



# Critic

Est. 1925

Issue 02 | Mar 05<sup>th</sup>, 2012

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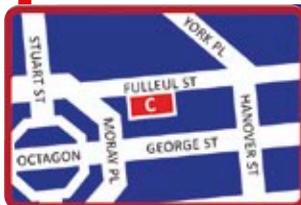
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# Critic

Issue 02

## **Orientation Huge** | Page 6

Orientation week was the biggest ever thrown at Otago, with thousands of attendees every night taking full advantage of the new Forsyth Barr Stadium.

## **Otago's Manhood Swallowed by Giant Hole** | Page 7

The Otago Rugby Football Union is on the verge of bankruptcy after years of posting financial losses. With no saviour in sight, the future of provincial rugby is in doubt.

## **Fuck Me Baby, I Was Born This Way** | Page 20

Maddy Phillipps discusses the ins and outs of our sexual foibles and personal tastes. Bisexuality, anal sex, and pornography are all on the agenda.

## **Welcome to the Ride** | Page 24

Critic's very own Fresher recruit takes on O-Week and just survives to tell the tale.

**News 6–15** | **Sports 16–17** | **Politics 18–19** | **Features 20–29**  
**Columns 30–35** | **Culture 36–42** | **Letters 44**

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**I AM A WHITE, MIDDLE-CLASS, STRAIGHT GUY WITH A BA. I WISH SOMETIMES** I were more exotic. I see bisexual Spaniards with mullets and tattoos and I get awfully jealous. But I have had to come to terms with who I am and make the most of it. And since the world is basically built for white, middle class straight guys with BAs, it's been a pretty easy ride. Imagine then how much harder it must be to come to terms with yourself, and your place in the world, if the world isn't designed for you.

Zane Pocock's article this week looks into a simple idea with a complicated name: Heteronormativity. The Hetero-normative agenda is like background noise in society, constantly framing straight as 'normal', and queer as an aberration. It is the basis of the moral assumption that we cannot teach an idea of queer sexual identity in schools, and it helps to maintain homophobic attitudes throughout our society.

It struck me when reading Zane's article how painful an experience it must be for young queer kids to sit through sex-ed in high school and not have their idea of sexual identity mentioned. Can you imagine how uncomfortable it must be to sit there knowing that you don't identify with what the teacher is saying, and how horrible it must feel when your sexual preferences are entirely ignored? Many queer teens must already

know that their identity differs from the straight and narrow, and the least we can do is assure them that it differs not at all from some pre-conceived notion of normal.

Last year Logan Edgar and I entered the Great Southern Drag Off. Far from just having a rip-roarer of a time, we were trying to get a point across. Two straight men can dress up in drag, spend an evening with a group of queer people, and feel perfectly comfortable with their own sexual identities. And if we can do that, then queer people should be able to do the same in everyday society.

Everyone, even us boring straight people, have to go through the process of creating our own sexual identities. And that's where Maddy Phillipps's article this week comes in. Maddy is a liberated spirit when it comes to sex. There seems to be little that she isn't willing to try once, and often again and again. She is the personification of sexual liberation. But even she has her own hang-ups, her own foibles, her own likes and dislikes. The point of discussing sexual hang-ups in Maddy's piece isn't to shame people for being into what their into, or disliking what they're not. The point is that sex is an amazing and fantastic thing, and that if you're lucky, you get to share it with awesomely fantastic people. Your sexual choices and experiences belong to you and you alone. The beauty of having control over our own sexual choices is highlighted by the tragedy and horror that occurs when someone takes this control away from us.

So go have sex with someone, or by yourself, or with multiple people. But do it cause you enjoy it, because you want it, and because you've decided to do it. Sex is fucking awesome after all.

**JOE STOCKMAN – EDITOR**

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# Orientation Huge: Matt Damon unimpressed



## JOSIE ADAMS

**ORIENTADIUM 2012 WAS THE BIGGEST ORIENTATION EVER, AND, FOR THE MOST part, saw good behaviour from students with few incidents of note.**

With the Union building and lawn out of commission (it's being prettified to the tune of \$5.7 million) the week's events moved to the Forsyth Barr Stadium. The move allowed events to provide for an estimated 4500 attendees at a time. More than two thousand pumped-up freshers attended the Shihad-led concert on Friday, Shapeshifter sold out well before their concert on Saturday, and the annual toga party broke an unofficial world record with 2400 partygoers.

OUSA events manager Kitty Brown reported that the police were pleasantly surprised with the behaviour of students at the sanctioned events. Nevertheless a small number of negative incidents did occur during the week, with several furniture fires in the student quarter. Many of the arrests during the week were however of non-students. Of the fifteen people arrested on Saturday night, only four were Otago students. One Emergency Department nurse from the Dunedin Public Hospital told Critic that this year had seen comparably few injuries or cases of alcohol poisoning among students.

In a refreshing move, Vice-Chancellor Harlene Hayne was active during O-Week events. Hayne was spotted at various events, at one point manning a sausage sizzle, and considered the week "a great success" and "a fantastic opportunity for me to meet students".

However Hayne was less upbeat regarding students caught engaging in illegal behaviour. "Unfortunately, the antisocial behaviour of some students during the week was extremely dangerous and put their safety and the safety of others at risk. I am meeting personally with some of these students, others have been seen by the Proctor, and others will be seen by the Provost. It is a shame that some of them now face the prospect of expulsion."

"I am confident that we can eliminate these activities and still maintain a high quality of student life here in Dunedin."

OUSA President Logan Edgar summed up Orientadium 2012 by saying that "Everything was supersized this year: The bands, comedy, hypnotist, sports day, parent Ori, academic advice, market day; everything was massive."

Critic spoke to several first-year students about their experiences of O-Week. The overwhelming response was that chanting "fuck Arana" had proved the quickest way to make friends at most social occasions. Another successful orientation then.

Professional Era

ORFU

# Otago's Manhood Swallowed by Giant Hole

**GUS GAWN**

**THE OTAGO RUGBY FOOTBALL UNION IS OFFICIALLY** broke. They can't afford SoGos, they can't buy ramen, they can't even pay the power bill. And they certainly won't be springing for the whole team to get tuggies down at Lucky Sevens on Friday night.

At the time *Critic* went to print on Thursday evening, no financial backing had materialised for the troubled union. The deadline for avoiding liquidation was Friday 4pm.

The ORFU suffered an \$862,000 loss over the past financial year and is forecasting a further \$750,000 deficit for the coming year. These losses are on top of significant existing debts that have financially crippled the Union. If liquidation is not avoided then Otago will almost certainly be unable to field a team in the ITM Cup competition.

The New Zealand Rugby Football Union has been offering kind words and business support over the last month or so, but has

refused to bail Otago out. NZRU Chief Executive Steve Tew told the *New Zealand Herald* that the "bottom line is [that] the hole is too big".

Dunedin mayor Dave Cull said the City Council has no plans to save the ORFU, while Prime Minister John Key told the media that the government's "Preference would be for them to find another way through that, but obviously we are concerned about the situation". No formal request for assistance had been submitted to either the council or the government.

The dire financial situation is the result of a series of unfortunate events and financial missteps which have led to the ORFU gradually sinking into the mire. Woeful crowd numbers at Otago games are the visible side of the Union's decline, but other factors, such as the burden of transferring to the new stadium, and a tough economic climate, have not helped matters.

Despite its probable collapse, the ORFU is

currently running an ITM training group that will make up the bulk of any eventual ITM Cup squad. Most of the players are young, developing talents on basic contracts who may have put other opportunities on hold to have a shot at a professional rugby career. If the ORFU goes into liquidation these players will no longer be paid.

Critic spoke to Kieran Moffat, a member of the Otago ITM training group who is contracted to the ORFU. Upon hearing the news he said "I'm pretty gutted, there are going to be some disappointed boys around ... The future looks pretty bleak, but there are a number of ways things can go."

In recent years the Otago Union has actively recruited players from around the country to join the province. Promising players such as Wellington's Buxton Popoali'i and Canterbury's Rob Verbakel are just two of those now facing an uncertain future. Most other ITM Cup squads are already full, so opportunities to join up with other unions will be limited.

In recent years Otago has gained a reputation for overpaying players to tempt them south. A high-profile example occurred when Otago offered one-season wonder Fetu'u Vainikolo double the salary his home union Northland was willing to pay. Vainikolo was consistently poor for both Otago and the Highlanders and spent considerable time out injured before transferring overseas.

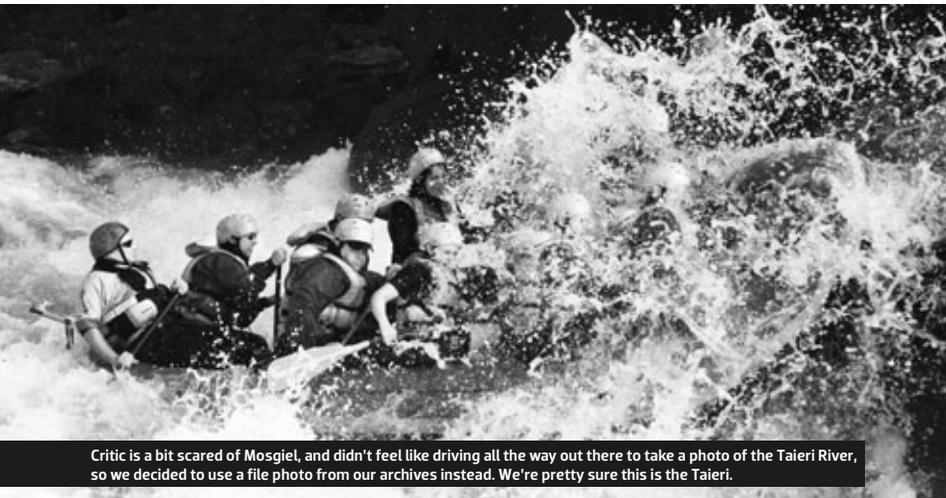
One piece of positive news to come out of the potential collapse is that the fallout will not affect club rugby players, at least in the short term. Tew has stated that the NZRU will ensure grassroots rugby continues as normal in Otago during 2012.

**They can't afford SoGos, they can't buy ramen, they can't even pay the power bill**

The uncertainty over the future of the ORFU has brought the future of provincial rugby into sharp relief. Provincial unions cannot carry on running at a loss every year, especially as the NZRU has made it clear that it will not financially salvage bankrupt provinces, even those formerly considered "Too big to fail", like Otago. As such, many rugby journalists are predicting that Otago's decline will result in significant structural changes to the domestic game.

# Stupid students spark search

## Critic treated for alliteration addiction



Critic is a bit scared of Mosgiel, and didn't feel like driving all the way out there to take a photo of the Taieri River, so we decided to use a file photo from our archives instead. We're pretty sure this is the Taieri.

### CLAUDIA HERRON

**TWO THIRD-YEAR STUDENTS HAD TO BE RESCUED AFTER THEIR O-WEEK RAFT** expedition down the Taieri River ended in a major Search and Rescue operation involving more than 40 personnel.

In an attempt to turn their O-Week into O-Creek, the pair set out on a homemade raft fashioned out of plywood and inner tubes for a gentle trip down the Taieri on Wednesday February 22. The pair anticipated a balmy 6-hour journey from Hindon to Outram Glen, but the alarm was raised at 9.30pm on Wednesday night when they had failed to meet a friend at 5pm.

Don Peat, the Search and Rescue incident controller of the Mosgiel

Police, told the Otago Daily Times that while the river looked "calm and safe" where the two entered and exited, the real obstacle was a 3km gorge in the middle which, depending on river flow, could be graded anywhere between class 2 (some rough water) and class 4 (whitewater for experienced paddlers only) on the International Scale of River Difficulty. Peat said although the "boys felt capable", the river was especially difficult to negotiate at night. "The saving grace was they walked the section of rapids."

It wasn't until after the Monkey Bar shut up shop for the night that the "sheepish" pair was finally located by a ground team, after a sixteen-hour ordeal. The two claimed to have not even felt the cold, as they were too preoccupied trying to get their raft down the river.

Although both lads were "strong and fit" and were experienced surfers, their lack of lifejackets, and their ambitious attire (shorts and t-shirts) reflected their poor level of preparation and planning.

Despite hanging around outside several Tourism lectures Critic's attempts to contact the pair in question did not succeed. However it is rumoured that OUSA are now in talks to bring Bear Grylls to Orientation 2013 in order to avoid any similar misadventures. Meanwhile Critic encourages all students to confine themselves to the type of boat races that involve beer and regrettable sex with that weird person on your floor who has night terrors.

# University grads flee country to find jobs, avoid crossbow violence

### GREGOR WHYTE

**UNIVERSITY STUDENTS HAVE IDENTIFIED NOT FINDING** a job after graduation as one of their greatest fears, and as one of the most stressful factors affecting them during their studies.

A Colmar Brunton poll reported in the *New Zealand Herald* found that 21% of students identified being unable to find a job in their chosen field as their greatest fear, while for 17% of students finding any job at all was their primary concern.

Additionally, 47% of students identified job prospects as a stress factor affecting them during study, just ahead of concerns over grades at 45%.

The poll found that concern over the difficulty of finding work in certain fields in New Zealand is driving graduates overseas. This is especially true for highly vocational degrees

such as physiotherapy and graphic design.

Even those graduating with highly-regarded degrees like finance faced a difficult job market. A graduate working in the investment banking industry told Critic that finance was a particularly difficult field in which to secure employment in New Zealand due to the large number of highly qualified graduates competing for a small number of jobs.

The former University of Auckland student indicated that almost all of his fellow honours cohort was forced to move overseas to find employment in the finance industry because New Zealand had only a handful of investment banking openings for graduates each year.

On a less serious note, Critic's lax commitment to investigative journalism failed to find any evidence that a fear of the growing epidemic of crossbow violence in Dunedin was contributing to graduates leaving the country.

# Choose Your Political Poison

CALLUM FREDRIC

THE 58% HAVE SPOKEN, AND THE MMP VOTING SYSTEM IS HERE TO STAY. BUT several key aspects of the system are up for review, and the Electoral Commission is calling for submissions from the public. Some of the issues you can give your two cents on include:

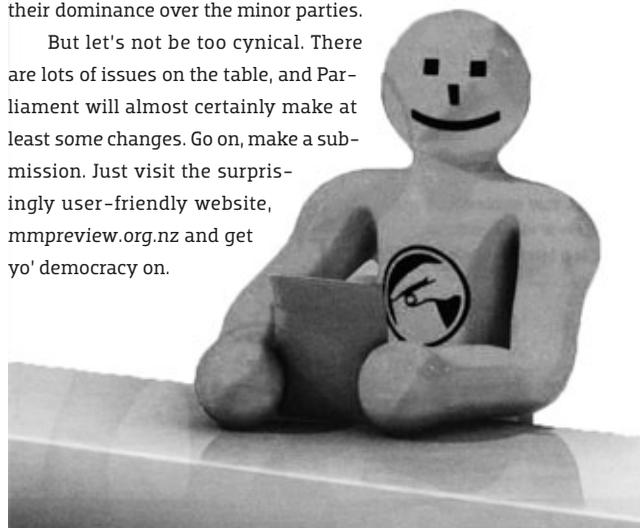
- 1. The threshold for a party to get into Parliament** – Currently, parties need at least 5% to qualify. Should the threshold be higher, lower, or abolished altogether?
- 2. The "second chance" threshold** – Right now, if you win an electorate seat, your party can laugh disdainfully at the 5% threshold and stroll right into Parliament. ACT and United Future love this rule. Do you? Disappointingly, Parliament has specifically ruled out any changes to the two aspects that everyone has an opinion on – whether there should be fewer MPs in Parliament, and whether to keep the Maori seats.

The Electoral Commission will genuinely read all public submissions, and you can even speak to them in person at a public hearing if you get your submission in by 5 April. At the end of October, the Commission will present its final recommendations to Parliament.

Now for the bad news. Parliament has a bad habit of ignoring these sorts of recommendations as resolutely as if they were Facebook posts

from Marge Murdoch-Reading. Electoral rules are life-or-death for political parties, and each party has its own survival to think about: NZ First will want the 5% threshold lowered to increase their future chances, while National and Labour won't be too keen on any changes that would reduce their dominance over the minor parties.

But let's not be too cynical. There are lots of issues on the table, and Parliament will almost certainly make at least some changes. Go on, make a submission. Just visit the surprisingly user-friendly website, [mmpreview.org.nz](http://mmpreview.org.nz) and get yo' democracy on.



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# William Tell, apparently not such a fantastic shot after a tray of SoGos

## GUS GAWN

**IN A CONTINUATION OF THE GRATUITOUS VIOLENCE** that has plagued Dunedin in recent weeks, a man was shot in the foot with a crossbow during an alcohol-fuelled incident in the suburb of Mornington. A 54-year-old male required surgery to remove a crossbow bolt from his foot after a 51-year-old acquaintance shot him for reasons unknown.

The two were reportedly sharing a drink at the end of the working week when things got out of hand. Dunedin police are still investigating exactly what happened during the course of the evening, although it can be confirmed that the assailant was arrested later that night on a nearby property still carrying the crossbow used in the shooting.

A spokesperson for Dunedin police said that incidents involving crossbows were rare, but he could recall a few instances where they had been deployed as weapons in the recent past.

Critic turned to the streets for a student perspective. One Castle Street resident, who declined to be named, told *Critic* that he was very impressed. "Man, those guys are really taking it up a level."

What exactly they were taking up a level remains unclear, but the student's gleeful reaction indicates that copycat shootings are significantly likely in the student area. Residents should take basic safety precautions like wearing heavy plate armour or steering clear of people brandishing crossbows.

Crossbow hunting is a popular pastime for outdoorsy-type New Zealanders. This, or a pathological desire to hurt people, may explain why the man had access to a crossbow in the first place. Many hunters see crossbow hunting as more of a challenge than traditional firearm hunting. For instance, crossbow hunting involves significantly more stalking of the prey, which hunting types (and sexual deviants) apparently like.

When asked if any students were storing crossbows in the Proctor's on-campus weapon safe, Campus Watch refused to comment. Critic speculates that they were either unwilling to aid the spread of any crossbow-related violence to the sleepy suburbs of North Dunedin, or that members of Campus Watch were planning to use said crossbows to put down future Castle Street disturbances. The former is more likely, but the latter would make for a great follow-up story.

The arrested man will face charges in the Dunedin District Court.



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# Skateboarders unable to read minds

**GREGOR WHYTE**

PROPERTY SERVICES HAVE ANNOUNCED THAT THEY will release a new Cycling and Skateboard policy later this year, with the intention of addressing several areas of concern for campus users. The policy will include maps showing cycle routes, an update of the current "open" bike racks on campus, and possibly an update to markings and paving.

In addition the University's Draft Travel Plan in support of sustainable travel options is also scheduled for approval later this year. This piece of policy is intended to outline the University's commitment to sustainable travel options to and from campus.

Critic's resident policy analyst suggests that both policies are good examples of the University's fetish for devising, considering and passing as much policy as possible. "If policies were stray kittens the University would have a feline AIDS pandemic on their hands."

However Generation Zero's Lance Cash was more upbeat, telling Critic that the youth movement was excited to hear that the University would be addressing sustainable travel options. "We need to move towards a carbon zero future in order to combat climate change, and we will no doubt see increasing numbers of cyclists in the future. Generation Zero fully supports measures that encourage sustainable transport such as cycling and skating throughout the University, while still maintaining a safe environment for pedestrians."

Cycling is viewed as the most realistic way to reduce the carbon cost of travel to and from the campus. However current infrastructure for cyclists is poor, with limited cycle lanes and concerns over the safety of those lanes located on the one-way system. Professor Hank Weiss, a



regular cycle commuter and director of the Injury Prevention Research Unit, told the *Otago Bulletin* that "there is little or no evidence that bike lanes on roads like the one-ways reduce cyclist risk".

On campus, both cycling and skateboarding are currently banned in the interests of pedestrian safety. However Resource Planner/Policy Advisor Katrina Roos stated in the *Otago Bulletin* "skaters perhaps don't know this because all the signs pertain to cyclists." Roos also stated that there had been repeated complaints about "near misses" involving skateboarders.

Critic interviewed several skateboarders, the least of whom were commerce students. None of the students spoken to were aware of the ban on skateboarding, with one student telling Critic that "the feeling of freedom I get while flying down Castle St on my longboard is the only reason I even go to my Tourism lectures. Sometimes I even get a little aroused and have to try to hide my erection while doing my best not to crash into someone. That would be awkward to explain to the Proctor."



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# New Unipol offers Freshers false hope over inevitable 'Five'



**GREGOR WHYTE** with reporting by **PAUL WINTER**

**THE NEW UNIPOL RECREATION CENTRE, LOCATED NEXT TO THE FORSYTH BARR stadium, opened in late January and the facility has so far received a warm reception from students, with 4600 students going through the gym in a single day last week.**

The facility boasts two weight rooms, a cardio room, three separate court areas for Badminton, Volleyball and Basketball, and four changing rooms. The vastly increased space addresses the overcrowding that

plagued the old Unipol facility, which was especially problematic in the weights and cardio areas.

Students Critic spoke to noted that the standard of the new areas is uniformly high, although several complained that many users of the weights areas were still failing to put their weights away after they finished shifting tin.

Attached to the sports area is the new Plaza Café, which offers a range of food and beverages, including a Subway-style sandwich service and a breakfast menu. Critic speculates that great quivering hordes will now be attracted to Unipol by the prospect of doing seven minutes of light walking on the treadmills, followed by hours of stuffing their faces with chocolate milkshakes and deep-fried bacon rolled in extra-creamy mayonnaise.

Our highly scientific investigations calculated that burning off each meal eaten at the café required far too much time on the treadmill to bother with, and that it was probably best to just skip the exercise and accept the inevitable ballooning of weight that accompanies tertiary education in Dunedin.

On a brighter note, the new facility's location immediately in front of the stadium represents a marketing coup for the University of Otago. The large logo on the front of the facility makes it look like the entire stadium belongs to the University, a deception that will almost certainly be used to impress visitors to our campus from real universities who can actually afford to build nice things on their campuses and don't have to put up with extended practical jokes like the Archway lecture theatres or the Burns building.

The gym remains free for students who present a current student ID.

## What's a few million amongst friends?

**CLAUDIA HERRON**

**WHILE MANY STUDENTS WERE PISSING AWAY THEIR course-related costs in Dunedin's "pimping new Forsyth Barr Stadium" last week, the Dunedin City Council announced that the total cost of the stadium was still not clear, and that an independent investigation by auditing firm PricewaterhouseCoopers would take place to determine the actual cost of the project.**

This follows the controversial news that the council's roughly \$140 million stadium debt will now be repaid over a 40-year term, rather than the initially decided 20-year term.

The Otago Daily Times revealed that the council will be forced to spend \$55,000 to bring in a specialist team from Auckland, after Mayor Dave Cull agreed that the "On time, on budget" claims were no longer accurate. "No one really has any strict idea how much it cost".

Cull was "Not happy" that the council had to spend money on a review to answer questions that should have been addressed during the stadium's construction process. However he agreed to support the debt repayment change only as a "short-term fix", saying that he thought it would add too much interest to the bill. Those opposed to the move felt that it would saddle future generations with unfair debt.

Speculation has been non-stop as to the cost of the budget blowout over the stadium, and Cull's vexation at the ongoing issue has begun to show. When interviewed by the ODT Cull beat around the bush, saying that while the amount was "not in the tens of millions" he was unable to provide a more specific estimate than "in the millions". When asked if this level of indeterminacy in project cost was normal Cull cunningly replied that it was clearly

possible on a multi-million dollar project and that it "couldn't happen on a project that didn't cost millions." No shit Dave.

Issues of cost-sharing between the Council and the University over the Plaza area of the stadium have also surfaced. University Chief Operating Officer John Patrick confirmed that these remained unresolved. Cull told the ODT that issues such as this could be addressed in the review which will especially focus on "what, who, how, when and why", along with every other interrogative in the English language.

The most recent update of the cost of the project has seen the addition of \$5.5 million of "extras" in the last year, bringing the total up to \$203.6 million. "There is a series of indicative figures, but we're not comfortable with the certainty of those, or the clarity around them" Cull said.



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The result of messing up on your scooter is not pretty. There are a rising number of students who have to undergo surgeries such as ankle and elbow reconstruction because of poor driving, inappropriate clothing and dodgy scooters. Personal perceptions of invincibility while riding, is not often in fact reality for most. If you're reading this and thinking "yeah well, doesn't affect me I'm semi-pro" consider the other useless drivers on the road and the unpredictability of being hit by one of those idiots.

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# News in Briefs



## Leap day highlights plight of frogs

THE UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO TOOK PART IN THE INTERNATIONAL "LEAPING AHEAD of Extinction: A celebration of good news for amphibians in 2012" day last February 29.

The event, coordinated by the Amphibian Ark group, is designed to highlight the threat of extinction facing large numbers of the world's amphibian species. In a press release, Ark Program Director Kevin Zippel stated "For every one species of bird or mammal in trouble, there are two to three amphibian species on the brink of extinction. The current amphibian extinction crisis is reminiscent of the disappearance of the dinosaurs, making it one of the greatest conservation challenges in the history of humanity."

The University of Otago held a display at the Department of Zoology to mark the day, with Associate Professor Phil Bishop, a frog expert, present to answer questions.

— STAFF REPORTER

## OUSA By-elections

BY-ELECTIONS FOR SEVERAL POSITIONS ON THE OUSA EXECUTIVE WILL BE HELD in March. The four positions open are International Student Representative, Colleges Officer, Administrative Vice President, and Campaigns Officer.

Nominations open 9am March 12 and close 4pm March 15. Voting, via the OUSA website, will then take place between 9am March 19 and 4pm March 21.

The by-elections are partly the result of a lack of candidates in last year's elections. Indeed Ryan Edgar, the current Finance and Services Officer, also won the Colleges Officer position after running unopposed, and had to choose between the two positions.

Running for the exec is guaranteed to get you laid, and makes you smell like flowers, so you should probably do it.

— MARGOT TAYLOR



## WINNER

Critic is giving away a double pass to see An Emerald City & Mountaineater with Ink Mathematics @ Sammy's on Saturday 10th of March. To enter email [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz) and tell us just how much you'd like to win. Comp closes 09th March at noon.



## Like winning things?

## Win The Thing!

Critic is giving away two DVDS of the brand new prelude to the original 1982 film The Thing. Silly Antarctic scientists unleash a shape-shifting alien, and paleontologist Kate Lylod and her Norwegian crew have to save everyone from certain death. Keen? Email [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz), and describe to us the ultimate horror Thing! Comp closes 9th March @ noon.



**MAYBE THE GLORY DAYS OF SCARFIEDOM ARE OVER,** and maybe they're not. Regardless, we don't have to go to far back in the archives to find some truly awesome scarfie antics.

The Editor of a certain student magazine remembers the poor sod who was last to turn 18 at UniCol in his first year. When the youngster was taken out for his first legal night on the town, a small army of dedicated pranksters set about moving the entirety of his eighth-floor room down to an empty room on the ground floor. The well-inebriated fresher was eventually returned to his new room and put to bed. After letting him have a little shut-eye his fellow freshers barged in and woke him up with screams of alarm. Before the poor bugger even had time to think, he was thrown kicking and screaming out of the open window. The

# Scarfie Chronicles

poor guy screamed for nearly a minute before he noticed that he wasn't plummeting eight storeys to his death. Suffice it to say he was fairly traumatised.

Another story from the days of yore involved a particularly unlucky young girl receiving a knock to the head while boogying away on the Bowler (ask someone old, preferably over 40, about the Bowler) dance floor during the annual physio toga party. Disoriented, and with blood streaming down her snoz, the poor lass bowled into the men's room, and locked herself into the middle cubical.

Sadly, the combination of a knock to the head and few too many cold ones quickly rendered her unconscious. At the end of the night two lucky bouncers found her covered in her own

vomit and blood, still passed out on the shitter. Alarmed after waking up to being poked by a pool cue, the poor thing looked up to see two large Polynesian men staring down at her. She quickly hoisted up her panties, (still soaked in her own vomit), and ran out of the bar screaming her head off. Woe betide the guy that picked her up on the walk home.

And while we're talking about the Bowler, we can't fail to mention its notorious manager. After putting on "Wife Beater Wednesdays", and offering free beer to anyone who brought a live horse into the bar, he was finally charged with sedition after offering to give away a petrol-soaked coach. Ah, the good old days.

Love your ways Dunedin

— **THE SCARFIE ARCHIVIST**



**PERHAPS THE SUMMER BREAK IS TOO LONG FOR** some students. 94 students managed to lose enough brain cells over the holidays to end up having to climb those stairs to visit the Proctor over O-Week.

Amazingly enough, not one of the incidents leading to these little sit-downs of justice occurred at an OUSA-related Orientation event, which was a huge statement in itself. However, five were sent to the Provost (the guy that can,

## Proctology

and probably will, suspend you from Uni for a year) – four for lighting fires, and one for willful damage.

Hopefully lessons can be learnt from the lucky guy who was found comatose on the banks of the Leith. Perhaps next time he will do it during daylight hours, when there is no torrential rain, and no rising river lapping at his feet.

As sweet as it may sound to go and visit your old hall and relive all the memories of your fresher days, it is always highly unappreciated. If you would like to receive a trespassing notice, and a standard \$200 fine, then turning up in the early hours of the morning to see "your room" and check out the new talent is definitely the way to go about it.

One clever lass demonstrated just how much her ability to develop a logical plan of action has developed since primary school. Threatening to throw a glass handle, a passing police

officer warned her against her own stupidity. The cunning lass then paused and thought for 30 seconds about what she was about to do before deciding to go right ahead and throw the handle anyway. Genius. I'm sure they have her doing her community service in the physics department.

Another girl had a lucky escape when a local loser decided to try and follow her home. A group of heroic young lads nearby stepped in and confronted Pervy McPerve-a-lot. Determined not to leave without his pound of fresh, he turned into Stabby McStab-a-lot, and stuck a glass bottle into one of the young girl's defenders. You'll no doubt be shocked to hear that he has been charged by police.

There seems no doubt that the Proctor is safe in his job, though sometimes you wonder if it wouldn't make sense to get the SPCA involved in dealing with people that seem to act like neglected puppies.

# The Rise of the Lady Referee

GUS GAWN

**F**OR FIVE LONG MINUTES BRIGITTE TYLER WAS THE DARLING OF THE NEW Zealand sporting universe. It was Wellington Sevens weekend. You were probably drunk, wearing a stupid costume you cobbled together in 5 minutes. Or you were drunk somewhere else. You were drunk. That's all there is to it. It was a Saturday.

Brigitte Tyler, a girl, who is set to graduate from University of Otago this year with a Marketing degree, was down on the Cake Tin grass serving as IRB referee's assistant – a very serious job. She had just made a high-pressure call on a crucial try in the cup semi-final between Fiji and Samoa. Two massive Polynesian men stared directly at her, daring her to choke, but TV replays confirmed she had been dead right. Cue T, Nisbo and any other creepy old commentary hack waxing lyrical about how good a job SHE! was doing. You could smell the distress as their dicey rugby morals were shaken to the very core. Yes Quinny, she's a girl and she's good, get used to it.

This wasn't just a one off. Brigitte has been slogging away on the Dunedin club rugby circuit for years, probably the least glamorous pursuit of all time. Refereeing is something that she really enjoys and I know, from personal experience, that she knows her stuff and doesn't take shit from anyone. She has gradually risen through the ranks to a point where she gets to travel around the world refereeing.

What will you doing in 2016? Brigitte will probably be in Rio de Janeiro when Rugby Sevens makes its Olympic debut. This girl's for real.

Critic conducted a Facebook interview (so, so modern) to find out what was going on.

## TELL ME ABOUT THE WELLINGTON SEVENS THIS YEAR.

It was amazing to be a part of it. For the last six years I have been in the crowd. It's a massive party of 30,000 people, so to be in the middle of it was one of the best experiences of my life. I saw my friends in the crowd a bit as we were allowed to go in the stands between our games. That was really fun because you could get a feel for what the crowd was up to.

## WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER ABOUT THAT IN-GOAL DECISION THAT GOT YOU ON THE TELLY?

Well, it happened really fast. I knew in my head as soon I saw it that it was a try and didn't second-guess myself.

## HAVE YOU WATCHED A REPLAY? HOW DOES IT FEEL TO FIRSTLY HAVE THE COMMENTATORS TALKING ABOUT YOU AND SECONDLY TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR SKILLS?

My parents recorded it so I was able to watch it afterwards. I hate seeing myself on TV so didn't really enjoy watching it. It was good to see



that I had made the right decision. The commentators were probably surprised because I was a young girl.

## WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR REFEREEING NOW THAT YOU'RE NO LONGER A STUDENT?

I really want to focus on refereeing sevens rather than fifteens. After going to Dubai last year I got a taste of international tournaments and would love to continue going to them. It's great motivation for my training.

## HOW FAR DO YOU THINK REFEREEING CAN TAKE YOU?

Sevens is now an Olympic sport so there will be a lot more women's national tournaments coming up. I really want to be involved with them and then hopefully go to the 2016 Olympics in Rio. I also want to keep going as high as I can in men's 15-a-side rugby. There's never been a woman in NZ to referee past Premier rugby. I'd like to be the first.

## WHAT'S THE BEST EXPERIENCE YOU'VE HAD?

My first international game was at the Dubai sevens; Brazil vs. Canada. Being the in-goal touch judge at the Wellington Sevens for the final, the NZ players scored right by my feet.

## WHAT'S THE BEST WAY TO HELP PEOPLE GET PAST THE "BEING A GIRL" THING?

Well I've always hated introducing myself to coaches before the game. The only thing I can do is go out there and show them that I know the game of rugby inside-out and that I am able to control a whole lot of men on the field.

## DO YOU THINK ONE DAY A FEMALE COULD REFEREE A MEN'S TEST MATCH?

I'm not sure. I would like to think so. The physical side of rugby would be a problem. She would probably get a lot of criticism from the male dominant, big rugby heads that are out there.

# Single White Cricketer

## Loves shopping, seeks mate for companionship, intimacy



### GUS GAWN

**N**EIL WAGNER IS A DRIVEN MAN. SINCE THE age of 14 he has dreamed of playing international cricket, but things just kept standing in his way. He wanted to play for the Proteas, but he couldn't. He wants to play for the Black Caps but he can't (yet). It's all he wants to do. Please New Zealand let them play international cricket. Oh why won't you let him play international cricket...

A lot has been written about Neil Wagner and his quest to play cricket for NZ. But, because most of you are salty scarifiers who are more interested in helping each other pick out boat shoes than following one proud man's struggle to follow his dream, you won't have read any of it. So I'll outline it for you. It's interesting, I promise.

The South African cricket selectors had identified Wagner as an extremely promising player. He starred in domestic cricket in the Republic. He even got on the field as a substitute fielder for the full South African test team. He was on the way up.

As you may know, sports are a little

different in South Africa. It's all a bit hazy, political and confusing. The official racial quota system has been removed and reinstated at various times. The bottom line is that sometimes players are selected based on the colour of their skin or the difficulty of their upbringing, rather than the way they can swing a cricket ball or how hard they work. Call it a quota system, call it reverse-discrimination, call it social progress, call it what you want. It's rough if you're a white guy with some skills.

Fast bowlers nowhere near as good as Neil Wagner have played plenty of times for

South Africa in the last four years. He has not. He has been freezing his nuts off in Dunedin since he transferred here in 2008, watching the months tick slowly by until he is eligible to play for New Zealand. He has had no guarantee that this will happen; all he's been able to do is work his saffa butt off with the Otago Volts, get heaps of wickets and hope that the call comes.

Luckily, before he gets too cool for a student magazine, *Critic* went for a chat. He loosened things up with a dig at his South African accent. "I've been working hard on that. I'm still struggling to shake the old Afrikaans accent off but we are getting there." Off the field Wagner is a bit of a shopaholic: "I'm a bit like a girl when it comes to that. Dunedin has a couple of great stores with stuff to offer. I'm a single guy, so I just try to get away from cricket, clear the mind. I go to the movies quite a bit. My all time favourite is *The Shawshank Redemption*."

On the field Wagner is anything but laid-back. "I've been timed at 144km/h before, so

not express pace. I do try to swing the ball. At the highest level that pace is not going to rush a player or hurt a player, but when you swing it a bit at that pace that brings you into the game. If you bowl it straight they're not worried about that at all."

But that's not all he offers. "Batting is something I've been working very hard on, I want to play as an all-rounder. I feel if I'm a fast bowler who can bat, that is going to give me an advantage."

Dunedin suits Wagner's style. "I really love it. The beauty of it being a small place is that every day, whatever you do, you always see a familiar face. Otago cricket has been very good to me."

The politics of South African sport have defined Wagner's career path. "When you're young you're a bit arrogant, you get involved with stuff that you shouldn't really get involved with. Politics definitely played a role in my development. It's a little bit unfair but you can't do anything about it. South Africa has got a quota system, you have to make the most of it, you can't control it. It's tough when you're not allowed to play. When it comes to the

Here, if you perform, you get picked...that's the thing that drives me the most.

point of your skin colour making a difference, it becomes emotional as well."

"I learned a lot from it. In SA it's a lot about who you know, not who you are. I just want to play cricket and perform. If you keep performing and get picked that's the way it should be."

"That's why I came to NZ. Here, if you perform, you get picked. To know that if you perform then you're going to get selected, that's the thing that drives me the most."

Hear that, ladies? A successful, single guy who loves shopping and has a cool accent. Win.

# RED AND STARRY EYED

## ON ABORTION

EVERY NOW AND THEN, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOSPITAL, ONE CAN STILL be harassed by people wearing anti-abortion sandwich boards adorned with gory photos. Funnily enough, most of these 'protesters' are men. Abortion debates in New Zealand are nothing compared to those in the US or other deeply religious countries. We were, after all, the first country to give women suffrage. 90% of the time, according to some estimates, men are involved in the choice to abort. However, the right to terminate pregnancy is foremost a woman's right, and rightly so.

University aged women have the highest abortion rates in New Zealand – hardly surprising as students are often in short-term relationships, in bad housing, stressed and studying. If we want to continue seeing the numbers of women enrolling at uni rise, abortion should be kept legal and easily accessible.

It is true that couples should only use contraception to prevent accidental pregnancies from becoming accidental children. A child could break up a relationship, or drive a poor couple into the depths of poverty. Judith Jarvis Tomson argues pregnancy is a bit like having a famous violinist attached to your system for nine months. Though this child may have great potential, his right to live should not mean the use of somebody else's body. Forcing this woman to keep the child alive deprives her of her own choice. The reality is that prior to a child being born, the parents, and to a more exclusive extent the mother, have the right to decide what the realistic opportunity is of that child having a decent quality of life.

Studies have found that crime tends to decline years after abortion is made legal. Imagine gaggles of children being raised among the beer-drinking, bottle-throwing and couch-burning of Castle Street, and it's pretty clear why this is. Obviously kids born into caring families with good levels of income will end up having better opportunities than those who cannot be looked after.

Abortion should not be up to white, middle-aged men, those who make the majority of choices in the courts and in parliaments, or who protest outside clinics and hospitals. Instead it should be a personal choice, one a woman can take or leave. As long as it's there, women are free to choose.

– RED AND STARRY-EYED



# Dole-bludgers told to get job, haircut

CALLUM FREDRIC

XBOX SALES HAVE CRASHED AFTER THE GOVERNMENT ANNOUNCED THE FIRST stage of its welfare reforms on Monday February 27. Solo parents on the DPB will be expected to look for part-time work once their oldest child hits five, and full-time work once their oldest child hits 14. Having another kid while on the benefit will no longer reset the timer to zero; the new parent will receive one year off and then faces the choice of having another kid to delay the inevitable, or looking for a job.

For 16- to 17-year-old beneficiaries, and 18-year-old beneficiary parents, a managed system of payments will be set up. Beneficiaries will receive an allowance and a payment card for living costs, with some costs including rent and power being paid directly. Teens in this category will

CALLUM FREDRIC

WELCOME TO A NEW YEAR OF EXECRABLE, THE COLUMN THAT GIVES you an insight into the spiffing world of OUSA. The year has got off to a great start already, with the old OUSA logo that made the S look like a J being gradually phased out, allowing the Japanese Association to call off its Yakuza "negotiators".

The beloved Hyde Street keg party is in jeopardy thanks to the DCC's proposed street drinking ban in North Dunedin, but thankfully Logan has been talking with police and the DCC to find a compromise that will likely allow the event to go ahead as planned on March 24, with a few new safety measures. The road will be closed to traffic as usual, and a glass ban will be in place for the whole of Hyde Street, as well as a likely open vessel ban for nearby areas such as Albany Street.

Student Health are said to be happy with the idea of a glass ban, having had students making appointments to have glass cut out of their feet up to 5 months after the 2011 keg party. This had been distracting them from their primary function – checking Monkey Bar regulars for STDs.

OUSA wants to increase its engagement with students by holding "power lunches" with student representatives from various groups, with



trum

# The Tory Templar

be expected to be in education or training. Four other incentive packages are planned to encourage teens to complete their education.

One in seven working-age adults is currently on a benefit, and 220,000 children are growing up in welfare-dependent homes. The Government predicts the reforms will result in 46,000 fewer people on benefits over time. Labour says there are no jobs for the beneficiaries to apply for.

Bumper-sticker rhetoric is flying back and forth, beginning with "welfare should be a hand up, not a handout," which was countered with accusations of "beneficiary-bashing". The situation was escalated with "the benefit needs to be a safety net, not a hammock," which in turn provoked lamentations about the demise of the "cradle-to-the-grave welfare state".

Part two of the reforms will be announced in July. Documents leaked to *Critic* indicate that long-term beneficiaries will be divided into teams of two and placed in Death Race scenarios. Beneficiary advocates plan to protest the changes, but "haven't gotten around to it yet."

## Execrable

Logan holding the first such meeting last Friday. After listening to each rep's concerns, Logan will draw up a briefing paper to present to the Exec so OUSA can work out the best way to "help these fuckers out".

Amusingly, OUSA was approached by the Foundation for a Drug-Free World, who offered a bunch of anti-drug and alcohol brochures for distribution around the campus. The Exec decided it was a great idea, and gave it the go-ahead. *Critic's* extensive research (Wikipedia) revealed that the Foundation is owned and funded by the Church of Scientology, which teaches that "75 million years ago Xenu [the alien dictator of the 'Galactic Confederacy'] brought billions of people to Earth in spacecraft resembling Douglas DC-8 airliners, stacked them around volcanoes and detonated hydrogen bombs in the volcanoes." But their "The Truth About Alcohol" brochure is legit, right?

Finally, OUSA is planning a 24-hour exercycle spin-a-thon to raise money for an upcoming neurosurgery appeal. They're considering challenging a Department to add extra motivation. *Critic* recommends the CompSci department if they want an easy win.

### ON ABORTION

**THE TEMPLAR'S BLOOD BOILS WHEN THINKING ABOUT THIS ISSUE. IT IS THE** one thing on which no compromise exists. The act of abortion may have become more acceptable in this country's culture but the Templar will never be anything other than disgusted by it.

Abortion is, in no uncertain terms, the destruction of human life. It is horrifying that a society which punishes the smallest of crimes would turn a blind eye to the biggest act of murder in this country. No civilised society that The Templar knows of finds it acceptable to allow the intended harm or taking of a life of another. Yet in this society we are quite accepting of women who have multiple abortions as though it's like getting a mole removed! Disgusting!

And to those young women who are going to complain that they are entitled to full control over their bodies, let the Templar ask you this: does full control not include preventing the risk of an unwanted pregnancy? Maybe if these women acted more responsibly through the use of contraception or, dare the Templar mention it, abstinence then they wouldn't be in their situation to begin with.

Do these women not care about their own bodies? You would think if they knew that abortion could lead to medical complications, risk of ectopic pregnancies or increasing the chance of miscarriage they wouldn't want to take the life of their unborn child. Yes, in cases most horrid the desire to abort is huge. But why punish an unborn child for a crime it did not commit? Why ruin a child's future before it has even begun? Why rob the world of a potential citizen before it has had the chance to experience life? Other options exist!

The Templar knows there are people out there who yearn for a family but are unable to have one. There are potential adoptive parents waiting in the wings who could give your unborn child a great life. Abortion is inherently selfish. You are not thinking about your child, or those without children, you are thinking only about yourself. Besides, most women choosing abortions are too young to realise what they are doing, and experience lifelong regret afterwards. What it comes down to is that an abortion cannot be undone, and the loss of life can never be justified.

— THE TORY TEMPLAR

**Feature**

# Fu

# ck me Baby, *I was Born this Way*

by Maddy Phillipps

**L**et me say first, that I am not a 'sexpert'. I find most portmanteaus ('guesstimate', 'Brangelina', 'vajazzling') irritating in the extreme. Literally in the case of vajazzling, it turns out my vagina is allergic to diamantes. And if having had a lot of so-awful-it's-funny sex makes me a 'sexpert', then by the same logic Stephanie Meyer should hold a permanent place on the board of the Nobel Prize for Literature. But if there's one thing a lifetime of mistimed ejaculations and awkward Sunday mornings qualifies you for, it's strong opinions on the often-miserable human sexual condition.

WARNING: This feature contains descriptions of sex scenes and sex acts. If you don't want to read those sorts of things, then don't. If you do read it, don't fucking complain about it afterwards.

**LET'S FACE IT, THE REASONS WE FUCK, AND HOW WE FUCK, ARE OFTEN PRETTY** fucking fucked. After extensive close-range exposure to the bizarre proclivities of pussies (no, Howie, not you) and penises from Nepal to North East Valley, I wonder more and more about where we get our ideas on sex. How is it possible for a 30-year-old to be so afraid of his own semen that he disgustedly throws a towel at your torso after every blowjob? What is it that makes one woman's deal-breaker a humble *Hustler* mag hidden under the bed, and another's an impromptu golden shower? And what happened to the era in which bisexuality was an easy way to win friends and influence people? Apparently I now have to make friends the old-fashioned way, by actually feigning an interest in them. Ugh.

But I digress. When my editor roundly rejected the first draft of this article, which admittedly read a little like the "letters" section of *Penthouse*, he told me to take out some of the dirtier anecdotes and thereby "keep my powder dry". Google tells me it's an Oliver Cromwell quote. I refuse to accept the words of England's most joyless, puritanical leader as editorial advice on an article about sex. Also, I do not want to keep my "powder", or anything else for that matter, dry. Dryness has no

place in the bedroom. That's why some legend invented lube.

So, if you want dry-powder psychobabble that makes sex as sexy as Presbyterianism, trot off to central lib and get out the chloroform-in-print that is Feminist Literature. If you want deep penetration into what decides which particular acts make our mouths water like a priest at a preschool, read on. I intend to approach the issue face down arse up (not entirely incidentally, the way I like to fuck), by considering the hottest, slipperiest sexual issues of our era, those that come up in conversation again and again. Bisexuality, taking it up the arse, porn; each on it is own a wonderfully convenient portal to not only multiple orgasms, but also to self-indulgent pop-psychological social commentary.

### TO BI OR NOT TO BI?

**GENERALLY, NOTHING BORES ME MORE THAN**

'Blaming The Media'. Middle New Zealand seems to consider the media to be the default scapegoat for everything: From women feeling bad about themselves for ballooning to 100kg, to women feeling good about being 100kg (and subsequently being a massive drain on the public healthcare system) However, the only possible scapegoat for the tragic indifference to (female) bisexuality in 2012 actually is 'the Media' (Critic not included. In my tenure at the magazine I like to think I have done much to help people think outside the box, or inside the box as the case may be. In my more delusional moments I see myself as the Dalai Lama, and group sex as my personal Tibet).

I probably sound like a broken record, or a skipping mp3, or whatever the fuck freshers call it now, but I swear that once upon a time bisexuality was cool. Girl-on-girl action was truly edgy. Oh, how I long for the heady early 2000s! The Madonna-Britney kiss sparked worldwide headlines, Eminem was rapping about shooting Kim up, rather than doing emotive duets with Rihanna, and girls across the land were maneuvering

Now, being bisexual is just another vaguely interesting hobby, like fixed-gear bicycle maintenance, or black-and-white photography

themselves into the upper echelons of the social hierarchy by making out with each other at parties after a few too many Midoris.

And now? Well, suffice to say that eating a bitch out and giving a bitch a foot massage are in exactly the same fucking ballpark. No wonder Tarantino's standards have slipped from *Pulp Fiction* to *Inglourious Basterds* in fifteen short years. The moment that poorly-researched *Herald* on Sunday exposés on the spate of teen faux-lesbianism reached critical mass, bisexuality slid straight to the bottom of the Kinsey Scale of Coolness (doesn't exist, but it should). Now being bi-sexual is just another vaguely interesting hobby, like fixed-gear bicycle maintenance,



or black-and-white photography. It's perfectly nice, but there is nothing particularly notable or unique about it and it already feels a little clichéd and passé.

The Media may not change what, underneath all our pretensions, we actually like, but it certainly changes what we believe to be cool, and therefore what may make us cool if we associate/dissociate ourselves with it. Since everyone likes being cool, the two become virtually indistinguishable. Sort of like vegans and that species of Malaysian ant, both of which, when attacked, explode into a venomous fountain of guts.

Anyway. All of this is not to say that bisexuality is not a genuine phenomenon. I am living proof that its disappointing slide from edginess to over-exposure has not eliminated it entirely. It is kind of disappointing though, to realize that something as potentially awesome as being fucked from behind with a strap-on, can follow a similar edgy - only ironically edgy - edgy under no circumstances trajectory as, say, planking. Apparently our clitorides really do vibrate like taughtened strings with

each news release spilled from the gaping maw below Mark Sainsbury's mustache. Fuck.

### UP THE BUM... NO BABIES

LUXURIANTLY PORNOGRAPHIC AS SAINSBURY'S facial hair is, mainstream media cannot be the sole divining rod of the planet's dicks. I may be mistaken, but I find it hard to imagine the

headline BREAKING NEWS: DOCTORS RECOMMEND YOU SHOVE IT IN THE STINK IN ADDITION TO THE PINK running across the bottom of the screen during 3 News in the manner of a Dow Jones update. Yet there is no denying that we are living in the Age of the Smiling Arsehole, as evidenced by a) John Key's leadership of the country, and b) the fact that (straight) men everywhere are consumed with the desire to head straight for the back door.

So how, absent media help, has anal effortlessly (or effortfully, depending on how much lube you use) taken girl-on-girl action's place in the 'Noble Pantheon of Vaguely Taboo And Sort Of Naughty Sexual Acts?'



As the proud owner of a sphincter more receptive than Colin Mathura-Jeffree's, I do not find this new era to be an entirely unsatisfactory development. It is, however, odd in the context of the pervasive homophobia of a surprising amount of New Zealand men, best encapsulated in the old "finger-up-arse-during-BJ" question. They justify their aversion to it in various ways, from the pathetic "that's just fucking homo eh" to the practical "seriously bro, I feel sorry for any chick who goes up there, it's fucking hairy and nasty and shit". Yet none of this stops them from throwing their dicks in alternating holes with the sort of easy élan with which one might choose between Sweet Thai Chili and Honey Mustard dressing at Subway.

After years of observing trends both sexual and sartorial, I think I have isolated the, er, root of the phenomenon. With all the pressure to roll up one's testicle-crushing skinny pants to show precisely the right quantity of mankle, men are starting to feel emasculated to the point at which they need their penises to feel as huge as possible once they are released from the confines of their Cheap Mondays. Enter anal. After all, nobody would deny that a tight asshole embiggens the smallest dick.

## SEX, LIES AND VIDEOTAPE

**LOGICALLY, IF THE MEDIA AND FASHION REALLY INFLUENCE OUR SEX LIVES AS** much as I have just suggested, porn would exert an even greater impact on what we like and dislike in the bedroom/our flatmates' bedrooms/the Monkey Bar toilets. But paradoxically, in caring only about close-up ins and outs, porn refreshingly detaches itself entirely from the mainstream media's latest ins and outs. In porn, nothing ever gets old (except the stars – seen Jenna Jameson lately? Madonna-level veiny. Rank). There are no trends. Porn doesn't dictate how we fuck. It is more aspirational, sort of like the *RUSSH* magazine of sex. Except it refracts the actual lives of its audience through a tacky lens rather than a sepia-toned one, and adds a sprinkling of Perspex platform heels in lieu of new season Twenty-Seven Names contrast-collar blouses.

The occasional Redtube clip offers some solid ideas, but for the most part porn is just entertainment. Much more wholesome entertainment, for the record, than impromptu pyrotechnics involving solvent-soaked soft furnishings (I swear the provision of actual cock on Blackboard would be far more effective than the COC at keeping Castle St residents inside their unheated hovels and away from virgin upholstery). A heady mix of Windows 95, Microsoft Publisher, dial-up Slingshot and generic hardcore pornography kept me entertained for the best part of my early teenage years, and yet porn has never crossed the threshold into my day to day experiences. I

have never felt any desire to blow the middle-aged pot-bellied guy from Fisher and Paykel as he inspects the circuit board of the flat's malfunctioning dish drawers. Nor, to my knowledge, have I ever yelled out "oh yeah, fuck that fucking pussy!" in bed. Men still want to eat women out, and I can't help but feel that half the girls I know are actually in desperate need of a good pounding rather than yet another shopping trip to Belle Bird. Yes, the kids are all right, and porn is more than all right, whether you like it Gay or Bukkake or MILF or Redhead or, God forbid, Silver.

Anyway, if the nation's penises were really trained to engorge only to

In sex there's no such thing as an invalid source of inspiration/perspiration

the cinematic ideals conceived within Steve Crow's preternaturally shiny scalp, women would have stopped bothering with the whole thing long ago. Admittedly, there have been times when I could have thrown my partner a piece of pastrami and gone off to watch *Requiem for a Dream*, and probably would have had a better time. Porn isn't the problem. In sex, as in life, some people are doomed to just be wankers.

## FUCK IT

**I HAVE REALIZED THAT WHILE THE MEDIA AND FASHION MAY EXPLAIN BROADER** trends in sex, there are certain personal aversions and proclivities bordering on the offensive/bizarre (and in my case, possibly racist) which are based on things as seemingly insubstantial as they way our parents punished us as toddlers. The sources of our bedroom likes and dislikes are virtually infinite, and much like in the exquisitely useless endeavours of interpretative dance or conceptual art, in sex there's no such thing as an invalid source of inspiration/perspiration. Snuff porn, Joanne Black's columns in the *Listener* (you sicko), the aioli dripping from the tip of a freshly dipped Velvet Burger kumara chip – wherever you get your twisted ideas from, if your partner wants to please you ultimately he or she has little choice but to suck it up, so to speak. That's the fabulous thing about fucking – nothing is illegitimate. Except, of course, the word "sexpert".



# WELCOME TO THE RIDE

A large crowd of people at a night event, possibly a concert or festival. The crowd is dense, and many people have their hands raised in the air. The scene is illuminated by bright stage lights, creating a high-contrast, energetic atmosphere. In the background, a DJ booth is visible with a person standing behind the counter. A banner with the letters 'OUS' is partially visible behind the crowd.

After hours of arguing amongst the Critic staff over who would sacrifice a week of their life to go along to every single O-Week event, Critic decided that it made more sense to recruit a fresher. Easily overawed by the trappings of the Critic office (we have a cat), we enrolled a first year tourism major at UniCol to report for us. This is her story.



## MONDAY

I JUST SAW MORE PEOPLE ORGASM THAN I THOUGHT I WOULD EVER SEE IN MY LIFE. TURNS OUT YOU WEREN'T allowed to take your alcohol into the stadium, so after sculling the contents of my drink bottle in front of a security guard (and doing a quick tactical in the ladies) I found myself staring fuzzily down at the events unfolding below. It started off pretty cheesily – that or I just didn't have a clue what the fuck was going on – but then things started getting really good. The hypnotist, Guy Cater, made people lose their shit thinking they could see through the crowd's clothes, and that when they touched his hand they were having the best orgasm of their life. But there were a couple of dudes on stage that weren't fooling anyone, and what the hell was with that Becky chick? Even though she'd been de-hypnotised, she kept climbing back on stage and sitting there laughing like a total mental. After the show ended we decided to go back to the hall for shots before town, but after my sculling session in front of security I was already sufficiently razzed. Next thing I knew I woke up in my bed cuddling a bucket ... so my Monday night town plans were a total fail. I WILL get there tomorrow.

## TUESDAY

It was Tuesday, and it was Toga time. I'd heard a lot about this party, and I was reaaaally excited. I was not going to fuck out. I was going to make it to town. I got to the stadium a little late and it was PACKED. Everyone was half-naked, wrapped in alcohol-stained sheets, and having the time of their lives. I bought myself some beer and proceeded to prove how much of a lightweight I really am ... and then it was dancing time. Oh, my God. That guy ... he's beautiful. Isn't he on my floor? Things were getting a bit wobbly ... grinding up against him, a cheeky pash here and there ... a blue circle



being placed on my tongue (which he assured me was legal) ... more grinding and pushing ... and then everything suddenly got AMAZING. Where did that guy go? Oh, there he is. Fuck, he's really looking good. Let's dance!!! Where are we? I just want to touch EVERYTHING. Those glowsticks are incredible. Everything just feels so good ...

## WEDNESDAY

I WOKE UP WITH NO IDEA WHERE I WAS, EXCEPT THAT IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE'S BED. WAIT, WHAT? I DON'T DO things like that. What the hell happened? It was day time already. My phone, ID, and room key were sitting in a small pile on the floor (thank God), but all I had to wear was a toga. Things were not looking good. I rolled over to check out the boy that I must have thought was good enough to be my first one night stand. Nope, turns out it wasn't the hot boy from my floor. Serious case of the beer gogg ... wait. Did I take something last night? I've never done that before either. Things just got a little bit worse. Shit. And then the hangover kicked in. I was going to vom. I was going to vom right there. I leaned over the side of the bed, and chundered all over his floor. By some small miracle, he didn't wake up. I didn't know his name; surely he didn't know mine, right? I didn't even hesitate. I slipped out of bed, wrapped my toga around myself in a way that tried but failed to resemble a dress, and juiced out of there before he could wake up and step into the hot soggy present I left beside his bed. Fail. Fail in every single way. There was only one thing for it. I had to claim this Walk of Shame like I was proud of it. And I nearly made it all the way home before I saw someone I knew. Oh shit, that definitely WAS the hot boy from my floor. Well, that ship just sailed. I'm never drinking again.

At least by the time the comedy night started I was semi-recovered and the hangover (moral and physical) had been pushed to a corner of my mind where things that I don't like to think about go. It was totally worth dragging myself out of bed for too – it's no wonder Rhys Mathewson has won awards, he stole the show. The two Dunedin guys were pretty good too, but Rose Matafeo was a little too awkward and I felt uncomfortable for her. Dai Henwood on the other hand – he was fucking hilarious. When he started actually mimicking the "stinky minge lick" (don't worry girls, you'll suck plenty of smelly dicks too) the chick behind me whispered "really? Are you serious? Is this actually happening right now?" Too good. I'd never been to a stand-up show before but everyone around me was laughing as much as I was which I figured was a good thing. Then I was determined not to have a repeat of last night, and just slip quietly home. Oh, The Cook you say? Don't mind if I do. You'll buy me a drink? Sweet deal! Fuck, I did it again.

**I'VE NEVER REALLY BEEN A MASSIVE FAN OF HIP-HOP. ALL THAT SOMETIMES-POLITICAL-SOMETIMES-offensive rhyming ... it's not really my thing. But everyone was going to the hip-hop night and, I mean, it's O-Week. You just have to. I managed to get my hands on some of that legal stuff you can get from Cosmic so that took the edge off, and I headed down there feeling a little nervous about how my night was going to go. The show changed all of that. They were AWESOME. Homebrew had a lot to say – "who's fucked? Who's fucking hiiiiigh?" (ME!!! FUCK ARANA!!!) – and when they told everyone who listened to More FM, The Edge, and mainstream music to go home to Justin Bieber and tell him how much they want to marry him, they became my new idols. Then David Dallas came on and shit got real. The awesome thing about hip-hop is that you can get your ghetto booty out and it's completely expected of you. And it was student night! We headed to Monkey and got sweaty... Shots you say? I've got to get into that pit full of people and grind. Oh, heeeee-o. Hi there. What's your name? No, no deal. I'm not doing the Walk of Shame tomorrow. You're coming home with me.**

**WELL, THAT WAS FUN. I'M GETTING PRETTY GOOD AT THIS STUDENT THING. MY BODY IS STARTING TO PROTEST** though. Might have to take it easy at Shihad tonight.

I couldn't wait to see these guys again. I'm a big fan. The opening acts were great too – those boys from Knives at Noon are total babes, and the guitarist from Cairo Knife Fight? What the fuck. Coolest looking person ever. But then I looked around and realised: everyone was so oooooooooold! How long have Shihad been around for now? I mean, talk about devoted fans – they braved the soggy drunken students just to stand at the back and scream the lyrics that most people didn't really know. I was impressed.

By the time Shihad actually came on I was really into the swing of things. O-Week, Schmo-Week, I could do this every day. Beer, beer and more beer, and then onto Monkey and The Cook. Do we ever go anywhere else? Shots! Shots! Shots! Uh-oh, that doesn't feel too good. Gaaaag. Shit. And then I became that embarrassing fresher spewing their guts out in the gutter outside The Cook. A friend under each shoulder, I was dragged home, and my hair held while I spewed up all of the nothing that I had eaten that day. Oops.

**Everything hurts. I can't move. Best week ever.**

arms and water everywhere. I closed my eyes, raised my arms, and soaked it all in. Life couldn't get any better. And then I felt my hoist stumble. As he fell backwards, I had no option but to jump – in heels. I knew what was going to happen before it actually did, and as I went over on my ankle I realised I almost didn't care. That it was all worth it. Shit, I must have been wasted. Security dragged me over the barrier, and sent me home. Oh well. At least it was just a sprain.

**EVERYTHING HURTS. I CAN'T MOVE. I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO BOTHER GETTING UP TODAY. BED, MOVIES, AND** water. Best week ever. I'm never doing that again.

After submitting her report to Critic, our Tourism Fresher has disappeared into the ethereal world of first year. If you see her, buy her a shot... Or maybe suggest some alcohol and drug abuse counselling.

## THURSDAY

## FRIDAY

## SATURDAY

**AND THEN THE DAY FINALLY ARRIVED. SHAPESHIFTER.** EVERYONE was going, and there was no way I was missing out. I paced myself, and was amping when we arrived. Sunshine Soundsystem and Nightshade really got the crowd raging, and then Shapeshifter came on. I don't think I've had more fun in my life. Shapeshifter in their element are completely indescribable. And I wasn't even on anything (alcohol doesn't count, right?). I pushed my way through ping-pong students losing their shit left, right and centre and managed to get myself hoisted onto some massive dude's shoulders. I could see EVERYTHING. There were people and

## SUNDAY

# The Hetero Agenda

**I'm one of the lucky ones.** No matter what my sexual orientation turned out to be, my parents said they would always accept me. I don't really have any desire to know whether I received this reassurance because of my interest in fashion or complete disinterest in Barbie-like bimbos, but it was comforting to know that when I got called a "fag" at school (like most kids who sucked at sport), at least my family would always be cool if it were true. What I do know is that my generation-older grandparents, however, would struggle: An indicator that as the Western world progresses, liberals are triumphing over conservatives regarding sexuality. Yet despite the increased acceptance of LGBT identities, many institutions and societies still focus almost exclusively on straight culture. It's absurd that dress sense and mannerisms alone single me out for taunts when walking along the street. And when I talked to friends about writing this piece, their main concern was that it would look like I was gay and trying to justify it. Why the heck should that be such a concern?

## THE NORM

**THE ANSWER IS THE HETERO-NORMATIVE AGENDA, WHICH IS A "SET OF LIFESTYLE norms that hold that people fall into distinct and complementary genders (man and woman) with natural roles in life" (thank you Wikipedia).** This assumes that the "normal" sexual orientation is heterosexuality, that sexual relations are only "natural" between man and woman, and that gender pertains exclusively to biological sex. In short, it's the phenomenon by which the contemporary world assumes that it's normal to be straight and abnormal to be otherwise. Everything from the Kinsey Scale (more on that later) to the scientific research that has shown homophobes to actually be more bent than people who aren't such arseholes (no shit) demonstrates that there is absolutely nothing queer about being queer. More needs to happen to turn this into acknowledged fact: As far as I know, the only mass medium where non-heterosexuality tends to be discussed as being normal is *Vice Magazine*.

So why is it that suicide rates within the community of LGBT youth are abnormally high? Why are people ignoring one of the main things they're taught as youngsters – that there's no such thing as normal? I asked gay couple Max Cromie and Ben Hook what they thought, and in their opinion, and the biggest facilitator of the agenda is education.

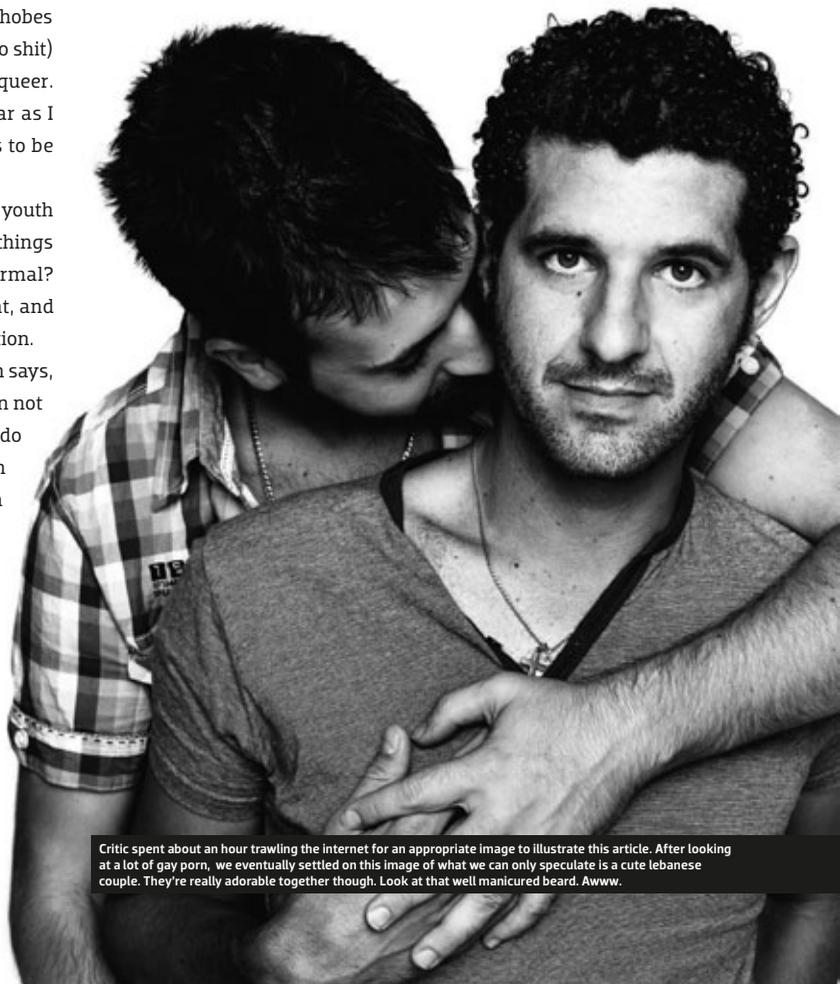
"Although 'gay' is beginning to be accepted stigma-wise," Ben says, "there's a big thing about parents trying to influence their children not to be gay by avoiding the issue completely. They ask 'what did I do wrong to make him gay?' And parents keep their kids away from things that could influence them into being gay – if they see a flamboyant couple walking down the street it's like 'quick kids, hide behind me.'" Max agrees: "a lot of parents go into childrearing with the misconception that they can shape their cub."

This problem with education extends into the New Zealand school curriculum too. "Sex is still a taboo topic," Max tells me. "If you say 'we need to teach sexuality at school,' then people say 'Oh, but you're pushing it onto them.' People say that the only safe sex is either what we tell you or something stupid like not doing it at all. So if you go along and say that two guys can do this, people will freak out. Particularly people with kids – there are a lot of stupid views that get passed on to kids." There is a vital need for homosexuality to be taught in the school curriculum

alongside heterosexuality in Year 10 Health classes. When 'normal' kids are being taught about what's healthy and safe, LGBT youth are often left in the dark. However, the modern world does help with this. "Most people go to the internet. Even NZ has big online gay resources," Max assures me.

## GAYBLOOD

**ONE OF THE ODDER THINGS ABOUT CURRENT AFFAIRS IS THAT GAY PEOPLE STILL can't donate blood.** "If you've been sexually active as a gay person within



Critic spent about an hour trawling the Internet for an appropriate image to illustrate this article. After looking at a lot of gay porn, we eventually settled on this image of what we can only speculate is a cute Lebanese couple. They're really adorable together though. Look at that well manicured beard. Awww.

the last six months, you can't donate blood. That's a misperception about AIDS. But I just don't think that gays having sex is any different from straight people having sex," Max goes on. And despite progress by civil unions in trying to sidestep the issue, gay marriage and gay adoption remain either difficult or elusive. According to Professor Mark Henaghan, Dean of Law at the University of Otago, "Family Law legislation, apart from marriage and adoption, recognises same sex relationships on the same level as opposite sex relationships,". But nothing looks to be changing in the eyes of the law. When a friend of Max's emailed an MP about the issue, he received a simple reply which indicated that the issue is not considered important at the moment. "Right now if anyone tried to make a big upcry in legislature and tried to change perceptions, they'd

**You can take it for granted these days that most people have had at least some homosexual inclinations at some time in their lives**

be met with everyone saying three things: 'don't tell me what to do,' 'why is this an issue?' and 'shut up faggot.'"

## IT'S KINSEY!

**THE PROBLEM WITH CURRENT LEGISLATION AND DISCRIMINATION IS QUITE SIMPLY** that it goes against human nature. Remember the primary school myth which scared all the snotty-nosed subjects of the hetero-normative agenda into thinking that 10% of your class were gay? Well, guess what? It's true. In 1948, a graph called The Kinsey Scale was published which showed that everyone in the world lies somewhere on a scale of 0-6 between exclusively heterosexual and exclusively homosexual; and yes, roughly 10% fitted into the category of being exclusively homosexual. You can take it for granted these days that most people have had at least some homosexual inclinations at some time in their lives. So no, bisexuals are not just gay people who are trying to act a little bit more straight. I'm sure I'm not the only person who couldn't turn down an opportunity to get all chocolate-saucey with Morgan from Criminal Minds. Which leads onto another problem with the hetero-normative agenda: The idea that interracial sex is also considered abnormal. I thought we'd got over this whole racism thing ...

## JESUS LOVES THE GAYS

**A LOT OF THE BLAME FOR HOMOPHOBIA HAS BEEN PLACED ON THE CHRISTIAN** Church, and although this is certainly well founded, people need to look beyond this when many within contemporary Christianity are working very hard to change people's attitudes. Yes, the fact that Greek and Roman cultures engaged in lots of steamy homoerotic activities until Christianity came along is becoming more and more of a widely talked-about topic. Yes, specific Christian institutions like the Catholic Church get a worse-than-others rating for their extreme hetero-normative agenda. And yes, last year I tried to have a crack at going to a particularly evangelical student church, and although it was entertaining to imagine Borat running around screaming, I stopped one visit later when an enquiry about their attitude towards homosexuality returned the fact that they would "help" people fight the problem if they had it.

But others are attempting to bring the church into the modern era, and in a freak double-whack of the media agenda, these good parts are rarely discussed. For example, one of the kindest and least judgmental

people I know is a gay Presbyterian Minister. Very few people would guess that an openly gay person could lead a church. But that a minister would molest a child? Well, those same people would take it for granted. For gay Otago student Atrayl Elliot-Roderique, whose father is from "one of those American-type happy-hand-clapper churches where people speak in tongues," it was harder for his father to take it. "But when your family realizes that you're still the same person and only one little thing has changed, they're alright with it."

Then there's good ol' Islam, the religion where misogyny and homophobia are prerequisites, right? Well, have I got a shock for you. Much like Christianity, there are varying extremes to this religion. Tel Aviv in Israel has become a kind of Mecca for gay Muslims. Indeed due to the extreme sexual repression of many Islamic nations, homosexual relationships have become more normal in order to relieve sexual tension. Afghan soldiers, for example, have quite a reputation for man on man in their downtime.

## HOMO-NORMATIVE?

**HAVING SAID ALL THIS, IT'S REMARKABLE JUST HOW POSITIVE THE GENERAL** outlook of a lot of gay youth is. There's a perception that things are slowly improving and will continue to do so. Ironically, it is more of a problem that "people have a lot more freedom these days... a lot of people have voices and a lot of people are jackasses. But things will continue to change. People will start minding their own business more," Max tells me.

A different phenomenon, known vaguely as the homo-normative agenda, could be to thank for such hope for continued change. This defines the assumed "normal" for a non-hetero-normative individual as a gay white boy. Ben describes its power as "removing another layer of people not being able to accept it" - meaning that it lessens the problem for some LGBT youth by stratifying those who have varying attitudes towards different non-hetero-normative behaviours. For example, it allows someone to be okay with gay boys and still discriminate against other sexual orientations. But it can be, of course, a bad thing for those in the LGBT community who don't fit the right stereotype. "When talking about lesbians, the whole straight male fantasy is detrimental in a way," Max explains as an example. "It's a stereotype too, it's part of the homo-normative agenda. But the flip-side is that because of it, lesbians in real life don't get as much shit. They get wolf-whistles because men idolise them. In reality men might not actually enjoy lesbian porn the way a lesbian would make it."

Although the progress for the gay

community has been great in New Zealand, it's vital that awareness continues to rise and perceptions significantly change. It's disgusting that people in New Zealand could still be so ignorant of the nature and rights of others, because it's still doing a lot of harm to normal, good people. And for those who still squirm at the idea of two same-sex people holding hands, think of it like Woody Allen does: on a Saturday night out on the prowl, swinging both ways immediately doubles your chances for a swirl of fresh cream. Statistic students (or at least, those doing honors) will confirm that this comes down to basic probability.

**On a Saturday night out on the prowl, swinging both ways immediately doubles your chances for a swirl of fresh cream**



# Me Love You Long Time

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

## BARACK

She got in late but after I saw her, (fuck me Critic you did me well) she was a vision. Long legs equally matched by long blond hair that almost touched her lower back, and an ass that left a mess in my pants. We sat down after I was forced to debate with the host that we'd been sent by Critic Magazine and "yes we do get a free feed". But after those pleasantries had been exchanged, it was time to settle in to the Tokyo Garden atmosphere for what was to be a rollercoaster of emotions.

If I was to give the aforementioned rollercoaster a name I would call it the "Jizz-master-4000". This shawday was bangin' but very mysterious (I think it was her eyes), and although sections of the conversation left much to be desired, merely being in her presence was enough to be pleased without a word. Anyway, this isn't soft porn so I'll cut the shit and get my hand off it while I finish the yarn.

We ordered a fuck load of kai. Far more than either of us could manage. We conversed about all the usual shit while we waited: Where we were from. How many siblings we had. What Hall we were in during first year and what we studied. To be honest I couldn't have given less of a fuck. My mindless nodding and concurring was just giving way to the fact that my eyes stayed fixated on a pair of mts that even your mate Sir Ed would take a second thought about trying to conquer. I'll skip to the end because let's go honest, you want to know how it ended up. Did Romeo get his Juliet? Did Snoop Dog find his California Girl? Did old Hugh Hefner find another Kendra?

Well dear sweet reader. Yes. Yes he did. We went back to her place after she pretended to be too drunk to walk home alone. While she was in the bathroom freshening up her lady bits, I got my gears off to speed things along. She was no doubt shocked when she came back in, but it didn't take her long to get with the naked programme.

Cheers Critic, hooked a boy up!

## MICHELLE

After arriving fashionably late, I quickly realised that my first impression is less than fashionable. I am wearing a dress that does not permit bras, and it has been raining steadily outside ... He makes no effort to hide the fact that he notices, and struggles to maintain eye contact let alone normal conversation. Luckily his style was equally distasteful. His hair looks like a scene out of *Something About Mary*... Seriously, how much gel can you fit on one scalp?

He proceeds to tell me that he has Googled blind date conversation starters and proceeds to ask me every corny first date question ever. I am hesitant to tell him anything remotely truthful as he has definite stalker potential ... At this point I greedily down as much of the wine as possible, aware that this evening may be a long one. By the time the food comes out I am already half cut and so am not too fazed when he declares my beauty to the poor Asian staff member.

By the end of the evening I am really quite pissed and am beginning to laugh at the ridiculousness of the situation, if not his terrible jokes. By the time we go to leave, I am fair rolling from all the wine. He offers to take me home, and I am more than slightly gutted that I am going to have to accept his offer as I am just far too drunk to make it there alone.

When I got through the door I immediately stumbled down the hallway and crashed into the bathroom. Making it to my room I am totally amazed when I see him standing butt naked next to my bed. Did he just pull The Naked Guy on me?!? And did I just give into it?!? Oh my God I did.

Now I'm not going to say that this was the best sex of my life, because it simply wasn't. But even if he had no idea what he was doing, at least he was hung like a horse. And it wasn't like I was going on Critic's blind date because I'd been getting a lot of dick recently. I'm not going to rush back for more, but one to keep in the roster. Thanks for the dick Critic.



SO APPARENTLY CRITIC IS TALKING ABOUT SEX THIS WEEK, OR AT LEAST IT SEEMS like it is. So in that vein, I'd like to discuss the mystical art of picking up. Some of us can do it without even trying, fuckers. Fuck them and their nonchalant good looks and well-fitting clothes; their stylishly-coiffed hair and their straight white teeth. For the rest of us, picking up is plain old hard yacker. So here's Critic's how to guide to easy pickings.

**Step One:** Be Female.

**Step Two:** If you're not female, things are going to be a lot harder for you. Girls don't really have to pick up, so much as stand in front of a man until they notice them, then just play with their hair for a little while, casually touch them on the arm, and well, you're done. Men, you're going to have to keep reading through the steps.

**Step Three:** Dust yo shirt off. Seriously, if you want even half a chance of picking up, you'd best be looking fine, and smelling good. You can't do anything about the face that God gave you, and I'm not even telling you that you need to be wearing the finest threads of the fly-est kids. Personally I like to pick up in op-shop threads and Dunlop volleys. But make sure it's washed and pressed, that your facial hair (if you have any) is the way you like it, and that if you look like you just got out of bed, then that it is a deliberate choice.

**Step Four:** Choose your target. Firstly, we all know that the drunkest person in the room might be the easiest hook, but if don't want them to be vomiting all over you right before you pull out your O-face, you should probably pick a target that at least resembles sobriety. Secondly, aim high. Always aim out of your league. Sure if it's been a while since you've got on the board you can go slumming, but if you don't think they're bloody stunning, you may as well head home for some Redtube.

**Step Five:** Talk to them. Counterintuitive as it may seem, talking to someone is the easiest way to pick them up. And shit, in Dunedin, it will come as such a massive shock that you'll catch them completely off guard. Sure, you can get them out on the dance floor after a quick yarn and a cheeky shaker. But if you've laid the groundwork with some solid chat, you'll have a much better chance of getting in with a grin.

Happy Hunting

# UNCLE HOWIE



Dear Howie

I was out at Monkey on Saturday night getting my skux on, and I noticed that for each hot girl, there were like 10 guys dancing around her. What the hell man, can't a guy have a lady to himself anymore?

— STILL SOLO

Hi mate,

The "Sex Pit" of any dance floor is a dangerous environment for all involved. You are at high risk of getting stabbed by a wayward erect penis regardless of your gender. The ladies in Monkey are simply there to build their own self-esteem by teasing the young bucks with grinding, flirtation and occasional "through-the-jeans dick rub". Keep an eye out for the girls without a parade of men in tow. They can often provide a far more stimulating conversation and also a much quicker path to coitus.

Dear Howie.

Um, dude, are you actually a cat? I feel kind of weird asking a cat for advice. But then again, I can't think who else to ask. See, I'm a guy right. I play rugby, I've got a mean hot missus, I drink beer, hang out with the boys. Anyway, the other night after a few too many rounds of SoGos, I ended up in bed with my flatmate. My flatmate Jamie. My male flatmate Jamie.

Apart from taking screwing the crew to a whole-nother level, I have no idea what to do. Am I gay now? Cause I'd kind of like to keep fucking my girlfriend too if that's possible.

— BRUISED AND CONFUSED

Hi buddy,

I understand it's strange seeking advice from a feline but I can tell you right now, I've seen a lot of pussy. In my experience, fucking a man, flatmate or no, does tend to suggest that you may have some suppressed homosexual tendencies. But who gives a fuck? Carpe diem. You gave something new a go, and maybe you liked it? At the end of the day it's something you'll never forget, and one day you can tell the grandchildren. I would suggest stopping bumming your flatmate if you want to jump back in the sack with your girlfriend.

— HOWIE

If you want to ask Howie for advice, email him at [critic@critic.co.nz](mailto:critic@critic.co.nz)



**ALOHA! GUESS WHO'S BACK? YES, THE SAME INDIAN WORDSMITH, WHO GOT A** chance after tickling the nostalgic side of your editor. Or maybe it was a quota thing, we Indians are used to quotas. Anyhoo ... The world was as usual very interesting – not as interesting as my roommate finding 36 tin can openers in a drawer during the weekend (really, the previous female tenant was into some serious BDSM stuff I reckon). So here are a few important ones, handpicked by yours truly.

1. Mr Pentti Arajärvi, the husband of Finland's president (or "first gentleman"), was caught ogling Princess Mary of Denmark's royal boobs during a highly stuffy formal state dinner by Danish Queen Margrethe. When everyone was looking up at the person giving the dinner speech, the first gentleman tried to do a Leslie Nielsen. When caught he quickly started admiring the ceiling. Classic Scandinavian hilarity.
2. Remember Grandpa Ratzinger? Our beloved senile Pope rattled atheists, agnostics and feminazis worldwide when he asked the faithful to shun IVF or any such artificial procreation as it shows the "arrogance of taking [the] place of the Creator". According to Benedict XVI, the best way to pop kids out is by good ol' nookie. In related news, Rick Santorum was orgasmic.
3. In a great win for American soft power, Pakistan and Iran won Oscars. No, the Pakistani Oscar was not for the best "Non-State Actor". It was, however, about acid attacks on women ('Saving Face', which won Best Documentary – Short Subject). The Oscar came at the same moment as a couple of Drone strikes. This subtle balance of soft and hard approach is what maketh the USA ... well ... the USA! Iran, on the other hand, in a state media report, declared 'A Separation's' Best Foreign Language Feature win to be a great victory over the Zionist regime, wherein their Republican Qods Force snatched the gold statuette right from the jaws of the Great Satan. Wait dude, the hard power is possibly coming soon!
4. Finally, in a campaign advertisement which should have won Oscars, Vlad "The Impaler" Putin is keen to take the virginity of a young nubile female voter. Political virginity of course! Apparently the female voter is undecided, as it is her "first time". The testosterone-filled voice of a female card-reader then assures us that her flower should go to Putin. Man, why didn't Herman Cain make this one? (Oh nyet!) Anyway, I predict a lot of blood and crying in Russia after Putin wins. No pun, really.

– SUMANTRA MAITRA



## A NATIONAL PERSPECTIVE ON QUEER/ TRANS UNIVERSITY LIFE IN NZ

**I HAVE BEEN UP IN AUCKLAND FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS, WHICH HAS BEEN** sunny and fabulous. I managed to head to the Big Gay Out, which was cool despite the inclement weather, and the fact that John Key was voted sexiest male politician. That poll must be rigged, cause John Key rates below zero on my sex appeal radar. Give me Gareth Hughes any day, or even David Parker, who seems to have a cheeky side and twinkly eyes. Jacinda Adern was crowned sexiest female, but I would have gone with Maryan Street – she has that hot silver-haired dominatrix thing going on. But I digress. My most memorable moment was my cheek-to-cheek kiss malfunction with a gay politician – where we each got half a mouth (I think?). This left me simultaneously dizzy, turned on and mortified for the rest of the day. I also got to check out Queerlesque at DNA, which was an awesome celebration of queer bodies in performance – something that we don't get to see enough of in Dunedin.

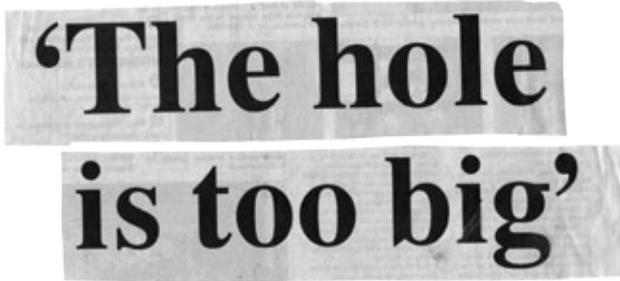
My main reason for heading up to Auckland was to help host the first ever Queers in Tertiary Education Hui. It brought together around fifty educators, community leaders and students to discuss the concerns facing queer and trans folk in higher education in NZ. What was most heartening was the national interest in what we do here at Otago. Our campus is the only one nationwide to have a paid staff member providing information and support for queer and trans students. Hopefully this absence will not last too much longer, with staff from Auckland, Victoria and Canterbury preparing the groundwork for similar services in their institutions. Ultimately our vision is to have a network of queer/trans resource centres across the country that can provide support and information for queer and trans students and staff, as well as advance campaigns for our communities. The value of services like these is that with a little they always do a lot. Queer support, for example, reaches out to hundreds of students at Otago every year despite its modest budget.

If you want to chat about this further do contact me at [dameladida@gmail.com](mailto:dameladida@gmail.com). For general social enquiries contact [uniqotago@gmail.com](mailto:uniqotago@gmail.com), and for support and information contact Neill and Jamie at OUSA Queer Support at [q.support@ousa.org.nz](mailto:q.support@ousa.org.nz)

– LA DI DA



There is really very little that I can add to the ODT's work this week. They have simply outdone themselves.

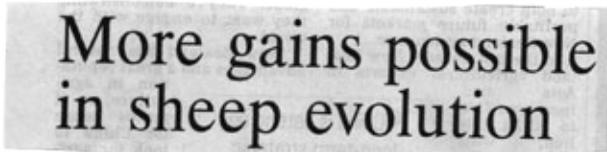


Yes it is ODT. Yes it is.

They then lost their shit that only four of the people arrested in town on Saturday night were students. Sorry ODT, we'll try harder next time.



Now the ODT have always been seriously into sheep, I mean, seriously. We can only imagine what was running through their imaginations when they started thinking about highly evolved sheep...



The ODT has always been particularly protective of the provinces, and when someone fucked with the Palmerston Police Stations apple tree, the ODT stepped in to help hunt down the offender.



And lastly, well, this isn't really the ODT's fault, but what on earth is Vegemite doing sponsoring a NZ spelling bee?



Till next week ODT, stay classy.



I GUESS I SHOULD EXPLAIN THE PREMISE OF THIS COLUMN. JOHN AND I, (JOHN IS away skuxing overseas this week) go to clubs and try to have enlightening cultural experiences, while at the same time rating them on their 'skuxability'. Also, John and I both vary on the Kinsley scale (we are both at least bi-curious), thus all bases are (at least kind of) covered.

The Editor suggested we check out Clubs day for our first column. Walking into Clubs and Socs I was barraged by a plethora of bodies, loud music and cheesy banners, including being incessantly accosted by Jamba from \$3 lunch. It was basically a foreign hawker market, and I left feeling only mildly violated. I saw clubs I didn't know existed, like Renaissance sword fighting and Role-playing (not as sexual as it sounds), and some rugby looking guys (don't know what club, too busy looking at their arms). There were clubs that get drunk (apparently) like debating and the Indian Society, and those that don't, for some reason the International Socialists, and more obviously Student Life.

There were some timid looking lit club maidens, who probably don't skux much (but probably do flick the bean to Bronte), while others (like the Young Nats) who would most likely flog their logs to the enormous poster of Dear Leader John Key hanging on the wall behind their stall. Such a trustworthy face.

The roleplayers were vaguely interesting, although the concept of visiting World of Warcraft reminds me of some kind of extremely weird religious experience. Though to their credit the role players at least choose to merely visit a fantasy world, rather than actually live in one. Still, the fact that it related to WOW in any way significantly narrowed my already lacklustre hope of satisfying any skux cravings.

In short, it was a microcosm of the world: Everyone really wants to sell you shit and they're really into their own lives. But still, everyone being so into their respective passions/obsessions was kind of cool. Definitely more clubs than skux but I did see a smattering of potential in the room. And who knows, maybe the boys from WOW will end up rocking our world. But probably not.

— OLIVIA



## BREAKING AWAY (1979)

DIRECTOR: Peter Yates

WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO WITH your life? *Breaking Away* is a funny, intelligent, uplifting, and at times heartbreaking coming-of-age film that attempts to answer this question for a group of four high school graduates. Academy Award winner for Best Screenplay (Steve Tesich), and nominated for Best Director (Peter Yates), Best Original Score (Patrick Williams), and Best Motion Picture Comedy in 1980, there is much to love about this film, not least the sharply-observed humour and the exceptional acting delivered from a then-little-known cast.

The strength of *Breaking Away* lies in the outstanding characterisation of the four young disaffected friends, struggling with identity issues and the perpetual, resonating question of what to do with the rest of their lives. Set in the university town of Bloomington, Indiana, Dennis Christopher stars as Dave, a gifted cyclist, whose intense idolisation of the Cinzano cycling team leads him to assume a pseudo-Italian identity. Along with his friends, Mike (Dennis Quaid), Cyril (Daniel Stern), and Moocha (Jackie Earle Haley), Dave is stuck in limbo. A myriad of tensions exist within the campus town, between different generations as well as between the working-class "cutters" (those born in Bloomington to parents who once cut the limestone used to build the University) and the constant influx of affluent university students. As Mike laments says, "Cutters – to them it's just a dirty word. To me it's just something else I never got to be."

Although the underlying story follows a predictable plot, the superb script still serves up some big surprises. *Breaking Away* is more than just a charming teenage tale of self-discovery; it's also a compelling and superbly shot cycling film. And, as with all great sports films, "... you're gonna need a montage". And *Breaking Away* delivers some truly outstanding cycling montages. If you are now even just a little bit intrigued, I would recommend watching this film even for the cycling scenes. It's what cleverly connects all the film's elements as one.

– JANE ROSS



Dear Critic – I headed down to Castle street last weekend, and needless to say, shit was pretty loose down there. I noticed that Campus Watch and the cops were all over the place! What's up with those guys? What do I need to watch out for being the unassuming young blood that I am?

– TROUBLED FRESHER

Your concerns are not unwarranted. The increasingly exuberant (read: uncontrollable) behaviour of your fellow scarfies in recent years has prompted a simultaneous decrease in the University's tolerance. Accordingly, you ought to know a thing or two about your "rights" when it comes to these figures of authority, for when you get in the shit.

The Code of Conduct (COC) binds all students at Otago. It forbids students from being "unreasonably disruptive to other members of the University or the local community" or being "otherwise unlawful". This gives the University power to punish students who get too ridiculous while OTP.

Campus Watch's primary purpose is to ensure the safety of students, staff, and University property. This entails monitoring the debauchery around certain troublesome areas of North Dunedin, so they are often the first point of contact for the University when somebody misbehaves. If asked, you must present some form of ID to Campus Watch. But you are not obliged to say anything, or give explanation as to anything they allege against you.

The Proctor will then request you meet at his office within a week. In general, urinating in public will result in you making a donation to the OUSA Food Bank. A first instance of, say, smashing a bottle will get you a \$200 fine. Lighting or fuelling a fire, however, will almost definitely result in a long suspension from the University. You will be sent to the Provost who can make a recommendation that your presence at University be reviewed. Any decisions made by the Provost may be appealed.

If there's anything else you need to know, just ask a second-year law student – they are, after all, the well-informed and all-knowing prophets of truth.

– ALICE O'CONNELL

(This is not actual legal advice. If you're in the shit, consult a lawyer)



# Swillable

## MATUA ROAD PINOT NOIR (2010)

TASTE: 7.5/10, PRICE: \$12.95, STANDARDS PER VESSEL: 7.1

### I HAD MY PINOT AT ROOM TEMPERATURE SO AS NOT TO KILL THE FLAVOUR.

Besides, I had a lady coming over to help with the tasting. I thought it would sweeten the deal to let her think I was some impressive wine connoisseur; a modern Dionysus, some might say. She arrived twenty minutes late, which is good because I was masturbating in the shower and completely lost track of time.

I put on a shirt cause I'm that kind of guy when it comes to these sorts of occasions. Creamy brie, blue vein and a pottle of pesto accompanied by a platter of water crackers to feign some form of suave snack etiquette. She handed me a bunch of flowers gathered from a local garden. I could tell she thought she was being quite funny, so I pretended to laugh.

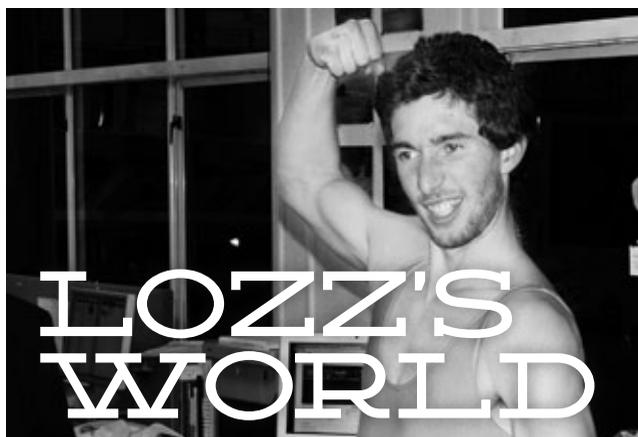
We cracked the bottle to some cool jazz to get things running nicely (and they always do run nicely when Brubeck is hitting you with some 5/4). She thought the wine was smooth and sophisticated, providing more than enough swankiness to impress even the most uptight of Carrington girls. Initially, I didn't rate the taste. The flavour was as heavy as the sediment at the bottom of her glass. It was thick and rude on the palate. A few glasses in and the tables had turned. As the Turkish proverb goes, "this is delightful". She thought it peachy, I detected a hint of plum. We agreed it was the fruitiest thing since John Travolta.

Half a bottle in I rated my chances – I'm the steaze sipping red and she's got her fuck eyes on. To be honest I haven't seen the fuck eyes before, but I assume they go a little like this. I pour another glass and she says something irrelevant.

The date gives the Matua Pinot maximum steaze factor, recommending it for BYOs with older women or other events where you're out of your league. After all, wine drinkers make grape lovers.

The wine was good, the company less so. I don't know if there's anything worse than a drunk 13-year old. At least things got sexy. Big ups to Superliquor Cumberland for the hook up.

– Mr Squid



HI KIDS. CURRENTLY I AM SUFFICIENTLY HUNG OVER TO QUALIFY FOR A DISABILITY grant. On top of feeling like a chemo patient in his fourth week of treatment, I am also extremely fucked off. I'm not angry about the rash on my crotch or the lingering smell of red Powerade-vomit wafting through the flat, no. The reason I am frothing like a Ku Klux Klan leader at a Lakers game is that the local authorities, for some fucked-up reason, believe they have the right to tell innocent scarfies what they can and can't say.

During Orientation week, a flat of scarfies on Castle St were forced to remove their flat emblem because it contained the word "cunt". According to the authorities, the word "cunt" is classified as "still significantly offensive", meaning that the lads could have faced a fine up to the equivalent of a maxed out course-related costs claim. What. The. Cunt.

What does "still significantly offensive" even mean? When will it stop being significantly offensive? And who the cunt decided that "cunt" was an offensive word in the first place? I bet it was a Christian. I don't find the sound waves that we hear as "cunt" or the particular sequence of letters C-U-N-T offensive, so why the cunt does anyone else? In fact, when coupled with a positive adjective such as "good", "top" or "funny", cunt becomes a very genuine compliment. And there are surely worse words around still. Even I'm not stupid enough to through the N word around.

Here's a test (you'll need a cat or preferably a dog – if you don't have one nearby, try Howie the Critic cat) – pat and stroke the animal then whisper gently into its ear how much of a cunt you think it is. Funnily enough, no animal is fucking retarded enough to get offended by this word; they only register the context you speak to them in. Maybe we should take a leaf out of their book.

In a perfect world, the scarfies residing in the "Cuntry Club" flat would be able to put their crudely drawn and not very clever sign back up. But unfortunately for all of us, scarfies are cruelly suppressed and censored by nobodies in uniforms and suits who think their opinions are more relevant than anyone else's. I have a word for these types of people...

– LOZZ HOLDING

(EDITORS WARNING: THE PRECEDING COLUMN CONTAINED LIBERAL USE OF THE WORD CUNT)

# Chorizo and Mushroom Risotto

RISOTTO IS A FAVOURITE MEAL OF MINE. THE SIMPLEST ingredients somehow combine to form a delicious, comforting dish that is incredibly easy to prepare. The process involves dry cooking the rice for a few minutes, then adding liquid in parts until the grains are creamy and just soft. Once you've mastered that, you can experiment as you please with ingredients. Olive oil, garlic and cheese with a sprinkling of oregano make for a tasty risotto. Here I marry smoky chorizo and mushrooms. You can substitute the chorizo for chopped bacon rashers, the mushrooms for frozen peas, or add the sliced white of a leek when softening the onion. Got a splash or two of white wine left over from your rowdy Saturday night? Unlikely, but if so, tip it in. Season with plenty of cracked pepper and you're away laughing.

## INGREDIENTS

3 tbs olive oil  
2 or 3 chorizo sticks, sliced  
2 brown onions, peeled and diced  
4 garlic cloves, peel and roughly chopped  
2 cups short grain rice (arborio works a charm but costs more)  
A splash or two of white wine (optional)  
6 to 7 cups liquid chicken stock (make it up from the powdered variety)  
300g Portobello or button mushrooms  
A handful of grated cheese, such as edam or parmesan (optional)

In a wide saucepan, heat the olive oil over a medium heat. Add the chorizo, and cook for

a minute, stirring. Remove chorizo from pan and set aside. Keep the oil in the pan as it will be imbued with the rich smokiness from the chorizo. If using bacon, follow the same process.

Add the onions to the pan, cook for two minutes. Add the garlic and cook for a further minute.

Add the rice, and cook for three minutes, or until the grains are clear. Don't let the rice brown. Stir continuously so that it doesn't stick.

If using wine, add it to the pan now. It will sizzle. It will smell good. Keep stirring.

Add 1 cup of the stock, stirring the rice occasionally. When the liquid has been absorbed into the rice, continue to add the stock in 1/2 cup batches. Repeat until all the stock is used – around 25 minutes. Throw in the mushrooms and the chorizo in the final ten minutes.

If using cheese, stir through just before serving.

Risotto can be served slightly sloppy, like those who frequent Monkey Bar, or of a drier consistency. Use more or less stock accordingly.

As long as the rice is cooked (it shouldn't be chewy, but a slight "bite" is okay), and the flavours are tickling your tastebuds nicely, your flatmates should love you.

This pan of goodness will cost you around \$16 to make, and will serve **four to five** people.



Photo by James Stringer

FOO3194\_CRM/A



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**B**ASED ON THE NOVEL BY JOHN LE CARRÉ, *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* is an impressive adaptation of this Cold War-era spy drama. The film tracks George Smiley (Gary Oldman), a retired agent of the "circus" (the British intelligence unit) who is called back in to dig out a mole who has infiltrated the highest ranks of the service.

The film captures the greyness and, aptly, the "coldness" of the cold war and is paced slowly but beautifully. Just like the Cold War, nothing actually gets blown up, but the possibility hangs tantalisingly in the air. Swedish director Tomas Alfredson (*Let the Right One In*) takes the muted tones and understated quality of Scandinavia cinema and applies it to this British film to great effect. Gary Oldman is brilliant as George Smiley, a measured and modest yet incredibly sharp bounty hunter. The cast also includes everyone's favourite dashing Englishman, Colin Firth, and a brief

appearance by Laura Carmichael, who plays Lady Edith in *Downton Abbey*.

Sticking to my "book before the film" rule, I had bought and read the novel and conveniently finished it the evening before I saw the film. As a result, the story fell into place easily and actually flowed much better than the book. However, this may have just been because I still remembered who everyone was – I have talked to several people who found the film quite confusing. Most of the characters are never really introduced and small plot details are easily missed, so you need to bring your thinking cap to the cinema with you. If you are a self-proclaimed spy novel aficionado or the type who likes to think and analyse rather than "sit back and relax" while at the movies, *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* might just be right up your alley.

– SARAH BAILLIE

**M**ONEYBALL IS A DIFFERENT TYPE OF sports drama. Whether you like sports or not, from *Moneyball*'s many levels you will gain different insights – a peek into how Major league sports teams function behind closed doors and, at a deeper level, seeing a man's struggle to fix his past and be forced to embrace change.

Brad Pitt plays Billy Beane, the General Manager for the Oakland As baseball team, the team that has the highest salary cap in baseball. Facing a repeat of the last season – losing at the final stage – Beane turns to statistical data to hunt for players that other scouts and teams have turned down. This fundamental change doesn't go down well with the coach and scouts who disagree with these new tactics. For Beane and Peter (Jonah Hill), the analyst Beane turns to, this challenge prompts

the unlikely pairing to form a friendship and battle their way through the baseball season with the world title as their goal.

Both Pitt and Hill work well together onscreen and pull off great performances, earning them well deserved nominations in the best actor and supporting actor categories at this year's Oscars. The soundtrack to this film also fits perfectly with Beane's character progression.

The film opens with a quote by Yankees star Mickey Mantle which sums it all up perfectly: "It's unbelievable how much you don't know about the game you've been playing all your life." If you love sports or, or even just tales of American life, then this film will tick all the boxes. *Moneyball* is worth the trip.

– TOM PULLAN



## Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy

DIRECTOR: Tomas Alfredson



## Moneyball

DIRECTOR: Bennett Miller

## Film Society Preview

### Walkabout

(NICOLAS ROEG | AUSTRALIA | 1971)

A fable-like story of a teenage girl and her young brother stranded in the Australian outback. "It's that rare thing, the intellectually haunting film – the movie that doesn't shock with its gore or stun with its violence so much as work its way beneath your senses to terrify with a realization

about our species and ourselves that we'd rather not admit is true."

–New York Sun

**Wednesday 7 March at 7:30 pm** in the Red Lecture Theatre, Great King Street, across the road from the emergency entrance of the Dunedin Public Hospital. For information about membership, visit [www.dunedinfilmsociety.arts.net.nz](http://www.dunedinfilmsociety.arts.net.nz)

# I am Giant



**THURSDAY MARCH 8 JUST GOT A LITTLE MORE** exciting with the return of I am Giant to Dunedin. Supported by Cairo Knife Fight – the crazy-looking duo from last Friday's show for Orientadium – the four-piece rock band are sure to put on a show worth seeing.

I caught up with I am Giant's bassist Paul Matthews to find out what they've been up to, their yeast spread of choice, and their plans for the future.

**SO YOU'RE PLAYING AT RE:FUEL NEXT WEEK. HOW ARE YOU FEELING ABOUT IT?**

Yeah, we're looking forward to coming to Dunedin. We've played there before – we played at Sammy's and also at the Town Hall, which was our last show there.

**AND IF YOU HAD TO PICK A FAVOURITE PLACE TO PLAY SO FAR?**

The Town Hall has probably been the best so far, but I have played at Re:Fuel before and it's a wicked place. There's a wicked vibe there so I'm looking forward to doing that.

**YOU'RE PLAYING WITH CAIRO KNIFE FIGHT...**

Yeah, they're an amazing band ... there's

only two of them! They're awesome. We've been playing with them on this tour, but this is our first time playing with them together in Dunedin.

**SO AFTER YOUR NEW ZEALAND TOUR, WHAT'S NEXT FOR I AM GIANT?**

Pretty much we finish this New Zealand tour, then Singapore, the UK – we've got a bunch of dates there – and we're working on a bunch of dates in Europe as well.

**AND CAN WE EXPECT ANY NEW RECORDINGS IN THE NEAR FUTURE?**

Yeah, I'm actually working in the studio right now, working on some new material, but it's a way off. Like, it takes a long time, and we like to put a bit of time and effort into it, so we won't be putting anything out just yet. But it is coming together.

**I'VE GOTTA ASK THE AGE-OLD QUESTION... MARMITE OR VEGEMITE?**

Vegemite. I've had that one before. Vegemite. No question.

**HAHA. AND IF YOU HAD TO PICK YOUR FAVOURITE ARTIST OR SONG OF ALL TIME?**

Well it changes every day. Today, it's "One of These Nights" by The Eagles. But it's always different.

I am Giant are playing at ReFuel on March 8<sup>th</sup>

## MC Tali to headline Outlook Launch

**SHE'S THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FEMALE DRUM AND BASS MC OF ALL TIME AND SHE'S COMING TO DUNEDIN NEXT** week to MC this year's annual Outlook Festival Launch Party.

MC Tali is hitting Sammy's on March 7<sup>th</sup> to MC for the drrrrrrrry drum 'n' bass/dubstep that is the Outlook Festival Launch Party. It features New Zealand DJs Grubby, Civil, T-Bone, and Blackplanet. The festival's big daddy acts are all from the UK: Kryptic Minds, Spectrasoul, Icicle, and Ultrior Motive, which Tali describes as a "great line up – whoever put that line up together has really good taste. I think recently New Zealand festivals have had a lot of dubstep and a lot of jump-up drum and bass, and it's nice to bring something ... a bit deeper, a bit edgier, a bit techier, but not to the point where it's really hard."

The festival is a sample of the Real Deal Festival in Croatia. Tali said that the acts in Dunedin are a good variation, and a taster for what is going on internationally in terms of drum 'n' bass, especially in Europe and the UK. "I think New Zealand is slightly behind," she said, "we're still riding that dubstep wave. I don't think people realise that drum 'n' bass is at a stage where it's producing some really intelligent, well-thought-out and well-composed pieces of music. I'm hoping that's what will be illustrated at this festival."

The festival next Wednesday isn't Tali's first trip to Dunedin – her first ever MC-ing gig was at Bath St – but other than that it's her first time at a festival here. She said she's "excited to come and play in Dunedin and I'm excited to see what the scene's like and how people represent."

So if an evening of dirty drum 'n' bass sounds like the best way to spend your Wednesday, head to Sammy's on March 7 for the Outlook Festival Taster Tour.





# Mass Effect 3

## PREVIEW

**YOU KNOW YOU'RE AN ADULT WHEN YOU REALISE** that *Return of the Jedi* is the worst of the trilogy. It's rip-roaring fun, saturated with kooky creatures and clever Force manipulation, but nobody (except poor, innocent old Darth Vader) dies. *Mass Effect 2* was strongly influenced by *Empire Strikes Back*, which was an emotionally punchy film because of the sacrifice (albeit temporarily) both of Han Solo and of Luke's hand.

Judging by certain trailers for the third game, the combat has been tightened up and tricked-out with a plasma-wrench. In earlier games, the combat was plagued by enemies that fell into either the "sort-of take cover and shoot you from a distance" camp or the "run and punch you in the face-bone" camp. It's heartening to see enemies that look to be punishingly mobile, hold shields and attack in large groups.

Though of course that's not really important, is it?

Weapons and armour can be customised more than ever before. At least a dozen different colours, as well a branching tree full of upgrades, can be applied to all sorts of different panels on armour suits and all the little metal twisty bits and bobs on the space-age weaponry.

*Mass Effect 2* was interesting because the members of your party – the friends Commander Shepard made during the game – could die at the end. *Mass Effect 3* is sure to have a whole lot of death. Planet Earth is under attack, being torn to shreds by the foes of the first two games. What remains uncertain is whether sad things will happen to the individual characters, because that's where the real tears will come from.

Of course, what really matters in the end is the number of organisms you can have intercourse with. Because that's what gaming is really all about.

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# Monsieur Pain

## Roberto Bolaño

**PARIS, 1938: A PERUVIAN POET NAMED VALLEJO IS DYING OF THE HICCUPS IN A** hospital bed. Monsieur Pain is a mesmerist, a man living on a meager war pension; his lungs were scorched in Verdun. Two Spaniards are following him; General Franco has sacked España; the middle-aged war veteran is in love with a Madame Reynaud, a widow half his age. She asks him to help a friend. Pain is Vallejo's final hope ... so he thinks.

The beauty of Roberto Bolaño's 133-page "surrealistic attic of unlikely juxtapositions" (*The New York Times*) is that the novel's layout is a plexus full of intrigue, mystery, and trapdoors that simultaneously coexist within the mind of Pain and on the shadow-eaten streets of pre-war Paris. Pain reacts to his environment like a pincushion with nerves.

He leaves his visit with Vallejo embarrassed, dismissed by Vallejo's GP as a "charlatan". He meets with the two Spaniards. They bribe him not to treat Vallejo and he takes the money. He gets drunk with them. Whenever Monsieur Pain drinks, Paris becomes a sordid continuum characterized by strained faces and slanted perception. The reader begins to wonder what came first: Pain's anxiety or Vallejo's hiccups.

The next day Pain ignores the bribe and sees Vallejo. His hypnosis calms the dying poet and the hiccups stop. Or did he send the invalid to sleep? Pain leaves the room and it is never made clear if Madames Vallejo and Reynaud are happy with his work or have lost all faith in him. Madame Reynaud vanishes from Paris. Pain is barred from the hospital. Paris folds in on itself. Like a prison, Pain is trapped in between his perception of what he thinks is happening, and the ambiguity of what actually is.

The subsequent pages unleash a dream in which characters come and go, in which pubs get sucked through their own backdoors and into alleyways that melt into cemeteries. Pain's friends become his enemies; a fellow mesmerist has become a torturer for General Franco. The dream becomes a nightmare; the poets are dying as war approaches. Bolaño's penchant for the fantastic, his refusal to close any question with an answer, leaves Monsieur Pain a desperate man who wants to save what is good from those who use their power to prevent him from trying.

Bolaño's *Monsieur Pain* is the perfect blend between poetry and prose. The world he can't grasp is the prosaic nature of protocol. The reader witnesses a mystery that widens as the case itself bottlenecks. Pain is a labyrinth.

**CORRECTION:** In Issue One, Critic incorrectly referred to David Bain as an exonerated murderer. We apologise. We should have said exonerated of murder, as Mr Bain has been found not guilty by the NZ courts.

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# Sex: An Exercise In Boredom

## KUSHANA BUSH

"All Things To All Men" exhibition at  
Hocken Collection

25 February - 14 April

that causes us to question their very essence. A woman with naked young children clinging to her dress glares out at the viewer, both angry and anguished. Couples in the throes of intercourse appear indifferent, depressed, amused, and even preoccupied. All is doubt and confusion; faces betray emotions seemingly contrary to whatever actions hands or bodies are performing. Limbs are awkward and akimbo, rendering familiar acts strange and almost repulsive. There is no sense of "normal", cultural or otherwise. Even the idea of a dominant geographical center is roundly dismissed, as each artwork features figures mired only in abstract space, devoid of any

setting or landmark that defines them.

Juxtaposition is a key element in expressing this collapse of ideologies. Wandering from painting to painting, the viewer is constantly greeted by delicate, intriguing arrangements of items and people that appear (at least on first glance) oddly grouped. In one artwork, a beautiful and delicately-hewn antique vase lies alongside a crushed and empty juice carton with its straw askew. In another, an assortment of wild-eyed figures cling desperately onto ... lobsters, of all things. Explanations, logical or illogical, are not offered. The names of the paintings, among them "Fighting Boys" and "Embracing Couple With Banana" appear mysterious and opaque, revealing very little. The viewer is continually rebuffed in any attempt to draw some kind of reason or conclusion. All that remains is contrast and irony; unusual mixtures of objects and characters that seem to say one thing with their normal everyday actions, while their secretive peripheral glances seek to express a different, perhaps darker intent.

Bush's artwork is beautiful, of course. Her work is astonishing in its attention to detail, in the skillful rendering of folds in fabrics and strands in hair. But it's the underlying strangeness of this exhibition that makes it truly memorable. Lean a little closer and see if you can figure out exactly what it is those beady eyes are really trying to tell you.

## THERE IS A CURIOUS GATHERING OCCURRING IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

A dark-skinned man in a party hat seems to be the center of attention. Busy figures swarm around him, carrying out various tasks. An unknown person with their back to the viewer examines the man's chest, while a beady-eyed woman in a rose-printed shirt and what appears to be large blue underwear looks on. A young boy with dark shadows circling his eyes is underfoot. Many of these figures are sporting bright yellow gloves, the kind used for washing the dishes.

It's all very odd. Everything is normal, and yet it isn't. It's a feeling that encapsulates Kushana Bush's "All Things to All Men" exhibition in a nutshell: a dazzling visual display of gouache and pencil on paper, capturing peculiar mixtures of people and things through delicately etched patterns and prints and a powerfully muted colour palette. Bush presents a world in which a permeating sense of uncanny civility seems to hover just slightly out of reach, a world at once alluring and unsettling.

The variety of multiracial figures depicted in her paintings, alongside their bizarre and inexplicable acts, overwhelmingly challenges the idea of any cultural, social or ideological norm. The tasks being carried out, ones we might consider to be quite normal – meeting with friends, eating supper, sex – are described through Bush's art in such a way



**ART**  
DUNEDIN PUBLIC ART GALLERY  
FREE. Octagon. ph 4743240. Department of DCC.

**Boys from the Black Stuff**

THEATRE DU GRIND GUIGNOL WAS THE FIRST EVENING PRODUCTION AT ALLEN Hall this year, and what a great welcome home it was! Seeing familiar faces and taking a warm break inside from the rain felt great until the programme wished us "a terrifying evening". Now, for those who know me, you will realise I'm not one to watch horror movies. When talking about the show before hand someone explained, "do you like Hostel, or Saw? It's kind of like that." No. I don't like those at all, but I soldiered on. And I'm glad I did.

The performance was compiled of three short plays, Firenze, La Casa del Diablo, and The Tramp. They each consisted of grimy, dark tales of violence and madness with interjected moments of comedy leaving you unsure and on edge. You'd let your guard down laughing and then jump out of your seat a second later. All in all, it was a stunning performance. All the blood and screaming was fantastic, especially when mixing with the faint sound of the torrential rain outside. It really made the atmosphere.

It was also great to see a cast which associated with comedy performances take on serious and haunting roles and, most satisfyingly, pull them off – whether as a German hiker or a sleazy gangster.

If you missed out on these performances, never fear, as The Tramp is coming to Allen Hall again this week for Lunchtime Theatre. I refuse to give anything away, but I'll be sure to come along to watch people getting a fright. And trust me, it will happen! Though I came away from the evening slightly wounded (a mixture of clinging on tightly to my friend, and her getting a fright and hitting me in the face) it was excellent, never a dull moment. I would love to see it all again, even if I did keep an eye on the shadows in my room for a few nights afterwards.

See The Tramp this Thursday and Friday at 1pm at Allen Hall Theatre for only \$3!



## Theatre du Grind Guignol : A Triple Feature

DIRECTED BY: Ben Blakely and Alex Wilson

THE DUNEDIN FRINGE FESTIVAL IS BACK THIS YEAR WITH AN INCREDIBLE TEN DAYS OF JAM-PACKED ENTERTAINMENT. FROM 15-25 MARCH YOU CAN CATCH OVER fifty cutting-edge art events throughout the city, from punk poetry readings at Sammy's to pyrotechnic performances in the Octagon. Here at Critic we'll be covering a variety of performances that make up our pick of the festival. We're lucky to have such a diverse city that is so welcoming of such a festival. Most events have student prices; just grab a festival guide around town and have a look! Then again, if you're living on a budget – which, let's face it, we all are – head on down to the Octagon at 12 noon for "Fringe Picks", a mix of short lunchtime performances by selected Fringe artists. Take a break from your new busy timetables, grab some lunch and head on down. With a chance to grab some free tickets while you're at it, why wouldn't you.

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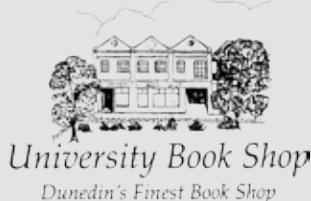
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UO0315

## LETTER OF THE WEEK

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



### FRRRESH

Dear Critic

I would like to thank you for your tips on 'How To; (not) Be a Fresher'. I notice you made a very fair point in Step One with reference to claiming 'Second Year Med' as the full fresher faux pas. This line worked seemingly well for me the other night in the Octagon whilst being chatted up by some Fourth Year Engineering students (or so they claimed). In typical drunk hearted spirit, I made the second year Med claim to a drunk young chap over a few too many So-Go's. Though in my typical fresher ways I had forgotten the few sober and successful Health Sci students never emerge from that deep dark hole that is study until they are shown the light as qualified albeit un-socialised Doctors. Therefore in order to kick the fresher tag even more, I have now taken claim to a degree which requires minimal effort, maximum partying and allows the response 'well I'm still not really sure what I'm going to do if I graduate.' Thank you Critic, I remain forever in your debt.

Much un-fresher love,  
A now 2<sup>nd</sup> year BA student  
(but only on Saturday nights).

### MARKETING GETS LYRICAL

The year was 2012, the week was O' week and Otago's students had never partied harder. As the flow of alcohol to people's livers eased and their sense of hearing began its return, O' week would be long remembered as a party worthy of the gods. Delving beneath the empty beer bottles and scantily clad women, however, one's mouth might gape to learn that there was more to O' week than getting so drunk you can't differentiate your own face. Fundamentally, O' week has welcomed us as we foray into university life. It has eased our apprehension toward a year of intense scholarship by immersing us in a plethora of sex and alcohol,

setting an exciting tone for the year ahead. O' week has further united us beyond poor finance and the ownership of puffer jackets, as one student body. It could be said that O' week has created a giant covalent network between us, students, which will hold strong even under tremendous strain. While O' week will be fondly remembered as a time of convulsive dancing and reduced courting expectations, may it also go down as the time Otago got rowdy, together.

Happily Hungover

### DAMN POSTGRADS

Dear little pols freshers,

There are tutorial rooms in the library available for booking where you can talk as loudly as you like about how great Grant Robertson is. I don't disagree. I also think Grant Robertson is the shiz niz. But please shut the fuck up. Also, to answer your question, the UN was formed after WWII as a replacement for the League of Nations. Better be sure to get that one right for fear of losing face with the ever-dreamy Prof. Robert Patman.

Sincerely,

An elitist post-grad trying desperately to facebook stalk in peace.

### STRIDE TO VICTORY!

Dear Critic,

I'd just like to mention how hilarious it is to read about VSMers such as James Meager whinging about OUSA's Service Level Agreement. Yes, the SLA renders OUSA vulnerable to the University, but that is the sole effect of Meager's beloved VSM legislation: students lose control, and the University does what the University does. It's a feature, not a bug, and will only be rectified when we get universal student membership restored (you know, the system students actually wanted).

Cheers,  
Dan Stride.

### MEAGER RETURNS

Students lose control of their money as soon as the likes of you reach into their pockets and forcibly take it from them. Perhaps if you and the OUSA kept your hands to yourselves,

we wouldn't be worried about rising costs of student services fees at all.

James Meager

### OH TOURISM...

Dear Critic

Geography's the new Tourism.

Love, Marketing.

## Notices

### SESA

(Students of Europe and South America)

If you're from mainland Europe or South America and want to meet new people and make new friends, see the local sights, get a taste of other cultures and ways of life, improve your English skills and, most importantly, have fun, join us. Contact hamishpatterson@hotmail.com

### SWEDISH LANGUAGE COURSE

A beginners' course in Swedish starts on Monday March 19 from 6.30-8pm in Castle A. The tutors are Ted Nye and Barbara Johnston. There is no course fee, but \$25 is payable to cover course material. For further information, contact ted.nye@otago.ac.nz

### ZUMBA

Zumba classes at the Alhambra Rugby Club start this Monday March 5. Classes run from 6-7pm every week. Students with ID \$4, without \$6. However, the first class is free!

The class is suitable for people of all ages and fitness levels!

### CALLING ALL JEWISH STUDENTS!

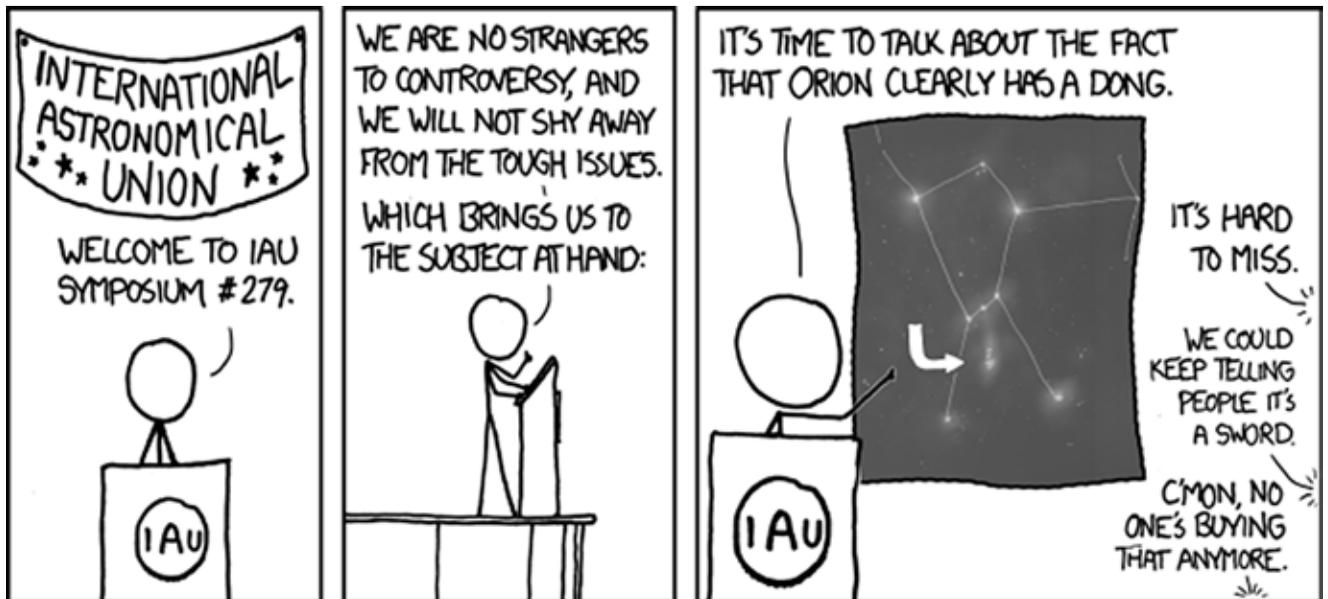
Get your costumes ready for a raging Purim party this Saturday 10th of March.

Email jewishstudentsotago@gmail.com for the location.

See ya there!

### Letters Policy

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



xkcd.com

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otago uni students' association

## Greg Hughson UNIVERSITY CHAPLAIN



I ENJOYED ORIENTATION THIS YEAR. IT WAS GREAT to meet so many students around campus, as well as in our Residential Colleges and around the Combined Christian Groups BBQ on the Museum Reserve late at night. What would you say you enjoyed most about Orientation? What did you enjoy least? I'd really like to know. If you have time, email me.

Life is all about creating memories, ideally good ones. We all have choices about how we are going to live our lives. We have the freedom each day and each night to create the memories we will live with for the rest of our lives. So look after yourself this year. Create good memories. Make the most of every opportunity to learn heaps, to make new friends, to enjoy life, to care for others and to grow spiritually. I fully support and endorse the advice given by our V.C. Harlene Hayne in her Critic column last week: "During the course of the year, find someone with religious views, or political views different from your own ... Have a cup of coffee with them and listen to their perspective on the world."

My background is in Music, Biological Science and Practical Theology. I enjoy exploring issues that matter, such as the importance

(or not) of faith, and how to build respectful relationships between people of different faiths (or no faith). I've been here in this role for 12 years now and I am a life member of OUSA. My colleagues and I are available to meet with individuals or groups to assist with settling in to University life. We are available to chat about anything that may be troubling you, or to explore existential or spiritual questions in a confidential and non-judgmental setting. Our Chaplaincy offices are at 229 Leith St this semester (next to Liquorland) whilst our new offices are being built in the Link.

Throughout Aotearoa-NZ there are Chaplains serving in our hospitals, our armed forces, our prisons, our schools and our Universities and Polytechnics. Our Chaplaincy team is here on campus to offer pastoral care and spiritual support, educational resourcing, information, interfaith facilitation, bereavement and grief support and to explore ethical and moral issues together. We are here to support all students and staff.

**GREG HUGHSON, UNIVERSITY CHAPLAIN**

[greg.hughson@otago.ac.nz](mailto:greg.hughson@otago.ac.nz)

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## Lost Property?

If you lose anything at Uni, pop on into OUSA to see if it's been dropped off yet (it usually takes at least a day or two) and fill in a lost form. You can also do it online right here [ousa.org.nz/support/lost-property/](http://ousa.org.nz/support/lost-property/) if you're super busy!

If you find anything make sure to hand it in, either to OUSA or if you're in the library the staff are usually cool to suss it for you.

## Capping Show Auditions!



Get your writing/acting/backstage skills going and be a part of the hilarious and 2nd longest running Capping Revue in the world. Write sketches, act them out, film them, be funny, score a part in the main sketch and of course make a whole bunch of EPIC new mates. Come along to the College of Education Auditorium at 7pm on the 5th, 6th and 7th of March and have a go!

## Rec Courses!

Fancy some Indian cuisine? How's your German sounding? Need to stretch out those hammy's or sharpen up that samurai? Enrol now for one of the many recreation courses offered at club and socs; languages, sports, exercise, cooking, we've got it all. Go to <http://snurl.com/courseme> for more information and to register. But don't take too long classes are filling up fast!



## Congrats Freshers!

Big ups to the fresher competition entrants this year! Great stuff to Tom Hewson who managed to take the top prize and runner up Jordan MacLachlan.



## Need Money?!

Did you know, OUSA helps Clubs and students by providing grants? WTF, you had no idea?!! Well we have news for you, there are 6 Grant Rounds annually. With the first round closing 4pm Thursday 15th March, get cracking, and check out the quick link at [snurl.com/moneyz](http://snurl.com/moneyz) and make an appointment to see your Clubs Development Officer.



## LOGAN SAYS...

Giddyay mate,

Firstly apologies for last week's Presidents column it was a bit shitbox. I let myself down and I let you down. And for that I apologize. You see, I was a rather busy boy last week – as you may have heard we at OUSA threw a wee party down at the Stadium. So I didn't have much time to give my column the tender sweet attention it so rightly deserves.

Now more about this party I referred to. Every year there is this thing called Orientation Week in which OUSA hosts a week long line-up of sweet tit events. And Oh farrk yea true to form this year around we blew it out of the fuckin water. The Biggest. The Best. Ever in NZ. PERIOD. Well not period period. Like FULLSTOP (because I feel uncomfortable talking about periods. Seriously it's as uncomfortable as the word moist). Getting back to it, I'm a rather proud man at present. The week all came together like the inside pages of a well utilised communal flat titty mag.

Highlights for me were Dai Henwood (I think I pissed myself a little), smashing a world record for most people ever at a toga party (pending review by the G-W-Book). But the big bawss doggie dawg favourite was without doubt the grand finale of SHAPESHIFTER. They truly are an epic live act.

Any ho, onwards and upwards! Next in my sights is the Hyde St party. This year OUSA is going to help facilitate it by providing refreshments, portaloos and working with police to get a glass ban on the street to stop your wee scarfie feet getting all cut up. Exciting stuff. Will give you an update on where I'm at with it all next week.

Love,

Your Prez.

P.S. If you live on Hyde St make sure you attend the meetings that we're setting up – Monday 5th March, 6pm at OUSA Clubs and Socs



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