorted instruments so just bring yourself & your mad skills.

wed

9/3

**ReFuel: Mr Biscuits, The Maybe Pile, Stomping Nick (Chch)**  
Free Entry.

thur

10/3

**Carey's Bay Hotel: The Rusty Strings Sessions**  
Featuring: Amanda Goodwin (& the Mighty Mightys), Matt Langley, Jo Little, Bill Morris, From 7:30pm, \$10 Admission

fri

11/3

**ReFuel: Disco Trishaw**  
A night of JPop, KPop and CPop.

**Sammys: Muay Thai Kickboxing with The Dirty Free afterparty**

**Chicks Hotel: Tim Guy (Akl)**  
Tim Guy stops off in Pt Chalmers on his 20-date 'North To Alaska' tour.

sat

12/3

**Chicks Hotel: Anna Coddington**  
Cat & Bird Album Release Tour

**Sammys: Left or Right, Mountaineater & Alizarin Lizard**

**ReFuel: SIX60**  
with special guests. Tickets are \$32. 8pm doors.

sun

13/3

**Carey's Bay Hotel: Delgirl The Freaky Pea EP Release**

**FUTURE GIGS**  
**18/3 SBK & Urban Factory Presents The Upbeats Live**  
Urban Factory. \$20 / \$15 with your 2011 91 Card  
**25/3 TikiDub Productions in Association with SBK & Radio One Presents Tiki - In The World Of Light Album Release Party**  
Sammys. Presale tickets \$25 / \$18 with your 2011 91card

see the full gig guide at [r1.co.nz](http://r1.co.nz)

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



## Disasteradio with Thundercub: *Re:fuel, February 24 2011*

After an energetic and engaging performance in the foreign environment of the OUSA balcony during lunch, one-man party machine Luke Rowell, aka Disasteradio, seemed sufficiently excited for the small but passionate Re:fuel audience.

Preceded by current Dunedin royalty Thundercub, and with proceeds being charitably donated to the Christchurch Earthquake Appeal, almost nothing on this night could be faulted. More than an opening act, with a flawless fusion of proto-dance and electronica Thundercub sounded without peer. Playing through a set of newer material, the synchronisation of guitarist Lee Nicolson's almost god-like command of his instrument and drummer Samdrub Dawa's impossibly relaxed drumming means there is almost no question that Thundercub are destined for great things (should they choose to chase them).

With his almost exploitive use of the 4/4 and racing synth, its virtually impossible not to start dancing as Disasteradio jumped into his first number. Constantly moving (and with the calve muscles to prove it) Disasteradio comes to entertain. With his arsenal of clever and intense pop songs, and armed with a musically endowed laser gun, D-rad blasted through a typical (read: fantastic) set in little over an hour.

Sadly as the gig neared its end, two extremely intoxicated young ladies made the ill-timed move of climbing onstage to dance. While such an action would usually be encouraged, the manner in which those girls attempted to take over the stage was both frustrating and depressing. Probably freshers eh.

**CORRECTION:** Last week, we neglected to credit the Melvins photo to the talented Roger Grauwmeijer (Roger@RokPx.com). We apologise.

# Dunedin Mags

Below are three independently produced Dunedin publications, all quite different in terms of what they promise and deliver, but all giving an insight into what it is possible to produce with a little creativity and entrepreneurialism.

Interestingly enough, the magazine with the most (or any) advertising is the one which received the lowest rating, going to show that you don't need a big budget to produce something people will want to read. Despite the small niggles which I had, these people deserve kudos for making a magazine in the first place, and the three I reviewed all looked like they could be found in a newsagents or chip shop. Dunedin has talent and I'd like to see more of what it can offer.

## ***Permanent Vacation***

Kerry Ann Lee



Kerry Ann Lee knows her stuff. She's been producing zines for at least a decade, with the result that her latest appears effortless and polished. *Permanent Vacation* is essentially a collection of musings on travel; what it's like to be an outsider in a foreign land, and what it's like to be an insider somewhere that others have only dreamt about. Everybody has different experiences with life and travel so it is fitting that the publication features writers not just from Dunedin but as widespread as London, Taiwan and Los Angeles. The wide range of contributors and varied styles give the feeling of a collective scrapbook that Kerry has put together from a combination of correspondence and personal experience.

The result is something different on every page – a different writer, a different topic, and a different visual experience. Subjects vary from voodoo readings to vernacular architecture, and the visual material is just as varied. The witty, slightly satirical 'anti-travel' ads were probably my favourite part, while I felt that some of the comics suffered from lack of context. Some parts look well considered and painstakingly laid out while others look like they were slapped together to fill up space – kind of how a scrapbook should look, I guess. The occasional page isn't that pretty but overall it is a reasonably cohesive piece of work. While there is nothing particularly deep and meaningful within the 70+ pages that make up *Permanent Vacation*, there is plenty of interesting and entertaining substance for you to take a temporary vacation in your living room. Definitely worth having a look at – and you get a bonus kitschy magic eyeball charm to "keep the good mojo in and the bad mojo out" Available from: Dunedin Public Art Gallery or University Bookshop, or email Kerry Ann: [kerryannlee@gmail.com](mailto:kerryannlee@gmail.com)

## ***The Good Book***

Lucinda McMeeken and Trudy Cockcroft



When you choose such a name as *The Good Book*, you're giving yourself awfully big shoes to fill and it doesn't appear that Dunedin's 'fresh young designers' have particularly large feet. Obvious typos, poor writing and great research aside, *The Good Book* appears to be aimed at a very small audience; the writers themselves.

The magazine claims to be 'a design and culture magazine' but, despite the tagline "Young Fresh Design from the Edge of the World", it has a disappointing lack of design content. An interview with Charlotte McLachlan neglects to mention much about her work and the article about Semi-Permanent – a national design seminar – would be better entitled "Our school trip to Auckland where we got drunk and went to the \$3 shop OMGLOLZ". In lieu of meaningful content there are in-jokes a-go-go and blatant nepotism. The whole publication reeks of self-indulgence.

There are some gems in the work though, and without looking too closely it is definitely a good-looking magazine. Some beautiful photography by Emily Hlavac Green goes a long way in justifying the full colour throughout the magazine, which is presumably the reason for the large price tag.

Despite the blatant and widespread flaws that litter *The Good Book*, there is potential for future issues with a little more value for money, once the two intrepid editors have left their nest in H block and seen a little more of the world. In the meantime, you can see what they're up to on their blog: [thegoodbookmag.wordpress.com](http://thegoodbookmag.wordpress.com). *The Good Book* can be purchased from their website or University Bookshop.

## ***DUD: The Dunedin Comic Revue***

The Dunedin Comic Collective



In stark contrast to *The Good Book*, the Dunedin Comic Collective's first comic revue is blissfully unpretentious.

A long time coming, this publication is a selection of works by members of the Dunedin Comic Collective and friends. It includes a compilation CD so you can 'read and listen', which is kinda cool. Without the music (as I first read it), the book pretty much does what it's meant to. There's a good variety of comics; some quirky, some funny, some earnest. Some I enjoyed, others I didn't. I found Rory MacMurdo's contribution 'Daddy's Li'l Ghurl' especially repugnant.

With the music, it was an entirely different experience. The effect of listening along was a bit hit-and-miss- almost all are a bit optimistic about how long you are going to spend looking at the drawings. Tim Cornelius' number set the mood nicely for 'Apocryphal tales of No 23' but probably wouldn't stand alone. 'Talkin' 'Bout the Fridge' was obviously intended to be an audio-visual experience, but unfortunately some of the lyrics didn't quite match up to what was written, which I couldn't help but be irritated by. In the back of the magazine you can find links to the bands' websites should a particular track interest you.

Something I found a little awkward was the choice to not to number the pages. This made it next to impossible to find a particular comic and difficult to deduce the identity of the contributor of an appealing work. This was not helped by those comics in which the style changed several times in one submission.

Overall this was a nice way to spend my afternoon and I'm looking forward to many more releases from the Dunedin Comic Collective. You will find this one in University Bookshop or from [dudcomics.blogspot.com](http://dudcomics.blogspot.com)



## Reuben Moss, Don't look up

*Rice and Beans Gallery (February 24 – March 15)*

Entering Reuben Moss's *Don't look up* creates a strong sense of having entered a disjointed environment, with many of the exhibition's core ideas leaving the viewer feeling distant. *Don't look up* examines the horrors of war, expressions of Utopia and the oversaturation of violence in society. It consists of a replication of Goya's *Firing Squad of the 3<sup>rd</sup> of May 1808* (1814), a distorted documentary on the De Stijl movement and a projection of videogame *Doom*. However, the collaging of different media makes Moss's work seem unpolished, as though he were overwhelmed by all the concepts he wanted to explore. The poor quality of the replication of *Firing Squad* makes it seem meaningless, lacking the agonising emotion which the original painting imparts. The De Stijl documentary examines the search for Utopia, an ideal society possessing a perfect socio-political system. The *Doom* projection portrays graphic violence, but disappointingly (indeed, devastatingly) lacks interaction. Nonetheless, although the different images are only loosely entwined, one gets the sense of Moss as an active creator of meaning and subsequently leaves having been exposed to some interesting ideas.

– Hana Aoake

## We Will All Burn In Hell

*a gallery (February 10 – March 5)*

While a gallery, located two kilometres south of the university, is slightly outside the usual student stomping ground, it's worth the walk to catch the current exhibition. *We Will All Burn In Hell* is the first show to be held in the new artist-run space, and it's a hardcore opening. Heavy metal is fused with fine art. Pornography features alongside embroidery. Challenging societal perceptions of both artists and metalheads, the exhibition presents a selection of intelligent works that are nonetheless still accessible to a large audience.

There's the visually explosive art of Sam Ovens and a charismatically anarchist work by Merrin Sinclair. Dogs and child poverty create an interesting juxtaposition in Matt Wilson's sketches while the sonic experience that is Lewis Stanley Denzil Funraiser's "Self Help" lends a darker atmosphere to the exhibition. Arguably the most rewarding piece, however, is by the gallery's curator, Jay Hutchinson. "I Told You It Would End Like This" is fantastically deceptive, a work that in itself is deserving of the trek down Princes Street.

*We Will All Burn In Hell* runs until March 5, at a gallery, 393 Princes Street. a gallery is open every Saturday, or alternatively by arrangement - call 0212600169.

– Lauren Hayes

### A GALLERY, 393 Princes Street

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

### BLACKSTAR BOOKS, 111 Moray Place

Political art reading group: *Society of the Spectacle, chapter 1*

### BLUE OYSTER GALLERY, 24B Moray Place

Colleen Altgracia: *The Fullness of Empty Pockets*, Andy Leleisi'uao: *Arytipidal*, Clare Fleming: *At once we are rootless and harbouring, floating on an inland sea (I am from here)*

### BRETT MCDOWELL, 1 Dowling Street

Japanese erotic prints: *Shunga*

### DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY, 30 The Octagon

Works from the Dunedin Public Art Gallery: *Beloved*, Frances Hodgkins: *Portraits*, John Pule: *Hauaga (Arrivals)*, Simon Morris: *Black watercolour, 2010*, Early nineteenth century fashion plates: *A La mode*

### DUNEDIN SCHOOL OF ART GALLERY, Corner Albany & Riego Street

Karyn Walton: *MFA examination exhibition*, Art Seminars every Thursday at 12pm

### MANU BERRY'S STUDIO, 140 George Street, Tue–Fri, 10–5pm

Manu Berry & Peter Gregory: *Suspensions: An exhibition of new prints and ceramics* (4th - 16th March,)

### MILFORD GALLERY, 18 Dowling Street

Christine Thacker: *On location*, Gary Currin: *Various distances apart*

### MODAKS CAFÉ, 337 George Street

Lomo McSquirrels, Jessie Robertson and Bromnyn Wallace: *Sill love*

### NONE GALLERY, 24 Stafford Street

Tracey Cox: *Burn baby burn* (from March 1st), Jelly O'Shea, Alexandra Gallacher and Waste Land: *The Glean; Contemporary Jewellery and other stuff*

### RICE AND BEANS, 2nd Floor, 127 Lower Stuart Street

Reuben Moss: *Don't look up*

### ROCDA GALLERY, 73 Princes Street

Exhibition of new work from the Painting class of 2005 (Opens: 07 March at 17:30 - 12 March at 14:00)

### TANGENTE CAFÉ, 111 Upper Moray Place

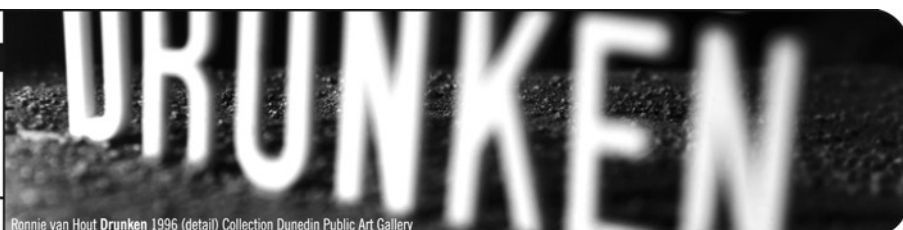
Cheryl and Deano Sherrifs: *From the mountains to the sea*

### TEMPLE GALLERY, 29 Moray Place

Diana Smillie: *The Rosepapered room*

### THE ARTISTS ROOM, 2 Dowling Street

Liz Rowe and Anya Sinclair: *Terror firma*





This week *Critic* (by *Critic*, I mean myself) interviewed two comedians: the internationally renowned **Wilson Dixon**, and local comedian **Kathryn Hurst**, who organises Anti-Social Tap. Both have shows in this year's upcoming Dunedin Fringe Festival so read this article then go to their shows.

**Critic:** *Wilson, you appear to be a simple man realising his dream to become a world-famous country musician. How did you get from Cripple Creek to having your face in this here humble publication?*

**Wilson:** I guess the Lord moves in mysterious ways. The easy answer is that the publicist for my tour contacted you about getting a promotional article in your publication. What would be nice to add is that I've always had an affinity with Dunedin, and for me to point out how similar Cripple Creek and Dunedin are; places that time has passed by, like two old faded beauties at the barn dance, all dressed up, but no one wants to dance with 'em.

**Critic:** *Kathryn, on your Facebook page you claim that "Dunedin frequently produces the best entertainers in New Zealand and Anti-Social Tap is where it all begins". Where do you see yourself in ten years?*

**Kathryn:** I dunno. I think if my flatmates keep corrupting me with their hardcore binge knitting and wool spinning (One of my flatmates actually owns a loom. She's hoping for grandchildren next month), then my prospects look pretty low. In ten years time I'll probably be limping around Timaru, homeless, unshaven and participating in renegade graffiti knitting.

**Critic:** *Dunedin audiences are renowned for being middle-aged, middle-class and white. How do you think this particular demographic will find your shows?*

**Wilson:** I guess they'll find it in the normal way - with a map. Some of them may have been there before and will find it using their memories. Some of them, let's call them MAMCWP's for short, might use a GPS to find the show, but I hope no one does because I don't trust anyone who utilises a satellite network to find something that's literally around the corner.



**Kathryn:** I think there was actually a study done somewhere that found fart jokes to be the most universal jokes of all. So I guess in keeping with that thought, middle-aged, middle-class, white audiences with expendable wallets (the best kind of wallets!) might find our shows funniest when we joke about farting. This is a shame because we mostly do jokes about politicians, the media and other really important intelligent things.

**Critic:** *I'll give you ten words to convince every student who reads this interview to come to your shows. GO!*

**Wilson:** You used nineteen words asking that question. Is that fair?

**Kathryn:** I promise I won't get naked like Eweyn Gilmour once did.

**Critic:** *I'm a student. Can I have a free ticket to your show?*

**Wilson:** How about I give you a student loan for a ticket and you can pay me back by deducting a small amount out of your income (once you've graduated and got a job) so that you'll still be paying me back in 2035. That's how you guys do it around here, ain't it?

**Critic:** *Can you tell me a joke?*

**Kathryn:** Yes. Yes I can. On March 17, 18 and 19 AntiSocial Tap has three shows on each day. We have Fresh Talent stand-up comedy at 6.30pm for \$10, Big Names of Fame stand-up comedy at 8pm for \$12, and Improsaurus' late night comedy improv show, Du Bist Ein Uber Show, at 9.30pm for \$11.

Oh, you mean a joke right now?

Knock knock...



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## Frittering with courgettes

I saw my breath this morning and I fear that what has been a glorious summer may now be ending. And along with it, the season of cheap and fresh summery produce. Tomatoes! Oh how I will miss your abundance. You really rock my world. Courgettes! Can I still convince the flatties to buy you when you're \$14 a kilo? Avocados! I think we can all agree this is autumn's biggest tragedy. Asparagus! I'm not really your biggest fan so do what you like. Berries! What will I sandwich in a Victoria sponge now? And nectarines. Farewell sweet, sweet nectarine. I will see you next year.

But before I tumble into a pit of complete despair, curable only by an overdose of Nigella-inspired comfort food, I can be consoled by the knowledge that there is still time! For the moment, most of the above are still affordable and available. Obviously the best way to consume summer veg is fresh. In the case of the tomato, I'm not averse to eating them like apples, and avocado I will happily eat by the spoonful. But there are lots of fun ways to cook summer veg too.

Today I bring you a recipe (I use that term loosely) inspired largely by a slightly manky-looking courgette I found in the fridge and my lunchtime desire for fried cheesy yum things. The courgette fritter is a classic, and very easy. This is the height of makeshift student cooking – really, you can put anything in these. In my case I have a courgette, some cheese (even a wee bit of feta!), flour, an egg, salt and pepper...yeah, the cupboards are reasonably bare. You could also do the same thing with a can of creamed corn, or grated potato. You could add olives, tomato, Nigella suggests lime - it's totally up to you and your fridge. Inventiveness is a very useful student skill. Key things that you must have, however, to make a fritter: cheese, flour, egg, and oil/butter for frying. So, to business!

This will make about five jam-jar lid sized fritters, so increase quantities if you intend feeding a whole flat. Grate a courgette into a bowl. Add some grated cheese, maybe 1/2 cup. Add an egg – this with the cheese will bind your fritters into fritter-like shapes. Also add 1/2 cup of flour and a pinch of baking power. I added a wee bit of crushed garlic, 1/2 tsp of paprika and a decent amount of salt and pepper. Num. You are aiming for a gloopy batter-y consistency.

Put some oil in a frying pan and heat 'til reasonably hot. Get your fish slice ready. Put a dollop of batter in the pan and fry both sides until golden. As you take the fritters out of the pan, place them on a paper towel to get rid of excess oil. Serve hot or at room temp with some sweet chilli sauce if that's your thing.

This is a very slap dash approach but I assure you, it's very hard to fuck up. Go forth and fry!



*Green Acorn Cafe*  
72 Albany St (opposite  
the Central Library)

**Prices:** Flat white: \$4.50, Long black:  
\$3.50, Mocha: \$4.80

**Atmosphere:** dreary and tired

**Service:** prompt but we were the only  
people in the place.

**Location:** very convenient – opposite  
the library and towards the BNZ end of  
Albany St.

**Food:** by far the best part of this cafe. The  
Green Acorn offers heaps to choose from  
but in my opinion stick to the scones and  
muffins – they're hearty and delicious.

I recommend if you come here go  
through to the back area, the tables are  
more spread out and it's away from the  
street.

**Overall:** I have a philosophy that you  
can tell a good cafe by how many people  
are inside. When a friend and I arrived  
recently, we were the only customers in  
the place. The coffees were bitter and I  
suspect rather burnt and I eventually left  
the remainder in the cup when we left.

The Green Acorn used to reside where  
the Good Earth does currently and since  
its relocation it appears to have lost its  
customers and its spark. If you want a  
coffee close to campus there are plenty  
of other alternatives – stay tuned to my  
reviews to find out where!

– *Pip Schaffler*





# The Blocks Cometh



It's a melancholy thing to ruminate on these sub two-dollar iPod touch games, to glimpse a vertical slice of a dystopian world in which we all must eternally run to the right with no respite until we inevitably tumble into the ink. In *The Blocks Cometh*, you instead jump upwards and because the vertical climb has connotations of leading towards something better, the depression is even more sharply focused. Any hopes we might have held are dashed, almost immediately, as we are crushed beneath a falling crate, holding a score so abysmally low as to deny us even a sense of achievement.

You're not in the *Mushroom Kingdom* any more, fat, moustachioed plumber-Dorothy.

So rarely do these games have anything as quaint as levels, or an ending. *Canabalt*, *Doodle Jump*, even *Robot Unicorn Attack* (highly recommended); it's all the same. You begin, much like the final Russell T Davies *Doctor Who* episodes, all but certain that your life will come to an end. But unlike the tenth Doctor, who dies proudly in a tumultuous and emotional confrontation with John Simm and Timothy Dalton and regenerates into a series headed by the guy who penned *The Empty Child*, and *Blink*, your character will fall in a way so mundane, so unambiguous, so void of tumult or passion that you will hardly notice, and you will start again, reflexively, to give yet another pixelated nobody a run at the top that never comes. What a metaphor.

Mechanically, *The Blocks Cometh* is as simple as an iPod touch/iPhone game should be, as simple as our office jobs, our arbitrary social conventions, and our bachelor degrees. Standing in the midst of what feels like a twisted, industrial game of *Tetris*, the goal is simply to climb as high as you can without being crushed between a pair of crates. Your height is your score.

Unlike *Doodle Jump*, which was a perfect fit for the iPhone format, taking advantage of its tilt control to manoeuvre your character, *Blocks* has needed a little squeezing by the shameless corporate behemoth to get it to function. The option for tilt control exists, but it's not precise enough, so most players will prefer to use the directional buttons superimposed onto the screen. With the A and B buttons already hogging real estate (for shooting blocks and jumping), the lower half of the screen can quickly get crowded by too many thumbs.

Thankfully, like the best iPod touch titles, the game's simple controls lend themselves to a variety of strategies. Sliding and wall jumping combine with regular jumps to give a real skill set to master, and techniques will quickly be developed if you can cope with the punishing difficulty. *Blocks* is a perfect game to pick up for thirty seconds as you are assaulted by advertising designed to manipulate you, or surrounded by spluttering, emphysemic commuters on the soulless bus ride to your dead end job.

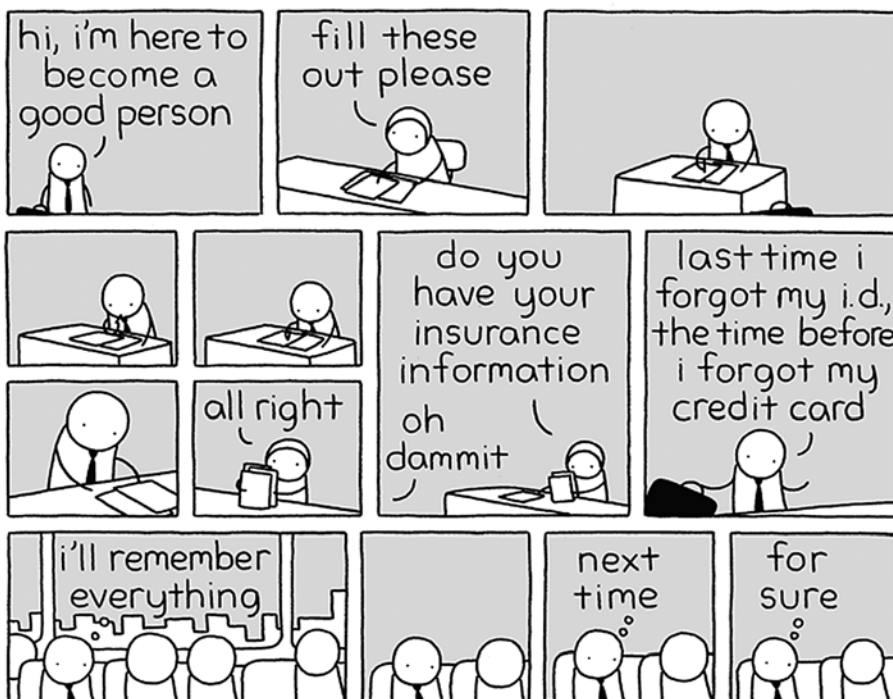
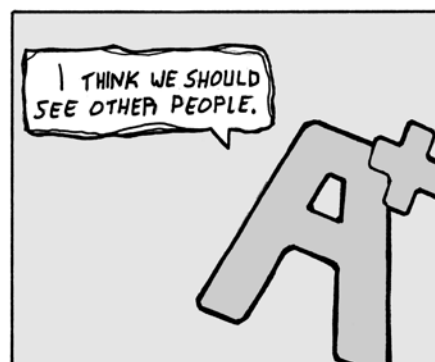
*The Blocks Cometh* might be the new king of the addictive, existential crisis inducing iPod touch/iPhone games. It has a pixel art style to rival *Canabalt* which makes you wonder whether you're at war with Eurasia or Eastasia, and gameplay that is more rewarding in its nuance and complexity, if less intrinsically fun, than *Doodle Jump*. At \$0.99 US from the iTunes store it's a brilliant deal, even if it does bring the futility of your existence into terrifying focus. Because as we all know, if there ever was a heaven it's long since been clogged full of high-fructose corn syrup and *Scrumpy*.

– Toby Hills





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Kia Ora,  
Ko Courtney taku ingoa  
No Waihopai ahau



This year I am the Kaitiaki Putea on Te Rito. I have been given the opportunity to write the *Critic* article for you this week, so I thought I would take this chance to introduce myself. I'm currently studying Economics and Finance and am in my third year. I'm relatively new to TRM but am enjoying meeting all of you.

Firstly I'd like to congratulate Horiana Cassidy for winning our quiz and taking home a brand new longboard! I expect to see you hooning around uni very soon!

Our new whare is so much flashier! So feel free to come on down and have a good old korero with some of our spunky members. We would like to encourage all first years, or maybe second and third years who have previously been too whakama, to come in. Just do it! Bring a friend and have a cup of tea or coffee (provided by us). TRM is also the place to keep warm, chill out, or surf the net in the computer suite. We also have a whole bunch of sports teams to sign up to!

Now I study Finance so I do enjoy putea (much like you all of course), so I'd like to remind you about some of the incredible scholarships, internships and cadetships out there. There's lots of info at the Maori

## TE ROOPU MĀORI

Centre and also at the Scholarships Office in the Clock Tower building. In true *Critic* terms, this could be an extra few hundred "sogos" to help you through the year.

Currently everyone is settling back into uni life, lectures and tutorials; I wish you all well and hope the fresher flu has not hit you too hard. Much aroha to those of you with whanau in Otautahi! Remember to donate to the Red Cross.

I'll leave you with a motivational whakatauki for this year:

**Ma te werawera o tou mata e kai ai koe i te haunga ahi o te kai.**

(By the perspiration on your face you will taste the piquant flavour of cooked food)

Honest work brings its own reward.

Ka kite!

### MY WORST BEST MATES



### THOSE FUCKERS



BY CHRISTOPHER ONG

#2



This week OUSA brings you...

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Entries close March 13



## PRESIDENTIAL COMMENT

### Capping Show Auditions

Comedy Much? Get your chance to write and star in this illustrious hundred year old tradition. A University Revue like none other in Otago, full of everything offensive and hilarious. Sextet, Sexytet (hot!), Sketches, 'Dance' and a storyline woven between it all that is guaranteed to make you lolz.

If you want to be a part of a sell out show and a top notch family, come down and audition: Monday 7th, Tuesday 8th and Wednesday 9th of March, 7pm in the Union Hall. More info: <http://on.fb.me/eSsvbj>

### Queer Tea Party

Celebrating Sameness, Difference and Inclusion on Campus  
Come down, meet, greet and enjoy entertainment, tea, coffee and cake! Judge for yourself how the colleges Residential Assistants do with their Cup Cake Decorating competition, and then maybe try sneak yourself a bit of a cup too!

12-2pm, Thursday 10th March, OUSA Lawn.

### Six60 - Union Hall, Saturday March 12

Smashing their way through their last tour before recording, they'll be gracing the stage of the Union Hall. Tickets available from OUSA Main Office.



### Pilates

Pilates is an exercise programme based on the work of Joseph Pilates. During this course you will recreate your approach to exercise and re-teach your body correct form and movement. This

course is brought to you in association with the qualified team at Back In Motion Physiotherapy & Pilates. We offer a ten week course starting March 7, \$82 for OUSA & OPSA members; \$98 Others

For more info check [ousa.org.nz](http://ousa.org.nz) and follow the Events and Recreation links.



Like us on **facebook** for prizes, discounts & goss!  
OUSA - Otago University Students' Association

What an amazing week...

Since Critic #1 went to print we were graced by the presence of two amazing lads from [keepthemgoing.org](http://keepthemgoing.org). They got us onboard to help arrange packed lunches and send them up to our Christchurch homeboys and girls at UCSA. With a little promo we managed to get an amazing lot of student volunteer heroes to donate and pack the lunches as well as an amazing response from Dunedin. We drove up in the van at 2am on Sunday to deliver the first 1700, and the truck followed with a further 16,000. What an effort! The students and residents who also needed a few were stoked, so good work!

Thank you so much to all the people who gave their time, money and food to help the Christchurch team out. Along with the lunches, our first donation bucket raised \$5668.40! Along with the community and the DCC, we have now established the Christchurch Embassy at the Dunedin Railway Station. It will be a place for Christchurch residents who have migrated down this way to stop in, have a break and get advice about what is available to them in Dunedin. If you would like to volunteer for the Embassy or for a packing mission you can sign up at <http://on.fb.me/eF0FHO>.

Our Win Your Fees Back competition was put on the back burner during O'11 as the Christchurch work was our priority, but we have now extended it until Sunday 13th. So don't forget to sign up for the chance to win \$5000 of your fees back! Check out [ousa.org.nz](http://ousa.org.nz) to sign up.

As always, if you have any questions or have something you want to ask you can always pop into OUSA. Plus, Like our facebook page and we'll keep you up to date with what's happening around Uni and what other competitions we have going on.

That's it for now, do some study, enjoy the sun while it lasts and Win Your Fees Back!

Harriet Geoghegan  
President  
OUSA  
[president@ousa.org.nz](mailto:president@ousa.org.nz)



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